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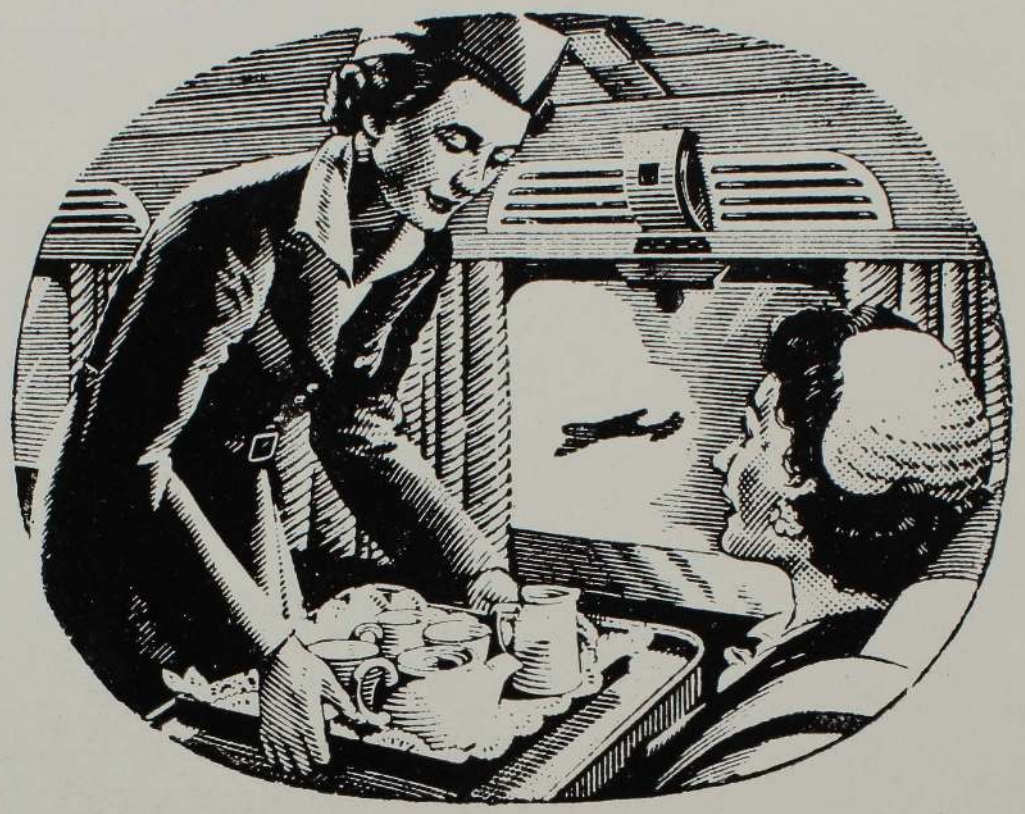
THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

PICTORIAL MONTHLY



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THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

Vol. XXVII Nos. 5 & 6

REGISTERED AT THE G. P. O. AS A NEWSPAPER

OCT. — NOV. 1960

CONTENTS

REGD. OFFICE:
NADARAJA BUILDING,
262, GALLE ROAD - COLOMBO 3.

COMMENTARY

THE response of the public to the overhauled, management changed Ceylon Causerie has done us proud.

We have harvested accolades, that truly belied our expectations. We have even collected bouquets from distant lands. Not that they are any the more fragrant because they come from the Western Hemisphere. But because they come from lands brimming with de-luxe periodicals.

We are proud to think that we take stature with them.

We thank both appreciative and critical readers for their suggestions, their praise, their criticism.

On the basis of such only can we build up constructively and for all time.

Any such partnership, as ours, editorial-reader partnership like nation-citizen partnership can thrive only on healthy, good-willed constructive criticism.

We regret however, we cannot cater to any particular group. Thereby making it sectional.

Our object will always be, as the ancients once decreed, "The greatest good for the greatest number."

We aim at making our periodicai content, as brood-based as we can. Politics is not our beat. Just plain relaxed reading pleasure is what we aim at giving our readers.

We are prepared to serve the best for your reading pleasure. It is yours to take. By such give and take only can the Ceylon Causerie, like any national establishment, reach the hearts and minds of the people. It is our intention to make our periodical reach the people.

Towards furthering this end, we have persuaded that distinguished Editor and writer of distinction, Mr. D. B. Dhanapala to write a topical series — The Makers of Modern Ceylon.

Coming to the **REGAL**

ROISTEROUS, RIP-ROARING

COMEDY

STARRING

JOHN MILLS

• •

IT'S GREAT TO BE YOUNG

FEATURING:-

CECIL PARKER, JEREMY SPENSER

IN

TECHNICOLOUR

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING 'ERNEST'

WITH but nodding national recognition last month, slid by the birthday of a man who has already gained international recognition—H. E. Sir Oliver Ernest Goonetilleke, G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., K. B. E., Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon.

At the gleaming conference tables of the world, from the glitter of Geneva to the lustre of London, few faces shone so luminously thereon as that of Sir Oliver Ernest Goonetilleke. And few minds thereat, either.

From school guru to the nation's Governor-General is Ceylon's synonym of America's Log-Cabin to White House. Both were cobbled pathways. Both were strewn with rocks, as they were laced with thorns.

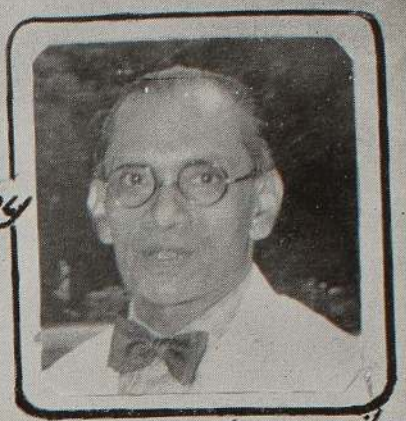
If posterity has acclaimed the rugged route from Log-Cabin to White House as a saga of American history, so one day will posterity emblazon Ceylon's historical records with the steep climb from pedagogue to patriot.

For as in the stages of the grammar he taught at Wesley College, from positive, comparative to superlative so in his political grammar he rose—positive politician, comparative patriot, superlative statesman.

Friend of friend and friend of foe, he is the diplomat "par excellence". And the diplomat we have in mind, as a tribal word, is defined as "one who remembers a woman's birthday, but forgets her age." Of such stuff, such silken slender stuff, of which even the rustle cannot be heard, is Sir Oliver Ernest Goonetilleke made of.

The Ceylon Causerie, dips deep in salute to a Knight, who is always a monument of patience and a symbol of tact.

My OXFORD DAYS



by S.W.R.D. Bandaranaike

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

THERE 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

"My Oxford Days" was written by the late **Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike** in an exclusive series of articles for the **Ceylon Causerie** in 1934. This is the second of the series. The first dealt with his obtaining lodgings in Oxford. This series runs into fifteen articles.

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 travailing 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 for ever 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.

MENTAL MALAISE

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."

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.

THE BEGGAR

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.

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 undergraduates, 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 at home or at Oxford.

Lastly there was the redoubtable Mr. C. Suntheralingam, now Professor of Mathematics at the University College. He had a mind 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. Hi luminous and cultured mind shed a lustre on the most ordinary conversation.

Diplomatic Dossier

The Ceylon Causerie introduces to its readers, Ambassadors of foreign nations in Ceylon. These pen and picture studies do not pretend to be comprehensive. They are as far as we can get. Our first portrait must needs start with the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, China's Chang Tsan-Ming.

H. E. CHANG TSAN-MING

CHINESE AMBASSADOR

By

OUR DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

CENTURIES of traditional inscrutability mask the moonlike face that beams Chinese goodwill throughout this country.

The face belongs to His Excellency Chang Tsan-Ming, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the People's Republic of China.

The goodwill chanelled through His sphinx-like Excellency springs from the hearts of 600 million Chinese in the vast acres of the Red Republic.

As we clinked glasses in toasts to Sino-Ceylon friendship, the dominating personality of Mao-Tse-Tung seemed to give it silent benediction, from the huge canvas above. Indeed, when we raised our glasses to China, we raised them to Mao-Tse-Tung, the high-neck coated People's Highness synonymous with the modern Chinese Republic.

For he it was who slashed the shackles that once bound with knots of exploitation the sluggish slumbering giant that was the Chinese sub-continent.

It was he who drove the spurs of revolution into a helpless mass, who goaded slovenly swarms into progressive mobility, who moulded the mountains of clay that were Chinese flesh into the almost streamlined nation it is today.

