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## “MY POLICY IS TO BRING DOWN THE COST OF LIVING”—A. Ratnaike Sugar Price Increase Rejected

### U. N. P. Food Minister Gets Down to Work

(By Our Political Correspondent)

**MR. A. RATNAIKE**, Minister of Food and Co-operatives, has settled down in his Ministry Office at the headquarters of the Food Department. Incidentally, he occupies the room which was once the Office of the Civil Defence Commissioner.

He has issued a directive on subsidies being given at present policy, which aims at the rapid lowering of the prices of food-stuffs to the consumers even if the State has to increase the

His is a Ministry without glamour, and he likes it for that reason.

He knows that the people look to him for relief. The masses of the country are interested mainly in the present high cost of food. Mr. Ratnaike is determined to see that the people's interests shall be protected.

I understand that certain moves were made in some quarters to increase the price of sugar. “I would rather resign than do that,” was the Minister's attitude.



Mr. A. Ratnaike

## MAKE GOOD YOUR CLAIM, Dr. Colvin!

WE challenged Dr. Colvin R. de Silva to make good his claim that his victory was a mandate from the people to work for un-restricted immigration of Indians into Ceylon. We challenged him to resign and re-contest the same seat on this one issue. The learned—the very learned—Doctor is strangely silent on this issue. The country has awakened to the peril which faces it should the Leftists be returned to power. The “working masses of the world are one”—according to these megalomaniacs, and when the Indian “brothers” pour in here we shall have all the jobs we need and more!

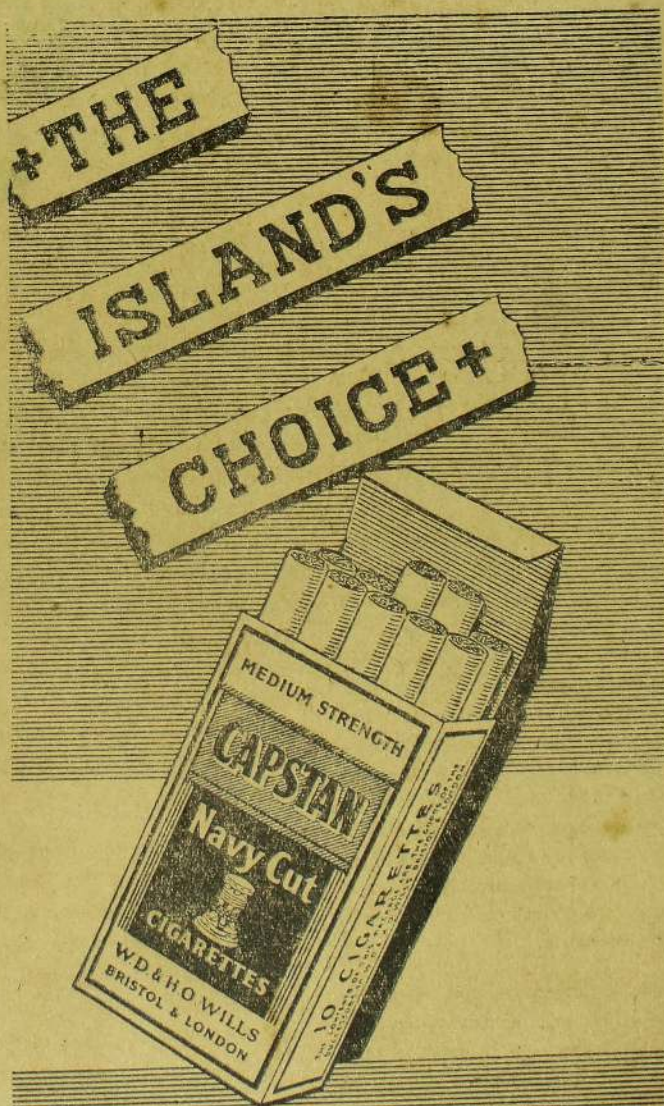
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# THE MINISTER FOR TRADE AND COMMERCE

By Maha Amarasingha

**HE is the fighting Professor in Politics, the delayed action bomb that has not yet detonated.**

Everyone waits for the explosion and regards him the while with affection and hope. He has been a long time in coming, but he has, at last arrived.

This is only the ceremonial arrival. He has been there, right at the point of action for the last two decades, a Minister behind Ministers, a one-man shadow cabinet. Now he is a Minister in his own right and has the chance he should have had a decade ago of giving of his ample intellectual gifts to the nation.

Mr. Suntheralingam has never been lost in a crowd. At every step he has stood out as an example of intrepid independence. He placed Ceylon's intellectual level high at Balliol College, Oxford, when he set out to question, and question successfully, the accepted methods of mathematical calculation.

As a student of Mathematics he was the wonder of his fellows and the star of his College. The fighting Professor was even then emerging from the crystal, for he challenged his tutors to disprove the validity of his mathematical arguments.

Just because Euclid laid down a method of argument it is no reason why we should consider it sacrosanct; given the data and the proposition we must cut through the preliminaries straight to the final proof, he declared. Even the tutors were somewhat bewildered by the cutting out of the "preliminaries", but young Suntheralingam got his answers right.

That was a foretaste of what was to come. When he joined the Civil Service he was, in the normal course of events, thrust into the routine of the cadetship. Most cadets accept their dull routine with a shrug of their shoulders, and some of them, in truth, are fit for little else, and would make a merry mess of an office if they were allowed to run loose. They need the guiding and restraining hand of the wiser heads in a Kachcheri—wise in the ways of the Governmental machinery and in the eternal process of minutes and memoranda.

