



CANBERRA LANKAN

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It is that time of year in summer in Canberra when the flowers bloom early in the morning and by mid-morning are ready to droop in the squelching heat. The earth is full of heavy fragrance, and bird calls fill the air. Beaches swell with crowds, away from the heat and dust. Those locked up in their boxed apartments watch as the dust swirl and settle and the grass turns to brown. My thoughts turn as always to the country that I left behind, my world of paddy green, the lotus in the mud, the rains, and the tea capped mountains.

I recently returned from Ratnapura, the city of gems – it seemed more like the city of rains. From April onwards, the heavens poured down incessant rain, colourful umbrellas emerged, the chatter of school children filled the morning air, and the traffic snarled past the city centre. Buses of every conceivable size and state of repair whizzed past on winding roads, auto rickshaws plied the streets with idle drivers tooting at potential passengers to attract their attention, the bargaining and the wheeling and dealing, colourful markets full of lush rambuttans, jackfruits, every conceivable vegetable and fruits, homewares on the streets, lazy dogs lounging in the sun, herds of cows strolling through the streets stopping traffic in their wake – it was all part of the deal in Ratnapura. I spent long hours in the buses headed to Colombo, watching the passengers who boarded from any place but the starting point jostle in the mind numbingly populated buses

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heading off to their jobs, for most of them making a three to four-hour long journey in and out of the capital, an average of eight hours on the roads. Sari clad, unadorned yet beautiful country women with looks that took my breath away, the sarong clad, and the suited gentry, children in tow, all jostling together ready to hold someone's bag, smiling through the discomfort, the delicate acceptance in some and those resigned with their lot in life.

I held my breath as the driver took bends in as agile a fashion as a rock hurtling downwards edging towards the precipice, and closed my eyes.

I was young again, the beloved of my father, bespectacled, clad in long dresses, shy and gawkish, lean with a donkey fringe that framed my face. Quiet years of hard work and achievement, uncelebrated, it was never enough or brilliant, overwhelmed in the shadow of my

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Canberra Lankan
Editor

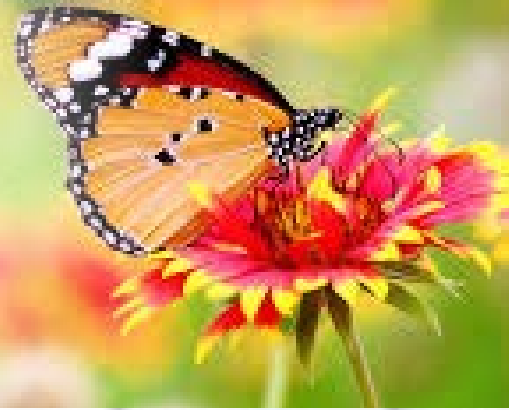
Sangita Ashok

father and the men I was lucky to have in my uncles, the women in my mother, teachers and lecturers. Never wanting or desirous, years of music, books, solitude and good conversation. Exploring the world of Chekov, Arthur Miller, idealistically believing in human goodness. Long hours in the buses but not like this, three hours daily, sandwiched in the midst of women carrying fish in their baskets, breathing in the betel, the sweat and the grime. Watching peacocks do their dance, listening to the chanting of the monks, running through the heavy rains in my white school uniform, then drying in the sun that drenched, I knew I had it in me to do it, to achieve, to be invincible.

That was until I moved away from my island in the sun to worlds hitherto unexperienced. From the warmth to the cool climes, from the simplicity to the complex, the world of ideas and imagination to the practicality of money, raising children, fitting in a conformist society with its own norms and expectations of women, where men reigned supreme, and egos blossomed on the size of the wallet, position, the woman on one's arm. From a world where despite being in the minority of not experiencing discrimination or exploitation to a world where daily my notions of decency and humanity are being questioned. From the unsubdued to the subdued. Around me daily images and stories of being broken, the vulnerable and the exploited. Too much information, too little wisdom, too much of wanting and desire, too little of giving and detachment.

But back here away in this city of gems from the sophistication of Colombo and untouched by that which was foreign and unknown, I could feel in the eyes of the youth – the passion and the verve, the desire

to be, the smiles and the warmth, the glimpses of invincibility. The secure comfort in the nucleus and embrace of the family, like the sun caressed and kissed by the wonder of slow soothing breezes. The kindness and compassion of the passengers in the long bus journeys, the patience and wisdom. Tiding through the karmic cycle with the compassion of the Buddha, Jesus, Allah, Ganesh, Krishna. People still one with nature, one with their core still intact, still invincible.



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45 years After

Thursday, 15 July 2010



The Departure from home

By: Charles.S.Perera

(Charles. S. Perera is a well-known Journalist who currently lives in France)

Going back are clouded memories of hectic preparations. Packing bags and boxes. Hurried kisses and hugs. Yellow robes of Buddhist Priests. Weeping faces and Buddhist chants, and an emotion filled morning climbing onto a van taking a child on my knee.

That was the morning of the day that I was to leave home, to an unknown country. But yet what happened that day and the night before my departure from home have not been completely blurred out. Therefore, with a little effort I could revive the memories to recollect the events as they happened.

I remember I still had this pain in my stomach. It had been there for quite some time. I saw the Doctor, but he did not see anything serious. You can go ahead with your preparations for your voyage said the Doctor. All my brothers were there around me, except my sister who was in Colombo. She was to see me off at the Colombo Harbour. My mother, Dotty Nangi and Nanda were busy making things ready to take with me. Dotty Nangi was preparing a pillow case, with Nanda helping her.

From time to time my pet Alsatian Raja would put his nose where it is not wanted and get a tap on his back by my elder brother Loku Aiya. Cyril Aiya was preparing things to be packed in a fairly large wooden box that was to go into the Ship's hold. Amma had prepared oil cakes, *seeni sambal*, jaggery. They were lying in neat packets around Cyril Aiya who was trying to find a place for each one of those packets in the not so big wooden box. There were one or two bottles. One contained oil for my hair. Mother insisted that I take it with me, as she had got it specially done, by a physician. Mother who had been suffering from tooth aches for some time had got a bottled essence of girofle* that I should take with me in case I too would get tooth aches.

Doray Aiya was more pensive. He regretted my going away very much, as much as my mother did.

I think my feelings were mixed. Though I very much liked to go to France of which I had heard much without a special attraction to France, or as a matter of fact I had not wanted to be in any country in the west. I thought it would just be four years and that I will be back. I then had not even a dream of staying back in France. If I had married I may never had wanted to go abroad. I had dreams of an early marriage and having children. But I had not any attachment to any one, having been disappointed in one or more attempts of trying to fall in love.

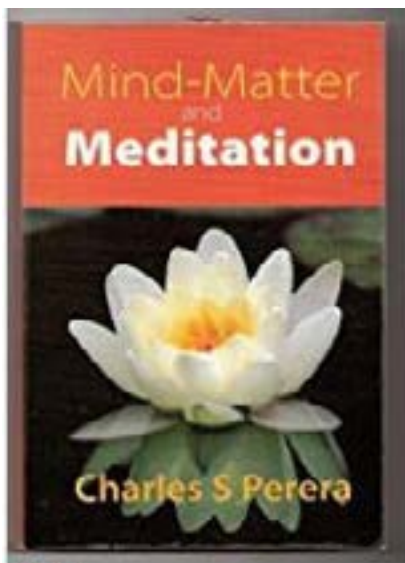
There was only one lady friend whom I liked very much without any particular matrimonial attraction. Nevertheless, I had written to her about my leaving Sri Lanka and asking her whether she would like to come with me as my wife. She wrote to me giving me an appointment. I was eagerly waiting to see her, but she never turned up at the appointed place.

The following day I had a letter from her telling that as much as she would like to be my wife, she would not like to give her consent now as it would also be a decision to go to another country, and the idea of the marriage would have been divided between being my wife and desire to go abroad.

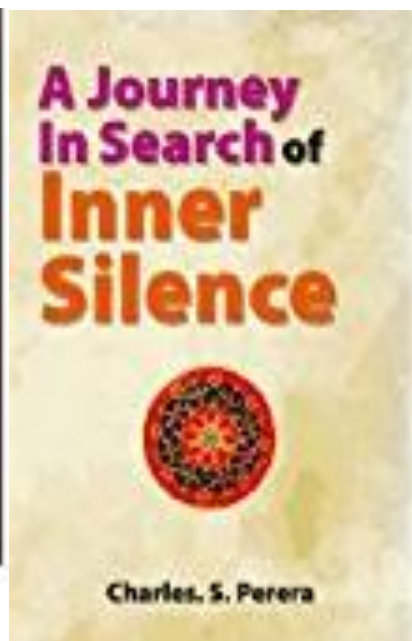
Well that was the end of my seeking a matrimonial adventure in Sri Lanka, and so I decided to go as I was - a happy bachelor.

Books by: Charles. S. Perera

* girofle (in French) = clove



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රැස්කිරීම වෙනුවට අස්කිරීම හුරු කළ යුතු සැදූ සමය