All this pride of achievement rings in the cascade of mellifluous Chinese accents that flow from Mr. Chang Tsan-Ming, China's Ambassador to Ceylon.

He tells you of his leader, as one who breathed vibrant life into a nation where *rigor mortis* had ostensibly set in.

He tells you of the massive machinery that is industrial China today, of the barren wastes now rippling with russet blades of paddy, of a country once rotten with corruption now bleached into a moral white and a political Red.

For Chang Tsan-Ming, China's first Ambassador to Ceylon (he came over in 1957), and now Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, is one of China's vanguard freedom fighters.

His swarthy frame and pale pink pigment have seen turbulent days in his native Szechuan. He has travelled throughout the Continent drinking deep of the Red political fonts. In recognition of both his talent for diffusing friendship and his unswerving loyalty, he collected his first award—Ambassador in Ceylon.

Chang Tsan-Ming, whose six children are majoring in China, helms the Diplomatic Corps, in homespun dignity with his wife.

He walks you through Time into so far distant days as the first Century A.D., when Sinhalese Kings had their envoys in far-flung China.

"My nation and yours have always been friends. We will continue to be so for ever", enthuses this sloe-eyed, quick-witted Ambassador, who has ripped the fallacy away from the myth that the Chinese are famous only for their noodles, fried rice and chopsuey.

Anagarika Dharmapala

D. B. Dhanapala Resurrects:

THE MAKERS OF MODERN CEYLON

D. B. Dhanapala is a Newspaper Editor, who has gained international repute for his impeccable prose. In this series for the Causerie, Mr. Dhanapala will bring to life those patriots who laboured unceasingly for the national and cultural renaissance of Ceylon.

WHEN I was about seven I happened to be a salesboy in a boutique in a suburb of Galle, Kumbalwella. The chief salesman of the shop had certain pretensions to culture. When the day's work was done and the last plank of the doorway fitted into its groove and bolted and locked, he read to us, by the aid of a bottle lamp interesting bits out of the Sinhalese papers.

Over and over again in these passages from the Press would occur the name of one Anagarika Dharmapala.

The chief salesman also had an urge for the higher spiritual life and would indulge in subtle moral coercion in taking us to the temple every Poya night. I did not mind so much the visit to the temple as I did the interminable "bana-preaching" which often lengthened into an all night session.

Imagine the Chief Salesman's excitement when one morning it was announced by the beat of the tom-tom that Anagarika Dharmapala would preach that night at the Galle Market Square. We all caught the infection and were all burning with a pious fervour to hear the "Bana."

I do not quite remember all the details of the long trudge to the Galle Central Market. Nor the long walk back by the aid of a "Chulu" torch at midnight.

But what I do remember is almost every word I listened to, standing as I did at the edge of the crowd in what little space there was, sandwiched between a buxom basket woman and a "chandiya" with his sarong hitched up.

It was the strangest kind of "Bana" I have ever heard or ever will hear.

He did not dress like a Buddhist monk. He did not sit cross-legged as did the monks. Instead, dressed in a strange garb of his own invention, standing upright like the unwavering decision of an honest man, he delivered a magnificent onslaught on imperialism and the White Man's Burden in such a resounding voice that my ears almost went hoarse with hearing !

I remember almost every word he spoke—not because I have a good memory ; but because interest is the secret of memory and I must have been interested to remember them across the lapse of many years.

Big machines and good clothes did not make a civilized man, he said. The English were uncivilized barbarians who exploited helpless people. The Sinhalese were a civilized race when the Britons were savages. Those who imitated the English were like African savages who bartered good diamonds for cheap coloured glass beads. Be proud of your civilization, your language. Stand erect before the conquerors. Don't bend double. Have self-respect. Be yourselves and not cheap imitations of barbarians if you want to have a place in the world.

Soon after, even as a child, I begged my father to discard my Portuguese surname and English given name, which did not mean anything to me, and adopted the Sinhalese system of nomenclature.

* * *

Anagarika Dharmapala was the only aristocrat who walked with his head held high among a fawning, cringing, crawling multitude of his own fellow men in Ceylon at that time.

He gave the Sinhalese a sense of self-respect—made them walk erect. His voice was the first whisper that later developed into a clamour for political freedom.

He felt that unless the Sinhalese was made to feel that he was equal, if not superior, to the Englishman, he would be content to be for ever fallen. By his fearless crusade for cultural emancipation he gave courage to the faint-hearted to stretch out the hand for political emancipation.

He felt that religious revivals were out of the question as long as the people were in a state of mind that accepted political and economic subjection as a matter of course.

What the other Ceylonese world figure, Ananda Coomaraswamy, did to Indian art—put it on the map of the world—Anagarika Dharmapala did to the spirit of the Sinhalese.

Influenced greatly by Colonel Olcott, Dharmapala became Ceylon's crusader who was as much feared as he was respected.

A high forehead that could often be low-brow on occasion ; a pensive brow that bespoke a good deal of power ; firm lips that brooked no hindrance but could speak kind words to a child ; a personality oozing with energy but at the same time pervading a sense of peace and quiet ; this was the aspect of this aristocrat wearing sack cloth who was a visionary with the ideas of a warlord.

The warlord in him organised the crusade to re-establish Buddhism in India, the land of its birth, as his mission in life. A vocative volcano in eruption when roused, which was often, he was, withal, a man of action who could organize things on a vast scale in order to translate his zeal and fervour into useful practical movements.

Ceylon became known throughout India and the world through his propaganda and crusade which never ceased until his voice was stilled for ever.

He fired a whole generation of Sinhalese to refuse to accept the old world Colonial mentality as a matter of course. This led not only to cultural and political emancipation but also to the religious revival which was his aim.

He was the forerunner, the pioneer, who blazed a trail for people like Piyadasa Sirisena, Dr. W. A. de Silva, P. de S. Kularatne and Gunapala Malalasekera.

This perhaps was the greatest work he did for Ceylon.

The Buddhist schools he established, the Sinhalese Newspaper Press he started, the Ayurvedic dispensaries he commenced—all aimed at the regeneration of a degenerated race. He stopped the rot—for those who may come later to heal.

The next and last time I saw him some twenty years later at Benares, I met him face to face—not from the edge of a crowd.

I had by then become a journalist. He had become a Buddhist monk under the name of Devamitta Dhammapala.

I could hardly believe that the mellowed, kind, reposeful monk before me, talking of his vision of reclaiming India to Buddhism at the newly built Mulagandhakuti Vihara, was the same eruptive volcano that I had listened to at Galle.

As Jawaharlal Nehru, the impulsive, headstrong aristocrat, by degrees, schooled himself into a statesman of world importance, the fiery pioneer had tamed himself into a venerable figure of infinite patience and charm.

Two thousand five hundred years ago, it was near Benares, that the wandering Beggar Prince, Gautama, preached his first sermon in the deer park at Isipathanarama (modern Saranath). It was there that the Buddha trained his disciples to go forth into the world and spread his message of compassion.

After the lapse of many centuries, another strange figure in a saffron-coloured Buddhist robe wandered about Saranath once again. His head clean-shaven, his form bent with age, this new Sadhu was also a follower of that first great Beggar Monk of two thousand five hundred years ago. He haunted Saranath laying the foundations of a new missionary centre, to convert India to a faith that had been driven clean out of its native shores. This venerable dreamer, noble-looking man with tender visions in his eyes was greatest of the present day Buddhist monks and had an international fame that had the sound of holy bells and the chantings of strange 'mantrams' in far-off tongues.

This was the man whose international career began when, at the Chicago Parliament of Religions he represented Buddhism. Later he travelled in most quarters of the globe—from New York to Yokohama—founding Buddhist "viharas" or temples, starting new missionary centres, lecturing, preaching, propagating his faith. He had been the main spring of all Buddhist activity since the days when Colonel Olcott revived Buddhism and fired it with a new zeal. He was the founder of the Maha Bodhi Society, the greatest of all Buddhist organisations in India. The Buddhist Missions in New York and London, the "Vihara" at Calcutta and the temple at Madras and at a host of smaller places were all the work of this one man.

With the coming on of age, the old fire seemed to have gone out. And Dharmapala left politics for the younger generation to grapple with. His passion was his religion. Ceylon politics was all very interesting in those days when he was a mere Anagarika (Brahamachari). But after he became a Bhikku, he dedicated his life wholeheartedly to his religion. When the history of the Buddhist revival comes to be written in the future mists of time, Dharmapala will figure as Peter the Hermit of Buddhism, the Crusader who came to capture back the Holy land from what to him were the "Hindu heathen".