Suntheralingam was made of sterner stuff. The urge to do things was dominant within him and he could not rusticate. In the picturesque phrase he used in his letter of resignation, he

said that he had not joined the Colonial Civil Service merely to waste his time "signing gun licences."

★ ● ★

FROM the Civil Service he stepped into Education and became an Assistant Master at Ananda College, the pioneer Buddhist school of those days. It was symbolic. Ananda College was herself a challenge to the dominating influences of the day. She rose amidst the ruins of lost national aspirations. All round her were the developed and fast-growing Christian Schools. The boys of Ananda were regarded with unconcealed disdain. Their efforts to speak and pronounce English provided the snobs of the times with considerable amusement.

Mr. Suntheralingam chose his career at Ananda because he knew there was a battle to be fought—for the children of the under-privileged, for the village boys whose intellectual gifts ran to waste in temple pirivenas, and attained their most abundant flowering at the level of a Government Bilingual School. He worked with his friend and mentor, Mr. P. de S. Kularatne, who was then Principal of Ananda and one of the most competent and brilliant heads any school has had in Ceylon. Together they worked, until Ananda rose from the shambles and became the hope of the new age of nationalism in Lanka.

★ ● ★

WHEN the Professorship of Mathematics in the University College fell vacant Mr. Kularatne persuaded Mr. Suntheralingam to apply. He was the obvious choice, and no single University Professor has filled so large a place in the local University from then onwards. He was the friend and guide and philosopher to Science and Arts students alike. He was the beloved of the rebels as he was the inspiration of the plodders. He encouraged the latter and extricated those who fell into the difficulties that beset student ebullience.

There was nothing that happened at the University without his guiding, forthright voice. He was the intellectual ornament of the country. He was the first choice as Chairman if anyone of intellectual eminence delivered a lecture. The Principal counted for little, it was "Sun" that mattered.

Then came the new order, the raising



Mr. Suntheralingam

of the College to University level and the choice of a Vice-Chancellor. With all deference to the undoubted gifts of

Dr. Jennings it may be said that Ceylon's powers—that were could not resist the lure of the West. It is a phenomenon of the Eastern countries emerging from slavery that the bigger the nationalist the greater his urge to have Europeans working under him! The question of a Ceylonese as Vice-Chancellor was laughed out of court.

Fortunately the choice fell on so gifted and competent an educationist as Dr. Jennings. Those who were responsible for his selection knew little of the wonderful powers of the Doctor. They can have little credit for the choice; it was the fortune of this country and our people that he came.

Professor Suntheralingam analysed the malady and resigned. That was characteristic of him. What he does not like, he leaves.

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# LET'S CALL THIS INDIAN BLUFF

IT was annoying, but true—the boast of an Indian merchant that the Indians can starve out Ceylon if they only

willed. It may be bluff, but let's meet it. For, it is a common boast of Indian businessmen here that however loudly we beat our

drums about Dominion Status and Independence, the stranglehold is theirs. Like the journalist they could "make or mar a man."

A Ceylonese businessman who flew over to India recently told me on his return that Indian businessmen either took a patronising attitude or treated him with contempt—because he was a Ceylonese. Is after all, a Ceylonese a poor businessman?

Says  
Mohamed

Art & Letters

By Quintus Delilkhān

## PETER PAUL-RUBENS

WHATEVER fantastic ideologists may say, in seeking to make facts fit theories, the most superb and unchallengeable artistic talent has come out of the bourgeoisie class. Rubens is a case in point. His family was undistinguished but substantial and he belonged to the small business circles of Antwerp.

The painter's father was an ambitious man. He studied in Italy and took his degree of Doctor of Laws at Rome, but in an unfortunate moment considering the religious wars then raging, decided to become a Calvinist. When the Duke of Alba was sent to destroy and uproot the new opinions, Dr. Rubens, rather than face the Council of Blood, fled to Cologne where he became legal adviser to the Princess Anne, the second wife of William of Orange.

The Princess was a hard drinker, with other vices in its train, and she was incredibly ugly, but she captivated the Doctor, and when a child was born to her he was charged with treason and would have paid the penalty in death but for the courageous appeals of his wife, who in the last resort threatened to expose the scandal, when the Prince of Orange capitulated and allowed the family to retire to Siegen in order to let the shame of this event be forgotten.

It was here that on June 28th, 1577, Peter-Paul Rubens was born. The erring father yielded only an unpromising parentage but the mother was apparently a woman of the most heroic courage and was possessed of a temper of unusual magnanimity.

ANTWERP had been badly destroyed by the Spaniards and after being made a shambles had assumed the appearance of a deserted city, but soon after it began to revive. Amongst those who returned to the city were the mother and the children one of whom was destined to be its glory. Rubens at an early age was a remarkable Latinist, astounding his classical teacher by his extraordinary proficiency. Uniting an exceptional endowment of natural talent with prodigious industry, Rubens became not only a great painter in due course, but also one of the most learned of men in the whole history of painting. He was known throughout his life as a brilliant painter, diplomat and scholar and a man of the most unimpeachable integrity. It was a life which won for him the respect of friends and enemies alike, and his talent was only equalled by his wisdom.

He was destined by his mother for the law but his own desire was to be a painter, a turning point being marked by his copying out the illustrations of a Swiss Bible.

