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"When the common man will walk the earth in Majesty, in prosperity, and peace . . ." (Col. Kotelawela)

BURMA & LANKA WERE WEDDED BY HISTORY



U. TIN TUT, Foreign Minister for Burma, speaking at the lunch given in his honour by Mr. J. L. Kotelawala, Minister of Transport and Works, at the Galle Face Hotel on 17-2-48.

SPEAKING at a luncheon given in honour of the Burmese Foreign Minister, U. Tin Tut, at the Galle Face Hotel yesterday, the Minister of Transport and Works, Mr. J. L. Kotelawala, said that at a time when all humanity is peering into the future and is afraid of unknown calamities, the one thing that can give hope and sustenance is the strength of the spirit which believes in the futurity of mortal things and looks forward to one great union of mankind, when war shall cease to be the plaything of statesmen and the common man will walk the earth in majesty, prosperity and peace.

Members of the Cabinet and several Government officials were present. Mr. Kotelawala presided.

The Burmese Foreign Minister declared that as long as the Buddhist religion lasts it will be the strongest link between Ceylon and Burma.

Mr. Kotelawala, in proposing the toast of Burma, said:

"I feel privileged on this occasion to have so distinguished a guest in our midst as the Foreign Minister of Independent Burma.

WEDDED BY HISTORY

I have had the great pleasure of his company as my guest during his short stay in the Island and now that he is on the eve of his departure I wish to take this opportunity of bidding him Godspeed.

"I am glad to be able to say that in the Hon. U. Tin Tut Ceylon will have a firm and loyal friend and sympathiser. Now that we are a free people the Dominion of Lanka will extend the hand of friendship to her sister Dominion across the seas and I have no doubt that Burma will grasp that hand of friendship and give us the assurance of last-

ing co-operation in the days to come.

"Our two countries were wedded by history and have continued to look to each other at all times. It is not merely an economic link that kept us together but the more enduring bond of spiritual inspiration derived from the single source of the great teaching of the Gautama Buddha.

"We have never met except in an atmosphere of friendship and goodwill and we look forward to continuing together along that road of freedom that now stretches before us."

U. TIN TUT'S REPLY

Replying to the toast proposed by Mr. Kotelawala, U. Tin Tut said: "This is one more generous gesture added to the delightful feast of hospitality to which my wife and I have been treated ever since we set foot on the shores of Lanka. It will be my privilege to report to my countrymen that we were shown the utmost courtesy and goodwill during our stay here on this memorable and historic occasion when Ceylon regained her independence which she had lost some centuries ago.

"We ourselves in Burma achieved the status of a free country a few months ago and we share with you the happiness of being able to walk the earth as free men. In our case, however, we had some considerable argument and some show of force, before we were able to reach our goal. You on the other hand achieved your independence with admirable goodwill and with the utmost friendship. That is a tribute to your people and I must say that it also speaks well of British statesmanship.

"As Col. Kotelawala has rightly pointed out, the link which brought us together in the past was the very powerful one of spiritual agreement. We in Burma knew so much about the ancient kings of this country that in my boyhood I used to imagine that King Dutugemunu was a Burmese monarch.

(Continued on page 5)

MAJOR HOUSING SCHEME DECLARED OPEN

HIS EXCELLENCY the Hon. U. Tin Tut declared open the first major Housing Scheme for Workers at Ratmalana on Wednesday, the 18th instant. A vast gathering was present and included nearly 3,000 workers and their families and several members of the Cabinet including the Prime Minister and the Minister for Home Affairs. Mr. J. E. S. Bodger called upon His Excellency the Hon. U. Tin Tut to declare the Housing Scheme open after which the Hon. U. Tin Tut performed the ceremony with a brief speech.

Hon. Col. J. L. Kotelawala, Minister for Transport and Works who was responsible for initiating the Housing Scheme, hoisted the Lion Flag and in a brief address gave a guarantee that the workers of this country would have his personal attention at all times. The workers of Lanka, he said, do not work for me or for a Department but for their country. We must all work for our motherland and make her rich and prosperous; for no one gives so much of her bounty as mother gives her children.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

NURSERY TACTICS OF LEFTWING PARTIES

Kultur Boy strikes a new low

WHILE the whole country joined in the Independence celebrations our Leftist theorists indulged in nursery tactics and even went for each other with hammer and tongs.

The nursery tactics were, of course, the boycott of the celebrations by the Leftists. The Trotskyites and the Stalinists—strange company, don't you think?—called it a day and sang a joint chorus on the Galle Face Green.

But this Leftist anti-Independence demonstration turned out to be something of a jigsaw puzzle. Our Communists are nothing if not outright Stalinists. Quite. But representing the U.S.S.R. and the Stalin Government in Moscow at our Independence celebrations was a Russian Envoy who I had the pleasure of greeting at the airport on his arrival. So what!

But that is not all. The Lanka Sama

Samaj Party boycotted not only the Independence celebrations but also the anti-Independence demonstration staged by the Bolsheviks and the Communists. And why?

The Herr Doktor and Dictator of the L.S.S.P. did not mince his words. The display of the Bolsheviks and the Communists, according to Herr Doktor's analysis was nothing but a terrible disease called "Opportunism," consisting of the three components of "exhibitionism, ultra-leftism and a stupid adventurism." Now isn't that the kind of diagnosis that makes the Doktor a real doctor? He has felt the pulse and put his finger right on the ailment. Just like that!

