

THE CEYLON FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

Christmas Number



Vol. V

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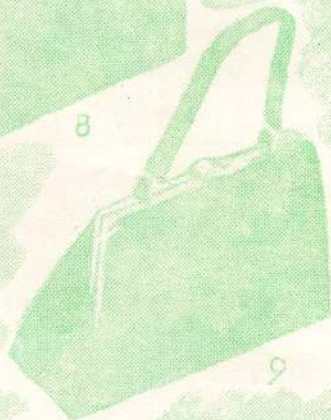
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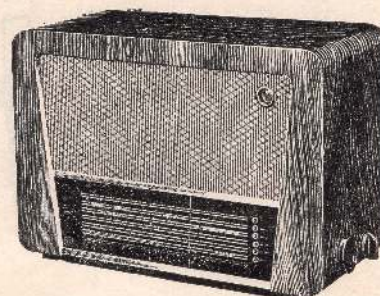
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A Christmas Message



Rt. Rev. A. R. Graham-Campbell

—Times Photo.

From The Rt. Rev. A. R. GRAHAM-CAMPBELL

(Bishop of Colombo)

IT is Christmas time again. Once again Christian folk will meet together to sing the Christmas hymns, to listen to the Christmas story, the old, old story of how the Son of God was born into the world at Bethlehem to show us what the love of God is like. We must ever bow our heads in awe and wonder at the mystery of Christmas ; but however profound the mystery may be, Christmas means just this. It is love giving itself.

*Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine ;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and Angels gave the sign.*

THE greatest act of self-giving that the world has ever seen took place at Bethlehem. God gives Himself to men that men may give themselves to Him, and by taking our human nature upon Himself makes possible the refashioning of that nature, marred as it is and spoilt by selfishness and sin, bringing light into a world of darkness and peace into a world of strife.

*Light came down and beheld darkness :
" Thither will I go," said Light.
Peace looked down and beheld war ;
" Thither will I go," said Peace,
Love looked down and beheld hatred,
" Thither will I go," said Love.
So came Light and shone,
So came Peace and gave rest,
So came Love and gave Light.*

And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

MAY the Christ Child so dwell in our hearts this Christmas that they may be filled with His light and love and peace, that so our Christmas may be for us and for our friends a Happy Christmas indeed.



Consistently yours -

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

(781)

The Oxen

CHRISTMAS Eve, and twelve of the clock
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

WE pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

SO fair a fancy few would weave
In these years ! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come, see the oxen kneel

"IN the lonely carton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know."
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

THOMAS HARDY.

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THE MESSAGE OF PEACE



By Rt. Rev. Dr. EDMUND PEIRIS, O.M.I.

(Bishop of Chilaw)

WHEN Christ was born the herald angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of goodwill." It was a hymn that became the birth of Him whom Isaiah, in prophetic vision, greeted as the Prince of Peace, (Is. ix, 6), whom Zachary, the father of John the Baptist, hailed as the one who was to guide our steps into the way of peace (Lk. i, 79) and at whose final entry into Jerusalem, the people rejoiced saying, "peace in heaven and glory in the highest" (Lk. xix, 38). In His farewell message to his disciples, He said to them, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you." (Jn. xiv, 27). He was born when the Roman Empire, of which Palestine was then a colony, enjoyed for the first time peace throughout its extent. Horace sang of the Augustan age, "Tua, Caesar, aetas fruges et agris retulit uberes... et vacuum duellis Janum Quiring clausit.....emovit culpas et veteres revocavit artes" (Odes, Bk. iv, ode 15). "Caesar, thy reign has given back golden harvests to our fields..... closed the gates of Janus vacant of wars.....thrust from the State the vices and, in their stead, recalled the ancient virtues."

* * *

IN these days, the angelic melody brings to us nostalgic memories of a bygone age, which knew nothing of cleavage among nations of the world, nor of wars on a national scale, nor of a haunting insecurity blighting the lives of entire masses of people. If there is one favour more than another men crave from heaven to-day, it is peace, and if there was one blessing more than another the Divine Child came to bestow on men, it was peace: peace with God, peace with themselves and peace with each other. To earn the first, which consists in a reconciliation with God, the second for which divine assistance is needed and the third, in which He set us an example, He laid down His life.

WE have seen two great wars in our life-time, one more devastating than the other; a third is just round the corner, which may well end in a cataclysmic conflict. Above



Rt. Rev. Dr. Edmund Peiris

—Times Photo

the jingle of bells of Santa Claus' sleigh, likely to be less weighted because of the shortage of all commodities, rises the rattle of sabres or rather the bang of atomic bombs, while the Star of Bethlehem lies hidden behind dark and menacing clouds. In spite of conferences, charters and international agreements, the present mood of the world is anything but peaceful, because with the exclusion of God from international life, laws and

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principles have lost their power of internal compulsion and justice rests not on God's eternal laws but on such stuff as dreams are made of. It is not through war and victory that peace can come; history has proved this time and again. Nor can peace be effected by political manoeuvres and diplomatic skill, for it can fail under the pressure of other political moves and clever diplomacy. Peace can be lasting only when principles are everlasting, that is, God-given.

* * *

ACCORDING to Christ's teaching, the first condition for peace is reconciliation with God, through repentance and a change of heart. The cardinal point of Christ's mission on earth, the purpose of His teaching, the end for which He died on the Cross, was to reconcile fallen man with his Maker. "God has reconciled us," says St. Paul, "to Himself through Christ." (2 Cor. v, 19). The spectre of sin, of enmity with his Creator, stalks behind the sinner, disturbing the peace of his soul. Cain killed his brother in anger and jealousy and thenceforward became a vagabond and a fugitive on the face of the earth; the prodigal son had no peace till he had returned to his father; Judas, after betraying his Master for love of money, put an end to his troubled life by hanging. "The wicked are like the raging sea, that cannot rest" (Is. lvii, 14). Peace can be only to men of goodwill and not to the sinners.

* * *

THE second condition for peace, implied in the first, is the observance of God's laws, call them what you like, the ten commandments, the natural law, the moral code. These laws are old, as old as the human race, but as they are laws given by God who is omniscient and immutable, they cannot become impracticable or outmoded with the passage of time. On justice, charity, humility and truth alone must world peace be built up. A nation is as bound to refrain from violence, except in self-defence, just as its individual members; as bound to be truthful as its citizens are; as bound to justice and charity as the people who form the nation. If persons singly have moral obligations, they ought to discharge them also collectively as a nation.

(Continued on page 37)



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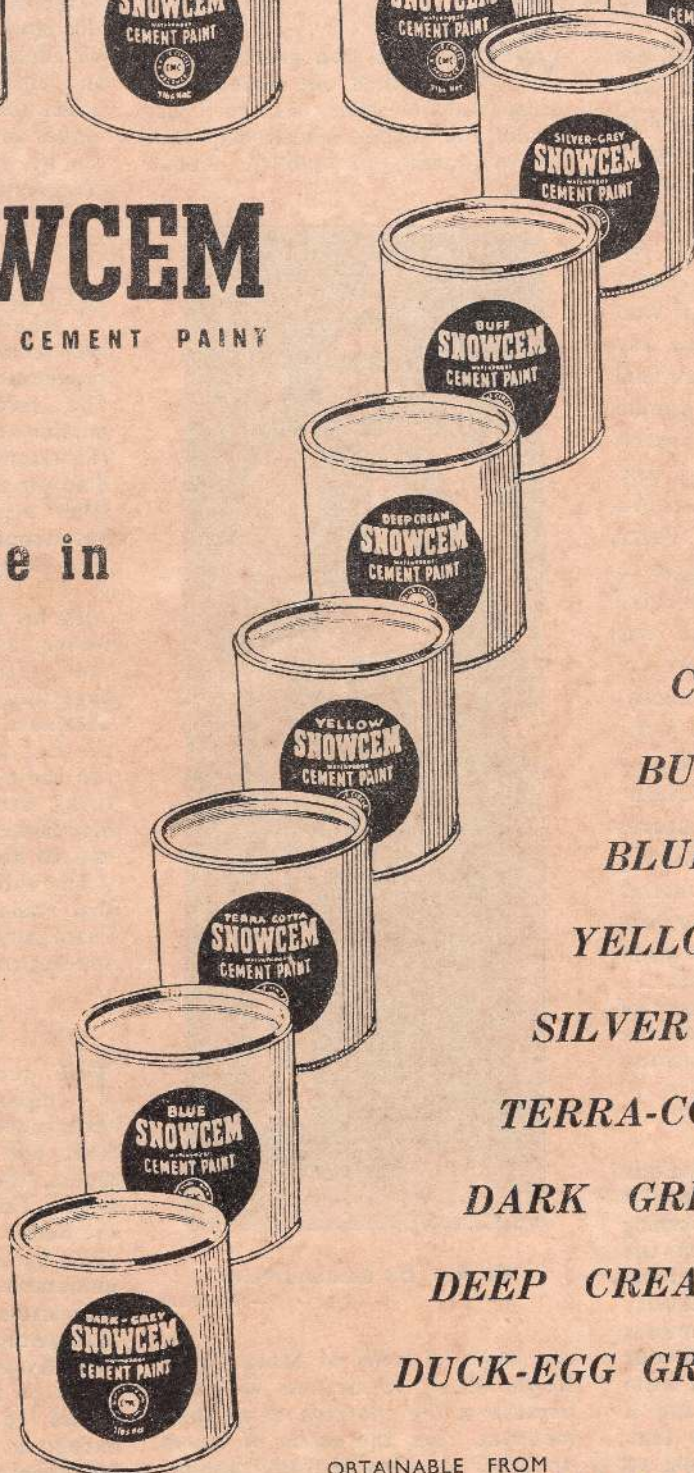
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FOND MEMORIES

— By Sir JOHN HOWARD, Q.C. —
(Ceylon's Former Chief Justice)

A FRIEND of mine is contemplating a two months' holiday in Ceylon and has asked my advice as to the arrangements he should make to ensure an enjoyable time for his wife and himself. He proposes to embark on this tour at the beginning of January. From every point of view he could not have chosen a more favourable time. He will escape the rigours of the English climate in January and February, in my opinion the two worst months of the English winter. Moreover, he will be visiting Ceylon in that lovely period between the two monsoons.

Naturally my friend wishes to make the best use of the somewhat limited time at his disposal. In advising him I seem to live in the past and my mind is full of memories of the wonderful twelve years my wife and I spent in Ceylon. I think of all the friends we made and the lavish hospitality and kindness we received from every section of the community in those happy years.

* * *

I DIVIDE my official life into three parts commencing with three years as Legal Secretary. In spite of the storms and stresses of that period I would gladly repeat the experience. It was during that time that I made so many friends amongst those who, after Independence had been achieved, were to guide the country's destinies. In this connection I like to dwell on my friendship with the architect of the policy followed by Ceylon since Dominion Status became *au fait accompli*.

I refer, of course, to the late Prime Minister, the much lamented Mr. D. S. Senanayake. His death in the early part of this year was a grievous blow, not only to the country but also to the Commonwealth where his valued counsel was sought with such eagerness and where he was mourned far and wide. It is a solace to feel that the reins of office wielded so long and with such sagacity by him, are now in the capable hands of his son, Mr. Dudley Senanayake.

THE second part of my official life consisted of nine years as Chief Justice. I like to remember the loyalty, support and affection which I received from my brother judges during the whole of this period. The erudition of Soertsz with his flair for post-prandial oratory is not forgotten. Nor is the help I received in the elucidation of Roman-Dutch law from Keuneman, de Kretser, Wijeyewardene, Jayatilleke, Canekaratne and Nagalingam. Nor must I pass over the assistance



Sir John Howard, Q.C.

—Times Photo

I received from my European colleagues, particularly Moseley. Although so short a time has elapsed since I laid down the reins of office, so few of those who worked with me are still in the saddle. I find, however, consolation in the thought that in addition to Rose and Nagalingam, Gratiaen, Gunasekera and Swan, bright lights today in the Judicial hierarchy, were appointed in my time.

* * *

I NEED hardly say that the third part of my official life, the short period of seven months when I was

the Officer Administering the Government will never pass from my memory. A happy time fraught with troubles that were surmounted. Many will remember the strike in October, 1946. Those concerned will not have forgotten also the troubles in the Police Department that culminated in the appointment of Sir Richard Aluwihare as Inspector-General.

Generally speaking, I can say that my official life was strenuous and colourful. In spite of frustrations, disappointments and troubles, its memories bring back nothing but feelings of elation at being privileged to participate in the country's emergence from Colonial Office tutelage to Independent status, a status that has justified itself in the last few years in such striking manner.

* * *

I HAVE impressed on my friend that Ceylon does not only consist of Colombo. This is not to underestimate the charms of the metropolis. He will, of course, spend some time in Nuwara Eliya and from there radiate into the planting districts of the highlands and, I trust, enjoy some of the never-to-be-forgotten hospitality of the planters. It is impossible to conceive of a more generous community.

Though advanced in age, my friend is a golfer of considerable repute. I have told him that the golf course in Nuwara Eliya will test in full measure his skill, temperament and patience. I have asked Archie Aitken and R. G. E. Laird to cater for his golfing requirements in Nuwara Eliya. If he does not altogether appreciate the rivulets that infest the course, he can take intense delight in the scenery.

