

THE CEYLANKAN



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From the Editor

The Ceylankan is a remarkable journal. Anchored on the literary skills and erudition of an array of contributors, this flagship of the CSA draws a steadfast group of kindred spirits numbering more than 350 members plus others worldwide. The Journal is the face of the society, pulsating with a life of its own. It is well-known that this publication is avidly read from cover to cover, usually at one sitting, by those who unfailingly receive it every quarter. Others too peruse its pages when they can borrow a copy.

One man who sculptured the image is Sumane Iyer. Thrown into the proverbial deep end, Sumane swam with the tide on a seven-year stint, a task fulfilled admirably and with paternal care. Sumane was able to draw out the sap of creative energy from CSA members, many of whom were unaccustomed to and untutored in the art of writing. Sumane then put it all together methodically, with patience. Sumane is the first to admit that he was a tyro who leant fast. I doff my hat to a learned editor who showed us all that one need not be a heifer to serve up a delectable steak.

19th Century Images



Dancing girl

On succeeding Sumane, we have also discovered that the editorial larder is seldom full. That can be any editor's nightmare. Please keep your much needed literary work pouring in. Do not wait to be asked.

The new editor is grateful for the support of an enthusiastic editorial team whose eagle eyes ensure that those satanic typos and other editorial horrors stay clear of our pages. Anything creeping in thereafter end up squarely with the editor.

Changes are inevitable but will be gradual at most.

With this issue we have a fascintaing flash-back by a husband and wife team on the role of Americam missionaries and Midwifery in Jaffna as it was 150 years ago. Also The Rambler is back in inimitable style, with a brief portrait of an unforgettable Sri Lankan character. Bankers are not much in the good books these days, but you will take to V. S. Nadarajah's foray into his banking days with interest (the puns are incidental) while Michael Roberts analyses the harsh prejudices of cricket fans and others. We have given a new slant to the recipe column and asked you to rekindle some of those unforgettable Meals Ammi Made (see page 26 for details). Other articles too, side-by-side with the usual book reviews, synopses of meetings and such other Society news that you will need to jot down faithfully in your diary.

*Founding President of the Ceylon Society of Australia and long time friend
HUGH KARUNANAYAKE pays this glowing tribute as...*

... Editor Sumane lays down his pen

Almost a year ago at a committee meeting of the Society, editor Sumane Iyer indicated his desire to lay down his pen. He felt that someone else should take over the mantle from him as he had served as editor for over seven years. He was, to use his own words, "shouted down" by the Committee, so he continued doing the splendid job that began when he took over from the founding editor David Goodrich who was then stricken with a terminal illness. It was therefore, somewhat of a surprise to me when he announced early this year that he has decided to relinquish his position as editor of *The Ceylankan* after editing Journal 45 to be released in February. This time he sounded quite peremptory and he underscored it by saying that his decision was final and not negotiable. He added that after editing 29 issues of the journal he has reached the point where he no longer had the hunger or the passion for the work and that it was best that the Society appoint an editor in time for the preparatory work required for Journal 46 due to be released in April/May 2009. In retrospect, it seemed to me that the manner and the decisiveness of that episode were typical of Sumane.

The Ceylon Society of Australia has been very fortunate to have had the services of Sumane as editor for such a long period. It was he who designed the journal to its present format, not only in design and layout, but also in the carefully selected reading material which was aimed at catering to the eclectic needs of our membership. There is, no doubt, that his work has helped mould the image of the journal to what it is today, and in the process, garnered a loyal and very enthusiastic readership. Sumane brought to the job a dazzling array of skills drawn not only from his career as a consummate professional as engineer but also from his intellectual curiosity which never seemed to tire, despite the challenges posed by a rapidly developing world of new ideas and technologies that surround contemporary life. Readers of *The Ceylankan* are, no doubt, aware that Sumane had a very successful stint as a horticulturist, farming a ten-hectare plum orchard in country New South Wales that he developed through assiduous farming and marketing practices into a state of the art enterprise. He did not, however, allow the absence away from his home in Sydney during this period to interfere with the production of the journal and often made the four-hour journey to Sydney to attend to commitments on behalf of the Society. That was typical of Sumane's work ethic.

When the late David Goodrich edited the journal, the functions of editing, layout, design, production and distribution were handled by a small

editorial team. With Sumane's appointment, most of these functions were telescoped into the editor's portfolio as he was well adept in using computer based systems of editing, design and production. Such versatility was a great asset to the Society and minimised the need for coordinating different functions while also eliminating much of the vagaries and uncertainties usually associated with editing and production deadlines.

*His work has helped mould the image
of the journal and garnered a loyal
and enthusiastic readership.*

Although *The Ceylankan* is basically a product of the journalistic enterprise of members of the Society, the editor has a key role to play in ensuring that the image it projects conforms by and large with the main objectives of the Society. From all accounts, Sumane has done an exemplary job in projecting a wholesome image of the Society and is indeed responsible for the very high standard of the journal. I know of the eager anticipation with which members await the arrival of their copy of the journal and of the enjoyment derived from reading it. The continuous links he maintained with contributors to the journal, his prompt response to queries, and the constructive evaluation of articles have enabled contributors to review and revise where necessary and have served well to maintain its high standards. I am personally aware of the meticulous care with which he ensured that there are no factual errors or misquotes in the articles. He would heartily agree with Daniel Moynihan who said: "Everyone is entitled to his own opinion but not his own facts!"

Sumane's departure from active work with the Society leaves a void difficult to fill but I have no doubt that our new editor will soon prove his mettle. On a personal note I must add that our mutual preoccupations with the Society has brought in its wake a warm and enduring friendship that my wife Tulsi and I have been privileged to share with Sumane, his charming wife Rohini, and their family. All of us in the Committee and in the general membership will regret his departure and hope that his valued counsel will continue to be available. We wish him a happy and contented life in retirement. He is, however, not a man for retirement and is likely to say "What retirement? That's only for grandkids when they go to bed at night!"



A President's tribute by SUNIL DE SILVA

When Hugh invited me to be a member of the Ceylon Society one of the office bearers who impressed me with his dedication to the objectives of the Society was Sumane Iyer. As the years rolled by, I was privileged to absorb a most impressive presentation of Sumane and Rohini on their farm near Goulburn. The meticulous attention to detail and endeavours to achieve perfection was symptomatic of the professionalism that Sumane displayed as the editor of our Journal for nearly eight years.

When Sumane brought out his first Journal it was not a 'new broom' that swept well only for a while. We awaited each Journal with eager anticipation and 'the wonder grew' as to how Sumane was able to set a higher hurdle and better it with each issue.

It is no easy task to pick articles that stimulate interest across a broad spectrum of views and opinions that our vibrant membership holds. Nor is it easy to earn the plaudits and accolades from a whole membership spread over continents.

Sumane delivered on both counts and set our Journal as one of inimitable class and quality.

When Sumane announced his intention to 'lay down his quill' I was dismayed at the prospect and attempted to do my utmost to dissuade him. Every other member of the Committee echoed the call and we were able to persuade Sumane to carry on with his invaluable contribution a little longer.

Thank you Sumane for a job done beyond the call of duty and the dedication and willing contribution you made to our Journal.

We start again and wish strength and support for our new editor and are confident that we can call on Sumane to help us maintain what he built.

The irrepressible Elmer de Haan – Citizen of Wellawatte

by The Rambler

It is 30 years now since Elmer de Haan went to his eternal rest; time enough to pause and look back, albeit briefly, into the life of an unusual man well known in 20th century Colombo.

Elmer de Haan was a cynic, iconoclast and sceptic all rolled into one. His proud claim was that he came from the island state of Wellawatte, and that claim no doubt left heads shaking sideways and eyes rolling upwards. De Haan, however, had a subtle point in his theory which he thought, went right over the plebeian heads of his detractors, those he considered as part of the city's *hoi polloi*.

Wellawatte is an island he would insist, bounded by the sea on one side and by the Dutch Canal which wrapped round the suburb, giving it the insular and unique character that made it stand out from the surrounding suburbs of Colombo. Where in Ceylon he would ask, do you find this unique mix of the rich, the middle class, the poor, and the ethnic, make up of Sinhalese, Tamils, Burghers Malays, Chinese and Muslims all living together as in a large happy family? Not anywhere in Ceylon he would say, not until the communal bogey was raised by politicians with their own agendas.

Elmer de Haan lived down Sinsapa Road, opposite the Savoy Cinema in Wellawatte. He was a familiar sight in the area, riding his bicycle with a little monkey perched on the handle bar. The monkey would at times leap off the handle bar on to his shoulder as he cycled, distracting Elmer's eyes from oncoming traffic, causing motorists to brake or sound

their horns for which Elmer would give the "clenched right fist with upright middlefinger salute", a rude gesture, the significance of which fortunately for him most did not understand in those days. He may well be the originator of 'digital abuse' well known to motorists, cyclists, and other road users across the world today.

His *bete noire* was C.V. de Silva who built and owned the Savoy Cinema in Wellawatte and lived down a neighbouring street and who had a high regard for De Haan and his musical talent. De Haan, however, would never forgive him for building the cinema on what was previously a bare piece of land used as a ground for weekend cricket in which he



too participated eagerly whenever he was not swimming out in the sea at Wellawatte.

The Savoy's sinking

The Savoy opened in August 1949 with the premiere of *The Jolson Story* and a rumour went round Colombo that the Savoy was 'sinking' and in danger of collapse. There was no need to second-guess that De Haan was the originator of the rumour. Former President J.R. Jayewardene, who was a

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contemporary of De Haan at Royal College, was also at the receiving end of some stinging barbs from Elmer but was always gracious in the acknowledgment of his eccentric schoolmate. Wherever he saw J.R. he would run up to him and say "Kohomada Dickie?" accompanied by a hearty backslap. J.R. would almost always reciprocate affectionately but at times, wince with not a little embarrassment and that would make the day for De Haan!

Many of his peers in school and in the University regarded De Haan as gifted and extraordinarily talented. There was, however, a little something within his persona that made him rebel and more often than not, to be confrontational with those in authority. At Royal College he roused the ire of Principal [H.L.] Reid by not rising from his chair when the colony's national anthem "God save the King" was played. When asked by the Principal why he showed disrespect to the anthem De Haan replied that he had nothing against the King being saved from any one. He only disliked the music! De Haan was administered six strokes with the cane for his insolence.

At the University, he incurred the wrath of Professor Marrs, an imperialist at heart, who he fuddled into believing that he was donating a contribution to the war effort on Armistice Day whereas De Haan was actually collecting money for the Suriya Mal movement organised by the Lanka Sama Samaj Party which he supported. It was no great surprise that De Haan's career at the University ended not long after. He joined the Customs Department where he served for a brief period during which he vented his feelings to all and sundry, protesting against the corruption that was rampant in the department. The head of the department recognising De Haan's well known talents in the field of music made the regrettable decision to seek his views on the music to be played at the opening of the "Harbour Lights" carnival organised to raise funds for the war effort. De Haan suggested that if the Customs Department had anything to do with it, the most appropriate piece should be "Hear the robbers passing by"!! That brought his career in government service to a premature end. Elmer, however, settled into a lifelong career as a music

teacher. He spent most of his time practising on the piano and became quite adept as a self taught pianist.

He earned a living by giving what was euphemistically called "pianoforte lessons" to selected pupils who he would choose with meticulous care. Those that he thought had no potential for professional advancement were rejected out of hand accompanied by a verbal blast that sent unsuspecting parents scampering for cover, for he was a master of the spoken word, especially unbridled invective. He specialised in vitriolic sarcasm which were the hallmarks of his reviews of piano recitals that he wrote for The Ceylon Observer and Times of Ceylon for many years.

Dutch-German ancestry

Born of Dutch-German ancestry, his line of descent in Ceylon began with the De Meuron Regiment in the 18th Century. His parents were god-fearing, law abiding folk but young Elmer turned his back on the Christian faith at the age of eleven and remained an agnostic until his death. He was stricken with cancer which proved to be terminal, but the undaunted De Haan, a realist to the end, invited all his friends to a banquet dinner at the Hotel Ceylon Intercontinental a few weeks prior to his death as he wanted "to make his farewells when he was alive"! His friend Amaradasa Fernando, who wrote a tribute to him to mark the 25th anniversary of his death, referred to the testament read at his graveside by Fr Justin Perera which said: "I die as I have lived - an unbeliever, unrepentant. I have never worshipped at the gods of myth and legend created by the Graeco-Jewish priesthood. I want it emphatically stated that since my 11th year, I have followed the reasoning and arguments of rationalist teaching". An embarrassed Fr Justin Perera had made it explicitly clear that he was only carrying out the last wishes of a dear friend, and was seen making the sign of the cross and muttering under his breath "Forgive me Father."

On June 19, 1979 Elmer De Haan was laid to rest dressed in a banian and pyjamas as decreed in his will.



The more we care for the happiness of others, the greater our own sense of well-being becomes. Cultivating a close, warmhearted feeling for others automatically puts the mind at ease. This helps remove whatever fears or insecurities we may have and gives us the strength to cope with any obstacles we encounter. It is the ultimate source of success in life.

-The Dalai Lama

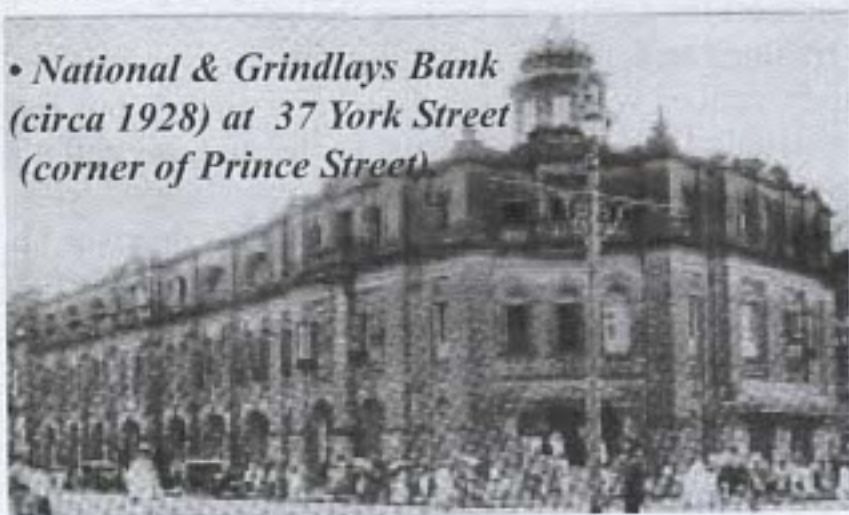
My personal odyssey: Banking in Sri Lanka

by V.S. Nadarajah

My career in banking began in 1964, when I joined the National and Grindlays Bank in Colombo. It was a typical British colonial bank. Although I was recruited as a Management trainee, the management was inclined to look upon me and the majority of its Ceylonese staff as natives who needed to be educated in British culture and ethics. As such, there was a tendency to underestimate the capabilities of local staff.

