

# THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

DECEMBER

1960

REGISTERED AT THE  
P. O. AS A  
NEWSPAPER

PICTORIAL MONTHLY



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X'MAS

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## *The Dutch T.T.*

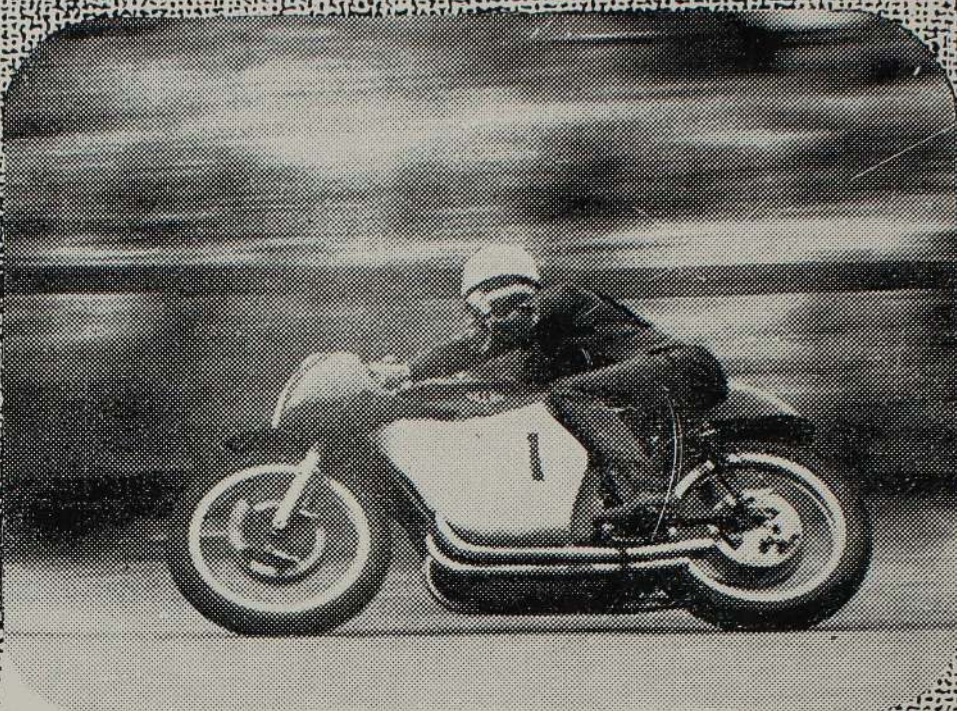
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## THE CEYLON CAUSERIE

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## COMMENTARY

THE Ceylon Causerie wishes its readers, its friends and even its foes, a **Merry X'mas and a very Bright New Year.**

To many, this season will be under a cloud. To them we gift the words and wisdom of an age-old song, "There is a silver lining.....the clouds will soon roll by".

Hope and optimism are two mental treasures within the reach of every human being. We commend them, in all sincerity to our Causerie readers. These are the God-gifted buoys to keep us afloat in dark and troubled times.

X'mas, particularly to Christian and even non-Christian, is a season which yanks the multitude out of the slough of despond to the shores of happiness.

This is not the season of despair.

It is the period of hope.

Religion and philosophy would have lost their meaning and purpose if the human spirit allows itself to be trampled by the jack-boot of circumstance.

That is why this X'mas should have a special significance to flagging spirits. It should be a spur to lift up our hearts..... and rejoice.

Throughout the centuries Christmas has been a season of joy from Portsmouth to Peru. Whatever the circumstances, let it be so in Ceylon too.

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expensive teddy-bear, but deprived of the one thing they crave for most — love.

Helpful as money may be, we need more than money to have a Happy Christmas. We need the love and affection which inspires the use of money, to give happiness to those who mean so much to us. If money was the real ingredient for happiness during this season it would be more practical if each person bought for himself the gift he wanted instead of exchanging gifts. But the human spirit soars up to higher things. The spirit aspires to the heights of love and affection. Gift-giving must be a tangible manifestation. A gift is something vibrant with the joy and affection of the giver. It is not a substitute for love, it is only a token. There are so many things that go to make up the real gift; the thought of the gift — what particular colour or shape of the gift, the energy spent — rushing from one shop to another, the time required to select and even that little, seemingly insignificant act of wrapping the gift, yes, all these add up to make the real gift.

In the final analysis, what reigns supreme, today as in the years and centuries past is the Human Spirit and things of the Spirit — Love, Peace and Goodwill to men. That is why the Faith of the Shepherds still drives millions to worship the Infant in the Crib, though He is wrapped in swaddling clothes. He could have been born into the wealth and opulence of Herod's Court, He who rolled the satellites into space. But, He chose to be born in the poverty of a stable. He could have been heralded by the fanfare of trumpets, He came in the silence of a star-lit night, in the softness of swaddling clothes. I think, He wished to throw the spotlight on the real meaning of happiness.

Yes, it is not merely the yule-log and the cake, the tree and the holly, the bon-bon and the crackers — it is the flame that goes from the hearts of men. It is the music of the laughter of children, it is the warm clasp of a loved one, it is the radiant smile of gratitude of the waif. Yes, all these. Then, wishes will be real and sincere. Love will be a force. The flaming torch lit in a stable from the radiant star that shone for the Three Wise men will burn brilliant in those who capture even for a moment the true spirit of Christmas. So, now you know what I mean when I wish you all — A HAPPY X'MAS.

*As we clasp hands this festive season we greet each other with that old, old "A Happy X'mas"—to voice the warm sentiments so expressive of this Season of Goodwill.*

What do we really mean by "A Happy X'mas"? What do we need for a Happy Christmas? The answer of the cynic may be prompt — just one word, MONEY. One has only to stroll through the well-stocked shops in the Fort or Pettah or the local town-shop for some justification of the cynic's answer.

We live in an age of plenty. Whatever the heart may desire in the way of material things, is there — at a price. During the X'mas shopping season, who has not walked through the crowded shops, the milling pavement shoppers in a state of wonder and excitement? How many eyes have lighted hopefully at the sight of something dreamed about, until the price-tag warned — this is not for you.

Who has not fervently wished, if it were possible, to forget money at Christmas time and just take everything we dreamed about. Who has not

wished that at the stroke of midnight our rooms and our hands be filled by Santa Claus with all the things we hoped to possess?

True as that may be, still the cynic is wrong. If all we needed for a Happy X'mas were money then, the richest would be happiest. This, as you know, is not so. Perhaps you are aware of certain parents who load expensive gifts on their children during the Christmas season. They want their children's hearts to be brimming with happiness because their hands are overflowing with gifts. In some cases these children have been starved of love and affection through the year. The parents have been so busy that the care of their children was pushed to the background. Grand-parents, uncles and aunts, servant-maids had to do this work on behalf of the parents. Will these gifts, however costly they may be, make their children happy? Are they an adequate compensation for love? These gifts are a weak, lame excuse and the children know it. They will climb back to their cots, hugging an





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# MY

# "I remember Eden as a tall . . ."



# DAYS

# AT

# OXFORD

By

S. W. R. D. BANDARANAIKE

The late Premier S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, wrote this series of articles exclusively for the **Ceylon Causerie** in 1934. This is the third of the series of fifteen articles which are being reprinted by the Causerie.

Perhaps the mind adopts an instinctive selection, and in what it retains and rejects is guided by what is fundamentally important, although it may not appear so to the reason. For instance, of my voyage to England, on my way to Oxford, I remember only one little incident distinctly. After nearly two weeks on board, with the sound of the sea ever in my ears, and the brine in my eyes, my nostrils, and my mouth, I landed at Port Said with some friends. As I loitered on the road while the others carried on an intensive campaign of bargaining for curios, a street-hawker thrust a bunch of fresh flowers into my hands. I took them up and buried my face in them. Oh! the softness of the petals against my cheek, and the delicate fragrance in my nostrils, the essence of Mother Earth herself.

For a fleeting moment I glimpsed eternal beauty in the beauty of a flower. I saw and smelled and felt those flowers with a clarity of understanding I had never experienced before.

With like clearness two incidents during my first year at Oxford come to my memory.

One lazy afternoon in the Summer Term I went on the Isis in a canoe with a book by Thomas Hardy. I stopped in the shade of an over-hanging tree, and began to read. Soon, alas! I fell into a doze.

*An insect—no doubt a supporter of the outraged Hardy—suddenly gave me a sharp sting. I awoke with a start, overturning the canoe, which spilled myself, Thomas Hardy, and my paddle neatly into the water. Luckily it was shallow at that point, but the task of preventing the canoe from drifting and at the same time retrieving Hardy and the paddle was not altogether easy. Undergrads in punts and canoes passed me with an indifferent glance. They were much too polite to laugh at me, but none of them thought of offering help, and I was too proud to ask for it. Meanwhile, succour arrived from an unexpected quarter. An old lady, who was being wheeled in a bath-chair on the tow-path, seeing my predicament, halted, and ordered her ancient and rather seedy retainer to come to my aid. The*

old man, who obviously did not dare to disobey her, but thought of the attack of lumbago which was the almost certain result of his chivalry, came to my rescue with audible lamentations, and under the guidance of his mistress, who directed operations from her bath-chair, we soon managed to put things to right. As the humour of the situation dawned on me, I burst into mirthful laughter, and received a look of great disfavour from the pusher of bath-chairs, to whom it was obviously no laughing matter at all. I quickly got into the canoe, and after duly thanking my benefactress, paddled off, pursued by motherly advice to go straight home and have a change if I wanted to avoid catching a terrible chill. Ever after I have looked on the occupants of bath-chairs with a new and affectionate regard.