හරිටස් වරුසවිතාන ශූරින් විසින්

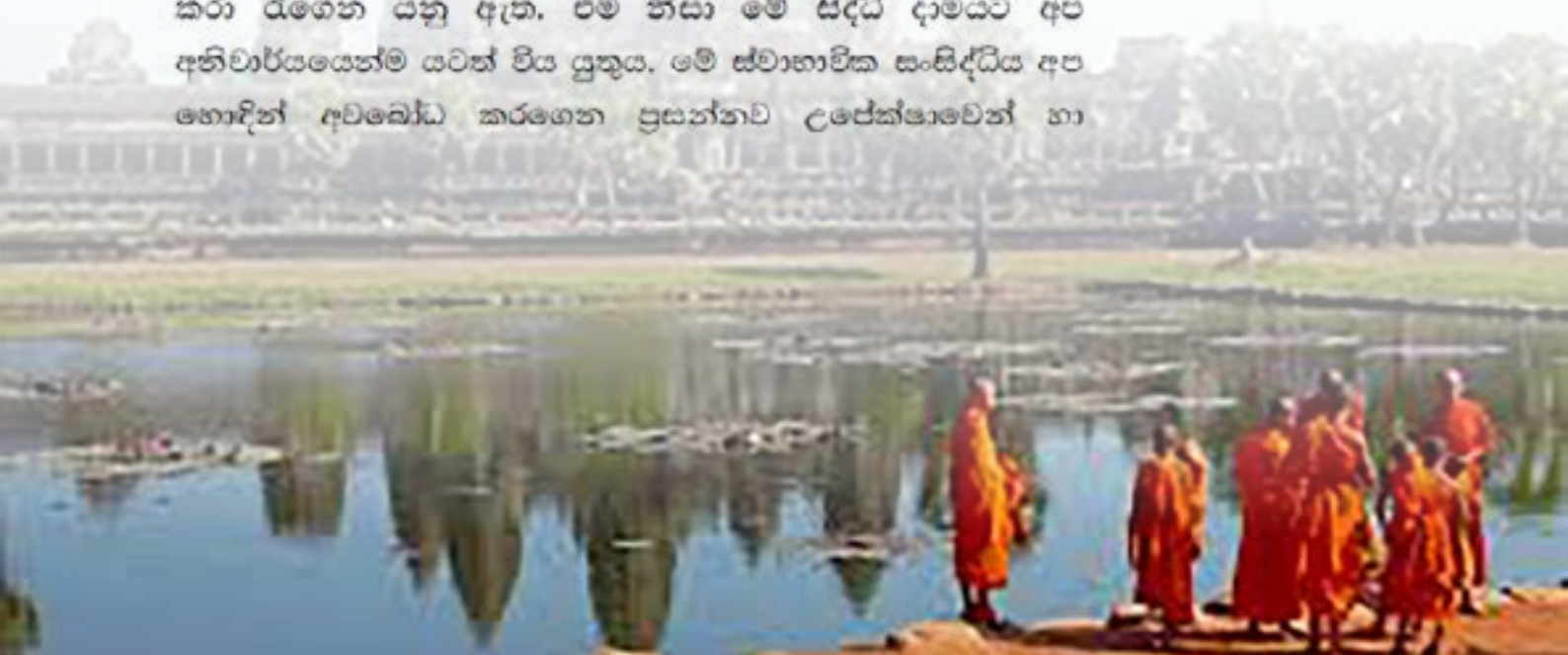
ජීවිතයක සැදූ සමය ළඟා වන්නේ ප්‍රඥා දශකයේ අවසානයත් සමගම ය. ලෝකය විසින් නැතිනම් අවට වටපිටාව විසින් ඔබව එක්තරා අන්දමකට කොන් කිරීමකට සූදානම් වන්නේ ද මේ සැදූ සමයේ ආරම්භයට සමගාමීවය. මේ ප්‍රතික්ෂේප කිරීම ආරම්භයේ දී ඔබ යම් පමණකට බාහිර ලෝකය අල්වාගෙන සිටියේද ඒ අනුපාතයටම සරිලන සේ වේදනාව හා කලකිරීම ඇතිවිය හැක. මේ අවස්ථාවට පත්වීමට ප්‍රථම ඒ ගැන වැටහීමක් ඇති කර ගැනීම ඉතා වැදගත්ය. අවට ලෝකයා කරන කියන දේ ගැන හැසිරෙන ආකාරය ගැන ඔබ කලබලවිය යුතු නැත. ඒවා ඒ ඒ අන්දමට සිදුවීමට ඉඩ දෙන්න. ඔබට අත්දැකීමට ලැබෙන ඵලිතොදා සිදුවීම් ප්‍රියමනාප හෝ අප්‍රසන්න ලෙස භාර නොගන්න. හුදු සිදුවීමක් ලෙස පමණක් සනිටුහන් කර ගන්න. මෙය ටික දවසක් පුහුණු වන විට ඒ කිසිවක් ඔබට අවශ්‍ය පරිදි සිදු නොවන බව හා ඒවාට ආවේණික ලෙස ඒවා ක්‍රියාකරන බව හා එයින් ඔබ නොසැලෙන බව වැටහෙනු ඇත. ඔබ කාලයක් දුක් මහන්සියෙන් හැදූ වැඩු දූරුවන්, උදවු උපකාර කළ සේවක සේවිකාවන් යහළු මිත්‍රයන්ගෙන් ඔබ මේ සැදූ සමයේදී කිසිම ප්‍රති උපකාරයක් බලාපොරොත්තු නොවිය යුතුය. ඒවා ලැබුණොත් සතුටින්



පිළිගන්න. නොලැබුණු විට කම්පා නොවන්න. දුක් නොවන්න. මැසිවිලි නොකියන්න. ඔබ කොතරම් දුක් වුවත් කෝප වුවත් යමක් නොලැබේ නම් එය ලැබෙන්නේම නැත. මේ සැදූ සමයේදී උපේක්ෂාවේ උපරිම ආස්වාදය ලබාගත යුතු හැටි ප්‍රශංසා කළ යුතුය. හැම දෙයම වැළඳ ගැනීම වෙනුවට හිතීන් ඒවා අයින් කිරීමට පුහුණු විය යුතුය. ජීවිතයේ ඉතාමත්ම සරළ සංසුන් කාල පරිච්ඡේදය විය යුත්තේ ද මේ වකවානුවයි. නා නා විධි විලාසිතාවන්ගෙන් ඇත් වී රැස් කිරීම වෙනුවට අස්කිරීම සිදු කරමින් පුහුණු වෙමින් අනවශ්‍ය අධිවේගී සමාජය තුළින් හැකි පමණ ඇත්වීම මේ උපේක්ෂාවට අත්වැලක් වනු ඇත. අසහනකාරී කාර්ය බහුලත්වයෙන් හැකි පමණ ඇත්විය යුතුය. තමා වෙත ඇති අනවශ්‍ය වගකීම් හා නොයෙකුත් බාහිර ක්‍රියා ගැන හැකි පමණ අනෙකුත් අයට පැවරීමට ඔබට හැකිවිය යුතුය. නිවසේ නම් එහි පරිපාලනය ක්‍රමයෙන් දූරුරුවන්ට පැවරීමට හැකිය.

ඒ අය රූපී පරිදි ක්‍රියා කිරීමට ඉඩදී ඔබ ඒ දෙස බලා සතුටුවීමට උගත යුතුය. නමුත් ඒ අය ඔබෙන් යම් උපදේශයක්, උපකාරයක් බලාපොරොත්තු වන්නේ නම්, පතන්නේ නම් එය නොවලභා නොමසුරුව කරදිය යුතුව ඇත. ඒ ඔබ දුන් උපදේශය ද ඒ අයුරින්ම ඉටු නොවන විටදී ද ඔබ කම්පා විය යුතු හෝ කෝප නොගත යුතුය.

සැදූ සමයත් සමග අත්වැල් බැඳගෙන තවත් කෙනෙකු ද ඔට එක්වනු ඇත. ඒ අබල දුබලතා ඉන්ද්‍රිය දුර්වලතා සහ ලෙඩ රෝගාදියයි. මේ ලෙඩ රෝග ඔබට ඉතා ඉක්මනින් ම සයන දශකය කරා රැගෙන යනු ඇත. එම නිසා මේ සිද්ධි දාමයට අප අනිවාර්යයෙන්ම යටත් විය යුතුය. මේ ස්වාභාවික සංසිද්ධිය අප හොදින් අවබෝධ කරගෙන ප්‍රසන්නව උපේක්ෂාවෙන් හා



කලකිරීමකින් තොරව පුහුණ දීමට හුරු විය යුතුය.

ස්වල්ප බලාපොරොත්තු සහිතවීම, ඉතාම සරල දේවලින් සැහීමට පත්වීමට හැකිවීම මෙන්ම බාහිර ලෝකය තමාට අවශ්‍ය පරිදි වෙනස් කිරීමට උත්සාහ නොකිරීම, ජීවිතයක සෑදූ සමයක තිබිය යුතු විශේෂ අංග විය යුතුය.

ඔබ මෙතෙක් කල් පරිහරණය කරන ලද, කවා පොවා නහවා පෝෂණය කරන ලද නොයෙක් විලාසිතාවලින් හැඩ වැඩ ගැන්වූ ඔබේ යයි සිතා සිටි සිරුරේ ඇතිවන වෙනස්කම්, විරූපිතා දකින ඔබ තවමත් ඒ පිළිබඳව ඇති ඇල්ම අඩු කර නැති නම් එය බලවත් අඩුපාඩුවකි. මේ සිරුරේ ඇතිවන දිරායාම හා අබලන්වීම ගැන ඔබ හොඳ අවබෝධයක් ඇතිකර ගත යුතුය. කොතරම් දුක් වුවත් කම්පා උවත් මොනයම් ආයාසයක් ගත්තත් එය එසේම සිදුවනු ඇත.

එසේම යම් දිනක එය සම්පූර්ණයෙන්ම අතහැර දැමීමට ඒකාන්තයෙන්ම සිදුවන බව මෙතෙහි කළ යුතුය. ඒ මෙතෙහි කළ යුතුය. ඒ මෙතෙහි කිරීම තුළින් ඔබ තුළ සැඟවී ඇති මරණ භය හා සංතාපය ක්‍රම ක්‍රමයෙන් ඉවත් වනු ඇත.

ඔබ රැස් කළ සියළු වස්තුව වතු පිටි, ඉඩකඩම් දුරුවන්න සියල්ලම එකක් නැර ඔබට අත්හැර දැමීමේ දිනය නොබෝ කලකින් ඒකාන්තයෙන්ම පැමිණෙනු ඇත. ඒ නිසා මේ අවස්ථාවට මුහුණදීමට වහා වහා සූදානම් විය යුතුය. එය කළ යුත්තේ මෙසේ යැයි බුදු රජාණන්වහන්සේ පැහැදිලි කර ඇත. පස්පවින් වැළකී, පරිත්‍යාගය, මෙමත්‍රිය, කරුණාව, ඉවසීම වැනි ගුණාංග හැකි පමණ පුහුණු කරන්න. අනෙක් අය ඔබව නින්දාවට, සමච්චලයට ලක්කරන විටදී ඔබට සැර පරුෂ වන විටදී, සිනහ මුහුණින් සංග්‍රහ කිරීමට මේ සෑදූ සමයේදී හුරු පුරුදු වන්න. උගත් නූගත් මිල මුදල් ඇති නැති තමන්ට උපකාර කරන නොකරන, දු දරුවන් හා හිත මිතුරන් කෙරෙහි සමානාත්මතාවය හුරු කර ඒ හැමට එක සේ සලකන්න. ඉඩ ලැබෙන හැම තත්පරයකම ධර්මයට ආසන්නවීමට වෙර දරමින් සුළු වශයෙන් හෝ භාවනාවකට හුරුවීම මේ හැමටම වඩා වැදගත්ය.

තෙරුවන් සරණයි !

