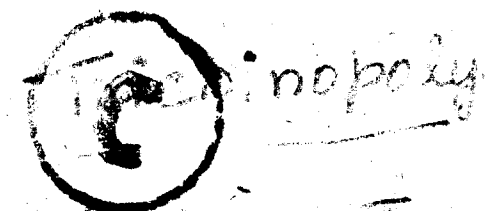


St. Joseph's college

Magazine



1935 - January

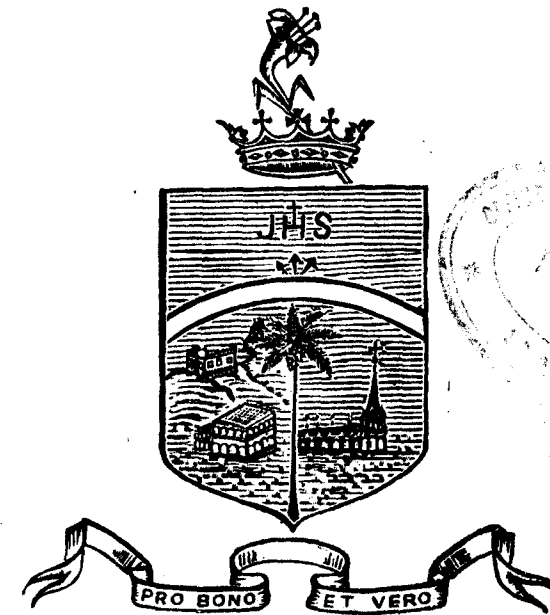
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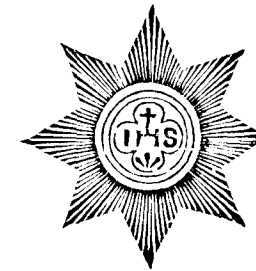


THE
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MAGAZINE

TRICHINOPOLY

JANUARY 1935

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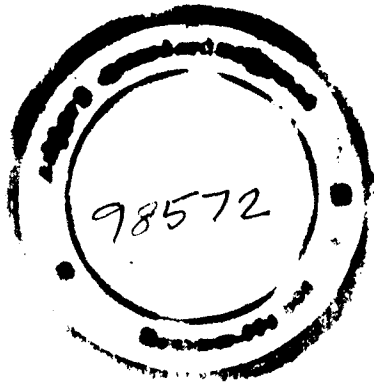


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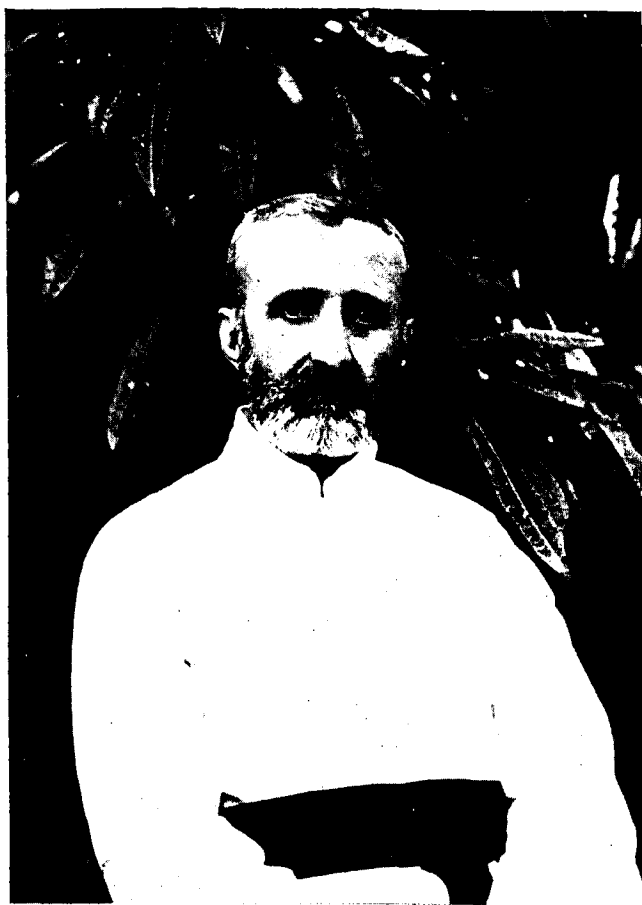


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REVEREND FATHER JOSEPH DEMAUX-LAGRANGE.
Superior of the Toulouse Province of the Society of Jesus.

The Holy Innocents

translated from the French of Charles Péguy¹

AT that time, the Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the child and mother, and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the child to destroy him. Who arose and took the child and his mother, and retired into Egypt: and he was there until the death of Herod. . . . Then Herod perceiving that he was deluded by the wise men, was exceeding angry: and sending killed all the men children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time that he had diligently inquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias the prophet saying: A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted because they are not. (*St. Matthew, Ch. II, vs. 13-18*)

Blessed are the undefiled in the way.

Beati immaculati in via.

Shall it be said, says God, that of so many saints and of so many martyrs

They alone shall be really white

Really pure.

That the only really stainless should be

The unhappy little ones whom Herod's soldiers

Massacred in their mothers' arms.

O holy Innocents, shall you then be the solitary

Holy Innocents, shall you be the white, the spotless ones?

Beati immaculati in via.

Blessed are the innocent, the unspotted in the way.

Ego sum via, veritas, et vita.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.

O holy Innocents, should it be said that you shall be, that you are

The only innocents

And that Francis himself, my servant, compared to you is not poor

And that my servant Saint Louis of the French

¹ We are grateful to the publishers of the works of Charles Péguy, the Librairie Gallimard, Paris, for permission to translate this passage. For a note on the author see below. "Among Books and Authors." The Catholic Church celebrates the Feast of the Holy Innocents on the 28th of December.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

Set beside you is not innocent.
Shall it then be said that there is in life, in earthly existence, such
bitterness, such lassitude
Such thanklessness
Such fading away
Such dimming
Such irrevocable aging of soul and body
Such being branded with ineffaceable lines
Such dulling as will never more be brightened
Such fever as will never more be cooled
A going down whence mounting again there is none.
Such a ruck in the memory, such inability to forget.
Such a vitiating principle; a wound, a crease at the corner of the
lips, such that the greatest sanctities of the world will not
smooth it out.
And that the highest holiness in the world will never equal
The unwrinkled lips, the souls that remember not, the unscathed
bodies
Of these great saints and these great martyrs
Who left their mothers' breast
Only to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.
And who knew naught of life, and received from life no cruel blow
Except the blow that gave them entry into the Kingdom of Heaven.
The only Christians assuredly who on earth had never heard of Herod
To whom on earth the name of Herod meant nothing at all.
Shall it be said that the greatest saintliness in the world
Lives of unbroken holiness
Will not undo the folds and smoothen out the wrinkles of the soul.
That the rack itself will not gain for martyrs
The special whiteness, the special firstness
The special wholeness
Of the very earliest
Innocent infancy.
And that what has been regained, fought for inch by inch, retaken,
conquered
Is not at all the same as that which never has been lost.

Prose, Verse & Poetry

By K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., Belgaum.

I

PROSE is ordinarily no more than common speech. Jourdain in the French play was surprised to know that all along he had been talking prose unconsciously. Naturally the business of words in common speech or prose is merely to 'state' or 'explain' or 'argue'. Such prose is devoid of any degree of feeling; in other words, prose by its very nature is not emotional. Moreover, prose being allied to casual speech, does not reveal any rhythmic form. Either the movement of the language is flat and dully even or, being full of jerks, it is staccato. We can always distinguish between the accented and unaccented syllables, but these do not resolve themselves into rhythmical patterns and do not lay claim to any musical quality.

Poetry, on the other hand, is language impregnated by feeling or emotion. Such language generally describes or interprets the beauty, the goodness and the truth that we find in Nature. The language is always rhythmic and the rhythm ebbs and flows with the rise and fall of the emotion that had caused it. The elevated prose of Burton, Browne, Berners and Malory is the result of thought being touched by emotion and thereby the rhythmic quality being heightened. There are many prose passages in the works of Pater, Meredith, Conrad, and in our own times, of Tomlinson and Llewelyn Powys which are pure poetry in the sense here defined.

The one thing common to prose and poetry, as just now explained, is that they are both spontaneous expressions of ideas, flat or elevated as they may chance to be. Verse, however, is a deliberate composition; it is a conscious art. "Verse" says Mr. W. H. Stephens, denotes "The method of expressing poetical ideas in metrical lines instead of prose sentences." That is to say, poetry becomes verse as well, when to the natural rhythm of the poetical sentences is superimposed the artificial strict rhythm of metre. In a merely poetical passage the pauses may come at the end of 12 or 16 or 20 syllables, varying according to the emotional pitch; in verse pauses must come at the end of every 10 or 8 or 6 syllables, according to the metre chosen.

Does the artificial imposition of metre on free rhythmical language damage the essence of poetry? This question has been one of the most debated in the history of criticism and war still rages around it. The task of the true artist in verse is to harmonise the two rhythms: the rhythm of the line, i.e. the unalterable metre, with the rhythmic cadence of the whole passage. If the first is made the dutiful slave of the second, then true poetic verse is achieved: and this is what Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth have done. If, however, the line-rhythm is made the master, then we have third-rate cacophonous verse, not poetry. Coleridge's view that metre is a check on the undue effervescence of emotional language is in fact true. Quiller-Couch's view that metre is there in order to give strict musical quality to the verse, is true also, since all art, most of all poetic verse, must aspire to a condition of music.

II

What is the difference between the diction of prose and the diction of poetry? By prose we may refer only to plain, scientific prose, not impassioned prose; and by poetry we may refer only to poetry in verse. Wordsworth said that there is no difference between the two dictions and there ought not to be. On the other hand, the 18th century neo-Classical prosodists and poets maintained that the dictions were a good deal different and largely mutually exclusive.

When speaking of poetic diction as being separate from the diction of prose, we refer to two things: first, the selection of words and second, the order of words. We find that poets often use words, too antiquated or too new-fangled, which in prose we should not dream of using. Similarly, we find often in poetry inversions in the order of words which are but very rarely met with in prose and even then are considered blemishes.

Professor John Livingston Lowes discusses this question at length and concludes that "it is not poetic diction that makes poetry". Fundamentally the words in prose have mere 'denotation' or 'extension'; in poetry, on the contrary, words have 'connotation' or 'intension'. Words *state* things in prose; words *express* things in poetry. Always in poetry "more is meant than meets the ear". There is a vast tract of language which is quite common to prose and poetry; but the same words which seem severely wooden in prose acquire in poetry a rare magic and are transformed (in Mr. Charles Morgan's suggestive phrase) into "winged squadrons of the spirit". The poet has waved his wand and has given to inanimate words such throbbing life.

In lines like—

"The rest is silence"

"They also serve who only stand and wait"

or "Soldiers are citizens of death's grey land"—

the words and the order in which they are used are just as in prose: and yet the lines are supreme poetry. Where then lies the difference? Professor Lowes answers: "Words have an emotional and imaginative as well as an intellectual content. The last is the chief determining factor in prose; it is the first which is powerfully operative in poetry."

Sometimes obsolete words and outlandish words combined with inversions have given a new glow to poetry. These artistic devices if used intelligently and sparingly are admissible in poetry; but if they become the tyrannical master, poetry dies upon the instant. "Poppy" and "mandragora" in the well-known passage in "Othello" and the delicate "echoes" in Eliot's "The Waste Land" are vastly evocative indeed: but much of the verse of Ezra Pound and E. E. Cummings are to us (the uninitiated) no more than an old curiosity shop.

Snake-Catching

or

The Innocents at Home; and Abroad

A One-act play, in five scenes : with a Commentary.

by C. Leigh, S.J.

- Characters.** Adam
Innocents at home; namely Eve and a party of friends
Innocents abroad
Two snake-catchers; scantily dressed; a blanket over the shoulder.
One of them holds a gourd fitted with mouth-piece and stem (makudi *मकुदी* or *मकुदी*), for making music; the other a flat, round, wicker basket, and a small bag containing odds and ends.
- Scene of Action.** A garden with a bungalow, dilapidated outhouses, shrubs, and a rubbish heap; anywhere in India, north or south.
- Preliminaries.** Preparations for the play behind the scenes; juggler number one or number two drops a couple of fangless cobras and a viper over the garden wall, or places them in a likely spot; or keeps one or other about him in his cloth or blanket, handy.

SCENE I

THE jugglers present themselves at the bungalow, and offer to catch snakes. The offer is eagerly accepted; for guests recently arrived from home are staying with Adam and Eve, and are desirous of seeing how the thing is done, the more so that they have heard or read all about it "don't you know. What luck!"

The jugglers start operations: they go to the garden or outhouses. One puts the makudi to his lips, and draws from it a weird droning sound, which to a mere Sassenach like me, who has no right to have any opinion on the subject, resembles not too remotely the skirl of bagpipes.

Eve and the rest of the Innocents follow, nervous and expectant, at a distance.

For some time nothing happens; the piper skips and hops and circles about, and continues to play. But where is his assistant?

SNAKE-CATCHING

SCENE II

The piper sways to and fro, dodges about, and darts into a cluster of shrubs. "Got him?" "No—nothing." The Innocents begin to feel disappointed; "the man is a fraud!" Suddenly the piping stops; the music won't come, he tells you, blow he never so hard. He puffs out his cheeks, but there is not a sound produced as his fingers rise and fall on the stops; so there must be a cobra somewhere about. At last, after many contortions, with a shout of triumph he drags a reptile by the tail out of the bushes; pins down its head with his stick, seizes it at the neck with his thumb and forefinger, and holds it up before the Innocents, who stand with open mouths, wondering. Adam, however, who knows something about snakes, placidly smokes his pipe, noticing that there is less fight in this cobra than one would expect, and that it does not writhe and try to bite as a wild cobra most certainly would.

SCENE III

The juggler meanwhile handles his capture carelessly, and gets bitten on the finger or back of the hand. He holds his wrist tight in an apparent agony of pain; and under the pressure two or three drops of blood ooze out and trickle down his finger. His assistant thereupon takes out of the bag a small black stone (charred bone or horn) and a bit of root; puts the stone on the puncture or scratch, where it adheres, and with the root strokes the arm from the elbow downward to the wounded member.

After a few minutes, during which the Innocents hold their breath and hope for the best, the stone falls, and the victim announces himself cured. The cobra is put into the basket.

"Gentlemen Innocents, the performance is over."

The Innocents declare themselves satisfied; there has been thrill enough for one day; the juggler must not be allowed to expose himself to risk again, not in their compound anyhow. They give him a couple of rupees. And—"Let's go and have a drink," says Adam.

SCENE IV

The jugglers go home blessing their stars that the world is not yet so wholly gone to the bad but that an honest juggler may still ply his trade and thrive on it, and rejoicing that there are still simple souls left who can appreciate merit when they see it, and reward it handsomely.

SNAKE-CATCHING

SCENE V

The literary man among the Innocents at Home writes a detailed account to the Madras Mail of what he has seen, while the details are vivid in his mind. He lays particular stress on the fact that the snake-catcher was bitten by one of his captured snakes, fell into great pain; applied to the wound "the famous black stone", which drew out the venom; and wonderful to relate—but he is prepared to swear to it—was cured, and seemed to be none the worse for his adventure.

Commentary

The literary man's conclusions will not hold water. He writes truthfully, and within his range of vision accurately enough. But his range is limited; there are several things which he has not seen, and they are of vital importance.

For instance:—

(1) He did not see the preparations for the play—the dropping of the snakes over the wall; or the placing of them by the assistant or by the catcher himself either before or during the performance, where they could easily be come by.

(2) He did not see the fangs of the captured snakes; he did not ask to see them; and if he did, he was shown a harmless tooth or two in the lower jaw, and was none the wiser. The snake had no fangs; it was a captive, tame, fangless, mutilated.*

(3) He did not see how the bite or scratch was inflicted. A snake has other teeth, harmless, besides the two fangs; and the supply of thorns in the world is large. A prick made before the performance will yield a drop or two of blood on pressure being applied later.

* * * * *

Now comes the turn of the Innocents Abroad. They read the literary man's letter in the morning paper, and feel it incumbent on them to give the world the benefit of their own observations in confirmation of his account of how snakes are caught.

Funnily enough almost all these corroborative accounts mention the fact of the juggler being bitten by a cobra (never by a viper) *while holding*

**Note.*—I do not deny that the juggler may sometimes have a bit of luck; that he may come across a wild snake. At such times being an expert catcher, and accustomed to handling snakes, he bags the specimen, and thereby enhances his reputation while adding to his live stock.

SNAKE-CATCHING

his capture (not when capturing it), applying the stone, wringing his wrist with pain, and of his eventual rapid cure. This is so constant* an item in the show that an attentive reader cannot fail to be struck by it, and must conclude that the bite was not an accident but a pre-arranged item in the programme.

The stage direction, old style, would run somewhat as follows:—
"Here the rogue to hold his snake somewhat carelessly; the snake biteth him; whereupon a great to do, the cony-catcher making wry faces, while his fellow cozener searcheth for a small black stone in his poke etc. . . "

* * * * *

How could a juggler "plant" a snake where he would find it as required? There were two snake-catchers; there always are two in the business. How could he produce a snake out of a bundle of rags? Well, if a conjuror can produce a rabbit, a pancake and a dozen eggs out of a hat which manifestly did not contain them, a juggler may not find it impossible to produce a snake out of a blanket, or rag, or shrub which did contain it.

Why should not a juggler juggle? Jugglers are of two kinds; a nobler kind, professional, who call themselves Professor X.Y.Z. of prestidigitation, and perform behind the footlights, with an array of boxes, cloth-covered tables, screens and other paraphernalia.

One such, our local expert, produced a five foot cobra in our College Hall, the reptile resplendent in a fresh skin and gorgeous spectacle marks, descending as it seemed from nowhere, and swaying on a three-legged table as the magician waved his wand. We don't call the professional a fraud. The other kind, more modest, perform in a garden, their stage properties being a few rags, a bag, a blanket, shrubs and a ruined wall. The adept produces snakes for the Innocents' delight, as the other, for the amusement of children old as well as young drew rupees out of the miserly nose of an elderly gentleman. You wanted to see

* I have under my eyes an account of Snake-catching published in St. Joseph's College Magazine, December 1916. In two of the performances there described, the snake-catcher is bitten etc., in the orthodox way.

In the second performance it is stated that the snake-catcher *got himself bitten* with the teeth in the snake's lower jaw; and that the snake had no fangs.

The Madras Mail of 16 November 1927

14	May	1931
21	May	1931
31	May	1931
6	July	1932

gives accounts of snake-catching. And in every account occurs the almost rubrical formula: "The snake-catcher holding the cobra loosely was bitten, applied a snake stone and was soon cured."

SNAKE-CATCHING

snakes caught? He catches them to order on that ampler stage, a garden, as the professor caught his rabbit in the narrow enclosure of a top hat.

* * * * *

The real test, and the only test of the whole snake-catching business, whether genuine or fraudulent, is the *Fangs*. Had the captured snake fangs? Fangs are none too easy to see, even by an expert ophiologist. Most Innocents, and the vast majority of knowing people, have not the foggiest idea where to look for the fangs, or what the fangs look like when found. Few people, in my experience, can see a fang even when it is laid bare and pointed out to them with the tip of a scalpel. A cobra fang is about one sixth of an inch long, and it lies partly hidden in a fleshy sheath.

* * * * *

If a snake-catcher were bitten with a fang, and not merely scratched or pricked with a harmless tooth or a thorn, he would not "just apply the famous snake stone". He would use his knife, recite all the mantrams he knew, or go home and resign himself to his fate, and—be as dead as mutton the next morning.

I have in mind the instance of a juggler in Coimbatore, from whom an Old Boy of mine bought a cobra which he delivered to me at Podanur. Before parting with the snake, the juggler played with it, recklessly, for he was tipsy. He got bitten, but having, he said, cut out the fangs, did not worry about a trifling scratch. He was duly cremated the following morning. I dissected the cobra, a big fellow, and found that a tiny fang had either escaped the knife or had grown subsequently to the cutting out of the previous one.

* * * * *

I have witnessed the snake-catching performance four times; and every time I have examined the captured snake for fangs, and have found none. A fifth time when a juggler offered to catch snakes in the College garden, he was told by my taxidermist that I would examine the mouths of all his captures. The performance did not take place.

My own expert snake-catchers, reared in the trade since childhood, have no faith at all in the piping business. Nor have I. Snakes must feel vibrations conveyed along the ground; but whether they hear is a moot question. To many people well acquainted with snakes it seems

SNAKE-CATCHING

that the piping might just as well be left out of the programme.* Again my experts handle captured snakes with the greatest care, knowing well that a bite means in all probability six feet of earth or a funeral pyre. And lastly they have no use whatever for the snake stone.** If bitten, they would use the knife and ligature. They did so when one of them was bitten by a Russell's Viper (*கண்ணாடி விரிபன்*); and they recited mantrams; and the man was buried the next morning. He was not bitten while capturing or holding the snake; he trod on it, and it bit him near the ankle. Another was bitten by a small cobra while playing with it. He was gone before dawn.

The experts have laid on my dissecting table more than five hundred cobras and Russell's Vipers in the past ten years, with or without fangs according to instructions received. And though they have had the two fatal accidents just mentioned, not once in the five hundred captures has one of them been bitten either in the act of capturing or in holding the reptiles.

All the more strange therefore, that habitually, as if it were an item in a regular programme, the snake-catcher who goes about performing before Innocents at Home, should get bitten while holding his captured snake.

Post Script

While this account of Snake-catching was actually being typed (23-10-34) I almost had a staggering confirmation of the remarks written in the paragraph which begins: "My own expert snake-catchers." The most expert of all my professional Kurava snake-catchers was putting a cobra, which he had caught that afternoon, into one of my reptile cages. As he released the snake's head, and the snake fell into the cage, he felt a prick on the back of his forefinger.

