

St. Joseph's college

Magazine

Thyichmopou
1938-March

VOL. 4. NO. 2.

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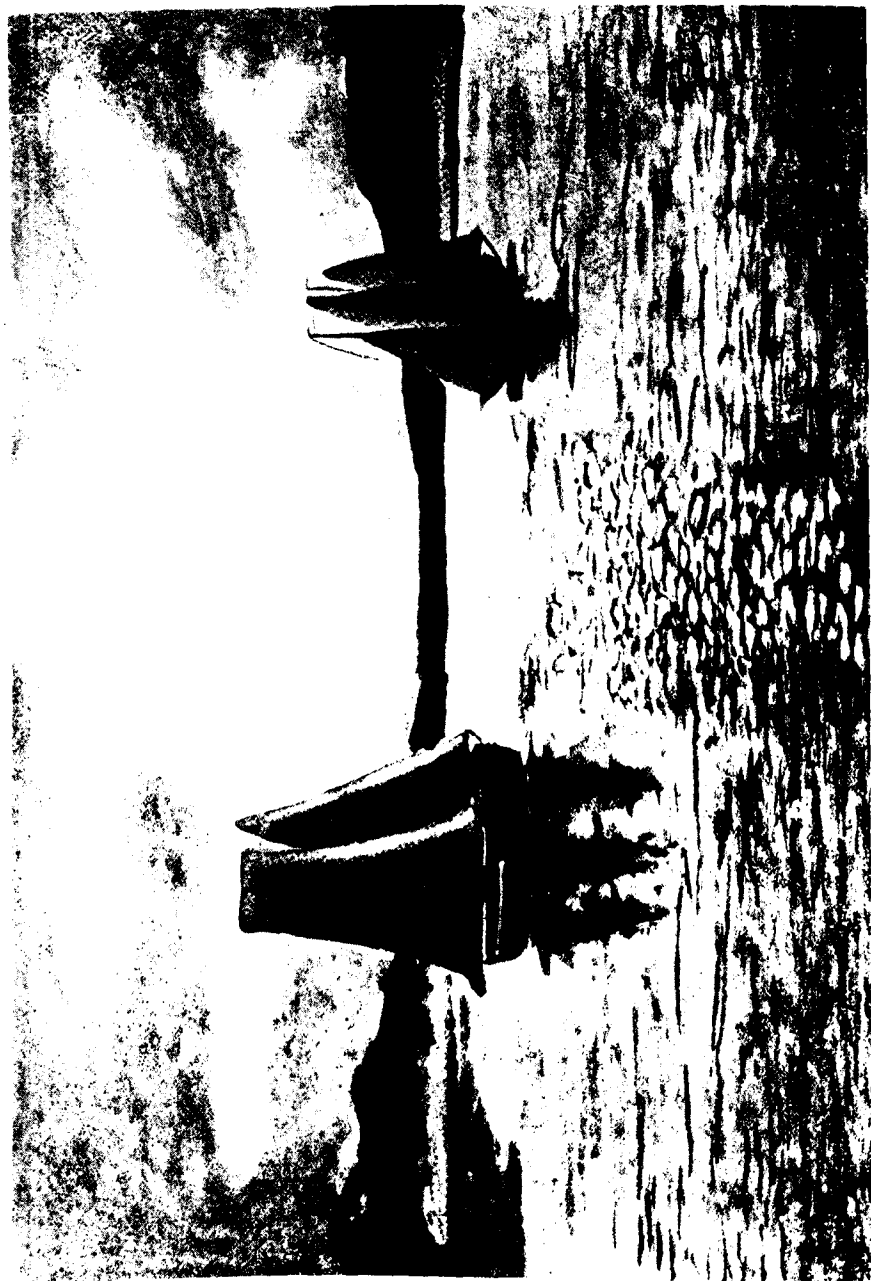
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THE
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

TRICHINOPOLY

MARCH 1938



SMOOTH SAILING
Water colour by S. Venkateswaran, B. Sc., Former Pupils

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE



TRICHINOPOLY

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New Series

Vol. IV, No. 2

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR

Annual Subscription Rs. 2/-

(Post Free)

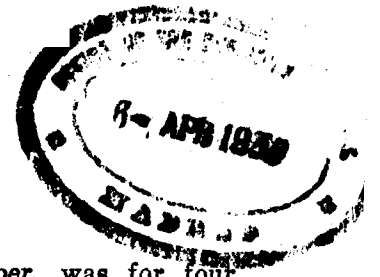
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THAT the Eucharistic Congress held last December, was for four days the talk of the town, everybody then in Madras would readily admit. The crowds that came pouring into the city from the Egmore and Central Stations and found precarious perches in already overloaded buses and trams, set Madras folk talking. But the crowds alone were not the cause of excitement; for Madras is used to very large gatherings, and that very week many other conferences were in session. What exercised the minds of people was the fact that mixed with the general crowd there was an unexpected number of Catholic priests who failed to correspond to the common notion of a missionary: for with few exceptions, these priests had come from all over the country and most were sons of the soil talking every dialect of Malayalam, Tamil and Telugu, jostling with the crowds and even feeling somewhat queer amidst the splendours of the metropolis and its fashionable and modern-minded citizens. The strength of the Church in the remote villages of this land was for the first time brought home powerfully to city-folk who could see that there was nothing at all foreign or outlandish about these ministers of the Gospel.

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These city-folk themselves came pouring out of their dwellings in hundreds and indirectly participated in the doings of the Congress, adding considerably to its external pomp. Shopkeepers, hawkers, hotel-managers, all those whose hearts are in their business and only casually turned towards the things of the spirit, became quickly alive to the possibility of advertising their wares. On the evening when the Papal Legate arrived, the route of his state-drive from the Central Station to St. Mary's Cathedral, Armenian Street, was crowded with thousands of spectators eager to catch a sight of the Pope's Envoy and aware of the uniqueness of the occasion: and as I was in my corner stretching myself to the utmost and craning my neck, to catch a glimpse of the procession, there was a pushful urchin behind me shouting into my ears the merits of the "Eucharistic Congress tooth-powder," small packets of which he was handing about! The next day I was not surprised to see in my hands a leaflet through which a dentist made the announcement that any pilgrim to the Congress was welcome to consult him at his place, free of charge. If I had sampled

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

the tooth-powder of the previous evening, I might have been forced to take the opportunity of the free consultation: for anything I know, there might have been some mysterious connection between the dentist and the Eucharistic Congress tooth-powder; the powder might have been intended to bring more patients to the dentist.—Well! These are the ways of the world.

But the spirit of the world did not really succeed in invading the peace of the Congress. The first public demonstration of religious faith was the Children's Mass in the Island grounds where the gathering of ten thousand children presented a sight that one sees once only in a lifetime. A cleaner offering to God than children's hearts secured in their innocence and freedom of soul, it is not within the power of men to give. Every fiery movement of the modern world—communism especially—knows the value of children to a creed, and makes stupendous efforts to catch men in their infancy and mould them to the heart's desire of its leader. But while the proud tyrants of the earth gloat over the holocaust of children's minds and hearts offered to their own persons for their own selfish, conveniently called 'national', ends, the offering made at the Children's Mass in the Island grounds had no political or doctrinaire motives behind it, but was a pure and free oblation to Him who alone is worthy of men's adoration.

Then there was on the last day of the Congress that immense Procession of fifty thousand Catholics with nearly as many sightseers lining its route from the High Court to the Island, the like of which had never till then been seen in any of the cities of India. It was exactly four o'clock when the Procession started moving out of the High Court grounds. It was nearly half-past five when the Processional car at the end emerged from the enclosure. The gathering was truly an epitome of the Catholic Church in this country and men and women of all sorts and ranks were mixed together into a really Catholic crowd. There were about sixty bishops, nearly a thousand priests and immense numbers of the laity coming from all over this Presidency, from the Punjab and Bombay and Bengal, from Burma and from Ceylon. Various styles of dress of North and South could be discerned among the crowd. The *dhoti* worn in Tamil as well as Telugu fashion, the *jabba*, the shirt and *angavastram*, the tight trousers of the North, the pure Western style, the combined East and West style, were all in evidence. There were ladies from Malabar and Tamil Nad, from Andhra and Bombay, wearing their sarees in as many ways as it is possible to wear a saree. There was specially noticeable a group of

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village folk from Andhra whose women wore round their ankles and wrists what seemed to be shackles and manacles but were really heavy rudely made ornaments. These women in particular, loudly reciting prayers in their native Telugu, unconcerned about the quaintness of their appearance and undistracted in their devotions, won the admiration of all those who had the privilege to witness their simple manifestation of piety. The Procession was thus as thoroughly Indian a gathering as it is possible to see and a living proof of the fact that the Church is no plant of foreign growth but as native to this soil as to any other. Quoting Swami Vivekananda: 'the voice of Asia is the voice of religion but the voice of Europe is the voice of politics,' His Excellency the Papal Legate had said in his reply to the civic address presented to him by the Corporation of Madras: 'but the voice of the Church is neither of the East nor of the West, it is the voice of the spirit independent of climes, nowhere alien, any more than the voice of science and truth.' For here was neither League nor Pact nor Covenant but the common bond of a universal Faith that had brought so many people together—not the desire to show themselves off, but the longing to join in a solemn collective act of worship and to manifest their faith to the multitudes of their countrymen not of their faith..... And the crowds of non-Catholics responded admirably to this genuine desire to be understood, for they stood all along the route of the Procession, saying little, but awed and touched by the solemn and slow march of the pilgrims praying and singing, in a long line of nearly two miles. And when at the final Benediction in the Island over half a lakh of Catholics were on their knees, these same observers came and stood by watching in silence.

What were their thoughts? We shall never fully know. They were no doubt attracted by the pageantry, the many coloured banners and lights, the beautiful singing, the gorgeous copes and mitres of the sixty bishops, the vestments of the priests, the surplices of the altar-boys, and more than all by the richly canopied and decorated car in which the Papal Legate knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. These and all other aids to devotion which the Catholic Church is lavish but also cautious in using, were certainly worth looking at for their own sake. But above all these, the intense religious fervour shown by the immense gathering at prayer, their decorum, their self-possession and the unruffled calmness of their behaviour, were to the watching crowds a revelation of an abiding and deeply embedded faith the strength of which they had not till then suspected. There must also have been among their impressions

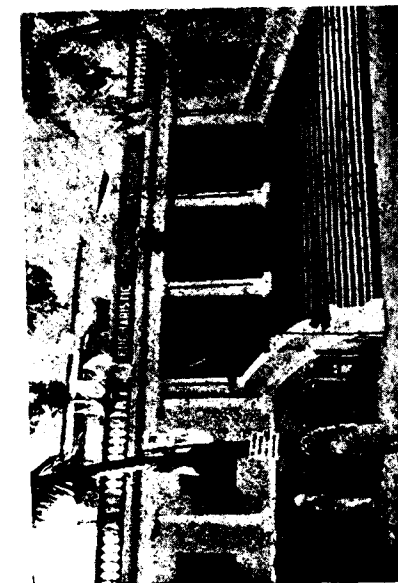
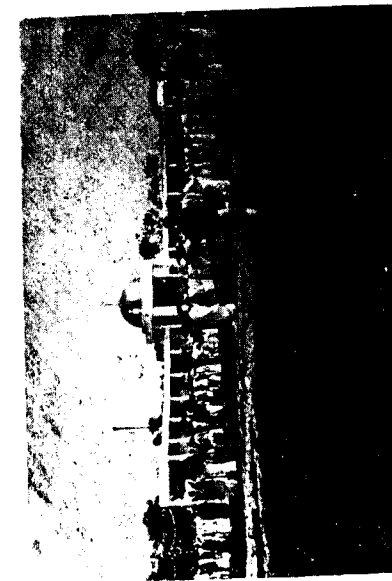
SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

an element of wonder at the complete neglect by the Congress of so-called important and pressing problems. It is difficult to imagine any sectarian gathering in this country which does not pass political resolutions and clamour for rights and privileges. But in this Congress these matters had been treated almost with contempt—no, they were not even thought of. Worship, adoration, prayer, first to last these were the only things that mattered. Fifty thousand persons, as one man, had borne witness to the fact that the things of the spirit are really more important than the things of the flesh... It was possible for the Catholic community to hold a Congress without making it in any sense communal and an opportunity was given to non-Catholics to realise that asking for freedom to practise and preach one's faith is not the same thing as asking for separate electorates.

To Catholics on the other hand, not merely the tolerance but even the active co-operation extended towards their Congress by their countrymen of all shades of belief, was equally an eye-opener. From the President of the Indian National Congress, down to the ordinary passer-by in the streets of Madras, everyone showed understanding and sympathy. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in a welcome message to the Papal Legate said :

"I should like to extend, on behalf of the Indian National Congress, a hearty welcome to the Papal Legate who is coming to India to the National Eucharistic Congress, to be held at Madras. I have requested Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, the Premier of Madras, to represent the Indian National Congress and to convey a welcome to the Papal Legate. With good wishes and regards."

And one of the first persons to receive the Legate on his arrival in Madras was Mr. Rajagopalachari, the Prime Minister. On the day of the Congress the Madras Corporation presented the Legate with an address of welcome the significance of which His Excellency himself expressed in these apt terms in his reply: "The honour done me by this illustrious Corporation transcends private persons and merits, and goes to the bimillennial institution, the Catholic Church." On the second day of the Congress, at the garden-party, every one of any standing in Madras was present as a mark of earnest cordiality. Such an abundance of goodwill freely and generously shown is a sign of national sanity and should be treasured as a national possession; and Catholics in their daily conduct and by their attitude to their non-Catholic countrymen will show not merely that they deserve it all, but that it should grow and extend towards every sphere of their legitimate activity.



NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS, MADRAS
(Photos by Prasanna Chidambaram, I U. C.)



Corpus Christi Procession of the College
Semi-Boarding Repository
(Photo by B. A. Xavier, IV U.C.)

OME IMPRESSIONS OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Three days of freedom from worldly occupation and of the peace that this world cannot give! That was what the Eucharistic Congress gave to those who had the privilege to take part in it. But inward peace is what every religious gathering generates. Then why should there be, or what is, a Eucharistic Congress? The name was on the lips of thousands including my bold urchin who sold 'Eucharistic Congress tooth-powder,' and another who advertised 'Eucharistic Congress jewels'. But few used the name with any understanding of its meaning. The primary purpose of the gathering, it has been said, was adoration but not adoration in the abstract, nor only in spirit and in truth; nor was it, what Milton called the 'adoration pure' which God 'prefers before all temples' but adoration of the visible and tangible Host—the Eucharist—in which Catholics believe there is the Real Presence of God made Man. The Eucharist may be briefly and simply defined as the mysterious extension into time of the act of the Incarnation, by the aid of the priestly power vested in the Church by its Founder, and used everyday at the Sacrifice of the Mass when the words of consecration are pronounced by the priest over the bread and the Wine. It is thus of the very centre of the Christian Faith:

It is based on its fundamental doctrine that God was made Man and dwelt among us—without belief in which Christianity is at best a religion of useless social service and at worst a club of ineffective and impractical humanitarians. To the non-Catholic, the doctrine of the Eucharist is a stumbling-block to the understanding but to the Catholic the source of all fruitful activity. It is not easy to demonstrate one's faith in such a doctrine especially in a world that either does not understand and is therefore indifferent to it, or laughs at it and therefore renders itself incapable of appreciating its vital importance to the believer. But at the Eucharistic Congress in Madras fifty thousand Catholics representing the Catholics of India, Burma and Ceylon, succeeded in making such a demonstration in a wonderfully peaceful and tolerant atmosphere. The mere fact that such an event took place, has great lessons to teach—particularly in these days when doctrines based on hatred and intolerance and at variance with the whole temper of our people and their hoary tradition, take capital out of our social disunity and the ineffectiveness of our old theories of life to meet the crushing needs and demands of the present time, and try to steal the hearts of the ever generous but easily misled young men and women at our Universities. It is therefore the duty of all those who as Catholics participated in the Congress, or as non-Catholics were witnesses of the event, to see that the spirit which made such a Congress possible and successful is kept aflame and not allowed to flicker and die out.

S. V. L.

Cause and Free-will Through the Microscope

A couple of weeks back I happened to be present at a talk given by an eminent lecturer in Physics of one of the big Colleges of Poona. He was a young man full of vigour and even more full of ideas on Modern Science as he had just returned from Cambridge. The subject he had decided to speak on was "Whither Science?". At the very outset he told his audience about the wonderful progress that science had made during the past two decades and how it had its repercussions on some of the time-honoured and fundamental concepts of Philosophy. To put the matter briefly he told us that modern science has done away with our notions of cause and free-will. Little did he realise the significance of the statement he was making. For if modern science has given the lie to such fundamental ideas as cause and free-will, then it is high time for us to bid goodbye to Religion and Morality as being delusions of an unscientific age. It is my purpose to examine how far modern science has affected our notions of cause and free-will.

That modern science and Physics in particular have progressed at a pace which even a man of moderate acquaintance with the classical physics is hardly able to follow is a fact beyond all doubt. A scientist speaking of Relativity is almost considered as out-of-date. Perhaps! We shall not quarrel about the appellation. But let us come to the point. The field of investigation of the present-day physicist is the microcosm of the Atom. Let us suppose that we wish to determine the relative positions and velocities of a number of particles, say electrons. In theory there is no difficulty in doing this to any degree of accuracy; but when we attempt to devise the necessary experiment we are confronted with many disturbing factors which impose a limit to the accuracy we intend to secure.

First of all we shall have to make the electrons visible, and we shall therefore have to make use of a microscope and take a photograph of the field in view. Furthermore it is evident that it is impossible to segregate an electron from the rest of its company and consequently we shall have to argue the case logically using the very principle whose objective validity we shall afterwards throw overboard. But that is scientific! The

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light we are going to use will be the real source of trouble. Nevertheless we have to view the electron by means of the very light it scatters; and the minimum it can scatter is a photon.

Now let us consider the position of the electron. The image of the electron appears in the focal plane of the microscope, not as point but as a disc the diameter of which is directly proportional to the wave-length of the light used. Hence we are not in a position to fix the position of the electron since it must be very nearly a point. Besides we shall not have one single disc but a score of more or less overlapping ones, since, as we have said at the beginning, it is not possible to segregate an electron from its companions. To minimise the errors arising therefrom we shall have to use the ultra-violet light. On the other hand this light itself possesses a momentum which it imparts to the particles. Hence arises the uncertainty of our results. Briefly, if we measure the position of the electron accurately we shall measure its momentum very inaccurately and vice-versa. For the electron receives from the light it scatters an impulse and the change in the velocity of the electron due to the impulse is inversely proportional to the wave-length. However much we may strive to diminish the possibility of error, still the results obtained will be far from exact. And if we add to this the limitations imposed by the defects of the observer, the question arises, "Is there such a thing in all Nature as an exact position being associated with an exact momentum?"

I have described at some length how the measurements are made by our modern scientist and that with a purpose. For it is necessary to realise under what difficult circumstances the observations are to be made. At this point Heisenberg was led to formulate his famous principle of INDETERMINANCY which states that we cannot know at the same time with perfect accuracy both the position of the electron and its momentum. The more accurately the one is determined the greater is the error introduced in the measurement of the other. Whence he proceeded to argue that since the position is undetermined, it follows that it *cannot be* determined, that is it is not determined, it is not caused.

This principle once enunciated and that by a great scientist soon gained recognition. Sir Arthur Eddington dilated upon its fecundity and Sir J. Jeans with a score of others took it as an established dogma. It will be interesting to listen to Sir A. Eddington himself. "Determinism has faded out of theoretical Physics. Its exit has been commented on in

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various ways. Some writers are incredulous, and cannot be persuaded that Determinism has been really eliminated. Some think that it is only a domestic change in physics, having no reactions on general philosophic thought. Some imagine that it is a justification for miracles. Some decide cynically to wait and see if determinism pops in again." (From his address to the Mathematical Association). Lest his hearers should still doubt of the truth of his assertions he proceeded to make himself clearer. "It is commonly objected that our uncertainty as to what the electron would do in the future is due not to indeterminism but to ignorance. It is asserted that some characteristic exists in the electron or its surroundings which decides its future, only physicists have not yet learned how to detect it. But if the physicist is to take any part in the wider discussion on determinism as affecting the significance of our lives and the responsibility of our decisions he must do so on the basis of what he has discovered, not on the basis of what it is conjectured he might discover. Alleged causes must be challenged to produce their birth certificates so that he may know whether they are really pre-existing." But as they have failed to do so, they do not exist. Sir J. Jeans is not less vehement in his denunciation of determinism. Cause and effect are relics of a long dead Scholasticism. To us modern scientists they are figments of an over-wrought brain.

I trust that I have fairly stated the position of our modern physicists. I shall now try to explain what we mean by cause.

Let us suppose that you wish to prepare a cup of tea. Obviously besides sugar and tea you require hot water. You will therefore place a flask of water on a lighted stove and you will find that in a few moments the water begins to boil. It is common to say that the boiling of the water is 'caused' by the flame. The boiling is the 'effect' and the flame is the 'cause'. Hence cause is said to be that which in any way gives existence to or contributes to the existence of something else. This is the description of cause taken in the philosophical sense, and it is understood thus in common parlance. As a matter of fact we attribute to certain phenomena a causative action upon others. That this attribution is not an a priori form of our mind is not very difficult to realise. But when we come to determine exactly in what consists causation then we are confronted with many a difficulty. For as in the above example the fact of the water boiling is evident; and so also the fact of the application of the flame. Yet how exactly the change was effected is difficult to say. The explanation will depend on one's knowledge of the

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theory of transference of heat. But whatever be the explanation, it is beyond all doubt that if the flame had not been applied to the flask containing the water, it would never have boiled even if we had waited for a thousand years.

What I have so far described is what is known as efficient causality. It is denominated efficient on account of the term produced by its action, that is the effect itself, and not necessarily from any presupposed material which it is conceived as potent to transform. The action of the efficient cause is conceived as one which reduces the actuality of the effect from its potentiality. In other words we mean that the water must be capable of being boiled.

Now when our modern scientist speaks of causes he is thinking of efficient causes. We have to admit that the exact nature of causation remains and will always remain a mystery and that even in the simplest of cases. But it will be foolish to conclude from this that causality is nonsense and causes are 'airy nothings'. Because at any given instant our scientist is not able to locate the position of his electron—and that might be due to various causes—it does not follow that the motion of the electron is uncaused. What can be affirmed is: I am not able to determine it,—and that leads to a humble confession of our limitations. It is not necessary for us to pry into the microcosm of the atom to realise the imperfection of our nature. We have only to look into that inner world of our conscience and then we shall realise how far below our own ideals we fall. Ovid had said long ago "Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor." Let us learn to acknowledge our imperfections and not dogmatise on things of which we are ignorant.

We shall now come to the second question, that of free-will. We have to start with the Atom again. "The result of our analysis of physical phenomena up to the point" says Eddington, "is that we have nowhere found any evidence of the existence of the Deterministic Law." By no evidence it is meant that there is no conclusive proof. Wherefore our scientists jump to the conclusion that everything is undetermined. For Determinism is a baseless assertion concerning the behaviour of the Universe and all it contains. It therefore follows that man being no less a part of the Universe is undetermined, and here we have a scientific proof for the liberty of man. Man had to wait for the twentieth century scientist to tell him that his liberty has been proved scientifically. The analysis of the atom has been an open-sesame to many a mystery of human existence. What it will reveal next we shall have to wait and see.

