

JUNE, 1957

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The Ceylon Causerie

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June, 1957.

VOL. XXIV
No. 1

DE SILVA — SIRIWARDENA



Photo Plate

The wedding took place on the 12th of June 1957 of Mr. Tony de Silva son of the late Mr. D. M. J. de Silva and Mrs. de Silva of Kochchikade, with Miss Rita Iranganie Siriwardena daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. W. Siriwardena of "Sirilyn", Minuwangoda.

LOOK INSIDE PLEASE
FOR
TWO TITLE
PAGES

The Ceylon Courier

ILLUSTRATED
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June, 1957.

VOL. XXIV
No. 1

KULATUNGA—PERERA



Photo Plate

*The wedding took place on the 19th June 1957 of Dr. D. R. D. B. Kulatunga
with Miss Pearlle Perera.*

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SOONER or later there comes a time in the life of a stay-at-home woman penned within the four walls of her house, when domestic problems begin to pall. She feels that the role of mother, wife, and housekeeper is not the be all and end all of existence.

Her world, she realises is restricted to a very small sphere however important in its own way it may be. She decides then that she should seek new interests and at the same time help balance the family budget by going out to work.

It is this revolution in the social pattern of Ceylon today, that has induced as many as thirty thousand women in Colombo alone to seek registration at the Employment bureau.

The case for the working wife is a good one, in that contact with the outer world tends to make her more helpful understanding and progressive. She keeps abreast of the world and the times in which she lives.

She becomes an interesting conversation-alist as her viewpoints get fresher and more intelligent. The man of the house who has hitherto been the sole breadwinner of the family, though perhaps not entirely happy about the idea at the start, ultimately finds himself rather to his own surprise, welcoming the change. For there is nothing more boring to a man than to have to listen to an exhaustive and exhausting rigmarole concerning house hold chores and the shortcomings of servants on his return from work.

Indeed the working woman and her husband become knit more closely together, for

the problems which confront them in a work-a-day world, provide a common interest and a bond of sympathy.

But what about the children? Granted that they are now beyond the infant stage, they learn to fend for themselves, developing distinct personalities of their own.

Unless the circumstances are exceptional it is not likely that family life will suffer either, for where does it really come into its own but in the evenings and during weekends?

The one great disadvantage in Ceylon is that the working wife must rely more than ever on her servants.

But this difficulty can be overcome, for reliable servants can still be found at good wages, and this could easily be met by the augmentation in the family income.

Annette
Iwan



Between

Ourselves - -

By Rambler

THE 8th triennial Conference of the Associated Country Women of the World will take place in Colombo, thanks to the initiative of the Lanka Mahila Samiti who have invited the delegates over. Thus Ceylon will be the first Asian country to have the world's countrywomen unite in a spirit of international goodwill on her shores.

It is to Doctor. Mrs. Mary Rutnam that the L.M.S. in Ceylon owes its origin. Having been one of the founder members of the A.C.W.W. in Canada together with the late Mrs. Watt who visited Ceylon in 1937, Mrs. Rutnam came over to Ceylon, married a Ceylonese and threw herself so wholeheartedly into social activities in Ceylon, that she soon had the first branch of the Mahila Samitiya which is affiliated to the A.C.W.W. functioning with a will. Today there are branches all over the island and what they have done for the betterment of our rural sisters is so inspiring, the story would fill a book. Mrs. Rutnam herself who is over 80 years of age today is now in contented retirement.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY HUGH.

There is a sports-personality of the B.R.C. who is a sportsman in every sense of the word. He belongs to that fraternity of open air men who never let life get them down. I give you Hugh Aldons young hockey, cricket, and rugger star who has already represented his country in all three sports. Quite recently he was elected Captain of the Ceylon Cricket Association Eleven, which met Madras in the annual Gopalan Trophy encounter in Ceylon,

and immediately after he was elected Captain of the Ceylon Hockey Team which toured Madras. Said, Hugh humbly—"I must thank Melrose de Hoedt, for it is to him I owe my hockey training."

Well the tour was not the success it should have been, thanks to the questionable treatment our players received, but Hugh is up and smiling once again.

It is a moot question as to whether we'll be losing likeable Hugh to Australia. He is married to Ione Jansz, and I have it that the whole family is bound "down-under."

WILL RUKMANI SING?

Sujatha Jayawardene that indefatigable dance enthusiast and social worker, is at it again, organising a first class variety entertainment incorporating both Eastern and Western artists, scheduled for July 27th at the Royal College. Worthy cause is the Buddhist Congress National Council of Social Services. At the head of the mixed committee helping Sujatha are Lady Rajapakse and Mrs. Thomas Amarasuriya.

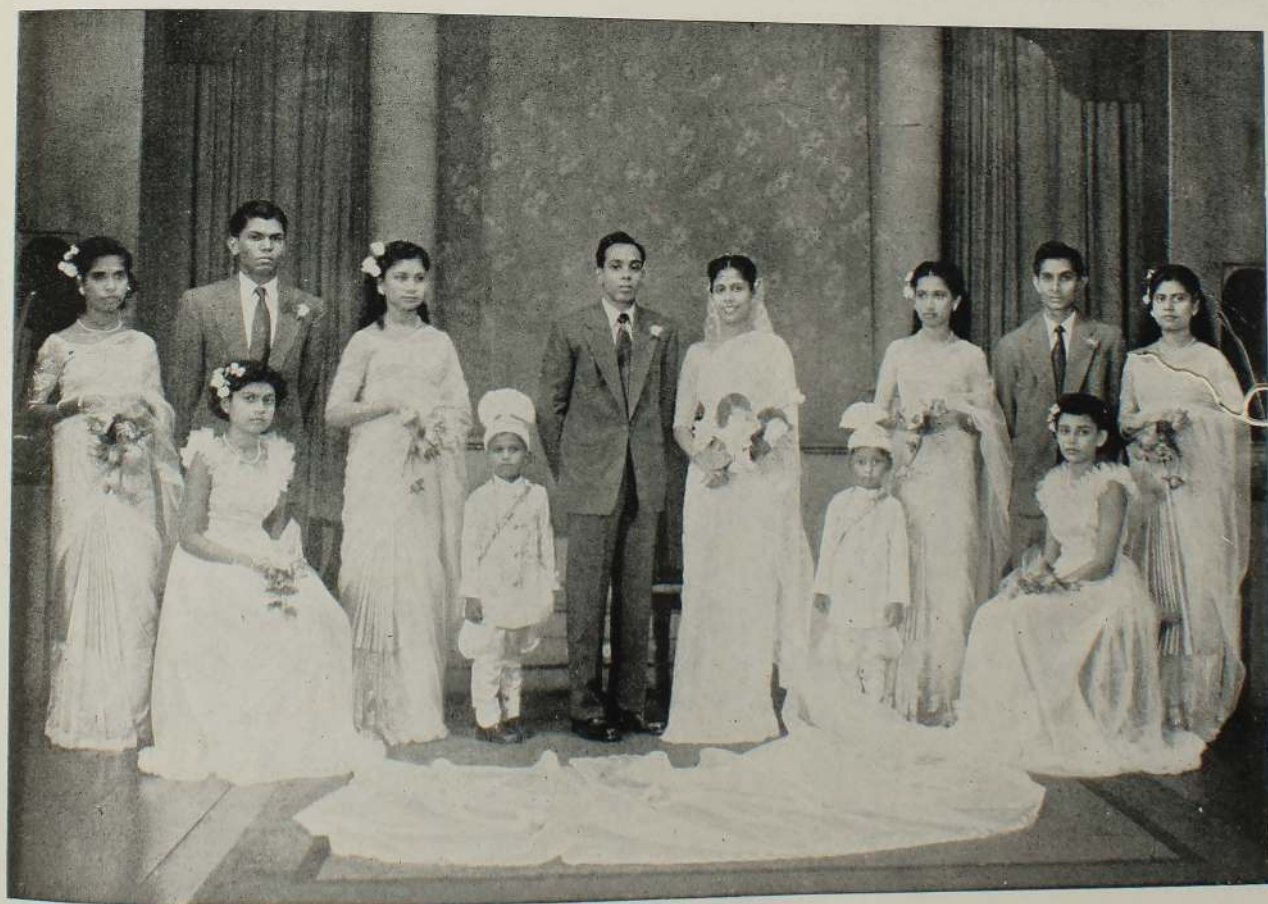
High light of the programme if nothing interferes to prevent it, will be the singing of film star, Rukmani Devi, who will be appearing on the stage after many years.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

Have you heard of the wonderful service rendered by the Red Cross at the hospitals? Canteens set up at the Eye Hospital, Lady Ridgeway, de Soysa Lying in Home and Orthopaedic Hospital serve 700 cups of tea to tired



The wedding took place on the 20th of May 1957 of Mr. Daniel A. Kotelawela of Gal Oya Development Board, son of Mr. Arthur Kotelawela, J. P. Pannipitiya, to Miss Swarna Samaranayake, daughter of Mrs. Hilda Samaranayake of Sylvan Hurst Estate Homagama.



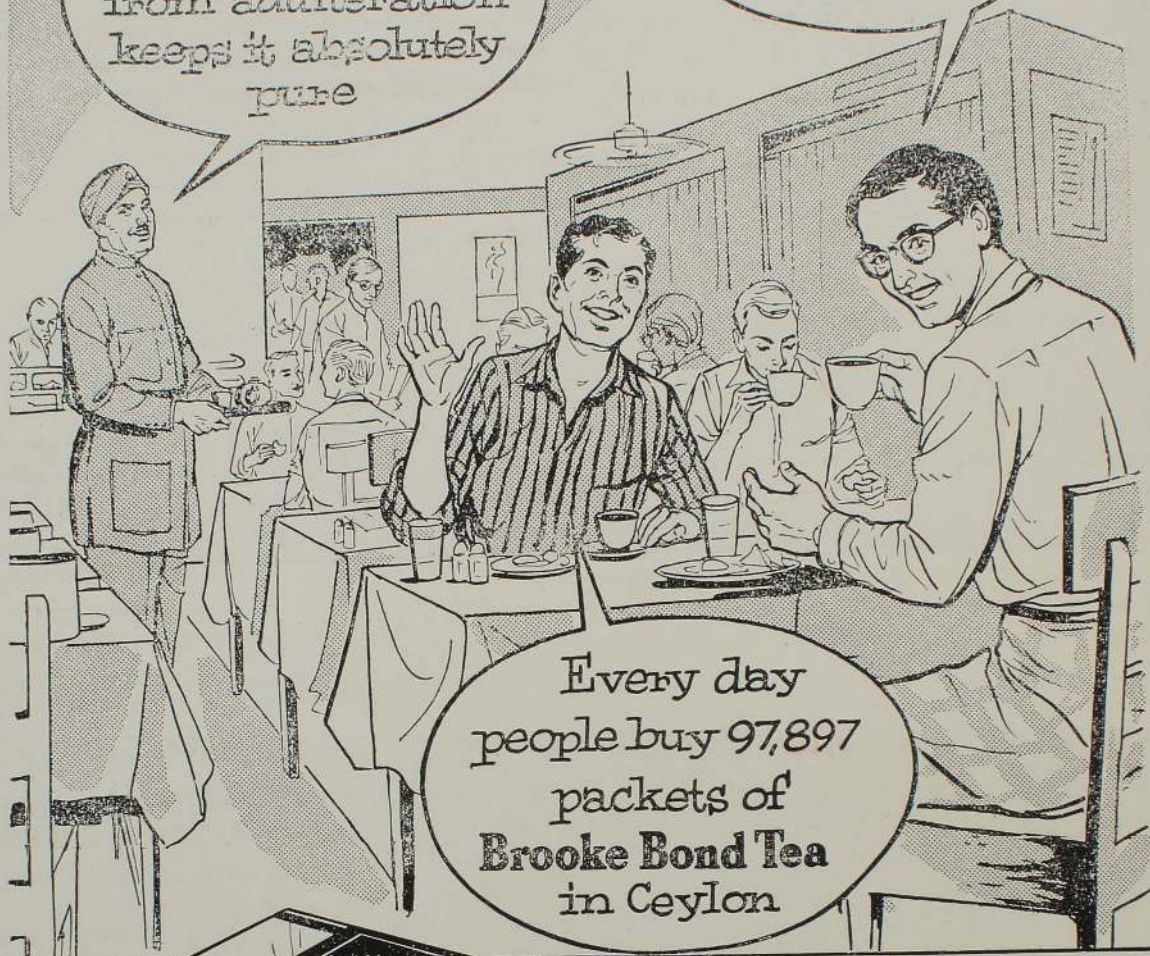
Photos Plate.

The wedding took place on the 13th of June at the Galle Face Hotel of Mr. Garmini Jayawardene with Miss Mallika Perera.

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patients at the outdoor departments. All children present get a cup of milk each. Now the Canteen is in need of a Van as the present one is due for pensioning. Will you help them by attending "Full of Life" the benefit show at the Savoy on the 23rd of July? Do get it into your diary and make it a date.

The Red Cross are grateful to the Tea Propaganda board and commercial and mercantile houses who are in with them on this Charitable Scheme.

SHADES OF VENICE.

Venice will be in Ceylon when the Colombo Singers present Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" at the Royal College Hall on July 12th, 13th, 17th, 19th, and 20th. Remember "The Mikado?" their last show? There was such a rush for tickets, the demand exceeded the issue.

Musical Director this time will be Mrs. R. A. Spencer Sheppard, the Conductor Hussain Mohamed and the producer Arthur Vanlangenberg.

The principal singers are Audrey Deutrom Sylvia Van Ens, Elise Potger, Averil Grcet, Billy Vanden Dresen Eric Bartholameusz Percy Colin Thome, Maxwell Sparkes and R. Perumal. Book your tickets at Caves.

LEELASENA.

