

The St. Joseph's college
Magazine

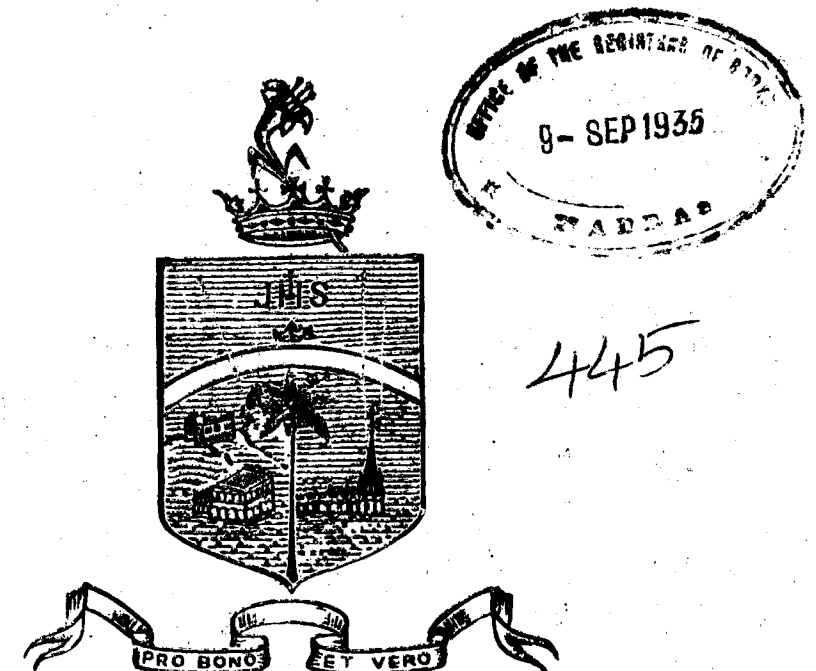
Trichinopoly

1935 - July
VOL. II. NO. I

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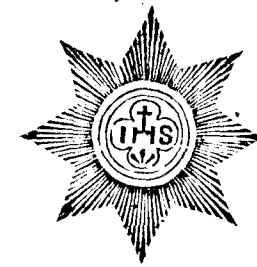


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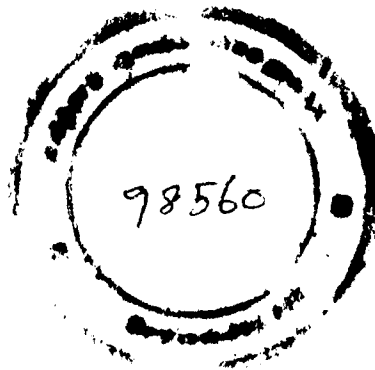
New Series

Vol. II, No. I

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR
Annual Subscription Rs. 2/-

3L
745.7.2172.1134

N35. 2-1



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ST. THOMAS MORE
From the portrait by Holbein

[With acknowledgements to "The New Review"]

St. Thomas More

by A. Hirudayaswami, M.A., B.L.

THE late Lord Roseberry enjoyed widespread renown for having achieved in life the three great aspirations of his undergraduate days: to become the Prime Minister of England, to win the Blue Ribbon of the Derby, and to marry the richest heiress. It is rare for one man to achieve all these distinctions, though the two last demand neither brilliant intellectual gifts nor outstanding virtues. The noble Lord was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but not so Thomas More who emerged from obscurity to the position of Lord Chancellor of England, who was respected as one of the greatest scholars of the Renaissance, and who has now been proclaimed a saint by the Catholic Church for his life of singular virtues and his heroic death. It is not surprising therefore that G. K. Chesterton should write that "Sir Thomas More may come to be counted the greatest Englishman, or at least the greatest historical character in English history."

More was born in London on the 7th Feb. 1478, in a family described by himself as "honest but not distinguished", though his father John More, a lawyer, lived to become a Judge of the King's Bench. The boy spent some years in the household of Cardinal Morton, Henry VII's Minister, famous in finance but curious in logic. The Cardinal, discerning the talents of the young More, sent him to Oxford where he came under the spell of the great humanists of the age and acquired the love of the classics which he preserved to the last. His father, however, decided that More should choose, like himself, the legal career, and called him to Lincoln's Inn. While preparing for the law he pursued his classical studies and acquired such proficiency that Erasmus counted him among the four classical scholars in England. During four years he retired to a Carthusian Charterhouse to decide his vocation in life. He then began those austerities which he continued in secret to the end of his life. On the advice of Colet, later famous as the Dean of St. Paul's he chose the secular career, took to the practice of law, and married.

In 1504 he entered Parliament at the age of 26, and quickly made his mark as a brilliant and fearless debater. When Henry VII asked the Commons for a large subsidy, Thomas More led the opposition and thereby incurred the royal displeasure. The King imprisoned the father for the opposition of the son in the Commons, and for a time Thomas More

retired from public life. In 1523 he re-entered the Commons as a member for Middlesex and was speedily elected Speaker. One of the first historic parliamentary scenes of which we have contemporary accounts occurred during More's term as Speaker. For the prosecution of the war with France Wolsey demanded the then enormous sum of £ 800,000, to be raised by a tax of 4 shillings in the pound, and serious opposition was expected from every quarter of the Commons. In order to intimidate the members, Wolsey, in his dignity of Cardinal Archbishop of York, Papal Legate and Lord High Chancellor, entered in state the House of Commons followed by a retinue of prelates and peers, and made a great speech. He was received in sullen silence by the House which was dismayed by this violation of the privacy of its deliberations from which every outsider, however exalted, was by ancient right excluded. The repeated queries of the Cardinal remained without an answer; not a sound broke the angry silence of the House. Wolsey then turned to the Speaker and asked for an answer. As the defender of liberties of the House, More met the challenge. He begged the Cardinal "to excuse the silence of the House as abashed at the presence of so noble a personage and that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the House. In conclusion for himself he declared that though they all had trusted him with their voices, yet except every one of them could put into his head all their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unable to make His Grace sufficient answer". The Lord Chancellor, baffled and beaten, departed in rage. That evening the Cardinal encountered the Speaker at a reception in his gallery at Whitehall. "I would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker!" he cried. "Your Grace not offended, so would I, my Lord; for then I should have seen the place I long have desired to visit," answered More. The author of *Speakers of the House* calls Sir Thomas More "the greatest man that ever sat in the chair of the House of Commons."

Already the name of Sir Thomas More was known in every centre of learning as the author of a sensational book, *The Utopia* a Latin work framed in imitation of Plato's *Republic* in which he described a Communist society as prevailing in the ideal world of imagination. This was written while he was on a diplomatic mission to the Continent, and was intended for his own amusement and that of the reading public. *The Utopia* literally added to the gaiety of the nations since in it More attacked some of the abuses of the day with a satire of which he was an unrivalled master. And the Soviets of Russia at the present day, reading Sir Thomas in grim earnest, hail him as the "great Communist" of the 16th century.

ST. THOMAS MORE

But More's literary fame rests on other works as well. His *History of Richard III*, *The Dialogue* written against the Lutheran heresy, *The Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*, composed in the Tower, enjoyed an immense vogue in the secular and religious world of the 16th century.

His Chelsea home was the frequent meeting place of some of the renowned scholars of the age and King Henry VIII himself, who was no mean humanist, delighted to spend the evenings in conversation with his friend. And soon Sir Thomas was to receive a signal mark of royal favour.

The sordid story of the divorce was already before the public eye and Henry VIII consulted his friend Sir Thomas More on the question. More warned him in private that he thoroughly disapproved of his attempt to put aside his lawful wife Katherine and marry Anne Boleyn. At first the king hesitated and nearly dropped the idea of marrying Anne. But he was encouraged by Wolsey to seek papal dispensation and on failing to obtain it, he drove Wolsey from office and raised Sir Thomas More to the Chancellorship on the 25th October 1529.

By raising Sir Thomas to the woolsack the king secretly hoped to win over to his side the weight of his name, and render the enormity of the divorce less outrageous in the eyes of Christendom. But the king little expected that his gentle friend would prove an Iron Chancellor.

As Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas proved a great success, for he brought to this office, till then sullied by corruption and indolence, such noble virtues and eminent talents as have rarely been found together in one man before or since his time. He reformed the law, mitigated the vexatious delays which ruined even rich clients and brought justice within the reach of the poor, whose petitions he heard in person on certain days in the week. He administered justice with such impartiality that he non-suited one of his sons-in-law, and told another "My son, this one thing, I assure thee on my faith, that if the parties will at my hands call for justice, then were it my father whom I love dearly, on one side, and the devil, whom I hate extremely, stood on the other, his cause being good, the devil should have right." Thus for a brief space of two years and a half he adorned with singular distinction an office the attractions of which proved fatal to the virtues of the philosophic Bacon.

In the meantime the drama of the king's divorce was proceeding to a climax. Henry sought to frighten the Pope into granting a divorce but he found that he had struck against the Rock of Peter. Anne Boleyn gained such an ascendancy over him, that he decided to break with

ST. THOMAS MORE

Rome and make her his queen. In 1531 he proclaimed himself the Head of the Church in England and in 1532 he passed the "Submission of the Clergy" by which the Pope was deprived of his ancient authority over the bishops in England. On the 10th May 1532, Sir Thomas More sent his resignation on the plea of ill-health and retired to the solitude of Chelsea.

Sir Thomas was invited to the coronation of Anne Boleyn on the 25th Jan. 1533. He declined the King's invitation.

From this moment his fate was sealed, for Anne Boleyn vowed to bring about his ruin; and the king was mortally offended at his open defiance. But opinion was so strongly against this outrageous marriage, that the king and queen were openly jeered at whenever they appeared in public. Henry solemnly issued a decree that none should mock at him! Popular feeling was still further turned against the Court by the appearance, at about this time, of a certain nun, Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, who attracted crowds by her reputed trances and prophecies. The Holy Maid denounced the King's marriage, foreboded civil war, and condign chastisement to the royal miscreant. She even professed to have seen the special den of tortures reserved in Hell for Henry VIII. The people heartily concurred with the nun! All the time the king's vexation and fury knew no bounds. He started a reign of terror, and rushed through Parliament a Bill of Attainder to put to death the Holy Maid and her supporters. The House of Lords was horrified to find the names of More and Bishop Fisher included in the list. More was heard in defence, and the Lords struck off his name and passed the Bill.

The Holy Maid and several monks were put to death with revolting barbarism. In March the Act of Succession was passed and Sir Thomas More was the first to be summoned to take the Oath repudiating the supremacy of the Pope.

Sir Thomas More was fully prepared for the ordeal; he received the sacraments, talked cheerfully and consoled his weeping wife and children and his favourite daughter Margaret and left Chelsea never to see it again, accompanied by his son-in-law Roper. Brought before the Lords, every inducement was offered to shake his constancy; to the Duke of Norfolk, he made the answer "My Lord, then, in good faith, the difference between your Grace and me is but this, that I shall die to-day and you tomorrow," an answer which recalls to mind the words of Socrates to his friends. On his refusal to take the Oath, he was

ST. THOMAS MORE

committed to the Tower along with the saintly Bishop Fisher to await his trial. He had to wait for more than a year.

The dreary days in the Tower he spent in cheerful conversation, and in composing *The Dialogue of Comfort*. He astonished every one by his exuberance of spirits and innocent pleasantries. His wife, and even his beloved Margaret pleaded with tears that there was no harm in uttering the words of the Oath; but he turned away from the tempting Eve. In fact this was the most painful part of his sufferings in the Tower.

At length he was summoned on the 1st of July 1535, before a Special Commission to answer the charge of "traitorously attempting to deprive the king of his title of the Supreme Head of the Church in England". The indictment was read out by the Duke of Norfolk who cried "You, Master More, have gravely erred against the king; nevertheless we hope by his clemency that if you repent and correct your obstinate opinion, in which you have so rashly persevered, you will receive pardon."

"My Lords" rejoined More "I thank you heartily for your good will. I pray God preserve me in my just opinion even to death".

He was offered a chair in order to read through the articles of indictment. A notorious scoundrel, by name Rich, deposed in evidence that he heard More utter treasonable words in the Tower. If that was the guilt, one wonders why he was put there at all. The fact is that Sir Thomas could not be sentenced for refusing to take the Oath, but only for overt treason. Hence Rich came forward to supply the legal deficiency. The whole trial was a travesty of the law and a gross mockery of justice. The Lord Chancellor, in almost indecent haste, found him guilty and proceeded to deliver the sentence of death, when Sir Thomas rose, and stopped him, claiming the right of speech. At that hour, Westminster Hall rang with a challenge which resounded all through Christendom and has echoed down the ages.

"Since I am condemned" began Sir Thomas, "and God knows how, I wish to speak freely of your statute for the discharge of my conscience. For the seven years that I have studied the matter, I have not read of any approved doctrine of the Church that a temporal lord could or ought to be head of the spirituality. The Act of Parliament is repugnant to the laws of God, and the Holy Church, a violation of the Magna Charta, and the Coronation Oath; nor can the realm of England refuse obedience to the See of Rome any more than a child can refuse obedience to its natural father".

ST. THOMAS MORE

"What, More," interrupted the Chancellor, "you wish to be considered wiser and of better conscience than all the Bishops and nobles of the realm?"

"My Lord," More replied, "for one Bishop of your opinion I have a hundred saints of mine; for one parliament of yours, and God knows of what kind, I have all the General Councils for a thousand years; and for one kingdom I have France and all the kingdoms of Christendom. I say further that your statute is ill-made, because you have sworn never to do anything against the Church which through all Christendom is one and undivided, and you have no authority without the common consent of all Christendom to make a law or act of Parliament against the union of Christendom."

"I have nothing to say, my Lords, but that, like the blessed Apostle, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and kept their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet be they now both twain holy saints in Heaven, and shall continue there friends for ever; so I verily trust and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your Lordships have been now judges on earth to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter all meet together in Heaven, merrily, to our everlasting salvation; so I pray God preserve you all and especially my Sovereign Lord the King, and send him faithful counsellors". With this parting shot he left the Hall and was taken to the place of execution.

On his way to the Tower, a surging mass of spectators lined the path, and from the crowd his beloved Margaret flung herself upon his neck and bathed him in her tears. With a smiling countenance and a cheerful word to all who wept for him, he reached the block. The king was then dining with Anne Boleyn, and sent word that as a special favour for his great Chancellor, the sentence "to be hanged, drawn and quartered" was commuted to simple beheading. "God preserve my friends from such favours!" remarked the witty Sir Thomas in the face of death. Turning to the executioner, he forgave him and asked him to do his work with skill as his neck was very short! He then turned to the crowd and commended his soul to God, declaring "I die for the Holy Church of God".

On the 19th May 1935 Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, was proclaimed a Saint by the Holy Church in defence of which he had laid down his life.

William Cobbett

A Centenary Appreciation

by Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M. A., Lingaraj College, Belgaum.

William Cobbett was born in 1762 and died in 1835. He was thus a contemporary of the great writers of the English Romantic Revival. In his time Cobbett was a boisterous and combative power—"a kind of *fourth estate* in the politics of the country." Fearless, unconventional, inconsistent, irrepressible, even irresponsible, William Cobbett was almost a Don Quixote among political reformers. There was no limit to his audacity, to his self-confidence; it never for once occurred to him that he could possibly be wrong. He lived in the present; whether he recapitulated the past or prognosticated the future, the basis of calculation was the living present and the living present alone. He constantly revised his opinions; rather, he constantly promulgated opinions oblivious of the fact that they ran counter to his pet fancies of the day before. If he was accused of inconsistency or contradiction, of false prophesyings and weak generalisations he just did not stop to answer the charges—it was too dull to do that—but out-Cobbetted Cobbett in his very next speech or article. What could his contemporaries do with such a man? He was so overflowing with vitality, so absolutely and uncompromisingly English, so thoroughly a man, that he gradually became an institution. One had to take him for granted as one did the House of Lords, the Oxford University and "sweet father Thames."

The Cobbetts, characteristically enough, were labourers, land-owners, yeomen-farmers. William, the third son of George Cobbett, a farmer off Farnham in Surrey, spent his early years as a farm hand, relishing every minute of his work. When William was eleven years old, he happened to read Swift's *The Tale of a Tub* and vaguely realised that it was the turning point in his intellectual life. There were curious stirrings in his heart and head, and he was on the look-out for a life of adventure. In 1783 he went to London, nor did he return to his farm during the next seventeen years. Life in London was unlovely at first, for he could get only the post of an attorney's clerk. But he bided his time and soon enlisted in the Army. His pluck and sturdy character gained for him ready and rapid advancement in the Army till he rose to be a sergeant-major in about two

WILLIAM COBBETT

years. He continued to read what books were available and laid the foundations of the strenuous literary life he was soon to lead. By the time he was thirty, he had left the Army for good, but still his future was not clear. He oscillated for some years between writing and farming, till with the turn of the new Century, he definitely settled down to a journalistic career. He wrote incessantly, toured the length and breadth of England, visited America, and about the close of his life, represented Oldham in Parliament. To the end he was an active figure; and his extraordinary career came to an abrupt, not "graceful, artistic close."

Cobbett's fecundity is amazing. His books, pamphlets, articles came out in bewildering profusion. He published *Grammars* of the English and French languages; *Histories* of the English Parliament, of the Protestant Reformation, and of the Regency and Reign of King George IV; 'legacies' to Labourers, to Parsons; a comedy on Surplus Population and the Poor-law Bill; an *Advice to Young Men*; but the work by which he is to-day best known is his *Rural Rides*. He was intimately connected, besides, with various periodicals of the time. Of these Cobbett's *Weekly Political Register* that ran from 1803 to 1835 was the most sustained and arduous achievement. It made Cobbett the force he was in English politics, and surely this political weekly diary of over thirty years of politics is among the most solid "exhibits" of English Journalism.

In his brusqueness of manner, his lack of subtlety or profundity in thought, his capacity for doing or saying things on the spur of the moment and damning the consequences, his distrust of mere elegance and of abstract logic—in all these William Cobbett was "plain, broad, downright English", "pure English, old English, merry English." Today we do not care for Cobbett's politics; the names of contemporary politicians and allusions to contemporary events or movements evoke in us no vibration, no thrill. His *Histories* and *Legacies* are forgotten; his *Grammars*, amusing as they are, have taken their appointed places in literary oblivion; Cobbett lives to-day, I think, half by virtue of the ample overflow of his contemporary fame and half by virtue of the manly prose of the *Advice to Young Men* and *Rural Rides*.

Cobbett as a political writer has been inevitably compared with Thomas Paine. In one of the essays in *The Spirit of the Age*, William Hazlitt elaborates the similarity as well as the contrast between Cobbett and Paine. Cobbett was a less sententious writer than Paine, less quotable, less scientific, less disciplined; Cobbett's writings are loaded

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with a minute particularity without suggesting a wholesome, schematic outline, while Paine's have unity, and though abstract, are intellectually satisfying. "Paine's writings are a sort of introduction to political arithmetic on a new plan; Cobbett keeps a day-book, and makes an entry at full, of all the occurrences and troublesome questions that start up throughout the year.....Cobbett is less metaphysical and poetical than Paine, but more picturesque and dramatic."

As a man of letters, Cobbett cannot have a place among the very greatest. He was no literary artist, nor did he desire to be one. He spoke and wrote (as Antony pretended to) "straight on." Here is Cobbett's advice to his nephew, on writing prose: "Never stop to make choice of words. Put down your thoughts in words just as they come. Follow the order which your thoughts will point out; and it will push you on to get it upon the paper as quickly and as clearly as possible." Naturally, in the prose of a man who followed in practice such simple advice one can scarce meet with "the purple patches of a Walter Pater or Oscar Wilde, the elaborate searching of the *mot propre*, the epigrammatical cleverness of a Robert Louis Stevenson." This is not however to say that Cobbett's style lacks distinction, vigour, even occasionally a rustic beauty; in fact, again and again Cobbett's prose "gets him there" and we ask for nothing better. Had Cobbett been more refined or sophisticated, his prose here and there might have been fashioned by him less rugged than it is; but the corresponding loss would make him practically cease to be the Cobbett we know and love. The vivid descriptions of his American tour, the lustiness of his anecdotes, the naive beauty of his rural sketches, the peppery virulence of his political diatribes, the disarmingly Montaignesque self-revelations, the unfailing Bottom-like zest to live and do the things of the world—all stamp him as a writer of singular power and charm. The contradictions in his life and writings have puzzled his critics and he has time and again been described in paradoxes. Mr. Edward Thomas writes: "It is like watching a man, a confident, free-speaking man, with a fine head, a thick neck, and a voice and gestures peculiarly his own, standing up in a crowd, a head taller than the rest, talking democracy despotically." And to Hazlitt, Cobbett was "a very honest man with a total want of principle." Mr. Chesterton's book on Cobbett, with its sparkle and information, is one unending chain of paradoxes.

Whatever be the contradictions in Cobbett's life and the defects of his prose style, his *Rural Rides* remains a book of perennial fascination. It has to be taken in mass, for mere sampling or quoting can give no adequate idea of the book's enduring strength. Those interminable epistles

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from every obscure village in every English county, discoursings on every conceivable subject from the ethics of smoking to the political somersaults of Mr. Canning, those suggestive phrases in italics and within inverted commas, the apostrophes to many a functionary big and small, the asides, the glow of local colour, the enveloping rural atmosphere—to feel the pulse of it all should be a rich experience to every devout student of literature. From the lyrics in prose of a De Quincey, from the sonorous latinisms of a Sir Thomas Browne, from the deceptive, unkempt contortions of a George Meredith, it is indeed a relief to turn to the pages of William Cobbett. And that is why one should have always within easy reach the two volumes of *Rural Rides*.



