

THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

UG.—SEPT.

1960

PICTORIAL MONTHLY

OXFORD

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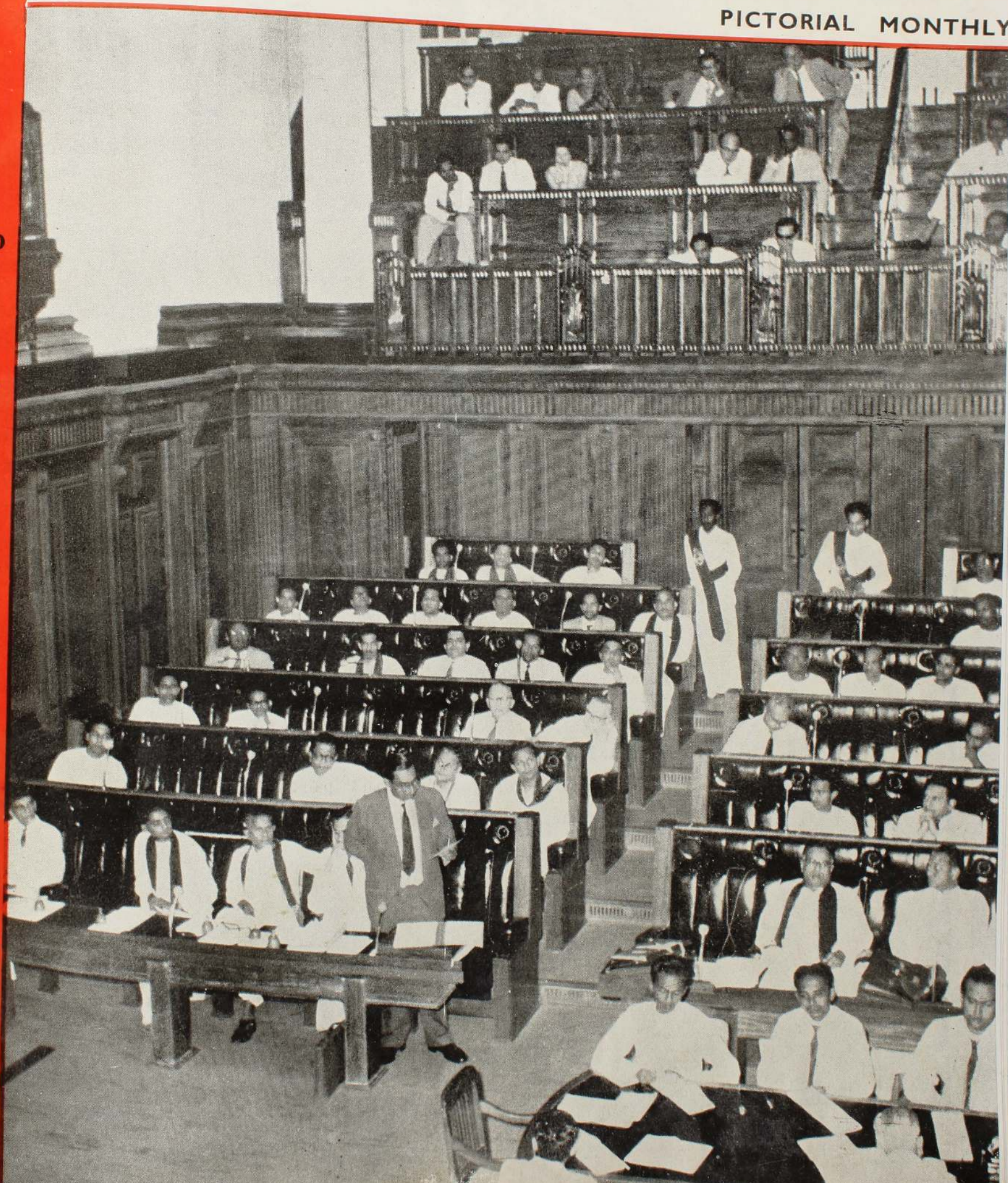
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Our cover page picture speaks for itself. Mr. Felix Dias Bandaranaike, Minister of Finance presents his first Budget. It took the nation by surprise—welcome surprise. All sectors of interests, hailed it.

THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

Vol: XXVII

Nos. 3 & 4

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AS A NEWSPAPER

Aug. – Sept. 1960

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COMMENTARY

THE Ceylon Causerie, a periodical which has weathered many storms during its twenty seven years of existence, enters a new lease of life under a new management.

This is the first issue produced under changed ownership.

The Causerie has come to be recognized in the magazine world, as a link with the past.

We do not intend to sever that link entirely. Indeed, in this issue, we publish two articles of a series, which have their roots in the past.

The first, which we take special pride in publishing is a re-print of a series of articles exclusively written for the Ceylon Causerie by our late Prime Minister Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike as far back as 1934.

The second, in autobiographical vein, is another series by Mr. H. D. Jansz, who edited the "Ceylon Observer" for twenty years. Mr. Jansz is better known these days to the reading public, as a delightful week-end free-lancer.

* * *

Our heart, however, is not with the past alone.

We are happily mindful that the switch-over of our ownership coincides with a national switch-over in socio-political values.

We have been labelled a society magazine but the society we have in mind is that which Thomas Jefferson extolled thus: "I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves....."

* * *

The late Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike once said that one cannot turn back the course of a river. Its flow cannot be reversed.

That river is now in spate. It would be hare-brained folly to refuse to recognize that the Mahaweli Ganga of the common man cascades onward through the nation.

"None are so blind as those who will not see."

* * *

Nation shattering events are on the march. The myopic and pessimistic throw up their hands in horror as if a revolution were round the corner. They have been jolted out of their Rip Van Winklish lethargy and complacency.

This is no national phenomenon, peculiar only to our shores. All the world over the Upper Ten are slithering into obscurity. The Submerged Hundreds are coming into their own.

Ceylon, for a long while out-of-step with history, is swinging into stride.



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Plundering... united only by their thirst
for blood and conquest... a young Giant
rises up against the hordes... striking
terror into their hearts... and they called
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Music by: **LES BAXTER**

FROM
SHADOW
INTO
SUNLIGHT



K. T. Selvadurai

Mrs. Sirima Bandaranaike, the first Lady of the Land, graciously took time off from her many-faceted duties, to give the cameraman, this quality portrait.

In it are portrayed her transparent simplicity, her grit and firm resolve.

From the shadow of a widow's grief she has humbly moved into the sunlight of world fame.

It took courage to submerge that perpetually welling grief and be at the helm of the nation's affairs.

It also took a granite determination to emerge from the grim shadow of her husband's tragic death.

The mantle of grief lies heavy upon her. But by sheer dint of determination and courage and dedication to her husband and his cause she leads Sri Lanka, at this hour of the nation's need.

The Ceylon Causerie salutes Madame Prime Minister and echoes the words of the Governor-General at the commemoration of the first anniversary of the death of the late Prime Minister Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike.

"You are the Mother of the Nation—a Nation of many races, and many religions, all looking to you for protection. Be not afraid in the service of your people. The spirit of your husband will guide you. You will win."

The late Mr. S. W. R. D. BANDARANAIKE, wrote a series of articles for the Ceylon Causerie in 1934. Back from Oxford, on the threshold of a brilliant political career, Mr. Bandaranaike set down his memories of his life at Oxford. The Ceylon Causerie proudly publishes these reprints. This is the first of the series.

MY OXFORD DAYS

WHEN I allowed myself to be persuaded, in a moment of weakness, by the Editor of the "Causerie" to write a series of articles on my recollections of Oxford, I scarcely realised the nature of the task I was undertaking. To delve into the dusty corners of one's mind for dim and distant memories must, I suppose, at the best of times be a somewhat saddening experience.

In my case it certainly was. For the very effort to recapture this period of my life proved to me startlingly the truth of the old saying of how quickly time flies; and then, the feeling that I was recalling experiences, on the whole pleasant, which I could never hope would be repeated, was in itself a melancholy reflection.

And now I must give the reader a warning : my views of Oxford will naturally be presented in the strong light of my own personality, and may differ widely from the opinions of others, particularly of other Oxonians themselves. At the outset, some description of my frame of mind towards Oxford when I went up may be helpful in understanding the subsequent recital.

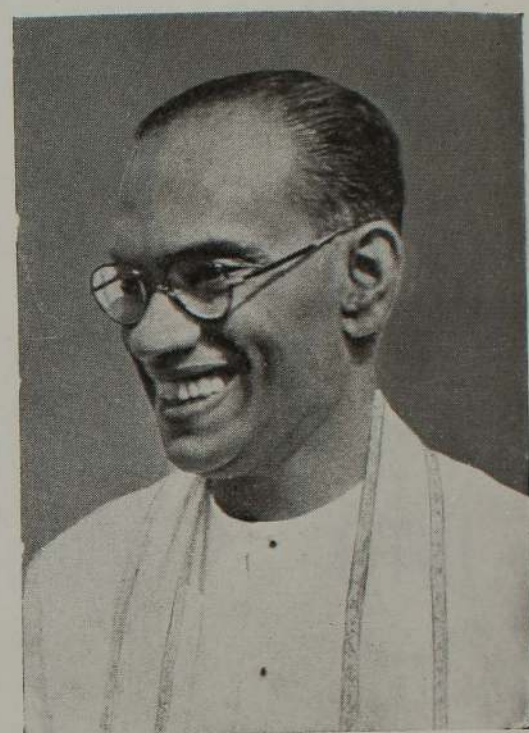
MY CHOICE

Oxford, to me, was not just an accident. My father, when I was quite a boy, asked me, perhaps half-jokingly, to which University I would like to go—

Oxford or Cambridge. I expressed an emphatic preference for the former, and as my choice must have coincided with his own, my name was entered soon after in the books of Christ Church, about ten years before I actually went up.