One of the tenderest dreams of Dharmapala was fulfilled before his death when the new Buddhist Temple at Saranath was formally opened. It was a rare but remarkably harmonious combination of ancient Buddhist architecture and modern "straight-line" style of building.

It was a hard thing that Dharmapala in his old age was trying to do in those days when people cared more for a blanket than for a Buddha, more for the silver change in their pockets than for their souls. And his attempt to reconvert India with his little band of dusky monks, was like trying to stir the Bay of Bengal with a teaspoon ! But religious faith can move mountains and shake empires. And there was the undying glory of trying the impossible which only the fanatic knows. Dharmapala's dark eyes gleamed with that glory as he talked to me of the future.

"This is an ideal place for an international Buddhist University," he told me, "and I have ideas . . . who knows it might come into existence some day. Certainly there is no fitter place for a centre of learning and culture and peace. Here will come as of old students from the far corners of the earth, to learn the sacred Law, to work in harmony and peace."

As he talked he would bend forward and peep through the little window of his bedroom at the new shrine glistening in the noonday sun.

(**Continued on Page 25**)

Hilaire Jansz, former Editor of the Ceylon Observer, writes the second of his autobiographical sketches for the Causerie.

THE QUIET DAUGHTER


BEREC

CEYLON OBSERVER

LATE EDITION

BEREC

Democrat wins after 8 years of Republican rule

KENNEDY IS NEW PRESIDENT

Comment

Creates four 'firsts' in U.S. history

QUICKER BY AIR

The face of John F. Kennedy

WINNER PROMISED NEW ATTITUDE IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS

H. D. JANSZ

MY unhappy and undistinguished school career ended in the year in which the first World War began. It was also the end of an era. To me it meant starting life in what was going to be a bewildering and rapidly changing world through which I was destined to drift precariously for over forty years.

The problem that now gave my parents many a headache was how to find a job for "Jackie," as they called me at home. What kind of job would suit a shy, raw and skinny youth, who still wore short trousers and whose big ears reddened whenever he had to speak to a stranger? My father was determined that I should be a clerk. He was disappointed when I failed to pass the postal clerical examination, which he expected me to do even without offering the prescribed commercial subjects.

What else could I do? I was afraid to tell my father plainly that I wanted to be a journalist and nothing else. Had I not once produced a hand-written family newspaper, humorously chronicling domestic events, which he took to his office and read out proudly to his friends?

One of my mother's cousins was a reporter on the staff of the "Ceylon Observer." When my father asked him, not very hopefully, whether he could get me a similar job, he laughed scornfully. Was that a job for a miserably timid youth like me? A ship's captain had once threatened to kick him down the gangway. Nobody could then foresee that fifteen years later, by one of Fate's whims, the despised and most unlikely candidate for a journalist's job would become Editor of the "Observer." But my mother's cousin was right. As a reporter I was a flop and a total loss.

For about six months I stayed at home, reading everything I could lay my hands on, scribbling and doing nothing about getting employed. Thanks to my mother's persistence in travelling twice to Panadura where she interviewed Cyril Jansz about giving me even a clerical post in his school, I was persuaded to wear an uncle's discarded long trousers and begin life as a teacher in a boarding school far from home. The day I travelled by train to Panadura was painfully memorable. It was the day on which the 1915 riots broke out violently in Colombo and elsewhere.

Arriving at Principal Jansz's residence in a terrible state of nervous apprehension and homesickness, I interrupted a violin lesson and was told by a charming and self-possessed young woman, who made me tremble and stutter, that her father had gone to Colombo and would not be back until late in the evening. There was nothing for me to do except to hang round for hours on a side verandah and await a dreaded interview. It was not so bad after all. Old Jansz was kind and courteous enough to this curious namesake of his whom he greeted with the words : "What a day."

Apart from the rioting and looting, it was certainly a momentous day in my life. I was asked to occupy a room just vacated by a resident teacher who was later to become the father of Tarzie Vittachi, my almost fabulously successful successor in the "Observer" editorial chair about forty years later.

In this room I examined myself severely and resolved to cure my acute self-consciousness, put away childish things and be a man, before I became a journalist. I also read Mark Twain in bed and wriggled with suppressed mirth.

The first thing I was asked to do suited me nicely. I had to classify and re-arrange the contents of a book-case. While I was so engaged a message came to me from the head-master of St. John's Boys' School asking me to act for an absent teacher and take charge of a class of fifth-standard boys, most of whom I found were easy to control but difficult to teach ; so limited was their knowledge of English, and I had no experience at all of teaching or the slightest interest in it. They all seemed to regard me as a curious specimen and made audible remarks about my shy-

ness and undeveloped physique. Many of them were village lads who wore coats and cloths and were barefooted. But one of them happened to be a bright and cheeky Burgher boy who once grinned at me impudently and said : "Helluva bloody master." Soon after that I decided to give up teaching.

My Panadura experience was, however, well worth while. It helped me to make friends for the first time and to come out of my shell. My repressed boyhood broke out belatedly when I went home for the holidays. I startled my sisters by attempting to sing comic songs and hymns, in my bath and out of it, at the top of my voice. I laughed and screamed and jumped around energetically. Sometimes I was so noisily frivolous that my father had to rebuke me and ask me to remember that I was now a schoolmaster.

Tragic developments in the family sobered me a bit and I began to think seriously again of breaking into journalism. How long more could I vegetate at Panadura as an inefficient teacher? Something had to happen. And it did.

* * *

At the Slave Island railway station one Saturday afternoon I heard a newsboy's unfamiliar cry. He was not selling a morning or evening newspaper, but something refreshingly new. It was the first issue of the "Ceylon Saturday Review." Buying a copy, I was immediately delighted with its contents and even with its texture and smell. I may say I fell in love with it. It had been one of my boyhood's dream to own or edit a paper of this kind when I grew to the right stature.

I spent a good part of the next day writing, as legibly as I could on ruled foolscap paper, a lively appreciation of the "Saturday Review." When I had posted this to the Editor, E. W. Foenander, whom I had never met, I felt something released within me. A burning desire was on the verge of fulfilment.

A few days later I had a very kind letter from Foenander, who had first thought I was the other H. D. Jansz, the Thomian schoolmaster. My appreciation was published in the next number of the "Review" and I was invited to fill a column or two with anything I cared to write about every Saturday. The title I chose for my weekly causerie was "Inky Intervals,"

Looking back on my earliest effusions thirty-two years later I wrote in E. W. F.'s new journal, the "Ceylon Fortnightly Review," that I was amused to find the aspiring young columnist making this ripe pronouncement on the subject of humour :

> "It is said that a sense of humour is a bar to success. Humour being at its best a witty perversion of the truth, there is a tendency on the part of humorists to miss the true meaning of things and to be led by their wild fancies into a dangerous trifling with what calls for serious application and earnest effort . . . Humour is most charming when there is a subtle blending of wit and mirth without the least tinge of malice and buffoonery"

It once gave me a glow of pride to find my "Inky Intervals" promoted in an emergency to take the place of the front-page feature "Entre Nous," usually written by the immensely more experienced Felix Martinus. The immaturity of my Saturday essay was concealed beneath tricks of style and a lightness of touch which, I learned later in life, could cover a multitude of journalistic sins. But there is an apocryphal saying attributed to the great lawyer Frederick Dornhorst that young "Hilaire's" humour and talent suggested the birth of another Lorenz.

* * *

The word "columnist" was not in my vocabulary in the days of my youth. But this was what I was becoming at the early age of twenty. The time had come to bid goodbye to Panadura, with few regrets, and to teaching, with none. It was arranged by E. W. Foenander for me to sit at the receipt of subscriptions to the "Saturday Review" and advertisements at a desk in a corner of a broker's office in Chatham Street, where I spent a few hours every day, reading and daydreaming. There was little else to do. Subscribers and advertisers preferred to approach Foenander direct. His paper was printed at his residence down a Bambalapitiya lane, where I used to go to read proofs of my very carefully composed causerie.

I had now overcome my shyness to the extent of actually interviewing newspaper editors and asking for employment. I taught myself shorthand and attended speed classes at the Polytechnic, where I also learned typewriting. Laurie Muttukrisna, who then edited "The Ceylonese," could only offer me a proof-reader's job, but advised me not to accept it. Any literary talent I had, he said, would soon ooze out when I had to correct printer's mistakes at night. More successful, up to a point, was my interview with Charlie Staples, Editor of the "Independent," to whom I boldly offered a column which I called "Scraps and Sketches," I anxiously watched his impassive face as he read it through. He made a few pencil marks on the manuscript and, to my delight, sent it down to the printer at once.