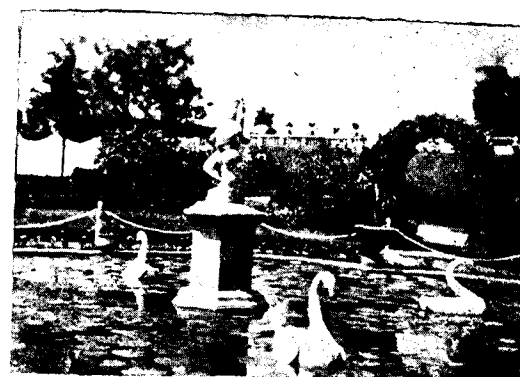
FAMILIAR COLLEGE FIGURES
(Photos by Fr. Hoyle, S.J.)



CAMELS IN THE PEOPLES' PARK, MADRAS.



THE END OF A FARMER'S DAY



SWANS IN THE ERODE PARK LAKE



A RURAL SCENE NEAR ERODE
(Photographs by K. Ramachandran, IV U. C.)

The Inspection Extraordinary

by R. Narayanaswami, M.A.

WHAT a flare in our office during those four days the A. G. (Accountant-General) was with us!

What do you generally expect an Inspecting Officer to do? You expect him to drive up one day to office after 12, walk up straight to the officer's room, spend sometime there chatting in official and unofficial rôles and a few more minutes in replying to deputations from clerks with grievances, get out thereafter—exactly 80 minutes after his arrival therein—with the Officer and the Assistant Officer respectfully accompanying him and the peons in uniform following him, make a rapid circuit of the halls where the 'dumb-drivens' are working, throwing graceful nods to the wishing sub-heads standing near their seats, and reach the portico where the car is waiting and after a final shake of hands with the officer disappear from view. That is Inspection as we had understood it to be from past experience. But now in the first week of February, we were in for an entirely different kind of Inspection—an Inspection that kicked the proverbially 'asinine' officialdom to gasping activity, drove the care-taker of our Office to get up early in the morning and hunt for the smallest bit of waste paper lying about the premises and set Accountants anxiously rehearsing answers to possible questions from the big Visitor!

Our faces grew grim even when the mail brought us one day news of the A. G.'s four days' programme in Madras. Four full days' stay! Not a single A. G. in living memory had cared to hold his inspection for as many hours!! We therefore scented something special in this visit, something that would really put us to the test. And naturally our sub-heads, the Accountants, grew more care-worn than the clerks and exclaimed between themselves over the certain prospect of each one's turn coming on this occasion.

The A. G. from New Delhi arrived on the appointed day. As we silently and in bated breath assembled in our seats even 5 minutes before the scheduled hour, news went round that the A. G. had come already!—at 10 A.M., i.e., half an hour before!—and was only waiting for the toll of the clock, to jump out.

THE INSPECTION EXTRAORDINARY

"What? At 10? Came so early to inspect the tables and chairs, eh?" exclaimed some brave-looking young-graduate-recruits with spectacles on their noses and fountain-pens in their hands.

"O ho! This is a foretaste of the Inspection, dear Sirs. This is not going to be a shilly-shally Inspection like the previous ones. We shall have to be very careful, mind you." rejoined a serious-looking Senior.

The frightened elders kept "mum" and signed to the youngsters to keep silent and mind their work.

At 10-30 A.M., punctual to the minute, the A. G. P. T. (Official contraction for Accountant-General for Posts and Telegraphs) emerged from his room—Mr. T. E. Toacs, a young Englishman, with brown eyes, tall and slim, with his left hand in his trousers-pocket and the right doing service to a lighted cigarette.

Passing the verandah with our officer, the Deputy A. G., behind him—the customary procession of the peons and others had been peremptorily banned,—the A. G. entered the hall, where in pin-drop silence the men at the tables, the young and the old, were earnestly at work—a colossal pretension, of course, by which this A. G. could not ever be hoped to be deceived! After a minute's survey of the scene, the visitor moved up to a prominently-seated individual, stood in front of him and glancing at the officer by his side asked "What does this man do?"

"He is the Establishment clerk. He deals with....."

"How long have you been doing this work?"—questioned the A. G. quickly turning and looking full at the clerk without waiting for the officer to finish.

Mr. Samivasan, the clerk—a dark-complexioned middle-aged Indian Christian with shining moustaches,—who had stood up, was evidently unprepared for this personal query and after a minute's pause in exciting silence said "For over three years and a half".

"Is it? D.A.G., (official contraction for Deputy Accountant-General,) why did you keep him here so long? There ought to have been change of personnel here, at least once in three years!" asked the A.G. surprised.

The D.A.G., a Rao Bahadur and one who had earned a reputation for calm and systematic work, was momentarily thrown off. Summoning courage quickly, he said in an apologetic tone, "I will post somebody else at the earliest."

THE INSPECTION EXTRAORDINARY

The A. G. moved up, reached the table of an Accountant, seated himself carelessly over it and, after a few rapid puffs of his cigarette began to scrutinise the registers lying thereon. A volley of questions greeted this Accountant,—a plumpy Mudaliar with sandal paste on his forehead, who hurried here and there to bring this document and that.

The A.G. left him in half-an-hour and proceeded to another Accountant, a Brahmin in a fashionable suit, reputed in the office a dihard votary of rule and discipline, and asked him "Would you like a transfer?"

"I wouldn't.....Relying on my permanent stay I have built a house here"...—quickly replied this Iyer who had long practised the most tempting though the nastiest of all habits, the snuff habit.

"Oh" smiled the A.G. the cigarette smoke trickling through his mouth and nostrils, "That surely isn't sufficient excuse!"

The next Accountant to receive attention was a grey-haired Iyer, who some said, would make up for his ignorance by a loud voice and an accommodating disposition. This gentleman, in the midst of the conversation, took occasion to put in "I have a son unemployed", on hearing which the A. G. smiling said "Yes, unemployment is keen of course," and moved away.

Proceeding further, the visitor reached the next hall and, observing an old Iyengar with a bright *nāmam* and a big turban leaning forward and poring over the papers went near him and patting him on the back asked "What does this old chap do?"

"He is the Supervisor of the Objection Disposal Section" came the quick reply from a burly Superintendent standing near.

A little further on and the machine-operators caught the A.G.'s eye. He went near them, and after observing them for a few minutes, asked of the Senior Accountant how much they were paid. "They are Lower Division clerks on the scale 40-2-90. In addition, they are paid a monthly allowance of Rs. 10/- for this machine work", replied the Superintendent.

"It seems a loss. Why this allowance at all?" complainingly questioned the A. G.

"Without allowance, none will volunteer for this work," replied the Accountant.

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"That's not correct. I can get thousands of graduates on 30 rupees per mensem for this work!"—so saying the A. G. moved farther and observing it was past 2 P.M. retired to his room.

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The first day's inspection wound up the rest of the Accountants into tense vigilance and everyone of them counted the hours. My Superintendent, a simple old Brahmin gentleman on the verge of retirement, a gentle soul who would not hurt a fly, was most nervous over the prospect and he spent the time in agitatedly moving up and down the hall and soliciting this clerk to be careful and that clerk to stick to his seat etc. My Accountant, a short-statured Iyengar of excellent abilities, noted in office for his thoroughness in scrutinising everything, was on the contrary calm and less nervous and prepared his senior now and then for the A. G.'s attention.

The shrewd A. G. came next day, and to the surprise of all, went straight to a cabinet, pulled out a drawer, and began to scrutinise the postings on the ledger cards one by one. The five minutes of this scrutiny, let it be said, were five yugas to my Superintendent. He breathed properly only after the distinguished visitor moved away from the cabinet without any comment.

The next day afforded scope for 'darshan'-seekers. The A. G. played Tennis. The usually-deserted verandahs were thronged with groups of clerks eager to have a full look at this young and extraordinary civilian getting Rs. 3200/- per mensem. Some admired his form, some his spectacles, some the colour of his hair and some the handkerchief he had tied round his head! and some others made themselves 'famous' by lustily cheering him at every stroke—good, bad and indifferent.

The usual Tea-party came off on the final day. Bosotto's catered at the tables at which the Officers and the Accountants sat. And we the clerks squatted in front and were served by an indigenous "lunch home" in the purely indigenous fashion. Our mouths munched while our eyes were all on the distinguished guest at the table. Our officer (a Brahmin) exchanging coffee with the European guest afforded not a little merriment to the curious. Some of the Accountants did the fullest justice to the viands, regardless of anybody's looks. The rest, evidently votaries of orthodoxy, went through the ordeal of keeping 'mum' and seeing their friends eat merrily.

THE INSPECTION EXTRAORDINARY

The post-party function was the final item on the programme. Garlanding, speech-making, music, display of histrionic talent etc. over, Mr. Toacs, the distinguished guest, rose amidst the vociferous applause of the gathering, with his heart and stomach full, and said "Rao Bahadur and gentlemen, in thanking you most heartily for this entertainment and demonstration in my honour, I wish to say how glad I am to find that, out of the big family of over 2000 souls in my charge, you who form its Madras Branch are doing exceedingly well...." Enough; thunderous applause burst forth and continued for full 2 minutes. And hearts heaved sighs of the greatest relief.

The next morning, the A. G.'s First Class compartment in the Grand Trunk Express was filled with rose garlands and was besieged up to the last second by admiring Officers and Accountants bidding farewell.

Barney's Triumph

by N. Narayanan, IV U. C.

THE first thing Barney Leech ever stole was neckties—displayed on a barrow. He was then a slim, insignificant, under-sized adolescent with the face of an angel and the nerve of a devil. He stole neckties to feed his soul.

As Barney grew older his tastes became more particular. He looted men's hosiery shops where neckties are known as cravats. Later he found it simpler to steal money or easily converted jewellery and to buy his clothes just where he pleased.

When he became a successful crook, Barney ordered a dozen new suits a year from one of the best tailors in the city. He read the magazines that tell what well-dressed men are wearing, studied the photographs of society folk in their various activities and spent his spare time about the lounges of big hotels, observing. A thief of most exemplary habits, he had his one weakness, as all have. He lived a simple life and without feminine entanglements. He avoided the acquaintance of fellow-thieves. He never drank anything alcoholic. But he could get drunk as a lord with lighter and costlier drinks in full evening dress at social functions where he rubbed shoulders with the well-dressed idlers of the moneyed world.

Hamilton Rook (the notorious Hamilton Rook of divorce court fame), was entertaining week-end guests in his country home. In a few moments dinner would be served and the guests had dressed and assembled on the groundfloor of the Georgian mansion. It was the charmed hour when prowlers prowl and safes give up their secrets. It need not be told that Barney was also a guest, though an uninvited one, at Rook's, that evening.

Although he had materialized out of the night by way of a vine, a balcony and an open French window, Barney was unruffled. Had there been anybody present to observe him,—and there was not,—nothing would have been seen in his manner to suggest that he was anything but a guest intent upon some casual errand and perfectly familiar with his surroundings. He had studied the plans of Hamilton Rook's home printed in a descriptive article in a popular magazine, until he knew his way by heart.

BARNEY'S TRIUMPH

He was not in the least nervous. His preliminary observation from the shadowed lawns assured him that there was little chance of interruption at this hour. Even if he met some stray guest or servant he would not mind much. The party was a large one, and strange faces were not unusual in Rook's home.

Making certain that he was not watched, Barney tried a door and found it unlocked. He stepped noiselessly into a room and closed the door behind him. He had entered a suite,—sitting-room, bed-room, and bath. The little sitting-room in which he stood was dark. A subdued light glowed from the bed-room. Barney moved stealthily toward the bed-room doorway, the thick carpet underfoot helping him. Flattening his back against the wall, he peeped beyond the door.

At first he thought the room was empty. He was about to move farther in his explorations when a low, muffled sound caused him to fade again into the shadow. A woman was sobbing. Tingling with excitement, Barney began to move step by step toward the outer door. The sobbing was repeated. The woman was in grief, desperate grief, as was shown by the anguish of her sobs.

Barney Leech, about to let himself into the corridor, again stopped short. The sharp intake of the weeper's breath, warned him of some new development. He glanced into the bed-room again, and sprang towards its door. The next moment he burst into the inner room. He was just in time to seize the woman's wrist and deflect the pistol barrel which she had placed at her temple.

Barney released her arms, recovered the weapon from the rug, and, stepping to the open window, tossed it into the night. "That's not a thing for a beautiful lady to do," he reproved her in his very best manner.

The woman had watched him, shrinking away, her grey eyes opened very wide, her lips trembled. Barney saw that she was a real beauty. She was not only beautiful, but had a patrician manner, a noble poise. She covered her face with her hands and began to sob. Barney Leech led her gently to a deep chair and forced her to sit down. He stepped into the adjoining bath-room and returned with a glass of water, making her drink a little. "Things are never quite so bad as they seem," he smiled reassuringly. "And if you really must do it, try some other way. A gun makes such a mess."

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She shook uncontrollably. "I don't know what to do. There isn't any other way but that."

Said Barney, rising to the occasion: "Look here, perhaps I can help you. I want to help you."

The forlorn lady looked at him with a new interest. A slight frown of puzzlement creased her smooth brow. "Who are you? I—I don't remember meeting you."

"No," said Barney, "you didn't. I am not a guest. I am..." He almost said what he was, but caution suggested a better story. "I am only a private detective," he finished humbly. Mr. Rook employs me to watch things when he has a party like this. But if I could help you—being a stranger, and not likely to meet you again, you could place confidence in me."

"I'm going to trust you," she decided, with a rainbow smile. "Why not? I'm ruined, anyway. I can't lose anything. And if you could help me! If you would!"

She rose hurriedly and picked up a jewel-case from the dressing-room. Out of it she tumbled various trinkets: brooches, hair ornaments, earrings, a rope of pearls, a handful of rings. Barney Leech saw with a professional eye that the box contained a small fortune. "You can have anything you want—all of them—if you save me," she whispered breathlessly. "I'll pay, I'll pay well!"

Barney Leech reddened. "I didn't ask you to pay me," he said sulkily.

"But, don't you see, I must! I couldn't stay under an obligation like that to a—to a stranger, Mr.—I don't even know your name!"

He told her his name, his real name.

"Now you'd better explain your troubles," he suggested. "We are wasting a lot of time."

There was a mental struggle evident before she began, speaking rapidly in a confidential murmur that brought their heads close together. "I'm Mrs. Price Addington; I don't suppose you ever heard of us?" Barney shook his head. "We're strangers here, comparative strangers. My husband made his fortune in the Pacific North-west. We were

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married there and our home is there. It is our first visit here. I wish we had never come here!"

Another mental struggle.

"Please don't waste time," Barney urged.

"I'll have to tell you about myself, then—my secret. You know Mr. Rook? You can't work for him and be a detective without knowing the sort of man he is!"

"I understand the kind he is, all right."

She nodded understandingly. "Well do you know Scott Bruce, the sculptor?" she proceeded. "He was one of my dear friends. He once made a little figure of me—a lovely bronze. He paid me and I never saw him again—nor the figure. That figure was bought by Hamilton Rook. Rook has it here in this house. He showed it to me this afternoon. There is no mistaking it. No mistaking the likeness! It is me, done in bronze with all Bruce's devilish genius!"

"I think I can guess the rest," Barney said, anxious to spare her pain. "Rook is in love with you?"

"Yes"

"He's trying to blackmail you, threatening to make your husband a present of this statuette, and let him imagine the worst?"

Mrs. Price Addington nodded miserably.

"Your husband would be foolish enough to believe that about you?"

"My husband is a man! And a jealous man. How many men—or women—who knew I posed for Bruce would not believe that insinuation?"

Barney Leech considered slowly. He forgot why he was in Hamilton Rook's home. He forgot all the caution necessary in his arduous profession. Not even when he made his escape from under the very noses of six special police, had he been thrilled like this. The greatest achievement of his career was flat, compared to the present moment. Always hitherto, his motive had been personal gain, selfishness. His present motive was a real novelty, Quixotism, chivalry in its most alluring guise.

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"Where does Rook keep this statuette?" he asked in his business-like manner.

"Locked in the big safe in his house in his own room beyond the library in the west wing. The safe is covered by the tapestry of the 'Rake's Progress.' The room itself is locked. Mr. Leech, it would be impossible, even for you; nobody could do it."

Barney Leech considered the situation rapidly. It was dangerous, more dangerous than he liked. To reach Rook's safe meant his inexplicable presence on the groundfloor of the house, crowded with guests and servants. Yet it had to be done!

"Please, my dear," he asked earnestly, "Will you meet me to-morrow morning, near the garden well? I *will* be waiting with the statuette." Barney turned to the door, with a parting glance at the woman. The look of gratitude and admiration which she gave him was enough to make even his callous heart beat wildly.

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Barney Leech woke next morning in his snug little flat. His eyes turned at once to a bronze statuette that stood on the mantel, the dainty figure of a woman, arms outstretched, hair streaming as she bent forward in flight. He stared at it with a frown of deepening perplexity.

"If that's her," he muttered, "her husband's got a keener eye for likeness than I have. So has Rook. I'd never guess it!"

Strange that Mrs. Price Addington had not kept their tryst at the garden! Barney had waited hours, until the night grew unbearably chilly. As a consequence he felt rheumatic twinges even now. What circumstance had detained her? He imagined all manner of tragic happenings. Anyway, one thing was sure. Her secret was safe with him. A warm glow heartened him. Memory of the woman's beauty, the indescribable look with which she had expressed her thanks made him happy. The night had been worth all that it cost him, though he should never see her again.

He ended his musing at last and went to his door for the morning paper that waited there. Bold headlines met Barney's eyes:

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Country House Burglary Sensational Robbery at Millionaire's Home Search for Woman Thief

Barney read in rapid gulps. A complete clean-up! Jewels and trinkets worth a hundred thousand gone! There hadn't been a haul so rich or so thorough in the past ten years. The work of a genius among criminals.

A paragraph caught his eyes as though it were printed in letters of fire:

The police are working on a definite clue, and are searching for one Tweeny Kelly, alias Ritzi a famous woman jewel-thief. Mr. Rook's servants have positively identified photographs of Tweeny Kelly as a visitor to the house last night, passing as one of Mr. Rook's guests. This is a favourite method of this 'queen of prowlers'.

The newspaper printed a portrait of Tweeny Kelly, alias, Ritzi. It was also an excellent likeness of the lovely Mrs. Price Addington. Barney Leech uttered a howl compounded of rage and grief, and crumpling the paper into a wad hurled it savagely from him. But a gruesome, morbid interest drew him back to the mangled newspaper to learn the full depths of his betrayal. He read again:

An inexplicable feature of the case is the breaking open of a safe in Mr. Rook's study on the ground floor of the house. The safe was known to all the servants, and was not used for guarding valuables. It contained last night only some stored curios and mementoes of little intrinsic value. The one thing stolen from the safe is a bronze statuette of a woman. The little bronze can be duplicated in any art shop for a couple of guineas. It was used for a time by Mr. Rook to ornament the radiator cap of his motor-car.

Barney Leech hurled down the crumpled newspaper to the floor and stamped on it. His hand caught the bronze figure from the mantel and smashed it against the wall. These acts of vengeance relieved him a little. But it was long before he held up his head again.



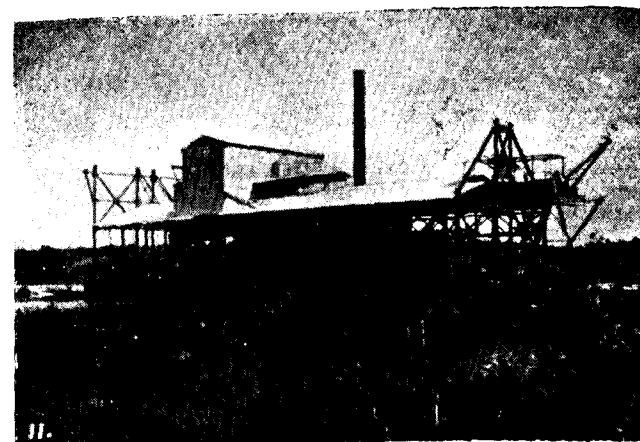
EUCALYPTUS FOLIAGE.—(*Drawing by Fr. Hoyle, S. J.*)



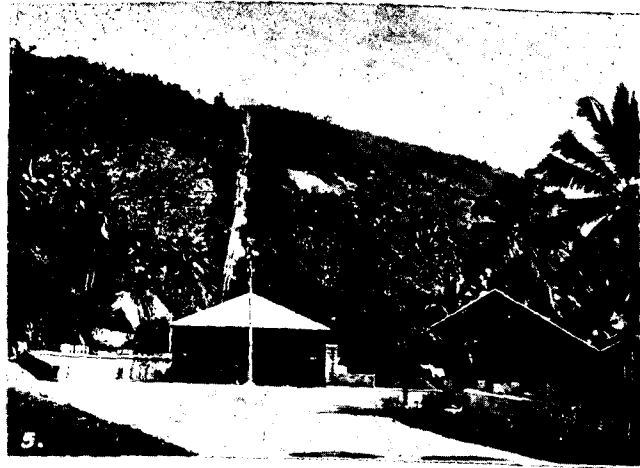
A TYPICAL STREET IN A MALAYAN TOWN



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, KUALA-LUMPUR



A TIN DREDGE WORKING



PENANG HILL RAILWAY:
From the foot of the Hill.



PENANG HILL RAILWAY:
The Entrance of the Tunnel.



PENANG HILL RAILWAY:
A detail from a Bridge.

Some Impressions of Malaya

by K. N. Raghavan Nair, IV U.C.

THE very name of the country is suggestive of its geographical features. The word 'Malai' in Tamil means a hill, and in truth Malaya is on the whole a hilly country, with a very narrow level coastal strip. This Tamil name can be traced to the ancient connections which Malaya had with South India, especially with the Chola kingdom, which maintained a powerful fleet for conquest and colonisation. In the course of this essay, I shall indicate other points also, which confirm the above assertion.

Though Malaya lies very near the equator, the climate is very temperate. The main reason for this is because the country is surrounded on three sides by the sea, and secondly, because heavy showers of rain are frequent. It is this favourable natural situation that makes the land one of the richest in the whole world. The cultivators of the soil—most of them are Europeans—make enormous gains. I know of certain Rubber Companies which have declared a dividend of 150% during recent years.