I think my choice of Oxford was due to certain novels which I had read with avidity, and which had made a profound impression on my boyish imagination. Indeed, I can still remember small details vividly. These books were "Tom Brown at Oxford" and "Verdant Green." I still smile when I think of all the wonderful things I decided I was going to do at the 'Varsity', the heroic leadership of the undergrads in a "town and gown" fight, the winning of a first in classics and the easy achievement of a "blue," the endurance with a courageous smile of the dark rites which caused such terror to Verdant Green, and, lastly, the dazzling of the Union by the brilliance of my oratory.

Beautifully tinted bubbles in the air ! But not all. I remember one day, when out riding during the holidays at home, thinking out a fine peroration for a Union speech. In the moment of inspiration I dropped the reins to gesticulate, and as a result very nearly dropped off my seat. Well, many years after, I used this same peroration in



S. W. R. D. BANDARANAIKE

one of my best Union speeches, and, as a storm of applause greeted me, could scarcely refrain from bursting into laughter at the comic recollection of my ride.

DESTINATION OXFORD

It was decided that I should go up to Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1919. An unexpected obstacle, however, confronted me. Owing to the large number of people going to England immediately after the War, it was almost impossible to secure a berth. After wandering about the shipping offices in despair, I managed to secure the promise of a berth on a M.M. boat, in a third-class four-berth cabin on the understanding that I could have my meals in the first-class saloon.

(Continued on next page)

IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS

(Oxford : Continued from Page 6)

This arrangement which I contemplated with some interest and my father, I fear, with a great deal of horror, was however rendered unnecessary by Government assigning me a berth on a Bibby boat. At last, at long last, I was launched on my great adventure.

In due time, on a bleak, grey October afternoon I found myself on the train that was to take me to Oxford. In my compartment were a number of undergraduates, whose chief ambition appeared to be the desire to pose as undergraduates. They smoked continuously, and talked and laughed mannishly. The climax was reached when they began to call each other "chaps." I

looked up, and caught the eye of the only other male undergrad in the compartment. We both smiled and he offered me a cigarette. The friendship, thus curiously started, continued during our 'Varsity' careers. His name was Thompson. He was a fairly good tennis player, and a not so good musician. I have entirely lost sight of him, but I am sure his friends will be relieved if he has finally persuaded himself to relinquish the pursuit of the fickle muse in favour of the more sturdy amusement of wielding the racquet.

I fear I must confess that my first view of the "Spires of Oxford" on that damp and dreary October day was anything but inspiring.

I drove straight to Christ Church, and leaving my cab with my bags outside, wandered about for quite a long time, incidentally getting thoroughly drenched in the drizzle, before discovering the ancient stair-case that led to the rooms of the Senior Censor, Mr. S. G. Owen, destined to be my "friend, philosopher, guide."

Here at last was something in keeping with my preconceived ideas of Oxford. Old Owen was obviously the typical don, antiquated, fussy, untidy, living in a world of his own, but withal kindly. He wanted to know what "schools" I wanted to take, and when I said classics, frankly admitted to me his feelings that it was unwise for anyone but an English public school

(Continued on page 23)

NESPRAY



PURE

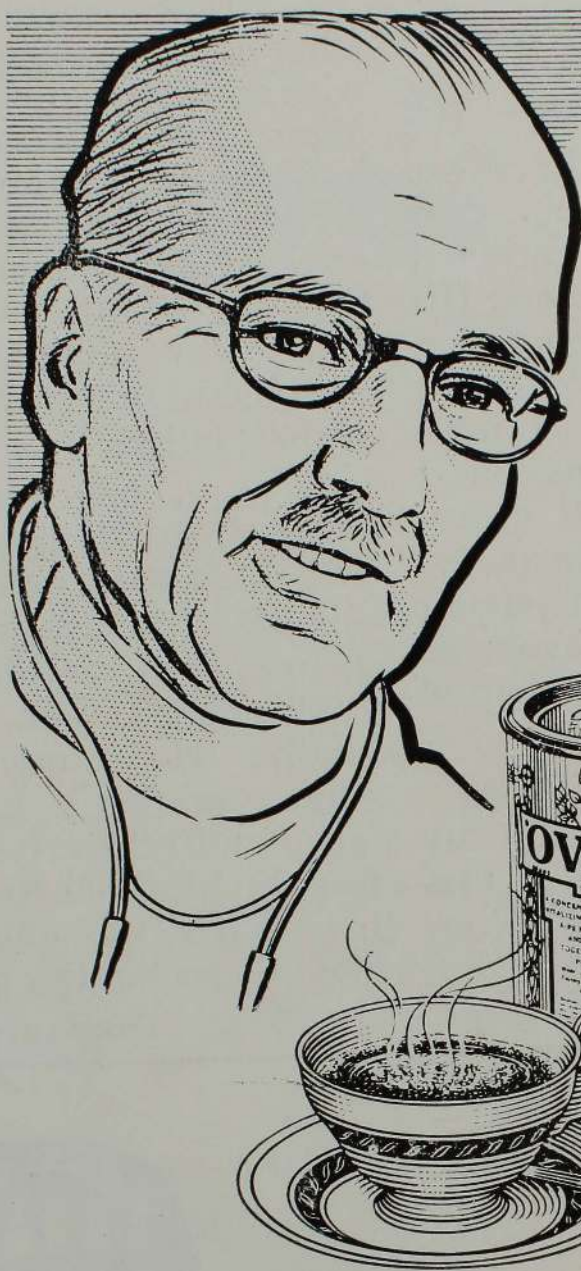
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Invaluable for Baby at teething time.

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By



Alfred Hitchcock

Alfred Hitchcock, the weaver of celluloid spine chillers, has a favourite hobby, like everyone else.

You would think it has something to do with "Dial M for Murder," or "Notorious" or even the grim eeriness of "Thirty Nine steps".

No, none of these make for the hobby of the Sahib of Suspense.

His favourite hobby, if you please, is reading other people's mail

HITCHCOCK'S HOBBY

receive fan letters. A few years ago I used to write them.

However, on the promise that you share my old interest in other people's mail, I am sub-

**The Master of Suspense
himself writes for the
CEYLON CAUSERIE**

mitting a few choice missives from the daily deluge. The interesting point about this mail is that more than 40 per cent of is

comes from the gnawed pencils of school children.

Let us examine first a letter from a twelve-year-old Philadelphia girl. This letter is memorable because it was the first to draw our attention to the power of "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" as a cultural force.

The youngster wrote :

"You and your program has helped me a great deal in homework over the week end (I assume the homework was not

(Continued on page 10)

SNIPPETS FROM THE MASTER

SIMPLICITY : "I rely exclusively on the short-story formula. I always look for a simple tale, one with a single idea that builds to a surprise turn or twist at the end."

REALISM : "I detest phony private eyes, weird sets and creaking doors. Characters in mystery or suspense plots should be average people placed in strange bizarre situations. The basis of true suspense is the innocent fellow who gets involved in something he can't control."

WAITING : "To let the audience possess the knowledge that the killer is approaching and the victim doesn't know it is vital. I can then prolong the approach—and this can build toward the creation of tension or even a crisis."

HUMOR : "There is humor in everything that happens—even crime. In the employment of suspense the audience must be given a chance to laugh."

INANIMATE OBJECTS : "It's quite possible to make inanimate objects become animate. If you will forgive me for citing another medium, in the motion picture "Dial M For Murder," we utilized a 60-second soundless closeup of a telephone, followed by a sinister finger dialing a number. In this way a simple, ordinary, every-day object took on quite animate qualities in the audience's mind."

A question frequently put to me and one which I have parried in the past is: "What is your hobby?" I am now prepared to name my hobby, to disclose the furtive pleasure that has brightened my idle moments. It is reading other people's mail.

There, I have said it. After all these years it's finally off my small calloused conscience.

I hope I haven't shocked you. But it is true. Until recently, I have always enjoyed reading the other fellow's mail and believed that anybody else's mail generally was more interesting than my own. But my CBS television show has changed all that, destroyed my shameful hobby completely.

Since the beginning of my Sunday night television effort, I have been receiving fan mail steadily and the volume has grown through the years to about forty letters a day. That TV show has altered the entrenched habits of my former life. Now I

A TWELVE YEAR OLD WRITES TO HITCHCOCK....

(Hitchcock : Continued from Page 9)

grammar). I try to get my homework done early so my mother will let me see your program."

Now I will be the first to confess that helping with homework was not among our original aims, but we are grateful for any pluses the show accrues.