The other incident was a tea-party organised by a Christ Church acquaintance of mine. This young man, who was really very well-meaning at heart, seeing the rather pathetic and lonely state of many of the Indian students, thought that he would help to alleviate their sufferings by inviting some of them to tea one day. I was also asked.

An Englishman is not fitted for this type of occasion. He lacks that tact and bonhomie which a Frenchman, for instance, possesses, and which are essential to the success of such a function. The Indian Students sat uncomfortably on their chairs, holding their cups and saucers awkwardly in their hands. Of easy conversation there was none, and our host in desperation was at last reduced to ask them how they liked the English climate, what Schools they were reading for, and so on. These questions they answered like schoolboys before a master. The whole thing was ghastly. I found myself gradually becoming more and more angry with my fellow guests as well as our host. I saved myself from doing something desperate by making a hasty excuse and running away. I had to work off my anger, and I went for a long walk, down the High, over Magdalen Bridge, out into the country. The exercise soon put me right, and on my return, as I stood on Magdalen

(Continued on next page)

**IT is strange, when one begins to grope in the past, to discover how certain incidents, considered important at the time, have faded from one's mind, while comparatively trivial happenings remain etched clearly in detail.**



## MY OXFORD DAYS...

(Continued from page 5)

Bridge and looked at the typically beautiful English scene, touched by the mellow light of the evening sun, the river winding into the distance through soft meadows, carpeted with a velvety green, the rich splashes of colour of Magdalen gardens, the equally bright colours of the girls' dresses in the punts and canoes that studded the stream, suddenly the solution of my problem flashed into my mind "Before I am their equal I must first be their superior". This audacious paradox was justified by subsequent events.

The golden key was at last in my hand.

\* \* \*

At the end of my first year I was given rooms in College, an event to which I had been looking forward. The task of allotting the available rooms to the many applicants was apparently one of difficulty, and we were asked to make out a priority list of the rooms, we would like to have. I did not wish to run any risk of being left out, and so, after a busy day of inspection, made out a list that included almost every staircase in College. I was fortunate in being awarded rooms—No. 2 Old Library—that suited me in every way. The Old Library, so named presumably on the principal of the Latin saying '*lucus a non lucende*', was, as far as I know, never a library, but a refectory in the days of the monks before the College was founded by Cardinal Wolsey.

It is a rather dim staircase, the stone steps worn by centuries of use situated in a sort of quiet backwater behind the dining hall, and reached through cool and echoing stone corridors. My rooms consisting of a large bedroom and a sitting-room, were the best in the Old Library, but were inclined to be rather dingy and dismal as all very old apartments are. However, an up-to-date firm of furnishers soon worked wonders, and transformed them into as cosy and cheery a set of rooms as could be found in Oxford.

I was determined never again to run the risk of the subtle torture of Mr. Best's lodgings. What a sense of relief and well-being I experienced whenever my eyes turned to the plaster copies of the Aphrodite of Melos and the Apollo Belvedere which now appeared on my mantelpiece, and my thoughts to the porcelain horrors I had escaped!

A further piece of luck was that two others who were working for Honour Mods. with me, Cahn and Simmonds, were also in Old Library, and so, from the outset, I was spared the uncomfortable feeling of not knowing anyone on my staircase.

The rooms adjoining mine were occupied by Captain Anthony Eden, the present Lord Privy Seal. He was, to use a slang phrase a "blood", and was in the habit of frequently entertaining other young "bloods". Almost nightly all kinds of weird and disturbing noises, indicative, I suppose, of general enjoyment, used to issue from his rooms, but I soon found that a "sported oak" usually succeeded in securing for me that quiet which seems to be necessary for a study of the higher branches of classics. **I remember Eden as a tall, well-set-up man, somewhat older and maturer than the rest of us, with flaming red hair and an obviously military moustache. He never took an interest in the Union, but was one of the leading spirits of our Oxford International Assembly, which was modelled on the League of Nations. I represented India in this Assembly, and Eden used to drop into my rooms to discuss matters. He possessed a tact and charm of manner, that always struck me as very un-English.** I am not at all surprised that he has been selected by the Government to conduct delicate and important negotiations with foreign powers. He had the rare good fortune of not being gifted with that mental insularity and racial arrogance which appear to be such common national characteristics.

I mention it as an amusing fact, that the one outstanding thing I recollect about Eden, is that I never saw any one else who could take up a stance on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire and his hands behind him, with quite such elegance and grace as himself. This pose may be common, but seldom is it graceful, and Eden may rightly be prouder of this achievement than even the successful conclusion of a disarmament treaty.

My moving into College definitely marked a turning-point in my Oxford career. The night-mare struggle against loneliness and frustration was now at an end, and things began steadily to improve. My new-found philosophy too was of immense consolation to me.

"Before I am their equal, I must first be their superior". How true that was! The average Englishman hedges himself in with numerous subconscious barriers his traditions, his codes of behaviour and action, his ideas of what things "are done" and what things "are simply not done", his natural reserve and intense race-consciousness. He is not inclined to make allowance for strangers who do not conform to these standards, and who transgress them, however unconsciously.

I knew an American, who, although a really good speaker, never could create an impression at the Union, because he was never able to rid himself of a strong American accent, and certain quaint Americanisms in his speeches, which were opposed to the traditional methods of Oxford oratory. Added to these difficulties, in the case of the Easterner, is that feeling of race superiority, which even the best of Englishmen feel towards an Oriental. It is really more easy, therefore, to win his respect than his friendship, and, in my effort first to gain that respect, and through it later to achieve friendship and all that friendship meant, I had stumbled on a fundamental truth. An Englishman is generous in recognising merit in others; it is more difficult to overcome the various barriers to his friendship. Once, however, his respect is obtained, it is easy to become his friend, if one reasonably conforms to his standards. And what a true and loyal friend he can be!

Mr. Stewart-Smith, said in a speech in the State Council not long ago, that Englishmen like to be associated with a movement that they know is likely to succeed, and instinctively distrust one that they feel might fail. Although I disagreed with this sentiment in the context in which it was used, there is a certain truth in what he said. Englishmen have so long been successful that they have grown to appreciate and admire success for itself, in a manner that would be mere snobbishness in others. Success is an 'open sesame' to many English doors. They have also a vein of generosity in their natures that enables them to acknowledge merit in others, without any petty spite and envy.

My task, therefore, was to achieve this success, and to it, deliberately, I bent all my powers and such talents as I possessed.

(Copyright: To be continued in next Issue)





**D. B. Dhanapala** is a distinguished Newspaper Editor who revives memories of the Architects of Modern Ceylon in this series of articles in the Causerie. Here he portrays the life of one of Lanka's best known patriots Ananda Coomaraswamy

**T**HE Ceylonese are easily pleased with their doings and mighty proud of what they can call their own. Anything new and a little out of the ordinary in the Island—a new cinema, a broad road, a tall building—but becomes “the best in the East”. It is even said that once a Ceylonese called the new University of Ceylon “The best in the East, excepting those in other countries !”

But usually they are oblivious to and unaware of what they can legitimately be proud of. The ancient irrigation system of the country, for instance, is a wonder over which any people might justifiably stretch out their chests. Then there is the modern phenomenon of Dr. Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy.

While the whole world from China to Chile bowed in rapt veneration for over quarter of a century before this mighty giant only Ceylon was vaguely unaware that such a person even existed, let alone realising that he was a Ceylonese.

~~~~~ BY ~~~~~

**D. B. Dhanapala**

~~~~~

In the middle of the last century, when an egotistic Whig aristocracy devoid of sentiment, and a merciless Middle class, absorbed in the pursuit of a new wealth, were crushing beneath an unyielding mechanism the common man of Britain, a young man from Ceylon crashed into London Society. He was soon hobnobbing with the greatest in the land, particularly Lord Palmerston, Lord Tennyson, and Benjamin Disraeli, later Lord Beaconsfield, who were fascinated by this mysterious young Hindu talking philosophy and learning law. When Disraeli wrote his novel “Tancred” it was found that the young Hindu from Ceylon was one of the important characters in the book, in which the author openly held out to troubled, diseased Britain the vision of the Holy East, India of the Rishis, where the source of inspiration never ran dry.

This young Hindu, Muttu Coomaraswamy, who made such a deep impression on the minds of a future Premier of England as to be the model for a character in a book, was the father of Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy. Muttu Coomaraswamy, on his return to Ceylon served as the Tamil member in the Island's Legislative Council in the eighteen sixties and ended up, as all celebrated Tamils had to, with a knighthood. His nephews, Arunachalam and Ramanathan, both followed in the footsteps of their uncle ; only the son, Ananda Coomaraswamy, was a man of a different mould.

\* \* \*

Coomaraswamy was without a peer as a scholar among Orientalists. It would be a great discovery if one could find another like him anywhere in the whole world, whose studies and publications cover as wide a range and are at the same time as numerous in quantity as excellent in quality.