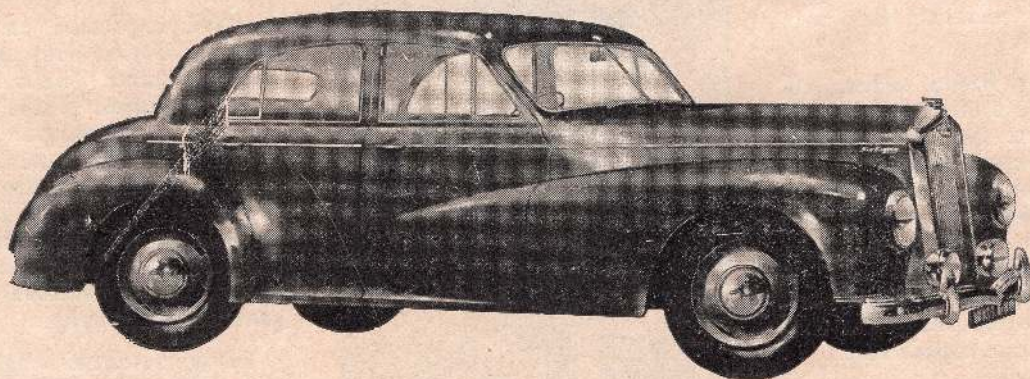
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I DO not think my friend shoots. This is a pity as the shooting season is about to begin and I ruminate on the hours I have spent ploughing through the paddy fields in pursuit of the ever-elusive snipe, not always with success I am sorry to say, but ever enjoyable. I think of the return after the day's sport to the somewhat primitive Resthouse to partake of a sumptuous repast. I wonder if the Resthouses have improved since I left the Island. I often thought what an attraction they would become to the tourist if only they were modernised.

(Continued on page 57)

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CHRISTMAS AT ST. ALBANS



WHERE ROMANS AND SAXONS HAVE WORSHIPPED

By WENDY HALL

(Special to the Fortnightly Review Christmas Number)

CHRISTMAS in St. Albans, the busy market town in the English county of Hertfordshire, carries the mind back to the early fourth century when Alban, Britain's first martyr, was beheaded on the hill on which the ancient Cathedral now stands. The Cathedral blending Saxon, Norman, Early English and Decorated styles in its architecture, spans nearly a thousand years of history, and on its site, and under its noble tower Romans, Saxons, Normans, Danes and English have worshipped and celebrated the birth of Christ.

Even the Christmas carol service, which takes place in the market square on December 21 derives indirectly from the martyrdom of Alban, although it dates only from 1949. Danish history records that after the Vikings had settled in England and become Christians they took Albans' bones back to Denmark and buried them in the Cathedral of Odense. According to other historians Albans' bones had been hidden at Ely and the Danes never found them. But eventually, out of this centuries-old disagreement, there arose a friendship between the people of St. Albans and the people of Odense. Citizens exchanged visits, and in 1949 Odense offered St. Albans a present of a Christmas Tree.

* * *

CHRISTMAS TREE BAN

IMPORT regulations prevented the gift being accepted; but this prompted the people of St. Albans set up their own Christmas tree in the market place. The Mayor sug-

gested that the towns people should gather round it and sing carols; now this service, in which members of



Sunday before Christmas Day in the ancient Cathedral City of St. Albans in the English County of Hertfordshire.

all denominations take part, has come to be a regular observance.

In the darkness of the tree-lined market place, on the Sunday evening before Christmas Day, two or three thousand people congregate to await the moment when the Major, accompanied by his Chaplain, the Dean of St. Albans, presses a button which switches on the lights on the Christmas tree in front of the Town Hall. Led by the St. Albans Choral Society, accompanied by the town band, they then sing such old carols as *Adeste Fideles*, *Silent Night*, *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*, and *The First Noel*. The minister of one of the

Free Churches offers a prayer; the Bishop of St. Albans gives a short Christmas message and pronounces the blessing.

The whole community plays a part in this united act of celebration. The Women's Voluntary Services decorate the tree, the Boy Scouts and the Boys' Brigade distribute carol sheets, and the cinemas of St. Albans advertise the service on their screens. It is an occasion for giving as well as rejoicing. The local Rotary Club organises the collection of gifts of toys, clothes and money, which are shared among orphaned children, old people and the St. Albans International Relief Fund.

Meanwhile, in the Abbey Church and Cathedral of St. Albans, the traditional celebrations of Christmas are held. They too, have their historical and international associations. The Nativity Play, set in the Early English Lady Chapel, was devised by a French woman who sought refuge in Britain and taught at St. Albans Girls' High School during the war.

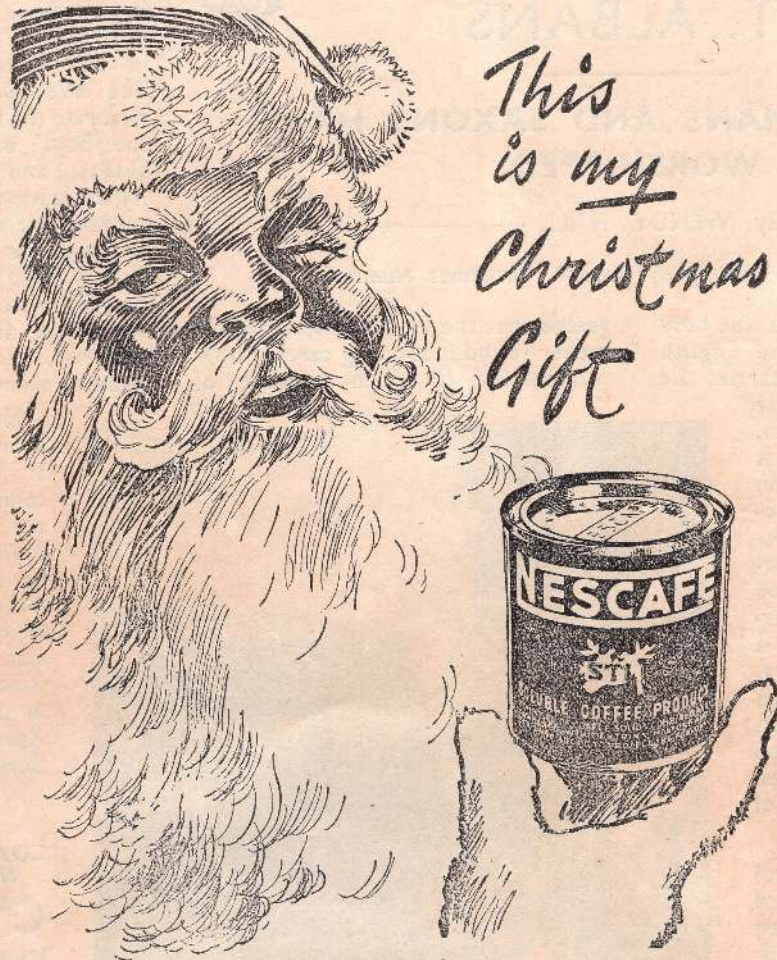
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LOAVES FOR POOR WIDOWS

CAROL services are given both by the local Bach Choir and by the boys of St. Albans Boys' School—the second oldest boys' school in England, founded in 948—while the Cathedral Choir sings the traditional Carol Service of the Nine Lessons. The Crib is blessed on the Sunday before Christmas, and on that afternoon, as on every Sunday afternoon throughout the year, loaves of bread are distributed to 20 poor widows of the town according to a bequest made in 1628.

The carol services are held in the most impressive part of this impressive Cathedral—the Choir, over which soars the tremendous Norman tower built from bricks taken from the Roman city of Verulamium, whose remains can still be seen outside St. Albans. Behind the High Altar stands one of the two great Screens of England, the other is in Winchester Cathedral. It was dedicated in 1484, but after the dissolution of the monasteries, in the

(Continued on page 37)



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“ MARTIN ”

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A MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY

By Dr. H. W. HOWES, C.M.G.

(Director of Education)

AFTER an arduous and yet all-absorbing spell as Director of Education, I was granted three months' leave! My father—a mere stripling of 92 who still reads without glasses and digs his garden—was my first consideration, and with two brothers in the vicinity of his home in Norfolk I had a lovely time. I walked, went to big football matches, visited a circus and saw several shows at Theatres, indeed I did all those things I do not do in Colombo. All this was sheer pleasure. Then came stage two, when I combined business with pleasure in the form of a journey to the Western Mediterranean, including Spain, Gibraltar and Morocco. Within a limited space, it is not possible to give a detailed account, so I will content myself with some general remarks and impressions of the tour.

I left a cold London, and arrived at a rainy Bordeaux. Now Bordeaux has a smart airport, but not comparable to places like Lisbon. Yet, I recall landing at Bordeaux in the middle of the last war, where, in a shelter, one obtained a cup of tea and a most doubtful meat sandwich, and all around was the desolation of a heavily bombed aerodrome. To continue, it was with a thrill that I soon saw St. Jean de Luz, the Pyrenees and dear old St. Sebastian. Once more I was over Spain, with the plane rapidly gaining height to pass over the high mountains. It was my hope that I would be able to see familiar landmarks, but until we neared Madrid it was a case of cloud and more cloud.

* * *

WE touched down at Barajas, the well-equipped airport outside the capital of Spain. I was to be met and a car would take me rapidly to my hotel. No one was there, and no car. I smiled, for I knew I was back in Spain! Of course, I said, my friends will be having a siesta, and soon they will wake up with a shock and realise I was to be met.

So it happened, and there, large as life, were my friends in the foyer of the hotel, alternating greetings with apologies. I like this attitude, for after all, life is short and eternity long, so why worry about the minutes!

I found Madrid very busy, smart and, for the foreigner, cheap. The Prado was just the wonderful same, and I felt refreshed as once more I feasted my eyes on the work of Velasquez, Murillo and Goya. Talk-



Dr. H. W. Howes, C.M.G.

—Times Photo

ing about feasts, I ate each meal in a different restaurant, each place specialising in the dishes of a Province. It was fun "eating" oneself round Spain, although I must admit that it played havoc with what the Englishman gently calls "the internal organs."

At any rate, it did not prevent me giving scheduled lectures on Ceylon, and talks to special groups on the same topic. My hearers were very receptive and anxious to know more about Ceylon. Two things were known about Ceylon, viz., D. S. Senanayake and "te ingles" (Ceylon tea!) At one very large meeting at the "Instituto Británico," diplomats and government officers

attended. At the inevitable sherry party afterwards, I was interested in the view of a government official who said "Tell us more about the life and culture of the people of Ceylon. Have more such lectures, and trade will follow. You know the Mediterranean, and know that it is no good starting with trying to sell something!" He was right.

* * *

ALTHOUGH I know Spain from end to end, I love especially the South, with its colour, flowers, suavity, "gracia," leisurely way of living and affection for singing and dancing. There, if you can "feel" the atmosphere it is wonderful. It was with special pleasure that I spoke about Ceylon and its people, to those people who have so often been my good friends, and I am sure I can fairly claim that they were interested. In particular, they were attracted by the references made to the comparison of Eastern music with the Orientally-influenced music of Andalusia. The lectures were hard work as I found that my Spanish required special attention in order to give an accurate account of certain words which have a shade of meaning in Ceylon. More difficult were some of the questions, such as "What do you think about the sending of rubber to China?" "Is it true that Indians are oppressed in Ceylon?" "Is American influence gaining in Ceylon?" "Is it a fact that when the world is learning more English you are giving it up, and if so why?" Curiously enough, these questions, in one form or another, were asked in England, Spain and in North Africa. I did my best to answer those I felt competent to answer, and for the others I pointed out that I could not discuss Government policy as a public servant!

* * *

IN Gibraltar, where I went next, I had the pleasure of finding a large audience, including most of those who were once my local teachers. From this I assumed that they had forgiven me for any shortcomings I had had as their first Director of Education! The questions after my lecture were very pertinent, and I concluded that perhaps after all they were getting their own back on me. Next I went to Morocco and I was able to tell people about the members of Islamic

(Continued on page 37)

IT'S

CHRISTMAS

TIME

and, _____

We have the finest selection of Children's
Books and Toys ever seen in Ceylon.

H. W. CAVE & CO., LTD.



JOHN & CO..
PHOTOGRAPHERS & BLOCKMAKERS



A CHRISTMAS ENCOUNTER



By B. H.

I WAS doing my Christmas shopping in a Fort shop when I fell in with a friend of my childhood—the Spirit of Christmas. The very same who once took old Scrooge with him on a Christmas Eve ramble.

Though he was disguised as a middle-aged European who might have been a shop detective, I knew him again at once by his lovely smile, and memories came flooding back of that time when I first made his acquaintance.

It was at Harrod's in London, and I had got mislaid by the party who had brought me sight-seeing and was feeling very scared and woe-begone when he took charge of me. In a trice he had had me laughing: the Christmas show came alive, the lights shone with new glory and splendour, and it must have been a starry-eyed little girl who was finally claimed by anxious relatives just before closing time.

We laughed over that episode as we looked together at the Colombo kaleidoscope. "I thought you had packed up and left us mortals long ago," I told him. He smiled on the crowd affectionately:

"It's the same old world," he assured me. "Though it gets shaken up into different patterns, taken individually the ingredients are pretty much the same . . . Look at this good woman, for instance. She's wealthy, selfish you might say, and she'd probably tell you she's not even a Christian, but see what she's thinking . . ."

As though a little shutter had slid back, I saw into her mind. "Prema," she was saying to herself, "dear Putta, what can I find for your baby to show you how much I love you and him? It's Christmas and the loveliest presents are given at Christmas-time, but money isn't everything. It has to be something special. He's too little to understand but I want you to notice. Wives are all very well, but only Mother knows your funny mind and the sort of

things that please you. I'm looking for something that will remind you of when you were my little boy, darling . . ."

"I think I know just the thing," whispered my companion. "Excuse me a minute."

* * *

I FOUND him beside me again in the Stationery Department, as I chose cards and calendars. "Now there," he said, jogging my elbow companionably, is a bit of the real old Christmas feeling.

I followed his glance and saw only a small elderly wisp of a woman, in a skimpy printed cotton frock, clutching a very shabby black handbag with one hand, as she earnestly scanned one greeting card after another. Slowly she shaped the words with her lips, her brows drawn in a preoccupied frown.

She found what she wanted at last, in a box of slightly soiled cards, probably left over from the previous year and marked down in price. It was certainly a most superior card, large and prettily decorated and with words which brought a satisfied smile to her face as she read them.

"For her former Master and Lady," whispered my friend. "She's a child's Nanny, out of a job just now, but she'll spend almost her last cent on that greeting and they won't omit to send her the usual cash present in return. Not that she thinks of that, bless her. I hope they will send her something extra this year, seeing the rupees buy so much less than they used to."