It was a letter from a twelve-year-old Boston boy that brought home to us the far-reaching effect of our Sunday night effort. I quote :

"Your shows are good and exciting. I would be pleased to know how you got your success story started. And what citizenship had to do with it."

I set this young chap straight right away. Told him that if he intends to make his living here he should take out citizenship papers right away as I did. Obviously, he was afraid that being a Bostonian would be held against him.

ULTERIOR MOTIVES

Of course, some of the letters are written with ulterior motives and reflect a crafty mind. For instance, this query from an eleven-year-old Chicago lad :

"What is your secret for so many different ways of killing off so many people ?"

I can spot a competitor a mile away and I didn't let the sun go down on this one before answering. I replied firmly to this shrewd youngster that I was much too young to be giving away my trade secrets. One must protect one's livelihood, you know.

Some of the correspondence leaves me puzzled. Recently, I received this gem from a ten-year-old Pittsburgh girl :

*"Better not laugh, better not cry.
You may be next when the hearse goes by"*

I am not quite sure what is intended here, but I sense it bodes me no good. I would like

very much to meet this little lady, for a general discussion of poetry and verse, of course.

Among this correspondence comes one sad, soulful plea every Monday morning right after the show. Somewhat timidly, even pathetically, the writer requests I cease referring to him as "my worthy opponent" or "my noble adversary" or in general that I find something kindly to say about him on Sunday night.

To him, I recommend a widely-used headache remedy—a dose of his own medicine. They claim it works twice as fast. ●

Cut this out

and post it to the Editor, The Ceylon Causerie
262, Galle Road, Colombo 3.

I think the new Causerie is :—

*an improvement on the old one
no better than the old one
not as good as the old one
Delete as necessary*

I like the following items :

.....on page.....
.....on page.....
.....on page.....

I was not very interested in the following items :

.....on page.....
.....on page.....
.....on page.....

I would like to see more about :

.....
.....
.....

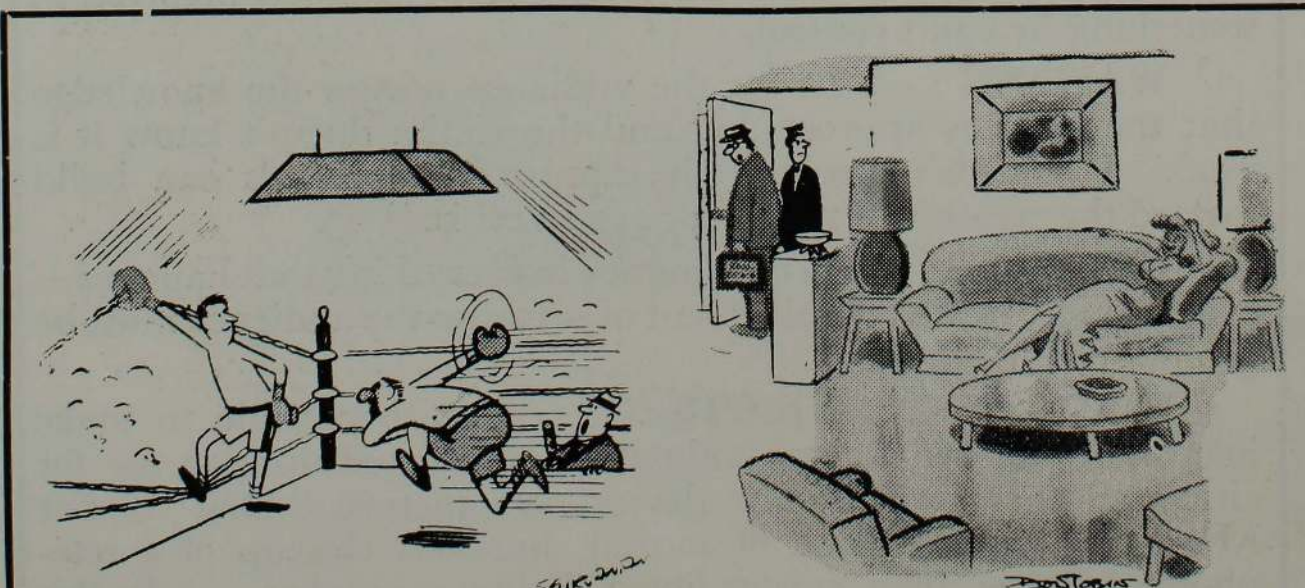
Attached is an item/photograph which you might consider for your next number.

Delete as necessary

You need not sign your name if you prefer not to (unless you are enclosing material for consideration).

Signed.....

Address.....



"It's brains against brawn tonight, Folks."

"You won't find many bachelor apartments as completely finished as this one."

People of Consequence



Gregory Peter XV Cardinal Agagianian on his arrival in Colombo, surveys the large crowd at the Airport along with Dr. Thomas Cooray, Archbishop of Ceylon.



Shri Krishna Menon India's Defence Minister, paid a brief visit to Ceylon and delivered a stimulating lecture on Afro-Asian Affairs. Taking time off from a hectic programme he called on Madame Prime Minister.



Ravi Shanker famed Indian musician was entertained at the Galle Face Hotel. Shanker, third from the left, is seen in intent conversation with the Indian Embassy's Press Officer E. A. Srinivasan.



Shri B. K. Kapur India's High Commissioner in Ceylon was greeted on arrival at the Airport by a large crowd. Among them were wives of the staff of the Indian Embassy who gave him a closed palm salute. Shri Kapur comes from an equally important assignment in stormy Ghana.

Now in cloistered retirement H. D. Jansz is the Hannen Swaffer of Ceylon Journalists—the Pope of our local Fleet Street. For nearly twenty years he was the Editor of the Ceylon Observer. A “quaint, gaunt saint,” he is now leisurely working on his autobiography. Those who know the sardonic, phrase-churning Jansz pen will look forward to his episode-stacked, deftly turned out memoirs. The Ceylon Causerie scooped the serialization of some of his choice chapters—a foretaste of the repast awaiting discerning readers.

Hilaire Jansz himself chose the quaint title:

THE QUIET BURGHER

WHEN Bernard Shaw was asked why he did not write his autobiography, he replied that he was not at all interesting biographically. He had not killed anybody; and nothing very unusual had happened to him.

The same is painfully true of me. I have had no heroic adventures. My grandfather horse-whipped a Government Agent, and I myself once unsuccessfully tried to hurt a fly. That is all.

My only excuse for writing the story of my unexciting life is that I have been encouraged to believe that I am more than a bit of a freak, if not a phenomenon; a rare fellow and someone definitely worth writing about. A flattering friend found in me, as a writer, streaks of Voltaire, Swift and Shaw. Another described me as a man of mystery and a man of genius. All this blarney was happily published when I was too old and cynical to lose my head in the clouds.

Lionel Wendt once wrote a long and largely unprintable poem about me in which he said I looked like a “quaint, gaunt saint.” He hastened to add: “But that is the one thing he ballywell ain’t.”

If there was anything saintly in my character, I should be mindful of this translation of an ancient Greek saying: “Let no man know thou hast lived.” But being what I am, I feel the

time has come for a complete revelation of all the oddities of a quaint, quiet Burgher and what he has made of his life.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

EVEN I was born. Abnormal though I am in many ways, I came into this world in the

By



H. D. JANSZ

normal way. The event occurred on October 20, 1896. On the same day of the same month four years earlier, a son was born to another postal officer (like my father) and that boy had some day to become the first Ceylonese Governor-General. Some years earlier, also on October 20, was

born the first Prime Minister of the independent Dominion of Ceylon.

Did this happy coincidence mean that I, too, was destined to achieve greatness or have it thrust upon me? It only helped my friends to remember my birthday in later years and to number me mockingly among Ceylon's great men.

My earliest memory is of a little boy who stood on a bench, kicking his heels against the wall behind him, screaming and crying his heart out. Nobody around him knew for what he cried so loud and long. How could I tell them that it was because I yearned for all the toys in all the shops in the Fort? I could only point a finger at the road leading to those shops and continue to howl. What an exasperating brat I must have been!

I also clearly remember myself as a toddler, clinging to an ayah's hand and absorbed in studying the smooth pebbles and other exciting objects in a patch of garden in Slave Island. Above me adult voices were calmly discussing the approach of my fourth birthday.

My next memory is of an uncle in military uniform declaring in a defiant baritone his determination to hang old Kreuger on a sour apple tree. The Boer War was on. A few

(Continued on next page)

LIFE IN "THE WILDS OF WELLAWATTE"

(*Quiet Burgher: Contd. from Page 12*)

years later, I remember, my mother would read to me thrilling newspaper reports of Russo-Japanese battles. A harmless lunatic in the neighbourhood told stories of his flights in a balloon every night and of his wonderful exploits on the winning side in the Far Eastern War.

FIRST LOVE

I was hardly eight years old when I fell desperately in love. She was seven. Her eyes were blue. Her hair was golden, and her hand was very cold when I obeyed my mother and shook it shyly. Not a word did we ever speak to each other, but she figured in all my daydreams for years.

To me, at that age, all children outside the large family circle were strange creatures to be feared or secretly admired from a distance, but never to be spoken to on friendly terms. A few years later the approach of adolescence added panic and torment to my shyness.