Quite recently the pupils of Sri Ramakrishna Mission Hindu College, Trincomalee, were given a special half holiday over the achievement of one of its pupils—sixteen year old **T. B. Lilasena** a senior form student.

He was the winner of the All Ceylon Buddha Jayanti oratorical contest. As commendable as his performance is the truly diplomatic speech he gave at the reception to him by the Hindu College Union, when speaking fluently in his mother tongue he called upon Students of all communities to unite for the progress of the school. Well done Lilasena!

WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

A worthy successor to Mrs. Ross Bell (who has left for England on retirement) is the President of the Ceylon Nurses' Association, **Mrs. M. A. Jainudeen**, as Assistant Commissioner of the Nursing section of the St. John's Ambu-

lance. She is the first Ceylonese to hold this office.

In order to do so she has foregone the pleasure of many trips abroad offered her for educational purposes. Magnanimously Mrs. Jainudeen thinks she has had her quota, and prefers to let the younger ones have a chance.

Mrs. Jainudeen is moreover deputising as President of the All-Ceylon Women's Conference until Mrs. Deraniyagala returns from abroad.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE

A man of the people indeed, is **Mr. C. Sivapragasam** who hails from Hartley College Pt. Pedro, and has worked with no thought of self for the betterment of Trincomalee. As Secretary of the Trinco District Community Centres Union, he was responsible for giant strides in its progress. He was organiser too of the Prisoners' Welfare Association committee as well as the Youth Council. And he was there again as a live wire when Young Farmers' Clubs came into being. As President of the Trinco Sports Association and the Clayton's Sports Club, he has shone.

And now he has left in an aura of goodwill to be Probation officer at Polgahawela.

FLASH BACK TO RAID

Remember the Easter Sunday of 1942 when the Japanese bombed Ceylon? One of the most gruesome sights I saw then was a man standing bolt upright against a wall, he was dead of shell-shock.

Such an exodus that started out of the city then, was bewildering.

One man who stayed at his post to render invaluable aid to the wounded and the dying, was Port Health Officer **Doctor Hector Abeyesundere**. Who can forget the cheerful way he tackled his task, as with unbounding energy he infused hope and comfort into thousands of afflicted souls.

Doctor Abeyesundere has just retired after 29 years in the medical department. The last post he held was at Head Quarters in an Administrative capacity on medical boards the island over.

Having had a brilliant career at St. Joseph's College, Dr. Abeyundere obtained his medical degrees in Britain.

We wish him a happy retirement.

HANWELLA NEWS.

From St. John Bosco's College comes news of its Vice-Principal, Mr. A. G. G. Perera. He is soon to celebrate his twentyfifth anniversary as a teacher, and it will surely be a distinctive one.

Starting his career as Secretary of the

Weligama Urban Council, he forsook ledgers for the master's baton, and went on to be Principal in due course of four schools successively.

To him goes the credit of being founder president of the Govt. Headmaster's Conference and the founder-secretary of the Ceylon Schoolmaster's Cricket Association. He is to boot, the secretary of the All Ceylon Parents Union. A very popular man by scholarly standards, we foresee an even brighter future for this genial man.

Here and There

*HERE and there along the road Fate
Offers you a chance—To change your
life and make it something new and glorious
- - - Now and then you turn a bend and
unexpectedly—you find that you are face to
face with opportunity.*

*You are shown a way out of the fog
of your despair. A star moves out across
your path to follow if you dare. A bright
new hope comes tapping at the doorways
of your heart—a chance to leave the past
behind and make another start.*

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Is the light that grew in my heart,
And the blossoming of your tenderness
Was born of heavenly art.*

★ ★ ★

*The touch of your skin, my Dina,
Is as soft as the budded rose;
How strong the bond that binds our love
Only the good God knows.*

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My Memories of Oxford

2

By the Hon'ble Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike

(Reproduced from the *Causerie*, 1934.)

"Life like a dome of many coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity....."



HERE were, apparently, times when Shelley's wings did not beat in a void, but bore him with a surpassing beauty of words, straight to the heart of an eternal truth, even though it be a truism. The dome of life would never be perfect unless the grey and dark tints mingled with the bright and gay, and happy is he who has not overmuch of either. This moralizing the reader must pardon, for it is not without purpose—as moralizing generally is. I have now to deal with a phase of my Oxford career, which, if it was darkened by unhappiness and loneliness, has not left any permanent scar on my mind, and certainly had an important bearing on subsequent happenings.

My first year at Oxford, once the novelty of things had worn off and I had settled down to College routine, I recollect as a period of disappointment and frustration. In all directions I found myself opposed by barriers, which though invisible and impalpable, were none the less very real. I wrote a story for our College magazine, the "Cardinal's Hat," which was politely returned. To get even a trial for one of the Christ Church tennis teams was apparently an impossibility; a few half hearted efforts to catch the President's eye at Union debates proved futile. But the most humiliating disappointments were reserved for the social sphere. With positive rudeness and brutal frankness one might be able to deal more or less effectively; bounders and snobs can be suitably handled. But the tragedy of it was that the vast majority of my fellow-undergraduates did not behave in the former manner and were certainly not the latter. The trouble was far more subtle and deep-seated: in a variety of ways one was always being shown, politely but unmistakably, that one was simply not wanted. It is terribly wounding, after laboriously patching up an acquaintanceship with one's neighbour at dinner, in Hall or at lectures, to be passed by in the street as

though he had never seen one, or, still worse, to see him hurry off with a hasty nod through fear that he might have to walk with one along the street, or again to notice the embarrassed manner in which an urgent engagement is pleaded whenever an invitation to lunch or tea is extended.

NO GOLDEN KEY.

It is not easy to survive this type of experience, and many Eastern students soon throw up the sponge in disgust; some just subside into a routine of work and the companionship of a few friends among their own countrymen, others, of a more vigorous disposition resort to pleasures and associates of a more questionable sort.

I must honestly confess that what chiefly saved me from such a fate was my conceit! Although at the Union I never seemed able to catch the eye of the President, I knew that I could make a much better speech than most of those who were given preference over me; I knew that there were many members of the tennis team I could beat if I were only given the chance; I knew I could write better Greek prose than many of the scholars, with their long, rustling gowns, who looked so superciliously at the "darkie" who had the temerity to read for the Honour School of Classics. I felt that I had only to be patient, and keep on trying, and sooner or later I would succeed.

I also realised that within the cold, outer Oxford of mere routine there was a wonderful inner Oxford, into which it was well worth travelling to win an entry. But how? My experience was that of poor Alice in her Wonderland: the golden key that would open the door to the beautiful garden was forever eluding me.

As for my fellow-undergrads, I soon learned that their conduct sprang not so much from prejudice or snobbishness as from shyness, reserve, and the fact that, coming up from great Public Schools, they had at the very

start their own sets and cliques, which made them less inclined for the company of strangers.

But it was a bad time, that first period. Added to my mental malaise was the physical discomfort of the damp, grey, sunless winter. Although still fighting, I fell into a deep depression. I remember reading Edgar Alan Poe with a morbid delight; that strange mingling of melancholia, horror and beauty seemed to suit both my mood and my surroundings; for surely there was a touch of the House of Usher about that sitting-room of mine, and it was in just such a chamber that the young man mourned his lost Lenore "dreaming dreams that mortals never dared to dream before."

THE BEGGAR

One little adventure at this time comes to my mind, which helped to restore to me a certain degree of mental health and a truer sense of proportion. While returning to my lodgings one evening, more than usually bitter at some disappointment, I passed a beggar on the pavement: he was not an unusual type, old, with a sickly-white face, threadbare, patched clothes and gaping boots. He held a few boxes of matches in his hand for sale. In the usual, whining voice he begged for a penny; he said that he was very hungry. There was nothing strange in all this, and ordinarily I would have tossed him a penny and walked on, but I was in a black mood that day. This old man now, he was probably a humbug like the rest of them, trying to gain my sympathy by a pretence of hunger when what he really wanted was probably to go to the nearest pub. I stood and contemplated him for a moment, and then as the whim entered my mind, "I won't give you money," I said. "If you are hungry, come with me and I shall give you something to eat." It was my fancy to put him to the test. Reluctantly he came. I seated him before a roaring fire in my room and quelling with a stern eye any incipient desire to raise questions on the part of a bewildered landlady, ordered tea and bread and butter and crumpets—lots of them.

He was obviously very hungry; he consumed enormous quantities with a grim concentration. The sight fascinated me: I had never seen such stark hunger in a human being before.

Gradually, with the warmth of the fire and the warmth inside him, he relaxed and became loquacious. Probably a good deal of what he said was false, but there was clearly a thread of truth that ran through his tale—the unceasing struggle from his youngest days against hunger, against illness and despair; never had fate given him anything like a chance, and yet he was cheery enough. My pretty worries faded before this elemental fight for existence. Finally hat in hand, the old man shambled off, leaving in my room a dank and musty smell, but in my heart a new strength and a new hope.

FRIENDS FROM CEYLON

THE problem that faced me was peculiarly my own. No one else could help me to find a solution; indeed it was not one that could profitably be even discussed with others. There were, however, certain Ceylon friends during my first year, whose kindness helped somewhat to cheer me.

Mr. J. L. C. Rodrigo, at present lecturer in Classics at the University College, who had gone up during the War when there were only a few undergrads at the Colleges and the atmosphere decidedly more friendly, was quite an outstanding personality at Oxford when I went up. He was President of the Balliol J. C. R., and was extremely popular. He combined a great charm of manner with an ability to talk intelligently and interestingly on a wide range of subjects. He was an especial favourite with the undergraduettes, a fact which certain envious persons attributed chiefly to his grey hairs (even as a boy he was grey), which encouraged them to treat him as a kindly uncle! He used to come occasionally and drag me out of my rooms and take me for long rambles in the country.

Then there was Rev. R. S. de Saram, Warden of S. Thomas' College, who had been a school fellow of mine. He was at Keble and was one of the leading athletes of his College. Remembering him as a joyous and care-free school-boy, I cannot help thinking that he was never altogether happy or at home at Oxford.

Lastly there was the redoubtable Mr. C. Suntheralingam, now Professor of Mathematics at the University College. He had a mind

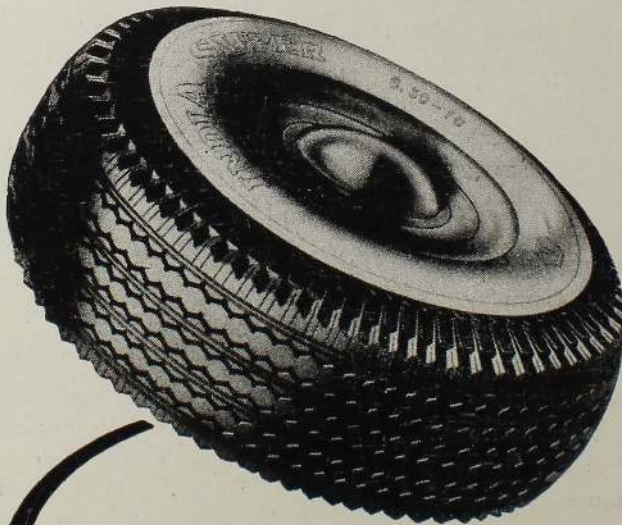
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Wedding of the Season

KULATUNGA - PERERA
SHE WALKED IN BEAUTY



ON the 19th of June the church of St. Joseph's Grandpass was the venue of a fashionable wedding. The lovely bride was Miss Pearlle Perera whose marriage with Dr. Roy Kulatunga was solemnised by the Rt. Rev. Dr. N. M. Laudadio, Bishop of Galle. The bride is the youngest of the four daughters of Mudaliyar and Mrs. A. J. S. Perera, J.P., M.B.E. The bridegroom, the second son of the late Mr. D. S. M. Kulatunga of "St. Michaels" Welivita.

Under pandals of gok-kola, with sesath bearers standing sentinel-wise, the bridal retinue arrived at the door of the church, to walk up the aisle under arches of pamba badal-henassa and roses. The church was a splash of colour and the sanctuary a mass of madonnas. Sonorously His Lordship, assisted by a great many priests rolled out the words—"The God of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob fulfil His blessing in you"—and the nuptial Mass came to a close. The Police band broke out into rapturous rhythm as the register was signed. Attesting witnesses were His Excellency, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, and Major Motague Jayawickrema. The bridegroom had Dr. Conrad Perera as bestman, and his brother Mr. Mervyn Kulatunga, as groomsman.

The bride looked beautiful in a skirt saree of silver corded guipure lace breaking into a knee length flare of nylon tissue from a circlet of flowers and studded with diamante and iridescent sequins. Her jacket of the same lace and nylon tissue echoed at the neckline the floral motif of the saree. The long tulle veil with a tracery of the corded lace, was held in place by a tiara of diamonds. She wore silver shoes encrusted with diamante. Her jewellery was brilliants and she carried a dainty bouquet of roses and antigon.

For going away, the bride had chosen a flame coloured saree, the skirt and jacket of nylon tissue entirely embroidered in gold thread in a cut-work design. A spray of red

roses adorned her hair.

The bridesmaids, Miss Monica Perera, and Miss Nobel Peiries, looked charming in white satin skirt sarees, frothing into four pale pastel coloured frills of nylon net from the knee downwards. The jacket of white satin had a petal neckline of the same shades as the frills, and was edged with sequins. Silver sandals, pale pink roses for head dresses, and matching bouquets of roses finished off two lovely creations.

Four sweet flower girls carrying little gold tinted boat shaped baskets of tiny flush pink roses wore exquisite ankle length fully flared frocks, cascading in frills from a ruched bodice of the palest mauve, cream, pink and blue nylon net. Tiny caps were perched rakishly on their soft ringlets. The little ones were Lalindra de Alwis, Mayuri de Lanerolle, Nilanthi Seneviratne and Trudy Ann Vanderputt.

