

The St. Joseph's college

Magazine

Trichnadobdy

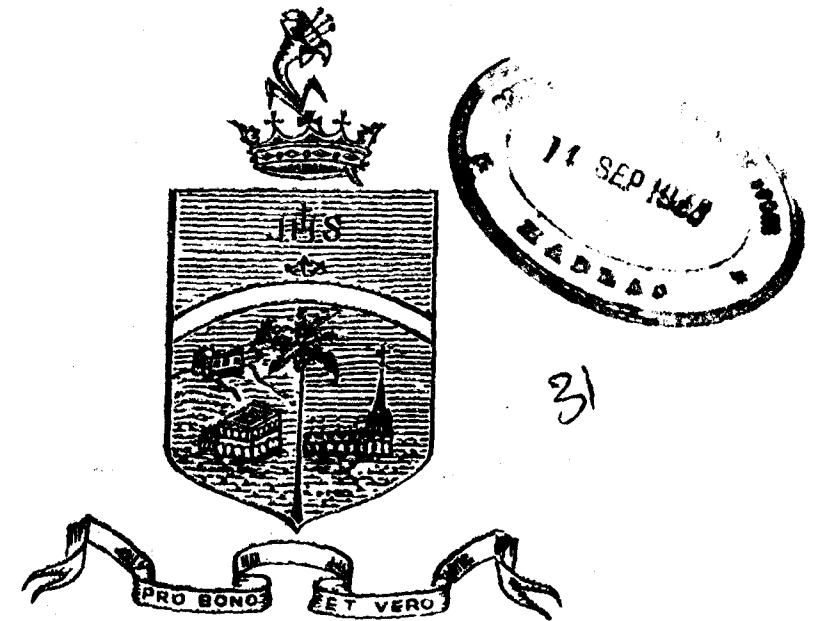
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THE
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

TRICHINOPOLY
JULY 1936



HIS EXCELLENCY THE RT. REV. DR. J. P. LÉONARD, S.J.,
Bishop of Trichinopoly.

Thou art Peter,
And upon this Rock I will build my Church,
And the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

St. Matt. Ch. XVI.

TO

The Right Rev. Dr. J. P. Léonard, S.J.,

Bishop of Trichinopoly

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

Offers Respectful Homage

And the Assurance of

Indefectible Love and Loyalty

Who sow in tears
Shall reap in joy.

Ps. 125.

THE
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
MAGAZINE



TRICHINOPOLY
JULY 1936

New Series

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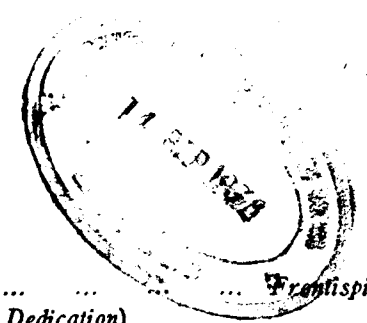
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FR. F. X. BERTRAM, S.J.



TWO JESUIT BROTHERS
Fr. Bertram and his elder brother, who survives him.

(Photo taken in America in 1922.)

Rev. Fr. Francis Bertram, S.J.

1870-1936

TWENTY years ago almost to a day, the writer of these lines came to St. Joseph's College seeking admission into the Intermediate Class. With a group of other applicants I stood in the portico of the Fathers' House, waiting for the Rector and Principal to come down. Never shall I forget that first sight of Fr. Bertram as the door opened, and the strong kindly face beamed on us. The imposing figure, not bent down as in later years, and to my boyish gaze seeming even bigger than it really was, the massive head and face, and that indefinable something which marks a leader of men, made us feel instinctively that this was the Rector though many of us had never seen him till then. He moved among us with a word of inquiry to each; before some a look of recognition and that recalling of family ties and resemblances which had already become famous; to some others a friendly pat on the shoulder which hundreds will now recall with vain regret; and to one and all a brief word of direction before he went back to his room. Such is my first memory of Fr. Bertram.

On the 25th of May, at Mount St. Mary, a group of Fathers was standing at the entrance to bid godspeed to Fr. Bertram, as he was starting for the Nursing Home. He was to undergo a difficult operation which had been judged necessary to relieve him of the painful sufferings of the last years. It was a depressing day, cold and windy. We were aware of the dangerous nature of the operation, and our hearts were heavy within us. He too was under no illusion. He had finished every item of business which called for his attention, answered all his letters, and in general had comported himself like one bidding farewell to the world. Never had we seen him so patient, so considerate, so full of delicate attention to old friends, so rich in wistful reminiscence..... As he shook hands with each of us in turn, with a pleasant word in answer to our forced gaiety, there was a sombreness in his expression which alas was too sure a presage of the fatal issue.

The twenty years which covered the interval between these two scenes witnessed the growth of Fr. Bertram's reputation as Educationist,

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and of that unique hold over the public mind which made him, as one Old Boy expressed it in a letter to the Press "more an institution than a mere personage." In 1916, he had been seven years Principal of St. Joseph's and six years Rector. Within that period his most important work of organising the science courses of St. Joseph's and attracting to them crowds of students from all parts of the Presidency, had been accomplished. But beyond the circle of students, past and present, of St. Joseph's, his name was still unknown. In 1916, two representatives of Mofussil Colleges were nominated to the Syndicate for the first time, and Fr. Bertram was one of the two. Old Students and Members of the Staff will still remember the circumstances in which the news reached the College. Fr. Bertram was in the Lawley Hall, assisting at a meeting of one of the College Societies, which was being addressed to by a distinguished visitor, Sir (then Mr.) C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer. When the contents of the telegram became known, there was a burst of applause, and the Lecturer of the day joined the students in addressing a graceful compliment to the Rector.

Since that time his part in public affairs and his rise in the public esteem was uninterrupted. First came his share in the important, the never sufficiently appreciated recommendations of the Committee appointed to examine the Saddler Report on University Reform; the visit to Europe and America to collect funds for Loyola College; the founding of that College and its phenomenal growth; and his continual activity as Member of the University Bodies brought into existence by the University Act of 1923, including repeated elections or nominations to the Syndicate, crowned by two brief periods when he acted as Vice-Chancellor. It is fairly certain that but for Fr. Bertram's growing infirmities and the reluctance of his Superiors, he could at one time have become the permanent Vice-Chancellor of the University. But with or without office, his long experience and utter honesty of purpose had obtained for him such universal respect and confidence in the Senate and the Academic Council, that his intervention in debates was often decisive. A curious instance of the mingled respect and affection which he inspired occurred in the last meeting of the Senate. A member speaking on a certain amendment, referred to his own past attempts to get it approved by the Senate and said that "on a previous occasion Fr. Bertram had ordered him to withdraw it," and that he had done so. There was a laugh when he spoke of having been "ordered"; and Fr. Bertram himself seemed greatly amused. But it affords a good example of the spirit in which his suggestions were taken by many of his younger Colleagues.

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We must now analyse briefly the qualities that gave him this great influence. In the very front rank we must place his rare gift of sympathy, his capacity to put himself in the other man's place, and understand his point of view. It was an intellectual quality that enabled him to see the strength of an adversary's case, and a clearness of vision which made him realise the limitations of his own position. Hence his sympathy was not mere softness, and was quite unemotional. He was most genuinely kind and affectionate in his grave paternal way. But no man was freer of sentimentality. Sympathetic without weakness, kind without softness, tolerant without compromising of principles and convictions, such was Fr. Bertram consistently in his dealings with others.

One aspect of this sympathy must here be touched upon in a special way. Fr. Bertram understood the Indian character, gained an exceptional knowledge of the customs and social peculiarities of our people, and gave to the land of his adoption a love that was based on real appreciation. Very early he realised the force behind the national movement and made no secret of his sympathy with the aspirations of new India. His occasional contributions to European Reviews on movements in India were marked by great penetration and breadth of view and grasp of essentials, and did much to dissipate ignorance about India in many European circles. As Principal of St. Joseph's he had to face a crisis when the student world was swept off its feet by political passion sometime in 1917. A Government Order had forbidden students from taking part in political meetings. Government urged the enforcement of the order, and the exemplary punishment of those who violated it. The atmosphere was tense with talk of "strikes", "meetings", "dismissals".....Fr. Bertram's consummate knowledge of psychology saved him from taking any false step. He enforced the order, but with a tact born of sympathy; and yet with a firmness based on the conviction that the parents would support him, and that the students would obey. His confidence was justified. There were neither strikes nor dismissals, and the commotion subsided as quickly as it had begun.

Now the gift of sympathy is closely allied to efficiency in administration and powers of organisation, for they are all ultimately based on imagination. Fr. Bertram had this gift of scientific imagination in an unusual degree. He visualised his plans in every detail and set himself to realise them point by point. But he never allowed details to obscure his view of the whole. No man was readier to sacrifice minor details, and adapt himself to circumstances, but none was more unflinching in the

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pursuit of the plan as a whole. It is said that Fr. Bertram had pre-arranged in intimate discussion with Fr. Honoré all the features of the grand scheme of Loyola College, its College buildings, Hostels, Laboratories, Church, Fathers' Residence, its alleys and grounds. The actual realisation however was different enough from the original plans. Nevertheless it may be safely asserted that these differences have not modified in essentials the outlines of the first scheme.

To these salient qualities must be added the serenity of mind that could accept changes of fortune with the same imperturbable good humour. His massive physical presence symbolised this moral stability. Temperament and training had given him this calmness verging on stolidity, which made him superior to passing events. Good fortune did not elate him, neither did misfortune depress him. Like most of his countrymen he was a realist, and not given to dream rosy dreams. Those who moved closely with him know that he had sombre visions of the future in regard to causes dear to his heart as Catholic and as Priest. He had no illusions about human nature, and had no more faith than was necessary in human professions. He had experienced the most surprising manifestations of ingratitude. Yet no complaint ever escaped his lips. A shrug of the shoulders, a word and look of surprise, and the habitual serenity returned.

Now all these qualities which we have touched on so inadequately, and as it were from the outside, had their inner source from his faith and from his religious life. Fr. Bertram was above all things a Priest and a Religious. His naturally sympathetic and generous nature had opened out and strengthened itself in the light of the Gospel. Self forgetfulness such as his, magnanimity which made him utterly incapable of personal resentment, habitual indifference to personal comfort, could not be merely human or inspired by earthly motives. In his soul there was a chamber where he was alone with God. How often after a heavy day's work have not old students of St. Joseph's seen him, taking a turn in the College grounds, his lips moving in silent prayer, after the shouts of play had died away, and evening had brought its great peace to this noisy hive of men. This secret communion with God set a stamp upon him and gave him an aloofness which repressed familiarity, and which his own gaiety and friendliness towards all left intact. He clung to the Society of Jesus with all the strength of his great soul. He was unswerving in his fidelity to the rules and exercises of the Religious life. He had assimilated in an exceptional degree the spirit of St. Ignatius. The sure judgment of his Superiors had made him in the earliest years of his

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priestly life, Master of Novices. And it was no mere passing fancy, but the expression of filial devotion that made him call the object of his maturest labours Loyola College. We cannot therefore sum up more aptly the inspiration of his life than in the words of the beautiful prayer of St. Ignatius which must have been very often on his own lips:

"O well-beloved Word of God, teach me to sacrifice myself, teach me to serve Thee as Thou dost deserve to be served, to give without counting, to labour without seeking for rest, to fight without minding the blows, to spend myself without looking forward to any other reward but that of knowing that I do Thy Will."

Some Tributes

The magnitude of the loss we have sustained was brought home to us by the tributes evoked by Fr. Bertram's passing away. We cannot reproduce even a fraction of them, but we must find room for the following.

I. Dr. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, Acting Vice-Chancellor of the University.

[From a speech delivered to the Jesuit Scholasticate of Shembaganur, where Fr. Bertram was interred a few days before. Both Dr. Lakshmanaswamy and Mr. McLean, Registrar of the University, being then in Kodaikanal, had assisted at the funeral service. The Lecturer before beginning the academic topic on which he had chosen to speak paid the following very touching tribute to Fr. Bertram, in which we hear the bereaved friend, and not the Vice-Chancellor making an official pronouncement.]

Father Newton touched a tender chord in my heart when he referred to the sad demise of a revered friend, Father Bertram. Only the other day, it was my melancholy privilege to attend the ceremony connected with the last rites to the departed Father; and the sadness which I had felt is still too fresh and poignant for me to speak without emotion. It has been my good fortune to be very closely associated with the late Father Bertram in his great field of activity—the University, having been a colleague of his in the Senate, the Academic Council and the Syndicate for several years. It would be no exaggeration to say that Father Bertram was one of the greatest educationists in Southern India, and his dynamic personality has impressed itself in many spheres of University activity. Gifted with a rare foresight and sagacity, possessed of a warm heart and kindly disposition, endowed with a magnetic personality, Father

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Bertram was indeed a towering figure in University circles, loved and esteemed by all his colleagues, and adored by his innumerable students throughout the length and breadth of Southern India. His catholicity of temperament, his innate sympathy for the poor and the weak, his unostentatious manners and his simple disposition, his practical common sense and statesmanlike frame of mind, all combined to give him that predominant place in Academic circles, which was his by right. Of his work in the two great colleges of which he had been the esteemed Principal for years, St. Joseph's College at Trichinopoly and Loyola College, Madras—I need hardly speak at length. The Loyola College is, as it were, the crowning glory of his life work; and no college has sprung to such prominence in so short a time as this institution founded just a decade ago.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Madras University has sustained an irreparable loss by his death, and a void has been created in Academic circles which it will take a long time to fill adequately. On behalf of the University, I avail myself of this opportunity to pay this tribute to his memory, and I would add that to me it is a great personal loss—the loss of a guide, a philosopher and a friend.

II. Mr. William McLean, M.A., B.L., Registrar of the University.

Compared with that of others, who knew him for almost a lifetime, my memory of the late Rev. F. Bertram, S.J., goes back for only a short period of 12 years. But in that short space I got to know and understand "Old Bertram" as few outside his own Order knew him, for I came into very close contact with him, saw him not only as a teacher and leader of men, but also as the kindly human cleric who delighted to see the best in all that came his way, to give of that best to others, and to look for no personal reward.

Heavy of body, genial in spirit, his laugh was like the man, deep and hearty, sonorous and sound. I had been only a few days in Madras and was feeling moody and bewildered in the maze of the reorganization of Madras University under the Madras University Act of 1923, when one day, in November, 1924, I heard a step slow and measured on the stairs and a voice in a chuckling tone saying, "where is he?". A few seconds later a genial smiling face looked between the doors of my room, a hand was thrust out and a deep voice said, "I am Bertram". Soon I got to know this great soul, learnt from his cheery talk of his great work for

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the youth of India, and his crowning achievement—the creation of Loyola College.

A man of simple quiet habits, his simplicity showed forth in his faith which was clear and steadfast. A great decision had been made in his life when he joined the Society of Jesus, and no one served that Order more selflessly and devotedly. It was this simplicity which was the source of his great strength of mind and purpose and of the development of his large practical sense: there was a right and a wrong way to do things; there were things that could be done and things that could not or were better left undone; the things that could be done and ought to be done must be done. Such, in brief, was his philosophy of life, and, as that philosophy was based on a deep Faith which eliminated all personal ambition, his life was one great purpose and he achieved much by quiet consistent effort.

For over twenty years he was intimately connected with the affairs of the Madras University Syndicate, and he had the unique claim—that few Europeans could make—of being one of its earliest graduates, a fact which gave him a deep interest in its affairs, and in education in general. Possessed of a most retentive analytical memory, he must have afforded delight to innumerable students, who passed through his hands, with the ease with which, when he met them in later years, he recalled their names, antecedents, and points of merit and demerit. The deep interest that he took in his students, long after they had left his immediate care, must have thrilled and touched them each time they renewed his acquaintance.

But it was as the educationist and administrator that Rev. F. Bertram was best known to me. A residence of over forty years in India to which he had come in his early years, had made him thoroughly conversant with all phases of educational work, and his long connection with the Madras University Syndicate had given him an insight, which at times was almost uncanny, into University collegiate developments. A mathematician by training, he brought to bear on the problems which came his way a clear and analytical mind, swift to get to the root of the matter and to suggest a practical solution of the problem. His interests in education ranged over a wide field: he was as much at home in discussing questions of high school education, as in probing the weaknesses of University life and work. He was not an orator but he could be trenchant in debate and his wide experience, firm conviction, and genial mode of presentation enabled him to command a good hearing, and to have often a decisive voice in academic discussions. His figure in the front row of the seats

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in the Academic Council and Senate Meetings was a familiar one to all members who were accustomed to look to him for a lead on policies requiring sane broadminded points of view. His long and continuous connection with the University naturally led to his appointment on several occasions as Acting Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, where, in the rôle of administrator, he amply justified the choice of his colleagues on the Syndicate.

Much of the logical precision and astuteness of the Frenchman was in his make-up, and, with a canniness worthy of a Scot, he could make a rupee go the length of two.

It is a fact known to many that his visit to Europe and America, to raise funds for his cherished dream of Loyola College, met with a very poor response and that, on his return, he was faced with the problem of abandoning the scheme or attempting to build with very inadequate funds. Judicious management of affairs and a strong personal element in the building operations enabled him, to the astonishment of his confrères, to raise the solid edifice to the memory of the Founder of the Order. To him *Petros* meant more than a stone, and on a rock he built something permanent that will remind one, as time rolls on, of his kindly shrewd unselfish nature.

His death came as a shock to many and created a gap which will not be easy to fill in the Order to which he belonged, and in the causes to which he gave his time and experience so ungrudgingly. It was my sad but great privilege to be present at the funeral service and subsequent interment of this good man. And as he was quietly laid to rest in the subdued stillness of Shembaganur, surrounded by so many of his faithful brothers, I felt that the end was fitting of the man, who, having nobly done his work, desired now to rest in peace.

III. Meetings*

The College and High School Staff, and Students, met in the Lawley Hall on July the 2nd to record their sorrow. There was requiem Mass in the College Church on the 12th.

A public meeting of the Citizens of Trichinopoly to honour Fr. Bertram's memory was held in the Municipal Public Hall, and was presided

* We record only meetings in Trichinopoly. Accounts of other meetings—in Madras, Trivandrum, Tuticorin etc.—have appeared in the daily Press.

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over by Sir T. Desikachariar. Of the many touching tributes paid on that occasion we reproduce Dr. T. S. S. Rajan's deeply moving speech, as reported in "The Hindu" (7th July.)

Dr. T. S. S. Rajan moved the following resolution:—

"That this public meeting of the citizens of Trichinopoly expresses its deep sense of loss suffered by South India in the death of Rev. Fr. Bertram, S.J., who, as Principal of the St. Joseph's College, Founder and Principal of the Loyola College and member of the Syndicate and acting Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras, has rendered permanent and remarkable service in the cause of higher education, has laid South India under a deep debt of gratitude and who, by his noble qualities, endeared himself to all who came into contact with him."

In doing so, Dr. Rajan said that with regard to the death of their own members, the Jesuit Mission did not exhibit sufficient amount of emotion because of the training in the ideal of self-sacrifice, which had enabled them to meet death with cheer. A life vowed to poverty, chastity and service to fellowmen, would not look upon death as one of sorrow or of fear.

Continuing, Dr. Rajan said that he knew of no other institution than the St. Joseph's College in his scholastic life and his love and affection for that institution and for the Fathers in charge, was no less than any other man's. Father Bertram had been his patient after he became a medical man and the speaker was under his care as a student. Dr. Rajan then gave reminiscences of his school days. Not only as students, but as citizens of South India, he said, they had a duty to acknowledge Father Bertram's services so disinterestedly, so nobly and so heroically given and religious beliefs and faith apart, man to man, Father Bertram stood on a very high pedestal. He was a man whom any community in India could be proud of owning. A Frenchman by birth, a German by citizenship, an Indian by adoption, Father Bertram came to us while he was young, lived and toiled for Indians and died in India. Those who were in charge of educational institutions knew very well what it was to run an institution of that kind in South India. Father Bertram did not merely run an institution, but improved it considerably in Trichinopoly, and created an institution in Madras where Catholic educational endeavours did not exist to any large extent and to-day the living monument of his life's labours was the Loyola. He thought no other monument need be erected in his memory, as Loyola stood in eternal memory of the great services which Father Bertram rendered to the country.

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Continuing, Dr. Rajan said that it was necessary for Indians to imbibe the spirit which made Father Bertram live and die. He wished there were men like Father Bertram among genuine Indians who would give all that Father Bertram gave to India. No institution, no society, no nation could live without the spirit of sacrifice; for in sacrifice there was life. That was why he believed in his leader Mahatma Gandhi who was at the present day a great exponent of loving service to all humanity. In the same spirit, he saw Father Bertram a man vowed to poverty, chastity and faithful service and had adopted the country and they as Indians would be regarded as undeserving and ungrateful if they did not recognise the tremendous services Father Bertram had done for education in South India. In honouring him they were honouring themselves, their country, their race and their tradition.

Proposal for Memorial

Mr. R. Srinivasa Aiyar proposed and Mr. T. M. Narayanaswami Pillai seconded the following resolution:—

"That a committee consisting of Sir T. Desikachariar, Rao Bahadur T. M. Narayanaswami Pillai, Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, Khan Bahadur P. Kalifullah Sahib Bahadur, Mr. R. Srinivasa Aiyar and the Principal of the St. Joseph's College, with power to add, be constituted to concert measures and collect funds for commemorating in a fitting manner the memory of Rev. Father Bertram, S.J."

The motion was carried.*

IV. Extracts from Letters

Most of these letters are addressed to Fr. Carty. If we do not choose many others, it is because the expression of grief in them is too poignant and personal for publication here.

(a) *Sir K. Ramunni Menon, Kt.*

It was with the deepest sorrow that I heard of the death of Father Bertram. The news came like a shock. Father Bertram and I were fellow-workers in the University for more years than most people, and I have lost a very old colleague and a warm friend. The world of education has become all the poorer by his death. But by none will his death be more poignantly felt than by you and the other members of your College which owes so much to him, and by the Loyola College which will always

* Subscriptions to the Memorial Fund may be sent either to the Principal, or to Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Iyer, St. Joseph's College.

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remain as a monument to his memory. To you and the other members of your College I offer my sincere condolences on this sad occasion.

(b) *Dr. S. R. U. Savor, D.Sc., I. E. S., in a letter to Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Ayyar.*

I was indeed shocked to read of the passing away of Father Bertram. He was such a fine man and so full of wisdom that his passing away is a loss not only to the two Colleges (St. Joseph's and Loyola) but to the University and to the Presidency as a whole. Loyola will naturally miss him most. Very few men have worked as he did with a clear vision of the future and a doggedness of purpose which was determined to get over all the difficulties that may be met with. The rise of Loyola to the position it now occupies is entirely due to his energy and enthusiasm. How I wish our Indian brethren had one half his faith in his cause and perseverance in the face of difficulties. We have to learn much from the Roman Catholic Fathers. The beautiful way in which they dedicate themselves entirely to the service of their ideal has always appealed to me and Father Bertram in particular was (like Father Honoré) an object of admiration to me for the last so many years. May his soul rest in peace!

(c) *Mr. G. R. Narayana Ayyar, M.A., L.T., Professor of Mathematics, Maharaja's College, Ernakulam.*

It is with feelings of extreme sorrow that I learnt of the demise of Father Bertram. The event was unexpected. I feel that I have had a personal loss. I turned to him for advice and guidance whenever I was in difficulties and he never failed me. Father Bertram's personality and love of justice were impressed on the minds of every student of the St. Joseph's or Loyola to such an extent that each one of us felt that he could succeed in any career by following his footsteps. I was very fortunate in having had an intimate contact with the Rev. Father ever since I left the St. Joseph's two decades back and I desire to pay my humble tribute to him for all the help and support I have had at his hands. The Society of Jesus has had a great bereavement and it will be really a difficult matter to fill the void. May his soul rest in peace.

(d) *Dr. K. L. Moudgill, Principal, Maharaja's College of Science, Trivandrum.*

Fr. Bertram's death has cast a gloom on University men all over the Presidency. Last time I met him he spoke about his operation; he seemed

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tired and not quite so keen to hold on. His place in the University will be difficult to fill. He won people over by his geniality and he used to win a point in the Senate or the Academic Council not so much by the brilliancy of his argument as by snatching at the mood of the house at the psychological moment. Without malice or bitterness he would laugh at a proposition and the proposition was just laughed away. I offer my sincere condolence on the loss which your mission has sustained by his death.