For example, Ceylonese university graduates were regarded as being at the same educational level as British recruits who had only completed high school in their own country, although the level of English education in Ceylon at the time was as good, or better, than that of any other country in the Commonwealth. However, young British recruits were given a good training before being posted to the 'eastern' branches of the bank, and they showed an aptitude for work that was not evident in many

• *National & Grindlays Bank
(circa 1928) at 37 York Street
(corner of Prince Street)*



locals with similar education. Considerable emphasis was placed on personal integrity, especially in recruitment to management grades at the time. Some members of the local staff showed a tendency to speak and behave like their colonial masters, with a view, perhaps, to securing greater recognition. This included participation in sporting and social activities at leading clubs in Colombo, such as the Royal Colombo Golf Club, the CH & FC, the Rowing Club and the Queens Club, all of which were well regarded by the British commercial establishment at the time.

High standards were maintained for staff performance, but until at least the late 1960s there was a tendency for banking to be subjective, and based on the whims and fancies of the CEO, whose only commitment was to ensure that the bank did not incur a loss, and that no major disasters (such as frauds) were exposed. This resulted in staff being assessed on the good or bad impression they created on Senior Management, especially the CEO, who was virtually treated like a demi-god. When I started work at the bank, the CEO was a formidable character named Willy (William Lindsay) Thyne. Most members of the staff, including managers, were scared to meet or speak to him. There was no gender equality at the time, and women were not given responsibility beyond the clerical grades. Having been exposed to the euphoria of Marxism and

nationalism at the Peradeniya University campus, where gender discrimination did not affect grades or degrees, all this was a culture shock for me. It was also the case that while local politicians were inclined to foster socialism, with nationalization of trade and industry and the introduction of swabasha education, the commanding heights of the private sector remained in foreign hands for several decades after independence, reflecting an economy and culture that survived largely unchanged from colonial times.

After an early period of work experience in Colombo and having completed the banking examinations of the London Bankers Institute, I was fortunate enough to be one of the few people sent for further training to the Head Office of the bank in London. We were housed in a hostel and sports club in Blackheath, a beautiful suburb not far from the City of London, where we were provided with board and lodging at a very nominal cost. There were recruits among us from various parts of the Commonwealth countries where the bank had established branches, including East Africa and South Asia. It was a good experience for me to meet and live among people from various parts of the world. African trainees were inclined to be very independent and aggressive. They frequently complained about the facilities provided, although considering the charges levied, I felt the management was being very generous. We were given full board and lodging, with cooks, housekeepers and other domestic staff provided by the bank, and with access to sporting and other social facilities. It was all a part of getting people from countries from a colonial background accustomed to British life and culture. Our training, included a tour of some parts of England, and seminars conducted on 'Living in Britain' by a group called the Overseas Service College.

The bank's Head Office was located in Bishopsgate in the heart of the City, and at that time all work was done manually, with a central computer for maintaining records. On-the-job training at Head Office was very exacting: we had to maintain a high standard of work in various departments of the bank before graduating to a final training program. People in the London office were devoid of the colonial mentality displayed by many of those who were posted to the overseas branches, they were very sociable with foreign recruits. It was a common saying at the time that when an Englishman travelled

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beyond the Suez Canal to the east, he became monarch of all he surveyed. It was also a truism, especially among people in South Asia, that they looked up to the British as superior beings who could do no wrong.

After completing the training program in London, I was confirmed as a Manager with the bank's International Staff from April 1967 and given challenging assignments in their Colombo office. As staff of the premier Corporate branch in the bank's international network, we were required to maintain and comply with high standards of service and conduct. One of the obstacles to achieving this was the Ceylon Bank Employees Union which supported a work to rule policy of their members who did not appear to have an incentive to aspire to high positions in the bank. Regrettably, the bank management was reluctant to promote people who had been recruited to clerical grades to managerial levels. Such a policy was relaxed to some degree in later years, with instigation from the Central Bank to accelerate Ceylonisation of staff. It was also the policy of the bank at the time to reserve the position of General Manager of the bank in Colombo, only to a person of British background. It is interesting that after the merger of Grindlays Bank with Standard Chartered, Mr Vishnu Mohan, who had been recruited to the clerical staff of Grindlays Bank in the 70s, became the first Ceylonese CEO of Standard Chartered Bank in Colombo about 2004, after a successful career with that bank in other parts of the world.

Grindlays Bank had a hybrid management from the early 70s, with Citibank taking control of ownership. It resulted in greater emphasis on modernisation, and the staff benefited from introduction of specialist training programs and a more liberal approach towards recruitment and promotion based on merit. I was fortunate to be one of the first recruits to an intensive training program on Corporate Credit conducted in India in the early 70s. It was the beginning of my exposure to Corporate and Commercial Credit in the bank as well as rest of my career. At the time there were very few people in the bank, including staff in Sri Lanka, who had exposure to such training in the Credit function, and it gave me an advantage in progressing my career with the bank.

My first experience in the Credit function was Manager of the Pettah branch in Colombo, which was a new office set up by the bank and I had the challenging task of competing with well established banks like the Indian Overseas Bank which had good coverage of that market. I had to give traders and clients an incentive to bank with us. The bank at that time had a conservative policy in lending, based on full security or collateral to qualify for any advances or loans. However, I managed to persuade the CEO to grant authority to allow small advances on unsecured basis. (Previous CEO, Barrington said: "don't give them a brass farthing" unsecured). Although it was a difficult market to penetrate, we

managed to achieve reasonable success in generating business and I was indebted to the entire staff of the branch in cooperating with me in this regard. Pettah trade operated on trust and confidence, and after a while we were able to identify those who did good business and support them with our facilities.

My final assignment with the bank was that of Corporate Lending Manager which was about the most challenging position held by me, especially as I had to negotiate with managements of all the major corporate organisations that banked with us, which were also market leaders at that time. It required balancing incentives to such clients with controls to minimize risk to the bank. My experience in this regard was that most of the large organisations were heavily dependent on decisions taken by CEOs. There was also a culture of obedience to such people by subordinates and reluctance by other staff in such organisations to express dissent. As such it was a society in the corporate private sector which was highly autocratic. The 70s was a difficult period for the private sector in Sri Lanka, due to restrictive practices imposed by the then government. However, while there was a need to diversify business into areas



• Bank's interior.

such as non-traditional exports, people were reluctant to venture into such sectors. In view of restrictions imposed by the government of the time in obtaining foreign exchange, some people in high positions in the corporate sector were able to manipulate their business dealings to circumvent such restrictions. Unlike in recent times, where after liberalisation of the economy in the 80s and opening of the Colombo Stock Market, public scrutiny of the corporate sector was then limited, and some organisations were inclined to adopt practices that sacrificed interests of business for the benefit of owners. One such tendency was to grant non-trade advances to owners of companies, which eroded equity or milked the business of owner's capital. There was also a mood of complacency in the private sector at that time partly due to lack of incentives provided by the state to generate new areas of business.

The policy of Ceylonisation of staff in the bank gathered momentum in the 70s and although we expected to have a more cordial relationship among staff with the emancipation of control by foreign managers, sadly the opposite tendency resulted in

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The American Ceylon Mission, Midwifery and childbirth customs in Jaffna 150 years ago

by Thiru and Dr Malini Arumugam

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM) was formed in Massachusetts, USA in 1810 with the object of spreading Christianity in the developing world. In 1812 the first batch of five missionaries, three of whom were accompanied by their wives, set sail for India. By the time the missionaries reached Calcutta, the Anglo-American War of 1812 had broken out and the East India Company ordered the missionaries to return to America or face deportation to England. One of the missionaries, Samuel Newell decided to go to Mauritius with his teenage wife Harriet Newell, who gave birth to a daughter during the voyage. Sadly, mother and daughter passed away soon after reaching Mauritius. It is recorded that Harriet died of consumption i.e. tuberculosis. The emotional diary of her last days were later publicised in the USA and led to the increased involvement of women in missionary activity.

By 1813 the War was beginning to peter out and Newell decided to return to India from Mauritius, stopping on his way in Ceylon for about a year. He wrote to the ABCFM in USA that the British Governor in Ceylon, Sir Robert Brownrigg, was receptive to the suggestion that American missionaries work in Ceylon and that a group of missionaries could be sent out. He visited Jaffna and was very much taken up by the place and wrote: "What a field is here for missionary exertions!" In 1815, after the War was over, a group of four missionaries was sent out to Ceylon. They reached Jaffna in 1816 and thus began a continuous presence of American missionaries in Jaffna until about World War II under the auspices of American Ceylon Mission (ACM). The impact of their missionary activity was not just in the religious field. Apart from their missionary work, they also engaged in educational and medical activities and in social welfare activities. Their medical activities included establishing Ceylon's first medical school and the latter part of this article is a study of a treatise on midwifery by Dr Charles McIntyre, a product of that medical school. One of Dr McIntyre's great-grandsons is the Sydneysider playwright and CSA member, Ernest Macintyre.

In 1823, ACM established the Vaddukoddai Central High School, later to be called the Batticotta (i.e. Vaddukoddai) Seminary in 1846, the forerunner of present day Jaffna College. These institutions were ahead of their time. The British Colonial Secretary, Sir James Emerson Tennant, visited the Seminary in 1848 and wrote in his Book *Christianity in Ceylon* (John Murray, London, 1850) "The knowledge exhibited by the pupils was astonishing; and it is no exaggerated encomium to say that, in the course of instruction and in the success of the systems of communicating it, the Collegiate Institution of Batticotta is entitled to rank with many European Universities..." Nevertheless, the British Government turned down the application for a Charter for the Seminary and said that the title of University was reserved for a Government Institution

to be established shortly in Colombo. The 'shortly' turned out to be several decades as the University College Colombo, which prepared students for external degrees of the University of London, was founded only in 1921 and became the fully fledged University of Ceylon only in 1942.



• Dr C.N. Mc-Intyre

In 1824, ACM established the Oodooville (i.e. Uduvil) Girls School. This was the first girls' boarding school outside the western world, and is still functioning. The first Principal was Harriet Winslow, the great-grandmother of John Foster Dulles, the former US Secretary of State. He visited her grave in 1956 and thanked the people of Tellipallai for keeping the gravesite in such good order over the years.

The ACM also started the *Morning Star* newspaper in 1841. This was the second English language newspaper in the country. There was also a Tamil edition. These papers had a wide readership in Jaffna as well as in Colombo and were printed in the ACM's own printing press in Manipay.

The first medical missionary to come to Jaffna under the auspices of the ACM was Dr John Scudder MD who arrived in 1819. He was in fact the first Medical Missionary in the world, a singular honour for Jaffna. He set up dispensaries in Pandatheruppu and Chavakachcheri and practised

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there until 1836 when he was transferred to South India. The Scudder family and 42 direct descendants over four generations provided about 1100 years of combined missionary service to India. Dr John Scudder's grand-daughter, Dr Ida Scudder MD, started one of Asia's foremost clinical medical schools in 1918, the Christian Medical College and Hospital in Vellore, South India.

In 1805, Sinnathamby Asirvatham was born in Maviddapuram. He later moved to Vaddukoddai and got married there and cultivated a small farm. He also obtained employment under an American missionary attached to the Batticotta Seminary. In 1830 his second child Nallathambi was born. Nallathambi was educated at the Batticotta Seminary and on conversion to Christianity chose the baptismal name of Charles Nallathambi McIntyre. This is recorded in the book *Through Memory Lane* written by his grandson Tan Sri S Chelvasingam-MacIntyre (University Education Press, Singapore, 1973, pp 5-13). The family name McIntyre (now spelt MacIntyre or Macintyre) still lives on in Sri Lanka, Singapore and Australia. After completing his education in the Batticotta Seminary, Charles McIntyre applied to Rev. Pargiter, the Principal of the Nallur Boys Seminary (now called St Johns College) for a teacher's post but was unsuccessful. On his return home, Charles met Dr Samuel Fisk Green, an event that was to change the course of the rest of his life.

In 1848, 25-year old medical missionary Dr Samuel Fisk Green MD, a recent graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, arrived in Jaffna. (*Life and Letters of Samuel Fisk Green MD*, Ebenezer Cutler, USA 1891). This College was the first medical school in USA to award the degree of MD and is now the post-graduate medical school of Columbia University.

Dr Green served the ACM in Jaffna from 1847 to 1873 with a five year gap in between. He



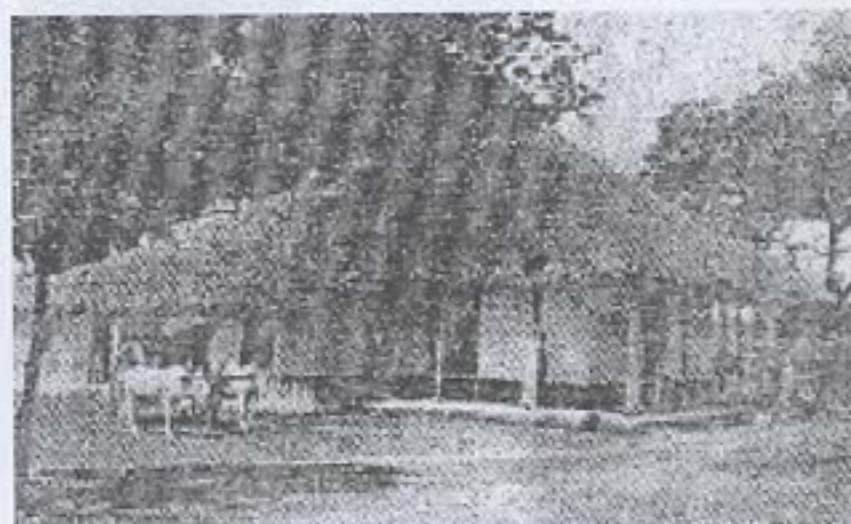
went beyond the terms of his reference by establishing a hospital in Manipay, presently called the Green Memorial Hospital, and also established the first medical school in Ceylon in 1848. The British Government recognised the medical school and its graduates and gave it an annual grant. Over the years, he trained 62 Doctors, one of whom, Dr E. Waitilingam, joined Government service and rose to become Assistant Colonial Surgeon. Another ex-student Dr J Danforth was awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York for his work in Jaffna on cholera. Cholera and small-pox were the major epidemics in Jaffna at that time and decimated the population with high mortality rates particularly among children.

The medical historian, Dr C. G. Urugoda in his address in 1996 to the College of Surgeons, Sri

Lanka, said: "The real advances in Surgery took place in the British period. At first it was a private hospital namely Green Memorial Hospital, Manipay that took the lead in Surgery. General Hospital Colombo was established only subsequently. Samuel F. Green was a medical missionary... He established the first medical school in Sri Lanka." (C. G. Urugoda, *Surgery in Sri Lanka - the past*, Ceylon Medical Journal, 1996, V. 41, pp 111-114).

Dr Green also became very proficient in Tamil and translated or supervised the translation during his lifetime of over 4500 pages of key medical textbooks into Tamil. The books translated include such classics as Gray's *Anatomy*, Maunsell's *Obstetrics*, Druitt's *Surgery* etc. for which he purchased the original woodcuts used by the authors for illustrations. This was a tremendous achievement considering that western science was totally new to the Tamil language. Dr Green had to coin hundreds of new Tamil words for the medical and scientific terms, which he set about in a very systematic way. There was a substantial demand for his books from South India.

Dr Green's medical school closed down after the Colombo Medical School was established in 1870



• *Dr Green's hospital in Manipay.*

and the grant to Dr Green's school was withdrawn. When Dr Green finally left Ceylon in 1873, Dr James Loos, the Colonial Surgeon in Colombo wrote to him: "... I am grieved that sickness has prevented me from seeing you. I should have been happy to take you round our hospital and show you the work we are carrying on - a work in which we are humbly imitating you. Medical education in Ceylon is deeply indebted to you and your predecessors" (Cutler p.312).