"But what about these two?" I asked, indicating a rather sour-faced young lady in saree and her supercilious boy friend, who stood watching the crowd sardonically.

"This Christmas business," she was exclaiming petulantly, waving a thin brown hand tipped with gleamingly lacquered nails, "It's just a commercial ramp. I can't think why the Government doesn't put a stop to it. This is a Buddhist country.

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"Oh, as to that," replied her companion, "Wesak lights and Christmas trees are equally stuff for babes." Then as the Christmas Spirit drew nearer his sophistication seemed to crack. "You may as well choose your Christmas present, all the same," he said. "Come along and see what they've got in the Jewellers' department."

* * *

WE found our way downstairs to the "Treasure Cave" where numbers of children gazed wide-eyed at the bewildering variety of toys, and the amusing set piece arranged for their special entertainment.

"Mummy," said a small person, as the Christmas Spirit brushed by him, "Couldn't we take something home for Appu's little boy?" A chubby solemn little girl, holding on to the hands of two grown-ups, twisted to look up into the face of one of them and ask: "But what is Christmas For?"

"Ah!" said my companion sadly, "That's a question only the very young or the very old stay to ask nowadays, or to remember. I'll have to persuade her Grand-daddy to take her this evening to see the Christmas "Crib" in the church at the end of her road."

"A Christmas Crib?" I cried. "I'd like to see that too. It's years since I saw one."

"But why?" he asked. "If every family that styled itself Christian were to display the little Nativity scene, modelled or pictured, in the home this season, if the inmates were to look on it, love it and remember what Christmas really is for, it wouldn't spoil the happiness of Christmastide, nor be bad for trade either . . . Oh dear, excuse me, there's something I must put a stop to overhead!"

He vanished, and out of curiosity I hurried upstairs to see what would follow. The Grocery Store stretched ahead of me, gay with paper festoons and with mounds of food-stuffs, wines, confectionery—and a most striking display of Christmas crackers.

And there was my friend hovering anxiously behind a thin, nervous young man, whose pallor and general shabbiness rendered him a ghastly contrast to the well-fed salesmen and prosperous-looking shoppers.

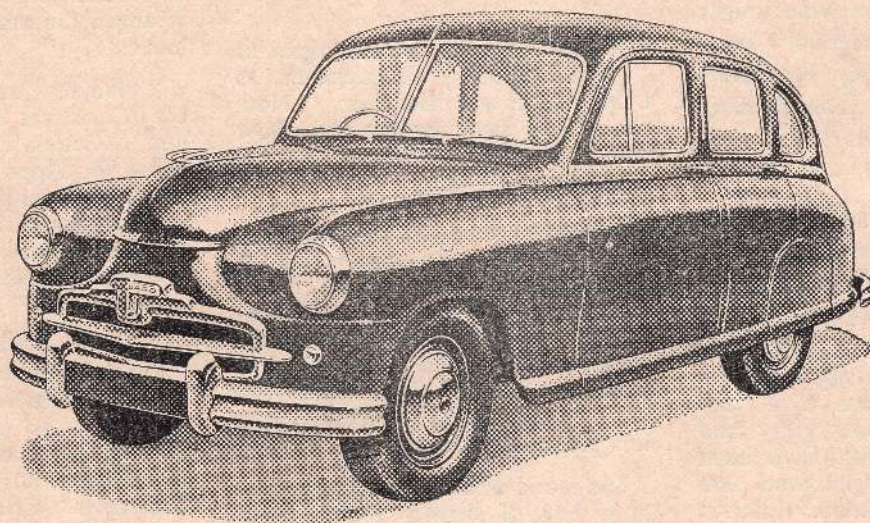
(Continued on page 57)

LARGE CAR
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MEDIUM
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The STANDARD Vanguard



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and Engineering

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REDUCED PRICE OF
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BROWN & CO., LTD.

LANKA GARAGE

Established 1875

COLOMBO

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NAWALAPITIYA.

WANDERING IN PALESTINE

By H. A. J. HULUGALLE

SOME years ago the British Broadcasting Corporation used to relay Christmas chimes from the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. I do not know whether they do it still, or whether the little town is now a part of the State of Israel or of the Arab kingdom of Jordan. I do not trouble to find out because I visited Bethlehem when Palestine was at peace and I cannot see that it will be the same again in my lifetime.

* * *

I TOOK a bus from Jerusalem to Bethlehem with a party of Christian Arabs, stopping at Bethany on the way, and walked back in the evening along the winding road, passing almonds in blossom, camel caravans and travellers mounted on donkeys. I have been to many lands but nothing can be so poignantly nostalgic as the time I spent in Bethlehem. I feel it can never happen again.

Getting down from the bus I passed the neat houses overhanging the hilly slope to the market-place where there were Arabs with lambs on their shoulders and women carrying baskets of fruit or jars of oil on their heads. Having walked through the famous church, I entered a convent near by. A nun who spoke English was sent for, and I was taken up to a balcony whence I had a fine view of the fields in which shepherds watched their flock as their forbears had done when the star appeared. The little shops in the town sold beautiful things: fine embroidery worn by the Bethlehem women in their picturesque and distinctive dress, mother-of-pearl crosses, rosaries and boxes, and various articles made of cedar and olive wood.

* * *

THE three months I spent in the Middle East, chiefly in Palestine, are among those which come back most often to memory's door. That is because the experience cannot be repeated. Jerusalem itself is now rent in twain. Galilee and Nazareth are part of the State of Israel. Nearly a million Arab refugees, doubtless among them some I had met and known, are camping homeless in the desert.

In spite of Mount Scopus University and Hebrew culture which the Jews have revived or recreated in Palestine, Israel is destined to be an industrial and commercial state. Although the majority of the Arabs were Muslims, they appeared to be the people of the New Testament unlike the purposeful Jews in European clothes. A night I spent by the shores of the Lake of Galilee at Tiberias, in the moonlight looking across to the bleak hills, brought



Mr. H. A. J. Hulugalle
in a Palestine Cafe.

back images formed in childhood. Strolling in the Garden of Gethsamane with a Dominican monk, I collected leaves from the gnarled olive trees which are said to go back to the time of Christ.

I promised myself another visit, I was happy, young and receptive. Living in Jerusalem I often went to the flat in which lived Sir Mohamed Macan Markar's nephew and others engaged in their business at King David's Hotel, and shared meals of rice and curry with them, returning to my lodgings along Mamilla Road. At Macan's the Arab servant welcomed me by taking my hand in his

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Standing among the ruins of the Forum in Rome, stopping before the Acropolis in Athens, pacing the Mosque of Aya Sophia in Constantinople, none of these experiences gave me the same thrill as I felt when I entered the old city of Jerusalem through the Damascus Gate.

* * *

I HAD no special reason for going to Palestine and continuing my journey from there to Syria, Cyprus, Rhodes, Turkey, Greece and Egypt. I thought I needed a holiday and I was somehow intrigued by Jews and Jewish history. Subconsciously no doubt I yearned to see the homeland of Christ. I had been reading H. V. Morton's "In the Steps of the Master."

I took a tourist class passage on the "Strathnaver" to Port Said where I spent two nights. I bought a new overcoat from a Jewish dealer for one pound and my old coat, after much bargaining. The train to Jerusalem first took us to El Kantara where we crossed the Suez Canal at night and, crossing the desert of the Negeb, arrived in Zion in the early morning. The climate was exhilarating, and as winter was approaching it was cold.

* * *

ONE day I met Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Arumugam at the Y.M.C.A. and we took a trip by car to Jericho. We went to the Dead Sea first and arrived for tea at the Winter Palace Hotel at Jericho. It was raining heavily and we were told that the Allenby Bridge over the Jordan had been washed away. We saw a good-looking Arab, in traditional dress and wearing a jewelled dagger, telephoning, and were told that he was a prince from Transjordan. When we were about to take tea, an Arab officer came up and asked us whether we would like to speak to Emir Abdullah, the King of Transjordan, who was detained in the hotel by the Jordan floods. We had coffee with the King who talked to us for about half an hour and showed us a beautiful ring mounted with a Ceylon sapphire which he had bought at Macan's at King David's Hotel.

* * *

MANY of my journeys in Palestine were made with Jews whom I admired for the excellent work they had done in education, public health and, above all, agriculture.

I quote from the diary kept:

Night & Day

TOILET SOAP

a B. C. C. PRODUCT

The **wonderful** new toilet and bath soap for everyday use to give you lasting protection by destroying the bacteria which causes perspiration odours and skin blemishes such as black-heads, pimples, etc.

It contains the non-irritating, non-toxic and yet highly effective **DK-51** which destroys harmful micro-organisms on the skin and leaves it as clean as a surgeon's hands before he operates.

It is pleasantly perfumed and is so **mild** as to be safe for the baby's most delicate skin.

Use it regularly and **maintain bodily freshness** round the clock.



Try it once. You will like it.
OBTAINABLE AT ALL GOOD STORES.

WANDERING IN PALESTINE

"I have made a useful tour of the Jewish colonies during the past few days and have not missed many of their experimental stations and agricultural colleges. The Jews now own about 400,000 acres and are buying every acre they can get. In a number of colonies there are individual settlements. But in more the settlements are run on a co-operative basis. In the latter the land is owned by the Jewish National Fund.

"The co-operative settlements fall into two categories, namely, collective farms and co-operative villages. In the collectives, the leasehold rights, buildings, etc., belong to the group. There are no private possessions. A little pocket money perhaps. But income and expenditure are on a communal basis. In the co-operative villages, the leasehold rights and buildings belong to each member separately but all the enterprises, machines, etc., belong to the village. Both systems are said to work well. They do not employ any outside labour. All the workers are affiliated to the Jewish Labour Federation which presently controls the Zionist Organisation by its voting strength.

"Up to the present citrus has been the staple product. The fruit is picked during the six months from November to April. Six and a half million boxes will be exported this season. At the present moment only 45 per cent. of the exportable crop is controlled by the Jews but when the new groves come into bearing their share will have risen to 65 per cent.

* * *

"IN one of the smaller collective farms, with a population of 420, the 1,400 dunams (about 350 acres) are distributed as follows: 300 dunams for citrus; 500 dunams for cereals; 50 for vegetables; 40 for nurseries and 19 for grape vines. This farm has 60 cows (30 Dutch and 30 Damascus) and 1,200 Leghorn hens, and an incubator capacity for 7,000 eggs. Electric power for irrigation and machinery is supplied from the hydro-electric works on the Jordan.

"The experimental station at Rehovath (near Tel Aviv) has a corps d'élite of plant pathologists, entomologists, soil chemists and biologists, and also the laboratory of Dr. Chaim Weizman. Near by is

the model dairy farm where the highly-qualified son of Dr. J. L. Magnes, the Principal of the Hebrew University, does a good deal of manual work in addition to keeping records of the performance of the cows.

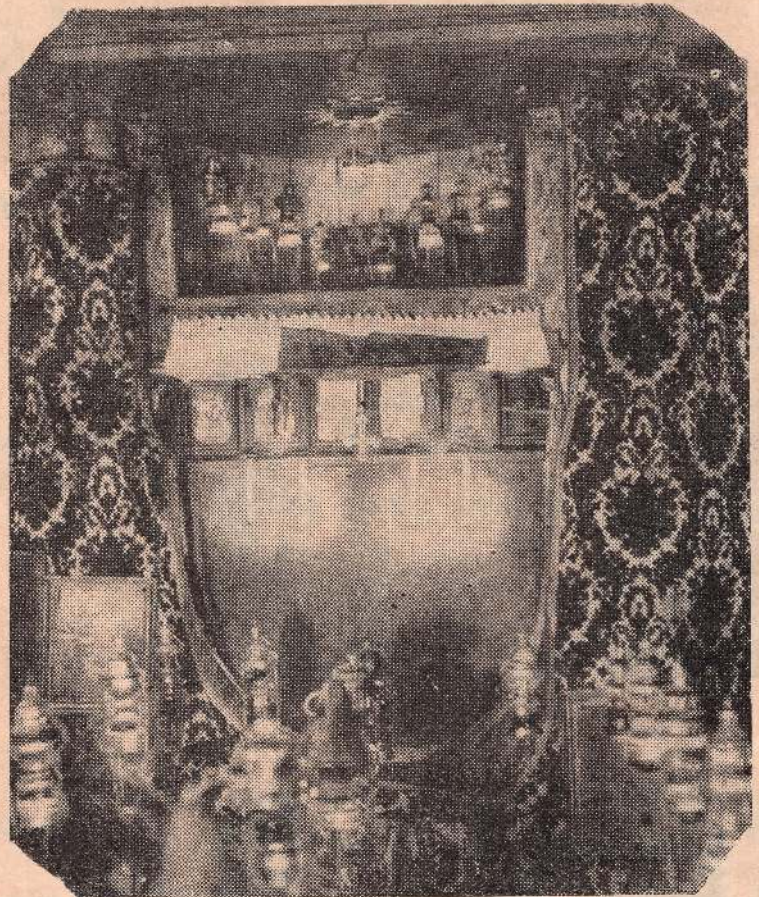
"Near Jaffa is an agricultural college founded about fifty years ago by the French Zionists, headed by a Rothschild. I was shown round the place by an American student, one of the few at Mikveh Israel who could speak English fluently. He was a third-year student and I marvelled at his grasp of the subject. He showed me a plot where one may see every known species of orange, some trees bearing both oranges and lemons. The college has a large estate devoted to various branches of agriculture and is self-supporting.

"Not far from here are the Rothschild wine cellars of Richon-le-Zion, where I had a beaker of sweet wine."

I HAVE included this rather lengthy extract from my diary to show how the Jews, even eighteen years ago, were tackling their agricultural problems in Israel. They were pioneers but also men and women with great technical knowledge and adequate financial resources. Their methods may not suit other countries and I wish I knew how the agriculture of Israel has developed since I was there.

