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1937-September

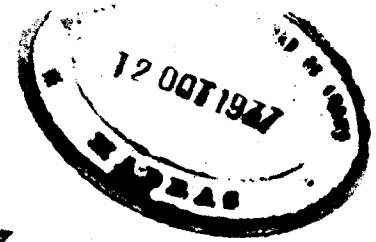
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MAGAZINE

TRICHINOPOLY
SEPTEMBER 1937

CONVOCATION GROUP 1937



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Algernon Charles Swinburne

A Centenary Revaluation

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

IN the literary Stock Exchange the price of the Swinburnes has been steadily falling, and in recent years it is not even quoted on the pages of newspapers. After dubious beginnings in the decade preceding 1865, what an astonishing boom the Swinburnes had in the sixties and the seventies, almost challenging comparison with the Tennysons! The Swinburnes then were a perfectly safe investment, a gilt-edged security almost! Later Victorian and Edwardian fluctuations in the market pulled the Swinburnes rather low, but even as late as 1910 no one could have predicted their imminent fate. But there are cycles in these, as in other things. Who could have thought some fifty years ago that the Donnes would now be quoted so high, that the Beddoeses and Christopher Smarts would now be on the market at all! If the Swinburnes are ever to rise, there is here a golden opportunity, for April 5, 1937, was the centenary of the birth of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Algernon's ancestors, on his father's as well as mother's sides, were beyond question aristocratic. His mother, Lady Jane, was a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, and having been educated abroad, was proficient in French and Italian, and would read to her children in a beautiful and impressive way. His father, Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, a competent sailor, far more interested in mechanical inventions than in the fine arts, stood in the eyes of his son as a symbol of rough-hewn dexterity and sea adventure. The holder of the baronetcy at the time of Algernon's birth was his seventy-six-year-old grandfather, Sir John Swinburne, whose exciting stories about tyrants and wild horses, Voltaire and Mirabeau, produced a remarkable spell on the future poet in the dense walks of the ancestral family seat at Caphaeton. It was something to trace one's lineage from the gentry of Northumberland, to be connected with a baronetcy established for about two centuries. But Algernon's incurably and unsatiably romantic temperament craved for other and more exotic glory. In later years he used to speak of curious constituents in his blood, claiming incredible kinship with exiled Jacobites, fabulous border barons, de Polignac princesses and even with the notorious Marquis de Sade and perhaps with royal Hotapur as well!

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Algernon's childhood and early boyhood were spent in his father's place, East Dene, only four miles distant from Northcourt, the residence of Lady Mary Gordon, sister to Lady Jane. The Swinburne and Gordon children were often together

"With lifelong music of memorial joys
Where thought held life and dream in equipoise."

Algernon with his red curls and generally insinuating sweet voice, dominated the company; there were games, exultations and disappointments; there was occasionally even the breaking of one's leg or of one's nose. More occasionally still, the clever Admiral would be testing his son's agility with his fingers: but, short and stout, they merely fumbled and blundered at carpentry. Meanwhile young Algernon was reading the best English classics, forgetting himself for hours at a stretch; and he was no stranger either to the perennial rhythms of the Bible. Music and poetry, the alluring cliffs and the still more alluring sea, joy rides in parks and plains to the delectation of cousins, the religious other-world ecstasy of receiving the sacrament—these things shot Algernon's early life with the rich and serene respectability of an aristocratic Victorian home. Summer came and Algernon rushed to the ample, ever ramifying cousinhood at Caphaeton, to listen to Sir John's discourses on the Rights of Man and on the Social Contract, to participate in feats of swimming and of horsemanship. May be the sea planted in him the fantastic desire to become a lighthouse-keeper, as horsemanship made him yearn to be a soldier knight-errant. To young Swinburne may be applied the words descriptive of Arthur Clavering in the juvenile play, *The Sisters*:

"Just a hot-head still—
The very schoolboy that I knew you first
On fire with admiration and with love
Of someone or something, always."

Beautiful and spoilt, intelligent and capricious, adventurous and unhealthy. Algernon Swinburne at the age of 12 must have been most intriguing to the beholder.

The Easter of 1849 found Swinburne at Eton, with a volume of Bowdler's Shakespeare tucked under his arm. For the next four years he stayed at Eton, neither redolently happy nor altogether miserable, neither good nor bad in his studies. He generally kept himself aloof, from the boys as well as the games. Not that Swinburne was unsocial or was a sheer bookworm. The fascination of his eyes, of his excellent bearing, of his

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feats of skill and daring though few and far between, won for Swinburne the esteem and affection of his contemporaries at Eton. He ground at Classics and mastered French; he was at work in the library, reading desultorily, reading and dreaming. One book in particular, Lamb's *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*, was almost a revelation to Swinburne. From the specimens he proceeded to explore the originals and read the works of Webster, Tourneur, Middleton and the rest of the lesser Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. There were other exciting encounters besides; a month or two after going to Eton, Swinburne had the good fortune to meet the aged and venerable Wordsworth, when two Ages touched, and young Swinburne imagined himself in the seventh heaven of happiness. On another occasion, the boy met the octogenarian poet, Samuel Rogers, who made the very appropriate remark, "I prophesy that you will be a poet too." Queer urges and thrills were coursing through the boy's veins and signs of a growing distemper were causing anxiety to his tutors. In July 1853 it was thought advisable to remove Algernon from Eton and for the next two years and a half he was placed under private tutors. During the return voyage from Ostend to Dover, after the visit to Germany in July 1855, Swinburne experienced the violent thunderstorm that was to inspire several passages in his poetry in the years to come. These years of adolescence also confirmed him in his adoration of Shelley, and Landor and of Victor Hugo, who was the rage in contemporary France.

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In January 1857 Swinburne went to Balliol College, Oxford. His arrival was most odd, and struck the undergraduates pink: that combination of beauty and grotesqueness, of dignity and easy disdain, of sincerity and elfin Satanism, was at once a lure and a challenge, shocking the equanimity of Balliol. Swinburne followed the Oxford Movement for a time, but soon gave it up under the overwhelming influence of John Nicol, author decades hence of a useful primer of English Composition. Bryce and T. H. Green, Dicey and G. R. Luke, Nicol and Swinburne, formed the Old Mortality Society and talked of revolutions, swore by Mazzini and detested Napoleon. Nicol encouraged Swinburne to revel in the heady wine of Carlylean rhetoric—to revel even in wine strictly material. The youthful group reacted, or pretended to react, against the vogue of the Laureate's poems and sought eagerly new idols to worship. It was novelty for novelty's sake rather than against something specific in Tennyson's published verse or for something distinctly 'new' in Browning Arnold, Ruskin and the rest of the new crew. But Swinburne persevered;

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he met Morris, Burne-Jones and Rossetti, and a new horizon of strange, illimitable visions opened before him and quickened him to song. The first canto of *Queen Yseult* that appeared in the inaugural number of *Undergraduate Papers*, the poem on Sir John Franklin that was rejected by the Newdigate examiners, and a few immature verse plays belong to Swinburne's Oxford period. His failure to win the Newdigate twice was no doubt a galling disappointment; but this was counterbalanced by the friendly appreciation of Lady Trevelyan, to whose residence he was a constant visitor during his holidays at Caphaeton. But after all, Swinburne's Oxford period was to terminate as suddenly as his Eton period, and in like circumstances. His increasingly violent and disorderly behaviour that persisted in spite of all the sympathetic watchfulness of Jowett, led ultimately, in December 1860, to his being virtually forced to leave the University without a degree.

After Oxford—what next? There was a dubious correspondence between father and son on the subject. At length the Admiral was wise and generous enough to make an annual allowance of about £ 400 which enabled Swinburne to establish himself independently in London. Soon he got into touch with Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti and the other Pre-Raphaelites. The publication of his two undergraduate dramas, *Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*, had been a cause of disappointment. Swinburne worked fretfully at his various projected works, made an abortive experiment of living with the Rossettis and Meredith, travelled abroad and met Landor, proposed to Miss Simon who promptly laughed him in his face and so chagrined him to write *The Triumph of Time*, and got some of his poems published in *The Spectator*. As yet, however, Swinburne had not found his real voice, and his published poems reached but a very small audience.

In April 1865 Swinburne published his *Atalanta in Calydon*. Henceforth there could be no doubt that Swinburne had a marvellous command over the resources of language. Its theme didn't matter; in fact few were clever or careful enough to follow the story, and Mr. Welby remarked that "the only way of grasping the story is to read the argument." A mother kills her son because he has killed her brothers in self-defence: but this theme is merely an illustration of the fundamental tragedy of Man, "Fixed Fate—Free Will." Swinburne's choruses to the poem became immensely popular. The excrescent chorus on the cold ruthlessness of gods became the Gospel according to the typical Bright Young Thing of the day. A hotch-potch of Fitz-Gerald and Voltaire, this chorus has yet a strange beauty of phrasing and intensity of feeling:

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"A little fruit a little while is ours,
And the worm finds it soon.".....

"All we are against thee, against thee, O God most High."

Swinburne accurately described *Atalanta* as "an attempt to do something original in English which might in some degree reproduce for English readers the likeness of a Greek tragedy." The final section of the tragedy is the most articulate and moving. The mother's prolonged wail, first for her brothers and afterwards for her son, the son's wailing and sighing colloquy with the chorus in supple, sad rhythm, the son's magnificent dying speech, these are among the peaks of Swinburne's poetry.

With *Atalanta*, Swinburne had shed his purely extraneous influences and established himself on Parnassus. *Poems and Ballads, First Series*, containing over fifty pieces, was published in 1866. Complimentary odes to Victor Hugo and Landor and autobiographical lyrical narratives like *The Triumph of Time* and *A Leave-Taking* rubbed shoulders with the ambiguous emanations of *Dolores*, *Anactoria* and *Hymn to Proserpine*. In Stedman's words, "here was a series of wild and Gothic pieces, full of sensuous and turbid passion, lavishing a prodigious wealth of music and imagery upon the most perilous themes, and treating them in an openly defiant manner." Swinburne became more than famous; he became notorious. Victorian prudery was shocked; Morley called Swinburne "the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs"; Swinburne, Rossetti and the other Pre-Raphaelites were collectively derided as the Fleshy School of poetry. However, the praises were as fulsome as the criticisms were uncompromising. Meanwhile, Swinburne had an opportunity of meeting his idol, Mazzini, though this did not immediately lead to any change in his mode of life. His fits of violence, of drunkenness, of recklessness, continued. Gradually Mazzini's influence told; Swinburne resolved to give up the stimulations of youth and consecrate himself to the service of Nationalism and Liberty; and *Songs Before Sunrise* was the result. Besides several more or less unconvincing poems on his Italian experiences, the volume contained the justly famous invocations to Liberty in its different aspects. *Hertha*, a clear and vibrant jet of melody, is the testament of the Teutonic earth-goddess; and its stanzas are the current coin of the liberated and the revolutionaries. During the next few years Swinburne published the huge tragedy, *Bothwell*, *Erechtheus*, a sort of companion piece to *Atalanta*, and *Poems and Ballads, Second Series*. These were the years of the Swinburnian apotheosis in Victorian England. Mr. Nicolson thus vividly describes the phenomenon: "His name, the name of Swinburne, in the

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early seventies! How can we recapture the faith and fire which it then aroused? A flaming symbol of emancipation, the very wine of freedom, the zest of heresy, the whole music of passion; a group of fevered undergraduates swaying arm in arm together along the Turl chanting the stanzas of *Dolores*; a young man alone pacing a room in London intoning *Anactoria* to the early dawn; the surreptitious ferment in those English homes from which the books were banned; the wide adventure and the wider hope; the excitement of discovery; the sharp throb of youth." A Victorian D. H. Lawrence? A worse? or a better? A disturbing portent, a deleterious influence, an un-Victorian byproduct!

The success, the notoriety, made him lose his balance; the poet was lost in the eccentric, the new god often degenerated into a satyr. Swinburne became irritatingly querulous and quarrelsome; he quarrelled with his best friends, he tilted against the Shakespeare Society, he drank brandy, he spent a "boisterous month" with his College friend, Nicol, and in September 1879 he was a dying man. His friend and man of business, Watts-Dunton, removed him to "No. 2, The Pines", in Putney, where the poet recovered and lived on and on. Swinburne was cured of his excessive addiction to drink and was transformed into a respectable, amiable country gentleman. Under that severe though friendly vigilance, Swinburne persevered in the profession of letters, and during the next thirty years he published about 25 volumes, verse narratives, plays, miscellanies, monographs. Mr. A. C. Benson who paid a visit to "No. 2, The Pines" during this period describes the old poet as looking like "a little rather faded don, a large and dome-like forehead, quite bald, small watery uncertain eyes, a little red aquiline nose, and a ragged reddish beard grown in irregular wisps." The quantities of verse published during these thirty years, *Songs of the Springtides*, *Studies in Song*, *A Century of Roundels*, *A Midsummer Holiday*, *Poems and Ballads, Third Series*, and *A Channel Passage*, are all so vapidly similar and monotonous that occasional successes like "In Harbour" and "A Flowerpiece by Fantin" are quite lost in the dull crowd. His prose too, notwithstanding superb and illuminating studies like *William Blake* and *A Study of Shakespeare*, has in mass the same defects of diffuseness and exaggeration. He had far too many prejudices and far too many unreasoning exultations to be a reliable guide to literature. Nor were his ecstasies maintained with any consistency throughout his life; he unblushingly repudiated, under the respectable influence of Watts-Dunton, his earlier enthusiasm for Whitman, Whistler and Baudelaire. Clearly, Victorianism had taken its belated revenge on the Satanic

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rebel, the Swinburne of the *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs Before Sunrise*. Swinburne, like Wordsworth before him, lived long enough to revise his youthful opinions and convictions, to write the atrocious *Songs After Sunset*, those jingles screaming denial of freedom and exulting in worse than slavery. No wonder Swinburne's admirers are to this day merciless towards Watts-Dunton, who for all his egotism and pettifogging behaviour towards the poet's other friends, had meant well and preserved his life for thirty years. Be that as it may, Swinburne apparently lived a happy life at "No. 2, The Pines", following an unaltering routine through the hurrying decades. Few exciting things happened during this period, the only noticeable events being the publication of the various works. In November 1903, there was an attack of pneumonia, but Swinburne recovered. In April 1909, there was another and a more severe attack; and a few days after his seventy-third birthday, on April 10, he died, murmuring, in a dying fall, choruses from Aeschyles and Sophocles.

About thirty years after his death, it is a little difficult now to explain the reaction against Swinburne. Why isn't Swinburne read today? Why is it impossible for most of us to "stand" his copious verses and his voluminous prose? Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Morris, even Meredith and Rossetti, have their admirers today and they all have their academic cliques and vogues. But Swinburne is a different matter. We begin with the famous *Atalanta* and at once the fluency and the galloping anapaests overpower us and we are for a time held in subjection:

"Maiden and mistress of the months and stars
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven..."
"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain..."

Instead of these any other six lines from Swinburne could be quoted at random, for he is always fluent, alliterative and quite slippery in intellectual content. The word 'flowerless' in the second line above was the fourth word Swinburne had tried, the others being "happy" "rayless" and "sleepless"; obviously, Swinburne was not in search of a word to express some specific idea in his mind but only in search of some sound to alliterate with the 'fs' and 'ls' in "folded" and "fields". This is no isolated instance, but the rule with Swinburne. His emotion was an extremely general emotion, his words have a phonetic rather than a semantic significance, his poetry is the poetry of diffusion and not of compression or

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of concentration. A stanza or two at a time may arrest our attention, stimulate the senses, seem to open on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn; but a succession of the same rhythms, with similar vague imagery, cloyes our appetite, numbs our sensibilities, becomes a dead narcotic; meanwhile the helpless lips drone the numbers, ineffectually, with no mental response. A time comes, sooner than later, when the ear cannot distinguish between the genius and mortal instruments in Swinburne, when the mind is totally insensitive to the worst as well as the best in his poetry. In *Back to Methuselah*, Part IV, Bernard Shaw speaks of "dead thought"; when reading *Atalanta* and *Poems and Ballads* and *Song Before Sunrise* (not to speak of the lesser works) one is reminded of that curious phrase. The verses seem to be beautiful English, English words, sonorously, exquisitely, even grammatically manipulated. But one is constantly puzzled about the meaning; the verses seem to be after all stuffed with a species of "dead thought." Mr. T. S. Elliot says the same thing, though more indirectly: "He uses the most general word, because his emotion is never particular, never in direct line of vision, never focussed; it is emotion reinforced, not by intensification but by expansion. It is, in fact, the word that gives him the thrill, not the object. When you take to pieces any verse of Swinburne, you find always that the object was not there—only the word." The haziness of Swinburne is infinitely worse than the alleged obscurity of Browning and is due to just the contrary reason. In Browning, too much thought is concentrated in language too inadequate, and often unmusical at that. But in Swinburne the thought is nebulous and sometimes doesn't exist. It can uncharitably be remarked that whereas Browning is the poet for those who will con each line under a fatiguing critical microscope, Swinburne is the poet for those who will read aloud those interminably sweet verses and will think of something else all the time! Swinburne himself realised in one of his lucid intervals the queer excesses in his style and parodied his own poetry in *Nephelidia*:

"Flushed with the famishing fullness of fever that reddens
with radiance of rathe recreation,

Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through the
gloom of the gloaming when ghosts go aghast?"

It is an ironic reflection that to the reader of to-day some of Swinburne's most enjoyable verses are his parodies of himself and of Tennyson, the Brownings, Lord Lytton and Coventry Patmore.

Swinburne's overdoing verbal felicities in his verse was bad enough: but there was a more fundamental reason why he failed to be articulate in

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poetry. His emotional life was a pitifully static affair; he never "grew" in his mental or spiritual stature after his twentieth year; the major part of his life was lived in a vacuum of his and Mr. Watts-Dunton's making, a thing of books and childish impishness and sour respectability. Books and talk about books, never a whiff of the life-giving breeze from the seething world outside! The little boyish experience of a few years, as vague and as imperfect as that, had to do duty to thousands of pages of verse, and in result the original emotions were beaten out, thinned out, refined and rarefied out of existence. Words like freedom, liberty, revolution, were shouted at the audience ad nauseum; descriptions became more and more general, imagery less and less precise; and poetry became a dim, sleeping draught, not an assault of beauty and of wild desire and serene fulfilment. As Mr. W. J. Turner recently asseverated, "We do not feel, when reading Swinburne, extended and enriched, but narrowed and restricted... There is in it no illumination, no revelation, such as we look for from great poetry." The particular, the concrete, they are again and again smothered in the cheerless and futile insubstantiality of the general, the abstract. Swinburne was wrong at the centre, though revolving with fair velocity and radiating sparks from the circumference. Some of his poems on Freedom are as rhetorical as Byron at his worst and far less effectively. The great poet has to evolve the twin harmonies of the mind with the universe, and of the idea with the sound; he has to function as a rallying point, a synopting vision, resolving the dichotomies that perplex lesser folk into a convincing synthesis, into a purposive whole. Swinburne could not do that, nor tried to do that. He could not lisp the still sad music of humanity, he was too boisterous; he could not lash the age and ridicule its vain pretensions, he was not serious enough. The late Arthur Clutton-Brock, in the course of his obituary notice on Swinburne, described him "as a wonderful visitor to this earth . . . like an angel of Florentine 15th century art, impish and beautiful, and the more beautiful because impish." Reading Sir Edmund Gosse's standard biography of Swinburne, one learns to like the boy who never grew old, whose follies and prejudices were as lovable as his kindness and general courage, whose passion for Aeschyles and Sophocles, Blake and Collins, Victor Hugo and Landor was on this side idolatry, who after all, in Mr. Osbert Burdett's words, has set the English language to a "thunder of music" as no one else has done before. Neither a great man, nor a very great poet, but a man who had the elements so mixed in him that they won the admiration and affection of some of the best spirits of the time, and a poet whose place on Parnassus is nonetheless secure for not being pre-eminent, that is how Swinburne strikes us to-day, in the centenary year of his birth!

Symposium on Chemical Kinetics

by Y. Lourdu, S.J., Enghien, Belgium*

LOUVAIN, like many other European universities, enjoys the good fortune of having chairs founded for eminent foreign scientists. This year, Prof. Taylor of Princeton University, United States of America, was invited to occupy the "Chaire Francqui" for six months, and to give a course of lectures and direct research work on chemical kinetics.

Since his arrival at Louvain in February, he has been lecturing on Wednesdays to University students on reaction kinetics, and on Thursdays to research students and physics and chemistry professors of the various Belgian universities. A brilliant lecturer, up-to-date and savant, clear and precise in his exposition, a first-rate research scholar, active and devoted to those working under him, he has been exceedingly popular in the lecture room and in the laboratory.

To render his lectures more profitable and to enable the Louvain scholars to discuss with outside chemists, engaged in thermal and photo-chemical reactions, their research work on kinetics, largely confined to reactions initiated by α -particles, Prof. Taylor arranged for a symposium at Louvain on April the 15th, 16th, 17th. He invited eminent scientists from Austria, Germany, France, Holland and England. At the opening session at Brussels, the Louvain scientists presented brief reports of their work. This enabled the visitors to take it into account in their lectures. The rest of the symposium at Louvain was exclusively the work of the latter. Each confined himself to the exposition of the research done by himself and by his collaborators in the laboratory from which he came. The languages used were French, English and German.

Among the lecturers, the outstanding figure was, undoubtedly, Prof. Bodenstein of Berlin University. Prof. Taylor introduced him to the audience with a gently humorous remark, that with greater truth than certain leaders of the modern states, Prof. Bodenstein might say: "Reaction

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SYMPOSIUM ON CHEMICAL KINETICS

Kinetics, c'est moi." Few would contest his right to the lion's share in the development of this branch of physical chemistry. Even the discovery of the "atomic reactions" has its real origin in the classical experiments of Bodenstein and Lind on the combination of Hydrogen and Bromine. It is needless to draw attention to his invaluable contribution to the study of the Hydrogen-Chlorine reaction whose beginnings date back to the middle of the last century and whose final solution is still under discussion. Prof. Bodenstein took this same reaction for his lecture

His critical review of the important stages in the development of the subject was masterly. But as regards the actual difficulty in the way of the final solution of the problem, namely, the reconciling of the formation of the intermediate compound, Hydrogen Peroxide, with the high quantum yield of Hydrogen Chloride formed, and the presence of an atomic chain mechanism, he modestly refused to give a final word. His conclusion might be summed up in the words of Hinshelwood: "This Monna Lisa of chemical reactions still smiles its bewitching smile leaving us in doubt whether even as yet the secret has been completely fathomed."

Prof. Bonhoeffer of Leipzig University, the discoverer, in 1929, of ortho- and para-Hydrogen, which has been hailed as a triumph for the New Quantum Mechanics, and an authority on photo-chemistry, lectured on the reactions catalysed by Hydrogen ions.

Of the five young English chemists, mention ought to be made of three in particular. Dr. Melville, a brilliant young Scotchman of Cambridge, spoke on the homogeneous exchange reactions of Hydrides and Deuterides. The importance of this subject is evident. With the discovery of Deuterium by Urey in 1932, the research scholars realised, at once, its possibilities in the development of reaction kinetics. Clearly differentiated from its lighter isotope, the ordinary Hydrogen in its mass, velocity, zero-point energy and hence in its activation energy and in all its kinetic properties, which it naturally communicates to its compounds, Deuterium has proved an excellent tool in the study of the more complicated reaction-mechanisms. One has but to turn the pages of the recent physics and physical chemistry journals to get an idea of the advances made in this direction with the help of Deuterium.

The lecture of Dr. Pearson of London, on free radicals as intermediates in chemical processes, had, in view, a double purpose: to assure the sceptic of the existence of free radicals and to warn the over-enthusiast

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against imaginary free radicals. From the time that Paneth and Hofeditz definitely isolated the free methyl radicals in their brilliant researches of 1930, the free radicals have rapidly grown in number, to mention a few: NH_2 , CH_3 , HO_2 , etc., and in their importance as intermediates in gaseous reactions. Neither their existence nor their utility in gas kinetics can be called in question. But the danger lies in the temptation to postulate fictitious and "ad hoc" free radicals to explain away any difficult reaction mechanism with which one may be confronted, especially when their experimental identification is not possible. Dr. Pearson explained briefly the different methods now available to produce and identify free radicals, to determine their life periods, and drew attention to the experimental limits beyond which we cannot go without running the risk of dealing with imaginary radicals.