(c) *A Note by Mr. Mariasusai Pillai, Fr. Bertram's*

Secretary during 15 years.

Now that the great soul of Rev. Fr. Bertram has passed away, one like my poor self who has known him so intimately as a Professor, Prefect of Discipline, Principal, Manager and Rector, cannot but feel what a great loss has been sustained by the Society of Jesus of the Madura Vice-Province and by all his friends and admirers.

The words of my Master and Patron the great Fr. Sewell uttered on the occasion of the Prize Distribution on the College Day of 1910, are still ringing in my ears. In those days it was held in open air in the Boarders' playground behind the Lawley Hall. Just before the commencement of the function Fr. Sewell took me to the farthest end and we were seated on the last bench. Fr. Bertram read for the first time the College Annual Report. As soon as he finished reading, Fr. Sewell got up saying "Splendid! Now I can safely retire—you have a great man for my successor." Indeed he was a very great man. In my long connection of over thirty-five years with this Institution I can boldly assert that I have never come across an administrator who could equal him. He was a born administrator of very great ability and tact. In my humble opinion, the secret of his success lay in the fact that in all his dealings with others, he never considered himself a master or superior but treated them as equals whose likes and dislikes he ought to respect. He always aimed at nothing but the good of the Institution, and the good of his fellowmen. His magnanimity was incomparable. I for one always felt that I was treated more as a colleague than as a subordinate. I have never known during the fifteen years of my service as his Secretary, that he ever got angry however provocative circumstances might be. Once when there was a great commotion in the Students' Home, he directed me to go and see if something could be done to save the situation and at the same time

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cautioned me saying "Don't get angry and use hot words if you find any one not behaving properly. After all, they are boys." These few words contained much for my guidance and thanks to God, order was soon restored. Again during the days of political agitation and the brahmin and non-brahmin controversy, but for his tact and careful handling there would have been commotion and confusion. He was a keen observer of men and matters though to all outward appearance he would look indifferent. He was a great disciplinarian though he never believed in hard and fast rules. I would say he was kindness personified.

V. *Extracts from Letters and Messages to the Press*

(a) *The Delegate Apostolic*

His Excellency Dr. Leo Kierkels, Delegate Apostolic of India, was visibly moved when he said a few words touching the death of Father Bertram. He said: "I met Fr. Bertram only a few times, but I knew him sufficiently to appreciate his priestly zeal not less than his educational achievements. He was a man of wide vision, keenly interested in the harmonious progress of the Church and of India. His name may well be added to the list of honour of the illustrious men who have been successful exponents of the Church's endeavours for the intellectual uplift of communities and nations. The fruits of the Church are among the credentials of her faith and men like Father Bertram show that in the words of Saint Paul. "The fruit of the light is in all goodness and justice and truth." The death of Father Bertram is indeed a great loss to the illustrious Society of Jesus and to us all. But Loyola College will stand as a monument to his memory and his name will ever recall a life inspired by the spirit of service for the Church and for India."

(b) *The Anglican Bishop of Madras*

The following tribute was paid to Father Bertram by the Right Rev. E. H. M. Waller, Lord Bishop of Madras:

"It was a great grief to hear of the death of Father Bertram, S.J. He did yeoman service for education in India and he has left an enduring memory in St. Joseph's College and the Loyola College, Madras, which was his creation. In the University of Madras to which he gave unstintingly the benefits of his great experience and his unfailing geniality he was a greatly respected figure and its Councils will be the poorer for his loss. The whole Presidency will look back on his service with gratitude for he gave himself entirely to the promotion of the welfare of India."

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(c) *Sir A. P. Patro*

Sir A. P. Patro, who as the then Education Minister of Government, opened Loyola College which owes its origin to Father Bertram, said: "I have always admired the departed Father for his frankness, courtesy and learning. He was a simple and unostentatious worker in the cause of education in India. As an educationist he had not only a mastery of what may be called university culture, but he could also enter into the feelings and sentiments of large numbers of students who studied under him. The welfare and enlightenment of India's youth was the burning passion of Father Bertram's life. He was a trusted friend of the youth of this province and in his death the cause of education in India has lost an eminent personality."

(d) *Mr. S. Satyamurthi*

On hearing the news of the death of Father Bertram, Mr. Satyamurthi gave the following statement:—I am very sorry to hear the Rev. Father Bertram's death. I had the privilege of knowing him intimately and serving with him on the Senate, Syndicate and Academic Council for many years. He was a distinguished educationist, a fine gentleman and a great friend of India and Indian students in particular. The Loyola College is a standing monument to his powers of organisation, education, enthusiasm and to his love for Indian students. I have lost a sincere and good friend in him. The world of South Indian education is much the poorer to-day by his death. I offer my respectful condolence to the members of the Society of Jesus.

(e) *Mr. V. R. Ramachandra Dikshitar, M.A.*

The news of the death of Rev. Father Bertram will be received with a rude shock throughout the presidency and more particularly by the educationists of the province. Father Bertram was a man of great ideas. Generally men of big ideas lack the necessary foresight in carrying out details in their minutest accuracy. But Father Bertram was endowed with both. He was a man of great vision and always looked ahead. As "The Hindu" has pointed out, he started the Science Honours course at St. Joseph's in 1911 though others were not so optimistic about its success. But time has shown the success of his plan. There are other instances which show that he always saw ahead of his time. Though the idea of starting a Catholic College in Madras was in the air for some years before the founding of the Loyola College, it was given to Father Bertram

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to take it up in right earnest. For this purpose he undertook an European tour to collect funds, lasting nearly two years. After his return the choice of the site of the future Loyola engaged the Father's attention, and though there were other proposals to build it on the Lloyds Road towards the Beach or somewhere in Perambur, still Father Bertram decided on the spot on which the majestic buildings now stand. In the spectacular growth of these buildings Father Bertram was aided by the unlettered hereditary masonry whose grandfather and father were responsible for the St. Joseph's buildings. Father Bertram always preferred a hereditary trained worker to an expert and a specialist.

It is a terrible loss to those who had moved intimately with him and who sought his aid and guidance which always proved fruitful. He was a sweet conversationalist and would engage one for hours together with funny anecdotes born of his ripe experience. His was a personality which was not only a tower of strength to his mission but also to his numerous friends, pupils and admirers. We may sum up his character in two words—great and good. May his soul rest in peace.

A veteran educationist of high character Father Bertram was, and it behoves hundreds of old boys of the St. Joseph's and the Loyola to perpetuate his memory in a fitting manner. I suggest that a lectureship may be instituted in the University in his name for the promotion of South Indian History and Culture to which he devoted himself in the latter half of his life.

Though an ardent student of Natural History, Father Bertram was a man of wide culture and took keen interest in the promotion of South Indian culture. As a member of the various academic bodies of the University of Madras the Father was anxious to promote the progress of the different Research Departments and particularly the Oriental Institute. Fr. Bertram knew some Tamil and loved the Tamils very much. He watched with keen interest the researches pertaining to the culture and civilisation of the Tamils. He had read many books and was ever ready to offer helpful criticism. His indifferent health for sometime past induced him to retire from active University life and to take to historical studies. He wanted to examine the history of South India from 1710 to 21 with particular reference to the Christian missions and towards this end he recently collected a wealth of material. Some of the documents relating to this subject were taken to Kodaikanal to be worked out. If he had been spared, he is sure to have produced a good research book of the History of India of the first half of the eighteenth century.

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(f) Mr. K. R. R. Sastri

The Reverend Father Bertram was an institution in himself. Father Sewell's name is only a powerful legend to us of a later generation; but Father Bertram's will long live in men's memories as that of one of the few distinguished educationists who excelled in their knowledge of human nature.

Reference has been made to his long Principalship of the St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly. Along with the Father Quinn, Father Honoré, Father Pruvot and Father Carty—happily still with us—the Reverend Father Bertram sustained the reputation of St. Joseph's as next to none in the Presidency.

In point of scholarship, sustained endeavour and tactful conduct, the St. Joseph's Old Boys have carried the reputation of their Alma Mater throughout India and abroad. In the building up of such a reputation, the late Father Bertram contributed his services during the mellowed part of his eventful life.

A tribute has been paid to his founding of the Loyola College, already a premier institution. His continuance as a Syndic in the Madras University for twenty years is striking testimony to his wide popularity among educationists.

His wonderful memory of his students and their parents was only comparable to Dr. Skinner's. He was born at Metz (France), but he was an out-and-out Madras. The late Father Bertram was fully conversant with the language and customs of the South Indian.

The Indian student during and after the Great War has been affected by the politics of his mother country. No Principal in recent times so well understood the psychology of the Indian student as the late Father Bertram.

I am confident that the thousands of his students will erect a suitable memorial to cherish the memory of one of the great educationists of recent times.

Comedy

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

IT is convenient to suppose that Tragedy and Comedy are the two polar opposites in literature; the one is the poetry of tears, the other of laughter; the one sounds the depths of life, the other grazes the bright or brittle surfaces. However, there are few tragedies and comedies that can be so neatly opposed in their tone and temper. *Oedipus Tyrannus* is a tragedy and *The Frogs* is a comedy; but how shall we describe *Oedipus at Colonus*? *Macbeth* is a tragedy and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a comedy; but how about *The Merchant of Venice*, *All's Well*, and *A Winter's Tale*? Taking prose fiction, again, we can describe *Jude the Obscure* as a tragedy and *Under the Greenwood Tree* as a comedy; but is either term wholly applicable to *The Return of the Native* or *The Mayor of Casterbridge*? Apparently, between the little realms of Tragedy and Comedy, the kingdoms of darkness and of light, there is a debatable no-man's-land, where shadows and lights strangely intermingle, in all possible permutations and combinations.

Comedy, according to the popular notion, is somehow associated with laughter. We read a comedy, we go to the theatre to see a comedy, to forget ourselves and to laugh outright. There is surely something extraordinary in our capacity for laughing. Among the considerations that should make us rejoice in being human, is one that to me is most interesting of all,—as human beings, we can laugh, laugh at puns and witticisms, laugh at men and circumstances, laugh at ourselves and at the apparent futility of the panorama of life. To laugh with abandon and gusto is to be genuinely and unashamedly human. When I go to see a picture in which figure the inimitable Charlie Chaplin and his troupe or the unforgettable Laurel and Hardy or Wheeler and Woolsey, I know I shall be laughing all the while, laughing the laughter "holding both his sides." These comedians get into the eeriest scrapes; Laurel is thrashed, Hardy is clouted, Wheeler is frenzied and Woolsey is wooed by the chimpanzee, but we extract fun from their seeming trials and tribulations. Such comedy is heartless, one might say; but everybody knows it for a put-up job and we laugh at miseries, because we know they are miseries in vacuum.

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Taking a copy of *The Manchester Guardian* I chance upon Mr. Max Beerbohm's cartoon entitled "If they were flourishing in this our day". I see absurdly vivid present-day variations of Carlyle, Swinburne, Disraeli, Gladstone, Browning and other "Eminent Victorians". I remember also the traditional portraits, and the incongruous juxtaposition of the two tickles me mischievously and pleasurably, and I laugh light-heartedly. I have received a little shock to my sense of propriety and under the influence of an incipient irreverence I give vent to my merriment. That is why M. Bergson remarked that laughter can arise either out of incongruity or out of irreverence.

Taking a stroll in the evening, I happen to see an abnormally shortish, stoutish thing or a tallish, leanish thing; the sight is comic to me and it is with some difficulty that I suppress an unseemly laugh. I notice a presumably rich gentleman higgling over a mere pice with a porter at the Railway Station; I watch a pedestrian swinging to and fro, incapable of keeping to one side of the street for two consecutive seconds; I overhear odd exclamations and expressions while wading through the crowds in the bazaar; and all these situations are intrinsically comic to me and I cannot help laughing at them. There are thus innumerable occasions in life when a word, a sight, a situation, or even a memory of any of these things, releases the hidden springs of laughter within us—the humblest amongst us no less than the proudest—and as we laugh, we experience a peculiar satisfaction to the very core of our being.

For the sake of convenience I described Comedy as the poetry of laughter: yes, in most comedies laughter bubbles forth, sometimes uproariously, sometimes mildly with a lulling music. Poetry is said to hold the mirror up to life, but the angle of inclination varies. In other words, poetry is now a criticism of life, now an imitation of life and now an escape from the life we know into a life that is half dream and half reality. The poetry of laughter, too, the poetry that glories in the comic or laughable aspects of life, exhibits these varieties of imitation, criticism and escape.

Comedy can describe some of the foibles and follies of mankind, place us implicitly in a position of superiority, from which vantage ground we can judge our inferiors, we can get our amusement and laugh our fill. We laugh at Ralph Roister Doister, at Malvolio, at Sganerelle in Molière's *The Forced Marriage*, at Sir Fopling Flutter in Etherege's comedy, at the

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sanctimonious Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice*, at the wonderful Countess de Saldara de Sancorvo in Meredith's *Evan Harrington*: and it is always a laugh of superiority, a laugh that seems to signify that we, at any rate, are much better than these dolts and boobies.

Again, Comedy can portray the glaring vices or conceits or affectations of society itself in the person of a typical character, so that there may be correction as well as amusement, and the audience may swallow the criticism, so well sugar-coated, with prolonged laughter. Aristophanes attempted in his comedies such a criticism of life; so did Molière in his Harpagon the miser and Alceste the misanthrope; so did Ben Jonson in his Volpone the fox. They are types and in a measure they are ourselves. There is a story of a youth who went to Meredith with a wounded air and told him, "your Sir Willoughby is me", and received the characteristic answer, "no, he is everyone of us." The great comic creations like Meredith's *Egoist*, Molière's *Misanthrope* and Ben Jonson's *Miser* are representatives of humanity itself, and when we laugh at them we are also laughing at ourselves, though at first unconsciously.

Lastly, Comedy may just concoct for our edification an imaginary land of happiness and beauty, mirth and love-making, laughter and jokes, that we are glad to exchange for our own world, and to stomach, for an hour or two, its unbelievable morals and pleasures and enchantments. Shakespeare transports us to the felicities of the Forest of Arden, to the governance of Oberon and Puck in the wood near Athens, to the loves and songs and jokes of Illyria, to the company of Florizel and Perdita in far-off Bohemia, to the mysteries of Prospero's island in the remote Bermoothes. Here is romantic comedy awaiting us where we see life as in a dream and dream of it when we again fall upon the thorns of life. "In Shakespeare's romance, one doesn't listen to sermons except in stones, or study lessons save in the running brooks, or even try to look wise. . . There you can sing all day without growing hoarse, make jokes without being tedious, and make love all the year round without breaking a heart. Only all these together are better than either separately. It is well to interrupt the love-making with a little joking, and the joking with a little music, and perhaps some cakes and ale, and then back to love again." (Thorndike.)

Romantic comedy had its exponents before Shakespeare in Lyly, Peele and Greene and after Shakespeare in Fletcher and Dekker. Its recipe has been throughout the same in essentials: intrigues and court villainies,

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swinging the drama towards tragedy; the swagger and mirth of clowns and fools swinging the drama towards farce; but bursts of lyricism and witty repartees preserving the balance of romance and finally unifying plot, sentiment and atmosphere in the personality of the romantic heroine—a Rosalind, a Campaspe, a Viola. It is a truly democratic world where princes rub shoulders with peasants, where gods take a personal interest in the affairs of human beings, where music is the food of love and witty talk the very salt of life.

Shakespeare's last plays, *Cymbeline*, *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, are generally called Romances. They are nearer to tragedy than the Romantic Comedies like *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*, though not as serious in tone and as sombre in their background as the earlier "problem plays" like *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well*. The first three acts of *A Winter's Tale* have little to distinguish them from a tragedy; but with the fourth act, the sun begins to shine and we are in the land of romance. Autolycus can thief and sing and sell ballads; Perdita is the "queen of curds and cream"; the dead miraculously live again and the sundered are brought together and joy is the word for all. These last plays would be sombre, even if not tragic, but for their heroines,—an Imogen, a Miranda, a Perdita,—and for the low-comedy characters like Trinculo, Stephano, Cloten, Mopsa, Dorcas and Autolycus, who with their poetry or their inherent mischief or absurdity, redeem the plots and bring them ashore to the lands of inaccessible romance.

Ben Jonson was not in sympathy with what he considered the wild improbabilities of romantic comedy. He decided to hark back to classical ideals in art and to follow the models set by Aristophanes, Terence and Plautus. In the Prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour* he thus expressed his aim in comedy:

Deeds and language such as men do use,
And persons such as comedy would choose,
And she would show an image of the times
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

He tried to represent types, to exaggerate in his characters one particular oddity or defect which he called "humour". The very names betrayed their "humours": Knowell the all too suspicious father, Bobbadil the brazen braggart, Kiteley the too jealous husband, and Brainworm and Wellbred and Downright. Jonson's weapons in his comedies are ridicule and satire rather than humour, the humour that enlarges

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Falstaff to heroic proportions and makes Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek human even when one of them is a thorough rogue and the other a hopeless fool. Such humour as we find in Falstaff and Uncle Toby and Micawber, in *Bully Bottom* and *Tristram Shandy*, is allied to an "unexpressed, generally unconscious, Franciscan mysticism" (Ernest Raymond). We may laugh at them and ridicule them but we are also in sympathy with them and our merriment is suffused with "the swelling pity that is nine parts of our ridicule." With Ben Jonson, on the contrary, laughter is a corrective of social vices; it is unsympathetic, satirical, destructive. Hence, his later plays like *Volpone*, *Epicoene* and *The Alchemist* are occasionally even savage. The didactic purpose may be said almost to have knocked out all humane laughter from these comedies.

Restoration Comedy had its great exponents in Etherege, Wycherley, Dryden, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and above all, in William Congreve. The Restoration dramatists created an artificial world composed of wits, eccentrics, fops, and sensualists. It little mattered who they were or what they were: talk was the main business, and if the characters talked foolishly or wittily or brilliantly, the audience was tickled or amused or thrilled, and nothing more was demanded of the dramatist. It is not accurate to call Restoration Comedy "the comedy of manners", for there was little attempt to reflect faithfully the manners and customs of the time. No doubt some Restoration types strut the stage; there are similarities in externals; but that is all, the types are lifeless and the resemblances are skin-deep. What has happened, then? Mr. Lytton Strachey explains: "The characters in Comedy are real; but they exist *in vacuo*. They are neither to instruct us nor to exalt us, but simply to amuse us; and therefore the effects which would in reality follow from their conduct must not appear. If they did, the comedy would cease to exist: the jealous husband would become a tragic personage; the heavy father a Galsworthy character; the rake would be revealed as a pest, and the old bore as . . . an old bore. By the magic of Comedy, what is scabrous, what is melancholy, what is vicious, and what is tiresome in the actual life of society is converted into charming laughter and glittering delight."

Restoration Comedy was alike different from the Romantic Comedy of Shakespeare and Fletcher and the Jonsonian Comedy of "humours." Etherege and Wycherley and Congreve trafficked freely with what would be called "indecent" puns and allusions in the make-up of their dialogues; they exhibited every form of depravity in character and came perilously

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near justifying them; they seemed to imply that those things didn't matter, especially in the artificial world of their making. The Restoration audience, too, did not include the commoner: it was a compact group made up of the leisured middle classes and the aristocracy, who could follow the involutions of wit and be dazzled by its brilliancy. The dramatists had discarded the insipid blank verse of the later Elizabethans and had perfected, as efficient instrument of witty dialogue, a metallic prose, always scintillating and sometimes profound. It was more often than not a battle royal of wits and the sophisticated audience asked for nothing better. The plot was either nothing or it was unintelligible; the characters were either caricatures or puppets, "head-piece filled with straw"; there was little emotion, less morality and no philosophy; what remained was the glory of words, thrust and counter-thrust, served and received with an immense gusto, and the audience understandingly smiling at the verbal monkey-tricks of the dramatists and almost ignoring what the whole show and all that sound and fury was about.

Congreve's *The Way of the World* is now considered to be the supreme achievement of English Comedy. Its plot baffles analysis or understanding. Too many women seem to be in love or to have been in love with Mirabell who, while loving Mrs. Millamant, seems to have philandered, willingly or unwillingly, with an equal number. Mrs. Millamant loves Mirabell but has her other admirers in Witwoud and Petulant. Mrs. Millamant and Mirabell would gladly marry but there are the inevitable impediments: Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Millamant's aunt, herself in love with Mirabell, is against the alliance; and Mrs. Marwood, slighted in love by Mirabell, and now helped by her new lover Fainall, schemes to prevent the marriage. The intrigues that follow are the absurdest imaginable: Mirabell asks his servant to impersonate a supposed uncle and pay court to Lady Wishfort. The plan is discovered to the Lady by Mrs. Marwood and the outlook is definitely hopeless for Mirabell and Mrs. Millamant. But soon there are other startling developments and Lady Wishfort is brought to reason and the young lovers marry to their mutual joy. The story is so complicated that not one could have minutely followed it when it was first presented: but, then who cared? There could have been no difficulty in relishing the sparkle and the wit of speeches like these;

Mirabell: (seeing Mrs. Millamant)

Here she comes i'faith full Sail, with her Fan spread
and Streamers out, and a shoal of Fools for Tenders...

Ha, no, I cry her Mercy.....

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Millamant: Mirabell did you take Exceptions last Night?

O ay, and went away.....Now I think on't I'm angry.....

No, now I think on't I'm pleas'd.....For I believe I gave you
some Pain.....

Or the sheer fascination of Mrs. Millamant and Mirabell conversing, on the eve of their marriage:

Millamant: Ah! Idle creature, get up when you will and d'ye hear, I won't be call'd names after I'm Marry'd; positively I won't be called Names.

Mirabell: Names!

Millamant: Ay, as Wife, Spouse, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which Men and their Wives are so fulsome familiar,—I shall never bear that—Good Mirabell 'don't let's be familiar or fond, nor kiss before Folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis: Nor go to Hide-Park together the first Sunday in a new Chariot, to provoke Eyes and Whispers: And then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first Week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never Visit together, nor go to a Play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred: Let us be as strange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as wellbred as if we were not marry'd at all.

And so on, conditions and counter-conditions, for three or four pages!

It is the quintessence of Comedy: this clash of wit and wit, this glow and this sparkle, this animation and this fun, this recklessness and this abandon, these are the attributes of Restoration Comedy at its very best. In Molière we have tantalising dialogues like these but with him they acquire, besides the power to amuse, the power to reform also. The duel between Celimene and Alceste in *The Misanthrope* is paralleled by the less profound but nearly as thrilling duel between Millamant and Mirabell. The former is a greater triumph because it portrays a fundamental antinomy between worldliness and unworldliness, whereas the latter is no more than brilliant caprice and vivacity. Meredith finely contrasts Congreve's wit with Molière's: "That of the first is a Toledo blade, sharp, and wonderfully supple for steel; cast for duelling, restless in the scabbard, being so pretty when out of it. To shine it must have

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an adversary. Molière's wit is like a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood through which its business is to find a way.... Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing, the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom."

In passing, a reference may be made to a type of French comedy that has been exploited again and again. It is a fact that we derive a peculiar pleasure watching another man's discomfiture. An elderly fellow playing an active young man, a villager playing the man of fashion, an old fat gentleman trying to bowl,—these are tremendously funny. Comic situations endlessly arise when such misfits are about. Among such perennially amusing types is the successful man of business who decides to become fashionable and cultured. He is rich and fairly aged; he is married and has a daughter; his one desire now is to be respected, to be properly educated, to become one of the aristocracy. Should he engage tutors? Should he go on an educative tour? Should he contract his daughter's marriage with a beggarly nobleman? He will do all—if only he could become respectable, he could hope to be counted a nobleman himself. What character can be more funny than this? Molière in his *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* ("The Citizen turned Gentleman") represented M. Jourdain as an opulent tradesman who appoints tutors to teach him dancing, fencing, grammar and what not: the riot of fun we get in that play is due to the fundamental absurdity of this elderly, competent merchant trying all too late in life to reform his culture and character. M. Poirier in Augier and Sandeau's *The Son-in-law of M. Poirier* is another such character. M. Poirier is a retired dry-goods merchant, enormously rich, with a daughter by name Antoinette, and has an inordinate desire to be Peer of France. He gives Antoinette in marriage to the degenerate Marquis de Presles and places at his disposal his house and his vast resources: it is heaven to this merchant to feel that his son-in-law is a Marquis! In the end the Marquis is himself turned into a merchant while M. Poirier has an 'aside' of hope that he would be Peer of France yet! M. Perrichon of Labiche's play forms with M. Jourdain and M. Poirier a rare trio. In the exquisite farce, *The Voyage of M. Perrichon*, the ex-carriage manufacturer, M. Perrichon, dominates the entire piece. His pathetic helplessness at the Railway Station, his ludicrous enthusiasms in the presence of cultured people, his trying to quote Racine in the unlikely places, his mis-spelt but toughly conceived remarks in the Visitors' book, his self-deceptions again and again, his blusterings and

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bullies, his inescapable cowardice,—these stamp him true to type and make of him an incomparably funny character.