Dr Green suggested to Charles McIntyre that he study medicine and Charles was enrolled as a student in Dr Green's medical school in the batch of 1853. The curriculum was based on the American University system at that time and consisted of a three-year course followed by a year of Internship. McIntyre completed the course in 1856. He initially worked as a Lecturer in Dr Green's school and in other Jaffna hospitals. In 1866, he joined the Government medical service. During his lifetime

(Continued on page 10)

Meet our new Secretary & Assistant Treasurer



THIRU ARUMUGAM
New Secretary

Our new Secretary is a former electrical engineer who has not lost his fascination with things electrical. He gets immersed in stage lighting and restoring vintage valve radios these days and, on the side, collects Victorian Ceylon penny stamps. He and his wife Malini, a paediatrician, live in Castle Hill. For a more detailed biography of Thiru, please refer to page 28 of Journal 41.



RON MURRELL
New Assistant Treasurer

Born in Bangalore, India, in 1945, Ron grew up in Colombo and environs as the eldest boy in a family of seven children and was exposed to multiculturalism and multiple faiths that included Buddhism, Catholicism and a healthy dose of scepticism. By way of an explanation, his father, Tabby Murrell was an early 'flower child' who enjoyed a special place in old Ceylon because of his love for the country and its people.

An English Army Officer, Tabby was posted to Ceylon during the war and along with his Ceylonese wife (nee De Hoedt/Pethiyagoda) they made an eccentric and peripatetic couple.

Ron has lived in Sydney since 1964 – his family (minus his elder sister and her family) migrated to Australia as they needed to assist his brother who had deserted his ship in Newcastle.

According to Ron, in a moment of insanity, he enlisted in the Australian army in 1965 and served in Vietnam in 1970. During his 31-year military career, he trained and served as a technician and manager.

Ron and his wife Chris were married in 1969 and they have two children, Samantha and Rohan who are now proud parents themselves. Life is more fun and exciting since the arrival of their grandchildren Ella (27 months) and Lily (four weeks).

"My involvement with the Ceylon Society, Lifeline, the Sydney School of Philosophy and other interests helps maintain my sanity and connection with community," says Ron

"My mission is to live an invented life, with reverence for all, free from the constraints of the past; to seek wisdom and to leave a legacy for future generations."

A man should first direct himself in
the way he should go. Only then
should he instruct others.

– Buddha

MIDWIFERY

(Continued from page 9)

he was posted to several outstation hospitals and in 1891 he was serving in Kurunegala. On January 17, 1891 he attempted to separate two of his bulls which were fighting with each other and he was severely gored. He was taken to the General Hospital Colombo for treatment by the eminent surgeon Dr Rockwood, but suppuration was setting in. He became delirious due to septic absorption from the wound, diabetic coma set in and he passed away on February 11, 1891 (Chelvasingam-McIntyre pp. 8-11). A life that could have been saved if only antibiotics had been invented.

In 1856, Dr Charles McIntyre wrote a 50-page handwritten manuscript treatise in English titled *Yatpana Piravasa Vyththiyam*. This can be loosely translated as *The medical science of childbirth in Jaffna*. When the treatise was received in the ABCFM headquarters in Boston in 1863 they renamed the title as *Hindu Midwifery*. Communication

between Jaffna and Boston was very slow and was by handwritten reports which took several months to reach the destination by sailing ships. The preface states that it is "A view of Midwifery as held and practised by the Hindus of Jaffna – compiled from various sources (including) a Midwife of note...by Dr Charles McIntyre alias Asirvatham Nallathambi, educated in medicine by the American Ceylon Mission". [*Papers of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Ceylon Mission (ABC 16.1.5), Microfilm Reel No. 451, Vol. 7, 1857-1871, Documents, Reports, Letters, Section 158, pp. 1-50, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Massachusetts, USA*].

(This story will be concluded in J47)

FERRY DISASTERS

by Tony Peries

Barbara Misso's "Unusual journey" in the February '09 issue awoke memories of our own trip over the seven ferries between Batticaloa and Trincomalee, on our honeymoon in February 1956, as well as my father's tale of taking that route in, I think, about 1919.

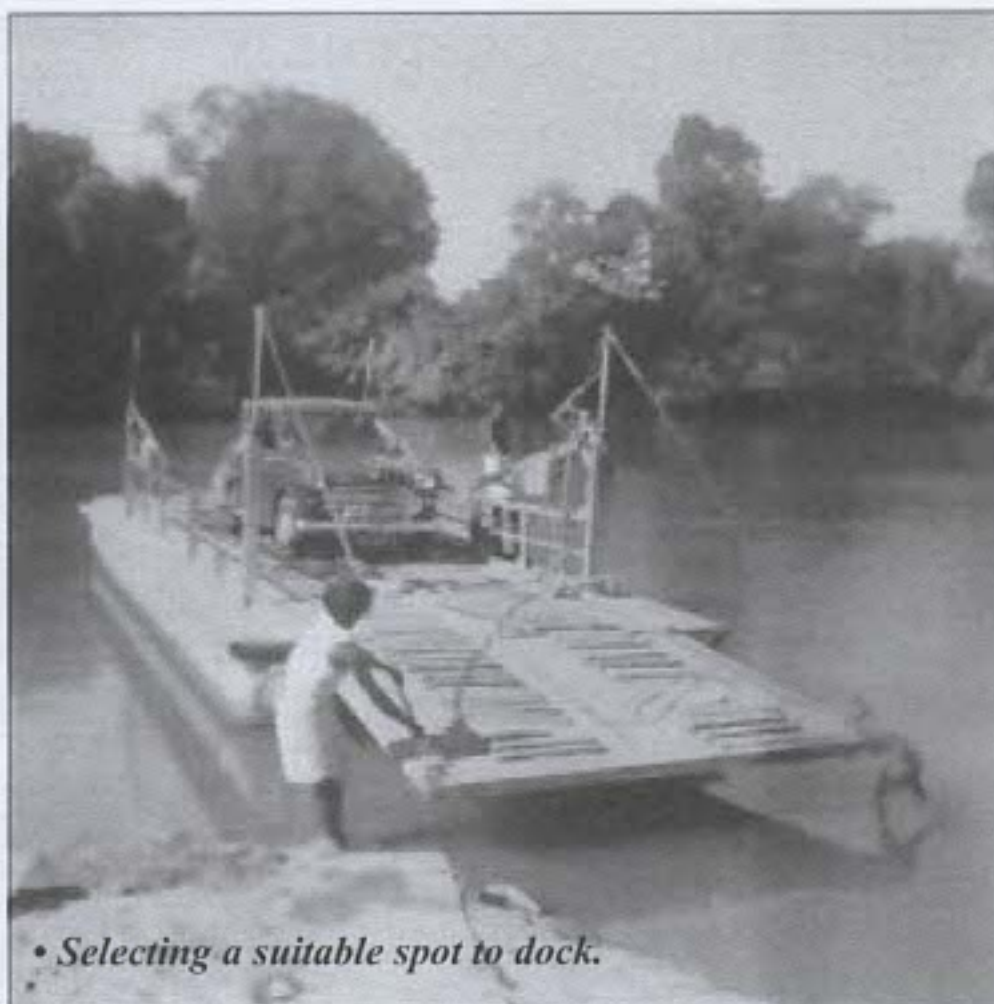
Even by 1956 that road was in very poor condition as it was little used, places like Muttur being accessible more quickly and comfortably by sea, in large launches. The ferries over outlets of branches of the Mahaveli Ganga often had damaged approaches due to flooding, so that driving on and off was hazardous. Ideally the ferry docked at gentle slopes with cement or metalled ramps but if these had washed away, the ferrymen selected spots they thought suitable, but even a little use made the surfaces unstable.

My father, with two friends, undertook a round the island trip in a two-seater which accommodated three in the front seat. At that early date cars were still a relative rarity and motor garages rarer still, making their journey something of an adventure. Two spare tyres were carried but the travellers had to be able to repair punctures with a portable kit and do minor repairs.



• *Could this be the author's father and friends grappling with the dogged 'flat'?*

On one of the seven ferries, and I don't think family legend told which, the ferry approaches were damaged and the operators had difficulty holding it absolutely stationary so it moved away while the car was driving off, submerging it almost completely in the water. A photo of a forlorn traveller sitting on the top of a seat, up to his knees in water has not, sadly, survived. The car had to be towed out by buffaloes and the then two "buff-power" car towed to the nearest garage which was in Batticaloa. That took about two days on miserable rations as even "kaddais" were few in that poor area. I am sorry that in adult life I did not get my father to recount



• *Selecting a suitable spot to dock.*

the full tale, also known to my granduncle who was a participant and a frequent visitor to our house.

For readers of the 21st century, who know nothing of ferries, those in Sri Lanka were flat bottomed punts with a moveable flap at each end, which let down to allow vehicles to drive on or off. I think they were mostly poled across though some moved on a wire cable which ran over a pulley attached to a small engine. There is actually one such ferry in the middle of Sydney connecting Mortlake to Putney (near Canada Bay).

Until 1956, my experience of ferries was confined to that at Arugam Bay, just beyond the Circuit Bungalow. The operators were a grumpy, disobliging lot, who often took their time coming over if they were on the other side. I had driven on and off this after floods, when damaged approaches were a hazard though not for 4-wheel drive vehicles with a huge clearance.

I had often thought about driving the seven ferry road and as our honeymoon took in Hambantota and Trincomalee, it seemed an ideal time. We stayed overnight at Kalkudah where the resthouse was horrid and set off early the next morning. All went well till Verugal where an ambulance driving on to the ferry, inevitably, unable to use a flood damaged ramp, had slid back down on to the muddy bank where it was firmly bogged. One photo shows the ambulance and the other our car on the ferry. The unbogging took two -three hours. Thus when we got to the last ferry before Trincomalee, Kinniyai, which is very wide and actually crosses part of a bay in the sea, it was early afternoon. I don't recall how this ferry operated but it was certainly not tethered and a strong wind having sprung up as it often occurs there in the afternoon, the ferry was swept way when

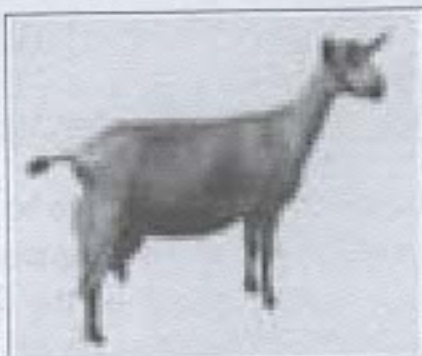
(Continued on page 22)

Hospitality – the name is Ceylonese

One thing nobody can take away from the Sri Lankans (or Ceylonese) is their genuine sense of hospitality. There is no doubt that many of you can recall how, sometime in your life, you had a heartwarming brush with that delightful trait of Sri Lankan goodness.

Among several minor incidents, I have been twice privileged to experience the overwhelming Sri Lankan generosity still clearly etched in my mind after almost 65 years and will remain so forever.

Just before WWII ended, our family moved to live in Ragama, a small farming town with a railway station, post office, church, hospital, a half-dozen thambi boutiques and a bakery. I must have been about nine-years old. I recall my little brother Victor (God rest his soul, for he passed on about two years ago in Colombo) was a sickly four-month old at the time. He was diagnosed as suffering from Rickets, a disease in small children caused by vitamin D deficiency. Doctors recommended that my parents replace his normal milk with goat's milk. I remember my parents' concern was exacerbated as no one rearing livestock lived nearby to provide a daily supply of goat's milk. Our immediate neighbours, a family of four, seemed very friendly country folk. The head of the family was a stern-looking school teacher, the veritable village gentleman, intelligent, virile of physique, wore his longish graying hair in a konde, all held together with a curved tortoise shell comb. He wore a grey gabardine cloth round a slim waist and covered his torso with a cream western-style coat. His feet were shod in comfortable black leather sandals. The only name we knew him by was "Gurunanse" (schoolteacher).



Somehow, he had learnt of my parents' predicament and came over to our house one evening. Bowing to my father, hands clasped in traditional salutation, he asked about our urgent need for the milk and then promptly assured my parents that he would buy a goat on the morrow so as to assure our supply of milk from the day after. On the next day, there was a goat with hugely swollen udders tethered to a post near the shed in Gurunanse's front yard. Gurunanse did not do this for money or profit, but out of the goodness of his heart. Brother Vic had his supply of goat milk until he was completely cured of his rickety ailment. A classic case of Ceylonese friendship, hospitality and concern for another's welfare, at its finest!

My second most memorable experience happened 22 years later. My wife Anne and I were

just married and honeymooning in Ella, a place blessed with some of the most beautiful scenery in Sri Lanka. In Ravana-Ella, Sri Lanka has its roots connected to the times of the famous epic, Ramayana and it has been named after the demon ruler of Lanka, Ravana. Positioned on the Ella-Wellawaya road, the Ravana-Ella falls are about 100 meters high and can be seen from the main road.

One fine morning, after a few casual enquiries as to how to get there and back, Anne and I took off having decided to explore the Falls and other attractions nearby. On the return trip, however, with the sun at the zenith and its intensity unbearable, we realised that we had strayed off the beaten track.

As we wandered along for hours trying to get our bearings, we saw a little thatched cottage not far away from where we were. As my wife was worse for wear – tired, thirsty and totally exhausted – we decided to call in at the house for some water.

As we neared the doorstep, a woman, middle aged, in a bright floral cloth, white jacket and jet black hair, asked if we wanted something. By now my wife had taken a seat on a bench in the stranger's verandah, uninvited. Perceiving that all was not well, she asked my wife if she would like a glass of water and without waiting for a reply rushed inside. She was back in a trice with a clay jug full and two glasses, ministering to my wife as a mother would. Realising how distressed my wife was, she went back inside only to return with a damp cloth, dabbing my wife's forehead, face and neck with it. Anne revived soon and we prepared to leave, proffering our heartfelt thanks. She would not have a bar of it. She insisted that we stay on, assuring us that she would show us the way back to the rest house. We were total strangers, but she lavished on us the tastiest papaw and glass after glass of thambili water until we could take no more. To cap it all, this ministering angel walked with us until we reached our destination, which to our surprise, was only a short distance away

– RIVIKULA

Weird and wonderful ...

You'd better believe it. This may look like gobbledegook at first, but you certainly can make sense out of it. Well, what are you waiting for?