Before introducing Dr. Evans of Manchester, it may be remarked that the study of the energetics of chemical reactions from a theoretical standpoint based on quantum mechanics, was first begun by Polanyi and later taken up by Eyring. The two important centres, at present, engaged in this line of research are Princeton with Eyring, and Manchester with Polanyi and Evans. They are able to calculate from purely theoretical considerations, the total potential energies of the individual reactants in a chemical process, and predict from their surface potential energy curves, the possibility and the direction of the reaction under a given set of conditions. Is it too good to be true? Anyhow, not long ago, Eyring who had no definite situations at the time, happened to give a lecture at Princeton, at which Prof. Taylor was present, to demonstrate conclusively from his surface energy curves of Hydrogen and Fluorine that they would not react at all in the pure state. And the experiment soon confirmed the theoretical conclusion of Eyring. Soon after, Prof. Taylor said to Eyring: "In that case, you deserve to be my colleague." And now Eyring is on the staff of physical chemistry at Princeton.

It is in view of the interest and the promising character of the subject that Dr. Evans chose to speak on the "transition state" in chemical reactions. In a clear, intelligible manner, he explained the fundamental principles, and postulates and the probability functions involved in the theoretical calculations of the typical homogeneous system containing the three Hydrogens: Protium, Deuterium and Tritium.

Oddly enough, the first two lectures of the symposium were devoted, not to the reaction kinetics but to the Raman Effect. Its importance,

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however even in chemistry amply justified its place in the symposium. The first lecture was given by Prof. Kohlrausch of Gratz University on the Raman Spectrum and the molecular constitution, in particular, of the cyclic compounds: hexane, pentane, etc. The second was by Prof. Dupont of Paris on the Raman Effect and its applications in chemistry. With the characteristic eloquence of the Southerner (he is from the South of France), he resumed, in an interesting lecture, the remarkable results obtained by means of the Raman Spectrum in the isolation, the identification and the constitution of Terpene compounds which, by their instability and complexity, are the despair of the organic chemist. From his many interesting examples, one might be cited, in which even the French Government was concerned. With a view to exercising an effective control on the importation of large quantities of Terebinthine oil of a suspected quality from America, the French Government basing its conclusion on the pure variety at its disposal, passed a regulation fixing the physical properties which the standard oil must possess. Prof. Dupont had the curiosity to examine the purity of the so-called pure oil of the government by this Raman test and found that it contained not more than 20%-30%, if I am not mistaken, of the pure Terebinthine.

The remaining lectures were on the quantitative aspects of chemical reaction in the electric discharge, by Dr. Lunt of London and limit phenomena and sensitisers in gaseous explosions by Dr. Emeleus of London; the kinetics of polymerisation processes by Prof. Mark of Vienna, and the formation of mono-molecular layers on oxide surfaces by Dr. De Boer of Holland.

The following little incident may be mentioned by way of conclusion. After the lecture of Prof. Bodenstein, I was kindly introduced to him by Prof. Taylor. During the conversation, the subject of his lecture came in and I happened to tell him that, while preparing for my examination at Calcutta, I had taken, at least, fifty pages of notes on the Hydrogen-Chlorine combination, containing all the involved, interminably long equations proposed for the reaction mechanism. Rather surprised, he said that the German students would absolutely refuse to reproduce such equations in the examination. I quietly added that we, in India, had no such objection, but only we never work them out in the laboratory. A little less of theory and a little more of practice would do our science students plenty of good, for experimental research is the very soul of the physical sciences.

The Scented Ribbon

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

MR. Balaram, a retired railway clerk, was the proprietor of a second hand bookshop. His extreme good nature and jovial spirit attracted a great many friends and acquaintances who, however, made use of their friendship only to borrow books. Mr. Balaram did not grumble since he took up the business more out of his love for books than any desire to make profit.

Young Mr. Raghu was one of Balaram's friendly customers. He was punctual in his daily attendance and patronised a particular shelf packed with detective novels. He often discussed with Balaram, the special characteristics of various detectives portrayed in the novels.

One day, as he was poring over the contents of Fireshock's "Murdering the Universe," he came across a small piece of pink ribbon (somewhere in the middle of the book.) It emitted the faint odour of a certain German perfume used very rarely in his home. As he gazed at the object, his imagination took fire, and pictured the lady who had used the ribbon as a bookmark.

The detective spirit possessed him. Could he not get enough clues from the book to trace the owner of the ribbon? One by one, scrutinising every page he carefully turned over the leaves. Nearly at the end of the book he observed a scribble. He scanned the letters and with great difficulty read:

Good Heavens! These people areless
...s there no ...cape?

Indeed here was something interesting! life was not always so dull as he thought. Raghu set to work in right earnest. He read and re-read the words and deduced a few important conclusions just in the very manner of detective Sandspin.

The words expressed the innermost thoughts of a person in misery. The degree of dryness of the ink indicated that the writing was quite recent. The e's, the a's and the o's clearly proved a feminine hand.

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Raghu removed another book from the shelf. He was hot on the scent; he had already begun to smell something in the air. He encountered the following words written by the same hand.

"Good Heavens! Shall I commit....."

"Suicide" completed Raghu and felt like Detective Write-water cent per cent. Surely the air was thicker when he discovered another clue,

"To Jubilee Park, Leela?"

Raghu selected about twenty novels which were likely to give him more clues about this romantic (so he decided) young lady, and bought the lot, leaving Mr. Balaram spell-bound.

After a full night's investigation the slave of Balaram's book shelf decided to grace the Jubilee park with his presence. The first flush of victory in his new work had imparted to him a sense of responsibility so deep that he would consider himself failing in his duty if he did not seek out the damsel in distress.

He went into the park, but since nothing happened immediately, the waiting taxed him. However when he began to smell a new familiar perfume he sniffed at the air more vigorously, and turned towards the entrance.

A boy and a girl were pulling at the skirts of a young lady of sixteen. With an icefruit vendor and a Bombay Chuda man converging towards the trio and conjuring the little ones with their tempting cries, and the children, one tugging at the icefruit and the other already tasting the Chuda, she just managed to settle herself on the first stone bench which happened to be adjacent to Raghu's.

Raghu's detective glance had already sighted her pink ribbon. When she cried, "Leela, naughty girl," and began feeling for her purse, he grew more interested. And when she discovered that she had not brought her purse and looked like a deserted lamb, Raghu felt his supreme opportunity had come.

"Will you allow me to help you?" said he, and at the same time paid off the vendors without waiting for assent. Then he turned to face her wrath. But what a relief to be greeted with a smile of understanding and gratitude!

"Thank you, Sir," said she faintly, "if you would kindly give me your address, I shall have you repaid."

THE SCENTED RIBBON

"Thank you" replied Raghu highly gratified. "I visit the park daily and may be repaid in person to-morrow."

Raghu resumed his seat. Strangely enough, circumstances had smoothed his path. He had already earned the young lady's regard.

Next evening Raghu appeared in the park a little earlier. He strove to read a novel, but his eyes were always stealing towards the entrance. At last she made her appearance followed by the boy alone, and seated herself on the same bench.

"Good evening, you have not brought Leela?" said Raghu opening the conversation.

"No, you see, Sir, she is very unruly."

Just then Raghu purposely removed a piece of ribbon from his novel and pretended to smell it. He did not fail to notice a sudden look of surprise and interest that momentarily lit up her countenance.

"You have good taste in bookmarks, sir?" she said jerkily.

It was Raghu's turn to get surprised. "Why it is not mine, I found it in a novel in Mr. Balaram's bookshop. I always buy my novels there."

The girl sighed.

"Perhaps you know the owner" Raghu ventured.

She hesitated. "I do—yes" she saw brightening.

So Raghu was surely on the right track. He had only to gain her confidence.

In two or three days they had become very well acquainted.

"Sarah,"—he had been allowed to call her so—"will you be surprised if I tell you that I came to the park on the first day of our meeting only to see you?" began Raghu when they met again. Sarah did not seem to understand him.

"You remember that piece of ribbon?" the young man continued, "That and some scribbling in the novels sent me on the quest. Tell me, you are in distress, are you not?"

Sarah gazed at him with some surprise and much indignation.

"If I am, how does it concern you, Sir?"

THE SCENTED RIBBON

"I am sorry. I meant no offence. The thing is, it really pains me to see you in trouble."

"It seems you know more of me than I myself. You should know the cause of my distress also," she twitted him.

"I will guess if you allow me. You are compelled by your parents to marry somebody against your will?"

"If it be so, I do not see how you can help me."

"I meant no offence. I wanted to console you as best I could."

Little by little Raghu won the story from Sarah's own mouth.

Her parents had, according to the custom, arranged her engagement. "The intended bride-groom is uneducated, stupid, ugly, stingy, says my aunt," Sarah concluded.

Raghu taxed his brain to find a way out of this unhappy engagement. He had a wild desire to meet the girl's father and intercede on her behalf. But this he abandoned as imprudent and impertinent. However, he decided to get an introduction to her father. Boldly he proposed to escort Sarah home that evening. He was afraid she might decline the offer, but she gladly accepted.

As they reached Sarah's home a middle-aged man came out to receive her. Mr. Balaram of the bookshop! Raghu was surprised to meet Balaram there; so was Balaram to see him.

"I have something to tell you," said Mr. Balaram, addressing Raghu. "I have already settled the dowry with your parents for Sarah's marriage. It remains for you to give your consent."

It took some time for Raghu to take in the situation fully. Then he had an important request to make.

"May I see Sarah's aunt, sir?" and he turned towards Sarah significantly.

Mr. Balaram laughed. "She has no aunt. Did she speak to you of one? The silly girl is up to any trick. The other day she promised me the sale of twenty novels in a lot and was tampering with your favourite shelf for half an hour. And you did buy the lot!"

Raghu saw a mischievous smile playing upon Sarah's lips.

William Marconi (1874-1937)

by Godfrey Saldanha, V B. Sc. (Hons.)

WHEN the radio announced to the world that he who gave it life had ceased to live, there were few who did not feel that a great scientist and benefactor to humanity had passed away. He was the wizard of the air, the pioneer of wireless, who had realised the dream of a century, and had turned a miraculous contrivance into a commonplace thing of everyday occurrence, an instrument which forms part and parcel of our daily life. How much the Radio enters into almost every phase of our activity may be easily realised from the disorder and disaster that would ensue were it to fail for two days.

Humble beginnings have always been the foundations of great achievements and the attainment of dizzy heights. Simplicity has been the predominant virtue of the early life of many a great man. Sturgeon of the electromagnet was a soldier, Morse was a painter, the famous Clerk Maxwell was nicknamed "dafty" at the age of ten, though he later became one of the founders of wireless. Marconi's life was no exception to the rule.

Guglielmo Marconi was born on the 25th April 1874. His father was a wealthy landed proprietor in Italy and his mother came of a well-known and influential family in Dublin. That perhaps was the cause of his devotion to England which remained with him to the end. Nothing remarkable is related of him during his school days, nothing that marked him out in any way for the high esteem and honour he was destined to hold in the realms of science. At the age of nineteen he is described as a quiet young man, rather shy and retiring, and never prominent in company.

However, among all great men and among scientists in particular, in spite of the absence of anything singular, there is something that goads them on to great action, some hidden stimulus that leads them to explore the unbeaten track, to attempt what on the surface of it seems impossible, a quiet determination and a steady untiring perseverance directed towards an object not clearly described at first. It is not some sudden stroke of fortune that leads to brilliant achievements in the field of scientific discovery. Thus it was by dogged perseverance that Clerk Maxwell, in spite of the indifference of so eminent a scientist as Lord Kelvin, was able to predict to the world the existence of electromagnetic waves. This

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existence was proved by experiment later by Hertz. This was the seed which Marconi cultivated and brought to such wonderful harvest.

Marconi revealed in his early days a great interest in electricity, in addition to his studious disposition and a quiet determination. This love for electricity was increased with the education he received at Bologna, Florence and Leghorn. Moreover he was fortunate enough in being able to devote a lot of time to study, not having to labour for a living as is unfortunately the lot of many a scientist. It was in 1886, the year of the famous Hertzian electromagnetic waves, when he was but twelve, that the idea occurred to him, which he translated later into action and presented to the world in the year 1899, the apparatus of wireless transmission.

"Rarely does it happen that any discovery or invention is the work of one man alone," wrote Samuel Smiles, and particularly so is it of wireless. Even in the earliest days known to history, transmission of messages took place by beacons of light by night and clouds of smoke by day. As centuries advanced and mankind became more civilised, the wooden rotating beam of Claude Chappe and similar mechanical contrivances were adopted by people and governments. Drums were used and are still used by savages whereby news was communicated over long distances from hill to hill. In the eighteenth century the semaphore telegraph replaced the older system, which required however stations situated at great heights and within sight of each other. In the 19th century with the great discoveries of Volta, Galvani, Faraday, magnetism and electrical science were applied for the purpose of message transmission. Sturgeon invented the electromagnet. The early years of the 19th century had seen the telegraph of Steinheil and a few years later the famous Morse Code. Finally Bell with that epoch-making sentence of 10th March 1876, "Watson, come here, I want you," demonstrated to the world the transmission of the human voice through the telephone, an achievement that filled the whole world with astonishment.

In the meantime James Clerk Maxwell had in 1860 initiated a new series of discoveries and inventions by putting forward the theory of the elastic solid ether and by predicting the discovery of the electromagnetic waves. This was a substitute to the undulating wave theory of light of Young. According to this theory there exists an elastic solid called "ether" in which the material world floats and through which

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consequently electrical disturbances are propagated with a velocity similar to that of light. By 1886 Hertz had demonstrated, by experiment, the nature of the electromagnetic waves and the identity of light and electricity in essential details.

Marconi took up the pursuit at this stage. "I would almost say from my boyhood, the experimental discovery made by Hertz in confirmation of Maxwell, had fascinated my mind. I soon had the idea, I might almost say the intuition, that these waves might, in a not distant future, furnish mankind with a new and powerful means of communication." He began experimenting with wires and currents and by dint of labour and research had so far perfected his laboratory apparatus that he was able to transmit wireless messages from one part of the table to another. In 1895 Marconi was able, by erecting two poles at either end of his father's garden and attaching the receiving and transmitting apparatus to each pole, to communicate from one end to the other. Little did he dream then that this humble contrivance was the forerunner of the great transmitting stations that were to encircle the earth. In 1896 he succeeded in transmitting over two miles. After this he came and settled down in England.

After giving various successful demonstrations, an attempt was made to bridge the English Channel. On the 27th March 1899 signals were exchanged between South Foreland Lighthouse and Wimereux near Boulogne, about 28 miles distant. This caused much excitement. The Marconi system of wireless telegraph was firmly established and many British Ships adopted it. Communication at sea and land at distances from 80 to 100 miles became an accomplished fact.

Aided by the formulation at this time of Lodge's theory of 'syntony' or 'resonance' popularly known as 'timing', Marconi improved his apparatus and then came the crowning achievement, the bridging of the Atlantic. The Branly Coherer which was originally used was replaced by the Marconi director which combined high speed and long range facilities. Early in 1901 Marconi arrived in Newfoundland and endeavoured to get aloft some kites. Several kites and balloons were lost or swept out into the sea. The elements were against Marconi in the conquest of the Ether. At length on the 12th a kite 400 feet was sent up, and after half an hour, the faint dots of the letter S were read 1800 miles away and "constituted an epoch in human history on its physical side, and was itself an astonishing and remarkable feat." Thus, the Atlantic was bridged.

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Transoceanic wireless became an accomplished fact. The distance was gradually increased. Daylight and other obstacles were overcome. From that day onward, longer and longer waves reaching up to 30 kms. have been discovered. News passed from the new to the old world. Considerable economies have been effected in power and equipment, Marconi having coupled in recent years the short wave transmission with a system of beam transmission.

Since then the radio has progressed rapidly, giving us in succession wireless telephone, broadcasting on a grand scale, and finally television. The last word in wireless has not yet been said, and we can confidently assert that inventions will not cease for a long time. But what has been achieved so far astonishes us by its magnitude. Who can forget the S. O. S. call of a stricken ship in mid-ocean, the communications with aeroplanes and airships in flight, speed of business, the millions every night listening to music and speeches.

Now, let us turn to Marconi the man, and see the nobility of purpose that inspired him. "A new and powerful means of communication utilisable not only across mountains and seas but also on board ships, bringing with it a vast diminution of the dangers of navigation, and the abolition of isolation of those crossing the sea and we may add those making airflights," this is how he looked upon wireless. It is said that in his last days he was grieved over the ever increasing estrangement between England and Italy. How dear to him was the ideal of charity and fraternal love and how contented and peaceful would the world be if science and scientist strove to do their best towards this cultivation of international friendship rather than provide mankind with more and more deadly weapons whereby to destroy itself.

One more important aspect of Marconi's life was his love for religion. Many of the modern day scientists are apt to treat with disrespect and perhaps scorn truths that do not allow themselves to be scrutinised in the test-tube in the laboratory. Here however was a scientist that has opened out to the world such a great series of discoveries who nevertheless lived the life of reverent fear in the sight of God. Two days before his death he had obtained the privilege of speaking with filial affection to the Holy Father, his "Christ on Earth." He passed away with a prayer on his lips, a worthy end for a life of labour and service to humanity. And his fellowmen grateful for all that he has done, will not refuse him the tribute of a prayer that God may rest his soul.

The Ascetic

by M. V. Antony, III U.C.

GENTLE reader, what follows is no artfully concocted blood-curdling story, but plain truth. Complying with the request of the one who related this event to me, I have changed the name of the hero and veiled some of the minute personal details.

Mr. Johnson was no chicken-hearted fellow from his boyhood. In his youth he was considered to be the bravest of his company. Many ghosts and goblins had failed to terrify or agitate his dauntless heart. He took his Forestry degree at the Edinburgh University a few years ago, and was appointed Assistant Conservator in the forests of Berar. The rough and hard life in the wilds was quite congenial to his fearless temperament. He had but two peons with him and they formed his entire company in and out of his residence. He was the best shot among the three. His set countenance, glaring eyes and majestic moustaches were capable of sending a quiver through any heart. His form and bearing were quite in consonance with his straightforward and honest character. Hence no foul play or crooked plan went unnoticed and unpunished under him. Despite all this apparent harshness and severity he had always a tender heart and helping hands for the weak and poor. In fact he was an object of affection and regard to the people with whom he moved.

Now to come back to the particular event I have in my mind. One day—it was a cold windy day—Mr. Johnson had to inspect some trees in a sequestered part of the forest. It was getting dark when he finished his work in that rather thick part of the woods. As he was preparing to return, a messenger came running to him with a cover and a little parcel in his hand, from the office of the Chief Conservator. As the chief had to leave the station for some urgent private business, he had sent the key of the treasury to his assistant requesting him to stay in the head office until his return. In the gathering gloom Mr. Johnson and his companions went straight to the head office, in the very heart of the forest.

Reaching there Mr. Johnson took his bath in a neighbouring stream and sank into the easy-chair prepared for him on the threshold of the little tidy building. Soon his peon Hassan handed him a steaming cup of tea. While sipping the sweet stimulant, Mr. Johnson chanced to look into the

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ghostly darkness outside. And lo! in the distance among the nodding tree tops he spied a glimmer of light. His heart beat pit-a-pat at the unexpected sight. Turning round he saw his peons gazing in the very same direction, embarrassment and ghastly horror in every line of their wrinkled faces. The master calmly enquired, "What is it, Hassan?"

Starting up at the interrogation, he murmured "It's a devil."

Mr. Johnson's heart beat high. But with an expression of resolution on his face he stammered, "If it is a devil we will catch it just now. Now, come on, both of you!" So saying the hero stepped down with his torch and pistol. Very soon they were all below the tree on the top of which the devil gleamed. Johnson pressed the button of his torch. There among the dark interlacing branches of the tree, sat a bearded Ascetic coolly smoking his ganja pipe!

"Come down, Sir!" shouted Johnson from below; "and for your own good." His grave voice rang loud in the dead stillness of the place. The ascetic or the devil sat unmoved, concentrated on his pipe.

So turning to his quivering peons he ordered "Up both of you and drive that fellow down this minute," and his fingers searched for the trigger of his pistol.

With the hue of death on their faces the peons climbed up and with wavering hands pushed down the care-free sage. The hero below dexterously clutched straight at the wind-pipe of the devil, as he came down. The fierce countenance of the ascetic with the wild inhuman look in the reddened eyes, was a sight to make the boldest shudder. But our dauntless Conservator tied his hands from behind and drove him to his office, as a farmer would his disobedient buffalo.

Reaching the residence he led the sage to a room and bound him tightly to a stone pillar. Then with a most severe and relentless look in his eyes Mr. Johnson asked, "Tell me the truth. Who are you and what is your business on the tree in this stormy night?"

Silence. The sage was looking up unconcernedly at the ceiling.

His face darkening with ire, the interrogator continued, "I'll soon make you speak." He went in, and returning with a good whip in his hand, he lifted the man's robe and dealt a mighty blow on his lean thigh.

Now the Ascetic turned as if awakened from a dream and looking daggers at his persecutor yelled, "The curse of an old sage be upon your

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head. You will meet with death before the end of this week for troubling a pious yogin lost in contemplation—conversing with the Gods in the mid air."

As soon as he finished, the whip again fell 'slash' on the yogin's thigh.

"Ugh" he started and looked still more fiercely into the eyes of our hero. Moved by a sudden impulse Mr. Johnson clasped his dull red garment and tore it asunder. And lo! on a string tied around the sage's thin waist hung three big keys at the sight of which the hero started violently. He wrenched out the keys and made straight for the treasury door. To his great surprise the three keys exactly fitted the door, the outer box, and the inner chest of the treasury. He ran back to the convict and placing the muzzle of his pistol on the nose of the sage, said calmly "Tell the truth and save your life. Otherwise—", his fingers approached the trigger.

At this the "yogin's" face turned pale and fixing his ashen eyes in an agony of supplication, he quavered "Sir, pardon me, an unlucky favourite of fortune. It is your own peons who engaged me to do this and I had to obey to keep my body and soul together."

Mr. Johnson at once turned round. His peons were nowhere to be seen. So he switched on his powerful torch light and held it to the pitch darkness outside. And there! far far away among the thickets he saw two tiny figures fast disappearing.

The Caricature

by V. Ramamurthy, V B. Sc. (Hons.)

"**W**ILL you stop talking there, Narayanan?" demanded the English lecturer.

The whisper ceased. The lecturer proceeded; but only for a short time.

"Look here, Narayanan, if you have anything important to say to our friend go out of the class, and there carry on your conversation. Our friend, will accompany you."

Narayanan and Mani stood up as mute as statues.

"Don't waste my time here; both of you will quit the class at once", ordered the lecturer.

The two collected their books and walked out in grim silence.

The censure was too much for Narayanan. He could not see that he was in the wrong. Ideas of revenge filled his mind. However, he saw no other way of giving vent to his feelings except by drawing caricatures of his lecturer much to his own amusement. The one that delighted Narayanan most was his professor's pose: standing on the platform with legs wide apart, with his hands thrust into his coat pockets and the tie protruding—in the shape of a bow. He dashed off his signature underneath it in the manner of public men who give their autograph to clamorous admirers, and placed it on his table to be always in view.

Then two hands pressed Narayanan's eyes tightly from behind.

"What's that? Subbu?" asked Narayanan trying to release himself. A familiar voice.

"Oh, is that you old fellow, truce to your pranks."

Mani chuckled and began to tamper with Narayanan's books, with one eye on the caricature. Narayanan went in to bring a cup of coffee. When he returned he was taken aback to find both Mani and the caricature gone. Leaving the coffee on the tables he hastened to Mani's house.

"Where is the picture?" thundered Narayanan, catching Mani in his room.

"Picture? What do you mean?" Mani looked all innocence.

"The one you carried off from my table."

THE CARICATURE

"Oh, that one, the caricature of our English lecturer?" replied Mani very coolly. "You have drawn it very nicely. I think it must now be lying in the College letter box, addressed to the old bloke. Serves him right, my boy."

Narayanan was startled. His lips quivered with anger. He was at a loss to know what to do.

"I thought—" began Mani by way of explanation.

"Nonsense!" blurted out Narayanan.

He ran to the College and there ransacked the contents of the letter box. But to his utter dismay he could not find the object of his search. On enquiry he learnt that the lecturer had just then taken away his letters.

