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APRIL, 1957

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The Ceylon Causerie

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April, 1957.

VOL. XXIII
No. 11



Photo Plate
*Miss Piyaseeli Wickremapala and Mr. Bernard Tilakaratna who were married on the
27th of March, 1957.*

The **NEW** in Garden and Beach Equipment at MILLERS

THE "EGSTACY" TUBULAR FOLDING ARM-CHAIR

Enamelled eau-de-nil with Canopy.

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with or without centre hole.

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SGT 2—Legs take apart for storage
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In best selected Beech wood with
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With pillow and fringed on both sides
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ing Hammock Stand.

Rs. 350/-

GARDEN UMBRELLAS

Enamelled with meta spike to screw
in ground

Rs. 300/-

Fitted with tilt

Rs. 325/-



GARDEN UMBRELLAS

With tilt and a 4-in. deep fringe. Can be supplied
with a straight joint.

Rs. 350/- & 375/-

STEEL GARDEN OR INDOOR SWINGS

The "Toddler"

Enamelled in pleasing nursery shade of green. Folds
flat for storage. Green canvas bucked seat.

Rs. 95/-

The "Senior"

Enamelled green. Folds flat for storage.

Rs. 125/-

The "Garden" Swing

Constructed of stout angle iron with selected wood
seat.

Rs. 95/-

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Editorially Yours



THE charm of the Ceylon Resthouse has always been associated with tourism in the island. Indeed, the Resthouse which is really a relic of stage coach days, possesses a personality of its own.

Whereas an hotel conjures up visions of carpeted lobbies, receptionists counters, and scenes of bustle and activity, the Resthouse conveys an impression of a home with its attendant peace and relaxation, a service that is efficient and unobtrusive, and simple comforts.

A well managed Resthouse is a boon and a blessing to the traveller, but there are still so many that are mismanaged that they prove a blot on the countryside, and the fair name of Lanka is besmirched both at home and abroad.

The moving spirit of the Resthouse is naturally the Keeper, and he in our opinion should be born to his duties and not made.

In this connection the Tourist Bureau has done a wonderful job in finding the correct men for the Resthouses in its charge. Of recent months many bouquets have been handed out to them by visitors who have been well accommodated.

One way in which the Bureau ensures efficiency is by the introduction of periodical Resthouse inspections carried out by men of integrity and honour. This is an excellent innovation for keeping the keepers from letting things slide when left to their own devices.

No more are visitors victimised by the levy of exorbitant fees, for there is now a tariff card handed out to them on their arrival at the Resthouse.

We are glad to note that pamphlets setting out the physical and historical features of the Resthouse neighbourhood, are also made available to the visitor. This is most commendable from the point of view of the tourist, who hitherto had to rely on doubtful local guides.

One aspect of improvement to Rest Houses which causes us alarm, is the modern structural alterations that have been introduced. Though we are in favour of regular repairs, we cannot condone a charming old world building being changed overnight into a garishly illuminated monstrosity.

Even in a changing Ceylon let us preserve the old charm of the Rest House.

Annette Swan.

ANNOUNCING

MEMOIRS OF OXFORD

by THE HON'BLE

MR. S. W. R. D. BANDARANAIKE

Prime Minister of Ceylon.

[N 1933 we published Mr. Bandaranaike's "Memoirs of Oxford" in the Ceylon Causerie.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers that we shall commence republication of this series in the Ceylon Causerie next month.

Now that the author is the Prime Minister of Ceylon, the articles will have added interest and savour.

AND

Also beginning in the May Causerie "The Well of Memory" a series by **Doctor Lucian de Zilwa**, now in retirement. Dr. de Zilwa is well known as the author of several Ceylon novels.



Between Ourselves

BY RAMBLER

To put our pennies by, and count the days for a much planned holiday, certainly gives an extra zest to our work-a-day lives. Yet there is something more wholesome about an impromptu vacation.

When the heat gets too stifling even for a tolerant scribe, we shut the drawers of our desk impatiently, crave pardon of our readers, cram any old thing into the old battered suitcase, pile our jubilant family into the back of the old bus, leave the house and the cats and the dogs and the budgerigars to the "tender" mercies of our equally jubilant servants, and whirl away on the wheels of devil-may-care freedom to the back of beyond.

So we find ourselves at Beluloya swimming lazily in the cool depths of the Resthouse pool, gorging an excellent lunch, and sleeping away the cares of time into the early hours of the evening. And then we find ourselves at Ella gazing across the enchanting scenic gap, reviving memories of a "honeymoon" well spent, so short awhile ago it seems.

Over now to Hali Ela where a planter friend and his charming wife insist on us breaking journey for more than a day. It becomes **six** days of veritable lotus-eating, and we eventually have to tear ourselves away.

Next stop is Kalkudah, peaceful haunt on the East Coast, where we relax endlessly in the shallow depths of Passekudah Bay, and get back to the Rest House for wonderful shell-fish meals, prepared to a turn: enough to last us for another year.

Until we realise our leave is up: and we get back to the mundane world, and the old desk and the old grind. **But it is good to be back after all!**

A Remarkable Invention.

We remember how in our school days we always bowed to the Jaffna Tamil in the matter of mathematical deductions and computations. It is therefore not surprising to hear of a remarkable invention by Research Engineer, **J. Thillaimuthu**, entitled "**An improved Computing mechanism for Dynamometres and the like.**"

Mr. Thillaimuthu who is employed by Nash and Thompson Ltd, Scientific Engineers of Surrey, and has made his home in England, has already had the machine patented in the U. K. and the U. S. A.

"A most ingenious and cleverly thought out device," is the verdict of the British Institute of Patentees.

A proto-type model of Mr. Thillaimuthu's invention was exhibited in London at the Forty-first Exhibition of the Physical Society and drew a lot of attention. The Professor of Engineering of a leading English University on seeing the model said—"It seems an amazingly simple way of doing such a complex problem, and we certainly would be able to apply it to our problems in power measurement in machine tool research. When I came here I had no idea that we were in for a nice surprise. This invention has certainly tremendous possibilities."

We publish elsewhere a photograph of Mr. Thillaimuthu with his charming wife and two



Photos Plate

1. Mr. E. H. Perera and Miss L. Attygalle.
2. Mr. K. M. C. de Silva and Miss Surangani Wickramasuriya.
3. Mr. M. K. Fernando and Miss Priscilla Fernando.

4. Mr. B. P. Tilakaratne and his bride.
5. Mr. G. G. Fernando and Miss Naomi Perera.
6. Mr. C. Sooriaratchi and Miss Udugampola.

7. Mr. G. Wilson D. Fernando and Miss K. R. de Soysa.

I say **SCOTCH**
is the drink



Yes, says the Steward,
With my eye on the winner,
I know Scotch is the drink.
And, of course . . .



DEWAR'S
"White Label"
is the Scotch

-it never varies

Sole Distributors: CARGILLS (CEYLON) LTD.,
Colombo & Branches.

April, 1957

sons Rajan and Kumaran. Jayasothi, the wife, has herself some claim to recognition as one of the members of the Singham family who underwent many trials in fleeing from the invading Japanese army from Burma to India through the Assam jungles. She holds the distinction of being able to speak seven languages, and is very popular today as a British citizen and housewife. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C.T.B. Singham of Colombo. Her husband's parents are presently in Penang.

TRAINEE RETURNS.

Having had a whale of an interesting time on a busman's holiday on a Colombo Plan scholarship—visiting and learning the methods of New Zealand State farms, **Mr. M. E. Perera**, Agricultural Instructor, returns to his homeland.

He is bursting with new ideas; is impatient to put them to the test over here. M. E. studied at the Canterbury University. For the New Zealander he has nothing but praise. "He is a gentleman in every respect of the term," he avers.

ST. THOMAS' MATALE.

Another Colombo plan scholar in the limelight of success is **Mr. S. Arunasalam** of the tutorial staff of St. Thomas, Matale.

Mr. Arunasalam had gone over to the U.K. to study trade unionism, but killing two birds with one stone, he took the opportunity of visiting and studying the methods of the leading educational establishments.

The Ceylon Worker's Congress. of Matale knows him as its popular President, and is proud of his achievements.

PORK'S EGGS AND WHITE ASS.

I was seated with the Manageress of a local hotel one morning when a distressed waiter came up to her.

"Aiyo, Lady, that there gentleman, he asking pork's eggs."

The Manageress left in a flurry, to find that all the angry customer wanted was poached eggs for breakfast.

She confessed to me that the general inaptitude of her waiters to understand a

foreigner's requirements was proving a headache. There was the occasion when she was routed out of her bedroom by a frenzied waiter wanting to know what in heaven's name "White Ass" was. She used her intuition and correctly deduced it to be White Horse Whisky.

It is therefore gratifying to learn that there will soon be a special school for the training of hotel personnel. Brains behind the project is the **Ceylon Hotels Ltd.** and with **Mr. Malcolm Mc Dougal** the new Mt. Lavinia Hotel Manager at the helm, our hotel waiters will be an institution unto themselves. Certificates of competence will ensure a service that will be a boon to Ceylon tourism we hope.

MATUGAMA MANNERS.

All those motorists who fly from the scene of an accident should lift their caps to a hero from Matugama who was specially commended by the C.L.I. Army Command for his heroic road manners.

The scene was the lonely heart of the Anuradhapura jungle. The victims were nineteen young men injured and helpless over a mishap to their truck. They prayed for succour and at last a car came along. Would it stop? It stopped. In it were one man and three women. The man was **Mr. Albert Jayasinghe**, the women his sisters.

Albert immediately set about transporting the injured men to a hospital nine miles away while his gallant sisters awaited his return on the lonely road. It must have been a long wait too.

HISTORY MAKER.

It was in 1921 that **Mr. P. H. Nonis** captained the Wesley Cricket team against St Joseph's and won a century for his school. Did he dream then that one day he would sit in the Principal's chair?

Indeed, he is the first old boy Wesley has reared, to achieve this distinction, and is well qualified for the exacting post too. A staunch supporter and lay preacher of the Methodist Church, he was first Vice Principal of Wesley, and more recently Principal of Kingswood. We wish him continued success in his career.

MUSLIM SUPER FEEDS.

Have you ever sat to a Muslim super-feed

with a hundred and one delicious dishes on the table, and wanted to sample the whole lot?

Well now the secrets of those dishes that have hitherto been kept in the dark, are at last seeing daylight. You can learn to make them for your family's delectation by joining the **Coofa Cookery Classes** at Muslim Ladies College, Bambalapitiya, or if you are down south, at 72, Church Street; Fort, Galle.

The instructors are well known connoisseurs in the art of Muslim cookery. And that's saying a mouthful!

HEAR HEAR! VERE.

When the Government was so hard put to it to find a suitable man for appointment as Chairman of the new Transport Board. Vere de Mel had been tackled, but had refused. The fact that he has eventually been persuaded to take over, is good news. For Vere with the creditable achievement of the Quickshaw Taxi Service behind him; is certainly the right man. One of the first steps he intends implementing we hear, is a school for taxi drivers. Hear hear, Vere!

RUBBER IN HIS BLOOD.

Heard of the largest rubber nursery in

the world? It is right here in little Ceylon; it adjoins a model rubber estate and is in a place called Hedigalle. The model estate is expected to increase the normal yield to a thousand pounds per acre.

Man behind the scheme is **Clement de Silva**, Botanist at the R. R. I. Agalawatte, who is so keen on his work he is said to have rubber running in his blood.

But every good man must have his day. Clement has had his, so it is with no regrets that he will be retiring after 21 years service. He is confident that rubber small holders have at last learned the correct way of putting back into the land as much as they get out of it. And thereby hangs a tale.