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But let us consider whether the indeterminism of our physicists is really the basis of our free-will. We shall suppose that we essentially differ from a cow or a dog, that there is in us a vivifying principle fundamentally superior to that of an animal, even the most developed. In other words, man is a rational being. This fact involves as a necessary consequence the faculty of will, even of free-will. This will is an inclination, a reaching out and a striving for the real and the true, under its aspect of good. I mean that no man can desire a thing because it is bad for him, and in so far as it is in every respect bad for him. Now in every decision in this life the mind can perceive some sort of good both in acting and in not-acting and the will is able to accept either good as a motive for action and decision. Let me explain. An University examination is approaching, only a fortnight more. A decision is to be made and acted upon. It is good to study; to sacrifice for a fortnight the regular attendance at the Royal Talkies; to realise the plans of my parents as regards my future; to learn to sacrifice my own pleasure for a greater good. It is good to fulfil that duty and bad not to fulfil it, bad because it gives the lie to an ideal clearly set before my mind, to which, I know, I must conform. But it is also good to attend the Talkies. They have of late been so attractive; perhaps even instructive. Besides I am fed up with these books.

Thus every particular solution offers a double exit and by directing my voluntary attention to one good rather than the other I can let its attractiveness grow on me at the expense of the other good, in such a way that I shall accept it as a motive of decision and a spring of action. Our free-will consists in our capacity to choose between the alternatives proposed by our intellect. This freedom certainly implies 'self-determination' in its most inward sense. By the act of choice a certain motive becomes 'mine'. My past experience tells me that I myself am the only agent who is able to effect this operation of intimate and complete appropriation. If you would ask the young man why does the will choose this particular motive as a spring of action—say of going to the Talkies—the only answer which will fit in with the psychological experience is, because it is free with the freedom of self determination.

I have tried to present in a simple way what psychologists understand by free-will. I must confess that the question of free-will is one that involves a deep study of the nature and working of our higher faculties, but the fact of its existence is plain to all. To deny it would be not only to contradict a fact of daily experience but to lower our very nature to that of the brute beast.

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Now let us compare this notion of our free-will with the so-called indeterminism of the electron. Because our scientist is unable to determine its position at a given instant we endow it with free-will, that it is capable of self-determination. On the other hand he forgets that he is not dealing with material entities when he speaks of the liberty of man. It is the selected good that moves our will and determines our way of action. How different this self-determination is from the indeterminateness of the electron! If Scientists had devoted a thousandth part of the time they give to their observations on the electrons to self-introspection they would not have made such statements as those to which I have already alluded. No discovery in whatever branch of Science will ever change our fundamental notions of Cause and Free-will. They are not the outcome of experimental research and they cannot be falsified by it. If our present-day scientists were more modest they would acknowledge their limitations. Knowledge that does not lead us to realise our littleness is futile. More truly did Newton say "To myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than the ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me. New truths unfold themselves with the years; grander and ampler principles are revealed, but after each discovery the great ocean still stretches out, illimitable in its immensities until it seems to mingle with the heavens." This should be the attitude of every genuine scientist. This alone will lead him to long more truly for that Fountain of knowledge in Whom everything resolves into one simple act of the INTELLIGENCE.

L. F., S.J., Poona.

Lord Rutherford of Nelson, the Man and the Scientist

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

AMAZING and astonishing are the rapid advances that Science has achieved in our age, but it has struggled and shall struggle in vain, against the mighty arm of death. The knell has sounded, the curtains of life are drawn, behold the victim, Lord Rutherford of Nelson, one of the greatest experimental physicists of modern times, who has left Science in a different state from that in which he found it. The world of science is perhaps still recovering from the sudden shock that it has received. It had based eager anticipations on the rich harvest already garnered in the Cavendish Laboratory, the Master being at the peak of his power; and now he departs suddenly leaving behind him the tragic feeling that his achievements would have been far greater had he lived a little longer.

Ernest Rutherford was born in New Zealand on the 30th August 1871, the son of a farmer. Placed as he was at the antipodes of all the great scientific centres of the world, no magic path could lead him from his farm to the pre-eminent positions he occupied, save his own abilities, his energy, industry, and courage. From his earliest days, there was evident in him a peculiar interest in science, science for its own sake uncontaminated by love of pecuniary gain. No wonder then he unravelled its mysteries.

Great as a scientist, greater still was Rutherford as a man, for he was blessed with qualities both of head and heart. Unlike many other scientists he was not merely a laboratory recluse, but displayed to a remarkable degree, in every activity of his, a characteristic simplicity and sincerity, hand in hand with an exuberant nature, and dominating all, an outstanding personality. One in whom it is said, "genius mingled with the commonplace", he was at once "the counsellor, the staff and the leader."

A loving father, the death of his only daughter, Aileen, was a staggering blow to him, alleviated only by greater affection for his grandchildren. An affectionate friend, in spite of his brain-racking work, one could still expect to see his steady eyes and hear his ringing voice, inquiring about some domestic event. Friends came to him at the mere first

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meeting for he could excite affection while he extorted admiration. According to the testimony of all his friends, he did not know how to make enemies. Always ready to push forward a good cause, he devoted much of his precious time and energy to his work as chairman of the Advisory Council for Science and Industrial Research, for he felt that industries must be subject to the influence of scientific methods.

As a leader, there were few to surpass him. The greatest Scientists on the continent worked with him and looked up to him. To his pupils, he was a young man enjoying their jokes, patting them on their shoulders to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers" when things went on well, and patting them again with an encouraging tune when the future looked gloomy. This paternal and unconventional behaviour earned for him the name of 'papa'.

Above all, his was the right approach to Science—sincere and simple search for truth backed up by volcanic energy and intense enthusiasm, lightened by a boisterous nature and a light heart. "The ions are such jolly little beggars that you can almost see them". A man who could afford to be jolly even in the regions of Microscopy, was indeed a very human scientist.

Rutherford's career started at a time when, in continuation of Becquerel's discovery of 1896 of the radiations of Uranium, the Curies by the discovery of Radium had sounded the death knell of the unalterable atom. From his wireless detector, he jumped on to this work on Radioactive substances,—one substance gradually transforming itself into another by radioactive emissions. To the defunct and unchangeable atom he gave a second life by demonstrating its alteration into the atom of a new element. Thus did he become the alchemist of the new transmutation. Radio activity he interpreted as an example, in the present age, of the long discredited science of alchemy, one element being transformed into another through its atoms exploding into smaller and yet smaller atoms. The exploding radium for instance does no more than display for all to see, a stage in the life of all atoms which shed their particles like falling leaves, according to certain time scales, the explosions being spontaneous, and the mortality rate varying with the substance. Consequently his genius led to an examination of the radiations and he succeeded in finding that they were composed of alpha rays, beta rays and gamma rays all resembling x rays. From 1903 onwards, he succeeded in working out a whole group of the Radium family and studying the properties of α and β particles as well as of

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the γ rays. By dint of a rare insight into scientific methods and skilful practical manipulations the α particles came out to be nothing but the helium atoms without the electrons, the β rays as negatively charged particles, and the γ rays distinct from particles, resembling x rays because of their great penetrability.

One result led to another. The α particle enabled him to inquire into the structure of the atom and present to the world the Rutherford atom in 1911 which still with some modification now forms the basis of every concept of modern physics on the structure of matter. The electron was no more stationary but moved about a central positive nucleus. The alpha ray helium atom did not push aside or pull up against other atoms of a gas through which it shot but went on like a bullet with an occasional deflection. The Rutherford atom gave the explanation—"it was a heavy but tiny case, surrounded by an immense sphere where ghostly particles moved, a solar system with planetary electrons moving around."

Rutherford did not stop with this but followed it with experiments that have given the incentive to many others and have earned for him the reputation of being one of the greatest of experimental physicists—the disintegration of the nucleus, the central core of the atom, which was now admitted to the same category as the alpha particle. It was in 1921 that he first showed that the transmutation of one element into another could be brought about by electric bombardment. The real reward for his pains came in 1932, when the neutron was discovered, and also when Cockroft and Walton under his guidance, brought under human control the disintegration of elements by protons. Further in 1933 the positron was discovered. To add to all this in the closing years of his life Rutherford was greatly interested in the radium methods for curing cancer.

This great scientist has rightly been called the "Newton of Atomic Physics," for not even Faraday, who in the quantity and quality of his work could be compared to Newton himself, could be a match to him. It has been said that Newton was more fortunate than any other scientist since one man alone could discover the laws of the Astronomic Universe; the same may be said of Rutherford in regard to the regions of the Atomic Universe and perhaps even more emphatically, for he spent no years in vain search of the philosopher's stone as Newton did. His indeed, as Sir James Jeans puts it, "has been the life of the happy warrior, happy in its work, happy in its outcome and happy in its social contacts."

A Trip Across the Western Ghats

by M. D. Varkey, III Hons.

HERE are certain agile moods in the life of every young man in which his spirit revolts, and struggles to get out of its narrow confinement and seeks after lively adventures—mountaineering, swimming, climbing, fighting. The other day I was in such a mood when I felt an irresistible desire coming over me to cross the Western Ghats. I had crossed the ghats many a time before, but only in dreams and desires which visit me in bed and often—in class rooms. It was on the 10th of last December that I actually accomplished the crossing of the Western Ghats in flesh and blood for the first time in my life—a cheap but most lovely adventure.

One who wants to make a trip from Tamil Nad to Travancore State crossing the Ghats through its highest and most picturesque regions must make it from Cumbum to Mundakayam in one of the convenient line buses that ply between these two towns. The vehicle which I occupied was a sort of long omnibus provided with two rows of seats on either side parallel to the direction of the car. The seat next to mine was filled by a fat old fellow who was perpetually chewing and spitting. Between us and leaning against our legs was the grand-child of the old man, a boy of about five, tender and fair.

We started from Cumbum at about 3 P.M. From Cumbum to the eastern base of the ghats the car ran at surprising speed across the vast plain of Pandy, along a level road which was broad, straight, and shaded by ancient tamarind trees on either side. But as we neared the base of the mountain our easy speed was retarded by a curious kind of obstacle. The time being already evening, great herds of sheep and oxen were on their homeward march from the mountain pastures. They were a serious obstacle to the passage of the car, as they crawled along the road for five, ten and even fifteen minutes together in compact ranks. To drive them out of the road by shouting or by sounding all the motor-horns would be impossible, for the masses of the lazy beasts were too great and nothing could moderate or change their course once they had taken a particular direction. Therefore the best thing for the bus to do was to

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slacken its speed and wait patiently until it would please the beasts to get out of the path and regain the lost time by greater speed when the road was once more clear.

When we got to the base of the mountain the sun was about to disappear behind the ridge, but there was enough light to see the beauties of the mountain region. The road wound in and out through narrow valleys with innumerable turnings, now keeping to the base of the mountain, now plunging into defiles which seemed to have no outlet, then again emerging into another valley. Then began the ascent of the high ranges. The road wound up zigzag, avoiding steep inclines by bold curves, running from one range to another but always ascending.

We were speeding through thick forests of aged lofty trees the thick foliage of which formed a living canopy over all living beings. The gear-screeches and the shrill electric-horns of the car rang noisily through the forests, echoed and re-echoed from the mountain sides and died away in the heart of the thickets. Birds big and small frightened by the locomotive rose from the roadside and flew off into the distant valleys. No wild beast appeared on the wayside however, except some monkeys that hurried from the roadside with bodily contortions and grimaces that convulsed us all with laughter.

The most enjoyable object on our way up the high ranges was the sight of the artificial river which branches off from Periyar Dam and feeds the net-work of canals of Pandya. The water from the Periyar Dam is conducted to the plain of Pandya through steep gorges and valleys of the Western Ghats. The flow of water through the mountain valleys and passes makes a long chain of thundering cataracts where nothing can be seen but silvery foam, foam with mist rising from its surface. On our request the driver stopped the bus at this place. We all got down and went near the waterfalls. The sight is one of the most magnificent in South India and it reminded me of a lovely passage sung by an eminent poet:

I heard a water-fall to-day
Sing a song of silvery spray
No sweeter song could ever be,
And all the mystic melody
Was sung to God—and not to me.

The higher we ascended, the cooler it became and the forest grew less and less thick. An hour was passed and we crossed the belt of the

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forest. Now we were speeding up grassy mountain slopes. The engine did not run more than fifteen miles an hour, and this was sufficient speed to enable us to reach Peermade before sunset. Half an hour later we crossed the British frontier and reached Travancore State and the Travancore Customs Officers after making a hasty examination of our boxes and pockets let us pass. The bus after running a few furlongs along the level road of the plateau, stopped.

Here out of curiosity to take a view of the country which we had left behind, I got down and looked eastward. The vast country side of Pandya lay before me, its scattered villages with their sparse corn fields around them, its numerous hillocks that looked like so many ant-hills; and the ancient tamarind trees that dotted the limitless and otherwise barren country far, far below me, seemed like little shrubs.

For the next fifteen miles our road ran over undulating grassy hillsides. The incline towards Peermade was gradual and graceful. At about 6-30 Peermade was reached, 5,200 ft. above the sea level, the highest point attained by the road in crossing the ghats. Peermade is well-known as one of the most splendid hill-stations of South India. With its noble bungalows, numerous summer-houses, big hotels, clubs, Radio stations, picturesque avenues, lovely parks, orange gardens, the grassy hillocks that command the most varied panoramas, and above all its ever cool and healthy air, Peermade attracts the rich men and high officials of the Travancore State during the summer season. Here is a spot of beauty not to gaze at but to live in.

Our bus stopped in front of a big hotel where there was a delay of about twenty minutes for the evening meal. I made a hasty repast and retired to the car intending to sleep a while. The old man, my fellow-traveller, was there sitting inside the car, chewing vigorously. I stretched myself on a seat. The child, fatigued by the tedious journey, was nodding and presently it breathed a long audible yawn. Thereupon the old man chewing more vigorously looked threateningly at the child. But I think that the child did not notice it. When it again gaped its mouth to yawn the old man caught it by both its ears and began to box them mercilessly until the child twisted his body in agony and screamed. I too was overcome with drowsiness and the child within me desired intensely to yawn; but I did not dare to yawn before my furious fellow-traveller. So I got down from the car and walked towards an enormous rock that stood by the wayside.

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From the top of this belvedere I could command the most exquisite scenery, the most magnificent panorama I have ever seen. The finest sight was towards the west where the rich land of Malabar lay. I could overlook all the lower country for many miles of rich forest lands; many thousand square miles of hill lands covered with plantations of rubber, tea, coffee, coconut and pepper; the hill slopes with their cornfields; the vast plains and the rich paddy fields of the West Coast far, far below me; the numerous rivers flowing on their silent majestic course westwards; and to the extreme west, the Arabian sea glittering beneath the crimson horizon—all splashed in the golden beams of the setting sun. The breeze from the South West was delightfully fresh, and the heavens overcast with clouds, threatened rain. A light mist hung around me, and the disc of the sun enlarged through the mist appeared like a plate of burnished gold.

When we began to descend, the sun too was going down the horizon. We had not gone far when it began to rain, at first mildly, then in torrents. The side flaps of the bus were rolled down. The journey afterwards was cheerless, the cold wind dashing into our faces. Soon the car was turned into a dormitory, some of the passengers nodding, some bending their heads on their own laps and some sitting erect and sleeping with mouth wide open. The scene reminded me of our class rooms on a re-opening day. I too had many snatches of broken sleep. The bus passed through Azhutha and Kuttikanam while I was drowsy so that I could see nothing of those important hill-stations. After journeying twenty-four miles down the slopes and valleys of the Peermade hills we reached Mundakayam at about 8-15. Our journey was over and we had reached the western base of the Ghats.

Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose (1858-1937)

by M. Subba Rao, IV U. C.

INDIA was shocked to hear of the death of her foremost Scientist, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose on 23rd of November 1937. It is more than a quarter of a century since his discoveries startled the scientific world. In recent times he had almost retired from the world and devoted himself exclusively to his researches; the villager passing by his laboratory in Sibjeria would answer to the query of the stranger that Jagadis Babu was there inside that building talking with plants.

The life of this "Wonder Man," Bose, is unique. He had a schooling that began in the traditional old-fashioned method and ended in Cambridge; he was a youth characterised by an excessive love of sport, he was a surgeon who aspired to be a physicist; he became a botanist by chance.

He was born on the 30th of November 1858 in Bikrampur, a village in Dacca. Babu Bhagawan Bose, the Deputy Magistrate, sent his young son, Jagadis, to the vernacular school in Faridpur. Here young Bose studied Bengali with the children of the poor people. Afterwards he was sent to an English school in Calcutta and finally he graduated from St. Xavier's College. He went to England to study medicine. But fate had decreed otherwise; he had to give up his medical studies owing to a serious illness contracted in the dissecting room; and he took to the study of Physics in Christ College, Cambridge.

After his return to India, he joined the Physics Department of the Presidency College, Calcutta. It is needless to mention here his courageous fight against racial discrimination in the official cadre and his vindication of his country's honour in the matter of handling science subjects. Suffice it to say that he could not content himself with mere teaching and very soon undertook researches.

His early researches were in Electric radiation and Electromagnetic waves and his work was appreciated by the Royal Society. In 1895, he startled an audience in Calcutta, assembled under the presidentship of the Governor, by sending electric waves which penetrated three walls and set

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fire to a mass of gunpowder. If only he had pursued this line of research he might have been the forerunner of Marconi.

But very soon he was led into allied channels of work. He had long noticed a kind of 'fatigue' in the receiver he had used; pursuing this work further he got encouraging results. While on a visit to England he was discussing this phenomenon with that veteran physiologist, Sir Michael Foster. Bose showed him a plate and Foster turned round and asked. "Come now, Bose, what is the novelty in this curve? We had known it for at least the last half-century." "What do you think it is?" said Bose. "Why, a curve of muscle response of course!" "Pardon me, it is the response of metallic tin." "What?" said Foster jumping up. "Tin! Did you say tin?" On explanation his wonder knew no bounds, and he hurried Bose to make a communication to the Royal Society.

The success he had attained in this direction tempted Bose to study the responses in plants which were hitherto considered to be inanimate. And he himself was staggered at the results. He found that the theory of German scientists, Pfeffer, and Haberlandt, that propagated effect in plant is a mere hydromechanical disturbance, was wrong and that there was no difference between the nervous impulse in plant and animal.

But in this new field of research he found himself suddenly in the enemy lines. Here he had to contend not against ignorance but against prejudice. As a physicist he was regarded as an intruder in the realm of Natural Sciences. An English writer remarks: "As an unsophisticated man from the East he had seriously taken the lessons preached by West about the evils of Caste System, but here he felt he had come against a yet worse system of caste whose etiquette he had unwittingly offended."

But Bose was not a man to be frightened away like this. He refused to consider that truth can be divided into water-tight compartments. He set to work harder and tried to convince his opponents by making the plants tell their tale of life tremulousness and death spasm in their own inarticulate 'script'. He succeeded in this by means of delicate instruments like the Resonant Recorder Crescograph and the Electric probe—all of them constructed entirely in India with the help of local artisans. He took his instruments abroad and delivered a series of lectures. The people who witnessed his demonstrations were stupefied; his opponents were struck dumb. The vegetarian, Shaw, was deeply distressed to watch the agonies of a cabbage when it was cut. "The Times" spoke of Bose as a man "who had combined in himself the immortal mysticism of Indian

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Philosophy and the experimental methods of western science" and added that "whilst we in Europe were still steeped in the rude empiricism of barbaric life, the subtle Eastern had swept the whole universe into a synthesis and had seen the one in all its changing manifestations."

The rest of his life was spent in probing further and further into the mysteries of the plant kingdom. As he proceeded he found all barriers breaking down and the fundamental unity of life becoming apparent. He saw that vegetative life in plant and animal did not differ greatly; the poisonous carbondioxide was as much injurious to the plant as to the animal; that the ascent of sap in plant was due to a kind of rhythmic *pulsatory* activity of the *living* cells of the cortex. He refuted the popular assumption which distinguishes animals and plants as relatively mobile and nonmobile by subjecting the curled tendril of the Passion flower (*Passiflora*) to electric shock when the "tendril began to writhe and twist about, the violent contortions being strongly suggestive of a worm under torture." He showed that alcohol produced the same alternate maudlin "depression" and "exaltation" on plants that is observed on the human system; that poisons had as much effect on plants as on man; and that they could be revived by applying antidotes. He was further able to transplant successfully a grown-up tree by giving it a dose of anæsthetics to render it insensible to all "pain".

Bose himself spoke of his discoveries as follows: ".....Even in the smallest living particle we may trace the dim beginnings of the faculty of choice. A speck of protoplasm accepts or refuses, submits or resists the multiplex forces of destiny about it. When in all this did perception begin to manifest itself? If in throbbing lies response to stimulus, then the smallest speck of life has it. If in nervous commotion, then the tree has it."

These revelations were unexpected, startling. No doubt to speak of "choice" on the part of plants in the strict sense would be stretching the term too far. Bose's words cannot be interpreted to mean absolutely that plant bodies are really conscious beings. But one fact is absolutely clear: Bose's discoveries destroyed effectively the early nineteenth century conception of a purely material universe. He had shown clearly that life is a phenomenon which cannot be explained away by purely physical theories and formulæ. His "Vitalism"—that great generalisation—constitutes by itself a landmark in the progress of physiology, medicine and psychology.

The New Year Cheque

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

"A NY letter for me?" Rajan eagerly asked the postman.

"Happy New Year, Sir," said he handing him a letter.

Rajan hastily opened the letter and his joy knew no bounds on finding the expected thing: a cheque from his father-in-law, promised to him as a present for the New Year's day. Rajan thrust a four-anna piece into the postman's hands and rushed into the kitchen.

"Kamala," cried Rajan, "the cheque! at least now he has kept his word."

"Didn't I tell you? how much?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five," came the reply.

"That makes a gold necklace for me and a Black Bird for you, if you want."

"Selfish girl, why not a motor-cycle for me and a hair-pin for you?"

That day the bank presented a busy appearance. So many had come to cash their cheques. Rajan elbowed his way to the counter and handed the cheque to the clerk. The clerk too, an old classmate of Rajan, rejoiced at his friend's good luck. What else could his smile mean?

Rajan seated himself on the bench all impatience. As soon as the peon returned with a bundle of cheques and books duly signed by the secretary, his name was called out much to his satisfaction.

Rajan rushed to the counter and thrust in his hand to receive the money. But the cashier coolly said, "The Secretary wants to see you."

Rajan was puzzled. Perhaps there was some error in the cheque or more probably the sum being large the secretary wanted to pay the money directly. Rajan entered the secretary's room rather excited.

"Mr. G. Rajan, Sir?" demanded the secretary.

"I am Mr. Rajan, Sir."

THE NEW YEAR CHEQUE

"Mr. G. Rajan," began the secretary solemnly, "I wish you peace, plenty, and prosperity all through this year."

"Thank you, Sir, I wish you the same." Rajan now eagerly awaited the next move.

"Mr. Rajan, your business is over, you can go."

"What do you mean?" blurted out Rajan.

"This is what I mean," said the secretary and handed over the cheque to Rajan.

For the first time Rajan read its contents carefully.

It ran:

1938 Account

Bank of Providence, Gopalapuram.

PAY Mr. G. Rajan Or Order the sum of ... 365, three hundred and sixty-five days only, of peace, plenty and prosperity.

1st Jan. '38.

R. S. CHARI

DS. 365

Clerk

Secretary.