The immorality of the Restoration comedies provoked Collier's notorious diatribe, "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage", in 1692. The reaction was immense; there was a spate of sentimental comedy by Cibber and Steele and their followers, depicting goody-goody people and invoking sighs and tears and rapturous thanksgivings. Comedy became pure—and it also became perfectly innocuous. Luckily for English Drama, a new generation produced Goldsmith and Sheridan whose *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* again vivified comedy into a feast of wit and a flow of mirth. Young Marlow and Lydia Languish and Lucius O'Trigger and the immortal Mrs. Malaprop restored gaiety to Comedy without reinstating Obscenity.

The birth of the nineteenth century found English Comedy at its lowest ebb. The sentimental ineptitudes, the incredible melodramas, the lifeless romances that were produced in their hundreds during the first fifty years of the century have justly been swallowed up in oblivion. But the Victorian era brought Boucicault and Bulwar Lytton with their competent, Frenchified plays which paved the way for the more enduring triumphs of Robertson and Henry Arthur Jones. Robertson's *Caste* and Jones's *Liars* showed that a renaissance in English drama was imminent. And truly enough the plays of Pinero and Oscar Wilde, of Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie, and the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan proclaimed another golden age in English drama. Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* recaptured the spirit of Comedy: it dealt with its theme flippantly, inconsequentially, with a militarist march of epigrams and vivacious talk and a suspension of purpose and psychological relevance. His other plays, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *A Woman of No Importance* and *An Ideal Husband*, are nearly as good and as brittle. The degenerate lords and curious ladies and the foreigners and clergymen sit together and talk sententiously, wittily, even brilliantly. "What is a bad man?" Someone answers, "the sort of man who admires innocence." "The book of life begins with a man and a woman in a garden. It ends with Revelations." And so on: we are tickled, but ultimately we are also disappointed. The operas of Gilbert and Sullivan brought a new and welcome experience to the theatre-goers. In *The Mikado* and *Trial by Jury* and *The Yeoman* and the rest, Gilbert let loose laughter on the stage without fear or favour and Sullivan's music made the treat the more entrancing and the more

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unique. Shaw gave us his sociological comedies, his "pleasant" plays, his *Doctor's Dilemma*, his fantastic *How He lied to Her Husband*, his *Apple Cart* and his recent *Simpleton*. Barrie has taken us once again to fairy lands and magic; A. A. Milne in *Wurzel-Flummery* and *Dover Road* has touched fantasy at the fringe; Arnold Bennett in *The Milestones* has given us genuine comedy and in *The Great Adventure* a roaring farce; and innumerable playwrights, O'Caseys and Phillipotts and Sutros and Bright houses and Chapins and Noel Cowards, are everyday inundating the stage with farces, comedies, extravaganzas, tragi-comedies, romances,—call them what you will!

Let us conclude with a few words on the ultimate source of the Comic. As we saw at the outset, the mis-use of language can be a source of laughter. Mrs. Malaprop talks of a nice derangement of epitaphs, of the allegory of the Nile and of reprehending her oracular tongue. Equally amusing would be a character who lisped in Spoonerisms like "well boiled icicle" "received a blushing crow" "tasted a whole worm" and "hissed my mystery lectures." Shakespeare himself often made verbal puns do duty for the comic spirit and sometimes he made characters like Fluellen and "Kate" laughable through their language. The stilted language of Pistol and Nym's jerky sentences similarly contribute to our mirth. But, surely, the laughter that is caused merely by affectations in language is on the lowest rung of the Comic ladder. In little doses, few and far between, it is enjoyable; otherwise, it is likely to degenerate into a cheap and vulgar mannerism, irritating to a degree.

Mis-shapen things are also generally sources of the comic. Our innate sense of what is normal and harmonious is challenged and almost automatically we burst out laughing. Falstaff the abnormally pot-bellied; the mis-shapen wretch, hag-born Caliban; the "translated" Bottom with the ass's head; they walk straight into the impossible land of Comedy. Other characters arouse our laughter at the very sight; some peculiarity of physique, some oddity of dress, some awkwardness of gait, some queer twitching of muscle, these provoke merriment. Malvolio with the yellow stockings and cross-gartered, Sir Fopling Flutter with Barroy suit and Piccat shoes and Orangerie gloves,—who can forget these apparitions, so diverting and so laughable?

However, though laughter may be caused by verbal or physical malformation or incongruity, it cannot by itself sustain an entire comedy. But the laughter arising out of incongruous situations is a more variable thing.

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The Antipholus and Dromio twins in *A Comedy of Errors*; Viola in boy's disguise paying court to Olivia on Orsino's behalf; the vicissitudes in the love entanglements of the two pairs of lovers in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the absurd situations in Molière's *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*; husband and wife exchanging occupations in Mr. Sean O'Casey's *The End of the Beginning*; the spectacle of a burglar cheerily welcomed by an entire household in Mr. Eden Phillpott's *Something to Talk About*; from situations like these dramatists have not been slow to extract the last ounce of fun and laughter.

But the greatest Comedy demands something more than these. It arises out the clash of character and motive, the clash of the individual and society, the vital impact of the *dramatis personae* upon the senses and the thoughts of a spectator. The novels of Jane Austen, for instance, are drenched in the comic spirit; heart-aches there are, and sighs and disappointments, but controlling them all is the spirit of Comedy, and whether in Mr. Collins or the Mistress of Mansfield Park or Mr. Wodehouse, it turns all it touches to the pure gold of laughter, free and soothing. Meredith's novels, too, are comedies; their purport has been explained by their author in his lecture on "Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit", a work that has rightly become a *locus classicus* of criticism. Comedy, says Meredith, is sharply to be differentiated from farce, from irony, and from mere humour. The comic spirit breathes in a purely intellectual atmosphere; its weapons are common-sense and wit; its butt is the mass of vanity, false pride, egoism, sluggishness and anything else that is anti-social; and the apparent result of all that is sane mirth and subdued, thoughtful laughter. Humour by itself is not much; for, incongruity with which it concerns itself, is not anti-social. Perhaps, also, with humour sympathy is likely to come along, and criticism and correction will be lost sight of in the familiarity and the fun; hence would Meredith prefer the splendid detachment afforded by the "true" comic spirit. Meredith affirms, and in his novels demonstrates, that the Comic spirit when authentically evident will chase social monstrosities out of existence or tame them into rationality. To Meredith all life is little more than an Ordeal and he alone succeeds in life who comes through the Ordeal unscathed. Meredith's heroes are the traditional young men of the aristocracy or of the upper middle class whose false idea of gentility is to live a life of unconcerned idleness upon the fruits of the peasant's labour. The young men are usually unsocial, either owing to conceit or owing to a splendid innocence, and they should be made to go through the

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fiery Ordeal of life and to realise "the free self-possession of the soul, the energy of a valiant and cheerful heart" (Cazamian). The Comic spirit purifies and rejuvenates these youths, and functions, in the words of Mary Gretton, as "a distilling apparatus—a condenser." Evan Harrington and Harry Richmond and Sir Willoughby are alike victims of the Comic spirit, victims reformed and transformed by it.

Though it may thus be proper to conceive of certain novels as comedies, the term is more particularly restricted by the Concise Oxford Dictionary to "stage-play of light, amusing, and often satirical character, chiefly representing everyday life, and with happy ending." Prose fiction is to be excluded; Chaucer, and Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*, though reeking with jollity, should also be excluded; skits and loose sallies in *The Punch* and *London Opinion*, though they may have a "laugh in every line," are not comedy either. The Oxford lexicographers would apply the term only to such of the plays of the dramatists, from Aristophanes to Noel Coward, in which the predominant note struck is one of gaiety and happiness, in which we confront the Comic spirit in its many attitudes and attractions. Instinct in the dialogue and the clash of character and incident, the laughter in Comedy becomes, in Professor Allardyce Nicoll's words, "an attack by society as a whole, or by a particular portion of society, on what it regards as anti-social, something out of the way and possibly provocative of harm." To appreciate Comedy aright one must have liver enough to digest the surging impertinence of even a Millamant or a Celimene. As Mr. C. E. Montague roundly tells us, "Unless you can delight, with a whole heart, in Celimene's great duel with Alceste, unless you ask, for the moment, nothing more of her than a little world of manner afire with animation and enjoyment, and the witchery of a demonic, ungovernable wit . . . then comedy, quintessential comedy, with its gushing humaneness and radiant sanity, is not for you." Comedy in the last analysis is the poetry of common sense; it is human but not effeminate and is understanding without sentimentalising; and being "'a recordation in man's soul' of his dual nature", as Mr. Bonamy Dobree describes it, "it laughs at the spirit as much as the flesh . . . and makes daily life livable in spite of folly and disillusion."

The Cure

by N. Narayanan, B.A.

IT was a pleasant Sunday afternoon. Mr. Naidu was found deeply immersed in his favourite "*Daily Liar*" wherein he read a paragraph stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism.

There were cited several remarkable instances, (99 % of them being imaginary, of course) in which people had been perfectly cured by this quick remedy. Mr. Naidu thought of the rheumatic twinges that shot through his knees every now and then and made his life a burden to him.

He read the article a dozen times over and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint and held there until it stung itself stingless. But he had some grave misgivings about the matter; he knew and feared it would hurt. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies and Mr. Naidu made up his mind to undergo any amount of suffering if it would only cure his disease.

Accordingly, Mr. Naidu made a contract with his eldest son Dinker, for a limited supply of bees. He felt he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He also knew that if there was any way whereby even the shyest bee that ever taught a two-hundred-pound man to dance could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of a rupee, Dinker agreed to procure several bees, sex and age not specified; but as Mr. Naidu was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three bumble. (Now, dear reader, if your poor cerebellum does not comprehend these technical terms just pass over!)

Master Dinker went off on his mission with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. That evening found Master Dinker with a stout wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured "beasts of bees," and Mr. Naidu with a rupee concealed in the palm of his right-hand. Soon, the rupee and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Naidu put the bottle inside his coat-pocket and went into the house eyeing everybody he met suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to

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sting to death the first person who said "bee" to him. He confided his (guilty) secret to none of his family—not even to his wife. He hid the bottle in his bed-room, and with exquisite care submerged it in a basin of water to cool the heated inmates.

Bed-time came at last. Under various false pretences Mr. Naidu strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed and then he sought his room. He turned the lamp down until its feeble ray shone as dimly as a death-chamber light.

Mr. Naidu sighed profoundly, and the sigh was so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Naidu, who was awakened by it, asked him if it gave him so much pain to go to bed. Mr. Naidu choked another sigh but said nothing, and crept into his bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to pick one bee out of the bottleful and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Naidu got was a little, brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half a gram if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by his hind leg, would weigh as much as a bay mule. Mr. Naidu could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you? Trying at necromancy, etc.!" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Naidu to say he only felt hot, but he did it. He didn't have to lie about it, either. He did feel very hot indeed, about eighty-six all over and one hundred and ninety-seven at the end of his thumb. Then he reversed the bee, and pressed the warlike terminus of it against the rheumatic joint.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would It didn't hurt at all.

Then Mr. Naidu slowly reached his arm out from under the sheets and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel round for the bottle and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Naidu drew it out in such a haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying *uncorked* in the bed. In the darkness, there had been a quiet but general emigration from the bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Naidu had poured upon them to cool and tranquillise them,

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were crawling aimlessly over the sheet. While Mr. Naidu was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! oh! help me! help!"

Mr. Naidu sat bolt upright in his bed. His hair stood on end. The night was warm, but he turned into ice in a minute. "Where in thunder", he cried, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste,—“are those infernal bees?”

And a large "bumbe", with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then climbed up the inside of Mr. Naidu's night shirt, until it got squarely between his shoulders and felt for his marrow, and he said calmly:

"Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Naidu felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Naidu threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared: "Take him off! Oh; for heaven's sake, somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Naidu's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. The children (of whom Mr. Naidu was rather profusely blessed) and servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion by howling at random and asking all sorts of irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, arrayed in a long night-shirt, trying to reach the unattainable spot in the middle of his back while he danced a wild fantastic jig, by the dim light of the night lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Dinker had put in the bottle for good measure and variety and to keep the menagerie alive had dried his legs and wings on a corner of the sheet, and after a preliminary circle or two, around the bed (to get up his swing, perhaps, and settle down to a working gait), he fired himself across the room To his dying day Mr. Naidu will always believe that one of his servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Naidu himself, would doubt that he was, at least for the time being, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent and Mr. Naidu does not like to talk about it now.

The Calendar

by M. R. Devadas, V B.A. (Hons.)

WE are all aware of what a Calendar is but most of us do not know how the Calendar has taken its present shape. To enlighten those who are anxious to add something to their knowledge about the Calendar I have written the following article, the material for which I have gathered from many sources.

The four chief elements of the Calendar are the day, the week, the month and the year. The day is a period of roughly 24 hours. In various times and for various purposes days have been reckoned in different ways. The ancient Hindus and Babylonians counted their day from sunrise to sunrise, the Hebrews and Athenians from sunset to sunset and the Romans from midnight to midnight. Nowadays the civil day is reckoned from midnight to midnight, and for astronomical purposes the day is counted from mean noon to mean noon.

The week is a period of seven days now reckoned from midnight on Saturday. The seven-day-week has been in vogue in the Oriental countries from prehistoric times. Later on, the cycle of seven days, with a sabbath or rest day, was strictly observed by the Jews. The Egyptians also had the same system of grouping days by seven and this practice passed on to the Romans a few centuries before the spread of Christianity. We have all read in our history books that the names of the week days are derived from those of the Gods worshipped by the ancient people, but the real origin is astrological. The people worshipped the planets and other heavenly bodies and passed on their names to the week days. The seven planets including the sun and the moon, were arranged in the order of their supposed distance from the Earth—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury and Moon. These were supposed to control the first hour of the days, months and years and their names were given to the days. Although the planetary week began originally with the day of Saturn, the day of Sun soon came to be commonly regarded as the first of the week. The order of the days was also gradually changed to the present one.

The names of months have also something behind them, they owe their origin to a person or an event.

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Thus :—

January is named after *Janus*, the two-faced God of the Romans.

February is derived from *Februum*, means of purification (the ceremony specially observed on the 15th of February at the Lupercalia).

March, the third month, is named after the God Mars.

April is so called from *Aprilis* (from *aperire* to open), the period when vegetation opens.

May, the fifth month supposed to be named after *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, to whom sacrifices were offered on the first of this month.

June is so named after *Juno* the consort of Jupiter and the queen of Heaven.

July, the seventh month, is in memory of Julius Caesar.

August proclaims the name of Augustus Caesar. It was his "lucky" month.

September, the ninth month of the year, was originally the seventh month of the Roman Calendar, hence the name *Septimus*.

October, the tenth month, was the eighth of the old calendar.

November, the 11th month but originally the ninth. When Numa added January and February it took its present position.

December, the 12th month but the tenth in the Old Latin Calendar.

The credit of being first to determine the same length of the year—365·242 days—goes to the ancient Egyptians. They divided the year into 12 equal months of 30 days each and absorbed the rest of the days in the festival days. When Julius Caesar conquered Egypt in B. C. 46 he adopted the Egyptian Calendar for the Roman Empire. Instead of the equal months he took one day off February and distributed this day along with the five left for festival days as follows: He gave one day for each of the alternate months. Thus January, March, May, July, September, and November had 31 days while the rest except February had 30 days. February thus had 29 days on ordinary years and 30 on Leap Years.

Later in B. C. 28 Augustus Caesar made another change in the Calendar. In order to have as many days in the month of his birth

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(August) as there were in the birth month of Julius Caesar (July) he moved the 29th day of February to August. As the first quarter contained 90 days against the 93 days in the 3rd quarter, Augustus compromised, though poorly, by shifting September 31st to October 31st. This caused two 31-day months to come together and a further change was made by moving November 31st to December 31st.

The calendar of the two Caesars, Julius and Augustus was based upon a 365.25 day-year with a leap year every fourth year. The actual year is, as stated already, 365.242 days. Therefore .008 of a day was accumulated every year. By 1582 the accumulation came up to 10 days and Pope Gregory XIII in that year ordered the 10 days between October 5th and October 15th to be dropped from the Calendar and adopted the present rule for the leap year. The Gregorian rule for a leap year is "Every year divisible by 4 is a leap-year except those centurial years which are not divisible by 400. Ordinarily February had 28 days but on leap years it had one day more." The length of the Gregorian year may therefore be set down at 365^d 5^h 49^m and the error will amount to 1 day in 3,000 years.

The Gregorian system, however, was adopted in the English-speaking countries only after 1752. It will thus be seen that the system we follow now is after all a clumsy affair. The International Fixed Calendar League has proposed that the year will consist of thirteen months of 28 days each, the last day of the year being an international day of rest. A simplified calendar and its definite associations with the number *thirteen* would slay, at a blow, the superstition surrounding this numeral. The real success of a reformed calendar depends on its universal adoption.

Having discussed the calendar of a year we shall now come to the case of the perpetual calendar. This is a calendar which enables us to give the day of the week corresponding to *any* date. Such calendars are many in number and vary in construction. In principle all may be the same, but each has its own merits. One may be concise but another may give the day of the week more easily.

Below are given two such calendars. The first involves some calculation, not difficult of course. In the second some light manual work replaces this calculation. The first obviously scores over the second.

I (i) Let x be the last two figures of the year concerned. Let y be the integral part of $\frac{1}{4}x$.

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(ii) Add (to y) for the month if for

January or October	... 1
May	... 2
August	... 3
February, March or November	... 4
June	... 5
September or December	... 6
April or July	... 0

If Leap Year (*ie. if it is divisible by four*)

January	... 0
February	... 3

(iii) Add day of the month.

Divide the sum of the above three by 7, and the remainder gives the day of the week.*

II. The calendar is composed of four columns of known data—date, months, century and year—and one column of data sought—week days—in the centre.

The two red lines assist in the calculation.

Method of finding the day:—Take a scale and note the point of the left hand auxiliary line through which the line joining the date and month passes. Similarly note that point of the right hand auxiliary line through which passes the line joining the century and year. Join these points and the point where this line acts the Day line gives the day of the week corresponding to that date:—

*Example:—*To find the day of the week corresponding to May 12, 1937 the coronation day of King Edward, our emperor.

By the first calendar: $x = 37$.

$\therefore y =$ integral part of $\frac{1}{4} \times 37 =$	46.
To be added for May:	2.
Date:	12.

$$60 = 8 \times 7 + 4$$

$\therefore$ the day of the week is the 4th or Wednesday.

* The foregoing applies only to the 20th century. For 19th century add 2, for 21st century add 6, for 18th century add 4. Before 1752 the old style calendar was used.

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By the second calendar:

The line joining 12 on the date line and May on the month line meets the left hand auxiliary line at the 9th division from the top.

The line joining 19 on the century line to 37 on the year column meets the right hand auxiliary line at the 10th division from the top.

The line joining these two divisions meets the day line at the point marked WED. $\therefore$ 12th May, 1937 is Wednesday. This is in accordance with that found by the first Calendar.

The construction of such calendars is not easy. It will not take more than five minutes to construct one by copying, but to invent one originally is a task worthy of any mathematician. To explain the principle of such calendars itself presents a problem and I invite everybody, professors and students, to try his hand at it and to solve the problem for me.

DATE	MONTH	DAY	CENTURY *	YEAR †
7 14 - 21 28	Jan. - Oct.	Sat. - Fri. - Thurs. - Wed.	5 12 - 16 20	
6 13 - 20 27	April 31 - Jan. - July [in Lp. year]	Tues. - Mon. - Sun. - Sat.	6 - 13	05 11 16 22 33 39 44 50 61 67 72 78 89 95
5 12 - 19 26	Sept. - Dec.	Fri. - Thurs. - Wed. - Tues.	7 - 14 17	04 10 21 27 32 38 49 55 60 66 77 83 88 94
4 11 - 18 25	June	Mon. - Sun. - Sat. - Fri.	18 - 15	09 15 20 26 37 43 48 54 65 71 76 82 93 99
3 10 - 17 24 31	Feb. - Nov. - March	Thurs. - Wed. - Tues. - Mon.	29 - 18	03 08 14 25 31 36 42 53 59 64 70 81 87 92 98
2 9 - 16 23 30	Feb. 29 [in Lp. yr.] - Aug.	Sun. - Sat. - Fri. - Thurs.	3 10 - 15 19	02 13 19 24 30 41 47 52 58 69 75 80 86 97
1 8 - 15 22 29	May	Wed. - Tues. - Mon. - Sun.	4 11 - 16 20	01 07 12 18 29 35 40 46 57 63 68 74 85 91 96
	Jan. - Oct.	Sat. - Fri. - Thurs. - Wed.	5 12 - 16 20	00 06 17 23 28 34 45 51 56 62 73 79 84 90

* Here take the two digits of the year left after omitting the last two digits. † Here take the last two digits of the year.

The Blue Spectacles

by S. Krishnan, IV B. Sc. (Hons.)

"WHO is it?" I asked, rolling tighter into the rug. There was no response. But the knock was repeated. "D—n the intruder," I muttered within my teeth and tried to get up.

"Curse not thy brethren," said a familiar voice. I was astonished. How did my feeble murmur pass through the bolted door? It was sure enough Dr. Vaman. I opened the door hastily.

I noticed an oddness about him. He was wearing a pair of blue spectacles with which he looked intently at me.

Dash it, thought I, here was indeed some fun. The doctor who habitually jeered at the bespectacled youngsters of to-day should surely be a target for our wits.

"A target for your wits?" the doctor astonished me; "judge not others so rashly lest you be judged."

Why, he was delving into my very thoughts! As he entered and took a seat, I felt that a stupendous explanation was due from him.

The doctor glanced piercingly at me. "Of course, I shall give you the stupendous explanation" said he, smiling as he removed the glasses and fondled them between his hands.

I shrank back. But curious by then to look at the spectacles which had aroused my suspicions, I took them from his hands and saw behind the blue glass a small toothed wheel and a coil of thin wire. I raised the glasses to my eyes and was about to put them on. Quick as a flash he snatched them from me, and when I looked at him again, they were on his nose.

"You know", he began, "the cosmic ray wave is very very tiny. A month ago I discovered a new ray whose wavelength is thousands of times shorter than that of the cosmic ray. Studying its properties, I observed that it can penetrate any person and convey to its source an image of any impression forming on the human brain. Now you see how 'by a series of reflections and refractions the impression is carried to my own brain.'"

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"Imagine the universal sensation when you patent it!" I ejaculated.

"Patent, patent, young man," he sneered. "Who wants patenting when kings and dictators may be compelled to fall at our feet?" The doctor jumped with a bang on the table and paced the room with quick impatient steps. "Yes," he continued, "yes, it shall be a terror to the world; a terror and a balm." Here his voice rose to the highest pitch. "A terror to all dishonest politicians and avaricious traitors. Woe, woe unto them that covet the poor man's bread! Perish they that delight in dark and criminal deeds of the underworld." Then scrutinising my countenance, "Think you" he cried, "that my ambition is too lofty to be realised?"

I beheld him with a certain awe.

"My poor friend", he continued, "an automatic recorder revealing to us the innermost thoughts of a Hitler and a Mussolini is not a far-fetched idea. Besides"—the voice sank into a solemn whisper—"I have only to turn the toothed wheel a little to one side and the next moment a terrible ray shoots out and strikes our enemies temporarily unconscious. The effect lasts for an hour and a half." The voice rose again. "I tell you, I will be the master of the world's greatest secrets. I will expose the wicked, tax the avaricious, support the needy. Jealousy, hatred, malice will pass into oblivion. Poverty and hunger shall be unknown in the paradise to come. Here is my mission," cried he, coming opposite to my table and banging it. "I have planned it and I shall fulfil it." As he said this, he drew himself up to his fullest height. A strange light shone in his eyes. With a last penetrating look at me, he walked out into the street.