He looked at his finger; and as he did so a thin line of blood appeared on it. His face instantly became a study in the tragic; his habitual smile—he is a jolly beggar—changed into a look of ghastly terror.

He squeezed the finger in a frenzy, till it bled copiously, then sucked out the blood, and rinsed the wound under the tap.

* Psalms 57 (58) verse 5 "Like the deaf adder which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer."

** Note. I am not giving my own views about the snake stone. The question of its value or uselessness is still open, I think.

SNAKE-CATCHING

As I examined the wound I saw it was not a bite, but a scratch made with the tip of one fang; and concluded that little, if any, venom had gone in; and that if any had, it had probably been drained out with the blood.

Anyhow he kept the scratch bleeding; and tied a string above the first joint of the finger. For the sake of greater precaution—half a drop of cobra venom is a lethal dose for a man—we administered some "Visha Marundu" விஷமருந்து, and sent him home.

I was greatly relieved to see him reappear twenty four hours later, with his usual smile, and with two big Russell's Vipers tied in a rag, fangs and all.

He had had a narrow shave, and no one realised it better than he and I.

* * * *

The writer disclaims any intention to discredit a picturesque and amusing fraternity. He has, for many years, enjoyed the antics and friendly deceptions—in which he had only his own innocence to blame, innocence of the dove not coupled with the prudence of the serpent, though he was dealing with serpents—of the snake-catching brotherhood too much to wish to do them a disservice. May they, as well as the Professors of legerdemain, long continue to flourish for the delight of Innocents! Out of the mouths of the children their juggling is justified.

Moreover to one who reads attentively, two things will be apparent: One: the writer describes his own experiences, and pokes fun at the experiences only of Innocents, when they lay themselves open to his mild attacks. Two: he says nothing about genuine cases. These have to prove themselves genuine, and by the one only test viz., Fangs. If they prove themselves genuine by that satisfying test, they are allowed for in the footnote: "I do not deny..."

There may be genuine cases; but those he has come across were not. To those, once more, who declare that they have seen genuine snake-catching, he puts the question: "Did, *one who knows* examine the fangs? Was he satisfied that the captured snakes had their fangs?"

C. L., S.J.



WHEN THE CAUVERY IS FULL.

(Pencil sketch by P. Sundaresan, III B. Sc.)



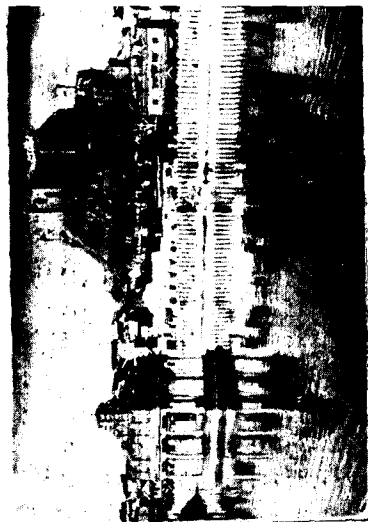
MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE.
Pudukottah.



PUBLIC GARDENS.
Errol.



HOLDSWORTH'S PARK &
CLOCK TOWER.
Pudukottah.



ROCK FORT TEMPLE & TEPPAKULAM



A RIVERSIDE SCENE

(1, 2, 3 Photos by P. Sundaresan, III B. Sc.)
(4, 5 Photos by K. Ramachandran, III U. C.)

The Auditor-General

by R. Narayanaswami, M. A., Madras.

WHEN Superiors are to visit us on inspection, we find ourselves over-busy. Long before the date of their visit we begin preparations and try to keep things as near to the ideal as possible, with a view to earning their smile of approbation. Don't we? Take the school for instance. The D. E. O.—District Educational Officer—is to make his annual inspection. A month before the date of his visit, the staff gets busy. Dust-laden registers and account books are raked up from the lumber and written up to date; Office records thrown pell-mell on tops of almirahs are gathered together and arranged; students' exercise books are collected and checked over ante-dated initials by the masters; the school buildings are white-washed and severe warnings given to the scribblers; crotons are provided all over the grounds; and last but not least the students are drilled to the manner in which they should dress and behave and the answers they should give in the presence of the Inspector. All this, to win from the D. E. O. a word of praise, or at least a word of acquiescence!

Take as another instance the visit of our Governor to a mofussil town. The Municipal Chairman, who is notorious for his slumber except on election occasions, wakes up and gets astir even two months before the visit. The council is called and it votes an address. The executive staff is whipped up to full activity. Roads—of course only those along which the gubernatorial motor dash is to occur—are regravelled and tarred and kept clean. Public places and Parks are beautified with new lamps and crotons. The buildings the Governor is to visit are embellished with special decorations. From the morning on the day of his visit, these roads are watered, flags and festoons are provided in abundance everywhere and police constables are posted at short distances to cry "hush" and warn pedestrians to the side. The Governor comes, sees everything pretty, smiles, nods and leaves with the words, "It speaks so well of you, Mr. Chairman." Mr. PEYANDI CHETTIAR, the Municipal Chairman, has been rewarded and is overwhelmed with joy—and eagerly awaits the next Honours List!

Just as the D. E. O. is to the school and the Governor is to the municipal administration, the AUDITOR-GENERAL is to us. He is the all-India head in regard to Audit and Accounts. Gets, mind you, a salary running to a four-digit figure; is directly appointed by the Secretary of

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State; and is directly responsible to him for the submission of India's accounts every year. He has an army of clerks under him, working under his sub-heads and deputies in all the provincial capitals. Such a big personage! And you can imagine how big will be his tour-programme and how 'dreaded' will be the prospect of his inspection to the officers under him!

The tour-programme announcing a visit in December was received in our office as early as October. The news of the impending visit immediately percolated through the office—our office staff, let me point out, number nearly four hundred—and the Auditor-General was soon on the lips of everyone. Some asked "What does he come now for?"; others discussed the personal characteristics of this and the previous Auditors-General; some others in the rôle of sectional superiors resolved unto themselves that everything should be kept according to Code requirements; and still others seriously discussed about ventilating their grievances before the Auditor-General.

Orders came forth and the whitewashing began. A host of workers were soon vigorously at work on, in, and around, the office buildings. Broken furniture began to be repaired and superfluous racks standing idly on the verandahs were removed to corners where they would be out of the eye of the big visitor. Age-long deposits of dust on records were cleared and tiffin leaves thrust underneath and behind almirahs and racks were searched for and removed. Waste paper of all kinds lying pell-mell on tops of shelves and on and inside the tables were gathered together and burnt. A dozen scorpions and half a dozen rats, were unearthed during this overhaul.

The office compound was levelled and the pathways gravelled and sanded. The office garden was trimmed and it began to assume man-made appearance. Plant tubs in legion were put up to line the pathways, the verandahs and the portico.

An urgent Office Order hastened forth. Clerks became busy with labelling bundles of records and neatly arranging them on the racks. The 'artists' of each Section began writing up indicative name-boards and hanging them up in prominent places. The indolent were whipped up, on pain of official displeasure, to activity, and made to see to the neat maintenance of their table and surroundings.

To see to the proper carrying out of the work a senior clerk was put on special duty in each section. And this gentleman went hither and

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thither, ordered the peons, made loud complaints over the presence of a rusted pin on a table, and proclaimed the official instructions to those coming on his way.

Thus Spade and Skill vied with each other to meet the Auditor-General.

The eventful day came at last; Sir EDWIN BARTNETT alighted from aboard the Rangoon steamer. The usual 'grace time' for attendance was not to be allowed that day and clerks were in their seats punctually at 10-30. The Sectional Superintendents and Superiors were ordering 'hush' to loud talkers and warning stragglers to their seats.

The slow whirl of an incoming car and the "tuk-tuk" of boot-soles climbing up the steps from the portico announced the arrival of the big visitor. "Has come!" "Has come!"—the whisper passed round. The AR. G (official contraction for 'Auditor-General') might pass through any hall and none should remain unoccupied—that was the order. The machinists struck up vigorously and the others pored over papers. An impressive sight certainly!

A quarter of an hour passed. A peon in 'dawali' (दावली) ran up to me and intimated that the AR. G. had begun giving interviews and that I was immediately called. I had been chosen to represent the grievances of a certain section of clerks of whom I was one. I quickly got up, put on my coat, arranged my dress, and made myself ready. A small group had surrounded me. "Put on a cap. Mr." said one. "Cropped heads don't require your head-dress, sirs" I rejoined. "A tie" said some other. "Yes. A tie—a collar—a waist-coat—a suit—a walking-stick—an over-coat. Yes, when we become Auditors-General and earn thousands"—so saying I climbed up the stairs.

The thought of the interview—the thought of a petty clerk meeting the biggest personage he could conceive of meeting in official life—one who belonged to the ruling race and drew a salary at the rate of a couple of hundreds per diem—one whose orders had all-India effect—one who sent despatches to the Secretary of State direct,—one whose word of favour was anxiously looked forward to by the huge hierarchy of officers above me,—one who was treated to rose and lace garlands wherever he went,—and above all, one who was the guest of the Governor of our Presidency—filled my mind not a little with awe and nervousness.

Turbanned Superintendents and other principal assistants in the office were waiting with sheaves of files in their hands half a hundred yards away from the AR. G's room; and they made way for me.

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The wicket door opened and I was admitted into the presence of the Deputy Accountant-General and the Auditor-General sitting at the table. The former in turban and full-suit was sitting erect at the edge of his seat with hands on its arms, in respect and readiness to the distinguished visitor opposite. The latter, a tall figure of fair complexion and slim build, had thrown off his coat and hat and was sitting easily with one hand on the table in front and the fingers indifferently playing on the spectacles lying thereon.

The pleasantest surprise awaited me. Instead of meeting, as I had been expecting, a high-headed, authority-ful personage scorning even to look at the petty clerks coming to him and muttering in response wrathful words in the worst Celtic accent unintelligible to the unaccustomed Indian, I saw before me an English gentleman welcoming me with the utmost courtesy and with a sympathetic look enquiring, in words sweet and intelligible, about the case I had gone to represent.

"Yes. But that has not been the general practice"—said the AR. G. showing a keenness to help if possible.

"It will take years before we become eligible in that way." We therefore request a relaxation of the Rules."—I replied.

"Yes. There seems to be point in that.—Rao Bahadur, (Our officer is a Rao Bahadur) will you consider special deserving cases like that?" said the AR. G. addressing the officer opposite.

"Yes; but a number of difficulties will crop up..." rejoined the doubting Rao Bahadur.

An interchange of words ensued between them.

"Not as a general rule, but in special individual cases which are hard you will consider, eh?" so saying finally to the Rao Bahadur, the AR. G. turned to me and wished me saying "Thank you" before I could utter those words.

As I came back to my seat, the curious besieged me and put me a hundred questions as to what the AR. G. looked like, how he talked and what he talked etc., etc.

A few minutes later, word was received that the AR. G. was coming round. Everyone got rooted to his seat and there was a pin-drop silence.

The AR. G. accompanied by a party of officers and peons in uniform walked down the staircase with hat in hand and passed through our hall to the portico where the car was waiting. There was a hearty shake of

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hands, the distinguished visitor got in and the next minute the car whirled away and disappeared outside the compound.

The great visit was over.

And the special orders lost currency, the signal went forth and in a minute halls became empty and the clerks quickly gathered in groups on the verandahs to hear and discuss—while inside the room upstairs our officer was sighing sighs of relief.

In honour of the AR. G's visit, a holiday was immediately declared for the rest of the day.

I am wondering whether the Auditor-General's visit could not be made an annual affair, especially in view of the welcome overhauling that precedes it and the still more welcome holiday that succeeds it!

The Wavicle* Nature of Light

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

EVER since the dawn of civilization, philosophers were oppressed with a fundamental question—what is the nature of Light? That this riddle thrown out as a challenge to the scientists by Nature, has not been successfully solved even to this day with all its pride of advancement and research, makes us repeat after Newton, that what has been discovered so far in theoretical Physics, is but a grain of sand on the vast seashore of knowledge.

Every one of us is aware that Physics is advancing with a rapidity beyond all human control. The two doors that have led the Physicist out of his limited ground into the well-nigh limitless field of modern Physics are the structure of matter and nature of radiation. As regards the former we are all aware that the scientists have probed not only into the sanctuary of the atom but also into the electron and even gone beyond it. About the latter, we shall examine briefly the vicissitudes it had to pass through at the hands of experimental and speculative scientists, in the course of ages.

Of all the members that belong to this big family of radiation, Light is the commonest, and most important. Now, what is Light?

Light is the external agent that causes in us the sensation of sight. Pythagoras put forward the theory as early as the fifth century B. C. that all luminous objects continuously ejected tiny particles called corpuscles which come and strike the retina of our eye and cause the sensation and that all nonluminous objects became visible by the agency of such corpuscles that strike these bodies first, then get scattered and reach the eye. Newton was a staunch supporter of this *Corpuscular Theory of Light*. It immediately followed from this theory that light travels in straight lines. This view had as its experimental support, the formation of shadows, inverted images of objects when viewed through a pin-hole camera, etc. Reflection and refraction were explained by supposing that some substances attracted these light corpuscles and others repelled them, thus increasing or diminishing the vertical component of the incident beam. But certain substances seemed partly to reflect and partly to transmit light—and thus to attract and repel the same light corpuscles simultaneously. To explain this Newton worked out a laborious theory

*The combination of the words "wave" and "particle" (Eddington).

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that such substances were endowed with 'fits of easy reflection and easy refraction'—now to attract and then to repel these corpuscles according as they happened to have one or the other fit. Of course, this explanation was not satisfactory. Secondly, the inevitable conclusion arrived at from the laws of refraction is that the velocity of light in a denser medium was greater than in a rarer medium, which is as contrary to experimental observation as it is revolting to common sense. Besides Newton had observed that when a beam of light is incident upon a prism, it spread out on emergence into a spectrum having the different colours of the rainbow and these when again passed through an inverted prism combined into the original white light. Thus by means of a simple prism, Newton unfolded the secret of white light and exhibited the marvellous jewellery of its composition. No satisfactory explanation of the origin of these colours was forthcoming.

Many modifications were suggested to suit experimental results till at last Newton's corpuscular theory finally assumed all the aspects of the Wave Theory. In its ultimate form it was in fact known as Newton's Wave Theory of light. It differs from Wave Theory proper only by assuming the presence of material particles and of the laws regulating the action between them and the waves of the medium. The great mind of Newton must have conceived the amalgamation of these two theories as the ultimate solution to the riddle! But nothing was to be gained by the fusion of such heterogeneous elements, and hence Scientists were justified in abandoning Newton's Wave Theory and accepting in its place, the simpler one, the Wave Theory properly so called.

According to this new theory, first propounded by Huygens in 1678, the energy is communicated to our eye not by means of any ejected particles but in an entirely different way. Take for example the case of a boat in a lake. We can set it in motion by firing at it an enormous number of bullets each carrying a store of energy; or we can expend our energy in producing waves, which travelling in water outwards will break upon the ship and set it in motion. In this case the energy is handed on in succession from one portion of the water to the other while any element of water merely oscillates about its position of rest. This, in brief, is the principle of the *Wave Theory*.

A triumphant confirmation of this theory is the explanation by Dr. Young, of the phenomena of Interference that light added to light can produce darkness. If we drop a stone into the still waters of a pool we see ripples spreading out in ever widening circles. If another stone

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is dropped by its side a new series of ripples are caused and these will extend into the region of the other and overlap. Suppose both the ripples are exactly of the same nature. At a point where a crest of one wave coincides with a trough of the other, they destroy completely each other's displacement and cause no disturbance at all. At a place where a crest meets a crest or a trough a trough, they reinforce each other and the displacement is doubled. Thus we see at some places a maximum displacement and at others no displacement at all. Similarly if we make two beams of light interfere under suitable conditions and examine the place where they have overlapped, we see instead of uniform illumination, a series of brilliantly coloured bands. Newton was not blind to these observations. He allotted a whole chapter of his celebrated treatise on Optics to the subject of these films. Thomas Young interpreted in terms of the Wave Theory these phenomena already known by the name Newton's rings.

The apparently rectilinear propagation of light, the formation of geometric shadows and all that seems experimentally conformable to the former corpuscular theory are explained by the very short length of the visible light waves (ranging from $\cdot 00007$ to $\cdot 00004$ cm.) They are so minute that for all practical purposes we can take light to travel in straight lines.

For a long time, the adversaries of the Wave Theory were able to raise the objection that if light like sound consists in a vibratory motion it ought to bend round obstacles as does the sound of a bell which reaches us from behind the house. Experimental evidences are not wanting to show that light within its own limits, does "bend round corners." This phenomenon is classed under diffraction. If we admit a cone of light into a darkened chamber through a very small aperture and in its path is placed an opaque obstacle say a straight edge, its shadow on the screen is seen to be much larger than its geometric projection. On observing the shadow carefully we shall find that they are bordered by coloured fringes running parallel to the edge of the shadow. This phenomenon of diffraction which is the result of mutual interference of the secondary wavelets diverging from the wavefront, is a strong argument for the Wave Theory of Light.

We know that sound also is propagated in waves like light but the mode of vibration of the one is different from that of the other. In sound the vibrations of the air in the form of condensations and rarefactions take place in the direction of propagation. This is the longitudinal mode of vibration. In light, the direction of vibration is at right angles to the

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direction of the propagation of light. This is transverse vibration. A stretched string can have transverse vibrations in an infinite number of ways. If we introduce a slit just as broad as that of the string, it can vibrate only in a single plane parallel to the edge of the slit and so the vibration is said to be plane polarised. If in addition we introduce another slit in front at right angles to the former, the vibration is completely stopped. Some natural crystals seem to act the part of the slits with regard to light which can be completely extinguished by means of two suitable crystals. If light travelled in straight lines as in the corpuscular theory there ought to be no change in the intensity of light. Thus polarisation could be satisfactorily explained only by the transverse wave structure of light.

In course of time the improved methods of spectroscopy enabled scientists to accumulate a good deal of data regarding spectra which could be satisfactorily explained only by the Wave Theory and not at all by the corpuscular theory.

Concerning the hypothetical "medium" for the propagation of energy, which had many contradictory properties, Maxwell developed on mathematical grounds a theory which did away with the notion of mechanical disturbance and the contradictory conclusions it involved. He postulated electric and magnetic disturbances at right angles to each other and both together propagating in a direction normal to both. The existence of such *electromagnetic waves* was demonstrated later by Hertz. Thus the whole family of radiation consists essentially of electromagnetic waves, each member being distinguished from the other only by a difference in wavelength. Our eye is sensitive only to a very small range of wavelengths and the different colours of the rainbow are merely radiations with slightly varying wavelength within range of visibility. But this theory, satisfactory as it seemed, was not destined to remain unchallenged. In 1888, Hallwachs announced an experimental observation which though very simple had a far-reaching significance. A freshly polished zinc plate, insulated and negatively charged is seen to lose its negative charge when ultra violet light (of wavelength smaller than violet light) was incident upon it. This effect is known as the Photo-electric Effect. It was only in 1899 that J.J. Thomson and Lenard showed that the diminution in the negative charge took place by the emission of electrons known as photo-electrons. A continuous photo-electric current was observed in the galvanometer when the electrons emitted by the cathode zinc plate were made to pass from cathode to anode under the influence of an electric field. This photo-electric current or the rate of emission of photo-electrons is

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strictly proportional to the intensity of illumination but the velocity with which they are ejected remains the same however feeble the intensity may be. The velocity varies only with the frequency of the incident light. Moreover the emission of these electrons takes place as soon as the light reaches the surface and ceases the moment the light is cut off. These observations are quite contrary to the conclusions that could be drawn from the Wave Theory.

According to the classical electromagnetic theory of light, the expulsion of electrons must be due to the strength of the electric field which exists in a light wave and so when the intensity of the wave is increased, the velocity with which the electrons are emitted must also increase. Actually it is not so. "It is as though the waves beating on a beach were doubled in their height and the powerful new waves disturbed four times as many pebbles as before but did not displace a single one of them any further, nor agitate it any more violently than the original gentle wave did to the pebbles that they gently washed about." If the energy in light wave is equally shared by all the atoms till the acquired energy is sufficient to eject an electron, it will take nothing short of five hundred days before any photo-electric current is visible. But we see the action to be instantaneous. To explain satisfactorily the photo-electric phenomena Einstein put forward in 1905 a new theory, the *Quantum Theory of Light*. Following Newton we think here of a beam of light as a rain of corpuscles or quanta each quantum of light carrying with it an amount of energy $h\nu$ where ν is the frequency of the light and h a universal constant. When such a shower of corpuscles falls on the surface of any metal, here and there an atom is being struck by a corpuscle at any given instant. Out of the quantum of energy thus received, the electron utilises a portion to come up to the surface or break the bond with which it is tied to the nucleus and with the rest of the energy it is ejected with a certain velocity. Thus the velocity depends only upon the frequency and not at all upon the intensity or the number of quanta of energy.

In 1913 Niels Bohr successfully applied the quantum theory of light to explain the genesis of the spectral series. According to him, the electrons can revolve about the nucleus in only quantised orbits and each orbit is associated with a fixed amount of energy. When an electron jumps down from a higher energy orbit to a lower one, a light quanta is ejected equal to the difference in energies of the two orbits. The frequency as calculated from this, coincides faithfully with the experimental value of it. This is a confirmation of the new theory.

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In 1923 A. H. Compton discovered another phenomenon which was completely in accord with the corpuscular conception of light proposed by Einstein. He observed that when a beam of X-Rays fell on a body the frequency of the scattered radiation when examined spectroscopically was found to be diminished. The classical theory always demands that the scattered waves shall be of the same frequency as the primary waves. This experimental fact is in harmony with the corpuscular theory of light where the light quanta strikes an electron—transfers partially its energy and momentum to the electron which is displaced and a new quanta of lower energy and smaller momentum is found moving in a direction inclined to that of original light. It is as if a billiard ball with a certain momentum and energy strikes another ball according to the laws of dynamics. Basing himself on the rules of this liliputian game of billiards—namely, the conservation of momentum and energy—Compton calculated the change in the frequency in the new quanta. The exact coincidence of the experimental result with the predicted one is a confirmation of the Quantum Theory of Light.