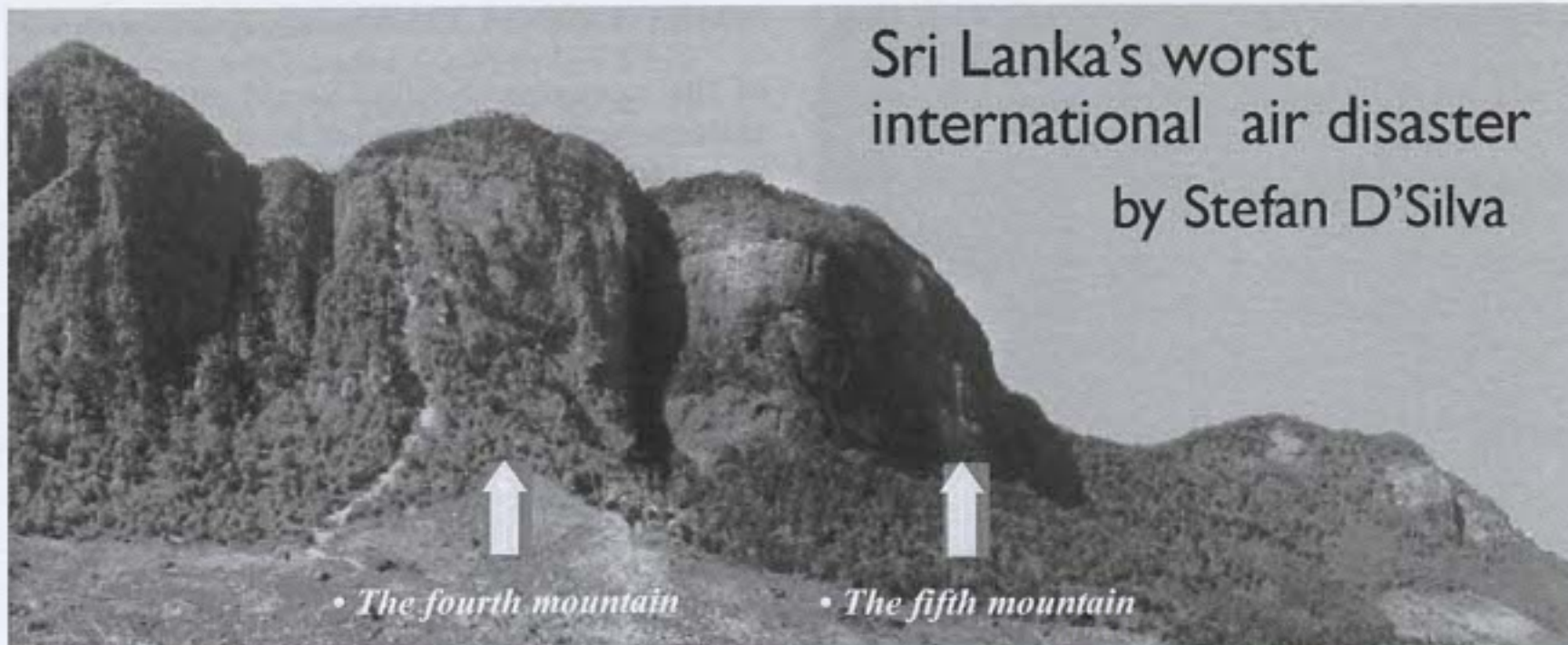
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Amzanig huh?

Contributed by Hugh Karunanayake



On December 4, 1974 one hundred and eighty two passengers on the Garuda Indonesian Airways charter flight were no doubt looking forward to landing in Sri Lanka in a few minutes time. About 10.10 p.m. all one hundred and eighty two passengers and nine crew members died instantly when their plane slammed into the rock face of the fifth Mountain in the Anjimalai Mountain Range in Maskeliya, at a height of approximately 4600 feet. They were only 40 nautical miles from Katunayake International Airport. The aircraft exploded on impact. The Anjimalai Range is also popularly known as the *Seven Virgins* mountain range. It is a part of the most rugged, mountainous, Sri Lankan Peak Wilderness area.

The owner-operator of the aircraft was Martinair of Holland. The ill fated Mc Donnell Douglas DC8 55F aircraft, registration PH-MBH crashed into the history books of Sri Lankan Air Disasters with devastating impact. All the passengers were Muslim pilgrims on a charter flight to Jeddah for the Haj festival. According to the official report the stop over in Sri Lanka was a *"programmed technical stop"*. It is clear that the plane was in contact with Katunayake Airport Control Tower and was in descent when the accident took place. The Captain of the flight Mr. Hendrik Lamme had over 26,000 flying hours of which 4,000 were on DC 8 aircraft. His actual flying hours as Captain on Aircraft PH-MBH totalled 82.25 hours. This was his first experience on the Surabaya- Colombo sector.

Minutes before impact

Two minutes before impact conversations with Katunayake Control indicated that their position was *".....one four miles out"* (i.e.: 14 miles). The Controller cleared the plane to descend to two thousand feet on that information. The following dialogue from the plane stated *".....we are cleared for two thousand feet one zero one zero for runway zero four Kilo Alpha Tango or field in sight"*. There is an indication that the cockpit crew believed (in error) that they had Katunayake Airport in sight.

At the time local press speculated that that the Pilots had mistaken the lights of the Hydro Electricity Scheme at Norton Bridge for the runway lights at Katunayake. There was also speculation that the Pilots had mistaken the lights of Adams Peak for the lights at Katunayake Airport. Both theses

theories were rejected by the investigators. The Ceylon Electricity Board confirmed that the lights at Adams Peak were not turned on as the season had not begun.

The first indication to the authorities at Katunayake Airport that there had been a plane crash was via a phone call from the Hatton night telephone operator Mr. Maldeniya.

It is clear from the accident site investigations that the left wing of PH-MBH grazed or clipped the fourth mountain of the Anjimalai range at a height of about 4800 feet and caused the plane to swerve into the fifth mountain in a direct, head on impact. About 1/3 of the left wing sheared off and tumbled to the bottom of the fourth mountain on contact and fuel spillage from that contact caused a fire on the fourth mountain. The other wing dislodged on final impact and fell about two hundred feet away from the fifth mountain. In those last split seconds trees were clipped as the plane spun out of control. Ensuing fuel spillage consumed many parts of the wreckage and the surrounding jungle in fire.

Black Box damaged

The fuselage disintegrated on impact and the much depended on 'Black Box' flight recorder was also damaged as a result of the direct impact with only parts of it being recovered. Wreckage and parts of human remains were scattered in ravines, on trees and over an area of about four square miles of mostly inaccessible, virtually unexplored, mountainous terrain. It was nighttime, in a remote, wilderness part of Sri Lanka. No properly co-ordinated search and recovery efforts would be possible till the first light

(Continued on page 14)

BOOKSHOP AND WEB RESOURCES

Books/Maps/Collectibles

This column is a regular feature for the benefit of members who publish works and the others who wish the Society to sell material on their behalf. No charges apply to members but donations will be gratefully received. Others pay a handling charge. Please email the editor if you wish to take up this offer.

The Diversity of Sri Lankan Wild Life

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A personal photo journey by Stefan D'Silva Available direct from Stefan. Contact: Stefan@alluringsrilanka.com or PO Box 180 Sutherland NSW 1499. A\$30 + P&H. For preview visit www.alluringsrilanka.com

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Time Traveller: Wilfrid Jayasuriya; 332 pp, soft cover. Price AUS 15 + AUS\$8 P&H from Sri Lanka. Contact Wilfrid – email: wilfredjayasuriya@yahoo.com
Ph: Int + 9411 2695358. A few copies are available in Australia from Sumane Iyer – for payment details contact sumane@pacific.net.au

Websites worth a visit

www.alluringsrilanka.com
www.walkthetalk.com
www.sellipi.com/srilanka
www.lankalibrary.com

AIR DISASTER

(Continued from page 13)

of the next day. Neither could such a large, inaccessible, unexplored area be cordoned off for proper forensic investigation.

The next morning showed two 'scars' on the fourth and fifth mountain sides; the scars bore testimony and provided deadly evidence as to where the planes left wing had grazed the mountain causing the horrible accident. This assertion is in keeping with eye witness reports that the plane was in descent when the accident happened. The total distance of the graze across both mountains is reported as 288 metres in length. The Flight Data Recorder or 'black box' was a Lockheed Model 109 C. However, the intact flight recorder was not found, 130 feet of foil tape from one of two spools in the recorder was recovered at the site. However, the find proved to be worthless as the foil tape contained no data from this particular flight. One entire foil spool was missing and the greater part of the damaged flight recorder itself was missing. Even though it is called *The Black Box* the flight recorder Lockheed Model 109 C was an orange, ball shaped device.

Only one part of a human torso was retrieved from the 191 passengers and crew that lost their lives. That half torso was identified as air hostess Miss Hendrika Von Hamburg. Her remains were handed over to the Dutch Authorities as requested. The other cockpit and cabin crew were not identified due to the sheer force of the impact, fire and disintegration of the aircraft. What other parts of human remains that could be gathered were handed over to the representatives of Indonesia for transport to that country. The grim statements in the medical report of Dr Chandra Amarasekera, Colombo Judicial Medical Officer, indicate that no full torso human remains were found.

The Sri Lankan Ministry of Transport, Department of Civil Aviation report into the Martinair Air Disaster was released on the 16th June 1975. That report was used as a major reference paper for the above account. Seven years the author of this article ascended the *Seven Virgins* in an attempt to find the missing parts of the *Black Box*. The attempt was unsuccessful.

That is another story!



Poetry comes nearer
to vital truth than
history.

– Plato

This concluding part of EARL FORBES' story was inadvertently omitted from the last issue (J45). The editor apologises for the lapse.

Canal Burghers

STORY SO FAR: *Very proud of his Dutch Burgher ancestry, Joe was determined to make sure his only son Don learnt all about the great achievements of the Dutch, especially the great network of canals they built in the country. So he set up a paddy boat trip on the canal from the Hill Street bridge to the Bolgoda Lake. The story continues from where they disembarked at a small jetty on the lake.*

Mr Weerasooriya's cousin led the way towards a building about 100 meters from the jetty. The group went in and the adults sat at a table in this single-room building. The interior was sparsely furnished and had just one window, opposite to the entrance door, facing the waters of the lake. The food and drink had been brought up from the launch and tea with no milk and plenty of sugar was being poured out from the Thermos flasks. Mr. Weerasooriya asked Uncle Soldier if he wanted some tea. Uncle Soldier responded in the negative and turning to Mr. Weerasooriya's cousin asked: "Where can I do a piss?" Mr. Weerasooriya's cousin replied that there was a septic tank lavatory outside.

The plan for the next few hours was to walk about the shores of the lake and to get back to the house at about 12.30 pm for lunch, prior to setting out on the return journey. Mr Weerasooriya's wife had prepared a rice meal wrapped in banana leaf and the meal was delicious and enjoyed by all except Uncle Soldier. Uncle Soldier only nibbled at the food and commented to Joe that he never ate fish. After lunch, the skipper told the rest of the group that if they left 25 to 30 minutes before schedule, he could take them along the shores of the lake towards the more picturesque areas, before heading back. This change was welcomed by all and soon the launch was heading further north-east on the lake. There now came into view large and luxurious buildings on the shores. Mr. Weerasooriya's cousin seemed to know a lot about each of the buildings. In an almost pedantic manner he said: "That white one there is owned by Major Baptis, a big shot in Colombo. The light green one belongs to Mr. Powell, the upcountry planter. Far away there, if you can see it, is the Blue Lagoon Hotel."

The skipper decided that time was catching up and he began to turn the launch in a wide semi-circle to head back in the direction of the canal. As the launch made its way from the lake back into the canal, the now familiar mangroves and paddy fields came into view. The sun was going down in the West and the long shadows of a lone tree or a clump of coconut trees would glisten on the waters of the marsh. It did not seem long before they were in

Piliyandala, passing under the Hill Street bridge and back home.

Joe jumped out first and requested Mr Weerasooriya's cousin and the skipper to wait a few minutes. He rushed up the path and soon returned with a large parcel in hand. He profusely thanked Mr. Weerasooriya's cousin for the trip and handed the parcel to him. He then went back on to the launch and handed an amount of money to the skipper.

During the weeks following, Joe often spoke to Don about the canal and the other great waterways constructed by their Dutch ancestors. He would read to Don from the books he had purchased and attempt to make the narrative alive with snippets of additional information. Joe urged Don to read the books and try to get a greater knowledge and understanding of how significant the work of the Dutch had been in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Don had found a great and loving interest in the canal but it had very little to do with his Dutch ancestors. Christmas had come and he was given a brand new Raleigh cycle as a present. Instead of walking over a mile each way and then catching two buses to St Peter's, the new plan was for him to ride his bike to uncle Brian's place near the Galle Road and then catch a bus to school. Don soon found that he did not have to keep to Boteju Road to get to Uncle Brian's. The western extremity of Peiris Avenue was being extended and it was now possible to get to the canal bank from this extension. With a little bit of maneuvering, he could keep riding on the canal bank and come out near the Boteju Road bridge. From there it was about a half mile on the road to Uncle Brian's.

The journey to school was so much more interesting now. Don had his catapult hidden among



• Wellawatte canal

his school books and every day he would stop at various spots on the canal bank to take shots at birds, squirrels, frogs and lizards. One day on the way back from school, he shot at a beautiful Golden Oriole. The bird was hit and it fell to the ground. As Don ran to fetch the Oriole, it managed to fly in a feeble manner into the backyard of a house adjoining the canal bank. Don was not going to let the Oriole get away. It was a great trophy to display the dead body

(Continued on page 16)

of the Golden Oriole to his friends at school or to at least, take most of the feathers to class. No one would believe him if he claimed to have shot down a Golden Oriole unless he provided some proof. Don could see the bird lying on its side a few yards inside the fence and there was no one in the backyard of the house. All he had to do was climb over the barbed wire fence at a point near a wooden post and grab the bird. The fence was made up of four rows of barbed wire strung horizontally to wooden posts. Don was almost over the highest rung of barbed wire when a voice called out: "Here, what are you trying to do, get out." Don jumped back on to the canal bank in panic. There looking at him with a piercing stare from the other side of the fence was a girl in school uniform. The Oriole meanwhile, was fluttering about on the ground not far from where the girl was standing. She bent down and picked up the bird which offered no resistance. She stared back at Don and said: "You are a very wicked fellow trying to kill this bird. If you do not go away, I will call my mother from inside and she will give it to you." Don did not stop to argue. He got on his bike and sped off towards home. For the rest of that week he did not take the canal bank route to Uncle Brian's.

The next week Don was back on the canal bank route. He was apprehensive as he came up to the backyard into which the Oriole had flown. He was trying to ride past when he saw the same girl near the fence. She glared at Don and said: "The bird died and I buried it in the garden. I hate you." Don was too confused to say anything. He just kept looking at the girl and moved away along the canal bank at a slow pace. That night for reasons he could not understand, he kept seeing the girl's face before him. She was about his age.

The following day Don was wheeling his bike on the canal bank past the girl's house when he saw her standing near the back fence. "Why are you going this way?" she asked. "I live there," Don replied pointing towards his home. "What number?" she asked. "Number 39" said Don.

That evening, at dinner, Don hardly heard a word Joe was saying about a proposed trip to Negombo. The highlight of the Negombo trip was to be a half day padda boat ride down the canal. Uncle Soldier, who was there, was very enthusiastic about the trip too. "Hog and Tod, that's what you can enjoy in Negombo," Uncle Soldier announced. "Uncle what's Hog and Tod?" Joe's eldest daughter asked. "Pork and Toddy darling," was Uncle Soldier's reply. Don's thoughts were not on the conversation going on at the dinner table. He was wondering whether he would see that girl again tomorrow on his way back from school.

She was there by the fence the next day. They spoke to each other for a few minutes before she said that she had better go back into the house before she was missed. Her name was Malkanthi and she

went to Holy Family Convent, Dehiwala. She was in Standard 9, which was the same level as Don.

During the following weeks and months Malkanthi and Don would talk to each other over the fence for a precious few minutes almost every day. They could not talk at the weekends as Malkanthi's father was at home and in the back garden most of the time. Malkanthi also told Don that if her mother was in the back garden when he passed, she would have to ignore him completely.