I am no doctor, of course, but if one is permitted to compare symptoms and deduce that like symptoms connote like maladies, it certainly does appear that the Herr Doktor himself was suffering from an acute attack of the same ailment when he absented himself from the Assembly Hall proceedings on the inauguration of Ceylon's first Dominion Parliament. I must confess, however,

that I am not quite so sure whether this act of absenteeism is another symptom of opportunism or whether it is a sub-symptom, so to speak, of exhibitionism, ultra-leftism or stupid adventurism.

Nor does that end the list of "isms" that we have been hearing about the last few days. To supplement the aforementioned isms comes the quota of Britain's Labour Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee. Addressing the Oxford University Labour Club the other day, Mr. Attlee declared: "Communism was bred on the Continent of Europe in the atmosphere of authoritarianism and brought to flower in the soil of Czarism." He added: "Communism has turned its back on civilisation."

low in the desecration of the dead, when he used the solemn occasion of a condolence resolution on the death of Mahatma Gandhi to work himself into a livid fury, in making an unnecessary and uncalled for dissertation on "obituary ethics."

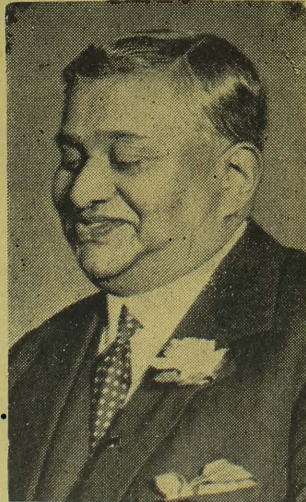
Working his arms like pistons and with the frenzy of a "Kapurala" doing his stuff, he even startled his Communist colleague, who sat next to him, by using the occasion to do a spot of political propaganda which impressed nobody. It was indeed a thousand pities, that so solemn an occasion should have been so debased by one of our much-vaunted "culture boys" which made his rotten performance all the more disgusting.

The Burmese Foreign Minister, U. Tin Tut, who represented his country at our independence celebrations, has told us of the vast programme of national rehabilitation that awaits Burma. Ceylon, too, has a similar task to shoulder. All-out effort, co-operation and goodwill alone can accelerate the accomplishment of this task.

WHILE on the subject of exhibitionism, a crude display of it was witnessed the other day at the Colombo Municipal Council when a Leftist City Father touched a new

Carey College Celebrates Independance

"THE racial idea or caste distinction should no longer play any part in the future development of the country," said Sir Wilfred de Soysa on Thursday morning after taking the Salute at the March Past of Carey College boys in Campbell Park. Continuing, Sir Wilfred said: "We must live as members of one race. We are now an independent Ceylonese race. We should not call ourselves Sinhalese, Tamils, Burghers, Muslims or Malays, but we must call ourselves members of the Ceylonese Race and Ceylonese Nation." He further said: "You children of today, who will be men and women in another 15 to 20 years could play your part not only by joining Government service and assisting in the industrial development of our country, but also by cultivating the land and making it very productive. We must become self-supporting. We must produce our own food. We must grow sufficient cotton to produce our own cloth. When it comes to that, we will be independent of others."



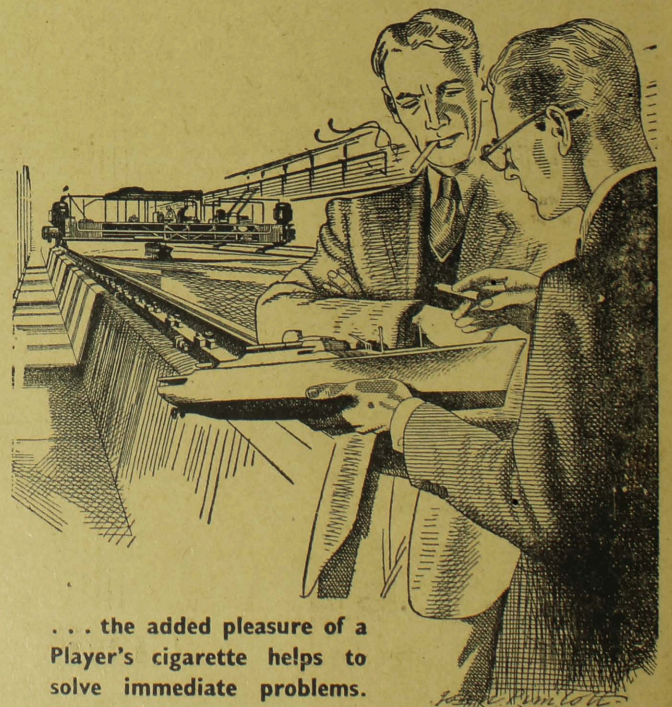
Sir Wilfred de Soysa

cient responsibility who can be trusted, who possess the highest ideals of life and who live up to them. So that our Freedom means our responsibility to keep the laws of our country.

The Reverends S. J. de S. Weerasinghe and H. S. L. B. Welegedera next addressed the gathering and reminded the boys of the privileges and responsibilities they, together with their teachers and parents, are heirs to under the newly-gained Independence.

