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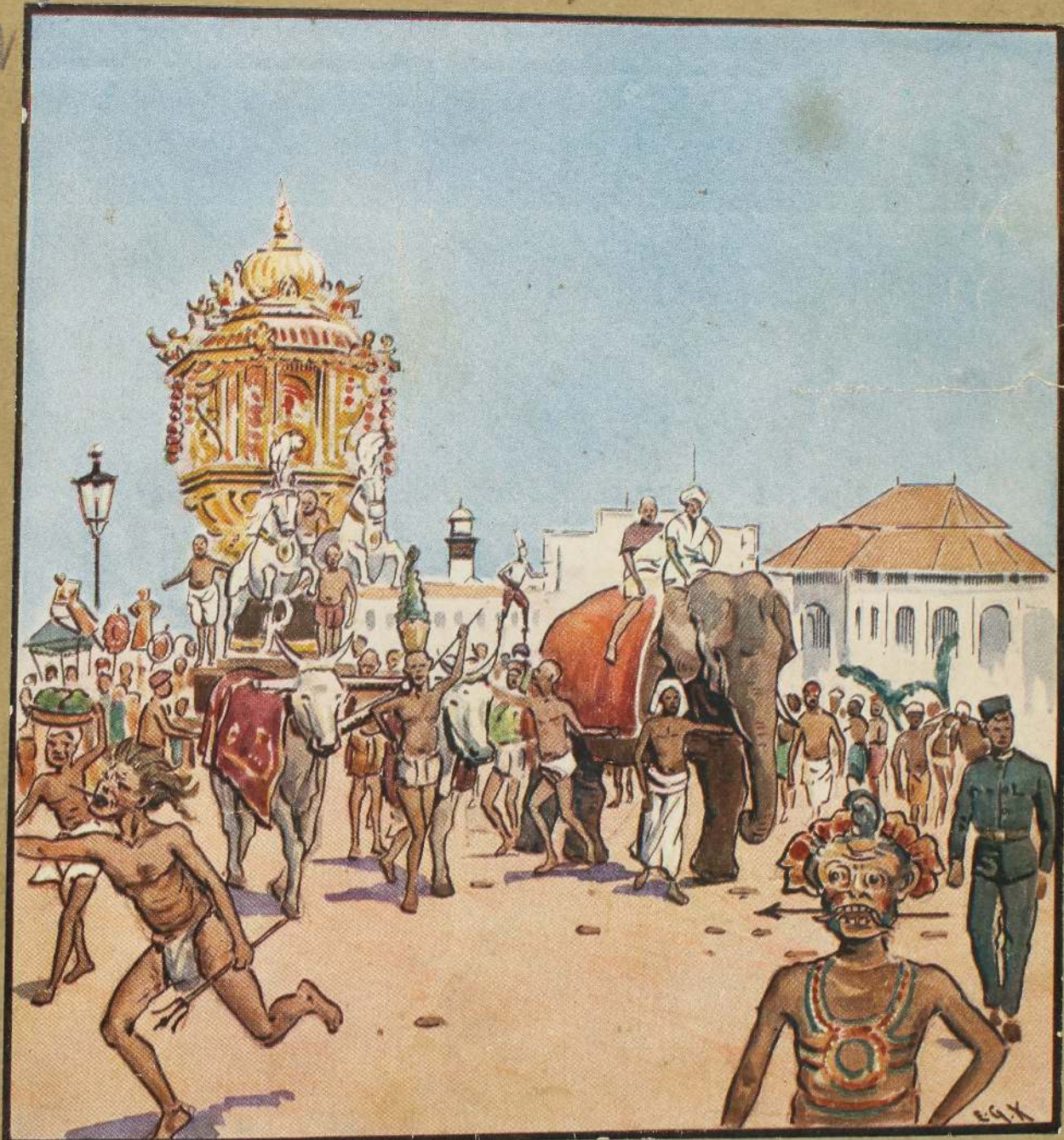
PLÂTÉS

No. 6.

NOVEMBER, 1922.

CEYLON ANNUAL

1/50



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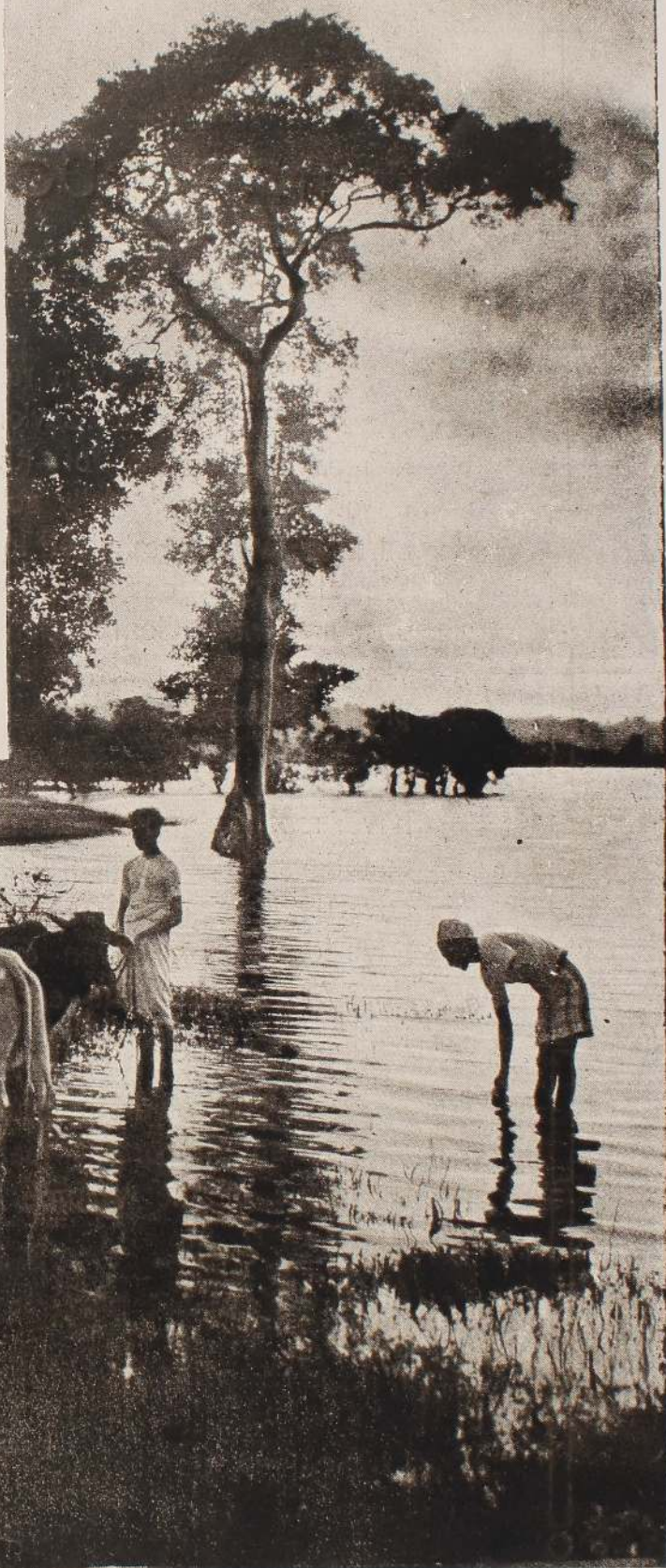
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COLOURED ART SUPPLEMENTS.

A Hindu Fakir

"A Busy By-way."



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

We have every reason to feel confident that this Sixth Issue of our Ceylon Annual will have as good a reception as any of its predecessors, and take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging our indebtedness to all those who have helped in the production of this Number. We also offer our congratulations to the Prize Winners of our various Competitions, whose work taken all round, we think, has reached a much higher standard than in previous years.

We deeply appreciate the continued support we have received from our leading Business Houses, who doubtless fully realise the value of our Annual as an advertising medium. The "Times of Ceylon" Press have once more given every attention to the printing of this Annual, and the excellence of their work speaks for itself.

The coloured pictures forming our Art Supplement provide an important feature and considerably enhance the value of the Volume.

PLÂTÉ, LIMITED.

PORTRAIT STUDY



BY OUR COLOMBO STUDIO.



BY OUR NUWARA ELIYA STUDIO.

Our Economists

IT is always a pleasant (and not by any means difficult) matter to teach other people how to save money. And most husbands, in theory, could dress on half the amount the ordinary wife demands.

As to political economy, it is easier still. Those who spend are all Oliver Twists in "wanting more." Those who provide the money—the taxpayers—are always wanting to give less.

A few prominent public men have very kindly consented to put their views at the disposal of PLÂTE'S ANNUAL.

Sir Johnson Brush kindly accorded our representative an interview. Asked as to how Government ought to balance revenue and expenditure this year, he said—"In my opinion the solution is exceedingly simple—tax rocking-horses."

"Only rocking-horses?" asked our representative, making a note.

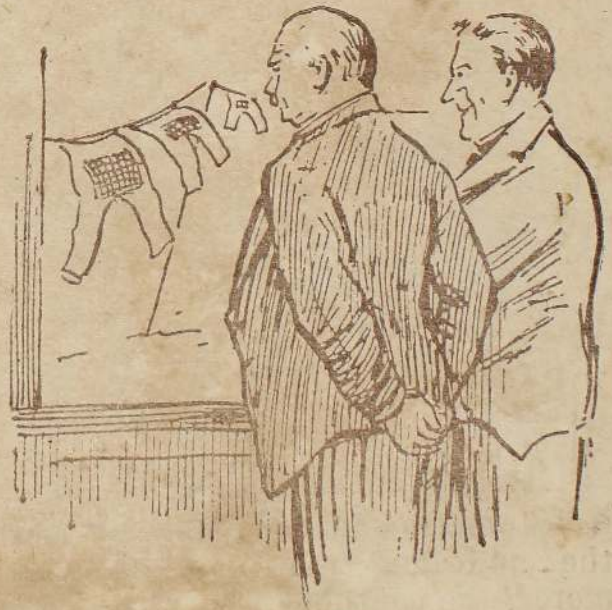
"And, of course, sweeps," said Sir Johnson, and then in his humorous way he drew attention to the obvious connection between a Brush and a Sweep. "And let it not be forgotten," he added playfully, "that the turf is full of sweeps!"

So there is one sweeping solution.

The Worshipful the Mayor was not very communicative. "I'm rather a broken reed, I fear," he said, "and, really, Municipal economy,

in my opinion, should be principally directed towards economy in the matter of speech! But," he added, taking up his pen, "no doubt many Councillors would accord you an interview with pleasure. Good morning."

Mr. Patcham, a representative householder and the father of a very large family, was eager to give his views on domestic economy. "Take trousers! Consider their expense!" he said feelingly, and led the interviewer to the window. Outside in the compound dangled the bifurcated extensions of the entire Patcham family. Each pair had a large patch of rattan woven into the portion usually devoted to sedentary pursuits.



"Rattan?" said the reporter.

"Exactly," said Mr. Patcham.

"You cane the bottom of a chair—why not that of a pair of trousers? Then they never wear out. The Cain, you see, is Abel to resist the friction."

Why not, indeed!

"Take, again, the everlasting sweetmeat," continued Mr. P., warming to his subject. "Just taste one of these!" and he produced from an almirah a box full of very attractive-looking sweets.

The pressman put one into his mouth. But, bite as he would, he could make no impression on the sweet, and he said so—abeit with some difficulty.

"Exactly!" said the delighted parent. "These sweets are made of rubber; so one box of them lasts a family a life-time!"

"Or possibly a death-time," said his guest.

"Which, again, is Nature's favourite form of economy!" remarked the father of nine. "Only, too often, unthinking parents purchase at great expense a box of ordinary sweets. Result—unlimited S. A.!"

"What exactly is S.A.?" asked the interviewer, who is not a family man.



"Stomach-ache, of course!" said the unfeeling parent. "Furthermore," he continued, "sweets ruin the teeth—rubber improves them, as every baby knows. Besides, it's a new use for rubber. Imagine buying a sack of insoluble rubber potatoes—why they'd last for years. Now you grasp the possibilities of synthetic nourishment!"

"I do, indeed!" said the reporter, removing the offending morsel of gum from his mouth.

"I should also like to show you, too, our universal, unbreakable family tooth-brush, and the anti-friction sand-bath. Just walk upstairs."

But the pressman bolted!

Most people magnify their troubles, which, of course, is all wrong, although natural. But the magnification of food is a new economic theory.

Professor Jerusalem Jars is enthusiastic on the subject. "My salary, in rupees, sounded to me colossal," he said, "but in Colombo I find I simply can't exist and pay my dhoby, on a paltry two thousand a month." But the microscope solved the difficulty. He went to a table. "Now, here we have a little unrefined sugar. Place it under the microscope and what do we find? A horrid, crab-like creature—to adopt a popular description—crawling about."

Our reporter's face disclosed his feelings plainly.

"Exactly.....you eat no more sugar. Apply that to cheese and a few other comestibles, and Biller's monthly bill simply vanishes!"

"Then what *do* you eat?" he was asked.

"Sour milk, Quaker oats, and poonac, all rich in proteids and vitamins," said the Professor, briskly. "Won't you join us at lunch?" he added hospitably, as just then the gong sounded.

The interviewer begged to be excused!



"MAKING TWO ENDS MEET"
KEEPING THE BILLS DOWN

A famous advocate, who characteristically desires to be nameless, was kind enough to spare a brief moment.

"The first thing to do is to raise all lawyers' fees," he said. "But everything else is ridiculously high, especially official salaries. Think for a moment, again, what Watkins Biff charges for extracting a palpitating molar. Awful! And Largebill's prices go up every month like smoke." He sighed and pointed to a lot of bills. "Piles of bills," he said, "as well as Byles on Bills!"

"In what direction would you suggest economies?" he was asked.

"On food and drink, obviously," said the eminent lawyer. "Why should not everybody do as I do, for example, and live on gas?"

He puffed out his well-known lungs and breathed loudly. "Many a time in London, when hungry, I have stood outside Lyons' Cheap Restaurant and sniffed the grateful aroma that percolates through the grating outside the kitchen. Simply get the O.G.H. to broadcast the steam from their kitchens, and hunger will automatically depart."



"And what about drink?" asked the reporter.

"Drink is indubitably bad for other people," said the lawyer. "But brain-workers like you and me need a toot at times. What's yours?"

(Here the Editor had to point out the necessity for economising paper and ink.—Ed. P.A.)

Original Riddles of Local Interest

THE PRIZE WINNER.

MR. RAMEN'S BAD LUCK.

Mr. Sinayah: "I say, Mr. Dorairajah, you are having heard of Mr. Ramen's bad luck? He has been losing all the money in rubber, and now he has not got enough to keep the cat out of the bag."

Mr. Dorairajah: "Well, well. Poor Mr. Ramen. It is a sad botheration, but now that he has buttered his bun, he must sleep on it."

"D."

OTHERS HIGHLY COMMENDED.

A VANISHING DUET.

Philanthropist at an outstation Church: "And this is the ramshackle building you call the country church, Father? Oh, dear me, this won't do at all! Why, you get the whole thing pulled down and I'll build at my own expense a noble edifice here."

Parish Priest: "Oh Mr. ———, I am so grateful to you! The whole building shall be pulled down, and may the Lord save you for your munificence!"

(N.B.—Needless to say, the Philanthropist vanished just as the last wing was demolished, and has not been heard of since. May the Lord save the Parish Priest!)

L. C. W.

PLOUGHED!

Ploughed law-student at Colombo wires to father at Kandy: "Come down in aggregate."

Anxious father, mother, and family, forgetting all about the law examin-

ation held three months ago, wire back: "All coming night-mail. Hope nothing serious happened to you." And they all came down!

L. C. W.

HEARD AT THE KACHCHERI.

High Official (at 'phone): "Is Mr. N..... there?"

Clerk (unusually smart): "Do you wish to speak to him, Sir?"