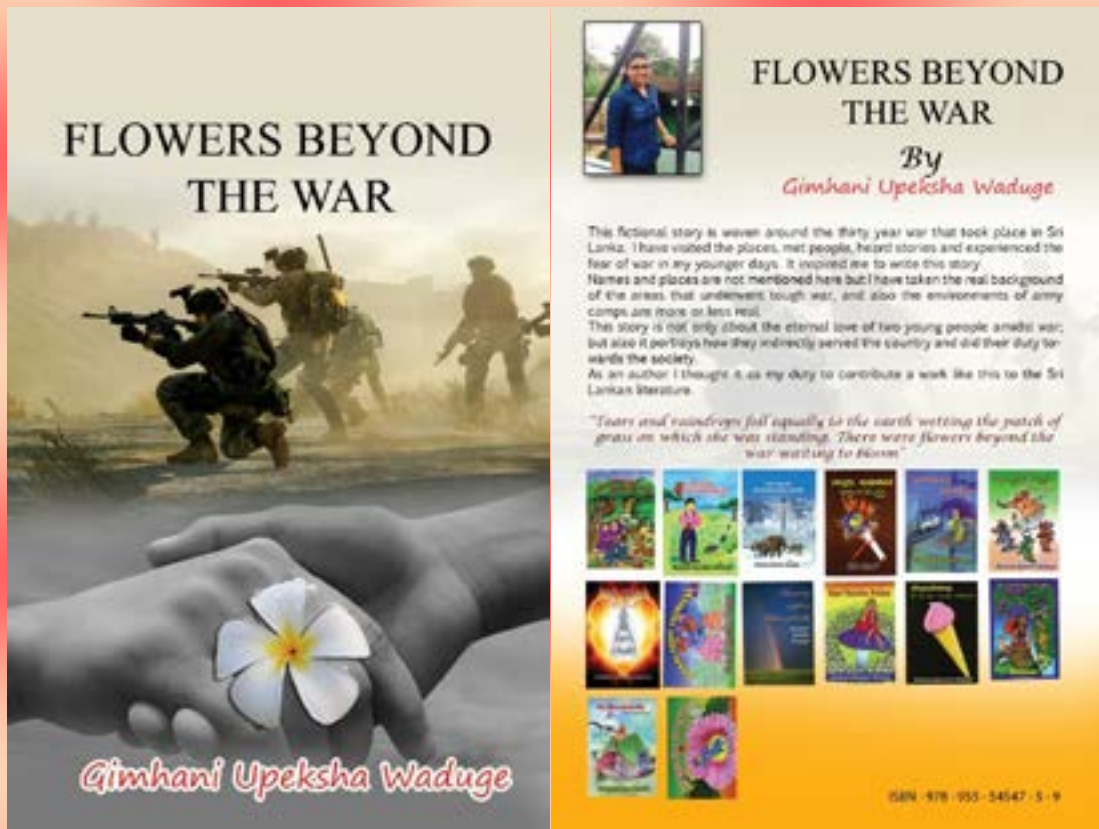


Flowers Beyond The War

by

Gimhani Upeksha Waduge

- *Impressive novel that recalls the outset of the brutal war in Sri Lanka. (Mrs. Sunethra Rajakaruna)*
- *A story complete with literature, language usage and sensitivity to its maximum. (Mrs. Daisy Fernandopulle)*
- *A touching story about war where characters are well brought to life. (Mr. Nigel Ramage)*
 - *An amazing story (Mr. Boniface Fernando)*



“Tears and raindrops fell equally to the earth wetting the patch of grass on which she was standing. There were flowers beyond the war waiting to bloom”

“Flowers beyond the war” is the 16th book authored by Gimhani Upeksha Waduge. This fictional story is woven around the thirty year war that took place in Sri Lanka. She has visited the places, met people and experienced the fear of war in the younger days, which inspired her to write this story.

This story is not only about the eternal love of two young people that stayed strong during unbearable circumstances, but also it portrays how they served the country and did their duty towards the society.

Gimhani Upeksha Waduge is a graduate of Staffordshire University – UK and also passed ALCM (University of West London) in Speech & Drama and Public Speaking. She also became a nominee for the Gratian Prize 2013.

The novel “Flowers beyond the war” is dedicated to Maj. Gen (Rtd) Wasantha Kumara (Sri Lanka Army) and his wife Mrs. Rohini Jayasundara. The author has done the duty of contributing a valuable work like this to the Sri Lankan literature. A book that mirrors the cruelty of war, strength of love and the sacrifice of the soldiers.

Now available at: <https://www.sarasavi.lk/Book/Flowers-Beyond-The-War-97895554547592>

For Children's Sake – J. S. Swaradeva

When I was working in Melbourne I had a Sri Lankan lady colleague who spoke good English, and we always communicated in English.

“Are you Italian?”

The first day she introduced herself to me with a question.

“No, I am a Sri Lankan, looking for a beautiful girl like you!”

She was laughing like a child who was watching a Bugs Bunny cartoon.

“Why did you think I am an Italian?”

“Your olive complexion.” I was listening shyly.

When I was about to go on 5 weeks annual leave, she said,

"Now you can go home and do another one or two odd jobs.."

"Why ?" I asked feeling slightly distressed.

"You have a family and you need a house and a car, so it is better to work hard."

"After all working on Sundays and two hours overtime everyday ?" I was expressing my dislike.

"Yes, you can be the proud owner of many houses one day!"

"Listen Tamara, I can certainly agree with you if I can reverse my 'working hard' nature in case something goes wrong.."



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"It is not clear Swaradeva.." she was looking at me questioningly.

"Okay, let me explain.." I sat back and paused a bit.

"Tamara, I have seen many Sri Lankan expatriate parents coming here and working hard as you said. Working so hard that they seldom attend to their children's psychological needs. Children seek missing parental love from other not so good sources and get addicted to drugs and/or leave home sadly enough when they do not find the love and affection they crave."

"So.." I continued,

"in case my children have fallen to one of these categories, is there any point in me selling the many houses I built by working so hard (even during my holidays) and get back my children to the normal loving state?"

I further said, "if that is reversible, then I will certainly accept your advice to work during the holidays and I am sorry I do not think it is reversible hence to 'unwork' hard and 'unbuy' the houses I bought and stay with children during holidays.. er?"

"Swaradeva.. you are so far thinking and I cannot disagree with you" ultimately, she was saying, showing a relief in understanding a complex long term but short-sighted method that expatriate Sri Lankans adopt in their adopted country.

The following short movie discusses this complex situation in a simple artistic way.

You are invited to watch a short inspirational movie based on the highly acclaimed poem "If I Had My Child to Raise Over Again" by Diana Loomans.

We often say children grow up quickly - that before we think, they will turn from tiny toddlers to adult teenagers. It is not just about the pace in which the children grow up, it's about how we can engage with them everyday in our lives. It's about how we spend our time and how often we spend our time with them.

Please spare a few minutes to watch this video.

If I Had My Child To Raise Again :

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eFpGboJzSyl>



Dance of the Stars – Sangita Ravendran (Ashok)

An year has passed us by since the last astrological review and a lot has been happening on the astral plane. To start with, Rahu (the much-dreaded Dragon's Head) and Ketu (Dragons Tail) transited into Cancer and Capricorn signs respectively for the next 18 months from 18 August 2017. This raku/ketu axis will stay there until 7 March 2019.

Jupiter the planet of growth and abundance moved into the sign of Libra from 12 September 2017 and will remain in that sign until 18 October 2018, when it will move to Scorpio.

Saturn moved into Sagittarius in 26 January 2017 and will remain in that sign until 23 January 2020.

It is a stormy world out there, and how do we negotiate the deep murky waters of

life? The stars can be heavy on us, helping us to work through our karmic sins or give us the results of our karmic good. As you sow, so shall you reap – the stars reflect this karmic pattern in our lives. So even if we are reaping the good of our previous lifetimes, it is good to keep this in perspective and sow good seeds in this lifetime because all our actions are accountable in our future lifetimes. Until we merge our soul into the infinite, we will have to be part of this endless debits and credits of our karmic existence!

So what do these transits mean for you dear readers?

The best way to analyse where you stand is to check where your moon sign is placed and if it is say Vrishabha moon sign then an eighth placed Saturn, 4th placed guru, 3rd placed

Rahu and 9th placed Ketu is what you will be facing as at the present time. Within these transits too there are periods when the planets get retrograded in which case you will be placed in the previous houses, and signs.

As a general rule these key planets do well in the following houses:

- Saturn in 3rd, 6th and 11th houses
- Jupiter in the 2nd, 5th, 7th, 9th and 11th houses
- Rahu in 3rd, 6th and 11th
- Ketu in 3rd, 6th and 11th

I have not however considered the signs in which these houses sit as this can also give good results. Further the aspect and conjunction of planets also lend towards painting the overall picture.

The table below will help you to identify where you are placed in terms of the current planetary transits.

Moon sign	Placement of Saturn (Sagittarius)	Placement of Jupiter (Libra)	Placement of Rahu (Capricorn)	Placement of Ketu (Gemini)
Mesha	9 th house	3 rd house	4 th house	10 th house
Vrishabha	8 th house	4 th house	3 rd house	9 th house
Mithun	7 th house	5 th house	2 nd house	8 th house
Katak	6 th house	6 th house	1 st house	7 th house
Sinha	5 th house	7 th house	12 th house	6 th house
Kanya	4 th house	8 th house	11 th house	5 th house
Tula	3 rd house	9 th house	10 th house	4 th house
Vrischik	2 nd house	10 th house	9 th house	3 rd house
Dhanu	1 st house	11 th house	8 th house	2 nd house
Makara	12 th house	12 th house	7 th house	1 st house
Kumbh	11 th house	1 st house	6 th house	12 th house
Meena	10 th house	2 nd house	5 th house	11 th house

Transits reveal some of the story behind your existence. Key to how you are managing in the cosmic front is the Mahadasha that you are currently running, its antardasha and how these are featured in your destiny. What have you come to do in this lifetime – what have you left incomplete? Who do you owe your life’s work to and what are your responsibilities.

The dance of the stars is a way to help your soul towards reaching fulfilment. What that fulfilment is varies person to person. I hope that inherent in some of that is love and consideration for the poor, the underprivileged, and love for humanity irrespective of race, religion, and all the artificial barriers that man creates. Giving a voice to the voiceless in an age of connectivity is important. I encourage all of you to look deep into your hearts to acknowledge the suffering of humanity and where possible raise awareness and stand together for fairness and justice for all.

In the next segment we will look at Mahadashas and how they impact your life. Love, light and blessings to all!



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 Do you have a question for your very own Canberra Agony Aunty?
 Your Agony Aunty is here to share her wisdom and humour with you 😊

A Chance Encounter...

One day, while on holiday in Sri Lanka, I had an errand to run in the Aluthkade area. As the task was not too urgent or time bound, I thought of taking public transport. I avoided peak hour to travel by bus, preferably in a full-sized bus, which I find tolerable and sometimes even enjoyable to ride in.

It was mid-morning that day when I walked up to the bus stop in Rajagiriya junction. At the bus stop I alighted a full-sized bus that was parked there and taking passengers. The bus bound for Colombo Fort was not too crowded at first although a steady stream of passengers got in afterwards. Once inside, I walked up to a two-person seat nearest the front door of the bus, where a man with woven skull cap worn typically by Muslim men, was already seated. As I was just about to sit down, I also noticed that the man had a pair of crutches. Out of sympathy, I very gently patted him on the shoulder as I sat myself down. The man pushed himself obligingly towards the window, making more room for me as we settled down to the trip ahead. Just as the bus got under way, the conductor got in through the front door and started collecting fares. I paid mine and I noticed that the man sitting next to me, did not. The Conductor extended his arm towards the man and muted words were exchanged but no money changed hands.

