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# THE CEYLON CAUSIERIE

COLOMBO, JANUARY, 1934.

CEYLON'S NEW GOVERNOR



Photo by Platé Ltd.

Sir Reginald Stubbs, G.C.M.G., arrived on the 23rd December, and assumed duties as Governor of Ceylon.

SAUER



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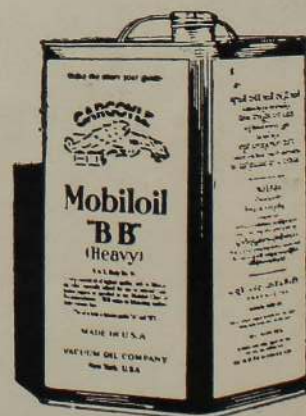


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# The PASSING HOUR

By The Editor

THE arrival and swearing-in of His Excellency Sir Reginald Stubbs, as Governor of Ceylon, was undoubtedly the outstanding event of the past month. There are many who hope that it will prove to be the outstanding event of the old year. They look to His Excellency to inaugurate a regime of closer co-operation with the representatives of the people, in furthering the best interests of the country. In this connection His Excellency's firm reminder, that the interests of any one section of the people, can

very much fear that there are many to whom such a doctrine will sound strange. The truth often does sound strange. But the sooner it is accepted, the better it would be for all parties.

The task ahead of His Excellency is by no means easy. Politically the country is divided into two camps; those who would shatter the Donoughmore Constitution to bits, to remould it nearer to their hearts desires, and those who fear to fly from evils they know of to those they know not of. In the economic sphere while there are some signs of improving conditions, the "tail end" of the depression, has not, as His Excellency gently reminded the L. C. P. A. representatives, been seen as yet. Although tea is fetching better prices, and the possibility of rubber restriction gives hopes of better times for this product, the coconut industry which is the mainstay of the permanent population, appears to have reached its lowest ebb, and unless a quick and effective means is found to improve the position those who depend on this product will be ruined. These are matters which are in the charge of the people's representatives in the State Council, but an experienced and able Governor, like Sir Reginald Stubbs, can do much by his advice to help towards a solution of these difficulties. Great hopes are built on His Excellency's regime proving one of real benefit to the country, and we trust those hopes will be fulfilled.

Ceylon's share in the New Year Honours is very meagre, there being but four recipients. The Knighthood conferred on the Chief Secretary has been long overdue. Sir Francis Tyrrell (or will be elect

to be known as Sir Griemer) is however to be heartily congratulated on his conspicuous services to the Island being recognised by a Knight Commandership of the Order of the British Empire. The award of this high honour is in itself an indication that Sir Francis' services have been out of the common. It fell to his lot to take up the new office of



DEWAN BAHADUR, I. X. PEREIRA, M.S.C.

Chief Secretary under the Donoughmore Constitution from the very able hands of Sir Bernard Bourdillon, and he soon proved that he was more than equal to the task. Others honoured by His Majesty are Capt. E. S. P. Carrad and Mr. Martinus C. Perera who receive the M. B. E. and N. H. M. Bowden, who receives the O. B. E.

Last but not least, comes the honour of Dewan Bahadur conferred on Mr. I. X. Pereira, nominated member of the State Council, and senior partner of the well-known firm of F. X. Pereira & Sons, Colombo, by the Indian Raj. We believe this is the first occasion when an Indian, permanently settled in Ceylon, has been honoured by the Indian Government. The Pereira family, however, though long resident in this Island have large interests in Tuticorin, and their benefactions in that State are many and substantial. But the honour bestowed on Mr. Pereira is perhaps due more to his lively interest on behalf of the Indian residents and labourers in Ceylon. Whatever the cause, his many friends will join in heartily congratulating Mr. Pereira on the honour conferred on him,



SIR FRANCIS TYRRELL, K. B. E.

hardly be considered as distinct from, or different to, that of any other section, deserves to be coned over and taken to heart. While cordially responding to the plea made by Sir Henry de Mel on behalf of the permanent population, Sir Reginald Stubbs, made it clear that their interests could be furthered, without doing hurt to those of others. We



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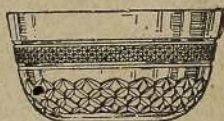
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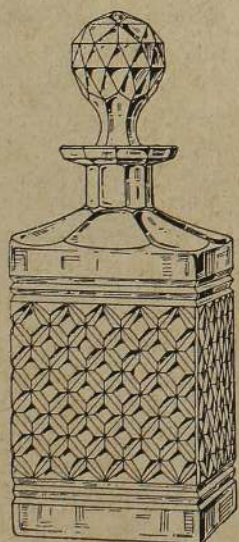
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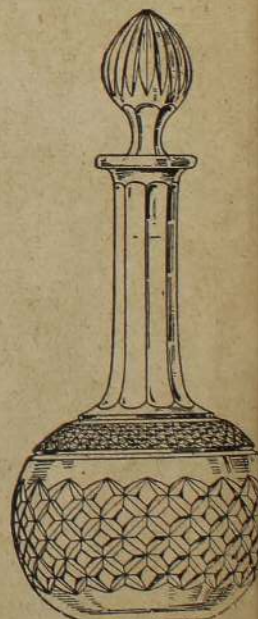


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# Round the Empire on a Wireless Magic Carpet.

HIS MAJESTYS "GOD BLESS YOU ON X'MAS DAY."

By Catherine Adams.

THE announcement of His Majesty's presence, intimating that he is ready to speak to his people, will always bring a great thrill. This Christmas Speech broadcast by the King to the Empire, was a dignified but very human message, full of fine thoughts and hopes for the well-being of "my world-wide family," as he so happily expressed it. Throughout this intensely human "document" the keynote was—the welfare, progress, and happiness of his people. His Majesty's address concluded with very kindly Christmas Greetings to all "and especially to the children!" A slight pause, then, very feelingly;—"To all—God bless you!"

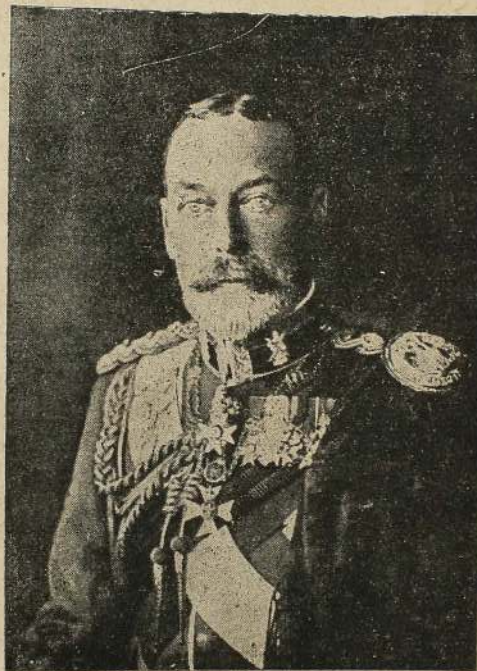
## The British Empire Magic-Carpet.

Away we went! From link to link of the long, long chain of the British Empire.

The first heavy links had been forged of iron, roughly but strongly, many centuries ago. Many more links have been forged since, and welded to that ever lengthening chain. Century by century the work went on, until on this Christmas Day of 1933, the members of the Empire could make, if so minded, a right—royal progress round the whole world! And this is achieved by that *invisible* chain, of "Wireless." Marvellous!

When the Relay started we feared trouble in getting proper Reception. The trouble seemed to be concerned with London. After Colombo, we tried Bombay, Calcutta and Sydney. Sydney gave better results but still a great disturbance. Back to the Colombo Station again and "hats-off!" to that Station! They had succeeded in righting what was wrong, reception was much clearer. By degrees it became better still,

and though we had missed most of the descriptive programme—"Christmas in the Home Country" (England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales) we came well "to earth" when we found ourselves at the bottom of a



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Welsh Coal-Mine in the company of a very cheery manager or foreman, who explained how the miners had to spend their Christmas in the mine. We heard the terrible grinding noise made by the "Cage" coming down the Shaft, and later returning to the surface. An awful depth. But they were cheery fellows down there. The hope was expressed that we were all sitting by a jolly good fire and burning good Welsh coal, perhaps from that very mine? Next, the spokesman told us of a Choral Christmas Festival then being held at—was it Abergavenny? Anyway it was—"up the Valley!" and he wished he

could be there. But we should hear it, "whatever!"

Away faded the mine and we could hear that big Welsh Choir singing magnificently. Next, to Rugby Wireless-Station. Thence to a Light house!

I thought the Keeper said—"From St. Mary's Island" which is one of the Scillies. I was challenged later as to this, so wait for corroboration. The Lighthouse completed the Messages from *within* the British Isles. The Magic Carpet was waiting.