TAIL PIECE.

The "wolf" sat by the hotel window and ogled the women who passed. When a particularly attractive number turned up, he gave out a low whistle of invitation. She ignored him.

When she repassed he said cattily, "Pardon me, Madam, I thought you were my mother." "How can that be?" she iced back, "You see, I'm married!"

Morning...noon...and night... NESPRAY



Throughout the day there is a great demand in every home for nourishment in the form of MILK. Depend on Nespray Full Cream Powdered Milk for these needs, in the kitchen, in tea or coffee, or as a wholesome drink. NESPRAY contains all the natural mineral salts and vitamins of fresh cow's milk.

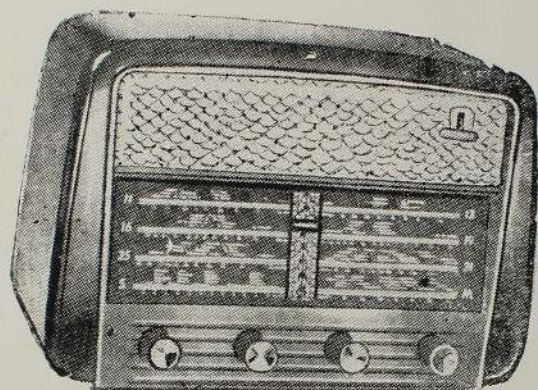
A large economy size.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tin of Nespray
 will make 15 imperial
 pints of finest quality
 pure, cow's milk.



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7 Valves. 8 Wave Bands. A.C. or D.C. mains-driven supersonicheterodyne receiver, in a beautifully designed cabinet of black polystyrene moulding. Fully tropicalized and therefore suitable for use in any climate.

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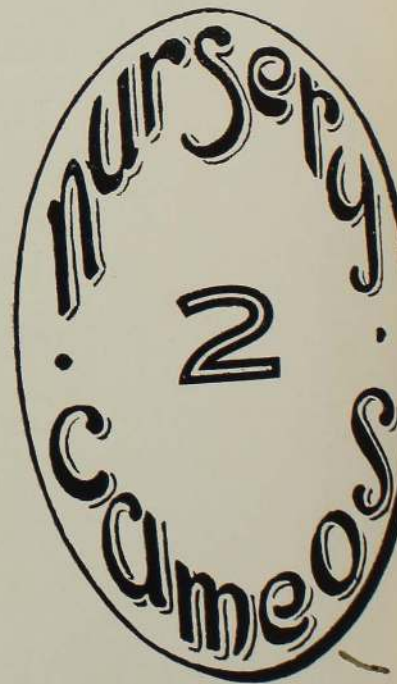


A new
Feature.

Bring your child in for a photograph
It might be the pick of the month
and appear on this page.

To Remember you always As you are now,
Shy bud of smiles, Curls on your brow,
Never a doubt in your trusting eyes,
A mother's delight—your paradise.

To Remember you cherie,
Lovable thou,
Shy bud of smiles,
Forever and, now !



Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. S. de Soysa
Doric House
Turret Road, Colombo.



The lavender lingers on . . .

This is a lovely way to start an evening—in a lather of lavender. Field's lavender. This superb soap is super fatted, mild and

gentle to your skin, yet so richly perfumed it will keep you lavender-fragrant for hours after using it.



Field's

*Lavender Talcum Powder
Soap*

Brilliantine

Available at all good Stores

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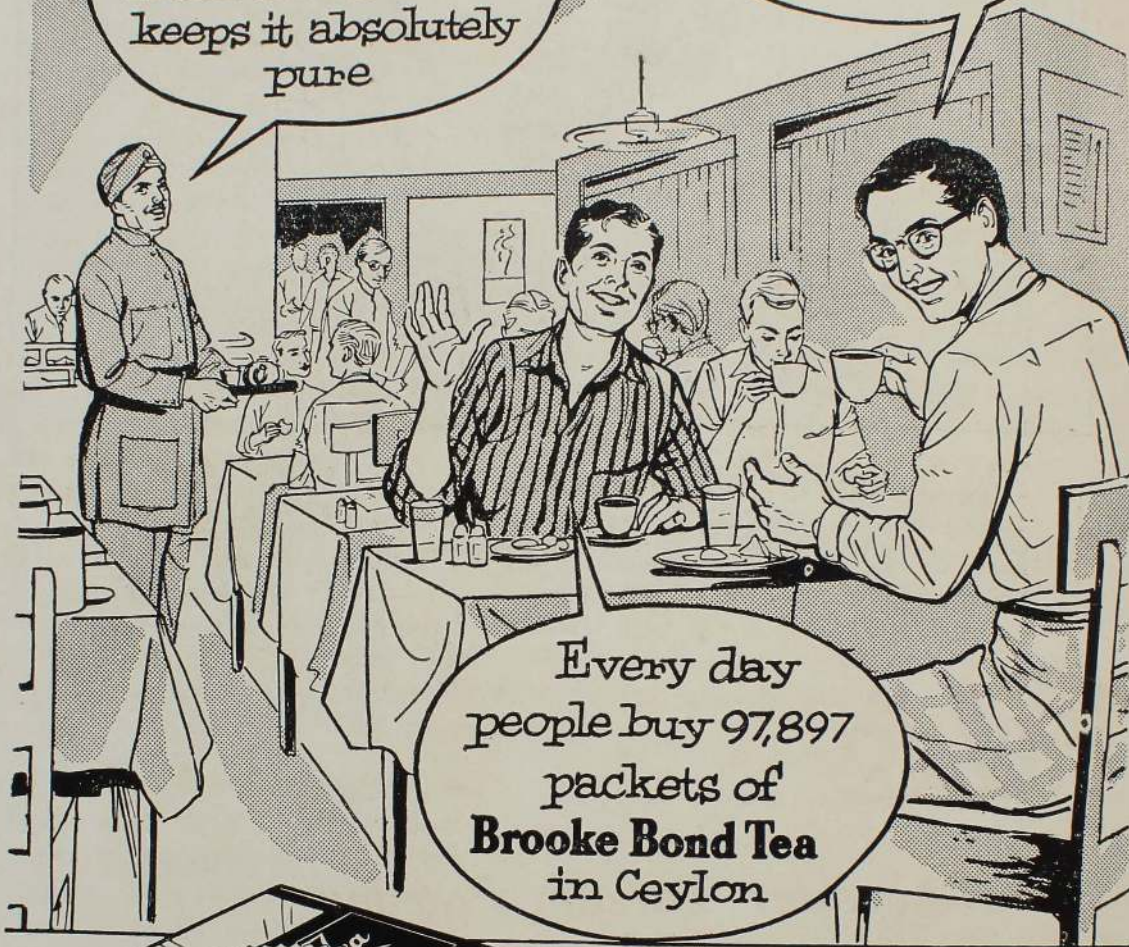
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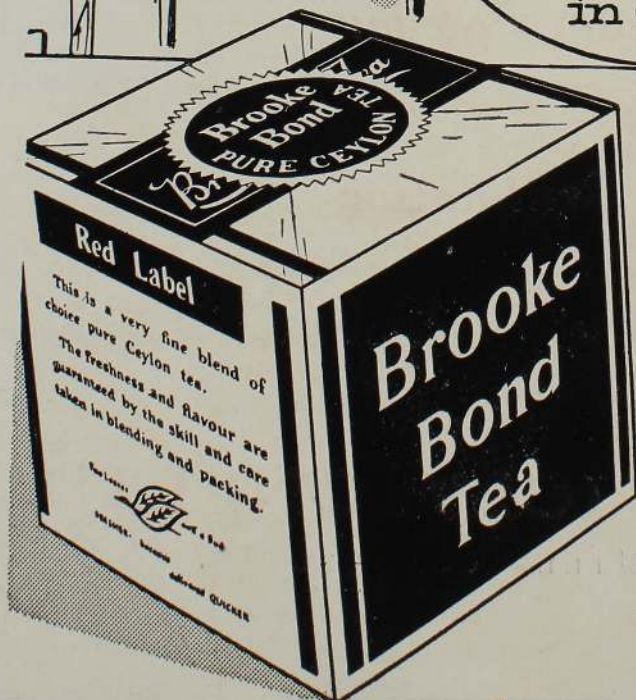
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packing protects
Brooke Bond Tea
from adulteration-
keeps it absolutely
pure

Brooke Bond Tea
gives you
more cups of good
tea for your
money



Every day
people buy 97,897
packets of
Brooke Bond Tea
in Ceylon



That's why
more people drink

**Brooke
Bond
Tea**

than any other brand!

Avurudu Mangalya

(SINHALESE NEW YEAR DAY).

How it was celebrated by Kings & Chiefs. A rare 1830 Document.

By T. A. WILL PERERA



BEFORE the passing away of the Sinhala Kingdom in 1815, the New Year Day or *Avurudu Mangalya* was both a State pageant, as well as a religious feast connected with astronomical and astrological events. Minor Chiefs and Officials who were suspended, interdicted, or dismissed, looked forward with hope to this annual festival. His Majesty the King reinstated the offenders after imposing fines for their omissions and commissions. Those who were fortunate to regain Office and Royal favour, returned to their towns and villages, and made merry on a grander scale than was usual. Congratulatory messages on palm leaves (*olas*) were received by them, some in prose and others in verse from their intimate friends and relatives. The retainers were fed lavishly at the "Walauwwas", alms given to the needy, and thanksgiving *Pinkamas* were held in the respective temples and devales. Music, song, and dance prevailed everywhere.

Olas containing laudatory messages were exchanged between social equals who moved in the same circles. Members of the nobility and their wives also received those auspicious messages written on palm leaves, wishing them the best of health, wealth, and prosperity. Ministers of State received messages similar to the one reproduced below, which was received by a British Official stationed at Kandy in the year 1830. The individual may have been the Hon'ble Mr. George Turnour, Chief Revenue Commissioner, Kandyan Provinces; or Lieut Colonel Martin Lindsay, Officer Commanding Troops in the Interior, or Mr. Henry Wright, Judicial Commissioner. Those three persons formed the Board of Commissioners, Kandyan Provinces.

THE AUSPICIOUS OLA MSS.

"The year of Saka 1751 (i.e. 1830), by name Verody, terminates at 24 hours and 22 minutes after sunrise on Sunday the 31st day of the month Medindine (45 minutes past 3

o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of April 1830); and then begins the New Year of Saka, 1752 by name Vikkretie; and at this moment the *Genius of the Year*, in the shape of a panther, clad in white apparel, and riding on a cock, will come out in a sleeping posture from the mouth of a hare. At this hour it is recommended that 4 pots of milk be set a-boiling till it flow over at the four quarters of the Residence of the Revenue Commissioners.

"At 26 hours, 5½ minutes after sunrise (i.e. 27 minutes past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the same day), the medicated liquid, together with the juice of the cotton leaves, are recommended to be used as unguents on the face and body, viewing the North-West direction, having cotton leaves suspended over the head, *davul* leaves strewed beneath the feet, and then to be clothed in apparel of white, red, and smoke colours; and at this propitious hour it is likewise recommended to begin to furnish the hearth with fire.

"On the same day, 7½ hours after dark (i. e. 9 p.m.) it is recommended to *cut rice*, mixed with the five nectareous viands, together with cakes, to be mixed with ginger, pepper, and *tippili* (long Indian pepper).

"On the second day of the month Bak (April), at 6 hours after dark (8.24 p.m. on April 12th), it is recommended to begin all kinds of transactions, viewing the North.