He turned to me and said in perfect English though in an embarrassed tone of voice, that he had some tea with the last ten rupees he had and now had no money left. Partly to overcome my own awkwardness at the man's plight and partly to know more about the man, I asked him what was with the crutches. He said he was only recently discharged from the Sulaiman's Hospital, after receiving treatment for injuries sustained



when he was struck by a three-wheeler. He said he was in the hospital for about four months and the hospital bill was four and a half lakhs and he simply could not pay the bill. He said his friends in Akurana, paid the bill and that is where he lives these days. "Why Akurana?" I asked knowing that Akurana is nowhere near Colombo, where he now finds himself in a rather frail physical state and with no money on him. As we got deeper into a conversation, said he was quite 'strong mentally' but his body was weak like a 'fruit salad' - all mixed up! I looked at him quizzically. The man said that he came to Sri Lanka some ten years ago from the Netherlands as a tourist. At first, he had all the money and was living it up in all kinds of posh hotels and touristy places. He was in the habit of enjoying himself with much wine, women and song, partying to the wee hours on most days. "Those days are long gone and now he

is reduced to nothing!", he said. So, he has had to give up the booze and the one-night stands and become a 'good person'. Thanks to some friends who converted him to Islam, he now has a place to stay in Akurana for as long as he wanted.

The man went on to say that his real name was Bernard Jens, and for many years, he was a Pilot with KLM - the legendary Royal Dutch Airlines. He was then making excellent money and was a millionaire, married to a daughter of the Deacon of a Church in Amsterdam. He said dejectedly, that his family does not want to know him anymore, as in their eyes, he has brought shame upon the family by converting to Islam. By then I was quite intrigued and asked several questions to try and work out whether this man was just telling me tales. Bernard said that over a span of some twenty years, he had flown everything from earlier turbo-prop passenger aircraft to Tristar Jetliners and at one stage, he was in long-term residential training with Boeing in Seattle, USA. I asked several more questions to test him out. Bernard said things about the aviation industry that only an insider really could, and he went on to say that the act of flying the plane was not that hard given all the training and constant practice that he had. But each time he flew, the idea that he was responsible for

all those lives on board, was always weighing heavily on him. As I listened to him, I tried to reconcile what I am hearing with what I am seeing in the frail shadow of a man slumped on the seat beside me. By that stage, although there were some gaps, I had little doubt in my mind that the man was for real.

Trying to explore ways to get him help, I asked whether he was still a Dutch Citizen and if so couldn't the Dutch Embassy help him. He said yes, he was a Dutch Citizen, but he has had no real help thus far from the Dutch Embassy in Colombo. He believed the explanation was that his father-in-law has used his influence with the authorities and the Embassy hierarchy may also have been approached.

As we continued our conversation, he also mentioned that his people came to Amsterdam originally from Portugal, where they were persecuted. From my travels I knew that the original Jewish quarter in Amsterdam was set up by Jews fleeing persecution in Portugal. This prompted me to ask, "Does that mean you are Jewish by any chance?" He was quite surprised at my question but admitted that he was. What an irony it must be, I asked, for the same person to be born a Jew, to spend a large chunk of his life as a Christian and then later in his life to convert to Islam. All of this in one lifetime! "Circumstances!" Bernard

said, "That's all it was. Circumstances!!".

Knowing that my own bus stop was only minutes away, I reached into my back pocket and pulled out a banknote. I pressed the thousand rupee note that emerged into his reluctantly outstretched palm. He thanked me profusely. I said to him that he should get something to eat first and then make his way to the Dutch Embassy and insist that he be helped back to Netherland, as a citizen of that country. I told him not to take 'no' for an answer anymore as it was clearly his right as a citizen to seek consular assistance when stranded in a foreign country, as Bernard seemed to be.

As I got up to navigate my way to the door by this time in a jam-packed bus, Bernard pressed my hand in one last emphatic handshake thanking me for giving him strength and a sense of purpose. I am sure given a chance, anyone else would have done the same thing and maybe more to help. As Bernard had neither a permanent address nor a phone number that he could give me, I had no way of contacting him or staying in touch. Although I do not know what became of Bernard, I always wish him well and thank him for giving me such a salutary lesson in how quickly and dramatically things can change in a man's life.

Jayantha Kottege

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සෑම ඉරිදාවකම දහවල් 12.00 සිට 1.00 දක්වා...

ICONIC TAMIL POP SINGER A.E.MANOHARAN HELPED BRIDGE THE ETHNIC DIVIDE



“Ithaya Oasai” (Sound of the Heart”) was a drama put on the boards by the students of St. John’s College, Jaffna in 1963/64. The play proved so popular that it was staged to members of the public in Jaffna, Kandy, Trincomalee, Batticaloa and Colombo. The chief actor in the play was a handsome curly-haired student in the then Higher School Certificate (HSC) class. He was a hosteller as his family was living in the central highlands.

A remarkable feature of the lead actor in the drama was that he sang in his own voice on stage without lip-synching the songs. The highlight of the drama was a song set to the tune of “*Jis Desh Mein Ganga Behti Hai*” the theme song sung in nasal tones by Mukesh in the Hindi film of the same name ‘*Jis Desh Mein Ganga Behti Hai*’ starring Raj Kapoor and Padmini Kammo.

The “Ithaya Oasai” drama song was preceded by the sound of a gunshot followed by a bird’s squeak and sounds of fluttering wings in the background. The lead actor then bursts into song.

The opening lines were

*“Oru vaanambaadi veeznthathadaa,
Athan vaalvu indroadu mudinthathadaa,
En kangalil kanneeer sinthuthadaa”*

(A skylark has fallen, its’ life is over from today, tears flow from my eyes). The words referred to the death of a skylark which is known for its mellifluous singing. Even the English poet Percy Bysshe Shelley was inspired by the skylark to compose an ode to the song bird.



Death of a Skylark

The song about the death of a skylark was written, set to the melody of Shankar-Jaikishan and sung mournfully by the actor himself. With the passage of time, the student actor himself blossomed into a songster in his own right. He became a well-known singer of popular songs over the years. After years and years of providing immense pleasure to his numerous fans, the life of the skylark who sang about a skylark's death many decades earlier has come to an end. Anthonyppillai Emmanuel Manoharan known to the world as A.E. Manoharan breathed his last on January 23rd 2018. He was 73 years of age. This column is a tribute to the singer hailed as the “*Thamizh Poppisaich Chakkaravarthi*” (Emperor of Tamil Pop Music)



A.E. Manoharan was a man of wide talents. He was a singer, musician, stage and screen actor and broadcaster but it for his singing - which brought him great honour- that he will be remembered for in the years to come. He was an ebullient singer with a flamboyant appearance. Manoharan made his name as a rock singer of popular musical numbers mostly in the Baila Music Genre. He was proficient in Tamil, Sinhala and English and could sing in all three languages. In later years he sang in the Hindi, Malayalam, Telugu and Kannada languages too. Manoharan possessed an aptitude for languages and had the knack of extemporaneously rendering the same verses in different languages during performances. He had a magnificent stage presence and could electrify an audience in no time. He sang with the great contemporaries of his time in Sinhala and Tamil music catering to multi-ethnic audiences. A.E. Manoharan in his heyday has sung in concerts, music shows and songfests throughout the Island. He was perhaps the most loved Tamil singer (next to Rukmani Devi) of Sinhala music aficionados in his time.

Manoharan was born in 1945 at Bogawantalawa ... His father was a Jaffna Tamil from Eachamoattai near Paashaiyoor in Jaffna. While teaching in the up country, he fell in love with a highlands lass from the Indian Tamil community and married her. This was frowned upon by his Jaffna relatives...

What was most commendable and praiseworthy in many of his songs was his discernible love and affection for Sri Lanka and its people. Blessed are those Sri Lankans who have lived in different parts of the country, travelled widely within its borders and interacted with all people cutting across ethnic and religious barriers during times of peace and tranquility. Those who have had such broad experiences unsullied by narrow sectarianism know that the Island is truly “God’s own country”.

Manoharan was one such person and it was reflected in his songs. He sang of Lanka and its beauty, of its landscapes, mountains, rivers, people, arts, heritage, places of worship and above all the unity amidst diversity of her people. A.E. Manoharan was a rare artiste who helped in his own small way to help bridge the ethnic divide. He sang many Sinhala songs such as “*Suranganeeta Maalu Genaawaa*” and popularised them among world-wide Tamil audiences.

Anthonyppillai Emmanuel Manoharan

Anthonyppillai Emmanuel Manoharan was born in 1945 at Bogawantalawa in the Central Province of the Island then known as Ceylon. His father was a Jaffna Tamil from *Eachamoattai* near *Paashaiyoor* in Jaffna. While teaching in the up country, he fell in love with a highlands lass from the Indian Tamil community and married her. This was frowned upon by his Jaffna relatives and the man domiciled himself permanently in Bogawantalawa, where he became the Principal of Bogawantalawa Maha Vidyalayam. The family was devoutly Catholic and pillars of the Holy Rosary Church in Bogawantalawa, where Manoharan’s flair for singing was first noted. He was part of

the church choir from a very young age. His father played the organ and mother was choir leader. Apparently music and singing were a family virtue.

Manoharan was schooled initially at Bogawantalawa and Talawakelle. Later on he was sent to St. Mary's College, Nawalapitiya where the great singer C.T. Fernando too had studied earlier. CT with his break-out song "Pin Sindu Wanne" had begun to make waves as a singer. The school was very proud of its old boy and Manoharan was no exception. He too wanted to emulate CT at that impressionable tender age. Later on Manoharan was to acknowledge in interviews that CT Fernando was an inspiration and role model.

After completing his primary education at Nawalapitiya, Manoharan was sent to St. John's College, Jaffna for his secondary education. He was boarded at the school hostel. He was a popular student known for his playfulness. He made a name for himself as an actor in school dramas and a singer in concerts. A Johnian contemporary of Manoharan remarked in lighter vein "Mano spent more time loitering in the vicinity of Vembady and Chundikuli Girls high schools than in the SJC classrooms". Apparently, he was a hit with the fairer sex! A positive outcome of Manoharan's student stint at St. John's College was that he re-established good relations with estranged family members of his father.

The peak of his school career at St. Johns was the "Ithaya Oasai" drama referred to earlier. The drama was well-received in Jaffna. Many were impressed by Manoharan's acting. Among these was a schoolmaster from Jaffna College, Vaddukkoddai called *Joseph Devananda*. He and a colleague *Devan Kulathungam* embarked upon a film making venture in 1965. It was shot in 16 mm film. The story and dialogues relating to school students was co-written by both pedagogues referred to as "Dev and Dev" by Jaffna College students. The film was directed by Devananda with Devan Kulathungam as associate director.

