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Magazine

Trichinopoly.

1934 - July

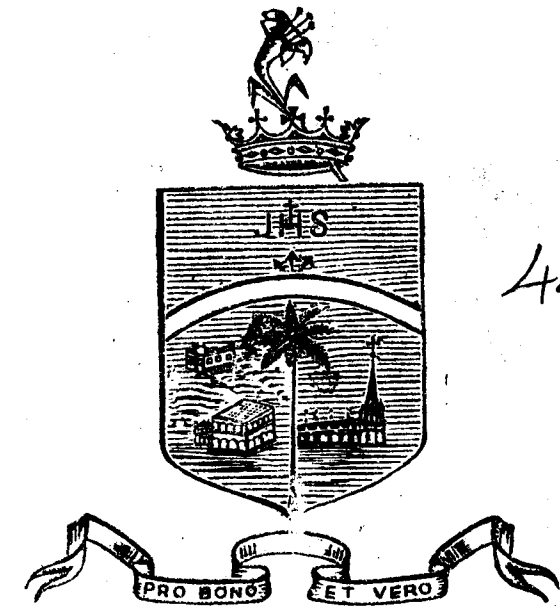
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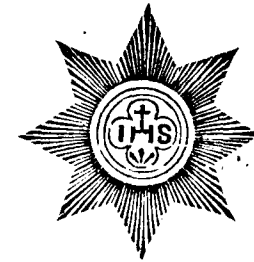


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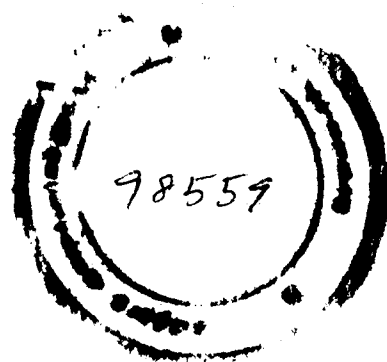
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Ignatius of Loyola, Courtier and Soldier, turns to God.
(From the life-size statue by Coullaut Valera.)

From Pau to Loyola: A Pilgrim's Impressions.*

by J. D'Souza, S.J.

ON the 15th of August 1934 it will be exactly four hundred years since Ignatius of Loyola and his six companions pronounced their vows for the first time in the chapel of St. Denys on Montmartre at Paris, and thus consecrated themselves forever to the service of God. It is true that the Society of Jesus does not look upon this as its birthday, because it was only in 1540 when Pope Paul III officially approved its name and the first draft of its constitutions that the Society began its juridical existence. But this day marks the formation of a company that was to develop before long into the great Ignatian family. No son of St. Ignatius can therefore look without emotion on this date, or allow this centenary to pass, without turning once again his thoughts to the Father whom the Providence of God has given him. Let the readers of the Magazine then allow me not indeed to talk to them of St. Ignatius in general but to recount the story of the most longed-for pilgrimage it was my good fortune to make in Europe, the pilgrimage to Loyola, to the shrines and sanctuaries that have sprung in and around the Castle where Inigo de Loyola was born and where he spent the days of his boyhood and youth.

What are the motives that draw men to pilgrim centres like Rome, Lisieux, Lourdes, and Loyola? The answer of some sceptics that it is the love of touring need not detain us. The vast majority of the pilgrims to these sacred places are relatively poor people who have to bear unusual hardships in the course of their journeys and who scarcely think of the beauties of nature. Is it then the hope of temporal favours from powerful protectors in Heaven, of the desire for cures from painful infirmities that attracts them? Certainly, for many it is so. The stream of sufferers, of the maimed and the broken, Humanity's saddest procession, that winds perpetually along the hallowed courts of Lourdes, City of Our Lady, is proof of this. But surely most of them are moved by a very different feeling. What appeals to them is the conviction that in these favoured spots there is a contact with the Unseen, a communing with

* The journey was made in September 1931. This account is composed from notes taken at the time.

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the soul of some great Servant of God and imbuing something of his spirit which cannot be experienced elsewhere. There is there a stilling of the noises of the world. In that sacred silence every whisper from the Unseen is heard and echoed back. To go nearer the heart of a well-beloved Father, to thrill at the touch of his magnetic personality, what son of St. Ignatius can resist such a call?

But for all that, the pilgrim need not remain indifferent to the beauties of the landscape, which were particularly striking along the route I had chosen. It started in the Lower Pyrenees from Pau, the capital of Bearn and French Navarre, a proud little town with its famous Castle of the Bourbons, its stately mansions, and shaded avenues. It is built on a massive rock that rises steep and abrupt: at its feet flows the beautiful Gave, the river that passes through Lourdes. From a noble boulevard circling a precipitous height and looking southwards, one gets a most magnificent view of the Pyrenees, its snow-capped peaks now serried, now dispersed, glowing dimly in the purple haze. To enter into Spain by the western end of the Pyrenees, one must go from Pau to Bayonne, along the line that keeps close to the Gave as it winds its way through those gracious southern valleys, carrying to the farthest nooks and corners the murmurs she has caught, as we love to fancy, from the praying crowds before the grotto of Masabielle. After about four hours' journey we cross over to the southern side of the Gave just before she joins the Adour, then follow the parent stream for an hour, and steam into Bayonne at midday. From there to and beyond the Spanish frontier the route lies along the sea, a sparkling sunlit sea, and a glowing stretch of coast, dotted by the most famous seaside resorts of Europe—Biarritz, Hendaye Plage, St. Jean de Luz, San Sebastian.

Hendaye is the last town on the French side of the frontier. It takes only a few minutes to finish the passport and customs formalities, to get the needed sum of money exchanged, and step over into Spanish territory. And what territory it is! There straight in front of you, jutting into the mouth of the Bidassao is the extraordinary headland of Fontarabia, a compact fortified mass of houses, churches, and monasteries, the powerful outer defences from bastion to battlement standing perfectly reflected in the water. This great citadel, taken and retaken so often in Franco-Spanish wars stands like a sentinel at the door of Spain. The electric train that takes us from here to San Sebastian runs through rugged country, almost every five minutes roaring through rocky tunnels coming out into green watered valleys, or skirting wooded hillsides. We are in the Province of Guipuzcoa, in St. Ignatius' own country. These

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bare hills and narrow valleys that stretch still farther south are offshoots of the same labyrinthine Pyrenees that dominate our journey from Pau to Loyola. Pampeluna where Ignatius fell wounded in the breach* is not far from here; a little further on to its east is the Pass of Roncevalles, a name as resounding as the horn of Roland that has made it forever famous in history and romance.

The greater ruggedness of the Spanish side of the Pyrenees is not the only feature that marks the transition into a new country. There are the new idioms which take a long time to get accustomed to. There is also that subtle something in the face and carriage that marks off the children of one country from those of another; look and tone and gesture that go together with the language, little things as distinctive here just across the frontier as far inland. One has the impression of entering a land closely guarded, on the defensive against disruptive ideas; "old fashioned" in a sense that implies no weakness but rather a strong and conscious indifference to new-fangled ways, not unlike those straight, high, bare walled houses, their windows securely closed and fastened, the only decorations visible about them being some graceful railing and lattice-work in forged steel. And the inhabitants of these provinces, the handsome Basque people with an unmistakable stamp on them, with what eager curiosity did I not gaze at them! Strong and wiry they seemed to me for the most part, with a curious downward look, a half-amused almost sardonic turn of the mouth, their famous bonnet, the beret basque, worn sideways on the head, adding to the jauntiness of their bearing. It is a race of singers and warriors whose fathers in former times had beaten the army of Charlemagne in Roncevalles, and the army of the great Condé at Fontarabia, a race of adventurers and pioneers, fighters as dauntless as ever, now that even greater and more insidious dangers menace them and their mother land.

At San Sebastian, after halting for half an hour we change train, and before long enter the Valley of the Iraurgi, and in swift windings and turnings catch glimpses of the Urola, the stream that passes through the very domain of Loyola. A great hush broods over this region. And once again we are fascinated by that combination of austere grandeur and soft beauty, the bare hills and the fruitful slopes and valleys, which is the

* The reader will recall that Ignatius, zealous in the service of his king, Charles V, took a leading part in the defence of Pampeluna, the capital of Spanish Navarre, against the invading French forces in 1521. The Spaniards were defeated, the fort surrendered, and Ignatius, severely wounded in the leg, was carried back to his home in Loyola. During the convalescence the reading of spiritual books brought about his "conversion". From that time onward he determined to serve God alone.

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special note of this landscape. But in this first passage a visitor bound for Loyola has not much thought for nature. He waits for the desired end of his journey in the hospitable house where he is expected. And soon, in the distance where the valley opens out into a wide hollow, encircled by those sharp-edged hills and crags etched against the evening sky, he sees an imposing pile of buildings—a great domed basilica, monastery, Retreat House, Rest House for Pilgrims—that have grown around the Casa Solar, the original Castle that had been the home of Ignatius of Loyola. With hurried steps I entered its blessed portals, thinking all the while of that other Pilgrim who four hundred years before had left these vales and hills, his face set resolutely northwards on a journey that marked a date in the history of Europe and the world. Because of that journey and the sacrifice it involved, how many thousands of pilgrims claiming a spiritual sonship with this noble House have entered its sacred precincts since then!

There is no need for me to recount the personal side of the welcome that was given to me, of the courtesy of the Superiors, of their eagerness to hear of things Indian—has not Francis Xavier acquired for India the affection of every Spaniard?—of the care with which English and French-speaking members of the community were sent to keep me company, to show me round and answer all my questions. Naturally there was but one thing that could hold me during those three very happy days, the figure of Ignatius of Loyola, the memory of his struggles and achievements. Everything in that house spoke of him and of the love his people bear him. At the very entrance of the Santa Casa two statues of St. Ignatius arrest the attention. One is a group in bronze by the Catalan sculptor Flotats of the wounded Inigo borne back from Pampeluna to his home by his faithful retainers. Nearer the entrance is a splendid life-size statue by Basterra, of Ignatius standing erect in full military armour, clad in steel from head to feet, in the right hand an unsheathed sword, the left hand grasping a mighty spear. These figures recalling the stages of his worldly career are fitly placed at the entrance to the Holy House; within that, it is Ignatius the Saint that we shall meet. Every room on the four floors of the ancient mansion has been changed into a chapel: there are chapels of St. Joseph, of Our Lady, of St. Francis of Borgia, the chapel of Relics, the ancient Oratory of the Castle where St. Ignatius worshipped as a boy, and lastly the chapel of the Conversion. Upon these different sanctuaries Catholic Spain has lavished her treasures with such prodigality that the visitor stands astonished and incredulous. Rare white marble seems to be the cheapest material employed. Precious woods exquisitely

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carved and gilded over, mosaics in coloured marbles, handsome beaten work in bronze and copper, plates of silver covering the floors and walls and ceiling in the antique oratory, slabs of the purest and most transparent onyx, medallions in massive silver illustrating the life of Ignatius and the history of the Society, reliquaries and decorations in onyx, agate and lapis lazuli—the costliest material and the most skilled workmanship of Spain are lavished here in successive efforts one surpassing the other.

And it is well that it is so. For the man on whom Spain looks with such pride is one of her greatest sons, perhaps her chief glory in the most glorious period of her history. Lest I be accused of bias in forming such an estimate, let the reader listen to this judgment from an American Protestant biographer of St. Ignatius. "During two centuries Spain was in the race for the foremost position in Europe, and in her days of high prosperity led all competitors. If one were to make a list of the half-dozen men that gave to Spain her strength and swiftness in the race for glory there would be no very great divergence of opinion..... At the head of every discriminating list three names would stand—Cervantes, Velasquez, and Ignatius Loyola. *Don Quixote* is read wherever European books are read. The paintings of Velasquez make the Prado one of the chief shrines of art, and pictures over which critics dispute whether they may be his or not, are treasured by the great galleries in Europe and America. Nevertheless lovers of art who make a pilgrimage to see the *Surrender of Breda*, *Las Meninas* or the listless face of Philip IV are to be reckoned by hundreds only, and readers of *Don Quixote* by thousands at the most, but hundreds of thousands of men and women, not only of almost every nation in Europe but also of every race and every class from Paraguay to Ethiopia, from Ethiopia to Japan have had their lives influenced by what Ignatius Loyola did".¹ Menendez y Pelayo, whose right to speak for his country no one will question, says: "Ignatius more than any other man is the living embodiment of the Spanish spirit in its golden age".²

Each of these chapels reminds us of St. Ignatius. But it is the central one, called "of the Conversion" that retains the visitor's most prolonged attention. Its walls are covered with silver and onyx, but the plain wooden rafters of the ceiling are left untouched. To this room the hero of Pampeluna was carried. In this room, on a cot which probably stood where the altar stands now he received that revelation of the

1. *Ignatius of Loyola* by H. D. Sedgwick, Preface, vii-viii.

2. Quoted by Sedgwick p. ix.

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grandeur and majesty of God, the vanity of the world, the folly and ingratitude of sin which growing clearer and clearer attained such overwhelming force that it made a new man of him. Near this spot there is another statue of Ignatius carved in cedar wood by Coullaut Valera, representing him at the crucial moment in his convalescence when the conversion is completed. Ignatius, in an attire befitting his noble rank, is seated in a luxurious arm chair the back of which shows the arms of Charles V and of the House of Loyola. He is reclining with his feet resting on hassocks; an opening in the folds of the blanket shows the bandage on the right leg. The left hand supports an open book placed on the knee, that "Life of Christ" by Ludolph which helped to fashion the new soldier of Christ who had once for all renounced earthly warfare. The face is admirably sculptured. The familiar features are there seen in their youthful aspect: the powerful forehead, the deep-set eyes here turned upward in an enraptured gaze, the strong jaw and chin, the small delicate mouth. The entire expression is one of spiritual fervour. From his heart there seems to rise the cry of the Psalmist—inscribed on the marvellously beautiful reliquary by Rubio which stands near this statue—*Omnia ossa mea dicent, Domine, quis similis tibi?* "All my bones shall cry out, Lord, who is like to Thee?"

These words sum up the ruling idea that made Ignatius the saint he was. His intellect was not great in speculative or scientific power. "He was a man of few truths," Fr. Laynez, his successor as General of the Society used to say. But these fundamental truths and their practical implications he perceived with such tremendous, such over-mastering lucidity, that they made him one of the mightiest men of action in modern history. The majesty of God and His dominion over men were these foundational truths. Man's primary duty was to serve and obey God. All the instincts of the soldier and the courtier in him thrilled at the thought of serving and obeying the Divine Majesty.

Now it is certain that in modern times with its passion for liberty and its singular indifference as to how this precious gift is used, a saint whose watchword is the glory of God, and whose weapon is obedience does not make a popular appeal. Add to this a certain external severity, the apparent absence of emotion which intimidate superficial observers. He was capable of the most uncompromising decisions, the most remorseless self-sacrifice. There is truth in what Mr. Sedgwick says of him: "He was as stern as Calvin, as inflexible as John Knox; and if he had not had the saints and angels of the Catholic creed to fill his mind with gracious images, he might well have been as hard as Calvin,

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as dour as Knox."* We may therefore grant a certain forbidding look about him. But to represent him as narrow, and his spirit as impoverishing the founts of generous life, would be a travesty of the truth. No saint has valued liberty more highly than this teacher of obedience. That is why the free offering of that unique privilege is to him the noblest sacrifice that a man can make to his Creator, far surpassing the offer of riches and the bearing of physical austerities. And obedience inspired by love in all matters where there is no sin, is not a cramping of nature but an escaping from the narrow blind alley of self-seeking to the sublimest self-forgetfulness, a losing oneself in the infinite spaces of God's designs, under the guidance of God's holy will.

This conception of God's supremacy animated Ignatius with an unquenchable desire to render to God the free and willing homage of all His children. What a great lover of his brothers was Ignatius of Loyola! Who can resist the charm of those stories where we see him very unlike the cold-hearted man of legend: of his love for his novices to whose table at dinner time he used to send the choicest fruits peeled and cut by his own hands, of his tenderness for the wayward Ribadeneira, of the deep affection that bound him to Francis Xavier? On one occasion after hearing a letter read out from one of the Fathers from India describing their manner of life, he burst out, "O I would be glad to know how many fleas bite them!" *Ex forti dulcedo*—out of the strong has come forth sweetness. Rightly does Sedgwick conclude the story of his life by applying to him the most noble lines which Mathew Arnold consecrated to the memory of his father, Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

See! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble wavering line.
Where are they tending? A God
Marshall'd them gave them their goal.—
Ah but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks
Rising all round, overawe.....
Then in such hour of need
Of your fainting dispirited race
Ye like angels appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.

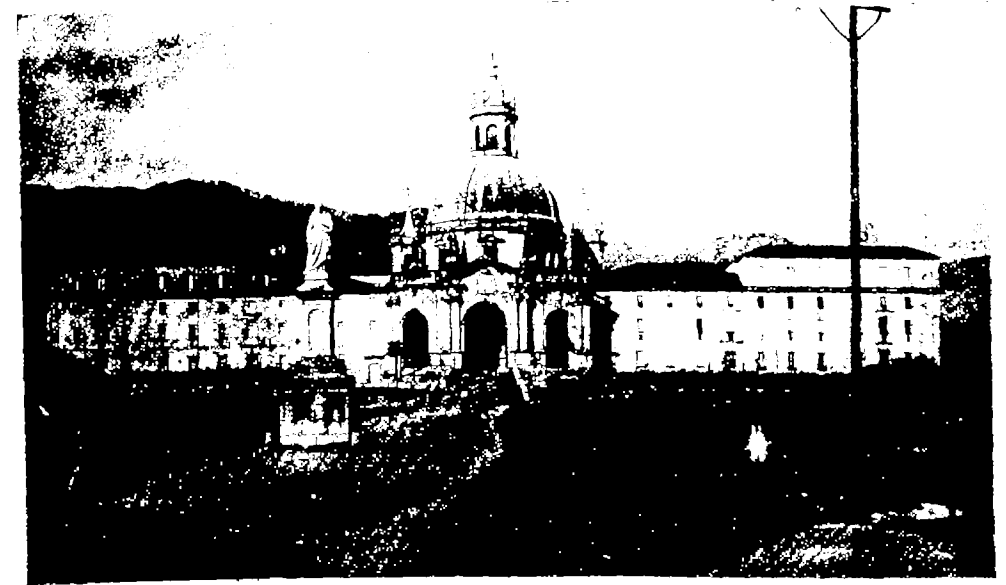
* p. 164.