The friend who helped me to learn so much about the Jewish work in Palestine was Mrs. Goldie Myerson, a brilliant woman who was afterwards Israel Ambassador in Moscow. She is now a member of Mr. Ben Gurion's Cabinet. Her husband, a charming man, held quite a subordinate post. I was in Palestine when Hitler's persecution of the Jews had begun. In Tel Aviv the manager of the small hotel in Allenby Road in which I

(Continued on page 58)



The focal point of Christmas: the Grotto of the Nativity, of Bethlehem marking the spot, where, in a lowly stable the Child Jesus was born. This splendid shrine keeps that sacred spot hallowed.

REGAL

"THE PREMIER THEATRE"

Daily at 3-30, 6-30 & 9-30 p.m.
Morning shows Sat. & Sun. at 10-15
From 18th instant

the greatest
drama of
our day!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents
STANLEY KRAMER'S
Production of

Death of a Salesman

STARRING

Fredric March

with
Mildred Damrock • Kevin McCarthy
Cameron Mitchell • Howard Smith

From 25th instant

Grand Christmas Double Attraction !!

"THE VATICAN"

Brought close to you at last.....
today's Vatican City in Color!

"CITIZEN SAINT"

(The Life and Miracles of
FRANCES CABRINI

who was Canonized two years ago)

EMPIRE

"WHERE IT'S COOL AND QUIET"

Daily at 3-30, 6-30 & 9-30 p.m.
From 18th instant



From 25th instant



MAJESTIC

"Where The Metro Lion Roars"

Daily at 3-30, 6-30 & 9-30 p.m.
Morning shows Sat. & Sun. at 10-15
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SKELTON *Eleanor* POWELL

"I dood it!"

Richard AINLEY • Patricia DANE • Sam LEVENE
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From 25th instant

M-G-M'S SINGIN'...SWINGIN'... GLORIOUS
COLOR BY
FEELIN' MUSICAL IN **TECHNICOLOR**



THE FAWN

UNION PLACE, COLOMBO 2.

(Changes Every Tuesday)

Daily at 3-30, 6-30 & 9-30 p.m.

From 16th instant

HUMPHREY BOGART, CLAUDE RAINS,
SYDNEY GREENSTREET, PETER LORRE,

"PASSAGE TO
MARSEILLE"

A Thrilling War Melodrama!

From 23rd instant

DANNY KAYE, WALTER SLEZAK,
BARBARA BATE,

"INSPECTOR-
GENERAL"



A LIMERICK CALENDAR



By "HIERONYMOUS"

LAST Christmas someone gave me a present I could hang near my desk and take delight in all the year round. It was a Limerick Calendar, compiled by Langford Reed, with permission of Jarrolds Ltd., and published by G. Delgado Ltd., London. Why a limerick is so called, I don't know. It is defined as a five-line stanza of the kind familiarised by Edward Lear, that master of the art of writing exquisite nonsense. For instance :

*There was an old man of the Hague
Whose ideas were excessively vague ;
He built a balloon
To examine the moon,
That deluded old man of the Hague.*

* * *

SOME of the best limericks are unfortunately unprintable. But all those in my calendar are necessarily clean as well as clever. When I was in Scotland last year I spent a pleasant Sunday morning at Pitlochry, which reminded me very much of Nuwara Eliya. You must have heard the limerick about the young girl of "Neuralia" who went to a dance as a dahlia, etc., etc., and why the dance, as a dance, was a failure. Here is something not so disastrous about Pitlochry by Langford Reed :

*A canny Scotch lad of Pitlochry
Kissed an up-to-date girl in a rock'ry.
When he tasted the paint
He cried, "Lassie, this ain't
A real kiss at all, it's a mockery."*

* * *

NOT all limericks are about the fantastic misadventures of old men and young ladies. Elderly

dames can also inspire lively stanzas. Looking into my calendar in the month of March, I found this :

*A scraggy old spinster of Bude
Said, "Men are exceedingly rude,
When I bathe in the sea,
They all follow me,
To see if my bare bones protrude."*

* * *



DISTINGUISHED men sometimes amuse themselves by composing limericks, not always of the kind that are recited at clubs for men only. This one is attributed in my calendar to Col. C. M. Abercrombie, C.M.G.—

*There was a young lady of Plumbley
Who spent her time firmly but dumbly,
Rejecting the suit
Of a deaf and dumb mute
Who proposed to her finger and thumbly.*

* * *



GIRLS from Ceylon who like to make a display of their wealth when they go to England may wince when they learn that

*There is a young girl of the East,
Whose extravagant ways have increased,
She's perfectly reckless,
Her latest new necklace
Cost sixpence at Woolworth's, at least.*

* * *

AND here is something from the Cambridge journal, "The Granta," about another female exhibitionist :

*A damsel from Sarmakand
Attempted to dance in the Strand ;
But the policeman on duty
Said, "No, me proud beauty,
Them foreign contortions is banned !"*

* * *

MOST young ladies are happily more modest, like the subject of this limerick by Randall Davies :

*There was a young lady of Dover
Who started to read Casanova.
She hadn't got far
When she told her papa
She felt she was blushing all over.*

* * *

SOME erudite reader may be able to trace the connection between limericks and the Irish county of Limerick, which is the scene of this tragic episode :

*There was a young farmer of Limerick,
Who started one day to trim a rick ;
The Fates gave a frown,
The rick tumbled down,
And killed him—I don't know a grimmer rick.*

* * *

FINALLY, here is a not too naughty Christmassy limerick by John Glyder :

*There was a young person called Polly,
The night before Christmas (what folly)
She went to a ball
Dressed in nothing at all,
Singing, "I'm Christmas Eve ! Ain't it jolly ?"*

What follows a
Christmas Dinner?



HENNESSY, of course,
the Brandy that made Cognac famous

As a liqueur, as a beverage, as
a safe and quick stimulant,
Hennessy Brandy is unequalled

Is there a Hennessy in the House?



By L. P. GOONETILLEKE

EVEN the most superficial knowledge of contemporary painting will reveal that there are two main divisions of contemporary painting in Ceylon, one tending towards a straightforward, somewhat impressionist rendering of nature, the other unrepresentational in essence, which relies for exposition on a deliberate organisation of form. We have quite a number of academicians—academic art as opposed to other forms of painting, has given us many estimable painters and even among those who use the modern idioms, there are many who are, in fact, academic; while the work of others reflects all the currents of contemporary European painting. The individualists are few. The approach to contemporary “modern” art must be made with due consideration of its varied aspects and of every manifestation of it, including painting, music, literature and sculpture. It cannot be dismissed as a “passing phase” since it has established itself in all civilised countries and, though with the same opposition abroad as it has received in Ceylon, its principles have been as yet little understood by the general public here or elsewhere. Like all new movements it has attracted the dilettante and the camp-follower.

(Continued on page 55)

New!
Delicious!
Ovaltine Biscuits.



-for a
SPECIAL TEA-TIME TREAT

At family gathering or social occasion, 'Ovaltine' biscuits are universally popular. They have a delicious, appetising flavour, and, in addition, are specially nourishing—because they contain a proportion of 'Ovaltine', the famous health-food. The airtight package keeps them always fresh.

OVALTINE
Biscuits

Distributors:
A. Baur & Company Ltd.



B.1

MY MUTWAL MEMORIES

By LEONARD ARNDT

"A SAFE anchorage wrested out of a wave-torn beach. The green battalions pressing to the brink . . . Jetty and pier and other apparatus of human activity, the precarious purchase of a bare foothold on its margin. Storage tank and hotel facade submerged in verdure, church tower and dome and spire stand breast-deep in the green flood." Thus somewhat, I once described the Port of Colombo writing a thousand miles away, Colombo from the outside.

The inside view was mine from infancy. I was born at Tangué Salgado, (Does anyone remember the name? S. James's Point), and the wave-torn beach sounded incessantly in my ears as each succeeding wave dragged back. Now it is Walker's strident saw, and King Coal has consolidated the purchase.

Those coal-mounds and piers! Latter-day Thomians promenaded on Sunday evenings after divine service. My mates and I, with more freedom, occasionally angled off the rocks with bent pin and bamboo for the little fry. I can still see their colouring and glitter in the water, where they stayed, for here there was no Isaac Walton but idle boys, and a whim.

* * *

IT is usual in this context to name Lorenz and George Wall and Sir Richard Morgan, and Whist Bungalow which last the earliest chronicler, the Reverend James Cordiner, commemorates as The Coconut Club, very exclusive, and yet very liberal as to invitees.

The thread shall not be broken. George Wall was the host at the Reverend T. F. Faulkner's wedding breakfast in his mansion. He was the well-liked Sub-Warden of St. Thomas's College who brought many gifts. Sir Richard Morgan and his descendants remained friends of my family, and Charles Ambrose Lorenz was my mother's god-father, her father, Johnnie Prins, that notary out of a book, his familiar friend and two commemorative names carried by his son and grandson, Karl and Elie.

Whist Bungalow is still in the parish. We trooped past its mystery bent on sea-bathing in the pounding

waves. I have told the story my god-mother Caroline Miller of Thomian fame wrote when she read my Mutwal chapter referred to. She stepped once into a little fishing boat off the water-stair of Whist Bungalow and was being swept out to sea, the Kelani being in spate doubtless, when a fisherman stepped in and saved her.

* * *

MY Mutwal! and Cathedral and College its heart and core! That heart beats faintly now, as the spreading tentacles of the port crush the life out of this once happy home of so many sons and friends of Lanka. There was the canonry where that feudal chief Canon Dias lived. Near here Governor Sir West Ridgeway in 1901 cut the first sod of the Graving Dock while I stood on the outskirts shy and reluctant. Here we brothers played at croquet of a Saturday with the young ladies later residing there.

Whether memory or tradition I cannot say but there was that Giant Tortoise in the swamp below Uplands, all evicted by the latest enrichment of the port, and it may be that I even rode it, I do not know, but there was a time when imagination was richer than truth. The reptile died in the Colombo Museum after a brief migration thither. But while rubble trains steadily extended the territory reclaimed, my brothers and I in a freak once took playing cards to the rubble extension and enjoyed "cookies" with our girl-cousins near where, probably, the Japanese bombers lately sank a war-craft or two. Cookies—the Americanism is necessary—for here is one of those memories fast fading out of Lanka. If I said *kokis* I should be misunderstood. The thing is now different but the name is the Dutch for little cakes and America has appropriated it along with much else the Dutch left there.

* * *

WANDERING beyond Uplands, now dockland, there is more history extending to Rock House where Sir Samuel Grenier once lived, and where the present battery was already stationed in our boyhood,

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and we only knew what we were told about the knight's residence and our being taken there to visit. Fisher's Hill climbs past Hill House, where my mother spent her early life, and Elie House nearby where Lorenz lived. We roamed these at will in their decay and probably ate the sapodillas, because when we found an abundance of this luscious fruit in Java I remembered only the gardens of Elie House and Hill House as their home.

* * *

WAS there a switch-back descent between Elie House and the Cathedral then? And did they descend from their carriages to lighten the horses' load as the Victorians in England did? It is all nearly flat now but Summerhill, the Obeyesekeres' home (where they now store coconut oil), still enjoys its eminence. The gracious figure of Mrs. Obeyesekere, widow of the Maha Mudaliyar, in her Cathedral pew, remains in my memory.

At the foot of Summerhill, where the road bifurcates, stood Bishopsgate in the early eighties, the first church school for girls, now quite forgotten. It was conducted by Mrs. Drew, wife of the Cathedral organist. I noted that my mother's contemporaries wrote the same hand to the end; only one or two survive with a handwriting that might be mistaken for hers.

* * *

THAT dandy Frederic Dornhorst provoked their pleasantries, and they had a conundrum about a *dun* horse. Frederic Dornhorst lived with his brother-in-law, Johnnie Prins, and there was a story of his entering the house with a very red face and exclaiming "You have cooked my goose." My grandfather had with difficulty persuaded him to take whatever hurdle there was at the time for those qualified to be advocates (rather than remain in the lower branch). I cannot place in chronological sequence the other story of Frederic Dornhorst, as a teacher in the Royal College, walking from Mutwal to the Pettah with his paper umbrella.

Across the road from Summerhill there still is a scarped bank outside the College walls, near the north gate of the Cathedral. Here my mother stood, chosen among her

(Continued on page 58)

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MY CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO YOU

From

Elizabeth Arden



MISS ELIZABETH ARDEN

"WE give to those we love—we love those to whom we give"—to me that sums up all the joy and happiness of this Season when we open our hearts to friends and strangers too, when we all delight in the giving of presents and gracious hospitality.

And now is most certainly a time to look your lovely best as charming hostess or radiant guest so, to all of you, my readers, may I wish a very happy and very lovely Christmas, with a special greeting for those who during the year have written to me personally. Their trust and confidence in my work is the happiest reward for my efforts to bring beauty and vitality into the lives of women everywhere. I believe beauty to be one of the greatest forces in the world, for beauty in its various forms is always a symbol of perfection, the ultimate which inspires and lifts our hearts.

We all respond to beauty because it is creative, dynamic, an ideal that we can translate into our own terms of music, art, of words, or express in ourselves, the way we look, the manner of our lives. I would like to think that this Christmas I have been able to bring the precious gift of beauty to you, and that in the New Year, that time of good resolves, every woman will determine to develop her own potentialities for beauty, to enrich her own life and give joy to those around her.

Of course it takes a little time, and some intelligent application. But those qualities I know every woman has. Let's start with so simple a

thing as cleanliness! I'm told I'm almost fanatical about cleanliness, but you know, it is the secret of health and of beauty. The first thing you do to a minute old baby is to wash it; every precious gem looks dull until you polish and clean it; a rose without rain is a sorry thing; it is the look of sparkling cleanness and freshness that attracts us in a man, woman or child. No make-up, however cleverly done, can replace the radiant charm of a skin that glows with health, and no make-up will achieve its aim of elegance and good grooming if the skin beneath is uncared for. So again and again I say, do keep to your beauty rules (and they are pleasant ones) for cleanliness inside and out. Plenty of vegetables, salads, fruits and fruit juices for a healthy body, a graceful figure and a clear complexion. And for your face the gentle creams that take away every little speck of dust, and make-up, the bracing lotions that refresh you like a breath of air. Use them morning, noon and night. You can't cleanse the skin too often (especially in a warm climate when the skin is constantly throwing off impurities) if you want it to look fresh as a flower. When the thermometer rises keep your skin tonic in the ice box—it's incredibly refreshing to pat your face with ice cold tonic, and what a lovely feeling of firmness and vitality it gives your face!