High Official (wrathfully): "No! I want to kiss him."

"D."

A JOKE OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Scene: A hair dressing saloon.

A planter, rather the worse for liquor, enters the saloon with the intention of having a shave.

Planter: "Give me a clean shave."

Barber: (calling his assistant) "Joakim!"

Planter: "No, I am not joking."

Barber: (more earnestly) "Joakim!

Joakim!"

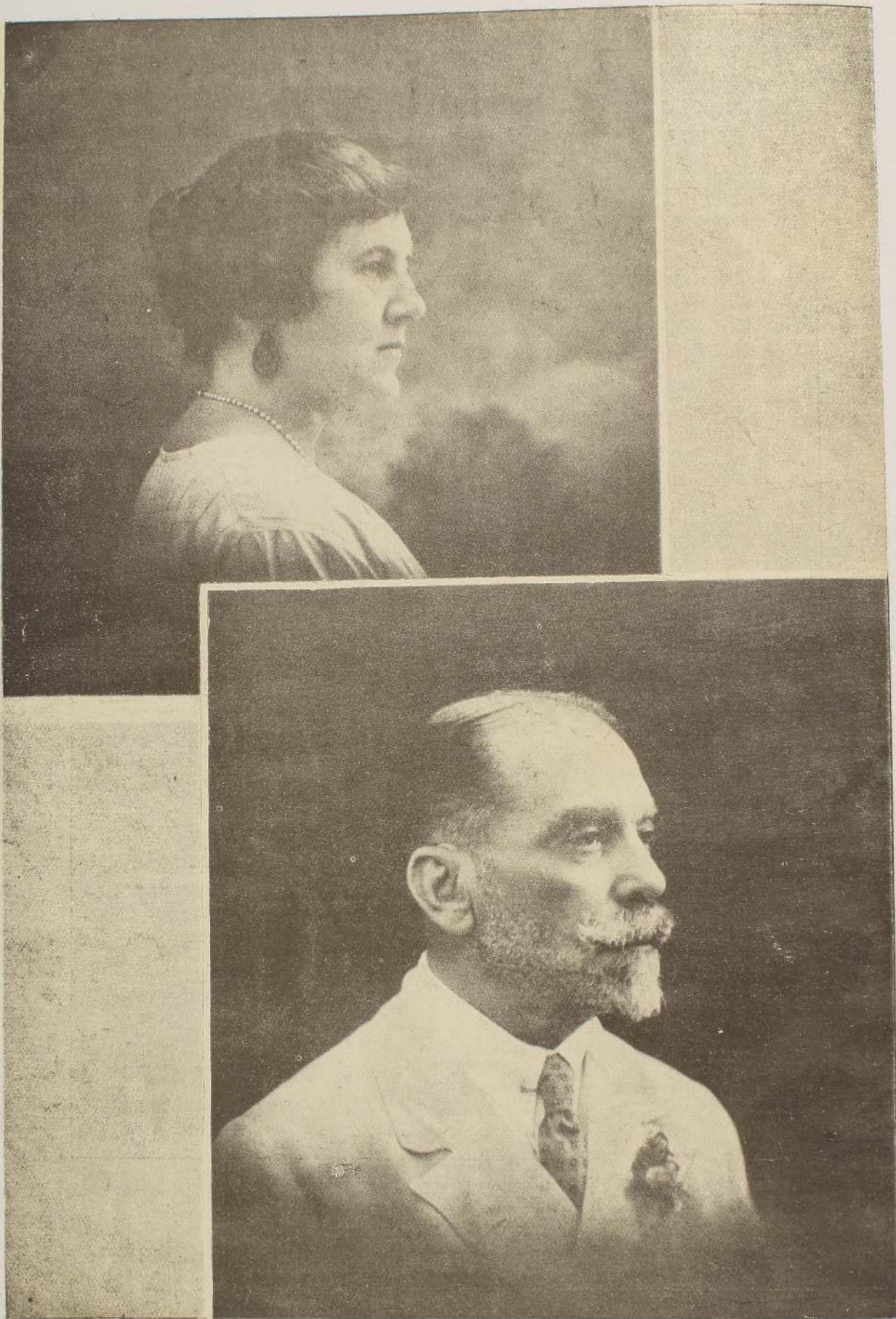
Planter: "Didn't I tell you I am not joking?" and, having staggered from his seat pounced on the barber and assaulted him unmercifully, and it was with difficulty that the assistant and a few others, who had come on hearing the cries of the unoffending barber, were able to remove the barber from the clutches of the infuriated planter. And when the planter, who was then sober, due to his exertions, heard the explanation, he made such reparation as lay in his power, and left as only a planter could do.

J. H. C. DE SILVA,
Colombo.

PORTRAIT STUDY



BY OUR KANDY STUDIO.

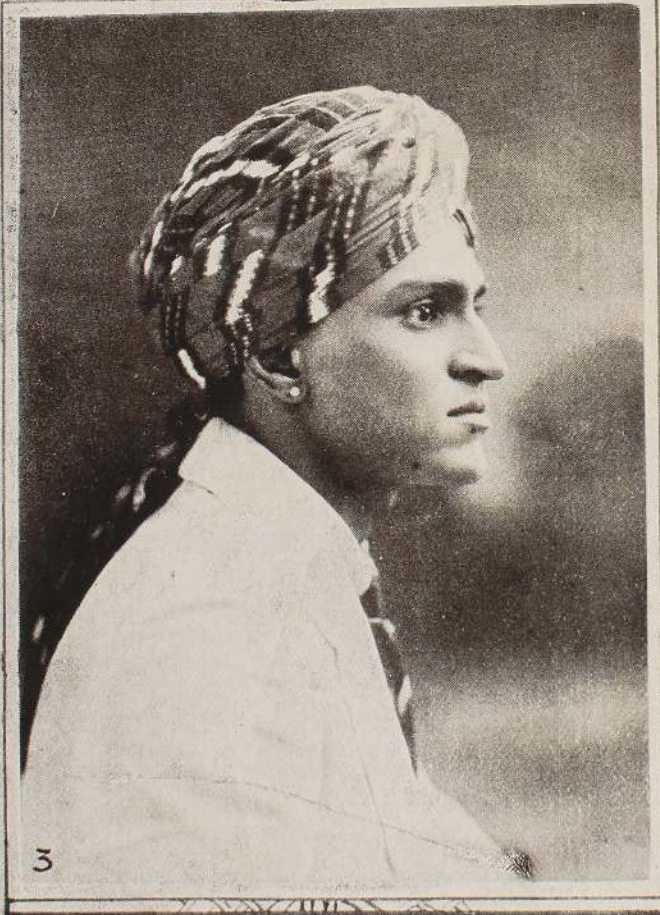


H. E. VICE-ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS AND LADY CLINTON BAKER.

CEYLON'S KNIGHTS.



1.—SIR PONNAMBALAM RAMANATHAN, KT., K.C., M.L.C., C.M.G.; 2.—SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE, KT., C.M.G.; 3.—SIR PONNAMBALAM ARUNACHALAM, M.A. (CANTAB.); 4.—SIR HENRY GOLLAN, M.A. (EDIN.), C.B.E., K.C., M.L.C.; 5.—H.E. SIR WILLIAM PONNAMBALAM ARUNACHALAM, M.A. (CANTAB.); 6.—SIR JAMES THOMSON BROOM, M.L.C.; 7.—SIR ANTON BERTRAM, KT., BACH., M.A. (CANTAB.), H. MANNING, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.; 8.—SIR 8. C. OBEYESEKERE, KT.; 9.—SIR 8. C. OBEYESEKERE, KT.; 10.—SIR AMBALAVANAR KANAGASABAI, K.C., M.L.C.; 8.—SIR GRAEME THOMSON, K.C.B.; 9.—SIR 8. C. OBEYESEKERE, KT., B.A. (MADRAS.)



1.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES; 2.—MARSHALL JOFFRE WITH COL. CLIFFORD COFFIN; 3.—THE MAHARAJAH OF BHARATPUR, 4.—PRINCE CHARLES OF BELGIUM VISITED CEYLON AS MIDSHIPMAN ON BOARD THE "RENOWN."

Our Prize Story

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

THEY had been married just twelve months, but, being young and very modern, did not wear their hearts upon their sleeves for the inspection and smiles of the world in general; nevertheless, they had a pitying contempt for all those who had been less fortunate than themselves in the matrimonial lottery. Adam, at least, secretly thought that "his jolly old world" fell very little short of Paradise, but, being English and extremely up-to-date in manner and expression, hid his intense satisfaction under a mask of "Marriage isn't too bad a business after taking the plunge."

But Eve, though she had only been in Colombo one short month, had received warning that every Eden has its serpent, and their particular one had awakened from its stupor. Indeed, he had lifted his head and given warning twice or thrice already; otherwise, whence these darts and stings?

"We were so surprised when we found that Adam's engagement was not merely a myth—one of those useful stories invented by young men out East to save themselves from serious entanglements. And really, now-a-days, a man's behaviour is no clue as to whether he is engaged or not." This from a small fluffy woman whom Adam had introduced as "One of my old friends, Eve dear, whom you are certain to like."

Eve had her doubts, especially when the wily serpent spoke through the lips of other Old Friends in like manner.

"Your husband is so susceptible; you will have to keep him in order,

dear Mrs. Travers;" and "Men who have indulged in numerous affairs of the heart generally develop into the most reliable husbands; don't they?"

And, maybe. Adam could not help the tender, protective attitude he adopted towards pretty women who showed an immense appreciation of himself; and there were many who desired to be kind to Adam, for he was very good to look upon.

But Eve could scarcely be expected to see the humour of the soft murmurs and tender glances, which appeared to distinguish the meeting of Adam with some particular Old Friend (their name seemed "Legion" to his wife); more especially when the inevitable Looker On would observe sweetly: "It must be rather trying, occasionally, to have such an attractive husband. Now, my Tom is so entirely satisfactory." This with a proud glance at her own lord and master, who was chiefly remarkable for a fiery face, a head innocent of any hair, and a chest that appeared to have slipped from its original position.

Eve was Irish, a fact sometimes overlooked by Adam, who also failed to take into consideration the distinct tinge of red in his wife's remarkably pretty hair, or he might have noticed that her smile was a trifle strained on the last occasion that he and the Small Fluffy Woman had disappeared from the ball-room for half an hour, returning to an impatient party with some feeble excuse about the "jolly old moon" and the difficulty of distinguishing the man therein!

So, when Eve's sister-in-law announced her intention of leaving her home on an estate near Nuwara Eliya to pay them a visit, it was but natural that she should welcome the arrival of a kindred spirit.

Now Adam, by some chance, had never met Jill before (Jack had married her in Australia six months previously) but knew his brother-in-law very well indeed, and had been given vivid descriptions of this member of the family by both mother and sister, who had met her during the war when she came to England as one of a number of Australian nurses. He had gathered that the young woman was decidedly popular with his sex, and that before Jack finally carried her off to his estate in Ceylon she had earned a just reputation as a breaker of hearts.

Decidedly Jill, with her dainty figure, dark hair, and plaintive eyes, was very attractive, and Adam and she speedily discovered many tastes in common.

But simple-minded Adam, returning home unexpectedly one day, was distinctly taken aback to hear his wife's voice from the drawing room say very clearly, "Be a sport and agree, Jill. Adam flirts, I'm very certain, and that does not perturb me, but I don't know exactly how serious his affairs are, and you're the only person who can help me. Give him a little encouragement, a few provocative glances, and, if I know my husband, he won't allow the grass to grow under his feet."

Poor Adam gasped at the perfidy of woman, but caught Jill's murmur of: "But what about poor me if he starts behaving idiotically?"

"Pooh!" retorted her hard-hearted friend, "I guess you're fully capable of looking after yourself. All you've got to do is to use your beautiful eyes, hint that a planter's wife is very much to be pitied—

and then report on the fall of Adam. And," she added somewhat viciously, "I'll help sweep up the pieces."

Adam fled noiselessly, feeling a trifle dazed, but recovered after the despatch of a letter which seemed to afford him a certain amount of satisfaction and amusement. In fact, during dinner that night, Eve and Jill had several times to enquire the cause of his apparently unaccountable mirth, but he failed to satisfy their curiosity.

Affairs progressed rapidly, and Jill reported faithfully that Adam had taken full advantage of the absence of light at the cinema to hold her hand tenderly; also that he had begun to talk about misunderstood people whose matrimonial partners failed to understand them.

Eve's pretty mouth was set as she listened, but she was particularly sweet and gracious to her graceless husband.

Some time later, Adam and Eve and Jill accepted an invitation to join a party at a dance at the Galle Face Hotel, but a couple of days before it was to take place Jill sprained her ankle slightly and announced mournfully that dancing was out of the question, but refused to allow her friends to alter their plans on her account.

On the morning of the day fixed for the dance, Adam came in to breakfast with a strong and pungent aroma of eucalyptus about his person and his "Good morning" was delivered in a hoarse and feeble voice.

"Am afraid I've caught a beast of a cold—can only hope that it will be better before to-night, or this dance will leave you a young and fascinating widow, Eve, my dear."

His wife and guest duly sympathised with the sufferer, but their respective offers of mustard foot-baths and cinnamon were ungraciously refused.

When Adam returned that evening from office his cold was obviously worse; at least the smell of eucalyptus was even more pronounced, and his voice had degenerated into a mere croak.

After some discussion it was decided that Adam would have to give up all thought of the dance, but he refused to allow Eve to sacrifice herself and stay at home.

"It will never do for us all to disappoint the Walkers, my dear. Jill and I will remain at home while you represent the family."

The two girls exchanged a rapid glance, but agreed to his decision, and Eve finally departed in a whirl of green tulle, with a hurriedly whispered injunction to Jill as she said good night: "Now, remember your promise."

And so the scene was set, and after dinner Jill played and sang to Adam, who watched her with a mischievous glint in his eyes, imploring her to continue when she showed signs of flagging.

Jill swung round with a laugh when the clock announced, with a decided chime, that it was 11 o'clock.

"It's frantically late, and you ought to have been in bed long ago, with that cold of yours, Adam, old thing."

"Cold! I haven't a cold, and you know it," smiled Adam, whose voice appeared to have gradually regained its normal volume. "Little hypocrite, Jill! You must have guessed that was only an excuse to spend an evening alone with you. Imagine being fool enough to neglect a heaven-sent opportunity like this!"

And as Jill sat paralysed on the piano stool, striving vainly to think of something to say, which might stave off what threatened to develop into an awkward situation, Adam bent over her and whispered, "Dost realize that we are entirely alone, Oh Jill of the wondrous eyes; and that

unappreciative husbands and wives are very far away?"

Poor Jill! There was a wild light in Adam's eyes, and she bitterly regretted the soft glances and stolen kisses exchanged with him in her zeal to further Eve's plan.

She tried to rise with great dignity, and at that moment heard the sound of a car outside, but Adam caught her in his arms and kissed her violently, and, as Jill sat with her head buried against his shoulder, she heard a cold, mocking voice say, "Accept our apologies for interrupting this affecting scene."

She found herself released abruptly, and looked up in a dazed fashion to see her husband and Eve standing in the doorway.

"Jack! you here!" and she ran towards him with hands outstretched, but faltered when she saw the stern expression of his face.

"Perhaps my sister will be good enough to take you somewhere else while her husband gives me an explanation—if one is possible—of this extremely peculiar state of affairs."

Before Jill could remonstrate, Eve drew her out of the room to her own boudoir.

"What shall we do?" Jill wailed. "You know how jealous Jack is. I shall never make him believe it was all pretence. Why don't you explain matters?"

"It's all right, my dear. I shall explain presently—after Jack has spent an extremely unpleasant quarter of an hour using his inventive faculty."

Eve's voice sounded weary as she told how her brother had appeared at the Galle Face, with the explanation that he had motored down for the dance, hoping to give them a pleasant surprise; and that as the car broke down on the way and he arrived late, he had gone straight on to the hotel, trusting to find the party there.