"According to the situation of the Planets this year, as well as on account of an extraordinary, and an unlucky conjunction, it is concluded that sickness and destruction will prevail among the Middle and Lower Classes of the people, as well as among quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and every other kind of creatures; and they will have also to suffer from enemies; yet, as the *Genius of the year* appears in white apparel, and also as the year begins in the afternoon; according to the situation of certain other Planets, the above-said evils, will partly be dispelled, and crops

of corn and also pearls, gems, and clothing, will be had in abundance, as well as some rain; and the King's Ministers and the people in general will be freed from thieves, fire, enemies, sickness, and death, and long life and happiness will prevail among them."

At this distance of time this writer is unable to say whether Messrs Turnour, Wright and Lindsay received the above missive jointly or severally. I can only say that a translation of the Ola was given to a distinguished visitor to the Island in 1880, most probably by the Hon'ble Mr. George Turnour, who acted as host to the Briton during his stay in Kandy. On the latter's return to England, he inserted the above translation in a book published by him. The comic element is the shape assumed by the Genius of the Year viz: a leopard robed in white and in a recumbent posture on a cock-bird, emerging from the bowels of a rabbit. The term "cut rice" applies to solidified *kiribath* (milk-rice). The leopard is a harbinger of disease in 1957.

SPARKLERS

"What's happened to the new cashier?" asked a customer of the bank clerk.

"I haven't seen him lately."

"Oh he has gone away", was the reply

"For a rest, I suppose?"

"No, to avoid arrest."

*

*

*

"My grandfather," said he, telling her his family history, "was a poor, handworking clock-maker. When he died a few years ago, he left all his estate, which consisted of two hundred clocks to my father.

"How interesting," said the girl. "It must have been real fun winding up his estate."

for your-

Eggs

Groceries

Vegetables

Rice

Curry Stuffs

Butter

Fruits

**For all your
requirements
for your house
and home**

try

**Tripoli Market
Maradana.**

AND

CEYLON PRODUCTS

**CHATHAM STREET,
COLOMBO - 1.**

**MARKETING
DEPARTMENT.**

EAGLE

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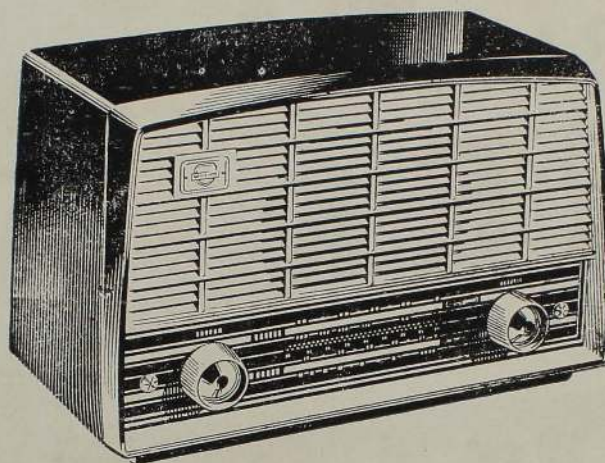
IS BEST



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MCCALLUM RD, COLOMBO.



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A system perfected by Mullard of testing sets at every stage in production, so that every set emerges as perfect as human skill and modern techniques can make it. *Every* Mullard set is made to give a 'measured performance'—with all that implies for the discerning listener.

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Rs. 150/-

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Photos Plate

1. Mr. T. D. Silva and Miss Raslin Perera.
2. Mr. Noel Hindle and Miss Ninette Buultjens.
3. Mr. D. M. Suraweera and Miss R. M. Gunaratne.
4. Dr. D. R. L. Fernando and Miss Prithie de Fonseka.

5. Mr. S. W. Goonetilleke and Miss Yvette Samuel.
6. Mr. K. M. S. Maloney and Miss L. T. Alwis.
7. Mr. R. Abeywardena and Miss Cecelia de Costa.
8. K. A. A. Maithreedasa and Miss Amara Sirimanne.



Why the whole family says:

"keep your teeth
KOLYNOS
clean!"



Kolynos Dental Cream
is the family favourite
for four very good reasons

KOLYNOS Foam reaches into every corner and crevice, where decay most often starts - "that's first in importance," says Father

KOLYNOS Smiles are brightest of all as the whole family shows - regular cleaning with Kolynos keeps teeth whiter and brighter than ever before

KOLYNOS Minty Flavour tastes so fresh say the children - and it keeps their young teeth clean and healthy

KOLYNOS is really economical says Mother (who buys it). "Only half-an-inch on the toothbrush thoroughly cleans your teeth!"

Green **KOLYNOS**
with Chlorophyll

For those who prefer it there's a new favourite in the shops - Kolynos with active Chlorophyll. It keeps your teeth sparkling white and freshens and protects your whole mouth all day long.



Take **KOLYNOS** care of teeth and breath

La Ronde de la Mode de Car-valcade

By LENA



I am in a particularly exuberant mood this morning. May be it is due to the fine evening's entertainment I had at the Galle Face Hotel last evening on the final day of the *Autorama*! "Tuckers!" had surely tucked in a great deal of interest into that show, with "Shell" helping to shell out much fun and merriment.

Piece de resistance it need hardly be said was the fashion show which for its well conceived ideas and slick presentation, easily held sway over the many mannequin parades put on the boards recently. For one thing the girls had been chosen with discretion and assiduously trained. Among twenty five mannequins we found a variety of personalities. The fair Swedish grace of Gunilla; the Spanish like aplomb of the Gonsal sisters; the teenage insouciance of the Perera sisters; the fresh and natural simplicity of Arlene (incidentally she was the most acclaimed) the hesitant glamour of Carmine; the sensitivity of Elizabeth; the assured indifference of Eva; the gentle charm of Joan; the lush flamboyance of Kumari the soft sophistication of Romaine; the innocent appeal of Manel.

And then of course *Rita Fernando* the organiser—the "one and only Rita" as she was called by Producer Arthur in his closing address—the sleekest most composed mannequin I have yet seen in Ceylon.

If I had had a say in the naming of those costumes I might have liked to christen them in keeping with the personalities.

Most practical outfit I thought was the four piece featuring a strapless blouse and jeans with a reversible red and polka dotted skirt and bolero to match. Most glamorous was Gunilla's "Blue Star" a froth of tulle and taffeta in two shades of blue. Most outstanding Rita's "Stardust" saree with its buckled drape designed by Beven. Most chic—"Pigalle" the green draped, black strapless sheath frock modelled by Arlene Most refreshing the Perera sisters in their white off-the-shoulder party frocks with scattered posies on fly-away skirts.

Nicest remark I heard in the audience "She's like a flower!" The cattiest- "What is she? She can't be English!"

The most wolfish- "Where does she work, men?"

THE CARS.

What of the cars? Well there was a great shining limousine labelled the *Vauxhall Victor* but since it couldn't be mine just for the wishing, I passed on to the "girl's best friend" the *Opel*, and over again to the *Vauxhall Cresta* and to the *Cadillac*, and the *Buick* and sighed deeply, and passed on again.

EVIDENCE

Sancio Pancia pulled on some one else's shirt and slacks after a swim at Amalfi, Italy—and found a love letter from his wife in the pocket of the trousers Mr. and Mrs. Pancia are now separated.

Ode to the Stateless



Ceylon Tea Garden."

OME 650,000 Ceylon Indians are expected to be "stateless," when citizenship registrations are to be concluded shortly. This is an extract from C. V. Velupillai's "In a

Just published by Harrison Peiris for Ceylon Verse, Talangama Ceylon. Mr. Velupillai is the General Secretary of the Ceylon Workers Congress, and an ex. M. P. of the Ceylon House of Representatives. He is a Ceylon Indian, born and educated in the island.

To the tom-tom's throb
The dawn lies startled;
Trembling upon the tea;
The last dew bead is fresh.
Before the morning treads
On this mating hour
Where suffering and pain
Decay and death are one
In the life-throb
In the breathing of men.

The tom-tom' throb!
It resounds and sighs
In the still mountains
And the soundless valleys,
They in their ancient vigil
Keep in a record of bones
The tears and the sweat
Of a hundred years.

My men!
They lie dust under dust
Beneath the tea,
No wild weed flowers
Or memories token
Tributes raise
Over their humble mould.
The sons trample,
Over the fathers' biers!
O shame what man
Ever gave them a grave?
Only God in His Grace
Covered them with His grass.

Withered roses their days
Remembered in thorns
Unchanged in each detail:
Days like other days—
So have the hundred years
Gone one by one
To the tom-tom's throb!



*That
Cow & Gate
Look!*

There is a feeling of restfulness throughout the house. Worry and anxiety have given place to relief and cheerfulness —

BABY IS ON COW & GATE NOW!

Look at him! All chuckles and chubbiness — weight increasing — sound bones forming — brimming with health, happiness and vitality.

**HE CAN'T SAY "COW & GATE" YET,
BUT HE LOOKS IT!**

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES



speed... endurance... elegance...

SIMCA *Aronde 1300*



Sets the pace! at 34 miles per gallon.

Smart, dashing, youthful..
Elegant Styling
coupled with
Excellence of Engineering
to give you maximum performance
with a minimum of maintenance—
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Mr. J. Thillaimuthu, the Ceylonese inventor (See Between Ourselves) with his wife, Jayasothi and their two children, Rajan and Kumaran, taken in Ceylon shortly before they left for the United Kingdom.



OIL in my life

by myself

My teacher says that I would be a prodigy if I would make less noise on the violin. He has been putting a lot of oil in my violin lately because he says oil means progress. He says if there's no improvement I will have to drink the oil to give me a more "progressive outlook" . . . he says!



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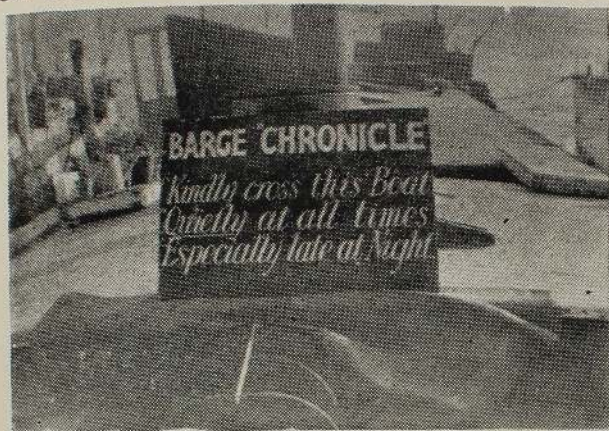
Cheyne Walk

By R. H. BASSETT C.M.G., C.B.E.



LEANING on the parapet wall of Chelsea Embankment I watched the Thames flowing past and thought of places on its course, following it in my mind right up to its source at Thames Head in Gloucestershire.

Three miles South West of Cirencester at Tarleton on the Fosse Way, where Roman Legions marched, and long distance lorries now rumble northwards from Avonmouth is a



A desirable residence in Chelsea—An old landing-craft converted into a House boat.

bridge, the first one over the Thames, and about half a mile away up the valley to the West, in Trewsbury Meadow, is a small spring called Thames Head. The water rises from the bottom of a little hollow lined with loose stones, at the foot of an oak tree which has THA roughly carved on it.

When I visited the spring it was dry, but only a week before it had flooded the valley, rushing in a torrent under Fosse Way at Thames Head Bridge.

Owing to this propensity to run dry Seven Springs, a pool on the road-side, at Coberley the home of Dick Whittington, five miles South of Cheltenham, challenges the claim of Thames Head. But Seven Springs is really the source of the river Churn, the first tributary of the Thames. Seven Springs is the higher point, and would make the Thames several miles longer but Cirencester people would never

admit the claim, maintaining that the Churn is not the Thames, and that anyway there is a tributary of the Churn that rises even further away in the private garden of Vllenwood House.