The real reason for Manoharan rejecting the marriage proposal brought by his father was due to the flowering of a romance. He had fallen in love with his first cousin Lima Theresa the daughter of his mother's brother. Despite the dire state of his finances he decided to get married to her...

Film Maker Joe Dev Anand

As stated earlier Manoharan's performance in the "Ithaya Oasai" drama had made quite an impression on Devananda. He selected the Johnian to play the lead role of Kumar in the film named "*Paasa Nilaa*" (Loving Moon). It was the fourth Tamil film to be made in Lanka. The film shot in different locations in Jaffna and at the Peradeniya botanical gardens, Galle Face Green and Dehiwela Zoo was released in 1966. A number "*Thendral Thavalum*" sung by Manoharan in the film was a hit. Since the film was in 16 mm it was screened at the Jaffna town hall and at school halls. Interestingly enough the live-wire behind "*Paasa Nilaa*" Joseph Devananda was to move on later from teaching to the cinema field as a film maker. He became famous as the film director Joe Dev Anand who made Sinhala films like *Geetha*, *Sujeewa*, *Sunethra*, *Obai Mamai*, *Sukiri Kella*, *Minisun Athara Minisek* and the Sri Lankan Tamil film "*Rathathin Rathamae*".

Manoharan with his penchant for singing and acting did not focus on his studies as he ought to have done. He completed his HSC with poor grades and did not gain admission to a Sri Lankan university. Thereafter his father sent him to St. Joseph's College, Tiruchirappalli (Trichy) where he followed a BA degree course specialising in English literature. Unfortunately the "acting" bug had bitten Manoharan severely after his brief stint as the hero of *Paasa Nilaa*. He would vanish from Trichy for long periods and go to the state capital Chennai then known as Madras where he tried to get a break as an actor in the Tamil film industry. He failed miserably except for one chance in a film produced by the legendary MMA Chinnappa Devar.

The film was "*Maanavan*" (student) and released in 1970. Manoharan had a tiny role as a student in the film which starred *Jaishanker*, *Lakshmi*, *Muthuraman*, *Kamal Hassan*, *Kutti Padmini* and others. Manoharan was part of the ensemble in a group dance sequence for the song "*Visiladichaan kunjugalaa, kunjugalaa*" featuring Kamal and Padmini. Manoharan uttered only one line in the film. It was "*Mani Thaan Saar*" meaning "it was Mani only, sir". That line by Manoharan became famous among undergrads at St. Joseph's College who began teasing him by that line thereafter.

A contemporary of Manoharan at Trichy, *R.P. Rajanayahem* has written about Manoharan's days at St. Joseph's in his

blog. Incidentally Rajanayahem himself was involved with films and journalism later. Rajanayahem says that Manoharan referred to as “Ceylon Manohar” then was quite popular at St. Joseph’s. Since he had acted in “Paasa Nilaa” he was nicknamed as “Paasa Nilaa” first. After the “Maanavan” film he was teased for his one liner role and dubbed “Mani thaan saar”. Later in a drama staged at college, Manoharan acted as the leader of a gang of robbers and was called “Baas” (Boss) on stage. Manoharan made such a great impact as “Baas” that thereafter his nickname became “Baas”. Manoharan’s undergrad colleagues continued to call him “Baas” in their post-varsity days too.

St. Joseph’s College, Trichy

Rajanayahem also says that Manoharan was an avid fan of the doyen of Tamil actors Sivaji Ganesan. Manoharan was averse to MG Ramachandran (MGR) and loved Sivaji. He would sing only songs from films starring Sivaji Ganesan and not MGR. “Ceylon Manohar’s renditions of songs sung by TM Soundararajan and lip-synched by Sivaji were much liked by fellow students. Apart from being a singer of Sivaji film songs, Manoharan was also part of the St. Joseph’s Church choir. He also proved his prowess as an actor by playing the main character Anthony in a Tamil drama called “Gnaana Oli” (Light of Wisdom). The drama originally staged by the drama troupe of actor “Major” Sunderarajan was re-enacted by the students of St. Joseph’s College, Trichy. The same drama was made into a film later and Sivaji Ganesan played “Anthony” in the movie.

During his undergraduate days in Tamil Nadu, Manoharan established contact with the great comedian and singer J.P. Chandrababu, who himself had studied for some years at St. Joseph’s College in Grandpass, Colombo. Chandrababu whose full name was Joseph Panimayathas Rodriguez had at one time been a widely sought after comic actor, who sang his own songs on screen. But from the mid -sixties of the last century Chandrababu’s career was on the decline. He could not help Manoharan to get a break in films. Manoharan however was to tell friends later that he had learnt the art of yodelling from Chandrababu. Manoharan also used to sing film songs sung by Chandrababu on stage in those days. His favourite Chandrababu song was “Kanmani Paappaa” from the film “Thattungal Thirakkappadum” directed by Chandrababu himself.

After returning to Lanka, Manoharan became a teacher of English at St. Patrick’s College, Talawakelle briefly. The sojourn with Chandrababu and his disappointment over getting an acting opportunity in Indian Tamil films made Manoharan turn to his first love - singing. His main interest and objective in life was now to make a name as singer. He kept travelling to Colombo and other towns to get a chance to sing on stage. These were no major stage shows but minor ones organized on an amateurish level. Still, Manoharan did not let go of the opportunities to perform on stages, no matter how insignificant the event was. He excelled in singing the songs sung by Chandrababu on screen. He also sang the songs of CT Fernando and Kishore Kumar improvising with substituted Tamil words. Soon he gave up his teaching job to focus more on singing and music.

St. Anthony’s Church Feast

Embarking on a musical career was a bold venture. His first earning as a singer was when he sang at the St. Anthony’s Church feast celebrations held in Kochchikade, Colombo. He was paid Rupees. 50 and was elated. Subsequently things were not so rosy. There were very few opportunities and very little remuneration. Only the love and zest for music and singing provided an impetus for him to keep going. Usually Manoharan would be paid about ten to twenty rupees and bus ticket cost for a stage performance. There were many instances of default in payments after the show was over. On one occasion Manoharan borrowed 15 rupees from his father promising to return it after he got payment for a stage performance. The organizers did not pay him saying ticket sales were poor. A dejected Manoharan borrowed Rs. 15 from his mother and repaid his father.

Prospects of marriage too loomed large on the horizon. Manoharan’s father arranged a marriage for him with a girl from a rich family who could provide an ample dowry. Manoharan refused to marry her and his father was furious. His enraged father swore then that he would not

find a bride for him again and that he would not spend a cent for his wedding. The real reason for Manoharan rejecting the marriage proposal brought by his father was due to the flowering of a romance. He had fallen in love with his first cousin Lima Theresa the daughter of his mother’s brother. Despite the dire state of his finances he decided to get married to her.

Since his father had vowed he would not give a cent for his marriage, the proud son decided not to ask for any financial help from him. Theresa’s family from Upcot estate in Saamimalai too was against the marriage as Manoharan was involved in music and song without having a steady job. Emmanuel Manoharan and Lima Theresa were determined to go ahead despite this opposition. When Manoharan got paid Rs.130 for a stage show (which was the highest payment he had got for a performance at that time) he decided immediately to plunge into matrimony. He bought a “bale” (cheap second hand clothes of low quality) suit for Rs. 30 at the Nuwara -Eliya bazaar. He took

his own gold chain to a jeweler and converted it into a “Thaalikkodi” (wedding chain) with an extra payment.

December 27th, 1971

At the time of his marriage Manoharan was living in Talawakelle where he wrote accounts for two small businesses. Though he was living then in Talawakelle he got married in the Bogawantalawa Church on December 27th 1971. His father played the organ and mother led the choir at the service. There was a small reception in the church hall where cake and coffee was served. The newly - weds then went “home” to Talawakelle by a CTB bus. A friend bought the bus tickets and also gave two biriyani parcels for dinner. Their honeymoon was in the one-roomed “annexe” in Talawakelle where Manoharan was living then.

Manoharan also used to sing film songs sung by Chandrababu on stage in those days. His favourite Chandrababu song was Kanmani Paappaa from the film Thattungal Thirakkappadum...

Married life with his new bride was pleasant and joyful for Manoharan in spite of adverse financial circumstances. He was very fond of his wife whose pet name was “Paappaa” meaning “Baby”. He was deliriously happy and even wrote a song “Paappaa En Paappaa” dedicated to her. She was a tower of strength to him in those days. The couple soon moved back to Bogawantalawa and set up home in Siripura. They had two daughters and a son. The daughters were twins and named Kala Mary and Selva Mary.

Meanwhile, the music scene in Sri Lanka was transforming and progressing in new directions. Inspired by the likes of Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Cliff Richard, Ricky Nelson and of course the Beatles a new genre

of popular music was emerging. Earlier mainly due to the efforts of the legendary Wally Bastiansz, a distinctive Ceylonese/Sri Lankan variety of musical form described as “Baila” had evolved and become very popular. Now a new type of music blending the Baila with Western pop song music had started emerging. Singers like CT Fernando, H.R. Jothipala, Milton Mallawaraachchi and Freddie Silva were becoming household names.

Soon emerged Clarence Wijewardena - with the moonstones, golden chimes and the super golden chimes - who took the music world by storm. And then of course there were the Jetliners, Spitfires and the indomitable Desmond de Silva. The

guitar began replacing the piano accordion.

In neighbouring India, the Tamil music world dominated by film songs had been undergoing a similar trend. Classic musical forms based on Carnatic and Hindustani ragas were being replaced by a new genre of music known as light classical and/or light music. This was a mixture of many different types of music ranging from Rock’n roll to Calypso. Singers too started crooning in softer tones instead of singing lustily in their full-throated voices. At the forefront of this musical renaissance in Tamil film music was the music composer duo comprising M.S. Visvanathan and T.K. Ramamoorthy known as the “Mellisai Maamannargal” (Monarchs of Light Music).

Nithi Kanagaratnam

All these trends in the global, Tamil Nadu and Sinhala music worlds began impacting on the Sri Lankan Tamil music world too. Singers began rendering light Tamil film songs, Hindi film songs and Sinhala popular songs at musical events and stage shows. A new generation was moving in search of new musical vistas. But there was a yearning and longing for an authentic, different type of Sri Lankan Tamil music that would reflect the indigenous Tamil culture of Sri Lanka. “Cometh the hour, cometh the man”. There burst upon the music scene a man from Urumpirai in Jaffna called Nithi Kanagaratnam (Nithi).

Nithi who learnt agricultural science at the Hardy Tech in Amparai and at Allahabad University wrote the words and composed music for a fresh form of upbeat, lively songs relating to everyday life and folklore. He first began singing them at school big matches and student musical events. The turning point however was the famous “Thinakaran” cultural festival held at the Jaffna esplanade in 1968. The “Thinakaran” was the Tamil daily published by Lake House. Encouraged by the Jaffna district police Superintendent R. Sundaralingam, Nithi Kanagaratnam sang three songs at the event.