The wealth of the land comes from many sources. Besides rubber, which is the most important article of value, the country exports large quantities of copra, and various kinds of fruits. Malaya is rich in minerals too. Tin is found in many places, and tin mining is one of the flourishing industries of the land. The people can boast that 'Pahang' contains one of the largest and richest tin mines in the world. In certain other places, coal, and even gold, are obtained though in limited quantities. All these—the natural fertility of the soil, its mineral wealth, and its strategic position as the gateway to the Far Eastern places like China and Japan, make it one of the important countries of the world.

The Malayan villages are really picturesque. Our South Indian villages are certainly beautiful. But their beauty shrinks into insignificance when compared to these villages. In contrast to the dry grassless lands that surround the South Indian villages, the Malayan villages are scattered in beautiful valleys that are ever green with thick luxuriant vegetation. The hillsides too are clothed in green. The valleys contain mostly rubber estates and occasionally coconut farms or fruit gardens. Surrounded by these evergreens are the small huts of the natives. Nowhere

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in South India, except perhaps in Malabar, are such beautiful rural scenes to be found as in Malaya.

The population of the land is comparatively sparse. The huts are far apart from one another. The manner in which they are built is rather surprising. Almost all the huts are built entirely of planks, on a foundation of short brick columns. The huts though small are neatly kept and most of them have a small garden of flowering plants in front.

The natives form only a small percentage of the population. The rest are Chinese, Indians, and other nationalities. I noticed a great similarity of features between Malaysians and Indians. But they are not black-skinned. Though staunch followers of Mohomedanism, the purdah system is not very common among the Malaysians. They are a peaceful and quiet nation. Their mother-tongue is called the 'Malay' language. It takes its origin from Sanskrit. I could recognise many words like Nama, Gaga, Gula etc.

Among the non-Malayan inhabitants, the Chinese form the major portion. We recognise them by their Mongolian features—yellow skin, round face with dreamy eyes, and flat small nose. A curious thing was that over ninety per cent of the Chinese I saw had artificial teeth made mostly of gold. Their dress is very striking. Well-to-do people dress themselves up in the Western fashion. But the ordinary people wear coats in which strings serve the purpose of buttons, and pyjamas that reach up to the feet. Generally, these dresses are made out of a black velvety cloth. Both the men and the women wear commonly wooden sandals. Of late, even the women have begun to copy Western fashions.

The Chinese are followers of Buddhism. Like the natives they too are consumers of rice, and almost all of them are meat eaters. The lower ranks of the people eat all sorts of flesh—even dogs' flesh. A roasted pig hung by means of a string in Chinese hotels, is a very common thing in Malaya, though it may be a wonder to the Indians. It is very amusing to see them eat. They sit in a circle, with a fairly big bowl each containing food, held in their left hand; and they throw the contents of the vessel very quickly into the mouth by means of two pencil-like sticks held in the right hand.

Among the Chinese there are many millionaires. They are in fact the "monied" people of the country. But with all their wealth and position, perfect equality is maintained among them in social gatherings or religious functions. This sense of equality among the Chinese is really a very valuable lesson for us. There is no caste distinction among them.

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Another remarkable feature of the Chinese is their willingness to do any work. This too is a lesson for India. Here, our "aristocrats" are not permitted to do certain kinds of work!

The Malayan towns, though inferior in area and population to the big South Indian cities, are finer in other respects. The sanitation of these towns, is the most commendable feature of all. One is struck by this the moment one steps ashore at Penang, which after all is only the third town in Malaya. The streets are very unlike the narrow, dusty lanes of the South Indian towns. In Malaya, the roads are tarred; and the way in which they are kept is really laudable. In South India, we may have tarred roads within Municipal limits, and even these roads are often in a hopelessly neglected state. But in Malaya, the roads from one end of the country to the other end are tarred, and there are smooth, green lawns on either side of these roads. These clean surroundings prevent epidemics like smallpox, cholera and plague.

Let me now describe some of the wonders of Malaya. The first and foremost among these is the Penang Hill Railway. This hill top is considered to be a sanatorium, and many people make a retreat to this place in February or March. An electric railway connects the summit with Penang town which is at the foot. It gradually ascends to a height of 3000 feet. A journey up this hill will reveal to a new comer the rural beauty of Malaya. From the summit, we can see on one side the huge buildings of Penang like small specks. On the other side are beautiful valleys, dotted with orchards where mangosteens and oranges grow plentifully. In the far-off distance, in the Penang harbour, we can see big ships like dots against the clear horizon. In short, the summit of Penang Hill is a beauty spot of unusual charm.

The next remarkable sight is the "Johore Crossway"—a bridge that connects the Island of Singapore with the mainland of Malaya. It is about a mile and a half in length, and is so high that steamers can pass underneath it. It constitutes a triumph of engineering skill.

The third wonder is the "Batamalai Cave Temple" near Kuala Lumpur, the Capital of the Federated Malay States. The hill is about 1000 feet in height, and inside it there are a number of caves. In one of these caves—the biggest one—is an idol representing the god Subramania. This cave is so spacious that it can accommodate at least a thousand people. The height of the cave from the floor is about thirty feet. Here one can see stalactites and stalagmites growing from above and below

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and meeting in the centre to form huge columns. The temple—the origin of which nobody knows—is greatly venerated by the Indians. This is one more proof that India had connections with this far-off strip of land from very ancient times.

Lastly there is the hot water spring of 'Dusantua', a few miles from Kuala Lumpur. It is only a big tank, the water of which is always warm. The water exhales an odour like that of sulphur dioxide, and people believe that it can cure many diseases. Daily many people go there to see this tank as well as to bathe in its medicated waters.

A Night Journey up the Palamalai Hills

by S. M. Pancrace, II U. C.

ONE evening in December, I was standing in front of my house at Periyakulam. I was in one of those uncomfortable moods in which a boy knows not what to do, but is anxious to do something.

"Who wishes to go to Palamalai?" Surely I did. I turned in the direction of the welcoming question. A tall man, a familiar person, was smiling at me. He looked like the Pied Piper of Hamelin in his coat, which was mere patches of blue, green, red and yellow. He had a sack in which were securely packed bottles of oil, and boxes of cigars. The individual was Martin, a Palyan living in the plantations of Palamalai.

"Who wishes to go to Palamalai?"—Why, the man seemed almost to read my thoughts. But at this time, when night was nigh? Well, yes, without more ado. What the sea was to Lord Byron, the mountain is to me. "Yes, Martin, I shall go with you. But are you the only one going to the hills?"

To this he replied that several men had come hunting and were now at the foot of the hills; that he had been sent here to buy cigars, snuff etc. for them. He further told me that my uncle at Palamalai would be glad to see me.

With a hurrah, I put on my coat and prepared to follow Martin. My guide took me along the road that leads to the foot of the Kodai-kanal hills. At the second mile we branched off at right angles to the main road.

In front of us was Murugamalai, grotesque in its appearance, but still more so now in the twilight. We walked a mile more and we were at the foot of the hill. We were warmly greeted by a party of six men.

Five of them were the kinsmen of Martin, and the sixth was a clerk in the Plantations. With shouts of joy the Palyans shared among themselves the cigars and snuff.

A NIGHT JOURNEY UP THE PALAMALAI HILLS

The company became very jolly; the dreariness of the December night was lightened by their songs and merry laughter. Surely if Washington Irving had seen me in the midst of these jolly fellows, he would have envied my happiness. I was repeating to myself these lines of Milton:

'If such music enwrap our fancy long
Leprous sin will sicken soon and die,
And hell itself will pass away
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.'

When the songs were over, we started on the uphill journey with light hearts. It was eight o'clock. The night was chill, and the dew was falling copiously. The mournful hooting of the owl and the fearful howling of the jackals filled my ears, and absorbed my thoughts.

From this reverie I was disturbed by a scratching noise down the slope of the hill which we were now ascending. The hill-veterans, my companions, who did not want to alarm me, said that it was a wild boar digging the ground for roots. But in fact it was a bear prowling about for prey, as I learnt afterwards.

Our path now became steep and the forest dense. The two hurricane lights we had could not afford us sufficient light. I was very tired and I began to get alarmed.

To increase my alarm, the two dogs that accompanied us ran away sniffing and suddenly they leapt upon me from the sides. My heart almost jumped into my mouth. My fears grew still more when the dogs refused to advance any further, howling and showing signs of fear by putting their tail between their hind legs. There was some fierce animal near us. What were we to do? Men who are bold in the broad daylight, lose their courage in the dark night.

One of the men advanced in front with his gun. All at once I perceived a movement in the bushes in front of me. I could make out what it was, the man discharged his gun. A low growl, a leap into the chasm to our right! The fierce animal was doomed. It was a panther, the hunters told me.

After this adventure we sat down to rest ourselves. When we rose to go, I found that I could not move my limbs; like Rip Van Winkle I found myself stiff in the joints. The cold had affected me.

A NIGHT JOURNEY UP THE PALAMALAI HILLS

My guides tried to cheer me up. They made a fire and helped me to warm myself. Before a brilliant fire and in the midst of a happy hunting party, I was happier than Stevenson playing his 'game of Islands'.

I managed to walk two miles more. We were now only a mile distant from our destination. Near by there was a small hut. Martin said that my uncle would be alarmed to see me at this time of night. He proposed that I could sleep in the hut, and go home next morning.

I agreed and lay down and wrapped myself well and was watched over by the kind hunters of Palamalai.

When I woke up, the sun was greeting me with his warm rays. I was once more in an every day world.

Economic Changes in a Malabar Village

by T. J. Job, B.A. (Hons.)

EVER since my acquaintance with Economic Science I was desirous to see whether the economic theories learned in text-books could be verified by experience. The disappearance of certain luxuries from a local market provided an illustration of the fact that the demand for articles of luxury is very elastic. This modest discovery led to other inquiries which have ended in the present comparative study of the economic conditions of my village at two different periods: in 1930 and at the present time.

People outside Malabar do not probably realise what a village on the West Coast is like. It is not a village with a small area and a small population living in houses huddled together. Our villages have an area of many square miles and a large population. Mine is of four square miles and has nearly sixteen thousand people. Many Indian towns have not a greater density of population. We may therefore call Malabar villages 'garden towns' rather than 'rural villages' if the name were not too ambitious.

Let me now describe the various occupations of our village folk. Agriculture is an important occupation, but it lasts only during a relatively short time, because only one crop a year is possible. There is no irrigation system which would enable the ryot to raise three or four crops a year. Our agriculture depends upon rain alone and so it is limited to the period roughly from May to September. But by far the most important of all industries—the economic soul of the village—is coconut cultivation. It has given rise to many by-industries, the most important of them being the copra and the coir industries. Gathering shell-fish from the back waters, carpentry and masonry, are other occupations. But these are the occupations of a negligible number of people and so they may be dropped from our consideration. I wish to take into account only the copra and the coir industries because they are uninterrupted and engage the services of the majority of the people.

ECONOMIC CHANGES IN A MALABAR VILLAGE

The Economic Condition in 1930

Looking back to the economic condition in 1930 I can say that it was the last year of our period of prosperity. Early in the morning a stranger would be roused from his sleep by the sound of the wooden machinery used in the coir-industry, by the shouting and singing of children who turn it and by the occasional cry 'Poo' from persons making the yarn. This cry is an indication to children that the desired length is reached and that they should stop the machine and tie the yarn on the post fixed at the required length. From the side of the back water his ears would have been assailed by a multitude of sounds. There was the thud of coconuts being thrown on land from boats that had gathered them from different localities. There was the rasping sound caused by the husking of coconuts. There were the innumerable human voices counting the coconuts with the sing-song tone peculiar to these parts. There was the bursting sound when these coconuts are broken and the tapping sound when these halves are struck against one another to shake off sand or dust before being spread out in the sun. Then there was the creaking noise made while separating the pulp from the shell of the coconuts that had been broken and dried on the previous day. Finally there was the thrashing sound arising out of the work of innumerable women beating the softened husk in order to take the fibre for the coir industry. A morning walk would have afforded him the cheerful sight of hundreds of people at their respective occupations all over the village. A man with a literary turn of mind would have been reminded of "Sweet Auburn", Goldsmith's village, in the days of its prosperity.

Nature of the Industries

The copra and the coir industries are joint-industries. The raw material for both is the coconut; the husk supplies the necessary fibre for the coir industry and the pulp, the raw material for the copra industry.

Organisation of Industry

The coir industry is organised more or less like the woollen industry of England in the 14th and 15th centuries. It is essentially domestic. Each entrepreneur of copra industry supplies the fibre to the various houses where the members convert it first into yarn and then into coir. There are a few instances in which people buy the softened husk from

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the entrepreneurs and conduct the coir industry by themselves. These people sometimes pay for the husk beforehand, but usually after selling the coir. Every house, however poor, will have at least one or two coir-making machines and the work is done around the homestead. The entrepreneurs have many such machines. In one entrepreneur's compound I have seen sixty machines and more than two hundred people working at the same time. They had also special buildings to store up the raw material and the commodity turned out from the stands. Once or twice a week the coir would be bundled into various shapes and grades and sold at Cochin.

A marked feature of this industry is the broker system. Certain men of business capacity become intermediaries between the buyers at Cochin and the entrepreneurs in the village. The buyers tell them about the particular types of coir that are preferred and they give, accordingly, the necessary directions to the entrepreneurs. They are also well-versed in the market conditions. Their remuneration is the commission of one rupee per candy of coir sold, paid by the buyers.

The copra industry takes more or less the shape of a factory organisation. It is confined to factories set up in convenient places on the banks of the back water. Facility of transport and the fact that the husk should be buried in the river-slush necessitate that this industry should be as near to the back water as possible, preferably on the bank itself. Here there is no regular broker system. When he expects a rise in the price of coconut oil, the entrepreneur prepares the copra and sells it to the oil mills or to the other buyers.

Volume of Production

It is difficult to determine the exact volume of production. There were altogether not less than twenty brokers who sold all the coir produced. It seems that during this period each broker had an average commission of two rupees per day. This would mean that at least two candies of coir were sold by one broker, making a total sale of forty candies by all the brokers in a day. The volume of copra production can be imagined by the fact that there were at least fifty factories including great and small. On the evidence of expert entrepreneurs it seems that during this year no day passed without the sale of copra and that the copra sold by greater entrepreneurs ranged from four to ten, and by the smaller from half to two candies.

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Price Level

Such large-scale organisation and production were the result of the tempting price level and of the existence of banks and co-operative societies to supply the entrepreneurs with capital.

		1930	
		December	January
Coconut oil per candy	 Rs.	130	105
Coconuts per thousand	 "	53	47
Copra (katra) per candy	 "	82	65
Coir per candy	 "	70	60

Banking and Credit Organisation

Concerning this branch of business Kumbalangi, (my village), is far in advance of many other villages. It has eight banks with a Nominal Capital of Rs. 100,000 and a realised capital of Rs. 30,000. It has besides two co-operative societies and a Christian Progress Society.

The main feature of our banks is the 'Kuri' system. It is a sort of co-operation working in conjunction with the banks. The banks institute the Kuris for various amounts, Rs. 3000, Rs. 6000, and Rs. 12000, with Government recognition. But the 'Kuri' of Rs. 3000 is the most common. It can be best described as follows. Shares of Rs. 100 are issued and the thirty share-holders form the members of the Kuri. The bank is the chief share-holder and manager of the Kuri. The Kuri lasts for 15 years. Every six months, a sum of Rs. 3000 is collected, each share-holder contributing Rs. 100 each at every instalment. Now there are three methods of procedure. In all the three cases, the sum of Rs. 3000 contributed at the beginning of the kuri (i.e. first instalment) is taken by the bank in the capacity of the active share-holder and manager of the Kuri.

The First Method

After 6 months, at the notification of the bank, the share-holders come to the bank and remit their shares i.e. Rs. 100 each. This collection together with the bank's share will make Rs. 3000. Lots are cast and the share-holder on whom the lot falls is entitled to the whole sum. He can claim the sum or keep it in the Kuri itself. In case he claims the sum, the rule is that it should be given only after 6 months. This is a distinct gain to the bank, for it gets the interest on Rs. 3000 for 6 months.

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Moreover he will have to offer adequate security, and continue to contribute Rs. 100 each, every year, at the two instalments. But in case he keeps the sum in the Kuri itself, he need not pay Rs. 100 at every instalment, for the interest on the sum of Rs. 3000 will be sufficient to pay it. He will have simply to receive Rs. 3000 after 15 years. Only those who are in urgent need of money or who think that investments in other directions would bring a greater return than the mere interest, will accept the first alternative.

After another 6 months, at the date notified by the bank all the share-holders gather and remit their shares. Thus another Rs. 3000 is collected and it will go to the man who wins in the drawing. But the names or numbers of those who have already won will not be included in the present or next drawing. The same process will continue after every six months until all have got entitled to a sum of Rs. 3000. This can be accomplished only in 15 years. But happy is he who is not in need of money and who wins in the earlier drawings, for by keeping the sum in the Kuri itself, he can get Rs. 3000 without any further payment, after 15 years.

The Second Method

The second process is only an improvement upon the first. The procedure is the same, but the winner is entitled not to the full sum of Rs. 3000, but only a lesser sum, say, Rs. 2000. The remaining Rs. 1000 is divided equally among the disappointed share-holders; each getting nearly Rs. 34-8-0. Deducting this gain from the amount of their share they will have to remit only a smaller sum at each instalment i.e. Rs. 65-8-0.

The Third Method

The third method is specially known by the name 'Lelachitty.' Here again the process is the same; the only difference is that there is no casting of lots. Instead of that at each six monthly meeting of the share-holders, they bid for the sums they require. This bidding is influenced by the calculation of the rate of interest on the sum bidden and by the need in which the share-holders are for money. As far as possible they will bid for only that sum which will bring in yearly by way of interest, the amount they have to remit at the two instalments. If the rate of interest is 12% one who bids for three-fourths of the sum

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i.e. Rs. 2250, will get from it by way of interest yearly Rs. 270. The total amount which one has to remit at the two instalments together, is Rs. 200. Therefore one who has bidden for three-fourths of the sum will have yearly a gain of Rs. 70. But those who are in more urgent need will bid for lesser sums. But the bidding will not go far below half the sum because the interest on the sum being insufficient, one will have to find a large extra sum to pay the two instalments. Even for half the sum one will have to find an extra sum of Rs. 20 yearly, because the interest on the sum of Rs. 1500 is only Rs. 180. The auction therefore is a downward process and the award is for the one who has bidden for the lowest sum. The rest of the sum is, as in the second case, divided equally among the other share-holders. Let us suppose that the auction closes in favour of the bidder for half the sum i.e. Rs. 1500. The remaining of Rs. 1500 will be equally divided among the rest each getting nearly Rs. 52. The greater the sum bidden the lesser will be the gain, and the smaller the sum, the greater will be the gain for others. They usually will have to remit only a lesser sum for their share when this gain is determined per head. Thus the process will go on twice every year for 15 years by which time all will have received the respective sums falling to them in the auctions, and also the gains after each bidding.

These forms of co-operation are not so advantageous as the Co-operative Credit Societies from which one can take money at a cheap rate of interest whenever one requires it. These systems help substantially only two people in a year. But even these two may not get the sum in case they have no adequate security to offer. But it is certain that all will get one day or other, a big round sum which they can utilise for productive purposes. The obligation to remit the shares in these Kuris makes the share-holders thrifty and thus enables them to save. Besides, the Banks which manage one or more of such Kuris will have always a big sum at their disposal, over and above their capital, for lending purposes. This ultimately benefits the business of the community.

The banks lend money in three ways: on the security of ornaments, of other forms of property and on promissory note. In the first two cases the interest is two pies in the rupee per month; and in the third, three pies. The Co-operative Societies have a capital of about Rs. 50,000 and lend money at five per cent interest per annum. The borrowed sum is to be remitted either in instalments or in a lump sum within the stated periods, one month in the banks and one year in the Co-operative Societies. 'The Christian Progress Society' has a capital of Rs. 20,000 which is kept

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as a reserve fund for founding new public establishments or repairing or developing old ones.

Among labourers we find an interesting system of co-operation commonly called the 'Patham'. A few labourers, say two dozen, join together under a leader and volunteer to bring four annas each on every Sunday. The total sum would be Rs. 6-4-0. The winner in the drawing will get that sum. But he will have to pay four annas to the leader for the management of the Patham. The Patham ends on the twenty-fifth Sunday. By that time all will have received Rs. 6 each in a lump except the manager whose share is the collection of the last Sunday because his name is removed from the lottery list.

This system of co-operation enables the labourers to meet some of their costlier items of expenditure, viz., repairing or thatching the house or buying clothes for all the members of the family. The fulfilment of some of the social customs viz. feeding the married sister and her children or a newly married brother's or sister's daughter and her husband, for some time in the family, depend upon such co-operative activities. The labourers postpone the fulfilment of these duties till they have won in the lotteries of such pathams. Lastly, but for the existence of such pathams the saving of four annas every week would be very improbable.

[To be concluded.]

Our Church Tower

by A. K. Paul IV U. C.

THERE are few of my readers I presume who have not admired a Church tower or to say the least, stopped on his way to gaze at one. Whatever your appreciation of them, Church towers have a fascination for me as I take them to be flagstaffs erected in honour of the King of Kings. Among the multitudes of them I have looked up to particularly, the one in my village being associated with many happy incidents and scenes of my childhood's activities, holds out a special charm for me. When I am at home I would sit for hours at the window of my room and gaze longingly at its spire, while the red glow of the setting sun made a halo around the Cross surmounting it. (I used to wonder whether the rays understood that their work was to glorify the Cross.) If I was away from my village for a time, my longing to see the tower again would be such that every time the train approached our railway station, I used to lift up my eyes above the green tree tops and search the horizon for the Church steeple. And when I saw its spire above the trees standing triumphantly with the blue sky for its background, the sight always sent a thrill through me. It seemed to me that the steeple was really holding up the Cross above it for the people to see and venerate. At its sight my mind would become confused and choked with a multitude of mingled feelings—of gratitude, love, joy and sorrow. Feelings of profound gratitude towards the Almighty for allowing me to be there once again, of love for those at home and the joy of meeting them, and finally a deep and irrepressible sorrow, for what Christian could look up at the Cross without a qualm in his heart. Recollections of bygone scenes connected with the tower would also be revived and brought before my mind. I saw with my inward 'eye' the playgrounds that stretched to the right of the tower where I had played on many a pleasant evening. The picture of the beautiful Church that lay sheltered within its shadows would come back to me in all its massive splendour, with the flower garden that encircled it and the well that watered it. At the station I could not take my seat in the carriage, without casting a longing lingering look at the Church steeple.