(Continued on next page)



## A MAKER OF.....

(Continued from page 7)

The place he occupied in the Oriental Art world was something like the position accorded to Mahatma Gandhi in the political field in India.

**Yet he seemed to be a combination of Marco Polo, Iban Batuta and Fa Hien in his scholarly wanderings across Asia in search of research.**

There seemed to be hardly any subject worth mentioning connected with any corner of Asia that he had not studied, mastered and expended. He was as much an expert in philosophy as he was an adept in religion; as much a master of metaphysics as an authority on mythology, or geology. But these subjects were merely sidelines to his absorbing erudition in the realm of Oriental Art where he reigned supreme. There were other scholars, great in their own way, who studied particular aspects or periods of development of Oriental Art in India or elsewhere. But Coomaraswamy was the only stalwart who took in his stride the whole of Asia. His mind probed, his fingers caressed, or his eyes examined the arts and crafts, sculpture and music, dance and drama of most countries in the East. India itself he covered almost province by province, period by period, piece by piece.

He went straight to the original sources and gave first hand, straight from the horses mouth, as it were, the vision he had witnessed. That in itself would not have won for Coomaraswamy the absentee Maha-Art-Maship of the Oriental world of Culture. He also had the temperament, the training and the talent to put forward in clear cut and uncompromising terms what he had seen and learnt first hand so that it sounded true as a theorem in geometry and at the same time as inspiring as the revelations of a prophet.

\* \* \*

In 1900 as a young man of 23 he saw with a thrill his first paper on "Ceylon Rocks and Graphite" in print in the "Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society". By the time he died he had written more than five hundred publications, some bulky monumental works like "Mediaeval Sinhalese Art" and "A History of Indian and

*Indonesian Art", other slimmer volumes of fair size and the rest pamphlets and papers in the best learned magazines of the world.*

For the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (14th Edition) alone he wrote eight articles; on Indian and Sinhalese Art and Archaeology; Indian Architecture; Indonesian and Further Indian Art; Iron in Art; Textiles and Embroideries in India; Bronze and Brass Ornamental Work in India and Indonesia; Dance in India; and Yakkas. Time was when the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* entirely ignored Indian and Asian Art—up to its 13th edition. This was perhaps because there was no outstanding authority who could deal with the subjects. Coomaraswamy put Indian Dance, Architecture and Art in the National Encyclopaedia of America in addition to editing the English words of Indian origin in Webster's "New International Dictionary."

Profuse writing in itself is nothing very remarkable. What was really astounding in Coomaraswamy was the quality that accompanied this quantity. Extraordinary profundity of study, originality in research and brilliant insight into the heart of things combined to make anything written in his marvellously firm and flowing handwriting a deep influence on both scholars and laymen all over the world.

His books, memoirs (in the learned sense of the word), articles and monographs were published not only in India, Ceylon, England and America but also in France, Germany, Finland, Holland and Rumania in translation.

In every country in the world whenever the subject of Indian Art came up, scholar and student, expert and layman, all had one name in mind as an authority: Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy.

\* \* \*

**As Spencer was the Poet of Poets Coomaraswamy was the Critic of Oriental Critics. He was the model, the authority for half a hundred other top-rank critics of Oriental Art. Most of his books, expensive in production, were published in small editions at very high prices and were found mostly in libraries. It was from these beautifully produced books that other famous connoisseurs sought inspiration**

and instructions and learnt the rudiments of art and the philosophy and theory of Oriental beauty and broadcast them to a waiting world. His precise language was so concise, packed with matter and condensed to such an extent that Mulk Raj Ananda expanded one chapter from "The Dance of Siva" into a full-sized book entitled "The Hindu View of Art".

He was firstly a scholar; secondly a scholar; thirdly a scholar. He dealt with questions of Asian aesthetics invariably in the particular, focussing undivided attention to bring the special characteristics of a type of art into sharp relief. Never did he present personal ideas or novel theories. The task he set himself was discovering the truth and stating the principles he had discovered by which a particular culture rose, declined, fell and rose once again or remained for ever fallen.

\* \* \*

*He gave us the philosophy of the beautiful as conceived by artists in different countries and different times from sources none may question, with the accuracy of the trained scientist.*

For originally, Coomaraswamy, the Doctor of Science of the London University, was a scientist pure and simple. He started life as a geologist at the beginning of this century and carried out for the Ceylon Government a minerological survey of the Island from 1903 to 1906.

When the young Director of the Survey who could write a "Note on the Occurrence of Corundum as a Contact-Mineral at Pont Paul near Morlaix, Finisterre" in the Journal of the Geological Society turned to something nearer home and addressed an "Open Letter to the Kandyan Chiefs" in not so unemotional words pointing out the utter neglect of their artistic heritage due to the mimic imitation of the West, and followed it up with an article on the "Ceylon National Review" on "Anglicization of the East", there were frozen frowns on the brows of the colonial tin gods who sat guarding Imperial interests in the seats of the mighty in the little crown colony.

(Continued on page 21)



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LARGEST CIRCULATION IN CEYLON

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## D. R. WIJEWARDENE SWAYS MY LIFE



H. D. JANSZ

### for reports

(By a "Daily News" reporter)  
The Department of Education will hold each teacher in every school—government, director—managed and unaided responsible personally for making the appropriate entries in the Cumulative records of pupils accurately and expeditiously.

BUDDHA JAYANTI

NATO to have  
naval

### Saying it in verse

(By a "Daily News" reporter)  
For months the staff of the District Registrar's Office, Kandy, have been plagued by inquiries. Early this month they felt they could no longer endure the painful hits, and they decided to send a report to the Registrar-General. Having sent the report to the appropriate authority with other papers and some details of the staff's

Hilaire Jansz, former Editor of the Ceylon Observer, writes the memoirs of his life and times, both closely interwoven with the life of the Nation. Intriguingly entitled — *The Quiet Burgher*, this autobiographical series recounts events of fifty years ago.—This is the third of the series.

**W**HAT struck me most about D. R. Wijewardene when I first saw him nearly forty-three years ago was his remarkable fairness. (I mean his complexion and not his character, of which I then knew nothing). I had seen one of his brothers a few hours earlier and found him quite dark-skinned and of almost forbidding appearance. The young man who walked briskly into the room where I nervously awaited him was as fair as any Burgher would like to be. His cheeks were ruddy, and he greeted me with a friendly smile. He hoped I had not been kept waiting too long.

The scene of our first encounter was the Maradana Office of the "Ceylon Daily News", which was then only a month old. In my heart was a fluttering hope, and in my pocket a flattering letter of introduction from Felix Martinus, whom I had also never met before until that fateful morning in my life. The man behind this plan to push me into journalism was E. W. Foenander.

Would I get a job as a reporter? My only qualifications were a shorthand speed of about 120 words a

minute and a literary style modelled on Addison's essays with a dash of Dickens. But Martinus had taken the risk of recommending me to D. R. Wijewardene as a young man whose general education and intelligence were of a much higher standard than that of the average reporter of that time.

\* \* \*

WIJEWARDENE soon decided to put me through a severe test which I fortunately survived. The new buildings of his old school, St. Thomas' College, were to be consecrated that afternoon, when several long and important speeches would be made. Could I attend the function and produce a full report of the proceedings for Monday's "Daily News"? If I did so to his satisfaction, a job was mine from February 1, 1918.

It was with fear and trembling that I approached this task. The speakers included Sir Anton Bertram, whose eloquence called for a very swift pencil to record his winged words and flowing phrases verbatim; E. B. Denham, who could be equally fluent, with fewer pauses, and Bishop E. A. Copleston.

I must confess that I was never a good shorthand writer. I could hardly read my own carelessly scrawled Pitman outlines. I had to rely chiefly on my memory to make a full transcript. And my memory seldom let me down. It took me about ten hours on the Sunday following the Mt. Lavinia function to complete my report.

Although I had never worked in a newspaper office I had my own ideas about what I later came to know was called sub-editing. I gave my report three or four headlines, inspired by Anton Bertram's grandiloquent phrases, and sprinkled it freely with eye-catching sub-heads. But the Acting Editor, A. V. Kulasingham, deleted all these embellishments. He was not going to let the new and soberly conducted paper imitate the flashy and ruinous brightness of its predecessor, "The Ceylonese"

The result was that when I opened the "Daily News" on Monday morning, I found nearly four columns of my report under only two "label" headlines, with no more than three tame sub-heads to relieve its dreary dullness. When I showed the paper to E. W. Foenander, he advised me to make the

(Continued on next page)



## D. R. WIJEWARDENE.....

(Continued from page 11)

most of my success in doing so strenuous a job so well and to ask for a salary of at least Rs. 125 to begin with. But D.R.W. had already pinned me down to accepting Rs. 75, and my feeble attempt at persuading him to increase it failed miserably.