## Calling up Links in the Chain.

The first link was Ireland, London calling Dublin, who replied that they were enjoying fine Christmas weather. Dublin then sent a call to the Bermudas, the next link being Ottawa. Ottawa, after reminding us of the many other links stretching over the vast spaces of Canada, called up New Zealand. It should be stated that each Station called, had quite two minutes' talk. It was a big jump from Ottawa to New Zealand, and a difference in time. Not yet 10 a.m. Christmas Morning in Ottawa, but New Zealand gave the time as 3 a.m. *Boxing Day*.

Astonishing that we received such pleasant greetings! With an extra one from a Maori. Sydney, the next link where the sentiments seemed strongly patriotic. Next link—Bombay, who called up Cape Town. Cape Town with probably the odd minute to spare, was quite chatty. It was 5 p.m. on Christmas Day and the sun still shining on the top of Table Mountain.

Clear sky, calm sea. They were 17 days from England by steamer, and 10 days by Air-liner. An Afrikaner greeting followed, all very interesting. Time up to call up London and complete the last link. London replied "Good-bye Cape Town. Thank you!" with emphasis



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ME SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE  
ANOTHER SHELL STUNT,  
GORDON . . .





# "Ye Olde Caboodle."

ONE OF COLOMBO'S QUEER CLUBS.

By J. C. van Sanden.

CEYLON too has its meed of queer clubs. From having been at one time the luxury of leisured idleness in the provincial towns, the craze has eventually invaded the metropolis and I can speak with first hand information regarding at least one such institution in Colombo. This is "Ye Olde Caboodle" which has its habitat in North Colombo, where also was located the first social Club in this country in British times. This used to be the ancient "Whist" or "Coconut Club," concerning which hardly a year passes without some reference in the local daily or periodical press.

The "Quoits Club" at Colpetty, which is frequently mentioned as a contemporaneous institution with the "Whist Club," was really of later origin, although the two are known to have co-existed, so to speak, at one period. The name of Marshall is intimately associated both with the "Whist" and the "Quoits" Clubs, and it is erroneously thought by some that whilst Charles Marshall, the Judge, lived at "Whist Bungalow,"—which however received this name at a later date,—that it was his namesake "Old Iniquity," or Henry Marshall, Auditor General, that made his home in a Colpetty bungalow, which afterwards became the "Quoits" Club. This is not so, of course. The occupant of "Whist

Bungalow" some time later moved into Colpetty, where he started the other Club. The Mutwal bungalow was then occupied by Marshall's "Brother-in-Law," Henry Matthew, who also was a judge of the Supreme



"Ye Olde Caboodle" Club House

Court, and it was here that his son, afterwards Lord Llandaaff, a member of Gladstone's Cabinet, was born.

However that may be, let us return to "Ye Olde Caboodle" which unlike its distinguished predecessor was not the birthplace of a Peer, since this club-house is nothing less than a disused motor omnibus which has seen better days. Indeed, in this age of mobility and speed, there would be nothing incongruous in a domestic occurrence of this kind taking place in a bus, but in the sophisticatedness of today the ancient vogue of the cattle trough

has long ceased to be the approved mode of beginning one's existence on this planet, even for our Fords and B. M. Rodrigues. In any case, this particular 'bus is at least the birthplace of "Ye Olde Caboodle."

Like the Coconut Club of old, "Ye Caboodle" too changed its name after a while, for it was known earlier as the "Wednesday Club" by reason of its meetings being held on that day of the week. But "Wednesday" was later abandoned, as too sober a designation for an institution in which "Whisky and Water" was an important item on the agenda of every meeting. The

mention of water must not however be construed to mean that any of the members of this Club were total abstainers from spirituous drinks, and that they drank water alone, like oxen horses and asses. That is not so. Withal, it is an essential qualification for membership that the applicant is a Temperance man, and this he proves by the addition of a little water to his whisky in token of his temperate character, for whisky tempered with water makes good blood; and good blood makes good humours;

and good humours promote good thoughts; and good thoughts are the way to Heaven. Ergo, whisky and water is the way to Heaven!

Another reason for the change of name from that of the "Wednesday Club" to "Ye Olde Caboodle" was owing to the circumstance that meetings were not always held on Wednesdays. In the earlier days of the Club, however, this difficulty was overcome by tampering and tinkering with the Calendar on the ground that in its present form it has been altered so completely beyond recognition, that



a further arbitrary adjustment proposed by an iconoclastically inclined member was eventually agreed upon, for the very cogent reason that there was no one who consented to the change.

Meetings later came to be held on any day of the week when it was most convenient, but the hour was at all times precisely the same. The outward symbol that the Club is "in session" is the draping of the outsides of the much travelled vehicle with what used to be at one time a curtain. Any way, the external "togger" is so manipulated by dexterous hands, that whilst it screens those within, it is possible for them to observe what is happening in the precincts outside.

The rules of this Club are few and simple, and although they may seem contradictory and in mutual conflict on occasion, the Constitution has proved to be an admirable working proposition, which puts the Donoughmore Commissioners to the blush, and sets up a model and paragon for the State Council.

The first rule of "Ye Olde Caboodle" is that there should not be any rules.

Rule 2 enjoins severe penalties on any member who is caught observing any rule; and the third of the trinity of these major laws, is that any rule that has not been transgressed three times already, should be regarded as effete and unworkable and removed from the Thombos of the Club.

There is, however, one over-riding principle, which is always rigidly enforced, and that is that the President, or Prime Caboodler, has the power of certifying his own mistakes and errors of judgement, and the secret of the inviolability of this principle is that it never has been so far formally or even informally approved as part of the constitution governing the Club.

The office-bearers of the Club consist of the Prime Caboodler and the Secretary-General, who is also the Thombo-holder and Keeper of the Seal and Corkscrew. Amongst other multifarious and undefined duties, it is the business of the latter to keep a detailed record of everything that transpires at the meetings of the Club, but if his minutes bear reference to anything that has actually happened in that connection, he is severely censured and peremptorily removed from office. The two offices

were, at the time of which I am speaking, held by a hard-boiled journalist and a well-intentioned Excise Inspector, who has had a short but picturesque career in that capacity, and generously quitted the service in its own interests, and to the great relief of certain purveyors of liquid refreshment of an exhilarating character in the district where he had been operating.

A quorum of three is necessary before a meeting can be held, and this third person is invariably an obliging friend in the neighbourhood, who was later elected to membership owing to his accommodating disposition in this connection. This particular individual was a person of wide travel, particularly in Central Europe, where he had a long sojourn during the period that the currency of that country was so inflated that one took his money to market in a barrow. His official designation in the Club is "Caboodler One" and his other qualification to membership is his claim to financial experience, which he is bursting to place at the disposal of the Urban District Councils and Buddhist Schools of Ceylon. It is to his genius that we owe the numerous Auction Cheetu Clubs now so prolific in Colombo, but before he could have gone far enough in the consolidation of the centralising influence which he had been hoping to import into these institutions, he heard Germany calling—and answered the call. Being a hundred per cent Sinhalese, with the capital "S," it is reported that he had a slight difference of opinion with Hitler regarding the Aryan Question, and at the time of writing has returned to Ceylon again—with a new conquest.

No meeting of "Ye Olde Caboodle" is held unless there is a new member to be initiated, and the manner and method of doing this is best described by relating the procedure at one of its meetings which is typical of the others.

Punctually at 6 p.m. the members line up in a queue, led by the Prime Caboodler, who enters the 'bus in silence followed by the others. Having first deposited a sum equivalent to six rupees and fifty cents in the current coin of the realm, which is the only levy made for all time on each member, the neophyte is permitted to participate in the

(Continued on page 21.)

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# The Lure of the Southern Coast.

By E. H. V.

NO portion of the picturesque coast line of Ceylon is so familiar as the Southern. In the old days when visitors to Ceylon landed at Galle, their first impressions of the luxuriance of our tropical scenery were derived in the seventy two miles of costal journey to the metropolis. Quite apart from the question of accessibility however, the southern coast with its stretches of wide-reaching ocean, sheltered coves and picturesque headlands, has a beauty which lingers in the imagination.

The Southern Province begins at Bentota, and the last town of importance on the long stretch of sea coast is Hambantota. It is curious that one single syllable almost effects the change from Bentota to Hambantota, though over a hundred miles of road lie between.

The Bentota river is referred to in old writings as the *Alican* river, which is a Portuguese corruption of Alutgama, where the railway station now stands.

The Rest House, which was much frequented in coaching days had a great reputation, from the days of Cordiner, for its oysters. There was once a traveller, who had an unfortunate experience with these oysters and expressed his sufferings in verse in the Rest House Book. The next visitor retorted as follows:

The poet was quite in luck's way,  
Things might have been very much worse;  
He would have been dreadfully sick,  
Were the oysters as bad as his verse."