Poor Eve's thoughts of her husband were not exactly pleasant.

As the two sat miserably waiting for the outcome of the interview between the two men, there fell upon their astonished ears sounds of laughter, and a united shout in their husbands' voices for "Eve" and "Jill."

The two girls returned hurriedly to the drawing-room, to find Adam and Jack pleasantly occupied in toasting each other.

"What does this mean?" Eve asked in a bewildered voice, as Adam advanced, waving a letter in his hand.

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," quoth her husband, and the two men delightedly watched the varied expressions on their wives' faces as they read:

"Dear old Jack—Here's a nasty mess. My wife and yours have joined forces to cause my undoing. (Here followed an account of the conversation overheard by Adam.) So it's up to you to help a fellow man and teach these young women a severe lesson. I shall somehow wangle an incriminating situation with Jill and myself as heroine and villain, and

your role will be that of the injured husband. We men must combine, you know, against these women—God bless 'em. Shall wire you when to come down. Here's to the confusion of our wives. Adam."

"And I wired Jack to arrive to-day—saw him at the hotel this evening—gave him his cue, and here we all are!" added Adam.

There was a silence as the two girls slowly raised their eyes from the letter and looked at their respective husbands, who grinned back triumphantly, and then the humorous aspect of the situation struck them as they acknowledged defeat, and the house echoed with shouts of mirth.

"When Greek meets Greek," Eve murmured, as her husband flung an affectionate arm about her. "Adam, my respect for your intelligence has increased, but it is tragic to think that I am still ignorant as to the limits of your flirtations with these 'dear Old Friends' of yours."

"Blow my Old Friends!" said Adam inelegantly, and kissed her, whereupon Eve, woman-like, was weakly content—for a season!

D. H.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

You frown as my shadow approaches,
Your words are hurried and few;
Is it strange my heart grows bitter,
And I think hard things of you?

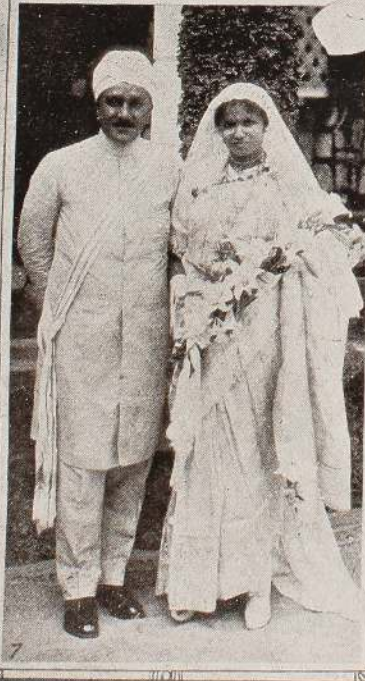
You deem me cold to your beauty,
And dull to your charm and grace:
While I hold it pride that o'ershadows
With gloom your gentle face.

You are vex'd, and shun me; you care not
Whether we meet or part;
And my lips are silent, tho' keener
Each day the pain in my heart.

But what if at last it turn out
We both are wrong all the while?
That you are not blind to my doubt,
That I am not dead to your smile?

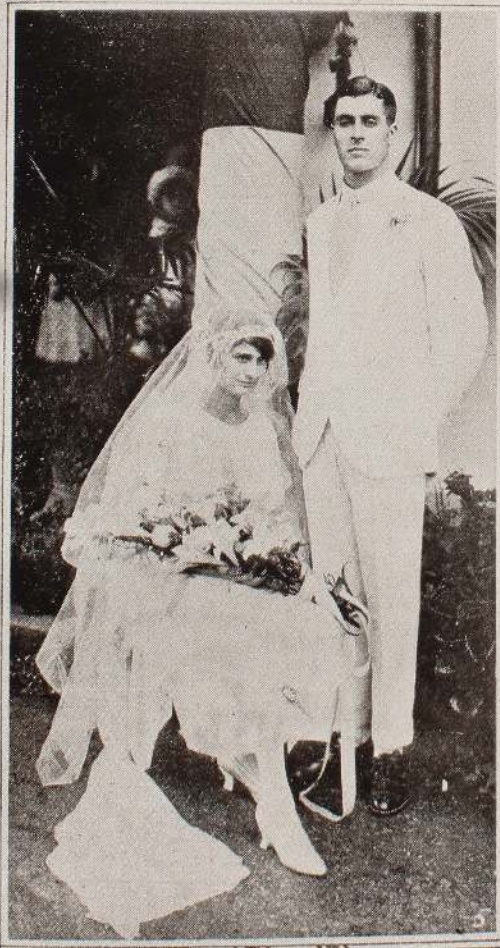
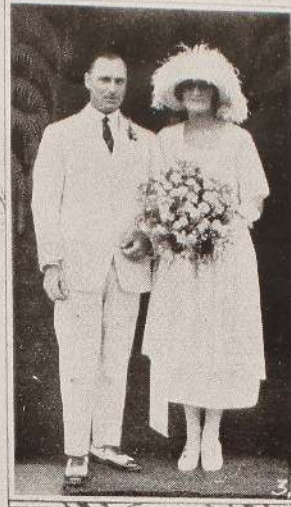
BEL.

WEDDED.



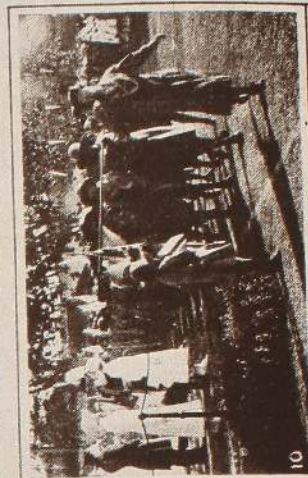
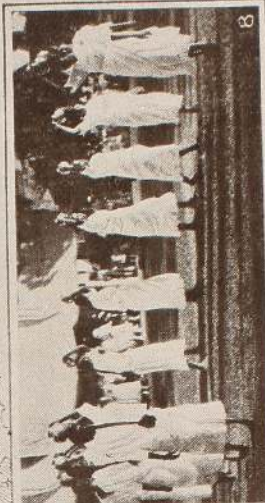
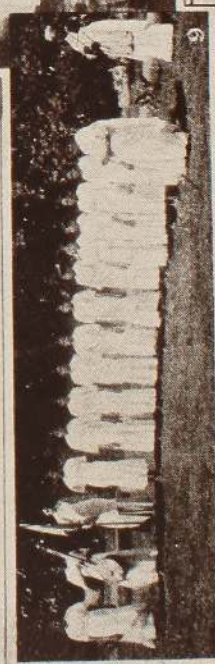
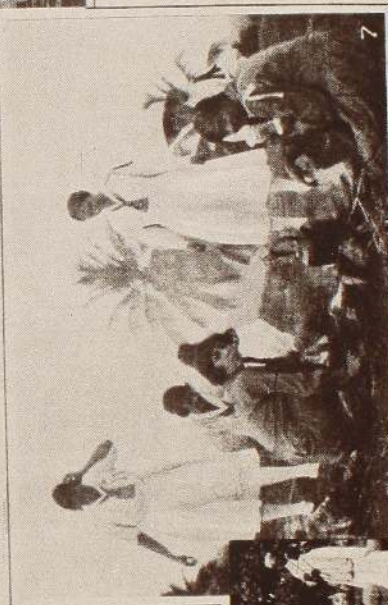
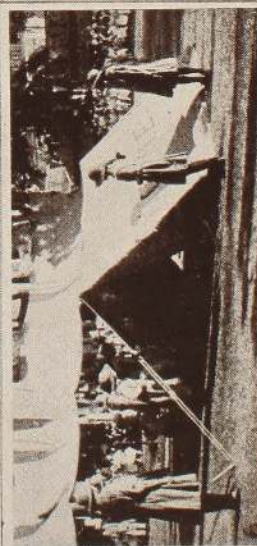
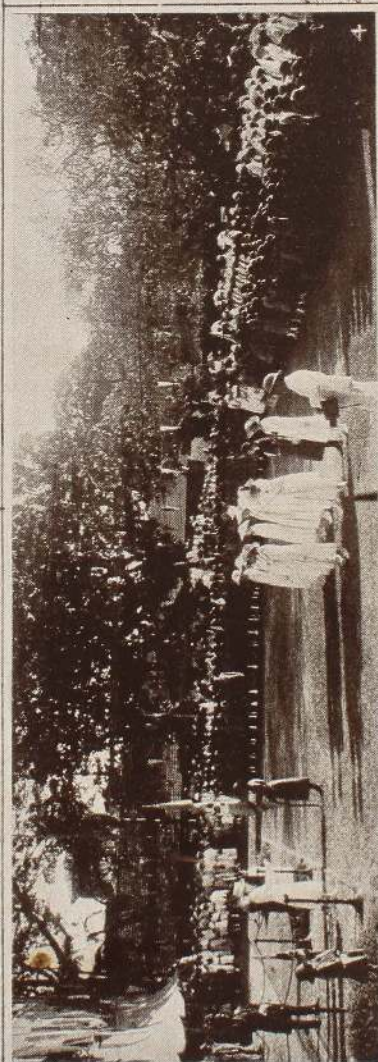
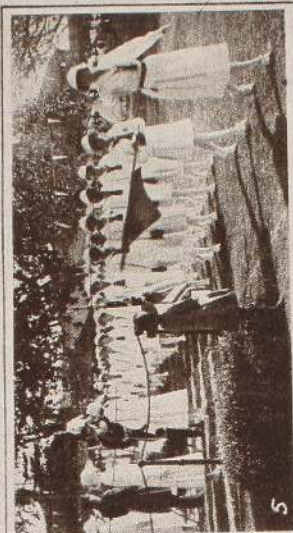
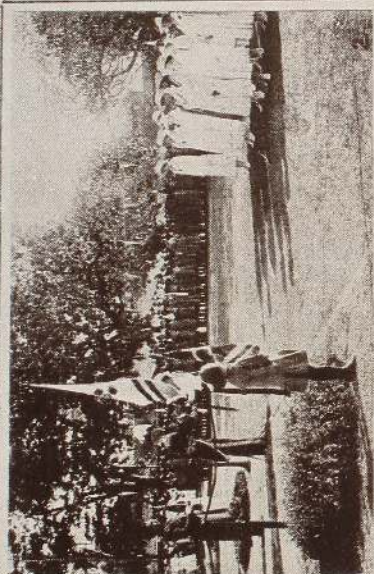
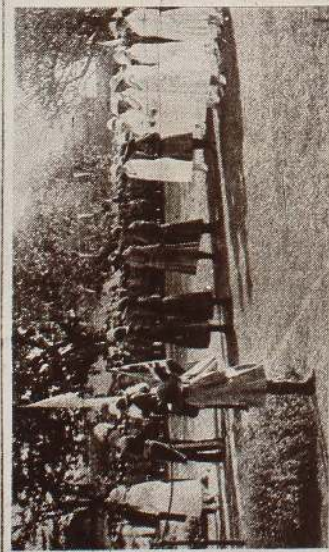
1.—R. L. CHUDLAW ROBERTS AND MISS MURIEL MURRAY; 2.—ABRAHAM DE LIVERA AND MISS ANNA FLORENTINA DIAS BANDARANAIKE; 3.—DR. LIONEL DE SILVA AND MISS CONSTANCE FERNANDO; 4.—R. M. DAVIES AND MISS HELEN DUMONTEIL LAGREZE; 5.—CAPT. L. F. LERWAY DAY AND MISS JEANNE DUMONTEIL LAGREZE; 6.—C. H. BOGER AND MISS FRANCES HELEN PERRY; 7.—DR. V. CROOS-DABRERA AND MISS BELLA DE CROOS; 8.—D. B. SENEVIRATNE AND MISS RITA MADALINE SAMARASINGHE; 9.—C. O. D. CAREY AND MISS MARY ELIZABETH MAY CAMPBELL.

WEDDED.



1.—GODFREY HARBORD AND MISS OLIVE WEBB; 2.—C. F. SMITH AND MISS JESSIE JAMES; 3.—G. G. SMITH AND MISS GLADYS ALFORD; 4.—R. E. M. BURTON AND MISS KATHALEEN LEWIS; 5.—S. P. ROBERTS AND MISS IDALINA DE SOUZA; 6.—P. SARAVANAMUTTU AND MISS SYBIL THANGAM MUTTU; 7.—E. G. RICE AND MISS MILDRED MENZIES; 8.—T. HUNT AND MISS INA GRENIER.

FIRST ALL-ISLAND GIRL GUIDES' RALLY.



The First All-Island Rally

(By THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER)

CHAPTER I.

We must Rally.

“WE must have an All-Island Rally.”

It seems years ago since those words were spoken. As a matter of fact it is only a few months. But so much has happened in our little Guide world, that we have proved the poet's words to be true:—

“We live in deeds, not words;
in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.”

I would caution every Commissioner, however, not to speak such words inadvisedly or lightly. They are fraught with far more than meets the eye.

“We must have an All-Island Rally.” It sounds as if you say “Abracadabra” or “Hey Presto,” and the rabbit comes out of the top hat, or the Rally evolves itself in Queen's House grounds!

Contrariwise:—

You will find that you require a day of, at least, 36 hours to cope with the result of those seven words, and in addition, you will have to call spirits—not from the vasty deep, but willing spirits, Guides and non-Guides—to help you, day in day out; toiling and rejoicing, “prepared” for every *contretemps* and emergency that ever came out of Pandora's box.

CHAPTER II.

We are about to Rally.

The weeks pass. The postal peon's bicycle is piled high with replies and questions from Guide Commissioners and Captains in North, South, East,

and West. Posters, programmes and leaflets roll in and roll out. Willing hands affix posters to walls and gates—everyone who receives a bill receives a Rally notice too. We give no one a chance of forgetting that we are about to Rally.

We infest Queen's House grounds. There we assemble round our kind friend, the Major, who is endeavouring to fit 600 Guides into a somewhat constricted space for a March Past. There we plan a Camp Fire, in consultation with an electrician. There we mark out whitewash lines, there we enlist the help of stalwart Gunners to drive in posts and rope off the ground, and there we invoke the aid of the Scout Commissioner and his bands of trusty and efficient Scouts to put up awnings and bunting and strings of fluttering flags. “May we do this?” and “May we do that?” resounds on all sides, till I marvel at the patient and still smiling faces of the A. D. C. and his staff. Visions of band practices rise before me. The Police Band has taken us under its wing and is prepared to help us out in every way. There is a pleasant excitement in going to Police Headquarters in the early morning hours to try over certain items with the Band, which the Bandmaster most kindly orchestrated for us. We know that we shall have the treat of, say, a Lohengrin overture thrown in, and we return to our day's work with the inspiration of those majestic strains in our ears. And there is transport to be worked out. The Touring Commissioner is buried in intricacies of “fetching and carrying” 750 Guides from

station to dwelling-place and schools, from schools and dwelling-place to Queen's House. Lorries and charabancs are borrowed from various kind friends—eleven in all. The time-table is a work of Art.

The feeding and housing of 200 Guides and Officers gives us furiously to think, as our Gallic friends say, but another kind friend comes to the rescue, with a huge bungalow which can accommodate them all. Food and bedding, and tables and chairs, and flowers and clothes-horses, and vases and wash-stands, and all the "things" that we mortals need to keep ourselves alive, are gradually assembled for the great day.

And then :—

CHAPTER III.

We Rally.

By the evening of Tuesday, third October, the bungalow is a hive of Guides—Guides from Kandy, Jaffna, Galle, Matale, Badulla, Kurunegala, Matara, Nuwara Eliya, Batticaloa—all making friends, as they sit down to their evening meal in rapid succession, one Company waiting on the other. The Touring Commissioner and her helpers have worked magic—table-cloths of blue bunting, flowers from kind up-country friends, a few pictures pinned on the whitewashed schoolroom walls—it is, in truth, a gay scene, with all those chattering tongues and bright eyes and young, eager faces.