\* \* \*

**THE great thing was that I was now a reporter on the staff of a daily paper. Before I knew where I was I found myself functioning as Chief Reporter, Chief Sub-Editor and occasional leader-writer rolled into one—a quaint bundle of inexperience, timidity and frequent infirmities. It was proof of D. R. Wijewardene's faith in youth unspoiled by contacts with outmoded journalistic conventions which he was determined to defy.**

*Wijewardene was so kind and helpful to a raw recruit that I felt I was lucky to find the ideal employer. He would often stand by me and watch me at work, giving me hints on sub-editing and even suggesting apt headlines. We were both new to the craft of journalism but he had a flair for it that I lacked. My talent for writing did not impress Kulasingham, who insisted only on correct reporting and efficient sub-editing. He came from Jaffna. On one occasion he spoke to me so sharply that I went to the Chief's room shedding bitter tears and told him I wished to resign immediately. D.R.W. persuaded me not to be so rash and said I was so sensitive because I was so young. (He was ten years older than I, but only 31). His sympathy and understanding made me decide to stay on.*

One of my earliest jobs was to take down in longhand an editorial which Kulasingham dictated to me between puffs of Jaffna cigar smoke while he walked up and down the room marshalling his thoughts on the trend of affairs in Soviet Russia. He used to take me with him when he went to interview prominent persons like James Peiris, W. A. de Silva, K. Balasingham and others on important questions of the day. I faithfully recorded his questions and their carefully considered answers. Fortunately I never had to interview anybody on my own.

\* \* \*

Wijewardene once shared a joke with Kulasingham at my expense. He knew by now that I was unsophisticated at the point of being ridiculously

innocent. So he seriously instructed me to ask an eminent doctor to tell the "Daily News" on the telephone of what disease the Governor was dying. The surprised doctor politely said: "I can't tell you that." When I promptly reported this to D.R.W., he chuckled and murmured: "Oh, Jansz!"

Apart from my descriptive style and my ability to grasp the gist of what men like B. W. Bawa and H. J. C. Pereira said in arguing a case, I must admit that I had no news sense at all as a reporter and once let the paper down badly. I was reporting a meeting of the Legislative Council, where a situation arose in which the Acting Governor (R. E. Stubbs) and the official members who voted with him were defeated on a minor issue. I don't remember exactly how it happened. Perhaps a few of the officials did not think they always had to be the Governor's Yes-men in Council.

\* \* \*

I could have cried when I saw a rival paper, the "Morning Leader", splashing the story next morning under the arresting headline, "Acting Governor Defeated" and leading off with a piquantly written description of the diverting interlude by its Editor, Armand de Souza, with whom I had to compete as a reporter at Legislative Council meetings.

Apart from weeping, I could have kicked myself hard. But there were no kicks for me from D.R.W. All my tolerant Chief said, more in sorrow than in anger, was: "You people seem to miss the main points in your reports."

My first journalistic friend was Quintus Delilkhan, in whom I found a kindred spirit. This was just before Herbert Hulugalle came into my life. When I first saw the modest and engaging young Kandyan absorbed in newspaper files in that Maradana Office, I stepped back startled by something like a mirror reflecting a handsome version of my figure and features. We both wore glasses and had the same complexion and jaw-line. Both were of slight build. We might well have been brothers, if not twins. It was not surprising that when S. J. K. Crowther became Editor of the "Daily News" he could hardly distinguish between these two members of his staff. But Hulugalle was a lively, alert and perfectly normal youth. There was nothing quaint or freakish about him.

When the "Daily News" Office moved from Maradana to Quene Street, Fort, the paper had begun to make rapid progress and I often found D.R.W. in a happy mood. He would have friendly chats with me, smiling most of the time, discussing many things, and would casually inform me that my salary would be increased by twenty-five rupees from the following month. Things were moving well:

But within a year or two his attitude changed. He rebuked me sternly for letting reporters gather round my desk and chatter when it was my duty to keep them at a distance and frighten them into working harder. He wanted me to be an efficient Chief Sub-Editor and News Editor combined, instead of encouraging me to be a leader-writer and columnist, which was what I yearned to be.

I now felt that I was no longer his blue-eyed boy and not even one of his bright young men. Apart from Hulugalle there was Orion de Zylva, who was soon to outshine me in nearly every department of the game. My frustration found expression in the intimate journal of a disappointed journalist I kept at the time. Into that journal I poured all my secret thoughts, emotions and absurd ambitions. Today, after forty years, I can read much of it with sardonic chuckles; some of it with suppressed howls of derision, and most of it with amused tolerance. If I publish any extracts from it, it will be an almost indecent exposure of my egotism.

Towards the end of 1922 I got thoroughly sick of sub-editing the "Daily News" and of being rebuked so severely and so often for inexcusable blunders largely due to mind-wandering and fruitless day-dreams. There came a day when I could stand it no longer. So I resigned, "for reasons of health" as I put it, but really in utter disgust.

*My career seemed to have ended at the age of twenty-six. I would merely drift through the rest of my life and see what happened to me before I died young, unloved and unknown. But what was I going to do when my savings were exhausted and I found myself still alive? Once more something had to happen. And it did. D. R. Wijewardene, the Man of Destiny in my life, bought the "Ceylon Observer" and saved it from dying of old age. He also saved me from drifting into further futility.*

(Another instalment in next issue)  
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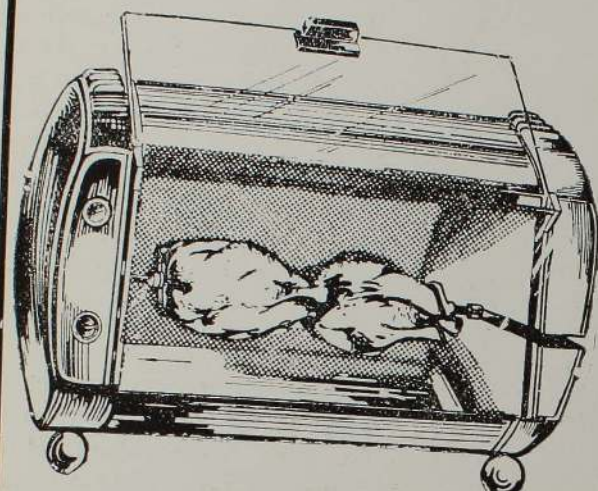


# 3

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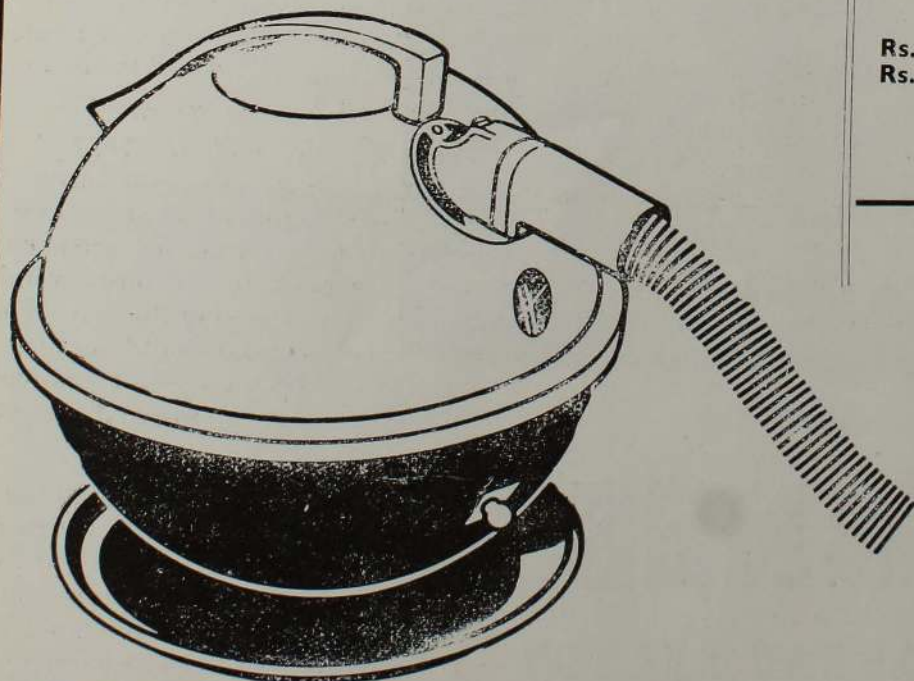
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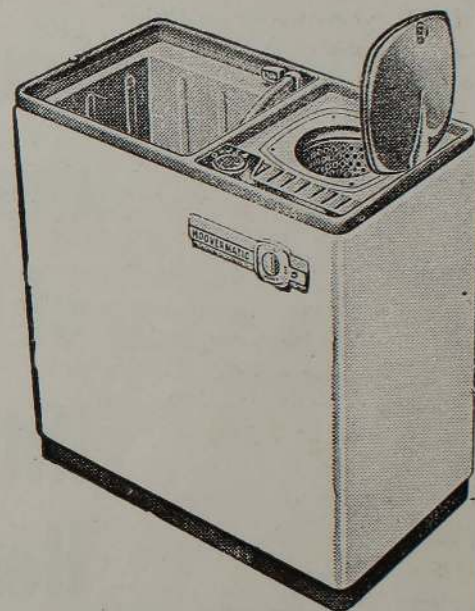
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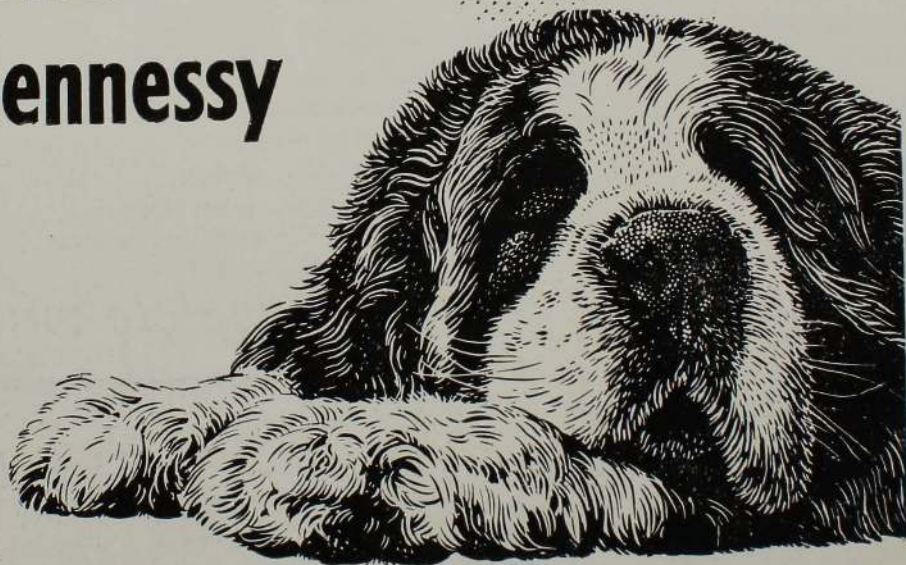
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dreaming  
of my next  
little  
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# CAMERA CAMEOS