The bride's mother was a picture in gold—a gold tissue Manipuri saree, gold kid bag with an attached spray of scarlet carnations, gold shoes, and for a necklace—a long gold jewelled cobra.

The bride's parents held a reception at the Galle Face Hotel for their large circle of friends and relatives. Mr. A. Ratnayake proposed with champagne the toast of the bride and bridegroom. Twelve stewardesses in skirt sarees of pale mauve, pink, blue and cream added to the beauty of the bridal retinue. They were Misses. Ranje Seneviratne, Majorie Perera, Rita Corea, Maureen Ranawake, Pamela Peries, Manel Alexander, Freda Attapattu, Maureen Mendis, Gwendoline Kodituwaku, Gladys John, Jinawathie Jankia, and Girlie Abeywardena. To them fell the honour of helping to dispense the generous hospitality which Mudaliyar and Mrs. Perera in their inimitable lavishness had provided. A glamorous asset indeed, as they moved among the guests seeing that everyone had as lovely a time as could be had on this happy occasion.

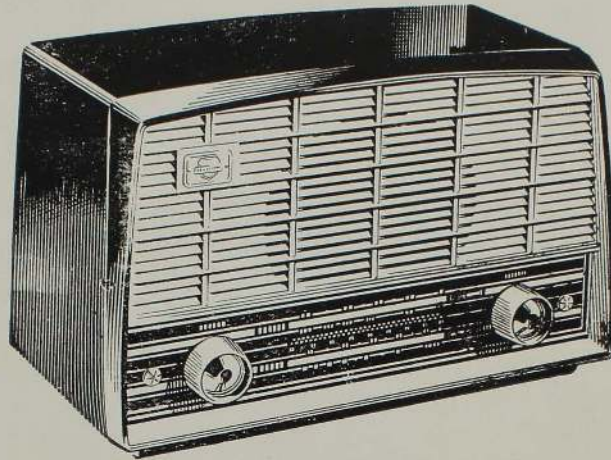
KULATUNGA — PERERA



Photos Plate

The wedding took place on the 19th of June at St Joseph's Grandpass, of Doctor Roy Kulatunga son of the late Mr. D. S. M. Kulatunga, and Mrs. Kulatunga of St Michael's Weliwita, with Pearlle, daughter of Mudaliyar A. J. S. Perera, J. P., M. B. E., and Mrs. Perera.

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that was powerful and vigorous and a manner that was crude and brusque. A few minutes of his company were like a plunge into an icy stream—very bracing, but too exhausting to be indulged in except at rare intervals.

Mr. K. P. S. Menon, our late Indian Agent, was at Christ Church with me. He was a brilliant scholar and was placed first in the first class in the Honour School of History. He won a fellowship of All Souls, a rare distinction, but it was not awarded to him as the authorities frankly admitted that they did not want an Easterner. He was always too immersed in his work to take much part in the social or other activities of Oxford, but I used often to meet him in our College J. C. R. of an afternoon, and have long talks with him as we had our tea together. His luminous and cultured mind shed a lustre on the most ordinary conversation.

WEDDING

Salim—Irifatul Lillin.

On the 18th of May, 1957. The wedding took place at Edinburgh Grove, Colombo 7, according to Islamic rites, of Irifatul Lillin eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Z. Abdeen, with B. S. Mohamed Salim (of M/s. A. Meera Mohideen and Sons, Colombo 2.)

The bride looked enchanting in a striking gown of silver lace designed and made by Mrs. Spillers. The bouffant skirt featured a front V-Shaped panel of nylon net exquisitely appliqued with silver lace motifs and the full silver lace bustle was laid over with kilted nylon net.

Her long tulle veil was outlined with silver beads, and her bouquet was of madonna lilies. She wore Cinderella slippers and her jewellery was of diamonds. Her novel hair do was the handiwork of Mrs. de Lanerolle.

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**MARKETING
DEPARTMENT.**

The Pitman Story

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



IN a house in our town, Wotton-under-Edge, there is a plaque bearing the inscription, "In this House Sir Isaac Pitman. B 1813. D. 1897. Invented his system of Shorthand known as PHONOGRAPHY In the year 1837."

A Lecture on the life of Sir Isaac formed, therefore, a most appropriate subject for the Wotton Historical Society's March meeting, and one could not think of a more suitable Lecturer than the great man's grand son, Mr. Michael Pitman, son of the member of Parliament for Bath. He gave us a comprehensive picture of his grandfather's whole

life, laying particular stress on the short Wotton under-Edge period as being the formative, and so the most important time of his career, when he invented his phonographic system working in the drawing room of the house in Orchard Street. It was Wotton that provided the environment for the invention which has benefited the whole world.



The House in Orchard Street, Wotton-under-Edge, where Isaac Pitman invented his phonographic system of shorthand which is now in universal use.

Isaac Pitman, his grand son told us, was born, the second son of Samuel Pitman, manager of a cloth factory, at Trowbridge in Somerset on January the 4th, 1813. The woollen industry in the West country was then suffering from a depression, so Isaac's upbringing was hard by modern standards. There was little time for leisure in the Pitman household and no

idleness was tolerated by Samuel. When Isaac went to school he had to hurry there and back, without dallying to play marbles, an activity which his father regarded as a particularly heinous offence. He, and his ten brothers and sisters were all educated at Mr. Nightingale's school, but Isaac left at the age of thirteen because of recurrent fainting fits. Although almost 100 boys were crowded into a school-room 25 feet by 15 feet, without ventilation, no one thought that lack of oxygen might be the cause of his complaint and blamed it on a "weak constitution."

Isaac, who was a serious boy, with a religious turn of mind, found no hardship in the stern home discipline, in fact he was the only one of the children who was never beaten by his father. Samuel Pitman arranged evening classes at which the family learnt, among other subjects, music. When they had reached a certain proficiency on the harpsichord Samuel bought them a Broadwood piano. Isaac was so overjoyed with this instrument that he regarded it as a gift from Heaven, so he saved up his pocket money, and when he had got five shillings he changed them for a five shilling piece, which he put in the Zion Chapel collecting box as a thanks offering.

Isaac was a good swimmer; every morning he bathed in the river, and had a great reputation for daring on account of his diving from a ten foot bridge.

When Isaac left school at thirteen he went to work in the cloth factory, of which his father was manager. In order to continue his reading he rose daily at 4 a.m. His favourite books were the English classics, Iliad, and the Spectator. He also studied Lennie's English Grammar and learned its 36 rules of syntax by heart. He kept a small note book in his pocket, into which he used to copy passages he wanted to commit to memory. In the course of morning walks he thus learned the first 14 Chapters of the Book of Proverbs by heart.

Realizing that he did not know the correct pronunciation of all the words he met, Isaac read through Walker's dictionary, with the object of increasing his vocabulary and correcting his pronunciation. The reading of the dictionary was his first introduction to the classification of words by sounds, which was to play such an important part in his life later on. At about the same time he learned Taylor's system of shorthand.



Looking at the plaque on Isaac Pitman's house.

Religion played an important part in Isaac Pitman's life. His father was a member of the Church of England and his mother a Baptist, so when he began teaching in Sunday School at the age of ten, he alternated between the Church and the Zion Chapel. Besides leading the class in Bible reading, he accompanied the hymns on his flute. Eventually he abandoned the faiths of both his parents and became a Wesleyan Methodist.

In 1831 Isaac left his father's counting house and went to the British and Foreign School and College in Borough Road, London, to train as a teacher. The training college was part of the school in which 500 boys were taught by the Bell and Lancaster system of education. The boys were all assembled in the central hall in long lines of desks, with a slate in front of each pupil. All movements in class were carried out with military precision on brief words of command. When they were writing only their hair was visible to the Teacher, but when they stopped, on the word of command, all faces were upturned and the dark rows of heads suddenly became a sea of white faces. Tables and charts, not books, were used for instruction, which was conducted

in complete silence, except for the Teacher's voice. At the end of class the boys hung up their slates on hooks on the row in front, turned to the left, and walked out in single file.

It is easy to find fault with such a system, but it did achieve mass education economically. Each pupil paid two pence a week, and the remainder of the cost was met by public subscription.

Isaac distinguished himself at the College and the Director wrote to his father asking him to "send me as many more of your children as you can spare." He went to a school at Barton-on-Humber where, in addition to his duties, he corrected Bagsters "New Comprehensive Bible" with 500,000 references, in just under three years. He improved the Bell and Lancaster system here by marching the boys out of school to the music of his flute; each boy fell out in orderly fashion as he reached his home. At Barton he married a widow somewhat older than himself, to the concern of his family at home, but she won them over by her quiet charm and dignity of manner. She quickly made him give up his habits of asceticism; no more fasting on Fridays and back to music, which he had abandoned as being a waste of God's precious time.

When the Barton school failed financially Isaac Pitman moved to a new school in Wotton-under-Edge, close to the rest of his family, and came to live in the house in Orchard Street. He found Gloucestershire boys more unruly than those of Lincolnshire, but their work improved so much that, at Christmas the first and last pages of all their writing books were stitched together so that their parents could see the progress that had been made.

While at Wotton Isaac changed his religious denomination from Wesleyan to the "New Church", after reading the books of Swedenberg, resulting in his having to leave the school. He was expelled from the Wesleyan community, being found to be a heretic beyond reclaim.

The general public of Wotton do not seem to have regarded Isaac with disfavour because, at Queen Victoria's Coronation, he

was a member of the Town committee, and Mrs. Pitman was in sole charge of the "treat" which consisted of plum cake and tea for all, to the value of £60.

Isaac started a school of his own in Wotton, and it was this result of his religious defection that led to his invention of the Pitman phonographic shorthand system. He wanted to teach his pupils shorthand, but could not get text books of Taylor's system. So he wrote a text book of the Taylor method himself, and sent it to Samuel Bagster for publication, the same publisher for whom he had corrected the Reference Bible. Bagster sent it back advising Pitman to invent and write a system of his own.

This was enough to set Isaac off at once. He began in the Spring of 1837, working in the drawing room of the Orchard Street house, and continued to work right through the summer. He did not even pause for the 20th of June, when everybody was rejoicing over the accession of the Young Queen. "Not", said Mr. Pitman, "that I loved Her Majesty less than other people, but that I loved phonography more."

There was an immense amount of experiment and tabulation to be done. Isaac describes how, "with fear and trepidation," he tried the pairing of vowel sounds, as in peat-pit, pate-pet, ma-mat, caught-cot, with little hope of success. But practice soon proved that he had discovered the true method of rotation. The outcome was a modest little fourpenny booklet, published by Bagster, containing twelve pages, and two lithographed plates. This was the first Pitman's short hand it was entitled "Stenographic Sound Hand" and by 1839, one and a half years after publication, the first edition of 3000 copies was exhausted.

Such is the story of the invention which has since become of universal benefit, and by means of which so many estimable young ladies earn their living.

Pitman was an indefatigable enthusiast for causes of all kinds. He was very keen on spelling reform, about which he published several books; the duo-decimal system, wherein 12 is the key number, not 10, which Isaac said was only chosen because primitive man

counted on his ten fingers; vegetarianism, temperance, and non-smoking. But all his enthusiasms were subjected to the advancement of his Stenographic system.

When the Government offered a £200 prize for the best method of collecting the price for the pre-paid letters, under Rowland Hills penny postal reform in 1839, Isaac sent in the following proposal to the Lords of the Treasury. "Let plates be engraved in small squares of an inch space, the plates being 20 inches by 12 inches - 240 squares, the price of which when struck off on paper will be £1." Isaac did not win the £200 because he proposed that the squares, which we now call stamps, should be used to seal the envelope. The winner put forward an identical proposal, but suggesting that the squares be stuck at the right hand top corner of the envelope.

In 1843 Pitman had to give up his school in order to devote more time to the production and publication of more Shorthand text books and manuals. Then he had to leave Wotton-under-Edge for more convenient and spacious quarters in Bath. Finally after three intermediate shifts, he settled in Twerton just outside Bath, where the Pitman Institute still functions, with ever extending activities.

In July 1894 Isaac Pitman received the Honour of Knighthood at Windsor Castle for his great services to his Country in the realm of Stenography. Soon afterwards he retired, after being Editor of The Phonetic Journal for fifty two years.

Mr. Mazlin of Wotton-under-Edge worked under Sir Isaac as a "folding-boy", at Twerton for three years. If he caught a boy tilting his stool while at work Sir Isaac used to kick the stool from under him, and if he saw one of his staff smoking he used to buy his pipe to stop him. He did not realize that the smoker bought another on the way home, spending the generous balance in the Public House.

Sir Isaac died in 1897. He had started from humble beginnings, rising, by hard work and singleness of purpose, to the stature of a man whose name is known throughout the World, on account of his great invention, which he developed without thought of gain for the benefit of his fellow-men.

GATEWAY TO HAPPINESS



Photos Plate

- Top Row. 1. Dr. J. Lobo and Miss D. Misso. 2. Mr. Sidney de Soysa and Miss C. M. Jackson.*
- 2nd Row. 1. Mr. H. C. Mahaliyane and Miss Rose Gunawardene. 2. Dr. W. J. B. Karunaratne and Miss I. R. de Silva. 3. Dr. F. W. Gunasekera and Miss J. Ratnaike.*
- 3rd Row. 1. Mr. V. Balthazaar and his bride. 2. Mr. L. Piyadasa and Miss Daya Gunatilake. 3. Mr. K. Imbulana and Miss G. Jayatilake.*

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Talking Cocktails

With Hellings

OF Alfie. Head Bar Keeper of the "Queen Mary," Joan Crawford, and Her Highness the Maharanee of Gwalior.



HEAD Bar Keepers and their assistants are normally by nature and professional experience a rather suspicious lot. You've got to earn their confidence before you can engage them in conversation on a friendly and intimate fashion in your own cabin. I have met many but enjoyed the confidences of few though the majority obliged me with cocktail and other recipes.