A few hours I happened to spend once on the top of that tower are particularly memorable to me and an account of the impressions I received there may interest my readers. It was one of those refreshing

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mornings when the light is good though the sun remains hidden behind the clouds. On one such fine morning, being in an enterprising frame of mind and unable to remain indoors, I resolved to go up the Church and have a peep at the country around from its high steeple. I had climbed it many times before, but the majestic tower seemed to be calling me so earnestly that I could not resist its invitation and determined to pay another visit. From its top, miles and miles of fertile plains surrounding the village could be viewed. I started from the foot of the tower with alacrity, but when I reached the top I was completely exhausted, having had to climb for twenty minutes, and had to rest for some time to regain my breath. The topmost storey had the high spire for its roof, which when looked at from inside revealed an array of twigs, leaves and webs which birds and insects had deposited in its corners. Through the centre of the room passed a huge wooden beam from which three enormous bells were suspended, the middle one being the biggest. How many times has it heralded the approach of some happy feast or announced the doleful news of the departure of a soul to its Creator, thought I, as I passed my quivering hands over its cold, smooth metallic surface. Then I went to one of the windows and looked out.

A far-flung expanse of rice fields was spread out before me. From my high position the slender rice plants looked as if they were moss and lichens that covered the ground. The tall trees that dotted the plain at intervals appeared like little shrubs that had sprung up yesterday and would be dead to-morrow. A train in the distance wound its way through the fields. It was just like a big lovely caterpillar that crept slowly through the moss and the open windows were mere white spots on the insect's back. The broad rivulet that passed under the railway bridge appeared as a white zigzag line that lost itself in the dense shrubbery. And with a little imagination even the cocoanut palms could be taken for large-sized walking sticks! I ceased to wonder at the man in the fable who, it is said, rushed to meet his enemies with a palm tree he had picked up, when he went to fight for his king. It was a charming sight to behold these big objects reduced to such a size that it seemed easy to handle them as toys.

After I had gazed at this panorama for some time, I turned to another window that looked on the busy quarter of the village with its houses and gardens kept neat and trim. The buildings when looked down from such a height seemed not the product of months of labour by a multitude of masons, but the handiwork of children who build miniature huts

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in their games. Dividing the gardens and passing in front of the houses were numerous roads, unsymmetrical and crossing each other as the lines a baby would scrawl on the fine paper left behind by his big brother. There was also that huge lake to my right, along the banks of which I had strolled during many a pleasant hour. But when looked at from the top of the tower it had lost its huge size and some of its grandeur. The people walking in the roads seemed very small. Indeed from my vantage point, man and his works appeared to me to be of very little importance. My thoughts continued to dwell on the status of man and his place in the world. If even from this little height he looked so little, how puny would he appear to those who look down from "The firmament on high, set in the blue ethereal sky"?

Lost in these thoughts I did not notice how time was running fast. The sudden clanging of one of the bells beside me recalled me to myself. With a start I remembered that the sexton would be locking the door of the tower behind him and would reopen it only in the evening. I came down two steps at a time, to see the man turn the key in the lock. Saying a word of excuse to him I passed through the reopened door, and ran out into the midday sun.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LA SALETTE, KODAIKANAL,

(Drawing by Fr. Hoyle, S.J.)

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from Various Contributors

I

CONTRIBUTIONS to the Magazine have naturally not been very numerous during the III Term and the Midsummer holidays. Hence this final Miscellany will be thin. Verse contributions in particular have gone down in quantity and quality. We attribute this not to lack of talent but to excess of modesty. From those that have reached us we cull the two following stanzas from "Marching the Infant-ry" by N. Narayanan, IV U. C.

Forty little urchins,
Coming thro' the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.....
Hands and feet are shuffling
Books and slates are rattling
And in the corner yonder
Two pugilists are battling!

It is a pity that our poet at this point brings in an imprudent parent out to "inquire why his *olive branches* do not shoot up higher", instead of telling us the far more interesting story of how this boxing match ended.

II

I. Arokiaswamy, III Hons. (Maths.), fresh from the study of his Intermediate text, has written an essay to show that *Richard II* is more poetic than dramatic. We give the second part of his article.

Suspense, surprises and brisk action are important elements in making a drama attractive. Action is the life of a drama. A drama full of action makes up for many defects and there is nothing so dull as a play with no exciting events in it.

Richard II belongs to this class.

As has been seen already, the king is very weak and does not resist his enemies. He simply yields. His friends try to fight for him. Salisbury tries to maintain the Welsh army for one day more, but fails in his noble attempt. The efforts of Carlisle and Aumerle are mentioned but not dramatised. The few actions that promise some interest, for example, the duel between Mowbray and Hereford, the plot against Bolingbroke, and the combat between Aumerle and his accusers, never take place.

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The speeches in this drama are, in general, very long and unnatural. The actors, just when they are required to do some quick action, begin a long speech, quite unsuited to the occasion. The banished Mowbray makes a long discourse comparing his tongue to a 'cunning instrument cased up' and so on. Instead of this beautiful simile, a few words denoting sorrow would have been more appropriate and effective, like

"My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with pains of hell",—

the words of Green to Bolingbroke. How strongly is Bolingbroke's hatred for Bushy and his accomplices expressed, when he calls them "the caterpillars of the commonwealth" and "upstart unthrifths" and how affected is the King's speech after the abdication:

"Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water" etc.

But *Richard II*, considered as a poem, is very excellent. Passages replete with beautiful metaphors and images of unique elegance and grace are very common.

The praise of England in the mouth of dying Gaunt is unmatched. In a few words Shakespeare brings before our eyes all the glories of England from the very dawn of history. The feeling of love of country is so pronounced and dignified in these lines that Sir A. T. Quiller Couch says, "No English boy who is old enough to love his country, is too young to get by heart this incomparable lament".

Lines 144 to 177 of Act III, Scene ii, beautifully sum up the whole life of a king. The king is very powerful. He "monarchizes" and is "infused with self and vain conceit" as if his body were "brass impregnable" and forgets that he "feels want, tastes grief, needs friends", like others. But "a little pin bores through his castle wall, and farewell King!" He has nothing to bequeath now, save his body to the ground.

In Act III, Scene ii—lines 147 to 169—King Richard contrasts his life before and after his deposition. His state and pomp as king, his gorgeous palace, gay apparel, figured goblets, sceptre, subjects and kingdom when brought out in contrast with a hermitage, an almsman's gown, a dish of wood, a palmer's walking staff, a pair of carved saints and a little grave are deeply pathetic.

The whole of Scene v, Act V, is an overflow of a poetic mind. The lonely state of the king in Windsor Castle and his perturbed talks are feelingly set forth in this scene. There are many other passages equally beautiful. They pervade the whole drama. There is not a scene in the play that does not contain some such sparkling gems of poetry.

This is not the only effort, inspired by the prolonged brooding over text-books that heralds the Intermediate Examination. A. Ramachandra Rao, now in the III U. C. has written "A Day's Ramble in Trichinopoly," closely modelled on Steele's "A Day's Ramble in London".

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[If you go out for a walk in Trichy,] at five o'clock in the morning you would fall in with a group of milkmaids, with their brightly polished brass pots of milk on their heads, glistening in the dim morning light. At the same time you may see pious, old and orthodox men and women walking along in the cold morning with their small 'chembu' or, 'cooja' in hand, to the Chintamani for a sacred dip in the holy Cauvery.

As soon as it is six o'clock you may find a set of people who continuously keep up the cry of, 'Kolapodi, Chunnambu,' (கோலப் பொடி, சண்ணாம்பு), and, 'Karupalai, Kothamalli, Kirai, Amma!' (கருப்பலை, கொத்தமல்லி, கிரை, அம்மா !)

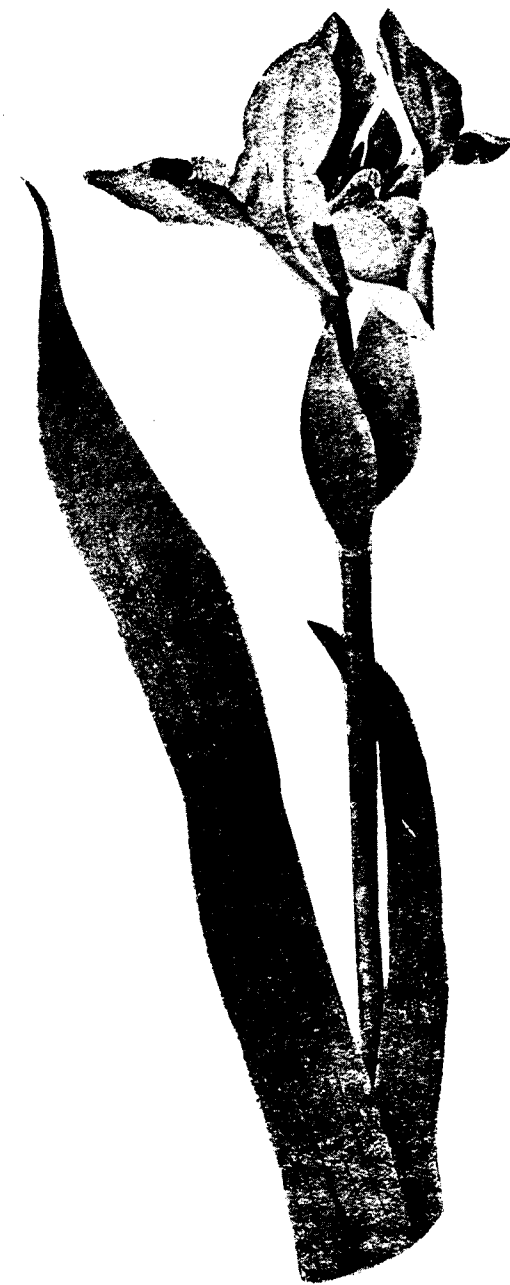
At nine o'clock, the streets, especially the Western Boulevard Road will be packed to the full. The Buses fully laden are going to and fro from the Junction and Srirangam. The business of the day begins at this hour. Officers, especially the Railway employees from the attender, getting rupees twelve *per mensem* up to the important Head Clerk getting a monthly salary of two hundred rupees, are seen with a hurried gait going to the Fort Station. At this same hour students of the various colleges and schools are observed in bright dresses. Some are dashing headlong on their cycles. The poor Jutka driver cries pitifully, "one seat vacant for the Sessions Court." He is not so prosperous as he was before a year or two. The Town Bus Service has competed against him; and now no one goes in for a Jutka.

A period of relative silence follows this hour of din and traffic. As the morning advances to noon the activity becomes less and less, until only the distant hawker is heard and the chiming of the huge church bell and that of the Rock Fort.

When it is exactly one o'clock something of the noise of nine o'clock again comes back. This is the hour of interval for the students to go to their lunch. They proceed hastily to the Peninsular Coffee House where they take their tiffin, and return again to attend their afternoon session.

After five o'clock in the evening the din and traffic start again. Students are seen returning home. The train from the Junction arrives at the Fort Station bringing back the employees who fill up the road by their numbers. Besides, the fastidious leisured classes make their appearance now. Finely dressed young men with their friends resort to their favourite coffee clubs. And after their coffee these fashionable people flock to the Ibrahim Park where they are entertained with the same old gramophone records, repeated a hundred times.

Ramachandra Rao has undoubtedly kept his eyes wide open, and he does not allow picturesque details to escape them. Still there is something missing in this picture. Why is our Steele silent on the cinema frequenters, and the cinema advertisers with their procession of monstrous carts moving to incredible music, in which you sometimes distinguish the tune of *Vannān Vandanē*? Is it possible that to Ramachandra Rao "these things are as if they were not"?



IRIS

(Pencil drawing by Fr. Ularid, S.J.)



MERREMIA

(From a water-colour drawing by Fr. Utaid, S.J.)

Among Authors and Books

Bliss and Other Tales

by Katherine Mansfield

THE reading of this book confirmed the sanguine expectations with which the present writer approached the work of Katherine Mansfield. This work, meagre, tardily accepted, is now recognised as constituting one of the most important contributions to recent English Literature. By the originality of her choice of subject matter, the utter freshness and sincerity of her presentation of life, and the adequacy of her style, Katherine Mansfield has acquired a rank as novelist comparable to that of Jane Austen.

Of these tales, *Prelude* reveals this very distinctive art of Katherine Mansfield almost to perfection. There is no plot worth speaking of, no preoccupation about construction or artistic unity in the ordinary sense, but a page from ordinary life—a family shifting from one house to another, and a typical day in their new dwelling—set down without introduction and without conclusion. But what patient, vivid, starkly sincere portrayal is here; what natural abruptnesses and swift transitions revealing the very stuff of life; above all what sense of mystery penetrating the most commonplace events! We know that *Prelude* like the best of Katherine Mansfield's work is personal, almost autobiographical. These things have been lived once in real life and then relived intensely in imagination. That explains their strange vitality.

The complete works of Katherine Mansfield, including her precious Letters and Diaries are included in our latest library list.

Ah, Wilderness!

and Days without End

by Eugene O'Neill (Jonathan Cape.)

THESE are two plays by America's foremost dramatist, and are a specimen of his maturest style. The first play *Ah, Wilderness* is on the whole commonplace. The plot is thin, or rather there is no plot at all. But the value of the play comes from its being a social document of some

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importance. A typical middle class American family of thirty years ago—a newspaper owner and his wife, their three boys, and one girl, a brother of the lady, who is a waster, and a sister of the gentleman, gentle and strict, in love with the waster—are shown reacting in different ways to Fourth of July excitement. The character drawing is clever, but the figures remain conventional. The dialogue is quick and natural and the stagecraft is consummate. But the play never rises to distinction. The humour verges on the farcical, and the emotion—there is plenty of it—on the sentimental.

Not so the second play which is an altogether superior piece of work, original in conception and in spite of some crudities, worked out both strongly and well. Eugene O'Neill here uses a device similar to that of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, to portray "double personality" in man, but with a poignancy far removed from the romantic fancifulness of Stevenson's story. The person whom the world knows as John Loving appears on the stage as two—John, the idealistic tender-hearted husband, and Loving, his "damned soul," cruel, bitter, scoffing, and ferociously irreligious. The action of the play consists in the defeat and death of Loving, and the resurgence of a transformed John Loving, who has obtained pardon from his wife, faith in human love together with faith in a God of Love. At the foot of the Cross in the Church where he had worshipped as a boy, this victory is achieved over the vanquished "Loving", "Thou hast conquered, Lord. Thou art—the End. Forgive—the damned soul—of John Loving!"

The play, produced with all the technical resources of modern acting has not been a success in Broadway Theatre, New York. Our film fed audiences cannot digest this strong meat. But it has been read widely. All Americans know the secret of the passionate note with which Eugene O'Neill has invested this play. After many wanderings, this true son of Ireland has come "home at last." In *Days Without End*, not only do we see a first rate artist displaying his skill; we watch a man and a brother laying bare his soul.

The Hollow Men

by T. S. Eliot

T. S. Eliot holds a high place among contemporary poets. His ideas have created a great stir among thinking readers. *The Hollow Men* is a typical work of the poet both in matter and style. Eliot is seized with

J. D'S., S.J.

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anguish in considering the present time and he gives vent to the discontent and the sense of futility which seems to have filled his mind. He contemplates human life and asks what it all comes to. The opening lines of the poem are very striking.

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw.

The world in the poet's eyes is nothing but a 'dead land,' a 'cactus land,' where the beliefs and actions of men are utter futilities. He has no hope for the present or the future. He is a rebel seeing no use in the formal and stereotyped ways of men. He enters a strong protest against the conventional and established modes of life and thought.

Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear, prickly pear.

Prickly pear to him is symbolical of everything that is drab, formal and mechanical. When he ends his poem with the words

This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang, but a whimper,

he tells us of his desire to see a great and violent change come over the world.

The poem is undoubtedly a stimulating piece of work. The language may be described as "common," the idiom is distinctly "modern." Though he breaks from the general tradition in style, he still makes his words convey poetic beauty. "The multifoliate rose of death's twilight kingdom" is an expression that recalls the natural magic of the great masters.

Readers of *The Hollow Men* will find even greater interest in *The Waste Land*, a longer poem by T. S. Eliot.

K. C.

The Challenge to Democracy

C. Delisle Burns (Allen & Unwin)

Democracy

C. Delisle Burns (The Home Univ. Library)

THE world to-day presents a picture of democracy in rapid and almost inglorious retreat. Italy which had fought hard for the substance of democracy in the 19th century is now marching enthusiastically

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in military formation behind Mussolini. Germany whose emancipation from an autocratic military caste was one of the most satisfactory results of the war has gone Nazi and has accepted Hitler. Russia which overthrew the inefficient tyranny of the Czars refused to accept Kerensky and his Democratic Duma, and has accepted or at least endures the highly efficient organized intimidation of Stalin, his OGPU and the Komintern. France, faithful to the parliamentary regime is at the mercy of a permanent bureaucracy which has been indeed the de facto government in the third Republic. It even endured for a time the benevolent dictatorship of M. Gaston Doumergue. The National Government in England, although parliamentary in form, is really an efficient National Directorate, a benevolent dictatorship which has, for all practical purposes, effectively bottled up all the ordinary democratic processes of parliamentary government. In the United States democracy seems, apparently, to have abdicated in favour of Franklin Roosevelt. Indeed the world is governed by six or seven strong (though no longer silent but, indeed, obstreperous) men.

Is democracy, then, played out? Have the dictators of to-day unlike the barren and shortlived race of the past come to stay? Or is the contemporary repudiation of democracy in most countries merely temporary, a prelude to revision and reconstruction? And if so, whence this suspension?

It has long been felt by some thinkers that democracy has not tackled its problems with the requisite measure of efficiency, courage and vigour, that it has not "delivered the goods." Its defenders however assert that political democracy has not been given a fair chance, that it has been fettered and bound up from the start in a manner that foredoomed its career to futility. Democracy, they continue, was 'Capitalist' in its inspiration, and sedulously encouraged an illusion of security, doped the people with the dead-sea fruit of a political liberty whose enjoyment was impossible and denied them that fundamental need of decent existence, economic security. Still another section is convinced that Carlyle was right when he said that no people could govern themselves, that it was "the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise."

The substance of the contemporary challenge to democracy is analyzed by Dr. Burns in the first of these books. In it he expresses his abiding faith in the capacity of democracy, real democracy, to grapple successfully with the problems of to-day. He is firmly convinced that no superman or dictator or Fuhrer has tackled or could possibly tackle the problems facing us to-day. Their wisdom has been—though only partially

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—already revealed and it is clear that these Colossuses have feet of clay. On the contrary, democracy has not really been tried. Ordinary men and women, the "nobodies" of every country could and should face these problems and he is hopeful they would, if allowed to do so—and even if not. In the ordinary men and women of every country, there resides still a sense of the common good, a passion for communal life and co-operation which are our last and only enduring defence against the dangers threatening our civilization.

Dr. Burns pleads for the organization of this most potent force for the construction of a durable, humane, healthy, social order. The method of dictatorship he points out, seeks to suppress individual idealism and sense of the common good by assuming the tone of the elementary schoolmaster towards his young urchins, a tone of arrogant infallibility. This is the very negation of the object of all social endeavour and political organization—the mental and moral growth of the individuals composing a society. This welfare of the individual is secured by the democratic method. We may not all of us share Dr. Burns' optimism and may wonder what his 'nobodies' would or could do with the complex mechanism of modern economic life, money, banking and foreign exchange. But we are all in his debt for his courageous reassertion of his and our faith in the value of the individual and of the necessity for assisting the full development of his personality. Especially valuable is his denunciation of the Totalitarian attempt to destroy the individual mind and morale by sacrificing its independent existence for the glorification of that heartless and tyrannical contraption, the modern state Fascist or Nazi.

The second of these books is the latest addition to the excellent Home University Library series. Dr. Burns starts off with an accurate and lucid account of the history and ideals of democracy and points out that a general understanding of the philosophy and practical recognition of its ideal of social and economic equality are conditions essential to the stability of the democratic system. Democracy is after all, an emotional conception of a community in which all men and women have an equal right to share in all the manifold benefits of civilized life. That community has still to be created. Dr. Burns attributes to the anti-democratic bias in current thought, the statement in the May Committee Report on English National Expenditure "that the children of the workers in England have a state-aided educational provision far surpassing that which well-to-do parents were able to give to their children." For according to him, this provision is grossly insufficient and the whole educational

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system of England is inimical to the development and preservation of a healthy, democratic social atmosphere.

He proceeds then to point out how the total neglect of the aspect of economic equality involved in the exclusive concentration on the aspect of political liberty and equality, in a world where political and economic factors are closely interlocked and function together, was bound to bring discredit on the working of democracy. He makes in conclusion, a temperate plea for economic security for the individual as one of the basic needs of a rational, and truly democratic social order.

We recommend these lucid and stimulating books to all students of political science.

S. R.

Vijayanagara—Origin of the City and the Empire

N. Venkata Ramanayya, M. A., Ph. D.

Nothing can be more misleading than facts except figures, said the cynic, and one may well say the same thing about the inscriptions on which the historian of Hindu India claims to base his theories. A book like the present one is apt to bring forcibly to our minds the indeterminate character of many of the events of Hindu history for so recent a period as the 14th century. It is not that the materials for such history do not exist but they are liable to be so variously interpreted that very often no finality is possible. This is all the more so when writers of history take to the pastime of playing ninepins with each other's theories.