*The Malayan Prime Minister Tunku Rahman passed through Ratmalana last month. He was greeted at the Airport by a bevy of pretty Malay girls.*



*The Minister of Education, Nigeria, was in Colombo for a few days. Here he is seen conferring with the Acting Minister of Education, Mr. T. V. G. Karunaratne.*



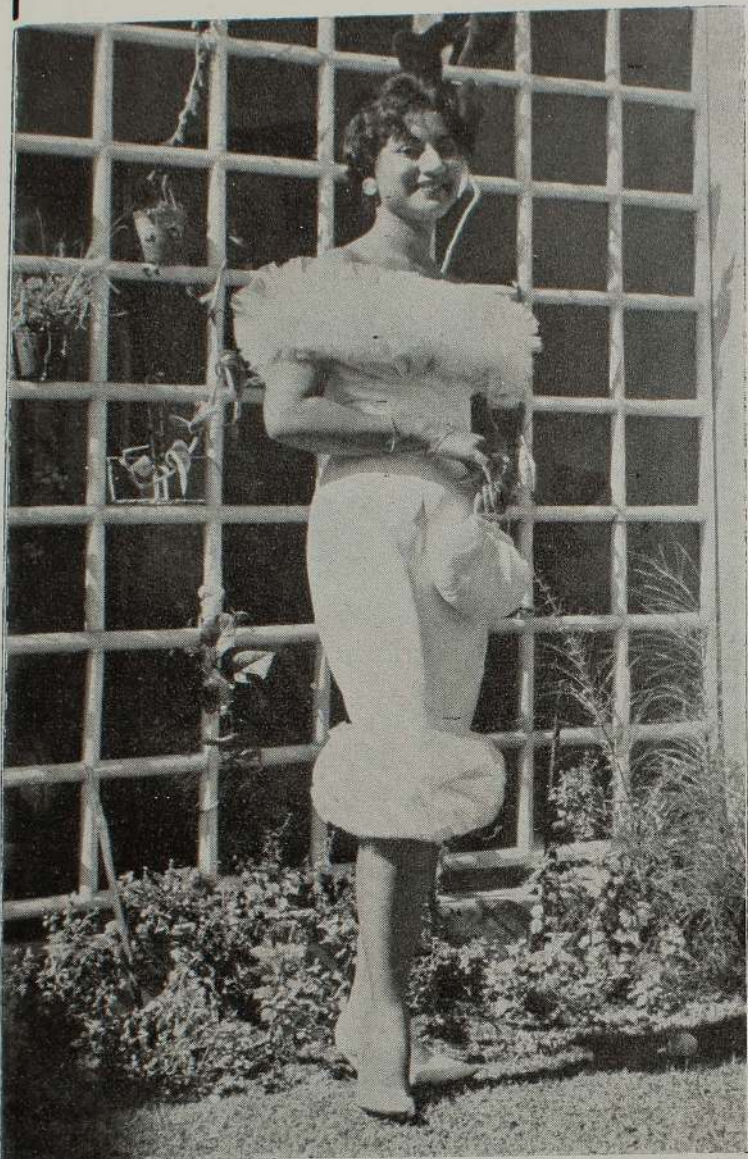
*Indrajit Coomaraswamy, son of Mr. & Mrs. Raju Coomaraswamy, receives a prize from Prime Minister Sirima Bandaranaike at the Royal Primary School prize giving.*



*The showrooms of Don Carolis & Sons were opened by Mr. Maithripala Senanayake, seen here talking to Managing Director Gamini Jayasuriya and his wife and some visitors.*



# WOMAN AND HOME EXHIBITION



*A delightful exhibition of women's wear was organized by Mrs. Clare Caspersz of the Claremont Finishing School.*

*Maureen Arnolda modelled a white grosgrain frock with hedged in white nylon frilling.*



*Leonie Schroter and Ophelia Fernando, Vvette and Cleonie Pereira were the others who modelled for Mrs. Caspersz. (Top right and bottom left.)*



*Sarees were not forgotten at the Exhibition. Here are a group of models discussing their sarees.*





# MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Molly Bascran  
on  
Deportment

## Sitting

*Do not throw yourself into a chair as you enter a room. Try and look around and select a chair and then sit down gracefully. The right way to sit is to place your feet together at an angle, your hands relaxed.*



## Entrance

*The correct way to enter a room when the door is closed is to open the door slowly. Look confident and poised, always facing the people in the room. Close the door gently behind you.*



## Walking

*Walking correctly is most important in deportment. Head up, chin in and shoulders well back.*

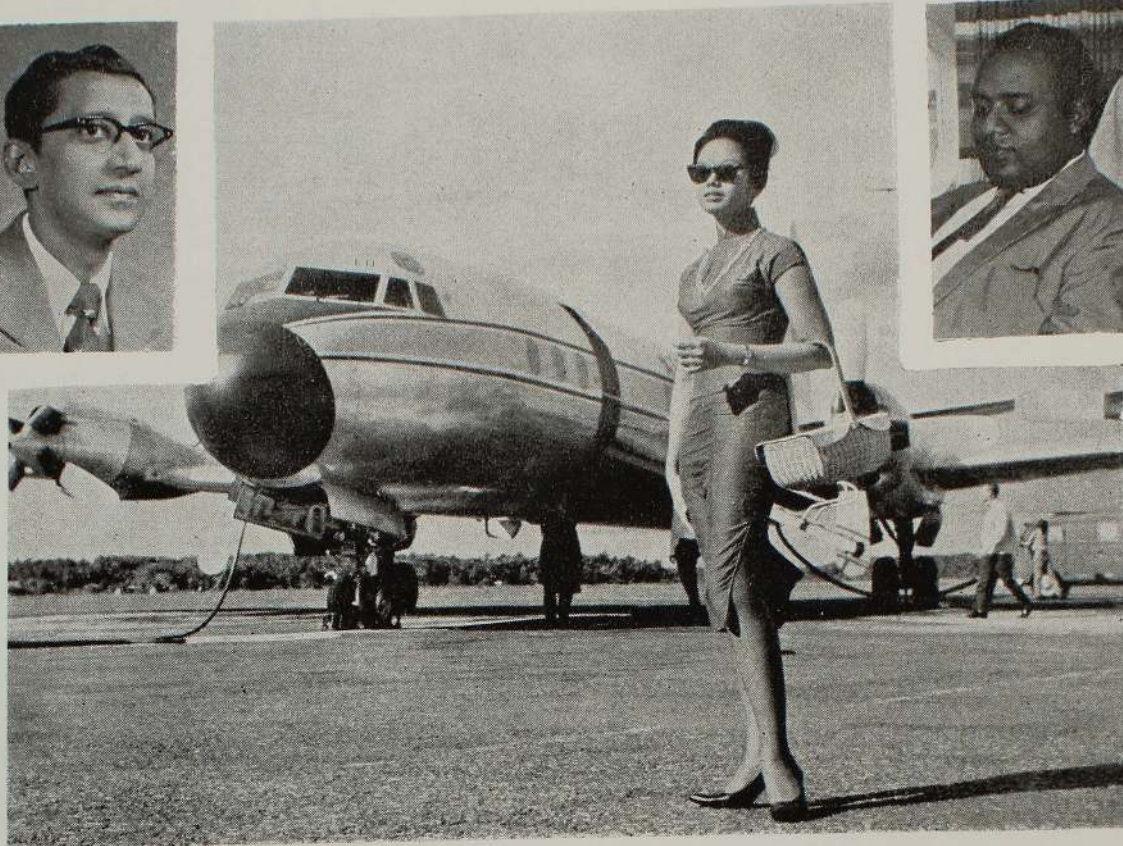


# AIR CEYLON Flies ELECTRA



Mahinda Wijenaik  
Director of Civil  
Aviation and (left)  
Kenneth de Croos,  
Traffic and Sales  
Manager, who were  
the men behind the  
scenes in making the  
inaugural flight a  
success.

Two streamlined  
works of art—**The  
Electra** immediately  
after it made a  
perfect three point  
landing at Ratmalana  
and **Miss June  
Lin**, soon after she  
deplaned. Miss Lin, a  
Singapore travel agent,  
was a guest on the  
inaugural flight.