It was therefore quite a surprise when at the Galle Face Hotel "Cads Bar" I ran into Bill whom I met some years ago on a P. & O. liner. He was out on a holiday having arrived by air that same afternoon. It was not long after that I coaxed him into spending a few days with me on my estate in the K.V. We have been discussing "cocktails"—famous bar-keepers-famous men and beautiful women and this article comes from his fund of information.

A SCREW-DRIVER.

Alfie Cain-an Englishman-is the Head Bar Keeper of the "Queen Mary" that wonder ship which is on the run between U.K. and New York. The "Queen Mary" on which Bill once worked as a Bar Steward has over a dozen bars from the intimate Mermaid Bar to the one at the top of the Observation Lounge. Alfie Cain spends his life brushing up his General Knowledge of drinks so that if Joan Crawford enters the Verandah Cafe and asks for a "Screw Driver" Alfie knows it is made up of Vodka and Orange Juice. Much of this knowledge is gained by Alfie who frequents bars both in U.K. and U.S.A. He orders drinks at these "joints" and his exquisite sense of taste tells him what he would not ask the Barkeeper—the recipe. Alfie goes back to the Queen Mary and probably improves on it—christens it and another cocktail is born.

Joan Crawford was often a passenger on the Queen Mary and Bill served her on more than one trip. One of her favourite cocktails was.

A few apricots cut up in halves,
1 glass of Apricot Brandy,
Dash of lemon juice,
Cubes of Pineapple, grapes and banana
Cover with whipped cream and grated dry nuts.

Serve with plenty of crushed ice. in a large fruit cocktail glass.

According to Bill nothing gave Joan Crawford greater pleasure than to quietly sip her drink whilst seated all by herself on the verandah while she looked out over the Atlantic Ocean.

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES.

The Maharanee of Gwalior travelled with her husband in October 1951 on the Queen Mary. Bill can never forget them as he received the biggest tip in all his life from the Maharajah and Maharanee. She was the cynosure of all eyes on board between Southampton and New York.

Whilst the Maharajah drank large quantities of milk and honey, Alfie persuaded the Maharanee to drink the following fruit cocktail. She became quite fond of it and insisted that both before lunch and dinner Alfie himself and nobody else should mix the cocktail.

3 or 4 fresh strawberries cut in pieces
A slice of pineapple cut in pieces
The juice of half a lemon
The juice of a fresh ripe orange
A few dashes of "fleur d'orangea",

Plenty of crushed ice and served in a large stem glass.

Bill goes back soon once again to resume his work on the P. & O. liners. He threw up his future on the Cunard Liners as "the strain

was too much though the trip took 4½ days. It is a continual rush—there's hardly any relaxation and the discipline and dressing on the "Queens" is according to him as rigid as that of the Guards regiments. And here's Bill's farewell cocktail to me.

BACARDI COCKTAIL.

1/2 Bacardi Rum

1/4 Lemon Juice

1/4 Grenadine.

Shake well in crushed ice.

Here's to Bill and I wonder what his cocktail present will be to the Dickoya planter friend with whom he will stay a week before flying to the U.K.

WEDDING

Kotalawala—Samaranayake.

The wedding took place on the 20th May 1957, at The Galle Face Hotel of Denzil A. Kotalawala, eldest son of Mr. Arthur A. Kotalawala J.P. and of the late Mrs. Kotalawala of Manorama, Pannipitiya; and Swarna, the youngest daughter of late Mr. Charles de Alwis Samaranayake and of Mrs. Hilda Samaranayake of "Sylvan Hurst Estate" Homagama. The bride was given away by her brother Mr. S. C. de A. Samaranayake. The bride looked very charming, in a rich Manipuri saree with a blouse richly embroidered to match. The tulle veil was held up by a Tiara set with brilliants. She carried a bouquet of May Queen Roses, Duranthus and tube roses. Her jewellery was of brilliants and rubies. Her going away saree was of a rich shot manipuri with a gold and red broad border, and a red blouse heavily worked in gold to match. She carried a bouquet of red anthuriums.

The Bridesmaids, Carmen Dias Abeygunawardena, and Naline Jayatilaka, wore lemon Nylon Chiffon sarees beautifully embroidered and carried bouquets of anthuriums to match.

Little Naleen Samaranayake was the Page Boy while petite Miss Wickremaratne was the Flower girl. The bestman and the groomsman were Mr. Douglas Kotalawala and Mr. L. B. Abeykoon respectively.

After the Poruwa Ceremony, the Civil ceremony was performed by Mr. G. Wanasundera O.A., Mr. A. P. Jayasuriya Minister of Home Affairs an uncle of the Bridegroom, and Mr. J. Kuruppu, Minister for Local Administration and Cultural Affairs, were the attesting witnesses. There followed a very largely attended reception given by the Bride's mother.

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New **MUM** ROLLETTE

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WEDDING BELLS

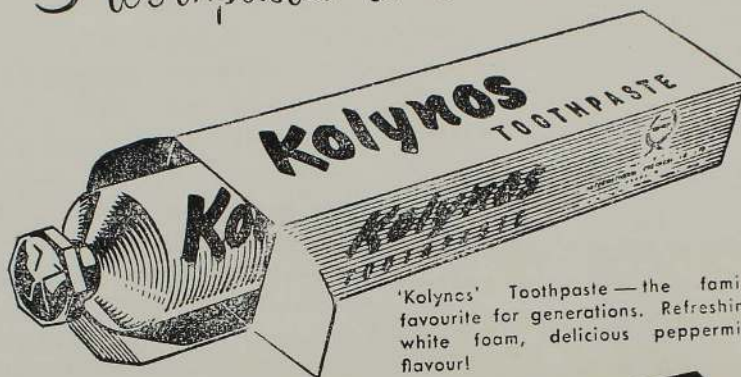


Photos Plate

- Top Row. 1. Mr. K. G. S. Perera and Miss Anula Dharmaratne. 2. Dr. Douglas Senaratne and Miss Sita Jayawardene. 3. Mr. J. V. Basnayake and Miss T. Don. Dunstan.
- 2nd Row. 1. Mr. Elmo Martenstyn and Miss L. Jonklass. 2. Mr. Joseph Perera and Miss Ethel Fernando.
- 3rd Row. 1. Mr. B. Emmanuel and Miss Sheila Pedropillai. 2. Mr. Ivan Perera and Miss Rita Fernando. 3. Mr. Arawawala and Miss M. Jayasinghe.

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A New Anuradhapura

THE REALISATION OF A PREMIER'S CHCRISHED DREAM

By J. A. Will Perera



THE noble, grandiose, and ideal idea of rescuing the Sacred City of Anuradhapura from the secular, with which it was in unholy wedlock; first took root, or was conceived by Premier S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike over a decade ago, when he was Minister of Local Government in Mr. D. S. Senanayake's Cabinet.

He rapidly put the great idea into effect by inviting his predecessor as Premier, Mr. D. S. Senanayake to initiate the building of Lanka's "New Jerusalem." At 4.55 p.m. (the auspicious hour), on Sunday, 13th February 1949, Mr. Senanayake inaugurated the building scheme.

On 18th May this year 8 years, 3 months, and 5 days after that inaugural ceremony, the "Father of New Anuradhapura" now Premier of Lanka, invited the greatest living Asian-Shri Jawaharlal Nehru-and a world figure, to formally connect the New City with the old. Mr. Bandaranaike's innate modesty forbade his opening New Anuradhapura, which he had every right to do, as the man who decided to divorce the sacred from the profane with its "madding crowd's ignoble strife", that ever disturbed the serenity of the Atamasthana holy shrines, and devotions of thousands of pilgrims annually.

"BEAUTIFUL CHILD."

Well may, Mr. Bandaranaike on that happy day in this life, have exclaimed with ecstasy, as did Governor Sir William Gregory in 1884 when he revisited Anuradhapura, which he rescued from the jungle tide, and enthroned her as Capital of the North-Central Province 11 years earlier:-

"I have never seen anything so beautiful as this child of mine"

Mr. Bandaranaike has visions of making Anuradhapura once more the Capital of the new Republic of Lanka in the near future Colombo remaining as the chief port, with Trincomalee a good second, where too, argosies

can load and unload merchandise. When that laudable dream of his is fulfilled, Mr. Bandaranaike like blind Simeon of Palestine in the days of Christ can utter:-

"Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace because mine eyes have seen this great restoration"

"WHEN THE RUINED CITY RISES . . ."

Little did my revered "Guru", the late Rev. W. S. Senior (also a product of Oxford a Balliol Scholar—like Mr. Bandaranaike) dream 48 years ago when he recited with tremendous emotion for the first time, in the old hall of Trinity College, Kandy, his now famous poem "The Call of Lanka", that his foster-mother Lanka, would be independent. Little also did he dream that Our Eternal City would rise purified in 1957, as an undefiled Holy City.

Little did the late Sir William Henry Gregory (one of our beloved Irish Governors), dream in 1873 when he carved out the North Central Province, and crowned Anuradhapura as its Capital, that 84 years later in 1957, a new city would arise on the outskirts of the Eternal City, leaving it cleansed. In 1877 illness necessitated Sir William's retirement from Ceylon. Seven years later he visited Ceylon and revisited Anuradhapura on February 22nd, 1884.

From Anuradhapura on that day, Sir William wrote to his friend Sir H. Layard in England thus:-

"The City itself was hid in Jungle and so pestilential that for several months it was actually deserted. I at once made the huge district a separate Province. I made a series of magnificent roads, connecting it with Trincomalee on the East, to the West with Puttalam the salt emporium, and made a road running by it from Kandy to Jaffna, 184 miles.

"I have never seen anything so beautiful as this child of mine this North Central Province. It is a splendid success. I hope I may have merit put to my credit side, for having thus rescued tens of

thousands of poor, helpless wretches from gradual extinction. You never saw anything more grateful than they were. Every soul came, if only to see their—deliverer, as they said once more.

"It is balm of Gilead to me that Sir Arthur (i. e. Sir Arthur Gordon his successor), goes on gallantly with this great and good work. I really think, whatsoever happens henceforth, my life will be serene, from my present fulness of happiness. "Thank God I have seen this great success and now I may depart in peace."

Like that Irish "Simeon" singing his Doxology 73 years ago, Mr. Bandaranaike our "Sinhala Simeon" can thank the Gods today for his eyes have beheld the fulfilment of his long cherished dream. Sir William was no hypocrite, else he would not have written so feelingly. Truly, he with Mr. H. R. Freeman, "the English gamarala" who died in 1945, must have been re-incarnations of Anuradhapura's Kings "Out of the fulness of his heart" Sir William wrote in that loving manner. The Late Major Oldfield thanked me personally for my tributes to Mr. Freeman and Miss Karney for their Labour of Love in N. C. P. Mr. Freeman's ashes according to his last wish, were scattered over the fields of Anuradhapura, his beloved City.

The Pioneers.

In this great historic year we should remember Sir William's collaborator, the late Revd: Naranvita of Ruvanweli Seya fame, **Bulankulame Kumarihamy** (Grandmother of Dissave Bulankulame,) who was the first to aid the monk financially, and who also supplied the labour force; the late Mr. Walisingha Harischandra, who originated the idea of a Holy City divorced from the secular; the late Revd: Devamitta Dharmapala (the Anagarika Dharmapala) one of Lanka's greatest sons; Messrs. J. D. Smith or (author of that Monumental work "The Architectural Remains of Anuradhapura"); and J. D. Young, engineer P. W. D. who carried out Governor Gregory's, Revd: Naranvita's, and Bulankulame Kumarihamy's plans. Governors Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir Arthur Gordon (Lord Stanmore) who initiated the restoration of the giant stupas should also be remembered.

Is it too much to hope that their names, together with those of Messrs. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike (Father of New Anuradhapura), D. S. Senanayake, and Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, will be engraved on the 20ft. Lion Pillar at the entrance to New Anuradhapura?

Such an act will be a generous gesture, and posterity will know who were responsible for restoring the Sacred City to its undefiled purity as in the ages when Kings reigned there.

OUR COVER.

Ten and a half miles from Colombo on the road to Avisawella we reach the delightful village of Kaduwela, where the Rest House stands on the bank of the Kelaniya River.

The peace of this rural rendezvous is so inviting, it is a favourite haunt of honeymooners"

We wander along the shady banks, lush with foliage, until we get to Raggahawatte and there we take the ferry for the humble price of ten cents a man, to Biyagama on the opposite side. Should we require it,

our car will be transported on a raft for just a rupee.

But we prefer to walk, wandering through the contented atmosphere of village life, chatting with dark eyed, dark skinned children, and learning much of the sweet way of life beyond the city, until we come to Dompe.

Give me the rural roadway
When the dust of the city palls,
And let me abide in solitude
When the lure of the river calls.

A.