Narayanan reeled. Fear succeeded anger. He knew the Principal would not tolerate such a thing. The College notice board became a regular dread to Narayanan. Everytime he looked at it, he trembled lest he should find his number on the fine list. He dared not salute his professor or the Principal when he met them. In the class he preferred the cornermost seat to escape notice.

The next Monday, a peon came into the English class, and handed a note to the lecturer.

"P. K. Narayanan, No. 321. Wanted at the office immediately by the Principal."

Narayanan's pulse beat fast. He felt that doomsday had at last come. Oh, that smile on the lecturer's lips! Narayanan at once understood that the complaint had gone up to the Principal. Even his slight hope of escape was shattered.

Narayanan stepped into the Principal's room.

"Come in, Narayanan," said the Principal, with an encouraging smile. "Which do you prefer, books or money?"

Narayanan gaped.

The Principal thrust the College Magazine, wet from the press into his quivering hands and opened the 12th page. There Narayanan saw the caricature of his lecturer drawn by him and underneath it was written:

"Awarded first prize, Rs. 5."

A Romantic Episode

by T. S. Venkataraman, IV U.C.

"HINDU-UU! Dhinamani-ii! Ananda Vikadan-nnnn!" cried the paper-boy before Room No. 12, Bharati Lodge, Trichinopoly. Mr. Krishnaswamy *alias* Kittu was just rolling in his bed in a half-conscious state, not yet completely recovered from the after-effects of a talkie. The room was ten feet wide and fifteen feet in length, with a large window on one side commanding a full view of the Rock temple. It was clean and inviting, the four walls neatly white-washed and adorned with a fashionable looking-glass, a pair of calendars, a neat coat-stand, and two shelves, one for toilet articles and the other with a row of books. An enlarged photo of Mahatma Gandhi just above the window was the very first thing that attracted the attention of a visitor. Everything in the room, the table with a pair of thickly bound note books, and a packet of cigarettes, the tennis-racket in the press, the pairs of shoes at the corner—all indicated that the inmate was a student.

The yellow streaks of the summer dawn had crept into the room through the interspaces between the window-curtains. The rattling sound of carriages, the voice of men outside, the gushing sound of the tap below—all reminded Kittu of the advent of the day.

* * * * *

The cry of the paper-boy roused Krishnaswamy from his melancholy mood. With a sudden jerk he jumped up from his bed, opened the door and called for the "Hindu." He switched on the electric light, set himself on the chair and drowsily glanced over the front sheet of the paper. Fortunately or unfortunately, the first thing that he sighted was an interesting advertisement in the matrimonial column. It ran thus:—

"Wanted a good-looking energetic young Ayyangar boy to marry a fair, well-accomplished girl of sixteen, solely desirous of conjugal happiness. Apply with photo to post box No. 2676, Hindu."

The interesting thing about Kittu, more than all, was his inborn inquisitiveness. As Dr. Johnson shaved the hair from his chin and breast simply out of an experimental curiosity to know how long it took to grow again, so Mr. Krishnaswamy at this instant desired to put an application

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and watch its consequences. Once the idea came to him, it had to be immediately put into execution.

The next instant Kittu tepped into a tonsorial saloon, took a clean shave and spread on himself the gayest plumage. His aim, of course, was to take a photo of his at the Studio. This done, he returned to his room and wrote a letter somewhat as follows:—

NO. 12, BHARATI LODGE,
Trichinopoly.

Ref. Advertisement in Hindu
in column six—front page.

Dear Sir,

Having had the good fortune to come across your advertisement and in compliance with the same, I take the greatest pleasure in offering myself as a suitor to your daughter's hand. I have herewith enclosed my photograph. Hoping to be favoured with a pleasing reply.

Yours sincerely,

G. N. KRISHNASWAMY.

"D—n it!" cried Kittu the next instant, suddenly remembering something else, "what a wretched memory I have! I may as well do the two things at once."

Krishnaswamy was an amateur photographer competing in the Animal Photographic Competition. His latest achievement was that of a "Grinning Ape" taken in his village. The last date for sending entries was fast approaching and Mr. Krishnaswamy had forgotten all about it. So he now wrote a letter to the Manager, Animal Photographic Competition, Madras.

TRICHINOPOLY,

Dated.....

Dear Sir,

The accompanying photo of a "grinning ape" was taken on a tour in the Palni Hills. I hope you will give a fair consideration to the expression of anger painted on its face.

Yours sincerely,

G. N. KRISHNASWAMY.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE

After writing this letter, Mr. Krishnaswami brought out the two photos (the one of himself and the other of the monkey) and inserted them into the envelopes along with the letters and posted them safely.

* * * * *

When Kittu returned to his rest that night his bosom was singing and seething with wild hopes and premonitions. The world of reality was lost to him and he found himself in an ideal world of romance. Stretching himself on the easy chair and quietly lighting a cigarette, he was letting his imagination run riot over the aromatic smoke. A letter arrives calling for a personal interview. The day is fixed and the time too. The next day Kittu is in Madras and at the appointed time he is ushered into a magnificent drawing room, where a damsel of sweet sixteen with a mellifluous voice is singing and playing on the violin. As soon as Kittu enters the room, he says, "Good Morning, Raji". "Very good morning, Sir" are the words which greet Mr. Krishnaswamy. After a minute's silence Kittu breaks out stammering, "Do—do you real-ly love me, Raji-i".

"Sh-sh" cried Kittu with a sudden jerk, his forefinger slightly scorched by the butt of the cigarette which had been almost eaten away. Kittu calculated that he had been lost in thought for five minutes or so.

* * * * *

"Here is a letter for you", cried the postman before Room No. 12 three days after. With a heart throbbing wildly, Kittu took out the letter and read as follows.

NOTICE

From M. S. NARAYANAN, B.A., B.L.,
Advocate,
MADRAS.

To G. N. KRISHNASWAMY,
No. 12, Bharati Lodge,
TRICHINOPOLY.

Sir,

Having been instructed by M. R. Ry. Ramaswami Ayyangar of Madras to file a suit against you on a charge of libel against the said Ramasamy

A ROMANTIC EPISODE

Ayyangar's daughter alleged to be committed by you by sending her the photograph of a 'grinning ape' as a suitor to her hand, I hereby give notice unto you to appear personally or through a lawyer before the court and show reason why you should not be asked to pay a compensation fee of Rs. 5,000.

Yours sincerely,

M. S. NARAYANAN,
Counsel for plaintiff.

For a moment, Kittu was dazed. Then the nature of his blunder flashed on his mind. He fell into the chair crushing the letter in his hand, and cursing himself for a fool. The next moment however the humour of the situation dawned on him. And he grinned.

The Pensioned Officer

by M. D. Varkey, III Hons.

WE all aspire to spend our old age in peace and repose. For this end it is that we advise our youngsters also to work while their hearts and limbs are healthy. But the century in which we live is notable for its revolutionary tendencies, and under its influence every thing seems to go off from its normal level, and develop in strange and contrary ways. If, therefore, pensioned officers attain to something contrary to the pious aspirations of their youth, it is not their fault. It is the spirit of the twentieth century that is at work. When officers get pensioned owing to old age, they seem to undergo a re-birth; the dormant fire in them springs into flames, and they go to towns or villages with the heart and brain of a child to begin new lives. It is an amazing experience to see a man who had been passive and dull during his long office-life suddenly turning into an enthusiast, a "hustler", on his retirement from office.

In towns, the activities of pensioners are unnoticed amidst the bustling activities of youth. Still, there is a noticeable feature of town-life which arises out of the class-consciousness of pensioners. The proverb "birds of the same feather flock together" is well verified in them. For instance, our street is one which provides residences for more than a dozen retired officers, most of whom have celebrated their sixtieth birthday. By 4 p. m. they congregate at one end of the street, walking-stick in hand, and move through the streets gracefully at snail-speed. It is a treat to see them walking always spread out on a line extending from one side of the street to the other, and, moving in a slow "procession pace" fearless of the bikes ridden by school boys, and indifferent to the polished names which are conferred upon them by the drivers from every passing cart. Often you can see this procession of elders terminating into one of the parks or more often into a cinema theatre in our town. At about 8 p. m. they shake hands and bid good-night to each other and disperse, to repeat this function again on the following day.

These evening processions may seem to be all the visible activities of pensioners in towns. But if you watch the life of a pensioner more closely, you will find that he aspires after every honour and title in this world. He wants to be elected an M. L. A.; he hunts after presidential

THE PENSIONED OFFICER

chairs in big gatherings; he makes speeches in favour of social justice provided no change menaces his own comfortable ways of life; he thrusts his head into meeting halls of youths; he begins to write letters to the press and sometimes broadcasts news of events that never took place.

There are pensioners residing in villages too. They live upon their past glories, and have an insatiable craving to lead young men's organisations. For in spite of their age they have energy, and in contact with youth, they develop enthusiasm. Perhaps it is due to the climate of the country that the long dormant vigour in them blossoms out.

Unlike the people in towns, the people in villages respect the pensioner, at least for his grey hairs and solemn face. They will honour him by inviting him to preside over the anniversary meetings of the village schools. Once I happened to be present in an anniversary meeting of a village school over which a pensioner was expected to preside. Even though according to the programme the meeting was to begin at 4 p. m. sharp, we had to wait lazily till 4-45 in order to see the venerable figure of the President entering the meeting hall amidst the acclamations, and various other signs of delight of the school boys. I have frequently wondered how men who had been trained to be extremely punctual in their long office career become so unpunctual after their 55th birthday. The President began to read his introductory speech from a great manuscript bundle, which took about one hour to finish. The first part of the speech gave a description of the circumstances under which he accepted the invitation to preside over the day's function; and the rest of the speech treated the question whether the congress would take up office or not. A short recitation followed the President's speech. The Secretary then read the Annual Report. Before the next item could start, the President rose and, after making a careless apology for what he had decided to do, announced that he thought it best to conclude the proceedings since a business of great urgency awaited him at his house. So saying he scratched all but the last item from the programme, to the sad disappointment of some boys who had already dressed up and had painted their faces in order to perform a delightful farce on the platform.

The President then began to read his concluding speech, for that was the last item. During the first part of it he expatiated chiefly on his intention to start a rice-mill in the village. Then he went on to examine the real aggressive party engaged in the Spanish Civil War. He predicted that General Franco will be captured by the government and his criminal

THE PENSIONED OFFICER

body torn from limb to limb and exposed on the lamp posts of Madrid streets. He prayed for universal sympathy and support for the Republican Government in Spain. Then he spoke on what Socialism can do for the uplift of Indian life and concluded with the opinion that Socialism was the only remedy for India's increasing poverty. To strengthen his arguments he drew examples from his own experience of life; and incidentally let me inform my reader that he had been a post-master by profession for more than 35 years! Then the speech stepped on to another topic: he recited a few lines from *Gitanjali*.

Now I chanced to look through a window and saw that it was getting quite dark outside. My residence being far away from the meeting hall and the night a cloudy and starless one, and fearing that the President's comments on Tagore would last at least one hour, I mortified my desire to remain in the hall to see the end of the meeting. When I came out, I realised that not less than three hours had passed since the meeting began. I do not know whether all the other listeners remained in the hall or followed my example before the President concluded his speech.

A Smart Arrest

by R. Sundaram, III. U. C.

“**W**HAT, Damodhar? Shame! . . . disgraceful! You need a reminder! . . . By my eye, a reminder...!” burst out the queer-faced police-officer.

“I tried my best, Sir. . . .” replied Damodhar.

“What man! I don't want your 'bests' here. I give you three days time. At six o'clock on the fourth day, you must be here with the culprit. I don't know by what. . . .”

“Yes, Sir!”

“Six o'clock, mind you!”

“Yes, Sir!” replied Damodhar and hurried on his motor-bike to his bungalow. Damodhar is a C. I. D. officer of the town. He is a brave young man of thirty. He worked as a sub-inspector for five years and his thrilling and surprising detections raised him to the office which he now holds. And he himself is convinced that the world will cease to exist without people like him.

For more than a month or so, everywhere in the town, there had been the cry of robbery and theft. And no petty theft either! One day, an emerald gone from a saith's shop, another day, a ruby from a chettiar's bank, and on the third day, a diamond, a very valuable diamond, from the house of the Police-Commissioner himself.

This awoke the sleeping police officers. Poor fellows! They had had no sleep for the last three days. They are searching in every corner, in taverns, in whisky shops and gutters, here, there, and in every possible place that man could enter, but in vain.

Could he, the august commissioner, sleep peacefully in his house after losing his very valuable diamond, which he would not part with even for the whole town? He sent orders to his subordinates that the culprit should be found out in a week's time, else they would pay for it.

A SMART ARREST

The newspapers had a great time. Day after day, there appeared in bold letters the headlines:

PLUNDER EVERYWHERE!

FRIGHTENED BANKERS!

INACTIVE POLICE DRONES!

Will Damodhar keep idle, when the other C. I. D. officers are putting forth their best efforts to find out the culprits? He seated himself in an easy-chair, pondering over the ways of criminals. He was roused from his reverie by approaching footsteps and on opening his eyes he saw a girl of eighteen, on whose features there was a dreadful expression of fear and grief.

“Are you Inspector Damodhar?” she inquired in a trembling voice.

“Yes, madam! what's the matter?” asked Damodhar, fixing his eyes on her agitated face.

“Please come at once! at once! No time to be lost My father (tears streamed down her cheeks) Shot dead!”

Damodhar, though a courageous man, was startled on hearing the news. He at once started in the car with the lady and the car stopped at the gate of a big and beautiful mansion. Damodhar stepped out of the car and followed the lady. She led him into a room where he saw a man of middle age, who had been murdered in cold blood. Damodhar's face turned pale on seeing the horrible scene. Blood was still gushing from a gaping wound in the murdered man's breast, and all the women of the house were wailing around.

Damodhar, in his official way, asked the inmates and servants of the house, the necessary questions, took a full inventory of the things in that room and pocketed some letters that were there. He then took leave of the lady, and motored to his bungalow.

“Theft! Plunder! Murder!.....”

Damodhar was haunted by these words and he resolved to leave no stone unturned to find out the culprit. The clock chimed the hour of twelve. Damodhar went to bed. But he had no sleep that night, as the words “plunder” and “murder” obsessed his mind. He rose up from his bed early in the morning and took a cup of coffee. He entered his dressing room and came out after an interval of fifteen minutes, in the guise

A SMART ARREST

of a sowcar. In this manner the budding Sherlock Holmes started on the great work which he meant to accomplish.

After going round the whole town a dozen times, he came to the shop of a big merchant by name Lal Chand, who welcomed this promising client. To be a detective officer is no simple affair! Damodhar spoke with the merchant in his native Gujarathi. Their conversation began with the present condition of Spain and the merchant exhibited and described the qualities of many diamonds and emeralds in the intervals, as is the habit with all businessmen.

When they were thus speaking, a third man came very near the shop and cast furtive glances at Damodhar. He was a man of thirty, tall, ash-grey, square-faced, with a tobacco pipe between his lips. There was something stealthy about his movements and looks. The detective noted his arrival. A moment later their eyes met. Damodhar had one of those flashes of intuition for which he was famous. He said to the merchant in a loud tone, "I have some urgent business now. I shall come here exactly at nine to-night, with the necessary amount to buy the two precious stones you have shown me."

The rogue narrowed his eye-brows. The detective stepped out of the shop. The rogue watched him. After the former had gone a few yards, the rogue followed him. The detective turned this way and that and he was surprised to note the rogue still following him. At last, at a corner Damodhar gave him the slip and with a satisfied look entered his bungalow by the back door.

"Kamala! Kamala!" he called. A lady, who was eagerly awaiting his arrival made her appearance.

"Kamala! Do you know who you are?" asked Damodhar. This startled her. "From this day, remember that you are the wife of a Rao Saheb who is..."

"What on earth are you talking?" interrupted the lady.

"I have found out the culprit and I am going to arrest him and to expose all his crimes."

"Then....."

"Then is there any doubt about seeing the title in the New Year Honours List? How will you feel to be the wife of a Rao Saheb, the

A SMART ARREST

life-partner of a pucca detective, of an honourable gentleman drawing Rs. 300 per mensem, the heart and soul of Damodhar....."

At this dramatic moment, a peon stepped in with a letter in hand. "Is Mr. Damodhar in?" Damodhar received the letter and saw it was from the Commissioner and an urgent one. He started for the office at once. As he approached the Commissioner's room he heard voices inside.

"By all means....." said a voice which he recognised as that of another C. I. D. officer, by name Suthakar.

"Have you arranged for the watch?" asked the Police Commissioner.

"I have made the best arrangements, Sir," replied Suthakar.

"Well, then, bring me good news to-morrow morning," said the Commissioner.

"Of course, I will!" replied the other and bidding good-bye to the Commissioner, came out of the room.

"Be careful in your dealings with them" called out the Commissioner, as Suthakar made his exit.

Damodhar now proudly entered the room and saluted the Commissioner.

"Well, Damodhar, have you something to say?" asked the superior.

Then Damodhar narrated all that had happened. "Thank God. The devils will be doubly damned," cried the Commissioner. Damodhar left the office in a state of high elation.

* * * *

The bazaar was filled with a motley crowd of buyers, sellers, beggars and rogues mingling with the honest citizens. The city-clock struck the hour of nine. A sowcar entered Lal Chand's shop. It was our Damodhar. With suppressed excitement he noted that his plan had succeeded. The rogue that had dogged his steps in the morning was near the sowcar's Shop. Damodhar wrote out something on a piece of paper and gave it to the merchant. He read it and as he understood the detective's plan, his eyes brightened. He went in, fetched two emeralds, and handed them to Damodhar.

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Damodhar stepped into the street and the stealthy individual followed him. They reached a corner. Quick as lightning, the rogue sprang on Damodhar. But Damodhar dodged, and whistled. Half-a-dozen Constables hurried from different quarters and seized the rogue. Before a large crowd could gather, Damodhar reached the Commissioner's office and removing his disguise, reported to the Commissioner the story of his smart arrest. The prisoner looked astonished when the "sowcar" changed into a C. I. D. officer. With a twinkle in his eye he accused Damodhar of being the robber.

"Shut up, you fool!" cried the Commissioner.

"You are right, Sir! I have made a fool of myself in trying to find out the culprit",—So saying he snatched off his false hair and beard.

"Good God! He is Suthakar himself!" cried Damodhar, shame and surprise in his voice.

"You are better Harold Lloyds than Sherlock Holmes," remarked the Commissioner contemptuously, "You should have entered the stage and not the Police Service. Get out of this!"

Two crest-fallen heroes crept out of the room noiselessly, while the surrounding Constables exchanged wicked looks among themselves.

The Mystery of the Letters

by K. Raghunathan, II U. C.

ONE morning, as I was comfortably seated in my study, I was surprised to receive a typed letter. It was from Dulip Kumar Dey, one of my old College mates in Bombay. He was one of the best students of our College. The Professors used to say that none of the students could write such fine English as Dulip Kumar.

This was the first time I received a letter from him though we were good friends. His letter ran thus:

BLOCK No. 3,
BOMBAY.

My dear friend,

You cannot know, as some friends to whom my silence is still more inexcusable, that this long silence is no proof of forgetfulness or neglect.

I have, in truth, nothing to say, but that I shall be glad to see you again. Nothing remarkable has been added to my life since I saw you last. I am delighted to hear of your progress in Trichy. There is no person in the world who more sincerely rejoices in any good that may befall you than I.

Your absence has certainly created a great void, a void which can never be adequately filled. Circumstances so cruelly cut short your stay here that I was not able to do you any substantial service. Believe me, I always remain your well-wisher.

To receive letters from you will give me great pleasure, and this I hope to have frequently.

Yours most sincerely,

(Sd.) Dulip Kumar Dey.

I replied by return of post, thanking him for his most kind letter.

Three days afterwards, I received a number of letters from my other College mates in different places. To my greatest surprise, I found the contents of all the letters the same—all copies of Dulip's letter!

At first I thought that all my friends, including Dulip, had consulted and written the same letter. But the different dates and places showed

THE MYSTERY OF THE LETTERS

that this was wrong. The solution of this mystery came to me like a flash of lightning in the dark.

Dulip had sent copies of his 'most kind letter' to our other friends also. My friends, taken by the 'Flow of Language' and availing themselves of this opportunity to prove themselves good writers, had taken considerable pains to copy Dulip's letter and send it to me!

This flash of genius seems to be the last flicker of their minds, for up to this date, I have not received another letter from any one of them.

How can I expect them to write to me when Dulip has NOT written to THEM?



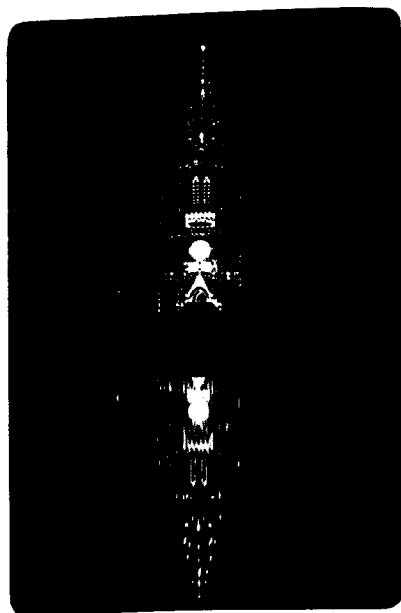
Swinging Arch at Elamanur
(C. N. Sundararajan, IV B. Sc. 36-37.)



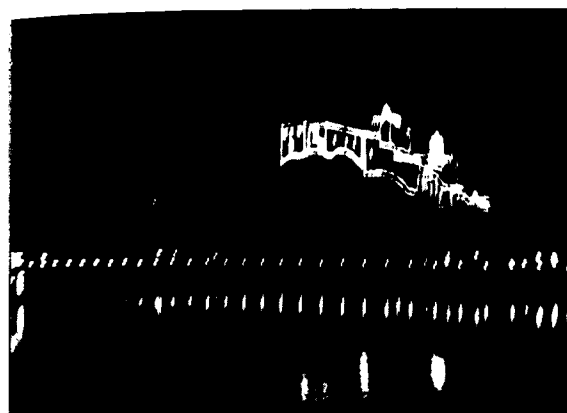
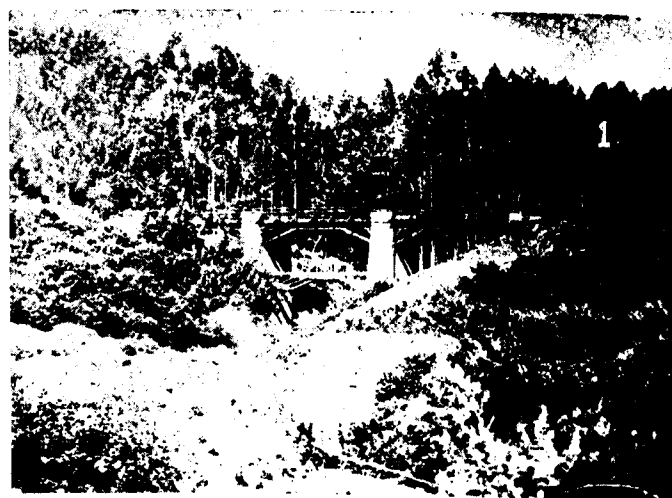
A Canal in Elamanur
(R. Chakrapani, II U. C.)



Crossing the Cauvery at Elamanur
(R. Chakrapani, II U. C.)



(C. N. Sundararajan, IV B. Sc. 36-37)



(S. Balasubramanian, I U. C.)



1 & 2 Glimpses of the Nilgris Railway

(T. M. N. Ramaswamy, I U.

How Jimmy Tended the Baby

by D. G. Robinson, I U. C.

I never can see the use of those "four-footed" creatures called "babies". We have one at home that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I cannot see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and run about on all fours like a monkey. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat away. Mother and Sue cannot tolerate my having a dog in the house, and I can't understand what makes them go about the baby so much and say, "Ai'nt it perfectly sweet?" and so on.

The worst thing about a baby is that you are expected to take care of it, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks say, "Here Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, there's a good boy," and just then, as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him. That boy will kill the child!—Hold it up straight!—You good-for-nothing wretch!" It's pretty hard to do your best, and then be scolded for it! But that is the way boys are treated.