Our Botanical Excursion

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

EARLY morning Saturday, 18th September, we got into special compartment of the Tuticorin Express. At about 10 A.M. the train whistled and stopped at Kodaikanal station. After dinner, seated in a special bus of Nadar, we sped through the warm air as if the sooner to escape the heat of the sultry plains. Already we could catch glimpses of winding roads, gleaming through the green foliage from the hills above. Then began the regular ascent through the twining narrow roads on the hill sides. The engine screamed shrill under the labour, emitting an odour of petrol, as the bus tore up between dense vegetation on either side of the road. The air was getting lighter and purer. No more were the pale green flushed plants to be seen. The very 'Lantana' was holding out proudly its clusters of daintily coloured flowers.

We stopped at Tum-Tum to stretch our cramped limbs and cool the overheated engines. Again the bus bore us away and as the road turned a loop, the air suddenly got chill—a pleasant chill that the ordinary Trichinopolitan can hardly dream of. The scenic splendours of the hills were displayed one after another before our eyes. The very trees grew taller and the sky acquired a soft blue shaded off by white fleecy clouds. Amidst varied specimens of picturesque mountain scenery we rode uphill and at last halted in the dustless road of Kodaikanal. After hot tea we made straight to our residence a few furlongs off. No more sunburnt faces—even in the eyes of the coolie working by the road might be noticed a singular lustre, so uncommon in our hot plains. In the eyes of some of us too, there was an inexpressible joy. The lowering clouds of examinations had passed away and we were in for rest and enjoyment. Wherever our eyes settled, on the broken walls, in the gutters and muddy pools, we found little plants, proudly holding forth their tiny coloured blossoms and smiling endlessly on the weary strangers. Treading up an inclined rocky road bounded by lofty pine trees, we stood before a big white gate with two boards reading "Mount St. Mary" and "St. Joseph's College" "Hallo! St. Joseph's is here too," we thought. It was the summer-house of the Fathers of the College, now occupied by young Fathers still undergoing

* Excursion to Kodaikanal organised by the Botany Department. The excursionists were mainly B. A. Students, with a few Intermediate Students.

KODAIKANAL SCENES



The Lake



Church of O. Lady of La Salette.



BOTANISTS ON EXCURSION TO KALPATTICHATRAM
(Photos by R. George, III U. C.)

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the Jesuit training. Below the main building there was a smaller unoccupied house and we were conducted to it through an avenue of pear trees.

This house, standing solitary among the brushwood on a rocky slope was our happy residence during our brief stay on the hills. Below our house were rows of pear trees almost bent double by the weight of the fruits that hung from every twig. Still lower down stately Eucalyptus trees were looking askance at the new-comers. In our tidy little house everyone was provided with cot, bed and warm blankets. We were all assembled in a spacious room, when some light steps were heard approaching us. Turning round we beheld a white-bearded Father with a genial smile, greeting us cordially. Without the least form of formal introduction, he broke into a most attractive conversation. His engaging talk soon drew us all close around him. One after another he narrated to us the adventures and tragedies that the hills had witnessed, in a most touching way so as to make all of us stand in breathless attention around him. Other kind Fathers also visited us that night. By 9 o'clock all were under the heavy warm blankets, cold darkness enveloping them. At midnight the jackals came around our house and hailed us in their queer accents, scratching the ground gleefully.

Next day the sun rose in all its splendour and peeped at the strangers through the dense Eucalyptus foliage. We had a hot breakfast at 7 o'clock and set out with our bags, Fr. Rapinat in his striped overcoat and his bulging kit-bag, leading us. We walked round the lake, pulling at every grass and searching for sunken water plants in the fields. At about 10 A.M. we entered the Bryant Park, that was ablaze with big choicely tinted flowers. Through an avenue of oaks we returned by the back gate. Meanwhile we saw something like smoke rising from the valley and spreading fast on the dewy grasses and dancing blossoms. A voice nearby shouted "The mist is falling fast. Put the flannels on your head and march straight to our house." Before we reached our gate the afternoon mist overtook us. We could not even see our friends walking a few yards ahead. We shouted and ran about in glee, through the strange all-pervasive mist, with a peculiar feeling of pleasure, not of a brisk and violent sort but of a vague and obscure nature. The soft grey mist still hung about us as we groped our way into our warm little house.

Next morning we went to the "Pillar Rocks." On the way we were surprised to find so many varieties of Lichens. We passed through a

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magnificent pine forest trampling over the pine needles that lay thick on the ground. After a walk of more than three miles we came in sight of two huge rocks standing out into the chill morning sky like two prodigious pillars hewn in granite. Clambering up a rugged foot-path, with many a loop and turn, we reached a small open space sheltered by rocks on all the three sides. After a short respite we removed our shoes to go down the slippery slopes into the mysterious caves in the bosom of the "Pillar Rocks". Some of us clambered down on all fours and were soon inside a dingy cavern, hardly penetrated by a few stray rays of the sun. In the dismal gloom we moved forward over the icy mud. Finally we emerged out of it as out of a dreamland and climbed up another bushy slope beset with interlacing knotted roots which served as a very efficient natural ladder for the inexperienced mountain climbers. From those dizzy heights we could see the distant hills and vales with the scattered clusters of trees and huts, winding roads and streams, and green fading fields. The ridge we were standing on, was narrow and there were gaping depths on three sides. After exploring some more of those awe-inspiring caves, we turned homewards. On the way back, standing on a low flat hill, we spied at a distance three dazzling white streaks against the dark background of the rocks. They were the "Fairy Falls," where three sister streams leapt from their rocky beds down to the mossy flat rocks below, where they were beaten into spray and foam. That evening we had a stroll in the boulevards of dustless Kodaikanal and returned by dusk. From some edges of the hill could be seen in panorama the vast expanse of the plains of Periyakulam lit up most beautifully by electric lights in the hazy mist.

Early morning the following day we trotted down a narrow and very steep foot-path known as the "Fathers' Walk." In quarter of an hour we were among the noble pile of buildings of the Sacred Heart's College. To our great amazement we met there some of our last-year friends in priestly garbs with solemn faces, walking to and fro poring over large tomes. In spite of their stern attention to the books there was a smile lurking about the corners of their lips. After passing through the beautiful orchid garden full of quaint butterfly-like flowers, we reached the grave-yard. There among the pebbles a humble grave was seen, with the name of sweet old Fr. Bertram etched on a little smooth black stone. On the grave of that great and noble soul, grew wild roses with pallid leaves and white fresh blossoms in a last tribute to the selfless service and unfailing kindness of a heart whose every throb diffused love.

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From there we turned to the Museum and the art gallery of Fr. Anglade. The drawings of the flora of the Palni Hills made by this learned Father were so beautiful that they took our breath away.

Then after refreshments in the spacious refectory of the College we turned back with hearts heavy with many a sad and sweet feeling, natural when we leave some place rich with sacred memories. Next morning we were to visit the "Dolphin's Nose". Traversing a few low hills and shallow streams we caught sight of a huge granite nose jutting out into a wide sequestered vale, with a surprising semblance to the human nose. As we clambered up to it a voice shouted from behind. "Take care that you don't drop into the mouth", and really there was a gigantic mouth gaping below the edge of the nose! We returned after collecting some specimens from among the bushes around the "nose".

In spite of an icy shower, that evening we hired a five-seater from the Indian Boat Club; stepping into it we cut the moorings and the boat glided on the crystal waters of the lake, as the little red fishes peeped at the intruders from the crevices of rocks in the water. We rowed up and down till nightfall when the mist fell over the calm waters.

Thursday morning we set out for Perumal, one of the highest peaks in the Palni hills. On the way we got very many new specimens. About half the way we heard a roar of waters nearby, and the sound of falling spray. Turning a loop we stood before the magnificent "Silver Cascade" where a mighty jet of water fell crashing over the rocks stirring up great masses of foam and spray. Soon we resumed our journey. But before the end we were caught in a bad cold shower. Yet we plodded on and climbed the Perumal hill, the chill coffee heads brushing our cheeks. Our climb was rewarded by the wonderful view of the entire Palni range which Perumal top commands.

On Saturday we visited the Observatory. The next day we had to leave for the plains. There was a wrench at the parting. That night the jackals peeped at the window and howled us adieu. The day dawned while the darkness retreated sighing. We quickly packed our things and roamed about the big compound in the fresh air. The pines at a distance were nodding their farewells to us. The Dahlias in the hedge and the wild roses on the old rocks waved us good-bye.

It was time to start. All the kind Fathers came down from their cells, to bid us farewell. Our eyes bade them good-bye as we boarded the bus

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with our "presses" full with Kodaikanal plants and the bus started off while the Fathers were waving their hands. But as we turned round again to look at them again, the trees flashed before us hiding them obstinately. The wood-crickets were screeching in their leafy abodes.

The bus quickly left Kodaikanal and was on the descent. All the way one person was busy renewing his acquaintance as the cascades and the groves ever familiar to him, slipped by us one by one. Now and then we heard a murmur "There!—ho, Perumal in clouds—Sure to rain. Hallo! What is this—Ha! and that's an end of the hills" as the gorgeous hill scenes whirled away into the mist. And as the bus tore along its downward course, the trees were getting paler, and the peaks and cascades fainter, till at length the evening mist gathered into its embrace the eternal hills.

The Stolen Ear-rings

by A. Md. Rasheed, III B. Sc. (Hons.)

THE sun was declining in the West. In the pleasant and cheerful village of Indiraburi, the streams kissing the living banks, ran smooth and winding, and deep and clear. The tufted palms had their long leaves mirrored in the waters. The waves crept in and stole away, while the brooks flowed with murmuring sound. The water's breast glowed richly tinged with evening hues. The young emerald leaves danced to the low music of the passing breeze. 'The murmuring of innumerable bees' and the piping and warbling of sweet birds added to the charm of the place.

There was Rajendran sitting on the sand, away from others, in a solitary place. He was sighing occasionally and his eyes were dim with tears. He could not bear the thought that he had to say 'adieu' to his dearest Alma Mater. "Had my father been alive.....," but he could not continue. His tongue would not move and heavy sad drops from his eyes fell on the ground. At last the thought "How am I going to continue my B. A. Course? I have neither money nor relatives to help me in need..... Is that the final end that I have to be separated from the College for ever?.....yes,no hope..... My destiny is marked out, fate is fixed; my lot is assigned and sentence is passed....." His heart was filled with sorrow up to the brim and now it began to overflow.

Soon the crescent moon appeared. The sky was studded with countless, glittering stars. At last poor Rajendran came to himself and found that he was alone on the spot. With a heavy heart he returned to his room.

Next morning he got up from his bed and scarcely had he finished his prayer to God when his eyes fell on a pair of diamond ear-rings placed on his table. He rubbed his eyes well and found that they were really a pair of diamond ear-rings. There was also a paper near them with the message "A gift for you" written in a clear hand. When Rajendran noticed this, he could scarcely believe his eyes. He danced with joy and thanked the merciful Providence with all his heart.

But alas, very soon, to the great horror and astonishment of Rajendran, he saw a Sub-Inspector approaching his room with two constables. He was in a panic and could not even talk. At last he managed to articulate a terror-stricken "What do you want, Sir?" The Sub-Inspector looked at him and sternly answered: "Ten days ago, a pair of diamond ear-rings costing about Rs. 500, and belonging to one of my friends, have been

THE STOLEN EAR-RINGS

lost. It is suspected that they had been stolen by you. So you must allow us to search for them in your room." When Rajendran heard this, the poor lad almost fainted. He recounted to the Sub-Inspector with shivering lips how he came by the diamond ear-rings and handed over the jewel to him. He pleaded very pitifully and pathetically that he was not a robber. But the Sub-Inspector pooh-poohed him and saying mockingly that a clear conscience fears no accusation, ordered him to follow him to the Station.

Unfortunate Rajendran! He followed him with tottering steps. He was shuddering with fear, even though his heart was as innocent as a child's. Soon he was brought before the magistrate to whom the hard-hearted Sub-Inspector reported all about Rajendran and placed the ear-rings on the table. The Magistrate heard the details of the case very carefully and seemed to be convinced that Rajendran was the thief. He thought it unnecessary to hear the witnesses and sentenced the dejected and distressed lad to rigorous imprisonment for six months. When Rajendran heard this he could not contain himself and he burst out, "Ah! What? Am I a criminal? Is there no justice prevailing in the country? While the orphan pines, the oppressor feeds. The law-makers are law-breakers....." His weak frame could no longer sustain these powerful emotions, and before he could complete the sentence, he fell down in a dead faint.

It was at about 8 A.M. the next morning when he came round. He opened his eyes slowly. He was not in prison. He was struck dumb to see that he was in his room. He at first believed it to be a dream, but he soon found out that he was really in his room. He could not understand how he came there. Before long there came a tap at the door. A messenger brought him a sealed letter. He opened it anxiously and read as follows:—

PRABAT FILM COMPANY,
Bombay.

5-11-1937

Dear Sir,

We have no words to express our gratitude to you for the great service you rendered to us. We wanted to film the changes in the face of an innocent and honest man when he is falsely accused of a crime. The Sub-Inspector, Magistrate, and others were only actors belonging to our Company. We request you to be kind enough to excuse us for the suffering which we have caused to you and accept this Rs. 1000 as a small compensation for your priceless help.

Yours faithfully,
PRABAT FILM COMPANY.

Wöhler's Place in the Evolution of Organic Chemistry*

by V. V. Parameswaran, III U. C.

IN the experimental research on the chemistry of the cell constituents of plants and animals at the beginning of the last century, the first problem which had to be solved was the isolation, and preparation, in a pure state, of the various substances, and in the analytical determination of their composition. Any systematic conception of the carbon compounds was as yet wholly lacking; and it is no wonder that the various processes whose products were being investigated were looked upon as being utterly different from those familiar in the mineral world.

The isolation of the important plant bases such as morphine, strychnine, quinine etc. early in the last century anticipated by several decades the knowledge of the simplest basic compounds of carbon. And even Wöhler's synthesis of urea by intramolecular rearrangement of ammonium cyanate, more than a hundred years ago, represents a paradox in the history of chemical science. Chemists at that time had no definite insight into the nature of this compound which to us now is of such simple composition. We shall not detract from the importance of this fruitful discovery made by Friedrich Wöhler, as a young tutor of Berlin, if we see in it the result of pre-eminent experimental skill, favoured by luck. Organic chemistry is, indeed, a fine example of how a scientific edifice has been erected on the achievements of empiricism. Our admiration for what Wöhler has accomplished will be enhanced, if we realise that the guidance supplied by the constantly changing theoretical ideas of the time was of a doubtful nature, and that only an unusually fine gift of observation and experimental ability could lead these scientists through the confusions and perplexities of the time.

In this prematureness of the Wöhlerian development we may see the reason why the wave produced by it propagated itself slowly. The first effect was of an instantaneous nature. All that is created and transformed chemically by the cell was then regarded as being entirely dependent on the "mysterious life-force". As late as 1827, in his *Jahresbericht* for that year, Berzelius had stated clearly and definitely the difference in

* Most of the scientific information contained in this article is taken from "The Influence of Wöhler's Synthesis of Urea on the development of Organic Chemistry," by Prof. Heinrich Wieland of Munich.

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chemical processes between the inorganic and the organic worlds. With the preparation of urea, that important product of metabolism in the laboratory, the separating wall between the mineral and the "organised" worlds was thrown out. The sphere of chemical affinity embraced both living and dead matter; and it was clearly shown that the influence of a living organism was not necessary for the production of organic substances. In course of time it was found that many other organic substances could be prepared in the laboratory from materials classed as "inorganic"; and ultimately it came to be generally acknowledged that although many processes which occur in plants and animals cannot yet be carried out in the laboratory because of lack of knowledge, the formation of an organic compound is no more dependent on the help of a vital force than is that of an inorganic compound. Thus there is no longer any fundamental obstacle to the march of organic research.

The second important result of Wöhler's discovery consists in the fact that from it the attempts at systematic synthesis of organic substances gained strength. Already by the end of the 19th century almost all organic materials from plants and animals have yielded to the human power of synthesis. By way of the simple alcohols and carboxylic acids, glycerine and the higher fatty acids are conquered. More complex substances like alizarin, indigo, uric acid, creatin—alkaloids such as coline, nicotine, tropine and with it atropine, and cocaine—most of the terpenes, camphor, rubber—all these are synthesised. Starting from the sugars, a series of glucosides becomes susceptible to artificial synthesis. All amino acids, resulting from the hydrolysis of protein, have been prepared synthetically. The determination of the constitution of the most widely distributed colouring matters in plants, namely the flavanols and the still more interesting group of the anthocyanins, is followed almost immediately by their synthesis. Nothing can better illustrate the progress of the last one hundred years, and therewith the capabilities of the present-day methods of synthesis, than the history of thyroxin, the hormone of the thyroid gland, the chemical nature of which was identified only some twelve years back. The artificial building up of the natural porphyrins makes the synthesis of the pigments of blood and of leaves, a very near possibility. It is in no way presumptuous to say that organic chemistry to-day has the power to master by synthesis, in principle at least, every substance of known chemical constitution.

Thus the small shoot represented by the synthesis of urea has grown in the course of the past century into a mighty tree whose roots are drawing their nourishment from the soil of organic chemistry.

The Scientist

by P. S. Subramaniam, III B. Sc.

The Scientist just now is quite
Inclined to be a leading light;
There is little that he does not know,
For he himself will tell you so.
Where things are dug or grown or made,
He is the Jack of every trade.
Makes silk and sweets and shells and soap,
Bends day-long on his microscope.
So if this is your natural bent,
O reader, be you well content.
A thousand methods yours may be,
To benefit humanity.
Or happier still, perhaps you'll find
The gas to blow up all mankind.

The Finishing Touches

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

"20th March. Summer Vacation begins." Ramu repeated the Calendar. How to spend it was our problem. I was mentally constructing a programme when the postman brought a letter to Ramu.

"O these daughtered folk, what a nuisance!" was Ramu's first remark on reading the letter. "Somebody is in urgent need of my photograph and horoscope."

"From where?" I asked, interested.

"Dolankalla—hang it, I can't pronounce the name! A dirty village in Tinnevely perhaps."

I would have gladly discussed the propriety of calling any village in my district dirty. But for once I resisted the temptation.

"So you are on the market?" cried I enthusiastically. "Luck to the highest bidder! Shall I phone Ponniah?"

Ramu was furious. "Phone the devil rather! What an idea! To waste two or three rupees on every stranger simply because he has a daughter to be married."

"Not so fast, my boy," I argued. "Consider the other side of the problem. The poor father is worried day in and day out simply because God has given him a daughter instead of a son."

"That's all right. I shall not stake a pie on this silly business."

However I insisted. Ramu protested. And after one hour of heated discussion he yielded.

"I have an unused plate left over," said Ramu in a tone of downright resignation. "You shall photograph me and post a copy to that bloke."

"Funny idea yours!" I protested. "Haven't handled a camera even once in my life!"

"Then" said Ramu unperturbed, "the only alternative is autophotography"—excuse me reader, I am quoting my friend's word—"I will set

THE FINISHING TOUCHES

the camera focussed and ready for use. My little brother Seenu will say 'One, Two, Three!' When he says 'One' you must prepare yourself for action. When he says 'Two', just open the mouth and expose and at 'Three', close it up. Have you grasped me?"

I disliked the whole business. But in certain things Ramu must have his own way and he had it. The camera was set ready and he took up his seat dressed in his favourite khadi costume.

"One!" sang out Seenu as per instructions. I stood erect with one hand on the covering.

"Two!" Out came the covering. But all of a sudden Seenu screamed and jumped about. Who would not if a score of ants had bitten him all at once? Ramu's eyes emitted sparks of fire and a broken 'Three' came haltingly from Seenu. Anyway I was not to blame. I followed his instructions very strictly.

The negative was removed and developed. Of course, the picture was a hopeless failure. Undue coloration and eyes like those of sage Viswamitra in one of his wrong moods were not the only defects. The plate itself was a spoilt one and two or three spots were visible on the forehead. On the whole, there was not even any likeness to Ramu.

"Shall we get another plate or seek out a studio?" I tempted him.

"Nonsense, Krish. You forgot I am an amateur. Just a few finishing touches will make it wonderful."

"Try your finishing touches with your rivals' pictures," I suggested. "That is a good road to success."

The amateur would not listen to my advice. The finishing touches were given and a copy of the photograph was duly despatched to the gentleman concerned.

"What about the vacation?" Ramu turned to me as soon as the photograph business was over.

"First a surprise visit to my uncle's at his village?"

"Okay" said Ramu. So we made the necessary preparations.

The first person to run out and greet me as we approached my uncle's house was Sita, my charming cousin. "Good morning, you silly ass.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES

Why didn't you write?" She would have gone on talking but on seeing a stranger by my side, she stood still glancing shyly at Ramu.

But Ramu, poor boy! He trembled with excitement. My introduction of Sita as my "naughty but nice" cousin evoked no remark from him. He simply smiled and stared at her. I took no time to guess that Ramu had fallen captive to my cousin's charms. It was a matter of love at first sight as he explained to me afterwards.

Accompanied by Ramu and my cousin I hastened to greet uncle. The first object that attracted my attention as we entered his study was a photograph put up in a prominent place.

"Whose is that, uncle?" I inquired.

"A varan for your cousin," he replied laughing.

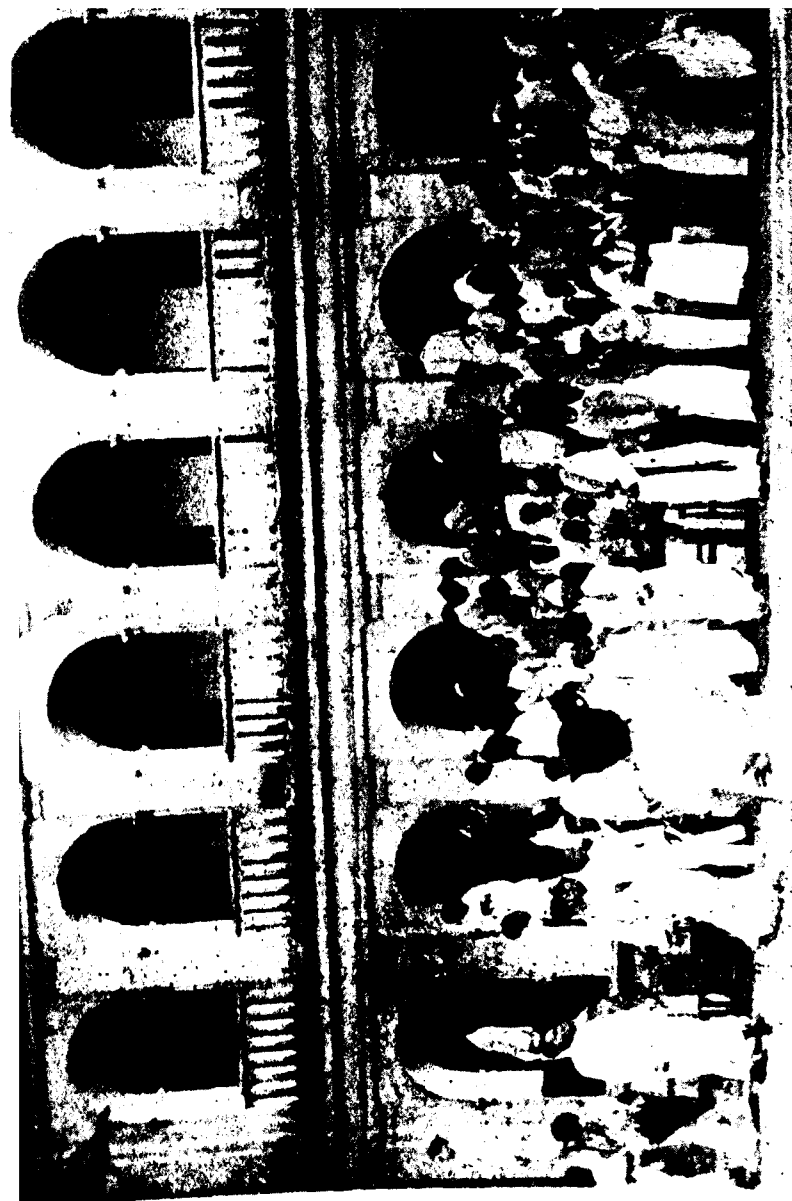
"Why not, they will make a nice pair," I remarked in a serious tone. Sita pinched my arm.