Ernst Haeckel the author of "A visit to Ceylon," refers to the ancient and fish-like smell which proceeds from the long line of bazaars extending from the Bentota Rest House grounds. The experienced traveller in Ceylon realises the appositeness of the German's quotation from Shakespeare. The unpleasant impression is however confined to the bazaar quarter and is short lived.

The heaving sea, dashing itself in white breakers, and the monsoon bending the coconut tufts with its strength bring a pungent, refreshing odour and delight the eyes.

The Rest House overlooks the sea and river from rising ground and provides safe sea-bathing for which a pavilion is now provided. This is about the only recreation one can now expect. Alas, for the good old days when snipe and teal fell plentifully before the visitor's gun.

The next halting place is Ambalangoda, a town which practically merges into Balapitiya and provides a long run of costal road and variegated scenery. The traveller who arrives at Ambalangoda Rest House—turning in at the gates, sees a long vista of blue sea framed in the doors of the spacious dining room. The atmosphere is Dutch, for the spacious Rest House with its large and lofty rooms was a Dutch store house, and you garage your car in a building in the Rest House grounds, which was once a church and a school room.

Those who like sea-bathing with a sense of security, would appreciate the natural basin of rocks which lies directly behind the rest-house and guarantees safety in the roughest monsoon.

Hikkaduwa Rest House, to which a wing of rooms, open to the sea, has been recently added, is less frequented by visitors than it deserves to be, owing to its nearness to Galle.

The ancient city of Galle completely surrounded by the Dutch ramparts, from which pleasing vistas of land and sea and distant hills can be seen, is not so somnolent as first impressions would lead one to believe. Among the vestiges of Dutch occupation are the suriya trees, which afford grateful shade to its curiously narrow streets.

Probably the finest sea-bathing in Ceylon is provided by Weligama Bay, and Weligama Rest House would take a place in the very front rank of Ceylon Rest Houses, if some means could be discovered to rid it of its plague of flies. Among those who have yielded to the spell of Weligama may be named Ernst

Haeckel, whose rhapsody "Bella gemma, lovely gem," is not undeserved, and the Count de Mauny, who has converted his island home in Weligama Bay, to a veritable fairy land.

The late Rev. H. L. Mitchell, Colonial Chaplain attached to the Galle Dutch Church, wrote that one of the most attractive views in Ceylon was that from the Matara bridge as one approached the gateway of the Dutch fort. The esplanade, the wide view of the sea, with Poulier's island in the foreground, and the picturesque ramparts make a charming picture, while the air of quite repose which characterises this typically Dutch town, steals into one's soul. The Rest House has lost its old verandah facing south, and one wonders why the lounge on the sea front has not been planned on a more generous scale. The great gulf which begins at the mouth of the Nilwala-ganga, passes the rocky cliff of Brown's Hill and ends at Dondra Head, would be enjoyed to better advantage from a long stretch of wide verandah. I trust the energetic Urban Council of Matara will add this item of attraction to their attractive town, and draw the full stream of visitors which its scenic beauty and its history deserve.

The calm beauty of Tangalle Bay with its rippling waters is the glory of the Southern coast. Indeed it has often been compared to the Bay of Naples, with the reservation that you can enjoy its loveliness without any offence to your sense of smell. Here again the modern improvements to the Rest House have removed what there was of a lounge facing the sea.

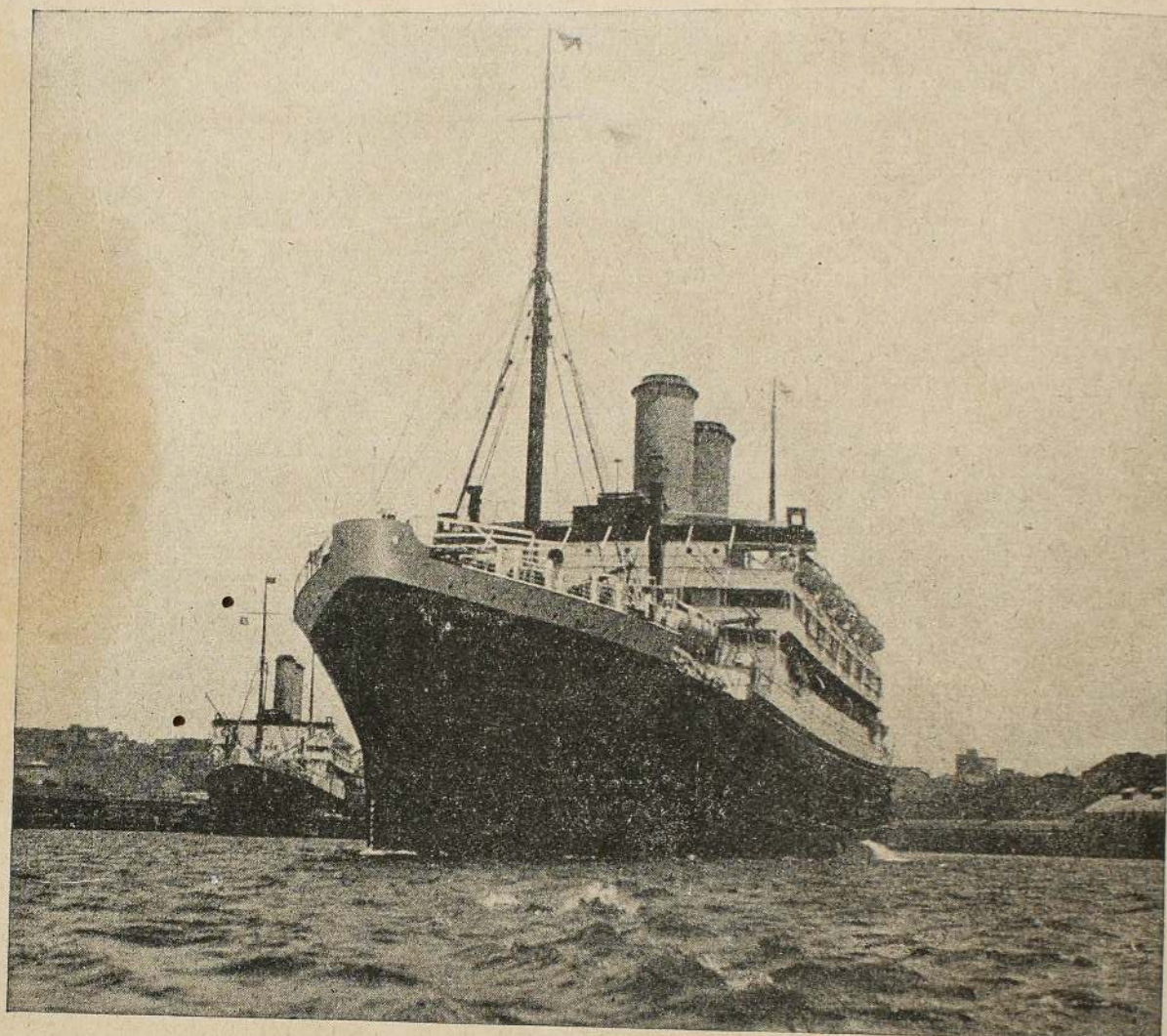
It is well to end on a note of supreme satisfaction, and that is the good fortune of those who visit Hambantota Rest House.

The dry, stimulating air fans your cheeks, as you look down from a bold height to the rolling breakers vanishing in the distant perspective, while the blue hills line the Eastern horizon. It is good to be alive and well.



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# WOODLAND NOTES.

By Hoopoe

THERE is no tonic more invigorating to the jaded mind of the town dweller, than to take a quiet ramble in the countryside and listen to the song of the birds. Cheerfulness is infectious and there is a buoyant optimism in the feathered songsters which steals into the recesses of the mind, dispelling its gloom. It is a sun before whose beams the mists of despondency 'fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away'. What a healthy enjoyment of life is theirs. "Life is sweet, brother. There's night and day, brother, both sweet things. Sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things. There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever".

Nor does one need to wander far. In the heart of the city one can listen to the Magpie-robin, that cheerful and indefatigable little songster whose friendly overtures, however, are rejected owing to a fanciful and ridiculous superstition that he is the harbinger of evil. But, luckily, he does not know it and if he did, perhaps he would not care. "A merry heart goes all the way" and the heart of the Magpie-robin is always merry. "If you want to know what he can do, look at him and listen to him as he follows the fair disdainful dame and his rival from branch to branch and tree to tree, suffering the ecstatic pangs of a jealous suitor. What a masher he is in his new spring costume, with his black and white tail expanded like a fan, and his glossy black breast at the very point of bursting with the frenzies of song which spout and gush from his swollen throat". He knows it too and is proud of himself and will choose for his stage the top of the weathercock or the most prominent and denuded bough. But we can cheerfully forgive the conceit for the sake of the song.