Last Saturday, Mother and Sue went out visiting friends, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match on that day, and I wished to witness it, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. Just before going, they said, "If the baby wakes up while we are away, play with it and keep it from crying, and be sure not to let it swallow any pins or used match-sticks. You may be certain that we'll be back in a few minutes." I full well knew that by saying "few minutes" they meant "many hours", but I couldn't help it, and I had to look after the baby. The baby was sound asleep when they went out. So I left it for a few minutes and went to the store-room to see if I could find there anything to eat. To my sore disappointment I noticed that those suspicious people had locked the cup-board foreseeing my intention. When I went back to the baby, it was awake and was bawling as if it had swallowed a hundred pins. So I gave it something from the table. That thing happened to be "liquid Jet-Black Boot Polish—Does not wear away easily". When I gave it, the idiotic baby remained silent as if it had received a very interesting present, and didn't raise that barbarous howl.

HOW JIMMY TENDED THE BABY

Having silenced the baby, I sat down to read "The Hindu", which I had no other time to read, my whole leisure time being occupied in cleaning Sue's high-heeled shoes and in going about buying sundry things for Mother. I was busy reading the paper for some time. After a few minutes I turned to look at the baby. The wretch! The baby had its face stained here and there with the black boot polish. I prepared myself to receive the most vehement scoldings from Mother and Sue, and stretched myself on the easy-chair.

As I lay in the easy-chair, an idea flashed across my mind. Why, an all-black baby is no worse than an all-white baby. Wouldn't it be better to have a baby with an all-black face than to have a baby with a white face spotted with black? So I painted the face of the baby perfectly black, and was much pleased. But I was mistaken in thinking that Mother and Sue would like this "improvement". No sooner had I skilfully done the painting, than Mother and Sue came in. Oh! how they raged at the sight of the baby! I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their most unkind language. Many titles, which are even longer than "Rao Sahib" and "Dewan Bahadur," (but not as welcome as these) were freely and most generously bestowed upon me. I was called 'a murdering little villain'—'an unnatural son'—'a disgrace to the family'—'a rank duffer', and so on, and so on.

To me, the baby seems beautiful in this present condition. Their hardest rubbing and scraping and washing did not remove the polish off the baby's face. Mother and Sue hope that it will wear away in a week's time. Till then, I must be prepared to face Mother's sudden outbursts of anger, when she thinks of the baby and the "Liquid Jet-Black Boot Polish."

"All That Glitters Is Not Gold."

by R. Seshasayee & D. Venkataraman, I U. C.

RAMAMOORTHY was a clerk in the Railway on a pay of Rs. 100. He had a wife who judged everything by outward appearances. Her name was Kamala. She had a sister, a very greedy woman whose name was Komalam. Each visit of Komalam to Ramoo's house meant expense to Ramoo.

One day when Ramoo returned home for his midday meal, he casually observed some articles of luggage which were under his table.

"Kamala," he said, "to whom do these articles belong? These are quite new to the house."

"Yes, dear," replied Kamala, "they are the luggage of my sister Komalam who has come here on her way to Kumbakonam to attend her nephew's marriage."

"I see," said Ramoo, "I shall be poorer by something before she goes away about her own business. Does she want any money for her railway fare to Kumbakonam? Your beloved sister, my respected sister-in-law, will have the pleasure of visiting us only when she is in need of some money or jewel? For what purpose has she come over here this time?"

"You always amuse yourself by making fun of my relatives. Do you think that my sister is not worth the railway fare? Oh! if only her husband had been rich! She has come here in the hope that you would buy for her a gold necklace as she has not one. If she attends the marriage without one, everybody will make fun of her poor appearance."

"Can't her husband give it to her? He is as well off as myself," observed Ramoo.

"He has many children and many other dependants also to support," replied Kamala.

Ramoo thought deeply and at last an idea struck him. It was a very cunning and a wise idea, indeed!

"Can I ever refuse your request, darling?" said Ramoo, "Your sister shall have the necklace this evening."

"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD"

It was 4-30 in the evening. Ramoo took Kamala to the Chettiar's Jewellery shop in the Big Bazaar Street. Ramoo had hinted to the Chettiar, a well-known friend of his, to show the ladies the various patterns of rolled gold necklaces. The ladies after inspecting several necklaces chose one. The Chettiar in order to convince them of the valuable nature of the jewel told Ramoo, "Sir, this weighs 8 sovereigns and it costs Rs. 205." After a simulated higgling the bargain was struck at Rs. 200.

The ladies who were greatly pleased with the jewel got into the hackney carriage. The Chettiar afterwards received Rs. 15 from Ramoo, the real price of the necklace.

Kamala during her whole stay in the carriage held the new necklace in her hand and admired its workmanship and brightness greatly. What she noted about its excellence created in her a desire to have one like it for herself. She considered deeply over the matter. Her own gold necklace weighed 6 sovereigns and she did not wish that her sister should get the new one which weighed evidently more. She thought of a plan to achieve her object. She went to a goldsmith's and asked him to polish her old necklace and when it was done it shone brightly like a new one. She gave it to Komalam and kept the new purchase to herself. All this was done without consulting Ramoo.

The next day Komalam left for Kumbakonam. Kamala was unusually happy and her husband was anxious to know the reason therefor.

"What is it," asked Ramoo of Kamala, "that has put you in such glee? I have not till to-day seen you so blithe as you are now."

Kamala replied with pride, "I have outwitted my sister Komalam. Do you think that I gave the new necklace to her? I gave her my old necklace which weighed only 6 sovereigns and I have taken this one. Don't you appreciate my work?"

Ramoo replied with scorn, "Dear Kamala, you are really a wise lady. But this time you have been deceived by the outward appearance of the necklace and you have proved yourself to be unwise. You have exchanged the new necklace which is not real gold. It cost me only Rs. 15 and your necklace is valued at Rs. 150. Surely the sayings of the worldly wise viz., 'All that glitters is not gold' and 'A cunning man overreaches himself' will not be falsified. In trying to cheat Komalam, you have cheated yourself." Saying this Ramoo laughed.

Kamalam did not know what to do and she left the room in utter dismay and disappointment.

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from Various Contributors

LAY THE AXE TO THE ROOT! Were this done, there would be no leaves nor flowers. It shall not be done; the trees shall live. A word about the editorial axe, however, will help our future contributors, and encourage our present eager ones, whose articles, stories and sundries have poured down upon us with the profusion, not of a locust swarm, but of leaves in our garden when the monsoon is blowing.

The most useful—perhaps, the most used—article in an editorial office is the wastepaper basket. But the wastepaper basket is not the monopoly of editors. All well-regulated households are provided with at least one. Every contributor should have this indispensable item of a writer's outfit. What an aid it would be to him! What a boon to editors! Every ill-digested attempt at literature, every scribbled, blotted and soiled scrap of paper, every unintelligible scroll or meandering screed, every mistake and blunder down to the last split infinitive should find a snug home in its maw rather than cumber an editorial table.

To be very plain and blunt, and to change the metaphor, we should lay the axe to the root of such monstrous growths as: *meals* (instead of *a meal*, or *food*, or *breakfast*, *dinner*, *lunch*, *tea*) "*surnamed as*", "*called as*" (for just *surnamed*, *called*) "*the boy blinked*" (instead of *gaped* or *was puzzled*) "*I know these horses would give a lot of troubles*" (for *much trouble*). Then there are slips of the pen which soon become habits of the pen: "*compared to what lie*" when the sense indicates *compared with what lies*; "*to cast rather an ominous glances*"; "*he wore a disguise as that of his master and had a spectacles on his eyes!*"; "*evidences were recorded*"; "*the two entered the hotel and was received*"; "*a stream of juniors flow in steadily*"; "*one does not know where this problem will leads to*". Indeed one does not know what to make of, "*So it was natural to see objects with ideas connected with optional subjects*", where the thought is muddled; "*I am glad to note that you are awake at least before one week for the examination*", where the words make one muddled; and finally "*If they sue law how can we defend*", "*I never shirked from my studies*", "*My heart was bereft of all interest and emotion to enjoy*", where the transitive and intransitive verbs get muddled. But one does know how to treat mere circumlocutions like "*He was the recipient of...*",

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"He came out successful...", and slang like "It was *awfully* crowded". We must allow Bottom his "roar you as any sucking dove"; but we draw the line at "the soft cooing of the cuckoo"!

The story is told of a writer so imagination-ridden that he set himself on a pedestal next to Shakespeare. There he remained shivering, reduced to such straits that he had perforce to write his effusions on the backs of 'rejection' slips. Editors found their work considerably lightened; for they turned the slips over, underlined in red ink the legend already printed there, "Unfit for publication", and returned them to Mr. Shakespeare Jr. It is said that, wise after the loss of several slips, the writer made a meagre living as a vendor of rejection slips!

We give the tale for what it is worth. But the fact remains that a certain etiquette is to be observed, a certain standard of writing maintained when we contribute to a literary magazine. All this has been said not to discourage contributors, but to stimulate them to perfection in the art of writing. To yield to discouragement is a signal of defeat; to trample on the bodies of one's mistakes is a pledge of victory.

Let us now allow Antony Fernandez (IV Hons.) to give us "A Peep at Simla", and carry us from the dust and drums of Trichy to the clear mountain air and the silence of the lower Himalayas.

On the way from Kalka to Simla the traveller does not see either the great snow-crowned pinnacles or the torrential rivers or their great tributaries of which he has often heard. The sources of those rivers and the far-famed "pinnacles of aged snow" are far away. But he sees enough of the landscape,—its austere hillocks, rising one above the other and the deep and gorgeous valleys with their thick verdure and myriads of flowers—to impress on him the majesty of the Himalayas. On commencing his journey the traveller finds that the hills are ridiculously small. But this should not deceive him, or dissipate his high expectations of the scene that is coming. When he reaches Simla and sees the majestic mountains and learns that they are but hillocks compared with what lies further on, he is mystified, and filled with a vague sense of the gigantic size and gorgeous beauty of these ancient mountains.

The crystalline blue of the over-hanging sky, the glossy green of the vegetation untainted by dust, the gentle flow of the cool, fragrant air, the solitude of those sanctuaries of nature so far undesecrated by human feet, and melodious warbling of the innocent birds flowing forth undisturbed, all infuse a coolness and serene calmness into his soul while the sight of the grim barren mountain tops where the sunlight flashes and the clefts and caves where the dismal shadows lurk fill him with an unnamed fear and a sense of grandeur.

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S. Rengiah (IV U. C.) gives us some impressions of reopening day at the College and the thoughts of a loyal student about to pass out of its gates.

There is bustle and activity. Numberless cycles are lodged safely in the warm bosom of the Lawley hall while their owners cast rather an *ominous glance* at the long dark line of dusty benches at the thought of the tedious examinations and the endless Composition Classes that are soon to follow.

Like flies in a sunny corner the students crowd in the long corridor, all engaged in various occupations. Some are busily copying the time-table. Many crowd near the notice board squeezing, trampling and elbowing each other. Others stand near the library windows and gaze at the huge piles of books. Still others are engaged in animated conversations or in mild debates. Many bustle into the wide yawning entrance of the Lawley Hall like the buzzing bees that enter their hive.

The old students, as they leave with their conduct certificates tucked safely away cast a fond lingering look at the College. As they watch the incoming and outgoing students, and gaze at the gray tall structures of the college with its winding stairs, Tennyson's immortal lines "Men may come and Men may go, But I go on for ever," flits across their mind.

The more the bystander meditates upon the pleasantness of a student's life, the darker appears the mysteries and miseries of human life. But he is soothed when he thinks that the bright happy and joyous student life still holds its own against worldly tribulations as the cool oasis against the scorching sands of the Sahara. The heart of the bystander warms towards the cheerful faces and he prays the heavenly muse, far above in the azure sky, to shower her choicest blessings upon her children—the Students.

N. S. Srinivasan, IV U. C. writes a story on the slow torture of preparing for an examination and writing it. He concludes with the joy of the successful candidate and the sorrow of the student *who was too clever to prepare*—a warning.

(Note: Somu, the clever student, had poked fun at his friend preparing for the examination).

Yes, the results were published. To my great surprise I had passed my examination! Thank God! But alas! Somu's number could not be found in the list. I went home with quite an unnatural joy which knew no bounds.

Somu came to me and sobbed "Woe is me, that I did mock at you, just a week ago!"

I was rather stunned at such a strange mishap. It was now my turn to console him.

We should like to remind "De Valera" (II U. C.) who contributes "A Chinese Legend" that generally the publisher's permission is required

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before one reprints long extracts from a printed book. We want original, personal compositions and not accounts taken from the works found on our bookshelves. We must, however, express our appreciation of his humorous selection from Lamb's *Dissertation on Roast Pig*.

We can but limit ourselves to the opening paragraph of K.V. Raghavan's (I U. C.) Visit to Melkottai—spite of the sweet-sounding name:

Melkottai is a place situated on a hill about twenty miles from the Seringapatam station, that famous fort with which Tipu's name is connected. The shrine of Melkottai is deemed an important pilgrim centre for the Vaishnavites. Pilgrims from all parts of India flock to this place during the 'Vairamudi' festival. This festival falls in the month of March. The chief feature about this festival is that the 'Thirunarayana' is adorned with a crown fully set with diamonds. This crown is in the custody of H. H. The Maharaja of Mysore and is sent to the temple during this festival under military escort. It is really a thrilling sight to see the idol sparkling in brilliance surrounded by an ocean of his devotees.

V. R. at "the famous international exhibition" (sic) in Bombay, discovered that other people besides jugglers play tricks.

"Come and see, swimming match! Come and see, swimming match!"

We were surprised. How can a swimming match take place within that small enclosure? We purchased the tickets and went in. There was no swimming tank at all! Instead we saw a basin of water. A man flaunting a blue and green costume pointed at the water in the basin and pronounced in a measured tone.

"The swimming match."

Indeed! we saw half a dozen MATCHES floating on the water.

"Sparks from the Anvil" by S. Thiagarajan (IV B. Sc.) may be better entitled "Old Birds in New Feathers"—

A rustic, taking a meal in a big modern hotel, was picking out something from the food. The Proprietor approached.

Proprietor: Any stones in the dish, sir?

Rustic: I see some rice also.

Raman and his wife intended to buy a cow. In the meantime they were always quarrelling about who was to take more milk when the cow should begin to yield milk. Their noise was unbearable to their neighbour. So he came to Raman's house, and gave him a sounding slap on the face.

Raman: Why sir, why do you strike me?

Neighbour: Sir, your cow is ruining my garden!

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Teacher: Why didn't you get the sum right to-day?

Pupil: My usual neighbour is absent, sir.

"Why late?" by G. Athmanathan (III U. C.) lets the hero off too cheap: the habitually unpunctual man not only deserves to be, but will be an utter failure in life.

"From my boyhood I was a late comer to school. I used to arrive fifteen minutes after the bell had rung. When I entered the class room the teacher would straight-away put the question, Why are you late? to which I would boldly answer, "I am late, sir". After all, the punishment which the teacher gave me was to write an imposition of a hundred lines.

As a clerk I continued to be unpunctual. Every day I gave some sort of excuse for my coming late. One day the manager lost his temper. He told me that at any cost I should come to office in time, otherwise he would dismiss me from service.

Next morning I reached office fifteen minutes before the time. To my great surprise I found the door locked. I saw the peon, Ramasamy, in a corner of the verandah, snoring loudly. I touched him and the very moment he jumped up with a start. I inquired of him why he had not opened the door.

He told me that it was a holiday on account of Adi Amavasai."

We quote, for its unintended humour, from "The Dignity of Labour: The Predicament of a Bachelor of Arts" by V. Sankaranarayanan (IV U.C.)

This Graduate, who was out of employment for a long time and who believed in the 'dignity of labour' in the end decided to turn boot black. He got himself equipped with all the necessary paraphernalia and stationed himself within the reach of a good market-place. A crowd gathered in the road to watch this new graduate plying his new trade. This crowd obstructed the traffic and it also attracted a police man to the scene.

The Police who more often than not are tempted to take things in a queer light prosecuted Gopal for causing a crowd to gather and obstructing the free use of the road. The next day he was produced before the City Magistrate by the Inspector of Police. Seeing the deplorable and pitiable condition of Gopal a good old venerable man came forward to help him with money. The same day a message flew to a senior Lawyer at Madras.

The evening prior to the date on which the case was adjourned, the S. I. R. Trivandrum Express steamed in to the Manaparai Station laden with a senior Vakil accompanied by two junior ones with pairs of diamond ear-rings and large volumes of Law Reports.

After the long course of trial and appeal and trial, our plucky graduate was left at liberty to ply his trade. We hope that the publicity

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arising from the case drew the attention of some minister who had—as is meet and just—a vacant post, the first rung of the ladder to success!

“Set a thief to catch a thief” is more usual than what happens in M. A. Thomas’ story “The Detective”:

A heavy breeze whistled through the foliage. William jumped up, his eyes glued to a red spot on the ground. Examining it more closely,—blood! Turning round he saw more drops of blood, leading into the heart of the forest. His searching eyes saw a piece of paper stained red. Taking it, he read, “Had my revenge!”

William took in the situation at once. Quickly he ran to the police station and with a couple of policemen returned to the forest where he showed them what he had found; and led them along the line of the drops of blood. While the policemen were talking of promotions and rewards, William was constantly reminding them that he was the discoverer of this gruesome murder.

Walking along for sometime, the trio saw a man sitting on the ground, with a gun beside him. The two policemen rushed on him. Suddenly they stopped short in bewilderment, for, there lay by the stranger’s side, not a man bathed in his own blood—but a huge golden eagle.

In “The Man who Got his Eyes” V. V. P. Warren (III U.C.) describes the man’s impressions and thoughts, and the joy he found on recovering his sight.

Jack was eagerly waiting for the day when the treatment would take effect. One evening he was sitting in his room with the door locked. He was trying to imagine what the world would be like if he got his eyes. Suddenly he screamed with joy and astonishment. What was it? The plaster had cracked and fallen off his eyelids.

What he saw was but a pale mist at first. Then the objects became more distinct. He reeled, he staggered, he fell down, and at last, tumbling over the furniture, he reached the window and looked out. He was filled with amazement and wonder, and he cried for joy. His parents, hearing his joyous shout, guessed what had happened and knocked loudly at the door. But Jack did not heed, so overwhelmed was he by the wonderful power of sight.

He stared out of the window at the queer objects spread before him. He saw the blue sky with the white clouds, the green ocean and the white beach. A ship under full sail passed across his field of vision. He wondered what it might be. Thus Jack was gazing as one in rapture.

By this time it was late in the evening. Light was fast failing and darkness was covering the land. The objects grew dimmer and dimmer, until at last they completely vanished out of his sight. But Jack could not understand this natural phenomenon. He now thought of the doctor’s words, that his recovery might be only temporary. So he began to cry aloud,—not as before in glee, but in distress. He tore his hair desperately and beat his breast.

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His parents hearing his shouts wondered what had happened; but suddenly the doctor’s words tingled in their ears. They thought that their dear son had once again become blind. Checking their sorrow, they begged their son to open the door. At first Jack was obstinately reluctant but after two or three hours, gently he felt his way to the door and opened it. He was again filled with joy and amazement. What was it? He saw, for the first time, his dear father and his dear mother.

“Who is the Best Actor”? by A. Kandasamy, (II U. C.) may well be a literary freak. It has a language all its own, surpassing the *Pitchai Lal* books in the profuseness of its coinings that have all the artlessness of art.

“It is not an exaggeration to say that Chidambara Bahavathar of Madura, was one of the most prevalent actors of South-India; and he by his various personalities and acts sounded in the hearts of many. A drama, if any, by him would be migrated by city-dwellers, as well as country-dwellers, and those who haunted their places there, would indubitably be feeling parched ears to hear his psalms. Such was his efficiency in acting who by this work became a rich person, living in his observable mansion.

A man by name Rajandran, was foxy but quickwitted clerk of his house, who well-nigh managed all his master’s house-hold business diligently. When any one would dilate his master’s diligent dignitary in dramas, he would disclaim their discerned diploma directly, since he was once a dexterous, and not easily defensible actor. But this such effulgent and effective juvenile was perceived to be a partaker in a perilous plunder, and due to his perfidious appearance was put in a prison for three years, and he having undergone his penalty, was now in the disguise of a clerk. And his non-nusanic neus(?) nowhere notified altered his name Raghavan to Rajandran.”

(One evening a blackmailer, a certain Damodaran visited “the foxy but quick-witted clerk.” The clerk then disguised himself as his master, and acted so well that Damodaran beat a hasty retreat.)

Next morning, breakfast-over, Chidambara Bahavathar was reading Hindu! “Rajandra”, said the bahavathar, “You once urged that I will be a mist before you the sun, in acting. Do you remember?” enquired the bahavathar with a smile.

Horried was Rajandran.

Bahavathar patted him, and drawing him to his side told him “Don’t be afraid, my boy! Your truth was revealed yesterday. Is it not so, my boy?”

Perspiring was Rajandran.

“My boy! I was the man who enacted like Damodaran, and you were the boy, who disguised as myself. I know your case previously by one of our spy servants.

Mountain was Rajandran.

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Then they became great friends. Readers! "*Who is the best actor?*"

G. N. Madhavan's (IV U.C.) piece may be more fittingly entitled "Coloured Glasses".

One evening we went out for a walk. Our company was a blessed combination of every branch of knowledge.

Our attention was suddenly attracted by a beautiful child very near a well. It was in a dangerous position. I thought of running to save it from the danger, when my friend (a physicist) told me that the child would not fall down since the whole weight of its body acts at its centre of gravity which was within the base of support. Also he told me that the force of friction between its stomach and the wall of the well would keep it in equilibrium. "Moreover", added a psychologist, "it seems from the face of the child that it has practised standing like this". But the historian strove hard to give me the date on which a soldier was drowned in this well while fetching water for the great Indian monarch Alphabeta, after the battle of 'Mulligatawny'. "So we may say," began a logician, "Some who fell into this well were drowned; this child will fall and so it will be drowned". "You are wrong", said a congenial friend, "the major term in the major premise is not distributed. There is the fallacy of illicit major." "Bosh!", cried I, "you are trying to prove that the child would die if it were to fall down, whereas you ought to save it from the danger." "There is the smell of rotten egg near this well. So we can conclude that sulphur in some form can be obtained from here", remarked my chemistry friend; but when he saw the child, he exclaimed, "Oh! the water in this well is not pure or distilled. It contains 10% of salt solution. I think it is sea water." All this while our mathematician was engaged in calculating the time the child would take to reach the bottom of the well, if it were falling only under the action of gravity, taking the depth of the well to be 32 ft. He calculated this to see whether he could bring a rope and cradle, to lift up the child just before it reached the bottom! Our medical student suggested the methods of restoring the child by artificial respiration. But the botanist's attention was drawn to some *ichnecarpus* near the well. The zoologist thought of getting some frogs from the well for his next practical class, if somebody went down to rescue the child."

"The Infant Slayer" by Aloysius Joseph (I U. C.) is a sort of prose poem:—

When hoary heads linger in the evening twilight of life—their allotted work safely over;

When the moaning infirm turn ghastly caricatures of human shape to heaven,—imploring you;

When many there are, who fain would die but that human frailty chains them fast;

Why—Oh why slay the innocent infant, thou coward Death?

"How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world" is illustrated in "The Wheel of Fate" by

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V. M. Vaidyanathan (II U. C.) Bapu as a prosperous student helps Seenu. We give the end of the story, when Bapu, now a poor man, is job-hunting in Madras.

One beautiful evening when Bapu was going along the beach he noticed a fine building with a big board displaying, "THE MERCANTILE BANK". An elegant Sedan Buick stood before it. At the wheel sat a familiar gentleman. On seeing him Bapu stopped for a time, scrutinising him. Their eyes met. It was Srinivasan. With an apology Seenu broke the silence that ensued. "Aren't you Bapu?" "Yes", was the instantaneous reply. Seenu motioned Bapu to the back seat. Bapu got into the car.

"MEGHA BHAVAN" was a little house neat and compact. Seenu got down from the car followed by Bapu. Bapu was then ushered into a magnificently furnished drawing room. Seating himself comfortably he took a cursory view of the Chamber. Above the mantel piece stood out conspicuously the 'We are Seven' group-photo taken at the College. In the centre sat Bapu in full 'Pompiety' for that was the word that he used for 'Pomp'.

"Well" said Seenu, "How are you getting on?" With a heavy heart Bapu related to him all his misfortunes and concluded with a smile characteristic of him. "I've come here job-hunting." Seenu was deeply touched. He was reminded of Bapu's help at the College and ever since he felt a deep sense of indebtedness towards him. After a few questions about Bapu's domestic affairs Seenu concluded thus:—"Well, my dear Bapu, I am really very glad to tell you that there's a post vacant in my office and you've come in the right moment. Come to my office to-morrow and take charge." Bapu's heart was thumping with joy, when he was suddenly attracted by the clock chiming seven.