After initiation into the mysteries of his art by three more or less competent painters who leaned towards the grand style, the flamboyance of which disgusted the sensitive taste of the young learner, Rubens set out for Italy at the age of 23. He was fully equipped for the great adventure of painting, owing to his genius, his intense mental life and his abounding physical energy.

IN Venice he was taken up immediately by the Duke of Mantua. Rubens was a magnificent figure of a man good-looking in feature, and possessing "the manners of a prince and the discretion of a gentleman": loving life in all its Italianate splendour, and willing to earn the right to high living by a labour that might have taxed the energies of a dozen men.

As court painter, he had many privileges, but what he valued most was the easy and intimate access to the greatest masterpieces as the Duke was one of the most prodigal collectors of his day, taking in his stride every

object of art, in all branches, which he could collect.

He was chosen by the Duke for a specially delicate business, an embassy to the Spanish court, and this Rubens was regarded not only as the prince of painters but also as the most perfect of ambassadors and the most charming of men.

Apart from the pictures he painted for the Duke, he made a copy of Leonardo's "Last Supper in Milan", prepared immense architectural drawings for the use of the town of Antwerp, and found time to pursue his classical studies in Rome as if this too were one of the main purposes of his life.

Hearing that his mother was dying, he made haste to set out for Antwerp, but she died before he could see her. It was no doubt a poignant grief for one who owed so much to her courage and love. She apparently died poor, before her son could do much to recompense her for the great affection she had shown him under all the trials of her life.

How poor she was can be seen from a few sentences from her simple but affecting will. "I give," she wrote in it "to my two sons the cooking utensils and everything else that is present, as well as all the books, papers and writings belonging to me, with the pictures in my possession which are only portraits. The other pictures in my possession which are beautiful, belong to Peter-Paul who painted them."

WHAT a difference between the magnificent court life of Rubens in the palace of the Duke at Venice and this humble recital of the things that made the comfort of a simple Flemish home where the mother no doubt dreamed always of the rising fame of her young son. One wishes to believe that for even a brief moment the homely cooking utensils stirred him more deeply than all the congregated masterpieces of Italy.

Rubens rose at four in the morning, regularly, worked steadily through the daylight hours, attended Mass, and spent his evenings with intellectual friends. It was truly a life of ordered richness. Fromentin speaks of him as displaying "the most remarkable balance that ever existed in a human brain."

A Danish traveller records that on going to Rubens's studio to pay him his respects, he found the painter going on with his painting, listening to a reading from Tacitus and dictating a letter. "We kept silent for fear of disturbing him; but he spoke to us without stopping his work or the reading or the dictation, and answered our questions, as if to give us proof of his powerful faculties."

He produced his great pictures "The Descent from the Cross," "The Miraculous Draft of Fishes," "The Last Communion of St. Francis," "The Rape of the Daughters of Leukippos," "The Battle of the Amazons," "The Triumph of Silenus," "The Garden of Love," "The Three Graces," "The Judgment of Paris" and others numbering over three thousand, influencing the development of painting so greatly that Delacroix wrote of him: "This prodigious life! This powerful impetus without which there can be no great art! I love his emphasis, his perfectly articulated figures, strained or relaxed, his incomparable draughtsmanship! Titian and Veronese are shallow beside him."

Though capable of the highest uses of colour, Rubens preferred other media to create his maximum impression. "The strong impression exercised on the mind by visible objects," he said, "is the effect of lines and contours rather than of colours."

Here was perhaps the great secret of his power, a suppleness and interplay of rhythmic lines creating a wonderful sense of both spontaneous and studied subtlety.

THIS superiority complex has arisen owing to our own apathy. It is useless saying the Indians are sucking us—we let them suck us.

The recent Indian Independence Day celebrations gave use inadvertently a census of the Indian shops. It was amazing! One in every three shops was Indian. Compare this with the 1920's. Ceylonese ruled the roost then—Ceylon Moors, Sinhalese and Tamils. In a quarter-century Pettah has become a "little India." Yes, we have let the Indians suck us. We must acknowledge that to our discredit.

The Japs came in 1942 with a single air raid. The Indians fled Ceylon like rats from a sinking ship (we knew where their real interest lay). Many enterprising Ceylonese grasped the opportunity and captured some of the trade from the Indians. But they could be counted only on our finger-tips.

WE must introduce legislation. We may give the Indian a fair chance. But let him not swamp us. Trading licences should be fixed

in proportion. Let it be 30 per cent. Indian and 70 per cent. Ceylonese. That will restrict this flood of Indian business houses and also encourage our Ceylonese traders to revive their interest in business.

It is common knowledge that Ceylonese get no benefit from Indian businessmen—even in the matter of employment.

Things grow "worse and worse" by the merchants importing a whole staff of salesmen and clerks from India—every one Indians! Even the shop-peon is an Indian!

Proportionate allocation should be insisted on here too. We must insist that they employ at least 90 per cent. Ceylonese. Let their staff be Ceylonised.

They cannot grumble. They should not. Let them look at the European businessman. Does he bring down a whole European staff here? But for the Directors, and perhaps the Accountant, most European houses are staffed with Ceylonese.

So we shall not be asking much if we request the Indian to give us half of what he takes. But first of all let us call off his bluff and meet his challenge that we are finished but for his benevolence!