An equally frequent visitor to the city garden is the Magpie-robin's little cousin, the Black backed Robin,

who is even dearer than the former. He is truly Robinlike in his diminutive size, his perky little ways and his friendliness to man. He is a handsome bird too, in his glossy black coat with a crimson patch on the vent which you can see when, as he frequently does, he jerks up his tail. His song is weaker than that of his more robust relation but he makes up for it in gaiety. His spirit indeed is willing.

Two other habitues of the urban garden are the Tailor bird and the Sunbird, two of the smallest of Ceylon birds. Kipling has immortalised the Tailor bird in his *Jungle Book*, but Kipling has also libelled this little warbler. He is neither vain nor a chatterbox. On the contrary, he is shy and unobtrusive, and the last thing in the world he desires is 'to be admired.' You may live in the same garden with this little bird and meet it day after day, and yet never know that he is married and has a family. The Sunbird, on the other hand, is 'unprofitable gay'. In the mating season he dons his gorgeous costume of purple and gold, and his *tit-oo-ee* can be heard incessantly as he flits like a butterfly from flower to flower. You can recognize him, too, by his curious habit of constantly opening and shutting his wings. Why does he do it? Mr. Warde Flower in his *Summer studies of Birds and Books*, is of opinion that just as a puppy wags his tail when he is pleased, so the dishwashing movement of the Wagtail is an expression of emotion. The Sandpiper wags his tail too. Perhaps he is pleased at his reflection in the water. And the Magpie-robin constantly jerks up his tail and spreads it fanwise whenever he is pleased. Perhaps this explanation will account for the eccentricity of the Sunbird as well.

Our meditations on the subject are rudely interrupted by the harsh scream of the Kingfisher as he flies past—that gorgeous looking bird in his blue coat, white vest and chocolate pants. It is a singular fact that

the most brilliantly coloured birds produce the most discordant notes. A distinguished ornithologist has said that the birds have two ways of making themselves attractive, by melody and by bright plumage. A combination of these two accomplishments is rare. One calls to mind the scream of the Kingfisher, the yaffle of the Woodpecker—not the green Barbet which is not a woodpecker—the harsh scolding of the Indian Roller, miscalled the Blue Jay, and the mocking hoot of the Hoopoe. Even the Golden Oriole although his voice is not unmelodious cannot, with a strict regard for truth, be called a songster. His call always puts one irresistibly in mind of a Sinhalese fishwife who has lost her temper. And most of our songsters are sober of hue, the Lark, the Drongo, the Pipit. An exception is the Green Bulbul or *Chloropsis*, a bright little green bird with a patch of black on chin and throat.

But to return to our muttons. We were talking of the city and song birds and one more bird is worthy of mention. It is the Red-vented Bulbul, a familiar household pet. His vocal efforts are nothing to boast of, but he is tame and affectionate. He will sit outside your window and look at you with friendly eyes; then cock his head in a cheery way and say "Prick-willow, Prick-willow". He has a little crest on his head, which is not so much a crest as a shock of dishevelled hair, which gives him an irritable appearance. But the Bulbul is the rankest of avine optimists.

It is surprising that more people who have ample opportunities, for investigation and observation do not take more kindly to the study of natural history. It is, for one thing, eminently fitted to beguile the tedium which often falls to the lot of most dwellers in town. Besides, to quote Lord Grey, "The love and appreciation and study of birds is something fresher and brighter than the second-hand interests and conventional amusements in which so many in this day try to live; the pleasure of seeing and listening to them is purer and more lasting than any pleasures of excitement and, in the long run, happier than personal success."



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# A Sports Causerie.

By "Wanderer."

## M. C. C. IN INDIA.

MUCH was expected—for India—from the arrival in Bombay on December 6, of the M. C. C. tourists. During the previous month three Indians had hit centuries against them, and, generally speaking it was expected that Bombay, as the cradle of Indian cricket, would put up as good a show as had yet been made against Jardine and his men. But what happened? A strong Parsee team designated Bombay Presidency and, a Bombay City team, were practically swept off their feet just prior to the first Test.

Enthusiasm was, however, at fever heat when the day came for the first big trial of India's might at home with England. Record crowds surged the grounds and fabulous prices had perforce to be

refused for seats. But except for a third day packed with thrills, did India's thousands reap sufficient reward for all this lavish expenditure of enthusiasm?

The crowd's delight must have been great to see Amarnath, India's hero of the tour so far, make, in his first appearance, the first Test century for India—for it was acclaimed as being as dazzling a display as has been known in the whole history of these gargantuan struggles. At the same time India's gallant skipper—battered and bruised in the fray—held the other end, compelled to figure in a role foreign to him. But the fact fully emerged from C. K. Naidu's 67, that India's Captain was rightly chosen.

The run of the match otherwise must have made it definitely clear to those who would have nothing but England's best, that Jardine's little lot were quite capable of representing England in India *today*, qualifying, in the process to stand for their country in a wider sphere *tomorrow*.

But it is to be hoped that Naidu and his men came by many useful lessons from their 9 wickets' defeat, and that the remaining two tests will see them getting to closer grips, if not to victory.

## SOCCER.

During the hectic time that usually follows the opening of "Shopland" in December, our sportsmen contrived somehow to get in nearly a glut of sport.

The concluding stages of League and Cup-tie soccer were fraught with scenes of wildest enthusiasm,



A slip 'twixt the grass and the ball! A "snap" in the final of the "Times Cup."

and it was perhaps fitting that a team designated "The Saints," were foremost in the provision of the thrills. St. Michael's Club has now a page all to itself in the history of local soccer. Having won the Reserve Division Championship, their first team proceeded first to take the senior honours in the League, and then to swamp a much improved C. H. & F. C. side in the final of the "Times Cup."

This performance must stand unrivalled for years, unless other teams will straightaway endeavour to enumerate the same degree of thoroughness that characterised the triple title-holders.

## TENNIS.

The Colombo Tennis Championships marked a new departure, and though the inaugural Meet was not supported as well as it might have been, tennis of a high order was seen in it. The honours of this opening meet went to a young lady player, Miss Amy Rock, who took all three titles. On her own she beat a capable exponent in Mrs. E. Travers; while, partnered by Miss N. Obeyesekere and Dr. C. H. Gunasekera, she annexed the Ladies and Mixed Doubles respectively. Her partner in the latter event came very near to doing the same. But he was surprisingly beaten by his partner in the Men's Doubles, P. E. Perera, in the semi-final of the Men's Singles. This young Lawn

(Continued on page 23.)



MISS AMY ROCK.



?

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# WEDDED.



Dr. W. L. P. Dassanayake and Miss Constance Vallaria Millicent Cooray.

Photo by Plâté Ltd.



Photo by Plâté Ltd.

(Left) Dr. E. S. Winn and Miss Gwyn Daniel;

(Right) Mr. V. M. Ludowyk A.S.P. and Miss Markus.



## TRIPLE CHAMPIONS.



*Photo by Plâte Ltd*

St. Michael's Soccer team which played "The Rest" in an interesting match last month.

## THE ANNUAL REGATTA.



*Photo by Plâte Ltd.*

The teams in the Madras vs. Colombo Encounter which was won by Colombo.



## ARTS & CRAFTS.

A very much needed reminder, to those who "really wish to help local crafts" to do so in a practical manner by purchasing the articles turned out by local craftsmen, was made by Mr. E. E. Davidson, Assistant Director of Education in inviting the Minister of Education to open the Industrial Schools Exhibition, which was held recently at the Technical College.

This was the first Exhibition of its kind to be held, and Mr. Davidson pointed out that the object was two fold, first to give the public some idea of what was being done in the industrial schools, and second to serve as an object lesson to the different industrial school instructors and pupils. But it is to be doubted whether an Exhibition such as this will have the full effect which Mr. Davidson desires, at least so far as the public is concerned, unless it is followed by such active propaganda as will bring the output of these schools continually before the public. For this purpose more advertising is essential, and Depots should be established not only in Colombo but in other large towns as well throughout the Island.

But the lack of propaganda is surely no excuse for the indifference shown by the public towards local crafts. To judge by results, the encouragement of local industries, is like one of those pious resolves that Punch is reported to make with mathematical regularity on the last day of each year, only to forget all about it the following day. Hence the struggle for existence which such concerns as the Arts and Crafts for instance are faced with. Yet what a wealth of excellently made goods are to be found in this institution.