The present book is meant to traverse the one theory that has generally been accepted as regards the foundation of the Vijayanagara Empire, viz., that the city of that name was established by Viraballala III the last great king of the Hoysala dynasty. Mr. Venkataramanayya is particularly hard on Dr. Krishnaswami Iyengar and Fr. Heras, the two stalwarts among Vijayanagar historians. And it must be confessed that he has drilled many small holes in their edifice and revealed a considerable layer of rubble in their construction. Their comfort must be that such is the case with many another theory in Indian history.

But it is one thing to prick holes in a theory and it is quite a different matter to substitute another of even equal validity. It is in this respect that Mr. Ayya's book is very disappointing. To prove the startling statement that Harihara turned renegade twice over we require more than a statement of Bami and the banal fact that Harihara ruled

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over the same territory in 1339. It is equally futile to quarrel with Fr. Heras for refusing to accept the Nellore Epigraphists' identification of an unknown Bukka with the progenitor of the Sangama dynasty. It would have been more useful to try and explain the total omission of that name in the records of the dynasty. Mr. Venkataramanayya does not produce one shred of evidence to show that Harihara founded the city, apart from the two wholly improbable copperplates. Above all, his theory of Sangama origin does not explain the rapid rise of the empire while the Viraballala theory *does* and that is its main merit.

But the crux of the book is the identification of Hosapattana. It is not material to the Hosapattana=Vijayanagara theory that the former should be in Hoysana Nadu. Besides you do not disprove that Viraballala built a fortress at Vijayanagar sometime in 1321 by proving that yadava inscriptions are found in Bellary down to 1294. Inscriptions show time and again that countries which took their name from a dynasty keep it long after the disappearance of that dynasty. Mr. Ayya throws on one flamboyant loosely-worded inscription the burden of proving the respective territorial extent of Kuntaladesa and Hoysalanadu. These were admittedly vague terms which cannot be pressed into service to prove the geography of Vijayanagara much less its overlordship which was changing constantly in those troubled days. The solid fact still remains that Viraballala *had* a new fortress which he visited frequently and many lines of evidence converge to show that this is none other than Vijayanagara.

There is finally the recently discovered Kannada Work, the Paradāra-Sōdara-Rāmana-kattiā which seems to show that Sangama was a subordinate of the ruler of Kampila. Mr. Ayya does not take this into consideration at all. In short this book deepens rather than dissipates the heavy mystery surrounding the origin of the empire, like some dense forest at the source of a river. After a re-reading of the work it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Viraballala theory is the one least open to objection. But the neutral portions of the book will commend themselves to all by their real learning and their painstaking accuracy.

T. S.

Editorial Notes

Fr. Siqueira

THE usually uneventful end of the scholastic year was for us darkened last March by the shadow of an unexpected departure. At the end of February it was whispered that Fr. Thomas Siqueira would leave us. In a few days the rumours were confirmed, and it was known that Fr. Siqueira would leave for Calcutta as soon as the term closed. He was going to join the staff of *The New Review* as associate Editor.

The regret caused by this unforeseen transfer was universal. Fr. Siqueira had gained the admiration and attachment of the many hundreds of students with whom he came in contact in Trichy. Already ten years ago during his first stay in the College, he had made his reputation as a scholar and teacher. Therefore in 1933 when he was hastily summoned to the College even before the end of his tertianship owing to Mr. M. S. Sundaram's departure for Europe, he stepped into a circle where he was known and cordially welcomed. He answered the many demands made on him with perfect readiness. As Lecturer in English, President of the Literary and Debating Society, Warden of the Library, Warden of Clive's, he very rapidly came to take a predominant part in College activities. He discharged them with the perfect competence and unruffled exterior which we shall always associate with him. Everything pointed to a long and fruitful career in the College. Then came the decision of the highest Superiors of the Society. The authorities of the College had to bow before that.

The New Review

The task which has been entrusted to Fr. Siqueira and his associates is no light one, and will tax their courage and strength to the utmost. The latest of the fairly large company of Jesuit reviews, *The New Review* must necessarily strive to attain the very high standard of excellence which has obtained for the *Etudes*, the *Stimmen*, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the *Month* etc., their commanding position in their respective countries. We should not like to say that *The New Review* has risen to these heights. But whoever has glanced through the six numbers already published will admit that it is among the very best of its kind published

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in India. The questions treated show a true catholicity of taste and interests. The standard of literary correctness and elegance is unusually high, and better still, rising with every issue. For the printing and get-up, it is enough to say that they are worthy of the great House of Macmillans.

We have no hesitation in recommending *The New Review* to all our readers. The reasoned statement of the Catholic view on questions of importance cannot but interest all thinking men. The Review will also treat of subjects and problems concerning which earnest men of all classes can meet on common ground, all the more easily now, since men of all beliefs admit that the Catholic Church is one of the few stabilising factors in a shifting world, and a powerful agency in the evolution and maintenance of just social order, free from the exaggerations of Right and Left. Towards specifically Indian problems, the attitude of the Review will be undoubtedly based on competent knowledge, and unaffected sympathy. In this connection it is unnecessary to speak of Fr. Siqueira. Of the chief Editor, Fr. Michael Ledrus, S.J., the present writer, speaking from personal knowledge, can say this: Already in Louvain, as student of theology he had gained a reputation for his knowledge of Sanscrit Literature, and of Indian culture in general. This was confirmed by his nomination as Professor of Indology in the Gregorian University at Rome. In Bengal, his scholarly attainments, combined with the innate courtesy and delicacy of his character have gained him a wide circle of friends and admirers.

The New Review has also obtained the collaboration of many prominent Indian scholars and writers. Among them we note with special pleasure distinguished Old Boys like Mr. M. Ruthnaswamy, Dr. P. J. Thomas, Dr. G. F. Papali etc. With all our heart we wish *The New Review* success and prosperity in its career of service to God and Country.

A Letter from Fr. Leigh

Fr. Leigh has gone to St. Aloysius' College, in Galle, to take his long-deferred holiday. Even this temporary separation from the old familiar surroundings was a wrench to him. But Ceylon has attractions stronger than Palakarai or Teppakulam as the following characteristic letter will show.

"From my window, as I write, I can see a steamer—a pillar of smoke rising faintly into the morning sky, a funnel and two taller masts—

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creeping along the horizon towards Colombo. Between the steamer and my room is a sunlit sea changing from green to blue, heaving gently under the S. W. wind, and showing now and again a gleam of white foam, as the long rollers come tumbling in to spend themselves with a crash and a roar on the sands. From the shore up the slope where the College is built, coco palms sway to and fro; and on their tips crows are cawing defiance at one another as they do in India. One sound dominates all others, night and day, the sound of waves grinding the rocks and sands. The only thing comparable to it, is the roar of the storms which we hear in the valleys below Pillar Rocks, produced by rapid crashes of thunder which the echoes link up into one continuous growl.

Palms and sea make up Ceylon as far as I have seen it. The seventy miles of railway journey from Colombo to Galle are through a forest of coco palms and breadfruit trees—not the disconsolate bread fruit trees you have in Trichy, but broad-branched deep green, gleaming leaves and fruit—, along the sea-shore. The sea is always at your side, a stone's throw away; the sound rises above the clanking of the engines; the breeze is salt; the salt falls on your lips; the spray, when there is a gale on, drives against the carriage windows.

Just now the S. W. Monsoon is on. Over the blue sea a gray curtain suddenly falls, sweeps up, and drenches us, and passes on; and the palms glisten and the crows call, and the sea gleams more beautifully than ever.

The minute you leave Colombo you realize that you are in a foreign land, Cingalese and only Cingalese is heard; I listened in vain for a word of friendly Tamil. Only once did I get a reminder that Tamil land is not very far away; in one station the station-master's name stood printed above his den—Station-Master...Arulanandam.

I had a lovely trip from Tuticorin to Colombo. After dinner while the rest of the passengers prudently retired to their cabins, some with only half a dinner for greater safety's sake, I went with the captain on to the bridge, and remained there till 10-30 p.m. fascinated by the beauty of the sea. I should have spent the night there if the captain had not suggested that it was time for bed.

Even in my berth I tried to keep awake, but fell asleep at midnight, rocked as in a cradle, and lulled by the tinkling of the waves as the bows of the ship sank into them and sent them washing along her sides.

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There is rhythm and music even in the movemet of a ship! She rocks to a rhythm, and the waves make the music. Your Free Versers, in other words Licensed Rigmarolers, should be sent on a sea voyage.

Another steamer is passing, five or six miles away, her white upper-structure like a line of snow on the black horizon. These steamers will make me home-sick; the sea always does; and not for Teppakulam or Palakarai."

At the beginning of July Fr. Leigh came back to Madras for the meeting of the Board of Studies in English. On the way to and back he stopped for a day each at the College. All his numerous friends were delighted to see him looking decidedly better.

The Results

They will be found tabulated elsewhere in this issue. The high standard of former years in the B. Sc. and the Honours Examinations is maintained. Even the apparent lack of first classes in History and Economics is deceptive, as T. S. Narashiman, who scores a first class in M. A. Branch IV, was really a Post Graduate Honours Student who decided at the last moment to appear technically as an M. A. candidate. But apart from this, we must notice some very gratifying features of the Intermediate and B. A. results. In the later, the percentage of full passes is 60, English alone securing 70 %. We note with special satisfaction the 90 % passes in Economics and History, the 93 % with 4 I classes and 16 II classes in Chemistry main; the 73 % with 10 I classes and 3 II classes in Mathematics (1-b). In the Intermediate, there was this year a big step forward, with about 47 % full passes. And though in this we share more or less in the improved Intermediate results all over the Presidency, there are features which we recall with pleasure: the 71 % in English, the 91 % in the two Histories and Logic, the 93 % in Sanskrit, the less brilliant but on the whole satisfactory 65 % in Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.

We quote these figures not in a spirit of vain complacency, but to give honour where honour is due: to the Professors and Lecturers whose earnest devotion to duty and loyal co-operation have produced these happy fruits. We congratulate them and thank them; and at the same time urge those specially in charge of the Intermediate Classes to relax no effort to drill their students into habits of intelligent industry, necessary foundation for the Degree Courses.

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The Admissions

There are features about the admissions too which are worth notice and reflection. In the first place they are more numerous than last year, thanks to the better results in the Intermediate and the S. S. L. C. Examination. In the latter, in our own High School, 133 out of 181—a percentage of 71—were declared eligible. The rush for the Science courses continued unabated, or rather was accelerated. The B. A. and B. Sc. seats in Physics and Chemistry were filled up a day after the re-opening; and similarly the seats in Intermediate Group II (Nat. Science). Group I Intermediate filled up a little more slowly but has actually reached the extreme limit of capacity. In these Groups scores of students had to be refused admission.

But to our agreeable surprise, along with this rush for Science there have been signs of a greater appreciation of literary studies. This year the strength of the III U. C. has risen by twenty-five. This is not due exclusively to lack of accommodation in the B. Sc. classes, since the Science students in the B. A. having their seat assured, can join the B. A. or the B. Sc. according to their option. We willingly believe that the choice in many cases has been dictated by a desire for the better all-round formation that the B. A. Pass Course gives. Moreover the greater number of subjects gives to the B. A. candidate a wider field of choice, and a better chance of success, in the competitive Examinations. We have reason to believe that even in professional courses candidates who have obtained the B. A. degree have greater chances of selection. One of our students now in the Engineering College writes to us to say that out of 66 candidates chosen for the E₁ class, 12 are Mathematics Graduates. This is not surprising, as the power of clear exposition gained by the study of English and the Vernacular is an asset of the highest value.

The causes that have operated in favour of the B. A. courses should naturally operate in the direction of a revival of the study of history. But unfortunately signs of this are not yet apparent except perhaps in the very numerous applications for the Economics Honours course. Our admissions in Economics and History in III U. C. are about the same as last year. In the Intermediate, Group III shows an increase of about 10. Even students who would do very well in this Group insist on taking up Group I, and beginning Mathematics from the elements. But the natural swing of the pendulum is bound to bring about a change. The subjects proposed in the Public Services Competitive Examinations—English, Essay,

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General Knowledge, Literature and Languages, British and Indian History, General Economics, Economic History,—will give a further stimulus in the same direction. Headmasters might perhaps help us in this matter by enlightening and guiding students and helping them to make a more judicious choice of optionals. Whatever be the forces at work, if and when the change comes, all lovers of the Humanities, and all those who believe a long and laborious literary formation to be an essential element in education, will rejoice.

The Magazine

With this issue, we begin the second volume of the New Series of *The St. Joseph's College Magazine*. We cannot pretend that the changes we introduced last year have been welcomed by all, or without reservation. Some would have preferred three issues instead of two. Others would like to see that long and serious studies on literary and scientific topics continue as before. But by far the greater number of comments have been very favourable, some even flattering and above our deserts. On one point at least we can heartily concur with our friends: the printing and block-making of the Industrial School Press have deserved all the praise bestowed upon them.

Results in the University Examinations, March 1935

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage.
M. A. Br. III ...	2	—	1	1	2	100
" IV ...	5	1	1	2	4	80
Total ...	7	1	2	3	6	85.7
B. A. (Hons.) New Regs.						
Br. I ...	13	2	8	2	12	92.3
" III ...	7	—	4	3	7	100
" IV ...	8	—	3	5	8	100
Total ...	28	2	15	10	27	96.4
B. Sc. Hons. Part II ...	16	4	7	3	14	87.5
Recommended for B. A. Degree:—						
New Br. I ...	—	—	—	—	1	—
Recommended for B. Sc. Degree:—						
Br. II-Physics ...	—	—	—	—	2	—
B. Sc. Hons. Part I Eng. ...	14	—	—	—	13	92.8
B. A. Hons. Preliminary ...	21	—	—	—	15	71.4
B. Sc. Part I Eng. ...	58	—	—	—	36	62
B. Sc. Part II. Physics Main						
Math. & Chem. ...	14	1	8	2	11	78.5
Math. & Elect. ...	7	2	1	1	4	57.1
Mech. & Elect. ...	9	2	2	3	7	77.7
Total ...	30	5	11	6	22	73.3

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1935

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage.
Chemistry Main						
Phys. & Botany ...	9	—	2	6	8	88.8
Phys. & Mathem. ...	18	—	5	9	14	77.7
Total ...	27	—	7	15	22	81.4
Total (Phys. & Chem.) ...	57	5	18	21	44	77.2
B. A. Degree Part I Eng. ...	104	—	1	71	72	69.2
Part II Second Lang.						
Tamil ...	59	—	16	37	53	89.8
Malayalam ...	19	—	—	14	14	73.6
Sanskrit ...	22	—	2	18	20	90.9
French ...	6	1	5	—	6	100
Total ...	106	2	23	69	93	87.7
Part III: Optional Subjects.						
Gr. (i-b) Pure Math. ...	26	10	3	6	19	73.1
" (ii-b) Phys. Main ...	24	—	5	10	15	62.5
" (ii-c) Chem. Main ...	30	4	16	8	28	93.3
" (iv-b) Econo. & Hist. ...	21	—	—	19	19	90.5
Total ...	101	14	24	43	81	—

Full B. A. s.
(Sent up in all three parts: 96.)

(i-b) ...	16
(ii-b) ...	12
(ii-c) ...	18
(iv-b) ...	11
Total ...	57

Intermediate
Complete Passes.

	Sent up	I	II	Total	P. C.
Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry ...	73	18	23	41	56.2
Natural Science, Physics, Chemistry ...	35	1	8	9	25.8
Physics, Chemistry, Indian History ...	3	—	1	1	33.3
Physics, Chemistry, Logic ...	11	1	2	3	27.2
Ancient History, Modern History, Indian History ...	10	—	7	7	70
Ancient History, Modern History, Logic ...	11	2	5	7	63.6
Total ...	143	22	45	68	47.5

Partial Passes

	Math. Phys. Chem.	Nat. Sc. Phys. Chem.	Phys. Chem. Ind. Hist.	Phys. Chem. Logic.	Anc. H. Mod. H. Ind. H.	Anc. H. Mod. H. Logic.	Total.
Part I only ...	3	2	—	—	—	—	5
" II " ...	6	7	—	1	—	1	15
" III " ...	—	1	—	1	—	1	3
" I & II " ...	9	8	2	3	1	—	23
" I & III " ...	1	1	—	—	2	2	6
" II & III " ...	5	5	—	1	—	—	11

Total Passes

	Sent up	Passed	Percentage
English ...	143	102	71.4
Tamil ...	75	56	74.6
Malayalam ...	20	20	100
Sanskrit ...	30	28	93.3
French ...	17	13	76.5
Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry ...	73	47	64.4
Natural Science, Physics, Chemistry ...	35	15	42.9
Physics, Chemistry, Indian History ...	3	1	33.3
Physics, Chemistry, Logic ...	11	5	45.4
Anc. History, Mod. Hist., Ind. Hist. ...	9	9	100
Anc. Hist., Mod. Hist., Logic ...	11	10	90.9

NOTE.—M. A. Degree Branch IV (Economics Main) First Class, first in the Presidency.
B. Sc. (Hons.) Degree Final: First, Second and Third in the Presidency.
B. A. (Hons) Degree Final: Branch I (Mathematics) Second in the Presidency.
Branch III (History Main): Second Class, Second in the Presidency.
B. Sc. Part II: Physics-Main: First Class, Second and Third in the Presidency.
Chemistry-Main: Second Class, First and Second in the Presidency.
B. A. Degree: Chemistry: First Class, First and Second and Third in the Presidency.

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1935

Inter-Collegiate Examination in Religion

Certificates of Merit (60% marks and above)

I. In Christian Doctrine:

1. S. Gaspar, III B.Sc. (Hons.)
2. M. Maria Gerard, IV (Hons.)

II. In Apologetics:

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Abraham, K. J. | 4. Charles, M. | 7. John, A. |
| 2. Antony, | 5. Chinnappan, S. M. | 8. Morais, Cajetan, J. |
| 3. Arokiaswamy, I. | 6. Doss, P. Henry. | 9. Rayappan, S. |
| | 10. Soosaimanickam, D. | |

All from the II U. C.

Old Boys

A Letter from Kurseong

IT is with exceptional pleasure that we publish in this issue a group photo of our Old Boys, now members of the Society of Jesus, and actually at Kurseong, studying theology. It is to the kindness of Fr. Gibbs, (O. B. 1923-27) that we owe this photo. He has at the same time sent us some descriptive notes of life in Kurseong which will be read with interest by all. Fr. Gibbs speaks nobly of his religious studies. But a lover of God must also be a lover of Nature. Hence this enthusiastic student of theology speaks like a poet about the beauties of his garden.

"Kurseong is a small little hill station at the foot of the Himalayas about 20 miles distant from the well-known health resort, Darjeeling. It is about 5000 ft. above sea level and in general enjoys a temperate climate. The one great drawback of the place is that it rains almost continuously for 4 or 5 months in the year.

Every year the monsoon has to deposit about 180 inches of rain on these hills. The 2 finest months of the year are October and November, just before winter sets in. At that time Nature is at its best—the skies are blue, the air is crisp, clear and invigorating, the hillsides are coated with a most beautiful green and the birds sing their sweetest in the tree-tops.

The people here are of the Tibetan or Mongolian type. Their features and build are so similar and conform so closely to one single model that if you have seen only one of these hillmen you have seen them all. They all have the same almond-shaped eyes, the well-nigh bridgeless nose, the pale olive complexion and the round face. They are short, sturdy and muscular. They can carry astonishingly huge weights suspended from their foreheads and partly resting on their backs. Even the women and little boys and girls seem not to be happy unless they have something to carry on their heads. The people as a whole smoke heavily. It is a curious sight to see even tiny girls and boys after having lifted loads from one place to another, take a little respite in pulling at cigarettes or cheroots to reinvigorate themselves for fresh work. These hillmen are a lively, energetic, industrious and cheerful race. They are ready to enjoy a good joke and quick at seeing the funny side of things. Travelers and tourists alighting at the hill stations will be surprised to see

OLD BOYS

young girls and women vying with one another to snatch their luggage from their hands and carry it for them. The women are very fond of dressing very gaudily and pride on decking themselves with the most costly jewellery they can lay hands on. They are so extravagant that sometimes a poor woman might be taken for a queen. Their dress is very picturesque, the bright colours seen in the market place on "mela" or fair days can compare only with the rainbow in variety of hue and tint.

Most of the people are employed in raising tea. Hundreds and hundreds of acres of the hill sides here are covered with tea bushes. It is not till one comes to Kurseong and sees the vast expanses of tea grown that one realises how India can supply 40 % of the world's tea.

Picturesquely perched on one of the Himalayan hill sides and not far from the Kurseong Station is the Jesuit theologate of St. Mary's, where over a hundred young Jesuits go through their theological studies. Young men from far-off America and from nearly every nation of Europe may be found living here side by side with Tamilians, Telugus, Malayalees, Chota-Nagpureans and Anglo-Indians. The old boys of St. Joseph's, as may be seen from the photo, are thriving in this congenial atmosphere. Certainly it is an education in itself merely to live in a house like St. Mary's, among men of such varied talent and ability. Here may be found botanists, economists, linguists, poets, musicians and—magicians! Others again are specially interested in the Press, yet others in the Cinema and a chosen few, in flower-gardening.

The main occupation of the young Jesuit in Kurseong is study and prayer. He devotes 3 or 4 hours a day to prayer and 6 to 8 hours to study. Recreations and distractions are judiciously interspersed in his life in order that the mind may not be overburdened and the health impaired. The studies are of the sublimest kind and bring to the heart the sweetest consolation. If all men would but "taste and see how sweet the Lord is," this earth would soon be transformed into an Eden. Man is made for truth and it is theology which affords the mind the highest truths for consideration. Physics, chemistry, history and other branches of Science are no doubt flashes of truth but they come nowhere near the plenitude of truth and wisdom communicated to us in the study of theology.....