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Friday, October 10th, 1947

## TRADE UNION RIGHTS

An appeal was made in this paper to those vested with the authority to deal with disciplinary measures arising out of the strike of clerical servants, to "temper justice with mercy." We have reason to believe that many die-hard suggestions were thereby prevented from being put into effect. We must confess, however, that we were disappointed with the report issued by the Strike Committee. It savoured of a lack of sympathy; the human element was lacking; a restrained, but nevertheless evident spirit of irritation with "petty clerks" daring to strike coloured its recommendations. If any one dismissed our appeal at that stage as "electioneering tactics," that suspicion cannot reduce the weight of our present reflections. The United National Party has formed the Government and "electioneering" is no longer a consideration. We are deeply interested in the contentment of the public services and are determined to fight for their legitimate rights with all the power at our command.

The complaint is being generally made that the policy of Government towards the Clerical Service has been vitiated by advisers who cannot have sympathy with modern trends or understand the promptings of the mass mind. The Government will do well to bear in mind that it was not returned to power to exchange cordial relations exclusively with those in the upper rungs of the Public Service but to measure out justice to all.

As a practical step towards removing injustice, we are sure that the right will be conceded to all public servants to form unions of their own. The freedom of association is an inalienable right, and the U.N.P. Government will certainly concede it provided the Clerical Service adopts an attitude that is suitable to the good government of the country. It would seem contradictory if the privileges enjoyed under the British Government should not be available under a Government of our own.

At the same time we appeal to the members of the Clerical Service to place the interests of their country above their purely sectional interests. The Government recognises that the active effort and enthusiasm of the Public Services are necessary and that much of our success will depend on the "responsive co-operation" it can offer. Every effort must be made to remove legitimate grounds for grievance. The Government should act on its

# CEYLON ARTIST FEATURED AMONG MODERNS

## Justin Daraniyagala Recognized

LAST week there was a very informal party at Madame Lucy Wertheim's London flat. The occasion? A "pre-view" of her book "ADVENTURES IN ART" which Ivor Nicholson and Watson will bring out in an edition limited to 2,000 copies early this autumn.

Naturally enough the art connoisseurs, Slade School students, and intimate friends of the authoress were most interested in the reproductions of Christopher Wood's paintings, for the hostess enjoys the reputation of possessing far and away the finest and most comprehensive collection of his work. Even though she makes it a point to add that she wouldn't be presumptuous enough to claim Wood as her personal discovery she can claim the enviable distinction of being his most consistent and sympathetic patron in his obscure and impecunious youth, and an intimate and valued friend of his right through his short and tragic life. More than any single individual she has since his death

been connected with and involved in his legend.

On the other hand as a visitor from Ceylon and a justification of my presence I was most interested in the reproduction of a beautiful and delicate water colour by Justin Daraniyagala, the '43 Group artist. His inclusion in this book's miniature gallery with Wood, Frances Hodgkins, Henry Moore, Collier and Vivin, should be of the greatest interest to his local admirers. For Daraniyagala's work, Mme. Wertheim has the highest respect. In a crowded past packed with memories of many artists, connoisseurs and dealers she still remembers him as an exceptionally well-informed and charming personality.

In her own right Mme. Wertheim is a remarkable woman. Those who have read her book in MSS tell me that it is a chatty, racy and uncompromising record of her tastes which are honestly prejudiced in favour of her proteges for some of whose work she has an enthusiasm not widely shared by others. She however believes implicitly in their talent and is convinced that some day, like Wood, they will be artists of considerable stature. The work of Alfred Wallis and Stockley and Burton for e.g., is completely unknown in Ceylon. On the other hand her forthright and pungent views on the respected and

honoured names in British painting are expected to provoke a storm of controversy. Before the war she ran her own Gallery in London. The Wertheim Galleries was the only one which handled the work of completely unknown artists. If she liked a picture she hung it. That was her only criterion of judgment. It was a policy which helped artists when they most needed it and before their pictures became as safe a commercial proposition as a rare stamp or period furniture.

The inclusion of Daraniyagala's work in such distinguished company is specially ironical at a time when his work has been the subject of illiterate and idiotic attacks in the Ceylon Presse, particularly on his ability as a draughtsman. It should forcibly bring home to many what has been transparently evident to the few that there is something grievously wrong with art criticism in Ceylon.

With the success of George Keyt's exhibition in Bombay and the interest shown in Justin Daraniyagala's work in England, those who still pontifically hold the typical East of Suez notion may be forced to revise their opinion ever so slightly, namely, that in Ceylon there is nothing of interest besides ebony elephants, the anopheles mosquito and a 'naice cut of Tea.'

### Book Notes

"NURTHIYA CHINTHAMANI" (A Primer of Kandyan Dancing) by J. E. Sederaman, Instructor, Government Training College, Kandy. Price Rs. 1.75. (Lake House).

THIS primer of Kandyan Dancing is designed to fill a long-felt need. Written in simple non-technical Sinhalese it describes and explains all that anyone who wishes to master Kandyan Dancing would need to know. In three chapters the five elements, a grasp of which is necessary for the competent dancer, are thoroughly dealt with.

The first chapter gives in detail the twelve bodily movements that complete a full course of dancing. The twelve stages are shown separately with illustrations, each stage fully describing the necessary movements. These movements have hitherto been handed down from master to pupil, and the Author supplies a long-felt need in putting them down in writing. He does so in clear language so that a beginner can pick up the art easily.

The chapter on Rhythm gives full instructions on the formation of the different melodies pertaining to Kandyan Dancing. These are arranged in a way easily understood by the beginner. The third chapter deals fully with the use of the drum. He gives the various stages of the playing of the drum and includes lessons on playing and practice. The various types of drums and their different uses are described.