Here was I breaking into print in a daily paper with the greatest of ease. But when Staples got my shorthand tested by B. R. Jurgen Ondaatjie, that hardened old hand had serious doubts about my physical fitness for a reporter's job. Anyway, my "Scraps and Sketches" continued to appear in the "Independent" for some weeks. The humorist Edmund de Livera, in one of his skits, called it " *Scraps and Scratches.*" My nimble pen was certainly doing a lot of scratching to no purpose. All it produced were pleasant patter and whimsical essays on nothing in particular spiced with literary allusions and quiet humour. One of my columns impudently discussed the merits of Shelley, Byron and Keats, of whose poems I had read very few.

When I telephoned to Staples from the Polytechnic one evening and ventured to ask him if I would be paid for my articles, he said the question of payment did not arise as they were regarded as an experiment, giving me an opportunity for seeing what I could do. It was very kind of him. I thanked him, but wrote no more "Scraps and Sketches" after that.

This would never do. Something had to happen. And it did. D. R. Wijewardene started the 'Daily News." It was likely that he would find some use for a quaint youth with an itch for writing who had won a prize in a shorthand speed test.

 To be continued in next issue)

MAYORS MAKE MERRY

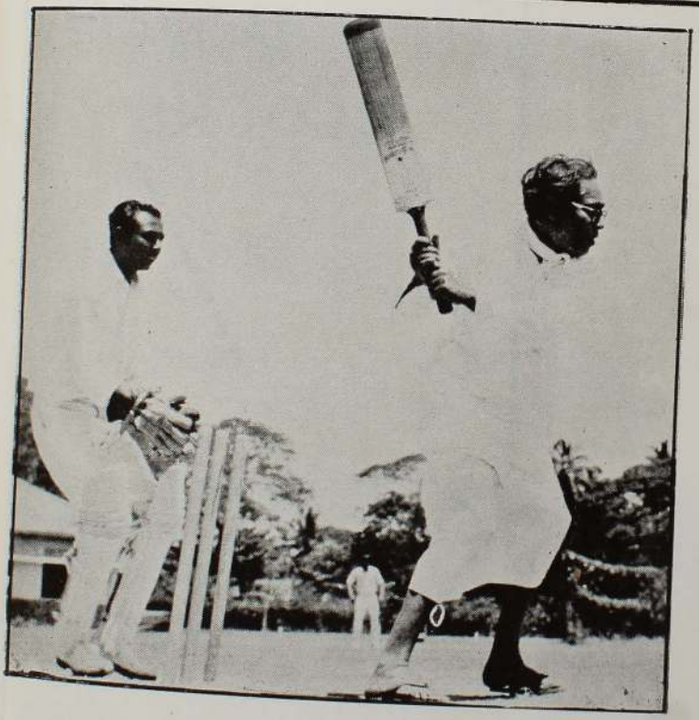
Ceylon's Mayors met in Colombo to discuss matters of national import. Sandwiched in between hours of Conference was a cricket match played between the Kandy Mayor's team and the Colombo Mayor's team. The etiquette of cricket was left behind.

Grey flannels replaced cream flannels. White dhotis, tucked up as in "gudu", were prominent. The willow was seldom so roughly wielded. At sundown Kandy and Colombo toasted each other in spirituous bonds.

●

(Below)

Dr. W. D. de Silva, in national costume prepares for a bulb and battery assault on the ball.



(Top)

Messrs.
A. C. L. Ratwatte
B. A. Jayasinghe
M. H. Mohammed
&
E. L. Senanayake

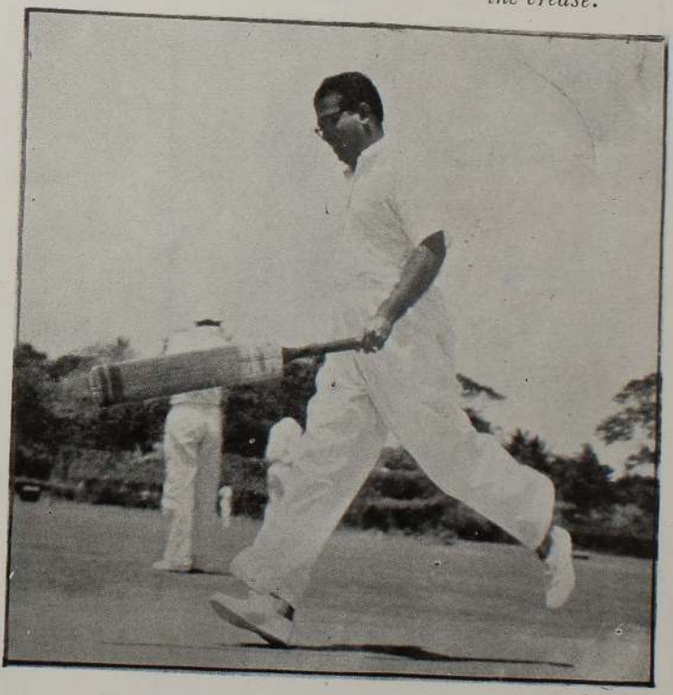
●

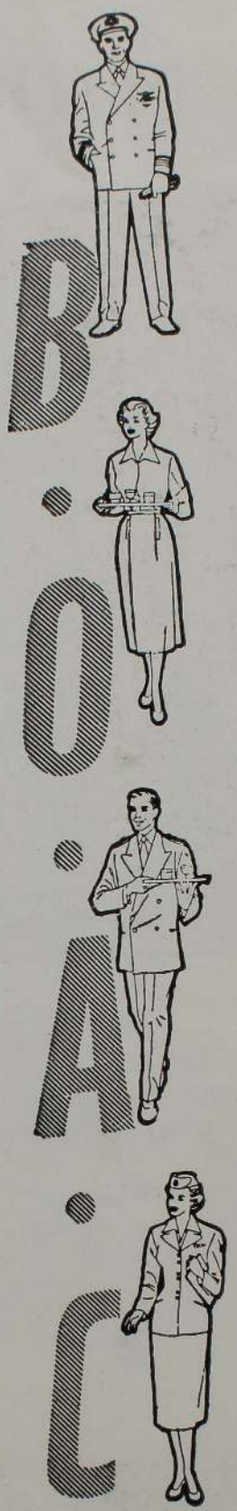
(Below)

A section of the Municipal Councillors' wives watching the Mayors and Councillors at play.

(Below)

Colombo's Mayor just makes the crease.





POLAND'S PREMIER IN CEYLON

A rousing reception was accorded to the Premier and his party, at the Airport, where they were greeted by Madame Prime Minister

Madame Prime Minister drinks a toast to Poland, at the Polish Premier J. Cyrankiewicz's reception to her at the G.O.H.

Premier J. Cyrankiewicz acknowledges the cheers of the people on his way to Kandy

The Polish Prime Minister's wife feeds elephants at the Dehiwala Zoo, aided by Major Aubrey Weinman

IN THE LIMELIGHT

(Top left)
The Governor-General Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, was taken round the Grandpass factory of Lever Bros. for an inspection of the new buildings under construction. He was taken round by the General Manager.

(Top right)
The Indian Club feted the Indian High Commissioner, His Excellency B. K. Kapur at a well-attended dinner. Talking to Mr. Kapur is the Club President, Mr. Sivaji Dorai.

(Left)
The Secretary of State for the Commonwealth, Rt. Hon. M. S. Alport called on the Governor-General on his recent visit to Ceylon.

(Bottom left)
The new Reading room and library of the Indian High Commission.

(Bottom right)
Mrs. Lakshimi Menon, Deputy Minister–Foreign Affairs of the Indian Government lights the traditional lamp to open the New Indian High Commission at the Nadaraja Building, Kollupitiya.

A NATION REMEMBERS...AND MOURNS

The nation mourned the loss of its late Premier, Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike at the commemoration of the first anniversary of his tragic death.

The Governor General pays obeisance at the Horagolla Vault.

Finance Minister Mr. Felix Dias Bandaranaike and his wife carry their floral tribute.

The diplomatic corps pay homage.

Village folk draw an image of their late Premier through the streets.

Madame Prime Minister and her Children lay their wreaths.

At the simple but moving ceremony at Horagolla the nation's dignitaries and Ambassadors of many lands were present.

Perhaps the most moving moment in the whole ceremony was when Prime Minister Sirimavo Bandaranaike laid a wreath in silent tribute to her late husband.