"It's getting late now, Seenu, I'll come over to-morrow. Good night!" "Good night." Bapu stepped out of "Megha Bhavan". An old quotation from "Lear" floated into his memory: "The wheel has turned full circle."

Among Authors and Books

The Swinburne Centenary.

THAT we should return to the subject of Swinburne after the admirable summing up with which Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar opens this number of the Magazine, requires a word of explanation. The June number of *The Nineteenth Century and After* contains a Centenary Survey of Swinburne by Mr. Randolph Hughes, which by the violence of its assertions and the sweep of its conclusions takes one's breath away. "Debate on aesthetic values", says Mr. Hughes, "is mostly idle; you either love Swinburne's poetry or you do not; and if you do not, no amount of mere argumentation can make you share the thrills of those who do." But instead of writing a personal confession in the spirit of this very just observation, Mr. Hughes proceeds to state, to define, to argue, and to conclude, in a manner that exposes him to the danger of a reasoned contradiction. I cull a few instances of his talent for affirmation. "The impression of extensiveness gathered from his writings is, I should say, in great part, an ocular one.....Swinburne's genius is robust, ample, rich, opulent, substantial, and not anything that could be justly described as a flatulent diffuseness." "Equally striking is the compression to be found in his prose work." "His considerable body of critical writings is as profound as it is extensive, and is the work of a first class mind in the general sense as well as of a poetical genius of the first order". "He did useful work in counteracting the pernicious and unhappily extensive influence of Mathew Arnold who almost totally misrepresented French literature to his fellow countrymen. Mathew Arnold's knowledge of French was contemptible" "There is in Swinburne's work in prose and verse.....a real philosophy which to the end remained consistent and coherent in its fundamental principles." "I have [shown] not only that Swinburne was in no mean measure intellectual, but also that he was highly moral and (in the deepest sense of that word) religious." "Mr. Lafourcade places *Love's Cross Currents* [a forgotten novel by Swinburne] near *Vanity Fair* and above certain of Meredith's novels: this estimate, I think, is not at all exaggerated." "It is possible that in the future not a few people will go to his work as McTaggart did, as to a sort of Bible, discovering in it sources of moral and philosophical as well as of purely

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poetical power." "Altogether he is the most assiduous servant, the most considerable master of the mysteries of the Word that has ever lived."*

Those who most admire Swinburne's miraculous manipulation of words, those who cannot resist the subtlety and variety of his music, the originality of his cadences, will yet question these astonishing judgements. Mr. Hughes holds up the ideal of "pure poetry" which is "art for art's sake" in another form, and laughs to scorn the view of Plato "the greatest enemy of poetry in the ancient world" and of "his most influential and hence most dangerous counterpart in English letters" Mathew Arnold, that poetry is a criticism of life. And yet, more prudent than consistent, he claims for Swinburne's poetry, a philosophy, a profound intellectual content, consistent and coherent thought, which will make his writings a "sort of Bible" of the future. If this were even moderately true, the hundreds of good judges would not have reacted against Swinburne's verbal opulence as they have done; the judgement of "flatulent diffuseness" would not have been so general. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. A poet of supreme eminence cannot be subject to the rapid and profound fluctuations of popularity such as Swinburne has undergone. The indifference from which he suffers today would be inexplicable if he had been of the stature which Mr. Hughes attributes to him. Alice Meynell, the gentlest, the justest, and the most inexorable of critics has said: "We predicate of a poet a great sincerity, a great imagination, a great passion, a great intellect; these are the master qualities, and yet we are compelled to see here—if we would not wilfully be blind or blindfold—a poet, yes, a true poet, with a perfervid fancy rather than an imagination, a poet with puny passions, a poet with no more than the momentary and impulsive sincerity of an infirm soul, a poet with small intellect—and thrice a poet."†

T. S. Eliot

Mr. Hughes gives many reasons for the contemporary indifference regarding Swinburne, none of them of course complimentary to the present generation. One of them is the presence of those "who preconise a departure from strict form and high music: mostly, it is to be guessed, because their capacities are not equal to such things. Perhaps the chief representative of this school is the American writer Mr. T. S. Eliot. The

* *The Nineteenth Century and After*, June, pp. 721 et seq.

† *Hearts of Controversy*, p. 55.

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fact that he has won so much respectful attention in British countries is a measure of the decadence of the times in which we live. Beneath all his carefully arranged trappings of European culture, there is the spirit of America. And that spirit is, in so far as European culture is concerned, a spirit of disintegration"*. The critical ineptitude of this judgement is equalled by its rudeness. It shows that Mr. Hughes has failed to grasp the significance of the modern effort to break away from the effete decorum of Victorian poetry, Tennysonian or Pre-Raphaelite. That many of the efforts of the moderns to woo the English muse to other than these facile melodies, were crude and remarkable only for their violent dissimilarity from traditional poetry no one will deny. But the moderns have by now found their measure, and learnt their language. Listen to this from Mr. T. S. Eliot:—

"The light that slants upon our western doors at evening,
The twilight over stagnant pools at batflight,
Moonlight and star-light, owl and moth-light,
Glow-worm glow-light on a grass-blade,
O Light Invisible, we worship Thee!†

This is not Swinburnian, but it is not devoid of "strict form and high music."

The Sacred Wood

Essays on Poetry and Criticism by T. S. Eliot (Methuen & Co.).

Mr. T. S. Eliot is one of the most robust spirits of our epoch. His poetical work places him in the front rank of modern poets. And his critical work is of exceptional importance. "The Sacred Wood" contains much typical work. As a critic Mr. Eliot has the advantage of extraordinarily wide and accurate scholarship. He is at home in most of the classical and modern literatures including Sanskrit. He is an uncompromising intellectualist, that is, a believer in the need of clear and coherent thought as the basis for creative art; an admirer of Mathew Arnold; a lover of classical French Literature and perhaps the most competent interpreter of it to English readers. Mr. Eliot's language is calm, sure in its direction and tone, at times almost disconcertingly

* The Nineteenth Century and After, June, p. 750.

† Chorus from *The Rock*.

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sure. In its sober serious march, it slips treacherously into sarcasm. One would like to see it deployed against Mr. Hughes' long and exposed line of attack. A characteristic passage is this on M. Julien Benda, a contemporary French critic.

"Almost the only person who has ever figured in England and attempted a task at all similar to that of M. Benda is Mathew Arnold. Mathew Arnold was intelligent, and by so much difference as the presence of one intelligent man makes, our age is inferior to that of Arnold. It is not simply that he has a critical tradition behind him, and that Arnold is using a language which constantly tempts the user away from dispassionate exposition into sarcasm and diatribe, a language less fitted for criticism than the English of the eighteenth century. It is that the follies and stupidities of the French, no matter how base, express themselves in the form of ideas;—Bergsonism itself is an intellectual construction and the mondaines who attended the lectures at the College de France were in a sense using their minds. A man of ideas needs ideas, or pseudo-ideas to fight against. And Arnold lacked the active assistance which is necessary to keep a mind at its sharpest."*

This will perhaps explain why Mr. Hughes could not help falling foul of Mr. Eliot. Though Mr. Hughes does not quote from it, I think Mr. Eliot's judgement on Swinburne, careful, poised, generous up to a point, and crushing in its finality, was one of the chief reasons for the attack on Mr. Eliot. Temptation to quote from that essay is great. But enough has been said about Swinburne. I shall conclude with a few lines on another well-known scholar and man of letters. Lovers of Professor Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides—and the present writer is of them—will be surprised, and perhaps pained by the judgement. In truth it takes nothing away from the objective charm of Gilbert Murray's verse. But it illustrates the uncompromising consistency of Mr. Eliot's position as poet and as critic.

"That the most conspicuous Greek propagandist of the day should almost habitually use two words where the Greek language requires one, and where the English language will provide him with one.....that he should stretch the Greek brevity to fit the loose frame of William Morris, and blur the Greek lyric to the fluid haze of Swinburne, these are not faults of infinitesimal insignificance...Prof. Murray has simply interposed between ourselves and Euripides a barrier more impenetrable than the Greek

* pp. 73—75.

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language. We do not reproach him for preferring, apparently, Euripides to Aeschylus. But if he does, he should at least appreciate Euripides. And it is inconceivable that any one with a genuine feeling for the sound of Greek verse should deliberately elect the William Morris couplet, the Swinburne lyric as a just equivalent.....As a poet, Mr. Murray is a very insignificant follower of the pre-Raphaelite Movement."*

J. D'S., S. J.

The Legacy of India

Edited by G. T. Garratt.

WHAT has been done already for Greece and Rome has now been attempted to be done for India in this new and interesting book. It is difficult to review the whole book which the reader will do well to read in parts and ponder over. The book is on such a diversity of topics that a reviewer feels that he can point out the excellence or the defects of the book only by dealing with it chapter by chapter. Some of the chapters promise much but they are disappointing. One such is that on Indian Art and Archaeology. Mr. Codrington, the writer of it, simply contents himself by giving a survey of the history of Archaeology from the times of Sir William Jones to those of Sir John Marshall. He does not discuss the substance of the findings of Archaeology and point out its relationship to the life of the people in ancient times. Still more infructuous is his attempt to write a history of Indian Art. He simply gives a running account of the rock-cut temples of Ajanta, Ellora and Badami describing a little of their contents. Even in treating of these great specimens of Buddhistic and Hindu Art, he does not speak either of the styles of architecture or of the symbolical importance of the sculptures. He does not even correct the popular impressions of the so-called cave temples of Ajanta and Ellora. To him even the great *Kailasa* at Ellora is a 'cave'. Nothing can be more untrue to reality. Neither is the architecture of the Chaityas or the Prayer-Halls at Ajanta described. Mr. Codrington does not say anything in detail of the frescoes at Ajanta. He should have pointed out briefly the bearing of the frescoes on the various aspects of social life in the ancient times and of their importance to Buddhistic Mythology. How the *Jataka* stories are painted on the walls of Ajanta with marvellous richness is not said. There is not a word on the beautiful symbolism of Buddhistic art and ritual. Even the *Dharma*

* pp. 73-75.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

Chakra has not been mentioned. Though one feels that a chapter of thirty pages cannot include everything, still the feeling of the reader is that many things of importance have been left out. Mr. Codrington mentions that the Kailasa temple at Ellora is after the Dravidian model but he does not think it worth his while to speak of the great Dravidian works of architecture and sculpture in South India. Nor is there anything said of the glorious examples of Chalukyan Art at Halebid and Somnathpur. The friezes of these temples reminding one of the Parthenon of Ancient Athens are among the glories of the world but there is not a word on them in the chapter on Indian Art.

K. C.

Mithra, Zoroastre et la Prehistoire Aryenne du Christianisme.

par Charles Autran—Payot. Paris 1935.

The latter part of the title itself gives an indication of the thesis maintained by the author. He shows that Iran has played a profoundly important part in the religious history of the Ancient world. The latter part of the book is devoted to the assessment of the contribution that Zoroastrianism had to make to the religion of the Israelites, post-exilic Israel, that is. The most important idea thus transmitted is, according to him, the Messianic idea.

But we would like to draw attention to the first part of the book, where the author successfully establishes the derivation of Mithra from 'Siva' or the three headed god revealed to us by the excavation of Marshall at Mohenjodaro. This is a notable point scored if we realise the tremendous vogue that Mithraism had in the Roman World at the time of the rise of Christianity and even after. Another suggestion made by our author is to equate the Phoenicians of Herodotus and the classical historians with the people of Southern India, the Tamils. The solid basis of the identification is supplied by the statement of the Father of History that the Phoenicians came from the Red Sea.

This according to our author disposes of the theory that the Phoenicians were Semites. Punic he takes to mean the people of the land of palms. On this basis he makes a number of equations between Tamil and Greek terms. Poeni in Punic = Panei (ਪਾਨੀ), Tunica = Thuni (தூனி) C. Malea (in sparta) = malei (மலை) Min-os the great king of Crete he derives from

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Min—~~is~~. The equations to say the least are daring and on the other hand the theory cannot certainly be laughed out of court—far from it. In S. India we have the continuous evolution of human culture stretching from the Paleolithic right up to the Iron age. And if Greeks in small numbers came to India after the Christian Era it was no impossibility for Indians in large numbers to have gone to Greece a thousand years before that. But from possibility it is yet a far cry to probability. Certainty is of course a different matter. The book of M. Autran shows the profound effect produced by the Indus Valley excavations on the minds of scholars. But they have raised more problems than they have solved. Very much more work—spade-work—remains to be done in Tamil India before we could place the links connecting Aditanallur with Mohenjodaro and both with the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates.

T. S.

Editorial Notes

His Majesty King George VI

THOSE who lived through the tense days of the Constitutional crisis in December last will never forget them. As the events moved swiftly to their tragic conclusion, general and political considerations were forgotten, or thrown into the background, and the personalities alone of the protagonists stood out with intense vividness. There was the young and brilliant monarch on whom the Empire had placed such hopes, and whose unbending decision has brought grief to many faithful subjects. Over against him the Prime Minister whose native good sense, delicacy, incorruptible rectitude, have stood him in better stead than would the cunning of the trained diplomatist. Lastly there emerged the figure of our present monarch, who has stepped into an extraordinarily difficult situation with the courage, self-sacrifice, and a simple dignity which recall his father.

We must be grateful to Providence that the crisis has passed without the strife and turbulence which it might easily have bred. We rejoice that the personality of the King Emperor, and of his gracious Consort are of the kind that have softened all acerbities and rallied a united people around their thrones. We offer them our loyal homage, and we pray God to bless them with a long and prosperous reign.

To India in particular, His Majesty's accession comes at a moment of happy augury, a moment of national pacification fraught with immense consequences for the future of the country. There is surely something more than mere coincidence in this. Our leaders no doubt realise that in a world where Dictatorships are fast multiplying and civil liberties are curtailed on every side, where imperialisms seem to grow in violence and unscrupulousness, the British commonwealth of nations stands for certain liberal ideals in government, for respect for the rights of individuals, which have become dear to educated India. Hence collaboration between Britain and the Indian people is surely in the interests of both people and in the interests of the rest of the world. May it continue unruffled till all the legitimate aspirations of our people are fulfilled.

The Results

We have the good fortune to record a year of exceptional success in the University Examinations. The Honours and M. A. Examinations brought

EDITORIAL NOTES

us cent per cent passes. The B. Sc. Honours Class scored the most brilliant success it has ever attained since the beginning of the Course. Of 15 candidates presented 10 scored first classes, and the remaining 5 second classes. In the B. A. Degree Exam. we secured 87 per cent in English, 90 per cent in II languages, 78 per cent in the optionals, and 64 per cent complete passes. The Intermediate results were again very satisfactory, though a little below those of last year. We secured 50% full passes, with twenty first classes. The more noteworthy among the percentages secured in the different parts are in English 70%, II languages 90%, Ancient History, Modern History, and Logic 70%.

The detailed figures are published elsewhere. It will be seen from them that the Presidency ranks and the University medals and prizes gained by our students are unusually numerous. We warmly congratulate Staff and students on this achievement. A special word of praise must be given to the Physics Department, which has secured the first rank in all the three classes—B. A., B. Sc., and B. Sc. Honours.

The Admissions

Once again we have the pleasure of recording an increase in numbers which stands at 1010. This must be mainly attributed to the unusually good results in the S. S. L. C. Examinations both in our own High School which scored 78% and in the Presidency. Large numbers have thus been enabled to seek admission into the I U. C. A welcome feature of this is the rise in the I U. C. History Group which counts 68. Thus it will be seen that in spite of the very general and indiscriminate condemnation of University education which has become habitual in press and platform now-a-days, nothing can keep down the ardour of youth for University training and qualifications. We are the first to recognise the defects inherent in the present system. But we would remind the critics of higher education that in order to judge it, they must bear in mind not only what it has failed to do but what it has positively done. It has been the chief agent in producing the ferment that is transforming India; it has given the impetus that has brought about the Indian Renaissance; the very weapons that are being used to batter it down, have been fashioned by its help.

We say this not in a controversial spirit but because we have misgivings for the future. Schemes of reorganisation are talked about which may cast the whole system of education so laboriously built up, into the

EDITORIAL NOTES

melting pot, subject student and teacher alike to a new series of experiments, and impose on Staff and Managements new sacrifices. But we have confidence in the wisdom of the earnest men who are at the helm of affairs to-day; and we shall gladly take our share in any effort they judge to be in the interests of the country. We are sure that they will not forget two things, first, that whatever be the measures judged necessary or urgent for the amelioration of the masses, no country can afford to neglect the formation of an elite, of an intellectual aristocracy that in the last resort is the maker of whatever is distinctive in national greatness. And secondly, that in this task of forming an elite, a poor country like India cannot despise the collaboration of private agencies whose moderate remuneration given by way of grants in aid cannot be a burden on the public purse, and whose devotion to their work is based upon a life-long vocation.

Education and the State in France

When the role of private aided agencies in Education is being discussed, it is of some importance to know how this problem has been tackled in European countries. In England, as in India, Universities are not State managed; and Colleges or Halls started by private initiative or with a special object in view, have the means of aggregating themselves to the Universities. Thus Campion Hall in Oxford is under the direction of the Society of Jesus, and its master, Fr. M. D'Arcy is University Lecturer in Aristotle. But it is in elementary and secondary education that the fairness and wisdom of the English educational system is most evident. Every recognised elementary school under private management, the Catholic parish school for instance, receives the salary of its teachers, and the cost of books and educational material supplied to poor boys, from Government. And all private secondary Schools have the same right as the Public Schools to prepare students for the University Entrance Examinations.

In France, University Education does not impose the obligation of residence. Each candidate is free to prepare for the examinations in private, or in the case of advanced tests, under the direction of a University Professor. But no law prevents the institution of private Universities. There are well-known Universities under the direction of the Bishops, in Paris, in Toulouse, in Lille, in Angers. But it is chiefly in Secondary Education that freedom of teaching is most evident. France has

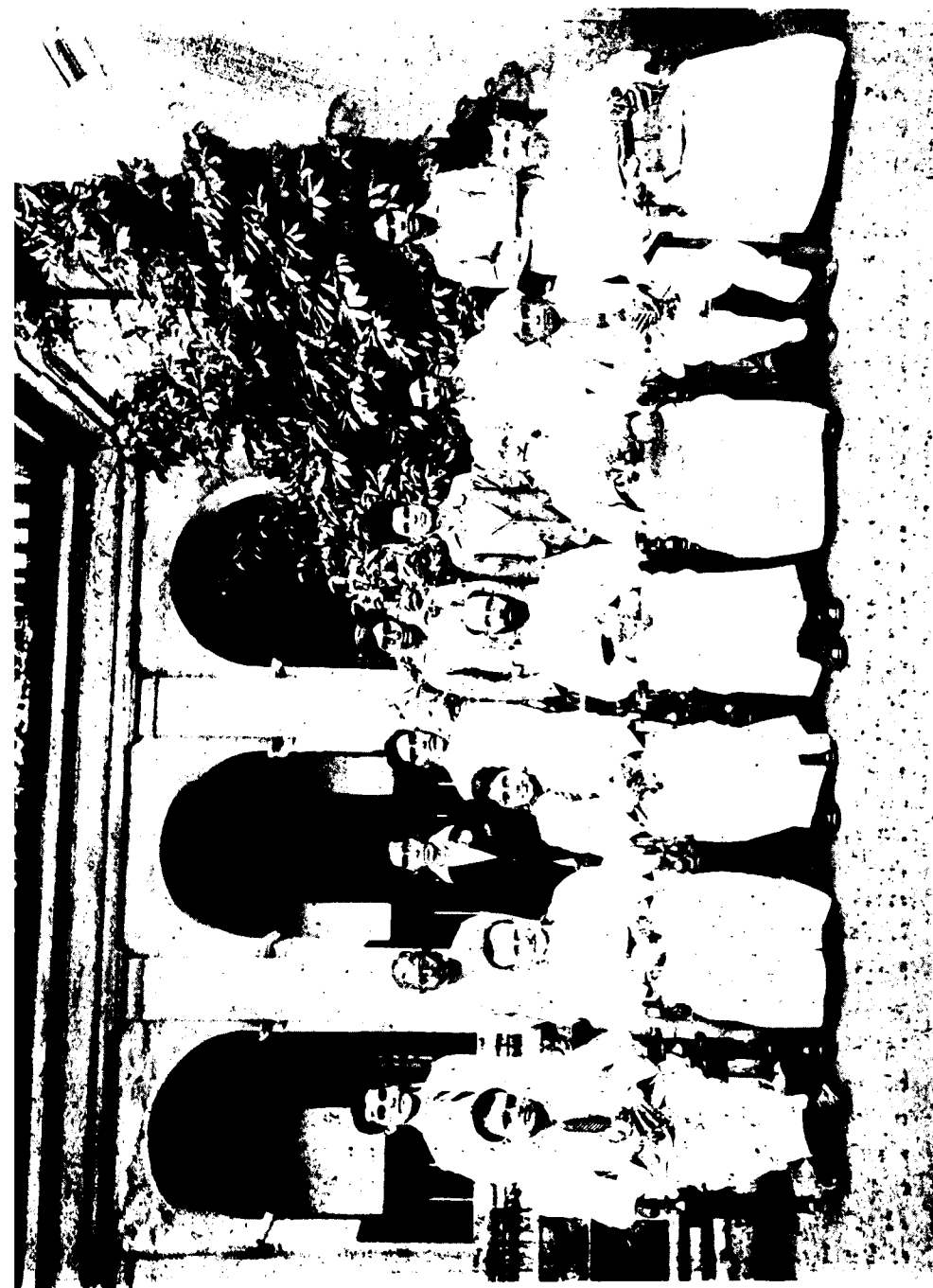
EDITORIAL NOTES

numerous first-rate Colleges controlled by Religious Orders, chiefly the Society of Jesus, and they have a high reputation for efficiency and success. This freedom is based upon the famous Loi Falloux passed in 1850. Numerous anti-clerical governments have tried to modify this law since 1880, but they have not dared to touch the substance of the law, as liberty of teaching is looked upon in France as a right guaranteed by the Constitution. In view of this fact, it is surprising that a writer¹ on Education, otherwise well-informed, should have recently written in "The Hindu" that France has secured peace in the educational sphere by depriving the Church of all share in it. The truth is that in so far as there is peace it is due to the recognition by the State of the right of the Church to have her own Schools; and that where this right is denied, as in the case of Elementary Education, there is not, and there never will be, lasting domestic peace.

The Magazine

Our readers will have noted that this number of the Magazine appears more than a month after the usual date. This is not due to unavoidable and unintended delay, but to a deliberate decision which will be followed henceforth. It is difficult to bring out the first number in July both on account of heavy office work, and the paucity of contributions. Since articles had to be handed in before the first week of July, new students were deprived of the chance of writing for this number. Moreover, under the older arrangement the account of the College Day function which takes place at the end of August, had to be held over till January for publication; and likewise the account of the Anniversary of College Societies usually held at the end of February, had to wait for the July issue. Henceforth the Magazine will appear about the 10th of September and March. It will give a pleasant distraction to the students in the midst of their preparations for the ensuing examinations, and enable them to take their copies to their homes in a relatively good state of preservation, during the holidays that follow.

¹ Mr. D. S. Gordon in "The Hindu" Aug. 1st, p. 8.