The first song was “*Kallukkottil Pakkam Poogathey, Kaalaip Pidithuk Kenjugiraen*” (Don’t go near the Toddy tavern. I clasp your feet and beg of you), the second number was “*Sinna Maamiyae, Un Sinna Mahal Engay*” (Aunty, where is your younger daughter?), the third one was “*Aiyaiyo! Oorey Kettup Poachu*” (*Aiyaiyo!* (the village is becoming bad). The sight and sound of Nithi Kanagaratnam strumming his guitar and singing three lively toe-tapping songs in an earthly manner sent the crowds wild. There was thunderous applause and repeated calls for an encore.

Jaffna had witnessed the birth of a new musical genre that came to be called “Tamil Pop”. Journalists *Sellathurai* of the “*Virakesari*” and *Rajagopal* of “*Eezha Naadu*” wrote extensive reports in their respective newspapers about this phenomenon. History was made by Nithi Kanagaratnam who is now domiciled in Australia. Nithi is widely acknowledged and hailed as the creator of the highly popular “*Sinna Maamiyae*” song and as the “*Thamizh Poppisai Pithaa*” (Father of Tamil pop music).

Sinhala Pop and Tamil Pop Music

A new kind of popular music and songs known as “pop music” had blossomed and bloomed in the Island nation. More and more songs were written, composed, played and sung by more and more singers and musicians. It was Sinhala pop and Tamil pop but it was also Ceylon and later Sri Lankan pop. Sinhala pop songs were sung to predominantly Tamil audiences and Tamil pop songs to predominantly Sinhala audiences. There were mixed, multi-ethnic audiences where artistes from different ethnicities performed. To those who were in their teens and in their twenties and thirties in those days, the prevailing musical climate was that of

heavenly bliss! There were parallel trends in India too with songsters like Usha Iyer (now Usha Uthup) regaling us with numbers like “*Bombay Mere Hai*”.

A far reaching development of great political significance occurred in 1970 when Sirima Bandaranaike was elected to power with a two-thirds majority as head of the United Front comprising the Sri Lanka Freedom Party (SLFP), Lanka Sama Samaja Party (LSSP) and Communist Party (CP). The new Government enacted and implemented certain policies that angered, saddened and alienated the Tamil people of Sri Lanka. The introduction of standardisation for university admissions, the abolition of the Senate and right of appealing to the Privy Council in the UK, the promulgation of a new Constitution that declared Sri Lanka to be a unitary state and gave foremost place to Buddhism, denial of equality to the Tamil language, blatant discrimination in Government service appointments and promotions, the prolonged detention of Tamil youths without trial, long periods of emergency rule, postponing of elections to the Kankesanthurai constituency rendered vacant by the principled resignation of respected Tamil leader SJV *Chelvanayagam*, the trial-at-bar of *Appapillai Amirthalingam* and three other Tamil MPs were all measures which drove the estranged Tamil people to demand and overwhelmingly endorse a separate Tamil state.

SLBC invited Manoharan to its studios and recorded more of his songs. A.E. Manoharan, the failed film actor had re-invented himself as a singer of Tamil pop songs. The popularity of his songs rose rapidly

All dark clouds, however have silver linings. In this instance, some acts of omission and commission by the United Front Government also proved beneficial to segments of the Tamil population. Standardisation affected students of Jaffna but was comparatively advantageous to Tamil students from the Mannar, Vavuniya, Amparai, Trincomalee and Batticaloa districts (there were no Mullaitheevu or Kilinochchi districts then). The import substitution policies of the Government helped the Northern Jaffna farmers who cultivated chillies, onion, potatoes and tobacco. Likewise, the restriction of Tamil Films, pulp fiction and popular periodicals imported from India, helped foster indigenous Tamil films, dramas, journals and creative fiction. The Sri Lanka Broadcasting Corporation (SLBC) with the visionary *Susil Moonesinghe* at the helm provided much scope for the growth and development of Sri Lankan Tamil arts and culture.

Poppisaip Paadalgal Programme

An important manifestation of this enlightened approach at the SLBC was the encouragement and promotion of Sri Lankan Tamil songs. There was a concerted effort to include more and more Sri Lankan

Tamil songs with novel, new programs. One such initiative was the weekly programme called “Poppisaip Paadalgal” or “Pop music songs”. It was broadcast for half an hour from 3 pm to 3.30 pm on Saturdays. It was immensely popular and provided a lot of opportunities to promising new singers and musicians.

It was this SLBC program that catapulted A.E. Manoharan to all-Island fame. He saw the growing popularity of Tamil pop songs and realised that the emerging phenomenon was his passport to success. He began writing songs and setting them to music. Manoharan had written a Tamil song based on the well-known children’s fable about the “Kaaham” (crow), “vadai” (spicy doughnut) and “Nari” (fox). The traditional tale is about how a crow stole a vadai from an old woman and was about to eat it when a fox accosted the bird. The fox flattered the crow that its voice was melodious and asked it to sing. The foolish crow opened its beak and the vadai fell. The waiting fox ran off with the vadai.

Manoharan, however had a different version in his song titled “Naan Ilangaik Kaaham” (I am a Lankan crow). In this song the crow is not duped by the fox. Instead of opening its beak immediately when the fox asks it to sing, the crow carefully transfers the vadai to its talons and holds it firm instead of letting it fall. After all it was a “Lankan Crow”. The song has the opening line “Vadai vadaiyena Suttu Vitraal Vaayaadik Kilavi” (A garrulous old woman fried and sold vadais). The catchy chorus imitated the crow’s cawing “Kaa, kaa, kaa, kakakaa, kaa, kaa, kaa”).

“Emperor of Tamil Pop Music”

There was a musical troupe in Wattala called “Thundersparks” in those days. It was headed by a guitarist called Wilson. In 1971 A.E. Manoharan brought Thundersparks to the SLBC at his own expense and recorded the Lankan crow song. It became a hit overnight. Soon many lips were chanting “Kaa, kaa, kaa, kaa”. “Saivakkadai” (Vegetarian Cafe) waiters were singing “Kaa, kaa” as they served customers with vadai.

Soon the SLBC invited Manoharan to its studios and recorded more of his songs. A.E. Manoharan, the failed film actor had re-invented himself as a singer of Tamil pop songs. The popularity of his songs rose rapidly. So much so that in 1973 he was crowned in Jaffna by the then Minister of Posts and Telecommunications Chelliah Kumarasuriyar, as the “Thamizh Poppisaich Chakkaravarthy” (Emperor of Tamil pop music).

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For your listening pleasure
Ruhune - Yapané Duet by Desmond De Silva & A.E Manoharan
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NagOWYB2eTg>



The man I love – *By Sangita Ashok*

*At sunrise and sunset
In the hum of the bees
And the call of the koha
The sweat ridden buffalo
Slugging its way through the chiselled roads
Carrying the burden of her karma
In the skipping of white uniformed children
Hair well-oiled and plaited
School bags swinging
The screech of the traffic
The daily business of coming and going
I look for you*

The man I love





*Honest, funny and wise
Searching, methodical, ever working, ever seeking
Focused, disciplined, the reader, the speaker
The humour in his voice – baby the law is a jealous mistress
The human man
Maybe the only human man I met
Shaping me and my ideals
Holding the small of my hand and my bag
Proverbial “walk in military style” and “better late than never”
Dentist, worms, school bands, teaching me to write formal letters
Which has stood the test of time*

*“Be independent, never trust a man even if he is your husband
Stand on your feet”
Buying a Wolseley car, and hiring Banda to teach me
While he never drove or swam – his eyesight was poor
He said in justification
Loving me unconditionally even when I was with child
A mother and wife*

Making me the woman I am



*The Indian man from Uttar Pradesh
Never complaining of racial harassment or discrimination
But fighting for justice in a world so unjust
Poor but not grasping
Learning to speak in Sinhala to present his case
Taking me to the astrologer to show my palm
In the bliss of the dark room, magnifying glass on my palm
Then conversing with Professor Perera in the language of the Vedic
That I never understood until much later*

*Asking me to read the Bhagavad Gita
The Bible and the way of the Buddha
Encouraging me to study Islam in school
And to be free*

*I have searched for you
In faces that I meet
In hearts of men
You will forever remain
The only man I love*

Humanising Beauty

There are standards of beauty
De-facto mannequins that to the bygone eye,
Makes a carefully crafted memory,

Which in time, becomes a careless nostalgia,
When you look out of a window-pane
To a world of unspooling collages.

There exists, jawbones, a tad like *Mandy Moore's*
Thighs and hips, all generously *Tyra Banks*
And a heart of a wonder woman, perfectly *Gal Gadot*.

And still we record another's beauty
Into to the opposite polarity, even though we know,
Beauty can sometimes be synonymous and non-consequential.
The humanisation of beauty,

Begins with an always-endearing smile.
In the pidgin of reflexes. How soon you are,
Able to stretch your cheeks, orientalise your eyes,
And to open the mouth of a cave,
To mine the human ore.

Dr Dilantha Gunawardana graduated from the University of Melbourne, as a molecular biologist, and moonlights as a poet. His poems have been accepted for publication /published in HeartWood Literary Magazine, Canary Literary Magazine, Forage, Kitaab, Eastlit, American Journal of Poetry, Zingara Poetry Review and Ravens Perch, among others. Dilantha is a dual citizen of Sri Lanka and Australia, and shares his experiences from two different cultures. Dilantha has two anthologies of poetry, "*Kite Dreams*" (2016) and "*Driftwood*" (2017), both brought to the readership by Sarasavi Publishers, and is working on his third poetry collection (*The Many Constellations of Home*). Dilantha blogs at – <https://meandererworld.wordpress.com/> and can be reached at dilanthag@yahoo.com.au.



අයිවෝ වෙහිස් මහා කලාකරුවානයි,



අපගේ සදාදරණීය මහා කලාකරුවානයි, ඔබ හෙළ සංගීතය වෙනුවෙන් කළ විශාල සේවයට අපගේ හත්ති ප්‍රණාම පිළිගත මැනවි. ඔබතුමාහට මෝක්ෂ සුව!

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දෙවියන්ට ඉස්තුනියි

ඇයගේ නිවහන පිහිටියේ පාලු ගම්මානයක කඳුවැටියක් අද්දර. උදෑසනම ඇය කඩිමුඩියේ සුදානම්වූයේ, ළඟදී වැන්දඹුවක් බවට පත්වූ තම එකම නැන්දාගේ නිවසට යාම සඳහාය. මුණගැසී කතාකිරීම හිතට වදයක්වූ මුත්, ඇගේ සතිපතා ගෙනගිය මෙම ගමන කෙනකුට දිස්වනු ඇත්තේ, රෙපීස්ටාර් ලැයිස්තුවේ තම නම සඳහන් කරගැනීමට කාර්යාලයට පැමිණෙන පියන් කෙනකු ලෙස බවනම් පැහැදිලිය.