A most spectacular procession proceeded the meeting when Carey College boys and the B.M.S. girls marched in procession with Lion Flags, College and House Flags and very appropriate slogans specially prepared for the occasion. This procession, which was about a mile long, went along Kynsey Road, Ward Place, Maradana Road, Campbell Place, and finally assembled at Campbell Park for the March Past. At the close of the meeting "Kiri Bath" and national sweets were served to nearly 1,000 people.

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IT HAPPENS IN LONDON

Special to the U. N. P. Journal from

Sheila Clark

AT the turn of the century those cupids were gold and gleaming. They blew their silent notes across the glittering chandelier as it swung lofty and precarious. The cupids are still there; the chandelier never descended. But those ungrown cherubs have tarnished and the romantic flicker of the gas-lamps hardened to an electric blaze.

The purple velvet fades in the Royal Box where Queen Victoria sat happy and glorious. Heavy dull curtains, fulldraped and secured with enormous ropes and tasselled in gold still hide privileged occupants from the curious stare. From the "Gods" they came, those arrowed glances. How eagerly were the few chairs in the boxes on either side of the theatre watched from the corner of the eye. The "Gods" high in the heavens, the boxes lone in luxury on either side, looked down with scorn on the Dress Circle and the stalls beneath. The back rows of the "fauteuils" were out of view. This was the pit. The pit it remains. The gilt mellows and the scarlet turns to wine-red, but the audience is still segregated in a proper manner with the differing prices of admission; the silk toppers in the stalls, tiaras in the boxes and fish and chips in the "Gods." It was like that and it has changed little.

To all Londoners the very word "Music Hall," stirring nostalgic memories in the middle-aged and the old, means warmth, gaiety, lively music and rousing songs. From the very gloom of the London Street to the bright glow of beckoning cupids; from the smell of horse-cabs or taxi-cabs to the aroma of Kentish ale, batwing flames and oranges or the new glazed paper smell of the fresh-printed programme—as they did seventy years ago so they do today, the Londoners crowd in to see the Music-Hall.

Things change slowly in Variety, in Vaudeville as the Music-Hall is sometimes called. Whatever the name it still means a promise of a joyous evening. The wind cuts like a knife as number fingers fumble with obstinate ober-coat buttons, and then—in a moment—the stale warm air of the rubicund theatre.

Gone are those "Good old days" we hear so much about. When for tuppence the young cockney coster in his vivid choker, or his celluloid collar and tight trousers, his befeathered girl on his arm, was admitted to the "Gods." He brought his refreshments with him for in those days the shows were long. Often there was as many as twenty-six items on the programme. He brought his cockles or his fish and chips in newspaper, and he never waited for a convenient lapse in the show. Oranges and peanuts, crackling and scenting, chocolates and sandwiches, choruses and sentiment, and up in the "Gods" the air grew hot and the girls giggled.

• * •

FAR below these jolly youngsters shrouded in the mysteries of cigar-smoke, the actors like miniature puppets produced a veritable feast of hilarity, pathos and excitement. Vesta Tilley, Marie Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, George Robey, George Formby Senior, danced and sang to the enthusiastic and enthralled. There was little Tich and Gracie Fields, Florrie Ford, followed by Sir Harry Lauder, Grock the Clown, Houdini, Blondin, Dan Leno, a host of great artistes whose acts varied from the sublime to the unfathomable. While on each side of the Stalls the long bars stretched and thirsty on-lookers refreshed, the Music-Hall would echo with the bold brave songs, conjurers cut girls in half, jugglers swung their Indian clubs, and daring Can-Can Dancers (in the French style!) exposed a fleeting glimpses of garter and frilly underthings.

Outside at the stage-door waited the young men resplendent in their toppers,

opera capes, scarlet carnation in button-hole and a furtive bouquet of flowers to offer to their chosen star. From the London Pavilion to the old Collin's Music Hall and then to the Empire and then on again to the Alhambra went the handsome cabs bearing the fine ladies of the theatre. Not one show a night but several were necessary to suffice the ever-demanding Londoners.

Music-Hall is still with us. Changed but not changed. In the good old traditions with the fun and the warmth and the good tempered audience, ready to co-operate in a glorious sing-song of the favourite choruses. Changed it is as the century grows. Changed in that the Hippodrome and the Empires flourish in London's suburbs and have hardly changed, but in London the few Variety theatres like the Palladium and the London Casino are preserving the traditions in a gradual metamorphosis.

The stars remain. There are gacians like Dante, jugglers and contortionists, escapists and sword-swallowers,

there are singers and comedians and the "God" and the pit, but there is a sophistication of the performers and their audience that brings a startling modernity to the faded glory of gilt and plush. Prices of the seats have increased a thousandfold. No more tuppenny "Gods" but two shillings or half-a-crown. It costs sixteen shillings to sit in the best rows of the stalls! The boxes are still filled at several guineas a time and a queue forms early in the day for the unreserved pit.