There's your foundation for a smooth clear complexion, and if you achieve that, you can really have fun with make-up, for make-up goes hand in hand with fashion. Use make-up to change the way you look.

A few years ago the "pink and white" look with a cupid's bow mouth was what we aimed at, at another period orange lipstick was on every mouth. The "face of to-day" is creamy smooth, with emphasis on eyes and lips, rouge applied merely to "model" the face but scarcely showing as to colour. To achieve that smooth creamy look, do take pains in applying your powder foundation, blending it in with your fingertips gently but thoroughly to ensure a perfectly smooth even effect. Try the two powder technique—first a dusting of powder in a soft neutral shade, then over it a second powder in a different but harmonising shade. Not only does your make-up last much longer without re-powdering, but the effect of colour seen through colour gives an almost luminous look. Try the same technique with lipstick—using one shade over another, and see how your lips glow.

It goes for eye shadow too, a background colour to give a faint shadow on the lid, with a brighter colour blended in, picking up the colour of the eyes themselves, or chosen to harmonise with your dress. It's fascinating to experiment for yourself to find how you can make your eyes look larger, change their apparent colour, even alter the shape of your face (or so it seems) by the clever use of different shades in foundation powder and eye shadow. Remember, beauty is constant but never the same, and to you all I wish the loveliness that changes with the years your mood, the whim of fashion, but always reflects your happiness, your constant joy in life.

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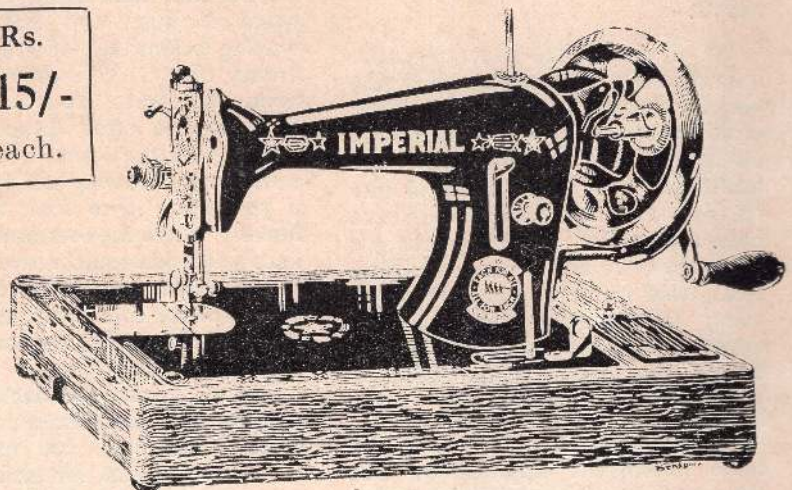
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Christmas Thoughts



By THE EDITOR

THIS is the fifth Christmas which the Ceylon Fortnightly Review shares with its readers. It is our very pleasant duty to thank all those who have helped to make this journal a welcome visitor in thousands of homes. In this issue we have contributions from many distinguished writers. To have attracted them into these columns is no small thing. Their co-operation is deeply appreciated.

* * * *

CHRISTMAS is associated in the minds of most people with the idea of gifts received and given an idea which has grown out of the religious significance of the Festival. It comes to us this year at a time of much difficulty and worry to many. But the joy of Christmas lies in the fact that its spirit is independent of material success or failure, and we shall give and receive presents this year as we have done in more prosperous times. For the essential importance of these Christmas gifts lies not in their intrinsic value, but

in the spirit of friendly remembrance that prompts them.

* * * *

THE innermost meaning of Christmas, however, is lost if we limit our ideas about it to those of friendliness and generosity to our relations and personal friends. Christmas by its very origin should lead us to thoughts of the ultimate unity of mankind in a common brotherhood and the responsibility of each for all.

* * * *

THE Festival will lead us to help as far as we can, those who try to provide happiness and cheer for those less fortunate than ourselves, and best of all, it can encourage us to maintain the spirit of unselfishness and generous thoughts and actions throughout the year.

It remains for us to wish all our readers

A Happy Christmas.

A MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 21)

faith in Ceylon. The internationally controlled zone of Tangier gave me a very warm welcome—in the shape of a minor riot! A small number of shops lost goods and some worthy residents found their cars in a sorry plight, while some Europeans got a little bit worried over the affair, but apart from these little troubles, it was on the whole not too noisy! Later I found, to my great surprise, that a good proportion of the world's Press had reported a major disturbance. Anyway, after talking there about Ceylon and about education I returned to Spain, where I just had enough time in Madrid to tell a thoracic surgeon friend about our Ceylon Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. The next step was London, from sun to cloud and home from Spain, which I regard as a "second mother."

* * *

LOOKING back, I enjoyed it all, the talks with all my old friends, the familiar places, and the voluntary propaganda for Ceylon. I feel "at home" in the Western Mediterranean, and also in Ceylon, so it was a genuine case of combining work

and pleasure and which I hope will have been helpful in informing my friends in Spain, Gibraltar and Morocco about my friends the Ceylonese. One question which I was asked will bring this brief article to its close. "What do you think about Spain of today?" I was asked. My reply was that whether it was in Spain or Ceylon I was a guest, and it was most improper for a guest to discuss the running of the house of the host.

CHRISTMAS AT ST. ALBANS

(Continued from page 15)

16th century, all its statues were destroyed leaving only the wonderful harmony of its perpendicular architecture. In the nineteenth century new figures were sculpted and the beautiful tabernacle work restored.

The Cathedral is one of the most important examples of Norman architecture in Britain, although all that is left of the Norman church are the eastern bays of the nave, the transept and the tower. The main outlines of the building, however, remain much as planned by Paul de Caen, a Norman abbot, between 1077 and 1088.

The Cathedral succeeded both the small church built by the Roman

Emperor Constantine in 313 A.D., and the Abbey Church founded by Offa, Saxon King of Mercia, in the eighth century. After Paul de Caen had built his Norman church others began to convert it to a more English style; the work was hastened by the collapse of two of the Norman bays in the nave in 1323, and five beautiful bays of the Decorated period were completed about 1340.

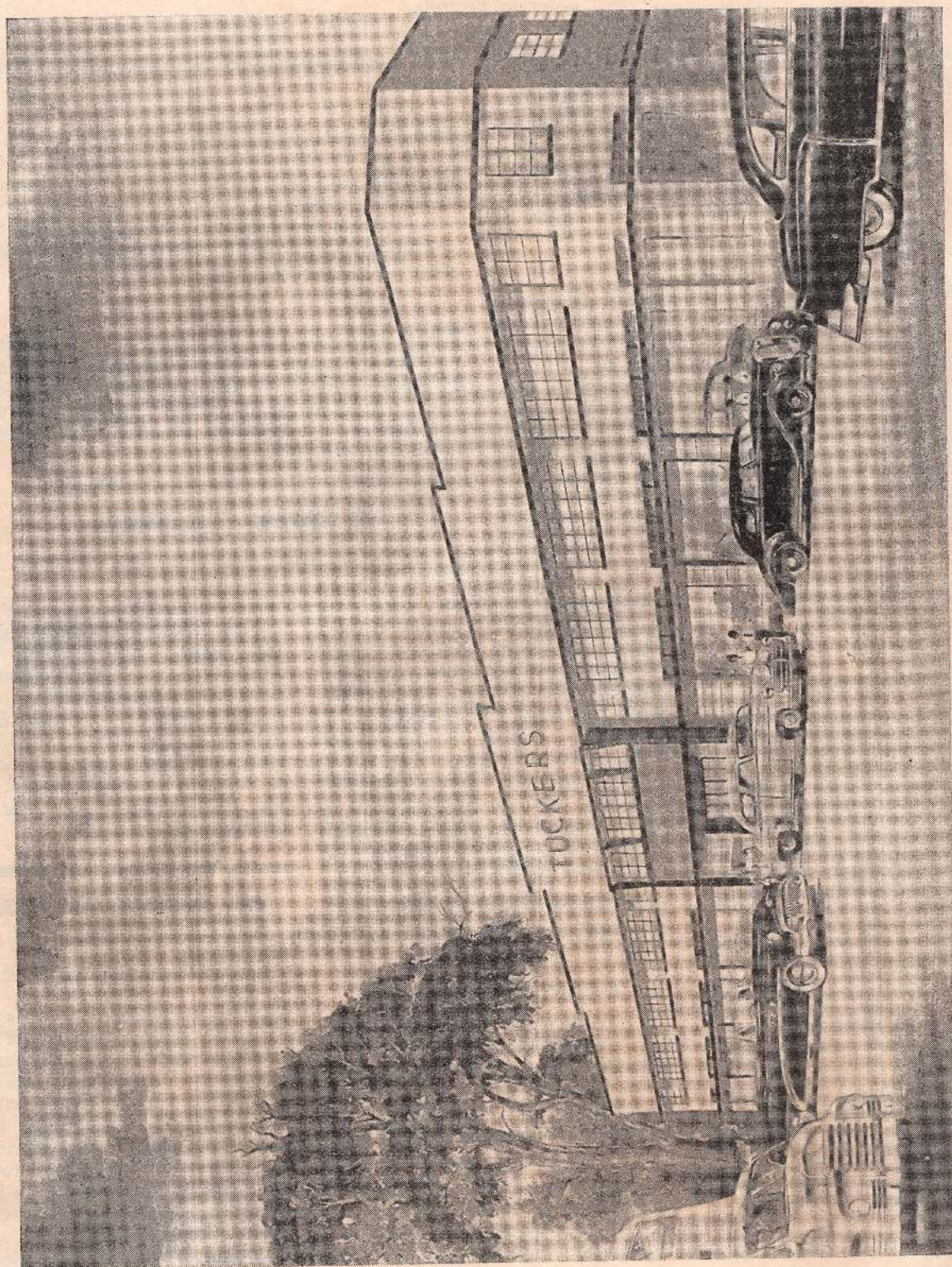
THE MESSAGE OF PEACE

(Continued from page 11)

OF the many petitions we shall as usual lay at the feet of the Infant Prince of Peace during the season of Christmas—for we do not believe in a Christmas without Christ—not the least will be one of peace. In the face of the danger now threatening the world, our prayer for concord and harmony must go with an honest effort to observe the laws of the Prince of Peace. Sinless or repentent souls alone can give glory to God in the highest, and men of goodwill, men who observe His laws can possess peace and bring peace to the world.

Here is God now, here is unity

Heaven and earth are pleased with Peace. (Coventry Plays).

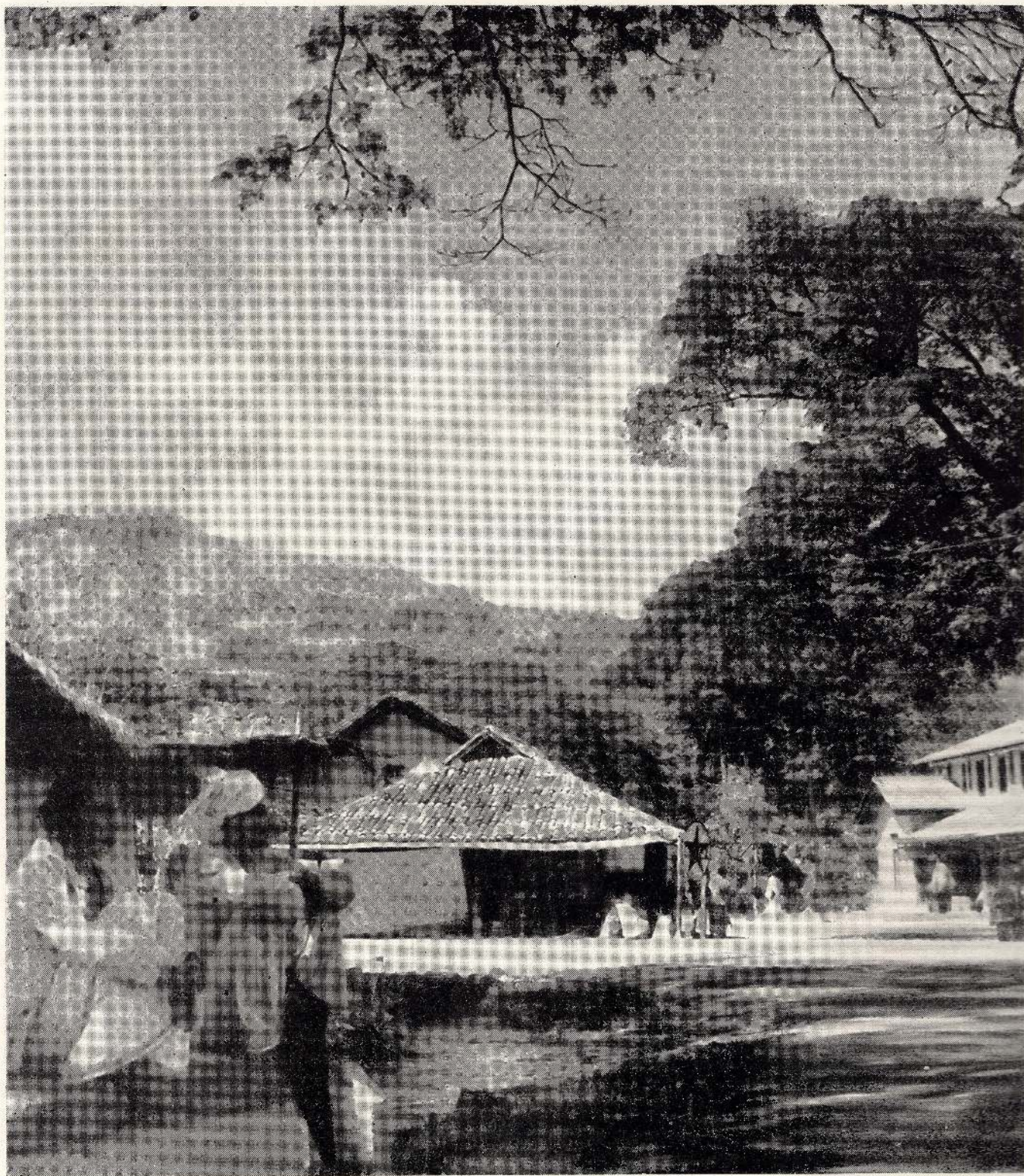


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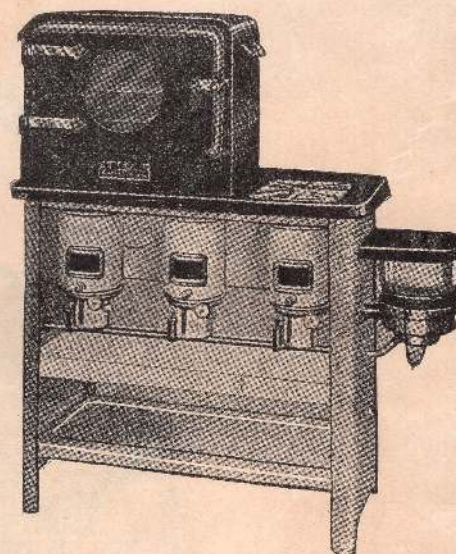
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CRICKETING DAYS

By W. T. GRESWELL

(Fortnightly Review Special)

V.