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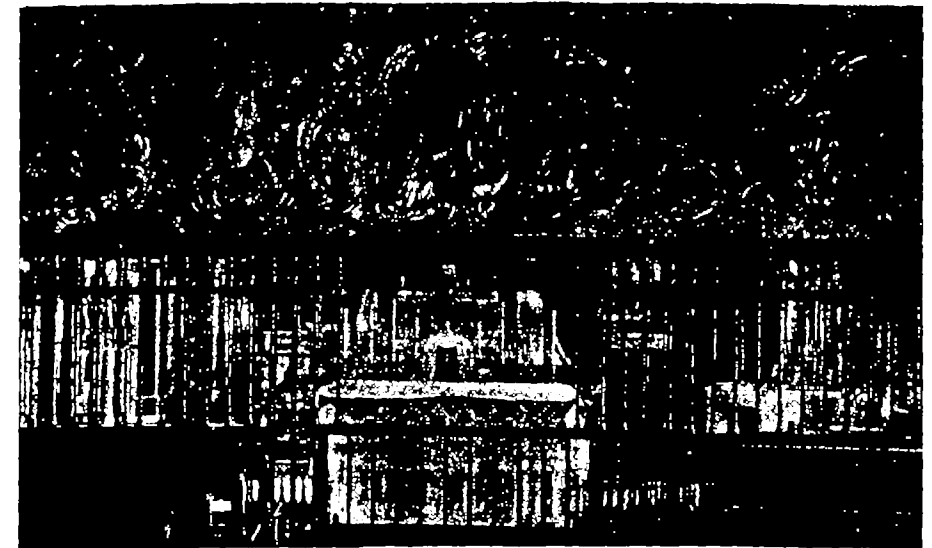
Beacons of hope ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart
Weakness is not in your word
Weariness not on your brow
Ye alight in our van! at your voice
Pain, despair, flee away.
. Thou wouldst not *alone*
Be saved, my father!

And when all is said, notwithstanding the prejudices of those who do not know him, few men have gained the love of their fellows as Ignatius has done. The greatest of his sons Francis Xavier in far-away India would not write to him or read his letters except on his knees. We have seen with what royal splendour Spain has honoured him. But it is among his own brethren of the Basque country that his hold is the strongest. During the recent short-lived triumph of the anti-religious forces in Spain, hardy Basque peasants came from far and near to keep watch over their beloved sanctuaries day and night, and to see that no harm befell the defenceless children of their "Santo". They had to be entreated by the Fathers to abstain from indiscretions which might provoke cruel reprisals. In the little town of Azpeitia, a mile and a half from Loyola, how proudly the people point to the church and Font where Ignatius was baptized, and to the old hospital where he returned as a Priest to minister to the poor and the sick for a time. As you walk along the narrow high-walled streets, little children, and grown-up men and women, come close and whisper to you their touching salutation, "Ave Maria Purissima". A thousand blessings upon this lovable people; may God Almighty have them and all that they hold most sacred ever in His keeping!

I left Loyola in the mellow light of a September morning, and took this time a motor conveyance which gave a better view of the country. Once again the visage of that land with its insistent message lay before me: the rugged sierras, their outlines sharp as the razor's edge, and below, fruitful fields and woods, trees of all varieties, the oak, the beech, the chestnut, the ash, and the warm-hued maple. Above all, there was the enchanting Urola whose winding course we followed from Loyola to Cestona. Clear crystalline waters of Europe, flowing streams or still waters of lake and tarn, how you live in my memory! All are dear, all have their special charm and special claim to remembrance. But most dear is this Urola, dearer even than the Adour fed by the melting snows



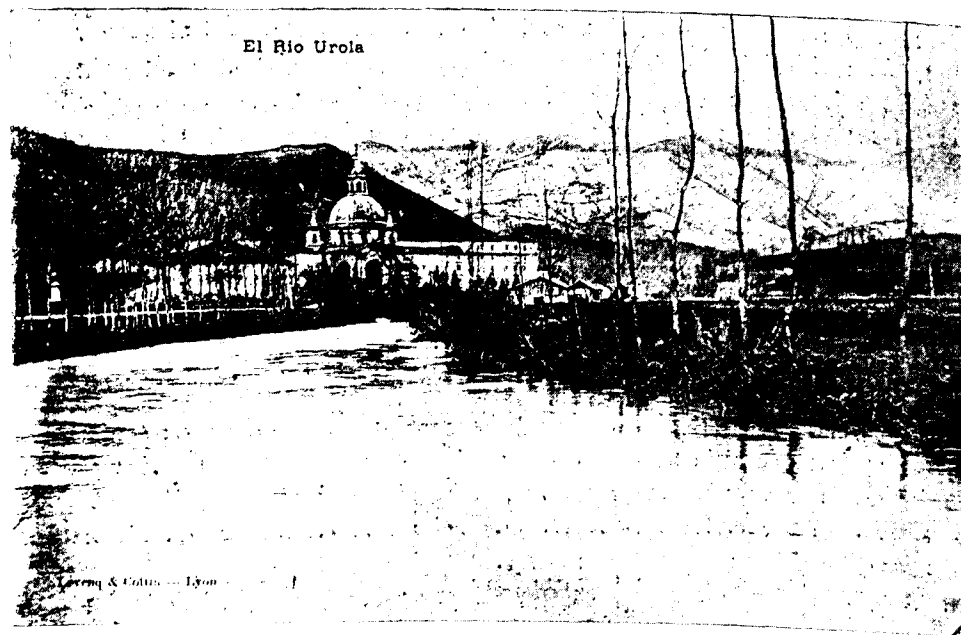
Loyola: General View of the Buildings.



The Chapel of the Conversion: The Altar, and above,
Silver Medallion.



Chapel of the Conversion: Statue by Coullaut Valera,
and Reliquary by Rubio



The River Urola

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of the Pyrenees, swollen by the rivulets that come dancing down a hundred Pyrenean gorges, limpid waters of the Adour as they go singing through Bagnères-de-Bigorre in the loveliest corner of France. For along the banks of this Urola the youthful Inigo must have wandered so often; followed so often its capricious course, now beaten to foam down rocky steeps and cataracts, now spreading into quiet pools on whose bosom stand mirrored the reeds and osiers, tall straight poplars, silver birches and golden maples. Among these scenes his noble and magnanimous spirit received its first impressions; among them he still speaks with unmistakable accents to the heart of a son.

“Atomic Astronomy”

by U. Raghavendra Acharya, V B. Sc. (Hons.)

THE two main problems before the physicist today are the structure of matter and nature of Radiation. On these points the scientists of the nineteenth century seemed to have arrived at definite conclusions based on evidence, which it seemed impossible could ever be shaken—that light is a form of wave motion travelling through space, of the same physical nature as the electromagnetic waves; and that the atom is the ultimate particle of matter so minute that it cannot exist by itself, but only with other atoms in the combinations that result from chemical reactions.

But the present century has seen the reopening of the problem; the atom is no longer considered to be an innocent unbreakable entity; it has become a powerful dynamic system manifesting the greatness of the Creator of nature even in its condition of ultra microscopic particle of the Universe.

The three decades of our century form an important period in the history of scientific progress; they mark a transition in which almost all the time-honoured classical laws are thrust to the background to make room for more revolutionary speculations. Of these, the modern electronic theory is the foremost. The old two fluid theory of electricity had to give place to this theory according to which electricity is said to be atomic in nature, its ultimate units being positive and negative protons and electrons. These units carry charges equal in magnitude but opposite in sign. The mass of the proton is about 1847 times that of an electron, so much so that the mass of the latter is negligible in comparison with that of the former. Experiments such as the passage of electricity through rarefied gases, and ‘Radioactivity’, furnish sufficient evidence to prove that these are the ultimate constituents of matter. At present therefore it seems likely that the 92 elements differ from each other only quantitatively i.e. in the number and arrangement of electrons and protons.

Various hypotheses concerning the structure of atoms have been proposed. Of these that of Rutherford is the simplest and most popular. According to his dynamic model, every atom consists of a central nucleus made up of protons and a lesser number of electrons, the excess of the positive charge being made up by an equal number of electrons revolving round it in orbits just as the planets revolve round the sun. The analogy of the solar system suits the structure of the atom so well in all its minute

“ATOMIC ASTRONOMY”

details that it must be the fruit of genuine inspiration. Since all the protons are placed in the nucleus, the whole mass of the atom is said to be concentrated in the nucleus. The number of protons in the nucleus of any elements gives its atomic weight and the extranuclear charge or the number of orbital electrons gives its atomic number. The simplest of the elements is Hydrogen whose nucleus is made up of a single proton with a single electron revolving round it. Next comes Helium with 4 protons, and 2 electrons in the nucleus giving its atomic weight 4 and with two planetary electrons making up its atomic number 2. It is shown by the work of Moseley that the atomic number of any element more than its atomic weight determines its place in the periodic table. The heaviest of the elements, Uranium, has in its nucleus 238 protons along with 146 electrons and 92 electrons in the orbits. Rutherford could not find any means of determining either the velocity of the electrons or the radii of their orbits. Also he could not explain how such a simple structure as his hydrogen atom could give rise to such a complex line spectra when it is illuminated either by an arc lamp or by sparking.

Further enlightenment came as a flash from the genius of a young Dane, Niels Bohr of Copenhagen. He said that before he could connect the theory with the observed experimental phenomena, he had to declare himself independent of two classical laws. According to classical electrodynamics developed by Maxwell, any charged particle moving with acceleration ought to radiate energy. So our electron moving with constant acceleration in its orbit ought to continuously radiate energy till it is completely devoid of all its potential energy. Then it has to “commit suicide” by falling into the nucleus. In that case it will have a spiral motion. Bohr could not imagine so many suicidal incidents taking place every second inside every atom and so he postulated that a charged particle moving with acceleration in closed orbits need not radiate energy. The energy in each orbit remains the same and is constant for that atom. Secondly, according to classical mechanics, the electron ought to be able to move in any orbit determined by its velocity and direction of motion. Bohr proposed that out of the infinite number of orbits allowed to the electron, only a finite number is possible. He bases this postulate on one of the greatest theories which our century has given birth to.

In the year 1900, Max Planck of Berlin, while studying cavity or black body radiation was driven to the necessity of assuming that the emission or absorption of energy in any system is discontinuous and that all energy transactions take place in definite quantities. We can suppose that energy is taken in or given out in packets each containing

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a fixed quantity of it, only an integral multiple of such packets being possible in any transaction. This energy in each packet is different for different vibratory systems. But the ratio of this unit of energy to the frequency of radiation is found to be a universal constant h and if ν is the frequency, $h\nu$ known as the proton, represents the unit of energy radiated in any system. Bohr declared that only such orbits are possible where the moment of momentum (mass $\times$ velocity $\times$ radius of the orbit) of the electron in that orbit is an integral multiple of $h/2\pi$ where h is Planck's constant. The angular momentum of the n th orbit is $nh/2\pi$. Here n is known as the principle quantum number. From these two postulates he was able to calculate the velocity of the electrons in different orbits, the radius of the orbits and the energy in each orbit. The energy in the outer orbit is greater than in the one nearer the nucleus. The electron revolving in a certain orbit may suddenly fall into an inner orbit of lesser energy, the excess of this energy being given out as radiation in photons. For every fall from one orbit to another orbit say from 3 to 2, there will be a line noticed in the spectrum with a definite frequency and wavelength. The Balmer series in the hydrogen spectrum is represented as resulting from the fall of electrons from higher orbits than the second orbit. The Lyman and Paschen series were similarly interpreted. Thus Bohr's theory explained clearly the genesis of spectra which till then had remained a mystery. Thus just as the recognition of the atomic nature of matter was followed by the rise of modern chemistry, the recognition of the atomic nature of electricity may almost be said to have created modern physics. And the more recent recognition of the atomicity of energy has provided the key to a deeper knowledge of the structure and behaviour of atoms, molecules and radiation.

In verifying this hypothesis there was a slight discrepancy between the theoretical deductions concerning the spectra of ionised Helium and the experimental results. But Bohr himself easily and very beautifully cleared this difficulty by assuming that instead of the electron revolving around the fixed nucleus, both the electron and the nucleus revolve round their common centre of gravity just as both the planets and the sun revolve around their common centre of gravity.

In the year 1915, two years after Bohr's development, Sommerfeld put forward his theory of elliptic orbits in one focus of which the atomic nucleus is situated. The assumption of circular orbits for the electron is not the most general one which could be made. One of Newton's well-known contributions to mathematical astronomy is that under an inverse square law of attraction two bodies will move in elliptic orbits

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about the common centre of gravity as focus. To define completely an electron in the elliptic orbit, two periodic characteristics are necessary—the distance of the electron from the nucleus and the inclination of the line joining the two with the major axis. Hence two quantum numbers, radial and azimuthal quantum numbers, now replace the former one. The sum of these two is called the total or principal quantum number and it is upon this principal quantum number that the energy of the orbit depends. All orbits having the same principal quantum number have equal major axes. With the diameter of Bohr's orbit as the major axis we can have any number of ellipses with different eccentricities and thus a single circular orbit of Bohr is extended to a number of ellipses. The quantity that denotes by how much the ellipse departs from a circle is termed the subordinate quantum number. With every value of the semi-major axis a , there may now be associated a series of possible values for the semi-minor axis b according to a simple formula $b = a \frac{k}{n}$ where k the subquantum number can have any integral value up to n .

Though apparently it may seem that the energy possessed by the electron and the circular orbit is the same as that possessed by it in elliptic orbits, yet on the application of minute corrections it was found that the energy depended also on the subquantum number and thus varied a little from orbit to orbit. Thus no longer does a transition from an n quantum to a s quantum state give rise to a single line as in the original theory but a group of more or less closely associated lines is produced. This resolution of the spectral lines which was predicted by Sommerfeld, is simply due to the minute correction to be made as a result of the increase of mass with velocity in accordance with the theory of Relativity; for of course the velocities differ in the variously shaped orbits. The actual effect on the orbit of using relativity mechanics is equivalent to a gradual rotation of the major axis of the ellipse and it is essentially the same phenomenon as the so-called advance of the perihelion of the planet Mercury, which the theory of Relativity has quantitatively accounted for. Thus at this stage after observing the close similarity between atomic structure and the analogous solar system, we are led to remark that the whole mystery of the constitution of matter was clearly exposed to us in bold letters across the vast expanse of the heavens. Only the early scientists were blind to the harmony underlying these systems.

If n and s are principal quantum numbers it follows from Sommerfeld's theory that a total of $n \times s$ transitions between the n and the s

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quantum states are conceivable. The number is considerably reduced by the selection principle derived by Bohr which states that only those transactions are permissible in which the subordinate number varies by unity.

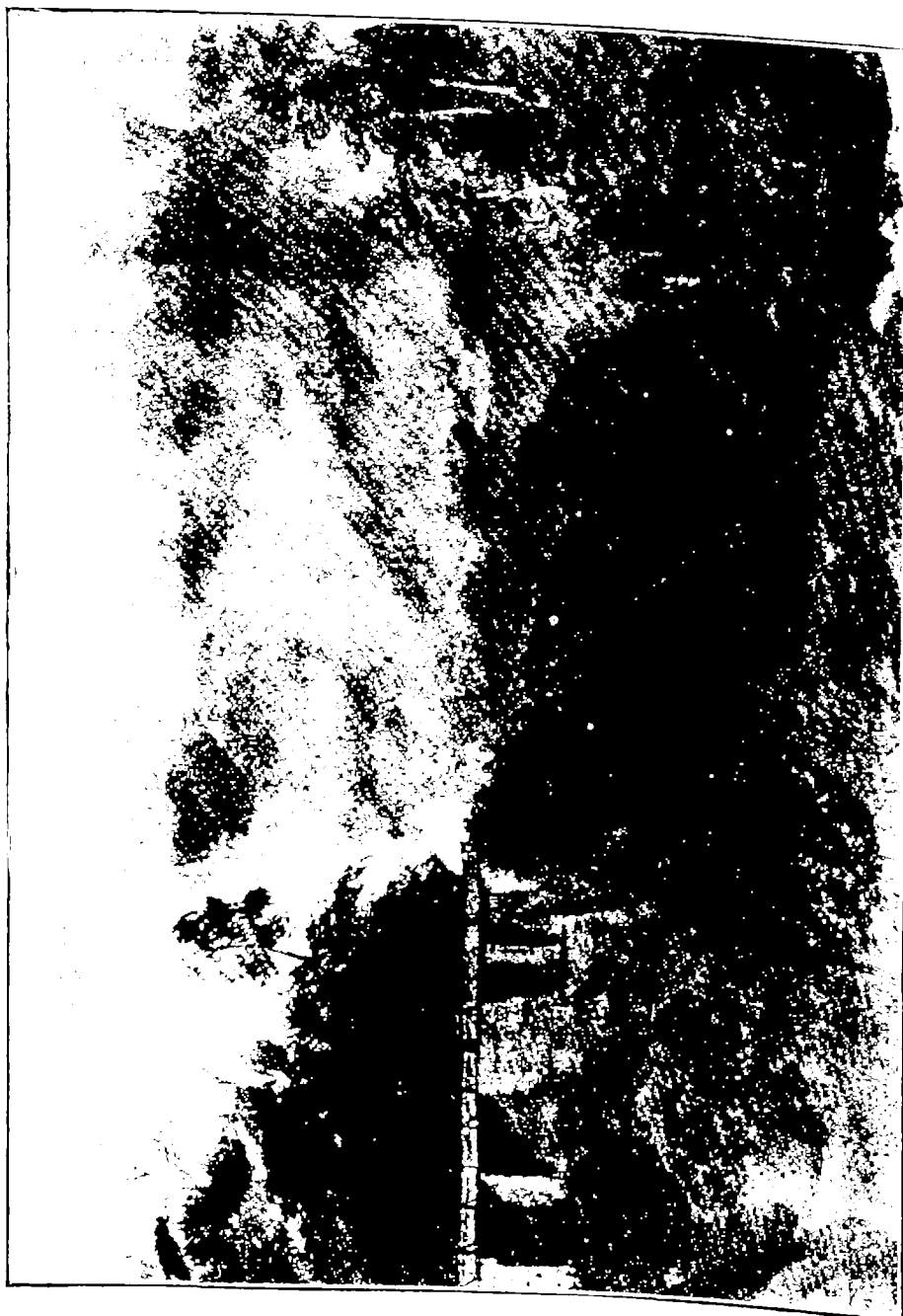
This picture of the atom and the periodic movements of the electrons within it prove the perfect law and order existing in God's kingdom at least as eloquently as many learned volumes of philosophy or ethics. We see the same beauty and order in the most distant and gigantic stars and in the ultra-microscopic particles of the Universe. And more marvellous still, the mind of man partaking of the Infinite can bridge the distance between these systems and watch in the greater and the smaller the operation of one and the same Law.