V HONS. (Economics) CLASS, 1936-37



V B. SC. HONS. CLASS, 1936-37

Results in the University Examinations, March 1937

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Per- centage
M. A. Br. I. Mathematics ...	1	—	—	1	1	100
Br. II. Physics Main ...	2	1	1	—	2	100
Br. IV. Econ. & Pol. ...	3	1	1	1	3	100
Total ...	6	2	2	2	6	100
B. A. (Hons.) Br. I Mathematics ...	11	3	6	2	11	100
Br. IV Economics ...	6	1	3	2	6	100
Total ...	17	4	9	4	17	100
B. Sc. (Hons.) Part II (Math. Subs.) ...	10	6	4	—	10	100
(Chem. „) ...	3	3	—	—	3	100
Total ...	13	9	4	—	13	100
B. Sc. (Hons.) Part I ...	16	—	—	15	15	93.7
B. A. (Hons.) Preliminary ...	26	—	—	23	23	88.4
B. Sc. Part I ...	52	—	—	42	42	80.7
B. Sc. Part II Physics Main (M. & C.) ...	12	2	4	5	11	
Do. (Math. & Elec.) ...	7	1	1	2	4	
Do. (Mech. & Elec.) ...	8	1	2	3	6	
Total ...	27	4	7	10	21	77.7

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1937

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage
Chemistry Main						
(Physics & Mathematics)	13	2	5	3	10	
(Physics & Botany)	14	3	8	3	14	
Total	27	5	13	6	24	88.8
B. Sc. Total	54	9	20	16	45	83.3
B. A. Degree Part I						
English	88	—	2	75	77	87.3
Part II Second Language						
Tamil	38	1	2	31	34	89.4
Malayalam	12	—	1	9	10	83.3
Sanskrit	33	—	3	27	30	91
French	8	2	1	5	8	100
Total	91	3	7	72	82	90
Part III Optional Subjects						
Group (i-b)	18	1	4	9	14	77.7
" (ii-b)						
Subs. Chem.	8	—	2	3	5	
Subs. Maths.	15	1	3	8	12	
Total	23	1	5	11	17	74
Group (ii-c) Chem. Main						
Physics Subs.	21	2	7	8	17	
Botany Subs.	5	—	1	4	5	
Total	26	2	8	12	22	84.6
" (iv-b)	20	—	1	14	15	75
Total Part III	87	4	18	46	68	78.1

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1937

Full B. A's					
Group	(i-b)	Mathematics	Sent up in all Parts	Full B. A's	Percentage
"	(ii-b)	Physics	12	7	
"	(ii-c)	Chemistry	21	13	
"	(iv-b)	Economics	24	16	
			20	13	
Total	...	...	77	49	63.6

INTERMEDIATE

Complete Passes

SUBJECT	Sent up	I	II	Total	P. C.
Mathematics, Physics & Chemistry	101	17	36	53	
N. Science, Physics & Chemistry	51	1	20	21	
A. His., Mod. His. & Logic	23	2	12	14	
Total	175	20	68	88	50.3

Partial Passes

PARTS	Math. Phys. Chem.	Nat. Sc. Phys. Chem.	Anc. H. Mod. H. Logic	Total
PART I only	2	3	1	6
II only	17	8	2	27
III only	1	1	2	4
PARTS I & II	14	7	4	25
I & III	2	1	—	3
II & III	10	3	—	13

Total Passes

Subjects	Sent up	Passed	P. C.
English	175	122	70.2
Tamil	90	82	91
Malayalam	19	15	79
Sanskrit	41	32	78
French	23	21	91.3
Latin	2	2	100
Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry	101	65	64.3
Natural Science, Physics and Chemistry	51	26	50.9
Ancient Hist., Modern Hist. and Logic	23	16	69.6

Presidency Ranks

M. A. Degree

Physics—Main

Selvaraj, M.	...	(I Class)	... 2nd in Prescy.
Venkatakrishnan, N. S.	...	(II Class)	... 3rd* "

Economics and Politics

Michael Bonaventure	...	(I Class)	... 1st in Prescy.
Rangachary, P. N. G.	...	(II Class)	... 3rd "

B. A. (Hons.) Final

BRANCH I—Mathematics

Devadas, M. R.	...	(I Class)	... 4th in Prescy.
Ramamurti, K. V. A.	...	(II Class)	... 3rd "

Economics and Politics

Coelho, J. F. M. (The Norton Prize)	...	(I Class)	... 4th in Prescy.
Mathai, V. J.	...	(II Class)	... 1st "
Jayaraman, R.	...	(II Class)	... 2nd "

B. Sc. (Hons.) Final

Physics—Main

Natarajan, T. N.	...	(I Class)	... 1st in Prescy.
Ramamurti, A.	...	(I Class)	... 2nd "
Balakrishna Shetty, S.	...	(I Class)	... 4th "
Krishnaswami, K.	...	(I Class)	... 5th "
Sundararaj, T. M.	...	(II Class)	... 1st "
Ramakrishnan, K. S.	...	(II Class)	... 3rd "
Neelamegham, R.	...	(II Class)	... 5th "

* In this, as in similar cases, the figures indicate the ranks amongst the II Classes, and not the absolute Presidency ranks.

PRESIDENCY RANKS

B. Sc. Part II

Physics—Main

Sivasankaran, T. K. (The Pattubhirami Reddi Medal)	...	(I Class)	... 1st in Prescy.
Srinivasan, S.	...	(I Class)	... 2nd "
Ramakrishnan, P. R.	...	(I Class)	... 4th "
Krishnaswami, V. S.	...	(I Class)	... 5th "
Venkataraman, T. V.	...	(II Class)	... 3rd "
Narayanan, S.	...	(II Class)	... 4th "
Durairajan	...	(II Class)	... 5th "

Chemistry—Main

Ramaswami, T. S.	...	(I Class)	... 1st in Prescy.
Subrahmanyam, K.	...	(I Class)	... 2nd "
Ramamurti, K. (The Jagirdar of Arni Medal)	...	(I Class)	... 3rd "
Sridharan, C. K.	...	(I Class)	... 6th "
Mani, A. S.	...	(I Class)	... 7th "

B. A. Degree

English

Mathew, P. T. (The Jubilee Gold Medal)	...	(II Class)	... 2nd in Prescy.
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Tamil

Subrahmanyam V. (The Franklin Gell Gold Medal)	...	(I Class)	... 1st in Prescy.
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Malayalam

Anantanarayanan, P. P.	...	(II Class)	... *5th in Prescy.
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Sanskrit

Srinivasan, R.	...	(II Class)	... *3rd in Prescy.
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French

Mathew, P. T.	...	(I Class)	... 2nd in Prescy.
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* There were no I classes in Sanskrit and in Malayalam.

PRESIDENCY RANKS

Physics—Main			
Mathew, P. T.	...	(I Class)	... 1st in Prescy.
Chemistry—Main			
Raman Nair, A.	...	(I Class)	... 2nd in Prescy.
Singam, R.	...	(II Class)	... 3rd "
Intermediate			
Muhammad Rasheed	...	(I Class)	... 1st among Mus-
(The Lord Pentland Medal)			lim candidates.

Inter-Collegiate Examination in Religion

I. In Christian Doctrine

Silver Medals

Godfrey S. A. Saldanha, IV B.Sc. (Hons.)

Certificates of Merit (60% marks and above)

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Charles, M., IV U.C. | 2. Doss, I. Henry, IV Hons. |
| 3. John, A., , | 4. Inasu, N. P. III , |

II. In Apologetics

Silver Medal

Gabriel, A., I U. C.

Certificates of Merit (60% marks and above)

Rajamanikam, S., II U.C.

Old Boys

THE Elections to the new Madras Assembly and Council have brought a good many Old Boys into prominence. Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvam, Khan Bahadur P. Kalifulla Sahib, Messrs. C. J. Varkey, V. J. Samu Pillay, J. L. P. Roche Victoria, Chattanatha Karayalar, P. R. Tevar, S. T. P. Marimuthu Pillai and Kumararaja Muthiah Chettiar have been elected to the Assembly, and Mr. Jerome Saldanha to the Council. Subsequently Dr. T. S. S. Rajan and Dr. P. J. Thomas have been nominated by His Excellency the Governor to the Upper House. Some of them have figured largely in the two cabinets that have since been formed. Mr. A. T. Pannirselvam, Khan Bahadur Kalifullah and the Kumararaja had important portfolios in the Interim Cabinet. In the Congress Ministry, Dr. Rajan is Minister of Public Health, and Mr. C. J. Varkey is Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Education.

Mr. Varkey's nomination to this subordinate position has brought a good deal of disappointment to the Christian Community. We shall comfort ourselves with the reflection that his official career need not end where it has begun. In the meantime his wide experience as educationist, his patriotic zeal, and his immense capacity for work will enable him to render precious services to community and country in the position he occupies.

Dr. Rajan has made a great sacrifice in accepting the extremely onerous office that has been imposed upon him. Trichinopoly feels his loss keenly but is proud to see in him one of the strong men of the cabinet. His Alma Mater shares this pride, and wishes him a period of successful work in the service of the country. Of Dr. Rajan's unaffected devotion to the College we have two examples which we have great pleasure in recording here.

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The Unveiling of the Portrait of Fr. Honoré

We are happy to give here an account of the gathering of the past and present students of the College in the Lawley Hall on February 20th when Dr. Rajan unveiled the portrait of Fr. Honoré. The portrait is a gift of Mr. T. S. Abhirama Iyer, the first Physics M. A. of

OLD BOYS

the College, and the function was organised by Mr. P. E. Subrahmanyam who thus crowns his indefatigable efforts to perpetuate the memory of his dear Master. The function began with the following statement by Mr. P. E. Subrahmanyam.

"In June 1933 the late Rev. Fr. Honoré, S.J., retired after a long and meritorious service of over 52 years as Professor of English, Mathematics and Physics, services which have contributed in a large measure to the present eminent position of the College. He was versatile and his superiors found in him a very able adviser who was able to see far ahead of the times. He was one of the makers of the College. His students, the members of the Staff of the Physics Department, proposed to start a memorial befitting the great work he did for the College and for the cause of education intellectual and moral, of South Indian youths. The response to the appeal was at once spontaneous, genuine and very generous. Let me express my gratitude for them all. Thanks to the generous addition to the contributions made by the Rev. Fr. Rector, the Rev. Fr. Honoré scholarship is now founded. By perpetuating his memory by a scholarship, his Old Boys have done a thing dear to the departed soul. He loved his students more than anything else.

It was felt that the memorial would not be complete without a portrait in the Physics Laboratory which was his creation and the scene of his activities. Indeed the laboratory and the workshop were his home for nearly 12 hours of the day. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. T. S. Abhirama Iyer, one of his distinguished old boys, we have the portrait ready. I am very grateful to the good Doctor Rajan ever willing to oblige his Alma Mater who has so readily consented to perform the function.

I request you to unveil the portrait which is claimed to be a good representation of the Father, so that the example of his life, versatile yet full of humility, stern yet full of that genuine love so characteristic of him, may influence generations of yet more glorious students in the difficult path of a virtuous life."

Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, after unveiling the portrait, said that it gave him great pleasure to unveil the portrait of Rev. Fr. Honoré. There was something great about the Father which he would ask the audience to understand and if possible to copy. Fr. Honoré was a great genius, was not only a great scientist, but was also a great builder, a musician, an artist and an entomologist. More than all, his humaneness was the most



THE HON'BLE. DR. T. S. S. RAJAN, M.L.C.,
Minister of Public Health to the Government of Madras.
(Former Pupil)



CAPT. V. SUNDARESAN
Coy. Commander, 'D' Coy., U. T. C.
Recipient of the Coronation Medal.

OLD BOYS

outstanding feature of his life. He loved all without any difference. Fr. Honoré represented the type of person the Jesuit Mission stood for, wedded to a life of simplicity, poverty, sacrifice and humility of its members, and the unostentatious manner in which the members carried out their work. To them physical suffering was part of their existence. Dr. Rajan said he did not know whether there was any genuine Brahminhood practised at the present time in the Hindu community. To him Gandhiji represented the highest living soul because he found in him perfection of Brahminhood—poverty, service, overwhelming love. If he were asked if there was any other Brahminhood at the present time he could only think of the Institution in which the Fathers represented its true type by their vows of poverty and dedication to service. He would hold Fr. Honoré up to his Hindu brethren as the type of Brahmin they could worthily emulate. Though a Hindu, he found a place in his heart for the worship of such venerated souls as Fr. Honoré. As to the work of Fr. Honoré in St. Joseph's which had a long line of workers of great self-sacrifice, he would say he comes foremost among these benefactors who had served India and its people with absolutely no reward save the spirit of Christ alone which moved them. Fr. Honoré is an outstanding example and will certainly be an inspiration to Hindu, Muslim, Christian, all alike.

Mr. T. S. Abhirama Iyer recounted his reminiscences of his College days under Fr. Honoré and spoke about the great and admirable qualities of Fr. Honoré as a man, as a professor, and as an organiser.

Rev. Fr. J. D'Souza, Principal, St. Joseph's College, said he accepted the portrait on behalf of the College with profound gratitude, not only for the gift itself but for the manner in which it was given. Fr. Honoré was a born organiser and leader of men and yet loved most obstinately to remain and work as an obedient labourer, although life in the world could have easily given him far greater prizes of office and responsibility. He hoped that this example of self-effacing labour might influence the lives of the hundreds of students who will daily look upon his image.

* * * * *

Convocation Gathering of the Madras Branch of the Old Boys' Association

The Madras Branch has been a little sleepy these years. The annual gathering at the time of Convocation to welcome the new graduates had

OLD BOYS

not taken place during the past five years. But the President of the Madras Branch, Lieut. T. S. Subrahmaniam, M.A., and the Secretary, Mr. S. Narayanan, B.A., both of the Loyola College, were only waiting for a word from the parent Organization to set to work. Though the time at their disposal was short, they scoured the city, collected subscriptions, and obtained, after many disappointments, the use of the Hall of St. Mary's High School, Armenian Street. The meeting took place at 5 p. m. on July 31st, the morrow of the Convocation.

It is true the number of graduates present was not large: about half of those who had taken their degrees attended. This was because a good many had already left Madras. The shortness of the notice prevented their making the necessary arrangements. Of the Old Boys of Madras, there were Dr. Rajan, President of the evening, and Mr. C. J. Varkey, both of whom had come in spite of the most pressing duties and were obliged to leave before the end in order to attend an official function; Dr. P. J. Thomas, Dr. Lokanathan, Mr. K. J. Cletus, Mr. T. S. Abhiraman; Messrs. V. Somasundaram, Pisharoti, U. Raghavendracharya and other members of the Loyola College Staff, loyal helpers of the President and the Secretary in organising the gathering. Fr. Leigh, who as Principal of St. Joseph's had admitted into the Honours Course many of the graduates present and had taught English to almost all the others, was also there, to the great joy of one and all.

After a pleasant tea, Dr. Rajan addressed the graduates. He told them that he was happy to be in their midst for though he did not know most of them personally, the fact that they came from Trichy, and had been pupils of St. Joseph's brought them very near to him. He congratulated them on their degrees. Formerly, he continued, such an attainment would have spelt success in life. A lucrative employment would have been easily theirs; and if that failed, a prospective Father-in-law did not ask for anything better than to finance a degreed young man for the mere pleasure of having an educated son-in-law. But now employment is not easily obtained and in the matrimonial market employed youths have more value than mere graduates. That was however no reason why they should not be proud of their culture and of the degree they had secured, for its own objective value. Not too proud however, not to the point of despising others. It is for them, said Dr. Rajan, to realise the limitations of their knowledge, and to resolve never to cease learning. A second and even more important reminder he would give them was that

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the learning they had acquired gave them the responsibility of communicating it to their less favoured countrymen. The future of the country was in their hands. If they wished to be true to the precepts and examples they have heard and seen in their Alma Mater, concluded Dr. Rajan, they must distinguish themselves by their selfless service to others.

Fr. Leigh thanked Dr. Rajan for his impressive speech. He paid a glowing tribute to his old friend and Doctor and added that though he had disagreed with some of Dr. Rajan's opinions, he could unreservedly hold him up to his young friends as an example of sacrifice for one's ideals, sacrifice in the days of the Non-cooperation Movement and sacrifice now, in accepting his present office. Fr. Leigh concluded with the narration of one or two touching instances of Dr. Rajan's love of the poor.

After the departure of Dr. Rajan, Fr. Leigh was unanimously voted to the Chair, and the gathering spent sometime in pleasant talk. Mr. K. J. Cletus, in response to an invitation from the Chair, made a neat speech, dwelling on the great possibilities of commercial and industrial careers for educated young men. As manager of Tata's, Madras Branch he spoke with knowledge when he assured them that in spite of unemployment, industrialists did not find enough young men whom they could trust, and who would work with unswerving loyalty to their masters. After Mr. Cletus' speech, it was the turn of the Graduates. But they were unusually shy, and though there were secretaries of College Associations among them, they could not be persuaded to make speeches, beyond uttering a few nervous words of thanks!

The function came to a close with a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. T. S. Subrahmaniam. He thanked the guests, he thanked all those that had helped him in his work. He naturally did not speak of himself. We take this opportunity to thank him for the great spirit of loyalty and love for the Alma Mater with which he worked for the success of the function. He told Dr. Rajan, that as he was a Doctor, his skill should give new life to the moribund Madras Branch. We can only say that with Lieut. Subrahmaniam's energy and Mr. Narayanan's assiduity in collecting subscriptions, an abundant life is assured to it.

Mr. V. V. Vedantachari, B.A. (Hons.) Maths. 1932, I Class, has passed the F. C. S. Examination securing the third rank.

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Mr. K. R. R. Sastri, B.A. (Hons.) Econ. 1919, M.L., has been appointed Reader in Law in the Allahabad University.

Mr. K. Gopalachari, B.A. (Hons.) Econ. has been awarded the Ph. D. degree of the University of Madras.

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Fr. John Palokaren, M. A., Principal, St. Thomas' College, Trichur, has been created a Domestic Prelate to His Holiness the Pope. We warmly congratulate the new Monsignor.

The New Year and Coronation Honours brought distinctions to four Old Boys. Rao Saheb Kulandaiswamy Pillai becomes Rao Bahadur, Rao Bahadur Narayanaswami Pillai is made Diwan Bahadur, Mr. P. S. Krishnamurty Iyer is Rao Saheb and Mr. P. Sharfuddin is made Khan Saheb. We offer them our cordial felicitations.

College Hostels

I. A Boarding Chronicle

January 8th.—The College reopens: How often did it reopen in my holiday dreams and with what comfort I awoke from sleep still at home. Now my dreams have come true, and I am again in the midst of books, friends, and prefects, to face the ordeals of a mercifully short, if also a hot term.

January 25th.—A walk to the Cauvery, through the Chintamani Road, which is a disgrace to civilisation, culture and what not! I would deliver a philippic in public against the administration but for the forbidding presence of a policeman round the corner. A veritable dust storm prevents visibility and brings suffocation.

January 26th.—Misfortunes never come single and we are abandoned by both our prefects who are proceeding for their scholastic studies. Gathered under the shades of the Pandamangalam Villa, we bade farewell to them in touching words of affection and grief.

February 11th.—The feast of Our Lady of Lourdes is celebrated with the usual pomp and car-procession.

February 18th.—The Notice-board contains the momentous word "Walk" which brings to our faded frames life, and in the evening we are off to the Coleroon which like most rivers is overflowing with sand for the major part of the year. Some are stretched on the sand, and others are gone to view the Srirangam Temple. When it is time to return, some are missing, and like a good shepherd the prefect goes in search of the lost sheep which returns in time for supper.

February 23rd.—We celebrate the Boarding Day and lavish honours on Rev. Fr. Gering, S.J., to his extreme discomfort. Prizes and Medals are awarded to our teams, and sweets and asokas to all.

February 25th.—The College Societies hold their anniversary which provides diversion to all. Music, eastern and western, reports long and short, an admirable Presidential speech, and a delightful comedy are more than what we may reasonably expect for enjoyment. Several of our friends are among the winners of prizes and they are cheered to the echo.

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March 8th.—The term ends for the seniors, and some among them take a final farewell of the College.

March 14th.—Gloom descends on all in view of the examinations, and nothing matters till they are over.

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June 17th.—The academic year opens with the coming of the Seniors. The High School grounds put on vegetation during the summer months, and look attractive to the eye. We learn with distress that Mr. Dominic, II U. C. died during the holidays; he that had entertained us with songs on the Coleroon bed was no more!

July 18th.—The Feast of Corpus Christi. The semi-boardings, always noted for its artistic decoration, erected a lovely Pandal in the Mahé grounds which lent fresh lustre to the feast.

July 28th.—We were privileged to witness the film "The Elephant Boy" which was a marvellous success. The Indian boy's talents amount to genius, and the film attracted vast crowds.

July 31st.—The Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, brings general rejoicing in the division. The ordinary rules of our life are relaxed in honour of the great founder.

August 8th.—A badminton match ends in a draw; we have always won against outsiders.

August 19 to 21.—Annual Retreat. Like Jonas inside the whale's belly, we spend three days of recollection and prayer and like the prophet we return to the world after the third day.

II. Hostel Notes

January 8th.—The hostel reopens with the College. Hullo! my good friends, wish you all a happy and prosperous new year with the regular "dinner bells" and "silence bells".

January 13th and 14th.—The sweet lingering memories of home are driven away by the luxurious and sumptuous feast of Pongal. The corollary of good eating is of course good working "at books". But to-day is an exception as "gates are open". The local theatres derive extra profits as a matter of course.

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January 23rd.—Apparently an auspicious day. Studies begin in right earnest, of course preceded by the purchases of "notes" and "made easies".

February 2nd.—One month gone without the need for any word of caution at all; barely a month and a half more for the University examinations! The Clive's Cricket Club (C.C.C.) has stopped its activities to promote seriousness in study. But the tennis match continues.

February 11th.—"Our Lady of Lourdes." The illumination of the hostel faces that of the Church and casts its rival reflection on the emerald waters of Teppakulam. The fire works of the hostel explode as the procession comes round and the whole atmosphere is filled with glittering sparks and glowing torches. What a lovely and picturesque sight!

February 14th.—This is a gala day. The Smartha Section goes on a picnic to Elamanur. Some of the professors accompany us. They chat freely and laugh gaily!

Justice where justice is due and for the dinner we do more than ample justice. All the dishes disappear with electric speed at the magic touch of the hand and nothing remains but the leaf craving for more. Even the Warden enjoys our meal. The evening sets in with the sweet smile of the moon whose arrival is greeted with songs and hurrahs. Exercise in the boats and on the sands forms the preliminary for supper. The party returns with hip, hip, hurrahs to Clive's at about 8-45 P. M. Sober thoughts set in as students return to their rooms and books.

February 21st.—Our Sivite brethren go on a picnic also. The chronicler accompanies them. The incidents repeat themselves with the exception that we cross the river in boats since water in the Cauvery has increased considerably.

February 25th.—The Hostel Day celebrations. Clive's with its paper decorations and coloured lights puts on the appearance of a marriage Pandal and smiles with the gracefulness of a newly married bridegroom.

The morning is spent in conducting sports when feats of strength and skill are exhibited.

The evening is approaching. Our professors respond kindly to our invitations. We assemble near the infant margosas opposite the barracks. The radio plays wonderful melodies and fills the atmosphere with diverse music. Tea is served at 4 P.M. Rao Bahadur T. M. Narayana-samy Pillai presides. Our budding musicians enliven our spirits. Our

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orators surpass even Antony in their sting and vigour of speech and pay well-merited tributes to the hostel. Our Warden in an impassioned speech exhorts us all to serve our country. Then comes the farce with its provoking humour. What! the scene suddenly changes. Fishermen, Chinamen, postman, Sanyasis, Kudu kuduppandis and Bairagis; why should the barber come in, the Spencer boy and the "Govinda"? Oh! It is the fancy dress. Of course the barber, Krishnamoorthy, carries away the prize, because his contribution to civilisation is greatest. The President clearly explains the "Ideals of a Student." The function comes to a close followed by drinks at 10 P.M.

March 3rd.—Books are being "consumed" and thailams and brain oils are selling like hot cakes. Tea shops derive extra profits. The bucket shop dealer has a roaring sale in pansupari, snuffs and in all other stimulants. The visits to the temple grow more frequent and regular. The grim spectre of the examination is staring us in the face.

March 14th.—Lights burn till A.Ms. The refreshing, brain-cooling and energy-giving water is lavishly poured on heated heads and burning eyes. People walk as if they were hypnotised.

March 15th.—The Ides of March are come and not yet gone. Some come out of the hall in a drooping spirit and walk away like Sydney Carton ascending the scaffold. Others come in glowing spirits. "Right O" says one, "I have fired it off." "Satisfactory" says another modestly.

The days of these examinations are uneventful—days of trial, and fear. At last the hostel officially closes with the College for the Summer holidays. The Junior classes pack off—all homeward bound on the 21st of this month with concession forms and heavy trunks. "Good bye!" "Cheerio," "Wish you luck." One jocularly remarks to a friend who is departing, "Wish you bon voyage." The Warden, with his characteristic smile wishes them all good bye for "three months only."

June 17th.—The College reopens for the seniors and the hostel ipso facto. But there is some change in the hostel, an agreeable surprise—the installation of a radio. The vibrations of the melodious tunes are set afloat by this apparatus, which our kind and sympathetic Warden was gracious enough to supply us with.