Particularly when purchasing presents should the establishment of Arts and Crafts in the Fort be visited. The whole art of giving presents lies in the suitability of the gift; a visit to such institutions as Arts and Crafts will solve many a gift problem. Here will be found a charming array of useful gifts and inexpensive presents set out in a manner which makes selection

a delight and in surroundings which are the pleasantest.

To shop at Arts and Crafts is indeed a pleasure and it is a revelation as to the wide range of very useful and lasting gifts which may be secured in Ceylon. A Ceylon made gift will always have a different significance.

Paintings from the brushes of Ceylon's best artists too are tastefully hung up for sale. These being Ceylon sceneries make excellent souvenirs.

## A Sports Causerie.

(Continued from page 13.)

Club member has been playing outstanding tennis recently. His enforced retirement in the Singles final was regrettable, but it helped that dour fighter, Sam L. Pieris, to achieve a high honour in the evening of his tennis career.

Later in the month Dr. Gunasekera atoned by beating G. O. Nicholas convincingly in the Govt. Services senior championship.

## THE REGATTA.

A highly successful Regatta of the Colombo Rowing Club was in full swing on the picturesque Beira in Mid-December. Fitting finis was written to it on the 16th when Colombo wrested a long denied honour from Madras in the Challenge Fans.

Earlier, Madras represented by J. L. Anderson (bow) S. A. Bindon (str) and E. Amies (cox) had annexed the Julius Pairs Oars beating Colombo, F. M. Webster (bow) H. S. M. Hoare (str) and J. E. Reeves (cox). This contest was so keen that only 3 feet divided the boats when a dead-heat was rowed in better time later the same evening.

In the Fans, Colombo represented by J. R. H. Beadon (bow) G. A. Lasbrey, G. R. Laming, H. S. M. Hoare (str) and J. E. Reeves (cox) rowing steadily held a heavier team throughout, and winning by a length recaptured the Challenge Cup after three years.

In the Challenge Sculls match, S. A. Bindon of Madras proved better than C. D. Green of Colombo.

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# Women as Creative Artists.

## Talk of Feminine Inferiority Futile.

ONE of the most common arguments used by those who sought to show that women are the inferiors of men, was the inability of women to compete successfully with men in all forms of creative work.

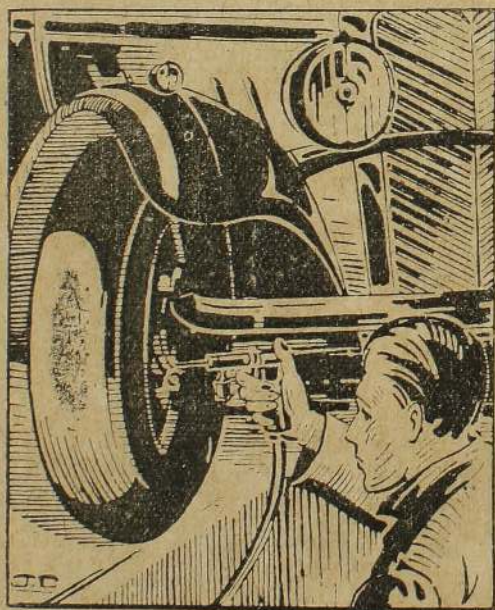
It is when one looks about at what women are doing today, that one sees how very futile is all this talk of feminine inferiority in creative ability. I suppose, to take a branch of creative work which occurs to mind at once, that of the art of writing fiction, women are at least the equals of men today. There was a time when the novels of women, with the few brilliant exceptions of the sisters Bronte and George Eliot, were considered slop and sentimental outpourings.

Look at the writing of the women of today, and one sees at once what remarkable work they are doing. If an impartial judge picked out the twelve cleverest novelists today, he would scarcely be able to omit such names as Sheila Kaye-Smith, Margaret Kennedy, A. I. E. Wylie, Ethel Colburn Mayne, and the incomparable late Katherine Mansfield,

So with painting, one has only to mention the name of Miss Laura Knight, to indicate the type of work which is being done by women painters today. In America, much of the best sculpture is being done by women. Whilst in pure science research, the brilliant work of Madame

Curie, in bottling the gas of radium, places her upon a pinnacle far above the reach of any living man scientist.

One of the real reasons why women have been so long regarded as barren in the realm of art, literature and science, is because they themselves, in obedience to a stupid fashion, pretended that they were non-creative, stupid, but adorable darlings. That was the Victorian outlook. It has passed. We now have the frank claim of women to a place in the world's creative work. Slowly the amazing output of women in every creative activity, is becoming recognised. They are living down a reputation they never really deserved. But to realise that, one must remember that there was a time, not so long distant, when they were considered 'unladylike' if they sought an outlet outside the humdrum round of the home.



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# A Forgotten Author.

THE author I thus refer to is Oliver Wendall Holmes, who at one time was a popular writer, whose books were read with very great avidity, both in England and America. To-day his works,—particularly his poems,—are little known and less read. They are not even stocked in our book shops. This is not because they have no artistic merit (for even Shakespeare and Milton are hardly read at the present time,) but owing to the fact that a "new fashion" in writing has captured the public mind. Holmes' works possess a charm of their own.

By profession Holmes was a medical man, but his professional reputation was overshadowed by his success as a literary man.

Born in 1809,—the same year that gave birth to Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln,—he started life in a happy country home, which no doubt imbued him with that love of nature which is so apparent in his writings.

Holmes' "Breakfast Table Series"—the Professor, Poet and Autocrat—was begun in 1852, in the *New England Magazine*. Writing in Harmsworth's Encyclopaedia, Walter Jerold, referring to this trilogy, says "In them wit and wisdom humour and fancy are blended into a fascinating whole, which is suffused with a broad humanitarianism."

Besides the "Breakfast Table Series," he wrote three novels, viz. "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel" and "A Moral Antipathy"; the biographies of Motley and Emerson; as well as "A hundred days in Europe"; and, in his 80th year, "Over the Teacups." But it was in his poetical works that he excelled most of all.

There is scarcely anything of human thought and feeling that he did not touch in his poetry. His themes ranged from the broadly humorous to the profoundly moral. It was this versatility—the ability to bring himself down to the level of the common place and ridiculous, as well as climb to the height of the sublime—that led some critics to refer to him as a somewhat eccentric and frivolous person, who did not keep with-

in the bounds of literary decorum. But in the opinion of the majority, his versatility is his greatest asset.

Tom Hood could have made his readers shed tears of sorrow as well as tears of laughter; and Holmes was able to poke fun as well as teach philosophy.

Though an American by birth, Holmes' works are singularly free from Americanisms. He wrote not for his own country, but for the world at-large; and his personality stands boldly out in every page.

He had a quaint way of giving his readers sound, practical advice, whenever the opportunity offered. Here are some examples:

"And with new notions let me change the rule—  
Don't strike the iron till its slightly cool."

Again,

"Wear a good hat, the secret of your looks;  
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;  
Virtue may flourish in a white cravat,  
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat."

And many more could be added. His similes, drawn from medical science, are as droll as they are apt; for instance—

"And silence like a poultice comes  
To heal the blows of sound."

Conan Doyle would place Holmes even before Lamb, for his deep knowledge of the practical problems of life, and his ability to touch some note that awakens an answering vibration in the mind and heart of everyone of his readers.

In his preface to his book of collected poems, Holmes, with characteristic modesty wrote—

"These are my blossoms; if they wear  
One streak of morn or evening's glow  
Accept them; but to me more dear  
The buds of song that never blow."

and again, writing in the same strain, he says

"Our whitest pearls we never find,  
Our ripest fruit we never reach,  
The flowering moments of the mind  
Lose half their petals in our speech."

Those who would read the most humorous of Holmes' verses should turn to "The Height of the Ridi-

culous," "The Organ Grinders," "My Aunt," and the ever-popular "One Hoss Shay."

Among the most charming of his sentimental poems are "The last leaf" (which I heard him recite in Edinburgh, on the occasion of his visit to the University which conferred on him the honorary degree of L. L. D.) and "The Chambered Nautilus." This latter, a perfect gem, is undoubtedly Holmes' finest effort, and brings him into line with the great verse writers. It is a poem that every child should be taught to recite. I would have liked to reproduce it here, but that it is too lengthy for this little sketch.

C. D.

## Wolvendal—A Dale of Wolves?

S.G.P. writes—"Your contributor 'E. H. V.' says in his account of the origin and history of Wolvendal Church (The Ceylon Causerie, October 1933) that (1) Wolvendal or Wolvendaal is a "testimony to the jungles which at an earlier period covered this portion of Colombo" and (2) that "Wolvendal is derived from the Portuguese name of the locality *Agoa de Loup*". Both these statements are incorrect and misleading.