A Gorge in the Hills



Panighata : Bridge on the Balasan
(Pencil sketches of Himalayan scenes by Fr. Fargier, S.J.)



A Himalayan Ravine, with Railway Line on the Left.
(Pencil sketch by Fr. Fargier, S.J.)

The Guest

by G. Santhanam, B.A. (Hons.)

I CAN tolerate every sort of punishment except that of satisfying a guest. If I see one coming in the corner, I am off to the adjacent street—I take the turning, and then through the long lane, usually avoided at other times, and lastly the bye-path. Eventually I knock against somebody and recovering my breath I recognize my guest! God disposes; so I take him with me, cursing myself and rather more mildly the whole legion of my forefathers till I lodge him safely in my room to his great satisfaction. Then I prepare myself for a volley of questions, most of them impertinent. On such occasions I usually manage to answer him in scraps, intending to convey to him the impression that we are a set of people whose chief concern is 'study' and that our time can be more profitably spent on some 'curves of curious design' than upon men of no aim except 'self-interest'; and that the hostel, and particularly my room is the last place where I would like to see him at this time of the year—I mean in February. But all my hints and facial expression of displeasure are lost upon him. If he is wise he usually ignores them; if he is dull, which is more often the case, he does not perceive them.

But for all that, I confess on one occasion, instead of suffering the pangs of self-pity I felt a keen sympathy for my guest.

Sometime back, I had a guest who is an old boy of our College. This gentleman, after biding his chance patiently for five years or more, had at last determined to show some courage in the matter of his seeking employment. He started forth, perhaps at the importunities of his wife—for the man is timid—to get a certificate from one of his old professors. I was on my way to College, when my eyes fell upon a little figure moving towards me. To my disgust I recognized in that diminutive person a very distant relative, a sort of fifth cousin. I gave him the keys of my room and continued my way to College. Three hours of work, not comprising the usual hour's talk, and the half-hour's nap, three hours of real, strenuous, exertion; and I return feeling rather pleased with myself at some retort against a lecturer who usually tries to snub me in class. I enter the hostel and the thought of my guest recurs. My contentment vanishes! I work myself into ill humour and enter the room.

The man is having a nap, with the door left wide open—what an irresponsible pest!—I suppress my anger; and I thank God secretly that I

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can go to my tiffin without him; gently I take away my coat, when I am surprised by a loud enquiry as to when I entered my room. Not waiting for a reply he explains that the previous night he had no sleep, that it is always impossible for him not to make up during the day the sleep he loses in the night; and that he expected it was the same with me too. I forced out a smile, pretended to be waiting for a friend, and asked him to tiffin in a way which could not hide my pious hope that he might not accept. The man jumped at the proposal; to taste the food of the same place after five years would be a very pleasant experience to him; only such small incidents vary the monotony, and put some joy in over-worked lives, and so on. I was not in the mood to encourage him and the best that he got from me was something like a grunt.

Unfortunately I had no class that afternoon. I pretended to sleep for a while, hoping he would finish his business with the professor in the meanwhile. But my stolen glances always reveal the well-fed countenance of my 'guest' immovably seated in my chair. In despair, I get up—for I am not accustomed to sleep during day—and I am obliged to accompany him to the professor's house. On the way, I expected to be somewhat relieved; but it was not to be. He asks me a thousand questions about his old professor, makes kind inquiries about his children, to whom—so he says—he used to present sweetmeats formerly. Unable to answer to his satisfaction, I suggest to him that since he is going to see the professor in person he might very well get first-hand information on the subject. Then he begins to recount some of his past dealings with his professor, how he used to be one of his pet-students, but not the most favoured, and how he beat that 'minion', who is now a civilian, by something like two marks in the final examination.

We reached the professor's house; he was having tea upstairs: shall we go up? It wouldn't be courtesy; he might be forced to give us also tea. We choose to wait and half-an-hour later we were ushered before the professor and asked to sit down. With becoming embarrassment, I kept half standing and half sitting while my guest introduced himself to his professor, who however did not seem to be quite sure who he might be.

"Don't you recognize me, Sir?"—anxiously questions my friend.

"You are Sitaraman? What a surprise!"

"You are mistaken, Sir; I am Vasu, your old student who used to accompany you to your house when you left the college in the evenings. Don't you——."

THE GUEST

"I am sorry", says the professor unconcernedly, "I meet so many of my students that I fail to remember most of them."

Thereafter the conversation languished. With a pained look my friend took the required certificate which was couched in the usual conventional terms that meant nothing and we both left the house. On the way back my friend was unusually silent. I looked at him from time to time feeling heartily sorry for him. Early that night he made me a short neat speech upon the insincerity of professors, with which I heartily concurred, and then departed as abruptly as he had come—my poor "guest"!

My Friends the Andis

by S. Albert Lobo, (V Hons.)

FEW things have attracted my attention and excited my curiosity and wonder so much as that familiar, yet strange class of people commonly known as 'andis' in our midst. Their very appearance, their mode of life, their homeless character, everything about them, stirs the mind in a way which is difficult to describe to those who have not fallen under the spell.

Clothed in a long, loose, kavi-coloured gown flowing from his neck and reaching his feet, the andi presents a most picturesque appearance. On his back he carries a bundle of ragged something with a brass pot (semboo—செம்பு) attached to it; under his arm can be seen a queer-looking stunted walking-stick very rigidly kept as though the piece of wood needed his paternal warmth. His features have a charm of their own. Nature has been allowed a free hand in their formation untrammelled by the ever designing hands of man. No refreshing hair oil cools his head or gives a gloss to his long loose hair. No close-toothed comb has smoothed down its tangled folds. Only the dazzling sun lights up its dull brown, or the breeze stirs them gently to and fro. His body bears an eloquent witness to the fact that he is generally underfed, though there are worthy exceptions to the statement. His hollow face with sunken eyes and wrinkled cheeks, protruding eye-brows and prominent nose make of him a weird figure.

The andi little suspects the amount of interest he creates in many a soul he does not know, not even dreams of. To children he is a mysterious being, the idea of whom is connected with something awful and blood-curdling! "Poochandi" is a name that casts terror into the minds of unruly urchins and brings them round to do all their elders' behests. How many of those little ones have beheld him in sleep, a spectre as it were, haunting even their hours of rest; and would suddenly wake from a frightful dream with a shriek calling out to their mammas to protect them from "poochandi"!

Not however in this dreadful manner has he visited my hours of sleep, or those half wakeful hours of reverie when our mind dwells in a world of imagination and fantasy—nevertheless leaving in our memory some faint, hazy ideas of our speculation, rendered all the more enchanting

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by their very unreal and delusive character. No weird looks, no 'poochandi' airs does he assume in these hours. And what fascinates me more than all else is the cloud of uncertainty that hovers round his origin and mode of life. To-day he is here; tomorrow he will be elsewhere; the day after in a third place. He is everywhere and nowhere! The andi has no town or village to call his own, not a house or a hovel where to lay his head with ease and security. His common resorts are the 'chattrams' that abound in this part of the country, thanks to the benevolence of our philanthropic Chettiars, and the Pillayar koils. Where there is neither of these, the front verandah, or what is called the 'thinnai' (திண்ணை) of the village-hut becomes his mansion. Even if this humble shelter were not available, the bare ground forms his bed and the deep-blue sky lit up with millions of twinkling lights the roof above him.

If he has no home or place which he can call his own where, one wonders, does he come from? Who are his parents? Has he still any affection for them? Has he friends and relatives who think of him and assure him a place in the society of human beings? Or has he a preternatural origin which places him utterly apart from the rest of men? And to show that the credulous imagination of our people has been active in giving him a strange origin let me recount a popular legend on that subject. The reader must abstain from the facile sport of riddling it with shafts of scientific ridicule, but accept it as a quaint specimen of folklore so typical of our land.

Here is in brief the origin of andis as believed by the people in some of the villages that are scattered along the eastern (Carnatic) coast. Many of these villagers having gone to sea in days gone by never returned to cast even a parting glance at their native shore. Probably they met with a watery grave and of their 'bones are coral made'. But those at home, at least some of them, honestly believe that their lost sea-men met with a different fate. When a shipwreck occurs, the belief runs, a 'rishi'—a superman or demi-god with stupendous preternatural powers—flies to the spot of the wreck and spreads his long loose locks of hair on the waters like the branches of a fig tree. At once the panic-stricken crew rush to the spreading 'something'—for they do not distinguish what it is with their languid eyes—and cling to it as to a plank of salvation. Secure in their floating arc, they dose away out of sheer exhaustion. When they wake up after a short while they find themselves not in the billows of a surging sea, panting for breath or struggling for life, but on the top of a snow-capped mountain, the abode of the rishi, which is far

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beyond any common mortal's reach. For, in a trice their saviour has flown back with them to his celestial seclusion.

The rishi does not leave them there to themselves lest they should think of their homes and pine away in feverish anguish for their dear ones. He gives them to drink, it is believed, the sap of a magical tree which produces forgetfulness and the loss of all attachment and love for their kith and kin. Having thus made sure that they will not return home and join their own, he proceeds to make them his 'sishtas' (disciples). He teaches them some crafts or arts wherewith to earn their livelihood. Some of them are taught medicine and along with it the secrets of miraculous herbs and 'muligas.' Others are trained to be clever palmists, shrewd astrologers and so forth. Then the final touch: Arrayed in the habits of andis (kavivasthras) the worthy sishtas are cast into this wide world. This is how shipwrecked mariners are supposed to be turned into andis.

In one of these villages I know of, there is current among the people an interesting story which relates how a lost sea-man of that place returned there in the guise of an andi. The way he is alleged to have proved himself native of that village is unique.

It is customary in these villages to perform a ceremony called "Thalikuraichal" when a woman becomes a widow. The "thali" that signifies her marriage contract with her late husband, and which is generally worn round her neck, is removed from her during the ceremony. From that moment she has to wear only pure white sarees; no silk or coloured sarees any more! She spends usually forty days in wailing and mourning, confined to a dark room in her house. While such a ceremony was being carried out in a house of the village I refer to, an andi outside the house was seen weeping. When he was asked why he joined the wailings he replied with many poetic outbursts against the cruelty of the world and the sufferings of the innocent that he was the very husband of the woman who was then undergoing that doleful ceremony. To convince them of his identity he acquainted them, it is related, with certain secrets he had shared with his supposed wife: the jewels that she had been wearing, the place where one night, they had buried their treasure-pot etc.!

The knowledge of these details of private affairs must have induced the villagers to believe, at least to some extent, the account of the andi. But caste distinctions, in these parts, are very fastidiously kept up. Even if the andi in question had been the real husband of the

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unfortunate woman, he would not have been admitted into the family circle; for he was sure to have been defiled by his association with menial and untouchable companions of his class. Another version states that the andi himself of our story refused to eat in his own former house; much less then would he become once again a member of the family. For he seems to have protested that his vow to his guru bound him to his present life. The utmost he accepted from his house was only a handful of rice or a few annas in alms. He seems to have visited the village once or twice. What happened to him afterwards nobody appears to know.

The incident has left a deep impression on my mind. The sight of an andi recalls all these stories and legends to my memory, and stirs many a poetic reverie. The stern reformer who wants to abolish idleness and mendicancy, will not sympathise with my kindness for these vagrants. The reformer's day may come, and with many other old things the "andi nuisance" may be abolished from our rapidly moving country. But there will be some at least who, while approving the reformer, will regret the disappearance of a picturesque figure, so intimately linked with the fears and terrors of our childhood.

“Ulysses” and “The Lotos-Eaters” A Comparison

by A. John, II U. C.

THE two poems *Ulysses* and *The Lotos-Eaters* afford us scope for an interesting comparison of two different philosophies of life. It is clear that Tennyson himself had such a comparison in view when he published them together in 1842 as companion poems.

Both the poems are connected with the ancient Greek hero Ulysses, and have for their source Homer's *Odyssey*, though one of them, *Ulysses* has more direct reference to the 26th Canto of Dante's *Inferno*. *Ulysses* is a monologue in which the veteran adventurer is depicted as standing on the shore of his native island Ithaca, alone at dusk, speaking out his inmost thoughts. Recently restored to his wife and son after twenty years of wandering in distant lands, the restless adventurer has already grown weary of his quiet life at home. He calls out to the comrades of his youthful days, and exhorts them to prepare for a fresh sea voyage unto the utmost bounds of the earth. In *The Lotos-Eaters*, we have the story of Ulysses and his sailors on their way home after the sack of Troy, reaching an unknown land of fruits and flowers,—the land of the Lotophagi. The eating of these fruits made men lazy and weary of all active work. Some of Ulysses' men who happened to taste of this food were also afflicted with this malady and chose to remain for ever in the island. The view of life of Ulysses on the one hand, and that of the mariners who ate of the lotos on the other, make a striking contrast.

Ulysses advocates a life of strenuous action, while perfect inaction is the creed of the Lotos-Eaters. The very opening lines in *Ulysses* indicate the restless character of the speaker. He is deeply discontented with the monotonous routine of a peaceful time at home and thirsting to face all possible adventures.

“I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees.”

“ULYSSES” AND “THE LOTOS-EATERS”

On the other hand, the Lotos-Eaters feel “There is no joy but calm.” Around them they hear soft music,

“...that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.”

They see every living plant and herb around them enjoying sweet rest, while they alone are incessantly thrown, ‘from one sorrow to another’, without ever being able to ‘fold their wings’ or ‘steep their brows in slumber's holy balm.’ ‘Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?’, they ask. All they want is, to be ‘let alone’, for, death being the end of life, they see no reason why life should be ‘all labour’. Their island home is far beyond the wave; but they will not make an effort to reach it—they “will no longer roam.”

But, for Ulysses, life is Action.

“How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rest unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life”,

is what he exclaims. Even in his old age, what he wants is Action, heroic, energetic Action. He too knows that “death closes all”. But, for him, that is just the reason why he should not lose even a moment of the “little” of life that remains. We hear him call out to his comrades—

“The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.”

The Lotos-Eaters, on the contrary, are happy at the prospect of seclusion from a world of toils and troubles. “Enough of Action”, they say, ‘of trouble on trouble, pain on pain’. No more of pursuit, of mending what is broken, of the strife of life.

“Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more”.

The radiant optimism of *Ulysses* is in marked contrast to the pessimism of *The Lotos-Eaters*. Though Ulysses is a man of vast and varied experience, he thinks that

“All experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move”.

" ULYSSES " AND " THE LOTOS-EATERS "

He wants to travel and know more and more of the world. But, the Lotos-Eaters ask :

"What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

How gloomy an outlook on life!

Again, the ambitious Ulysses finds sufficient scope for honour and toil even in old age. "Old age hath yet his honour and his toil" he says. The Lotos-Eaters do not want to exert themselves any further. They persuade themselves into the belief that they are amply privileged to idle away the rest of their lives in pleasant dreams. The memory of their 'wedded lives' is dear to their hearts. But they fear they have long been forgotten by their wives and children. They do not want to return to their island homes, 'like ghosts to trouble joy.' Also, they are not without their doubts regarding the 'island princes' who might have grown 'overbold' and usurped their places in their absence. 'Ah! Is there confusion in the little isle?', they ask. Yes,

"There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,"

they readily conclude. And to try to set things right again is a

"Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars".

So, "Let what is broken so remain,
The gods are hard to reconcile."

That is how they put at rest the whole matter. A parody of stoic impassivity, the moan of the melancholy Lotos-Eaters! The gods are angry, the Fates are against them! Let us see how Ulysses concludes. The hero tells his comrades,

"That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

It is impossible to treat of these two poems of Tennyson's, however briefly, without at least mentioning the difference in sound between them. It is difficult to resist the languorous, almost somnolent music of *The*

" ULYSSES " AND " THE LOTOS-EATERS "

Lotos-Eaters. Its rich, long-drawn melody is like a lullaby in the ears. Almost any line in it will serve as example. For instance, mark the magical effect of these :

"And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem".

"And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below".

".....propt on beds of amaranth and moly,

How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly.
His waters from the purples hill."

In marked contrast to these soft, sweet lines, those in *Ulysses* are hard and crisp. Quite in keeping with the spirit of the speaker, they go home straight like so many hammer-blows. Here are some :

"I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees".

"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy".

"Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows".....

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield".

The short vowels in *Ulysses* are also in contrast with the long-drawn ones in *The Lotos-Eaters*. Again, in *Ulysses*, hard consonants like *g, k, p, r, t, s* predominate whereas soft ones, such as *b, d, l, m, n, z* are of frequent occurrence in *The Lotos-Eaters*.

Even in his choice of words for painting the imagery of the two poems, Tennyson has been meticulously careful. If *Ulysses* is full of 'barren crags', 'scudding drifts', 'Ringing plains of windy Troy', 'the vessel puffing her sail' in 'dark broad seas', 'thunder and sunshine', 'sounding furrows', 'twinkling lights' and 'the deep moaning round with many voices', in *The Lotos-Eaters* we have, 'music, soft and sweet', 'blown roses', 'cool mosses', 'dew', 'ivy', 'poppy', 'long-leaved flowers', 'ripe apples', 'lotos-dust', 'vine', 'amaranth', 'moly', 'warm airs languid and swooning', 'dark blue sky' and 'far off sparkling brine'. In fact, Nature herself is put in perfect harmony with the themes of the two poems. We may surely conclude that the consummate skill of a great artist is seen in this portrayal of two moods or views of life.