All faces are familiar, some lively and gay and some shy and downcast, the latter are those who have come to try another chance in the September examination.

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June 25th.—Oh! What a rush! If all are admitted into the hostelno, that is impossible. Yet the "overpopulation of Clive's" becomes an actual fact. Each room has an "extra" for this term. The seniors walk with a majestic air with inquiring looks at the juniors walking noiselessly behind.

July 1st.—Parents insist on leaving their sons only in Clive's. One half of the Warden's room has been portioned out to four students. "Who is your room-mate?" inquired the chronicler of an occupant of this room. "Father Warden" replied the chap.

July 5th.—The weather is cloudy and dull, there is some unknown shadow hanging over the whole atmosphere. Yes, Mr. Devanathan is dead. Amicable, quiet-going and orthodox, he was loved by all in the hostel. Poor soul, he had his exit so early. May he rest in peace.

July 25th.—The Juniors are in their own element. Music is the common factor of the bath room, mess room and the quadrangle. Tufts are sacrificed at the altar of fashion, the "saloons" get a rich harvest. The juniors are now bolder and they have the upper hand over the seniors.

"The Clive's Economics Union" is a newly started association which has its inaugural meeting to day.—The C. C. C. resumes its activities—"members Clive's, ground Roger's."

August 1st.—The union had its debate on "Dictatorship is the best form of government". The motion was carried.

Two other debates were held under the auspices of the Union subsequently. 1. "Increasing population leads to increasing misery"—carried; 2. "India should secede from the League of Nations"—carried.

August 6th.—Adi Amavasya, today is a feast. We are perfect Johnsonians. "He who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." The juniors beat the seniors hollow at this game.

But the Malabar section does not celebrate the feast. They are philosophers, they are ideal students. "We can have feasts at home, we want studies at Clive's" they declare with conviction.

S. KRISHNA RAO.

College Societies

I. The Literary and Debating Society

THE Third term is a period of trials and contests. The extempore speech competition for the B. A. Classes attracted fourteen candidates who were given ten minutes to meditate and five minutes to orate on either "The literary man of the 19th century whom I like" or "The career I would like to choose". The majority, choosing the latter subject broke out in praise of the lawyer, the politician, the doctor and other less harmful beings. Mr. T. L. Mathias was awarded the first prize for his eloquent love of medicine. Messrs. G. S. A. Saldhana and P. Venkata-subramaniam were bracketed second.

For the Intermediate elocution competition, fifteen came forward to declaim passages of varying beauty, humour, and seriousness. Dr. Faustus often rent the platform with his piteous groans till he went to the devil. Mr. R. G. P. Joseph came first and Mr. A. Gabriel second in this ordeal of making the dead speak in our midst.

An extraordinary meeting was held with Rev. Fr. Racine, S.J., D.Sc. in the chair when Rev. Dr. Andrew Krazinsky of the Cracow University, Poland, spoke on "Contemporary Culture and Civilisation". The learned philosopher surveyed the modern currents of thought, and declared himself optimistic about their final outcome—a most comforting conclusion.

Mr. K. Chinnasamy Iyer, M.A. performed his yearly duty to the Society by his learned discourse on "William Morris", the wonderful variety and quiet beauty of whose work were lucidly explained and illustrated.

At the next meeting Mr. Joseph Dorai brought a censure motion on Macaulay as a man and a writer. It was true that he libelled a good many on earth; but he did it in good faith which was a valid defence in law. The house agreed with Mr. R. Ganesan in vindicating the great Whig writer.

Two more meetings were held to select speakers for the competitions held at the Annamalai University and the Kumbakonam College.

For the fourth time our College won the "The Sastri Gold Medal" for elocution, in the person of the secretary himself, S. Suriyamoorthi. It is manifest from this report that our Society worked with its accustomed success during this year.

S. SURIYAMOORTHI,
GEORGE THOMAS,
Secretaries.

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II. The Historical and Economics Association

Our last report covered our activities till November; since then we have held three extraordinary meetings.

On 10—12—36 Mr. R. Lakshminarasimhan, M.A., L.T. delivered a lecture on "The Fundamentals of World Peace". Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L. presided. Though all were agreed, said the lecturer, about the desirability of world peace, few people agreed on the means of attaining it. The best means to his mind would be a World Federation in which the particular claims of the member-states would be strictly subordinated to the common cause of world peace. While such a Federation yet remained to be established, we had in the League of Nations the nearest approximation to it. And it was therefore essential, the speaker concluded, that the League should be suitably strengthened so as to become an effective guarantor of world peace, the first step in that direction being a closer understanding and co-operation among the great powers, chiefly Britain, France and U. S. A.

The president emphasized that world peace was endangered mainly by exaggerated nationalism and atheistic Communism and that in order to ensure it, it was necessary to fight equally the one and the other.

Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L. spoke on "The Portent of Spain" on 9—2—37. The Spanish War, he said, had been much misunderstood outside Spain owing largely to the wilful misrepresentations of the press. It was not, as was commonly made out, a fight between the forces of reaction and the guardians of democracy, but the patriotic struggle of a nation led by General Franco against a Moscow-directed clique calling itself the Government of Spain and trying to turn the country into another red Russia. The so-called government had seized power by fraud and maintained it by violence. By open terrorism since February 1936 it steadily drove all decent Spaniards to the desperate remedy of the nationalist rising of July, 18th, in defence of their great country and ancient culture. It was mischievous propaganda to call Franco a Fascist: he was a high-souled patriot and far-sighted statesman who was concerned immediately to save his fatherland from the strangle-hold of communism and ultimately to reconstruct Spain, not on Fascist or capitalist lines, but on the sound basis of a true corporate state. The Spanish struggle, the speaker concluded, was not a mere civil war; it was a portent to the whole world. If Franco won, it would be a triumph for civilisation. If

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perchance Caballero won, it would be another success for the new barbarism of Russia with consequences the horror of which could not easily be imagined.

On 17—2—37 Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J. delivered the valedictory address on "Economics Humanised." A great deal of misunderstanding about economic problems and their solution, he said, could be avoided if the human character of the economic science were properly appreciated. The old classical economists entirely ignored the human aspect of economics which they defined as "the science of wealth." The necessary corrective to their attitude was administered by Dr. Marshall who emphasized that economics was "the science of *man* in the ordinary business of life". Recently, however, there were signs of a return to the old classical view in a new shape: witness, for example, Prof. Lionel Robbins' definition of economics as the science of relatively scarce means irrespective of the nature of the ends to be served. But happily the majority of economists still held with Marshall that economics was essentially a human science.

Both individualism and communism, continued Fr. Carty, were the products of unhuman economics. Under the former the rights of the individual were emphasized to the exclusion of his social duties, while under the latter the rights of the community were stressed to the complete destruction of those of the citizen. In either case the results were disastrous, though in varying degrees. On the other hand a stable economic and social order should rest on the secure foundations of the proper human relations between individuals and society, as was so well pointed out by His Holiness Pius XI in his immortal encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*. By frankly recognising this central fact and working out solutions of modern problems in the light of the human character of economics, he concluded, economists would be able to suggest the way of real recovery from the present crisis and depression and thus clear the mists of doubt that had gathered of late round them and their science.

T. N. KARPAGAVINAYAGAM,
V. JOSEPH,

Secretaries.

III. The Scientific Society

The course of three lectures on the "Atom", which was announced in the January Magazine, was promptly begun even before the publication of the Magazine. The Lecturer, Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, M.A., delivered

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his lectures on "The Bohr Atom", "The Other Atoms" and "The Nucleus" on the 16th, 23rd and 25th January, respectively. All the meetings were well attended. The Lecturer covered the whole field of atomic Physics in the time provided for him, leaving out of course, those portions which are both uninteresting and undeveloped.

On the 30th January, Rev. Fr. Racine, S.J., D. Sc. (Paris) delivered an address on "The Foundations of Wave Mechanics." The lecturer made good the neglect of Mathematics by the Society during the year, by using all the letters of the alphabet, differentiating and integrating them between all possible limits between infinity and minus infinity. But the audience were to their surprise able to follow him through such intricacies.

The last meeting was one of great interest, for it was the occasion of the unveiling of the portrait of the late Rev. Fr. Honoré by the present Minister of Public Health to the Government, Dr. T. S. S. Rajan. The portrait was a gift to the Laboratory by the first Physics M.A. of the College, Mr. Abhirama Iyer. This was followed by a lecture on "Very low Temperatures" by Dr. S. Ramachandar Rao, M.A., Ph. D., of the Annamalai University. The lecture was illustrated with Lantern slides.

I take this opportunity to thank the President, the lecturers and members for their hearty co-operation with me throughout the year.

S. R. GOVINDARAJAN,
Secretary.

IV. The Mathematical Association.

During the second and third terms, the Association met on the whole, five times.

On the 13th October '36 Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.) of the Physics Department gave us a lecture on Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy. Rev. Fr. Racine, S.J. presided. The lecturer gave in clear terms the experiments that led up to the Principle, mentioning broadly the matrix-mechanics on which it was based.

During the third term the Association held no special meetings of its own. But the members had the pleasure of listening to a series of four University Readership Lectures by Rev. Fr. Racine on "Lebesgue Integrals." The first three lectures dealt in an elementary way with the Theory of Sets, and concluded with the theory of Measure. The subject

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was one that bristled with difficulties of a subtle kind, and examples for illustration were difficult to come by. But the lecturer was able to make himself fully understood in regard to the main principle. The last lecture on "Lebesgue Integration" was exceedingly lucid. Lectures of this type, though understood only by a narrow circle even among the already attenuated mathematical audience, do give the student some knowledge of up-to-date developments and also a healthy taste for extra-curricular studies.

G. S. RAMAKRISHNAN,
P. R. RAVUTHAN,
Secretaries.

V. The Sanskrit Samajam

With only two ordinary meetings, a valedictory address and two elocution competitions, our record of work for the third term is, no doubt, rather short since our members, during that season, usually suppress their oratorical talents in order to equip themselves better for academic distinctions in the examinations.

On the 9th February, 1937 Mr. K. Venugopalan, II U.C. spoke on "The characters of the Vatsa tales as depicted by Bhasa and Sri Harsha." The lecturer laid special emphasis on Udayana, Vasavadatta and Yaugandharayana as presented in *Ratnavali* and the plays of Bhasa. With ample quotations from the texts of the plays he showed how the characters have suffered considerable deterioration at the hands of the royal poet, Harsha.

On the 13th February, 1937 Mr. Bhuvarahamurti, IV U.C. delivered a lecture on Bhavabhuti's style. He dwelt at length on the several distinctive features of Bhavabhuti's style, drawing many illustrations from the poet's masterpiece, *Uttararamacharita*, to bring out the vastness of his vocabulary, the sublime harmony and rhythm of his verse and above all his skill in adapting the style to sentiment.

The elocution competition open to the members of the B.A. classes was conducted on the 15th February, 1937 when the first prize was awarded to Mr. Singam, IV U.C. and the second prize to Mr. K. Srinivasan, III B.Sc. In the second competition, open to the students of the Intermediate classes only, held on the 17th February, Mr. R. V. Seshadri, II U.C. secured the first prize and Mr. R. Venkatasubrahmanian, I U.C., the second prize. In this connection, it may be of some interest for future competitors to note that, on both the occasions the judges, while appreciating the performance,

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suggested that selections from the classical Kavyas and dramas would serve better for elocution than popular hymns and lyrics.

The proceedings for the year came to a close with a very learned valedictory discourse by M.R.Ry. K. Chinnaswamy Iyer Avl., M.A., on 22nd February. Speaking on "Sanskrit through English spectacles", the lecturer proved how Sanskrit literature maintained a high level of perfection, judged by the canons of literary criticism expounded by critics like Mathew Arnold. He illustrated with numerous examples from classical works in Sanskrit, the universality of outlook, the strong moral tone, and the wealth of suggestion that Sanskrit literature abounds in and concluded his address by exhorting the audience to study the great classics in Sanskrit. The president of our Samajam who took the chair thanked the lecturer for his brilliant exposition and held him up to the audience as a model of what the combination of Sanskrit and English studies can achieve.

R. SRINIVASAN,
Secretary.

VI. தமிழ்ச் சங்கம்

இச் சங்கத்தின் எட்டாவது கூட்டம் 1937-ம் ஓடு ஜனவரி-மீ 21-ந் தேதி மாலை கூடிற்று. அப்பொழுது நம் கல்லூரி ஆங்கிலப் பேராசிரியர் பல்கலைக் கலைஞர் K. சின்னசாமி ஐயரவர்கள் தலைமை தாங்கி "அஜாண்டாவும் எல்லோராவும்" என்ற தலைப்பின் கீழ் விரிந்ததொரு விரிவுரை நிகழ்த்தினார்கள்.

அஜாண்டா எல்லோரா என்ற இவ்விரண்டினங்களையும் தலைவரவர்கள் தாம் நேரிற் சென்று பார்த்ததின் பயனாக அதி நுட்பமான விஷயங்களைப் பற்றி தெளிவாய் பேசினார்கள்.

பன் னூற்றாண்டுகளுக்கு முன்னர் திராவிடர், சாளுக்கியர், பெளத்தர் என்று திரிபுடைத் திறத்தினர் பலர் நம் நாட்டில் வாழ்ந்தனரென நாம் சரித்திர வாயிலாக அறிகிறோம். இவர்களுள் ஒவ்வொரு திறத்தினரும் தத்தம் ஆட்சியின் உச்ச நிலையில் பற்பல கட்டடங்களையும் கோவில்களையும் கட்டுவித்தனர். இவ்வாறு பெளத்தர்களால் கட்டுவிக்கப்பட்டவைகளுள் அஜாண்டா யென்பதொன்று. இது ஹைதராபாத்துக்குச் சமீபத்தில் உள்ளது. இங்கு சுமார் முப்பது குகைகளுள்ளன. இவைகளெல்லாம் ஒரே கல்லைக் குடைந்து உண்டாக்கப்பட்டவை. இவைகளின் அண்மையில் யாண்டும் வற்றா வெள்ளப்

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

பெருக்களையும் நீர்வீழ்ச்சியையும் உடையதோர் ஆறு பாய்கின்றது. குகைகளின் சுற்றுச் சுவர்களிலும் மேற் பாகத்திலும் கண்கவர் வர்ணங்களால் பல உருவங்கள் தீட்டப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. பதினேழாவது குகையின் சுவற்றில் இருபத்தைந்து அடி நீளமுள்ள புத்தரது சிலையொன்று அடித்து வைத்திருக்கிறது. கர்ப்பகிருகங்களிலும் பல விக்கிரகங்கள் செதுக்கப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. இவைகளைப் பார்த்த அநேக மேனாட்டுச் சிற்பநூல் வல்லோர்களும், உயர்ந்த ஓவியக்காரர்களும், இத்தாலி தேசத்து ஓவியக்காரராகிய “மைக்கேல் ஆன்ஜிலோ” என்பவரது தொழில் நுணுக்கமும் இவைகளுக்கு ஈடாகாது என்று புகழ்ந்து பேசியுள்ளார்கள்.

இஃதிற்கு எல்லோரா வென்னும் குகைகள் மேற்சொன்ன குகைகளுக்குக் குணக்கே எண்பத்தினான்கு மைல் தொலைவிலுள்ளன. இவைகளுக்குச் செல்லும் மார்க்கத்தில் பல மலைகளையும் ஆறுகளையும் கடக்கவேண்டியிருந்தது என்று தலைவரவர்கள் தம் அனுபவத்தைக் கூறினர். இவைகளுள் முதலிரண்டு குகைகளும் நல்ல நிலைமையிலிருக்கின்றன. மற்றவைகளிலுள்ள சில விக்கிரகங்கள் அங்க ஈனம் அடைந்திருக்கின்றன. இக் குகைகளுள் பனிரண்டாவதினுக்கு ‘விஸ்வகர்மா’ என்று பெயர். அதில் ஒவ்வோர் அடுக்கிலும் மூன்று கர்ப்ப கிருகங்களுள்ள மூன்று அடுக்குகளையுடைய மாடிகள் உள்ளன.

இவ்வாறு தலைவரவர்கள் தாம் கண்கூடாகக் கண்டவற்றைத் திறம்பட வுரைத்த பின்னர் இறுதியாக அஜாண்டா கோவில் குகைகளுக்கும் எல்லோராக் கோவில் குகைகளுக்கும் ஒரு முக்கியமான வேற்றுமையுண்டென்றும், அதாவது முன் சொல்லிய குகைகளில் பெளத்தமத விக்கிரகங்களும் பின் சொல்லிய குகைகளில் முச்சமயத்திற்குரிய உருவங்களும் செதுக்கப்பட்டுள்ளதேயென்றும் கூறி தமது சொற்பொழிவை முடித்தார்.

பின்னர் வழக்கம்போல் வந்தேரூபசாரங் கூறக் கூட்டம் களிப்புடன் கலைந்தது.

17th February 1937.

சங்கத்தின் ஒன்பதாம் கூட்டம் நம் கல்லூரித் தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியரின் தலைமையின்கீழ் இன்று நடைபெற்றது. அக்காலே மூன்றாம் வகுப்பு மாணவர் G. ராமசந்திரன் என்பார் மஹாமஹோபாய்யா, டாக்டர். உ. வே. சுவாமிநாத ஐயர் அவர்களைப்பற்றி, அன்றாது இளமைக் குருகுலவாசத்தையும், திருவாவடுதலையில் அவர் செய்த தொண்டுகளையும், சும்பகோணம் கலாசாலை பிரதி

COLLEGE DAYS

டென்சி கலாசாலை இவைகளிலாற்றிய அரும் பணிகளையும், அவர் பதிப்பித்த நூல்களிலுள்ள சிறப்புக்களையும் விரித்துக் கூறினர்.

பின்னர் தலைவர் ஐயரவர்களுடைய ஏனைய புலமைகளை நன்கு புலப்படுத்தினார். வந்தேரூபசாரங் கூற கூட்டம் இனிது நிறைவேற்றிற்று.

இவ்வாண்டிலும் வழக்கம்போல் சொற்போட்டிகள் நிகழ்த்தப்பெற்றுத் தகுதியுடையவர்களுக்குப் பரிசுகள் வழங்கப்பெற்றன.

P. R. ராவுத்தன்,
அமைச்சன்.

VII. The Malayalee Samaj

The fourth and last ordinary meeting of the Samaj took place during the third term. Mr. B. C. Verghese, III Hons. delivered a speech on “The Freedom of India,” when Rev. Fr. C. Menacherry presided. The lecturer dealt with the necessity of achieving our native independence. The President in his concluding remarks defined free India as a distant political paradise.

Towards the end of the term, we held our Extempore Speech Contest. Twenty-three members competed from both the sections. Mr. T. P. George, IV U. C., and Mr. B. C. Verghese, III Hons., won the first and second prizes respectively and Messrs. N. P. Inasu, III Hons. and I. Z. Cherian, III Hons. next in merit for the B. A. and Honours Section. In the Intermediate Section Messrs. V. P. Dominic, I U. C. and M. V. Varkey, II U. C. stood first and second respectively. The prizes were awarded to the four winners at the anniversary function of the College Societies.

D. MATHEW,
C. M. CHAKKUNNY,
Secretaries.

The Anniversary of the College Societies

Academic and Athletic

24th February 1937

THE quest for a President on the Anniversary day is one of the major worries of a Secretary's life, but this year the problem was happily solved by the decision to invite one who was not merely distinguished but an Old Boy of the College and who, therefore, was unlikely to propound excuses for not accepting our invitation. With Rao Sahib N. Thiagaraja Ayyar, M.A., L.T., Principal, Maharajah's College, Pudukottah, in the Chair, we accomplished our annual marvel of fulfilling a long programme within a short time. As usual each Secretary presented a report what was a mere abstract of the year's work and went through it without looking for applause. All the seven reports were thus read in as many minutes, except that of the Tamil Sangam which told its tale in sonorous periods.

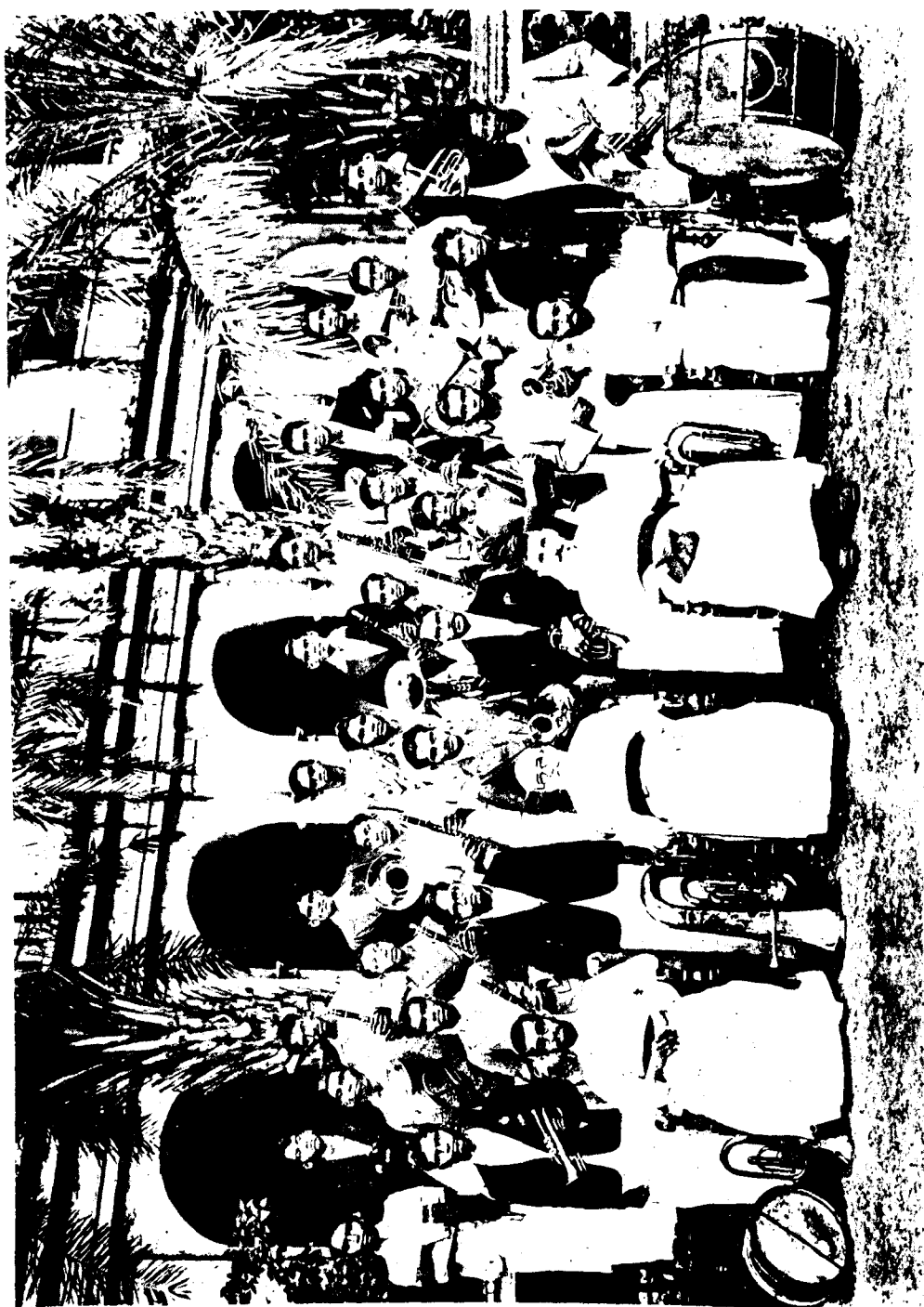
Mr. G. Harris entertained the audience with an English song, after which two Secretaries in succession stepped forward to submit eloquent reports on the varied exploits of the Athletic Associations. The elegance of the athletic reports more than made up for the philistine simplicity of the academic ones.

Several tables on the dais groaned under the weight of trophies, cups, medals, and books waiting for ceremonial distribution. They were quickly relieved of their burden by the President who presented them to the prize-winners amidst the applause of an envious audience.

It is no mere conventional courtesy that makes one say that the President delivered a remarkable speech packed with solid thought couched in the most felicitous language. Both as an Old Boy and an experienced educationist, his words carried conviction to his youthful listeners when he urged them to make the best use of their College days and to equip themselves for leadership of the people.