Waiting to embark on the inaugural flight of  
Air Ceylon's Lockheed Electra to Amstredam are  
(left to right) Lady Ranasinghe, Mrs. P. B. G.  
Kalugalle, Minister of Transport and  
Works. Mr. P. B. G. Kalugalle, Sir Arthur  
Ranasinghe and the Leader of the House,  
Mr. C. P. de Silva.

The inaugural flight of Air Ceylon was the first  
time that a Lockheed Electra aircraft had  
landed at Bombay's Santa Cruz Airport. Pic-  
ture taken on this historic occasion shows some of  
the inaugural guests on the flight. The Electra is  
in the background.

Transport Minister P. B. G. Kalugalle steps off  
the Electra at Rome seemingly satisfied with his  
flight.





*Air Ceylon*

*wishes readers*

*of*

*The Ceylon Causerie*

*a*

*Merry Christmas*

*and a*

*Bright New Year*

*\* \* \**

*Give yourself a New Year Gift*

*and*

*travel on the*

*Air Ceylon Sapphire Service*



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## A MAKER OF...

(Continued from page 8)

Young Coomaraswamy was not to be curbed in that manner. With other stalwarts like the late W. A. de Silva, Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam and F. L. Woodward a movement was initiated for a system of national education, teaching of Sinhalese and Tamil in all schools and the encouragement of national culture, history and art.

\* \* \*

It has taken nearly fifty years for thick-skinned Ceylon to become conscious of what Coomaraswamy campaigned for in his twenties. But the earnest young man with a scientific turn of mind but a pulsating heart for the pearls of a cultural heritage which the swine of those and even these days spurned was shown that he was not wanted in Ceylon. Thus it was that from then onwards till his dying day the most famous Ceylonese in modern times, Ceylon's only world personality, lived in exile from the land of his birth, away from the things he loved.

It may be that if Coomaraswamy had stayed behind and adapted his warm enthusiasms to the decadent colonial atmosphere of those days he might have become at best a local celebrity in a turban like his cousins, Arunachalam and Ponnambalam, and succumbed by degrees to the inevitable knighthood. But with his departure his stature grew to that of a personality of world importance in the realm of Asian Art.

But before he left the Island he had done the greatest service any cultural crusader could have done for the land of his origin : he had finished "Medieval Sinhalese Art", a monumental work in which he most faithfully recorded the folk-art forms of the Sinhalese before they disappeared. The bulky volumes, a by-product of his wanderings as a geologist in search of mineral resources, was in the nature of a dying disposition of a fast sinking culture before it was done to death by the onslaughts of a foreign civilization.

\* \* \*

In this testament of beauty of 400 double royal pages with 50 full page plates and innumerable line illustrations secured with the greatest difficulty, the author dealt with the history, social economy and all art forms of the Sinhalese with examples.

While explaining to the culturally blind Sinhalese the beauties of their own art Coomaraswamy gave in this book in a nutshell the difference between Oriental and Occidental Art, which was an example of his lucid clear, precise prose.

"Medieval Sinhalese Art" was the first of a series of over thirty memorable books on Oriental Art by which he guided his readers on to the threshold of a new wonder world where with sensibility and patience they were made at home as he expounded its intrinsic character. He made it accessible by stating the philosophy of Asian Work and illustrating it by selected example all unquestionably of the highest quality of their kind.

"To know Indian Art in India alone is to know but half its history" wrote Sir John Marshall. To tell a story in the round, as it were Coomaraswamy, in his "History of Indian and Indonesian Art", followed its trail over the great passes into Central Asia ; he watched it assuming new forms and breaking into new beauties as it spread over Tibet, China, Burma and Siam ; he gazed in awe at the unexpected grandeur of its creation in Cambodia, Java and Sumatra ; he saw it encountering a different racial genius, a different environment, in Japan and under its influence taking on a unique garb. In each country he delved deep into the forgotten past as he did in India itself, giving examples of each style, age and country in reproductions.

In his 400 page volume with 100 full page illustrations called "History of Indian and Indonesian Art" Coomaraswamy proved the living spiritual unity of Asia in all its myriad diversities first proclaimed by Okakura in 1904. Here for the first time the curtain that had long hidden her was lifted and Asia was revealed in all her majesty decked with resplendent riches.

\* \* \*

*There was a time when the Westerner's conception of Oriental Art was nothing short of a buffoon's view of Beauty. It ceased to be funny or even pitiable when it became, as often it did, impertinent and patronising. Even Vincent Smith, an authority on the history and archaeology of India, wrote at the beginning of this century in no less a place than the Imperial Gazetteer of India that "After A.D. 300 Indian Sculpture properly so called hardly deserves to be reckoned as art".*

Such opinions showed that even the greatest archaeological knowledge was no guarantee of any comprehension of true Oriental Art unless the patronising ignorance was dissipated and the Westerner emancipated from the fetters of western art formulæ in the evaluation of Eastern Art Forms. It was this kind of barbarian's opinion of Oriental Art that Coomaraswamy set out to correct.

In his introduction to "The Art of Eastern Asia" he took in hand the education of the West in the ideals of the East. The technique of this pedagogic prophetship was to explain the ideals and prepare the mind for a better understanding and readiness for appreciation. It was not enough to enable them to admire only what happened to appeal to their taste at first sight. Such likes may be based on purely accidental qualities or even on complete misunderstanding. He showed them as to kindergarten children, typical and great Asian art, and then told them how to understand and appreciate them. He told them that no art was exotic or quaint in its environment, and as long as such feelings existed they were far removed from properly understanding what was put before them.

\* \* \*

To bring about this understanding and sympathy Coomaraswamy put down in precise terms what was art from the Eastern point of view. It was not (as the Westerner thought) and individual creation, produced only by persons of peculiar sensibility, working in well-lit studios and driven by an irresistible urge for self-expression. It was on the contrary, a form of civilization, produced by trained professional craftsmen, a statement informed by ideal beauty. Statement was the body ; beauty the soul. These could not be divided into separate entities. A work of art was both an occasion for ecstasy and the fulfilment of a utilitarian purpose, sacred or secular, in an age for which it was meant, for a people for whom it was meant. We could understand without effort and at first sight only the art of our day and place. But the more absolute the beauty of an alien work the more fully it was what it was, intended to be, the less intelligible would be its functioning. But to call it,

(Continued on page 22)



## A MAKER OF...

(Continued from page 21)

therefore mysterious, quaint or grotesque would be only giving our own ignorance ugly names. Such works were never obscure for these for whom they were originally meant.

Coomaraswamy gave the explanation required, the background necessary to enable the idle mind to acknowledge ungrudgingly the splendour of the work itself, to relish its beauty and its grace.

\*            \*            \*

The aim of his book "Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism" was to set forth as simply and as clearly as possible the message of the Buddha according to the Buddhist thought had played in the development of Asian thought and to suggest the significance it might still possess for modern thinkers. Here were set down definite statements which should be either true or false and a clearly defined goal which the West had either to accept or reject. At a time when the Western world was beginning to realize that it had failed to attain the fruits of life in a society based on competition and

self-assertion Coomaraswamy pointed out the profound significance in the message of Asian thought where it was affirmed with no uncertain emphasis that the fruits of life could only be attained in a society based on the conception of the moral order and mutual responsibility. He illustrated by a single quotation the marvellous directness and simplicity of the social ethic to which the physiology of Buddhism affords sanction and which had great significance for the warring nations; "Victory breeds hatred, for the conquered is unhappy." The supreme tenderness and compassion associated with the Buddha was brought out by a passage in the Ruru-deer Jataka where the Bodhisatva asks: "Who would willingly use harsh speech to those who have done a sinful deed, strewing salt, as it were, upon the wound of their fault?"

\*            \*            \*

He thus had in his studies, be they on ethics or art, philosophy or religion a meaningful message and implied injunction suitable for the modern Western World, in which he lived most of his life.

Even in his "Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists" his aim, most apparently, was to relate in a manner close to the original such myths as are familiar to every educated Indian so that the foreigner who desired to understand India would have the essential knowledge of the cultural background of folk tales that went to the making of the modern Indian.

But Coomaraswamy was not merely an interpreter of India to the West but very much more: the inspiration of a new race of Indians who were no longer anxious to be anglicised, convinced that real progress was based on national ideals, national culture, and national individuality based on these.

He made us open our eyes to the beauty, the grandeur, the glory around us. We who thought we were primitive he ennobled. He rescued us from poverty by digging deep and discovering treasures we never thought we had. From blindness to light, from poverty to riches from darkness to sunshine Coomaraswamy delivered us.