I must not end these rambling notes on Kurseong without speaking of the beautiful garden surrounding St. Mary's College. Here carnations,

OLD BOYS

schizanthi, mesembryanthemums, coreopsis, begonias, dahlias, cineraria, Californian poppies, anthiriums and a host of other wonderful flowers bloom luxuriantly. It is one of my exquisite delights every morning to walk around the garden and with a thrill of pleasure observe the new flowers in bud or opening out. I think all men have Adam's instinct of going into a garden and calling each plant and flower by its name—rose, pansy, azalia, chrysanthemum, delphinium, iris, petunia, sweet william, aster and marigold!

How fortunate it is that it is not necessary to "botanise" and learn impossible names, in order to appreciate their beauty and see in it a reflection, though faint and far off, of the uncreated beauty of God Himself. One of our professors of theology once told us that matter is but the tail end of God's wonderful creation. The gorgeous glory of a Himalayan landscape or the dazzling white grandeur of the eternal snows, or the mighty roar of the wild waves or the calm tranquillity of a setting sun can move us so powerfully and thrill us with the promise of infinite things which they hold. A great musician was once dying, I forget if it was Chopin or Mozart or someone else, and to soothe and comfort him in his last moments they played to him one of his best symphonies. He told them to desist and instead listen to the sublime and mighty music of the ocean as it murmured outside. It was the voice of the great Creator speaking to his heart. To Him man-made art was so trivial and little in comparison with the handiwork of the Creator. He would have given all his compositions to create even a far-off echo of one of God's own melodies in Nature."

The Fr. Honoré Memorial Scholarship

Mr. P. E. Subramania Iyer is to be warmly congratulated on the successful termination of his labours in connection with this Fund. His success is the best proof of the enduring hold that Fr. Honoré acquired over his students. To Mr. P. E. Subramanyam and his co-workers the work of perpetuating in this way the memory of their master has been a labour of love. It has been a keen satisfaction to us to see how widely and how affectionately Fr. Honoré is remembered, and how ready the response has been to the appeal for funds. This considerable sum of money—Rs. 1775, including expenses and the scholarships already awarded,—has not been collected from indifferent millionaires buying off importunate petitioners; it is made up of contributions from men of moderate means

OLD BOYS AT KURSEONG



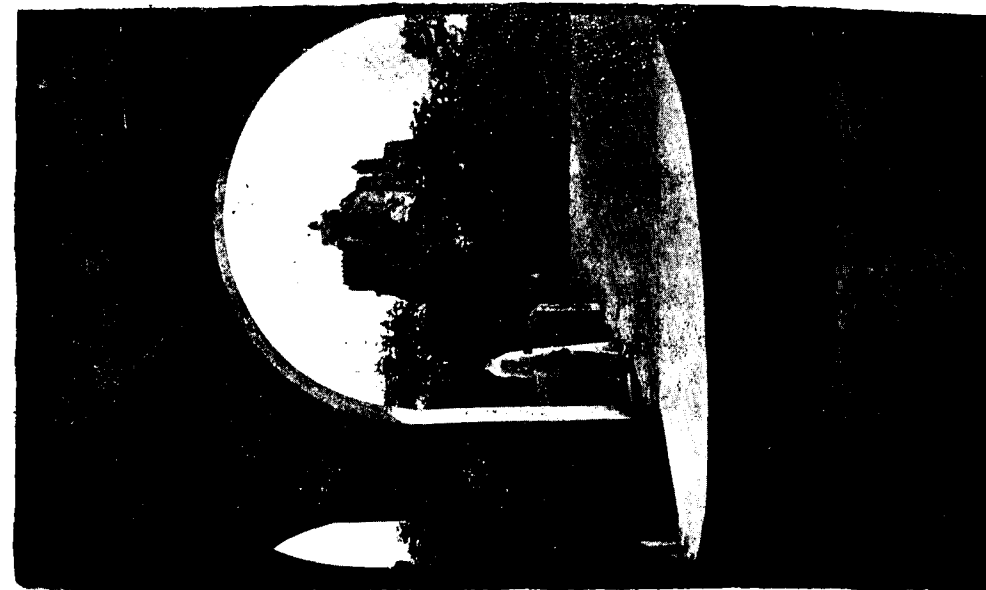
(Standing)—Rev. I. Sama, L. Motha, H. Gibbs, M. J. Adisayam, S. Kapali, J. Fernand
(Sitting)—Rev. P. Devassy, Maria Antoine, X. Shouriah, J. Alapatt, X. Ferdinand.



STAFF AND STUDENTS: V B. Sc. (HONS.) 1934—35
(Photo taken on the occasion of Fr. Verstraeten's departure)



A CORNER OF THE COLLEGE TANK



THE ROCK TEMPLE FRAMED BY AN ARCH

(Photos by Fr. Hoyle, S.J.)

OLD BOYS

whose frequent regret was that they could not do more. One or two quotations from letters addressed to Mr. P. E. Subramanyam will make this abundantly clear.

From Mr. S. Subramania Iyer, B.A., Registered Accountant, Colombo.

"Kindly excuse me for not having been prompt in sending my mite towards the Fr. Honoré Scholarship Fund.....Herewith I am enclosing a crossed cheque in your favour for Rs. 50 in payment of my contribution towards that laudable object and I would request you to accept it however small that amount may be. We the old students owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Reverend Father....."

Another old student, excusing himself for some delay in responding, writes:—

"You know my very heavy domestic obligations and I am sure you will not have mistaken my silence. I have however been actually feeling guilty all the time and so it is with some satisfaction and relief to my mind that I am sending you a humble contribution of Rs. 25/-. I wish I were able to send you more...I am however hoping to be able to send a similar contribution some months later."

And, by way of conclusion, this from Mr. C. J. Paul, actually Collector of Kistna District:—

"Very many thanks for your letter of the 22nd June. My hearty congratulations on your success in organising "The Father Honoré Memorial Scholarship Fund." I agree to the arrangements proposed. My only regret is that I could not pay more than I did*."

The arrangements referred to were thus proposed by Mr. P. E. Subramanyam in a circular letter to the contributors.

"Thanks to the very generous and enthusiastic response of the Old Boys of the late Rev. D. Honoré, S.J., it is now possible to found a scholarship to commemorate his memory. The contributions amount to Rs. 1500/-.

It is proposed to deposit this sum with the College Procurator. The Rev. Fr. Rector has kindly consented to place Rs. 100 annually at the disposal of the Principal who, in consultation with the Physics Staff of the College, will award 'The Father Honoré Scholarship by his Old Boys' to a deserving student of the Physics section."

* Mr. C. J. Paul, we remember, made the handsome contribution of Rs. 100/-.

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The required adhesions have all been obtained. And now it only remains to wish that a long line of students may profit by this Scholarship, and acquire in the course of their training the scientific knowledge, practical ability, and strength of character which were dear to Fr. Honoré's heart and which he never dissociated in his mind.

"Clerk who rose to be President"

In speaking of the way in which Fr. Honoré's students have perpetuated his memory, we are reminded of the striking tributes paid to another most distinguished Old Boy, the late Mr. L. D. Swamikannu Pillai, on March 22nd when his bust was unveiled by His Excellency the Governor, in the Legislative Council premises. We take the following report from the *Madras Mail*, (March 22).

In accepting the bust and in requesting His Excellency the Governor to unveil it, the Hon. Mr. B. Ramachandra Reddiar, President of the Council, said :

"In the second Legislative Council which I entered in December 1923, Mr. Swamikannu Pillai was at first the nominated President and afterwards the elected President. After a most distinguished University career and after a long service under Government, in various important appointments, such as Collector, Registrar of Co-operative Societies, Director of Agriculture and Secretary to Government, he was appointed as the first Secretary of the Madras Legislative Council and was, subsequently, its second President. When he was Secretary to the Council, he was sent to England by the Government for studying Parliamentary procedure. In every capacity in which he worked, he won the regard of the Government and the love of his countrymen. As President, he was noted for his knowledge of Parliamentary procedure, his coolness, his tact and good-humour which specially fitted him for that distinguished position.

"It is however difficult to say whether his greatness lay more in the high offices which he held or in his eminence as a scholar and as an author. It would scarcely be believed that in the midst of his strenuous official duties, he found time for the pursuit of numerous literary activities which ranged from shorthand writing to classical literature and astronomy. It would be impossible here to refer to all his writings but his book on Indian Chronology, published in 1911, and his Indian Ephemeris in six volumes, published in 1922, have been given high praise by European

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scholars like Prof. Jacobi and others. He was a linguist and knew Greek, Latin, French and German, all of which he could speak to perfection. For many years, he was the Chairman of the Board of Examiners in the Madras University in these languages. He knew Sanskrit and was a Tamil scholar. He knew all the vernacular languages of South India. He was a master of English style and his English was at once simple and elegant.

Started as a Clerk

"There is peculiar appropriateness in a bust like this, which is intended as a memorial to this great man, being presented to the Legislative Council.

It was in the office of the Legislative Council of 1888 that Mr. Swamikannu Pillai first entered as a clerk on Rs. 50 with an allowance of Rs. 40 as French Translator. He closed his official career as he began it in the Legislative Council where he was President at the time of his death. One of the tributes which were paid to him after his death was that of Mr. Whitley, Speaker of the House of Commons, who wrote of him as follows :

'I count it amongst the greatest privileges of my office as Speaker to have come to know him and to count him as a friend and colleague. His fine character and his wonderful mind were open unconscious gifts to those who were so fortunate as to meet him.'

"Your Excellency, I am thankful that you have so kindly consented to unveil this bust. I request you to unveil it."

In unveiling the bust His Excellency said :—

"I deem it a great privilege to have the honour of unveiling the bust of the late Diwan Bahadur Swamikannu Pillai, as, although I did not, of course, know him, he has left a lasting impression as one of the foremost men of his time, and it is only right that his memory should be perpetuated. From what the Secretary of the Committee and you, Sir, have told us, he led an extremely active life, both public and private, and the last public post occupied by him was one of great honour.

Traditions of the Council

"The traditions of the Legislative Council were then in the making, and the future dignity of the House depended very considerably on the tact, firmness and fairness displayed by its early Presidents. That Mr. Swamikannu Pillai succeeded in this task is evinced by the manner in which the proceedings of the Legislative Council are conducted to-day.

OLD BOYS

With several years' experience of the House of Commons before me, I have naturally a knowledge of the high standards imbued there by centuries of tradition, and I can say that I have been greatly impressed by the atmosphere of dignity and decorum which prevails in the Madras Legislative Council.

In helping to mould that atmosphere, I feel sure that Mr. Swamikannu Pillai in his period of office played a very considerable part, and a bust in the Council Chamber is a fitting tribute to his work.

"I have much pleasure in unveiling it."

The Rev. Father Bertram proposed a vote of thanks to His Excellency.

Alma Mater records with pride the description of a most devoted son, who was also a Lecturer for some time in the College, as "one of the foremost men of his time."

* * * *

M.R.Ry. R. Rangasami Iyengar Avl., B.A., B.L., has come back to Trichinopoly as Sub-Judge. We had the great pleasure of welcoming him to the College on the 23rd July when he delivered a much appreciated inaugural address to the Tamil Sangam.

Another important official posted at Trichy is Mr. A. Kalyanaraman (Hons. Br. V, 1923) Deputy Examiner of S. I. R. Accounts.

* * * *

Two Old Boys are among recently appointed Dewans of Indian States: Mr. A. Gopalaswamy, I. C. S. (1923) who is Dewan of Ramnad and Mr. Soma Joseph Reddi (1918) till recently Deputy Collector of Anantapur, now Dewan of Bobbili.

* * * *

Of academic honours we record the D. Sc. conferred by the Univ. of Madras on Mr. A. V. Varadarajan (B.A., Chem., 1922) who has been long working at the Indian Institute of Science, and had already obtained the M. Sc. for Research.

* * * *

Mr. T. G. Singaravelu (B.A., 1920), famous Badminton and Tennis champion, has been appointed Commissioner, Hindu Religious Endowment Board.

* * * *

Mr. S. K. Matrubhutam Iyer takes up once again the Headmastership of Srirangam High School, made vacant by the demise of Mr. Rajagopal Naidoo.

College Hostels

I. A Boarding Chronicle

January, 3rd.—Christmas and New Year, where are thy charms, when I am summoned on the 3rd to join the College? With a sigh at home and a smile to the Principal, I re-enter its portals. I rejoice, however, that the Calendar for 1935-36 has been reformed. May the happy innovation of reopening the College after Epiphany endure for ever!

Fr. Leigh, S.J., laid down the Principalship at the close of the year 1934. Like the medieval Sheriff, he was the man of many works, a kindly dictator, stern only exteriorly. He has gone to take rest and recoup his health. May he soon come back to charm and tame the students no less effectively than he does his pythons.

Our new Principal was once a boarder, and under a Prefect...Need I say more to show the love and sympathy we can expect from him?

Cholera breaks out in the town; the Health Officers move the earth, and the Fathers move the Heavens, to spare us from the epidemic. Inoculations, pills and prayers triumph; except for the fright, we are as we always were.

January, 6th.—Epiphany! Along the Coromandel coast, there is no greater feast, since the three Wise men went from the East—that is, from among ourselves. It is the day when we sing like Burns "Should old acquaintance be forgot", and when foes are reconciled and peace is established. This year we had music—at second hand i.e., in gramophone plates—to which we contributed our throat's mite (in private of course.)

January, 19th.—Received the College Magazine, second number of the totally transformed series. I recalled the famous lines "Bottom, thou art translated" and turned it over several times to see whether it was really *it*. This time there is a *Boarding Chronicle*, and evidently this is going to be permanent, as I have been asked to inflict these lines on you!

January, 20th.—"Don Bosco, the dreamer, acrobat and saint"—was the theme of a lecture by Mr. Albert Lobo, V Hons. in the Catholic Truth Association. Young Don Bosco was just a noisy and cheerful youth like any one of us, and yet a saint and a modern one at that.

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Confound the pessimists who are declaring that the world is steadily going to the dogs. And where are the dogs going to I wonder!

February, 10th.—The Inter-Collegiate examination in Religion was held to-day. Undismayed by the coming University Exam., no less than forty seniors entered the lists, with the look of venerable Fathers of the Church, and secured remarkable results.

February, 11th.—The Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. It is to the College what the 14th July is to the French—a memorable day. Even the oldest of the old boys of the college, remember this day if not anything else. According to custom, the two beautifully decorated cars moved majestically to the music of the choir and the college band, the whole congregation of men, women and children hushed into a marvellous silence of homage and prayer to the Mother of God. The stately march of a vast mass of individuals, formed into two serried ranks on both sides of the car, along the big thoroughfares of the town, in front of Clive's, and round the National College, was a sight of impressive beauty to all, Catholic and Non-Catholic. The illumination of the Church Tower has lost none of its grandeur by ceasing to be novel. Many linger late in the night gazing in admiration at a scene the like of which is rarely to be witnessed anywhere. On this day the Faith literally shines as if from a mountain top.

February, 19th.—Notice of the Badminton Doubles Tournament. There was a regular stampede among the students to enter the lists; there were 82 competitors, and, among them, wonder of wonders, there was the Prefect.

February, 27th.—The second feast of the Sodality, that of the Immaculate Conception, was celebrated in the chapel when eleven new members were enrolled. Rev. Fr. J. D'Souza, S.J., officiated and delivered the sermon.

Rev. Fr. Siqueira, S.J., addressed the C. T. A. on "The Future of the Catholic Laymen in India." Needless to state that like every one of his addresses, it was replete with sagacious wisdom couched in the most persuasive language. Every one felt the parting of this gentle and learned Father, now called upon to assist "The New Review" in Calcutta. Well! his present work is only a continuation of his last lecture: he is training the laymen of the future.

The Tournament at last came to an end, the winners being Messrs. J. T. Pereira and L. T. George; these and the winners of the Football and

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Volley Ball Tournaments were of the Senior Intermediate classes; sure, they are no book-worms and are unafraid of the impending Exams.

March, 1st.—The month begins with the hoisting of the Flag in honour of St. Joseph, our Patron Saint.

March, 3rd.—The Junior classes and the High School Students write their catechism examination. With what results, the Fathers only know!

March, 4th.—To-day the College societies celebrated their common anniversary with short and varied reports, containing their griefs, achievements and pious wishes, but all agreed on one thing—their appalling financial straits. Two of our students secured prizes walking up amidst thunderous cheers: Mr. C. L. Antony in extempore speech contest in Malayalam and Mr. E. A. Eapen in the Elocution contest of the L. and D. Society.

March, 6th.—Ash Wednesday. Hereafter Wednesdays will be Thursdays, for purposes of class and Fridays for purposes of diet. The coming Exams. add to the seriousness and gravity of this month.

March, 19th.—The Feast of St. Joseph. The novena in his honour culminates in a grand celebration and night prayers in front of the Museum steps. The College band can convert dismal days into pleasing ones and on this day Rev. Fr. Camboulives, S.J. and his musical concert reach the dizzy heights of enchantment. In every big function he has the last word! So be it, since it is so pleasing.

March, 24th.—Holidays begin; my head reels and my pen drops... With joy or grief or fatigue? Let the reader guess!

June, 14th.—It occurred to me that I had to join the College. Horrid thought. Back to the Boarding. I find myself among new arrivals and some survivals of the last year. Being an old boarding hand, I avoid the blunders which the new ones commit. Let them live and learn.

July, 10th.—Solemn Requiem Mass for His Lordship Dr. Faisandier, S.J., late Bishop of Trichinopoly. The grand and venerable doyen of the Hierarchy has quitted the scene of his labour covering himself with glory and we his children have been blessed in so many ways by the fruits of his great work.

II. Hostel Notes

January, 3rd.—The Gate opens after the holidays, and discloses white-washed walls, repaired hearths and re-reddened balustrades. Since all had

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been away for three weeks, there is a general freshness in all faces, and a feeling of change from weary monotony. The University exams. are in the thoughts of the Seniors, and promotion gives qualms to not a few Juniors...just those who have reason to fear, so sure is instinct! Serious life begins at once. The Warden comes at 8-15 and goes his rounds, and hears accounts of holiday exploits and regrets for time wasted:

"I had resolved to revise all my Chemistry in these holidays. But Camp took two weeks, and Christmas and New Year took the third."

"That's the best way to spend one's holidays...they are meant for rest, aren't they?"...

January, 20th.—Smartha Picnic to Elamanur. The picnic really began last night when supper was earlier than usual and all the pots and pans were loaded on a lorry with Sukkur and the cooks mounting guard on cauldrons and *ᱵᱚᱠᱚ* vessels. After an early *ᱵᱚᱠᱚ*-cum-coffee breakfast, the jolly company left for the Fort Station, where the Warden and other Fathers and Professors joined us. A few biked the distance, and one sturdy hiker walked briskly along the railroad and came almost as quick as our train. Krishnamurthi and Purushottaman entertained us throughout the day with choice songs and *kīrthanams*. This year we had more Professors at our picnic than usual, and they mingled freely and cordially with us. So kind of them. We returned by the 8 o'clock train, tired and happy. It does one good to feel like a happy family sometimes.

January, 27th.—Cosmopolitan Picnic to Elamanur..."Why always to Elamanur?", asks an old-timer..."Because it is the only place near enough and far enough for twentieth century Trichy students, with water to swim in, and shade, and a nice big bungalow to eat in, and with the added pleasure of alternately sailing in a real coracle (*ᱵᱚᱠᱚ*) and wading knee-deep in a real river!"

This picnic was truly cosmopolitan, in its local, if not in its etymological, sense. Brahmins, Mohammedans, Christians, all were welcome, and welcomed with genuine brotherliness. There was singing, even by Mr. Ramachandran, our Mathematics Professor, who showed that the chalky subject he taught was no killer of artistic feeling. A gramophone filled the gaps of silence with music ranging from Musiri Subramanian to the Washerman. The Warden stayed with us the whole day and returned with us at night. That was a perfect day. The union and family spirit that prevailed that day was worthy of Clive's. May it continue outside too!

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February, 24th.—Hostel Day...At 5 o'clock the Fathers and Professors walked into the Quadrangle; among them, some rare visitors, like Fr. Haas and Mr. P. E. After having tea and sweets, which were served under the Margosa trees by the students themselves with exquisite delicacy, we all moved into the Badminton court, where speeches were made and songs sung in honour of the Senior students who were going to leave the Hostel and of the Warden who was shortly to go to Calcutta. An address was read to him, to which he replied that he had tried to be to all of them what the Hostel rules wanted the Warden to be—in *loco parentis*, to see that they were well, and studied well, and didn't spend more than was necessary, and acquired a good, gentlemanly character. He could not say that he had done all that he should have done but he had met with uniform confidence and docility in them; and though he was going to the other end of India he would always pray for them and help them in any way he could. Fr. D'Souza, our new Principal, who presided, said that he had known the Warden from boyhood and regretted his departure. Fr. Siqueira then played a parting Solo on the violin. The function ended with a Fancy Dress competition which surpassed all expectation, the more so as it had been got up in a few hours. There was a drunkard who used his hard-won privilege of saying and doing whatever he liked to anybody in the crowd, a snake-charmer who brandished slimy reptiles with a familiarity which their owners envied, a postman who had all the resignation of that race, a Merrier whom the real Merrier acknowledged as a serious rival in the sporting trade, a Jekyll who unaccountably turned into Hyde and ill-treated men and snakes alike....It was difficult for the judges to choose from such competitors, each admirable in his own part. But the popular favourites were those whose art was most popular—the drunkard and the snake-charmer—, and these got the two prizes kindly offered by Fr. Principal.

March, 4th.—Why should Fr. Siqueira and Fr. Ehrhart come to the Hostel together to-day at the unusual hour of 2 P.M.? We shrewdly guessed why, and told our friends...Let us see...At 8-15 we look out in the Teppa direction, and sure enough, it is Fr. Ehrhart...Welcome!