THE COCKTAIL ROUND

U. S. Ambassador, Mr. Bernard Guffler and Mrs. Guffler played hosts to young Ceylonese friends prior to their leaving for the States on a brief holiday.

The Pakistan High Commissioner, H. E. Mirza Hamid Hussain and Mrs. Hussain entertained Mr. & Mrs. Raju Coomaraswamy before Mr. Coomaraswamy took up duties in the Home Ministry.

The Royal Ceylon Air Force celebrated their tenth anniversary with a cocktail party given by Wing - Commander Barker and Mrs. Barker.

(L to R) The Indian High Commissioner, His Excellency B. K. Kapur, Mr. H. E. Tennekoon & Wing-Comm. Barker.

SHORT STORY

CREATION

T. RAMANATHAN

T. Ramanathan is a Ceylonese journalist who free-lanced for a long while in India. His short stories were published in many countries. But the **Census Man** re-named **Creation** in this issue, won him the **Encounter** award of £ 100. It was selected as the prize winning short story from thousands of short stories submitted by 150 nations in the Afro-Asian Group. The judges were Stephen Spender, Sir Edmund Blunden and John Morris of the B. B. C.

HE was waiting for me at the door, the little door that was the entrance to my cubby-hole which for convenience I used to call, my "room." If someone asked me, "Where are you going?" I would say, "I am going to my room." However, I rarely invited anybody to come to my room.

Yet, here was this tall stranger waiting for me. I knew he would come some hour of the day. There was no avoiding him. He was reading the little encomiums written in my name by the boys of the street (scribbled in pencil). "Boys in the street are a nuisance," I said, by way of conversation, "Give them a piece of charcoal and they become vandals."

The census man was not interested. I opened the door and let him in. He was tallish, so he had to stoop to let himself in. I hoped against hope that my dirty clothes would be somehow arranged and my few books in order. He seemed to take everything at a glance. "It is nearly seven," I said, "do you have to work late into the night?" My idea was to attract his attention to a beautiful Queen Anne pocket watch, hung by a silver chain on the wall.

It was my most prized possession, the one thing that in the eyes of the children next door gave me an air of opulence. But the census man seemed hardly to notice the importance of the pocket watch on the wall.

"Who lives next door?" he asked casually.

"The landlord and his family."

"Anybody else?"

"Well, he has rented his backyard to three other families."

"Your room is also part of the house?"

"Yes."

"Your occupation?"

"Writer."

"Which means 'journalist'," he said, half to himself.

"If you like it that way," I smiled.

"Your age?"

"Thirty-five."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Monthly income?"

"Supposed to be ninety rupees."

"What do you mean, 'Supposed'?" he interposed.

"That doesn't come in the census," I said irritably. "My pay is 90 rupees, but I haven't seen the colour of a green note in ages."

"You are Indian, of course?"

"Do you doubt it?" I snapped.

He ignored my irritation.

"You and your wife occupy this room?" I nodded my head. I knew he was thinking something pretty nasty.

"Any children?"

"None!"

Well! That settled him. He closed his notebook.

"Do you have to ask all these questions at every house you go into?"

"It is not easy," explained the census man, "but we are determined to do our best."

"What about all those people sleeping on the roads, in parks—the beggars, the lepers . . . . ?"

"Every one is taken count of," he said. They belong to the 350 million free people of India—that is—Bharat." The census man stooped low to get out of the room again. Just then my wife, who had gone next door to knead the flour-paste, came in. I shut the door in the face of the census man once my wife came in.

"Have these people no other work?" my wife complained. "They come into houses uninvited. They have no respect for women-folk nowadays."

"They have their jobs to do," I protested. "Anyway, he won't come again."

"I hear they are kidnapping children into Hyderabad," she went on chattering.

"We have no children," I said absentmindedly.

My wife looked at me curiously. Perhaps she thought I was daft. She proceeded to lay out my meal. I proceeded to gobble my food. I am used to that too. Then with an "I shall be late. Keep the door, open," I walked out. She knew, of course, that I was going to the cinema. She never grudged me the four and three-quarter annas. Force of habit. If you persist in a habit, wives of course get worried if you don't keep on persisting.

Luckily for me, there were only two persons in the gallery, so I could stretch my limbs comfortably on the seat opposite. The hall was darkened, and soon I was listening to the voice of Mr. Berkely Hill. I sat up and took notice when he began : "The biggest census in the world." Mr. Hill led the audience around the busy streets of Bombay, Calcutta and Madras.

"When the census man comes to your door . . ." purred Mr. Hill, ". . . whether you are a city worker or a day labourer, or drive a bullock cart . . . ." Well, I didn't drive a bullock cart and I had already faced the census man. There had been nothing exciting about it. I lost all interest in the census and fell into a snooze.

When I woke up, my legs were touching the ground. Someone had shifted my feet off the front seat. There were whispers. The screen was a blaze of colour. Somewhere in Mexico . . . .Aztec civilisation. . . . Fitzpatrick . . . snooze . . . . When I woke up again, I heard someone say : "Now he will die." I sat up with a start to watch an action-packed drama (a man hunt in the Wild West) drawing to a close.

"Come out before I blow your brains out," shouts the hero.

"Come and get me," says the villain. Bang! and the barn door opens, and the villain lies dead, shot through the heart. A horse rears off and leaves the saddle behind . . . . I make for the exit.

Outside, it is a beautiful night. There are no lights in the street. The moon comes up put of a medley of wool and lights up my alley. I light a beedi and, like a tight-rope walker, tip-toe gingerly over the sleeping bodies of men, women and children.

For many years now, I have walked through this alley. It is in the heart of the town, and yet so removed and hedged between the rows of inscrutable doorways that the stranger might spend many weary hours looking for a number.

The postman is, of course, a wonder. He knows the names of the occupants by rote. The women are his friends. They hardly talk to any other male when their husbands are not at home. But the postman is permitted to be familiar. On a pitch-dark night, when there is only one street lamp, my alley takes on an air of sadness. When it rains, the people who sleep out disappear, and from end to end, the long labyrinth of gutter and drain looks desolate.

On a warm, starry night, or at best on a full moon day, with a gust of sea wind driving the dead leaves in a whirl, the huddle of flesh, lovers, old people, vermin, and rats are transformed into a phantasmagoria of souls in pain. It is my peculiar pleasure to feast my eyes on this elemental orgy of passion, in a leg in sleep, the arms in the act of embrace, the waking whisper of a lover to his mate.

As usual, I come to the street tap that is turned on and left flowing by some careless person. I wash my legs, turn the tap off as an act of virtue, and walk tip-toe to my door, lest I soil my feet again before I enter my room! The door is ajar, and the light is burning inside. I become irritated. How often I have warned my wife that she should bolt the door, before falling asleep.

I push the door open in a temper. Suppose it were some stranger entering as I am doing now? Late as it is, I must wake her and pick a quarrel with her. The room is empty. The mats have been spread and the pillows laid. The little kerosene lamp is burning on a full wick. Yet she is not there. I have a sinking feeling. There is a footstep as she enters. I realise that there is some commotion next door, something afoot at that late hour of the night.

Suddenly my wife bursts into the room. "Oh, you are back," she says, peremptorily digging into an old box and pulling out a bundle of clean rags. "That will do," she says, "the midwife will be here any minute."

"Here? Where?"

"Next door," she says impatiently. "Janaki is in pains."

"Janaki? Is she the one with varicose veins?" My wife gives me a withering look. "I have no time to be explaining to you," she shouts, and makes her exit. Evidently Janaki must be the squint-eyed creature with green, bulging veins knotted at the joint of her knees.

"How funny," I say to myself. "Only this morning she was doing her chores. Now she is groaning." Only a thin partition divides Janaki's apartment from ours. The men of the family must have left the women to fend for themselves. I hear my wife's voice amongst the others. Women want men, but in their moment of physical suffering they want to be left alone.

" Ram—Ramchandra—O—Rama ' her groans fall on my soul like a knife. I am like one drugged, unable to move. I roll listlessly on the bare mat on the floor. There is a hush but not for long. Again the groans start, "Ram—Ram—Ram." My wife comes back. "It will be any minute now," she says "The midwife has taken charge."

Across the thin wedge of the boxwood wall, not a yard away the hushed groan of a child fighting for breath, creates anew the sense of oppression and awe. A terrible hush, and there is a blind cry of pain, and the sudden wail of a child. It is born, I think. It has chosen this dark alley, these meagre surroundings. Between evening and midnight, a man-child has crept into the home next door. It seems long ago that the census man was in my room.