These particulars of Kandyan Dancing and of the contents of the book are based on the report of the expert who writes:—

"The five elements necessary for Kandyan Dancing have been thoroughly dealt with. A student who is really keen will find no difficulty in becoming an expert dancer if he studies this book. The quality of the book is good, and it is just what is needed today."

"The book has been very well written in plain Sinhalese so that even those not keen on studying it would buy it for its interest's sake."

The Author, who is Instructor in Oriental Dancing at the Government Training College, Kandy, has been to Europe where he gave displays of Kandyan Dancing.

own initiative without waiting for deputations, motions in Parliament or other paraphernalia of negotiation.

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THE recent British Parliamentary by-election for West Islington brought forth a novel idea by a Tory candidate which may be adopted by us here! Though queer, the idea was enterprising no doubt.

The Tory candidate, Mr. Tom Howard, opened his campaign by publishing an endearing photograph of himself at the age of three, in wide-brimmed hat, skirts and lace knickers.

His election pamphlet, with this photograph capely: "Uncle Tom, when three"—was addressed to the girls and boys of Islington to tell them "All About Uncle Tom." It asked them to remind Mum and Dad "not to forget Uncle Tom on polling day."

Beneath the photograph was a doggerel verse, its opening lines being: "If a little boy came out to play Dressed like this, what would you say?"

It caused a rumpus among his friends and many Labour newspapers shouted in print for the immediate withdrawal of the candidate.

Mr. Tom Howard lost badly at the polls.

### The Good News

WE have no ancient custom of marathon relay runners carrying a message (good or bad news) from town to town. But we may well copy a Scottish custom (and now an Olympic Games feature) to announce the opening of Parliament or the granting of Dominion Status. If it cannot be runners, we may well have hackeries to give it a typical local touch.

Recently a team of Scottish marathon runners left Edinburgh on a 470-mile journey to London, carrying fiery crosses (symbolic emblems by which the clans were summoned in times of danger and troubles). Our counterpart of the fiery cross is the "anda bera" (a type of drum). But a lighted torch, in the Olympic style, will be more suitable—the lighted Torch of Freedom.

It may be broadcast at least at the end of the relay. A B.B.C. "News Reel" reporter, who interviewed the Scottish runners, was told: "We didn't have any trouble at all... the run into London through traffic was just a little harder."

The only difficult part of the round-the-island run here will be the Colombo traffic and the arid stretches in the north and east. However it will be worthwhile.

### Ram and Tara

IT is strange that a private difference between two leading dancers in India should split the little art world in Ceylon in two camps. Why our folks should worry their heads and take up cudgels over a "domestic matter," I cannot understand.

Besides the whispering campaign carried on against Tara Chaudhri on her last visit to Ceylon, the votaries of Ram Gopal rushed propaganda material and pictures of Ram to all newspapers and journals—perhaps a counter-move against the popularity Tara was enjoying here, prompted by the fear that Tara would throw Ram in the shadows.

One Ceylon journal, quotes from an Indian contemporary "Tempo" which carries a laudatory note on Ram Gopal by Gopinath, the famous dance teacher—and together with it a scathing attack on Tara Chaudhri. This Indian journal praises Chellappan (of Tara's troupe) as being "far superior to Tara."

But, of course, Chellappan is Gopinath's pupil and Tara is not. So now we know! Or do we?

### Political Tit-Bits

CEYLON'S political life is interspersed with interesting tit-bits. Here are some collected last week:

An M.P. visited an ex-M.S.C. whom he had defeated at the polls. It was a happy sportsmanlike gesture on both sides—the host and the guest. But when drinks were served, the M.P. told the ex-M.S.C.: "After you, please," and would not touch his drink till his



Mrs. Francis Molamure

host had drunk to the last dregs of his glass!

A candidate who was beaten at the polls by a woman, who herself was beaten, told his voters: "I am glad that woman did not get in. For there are too many Don Juans in Parliament!"

An election candidate, alleged to be a blackmarketeer with huge war-time profits, spent lakhs in his election campaign—in vain. Now he has threatened to wipe out his whole wealth with election petition after petition "if only I can get that man out."

### Woman Senators

IF a story I heard is true, some women, who claim one of their own sex should be represented in the Senate, don't know their own minds. There was no really representative gathering of women at the first conference. What was to be told the Premier or Governor was not exactly defined, nor was the personnel of the delegation representatively chosen.

When this delegation pressed for a woman in the Senate they were asked whether they had any woman or women in view. They faltered and had no answer to give—they could neither name even two women off-hand.

When further questioned why then, they had come, they merely said that it was only to stress the principle of feminine representation in the Senate.

If this story is true, our women had only wasted time. They should have made up their minds on their actual purpose, and the persons whose case they were pressing for. This oversight may lose them deserved representation.

I agree with the view that women should be there. I gather that twelve M.P.s want Mrs. Francis Molamure elected to the Senate.

### Official Humour

EVEN official publications can sometimes betray a sense of humour. The Savings Commissioner's booklet: "National Savings for National Development" giving the Rotary address of the Commissioner has this gem:

"In conclusion I should like to draw your attention to the fact that my Department is now housed in the old Lunatic Asylum in Torrington Square, and not far from the Kanatte Cemetery."

Thanks for the warning, Mr. Daniel!

### Heroic Udagama

AMONG the casualties in the Matale election tragedy mentioned recently by me was Udagama Dissawe, the aged Kandyan chief, who died a hero's death in the act of shielding his son from the firing.