It was in 1906 that my family found it necessary to move from Slave Island to what could then be called the wilds of Wellawatte. Every vehicle that crossed the bridge leading to that suburb had to pay toll. Our surroundings in our new home seemed to be one vast untidy garden belonging to a prosperous old Burgher. The chief recreation of young people was to go down to the seabeach in search of romance on the rocks beyond the railway line.

I was not sent to school till I was ten years old. It was a very private school run by three

sisters in a neighbouring house. One of them threatened to cane me for disobeying her when she asked me to question a servant boy in Sinhalese. She had heard of my shyness about using this language at home and she had decided to cure me of it. This incident seems to have ended the first effort at educating me.

My next school was run by a discerning woman who startled my parents by telling them that I might some day get to be known as the cleverest boy in the world. I never justified her faith in my genius. But, if she had not urged my parents to send me to one of Colombo's leading colleges, I would not have been considered educated enough to be a journalist, and D. R. Wijewardene might not have given me a job on the staff of his "Daily News."

SECOND AFFAIR

Here I must record my second very serious but unfruitful love affair. She was twelve and I was thirteen; and she knew nothing of my secret passion. How could she? I never spoke to her though she sat very near me on the same bench. In my daydreams for many years I imagined our meeting each other as adults and getting married. But my incurable diffidence prevented anything like the fulfilment of those tender dreams. Fortunately this frustration never added a Lolita complex to my other abnormalities. My early love was too pure for that.

So acutely miserable were my days as a Royal College student that I would rather forget them. It makes no difference that a future President of the Senate was among my classmates or

that a future ebullient Prime Minister was in the class just below mine.

Imagine a morbidly sensitive weakling with a carefully hidden deformity, who could never play games, who spoke in an almost inaudible girlish voice only when spoken to. Imagine me thrust into the company of a crowd of tough, noisy boys, roaring with laughter at every opportunity, sparing nobody's feelings and openly indulging in what to me were unspeakable obscenities.

I almost got tired of hearing Principal Hartley repeat these words with monotonous regularity every Monday morning: "First, Jansz, very good indeed . . ." But it earned me some respect and consideration from "decent fellows" as well as from bullies and rascals. I had to leave college before I reached the sixth form, having passed the Cambridge Senior Local examination without distinction. Not a very creditable achievement for "the cleverest boy in the world."

Whatever that dear old teacher might have thought of me, I often wonder whether my cleverness, apart from a certain nervous quickness of mind, was nothing more than being clever enough to fool some people into the belief that I was phenomenally brilliant.

The prose in which my essays were written was highly praised by teachers who did not see that there was very little matter under the veil of well chosen words and neatly turned phrases. This was a clear indication that I was going to be a journalist.

(Continued in the next issue)

WOMEN IN EARLY BUDDHISM

THE subject of women is one of perennial interest. It has an added interest to us today in view of the fact that the first woman to be Prime Minister in world's history is a Buddhist.

The Pali canon of the Buddhists records in great detail the activities and achievements of Indian Buddhist women of the sixth century B.C. They took an active part in the public affairs of their country.

A liberal education enabled them to do so. They enjoyed as much freedom as their brothers. They were engaged in various occupations, earning their livelihood. They had the right to own and dispose of property without the consent of their husbands—a right which the British conceded to the women of Ceylon only in 1923!

The Buddha's path of enlightenment was at the outset open for men only, but he soon opened it for women as well.

"Can women realise the fruits of the four stages of the path to enlightenment?"

This question was put to the Buddha by Ananda, his devoted disciple.

"Yes, Ananda, they can," replied the Buddha.

"If so, Lord, it were well that women should be allowed to go forth from home into homelessness," suggested Ananda.

This dialogue between the Master and his disciple led to the establishment of the Order for women—the Bhikkhuni Order.

The first to be admitted to the Order was Maha Pajapathi Gotami, the Buddha's foster-mother, who suckled him from

the seventh day of his birth when his mother, Queen Maya, passed away. Yasodara, wife of Siddharta Gotama who became the Buddha, and over five hundred other women of good families entered the Order soon afterwards, forming its nucleus. Maha Pajapathi Gotami, Yasodara and their companions, by their strength of character and great determination and effort, attained the highest spiritual bliss (Arahanthood). Now the Order was well established, thousands of women of all classes from domestic servants to queens entering it.

~~~~~ By ~~~~~

**WILLIAM PEIRIS**

~~~~~

DHAMMADINNA

Dhammadinna, Khema, Uppalavanna, Bhadda, Patacara, Kisagotami and Visakha are described in one of the Buddhist texts—*Apadana*—as "the seven most illustrious women" of early Buddhism. The first six were great Theris (Elder Sisters) who won the highest enlightenment, while the seventh, Visakha, was the Buddha's chief woman lay-supporter.

The Buddha ranked Dhammadinna as the foremost among Sisters who could preach the Dhamma. On one occasion she answered every question put to her "as one might cut a lotus stalk with a knife" and finally referred the questioner to the Buddha who "praised her great wisdom." Before she entered the Order, she was the wife of a leading citizen of Rajagaha. She taught her husband the art of developing his mind and thus

helped him to attain enlightenment.

The consort of King Bimbisara of Magadha, Khema entered the Order of Bhikkhunis on her first visit to the Buddha. She had "a skin like gold" and was so infatuated with her own beauty that she would not go to see the Buddha, fearing he would look on this as a fault in her. At last she was brought before the Buddha and was so thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Master's teaching that she straightaway entered the Order. The Buddha ranked her foremost among Sisters in insight.

The only child of the treasurer of Savatthi, Uppalavanna was a great beauty having a skin "of the colour of the heart of the blue lotus." Kings and commoners sought her hand in marriage. As he could not possibly meet the wishes of all suitors, her father enquired whether she was willing to enter the Order of Bhikkhunis. She was so pious that to her the words of her father were "as if oil a hundred times refined had anointed her head." She at once entered the Order and soon attained not only Arahanthood but also acquired the highest supernormal powers. The Master assigned her the first place among Sisters in supernormal powers.

BHADDA

Bhadda, the daughter of a brahmin of Rajagaha, handed over her great wealth to her kinsfolk and dwelt for five years in a forest, practising concentration. She claimed that her spiritual attainment was on a par with that of Kassapa the Great, the leader of the Buddhist Order

(Continued on Page 20)



Miss Badra Fernando, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. A. Fernando of Ward Place, who married Mr. W. Nawagamuwa C.C.S. recently.

Who is a Bachelor?

A guy who never Mrs. anything

A fellow who can take women or leave 'em—and usually does both

A man who knows a good line is the shortest distance between dames

A guy who comes to work every morning from a different direction

A fellow who usually carries a little black book full of cancelled chicks

A character with no ties, except those that need cleaning

A lad who is footloose and fiancée free

A guy who is called "Bedspread," because he's turned down so often

A true Jack of all maids

One who calls his kitchenette the "long narrow space between stove and can-opener"

In short, a guy without the urge to merge.

—PAUL STEINER

Camera Cameos

WEDDING OF THE YEAR



The wedding of the year was without doubt that of Virendra Gunasekera and Onitha Senaratne. Oriental pomp and ancient Sinhalese custom came into their own. The highlight of the wedding was a miniature perahera in Kandyan style. Page boys and flower girls were dressed like Kandyan dancers.



Scores of notables, including the highest in the land, graced the wedding. Here the bride and bridegroom wear pleased smiles as the Governor-General, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, salutes the couple, Oriental wise.