W E D D E D



Photo Plate

*The wedding took place on the 11th, June 1957
of Mr. Mervyn de Silva with Miss Rita Fernando.*

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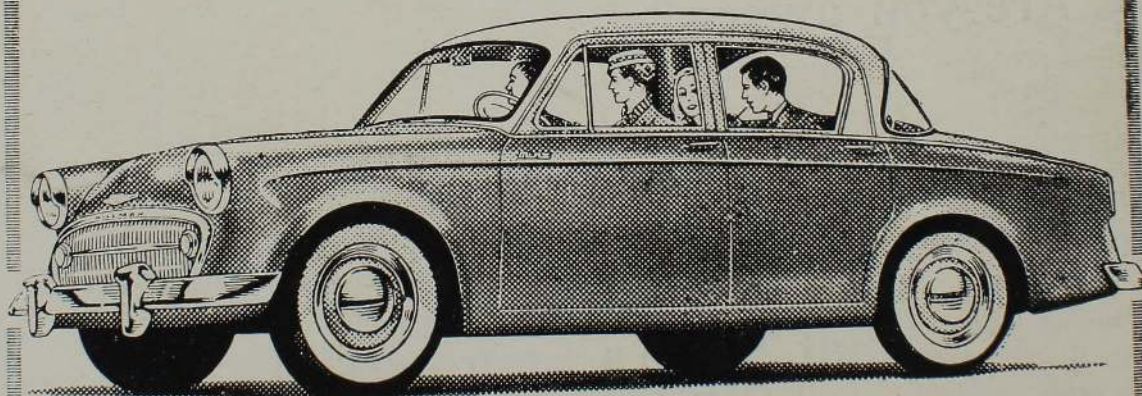
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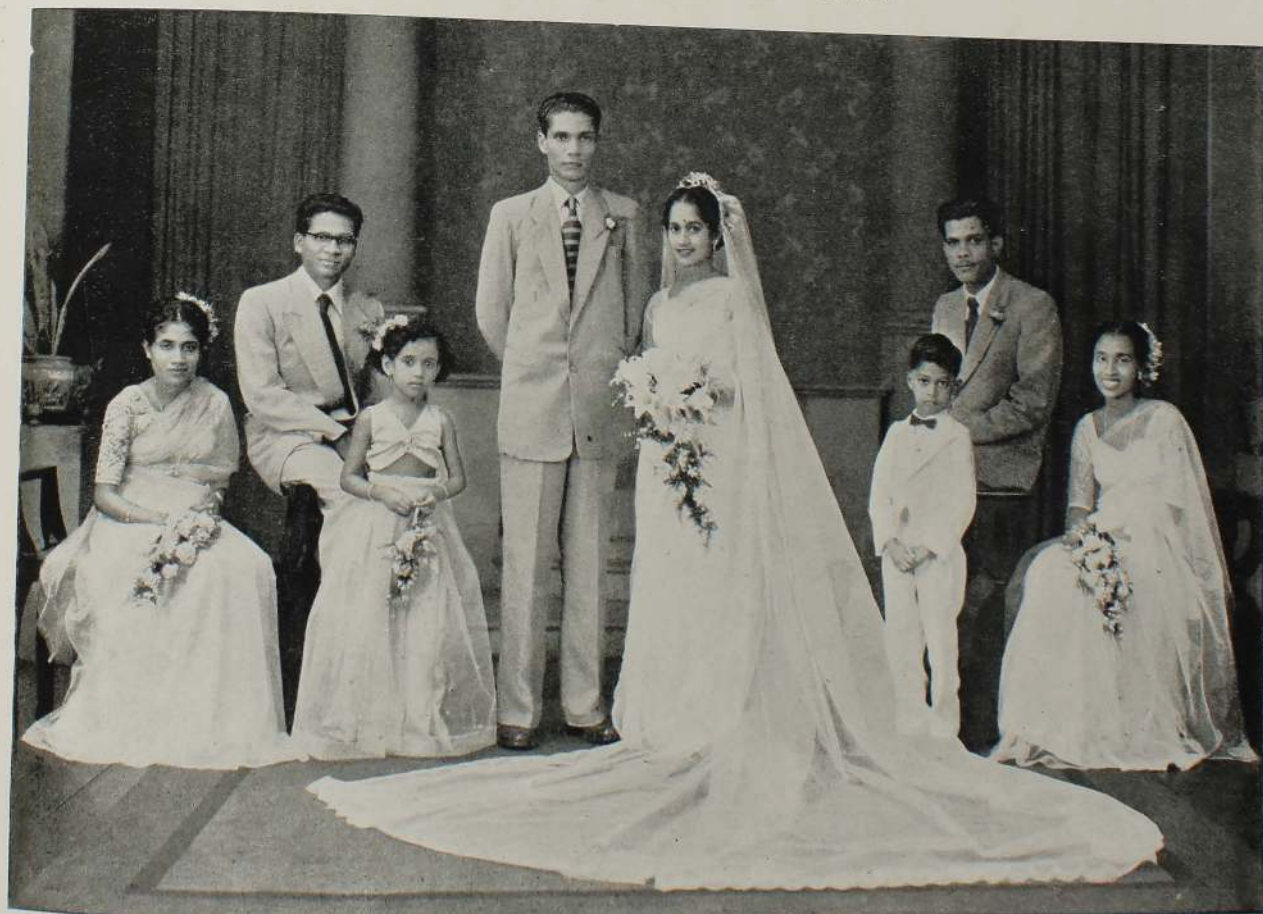
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The wedding took place on the 8th of May 1957 of Miss Irifatul, Lillin Abdeen and Mr. B. S. Mohamed Salim.

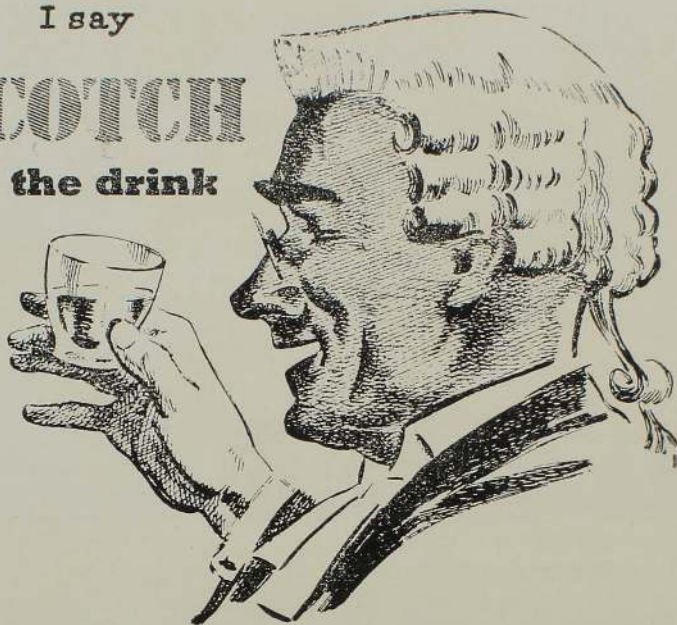


Photos Plate

The wedding took place on the 18th of May 1957 of Mr. H. G. Mahaliyane with Miss Rose Gunawardene.

L. to R. Miss Beatrice Perera, Shireen de Silva, Chandrasiri Kularatna (groomsman) Bridegroom and Bride. Newton Mallikarachchi (Bestman) Lovelie Attalage (page)

I say
SCOTCH
is the drink



Yes, says the Barrister,
With my grasp of the facts,
I know Scotch is the drink
And, of course . . .



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"White Label"
is the Scotch

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Maduwanwela R. M. was A Remarkable Man

By Hellings

FEUDALISM produced men who adorned their age as great leaders set the stamp of their personality on the democratic age we live in today. Among these feudal Chieftains one must take pride of place above all others that grand Kandyan aristocrat—the famous Maduwanwela R. M.

He was sole owner of 82,000 acres of land in Kolonna Korale situated in the Ratnapura District. These lands were gifted to an ancestor of his by King Rajasingha 2 and thirty thousand or more tenants lived on these lands. The story goes that the head of a Low Country Sinhalese General who had sought service under the Portuguese was brought to the King by the R. M.'s ancestor. The General had been shot by the light of his cigar which he was smoking after his dinner. That General's head was the price the Chief's ancestor paid for this vast acreage of land.

Today the trip from Colombo to Maduwanwela village a distance of 119 miles is not as arduous or as weary as in the days gone by when the old Chief kept his area remote and inaccessible except to those who made the journey on foot. Today the trip by car from Colombo would not take 4 hours, but my mind takes me back when as a lad of 17, I made the trip from my village home—also in the Ratnapura District—to meet this legendary figure of whom I had heard so much and on whose invitation my father was sending me.

I travelled by stages in a small hackery to Rakwana which I reached after four days and four nights on the road. From Rakwana to beautiful Bulutota, from which spot one starts the journey on foot. Four of the old Chief's retainers met me at Bulutota to escort me to the famous old "walauwa". Here you start down a steep path into Maduwanwela which is situated in a valley far below Rakwana. The path was very steep and winding.

I heard as I even hear now, the mighty roar of the Vijaya falls. There is an interest-

ing story about the Vijaya Falls. Its waters fall into a blue, bottomless pool. On full moon nights if you are lucky, so my escorts said, you will see the Golden Chariot and the Golden Crown of Vijaya—the founder of the Lion Race. He had thrown it into the pool as he fled from his enemies. The Chariot and Crown are guarded by a great golden eel with huge golden earrings. Nobody dare fish in these waters or attempt to retrieve the treasure. There are those who have tried. They have never been seen or heard of since. As my bearded, aged escort related this and other stories to relieve the monotony of the journey, footsore and weary as I was, I was keener on reaching my destination.

At last—it seemed ages since we left Bulutota—ahead of me was the famous residence of the still more famous Chieftain, Maduwanwela Walauwa and a large stone gateway carved in Kandyan style at its entrance. A bearded "guard" armed with a muzzle loader shouted "Who's that?" even before I approached the entrance. The password was my family name and the gate was flung open to admit the only son of an old friend and kinsman. The opening of that gate at the mention of my family name impressed me greatly at the time. I walked up to the house along a gravel path with huge trees on either side and I noticed the house was built in the usual Kandyan style of architecture. At the entrance on the cement steps stood a short, fierce looking, bearded individual with piercing eyes. The escort whispered "That is the Master," but I had guessed even before I had been told. There was something indefinable about his personality and no mistake could have been made about his identity. I bowed low and made my offering of betel leaves which I had brought all the way from my village home. A few tender enquiries about my father, and some curt questions about myself, before the Chief handed me over to his trusted servant with orders that I should be shown my room and then given some refreshments.

Having partaken of light refreshments personally served by his only daughter whose kindness was overwhelming, I was left to roam around and see things for myself. A large satin-wood door stood at the entrance to the main hall. It was six inches thick. The Chief's ancestors had many skirmishes in the past with the Dutch and this door bore the dents of many Dutch bullets. Antique plates, swords, daggers and all that a collector can dream of were in that house. What a colossal, colourful collection for any connoisseur! The old house itself was an antique, and was surrounded on all sides by a forest of huge satinwood, ebony and other rare trees. Apart and in the grounds was his Hall of Justice or Court House where he heard disputes and settled them in a manner akin to Solomon the Wise. Today I carry the impression that this was the inaccessible but lordly, luxurious and lonely abode of a Kandyan Chief who maintained his pride and arrogance in spite of the fact that he lived and served under British Rule.

It was probably this pride and arrogance that brought him into conflict with various officials. Many are the true stories related of him. Once at Kraal Town he met the Governor's A. D. C. who as those who knew him, was even more pompous than H. E. The old Chief was dressed in a sarong, pyjama coat, and carried a silk handkerchief tied turban-wise on his head with a walking stick in his hand. He politely asked the A. D. C. "Where are you going?" The A. D. C. replied—"Who are you that I should tell you where I am going"? The old Chief promptly drew a line with his walking stick across his path and said—"Take one step more and you will soon know who I am". In the twinkling of an eye the Chief's retainers had surrounded the A. D. C. who was flabbergasted at the turn of events. The old Chief told the A. D. C. off in his own inimitable way and sent him back to his quarters. Later H. E. having heard of the incident personally apologised to the Chief who thereupon invited the A. D. C. home and forgot the incident over champagne. His cellar, incidentally, stocked every liquor that money could buy. His hospitality was always remembered.

On yet another occasion a high official wanted to carry out a scheme which the old Chief thought was not suitable for his area. The official was adamant. Maduwanwela told him—"Carry on if you like but you will see what I can do". Along the grapevine went the order and the official had to leave the area because he was boycotted by the village folk and no boutique keeper would sell him anything. There is also the story of the Forest Officer who tried to tread on the old man's corns. He was told—"If you continue to stay in my area you might be mistaken for a sambhur or deer". The hint was taken quicker than it was given.

The most famous story concerned the German Crown Prince and party. Maduwanwela R. M. had arrived at Pelmadulla in the horse coach from Rakwana en-route to Ratnapura with three other passengers, his two retainers and his personal luggage. The Rest House Keeper on instructions walked up to the coach driver and asked him to empty the coach of all its passengers and luggage as the Prince and his party had to get to the Ratnapura Residency for an official dinner party that night. The three passengers alighted but Maduwanwela stuck to his seat. The R. H. K. then loaded the Prince's luggage and gun cases (they had been out snipe shooting) into the coach when the Prince and his party walked up. Noticing a "native" seated in the front seat one of the party asked him to alight. Maduwanwela stuck to his seat saying he had no intention of giving up his seat to anybody as he had paid for it. He also told them that if they wanted the coach they should have booked it early as he had done. All he got in reply was—"Do you know who we are? We are German Princes." The old Chief was annoyed and said—"I don't care if you are German Princes. I am the Black Prince of Ceylon." Having said that he threw the luggage of the Princes and their gun cases out of the coach and asked the other 3 passengers to get in. The coach driver did not dare disobey such a powerful and regular patron, and he drove off leaving the Princes, their luggage and gun cases on the R. H. grounds. The Princes missed the official dinner and reached Ratnapura towards the early hours of the



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following morning. Next morning as the old Chief was driving past the Ratnapura Club he was greeted with shouts of "Come on—Come on in-Black Prince and have a drink." By that time the Govt. Agent and the whole neighbourhood had heard of the incident. The Chief walked into the Club and had a drink with the Princes and the planters, and the matter ended there.

It was of such stuff that this veteran Kraal organiser was made. His first lessons

in Elephant Kraals were learnt from his friend the late Hon'ble W. Ellawala who represented the Kandyans in the Legislative Council many years ago. Though there was a difference in years between the two there was a strong bond of friendship and kinsmanship. After the first Kraal ever held in Panamure the old Chief gifted his "guru" with an elephant for helping to organise the Kraal.