IN my last letter, digressing on the subject of village cricket, I made no apology. Indeed there is a famous ex-Ceylon sportsman who knows the true value to be found in this humble origin of our great game. Scoffing at all thoughts of arm-chair ease at an age of three score years and ten, he lives in retirement in Suffolk, where he is not only the local squire but captain and moving spirit of the village cricket team! Enough said!

On July 21st, 1908, when only ten days remained of my school career at Repton, I received a letter from the Somerset Captain, John Daniell, asking me to play for the County in the last five matches of the season. I have kept this letter amongst my more treasured possessions. In vain have I tried to recover over the years my first reactions to this invitation. I certainly never expected it and, if I was elated, I was to a greater degree apprehensive, for I was not yet nineteen years of age. I had never met Daniell but had seen him play. He had never seen me in action. But in those days Somerset captains enjoyed a doubtful reputation for gleaning players from unexpected quarters irrespective of birth or residential qualifications. In my case I fancy that Daniell "took a gamble" on hearsay regarding my abilities. At any rate I was qualified by residence.

The story goes that, when our previous captain S. M. J. Woods, was short of a man for a match, he wired for P. R. Johnson, a Cambridge blue of that year and a great batsman whose style was a thing of beauty. Johnson had no qualification to play for Somerset, but he was born at Wellington, New Zealand. This was quite enough for Sam Woods, for we have a small town of that name in Somerset. Any inquiries were met by Sam with a half-truth and, when occasion arose, he had a "poker face" equal to far graver situations!

* * *

MY first match was against Middlesex at Taunton and ended in a draw thanks to a century in each

innings by P. R. Johnson. This fine batsman had modelled his style on that of L. C. H. Palaret of Somerset, perhaps the most graceful front-of-the-wicket stroke player in history. P. F. Warner, captaining Middlesex, went in first and made 105 in the first innings. This was my first experience of this game little batsman. As a new ball was always my best friend I was allowed to open the Somerset attack, an honour, which, in a first appearance, had its risks. But I had confidence in knowing that my in-swing bowling was a novelty and at first might command respect. Conditions were favourable and my first three victims were Tarrant, E. S. Littlejohn and C. M. Wells, three wickets for 91 runs. In an unfinished second innings I took one for 27: Not brilliant, only a modest introduction to first class cricket.

I remember well the ball with which I bowled Littlejohn. He stepped far to the "off" and began to swing his bat for a drive to "the covers." Before he could check his stroke the ball, swerving very late, dipped behind his left leg and hit the leg stump after passing between his legs croquet-hoop fashion. The look on his face I took as a compliment!

* * *

IF I enlarge upon this, my first match in County cricket, I do so for good reason. Two important matters came to a head, both bearing upon my future as a bowler. After I had bowled a few overs the umpires met in mid-wicket and had a talk. I took little notice of it but, after the innings, Daniell said to me with a laugh: "Young fellow, your future was at stake. The umpires were discussing the fairness of your action. They have passed it all right, but keep your arm straight." I have never quite understood what gave rise to doubt on that occasion for it is very necessary for a swerve bowler to keep a straight arm. I can only surmise that, as I was a novelty at that time, the umpires were looking for a non-existent

bogey to explain the phenomenon.

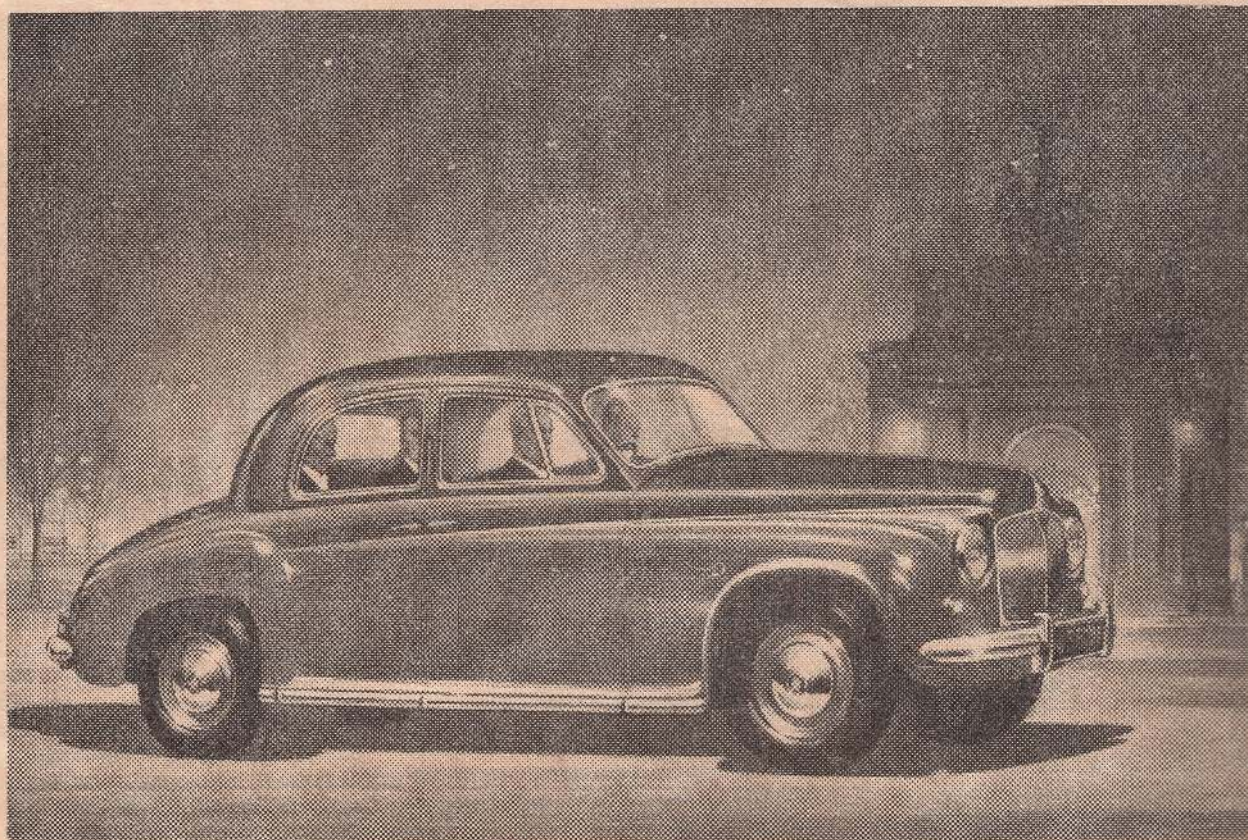
However, the hint thus given was not ignored and a rigidly straight arm resulted in a yet more pronounced swerve. The other matter which arose was of much more interest but less personal. At Repton, strange to relate, when I started "in-swinging" the ball from the off, I kept the same field as when I bowled the "off-theory" for catches in the slips. It is a sad reflection on our coaches, masters and professionals, of that time, that they were so devoid of imagination as to suggest no alteration to my field.

* * *

SO, in this first County match I asked for two slip fields and one short-leg. After an over or two in which the ball swerved sharply from the off, L. C. Braund, our England player, who was fielding first slip, spoke to Daniell, who at once re-arranged my field so that I had one "slip" only. Braund moved to short-leg and so did extra-cover. I then had three short-legs close to the batsman, one slip and one man at cover. This was the forerunner of what was later called the "leg-trap." I personally never departed from this arrangement, but I must say in self-defence that I never bowled for catches in the leg-trap, a practice which in time regrettably led to bowling on the line of the batsman's body by many bowlers who were not true "in-swingers." To this day these stultifying tactics stir up criticism and cause rancour. I always bowled to the off so as to swerve to the stumps. Naturally, as Braund at once perceived, some balls would fly off the edge of the bat and give catches "round the corner." And no doubt the leg-trap added to a batsman's malaise of mind when trying to guard his wicket.

But all this is technical and only perchance of interest to cricketing readers. To close this letter in lighter vein may I quote from a Press cutting of those days:—"Mr. W. T. Greswell, who is doing so well for Somerset, comes from Stogumber. He is a doctor." The common error of a double "S" in my name may be noted. I have never lived in Stogumber, a village some miles from my home. And, if I was a doctor, I must have got my M.D. at the age of eighteen. No wonder I had no patients and had time to play cricket!

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SPORT IN CEYLON

A RETROSPECT OF 1952

By ITINERANT

THE sole reason for this ramble in retrospect is that we shall never again see the likes of this 1952 in Sport. Soon it will have gone forever, but by the glorious nature of its passing it shall also live forever.

The Colombo Exhibition was the cause of it all; the governing bodies of our multitudinous sports activities were galvanised into such furious action that names to be conjured with... Sedgman, Doris Hart, Shirley Fry, Keith Miller, Neil Harvey, the miraculous Mankad, the immaculate Max Faulkner, the effervescent Peter Bennett... these stars of the sports firmament swept into our midst showering such a sparkling mantle over 1952 that its shimmer shall be discerned centuries from now through the mists of time. And when the youngest of us are old and grey the dim eye will still brighten with the bronzed visions of Sedgman and Hart wearing the triple tennis crowns of Asia, wrested from the might of Japan, India, Germany, America and our own Ceylon. The retina will yet retain the god-like grace and power of Miller, the cut and thrust of Harvey the pocket D'Artagnan, Mankad's magnificent sleight-of-hand and the first flowering of Tom Graveney in that tempestuous M.C.C.-Commonwealth cricket carnival in which C. I. Gunasekera and F. C. de Saram also seized power and brandished it aloft, carving our cricket history against a black-cloth of luscious green. And can one forget the S.S.C., bloody, bowed, then miraculously rejuvenated by the return of de Saram who marshalled the scattered ranks and led them again to victory in the P. Saravanamuttu Trophy tournament?

* * *

THEN there came Faulkner and his "golf clinic" and the long drives and unerring putting. And not one whit behind in brilliant consistency, if not of genius, Carter became Ceylon's Golfer of the Year,

eclipsing all others. And Colombo's star-spangled team took the Burdett Trophy. In tennis, too, a new king reigned; L. P. Ernst, profiting by Koo de Saram's indisposition, fulfilled the promise of a lifetime, though young Rupert Ferdinands and C. I. Gunasekera pretty nearly got there themselves.

In rowing, rugger and water polo too the cream of foreign nations clashed (and splashed) before our delighted eyes. In the Regatta of the East, held for the first time in Ceylon, Calcutta fared best, though hotly challenged by Ceylon. When, I wonder, will the memory of the Australian Olympic water polo machine fade in the mind's eye? The precision, positional play, speed and power mesmerised our players and spectators alike, and to add to it all the Aussie skipper, Peter Bennett, stayed on here to coach our lads. The Eshelby Cup league, now on, amply demonstrates the value of his lessons and the Otters and Colombo Swimming Club, at time of writing, are both in the running for the trophy.

* * *

RUGGER, too, claimed the headlines with teams from Singapore and India here to wrest from Ceylon the All-India crown she has worn these past three years. And Singapore did it, thanks to skipper Parker's admirable place-kicking at the eleventh hour of a dour, thrilling final. Ceylon, after a debut which was nearly a debacle, fought a fitting final, and went out with colours flying—if a trifle faded. In the Clifford Cup tourney one saw breath-taking bids by Dimbula and Uva for honours before the fast, well-knit C.R. and F.C. side pushed the Havelocks off their tottering throne.

This was in August, but the festive season really belongs to the champion of champions, the incomparable Cotton Hall. The gallant chestnut gelding had broken down in India and rumour had consigned this idol of millions to the dustheap. But like

a call to arms the challenge of Governor's Cup candidates summoned him, and those long, lovely raking strides took him to the top of the summit for the third year in succession. Talmour won the Roberts' Cup and then another horse made history when Mr. Vernon Rajapakse's C.P.O. won the coveted Queen's Cup presented for the first time in Ceylon.

* * *

BUT back again to another great event which helped to make 1952 memorable—the Helsinki Olympics, and Ceylon's 6-man team of whom Handunge and Henricus (boxing), Smith (diving) and Marks (swimming) performed creditably against terrific competition. Athletic fans, disappointed to learn that the Ceylon-Malaya contest was "off," took heart again at the news that this will be held next February.