“දෙවියන්ටම ඔප්පුවෙව්වාට. මං කාරෙක ලොක්කරල තියෙන්නෙ යතුර ඇතුලේ තියෙලානෙ ! දැං මොකද්ද කරන්නෙ?” අවුරුදු දහයක් පමණ පැරණි මිටිසුබිනි මැග්නා කාරය දෙස දුක්මුසු බැල්මක් හෙලූ ඇය තමාටම මිමිණුවාය.

කම්බියක්වත් දමා දොර හැරීමට සිතූ ඇයට, හදිසියට කොරගේ පවා අත නොදැමිය හැකිවන්නක් සේ, කම්බියක්වත් සොයාගැනීමට නොහැකිවිය.

නොදන්නවා දහවල් කෑම පැයෙහිදී ගියොත් තම නැන්දා කුපිතවනබව දත් ඇය බෙහෙවින්ම කල්පනාකාරී විය. තම නිවස වටා වට කිහිපයක් කරකැවෙමින් කම්බියක්වැනි දෙයක් සොයා කණස්සලූ ඇය, ඉදිරියට දිව ගියේ, ළඟ තුඩු කෝල්ස් සුපර් මාරකැට්ටුවට යාම සඳහාය.



කම්බිවලින් තැනූ කම්ස එල්ලනයක් සොයා ඇය සුපර් මාරකැට්ටුවේ අන්තරාල ඔස්සේ දිව ගියාය. තනි එල්ලන විකිණීමට නොතිබූ හෙයින්, එල්ලන 10ක් සහිත බණ්ඩලයක් ඩොලර් දෙකකට ඇයට මිලට ගතහැකිවිය.

ලහිලහියේ කාරය වෙහට දිවී ඇය, කම්ස එල්ලනයක්, බණ්ඩලයෙන් ඉවතට ගෙන, එහි කම්බිය දිගහැර, දිගු කම්බියක් ලෙසින් දිගුකරගැනීම සඳහා තම සිනිඳු දෙ අතින් වැර යොදා එය ඩුරුල් කළාය. ඉතික්බිතිව ඇය කම්බියේ එක් කොණක් කාරයේ දොර අගුලු සිදුරට ඇතුලු කිරීමට තැත් කළාය.

අවාසනාවක මඟන! ඇයට කම්බිය අගලක්වත් කාරයේ දොර අල්ලවට දමාගත නොහැකිවිය. විනාඩි 30ක් පමණ ඇය කම්බිය සිදුරට ඇතුළු කරගැනීමට දැගලුවාය. ශීතල රිතුවක් වුවත්, තම කිහිලිවලට දහඩිය පවා ගලා එන බව ඕනෑමෝට දැනුණි.

එම අවස්ථාවේදීම, මෝටර් රියක තිරිංග තදකරන හඬක් ඇයට ඇසුණි. කුලී මෝටර් රියක් තම වත්ත අසල තිබෙනු දුටු ඇ දිගු සුස්මක් හෙලුවාය.

දැවැන්ත සිරුරකින් හෙබි, සිරුර පුරා පව්ව කෙටු සුදු ජාතිකයකු රියෙන් බැස තමා ළඟට එනු දුටු ඇය දෙවියන්ට ස්තූති කරන්නට පටන් ගත්තාය. “මගේ යාවිනා අසා උදව්විට යමකු එවීම ගැන ඔබ වහන්සේට අනේක වාරයක් ඉස්තූතියි.” ඇය දෙවියන් වහන්සේට ස්තෝත්‍ර කියාගෙන ගියාය.

“කන් අයි හෙල්ප් යූ මැඩැමි?”

“අනේ මගේ කාරෙකේ යතුර ඇතුළේ දාලා වහලා.. ඇර ගන්න බැරැවයි දඟලන්නේ.” ඇය යටහත් පහත්ව තම අසරණකම පැහැදිලි කරන්නට වුවාය.

“ලෙට් මී ටුයි වන්ස්”

ක්ෂණයකින් නොඇරෙනු දොර ඇරෙනා හඬ ඇය සවනන වැටුණි. “සොයන්නාට සම්බවේ යන කීම ඇස් පනාපිට සනාථවීම මගේ දෙනෙත්වලට ඔප්පුකළ ඔබවහන්සේට ආයෙන් ඉස්තූතියි” ඇය මුමුණානු අමුත්තාටද ඇසුණි.

“හු ආ යු? තැන්ක් යූ වෙර් මව් මේට්”

“අයැම් කම්ං ස්ට්‍රිට් ග්‍රොම් ද ට්‍රිස්න්, අයි වෝස් ඉම්ප්‍රිස්න්ඩ් ගොර් කාර් හෙෆ්ට්..”

“දෙවියනි, මා ළඟට එක්ස්පීරියන්ස් තියෙන අයකු එවීම ගැන ඔබවහන්සේට නැවත වාරයක් ඉස්තූතියි පියාණනි” (පල්ලියේ පියතුමාගේ ඉරිදා දේශනයක් ඇසුරිනි).

- ජේ එස් ස්වරදේව

Thank God!

Her house was beside hills in a remote village. Early morning, she quickly prepared to visit her aunt who had recently been widowed. Although it was a hassle for her to meet the aunt and have a chat, anyone who had seen her visiting her aunt every week may have thought that she was going there as a matter of routine as in the case of a peon reporting to the office to sign in the register (roll).

“Oh God, I have locked the car with the keys inside it! What should I do now?” she was uttering sadly while looking at her 10-year-old Mitsubishi Magna.

She thought to insert a wire and open it but as she was in a hurry, she even could not find one.

If she went to the aunt at the lunch hour without prior notification, she was sure the aunt would start blaming her. Therefore, she was more thoughtful. She walked around the house many times looking for a wire. After a while she rushed to Coles supermarket in front of her house.

She almost ran through the aisles to find a cloth hanger. She could not find one except for a bundle of 10 hangers for \$2.

She rushed back to the car and took out one of the hangers from the bundle and tried to open it up to make it as a straight wire with her soft hands. She made it and tried to insert it through the key hole of the car door handle but failed. She tried for about a half an hour. Although it was winter, she felt the sweat under her armpits. Unfortunately, she even could not insert the wire more than one inch.

Then she heard a car breaking sound near her garden. A big man with tattoos all over the body stepped out of the car and walked towards her.

“Thank you Lord for sending me a helping hand. I know you always listen to my prayers.”

“Can I help you, madam?”

“I have left my keys inside the car and cannot open it”, she was trying to explain the situation humbly.

“Let me try once..”

He came to the car and in one moment, she heard the door opening sound.

“Seek and ye shall find – you proved it in front of my eyes, Lord. Thank you, God, many times,” she prayed.

“Who are you? Thank you very much!” she said.

“I am straight out of the prison. I was imprisoned for car theft.”

“Oh God, thanks again for sending me an experienced person for the job.”

(from a Sunday mass sermon).

-J. S. Swaradeva

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Read the following before you attempt to answer the quiz.

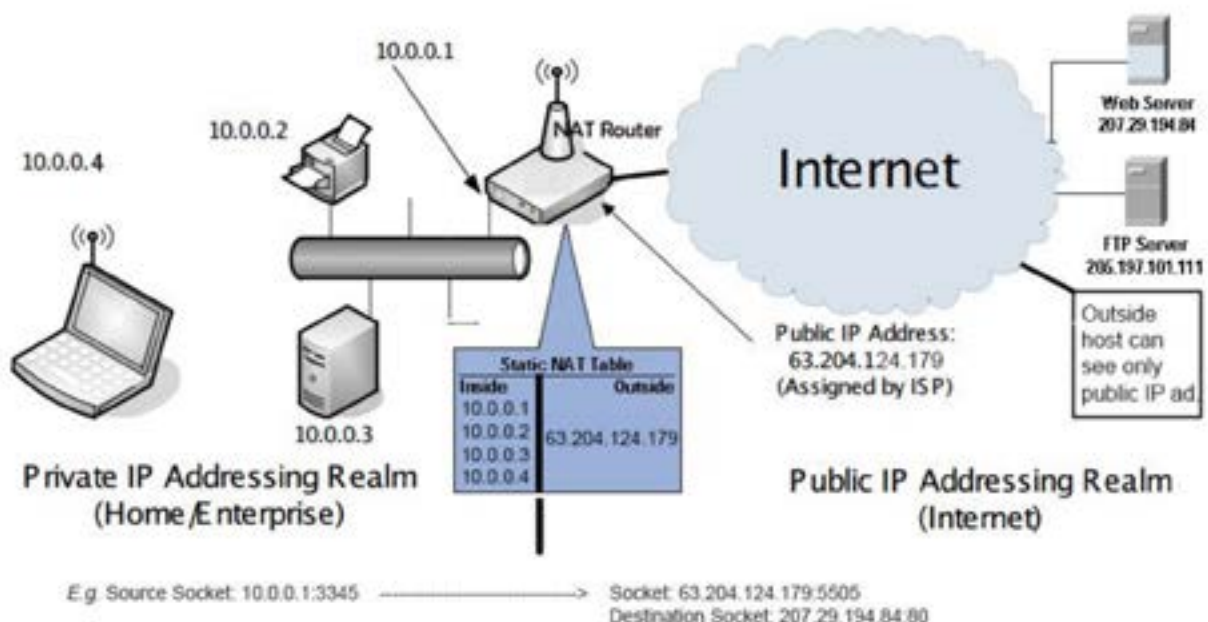
Port Number: At the edge of the operating system on your computer, there is a port to communicate with other devices. Normally it is a 16 bit one. *For example*, you access web pages through the port 80. That is the **URL (Uniform Resource Locator)** and the **URL** really should be `www.google.com.au:80` instead of `www.google.com.au`, for example. As it is a standard port number, you don't have to tell the computer the port number for any webpage.

NAT stands for **Network Address Translation**. Please refer to RFC 2663 (**RFC = Request For Comments**) published by **IETF (Internet Engineering Task Force** which is a body formed to improve the internet). As there are not many **IPv4 IP addresses*** available, your computer may have a private IP address which is not unique to the world but only unique to your subnet, the router to your **subnet** translate it to the outer world as a unique IP address which may have been assigned to you by your **ISP (Internet Service Provider)**. *For example*, type `CMD` on your Windows search and when the black command prompt displays, type `ipconfig -all` and press `ENTER` and you may see your private IP address and router IP address (**default gateway**) and many others. To get the IP address assigned to your computer by your ISP, type "what is my ip address" on google search. Your router matches this number with your private IP address through the **NAT protocol**.

Actually, different applications (such as web) runs on a **socket** on your computer. That is port number and IP address in combination.

*The **Internet Assigned Numbers Authority (IANA)** is now distributing IPv6 IP addresses as the IPv4s are running out in the world. IPv4 is a 32-bit number whereas IPv6 is a 128-bit one.