"Nice indeed!" ejaculated my uncle. "A veritable negro. What horrible eyes!"

"And the scars on the forehead?" added Sita.

I almost began to explain that the scars were not scars but Ramu's finishing touches. For the picture was no other than the fruit of his amateur skill. However Ramu looked menacingly at me and I was discreet enough to keep silent.

Sita and Ramu are now formally engaged and at my special request the photograph will be placed prominently among "the valuable presents which their numerous friends have offered to the bride and bridegroom".





College Church illuminated for the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes,
11th February.

(Photo by George Thomas, V Hons.)

The Villagers Under Prohibition

by A. Pushparaj, III U. C.

PROHIBITION was enforced at Salem from the 1st of October. Being a native of Salem I was very eager to know how it was working. The information I could gather from the newspapers did not help me very much, since they often made conflicting statements about its success. Therefore I refrained from coming to any conclusion till the beginning of the holidays, when I could see everything for myself.

Since this measure was mainly intended for the villagers, I made inquiries at the following five villages, Panamarathupatti, Settipatti, Karuppur, Puthur and Arisipalayam. Every evening at about 4 o'clock I went out to one of these villages and tried to see personally how things were. Besides I had long and interesting conversations with almost everyone of the villagers. This sort of inquiry lasted from the 10th to the 27th of December. Occasionally I used to go on a visit even in the mornings.

Certainly there is a decided change in the life and activities of the villagers.

The houses of the peasants look neater and tidier. Even the most casual observer will be struck by the repairs that are being made in many of the houses—roofing, white-washing etc. A new wooden bench or a cot or similar article of household use is being added to the furniture of the house. As one approaches one of these villages towards evening, one cannot but be conscious of the tranquillity which reigns in almost every house. There is an air of contentment around.

The villager has no more that sunken horrible look of a drunkard. On the contrary he has the face of an honest labourer interested in the welfare of his family. He neither looks at you timidly, nor cringes for any favour. He walks like a man who is the master of his fate. Nor does the housewife's face wear any more that pathetic look of anxiety and care. She is quite cheerful and goes about her household duties merrily. Her sprightly gait speaks of domestic peace and happiness.

The village children are decently dressed and well-fed. Pale fugitive and dirty children wandering along the streets are rare to find. Their appearance and looks declare the kind of treatment they receive from their

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parents. Some of them can be seen sharing some sweet-meat or playing with the new toys which their father has bought for them. To see them clasp the hands of their father and hang about him joyously, makes us realise how happy children can be if they have a father who loves them and spends his evenings with them.

Crimes have decreased. It has been recently announced that murders have fallen by 50%. Constables rarely enter the villages either to detect criminals or to get tips. No longer has the peasant any need to cringe before the police.

No more then do we find those drunken loafers wandering about the close of the day along the streets bent upon some mischief. At night one could see a group of old-men sitting under the lamp-post and carrying on their gossip, without the fear of being disturbed by any drunkard. A deep calm reigns where drunken brawls and the cries of ill-treated women rent the air.

Again towards evening one can see the stalwart peasants returning home with the money they have earned by the sweat of their brow. After a while one can see also the unusually large number of people going to the grocer's or chettiar's. I have been told that the grocer sends a cart to the town every day to get rice, tamarind etc., for such is the roaring trade which he is having now. Besides, a few new shops have been opened in the vicinity and all of them find it difficult to cater to their customers. I was struck by the fact that each one of the five villages is having a new tea and coffee shop. It appears that the prices of some articles like candy are rising since the demand is great.

Do the villagers like this measure or not? Certainly they welcome it as a godsend and wish from the depth of their hearts that it should continue for ever. I can tabulate my results thus:

Name of the village.	Percentage of those who favour the measure.	
	Males.	Females.
Panamarathupatti	87.5	100
Puthur	89.7	100
Arisipalayam	93	100
Settipatti	94.6	100
Karuppur	95	100

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A small percentage of the males does not like this measure because they say that without an occasional potation, they are not able to do their daily work. Especially the Ottars complain, since their efficiency and power of endurance is falling off. Though as yet no substantial measure has been taken to alleviate their sufferings, the government is not insensible to their need.

I was told that in the beginning a few deaths occurred on account of the sudden and complete removal of all intoxicating drinks. If it had been done gradually perhaps these deaths might not have occurred. Some of the peasants asked me to report this matter to "ராஜாஜி".

There is no rose but has its thorns. Certainly there are a few difficulties in the way of the proper working of prohibition. But these are relatively so small that one should not be deterred from enforcing a measure which could do so much good to the greater part of the people. Since the majority of the families are benefited, one should not be misled by the complaints of a handful.

As far as I can judge prohibition is working successfully at Salem. The healthy, happy and better life led by the peasants now, clearly indicates that it is a success. I was neither prohibitionist nor anti-prohibitionist and I can say with perfect assurance resulting from close personal observation that under it the villagers are happy and prosperous and that they whole-heartedly desire that things should continue so.

The spirit of resignation of these people is really admirable. People who used to drink from four to five *mondhas* * a day, gladly adjust themselves to the new conditions. They were telling me, "இது போனது ரொம்ப சந்தோஷங்க. இது வரவே கூடாதுங்க. இருந்தாத்தானே குடிக்கிறங்க." †

Do they save money now? They are scarcely able to put by anything. Not that they have turned extravagant—they adhere to the classic simplicity of their life; but their few and till now unsatisfied wants are now attended to. They may have to spend their money but they spend it usefully. The measure has not indeed transformed by its magic touch, all of a sudden, the squalid impoverished villages into a rich and prosperous countryside. But instead of the poor, dirty and miserable villagers we met with till now, to-day we are greeted by healthy, happy and contented faces and more than this we have no right to expect.

* மொந்தைகள்

† We are very glad that this is gone. It must never come back. We drink only if we have.

The "Horse-Race"

by N. S. Srinivasan, IV B. Sc.

IT is sometimes fearful to note how dangerous games children indulge in. Strange mishaps and danger to life itself are sometimes the results of such 'childish' games. Have you ever, at least for the sake of curiosity, watched children at play?

The other day I was standing on the threshold of my house, watching a few children of the neighbouring houses playing a 'horse-drive'. This play requires two persons—one to act as the horse and the other, the driver. It consists in passing the reins, a piece of thin rope, round the neck of the "horse", tightening it under the arms, and holding them in hand and bawling out 'Hai'—'Hai', 'Kek'—'Kek' etc.

That day, there were a dozen children playing the "horse-drive" quite enthusiastically. Even the races on the race course could not have been run so systematically. Every time the race started, the driver had to keep steady and avoid being dragged forth. He had no necessity to look to the horse to turn it this side and that as is done for the ordinary cart horse. For the 'horse' here is quite as intelligent as the driver.

Each time however there were two pairs who invariably lost the race. These two were Bapu and Ramu of the next house—young, sturdy chaps—and, Kamala and Vedam of the opposite house. Their defeat seemed everyday inevitable!

Kamala was an intelligent, tolerably good-looking, motherless child, and physically unfit for such races. She managed, somehow, to play on daily, as the spirit of the play would not leave her. The usual defeat at the hands of Gopu vexed her intensely and she told her comrade, "Vedam, how long do you like to continue like this—daily losing the race—without any reason? Shall we not do better to-morrow?" and Vedam nodded her head and went in for supper. A delicious supper was served them. They were happy in spite of the itching sensation around the neck which they did not mind at all. Do you all wonder that girls also should take part in such games? Believe me, they do so more keenly than the boys! Their competitive, ambitious, enthusiastic natures make them adepts in the "Horse-Race".

THE "HORSE-RACE"

The next day Kamala rose with the thought of the "victory" she was determined to win. She busied herself through the day and awaited the evening time eagerly. The clock struck four. Gopu's "horse" Ramu, came out and the driver held the reins tightly as usual. Vedam leaped out with a challenge to Gopu who accepted it like a hero. He then shouted to Kamala who was darting through the narrow street to the "race course". The Pedestrians halted here and there to watch the race. The horses were ready to gallop. This time Kamala was the "horse" instead of Vedam and the change infused a strange energy into the hearts of Gopu and Ramu. They were unusually alert and were ready to dart forth. The signal was given by Kamala's little brother, and the race began. Vedam's horse galloped on, dragging her too. Just when Kamala was reaching the goal, a strong sturdy man with bananas on his head crossed the road, and Kamala dashed against him blindly, tumbled, reeled and was flung on the ground—against two sharp stones. The scene was ghastly! The man lifted her up, soothed her with his soft words, offered her a few bananas but in vain. She would not take them. She was severely hurt on her abdomen, cheeks and forehead. She was then carried home, her father filled with heart-rending grief for his only and motherless daughter. The Doctor was sent for, forthwith.

The day thus came to a close with a cruel mishap and Gopu went home with an inexplicably heavy heart.

The night was very dark for Kamala's father. Gopu too felt restless and did not sleep. His ears were quite alert throughout the night, as the Doctor's car stopped at Kamala's house several times. Yet, he noticed that the Doctor did not visit Kamala at dead of night. Morning broke without any announcement.

Gopu woke up and watched from his house Kamala's residence. In his heart of hearts, he had an affection for Kamala, and her pale face haunted him. All of a sudden his sensitive ears caught the sound of weeping from Kamala's house, and a minute later Vedam ran to him with consternation on her face. "Gopu, our Kamala—Kamala is no more....." she sobbed. Tears rolled down Gopu's cheeks. His future seemed dark.

The next day I watched, and waited for the "horses and drivers", but in vain.

The Missing Watch

by Aloysius Joseph, I U. C.

PRIVATE detective Cornelius Blum was not a person on whom Nature had lavished any of her charms. He was tall and lank, with a drooping frame which gave one the idea that he was born tired. His head was several sizes too small for his frame and was stuck at the top of a long neck which had a prominent Adam's apple in its middle. The Imps of Baldness had been busy on his pate. They had followed an active policy of territorial aggrandizement from the forehead backwards, but being terrified by the deep declivity at the back of his head, they had stopped, and were now directing their operations towards the auricular organs, so that at present as much hair remained on his head as might be covered by the narrowest of crescent moons.

Blum had tried his hand at almost every job in creation, but being slightly 'touched', had been successful at none and now he was doing detective work. He was lying in his easy-chair, reading the latest crime novel, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he said in a high falsetto voice, and, a short podgy man with a cherubic face entered and stood fumbling with his hat.

"In what way can I be of assistance to you, Mr.....?" he enquired of his visitor at the same time waving him to a chair.

"I'm G. Stub,—G for George," the new-comer informed him, "and I want you to help me to find my stolen watch."

Mr. Blum leaned comfortably back in his chair, lit a pipe and had a few puffs in the approved detective style.

"Your watch stolen? Is it of very great value?"

Mr. Stub said that although the intrinsic value of the watch was not worth considering, it had great sentimental value, being associated with his great-grandfather.

"Highly interesting," said our sleuth; "I am sure it is the work of an international gang, and I am also certain that this gang has an accomplice in your house. I shall investigate the affair." With this he rose and went into the adjoining room. He soon reappeared again, dis-

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guised in a jet black appendage attached to his chin, which looked like a hay-stack after a cyclone.

"You know—we detectives have to be careful," he said, stroking the atrocious "beard", "Come let us proceed to the scene of the crime."

On the way Mr. Stub let the detective into the details of the theft. The watch had been kept in a drawer in his private room. Entrance could be gained into the room only through a single door, all the windows being barred.

Blum stalked all over the room examining everything in the Sherlock Holmes fashion. At last he turned and there was the unmistakable glint of discovery in his eyes.

"I am positively certain of what I said before," he said with the air of a man who had come to an important decision after prolonged deliberation, "the thief has an accomplice in this house, and he or she took the watch away through this door!"

Mr. Stub looked at the windows, they were closely barred, he looked at the walls, they were solid, and as the watch was not known to do anything so extraordinary as to walk by itself, he acquiesced with the detective. The theory was obviously correct.

"I shall clear up the mystery tonight," he said in a confident tone. "I'm sure the thief will come again tonight to get something more from his accomplice—then shall I nab him. I am going to wait for him tonight in the front garden and you must watch the back garden from your window and must inform me immediately on seeing anybody moving about."

The moon was already up when Mr. Blum took up his position under a hedge, and as arranged, Mr. Stub was keeping an eye on the rear garden from a window.

Luck was on his side! No sooner had Blum settled himself down for his vigil than he saw a man slouching along the edge of the drive towards the house—here was the thief walking unawares into his trap! On reaching the veranda of the house, the man stood for some time under the overhanging ivy, and then a shadowy form joined him and the pair had a long conversation. Blum could not hear what they said.

Ah! the man was returning—now was the time to act. With unbelievable agility he leapt into the drive and confronted the thief.

THE MISSING WATCH

"Hands up!" he commanded, poking his ancient weapon into the stranger's face.

The man raised the required pair of limbs towards the moon.

"What the deuce do you mean?" he asked the detective angrily.

Blum adjusted his beard which had gone out of position.

"What do I mean? I mean business—see? Give me the stuff which you got from your accomplice there," he said, stretching out a lean hand. Mr. Jose was bewildered, for a whole year he had gone along the same path to have a nightly *tete-à-tete* with his legitimate fiancée, Miss Stub, and nobody had molested him so far.

"Give it to me!" commanded the detective again, flourishing his firearm.

"If you be meaning the kiss which she gave me, I can't—your physiognomy is unfit to be kissed," retorted Mr. Jose.

Mr. Blum began to see light and without another word he melted away into the shadows. "Even the greatest of sleuths have erred," said he to himself. He continued his vigil for another thirty minutes and finding nothing unusual, he slipped into the back-garden to see how Mr. Stub was faring. But the instant he entered it, he drew back hastily into the shadow of a tree, for, crawling on all fours between the shrubs was the figure of a man!

Blum was not the person to waste time in fluctuations at such critical moments. Totally disregarding the physical fact that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, he took a flying leap and landed on the man's back, bearing him down flat on the ground with crushing force. He then started to pommel his prey.

As if startled by the noise, another man stood up from among the undergrowth a little distance ahead, and came running towards the struggling pair.

By sheer might Mr. Jose (for it was he) dragged Blum from his victim, and the latter rose dazed to his feet. The pale moonlight revealed the anger distorted features of Mr. Stub!

"You—you—you blasted—" the appellation used by Mr. Stub was no doubt colourful, but too much so to be printed.

THE MISSING WATCH

Blum squirmed, "O my—I thought that you were the thief—excuse me—but how was I to know that you were crawling about in the garden? I expected you to be watching at the window," he apologized.

Mr. Stub's presence in the garden was easily explained. He had seen Mr. Jose prowling about in the garden and thinking that it was the thief, had tried to do some detective work on his own account.

"And what the dickens are you doing in my garden at this time of the night?" he demanded angrily of Mr. Jose, his future son-in-law.

"How could I be asleep in bed when danger threatened my Teresa? I knew that there was a maniac blundering about in your garden, so I came to investigate," he informed Mr. Stub, at the same time eyeing Blum contemptuously.

* * * *

"Dad, who is that fellow downstairs with a bundle of hair tied to his chin?" asked Harry Stub who had just returned from a two days' visit to one of his friends.

Mr. Stub was dozing on a sofa after the hectic night. He raised himself on one elbow and narrated the adventures of the previous night.

"Oh, what a farce!" exclaimed the lad, "here is the old chronometer, I had it with me all the time. You know, my friend Tommy wanted to see it, so I just took it along."

Mr. Stub was speechless.

The Autobiography of a Donkey

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

I was born in the warm corner of a dhobi's house and I was beautiful to look at. I grew up into a mischievous donkey. It must be remembered that donkeys do not have any fixed time to sing. We sing whenever we please, wherever we please, and however we please. When we sing, we open out a graceful pair of jaws, lift up our lips, tilt up our head and exhibit a whole set of long teeth—each at least one inch long. We sing all parts in melodious voices. One of my friends had a powerful base voice, and whenever he sang, people rushed out of their houses with large sticks. I don't think that they brought sticks to beat him; I am quite certain that they brought sticks to act as bandmasters for his sweet songs.

When I attained my youth, I grew into a handsome fellow, with dark brown hair. My legs developed into a graceful form and my knees collided with one another when I walked. I had long teeth, long ears and short legs. In self-defence, I could kick vigorously and bite hard, and I always had the prudence to bite only children, who alone are extremely mischievous.

In the evenings, I would return home after a day's hard work, and the dhobi, my learned master, desirous that I should remain by his side to entertain him with vocal music, would attempt to take hold of my leg in order to tie me up beside him. I would always try to avoid him, my keen sense of liberty preventing me from being imprisoned (or tied up) by this two-legged, shrill-voiced monster of a man.

On one occasion, my master persisted in chasing me to tie me up. I wanted to teach him a lesson for his stubbornness. With a well-aimed kick, I knocked out about half a dozen teeth from his mouth and also sent his turban flying into a filthy roadside gutter. No sooner did my master receive these presents, than he ran back to his house, armed himself with a cudgel—one yard long and two inches in diameter, and knotty at the end—and rushed after me. Mighty blows were rained on me most lavishly, and one of his blows in turn carried away a large portion of one of my ears. I would not have minded the loss had it not been that my personal beauty was affected by it.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DONKEY

Having subdued me, my master led me home, and you should have seen how triumphant I felt whenever my poor master showed signs of intense pain in his now-half-empty mouth! I believe Satan himself would have led me to Hell with more kindness than my master. Whenever I stopped on my way, or sneezed, or stumbled, my master's cudgel was sure to pay a visit to my back. Well, that night I was not given my usual fodder to eat; and when my master was asleep, I had to draw one of his books towards me, tear it to pieces, and send the whole lump down my throat. Let not your mouths begin to water, if I say that the book had a delicious taste!

When I grew up into a big donkey, I set aside all my silly play and began to consider seriously what profession I was to take up. My generous nature suggested to me that I should become an honorary scavenger of the Municipality, which stood greatly in need of my help. Every morning I would go on duty, collecting all the paper and rotten vegetables that might be found on the road, and disposing of them... But what an ungrateful set these human beings are, not to respect me for the valuable voluntary help I render towards the sanitation of towns. But I think young boys love me: for they often take hold of my tail affectionately and attach a tin can to it as a sort of ornament, though such embellishment is very distasteful to me.

My worst rival in my honourable profession is Mr. Pig. Mr. Pig perhaps comes from some dark region of the world, if I might judge from his black skin. He has a poor voice and cannot sing properly but can only squeak and grunt. But donkeys always possess a powerful base voice, and whenever a songster or a musician sings well in a low voice, his voice is compared to that of a donkey. Now to resume my description of Mr. Pig. He always likes to cover himself with a delicious kind of substance, which is called "mud". He never condescends to bathe in ordinary water, but bathes only in black-water, otherwise known as gutter-water. But Mr. Pig is a real rival to me: very often he interferes with me just when I am most busily engaged in removing dirty paper, and then I lose all patience and give him such kicks as need no repetition.

It is because of my kicking accomplishments that I am not allowed to enter into school compounds. For there is a general apprehension that I would search for books to eat, and if disturbed in my search would kick vigorously and set up a huge commotion.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DONKEY

I should also like to state for what reasons I have been brought into this world. I exist in this world to do good to mankind. (I am afraid I would be considered a boaster; nevertheless.....) Apart from my municipal duties, I have other work to do. I help my master, Mr. Dhobi, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice, I undertake to carry his clothes on my back. Yet he is unsympathetic and ungrateful, and loads me with terrible bundles of dirty clothes.

I should wish to end my autobiography with a few requests. Setting aside the services I render to the Municipality and to the Dhobi, I wish to state that I am no great bother to the people. I often see friends of mine going about with only three and a half legs, the other half leg being broken; some have a good portion of their ears cut off by some cruel mischievous boy; and some others have unnecessary burdens attached to their tails—used kerosene tins and the like. So make up your minds, and never torture us poor donkeys; if you do so, we shall rush to the S. P. C. K. in a body and bray tumultuously for justice to be done to us.



BROTHERS ON A "WATCH TOWER"



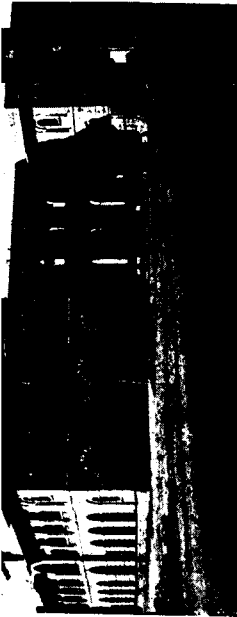
SALAI ROAD, WORUR.



CAUGHT!—BY THE CAMERA



(Photos by
Prasanna
Chidambaram,
I U. C.)





MAHE'GROUND, Southern Side
(Photo by M. V. Antony, III U. C.)



SRIRANGAM WATERS
(Photo by S. Madhavan, I U. C.)



A MADRAS BRIDGE
(Photo by J. Vincent, I U. C.)



METUR DAM



COURTALLAM FALLS

(Photos by K. R. Kothandaraman, I U. C.)

The Two Cheats

by P. Pasupathy, II U. C.

CHING and Chang were two Chinese lads. They were boastful and vain. They used constantly to say to each other, "I am stronger than you." "You cannot run as fast as I can," and other similar things.

One day Ching said to Chang, "Nobody can see as far as I can see."

At once Chang replied, "Pooh! I can see twice as far as you can see."

The two lads went on boasting in this strain. At last Ching said, "Well, we need not be wasting our words like this. Do you know that there is a verse written on the plank that is hung below the idol in the great temple? Let us go to the temple early to-morrow morning when the gates are opened. Let us then run to a distance from the temple and from there, read what is written on the board. Then we can easily find who can see farthest." To this Chang agreed.

At night Ching ran to his grand-father and asked him to repeat the verse written on the board below the idol in the great temple. When he did so Ching wrote it down and committed it to memory.

Chang did likewise and memorised the verse repeated by his grand-father.

Strangely enough the grand-fathers had given different verses and so Ching and Chang had memorised two different verses.

Next day at dawn both went to the temple and standing in a place at a distance from the temple began to "read" the verse. But they found they were "reading" differently. So they ran to the temple priest and asked him to tell the verse on the board below the idol.

Surprised at this strange request, the priest said, "What board do you mean? There used to be one here but I have sent it now for renewal."

You should have looked at the faces of Ching and Chang as they blinked.

An Indian Lament*

We do not fear the deadly snake
That lurks unseen in plain and hill;
We dread not traitors who forsake
Their friends with diplomatic skill;
We do not care if a despot rules,
We care not if our chiefs are fools;
We spurn 'the truth' that liars tell
We do not mind your prisons fell;
Unmoved we view the Nations' strife,
We can endure the murderer's knife;
But this one thing we can't endure,
One sight we cannot bear, be sure—
The tears that fall from poor men's eyes!

* A free translation of a Tamil Song.

The Tribulation of a Secretary

by R. Kasinathan, II U. C.

"**H**ERE you Mr. K—?" enquired the old man. Without waiting for the reply, he informed me that he would be pleased to have my help. I smiled courteously and motioned him to an adjacent seat. The old man readily accepted.