The people of Coberley have tried to clinch the argument by affixing a plate on the Cotswold stone wall above the pool inscribed with the hexameter.

"Hic tuces O Tamisine Pater septem geminus fons." "This is your seven-fold source O Father Thames."

They failed, however, to convince the people of Tarleton and Cirencester who have on their side support of the Ordnance Map, which states clearly that the source of the Thames is at Tarleton.

The Churn joins the Thames in lovely country near Cricklade, a striking contrast to the scenery where one of the last tributaries, the Fleet, flows into the river.

The Fleet rises at Kenwood, or Caen Wood as it was called in Norman days, and flows through Kentish Town (Caen Ditch Town), through St. Pancras, passing under Regent's Canal, through Clerkenwell, then down Farringdon Road, across the end of Fleet Street, and along New Bride Street, whence it empties into the Thames on the Western side of the North end of Blackfriars Bridge.

If you peep over the parapet of the Embankment there at low tide you will see a large hole or sewer below you; that is the mouth of the Fleet.

In mediaeval days ships used to sail up Fleet to Holborn, but "by the filth of tanners and others, and by raising of wharfs and by other impediments the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they used."

Since the 16th Century this now invisible river has been always showered with abuse

THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

by Historians. It was called by Swift a stinking sewer, foul with "sweepings from the butchers' stalls, dung, guts and blood, Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud." In course of time, mainly as a sanitary measure the Fleet has been covered over, until it is now completely underground, like the old Dutch Canal that runs under York Street in Colombo Fort, except that the Dutch Canal is now dry.

Under the car park of the old Customs, in the retaining wall of the Harbour area, is quite a small door, unless it has now been blocked up. If you go inside you find a narrow passage that soon turns sharply to the right, leading into a large tunnel. This is the bed of the Canal that ran down the centre of

York Street in Dutch times. The houses were on each side, with a roadway between them and the Canal, and long continuous verandahs down the whole length, connecting the fronts of all the houses, as indeed is still the case, and like the Main Street Pettah was until the verandahs were demolished during the war as a fire precaution. Ducks were kept on



Do you know your London? Where is this young lady? She is not in the grounds of a museum or art gallery; she is in a "public garden." The answer on page 12

the Canal, on the banks of which were shady trees; it was very picturesque, but rather smelly, and dangerous for children.

Opposite the door of the National Bank there is a grating at the edge of the pavement which ventilates the Canal tunnel. During the war we stacked it full of paddy, and in the 1914 war it was used to keep cement by E. B. Creasy and Co. It made an excellent, dry store, but owing to lack of air the labourers

could only work in it for about ten minutes at a time without coming out for a breather.

We have wandered a long way from Cheyne Walk at the Chelsea where we started leaning on the Thames Embankment parapet. It was a Sunday in January and a beautiful sunny day, so we had come down to the River, as Londoners have done for centuries, particularly at Chelsea which, until a century or so ago was still a country village.

Cheyne (pronounced Chainey) walk, famous throughout the world as the home of artists and poets, was called after Lord Cheyne, who owned the Manor of Chelsea about the end of the 17th. Century. The houses are many of them of dark red brick and have a picturesque old fashioned look, such as we associate with architecture of Queen Anne's time.

Moored side by side along the Embankment West of Battersea Bridge are a large number of ancient landing craft and motor torpedo boats, now used as residences. No doubt it is a romantic and unorthodox way of life, but with a good many discomforts to offset the absence of an ordinary house owner's worries. Means of access is from the end of the boat, across the others; rather difficult after a party, and there are a good many parties in Chelsea. The first boat has the following notice on it. "Kindly cross this Boat quietly at all times. Especially late at Night."

When the tide is in and the boats are afloat the colony is, at least, no worse than the average caravan site. But when the tide is out and all the desirable residences are sitting in the mud it is a desolate scene.

I am sure that King Charles II, who used to visit Chelsea frequently for bathing, would never have allowed these boats to be moored there. It was he who made King's Road, now the main street of Chelsea, for the purpose of passing easily to Hampton Court Palace. It continued to be a private road of Royalty until the reign of George III. passed tickets, admitting passengers along it by suffrage. They bear on one side a Crown, and on the other "The King's Private Road."

Being only about three miles from Westminster and Whitehall, Chelsea was the "Country Club" locality of London for some

April, 1957

three centuries, from the reign of Henry VII when Sir Thomas More lived there.

Two of the most celebrated "Pleasure Gardens" there have ever been were in Chelsea. From 1740 until about 1800 Ranelagh Gardens were "a public place of amusement, not to be equalled in Europe for elegance and grandeur." Even in 1746 there were traffic jams on the way to Chelsea. Walpole, writing to a friend said, "Ranelagh is so crowded, that in going there t'other night in a string of coaches, we had a stop of six and thirty minutes."

I am glad to say that Ranelagh Gardens have not been built over, and part of them are still used every year for the Royal Horticultural show. The same cannot be said for the famous Cremorne Gardens, which flourished from 1825 until about 1850. Just behind where I was leaning on the Embankment wall is a street called Cremorne Road, drab, tough and dreary, almost a slum, the site of the Cremorne Stadium, whence the first notable Balloon ascents were made in 1839 and 1840. Vauxhall Gardens, just across the river, have gone too, but Battersea Park has taken the place of them all, and now provides a flourishing Fun Fair, in succession to its famous predecessors.

Below us, on the mud, were several very dirty bedraggled swans, lately returned from the R. S. P. C. A. Home, where they had been de-oiled. They were survivors of the disaster to their community when an oil barge sank in December, poisoning some hundred out of the four hundred London Thames swans.

They were feeding just below Swan Walk, so called, not after them, but to commemorate an ancient Inn of that name which was a popular country resort of Londoners in the 17th. Century. Mr. Pepys mentions it in his Diary of April 6th 1666, bringing very close to us those terrifying days of the Great Plague. He writes, "Thinking to have been merry at Chelsea; but, being almost come to the house by coach, near the waterside, a house alone. I think the 'Swan,' a gentleman walking by called out to us that the house was shut up because of the sickness."

Walking along the Embankment I estimated that the gentleman gave his warning just

opposite the old "Physic Garden", which was given to the Apothecaries Company by Sir Hans Sloane, the celebrated physician, in 1721, for study of the cultivation of medicinal herbs. The garden, which is still there, contains a statue of Sir Hans Sloane.

"Across the fields", near the end of the present Pimlico Road, was the famous "Old Bun House", where the celebrated Chelsea Buns were first made and sold, at the beginning of the 18th. century by Mrs. Hand, who numbered Royalty among her many thousand customers. The "Old Bun House" was demolished in 1839, but Chelsea is still renowned for its Buns, which were sold at a new Bun House in Sloane Square during the Festival of Britain, in quantities that rivalled the standard of two hundred years ago.

To many people Chelsea means "china", even if they have never been down King's Road. The manufacture of Chelsea porcelain was set on foot and carried on by a Mr. Spremont, who was of Flemish origin. It reached its perfection about 1750; some fifteen years later, owing to the influx of foreign china, and the death of Mrs. Spremont, the Chelsea works were purchased by William Duesbury of Derby and the celebrated Chelsea Derby manufacture arose. Chelsea china is thick and rather heavy, but of great beauty; the extremely glassy glaze is very thickly applied, but it is so clear that it looks almost as if the body had been encased in a thin covering of glass. Sometimes it forms quite large lumps, which are generally cleverly hidden by a flower, leaf, insert, or other device painted on the spot.

Doctor Johnson conceived a notion that he could improve the manufacture of china. He was allowed by the Directors of the Chelsea China works to bake his compositions in their ovens in Lawrence Street. He used to go down with his house keeper and spend the day at the works, she carrying a basket of provisions with her. He was allowed a room in which to mix his materials but he completely failed both as to composition and baking for his "mix" always disintegrated with the heat. The Doctor gave up his experiments in disgust, but that did not prevent him from writing a profound dissertation on the subject in his later works.

The Chelsea mark is an anchor, often combined with some other motive, even with the name Chelsea.

We cannot leave Chelsea without looking at the Royal Chelsea Hospital for veteran soldiers and sailors. Chelsea Pensioners are well-known to everyone, but few people know that the handsome "Hospital" adjoining Ranelagh was founded at the instigation of Nell Gwynne, the favourite of King Charles II. A wounded and destitute soldier hobbled up to Nellie's coach to ask alms, and the kind-hearted

woman was so pained to see a man who had fought for his country begging his bread in the street that she prevailed on Charles to establish at Chelsea a permanent home of military invalids.

Nellie's proteges are still a familiar and pleasant feature of modern Chelsea.

Answer. *She stands on the West side of the North end of Albert Bridge, in Cheyne Walk. The statue was erected in memory of a Sculptor called Wood. The Chelsea Art students frequently clothe her, partially. One cold morning a short time ago she was observed to be wearing panties and a brassiere.*

OUR COVER

THERE is a picturesque road that winds down the hillsides of the Central Province, dipping down through tea estates all the way from Nuwara Eliya to Lindula.

It is like a coiled white ribbon in the midst of the lush green, and is visible from above for miles on end as you travel down.

Suddenly you turn a corner, and there like a picture book cut out, is the ivy covered church you see on our cover. It is an Anglican Church surrounded by a pretty little

Churchyard.

You park your car and climb the pathway up to it, because you feel you must. And there you rest awhile with the sweet languor of the salubrious climate enveloping you and stare across into the green valley with stardust in your eyes.

*"What is this life if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare."
At little churches as we pass
And shadows in the glowing grass.*

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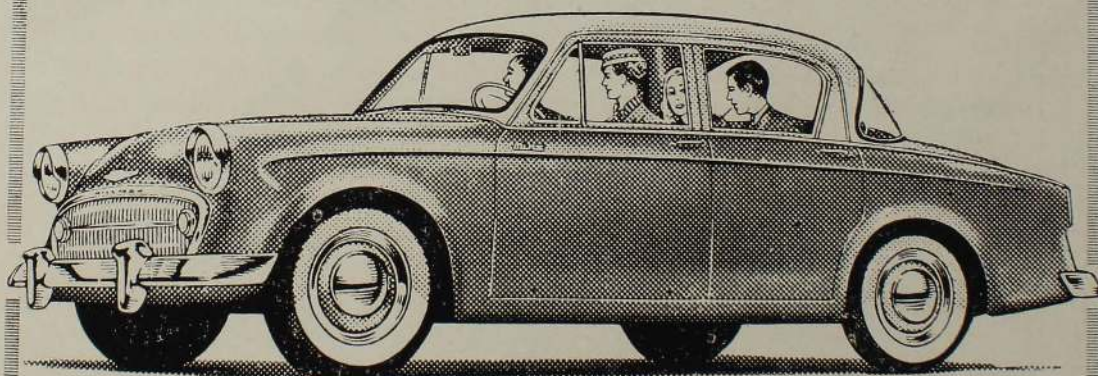
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Personality Parade

BY JULIETTE



"I SHALL be very sorry to leave Ceylon. I love the scenery, flowers, birds and the climate — even Colombo is seldom too hot for me. Above all I shall miss the many friends I have made here, among the many communities" said **Mildred Moore** who is shortly leaving for good on the retirement of her husband from the Permanent Secretaryship to the Ministry of Industries and Fisheries.

Born in Liverpool, Mildred took a secretarial course. Switching on to the service of the Liverpool Public Libraries, she became an Associate of the Library Association, working in several branch libraries in that city in the administrative department and in the cataloguing of the reference library—a fascinating job since she had to find the answers to most interesting queries. Her efforts to join the Wrens during the war proved futile as a librarian's job was 'reserved occupation' for women since they were helping to keep up public morale. In their spare time they were called upon to assist in various ways—with the Red Cross library service for hospitals, attendance at Ambulance courses, fire-watching, acting as blood donors and knitting for bombed out babies. Incidentally, their library was very badly bombed by the Luftwaffe, causing an immense amount of extra work, and months afterwards they discovered smouldering volumes among the ruins!