These facts placed theoretical Physics on the horns of a dilemma. It had on the one hand the conclusive and convincing arguments—Interference, Diffraction and Polarisation—in favour of the wave nature of Light; and on the other hand equally strong evidences—Photo-electric and Compton effects—for its corpuscular structure. There has never been so exciting a period in the whole history of modern Physics as this. It is at this stage that Sir William Bragg remarks that 'on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays one uses the quantum Theory while on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays one uses the Wave Theory'.

The history of physical Science from 1923 onwards is one long attempt to reconcile the dual nature of Light. In 1924 de Broglie concocted a scheme of waves and quanta. He supposed that light travels in discrete quanta but the quanta move along a wave and go in great numbers in those directions where the amplitude of the waves is large and in smaller numbers in these directions where the amplitude of the wave is small. So light consists at one and the same time of waves and particles. Hence the dual nature of Light is described by the term, the wavicle nature of Light. Having seen that we must always associate a wave with a particle, the best way is to consider, as de Broglie first pointed out, the wave as a reality and as occupying a certain region of space, while the particle is regarded as a material point having a definite position in waves. As an improvement over this *Wave Mechanics* Heisenberg suggested the *Quantum Mechanics*. According to this, the wave does not represent a

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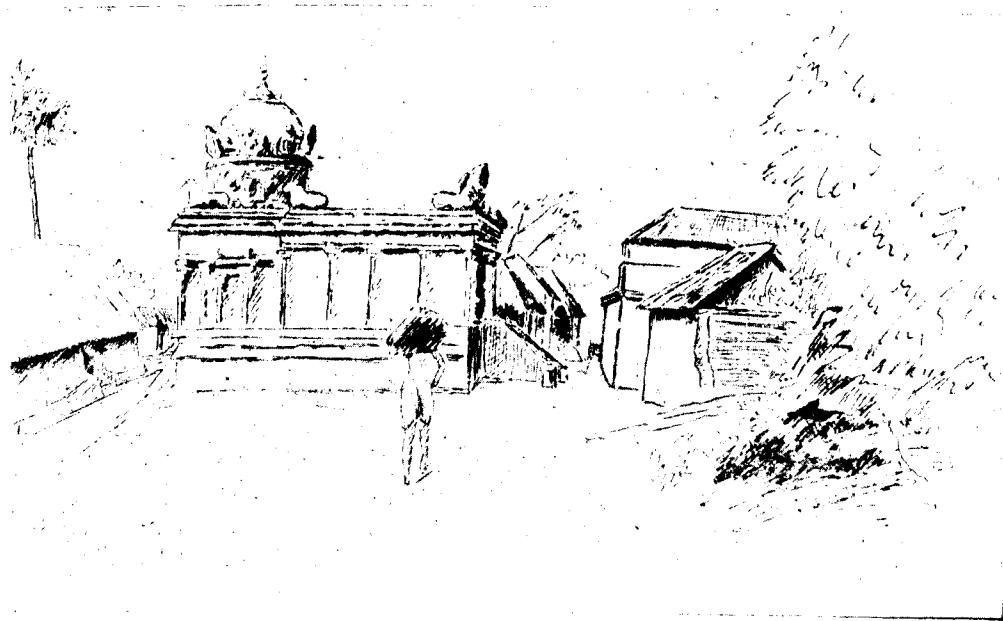
physical phenomenon taking place in a region of space; rather it is a symbolic representation of what we know about the particle. Such a representation would not at best be a rigorous truth but only a probability.

Physics, whose boast was that she was the most exact of sciences, may well seem to be the most inconstant, now saying that light is a corpuscle, then arguing that it consists of waves and again pleading for corpuscular structure. Some others may hold the pious view that in spite of these fluctuations there is sufficient truth and certitude in it to lead us finally to God. Both these views are surely too extreme. Scientific research gives us elements and aspects of truth which preclude the notion of its total instability. On the other hand, it does not give us a sure grasp of ultimate reality, and so cannot lead us to God except indirectly, by adding to our sense of the mystery of the Universe. Nature in fact seems to be playing at hide and seek with scientists all over the world. Now and then she peeps out from her hiding place and removes the veil from her beauteous face, but no sooner do her devotees catch a glimpse of her than she mysteriously disappears, never to show herself for a century more. Leaving aside the question of ethical motives, there is certainly in this wonderful game, intellectual pleasure of the highest order. Must the scientists content themselves permanently with this pleasure or will they finally conquer Nature and lay bare her inmost secret is a question we cannot help asking, and to which no satisfactory answer has till now been given.



PILLAR ROCKS, KODAIKANAL.

(Pen-and-ink sketch by Fr. J. Pujo, S.J.)



TWO SOUTH INDIAN VILLAGE SCENES

(Pen-and-ink sketches by Fr. J. Pujó, S.J.)

A South Indian "Auburn"

by N. Narayanan, III U. C.

INTO a small and unpretentious railway station steams a train, the carriages shaking and rattling as with an ague, swaying to and fro, and finally pulls up with a jerk upsetting the balance of two poor old men who have got up rather too early. From one of the carriages immediately behind the engine jumps down on the platform an athletic young man—our hero—with a portmanteau in his hand. For the last six months he had been shut up in town with scarcely any time to go out into the country; but now, it is the summer vacation and he is exceedingly glad at the prospect of being back in his own village.

Even from the station he catches sight of his "Sweet Auburn". No longer will he be confronted with endless rows of huge buildings—a sickening spectacle in towns. He is not two furlongs from his home and yet no house is visible. All the houses are hidden among trees—Portias, Margosas, Palmyras, Coconuts, and Banyans which fringe the vast expanse of waving green, across which lies the approach to the village. Under the setting sun the paddy fields are shot through with gold. All around there is an appearance of restful serenity.

He goes merrily along whistling softly to himself. Familiar faces greet him on the way and he pauses awhile to answer all questions—sensible and otherwise—put to him. Some call aloud to him from a distance and he signals his thanks for their loud and hearty welcome. Herds of cattle wind slowly towards the village and behind them march the little boys in charge of the cattle. Mostly clad like "Falstaff's invincibles" the urchins sing merrily goading now and then their lazy charge.

It is almost twilight as the young man enters his village. The air is redolent of all sorts of curries and dainties undergoing cooking. As he nears his house his little brother who has been standing eagerly at the door for the last two hours rushes towards him, embraces him and literally drags him home and will not leave him till he is deposited in the midst of all there. A vigorous search of the portmanteau follows, and soon the little fellow is seen, in the middle of the street, distributing sweetmeats and fruits—evidently brought home by his elder brother from the distant town—among his playmates. Meanwhile, in the house, an

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invigorating bath and a hearty supper are followed by a prolonged conversation about affairs at home and the young man's experiences in town. The night is advanced when he goes to bed and soon he is fast asleep.

In the village the cocks serve as alarums; and these living clocks are far more reliable than the expensive mechanical ones which require periodical winding up. Any one who does not rise with it is held up to scorn as a lazy loon.

Village life has but few excitements: most of them births, marriages and deaths. Modern comforts and conveniences, and inconveniences too, are little known there and even the most common objects of civilized life such as a motor car or a gramophone or a magic lantern will draw the whole village around them. Once in a way the magician arrives in the village with his queer paraphernalia and his inevitable imps and an open place is assigned to him. His drum draws the village to the spot. The urchins jostle each other for a place very near the magician while the elders stand around with watchful eyes.

"Stop drumming, my lad", says the magician to his imp and turning to the crowd asks "Shall I begin, worthy masters?"

Their assent given, the performance begins. Drawing out a queer looking doll from within his particoloured bag the juggler says, "Here is a doll; my masters,... a lifeless thing; see how I make it dance." Turning his eyes to the skies, he cries, "Oh! Malayala Bagavathi! Kambalathayee! Here, lend a hand; (dum, dum, dum) now dolly dear, dance away, dance away." And the doll made of rags and stuffed with chaff begins dancing merrily to the music of the drum.

He next shows an egg to the audience and saying that he does not want it throws it vertically above. "Go", he cries and up it flies to the wonder of the urchins and adults.

"Somebody has stolen it; but I shall discover the thief now," he says and asks one of the urchins to search the priest of the village—evidently, a spectator whom nobody suspects to have been the thief. The joyous urchin begins his examination on the bewildered priest and out, in a moment, comes the egg! The priest is now seen to count his steps home rapidly.

The conjurer is lustily cheered. The urchins whistle and scream with delight while the grey beards and the bald headed wag their heads in

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satisfaction. Soon quarter anna pieces and other copper coins pour into the outstretched hands of the magician, while the more soft-hearted add a piece or two of silver to the collection. Villagers have tender hearts and the itinerant magician is proficient in turning everything into account.

* * * * *

Superstition is the curse of the village. It creates ghosts and goblins of every kind, which are supposed to infest all by-lanes and alleys, and, generally held to reign supreme over all the earth between sunset and cock-crow. A sudden light in the distance is some bogle emitting fire. Some sound in the dark is the growling of a ghost; and a cat's glowing eyes will, not infrequently, alarm the bravest villager.

One night, our young man is sitting on a mat in the courtyard of his house and chatting with his cousin after supper. The street is empty and quiet. All of a sudden they hear a sound as of some one breathing hard and quickly. Our friend starts up exclaiming, "What is that? Let us go out and see."

"Don't go out now. It is some evil spirit. For goodness' sake stay where you are," pleads the cousin clutching at his sleeve.

"I don't care a fig for your evil spirit!" cries our young man. "Confound your ghosts and goblins, man! come along now, will you?"

Out into the dark he rushes with a cudgel in his hand; he looks around but finds nothing. He however hears the panting still and proceeding in the direction of the sound meets with a black mangy dog that has been much worried by his kind. "What a double-distilled donkey you are," he compliments his cousin at home, "to have confounded a dog with a goblin?"

And so the days pass till the time comes for him to go back to his town and college. There, he will hear many a bright city wit laughing at the dullness of his village life. Dull and humdrum it is in many ways, but it has a sweetness which he has tasted; he, and like him surely many of my friendly readers also each hailing from some sweet "Auburn" of his own.

“Thebaine Theta”

A Short Story

by S. Ramasamy, IV U. Class.

IT was a pleasant cloudy day in September 1930. I was seated in my private room in our big town house. A rose-wood box of wonderful workmanship was before me on the table, invitingly opened. It was a small chemical chest which had belonged to Dr. Brayne, the famous toxicologist and surgeon. After the eminent doctor's death his effects were sold by public auction, and this delightful box full of rare chemicals was knocked down by me for a small sum.

Chemistry was then my favourite hobby, and I had a modest laboratory at my disposal, where I had analysed and identified many a rare salt and chemical.

The box was full of bottles, neatly labelled and arranged in row after row. The first two rows contained ordinary reagents which were too familiar to me. The third row contained some rare vegetable alkaloids, like Novocaine, β Eucaine, Codeine etc. As I had analysed them already, I discarded them and turned to the last bottle in the last row.

It was a small brown bottle of half-a-dram capacity. A dirty brown sheet of paper, with some writing almost obliterated, was wrapped round it. I slowly removed the paper and after close scrutiny read the following words “Thebaine Theta? Alkaloid to be identified,—unidentified yet.”

My heart beat fast. “Thebaine?” To be identified? I thought that I could do it. Surely I would analyse and identify this unknown substance since I had already handled many a rare chemical. My professors were predicting a great future for me. So I was confident of success. Thoughts flashed across my mind with incredible rapidity. In my mind's eye I saw that I was identifying the unknown salt and getting all the coveted honours and degrees of Science. I indulged in a day dream that I was made a D. Sc., and finally dubbed a knight. From this pleasant phantasmagoria I was suddenly called back to reality by a sharp pain in the calf of my leg. A certain vulgar little beast was examining my blood and that called me back to the earth.

“THEBAINE THETA”

Tenderly but still with a trembling hand, I took up the bottle. It was half full of a grey powder and above the layer of the substance there hung a white mist. This misty appearance reminded me of the bottled imp. Smiling with self satisfaction, I pulled out delicately the cork and transferred a small quantity of the substance into a test-tube and began to heat it.

Heat had no action on it. I then began the usual procedure of systematic analysis. Step by step I went, but the alkaloid resisted all tests. At last, I added a drop or two of an acid to the powder and again slowly heated the mixture.

In a short time the mixture began to melt and change colour. From a dirty grey it slowly changed into violet. Again the violet changed into indigo, which immediately gave place to a bright blue. Observing with wonder I saw the mixture assuming the primary colours of a rainbow in their correct order. A final stage was reached when the mixture assumed a blood-red colour and began to boil vigorously.

After some time a strong aroma, like that of a bunch of narcissi, enthralled me. A deep hilarity took possession of me. This passed into a wild ecstasy. My limbs appeared light as air and I found myself flying away into far-off space.

Suddenly everything visible vanished from my sight. I entered a region of pitchy darkness. Everything was still and motionless. It seemed to myself that I could hear every quickened beating of my heart. Then by degrees I became aware that something dark and impenetrable stood before me. At first it seemed simply a formless mass which I felt rather than saw against the background of darkness. Very gradually it assumed the outline of a dense forest. At last it became distinctly visible.

I found myself in a strange forest. A bright tropical sun was shining in all its glory. Huge trees, thorny creepers, and wild bushes, which I had never seen, were visible as far as the eye could reach. I felt I had dropped into a prehistoric forest. Transfixed with awe and wonder I stood watching.

Soon a rumbling noise was heard, which gradually increased like that of an approaching hurricane. Suddenly out of the dense foliage a huge mammoth elephant, the Mastodon, stood before my affrighted gaze. Fear clutched my heart, and I still gazed upon it fascinated, every nerve strained to an almost insupportable tension. Ignoring my presence it passed by crashing through the brushwood. I fell back and breathed

"THEBAINE THETA"

freely. Soon a swarm of Mastodons rushed past me. Gigantic monsters of a prehistoric period soon followed the pachyderms. The megatherium, the denothere, the dinosaur, and other fantastic animals and birds which were extinct long long ago gambolled in front of me. Though terrified, I watched the glories of the past unfolded once again before my eyes. Its terrible and yet majestic secrets lay open before me.

In scene after scene I saw the world progressing. Thousands of years passed rapidly and at last the anthropoid apes danced before me. The next vision which greeted my eye and thrilled me was the coming of the cave man and his fair consort "primitive" indeed in appearance but with the gleam of intelligence in his eye, which proclaimed his noble origin.

Again the scene shifted. A mighty ocean, smooth, tranquil as a savannah stretched before me. A grand Roman galley sailed majestically on its surface. I followed with astonishment and delight Caesar's invasions and conquests. Wonder of wonders! An unknown gas from the alkaloid was revealing the past to me. I was beside myself with joy. I was fully awake and conscious and I knew that those visions were neither delirious nor meaningless sights. It was the reality of the past baring its bosom to me. I saw Rome in all its glory. I was enraptured with the sight of Pompeii before its ruin by the volcanic eruption. I saw the building of the pyramids. Space and time seemed inexistent for me. Forgetting the present and the future I revelled in those ages that were past.

I was now approaching the modern age. I saw a seething, surging, roaring mass of people. With a gasp of horror I found myself in the midst of the torrent of the French Revolution. Bloodshed and flames greeted my horrified vision. I saw tumbrils of prisoners being led to the guillotine and executed. The sight was sickening. My head reeled and my limbs were shaking. I felt the full horror of manslaughter—of human beings torturing and murdering their own fellowmen! It was more cruel and less excusable than the brutalities of prehistoric times which I had already seen.

The latest arrival at the guillotine was a sweet girl of eighteen. She was calm and collected. By her side stood an old man, whose grey head was bent low in prayer. They were about to be executed. "Inhuman monsters!" I cried aloud "Have you no pity for the aged and innocent! God Almighty! Hurl your thunderbolt and destroy these ruffians!"

The blade of the guillotine was about to descend. I rushed madly at the executioner.

"THEBAINE THETA"

There was a loud explosion and I fell down senseless

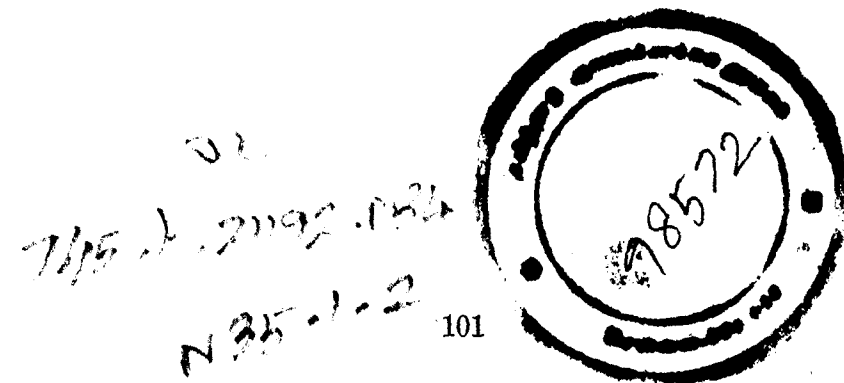
* * * * *

When I opened my eyes I was lying in a warm cosy bed of the general hospital. I learnt later that on hearing a loud explosion my parents rushed into the laboratory to find me lying unconscious with an ugly cut in the head while the table was burning vigorously. "The small test-tube and the whole array of chemicals and bottles were blown to atoms," they informed me. "It was with great difficulty we put out the fire and saved the house. A powerful odour of narcissi alone remained". I was told further that I had been unconscious for a whole week.

Days passed, and I became my old self once again, but I regretted the loss of the bottle and the chemicals of Dr. Brayne. With that my hopes of becoming a D. Sc. vanished.

Sceptics may mock at me. Learned elders may call me a visionary. My College mates and the younger generation may laugh at me thinking that by their laughter they show their superiority. But I do assure them that it was neither a dream, nor a delirious vision nor a hallucination. In an inexplicable way the gas Thebaine theta(?) conjured up the past. Laudanum and other opium derivatives produce wild visions. Chloroform, ether, novocaine and some other anæsthetics are said to produce visions of the known past. Then why should not the mysterious gas from the unidentified alkaloid conjure up the unknown past?

From that day my memory lost its former power, and strange to say my knowledge of chemistry had also weakened. If my professors find me 'not up to the mark' in this subject, I beg to remind them that it is only due to my zeal for Science, to the after-effects of "thebaine theta" gas and not to my negligence. And I still hope that these effects too will vanish before long, and my mind regain the freshness and activity it had before that fatal explosion.



The Badagas

by T. H. Vivekanandam, III U. C.

THE word "Badagas" may be "Babylonish jargon" to most readers. And to the present writer too the word would have been unintelligible if circumstances had not brought him into personal contact with these interesting people. They are one of the hill tribes in the Nilgiris. They are called so because they came from Mysore, the North of the Nilgiris. From the Tamil word *வடக்கூர்*, they came to be known as *வடகூர்கள்*, which in English has assumed the form of "Badagas."

In the days of Tippu Sultan, these Badagas were forced to leave their homes in Mysore and to seek shelter in the wild jungles of the Nilgiris. The Badagas at first had some difficulties in being received in a friendly way by the original hill-tribes like the Kurumbas, the Irulas and the Kottas. However they earned the friendship of the old hill-tribes and finally settled in the jungles of the Nilgiris.

A Badaga presents a very primitive appearance. He wears only a loin cloth which does not reach below his knees, and he wraps his body with a big coarse blanket or a shawl or a sheet. He wears a big turban or a kind of night cap to protect his head from rain and sun. He shaves once in a blue moon. He embellishes his face by smearing sandal paste all over his forehead, neck and ears. His golden ear-rings flash in the sun light, and twinkle in the star light. He has a stout stick in his hand and a patch-work umbrella under his arm. The hoydens and tomboys of the Badagas attract the attention of the metropolitans. They wear a "motley" multi-coloured dress defaced by the mud and dust. With stout sticks in their hands, these urchins go fearlessly to the fields and grazing grounds helping their parents to drive the cattle. The Badaga woman has a small "mundu" (*முண்டி*) round her waist and a big stomacher protects her body from the chilly winds. She has a coarse kerchief round her head. We hear the tinkle of her silver bangles when she is at work. She discolours her hands and face with tattoo marks.

The Badaga villages are called "Huttis" (*ஹட்டி*) and consist of twenty or thirty houses in the manner of a modern store. Almost all the Badagas are agriculturists. Even the poorest among them has a small plot of land where he is "the monarch of all he surveys". The Badagas work in their fields with their wives and children. They grow potatoes, ragi (*ராகி*)

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and wheat and make a living out of the produce. Among them there are some rich people who have big areas of land where they plant coffee and tea. The poorer Badagas earn their livelihood by looking after the cattle of the rich. They also work in the estates for a low wage.

The parents do not care to send their children to the schools. The naughty fellows roam in the forests and destroy the nests of the birds. Sometimes we find them collecting fuel for the hearth. They generally gaze with their mouths wide open, at the strangers who pass through their "Huttis". Very few Badaga children are sent to school. These few ordinarily crawl to school like snails and reach there late. To sitting in class-rooms they prefer sitting on a plank and rolling down the steep mountain sides. The Badaga women also work in the estates for a few coppers. After preparing food for the members of the household, the Badaga women walk three or four miles to the place where they have to work. While returning from their day's labour, they "trudge the weary way" with a big bundle of firewood on their heads.