"Well, Sir, I would be very glad to help you. Mr. K— has just gone out on an engagement. He will be here by 6."

"Then, you are not Mr. K—?"

"No, please. I am his secretary. I am sure he will be here by 6. I suppose you are not quite in a hurry to go away now. If so, you can leave your address with me. I shall ask Mr. K— to call on you to-morrow morning. We shall try to give you the best terms possible. You must have heard of our Institution and of the services rendered by us. Well, Sir, you come from....."

"Chingleput", was the reply.

"Chingleput! Why, most of our students come from that side. You know Mr. Krishnamoorthi, the son of Subramani Iyer, retired sub-judge? He was our student in the last session. He secured a first class in his subjects. We have an excellent record of the work done here for the past five years. If you want, you can have a copy of this for your perusal." So saying, I thrust into his hands a copy of the prospectus of the "King's Tutorial College."

The old man appeared to grow uneasy. "Sir," he said "I have got to return by 5. I shall come at 8 in the morning to-morrow. I suppose Mr. K— will be present here then."

"Yes," I replied. "But you need not trouble. Mr. K— will call on you to-morrow. You can leave your address with me."

"No Sir, not necessary. I am staying with my brother-in-law at No. 4, Sarojini St., Mambalam. I can come here in the morning by 8. Well, may I know the present strength of the classes?"

"Inter. English 26, subjects 17, B. A. 8. Besides we have numerous other enquiries. We hope to have many more by the end of this week."

THE TRIBULATION OF A SECRETARY

"History?" interrupted the gentleman hesitatingly.

"Oh! we have 11." (Be it known, readers, that they were all only enquiries).

Since the gentleman had touched a very delicate point, I wanted to send him away immediately, so that he might bring his boy the next day. Who could say whether he would like his boy to open that section! Our attention and anxiety were all over the History section. For the first time in the history of the institution we were having no admission even a week after the opening of the session.

The old man seemed to grow more restive. Evidently he had something to communicate to Mr. K—. Perhaps a request for 'fee concession'. I would willingly have allowed that in anticipation of the approval of Mr. K—. As I stood reflecting over this, the old man bade good evening, and in a few minutes was off.

Punctually, at 6 Mr. K— arrived. "Well, any enquiry?" "Yes, one for history from Mambalam." "Where is he? Is he gone? Has he been admitted?"

"No, an old man came to enquire. He didn't bring the boy with him. He said he would come to-morrow."

"No time to waste. Has he left his address with you? Here is a first class ticket for 'Kattai Vandi.' I can't attend it. You may use it, if you please. Give me the address."

I handed over to him a slip containing it. He snatched it, got into a Mambalam bus, and was off in a minute.

I turned the ticket in my hand. I could not believe for a moment that I had to proceed straight to the theatre. I liked the piece well. I locked the doors, called for a rickshaw and directed him to the theatre.

The performance was good, and I was ruminating on the excellent chance I had of a Deepavali allowance. Next day was Deepavali. Mr. K— was sure to return satisfied. He could be approached the same night for money. Thus my thoughts were divided between Mr. K— and the play.

Meanwhile, Mr. K— called at No. 4, Sarojini St. and an old man with a file of papers in his hand answered the knock. He said he was

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sorry that he could not await Mr. K—'s return to the Institution. He recounted all his services as History Assistant in the various schools and, forced Mr. K— to go through all the certificates he had in hand. Mr. K— was thoroughly puzzled. Without ado he asked for the boy.

"Which boy?" was the reply. "I came, Sir, to apply for the post of History Assistant in your Institution. I have heard of the excellent qualities of your head and heart. Your secretary told me you would be very accommodating. I must thank you for having condescended to come here. I assure you, Sir, that in spite of my age I can do the work quite to your satisfaction....."

Mr. K— was dumb-founded. He could not believe his ears. His lips trembled with indignation, and he murmured within himself, "He is a fool to play this nasty trick on me. I shall deal with him." After a few minutes Mr. K— informed the old man that he was sorry there was a mistake somewhere. However, he would send for him if he was in need of his services.

He took the return bus to Town, and went straight to his lodging. Meantime, the performance over and my mind full of my Deepavali allowance, I alighted at his door. I flung a coin at the rickshaw-wallah and entered. Mr. K— rose from his easy-chair and moved slowly towards me. I smiled. But there was no answering smile from him, and his eyes refused to meet mine..... The rest can be better imagined than described.

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from Various Contributors

GILBERT is growing surly. And no wonder; he is nearly eighty-nine. I must tell you that Gilbert is my gardener: not your watered-down modern variety, but a stalwart of the old school, who knows, loves and cherishes his plants, takes an honest pride in his garden and draws breath from the beauty springing up under his hands. Again, no wonder he is surly; he has been looking over the entrants for THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF, and the present-day slapdash, slipshod methods of gardening would sour the sweetest-tempered of gardeners. He was looking as unpleasant as a fog, and growling into his beard: "Thorns and thistles, brambles, weeds" and something that dwindled into the mumblings of old age. I know I should have said brightly: "Even the least attempt at art, should be encouraged, Gilbert." But, having learnt from long experience that arguments on Gilbert in such a mood were like the Sower's seeds that fell upon rock, I held my peace. Besides, there are limits to courage, and I trembled to hear the tone of superb ridicule in his retort: "Art!" I held my peace, and decided to keep a watchful eye on THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

It seems to me—'methinks' some tiro would write with a flourish of self-satisfaction!—that much of the good seed broadcasted in the previous 'THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF' has met the same fate as arguments on Gilbert in a surly mood. Someone has said something about the room-for-improvement, and now everybody else goes on repeating it. (I suppose you have heard about the largest room in the world!) But I do think there is something to be said for the opposite room. Were it not that the printers' already arduous task would be unduly complicated we might have a huge '?' inserted after the following query: How can a room be called the largest when there is another as large, or even larger? But I know what you are going to object: the room opposite the room-for-improvement is not a room at all; it is just wide, wild open spaces. "Good," I say. Now you understand what Gilbert meant by "thorns and thistles, brambles, weeds...these grow in the wide, wild open spaces; they do not require the art and skill of the gardener. To put it plainly: selection for THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF must be made difficult not because it is impossible to find anything good enough for publication, but

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because contributions are so good that it is next to impossible not to publish everything. Yes, I know what you are going to say. A certain famous Professor of English in a certain famous college used to give some of his students full marks for the class composition, with this remark: "This is the standard expected of you. One hardly expects a student to do better." But what applies to a class composition does not, without qualification, apply to contributions to a magazine. These must be, and hence one does expect these to be, better than class compositions.

* * * * *

The number of 'dreamers' is on the increase. On second thoughts we had better leave "Khubla Khan" alone, as well as "Dream Children" and write with our eyes wide open. All the dreams cannot be given; here are some of them:

First dream: called "Love and Religion" by A. Kandaswamy of II U. C., and written in his peculiar manner, upon which something has been said in the last Magazine. A dreadful nightmare it is which ends in the murder of a friend. It begins:

"Hindu Muslim quarrel during festival at Bombay.....The police are trying to subside it."

Bombay. 2-2-37.

Scantily Jayechandran's finger pointed it to Abdul Rahim. When Chandran found that Rahim was pouring over it for a time, he unconsciously uttered forth, "Yes, the Muslims are always bullies by nature. Ha! is there no hope for Hindus to celebrate their religious ceremonies without the Centauric tormentation of Muslims."

With this, Chandra was dumb-founded to answer to the one-eyed look of Rahim, whose lips foamed and breast heaved. Here Rahim was at his highest: for the moment no intimate friend to Chandran, but true fanaticism aflamed with the white heat of revolt against his friend's notions. Crimson with fury, Rahim threw away the "Hindu" and went to his lodging with impetuous speed.

Chandran was deeply dejected. He scorned himself for his senseless and useless utterance. He thought that his best friend Rahim would turn to be the worst possible enemy. Without delay he walked towards his lodging to make peace with Rahim.

Chandra and Rahim were intimate room mates of "Clive's Hostel". When Chandra entered the room, he saw Rahim bending over a book placed on the table. Without speaking a word, Chandran resumed his seat and began to read. It was 9 P.M.....

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It ends, when Abdul awakes from A. Kandasamy's dream: "At the next moment he embraced Chandran, saying: Ha! Chandra, my Chandra, are you alive? Thank God! O! Our God!

(N. B.—Beginners as well as old stagers must beware of this 'inspired' style.)

Second dream by S. Joseph Dorai, III Hons., entitled "A Gorgeous Dream". Before treating ourselves to this, a quotation from THE KING'S ENGLISH under the heading "Slang": "Further, the writer who deals in conversation may sometimes find it necessary, by way of characterizing his speakers, to put slang in their mouths; if he is wise he will make the least possible use of this resource; and to interlard the non-conversational parts of a book or article with slang, quotation marks or no quotation marks, is as bad as interlarding with French."

The moon was shining in all her glorious splendour on a fine Tuesday evening. Across the azure sky, she was gliding gently. Her mild but invigorating rays made my heart feel quite happy. Her mild rays made every bush and tree bright and smiling.

On that evening, I was returning home after a good walk. From time to time, I cast up my eyes towards the azure vault to admire the most incredible beauty seated there, attired in gaudy robes of silver satin, with her head erect and her eyes fixed on the trees and the bushes. I was walking towards the town, half thoughtful and half melancholy.

In short, the dreamer, who had been incurring debts to be paid by his father, found a large sum in banknotes, addressed to Mr. Sufferer, Trichy. The find led him to another dream in which he was a lord.

Oh! picturesque scene! what jubilation didn't thou create in my agonised soul! what felicity, though short-lived, didst thou breathe into my being! Seated there, I was looking on with lordly composure at everything that surrounded me. But as I was ordering about the servants, from some where, I don't remember from where, an iron grip was laid on my shoulder and shook me.

I was about to call the servants to throw this intruder bodily over the wall, when I opened my eyes.

"Get up, you lazy idiot, it's nine o'clock" roared my brother. "You have hardly any time to wash and dress. Up, you dirty slovenly slacker."

The third and the fourth dreams are nightmares. K. Melchizedec, I U. C. calls his, "The Dream" (which is giving the game away!) while V. Ganesan of IV B. Sc. Hons. allures us with the title: "The Ghost!" Both are somewhat wanting in restraint; yet both are in a large measure natural. "The Ghost" attempts to make the reader's flesh creep.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

This from "The Dream":—

In a moment I stood face to face with a young man in shirt and trousers. He had fiery looks marred by thin black Douglas Fairbanks-fashion moustaches which made him rather sinister looking.

"Is Richard inside?" I asked.

He threw a mysterious glance at me which changed into an admiring one as his eyes rested on my face. A new thought seemed to have occurred to him for he nodded his head vehemently (rather too vehemently) saying, "yes R.....Richard is inside. Come in."

I shook my head and stood there firmly. "Please ask him to come here." His shifting eyes which were abnormally large and round like those of a cat unconsciously made my thoughts wander to the newspaper I had read in the morning.

He opened his great, black, gaping, mouth and stuttered smiling "Of course I'll do that, but you can't stand there at the open door; come and sit down..... please."

I remember I didn't smile back, but I did go and sit down. He went inside calling "Richi.....Richi, your friend has come; Richi, where on earth are you...oo...oo?"

I heard a voice.....a familiar voice. It was Richard's. But it did not come from the house! It came from outside, as if he was standing on the balcony and was shouting to a person down on the road. I got up—I struggled—I gasped. Fear clutched my heart and squeezed it tight when I tried to open the door; and I broke up in consternation when I found that it wouldn't budge! Suddenly my sister's words flashed in my head: "What would you do if you were in his place?" I felt an indescribable feeling inside my throat. I looked around with my glimmering eyes for escape and again her words "Suppose there was no escape" danced before my eyes making me hot and cold by turns. I stood there thinking gravely.

If you have recovered, try this from "The Ghost":

The clock had just struck twelve. It was the hour of mid-night. A sudden cold shot through my frame! What a horror of horrors! The door slowly opened and a tall figure enveloped in a long black garment covering it from the crown of the head to the very feet slowly came into view. I was seized with consternation at the appearance of such a figure as this. I tried to utter a cry of horror but no cry escaped my lips. In short, I was quite benumbed.

The lamp burnt dimly upon the table, the room was spacious, and that part where the door was situated was plunged into semi-obscurity. Hence you could hardly imagine the state of my feelings at the appearance of such a shape as this through the gloom of the extremity of the apartment.

The figure had stopped short near the threshold. For the first few minutes there was profound silence. But if that sable garment really clothed a lifeless corpse, its silence could not have been more deep, more ominous, and more unbroken.

Mustering up all my courage I asked the shape, with faltering voice, "Who a.....e..... y.....o.....? No word was spoken in response, but there was a slow movement within the sable covering. The figure remained where it was, but the gloomy

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garment began to part. Two hands, white as marble, peeped forth each one pulling aside the folds of the sable drapery. A cold shudder swept through me! What did I recognise there in its features? Yes! sure and certain, it was my dead uncle! Was it indeed a visit from the other world? Could the dead reappear? Un...cle! The cry escaped my lips unawares.

The figure spoke not a word. Slowly however it raised its arm and made a sign for me to follow; then gathering up the sable pall which it had thrown back on its shoulders, the shape turned round and led the way from the room. I hesitated at first but I felt an irresistible impulse to obey the silent mandate I received.

Why S. Balasubramaniom (I U.C.) makes his piece, "The Detective Bureau" a dream, I do not see. He begins interestingly enough, but soon his pen gets the better of his thoughts. Here is the beginning:

My second day at the Detective Bureau was distinguished by three murders and two armed gang robberies. Our morning Newspaper reported these events with grim relish and described Calcutta as the 'Chicago of the East.'

And here is the description of a capture, which perhaps is meant to leave the reader confused:

While the Detectives tip-toed in, our guide peered into the doorway anxiously and quick as lightning took to his heels and shot through the door like a startled hare. Before we could utter a syllable, he had disappeared among the surrounding trees.

Believing that the hunt was up we hurried into the hut. Before we could lay our hands on the man who was in the hut he was thrusting at us with a sharp dagger. He held us off for some moments and nearly escaped. When he tried to jump out of the window, Raja Ram caught his dagger and Robert slipped on the handcuffs.

We might have thought the subject exhausted, or at least worn thin, but K. Yegnaraman (III U. C.) shows us in "Ain't it moving" that there is much to be said on Trichy donkeys. It is a pity this piece has not been chipped and carefully polished. And he says it not without a touch of the ridiculous. He has a trick of avoiding the word 'donkey' by some clever, though not all original, circumlocutions. I quote: 'nightingale on all fours,' 'her majesty with her sportive fays,' 'Mrs. Donkenia and her boisterous brood,' 'These apparently innocent beings.....'

The laws of motion in the universe are governed by the moving bodies in the universe viz., by the planets and the stars. The laws of motion in our town are also governed by the *Moving Powers* of Trichy.

Do you know my gentle readers, who the *Moving Powers* of Trichy are, or can you guess who the hon'ble authorities are and how they govern or rather check the laws of motion? They are no other than our favourite encounters—Mrs. Donkenia, her issues and "grand issues." From the Golden Rock to Srirangam along the metre gauge, and from Trichy Junction to Jiyapuram along the Broad gauge, if you go and look into the annals of the S. I. Ry. Co. for the authors of the daily accidents that prove not only fatal but also cause immense delay, then you can see that the sources

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of disturbance are our gentle broods of Mrs. Donkenia. So even the Railway authorities are powerless against these terrible tigers in the skins of donkeys. They have unlimited power and control over both the traffic (impartial whether private or public) and time.

One night there was a splendid procession of the *Rishabhavahana* from the Rock Fort Temple and the famous piper Vengappan was melodiously pouring out the high strains of *Shanmugapriya*. All were struck dumb, entranced as it were while the melody, fervour and the skill of the piper excelled one another. Just then came an unforeseen revolution; don't call it slightly a storm in a tea-cup: for Mrs. Donkenia enthralled and elated by the splendid strains, set her vocal power aloud in competition and also began to race in a semi-galloping gait. You have, I am sure, a pretty nice idea of her wonderful talents for keeping her hind legs at her beck and call. And then the disturbance and motion against our plan of staying there till the end of the *Ragalapana*!

* * * * *

I think the municipality are not in any way to blame. For perhaps the municipal servants too may find it risky to control these democratic monsters with their ceaseless cannonading of their hind legs followed by their loquacity reminding us of the China-Japanese tangle. Moreover they do good to the municipality by lessening their work. They make infallible researches in the dustbins and digest major portion of the contents. And then they keep the streets clean in spite of the shamefully dogged endeavours of the chaps distributing handbills. At times we can see our friends galloping in pursuit of those handbill-distributors with such a vehemence of appetite that we may describe them as the chivalrous knights who have come to our rescue against these imps.

I have half a mind to recommend to our Principal also a pair of these benefactors so that he may unburden himself of the responsibility of warning the students ever and anon not to drop handbills into the precincts of the College or near by; and thus he may be profiting by the example of our municipality.

Gilbert would sum up the following attempts in one word: "Pelagianism." He would, of course, mean, "Plagiarism".....R. S. and N. R. N. (both of II U. C.) may plead ignorance, or perhaps have been deluded into thinking that the trick upon which their stories are based is their own. But someone may be able to tell me who first used a skull and a mouse in a ghost story.

"Devil Killers" by N. R. N.

"No time for joking. What is to be done?" Now the skull began to move faster and we heard also some screams. I was very much frightened. Suddenly a plan came to me.

"Seenu" said I "Take it up and dash it against the wall. Meanwhile I will bring your umbrella to kill the spirit."

* * * * *

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

The third time I approached it, seized it, and dashed it against the wall and to my astonishment—Out ran a rat. Mr. Seenu was very kind enough to kill with his umbrella the spirit that was the cause of this adventure.

"The Horrid Night" by R. S.

I directed my eyes to the table. Remember I am brave. My friend was trembling with fear. Alas! What did I see? The skull was actually moving on the table.

"Oh" I cried out taking hold of my friend's arm. We moved backwards with our eyes on the "devil" (as my friend called it). When he saw a courageous boy retreating my friend was extremely terrified. I did not know what I could do. I had no mind to disturb the in-mates of the Hostel. I thought for a while, I left my friend's arm and took a stick which was near us. I gathered all my courage and advanced to the table. "Eh! Don't go," he cried hoarsely. "Be quiet." I gave a heavy blow to the skull, with all my might. What do you expect to have happened? The skull did not break into a thousand pieces. Out ran a wretched RAT.

Both writers are to be congratulated that the language is their own.

"Prisoner on the Date Palm" by S. A. Magima (I U. C.) contains a spark of fun that might have kindled laughter had the story been less improbable. As it is, all laughter dies at the absurd doings of Tom who failed in the Matriculation examination and is unable to bear the shame. One extract must suffice:—

Tom after bemoaning his lot for a few days, tried for an employment, but who on earth is going to give an employment to a fellow of Tom's character, a timid, un-independent, weak, chickenhearted young lad of well nigh twenty? Tom absolutely unable to bear the scoldings, got up one fine morning and scaled a tall palm tree and sat right on the top. His parents missing him searched for him everywhere till nearly three in the afternoon, when suddenly his mother who with eager eyes was standing at the doorway expecting her son every minute, nay every second, heard a voice. "Give me food, I'm hungry." His mother looked up and to her great amazement found her son seated on top like a monkey. In fright she shouted out for her husband, who instantly came running.

The following crime-story writers will do well to pay more attention to the rule of probability. "Ramanujan" by Anonymous, "That Fatal Name" by M. S. Sengole (I. U. C.) will be treated in order.

Ramanujan is a clever thief. He wishes to secure the warrant of arrest against him (why, I cannot tell), so he visits Govinda Ravu, the inspector who has it. The inspector is hasty; Ramanujan escapes. The following day, in the disguise of a young woman, Ramanujan outwits Govinda Ravu, and gets the warrant. The plot is fair enough.

"Suddenly an idea flashed upon the inspector's mind. Within no time he jumped over the young man." (This is Ramanujan, seated before the inspector in the latter's office) "But before he could do anything the

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guest had disappeared. Mad with rage, the inspector threw himself upon the chair."

Ramanujan's successful trick is thus described:—

"Don't think that I will deceive you" said Govinda Ravu, "yes, I am wandering here in the guise of a traveller to arrest the thief. Look at this arrest-warrant and be convinced—" so saying the inspector took the note of arrest from his pocket and placed it in her hands. Eagerly she gaped at it. By that time she gave him a small bag which contained, she said, her ornaments and jewels. For she was confident that a police inspector could keep these precious things more safely than an ordinary woman. Govinda Ravu was glad to keep it till she took leave of him.

Very soon, they came to the other end of the forest. The lady was about to part. She concluded in pathetic terms that she would be ever after grateful to her benefactor.

"That Fatal Name" would have made quite an interesting story had not the plot been drawn out and spoilt by an irrelevant sentimentality. Laljan, a trusted servant, steals from, and subsequently ruins his master, Manohar, who disappears from the place. He is condemned and imprisoned. At the end of his sentence, he goes to retrieve the stolen money; but cannot remember the name under which he deposited it in a bank. This is how it ends:

The river Vaigai was in full floods. Never before had Madura witnessed such a heavy fall of rain. Over the bridge stood a man who seemed to be debating whether to be or not to be. Next moment he was gone. Instinctively he swam for a few yards. That infernal name. A flash of thought. Yes, Majani Lal was the name. He would go back and live yet. But could he? Caught in a whirlpool he struggled for sometime. Then utterly exhausted he gave up hope. Another minute. The waters rolling over him would have rung his death knell. From among the crowd that had gathered in the meanwhile, a man sprang and made for the drowning man. A few powerful strokes and a magnificent effort. Both were safe on the shore. When Laljan regained his senses he saw standing before him... Manohar..... Good God!

More Flowers

Gleaned from other gardens by S. K. G.

My Thambis of the I. U. C. (May their tribe increase!) teach me many things. Here are a few:

General Literature.

Arnold here means, the lake will not any more catch the she eagle flying over it. This is epic simile.

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Geography.

Udaipur and Mewar and Chitor are the three important Rajput States.
Bikaner is the capital of Bhopal.

High Politics.

Though the Residents represent the power of the British throne, the Princes have really automatic rule.

When Mahatma Gandhi asked Lord Wellington for interview, he was thrown into prison.

History

At the second Round Table Conference, the Maharaja of Bikaner said that the Princes pumped for Federation.

Indology.

Cholera, plague, and phenomena are the three best diseases of India.
Epidermis attack India often and often.

English education had a recent birth in India.

(And early grave?)

Strategy (or is it Hata Yoga?)

Sohrab saw the spear coming straight for him and adjusted his body and avoided it.

Types of behaviour in unusual circumstances.

The Dog saw two robbers robbing poor David Swan and frowned slightly at them.

The dog lifted his lips and showed his teeth at them.

Rustum stroked the head of Sohrab with his big club.