And so to soccer, and to Badulla, holders of the inter-district championship and now in the running for the C.F.A. Cup, the battle for which is nearing its close. This beautiful and immensely popular sport though revitalised by new players and newer referees, all keen as mustard, was marred somewhat by a few ugly incidents—spectators invading the field, threatening referees, assaulting players: a poor reflection on the healthy competitive spirit that normally prevails among our sports lovers. C. R. Schoorman, table tennis singles champion, had the distinction of vanquishing India's No. 1 in a pre-championship exhibition duel, and so well did Belle Weerakoon, Ceylon's leading woman player, perform that our women's team fared better than the men's at the All-India championships.

* * *

IN India, too, it was that a Ceylon stripling, a David, smote the Goliaths of the past. Young Geoff Marks, swimming for Ceylon at the University championships, broke two Indian records and won three titles. At home this aquatic phenomenon holds every record for distances ranging from 100 yards to two miles. Similarly the B.R.C., alone, brought off an unforgettable double, winning the Andriesz Shield with its "A" team and the Pioneer Shield with its "B" team, the latter going through the tourney undefeated.

Of such was 1952, the peak year in Ceylon sport.



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A CHRISTMAS IN CYPRUS



By COSTAKIS STYLIANOU

A FEW hundred years ago, a French Baron spent Christmas and New Year's Day in Cyprus, quite unintentionally. He spent Christmas on a half-broken vessel in Limassol Harbour and New Year's Day in Stavrovouni Monastery. This happened in 1395, one hundred and twenty-five years after the last Crusade when the masters and aristocrats of Europe were carrying on with their tours of the Holy Land to see the places where their forefathers had fought in vain and to express their adoration for the Holy Grave of the Saviour. One of those pilgrims was Orient d' Ogier the 8th, Seigneur of Anglure, then a significant feud but now a small French town in the region of Marne on the river Aube.

Seigneur Ogier who was born about 1360 and died 1412, left a valuable description of his tour, which was published in Paris in 1878 by the "Societe des Anciens Textes Francais." A copy of this book is to be found in the Loukis Pierides Library, which was given to the Cyprus Museum.

* * *

THE French Baron began his tour in July, 1395, together with three other knights and compatriots. On their return from Jerusalem they went to Egypt and in December of the same year they embarked at Alexandria for their home country. The weather was good and the sea calm, but, suddenly a storm broke which lasted until the fourth day—Christmas Day. Their vessel, heavily damaged, could not be steered with the result that the stormy waves forced it off its course. When the storm ceased and the passengers and the crew came on the deck to celebrate the birth of Christ, they saw with joy that just in front of their vessel lay a beautiful shore. The sailors, who were experienced men, decided that the waves had washed them to Cyprus and that somewhere near that shore, was Limassol. Their joy increased because, although Seigneur Ogier describes the Island as "unhealthy," Cyprus was a French Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Lusignans.

THE passengers and the crew spent Christmas Day on board being tired from the stormy journey. However the next day, the feudal Lord of Anglure went to Limassol with his suite. In his description he states that although Limassol had once been a beautiful town it had been destroyed and a larger part was uninhabited. The town was in this condition because of the Genoese, whose fleet had attacked in June, 1373. It seems that at that time not only was there an insufficient army to face the enemy invasion, but also that the Limassol men were inefficient in war. As Leontios Macheras states, in Limassol "the garrison was fewer and weak." When the Genoese burned the town, its inhabitants abandoned it and in consequence commerce was ruined completely. So, twenty-two years later Seigneur d'Ogier found the town in almost the same condition.

* * *

THE King of Cyprus was at that time Jacques I, the Lusignan, who was crowned in 1382. He reigned well and sensibly for 16 years, during which time he proved that he wanted to work thoroughly for the welfare of the Island, despite the fact that he imposed heavy taxation. He liked hunting, which was one of the principal engagements of the Lusignan court, and he sent a gift of one hundred partridges, sixty hares and selected wines to Seigneur d' Anglure.

When the King was informed of the adventure of his compatriot pilgrims, he sent one of his dignitaries with porters and mules to bring them to the capital town, Nicosia. Thus, on New Year's morning, 1396, the distinguished Frenchmen started on their journey for Nicosia where they would be given hospitality by the King.

* * *

THOSE times were hard for the kingdom of the Lusignans but rich for the feudal lords and the big merchants of the Island. The Genoese who were occupying Famagusta—the city of Nicosia—had other

contemporary town in riches, luxury and glory—were a menace to the whole of Cyprus. A wind of anxiety, uncertainty and decadence blew over the mountains and fields, but it seems, d' Ogier and his companions were not very worried by this. As proper pilgrims they felt obliged instead of going straight to Nicosia to visit the Monastery of Stavrovouni. The tradition was known to Saint Helena, Mother of Constantine the Great, who visited Cyprus in 327 A.D. and built Stavrovouni Monastery at a height of 2,200 feet, where he left a piece of the Holy Cross. This tradition was proved to be without foundation by Simos Menardos. For this reason the tourists who visited Cyprus during the middle ages, also visited Stavrovouni to describe it, each one in his own way and according to what he happened to hear and believe.

* * *

THE visit to Stavrovouni was performed like a religious duty of no less significance than a visit to the Holy Land. Seigneur d' Ogier could not but follow the example of the Englishman Sir John Mandeville (1322), of the German Priest, Indolphe (1350) and many other pilgrim-tourists, who visited Cyprus.

Seigneur d' Anglure states the following on his New Year's Day visit to Stavrovouni :

"This New Year's Day our baggage was loaded and we mounted our horses to go to the said city of Nicosia, where the King was. And we took the road to go as pilgrims straight to the Holy Cross, which is in Cyprus. It is the Cross on which the good thief was hanged at the right hand of our Saviour Jesus Christ. This Cross is of very great virtue and a wonderful thing to behold. Know then that this is the Holy Cross on which the good thief was hanged. Madame St. Helena, mother of Constantine, brought it and set it on the highest mountain of all the kingdom of Cyprus, which mountain is in truth very high and painful to climb. On the highest peak is a fair church and fair dwellings around it. In this church are two altars, to wit, the high altar of the church and another altar in the chapel behind the high altar.

"There were shown one of the nails with which our Lord Jesus

(Continued on page 57)

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ALONG YALA'S JUNGLE TRAILS

A TRIP THROUGH CEYLON'S NATIONAL PARK

By S. V. O. SOMANADER, F.Z.S.

AN unforgettable trip was the one which a party of seven of us made, not long ago, to the Yala area of Ceylon's National Park.

Having gone a few miles one fine morning from Tissamaharama towards Kirinde, we saw a sign-board which read: "To Yala." Turning left, we followed the rough but well-defined track eastwards. And, though it was all scrub jungle, we observed the droppings of elephants along the path. We did not see these lordly beasts, however, at that time of the day; but we came across several species of aquatic birds, such as herons and spoonbills, foraging on the fast-drying salt-licks and other wide expanses on our route.

Reaching Palatupane, we rested awhile after surveying the newly-restored tank from its bund. Permits to enter the Park and to stay at the Buttuwa Circuit Bungalow having been obtained, we engaged a tracker and guide named Carolis, and continued our journey. There were yells of delight from the children, as jackals and monkeys and various forest birds, like hoopoes and hornbills, thrilled and entertained them.

* * *

IT was at Villapaluwewa that we had our first real excitement. In the swampy pool and the uneven, muddy flats around it were large herds of wild buffaloes, a few of them with calves, all watching our approach, while some hefty bulls glared defiantly as we drew near. The herd—some standing, and others lying in the water—seemed like a primitive jungle tableau. Beyond these herds were wild boar, feeding alongside the scrub or wallowing in the marshes. What a thrill it gave us when two of these pigs—apparently rival suitors—raised their forelegs in the manner of bears and engaged in savage combat! They bit, scratched, charged and rolled about, grunting fiercely in a grim battle.

We now drove the jeep round and round the "wewa" to get a few camera shots of the wild buffalo. And, just as we were about to leave, we came across a huge crocodile. It first raised its head above water as if to view us with its sinister eyes; then it slid into the pool, only to heave itself up again. It lifted its snout at intervals; and then, swimming slowly away, submerged without causing even so much as a ripple.

* * *

ON our way to Buttuwa, we sighted a fine herd of about a dozen spotted deer, including a couple of fawns and a stag with majestic antlers. They threw a dignified look at us, and then, like a flash, before I could focus the camera and click the shutter, they swerved round, galloping at full speed into the jungle. I had missed a splendid chance!

As we reached Vependiya, Carolis, who seemed to possess a sixth sense in spite of his slight deafness, "scented" something. From his precarious perch on the jeep's bonnet, he signalled the driver to stop,

and indicated a huge buffalo-bull, its horns and flanks all coated with mud, at the edge of a pool. I leapt off the jeep, clutching my camera. It was an anxious moment, for the animal gazed furiously and seemed intent on charging. Then it suddenly turned round and fled. I tried to follow it, but I had scarcely gone round the corner when the ever-alert tracker touched my shoulder, and, bending low, pointed to some object on my left. I stooped to see what it was, and stared incredulously. Barely ten yards away was an elephant! Its head was hidden among the foliage; but, as the wind favoured us, it had not seen us.

* * *

WE now passed through Patanagala, with huge rocks on our right. Here we found troops of monkeys, some of them with their young seated on their laps, holding a conference. Farther on were more deer, well-sized wild pigs, and a fair number of wild buffaloes. Before reaching Buttuwa, we saw painted storks and other water-birds feeding on the shallows of the Buttuwa Oya. As we flushed the storks, we were enthralled to watch them soaring round and round, moving further away each time, and finally disappearing towards the horizon.

It was past forenoon when we reached Buttuwa. While the tracker, the driver and the watcher helped our party to settle down in the two prefabricated huts, and the ladies got busy preparing lunch, I proceeded to study this fascinating place.



A herd of wild buffaloes, with their calves, on the Yala plain. Note the forested rocks in the background. Photo by S.V.O.S.
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ALONG YALA'S JUNGLE TRAILS

The view from a commanding position from the rocks was magnificent. On one side was the blue sea below, with its beautiful sands; on the other was a panorama of forest and plain, with gleaming white sheets of water in between. Added to these was the vista of hills and rock-boulders on the distant horizon against a pattern of white cloud.

* * *

BUTTUWA is rich in bird and animal life. And right outside the window of the smaller hut which I occupied with my family was the spoor of wild elephants. The watcher said it was not an uncommon occurrence, and he also pointed out a spot near the cemented water-tank (built in an outcrop of rock close to the buildings) where they had left traces of their visit, presumably at night. They must have come to the spot to drink water after their thirst-creating feed in the neighbouring dry jungle.

We set out for Yala at about 3 p.m. to find out what more the jungle had in store for us. The path was narrow, uneven and rough, the jolts and the scratchings of thorny twigs adding to our discomfort. But it was all in the game, and we were not without thrills; for we halted to watch more forest birds, or to pick up a peacock plume, or porcupine quill, or other jungle trophy. Interesting ourselves thus, we approached the Gonalebbe plain, where we saw a number of peafowl—feeding, strutting, dancing. And, far away in the glimmering lagoon, storks and herons were feeding in the shallows. A couple of deer emerged from the jungle and then slid into the bushes, alarmed at our approach.

* * *

WE now arrived at the tiled circuit bungalow at Yala. Beyond the compound hornbills were calling on the trees, orioles poured forth their flute-like notes, jungle babblers chattered in the bushes, green-pigeons whistled, and various other birds uttered their cries as the evening wore on. We sat behind the bungalow and gazed at the pretty Menik Ganga flowing by. We wished we had remained longer, but, as it was nearing dusk and we were unarmed, we decided to get back to our headquarters at Buttuwa. And, as we returned, a strange thing happened. We were passing a very narrow and thorny path in the

Patanagala jungle, when suddenly an elephant, about ten feet high, was sighted less than a hundred yards away, right across our track. Turned partly towards us, it was feeding; but, though it was conscious of the approaching vehicle, it did not move. On the other hand, it looked as if it resented being disturbed in its own territory. To complicate matters, there was not sufficient room to turn the jeep and make towards Yala. A glance at our women-folk revealed their anxiety. The frightened children were in tears.

In this predicament, we asked the driver to try and turn the jeep, even if it meant crashing into the tree-stumps and thorny scrub. I now spoke to Carolis. After some hesitation, he nodded and went slowly forward. Without exciting the beast, he "talked" to it—standing some 30 yards away—clapped his hands gently, muttered something as it were to charm the animal, and persuaded it to go into the jungle opposite. Feeling confident, the driver now turned again and drove the jeep towards Buttuwa. But Carolis signalled to us to stop, giving the impression that the danger was not yet over. After further "speaking" and raising of hands, and assuring himself that "the coast was clear," he beckoned to us to start. What a relief it was!

* * *

WHEN we reached Buttuwa, the moon was up and the sea was bathed in its silver sheen. The fresh

sea air, the music of the breakers, the call of lapwings and night-jars, all kept us awake long after dinner. And though we felt inclined to sleep in the open, the thought of prowling elephants drove us into the huts to spend the rest of the night. At early dawn, we made for the rocks again for a view of Buttuwa Bay. Words cannot describe the beauty that was before us here. We saw, among other enchanting sights, a sambhurstag, with majestic antlers, on one tine of which an impudent black-backed robin remained perched, cocking up its tail at intervals.

After early breakfast, we bade farewell to Buttuwa and proceeded once more to Yala to spend the rest of the morning there before doing a straight run to Tissamaharama for a late lunch. On our way, we saw the tracks of a full-grown leopard, and also ran across a sounder of wild boar. The latter were large beasts with manes—and they trotted before us like small ponies. Getting down at Yala, we followed Carolis to the sea-shore—about a quarter of a mile away. On the way, we saw footprints of many a wild animal, including the spoor of a baby elephant which had apparently been striding along with its mother. We also observed some "palu" trees, on the grooved bark of which elephants had rubbed the mud off their back and flanks, after lying, or disporting themselves, in the swampy pools.