The Superintendent

by R. Narayanaswami, M.A.*

SUPERINTENDENTS are a species of superior folk entrusted with the task of managing a herd of 'lesser' folk in office. They vary, one from another, in caste, colour, complexion and character. Some are Iyers, others are Raojis and still others Mudaliars. Some wear full-suit *cum* hat, some others wear cloth in *Mūlakucham* fashion and some others appear in shut-coat *cum* cap. Some wear spectacles and caste-mark and some others not. Some are irritable some are sweet-worded, some others are wily and some others indifferent or merely noisy.

An Iyer was my Superintendent once. He was on the wrong side of forty and he looked through glasses that slid to the tip of his nose. A very stern Superintendent. He would come to office with an umbrella in his hand, walk straight to his seat giving nods to the saluting clerks, take off his turban, sit down in his rattan chair, take out the keys from his pocket, hand them over to the peon to open the drawers, put his spectacles on and look about waiting for the clock to strike eleven. At eleven the Attendance Register should be on his table—there could be no exception to that under any circumstance—and he would forthwith begin ruthlessly to mark a cross in red ink against the names of those that hadn't turned up till then. It mattered little that they were only a minute or two late, and were even then waiting in front of him at the other side of the table, in a nervous silence!

"You could have started a few minutes earlier, and could have escaped!"—so saying with a sarcastic smile on his face he would finish.

"The bus turned turtle on the way. It took me time therefore....."

"The office can't take into cognizance such fortuitous things. There are a world of them to crop up. *You* should have foreseen and taken care."

This would suffice to silence the others with less substantial excuses and it was a sight daily to see these late comers slowly moving up to their seats from the Superintendent's table with down-cast faces.

At eleven-thirty he would don his turban again and would be seen slowly walking up and down the hall with hands joined behind.

* Former Pupil 1921-22.

THE SUPERINTENDENT

"Whose seat is this?" he would rap out on finding an empty seat.

"Mr. Ramakrishnan's."

"Who is his Supervisor? Mr. Sastriar, did he take your permission to leave the seat?"

The old bald-headed Mr. Sastriar looking through nickel-framed spectacles would jump from his seat, trot up to him and mutter "Yes...No... He went to...He might have gone to ..."

"What is it you are saying? Send him on to me the moment he comes." would be the Superintendent's peremptory order.

At twelve he would be back in his seat after the round and would begin poring over the papers on his table: Notes for orders, Draft letters, Returns, Statements etc. and—applications for leave, casual and other.

The last-mentioned documents are taken up at about one o'clock *i.e.*, an hour prior to the latest time scheduled for sending papers up to the great man in the room upstairs, the G. O., I mean not Government Order but Gazetted Officer.

"Peon, peon! ... call K. V."

K. V. the clerk who had applied for a day's casual leave for performing his father's commemoration ceremony turns up in a flutter and stands near the edge of the table awaiting the *Superintending* look.

In a moment the Superintendent raises his authoritative face.

"You want a full day's leave for the ceremony?"

"Yes. How can I do without that?"

"No, no. Don't speak as if you alone knew things. Half a day is more than sufficient and you can attend office easily at two. It is not your or my time to trifle with. It is Government's."

"The purohits will turn up only at twelve and the Brahmins will not rise from their meals before two....."

"Don't tell stories! I know. I also am a Brahmin with similar ceremonies to perform and I know...I am sorry I can't recommend a full day's leave in this state of arrears in the office. Half a day must do."

So saying he abruptly turns his face down and begins writing his recommendation in the Register of Casual Leave,—leaving no room for the astonished K. V. to utter a syllable.

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A few minutes later K. V.'s place is taken by L. V., an applicant for leave on average salary on non-medical grounds for two months.

"Government cannot be granting leave on such flimsy grounds. If your wife has to be taken to your native place, all right you can arrange for some one else to take her there. Or at the worst, take a day's casual leave which should do for the purpose.—And you say you have got private affairs to settle. What may they be? Can they be made known?"

"There are some mortgaged lands to be redeemed and I have to arrange for money also. Certain documents have to be registered and....."

"Enough, enough. I know—and you have to look out for a Varan (वरन) for your daughter! Who doesn't know all that? I am *sure* these things could be done through somebody else. Can't they? When everything is ready, you can take a few days leave—you can rely on me for getting the same sanctioned—to go and finish up the business and return. And this involves the least expenditure for you too!...Two months! you seem to think we are ignoramuses here!" So saying he would laugh looking at the others by his side. And the others would laugh or affect laughter immediately in response—as it was a superintendent's laugh.

Suffering all this annoyance, the poor L. V. still stands pitifully in front and points out that his business needs the leave begged for and narrates the details of his family affairs etc. etc. After a lot of protests and appeals—arguments would be wasted before him—the Superintendent's bureaucratic nature yields and L. V.'s application is at last favoured with a recommendation for leave for 3 weeks—if a substitute was available!

* * *

At two thirty precisely,—two to two thirty P.M. is tiffin time in all Government offices—the Superintendent, his tiffin finished, would be seen slowly putting the turban on for the afternoon round. The afternoon inspection is less rigorous. And if an empty seat meets his eye it will at most provoke a sarcastic, half-audible reflection: "These lords haven't yet returned from tiffin! These old supervisors are so lenient and ought to be replaced by younger men with discipline! Is that not so, Mr. Sastriar?" accompanied by a benedictory smile; or if a chatterer gets caught the remark might turn jocular thus: "Babblers are a pest. They infect other people too with their disease! They ought to be segregated." Decidedly, afternoons make a change in Superintendents!

At three or so the peon in uniform would run down with a call from the G. O. And that would be enough. The Superintendent gets up agitatedly

THE SUPERINTENDENT

from his seat, puts his turban on hurriedly not even minding the hairs of his uchukudumi (உச்சுகுடும்பி) protruding behind, adjusts the buttons of his shut-coat and walks up rapidly, the *tuk tuk* of his boot soles reverberating through the hall. Fifteen or twenty minutes later he would be seen coming back in a thoughtful mood with a file of papers in his hands, sometimes so drowned in thought as to forget himself and push aside with his own hand the peon standing and yawning absent-mindedly on the way. Resuming his seat and composing himself with his turban off and the hair of his *uchukudumi* blown about by the whirling fan, he would call out:

"Peon, peon!—Call the Accountant."

In a minute, the Accountant would be in the chair opposite.

"The officer seems to be anxious over the state of arrears in the office. He cautioned me against recommending leave for any but for the strongest of reasons. What shall we do to pull up the arrears speedily? (after a thought) Why not suggest to the Officer" (the rest of the sentence would be whispered in the ears of the all-attentive Accountant.)

"But will it not" would say the latter as if still doubtful.

"Pshaw! Why should we bother about all that? Interests of public service require it!"

"Oh yes, we can do it" would acquiesce the Accountant finally.

Exulting and a sense of achievement beaming over his face, the Superintendent would at once take out a sheet of paper, write out the proposal and send it on immediately to the G. O. under an "URGENT" flag. The paper would come back in a minute or two with the 'yes' of the G. O. and the Superintendent after gleefully noting it would pass it on to the Accountant with the instruction "Circulate immediately, please."

The clerks see it and soon anxiously gathering in groups between record racks and at other nooks and corners give vent to their feelings . . The ill-fated O. O. (Office Order) runs thus:—

"In view of the arrears of work in the office, until further notice the office-hours are extended by one hour with immediate effect."!

Your Servant, the “Back-Bencher”!

by N. Narayanan, III U. C.

READER, in your rambles along the verandahs of the College, you may have observed our fraternity seated all in a row on the remotest benches of certain class-rooms. We are firm believers in the maxim which says that “the farther we are from the intellectual sun, the more intense his heat.” Though we have occasionally to put up with the annoyance of being raised to undeserved prominence—I mean to a place near the platform—we slide back stealthily a day or two later, and re-form our ranks. We easily forget these little rubs, and hold up our heads because of the general recognition that we are a “superior set”. In the absence of the professor we affect lordly airs, like “indolent devil-may-care gods on the heights of Olympus,” and look down with contempt upon the book-worms below.

Those to whom we have politely given *precedence* in class have accused us of truancy. Reader, be not impressed by this malevolent criticism. I refer you to the attendance register. Never an ‘a’ against our names will you find in its columns. What if the job is done by proxy? We are so easy to please that we ask for no more than occasional *lip-service*. It saves many a two-anna piece,—and often more, if the Principal wants to be less gracious than usual—and our precious time also. The further consideration that the money thus saved falls into the pocket of the hotel-proprietor or the cinema-manager, adds grace to beauty!

Silence has no better abode, no, not even a Quaker’s meeting, than our back benches. Not a question asked or answered; nor any one getting up to hold forth. If we disappear from class, or fail to go there at all, it is only to “preserve silence”, as some of our professors are very fond of saying. It is only as a set off against the dead stillness, and reverence to the lecturer when he is present, that we howl and hoot when, by accident, he is late or absent. Examinations we detest and avoid, because they are not—in our opinion—true tests of intelligence but of ‘cramming’. Even Nature seems to share the same opinion; for,

YOUR SERVANT, THE “BACK-BENCHER”!

how else do we get diseases just on the eve of the examinations? But when Nature fails, man can help fellow-man—I refer to those obliging doctors ready to proclaim a sale of medical certificates for any kind of disease we may fancy!

We are fully impressed with the wisdom of our ancestors who have said that knowledge acquired from books and in class-rooms is incomplete without an open-eyed observation of the phenomena around us. With due reverence to them, we take ‘French leave’ from the class and loiter in the verandahs observing the humdrum activities in the streets below. Almost all the social, political, intellectual and historical problems are discussed with much zeal and enthusiasm, and the victorious party, as a rule, celebrate their success in loud laughter and noisy talk, the latter item including banging on the benches and other athletic demonstrations.

The most winning thing about a back-bencher is his gay smiling visage. He has an inviting look; he easily makes friends with any one and becomes his confidant. Self-sacrifice is a great virtue of the back-bencher. If we come to the class, it is not to learn and to try to secure a degree, which is quite unproductive, especially in these days of ‘economic depression’ and ‘financial stringency’; it is only to reform others by discovering their weaknesses and ridiculing them. Satire and caricature are our forte. A line or two scribbled by our pen has more effect in turning vice to virtue than the learned sayings of the lecturer.

A back-bencher is most desirable in company for he does not offend you with his learning, if he has got any, but cheers you with his light talk, or listens to you with rapt attention. He is a welcome person in a college for he fattens it with fines while taking away little from it. Virtuous Reader, despise not a “back-bencher”, speak not unkindly of him!

Hail, and Farewell!

by C. Parthasarathy, B. A. (Hons.)

AS usual the huge bell in the rock temple announced the dawn of day. For me it was the "last day". The examinations were over. The time had come for going home. Instead of the usual feeling of joy at the thought of leaving 'dirty, dusty, Trichy' I felt very reluctant to pack up my things. Six years had gone as quickly as six months. Now on the last day Trichy seemed to be quite clean and healthy, and good old Clive's looked like paradise. I felt as if I could stay there for ever. Leaving my things still unpacked, I went out to have a last look at the town. I rambled for two hours, not forgetting to climb up the rock.

Finally I came to the college. It was quiet and majestic in its loneliness. I wandered aimlessly along the verandahs. There was the familiar room in which I used to sit and listen to the lectures of an old, lean figure in spotless white gown, with a scholarly stoop and with bright, glistening eyes, a smile hovering round his mouth now and then as the eyes caught some student napping in a corner. How I used to avoid his gaze lest the next question should be directed towards me! As I stood there alone I seemed to hear all the lecturers—one tall figure with a terrific beard mumbling something about Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau, about the State of Nature and Absolute Sovereignty; another one, beardless and powerful, struggling to explain some knotty problem in currency. In my mind I heard that confused murmur of different voices. A bat suddenly swooped down upon me as if angry at the disturbance. Thus roused from my day dream I walked on.

I stood before the Lawley Hall. Through a chink in the massive door I had a peep inside and saw the formidable rows of benches and desks with the stage at the end. That sight made me think of the L. & D. Society and the stormy debates too often on useless topics we used to have there. How we flew at each others' throats calling the Hon'ble Member on the opposite side all sorts of names, but putting everything in parliamentary jargon to save the honour of the House! Adversaries of "parliamentarism" would have been furious to see young men wasting their time and breath in such a silly manner.

I thought of the many farces enacted on that stage and especially of one in which I took part. It was a pleasure to go to the

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rehearsals, to see and hear the tall, lean and amusing figure of the ex-soldier guiding us through our parts. What a fine actor he was! Then came the day of presentation. How flurried and nervous we all were and how glad when it proved a thumping success! The thunderous applause is still ringing in my ears. With a sigh at the thought that no more shall I be able to listen to and make speeches (or bore audiences) in this light-hearted fashion, I turned and got back to Clive's.

Soon I bade farewell to my friends and to the hostel. As the taxi whirled me along to the Junction all the familiar figures connected with my hostel life flitted before me. A tall figure, with a cane in hand, and with determined air hurrying along to the Malabar block shouting something about using the big stick. All people knew that this despotic manner and stern talk were a mask to hide a naturally kind heart. Then came the soldier telling us stories of the army, and of English life and manners. That genuine John Bull soon touched the heart of the students who always spoke of him with affection. Next there came the rather stout but gentle Indian with his pleasant smile and charming manners. He had a word for everybody and took a good deal of trouble to make the students feel comfortable. I also thought of the small nervous figure in dhoti and closed coat with an angavastram reaching to the knees and arguing with some one or other, and waving his hands to emphasise what he was saying.

Of the inmates I can only speak of the little group in which I moved more intimately. I was fortunate in getting into a splendid set. You would not have found sprightlier fellows in the whole College. It was a marvel how people of such diverse types got on so well together. The easily irritable D—; S—who had a knack of offending his close friends by some silly joke or other; impetuous V—; the careful and curious Su—; the radical R. V—; the gentle and innocent R—with his wondering eyes and ever-smiling face; the egotistic but brilliant N—always aggressive,—these were among those who made up the group.

It was inevitable that in such varied company, there should be occasional rubs but all had the good sense to make up soon. The finest seeds of friendship were sown there. God grant that these may grow to be stately trees under whose shadows we shall rest in the after years!

I arrived at the station and was soon speeding away from Trichy. I looked at the steeple of the St. Joseph's Church, and at the majestic, elephant-like rock; at the whole scene fading in the receding distance. "Farewell, Trichy," I murmured as I drew my head in, and silently wiped my eyes.

College Notes

The Magazine

THIS issue of the College Magazine which comes to its readers considerably changed in form and appearance is the first of a new series. Henceforth *The St. Joseph's College Magazine*—no longer *The Magazine*,—will appear only twice a year, in January and July, instead of four times. Many reasons dictated this change. The labour of bringing out a quarterly that must for the greater part depend on students' contributions is a heavy one for those who are already charged with more important duties. It is heavier now than formerly, with the lowering of the standard of English and the consequent decline of English studies. At the same time, there has been a strong desire in many quarters that the paper and get-up of our Magazine should be improved, the number of illustrations increased, and the work in general be made more agreeable to the eye. This of course would raise the cost of production; and considering the difficult times the best solution seemed to be to reduce the issues to two, enlarge somewhat the size, and make the desired improvements while keeping the subscription rates as before, Re. 1 for our Students, and Rs. 2 for others. May we add that these changes which imply a lightening of the burden of editorship were doubly welcome now that the work has been shifted to less stalwart shoulders?

We should like to make the contents too "lighter" for our readers. The Magazine has hitherto been something of a "learned Quarterly." But serious dissertations on literary and historical questions, scientific problems treated with the necessary degree of literary excellence are becoming more difficult to obtain. Moreover they diminish the attractiveness of our Magazine for many of our students. It is our ambition to make it more popular, and a more faithful reflection of College life. While we are ready, nay anxious, to have occasional serious studies by members of the Staff, we invite our students to write more abundantly. We do not want correct but lifeless essays in literary criticism compiled from unimpeachable sources, but short racy articles and sketches embodying *personal* impressions and appreciations, brief descriptions of scenes, buildings, interesting ruins, accounts of journeys, excursions, short stories and plays. Literary criticism too of this kind will be welcome. For our part we shall try to add more details of College and Hostel life, the activities of College Societies, the doings of our Old Boys, with

COLLEGE NOTES

photographs illustrative of all these items. Every Volume of the Magazine will thus be for our students when they go out of St. Joseph's, a precious souvenir of their College life, to be pored over affectionately in later years.

A word about illustrations. We know that there are keen amateur photographers among our students. We invite them to submit to us some of their work, with or without descriptive essays. Drawings in pencil or pen and ink sketches too will be gladly considered. As specimens—which few of our readers will excel!—we publish three delightful Himalayan landscapes from the hand of Fr. Fargier of St. Mary's College, Kurseong. The present II U. C. Class that has read Sir Francis Younghusband's *The Epic of Mount Everest* as non-detailed text will be particularly glad to see these drawings.

Would it be prudent to invite contributions in verse which the wisdom of our predecessors resolutely discouraged? At the risk of being flooded with embarrassing productions, and of offending the members of the most sensitive fraternity in the world—that of would-be poets—we venture to do so. There may not be many poets among us; but some at least should be capable of correct and elegant verse; others who might very adequately render into English rime unknown gems of vernacular or classical Indian poetry. If there is talent of this kind we should regret if it remained undeveloped for want of opportunity.

The Examination Results

A tabulated list of the results in the public examinations is as usual published in this issue. Our students past and present will notice that the College has this year too its full share of honours and distinctions. The percentage of passes in the different parts, taken separately, both in the Intermediate and in the B.A. are also satisfactory and in some cases exceptionally high. But it is idle to deny that the complete passes fall below the standard which the College has always maintained. We may ask ourselves the reasons for this regrettable falling off in order to apply the necessary remedies.