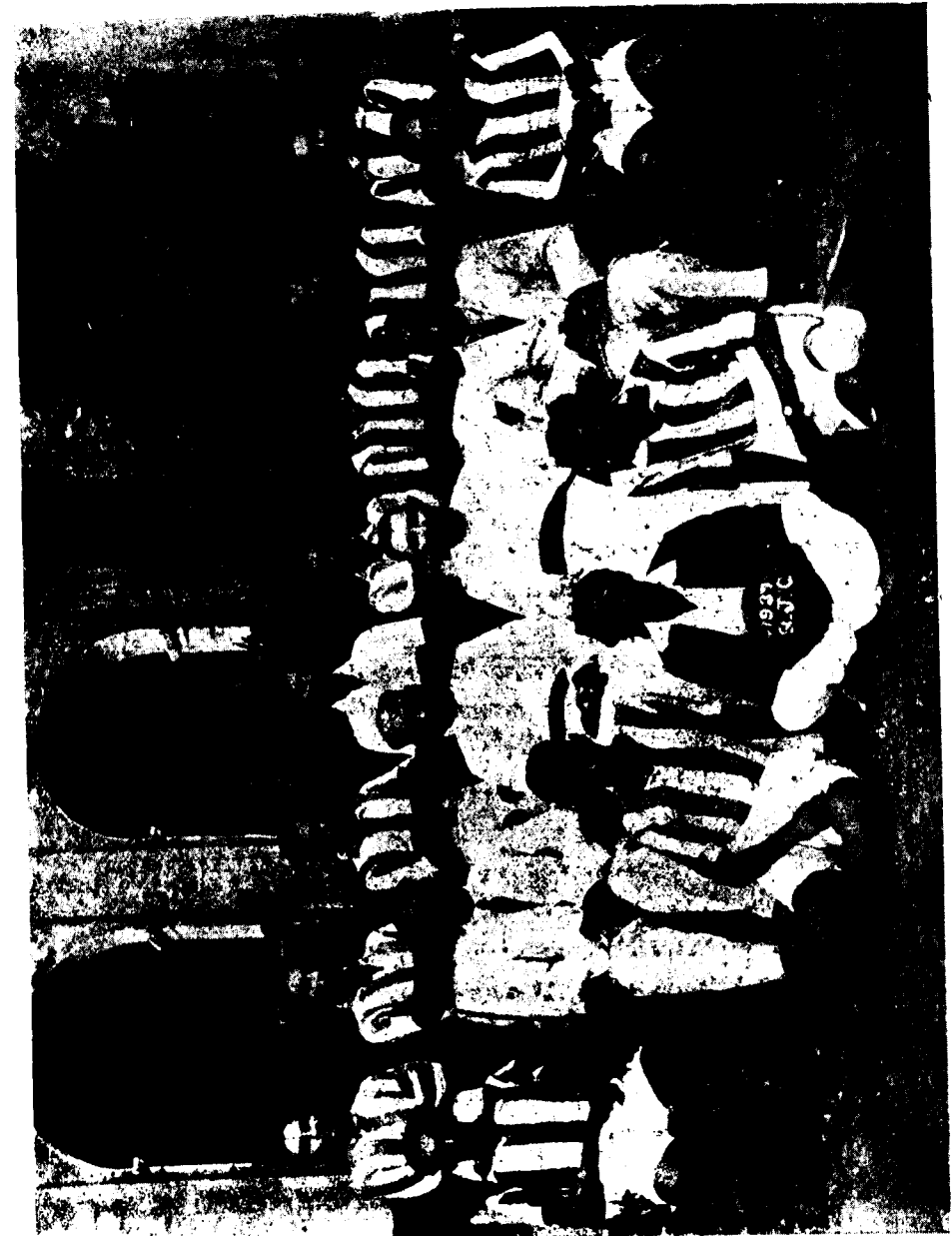
(Was this a part result of the No-War Moment? O Battle! where is the rigour of the game?)

Sohrab leaned on his arm and replied Rustum haughtily that he had not killed him but his father's name had finally killed him.

(O Death! Where is thy sting? O! Grave! Where is thy victory?)

* * * * *

More of this, Hal, an thou lovest me.



COLLEGE FOOTBALL ELEVEN
Winners of the University Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament
(Southern Zone.)



"DON PEDRO"
C. T. Association Drama—Nov. 7th.

Among Authors and Books

A Catholic Causerie*

by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., Professor of English,
Lingaraj College, Belgaum.

IMPARTIAL students of current literature cannot but be impressed by one important fact: the increasing, and by no means undeserved, popularity of the Catholic writers. In a country like England, that has been predominantly Protestant for over three centuries, this new trend in literature is especially noteworthy. A mere mention of some of the Catholic writers of twentieth century England should be enough:— Chesterton, Belloc, Alfred Noyes, Maurice Baring, Ronald Knox, Christopher Hollis, Compton Mackenzie, Christopher Dawson, Edward Watkin, Halliday Sutherland and Father Martindale, these, and others not perhaps as well known, have won for Catholic literature an honourable place under the sun. Father Hopkins, the obscure Victorian, is now seen to be the indubitable inspirer of 'modern' poetry. Catholics like Dryden and Pope, Campion and Coventry Patmore have come into their own. And wasn't Chesterton, as long as he lived, the indisputable Dictator of literary England, in direct line of descent from Ben Jonson and Dr. Johnson? Finally, Catholic Journals like *The Dublin Review* and *The Month* have established themselves as true models of Catholic editing. From all this it is not unreasonable to conclude that an increasing section of the post-war world seems to be finding in the quiet and confident faith of the Catholic Church a haven of refuge from the vacillations, self-frustrations and self-stultifications that are the inevitable concomitants of the present crisis in western civilization.

The days of sheer rationalism are gone—perhaps for ever. Rationalism is now seen to be a dismal forest; and the road leading to its precincts has an ominous notice put upon it, "Road closed for repairs; trespassers may be prosecuted." Scepticism is seen to be a perilous instrument. As Ches-

* A Third Sheed and Ward Anthology, 5/-
Shaw: *George versus Bernard*, by J. P. Hackett, Sheed and Ward, 6/-
Soviet Tempo, by Violet Conolly, Sheed and Ward, 7/6-.
An Introduction to Logic, by Jacques Maritain, Sheed and Ward, 8/6.

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terton pointed out, the half-truths of the sceptics and rationalists are not merely edged tools but double-edged tools; "They cut the ground from under rationalism as well as from under religion; they can be used to wound democracy as easily as despotism; in the last resort, they can inoculate the mind with doubts about doubt itself." In the heyday of the Victorian age, scepticism was at least apparently a beautiful though ineffectual angel, beating on the void its luminous wings in vain. To-day rationalism, naked and unadorned, is seen to be a repulsive mixture of Freud and Watson and Marx—and the public rightly fails to find the concoction attractive. Authoritarianism, in one guise or another, is the order of the day. A philosophy of mere moods and vain musings floating hither and thither like a helpless thistle-down carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. We perceive at long last that there is really no half-way house between Faith and acceptance of the world as a cosmos and Doubt that infers an imaginary chaos and perches precariously on Giant Despair. We realise that unless, as with devout Hindus and Roman Catholics, religion informs and coheres with its spirit all our diverse activities, we are likely to drift helplessly and make a virtue of our purposelessness and futility.

A large number of English readers should be feeling as I do,—otherwise the popularity of Messrs. Sheed and Ward's "Catholic" Anthologies would be unexplainable. A *third* Anthology has been recently published and it justifies one's expectations. It is an excellently got-up book of over 400 pages and contains choice extracts from sixty-three "chosen books" published during the past four years. The extracts are all self-contained and do not suffer in being removed from their contexts. A more appropriate introduction to the munificence of present-day Catholic literature than this *Third Sheed and Ward Anthology* it would be impossible to find—unless, of course, one should prefer either of the earlier Anthologies. The volume opens with Mr. Christopher Dawson's thought-provoking (one wishes the phrase had not been done to death by the Sunday reviewers,) essay on "The Conflict between Christianity and Communism." In recent years there have not been wanting men, especially young men, in India who would fain look to Moscow as to a political Mecca. It is surprising how much loose talk is bandied about in the name of communism. We are told that communism and capitalism are fighting a straight battle. Mr. Dawson, however, points out that "the issue raised by Communism is a three-sided one that involves politics no less than economics, and philosophy and religion even more than politics. And the conflict is also a three-cornered

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one. It is not a straight fight between Communism and Catholicism or between Communism and Capitalism. It is a fight of each against all." Again: "Once society is launched on the path of secularisation it cannot stop in the half-way house of Liberalism; it must go on to the bitter end, whether that end be Communism or some alternative type of 'totalitarian' secularism." To Karl Marx the economic phase of our activities was not merely all-important but the only phase that could claim any reality; spiritual values were a mere figment of the imagination. The man of religion, be he a true Hindu or a true Christian or a true Moslem, feels on the contrary that economic facts in his life are not the only things that count, nor the more (ultimately) important things either. He recoils from the Fascist or Communist "subordination of man, body and soul, to economic machine of the secular State." Indian youth before it succumbs to the fatal allurements of Moscow will do well to see the other side of the medal as well exhibited by a thinker like Mr. Dawson.

The Third Anthology is divided into ten sections, viz. Current Criticism (which includes the above essay by Mr. Dawson), History, Sociology and Economics, Philosophy, Art and Artists, Theology, Saints, Not (necessarily) Saints, Spirituality and Fiction. Over fifty writers are represented, some of them household names in the Catholic world; and both English and foreign writers find a place in the Anthology. Besides the essay already referred to, Mr. Dawson's essays on "The Troubadours" and "Religion and Politics" are also included in the Anthology. In the latter he enters a vigorous caveat against what passes for "civilization", and criticises the ludicrous attempts of our Fuhrers to deify the State machine. Our pink-pale Napoleons would realise a new heaven on earth; but curiously enough Hitler's meat is Stalin's poison, and hence they must fight a war of attrition. "There is the Muscovite Jerusalem which has no Temple, there is Hitler's Jerusalem which has no Jews, and there is the Jerusalem of the social reformers which is all suburbs; but none of these is Blake's Jerusalem, still less that city which the Apostle saw 'descending out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband.'" These Jerusalems are man's projections and must hence fall short of the ideal and the true Jerusalem. Dr. Waldemar Gurian, however, in his essay on "Nazi and Bolshevik", while not approving National Socialism (Nazism) as such, seems to find in it an antidote to the "disastrous creed of materialist Marxianism." Other interesting essays in the 'Sociology and Economics' section are Mr. Ross Hoffman's "Liberty and Authority" (useful at a time when there is so much talk

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of 'civil liberties' in the Congress provinces), Mr. Penty's rather too downright "Degeneration of Socialism", and M. Maritain's illuminating differentiation of three philosophies of freedom. M. Maritain is considered to be the most outstanding exponent of Thomist philosophy today. His *Art and Scholasticism*, *Three Reformers*, *Theonas* and *Things that are not Caesar's* have been among the few really valuable philosophical studies of our time and in their English garb have been greeted with a chorus of enlightened approbation. The essay on Freedom, included in the Anthology, is extracted from M. Maritain's *Freedom in the Modern World*. From the point of view of social life, says M. Maritain, "one may distinguish three philosophies of freedom." At one end of the scale is the emphasis on individualism, the now corroded ideal of the democrats, and at the other is collectivism, "the Freedom of Autonomy" now looming immense on the political horizon with its glamorous totalitarian robes. One leads to chaos and the other to spiritual death. But there is another philosophy of freedom that lays the emphasis rather on "the realisation and progress of the spiritual freedom of individual persons" and makes friendship and justice the true foundations of social life. "It is neither free will nor power but wisdom and goodness, the authentic freedom of autonomy that makes the *civis praeclarus*, which contribute to social life its element of greatest value." It is not, if one may say so, far removed from an ordering of our lives in accordance with the Gandhian ideals of Truth and Non-violence.

M. Maritain is a professor of philosophy in Paris and his *Introduction to Philosophy*, among books of its scope and size, has won for itself a position of unique authority. It was followed by *An Introduction to Logic* which has just been translated into English and published by Messrs. Sheed and Ward. Aristotelean Logic is one of the Himalayan peaks scaled by the human mind. I once amused myself revelling in its delectable chains of reasoning, even composing a Primer of Logic! Catholics, versed in Aristotle and the Scholastics as they are, can presumably better grasp the principles of Logic and expound better them than others. Father Joyce's book on Logic is still, perhaps, the best introduction to the subject. Newer books on Logic contain less of Aristotle and more of their own authors. M. Maritain himself would "remain faithful to the spirit of Aristotle and the ancient scholastics"; accordingly, his Logic is really Minor Logic, not dealing with Major Logic that includes discussions on Definition, Division and Argumentation. According to M. Maritain "Minor" Logic is the Logic of *correct* (formal) reasoning while "Major" Logic is the Logic of *true* reasoning. Unfortunately,

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M. Maritain has not so far followed up his book on "Minor" Logic by another on "Major" Logic. Perhaps he will be able to complete the entire series some day.

In the Foreword, M. Maritain assures us that "this present work is intended for beginners, especially for students in the latter half of their university course." Deductive Logic is usually taught in the Junior Intermediate classes in our universities and it is unlikely our students will be able to comprehend the excellent exposition of the subject by M. Maritain; but they should make the attempt all the same. They will find M. Maritain's treatment both arresting and vivid, distinguished by alike freshness and lucidity. Most Logic books will begin with the syllogism—

All men are mortal, Socrates is a man,
and therefore he is mortal—

but M. Maritain's specimen syllogism is characteristically original:

The spiritual is incorruptible,
but the human soul is spiritual,
therefore it is incorruptible.

Again, in the general run of catch-penny Logic guides in the market the terms 'denotation' and 'connotation' and their inverse relationship to each other are very ineptly explained and the illustrations are nerveless if not wholly inappropriate. Not only does M. Maritain prefer to use the terms 'extension' and 'comprehension' instead of 'denotation' and 'connotation', but they are explained in clinchingly precise language and further 'fixed' in our minds with the aid of choice illustrations, diagrams and tables. It is needless to write an elaborate review of M. Maritain's book. The three Chapters into which it is divided deal respectively with the 'Concept', the 'Proposition' and 'Reasoning'—the term, the proposition and the syllogism, as the more familiar text-books name them—and these connote the first, second and third operations of the mind in the chain of correct reasoning. All our traditional divisions of the subject have their corresponding counterparts in M. Maritain's book, the same and yet with a difference. Again and again, he gives us the very language of Aristotle—"probably, after all, the simplest and most adequate language ever devised", as the Times Literary Supplement has characterised it. Thus the syllogism is defined as:

An argumentation in which,
from an antecedent that unites two terms to a third,
a consequent is inferred uniting these
two terms to each other.

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And in differentiating the various kinds of propositions, in explaining opposition and conversion, and the figures and moods of the syllogism, M. Maritain wisely takes recourse to diagrammatic exposition and this no less than the varied examples should help the student to master the subject. The marginal summaries, the frequent 'Exercises', the Logical Algebra and the pedagogical hints, all should make M. Maritain's *Introduction to Logic* a meritorious addition to standard text-books on the subject. And it should form an indispensable item on the book-shelves of every teacher of Logic.

To return to the *Third Sheed and Ward Anthology*,—it must not be supposed that it contains only discussions on Politico-Economic problems. As the titles of the ten sub-sections in the book would indicate, the Anthology really offers a varied fare to the reader. Philosophy is represented by M. Gilson (the Gifford lecturer on Mediaeval Philosophy), Mr. Watkin (author of *A Philosophy of Form*) and Father Rousselot. Among sketches of saints are those of St. Catherine, St. Teresa, St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More. Father Knox and four other writers figure in the 'Fiction' group. 'The Humility of Jesus', 'The Fruition of God' and 'Immolation' and the four other essays in the 'Spirituality' sub-section deserve to be read with reverent care. In 'Things and the Poet', Father McCarron persuasively develops the idea that "poetry is concerned with the relationship of things among themselves." Mr. Theodor Haecker's thesis in his 'Classic Art' is that "classic art is, on the surface, the outcome of an extraordinary stroke of good fortune.....the result of the chance meeting at a *given* moment of the greatest poetic power with the greatest *real* theme." This conjunction is the rarest of rarities,—which explains why no literature can boast of more than one or two really great epics. The sub-section entitled 'Not (necessarily) Saints' includes an annihilating sketch of William of Orange by Mr. Belloc, a discerning note on Dostoevsky by Mr. Berdyaev, a chapter from Mr. Noyes's study of Voltaire and another from the more recent study of the dualism in Bernard Shaw by Mr. Hackett.

When Bernard Shaw was reading Mr. Hackett's *Shaw: George versus Bernard*, he said at the end of Chapter I that it was the most objective study of himself in existence, and at the end of Chapter II that the author's (Mr. Hackett's) divination was extraordinary: but when he came to the end of the book, he apparently exclaimed that, having begun splendidly, the book had gone all to pieces in the last Chapter. Just like Shaw! We who have read our Shaw, answered papers on him, and set questions on

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him, are yet alternately lured by his sterling honesty and tantalised by his wild acrobatics. Is he serious, or is he merely pulling our legs? Of his plays and his prefaces to them—which are the antecedents and which the consequents? Better than Shakespeare? We echo the question; we recollect his remarks on Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, on Christianity, on the institution of marriage and property; and we wonder whether we are in the presence of a colossal arrogance or of a new Messiah. No one could more roundly abuse us; and yet somehow he seems to get round us all the same. We have worried our minds often whether Wordsworth was an authentic poet or merely a village idiot; we are now similarly puzzled by the phenomenon that is Shaw, whether he is a prophet or a buffoon, a thinker for whom drama is a mere by-product or a dramatist for whom preface-making is a hobby. Mr. Hackett, like all students of Shaw, has had to tackle the problem. And his original, and wholly tenable, solution is embodied in his book. The antithetical title, *George versus Bernard*, is suggestive; it means that Mr. Hackett finds in Shaw two personalities, a Dr. Jekyll-like Bernard and rather a Mr. Hyde-like George, each trying to outwit the other and pin him down, succeeding, struggling again, and losing ground, and so on, play after play, and preface after preface. "Usually George sat stiff, serious, intense at the eyepiece, and Bernard lay on the slide kicking up his heels; he was always amused at George's attempts to get clear definition and finality. George was the organiser and looked down soberly, saying: 'If you don't mind your step, you can't see where you are going,' and the other tumbled about on his back chuckling: 'If you don't look up you can't see at all.'" It is intellect pitted against intuition, Sherlock Holmes against Father Brown.

Mr. Hackett's account of Shaw's distant antecedents and of his early life makes very interesting reading. Presently, Mr. Hackett tackles Shaw's creed, "because it is by far the most important thing about him." Shaw believed in creative evolution. Nay more; he spoke of the Life Force as the clue to the seeming mystery of life. This assumption was correlated to an amazing intuition—that he, Bernard Shaw, was himself the Life Force; that "it is him, and he is it, and that together they are life." Thus early in life Shaw merged into one "the cosmic story and the personal story." What he observed, what he thought, the way he reacted to his surrounding, the way he felt and acted under various circumstances—these constituted a new encyclopaedia of knowledge. He is the Life Force, the Superman, the exponent of the New Protestantism; he believed in himself, in the incalculable importance of himself. There is

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nothing dishonest in all his writings: nor are there, in the final analysis, any inner contradictions. Granted his assumption and his intuition,—“he followed them wherever they led him with Euclidean rationality and Cromwellian zeal.” The great things in his works, as also the cheap things in them, are alike the inevitable results of the clash between his assumption and his intuition, his powers as a thinking machine and as a human being. “Shaw is a wonder as a first-hand observer and honest recorder..... When he wants to say just what he feels and thinks about the particular specimen under observation, he writes a preface; when he wants to hold up to the public a variety of other views *plus* his own, he writes a play.”

In the last two chapters of the book, Mr. Hackett brilliantly and convincingly sums up his case against George and his vindication of dear, entertaining Bernard. George the deluded devotee of the Life Force, for all his cocksureness and intellectual gymnastics, lacks a sense of humour, and cannot realise when he is talking nonsense; but Bernard has no illusions about himself or the Life Force; he is free, and that is why he contains multitudes; he can crack jokes and take jokes, and that is why he is adored by millions all over the world. Mr. Hackett cannot find strong enough language for Life Force worshippers. “Free thinking, which should be a glorious, uncramped, out-thrust of the mind has, for evolution worshippers, become a sort of mental debauchery on a Life Force treadmill. A modern freethinker is about as free as a freewheel, it moves about a fixed centre and turns only one way—away from facts, away from common sense, away from reality.” But—Life Force or not—Shaw is really the most fascinating of men: and how can that be? Mr. Hackett tells us that we like not the prophet-at-a-loss George Shaw (who ever has heard of him?) but rather “that Peter Pan, the eternal youth, that popular favourite whose name is a household word.” “Bernard has wonderful vision; he is a natural observer who gathers material as he goes, and hands it to George to sort it out. In a way this is hard on George, for he hasn’t the head for such a job; but he is a great worker, and, under Life Force management, he has arranged the material so that Creative Evolution may be staged as the religion of the twentieth century. The curious thing is that Bernard sometimes comes out in front to take a look at George’s God and says that he doesn’t think much of either of them.” Why, then, bother about George? Like Wordsworth the philosopher, George Shaw is for the dull elect. But Bernard is for us all; “that is why all the rest of us love him.”

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The extract on Shaw in the *Third Sheed and Ward Anthology* is taken from the third chapter of Mr. Hackett’s book; but the whole study is so scintillating and penetrating that it should not be missed by any student of modern literature. One of the pieces in the Anthology is Miss Helen Iswolsky’s ‘Family in Russia.’ In fact, so many of the writers refer to Soviet Communism. In Miss Violet Conolly’s *Soviet Tempo* we have first-hand information about some of the much talked about “changes” in Soviet Russia. The book is journalistically and entertainingly written and is illustrated by a number of pictures. Her remarks are, as far as one could venture to judge in the full realisation of one’s own ignorance of the subject, neither perversely or virulently critical nor blindly or sentimentally appreciative. She no doubt vehemently criticises the entire absence of religious education in Russia; there is something far more pernicious, she says, “in robbing children of the idea of God and the framework of religion than in imposing it on them.”

Again, Miss Conolly has some hard things to say of the Soviet cemeteries: “In this Communist cemetery the graves are roughly made and garishly decorated with blood-red wooden standards, sickles and hammers, rusting iron models of turbines, tractors, aeroplanes. A paltry parade of life’s poor triumphs where death rules supreme.” Chapter by chapter I need not summarise Miss. Conolly’s book; it is enough to say that it deals with several aspects of Soviet life—the Soviet industry, the Soviet Culture, the Soviet workers in the crowded trams and cribbed cabins, the Soviet watering places, and the projected Palace of the Soviets—with singular candour and clarity. After the *O altitudo* ecstasies of men like Herr Leon Feutschwanger, Miss Conolly’s book comes to one as a relief. That she is not always or deliberately condemnatory will be seen from her appreciation of “the Russian appetite for serious literature of all kinds.” Miss Conolly is not a mere amateurish traveller but a good student of economics and is well versed in the Russian language. Her book therefore can be recommended to all those who desire to learn something about the true state of affairs in present-day Russia.

The Rock

Murder in the Cathedral

Plays by T. S. Eliot (Faber & Faber)

The last number of the Magazine contained a note on T. S. Eliot and his position in contemporary letters. These two plays which along with

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some prose works are among the latest additions to the College Library will in the minds of unbiassed readers definitely establish his place in the very front rank of living poets and dramatists. Here there is little of the crudeness of the earlier experimental efforts. This is mature, mellowed work, showing complete mastery of subject, perfect command over the medium, extraordinary precision of movement and touch.