Mildred married Wilfred Henry Moore G. A. Kurenegalle, in 1948, and flew out to Ceylon. Within ten days she was installed in her bungalow the "Maligawa." "Not many couples start married life in a palace," she enthused. It was a thrilling but novel experience indeed. However, the friendliness and helpfulness of the people of Kurunegalle made her feel that the Ceylonese must be the kindest people on earth.

On her husband's appointment as Excise Commissioner in 1951 they moved to Colombo and two years later shifted to Kandy on his appointment as G. A. of the Central Province,

in which year he was awarded the O.B.E. The highlight of their stay in the hill capital was the visit of H. M. the Queen, as the G.A. was responsible for most of the arrangements. Husband and wife met the Queen and Duke several times and had the great honour of dining with them at 'King's Pavilion.' Entertaining all the Kandyan chiefs to tea in their full regalia after the Esala Perahera, was yet another interesting event in Kandy. In 1954 her husband was transferred to the Treasury and later received his well-merited promotion as Permanent Secretary, since when they have resided in Colombo.

Mrs. Moore's main interests are knitting, embroidery, reading practically anything especially historical novels, collecting recipes to be tried out on the family, golf and exercise and travel. She has already visited Germany, France and Scandinavia. She accompanies her husband on circuit in his present capacity visiting factories, salterns and fishing stations in different parts of the island. They often take their small son, who, arming himself with bird book and note book, records not only the birds and animals seen but also the number of petrol stations. Husband and wife are keen Gilbert and Sullivan fans and also enjoy the theatre and a good film occasionally.

Mater has not teamed up with any charitable organisation in Colombo as she loves spending as much time as possible with the family, or a quiet evening with a book and a crossword puzzle. Nevertheless, she never refuses to assist a worthy cause—to sell flags, take lists round, make clothes for orphanages or help with refreshments at Bridge Drives as she invariably does. On the whole they lead a quiet life and enjoy family excursions to the zoo, the beach, walks on the breakwater and to the Galle Face Green, listening to the C. L. I. Band.

The Moore's have two children—Roger (7) who was born in Kurunegalle and attends the Royal Naval School, and Celia (3) born in Kandy and whose relatives in the U. K. are

THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

anxiously waiting to make her acquaintance. Between them they have had various pets including beetles. At one time they had a dog, 7 cats, a tortoise and a bowl of tadpoles but they now have a bouncy dog callee 'Lucky' and 3 fish, not to mention the odd beetle! Mrs. Moore confessed she likes chic clothes but does not favour extremes in fashion. She loves Ceylon jewellery and thinks the saree is the loveliest form of women's dress but alas, definitely not for Europeans.

*

*

*

MEET petite and good-looking **Jacqueline, Mireille Irene Rohrbacher Fernando** whose pet name is "Jacotte" or "Jacky" for short.

Born in Paris on December 28, 1934 she learnt to play the piano and started singing lessons when she was barely 8 years old. "Jacky" continued to keep these up for her own amusement and pleasure till she left her homeland. Meanwhile on leaving school she went through a secretarial course with a view to embarking on a business career.



Like most Paris-born folk she loves the arts-music, theatre, the museum and the art galleries come high up on her list. Whilst living in the metropolis she frequented the Louvre as often as she possibly could. Since arriving in Ceylon "Jacky" has made rapid

strides in getting to know "English as she is spoke." In spite of this handicap she is a voracious reader-novels, poems and historical books are a "must." *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier and *Toi et Moi* by Paul Gerdary she likes best of all.

Bitten by the travel bug, she has been to all parts of her native France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. This has however been her first trip to the mysterious East. An ardent lover of domestic animals, she is presently a member of the Canine Club of Ceylon. At the moment she has 7 dogs, 10 cats, in addition to birds and fishes, etc., making up a varied collection of pets.

"Jacky" was perhaps most in her element when I broached the subject of clothes. Yes, she is fashion conscious and likes to have a wardrobe full of dresses and shoes to match! Her favourite colours are blue and white with a decided preference for black for wearing in Europe. She feels the saree is lovely but it gets outmoded like an evening dress. She surprisingly admitted that no cosmetics are used by her and very little jewellery, as in her opinion, the latter is unsuitable for young women.

Just in case readers of *The Ceylon Causerie* are unaware of the identity of "Jacky," let it be said here and now that she is the wife of the wellknown merchant, W. Parakrama Fernando, Director of United Tractor & Equipment Co. and of United Motors, whose brother is W. Pin Fernando, better known as Ceylon's Golf Champion. She has no sisters or brothers but is very happy to have her mother stay with her in Ceylon. "Jacky" is the proud mother of Jean-Cyril her one-year-old baby.

BRIDE-TO-BE HAD ELOPED.

A young man well clad and surrounded by relatives, entered the house of his betrothed at Alawwa, to proceed to the registrar's office to register their marriage.

There was a hush. No one came to greet him. The father of the girl was missing. Villagers gathered round. One hour passed.

Then the mother of the girl came forward with tears in her eyes. She told the young man: "My daughter bolted with someone else last night."

The young man got up slowly but steadily and went away.



Gateway to Peradeniya.



SENSATIONAL

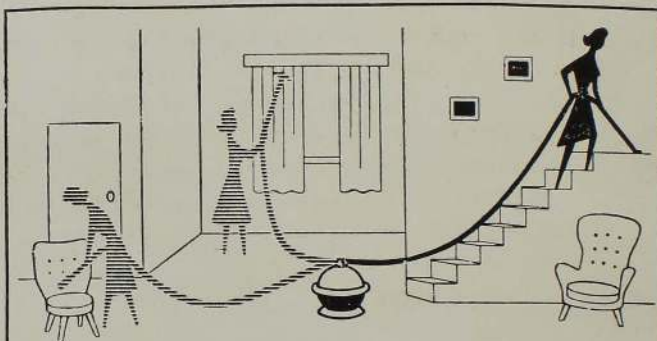
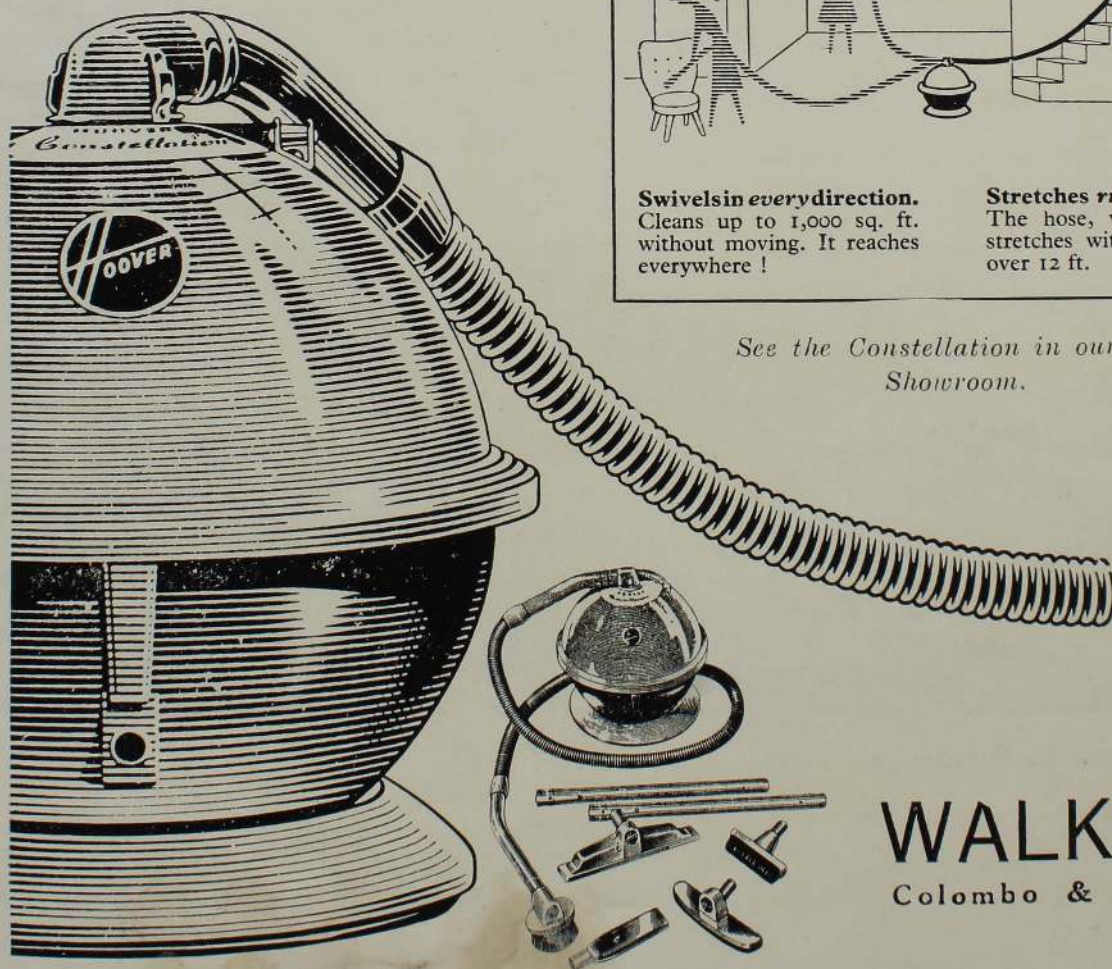
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Nostalgic Moments

FACT OR FANCY?

By MURIEL JANE



I will date me unmistakably if I quote the words of a song which was sung by Janet Gaynor, in "Seventh Heaven", was it?—but here they are: "I'm a dreamer, aren't we all? just a dreamer, aren't we all? and I'm a fool, but aren't we all?"

Yes, we've all had our dreams and fancies. We dream at night, when in sleep our subconscious mind takes control and brings visions of delight or nightmares of horror. These dreams are sometimes so vivid as to be almost real, so that on waking we still move in a dream. At other times the dreams are weird and strange, so far removed from normal life and experience that we know them to be mere fancies.

We also dream by day, and conjure up for ourselves pictures of what we hope for or love. Knowing our inmost longings and ambitions we know what we should answer if the question were asked us—"If dreams were a penny, what would you buy?"

Have you ever had the experience of doing something which you know you have done before? I have often had the strong conviction that I have lived through the same experience in the same place, and I have known what to expect next; as one does when one is seeing a film for the second time. Once when I was a child in Burma I was taken for the first time to Mandalay by an elderly relative. As we drove along a lane I felt that I had been there before. The houses were familiar. "Now we'll come to a bridge, and after that we'll turn to the left. The car will stop at a small house. When we go inside we'll see a red and black straw carpet on a bamboo floor, and a Buddhist nun with a shaved head will be sitting there with some sheets of paper in front of her. She will tell me to go and wait in the car." At this point in my thoughts, I spoke to the lady who had brought me, "What is the use of my going in? She will only send me

out again." "What do you mean?" I then told her that I had been there before and that I knew what would happen. She said I was talking nonsense and insisted on my going in. Everything was exactly as I had described it, and I saw her eyes open wide with something like fear. I went out and waited in the car, and when she came out, which was surprisingly soon, she was pale and silent, and I noticed that she glanced at me covertly as we drove back to Maymyo. She never took me anywhere again! But I kept asking myself. "When did I go there?" was it in a dream?