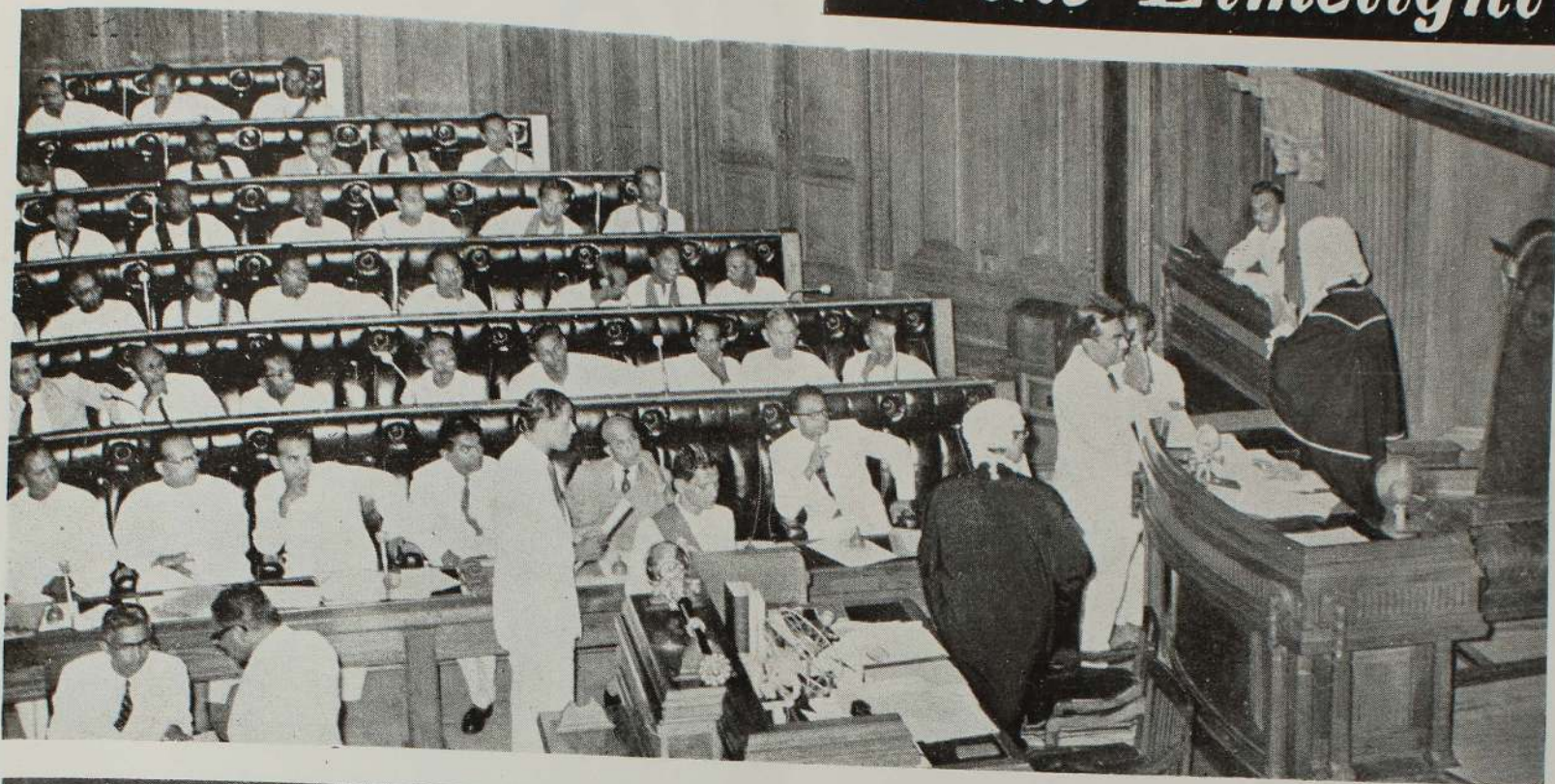


The little charmer on the left, Sharmini Goonewardene, baring the bulk of her can-can skirt and beaming sweetly at our photographer is a favourite at children's fashion parades.



Floating into range of our lens was this pretty foreigner caught in happy mood on the lawn of Mt. Lavinia Hotel, with a Ceylonese friend.

..... In the Limelight



Mr. Felix Dias Bandaranaike M. P. for Dompe being sworn in.



Mr. Charles Kevin (extreme right) High Commissioner for Australia entertained members of the Ceylon-Australia-New Zealand Association at a party last month. (L. to R.) Mr. R. F. S. de Mel, Mr. & Mrs. Tony Fonseka, Mr. B. F. Perera, Ceylon High Commissioner in Australia and Mr. C. Kevin.



Mr. R. S. Pelpola, M. P. for Nawalapitiya who was unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.



Shrimati Y. D. Gundevia, wife of India's former High Commissioner in Ceylon, lights the traditional lamp to open the new Indian High Commission in the Nadaraja Building.

MAINLY FOR WOMEN

..... Social Graces

SOcial Graces are etiquette, courtesy and politeness. Most of all it is politeness and kindness to others. To what degree a person acquires it depends on the home background, but it develops with practice, age and experience.

Not all girls are fortunate to have this training. That is why they are sent to a finishing school or for a course in social graces. This course is meant for girls who have just left school—it is an age which has its problems of shyness and diffidence. The aim of this course is to create poise and self-confidence.

Deportment is an important subject—graceful movements in walking and standing are very necessary.

The art of easy and interesting conversation is one of the problems in the achievement of social grace. Making polite conversation with strangers and being sociable are some of the things which teenagers of today find most difficult.

Etiquette is the conventional rule of behaviour and ceremonies observed in polite society. It is not always that etiquette can be observed. Sometimes etiquette has to be forgotten just to make others feel at ease.

Good grooming is very essential. First impressions are always important especially for interviews and formal functions for it leaves a lasting impression. Dressing for the occasion is something which many Ceylonese women have to learn. The girls must learn to make the most of beauty without spending too much time for their make-up.

And now a few hints for older women who find it difficult to cope with active social life. It is they who find it difficult to entertain. The rules of entertaining are first of all to be ready to welcome the guests and never seem flustered when they arrive. Try to invite people of the same age and same interests for this makes a successful party. Get your guests to mix by introducing them and starting the conversation. Small talk is necessary for a

By



MOLLY BASCRAN

Diploma in Domestic Science

(The Edinburgh College of Domestic Science)

big reception, but this has to be practised. New ideas are the best for conversation at such functions. When changing the subject do this tactfully and gently without making it being felt.

The food and wine served should be the best you can afford. For an average woman likes to serve something nicer than usual. It will show her guests that she values their friendship. It is not that she is trying to show off, but it is an

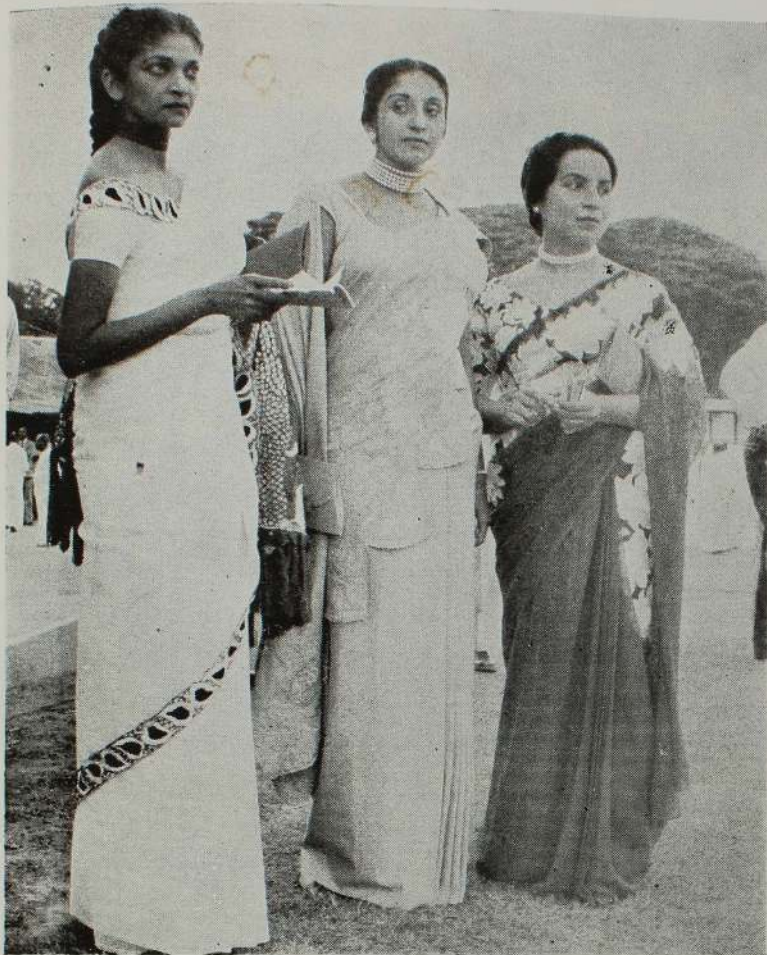
ancient tradition of hospitality. Always see that everything is ready before the guests arrive. If anything should go wrong, do not apologise profusely, but accept the situation and I am sure the guests will understand, for too many apologies can make the guests uncomfortable. For formal dinner parties the laying of the table and the placing of the guests are important. Paying particular attention to the chief guest but at the same time making everyone feel welcome.

There is a close association between Social Graces and Domestic Science.

In Ceylon one normally associates the term Domestic Science as the cookery subject in the ordinary curriculum of a secondary school. After my travels abroad and having come in direct contact with the course, I realise it means far more than that. In our country when we speak of Domestic Science the first subject we think of is cookery and we picture a very chic housewife confronting a modern cooker complete with an attractive apron. Cookery is one of the main subjects in Domestic Science, but there are many other subjects besides cookery—menu planning, laundry work, needlework and dressmaking, household management, institutional and large scale catering, hygiene and nutrition, book-keeping, electricity, first-aid, sick nursing and demonstrating they all come under Domestic Science.

Domestic Science is a very comprehensive course in all matters pertaining to the household. Next month I will deal more detailedly with it.

• FACES AT THE RACES •



The August Race Meet is a feast of fashion. For months, in well kept secrecy, new fashions are worked out and paraded on the afternoon of Queen's Cup. Here are Mrs. Sakuntala Rajagopal and Mrs. Sundari Rockwood, two leaders of local fashion along with a friend.



Mrs. Oonaly Gulamhussein, (centre) seldom fails to provide the fashion bombshell. This was it, at the Queen's Cup Races. Her husband walks beside her.



Western fashions were on a subdued note. Emphasis was on tight skirts and tassels.