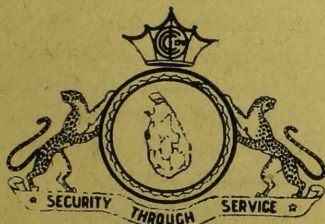
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THE programme costs sixpence and the Chairman has gone. He used to sit at the side of the stage and announce in his grandest manner each artiste as he made his appearance. "Our own... Miss... Kate... Carney!" He banged his hammer on the table before him and flourished an extravagant hand then swilled down his pint of cool beer. A tremendous burst of applause and the

lady made her entrance. A young page boy posted up the number of the acts and the show went swinging on. Today a brilliant electric light shines out the number, the page and the Chairman have no part. Perhaps an elegant compere in evening dress will string the various "turns" together with a stream of witty patter, but he has gone from the Palladium in London town today.

In the orchestra pit there are forty musicians playing the popular swing tunes, accompanying the crooners and the harmony singers. The "Ink Spots" come to the Casino from the U.S.A., and a full orchestra is ready to play them a signature tune. The show moves at an incredible speed of bright blaring gaiety. The graceful ease of the twenty-six acts of yesteryear has slipped into the past forever. The Music-Hall is still with us but syncopation eddies round the cupids blowing for all their worth to no avail—high above the limelights. The harsh noise and heat, the blare and the blaze, surround

(Continued on page 4)



OUR INDEPENDENCE

Whilst rejoicing over our new-won freedom, we cannot but remember with pride and gratitude the men who carried the torch of liberty through the years — men who sacrificed all that was dear and precious to them, so that for us, the living may have a new birth of freedom and that the government of the people, by the people and for all the people may be established in this land.

We who seek to secure freedom for the individual—the freedom from want and the freedom from fear, so that he may look any man in the face and walk this earth with dignity, — must honour those high-souled men and in honouring them rededicate ourselves, our work and our resources to protect and maintain the cause of liberty under the banner of the Lion of Lanka.

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Friday, February 20, 1948

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS

A DISGRACEFUL exhibition of pyrotechnics was attempted by the Communist and Bolshevik Leninist Parties on the Galle Face Green coinciding with the hoisting of the nation's flag at Kandy. These two pseudo-Marxist Parties addressed the holiday crowds and attempted to make them believe that the freedom that had been won by this country was all a fake and that the Senanayake-Kotelawala Government was fooling the people once more. Every word that had been published on the tactics of the Marxist Parties in Ceylon came true. We now have had on the authority of Dr. N. M. Perera, the leader of the Lanka Sama Samajist Party, that everything we said is exactly the truth. In a letter to the "Times of Ceylon" published on page 8 of that journal on Friday, the 13th instant, Dr. N. M. Perera unburdens himself of this profound utterance:

"That the Stalinists in Ceylon should blindly ape their master in Moscow is neither unusual nor strange. But that the Parlour

Bolsheviks who pretend to be revolutionary-Marxists should follow in the wake of the Stalinists and sponsor similar adventurist moves in Ceylon leaves us a little amazed, but we are not entirely surprised. Exhibitionism, ultra-leftism and adventurism are but facets of the same thing: opportunism. It is in this setting when the working class is on the defensive that the Parlour Bolsheviks and the Stalinists are organising a counter-demonstration to the independence celebrations of the Senanayakes. The L.S.S.P. has refused to be a party to any such stupid adventurism. The Stalinists are not Marxists and to them the proletariat is just so much pawns in a game, the Bolsheviks have no mass backing and therefore adventures are what they live for. For us the revolutionary movement is much more fundamental. It has to be carefully nurtured and built along scientific revolutionary lines. A revolutionary movement should not be jeopardized by any desires for cheap adventurism and snobbish exhibitionism."

In the U.N.P. journal of 30th January, 1948, we stated that the Communist Party is neither Communist nor Marxist but a group of amateur theorists who have failed even to understand the elementary principles of political strategy.

Dr. N. M. Perera says that "the Stalinists are not Marxists and that to them the proletariat is so much pawns in the game." We are glad to observe that even the dogmatic Dr. Perera can sometimes appreciate the profundity of our editorial comments!

We also pointed out on December 12th last year that although the people had gained the impression gathered from Marxist inspired legends that the Opposition in Parliament had a monopoly of brains and oratory, those legends were fast being dispelled. Dr. Perera's analysis of Stalinist and Bolshevik brain power completely justifies the position that we have adopted. We are extremely flattered to find that this double Doctor of Philosophy who has adroitly displaced the once unquestioned leadership of the Doctor from Wellawatte-Galkissa, has now become a regular reader of this journal and echoes the views we have consistently expressed. We do admit that the letter written by him to the "Times of Ceylon" is written in a language more pointed and barbed than that to which we are accustomed but we expect that the Doctor would not miss an opportunity to show up his political rivals. As we have maintained the real difference between these various left-wing parties is the difference that has arisen from rivalry. It is simply a bid for leadership. There is more jealousy between these parties than anywhere else. As the U.N.P. is definitely a Socialist Party, N.M.-Colvin-Keuneman tactics will end in final left-wing political suicide.

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It Happens in London

(Continued from page 3)

not a charming Vesta Tillery or a pathetic Grock, but the greatest film-stars of America which the London audience demands these days.