He had reluctantly consented to drive in the procession. When the firing began the Dissawe cried, "Look out, Richard!" and threw himself to cover his son's body. He was shot in the arm and thigh. He died a few days later at the General Hospital.

A Ceylon journal commented: "The act of selfless heroism of Udagama Dissawe, reaching a climax in his death, is in the best tradition of Kandyan nobility."

The son, Richard, is Mr. Richard Udagama, Deputy head of the Railway Security Service. One of the Dissawe's

daughters is Miss Marjorie Udagama, the Lady Welfare Officer.

### The "Afghan" Problem

WHAT shall we do with the Afghan? When we see them occupying all the vantage points in the Fort and pouncing on suffering clerks, who have been victimised by the Afghan's usury, one cannot but be moved. Shall we let the poor clerks be sucked? This problem has never been rightly tackled.

Has the Afghan contributed anything to the national life of Lanka? His only activity in this Island has been negative—in leaving the middle-class man poorer.

I suggest the new Government should give them the choice of either joining the armed forces or quitting the Island. We shall benefit, if it is the former. We shall lose nothing if it is the latter.

### Victoria Park

A LADY friend from England writes to say that of the many snaps of Ceylon taken by her, she has lost a few—particularly the grand view of the Colombo Town Hall from the Victoria Park with cone-shaped horse-whip trees on either side.

She wants me to snap that particular view for her sake. It will break her heart if I tell her that that is impossible.

Firstly, if I enter Victoria Park, it will be with a permit, for it is an Army camp, and if I train my camera towards the Town Hall, all I shall get will be a mass of zinc sheets and shoddy buildings.

When shall we have this "lung" open for the benefit the city. It is over two years since the war ceased. But still the Army eats cheese and drinks wine while children and ladies are deprived of recreative ground, the men of an evening's cricket and the city of a beauty spot.

The shifting of the war memorial to Victoria Park will not enhance its beauty unless the Park itself is tidied up again.



Mr. Razik

### Envoy To Pakistan

WHO will be Ceylon's first envoy to India and to Pakistan? Regarding Pakistan spruce and debonair Mr. Razik, and the firm champion of the Pakistan cause in Ceylon, Mr. Jayah, have been mentioned freely. But also in the running is a journalist, a school-teacher and a Muslim Knight.

For India, the name of Mr. C. W. W. Kannangara has been popping up since his election defeat. But these names crop up regularly with the defeat of every prominent Councillor at the polls. Messrs. Amarasuriva and Hewavitarne have been periodically mentioned.

Of course the new Parliament must decide this question. But who said that the envoy to Pakistan must necessarily be a Muslim, and the envoy to India must be a Sinhalese.

Rumours have strange ways and they go in one common groove.

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# SPORTS

## Commentary

### COVER-POINT

THERE was another "full house" in the local sports world last week, with racing providing the highlights.

The September Meet ended last Saturday on the same note of surprise on which it began. Punters were again all at sea and the monotony of bewildering upsets was relieved only once in the course of the afternoon. This was when Macduff's change of ownership and name—he was formerly *Side Kick*—brought with it a change of fortune and gave him his first victory in Ceylon. Macduff has been a model of consistency since he started racing in July and all distances seemed to come alike to him, although he always had the exasperating experience of just missing the major spoils. More races should come his way now that he has broken the ice. A hard horse to ride, Royal Flash did well to finish a bare length behind Macduff and may soon be improving on that run.

Betting in the Goodwood Plate suggested that it was almost a walk-over for *Mohan Tara* but the mare took no part in the race. Dry-coated as usual, she gave no signs of fractiousness in the paddock, nor was she unduly temperamental at the barrier but when the tapes lifted she jumped out and then stopped dead. Not all Jockey Rook's ministrations were of any avail and she was walked back to the paddock. Meanwhile, her stable-mate *Vendetta* had slipped into an early lead and, going strongly all along the back stretch, came home on his own with so much in hand that I was convinced that he would have had the beating even of *Mohan Tara* had she started. *Vendetta* has now won three of his last four races and, in the absence of top-notchers like *Kunj Lata* and *Cosy Corner*, will continue to add to his success.

Quite the best finish of the whole meet was seen in the Dolosbage Plate in which a sheet would have covered the first four. Victory was claimed by *Lord Nelson* but had *Mannawi* come on the outside without being sandwiched between the winner and *Jutland*, the order would have reversed. Even as it was, *Mannawi* seemed to have collared *Lord Nelson* 20 yards from home but the chestnut responded well to *Simmon's* hard riding and just secured the verdict.

It is a racing axiom that an Arab in form must always be followed but the public were inclined to ignore *Kiwi's* chances in the Agra Plate and it was only when the grey flashed past the post three parts of a length clear of *Dhiban* that they remembered that the *Kiwi-Benjamin* association had proved a happy combination earlier on. Well as *Kiwi* did run—and I know how highly his owner regards him—he would have had to be satisfied with a minor place had *Guljan al Iraq* not lost nearly 20 lengths at the start. In a mile race, so much lost ground can seldom be made up, but *Guljan al Iraq* was less than a length behind the winner at the finish!

Another winner who impressed me a lot was *Manhattan*, on whom *Roger Eude* rode one of his typical late finishes. Backed as a good thing on the strength of his last win over the Channer Straight, *Shandy*, with the race at his mercy 100 yards out, was just not good enough and is, I fear, only very moderate.

The two biggest upsets of the afternoon were provided by *Regular Spinster* and *Mandub al Sharq*, neither of whom will go further than their present class.