There is in the first place a less general eagerness on the part of students to succeed, and succeed well, in one effort. Since the chances of immediate employment are so poor, students prefer to make sure their success in one part before attacking the others with all earnestness. And after all, the status of a student preparing for an examination is so

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much more agreeable than that of an unemployed graduate waiting in the antechambers of the great! But they do not realise what a handicap it is in the race for success to begin it a year later than they might have done, and with the permanent stigma of *a pass by parts*. In their own interests therefore conditions for promotion may have to be made more stringent, and a certain standard of general proficiency exacted.

But there is we think a deeper reason for these partial successes. Many a bright lad who does well in the optional groups, specially in the Sciences, and who is keen on passing, fails in English or in the II Language. The truth is that enthusiasm for "the Humanities," and the love of literary expression have greatly declined in recent years. The extraordinary falling off of numbers in the History groups shows the same trend. The Library records of the number and kind of books taken out for general reading are equally eloquent. The movement evidently is towards the Science courses which are more useful as passports to employment, and we believe more in keeping with the positive and practical temper of the younger generation.

No one will regret this change in its broad aspects. It is necessary that the "dreaming East" should take a vigorous grasp of realities, and love to work with the eye and the hand as well as with the brain. But this reaction against what used to be called our "excessively literary education" may go too far. After all people come to Universities for a liberal culture; and literary formation is an essential part of culture. The ablest of our Science graduates will find that without the power of accurate and polished expression, without a well-formed taste in art and letters, and some knowledge of human nature and history, they will not build up careers or render services to the country in proportion to their talents.

The Late Fr. Honoré

The great teacher and organiser whose death we mourn was a fine example of that combination of high scientific attainments with wide humanistic culture. Elsewhere in this issue we print a fitting tribute to his memory from the pen of the one man among us who knew him best, who most deeply appreciated his spirit, to whom the sense of personal loss caused by his death must be keener than to any one else. All friends of Fr. Honoré will be grateful to Fr. Bertram for his moving tribute to his friend. Here we should like to recall what Rev. Fr. Rector presiding at the condolence meeting of the College and School Staffs said

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in his concluding speech. He spoke of Fr. Honoré's literary abilities and recalled the far-off days when he and Fr. Coubé began life in the College, both lovers of the classics, and accustomed to recite long passages in English and French poetry. Fr. Honoré in fact was an artist as well as scientist,—musician, painter, architect and litterateur; and part of his great influence came from his command of the spoken and written word. He thus maintained the tradition of some of his most distinguished fellow-countrymen, from Pascal to Henri Poincaré who were masters of scientific method and of literary expression. We cannot propose to our Science students a finer ideal.

We have refrained from giving a photograph of Fr. Honoré because the one available was printed in the last November issue, and also because it does less than justice to him. With the delicious sense of humour characteristic of him, once in answer to somebody's reflection that ill-favoured people were most anxious to be photographed, he said with a very innocent air, "I am sure I must be a very handsome man for I have no desire whatever to be photographed!" In fact good photos of Fr. Honoré are rare. But those who have known him, will long treasure the memory not only of his great heart and gifted brain but also of his splendid presence and complete courtesy of manner.

Fr. Racine

It is with pleasure that we welcome to our midst Fr. Charles Racine who arrived here on July 7th and has joined the Mathematics Staff of the College. Fr. Racine comes to us with one of the highest distinctions that the University of Paris can bestow: the Doctorate in Mathematics for two theses on *Le Problème des N. Corps dans la Theorie de Relativité** and *Sur les Courbes définies par une Equation Differentielle** and the mention "tres honorable"—the highest that can be obtained—in the oral examination. We know that for Fr. Racine India has been the "land of dreams". He has been preparing himself for his task since many years with great enthusiasm. We wish him a long and fruitful career in the service of God and the country of his adoption.

* *The Problem of N bodies in the Theory of Relativity and On the Curves defined by a Differential Equation.*

Our Lady of Lourdes

February 11, 1934.

IN the College Calendar, against February 11th, in black type, stood the cryptic words "Our Lady of Lourdes." This year it was a Sunday, but even when it is not, it is a holiday at St. Joseph's. Evidently a great feast. All the Boarders are bustling about, decorating, admiring their decorations, inviting their friends to pass (kind) criticisms on their work. The Municipality has lent its water-lorry to transform dust into paste. The Band boys are blowing stray notes out of newly burnished instruments. Passers-by drift through the College gate and gaze carelessly at everything; they have come from Srirangam, from the Golden Rock, from Palakarai, from Jiyapuram even, in flaming colours to spend a happy evening.

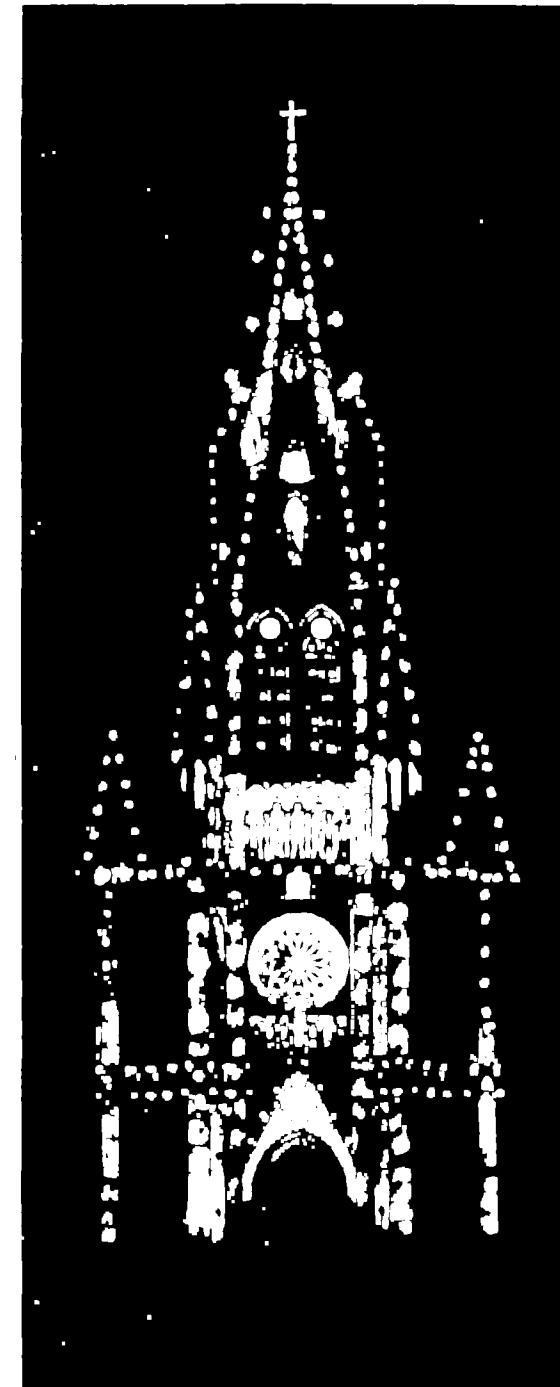
Some of our students move briskly in and out of the throng. "Clive's" is prominent, as it should be. There is a confused hum as they bring their sharp intellects to bear on what they see. What is *Ave Maria*? What is "B. V. M."? Where is Lourdes? Who is "Our Lady"? Not being able to answer these questions themselves, they ask a Boarder. Of course, B. V. M. stands for Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Why do you worship her? Is she God?"

"We do not *adore* her. We adore only God. But we *worship* or honour her because she is really the mother of Christ who is God. As God, Christ cannot have a mother; but He is true man too, and Mary is His mother. Hence we worship her as the highest of all creatures, higher than any saint, higher than any angel, though an angel is a pure spirit, but still infinitely lower than God."

"Why do you call her 'Our Lady of Lourdes'?"

"Catholics all over the world call Mary 'Our Lady' just as we call Jesus 'Our Lord' to show our respect and affection for His Mother who co-operated with Him in our redemption. She is called Our Lady of Lourdes in memory of her apparitions to a good peasant girl, Bernadette, in a town named Lourdes in France. This is historical fact: that in 1858 she did appear to Bernadette eighteen times in the same place surrounded with unearthly light and that countless miracles have been wrought there ever since that time. She is also called Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Our Lady of Pompeii, Our Lady of La Salette, in memory of



The College Church.
Façade and Spire Illumined.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

certain favours granted by her in these places. Today's feast is in thanksgiving for her apparitions and other favours at Lourdes."

At 6-30, as the sun was setting, the Fathers came down from their rooms and joined the ranks of a long procession which had been formed in front of their House. So long was this double line of silent, praying worshippers that when the Fathers who brought up the rear started to move, the three little altar-boys with cross and candles who led the procession were at the Main Guard Gate.

First came the little boys, then the bigger ones, and last the College students with blue or red ribbons round their necks. After them came the outsiders from all parts of the town who had come to do honour to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The College Band under Fr. Camboulives's baton accompanied the singing of the College Choir, and played marches in the intervals which kept us all in an appropriately jubilant mood without distracting our piety.

When we approached the façade of the College Church amid the glare of Washington lights and the flash and boom of rockets, a new delight was awaiting us. In a moment all the stars seemed to have come down from the sky and lined up the tall façade from the ground to the very cross which surmounts the spire. Every one stopped in spite of himself to gaze up at this feast of light and colour. Blue, red and white bulbs alternated to bring out the three letters B, V, and M from among the surrounding designs. But what I liked most was the 7-foot gold cross at the top, some 200 ft. from the ground, dotted with electric bulbs and showing like the symbol of Christ's victory over sin and hell. It was, I thought, a foretaste of the Day of Judgment when the Cross will appear in the sky as the standard, the banner, of the "King of awful majesty."

We had to tear our eyes away from the Church and go on. We wound round the Teppakulam, past Clive's, which was beautifully illuminated by the Day-Boarders, over dustless streets and between rows of decorative plantain-trees, and beyond Chinnaya's Choultry, till we turned into the College street once more through Lower Chintamani. When the procession entered the College Church it was eight o'clock. It had taken an hour and a half.

What impressed me most was the order and discipline and piety which prevailed throughout, so different from the processions we see every other night in Trichinopoly.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

As we went home that night a Hindu friend of mine asked me: "What is it you dragged about in that chariot (*Chari*) in such pomp and splendour to-night?"

"It is a statue of the Blessed Virgin."

"Why do you adore it?"

"We don't! We honour it and decorate it as grandly as we can afford, with electric bulbs and gold garlands, because it represents Our Lady and reminds us of her."

"Then it is an idol like those we carry about from the Temple to the river. You are idolators, too."

"Not at all. An idol is something that is believed to *be* god; this statue is not believed to *be* the Blessed Virgin, but only to *represent* her, as a photograph reminds us of the person we love. Do you not respect your mother's photograph? Do you take it for your mother? Do you respect the picture for its own sake, or for your mother's sake? If you trample on the photo don't you show disrespect to your mother? So too, since the Blessed Virgin Mary is in heaven now and cannot be taken in triumph round the streets of Trichinopoly, we take an image or statue which represents her, but all our prayers and hymns are addressed, not to the statue, but to her."

"I didn't know this before. Thanks so much."

The mighty organ sent its swelling sounds through every frieze and cornice of the Gothic Church as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. The choir sounded more sweet within the echoing pile than in the open street. Once more all was hushed into silence, the candles—those symbols of self-sacrifice and aspiration—were put out, and the church was dark and empty. Outside, the façade was still sparkling with lights and lay reflected like a diamond necklace on the calm dark water of the Teppakulam. Crowds were looking on—when, at half past nine, the lights were switched off, and the church showed dark and gaunt against the pale blue star-lit sky.

College Museum

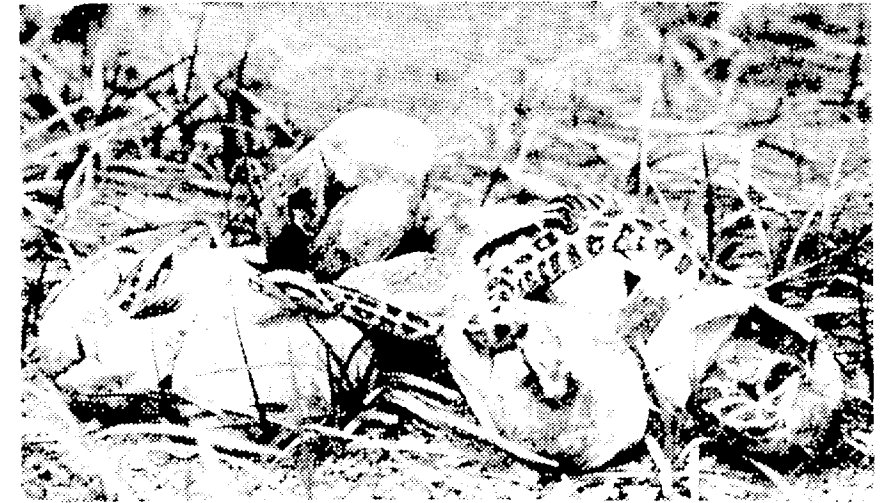


Photo Ponniah]

[Block kindly lent by the Madras Mail.

Baby Pythons Coming out of their Eggs

ONE of my Pythons, a recent capture, laid twenty one eggs on the 29th April 1934. She coiled herself round them, and remained "sitting" on them night and day, without food or drink, till the 23rd June night.

On the 24th June morning the mother was seen to be lying apart in a different corner of her cage; the eggs were uncovered; and several baby pythons had made slits in their shells, and thrust their heads out. In the course of the next three days the young Pythons emerged completely from their eggs, and began to crawl about their cage; also they knew how to bite, though their mother had not taught them.

The babies weighed three ounces and were twenty two inches long on the average.

Nature supplies the young Python which is about to be born, with an extra provisional tooth, on the tip of the upper lip. This tooth is too small to be seen with the naked eye; but it can be felt with the finger passed gently along the upper lip. With this tooth the little Python cuts open the shell, as neatly as with a razor. When the Python has emerged the tooth being no longer of any use falls.

A Python has ninety teeth or even more. Doubters can easily verify this statement by getting bitten; any Python will oblige. The first impression when an earnest minded Python really gets you, is not ninety teeth but nine hundred and ninety.

C. LEIGH, S.J.

College Societies

THE Anniversary of the College Societies was held in the Lawley Hall on the 24th February. Mr. B. E. Hussey, I.C.S., presided. We select the following passages from the reports read on the occasion.

I. The Literary and Debating Society

Membership

The Society had to its credit members numbering a little over a hundred made up of students of all the sections of the College.

Meetings

Instead of the customary Inaugural address, we began the year with an Inaugural Debate on the proposition that "the Discovery of America is regrettable," conducted on parliamentary lines. Besides, we had six debates, six extraordinary meetings and one ordinary meeting. In these days of universal scarcity, we never lacked a crowded audience, and our debates provided more than ordinary interest to the students. Often we had recourse to closure to curb the enthusiasm and the eloquence of the speakers when they threatened to be unending.

Inter-collegiate and Inter-Varsity Debates

Representatives of our society participated in the Debates held by the Government College, Kumbakonam and the Annamalai University, Chidambaram. Messrs. M. Arokiasamy and C. Parthasarathy represented us at Kumbakonam, and Messrs. R. V. Mathai and R. M. Halasyam represented us at Annamalainagar.

During the return Debates, our Society was represented by Messrs K. S. Sundararajan and H. Ramachandran against Kumbakonam, and Messrs. C. V. Narasimhan and M. N. Visvanathan against Annamalai University.

All honour to our representatives who acquitted themselves very creditably.

Elocution and Extempore Speech Contests

The usual Elocution contest for the students of the Intermediate classes was held on Tuesday 23rd January 1934, Mr. P. M. Kunju Varier

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and Mr. A. M. Xavier winning the prizes, and Mr. S. Swaminathan coming next in merit.

In the Extempore speech contests, open to the students of the B.A., B.Sc., B.A. (Honours), B.Sc. (Honours) and P. G. Courses held on Thursday November 26th 1933, Mr. R. V. Mathai and Mr. R. M. Halasyam came first and second respectively, and Mr. M. N. Visvanathan came third.

The Rt. Hon. S. Sastri's Contest

We feel proud to record that our representative Mr. C. V. Narasimhan V Hons., won the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri's medal in the oratorical contest open to the colleges in the Districts of South Arcot, Tanjore and Trichinopoly, held on February 6th 1934 at the Govt. College, Kumbakonam; and we take this occasion to congratulate him on having won this coveted distinction. It is gratifying to note that Mr. V. V. Vedantam, a former Secretary, won the medal year before last, our college thus winning a second time.

Reading Room

The Reading Room of our Society is quite as popular as ever. Mr. P. John Woodman, who was in charge of it during the year under report, deserves our thanks for his able Librarianship. In this connection we would like to record our thanks to the Rev. Father C. Leigh, S.J., for his present of magazines to our Reading Room.

Conclusion

Our Society forms an integral part of the various activities of the college. The training that we have received will stand us in good stead when we leave the portals of our Alma Mater. But there is one point which we should like to bring to the notice of the Rev. Fr. Principal, i.e., to make every student an *ipso facto* member of the Society. We also take this occasion to request that our Rev. Fr. Principal will be pleased to take such steps as will be necessary to amalgamate all the Societies of the College under the name of the St. Joseph's College Union.

In conclusion we take great pleasure in expressing our deep sense of gratitude to our President Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L., and to the members of the college staff and also to the members of our Society in general, for the unstinted assistance they have given in the conduct of the Society.

K. SANKARAN,
M. AROKIASAMY,
Secretaries.

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II. The Scientific Society

The activities of this Society began with a business meeting on Thursday, 20th July 1933, for the election of the office-bearers for the academic year. Mr. P. E. Subramania Ayyar was elected president, Mr. P. C. Ramachandra Ayyar and Mr. K. S. Mandalam Ayyar vice-presidents, V. Sankaran of the IV Hons. class, Secretary, K. Sankaran, R. Natarajan and V. Doraiswamy, Committee-members.

The Inaugural meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, 1st August 1933, when Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., Ph.D., Reader in Physics, Annamalai University, delivered a lecture with lantern slides on "The Neutron". A very large gathering of the staff and students was present to hear the Doctor's interesting lecture.

During the year under report, the Society had eight ordinary meetings and five extraordinary meetings. The attendance at these several meetings was very satisfactory. The subjects chosen by essayists were all modern and almost all the lectures were supplemented by not less than half a dozen members.