The fourth of October dawns golden. Many of us jumped out of bed at daybreak to search the sky for promise of fair weather.

By seven o' clock all the lorries had rolled along the red roads of Colombo and had deposited their freight of Guides at Queen's House for the rehearsal.

Our friend the Major, The Scout Commissioner, and interested women-friends, and husbands and brothers,

our staunch allies the Police Band, the A. D. C. and his Staff, were there, and we plunged into the midst of our work straightway.

Then home again at nine, hot but happy with the morning's work. The hours till the afternoon pass all too quickly, and at 3 o'clock the lorries roll up once more. The nimble colour-markers run out to their places, and soon the hollow square of Guides is formed to the satisfaction of the Major.

It is a gay scene. Bunting and flags screen the verandah of Queen's House, and soon the chairs begin to fill with invited guests.

Under the big banyan tree pink-frocked children from the Deaf and Blind School, Guide Companies not in uniform, and invited Scouts, congregate.

The general public collect under the trees, and strings of gay pennons have been strung from tree to tree by the Scouts, and the Union Jack floats proudly from its flagstaff. The band plays its gayest tunes. There is a pleasurable thrill in the air. The Headquarters Staff is assembled facing the railed-off carpet which awaits His Excellency.

At 4.30 all are gathered round—a tense moment.

His Excellency, in splendid full-dress uniform, with plumes and glittering orders, accompanied by his A. D. C. in that smartest of uniforms, the Grenadier Guards, emerges from Queen's House.

A Shrill Whistle—The Commissioner's word of command.

Crash—"God save the King"—every Guide to attention—every Officer to the Salute!

Then the presentation of the Island colours—our "Azure" flag with the golden trefoil and the Arms of Ceylon, and "Be Prepared" on gold-

en bands. A proud moment for the Guides, as His Excellency presents it to the Commissioner and she hands it to the first winner of the All Round Cord in the Island.

Follows Ariamma Hudson of the 2nd Jaffnas in her picturesque white sari, to receive "The Life of Princess Mary" from His Excellency, pending the arrival of the certificate of merit from England, for saving a fellow Guide from drowning in a well. "Well done, Ariamma!" Cheers and applause from Guides and every one.

Then the March Past.

Many of us would have liked a longer view of the Companies as they swung by—khaki or white uniform or sari—with Company colours dipping and patrol flags flying. And the Brownies brought up the rear—tiny tots in khaki jumpers or white muslin saris—giving "eyes right" gravely, greatly impressed by the gorgeous figure of His Excellency smiling kindly at the mites as they went by.

Displays to follow—but no space to enumerate them all. Each Company played its part well, whether it was the picturesque Jaffna Guides doing their graceful water-pot drill with brazen "Chembus" or singing action songs to the plaintive music of violin and "Thambur;" or Kandy Guides doing realistic stretcher drill or Donkey Knots; Galle Guides "camping;" or Colombo Guides drilling, signalling, or figure marching. And away in a corner of the grounds Guides display basket-work and weaving and lace-making and cooking and crackers (Tom Smith's laurels are in jeopardy) and ambulance work, and certain Rangers have furnished a nursery—everything complete—made by their own hands.

The light fades.

A camp-fire shines out under a tree, Guides and Brownies collect around it and croon their evening song, coloured lights spring out in the hedges: "Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the Western Sea." It is a magical scene—with the palm trees standing black against the orange sunset, and the Star of Venus shining overhead. When the song is ended, the signal is given and all the other Guides make a wild rush across the ground—a helter-skelter of flying forms. They join the camp-fire group, and sitting on the ground sing the cheerful strains of "Coal Black Mammy," then "Rule Britannia." His Excellency stands watching close by the camp-fire. Then "God Save the King"—a full-throated, thrilling "God Save the King."

And cheers—that will always echo in our hearts!

The Rally is over.

One by one the Companies melt away, chattering and laughing, each Guide and Brownie with a packet of chocolate—the gift of our Patroness, Lady Manning, away in England, whom we have so greatly missed to-day. The lorries rumble homeward under the stars, with their loads of happy Guides.

The Rally is over—but its memory will endure.

"We are the makers of music and we are the dreamers of dreams." Into the lives of the girls of the world, Guiding brings sisterhood, imagination, usefulness, harmony.

"We must Rally—we shall Rally—we have Rallied—we hope to Rally again."

BELLA SOUTHORN
Chief Commissioner.

Georgia

The Ceylon Turf Club is responsible for a good many things. The Ceylon Fishing Club for a good many more. But in one point they are alike—each illustrates, in racing and fishing, the triumph of Hope over Experience. For there are still a great many people who think it is possible to make money by betting at the Races.

No wonder it is suggested that the P. M. should be taxed!

In the Blaker family, Hope, personified by Mrs. Blaker, and Experience, by Mr. Blaker, were slightly estranged. You see, Mrs. Blaker was a race-goer, and her husband a keen fisherman.

The trouble began at breakfast.

"I see there are races again next Saturday," she remarked, pouring out the coffee.

"Are there?" he said, reaching out for the toast.

"You know there are, quite well," she said calmly.

"Surely you don't want to go racing again, so soon?" he protested.

"Of course I do," she replied. "Do you know that in August Mrs. Fox-Trotter got eight hundred chips over the wall?"

"I'm sorry for her husband," he said grimly.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because she won't let him forget it for the next ten years, and will expect him to give her the money to try and repeat the tonic every race," he said sympathetically.

"Aren't you going to take me to the races on Saturday?" she said, trying to melt him.

"Sorry—can't," he said. "I'm off for a few days' fishing. Why don't you come too?"

"What—fishing?" she said, making a face.

"Yes, fishing," he replied, "in other words, the act of taking fish by any means, as by angling with a fly, bait, or lure, or drawing them to shore in a net."

"And a fat lot you catch sometimes!" she said, "don't you?"

It was a sore point with them, as her idea of fishing was to haul out pound trout every three minutes, regularly.

So they left it at that. But before he went to office he made the Boy put out his rod, net, creel, and waders to air in the garden, prominently.

She retaliated by pinning "Early Bird's Anticipations" on to his dinner-shirt.

If you have been in the habit of taking in two different evening papers, and then, from motives of economy, only take in one, you had better not be married.

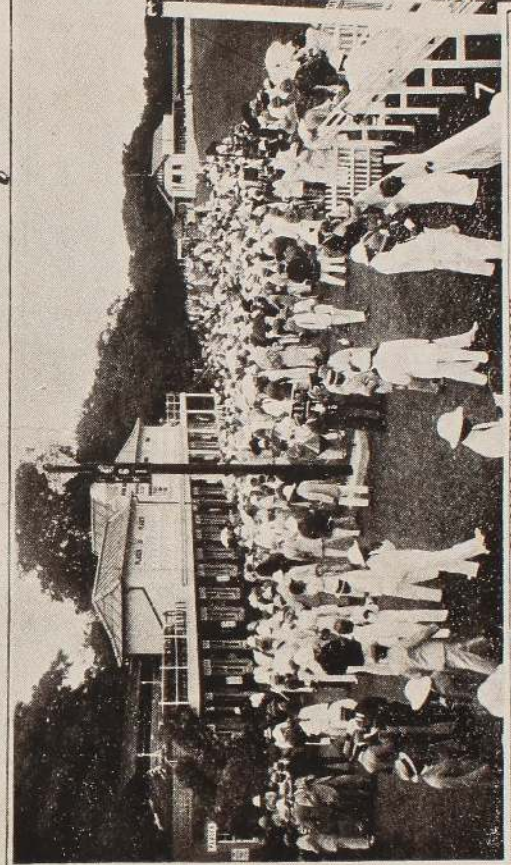
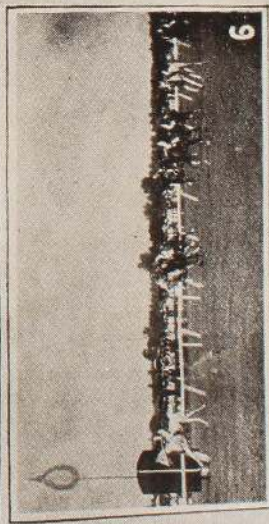
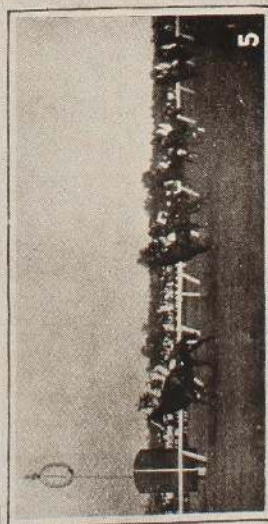
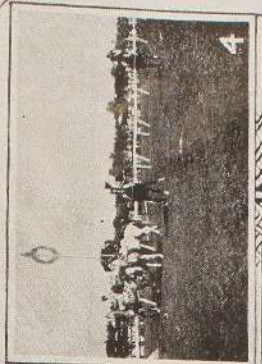
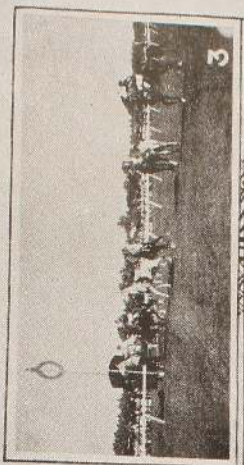
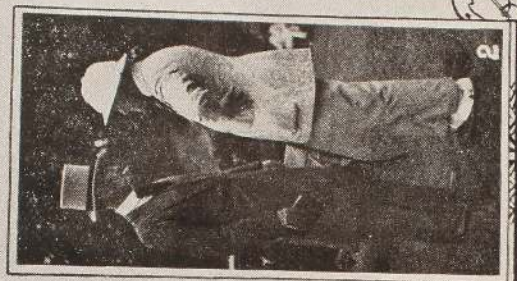
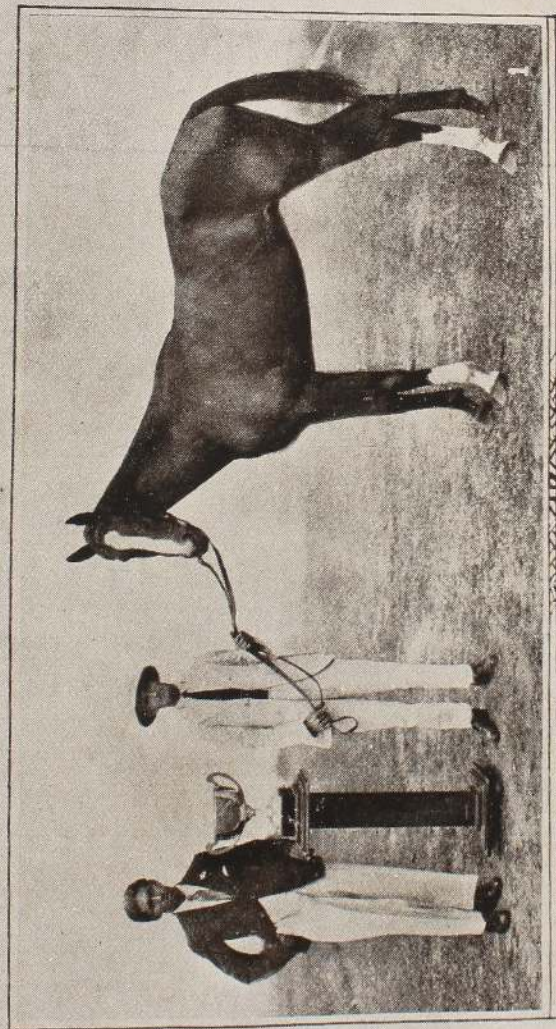
It was after dinner.

For the moment there was domestic peace.

Over the soup she had complained bitterly of the slackness of the house-cook. With the fish, she gave expression to grave displeasure with the cook and all his works. It had something to do with a cockroach that she had found deceased and floating in the coffee-pot, after she had drunk her coffee after lunch. The cook, it appeared, disclaimed responsibility, on the ground that Ceylon cooks never made the coffee. Nor, he added, did he make the cockroach. It seemed a complete defence.

However, after dinner, sitting in her own deck-chair, and in possession of the evening-paper, she cooled down.

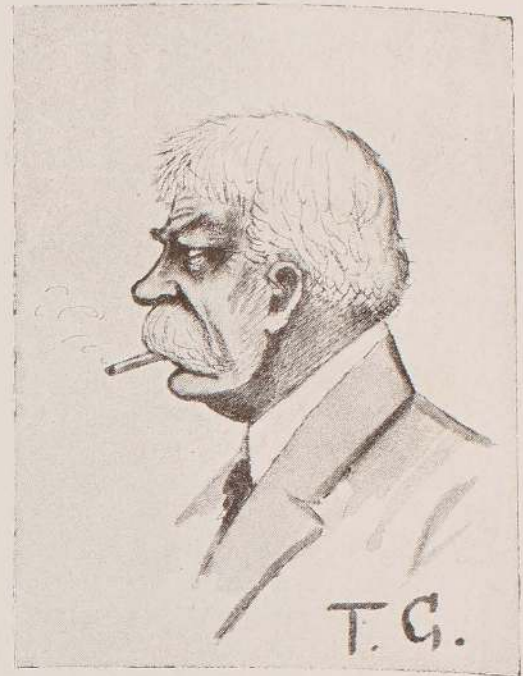
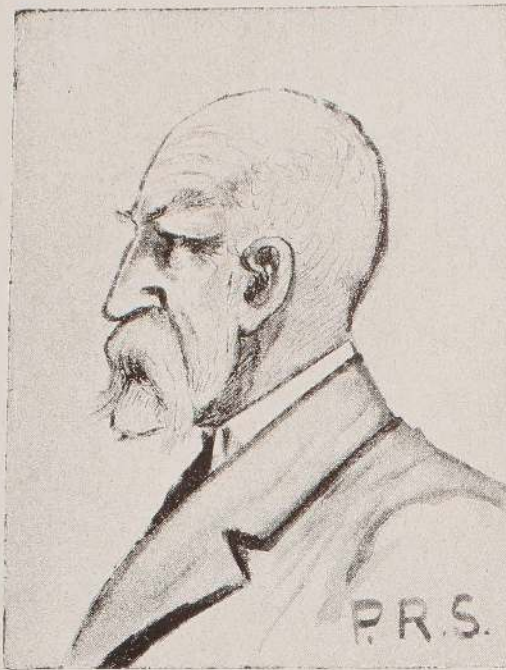
THE C. T. C. AUGUST RACE MEET, 1922.



1.—ORANGE WILLIAM (WINNER OF THE GOVERNOR'S CUP AND CLEMENTS' COMMEMORATION PLATE); 2.—H. E. LORD WILLINGDON AND MR. A. R. AITKEN, CEYLON'S GOLF CHAMPION; 3, 4, 5, 6 & 9.—STARTS AND FINISHES IN SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS; 7.—THE GATHERING OPPOSITE THE NEW PARLOR MUTUEL BUILDING; 8.—ORANGE WILLIAM.

OUR PRIZE CARICATURES.