Generally speaking, the starting throughout the September Meet left much room for improvement. On more than one occasion Jockeys tried to beat the starter and the resulting mix-up led to indifferent get-aways. Disciplinary action should soon put a stop to this practice.

The training honours for the Meet were shared by *Selvaratnam*, *Walls* and *Medhi Hussein*, each of whom saddled three winners. *Mrs. F. Amarasuriya* was the only owner to win two races and Jockey *Eude* was the most successful rider, with three winning mounts.

I understand that permission has now been obtained by Trainer *Selvaratnam* from the Controller of Imports in Delhi for his batch of Ceylon horses to race in Calcutta this season. *Selvaratnam* expects to leave Ceylon early next month with a string of about a dozen horses, including *Kunj Lata*, *Cosy Corner* and *Sir Oliver Goonetilleke's* recent importations.

SO much for Ceylon racing. The Autumn Double on the English turf is fast approaching, with the first "leg" due to be run next week. Both the *Cesarewitch* and the *Cambridgeshire* has always been very good betting races and this year is no exception. The final acceptances are not yet out and, consequently, I shall reserve my remarks till next week.

I WAS taken to task the other day for giving credit for young *Dharmaratnam's* success as a high jumper to the Athletics coach, *G. B. Little*. I understand that *Dharmaratnam*, who jumped 5 ft. 5½ ins. at the School Group Meet at Mt. Lavinia week before last, had been clearing well over 5 feet long before *Little* arrived in Ceylon. While I am always ready to render under *Caesar* the things that are *Caesar's*, I should like to emphasise that the advice of the athletics coach will prove invaluable to the youngster who has the making of a champion.

The Public Schools athletics championship will be held this week. The excellent support given to the meet assures provision of sport of a very high order and I feel sure that several new records will be set up.

THE Otters Swimming Gala drew a fair crowd on Saturday night to the St. Thomas' College baths but nothing very outstanding was achieved by any of the competitors. The *Harry Nightingale* trophy for the best performance by an Otter for the year was awarded to *Douglas Arndt*, who had broken the 440 Yards free style Ceylon record at the recent championships.

CRICKET days will soon be here again when the Inter-Club Tournament will get under way. The S.S.C. who are the reigning champions, have split up into two teams, "A" and "B." They have so much talent at their disposal that even this division may not rob them of the title.

The Madras Law College who are over here on a short tour, were engaged last Saturday against the University and the match was brimful of interest. The visitors, thanks in the main to a stylish 86 by *Satsuvama* were in a position to declare at 157 for the loss of 6 wickets, and when one of their bowlers, *Narasingham*, obtained a hat-trick it looked as if the University would be hard put to it to avert defeat. But a half century by *M. Wright* and useful scores by *A. Perera* and *Wanduragala* saw the University pull the match out of the fire in the last minute.

THE English League Soccer season is making steady headway. *Arsenal* is now the only unbeaten team in all the Leagues but they were lucky to retain their unbeaten certificate. They were outplayed by *Portsmouth* for the better portion of their match last Saturday but contrived to force a goal-less draw.

#### SOFT-BALL CRICKET

THE Maradana Cricket Club will meet the Slave Island Cricket Club in "Borella Sports League Knock-out Competition" on Sunday, the 19th October, 1947, at the Government Press ground, play commencing at 9.30 a.m.

The following will play for the Maradana C.C. XI: J. S. F. Moulana, D. M. S. de Silva, M. Halaideen, T. D. Victor, A. P. Perera, W. F. Perera, R. S. Fernando, G. K. Wimalasena, T. D. Wickremasinghe, T. Wickremasinghe and Fernando.



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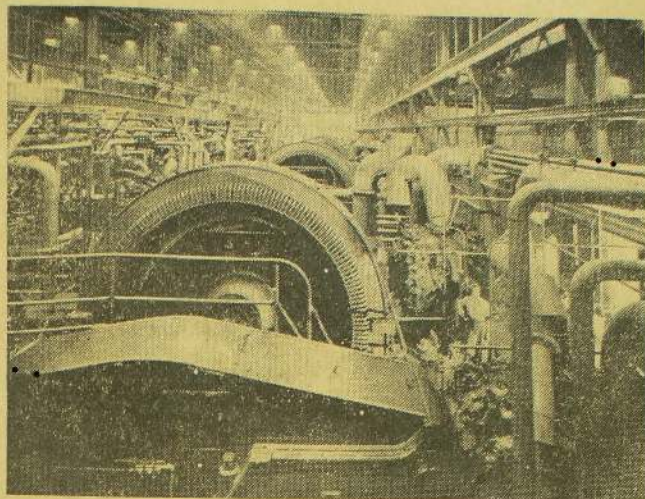
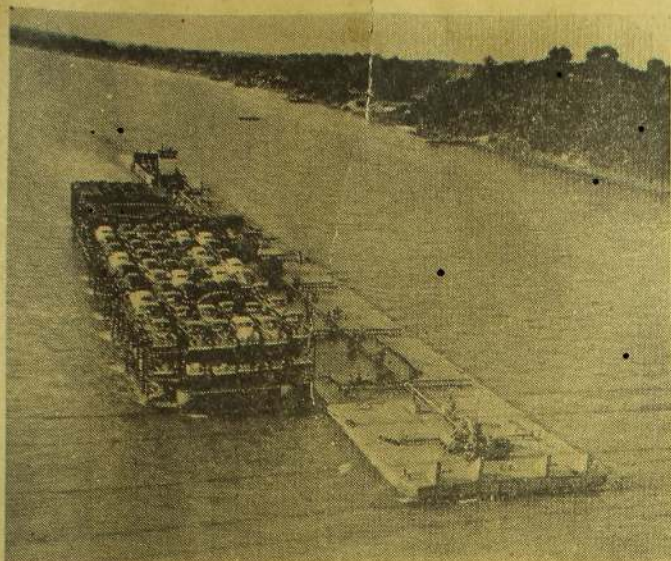
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# HOW A REVOLUTION CAME THROUGH ELECTRICITY



LEFT: Flat-top barges like these carry heavy and valuable cargo across the Tennessee.