The bar is no longer in the theatre. It is way up the draughty corridor. These famous screen idols need all the attention of their audience. They get it. The young cockney boys and girls who all the week have looked forward to Saturday night, are in their queue at the Hippodrome, wearing their Sunday-best clothes. They want to see "Hutch", Vera Lynn or George Formby Junior. They want to see the film stars and the crooners, but the performing seals and jugglers have not lost their popularity. But it is the screen hero that dominates conversation in the waiting queue.

and just recently Mickey Rooney have figured on the London Halls. The happiest choice has been Mickey Rooney who daily at the London Palladium impresses London audiences with his versatility. This is probably the greatest asset that any music-hall artiste may possess.

Mickey Rooney is a long way from the traditional features of a variety bill. From the days of Marie Lloyd and Dan Leno to the times of quick-fire American wit, swing and film-stars the Palladium has seen all these fashions in power. But Mickey Rooney does not disappoint us. Mickey Rooney is Andy Hardy to most of us, and although he can bang on the drums and toot on the trumpet as well as we would expect Andy Hardy to do, his delightful personality glossing over the many defects of an amateur performance, London audiences reluctantly came to the conclusion that as a Music-Hall artiste Mickey is a very good film star. We want to see him back on the films where he can give us a top rate show. We want to suffer with his film personality as he gets into the

many difficulties as Andy. We have no desire to suffer unwillingly as he attempts to be a professional musician. But in spite of his shortcomings Londoners like Mickey. They like the mediocre impersonations of Hollywood stars they know nothing about. After all isn't it Andy Hardy trying his best to entertain them? The piano playing, the crowning, all by Andy, it amuses the Music-Hall fans. There is no better tempered, no more tolerant an audience than that at the Palladium. Mickey gets his applause. We adore the boisterous little figure, in the wide-shouldered American jacket. We laugh, we applaud and we are satisfied, but we know in our heart of hearts that Mickey is a personality in his own right, but not meant for the Music-Hall.

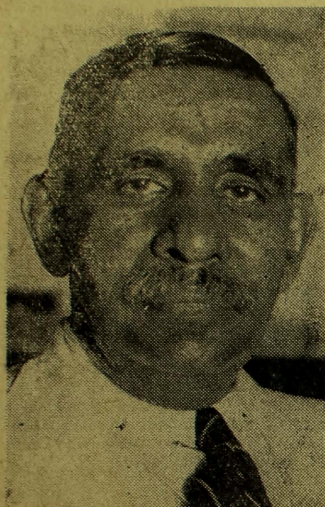
So Music-Hall has travelled a long way. From the smelling gas-lights and fish and chips to the sophistication of the modern London theatre. From Little Tich to Mickey Rooney, and the crowded Hall is always happy. A hearty welcome is extended to every film-star in the U.S.A. and the hospitality of the MusicHall is an ever open door.

At the Palladium, in the heart of London town, the glory of MusicHall is at its peak. Such great names as Bob Hope, Lena Horne

POLITICAL BANDWAGGON

By Lakshman Seneviratne

ONE has to really possess a very compelling spiritual deterrent, not to be a Stalinite, if one is a writer. Unlike Fleet Street, London's newspaper storm centre, which receives the attentions of both politically down-and-out Ministers, and bankrupt Peers, who have a flair for being gossip columnists, one of the biggest capitalists in recent years in Soviet Russia, was the late Alexei Tolstoi. His parties could challenge the highest class of hospitality.



Mr. D. S. Senanayake

Though the Marxist economic analysis of some of the excesses of nineteenth century British industrialism is penetrating F. A. Voigt's criticism of Marxism is both incisive and illuminating, when he says, "According to Marxian mythology, the Millennium is the result of an immutable and universal process or law 'discovered' by Marx (as though it were a natural law) and clothed in pseudo-Hegelian language. In no sense is the Marxian doctrine 'realistic'." It is crudely idealistic, but is also pervaded by a kind of animism, seeing that it attributes purposive behaviour to the material world.

It sees that behaviour in the "dialectical" movement of the economic situation

It deduces phenomena from fundamental phenomena, which it declares to be economic. All things other than economics—art, science, ethics, philosophy, religion—are epiphenomena.

But the "dialectical" process does not go on for ever. There is a time when it stops and, strangely enough, that time is near—not as near, perhaps, as it seemed when the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917 or when the German revolution broke out in 1918—but quite near nevertheless."

★ ● ★

ENTIRE civilisations—Egypt, Babylon, Greece and Rome—have risen and fallen. All that has happened in the past is but a preparation and a transition. Nothing has ever existed of its own right. Nothing ever

achieved by man has any intrinsic value whatever. All is a means to an end—and that end is soon. Marx, Engels, and Lenin thought the end would be so soon that, had they been right, it would have come years ago, and the Kingdom of Heaven would be with us now."

Lanka's Dominion Status celebrations with Stalinite cat-calls and B.L.P. ballyhoo on the Galle Face green, introduced our Island to the international comity of modern nations. One cannot expect, in spite of Royalty leavening the social scene, the social brilliance of either diplomatic Paris, London or Washington. Lord Killearn was certainly of champagne vintage, from British diplomatic ranks. Wendell Willkie, in his best-seller "One World," wrote: "Next day we drove back to Cairo for long conferences with King Farouk, the Prime Minister, and later with Sir Miles Lampson (now Lord Killearn), the British Ambassador to Egypt, and, for all practical purposes, its actual ruler."