To be continued.

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The Well of Memory

By Dr. Lucian de Zilwa

2

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ALTHOUGH there were some signs of *fin de siècle* decadence in the nineties, the period was really one of intellectual and artistic quickening, with the emergence of great actors, playwrights, and singers in all parts of Europe. A student in London was singularly fortunate in having the opportunity of seeing and hearing most of them.

Sir Henry Irving was recognised to be the foremost actor of his time. He reigned supreme, with his leading lady Ellen Terry, and, in spite of his notorious mannerisms, was the idol of the people. The weekly attacks on him in the *Spectator* by Bernard Shaw served only to irritate his admirers, and increase their enthusiasm. I think I did not miss a single production of his between 1894 and his death in 1905. On the night of his death he played Becket at Sheffield, in Tennyson's play of that name, right up to the end, when Becket is cut down by the knights and falls to the ground saying: "Into they hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Those were Irving's last words before he collapsed as the curtain was rung down.

An Irving first night was a great event. The queues for the unreserved seats used to start on the previous evening. One day a group of students with a couple of girls from the Slade School went down to the Lyceum at 8 a. m., prepared to mark time for 12 hours. We found that over a hundred persons had already taken up their positions for the pit. The queue for the gods (the gallery), was longer. We brought camp stools, and nose-bags with sandwiches for lunch, and books to read when the conversation flagged. Street entertainers with their songs, violins, or juggling tricks helped to make the time pass. Itinerant traders did a brisk trade, with their light vehicles to supply biscuits, cakes and cups of tea.

After what seemed an eternity of waiting the doors opened, and we began to shuffle

forwards, step by step, until we sank into our seats. The atmosphere was electrical with excitement. During the performance a stillness that could be felt alternated with deafening applause.

At the end of the play the curtain went up to show the whole company. When they had been duly applauded the curtain rose again and Irving came on, holding Ellen Terry by the hand.

The audience rose, and clapped, and shouted, and waved handkerchiefs, in a tumult of enthusiasm. The curtain fell again, but nobody moved to go home, for there was still Irving's famous-first night speech to come. When he appeared the house went mad. He looked on with an amused smile on his austere face, and held up his hands. The uproar ceased, and he said his piece. He thanked everybody for their kindness, and so on, concluding with his invariable formula that he was "always their humble, obedient and loving servant."

That however was not the end. We made Irving come before us two or three times more. When the clapping continued he asked what he could do for us. "We want Ellen Terry" came from every side. He answered "I am sorry. I am afraid she has already gone." As he spoke she came tripping on to the stage from the opposite wing. Irving exclaimed "Ah!", and went forward to meet her, and take both her hands. They bowed, and we cheered ourselves hoarse like a football crowd. And it now occurred to us that it would be nice to go home to bed, after a stand-up supper at Appenrodt's.

Of all the parts in which I have seen Irving I recall him best in *The Lyons Mail* and the Bells, in the tragic role of Shylock, as Richard III calling: "A harse! A harse! My kingdom for a harse!", as Wolsey in *Henry VIII*, as Louis XII, as Dante, and as Becket.

Many of those who served their apprenticeship under Irving developed later into famous

actor - managers, like George Alexander, Forbes - Robertson, Beerbohm Tree and Lewis Waller. Alexander produced at St. James' theatre in 1893 that epoch-making play by Pinero, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, which first revealed to the world the great powers of a young actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Even more important was the fact that it was a pioneer in the revival of the British drama. For some time past the theatres had been feeding the public on adaptations of foreign, mostly French-plays. Here was a home-made play fit to rank with anything produced abroad. Besides more plays by Pinero, there came the work of Sutro, Barrie, Carton, Chambers, Galsworthy, Phillips, and later Shaw. As all great artists periodically visited London, Paris and New York, we were able to compare their different conceptions of the same character. Eleonora Duse's presentation of *La soconda Moglie* was very different from that of Mrs. Campbell. We saw Magda, the heroine of Sudermann's play *Heimath*, played by Sarah Bernhardt, Duse Mrs. Campbell and a German actress. *Madame Sans-gene* was played by Ellen Terry, and by *Madame Réjane* in French. The *Coquelins* came across the Channel and gave us some of Molière's plays. Forbes - Robertson, with Mrs. Campbell produced *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. Alexander, at St. James', gave us Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and *The Importance of being Earnest*, the finest comedy in the English language.

The nineties also saw the invasion of the English stage by Ibsen's plays. Clement Scott was an opponent who wrote against Ibsen in *The Daily Telegraph*, but enthusiasts produced the *Doll's House*, *Hedda Gabler*, the *Wild Duck*, and others, with William Archer as Ibsen's champion. Sara Bernhardt's appearances as *Hamlet* and as *L'aiglon* in Rosfand's play were interesting, but proved that a male character was not at all in her line.

The Italian actress Duse was just the opposite of Bernhardt. She never indulged in violent declamation or theatrical action. She was an advocate of natural acting, and used no make-up at all until she was over forty. She suffered much unhappiness from an infatuation for D'Annunzio.

When I left Ceylon I had no idea of music at all. The only music I had heard was the

singing of anthems at Christ Church Cathedral by the choristers of St. Thomas' College, some of whom had angelic voices, and the rather operatic Masses by great composers, which were sung at St. Anthony's Cathedral Kandy under the baton of Father C. J. B. Fernando, when, as a small boy, I lived in the Benedictino Monastery. In London I developed a mania for operas and concerts. It is recognised that the savage breast is susceptible to the charms of music. When I arrived in London Joan de Reszke was the great Covent Garden tenor, and his brother Edouard was the bass who sang *Mephistopheles* in *Faust*. Apart from the Irving first night the only other occasion on which I waited in a queue for 12 hours was the first performance of *Das Rheingold*, the first of the *Nibelungen* cycle. We were all University students, and I remember that Bernard Hart, who is now a famous mental specialist, brought the score of the opera. We heard Caruso in *La Bohème*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and *Pagliacci*, and *Aida*, and *Madame Butterfly*, *Melba* in *Faust*, *Madame Calvé* in *Carmen*, *Kirkny Lunn*, *Fraulein Destinn*, *Scotti*, *Chaliapine* and Caruso were born in the same year, and were two years older than I. Chaliapine was a boatman on the Volga, and when he was singing as he rowed at night he was heard by an impresario on the river bank, and this led to his voice being trained.

At the Albert Hall concerts we heard Paderewski, and Fritz Kreisler, and Sarasate, the wonderful contralto Clara Butt and her husband Kennerly Rumford, and Adelina Patti, who was then about 60 years of age. Of course the older people said: "You should have heard her 20 years ago" After singing "*Sulle labbra se potessi dolce un bacio ti darei*" with the voice of a young woman, she was called upon for an encore, and the whole of the vast audience demanded "*Home Sweet Home*" and the old song acquired a new value for us.

In the nineties people were getting tired of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas which had pleased their fathers, and a new entertainment called "musical comedy" was taking its place. These innovators had their eye rather on box office receipts than on artistic excellence. The Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court theatre, in the next decade, did not extend the run of a piece, however successful,

for more than six weeks, because the actors grew stale and went through their parts mechanically. But most musical comedies, which were not of a very high artistic standard, cared little for this aspect of the matter. An extreme example is that of Oscar Asche's *Chu Chin Chow*, in which costumes and scenery had been provided regardless of cost, while the music was of no special brilliance. The production, however, pleased the Philistines, and had the record run of more than five years, enabling the management to rake in the shekels till their coffers were well filled.

To be Continued.

SUCH INNOCENCE

"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that even the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into horses, lowliness into loftiness and nothing into everything.

*"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity an hour."*

From Francis Thompson's Essay on Shelley.

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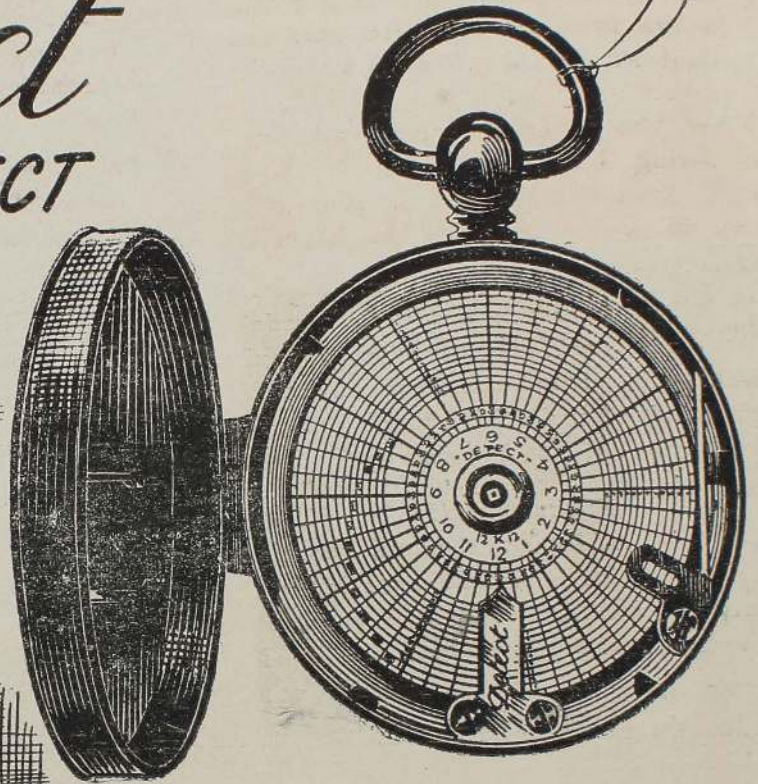
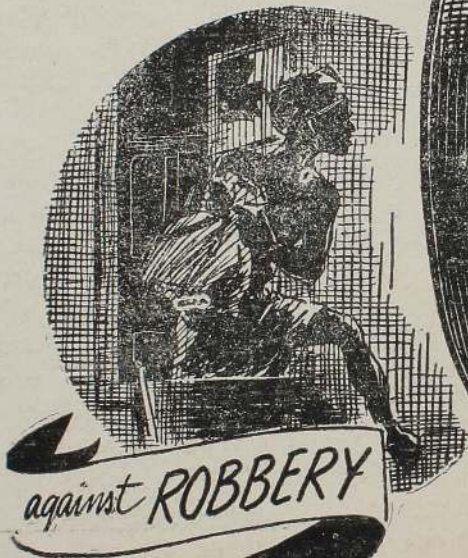
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By Juliette



AN enterprising lady who is out to raise Rs. 10,000/- with which to purchase a van for the Red Cross Hospital Canteen, (for the old one is worn out) within the next few weeks, is

Mrs. F. J. Frisby. She loves to keep herself occupied by rendering humane service to those less fortunate than herself, and is presently busy working on a benefit show to be held at the Savoy Cinema on July 23 in aid of this deserving cause.

She detests publicity but reluctantly consented to be featured in this column after much persuasion. Fifty-five year old, Mrs. Frisby was born in Eastbourne, Sussex, and came out to Ceylon in April, 1930, to join the Fraser Nursing



Home as a Nursing Sister. A fully trained nurse, she holds the S.R.N. and C.M.B. diplomas. She married the present Director of Darley Butlers & E.B. Creasys in December, 1932 at St. Peter's Fort. Mr. Frisby, who came out to Ceylon in 1925 is also the Honorary Consul for Bolivia.

A keen sportsman in his younger days, he played football for the C.H. & F.C. and also served in the C.P.R.C. & C.G.A. in the rank of Captain.

Mrs. Frisby's chief interests are gardening, reading and her pet lemon and white cocker spaniel "Winston" who has annexed the championship in his class in Ceylon and has now won 5 cups and the C.K.C. shield. Mrs. Frisby has travelled widely in Australia, New Zealand U.K. & the Channel Islands. She has also toured Ceylon at various periods, visiting the ruined cities and other places of interest. She looks forward to another such trip before she finally returns to her homeland. She has

taken a great fancy to the old-world-town of Galle and tells me that the town is a "must" on her list whenever she takes visitors on a sight seeing tour.

* * *

LEAVING Ceylon is **Connie Evans**, the popular wife of a popular official in the U. K. High Commission, who is being transferred elsewhere.

Connie spent her early years in North Wales and on leaving school entered the United Kingdom Civil Service. She was fortunate to be posted to Wales where she worked for five years and in her spare time became very interested in youth movements. She became Secretary of a Youth Club in Caernarvonshire for 5 years and enjoyed all its activities, especially swimming, badminton, concerts and debates.

Her transfer to the Great Metropolis brought romance in its wake! Connie married her superior officer who now considers the roles reversed. Her husband worked at the Commonwealth Relations Office until he was transferred to Ceylon 2½ years ago. They have a 3½-year-old daughter Carys (a Welsh name) She feels sure she has enjoyed every minute of her stay here. Incidentally, one of her husband's functions at the U.K. High Commission has been to organise the work carried out by the Ceylonese staff of the mission and the Evans' came to hold a very real affection for them.

Since arriving in the Island, Connie tells me that laziness has crept in and she has only played badminton and tennis while up-country, blaming the hot climate for her inactivity in Colombo. For 18 months she has done voluntary work at the Family Planning Clinic and has been very impressed with the progress which Ceylon is making in this field of social welfare.

An interesting conversationalist, Connie loves entertaining, and playing bridge. She likes

the theatre and music, especially opera which is sorely missed here and will avidly devour almost any type of literature put before her. On the subject of clothes, Connie admitted her preference for thin summer dresses, as they are the best for the tropics. She adores jewellery, and whilst in Ceylon has had a penchant for sapphires, aquamarines and opals, but she confessed with a twinkle in her eye, that her husband has kept her extravagance in this direction within bounds.