(Continued on page 57)

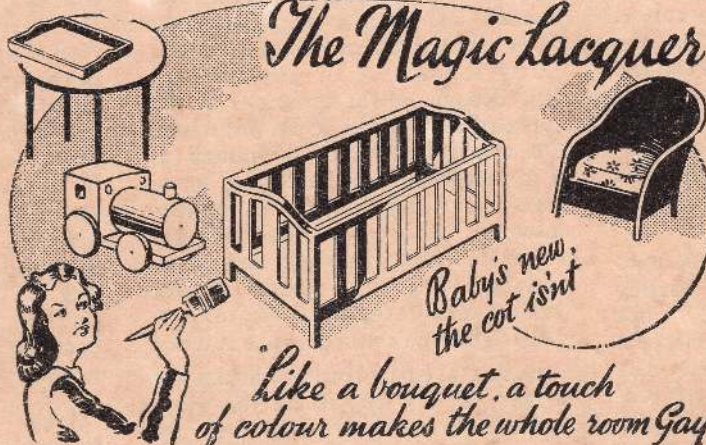


A bird's eye view of Buttuwa from a tall boulder, showing the Oya with its forested plain and rocky hills with cloud effects in the background and part of the Tea-carossed coast (right.)

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Christ in the Universe

WITH this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told. These abide :
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball,
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret-cherished, perilous ;
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered sweet
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss
Bears as chief treasure one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed ;
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way,
Or His bestowals there, be manifest.

But in the eternities
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

Oh be prepared, my soul,
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The infinite forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

ALICE MEYNELL.



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AGE-OLD LEGENDS



OF THE HOLLY TREE

By "KAREN"

THE HOMAGE OF THE HOLLY TREE

BETHLEHEM softly dreaming under the silent stars woke into pulsing vibrant life as the ghostly silence was riven by celestial melodies unheard since first the world began.

Up in the Heavens were Glorious Beings singing their Gloria of Peace on Earth Goodwill to Men and Glory to God on High. In crowded Inn nestling in Manger of straw, a Babe lay curled asleep. While hovering over His rustic Crib stood Mary robed in blue. Then through the open doorway came shepherds from the fields, bringing snowy white woolly lambs—their offering to the King.

* * *

STAR-LIT courtyard teems with life as other folk alight. Padding hoofs and tinkling bells keep sounding on thro' night. Then Kingly Riders come sweeping in from Eastern Lands afar. To worship a little new born Babe lying in Manger of straw.

Soon Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazaar enter in with their precious gifts—of Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh—to offer the Infant King. Out in the starlight, a wee bird trilled, then sang his joyous lay—to the Lord of the great wide Universe—born in such lowly state.

* * *

FROM over the Hills and Far-Away came sweeping Winds of Heaven which lightly rustled through the foliage of a tiny weeny tree, then whispered their joyful secret of a Babe born *King of Kings*. And also how shepherds and wisemen from far had come to worship Him.

And as it heard the glorious news, the Holly Tree thrilled to its core; while the rising sap surged madly round and up to its very shoots. And in the course of that one Holy Night, it blossomed forth into bloom. Then glossy red berries burst their bonds in a perfect paean of praise.

So this is the Tale of the Holly Tree that stood beside Bethlehem's Inn. And tho' folk say 'twas really not the season for Holly Berries, this tree ever since bears bright red

berries as Christmas comes round each year.

* * *

WHY THE HOLLY TREE IS EVER GREEN

WHEN fleeing from wrath of Herod the king were Joseph, Mary and Child, they spied a little Holly Tree growing all by its lonesome self while all around the ground was bare devoid of any trees. And the desert stretched for miles around so desolate and bleak.

Then borne upon the wayward breeze came the thud of galloping hoofs. "My baby, my baby" cried Mary dismayed as Joseph peered anxiously round. But the Holly Tree opening wide her arms soon took them into her wing. While horsemen riding swiftly by looked aghast at empty space.

Riding round that stalwart tree, right in they probed it through. Chagrined and sore at heart they were so suddenly deprived of prey. Then sharply wheeling back they rode, surrounded by a cloud of dust. And soon the stamp of their champion steeds was heard on the fitful breeze.

Then—only then—did the Holly Tree yield up her precious prize. And Mary the Virgin with beating breast bent low to the tree and sighed:

"So kindly my Babe has sheltered been,
Therefore shalt Thou be Ever Green."

ART IN CEYLON

(Continued from page 13)

anxious to hide incompetence under the cloak of modernity; as a result many sins in paint and other media have been committed in its name, so much so that hostile critics of modern art consider it as a refuge for the untrained amateur. A close examination of the principles of non-realistic Art and the careers of those who have been associated with it will reveal that far from suggesting a slackening of discipline, modern art demands the same technical com-

petence from its followers as academic training exacts.

* * *

IN the other camp are those who, quite rightly, believe in the dictum of the great Ingres—"Drawing is the honesty of Art;" they believe, that unsleeping propaganda has elevated Picasso and company to unwarranted authority; that we in Ceylon must drop our fashionable affectations, and self-satisfaction in superficialities and our panicky fear of that much misunderstood word "academic."

There is yet another Group—the Oriental Group from whom very little creative work has emerged; Archaism and the Sigiriya-Ajanta—

Santiniketan cult has hitherto bogged down these artists in a welter of sentimentality; but it is not generally realised that modern European art owes no small debt to the art of the East—it is in fact an off-shoot of a great Oriental tree. The Eastern artist who sees in French Post Impressionism a truly significant outlook is not copying the art ideals of modern Europe but reverting to the principles which underlie the art of his own country. The future of painting in Ceylon does not lie in mere eccentricity nor does it lie in the production of insipid work which has a superficial resemblance to the ancient art of bygone centuries.

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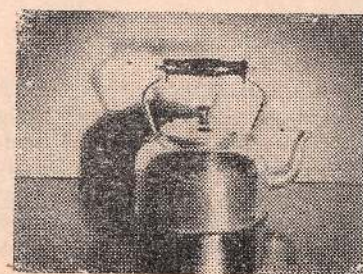
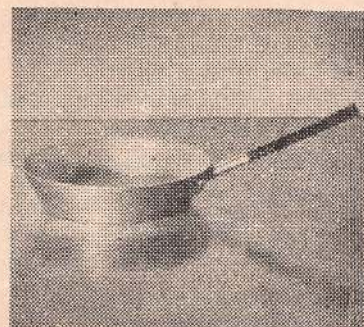
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A CHRISTMAS ENCOUNTER

By B. H.

(Continued from page 23)

Nobody except my friend and I appeared to be noticing him at the moment, and as I looked I saw a bony hand steal out, flick a small bundle of tiny, unboxed crackers off the display stand, and tremblingly, clumsily, transfer them to the inside of his loosely fitting coat.

In the same moment a whistle sounded and I saw a distant street-door close. I knew the signal and guessed he had been seen. In a moment I was on his other side, between him and the crowd.

"Give me them quick!" I said urgently, "and anything else you've taken. Don't worry, I'll pay for them."

It is not my habit to aid and abet sneak-thieves, but something in his face had touched me, or was it the influence of the Christmas Spirit on

his other side? He pushed a few things into my hand. The haul was pitifully small . . . a packet of dates, a stick of chocolate, some Christmas tree candles and the paltry little crackers. I began to talk in a loud cherry voice as a salesman approached us:

"Is this really all, Mr. Fernando? I'll just pay for these and then we'll go to the Toy Department and afterwards to the Drapery. You must have a toy each for the children and something for the wife."

The goods were paid for, the doors re-opened. Few people had noticed the alarm. As I led the way back down the stairs I had just ascended, the little man stood still and stopped me with tears in his eyes.

"I haven't any wife or kids and my name's not Fernando," he said, "but God bless you! It was for my little sister and she's in the Lady Havelock. The nurses told me

she'd been praying every night for Santa Claus to bring her something for her stocking. Other years there was always something, but this year—" he stopped and gulped—"I lost my job a month ago, and she got appendicitis and they took her away. There's nobody but me to look after her."

"Come on," I said, "let's go and choose something thrilling. Does she like dollies? How old is she? Do you know, I believe I could help you find a small job, temporarily anyway. It might help to tide you over."

* * *

AT the foot of the stairs I remembered the Christmas Spirit and turned to see if he was with us. He was close beside me for one moment. In the next he had vanished into thin air, but his whispered comment was for my ears alone: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren . . ."

* * *

"SO that's who you are," I murmured. "No wonder the Spirit of Christmas is unquenchable!"

FOND MEMORIES

(Continued from page 13)

My friend will visit the Buried Cities and also the Game Sanctuary at Yala. So he will see a cross section of the Resthouses. I hope he will find that Tissa Resthouse has been fitted with modern conveniences. Of Resthouses I thought it was located in the most attractive position of all.

* * *

IN conclusion I should like to take this opportunity of congratulating the Editor of the *Ceylon Fortnightly Review* on the high standard of journalism that he maintains, an example to all periodicals. I send to all his readers my hearty X'mas greetings and wish them the best of fortune in the New Year.

A CHRISTMAS IN CYPRUS

(Continued from page 47)

Christ was nailed upon the true Cross. Behind the said chapel is another small chapel in which is the said Holy Cross of the good thief. And know that this Holy Cross is a thing wonderful to be seen, for it is very great and thick and is borne in the air, yet you shall not be able to see that anything bears it and when one touches it shakes much."

* * *

THIS miracle is not concerned with our subject—a miracle which is also confirmed by later pilgrims in their descriptions. The devoutness and credulity of the Middle Ages' pilgrims were great virtues, and if connected with illusion, it is not unnatural that they made *Seigneur d'Anglure* see, on

New Year's Day, 1396, the Cross hanging in the air without means of support.

ALONG YALA'S JUNGLE TRAILS

(Continued from page 51)

THE sea at Yala was most beautiful, especially when one watched it from the tops of the numerous tall sand-dunes, some of which rose to a height of 50 or 60 feet or more. They were dotted all along the broad beach. Terns and gulls flying over the water, and fishing-crafts tossing about in the distant horizon with its background of fantastic clouds, all added to the loveliness of the scene. It was with sad hearts we said good-bye to the spot.

And thus concluded our enjoyable trip along Yala's jungle trails.

MY MUTWAL MEMORIES

(Continued from page 33)

friends, to toss a bouquet of flowers into the carriage of a Royal visitor. As a child I was told of other Royal visits ; of a handsome midshipman ; of a younger Royal child taking off his clothes under the banquet table ; but I never bothered to check the dates. It was probably in the early eighties.

* * *

BUT "the wave-torn beach" is not yet in evidence. I remember being told that mother as a girl was aware of her father's race-horses having to be shot on the beach. Whether her own mount shared their fate I do not know ; I remember only the carriage-horses when our house extended from the College gate to the sea-front, the base of a triangle at the point of which was Sea View, where old F. H. Pereira lived, and across from that was Sir Muttu Coomaraswamy's large estate. That is best rem-

embered for two things : one is Arthur Scharenguivel's mighty hits at cricket right into the property from the College field, and the other the mild rags of some very important people of the present day who assembled punctually as youngsters to enjoy the promenades when various bands played matinee or moonlight music for the entertainment of the public in these grounds. Here was also the nursery of future cricket clubs.

* * *

AT last we are there ! Here on the foreshore below was the promenade of the early eighties. I have lighted upon a punning reference by the irrepressible Sub-Warden Faulkner to the erosion caused by the operations on the new breakwater and the disintegration of the Esplanade. That is the picture I have sought to lead up to, the picture of the promenade in my

mother's hey-day. Soon after, she was married to the eligible young curate who had come from Jaffna a few years before for his schooling and graduation from College and the Divinity School, very soon to follow in the line of Sub-Wardens Faulkner and Gethen. He wore mutton-chop whiskers—and there is another fading memory. The Dutch called them *bokkenbaardje*—goat's beard—and the Sinhalese made it *bokkumbara*.

In the evening of their life my parents returned to Mutwal—and the shadow of the Cathedral—and their eldest son trod where they had trod, in their steps.

WANDERING IN PALESTINE

(Continued from page 27)

stayed was a Doctor of Laws from Breslau. It was nothing unusual to hear labourers weeding a lawn singing snatches of opera. The dignity of labour was a real thing among those Jewish pioneers.

* * *

THE Jewish portion of Palestine was a synthesis of world Jewry. German architects like Mendelssohn were planning the new buildings. There was a slightly Parisian air about the shops of Tel Aviv. American influence was seen in farming. Many of the agricultural experts had been trained in Berkeley and other Californian universities. There were Hungarian restaurants and Rumanian music. Many of the men in administrative posts and politics, like Ben Gurion, were of Russian origin, while Dr. Weizman and Norman Bentwich had come by way of England.

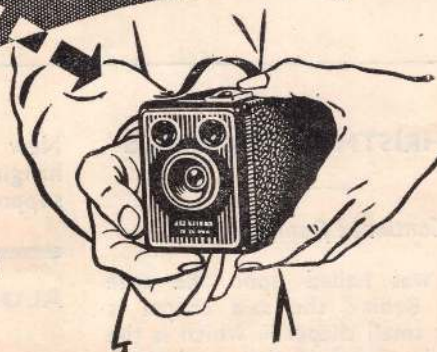
* * *

THE Jews are a fascinating people, brilliant, artistic, clannish and successful. They have the defects of their qualities and are not always welcome in communities where they outstrip others by their determination, hard work and self-help. They were too smart for the Arabs. In war, aided as they were by much stronger powers, the Jews were able to defeat and expel Arabs from the land which had been their home for two thousand years. But such is the unpredictable course of history and nothing which we can say about it can alter the situation.

It occurs to me now that one of the reasons why I went to Palestine was to learn the best way of growing oranges. I had bought some land near Pannipitiya and was hopeful of establishing a citrus orchard. But that is another story.

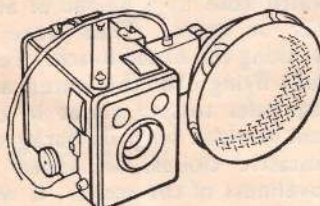
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