Lord Listowel, Tin Tut from Burma, and the Indian Envoy, are politicians, of course, and not diplomats. But the American Envoy, Mr. Grady, sent by President Truman here, demonstrates diplomatically the strategic importance of Lanka in Anglo-American policy vis-a-vis potential Soviet expansionism. It was significant to note that only the Counsellor to the Soviet Embassy in New Delhi, and not the Ambassador, was sent here for the celebrations. Perhaps, in the language of the Communist paper in Paris "L'Humanite," he would report that Lanka is very much a venue of American 'atomic capitalism' still. Till, perhaps, a 'radio-active cloud' brand of Stalinism could run over B.L.P. Trotskyism in India, and come over here!

★ ● ★

JOHN GUNTHER, whose analysis of French politics is now a boulevard joke in Parisian journalistic circles, was, right, however, in "Inside Europe" when he confessed, writing on France: "Its language, its literature, its culture are the envy of the intelligent in every country. France is the most civilised country in the world."

Sir Oliver Goonetilleke incarnates the finesse, courtesy and bonhomie of the cultured Sinhalese, with such consummate tact, that one almost feels he could comfortably make the grade of a top-flight Quai D'Orsay (French Foreign Office) diplomat. Only he would know, as the Premier's party to the Duke of Gloucester indicated, that such travelled high-fliers of International Society as Their Highnesses the Maharajah and Maharani of Baroda had the requisite background, to interest the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Sir Oliver is a competent and suave chef du protocol. One Trotskyite in Parliament who confuses atomic capitalist social values, compared Sir Oliver to the Aga Khan. Though his social ambitions are not in harmony

with my Social Democracy, I should imagine he would be quite content to go as far as Lord Sinha. Mr. D. S. Senanayake deserved all the encomiums foreign envoys have showered on his capacity for statesmanship. Mr. Senanayake has in Laski's words on Stanley Baldwin genius for appearing an amateur in a game in which, in fact, he is a superb professional." The Jungle John of propaganda legend is as wild as the sophisticated Bois de Boulogne, in Paris.

Just as Dr. Goebbels used to concentrate his venom on Winston Churchill, the Trotskyites locally have Mr. Senanayake as their obsessive target. But in day-to-day political tactics and long-range political strategy, the Communists know that he, pre-eminently, stands between them and Power.

BURMA AND LANKA WERE WEDDED BY HISTORY

(Continued from page 1)

INVITATION TO CEYLONESE

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SAROJINI NAIDU

SAROJINI NAIDU described herself, on the occasion of a visit many years ago to Ceylon, when she was addressing a large gathering, as a song bird with a broken wing. No doubt the sorrows of India pressed most deeply upon her heart, giving her a wonderful passion for service and this urgency, by its devouring intensity, has also made her the poet of India. Sarojini Naidu has not been content to be the voice of a people's yearnings in the region of beautiful dream. She has taken her place among the workers in the cause of India, and if she is today exalted into the high position of the ruler of a province, and her great services are remembered in the history of her grateful country, posterity will yet most dearly treasure, not so much the memory of her political struggle, as those exquisitely lovely and emotionally swift and tenderly human poems in which she has poured out the ardour of her soul immortally. Pioneers in a great political struggle have their place of honour in

the successes of their country. They fully earn the homage of the contemporary world, and they leave their mark on the pages of history. It certainly was more important that India should be free than that she should have had a band of poets to give expression to every emotion that lent itself to poetical utterance. But the words of the poet have a quite amazing power of survival if they are winged with genius, and though Sarojini Naidu speaks of herself as the poet with a broken wing yet she, of all her contemporaries, has soared highest into the empyrean of song. Her poetry has the authentic fire. It has the pulse-beats of life. Rabindranath Tagore even at his best suggests something a little remote from life. It has the sense of a music far withdrawn from the voice of our common humanity as if the singer dwelt in a world of his own creating, very much self-centred and weaving his musical patterns in a certain reflective isolation. The poetry of Tagore struck Europe by its strangeness. It embodied ancient traditional ways of thinking which touched a new note in poetry and there was W. B. Yeats to give it the prestige of his resplendent approval, as of one poet setting the seal of authenticity on another. Tagore was happy in a combination of circumstances, unique in the experience of an Indian poet. But though men like Sir Edmund Gosse and other critics



Sarojini Naidu

were interested in Sarojini Naidu, no external circumstance was needed to popularise her name as a poet belonging to the genuine group of those few who will be remembered by lovers of poetry centuries hence. She is a vessel of song that will float proudly down the ages, inspiring others of her countrymen to emulate her and embody the sights and scenes of India that make an emotional appeal to their minds, in like imperishable words of high, splendid and sonorous poetry.