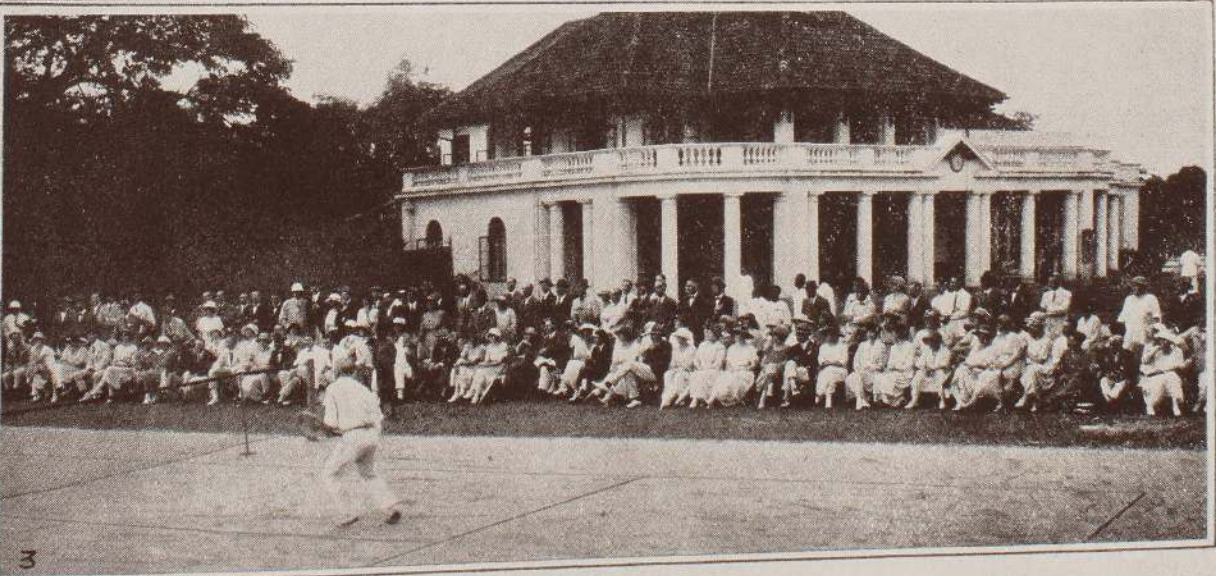
By W. A. TYTLER.



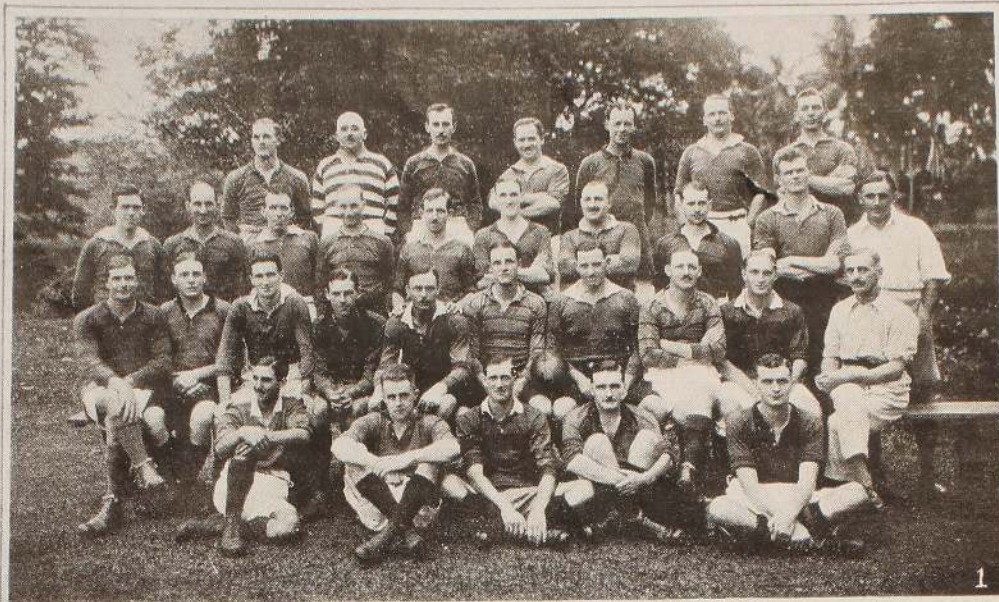
SEA-BATHING AT MOUNT LAVINIA.



SPORTING EVENTS OF THE YEAR.



1.—OPENING OF THE BURGER RECREATION CLUB PAVILION AT THE HAVELOCK PARK; 2.—THE ALL-CEYLON TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MEET AT NUWARA ELIYA—A FINE COLLECTION OF TROPHIES WITH THE WINNERS RANGED BEHIND THEM; 3.—THE GARDEN CLUB TOURNAMENT—A LARGE GATHERING WATCHING THE FINAL IN THE CHALLENGE ROUND OF THE OPEN SINGLES, IN WHICH W. E. MITCHELL DEFEATED W. HOWARD TRIPP.



1.—KELANI VALLEY vs. KALUTARA, AT RUGGER; 2.—KANDY GOLF CLUB ANNUAL "AT HOME" vs. CEYLONESE, AT CRICKET. 3.—EUROPEANS

Her husband sat smoking, uneasily, with that pained *I-want-the-paper* look on his face.

"Anything in the paper, dear?" he suggested gently.

"Of course there isn't—there never is!" she said brusquely.

"Ordinarily I agree with you," he replied, "but to-night I thought there must be something good."

"Why?" she asked, yawning.

"Because you've been so long reading it," he explained.

"As a matter of fact," she said slowly, "you're right for once....."

"Thank you," he interrupted.

"For once," she repeated.

"There is one quite good bit."

"I'd like to see it, darling," he said diplomatically, reaching out for the paper.

"I'll read it to you," she replied. And she read out:

"NEW YORK.—A Bill designed to prevent any man from slipping away from home without informing his wife, and obtaining her consent, has been introduced in the Senate of the State of Georgia. Among the safeguards which the Bill provides are the following:

"Any and all married men who shall go fishing without the consent of their wives shall be guilty of felony, and the sentence shall be not less than five years, or more than twenty years, at hard labour. Be it further enacted that if any married man shall get the consent of his wife to go fishing and fails to catch any fish, his wife shall have the right to cancel all permits in future."

He listened carefully, but said nothing.

"What do you think of it, George?" she asked, after a moment.

"I don't think," he replied shortly.

"Men very rarely do," she said drily, and went on reading the paper.

"What did you think about it?" he asked, after a pause.

"I keep thinking of that beastly cockroach in the coffee," she said, frowning. George grunted.

"What happens to you if you drink the juice of a cockroach stewed in coffee?" she said suddenly.

"I should expect to be hanged for cook-murder!" he said brutally.

"I was asking you seriously," she said.

"Probably you'll have a most awful nightmare," he replied, after reflection.

But she still kept the paper.

"You might read that bit about Georgia again," he suggested presently, hoping she would hand him the paper.

But, to his surprise, she read it all out again slowly, specially emphasising the words, "*if any married man shall get the consent of his wife to go fishing and fails to catch any fish, his wife shall have the right to cancel all permits in future.*"

And, soon after, they went to bed.

The trouble began about 3 a.m., though neither he nor she could ever explain how, when, where, or why it actually began. Anyhow, there was an unholy commotion. All the servants were aroused, and found Master on the verandah waving a walking-stick and yelling, while Lady tried to get him back to bed. Dogs barked—what the Ayah described as the 'Police petrol' stopped to make enquiries—and a neighbour telephoned to ask what was the matter.

Finally they got him into bed again, and a strong dose of brandy calmed him down.

"Whatever was the matter, darling?" she asked him tenderly.

"A most awful nightmare!" he said shivering.

"Did you dream you had swallowed a cockroach in your coffee?" she asked.

"Lor' no," he said, "much worse. I dreamt we were living in Georgia!"

Z. Z.

The Notable Deed

(By *Lieut.-Colonel A. W. COXON.*)

“**P**ERFORM some notable deed, and then come and ask me again.”

So said Priscilla to me when I asked her to be my wife, as we were sitting in the garden of Queen's House at one of the State Balls. Priscilla is, I am sure, very fond of me, and would gladly accept me as her husband; but, alas! she is a confirmed hero-worshipper, and it is her great ambition to hear it said, “Oh, yes, her husband is the brave man who saved an old man from drowning a few years ago” or “Her husband made the record score of 200 not out for Colombo against Up-country last August week,” or something of that sort. But though I have haunted the seashore from Calle Face as far as Mount Lavinia, day after day, for weeks, dressed in the very lightest clothes, with swimming costume underneath, ready to rescue any foolhardy bather, no one has been obliging enough to provide the necessary opportunity.

As regards making a record score at cricket, my chances are small, for I have not played since I left Cheltenham 27 years ago, and then I only managed to get into my house-eleven bottom place, in my last term. I am also of small stature, and not particularly muscular, so that my chances are also not of the rosiest for tackling burglars or stopping run-away horses.

Other means of becoming famous occurred to me, in pursuance of which I climbed to the top of Adam's Peak, but, as it was not done from the Ratnapura side, this was considered of no merit, though it was

performed in the pouring rain, and I was in the doctor's hands for several weeks afterwards!

Then I thought of histrionic fame, and accordingly joined the Amateur Dramatic Club, in the hope of bringing down the house at the Public Hall when playing the leading part. But here again I was doomed to disappointment, for my dramatic talents were only adjudged worthy of a place in the chorus of a musical comedy, and as one of the “also ran” my efforts were not recorded.

So time passed on, and I was beginning to despair, when about a year afterwards I received an invitation to stay a few days with an old friend living near Henaratgoda.

While there, I was asked to dine at a neighbouring bungalow.

In the invitation it was discreetly intimated that Priscilla and her mother would be there. Another opportunity of pleading my suit was not to be missed, and I accepted with pleasure.

The bungalow was about two miles away, but there was a short cut by a path which crossed the railway. As the night was fine, though the moon was hidden by clouds, I decided to walk back, and accordingly dismissed the chauffeur of my friend's car, on arrival at the dinner party. The dinner was excellent, Priscilla seemed in splendid spirits, and, while sitting out in the garden afterwards, I again begged her to reconsider her decision. I suggested that the notable deed might be performed after we were married.

But she was adamant, and treated my suggestion with scorn.

As my remaining on after this refusal rendered my position rather painful, I pleaded a headache (heart-ache would have been nearer the truth), and left at a little before eleven o'clock to walk back by the path. It was still very dark, and it was only with great difficulty that I could follow the path.

On reaching the railway line I suddenly caught sight of something white lying between the rails. A closer examination proved it to be a native fast asleep. As the up-country mail could not have gone by, and would certainly be coming along very soon, I determined to wake him up and persuade him to continue his slumbers in a somewhat safer place. But, on attempting to rouse him, I discovered that he was also very drunk, and, in spite of my attempts in the vernacular to convince him of his perilous position, he refused to move. I then tried to lift him and carry him to the side of the line, but he was a big, burly man, and my puny efforts were useless, for I could not move him an inch.

While pondering on what my next course should be, I suddenly heard a distant whistle from the oncoming train. I redoubled my efforts, but to no avail. What was I to do? The idea of leaving him to his fate was inconceivable, and, besides, here at last was my opportunity of saving a human life, and winning Priscilla's hand. The only thing to do was to stop the train, as there would not be time to obtain help from any of the huts in the neighbourhood.

But how was it to be done? Shouting would be useless, as the noise of the engine would make my voice inaudible.

I could run towards the train and wave my handkerchief, but in the darkness the driver could not possibly see my signals.

Light a flare? Yes, but what materials had I for the purpose?

A hurried search through my pockets revealed two or three receipted bills and about six rupee notes of various denominations.

What use were these? Not much, but still they were better than nothing, and their burning might possibly attract the attention of the engine driver if he were on the lookout.

Looking up, I could see the shower of sparks from the funnel of the fast approaching train, now rounding a curve about half a mile away. No time to be lost. I quickly struck a match, but it went out before I could get the first receipt to light.

A second match did the trick, and, standing up, I waved the paper frantically over my head.

The rest of the papers and the rupee notes soon followed.

Shouting at the top of my voice, I waved the last ones, but there was no sign of the train slowing down, nor of my signals having been seen. My efforts were useless, the train rushed on, and as it dashed past me I uttered a last piercing scream, my nerves gave way, and I fainted.

* * * *

How long it was before I recovered consciousness I do not know, but it must have been some little time, for no sound of the retreating train reached my ears. I dared not look at the line for I was afraid that the sight of the mangled body would bring on another faint.

The only thing to do was to hurry on to my friend's house as quickly as possible, summon help, and have the corpse removed.

So, averting my eyes from the spot, I got up and stumbled forward.

What sound was that which reached my ears out of the stillness of the night? Was it a groan from

the poor fellow whose life blood was fast ebbing away? I listened again. A second time I heard the sound. No, it was not a groan, but was more like a loud snore.

Impossible! Dead or dying men do not usually snore.

Again the sound. Come what may, I must know the worst, whatever the result. Pulling myself together, I looked at the rails.

There was the mass of white, apparently just as it had been when I first saw it. Could the train have passed over him without touching him? No, the idea was absurd. Yet there he was, and the snores continued. A miracle had occurred. I must get assistance and get him carried to a place of safety, for I remembered that there was another train from Kandy due to pass soon.

I started to cross the railway. At that moment the moon came out from behind the clouds and revealed the fact that there were two pairs of rails. Then it dawned on me that another set had been recently laid for the doubling of the track as far as Polgahawela. I had completely forgotten this in my excitement. The explanation of the supposed miracle was simplicity itself.

It was the newly laid rails that my drunken friend had selected for his sleeping place, and the train had gone by on the others. All this terrible experience for nothing!

I wondered that my hair had not turned white.

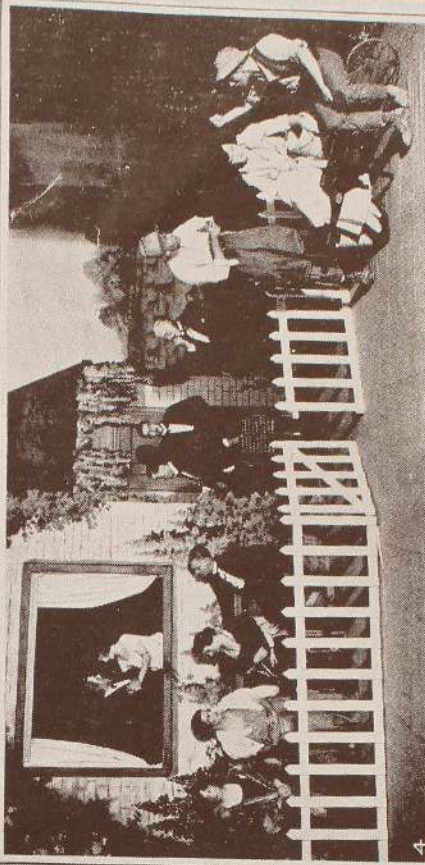
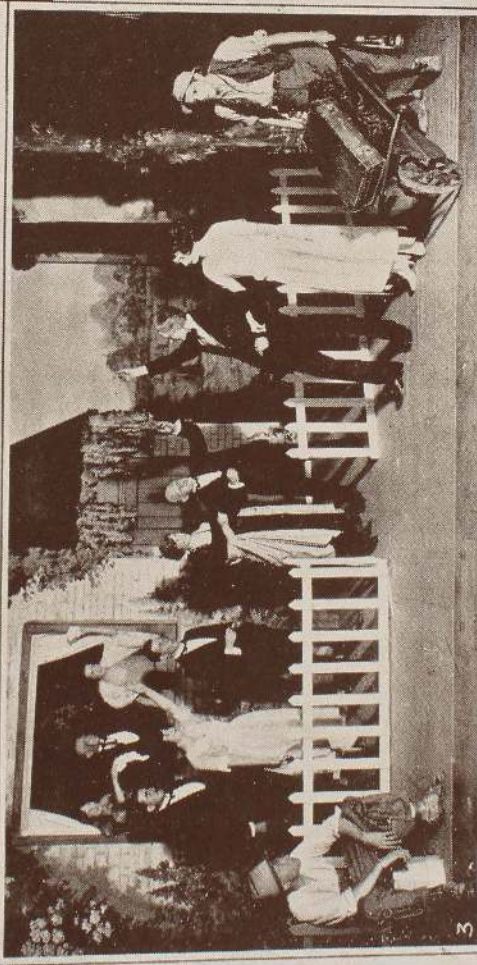
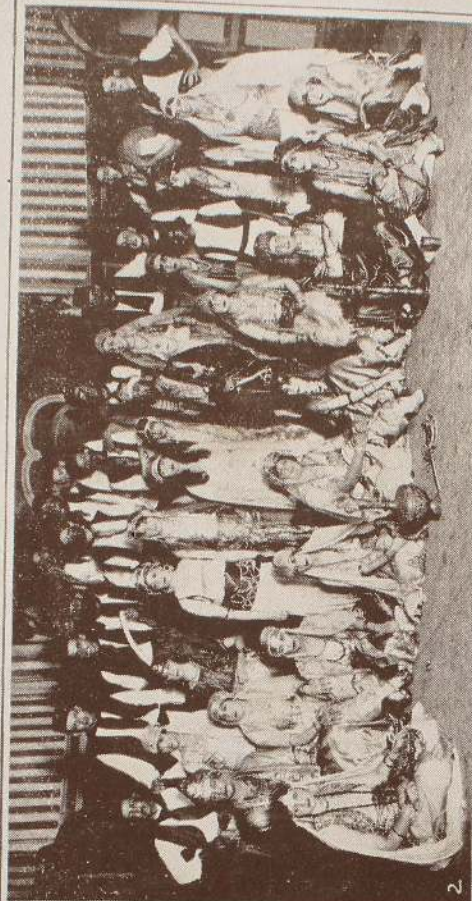
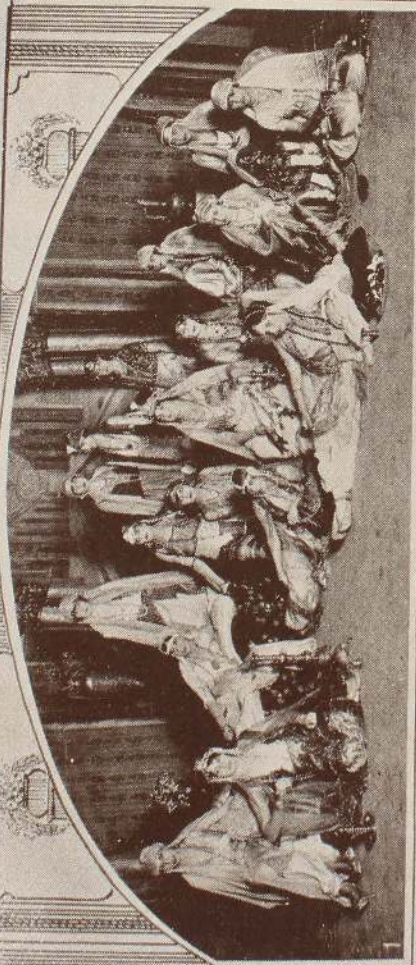
I have told nobody of this till now. Priscilla is still a spinster.