In conclusion, I avail myself of this opportunity to express my gratitude to our presidents and vice-presidents through whose devotion the Society has maintained its steady growth.

V. SANKARAN,
Secretary.

III. The Historical and Economic Association

The membership of the Association does not seem to have been specially attractive to the students of the Department. So, of numbers we have nothing to boast.

The Inaugural Address

Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., President of the Association, delivered the Inaugural Address on Monday, 24th of July 1933, the subject of the address being "A Problem of the World Economic Conference". It is needless to comment upon the inevitable crowded attendance at the meeting or upon the charm and lucidity that characterized the address.

Other Meetings

Two more lectures and two debates were conducted under the auspices of the Association.

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Mr. S. R. Subramanian, B.A., B.Com., Secretary, Trichinopoly District Urban Bank Ltd., delivered a lecture on "The Reserve Bank", with Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., in the chair. This lecture, be it noted, was held under the joint auspices of the L. and D. Union of the National College and our Association.

Once again, Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., came to our rescue and occupied the chair when Mr. N. S. Mani, M.A., Lecturer in Economics, Holy Cross College, spoke at length on "Monetary Problems at the Indian Economic Conference".

Of the two debates, one was opened and led by Mr. S. Thirumalai, the motion being, "The Method of Living is more important than the Standard of Living". Mr. C. Parthasarathy opposed the motion. Mr. R. V. Mathai presided. In the other debate, the subject for discussion was, "National Independence is incompatible with world peace". Mr. C. Parthasarathy took the chair; Mr. C. V. Narasimhan led the House and was opposed by Mr. R. V. Mathai. The motions were defeated in both the debates.

A Serious Problem

In organising meetings, we were handicapped by lack of funds and want of enthusiasm on the part of members. It is difficult to find out the true reasons of this lethargy. But we may safely surmise that the multiplicity of associations is one of them. Each one presses its own claim to the active adhesion of the students, and so those who urge most vigorously succeed most. We suggest that the amalgamation of all into a single Society or Union may be a solution of the difficulty.

D. JANARDHANAN,
S. ALBERT LOBO,
Secretaries.

IV. The Mathematical Association

The idea of forming a Union having failed to take any definite shape the Association began its work this year in a poor financial condition; we think that unless membership is made compulsory for all the mathematics students we can never hope to have a sufficient number of members on the rolls. The enlisting of members has been almost a herculean task.

During the year under review, we had four Extraordinary meetings and two Ordinary meetings. The Inaugural address was delivered on the 11th August, 1933 by Rev. Fr. A. Verstraeten, S.J., the subject being

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"THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE." On the 5th September 1933 Mr. M. V. Ramachandra Iyer, B.A., M.B., B.S., of the Bishop Heber College gave a lecture on "Some Interesting Facts in Astronomy." Mr. R. Natesan, B.A. (Hons.), was kind enough to speak on two occasions on "Early Mathematics and Mathematicians." Besides, papers were read by students on "Mathematics and Natural Phenomena" and "Mathematics from Hindu Sources."

To all these we are grateful for the interest they have shown in the Association.

We thank all those who co-operated with us in our work.

K. T. K. THANGAMANI,
R. S. RAMANUJAN,
Secretaries.

V. தமிழ்ச்சங்கம்

நமது தமிழ்ச்சங்கம் 1929-ம் ஆண்டு ஜூலை மாதம் 10-ந்தேதி சென்னை மாகாண முதன் மந்திரியாரால் தொடங்கித்தரப்பெற்று வளர்பிறையன்ன ஆண்டு ஆண்டாகத் தன்னுடைய முயற்சியிலும் தொண்டிலும் மேன்மேலும் சிறப்புற்று வருகிறது.

இவ்வாண்டின் தொடக்கத்தில் பிஷப் ஹீபர் கல்லூரித் தமிழ் விரிவுரையாளராகிய திருவாளர் E. S. வாதாராஜய்யாவர்கள் 'தமிழ் மொழியின் தோற்றமும் அதன் ஒப்புயர்வற்ற தன்மையும்' என்ற பொருள்பற்றி கேட்டோர் உள்ளம் இனிக்குமாறு மிக்க நயம் திகழப் பேசினார்கள்.

அக்டோபர் மாதத்தில் நமது சங்கத்தின் ஆதரவில் சென்னை மாகாண அறக்காப்புக் கழகத்தவருள் ஒருவரும் நிறைந்த தமிழ் அன்பருமாகிய திருவாளர் T. K. சிதம்பரநாத முதலியார் அவர்கள் 'தமிழ்ச் செய்யுள் இயல்' என்னும் பொருள்பற்றி, விரிந்ததோர் உரை வழங்கினார்கள். அவர்கள் உரையைக் கேட்டு மகிழாரும், வியவாரும் இல்லை. தமிழ் மொழியை வளர்க்க விரும்பு வார் தனித்தமிழ்ச் செஞ்சொல்லை நாடாது, உலக வழக்கில் உள்ள எளிய சொற்களைக் கொண்டே தத்தம் கருத்துக்களை எழுத்திலும் பேச்சிலும் வெளியிட வேண்டுமென்றனர். அன்று சொல்வாக்கும் செல்வாக்கும் உடையார் பலர் அவ்வரையைக் கேட்கவந்து குழுமியிருந்தனர்.

இவ்விரு விரிவுரைகளைத்தவிர, தமிழ்ச்சங்க அன்பர்கள் பலர், பல சீரிய பொருள்களைப்பற்றிப் பேசினார்கள். சிற்சிலவமையங்களில் மாணவர்களே தலைமை தாங்கி நிகழ்ச்சிகளை நிறைவேற்றி வைத்தார்கள். ஒவ்வொரு சொற்பொழிவு காலத்திலும் பல மாணவர்கள் தங்கள் தங்கள் கருத்தை வெளியிட்டு அவையை மகிழ்வித்தனர்.

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இதுபொழுது சிறப்பாய்க்குறிப்பிட வேண்டிய தொன்றுண்டு. முன்னைய ஆண்டுகளில் சங்கத்திற்கு என்று விதிக்கப்பட்ட தொகையைச் செலுத்தியவர் களே தமிழ்ச்சங்க உறுப்பினர்களாக எண்ணப்பட்டு வந்தனர். இவ்வாண்டில் அம்முறையைக் கைநெகிழவிட்டு எல்லோரையும் உறுப்பினர்களாக ஆக்கவும் அனைவரும் சங்கத்தின் பயன்களைத் துய்க்கச் செய்க்கவும், சங்க உறுப்பினர் களுக்கு வரி விதிக்கப்படவில்லை. எனினும் சங்கத்திற்கு அவ்வப்பொழுது ஆகிய செலவுகளை நிறைவேற்றுக் கழக உறுப்பினர்களில் சிலர் மனமுவந்து தாங்கினர்.

கட்டுரைப் போட்டி :—சங்கத்திற்கென்று பணம் சேர்க்கப்படாமையால் கட்டுரைப் போட்டியைக் கைநெகிழவிட்டு விடலாமோ என்று கருதுங் காலையில், கருத்தறிந்து உபகரிக்கும் அன்பர் நான்காவது வகுப்பு மாணவர் A. சங்க ரன் அவர்கள் அதற்கு ஆகும் செலவை அன்புடன் ஏற்றுக்கொண்டனர். அவர் கள் காலத்தாற் செய்த நன்றி மிகவும் பாராட்டத்தக்கதாகும்.

சங்கத்தின் முன்னேற்றத்தில் நோக்கங்கொண்டு ஆதரவுகாட்டிய ஆசிரியர் கட்டும் அன்பர்கட்கும் எங்கள் நன்றி உரியதாகும்.

சென்ற ஆண்டில் சங்கத்தின் நலத்தைக்கருதி மிகவும் அன்போடு உழைத்து வந்த அமைச்சர் திரு. நாச்சிமுத்து, B.A., அவர்களை இதுபொழுது நினைந்து நன்றி அன்றாக்குச் செலுத்துவது நமது கடமையாகும்.

ந. சங்காரவேலு,
அமைச்சர்.

VI. The Sanskrit Samajam

Membership

The total number of members exceeds fifty.

Inaugural Address

M.R.Ry. H. Vasudeva Sarma Avl., M.A., B.L., Lecturer in Sanskrit, National College, Trichinopoly, delivered the Inaugural Address on the 2nd August 1933, the subject being "The Greatness of Bhasa".

Meetings

We held nine meetings on the whole—three extraordinary (including, the Inaugural Meeting) and six ordinary.

On Monday, the 2nd October 1933, M.R.Ry. K. Natesa Iyer Avl. M.A., L.T., Retired District Educational Officer, Trichinopoly, delivered an interesting lecture on "Asramas and Asrama Life". "Kalidasa" was the

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

subject of a thoughtful lecture by Mr. T. Srinivasan, B.A. (Hons.), L.T., on the 14th February 1934.

Of the six ordinary meetings one needs special mention here; in that the entire proceedings were carried on in Sanskrit. Mr. T. G. Gopala-krishnan, III U. C., spoke on "Dhruva's Penance". Supplementary speakers too were not wanting. We hope that this useful example will be followed by our successors; and that the title of our Association will thus be justified.

Competition

The Annual Recitation Competition for the Intermediate classes was held on Monday, the 5th February 1934. Mr. Vallabhan, II U. C. and Mr. Balasubramanian, I U. C., get the first and the second prizes respectively. I thank M.R.Ry. K. Natesa Iyer Avl., Retired District Educa-tional Officer, Trichinopoly, and M.R.Ry. T. K. Balasubramania Iyer Avl., B.A., Proprietor, Sri Vani Vilas Press, Srirangam, for awarding the prizes.

R. YEGNANARAYANAN,
Secretary.

VII. The Malayalee Samaj

Our work for the year under review began with a business meeting held on the 15th of July 1933. Besides electing the new Secretaries and a Managing Committee, the meeting resolved to continue the Reading Room inaugurated last year, and to raise the subscription from four annas to six per year.

The Reading Room continued to function, but with the number of periodicals reduced and the readers evincing a tendency to read the papers at home, if not surreptitiously in the class rooms. The experiment of raising the subscription, when all the world is crying for a reduction of taxes, and when our sister societies have been actually reducing theirs, resulted, as was to be feared, in diminishing returns—to borrow a phrase from the verbal treasury of our brethren of the H. & E. Society. Until the various societies of the College are closely knit into a mighty 'Union' or Commonwealth, and effective measures and efficient collectors are at hand for the collection of revenue, no experiment of ours is likely to save us.

We held seven meetings in all during the year. The last was a debate on "Pen or Platform." "Platform" won, as a matter of course. Evidently these are bad times for Authors. The Presidents for the meet-ings were mostly elected from among the students themselves.

K. B. LONAN,
M. K. RAGHAVAN PILLAY,
Secretaries.

Field Notes: 1933-'34.

I. A Change

EVEN in Collegiate Athletics the old order changeth. For many years now, the "All Star" teams have had the play fields all for themselves, and have flooded out the lesser lights. But with the extension of playgrounds and the furtherance of play facilities, the gulf between the best and the second best in athletic proficiency is becoming considerably narrower. Some good Judges hold that the process is as much one of levelling up as of levelling down.

Surely the day of athletics for the few is gone. The modern cry for mass athletics is so insistent that, instead of training only the strong to excellence as in the past, the Department of Physical Education seeks now to train all to moderate accomplishment. To the undergraduates of the present day sport is no longer an exhibition to be watched, but a recreation to be indulged in actively. The athletic proficiency of an institution is being judged more and more—and rightly so—by the greater number participating in athletic games and contests than by the presence of a few star athletes. The promotion of team competitions in preference to individual stunts in Inter-collegiate, Inter-Varsity and District Championships bears eloquent testimony to the change in modern athletics.

II. Compulsory Physical Education

If the extension of playgrounds and play facilities has placed games within the reach of all those desirous of participating in them, the introduction of Compulsory Physical Training in the college classes has served to draw in even those who enter college with little or no desire to play. There is no way of reaching these field-shy freshers except through compulsion. One may wonder at that, and doubt if compulsory play could be recreational and hygienic. But the proof is present to show that for this type of student it is indeed of value. It has been observed that since Compulsory Physical Training to the extent of two hours went into effect in the Intermediate classes, many students of non-athletic ability or interests have found the play periods enjoyable ones.

The reason for this change is a peculiarly human one. With games optional, the boy who is over-studious and obsessed by the desire for academic honours regards play as penance; while the boy who is given

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to "dreamful ease" and who feels that "there is no joy but calm" like the Lotos-eaters of ancient Greek legend regrets any curtailment of his hours of aestivation. The mere argument that athletic activity is beneficial will not induce the non-athletic student to give it the necessary time. But as soon as he understands that athletic periods are part of the regular work and that attendance is compulsory, there is no option and consequently all reluctance to go to the playground vanishes. His mind is at once free from the thought that he is wasting some of his time. Before long he unwittingly shares with his mates the exhilaration of a strenuous game and leaves the field happier for the relaxation. The writer of these notes has witnessed with immense satisfaction how even the recalcitrant youngsters threw themselves vigorously into the game of Hockey, Football, Basketball or Volleyball. The Giant Volley Ball game introduced this year was their great fascination, and they found themselves metamorphosed for the time at least into little giants. One would easily be tempted to exclaim: Bless you boys, you are "translated" indeed!

III. Intra-Mural Competitions

The next step in the promotion of athletic activities in the college is the organization of intra-mural fixtures, where class meets class in healthy competition for the possession of a college trophy. The value of inter-class competitions cannot be over-estimated. They provide mildly recreative sports and a thoroughly healthy rivalry within the walls of the institution, and leave the competitors moderately invigorated rather than fagged out as one often finds them after a "swotty" game in an open competition. Moreover, they economize time and money. There is no regret of money thrown away in barnstorming journeys to outside stations, or of week ends lost in an unavailing fight against heavy odds on a far-away field. Above all, they are untainted by all the unpleasantnesses that still menace the possibility of clean sport in open competition. The Annual Report of our District Athletic Association for 1933-'34 records in strong and unequivocal language its disapproval of the conduct of the spectators during its Football tournaments. "Enthusiasm", the Report reads, "is a welcome and encouraging manifestation, but hooliganism cannot be countenanced; and in this connection some of the 'supporters' are the worst enemies of their own teams". No further proof is needed to show how far still we have to go to reach the clean sporting spirit in open competition.

We may therefore well congratulate ourselves on having organized inter-class competitions in all the games that the college offers us. The

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experiment has had a good trial this year, and we have no doubt that these home competitions well answer our needs and that they will continue to be the most enlivening feature of our college athletic life. The following table of fixtures for the year shows their popularity:—

Tournaments	Entries	Winners	Trophy awarded
1. Football Sixes ...	9	I U. C.	Dr. Mathuram's Cup
2. Hockey " ...	11	Engineers	The Principal's Cup
3. Volleyball " ...	8	B. Sc.	The Supdt.'s Shield
4. Basketball Fives ...	9	IV U. C.	Fr. Leigh's Cup
5. Badminton Doubles...	16	IV U. C.	The Warden's Cup
6. Tennis Singles ...	32	G. N. Krishna-swamy, III U. C.	The Sangivi Cup
7. Tennis Doubles ...	27	Rothschild and Partner, IV U. C.	Fr. Mona's Cup

It is needless to remark how the class teams blended their individualities into a new unity, and played the game as a unit for common victory. One element in the situation, however, calls for special comment. Class teams are not always evenly matched. Occasionally one team meets another in a contest of which defeat is a foregone conclusion. In such instances boys of the stronger team do not hanker after a big score, and boys on the weaker side are encouraged to play as if all that mattered were that they should give a good account of themselves and play as hard as they can and give the opponents as hard a time as possible. Not only does this situation give a certain hardness and seeming indifference to defeat, but it does much to rob victory of its factitious and disproportionate charm.

It is no high praise to say that the successful management of these intra-mural fixtures is almost entirely due to the organizing ability and great popularity of our Field Club Captains, whose names are given below:—

1. A. Subramanian	IV U. C.	General Captain.
2. " "	"	Captain: Football, Tennis, Athletics.
3. J. Surianarayana	Post-Grad.	" Hockey.
4. T. G. Sivaraman	IV B. Sc.	" Volleyball.
5. S. Sivanmalaiappan	IV U. C.	" Basketball.
6. P. Vetrivelu	"	" Badminton.

The combined efforts of these energetic captains made possible a grand celebration of our Field Club Anniversary, which took place for

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the first time in our sporting annals on 24th February '34 under the presidentship of B. E. Hussey Esq., I.C.S., Asst. Collector of Trichinopoly. We are deeply indebted to the Principal for his kind sanction of the amalgamation of our celebration with that of the College Literary and Scientific Societies. The show demonstrated beyond doubt the correlation of academic and sporting activities in our institution.

As those present at the function will have seen, we are fortunate in possessing quite an imposing array of cups and shields. The recent institution of a handsome silver cup for Tennis Doubles by voluntary contributions from Tennis members in honour of Rev. A. Mona, S.J. is a welcome addition. Trophies for Cross Country Race and Teni-Koit are a great desideratum. The increasing popularity of our home tournaments does not leave us in any doubt as to the fulfilment of this need before long.

IV. College Annual Sports

The College Annual Sports were held on 31st October '33. The weather, the programme and the arrangements left nothing to be desired. The heats had already shown us that we had a fine set of competitors. There was plenty of keen competition in all the events, and the spectators who had turned out in large numbers had a most enjoyable time. It was all almost too good to be true.

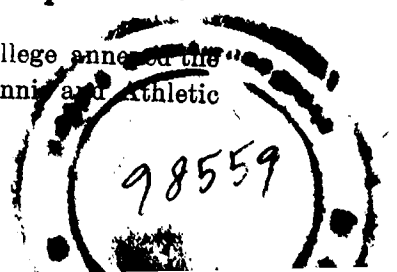
The Minakshisundaram Cup for College Championship was won by A. S. Davaraj (III U. C.), and the Rector's Cup for High School Championship went to T. Rozario (VI Form). The two athletes literally swept us off our feet by their brilliant successes in Cross Country Run and other track events.