For Don, Malkanthi was someone who was so beautiful, gentle, and charming. She was different to his supposed girlfriend, Mary Van Dort. Mary was thick set, fair, garrulous and outgoing. She was best friends with Don's second sister and Mary's name was often 'coupled with Don's'. Don did not give Mary much thought as a girlfriend or in any other way. Malkanthi was so different. She was dark complexioned and slim. She had long black hair, a wide mouth, languid eyes and a disarming smile. But most of all, she was so well mannered, gentle and kind. By the end of that year, Malkanthi and Don had professed their undying love for each other and pledged one day to be married regardless of any obstacles her family put in their way.

On the fifth of January the next year, as Don came to the fence to speak to Malkanthi and touch her hand, he noticed that she was in tears. "What is wrong my love?" Don asked. "My father has been transferred to Gampola and we are leaving soon from here," was all Malkanthi could say between sobs. In the intervening weeks they promised to love each other and find each other when they completed their studies. They could then get married as they pledged. Don and Malkanthi said their goodbyes on the day before the move to Gampola. The separation was harrowing and tortuous for the first few weeks. But, once separated, their lives went in different directions and they never ever met again.

The new school year commenced and Don was now in Standard 10 - the Senior School Certificate level. The Standard 10 students were *de facto* leaders at school. Of course, there were the HSC students at a higher level but they were only a small group of 'crammers' who did little else but study. They did not amount to much in the informal hierarchy at school. Standard 10 was divided into '10 A', '10 B' and '10 C'. Don and several of his Burgher friends were in '10 C'.

The students of 10 C were not known for their academic prowess. They were, however, leaders in sport and physical style at the school. More importantly the 'Golden Boys' of 10 C were the *de facto* keepers of the canal. The Wellawatta canal bank made up the Southern boundary of St Peter's College. The canal was strictly out of bounds for students. This rule applied to all. But those students who were with the 'in crowd' knew that this prohibition did not informally apply to the 10 C Golden Boys.

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The Golden Boys group was made up of eight; six Burghers, one Sinhalese and one Muslim. The *de facto* leader was Buultjens, a thick-set boy who could flatten any rival with a punch to the jaw. Next among the Burghers were Keuneman, Wendt, Van Dort, (Mary's brother) Modder and Don. Keunaman was a 'must have' for a canal group. He was of thin build and could swim like a fish. Keunaman was all the more precious as the others in the group could not swim or were very poor swimmers. Modder was the slave in the group. He had to do things like get stuff from the school canteen if the others were too lazy to walk there. His body odour was offensive and hence he was given the name 'Eggie'. The only Sinhalese in the group was De Silva. He was an athlete of note who was the school's 440 yards champion. Finally, there was the Muslim from a very rich family, who was financier to the group. His name was Farook. His name was abbreviated by the group to 'Fark'.

It was Friday lunchtime and Buultjens had informed the other Golden Boys that he had a copy of a 'Health and Efficiency' magazine. This publication was devoted to the promotion of nudism and nudist colonies.

The protocol was for Buultjens to get over the boundary fence with the magazine and go down to the canal bank near a huge tree. The roots of this giant tree reached out from the bank over the waters of the canal. Three persons could sit across the roots and be comfortable. First, Buultjens and the slave Modder would go down to the giant tree for a peek at the magazine. After a few minutes, Buultjens would instruct Modder to, "bugger off and keep watch", while the others went down, two at a time and joined Buultjens. The pressure of being left out of the main proceedings for what appeared to be a long time usually made Modder quite agitated. Sometimes, to calm him down, he was given a second peek after everyone else had had their turn.

This afternoon all had gone to plan. Buultjens, Keunaman, Wendt, Van Dort, De Silva and Don had had their peeks at the magazine and were back near the classroom buildings. Farook was still sitting on the roots of the giant tree waiting for Modder to come down and have his quick second look. As Modder got over the fence, Father Mervyn came walking down the corridor towards the Golden Boys standing and chatting just outside the classrooms. To the students of the Upper School, Father Mervyn was known as 'Jive Boy' because of his habit of shifting

from one foot to the other all the time. Suddenly all hell broke loose. Modder came clambering over the fence shouting:

"Fark's in the canal! Fark's in the canal! Fark's in the canal!"

Jive Boy was quick to react. "Ah! You scoundrel, shouting obscene words are you?"

With that, he whipped out his rattan cane and let Modder have a cut across his body. Modder was now protesting even louder,

"Father, Fark! Fark's in the canal! In the canal Fark!"

Jive Boy was infuriated. He was now swinging his cane at Modder, who copped a few more blows. Modder was super agitated now. Shouting, "Poor Fark, Father, Fark, Fark" he ran towards the College gate and was not seen for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile the Golden Boys knew what had happened. In double quick time they were over the fence and Keunaman dived into the water. Keunaman managed to drag Farook out of the canal. Farook was in a bad way, but not critical. By then almost all of the school population had surrounded the spot near the giant tree. Jive Boy directed the playground staff to

carry Farook to the First Aid Room.

That afternoon an inquiry got under way headed personally by Father Rector. Soon the whole story came out. All eight Golden Boys were suspended and it was likely that all would be expelled from the College.

In time, Farook was pardoned. It was rumored that his father had made a substantial donation to the College Building Fund. De Silva got off too. The College Sports Master had whispered to Father Rector that without De Silva, St Peter's College would probably come last in the forthcoming Catholic Schools Open Sports Meet.

The rest were expelled. However, as a concession to the parents of the boys, they were all permitted to sit the Senior School Certificate Examination. They all duly sat the examination, but none passed.

This time the murky canal had got as victims, the sons of its creators, the Golden Burgher Boys.



• Houseboat on Wellawatte canal.

Photo courtesy Images of Ceylon

Independent Ceylon: the early years 1948 -1952

by Ivor Ferdinands

D. S. Senanayake, Father of the Nation, tabled the motion on December 11, 1947 in the House of Representatives for an independent Ceylon. Early in 1948, Britain agreed that Ceylon would no longer be a British Colony and the date of independence would be February 4, 1948. D.S., as he was fondly referred to by all, was to head a government preponderantly made up of members of the United National Party (UNP). However, it also included members of the Sinhala Maha Sabha whose leader was S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike. He directed his appeal politically to the Sinhalese rural population, particularly the Buddhist monks, the Ayurvedic physicians, the Vidane Aratchchis (village headmen) and village school teachers.

In 1948 Ceylon was a reasonably prosperous country. It had good external reserves from its exports during World War II, particularly tea, rubber and coconut. These were augmented by the excellent prices received for these products, especially rubber, which, soon afterwards, soared to unprecedented heights during the Korean war.

Stable administration

Politically, the country had a stable and efficient administration, centralised through the provinces and districts under the authority of Government Agents. The country was governed in the same manner as during British colonial rule, except that greater emphasis was now placed on land development and village expansion. Corruption and inefficiency were largely non-existent.

D. S. Senanayake, a Buddhist, aimed to govern for all races and communities. To emphasise this point, the writer recalls his presence at the Independence commemoration religious service held at the historic Wolvendaal Church for all Christian denominations on Independence Anniversary Day 1949. He ensured that the Tamils supported his government by the granting of two ministries to G. G. Ponnambalam and another Tamil leader. This resulted in the Tamil Congress party dropping their demand for what was called '50:50' which required that the combined minorities and the Sinhalese majority should each have half of the seats in Parliament by the delineation of electorates to achieve this aim.

D. S. also had a high regard for the efficiency and loyalty of Burgher administrators and professional men. He appointed retired Burgher Civil Servants to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of British Civil Servants, and to undertake the many extra duties which developed with Independence. The two most important provinces, Colombo and Kandy, were placed in the care of two outstanding retired Civil Servants recalled to service

- Louis Hunter and Noel Ernst. H. E. Jansz (who was knighted later) was appointed Chairman of the Public Service Board. There were many others on whom the Prime Minister relied; the name of R. L. Brohier springs to mind as one of them.

In the immediate aftermath of independence, it could be said that Ceylon was riding high politically and economically. However, with hindsight it was clear that there were serious problems which would gather momentum in the future. The language of the courts and of administration was English whereas the bulk of the population, particularly in the Sinhalese villages knew only their own language, being educated in Sinhala in the village schools. They were therefore denied any opportunity of



obtaining employment in higher administrative posts in the government and mercantile sectors. Also they had to employ paid interpreters when they sought redress from the government. They had no real knowledge of what took place in the courts even when charged with the gravest of crimes. This was a situation which could not be tolerated for long by the citizens of an independent country.

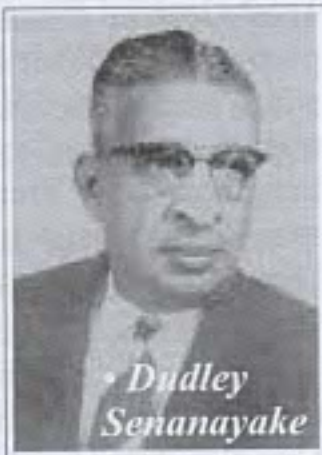
S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, a very senior member of the government, had a greater awareness of the nascent political power of the Sinhala-speaking masses and how this could be used to his own advantage. He was the Minister of Local Government, but due to his internal problems with the UNP, he resigned his ministry and formed a new party, the Sri Lanka Freedom Party (SLFP), taking with him a small group of followers into opposition. The SLFP would be transformed into a formidable Opposition by 1956. However, the UNP under D. S. remained comfortably in power and seemed likely to remain so for many years because of the country's economic prosperity, the P.M.'s popularity and that of his son (and likely successor) Dudley Senanayake.

Fate, however, took a hand in the fortunes of Ceylon. In early 1952, D. S. died suddenly and unexpectedly after a fall from his horse during his customary early morning ride on Galle Face Green. His son Dudley succeeded him after an internal

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struggle with his cousin, the strongly pro-Western John Kotelawala. Dudley decided that he needed a mandate to govern and so the General Election of 1952 took place with every expectation of victory for the UNP with Dudley Senanayake at the helm.

Fortunately for the country this election and many subsequent ones were presided over by one of the finest public servants in this or any other country, Felix Dias Abeysinghe, who as Commissioner of Elections received the highest praise after each election from several Prime Ministers and Opposition Leaders. However, in 1952, due to the shortage of staff to supervise, the election was held over three days instead of just one.



The Government Agents of the various provinces and districts were the Returning Officers for the seats in their areas. In the Kalutara District there were five seats – Horana, Kalutara, Agalawatte, Matugama and Panadura. The Returning Officer for these five seats was Rutgert Paulusz, who died recently in Melbourne aged 91, and the writer was his Assistant. To be a candidate a person could, on Nomination Day, lodge up to six nominations. These had to be handed in to the Returning Officer either by the candidate personally or, on his behalf, by a registered voter of the seat in question. Paulusz was the Officer for three seats and he delegated the receipt of nominations for the other two seats to me. It was an exciting and responsible experience for the young Civil Servant that I was at the time.

At 10 a.m. in front of a large and enthusiastic crowd of supporters of the candidates who had come forward, I announced that for one hour I would receive nominations for the Horana seat. This had been held by A. P. Jayasuriya who was a supporter of Bandaranaike and now felt that he had a better chance in the adjoining Agalawatte seat. The sitting member of that seat was a member of the Lanka Sama Samaja Party (LSSP) who was re-contesting.

Doyen of Sinhala culture

Matugama, the other adjoining seat, was held by Wilmot Perera running as an Independent. He was a doyen of Sinhala culture, the founder of the Sri Pali cultural centre, and was considered unbeatable in his own seat.

To get back to Horana, barely five minutes after nomination time commenced, Mrs Wilmot Perera came forward with her election agent, a Kalutara proctor. She gave him six nominations which he handed over to me, upon which I announced that all six nominations were disqualified as they were not in accordance with the law. They had not been handed in by either the candidate or a registered voter in the Horana electorate. This 'sensational' opening led to extreme care being taken by the other

candidates who spaced out the six nominations they each had and ensured that they were handed in by different persons who were registered voters.

About five minutes before the cut-off time for nominations to be accepted, Mrs Wilmot Perera re-appeared with a registered voter from Horana and handed in another nomination paper to me. There was an immediate objection from one of the other candidates who pointed out that the law permitted only six nominations and this was the seventh. My reply was that since the previous six nominations had been disqualified, and therefore invalid, the current nomination was a valid one. Anyone who disputed this could seek remedy in the Supreme Court - this ruling being in accordance with the instructions issued for guidance by the Commissioner of Elections. The UNP candidate was M. D. H. (Harry) Jayawardena. I had met him and the Wilmot Pereras socially and it gave me some personal regret that one or the other would lose. In the end, Harry Jayawardena and the UNP won a resounding victory, and sadly Mrs Wilmot Perera lost her deposit as she received very few votes.

The Kalutara seat provided an interesting example of democracy by majority rule.

The Kalutara seat provided an interesting example of democracy by majority rule. The sitting member was Cholomondely Goonewardene of the LSSP, which was Trotskyite in theory. He was contested by P. A. Coorey, the Chairman of the Kalutara Urban Council, of the UNP, and Upali Batuwantudawe of the SLFP. When the results were known, P. A. Coorey had won the seat with approximately 10,100 votes, Cholomondely Goonewardene had received approximately 10,000 votes and Upali Batuwantudawe had received 9,900 votes.

And so to the last of the seats which was of interest to me, that of Agalawatte. It was held by Sam Silva of the LSSP and he was contested (as referred to earlier) by A. P. Jayasuriya of the SLFP, and Dr C. W. W. Kannangara of the UNP. The bitterness and anger that prevailed between Jayasuriya and Kannangara was apparent and permeated the atmosphere in the Kachcheri as the counting proceeded after the votes were cast. Jayasuriya was one of the few Members of Parliament who had followed Bandaranaike into Opposition and thereby incurred the wrath of the UNP in a very personal way. Kannangara, the Father of Free Education in Ceylon, who had founded the

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Matugama Central College in an effort to ensure that village children would have the same type of education as that provided in the big Colombo colleges, was expected to ally with Bandaranaike but instead joined the UNP and was regarded with angry displeasure by the SLFP. All who took part in the counting were bound by an oath of secrecy and no member in the room could leave till the final result was announced by the Returning Officer. A huge crowd had gathered outside through the night awaiting the result.

As the counting went on it was evident that Kannangara and the UNP would have a huge landslide victory. Every member present was aware that breaking the oath of secrecy was a punishable offence in law. Despite this, Ediriweera, the Kalutara proctor and agent for Kannangara, could not wait. Twice he sought permission to leave the counting room to answer calls of nature. Each time before he left he was reminded of his oath by Paulusz, the Returning Officer who was to announce the result. But the growing cheers from the crowd outside was proof that they were well aware of how the count was going. When it finally finished and Paulusz was about to announce the result of a Kannangara victory by a huge majority over all the other candidates, a veritable bombshell exploded. To the amazement of all others in the room Kannangara demanded a recount! He refused all appeals to withdraw this demand and it became evident that it was made because of his bitterness towards Jayasuriya. If the recount showed that Jayasuriya had a few less votes, (I believe it was under 5%) he would have lost his deposit and this would have led

to his public humiliation. It was Cholmondely Goonewardene, the agent for the LSSP, who solved the impasse. "Mr President" he said, "if this recount is to take place I will provide at least 20 witnesses who will say that Mr Ediriweera has broken his oath by keeping the crowd outside informed, and demand that you take the matter to the courts." Confronted with this demeaning alternative, Kannangara then withdrew his demand.