I can hear the slow tick-tick of the Queen Anne watch on the wall. It seems a sort of nightmare, the people sleeping in the alley, the faint rustle of the wind in the gutter, the uncanny stillness next door. I am bathed in perspiration. There is someone else in the room. She is sleeping, one foot of cold floor dividing our mats. I put out my hand. She rolls over and we are locked in one embrace.

CHARTERIS— Creator of THE SAINT

BY HARVEY DAY

Leslie Charteris who in real life is **Leslie Charteris Bowyer Yin** has more than passing interest to Ceylonese. For his half-brother **Bowyer Yin** is a school teacher in a well-known Colombo College. Here is a well-sketched pen picture of the millionaire thriller churner.

TALL, graceful, grizzle-haired Leslie Charteris, or to give him his full name, Leslie Charteris Bowyer Yin, surveys the world like an emperor.

Which is hardly strange, for the son of Dr. S. C. Yin and his English wife is a direct descendant of the Yins, Emperors of China from 1760 to 1120 B.C.

Charteris is as cosmopolitan as petroleum gas ; as successful in his popular appeal as Billy Graham. Reputed to be a millionaire, he lives like one, which is all that really matters. With enough money not to worry about that vulgar commodity, he has for years been as industrious as a dog scratching for a bone. Now he idles.

"One book a year is all I write," he confesses, "but they're not making any more films of The Saint," his famous character, thank goodness.

"You never have any control of films and I never approved of the way they did them. I certainly didn't like any of the people they got to play The Saint. George Sanders was too surly ; too nasty. Ronald Coleman in his heyday would have been ideal."

In fact, the part was tailored for Charteris himself, for unconsciously or otherwise The Saint is a reflection of his creator.

Though Charteris is the product of a famous English public school (Marlborough) and university (Cambridge), he is an un-English as a French poodle.

In 1946 he became an American citizen, married (for the fourth time) the Hollywood actress Audrey Long, and settled in Florida, but spends most of his time meandering round the world.

He is the epitome of what people imagine the successful author to be.

His father wisely gave him the finest possible education for authorship by taking him three times round the world before he was 12. He spoke Chinese and Malay to the servants before he knew a word of English and when eventually he was sent to England he had a better all-round education than any boy in the place.

English public schools turn out boys in a mould and the life of the unfortunate lad who doesn't fit is sheer hell. "My years in and English public school," says Charteris, "were the unhappiest of my life."

He hated discipline and the cruder kinds of physical discomfort "The only time I was ever warm at school was in bed. I believe the theory, in some obscure way, was that if the boys were warm and comfortable it would lead them to all kinds of sexual vices! And the food (as in all public schools) was foul."

Charteris is a firm believer in the American co-educational system. "The English public school," he maintains, "leaves boys quite incapable of dealing with women in later life." But he does not condemn them utterly. "When I see the horrible lack of education that most American children get away with, I am grateful that I had all that education shoved into me."

He was a brilliant scholar and left Marlborough with ten credits in the Higher Certificate, three terms earlier than normal, at the age of 15.

At Cambridge, where he took a creditable degree, he spent most of his time reading crime novels — then decided he could write them, too. His first was called 'Mr. X Esquire,' and it was not until he came down, lived for a time in Paris, and wandered to Penang and Singapore by way of Marseilles, writing in the process two more books, that he created Simon Templar, The Saint.

His father was furious. "All writers," he raged, "are rogues and vagabonds!" but this sweeping condemnation did not deter his talented son, who was disowned. Later they corresponded and peace was sealed, but they never met or spoke to each other.

Some writers sit in one room and build a world peopled by strange characters in their own minds. Charteris is not one of these. Though half-Chinese, masterly inactivity is not for him.

The Saint knocked a fair section of the reading public cold. His work—pure romantic escapism—coming at the end of the first world war, was devoured greedily by millions who had suffered and whose lives were drab. Money poured into his bank and enabled him, between books, to satisfy every possible desire or craving : he mined for tin, prospected for gold, fought bulls in Spain and qualified for a pilot's licence at a time when few men flew.

Mainly for Women

By MOLLY BASCRAN

IN this month's issue I deal with Wedding Etiquette as there will be many weddings in December. The word etiquette may frighten you but remember wedding etiquette represents old traditions. The type of wedding you choose will either be a—

(1) Large formal wedding in the religious followed by a large reception.

(2) Small wedding with religious rights followed by a large reception.

(3) Church wedding followed by a small reception at home with only close friends and relatives.

The bride's family is reponsible for all the wedding costs which include the bride's ensemble, trousseau, wedding invitations and receptions.

The groom is responsible for the ring, marriage licence, flowers for the bride and maids and little gifts for the attendants. A small reception is normally given by the groom's people to welcome the bride.

Always try and include the groom's mother in your wedding plans. It is she who feels left out and the wedding is just as important to her.

The bestman accompanies the groom to Church and carries the ring. He is also the first person to toast to the bride and groom.

When choosing invitations always choose the engraved ones for all formal weddings. Wedding invitations should be done carefully and they should be addressed by hand. The bridegroom and the bride's family contribute to the invitation lists. Nicknames are never used on invitations. Remember to spell names correctly. The invitations are sent out about 3 to 4 weeks before the wedding and they are sent out all at one time.

A wedding that includes attendants and a procession should be rehearsed. The bridesmaids lead the procession into Church followed by the Maid-of-honour and the flower girls. The bride and her father are last. When the bride reaches the head of the aisle she releases her father's arm and steps towards the left of the groom. The father then gives her away and goes and sits besides the bride's mother in the left pew. If the wedding is not in Church, the processional procedure could be followed.

If you are only having a Church wedding, plan it well. Select the music with care. Try and have one or two vocal selections. Stop for sometime at the back of the Church to greet your friends.

A formal reception has to be planned and the food and wine chosen with much thought and care. Champagne or wine is served for the toast with a cocktail party menu, ices and wedding cake.

The bride's parents act as host and hostess assisted by the groom's parents. They should head the receiving line.

The cake cutting is a ceremony on its own. The bride and groom having the first slice from it. The speeches and toasts are then made. The couple then open the dance if there is dancing at the reception.

Wedding presents are sent to the bride long before the date. There is an old custom of displaying the gifts. Many people bring gifts when they come to the wedding. This causes a great deal of inconvenience as sometimes the gifts are mislaid. If you are unable to send the gift before the wedding, then send it after the wedding.

The bride and groom normally put a small notice in the papers thanking their guests for attending their wedding and for their gifts. It would be a far better idea if they could write little "thank you" notes thanking each guest individually.

CHARTERIS

(Contd.)

Every author has his own way of working. No two have exactly the same methods. Charteris mulls each book over in his head for two years, making sketchy notes from time to time.

When the ingredients have come to the boil he sits down and dictates furiously for a fortnight—a perfect method if you can afford a couple of years of idleness and travel.

The Saint has figured as the hero of more than 30 books which have been translated into 15 languages. Ten or more of the novels have been made into films by Hollywood, "none of which I liked," says Charteris sadly, but the lolly they produce has never been spurned.

Though supremely successful as a writer (his stories have appeared on radio, TV, have been made into comic strips, and there are hundreds of Saint clubs) Charteris is far too much of a wanderer and a man who must go his own way, to make a successful husband —until now.

For his failures he thinks the blame must go partly to his school in England.

With the passing of time he has grown mellow, experienced and tolerant. "I am now quite *addicted* to marriage," he admits. "I think marriage is a very fine thing. Perhaps I can explain my own failures in this way ; perhaps it takes longer for a so-called artist to reach a point of stability, and without stability you can't have a successful marriage."

A piece of profound wisdom with which no *woman* will disagree.