The Wolvendal hill was originally known in Sinhalese as 'Boralugoda Hill' (*Rajavalia*). The Portuguese refer to it as The Quarry Hill (Monte de pedraria, Couto); but when they built thereon the church of Our Lady Guadalupe, the hill came to be called by the name of the church. The Dutch called it (het klooster) Agadalapa, the Sinhalese *Adirippu* or *Adilippu* (*Palliya*), the Tamils *Asaruppalli*. Agadalapa soon became 'Acua di Lupo' (Saar) 'Quia de Lupo', 'Agoa de lubo' (Baldaeus), and it was this corrupt name that was misunderstood and translated Wolvendal. The name has thus nothing to do with wolves or jackals as E. H. V. imagines.

It is interesting to note that the ruins of Kotte were utilized in the construction of the Wolvendaal church, and that the bell of Wolvendal, now at Kayman's Gate, comes from the Portuguese church of Kotte (See Archaeological Report 1909).



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## VI.

By Col. E. H. Joseph, V. D.

THE chief debutant in 1913 for Up-country was G. (almost universally known as "Bill") Adams who has made rugger history for Up-country but especially for Uva. His contribution to the success at the game of "Ye Merrie Men" is incalculable, and after 20 years he is still the very life and soul of Uva Rugger. He did not play this year, not having sufficiently recovered after an operation, but as coach and general "whipper-in" he has been all in all to Uva. Last year he led the second XV. of the district as quite an unnecessary concession to alleged encroachments of that implacable enemy *Anno Domini*, for he looks fit enough to hold his own among the best. He has undoubtedly been among the very best of Up-country forwards and skippers. A thorough sportsman, a glutton for work always on the ball, knowing the game inside out and with a keen love for it, he was a priceless leader. May he long continue his interests in the game and to be the chief asset of Uva Rugger. Rev. A. C. Houlder of Kandy, who had done so much for rugger at Trinity College was also seen for the first time in 1913 for Up-country, having proved himself one of the best forwards in the Kandy packs. He is as far as I can recall, the first and only one of those whose collars are buttoned at the back—who has played in this test. Rev. M. A. Noble, now one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Mission at the headquarters in England, played for Dickoya when he was stationed there, but did not find a place in the Up-country XV. They were both very excellent and hardworking forwards but Noble was a little on the light side. Houlder played in several of the matches. R. Rolfe Rodgers was also another "first-timer" for Up-country, and was a valuable asset in the back divisions and played again

in 1914, and after the war in 1920. Up-country scored their second successive and, incidentally, the second of a series of five consecutive victories in 1913 by 16 points to 5. This was S. V. Hasluck's last appearance in this game, as he met his death almost at the commencement of the war. Up-country had in this year and the following year the benefit of that almost irresistible combination at half between J. S. Findlay and C. O. D. Carey, and a rattling three in 1915 in A. E. Walford, who had shone previously in this position. L. Mc D. Robison was Captain of the Colombo side in this and the two following years, and also in 1917.

In 1914 Up-country had a fully decisive victory by 25 to 14. M. A. Young, of the Civil Service, now the Governor of a Colony, played for Colombo this year, for whom A. P. Waddock—the third of the quartet of brothers to play in this series—also was seen for the first time. Bostock and Robison were still going strong, the former bearing the brunt of the attack at three-quarter, and the latter preventing Up-country registering more points by his excellent defence at full back. H. B. T. Boucher was still "in the firing line" for Up-country who had several new-comers in their ranks. D. A. Forbes was one of their stars at "three," as he had been before and played after an interval, his absence being due to his having been "crooked," for the was lightish-built, though very wiry and of the slap-dash order which more than once resulted in his being badly hurt. H. P. G. Young, the present Provincial Engineer, C. P., who had first played at half and then at full back, was, by his successive appearances qualifying for veteranhood. He was a very keen player, and has always had a deep interest in the game.

In 1915, owing to the war, there was no match, and the fixture was not revived till 1920. Meanwhile in 1916, Colombo Captained by A. S. (Tony) Lampard played The Rest, the Colombo side being chiefly composed of members of the Town Guard Artillery (afterwards "B" Co. C. G. A.), while "The Rest," with two exceptions, were of the planting persuasion. Colombo won by 5 points to 3.

In 1917 Ceylon beat the Navy by 13 points to 3, and in 1918 the C. H. & F. C. beat the United Services by 29 points to *nil*. Needless to say that with the War on, the Senior Arm of the Service was not at full strength on the rugger field.

Colombo again took on The Rest in 1919, and with A. B. Ricketts leading them, won by 20 to 12. For Colombo G. Griffith, one of the names best known in local rugger ever since, was seen for the first time at full back, and he was one of the best full backs either side has ever had. He was also a very capable "three." Unfortunately he was prevented owing to official duties from playing after 1924, but did not lose touch with the game taking charge of the whistle instead. Today he is without question about the most capable Referee in the Island. Dakeyne was in charge of "The Rest" for whom Hadden also played as he had done in 1916. R. M. Ash was another prominent forward who did duty. The Police were well represented in the Colombo side by G. H. Ferguson and B. Langram; Beauchamp was as usual a tower of strength and G. Campbell made a capable scrum half for Colombo. W. S. Burnett (then of Kalutara now of Dickoya) the late Golf Champion, and a popular "three" of exceptional ability, played for The Rest both years.

With the return of men after the War the Colombo-Up-country fixture was resumed in 1920. There was a big crop—I will not adopt the trite journalese word "galaxy"—of talent on both sides, the most reputed of the new players being Capt. J. A. Pym, M.C., of the Gunners and the first International player after Pike to be seen on a local Rugger field. Pym was a

(Continued on page 36.)



Mangalore, 15-4-33.

"For 40 years you have supplied me at my Kutchen Huckloo Estate with seeds which I have always found satisfactory."

E. C. Kent.

—:o:—

Jubbulpore, 28-7-33.

"My late wife dealt with you for about forty years and she always found your seed supplies the best available in India; even superior to any costly imported seeds."

P. C. Dutt,  
Bar-At-Law.

—:o:—

Sahranpur, 4-9-33.

"I need not say how I appreciate your consideration to keep your old customers pleased. It is a pleasure to deal with you."

Krishna Prasad,  
I. C. S.



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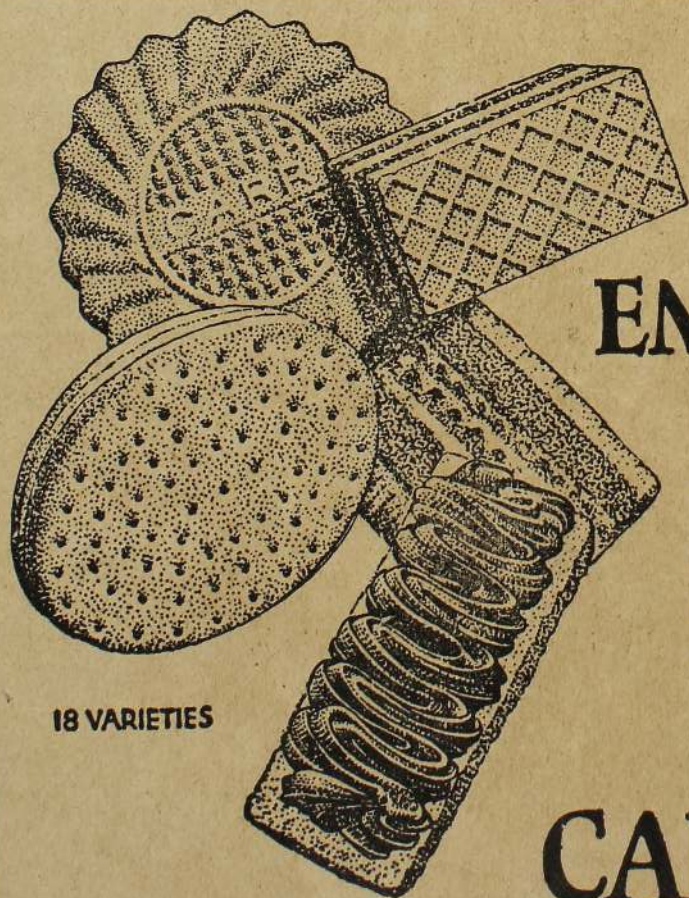
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There are eighteen varieties of delicious biscuits in this popular assortment; medium sweet, cream filled and chocolate coated - - all delightful.

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# The Garden Beautiful.

## II.

By C. Driberg.

AMONG the most showy annuals and biennials grown Up-Country are Carnation, Pansy, Chrysanthemum, Clarkia, Snapdragon (Antirrhinum), Eschscholzia, Linaria, Lupin, Pentstemon, Petunia, Schizanthus, Stock, Sweet-pea, Larkspur, Daisy, Dianthus, Anchusa, Gerbera, Poppy, Salpiglossis, Verbena, Statice, Cornflower, Phlox and Violet.