Thus ends the writer's recollections of the 1952 General Election and the excitement which it propagated. With hindsight it appears that it was what people would today call a fully fair and transparent election with all those participating keeping to the electoral rules. The spontaneous reaction of contemporary readers may well be: "How different it is today, Oh for those remembered yesterdays!"

Postscript

Due to illness Dudley Senanayake resigned as Prime Minister in 1952 and was succeeded by John Kotelawala. At the General Election of 1956 the UNP ascendancy was challenged by the SLFP led by Bandaranaike who appealed directly to Sinhalese nationalism and promised, that if elected, Sinhala would be declared the Official language in twenty-four hours. The result was an overwhelming victory for the SLFP and S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike.



An Editorial database for **The Ceylankan**

The Ceylankan is the 'glue' that binds all members of the Ceylon Society of Australia, scattered throughout the world. It is also the CSA's most valuable asset, which has now matured as a sought-after literary journal dealing with the history of Ceylon.

The CSA Committee would like to build an editorial database of members interested in and with an aptitude for the following skills to assist in taking **The Ceylankan** to its next level of growth in the future.

- 1) Editorial skills - editing a journal, sub-editing and DTP skills.
- 2) Production skills - design, layout and use of graphics both in colour and B&W. Knowledge of printers' requirements.
- 3) Writing skills - whether as columnists, feature writers or general reporting.
- 4) Artistic/drawing skills - cartoonists and other line drawing expertise.
- 5) Other relevant skills and suggestions you can make to improve **The Ceylankan**.

You can be resident anywhere in the world and able to contribute electronically on a **voluntary basis** and have some ownership of this unique journal. Please email your contact details, together with a brief resume to Doug Jones, Editor, **The Ceylankan** on: deejay20@aapt.net.au

EXTREME PREJUDICE : Emotions, Fans and Cricket Commentary

by Michael Roberts

Support fans are a diverse lot, but all clubs and all international sides have a body of passionate supporters. These fervent fans are intensely attached to their side and invest a great deal of emotion in discussing performance and selection issues. There is a vicarious investment, producing great adrenaline rushes when matches are won and their team is riding high.

The flip side is the low, the moments of depression when their team is not merely defeated, but mauled. Such moments generate intense criticism of the side's coach, selectors and players. Virulence is the name of their reaction.

Logically, one would expect such criticism to range from comments that are pertinent to those that are ill-informed as well as ridiculous. In either form, most comments are as accusative as assertive, permeated by a conviction that the opinion is valid. My interest is in the considerable body of ill-founded criticism presented in extreme tones, sometimes to a degree vitriolic. This interest arises in part from my professional trade, one that involves an analysis of political ideology and practice. That is to say, researching nationalist and communalist excesses has been part of my stock-in-trade.

Likewise, the field of popular culture has been one of the areas pertinent to my teaching and research work. Given an avid, personal engagement with cricket, it was but one step for me to engage with the popular culture within cricket by participating in the discussions within some cybersites, especially www.cricket.dilmahtea.com. This occurred between the years 2005 and 2007. Recently, though, I "retired hurt" in a manner of speaking. For one, pressures of other work suggested a re-ordering of priorities. Secondly, the discussions got to the point of being exhausting and aggravating: for some of the virulence can be as nasty as brutish.

My recent trip to Sri Lanka enabled me to engage the opinions of others who are involved in cricket analysis as part of their vocation, namely, the journalists and commentators on TV or radio. This was during the India versus Sri Lanka series involving three Test Matches and five ODI games (of which I witnessed all, except for the three ODI at Premadasa Stadium). Armed with a press pass, I had the best view ever, behind the wickets and high above the cricket pitch in the company of many knowledgeable individuals, both male and female.

At odd moments, our discussions dwelt on the topic of partisanship among the commentators. Sambit Bal and Sai Mohapatra indicated that their role was to be non-partisan, even when India were one of the combatants out there on the field. Thus, they stood by their self-conviction that they themselves had the capacity to take a clinical attitude towards what was unfolding in front of their eyes. I have every reason to believe in this capacity on their part. Likewise, I have often been impressed by the

degree of non-partisan fairness that such TV commentators like Ian Chappell, Tony Greig and Ian Bishop bring to their reviews – even when their home country is playing.

Speaking for myself though, I am not certain that I can quite achieve such a degree of freedom from bias if I was ever placed in their shoes (unlikely that). Perhaps for this reason I am attracted to another contention: that good commentary calls for a measure of passionate partisanship in favour of one side on the field, albeit balanced by a clinical analytical capacity and an awareness of this leaning. Such a position, arguably, can enliven discussion.

Logically, this means that a good TV or radio team should involve a mix of individuals who are

“...good commentary calls for a
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in favour of one side on the field,
albeit balanced by a clinical analytical
capacity and an awareness
of this leaning.”

non-partisan/clinical (the Sambit Bals of this world) and those moderately partisan. In terms of this logic, as a further step, it seems so sensible to have at least one-third of the team of TV commentators drawn from countries that are not party to the contest. Sri Lankan sides have consistently faced imbalanced bodies of commentators when they toured the West, with five from the home side and at best one Sri Lankan (or, alternatively, Michael Holding or a third party). Never were the ramifying disadvantages of this imbalance more evident than during the tour of South Africa in late 2002. The bias displayed so consistently by Pat Symcox and most of the South African commentators (Wessels and Haysman excepted) was as thick as their accent. That was why I directed an essay against the “Blatant Discrimination in TV Commentary from South Africa” in the style of a fervent fan (*Essaying Cricket*, Colombo, Yapa Publications, pp. 77-78). But this was preceded by another article on “Weighted Cricket Commentary” that fulminated against the bias and ignorance of some of the English

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EXTREME PREJUDICE (Continued from page 21)

commentators during Sri Lanka's tour in the summer of 2002 (*Essaying Cricket*, pp. 57-62).

Jaundiced fans

It is the extremism of the fans, however, that interests me most as a research field. It is this extremism turned inward in violent condemnation of their very own that serves as the foundation for the next set of comments. The Dilmah site provides the material. In drawing empirical material (experiential in memory bank) from this source I will focus mostly on the commentary around the ODI matches and teams because such matches clog the Sri Lankan cricket calendar and draw the most comment.

I have no way of saying whether the fervent cricket-buffs who pen comments within this site are typical of Sri Lankan cricket fans or not. I exclude one weirdo who has recently appeared and whose opinions are in keeping with the pseudonym that he

has adopted insofar as they are shot through with nonsense, no-sense and no balls. At the other end of the pole, I do attend to a regular voice whom I shall



call "Mister Insistent" because he has been, so to speak, a "permanent resident" within the Dilmah cricket site. He presents long missives and has now gained iconic status in the circle. He is

quite dogmatic in his views and above all, he embodies the short-comings that I shall be highlighting. His regular participation has actually improved his prose, which is now readable though still occasionally chaotic. Likewise, his criticisms have developed better balance, though still veering to the extreme and in this sense, they serve as a touchstone for my illustration of jaundiced commentary.

(Part II will be continued in J47)

PERSONAL ODYSSEY (Continued from page 7)

the bank. The opportunity for greater recognition of locals gave rise to a power struggle for leading positions in senior management. Some people had hoped that the position of CEO would be given to a local, which did not happen for a long period of time. There was a tendency among some managers to lobby with the CEO for strategic positions and campaign for greater recognition, leading to the ultimate reward, which sadly was not realised. A case of the best laid plans of mice and men often going awry...

Such a tendency was also evident in other banks and organisations at the time. I had a short spell as Consultant to Hatton National Bank to provide training to managerial staff and introduce improvements to their operating systems. Here again there was evidence of office politics which inhibited good relationships and performance of staff. Working for an international bank gave us the advantage of superior training and systems that were inadequate in other local banks, even though they were making good progress in displacing older foreign banks in generating good business.

My overall experience at the time showed an evolution in banking from colonial times with less control of banks and economy by foreigners, especially the British, to Ceylonese control in such affairs, which however resulted in a scramble for power and influence in high positions.

FERRY DISASTER (Continued from page 13)

• The ambulance sliding down the ramp.



coming over to our bank. Going back to a place like Muttur, where there was a resthouse, was too awful to contemplate and with no one even able to guess when and if the ferry would return, we were

feeling despondent when I remembered The Sea Anglers Club, at China Bay, our destination had a powerful launch. I phoned the Club Manager from the local post office where the Postmaster kindly allowed me to park my Fiat 1100 car. We took the club launch back to the premises where we had a pleasant and uneventful stay.

The car was retrieved two days later.



Life is a great teacher
because it gives you the test
first, and the lessons
thereafter.

Anonymous



SYNOPSIS OF MEETINGS

Sydney: February 22, 2009

President Sunil de Silva chaired the Meeting. He thanked Sumane Iyer for his services as Editor of The Ceylankan as Sumane has now resigned from this post after seven years. He said that he has taken the Journal to its present high standard and it is the flagship of the CSA. He welcomed the new Editor, and thanked him for his previous services as Secretary. The new Secretary, Thiru Arumugam, was welcomed to his post.

There were two speakers at today's meeting and the topic was the December 2004 tsunami and how it affected Sri Lanka. The first speaker was the Sydney Solicitor, **Mrs Ramya Panagoda** who was personally affected by the tsunami. The title of her talk was: *Things are never the same after experiencing the Boxing Day tsunami.*

On December 24, 2004 Ramya went on a holiday to the Nilaveli Beach Hotel, which is a few miles north of Trincomalee, with the families of two of her sisters. There were about 180 guests in this resort including foreigners and her chalet was near the sea. On Boxing Day morning she went for a long walk along the beach. She saw some elephants and started running back to the resort when she saw the sea level coming up at about 9 am. Unlike other tsunami affected areas, at Nilaveli the sea did not recede before the first tsunami wave.

She saw the children in the resort swimming pool being carried away and she rushed into her chalet. The water level inside her room rose up to almost ceiling level and she was unable to open the back door to escape. She was hit by floating furniture and lost consciousness. When she recovered consciousness she found that she was floating in the ocean with the resort completely demolished. There were a total of twelve tsunami waves at intervals, of which the sixth wave was the strongest. After the 12th wave she managed to locate her sisters and her nephew was subsequently found on a tree 10 km away. They went on to higher land and later to hospital and from there to Colombo by truck. Only 30 of the 180 guests in the resort survived.

She returned to Sydney and underwent a thorough medical checkup. After about six weeks an infection of migrating larvae occurred under her skin. She also underwent several months of counseling by Counselors for Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. They taught her to treat the tsunami as an event and to take her emotions out of it. She was determined not to let the tsunami beat her and in December 2005 she went to Cairns for a holiday. She went in a boat to the Barrier Reef and tried to get into the water but went into a fit with shivering.

She tried again two hours later and managed to enter the water. She now swims frequently in the sea and is comfortable about it.

She has been doing a lot of charity work since then and gave talks to emergency management teams. She has addressed several forums as a survivor, so that the audience could understand what a survivor needs.

The second speaker was **Prof. Premachandra Athukorala** who is Professor of Economics at the Australian National University in Canberra in the School of Pacific and Asian Studies and a Consultant to the IBRD, ADB, ILO etc. He spoke on the subject of *The Indian Ocean tsunami – what have we learnt about disaster management?*

Prof. Athukorala said that he was in Sri Lanka when the tsunami struck and the Editor of Asian Economic Papers telephoned him and asked him to monitor rescue operations and the rescue process. He said that there are three significant points about the 2004 tsunami: (1) It was the worst tsunami disaster in recorded history with a death toll of about 350,000 persons. The next highest death toll was the tsunami caused by the eruption of the volcano Krakatoa in 1883 with a death toll of 36,000 persons. The official death toll in Sri Lanka due to the 2004 tsunami is stated as 30,980 dead and about 6300 missing persons. These figures however exclude the death toll in the LTTE controlled areas and anecdotal evidence suggests that the death toll in those areas alone was between 32,000 and 36,000 persons. (2) It was the first global disaster recorded in human history. It affected twelve countries in two continents. (3) There was a massive international donor response. US \$6.3 billion was pledged officially, with private sector donations of US \$2 billion. For the first time corporate firms were major donors.

In Sri Lanka, major disasters are infrequent. The severity of the effects of this tsunami was compounded by: (a) Failure of the Government to implement coastal conservation regulations such as those prohibiting building structures close to the shore and allowing the destruction of mangroves and coral reefs particularly by fisherman using dynamite; (b) Information failure: In 2001 the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in the University of California, San Diego, set up an automatic seismometer to record earthquake activity. This was located in Pallekelle near Kandy. This recorded the earthquake near Aceh and passed on the information to the Geological Survey and Mines Bureau (GSMB) in Colombo, but in the absence of data analyzing capability the GSMB did not realise the significance of the data. By the time the information went to San Diego and was processed and came back to Colombo



(Continued on page 24)

two hours later, the tsunami had already struck. No warning was therefore given to the general public through the media about the impending tsunami.

The disaster management process consists of two stages. The first stage is the humanitarian rescue. This first stage went very smoothly in Sri Lanka, which had the best rescue and relief program among the tsunami affected countries. The second stage is the process of reconstruction. This left much to be desired in Sri Lanka considering the amount of aid funds received. There was no co-ordination between needs and what was received. Sri Lanka was pledged aid amounting to US \$2.56 billion but the actual amount finally received was only US \$1.0 billion, a shortfall of 60%. The lessons to be learnt for future tsunami disaster management are as follows: (1) Environmental regulations for the protection of coral reefs and mangroves must be strictly enforced. The new regulations prohibiting construction of buildings within 100 metres of the shoreline turned out to be highly controversial. (2) An effective early warning system must be put into place and the public educated about the response to such a warning. (3) There is a need for Aid Donors to implement effective aid management. There was a lot of leakage of aid.

A lively discussion followed.

—Thiru Arumugam

Colombo - February 21, 2009

The speaker for the day was Capt. Elmo Jayawardena, airline pilot turned historian.

Prefacing his talk with an interesting statement "Written history is perhaps not the whole truth, for it is someone's perception of a time gone by" he said it smacked of the "Uncertainty Principle" of the brilliant German Scientist Werner Heisenberg, which became the cornerstone of quantum physics: when knowledge of some particular matter becomes precise, knowledge of the rest of matter becomes inversely precise. With that statement, Elmo cleverly prepared the ground for a most interactive session that followed his talk.

With the death of Parakramabahu V1 and the rapid decline of the Kotte dynasty, the Kandyan were afforded the opportunity to assert their independence from the ruler of Kotte.

It was a revelation of the story of Senkadagala, the modern Kandy or the Kandyan Kingdom, well secured by its mountainous terrain. Its Kings, their succession disputes (sons killing their fathers and brothers killing brothers), the conspiracies and treacheries of their chieftains, dynastic rivalries and ultimately, the fall of the Kandyan Kingdom as well as the brutal realities in colonialism.

The story began with Senasammatha Wickremabahu of the Sinhala dynasty- 1469-1511 and ended with Sri Wickrema Rajasinghe- 1798-

1815 of the Nayakkar dynasty. The first of these did not inherit a throne, but was chosen by the soldiers of "Senkadagala Nuwara". When his line ran out of eligible males, the Nayakkar dynasty succeeded from the Queen's family and four of them ruled till the English – supported by Kandyan nobility - ousted them in 1815.