Mr. B. E. Hussey, who presided on this occasion also, gave away the trophies and medals, and congratulating the winners on their fine performances said in a neat little speech that from what he had seen that morning he felt sure that the grand traditions of St. Joseph's College were being maintained.

V. Inter-Collegiate & Inter-School Competitions

Here we have had a very successful season. The College announced the Barton's Cup and the Hardinge Shield respectively for Tennis and Athletic

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FIELD NOTES : 1933-'34.

Sports, the only two events where exclusively Inter-Collegiate competition exists. The hero in the sports was our college champion, A. S. Davaraj, who by scoring the first place in Cross Country, Mile, Half-mile, 440 Yards, and Pole Vault—a rare distinction indeed!—won the Grigg Medal, the much coveted prize, with a lead of seven points over the next best athlete. The other athletes who brought us honour were Peter Thambuswamy, a smart sprinter; A. Subramanian, a plucky hurdler; T. M. Swaminathan, a graceful jumper; A. R. James, the big-strided long distance runner; and the Mysore brothers, Parthasarathy and Narayanaswamy, our Shot Put Champions. Davaraj and Thambuswamy, between them alone, secured us sufficient points to get the Hardinge Shield; but we are no less thankful to the others above who secured a mark here and a mark there, and thus got us a record score of 106 points which showed a lead of 90 points over the next best institution. It is not the number of points secured that really matters, but the spirit with which we do our best for our *Alma Mater*. The following table of points won for the Inter-collegiate Shield will speak for itself:—

COLLEGES	Cross country	Tug o-war	100 Yds.	Hurdles	220 Yds.	440 Yds.	880 Yds.	Mile	High jump	Long Jump	Pole Vault	Relay	Shot Put	Total Points
St. Joseph's	10	5	5+3	5+3+2	5+3+2	5+3	5+3	5+3+2	5+2½	3+2	5+2½	7	5+3+2	106
Bp. Heber	—	—	2	—	—	2	2	—	2½	5	2½	—	—	16
National	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7

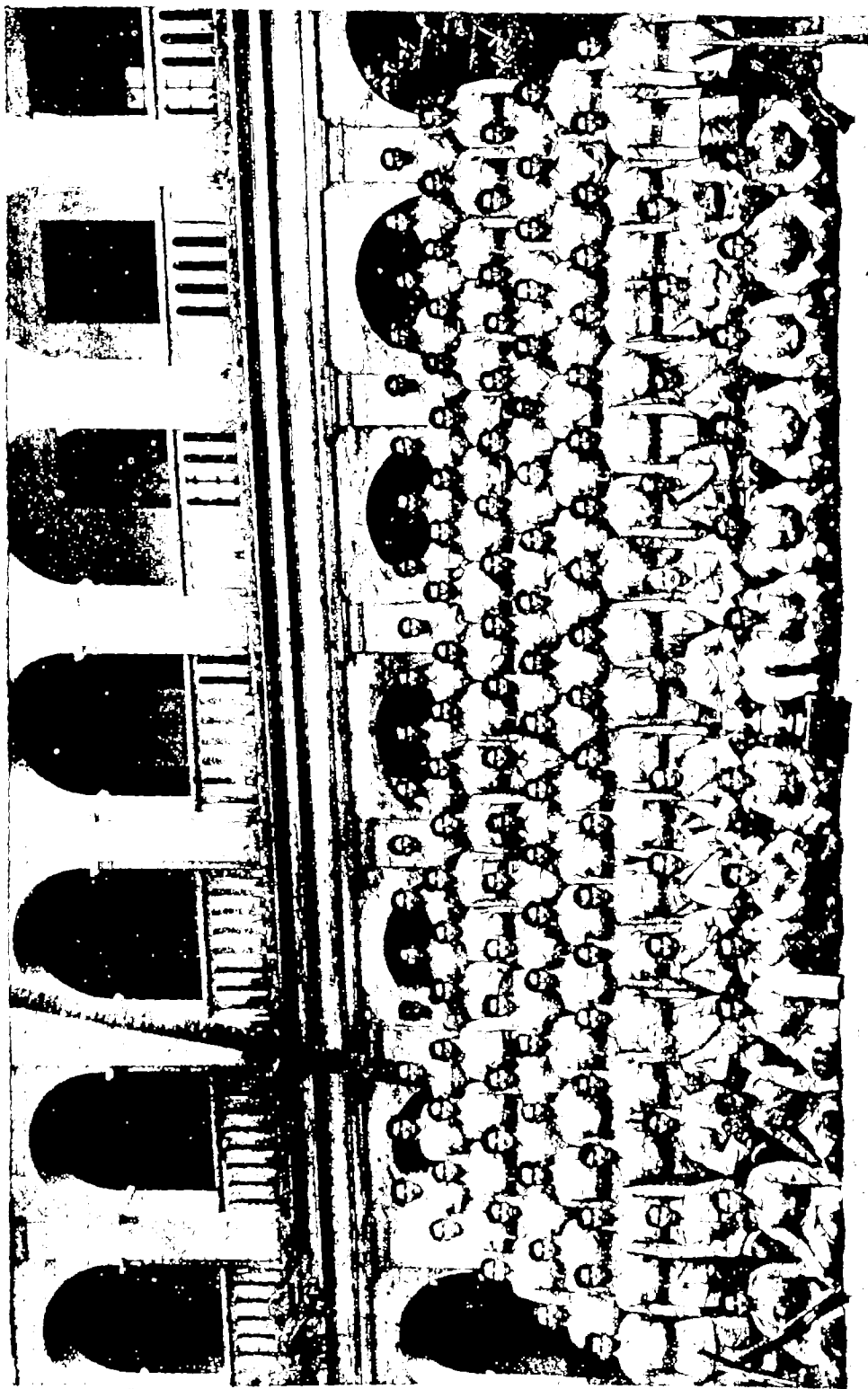
Our High School has an equally brilliant record to boast of, having come out with flying colours in five out of six Inter-school competitions—viz. Badminton, Hockey, Tug O'War, Cross Country and Athletic Sports. The only trophy that did not find its way into our High School was the Football Cup. It may be remarked that we entered a team for Football, but withdrew at the last moment for reasons which had better be left unsaid. The success in Athletic Sports (Class I) was quite creditable, as it was won with a lead of 18 points over the next best institution. The loss of the Class II Shield is regretted as we had won it the three years previously in succession. There is the consolation, however, that our boys got the third rank among fourteen institutions. The sub-junior competitions for Class III Shield found us fifth in the list. The cause of this is undoubtedly lack of sufficient training. Several runners who did not figure in the finals did well indeed—and with next to no training!



A. S. Davaraj, (College Champion and Grigg Medallist)
and T. Rozario, (H. S. Champion)



The College Field Club Committee and Captains (1933-34)



The 5th Madras U. T. Corps (Trichinopoly Detachment.)
(As this photo was taken at Convocation time. Fr. Principal was unavoidably absent from the group.)

FIELD NOTES: 1933-'34.

Why, it may be asked, do such boys not go down to the ground and take training more seriously? Quite often good athletes who would be most useful in the school team if better prepared confine their training and practice to about two days. It is surprising what a little consistent training will do for them.

VI. Open Competitions

In open competitions the colleges are at a disadvantage in that the student population is too young and cannot compete on an equal footing with outside clubs which launch forth more mature competitors and rope in the best local talents available for the season. This, however, did not deter us from putting forth our teams for all events run by the Trichy District Athletic Association. We lost the Football and Basketball trophies, which we had held the last three years in succession. In Badminton we ran up to the Finals and lost the cup to the Star of India Sporting Club, which specializes exclusively in this game and which, by a strange irony, won with players who are themselves old students of ours. In Hockey we had the usual ill fate. Our defeat was due this time to a series of mishaps arising out of a mild cyclone on the day we were scheduled to play, on account of which it was thought that the match would be postponed. While ascertaining whether the match could be played at all, the Captain himself arrived too late to take part; and there were others too who had stayed away taking the cancellation of the match for granted. A scrub team was put up, and it shared the fate of all scrub teams. In Athletic Sports we ran close the Anglo-Indian and Domiciled European Sports Club for the Pentland Shield, and eventually secured the second rank among seven institutions. The only trophy that we bagged this year in open competitions was the Volleyball Shield, which we won for the fourth year in succession after a gallant fight against the Y. M. C. A.

Our memories of open competitions are therefore not altogether pleasant. Were not our teams as cohesive sides as the ones in the past? Or, were we basking so much in the sunshine of our continuous triumphs as to court Nemesis? Whatever it be, there is some justification for putting forth a plea of bad luck, seeing that we were only just beaten. Anyway there is no need to despair. Victory or defeat does not matter. Cups and shields are but the symbols and not the purpose. We have played the game, and played a clean game, and that goes a great way indeed!

U. T. C. Notes: 1933-'34

I. Recruitment

THE University Training Corps continues to be increasingly popular in our college. When in July '33 the College Notice Board was found to contain these stirring words—"Sanction has been accorded for an increase in the strength of our College Contingent, and consequently more Recruits are wanted this year than in the past"—our boys responded eagerly to the call. We do not know if they were impelled by their usual solicitude for the honour of St. Joseph's, or by the romance of the soldier's life, or by the attraction of extra pocket money that comes to men who are eligible for T. A., or perhaps by all the three combined. But from the crowd of would-be soldiers at the Recruiting Office one would imagine that another war was imminent. The result was that in a fortnight the Contingent Rolls contained the names of a hundred cadets—an unprecedented number indeed! We are thankful to the authorities for having given us a third platoon, and are confident that the extended opportunity for military training will be fully availed of by our students.

II. Non-Commissioned Ranks

The larger number of Recruits on our rolls was by no means an unalloyed blessing, as it entailed greater concentration on individual training and the employment of more N. C. Os. as Squad instructors. We are glad to note that our N. C. Os. rose equal to the occasion and showed great zest in the discharge of their increased responsibilities. The reward for their labours came at the end of the year when their squads passed out to a man in the Recruits' Test. We are even more pleased to learn that the additional work on the part of our N. C. Os. did not tell upon their academic pursuits, as they have not only come out successful in the University Examinations, but in many cases have secured a high class. Under-Officer Andiappan is now a full-fledged Honours Graduate; C. S. M. Mani and L/Cpl. Balakrishnan have taken First Classes in B. Sc. Hons. and Intermediate respectively; Sgt. Ramanathachar has secured a Second Class in M. A.; Cpl. Ramanathan, and L/Cpls. Kuriyan and Sahul Hamid have all taken Second Classes in B.A. Would it be presumptuous to say that these facts give the lie direct to the view that U. T. C. is detrimental to academic pursuits?

U. T. C. NOTES: 1933-'34

We wish all the outgoing N. C. Os. a very prosperous and successful life outside the Corps. It is understood that the question of resuscitating the 3rd (Madras Presidency) Urban Infantry is under consideration and that a detachment of the same is likely to materialize for Trichinopoly if suitable men are available. We trust that our ex-U. T. C. Warrant Officers, N. C. Os. and men will not miss the opportunity when it comes. The Company Commander will be pleased to render all assistance for their enlistment in the Urban Infantry when it is actually revived.

III. Annual Camp

The Annual Camp of exercises was held between 9th and 22nd September '33 at Pallavaram. We had a happy and cheerful time, living as we did in the barracks which are far more comfortable than tents. Perhaps this is not an unmixed gain, for we do not go to camp to be comfortable. A camp without canvas is, in one sense, not a camp at all, as one loses much of the value from the point of view of training. It is gratifying, however, to know that once in four years we shall live under canvas, as barrack accommodation at Pallavaram can be had for three companies only, and consequently each company will have to share the tents by turn.

There were some welcome changes in this year's Camp. The demonstration of "Verey Lights" and certain aspects of "Night Operations" the organization of Pool Shooting competitions, boxing bouts and camp fire, and the training in Advanced and Rear Guard action served greatly to relieve the monotony of camp routine. Above all the distinct improvement in the messing arrangements brought about by the vigilant supervision and kindly interest of our Commandant was greatly appreciated by all. Messing is always the subject of conversation and as often the object of criticism. It cannot of course be gainsaid that wholesome and sustaining meals go a long way to relieve the strain of the busy routine that one shoulders in camp. Thanks to the additional University grant of Rs. 5 per man towards his messing in camp which comes into force from next year, our cadets may well promise themselves a better feed in camp hereafter.

In our pleasant recollections of the interesting events in camp, the visit of the Commander of the Madras District occupies a prominent place.

Major General C. R. Newman, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., visited us on 11th September, the day after our arrival in camp, and was much pleased with

the turn-out and smartness of our men, particularly the Recruits, some of whom had drawn their kit just on the eve of camp.

The competition for the Willingdon Shield awarded for all-round efficiency was as usual the most exciting event. And it is rightly so, as a single mistake or a single bit of bad luck is enough to put a contingent right out of the running. Who is there that is immune both from mistakes and from ill luck? This year, for example, we went to camp with high expectations, having won the Recruits' Musketry Cup and secured a high rank in the Trained Men's Musketry. Unfortunately, however, two of our men let us down at the last minute by absenting themselves from camp, and we got only the second rank in Attendance. In Athletic Sports we scored high in all the events, and should have been easily the winners but for an unexpected slip in 100 Yards Dash, which left us a close second. In the other competitions we fared well enough, but were not quite lucky to be the top scorer. As it is, we finished third among the eight contingents for the Willingdon Shield.

We were by no means depressed by the reverses. We know that failure is the pathway to success; the great thing after all is to *strive*, even if our efforts are not crowned with victory. At the same time we are confident that with greater effort next year we may well aspire to a higher rank and bring back with us the Willingdon Shield,—a feat only once accomplished.

We were not a little sorry when camp was over, as we had a splendid time. Everyone of us has realized that it is vastly better for us to share the fascinating diversions of camp life than to flounder in our homes without definite responsibilities and engaging activities. Once in camp, we get a certain type of experience that we cannot get elsewhere. Away from our parents, we are stirred by a feeling of independence and a sense of responsibility. Furthermore, obedience to camp rules, and the rigid observance of the established conventionalities of military etiquette and conduct afford a lesson in discipline that reaches even the boy who is spoilt at home. Nor must we forget the effect on our health and physique. We fill our lungs with fresh air, sleep soundly from bodily fatigue, acquire a lusty appetite, and build up a muscle that we are proud to display to our parents on our return. Literally one becomes the "boy of tan" rendered so familiar to us by the poet Whittier.

IV. Conclusion

Before concluding these notes mention must be made of the changes which have happened in the staff, and of a very notable extension in the College Armoury. Consequent upon the departure of Capt. E. J. M. Wyld from Trichinopoly, Lieut. V. Sundaresan took over the command of the Trichy Detachment; and the place that thus became vacant was filled up by the nomination of Mr. C. R. Soundararajan, whose interest in games and sports is very well known. Thanks to the ready generosity of our Father Rector and the authorities of the National College, our armoury has been considerably extended so as to house all the rifles and stores of the Trichy Detachment. The work has been executed with remarkable care and ability, and is bound to impress all our cadets as a thing of beauty.

" S "

Results in the University Examinations, March 1934

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage.
M. A. Br. II-A	5	—	—	5	5	100
„ III	2	—	1	1	2	100
„ IV	3	—	3	—	3	100
Total	10	...	4	6	10	100
B. A. Hons. (New Regs.)						
Br. I	17	2	3	8	13	76.5
„ III	3	1	2	—	3	100
„ IV	9	1	5	3	9	100
Total	29	4	10	11	25	86.2
(Old Regs.)						
Br. I	5	—	—	4	4	80
„ II-A	2	—	2	—	2	100
„ III-B	1	—	1	—	1	100
Total	8	—	3	4	7	87.5
B. Sc. Hons. Part II ...	11	7	3	1	11	100
Recommended for B.A. Degree :—						
New Br. I	...	...	...	...	4	
Old „ I	...	...	...	...	1	

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1934

	Sent up	I	II	III	Tot.	P.C.	Remarks.
Sc. Hons. Part I English ...	12	—	—	—	9	75	
A. Hons. Preliminary ...	19	—	—	—	19	100	
Sc. Part I English ...	67	—	—	—	42	62.7	
Sc. Part II.							
Physics Main							
Math. & Chem. ...	22	2	3	10	15	68.2	
Math. & Elect. Engin. ...	5	2	—	2	4	80	
Mech. & Elect. Engin. ...	6	1	—	4	5	83.5	
Elect. Engin. only ...	1	—	—	1	1	100	
Total ...	34	5	3	17	25	73.5	
Chemistry Main							
Physics & Botany ...	10	—	1	8	9	90	
Physics & Mathematics ...	12	1	5	3	9	75	
Physics only ...	1	1	—	—	1	100	
Total ...	23	2	6	11	19	82.6	
Total (Physics & Chem.) ...	57	7	9	28	44	77.1	
A. Degree: Part I English ...	107	1	1	74	76	71.3	
Part II Second Languages							
Tamil ...	63	—	1	46	47	74.6	
Malayalam ...	28	—	—	11	11	39.2	
Sanskrit ...	16	—	1	10	11	68.7	
French ...	4	—	—	4	4	100	
Total ...	111	—	2	71	73	65.7	
Part III: Optional Subjects.							
Gr. (i-b) ...	14	—	3	3	6	43	
„ (ii-b) ...	22	—	7	9	16	72.7	Full B.A.s.
„ (ii-c) ...	32	4	6	13	23	71.8	(i-b) 6
„ (iv-a) ...	12	—	2	10	12	100	(ii-b) 8
„ (iv-b) ...	23	—	1	16	17	73.9	(ii-c) 8
Total ...	103	8	19	51	74	71.8	(iv-a) 6 (iv-b) 8

Intermediate
Complete Passes.