Of these the following thrive with care in the Low-Country, viz., Chrysanthemum, Snapdragon, Dianthus, Gerbera, Verbena and Phlox, besides Zinnia, Amaranthus, Aster, Balsam, Marigold, Coreopsis, Cosmos, Gaillardia, Lady-lace and Hedychium. Tuberous flowering plants for Up-Country include the Madonna Lily, Gladiolus, Agapanthus, Arum, Belladonna Lily, Tuberous Begonia, Freesia, Iris, Gloxinia, Dahlia, Ixia, Montbretia, Jacobean Lily and Watsonia.

Those which thrive in the Low-Country are Canna, Hippeastum, Amaryllis, Crinum, Gloxinia, Zephyranthes, Achimenes, Caladium, Dahlia and Tuberose.

The Rose ("Queen of Flowers") would appear to thrive best at moderately high elevations, without an excessive rainfall. Nuwara Eliya climate is by no means ideal for the better sorts, though a few hardy varieties (both bush and climber types) grow and bloom freely.

A frequent enquiry received from amateur growers is, how to treat roses. On this subject Macmillan has some useful hints to give:—

As a general rule, he says, Tea Noisette and Bourbon roses, which suit the Low-Country, do not need much pruning, beyond the removal of old and dead wood. Branches that have made vigorous growth or have finished flowering, should be cut back; otherwise the plants will

assume a straggly form. Roses invariably flower on new wood. Thin, spindly shoots should be removed. Hybrid Perpetuals, which are suited to elevations above 3000 ft., are generally benefitted by hard pruning,



Perfect Rose—buds from Messrs Pestonjee P. Pocha's Gardens.

best done about the end of October, so that blossoms may be counted on during the dry spell from February to March. Hybrid Teas also do well Up-Country. At low elevations only moderate pruning is necessary, and this should be done after each crop of blooms is over. At the same time the plants should be cut back and shaped, and the soil forked up and manured.

Roses require to be liberally fertilised. To begin with the soil should be well dressed with cattle manure. Castor cake is also suitable where the former is not sufficiently available. Liquid manure, applied once or twice a week, is to be recommended; and bone-dust,

at the rate of 1/2 lb., per plant, helps to force out the blossoms.

The following has been found a useful mixture, not only for roses, but for all garden plants. Bone-meal 12 parts, sulphate of Potash 10, sulphate of Ammonia 5, and Gypsum 1 part. Apply at the rate of 1/2 lb per bush for roses, and 1/2 lb.. per square yard for other plants.

And in this way, by intelligent selection, careful treatment and some little trouble, a garden can be made to respond to the attention bestowed upon it by its master or mistress, and prove "a thing of beauty" to delight the eye with its wealth of colours, and fill the air with its perfume:—so serving as a "reviving cordial" to its owner, when the day's work is done.

For, as an old writer has said, "There is nothing more refreshing and recuperative to a tired man or woman than sitting in silence, at the end of a hard day's work, in a garden among fragrant and beautiful flowers."

In the silent evening hours, as I sit  
among the flowers,  
In my garden, when the sun sinks in  
the West,  
The honey-sucking bird is neither seen  
nor heard,  
And the busy buzzing bee has gone to  
rest.

The Jasmine o'er the bower pours a  
fragrant floral shower,  
And gay Antigonon's arrayed in pink,  
While the pallid Moon-flower spreads  
its snowy satin heads,  
And the Daisy-buds begin to nod and  
wink.

The Roses (O. how fair!) shed their per-  
fume on the air,  
And Congea tints the porch a rufous  
hue,  
The trellis is bedight with Solanum,  
mauve and white.  
And the borders blaze with blossoms old  
and new.

I know each bud and leaf, and sigh in my  
relief  
To find that nothing stirs to spoil my rest,  
As my daily tedium ends in the company  
of friends—  
To me---of all—the dearest and the best.

I thank Thee, Lord of Earth, who gave  
the flowers birth  
To deck the world and glorify Thy name,  
Whose beauty and whose scent, when the  
garish day is spent,  
Revivify the tired human frame.



**"A**  
**HAPPY NEW YEAR**  
**TO YOU ALL MY DEARS - - - "**

**— Auntie Mary.**

*And here's nice New Year  
news; and Gifts; and lovely  
Prizes and an entirely new*

**COMPETITION**

**== for the ==**

**BOYS & GIRLS!**

*And what is more, you  
Select your OWN PRIZES!*

**READ** *what Auntie Mary  
Says on the opposite page - - -*

**5 PRIZES 5**  
**EVERY MONTH**

*(Three of which can be chosen by the Winners)*

**THERE'S ONE FOR YOU TOO!**

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**Come on Boys!**

**Come on Girls!**

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**WRITE TO "AUNTIE MARY."**



# Ceylon Causerie Children's Page.

## INTERESTING COMPETITIONS: EXCITING PRIZES!

SO many boys and girls have written to us, asking us to have competitions, that we have decided to run our Children's Corner on entirely new lines for the future. We feel sure that many of the young people who read the *Causerie* are good at writing, and to encourage them, our Competitions will be literary for the present.

We had a great discussion about them the other day.

"I want to give really jolly prizes!" said He-Who-Must-Be-Obedied.

"Well, what about books? As they're going to be literary competitions, they'd be the most appropriate," said someone.

"Yes, books are nice; but it's so disappointing if you get a book that you already possess," someone else objected.

"H'm, yes, that's true—and such lots of children get presents of books and we couldn't keep changing the books, if the prize-winners sent them back," said the Editor, looking worried.

"What about a tennis-racket, or a cricket-bat for the boys, and a doll for the girls?"

"But supposing the same boy got another prize in another month or two—it might happen, you know. And as for the dolls, they'd only do for quite tiny little girls."

Then the Editor had a brain-wave. He gets them sometimes!

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, "we'll let them choose their own prizes! Then we can be sure that each prize-winner gets what he, or she, really wants."

And that's what we have decided to do, my dears. Each prize-winner will receive an order for goods up to a certain value, which he, or she, can choose at one of the shops to be selected by the Editor. I am sure this way of giving prizes will be appreciated, as there's always something one would like to buy at the fascinating shops.

So you had better make up your mind to win one of these gifts for yourself, and if you are not one of the lucky ones at first, just keep on trying month by month, until you can proudly show your friends your name amongst the prize-winners.

Of course it wouldn't be fair to expect the little tots to compete against the almost grown-up ones, so we must be divided into classes, according to age.

You, on your part, must remember that the work you send in must be your own un-aided effort. I do hope we shan't have to complain that any work is not original, as anyone who has been found to have sent work copied from another paper or magazine will be debarred from taking part in the competitions for the future.

I should like you to use your own names, not pen-names, and I hope to print a selection of the best efforts received each month, as well as the prize-winning ones.

And now, for the January Competitions—I want those competing in Class "A" to write an essay, not exceeding 250 words, either on "What Christmas meant to me" or on some character or incident from Ceylon history; those in Class "B" must send in an essay not exceeding 150 words on "Had I been Santa Claus" or "My Favourite

Animal." Direct your essays to

Auntie Mary,  
c/o The Ceylon Causerie,  
Messrs. Plàtè, Ltd.,  
Colpetty.

and please see that they arrive at this office not later than January 20th. Essays received later than this will be disqualified.

I don't want to bother you with a lot of rules, but there are just one or two things to be remembered.

1. Please write on one side only, of the paper.
2. Essays in Class A (under 16) must not exceed 250 words in length.
3. Essays in Class B (little people under 12 years of age) must not exceed 150 words.
4. All work must be the original and unaided work of the competitor.
5. Don't forget to sign your name, age, and address at the foot of your essay, and write clearly on the top left-hand corner of the envelope to which Class you belong, Class A. (under 16), or Class B. (under 12), and attach a Competition Coupon which you will find below to your essay.

And these are the lovely prizes the lucky boys and girls will win:—

Class A (boys or girls under 16).

First Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 15.

Second Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 10.

Third Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 5.

Class B (boys or girls under 12).

Two lovely books. One for the best essay sent by a boy under 12, and

one for the best essay sent by a girl under 12.

### CEYLON CAUSERIE, CHILDREN'S PAGE COMPETITION COUPON.

Class..... Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

### CERTIFICATE OF AGE

I certify that..... is..... years  
and..... months.

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....



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# RACING NOTES.