March, 7th.—Fr. Siqueira went from room to room to shake hands and say Goodbye to all...Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new...

March, 22nd.—Term ends for the Junior classes. But they forget that it reopens. Amidst a riot of unwanted articles, they quit leaving the seniors with ample matter for meditation and preparation.

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April, 6th.—The Intermediate students are out of the ordeal. Full of hopes and plans for the future they depart.

April, 17th.—It is all over. No more books, examinations and all that. The undergraduate evolves into a man, as Darwin would desire. Everyone gives a send-off to every body else except a curious friend of mine who waited for an auspicious day to depart. Whether he left or is still wandering about Clive's, I cannot say.

June, 14th.—A wonderful transmutation has taken place. Juniors in March have turned into Seniors in June. That they feel a kind of inward glee is evident from their blooming countenances.

To the astonishment of all we find our Hostel electrified—and we also felt ourselves electrified. No more will the walls be covered with soot from the antiquated hurricane-lanterns. Clive's can boast of up-to-date comforts!

June, 22nd.—Juniors pour in large numbers. Evidently the electrification has had a magnetic effect upon them. Even the rooms which the Seniors had despised, now find occupants.

Seniors take the lead in all conversations, and the poor Juniors are perturbed by the frightful accounts of discipline and study. Soon they learn that all this is mere talk and their countenances brighten again.

College Societies

I. The Literary and Debating Society

THE greater part of our activity during the III Term was in connection with the competitions and elocution contests preparatory to the Anniversary meeting. The College Elocution and Extempore Speech contests were held on 15th February. In the Intermediate the successful competitors were K. Baladandayutham, I U. C. and E. A. Eapen, II U. C.; in the higher classes, S. Jeganathan, V (Hons.) and S. Sarangapani, III U. C.

As usual we took part in the contest for the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri Medal, held at Government College, Kumbakonam. Candidates for selection were fairly numerous—about twenty. S. Sarangapani and S. Jeganathan were chosen, after "test" speeches before a large and appreciative audience. At Kumbakonam our representative S. Sarangapani was ranked second. If we are to maintain the tradition of winning the medal in alternate years, we must not lose it in the next contest.

Apart from these, there were two meetings during the term. On 17th Jan. there was a debate with Mr. K. Swaminathan acting as Speaker. T. Venkataraman, IV Hons. moved that "The modern craze for comfort is deplorable." The proposition was lost.

On 21st February, Fr. Principal gave the valedictory address on "Charles Dickens, the Man and the Artist." There was a very large gathering of students and lecturers.

G. VENUGOPAL,
A. BUPALDAS,
Secretaries.

II. The Historical and Economic Association

Since we sent in our last report for the January issue of the Magazine, our Association has conducted one debate, held an extraordinary meeting, an extempore speech contest and a mock trial.

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The subject of the debate (19—1—'35) was: "Economic distress calls for immediate solution in India, and not political grievances." Mr. S. Sarangapani III U.C. moved the proposition; Mr. T. K. Tyagarajan V (Hons) opposed it; and several members took part in the discussion. Mr. T. S. Narasimhan, B.A. was the speaker. The proposition was lost by a narrow majority.

At the extraordinary meeting of 9—11—34 Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J. spoke on "Why the franc has not followed the pound." Observing at the outset that the title of his lecture was not the same as "Why the franc ought not to have followed the pound"—a question with which he was not concerned at the moment—he proceeded to explain the various grounds on which the franc continued to keep on gold unlike the pound which had gone off it. Delivered in his characteristically lucid style, the lecture was extremely instructive.

The extempore speech contest was held on 24—11—34. Fourteen candidates took part, speaking on one or other of three proposed subjects. Rev. Father X. Ehrhart, S.J., Mr. K. Gopala Iyengar, M.A. and Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A. were the judges. Mr. S. Sarangapani, III U.C. stood first, and Mr. M. Culas IV (Hons.) second. At the end Rev. Father X. Ehrhart, S.J. gave a few practical hints on *impromptu* speaking.

The mock trial held on 5th February, 1935, before J. Austin Byers Esq., M.A., I.C.S., District and Sessions Judge, Trichinopoly, was a unique function organized by the Association, and the first of its kind in the college. "Humanity" accused "Science" of having brought about the collapse of the modern world, on no less than fifteen counts. The counsel for the prosecution were Messrs. S. Sarangapani, III U.C., S. Jegannathan V (Hons.) and T. S. Narasimhan, B.A. (post-graduate), and the counsel for the defence, Messrs. T. Venkataraman, IV B. Sc. (Hons.), U. Ragavendrachar V B. Sc. (Hons.) and H. Ramachandran V B. Sc. (Hons.) and after the arguments had concluded, the Judge summed them up to the jury who after due consultation, returned a unanimous verdict of "Not Guilty". The Judge agreed with their verdict and acquitted "Science" amidst deafening cheers. Then Mrs. Byers gave away a medal to Mr. H. Ramachandran, V B. Sc. (Hons.), the best speaker of the bar.

With pardonable pride we may say that the Association's work was a great success during the year under review. If there be any Burkes or Pitts among us, the Association takes the credit for having given them always an open platform. We take this occasion to express our heartfelt

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gratitude to our venerable President Rev. Father P. Carty, S.J. who is simply indispensable to the Association; to the Religious and lay staff who have always given us unstinted support; and to the members who have generously co-operated with our humble efforts.

P. N. RAMAN,
S. SWAMINATHAN,
Secretaries.

III. The Scientific Society

A report of the activities of the society during the first two terms of the academic year 1934-35 appeared in the January issue of the College Magazine.

The third term of the year is not the season for meetings either for reading papers or for discussion of topics of general interest. With 25th March and its accompanying spectre of the University Exams. approaching with seemingly unusual rapidity, though actually only at the usual rate of 24 hours a day, every one feels he is hard pressed for time and gives up all sorts of entertainments including even light talks with friends. It is therefore gratifying to record here that in spite of these limitations the Scientific Society has to its credit two ordinary meetings and one extraordinary meeting, when the attendance of members was quite satisfactory.

On 21—1—35 Mr. Raghavachari, B. Sc., delivered a lecture on "Isotopes" under the presidency of Mr. Raghavendrachar, V B. Sc. (Hons.) class. The lecturer explained how the idea of isotopes originated from the study of Radio-activity and gave an account of the Positive Ray analysis and Aston's mass spectroscopy.

The last ordinary meeting for the year was held on 22—2—35 when Mr. S. Srinivasan V (Hons.) read a paper on the Crystalline State, Mr. V. Sankaran presiding. The paper dealt with the several aspects of the crystalline state and detailed the work of the Bragg brothers on the investigation of the same.

'The Constitutional History of the Stars' formed the subject of the valedictory address of the Society delivered by Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar under the presidency of Mr. P. E. Subramania Iyer. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides and the audience was kept well amused by the lecturer's characteristic wit and humour. Every one was pleased to

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be taken by the lecturer from one star to another sometimes hundreds of light years away, specially as the journey was performed within a few seconds and that, "free of charge." He gave an account of the units adopted in astronomical science and explained the methods of measuring mass, size, temperature, internal pressure etc. of the stars. He traced the evolution of the stars from nebulae or primordial matter through the various stages of existence and finally showed how they too like erring mortals retrace their steps and return to their primitive obscurity.

Thus the Society closed its activities for the year with eight ordinary meetings, the subjects chosen at all these being most modern. It is also a matter for congratulation that with the rising thirst for the study of the up-to-date developments in science the Secretary has had little difficulty to get lecturers and much less to canvass for the audience.

In conclusion I have great pleasure in thanking all those who have contributed to the success of the Society's activities and particularly the President for his kind and paternal interest in our well-being.

R. C. RAMAKRISHNAN,
Secretary.

IV. The Mathematics Association

The New Year began with an extraordinary meeting when Mr. N. Ananthakrishna Iyer, B.A. (Hons.) of the Physics department delivered a very thorough-going and enlivening lecture on "The Astrophysical Aspects of the Universe". Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar, M.A. occupied the chair. There was a fairly full house, Rev. Fr. Pruvot our President himself setting an example (which many another could copy with advantage) by staying throughout the lecture. Astronomy is still a kind of "best seller" for our Society.

The next lecture was by Mr. Suryanarayana Iyer, M.A. on "Newton's Theorem." The subject was treated quite mathematically—that is, with lucidity, rigour and terseness—and was followed throughout by the audience (a very rare event!)

Now followed two ordinary meetings within the month of February. In the first, Mr. N. Narayanan, III U. C. read a paper on "Some Hindu Mathematicians." Mr. Renganatha Iyer, M.A. presided. The paper proved quite interesting and it was therefore a great pity that more of our members were not there to appreciate it. The very name "Ordinary

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meeting" seems enough to scare our audience away. They anticipate, often quite unjustly an atmosphere of boredom. In the end they discourage even the most enthusiastic lecturer to such effect, that if at one meeting the secretaries have difficulty in finding an audience, at the next the difficulty is over the lecturer himself.

Our concluding lecture was delivered by Mr. A. Swaminathan, IV Hons. (Br. IV) with Rev. Fr. Carty in the chair. The subject was "Mathematics in Economics." Our audience had not yet recovered fully from its "Depression," economic or mathematical we dare not say. The lecture proved quite instructive. After Rev. Fr. Carty's felicitous winding up the meeting ended with the usual vote of thanks.

B. VISVANATHAN,
S. SUBBAYYAN,
Secretaries.

V. The Sanskrit Samajam

Owing to the scare of the approaching examinations, the third term is a period more of private than of public activities and the members of our Samajam, then, were more active in their own closets than in the lecture-halls of the Samajam. But, we have not been *quite* idle. We held two ordinary meetings and two competitions in the third term.

On 1st Feb. 1935, Mr. Venkoba Row of the III U. C. read a paper on Kalidasa's similes. In his paper which was written in elegant Sanskrit, he pointed out the several merits of Kalidasa's similes, their aptness, their variety and their charm. Illustrating his points with profuse quotations from the works of the poet, he established that Kalidasa was the greatest master of similes in Sanskrit Literature. The President of the Samajam who took the chair on the occasion congratulated the speaker on his power of expression in Sanskrit.

On 16th Feb. 1935, Mr. Bhoovaraha Moorti of the II U. C. read a paper in English on "The State of Society depicted in Dasakumaracharita". He dwelt at length on the cultural, political and religious aspects of the civilization which forms the background of the romantic tales of the Dasakumaracharita of Dandin and substantiated his views with readings from the work.

In the last week of February the Samajam held two competitions, an extempore Sanskrit speech competition for the members of the B. A., B.Sc.,

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and Hons. classes and an elocution contest for the members of the Intermediate classes, at both of which Revd. Fr. T. N. Siqueira, S.J. and the President of our Samajam acted as Judges. Though at the outset we had great fears about the possibility of securing a sufficient number of Sanskrit orators, we were thrown into a pleasant surprise when more than ten competitors entered the lists. Sanskrit oratory may appear an anachronism, but, never mind, there can be no doubt about its educative value. The success of our function quite justified our departure from the usual essay competition. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Venkoba Row, III U. C. and the second to Mr. C. G. Krishnan, IV U. C.

There were ten competitors for the Elocution contest, who recited Sanskrit passages of their own choice. Most of the passages selected were devotional lyrics from commonplace sources and the Judges observed that standard passages from the classics of Sanskrit Literature would have better suited the purpose. The first prize was awarded to Mr. M. Ganesan and the second to Mr. B. S. Swaminathan, both of the I U. C.

It is proper that this report should end with an expression of our gratitude to our benefactors. We cordially thank M.R.Ry. K. Natesa Iyer Avl., M.A., L.T., District Educational Officer (Retd.), Rao Sahib M.R.Ry. V. Raja Iyer Avl., B.A., Chief Auditor, S. I. Ry. (Retd.) and M.R.Ry. T. K. Balasubrahmanya Iyer Avl., B.A., Proprietor of Vani Vilas Press, Srirangam, for their generous donations towards the prizes.

C. G. KRISHNAN,
Secretary.

VI. தமிழ்ச்சங்கம்

தமிழ்ச்சங்கம் இவ்வாண்டிலும் தனது தொண்டைப்புரிய 1934-ம் ஆண்டு ஜூலை 27-ந் தேதி தொடங்கப்பெற்றது. அவ்வமயம் திருச்சிராப்பள்ளி கல்வி இலாகாத்தலைவராக இருந்த உயர் திரு. K. V. சுப்பையா ஐயர், M.A. அவர்கள் தலைமை தாங்கிச் சங்கத்தின் தொடக்க உரையை வழங்கினார்கள்.

நமது சங்கத்தின் பேராதரவில் மாணவர்களையன்றிப் பல ஆசிரியர்களும் அறிவுரைகள் நிகழ்த்தினர். சென்ற ஆகஸ்ட் மாதம் 29-ந் தேதி சென்னை மஹா மஹோபாத்தியாய தாக்ஷிணத்ய கலாநிதி டாக்டர் உ. வெ. சுவாமிநாதய்யர் அவர்கள் நமது அவைக்குத்தலைமை வகித்தார்கள். அவர்களது பெருமையை எவருமறிவர். அன்றாளுக்கு நாளையோடு 80-வது ஆண்டு நிறைவுற்று 81-வது ஆண்டு துவங்குகிறது. அவர்கள் நீழி வாழ்க! அண்ணல் தலைமை

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வகித்த காலத்து வீரமாமுனிவர் முதலிய பேரறிஞர்களுடைய தமிழறிவைப் பற்றி விளக்கிக்கூறினார்கள்; வித்வான் ஜகந்நாத அய்யர் அவர்கள் காவியச்சுவை என்ற பொருள் பற்றிப்பேசி எவரையும் மகிழ்வுறுத்தினார்கள்.

பிறகு ஆங்கில மொழிப்புலவராகிய திருவாளர் K. சின்னசாமி ஐயர், M.A. அவர்கள் 'ஆங்கிலமும் தமிழும்' என்ற பொருள்பற்றியும் சரித்திரப்போசிரியரான T. சீனிவாசன் அவர்கள் 'அயல்நாட்டுப்பெரியாரும் அருந்தமிழும்' என்ற பொருள்பற்றியும் சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்கள். இவர்கள் எங்கள்பால் காட்டிய அன்பை ஒருபொழுதும் மறவேம்.

வழக்கம்போற் சொல்வன்மைப்போட்டி இவ்வாண்டும் நிகழ்ந்தது. அதில் B. A. வகுப்பில் திரு. A. நாராயணசாமி முதற் பரிசையும் திரு. ப. சிதம்பரம் இரண்டாவது பரிசையும் அடைந்தனர். இண்டர்மீடியேட் வகுப்பில் திரு. N. ராமநாதன், திரு. J. ஹென்றிதாஸ் ஆகிய இருவரும் முறையே முதல் பரிசையும் இரண்டாவது பரிசையும் பெற்றனர்.

இச்சங்கத்தில் இடையறாத அன்பு காட்டிய எமது ஆசிரியர்கட்கும் மாணவர்கட்கும் என்னுடைய நன்றி உரியதாகும். சங்கத்தின் முன்னேற்றத்திலேயே கண்ணுங் கருத்துமாயிருந்தும் எமக்கு எப்பொழுதும் ஊக்கத்தையளித்தும், நமது சங்கம் செவ்வனே நடக்கப் பேருதவியளித்த பிரிய தமிழாசிரியாவர்கட்கும் எனது நன்றியறிதலைத் தெரிவித்துக்கொள்ளுகிறேன்.

ஈ. வெ. முத்துசாமி,
அமைச்சன்.

VII. The Malayalee Samaj

We held three meetings during the third term of 1934-35, and celebrated the anniversary, along with the other Societies, on 4-3-'35.

Mr. P. Joseph Kurian, III (Hons.) winner of the First Prize in the Extempore Speech contest in November, presided over the meeting held on 21-1-'35. Mr. C. L. Antony, II U. C., spoke on 'Development of the Vernacular'. Giving expression to the wide-spread grief over the neglect of the mother-tongue, the lecturer pointed out practical ways of creating an interest in and promoting the development of the vernacular.

Mr. Thomas J. Arouge, II U. C. spoke on 'Happiness—Genuine and Unreal' in the meeting held on Feb. 8th 1935. Mr. P. T. Chacko of III U. C. presided.

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Our valedictory meeting was held on the last day of February under the Presidency of Mr. M. J. Kuriakose, B.A., Mr. Nicholas Rochy, III U. C. and Mr. A. K. Paul of the same class presented arguments for and against making the vernacular the medium of instruction in High Schools. As the question concerned only the High Schools, the audience voted with an easy mind, and in large majority, for the motion. Whether they would change their opinions when they will be actually called upon to take up the work of teaching in High Schools, can only be conjectured. Perhaps they have left the High School with a vengeance and never mean to return to it.

To draw the conclusion: Our members are very much pre-occupied with the questions of vernaculars, but other problems of life are not neglected.

JOSEPH T. PEREIRA,
Secretary.

Field Notes

IN summing up the record of our College Athletic clubs for the year 1934-35, we have to note items on the debit and on the credit side, to which our attention is at once drawn. On the debit side, we have to notice the insufficiency of our playgrounds. We cannot boast of adequate accommodation for our athletic enthusiasts particularly in Hockey and Badminton. Moreover, Cricket and Playground Ball, which have been introduced in almost all big colleges, have yet to reach us; and this is obviously owing to the playground problem.

But let us turn to the brighter side, the credits. Here it must be said that our college teams have done their best against strong opponents. During the year we have won District Championships in Football, Volleyball and Basketball: and should have easily annexed the Inter-Collegiate Athletic and Tennis trophies had the competitions been held. The second item on our credit sheet is the unstinted encouragement and valuable help offered by the College Games Committee to the captains in their administrative work. Thirdly, the membership in all our athletic clubs has shown a steady increase, with the result that the scramble for place has been frequently far too embarrassing even to the most resourceful captain. Lastly must be mentioned the spirit of fairplay which our teams have maintained in spite of the almost contagious temptation to infringe the code of sportsmanship that has so often faced them when they were pitted against certain outside teams. We are glad to say that the morale exhibited by our teams has been in conformity with the highest sporting tradition of our college.

Football

Our Football Club was in full swing soon after the reopening of the college; and any one strolling into the ground of an evening when a game was in progress could have noticed quite a big crowd waiting for their chance, however remote it might be. The same enthusiasm was shown in Dr. Mathuram's Tournament which drew seven entries, and provided exciting matches. In the District Athletic Association Tournaments we won the Sevens. It is regrettable however that we lost the Elevens, the more so as our team had been trained to a fine edge for the contest and

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had scored a decisive victory over the winners in a previous friendly match. The fault as Cassius grievously failed to observe was not in ourselves, but in our stars.

Hockey

Hockey proved a great attraction for our boys this year. More sticks, more evenings and more matches have been the demand. No wonder then that the Principal's Cup Tournament drew 9 entries, and provided keen contests. The Hons. Team derided in the past as being no good on the sporting field surpassed all expectations by heaving their way to the Finals in which they did not yield easily to the B. Sc. Team, avowedly their superiors.

Thanks to the practice we receive in a number of matches with the U. T. C. and the Municipal Recreation Club we put up a glorious fight in the Trichy Dt. Athletic Association Tournament against the Y. M. C. A. team made up of the best local talent. We drew twice in the Finals in spite of extra-time, and lost the third day by an odd goal.

Badminton

The outstanding Badminton event in the year was the Warden's Cup Tournament which drew 14 teams and ended in victory to the Trichy Friends. The fight which the Hitlers put up against the Winners was an impressive proof not only of the fitness of our young athletes but also of the high skill and vigour called into play by a game which is too often facetiously regarded as a "soft" game. Our teams took part in T. A. A. and Bishop Heuman Memorial Tournaments, and played friendly matches with Kumbakonam College and "Kadambar," Kulitalai. Though we won only the last we were not ingloriously defeated in the other fixtures.

Tennis

Tennis continues to be the favourite game of all those who can afford it, and is attracting an ever increasing number. The initial challenge rounds and the number of informal fixtures in the course of the year have tended to improve the standard of our game to an appreciable extent. There was a large number of entries for the College Tournaments, 32 in Singles and 17 in Doubles. G. N. Krishnaswamy annexed trophies in Singles and Doubles, ably assisted by P. V. Srinivasan in the latter. We

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take this opportunity to tender our grateful thanks to Mr. S. K. Sethuroyar of Urkad, an Old Boy, for his liberal donation towards prizes for the Tournaments.

Basketball

Basketball drew quite a big number of votaries. There were 8 entries for Fr. Leigh's Cup Tournament, and the final match between the IV U. C. and Hons. Teams provided exciting thrills, ending in victory to the former. Our Senior Team achieved splendid success in the Dt. Athletic Association Tournament by defeating both Bishop Heber High School and Y. M. C. A. The elusive tactics of Boopaldas proved an unforgettable piece of sheer delight. There could not have been a better co-ordination of Brain and Muscle.

Volleyball

Volleyball enjoys a steady popularity, so much so it is still a solemn puzzle to all why the Superintendents Shield Tournament did not draw as many entries as it did in the past. The II U. C. deserves to be congratulated on their final victory especially as it is the first time that they vanquish their seniors. Outside, the College Team has had a brilliant season as usual. They won the Dt. Championship for the 4th year in succession. That they have attained a standard in the game of which any Club may be proud was clearly proved when a team composed mainly of our veterans won laurels at Negapatam.

Tenikoit

Our expectation of a tournament in Tenikoit was at last fulfilled this year, thanks to the efforts of Rev. Fr. Sequeira, S.J. 14 teams aspired for championship. This game is still a hostel affair. It is however hoped that with the opening of more courts on other grounds and with the institution of a trophy for this game Tenikoit will enjoy greater popularity.