I sat bewildered and at a loss to know what his purpose was. Two hours later, he re-entered my apartment. "Hallo, Krish," he said, "what do you think of a world tour with me?"

"A world tour?" I looked at him questioningly. "Yes, I shall call it the great knowledge tour. Your reply, Krish?"

"But....." I hesitated.

"We are travelling in a plane and it will not take more than a month. No fears on that score, my boy. Gird up."

I assented. He was in the most genial mood. The same afternoon we were whirring aloft in the sky.

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against a wall. I was struck heavily by something on the head. But the doctor, O horror! before he could clutch at some protection was given a sudden jerk and thrown out with great force on the road. I jumped up to his side only to see that the great scientist and the greatest of my friends had departed this world for ever.

Meanwhile the German had got down from his car and was desperately trying to reunite in vain the broken pieces of the wonderful blue spectacles.

SUNRISE IN SUMMER.

(Sketch by S. Venkateswaran, IV B. Sc. '35-'36.)



Devotional Philately

by A. C. K.

PERHAPS one might be inclined to think that Philately is the last place to look for exhibition of devotion. But a closer study soon shows that a number of devotional objects are portrayed on the postage stamps of all countries of the World. For an exhaustive study one must possess a most comprehensive collection of stamps. But with limitations which are incidental to every philatelist one can only have a restricted view of the subject. We shall now deal with a few stamps which have engraved on them devotional objects.

It is but just to expect that objects of Christian devotion are most abundant on stamps. For the majority of civilised and cultured nations are Christian.

Figure 1 represents an Austro-Hungarian issue. Six kinds of these stamps exist and each is a bicolour. They are all almost square as will be noticed and each kind is of a different denomination. They have engraved on them the picture of the Madonna and Child with the very apt inscription PATRONA HUNGARIAE.

Figure 2 is also from Hungary. These stamps are all monocolours and are very well lithographed. The stamps are all more elongated than those of No. 1. The stamps in my possession are only two and both are brightly coloured—orange and purple. The Infant in this stamp, as will be seen, is to the right of the Virgin. (cf. the Infant on No. 1.)

The third stamp comes from Mexico. The Infant is lying on the bosom of the Holy Mother. There are two denominations, in olive green and purple. The stamp is not so well got up as No. 2.

The next one comes from Switzerland. It is a reddish stamp of the common size. Under the name Helvetia, (for Switzerland) is a simple Cross. This stamp shines above the rest in its superb simplicity.

The Czechoslovakian stamp comes next. It is of an orange hue. Amidst the heraldic designs is a cross on a mound on the left-hand top corner. The stamp is lithographed and well printed.



DEVOTIONAL PHILATELY

Figure No. 6 represents a stamp hailing from Afghanistan. The very crude prints in my possession are perhaps some of the latest in existence. The country is yet in its infancy so far as stamp-printing is concerned. There is very little or no gum behind the stamps. The specimen illustrated has on it the design of a mosque.

Figure No. 7 is a stamp from Iraq. The stamps are elongated and well got up,—presumably by continental hands. They are all lithographed. The one illustrated depicts a mosque with its minarets and domes.

The one-anna Silver Jubilee issue is perhaps one with which most of our readers are very well acquainted. It has the Rameshwaram Temple on it.

Another stamp is the one with the very picturesque Golden Temple of Amritsar on it. It is probable that these stamps merely formed part of the whole set with beauty-spots portrayed on them. But it remains a fact that incidentally at least, temples which are objects of devotion have been illustrated on the stamps.

The Existence of God

by K. Muturatnam

A pathetic interest attaches to this article. The writer was in the II U. C. (Group II) last year, and came out successful in the University Examination. He fell ill of typhoid in May and passed away early in June. This article, the fruit of his interest in the class of Moral Philosophy, was found among his papers and was intended as a contribution to the Magazine. We thank his father for his great kindness in sending it to us; we offer him our very sincere condolences; and we pray Almighty God, "our Supreme Master and Judge" Whose existence Muturatnam has so eloquently proved, to be merciful to his departed soul.

THERE is no subject which has attracted and will attract the attention of all men, which has at the same time gained the adhesion of practically all of them, as this of the "Existence of God".

Ancient people believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, offered sacrifices to God and prayed to Him for success. Almost all men of the modern world believe in God; learned and barbarians believe in God. It is a natural instinct for mankind to believe in the existence of God. To persuade oneself to go against a natural instinct which is just and reasonable, is certainly not beneficial to a man and it is likely that he who does so must come to grief at the end.

Further, it is not good for a few men to oppose what generations after generations of men held to be true and are still holding to be correct. It is possible for a few men to go wrong even in important subjects, here and there; but there is no possibility of generation after generation of men all the world over being in the wrong. So a few atheists here and there cannot think themselves to be wise and the others bereft of knowledge and wisdom.

The origin of the dictates of conscience is divine. This is seen by the sublime nature of the joy we feel, when conscience applauds from within and approves our act. When we have deliberately done wrong, conscience fills us with remorse and bitterness of heart. The joy and remorse we feel due to the dictates of conscience have in them something sublime. That joy and remorse remain unparalleled in their nature by any other

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worldly joy or trouble. Have we not heard of many men who even killed themselves, being unable to endure the remorse they felt after some guilty action? The voice that speaks so strongly is not human, it is divine. Conscience is the voice of God.

Every being that begins to exist must be made by somebody. Then who created our first parents? Who created all the animals we see? Who created the Universe and this earth? It is not reasonable to suppose that these things, animate and inanimate, began to exist because of some inexplicable "natural course of events".

When the very nature of God is brought out from His works how is it possible for any man to deny His existence? The punctuality with which the Sun and the Moon and other stars rise and set, and their harmonious clock-like slow movements from one horizon to the another, all impress our minds that there is an Almighty Hand working from behind them. Every astronomer, when he looks at the awe-inspiring firmament, has some knowledge imparted to himself of the Almighty; he comes to know how impossible it is to deny His existence. The heavenly bodies announce the glory of God, as is beautifully said in the following poem of Joseph Addison:

The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine!"

Biologists have been responsible for a good deal of opposition in this matter and they have advanced a theory, "The Theory of Evolution" by means of which they professed to be able to explain how all the living things came into existence. They further strove, in vain, to falsify the first and fundamental of all the truths we possess. But it has been seen that the "Theory of Evolution" may hold good only as far as the body of animals and plants are concerned and that it does not extend to the intellectual or mental aspect of life. The complexity of arrangements within the body of man and animals, the wonderful co-ordination of the different systems of the living body, the existence of outer coverings in animals which so astonishingly suit their environments, the peculiarities in the colours and shape of animals which are so admirably suited to give them protection or to enable them to obtain their food—all seem to prove the existence of an Intelligent Ordainer.

Lastly, belief in God is the foundation of all morality. The idea of God goes hand in hand with the idea of His being a Judge, rewarding the good and punishing the wicked. If it is granted that there is no God, then there is neither punishment for the wicked nor reward for the good in the next life. In this life the good are not rewarded as much as they deserve and the wicked people seem to thrive and flourish so that the punishment and reward from the hand of God in the next life becomes all the more important. If the presence of God is denied the idea of punishment and reward at the hands of God after death must also be denied. Then, men will be at perfect liberty to do as they like. As things stand, fear of God alone can keep most men within the bounds of morality. If that fear is removed, the whole humanity will sink into an abyss of confusion and sin. A man finds no reason why he should not kill another. Thus the atheists will be the leaders of the world towards its destruction. So belief in God must be maintained and cherished.

Thus, there is no loophole of retreat for the atheist for maintaining his principles and denying the existence of God, our Supreme Master and Judge.

The Verdict

by V. Vaithinathan, II U. C.

LITTLE RAMU, the son of a Magistrate, was studying in one of the primary classes. He desired to have a bicycle of his own. But his father would not buy one for him unless he did his class-exercises correctly. Unfortunately, Ramu always committed some mistake or other and so the happy day was going farther and farther away.

Once, the teacher dictated a Tamil verse to the class and asked the boys to write down its meaning word for word. None but Ramu answered it correctly. The sceptical pedagogue was pleased, and to the envy of many a clever mate of his, tapped him encouragingly on his back, at the same time scribbling the word GOOD in his answer-paper.

Ramu could not know whether he was in this world or the next. He already felt the pedals under his feet. How glorious it would be to move about on a new bicycle! Then would he race with proud Balan and inflict on him a miserable defeat. Of course, the machine would be spoiled if he took any other fellow with him except perhaps his baby-sister occasionally.

Ramu left school in the gayest of moods, reading that precious answer-paper over and over again on his way home. This was, of course, unnecessary since he knew the whole by heart already. However, he could not keep his eyes off for a long time from the wonderful trophy.

The boy knew that his papa would come home only at seven in the night. So he deposited his books in a shelf and bounded off to the playground.

The first thing he did on returning home was to look for the answer-paper. It was not in the English book where he remembered to have placed it. With a beating heart, he searched through all the books and note-books first hastily and a second time carefully. But all in vain. The paper was not at all in the room. With weeping eyes Ramu ran as far as the school and came back breathlessly without finding the treasure.

THE VERDICT

The boy wept. It was a testing occasion. The one hope, the one treasure, the one boon, which could have fetched him the long-desired bicycle was lost. Would his father believe him even if he told the truth? Would he not require acceptable evidence?

Suddenly, he smiled a confident smile. A plan had struck him. He tore a blank sheet from his translation note-book and exactly repeated the exercises he had done in class. Underneath he scribbled his master's signature. With this in hand, he stepped into his father's apartment.

The magistrate greeted him smilingly.

"Papa, will you look at this?" said Ramu holding out the new paper to his father.

The latter received it, but was taken aback on noting the contents. He drew out from his pocket a similar paper that he had picked up from the stairs and compared it with the new one.

Surely, it was a case of forgery.

"EIGHTEEN MONTHS AND EIGHT HUNDRED RUPEES" declared the magistrate. But immediately he corrected himself and modified the sentence to "NO BIKE THIS YEAR."

Funeral Rites among the Potters of Malabar

by K. T. Mathew, II U. C.

THE Potters of this country are deplorably illiterate. They live quite a simple life, blind to all that is new and modern. Their language is a mixture of Malayalam and Tamil. By religion they are Hindus, but their customs are very different from those of most Hindus.

Some of these strange customs are connected with their funeral ceremonies. When some one dies among them they immediately arrange the body in a sitting posture with the legs outstretched, and, naturally, when the corpse becomes stiff after sometime it assumes the same posture without support of any kind. Unlike most of the Hindus, potters do not cremate the body; but they bury it in a very strange fashion. Before the corpse is taken to the grave they wash it and adorn it with various ornaments made of the tender leaves of the coconut-palm that is so common in these parts. They make the hands of the corpse hold a small earthen pot containing seven pies; and a garland is put on the body if the dead is rich. Now no delay is made in interring it, and remember, in that same posture.

The potters are just country folk, very simple and primitive in their living and behaviour, and have no status in the public eye. So people take little heed of how or where they are buried. Neither do they enjoy the privilege of a public burial ground as other castes do. So, very often, they dig a grave in the southern courtyard of their own little house; carry the corpse in a hearse made of the soft succulent stem of the plantain tree and place it in the grave reciting a few prayers for the deceased.

To an onlooker ceremonies of this kind are simply baffling. Why, one may ask, is the corpse maintained in that sitting posture, why is an earthen vessel given in the hands, with some pies in it and why that garland? But all these have a meaning behind them. To a westerner

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the East is mysterious, full of strange practices. If we inquire we shall find that most often religion is at the origin of these strange practices.

The explanations the potters give of these funeral ceremonies are the following. The sitting posture facilitates the liberation of the soul from the body. The vessel is the emblem of his humble profession in life, and will reveal to God the nature of his activities in this life. The seven pies are the fare which would enable the soul to cross the seven ferries on its way to Swarga—a mythological conception of the road to paradise. And last of all, the soul of the rich man will offer the garland to the Creator in gratitude for the favours shown to him during his life on earth.

Storm in Perinad

by J. L. Bhanu, II U. C.

PN the 14th of April 1936 at about 8-30 P.M. there arose a great tempest in Perinad, a village in the immediate vicinity of Quilon town. It caused much damage to the inhabitants of the place, mostly farmers.

At dusk all on a sudden there appeared a thick cloud which darkened still more the atmosphere. This cloud melted away in a light shower. Then after about two hours once again the spacious firmament was covered over by a thicker and blacker cloud. There was a death-like silence over the land. Perinad with its neighbouring places was completely plunged in darkness. But the flashes of lightning occasionally illumined the landscape and roused much fear among the poor labourers.

The atmosphere grew darker and darker, the lightning flashed brighter and brighter, the rumblings in the sky grew louder and louder. Thus there was a break in that death-like silence and signs of tempestuous rain were clearly visible. Lightning and thunder followed in quick succession. People began to cry out aloud in the fear caused by the thunder, lightning, and black darkness. A little while after, a furious wind began to blow and the rain came down in torrents. The storm had burst on Perinad.

Gigantic trees which were standing there for many a year were shaken up by the dreadful tempest, twisted round and flung on the earth with a noise which excelled the terrific thunder. People could see the imposing and perilous sight since the lightning flashed now and then. They were seated in their humble cottages and those who happened to catch a glimpse of this alarming sight exclaimed to God in prayer since He is the Master of the Universe, and begged for His help. It was all a great confusion, trees falling one over the other and breaking their branches in the midst of the violent tempest and boisterous rain beating noisily against trees and dwellings, and adding to the uproar.

The darkness prevented any work being done to relieve the poor villagers from the rage of the storm. The fearful bellowing of the cattle and the pitiful lamentation of the people in this great confusion could not

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be drowned even by the roar of the tempest. The suffering and the irreparable loss caused to the people in Perinad and in the adjacent villages cannot be described in words. And wonderful to relate, all these dreadful events took place in about an hour and a half.

That eventful night passed on and when the day dawned the spectacle around frightened everybody. Not even a single cottage had escaped from the peril and every inhabitant was affected in some way or other. Carcasses of animals and even corpses could be seen lying about. The lake which has eight tributaries, always contains thousands of rupees worth of cocoanut husks used in the manufacture of coir. Owing to the rain-water and the tempest a current had been set up in the lake and all the cocoanut husks had escaped from their fencings and were dispersed all over the lake. Thus thousands of rupees were lost and the owners of these properties sat around the banks of the lake, shedding tears and wringing their hands over this great misfortune. There stood a small Harijan school at Perinad; it too was levelled to the ground.

If we try to moralize over these events we can see the temporary and futile existence of mankind on earth. Though man is very powerful he cannot stand against the Almighty. When a thing is wrought by Providence the efforts of man to resist it are always fruitless. Often Providence acts as a great levelling factor, bringing down the mighty and raising up the humble.

Never Again!

by Alfred Samuel, II U. C.

THE sky was very cloudy and the breeze very chill. The clock struck seven. The book in my hand dropped down and I was waiting for an opportunity to divert myself when my friend James entered my room shouting, "Hello! don't you go to the cinema to-day?" I was much astonished to hear that sudden remark, and I answered that I was a bit tired and did not intend to attend any cinema on that day. Soon I had to alter my decision, for my friend informed me that my brother had already gone to the Cinema. The very fact that my brother left me to suffer in this dingy room and had gone to enjoy the pleasant music in the theatre, infuriated me. Hence, in a spirit of revenge I decided not only to go myself but also to take my friend along with me and that too not to the floor as usual but to the benches.

* * * *

The "Guppi Sataram" at the "Gaiety" had attracted a large crowd. The bench tickets were exhausted and I had to take to the chairs. Already when I wanted the bench tickets I knew that I had overdrawn my account by annas four. Now the price of chair-tickets raised it to annas twelve. I was ruminating over the loss of twelve annas when I realized that I had been robbed of my silk shawl which I had bought only the previous day.

The loss of annas twelve and that of the shawl completely unnerved me and I became *absent-minded*. In this *semi-conscious* state I could not distinguish between the ordinary chairs and the Reserved chairs and I led my friend to the Reserved chairs. It was only after ten minutes when the ticket-examiner came up to me for the tickets that I realized my mistake. But I managed to get out of the situation by paying an excess of rupee one for my unconscious blunder.

At this juncture my friend feeling thirsty called for soda. As the soda boy came up he tripped over my feet and lo! down came all his bottles. Some of the broken pieces of glass struck my face and I was bleeding. My face was red with anger and the words of the soda boy all the more infuriated me. He demanded of me to repair his loss.

NEVER AGAIN!

I had scarcely time to answer him when the show stopped. The current had ceased. The hall became dark. Cat calls and shouting we heard from among the audience. The manager came up on the stage expressed regret at the unexpected failure of the current and begged the audience to remain patient for some time. But the mob was unruly. The manager had no other go except to finish off the show. The people rushed out of the hall and I took this opportunity to evade the soda boy and under the cover of darkness I gave him the slip. My friend followed suit.

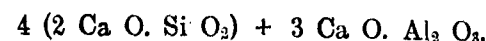
When I reached my room great was my vexation to find that my brother had not been to the cinema for he was working at his lesson. The adventures of the "Guppi Sataram" made me wise and I resolved never again to visit a Cinema Theatre and never to waste money and time.

The Cement We Use

by T. S. Ramaswamy, IV B. Sc.

SOUTH India may be proud of the fact that she possesses a most up-to-date cement factory. Started with Indian capital, the Coimbatore Cement Company with works at Madukarai meets the major portion of the South Indian demand for cement. Though the company started manufacture only last year, thanks to country-wide advertisements, their product 'Nilgiri Brand Cement' is well known throughout South India. Since it may be interesting to know how the cement we use is manufactured a brief description of the different stages of manufacture as seen by the writer has been attempted in the following pages.

Portland cement is "a compound consisting chiefly of silicates and aluminates of lime produced by the calcination to incipient vitrification of a mechanical mixture of chalk and clay or similar materials containing the requisite chemical constituents, the clinker thus produced being subsequently ground to a more or less impalpable powder."* Although Portland cement may be made from a variety of raw materials the chemical composition of the finished product is practically constant. The essential constituents of cement are silica, alumina and lime. The faintly green colour of the manufactured product is due to the oxides of iron which it contains. Conflicting views are expressed by different investigators about the exact composition of cement. Keiserman has made a microscopical examination of cement and from the results he concludes that Portland cement clinker is a conglomerate of dicalcium silicate and tricalcium aluminate. The proportions in which the constituents exist in the clinker correspond to the formula †



The raw materials required are chalk or limestone, clay, coal and gypsum. The Madukarai factory has some advantages as well as disadvantages. Limestone fairly pure is available very near the works in immense quantities. Good clay is brought to the factory in railway waggons from Coimbatore six miles away. Bengal coal is exclusively used

* "Portland Cement, its Manufacture, Testing and Use" D. B. Butler.

† "Industrial and Manufacturing Chemistry" by Geoffrey Martin.

THE CEMENT WE USE

for kiln burning and the cost of coal used is undoubtedly high owing to high railway freight. On the other hand cheap electricity from Pykara Hydro-electric Works is available and this is a great advantage.

The process of cement manufacture may be divided into three stages. In the first stage the raw materials are reduced to a fine powder. Blocks of limestone are put in a stone crusher which reduces them to small pieces about the size of an almond. A mechanical conveyer carries the raw clay to a tank where it is mixed with the requisite quantity of water. The whole mass is then agitated by a mechanical stirrer. The supernatant liquid free from sand particles is allowed to flow into the settling tanks. The fine mud which settles down is pumped into a tank and from there to a 'ball mill' where it is mixed with the requisite quantity of crushed lime stone. The ball mill is a huge steel cylinder rotating on its horizontal axis. It is partly filled with steel balls and rotated by a 500 H. P. electric motor. After charging the mill is started. The constant rubbing and striking of the balls against each other reduce the mixture of lime stone and clay to a fine paste called slurry.

In the second stage, the slurry is calcined in a rotatory kiln. The kiln is a steel tube lined inside with refractory bricks. It is about 100 ft. in length and 8 ft. in diameter. The tube mounted on water cooled supports is inclined at a small angle to the horizontal and rotated at the rate of one or two revolutions per minute. The slurry or the fine paste enters the kiln at the higher end and descends slowly by gravitation. At the same time a mixture of pulverised coal and preheated air is injected into the kiln from the lower end. The mixture produces intense heat and the flame is so bright that it can be safely viewed only through a blue glass. The descending slurry first loses water, a little lower the lime stone or calcium carbonate decomposes, quick-lime and carbon dioxide being formed, and in the hottest part of the kiln the quicklime interacts with silica, alumina and iron contained in the clay. The product of calcination known as 'clinker' passes through a cooler, the heat liberated during the cooling of the clinker being utilized for preheating air used in kiln burning. The clinker will be in the form of small black pebbles and is directly carried to the cement mill by a mechanical conveyer.

In the third and final stage the clinker is ground in a ball mill of the type previously mentioned. To prevent the ground cement from 'setting' too quickly, about 4% of gypsum is added to the clinker before reducing it to a fine powder. The green powder which results is known

THE CEMENT WE USE

as Portland cement or briefly cement. The product is stored in huge cement bins. With the aid of compressed air, cement from the bins is weighed out and packed in gunny bags by an automatic weighing and packing machine. Each bag lined with water-proof paper holds a cwt. of cement and in this state it is despatched to the consumers.

A distinct feature of the factory which draws the attention of the visitor is the entire absence of manual labour except that of tending the machines. Every mechanical work in the factory is done by electricity, the consumption of power being in the neighbourhood of 3000 H. P. Another unique feature is the installation of a variety of ingenious meters. One shows the percentage of carbon dioxide in the chimney gases, another the percentage of carbon monoxide while a third one shows the moisture content. The principles employed in these meters are very difficult to understand. In addition there are other meters all electrically worked showing the temperature of the kiln at various distances along its length. All these devices help to reduce the cost of manufacture to a minimum. In the laboratory attached to the works, the cement produced is analysed and tested hour after hour to see that the quality agrees with the British Standard specification.

A word about the quality of cement produced may not be amiss. Laboratory tests show that the product undoubtedly surpasses the British Standard specification. Some engineers are of opinion that in practical use the cement is not superior to some other well-known brands. An absolutely clean start for a newly started concern is a little uncommon and let us hope that the disappearance of adverse criticism will be only a matter of time.

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from various Contributors

THOUGH contributions for this issue of the Magazine were slow in coming during last term and the Summer holidays, we have received so many after the reopening that we have held over for full publication in January one or two very readable articles. For the present Miscellany we cull the following from a large bundle of essays at our disposal.

C. M. Chummar, IV U. C., has sent a copy of verses on "The Spider" which reveal considerable poetic feeling and commendable simplicity of expression :—

Lovers of art, come, stop awhile,
And see this glorious silken pile.
A castle in the empty sky,
A mansion dancing up on high.
A stronghold free from foreign foe,
And touching not the earth below.
Oft in childhood have I thought
A house it was by angels wrought.
The Saints' and Martyrs' halting place
When our earth they deign to grace.
Spider, wondrous prodigy,
Of wisdom and of industry !
No sirens sing, no minstrels play
To charm the flies that walk this way.
But round and round with no repose
The eight-legged lynx-eyed spider goes.
O spider, tell me whence the store
Of your strange and occult lore ?
Who your teacher, who the man
That whisper'd first this subtle plan ?
Since Bruce himself could learn from thee
'Tis God alone your guide must be !

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

P. P. V. Subramanian, V B.Sc. (Hons.), is alarmed at the numbers of those "Going to the Competitive Examinations." With precocious insight he sees the disillusionment in store for the thousands who are allured by them, and warns Government and our statesmen that "new programmes of national reconstruction must be chalked out." We earnestly hope that this grave warning will be heeded.

The problem that faces us now is pregnant with tragedy. What is the future of the thousands of unsuccessful aspirants to the competitive examinations? Like drunkards they go again and again, till their sources of maintenance dry up, or their age bar is reached. The vision of the competitive examination blinds their eyes to every other avenue of life. And they return to their homes after fifteen or twenty years of education and two or three years of "going to competitive examinations", disappointed and dispirited and completely wrecked.

* * * * *

The fault is not entirely with the youth. All avenues of honourable living are barred against him. Till he takes his degree, he escapes these worries by not thinking about them. How rarely do we see our students crowding round the syllabus of competitive examinations! But when equipped with a degree, the whole situation alters. The father and the father-in-law begin to press. The sense of personal honour wants to shade the fact of unemployment. Is it a wonder then, that the Indian youth to satisfy his well-wishers or to postpone his evil day, grows enthusiastic over "going to the competitive examinations"?