(The above Short Story sent in for competition is highly commended by the Judges.—Ed.)

The Insects' Song

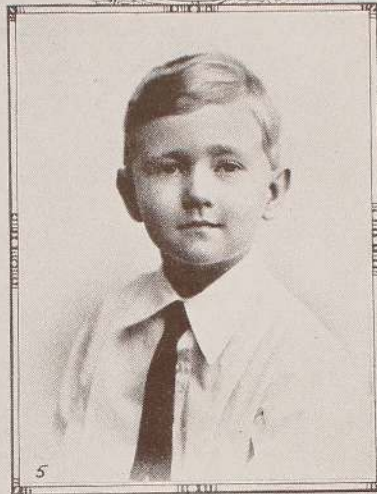
'Tis the time to think things over, when you take your ease at night,
With your day's work well behind you, and your final pipe alight;
When a million insect voices, in discordant harmony,
Make the night-time seem more restful, with their restless symphony.
When you give your life to planting, you will find the Insects' Song
Ever grows and grows upon you, for they sing the whole night long,
Till the darkness and their music blend together into Night,
So that, should their Song be silent, you will feel that all's not right.
There is rubber far below me, sloping down from where I sit,
Still and dark, save where the moonbeams their fantastic patterns knit.
There's a hill beyond the rubber, and a peak beyond the hill,
Rearing brightly in the moonlight, and it's all divinely still.
How can people live in cities, artificial through and through,
With their noises and confusion and a myriad things to do?
How can people live in cities when there's work on Nature's breast?
In the one there's always hurry, on the other always rest;
In the one a crowded living, on the other room to spare;
In the one a stifling feeling, on the other God's own air!
No, I wouldn't live in cities, for I couldn't stand it long.
Don't you think it's better planting, and at night—the Insects' Song?

KIM.



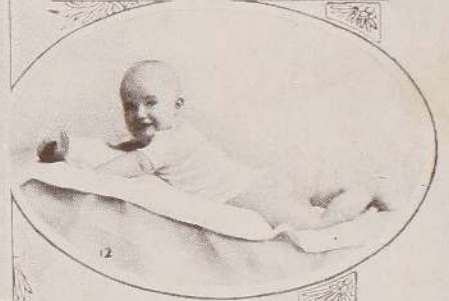
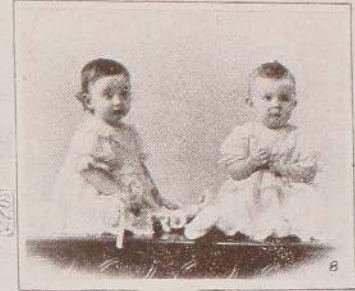
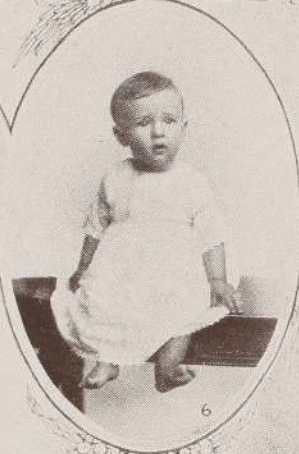
1 & 2.—ALI BABA; 3 & 4.—THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY; 5.—THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD; 6.—BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

CEYLON CHILDREN.



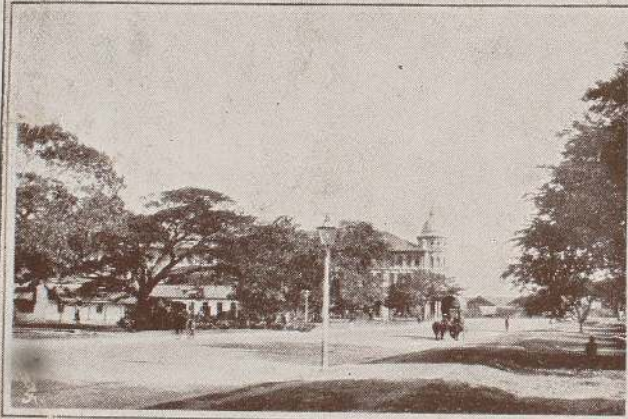
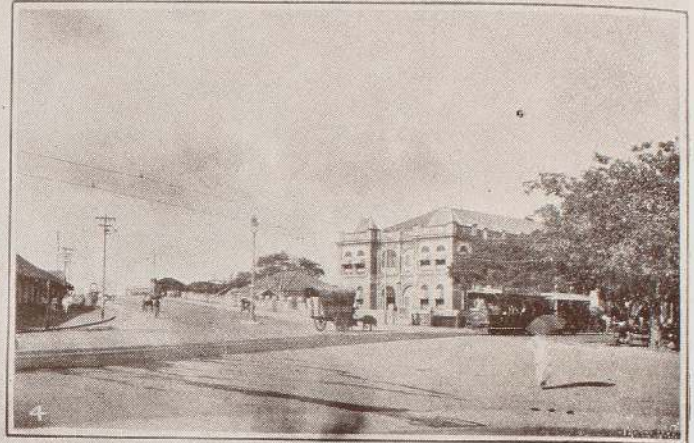
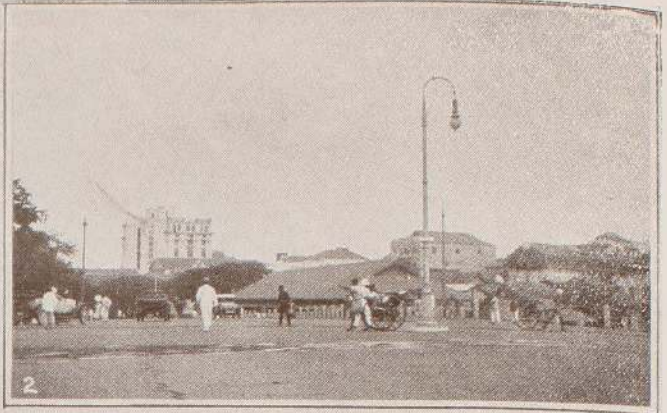
1.—IAN GRAHAM STEWART; 2.—RICHARD AND KEPPEL LEVETT; 3.—VIVIEN SMART; 4.—JOAN BROADBENT; 5.—JAMES WARDEN; 6.—ESME MURIEL ROTHWELL; 7.—PATRISA BAKER; 8.—DAPHNE PARMENTER; 9.—MARGORIE GOURLAY; 10.—PAMELA FARQUHARSON; 11.—JEF FARQUHARSON; 12.—ENID JOAN BAKER.

CEYLON CHILDREN.



1.—CHARLES SHIERS LAYTON ; 2.—MARGARET MARY BAMFORD ; 3.—MARY MASSILLAMANY ; 4.—ELIZABETH MARY AND ROBERT GORDON ; 5.—ROBERT ROBINSON KELSO ; 6.—PETER ROBERT DUNCAN BROWN ; 7.—ANN CURREY ; 8.—MARGARET AND IRENE BRECHIN ; 9.—ARCHIE AND PEGGY HARRISON ; 10.—RICHARD TENNANT MILLER ; 11.—MARGOT MANWARING ; 12.—MARGARET FLORA McDONALD McMURRAY ; 13.—JOHN BALSER ; 14.—JOHN HERBERT WILLS ; 15.—OWAIN TREVALDWYN ; 16.—HOPE ROBERTSON ANGUS ; 17.—MYFANWY, BERYL AND HILARY DAWBARN.

IMPROVEMENTS AND NEW BUILDINGS IN COLOMBO.



1.—NEW OVERHEAD CROSSING TO SLAVE ISLAND LOOKING TOWARDS GALLE FACE; 2.—LOOKING TOWARDS THE FORT; 3.—LOOKING TOWARDS PETTAH; 4.—LOOKING UP FROM OLD FORT STATION; 5.—NEW LOTUS POND ROAD; 6.—NEW ROYAL COLLEGE; 7.—TURRET ROAD CORNER FROM JUNCTION TO GREEN PATH; 8.—THE NEW PRINCE OF WALES' AVENUE LEADING OFF LAYARD'S BROADWAY.



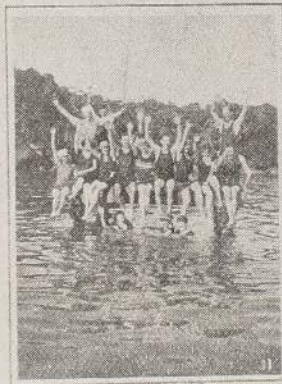
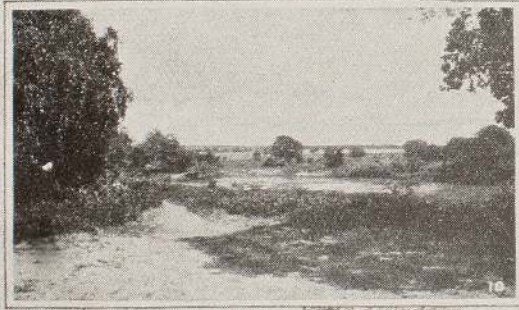
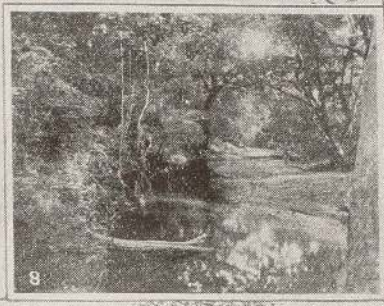
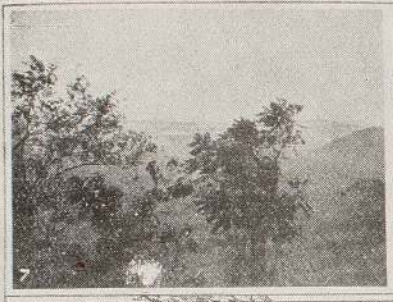
GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CEYLON.



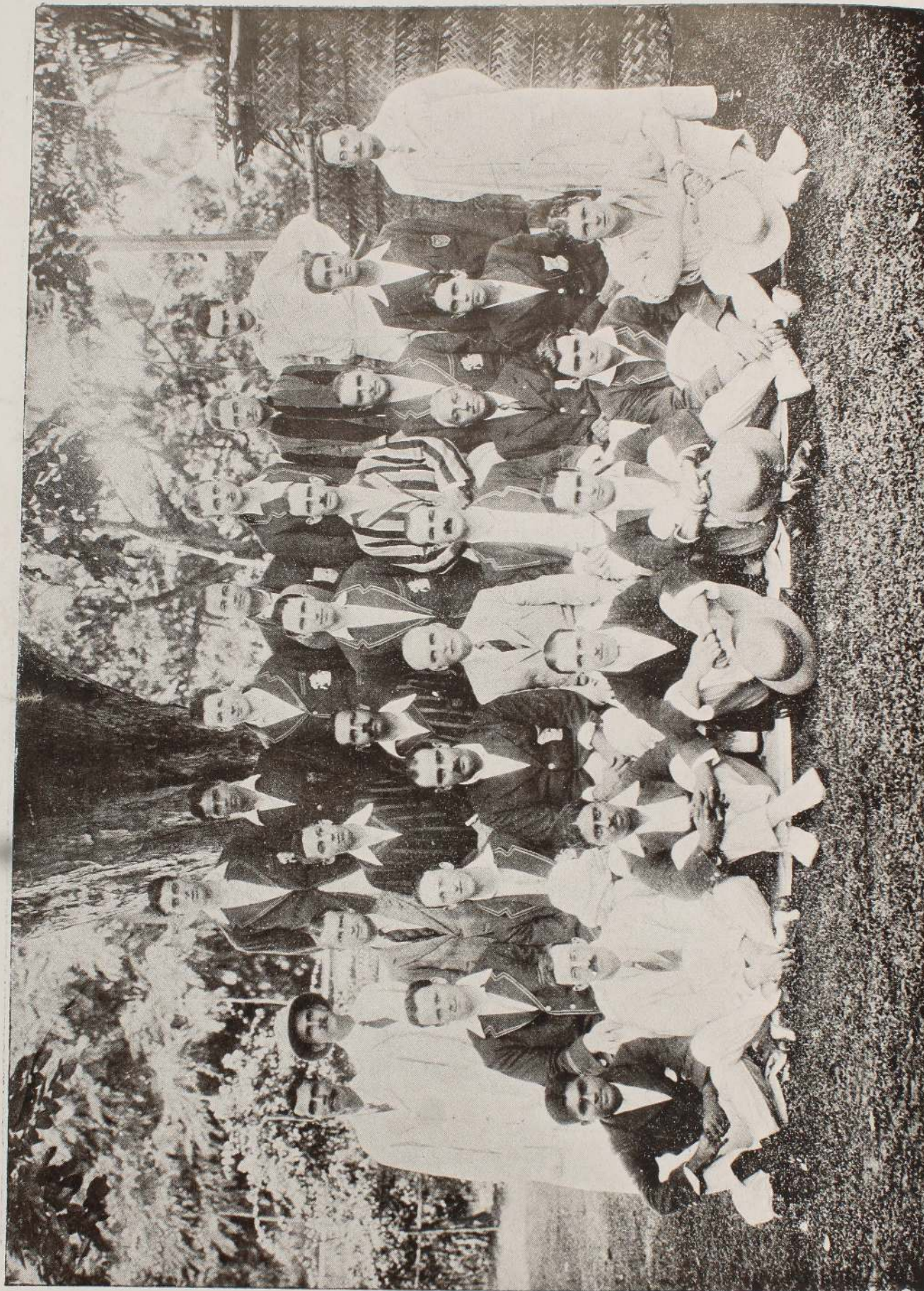
1.—H. R. H. & RETURNED SOLDIERS; 2.—H.M.S. "RENOWN"; 3.—PLANTING TREE AT PERADENIYA;
 4.—H. R. H. & SIR WM. MANNING; 5.—H. R. H. & STAFF & QUEEN'S HOUSE PARTY; 6.—INSPECTING
 GUARD OF HONOUR; 7.—ON THE WAY TO KANDY; 8.—PRESENTING OF CUP TO OWNERS OF TIMBO;
 9.—GARDEN PARTY AT KING'S PAVILION, KANDY; 10.—PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO C. L. I.; 11.—THE
 PANDAL OPPOSITE THE JETTY; 12.—C. L. I. OFFICERS; 13.—C. P. R. C. OFFICERS; 14 & 15.—ON THE POLO
 GROUND; 16.—RETURNED SOLDIERS PARADE AT KANDY; 17.—TEAMS IN POLO MATCH; 18.—AT THE
 INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION; 19 & 20.—SHAKING HANDS WITH RETURNED SOLDIERS.

PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR RS. 600 AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.



No. 8.—FIRST PRIZE OF RS. 100 IN CLASS A, SCENE OF BATU-OYA AT MINNERIYA, BY R. WILKINS; No. 5.—FIRST PRIZE RS. 100, IN CLASS B, STUDY OF LADY, BY A. MAMUJEE; No. 11—FIRST PRIZE RS. 100, IN CLASS C, HAPPY MOMENTS ON THE GALLE SHORE, BY A. N. HUTT. THE REMAINING NUMBERS RECEIVE CONSO-LATION PRIZES OF RS. 20 EACH.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN'S M.C.C. TEAM vs. ALL CEYLON.



Top Row:—J. F. MACLEAN, J. A. DE SILVA, W. W. HILL-WOOD, V. T. DICKMAN, HON. D. F. BRAND, A. L. GIBSON, A. C. WILKINSON, DONALDSON (Umpire), E. W. FOENANDER, G. WILSON, E. KELAART, J. C. O. ERNST, C. H. GIBSON, C. H. KILMISTER, C. H. TITCHMARSH, P. PULLE, A. E. (Umpire), S. G. GALTHORPE, D. L. DE SARAM, A. C. MACLAREN, J. C. BRINDLEY, D. A. WRIGHT, W. C. LOWRY, A. E. DE KRETZER, V. S. DE KRETZER, F. CHAPMAN.

Sitting:—M. K. ALBERT, O. H. FORBES, D. S. SAGGENDRA, W. T. DE SILVA, A. C. MACLAREN, J. C. BRINDLEY, D. A. WRIGHT, W. C. LOWRY, A. E. DE KRETZER, V. S. DE KRETZER, F. CHAPMAN.

THE COLOMBO GOLF CLUB ANNUAL "AT HOME."



AUGUST WEEK SPORTING CONTESTS, 1922.



Association Football



Hockey

AUGUST WEEK SPORTING CONTESTS.



Cricket



Rugger

CEYLON'S LEADING GOLFERS.



1.—COLOMBO LADIES *vs.* UP-COUNTRY LADIES, WHICH ENDED IN A TIE; 2.—TEAMS IN THE BURDETT TROPHY MATCH BETWEEN COLOMBO AND UP-COUNTRY, IN WHICH COLOMBO PROVED WINNERS.

Sport in Ceylon in 1922

A RETROSPECT

EVERY branch of Sport in this Island has flourished, like the green bay tree of old, during the year which is drawing to a close. Sportsmen in all parts have had every opportunity of indulging in the games they love. At some periods there have been too many different forms of Sport on one day, with the result that neither the players themselves nor the spectators were given a fair chance, for one can only be in one place at one time. This brings up the old question of setting apart different times of the year for the various forms of Sport, and it is the earnest hope of many that 1923 will see even a more definite forward move in this all-important matter. There is no doubt that Sport in Ceylon, speaking generally, is on a higher footing than it ever was, even before the War. New Leagues, new Clubs and new Associations have been coming into being in quick succession, and one has only to compare either an Association table or a list of Tennis Clubs of to-day with one of 1913 or 1914 to see the truth of this statement. Trade depression seems to have had little effect on our Sport, and, here again, let anyone study the Racing Calendars of 1913, or even 1920, and that of the present year.

Thanks to the energy of the Stewards and the great volume of work put in by Major Owen Symons, the Ceylon Turf Club is, year by year, becoming increasingly prosperous. The gatherings at any Extra Meet this year compared favourably with those at the bigger Meets of, say, two years ago. We have, in the existence to-day of the Electric Tota-

lisator, monumental evidence of a step in advance. It is difficult to imagine how the increased number of punters would have been catered for during August, if the old conditions had prevailed. It must be a great source of pride for all concerned to see the new Grand Stand daily becoming an established fact. Colombo will shortly have a Racing Pavilion really worthy of the C. T. C. The advantage of expending a good sum to import a high-class horse has, perhaps, never been more realised than during this year, and several owners have already proved their appreciation of this. In 1913, the C. T. C. gave away as much as Rs. 104,225 in prize money, and considered they had done well by their constituents. In August alone this year, very much more than this amount was paid out! This proves conclusively the great strides which the Turf Club has been making. The five days' Meet in August undoubtedly marked a new era in the history of racing in Ceylon. The entries were bigger than they had ever been. The "Indian Invasion" added greatly to the excitement and openness of the racing, and provided greater competition—and, incidentally, some thumping good dividends. The horses of the Meet were Orange William and Glenrose. Mr. R. E. S. de Soysa headed the list of winning owners, with Rs. 26,500. In the son of King William and Countess Lena, Mr. de Soysa possessed—Orange William has since become the property of Mr. Sam—as worthy a Cup-winner as ever pranced on the Havelock race-course. It was very heartening to see the colours of Sir Solomon

Dias Bandaranaike figuring with such marked success. Glenrose proved that she was as fine an animal as any other, save perhaps Orange William, when she won the Channer Stakes in such convincing fashion. The Roberts' Cup was taken away to India by Mr. Dunk, whose Arab Orphan is a spirited little animal. Another noteworthy Indian victory was that of Zanzibar in the Police Cup. Long Primer won the longest race of the Meet for Mr. Innes. Mr. Wilton Bartleet and Mr. Goculdas did not meet with anything like the success they deserved. With more than fifteen horses, Mr. Bartleet was only able to gather a little over Rs. 10,000 in stake money. After his signal success at Nuwara Eliya, much more was expected of Mr. Bartleet's stable. Willscote won both times she took the field, with Mr. S. Obeysekere up. Mr. Obeysekere figured more than any other G. R. and deservedly won the Hampden Whip. Of the Jockeys, Mc Kell and Bullock were most successful. The name of the latter will go down to history in the list of those who have ridden the winner of the Governor's Cup. One mass of humanity thronged the Race course for the Special Meet held in honour of the sporting Prince of Wales, whose love for racing is proved by the fact that he is "happiest when he is among the 'osses." The names of Messrs. Sam and Leslie will ever be remembered as the winners of the greatest race yet run in Ceylon—the Prince of Wales' Cup—and with theirs will be coupled that of the good animal Timbo. The racing at the K. V., Radella and Nuwara Eliya was most interesting and gave ample opportunities for the "lesser lights" among the animals to pay for their board.

The standard of Cricket during 1922 cannot really be said to have been very high generally. One of

the chief reasons for this was the fact that many of the better Ceylonese cricketers did not figure often enough in Club Cricket. Two of our very best—W. T. Greswell and Dr. C. H. Gunasekere—gained laurels in English County cricket during the past season, and while Greswell is said to be among the first ten amateur bowlers in the Mother Country, Dr. Gunasekere is acclaimed as one of the finest fielders in England. Ceylonese cricket continues to be on a higher level than European cricket, and this is, no doubt, due to the continual "come and go" of the latter, which cannot be avoided. The year 1922 saw the spirit of the game taking deeper root among all classes of people in this Island. This year saw, too, the formation of the Ceylon Cricket Association which gave us ample evidence of its intention to push the interests of Ceylon cricket, when, after failing to get Mr. Mann's English team to South Africa over, they gave us that splendid day on the 23rd of October, when Ceylon met the team which Mr. A. C. Mac Laren is taking out to Australia and New Zealand. The European-Ceylonese match ended again in a more or less comfortable victory for the latter. In one of the most remarkable (for it was over in a day) games in the history of the meeting between Colombo and Up-country, the latter were defeated at Darrawella by 4 wickets. The return match in August saw quite as interesting cricket, and Up-country went very near to breaking the spell of defeats she has suffered at the hands of Colombo, in Colombo. It was in the latter game that A. L. Gibson, after twenty-five years of cricket in Ceylon, proved good enough to add yet another to his long list of centuries against the C. C. C. The all-rounder of the year was undoubtedly C. Horan, whose performances with bat and

ball are well-nigh startling. The remarkable batting of S. Nagera of the Tamil Union has also been a subject of much comment. Other Ceylonese with good records of consistent scoring are E. Kelaart, E. J. Melder, the brothers D. and P. Pulle, V. T. Dickman, M. K. Albert, J. Anderson, and J. C. O. Ernst. The principal Ceylonese bowlers were C. Horan, B. de Kretser, V. S. de Kretser, V. Wille S. Gunasekera and H. A. Sappideen. T. Cuming, F. J. Siedle, R. E. Martin, W. T. Brindley and D. A. Wright were the pick of the European batsmen in Colombo, while the chief bowlers were W. F. Bay, C. H. Kilmister J. King, F. J. Siedle and W. T. Brindley. The two last named were, all through the year, doing splendid all-round work. Up-country's bowling has been very strong. C. H. Todd, Dr. A. H. Price, H. B. Daniell and R. K. Fletcher are the pick of the lot. A. L. Gibson, C. H. Todd, C. W. Beatty, Pelham and O. L. Roberts, G. D. H. Alston, J. D. Forbes and G. N. Brown have been consistent performers generally with the bat. There is every promise of a near return to the old state of things up in the Hills. Of Club records, the palm goes to the Nondescripts.

Once again this year, Colombo had things practically her own way in the Rugby Football Tournament, and, but for a rude set-back at the hands of Kandy, would have finished with an unbeaten record. Colombo had a wonderful combination, and at the commencement won some of the games with characteristic ease. Accidents, however, played an important part, and it was found difficult to fill one or two positions, particularly that of full back. This was the reason why Kandy scored that brilliant victory. Uva and Dimbula had very fair sides and

gave the Metropolis men good games. Dickoya's return to the fold, even in a small way, was hailed with much delight. K. V. and Kalutara have put better sides in the field in previous years. Undoubtedly the finest exposition of rugger during the year was witnessed in the Big Match, which Colombo won by the narrow margin of 13 pts to 8. G. Griffith captained Colombo splendidly again. As threes, Capt. Pym, L. McD. Robison, S. A. Pakeman, E. H. F. Layard and J. P. G. Patterson, were a good "quintette" to choose from. Farquharson continues to be "the wonder half" of Colombo, and always found a good "stand-off" in Spence. The absence of Beauchamp from the pack was made up for by the appearance of H. F. Waldock, who, with G. P. Adams, Talbot, Belgrove, Neale, Hammond, Hartley and Brindley, formed Colombo's pack. The chief scorers, outside Colombo, were B. Reekie, B. E. G. Oliviera, C. H. Todd, E. B. and W. H. Gourlay, J. M. Rettie, A. K. Deaker and Findon. M. D. Clarke, H. M. Thomas, Gardner, Young. Sutherland and, last but by no means least, G. Adams, were prominent Outstation players. The thanks of Ceylonese particularly, and of Ruggerites generally, are due to that keen enthusiast Lt.-Col. E. H. Joseph for having launched into being a Rugby Club intended for Ceylonese. There was only this needed to make the local Rugger product fit and able to hold his own with the imported exponent who familiarises himself with the Rugby code almost from his infancy.

Association Football is beginning to draw bigger crowds than ever, and five thousand spectators at a First League Match on the Barrack Square is becoming a common thing. If barracking has not come to stay, Soccer promises to make great strides. The European teams, the

R. A., C. H. & F. C. and Fort F. C. are at the helm of affairs, and there is a falling off in the standard of Ceylonese play as a whole. The Chums are not the factor they used to be. Up-country sides, organised by that keen footballer C. A. Hall-Hall, have done extremely well in Colombo, it being by the smallest margin that the Hillsmen went under in August, having given their opponents a grim struggle, and the large crowd of spectators all they wanted to see in the way of classy football.

In Hockey too, Up-country has brought to light some splendid exponents of the game. The B. H. & F. C. had things practically their own way in the Moore Shield Tourney, in which they were Champions and won the shield outright. The C. H. & F. C. had a very good team, and might, but for the early surprise the Police gave them, have compelled a replay between themselves and the B. H.

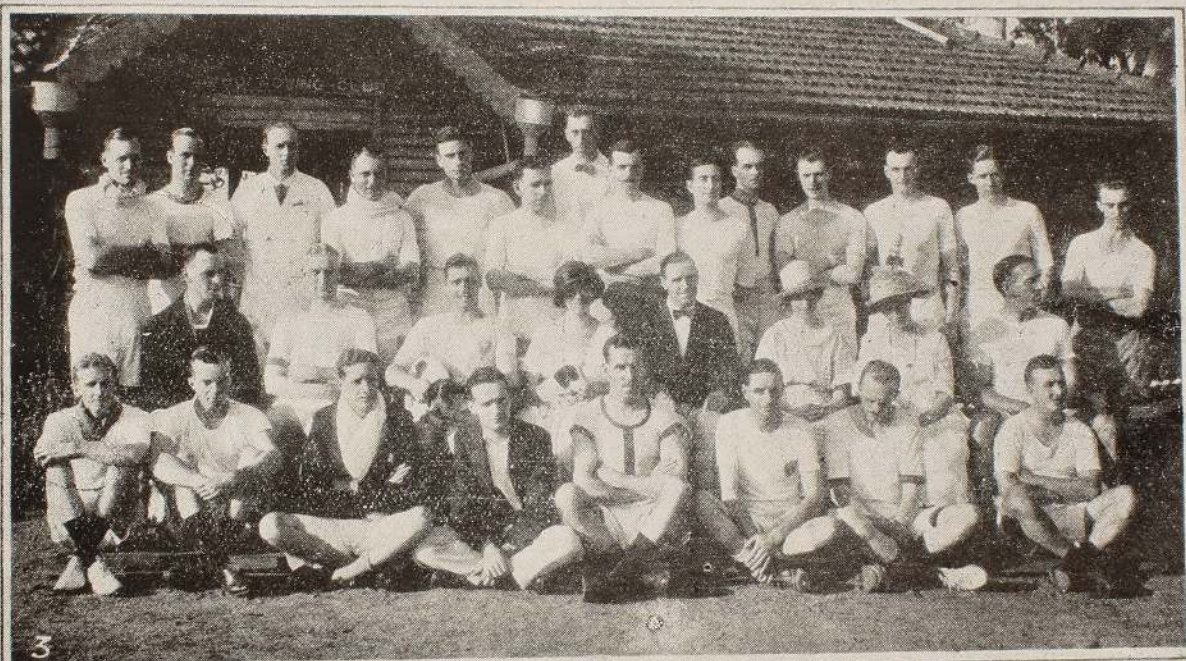
& F. C. before the champions could have been found, for they had drawn their Competition fixture in a game of very strenuous Hockey. The Up-country-Colombo match again came the latter's way, but with the enthusiasm that the Up-country skipper, Pelham Roberts, is putting into Hockey in the hills, there is every prospect that future games in August week will not be so one-sided.