I think I have mentioned before my horror of spiders. In Jaffna tarantulas made cur ceiling their breeding place. The terrifying creatures would sometimes come down at night. Several times I dreamt that a tarantula was crawling down the wall.

In my dream I would see it clearly, its dark menacing shape silhouetted against the white wall. I would wake and in a single movement would be out of bed and have the light switched on—and there on the wall exactly as I had expected it, would be that dreaded creature. These dreams acted as warnings and several times I was able to save the children from disaster.

I wonder if you have had the experience of hearing someone calling you and of answering at once, and then realising that the particular person was far away and could not have called you. Not once, but again and again. I have heard those closely connected with me calling me. One Saturday afternoon I was busy sewing when clearly and distinctly I heard my sister, Olive, calling me. "Yes, I'm coming." I answered immediately, and left the machine to walk to the door! then stopped abruptly as I realised that Olive was in England, and that I had not seen her since 1946. She could not have called me, and yet how clearly I had heard her voice! a week later an airletter from Olive arrived. "I am

in hospital. Last Saturday I thought of you as I was being wheeled to the theatre and I wished that you were there." Whenever I hear a call like that I breathe a prayer for the person who calls.

Have you seen a ghost or fancied that you have seen one? My husband is one of those unfortunate people who suffer from asthma. Four a. m. is the usual time it chooses to catch him. One morning he was up as usual, and when I joined him he said, "There's a 'ghost' outside—come, I'll show it to you." I looked out of the window and there sure enough was the figure of a woman in purdah, standing motionless under a tree. When the torch was flashed upon her, the lady vanished: but when it was switched off she was there again!

One night in Tangalle my son, ten years old at the time, called to me, "There's a man under the papaw tree. He's come to steal the papaws." My heart missed a beat, because there was nobody else in the house. I went to the door, and saw a figure dressed in a sleeveless banian and a dark sarong, standing by the papaw tree near the cadjan fence. But it seemed odd that he should stand so still. I did not want Basil to go to bed in doubt or fear, so I got the torch and went out to investigate. There was nothing there except the drooping leaves of the papaw tree, the fence and a gate post. This, like the Muslim woman, was nothing

but a trick of the light, for in both cases a road light shining at a particular angle had created the illusion of a person standing there.

When I was ten years old a few doors down the road lived Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their large family. We also were a large family and inevitably the children played together and we came to know their parents. One November Mr. Jones fell ill. He was a kind man with beautiful greenish-gray eyes. He had often talked to me and I liked him. On the night of November 10th, I was sleeping in my eldest brother's room for he was away. It was a small circular room which projected from one corner of the front of the house and had its twin on the other. Something woke me, for I was a light sleeper even then, and I sat up in bed. I saw Mr. Jones come in at the window. He walked through the little room, smiling at me as he passed my bed, and went out of the window on the opposite side. He was a friend, and, though I was surprised, I was not afraid, and went to sleep again. The next morning at breakfast I announced, "Mr. Jones is well he came through my room last night." My elder sister looked at me in a superior way.

"Nonsense! Mr. Jones is dead. He died last night." I felt myself getting red, and fled to my room and wept with sorrow and fear, but I never slept in that room again at night.

Was it fact or fancy?

ANTIDOTES FOR SNAKE-BITES

KRAIT BITE: 1. Take leaves and bark of the lime tree, pound it with turmeric and salt and tie over the wound.

2. Take leaves of Getathumba, add turmeric and salt, make a mellun of it and apply it to the wound.

3. Grind the Kalanduru yam and tie it over the wound.

SCORPION AND CENTIPEDE STINGS: 1. Preserve carefully at least one of your old or broken gramophone records, for there is good use for these usually unwanted bits. Rub a bit of

broken record on a rough stone with a little water to form a soft paste. Dab it on the wound and you will find almost immediate relief.

2. Fresh tea leaves mixed with saliva and applied to the wound is also very efficacious.

3. Place a small crystal of moist potassium permanganate on the wound.

4. Crush a small piece of onion, make a paste of it with ordinary lime (chunam), and place it on the wound.



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and let our sun-bronzed boatmen row
Towards the Sinha Raja Adawiyas where the cool
winds forever caress and blow,
Leave Colombo's dust and drought behind you, Akke,
for in Sinha Raja there's never a day
Without the pitter-patter-pit-pat of rain, where
the nights are always gay...*

*Wooden lianas climb there, loop by loop, Akke,
and a million cicadas make music there
And the dark-green jungles of mangrove flourish
unhindered, no sign of drought anywhere,
What hoary legends are woven round this primeval
rain-forest, and Akke, hark !
In the gloom and the silence of these shadows
stir, what demi-gods and demons of the dark ?*

*Bentota ganga, Bentota ganga, though your
name means "fearful ferry",—to me
You are an idyllic, palm-fringed vista of beautifulness
where your river-water meets the sea,
Where now the Parangi Kotuwa stands in the
sunlight, three hundred years ago
The booming cannon in the Portuguese fort stood,
and hurled its crushing, insolent blow !*

*Come to Bentota, Akke, you shall have freshwater
oysters from the estuary
At mid-tide the divers dive, and see ! how with
their strong mallets they free
The oyster from the rock in the deep, alive and
clinging, in gully and sea,
Come to Bentota, Akke, for there are such succulent
oysters a-plenty for you and me !*

HARRISON PEIRIS.

Cowan's

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FOR THE
EXTERMINATION OF WHITE ANTS




The Story so far:

Barbara Reinhardt (Babs) was annoyed to find herself being shadowed whenever she swam out in the sea off Mount Lavinia beach of a Sunday morning. Subsequently she came to know her shadower, Dick Hearst, and there sprang up between them a friendship which resulted in marriage.

After they had known some years of happiness, Babs' father who was living with them fell ill and died suddenly. Afterwards Dick received a serious head injury in a motor accident, but recovered after a risky and delicate surgical operation. He went back to work but found that he was incapable of any concentrated mental effort and so had to retire.

As the months passed by Dick became reconciled to his lot, but finding life in Colombo rather irksome and monotonous he decided on a trip to the East Coast with Arugam Bay as their destination. They broke journey for the night at the Ella Resthouse, where they had spent their honeymoon exactly eleven years before.

Now read on:



THEY left Ella early the next morning. There had been some rain during the night. Perhaps there is no nearer approach to Heaven in this life than to find oneself travelling an upcountry road on a bright and sunny morning after a night of rain. The birds songs seem more joyous and all nature seems to rejoice in the warm and damp dispelling rays of the sun. The sky was a cloudless blue and against the velvety green of the hillsides the silver of many a rivulet gleamed in the brilliant sunlight. The mists still lingered deep down in the valleys as though reluctant to yield dominion to the sun. Coming as

"Dick, I implore you, please abandon all idea of taking that house in the jungle."

they were straight from the steamy heat and dust of Colombo, Dick and Babs appreciated to the full the enchantment of that morning's ride.

The road twisted and turned striking ever upwards until Namunukula was passed, and then a wide panorama of forest clad lowland was unfolded to their gaze. The long gradual descent to the eastern plain had begun.

They made their leisurely way down past the forest clad foothills of Yalkumbure to Moneragala for lunch, and then set out on the last stage of their journey to Arugam Bay which they reached late that evening, tired but happy.

Both Babs and Dick who had never been to the East Coast before felt they were in a strange world. Gone were the coconut palms with which they had always associated the sea shore, and instead there was a beach bordered by thorny scrub and the palmyrah palm.

The following morning they crossed the ferry and drove in the direction of Panam. They passed jungle fowl and saw wild boar in the distance. Dick had taken his shot-gun with him, but they decided against doing any shooting, as it was their first trip through that jungle and they preferred to confine it entirely to sight seeing.

Presently Dick spoke. "Babs, I am going to like this place very much. In fact I do not feel like going back to life in Colombo. How different all this is from all the noise and bustle of the city. To think that at this very moment the tide of Colombo workers will be pouring into trains, buses, trams and every imaginable other type of conveyance in order

to get to work in time! And if I had not retired I would have been on my way to office too!"

"Yes," agreed Babs, "and I would have been attending to household chores or planning a money spending expedition to the Fort or the Pettah shops."

"You were certainly quite an adept at that pastime, darling!" laughed Dick, "But, seriously, Babs, I pity the city workers from the bottom of my heart, even though I was one of them till quite recently and felt contented with my lot."

"Oh, I am not at all sure that you are not wasting your sympathy, Dick. Do you think the average city worker would willingly forsake his 'races; 'all ons', his many cups of tea at the canteen, his club and the cinema for a quiet resort like this? I have my doubts."

"May be you are right," replied Dick indifferently. "But let's stop and look around."

They got out of the car. The warbling of the birds, the wind rustling through the trees, punctuated at intervals by the "George Joyce" of jungle fowl and the boom of the distant surf played the soft and nerve soothing symphony which Nature reserves for those who seek her in quiet and unfrequented places.

"What more could a man want," Dick said simply.

She was in whole hearted agreement with him. What more indeed!

After a while she took the wheel and they proceeded slowly.

It was Dick who observed the house almost hidden by the trees and undergrowth.

"I say, Babs!" He exclaimed. "See that house there right in the midst of the jungle? Let's stop and investigate."

"I'd rather not," replied Babs. "If anyone were there, we would be intruding on his privacy and he'd be bound to resent it."

"If anyone were there," returned Dick, "we could offer our apologies and make a quick get-a-way. Coming with me?"

Rather reluctantly Babs left the car and they proceeded cautiously through the dense and thorny undergrowth and presently found themselves at the threshold of the house. It was deserted.

"Phew! It is quite a nice little house, isn't it," commented Dick.

Babs was silent. A sudden chill of apprehension passed through her for no apparent reason. The brooding silence of the deserted house seemed to her to be accentuated by the dull and measured boom of the surf. She sensed the presence of invisible hostile forces which resented their intrusion and were out to do them harm. Surely she had experienced that sensation before! Of course she had! It was on the seaside terrace of the Mount Hotel, that fateful Sunday evening when they discovered their love for each other.

She shuddered violently and seizing Dick's arm in a vicelike grip said with a note of urgency that startled him, "Come let's get out of here quick!"

"Whatever made you say that, darling?" he asked in surprise. "You know, I am really intrigued with this spot. Let's explore."

She was on the point of acquainting Dick of her fears but decided not to. He was as excited and happy as a school boy. It would be unfair on her part to spoil his fun. Silently she followed him.

The main house consisted of a large bed room with a wide and spacious verandah at one end of it. The verandah, they guessed, must have served as both sitting room and dining room. There was a door leading from the verandah to the bed room which had four heavily barred windows two facing the verandah on either side of the door, whilst the other two opened out on to the jungle.

The kitchen and the servants' quarters formed an out house situated some distance away from the main building and connected to it by a covered passage.

In front of the verandah which faced the sea was a depression in which was located the fresh water well. Beyond was a highish

sand dune covered by a coarse and prickly grass. The sand dune dipped rather sharply to a steeply shelving beach on which the waves beat at intervals with that deep booming sound which had first attracted her attention. The jungle seemed to crowd almost into the house except on the side facing the sea which was gay with flowering oleander.

The rather eerie atmosphere seemed to have affected Dick too for he spoke in hushed tones.

"Whoever would have expected to find a house like this, here in the back of beyond." His nose was glued to the window pane as he surveyed the interior of the bed room in which all the household requisites seemed to have been stored. "Just take a look at all that substantial furniture stacked up inside! There is even a kerosene operated refrigerator! Why, Babs, the owner of this place must have spent a mint of money on the furniture alone. I bet you he must have been rather a crank. This house must have a history and an interesting one at that. "The Resthouse keeper should be able to enlighten us." Babs, who had by then got over her fears was no less interested than Dick.