Their customs and manners are peculiar. Let me enumerate some of these. Whenever any Badaga meets an elderly man of his community, he bends his head before the old man. The latter in return touches his head saying Bathak (*பாடக*) which means 'prosper'. They have no special caste of barbers. One who shaves another receives from him the same service in return; thus neither of them spends a pie in the business. It is worth noting that they do not always use blades or razors for shaving. Often they make use of a thick piece of glass, for example from a broken bottle. They do not find it necessary to take a bath even once a week. They walk without any difficulty more than thirty miles in a single day. They do not want to adorn themselves in rich and fine attire. They are even satisfied with using twigs or match sticks or thread for links and buttons.

The Badagas are superstitious. I was told that there was a time once, when naughty school boys of the towns used to earn a few coins for their pencils and sweetmeats by playing a silly trick upon the poor innocent "Hempen-homespuns". These mischievous fellows used to draw seven lines in the middle of the street, in charcoal. The Badagas had a blind belief that they would be haunted if they crossed the lines drawn in black. Hence, these innocent creatures would coax the children to erase the lines by offering them some coins.

The Badaga marriage customs are primitive, and the facility of divorce among them may shock our ideas of morality. If a Badaga

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wants to marry a girl, he pays a hundred rupees to the parents of the bride and gets the bride home. But the marriage ceremony is concluded only a few months later when the "johnny-raw" puts the 'thali' (தாலி) round the bride's neck. The bride sits with her back turned to her husband and the bridegroom asks three times of his father-in-law permission to put the 'thali'. The latter replies affirmatively every time. Then the bridegroom puts the 'thali' and the marriage ends without any further ceremony. If the bride does not like her husband, she is at liberty to choose another, after paying him one hundred rupees—the sum which the husband had paid just before his marriage. In the same way, if the husband does not like his wife, he can choose another after divorcing her by paying a hundred rupees to her and she too can marry another. Evidently the Badagas have much to learn in the matter of purity and stability in domestic life.

If any member of a Badaga family dies, the corpse is kept in the house for three days. A big car is prepared and the relatives of the dead person come from various villages with trumpets and band. Some of these people dance round the car uttering mournful cries at repeated intervals. All the implements and tools of the dead person, such as mattocks, pickaxes and even plates are burnt along with the corpse. The corpse is cremated on the third day.

The Badagas have their "Habbas," that is festivals in accordance with the Hindu customs. During the festive days they spend their time in merry-making. They make bonfires and dance and sing their favourite tunes round these bonfires.

The Badagas are on the whole a lovable people. They are not ferocious or dangerous to their neighbours. Certainly they have faults and weaknesses. But they are a "go ahead" people with plenty of energy. There are also many philanthropists among them who do good to the whole community. They are advancing rapidly in civilisation, in education, in political consciousness even; and let us hope that before long they will occupy a respected place among the other communities of India.

Maklamaka the Fiery:

An Eastern Tale Retold

by A. K. Paul, III U. C.

THE stranger stopped at the gate and requested permission to enter. He addressed the sentinel in uniform: "For years have I wandered through diverse countries, but never in all my travels have I seen a city like this—buildings that rise like snow-clad mountains and gardens that may well be those of paradise. My senses are almost fatigued by this scented air and eternal music. What great festival are you celebrating? And this palace, this is divine work, sentinel! Who are the architects that have constructed this, and pray, who is the master of this city, this paradise on earth?" The sentinel looked down with scorn on this poorly clad man, but something in the stranger's look arrested his insolence. The light on the pilgrim's face made one forget the mendicant garb. "Do you call yourself a wanderer among diverse people?" he asked, "and have you not heard of Maklamaka the Fiery—may his enemies perish!—the lord of the world from sea to sea, the terror of kings, whose footstools are princes. Listen, in yonder palace, the rooms and royal halls are counted in thousands and the slaves that serve therein are reckoned in tens of thousands. It is now thirty years since he crushed his enemies. Woe to them who dare to raise their hands against Maklamaka. Is it not just that his subjects so ferocious and invincible in war should have some pleasure in peace? This is no festive day, pilgrim, and you see things but as they are every day. It is the King's Court that I am guarding. Here wine flows like water and the dance goes on till morning. And the doors stand open to the King's guests day and night, year in and year out."

"So this is the kingdom of Maklamaka," said the pilgrim to himself, "this is good enough for him." Turning to the sentinel he said, "Sir, in my long travels I have seen strange sights and witnessed wonderful incidents. Happy would I be to entertain His Majesty with a few of them and I am sure he will relish them greatly as a diversion from his other amusements. I am but a pilgrim and a poor man. I have here three gold pieces, but all I have I shall give you if you let me enter the Court." The sentinel waved aside the gift and with a bow ushered the meanly dressed pilgrim into the gardens that stood there, a sight for the gods, unmatched in their variety and freshness.

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A marble wall encircled these gardens like the silver lace that fringes a green saree. Once inside the gardens, a splendid spectacle was laid out before him. Spreading lawns dotted with beds of gaily coloured plants and flowers that waved in the sunshine; fountains that shot up clear and high, jets of water that dispersed into silvery foam as they fell; ponds overgrown with the finest hyacinths and water lilies, or clear as crystal, revealing in their depths little fishes with scales varying from silvery blue to red gold; on the balustrades, peacocks with their gorgeous plumage opened out to the sun; overhead from the balmy trees, a thousand song-birds in chorus; and finally, the majestic columns and golden domes of the palace flashing in the sunlight.

The pilgrim passed through halls thronged with courtiers. He was not attracted by their gilded dresses or shining liveries, neither did he turn round at their shouts of derision—"Here is a beggar!" The attendant at the door dressed in blue and gold conducted him through halls covered with luxurious carpets and rich tapestries, through galleries decked with paintings and statues, through broad staircases in marble and precious wood carved into noble or fantastic shapes. At last he entered the King's Audience Hall. He closed his eyes unable to face the dazzling sight. The hall was lit up with the glare of a hundred torches reflected by the mirrors and panels of silver and gold that covered the walls. A group of gaily dressed dancers danced on the marble floor, their feet keeping time to the slow languorous music of the royal musicians. Maklamaka the Fiery, surrounded by princes, his brow flushed with the pride of a hundred kings, was nodding his head to the strain of the music and with a goblet of wine in his hand was pledging Bacchus, his god. Gems and precious stones adorned the monarch's throne. But on his turban glowed a single priceless emerald. The strong scent that pervaded the whole place was sickening to the pilgrim. He approached the throne, bowed profoundly and stood grave, serene, respectful. The next moment the king noticed him. He bade the music stop. All eyes turned on the sage. "What wouldst thou have of us, speak!" commanded Maklamaka. "Sire," answered the pilgrim, "this only: licence to narrate before you and before your courtiers a story that may amuse you." The Sovereign nodded assent and the bystanders came closer and strained their necks to hear the speech. The pilgrim bowed again and said: "Once, in a remote and desolate part of your own country, O King, I saw a man in flight, running desperately along a path strewn with pointed rocks and boulders, beset with prickly bushes, broken with ruts and crevices. Often he stumbled and fell. But he quickly picked himself

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up every time he fell. And every time, as he rose, he looked behind with fear and apprehension and continued to run faster. Anxious to see the cause of his anxiety I too looked in the same direction. I saw to my great astonishment, a huge, ungainly, lumbering elephant following him, bellowing and brandishing its trunk. The elephant seemed to take as much pains to get at him as he to get out of its reach. The unfortunate man in his agitated flight did not notice a deep well that lay across his way. Its mouth was half hidden by shrubs, and running straight into them, he plunged down, and disappeared in the yawning chasm. Fortunately for him his fall was arrested by a thin dry root that ran across the well. He held fast to this root, his feet dangling in the air. Accommodating himself in this insecure position as best as he could he looked up. What could he see but the pursuing elephant, ferociously breaking down the brink of the well, roaring and diving at him. The poor man turned away with sickening dread. To escape the elephant, he knew, would be impossible. Then, to review his position, he looked down. The sight that met his eyes gave him such a start that he nearly lost his grip and fell. At the bottom he saw not water but a whole tribe of snakes writhing and hissing. Their very breath seemed to have power enough to destroy a man. But this was not all. A few moments later he perceived that even the root did not promise him a sure support. A pair of rats—one white and the other black,—were vigorously gnawing and eating it away at one end. Wherever he turned, only impending danger met his eyes. In this state of helpless waiting he felt something drop on his arm. He looked and found it was a drop of honey that fell from an overhanging branch of a tree. He opened his mouth and the next drop fell on his tongue. With a greed that was astounding under the circumstances, he caught the sweet drops as they fell. He forgot the stamping elephant above, the writhing snakes below and the gnawing rats beside him." "An idle tale!" cried Maklamaka in contemptuous merriment. "In all our kingdom there is no such fool, you dotard!" The serene countenance of the pilgrim darkened, and his eyes flashed. "Maklamaka, thou art the man!" In the silent hall, among the awe-struck courtiers, his voice rang like a trumpet. "Maklamaka, between the death that pursues you, and the hell that awaits you, the thin thread of life gives you a precarious hold. And the twin rats, day and night, servants of time, are gnawing at the thread which must soon snap. Will you still stretch your tongue for the honeyed pleasures of the world? Maklamaka, think of your end, and strive to escape from the wrath to come!" The king sat dumbfounded, motionless like one turned to stone. The pilgrim bowed, turned and was seen no more.

MAKLAMAKA THE FIERY

“Maklamaka, leave the drops of honey alone and think of your end!” The words haunted the mighty king wherever he went, on his throne, and in his bed. Gradually the sounds of feasting and rejoicings in his city and kingdom became silent. The labour of the poor ceased to feed the luxury of prince and courtier. In Maklamaka's golden palace, the marble halls no more echoed to the dancers with their clinking anklets and bangles. The insolent glare of torches paled and flickered out long before midnight. And even the fiery gleam in Maklamaka's eye gradually yielded to the soft glow of mildness and benevolence.



PAPANASAM AND KALYANATHIERTHAM FALLS.

(Photos by S. Ramakrishnan, IV B. Sc.)

Papanasam

by S. Ramakrishnan, IV B. Sc.

VERY few people acquire a genuine love of nature's beauty and by this means get over the cares and anxieties that weigh them down. Besides, everyone of us, especially students, can learn from nature many valuable lessons which will add to the fund of life's wisdom.

If you ask me to suggest to you an ideal place in which to spend your vacation after the tedious and hard toil of the year, I shall mention Papanasam, which literally means "destruction of sin," that is, a place where sins are absorbed. But above all, there is beauty, there is pleasure in that place. Half an hour's journey in a *bandy* from Ambasamudrum which has a railway station will take you to Papanasam. The journey is most enjoyable as the whole atmosphere within five miles of the Papanasam hills is neither too warm nor too cold for even the most delicate constitution. The spreading banyan and margosa trees which line the road on either side do not allow the sun to penetrate through them and beat upon the wayfarer; and the surrounding country is pleasing and restful to the eye of the traveller.

The road that leads to the higher peaks of the hills begins from a temple which is a gigantic and ancient structure. Pursuing the path up the hills you travel along many spots where nature is in her most gorgeous form and where at each turn of the road there awaits the eye of the traveller some new delight. After sunset when darkness is just stepping in, deer of many varieties are seen coming out in large numbers. After ascending a mile or so you find the forest to be very thick and hear a gradually increasing roar; about the third milestone, the sound is at its strongest and if you strike across in its direction you will soon see the Papanasam Falls dashing down from above and pouring into a huge rocky basin. Not far from these Falls, there is another one falling from a height of 20 ft. In the rock on which it falls there are three circular holes of $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. diameter separated by a distance of 1 ft. It is said that if you dive into any of these holes, the chances are that you may come up through the other two. But to test this proposition would be to risk one's life. I wonder if anyone has ever tried! Tradition says that five or six years ago, a man belonging to Vikramasinghapuram, a village at the foot of the mountain, performed the experiment successfully. During summer when the water is not abundant, it is possible to bathe under the

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cascade. But in the rainy season the mass and roar of the falling waters make one tremble even to approach it.

Then continuing your journey by the road, between huge precipices on one side and great depths and hollows on the other, you reach a place a mile distant from the Papanasam Falls, where there is another magnificent waterfall. The Tambaraparni river descending from its source in Pothigaimalai rolls down a sharp slope at this place. This cascade is known by the name of Kalyanatheertham Falls. Both the Papanasam and Kalyanatheertham falls are visible from the road, one above the other. The latter falls from a height of 40 ft. through a dangerous cleft in the wall of the rock. It branches into two while falling and the one farther from the big rock is puny compared with the other, which is called the main fall. Birds of different hues have their homes in innumerable apertures on the face of the rock, and God alone knows how they feed themselves on that wet rock. The vast expanse of water falling between sharp rocks with a tremendous velocity is better seen than described. It falls upon masses of granite which seem to have grown there purposely to defy the proud river, Tambaraparni, the life-giver of the Tinnevely District.

Standing upon the solid granite by the side of the Falls, you get a better view of their size and grandeur. The seething water fills the surrounding atmosphere with spray. I must not forget to add that water from above the Falls is taken through pipes over the mountain to work the big turbines of the Harvey Mills at the base of the mountain in Vikramasinghapuram.

The whole journey I have described covers only four miles; the labour involved is very slight; and the pleasure gained is immense. It is with regret that one leaves Papanasam. I hope I have stirred your curiosity with this short description; I leave it to you to satisfy it fully by a visit to the place in the near future.

The Election Day

by P. S. Krishnaswamy, II U. C.

IT was the eve of the election day. Trichy Town was very busy. The bright wall posters attracted the attention of many. They were of various designs,—one, of enormous size with nothing but the name of the candidate; a second one with the figure of a begging monkey, as though monkeys were the fittest creatures to request us our vote; a third and a more interesting one, with a friendly biography of another candidate and his claims to preference over his rival.

Two friends chanced to see these posters. As was natural, they fell into a talk as to who would be the victor in the morrow's election. The elder said to the other, "Surely, A will get the votes. My father says that he has made a splendid campaign, and left nothing to chance. Trichy is sure to vote for him and the villagers are inclined to do what town-folk do." The younger, who was the son of an orthodox brahmin, said to his friend, "You are mistaken. It is only in Trichy that A will get a large number of votes, where many of his friends work for him. But in Tanjore, all will vote for B. He has been sitting in the Assembly for these ten years. Moreover, he is orthodox and will not allow any one of the non-religious social reform bills to be passed. I hear also that he has put in an application for the repeal of the Sarda Act. He has actively worked for the uplift of the poor." "What do you mean by this?" interrupted the former; "Even in Kumbakonam, the most orthodox centre of South India, he will not get one fourth of the votes. The people of the place ask why he has not come to their town." "Surely," answered the other, "if that is so, he has made a grievous blunder. It is a folly on his side that he has not gone to those parts."

While they were thus speaking, they heard a motor horn and looked behind. What was their surprise when they found that the car was driven by a monkey. A bear was sitting by, distributing hand-bills. The knowing reader will guess at once that they were mere men dressed out like these noble animals. On the outside of the car were pasted placards requesting the people to vote for a certain young man of noble family whose ideal was to do good to humanity in general and to Trichy—Tanjorians in particular: the third competitor C.

THE ELECTION DAY

An old man who was passing by picked up a bill and on reading it was distressed in mind. He called his neighbour and asked him, "Why do men attack each other? Is it necessary that one should condemn his brother, in order to win the election? Is there nothing more worthy within our reach, than to sit in the Assembly hall for a short time doing nothing? Is it for the first class *batta* that they can get when they travel to Delhi? Why cannot man show such fervour in serving God?" His neighbour heard and heard him not.

The sun sets and the election talks become more lively. All take great delight in speaking of it—the rich man who has no care in life, the beggar who is always complaining, the students that are returning home from their games, the orthodox that are counting their beads on their way to the temple and the weary workmen that are returning to their homes after a hard day's work. There are, however, some that do not care a pin for these proceedings. If you go to any one of them and ask him, "Whom do you want to be elected", they will turn you off saying, "I vote for none. What do I care whether Rama or Ravana rules the land, so long as everything is quite right with me?"

At night too, the candidates continue their strenuous efforts to canvass as many votes as possible. The volunteers go into each house, uninvited and unwelcomed, and request him or her to vote for their employer. A more interesting method of begging votes is also prevalent. A party of idle fellows are called and they are dressed in all sorts of quixotic ways. Each one of them carries a flag with different emblems. The party is divided into two groups. One asks the other, "For whom is the vote to be given?" The other replies "To so and so". Thus there is a lot of money wasted in these elections.

The day dawns. It is the memorable 10th day of November. A number of cars are plying from one place to another, carrying the voters to the polling station. The voter takes the voting paper, casts a reluctant glance at it, puts $\times$ against the name of . . . the one whose arguments had most impressed him, folds the paper, throws it in the ballot box and comes out. All hasten to ask him, "To whom?". "Con-fi-den-ti-al" says the man with much stress on each syllable, but the man who brought him to the polling station in the car knows "to whom" he voted.

Reader, I know that you will be curious to know how some men are able to make out the victor of the day though the voting is "confidential". The mystery can be explained. Some of the voters are illiterate and they vote openly. Men count the open votes and towards evening issue hand-bills saying:

THE ELECTION DAY

To-day's laurel belongs to A only.

99% in polling station no. 5.

67½% in polling station no. 8.

and so on.

The day is coming to a close. The bell-ringer in the Rock Fort Temple looks at his clock, waiting for the two hands to stand vertical and ring out six P.M. There are yet twelve minutes to six. An agent of one of the candidates drives to a certain street and invites a pot-bellied gentleman to get up into the car. It takes the man five minutes to do so. The car flies to the polling station. That takes two more minutes. The Gout takes another five minutes to get down. At this juncture, the temple bell tolls out six o'clock, the sound reverberating from one end of the town to another. The polling officer, who has been patient and has presented a cheerful countenance from six in the morning loses his patience and refuses the man permission to vote. The agent quarrels with the officer; but the constable intervenes and the quarrel stops. Since Gout did not vote for his Patron, the agent refuses to take him back in the car and drives away. Pitiable is the fate of our new friend Mr. Gout.

He cannot weep because he is old.

He cannot walk because he is gouty and—fat.

He won't hire a cab because he is a miser.

He cannot curse because it is the public street.

"What became of him at last?" I do not know. Thus, I spent two idle days in watching the proceedings of the election. Just then, one of my friends reminded me of our Principal who has accused the II U. C. of being the "slackest class" in the college. He added that the Principal was determined not to give these "case hardened fellows" of the II U. C. selection unless each one gets 50% of the marks. So I ran home and took to my books feeling that selection for the Intermediate examination was far more serious than election to the Assembly.

The Fun of It All

by *T. S. Venkataraman, I U. C.*

"I say, Kittu, why should people go on fabricating all their cock-and-bull stories? I've become already tired of these reckless inventions. How's't possible for a man, helpless as he is, to probe into the secret of the Omnipotent and try to find out His decrees? Haven't we got a little common sense, nay, a touch of it? A mere humbug, downright humbug!", cried out my friend with flashing eyes.

What was it that caused such an unusual agitation in my friend's mind? Why that face red-hot with passion? He was holding a letter in his hand. And the strange-looking individual who had brought it stood motionless a few yards away, utterly unmoved as if he had not heard a single word of what my friend had said. My friend threw the letter over to me. I opened it and read the following:

'The bearer of this letter is a well-known palmist who can foretell accurately the fortune of a man by studying his hand. He is one of four brothers all born deaf and dumb; and of these he is now the only one alive. Therefore it is hereby requested that he should not be roughly handled or despised by those who fail to realise his wonderful power in the art of palmistry; which we guarantee.'

Believe Us,
We are,
The Servants of the Anyam Mutt,
Rameswaram.

"E'en if you say that India isn't going to get Swaraj one of these days, maybe, I believe it; but this, certainly not", continued my friend Mr. Ramanan; taking a glance at the palmist now sitting in the corner of the room fortunately in blissful ignorance of my friend's sentiments.

"Where there is a general rule, there may be exceptions, Mr. Raman," I retorted, "Who can say that there is not a single individual in this matter-of-fact world who can find out the secrets of the Almighty? Why should not this weird man before you be that single individual? Why conceive a prejudice against him and say this and that? Let's try him."

After a moment's pause for thinking, I said again, "Well, Raman, let's take a known case, find out what he tells and thereby ascertain his

THE FUN OF IT ALL

power. Let him tell the fortune of your sister Kamala. We all know that she is engaged to the budding doctor, Lakshmanan of Trichy, the President of the Birth Control League." Another glance at the stranger who was apparently lost in his own thoughts, and my friend's face brightened. I saw that my idea had caught.

Kamala was sent for. She came down blushing and giggling. She was then sweet sixteen. She appeared before the palmist like the Goddess of Beauty incarnate, and held her left palm to him. That fortunate man gently took hold of it and carefully examined the palm-lines for fifteen minutes or so. He then made gestures which we easily interpreted as follows:

Fortune:—It will really smile on her and she will roll in wealth.

Matrimonial:—She will marry very soon the man whose profession is to relieve the sufferings that human flesh is heir to. His name is that of Rama's dearest brother (i.e. Lakshmanan) and you can find him in a well-known town on the banks of the Cauvery.

Children:—No. Not even one.

My friend Ramanan was thoroughly puzzled. His scepticism was shaken. "It's enough and to spare" he said. "Here is your due for your wonderful prediction. Not 'n'other word. Take it and be gone." Saying these words he took out two rupees and making a gesture of thanks to the palmist, handed them to him. The old fellow pocketed them quietly and taking his bundle went out.

But Ramanan seemed still dissatisfied. "Two rupees is too little for such skill. I think we should give him at least five rupees. Here, come back!" he cried to the man as he was descending the front door steps, "We owe you a bigger reward."

The deaf and dumb man's greed got the better of his prudence. In answer to my friend's call, he turned round looking at us with cunning hungry eyes. But the next moment realising his blunder he was off again down the path and along the road with incredible rapidity.