Whose, then, is the fault? The Government will say "youth ought to know better". The youth knocks at a closed door and hears no response. But whoever may be responsible for the malady of "going to competitive examinations", our country can ill afford to prolong it or even tolerate it. The youth of India must be regenerated. The illusion of competitive examinations must be annihilated. The paths of service must be made attractive and honourable to youth. New amenities of existence should be sought out, and new programmes of national reconstruction chalked out. If these be not done, and if still our Government and our statesmen piously go on passing resolutions, the day is not far off when they will come to grief.

And since we are in the mood for moralising, let another youthful Censor bring home to our frivolous readers the dangers of the cinema. Evidently S. Ambrose, II U. C., has spent much serious thought on the subject. He presents his case with great cogency and works up to a truly Chestertonian conclusion. We fear to think of the effects of this denunciation, coupled with the moral of Alfred Samuel's tragic experience (See "Never Again" p. 54.), on the poor cinema proprietors of Trichy.

One gets accustomed to a quick succession of images, most of them thrilling and exciting, which are stamped on the imagination, and remain in the sub-conscious mind, to return unexpectedly to consciousness, when one is studying or praying or

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writing in the examination hall. They make the mind too tired and passive to undertake any mental and finally even bodily exertion. Poor people, they cannot concentrate their mind on a sum in Arithmetic; but they are restless, pleasure-seeking and uncontrollable.

The eye is not filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Our twentieth century has learnt the truth of this to its cost. These friends want some thrill. What thrills do they want? Not the healthy thrill of a hockey match and not the thrill of painting a screen—that is much too laborious and dull for our movie-made friends—; they need murders, lynchings, love intrigues, kidnappings and suicides. For, what a man has seen, that he wants to see again, and again and yet again.

The eye of a man is never filled with seeing. From seeing we naturally pass to imitating. It is no wonder that boys of eight years old do, on their own small scale, the most abominable things. Even those who don't go as far as actual imitation of what they see in cinema, little by little become superficial and frivolous. The butterfly temperament, which is so much in evidence in modern society, is characteristic of a movie-made generation, for whom nothing is serious, everything is tiresome, drab and boring, which is not always new and changing. One is always too busy to do anything but wait for the next thrill.

* * * * *

Many of my remarks will seem to you like those of the little child which runs to its mother to announce the epoch-making discovery that the grass is green, or that the stars are bright. In this matter my only consolation will be the reflection that it is perhaps one of the tragedies of our life that we so soon lose the capacity for being amazed at the greenness of the grass and the brightness of the stars.

From these heights of eloquence let us pass to the intimacies of personal revelation and listen, with becoming sympathy, to three autobiographers who wish to take us into their confidence. K. A. Ramamoorthy, V B.A. (Hons.), tells us his "Reflections" on the eve of the publication of the results.

They would be out on the next day. I stood a very poor chance of passing in the examination. After all my number might not appear in the papers. The more I dwelt on those imaginary pictures the stronger grew my belief in their reality. The vividness with which they presented themselves to me seemed to serve as proof that what I imagined might come true. It was as if some devil, against my will, invented and suggested to me the most horrid reflections.

I went to the dining room. Everybody could see that I was out of countenance. The children gazed enquiringly at me. I seemed to be the one object of their thoughts. My mother whispered something incoherently. I glanced at her and my father, and said to myself, "Don't suppose that I fear for my success!" Father looked askance at me and said, "Why do you put on a long face? If you fail, it is no fault of yours. You did your best, of course." I was then off my guard, and so could make no suitable reply.

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I then scuttled to my room. I asked myself whether I did honestly read for the examination. I thought of the talkies I had attended last year and I knew I had succumbed to the temptations of human nature. I had defiled myself and in part my friends too.....

Shade of Edison! The talkies again!

A certain D. V. Manniparampil, II U. C. (we have a suspicion that he is known by another name among his classmates,) tells us with great frankness his "First Impressions of Trichy Town." What citizen of Trichy can help being curious about the impression which our famous though somewhat aged town make on distinguished visitors?

There was a time when I had great admiration for Trichy and her "M. Syed Cigars." I was told by a teacher in our school, (which is a long way off from here, and I was very young then,) that Trichy was a match for any western city. Thus I imagined that the people would be living in luxury and their manners and customs would be similar to those of Europeans.

Naturally I wished to continue my studies in a college in Trichy, when I finished my High School Course. I had to make a lot of preparations before my starting to Trichy. The first thing, which I thought to be the most important of all, was the study of "western manners" from a well-known book, with a view to apply them in Trichy when I would move with the citizens. When I saw a picture of a European city in some news-papers, I would fancy that Trichy would more or less look like it. When I was on my travel to Trichy, I saw barren prospects from both sides of the train. But they did not disappoint me, for I was all the while thinking of the most splendid city in which my journey would terminate.

Alas, alas, for Manniparampil. For him, disillusionments have begun early in life. The charms of our town—the warmth of our sun, the fineness of our dust, the emerald beauty of our tanks—have failed to capture him. We choose two details from the sorrowful recital.

While I was walking one early morning through one of the streets, a rough sound of the most dismal nature reached my ears from a corner. I had never heard any sound of the like, so unpleasant, in all my life. My curiosity increased when I heard the same sound from another corner of the street. I went very stealthily to the direction to discover the source out from which the strange sound originated, and I saw, more than a dozen of those blessed animals gathered around a lamp-post, which one of my friends on another occasion introduced to me (in an ironical way) to be an "Assembly of the Trichy Nightingales."

One other serious singularity that I observed in the town was this. In our parts rain drops come vertically down with no great violence; but here I have experienced rain to be falling more or less horizontally with so great violence, that a man in rain during night would be tempted to mistake it for some body from behind giving blows upon the back with a steel rod.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Apparently, even the elements had armed themselves against a defenceless youth. But that lifeless objects should play antics with men is not unheard of. Witness for instance this gruesome experience of J. L. S. Dias, II U. C. He and a friend of his, Balam by name, were returning from Ratchanmalai where they had visited an Industrial Exhibition. They had reached Trichendur by train, and from the station they were proceeding on foot to the Trolley Shed to catch the last Trolley. It was late in the evening and their path lay along a crematory. Let Dias take up the story.

Within a short time we had crossed almost half the way and were in full view of the crematory to the right of our path. A dim kerosene-lamp was burning in a shed hard by and we could see the old cremator sitting on the ground by the side of a heap of wood from beneath which clouds of smoke issued at times. We were just passing by the yard when suddenly a few chips of wood from the heap rose up as if flung violently about. A step more; and Balam with a shriek clung to my arm. At the very moment I spied a horrible form fall to the ground with a thud from above. I was stunned.

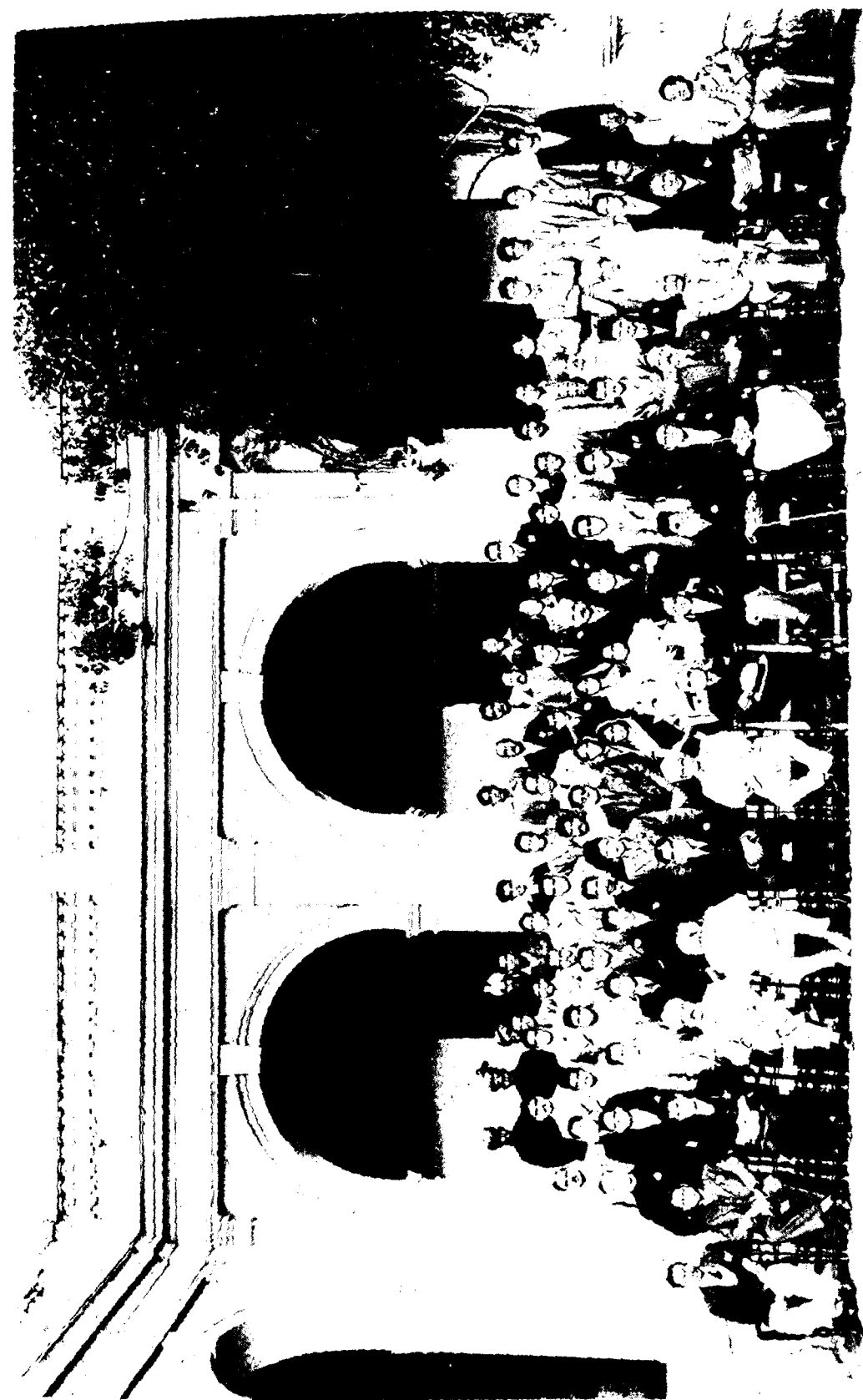
I don't know how long I stood there; may be a few minutes—but when I came to myself, there was nothing before me but an old man. He was the cremator. Balam was lying on the ground with a vacant stare. I was in a perspiration. I beckoned to him to get up. He paid no heed. I raised him by the hand. He spoke incoherently. I did not know what to do. Now the cremator came to my rescue. He took up Balam in his arms, and we proceeded. As we walked on, Balam every now and then flung his limbs about and shrieked as if frightened. But by the time we reached the trolley shed we had very nearly recovered. Then I asked of the cremator an explanation of every thing that had taken place.

This was what I could gather from him. When a corpse is burnt, the tendons that bind the bones snap under the action of the heat. The sudden relaxing of the tension throws the body up violently. That is why the cremator has always to stand by, to prevent such accidents. Hence, he concluded, it was the burning corpse that fell in front of us with a thud. When I heard this my blood ran cold.

The Delhi Mathematical Conference

A common complaint of University Professors in India is that most of the students are only anxious to get a degree and but exceptionally to specialise in a subject. Fortunately there are exceptions, one of them being the late Mr. V. Ramaswami Ayyar, founder of "The Indian Mathematical Society". Although he was not engaged in teaching he never ceased to profess for Mathematics the enthusiasm he had acquired when he was a student. As he told us himself at the beginning of the last Mathematical Conference at Delhi, he was a Deputy Collector at Gooty when his ambition "to do something for the country" inspired him with the idea of bringing together persons engaged in research and securing for them facilities for studies by way of Mathematical books and periodicals. The "Analytical Club" was started. It soon became the "Indian Analytical Club" and finally grew into the present "Indian Mathematical Society". In February 1909 a Journal appeared which was to render immense service to the cause of research in India. Another periodical "The Mathematics Student" has been added to the "Journal" of late. Besides, there is now a biennial Mathematical Conference held at important University centres—the Delhi Conference was the ninth—a splendid opportunity for all the mathematicians of India to make each other's acquaintance and facilitate scientific collaboration.

The Delhi Conference will remain for all the delegates who could join it, the last Conference presided over by Mr. V. Ramaswami. No doubt the next Conferences will be like the last ones, the most friendly of gatherings. But the very precious, rare, exquisite atmosphere which it was the privilege of Mr. V. Ramaswami to create about his person will be wanting, he being there no more. I had the great pleasure of making his acquaintance in the train that carried us to Delhi, and as the journey lasts almost two full days I had ample opportunity of appreciating how fine a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word he was. But at Delhi I could realise much more what a radiant personality his was. Was there among us a more enthusiastic mathematician? Perhaps. At any rate nobody was more cheerful, more anxious to look at every detail, to see that everybody was pleased. His death is an immense loss to the Mathematical Society.



THE DELHI MATHEMATICAL CONFERENCE

It is almost impossible to give an account of a Mathematical Conference. First, because the most interesting part of it consists in private talks between members interested in the same subjects. Then the official meetings—where papers are read—prove always to be very dull. Of course, there were also some so-called 'popular lectures'. They seemed to me to be a sort of entertainment quite out of place among specialists, unless they dealt with philosophical topics as was the case with Dr. Vaidyanathaswami's lecture. "Popular lectures" are just the kind of thing that specialists detest. Finally there were very friendly meetings at common luncheons, excursions, garden parties. Owing to the wonderful organising powers of the Delhi Committee and to that exceptional atmosphere of friendship that is the special characteristic of mathematical meetings all the world over these social functions were most enjoyed.

The purpose of Mathematical Conferences is not to pass any resolution. Thank God we have enough meetings passing resolutions in India! Perhaps I should say that we parted at least with some common impressions and—some secret resolutions. But it would be altogether indiscreet to reveal them, except the very joyful one not to miss the next Conference.

C. RACINE, S.J.

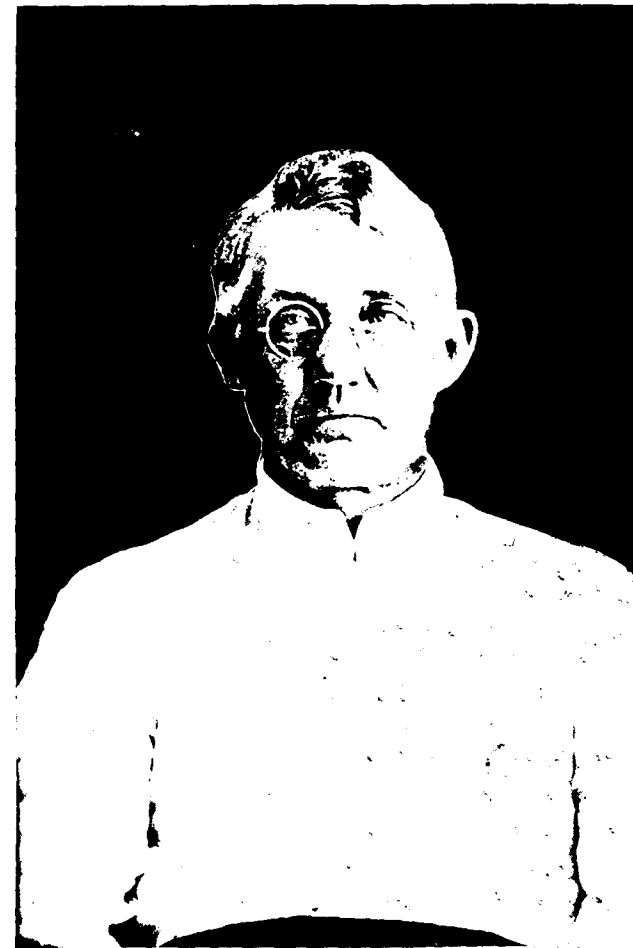
Fr. Leigh, S.J.

MORE than a fortnight before the College reopened we read in the "Madras Mail" that Fr. Leigh had joined the staff of Loyola. His long absence last year in Ceylon had prepared his numerous friends in Trichy for this separation from him. But he has left too deep an impress on our College for it ever to forget him.

As you enter the main gate of the College your eyes rest on the elegant facade of the Museum. To see the Museum is to remember Fr. Leigh. Even now as you see it you have the feeling that Fr. Leigh must be in there, caressing his strange friends, the pythons. It is true that the Museum was not started by him, but it is no exaggeration to say that he made it the splendid thing it is. We have many fine things in our College, but one of the finest is the Museum. And yet it was just a hobby of a busy Professor of English and busier Principal of a College. No wonder that even the snakes fell under the spell of such a man.

But more than the snakes, thousands of students of St. Joseph's fell under that charm. We cannot forget him seated on the Principal's chair in the office, with a crowd of boys waiting at the door, despatching business with such expedition and such good humour. How often we have heard that clear voice, dismissing some unusually importunate customer with, "Nothing doing, run away to class." He was quick and businesslike, but all came away happy and always with a smile.

The junior students have not had the happiness of listening to his brilliant lectures, but the seniors who have had this good fortune cannot forget that pleasant voice, that lucid exposition of even the most obscure passage in Shakespeare, that constant flow of wit and humour. Those who have not heard him may gather what his lectures were like from the way he has handled the dry and abstract subject of Composition in his delightful little book. In this book while recommending Cobbett's Grammar of the English Language, Fr. Leigh makes the remark: "It is a grammar which rises above science and attains to the rank of literature, and in that its unique distinction lies. Grammar is made interesting, and none the less informative for that." No one who has read Fr. Leigh's Composition will hesitate to apply these words to his own achievement.



FR. C. LEIGH, S.J.

Fr. LEIGH, S.J.

We could go on filling pages with the account of the services Fr. Leigh has rendered to our college, but that would wound his modesty and give the reader the impression that he has perhaps left India with no prospect of seeing us again. No, thank God, Fr. Leigh is only at Madras and after a swift night's journey any morning we can step into Loyola and receive a warm shake of his hand.

H. P., S.J.



THE LATE MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

(Pencil sketch by Fr. R. Pereira, S.J., Shembaganur.)

The Invincible Knight

To the Memory of G. K. Chesterton

by L. N. Serkis, S.J., (Shembaganur)

LONG years ago on Campden Hill, he stood a little boy
He scanned the English earth and skies, their sorrow and their joy.
And when he grew to be a man, he swore their knight to be
Whose name today the world acclaims from homes beyond the sea.
He stood up like a massive tower that overtops the world,
He stood as kindling armies stand, drums beating, flags unfurled.
Yet in his eyes sat kindness, the kindest on the earth;
His laughter pealed Gargantuan, like gods in reckless mirth.
He sang of love, he sang of war, of every martial call,
He sang of wine and ale and beer in happy inn and hall.
He sang us songs in English rhyme, of life's joy full and strong.
When English oaks shall stand no more, then die his merry song!
He loved to sit beside a child and draw upon a page,
The man becomes a little child, the little child a sage.
He dreamt strange dreams of men and crimes in countryside and town
And wove those magic tales around the name of Father Brown.
In flaming worlds of fire and strife, in sloughs of hate and gore,
Our knight with blazing sword and cheer went scouring evermore
O'er hill and plain to meet the foe that robbed us of our spoils
And crushed our souls in mines of death, our hearts with deadly toils.
This knight that loved and joyed and sang of life's rejoicing day,
His mighty battle-axe could swing and sing a grand hurray,
As wheeling circles in the air—enormous silver rings—,
He thundered onward on his quest, like stalwart ancient kings,
Against all crooked creeds and schools his battle-cry he hurled
He hacked and smote and cut and broke with blade that shook the world!
He fought for common godlike things, for them he flung defiance
'Gainst godless men and godless creeds and all the gods of science;
'Gainst demons that ruin house and home, glad shouts of girls and boys,
The glory of the field and vine, the magic of our toys.

Among Authors and Books

G. K. Chesterton

RARELY has the disappearance of a man of letters created such widespread grief as the passing away of G. K. Chesterton. This man who was the most combative force in English letters after the great Victorians—the Carlyles, the Newmans, the Ruskins,—this man whose every article was a battle, and every battle a victory, passed through life without making enemies. Though he had more than Bernard Shaw's zest for a fight, he had none of his impudence, and still less his causticity. One famous poem of his, that on F. E. Smith has, it is true, been described as "blistering." But generally his wit left no sting behind it, and his satire contained no malice. His humour, his playfulness, his essentially poetic and mystic outlook on life, prevented every controversy from degenerating into a personal quarrel. That is why Gilbert Chesterton became one of the most widely loved men of his time, and his death has brought with it the sense of personal loss not only to the immediate circle of his friends and to his fellow-workers of G. K.'s Weekly, and The Distributist League, but to the millions of his readers and hearers in the English-speaking world. Gilbert Chesterton is dead. His inexhaustible vitality, his wit, his gaiety, his puckish imagination, his intellectual agility and penetration will no longer delight those expectant multitudes. The tribes of Coulton, and Wells, and Marie Stopes, the reformers, prophets, purveyors of nostrums, cranks and faddists of every description, may breathe freely. For Chesterton is dead and the menace of his coruscating wit no longer hangs on them.

We are not attempting here an estimate of his genius. His influence as philosopher, religious thinker and social reformer, the variety and excellence of his achievement as poet, critic, and story-teller cannot be summed up briefly. He was beyond all doubt one of the formative intellectual influences of the Europe of our day. But few people realised the fundamental consistency of his views, in the course of a long career of controversy and many apparent changes of position. However, all have paid homage to the superb courage with which he defended his convictions. On no occasion did this consistency and this courage shine with greater

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lustre than in the stand he took on the Abyssinian War. His minimising the manifest guilt of Italy in violating her engagements and in destroying the last independent state of Africa, has pained many loyal Chestertonians who have been asking themselves if this was the mighty Chesterton, the sworn foe of Imperialisms in the Boer War Days. To the friendly protests addressed to him from all sides, he replied in words which will prove that from first to last he was himself, fearless and incorruptible.

"What I have tried ever since the treaty of Versailles to resist with all my might is something that I can only describe as the Relapse. The real tragedy of the 20th century is that it threatens to relapse into the 19th century. The huge horrible and real danger is that it will leave the English as insular as ever, the European as suspicious of England as ever, and the hope that all the nations might feel their unity and fight out their difficulties by a common conscience, further away than it was at the worst moment of the division of Christendom. My hopes were increased because, until a very short time ago it did really appear that our ancient civilisation was growing together once more.... Then this process of human healing was interrupted by two violent departures. One was the Italian adventure in Abyssinia. It was no worse than thousands of things that we have done; in that sense the British Empire is one huge patchwork of Abyssinias. It was no worse than the Boer War but rather better. But it is a condemnation of it that we have to go back to parallels in the 19th century. In other words the attack on Abyssinia was part of the relapse. It meant that the New Italy was far too much an Old Italy.... Now the instant, immediate universal effect, at this moment, of Italy resuming the old attack on niggers, is England and America resuming the old attack on dagoes. I am not now arguing about it as a conception; I am content to insist that it is in its nature a contradiction. It is a shrinking back into nationalism in its narrowest sense; it means that we must all think, as our grandfathers thought, that there is precious little difference between Italian organ-grinders and their monkeys. Our popular press splashed from end to end with the jolly old journalistic feature that was called Atrocities; and could be applied to any people with whom we happened to be annoyed at the moment for any reason. After the Harmsworthian Horrors in the Great War thousands of Englishmen decided that they would never again believe a word of such stories against the poor Germans. The practical proposal of the hour is that we should believe anything or everything against the quite exceptionally infamous Italians. In short, if the Relapse

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is to restore the real comfort and innocence of the Victorian Age, then it must provide England along with other comforts, with a really Wicked Foreigner. He was a part of the solid furniture on which Victorian England reposed. The Victorian often forgot whether he was sitting on a Russian; or a Sepoy; or a Soudanese Arab; or a South African Dutchman; or was merely propped on his permanent prejudice against the Irishman or the Frenchman. But he must have somebody to hate even in his sleep. If I object to the Italian becoming the very latest British Bogey, it is only because I do not want my countrymen to relapse into sleep again and have all these jolly nightmares. I want them to wake up."*

J. D'S., S.J.

The Coming of the Monster

by Owen Francis Dudley

Owen Francis Dudley has written a modern book in every sense of the word. *The Coming of the Monster* is a study of events to-day; it is quick with the energy and spirit of our own times; it uses, experimentally yet effectively, the method of the screen. And yet, it is an old book: old, for its philosophy; old, for its deep, sound thought.