They made their way back to the car and returned to Arugam Bay.

Chapter XXI

Back at the Arugam Bay Resthouse, Dick whose curiosity had been considerably aroused, lost no time in making inquiries from the Resthouse Keeper, a grizzled old man of benevolent aspect and manner.

He seemed rather disinclined to discuss the house in the jungle; but patience and perseverance eventually had their reward and the following tale emerged.

The house was originally the shooting box of an English planter from Madulsimme, who had personally seen to its construction and furnishing with characteristic prodigality and disregard for cost. He used to spend alternate week ends there as the country in that locality had a strong fascination for him.

He later fell into trouble, lost his job, and, instead of returning home, he had settled down to live in his shooting box. As time

went on he gradually lost contact with the outside world and had become a recluse. He was next in the news when about two years after his skeleton was found some miles away from his home, deep in the dense jungle. How he had come by his death had been the subject of much speculation for a while, but the mystery was never solved. His heirs in the United Kingdom had been anxious to sell off the house or to lease it out for a long period complete with all its furniture and fittings; but no one had been keen on taking over the house on account of its mysterious and tragic associations. And so it had remain unoccupied. The story went that there was a curse on the house laid by an estate labourer whose daughter had been seduced by the planter and had committed suicide shortly before the latter's dismissal.

The shooting box could in the circumstances be obtained for the proverbial song, said the resthouse keeper who hastened to add that it was best left alone. The person in charge of it was a Mr. Joshua, a proctor at Batticaloa, the attorney of the late owner's heirs.

Dick and Babs followed the tale with great interest, and Babs felt that her apprehensions had not been entirely unfounded.

Dick, on the hand, had scorned the very idea of there being a curse on the house, and his interest had deepened when he heard that the house was available on a lease on very advantageous terms.

"Wouldn't you like to remain in this locality for some time-say about six months?" he asked Babs.

"I certainly would," replied Babs, not following the trend of his thoughts. "But that is quite impossible seeing that our reservation here expires the day after tomorrow."

"Yes; I have been thinking about that too. There is only one thing to be done. I must lose no time in fixing things up with that Mr. Joshua at Batticaloa."

There was a sharp intake of breath from her as she stared at him, startled. "You mean...?"

(To be continued.)

Why does Babs keep having this premonition? The story develops rapidly from now on. - Further chapters of "Even Unto Death" in the May issue of the Ceylon Causerie.

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COCKTAILS 8.

By HELLINGS

Sea Nymph.

Juice of a Ripe Orange
1 Glass Dry Gin
1/2 Glass Cherry Brandy
Fill up with Ginger Beer,
Shake well in crushed ice.

Long Tom.

Juice of 1/2 Lemon
1/2 Table Spoon Sugar
1 Glass Dry Gin
Fill up with soda water.
Shake well in crushed ice.

Horse's Neck.

1/2 Lemon
1 Glass Dry Gin
Dash of Angostura bitters
Fill up with Ginger ale
Shake well with crushed ice.

Note. All above 3 are served in large glasses.

The Belisha Beacon.

1/4 Gin
1/8 French Vermouth
1/8 Italian Vermouth
Dash of Grenadine
Dash of Orange bitters

Stir, strain into a cocktail glass, add a cherry and squeeze Orange peel on top before serving having first shaken up well in ice.

Sensation.

3 Dashes Maraschino
3 Sprigs fresh mint
1/6 Lemon juice
1/3 Dry Gin
Shake well and strain before serving.

Rosslyn.

Fill the shaker 1/2 full of ice
1/3 Gin
1/6 Cinzano's vermouth
Piece of Orange Peel

Shake well and then strain after which serve with an olive on pick.—not in driak.

Night Cap for Two.

1/2 Brandy
1/4 Orange Curacao
1/4 Anisette

Add yolk of fresh egg to mixture.
Plenty of ice and shake gently for at least 5 minutes.

Serve in Champagne glass with a straw.

Itchiban.

1 Fresh Egg
1 Tea spoon of Creme de Cacao
1 Tea spoon Benedictine
1/2 Brandy

Balance cold rich milk.

All iced, shaken, strained into a tumbler with grated nutmeg on top. Itchiban is the Chinese for Number One. It is a lovely drink after the night before. Tastes even nicer if prepared and left over in the "frig" for morning.



CONDUCTED BY SONIA

POT-POURRI.

CADJUNUT CURRY.



CADJUNUTS are on the market again. You get them boiled, roasted and green. Now have you ever tried a cadjunut curry? It is absolutely tops! You've got to buy the green cadju for this and **you want about 200 or more.** Extract the first and second milk of one large coconut, and have coconut oil for tempering.

METHOD

Put the coconut milk and the cadju in a saucepan and mix with a dessertspoon of dry chilli, ground or powdered. For flavouring, add a few curry leaves, a piece of rampa, lemon grass, a few sliced red onions and a dessertspoon of coriander (roasted and ground).

Mix all ingredients well, and put on a slow fire to cook. If you stir, remember to use the handle of a wooden spoon, or the cadju will break-up. The curry may then become a pulpy mass. It is nicest when the cadju emerges whole at the end of the process.

Now put the coconut oil in another pan and put it on the fire. When the oil is boiling, put in a few sliced green chillies, red onions, a few slices of green ginger, three cloves of garlic, salt to taste, a few curry leaves and a dessertspoon of mustard seed.

Fry the whole lot together for a little while. When the onions turn a golden colour turn the curry over into the fried mixture.

Mix well, and let it simmer on a very low fire, till the gravy has dried up. When there is only a coating of the gravy in the curry, take it from the fire and serve hot with rice and curry.

PICKLED PINEAPPLE.

This is something that children and adults both like. The pineapple season is just in.

- 1 large pineapple.
- 4 teacups malt vinegar.
- 2 lbs. soft brown sugar.
- 2 inch piece cinnamon.
- 2 Cloves. 6 to 8 large chillies salt to taste.

Clean pine well and remove centre. Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick slices. Slice chillies, boil in vinegar together with sugar, cloves and cinnamon for 20 minutes. Add salt and prepared pine. Cook gently for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Cool. Bottle and keep in a cool place.

DELICIOUS NEW CAKE RECIPES

New and delicious, well tried and tempting are these cake recipes chosen from a famous collection.

THE biggest point to remember about cake making is to follow your recipes exactly. Weigh all quantities on an accurate scale, remembering to sieve the flour first when required, and don't monkey about with odd half teaspoons of extra flavouring or flour or liquid, unless you're perfectly sure what the result is going to be.

If you follow in the footprints of the recipe writer, you can't go wrong. So here are some of the most luscious cakes from my cookery note-book to grace your table.

Orange Crescents

5 oz. self-raising flour 5 oz. butter or
1 cup icing sugar, warm water, Vanilla essence
margarine 5 oz. sugar. 2 eggs. Saffron colouring
Confectionery orange slices 1 lemon.

Cream the butter and sugar and add the well-beaten eggs, beating steadily. Stir in

April, 1957

the grated rind of the lemon and the sifted flour. Add enough lemon juice to make the mixture of a good dropping consistency. Pour into a shallow baking tin, and cook in a moderate oven for thirty-five to forty minutes. When cooked and cold, cut into crescents with a pastry cutter. Mix the icing sugar to a stiffish paste with warm water, add vanilla essence to taste and saffron to colour. Spread the icing on the cakes and decorate each with a slice of confectionery orange.

Chocolate Marshmallow Snow Cake

9 oz. self-raising flour 7 oz. arrowroot
5 or 6 egg whites For the filling and icing:
1 heaped teaspoon 7 oz. butter or margarine
7 oz. castor sugar Vanilla essence.

1 heaped teaspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups icing sugar, 2 egg whites, 1 tablespoon
liquid chocolate, white water icings, Grated
chocolate for decoration.

Beat the butter and sugar together until light and creamy. Then add the whites of egg whisked to a cream. Beat together for about fifteen minutes. Add the vanilla flavouring and the sifted dry ingredients, beating steadily until thoroughly mixed. Put into two 9 inch oblong tins lined with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for about forty minutes. Be sure not to let the cake brown. When pale golden, cover with a sheet of greaseproof paper until the cake is done. When cooked and cold cut each cake in two and spread with marshmallow filling made as follows:

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water and leave to cool. Whip the two egg whites stiffly, and add gradually, beating all the time, to the gelatine. Next beat in the liquid chocolate and icing sugar. When thick, spread generously between the layers of cake (previously trimmed level) and cover all with white water icing. Sprinkle with grated chocolate.

Mouth Watering Wattalappam. — Beloved of the Ceylonese. The correct way to make it.

Ingredients.

6 eggs.
1 cup thick coconut milk.
8 ozs. jaggery.
3 ozs. sugar.
2 ozs. cadjanuts.
2 ozs. sultanas.

A pinch of nutmeg, powdered cardamoms.
Rose water and vanilla to taste.

Jaggery.

(i.e. About 1 dessertspoon rose water 1 teaspoon vanilla).

These quantities of flavouring may be increased to 1 tablespoon rose water and 1 dessertspoon vanilla if a very spicy Wattalappam is desired.

(1) Separate yolks of eggs from whites. Beat yolks and whites separately. This beating should be done very thoroughly as the lightness of the final result depends on this preliminary beating.

(2) Scrape the jaggery into flakes with a grater or a sharp knife. A knife is quicker than a grater and is satisfactory. This jaggery should be dark colour and of good quality. The colour and flavour of the wattalappam is spoilt if the jaggery is pale in colour. Dissolve the jaggery and the sugar in the thick coconut milk.

Beaten eggs.

(3) Add the beaten eggs to this mixture. Mix well. Strain the mixture through a thin muslin cloth to remove particles of grit which would affect the smoothness of the pudding.

(4) Add the spices and the flavouring. The flavour of the eggs in this mixture is rather overpowering and so must be disguised with strong spices. Grate a nutmeg lightly into the mixture—about a pinch of powdered nutmeg is required. Pound 3 or 4 cardamoms into a fine powder and add this to the mixture. One dessertspoon of rose water and 1 teaspoon of vanilla will give a nicely balanced mixture. All these spices may be doubled in quantity for a more exotic flavour.

(5) Prepare a pudding bowl for the mixture. Grease the bowl with butter or ghee, pour in the mixture, cover with a plate or paper and steam. When the pudding is half cooked i.e. when it has begun to set, sprinkle in the sultanas and the cadjanuts. The sultanas should have been washed and stalked; the cadjanuts cleaned and halved. Continue steaming till the pudding is firm. Serve hot or cold. It is delicious when iced.

Continued on page 24



Children's



Club



CONDUCTED BY AUNTIE ANNE

Dear Boys and girls.

HOW glad you must be to be on your holidays once again. That really is the best part of school life isn't it? Something to look forward to every three months, and something well worth working for. This month I shall set you a competition, and there will be two Enid Blyton books for the two best entries, one from a boy and the other from a girl. You have two subjects to choose from—**My Holiday**, or **My Mother**. Entries will be judged according to age. Write on one side of the paper only and do be neat.

Here's wishing you all a very happy holiday,

With love,
Auntie Anne.

The Story of Saradiel, Robin Hood of Ceylon.

In previous Chapters.

Saradiel born of poor parents in Utuwankande grew up to harass the rich. He was clapped into jail as a boy, and came out determined to be a bandit.

With the help of a strange book which taught him the secret of changing his shape at will, and some temple oil stolen for him by a servant girl who later became his "Maid Marian", he and his merry men who had made their home in the jungles, staged their first coach robbery and gave the money to the poor.

One day Saradiel wanted money and held up an English Planter who became his friend. The servants were horrified, but he told them the story of Robin Hood of England.