Austerity in fashion was what these two punters achieved. Looking simple but dignified are Mrs. Christine Blackler and Miss Betty Blackler.



There was a liberal sprinkling of Kandyan drapes of which these two caught the fashion fancier's eye.

VISAKHA THE LEARNED ONE

(Buddhism : Continued from Page 14)

after the Buddha's death. The Master ranked her as the greatest expert among Sisters in the knowledge of their past lives.

The story of Patacara is a poignant one. On one and the same day she lost her husband, two babies, parents and only brother in tragic circumstances. Maddened with grief she went to the Buddha who preached a sermon to her, at the end of which she attained the first stage of the path to enlightenment. Entering the Order she soon won Arahant hood. The Master considered her a great teacher of the doctrine. She had hundreds of pupils.

KISAGOTAMI

Kisagotami was a poor young woman. Her only child died when he was a little boy. Taking the corpse upon her hip, she went, crazy with grief, from door to door, seeking medicine to cure him. People laughed at her. But one sagacious person directed her to the Buddha. The Master told her he could bring the child back to life if she brought a mustard-seed from a house where yet no one had died. Off she went, but found not a house where none had died. Then her frenzy left her, her natural mind was restored, and the truth dawned on her. She laid the corpse in the charnel-field and went back to the Buddha. The Master enquired if she had brought the mustard-seed. "Wrought is the work, Lord, of the mustard-seed. Give me ordination," she said. Entering the Order, she won Arahant hood. The Master considered her pre-eminent in ascetic habits.

VISAKHA

The Buddha has described Visakha, his chief woman lay-supporter, as "intelligent, clever and learned." The daughter of a multi-millionaire nobleman, she was married to the son of an equally wealthy nobleman. While she was a follower of the Buddha, her husband and his parents followed another religious teacher. Soon after her marriage, her father-in-law tried to impose his religious views on her, whereupon she threatened to go back to her parents, thus displaying her spirit of independence. Ultimately he gave in to his daughter-in-law who gradually made him interested in her own religion. With his consent, she invited the Buddha and the Order for a meal. The Master preached a sermon at the end of the meal, hearing which her father-in-law, Migara, at once became a lay follower. He was so pleased with her that he hailed her as his mother. Thenceforth she became well known as "Migara's Mother." She is often referred to as such in Buddhist texts. Interesting dialogues between her and the Master fill many pages of the Pali Canon. In fact, she figures in it more than any other woman. She gifted to the Buddha and the Order a magnificent residence built at a cost of several millions. Throughout her life she kept the Order supplied daily with meals, and medicine and robes whenever necessary.

Besides these seven "illustrious women," the Pali Canon contains references to hundreds of other enlightened Sisters who made their mark in the Bhikkhuni Order. One of them, Subha,

is noteworthy for an act of sacrifice which has no parallel. She was a young woman of great beauty with a pair of sparkling eyes. She was in a mango-grove, and was going for siesta one day when a young libertine barred her way, soliciting her to sensual pleasures. She pointed out to him the bane of sensual pleasures, adding that she had rooted out all her sense desires. But he persisted, saying that he had a great passion for the beauty of her eyes. Then she extracted one of her eyes and handed it to him: "Here's the offending eye!" Thereat the man was horrified and appalled and, his lust all gone, asked her forgiveness. She then went to the Buddha and related her story to him. The Master, by his mystic potency, restored her eye.

DIVERSE ACTIVITIES

Women in Buddhist India specialised in various branches of knowledge. There are references in Buddhist texts to women philosophers, logicians and debaters. They practised rhetoric and elocution as an accomplishment. One of them, Bhadda Kundalakesa, toured the country carrying the "rose-apple branch of victory." She challenged most of the well-known debaters of the day and defeated them.

All that was best of the Indian Buddhist women's tradition was brought to Ceylon in the third century B.C. by Sanghamitta, daughter of Emperor Asoka. She was accompanied by eleven other Theris who had attained the highest enlightenment. She established the Order of Bhikkhunis in Lanka which flourished for several centuries, ennobling the lives of Ceylon women.

CEYLON'S FIFTH PARLIAMENT IS OPENED



The usual ceremonial attended the opening of Ceylon's Fifth Parliament. Church dignitaries in sombre attire (top left) watched as the Governor-General greeted Madame Prime Minister (top right).



She was seated along with her other ministers (centre). The other pictures show Sir Cyril de Zoysa leading the senators (bottom left) and the Diplomatic corps. (bottom right).

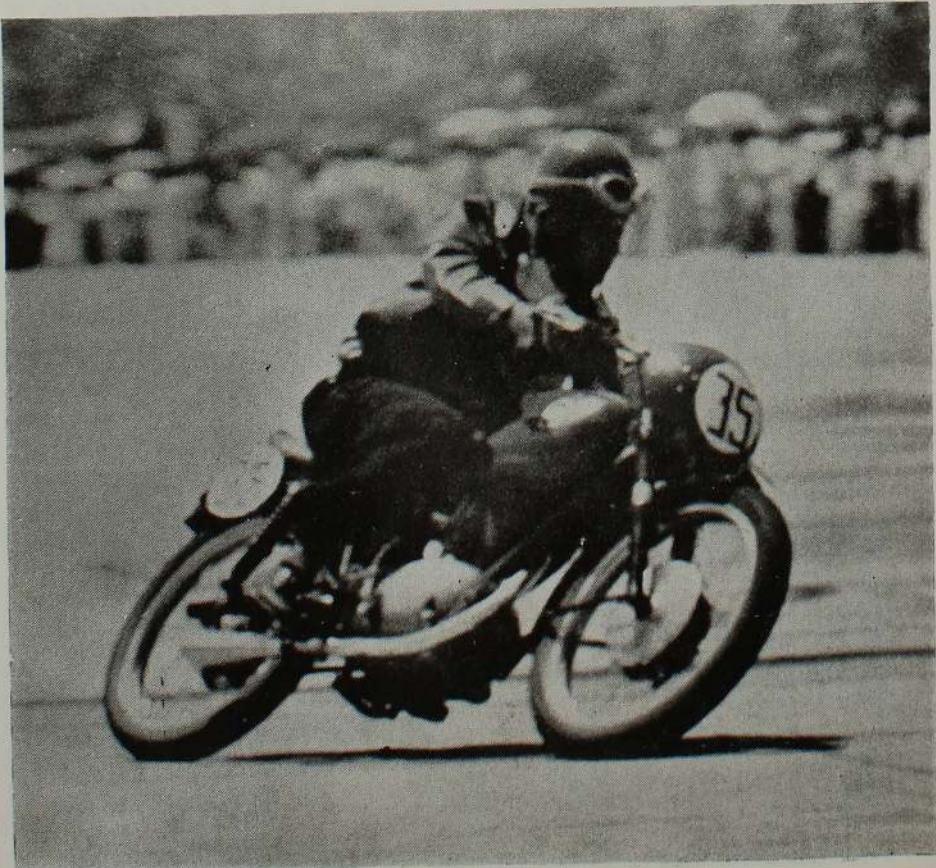




(Top)
Mr. Vernon Rajapakse owner of Shell Pink receives the Queen's Cup from Senator Sarath Wijesinghe.

SPORTS

(Below)
An Indonesian competitor provides thrills at the Katukurunda meet.



(Top)
An incident in the Low-country—Up-country rugby final.



(Centre)
A. S. M. Khan winning the 1500 metres in the National Championships.



(Below)
A tussle for the ball in the net-ball mercantile K. O. final between Dia and Air Ceylon. Dia won.



"THE LAND LADY'S FLOATING KIDNEY"

(Oxford : Continued from Page 7)

boy to read for Litterae Humaniores. However he was not unwilling to give me a trial. He told me that lodgings had been secured for me outside, as it was impossible to give me rooms in College in my first year, gave me the address, made an appointment for the following morning, and with a kindly pat on the back dismissed me.

It was the first time, my landlord informed me, that they had decided to give lodgings to an undergrad. But in the hard times immediately after the War, one had to find some way of increasing one's income. He hoped that they would be able to make me comfortable. Fortunately for me, in the case of the Bests (for such was their name) nationality, which would ordinarily have been an initial handicap proved a positive advantage. Young Best, an only son on whom they doted, was apparently one of those cricket maniacs who could reel off the history and doings of any and every cricketer of note, past or present. Ranji was a particular hero of his, and as a countryman of Ranji (Ceylonese are looked on as Indians in England) I shone, though somewhat dimly, as I was no cricketer myself, in the reflected halo of his glory. The young man, I fear, was otherwise, hardly a likeable type. He worked in a town office, was pale, narrow-shouldered and talkative on his pet subject. The prevailing idea of an Englishman as a strong, silent man, cold and reserved, has by no means a general application. It may be true of the public school man, but the working

classes possess, to a great extent, what may be called the "cockney" temperament, which is not restricted to London.

THE BESTS

Mr. Best, senior, like Mr. Baldwin, I remember as the man with a pipe. He possessed the traits one usually associates with such, and was equable, good-natured, and essentially sane. A more kindhearted—though fussy—woman than Mrs. Best it would be difficult to find; always worrying, she was never satisfied except in the satisfaction of others.