"D" COY, U. T. C. 14 PLATOON
Winners of the Fr. Leigh Championship Shield
Sir T. P. (Pudukottah) Maharajah



COLLEGE BAND, 1936-37

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

"What's in a Name", a very successful comedy in one act, came as a relief after years of 'Shakespearean Tragedy' on our stage. We firmly hope that this lesson, once learnt, will not be lost in the years to come. While the actors deserve all the praise, we should not overlook the pains to which Rev. Fr. Masters, S.J. and Mr. S. V. Lawrence joyfully put themselves in order that we might laugh heartily.

The College Band lent its usual charms to the function which terminated in flattering words of appropriate tribute to the President and to all concerned.

A. H.

Field Notes: 1936-37

OUR sporting activities during the year have quietly but steadily run their even tenor from day to day, in accordance with a scheduled programme. We are even more pleased to be able to report that we have had no mean share of laurels this year in University and U. T. C. Inter-Collegiate competitions, as well as the District Championship meets. But our greatest pleasure has been the institution of a handsome silver cup for Tennis Singles Tournament in honour of Rev. Father Pruvot, through the generosity of his friends and former pupils. Fr Pruvot is the pioneer of Physical Education in our College; and during the long and momentous years of his leadership, he not only carried over into the field of athletic administration his keen personal interest as a sportsman, but also won the regard of all local athletic clubs. The founding of a trophy in his honour long after he had ceased his official connection with our Field Club, is an eloquent testimony to his distinguished services to the cause of Physical Education. In honouring him the donors of the cup have honoured themselves, and have provided our Tennis fans a worthy stimulant for increased proficiency in the game in which Fr. Pruvot still holds an enviable mastery.

Management

The brunt of conducting the arduous programme of our activities has been borne by the Captains, who have been unsparing in their efforts to carry the work through. The Captains who have held office for the year are:—

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. T. M. Sundararaj | ... General Captain. |
| 2. T. C. Kuruvilla & B. A. Xavier | ... Captains, Football. |
| 3. D. Ambrose & E. Pereira | ... Captains, Hockey. |
| 4. T. Rozario | ... Captain, Athletics. |
| 5. A. S. Mani | ... Captain, Tennis. |
| 6. L. G. Subraman & A. C. Chakko | ... Captains, Volley-ball. |
| 7. P. R. Ravuthan & V. V. Thomas | ... Captains, Basket-ball. |
| 8. V. Subramanian & C. M. Chakunny | ... Captains, Badminton. |
| 9. K. Ramamurty & G. P. Joseph | ... Captains, Teni-koit. |

We would be failing in our duty if we did not place on record our deep debt of gratitude to the Rev. Father Mona and the Staff members

FIELD NOTES: 1936-37

on the Sports Committee, for their guidance and supervision which, adding themselves to their professional and other extra-curricular duties, demanded a great degree of sacrifice for their fulfilment.

University Fixtures

We entered the University Inter-Collegiate competitions in Football, Hockey and Athletic Sports, and came out with flying colours in Football, having defeated the Maharaja's College, Pudukottah, the National College, Trichinopoly, and St. Xavier's College, Palamcottah. That we scored 27 goals to 1 in the three matches is no small tribute to our team. We owe this unprecedented glory to Campbell Thomas and his fellow-players on the Forward line, who have evoked an unqualified compliment from *The Madras Mail* and excited the pardonable envy of our opponents.

It is idle to pretend that we did our best in Hockey. Though we easily won the local rounds, we had to give way to St. Xavier's College through lack of finish. This is particularly regrettable as we had won over them last year. Our inability to arrange for more practice matches has been a solemn puzzle to us year after year. It must soon be solved in order that we might prove worthy compeers to other institutions.

Our loss in Hockey was somewhat compensated for by the triumphs we achieved in Athletic Sports. Under ordinary circumstances we should have gone up to Madras for Finals in Sports as well as Football; but further participation was reluctantly given up owing to the proximity of the fixtures to the proverbial "IDES OF MARCH."

Special mention must be made here of the honour brought to the College by D. Ambrose, who played on the University Cricket team against the Annamalai and Bombay Universities. This, we trust, is a happy augury for Cricket, which is still in the embryonic stage in our College.

U. T. C. Fixtures

That our football and athletic triumph in the Southern zone was no mere flash in the pan is proved by the remarkable success our athletes won in the U. T. C. Inter-collegiate meets, which found us winners of the Battalion Football, Athletics, Tug O' War and Cross Country Championship cups. In short, we had the lion's share of athletic laurels in camp.

District Championship Fixtures

Owing to the multiplicity of our engagements, our Sports Committee decided that our College should take part only in the major games run by the District Athletic Association. Our Volley-ball team won an incredibly glorious success, but the Tennis teams proved unequal for open competition, while our Hockey team had another spell of misfortune, this time again in the finals. The abandonment of Football and Basket-ball tournaments was a keen disappointment to us as we were quite confident of success in them.

Other Outside Fixtures

We played a few matches with outside teams during the year. Among them may be mentioned the tourists from the Kumbakonam College and the Engineering College, both of whom we defeated in Basket-ball and Tennis respectively. Our Basket and Tennis teams toured to Madura and Chidambaram respectively. We drew with the American College in Basket-ball, but lost Tennis in the Annamalai University Open Tournaments. Our Tennis Club entered for the Open Tournaments run by the District Health Association and put up a gallant, though unavailing, fight against the veterans in the game.

Home Fixtures

The College Annual Sports were held on 26th August 1936 on the Mahé Ground. It was the best sports show we have yet had. Organization and arrangement, programme and competition, trophies and medals, music and a fine spell of weather—all combined to make "the most exquisite cabinet of beauties." The lists disclosed such talented athletes as Rozario, Rengaswamy, Campbell Thomas, Chinnaswamy, Xavier, and the Lobo brothers; but above all shone like Titan the figure of our champion, P. K. Williams, who ran like hunted deer and swept practically everything before him. Our successful athletes had the honour of receiving the laurels at the hands of Dr. F. X. De Souza, M.A., LL.D., I.C.S., M.L.A., a distinguished Old Boy of our College.

Our Annual Home Tournaments provided the usual animation, and drew quite a number of entries. Results of the tournaments are as under :—

EVENT	WINNERS	RUNNERS-UP
Fr. Leigh Hockey Cup	II U. C.	IV U. C.
Dr. Mathuram Football Cup	II U. C.	III U. C.
Fr. Leigh Basket-ball Cup	IV U. C.	Hons.
Supdt's Shield (Volley-ball)	III U. C.	I U. C.
Fr. Leigh Badminton Cup	Shastri & Raghavan	—
Fr. Pruvot Tennis Senior Singles Cup	Shastri	Mr. A. C. Joseph
Fr. Mona „ „ Doubles „	Reghunathan & Venkataraman	Fr. Ehrhart & Fr. Rapinat
Sanjeevi Tennis Junior Singles Cup	Umanath Rao	Vasudevan
Tennis Junior Doubles Championship	Umanath Rao & Subbaraman	M. R. Subramanian & Venkateswaran.

It must be remarked that in several matches, particularly in Tennis, students and Staff were pitted against one another, and the Staff have had their feathers pulled off their caps.

Besides these official tournaments, a few hostel tournaments were conducted in both the Boarding and Clive's Houses. The Clive's Hostel deserves to be specially congratulated on the Field Day inaugurated this year.

The healthy contagion of intra-mural competitions spread to P. T. Classes also, where were held a number of matches in all games with however no prospects of any meretricious rewards. The "A" Sections in both the Intermediate classes deserve our warm congratulations on their all-round success.

Conclusion

In conclusion we only wish to express our sincere thanks to our Rector and the Principal for the steady, though unostentatious, support which they have extended to us, and which has made it possible for us to derive the best values from our athletic activities. Our playfields have been not only a sweat shop and a neuro-muscular school, but also the training ground for fellowship and morale. We are indeed proud to have been the raw material in this happy workshop, which has held up worthy objectives to the end that youth might grow from less to more. May God aid us to live up to the ideals we have imbibed in our ALMA MATER!

U. T. C. Notes : 1936-37

The Anniversary

THE Anniversary of our U. T. C. Detachment was held on the 19th February 1937 in the Lawley Hall, Major K. C. Chakko, Commandant, 5th M. U. T. Corps, presiding. A number of guests were present, and were treated to Tea and Music. The formal function began with the presentation of the Annual Report by Lieut. V. Sundaresan.*

Annual Report: 1936-37

The chief pleasure of this function is the opportunity it provides for a gathering of the well-wishers of the Corps, and the inspiration it affords us to carry on with our labours. On behalf of the Officers, N. C. Os and Cadets of this Detachment, I thank you all for your kind acceptance of our invitation, and extend to you a hearty welcome.

We would single out you, Mr. President, for special thanks, because you are here for a special service. We feel indeed proud of the privilege of having you in our midst to-day. This is the first time that an Officer of the Corps has held the appointment of Commandant, and we rejoice that the Corps has been honoured in your appointment. It is therefore in the fitness of things that you should preside over our Anniversary.

Before taking up the customary items, allow me, Sir, to welcome to our midst Capt. K. S. Thimayya, our Adjutant, whose untiring zeal for the improvement in the training, discipline and turn-out of the Battalion has won unqualified compliment from the District Commander, and whose interest in our Detachment is too well known to need special mention. We are particularly indebted to him for having judged our Inter-Platoon Drill Competition this morning.

Recruitment and Strength

We have indeed reasons to be glad that, while some contingents bemoan the fall in strength, we were able to recruit up to our authorized strength in both contingents here. In this matter we cannot minimise our responsibility for raising sufficient strength for 3 Platoons year after year

* Since promoted Captain.



OUR ATHLETES IN U. T. C. CAMP
Winners:—1. Bn. Athletic Cup. 2. Bn. Football Cup. 3. Bn. Tug O'War Cup.
4. Bn. Cross Country Cup.

"TONS OF MONEY"
COLLEGE DAY DRAMA—September Ist.



(Photo Rathna)
A. Magima, Fr. J. Bourdot, S.J.,
A. Fernandes, A. Pushpara,
Th. Mathias, Fr. R. Masters, S.J., S. Rengachari,
G. Saldanha, Fr. K. Joseph, S. Saverimuthu,
P. F. Thomas, A. K. Couto,
T. de Couto.

U. T. C. NOTES : 1936-37

from St. Joseph's College alone. But we have no doubt that with the unfailing support of its Principal we shall be equal to the task.

We have had to discharge 3 Cadets since Camp on medical grounds. The weakest kind of fruit falls earliest to the ground. Otherwise we have maintained full strength throughout the year.

Our Bugle Band

We never suspected that the Bugle Band we raised last year would have but a little more than a year's lease of life, though we knew that with the limitations in regard to its training we could not make of it a first class Band. The enlistment of Ex-Indian Army Bandsmen by Headquarters naturally supplanted our Band. We wish to express to our outgoing Buglers and Drummers our sincere appreciation of their contribution in the past.

Attendance

We have had 54 parades and a fortnight's camp of exercises during the year. The percentage of attendance rose from 87.6 last year to 87.9 this year, showing an increase of .3%. Inappreciable as this improvement is, yet it is a matter for congratulation when we consider the multiplicity of plausible reasons for absence which the student world can offer. We are happy to record that 12 Cadets attained the distinction of cent per cent attendance and we hope that their example would be emulated by others who find a satisfaction in playing truant.

Training

Training was carried out in accordance with the Syllabus of Training for the Officers' Training Corps (Junior Division). The individual training carried out before Camp enabled our Cadets to take part in the collective training in Camp, which provided interesting exercises such as Battle Formations, Use of Ground and Cover and the Platoon in Attack and Defence.

We understand that a new graded course extending to four years and leading to the award of Special Army Proficiency Certificates is coming through shortly. This would mean assessment of proficiency by Cadets at the end of each year, and their annual grading on its results. We trust our Cadets will endeavour to qualify as high as possible, when the new course is adopted.

Musketry

We have just completed our Annual Musketry course, and the results, though not unsatisfactory, are below our expectations. We cannot help feeling that Musketry is about the weakest subject in the cadet's training, as he goes out to the Range but once a year and consequently does not get sufficient practice. We have noticed year after year that Cadets who failed to qualify the first time fared surprisingly better during repeats. We trust the Adjutant's idea of holding rifle competitions through the year will bear fruit, and that it will stimulate greater interest in the rifle.

We wish to congratulate L/C. Peter, Cdt. Sivaramakrishnan and Rec. Natarajan on their winning the Company top score in their respective courses, with 65, 79 & 90 points respectively.

In this connection it is my pleasant duty to place on record our indebtedness to Rev. F. Watson, Manager of the Bishop Heber High Schools, for so readily allowing us the use of the Miniature Range on the Singara Tope this year also.

Sports

The Company Football and Hockey Teams were raised at the beginning of the year, and a series of matches was played against outside teams, chief among which were those of the local Baluchi Regiment, Golden Rock & Junction Anglo-Indians, the Y. M. C. A., and the Town Union. We came out creditably in most of the matches. May I request you, Sir, to be so good as to allot to us the Regimental Colours so as to instil in our teams greater pride in their unit.

Annual Camp

The annual camp was held at Pallavaram from 6th to 20th December 1936, and was enjoyed thoroughly not only on account of a very interesting programme of training, but also because of the additional amenities which were thrown open to us, such as the provision of a Reading Room, the installation of a Radio, and free washing—which however turned out to be only partially free.

We are glad to be able to report that our Company won the Battalion Football Cup, and that St. Joseph's Contingent annexed the Battalion Attendance, Athletics and Tug O' War cups as well as the Cross Country

Championship Cup. We must specially felicitate Cdt. Rengaswamy on having won the Cross Country Championship for the second year in succession with a more glorious record and on his even more glorious triumph in the Open Mile Race. I may be permitted to add that in the number of trophies and medals won St. Joseph's stands next only to the Engineering Contingent which won the Willingdon Shield. We take this occasion to congratulate all those who have contributed to our successes in Camp.

Inter-Platoon Competitions

Relaxation after tight work is the order of nature; and after the strenuous camp, relaxation would have been justifiable. But the Inter-Platoon competitions and the keen rivalry for Platoon Championship provided too strong an incentive to "down" rifles.

The results of the Competitions are as under:—

1. Drill	Winner : 14 Platoon	Runner-up : 15 Platoon
2. Musketry	" : 14 "	" " : 13 "
3. Attendance	" : 16 "	" " : 15 "
4. Sports	" : 14 "	" " : 13 "
5. Hockey	" : 14 "	" " : 16 "
6. Football	" : 14 "	" " : 15 "

Discipline

Discipline has been quite satisfactory. Its hardships and the occasional visitations of punishment have been accepted in a very good spirit. We congratulate the Cadets on maintaining a healthy morale.

Congratulatory

We have to congratulate also Mr. C. R. Soundararajan on his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant, Sgt. Pakkiam on his appointment as Under-Officer, and all our N. C. Os on their promotion to the ranks they now hold.

Willingdon Shield Rules

Before concluding, a word must be said about an important change in the competitions for the Willingdon Shield awarded for Battalion Championship. It has been felt that competitions in camp among the

College Contingents were emphasized at the sacrifice of the ideals which they are expected to achieve, and that they only accentuated parochial interests and produced unhealthy friction. It must be admitted that too high a price has been placed on victory, though psychologically the goal of competition is victory. In order to minimise the unhealthy feeling and to foster the spirit of camaraderie and the art of living together—for, after all, in camp we work as a company and not as separate college contingents—it has been decided to organize the competitions next year on the Company, instead of the Contingent, basis. While we welcome this measure for what it is worth, we wish all our Platoons to realise that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link and that all its links must maintain as high a level of excellence as possible and thus be able to pull their weight together for the common good and glory.

Conclusion

In conclusion I only desire and pray that our future may be no worse than the past. For such progress as we have been able to make in the past, I am deeply indebted *first*, to the Principals of the two Colleges whose unfailing support has considerably lightened my task; *next* to my brother-officers who have so enthusiastically given of their best by the company; *thirdly* to S/Sgt. Rex whose devotion to the Detachment is praiseworthy; and *lastly*, to the N. C. Os and Cadets whose alacrity in carrying out their duties and training has been all that can be desired. The ideal of to-day is the routine of to-morrow; and I hope that with the esprit de corps which has been a unique feature of this Company, and with a greater measure of determination to play our part to perfection we may look forward to a brighter future.

** ** **

Lieut. P. R. Subramanian, Master of ceremonies, next announced that he had received a number of messages of good wishes from those who could not be present, and read those of Rev. C. Leigh, S. J., the sponsor of the U. T. C. at St. Joseph's in 1922, and Capt. C. B. Ponnappa, the previous Commandant.

Major K. C. Chakko gave away the Father Leigh Championship Shield, the Sir T. Desikachari Musketry Cup and the Rao Saheb Dr. Mathuram Drill Cup, amidst loud cheers. He congratulated the company on its record of good work, its achievements in Camp, and its keenness in Inter-platoon competitions. He exhorted the N. C. Os and Cadets to keep up a

high standard of efficiency and maintain the traditions that the Corps had built up.

Capt. K. S. Thimayya, rising next, emphasized in a short speech the importance of a correct turn-out, smart bearing and a keen interest in the rifle, which he said were the hall-marks of a true soldier.

Mr. V. Saranatha Iyengar, Principal of the National College, expressed in his inimitable manner the hope that the Cadets would grow into a solid body of men capable of defending their God, King, and Country.

Rev. J. D'Souza, S. J., Principal of the St. Joseph's College, spoke on the educational value of the Corps. He said that the College would not be worthy of the trust placed in it by the parents if it helped merely to impart a modicum of knowledge to the student classes, and failed to create in them courage, determination and stamina. The training in the Corps cultivated these virtues and helped to make the students men of discipline, men of character and worthy citizens. That day their countrymen had gone to the polls in large numbers and that was a symbol of the dawn of liberty for the Motherland. That liberty could never be full and complete if, when the time came, they were not prepared to defend their country if need be even with their blood. Their talk must end in readiness to sacrifice themselves when they were called upon to do so. He therefore appealed to the students to raise the U. T. C. to the highest degree of efficiency by carrying out their duties faithfully.

The happy function concluded with the singing of "God Save the King."

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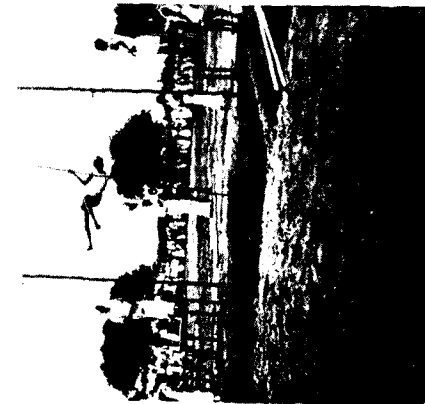
My Impressions of the Rector's Day and College Day

THIS year, the Rector's day came off on the 31st August. The Lawley Hall was decorated with flags and festoons. It was resplendent and gay with the staff and students of the Institution. At 2-30 P. M. the High School and the College students assembled in the Hall, eager to greet Rev. Fr. Rector. The Rector on arrival was received at the entrance by the Rev. Fr. Principal and was led to the dais, the College Band which was in attendance playing an enchanting tune, the students standing the while and clapping their hands.

The programme for the day began with a welcome song in Tamil. An address in English came next and was duly followed by similar addresses in Malayalam, Tamil and Sanskrit. The addresses referred to the various services rendered by the Rector to the Institution during the five years of his Rectorship. The traditional Indian kolattam and dances were displayed to entertain the audience and their guest. At the end, the Rev. Fr. Rector made his concluding speech in which he stressed the importance of the study of English and History and warned the students against the many distractions of present-day town life.

After the speech we all dispersed at about 4 P. M. On the same night, there was the prize distribution and drama for the High School.

On the morning of the 1st September, took place the first event of the College Day, the Sports. The championship cups of the College and High School were won by V. Lobo and Gnanapragasam respectively. These two champions came first in nearly all the events in which they competed. The winners in the Cross Country Race were Rengaswami in the College and Gnanapragasam in the High School. Capt. Swami Desikachari presided and Mrs. Swami Desikachari gave away the prizes and trophies. Capt. Desikachari congratulated the winners of prizes and exhorted them to understand the true value of sports and games which were really a preparation for the larger field of life.



MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

We came back to the College in the evening at 7 P. M. for the distribution of prizes and drama. Mr. P. V. Balakrishna Iyer, M.A., I.C.S., a former student of the College, presided on the occasion. The Principal read out the Annual Report, in which he first referred to the strength of the College and the attendance. He was glad of the increase in strength but regretted the fall in attendance by 1.4%. Some additions had to be made to the staff owing to the great number of admissions this year. He was very pleased at the high percentage of passes in the Public Examination though in the Intermediate only 50% passed, of which 20 secured 1st classes. The Principal said that the students of the College have always maintained its high traditions of discipline and devotion to work.

In the course of the year under review not less than Rs. 4600 had been spent on library. Owing to the opening of Botany main in the B. A. the College had to spend more than Rs. 1700 on laboratories. He was glad that the football team won fresh laurels in the T. A. A. tournament. He concluded the report with a vote of thanks to the President.

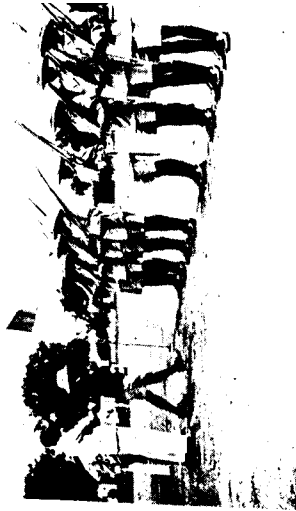
After Mrs. Balakrishnan had given away the prizes, the President gave a few words of advice to the boys. He said that one could not become great in one's sleep and that one should strive after it by "sustained struggle." There may be a few exceptions to this rule but they are quite negligible. He said that greatness could be obtained by those who tried to attain it.

To those who received prizes, he said that they should never be content with what they had achieved. They should try to win more honour and fame. To the others, he said that they should take heart, sit back and analyse the causes of their failure. He asked them to try, try and try again. If they did so, he said, "Success is sure to come sooner or later."

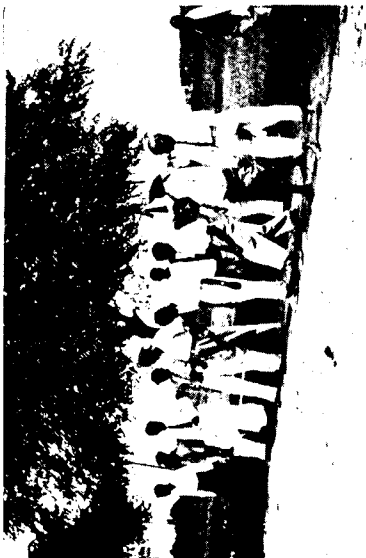
The College Day closed with the staging of a drama in three acts entitled "Tons of Money". The comedy was very well acted, and Mr. T. Mathias was, in the opinion of all, the best actor, and appealed to everybody. The stage arrangements were beyond praise.

R. SESHASAYEE,

I U. C.



COLLEGE DAY SPORTS



MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SPRULES, <i>the Butler</i>	...	A. K. Joseph, II U. C.
SIMPSON, <i>a Manservant</i>	...	S. Saverimuthu, I U. C.
FRED ALLINGTON	...	G. Saldanha, V B. Sc. (Hons.)
AUBREY HENRY MAITLAND		
	ALLINGTON	... Th. Mathias, IV B. Sc. (Hons.)
ERNEST EVERARD	...	A. Fernandez, IV Hons.
GILES, <i>a Gardener</i>	...	T. de Couto, III B. Sc.
JAMES CHESTERMAN, <i>a Solicitor</i>	...	S. Rengachari, IV Hons.
HENERY, <i>the butler's brother</i>	...	P. F. Thomas, IV U. C.
GEORGE MAITLAND	...	A. Magima, I U. C.

In Memoriam

WE record here with deep regret the untimely demise of V. R. Devanathan who had just completed his B. Sc. Course and written the University Examination in March. He was carried off by a stomach complaint which developed into a sudden crisis, sometime during the midsummer vacation. Devanathan was an affable young man, very well behaved, and earnest in his work. He leaves behind him a large family, and a young widow to mourn his loss. We offer them our condolences.

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 THE ALOYSIAN, ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE, GALLE.
 THE ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ANNUAL, MANGALORE.
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 THE BLUE AND WHITE MAGAZINE, ST. JOSEPH'S, BANGALORE.
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சே. எண் :

ப. எண் :

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