J. S. Swaradeva



Re-arrange the letters in each row from 1/ to 5/ to make up words of the meaning of the given phrase for that row. Fill in the cells below of each jumbled phrase, with the word you made (one letter in each cell). Then get the letters of green cells in sequence and fill them in each of the pink cells at row 6/.to give a set of rules for computer communication standards

There is a hint given below.

1/ TRPO BUNMER

Edge of the operating system where services are run

2/ LRU

Uniform Resource Locator

JUMBLE අවුල් භාවය - හරියට ඇමුණුමෙන් අවුලක් නෑ

3/ WRKOTNE DRDSASE NTSARLOITAN

NAT

4/ TIFE

Internet Engineering Task Force

5/ KCOSET

Port number & IP Address in combination

6/ NMCLOU

Opposite of row

7/

Rules and guidelines for data communication on computers



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Plantain Snack

-J. S. Swaradeva



You may buy cooking plantains (Saging) at an Asian store. Boil them in a pot with excess water with skins. When they are cooked, peel off their skins. You may dip them in Ginamos (recipe is given below) and enjoy as a snack. You may also enjoy cooked cassava with Ginamos.



Preparation of Ginamos

You may use fresh anchovies (sprats) or shrimps.

In a bowl, add excess salt and then add water and mix. After mixing if there is undissolved salt in the bottom use this as it will be a good concentrated solution of salt for washing purposes.



Wash the anchovies with this salt water 3 or 4 times and drain the excess water on a strainer. If you have half a kilogram of anchovies, add about 200 grams of salt crystals to the anchovies and mix well.

Add the contents to a clean jar. Then add fish sauce so that the liquid level covers

the anchovies in the jar. Make sure you cover the jar with an air-tight lid. This Ginamos can be left in the jar out of the refrigerator for years as no bacteria or other organisms can live in the highly-concentrated salt solution.





When you are ready to eat Ginamos with cooked plantains, take out some Ginamos with liquid to a dish and add cut raw chillies (kochchi – Bird's Eye chillies - is better) and add fresh lime juice in plenty.

When you eat cooked plantains or cassava dipped in Ginamos, your taste buds will give you an excellent taste. Eat as a snack with beer. Eating plantains with Ginamos is a favourite food in the Philippines.



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Cricket encounter between Point Pedro and Dondra Head

By Lal Wijesiriwardana



I met my first Tamil friend Susindran when I was studying in former USSR. At first, we did not feel that we were from the same motherland Sri Lanka since he had never met a Sinhalese boy from the South while I had never met a Tamil boy from the North. I met Manimaran (Mani) in a match of Sydney Tamil Masters' cricket competition some years ago in Goulburn. We started to talk after the match and became great friends ever since. We had both played cricket for our schools at the same time although we never met on or off the field in Sri Lanka. We both agreed that we could have been friends if our schools had played each other in Sri Lanka, and didn't have to come here to become friends. Since we missed that opportunity, we thought how good it

would be if we could provide with the opportunity to boys to be friends while still at school. Although it took a while, finally we managed to organise the inaugural match between my alma mater Rahula College, Matara and Mani's Hartley College, Point Pedro in 2017 with the support of schools and their Old Boys Associations. It was a great pleasure to see boys from both schools having a great time on and off the field. At the function after the match, they all sang and danced together, and I am sure they still keep in touch on social media. The second encounter took place on 8th April 2018 in Point Pedro, unfortunately I couldn't go due to a prior commitment (I went to Sri Lanka in January to attend the match as it was scheduled to be played on 7th January 2018, though heavy rain caused it to be postponed), but Mani attended.

Our vision is "Two great schools from the northernmost and southernmost places in Sri Lanka to build friendship/brotherhood through cricket. Mani and I met through cricket and became great friends, and I hope young adults from these two schools become friends, and their parents, teachers and wider community and ultimately the two races and people".



The following articles that covered the match appeared in 'Daily News' and 'Vakeesam'.

நட்புறவு கிரிக்கட் – பருத்தித்துறை ஹாட்லி கல்லூரி அணியை வென்றது மாத்தறை ராஹூல கல்லூரி அணி

in முதன்மைச் செய்திகள், விளையாட்டு April 8, 2018

பருத்தித்துறை ஹாட்லி கல்லூரி அணிக்கும், மாத்தறை ராஹூல கல்லூரி அணிக்கும் இடையே இன்று நடந்த நட்புறவு கிரிக்கட் போட்டியில் மாத்தறை ராஹூல கல்லூரி அணி 5 விக்கட்டுக்களால் வெற்றி பெற்றது.



பருத்தித்துறை ஹாட்லி கல்லூரி மைதானத்தில் இந்த போட்டி இடம்பெற்றது.

போட்டியில் முதலில் துடுப்பாடிய பருத்தித்துறை ஹாட்லி கல்லூரி 38.2 ஓவர்களில் சகல விக்கட்டுக்களையும் இழந்து 89 ஓட்டங்களை பெற்றது.

துடுப்பாட்டத்தில் டிலக்ஸன் 31 ஓட்டங்களை அதிகபட்சமாக பெற்றுக் கொடுத்தார்.

பந்து வீச்சில் ராஹூல கல்லூரி சார்பில் சசித் மனுரங்க 3 விக்கட்டுக்களை வீழ்த்தினார்.

பதிலுக்கு இலகுவான இலக்குடன் துடுப்பாடிய மாத்தறை ராஹூல கல்லூரி அணி 13.4 ஓவர்களில் 5 விக்கட்டுக்களை இழந்து 90 ஓட்டங்களை பெற்று வெற்றி பெற்றது.

வடக்கு - தெற்கு உறவுப் பாலமாக இரண்டாவது வருடம் நடத்தப்பட்ட இரண்டு கல்லூரி அணிகளுக்கும் இடையிலான இந்தப் போட்டியில் இரண்டாவது முறையும் மாத்தறை ராஹூல கல்லூரி வெற்றிபெற்றது.

Daily News

Manimaran - Lal Wijesiriwardena Trophy Cricket

Sasith powers Rahula to 5-wicket win

Monday, April 9, 2018 - 01:00

[Print Edition](#)

[Sports](#)

Text and pictures by PRIYAN DE SILVA



The victorious Rahula College. Matara team and Hartley College teams with officials and trophies

A three wicket haul and an unbeaten 51 by Sasith Manuranga helped Rahula College, Matara register a five wicket win over Hartley College, Point Pedro and retain the Manimaran – Lal Wijesiriwardena Trophy last evening. This year's encounter the second in the series was hosted by Hartley College at their College grounds.

Invited to bat first Hartley College were restricted to 89 runs with a three wicket haul by Sasith Manuranga and two wickets each by Pasindu Madhusanka and Sajitha Rajapaksa. Y Dilakshan scored 31 runs off 54 balls with three boundaries and two sixes for Hartley while M Kajendran (13) and M Thiveshanth (12) were the only other batsmen to enter double figures.

Rahula powered by an unbeaten 51 off 38 balls with nine boundaries and a six by Sasith Manuranga won the game by five wickets in 13.4 overs. M Nagasathurshan and V Thinesh captured two wickets each.



The Rahula OBA, Rahula Old Cricketers Association (ROCA), the Hartlian Sports Club, and the Old Boys Association of Hartley College organised this annual encounter between Rahula College and Hartley College to foster friendship and goodwill between the two schools situated in the Southern-most and Northern-most tip of the island.

The Manimaran - Lal Wijesiriwardena Challenge Trophy was awarded by old Hartlian cricketer M Nadarajasunderma in the presence of a large crowd including Pani Wijesiriwardena a sibling of founder Lal Wijesiriwardena and M Mathivanam, Vice President of Sri Lanka Cricket. Sasith Manuranga was named the Man of the Match.

Hartley 89 in 38.2 overs - M Kajendran 13, M Thiveshanth 12, Y Dilakshan 31,
Sasith Manuranga 3/15, Pasindu Madusanka 2/15, Sajitha Rajapaksa 2/19

Rahula 90/5 in 13.4 overs - Lakindu Chamodya 11, Sasith Manuranga 51 not out,
M Nagasuntheran 2/23, V Thunchsh 2/02

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15 Years anniversary for STDN badminton club

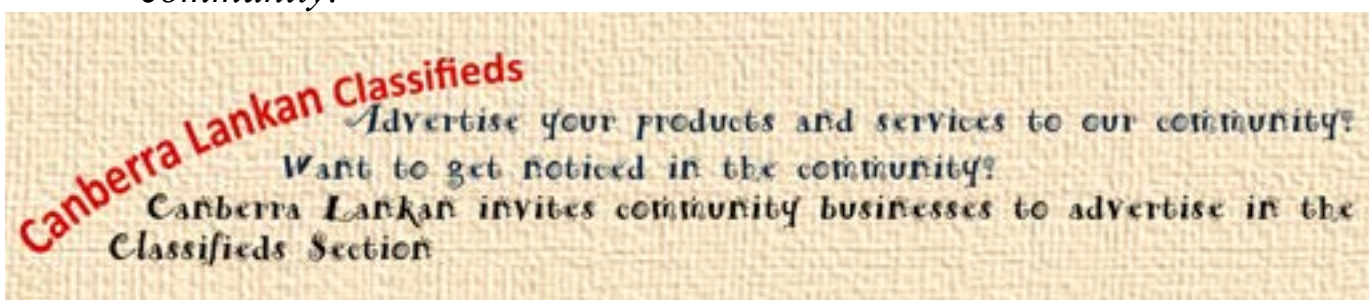


2003 - 2018

History says the four letter name originated by placing the first letter of each name of four friends, STDN because they were in need of name to start a club. Since then, STDN has transitioned to mean Sri Lankan Team of Dedicated Nobility.

STDN formed in 2003 in Belconnen, Canberra. At the time, the club attracted mainly Badminton lovers who worked around Belconnen, mostly in the Public Sector Departments. Today in 2018, the club has grown with nearly half of the original members still remaining, completing their fifteen years of full time membership.

During the past fifteen year period each and every club member has contributed to the success of this club - from maintaining a friendly and disciplined atmosphere, to regular participation in games, and sharing responsibility for allocated duties. It is this dedication that led to the establishment of a solid and sustainable club which has become renowned within the community.



Today after fifteen years of operation, STDN is experiencing the generational transition of racquet power to our younger ones. This has been a goal since formation for the club to transition between the generations and to see this happening currently is truly a testament to the success of the club.

At the end of each financial year, STDN holds their annual dinner dance and appoints the club officials who manage the activities for the forthcoming year. Given the 15th year anniversary this year, STDN are planning to celebrate in style with a 'Big Match'. This year the annual badminton tournament with the Sydney Eagles will be held on the 9th of June followed by the award presentation and the annual get-together during the evening.

We are looking forward to celebrating the success of our club throughout the day with present and past members and the dinner dance is promises to be a colourful celebration of badminton, music and food. We also welcome with honour Siri Gamlath, a founder member of STDN who will join us in celebrating this event.



-- Long live STDN--

Charles .W. Perera



Canberra Lankan e-Journal Newsletter

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