*Remember always the reputed house of*

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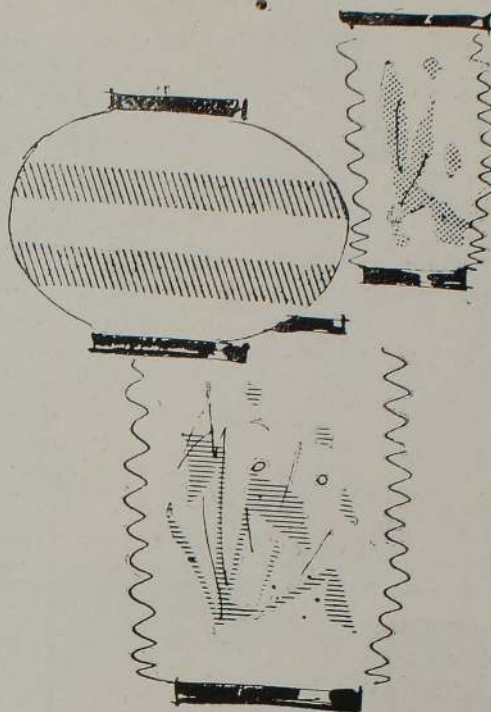
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*Joy for all*

*Love to you*

*At Christmas and throughout the coming year!*

*Happy flights in the skies*

*Bonny Boeing for all*

*At Christmas and throughout the coming years!*



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# SHORT STORY



**Furiously, frantically Kumar vamped on the guitar while Shanthi watched in silent horror..**

**K**UMAR had just finished feeding the little fish in the glass tanks. That was a duty he always performed in the mornings with infinite pleasure. He lit a cigarette and sank into a chair.

The blind girl and her mother would come in any moment. They were always punctual. And then he would play slowly, gently on his guitar to the delight of the blind girl.

He threw both his legs across the table in a carefree manner and puffed out rings of smoke. Someone knocked at the door. "Come in," he said, getting up from his chair.

The door opened and Shanthi came in. Shanthi and Kumar were classmates several years ago. They were good friends then.

"Good morning," Kumar said, advancing towards her. "Good morning," she said, stretching out a hand. He was about to extend his hand, but the next moment he brought his palms together in oriental fashion. With his keen, observant eyes, Kumar detected her face change colour. She

~~~~~BY~~~~~  
**K. RAJENDRAN**  
~~~~~

too, brought her palms together and smiled. He knew it was a forced smile.

Both of them were in the room, seated near each other.

"Are you happy Kumar?" — Shanthi asked.

Happy? . . . the question! Could he tell her it was none of her business NOW? . . . it concerned him and him only. But some years ago? . . . yes, then her question would have made sense. Now it had no meaning. She could not give him happiness anyway! Now there were other things to give him happiness . . . the little fish, the blind girl, the dogs, cats . . . every split-second of life's time.

"Kumar, aren't you happy?" she asked again, wondering at his silence.

As for being happy, no one need teach him now . . . why should others ask him anyway? . . . about his being happy or not! How inquisitive these humans!

The cigarette butt burnt his fingers. He threw it out of the window.

"Why Kumar, aren't you happy here? Won't you tell me?" she asked anxiously and took his hands in hers.

Why was she holding his hands? He couldn't even feel the touch of her fingers! . . . everything seemed benumbed!

Kumar extricated his hands from hers. Shanthi bit her lips.

"I am quite happy, Shanthi. In fact, I believe I am the happiest man alive today," he said gaily.

Why did he remove his hands? . . . even earlier he hadn't shaken hands with her, but merely saluted in oriental fashion. Perhaps, he was very angry with her.

"Are you really happy?" she asked.

Kumar laughed. Her face changed colour. "He has no regard for me, now,"—she thought.

"I am sure you are not half as happy as I am, Shanthi." The words pierced her ears in a challenging way. She was shocked.

(Continued on next page)



**Love on...** (Continued from page 25)

Would he have spoken like that before?—she thought. He seemed to be indifferent now. Why was there a touch of sarcasm lurking in his words? . . .

She met the challenge with equal force. "How can you measure my happiness, Kumar?" she asked.

Kumar lit a cigarette, sent out a dense cloud of smoke and said, "Shanti, real happiness cannot be found in married life. Matrimonial happiness is a defiled one. Fake. In single life one gets lots of happiness. One is never worried."

She smiled. To hell with his philosophy, she thought. Always cynical of others! Poor, frustrated chap. He had always a philosophy to suit his needs.

"You are too cynical, Kumar," she said.

"Cynical?"—Kumar said to himself. She would never understand him. If she had only understood him then . . .!

He sent forth rings of smoke. He always loved to do it, when he was ruffled—and watch the pale-bluish rings of smoke become larger and larger and finally disappear leaving behind a void, an airy nothingness.

Some voices were heard outside. Kumar looked through the open doorway. The blind girl and her mother were coming. "Excuse me, Shanthi," he said smiling and went towards the door.

The rays of the morning sun had delightfully lit up the bluish-green waters in the small glass tanks. At one end of the beautiful aquarium were a lovely pair of Veil-Tail Goldfish, gliding betwixt the green aquatic plants; near it a pair of Siamese Fighters, which when excited assumed all the colours of the rainbow; a little further away a host of tiny, swift-moving Platys and Swordtails; and at the farther end a lovely pair of blue Kissing Gouramis.

They were there in the room—all four of them. The blind girl sat next to her mother on a sofa.

Kumar was playing the guitar. Slowly, gently. It was a doleful note. The blind girl and her mother were listening. Shanthi too.

What's all this?—a blind girl and a grey-haired woman? . . . and Kumar playing the guitar? Didn't he now

look very different from what he was a few minutes ago? Now he looked soft, tender, cheerful.

Kumar was concentrating on the strings of the guitar. Now and then he looked across at the blind girl.

"I think, it's going to rain," the grey-haired woman said, looking at Shanthi.

"I, too, think so," Shanthi replied.

Kumar was strumming the guitar, his eyes rivetted on it. He didn't seem to care whether it rained or not.

Darkness crept into the room stealthily as clouds gathered high up in the sky. Now and then the occasional faint rumblings of distant thunder punctuated the music of the guitar. But Kumar went on unmindful of the noise around.

There was a heavy blowing outside. Strong gusts blew in sporadic outbursts slamming the doors and window shutters. A dry mango leaf caught in a current of wind floated into the room, swung in mid-air and then shot down involuntarily on to the floor.

Shanthi coughed and Kumar looked at her. Suddenly his deft fingers moved swiftly. The note rose higher and higher. Kumar was crashing on the strings violently. The note was rising . . . rising . . . rising . . .

The blind girl, her mother and Shanthi were shocked. Kumar went on crashing . . . crashing . . . the note reaching a crescendo . . .

Small globules of perspiration broke into tiny streamlets across Kumar's forehead. His hair was dishevelled and he was playing wildly, crashing zig-zag . . . crash upon crash . . .

The clouds darkened and then the rain came, at first a drizzle, then a slight shower and finally a torrential downpour. The noise of thunder could now be heard closer than before. It rattled and roared. But Kumar appeared to be deaf.

Shanthi got up and going near Kumar called out "Kumar" . . . "Kumar." But in vain. "Kumar, will you stop for a minute, Kumar?" she pleaded. He didn't hear her words; he couldn't.

The grey-haired woman also went near Kumar. She shook his shoulders. She shook him harder. But no response. Kumar was crashing still more fiercely.

The blind girl pressed her hands flat against her ears. What's the matter with Kumar today, she thought. Why was he playing so violently?

"Kumar" . . . "Kumar" . . . Shanthi cried out. Outside, the thunder roared menacingly, the blowing was furious and the rain fell in heavy showers.

. . . Cring-crang . . . cring-crang . . . cring-crang . . . BANG! . . .

Two strings snapped up. The guitar rolled to the floor with a crash. Kumar fell sideways and Shanthi held him. But, as if instinctively, he wriggled out and fell on the floor by the side of the guitar.

Kumar lay unconscious in the mental asylum. The doctor came in.

"How is he, doctor?"—Shanthi asked anxiously.

"Well, how are you interested in the case?"—the doctor enquired.

"I . . . I . . . I am his sister. . . .", she stammered. She wanted to tell a lie. And she did it.

The doctor looked suspiciously. She's telling a lie—he thought. These young people, that's what they say. Perhaps, they must have been interested in each other.

"Please, doctor . . ." Shanthi was impatient.

"It's a rather serious case, madam"—the doctor said. Then he added as an afterthought: "It looks as though he has been playing Love on his mind's guitar for long . . . and now a few strings have given way."



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# COOKERY CORNER

By

**MOLLY BASCRAN**

**A**LL of us love the warmth and gaiety of the festive season. Christmas is just around the corner. I have planned is a traditional dinner.

### DINNER MENU

*Roast Turkey and Stuffing*  
*Chipolata & Bacon Rolls — Giblet Gravy*  
*Brussels Sprouts & Baked Potatoes*  
*Christmas Pudding — Sherry Cream Sauce*  
*Rum Butter — Mince Pies*

#### Roast Turkey :

12 lb. Turkey  
Stuffing  
Fat for basting  
A little seasoning

#### Stuffing :

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Bread  
4 Bombay onions  
4 oz. Sausage meat  
1 teaspoon Celery  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Butter  
2 teaspoon stock

**Method.**—Remove crust from bread and cut in  $\frac{1}{2}$ " dice. Saute celery and onions in butter until soft. Add bread sausage meat and seasonings and mix well. Cool. Add stock, then stuff the bird.

Remove all feathers with care from the Turkey. Wash the bird well. Pull neck skin back as far as possible. Rub a little salt into breast flesh, then rub remaining salt inside bird. Rub outside with fat. This can be done a day before Turkey is required. When ready stuff with stuffing. Pack stuffing into neck and body lightly. Then truss. Start roasting immediately or place bird in refrigerator.