Now read on.

One by one the servants got off their seats, salaamed the master, and went down to the servants' quarters.

"Our master is most romantic" said Selvam the cook, "But the English Robin Hood is

quite different from that terrible man, Saradiel, who is possessed of the devil. He and his men are said to have charmed lives, and even the police fear them".

"Maybe," replied the head boy, "But you cannot deny Selvam, that Saradiel helps the poor. There were many who lived lives of semi starvation, but today they get even one square meal a day, and they bless Saradiel for it."

"There are many stories told of this amazing man," said Karrupiah, the kitchen cooly, "But we shall see whether he returns the master's gun and money. We can judge for ourselves then."

A BEAUTIFUL LEOPARD SKIN.

A few days later the planter had returned from work in the coffee fields, when his head boy told him that a wild looking man was waiting to see him.

The planter went out to the verandah steps, and there stood a bare bodied man clad only in a small sarong, with his hair tied up in a dirty handkerchief, with a huge parcel in his arms.

"Salaam, dorai" (Good evening Sir) he said, and handed over the parcel.

"It is from Saradiel," he whispered.

"There are ten pounds more with the money, to be distributed among your doubting servants". And he vanished into the shadows of the night.

The planter took the parcel in and opened it. There—was his rifle, cleaned and intact, and around it was wrapped the most beautiful leopard skin he had ever seen.

There was also a fine purse made of talagoya (giant lizard) skin and in it was all the money he had lent Saradiel, plus ten pounds extra, just as the messenger had said.

The planter sent for all his servants and told them that Saradiel was after all an

honest man. He distributed the ten pounds among them and sent them away with this advice—never be in a hurry to judge another, unless you have proof of his guilt.

And so Saradiel found a whole houseful of new friends.

SARADIEL IS ARRESTED.

In the town of Aranayake near Kegalle, there lived a fat and evil Arrack tavern renter called Babun who had made a pile of money on the sale of his liquor.

He used to lend the money out to the poor at high interest, and never hesitated to have them sent to jail when they could not pay.

Saradiel heard of him. 'He must be punished' he told Mammalia, his right hand man. "Get together a few of the men, and have the guns cleaned. We shall raid that evil fellow's tavern this very night.

So that night when the streets were silent, and everyone in bed, Saradiel and his men took a short cut through the jungle to the tavern, and making a hole in the mud wall entered the building. While one man blew the safe and emptied it of all the piles of money the others filled as many sacks as they could carry, with bottles of arrack. All the extra arrack in the huge barrels were emptied down the sink, until the whole place stank with the fumes.

"Now," said Saradiel, "the skunk is punished. Let us go quickly. You, Mammaliya, take the money in this bag straight to Heeni. All you others go into the jungle with the arrack and hide it in a safe place. I shall visit my aged mother, and join you all later. We can then decide as to whom we are to distribute the cash to."

His men opened the front door and headed straight for the jungle, while Saradiel went along the road to his mother's house.

But no sooner had the door closed behind him, than there was a movement in the loft above the tavern. Babun slept there, and unknown to Saradiel he had been watching everything that took place. He had even heard Saradiel tell the others that he was about to visit his mother.

As soon as he could calm himself, for he had been shivering with fear, he stepped down from the loft, wrapped himself up against the night air, and hurried down to the police station. When the sergeant saw that it was Babun who made the complaint, he had a good mind to send him packing, for there wasn't a man in the town who loved Babun. But the sergeant had to do his duty. Besides he knew that if he could capture Saradiel, it would be a fine feather in his cap, and the sergeant had waited a long time for promotion.

Taking two constables with him, he set out on foot for Saradiel's mother's house.

Saradiel had drunk too much arrack at the tavern, so when there came a knocking on his mother's door, he was too dazed to realise that it meant danger.

"See who it is, Amma," he said drowsily from the mat on which he lay.

As the woman took the bar off, and the door swung open, the police rushed in, and snapped the handcuffs on Saradiel's wrists.

His mother stood sobbing as he was led away.

MORE NEXT MONTH.

PATRICIA'S COOKERY

Continued from page 22

Steaming.

Directions for steaming.

Steam as for steamed puddings. Fill a saucepan with water so that it comes halfway up the side of the pudding bowl. Cover the saucepan and let the water simmer gently around the bowl. Renew the water as it evaporates.

Wattalappam must be served in the bowl in which it is cooked, as it tends to break up. The consistency should be firm and evenly blended; the colour dark like chocolate or coffee.

The exact shade will depend on the kind of jaggery used. Choose a decorative bowl or small individual cups.

Wattalappam can be steamed in a regular steamer without any water. It will taste as good but will take longer to cook.



Our Competition Page

Crossword Puzzle No. 247

For the first correct entry opened Rs. 15
 " " second " " " Rs. 10

Please Note: That all entries sent by post should be addressed as follows :—

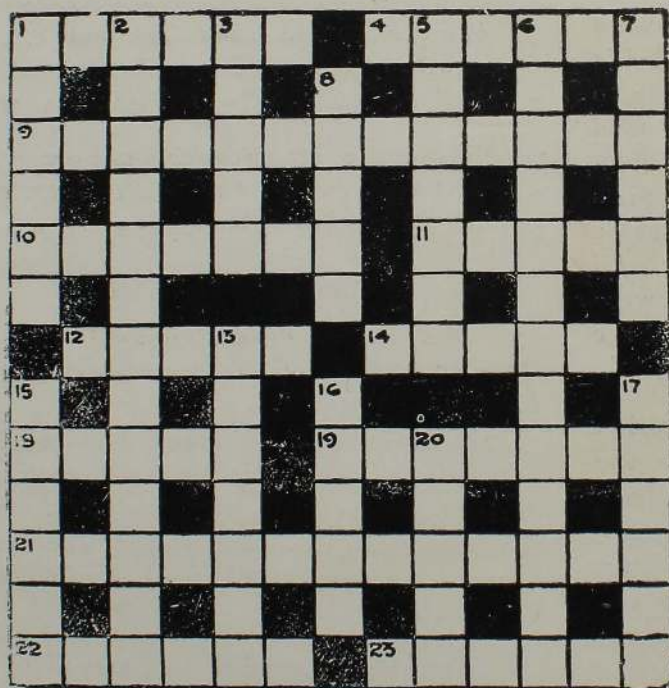
CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Pláté Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on May 15th, 1957.

The Editor's decision will be final.



Name.....

Address.....

Winners of March, Crossword Competition

1st Prize Rs. 15—Mrs. Pamela Hope, 9, Weralupe, Main Road, Ratnapura.

2nd Prize Rs. 10—Mrs. Jessie Somasundaram, M.O's Bungalow,

The Sanatorium Kankasanturai.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Assent
4. Three-masted ship
9. Pantechnicons (2 words)
10. In opposition
11. Friendly relationship
12. Money-lending
14. Lukewarm
18. Jugs
19. Accuse
21. Resolution
22. Spring
23. Sea-song

DOWN

1. Move
2. Prudently
3. Meaning
5. Medium
6. Restriction
7. Tries
8. Hasten
13. Retain
15. Old sailor
16. Polite
17. Commotion
20. Fruit

Solution to Puzzle 246

ACROSS

1. Junior
4. Stamps
8. Gothic
10. Pardon
11. Tally
12. Eire
14. Sail
15. Eminently
17. Restricts
20. Tour
21. Hoar
22. Lotus
24. Puffin
25. Lowing
26. Exempt
27. Ballot.

DOWN

1. Jagged
2. Nature
3. Omit
5. Tray
6. Midway
7. Single
9. Carnation
10. Plentiful
13. Ember
14. Sloth
16. Staple
17. Ruffle
18. Social
19. Bright
22. Limp
23. Sofa.



TROPICAL PAINTS

Manufactured at a higher viscosity than paints manufactured in temperate climates to allow for the greater thinning effect of tropical temperatures.

Manufactured from specially selected raw materials to ensure the consistency necessary for the correct rate of application in the tropics.

PAR Tropical Paints restrict the influence of tropical weather conditions on drying time.

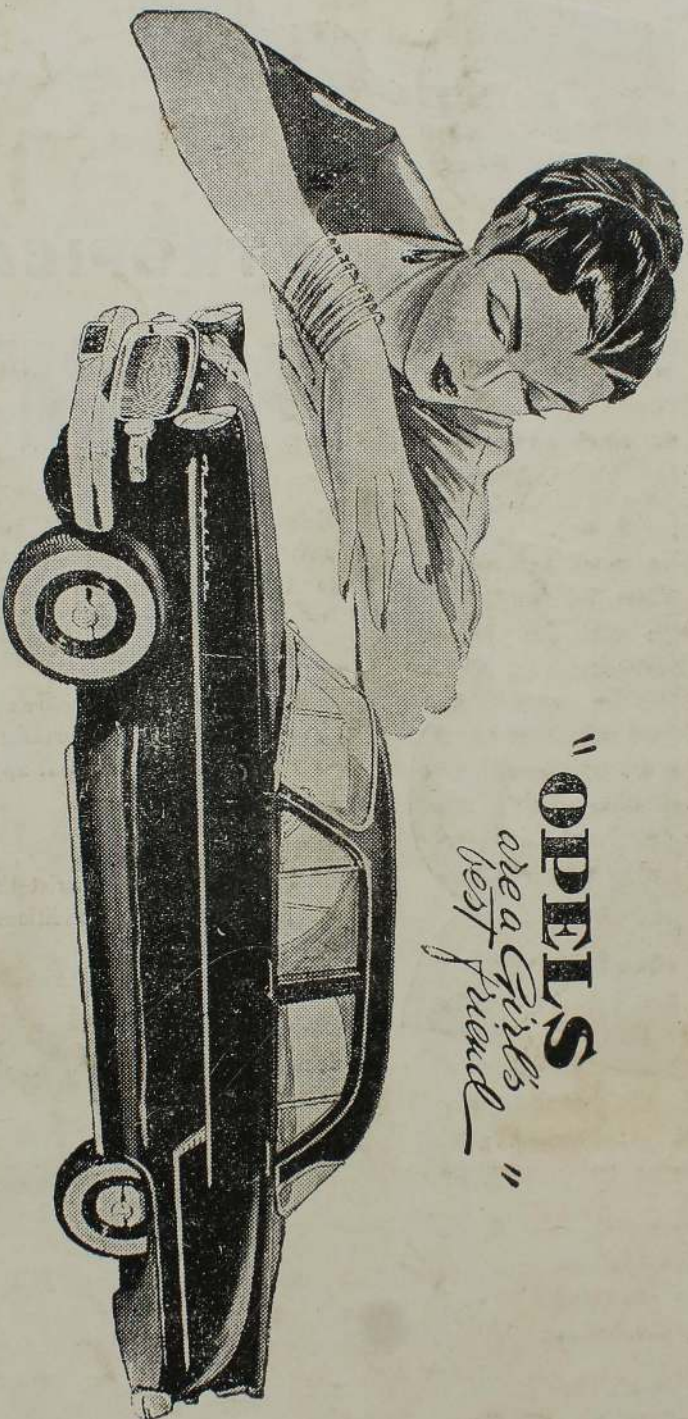
Designed for greater elasticity made necessary by the stress of tropical temperature variation.

SOLE AGENTS: **HOLLAND COLOMBO LTD.**

The **REKORD** has now the **KAPITAN** smile

Exciting Economical Elegant
and last but not least

"**OPEL'S**
are a Girl's
best friend"



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CADILLAC BUICK OLDSMOBILE PONTIAC PILEY Vauxhall
OPEL BEDFORD MESSERSCHMITT BRIDGESTONE OLDMAN