THE SCEPTRED FLUTE

(Colombo Book Centre) is a Kitabistan publication containing all the poetry published by Sarojini Naidu. It is not big in quantity but its quality tells. This collected body of verse is scanty besides the immense range, for example, of Browning, the volume of whose work is stupendous. Wordsworth too wrote on an enormous scale. Sarojini Naidu does not reach to the stature of these poets at their best, but she never sinks to the same level of unpoetical writing to which they have sometimes descended. In this matter Sarojini Naidu is like Houseman, who produced little but maintained his work at an uniform level which, though it did not soar to great heights, can be regarded as consistently genuine poetry. One can turn to any poem by Houseman without the feeling that one would experience the sensation of disillusionment as regards the quality of the verse. This great merit Sarojini Naidu has in a special degree. All she has published can be read by the most fastidious lover of poetry with a safe feeling that there is the real stuff of inspiration in them. Everything she wrote is alive with a bubbling energy and a spontaneous grace. Here is no jaded muse which must sing on every trial occasion. Sarojini Naidu appears to wait for the moment when the emotional content of the creative mood is strong, and the poem shapes itself spontaneously under the streets of an implacable energy. Sarojini Naidu told the writer of this article when she was in Colombo that her poetry was a matter of subordinate interest as compared with the need to use all her powers in the cause of India's struggle for freedom. Every fibre of her being quivered with the passion for service in the cause of her motherland. Poems were written only under a strong impulse which refused to be stifled. She has accordingly not had to wait for inspiration. Whenever inspiration came, she was ready to welcome it and give it the needed urgent expression. Every single poem of hers has that integrity and unity which can be manifested only when the mind is attuned to the most delicate moods of poetic intuition. The words seem to spring into magical life, rich in colour, swift with feeling, and with an economy, selectiveness and inevitability of phrase which constantly create in the reader a recurring thrill of surprise. This surely fulfils the conditions of great lyric poetry, very rare indeed amongst modern poets who seem to be losing this secret of creating beauty in their verse because they believe that their violence and licence is

in accord with the bustle and turmoil of a mechanical age such as ours, when the truth of the matter is that it is exactly in our day that we need the healing touch of tender and gracious lyric poetry as an escape from the pervading harshness of the contemporary scene. We want our deserts to blossom as the rose.

SAROJINI NAIDU'S lines to her children, written long ago, are most winsome and enchanting. These are the lines to Padmaja, aged three years and Lilamani, aged one, and they breathe an air of delicious tenderness:

Lotus-maiden, you who claim
All the sweetness of your name,
Lakshmi, fortune's queen, defend you
Lotus-born like you, and send you
Balmy moons of love to bless you,
Gentle joy-winds to carress you....
Lotus-maiden, may you be
Fragrant of all ecstasy.

Limpid jewel of delight
Severed from the tender night
Of your sheltering mother-mine,
Leap and sparkle, dance and shine,
Blithely and securely set
In love's magic coronet....
Living jewel, may you be
Laughter-bound and sorrow-free.

In a poem entitled "Nasturtiums," the names of the immortal women of Sanskrit legend are woven into a brief song, and every phrase is made to tell a history. Though brief, and almost bare, the poem unfolds an epic passion which is familiar to those who know the individual significance of each allusion.

"Poignant and subtle and bitter perfume
Exquisite, luminous, passionate bloom,
Your leaves interwoven of fragrance and fire
Are Savitri's sorrow and Sita's desire,
Draupadi's longing (Damayanti's fears,
And sweetest Sakuntala's magical tears."

Sarojini Naidu has recreated in her poems the spirit of the East in all its manifestation of tumultuous colour, ancient life and belief, its deathless aspiration after the divine, and the cries of the human heart which are as old as time and as young as today. Her poetry has warmth by its contact with the real things of life, and her verse moves with a rapidity which is almost impetuous, showing us a daring soul, greatly gifted and engrossed with the spectacle of life. The tendency of Indian poetry is to lose itself in a vague cloud of mysticism, but here is poetry which throbs with life, deals with the concrete images of things, and gives a full-throated utterance to all the leading emotions and passions of human life. One cannot end more appropriately at this time than by quoting the sonnet entitled "The Lotus—To M. K. Gandhi" which has the merit of serenity and seriousness in an unusual degree:

"O Mystic Lotus, sacred and sublime,
In myriad-petalled grace inviolate,
Supreme o'er transient storms of tragic Fate,
Deep-rooted in the water of all Time,
What legions loosed from many a far-off clime,
Of wild-bee hordes with lips insatiate,
And hungry winds with wings of hope or hate,
Have thronged and pressed round thy miraculous prime
To devastate thy loveliness, to drain
The midmost rapture of thy glorious heart.....
But who could win thy secret, who attain
Thy ageless beauty born of Brahma's breath,
Or pluck thine immortality, who art
Coeval with the Lords of Life and Death?"

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SPORTS

Commentary

COVER-POINT

THE special Independence Race Meet, which was held on the Havelock Racecourse last Saturday provides the lead story for my review this week.

It was an epoch-making meet and the public gave it full support with an attendance which fell short only of an August week crowd. Horses and jockeys, too, rose to the occasion and, even if the results did not quite pan out according to general expectation, the sport was of the very best.

Nothing during the afternoon's racing was more meritorious than **Cosy Corner's** magnificent victory in the Independence Cup which was the plum of the Meet. The Fairhaven gelding was set to give a stone or more to all his rivals, who included the great **Manchu**, whose recent form suggested that, at the weights, he had the beating of the field. And he would have done so had not Sawyer ridden the inspired finish that he did. After **St. Just** had made the pace a scorcher, **Manchu**, who tracked him in the early stages, was left in the lead and it looked all Lombard Street to a china orange, at the distance, that he would win, but Sawyer set **Cosy Corner** alight at the crucial moment and, sooner than it takes me to describe it, he had got within striking distance of the leader. Then followed a grim battle for supremacy which ended with class telling and **Cosy Corner** getting his nose in front at the finish. It was a fitting climax to a great race and the crowd cheered to a man, the cheering being renewed when **Senator Gardiner** received the handsome trophy which attached to the race.