Place bird on rack, breast side down in a pan large enough for the bird to fit in comfortably. A 12 lb. bird would take

3-3 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours to roast. Keep basting the bird every 20 minutes. When done, lift bird on to dish and make Turkey gravy as follows :—

You can make a good flavoured gravy. The amount depends on the savoury juices left in roasting pan. First, drain all fat and juice from pan into a glass measuring cup. Let it stand for fat to float, then pour off all but  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of fat if Turkey weighed 12 lbs. or correspondingly less amount for a smaller Turkey. Return remaining fat and juice to roasting pan. Add  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of flour and stir and scrape until flour blends smoothly and residue in pan is loosened. Add  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups giblet broth or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups of broth and milk. Place over low heat, stir constantly shifting pan back and forth so that gravy cooks evenly. Boil 5 minutes. If gravy is too thick, add more liquid to obtain right consistency. Season with salt and pepper. For pan-gravy, skim all but 2 tablespoons of fat from pan juices, add 1 cup of broth, place over heat and stir and scrape until residue dissolves. (Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of cooked, mashed chestnuts for delicious variation). Serve in a very hot bowl. Makes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups thickened gravy or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups pan gravy.

For Giblet Gravy, add ground or finely chopped cooked giblets to thickened gravy and re-heat.

\* \* \*

#### Chipolata and Bacon Rolls :

12 small Chipolata Sausages  
12 Rashers streaky Bacon  
6 Red Apples

Wrap bacon round sausages, secure with cocktail stick, Grill, not too near heat, until cooked. Crisp off near heat.

Halve and core apples. Brush cut surfaces with melted butter, grill. Put bacon rolls in cavities.

(Continued on next page)



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### COOKERY CORNER...

(Continued from page 29)

#### Brussels Sprouts :

2 lbs. Brussels Sprouts  
Seasonings

**Method.**—Clean the Brussels Sprouts well and boil in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Strain and toss in melted butter.

\* \* \*

#### Baked Potatoes :

1½ lbs. Potatoes  
Salt and pepper

**Method.**—Peel potatoes, season basting with a little fat and roast in oven till soft and golden brown.

#### Christmas Pudding :

10 oz. cleansed sultanas  
10 oz. cleansed currants  
10 oz. mixed peel  
8 oz. stoned raisins  
2 oz. almonds  
10 oz. plain flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
3 dessertspoons rum  
1½ teaspoon ground cinnamon  
1¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg  
2 teaspoon mixed spice  
4 eggs  
6 oz. freshly-made white bread-crumbs  
10 oz. soft brown sugar  
8 oz. prepared shredded suet  
Finely grated rind of 2 lemons  
½ pint Stout or dark Ale  
You can substitute the equivalent amount of milk for the last two ingredients if you prefer  
2-1½ pint pudding basins are required

Chop the raisins and mixed peel and mix them with the currants and sultanas. Blanch the almonds, chop them quite finely, and mix them with the dried fruit.

In a large mixing bowl, sift together the flour, salt and spices, and then stir in the bread crumbs, soft brown sugar, shredded suet and grated lemon rind. Mix well, then add the dried fruit and stir the mixture thoroughly.

Beat the eggs well together. Make a hollow in the centre of the pudding mixture and pour in the eggs, rum and almost all the stout or dark ale (or the equivalent amount of milk in both

cases). Mix the pudding very well, cover it with a clean cloth, and leave it overnight.

Next day cut double rounds of greaseproof paper large enough to cover the tops of the pudding basins and some two inches down the sides. Grease the basins, and grease the paper where it will cover the puddings. Have ready some string and cloth for each basin large enough to tie over the top of the basin and for the ends to knot together on top.

Add the rest of the stout or milk to the pudding mixture and mix it in thoroughly. Divide the mixture between basins, and cover each pudding with the greased greaseproof paper. Flour the cloths and tie them over the paper, knotting the corners on top.

Steam the puddings for at least six hours, keeping the boiling water half-way up the sides of the basins. When the puddings are ready, lift them out of the pans and leave them to cool.

To serve the Christmas Pudding, tie a floured cloth round the basin again and steam for at least two hours. Turn the pudding on to a hot dish, and decorate it with a little rum or Brandy butter and a sprig of holly. Serve the rest of the rum or Brandy butter separately.

**Note :** As an alternative accompaniment you could stir a little rum into ordinary custard after it is made.

#### Sherry Cream Sauce :

2 oz. Butter  
1 tablespoon Flour  
2 glasses Sweet Sherry  
1 tablespoon Sugar  
½ pint Milk

**Method.**—Melt butter, stir in flour over low heat until smooth. Remove from heat, stir in milk. Boil, simmer 3 mins. Add sugar and sherry, heat gently and stir until sugar dissolves.

\* \* \*

#### Rum Butter :

½ lb. moist brown Sugar  
4 oz. Butter  
¼ teaspoon grated Nutmegs  
2 tablespoons Rum

**Method.**—Crush lumps from sugar, add nutmeg. Melt butter, then beat into the sugar, stir in the rum.





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## COOKERY CORNER...

### Mince Pies :

- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Suet
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. stoned Raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Currants
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Sultanas
- $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. chopped Peel
- 1 Lemon
- $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. moist brown Sugar
- 1 oz. chopped Nuts
- 2 tablespoons Brandy or Sherry

**Method.**—Wash and dry the fruit. Chop or mince the suet, apples, fruit and peel separately. Mix and re-chop or mince with the nuts. Add the sugar, lemon rind and juice and Brandy. Pack into clean and dry jars. Tie down with parchment jam covers or plastic covers.

### Pastry :

- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Flour
- 1 teaspoon Baking Powder
- 3 oz. Butter
- 2 teaspoons Lemon Juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Salt

**Method.**—Sieve flour with baking powder. Rub the butter into the flour. Then add salt and lemon juice. When the mixture is of fine breadcrumb consistency, add to it enough ice water to form a stiff dough. Then roll out and cut in rounds with a fluted pastry cutter. Place rounds in patty tins and fill with a mince meat. Put another small round on the top and press down firmly sealing it with a little egg white. Bake in a moderate oven till golden brown.

### Note :—

Aluminium foil can be used to cover the Turkey or Chicken when roasting. Put the bird on a large piece of foil and brush with melted fat and form a package by folding the edges securely. Place in roasting tin and place in the oven following the normal way of roasting. Open the foil about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before the bird is cooked and complete the cooking till the skin is crisp and golden brown. The following chart is useful :—

### Roasting Times

|                         | Time                                                                                            |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Chicken                 | <b>Regulo 6.</b> 400°F<br>20 mins. per lb.                                                      |
| Turkey<br>under 14 lbs. | Regulo 6. 400°F for 1 hr<br><b>Complete roasting at<br/>Regulo 4.</b><br>15 mins. per lb.       |
| Turkey<br>over 14 lbs.  | Regulo 6. 400°F for 1 hr<br><b>Complete roasting at<br/>Regulo 2.</b> 300°F<br>15 mins. per lb. |

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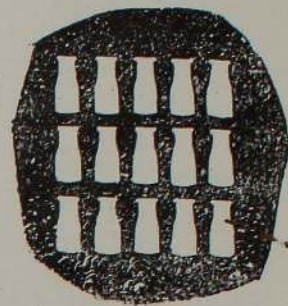
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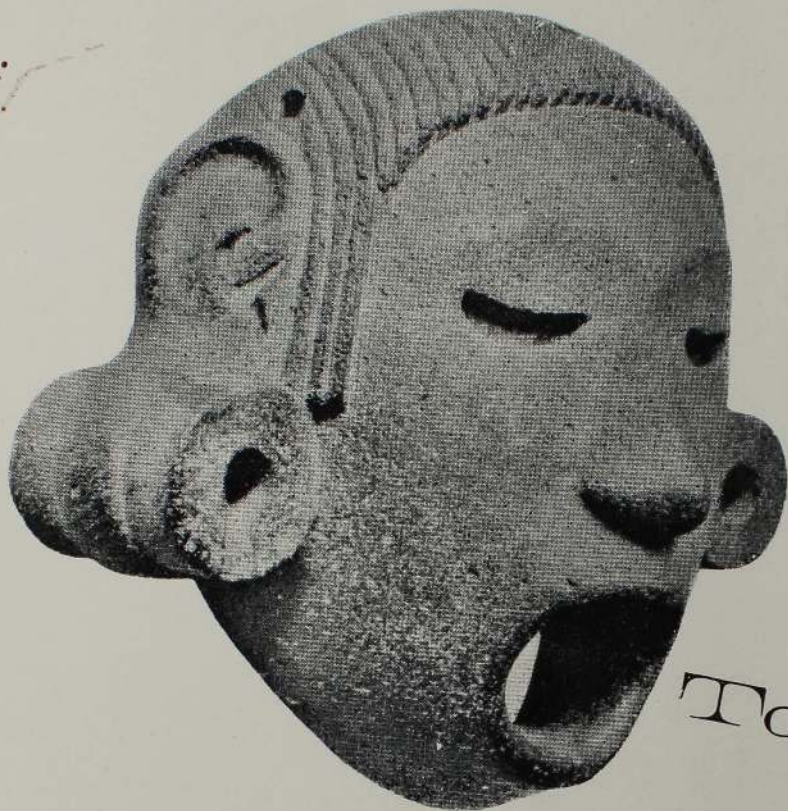
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