The Rock is a pageant play, acted on behalf of the Fortyfive Churches Fund of the Diocese of London, in May 1934. In keeping with its character of pageant there is hardly any plot, but a series of tableaux in which ancient and modern scenes of church-building with their wonderful variety of costume and language are brought into contrast or juxtaposition: a modern vicar and his simplehearted builders with, in the background, typical modern characters—Plutocrats, Flash ladies, Redshirts and Black-shirts, Agitators, Gunmen etc.; and over against these, lightly evoked, scenes of Israelite temple building and scenes of church building in medieval and primitive times, in which figure Sabert of London, and Mellitus, and Rahere..... All these diverse elements are fused, or at any rate firmly held together by the unity of idea running through them. It is a spiritual and social ideal expressed in all its richness, and at the same time with scholastic precision by the Chorus of "seven male and ten female figures who speak as the voice of the Church of God" founded on a Rock. The vast implications of this ideal are simplified to the oft-repeated refrain of the Builders' Song:—

A church for us all, and work for us all, and God's world for us
all, even unto this last.

The impressive bareness of this contrasts with the splendour of imagery and diction with which Mr. Eliot has charged some of the main choruses. The following lines from the final chorus are perhaps the best example of Mr. Eliot's craftsmanship:—

O Light Invisible, we praise Thee!
Too bright for mortal vision.
O Greater Light, we praise Thee for the less;
The eastern light our spires touch at morning,
The light that slants upon our western doors at evening,
The twilight over stagnant pools at batflight,
Moon light and star light, owl and moth light,
Glow-worm glow-light on a grassblade.
O Light Invisible, we worship Thee!

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We thank Thee for the lights that we have kindled,
The light of altar and of sanctuary;
Small lights of those who meditate at midnight
And lights directed through the coloured panes of windows
And light reflected from the polished stone,
The gilded carven wood, the coloured fresco.
Our gaze is submarine, our eyes look upward
And see the light that fractures through unquiet water.
We see the light but see not whence it comes.
O Light Invisible, we glorify Thee!

Murder in the Cathedral deals with the return of St. Thomas of Canterbury to England after seven years of exile, his taking possession of his See, the arrival of the four knights, the martyrdom. This play is an architectural masterpiece sculptured in granite. It is classic in its lucidity, its sharpness of outline, and stern economy of wording. There is throughout a sense of an ocean-deep passion so kept down as scarcely to tremble to the surface—except in this outburst of the Chorus (of "women of Canterbury") after the murder:—

Clear the air! clean the sky! wash the wind! take stone from stone
and wash them.

The land is foul, the water is foul, our beasts and ourselves defiled
with blood.

A rain of blood has blinded my eyes. Where is England? where is
Kent? where is Canterbury?

O far far far far in the past; and I wander in a land of barren
boughs: if I break them they bleed; I wander in a land of dry stones;
if I touch them they bleed.

Clear the air! clean the sky! wash the wind! take the stone from
the stone, take the skin from the arm, take the muscle from the bone,
and wash them. Wash the stone, wash the bone, wash the brain, wash
the soul, wash them, wash them!

In both these plays Mr. Eliot achieves the miracle of consistently original freshly coined idiom which excludes even one example of conventional phrasing, except in the "defence speech" of the Fourth Knight who proves that the Archbishop after all killed himself, and asks the audience to "unhesitatingly render a verdict of Suicide while of Unsound Mind". In this, the faded clichés of a plausible journalese come home with the force of a crushing irony.

J. D'S., S.J.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

The Spanish Tragedy

by E. Allison Peers (Methuen)

Fascists, Democrats, Republicans, Loyalists, Rebels—these names have been used freely and indiscriminately by our newspaper propagandists to describe the parties in the Spanish Civil War. Leftists have represented the conflict as one between a democratic Government and a fascist military caucus; others with only a little more justification have proclaimed it to be an ideological war between Communism and Fascism, that is between Russia and Italy, fought on Spanish soil. These easy generalisations have prevented the vast majority of newspaper readers from even making an attempt to understand the events in Spain. Complete ignorance of the conflict is much to be preferred to the dangerously little knowledge that news-agencies have spread about it. It seems at this time of day an almost hopeless task to convince people—especially those who, reading almost nothing except Reuter's telegrams, pass resolutions and write editorials on Spain—that they know nothing of what they are talking about. It is this feeling, namely, that our ignorance is very great, that grows upon one who reads *The Spanish Tragedy*—one of the recent additions to the College library. Professor Peers tells the story of Spain from the fall of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship till the outbreak of the Civil War. Out of the mass of interwoven—and to the Non-Spaniard, confusing—events, he chooses and presents the main facts with an impartiality that is itself an achievement. Unlike most of the publications on Spain that have appeared during the last year and a half, this book was all but completed *on the eve* of the war, and so its main judgments are unaffected by the passions and prejudices of the conflict. Unlike also most of the writers on Spain, Professor Peers knows that country—its languages and literature and history—as few in England know it. He is Professor of Spanish in the University of Liverpool and has been in Spain off and on during the last twenty years, so that, as he says in the Preface to his book 'much that is described in it, has been not merely read but seen.'

These are the almost unique advantages of this book over others. Its disadvantage is that the author has not been able to incorporate in his work some of the documents published or made known only in the course of the war and containing facts which throw a clearer light on the incidents of July 1936. Most important of these are the article of ex-president Zamora published in the *Journal de Genève* on 17-1-'37, the

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statement made on the 30th Jan. '37 to *L'Illustration* by Sñr Lerroux, former Prime Minister, the interview granted to the *Petit Parisien* on the 21st Feb. '37 by Dr. Gregorio Marañón, one of the foremost intellectual leaders and republicans of Spain, and more than these, the document known as 'Confidential Report No. 3' giving the detailed plans for a communist *coup* which was forestalled by the rising of the Army. Professor Peers has sketched the prominent part played in the founding and building up of the Second Republic, by Sñrs Zamora and Lerroux and Dr. Marañón and therefore these documents would be an invaluable supplement to this book.

In the first chapter, "The coming of the Republic," the author while emphasising the reasons for the failure of the Military Dictatorship and for the fall of the Monarchy, pays tribute to the courage and self-possession of King Alfonso, at the time of his departure from Spain:—"When for the last time he spoke to his people it was as a king indeed, but no less as a Spaniard and a fellow human-being." In the second chapter describing the Republican Constitution passed by the Constituent Cortes, he shows how the makers of that Constitution antagonised popular feeling by their anti-clerical measures, and how Sñr Zamora who might, at the cost of some personal sacrifice have led a party of moderate republicans, succumbed easily to the glamour and emoluments of the Presidential Office—the price at which the astute Azaña managed to buy his passivity in politics and acceptance of the *status quo*. The harm done to Spain by the expulsion of the religious orders can be illustrated by the following significant comment on the treatment accorded to the Jesuits in Spain: "The excellence of Jesuit education is proverbial the world over, and in a country like Spain, where for centuries education has been neglected, it has been a godsend. At the time of its dissolution, the Society had some 70 residences and 30 Colleges in Spain The poorer classes were poorer for the loss of the Jesuits. The Church of the Sacred Heart at Barcelona maintained five working-men's clubs, and in 1931 educated over 1200 children. The Jesuit Workmen's Club at Burgos with 1500 members, included housing and pension schemes, a sick-benefit club, a savings-bank, and day and night classes. So one might go on throughout the country. A progressive nation, with well-organised schemes of education and social progress might possibly cut off such institutions without much loss, but for a regime which began by acknowledging the country's backwardness and its intention of remedying it, to proceed to close so many of Spain's best schools, and to expel so many of her most gifted

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teachers, was to put intolerance and prejudice above a desire for educational and social progress." The chapter on "Two Years of the Left" does justice to the reforming zeal of some of the Left parties and the manner in which they tackled the land-problem in Spain, the solution of which was long overdue and the neglect of which had been one of the main causes of social unrest and disorder. But the Left became intolerant and vindictive and lost heavily in the general elections of 1933. The next Chapter on "Two Years of the Centre Right" shows how the way was being prepared for civil war by the instability of the Centre Governments and the consistent refusal of the President—dictated by his lack of courage and the ever-present threat of a violent Left revolution—to summon Gil Robles, the leader of the Right, to form a Government. The Right was forced to share all the unpopularity of the Centre Government but enjoyed little of its power. The last chapter "Chaos" explodes the myth that General Franco sprung a cruel surprise on an innocent and righteous government pursuing its peaceful tasks, unaware of any danger. From the time that the *Frente Popular* was heaved into power, mob-rule began almost all over Spain and the government tried to save itself from the charge of impotence by rounding up hundreds of so-called fascists and peopling with them the prisons, which had only recently been emptied of the Asturias rebels of 1934 who now swelled the ranks of the revolutionaries. The story of the manoeuvre by which Sñr Zamora was ousted from the Presidentship and Sñr Azana was hoisted in his place, is one of the most engaging things in this chapter. The narration of events ends with the outbreak of the insurrection at Morocco which the Prime Minister described as an 'absurd scheme' but quickly the 'absurd scheme' expanded itself into a Civil War all over the Peninsula. When the helpless Azaña, pressed by extremists outside the Cortes, accepted the resignation of Sñr Martinez Barrio, the third Prime Minister within twenty-four hours, and handed over the reins of Government to the extreme left which had only a very narrow following in the Legislature, 'constitutional rule' was at an end and all "Governments" in Spain since then were governments only in the mouths of propagandists. There was no more Republic or Cortes and "there was one martyr above all others—Spain." With the final judgement of Prof. Peers most of his readers will agree: "The fundamental weakness of the second Republic has been the lack of a great leader. It has produced no man powerful enough to rule, yet capable of ruling with moderation and prudence, of rising above the recriminating aims of party politics, and of persuading others to accept him, and to believe

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that he holds the key to his country's prosperity. Such a man must of necessity arise before Spain can be saved." Most readers also, who have followed the war closely and read reliable accounts of conditions in Nationalist Spain would be inclined to the view that Spain *has* succeeded in throwing up such a leader in the person of General Franco and there is hardly a doubt that Prof. Peers will endorse this view.

S. V. L.

Book Review

The Angelic Teacher of Immortal Wisdom

by F. M. Susainathan, B.A., L.T. (St. Joseph's Ind. Sch. Press)

This eloquent study of St. Thomas is the enlarged edition of an essay read before the St. Thomas Aquinas Study Club. It reveals a deep understanding of the genius of the Angelic Doctor and a correct appreciation of his achievement of reconciling Faith and Reason, and of the supreme position he has acquired among the Teachers of the Church. Mr. Susainathan is fully in touch with recent writings on St. Thomas and takes into account the importance of the Platonic element which tempered and balanced the predominant Aristoteleanism of the Master. Though the essay treats mainly of St. Thomas as thinker, adequate attention is given to his personal sanctity, and to his Eucharistic hymns. We recommend the booklet to all those in need of a brief but competent introduction to the works of the Angelic Doctor.

J. D. S., S.J.

Indian Science Congress, 1938

WHEN it was officially announced last year that the 25th Session of the Indian Science Congress was to be held at Calcutta jointly with the British Association for the Advancement of Science, I hoped, and along with me many other Mathematicians, that it would be an exceptionally interesting session—from a Mathematical point of view. Invitations were to be sent to eminent Scientists abroad and we expected some of the great Mathematicians of the day to be present. In that respect we were disappointed. The Silver Jubilee Session of the Science Congress has certainly proved very interesting for Physicists and, I think, for Statisticians, to speak only of the members of the "Mathematics and Physics" section. But it was really dull for those who like myself are interested in Pure Mathematics or in Mathematical Physics.

I do not want to write here about the oversea delegates—almost all of them British; nor about the much deplored absence of one of the outstanding Scientists of India, Sir C. V. Raman, although that absence was much commented on and will remain one of the bad "souvenirs" of the Congress; nor about the exceptional number of members present and the still exceptionally greater number of papers read or that *could* have been read! I should like only to strike a personal note, and this about Mathematics.

The Congress was dull for Mathematicians, I said. One explanation among many others is that Mathematics are still little developed in India. Relatively few do research work in our Universities and most of them are very young. One of my Indian friends told me, one day: "In India, unfortunately, we go by age!" (I quote here only one half of his statement in order to avoid bitterness without sacrificing accuracy!) Physicists are more numerous, better equipped, and.....can boast of more units in the figure of their age!

"In the early days of the Indian Universities, attention was mainly directed to teaching and examining the large number of students who presented themselves, and comparatively little attention was paid to research." I read this in the Presidential Address that Lord Rutherford of Nelson had written for the Congress a few weeks before he died. He added, some lines below, that nowadays "Excellent well-equipped schools of research have arisen in many Indian Universities where good opportu-

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nities are available for the training of potential investigators in the methods of research." This no doubt is true as far as Physics is concerned and Calcutta most probably stands first among the Indian Universities in that respect. Let us hope that it will soon become true of Mathematics! But for the moment Mathematicians are much too isolated, too much overburdened also, in many cases, by teaching hours. Some have up to 18 hours of lecturing a week! So Mathematical investigation which is rarely successful when it is not a *social* activity but remains sporadic is therefore scarce in India, and, if I may say so, in most cases rickety.

However it would be altogether wrong for me only to grumble about the too little interest aroused by Mathematics or even of the "communalism" of Physicists. If the official meetings are generally a bore, there are also some functions that prove the rule by being an exception to it. Among these I may candidly mention the Tea Parties. But to pass to a more intellectual viewpoint, in a country of big distances like India a Congress always means a happy meeting of friends. If I may give vent to my own feelings I would gladly put up with all the reading of papers, and some more if need be, to have the pleasure and the advantage of personal contacts with a few friends.

This year I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Prof. F. W. Levi, an involuntary gift of Herr Hitler to India, who has succeeded Dr. G. Prasad about two years ago in the first chair of Mathematics at Calcutta. He arranged some informal meetings among the Mathematicians present. Unfortunately they were improvised and not as successful as they might have been had invitations been sent one or two weeks before. But I think they proved that even Pure Mathematics could be the subject of interesting symposia during the Sessions of the Indian Congress. The model of a concise, but very clear and exquisite exposition was given by Dr. B. N. Prasad of Allahabad University, speaking on Summability (A).

Next year the Indian Congress meets at Lahore. It is far away for southerners! But in 1940 the Congress will be held at Madras. I think that this centre will afford unique opportunities to Mathematicians. There are many engaged in Research work in our Presidency. At Madras itself good work has been done under the guidance of Dr. R. Vaidyanathaswami, Reader to the University. Then Annamalai is close by and Waltair and Hyderabad not too far. I sincerely wish that the Congress be then a great success, not only from a sentimental, but also from a Mathematical point of view. And then I am sure that Trichy will be largely represented there.

C. RACINE, S.J.

Editorial Notes

Educational Reconstruction

IF uninterrupted and almost universal discussion of a problem were a guarantee of its solution then the problem of educational reconstruction which is facing this Province, and indeed the whole country, must be on a fair way to settlement. But unfortunately the very abundance of discussion, the extreme variety of views expressed, the numerous and often contradictory official and officious pronouncements, the ever-widening field of discussion embracing almost every feature of the system of education now established, have only ended in bewildering most people, and diminishing the chances of evolving a scheme likely to obtain general acceptance. The change of school hours, medium of instruction, introduction of Hindi, bifurcation at the IV F. stage, the lengthening of the High School course by a year and the consequent remodelling of the College course, the provision for vocational and technical education, the Wardha Scheme and with its far-reaching proposals,—these are some of the points around which controversy has raged during these past months. The question of change of school hours seems to have receded into the background, as most people realise that it should not be made the subject of legislation but left to the wisdom of managements to be decided in the light of local conditions. On the need for technical courses, and of diverting to them a certain proportion of High School students, and on the necessity of vernacular as medium of instruction in High Schools, agreement seems to be fairly general. But on the Wardha Scheme, on the introduction of Hindi, and on the lengthening of the High School course, there is great and sharp diversity of opinion.

We have every reason to believe that the Madras Government will not, in the matter of Educational reform, force public opinion but follow it in the measure that it clarifies itself. Government have already given many signs of its conciliatory and adaptable spirit. And the report of a conference held at the Secretariat recently confirms us in this view. We reproduce a summary of the conclusions as published in "The Hindu," on Feb. 25.

"Problems relating to the re-organisation of secondary education and elementary education with special reference to the Wardha Scheme, were discussed at a Conference held to-day at the Secretariat, the Hon. Dr. P. Subbarayan, Education Minister, presiding.

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The Conference was attended by Mr. R. M. Statham, Director of Public Instruction, Mr. C. H. Masterman, Secretary to the Government in the Education Department, and Mr. C. J. Varkey, Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Minister.

The lines on which secondary education should be reorganised were considered in detail, and there was general agreement regarding the main directions of reform indicated in the Government communique of June last. Certain points relating to the bifurcation of the secondary course and the introduction of a pre-University course, the Conference was of the view, should be referred to the Universities in the Presidency for opinion.

The Conference was in favour of making the mother-tongue the medium of instruction in schools except in areas which are bi-lingual or multi-lingual.

The question of introduction of the Wardha Scheme in elementary schools was discussed, and the view was taken that the scheme should be tried in one school in each district as an experiment.

The subject of teaching Hindi as a compulsory subject was also discussed. It was resolved that adjustments should be made in the syllabus so as to make room for its study. It was agreed that, in the first instance, Hindi should be introduced in one hundred schools in the Presidency. Suitable text-books in Hindi are to be published in the Presidency. As regards text-books for elementary schools, the Government, it was agreed, might themselves undertake publication."

The Wardha Scheme

We said that the Wardha Scheme was one of those topics of public discussion about which there was no unanimity. The truth is that but for the unique personality of its author—the most distinctive features of the scheme come from Mr. Gandhi—and his unimpaired hold on the people of India, the scheme would have been summarily rejected. Many responsible public men have plainly said that though they were sceptical about many of its proposals, they thought it their duty to give it a trial because it is sponsored by their great Leader. It is not our intention to express an opinion on its details. In its broad outlines it has been accepted by Congress, and so it seems certain that at some time or other an effort will be made to enforce it in most of the Indian provinces. It is

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therefore necessary to realise all the implications, all the far-reaching consequences, of this new scheme.

When the proposals were first published it was widely asserted that their chief object was to make primary education self-supporting by the sale of objects made by school children. But it was universally felt that this was impossible, and in view of the parental functions of Government, undesirable. Hence the Committee that had drawn up the proposals declared before long that the economic side of them was of minor importance, but that what really mattered was the idea of education in which a handicraft would be the centre round which all other instruction would be organised. And indeed any one at all acquainted with Mr. Gandhi's life and ideals could have guessed this from the outset. The Mahatma with his intense earnestness is incapable of evolving an educational scheme which did not express his profoundest convictions. With him, as with Tagore, hatred of the machine, born of the realisation of its role in bringing about the excesses of Capitalism is a fundamental tenet. It is part of the ideas he has imbibed from Ruskin and Tolstoy, and is linked with his Pacifism and doctrine of Ahimsa. The Wardha Scheme is Mr. Gandhi's solution for some of the acutest social and economic problems of the age. It is also a scheme of personal discipline and an initiation to the "simple life" of which he is the greatest living protagonist. The Wardha Scheme is not some petty plan of reforming elementary education, it is a new way of life.

India may well pause before making so momentous a choice. It is obvious that the ills of the world call for bold remedies; and any proposal which has a fair chance of bringing about a beneficial "change of heart" in the machine-worshipping, money-grabbing modern must be viewed with sympathy. Nevertheless, even those most opposed to the excesses of modern capitalism do not always look upon the machine as the one great enemy. It is rather the excess of individualism tolerated, nay encouraged by a false concept of democracy that is responsible for much of our chaos today. The machine represents man's intelligent endeavour to dominate the forces of nature and harness them to his service. It is associated with that scientific progress which is one of the chief glories of the modern epoch. It has lightened for man the vast burden of drudgery which is part of his lot on earth, and has liberated his energies for more intelligent and aesthetic activity. India specially with its grinding poverty will benefit much if she makes a wise use of the machine to increase production and facilitate distribution of necessary goods. It is

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idle to talk of the "dignity of labour" in this connection: labour does not imply the performance of every mechanical task, it does not mean the perpetuation of that "drawing of water and hewing of wood" which has always been looked upon as debasing. If then we are called upon to make a change that entails the loss, or indefinite postponement of so many precious advantages, it is necessary that we should do so after full deliberation and with the full knowledge of the consequences.

The Language Problem

Scarcely less momentous is the language problem in India, and one over which the strongest passions may easily be stirred. Nobody will deny that the mother-tongue must be encouraged more than it is at present and that vernacularization must proceed apace. But the peculiar linguistic conditions of India must be borne in mind. The need of a common language different from the mother-tongue as the indispensable condition of national unity makes it impossible that the mother-tongue should be cultivated with the unique devotion with which national languages are cultivated in other countries. For the common language may not be studied as dead classical languages are studied, for the sake of literary pleasure and intellectual discipline, but with the practical aim of using it daily in the pursuit of national tasks, and should therefore be kept in close contact with the realities of daily life. Every Indian must therefore have a divided loyalty in the matter of language as every Indian must necessarily be bilingual.

Up to now English has served us as this precious instrument of national unity; it has been the accepted medium of the expression of national aspirations. But it is idle to deny that it cannot maintain indefinitely its privileged position of *language of daily life, not merely the first of second languages*. Sentiment, and the very nature of things is against it. The *lingua franca* of India must not be merely a superficially studied "medium of communication" but an idiom intimately grasped and assimilated and capable of expressing the peculiar genius of the Indian people. No foreign language however adaptable be its spirit, however hospitable to foreign influence, can fulfil these conditions. It must therefore be an Indian language, and manifestly there is much to be said in favour of Hindi being that language. But it is obvious that so tremendous a problem cannot be tackled by provincial legislation. The weakness of the present proposal of the Madras Government consists in this that the

necessary unanimity on the subject has not been secured. Unless it is certain that other Provinces will follow the same policy, and unless there is an agreement also in regard to the period when Hindi will replace English in the whole of India, it is useless, perhaps even worse than useless to introduce it into a few classes of a few schools. It is an isolated experiment which is not assured of extension and permanence. The problem of a common language destined to replace English is an All-India problem, to be tackled by the central authority, and the solution proposed by it must be enforced in a uniform way in the whole of India.

Similar reflections rise in the mind in connection with the use of vernaculars in the College. A recent resolution of the Academic Council has accepted the principle of the vernacular as medium of instruction for all non-language subjects in the College classes, and a committee has been appointed to examine the practical aspects of the question. We are convinced that at the present stage the proposal is both impractical and harmful. The choice and the status of a common language have to be decided upon on a nation-wide basis before the exact extent of vernacularization in the Provinces can be determined. Moreover, to attempt to "vernacularize" a University that has at least four important language areas under its jurisdiction—Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada, not to speak of Urdu and English—would mean the utter disorganisation of the system of instruction and examination which the University has so far maintained, and the creation of conditions bordering on chaos. In bilingual areas, it would cause the most serious embarrassment to Colleges, and lead to intolerable frictions and jealousies. No doubt the Academic Council is competent to take steps in what seems to be a purely academic matter pertaining to the University. But the truth is that the question of vernacularization of Education in College classes cannot be solved independently of political legislation. It is linked up with the question of the reorganisation of the Provinces on a linguistic basis. Any attempt therefore to decide it on purely academic grounds, and by the exercise of the limited powers conferred by the Act on the University has but the most meagre chances of success.

Old Boys

The Hon'ble Dr. T. S. S. Rajan's Visit to the College

IT was not until the 7th October that St. Joseph's had the joy of giving a reception to the Hon'ble Dr. T. S. S. Rajan after his accepting office as Minister of Public Health and Leader of the Upper House, in the Madras Cabinet. Dr. Rajan entered the Lawley Hall, so familiar to him, and on this occasion gaily decorated and packed almost full, while the College Band played a rousing welcome. Two addresses were presented to the distinguished alumnus by the students, one in English and the other in Tamil. The Principal welcomed Dr. Rajan to his Alma Mater on behalf of the Staff and Management. He said that the public realised the super-human task which the Minister and his colleagues had undertaken to build up slowly, patiently, against odds, a clean, healthy and self-respecting India. In that difficult task the Principal wished to assure him that the Colleges were anxious to take their share. He promised, on behalf of the teachers, that they were ready to serve the country and prayed that the Government would, on their side, extend to teachers sympathy, understanding and encouragement.