You open the book and read: *Prognosis*—a sense of brooding, revolting evil; a struggle: you feel it; you realize it: this thing is between God and Satan. Then the book carries you; hurries you. Petrograd 1917, a restaurant; a street in Paris 1919...A monk's cell, Issano, Italy...A mansion in England...Hollywood...On board a liner in mid-Atlantic...London...Russia...Lourdes.

You see, rather *feel*, the Revolution let loose in 1917: its pent-up might and fury, its intense malice and scorching hatred. This is the *Monster*, about to rage over the whole earth, tearing and crushing down conventions, law, order, civilization; all that is decent and sacred in human life—the home, marriage, religion. There shall be a new, glorious, free world! There shall be no restraints, no fears; there shall be no Devil, no God! Man shall worship before abundance and luxury, cringe in the muck before the god, *Machine*, and the god, *Pleasure*; but he shall be no

* *G. K.'s Weekly*, June 4, 1936.

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free man—a vile, squirming despicable creature;—he shall be the slave of the *Monster* and of its maker, Satan.

* * * *

The Masterful Monk is writing in his cell at Issano:—"The tide of open revolt against religion and morality is even now threatening the whole Christian order of life. Bolshevism is but the Russian expression of what in Europe and America is less readily recognised, or perhaps, less readily admitted..."

* * * *

At a street corner in Paris, a French Officer is speaking to a brave poilu: "It is useless to hate. The Bolsheviks hate...It is bad philosophy...That is the Devil's way, and it does not make a better world."

On the deck of a liner the same officer (it is Captain Louis Vivien of the French Intelligence Service) is telling Miss Verna Wray (of "the violet eyes and straw hair") about the world-revolution:

"The Devil is also modern." (he says).

"It is modern to be—a myth."

"In Russia I have seen Bolshevism, and I think to myself in Russia that the Devil is very clever—they shall see my monstrosity that it is good for them; it is better for social life that there shall be no morality and no God. It shall also be better for me that I am not seen. So they shall put me on the cartoons—a myth..."

(She asks,) "Is that what's happening in Russia?"

"It is happening everywhere..."

* * * *

She can understand, this girl who, though worldly and not over-religious, is more than refined, for she has a keen moral sense and a quick conscience. An idealist in the best sense of the word, she is the heroine who breaks off her engagement to a titled man because he has written a bad book...She and Capt. Vivien now enter upon "the Great Romance". By her courage and self-sacrifice, she ends it startlingly in Lourdes...God will crush the *Monster*; but he wants human co-operation. The struggle shall end in victory by self-denial, sacrifice, expiation.

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As a background to this charming and strange love story, merging into it, you see the world in thralldom to the *Monster*. He creeps with consummate subtlety into every state, every city; he ensnares, he dupes, he ruins.

The Monk is asked for in England. He goes over and engages in the war against the *Monster*. He becomes the object of Bolshevik hatred, and the intended victim of Bolshevik violence. Capt. Vivien saves him. By some clever detective work the Captain exposes two Russian agents, Karenov and Roslavl. These two typify the *Monster's* methods: the insidious breeding of hatred, lust and atheism on the one hand; on the other, relentless violence and insatiable thirst for human blood.

* * * *

You feel, as you read; you know, as you close the book, that there is hope for the world. There is the Church of God, the Faith; there is Charity, the Cross, and men and women there are, ready to be with the God-man, co-victims in sacrifice and expiation.

R. M., S.J.

"Is there a God": Religio-Philosophical Conferences

by Fr. Zacharias, O.C.D.

"Is there a God" is a collection of Religio-Philosophical conferences delivered by Fr. Zacharias, O.C.D., to the educated public of Parur (North Travancore) some 2 years back. As the author tells us in the preface, the audience which he addressed was in a certain sense 'mixed' comprising not only believers but Agnostics and Atheists as well, and as such the conferences could be read with real profit by all those who are of an open mind and wish to consider and realize for their own selves whether there are legitimate grounds for a rational Theism. One need not be prejudiced by the fact that the author is a Catholic priest and consequently sure to proffer an apology for his own belief. It would not be unfair to say that the treatment of the subject has been thoroughly objective. The writer takes the facts as they present themselves and bases his arguments on them. And as no sane person can deny the evidence of facts, to such a one the book will offer healthy and vigorous food for thought.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

The subject-matter of the book naturally falls into 4 parts. In an opening lecture the author clears the ground and gives a masterly analysis of the present-day revolt against God and Reason. For who can deny that the huge mass of trash turned out by our printing presses contains half-baked and abortive ideas scarcely worth a penny. To make matters worse the present-day hurry and bustle is hardly conducive to serious thinking; and to crown all, the so-called progress of science offers a splendid excuse for Scientists to have an occasional fling at all that is religious and divine. Then follows a fair exposition of atheism in its varied forms and its absolute untenability. In the third, fourth and fifth conferences the classical arguments to prove the existence of God are exposed at length and their strength and weakness carefully gauged. In the concluding lecture difficulties are cleared and suitable answers are given to objections.

There is a many-sided appeal in Fr. Zacharias's book which makes it difficult to review, whilst to attempt to compress within a few paragraphs the line of thought of a closely reasoned and lengthy study would be an impertinence; hence only a general outline of the book has been indicated. To those that have heard the lecturer the book will afford genuine help to keep fresh the good ideas suggested by the Father; to the others it will open either new avenues of thought or clear up the mists that might have blurred their notions of God and the proofs of His existence.

L. F., S.J.

Financia Expertus

(Udipi, S. Kanara.)

Two numbers of this Magazine, March and July 1936, are the subject of this review.

A mere glance at the contents will convince the reader of the value and opportuneness of a journal of this kind for our Presidency: Land Mortgage Banks, Taxation of Tobacco, Rural Insurance, Monetary Reconstruction, Co-ordination of Transport are some of the samples provided, and they are certainly live topics for every educated citizen of these parts of India.

The moderation of tone, and the cautious attitude of the paper in regard to socialism and problems of immediate practical interest for India,

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such as the question of over-population, will commend the journal to many readers averse to extreme views in which scant regard is shown to moral factors.

The public may perhaps object to the Latin title of the Review. It is for the Editor to see whether the name he chooses for his Magazine is acceptable. We have one particular grouse and submit it to the writer of *Current Comments*: he is not altogether averse to the opinion that "Science is the handmaid of capital as *religion is its mistress*" (Italics ours). If he had the slightest knowledge of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI on *the Condition of Labour* and *the Restoration of Social Order*, he would have reflected twice before committing himself to the statement. We also object to the indiscriminate use of *Fascism*. Socialists may throw the epithet of *Fascist* to any one who disagrees from their views, but that is an abuse.

Needless to insist that this appreciation does not commit the reviewer to any statement, favourable or otherwise, about the investments or advertisements suggested and published in this journal.

J. S., S.J.

Editorial Notes

His Late Majesty King George

SO many events of grave international moment have taken place since the demise of King George that the Empire's loss seems already remote and any comment on it utterly belated. But this is the first number of the Magazine published after King George's death and it is our duty to pay our tribute to a good man and well-beloved ruler. There is something extraordinary in the unanimity with which his death has been bewailed and his virtues eulogised in India where national sentiment might easily have marred the occasion by the exhibition of political passion. It is a sign of the essential sanity and humanity of our people that round the mortal remains of good King George there has not been so much as one ungracious whisper. The unique position the King holds in the English constitution is responsible for this; and the unique qualities no less, of the departed monarch. Shakespeare's most beautiful lines about the gracious Duncan rise to our lips. This man "has borne his faculties so meek, has been so clear in his great office, that his virtues plead like angels trumpet-tongued." For his warm and kindly nature, his modesty, his fidelity to duty, the purity of his domestic life, all beautiful in themselves and admirable in all men, were magnified a hundredfold by the perils and temptations of his unequalled position.

His son and successor brings to the discharge of his duties not only a singularly wide knowledge of men and countries but a superior intelligence, genuine eloquence, and personal charm which recall his grandfather and namesake Edward VII. We are sure that these brilliant gifts will be perseveringly laid at the service of his subjects, those of distant India not least, and that he will "make the whole world loyal, less by kingly power than grace."

Our New Bishop

The diocese of Trichinopoly bereft of its pastor by the death of the venerable Mgr. Faisandier in May 1935, has received in the person of Dr. J. P. Léonard, S.J., a young and energetic ruler whom we received with enthusiasm and watch with admiration. He had spent, many years

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ago, a short time at St. Joseph's College, but his life has hitherto lain outside Colleges and so the academic world knows little of him. Mgr. Léonard is a man of great intellectual attainments, a student of philosophy, a lover of the classics, a master of English eloquence, and very fluent speaker in Tamil. From a man of his calibre, his combination of physical and mental alertness, the Diocese of Trichinopoly may justly expect great things.

The very first months of his episcopate have brought Mgr. Léonard trials that might have shaken a lesser man. The passing of some belated measures of social justice towards the "panchama" Catholics has put him into sharp conflict with a section of his people whose mistaken zeal for tradition has blinded them to the claims of justice, not to speak of charity. And some have even sought to submit to the indignity of answering judicial summons the young Bishop in whose ears the echoes of the Hosannas of his consecration have scarcely died away. But Mgr. Léonard is not the man to compromise by a hair's breadth when justice and duty are at stake; he is of the race of those who cannot be conquered.

If we talk of this matter which is painful to all those who have at heart the good name of the Catholic Community of Trichy, it is because we wish to draw the attention of our readers to the gravity of the social problems that confront us at every turn in India. The staff and students of St. Joseph's live in an atmosphere of friendliness among all races, classes and religions. It is our hope and prayer that the examples they have seen, and in their turn helped to give, may enable them to be always and everywhere the messengers of social and communal harmony.

The School Final Results

The expected happened. The strict application of the 40% standard in English for declaration of eligibility gave such a low percentage of passes that a second list was promised at the very publication of the first. This second list contained names of students whose marks in English were sometimes below 35%. Nevertheless, even the combined lists gave a very unsatisfactory percentage specially in the bigger High Schools of the Presidency. Our own High School, accustomed to score the highest success year after year, has had to be content with a little more than 41% passes.

This fall remains inexplicable even when all allowances are made for the new standard in English. For after all, where there is relative

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uniformity in the intellectual level of the students and in the efficiency of the staff, these fluctuations in results should not occur. The truth is that there is an uncertainty about the standard required for entrance to the university course, and where the standard is more or less fixed, divergences in applying it in different years and different Provinces—Madras, Andradesa, Native States,—which are undesirable in the highest degree. This is the greatest menace to higher education in our Province, for nothing can be more discouraging to Headmasters and to College authorities as this uncertainty regarding the quality of the work to be done in the School, and the nature of the material supplied in the College.

The Suspended Courses in Engineering

Many of our students must be aware that St. Joseph's was the only College equipped for the teaching of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering (B.Sc. Subsidiary.) After the closing down of the Engineering Classes in the Intermediate, these subsidiary classes were the only remnant of Fr. Honoré's grand scheme of introducing technical instruction in our Arts teaching. But a certain proviso in the revised B.Sc. Syllabus has obliged us to make no admissions to this branch this year. Hitherto in the B.Sc. course, differently from the B.A. Science courses, subjects not studied in the Intermediate could be chosen as subsidiaries. The new regulation suppresses this distinction between the B.A. and the B.Sc., and so practically closes down the Engineering course, as there is not a single College offering Electrical and Mechanical Engineering as optionals in the Intermediate.* The surprising part in this is that so important a modification in the Syllabus was made without the matter being discussed at all in the Academic Council, and it seems to have been inspired more by a love of symmetry than from a desire to prevent students from taking a step deemed harmful. For our experience has made it clear that students could begin the subject in the B.Sc. Class and master it sufficiently to meet the subsidiary standard with no great difficulty, just as I Group students can, and are allowed to, take up Economics in the B.A. as main subject, and succeed in it as well as students of history.

Whether we shall be able to take up the course again next year is a question for the future to decide. The first step is for the Academic

* Maharaja's College, Pudukotah, offers Electrical Engineering only.

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Council to reverse its decision. We understand that a resolution to this effect will be introduced at the next meeting of the Council.

The New Botany Course

At the moment when the Engineering course has been closed in this unforeseen manner, another of our Science Departments has taken a great step forward. We have opened this year Botany main in the B.A., and 17 students have joined the course. We consider this a very satisfactory beginning, and are convinced that we have met a real need by opening this Branch. The number of those who join the II Group in the Intermediate has been steadily increasing in our own College and elsewhere. Not all of them of course can be absorbed by the Professional Colleges—Medical, and Agricultural,—or secure seats in the few Colleges that offer Botany or Zoology main in the B.A. and B.Sc. Hence the relatively large number of applications for the subject did not surprise us. We congratulate the Botany Department on the quickness and efficiency with which it has met the demands made on it, and completed an installation of which one had seen no signs when term closed last year. We feel confident that the new Branch has a bright future before it, and wish its Staff and students every success in their study of a fascinating subject.

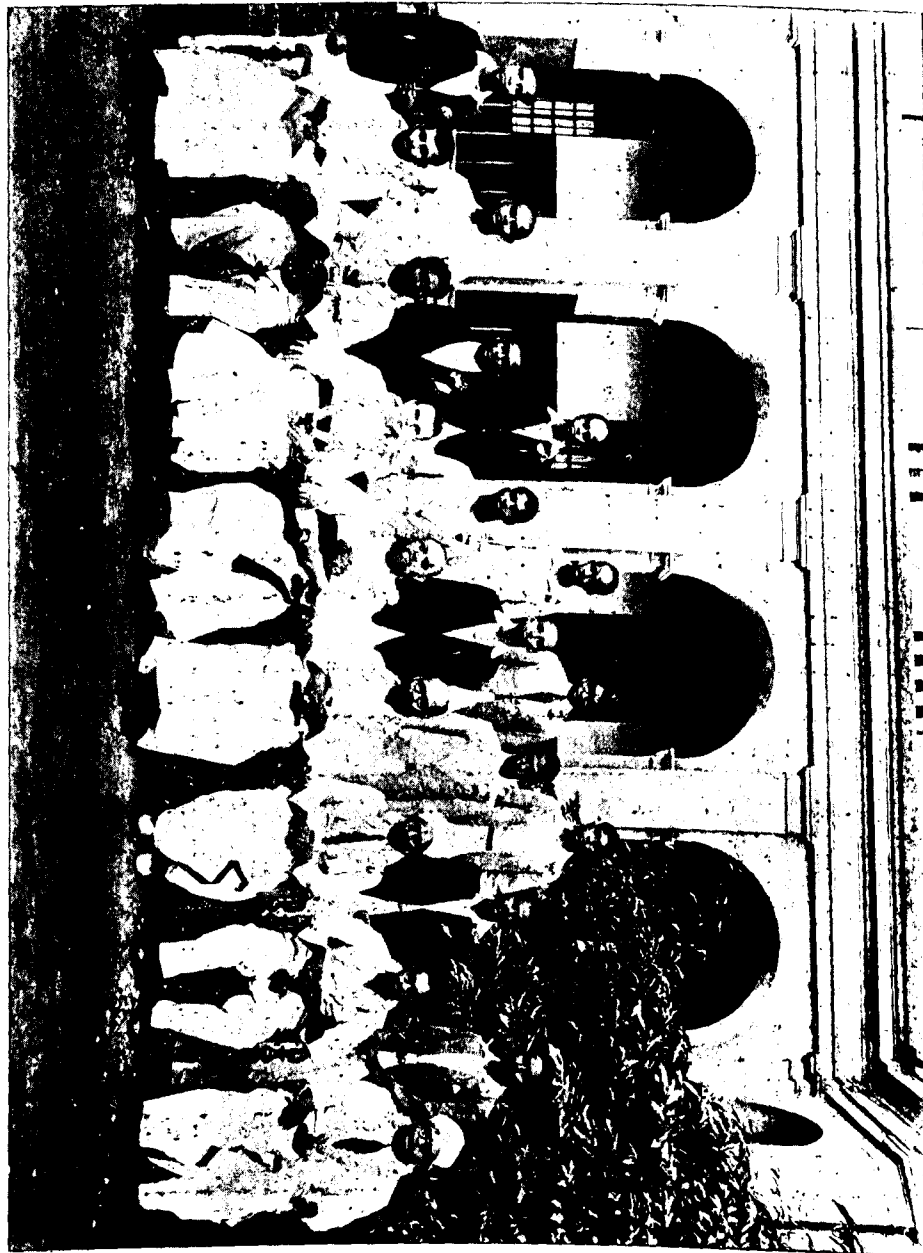
Results in the University

Examinations, March 1936

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage
M. A. Br. I Mathematics	2	—	2	—	2	100
„ II Physics	1	—	1	—	1	100
„ III History & Economics ...	1	—	—	1	1	100
„ IV Economics & History ...	2	—	2	—	2	100
Total ...	6	—	5	1	6	100
B. A. (Hons.) Final.						
Br. I Mathematics	11	3	6	2	11	100
„ III History & Economics ...	5	—	3	2	5	100
„ IV Economics & History ...	6	1	3	2	6	100
Total ...	22	4	12	6	22	100
B. Sc. Hons. Part II						
Br. II Physics	12	4	5	3	12	100
Subsidiary Subjects	13	—	—	—	13	100
B. Sc. Hons.—Part I English ...	12	—	—	—	9	75
B. A. Hons. Preliminary	25	—	—	—	17	68
B. Sc. Part I English	63	—	—	—	40	63.4
B. Sc. Part II.						
Physics Main						
Mathematics & Chemistry ...	10	2	6	2	10	100
Mathematics & Elect. Engin. ...	7	3	2	2	7	100
Mechanical & Elect. Engin. ...	7	2	—	4	6	85.5
Total ...	24	7	8	8	23	96



V B. SC. HONS. CLASS 1935-36.



RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1936

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage
Chemistry Main						
Physics & Mathematics ...	17	2	6	7	15	88.2
Physics & Botany ...	6	—	1	5	6	100
Total ...	23	2	7	12	21	91.3
Total Physics & Chem. Main ...	46	9	15	20	44	95.6
B. A. Degree:						
Part I English ...	70	—	2	45	47	67.1
Part II Languages: Tamil ...	38	—	5	27	32	84.2
Malayalam ...	17	—	—	12	12	70.5
Sanskrit ...	15	1	1	12	14	93.3
French ...	5	2	1	2	5	100
Total ...	75	3	7	53	63	84
Part III Groups: (i-b) Mathematics ...	13	2	7	4	13	100
(ii-b) Physics & Mathem. ...	11	1	3	4	8	72.7
Physics & Chem. ...	2	—	—	2	2	100
Total ...	13	1	3	6	10	76.9
(ii-c) Chem. & Phys. ...	18	1	8	9	18	100
Chem. & Botany ...	2	—	1	1	2	100
Total ...	20	1	9	10	20	100
(iv-b) Econ. & History ...	20	—	1	13	14	70
Total Groups ...	66	4	20	33	57	86.3

Full B. A.'s		Sent up	Full	Percentage
		in all Parts.	B. A.'s	
Group (i-b) ...		13	10	
" (ii-b) Phys. & Mathem. ...		10	7	
" Phys. & Chem. ...		2	1	
" (ii-c) Chem. & Physics ...		15	9	
" Chem. & Botany ...		2	2	
" (iv-b) Economics & History ...		18	11	
Total ...		60	40	66.6

Intermediate
Complete Passes.

	Sent up	I	II	Total	P. C.
Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry ...	94	28	32	60	63.8
Natural Sc. do. do. ...	41	3	14	17	41.4
Histories and Logic ...	18	1	8	9	50
Total ...	153	32	54	86	56.2

Partial Passes.

	Math. Phys. Chem.	Nat. Sc. Physics Chem.	Anc. H. Mod. H. Logic	Total
English ...	—	1	—	1
Tamil ...	5	4	1	10
Malayalam ...	1	1	1	3
Sanskrit ...	2	1	—	3
Groups:— ...	7	2	2	11
English & Second Language: Tamil ...	5	2	—	7
Malayalam ...	—	3	1	4
Sanskrit ...	1	—	—	1
French ...	1	—	—	1
English and Groups ...	1	1	1	3
Second Language & Groups: Tamil ...	2	3	1	6
Malayalam ...	—	1	—	1
Sanskrit ...	4	2	—	6

Total Passes.

	Sent up	Passed	P. C.
English ...	153	103	67.6
Tamil ...	79	60	75.9
Malayalam ...	19	18	94.7
Sanskrit ...	44	39	88.6
French ...	11	11	100
Total ...	153	128	83.6
Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry ...	94	74	78.7
Natural Science, Physics, Chemistry ...	41	26	63.4
Ancient Hist., Modern Hist., Logic ...	18	13	72.2
Total ...	153	113	73.8

NOTE.—B.A. (Hons.) { Maths. : 3rd & 5th in the Presidency.
{ Economics : 2nd in the Presidency.
B.Sc. (Hons.) Physics : 1st, 2nd, 4th & 5th in the Presidency.
B.Sc. (Pass) { Physics : 3rd & 4th in the Presidency.
{ Chemistry : 2nd & 4th in the Presidency.
B.A. { Sanskrit : 1st in the Presidency.
{ Chemistry : 4th in the Presidency.

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1936

Inter-Collegiate Examination in Religion

I. In Christian Doctrine

Silver Medals

1. S. Gaspar IV B.Sc. (Hons.)
2. T. M. Sundara Raj, IV B.Sc. (Hons.)

Certificates of Merit (60% marks and above)

1. Coelho, Joseph, F. M., IV Hons.
2. Mathai, V. J. „
3. Gopu Inna Reddi, IV U. C.
4. Joseph, K. P. „

II. In Apologetics

Silver Medal

V. A. Berchmans

Certificates of Merit

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Antony, T. V. | 5. Ignatiusmuthu, S. A. | 9. Savarimuthu, S. R. |
| 2. Augustine, K. O. | 6. Jeremiah, G. | 10. Stanislaus, M. |
| 3. Arogyaswami, I. | 7. Manuel, K. S. | 11. Swaminathan. |
| 4. George, T. M. | 8. Pancrace, S. M. | 12. Thangasamy, N. |
| | 13. Thomas, P. F. | |

All from the II U. Class.

Old Boys

WE take special pleasure in publishing in this issue a recent photograph of His Excellency Dr. T. Roche, S.J., Bishop of Tuticorin, the most honoured of all our Former Pupils. Dr. Roche came to Trichy for the consecration of Bishop Léonard in March and he made on that occasion a Tamil oration which kept spell-bound the vast congregation that had gathered for the ceremony in the pandal erected outside the Cathedral. He also presided over the Kerala Catholic Congress held at the end of May near Trichur. Dr. Roche's 13 years as Bishop of Tuticorin have been a period of great labours, with their share of joys and sorrows, and throughout he has gained and retained the affection not only of Catholics but of all castes and creeds in the Diocese of Tuticorin. The celebration of the Silver Jubilee of his Priesthood last year brought remarkable manifestations of the universal esteem in which he is held.

Lord Erskine's holiday in England and the nomination of His Excellency Sir K. V. Reddy as Acting Governor of Madras have brought about other changes in the Madras Cabinet. Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvam has become acting Law Member and Senior member of the Treasury Bench.

Rao Bahadur C. J. Paul too goes to the Secretariate as Secretary to the Development Department. By a happy coincidence the Assistant Secretary to the Development Department is Mr. R. Ramaswamy Iyer, another Old Boy who graduated in the same year as Mr. C. J. Paul (1909). Mr. T. N. Natarajan (B.A. 1917) is Asst. Secretary to the Law Department.

The Fr. Bertram Memorial Meeting in the Town Hall brought together a very remarkable gathering of Old Boys. Among them we were particularly happy to meet Mr. R. Ramaswami, M.A., F.C.S., recently transferred to Trichy as Deputy Examiner of Accounts, S. I. Ry. He replaces another Old Boy Mr. A. Kalyanaraman, M.A., F.C.S., transferred to Gorakpur. We trust that the office-bearers of the History and Economics Association will note his presence in Trichy and persuade him to address the Association before long.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE RT. REV. DR. T. ROCHE, S.J.,
Bishop of Tuticorin.