He also gave brief details of the invasions of Kandy (six by the Portuguese, none by the Dutch and three by the English); of how the Portuguese invaded Kandy to place Dona Catherina on the throne, but they were betrayed by their ally Konnappu Bandara who married her himself thus becoming King Vimaladharma Suriya of Kanda Udarata. He then spoke of Rajasingha II, son of Dona Catherina by his brother and heir, Senarath Bandara, who defeated the 7000-strong Portuguese army at Gannoruwa on Palm Sunday.

Elmo then spoke of the English invasions and the failed attempts of Governor North and how Muthuswamy, the British candidate to the throne was beheaded on the roadside by Sri Wickrama Rajasingha. He related the story of Captain Arthur Johnston, the Irishman who single-handedly invaded Kandy from Batticaloa but, as the other two British forces failed to reach Kandy, he had fought his way to Trincomalee. Elmo also wanted to know any detail of Capt Arthur Johnston's daughter who married and had six children in Sri Lanka, whose husband had been a government servant in Galle (any information welcome – elmojay@singnet.com.sg)

The final phase was about the 1817 revolution and the role of Vilbave, the candidate chosen by the Kandyan nobles to be King. The crowning of Vilbave in Aluthwela as King Kirthi Sri was detailed, as was how the revolution fizzled out and Vilbave sought sanctuary among the Veddahs, while Keppetipola, Madugalle and others were beheaded and Pilimathalawe and Thera Ihagama were banished to the Island of Mauritius.

Question time was lively as most of the people present had a very good idea of the times and events that were spoken. One matter discussed was the role played at the Natha Devale in the consecration of and how the legend of the hare and the jackal (discussed in the "Ceylankan") is only found at that shrine. The question was raised whether Sri Wickrama or Vilbave was the last king of Kandy as he must have had a legitimate link to the pre-Nayakkar kings for the nobility, the Sangha and the peasantry to accept his claim. Flowing from that, it was suggested that as the Veddahs, who had fought as allies of the legitimate kings of "Sinhala", provided sanctuary to Vilbave, they must also have recognized his legitimacy.

The discussion then turned to John D'Oyly who had adopted the sarong and the Sinhala lifestyle, shunning the British; the Kant Garrison Cemetery where D'Oyly lies buried and the poetry of Gajaman Nona.

—Daya Wickramatunge

Melbourne - February 22, 2009

The speaker was Mahinda Wijesinghe, a prolific cricket writer, journalist and commentator who spoke on: **"The history of Sri Lankan cricket since achieving test status"**.

Drawing attention to the following achievements of Sri Lanka cricket, Mahinda pointed out that he proposed the banning of the webbed wicketkeeper's glove in 1987, and the introduction of a Third Umpire to Marylebone Cricket Club, London. In 1996, the CEO of the ICC replied that his suggestions were taken into due consideration. During the same year, the secretary of MCC wrote to him saying that the implementation of a new law on the glove was a difficult task.

The speaker drew attention to some achievements by Sri Lanka in international cricket. In One Day Internationals (ODIs) not only did Sri Lanka record the largest margin of victory (in runs) but also victory with the most number of balls remaining. In ODIs Romesh Kaluwitharana holds the record for the most number of stumpings in a career. Muttiah Mularidaran is considered the most successful bowler in the history of game and in the Player of the Series awards. Wettimuny in 1985, Jayasuriya in 1997, Mularidaran and Ranatunga in 1999 and Jayawardena in 2007 were the recipients of The Oldest International Individual Cricket Prize since 1889. Nuwan Zoysa on November 26, 1999 became the first and only Sri Lankan bowler to claim a Test hat trick. During the 2007 World Cup tie with South Africa at Guyana, Lasith Malinga captured 4 wickets in 4 successive deliveries. In an ODI against Zimbabwe in 2001, Chaminda Vaas captured 8 wickets including a hat trick. Graeme Labrooy is credited with having reached the quickest Test half century against New Zealand in 1991.

Sanath Jayasuriya who played 432 ODIs is the proud holder of the fastest 50 (against Pakistan) in 1996 and the most number of sixes in an innings (11 vs Pakistan also in 1996.). In ODIs between Sri Lanka and full members of ICC, he scored the most boundaries (24 vs New Zealand in 2006). Finally on January 28, 2009 he became the oldest player at 39 to score a ODI century (107 vs India at Dambulla). At the SSC grounds in 1993, Sanath Jayasuriya hit the first delivery he faced for a six to win the match against England. He also shares the record of scoring the most number of fours off consecutive deliveries in 2007. Sanath Jayasuriya registered the highest aggregate of 40.9 runs on a single venue in one day cricket (2,212 runs at R. Premadasa stadium) as at December 31, 2007.

The speaker went on to provide some interesting statistics in Sri Lankan international cricket. In Test cricket, Australia has achieved twin centuries 18 times, followed by England 11, West Indies 10, India and Pakistan 6, Sri Lanka 5, South Africa 4, New Zealand 3 and Zimbabwe 2. Duleep Mendis in 1982 and Arvinda De Silva in 1997

recorded identical scores in unbeaten innings respectively. On his debut innings, Jayantha Amarasinghe, batting at No.11 top scored in 1984 (34 vs New Zealand). In 1987, Brendon Kurruppu was the first Sri Lankan wicketkeeper in a Test match to make a three-figure score on debut (201 vs New Zealand). Sri Lankan Test skipper, Bandula Warnapura, who opened the bowling and batting in 1982 became the only player to have performed this feat in a nation's inaugural Test. By scoring 374 runs vs South Africa in 2006, Mahela Jayawardena was the second Sri Lankan to make a Test triple century after Jayasuriya (340 vs India in 1997).

Sri Lanka not only hold the Test batting partnership records for the second and third wickets, but that score also happens to be the highest number of runs collected in a partnership (624 runs between Jayawardena and Sangakkara vs S. Africa in 2006). For the first wicket in ODI's Jayasuriya and Tharanga established the partnership record of (286 runs vs England in 2006). In Tests, ODI's and Twenty-20 cricket, Sri Lanka is the holder of highest totals in all forms of international cricket. On all three occasions, Sanath Jayasuriya top scored. Hashan Thilekaratne with four others hold the World Test record for the most number of catches (7) taken in a game by a fielder, other than a wicketkeeper. Wicketkeeper, S. Amal Silva established a World Test record (22 victims vs India in 1985) for a 3- Test series in 1985.

• **New Zealand took 26 years to win their first Test.**
• **India dawdled for 20 years to win their first Test.**
• **South Africa struggled for 17 years to register theirs.**
• **Sri Lanka won her first Test 3 years after playing the inaugural Test.**
• **11 years after, in 1996, bagged the World Cup – trouncing Australia by 7 wickets in the final.**
• **In 2003 & 2007 ended semi finalist and runner-up respectively, each time losing to eventual champions, Australia!**

At the end of the talk a lively discussion ensued with Dr Buddy Reid giving a demonstration of Murali's bowling action and how his bent arm is seen from the umpire's position.

At the conclusion of the meeting, further discussion followed over a cup of tea.

– Dilhani Kumbukkage

CEYLON CRICKET'S UNSUNG HERO

How many can lay claims to having captained his native land, played first-class cricket in England and Australia, captained the MCC and Cambridge University – at Lord's, no less – and represented the Gentlemen Of England? In 1965, he was appointed Ceylon's representative to the ICC, and later functioned as the manager of Sri Lanka's test team to India.

– Mahinda Wijesinghe writing in *Lanka Monthly Digest (LMD)* on Gamini Goonasekera.



Meals Ammi Made

PORK PADRE CURRY

by SRINI PERIES

- 1.5 kilos pork
- 15 curry leaves 1 stick lemongrass
- 1 ½ tablespoons each cumin and coriander
- coconut milk
- 1 onion sliced
- 3 inch piece cinnamon
- 6 slices green ginger
- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 4 cloves or 3 teaspoons of bottled garlic
- 1- 2 teaspoons chillie powder (to taste)
- ¾ cup whisky, gin or arrack
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Wash and cut the pork into 2 inch squares and put them in a saucepan with sufficient coconut milk to cover. Brown the cumin & coriander powder in a small pan or heat for 1 minute on HIGH in a microwave. Add to the pork with the onions, garlic, ginger, cinnamon, salt, lemongrass, curry leaves and vinegar and boil for 30 minutes. Then add the sugar, whisky and let simmer gently until the pork is tender. Remove the pork pieces and allow the gravy to fry to a nice brown; then put back the pork and stir for a couple of minutes. This is a dry curry.

There is a legend about this curry. Evidently, the Christian priests those days were not allowed to indulge in alcohol, so they put the liquor in the curry instead of imbibing it. Thus Pork Padre is not just a pork curry - the flavours of liquor make it unique dish.

WANTED: Your Recipes

Meals Ammi Made will be an avenue for our lady members worldwide for sharing their tried & tested recipes reminiscent of home cooking in the way that Ammi made. (Of course, the male of the species is most welcome to showcase his culinary wares too). An essential quality has be that these meals **MUST** be of Sri Lankan origin. One recipe will be published in each issue. Please keep your recipes short, preferably typewritten. Handwritten copies are welcome, but please ensure they are legible for the sake of sustaining accuracy. The journal is published in February, May, August & November of each year and the deadline is on the 10th of the previous month before publication (ie. July 10 is the final day for submissions for the August issue). You can email your recipestotheeditor: deejay20@aapt.net.au or post to 109 Oakhill Drive, Castle Hill NSW 2154.

CORRECTION: In J45 our recipe for LEMON CURD had one ingredient listed as SALTED BUTTER. It should have read UNSALTED BUTTER instead. We apologise for the error.

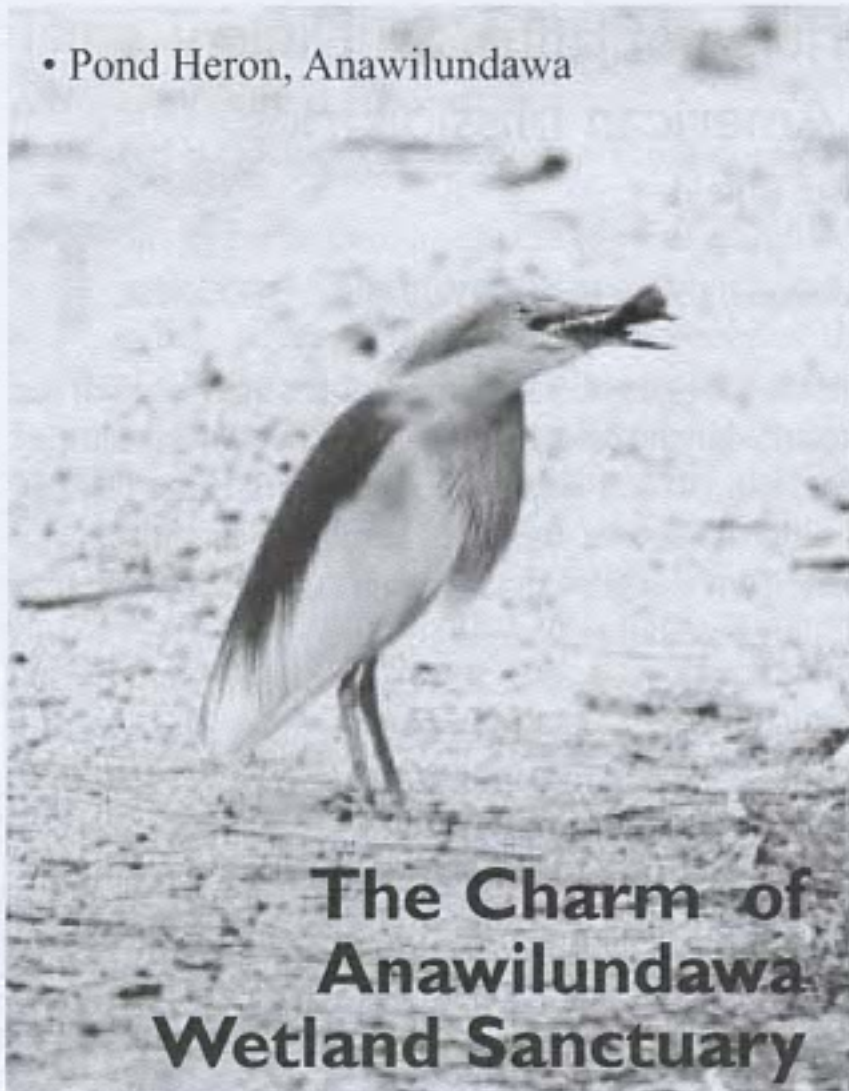


An oasis of beauty

As my eyes scanned with intense interest the typescript pages which have gone into the making of this book, I found it very difficult to keep my imagination out of mischief. Time and again there came creeping into my mind scenes of myself as the vagabond figure dressed in puttee wound spirally from boot to end of knickerbocker breeches and clad in a disreputable khaki shirt, sprawled on a camp-chair before the open tent my bearers had raised under a venerable tamarind tree in a shady clearing. Within sight is an oasis of beauty – a village tank, carpeted except in deeper reaches, by great blue-green leaves of the lotus. In the lower valley under the tank there is a field of sprouting paddy – equally soothing to the eye. This may be any village cut away from other habitation by miles of thicket, and forest, and scrub in the dry-zone of Ceylon which occupies nearly two thirds of its land area.

– An excerpt from Dr. R.L. Brohier's Foreword to Lala Adithiya's book *Ceylon Vagabond*

• Pond Heron, Anawilundawa



The Charm of Anawilundawa Wetland Sanctuary

Nestled between the Chilaw-Puttalam railway line and the North-west coast of Sri Lanka lies the incredible Anawilundawa Wetland Sanctuary, declared as such in June 1997. Since 2001, Anawilundawa also carries the importance as being recognised as a 'Ramsar' wetland sanctuary coming under the scrutiny of the International environmental treaty guidelines held in the city of Ramsar, in Iran.