Readers will remember that some weeks ago I said that in **Cosy Corner** Mr. Gardiner had an able substitute for **Kunj Lata** and so it has proved to be.

The Sri Lanka Cup for Class II horses saw a newcomer in **Montrose Lady** introduced to the game in Ceylon and installed a firm favourite. As the race was run she had every chance but probably found the distance too short for her, as she was putting in her best work when the issue was practically settled. Victory was claimed by the Australian mare **Ingomar**, who let **Seasprite** lead till the distance and then collared him to win with something in hand. **Sir Cuckoo** left all his chances at the barrier.

Quite the best finish in the afternoon was seen in the senior division of the Elara Cup where **Jimson** atoned for his failure last week and also made up for **Sir Cuckoo's** lapse by beating the hot favourite **Naval Action** in a picture finish. Stride for stride the two horses galloped over the last 100 yards and I personally thought it might be a dead-heat but my angle was not quite so good as that of the Judge and **Jimson** was placed first.

The junior division of the same race saw a debutante in **Roberta** make such a promising beginning that there were scores of people, like myself, on the course who went away with the conviction that we had seen a mare who was going to make history. **Roberta**

was never off the bit in winning by 8 lengths and, believe me, if she was ridden out, she would have lost the field.

Two stable-mates in **My Style** and **Gay Mena** fought out the Goodwill Cup and strong riding by Benjamin gave **My Style**, who was a favourite, the major spoils.

The Arab races went to unfancied candidates.

The biggest upset of the day, which was incidentally the biggest upset since racing was re-started, was created by **New Jack**, who won the Adam's Peak Cup at odds of 30 to 1. Lying handy all the way, **New Jack** flashed on the scene below the distance where it looked as if **Jayawewa** would raise, appropriately enough, his first winning flag in Ceylon but **Wijesinghe** on **New Jack** drove the black pony for all he was worth and got up to win on the post.

Earlier, **Mr. Singham's** colours had been carried to victory by **Al Shanfara**, who was in a bracket of three and yet paid a century dividend for both win and place. The grey, who is always a difficult horse to ride, went very well for **Samaranayake** and came with a rare burst at the finish. The favourite **Bronze Wing** was never in the race with a chance.

The Meet ended with **Najib al Hawa** beating the well-backed **Roiex Prince** in the run home to the Judge. Mr. Gardiner's pony looked the winner 100 yards out but he could not cope with the sustained run which **Rook** had on the outside to wind up the day's proceedings with a nourishing dividend.

With the first half of the races on the card being won by Ceylonese jockeys Ceylon's new status got a flying start in the racing world.

★

PRE-OCCUPATION with the historic events that came with the turn of last week, and took me away from Colombo, made me miss most of the sports fixtures last week. I was, however, fortunate in running up against a friend of mine who gave me the "gen" on what he saw. First in point of merit was the Test trial match on the C.C.C. grounds in preparation for the forthcoming matches against India and Australia. On a wicket, which current weather conditions obviously made a bowler's heart-ache, the batsmen took most of the honours on either side.

While I commiserated myself when I opened my paper yesterday in far away Pussellawa that I had missed seeing the double century scored by **Sathasivam** in almost as many minutes, I was told by more than one creditable witness that as brilliant an innings, if not the more prolific, came from the bat of **C. I. Gunasekera**, who overshadowed the peerless **Jayawickreme** whom he partnered in a stand of over 150. Professional duties, perhaps, prevent **Gunasekera** making more frequent appearances on the playing fields but there is no gainsaying the fact that the old Royalist cricketer, if fit and well, has an undeniable claim to Test honours.

It is a pity that **R. B. Wijesinghe** was prevented by what has fortunately

turned out to be a trifling injury to his foot from playing in this trial, but I understand he will be out in action in the next trial. A stock bowler when he first started first-class cricket, **Wijesinghe** has developed into a ready attacking bowler, while his success as a batsman makes him almost an automatic choice.

Team-building is always an entertaining pastime and, if I may hazard a guess on the Ceylon team that will ultimately be chosen, I would suggest that it will come from the following twelve:—

F. C. de Saram, **S. S. Jayawickreme**, **Ben Navaratne**, **R. B. Wijesinghe**, **C. I. Gunasekera**, **R. de Soysa**, **M. Sathasivam**, **G. M. Spittel**, **R. L. de Kret-**

ser, **L. G. de Soysa**, **B. R. Heyn** and **Hector Perera**.

★

THE final Test match at Melbourne ended in such a fiasco that one begins to wonder whether after all the Indians are up to Test match standard. It might be well and good for hero-worshippers to allow the wish to be father to the thought and fondly imagine that our neighbours have emerged sufficiently from the chrysalis stage of big cricket in their own land to give them a chance on the grimmer stage of International Cricket as it is played today. I yield to none in my admiration for the type of cricket played by the Indians but I am afraid they are still a long way from Australian standard.

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