There was a look of triumph on Ramanan's face and he burst out laughing. I blinked for a moment unable to make out what had happened, and then I too joined my friend, laughing heartily at the fun of it all!

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from Various Contributors

THE appeal in the last number of the Magazine for more abundant contributions from students has met with a gratifying response. Of the articles handed in, after the best and most readable had been selected, there still remained a good many which either fell a little below the mark in originality of matter and correctness of expression, or suffered from some other flaw which could not be remedied by mere "correction". Some others resembled too closely in subject and treatment articles already accepted. These could have been held over for publication in the next issue, but that seemed like preventing the writers from making another and probably better effort. Most of them contained personal thoughts happily expressed, bits of narrative and description which it was a pleasure to read. Since it would have been a pity to lose these good things, we judged it best to put them together in this final "miscellany".

The title may puzzle some readers. Of the works wrongly ascribed to Chaucer, *The Flower and the Leaf* is one of the best known. We have not read it; but its beautiful name clings to the memory like the faint perfume that clings to the garment when one brushes against a scented object. And since this compilation is like a bouquet of flowers and leaves culled from various sources, the title seemed appropriate. The Editor's rôle here is that of a showman, or better still, that of a gardener: to clip a blossom here, a little branch there, elsewhere some shy half-opened bud; to bind them together with the ribbon of a running commentary and with a bow present them to the indulgent reader.

I

We shall begin with the verse contributions. Contrary to our fears we were *not* flooded with embarrassing productions. St. Joseph's College is not yet "a nest of singing birds". But there are poets who give promise of fine performance. K. Srinivas, Post-graduate student, describes in "Longing" his disillusionment with earth and his vision of perfect happiness.

The stately oceans rich
With all their magic pearls,
Have lost their silver gleams
In darkened tempest whirls.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

The vasty dome of blue
With beaming diadems
To me alas now seems
Bereft of all its gems.....
I long to build a Home
Where moonbeams hop and play
Amid the twinkling stars
Bright or silver grey.
There God Himself holds court
With Angels to attend,
While in harmonious song
Their voices rise and blend.

A. K. Paul, III U. C. draws "The Lesson of the Moon" while he watches her climbing the sky majestically.

With silvery white she painted trees
They shook their heads in the joyous breeze;
I gazed all rapt at this delight:
The Queen of Heaven, the Lamp of Night!

The beauty of the moon, which makes children cry and ask to have it for a plaything reminds him of the desires of men who seek to find in worldly joys a happiness they cannot impart. They have gained what they sought. But

They live no better than before,
In discontent they ask for more:
The beauteous moon they hold in hand
Is but a heap of stones and sand.

Earlier in this issue, the reader will have noticed a pretty rendering of an old moral fable by the same writer. A. K. Paul's thoughts run in serious channels!

The two remaining contributions are elegiac verses. I. Arokiaswamy, II U. C. writes on the murdered Austrian Chancellor Dr. Dollfuss. His lines are metrically correct, but more rhetorical than poetic.

When peace was wrecked and Austria distraught
Through Socialist revolt and Nazi plot,
When lawful rights were threatened to be banned
And war stared grim with Death's high overplus,
Then rose great Doctor Engelbert Dollfuss
The valorous defender of his land.

P. F. Thomas, I U. C. recounts in simple rhyme well suited to the subject, the death of old Br. Joseph, the Sanyasi, whose humble and meritorious life ended at a very advanced age on the 5th of October.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

None could guess his age,
Though strange this might appear;
All knew him for a sage
One free from earthly fear.

He would tell every one
The stories of the past,
But he complained to none
That life was running fast.

* * *

Now let us pray to God
To make his joys increase.
His dust lies 'neath the sod;
His soul, may it rest in peace!

Every reader will echo this pious wish.

II

The Assembly elections have set many of our students reflecting, as is natural for those who must before long vote or be voted for. S. Swaminathan, IV Hons. writes on the subject in a serious vein, and discusses the virtues of candidates and electors.

The representative should be distinguished for wisdom, experience superior knowledge, etc. He should be a leader of the people. As Lord Brougham observes, "He represents the whole people of the community, exercises his own judgment upon all national issues and measures....."

Secrecy is a very important factor in the mode of voting. The voter in exercising his right is under the moral obligation to consider the interests of the public and not his own private advantage. Class interests are to be absolutely avoided. The most horrible thing that is being done at present in every country is bribing. In bribery, the elector sells his judgment and discernment, the candidate sells his honesty. If a man spends at the rate of Rs. 3 per vote, he is sure of his election.....

Though it was imprudent to have let out the secret contained in the last sentence, we are confident that none of our readers will take mean advantage of it.

N. S. Bhoovarahamoorthy, II U. C. narrates the sad story of "A Beggar Girl", a story of domestic tyranny.

Her brother had loved her much, but she had been driven out of her house and reduced to beggary because of the cruelties and difficulties undergone by her at the hands of her brother's wife. How often was the girl chastised for trifles, beaten well, put to starvation and often for no fault of hers! She said how she was despised and made light of in other people's eyes and how at one time her brother's wife did actually try to poison her because her husband was too affectionate towards the little sister.....

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

This is good, but it loses in force by being narrated in this indirect summary fashion. Could not Bhoovarahamoorthy tell the whole thing more vividly, using dialogue in which savoury Tamil expressions would be translated as well as they can be; with concrete details of the food she was obliged to eat, and the food which the sister-in-law kept for herself; of the people before whom our heroine was slighted, and the remark they made on the occasion?

V. Narayan Swamy, II U. C. has a "Queer Neighbour". Whether he really has him, or pretends for literary purposes—a pardonable pretence!—to have him, is more than we can say. Anyhow, this is how he describes him.

He has a trick of getting up at odd hours of the night and reciting and singing old verses in a loud discordant voice. No doubt he is well pleased with his voice; if you are not, so much the worse for you! He has a perfect right to sing if only to himself. He is in his house. Did not his great grandfather spend 5000 rupees on it? Is he not the only son of his father, who in turn had been the sole heir? The aged servant of the house whispered to me the other day that the old man—meaning the builder of the house,—had also been a loud-voiced singer. It would appear that the neighbours used to keep heaps of stones ready to throw at the old man's house or at his head if they could get a chance of aiming at it. The grandson has inherited the old man's talents.

We strongly disapprove of stone throwing, and hope our contributor will not resort to it in order to silence this unwelcome nightingale.

The anxieties of the Selection examination, specially among students of the II U. C. were bound to find literary expression. D. Govindarajan describes the state of his mind when he was waiting for the results.

I was unable to read anything. I took down my books several times from the shelf and replaced them mechanically. The thought of tomorrow was in my mind. "Tomorrow", I said, "the results will be on the notice board. I shall be selected, yes, no doubt about that. I have got pass marks in all the subjects in last year's examination, and I must have passed well in this examination too. Will not the good fortune which has carried me from the infant standard to the II U. C. carry me up to the University examination? Yes, I shall "get selection". I shall write the application tomorrow between 10 and 11 a.m. I shall go home by the earliest train, I shall meet all my friends and shall tell them about my success.

There is the genuine ring in this. Well, Govindarajan, your dream has come true, your ordeal has ended. To you, and to all your fellow-sufferers, success in the next and bigger ordeal!

Among Books and Authors

Charles Péguy

THE present number of the Magazine opens with a translation of a passage on Holy Innocents, from the works of Charles Péguy, a French poet and journalist who was killed in the Great War, at the age of forty-one. In France where classical literary traditions are still very strong, his style of "free verse" prevented the immediate recognition of his genius, though at no time did he lack "fit audience though few". But before long, even many of those who did not think him readable, found him eminently "hearable". They were captured by the oratorical rhythm of his lines. The variety of his gifts—his vivid imagination, his wealth of emotion, his delicate humour, his love of earth, his warm humanity, the verve and sweep of his controversial writing,—could not long be denied recognition. In his love and knowledge of peasant life and his command of tragic emotion, Péguy recalls Thomas Hardy. But Péguy had what Hardy bewailed that he had not—religious faith: the hope in God and confidence in man which irradiate his deepest sadness. There are still many critics who are irritated by his repetitions, mannerisms, his liberties with all kinds of convention. But for the ever growing number of those who are sealed of the tribe of "our dear Péguy," attachment to him amounts almost to a passion.

A Book of South India

by J. C. Molony (Methuen)

The reading of this book (published already some years ago,) has been a real pleasure to us. The author was a well-known Civil Service official in the Madras Presidency and even now, in retirement, writes for Indian papers and reviews. In addition to its literary charm, there will be for most of our students the pleasure of enjoying descriptions of persons and places familiar to them. The tone of the book is admirable. We see here the Civilian at his best: cultured, good-humoured, critical yet sympathetic, and ready for any situation. As specimens of the style and spirit of the book we reproduce two passages.* The first is on Fr. Sewell S.J., one of the makers, and for many years Principal and Manager, of St. Joseph's.

* With grateful acknowledgment to the Author and Publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co., London, who have authorised us to do so.

AMONG BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Fr. Sewell was [at the time the author made his acquaintance] about eighty years old; but his back was as straight as on the day that he left his military academy. He had uncommon width of shoulder and depth of chest; spectacles he used as an occasional convenience rather than as an everyday necessity; his hearing was perfect; his voice retained the sonorous ring of vigorous manhood. He told me that in his army days he had tried two or three times to insure his life; on each occasion the doctors rejected him as consumptive and unlikely to live long! There was little about him to suggest the seminarist: he always turned out spick and span as for a parade. I have a suspicion that Father Sewell in the Confessional was strongly reminiscent of Lieutenant Colonel Sewell in the orderly-room. Yet humbleness was a marked feature of the old man's character. After his death the local Superior of the Order testified to his willingness to undertake cheerfully the dullest drudgery allotted to him: 'That which put glory and grace into all that he did, was that he did it of love for God.'"

The second passage will interest all those who are in any way concerned with education.

"In Europe it is an educational maxim that a man, to know his own language perfectly, must know another language fairly well. This is a suitable precept for a part of the world where people are, as a rule, very poor linguists. For the inhabitants of South India, whose linguistic ability is extraordinary, I should reverse the maxim, and urge that a man cannot know a foreign language really well unless he first knows his own language perfectly. My Indian friends have vaunted to me their political orators who speak in English. The speeches of many of these gentlemen, uttered in a foreign tongue, represent a marvellous achievement, are proof of a linguistic ability which I wholeheartedly envy; but I can scarcely recall a speech in which I did not find some phrase or expression that made me smile, did I consider it simply as English. Even the best of them suggested a man playing the piano with an instrument, not with his fingers. Much of the educational futility, of the crudity of culture observable by the scoffing foreigner in S. India, is attributable, in my opinion, to the fact that the Indian here has neglected his own language. Consequently he has no fixed and perfectly comprehended standard of taste for his guidance in the expression of his thoughts.....

"From these causes or conditions there emerges one phenomenon to which I have not noticed a parallel in any other land. In his everyday, casual speech the educated South Indian is apt to make use of a barbarous

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jargon unlike anything heard elsewhere from the lips of mortal man. 'Yettané' days leave availed *irukkiradhu?* is a question which I have often heard. 'Yettané' is the Tamil for 'how many' and 'irukkiradhu' is the third person, singular, neuter gender, of the present tense of the verb 'to be'. The sentence is a medley of two languages, in which each language is used incorrectly. 'Days' cannot be 'availed' in English. The most amazing effort in this line within my knowledge is ascribed to a Telugu teacher of Mathematics '*Roughuga* calculation *chestamu*', he observed, turning to his blackboard. Now 'ga' is the Telugu adverbial termination: therefore '*roughuga*' is the English adjective turned into a Telugu adverb. '*Chestamu*' means 'we shall make'. The teacher had a knowledge perfect for all colloquial uses of both English and Telugu. It would not have cost him a moment's thought to say 'we shall make a rough calculation, or we shall calculate roughly'; while he could, of course, have expressed himself with absolute correctness in Telugu. But this dreadful slipshodness in expression had become habitual with him."

Fallodon Papers

by Viscount Grey (Constable)

Miscellaneous essays by the late Viscount Grey of Fallodon. The book is a recent addition to the Library. The subjects include: The Pleasures of Reading, Pleasure in Nature, Recreation, Waterfowl at Fallodon, The Fly-Fisherman, Wordsworth's "Prelude." The serenity of spirit that pervades it and its very special purity of style which gives the impression of a deceptive simplicity, make this book fascinating. The author, as every one knows, was not a recluse, but a great public figure; a man of action, not a scholar. The writer of this delicate prose with his sensitive eye and ear, was Foreign Secretary of England during the stormy period that preceded and followed the declaration of the Great War.

J. D'S. S.J.

On Reading Shakespeare

by Logan Pearsall Smith (Constable)

To those who are not satisfied with "answers to expected questions" on Shakespeare, but want to read him for themselves, no more suitable book can be recommended. Under a very modest title and a disclaimer to be even a constant reader of Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Smith hides an

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insight into his mind which no mere study can give, and which in the wilderness of writers on Shakespeare for three centuries has been given to a very few, like Coleridge, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Dr. A. C. Bradley, and, may I add a living critic?—Mr. Granville-Barker.

There is a notion abroad that Shakespeare cannot be understood without the help of Furness or Verity or (for local colour) Bannerjee. Did an Elizabethan Globe audience not understand him well enough? And could they "annotate"

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red?

It may almost be said that a detailed study of Shakespeare such as is required for an examination *prevents* a true understanding and enjoyment of great things like

My heart dances,
But not for joy; not joy:—

or

Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

Mr. Smith's common sense is delightful. He keeps clear of all the thousand and odd theories which have given a temporary fame to many a sweating commentator, and bestrides their narrow world with supreme indifference. He is not afraid of admitting Shakespeare's indolence, but he puts his finger on his true merit: his magnificent gift of *expression*, his poetry, his power of so understanding some of his characters as to let them run away with him to depths deeper than did ever plummet sound. Falstaff is one of these; Hamlet is another; Lear, too, and perhaps Shylock. We can never say that we *know* them—even Shakespeare didn't.

This, then, is a book for every one who really cares to know Shakespeare to read, and re-read. It is a key to unknown delights.

T. N. S., S.J.

Modern English Prose

Selected by Guy Boas (Macmillan)

In this year of the centenary of the death of Charles Lamb, it is but fitting to speak of the harmonies of prose when we remember what that superb craftsman has said. 'Prose has her cadence', not of a fitful

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and rare kind but a regular and measured cadence. English prose of the present time has its eminence, deriving its glory from the past and showing newer melodies. When it is recognised how prose, like poetry, is the combination of the best words in the best order, the work of the present day writers like Belloc, Blunden, Guedella, Galsworthy and Strachey, to mention only a few, shows that it is not the rare skill of a solitary genius. It is the very "creed of England". A book like "Modern English Prose", edited by Guy Boas and published recently, is a real treat to those who love good prose.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the whole book in a short review. Its striking feature is its wide range of subject matter which ought to appeal to readers of different tastes. Biography, history, diplomacy, War, Short story, bull-baiting, cricket, literary criticism, style, and finance, are among the subjects dealt with,—an amazing variety indeed!

The story of the fighting near Thiepval during the Great War is narrated by Edmund Blunden in picturesque language. Lady Rhondda's account of the sinking of the *Lusitania* on 7th May 1915 is a work of conspicuous brilliance. The vigour of the composition comes from the tragic personal experience of the writer.

The selections from the well-known biographies of recent times are of a stimulating kind. Lytton Strachey's account of Gladstone shows the author's fondness for 'debunking'. Though Philp Guedella presents the Duke of Wellington as a great general, he takes a delight in exhibiting the unheroic qualities too. Winston Churchill's picture of Lenin, and Desmond MacCarthy's sketch of Lord Oxford and Asquith are sure to whet the reader's appetite for the study of biography. The implacable violence of the one and the perfect integrity of mind of the other are vividly brought out. The directness, simplicity and efficiency of writing in these pieces shows the triumph of modern prose style.

"The Ghost-Ship" of Richard Middleton is a fantastic tale and is surely one of the finest short stories in the language. The account of the bull-ring by Mary Webb reminds the reader of what Hazlitt has done in "The Fight." Such unprepossessing subjects as bull-baiting and boxing come to possess a literary flavour when handled by authors who have the gift of style. Granville-Barker's exposition of Shakespeare is the kind of literary criticism that will grip the attention of the ordinary reader who has common sense and eagerness to learn. Sir James Jeans is a fascinating writer who says "Looked at in terms of space, the message of

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astronomy is at best one of melancholy grandeur and oppressive vastness. Looked at in terms of time, it becomes one of almost endless possibility and hope." We begin to think when we hear a great scientist speak in that manner. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford is a new writer who has made his mark by his courageous conception of history. When he says that "To face facts is not to counsel pessimism", one sees in a flash the basis of a philosophy of history.

The book does not contain mere purple patches as the name might suggest. The modern prose authors whose work is represented in this Anthology show that when they have something definite to say, they can do it not only in the most pleasing but also in the most powerful way. Their prose rolls out in sentences firmly built and periods nobly cadenced. Polish, luminousness, and vigour are the characteristics of the good prose of the present time. They are secured largely by the use of the familiar style in which the right word and the short sentence proclaim the skill of the artist.

K. C.

Book Review

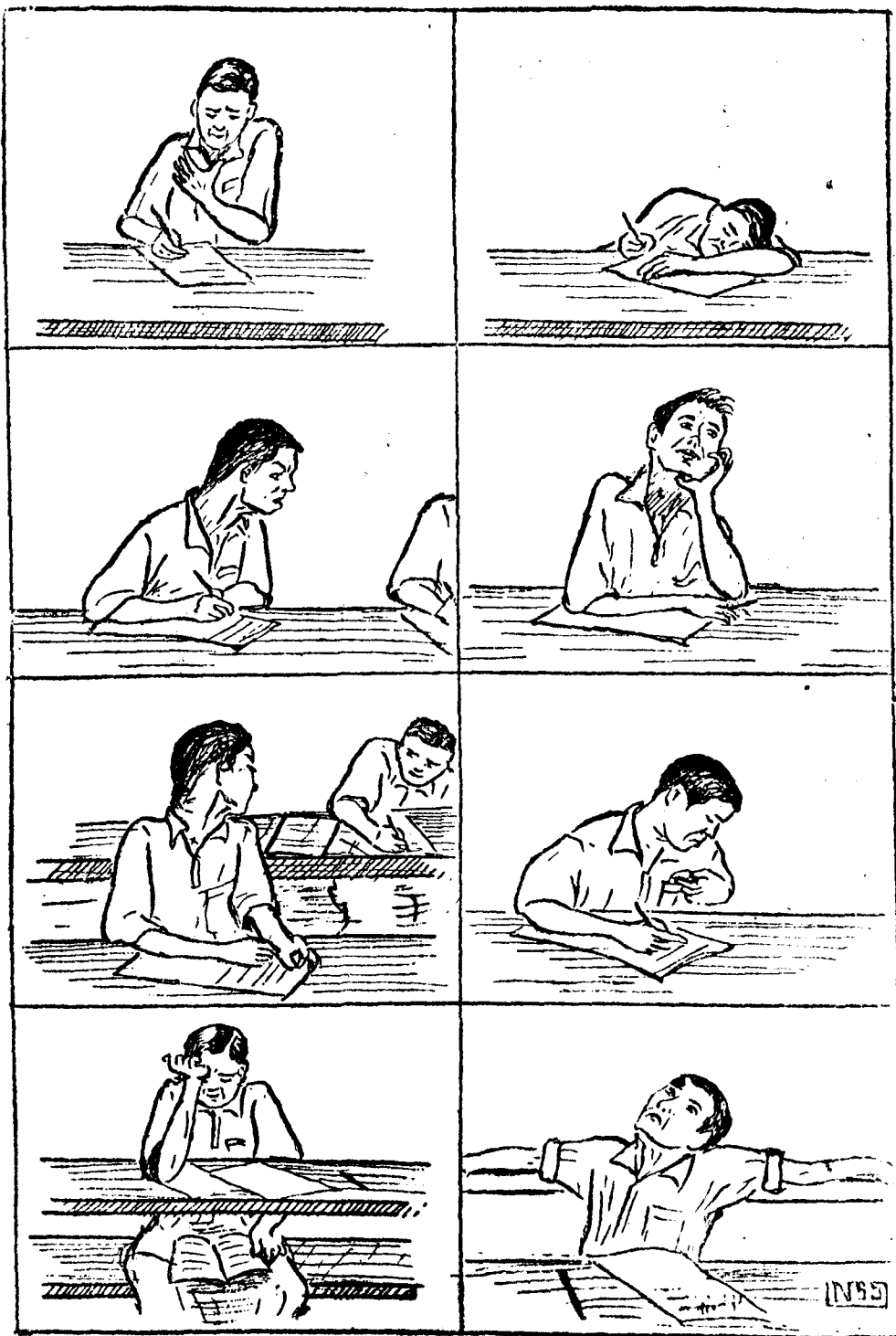
'Manonmaneeam' A Drama Rendered into Prose by Shunmugasundaram Mudaliar, M.A., L.T. Published by Kalavali Press, Madras.

Price: Rs. 2-4-0 net.

A prose version of the Tamil drama in poetry by P. Sundaram Pillai. This is not the place to speak of the literary value of the original poetry. Shunmugasundaram Mudaliyar has rendered the play in really artistic Tamil prose, very apt and very expressive and, unlike some high class Tamil works, very readable.

The conversations of the male characters in the play are quite good and natural; but we must say that when the female characters are made to speak, there is a tone of unreality in their manner and expression. One says to oneself: 'girls don't talk to each other like that.' But it may be answered: 'Yes, but in dramas they do!'

M. S., S.J.



A GLIMPSE OF THE EXAMINATION HALL

By N. S. Seturaman, IV-U. C.

[Superintendents, please take note! Ed.]