Husband and wife have taken time off to visit many parts of the Island and have been particularly impressed with Trincomalee, and the ruins at Sigiriya & Polonnaruwa, besides enjoying their rather infrequent trips up-country. They can hardly believe they've been here for 2½ years. "When we leave we shall take away a host of happy memories," she said. I shall miss most among the geographical characteristics of the country, the beautiful flowering trees and the south coast beaches and shall also miss the friendliness and kindness of the people of Ceylon... we do not know what my husband's next assignment will be, but we hope that if we go abroad again we'll be as lucky and happy as we have been in Ceylon."

* * *

AN INTERESTING personality is **Helen Beadman**, wife of the Manager for Ceylon of British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd.

Helen has wide and varied interests. She is extremely fond of music, playing the piano a great deal. It is the same with painting. She loves to dabble in oils. A keen ballroom dancer, she had participated in dance competitions and exhibitions. Much to her regret, however, these have had to give way latterly to household chores and bringing up four sons.



A voracious reader, she reads anything but dislikes thrillers. She has a reputation as an excellent hostess and until recently has had to do a lot of official entertaining, but prefers friends for small supper parties best of

all. She is a good cook and does quite a lot of it.

Helen is very interested in clothes (which woman is not?) and mainly wears full skirts and likes doing her own sewing too. She thinks that the *Sari* is wonderful and hopes to take some back when she goes on holiday this year. She is also fond of experimenting with make-up, wears large rings and adores earrings.

An enthusiastic animal lover, she keeps rabbits, cats and has two dogs—her Great Dane becoming champion at last year's show. Helen has been twice to Australia, visiting Perth & Melbourne and tells me that the trips "down under" were thoroughly enjoyable. She was on the first passenger boat to touch at Sabang after the war and has had an interesting experience travelling on a cattle-ship to Singapore from Melbourne. She has also been all over Ceylon with her husband who is very keen on shooting.

The Beadmans are now looking forward to their home leave. Their two sons are in a boarding school in England. Allan (16) the eldest, is a big lad and has just been awarded his life-saving-certificate. In fact, *Helen* is proud that both her boys are good swimmers. Husband and wife hope to return to Ceylon for a few months next year and will be very sorry to say goodbye to friends when the time comes. Amongst Helen's good friends is Sirima, wife of Prime Minister Bandaranaike.

THE SLANDER

*'I was but a breath,
And yet the fair good name was wilted.
And friends once fond grew cold and stilted
And life was worse than death.*

* * *

*'One' venomous word
That struck its coward, poisoned blow
In craven whispers hushed and low,
And yet the wide world heard.*

* * *

*'Twas but one whisper, one
That muttered low, for very shame
The thing the slanderer dare not name
And yet the work was done.*

* * *

*A hint so slight
And yet so mighty in its power:
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.*

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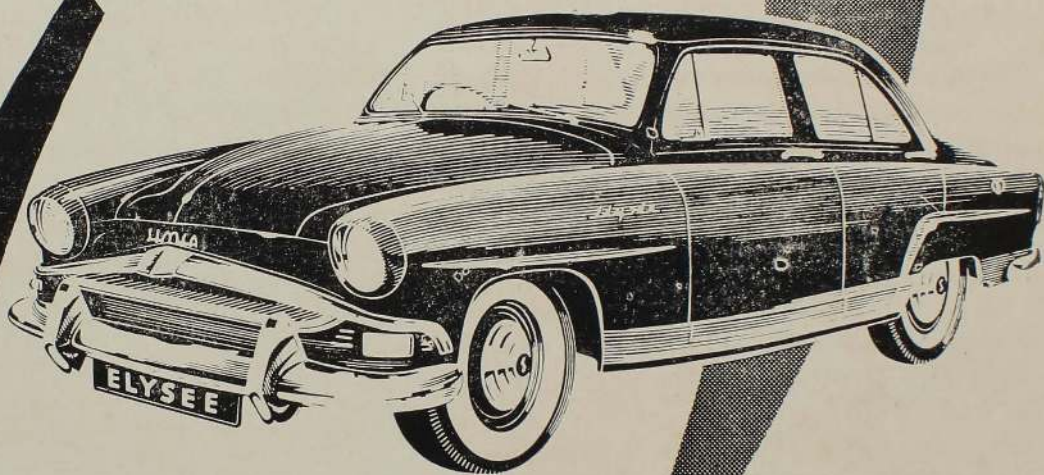
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June, 1957



The story so far:-

Barbara Reinhardt (Babs) was annoyed to find herself being shadowed whenever she swam out in the sea of a Sunday morning. Subsequently she came to know and married her shadower, Dick Hearst.

They had known some years of happiness together, when Dick received a serious head injury in a motor accident and had to retire from the Civil Service as he found himself incapable of any concentrated mental effort.

Some months after his retirement they went on a trip to Arugam Bay, and while there discovered and explored a deserted shooting box situated off the road to Panam which had belonged to a retired English planter who had met with his death in the jungle. Dick conceived the idea of leasing the place and Babs who had had a vivid premonition of impending danger whilst on the threshold of the house reluctantly agreed to it.

The next morning they met Mr. Joshua, the attorney of the heirs of the deceased planter, and he warned them against taking the place as he knew to a certainty that it had been cursed; but Dick would not be deterred and took it on a year's lease.

Now read on:



THE week which followed was a busy one. Quick decisions had to be made as to the crockery etc. necessary to supplement what was already available at the shooting box.

The Arugam Bay resthouse keeper was obliging, and agreed to their remaining on at the resthouse for a few more days till they were ready to shift into their new quarters

"That was a lucky shot,
Master, the tracker remarked
softly."

His only reaction, when they told him of their decision, had been to spread out his hands in a helpless gesture.

There was a hurried journey to Colombo to make arrangements for a prolonged stay away from their home. It so happened that Dick was able to lease his house in Colombo fully furnished for a period of one year on advantageous terms. It grieved Babs to leave the home which held so many treasured memories for her, even though it was only temporarily. She hated the very idea of strangers living there. She could not bear to think that the garden which the two of them had tended with such care over several years might soon fall into neglect. It was not as though they had merely been tenants. The soil of the garden the house and every stick of furniture in it was their very own; but when Dick pointed out that the alternative would be to leave the house unoccupied, she realised that leasing the house out was certainly the less of the two evils, and reconciled herself to it.

Dick also took the opportunity of trading his car in for an estate car of the same make which he realised would be just as comfortable and at the same time serve his purpose better.

And so after a very busy two days in Colombo during which they had to complete all the necessary arrangements they set out for Arugam Bay. The estate car was loaded to capacity, as besides the articles of clothing and the various knick-knacks which they considered essential to their well being, they also had with them her father's old and faithful servant and retainer, Janes, who was devoted to her, and Scamp, her little fox terrier.

At length everything was ready, and one gloriously sunny morning they shifted into their jungle home. Gone were all Babs' fears and misgivings. It was a truly beautiful spot and the novelty and excitement of it outweighed all other considerations.

The little fox terrier was excited and kept running around barking furiously and getting in everyone's way.

They found that the water in the well was slightly brackish but crystal clear and very palatable.

Old James, their cook and general factotum was at first inclined to turn up his nose at the jungle surroundings, having hitherto been a town dweller; but he changed his tune when he realised that the kitchen equipment left nothing to be desired, and that firewood would never be a problem. However, there were dark nights when he yearned for the sight of a street lamp or a brightly lit double decker. At such times he would wonder what evil spirit had driven his master and mistress into such a wilderness, when they had a perfectly good house of their own within a stone's throw of all the amenities of modern civilisation. But life had taught him to be a philosopher and he concluded that his master and mistress were queer, but it was not for him to question their eccentricities, their likes and their dislikes, so long as they gave him a fair deal, and they had always done that. Besides, had he not cherished memories of long bygone days when he had carried the "Missie" about as a baby? Had he not seen her grow to womanhood? Though he did miss the circle of gossip at the boutique round the corner, he could still enjoy the luxury of his post prandial cigar, and that was some consolation! With commendable foresight he had laid by an ample stock of "Jaffnas" before he left Colombo for the wilderness.

Chapter XXX.

The months sped happily by for Dick and Babs. Every day seemed sheer delight and brought them some new and interesting experience.

They would wander hand in hand for miles along that lonely beach accompanied by Scamp who would give neither himself nor the crabs which abounded, any peace.

They soon made the acquaintance of a tracker who lived a few miles away and experienced the thrills of hunting in the dense jungle. Not that they took the hunting part of it seriously. They were keener on seeing the denizens of the forest in their natural habitat. Besides, tramping the eerie jungles was an experience in itself. There was always that uncanny feeling that unseen eyes were closely observing their every movement.

They marvelled at the noiseless tread of the tracker as he guided them through the undergrowth and were at pains to achieve in some measure the silence of his movements in the jungle.

At first the tracker looked askance when Babs accompanied them but he soon grew to accept her as one of the party, when he found that she was prepared to undergo hardship and keep up with him and Dick on their long treks through the jungle, without any complaint. Indeed Dick would often wonder inwardly at the apparently inexhaustible reserves of energy and endurance which lay concealed beneath her frail and slender frame. If at any time she did feel the pangs of hunger and thirst, she never mentioned it.

Dick and Babs could never forget their first contact with wild elephants. They had been walking through the dense jungle when the tracker suddenly motioned to them to halt. "Elephants ahead," he whispered. It was clear that the elephants had sensed their presence, for the next moment there was the sound of trumpeting and the crushing of the undergrowth and they had a fleeting glimpse of one of the monarchs of the forest as he strove to put as much distance as possible between himself and the intruders into his kingdom.

"It is just as well that they did not come in our direction," Dick remarked in a dry whisper. Babs could only nod in reply; but the tracker was unconcerned. "There is nothing to fear," he declared. "It is only in exceptional circumstances that elephants or most wild animals, for that matter, will approach human beings, whom they try to avoid. Still it is always best to take as few chances as possible with elephants."

Once they determined to seek Bruin out in his own abode. It was a remote and

Cowan's

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gloomy forest with huge rocks which loomed up eerily in the semi darkness. They had proceeded a considerable way in single file and the gloom seemed to deepen. Just as they were about to pass a rock, a stench which Dick and Babs felt could only be of putrifying flesh reached them. The tracker brought them to a halt with a warning gesture "Smell of bear," he whispered. The stench grew almost overpowering and they waited with bated breath. Suddenly the tracker exclaimed, "Look out on your left!" Startled Dick looked, and there just by the rock, scarcely perceptible in the gloom, was a shaggy shape rearing up on its hind legs within a few feet of him. He could almost feel its foul breath on his face as it advanced to the attack.

In that split second Dick, barely aware of what he was doing, had got his gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. A deafening report echoed through the silent forest. It was none too soon, for the bear had in the moment of his death been near enough to knock his gun from his grasp like a toy, and Dick's spectacles too had fallen as a result of the sudden jolt.

There was an exclamation of dismay from the tracker and Dick looked round wildly and helplessly. They need not have worried. The bear was dead.

"That was a lucky shot, master!" The tracker remarked softly.

"Are you alright?" Babs asked him in a scared whisper.

"Yes" Dick replied groping about on the ground for his glasses, which he succeeded in retrieving. "But it was a very near thing though. If that first shot of mine had not knocked him out, I would have been a goner. He must have come on us from the other side of the rock. The tracker was taken completely unawares, for once!"

"I have had enough of this! Let's get away from here!" exclaimed Babs shakily.

"Hey! Not so quick!" replied Dick. He had recovered completely from the shock. "If you think I am going to do a bolt leaving this magnificent pelt behind you are jolly well mistaken! Why, this brute must measure a good five feet!"

The deft and well practised hands of the tracker had the bear skinned in next to no time, and they made their way from the sinister spot, much to Babs' relief.

Dick once shot a deer, but swore never to draw bead on one again after he had seen the reproachful, expression in its dimming eyes.

He had no such qualms about hunting the wild boar, of which there was an abundance in the locality; but he always hunted for "the pot" only, and did not kill indiscriminately.

They fared like princes, and on rather rare occasions had the welcome addition of pea fowl to supplement their diet. Babs discovered that the flesh of the pea fowl was more tasty than turkey, once James had mastered the rather elusive art of roasting it.

The pea fowl, they found, was a wily bird with apparently telescopic eyes and difficult of approach to within shooting range.

The first pea cock they got, a magnificent specimen, was an unforgettable experience to Babs. They had been driving in the direction of the Panam Wewa, early one morning, when the tracker who was with them whispered "Stop. Peacock." They halted, and Dick under the tracker's directions succeeded in getting up to within easy range of it and bringing it down. In its death throes it spread out its beautiful tail feathers for a fleeting moment, and for the first time Babs who had accompanied Dick realised with something akin to awe what amazing plumage the bird had. It was carefully skinned complete with all the feathers on their return home and the skin and feathers preserved as a souvenir of the occasion.

Strangely enough, though they had seen several snakes in the vicinity, they were not worried by snakes in their home, except on one occasion when a cobra was held at bay near the entrance to the verandah by Scamp giving Dick time to fetch his gun and shoot it. On the advice of the tracker they took the simple precaution of keeping the strip of garden immediately bordering the buildings quite clear of vegetation, and it proved effective.

Of an evening they would often make their way to the top of the dune and, lying there relaxed on the warm sands after the day's exertions, watch the moon rise over the sea.

As the transport of water from well to house in quantities sufficient for bathing was rather a problem, and they were reluctant to overtax old James, they soon learned to appreciate the pleasures of a bath at the well amidst peaceful surroundings.

The only time of day when her fears and apprehensions returned to her was just as darkness was coming on. Then the jungle at their door step seemed to be full of sinister shadows, and the incessant boom of the surf on that steeply shelving shore took on a note of menace; but her fears were dispelled when the lamps were lit, and the house became a cosy haven for her and for Dick—a diminutive circle of light in a wilderness of surrounding darkness.

To be Continued.