Situated about 10km North of Chilaw, the Sanctuary covers about 1400 ha and consists of a series of small tanks or reservoirs. However, the adjoining paddy fields, coastal area, local gardens and general vegetation combine to provide a marvellous diverse habitat that attracts a huge variety of birdlife, small mammals and many other types of creatures. Water birds, Forest birds, Grassland birds ranging in all sizes and colours reside or visit the sanctuary. Personally, I have noted (in general terms), Herons, Egrets, Cormorants, Ducks, Gulls, Terns,



• Serpent Eagle

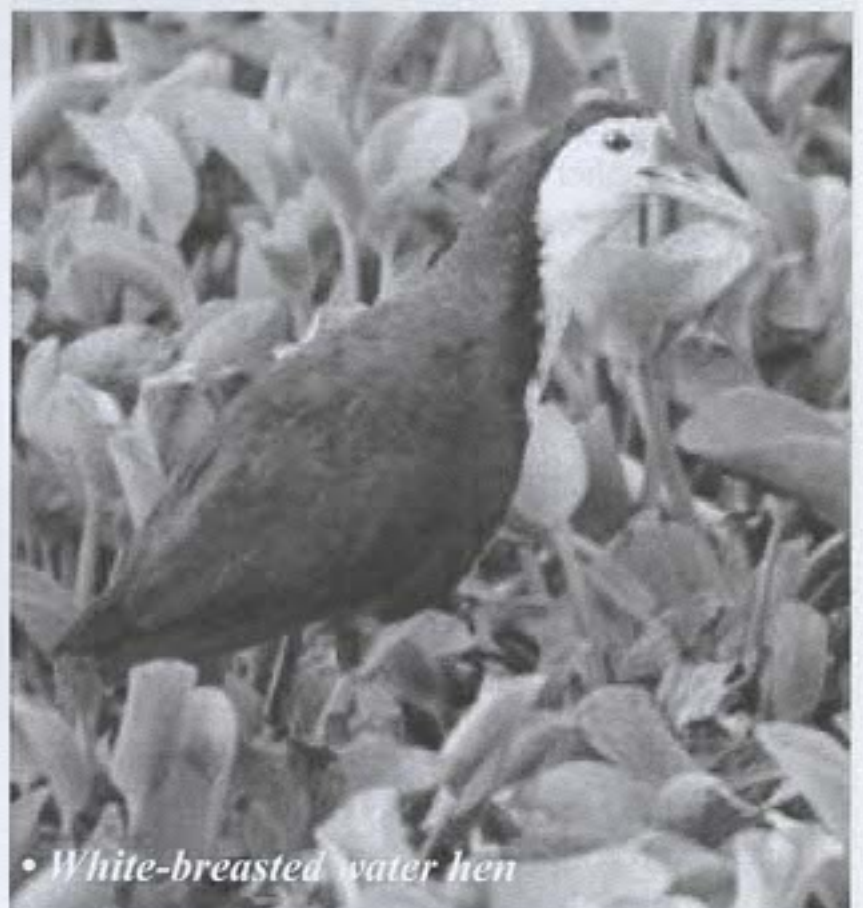


Nature Notes

by Stefan D'Silva

Kingfishers, Woodpeckers, Barbets, Coucal, Koels, Serpent Eagles, Changeable Hawk Eagles, Prinias, Stilts, Storks, Sunbirds, Orioles, Brahminy Kites and a few migratory species.

It is a great place to enjoy long walks along the tank bunds with binoculars and camera in hand. Early mornings and late afternoons serve up a feast of birdlife that is quite amazing, including butterflies and other attractions along the paths. The place sparkles in the bright morning sun and glows in the late afternoon sunsets, fully justifying the two hours drive from Colombo.



• White-breasted water hen

Here is a sample of the birds that I have been privileged to photograph at Anawilundawa.

Reference and recommended reading:

1. *A preliminary survey of the Herpetofauna in Anawilundawa*, by Roshan Rodrigo. Vol 35, July-September 2008 edition, *Regional Quarterly Bulletin on Wildlife and National Parks Management*. Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations.
2. *Ecotourism Development Plan for Anawilundawa*, by Dithya Angammana.





Christian Heritage of Jaffna, Sri Lanka – Work of the American Missionaries

by Samuel Thevabalan Arnold

Reviewed by V. GUNARATNAM, Retired Deputy Principal, Union College, Tellippalai, Sri Lanka

I have great pleasure in reviewing this book by S.T. Arnold, affectionately known as Balan. I have known him in three stages of his life. He was a student in the primary classes at Union College, Tellippalai where I was a senior student. His reputed father, Rev J V J Arnold was the parish priest of the church that stood in the College premises.

Later, I met Balan in Batticaloa in 1968, where my wife and I spent six years as teachers. Balan had newly married Vimala Somanader and they had settled down there. During this time, he was a successful teacher and active churchman.

What a pleasant surprise! I met Balan and Vimala again in Merrylands, NSW, Australia in the year 2000. It was at this point that I was called upon to write a review of Balan's book. This book will interest not only its readers, but will also be a guide for future historians.

As a student and teacher of history, I was very much interested to learn some new facts about the early History of Sri Lanka and of Jaffna in particular. Balan has given a lucid account of the Portuguese, Dutch and British periods in Sri Lanka. His Chapter on American missionaries' work in Jaffna is a reminder of my thesis submitted for my Diploma in Education. I congratulate Balan on his brilliant presentation on this topic.

Batticotta Seminary established in 1823 had been the pride of Jaffna and was closed in 1855 following the visit of the deputation from the American Board. Balan has given an account of the Seminary which produced outstanding graduates who served the church and community. The Batticotta High School which was established after the closure of the seminary, followed by the founding of Jaffna College in 1872, have been portrayed. The eminent staff and the achievements of Jaffna College creates envy in the minds of those who missed the chance of being students in this famous institution.

His reference to Serampore College in Calcutta and Rev William Carey, rouses nostalgic memories for me. I spent four years for my degree course at Serampore College, founded by William Carey. As students we used to visit William Carey's grave annually at Serampore.

Green Memorial Hospital, Manipay is a living testimony to the arduous tasks of the missionaries

in the early days. The arrival of Dr Samuel F Green resulted in the establishment of a hospital in Manipay in 1848, which was later named after him. Balan, being the son of the soil (Manipay) has given full details of the growth and progress of the hospital to its present status.

The account of the Church History of Jaffna is remarkable. Having been a member of the Jaffna Diocesan Council committee for three years, I have known all those pastors, bishops and leading laymen mentioned in the book. This book enabled me to recall certain important events; how the then Governor Robert Browning gave a cold shoulder to the American missionaries and sent them to the north. The missionary work flourished by leaps and bounds and this has been well portrayed by Balan.

His reference to the Christian families in Jaffna and abroad is very interesting. Most of them are inter-related. Thus, Balan has given a global link of all Christians. This link, reminds me of the dictum in Tamil in "Pura Naanooru", "Yaathum Oore, Yavarum Kerlir."

Balan, being the fourth in the generation of Arnolds, gives a vivid picture of his ancestors. Prof. J.R. Arnold, being the first convert to Christianity, was like a colossus among his peers. His literary works of a very high standard are a living memorial of this great man of whom Mother Lanka is proud of!

In conclusion, I would like to quote a few lines I learnt in my schools days:

"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime;

Still departing leave behind us, foot prints on the sands of time."



Angels can fly
because they take
themselves lightly.

— G.K. Chesterton

Time Traveller

A Novel by Wilfrid Jayasuriya

Reviewed by Douglas Junge, PhD – Professor Emeritus, UCLA



This charming volume is the story of a Sinhalese man from Sri Lanka named Jayantha Perera. With an ever-watchful eye for detail, the author first describes Jayantha's life as a civil servant in his homeland, where he learns to appreciate automobiles, the company of women, authority, his chums at work and his family, especially his father, whose career had been mirrored by his own. Being a thoughtful person, Jayantha often delves into old public records to compare his life to those of officials in Ceylon during the English colonial period. Then, after thirty years as a public servant, retires and surprisingly moves to Carbondale, Illinois, where he earns a doctorate in English and begins to teach the subject to American students. His wife and daughters follow him to the U.S.

The narrative is divided into chapters about his life in Sri Lanka in the 1960s interspersed with



those dealing with experiences in America in the 1990s. The subtle effect of this structure is to lead the reader to discover parallels in the two different lives of the same man, in different cultures: both as a youth and a mature person, he constantly questions the meaning of things he

experiences and looks for connections between the two parts of his life. In an English class in Illinois, he compares the American prose poem based on the Garden of Eden with a Sri Lankan story about the same subject. Later in the book he relates the feast day events in Sri Lanka on behalf of Our Lady of Lourdes at Kalutara, beginning with the symbolic eating of the body of Christ during the mass, followed at home by feasting on pork and fowl curry and other foods, and singing and dancing. Immediately after this follows a sombre description of a Thanksgiving Day 30 years later, "the greatest event in the American calendar". Jayantha visits a childhood friend who has become a withdrawn Catholic priest in a small town in Kansas. During mass with three other people, he meditates on how far away their world is in space and time.

An overall resonance connects the times in Sri Lanka with those in America. Many of the same characters are experiencing the change of cultures and its effects on their lives. The reader is left with an abiding sense of the need for belonging and the importance of work, friends and family, the church, order in life and beauty of surroundings. The penultimate chapter is a midnight pilgrimage to the top of a sacred mountain, where sunrise "revealed the sky and the land as if one's eyes were just opened". I felt that way about Sri Lanka after reading this book.



WHEN INSULTS HAD CLASS

(without using four letter words)

Contributed by Hugh Karunanayake

He had delusions of adequacy.'

Walter Kerr

He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire.

Winston Churchill

A modest little person, with much to be modest about.

Winston Churchill

I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure.

Clarence Darrow

He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary.

William Faulkner
(about Ernest Hemingway)

Poor Faulkner. Does he really think big emotions come from big words?

Ernest Hemingway
(about William Faulkner)

Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I'll waste no time reading it.

Moses Hadas

He can compress the most words into the smallest idea of any man I know.

Abraham Lincoln

'I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it.'

Mark Twain

He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends.

Oscar Wilde

A warm welcome to our new members



- **Thedanath & Anula Perera**
Etul Kotte, Sri Lanka
- **Joyce Nora & Ross Brown**
Kiama, NSW
- **Sanjiva & Dr Chitra Wijesinha**
Balwyn, Victoria
- **Rabindran & Bahnu Sethukavalar**
Parramatta, NSW
- **Palitha & Sriyani Manchanayake**
Carlingford, NSW
- **Dr Srilal & Lilamani Silva**
Concord, NSW
- **Dr Merl De Silva & Anne Simpson**
Hobart, Tasmania
- **Dr Hamilton Koelmeyer**
Adamstown, NSW
- **Dr Kishani & Amendrajith Pilapitiya**
Eastwood, NSW

WANTED: Your literary contributions

The Ceylankan is published quarterly – in February, May, August and November. The deadline for copy is the 10th of the

month prior to the month of publication. Original material is sought, preferably of an anecdotal, historical nature. Any material, however, will be considered provided it contributes to the Society's ideals of being non-racial, non-political, non-religious and non-controversial.

Wherever possible, contributors are requested to annotate bibliographical references to facilitate further research & study by interested members.

DISCLAIMER: While every effort is made to publish material that is relevant and accurate, we cannot take responsibility for errors and inaccuracies. The editor will greatly appreciate if any such discrepancies are brought to his attention.

SHORT TAKES *with Sumane Iyer*

Thank God for church ladies with typewriters.

- Bertha Belch, a missionary from Africa, will be speaking tonight at Calvary Methodist. Come hear Bertha Belch all the way from Africa.
- Announcement in a church bulletin for a national PRAYER & FASTING Conference: "The cost for attending the Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals."
- The sermon this morning: "Jesus Walks on Water." The sermon tonight: "Searching for Jesus."

THE CEYLON SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

(Founded in 1996)

Office Bearers

PRESIDENT

Sunil de Silva

Int. +61 2 8021 2328

sunsil@optusnet.com.au

VICE-PRESIDENT

Dr Srilal Fernando

SECRETARY

Thiru Arumugam

Int. + 61 2 8850 4798

thiru.aru@gmail.com

TREASURER & PUBLIC OFFICER

Srikantha Nadarajah

Int. + 61 2 9980 1701

50A The Esplanade, Thornleigh NSW 2120

vsnadarajahl@bigpond.com

ASSISTANT TREASURER

Ron Murrell

Int. + 61 2 9484 4070

bcmurrell@aapt.net.au

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Harry de Sayrah OAM JP

Mobile 0415 402 724

harolddes@hotmail.com

PUBLICATIONS

Mike Udabage

Int. + 61 2 9879 7728

mike_udabage@itechne.com

EDITOR/LIBRARIAN

Douglas Jones

int. + 61 9894 7449

109 Oakhill Drive Castle Hill NSW 2154

deejay20@aapt.net.au

SOCIAL CONVENOR

Chandra Senaratne

Int. + 61 2 9872 6826

charboyd@iprimus.com.au

MELBOURNE CHAPTER CONVENOR

Shelagh Goonewardene

Int. + 61 3 9808 4962

shelaghlou@yahoo.com.au

COLOMBO CHAPTER

Convenor/Local President

Somasiri Devendra

Phone 2737180 somasiri@edisrilanka.com

Local Hon. Secretary

Daya Wickramatunge

Phone 2786783 dawick@sltnet.com

Local Hon. Treasurer

Mike Udabage

Mobile 0775 412 420 mike_udabage@itechne.com

329/124 Lake Road Dehiwela Phone 2731914

EX-OFFICIO

Dr Robert Sourjah

Int. + 61 2 96222469

robertsourjah@yahoo.com

Tony Peries

Int. + 61 2 9674 7515

srini.p@bigpond.com

Dr Tom Silva

Int. + 61 2 9344 7541

tomandnirmalie@yahoo.com

LIFE MEMBER

Hugh Karunanayake

Int. + 61 2 9980 2494

hkaru@optusnet.com.au



CSA PUBLIC MEETINGS

NEXT SYDNEY MEETING

Sunday April 26 at 6.30 pm.

Mr S. Muthiah will speak on "**Memories of another day - forty years in Ceylon**".

Mr Muthiah was the Editor in Charge of the Sunday Times, the Times of Ceylon Annual, and the Features of the Times Group. He is also the author of "The Indolankans" and Editor of "The Janasakthi Book of Sri Lankan Cricket".

Venue - Thornleigh Community Centre.
Corner Phyllis & Central Avenues (off Pennant Hills Road) Thornleigh

Details: Chandra Senaratne 02 9872 6826
Thiru 02 8850 4798

NEXT MEETING COLOMBO CHAPTER

Saturday, 27 June. at 5.30 pm

Professor Lakshman Marasinghe
Emeritus Professor of Law
University of Windsor, Windsor Ontario Canada,
and Attorney-at-Law.

will speak & lead a discussion on
***Constitutional Reform in a
Multi-ethnic Society***

Venue: Organisation of Professional
Associations (OPA)

Stanley Wijesundara Mawatha, Colombo 7
**Please invite any/all persons who are likely to be
interested in the proceedings and the Society.
No charge will be made from those attending.**

Further information from:

Somasiri Devendra (President)
on 2737180 or somasiri@edisrilanka.com
Daya Wickramatunge (Secretary)
on 0773 174 164 or dawick@sltnet.lk
Mike Udabage (Treasurer)
on 0775 412 420 or mike_udabage@itechne.com

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Calling for speakers for our public meetings

The Society is always on the lookout for people to give talks at our meetings open to members and the public. Prospective speakers can be academics and others who are specialised and well-researched in their chosen topics. There are members who may easily fit into this category and there may be non-members who are your friends or relatives living in or visiting Australia or Sri Lanka from overseas whom you can nominate/invite to speak on their chosen topic at these meetings. Meetings are scheduled for April/May, September/October, November/December. Dates and times can be arranged to suit availability and convenience of the speakers. If you can contribute in this regard, please contact:

Sydney – Sunil de Silva (President) on (02) 8021 2328 or email: sunsil@optusnet.com.au
Melbourne - Vice-President Srilal Fernando on (03) 9809 1004 or email: srilalf@bigpond.net.au
Colombo - Local President Somasiri Devendra on 2737180 email: somasiri@sdisrilanka.com

How to become a Member of the CSA

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(Mobile) 0775 412 420

Email: mike_udabage@itechne.com or by mail 329/124 Lake Road, Dehiwela

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Images of Colombo



• *Chatham Street, Fort*



• *Wellawatte bus stand*