Editorial Notes

Rev. Fr. Joseph Demaux-Lagrange

THE College has recently had the privilege of welcoming the distinguished Superior of the Province of Toulouse, and the Magazine in its turn takes the first occasion to offer him its respectful homage. Our readers are no doubt aware that the Society of Jesus which is a world-wide organization is divided for purposes of government into Assistancies, and these again into Provinces. The Assistancy of France is made up of four Provinces and their dependent Missions. Fr. Demaux-Lagrange is the head of the Province of Toulouse to which is attached the Indian Vice-Province of Madura. His visit is in conformity with the customs of the Society. It is doubly welcome at a moment when educational problems are being discussed in India from every side with an insistence, a frequency, a variety of approaches and points of view that are positively bewildering. Rev. Fr. Provincial has acquired intimate knowledge of the working of educational institutions not only as former Rector of one of our greatest colleges in France, but also as Secretary, during many years, of the Society at its Headquarters in Rome. We therefore welcome him both as the bearer of the greetings of the mother Province to her Indian daughter, and as one from whose visit the College, and the cause of higher education in the South, are destined to benefit greatly.

Fr. Leigh

For our students returning to College for the third term there waited a real surprise. Fr. Leigh, our popular Principal, has been replaced by Fr. J. D'Souza. Many among Fr. Leigh's friends had been aware of his oft-expressed wish to be relieved of his heavy charge. He had borne the brunt of some of the most trying years through which the College has passed: with what efficiency, what sang-froid, what genial humour, is known to all. At one time single-handed he did the work of Professor of English, Principal, Warden of Clive's, Editor of the Magazine, Curator of the Museum, and University Examiner. Four years ago he was on the verge of a complete break-down. But his fine constitution enabled him to rally. Recently, however, a very distressing throat complaint has been developing. The continual interviewing and attendant worries of office-work along with full-time lecturing, have put a heavy strain on his throat. It

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was a question of giving up the one or the other, to avoid graver complications. Fr. Leigh has deliberately chosen to give up the former.

Fr. Leigh remains, of course, head of the English Department. There is fortunately every hope that with rest and proper medical aid the College will long retain the benefit of his ripe scholarship, his knowledge of administration, and his unrivalled experience as University Examiner and Member of the Board of Studies. To Fr. Leigh himself now completing 21 years of service in the College, it must be a satisfaction to know that many of his younger colleagues of the religious and lay staff—among them, the one who has been called upon to take up his difficult succession—are his old students, who owe to him an important part of their formation.

Our Contributors

Mr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar who contributes a penetrating study of the technique of Prose, Verse and Poetry, is Professor of English in Lingaraj College, Belgaum. He is not an Old Boy of St. Joseph's, but of St. Xavier's, Palamcottah. This explains the good fortune of the Magazine in securing his valuable contribution, which forms an apt commentary on the passage from Péguy which precedes it. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar is a valued writer and reviewer in many Indian literary periodicals. The cultured public will hear more of him.

Mr. Narayanaswami is an old contributor whose sketch of the "Superintendent" in the last issue was highly appreciated. He has made progress this time: from Superintendent to Auditor-General; from fiction to fact. But his A.R. G. is, if anything, more human than his Superintendent and his fact not less readable than fiction.

Fr. J. Pujo who contributes three pen-and-ink sketches of Indian Villages, was lecturer in Botany in our College before he went up to Kurseong for his theological studies. At present he is in Kodaikanal undergoing the "tertianship", the last months of a Jesuit's formation. We thank him for these drawings which will be liked; they reveal not only an artist's eye and hand, but a sympathetic heart.

Of the student contributors, some are names familiar to the readers of the Magazine, and this is not surprising. But most are "new comers". We gladly offer them hospitality and invite them to renew their visit. We

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trust that the prospect of contributing one little flower to the final "bouquet" will not deter the ambitious from writing, and writing early, without waiting for the extreme limit of time allowed to contributors. We therefore remind our readers that articles and illustrations for the next—the July—issue, must reach us before the 15th of May. Manuscripts must be neatly written, and on one side of the paper only.

Old Boys

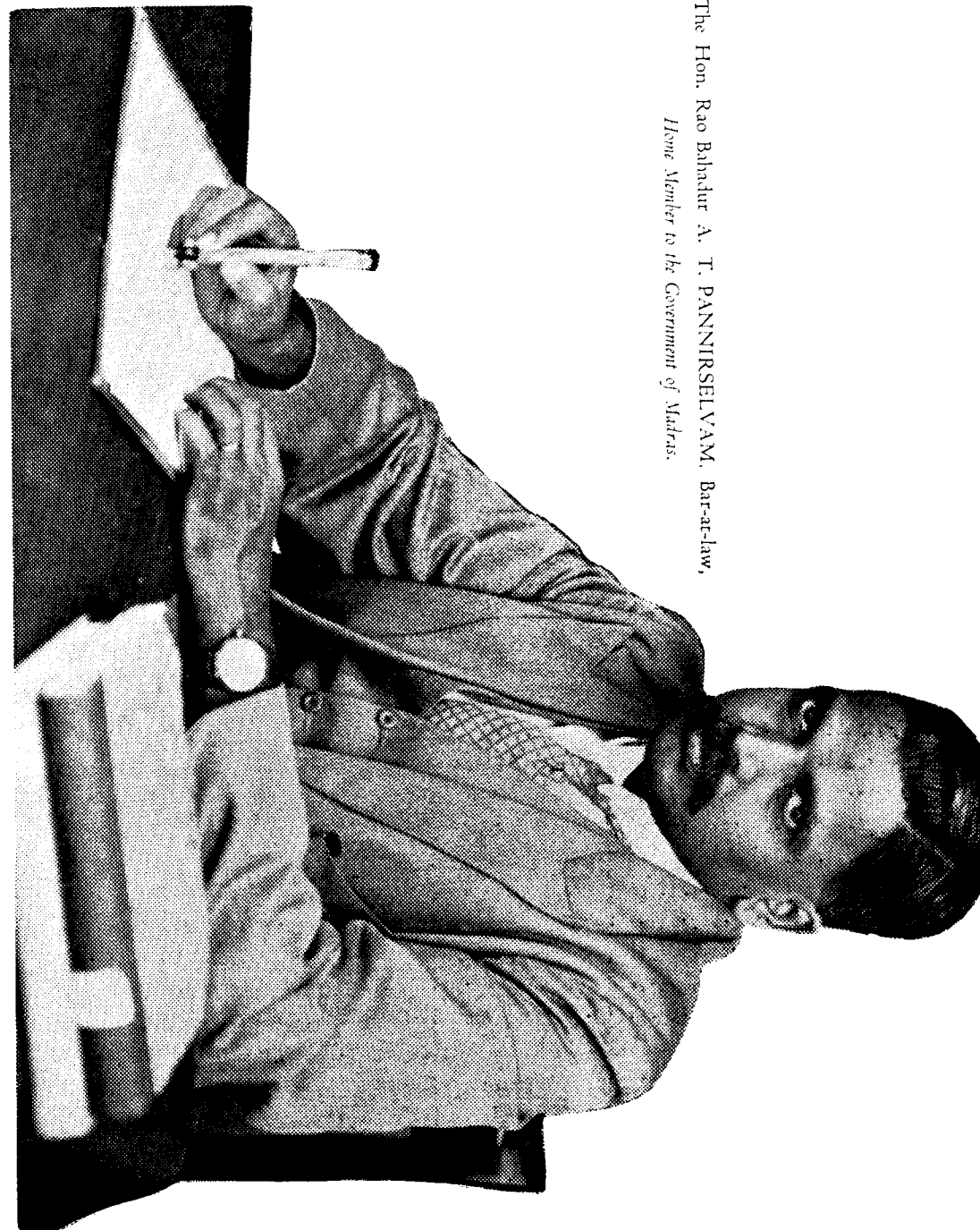
The Hon'ble Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvam

REPLYING to addresses the other day in Tanjore, Sir Kurma Venkata Reddi, Law Member to the Government of Madras, spoke in a bantering style of the respective merits of the Cauvery water as a builder of intellect, and the Godavery water as a builder of character. No comment is necessary on an untruth that endows mere matter with moral qualities. But Tanjore of the Cauvery delta, the granary of Southern India, the scene of hectic party politics and Mirasdars' grievances, brought to the fore a man of a fundamentally simple, unassuming and sterling character. Friends and foes alike have testified to his constancy and steadfastness of purpose in the pursuit of the ideals for which his party stood.

Born in the year 1888, in the Tanjore District, Mr. A. T. Pannirselvam had his early schooling in St. Anthony's School, Tanjore, and came over to St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, for his High School and College education. Of the high and abiding value of Jesuit education in the formation of his own character, he has spoken on more than one occasion, and no Easter Retreat—an annual fixture in St. Joseph's—has had a more devout exercitant in recent times. And he has been a familiar figure at the Annual Gatherings of Catholic Old Boys, held more than once under his presidency. His genuine love for his Alma Mater is another index of the finer and nobler elements in his character: and which Old Boy worth the name does not feel an emotion at the stupendous and self-sacrificing zeal of the Jesuit educationalists?

Proceeding from Trichinopoly to England in 1909, he qualified for the Bar and returned in 1912 to Madras where he practised for a short while. Finally he settled down in his native place, Tanjore, in 1913, and entered public life, holding a succession of public offices with tact and ability. Municipal Chairman of Tanjore, President of the District Educational Council, Vice-President and later on elected President of the Tanjore District Board for two terms, President of the Tanjore Urban Bank and Federation,—these were the chief honorary offices he held with distinction.

One may pause here to point out that he was profoundly influenced by the democratic reaction known as the Justice Movement ever since its origin in 1916. Till then political radicalism with ultra-conservative social practice was the order of the day. The Justice Party awakening in Southern India stood for ideals of equality of opportunity, social equality and equitable



The Hon. Rao Bahadur A. T. PANNIRSELVAM, Bar-at-law,
Home Member to the Government of Madras.



RT. REV. MGR. P. THOMAS,
Editor, "Catholic Leader"



Dr. T. S. S. RAJAN, M.L.A.



Councillor Dr. Z. P. FERNANDEZ, B.A., M.D., D.T.H.,
Leeds.

OLD BOYS

distribution of all castes and creeds in the power-houses of the State—the public bodies and the public services. It was a flank attack on the prevalent social tendencies of orthodox Hinduism. A fearless born fighter with a passionate zeal for social reform, Mr. Pannirselvam became inevitably the leading champion of the Non-Brahmin Movement in the Tanjore District. Under his regime, the treatment of the Depressed Classes in all District Board and Chattram institutions underwent, not a change, but a revolution. Mr. Pannirselvam thus deserved leadership as a man, no less than as a politician.

His administration of the premier District Board of Tanjore has been singled out for special encomium by the Madras Government. His efficient discharge of duties as Government Pleader and Public Prosecutor for well-nigh two terms need not detain us. A few words may be said about his Catholic activities at the Round Table Conference and in the Madras Legislative Council. A prominent member of the Catholic Indian Association of Southern India, he was chosen President of the All-India Catholic Conference at Mangalore in August 1930. In the same year he stood for election to the Legislative Council from the Tanjore-Trichinopoly-Cum-Madura Indian Christian Constituency and secured a majority of 3672 votes against his ministerialist opponent who got only 138 votes and who duly forfeited his deposit. His work at the two Round Table Conferences won him the universal esteem of his community. He was one of the authors of the Minorities' Pact, which is rightly regarded as the charter of the liberties of the minorities. His determined stand on Catholic ideals in education and family life against what is called the Champion Scheme of education and Birth-Control propaganda earned him not only the gratitude of his community but the approval of large sections of the public as well. I have heard him speak on the floor of the Legislative Council on three or four occasions. He represented the best debating talent on the ministerialist side. He was never in better form than in a full dress debate. He could be telling in his illustrations and deadly in his repartees. But what he said was what he thought and felt; no one was ever more free from the vice of pretentiousness. To hear him, members would pour in from the lobbies and clerks from the Council Secretariat. Now that Providence has raised him to the office of Home Member to the Government of Madras, we may feel sure that the same solid qualities of his character will, in his new sphere of work, redound to the credit of his country, his community, and his Alma Mater.

S. J. RATNASAMI, M.A., B.L.

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The writer of the foregoing appreciation of the Hon'ble Mr. Pannirselvam is himself an Old Boy, and a prominent Catholic citizen of Trichinopoly. He took his B. A. (Hons.) degree in 1918, and joined the Law College, where he secured the high distinction of first class, first in the Presidency, in the B. L. Examination. Mr. Ratnasami presided over the College Catholic Truth Association Anniversary this year, on September 2nd.

* * * *

Nothing could illustrate the widely divergent and far-flung activities of our Old Boys so well as the careers of the three distinguished men whose photographs we publish here. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan has remained faithful to Trichinopoly which has rewarded him by returning him to the Assembly by a huge majority, in the recent elections. We congratulate him on his success.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. Thomas, having joined the Priesthood, has found in journalism a career of precious service to the Catholic community. The Holy Father has, in appreciation of his work as Editor of the Catholic Leader, created him a Monsignor. *Ad multos annos!*

We received Dr. Z. P. Fernandez's photograph too late for publication in the last issue which contained an all too brief note on his career. Dr. Fernandez writes to us evoking the memory of his career at St. Joseph's, and of the professors and prefects whom he had known there. He belonged to the pioneer batch of Malabar students and boarders of St. Joseph's where he spent ten years, completing his B. A. course. Dr. Fernandez remembers still his school days when he was altar boy, choir boy, and band player; and we can assure him that Fr. Camboulives has not forgotten his old clarionette player. Of the professors, it was Fr. Honoré who gained his affection the quickest; and on Fr. Honoré's death Dr. Fernandez caused accounts of his life to be published in English Catholic papers.

Dr. Fernandez's career in England is an object-lesson to our young men. He had joined Leeds University three years before the War. During the trying years of the War, having received public appointment he did work which in peace time is done by four or five men. He secured the M. D. for a thesis on Artificial Pneumothorax Treatment of Lung Tuberculosis. Dr. Fernandez says that his practical work in our Physics Laboratory was of great use to him in the construction of an apparatus for this treatment which is well known in England under his and an English Doctor's joint names.

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It will be readily understood that Dr. Fernandez could not have attained his important position in the civic and professional life of Leeds without a hard struggle. He has been City Councillor during the last six years, and two years ago he was returned unopposed. He is also one of the founders and vice-presidents of the Indian Medical Association in England which is doing useful work in educating the British public on Indian problems. Any Indian student, and especially any Old Boy of St. Joseph's going to Leeds University or happening to pass there are sure of a kindly welcome by Dr. Fernandez, and the accomplished English Catholic lady whom he has married.

* * * *

Mr. C. V. Narashiman, whose going to Oxford we recorded in the last issue, has been charmed by his first experiences. He has been writing very interesting letters to Fr. Carty; we take the liberty of giving two or three extracts which will interest our readers. The first is about a debate in the Oxford Union.

"The subject was 'A more united British Commonwealth is necessary for its own safety and for the greater security of the world'. The guest of honour was Sir Edward Grigg, Governor of Kenya Colony. It was my first debate here; my high expectations about the Union standard of oratory and debate were fully realised. The speeches of Mr. David Lewis (Lincoln) opposing the motion, and of Mr. Steel-Maitland (Balliol, an Ex-President of the Union, and son of Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland,) were particularly impressive. Sir Edward Grigg was however disappointing, and evaded the issue of exploited countries like India etc.".....

From another letter:—

"Monday the 5th [November] was Guy Fawkes' Day. This day is always celebrated in Oxford in a perfect riot of fun and fireworks. Buses and taxis are stopped, all traffic suspended, and the 'cops' helmets knocked down by frolicsome undergraduates. This year the usual fun was witnessed and I enjoyed the whole thing immensely".....

"On Friday I went to the Town Hall, to hear the Brosa Quartet in a concert arranged by some local agency. It was my first experience of an English concert and the experience was fairly thrilling. On Saturday I went to the new Theatre to see Mr. Edmund Gwenn, one of the best comic actors in England play the lead in Priestley's 'Laburnum Grove.' This is my first visit to an English theatre and I must say I liked the experience very much indeed."

* * *

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Of those who, like C. V. Narashiman, passed out of the College with distinction last year, G. Vembu (Maths. Hons. I cl. Presy. first, Stuart Prize) is now University Research Student, Madras. During the Jubilee Celebrations of Pudukottah College, he was awarded a gold medal for his bright academic career which began in that College.

S. Sundararajan (Physics Hons. I cl. Presy. first) is working at Calcutta as Madras University Research Student.

C. Parthasarathy (Econ. Hons. I cl.) started working as an Honorary Research Student under Dr. P. J. Thomas, soon after he passed out. We had the pleasure of meeting him again at the College on Prize Distribution day.

* * * *

Where are the numerous first class Honours graduates of previous years? Here are a few details, which we owe to the kindness of Mr. Totadri Iyengar.

V. Ramanathen (Physics Hons. 1930) has just passed the I. C. S. Exam. in London. Hearty congratulations.

A. Subbiah (Maths. Hons. 1919), is Agent of the Imperial Bank of India, Kumbakonam Branch, actually on long leave visit to Europe.

G. Venkatraya Pai (Maths. Hons. 1921 I cl. Presy. first, Stuart Prize) is Chief Accountant, Madras Port Trust.

K. Kuppusami (Maths. Hons. 1925 I cl. Presy. first, Stuart Prize) stood first in his year's F. C. S. Exam. and is now Assistant Acct. General, Madras.

The following four are holding important posts as Mathematics Lecturers:—C. Lobo (M. A. 1929 I cl.), B. Ramamurthy (Hons. 1927, I cl. Presy. first), S. Subramanian (Hons. 1929, I cl.),—Annamalai University; V. S. Venkataraman (Hon. 1928 I cl.), Union Christian College, Alwaye.

S. Krishnamurthy Rao (Hons. 1931 I cl. Presy. first, Stuart Prize), S. Devanathan (Hons. 1932 I cl. Presy. first, Stuart Prize), R. Natesan (Hons. 1932, I cl.) and T. R. Srinivasa Raghavan (Hons. 1932 I cl.) have appeared for the F. C. S. competitive examination of last November. We wish them success.

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The Jubilee celebrations of Maharajah's College, Pudukottah, brought into prominence the able Principal, Rao Saheb N. Tyagaraja Ayyar Avl.,

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M.A., L.T. We congratulate him on the success of the celebrations at which the College was represented by Fr. Carty who presided over the Education Conference held at the same time.

* * * *

Our congratulations to M.R.Ry. S. R. M. C. T. Sabaratnam Chettiar Avl. who is made Dewan Bahadur. A group of Fathers from the College, including the Principal and Headmaster, attended the Collector's Durbar on 8th November '34, when he received his title.

College Hostels

I. A Boarding Chronicle

June 19th. The reopening day. The senior students arrived, all refreshed after the Summer Holidays, and most of them quite pleased to get back.

June 25th. The College reopened for the junior classes. A jolly day, owing to the new comers.

June 30th. In the evening, opening of the month of the Sacred Heart and hoisting of the flag.

July 1st, Sunday. A Condolence meeting presided over by Rev. Fr. Rector, held in the Lawley Hall, to express our regret over the death of Rev. Fr. Honoré.

July 8th, Sunday. An extraordinary meeting of the Malabar Catholic Youth League, for the same object presided over by Rev. Fr. J. Steenkisto. Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza suggested that the members of the league should compile a memoir of the life of Rev. Fr. Honoré, and specially of his apostolate in Malabar so that future generations may have a faithful record of his spirit and methods of work.

July 9th. A week before the Corpus Christi procession elaborate preparations begin. Students from all the Divisions busy with their respective pandals.

July 15th, Sunday. Corpus Christi Procession. The feast began with a Solemn High Mass in the morning at 6 o'clock. The procession in the evening at 6 o'clock was a grand sight. The Bl. Sacrament was taken from the College Church first to the Pandal erected in front of the Museum. After Benediction there the procession moved on to the Semiboarding, very attractively decorated where also there was Benediction. Then the procession returned to the College Church and a Solemn Benediction brought the function to a close. The College Band and Choir were of course at their best.

July 29th, Sunday. A general meeting was held in the Lawley Hall to congratulate Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvam, Bar-at-law, on his appointment as Home Member to the Government of Madras. All the members of the Catholic Young Men's Federation as well as of the Malabar Catholic Youth League were present. To the several addresses presented to him Mr. Pannirselvam replied in a few well-chosen words.

A BOARDING CHRONICLE

July 31st. The feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus. After Solemn High Mass in the morning, free recreation. There was an extraordinary meeting of the Catholic Truth Association, when Mr. B. Abraham, V Hons. spoke on "Saint Ignatius the Man". Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza presided.

August 15th. The Sodalists celebrated the feast of the Assumption of the B. V. Mary. At 5 A.M. there was a High Mass in the Sodality Chapel after which Rev. Fr. T. N. Siqueira preached on Confidence as the test of true devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Mr. Albert Lobo, V Hons. is this year's Prefect and Mr. S. C. Uthariasamy, IV Hons. is Secretary.

August 22nd, Wednesday. The eve of the Retreat and half-holiday. At 7 P.M. all had gathered together for the first instruction. The preacher was Rev. Fr. C. Leigh, Principal of the College. His humour, practical wisdom, and the charm and simplicity of his style made this a memorable retreat.

August 26th, Sunday. End of the retreat and general Communion. When Mass was over all were happy to break the silence which they had been keeping for three long days.

Candle light procession in the evening. All the boarders take part in the procession bearing lighted candles enveloped in coloured-paper shades—a beautiful sight indeed. The procession started from the altar made in front of the Engineering Workshop, and passing the St. Xavier's Hall and the Fathers' House, proceeded to the College Church. The Benediction of the Bl. Sacrament closed the function.