CEYLON WOMAN FASHION SHOW

Rosita *Merle Conderlag models a Spanish type bridal head-dress*

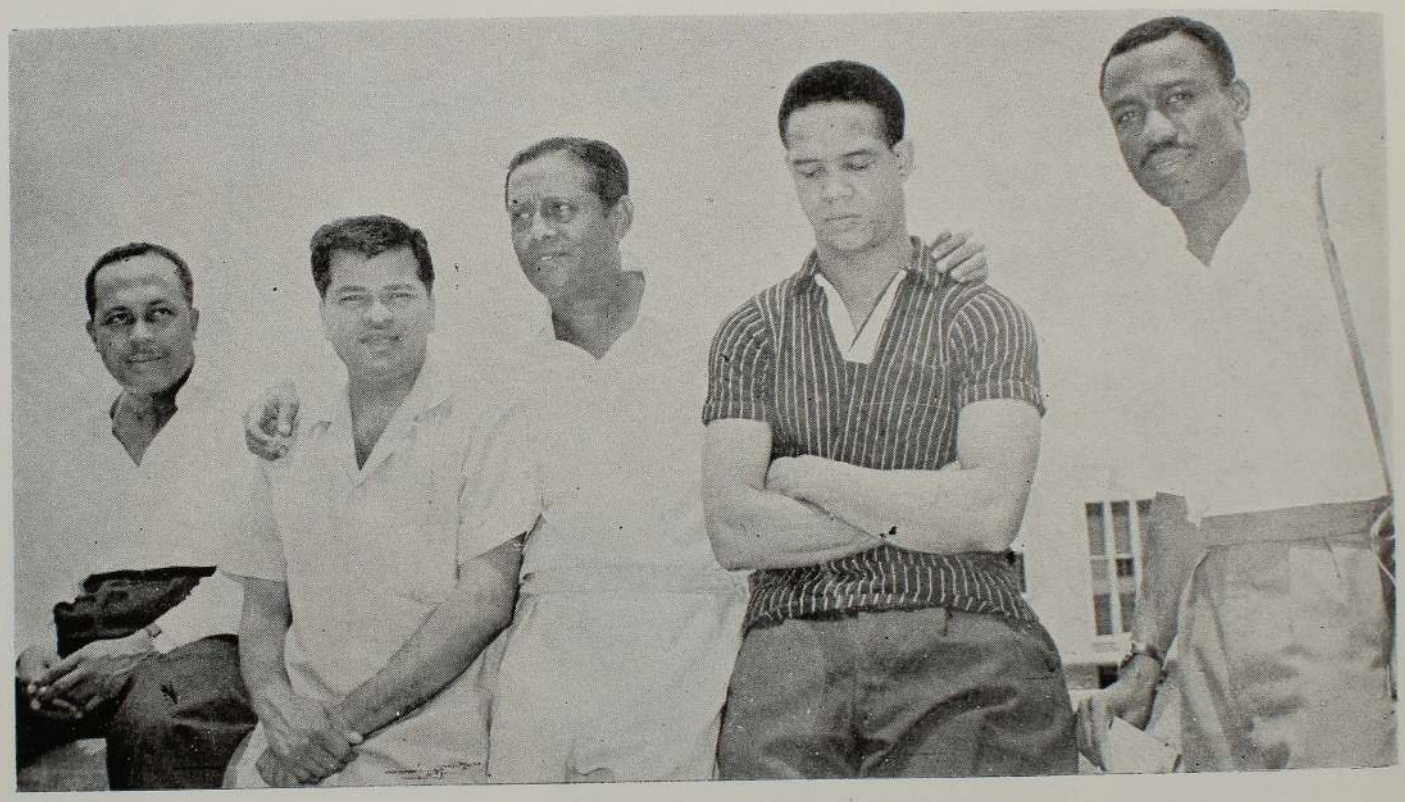
Rowena Gonsal *who was elected Miss Max Factor*

llipop *by Jean Pereira*

On the Beach *Heather Deutrom in simple beach wear*

SPORTS

Jiska Flamer-Caldera leaps over the hurdles in her record breaking run at the National Championships.



The West Indies cricketers dropped in at Colombo en route to Australia. Here, a group of them are seen with M. Sathasivam, the All-Ceylon Cricketer.

A New Zealand forward dashes through in the Ceylon - N. Zealand hockey test.

The Makers... (*Continued from Page 10*)

As I listened I got fascinated with the spirit of this adventurous "crusader" trying to capture the Holy Land. His voice was deeptoned and loud and he spoke roughly like all fanatics. Whenever I spoke I had to raise my voice to the tone of a megaphone for the old priest was hard of hearing.

"What is there to prevent the future to shape Saranath into another great missionary centre"? he asked me. And without waiting for a reply carried on. "The Government of India asked the Mahabodhi Society to build a suitable temple to cost about Rs. 30,000/- to receive the newly found relics of the Buddha at Taxila. But you see, this is my idea of a suitable shrine." He paused and looked once again through the barred window of his bed-room.

Twenty-five centuries ago, a wild, vagabond Prince of Bengal named Vijaya was set adrift on the ocean wave along with a band of his riotous followers by his royal father to appease the wrath of his subjects at the dreadful, disgraceful conduct of his scapegrace son. Eventually, the frail barques found their way to the spicy-groved island of Lanka where they conquered the aborigines and married their women. Later, Asoka according to tradition sent his son, Mahinda and his daughter, Sangamitta to convert the mango-shaped island to Buddhism. Since then the inhabitants of Ceylon have been Buddhists. By and by, Buddhism was hounded out of the land of its birth. But in the little island it has flourished in its purest form to the present day.

Even though it seemed a little futile then, but for his work in India, that country perhaps would never have adopted the Asoka Wheel as its emblem and had a Buddha figure dominating the scene at the climax of political emancipation.

But for his work in Ceylon, we might yet be a Colony of the British Empire ; our culture a primitive pretence ; our language a vernacular according to the classic meaning of the word ; and our religion a secret ritual.

He gave new sight to our eyes ; new hearing to our ears ; a new touch to our finger tips ; a new feeling to our hearts.

We in Ceylon might forget Devamitta Dhammapala Thero ; but who will ever forget Anagarika Dharmapala of the old days?

COOKERY CORNER

BY
MOLLY BASCRAN

EGGS are a very good stand-by for a quick meal. Sometimes when visitors drop in unexpectedly, do not get flustered if you find you have only eggs in the refrigerator for a delicious and satisfying meal can be turned out with eggs.

Oeufs a la King :

6 hard-boiled eggs (cut lengthwise)
1 Bombay onion (chopped)
1 oz. butter
1 oz. flour
2 cups milk
2 teaspoons chopped green chillie
1 oz. grated cheese
2 chopped tomatoes
Pepper and salt

Method.—Heat the butter and fry the onions. Add the flour and blend it with the butter. Then add the milk gradually, continue to cook until the mixture is smooth and thickened. Add the chopped chillie, grated cheese, chopped tomatoes and pepper and salt. Pour this hot sauce over the hard boiled eggs. Serve hot with hot buttered toast.

* * *

An omelet is a very quick dish to prepare. There are three kinds of omelets—

(1) Plain or French omelets
(2) Filled omelets
(3) Puffed omelets

For successful omelets rapid cooking is necessary in hot butter over a quick heat. A well made omelet should be set but moist and not raw. They should be served immediately for they lose their lightness if they are kept waiting.

The omelet pan should have a smooth surface and must be kept clean to prevent them from sticking. Keep the pan only for making omelets.

Plain Savoury Omelet :

3 eggs
1 oz. butter
1 tablespoon tepid water
1 teaspoon Chillie powder
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 onion chopped finely
Pepper and salt

Method.—Beat the eggs, add the seasonings and water. Heat the butter, then pour the beaten eggs into the pan. When the eggs begin to set move the still liquid across the bottom of the pan with a fork. This helps to cook it more quickly. Then fold quickly towards the handle of the pan. Cook a little longer to brown the under surface. Then turn out and serve immediately.

* * *

Savoury Puffed Omelet :

3 eggs
1 tablespoon cold water
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter

Stuffing :

2 oz. cooked fish
Parsley (chopped)
1 onion (chopped)

Method.—Flake the fish. Beat the yolks of eggs. Then add the water and seasonings. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour the mixture into the hot butter in the pan. Cook over a slow flame until bottom of omelet appears nicely brown and crisp. Then sprinkle the top with the flaked fish onions and chopped parsley. Then put into a moderated oven for 8-10 minutes until the top is dry but not brown. Loosen quickly and fold in two. Garnish with sliced tomatoes and parsley.

CAMERA CAMEOS

Indonesia's new Ambassador to Ceylon, His Excellency Asa Bafaqiuh arrives at the Ratmalana Airport, accompanied by his family.

Two Australian detectives, J. Bateman and R. Coleman go through Customs on their arrival in Ceylon. They flew down from Australia to pursue investigations in the Bradley case.