CAPT. C. B. PONNAPPA,
Commandant, 5th M. U. T. Corps (1933—36)

Chon after belt

OLD BOYS

Three prominent Science graduates of the College recently revisited the Laboratories where they had laid the foundations of their careers. We shall not repeat all they said about their Alma Mater, but they found our Laboratories considerably changed and more up-to-date than we ourselves had dared to believe! Dr. Kalyanaraman, Asst. Professor of Physics, Presidency College, Madras, called on us after an interval of fifteen years. Mr. S. P. Venkateswaran of the Metereological Department of Agra came to Trichy to set up a sub-station here. It was unfortunate that his visit should have occurred when the College was not in full working order. Otherwise our students would have benefited by his account of the working of his Department. Dr. S. Ramachandran of Annamalai University came on a visit of inquiry concerning the working of our Laboratories, specially the Engineering Laboratories, in connection with the organisation of the Science courses in Annamalai University.

Of the younger Science Graduates we are glad to mention Mr. V. S. Raghavendrachar (B. Sc. Hons. '35, I Class, I in the Presidency) who has joined the staff of Loyola College, Madras. N. Ananthanarayanan who secured the same class and rank this year has joined the Bangalore Institute of Science as research scholar.

* * * *

Old Boys figure largely in the recent elections and nominations to the University Bodies. Our own staff returned Fr. Carty, Messrs. P. E. Subramanya Iyer and T. Totadri Iyengar to the Academic Council. Fr. Antoniswamy was elected to the same body by the Headmasters' Constituency. We must add to this Fr. Racine who goes to the Academic Council as Honorary Reader in Mathematics. Fr. Carty was subsequently elected to the Syndicate as one of the representatives of the affiliated Colleges, and Mr. P. E. Subramanyam was elected to the Senate by the Academic Council. Among the others elected or nominated are following:

To the Senate and the Academic Council:—

Frs. J. Palocaren, M.A., and Romeo Thomas, M.A., L.T., Dr. P. J. Thomas, M.A., B.Litt., D.Ph., and Mr. C. J. Varkey.

To the Senate:—

Messrs. M. Ratnaswami, C.I.E., M.A., M. S. Shrestha, B.A., M.L.C., V. R. Ramachandra Dikshitar, M.A., Rao Bahadur M. R. Ramaswami Sivan, B.A., and A. Srinivasaraghavan, M.A.

OLD BOYS

To the Academic Council:—

Fr. Joseph Kallingal, M.A., Drs. S. Kalyanaraman and P. S. Lokanathan, Messrs. K. S. Anantanarayana Ayyar, M.A., H. Srinivasa Rao, M.A., L.T., V. Ramanatha Ayyar, M.A., L.T., N. R. Ramachandra Ayyar, M.A., L.T., S. Ramachandra Ayyar, B.A., S. V. Subbayya, M.A., L. S. Kalyanasundram Ayyar, M.A., and L. R. Krishnamurti Ayyar, M.A., L.T.

College Hostels

I. The Boarding Chronicle

January 8th.—The College reopens; so does my chronicle and let me wish myself and my diligent readers a long, prosperous and happy life—I mean New Year, which, as a student, I desire to be as brief as possible. The Boarding House resounds with the greetings hurled at all and sundry, and mostly at the Prefect. If he were to live for as many years as he has been wished by the students, I have no doubt he will beat Methuselah.

January 14th.—A long morning walk in fine weather. Nothing prepares one to a keen appreciation of dinner better than a three-hours march in the sun. I wish for many happy returns of the same.

January 18th.—The second Prefect is leaving for Kurseong. Mr. John Ponniah, like Pendennis in "Newcomes" is invited to every such party, and we make preparations to give a send-off to Fr. Deviah, S.J.

January 21st.—The news of the death of the King-Emperor spreads like wild fire, and casts a gloom over all. What fine tributes have been paid to his life and work! I have read somewhere that when George IV died, *The Times* wrote a note that few of his subjects were likely to mourn his death. What a contrast to our Emperor!

January 23rd.—Send-off to Fr. Deviah. In giving an account of the whole function, a friend wrote literally as follows "We left no stone unturned to express our feelings to Fr. Deviah." The first Christian martyr St. Stephen was no doubt stoned to death, but I am sure we had no intention of putting Fr. Deviah to similar embarrassment.

January 28th.—A holiday in memory of the Late Emperor and a memorial service is conducted in the Church. Rev. Fr. J. D'Souza, S.J., spoke of the virtues of the late King.

January 30th.—The Warden's Cup annual badminton tournament begins. Two teams from the first Division; but are defeated in the second round.

February 9th.—The whole Boarding House, from the General Prefect down to the Benjamin of the III Division mustered at the Municipal Public Hall to witness the Tamil drama. "The Life of Jesus Christ,"

COLLEGE HOSTELS

The scenic arrangements were excellent, and the acting was not entirely unsuccessful, given the fact that the story was altogether out of the common theme of South Indian theatres. It was on the whole a commendable performance. The General Prefect was thanked and garlanded, which gave us not a little pleasure.

February 11th.—We celebrate the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes with the customary car procession, and fire-works.

February 13th.—Rev. Fr. Carty, S.J. delivers a lecture in the Municipal Public Hall on "The Population Problem" an effective rejoinder to the Malthusian League propaganda in the same hall a few weeks before. Needless to state that the discourse was a lucid exposition both of the problem and of the alarmist cranks who go about portending disaster unless births are prevented. But the most enjoyable part of the lecture was the lively answers given by the speaker to unguarded questions. We may soon expect another propaganda mission from the U.S.A. on "The need for increasing deaths" since this will solve the problem more effectively than the prevention of birth.

February 24th.—"The Fun Doctor of Nellore" gives several comic items in the Lawley Hall to the vast amusement of the audience. They were always short and sweet. The difficulty of every professional humourist is that he must not deviate into sense or solemnity, which I think no one can help doing. For several days he provided laughter to the sweating citizens of Trichinopoly.

February 26th.—The College societies celebrate their common anniversary with the District Judge in the chair. The reports were of amusing brevity, and the secretaries appeared to be bowing in and what is more pleasing, bowing out in rapid succession. The Sports report took a longer interval, and the whole function was over in the briefest possible time. The speech of the presiding judge was clear, audible and brief, and he encouraged us to make the best of our collegiate life since in the wide world we would be in a mighty hurry to make a living. Scenes from Shakespeare were staged, with moderate success. The College band was in attendance and was smothered with praise. The band goes on a picnic the next day.

February 29th.—The hoisting of the flag in honour of St. Joseph takes place in the evening, heralding the month of March, and—the examinations.

COLLEGE HOSTELS

March 8th.—The Boarding House Day—a happy innovation since till now no such day ever existed in our annals. The celebration of this domestic feast begins with the distribution of Sandanam and sweets, the one to be smeared and the other to be swallowed. Our Malayalee brothers executed a dance with much music and more cheering. After the display of varied talents, medals are distributed to winners of the Home Tournaments and to other worthies.

March 15.—This is a memorable day in the history of the Trichinopoly Diocese: Mgr. Léonard, S.J. is consecrated Bishop by His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic before a vast concourse of people in a spacious pandal erected near the Cathedral. The presence of six bishops, and a large number of priests adds to the magnificence of the ceremony. We were fortunate indeed in being permitted to attend this truly moving spectacle. The new Bishop's address during the evening function left a lasting impression on his hearers.

March 16th.—The whole College turns up to welcome the Delegate Apostolic who is received amidst a thundering clapping of hands and the strains of the College Band. The Lawley Hall, decorated with Papal flags, is filled by students and teachers and the representative of the Pope is conducted to the dais. To the address of welcome, the Delegate replies in clear ringing tones, expressing his pleasure at seeing such a gathering of students, his high appreciation of the great educational work carried on by the fathers of the Society of Jesus, and finally imparted his blessing.

March 19th.—To-day is the feast of St. Joseph, our patron Saint. It is not merely an occasion for solemn thanksgiving, but a source of comfort to all of us, who are spending our hours in search of nooks and corners to make a diligent preparation for the examination. The feast of St. Joseph acquires an added importance this year, since on the same day the College is honoured by the visit of His Lordship Dr. P. Léonard, S.J., D.D., our new Bishop. Among the several items which made up this great function in the Lawley Hall, the one that stands out specially is the vibrant and scholarly address delivered by His Lordship himself. Till we actually heard him we little suspected that he was such an accomplished public speaker. With words of burning faith and deep conviction, he exhorted his hearers to learn and live up to their religion, to radiate the beneficent influence of education and enlightenment secured in the College to those around, and thus serve truly and courageously God and country.

COLLEGE HOSTELS

March 20th.—Now begins the exodus: the juniors depart, to the intense annoyance of the others who have yet to cross the red sea of public examinations, before reaching the promised land.

April 8th.—All our tribulations are at an end. We have committed ourselves and our fate to the examiners and the unloading of vast cargoes of knowledge has produced a sense of ease and buoyancy. With great hopes and some little trepidation we desert the College.

June 17th.—The College reopens for the senior classes. The Boarding House looks spick and span. The notice-board announces the results of the Exam.: of the 27 boarders who sat for the Inter. 17 pass, with 6 first classes. The Mahé grounds have been widened and a new ring-tennis court is opened. Rev. Fr. Savarinayagam is at it morn and eve; wielding the axe, he carries destruction to the very roots of the thorny creepers to make room for another tennis court.

June 26th.—The juniors come in batches and fill up nearly all the seats available. A few more would raise a serious problem of over-population.

June 31st.—The opening of the month of the Sacred Heart. At 5 P.M. we assemble in St. Xavier Hall to hear Fr. Pinto, S.J., preach on the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. After the usual prayer and hymns, the function comes to a close.

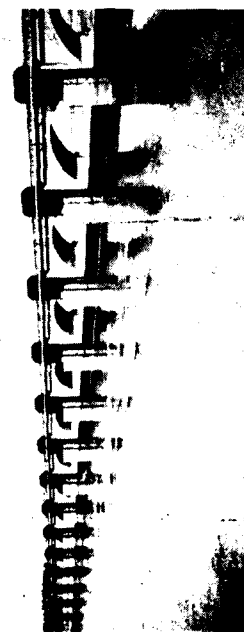
July 2nd.—A condolence meeting of the staff and students is held in the Lawley Hall to give expression to our sorrow over the death of Rev. Fr. Bertram, S.J., former Rector and Principal. A pillar of the Madura Mission, the born organiser, and founder of the Loyola College, his memory will be long honoured and cherished.

July 5th.—Exposition Sunday.

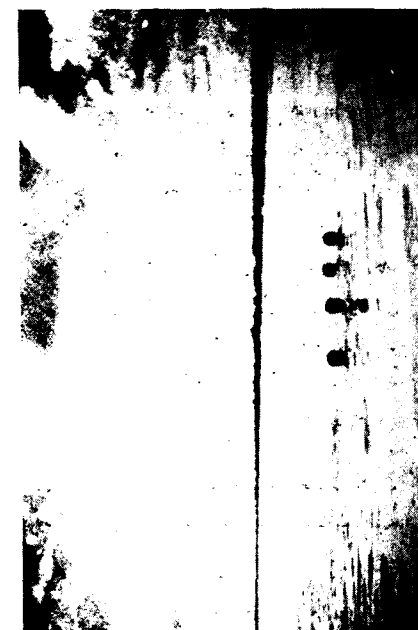
July 19th.—"Corpus Christi". Both in point of decoration and in the number of people participating in this impressive manifestation of faith this year maintains the record of the past.

II. Hostel Notes

December 23rd.—It is a dark night. The time is about 9-30. One can hear a distant band playing the "March Teppakulam". Our friends get



THE ANICUT.



NECK-DEEP IN JOY.

(Photos by V. Subramanyam, IV U.C.)



THE QUADRANGLE.



THE ROAD TO ELAMANUR.

Clive's at Home and Abroad.



HOSTEL DAY.



(Photos by Mr. S. Rangaswami, B.A.)



COLLEGE HOSTELS

to the top of the southern gate. Our thoughts fly to the glorious fall of Adigrat and Aksum. But here they are! It is our "D." company returning from the north-eastern front.

January 8th.—The college and hostel reopen. Members are returning after enjoying themselves heartily during the recess. Most of them have the consolation that the month has not been wasted. But every rule has its exceptions. One can also see a few older faces. Probably they have come to collect another hall ticket and try for a prize from the University.

The 'indigenous industry' at the south-eastern corner of the Malabar block flourishes well, and provides us with ample disturbance at day and music at night.

January 13th and 14th.—The Pongal. How we wish we were once again children driving our calves at day-break to the shallow pond, initiating friendly quarrels with the playmates, and adorning our future benefactors with turmeric, 'kumkum', flowers, white and yellow, and pieces of coconut kernel all round the neck. Those days are gone. The holidays are now spent with our Drydens, Karl Marxs, Kekulé's and Maxwells.

January 15th—February 4th.—Palmists are really busy. They cannot manage the rush. Many students are disappointed. But we are all glad that we have palmists in our own midst, who will not lend their services to outsiders. The authorities seriously think of raising the water-tax. More water is being used to cool the heated brains.

February 5th.—The Smartha section goes on a picnic to Elamanur. There are some members of the staff too with them, which naturally means additional merriment. The lunch is a grand one. The 'pools of pachady' and hillocks of curry and rice do not remain stationary on the leaves even for a minute. How fine it would be if we are equally hungry for devouring our books! Evening finds the members on the sandy banks of the Cauvery playing the simple game of breath control. The party returns home at about 8 P.M.

February 6th.—The Malabar section celebrates the "Panaka Pooja". Our electricians and artists contribute much towards the success of the celebration. Members of the other sections honour us by their presence, and one of them has the kindness to entertain us with his melodious voice. The warden too is very generous, and announces that we can have the night off for merriment; of course, outside the four walls.

COLLEGE HOSTELS

February 9th.—The Sivites go on picnic. The incidents repeat themselves, to the chronicler and to many readers.

February 11th.—"Our Lady of Lourdes." The illumined church together with its reflected image on the still waters of Teppakulam are exquisitely beautiful. The procession comes round, and the hostel, with its display of fire-works, acts as a resonator to the fundamental vibrations of the festival.

February 17th.—But all these joys give way to a sad event. As we are preparing for getting to College, the doctor rushes up, and with tears in his eyes, informs us of Mr. Unnikrishna Nambisan's demise. It has given a shock to us all. Peace be to his soul!

February 27th.—The Hostel Day Celebrations. The members of the staff kindly respond to our invitation and honour us with their presence. We all gather by the side of the infant margosas. The staff mingles with us, chats with us, and cracks jokes with us. The press too is not unrepresented. Tea is served punctually at 4 P.M. Everybody is trying for extras over his allotted share. The chronicler too gets his extra oranges and cups of tea. The meeting then commences. The Principal presides. Our nightingales entertain us. Parting students pay glowing tributes to the hostel and its management. But what is that? A "Kurathi" is entering. How dare she come here? Oh, no, it is the fancy dress competition, and sure, it is Sankaran. The president spoke on the various aspects of the career of a student, and concluded the pleasant function.

March 7th.—The term ends for the examinees. It appears as if the capacity of the eyesockets of the members has increased. Bath is no pleasure for them. Sleeping, even at night, is not inevitable. Coffee and tea are taken, if at all, at unusual hours, and lactic fermentation does not provoke them. The only thought is of the twenty-third. The Electric Supply Corporation begins to feel that they have committed a folly in supplying power to Clive's at contract rates.

March 20th.—The hostel closes officially. The juniors pack off. Many parting words are exchanged, and 'wish you success' rends the air. The warden too is there bidding a temporary farewell to every one of them.

March 23rd.—The ordeal has at last arrived. The last minute discussion is growing hot. The bell goes. The yellow and pink and grey papers

COLLEGE HOSTELS

are generously distributed. No one goes without one. Scratching the heads, biting the pens, hitting the neighbour with the feet or taking a pinch of snuff to get inspiration are the common incidents in the hall. Another bell goes. Some come out depressed, others are overjoyed, and everybody when interrogated answers "I have done to my satisfaction."

Thus drag on the days until all people, in sections of fours, quit Clive's.

* * * * *

June 17th.—The College and hostel reopen. The seniors have all arrived. They are not the same old jolly people. They have now come to work, to work hard, and see whether they cannot do something. The hotels are again busy, and 'Ma Dhosais' and 'Thayirvadais' are exhausted very easily. We are again here to hear the characteristic "Srirangam oral ondrayana" and "vango jami onnekalana."

The hotel has undergone many changes, all for the better. The infant margosas, for selecting which, it was reported last year, the warden himself walked 13 miles to a village, have grown up and those on the eastern end of the Malabar block safeguard the inmates against the winds blowing from that direction. The doors, the windows, and the furniture have all been repaired, for all of which we feel very thankful.

June 26th.—The juniors too have arrived. Parents and guardians accompany them in most cases. Cash bills are being issued in large numbers, and so we all expect a low daily rate. The juniors have come from all parts of the presidency from Cape Comorin to Mangalore and Vizagapatam. Soon they must get themselves accustomed to the climate and Clive's. Of course, now they are a bit reserved, as is natural. We leave it to time to remedy it.

K. N. K.

College Societies

I. The Literary and Debating Society

The Society was wholly concerned during the short term with the conducting of three competitions which attracted such a large number of candidates that they were the most protracted meetings in our record.

For the Intermediate Elocution Contest no less than fifteen students competed and some of the classical passages in tragedy and comedy were declaimed on the platform. Except for one or two candidates who abruptly came down the dais, their memory playing them false, the others conducted themselves worthily. The first and second prizes were won respectively by Mr. P. F. Thomas and Mr. Edmund Peris.

The Extempore competition for the B. A. attracted 17 candidates who were asked to prepare themselves for an oration of five minutes' duration on either "the most exciting event in my life" or "my beloved English writer". Bits of autobiography and volumes of Dickens and a few other writers were delivered to the instruction and amusement of the audience. The winners were Mr. T. Venkataraman V B. Sc. (Hons.) and Mr. Henry de Vas, III. B. Sc. (Hons.)

The third competition was held to select two of the best speakers to be sent to Kumbakonam to compete for the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri Gold Medal for elocution. We are happy to record that for the third time our College has carried the medal and during the present year the Secretary of the Society, Mr. M. S. Sarangapani IV U. C., was adjudged the winner.

M. S. SARANGAPANI,
C. T. PETER,
Secretaries.

II. The Historical and Economic Association

During the third term we conducted one debate and held two extraordinary meetings.

The subject of the debate (3-2-36) was "A Flight from Democracy was absolutely Necessary." Mr. V. Srinivasan, III Hons, moved the proposition;

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Mr. A. R. Sankaranarayanan. III Hons, opposed it; Mr. Simon D'Souza, B.A., Post-Graduate, was the speaker. Several members took part in the debate. The proposition was lost by a large majority.

On 12-2-1936 an extraordinary meeting was held. Mr. N. Subramanayam, M.A., Lecturer, Holy Cross College, delivered a lecture from the Chair on "A Scheme of National Finance for India." In the light of the principle that a sound financial system should on the one hand impose the minimum tax burden on the people and on the other secure to them the maximum advantage, he examined the present financial system of India and pointed out the directions in which improvement were called for.

At another extraordinary meeting held on the 18th February 1936, Mr. M. Arogyaswami, M.A., our vice-president delivered a lecture on "An Economic Policy for India." Explaining at the outset that sound economic policy should be based on a just and proper adjustment of the ideals of individual liberty and state authority while avoiding the excesses of rugged individualism and liberty-less Socialism, he examined the policy of the Government of India towards the agricultural, industrial and commercial development of the country. The economic policy, he said, had so far been a halting and half-hearted affair not always governed primarily by the interests of this country, and he suggested among other reforms the remodelling of the tariff on a basis of full protection instead of "discriminating protection."

In the course of the year, we held in all six extraordinary meetings, four debates and one ordinary meeting. The response to our invitation has always been very encouraging. Our members were throughout loyal, taking a deep interest in the association.

M. L. VENKATANARASIMHAYYA,
A. K. PAUL,
Secretaries.

III. The Scientific Society

The Scientific Society began its activities in the third term with its usual vigour and liveliness. The first of its meetings was presided over by Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Ayyar. Mr. Venkatachalam delivered an address on the "Raman Effect". The lecturer waxed eloquent on the various aspects of the Raman Effect, describing in detail the process of its discovery, and

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expatiating on the vast applications of the same. He gave a very lively description of the apparatus and process used by Wood to demonstrate the Raman Effect. Speakers came forward in quick succession to supplement the lecturer with such readiness and scientific zeal that the president found it necessary to congratulate the society on the brilliance of its members. In his concluding remarks he gave the final touches to the lecture of the evening.

The second lecture was given by Mr. Venkatraman on "The Wings of the Visible Spectrum". He did carry the audience to the mysterious regions of the Infra-Red and the Ultra-Violet rays, indicating at length with great clarity the various methods of measuring accurately the wavelengths of these rays. Mr. Savarimuthu, B.A. (Hons.) presided.

The final lecture for the year under review was the brilliantly original one delivered by Mr. Ananthanarayanan on "The Corner Stone of Relativity Physics". He described the interesting experiment of Michelson and Morley to detect the motion of the earth relative to ether and their failure to find out any relative motion. He narrated the various objections to Einstein's celebrated "Theory of Relativity," and hinted that this too may some day be pulled down from its supreme position like other theories. The president Mr. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.) showed how in the scientific world theories spring up and flourish for a time only to die out when others take their place.

Since the public and annual examinations were staring us in the face we could not have more than three meetings during the last term. But we made up for their fewness by the enthusiasm displayed at each meeting and by the number and quality of the supplementary speeches.

S. BALAKRISHNA SHETTY,
Secretary.

IV. The Mathematics Association

This has been a year with a lean record. With our finances assured, we anticipated a year of continuous activity. In common with the rest of humanity, we found our anticipations falling short of realization. Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Iyer, M.A., delivered the inaugural address under the joint auspices of our own and the Scientific Society on "the Dream of the Alchemist". On the whole we have had five meetings. But only one of

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them was addressed by a member. This fact betokens some mental depression on the part of our members. We can only hope that this form of depression will lift, exactly as the economic type has already lifted so far as we are concerned. We also pin our faith to a theorem in Mathematics that maxima and minima occur alternately and that next year the list of our activities will swell. For having been enabled to keep the ball rolling, at however slow a pace, we have to thank our president, the various lecturers, and the more enthusiastic of our members.

A. V. SUBRAMANIAN,
R. RAJAGOPALAN,
Secretaries.

V. The Sanskrit Samajam

Under the auspices of the Samajam, an Elocution contest for the members of the Intermediate Classes was held on Thursday, the 13th February. An extempore Sanskrit Speech competition for the members of the B.A. classes was also held, on Saturday the 15th February. At both of these competitions, Mr. Totadri Ayyangar, M.A., Mr. Mani, M.A., and the President of our Samajam, acted as Judges.

In the extempore speech competition, the first prize was awarded to N. Narayanan, IV U. C., and the second to M. Venkoba Rao, IV U. C.

In the Elocution competition, the first prize was awarded to S. Venkataraman of I U. C. and the second to K. Venugopalan of the I U. C.

The President of the Samajam thanked the Judges for their ready acceptance of the invitation to act as Judges. He also exhorted the members of the Samajam to take more interest in such competitions.

M. VENKOBA RAO,
Secretary.

VI. தமிழ்ச் சங்கம்

நமது கலாசாலைத் தமிழ்ச் சங்கத்தின் ஏழாவது கூட்டம் 1936-ம் வருஷம் பிப்ரவரி மாதம் 4-ந் தேதி மாலை 5-ந் கடிகாரம் அதுபோது நமது கலாசாலைத் தமிழாகிரியர் திரு. மு. நடேச முதலியார் அவர்கள் தலைமை வகித்தார்கள். நான்காம் வருப்பு மாணவர் திரு. பெரியண்ணன் என்பார் 'செந்தமிழும் கொடுந்

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தமிழும்' என்னும் பொருள்பற்றி ஓர் அரிய உபநித்யாசம் செய்தார். அதன் சாரமாவது பின்வருமாறு :—

கொடுத்தமிழ் என்ற சொல் வீரமாமுனிவர் அவர்களால் கூறப்பட்டது. ஆனால் தமிழ் கொடியதல்ல. தமிழை, வசனம், பாட்டு, பேச்சு என மூன்றாகப் பிரிக்கலாம். வசனம் அக்காலத்தில் குறைவாக இருந்தது. எண்ணங்களையும் கொள்கைகளையும் பரப்புதற்காகவே வசனங்களை எழுதியுள்ளார்கள். தற்கால வசனத்தை வலிமையுடையதாகவும், மேன்மை வாய்ந்ததாகவும் பகுக்கலாம். தற்காலத்தில் பழமொழிகளினின்றும் வார்த்தைகளைச் சேர்த்துக்கொள்கின்றனர், விகடத்திற்கும் உபயோகிக்கின்றனர். பேசுவதற்கும் எழுதுவதற்கும் அதிக வித்தியாசமுண்டு. பேசுவதில்தான் குற்றமதிகம் காணப்படும். ஒருவர் பேசும்பொழுது தமது கருத்தை வெளிப்படுத்துவதைக் கவனிக்கின்றாரே யொழிய, சொல்லுகின்ற சொல்லைப் பற்றி அதிக சிரத்தை எடுத்துக்கொள்வது மிகக் கடினம் என்று கூறுகிறார்.

