

After a few months of study and experience with an older man, I took charge of an industrial school where I took in boys and young men who had got themselves into trouble with the police and would have had to go to jail if I had not taken them in.

We had a lovely coconut grove which produced thousands of coconuts each month of the year. Our milk came from a herd of buffalo cows. The milk of the buffalo is not white, with yellow cream, like our cows give. It is a bluish grey and there is not much cream in it. Sometimes I used to buy my milk from a milkman who brought his goats along with him and milked them at my door-step while I waited. It was much better than the buffalo milk.

I had Indian teachers at the school who taught the boys how to weave cloth and make many other beautiful things. When they were ready to leave us they knew how to do many useful things to earn a living, without having to steal. We also taught them to think of better things so they would be happier while they worked.

so I used to go along to help her with it. I can't remember whether she was a very good language pupil, but I soon learned the language of love and decided that it would be much easier to teach her Sinhalese if I had her home with me all of the time. So I married her and took her home to my school.

I would have to have a very large book in which to write all about our experiences with the brown people of Ceylon. They are a bright, happy and loveable people. Since we left them they have learned to manage their own country all by themselves, although they are still a part of the great British Commonwealth of Nations just as we are.

I hope you like the photo from Ceylon on this page. It is pretty old and faded.

Next month I will tell you about the mosquitoes which drove me from Ceylon to Australia.

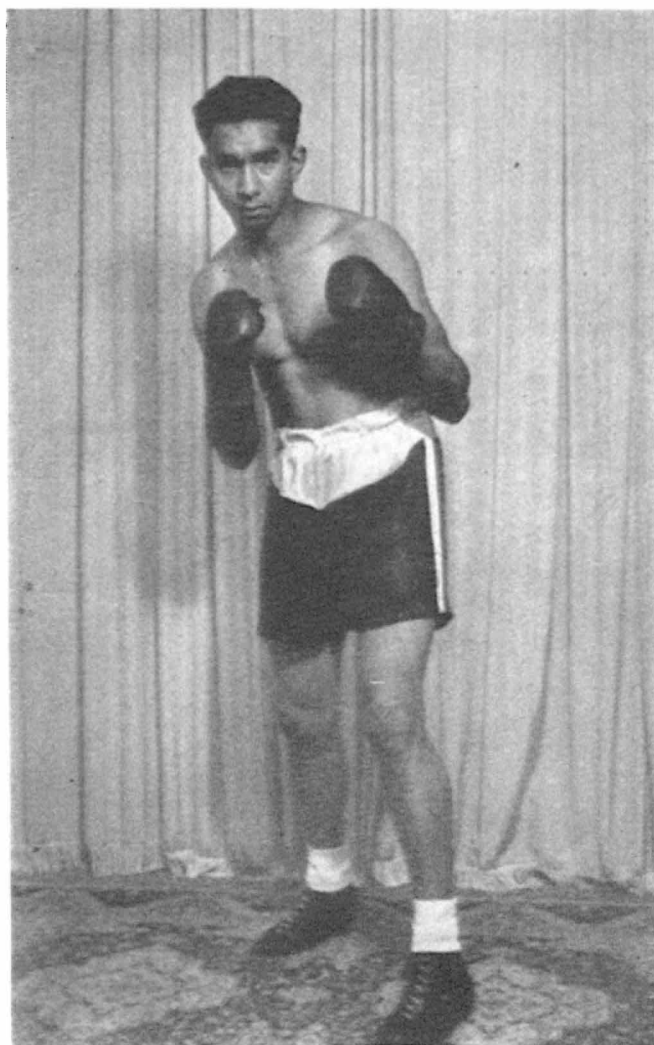


A group of Sinhalese fishermen mending their nets.

I had to study hard, too. I had to learn to speak, read and write a strange language. The Sinhalese people do not even use the same kind of letters as we do. It was very hard, but I was young and learned quickly. It was much more fun than trying to learn latin as I did at school back home, because everybody around me was speaking Sinhalese and I wanted to know what they were talking about.

You see, I was a white lad trying to become assimilated into a community of brown people. When I went to visit Sinhalese people I had to learn to speak and to do as they did. They have very nice manners, but their ways and manners are different to ours. I had to learn to do things their way, if I wanted them to be my friends, just as you have to learn to do things in the same way as the people who live around you, if you want to be friends with them.

Soon after my arrival in Ceylon I met a lovely Australian girl who was doing the same kind of work among the girls of Ceylon as I was doing with the boys. She was having a little difficulty in learning the language,



Arnold Hamilton, of Woodcourt Road, Berowra, looks every part of the boxer and his backers believe he will soon be among the main bouters.