The year has seen much good golf. The game has grown greatly in popularity in Ceylon, and to-day there are almost a dozen golf clubs in the Island, and they are all in possession of excellent links, most of them being admirably laid. This year's Championship meeting was the first to be held under the newly formed Championship Control Committee. Playing brilliant golf all the way, A. R. Aitken won the title of "Ceylon Amateur Champion" for the second year in suc-

cession. The old Scottish International proved beyond a shade of doubt that he is one of the two best golfers in the Island at present, the other being Lt.-Col. B. A. Hill, an old Army Champion. Aitken was hardly stretched in the early rounds, and won the final by 6 up and 5 to play. E. R. Devonshire, the runner-up, beat such well-known players as C. G. Thornton, W. H. Smallwood, B. A. Thornhill and Dr. R. V. Dias, to get into the final. In spite of the few opportunities which Devonshire had of constant practice, he played sound golf and proved himself to be a finished golfer. Lieut. Col. B. A. Hill, who was debarred for want of the residential qualification, is a born golfer, as he proved at Nuwara Eliya, where he had the unique distinction of winning the Gold and Silver Medals and also the Doubles, with Dixie as partner. T. Cuming, A. H. S. Clarke and D. N. Humphreys were among the non-entrants, for various reasons. Colombo won the Burdett Trophy at Nuwara Eliya, this being the second time, since 1902, that the visiting side has proved victorious. Hill beat Creasy in the Colombo Golf Club Championship by 4 up and 2. Mrs. C. G. Thornton played magnificent golf when she won the Ladies' Championship of Ceylon, beating Mrs. J. G. Moore. The experiment of playing this competition on the full gentlemen's course on the Ridgeways proved a success.

The standard of local tennis has improved vastly. This year's Championship Tournament was voted the most successful since the War. Some of the older players displayed wonderful form, while the enthusiasm of the younger players was delightful to watch. O. M. L. Pinto won the Championship of Ceylon quite unexpectedly in 1920, and maintained the title easily next year, so that

THE COLOMBO ROWING CLUB.
AUGUST WEEK REGATTA.



1.—FINISH OF THE CLUB FOURS; 2.—PRIZES AND TROPHIES; 3.—A CLUB GROUP; 4.—INTERESTED SPECTATORS; 5.—SCULLING RACE IN PROGRESS; 6.—START OF THE DOUBLE SCULLS,

WEDDED.



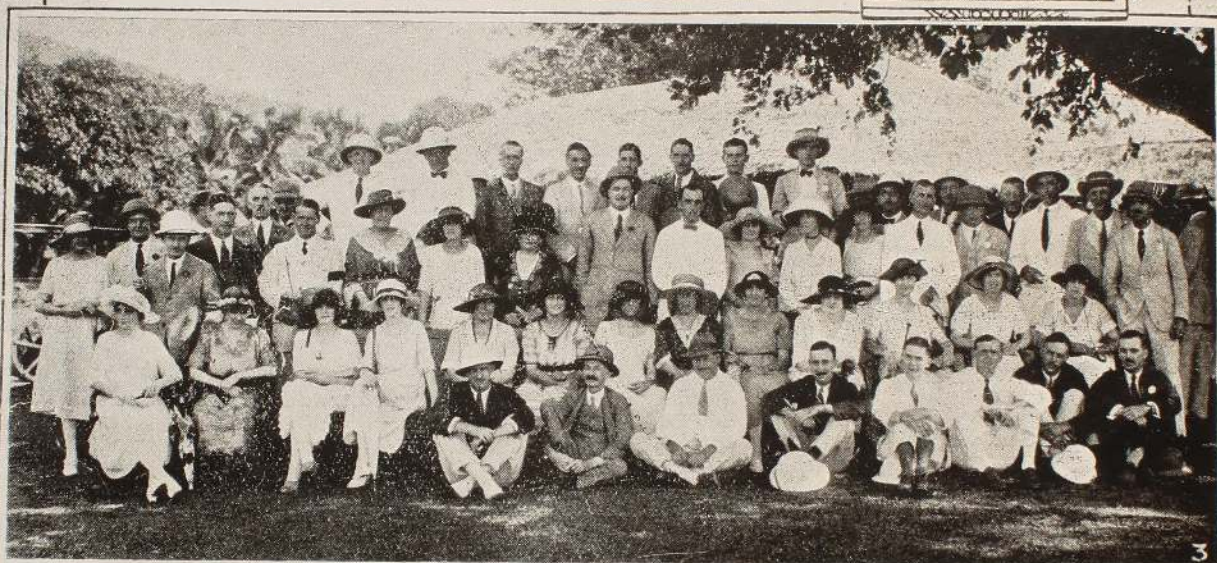
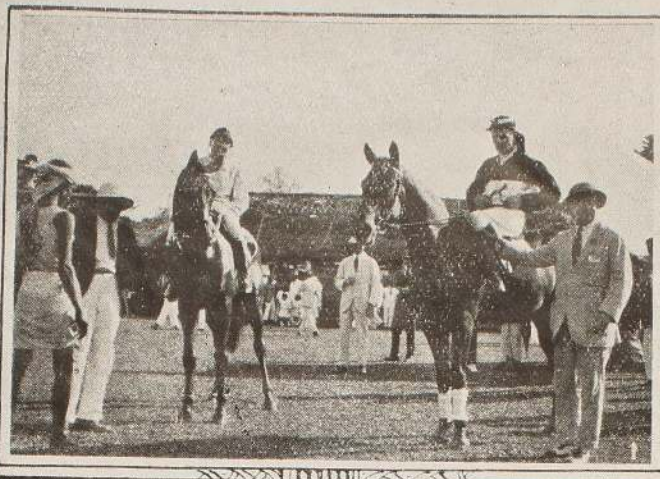
1.—DR. M. DE ALMEIDA AND Miss ELSIE DE SOYSA; 2.—SIDNEY FERNANDO AND Miss MIRA ELAINE DE KRETZER;
3.—W. E. V. DE ROOY AND Miss MARJORIE LUCILLE VANLANGENBERG; 4.—J. L. C. RODRIGO AND
Miss EVELYN FERNANDO; 5.—F. C. GIMSON AND Miss DOROTHY WARD; 6.—E. J. M. CHRISTOFFELSZ AND
Miss HELEN HESSÉ; 7.—MUHANDIRAM HERBERT E. PERERA AND Miss FREDa EMILEEN PERERA; 8.—H. L.
FERNANDO AND Miss ROSE WIJEYAGOONERATNE; 9.—W. ALOYSIUS SAMARAWICKREME AND Miss VIOLET
JEANNETTE CHRISTINA SILVA; 10.—C. E. DE PINTO AND Miss FELICIA THEODORA COORE.

CEYLON CHILDREN.



1—RICHARD MEABY; 2.—PHIL COLEMAN; 3.—KENNETH AND PENRY BILLIE MEABY; 4.—BARBARA CLAIRE LE MOTTE; 5.—JAMES WILLIAM, JEAN MARY AND JOHN ALEXANDER LOCHORE; 6.—DELIA GRACE TURNER; 7.—RICHARD VINCENT DIXIE; 8.—TERRENCE VICTOR, ERIC STANLEY AND JOAN MADALINE TRAILL; 9.—CLARE MARY LOVELL; 10.—DOBOTHY JOAN PETER; 11.—MARGARET ROGERSON; 12.—VYVYAN CONSTANCE EWART; 13.—JOHN DE H. SMITH.

THE KELANI VALLEY RACES, 1922.



1.—MR. C. BRERETON'S HUERTA (MR. BARNES UP); 2.—MR. J. M. S. BARLOW WITH CHARLIE HILL CUP;
3.—THE GATHERING AT THE MEET; 4.—MR. HALL'S BOLSHIEVIST (MR. BARNES UP); 5.—MR. R.
H. C. EDWARDS' LADY LITTLETON (MR. J. M. S. BARLOW UP) WINNER OF THE CHARLIE HILL
AND PRESIDENT'S CUPS; 6.—LADY LITTLETON.

his defeat this year was even more unexpected than his first success. L. G. O. Woodhouse's determination and sound training won for him the title, which he thoroughly deserved; Alston played brilliantly throughout and retained the Doubles Championship with Gaddum. He, with Mrs. Alston, retained for the second year the title of Mixed Doubles Champions. Mrs. Alston became Lady Champion, proving by her forceful tactics that she had no equal in Ceylon. Mrs. Gilliat did remarkably well in her first bid at Nuwara Eliya, and went near to annexing the title. With Mrs. Gooldeen, Mrs. Gilliat won the Ladies' Doubles Championship. This pair, with Mrs. Alston, were the best exponents among the ladies. O. M. L. Pinto has improved since the Championship Meet, and he won the Lawn Club Championship for the third year in succession. He also beat Woodhouse in the Inter-district trials at Kandy, and will, no doubt, give the present Champion much trouble next year.

The Ceylon Amateur Athletic Association was revived during the year, and the first meeting under the new rules was a great success. There was, however, no outstanding athlete. G. S. W. de Saram and Noel Kelaart were keenly missed. G. H. Karunatilleke, although he won the two sprints, did not show as good form as last year. E. H. F. Layard did best of the European entrants. No records were broken, but two new ones were made; that for the 12 lbs. shot put (by an Afghan) and for the javelin throw. The entrants were from all classes and communities, and every item was keenly contested.

Although the Ceylon Oarsmen were beaten in Madras, they were not disgraced. W. R. H. Young, T. Robertson, R. G. H. Bellgrove, H. W. Urquhart and A. M. Robertson represented Colombo and helped to the provision of "the best afternoon's sport ever seen on the Adyar."

AS THE IVY CLINGETH SO DOTH THE LEECH

Our Sanitarium takes the cake
For rainy days I guess :
If there's half an hour of sunshine
It's mentioned in the "Press."

Last week the sun was really out,
I wandered round the Lake
Thinking the view was good enough
A "snap shot prize" to take.

The camera fixed, and then of course
The sun would disappear :
I waited on and then at last
I got the view "quite clear."

With smiles I turned my face for home;
A yard I didn't go,
For leeches swarmed upon me from
My topee to my toe !

Of course I yelled as women do !
Then ran like mad for home,
And never more to take fine views
Beside the Lake I'll roam.

DYE TEA.

"COURTESY" AND "TACT."

A Southern gentleman had employed in his home a colored house man or a butler for a good many years, and one evening this gentleman was entertaining some friends at his home and the butler had been serving them. In the discussion the words "courtesy" and "tact" came up and they were discussing their proper application, when one of the members of the party said to the butler, "Mose, do you know the difference between 'courtesy' and 'tact?'"

The old butler's eyes lighted up with the pride of knowledge as he replied, "Yes, suh, yes, suh, I sure does." The gentleman pressed him for a reply, whereupon Mose, after looking around cautiously, replied, "I could tell you better by advisin' yo' somethin' that happened th' other day. I surmised that everybody had gone out of the house except the servants and I wanted to get somethin' from the Missus'

room, so I went up there and could not find what I wanted in her room so I goes to the bath room and was astonished, for there was the Missus in the tub. I backs out, and as I backs out I says, 'Pahdon me, SIR!' De 'Pahdon me' was 'COURTESY'; De 'SIR' was 'TACT.'"

"FROM MEM'RY'S CORNER."

Reminiscences teach! Past times make fair the way for progress! Plagiarism was, is, and will be, to the benefit of all.

Who ever lived who did not learn from elders? It is fair argument to present and sustain to the extent that personal plagiarism is concerned. Had not the Serpent offered Eve an apple, with which Adam offspringed, we plagiarists would not be here, neither the Children of our Children.

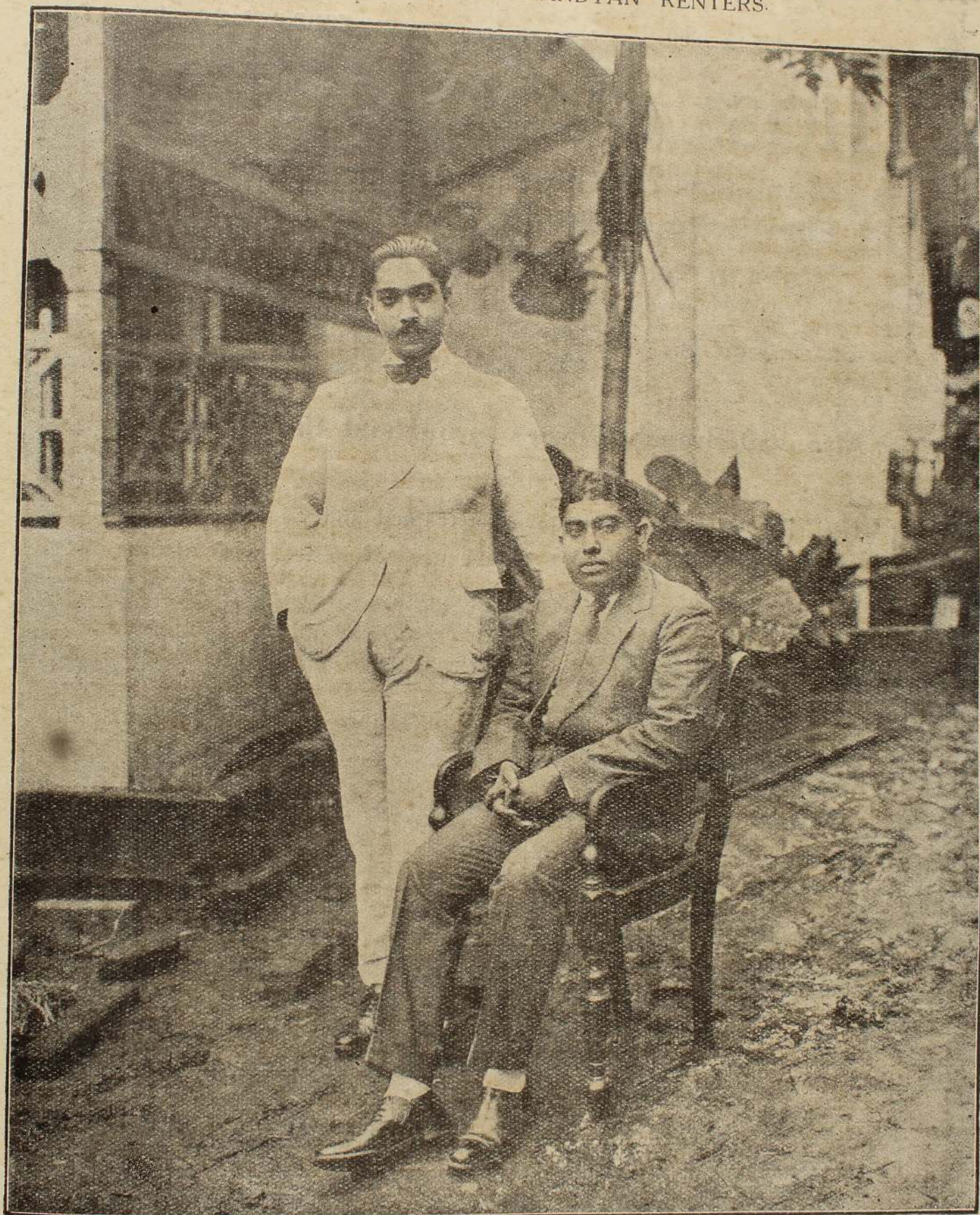
R. I. P.

365 DAYS.

365 days, oh those do make a year,
365 days in which to make it clear
That Golf is a game that is far from tame,
In fact, it may drive you to tears.
But some people who scoff
Could not learn to play Golf,
In 365 years.



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PACKAGES of every description stored and shipped as cargo to all parts of the World, at lowest rates.

PASSENGERS' BAGGAGE shipped on steamers at lowest rates.

LETTERS OF CREDIT and **CIRCULAR NOTES** (the Cheques for Travellers) issued and cashed.

FOREIGN MONEYS bought and sold.