பின்பு செந்தமிழ் என்றால் இலக்கிய வழுவின்றி இயற் சொற்கள் பெருகி, திரி சொற்கள் குறைந்து இருக்கவேண்டுமென்றும் நாம் எப்பொழுதும் எளிய நடையில் பேசவேண்டுமென்றுங் கூறியமர்ந்தார்.

அதன் பின்னர் ஐவர் எழுந்து பின்னுரையாகப் பேசினர். பின்னர் தலைவர் அவர்கள் எல்லோரும் எளிய இனிய நடையில் எழுதவும் பேசவும் முயல் வேண்டுமென்றும், பேசும்போதும் எழுதும்போதும் நிதானித்துச் சீரிய சொற்களை உபயோகிக்கவேண்டுமென்றும், சுவையுண்டாகும்படி எழுதவேண்டுமென்றும், தமிழில் எவர்க்கும் ஆர்வத்தை அதிகரிக்கச் செய்யவேண்டுமென்றுங் கூறினர்.

4—2—36

ரா. கு. தங்கவேலு,
அமைச்சன்.

VII. The Malayalee Samaj

We held two ordinary meetings during the third term.

The valedictory address was delivered by M. Rama Varma Raja, Municipal Commissioner and Special Officer, Trichinopoly. He dealt with the problem of Malayalee Emigration to foreign parts which has been aggravated by the present depression and the consequent unemployment. Incidentally he remarked that vast numbers of young men had to go out

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of Malabar and spend huge amounts for University education. It was a useless drain on the resources of the people of Malabar. He was of opinion that the creation of a separate University for Kerala would serve at least to prevent this waste.

Towards the end of the term we held an extempore speech contest in which Messrs V. J. Mathai and Joseph P. Kurien both of the IV Hons. Class, won the first and second prizes for the B.A. and Hons. section. In the Intermediate section Mr. P. F. Thomas of II U. C. and C. M. Chakkunni of I U. C. stood first and second respectively. The prizes were awarded to the four winners at the anniversary function of the College Societies.

P. T. CHACKO,
GEORGE. P. THEKAEKARA,
Secretaries.

The Anniversary of the College Societies

Academic and Athletic

26th February 1936

The holding of a common Anniversary is generally preceded by a frantic hunt to secure an eminent public figure to preside on the occasion, and these laborious searches have often in the past inevitably postponed the date into the month of March, to the general inconvenience of the examination-going students. But this year we were fortunate in securing the ready and gracious compliance of our District Judge, Mr. C. R. Krishna Rao, B.A., B.L., to our invitation who thus spared us from our customary anxieties. Amidst the strains of the College band and the acclamations of the students, the President was conducted to the dais which appeared to be literally groaning under the weight of prize-books, medals, cups and trophies.

The secretaries then stepped forward one by one with almost lightening rapidity, and read such concise reports that they appeared to announce telegraphic messages devoid of all the arts and rules of composition. No report took more than three minutes except the one of sports, which unfolded a long and interesting record of athletic feats. During the brief intervals Messrs Harris, Panchapakesan and Asirvatham delighted the audience with music, vocal and instrumental. The President then distributed the prizes to the winners in the elocution, extempore and sports competitions.

The speech by the President was a model of its kind and worthy of the occasion, being notable for its erudition and brevity. With a wealth of quotation from Sanskrit literature, he invited the students to study the great ideals of a noble life, to acquire a sound and lasting basis of scholarship, and to build up healthy habits of duty, conduct and service to fellowmen. It was as pleasing as it was entertaining to hear the distinguished speaker recite Sanskrit texts in the manner born.

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On the conclusion of the speech, the stage was cleared for the enacting of selected scenes from *Richard II* and *Macbeth*, which kept a highly interested audience for an hour and a half. For the success of the dramatic performance, the credit must go entirely to the generous labours of Rev. Fr. Pinto, S.J., and Mr. S. V. Lawrence, M.A., who trained the band of devoted actors. Between the scenes, Mr. D'Costa and Mr. S. Louis gave recitations.

With a vote of thanks to the President, the College band, and all concerned, the function came to a close at a time when no one could complain of being late for supper.

A. H.



JL

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Field Notes: 1935-36

Our Balance Sheet

DURING the year under review we annexed the Trichy District Championship in Basketball, the Lord Pentland Shield Inter-District Championship in Hockey, the University Southern Zone Championship in Hockey, and the U. T. C. Championships in Hockey, Tug of War and Cross Country Race. We were Runners-up in Football (District, University and U. T. C.) tournaments, Volleyball (District) tournament, and in U. T. C. Sports. Thus the year has not been an unqualified success; there is room for improvement, and perhaps also for grousing. However, those easily given to despondency have some consolations to fall back upon.

University Inter-Collegiate Sports

The year has witnessed the inauguration by the University of Inter-Collegiate meets in Cricket, Hockey, Football and Athletics. While we welcome the decision of the University to give encouragement to sport, and while we appreciate no less the opportunity that will thus be afforded for improving the morale in sport, we have our own doubts whether such a step is after all an unmixed blessing. The sacrifice of good money and precious time, the craze for barn-storming journeys, and the forming of a *laissez-aller* attitude towards serious work are the last things we ought to encourage. It is hoped that the University Sports Central Committee will so organize the meets as to obviate all inconveniences and undesirable results.

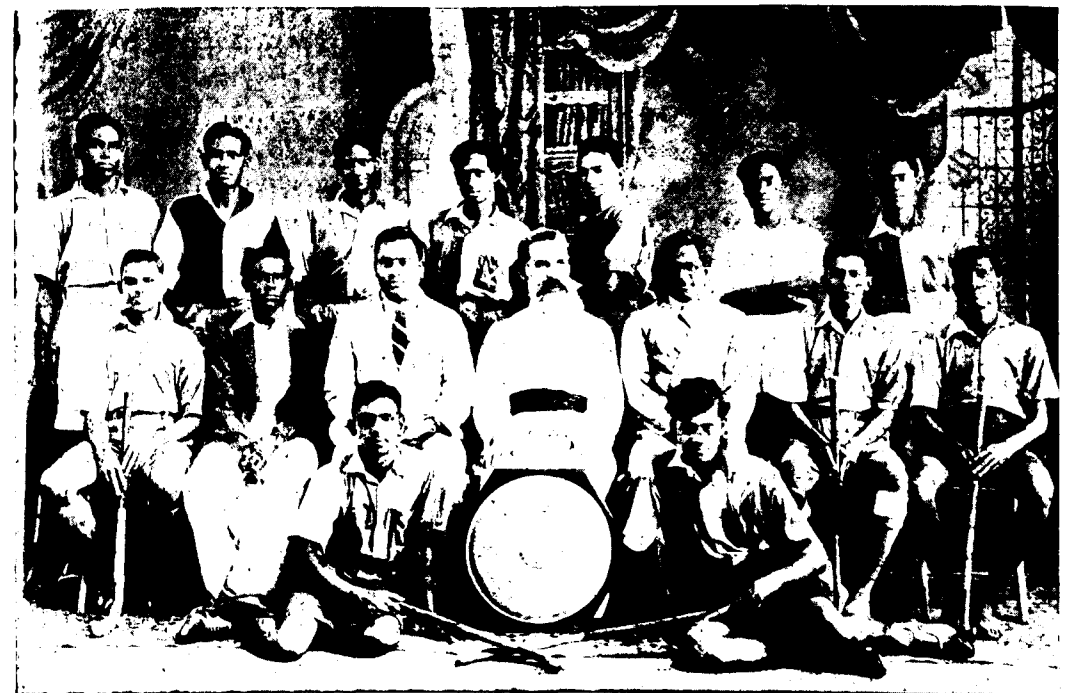
Management

The management of our activities was largely in the hands of Captains, whose names are as under:—

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| 1. P. Sundaresan | ... General Captain, and Football Captain. |
| 2. S. Kulendraswamy | ... Associate Gen. Capt. |
| 3. I. Arokiaswamy | ... Captain, Hockey. |
| 4. J. Gomez | ... Associate Capt., Hockey. |



U. T. C. BUGLE BAND. ("D." St. Joseph's.)



WINNERS:

Lord Pentland Shield Inter-District Hockey Tournament,
University Inter-Collegiate Hockey Tournament (Southern Zone.)



T. P. RETNAM,
High School Champion.



N. A. RENGASWAMY,
Cross Country Champion: College & U.T.C. Sports.

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- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 5. Victor Anbu | ... Captain, Athletics. |
| 6. S. K. Ramanathan | ... Captain, Volleyball. |
| 7. A. C. Chacko | ... Associate Capt., Volleyball. |
| 8. N. Thangavelu | ... Captain, Basketball. |
| 9. P. Selvaraj | ... Associate Capt., Basketball. |
| 10. C. R. Narayanan | ... Captain, Tennis. |
| 11. S. Venkateswaran | ... Captain, Badminton. |
| 12. C. N. Chummar | ... Associate Capt., Badminton. |
| 13. S. Krishnamurty | ... Captain, Tenikoit. |

We are thus thirteen; and thirteen is looked upon as an unlucky number. The addition of a captain for Cricket will therefore be doubly welcome, and we look forward with pleasure to the starting of the much-honoured game of the day in our College in the near future.

Home Tournaments

Our annual Intra-mural Tournaments provided the usual excitements and some pleasant surprises. Our I U. C. boys, known in the past as deferential good "seconds", have absolutely floored all their seniors in Hockey and Volleyball. The B. Sc. and III (Pass) classes wrested the championship in Football and Basketball respectively from IV U. C., which had kept both trophies perhaps too long. The Senior classes obviously have been concentrating too much on books to be anything better than "best losers". The Juniors will certainly not grudge them better honours in the University lists. Nor should we, in our appreciation of the Juniors, forget to congratulate "the Jolly Friends" on their annexing the Badminton Cup, and Narayanan and Narayanaswamy on their winning the Tennis Championships.

Outside Fixtures

In outside fixtures our teams have had a creditable record of triumphs against the teams of the National College, the Maharaja's College, Pudukkottah, St. Xavier's College Palamcottah, the Trichy Town Union, the Golden Rock Anglo-Indian Club, and the Detachment of the Baluch Regiment. Only the teams of the Y. M. C. A. and S. I. Ry. Athletic Association were too hard nuts for us to crack.

If we have not won all the worlds that there were to conquer, it was because we were no clever opportunists; and sometimes we rushed into

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the competition without sufficient practice. Success in sport is largely dependent upon adequate training, and we hope to be able to arrange for weekly practice matches with the help of the Wardens of the Boarding House and the Students' Home, both of whom luckily are on our Sports Committee. It is a pity we are losing Gallyot and Jepamalai Gomez, our bulwarks in Hockey, who were invariably on the line of interception in some miraculous way whenever the opponents attempted to break through. To them we owe not a little of our credit in Hockey.

Athletic Sports

Our Annual Sports came off on 24th August 1935, the Hon'ble A. T. Pannirselvam, Bar-at-law, Home Member to the Government of Madras, presiding. The College quadrangle presented a lively appearance, but from the competitors' point of view a change to the more spacious Mahé Ground would be most welcome. Thanks to the most expeditious and the least suspected manner in which our good Father Rector creates things for us, we may well look forward to this change in the near future.

We are pleased to note that many of our successful athletes are staying with us for another year—Victor Anbu the Champion medalist, Terence Rozario the all-rounder, N. A. Rengaswamy the steeplechaser, K. Chinnaswamy and V. R. Ramaswamy the Shot Put rivals, and Kuruvilla the lithe-bodied and great-hearted vaulter. With a good nucleus of athletes ready for the team next year, we should be able to make a bold bid for the Inter-Collegiate athletic laurels. It behoves them indeed to keep themselves in excellent form for the "big game" of next year.

Conclusion

Before concluding we wish all success in life to our outgoing sportsmen, and trust that in whatever they do they will be animated by the spirit of true sportsmanship which they have imbibed on the College fields, the spirit with which

"We play the game for the game's sake;

We play for our team, and carry out our Captain's orders without question or criticism;

We accept the Umpire's decision absolutely;

We win without swank and lose without grouching".

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Changes in Staff

SINCE the last issue of the Magazine, Capt. C. B. Ponnappa has left us after three years' service as Commandant to rejoin his unit, the 5th. Royal Bn. Mahratta Light Infantry. Few of us perhaps realise the immense good he did for the Corps. Company Commanders necessarily have more dealings with the Commandant than others and they know what a keen interest he had in the Corps and how readily he gave of his best towards its efficient working. The best tribute to him is the impetus he gave for the development of initiative and ability among Non-commissioned ranks, the vast improvements he effected in the amenities as well as the military atmosphere of camp life, and above all the close connection he brought about between the University authorities and the members of the Corps. Even at the farewell function which our Detachment arranged in his honour on 17th. February, he did not indulge in platitudes, but spoke out his heart. His exhortation to us on this occasion to cultivate a manly bearing, a well balanced sense of discipline and a genuine interest and pride in what one was doing is thoroughly characteristic of him. We wish him the best of success in his future work, and trust that he will always look back with pleasure on his period of service here.

We welcome in his place Major K. C. Chakko, our new Commandant, and Captain K. S. Thimayya, from 19th Hyderabad Regiment, our new Adjutant Major K. C. Chakko is the oldest of our Officers; and "old wine needs no bush." Captain K. S. Thimayya comes to us with a reputation not only for military zeal, but also for athletic talents and accomplishment. We feel confident that the welfare of the Corps is safe in their hands.

Mention must also be made of the transfer of R. S. M. C. Kearns to the Nilgiri Malabar Battalion. He has been in the Corps since its beginning, and has the credit of having shaped the first batch of our College Cadets in 1922, when he was here as our S/Sgt. Out of sight did not mean out of mind to him; for we know that even after he left for Madras, the Trichinopoly Detachment has always received his warm attention in Camps. Our Bugle Band particularly is indeed more deeply

U. T. C. NOTES: 1935-36

indebted to him than we well know how to acknowledge. For these reasons specially we are sorry to lose his services.

We have also to welcome S/Sgt. F. Rex, who is now back in our midst after a year's furlough home, and whose interest in our working is as keen as ever.

Strength

That the Corps is still a popular institution is evident from the number of applicants for enrolment. Soon after the reopening of the College, our Contingent was at full strength after filling the gaps made by the departure of last year's Cadets. In fact we had a dozen Recruits in excess, and as we could not exceed our authorized strength they were rendered surplus. We have to express our regret for the disappointment caused to them.

Bugle Band

We were fortunate in being able to raise a Bugle Band this year. Its personnel came mostly from the Boarding Cadets. Though its training started only in October, it acquitted itself well in Camp, not only by alleviating the rigours of our Route Marches, but also by enlivening us during the visits of H. E. the Governor of Madras and our District Commander, Major-General G. Fleming, C. B., C. B. E., D. S. O. Our special thanks are due to Rev. A. Haas, S. J. for readily sparing us the services of J. Jesudoss, our Band Trainer.

Attendance

The percentage of attendance at parades during the year was 87.6, which shows an increase of 4 per cent on our last year's record. We wish to congratulate particularly our N. C. O's and Recruits on their regular attendance at parades.

We had hoped to retain the Camp Attendance Cup, but lost it owing to the absence of two Cadets. Cadet T. M. Sundararaj could not go as he was laid up with fever, and Cadet V. T. Joseph would not go because..... Whatever the causes, we lost the trophy, and regrets now are unavailing.

Training

Our training has been much as usual except for two changes. The first of these is the adoption of the syllabus of training for O. T. C. Junior

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Division (England) as a trial measure. This enabled us to arrange for a series of lectures on Minor Tactics, which were appreciated by our N. C. O's and Cadets, obviously because they were a welcome change from the dull routine and sweat of drill. A Tactical Exercise would have been an impressive finale, but could not be held owing to want of time and facilities.

The other change was the substitution of the Long Range by Miniature Range for the Recruits Musketry Course. While this obviates the necessity of going out to the Cantonment Range for the course, it embarrasses us with the difficulty of finding a site for the Miniature Range at no great distance from the College. We are extremely grateful to Father Principal for his kind assurance to provide us with a site for this range in the near future. We are no less grateful to the Rev. F. Watson, Manager of the Bishop Heber High School, for allowing us temporarily the use of the present range at the Singara Tope.

We are happy to mention that we had an instructive demonstration of Rifle Exercises, Platoon Drill and Section Battle Formations on our ground on 12th October 1935, thanks to the kindness of the Officer Commanding the Trichinopoly Detachment of the 3rd. Bn. (Queen Mary's Own) Baluch Regiment. It is needless to say with what mute admiration we witnessed the excellent performance, and what impression it left on us. But, pstt! Right about.....turn!

Annual Camp

We had a very enjoyable Camp at Pallavaram between the 8th and 22nd December 1935, though the end of it provided us an unpleasant surprise; for our Cadets were deprived of the time-honoured privilege of travelling on free Railway Warrants from Camp to their homes, and were obliged by a new regulation to return to Trichinopoly. We earnestly hope that our Headquarters' endeavours to get back the concession will bear fruit.

We are glad to be able to report that we did creditably well in Inter-Company Competitions in Camp. We won the Hockey Cup, and were Runners-up in the Football League. In the Willingdon Shield Competitions our Contingent not only proved a worthy rival to those of Madras, but actually finished second among the eight contingents, and had a rich bagging of individual trophies and prizes.* But we missed once again the much coveted Willingdon Shield. If only boys of sound physique and athletic

* A detailed account of our Camp achievements has appeared in the January issue of this Magazine.

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talents—and there are a considerable number of these outside our fold—consider it an honour to serve their ALMA MATER by joining the College Contingent, the day for achieving the Shield will not be far off. Meanwhile we would ask our Cadets to develop the competitive spirit.

Inter-Platoon Championship

A healthy sign in this direction was the enthusiasm with which our Platoons took part in Platoon Championship competitions held in February 1936. We must congratulate 13 Platoon on winning Dr. A. Mathuram Drill Cup and Athletic Sports; 14 Platoon on winning Hockey, Football, Sir T. Desikachari Musketry Cup, and Father Leigh Platoon Championship Shield; and 15 Platoon on beating their last year's record both in Hockey and Musketry.

Our Cadets at the University Examinations

That our Cadets regarded their military training as necessary by-plays, and not the end in itself, is proved by the success they achieved in the March University Examinations, statistics of which are given below.

Class.	No. appeared.	No. passed.	Remarks.
Post-grad. & Hons.	3	3	All passed II Class.
B. Sc.	7	7	One " I " One " II "
B. A.	English 11	7	{ One " I " One " I " One " II "
	Language 13	11	
	Subject 12	8	
Inter.	17	Full passes. 10 Passed 2 pts. 5. " 1 pt. 1.	Two " I "

Cheerio, Comrades! We wish you all bright prospects in life, and hope that you will distinguish yourselves wherever you go by the smart deportment which is the hall mark of a soldier.

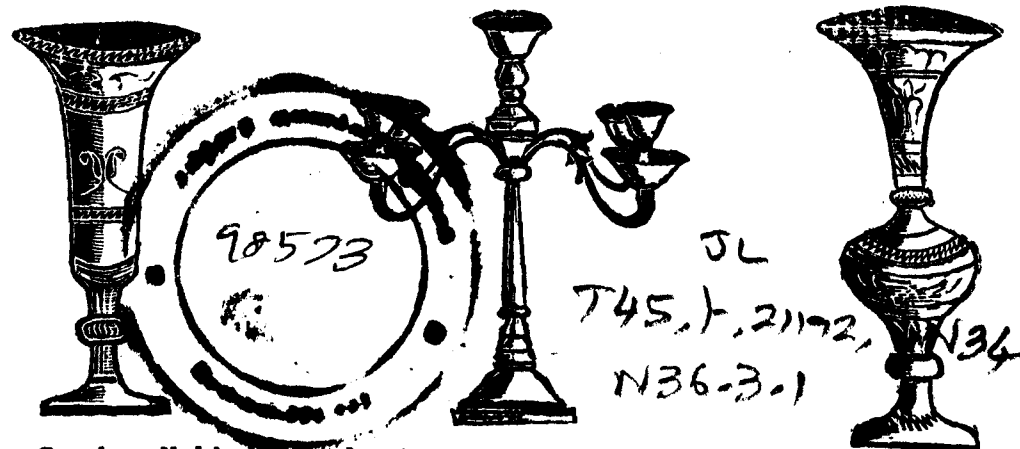
"The graces, the graces, remember the graces".

Exchanges

THE ST. ALOYSIUS' HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, JUBBULPUR.
 THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADURA.
 THE BISHOP HEBER SCHOOL MAGAZINE.
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 CATHOLIC ACTION, BOMBAY.
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 ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, UMERKHADI, BOMBAY.
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 THE KING GEORGE MEDICAL COLLEGE CLINICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL, LUCKNOW.
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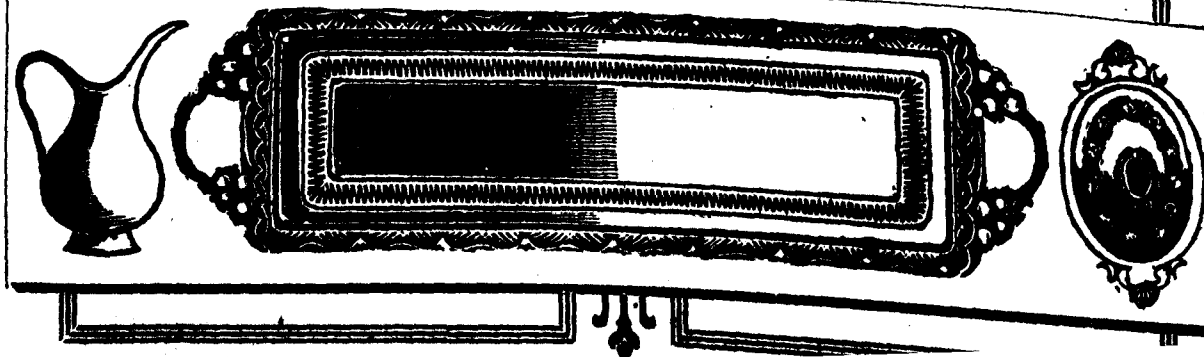
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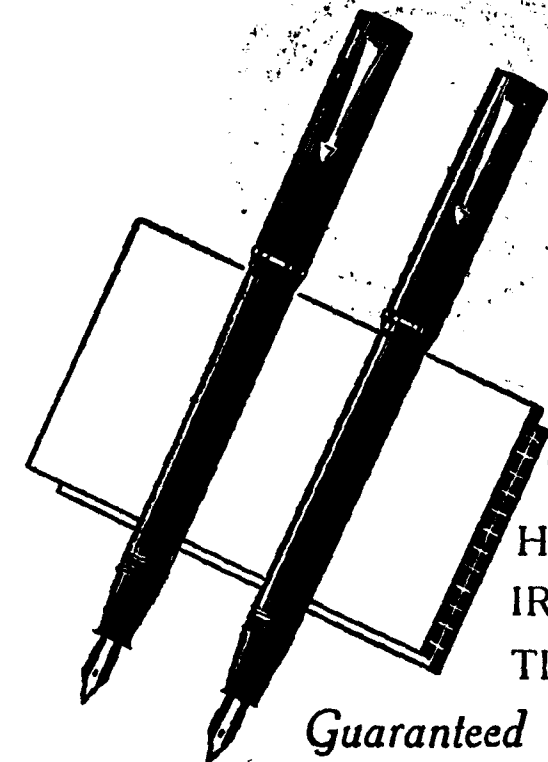
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