A "Lotus" Wedding

Jayawardene — Perera

Ceylon is the land of the lotus and a very original idea was the "lotus theme" on which was based the very pretty wedding of Mr. Gamini Jayawardene youngest son of Mr. U. A. J. J. Jayawardena, J. P. U. M. and Mrs. Jayawardene of Dippitigala Estate, with Miss Mallika Perera, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.C.S. Perera of "Ramya" Pamankade Rd. Wellawatte, which took place recently at the Galle Face Hotel.

On a poruwa resembling a lotus pond, the bride looked radiant in a saree of a lotus floral design in lace highlighted with crystal diamante and mother-of-pearl sequins. The blouse of nylon tulle had an unusual neck line edged with dainty lotus motifs worked in the same effect as the saree. Her beautiful head-dress holding up a long veil was of wild roses and coconut flowers, the latter forming a design of sunrays studded with diamante. Her bouquet appropriately, was of white lotus and coconut flowers.

Her jewellery was of brilliants and pearls

Going way she wore a rich Manipuri with matching blouse and carried anthuriums.

The bridesmaids wore pink skirt sarees featuring borders in a design of lotus ponds outlined in mother of pearl sequins and silver beads.

The little maids wore frocks to match and they all carried pink lotus.

The attesting witnesses at the civil ceremony were the Hon: Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister, and the Minister of Finance, Mr. Stanley de Soysa.

Mr. Doyne de Mel was bestman and Mr. Mithia Perera, groomsman.

The maids were the Misses Lathitia Perera Monica and Suneetha Sumanasinghe, Anoma Kuruppu, Ramayanjala Perera, and Lalitha Edirissuriya.

The wedding cake structure was a large lotus. A well attended reception followed.



Children's



Club



Conducted By Auntie Anne

Dear Boys and Girls,



HERE we are already in the middle of the year. Doesn't time run out fast? The hot weather has gone by and the rains have come in, and all over the smiling face of the countryside the trees are blossoming once again. It is the cycle of nature asserting itself-like the shadow and the sunlight of life. Without either our days would be empty. For there is a beautiful side even to the darkest shadow-the shadows of suffering and ill-health, of care and disappointment. When relief arrives it is so very welcome.

"The soul of man is purified from its grosser elements and rid of all that is base and unworthy, by one thing only-by suffering."

It is a good maxim to remember when the shadows become entirely our own.

You must be busy now at your mid-term school tests. Here's wishing you luck.

With love
Auntie Anne.

The Story of Saradiel Robin Hood of Ceylon.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Saradiel, born of poor parents grew up to be a bandit.

Living in the dense jungles of Utuwankande with his merry men, he helped the poor by robbing the rich. One day he visited an English Planter and demanded a loan at the point of a gun. The planter gave it to him willingly and became his friend. The servants were shocked, but the planter told them the story of Robin Hood of England, and when Saradiel returned the money, the servants were convinced of his goodness of heart.

Soon after robbing the Arrack Tavern of a bad, rich man, Saradiel went to see his mother

and he was arrested there, but on the following day he tricked the constable who was taking him to Kandy and escaped into the jungle.

NOW READ ON.

When Saradiel got back to his home in the jungle, Heeni who had heard of the arrest, was lying on her mat weeping bitterly. When she heard Saradiel shout "Ho there, my darling," she thought she was dreaming.

"Is it you Saradiel?" she said staring at him.

"Pinch me and you'll make sure," Saradiel laughed.

"Oh I am so happy, my Saradiel. But you must be tired. Come inside and have some refreshment. Mammalia brought me some venison and I have prepared a fine curry."

Where are the men?

They have all gone to town to get news of you and also to try to rescue you if possible. They will no doubt come back when they hear of your escape.

THE MEN RETURN.

The men returned at nightfall. They were full of news. The police, they said, were combing the jungle in search of Saradiel. Everywhere they kept asking people if they had seen a little man with handcuffs on his wrists. And on every tree and post in the town were placards offering a reward of £200 for information leading to the bandit's capture.

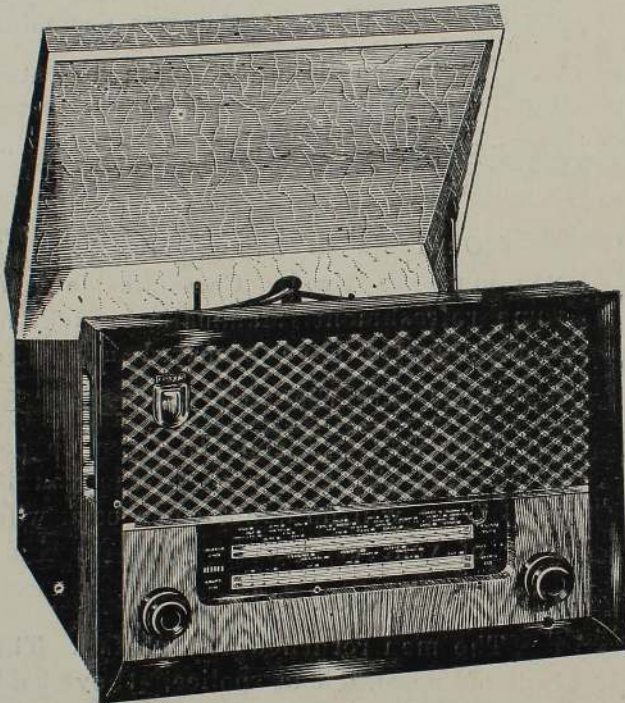
How the little fellow laughed when he heard that.

"They will never capture Saradiel" he said "For I bear a charmed life!" But let us get down to business. Mammalia, send out secret messages to all the poor in the town asking them to foregather in the usual place in the jungle tomorrow just before the sun goes down. Send a trusted man to the best eating house in the village and ask them to prepare a fine

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feast for these poor starving countrymen of mine. Tell them that the order comes from "he who knows no fear", and pay them well with that rascally tavern renter's money. Also buy one thousand bales of good cloth from the best draper's, and see that it is distributed equally among our guests. For the children there shall be sweets and toys."

Mammalia and three of his henchmen collected several bags of the money they had stolen the night before, and went off on their mission.

THE FEAST.

On the morrow just before sunset streams of men and women bearing children in their arms were seen wending their way into the jungle.

When they got to an open enclosure, spread out there on the green grass was the finest feed they had ever seen. Rich curries of many sorts were laid out in hundreds of dishes and there were great maunds of cooked yellow rice topped with currents and nuts and fried onions, all waiting to be eaten.

The waiters from the eating house were there to serve them. The guests' plates were clean squares of leaf cut off banana trees,

and they ate with their fingers. And when they had eaten their fill, there was still much left over for the stray dogs that had followed the poor folk into the jungle.

Suddenly three masked men bearing sacks appeared on the scene, "Be not afraid," shouted the tallest. "We come from he who knows not fear—Saradiel, friend of the poor. The feast was his gift to you, and in these sacks are many more gifts. When you have received them, go back to your homes and say no word to anyone."

Quickly and quietly the gifts were distributed to the people, and the bandits vanished as suddenly as they had come.

When the police appeared on the scene, the people were on their way back home. To all questions they replied, "We know nothing except that there was food and gifts and we were asked to take them."

When the Eating House was questioned, they replied that a man named Carolis Appu had ordered the feast and paid for it. But no man by the name of Carolis Appu could be found anywhere in the town, although the police searched long.

To be Continued

Beauty

*So beautiful, so dainty sweet,
So like a lyre's delightful touch
A beauty perfect, ripe, complete,
That art's own hand could only smutch
And nature's self not better much.*

Masefield.



ur Competition Page

Crossword Puzzle No. 249

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

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

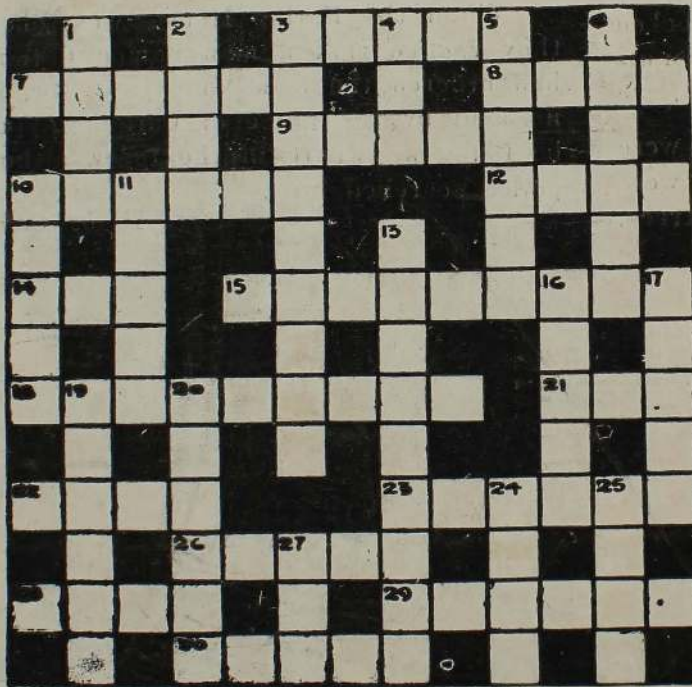
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Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

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

The Editor's decision will be final.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES

ACROSS

3. Bright
7. Ring
8. Vivacity
9. Damp
10. Grumble
12. Regiment
14. Incite
15. Outer boundary
18. Commercial combination
21. Evergreen tree
22. Excuse
23. That is to say
26. Justice
28. Castle
29. Affectionate
30. Convenient

DOWN

1. Jetty
2. Colour
3. Force
4. Energy
5. Conclude
6. Portmanteau
10. Conjecture
11. Trade journal
13. Remotely
16. Herb
17. Noisy
19. Colour
20. Scarcity
24. Step
25. Solitary
27. Firearm

Solution to Puzzle 248

ACROSS

1. Garland
8. Heroic
9. Out-number
10. Mutual
11. Vehicle
13. Nil
14. Wattle
17. Earthy
19. Gem
21. Decorum
22. Parent
24. Toothsome
25. Exhort
26. Prepare.

DOWN

2. Acumen
3. Lentil
4. Nimble
5. Perusal
6. Volunteer
7. Scalded
8. Hem
12. Hierarchy
15. Perplex
16. Chantry
18. Fester
19. Gossip
20. Murmur
23. Tot.

Winners of May, Crossword Competition

1st Prize Rs. 15—Mr. Desmond Weerasinghe, "Siriniwasa Waragoda"
 Kelaniya.

2nd Prize Rs. 10—Dr. J. B. Chapman, House Officer's Quarters, Civil Hospital,
 Badulla.

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 Address.....



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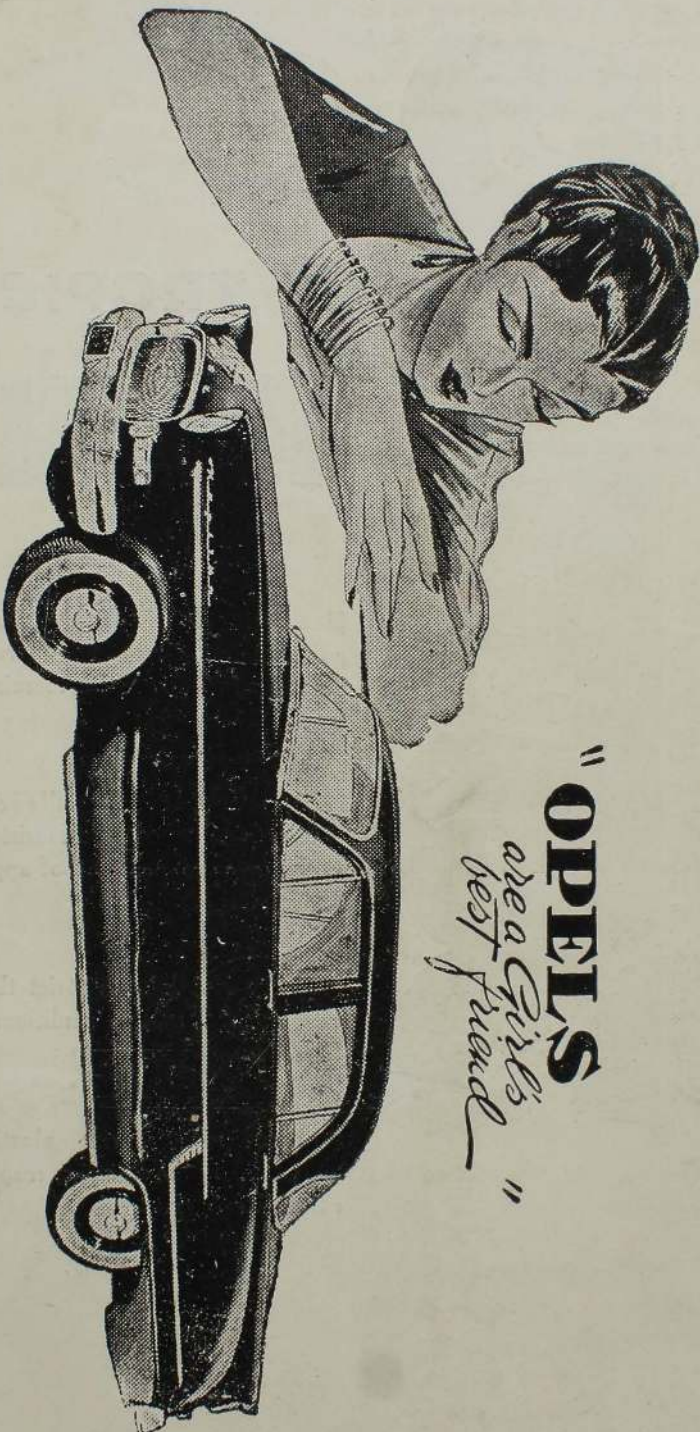
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