September 2nd, Sunday. The Anniversary Celebrations of the Catholic Truth Association and the Academy of the B. V. Mary. In the morning, a general meeting in the Lawley Hall, Mr. S. J. Ratnasami Pillay, M.A., B.L., presiding. The semi-boarders acted a small drama, "The Child of Mary never perishes". Prizes were awarded to the winners of the C. T. A. Elocution and Essay Contests, P. F. Thomas, I U. C., S. Royappan, II U. C., and B. Abraham, V Hons. In the evening, the usual drama acted by the boarders. This year's play "What Doth It Profit" was enacted very well indeed, the chief actor, Mr. C. T. Peter, who took the part of Saint Francis Xavier being, by common consent, the best.

September 4th. College Examinations begin for juniors. The studious atmosphere of the Boarding House persuaded the seniors to remain serious-minded.

A BOARDING CHRONICLE

September 7th. Examinations are over and the College closes for the Michaelmas holidays, to reopen on the 25th.

September 29th. Feast of St. Michael the Archangel. We all hoped to have a holiday but the Archangel turned a deaf ear to our entreaties.

October 5th, Friday. At about 7-30 P. M. we heard the church bell announcing solemnly someone's death. The old Sanyasi popularly known as "thatha" among the Boarders, had gone to his rest.

October 7th. The feast of the Most Holy Rosary. Nothing important occurred except that we had our breakfast in the morning, dinner at noon and supper at night.

October 12th. Rev. Fr. Provincial paid us a visit and spoke a few words in French which Rev. Fr. Rector translated to us.

October 16th. In the afternoon we went to visit the St. Joseph's Industrial School where we were received hospitably. They showed us everything in the Industrial School and in the Printing Press. It was a sight worth seeing.

October 21st. Mission Sunday. There was a special collection for the Missions. The Prefect is reported to have said that the Boarders had been very generous.

October 25th. We went to the Holy Redeemer's Church on our annual Pilgrimage. We started at 5 A.M., returned at about 9-30 A.M.

October 28th, Sunday. Feast of the Kingship of Christ. In the morning there was Solemn High Mass and in the evening a sermon by Rev. Fr. J. Arulanandam, S.J., of St. Paul's Seminary, and Solemn Benediction.

October 30th and 31st. College Days. A few boarders competed in the College Sports, and gave a very good account of themselves. Peter Thambusamy and R. Joseph came up second in rank for the College and High School Championships. R. Joseph's performance in pole jump was applauded by all.

Of academic prize-winners, the most notable among the boarders were from last year's I U. C., Henry Doss (English and Tamil), and K. J. Abraham (Subjects and Malayalam).

As usual, the largest share in the privilege—and burden—of acting in the College Day drama, "The Bailiff turns Detective," fell to the boarders.

A BOARDING CHRONICLE

November 5th. We went to the Golden Rock in the morning, but as we had not time enough we could not visit the Institute. We however climbed the rock, and found that we have some skilful mountaineers in our midst.

November 25th, Sunday. Confirmation ceremony in the College Church by His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Dr. Faisandier, S.J., our venerable Bishop.

November 26th. The Boarding House Tennis Tournament commenced. The matches were played in the course of the following week.

December 3rd. Feast of Saint Francis Xavier. There was a football match between the *Football Players* and the *Tennis Players* of the Boarding House. The footballers won of course but *by only one goal*!

December 4th. Finals of the Singles Tournament in Tennis when A. K. Paul, III U. C. met Sebastian Zacharias, II U. C. Each took a set and as it was getting dark, the match had to be postponed.

December 6th. The postponed Tennis Finals played. A. K. Paul defeated his opponent and Rev. Fr. Purakel gave away the trophies.

December 7th. All Examinations were over by 1 P.M. and in the evening some were off. A good number among the senior students remained to make their Vocation Retreat. This time the preacher was Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza.

A BOARDER

II. Hostel Notes

June 19th. Black Tuesday...The jutka rumbles on the road, stops in front of the Arch sacred to the memory of Robert Clive, and deposits a tired, home-sick Senior with the prospect of discipline and work before him. Hears of changes, "reforms", in the Hostel...what has happened?...meets others...talk in low whispers...shall we ask the Warden?

June 25th. Freshmen begin to roll in, holding on to a fond aged parent or a still "fonder" and still more ancient grandparent.

"This is my only boy. He has never left home before"—

(Here the fresher nestles closer to the fond parent.)

"Looks it".—

"Please give him a good room, a good room-mate...a room facing South, or at least East...is a single room available?...Oh, then,

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a good companion...a Brahmin...from Erode...or at least Dharampuram...of the same class as my son...of the same group—What's it?...Indian History, Chemistry, Logic (rare combination!).....

Both go upstairs to inspect the rooms, piloted by a Senior who has just turned out to be a cousin from Gopichettipalayam. They come back, the new one very shy and home-sick.

"Number 12 will do very well. Is it already booked? Then what about Number 18?...Also reserved?...Put him anywhere, Father...near your room...you must be strict with him...with a good companion...(a repetition of the former Utopias).

An exchange of smiles wider than Farmer Oak's. All are happy.

July 4th. At 8 p.m., Concert in honour of the Newcomers. The Quadrangle is our open-air Music-hall. Two tables placed edge to edge, with five Hurricane-lamps on them, and the two hundred students seated on the ground around them, gave the effect, in the pale star-light and the dim flicker of the neighbouring Rock, of a Japanese *al fresco* night. Fr. Leigh and Mr. Sundaresan came with the Warden. By a happy coincidence, Mr. T. M. Narayanaswami Pillai, President of the District Board and Public Prosecutor, and Mr. Natesa Mudaliar, our popular Tamil Pundit, honoured us with their company. Besides Gramophone music, we heard fresh human voices: Krishnamurti, Chellappa, Purushottaman, Venkatarajan, and Anantanarayanan were among the singers. The last named, after charming us with a very mellow voice, left, to the regret of all, for Coimbatore, where he had just been offered a seat in the Agricultural College.

Fr. Leigh, in bidding us goodnight, said that he looked back to his Wardenship as the happiest time of his life, and hoped his successor would find it the same. The Warden told us that he wanted, with our good will, to make Clive's the home of the very pick of the College...true gentlemen, hard-working students, and good men; and that he cared, not for number, but for quality.

August 10th. The Quad is a buzzing scene of evenings. Every free inch of God's ground between the trees and the School is rolled by youthful feet engaged in Volley-ball or Basket-ball or Badminton or *Teni-koit* (*alias*, Ring-tennis). And each game has its Cup and its annual Tournament.

Today is the final match of the Clive's Badminton Tournament, and the Court is surrounded by spectators. But in spite of splendid backing

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and cheering, our team loses to the Srirangam experts. Three cheers to them!

September 6th. Examinations, with the usual cramming of "Exhaustive" (and exhausting!) Notes, and "Probable Questions", and the extra outlay on kerosine oil...and Alarm-clocks going at unearthly hours of the night to wake up already tired heads to yet another spate of "reading." Long tired faces in the Hall at ten o'clock. But you see every one radiant at 5 in the evening. "How have you done?", asks the Warden.

"To my satisfaction," comes the unhesitating answer.

"And the Examiner's?".....

"Well, I never thought of him."

September 25th. People come back a day or two before time. Tired of holidays? Is the village a Sleepy Hollow? Perhaps the Hostel feels like home, after all, though the ghee is bad, and the curd is bad, and the "sāmbhār" is bad, and nothing is good.... Perhaps one does get to love those old saffron walls.

October 31st. College Day...The Hostel distinguishes itself at the Prize-giving. Two silent friends who shared a room in the Barracks got gold medals for topping the list in Mathematics and Physics Honours in the whole Presidency; a neighbour of theirs got the Economics medal. All the prizes in the B.A. Class except two came to Clive's... and the First Group prize in the Intermediate... and the B. Sc. prize.... Yet people say that Hostel students don't study!... The Gold Medal for Character went to B. R. Ganapatti.

"What had he done to deserve it?", asks an eager Junior.

"He has made no noise or fuss...has not been clannish...has been social and get-on-with-able, polite and cheerful, honest and sincere...and on one occasion shown more than common strength of will".

"Who observes all this?"

"There is someone who does."

November 30th. There is a Talkie tonight at the Golden Rock: *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Of course, Cinemas are taboo at Clive's, but...this one is on one of our Set Books...let us approach the Warden. The answer is an unhesitating Yes. Thereupon a big batch (including some Inter. people who suddenly acquired a taste for Allegory) was duly approved, and started by train from Trichy Town.

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Next morning,—“How was it?”

“Quite different from Stevenson. No Utterson...no Enfield...there's Lanyon, of course, but there's a Lady in it...even two...and Hyde is shot by the Police.”

“Not much of an allegory, then? What do the “rank-scented million” care for art? Who will go to a Movie with only men in it?”

“Well, I think they have massacred R. L. S.”—That one knows what's what.

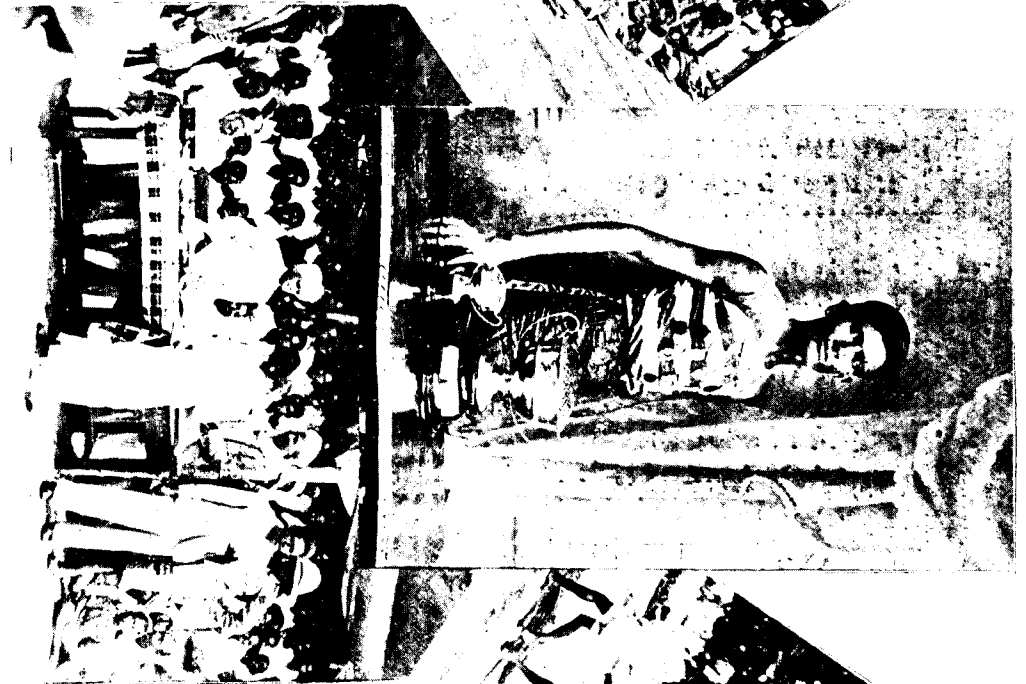
December 7th. The jutkas make a pretty penny today...Trichy Fort... Trichy Town...Junction...The Bus Stand...and the old saffron walls no longer ring with merry laughter...till January 3...

COLLEGE & RECTOR'S DAY SPORTS

1. T. C. Quick Dressing Competition.



2. Victor Anbu, College and U. T. C. Cross Country Champion.



4. Capt. C. B. Ponnappa distributing Prizes.

3. Musical Chairs.





"WHAT DOETH IT PROFIT?"
C. T. A. Anniversary Drama, 2nd Sept.



"THE BAILIFF TURNS DETECTIVE"
College Day Drama, 31st Oct.

[Photos by Ponniah]

Rector's Day and College Day

October 30th & 31st

IT has almost become a tradition with us to have a tempest on Rector's Day, so that as we file out of the Lawley Hall after the annual celebration we can ask one another, without any slur on our appearance:

When shall we all meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?

This year the storm burst just as a High School boy was treating us to a soft Violin Solo, and continued without a farthing's mercy through the Sanskrit and Malayalam addresses. The Band alone was audible above the rain and the gale. There was a lull during Rev. Fr. Rector's speech. He dwelt on the true object of education, and pointed out the importance of a solid intellectual culture which alone leads to enlightened and disciplined action. He drew the attention of students to two dangers which they ran at the present time: the danger of an excessive care of the body at the expense of the mind, and the danger of making technical training take the place of real education.

The morning of the College Day was bright and dustless, thanks to the previous day's rain. Already at 6-30 a confused hum was heard and the grounds began to fill with happy faces, some in shorts to compete for prizes, others to encourage those who were competing, and all in a sporting mood. The College Band played martial tunes suited to the occasion from the balcony of the Fathers' House.

From 7 to 11 the Sports went on with unabating interest. Someone was trying to study in a room opening on to the grounds; clap followed clap as some popular athlete was cheered by the huge crowd that filled the playground and the High School verandahs. He resisted the attraction for two hours, but he could hold out no longer when the Staff item was announced through Mr. Mahadevan's Loudspeaker. Was it the usual race, in which the same College professor always came last to the immense delight of his numerous youthful admirers? No. This year Mr. Sundaresan had invented a new entertainment. A gigantic football was lowered into the centre of the field, and two teams armed with bamboo-sticks descended on the unoffending ball from opposite sides with such fury that the onlookers didn't know whether to be afraid or amused. From the first it was clear

RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

that the High School Staff were in right earnest about it; the College team seemed to be too delicate for such a monster of a ball. It was ripping fun; and when the whistle blew the cheers were deafening. Everyone in that great crowd appreciated the kindness of those who, putting aside their pedagogical dignity, had laid themselves out to amuse the others.

Captain C. B. Ponnappa, Commandant of the Madras University Training Corps, who presided over the Sports and gave away the prizes, made an interesting speech, in which he stressed the importance of Field Sports in the shaping of one's body and still more in the shaping of one's character. "If you can play the game", he said, "in the true team-spirit, I have not the least doubt of your success in life." Comparing physical education with intellectual, he said: "Brain is good; muscle is good; but a harmonious combination of brain and muscle is best." Having himself been educated in a Jesuit college, he appealed to the students of St. Joseph's to imitate their masters: "You students have a wonderful example of the team-spirit of which I have been speaking in the authorities who are responsible for managing the affairs of this College so efficiently. The Jesuits are famous educators. Their self-sacrifice is second to none. If you, students, will only follow their example and serve your country as faithfully as they serve you, I am sure the College will be proud of you."

In the evening, the Prize-giving took place. Rao Bahadur C. J. Paul, District Collector, presided, and Mrs. Paul gave away the prizes. The Principal, Fr. Leigh, read the Report. We should have liked to reprint it here *in extenso* for the benefit of those who had not the pleasure of hearing it. But for want of space we must content with a few extracts.

Speaking of the general fall in the numbers of University students, Fr. Leigh said:—

"It is plain that University education has suffered a serious set-back. A degree, rightly or wrongly, has been held to be a passport to employment in Government service, or service of the more liberal as contrasted with the servile kinds. The degree has now lost that value for which it was in many instances solely prized.

We are suffering then from disillusionment. We have set a wrong value upon the degree. There are no illusions now about History and Economics, though at one time it was fondly believed that a study of Economics would automatically cure all the ills of life. There are still some illusions about Science; Science is to save us. But if a science

RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

degree fails to provide employment, Science in its turn may suffer a decline. If only we could get back to Newman's ideal of a University, or to the views of the function of a University so cogently developed by Fr. Carty in last year's Convocation Address, the outlook for Colleges and the University would be brighter.

This is the place to speak of a recent decision of the Academic Council. The Council has given its approval to a plan for a Part III English Course in the B.A., which is to consist (besides English) of one or more 'related subjects' such as the 'History of England, English Institutions...Development of English Thought, which may be judged suitable to assist in the study and appreciation of English Literature.' We shall study the new programmes which the Boards of Studies will draw up for us, watching with wary eyes lest some tentative philosophy or partial theories be held up to us as genuine thought which has stood the test of time. G. K. Chesterton's, Father Knox's, Arnold Lunn's, Hilaire Belloc's, Alfred Noyes' and Laurence Oliver's appraisal of *modern* thought at any rate does not leave us very hopeful. Straight thinking or logic is not our strongest point.

Examination Results

We have obtained:—

In Mathematics Honours			The Presidency First.
In History	"	New Regs.	The Presidency Third.
In History	"	Trans. Regs.	The Presidency First.
In B.Sc.	"		The Presidency First.
In B.Sc.	Pass	Physics Main	The Presidency First, Second, Third, Fourth.
In B.Sc.	Pass	Chemistry Main	The Presidency First and Second.
In B.A. (English) Pass		Trans. Regs.	The Presidency First.

We have obtained The Sir Henry Stone Medal for English.

The S. Anantakrishnan Gold Medal for Mathematics.

The Stuart Prizes, two

The Jagirdar of Arni Gold Medal for B.Sc. Hons.

The " " " " B.Sc. Pass.

The R. Pattabirami Reddi Medal " "

It is a goodly array. With that before our eyes we can look without too much discomposure on the less dazzling results of our Intermediate. These do not come up to the St. Joseph's standard though they are better than the Presidency averages.

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Hostels

In his Convocation Address (p. 6) Mr. Ruthnaswamy tells us that the 'social character and spirit cannot be imparted in lecture halls; that it is in the life of hostels, and unions, and clubs and games that undergraduates can learn to live the social life, and get rid of undue attachment to their own family or neighbourhood or society...It is in such organized social life of College...that the future citizen can learn to accommodate his thought and will to the thoughts and wills of others, to respect the rights of others, to be mindful of his duty to others, to discipline his selfishness—in a word to live the life of the state.'

Without undue elation I think I may say that our hostels have risen to the height required by our illustrious Former Pupil. Clive's Home has certainly taught its inmates all that. Of late, under the present management, a long step forward has been taken; and one section, formerly exclusive, is now developing on what is called cosmopolitan lines; Hindu and Muslim and Jacobite have fraternized. Games and other activities of hostel life of course have always been common ground.

It was my hope when this Report was first drafted that I might have something definite to say about the much desired new Hostels. All that I can say is that plans long since drawn up were taken out and re-examined, and forwarded to Government for approval at the very beginning of September. A Government order had led us to expect grants. Subsequently we were given to understand that the time was not yet come for aid in undertakings of this kind.

Discipline

I am at a loss to find anything new to say. The same remarks fall to be made year after year. St. Joseph's is an easy kingdom to rule; it contains no hard-mouthed, stiff-necked people, but only friendly subjects, amenable to discipline, eager to please for the most part, and willing to be made happy. One could not wish for better.

The spirit which animates them reveals itself when a senior standing on the threshold of the new world which he is about to enter, leaves his recollections of the old to the Editor of the Magazine; or when the Principal meets Old Boys in strange out-of-the-way places like Gundlepet at the Back of Beyond, or on the highways of civilization like Papanasam, Shoranur and Talaimanar. It shows itself in a lament over "the days that were."

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It is some consolation to us of an older generation now somewhat declined into the vale of years, that we have had a share in moulding the minds and hearts of the bonny boys who have passed into that larger world, in forging and fashioning a special type of young man, conspicuous for his quiet, steady, friendly behaviour, prompt to answer the call of duty, steadfast while others around him seem to totter; and reliant on God.

May the juniors prove to be not unworthy of their elders!"

* * * *

Mr. Paul congratulated the College on its successes in examinations and games, and assured the Principal that he had every reason to be satisfied with his boys. Referring to the fall in numbers, he said it was not only not a misfortune but something to rejoice over, for the College would get better and fitter pupils, and in the long run an efficient institution like this would not suffer.

The play was *The Bailiff turns Detective*, a comedy translated from the French. It kept the audience laughing for two hours. All the actors did their parts well, but the favourite of the entire audience was J. Mani in the rôle of Farmer. P. F. Thomas played the schoolmaster as to the manner born, with his Latin quotations and his horror of "grammatical prevarications". It was hard to know which was more comical, the farmer's defiance of grammar, or the schoolmaster's devotion to it. J. Coelho as the pompous and greedy Bailiff had the longest and most difficult part. He acquitted himself of it very creditably.

T. N. S., S.J.

College Societies

I. The Literary and Debating Society

The year began with a hundred and twenty-four members, which is about thirty more than last year, and with a new President. Mr. Hirudayaswami, M.A., B.L., who had managed the Society so successfully for several years, asked to be relieved and *was* relieved by Fr. Siqueira.

Who said that the democratic spirit did not breathe at St. Joseph's? As soon as the Society's Elections were announced, candidates were put forward.....they were "asked to stand", and their friends promised to "do the needful and oblige". Canvassing went ahead in excellent form, with none of its sordid associations; the wheels of electioneering were oiled with pure shining friendship, and on the 7th July a large slice of the Electorate shuffled into the Lawley Hall. G. Venugopal and A. BupalDas, both of the Senior B.A. Class, were elected Joint Secretaries by an unequivocal majority. The labour of looking after the Society's Reading Room was entrusted to Y. Papiah of the Senior Inter-Class.

A large audience turned in on July 21 to listen to the Inaugural Address, for both Lecturer and President were the foremost men in this District, and both were our Old Boys. As the Principal said in introducing them to the Students, they were *his* Old Boys, too, and he was proud of them. Mr. T. M. Narayanaswami, M.A., B.L., M.L.C., President of the District Board, spoke from firsthand experience of the Working of Local Self-Government in this Presidency, its history, its brighter side, and..... its difficulties. Rao Bahadur C. J. Paul, B.A., District Collector, in his humorous presidential speech viewed the problem of self-government, also out of his long experience, from the Collector's point of view. In proposing a vote of thanks to the Lecturer and the President, Fr. Siqueira held them up to the audience as models to admire and imitate..."They show you what you too can be, if you profit by your education as they have done."