The bringing in of the breakfast tray was the time she felt most inclined to talk. She used to stand by the table, with a smile of contentment at the obvious relish with which I consumed her excellently cooked sausages or liver and bacon, and poured forth a long, incoherent tale.

Remembering her, I begin to understand where Joyce must have learned his style of writing: it must have been from a Dublin Mrs. Best. Her ideas were enveloped in a gentle mist of confusion, which if it concealed the beauties, certainly also obscured the crudities, of reality in her mind. She only wanted a listener, and was quite satisfied with a nod or smile or even grunt: I am certain that if one had attempted to follow her conversation intelligently, she would have felt very aggrieved. Her chief topic of conversation was a malady from which the doctor had told her she was suffering. She had, apparently, a floating kidney.

The poor woman's idea of what this precisely was, seemed to vary from day to day, but the prevailing view, no doubt, influenced by war-time memories, was of a sort of floating mine, cruising inside her, which might one day, hit against something and produce a disastrous and fatal explosion! One thing, however, was terribly true: she was often in great pain. But she carried on staunchly, stout-heartedly, and cheerily, the type that keeps the English home fires burning, and will continue to do so, notwithstanding all that our clever Coward has to say to the contrary.

MY ROOM

But the sitting-room, oh! the horror of that sitting room. Drab, dreary, smug—two smug porcelain figures on the mantelpiece with a square box in the centre, smugly pretending to be a clock, although it had long ceased to function as such, the smug upright chairs with their dreary reddish upholstery, the dingy curtains—nearly drove me mad. Why do people imagine that what is ordinary and drab must essentially be sane and safe? There is more real sanity in the slim beauty of a figure on a Tanagra vase or a wild Bacchante as sculptured by Scopas than in all the Puritanism of the world.

In fact I often yearned to outrage that room by placing beside the porcelain atrocities a plaster copy of Scopas' Bacchante, but never really had the courage: the room had conquered me.

(Continued in next issue)

SHORT STORY

HEIR FOR A DAY

By
RAYMOND
MACEY

THROUGHOUT his seventy years of existence Andrew Macdonald had successfully warded off the temptations of the flesh, and had been abstemious not only in the delectable indulgences of food and drink but also miserly in the extreme. His nephew, James Macdonald, had, throughout his twenty-six years, failed to understand why the old man really wanted to continue living, because he seemed to get no pleasure out of life at all ; seemed in fact to be nothing more than a bag of bones waiting to be piled up in a heap in some dusty corner.

James, whose parents were dead, lived with his uncle in the latter's vast, drafty and hideous Victorian mansion and, in spite of the old man's wealth, had to work as an insurance clerk in a dingy city office. None of the joys of the leisured class for him. And this bothered James, who, like the great majority of the human race, definitely did not like work, and could easily have spent the rest of his days lying on his back in the hot sun of the Mediterranean, sipping delicious cocktails and having his brow cooled by the soft hands of one or more sun-tanned southern beauties.

The composite image of his uncle being a pile of dead bones in some dusty corner, and himself under the blue Mediterranean skies was an appealing one. James knew that he was his uncle's sole heir and that he would inherit several thousand

pounds. But why should he wait for the old man to die ? However, being the sole heir and living in the same house made murder an onerous proposition, as suspicion would without a doubt be thrown immediately onto his none too strong shoulders.

So, for many months James despaired of how he could get his hands onto the old man and get his money, until one day a practical plan was almost thrust at him.

"Getting an old man he is," said the equally aged family doctor who had been called in to attend to his ailing uncle.

"What exactly is the matter?" asked James.

"Just old age, I suppose. He doesn't seem to be able to sleep much lately."

"Is that bad ?"

"He needs rest badly, so I'd like you to see that he gets the sleeping tablets I've left every evening. Never more than two."

"He'll not let me give them to him," replied James, the intimations of a plan forming in his mind. "You know how independent he is."

"I know that, lad, but you must impress on him that he takes them."

"Otherwise, what's he like?"

"Depressed, very depressed."

"How so?"

"Well, if you'll not breathe a word of it, I'll tell you."

"Not a word, on my honour."

"Well, between you and me, he said he wished he were dead ; that he was tired of living—seemed no purpose to it at all."

"Strange that."

"Yes, indeed. And that's why I want you to be careful and watch him. See that he gets no more than two tablets every night before he goes to sleep. And don't let him have the bottle under any circumstances," he added, a half-smile on his wrinkled face.

"You don't think he'd . . ."

"I wouldn't put it past him. He's in quite a state. Lack of sleep does quite a lot of damage to a man, especially at his age."

"I'll be very careful," replied James, the plan completely formulated by this time.

* * *

SLEEPING TABLETS

In spite of the fact that he took his sleeping tablets, and did get some sleep, the old man continued to be ill and depressed. This suited James, and he prayed that his uncle would not feel better, for he knew that old Macdonald was a tough, resilient man ; that he had got over far worse things than depression in the past. Not many men of his age could survive double pneumonia as he had not less than three years ago. James realised, therefore, that he must succeed in giving his uncle an overdose of sleeping tablets within the next few days, as once he started getting better his chance might be lost forever.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from Page 24)

He also knew something that he thought the doctor didn't realise, and that was that the old man would never kill himself—his religious convictions were too strong. But James kept the doctor talking of suicide whenever he got the chance, and the latter seemed keen enough to expatiate on the subject, as, being morbid of mind, it was one of his pet conversational gambits. And the more James was able to get him to talk about suicide the stronger would his case be after the old man was killed, for the doctor would be sure to back James up in his assertions about the old man's wish to end it all.

But James, being a coward at heart, found it difficult to actually do the deed. There was no difficulty in the actual act itself. That he had already arranged. The old man's one weakness was porridge—with lots of sugar and milk. It would be the easiest thing in the world to grind a dozen tablets into the highly sugared porridge that was his uncle's staple diet. The old man would never taste them in the welter of sweet mushiness. Circumstances, however, forced his hand. The old man was getting better rapidly and started spending some time out of bed.

"Kick that old fool of a doctor out next time he comes," he said one morning, "I don't need him any more. Quite better. And throw these tablets away, I'm sick of taking them." And he handed James the almost-empty bottle of sleeping tablets.

"I'm pleased to see you better, uncle."

"Pleased ! Nonsense !" said the old man, "you hoped I'd die."

"How can you say such a thing ?"

"Well you've no sense in your head if you wished me to live."

"That's not true. I'm very pleased to see you up."

"Well," cackled the old man, "you'll get the money soon anyhow." And he ambled off still sniggering.

JAMES ACTS

So, with much trepidation, James acted. The old man had the eccentric habit of having a large plate of porridge before he went to bed. That night he would have his last There was only one small complication, however, and that was the fact that there were only three tablets left in the bottle. Fortunately, the old doctor had, about a year previously, when he was not sleeping well, given James some sleeping tablets that were the same brand as his uncle's. And there were at least fifteen left.

Later that night, after the old man had breathed his last, James took his uncle's empty bottle of tablets upstairs after carefully taking off all traces of his own fingerprints. Wearing gloves he placed the bottle in the dead man's fingers so that his prints would be on the bottle, then he carefully placed it on a small table at the side of the bed next to a glass of water, which he had treated similarly.

The first thing that James did the following morning when he "discovered" his uncle's body was to phone the doctor and tell him that his uncle had committed suicide. He then telephoned the police. He was remarkably calm now that the deed had been done and because he knew that it was a watertight job—there could be no possible suspicion of foul play.

The police were some time in arriving, and when they did

finally come, the old doctor was with them. James took them upstairs to the bedroom and the doctor looked at the body.

"We'll have to have a post-mortem, of course," said the doctor.

"Such a pity," said James, "and just when I thought he was getting better."

"A great tragedy," replied the doctor.

"Indeed !" said James.

"Is it true that you are the sole heir ?" asked the police inspector.

"Yes."

"A greater pity you couldn't wait a year or two."

"What do you mean ?" asked James, apprehension quivering like a live thing in his stomach.

"Exactly this," replied the inspector, his face grim. "I'm arresting you for the murder of your uncle."

"Don't be ridiculous !" exclaimed James, amazed at his own calmness. "He took an overdose of sleeping tablets. It's obvious that was the cause of his death."

"Sleeping tablets, fiddlesticks !" snapped the doctor.

"Sleeping tablets," repeated James in something of a daze.

"I didn't give your uncle sleeping tablets. His condition would never have allowed it."

"What do you mean ?" asked James in a half-whisper.

"The tablets I gave him were quite harmless—a mild sedative at the most. He slept because he thought he was getting sleeping tablets."

"A not unusual device amongst the medical profession," added the inspector. ●

THE SEA SHOW BY THE JAYCEES



Jan Scott comes tripping down the steps of the Mt. Lavinia Hotel.



Jeanne Pereira, with pearls strung around, troops down to the ramp.



Carmine Goonetilleke, all blanketed, walks along with her special creation.



The Jaycee Show is opened by Major L. V. Gooneratne, who releases a balloon skywards.



A smiling winner, Miss Estelle Joseph, is crowned Queen of the Jay Sea Show by Major L. V. Gooneratne.