Athletics

The two outstanding athletic events in the year were the College Annual Sports held on 31st Oct. '34, and the Dt. Sports held in the last week of Jan. 35. The College Sports were run with the usual eclat, and A. S. Davaraj annexed the Minakshisundaram Athletic Championship Cup

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and the College Athletic Medal, for the second year in succession. Capt. C. B. Ponnappa, Commandant, 5th Madras University Training Corps, gave away the trophies and medals, and exhorted the student gathering to strive for a harmonious combination of a good brain and a strong muscle. In the District Sports it is regretted that we were deprived of the Inter-Collegiate competition, since our sister college did not participate. It is gratifying however that ultimately we secured the 2nd rank in the competition against the Non-Collegiate institutions.

May the same spirit with which we do our best for our ALMA MATER carry us through successfully in our future life! We cannot do better than to quote the following lines from Henry Newbolt which admirably sum up the same spirit:—

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"
This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

"S"

The Anniversary of College Societies

(Academic and Athletic)

4th March 1935

FOLLOWING the custom of recent years, the College Societies and Athletic Associations held a combined Anniversary meeting this year too. The need of cutting down ceremonial functions during the last term to the strict minimum, and the obvious wisdom of rendering these as effective as possible dictated this combination. And once again the success of the function justified the step. The glittering display of sporting trophies and medals, the athletic figures of the sports champions, gave a colour and a dash to the function which a merely literary reunion could not have achieved. And the close association of College Athletics with Literary and Scientific Societies gives to the former a worth and significance which the cultivation of mere physical prowess cannot lay claim to.

We were very happy to have as President of the function a distinguished and devoted Old Boy Khan Bahadur Kalifulla Sahib Bahadur, M.A., B.L., M.L.C. He had accepted our invitation at a very busy moment, and he came to us in spite of a good deal of personal inconvenience. The applause was all the heartier therefore as he entered the Hall, punctual to the minute, at 5 P.M. and took the chair. Reverend Fr. Rector too honoured us with his presence that day. There was a very representative gathering of students and members of the Staff. Among the distinguished guests we noticed with pleasure Mr. Narayanaswami Pillai, M.L.C. The function began with the reading of the Reports. They were drawn up with commendable brevity, and more pleasing still, now and then spiced with humour. For the most part also they were read clearly and loudly. The audience gave no signs of being restive. The distribution of prizes too went off smoothly. We have no painful recollection of any prize-winner standing awkwardly on the stage, hastily withdrawing his hand, the President embarrassed looking behind, while two or three nervous figures are fumbling in the background, looking for the required prize.

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The President's speech was admirable in its brevity, simplicity and vigour. He developed a familiar theme: the importance, nay the necessity, of extra-curricular activities in any scheme of education; of the difference such activities made in after life. There was conviction in the speaker's voice as he said these things. And coming from a "successful man", the testimony was precious.

Needless to say that the occasion was rendered festive by the welcome presence of the College Band and other items in lighter vein. G. Jegannathan, III B. Sc. enacted "Launce and his Dog" from *Two Gentlemen of Verona* with a real live dog on the stage, to the immense amusement of the audience. Fr. Siqueira gave a violin solo. Everybody knew that it was one of the last public functions in which he would take part here. His appearance was greeted with prolonged applause.

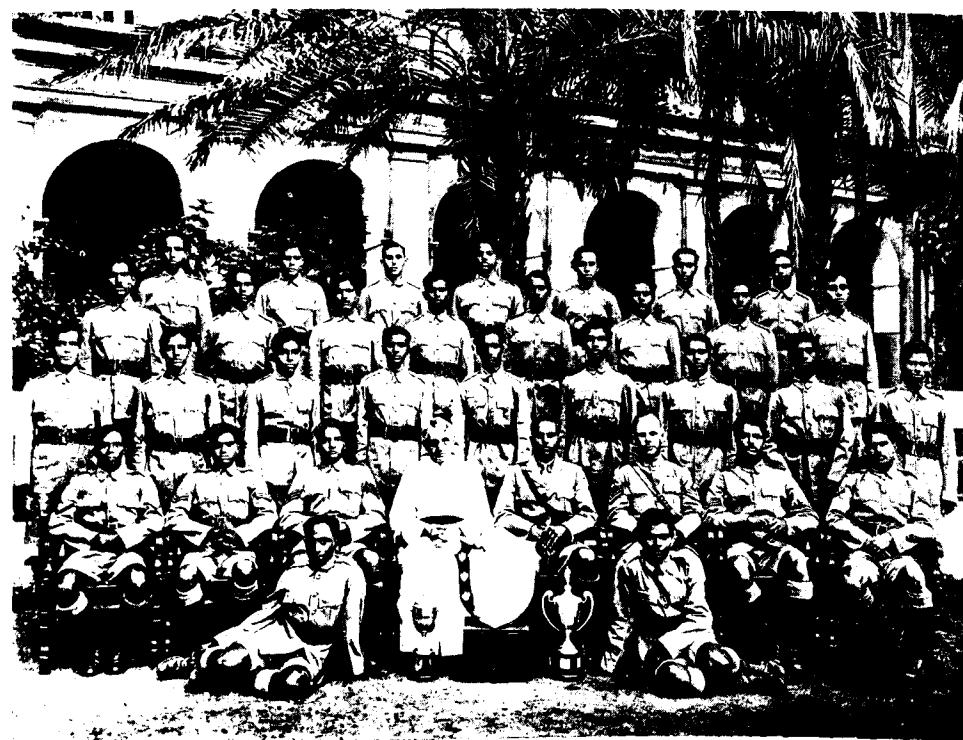
With a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Totadri Iyengar with all the sparkle we have learnt to expect from him, the gathering dispersed.



ATHLETICS AND GAMES TROPHIES, 1934 - '35



WINNERS IN THE ATHLETICS AND SPORTS COMPETITIONS 1934 - '35



THE 13 PLATOON "D" COY., 5th M. U. T. C.
winners of

1. Father Leigh Platoon Championship Shield
2. Sir T. Desikachari Cup (Musketry)
3. Dr. A. Mathuram Cup (Drill)

—Photo by J. Ponniah

U: T. C. Notes 1934-35

THE year under review stands out as showing the high water mark in our record. The keen spirit which made possible a fairly high standard of efficiency and discipline, the healthy rivalry for military and athletic distinctions which brought about the inauguration of inter-platoon competitions, the *esprit de corps* which was the keynote of all our efforts and achievements, and other signs of vitality shown by our cadets and N. C. O's should be a source of encouragement to us not only to maintain our position, but to make even greater progress towards the attainment of a higher water mark in the near future.

Strength

When the strength of our college contingent was raised last year from two to three platoons, some timorous friends of ours doubted if we could furnish our full quota straightaway. It is a pleasure for us to be able to report that we had without difficulty our full complements of cadets numbering altogether 119. We are even more pleased that this strength was remarkably sustained throughout the year, thanks to there being no "skrimshankers".

Attendance

Attendance on parades was all that could be desired. The neck-and-neck race between 13 and 14 Platoons for the first rank in Attendance Competition is one of our pleasant recollections of the year's events. It is even more gratifying that we were present to a man in Camp; and in this we have certainly beaten our record. The ponderous Attendance Cup of the Battalion which is now guarded by Father Leigh's Pythons in our College Museum will bear eloquent testimony to our creditable record of attendance.

Training

That the state of our training was fairly high is no surprise to those who have sweated for it. The bi-weekly grind on the Roger's Ground had helped much to pound the Recruits into shape, while the "Quickening Exercises" through which our Trained Cadets were first put had early

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aroused them from any mooning propensity so inviting in the dull sun-baked plains during summer. We were therefore fast becoming hard as nails. "Keen as mustard, one and all", remarked Major A. C. Taylor, Officer Commanding Trichinopoly, as he judged our Inter-platoon Drill competition, though our fastidious but well-meaning Commandant would add the words,—“Still, one would wish for more”. It is not for us to question the privilege of Commanding Officers to ask for more. And we must confess that it was for the lack of that something more that we failed to annex the Battalion Drill and Guard-Mountain Cups. True, we had the gem of a Serjeant in Pisharoty*, who commanded the Guard as to the manner born. But we lacked a clean finish, and that put us out of the running.

Musketry

But our unique triumphs in Musketry amply compensate for our reverses in Drill and Gd. Mounting Competitions. We won both Trained Cadets'† and Recruits' Musketry Cups. Who will therefore regret the mornings we gave to learn—almost to the point of ennui—how to perform the loading motions rapidly, how to bring the backsights and foresights into an undeviating line with the base of the bull's-eye, and how to press the trigger without snapping, flinching, or wriggling the body? we have surely learnt the unforgettable lesson that a soldier who cannot use his rifle is merely an expense to the state and a free gift to the enemy.

Discipline

Nor did we lag behind in discipline. We had learnt that immediate and willing compliance with orders is the hall mark of the true soldier, and that our Company had established a fair reputation for discipline. We endeavoured to maintain the honour of our Company, and met with creditable success. There were consequently few “Crime Reports” during the year; and we had no “Extra-Guards” or “Night Sanitary Police” to provide in Camp, whoever else did it for dereliction of duty. This itself is no small compliment to us!

Annual Camp

It is now an old story how greatly we enjoyed our Annual Camp held at Pallavaram from the 10th to 23rd of December, 1934. Fresh air,

* There has been a complimentary reference to this Sgt. in B. O. dated 5-1-1935.

† We share this trophy with No. 16 (National) Platoon.

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extensive grounds, hard training, healthy grub as well as clean and comfortable living—thanks to the unwearying efforts of our Commandant and his Staff—, all these began to weave their spell on us soon after our arrival in Camp. We put our shoulders to the wheel and went through Camp training most cheerfully. We also learnt the lesson that to be in Camp is to be on the *qui vive*.

The visit of Major General G. Fleming, C.B.E., D.S.O., our District Commander, on 17-12-34 is a pleasant recollection to us. He stayed in our Camp the whole morning inspecting our Battalion at work as well as Camp arrangements and the state of all company lines. We are happy to learn that he was pleased with everything he saw. Among other visitors in Camp mention must be made of Mr. R. Littlehailes, our Vice-Chancellor, who showed his great interest in our doings.*

The Camp competitions provided the usual thrills, and brought us a decent share of laurels. We bagged the two Musketry Cups, the Battalion Recruits' Best Shot Cup,† the Attendance Cup, and the Cross Country Championship Cup**. Our Athletes won medals in Shot Put, Half-mile and Mile Races, besides Runner-up medals in Inter-Company Football League. Our Footballers had been trained to a fine edge, but lack of foresight balked them of the trophy. Perhaps it is a blessing in disguise to be a runner-up, because then one has so much to look forward to and to work for. R. L. Stevenson's philosophical remark—“it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive”—will be of great comfort to our disappointed players.

Inter-Platoon Competitions

After Camp our interest crystallised itself in the various competitions for Platoon Championship. Great excitement prevailed over the fight for the possession of the three lovely trophies newly founded this year. We wish to congratulate 13 Platoon on its brilliant victory, though we are not without praise for the keenness of the other Platoons, especially 14 Platoon which ran a close second to its more fortunate rival.

*Editor's Note :—The Chronicler fails to note among important Camp events the success of Lieut. V. Sundaresan, the Company Commander, in the Promotion examination to Captain's rank. Earlier in the year similar success had been gained by 2/Lieut. P. R. Subramaniam, the Company Sports Officer, and he has since been promoted to Lieutenant. We are credibly informed that both our Officers had passed with distinction, and we extend our hearty congratulations to them.

† Won by cadet J. A. Rodriguez.

** Won by cadet Victor Anbu.

U. T. C. NOTES 1934-35

The distribution of trophies took place on the 13th of February, 1935, in the Lawley Hall. Dewan Bahadur Sir T. Desikachari, Kt. presided on the occasion, and Mrs. Ponnappa was good enough to give away the prizes. Lieut. V. Sundaresan welcomed the guests and thanked Mr. V. Saranatha Iyengar, Dr. A. Mathuram and the student donors for their generosity in founding the trophies*. Speaking about the day's function he said that it was not organized with the idea of pomp and ceremony, for the U. T. C. with its habiliments of war was having enough of external grandeur about it. Prize distributions for academic distinctions always encouraged keen competition among the students; and in the same way, he thought, there was every reason to expect that the function that evening would add to the zest of the cadets to live their life much better, and be animated by the competitive spirit which makes largely for success.

Rev. Father Leigh expressed his gratefulness to the students past and present for founding a cup in his name without his being aware of it himself, and exhorted the cadets to carry with them the spirit of the U. T. C.

Captain C. B. Ponnappa thanked the Principals and the Officers for their whole-hearted co-operation and advised the cadets to join the Indian Territorial Force after leaving College and improve on what they had learnt.

The President made a felicitous speech giving his pleasant recollections of his association with the Indian Defence and Territorial Forces, and expressed his pleasure at the efficient working of our Company. This, he said, was a practical repudiation of the charge of lack of interest in martial training and discipline on the part of the youths of this country. He hoped that arrangements would soon be made for every boy emerging out of the University to be given some training in arms and be imbued with a martial spirit, so that he could become a civilised and useful unit of society.

Rev. Father D'Souza, our Principal, proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Ponnappa and the President, and the function terminated with "God Save The King".

- *1. Platoon Championship Shield founded by students in honour of Rev. C. Leigh, S.J.
- 2. Musketry cup founded in honour of Sir T. Desikachari, Kt. by Mr. V. Saranatha Iyengar, Principal, National College.
- 3. Drill cup founded by Dr. A. Mathuram.

U. T. C. NOTES 1934-35

Our Cadets at the University Examinations

It would perhaps be not out of place here to remark that the year was a landmark not only from the Corps point of view, but also as regards the academic success of our cadets. Bare figures will be more eloquent than commentaries.

Class	No. appeared	No. passed	Percentage	Remarks
Final Hons. ...	2	2	100	1 Second Class
B. Sc. ...	7	6	86	3 " " " one of whom is Pres. I in Chemistry
B. A. ...	20	{ Pt. I 13 Pt. II 18 Pt. III 15	{ 65 90 75	{ 6 Second Classes 1 First " 5 Second "
Intermediate...	12	{ Full Pass 4 Pt. I 10 Pt. II 8 Pt. III 6	{ 33 80 57 50	2 First Classes

We are indeed proud of Lce/Cpl. Sivaramakrishnan (Presidency Rank in B.Sc. Chemistry), of our I class trio, Cdts. Victor Anbu, P. R. Ravuthan and P. S. Viswanathan, and of our Under-Officers Muthia and Venkataraman who are now full-fledged Graduates, the former with a double II class. Well done, comrades!

Farewell and Welcome

The Officers and N. C. Os. were "At Home" on the 14th of Feb. '35 to S/Sgt. and Mrs. Rex on the eve of their departure to England on a year's furlough. S/Sgt. Rex had been with us since October 1931. Thorough in his instructions to N. C. Os., prompt in detecting and whipping a lazy squad into activity, keen on getting us all to "shoot straight", and right earnest about raising our general efficiency, he identified

himself with our Company so completely that his departure caused no small regret to all of us. We welcome in his place S/Sgt. Weaver, and are confident that we shall have in him a popular, keen and efficient instructor.

Conclusion

In conclusion it is our pleasant duty to place on record our sincere gratitude to the Rev. Father Rector who encourages us unostentatiously and not only wished us "Godspeed" as we streamed out for Camp in full panoply from the College Quadrangle, but gave us a holiday in honour of our triumphs. Such kind encouragement will surely act as a fillip to our endeavours to prove worthy of our Alma Mater.

"S"

In Memoriam

Mgr. A. Faisandier, S.J., Bishop of Trichinopoly

THE Rt. Rev. Dr. Augustine Faisandier, S.J., our beloved Bishop, died at Shembaganur, on 25 May, 1935. It was his wish to die in harness. This desire was granted him, for he passed away to his eternal reward while still engaged in administering the Diocese. Old and feeble as he was, he was eager to officiate at the Ordination of his dear Priests on 6 April. But the fatigue consequent on such a long and tiring ceremony was so great that he thought it wise to proceed immediately to Kodaikanal. To one who saw him there it was clear that the end could not be far off—so broken and emaciated he looked. Even April in Kodaikanal was too cold for him, and so he was brought down to Shembaganur. But the change brought about no improvement in his health. For the first few days he seemed to rally, but soon his increasing feebleness and constant fever confined him to his room. Exactly a fortnight before the end the last Sacraments were administered to him. On 24 May his condition became serious, and on the 25, at 3 o'clock in the morning, while the Bishop of Tuticorin, Mgr. Roche, was reciting the prayers for the dying, our venerable Prelate passed away.

Dr. Faisandier was born on 30 June, 1853, at Le Puy-en-Velay, in France. He joined the Society of Jesus when he was twenty-one, and came to the Madura Mission in 1889. It is interesting to know that this great Bishop started life in the Mission as a Professor of Political Economy in our own College. From here he went to Shembaganur to be Master of Novices and Rector of the Sacred Heart College, the Jesuit Seminary. His success there led to his appointment as Superior of the Mission in 1905. Shortly after he was consecrated Bishop as Coadjutor to Mgr. Barthe. When Mgr. Barthe resigned in 1914, Mgr. Faisandier took up the reins of government and held them to the day of his death. His achievements are too numerous to be recorded in detail in a short notice. Suffice it to say that he is responsible for the creation of the new diocese of Tuticorin from a part of his own, and of a new and flourishing Seminary. Surely his was a memorable and fruitful administration, and we have no doubt that after such glorious and prolonged labours for his Divine Master he was welcomed Home with the consoling words: "Well done, good and faithful servant: because thou hast been faithful over a

IN MEMORIAM

few things, I will place thee over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The demise of MR. M. C. RAJAGOPALA NAIDOO in his residence at Srirangam on Monday, 11th February, at the age of 62 has deprived the sphere of secondary education of a veteran worker, the High School, Srirangam, of an able Headmaster and St. Joseph's of a devoted Former Pupil.

Mr. Naidoo's father, Mr. Kathivadu Munisamy Naidoo, was a Subhedar in the British Army. Born on 15th March 1873, Rajagopal was educated for the main part at St. Joseph's, from where after a bright career as a student, he took his degree in 1895, with a I class in Physics. He served his Alma Mater for a short period as a teacher in the High School. Then after a brief service as an assistant in some other High Schools and as the Headmaster of the Girls' School at Nazareth, he took up the administration of the Srirangam High School. The 34 years of Mr. Naidoo's Headmastership have elevated the school of Srirangam to its present important position.

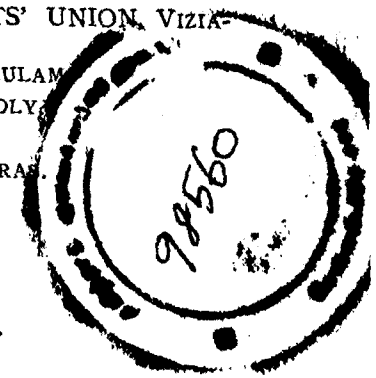
Mr. Naidoo's services were not confined to the narrow sphere of his own school. With his versatility and zeal, he has rendered since 1903, signal services in the wider Educational sphere, as a member of the S. S. L. C. Board and the Senate and as the Vice-President of the Headmaster's Association and of the Dt. Teachers' Guild, not to speak of his various services to the Public of Srirangam as the Director and President of many important Banks, as a Municipal Councillor and an Honorary Magistrate. After 40 years of unceasing service in the field of Education, Mr. Naidoo has gone to his well-earned rest. To his children and family, we offer our sympathy in their bereavement.

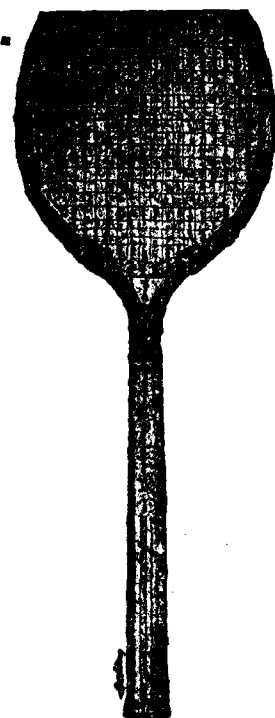
We record with regret the death of MR. A. MAHADEVAN, Lecturer in Mathematics, St. Xavier's College, Palamcottah. He had taken a II class in Math. Hons. in 1924. A hard worker, and a man of the most modest and unassuming disposition, he was a successful and popular teacher. He passed away at Kallidaikuruchi after a long illness of nearly a year. We offer our condolences to the family.

H. RAMAMOORTHY, a student of the I U. C. and member of Clive's Hostel, was carried off by typhoid a few days before the reopening of College. He was only 16 years old, of a quiet and shy disposition, well behaved and very well liked by his companions. We offer our sympathy to the parents and relatives.

Exchanges

THE ALOYSIAN, GALLE.
THE ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ANNUAL, MANGALORE.
THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADURA.
BLUE AND WHITE, ST. JOSEPH'S, COLOMBO.
BLUE AND WHITE MAGAZINE, ST. JOSEPH'S, BANGALORE.
THE CEDED DIST. COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ANANTAPUR.
THE COLLEGIAN, NIZAM COLLEGE, HYDERABAD.
CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY OF THE SCIENCE SOCIETY OF CHINA, VOL. IX, NOS. 2, 8-10; VOL. X, NOS. 2 & 3.
EXCELSIOR, ST. BERCHMANS' COLLEGE, CHANGANACHERY.
THE FERGUSON & WILLINGDON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, POONA.
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THE JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY.
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THE KING GEORGE MEDICAL COLLEGE CLINICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL, LUCKNOW.
THE K. R. HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MUTTRA.
THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE LAW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE LINGARAJ COLLEGE MISCELLANY, BELGAUM.
THE LOYOLA COLLEGE ANNUAL, MADRAS.
THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MADURA COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION, VIZIANAGARAM.
THE MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.
THE NATIONAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHINOPOLY.
OUR HOME MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
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Editor & Publisher : Rev. Fr. J. D'Souza, S.J., St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.
Printer : Rev. Br. F. M. Ponnuswamy, S.J., Supt., St. Joseph's I. S. Press, Trichy.—1935.