	Sent up	I	II	Total.	P. C.
Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry ...	61	15	11	26	42.6
do. do. Electrical Engineering.	6	1	1	2	33.3
Natural Science, Physics, Chemistry ...	32	—	9	9	28.1
Physics, Chemistry, Indian History ...	7	...	...	...	...
Physics, Chemistry, Logic ...	2	...	...	...	...
Ancient History, Modern History, Ind. Hist.	14	...	7	7	50
do. do. Logic ...	17	...	7	7	41.2
Total ...	139	16	35	51	36.7

Partial Passes

	Math. Phys. Chem.	Nat. Sc. Phys. Chem.	Math. Phys. Elect. Engin.	Phys. Chem. Ind. H.	Phys. Chem. Logic.	Anc. Mod. Ind. Hist.	Anc. Hist. Mod. Hist. Logic.	Total.
Part I only ...	1	2	...	...	...	2	2	7
" II " ...	10	8	...	4	...	1	3	26
" III " ...	4	2	...	...	...	1	1	8
" I & II " ...	9	2	...	1	1	2	2	17
" I & III " ...	1	2	...	...	...	...	...	3
" II & III " ...	3	1	2	1	1	...	1	9

Total Passes

	Sent up.	Passed.	Percentage.
English ...	139	78	56.1
Tamil ...	70	57	81.5
Malayalam ...	25	16	64
Sanskrit ...	33	22	66.6
French ...	11	7	63.6
Math., Phys. Chem. ...	61	34	55.7
Math., Phys., Elect. Engin. ...	6	4	66.6
Nat. Sc., Phys., Chem. ...	32	14	43.7
Phys., Chem., Ind. Hist. ...	7	1	14.3
Phys., Chem., Logic ...	2	1	50
Anc. Mod. Ind. His. ...	14	8	57.1
do. do. Logic ...	17	9	53

NOTE.—B. A. (Hons.) Maths : first in the Presidency.
 B. Sc. (Hons) Physics : first, fourth and fifth in the Presidency.
 B. Sc. Part II { Physics Main : Rank, the first five in the Presidency.
 { Chemistry Main : Rank, the first two in the Presidency.
 B. A. English (Transit Regs.) the only first class in the Presidency.



Rao Sahib C. J. Paul, B.A.,
Collector of Trichinopoly. (F.P.)

Old Boys

IT is with peculiar satisfaction that Alma Mater congratulates Rao Sahib C. J. Paul on his appointment as Collector of Trichinopoly, and welcomes him to this district and town as Chief Executive. Mr. C. J. Paul has had a brilliant career, and has reached his present position after an exceptionally varied experience of administration as Thasildar, Deputy Collector, Secretary to the Banking Inquiry Committee, Assistant Magistrate etc. We wish him a long career of service to the country in his high office.

* * * * *

Another distinguished son of Malabar and Former Pupil of our College whose achievements we are happy to record here is Dr. Z. P. Fernandez, B.A., M.D. (Leeds), D.P.N., who has made a magnificent career as Tuberculosis specialist in Leeds. He also takes a very important part in Municipal activities, being a City Councillor, and chairman of many important Committees, like the Education Committee and the Maternity and Child Welfare Committee. He has recently been appointed Chairman of the Wakefield Mental Hospital Committee, and this is the first time, we believe, that the representative of Leeds has occupied this position. He is also the founder of a Municipal Sanatorium for Tuberculous Children, in the suburbs of Leeds, an institution that has been a blessing to the poor of Leeds. Dr. Fernandez is the kindest and most unassuming of men, and a great friend of the Indian students who are studying in the University of Leeds.

* * * * *

We congratulate Mr. P. S. Lokanathan, B.A. (Hons.), Reader in Economics, University of Madras, on his latest academic triumph. He has just returned from London with the D. Sc. in Economics.

* * * * *

Mr. C. V. Narasimhan who has scored a first class in History Hons. this year, is proceeding to Oxford to follow the Honours course there. His Professors who have known him as an exceptionally able student and speaker entertain high hopes of him. We wish him every success in his future career.

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OLD BOYS

Rao Sahib S. Rayaluswami Pillai, Personal Assistant to the Inspector General of Prisons, and Chief Inspector of Certified Schools has received the title of Rao Bahadur in the latest Birthday Honours. Our hearty congratulations.

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We congratulate Mr. C. J. Varkey, M.A. (Hons.), K.S.G., on his election to the Syndicate, by a large majority, from the Academic Council.

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Mr. R. Narayanaswami, M.A., (F. P. 1921-22), who contributes a delightful study of a "Superintendent" in this issue, passed his M.A. (Economics) by private study and is at present Auditor, Office of the Deputy Accountant General, Posts and Telegraphs, Madras. He writes to us to say that his hobby is free lance journalism in English and Tamil. Would there were many such "free lances" to add to the gaiety of Government offices!

* * * * *

As we go to press, the daily papers announce the nomination of Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvam, Bar-at-Law, as Home member of the Madras Government in succession to Sir Mahammud Usman, our acting Governor. We congratulate the distinguished leader of the Catholic Community on this high honour, and wish him success in his arduous duties.

In Memoriam

Father D. Honoré, S.J.

THE article in the July issue of the College Magazine, last year, was meant to be a farewell tribute to Father Honoré on his retirement. It has turned out to be, in a way, an obituary notice!

Far was it from our minds, and still more from our hearts, to think that it was to be so. We rather augured for him a fairly long period of... active rest, during which we, in Loyola, would be privileged to enjoy the treasures of his golden heart, of his ripe experience, of his wide knowledge, of his mellow wisdom. He no doubt felt the weight of years and of his long labours, the more so as he had not spared his declining strength, continuing to work even to the breaking point when he ought to have taken rest. But he had such a strong constitution that he got over the menacing symptoms which seemed to portend an early termination of his career a few years ago. He was spared to us, and he was left to complete his 50 years of teaching in Trichinopoly.

It may truly be said of him, as Wisdom (ch. x) says of the just: God honoured him with work and He completed his work. *Honestavit illum in laboribus et complevit labores illius*. And heaven seemed to encourage and justify our expectations; for, in Loyola, Father Honoré revived and rapidly improved in health. His strength returned in a measure, and, with his active disposition, he soon found work for himself: not indeed the work of formal teaching, but he took upon himself many of the little jobs which abound in a College, and which, though inconspicuous, are yet of great value and largely contribute to the well-being of an institution.

Chief among them, and important beyond words, was his position as adviser: a position in which he found himself placed automatically by the confidence of all. His counsels were sought by all, Fathers and students.

They were freely and generously given. And who can say how many troubled minds recovered peace and clearness of vision with him, how many anxious hearts were relieved and strengthened, how many faltering steps were set right and steadied? How many former colleagues and assistants, how many old boys sought him out in his retirement? Did any leave him disappointed? Did any ever go away carrying back with

IN MEMORIAM

him the burden he had come to lay at his feet? Did any ever fail to find in him the inspiration he had come to seek? As one of them said: "Just a look at him, just a word with him, brings relief: it winds me up."

Just one little trait: once a week, he would go to minister to the spiritual needs of the deaf and dumb children of an asylum: a rather unexpected ministry for a Professor of physics! but the dynamics of kindness in Father Honoré overcame all the shortcomings of the acoustics in these poor children.

He was still, however, as may be expected, a Physics Professor to the marrow of his bones, and he naturally became the unofficial, but real arbiter in all matters pertaining to Science in Loyola College. The beginning of the attack which was to carry him away found him occupied with the equipment of the new Physics laboratory in Loyola College.

His recovery gave him confidence to look into the future. Being now identified with Loyola College (though not without many a wistful look back on St. Joseph's), he bethought himself of future developments in the Science departments of the College, of the means to secure an effective and successful organisation of its courses, and of helping the staff.

The west coast continued to exert its old attraction on him. He paid it a visit in the course of the year and he was planning another for September 1934, to galvanise his associations of young men into increased activity.

Men of action stop working only when they die. To die in harness is their ideal. The time had come, however, when the Master whom Father Honoré had served so long and so well, was to call him to his reward: "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joy of thy Lord." In the beginning of April, he got the first of these bile attacks, which ultimately carried him off. These attacks followed one another in quick succession; at the rate of almost one a week, on an average. Between two attacks, he was his old self again and would follow up the trend of his plans and ideas. He did not look concerned at the state of affairs, though others naturally were. Yet he was not blind to the facts. At our age, said to him a friend in conversation, anything may happen.

He left Kodaikanal on 9th June, bright and cheerful, bidding us "au revoir" in Madras. He broke journey in Trichinopoly, to see his old student and dear friend, Rao Saheb C. J. Paul, B.A., Collector of Trichinopoly. He reached Madras on 11th June and characteristically got busy

IN MEMORIAM

with the new Physics laboratory, after taking just the indispensable rest from the journey. The two following days were spent in the same way. Thursday, 14th June, saw the continuation of the work of the preceding days, to which was added a visit to some places to inspect some apparatus. But the shadow of death was on him already, for then began the attack which was to be the last.

He spent the afternoon of that day in his room, a prey to the disease with its well-known characteristics. Medical help was sought and was perhaps the cause of the patient spending an apparently fairly good night. At about 5 A.M. on the 15th, and again half an hour later he was seen in his chair and seemed to be sleeping. A little while after, at about 6-10, a Brother sent to see how the patient was, found him dying and ran for help. Father Varin rushed and had just time to administer the last rites to him.

At 6-30, all was over.

In the evening of the same day, he was laid to rest in the Mylapore cemetery.

Thus the labourer, his day's work over, quietly returns home. In the case of Father Honoré the day's work was half a century, and the home was heaven. But his work remains. It is the best memorial in his honour: a memorial built in stone which will keep his name alive to future generations of students; numberless memorials raised in their hearts by his grateful students and friends. Better tributes, these, than any obituary notice.

F. B., S.J.

The death of Fr. Honoré has evoked widespread expressions of grief. Meetings have been held in numerous centres of educational or Catholic activity, and measures concerted for perpetuating his memory.

On June 10th a condolence meeting was held at Ernakulam under the Presidentship of Dr. J. Attipetty, the Co-adjutor Archbishop of Verapoly. The principal speakers were Rev. Dr. Panjikaran, and Dr. G. F. Papali, D. Ph.

On June 19th took place the Loyola College meeting presided over by Mr. K. O. Antony.

IN MEMORIAM

At St. Berchmans' College, Chenganacherry, the Chairman was Mr. M. S. Doraiswami Ayyangar, Executive Engineer, Kottayam. The chief speakers were Mr. L. M. Pylee, Lecturer in History and Politics; Mr. D. Gopala Ayyangar, Physics Lecturer; Mr. M. C. Mathai; and Rev. Fr. Mathew Purakel, Principal of the College. It was resolved to found a scholarship in memory of this great friend of the College.

At Trivandrum, the condolence meeting was presided over by Fr. Honoré's old and valued friend Rao Bahadur K. V. Rangaswami Iyengar. The chief speakers were Rao Bahadur Muthunayagam Pillai, Retired Judge of the High Court, and Mr. P. K. Narayana Pillai, leader of the Liberal Party in the Sri Mulam Assembly. Rao Bahadur K. V. R. Iyengar had in addition sent the following personal telegram, to Rev. Fr. Rector: "Profoundly grieved; Fr. Honoré's death loss to India."

In St. Joseph's, the Malabar Catholic Youth's League held its condolence meeting in the Lawley Hall on Wednesday the 27th. The Catholic Truth Society passed a special resolution of expressing its sorrow a few days later. A solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the College Church on Wednesday the 4th of July. By this time all the Catholic students having returned the assistance was complete. Fr. Gombert officiated, FF. Verstraeten and Immel were deacon and sub-deacon.

A condolence meeting of the College and School Staffs was held on the 28th June. Rev. Fr. Rector presided. Mr. P. E. Subramania Iyer paid a touching tribute to his beloved master, referring particularly to his care in forming the character as well as the intelligence of his students. Fr. Verstraeten spoke of the strength of will which enabled Fr. Honoré to realise his great projects. Fr. Principal spoke of the 8 days' retreat he had made shortly before his death, and how characteristic it was of him to die as he did, without giving the least trouble to anybody. Rev. Fr. Rector concluded by exhorting his hearers to imitate Fr. Honoré's love of work and devotion to duty.

At the same meeting, it was also resolved to push forward with renewed zeal the collection of subscriptions for a Memorial Scholarship already begun last year on the occasion of Fr. Honoré's retirement. This cause, made sacred by his death, requires no urging from us. We feel sure that hundreds of Fr. Honoré's grateful students will come forward to help commemorate their teacher worthily. We gladly publish the following first list of subscribers which the Committee has sent us.

MEMORIAM

The Fr. Honore Memorial Scholarship Fund

Contributions thankfully received so far:—

	Rs.	A.	P.
N. Anantha Narayana Sarma, Coimbatore.	...	50	1 0
P. S. Subramania Iyer, Auditor	...	49	15 0
K. Kuppusamy Iyengar, Asst. Acct. General	...	30	0 0
Boys, Asst. Acct. General's Office	...	16	12 0
H. E. De Rozario, Vakil, Calicut	...	15	0 0
S. V. Subbiah, Palamcottah	...	15	0 0
A. S. Ganesan, Nagpur	...	15	0 0
R. Sundaram Darjeeling	...	15	0 0
N. R. Krishnamurthy, Madura	...	15	0 0
D. Gopalan, Changanacherry	...	10	0 0
K. G. Nair, Advocate, Calicut	...	10	0 0
Fr. Bonhoure, S.J., Palamcottah	...	10	0 0
John Savarinathan, Masulipatam	...	10	0 0
S. Narayanasamy, Annamalai Nagar	...	10	0 0
K. Ram, Rangoon	...	10	0 0
Paul D'Alapat, Ernakulam	...	10	0 0
V. Subramaniam	...	10	0 0
T. Srinivasa Iyengar, Salem	...	10	0 0
S. Sarangapani	...	10	0 0
Itoop Mangail, Trivandrum	...	10	0 0
V. Subramanian, Bangalore	...	9	11 0
P. Kannan Nair, Coimbatore	...	8	0 0
M. V. Chacko, Trivandrum	...	7	0 0
Z. S. Krishnan, Parlakumedi	...	5	0 0
N. S. Narasimhan, Rajahmundry	...	5	0 0
Z. Venkatraman, Berhampur	...	5	0 0
Z. Menon	...	5	0 0
Z. Hanumanthachar, Cochin	...	5	0 0
I. Subramania Iyer, Devakottah	...	5	0 0
I. Kalyana Raman, Madras	...	5	0 0
A. Raman Nair	...	5	0 0
Z. V. Radhakrishna Iyer	...	5	0 0

IN MEMORIAM

			Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. P. V. Menon, Trivandrum	...	...	...	5	0 0
" P. V. Ramaswamy, Trivandrum	...	...	...	5	0 0
" M. Rajangamier, Calicut	...	...	...	3	0 0
" K. Sankara Narayanier, Kottarakkara	...	...	...	2	8 0
" C. M. Rajah	...	...	...	2	0 0
" R. Krishnamachari, Nagercoil	...	...	...	2	0 0

St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly:—

Mr. P. E. Subramania Iyer	...	...	...	100	0 0
" K. S. Mandalam Iyer	...	...	...	60	0 0
" P. R. Subramaniam	...	...	...	40	0 0
" N. Ananthakrishnan	...	...	...	25	0 0
" A. Krishnier	...	...	...	25	0 0
" P. Arulsamy	...	...	...	8	0 0
" S. Rengasamy	...	...	...	5	0 0
" P. Savarimuthu	...	...	...	5	0 0
" K. S. Kothandapani Iyengar	...	...	...	5	0 0
" C. Thiruthvam	...	...	...	5	0 0
" K. Chinnasami Iyer	...	...	...	5	0 0
" V. Gopala Iyengar	...	...	...	5	0 0
" T. Totadri Iyengar	...	...	...	7	0 0
" S. Suriyanarayanier	...	...	...	5	0 0
" S. Srinivasa Iyengar	...	...	...	3	0 0
" K. Swaminathier	...	...	...	3	0 0
" K. Krishnasamy Iyengar	...	...	...	3	0 0
" K. R. Natesa Iyer	...	...	...	3	0 0
" N. Siva Raman	...	...	...	2	0 0
" V. C. Thomas	...	...	...	2	0 0
" A. C. Joseph	...	...	...	2	0 0
" V. Sesha Iyengar	...	...	...	2	0 0
" M. J. Kuriakose	...	...	...	2	0 0
" A. Hirudayasamy	...	...	...	2	0 0
" M. Arokiasamy	...	...	...	2	0 0
" R. Govinda Rao	...	...	...	1	0 0
" S. Jegannathan	...	...	...	1	0 0
" V. S. Narasimhan	...	...	...	1	0 0
" R. S. Ramachandra Iyer	...	...	...	2	0 0
" Sellappa Iyer	...	...	...	2	0 0
" Savarinatha Pillai	...	...	...	3	0 0
" V. D. Venkatasubramania Iyer	...	...	...	2	0 0

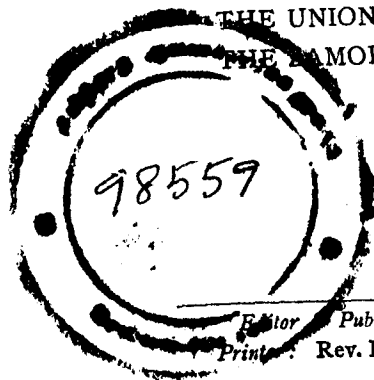
IN MEMORIAM

				Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. V. Sankara Narayanier	...	...	...	2	0	0
„ T. S. Vydianathier	...	...	...	2	0	0
„ P. V. Srinivasa Iyer	...	...	...	2	0	0
„ N. Raghunatha Iyengar	...	...	...	2	0	0
„ K. Ramaswamy Iyer	...	...	...	2	0	0
„ K. Doraisamy Iyengar	...	...	...	2	0	0
„ R. Lakshmana Iyer	...	...	...	2	0	0
„ A. M. Antonisami	...	...	...	1	0	0
„ F. M. Susainathan	...	...	...	1	0	0

Total ... 774 15 0

Exchanges

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THE ANNAMALAINAGAR MISCELLANY.
MRS. A. V. N. COLLEGE MAGAZINE, VIZAGAPATAM.
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OUR HOME MAGAZINE, MYLAPORE.
THE K. R. HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MUTTRA.
THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MADRAS LAW COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
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THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.
KING GEORGE MEDICAL COLLEGE CLINICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL
LUCKNOW.
THE MODERN STUDENT, CALCUTTA.
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THE RAILWAY HERALD, TRICHINOPOLY.
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THE SCHOLAR, PALGHAT.
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THE UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ALWAYE.
THE DAMORIN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALICUT.



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