JAYCEE QUEEN



MISS ESTELLE JOSEPH

COOKERY CORNER

By
MOLLY BASCRAN

IN this month's issue I have suggestions for an Espresso Party. This type of party has become very popular among teenagers abroad. No one eats heartily at an Espresso Party for they are normally held after dinner. If some attractive savouries are served, they will disappear quickly.

This party is inexpensive and most of the cooking can be done by the teenagers themselves if they know a little about cookery.

MENU

Ice Coffee :

- 1 pint strong clear coffee
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint evaporated milk
- 2-3 oz. sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Method.—Whisk the evaporated milk till thick and creamy. Then add the coffee and sugar. Whisk them well together, then add the vanilla. Pour into bottles, cook and place in the refrigerator to chill until required.

Serve in tall glasses, add a ball of vanilla ice-cream ; if you like, coloured straws will add colour to the drink.

CHELSEA SPECIAL

The Sponge :

- 3 oz. castor sugar
- 3 oz. flour
- 1 level teaspoonful baking powder

Separate the egg-yolks from the whites. Beat the whites until stiff—they come up much quicker in a large, rather shallow bowl. Add the yolks one at a time, beating each in until

blended before adding the next, then beat in the sugar, and continue beating for at least 5 minutes until the mixture is thick and light in colour. Sift the flour and baking powder and fold lightly into the egg mixture. Pour into two 8-in. sandwich tins, previously greased and warmed, then sprinkled with flour, spread evenly and bake for 15 minutes at Regulo Mark 5—Temperature 400^oC. (If liked, half the mixture may be coloured pink with cochineal before baking.) As soon as baked turn on to sugared paper and stand on a cake rack until cold. Then fill with mock cream, lemon curd, or seedless jam, and ice the top layer.

The Mock Cream :

- 1 oz. margarine
- 1 oz. castor sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk
- 1 heaped teaspoonful corn-flour

Blend the cornflour with a little of the milk, bring the rest to the boil, pour over the blended cornflour, return to the pan and cook for 3 minutes, stirring continuously. Set aside to cool. Meanwhile, cream very thoroughly the margarine and sugar and beat in spoonfuls of the cold blancmange until all is blended.

The Simple Icing :

- 4 oz. icing sugar
- About 3 teaspoonfuls of milk
- Flavouring and colouring as desired

Sieve the sugar into a small bowl, blend with the milk, adding it very gradually and beat with a wooden spoon until the icing is smooth and of a consis-

tency to support the spoon. Add flavouring and colouring as desired and spread the icing over the sponge with a knife dipped in hot water.

SNOERREBROEDS, OR OPEN SANDWICHES

These are important features in the Scandinavian countries. Snoerrebroeds means pieces of bread with something laid on.

A variety of Snoerrebroeds can be made with a few attractive garnishes and spreads.

- 1 loaf bread
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
- Pepper and salt
- 2 hard-boiled eggs
- Stuffed olives
- A few Mandarin oranges
- 2 oz. cooked ham
- 2 tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cucumber
- 2 oz. cooked prawns
- Lettuce
- 1 bottle sandwich spread
- 1 oz. cheese

Method.—Cut the bread into thin even slices. Spread it with the savoury butter made as follows :—

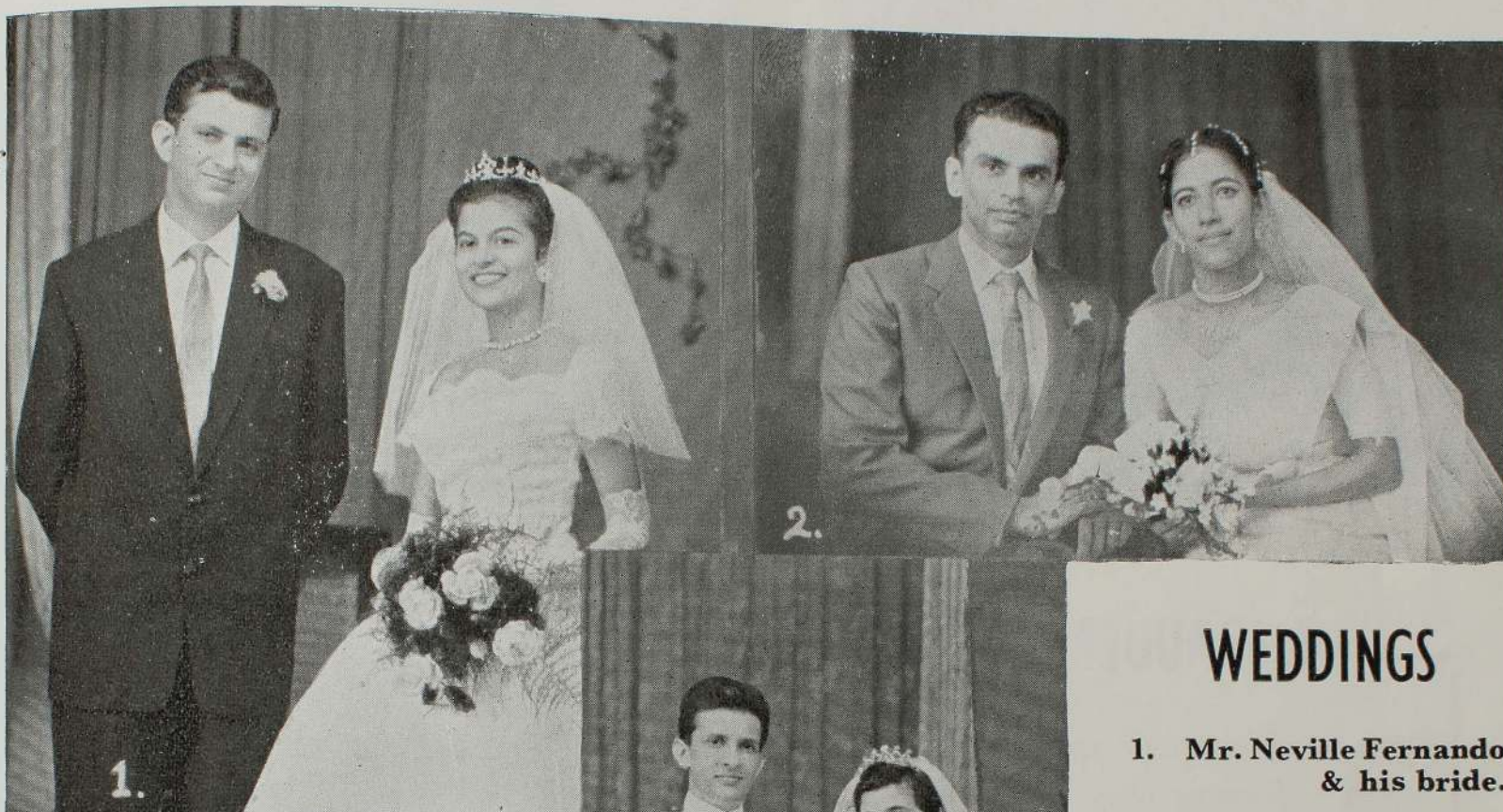
Cream the butter slightly. Add the mustard and pepper and salt. On the top of the bread arrange daintily pieces of prawn on tomato.

Thin slices of cheese and stuffed olives.

Cooked ham and Mandarin oranges. Cut the hard boiled eggs into thin slices garnished with thin pieces of tomato and cucumber.

Display the Snoerrebroeds on flat trays or dishes. Cover with a damp cloth till required.

..... ON THE DOTTED LINE



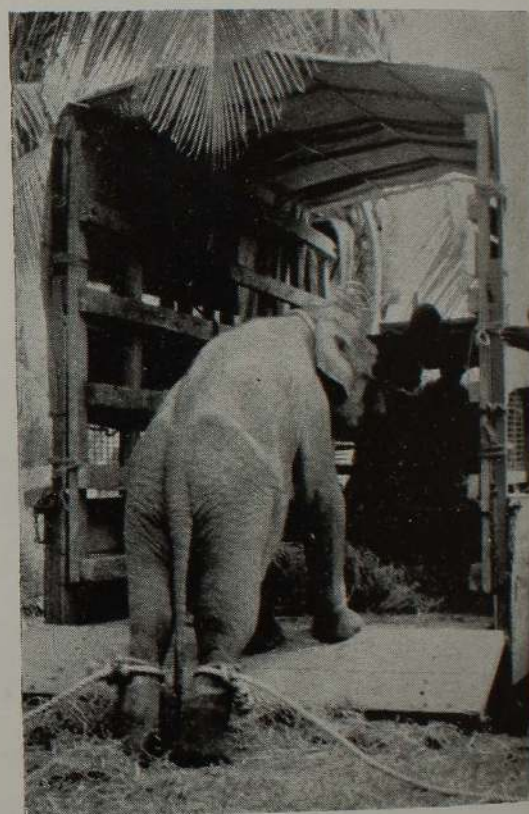
WEDDINGS

1. Mr. Neville Fernando
& his bride.
2. Mr. L. A. Weera-
singhe & his bride.
3. Mr. Gamvidane
& his bride.
4. Mr. G. J. Mac Intyre
& his bride.
5. Mr. C. D. Liyanage
& his bride.
6. Mr. W. S. Fernando
& his bride.



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