## EXCELLENT SPORT AT GALLE.

**EXCELLENT** fields, a full compliment of jockeys, good dividends, exciting finishes and a perfect track, all combined to make the racing provided by the Galle Gymkhana Club during X'mas week, one of the most successful and enjoyable meets, held for sometime past. Perhaps the fact that the racing was limited to three days instead of four, as before, contributed in great measure to its success. The going was very good, and if no time records were broken, it is due to the fact that the Galle Club have not worked out their own records, but comparison with the Colombo records is by no means unfavourable to the time registered by some of the animals on the Southern Course. Maratib for instance, carrying 7 st. 5 lbs. in the Dondra Stakes, on the second day, covered the 5 furlongs in 1 minute 8 se-

conds, which compares very favourably with the Colombo record over the same distance, of 1. 8 3/5 seconds held by Rosenante, carrying 8.2. It must however be remembered that the Colombo course is 23 yards longer.

The chief prize of the meet—the Governor's Bowl—was carried off by Mrs. W. B. Bartlett's Cairngorm, who ran a splendid race to annex this trophy. The son of Ellangowan by Chalcedony, who it is interesting to recall, was bought for the proverbial "song" at one of the Turf Club sales of griffins, was pitted against such good animals as Aristook, Aniseed (the hottest favourite), Passion, Sultan and Blissful. The Southern Cup run on the first day was, appropriately enough, won by a Southern Province owner, Mr. Deene, when Mozan beat the favourite (January) and incidentally

helped to upset the back of the treble, who had regarded January as a "dead cert." The victory of Silent Man in the Christmas Stakes, and Amal in the Manning Stakes, completed the discomfiture of the "treblers"—all bar one, a visitor from the Maldives, whose lucky star must have been very much in the ascendant, for he scooped up over Rs. 6,000 on the "deal."

Special mention should be made of Sonnenschein and Sorisso (both by Sonning) who ran excellently. The former won the Elpitiya Stakes on the first day, and the Abeysundera Stakes (1 mile in the 1st Div.) most convincingly, and so did Sorisso in winning the Bentota Handicap, over 7 furlongs, in the 3rd Div. carrying a welter burden of 10 st. Promoted to the 2nd Div. he ran twice on the last day in his own class, doing extremely well to run third in the Governor's Bowl after a rest of barely one hour. If these two runs do not put her back, Capt. Fenwick's mare is bound to make history on the local turf.

Not the least pleasing feature of a very successful meet, was the absence of any objections.

## Is Marriage a Failure?

**MOST** women imagine their marriage to be a failure. The first time he goes to business and forgets the good-bye kiss the little bride thinks that romance is dead. His first quarrel and she believes love has left her; the first time he speaks appraisingly of another woman, then she discovers definitely that her marriage is a failure.

She mistakes infatuation for romance, glamour for love: she does not realize what she is doing. But some women make other discoveries, horrible discoveries when their marriage really is a failure, a serious error. Then it is not so easy.

There are three causes of failure in marriage. Wine, women, and weariness. I think the latter is the most prevalent cause because it leads to the others. One can forgive a man infidelity, but the continual way

he has of beginning a sentence, "As I was saying," or his manner of sipping his tea, is often quite unforgiveable. A man may drink, but he may not be dull. Dullness is deadly in matrimony. Love can withstand big shocks, but it cannot withstand monotony: his little habits, his little irritating manners—those are the things that tell in the long run. They wreck more marriages than anything else.

### The Shock of Failure.

I discovered my marriage was a failure, a big failure, with a brutal and stunning suddenness. Most women discover it that way. They have grown so used to looking upon marriage as "till death us do part," upon figuring as the only woman in that man's life, that they cannot visualise any other happening.

Nowadays apparently marriage is not "till death us do part": it is only so long as a woman holds a man and a man holds a woman. It can end any hour. Yet most women blind themselves to this fact and they go on supposing it to be for always until a stray word or an open letter drops suddenly upon them. Then they find their happiness menaced, their citadel stormed, their future threatened.

I had an hour in which to think it out and to reason with myself, and an hour is not a very long time. My first impulse was to have it out with him, to tell him what I thought about it. I was flooded with self-pity, which is always a very dangerous emotion. I wanted to sit down and cry. Weeping is one of a woman's prerogatives, and she forgets that it has never carried her very far. The same with self-pity—they both have very shackling effects.

(Continued on page 36.)



## Is Marriage a Failure?

(Continued from page 33.)

Then I became saner. Sailors cannot save a sinking ship by rushing about wildly. This was a very serious ship that was sinking, and its cargo was my life's happiness. It was worth a tremendous effort to save it. The wisest course is often far from the easiest.

Sitting there thinking it over sanely and wisely, I suddenly saw that it was a battle of wits, a war of grim determination, which I had somehow got to win. My husband had found other attractions. Very well, I must prove more attractive. A weeping wife is far from attractive.

### No Failure.

Well, what did I do when I discovered my marriage was a failure? I bought a new frock and a new hat, and I remained perfectly calm. It wasn't easy, but it was the only thing. Also I made up my mind firmly upon one point and that was that my marriage was not going to be a failure. I was certain upon that subject. I put my shoulder to the wheel and I literally shoved it round.

I realised that my husband would fall in love with me all over again. It would be difficult, for by now he understood me, and he knew me very well. The old adage of familiarity breeding contempt is unfortunately true. At the same time he had once fallen in love with me as a flapper, and now I had experience to aid me. It must always be a tremendous asset and in this case it was. My husband fell in love with me again.

### "Body-Line"

In a village cricket match recently there came to the crease a batsman of enormous proportions. The first ball he received struck him painfully on the hip. "Ere," reproached the batsman, "that's enough of your body-line bowling." "Wait a minute," retorted the bowler indignantly, "any line would be body-line against a bloke like you."

## Reminiscences of Over Forty Years of Rugby Football in Ceylon.

(Continued from page 27.)

perfect delight to watch in action. He was a scintillating stand-off half; his ubiquity was wonderful and his tackling perfect. Though he was a great stickler for combination and gave his other outsides every possible chance, he was an inspired opportunist, and his drops sometimes from the base of the scrum, were sensational masterpieces. There was one bit of tackling of his indelibly imprinted on my memory. It was in a match between the C. H. & F. C. and the Nondescripts, the precursors of the present C. R. & F. C. Noel Kelaart (now Doctor) one of the best three-quarters in attack the Ceylonese have ever had, got possession of the ball on the left wing and was making for the coveted line with almost certainty of achievement. Suddenly Pym seemed to spring out of the earth and went in hot chase, but the betting was easily on Kelaart. The latter however made the fatal mistake of looking round. With a panther like spring—which could not have been far from a long jump record—Pym was on his back and brought him down a few yards from the goal line. The force of the fall gave Kelaart concussion, and this seriously affected his play ever after. There was no one more sorry than Pym, for he was a sportsman out and out, and one of the very best of good fellows. He only played in the Colombo-Up-country match in 1920 and 1921 leaving Ceylon before the 1922 game. He retired from the Service with the rank of Major and settled down in Australia farming, where all who knew him will wish him the very best of good luck.

(To be continued.)

Actor (rather a bore): "Ah, my boy, when I played Hamlet the audience took 20 minutes to leave the theatre." Fellow-Clubman (rather bored): "Were they lame or something?"

## My Memories of Oxford.

(Continued from page 5.)

drove me mad. Why do people imagine that what is ordinary and drab must essentially be sane and safe? There is more real sanity in the slim beauty of a figure on a Tanagra vase or a wild Bacchante as sculptured by Scopas than in all the Puritanism of the world. In fact I often yearned to outrage that room by placing beside the porcelain atrocities a plaster copy of Scopas' Bacchante, but never really had the courage: the room had conquered me.

I had to escape from it that first lonely evening, and I thought I would go to our college J. C. R. (Junior Common Room) for tea. I opened the door rather diffidently and walked in. A cheerful fire was blazing in the grate, and a crowd of young men were talking and laughing loudly in a fog of tobacco smoke. I hastily picked up an illustrated paper, crept into a corner seat, and ordered tea. Suddenly there burst into the room a thin tall youth with a pale aristocratic face, in light grey flannel trousers and a salmon pink tie. They all mobbed him, shaking him by the hand and patting him on the back, amid a shower of greetings and banter. How I envied him as I timidly peeped at the scene over the edge of my illustrated paper! How sadly I wondered, in the already dissolving dreams of my boyhood, whether I would ever be greeted like that myself! Well, that young man, who was no other than the unfortunate Edward Marjoribanks, was fated, in due course, to become a close friend of mine and I myself was able, before the end of my Oxford career, to enter that room, if not quite in the "conquering hero" manner of Marjoribanks, at least with the assurance of a kind and friendly reception.

Customer (visiting beauty parlour): Your prices are much too high. Why, your charge for face-lifting is frightful. Manageress: Possibly so, madam, but you must remember so is your face.