Since the Debating Society is, like the Oxford Union, meant chiefly to train *speakers*, and not patient and passive *listeners*, we had many Debates this term, all in full parliamentary style, with frequent shouts of "Order" to remind unfledged M. P.'s that they had to address Mr. Speaker and not "Friends, Romans, Countrymen".

Here are some of them.

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1. "The Poet benefits the country more than the Statesman"—with Fr. Siqueira as Speaker.....lost, after much heat and some light.

2. "Literature is a better educator than Science"—with Fr. Siqueira as Speaker.....discussed with much warmth by the Junior Intermediate Students, and lost, not so much through conviction as through the popular oratory of the leader of the Opposition, M. R. Subbaraman. Even today, even in the Lawley Hall, Antony succeeds better than Brutus.

3. "The Communal Award is Prejudicial to India"—with Mr. T. Srinivasan, M.A., L.T., as Speaker.....won, by a very narrow margin.

4. "Poverty is a Hindrance to Intellectual Achievement"—with Mr. M. Arokiaswamy, M.A., as Speaker.....carried with some very good speaking, mostly by Senior Intermediate Students.

On October 1 we heard Mr. S. K. Gopalaratnam, who had recently distinguished himself by topping the list in the B. A. Exam., on Georgian Poetry. On such a subject, which had little in it to "feed the senses or inflame the passions", he found fit audience, though few; and his lecture was in the familiar, conversational style which is the fashion among scholars today, not at the speed of fifty-two words a second, nor with three adjectives or adverbs at a time. Fr. Siqueira, who presided, said that it had been a consolation to him to teach Mr. Gopalaratnam's class because he followed every word with understanding attention, and now it was a pleasure to listen to him on such an unhackneyed subject as Georgian Poetry.

G. VENUGOPAL,
A. BUPALDAS,
Secretaries.

II. The Historical and Economic Association

The Association opened the new academic year with 86 members on roll, showing a rather marked increase over the strength of last year.

Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., kindly accepted to continue as the President, and Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., as the Vice-President. Messrs. P. N. Raman and S. Swaminathan of the IV Hons. class were elected Joint Secretaries for the year at a business meeting held on July 5.

The inaugural address was delivered on July 19, by Mr. K. R. Avadhani, B.A., B.L., Advocate, and Vice-President, All India Railwaymen's Federa-

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tion, with Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., in the chair. Speaking on "The Trade Union Movement in Modern India", he traced the rise and growth of trade unions in this country, analysed their characteristic features, and pointed out that the workers' cause was promoted by a strict adherence to legitimate trade union methods and activities—any deflection into communist ways being only disastrous to it.

An extraordinary meeting was held on August 2 when Mr. K. R. V. Rao, M.A. (Bom.), B.Sc. (Cantab.), spoke on "The White Paper and Indian Poverty." Rev. Fr. Erhart, S.J., presided. The lecture was extremely thought-provoking on an important aspect of the much-discussed constitutional document.

We had five ordinary meetings. Except one at which Mr. L. N. Gubil Sundaresan gave a lecture on "Education and Journalism", all were debates: "Religion and Politics should not go hand in hand",—lost; "The League of Nations is the future hope for world peace",—carried; "World peace is not utopian",—lost; "It is disastrous for the East to follow the West",—carried.

Attendance at meetings is good, though we should not be sorry if it were better. Debates are very popular and evoke keen interest among members as well as others.

P. N. RAMAN
S. SWAMINATHAN
Secretaries.

III. The Scientific Society

The society began its activities for the year 1934-35 with a business meeting on the 20th of July, 1934, to elect office-bearers.

The Inaugural meeting was held on the 17th of August. Rev. Fr. A. Verstraeten, S.J. delivered a lecture on "Methods of Studying the Atom" illustrated with lantern slides. The lecture was illuminating, literally and metaphorically.

The first ordinary meeting was presided over by M.R.Ry. T. Totadri Iyengar Avl., Professor of Mathematics of the College. Mr. V. Ragavendra Achar of the V B.Sc. Hons. Class, delivered a lecture on "The Wavicle Nature of Light." As it is published in the present issue of the Magazine the reader himself can appreciate its worth.

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In the second and the third ordinary meetings Messrs. C. R. Govindarajan and C. P. Devassy of the V B.Sc. (Hons.) Class delivered lectures on "Beyond the Electron" and "Television".

The first extraordinary meeting was held on the 13th of November, when Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.) spoke on "Cells sensitive to Light." The lecturer explained the reactions of living cells to light waves.

Though the activities of the Society up till now are far from being negligible it is hoped that much more will be done during the months that still remain.

R. C. RAMAKRISHNAN,
Secretary.

IV. The Mathematical Association

The work of the Association was inaugurated this year in August with an address on "The Calendar" by Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar, when Rev. Fr. Racine, S.J., D.Sc., occupied the chair. The lecturer traced the history of the calendar from the earliest times, mentioning its reform from Romulus down to Pope Gregory. It was explained that the units that constituted the Civil calendar viz. the day and the year, were of direct astronomical origin, and that their relative incommensurability demanded the various reforms connoted by the Julian leap year, and the Gregorian correction. The Hebrew origin of the seven-day-week was also mentioned, and the nomenclature of the week-days was explained.

The second lecture for the year was a profound and scholarly one by Rev. Fr. Racine, S.J., D.Sc. on "Modern Wave-Mechanics" when Rev. Fr. Verstraeten, S.J., B.Sc. appropriately presided. The lecturer remarked at the outset, that the subject was hardly capable of elementary exposition without advanced Mathematical Apparatus, and then launched into lucid definitions of certain fundamental ideas regarding Relativity, the Quantum of Action, the Electron, the Photon etc. The Principle of Indeterminacy of Heisenburg was then explained, in the light of the wave-mechanics introduced in the main by Dirac, De Broglie, and Schroedinger. In concluding, Rev. Fr. Racine gave the welcome assurance to the audience, that all modern revolutionary concepts did not change the ordinary Newtonian Mechanics to any appreciable extent, and that classical Dynamics continued to hold true for all mundane purposes. At the end the audience felt how a very intricate subject had been analysed to them in the simplest language possible.

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On 15th November, an ordinary meeting of the Association was held with Mr. G. V. Ramachandran, B.A. (Hons.) in the chair. B. Viswanathan IV Hons. delivered a lecture on "The Solar System".

The last address, on "Comets", was delivered by Mr. G. V. Ramachandran, B.A. (Hons.), Rev. Fr. Racine, S.J., D.Sc. once again kindly agreeing to preside. The lecturer sustained the interest of the audience by a rapid historical survey of the records, and legendary lore associated with the comets of various times, down to Halley's comet of 1910. With Fr. Racine's concluding remarks about his personal recollections of the 1910 comet, the meeting terminated.

B. VISWANATHAN,
K. SUBBAYAN,
Secretaries.

V. The Sanskrit Samajam

The Samajam began its work for the year after the usual election of the office-bearers. Mr. C. G. Krishnan of the IV U. C. was elected secretary and a representative was elected from each class.

The inaugural address was delivered by Revd. Father Siqueira, S.J., on the 4th Aug. 1934, the subject of the lecture being 'Nature in English and in Sanskrit poetry'. He held that, to Valmiki, Nature was a thing of beauty for objective description; to Kalidasa, it was a background for human emotion and a companion; to Bharavi, it was a store-house of symbols for expressing his imagery, and to Magha it was a spiritual force endowed with all human qualities. Thus, Nature has undergone four distinct stages at the hands of Sanskrit poets. The lecturer explained how the Sanskrit poets excelled in the minute observation and accurate description of details, whereas the English poets excelled in the subjective perception of the spirit of Joy in Nature. The lecturer's critical analysis of the subject, possible only for scholars of his stamp, set an excellent example to the Samajam of how a modern student should approach topics from Sanskrit Literature.

An ordinary meeting was held on the 20th Aug. 1934, when Mr. P. S. Krishnaswami of the II U. C. read an interesting paper on 'Raghu, the Ideal King'. The president of the Samajam took the chair.

On the 6th Oct. 1934, an extraordinary meeting of the Samajam was held under the presidency of M.R.Ry. R. Vasudeva Sarma Avl., M.A., B.L.,

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of the National College, Trichinopoly, when M.R.Ry. A. S. Krishna Rao Avl., M.A., of the Loyola College, Madras, delivered a lecture on 'Kalidasa's treatment of love'. He pointed out that, according to Kalidasa, love is a noble longing of the spirit, quite distinct from physical passion, that true love finds its proper reward in reciprocity though the object of the love is not realized, and that love in its highest aspect always abides within moral limits. He illustrated his ideas with profuse quotations from the several works of Kalidasa.

The next meeting which was held on the 22nd Oct. 1934 deserves special mention, as all the proceedings were conducted purely in Sanskrit. Mr. Venkoba Rao, of the III U. C. read a paper on 'The Descriptive Power of Kalidasa'. It was written in easy fluent and faultless Sanskrit and revealed an intimate acquaintance with the original works of Kalidasa. Several supplementary speakers followed. M.R.Ry. V. Gopala Iyengar, M.A., who presided over the meeting spoke at length in Sanskrit on the subject and concluded by exhorting the members of the Samajam to follow the example of Mr. Venkoba Rao, so that many more papers in Sanskrit may be read in the course of the year.

An ordinary meeting was held on 30th Nov. 1934 when Mr. K. V. Subbiah of the IV U. C. spoke in English on 'The Dramatic Genius of Kalidasa'. The lecture was fairly exhaustive and was yet supplemented by several speakers.

C. G. KRISHNAN,
Secretary.

VI. தமிழ்ச்சங்கம்

இவ்வருஷம் நமது தமிழ்ச்சங்கம் சிறப்புடன் செவ்வனே நடந்துவருகிறது. இதில் மாணவர்கள் எப்பொழுதும் கண்டிராதபடி மிகுந்த சிரத்தை எடுத்துக்கொண்டு வருவது மிகவும் பாராட்டத்தக்கது.

இப்பேரவையின் ஆரம்பப்பேருரையைத் திருச்சிராப்பள்ளிக் கல்வி இலாகாத்தலைவராக இருந்த உயர்திரு. K. V. சுப்பையா ஐயர் அவர்கள் நிகழ்த்தினர். அதன்பின்னர் நமக்கு அளவிறந்த மகிழ்ச்சியையும் ஊக்கத்தையும் அளித்தது தமிழுலகில் தலைசிறந்து விளங்கும் பிரம்மஸ்ரீ மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய தாகூர்தய கலாநிதி டாக்டர் உ. வெ. சாமிநாதய்யர் அவர்கள் இங்கு எழுந்தருளியதே. அப்பெரியாரின் தலைமையின்கீழ் வித்வான் ஜகநாத அய்யர் அவர்கள் 'காவியச் சுவை' என்ற பொருள்பற்றிச் சுவைபடப் பேசினார்கள்.

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மற்றும் இப்பிரபலஸ்தர்களுையன்றி கிளைவ்ஸ் விடுதிச்சாலைப் புரந்தருநர் சாமிபார் செக்யூரா அவர்களும், ஆங்கிலப்பேராசிரியரான உயர்திரு. K. சின்ன சாமி அய்யர் அவர்களும், சரித்திரப்பேராசிரியரான உயர்திரு. தாமஸ் சீனீவா ஸன் அவர்களும் நமது அவையின் ஆதரவில் இவ்ரிய உரைகள் வழங்கினார்கள்.

அடுத்த பத்திரிகையில் சங்கத்தின் முழு விபரங்களும் விளக்கப்படும்.

ஈ. வே. முத்துசாமி,
அமைச்சர்.

VII. The Malayalee Samaj.

The fifth year of the Malayalee Samaj commenced with a business meeting on the 4th of August 1934, when Mr. Joseph T. Pereira, II U.C. was elected Secretary.

Mr. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.), Physics Lecturer, presided over the first meeting, on August 13th. Mr. M. J. Kuriakose, B.A. of the English Staff delivered the inaugural address. Appropriately enough, the lecturer gave, "A Word of Advice to the Students" and dealt at length with the necessity of developing a true devotion to the mother tongue. The meeting was a lively one. Mr. P. T. Chacko, III U. C. welcomed the President and the lecturer in poetic strains. There was a recitation by Mr. Raphael, II U. C. and music both vocal and instrumental. Mr. Joseph Anthraper, I U. C. proved himself quite a Bhagavathar and Mr. J. B. C. Morais a fine violinist.

At the next meeting on August 29th, presided over by Mr. C.C. Chacko, B.A. there was a heated debate. Mr. C. L. Antony, II U. C. moved, "that the diversity of languages, much more than the multiplicity of castes was the cause of India's deterioration." Mr. T. D. Joseph, III U. C. opposed the motion and argued that caste was the real stumbling block in the nation's forward march. Partisans spoke vehemently on both sides. In the end the resolution was rejected.

The subject of the next debate was: "that world conditions today are not congenial to the growth of poetry." Mr. M. C. Pothan, IV U. C. spoke for and Mr. P. T. Chacko, III U. C. against the motion. The latter was really arguing his own case, for if this not an age for poetry where will his own favourite verses be? But the audience as a whole seemed to favour the gloomy view that the age of poetry is gone. Mr. P. M. Joseph, B.A., Post-graduate student, presided over the meeting.

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Towards the end of November, we conducted an extempore speech contest. No less than 17 Competitors fought for the title of 'best speaker'. Rev. Fr. Thomas Purakel, S.J., Messrs. N. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.) and C. C. Chacko, B.A. sat as judges. Two subjects were given for the Competitors' choice.

1. "Unless the Princes are deposed and responsible government established in the Native States, an 'All-India Federation' and 'Complete Independence' would be terms without meaning". 2. "For the free and unhindered development of the language and culture of Malabar, the establishment of an All-Kerala University was an imperative necessity"—Thrones were not threatened, only one or two speakers choosing the first subject merely to urge loyalty to Princes. What a triumph for the Princes' Protection Bill! Only one speaker struck a discordant note in the general enthusiasm for a separate University. When will it come into being? And when it is an accomplished fact, will there still be enough material left for a Malayalee Samaj in the St. Joseph's College? After the 17 speeches were over, the Judges announced the results as follows:

Mr. P. Joseph Kurian, III Hons.	38 marks out of 60.
„ P. T. Chacko, III U. C.	36 „ „
„ C. L. Antony, II U. C.	36 „ „
„ M. Augustine, I U. C.	28 „ „

JOSEPH T. PEREIRA,
Secretary.

Field Notes

WE believe we have to offer an explanation for the scrappy nature of these Notes, which though they contain records of many important sporting events is not a complete and carefully composed report. Our sporting season is by no means at an end. The College Tennis Tournaments have not been run. The District Athletic Championship Meet is yet to come. The District Hockey Championship is not decided; and those who witnessed the keenly contested and drawn finals between our College and Y. M. C. A. teams are anxiously looking forward to an even more exciting fight during the replay. The next issue of the Magazine will chronicle these events, and give at the same time a retrospect of the whole sporting year.

Management

Subject to the general control of the Physical Director and the Staff Members in charge, the athletic activities were organized and conducted by the Captains, whose names are given below. It is not too high praise to say that the Captains have shown themselves worthy of the confidence and responsibility placed in them.

1. P. A. Rodriguez.	General Captn; & Hockey	Captain.
2. S. Kulandaiswamy.	Associate "	"
3. P. K. Desikan.	" "	Football "
4. S. Venugopalan.	" "	Basketball "
5. N. Venkataraman.	" "	Volleyball "
6. A. S. Davaraj.	" "	Athletics "
7. G. N. Krishnaswamy.	" "	Tennis "
8. R. Janardhanam.	" "	Badminton "
9. S. Subbiah	" "	Teni-koit "

Intra-mural Tournaments

Excepting the Volleyball Tournament, all other Intra-mural tournaments have provided a very keen competition. It is regrettable that the entries for Volleyball were poor and almost ridiculous considering the

FIELD NOTES

large number of players who throng our Volleyball courts. The results of our home tournaments are as follows:—

Tournaments	Entries	Winners	Runners-up
1. The Warden's Cup Badminton Doubles...	14	"Friends"	"Hitlers"
2. Dr. Mathuram's Cup Football Sevens ...	7	"Blues". IV-U. C.	"Scientists" B.Sc.
3. The Supdt's. Shield Volleyball Sixes ...	4	"Nimbles". II	"Humblers" B.Sc.
4. Fr. Leigh's Cup Basketball Fives ...	8	"Simples" IV U. C.	"Freshers" Hons.
5. The Principal's Cup Hockey Sevens ...	9	"Pasteurs" B.Sc.	"Optimists" Hons.

District Championships

In the District Championship Tournaments our College teams came out with flying colours in Volleyball, Basketball and Football (Sevens), and our hearty congratulations are due to them. It is regrettable however that we lost the Football Elevens Championship, the more so as our team had been trained to a fine edge for the competition, and 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!

College Annual Sports

Our Annual College Sports were held on the 31st October with the usual eclat. The lovely weather, the big crowd of spectators, the exciting competitions and the delightful paeans of our College Band contributed not a little to our merriment. The "Stick Polo" competition between the College and School Staff raised a laugh that is still resounding in our ears. The School Staff entered the competition a little too seriously to the vociferous backing of their own alumni, and came out with laurels as well as bruises. Capt. C. B. Ponnappa, Commandant, 5th Bn. (Madras) University Training Corps, gave away the trophies and prizes, and exhorted the student gathering to strive for a harmonious combination of a good brain and a strong muscle. List of Prize Winners:—

1. Cross Country Race	Victor Anbu	Subbiah; Arulanandam.
2. Mile Race	Davaraj	Subbiah.

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3. 880 Yds. Race	P. Thambuswamy	Victor Anbu.
4. 440 Yds. Race	Davaraj	P. Thambuswamy.
5. 220 Yds. Dash	Davaraj	P. Thambuswamy.
6. 100 Yds. Dash	Davaraj	P. Thambuswamy.
7. 120 Yds. Hurdles	Narayanaswamy	
	Naidu	M. M. George.
8. Long Jump	Davaraj	Parthasarathy Naidu.
9. High Jump	Parthasarathy	George and Hormis
	Naidu	(Dead Heat.)
10. Pole Vault	Davaraj	Parthasarathy Naidu.
11. Shot Put	Narayanaswamy	
	Naidu	A. Narayanaswamy.
12. Alarm Race	Rec. W. Napier	Cpl. Rajangam.
13. Cock Fight	Muthu	Marimuthu.
14. Tug O'War	Boarding Team	
15. Stick Polo	School Staff	
16. Athletic Championship		
Medal and Cup	Davaraj.	

U. T. C. Sports

In the U. T. C. Annual Camp Sports our cadets secured the winner medals in Half-mile and Mile Races, and runner-up medals in Shot Put and Football. Cadet Victor Anbu, our College Cross Country Champion, won a similar distinction in the Battalion Cross Country Race, and annexed the individual Silver Cup. It may not be out of place here to remark that we bagged the Cross Country Championship Cup, the Recruits, Musketry Cup, the Trained Men's Musketry Cup, and the Attendance Cup. The last trophy, which it must be remembered is the biggest and most coveted of all, is largely owing to the unwearied insistence of the Principal that absence from camp is not even so much as to be thought of. Our N. C. O's and cadets may well look back with pride not only on their triumphs, but also on the creditable standard of morale and esprit de corps they maintained in camp.

"S"

In Memoriam

His Excellency Bishop John Mary Barthe, S.J.

AT Shembaganur, on the 12th November, there passed to his eternal reward in his 86th year the venerable Prelate who had been Bishop of Trichinopoly for 23 years: from 1890 to 1913. Father Barthe had been Minister in St. Joseph's College for four years when he was nominated Bishop. And during his episcopate, under his active guidance, education of boys and girls in his diocese made rapid strides. For the last 21 years he lived in complete retirement in the Jesuit Scholasticate of Shembaganur. With age, infirmities crowded on him—among others, partial deafness and paralysis. He bore them with joyous resignation. When one approached this old man whose life was made up of prayer and suffering, one felt the indefinable yet unmistakable presence of sanctity. By his death his brethren of the Vice-Province of Madura lose a tower of spiritual strength; and those who were more intimate with him, a wise counsellor, intellectually alert till the very end, and in his own detached way wonderfully in touch with events great and small.

God rest his gentle soul!

MR. M. S. SRINIVASACHARI (Maths. Hons. 1929, First Class, Presy. first, Stuart Prizeman and Medalist) passed away at Srirangam in the early hours of Saturday, 29th December. He had been on the Staff of Loyola College for a year, then for two years in Annamalai University, and had finally taken up the chief Lecturership in Mathematics at New College, Poona. On 18th December his wife had died of small-pox. He came down to Srirangam for the obsequies and in turn fell a victim to the same disease. He had been a model student in the College, of excellent character, assiduous, very modest and unassuming. In him the College loses one of its brightest Old Boys. The youngest of a numerous family, he leaves behind him his brothers and sisters, and a male child a year old, to mourn his loss. We offer our condolences to his eldest brother Mr. M. S. Krishnamachariar of Srirangam, and to the other members of the bereaved family.

With great regret we record the death of MR. U. V. SRINIVASAN, a post-graduate student of Economics, carried off by typhoid on 30th December 1934, at the age of twenty-two. Srinivasan was an excellent student, hard-working and docile. His amiable conduct had gained him a wide circle of friends, who feel his demise keenly. We offer our sincere sympathy to his widow and his parents in their bereavement.

The Fr. Honoré Memorial Scholarship Fund

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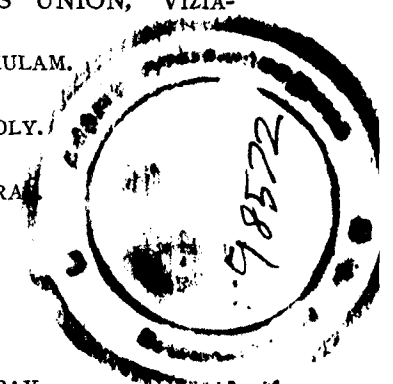
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