Making its debut on the Colombo bandstands during the festive season will be Sylvester de Soyza's Rhythm Ramblers.
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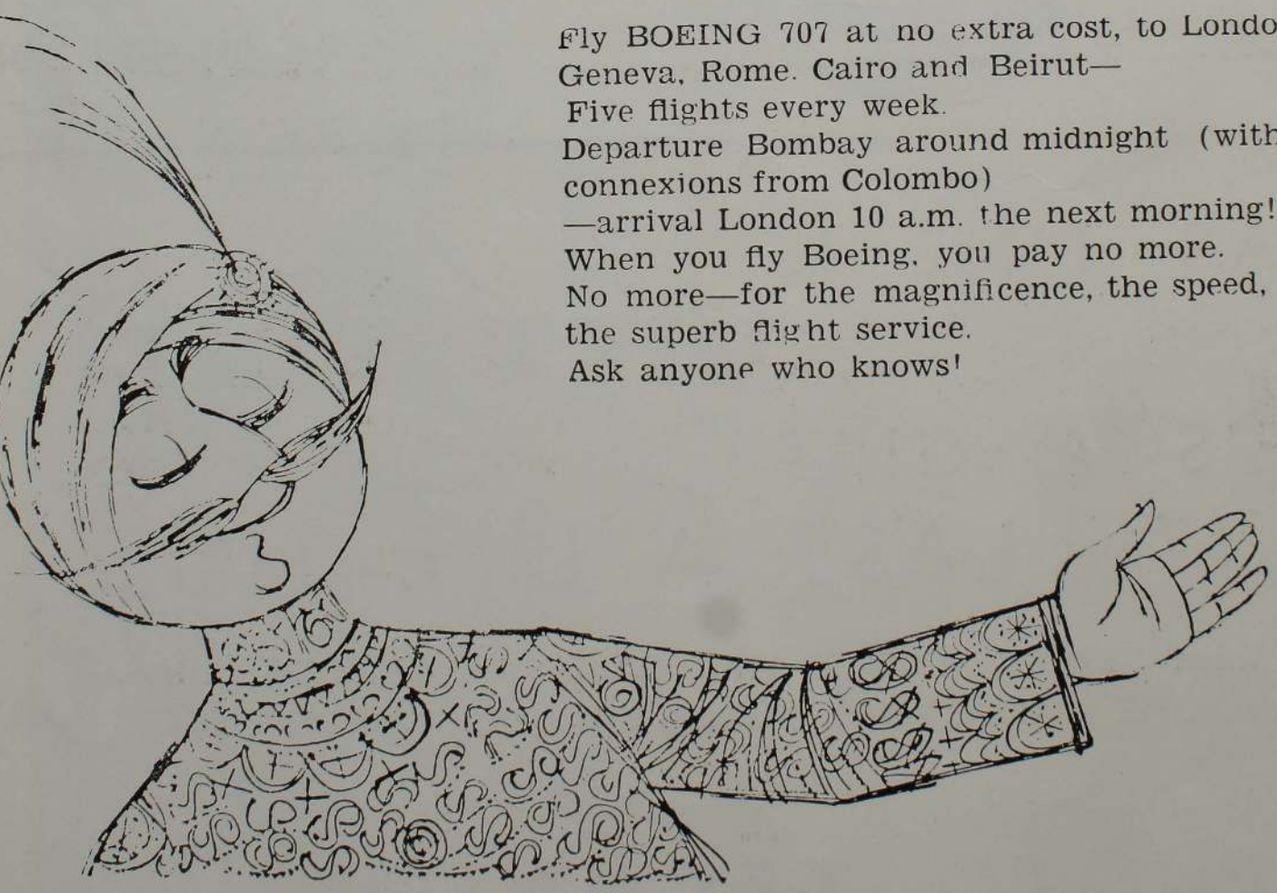

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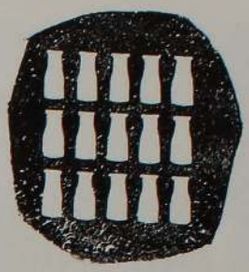

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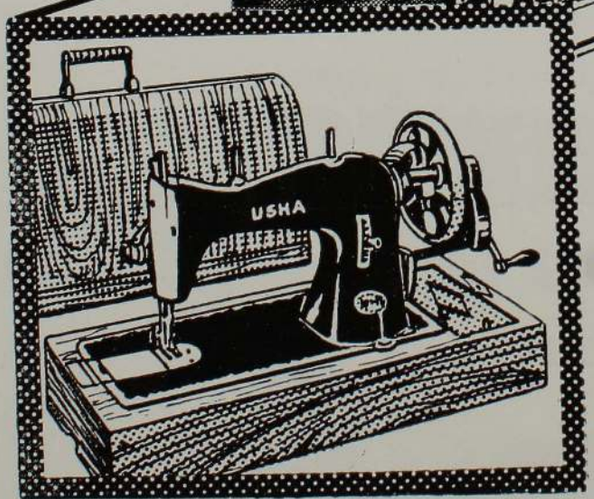

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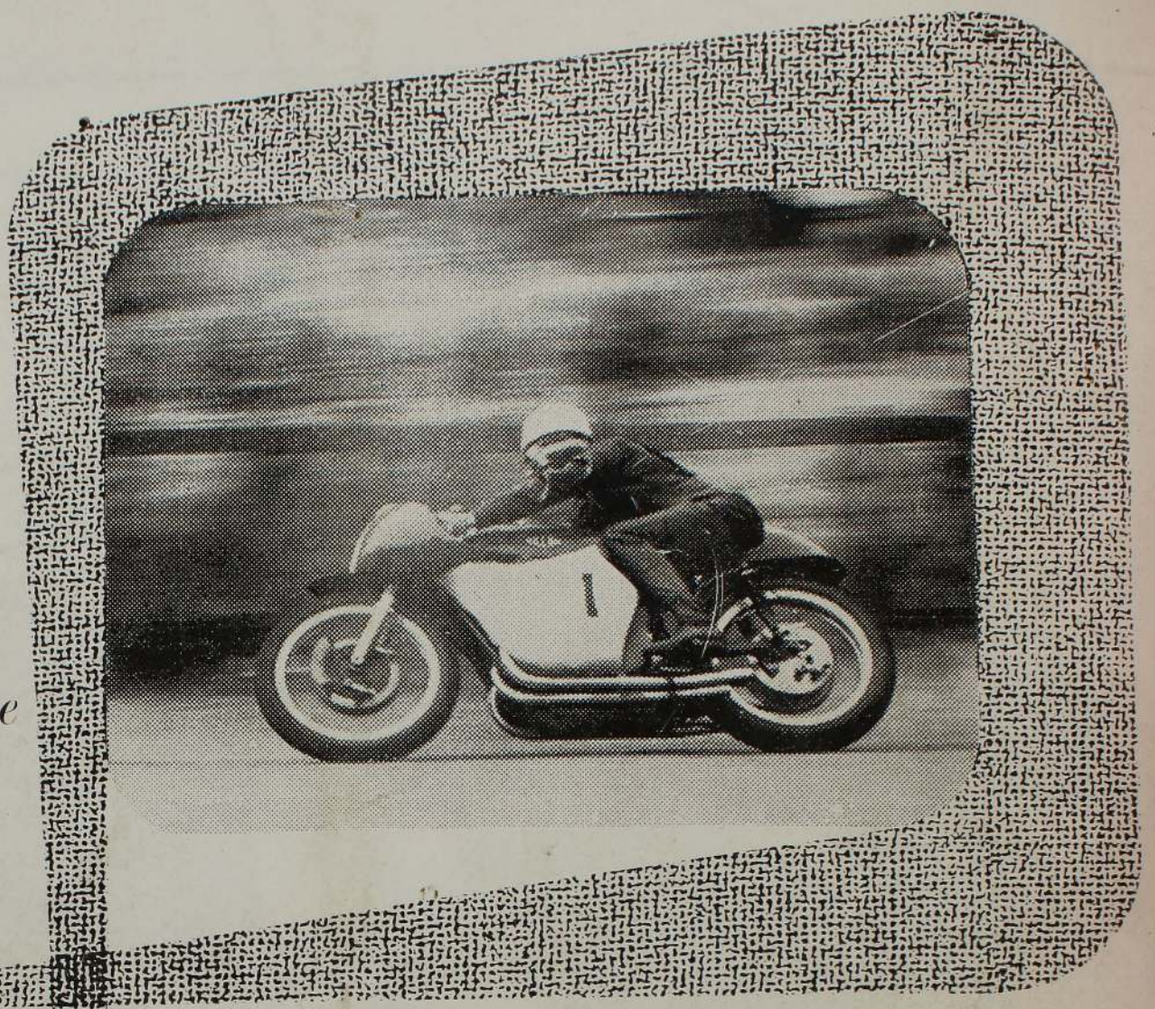

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