ABOVE: Machinery shown in the above photograph is part of the equipment used in an ammonium nitrate plant operated by the Tennessee Valley Authority at Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

**R**ECORD wartime electrical power production of the vast United States Government enterprise, known as the Tennessee Valley Authority, which experts thought would constitute a post-war surplus, has been successfully channelled to peacetime industries and civilian users. In fact, the peak load of 12,400,000,000 kilowatt-hours supplied in 1945 is constantly being increased to a new all-time high as present demands press TVA's turbine output.

Mobilization of TVA power during 1946 offers an example of rapid and successful reconversion of a project that had been called one of the major arsenals of the United Nations. The change-over was not alone evident in power redistribution, but in the switch from wartime chemicals to peacetime traffic, and in the flood-control factors that resulted in increased water storage through the construction of new dams.

With most of the project's steam and hydro-turbines revolving at capacity, engineers look to a further power step-up to feed 35,000 miles (56,000 kilometres) of new lines to serve 150,000 additional farms. The increase would nearly double the present 126,000 rural users now relying on TVA power. Along with this potential is added the burden of continuing to supply power to 207,000 consumers in communities which range from populations of less than 250 people on up.

Construction of TVA dams during the war completed 650 miles (1,040 kilometers) of superior navigation channel, connecting the Tennessee Valley with the 6,000-mile (9,600 kilometer) of nine-foot (2.7 meter) draft inland-waterway system of the interior United States. Figures for the 1945 calendar year show 256,564 ton-miles of freight moved on the Tennessee River, the largest amount in history. Channel waters are controlled by the 16 dams that also safeguard some 11,000 acre-feet from flood threats.

A considerable portion of generated power was utilized in the production of chemicals and fertilizers. Experiments are being carried on with red phosphorus, and private contractors are receiving technical aid on the operation of the TVA's ammonia and ammonium-nitrate plants, as well as on the conditioning of ammonium nitrate for fertilizer.

TVA scientists have launched research programs in the related problems of fertilizers, soils, crops and animal and human nutrition. Other studies in fertilizer uses are being carried on in 23 States outside the Tennessee Valley.

Income of the Tennessee Valley Authority project last year totalled 35,265,000 dollars. Return on the average net investment in power facilities was 4.2 per cent. At this rate of income, the taxpayers' stock in the development has been conservatively estimated as valued at 100 cents plus on the dollar.—U.S.I.S.

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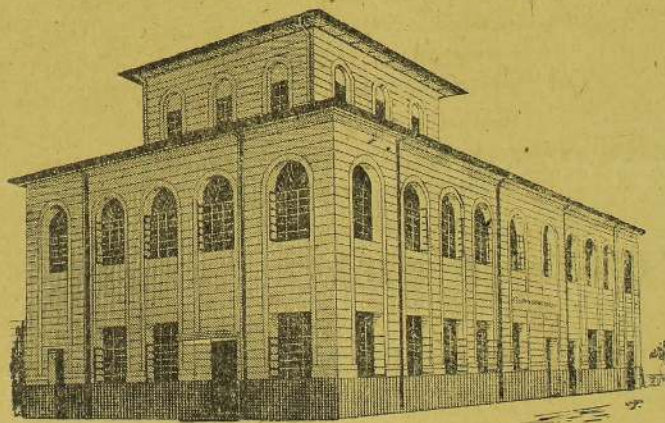
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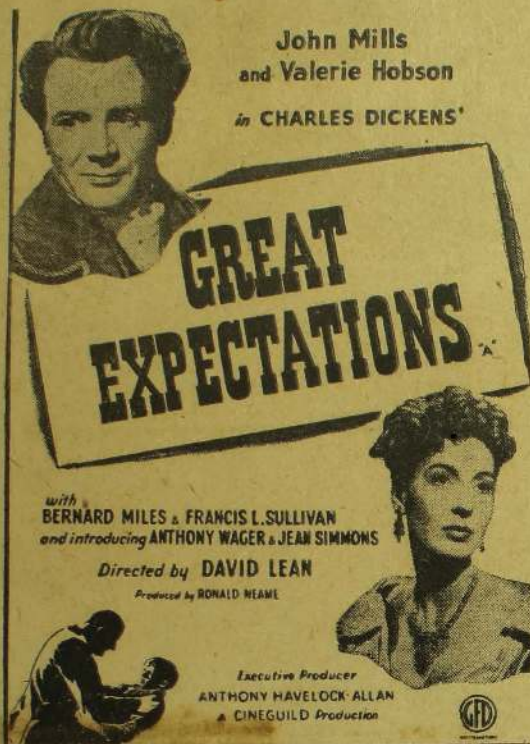
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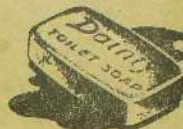
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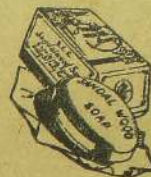
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