Dr. Rajan made a splendid speech in reply. He looked and was very tired, as he had had a very crowded programme of work and travel during the preceding days. Nevertheless the place and the occasion seem to have enabled him to get the better of his fatigue, and he spoke in characteristic style: the voice strong and clear, the long sentences flowing without a trace of hesitation, the style direct, unornamented, but informed by humour, and an unmistakable sincerity. We give the summary of the speech as published in "The Hindu" (8-10-'37).

Dr. Rajan, on behalf of the Cabinet, expressed thanks for the assurances of goodwill and co-operation given by the Principal. He paid a tribute to the work done by the Rev. Fathers in the cause of education and said that if he was worthy of any single good act, he was prepared to lay it at the feet of his teachers, who were the embodiment of self-sacrifice. Realising that he was a product of that institution, he would convey a message to the hundreds and thousands of young men that they should, during their stay in the College, copy and take to heart, apart from the syllabus of studies, the ideal which the Fathers had set before the institution.

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The time might not be far off, said the Minister, when a greater demand for service and sacrifice would be made, not on the Fathers, but on the lay staff in charge of the various educational institutions. If, when that demand was made, physical inconvenience and the giving up of small comforts resulted, he hoped they would forgive the Congress and would have the charity to understand its action aright and interpret it properly. The Congress claimed sincerity of purpose, purity of heart, service of the poor and humble—all for the land that gave them birth, so that in the march of time they would find their rightful place in the comity of nations. They would say to the world that India, constituted as it was, led by perhaps one of the greatest men of the times, one who had proved the might of the spirit against the might of physical force, gave the doctrine of Ahimsa which fundamentally formed the basis of their creed and faith. Under the aegis of that saint, Mahatma Gandhi, they must be prepared to do some service in the endeavour the Ministers were making at the present time. He hoped that his appeal would not be in vain. He would ask of them, when the time came, charity, goodwill, and right understanding, to interpret their service in the terms of spiritual values which, perhaps, was the one thing which moved nations and the lives of men. He wanted the educational institutions to understand the faith and the implications of service they rendered as Ministers of the Government of Madras to the people and appealed for their help in the spiritual reconstruction of the nation.

Rao Bahadur N. S. Kulandaiswamy Pillai

Sometime in November Rao Bahadur N. S. Kulandaiswamy Pillai retired from Government service, after a long and honourable career in the Agricultural Department. His retirement was the signal for numerous farewell functions, unveilings of portraits, and other manifestations which showed the widespread esteem in which this unostentatious and conscientious servant of the country is held by all. One of the most striking tributes to Mr. Kulandaiswamy Pillai was the unveiling of his Portrait on the occasion of the opening of the Trichy Srirangam Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition in December last. The Portrait was presented to the Trichinopoly Agricultural Association by the Mirasdars of the District. All the circumstances connected with this gift and its unveiling were happy: a Christian honoured by Hindus of all classes and ranks, a loyal Government servant of the "old regime" honoured by non-officials of



THE HON'BLE DR. T. S. S. RAJAN at the College
Photos by R. S. Ayyaswami, I U. C.



RAO BAHADUR N. S. KULANDAISWAMY PILLAI,
Dy. Director of Agriculture, (Rtd.)
(Former Pupil)

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strong political convictions. No more hopeful symbol can be imagined for a land distracted by communal rivalries.

Mr. Kulandaiswamy Pillai belongs to a very honoured Christian family: Rao Bahadur Amirdaswami Pillai, Rtd. Dy. Collector, and Rao Sahib Rayaluswami Pillai, Superintendent, Central Jail, Trichinopoly, are his brothers. Mr. Kulandaiswamy Pillai, after completing his studies in St. Joseph's, began life as a clerk in Government service, and was sent to the Agricultural College on a Government Scholarship in 1902. He passed out in 1905, and was appointed Asst. Farm Manager in 1907. Shortly after he toured the Trichy Circle with Mr. A. C. Sampson, Dy. Director of Agriculture. From 1909 to 1917 he was Farm Manager, 1917 to '22 Assistant Director of Agriculture, and from 1922 to 1937 Dy. Director, Trichy Circle. This is a bare enumeration, but it shows that he has won his position inch by inch, and by a thorough mastery of departmental duties. His uninterrupted rise in the service is the most eloquent testimony to his high character and sense of duty.

Alma Mater wishes Rao Bahadur Kulandaiswamy Pillai long years of happy life, filled with beneficent activities in the service of his community and country.

Eucharistic Congress Guests

That unique gathering brought hundreds of Catholic Old Boys together, some of them being among the most prominent workers and organisers of the Congress. But it is not of them that we wish to speak here, but of the many former pupils who passed through Trichy on their way to or from Madras, and took the opportunity of paying a welcome visit to the College and to such old friends as still survive. We offered them all the hospitality we could under short notice, and in the midst of very numerous calls on us. We hope we succeeded in contenting all. They were not difficult to please, these old friends! Listen to this from dear old P. L. Joseph, B.A., L.T., now teaching at Sacred Heart Mount, Kottayam:—

I'm afraid Your Revce. may not all on a sudden be able to spot out in your mind the author of the present letter. Please try to recollect the 'Bowles' of old or the shepherd boy on the Lawley Hall stage who sang the solo 'Oft in the still night', and old P. L. Joseph will be there in your mind.

Well, a bit of business; hence this letter. About four priest friends and myself (majority, O.B.'s of St. Joseph's) propose to visit Trichy on

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our way to Madras in connection with the Eucharistic Congress. Being vacation time we may not be in a position to witness the busy life in our 'Alma Mater'; but to be once more under the roof of that mighty institution which sheltered us for a good number of years is sure to be a delight to us. Hence we have decided to force ourselves on you just for a day or two at the most. Please try to accommodate us in one of the rooms between good Br. John's 'hospital' and Fr. Miranda's room, so that the priests may have the convenience to say Mass in the College Church, and all of us may be enabled to visit once again (perhaps for the last time in the case of some of us) all places of interest in old Trichy. We are but 'third grade' Old Boys; as such any intimation regarding the exact time of our arrival is unnecessary. Nevertheless, our present plan is to be at Trichy on the 26th or 27th inst.

"Third grade" Old Boy! As if the writer of that letter could belong to any but the very first grade of Old Boys! Needless to say that a room was found for dear P. L. and we had more than one long intimate talk about the "old familiar faces" and the "days that are no more."

The Fr. Bertram Memorial Fund

We are happy to state that the promptness and generosity of the contributions to this Fund have enabled us to close the list of subscriptions. The last meeting of the Memorial Committee was held on December 8th. Diwan Bahadur T. M. Narayanaswami Pillai, Khan Bahadur P. Kalifulla Saheb, Rao Bahadur Kulandaiswami Pillai, M.R.Ry. R. Srinivasa Ayyar Avl., M.R.Ry. P. E. Subrahmanya Ayyar Avl., and Fr. J. D'Souza, S.J. were present. The Hon'ble Dr. T. S. S. Rajan was of course in Madras, and Diwan Bahadur Sir T. Desikachari was prevented at the last minute from attending. Fr. D'Souza stated that a sum of Rs. 2098 had been collected, mainly from Old Boys.

It was resolved:—

1. That the sum be merged with the Rs. 1350 collected on the occasion of Fr. Bertram's transfer to Loyola College. The interest on this sum which is administered by the Old Boys' Association is devoted to a scholarship awardable to a III Year Class student.

2. That the interest from the combined sum of Rs. 3350 be devoted to two scholarships of Rs. 84 and Rs. 108 per annum, to be awarded to those students of the I and III Year Classes respectively, of St. Joseph's

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College, who will have obtained the highest number of marks in the previous S. S. L. C. and Intermediate Examinations.

3. That the III Year Class scholarship and the Fr. Sewell Scholarship be not awarded in one and the same year.

4. That a photographic enlargement of Rev. Fr. Bertram be put up in the Lawley Hall, after a suitable unveiling ceremony.*

5. That a memorial booklet, containing a brief life of Fr. Bertram, account of the Memorial meeting, List of subscribers etc., be printed and sent to all contributors to the Fund.

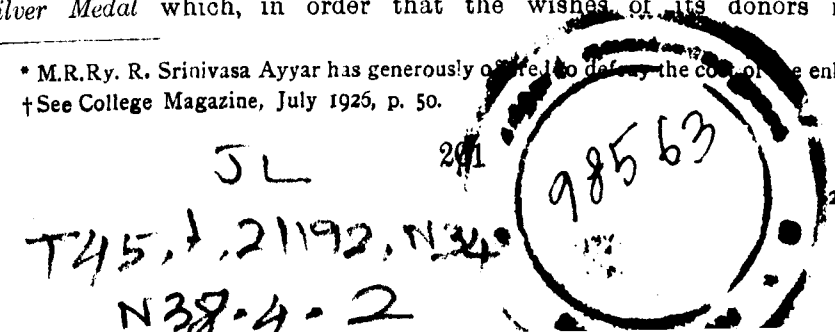
The memorial booklet has been printed and sent to all the contributors. It only remains for us to convey on behalf of the Management of St. Joseph's College our congratulations to the Members of the Memorial Committee on the satisfactory conclusion of their self-sacrificing labours, and the expression of our deep obligation to them.

The Fr. Santiago Memorial Fund

We have also been fortunate in securing a handsome donation to this Fund, which enables us to close this list too and found a suitable memorial to this widely loved Master. It was in February 1926 that a meeting of the old students of the Father, presided over by Raja Bahadur M.R.Ry. G. Krishnamachariar Avl., was held, and it was resolved to collect money for a memorial. The organizers were hopeful of collecting a sum large enough to provide for an oil painting of Fr. Santiago, a gold medal for English in the Intermediate Class, and one or more scholarships for poor deserving students. But the appeal for money did not meet with a generous response. The small sum collected has now, with the accumulated interest of 10 years, reached the figure of Rs. 441-8-0. To this Raja Bahadur Krishnamachariar has just added the splendid sum of Rs. 100. This will enable us to set aside Rs. 500 for a gold medal called—in the terms of the original resolution—"the *Father Santiago Gold Medal*, to be awarded to the student of St. Joseph's College who secures the highest number of marks in English in the Intermediate Examination of the Madras University."† This award will replace the *Father Billard Silver Medal* which, in order that the wishes of its donors may be

* M.R.Ry. R. Srinivasa Ayyar has generously offered to defray the cost of the enlargement.

† See College Magazine, July 1925, p. 50.



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respected, will be awarded to the student who secures the highest number of marks in English in the Junior Intermediate Class.

The surplus of the Fr. Santiago Memorial Fund will be more than sufficient for the Portrait to be put up in the Lawley Hall. We thank Raja Bahadur Krishnamachariar for his great generosity which enables us to terminate a project that had remained too long half finished.

* * * * *

We have pleasure in recording the following postings and appointments among Old Boys:—

Dr. K. Raman Menon, M.B.B.S., F.R.C.S., comes to Trichy as A. D. M. O. after 5 years as Lecturer in Orthopedics in the Medical College. In him Trichy has secured a surgeon whose reputation is already established.

Mr. S. Devanatha Thatachariar (B.A. Hons. Maths, I Class Presidency I in 1932) has been appointed Administrative Assistant, Imperial Secretariat, Simla. Mr. G. Srinivasan (B. A. Hons. Maths. 1931) having undergone a four year course in the Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad, and secured the Diploma A. I. S. M.—Associate of the Indian School of Mines, has been appointed Asst. Surveyor of Mines, Sindh.

Mr. M. Kasivisvanathan (B.A. Hons. Maths. I Class 1931) has been appointed Assistant Incometax Officer in Karaikudi.

College Hostels

I. Boarding House

[Instead of the usual chronicle we publish detailed accounts of two outstanding events—the Boarding Day celebration and the annual Excursion. *Ed.*]

A. The Boarding Day Celebration

14th November 1937

MORNING Mass and evening Benediction, Fancy-dress Competition and football matches, first class meals and ample leisure, and crowning all, a social gathering and variety entertainment were but a few of the features that characterised our first Boarding Day. By their youthful enthusiasm and happy co-operation the many divisions of the Boarding House transformed their respective "Division" Days, hardly marked off from the rest, into a domestic feast of the first order, at once grand and homely.

The shrill call of a cornet announced the dawn of the great day. The sound of the cornet at such an hour of the morn is a matter of certain pleasant speculations among us, because it implies an important day which brings with it good eating and ample leisure—all-important things in the eyes of materially-minded youngsters! The long programme of the day began with Mass. The cheer of the celebration remained unbroken throughout the day and reached its climax in the evening in the Lawley Hall.

The most enjoyable item among the various outdoor events that came off before dinner was the Fancy-dress Competition. The time of the Competition was announced. Soon, men of various trades—beggars and merchants, Spencer's peon and post man, School master and Sanyasi—men of various castes, cultures and nations—Malayalee Brahmin, Moplah Cock-seller, Englishman, Arab and Chinaman—and even wild barbarous savages made their appearance on the Mahé ground. An excited tiger helped to enhance the confusion natural in such queer company.

At noon the good cheer in the dining hall was quite of a piece with the day. Dishes that are peculiar only to extraordinary feasts were served in plenty.

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The family gathering of the evening in the Lawley Hall was a crowning success. The inmates of the various divisions of the Boarding House, guests from the other houses of the College, the Rev. Fathers and Brothers and many of the members of the lay-staff met there in happy cheerfulness and warm cordiality. However the opinion of elder people may differ, the real sources of enjoyment for a young student are only two—good eating and harmless amusement, and, these diversions are at times essential in the serious life of a student. Our family gathering omitted none of these items of enjoyment. Therefore the Lawley Hall, which was tastefully decorated, was both a banquet hall and an entertainment-theatre.

The tiniest member of our family, making his appearance on the stage in highly comical robes, sang a hearty welcome to the audience in amusing songs. The various items of the variety entertainment and of the banquet came one after another, and were immensely enjoyed. There was a dance of some primitive kind in which bodily contortions and jumping and roaring predominated. There were monologues that were full of sprightly humour. A short farce also was enacted by two well-known comedians among us which evoked much laughter and applause. Short 'speeches' too there were, each speaker, stepping upon the stage with electric speed, amusing the audience for a short while, and then stepping off again.

The most enjoyable item of all was a mimic band which played with such perfect combination of seriousness and comicality that it provoked roars of hearty laughter from the audience throughout the performance. Indeed not even a sage could abstain from laughing when a dozen masked figures played on their amusing instruments (some of which extended yards in length) with an air of the utmost solemnity, directed by the tiny tot who had lispd the welcome.

The distribution of prizes to the winners of the various home-tournaments and of the fancy-dress competition came off towards the close of the function. After giving away the prizes, the president, our Principal, began his concluding speech saying that he was reluctant to speak anything and spoil the enjoyment of the evening. But the brief sprightly words he spoke were full of paternal kindness. With a hymn to Our Lady the function came to a close, and we left the Hall, our faces smeared with *chaulanum*, at an hour when nobody could complain of being too late for supper.

BOARDING HOUSE DAY



FANCY DRESS SHOW.



"ORCHESTRA"

(Photos by B. A. Xavier, IV U. C.)



ROGERS' HOSTEL EXCURSION
(with Fr. Gering, Warden)
Photos by G. Thomas, V Hons.

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"Oh, Fr.....laughed!" This exclamation was the highest compliment to our variety entertainment which I overheard from one of our distinguished guests. To understand the force of this exclamation it must be known that Fr.....is noted for his philosophical seriousness and reputed for his frank confession that he could not laugh at commonplace jests. "Fr.....laughed!"—this is the highest compliment conferred upon Our Boarding Day Celebration and on the labours of all those who contributed to its success. But beneath all this external show and exuberant hilarity, there echoed and re-echoed the words of a far-off sage: "Lo, how good and joyous it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

M. D. VARKEY, III HONS.

B. Boarding House Excursion

13th January 1938

The morning mists were fast disappearing and the verdant plants were becoming clearer to the view as we wound our way along the southern bank of the Cauvery. We were out to enjoy a short distraction from books and pedagogues by a morning walk to the Grand Anicut some ten miles east of Trichinopoly. Impatiently we had spent a sleepless night, to start after an early breakfast. By sunrise we had left behind us the dust and squalor of Trichy. Once we reached the outskirts, and were well set on a march, we naturally fell into small groups. The eastern heavens were becoming crimson, announcing the advent of the life-giver of this earth. To our left, the Cauvery flowing with her solemn serenity reflected the shadows of the trees on either side. Watered by this Southern Ganges lay the green paddy fields, with patches of yellow wherein ears of ripe corn were bowing gracefully. Behind us at a distance stood the imperious rock-fort wishing us a pleasant trip. The luxuriant mass of foliage enlaced with creepers was spread along the river-bank, while the aged low-branched trees stood guard on either side at irregular intervals forming one of those long avenues so delightful to travellers.

We passed through a few hamlets on our way and the life therein presented a striking contrast to the bustle of the dust-covered streets of Trichy. There was a beauty in the quiet regularity and interest with which people carried on their daily avocations. On our way we met a number of stooping wrinkle-faced women carrying vegetables to the Town Market.

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The trees protected us from the sun and the soft breeze did its part in lightening the dreariness of the walk; for we disregarded the sound advice of R. L. S. and rather went on a march carrying with us the worries of the clock even outside the town. "We had to reach the place within the time stipulated; or else woe unto us." "An agreeable companion on the road is like a coach," goes the saying. Such one we had in our small group. With his profound knowledge of Homer and the Indian Epics, he was enlivening our company, though continually interrupted by the cynical remarks of a hearer with rather a critical turn of mind. At last the vague outline of the Anicut was visible in the distance and this made us forget even the little fatigue we felt, and with elated hearts we speeded towards it. Our youthful imagination conjured before us prospects of joy.

The Grand Anicut is at a distance of about four miles south of Lalgudi. It has three bends—the bulk in the centre with its arms shooting forth from it at an angle of about 150° and thus water is partitioned to three sides. The most southerly part of the Anicut is very new, being a part of the Mettur Project. The whole Anicut is a huge bridge resting on a number of arches and each arch is turned into a sluice. The technique of the operation of each sluice is not complex. Each sluice is provided with a machinery working on the principle of the Jack's Screw and there is also an indicator of the depth of water. Posterity is under a deep debt of gratitude to that noble King who initiated the scheme and to our ancestors who co-operated with him in this most useful undertaking.

After resting a while on the sandy mounds, we reached the mango groves adjacent to the Anicut. By the side of the river, the grove was a lovely Eden for such a short pleasure trip. There under the genial shadows of the mango trees while the breeze was gently blowing we had our lunch. We greatly wished to linger there for the whole day, but could not, because we had carried the worries of the clock. Lunch being over, we sang together an "Ave Maris Stella," to Our Lady and began our homeward journey *via* Lalgudi with the object of catching the train to the Town Station. Passing the sandy Coleroon with some difficulty, we reached the delightful road lined on both sides with cocoanut trees. The sun was indeed a little cruel, but the breeze tempered its severity. In our blissful ignorance of the shortest way to the Station we went in a circuitous way. The train had already arrived, had kindly delayed starting for our sake. We doubled and snatching the ticket from the monitor, we rushed into the train. Some were missing. Soon they arrived rushing

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through the openings in the Railway fence, our Prefect behind them all, and boarded the train. The train had begun to move when we saw six of our companions who having served us during the lunch were excusably late, running towards us. We breathed a sigh of relief as everybody clambered up and took his seat in the train.

We had had an unforgettably pleasant experience and it will be some time before we can hope for another, perhaps a whole day trip next time. As the train gathered speed, our faces were lit up with joy and our hearts swelled with gratitude for the Supreme Benefactor in Whom everything good takes its origin.

ANTONY RAJ, III U. C.

II. Hostel Notes

August 18th to 21st.—The Retreat holidays. The juniors avail themselves of this short vacation to go home and make themselves once more familiar with their old chums and old surroundings. The call of the home is also very strong in seniors; but graver considerations serve as a preventive.

The Sravanam feast is grand as usual in which none fails to have more than his quota. The boyish impulse is too great to be resisted, and the pranks and merry-makings of the members are tolerated by the Warden, who with his ever-paternal smile looks indulgently on these "erring children"

September 1st.—The College Day Sports in which we distinguish ourselves and maintain the good records of the Hostel. In Tug O'War especially our hostel team meets with formidable opponents, opponents worthy of our steel. But discipline and training assert themselves and our team come out winners.

But we do not forget the quarterly examination, everything goes on as usual, deep study and light sleep. The Juniors are as much excited about the coming test as the people of Eatanswill were about the "election".

The examination drags on till the 17th when the college closes with the hostel for the Michaelmas vacation.

September 30th.—The College reopens; we find ourselves again in the hostel—the vacation is too short! But we have our revenge. We do not

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go to the classes, since it is raining cats and dogs, and the day is declared a holiday. Nature's beneficent anger has tied us all to our rooms and the day is spent in idle merry talks, in many a warm nook and corner can be seen a cluster of jovial-faced young men indulging in long endless sleepy stories, with the narrator inevitably as the hero.

October 4th.—Mahalaya Amavasya. All our sins are washed away by a bath in the sacred waters of the Cauvery and brains are clearer as an inevitable result.

October 13th.—Today is the Saraswati pooja day. Our exertions in the feast to please the goddess of learning is so great that cooks began to complain about our devotion—so little has been left to them.

To crown all, our friends of the Southernmost corner celebrate the festival with pomp and grandeur worthy of the occasion. The muster of members the room contained when they came to receive the *prasadam* was so great that it was a riddle how that small room built of brick and mortar could possess the elasticity of rubber or the dilating powers of the anaconda.

This is the cricket season. The C. C. C. is busy; her bowlers and batsmen are in form. It plays "official and unofficial" tests with all the clubs in Trichy. Her bowlers perform hat tricks and batsmen score centuries.... and talk of Lord Tennyson and his team, making the most daring prophecies with the assurance of masters who know the game.

The month of November begins with Deepavali. The Selection examination is fast approaching. Yet Deepavali is no less important than the selections. Crackers are fired with happy impudence in the quadrangle. Members in general, adorn themselves with magnificent new clothes, and a few move with affected majesty.

At one end there is a crowd listening to the erudite lecture of a student, the significance of crackers and new clothes is explained clearly and yet forcibly. To the murmurs of the "doubtful" and the sceptical he answers loftily: Sirs, I am bound to furnish arguments and explanations, I am certainly under no obligation to create convictions.

November 13th.—Perfect silence and seriousness prevail in the hostel—excepting, of course, the ever-recurring and sing-song slogans of *jatka-valas* and hawkers. Even the heterogeneous sounds, of the never-

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wearying cars, which imitate all the possible animals in the Zoological gardens in making noise do not disturb the patient and steady readers, who are consuming midnight electricity absorbed in intellectual gymnastics. Finally the examination begins, goes on ruthlessly, and ends on the 6th December. The books are thrown into boxes and shelves with impunity, preparation actively going on for the journey home. Then the people depart in the gayest dresses and highest spirits: their merriment in the station was such that the arrival of the train was quite unnoticed—so great was the noise and chatter.

There were few exceptions who valiantly and devotedly struck to the sacred precincts of Clive's in spite of the strong attraction of their sweet homes. The U. T. Cs remain for a few days only, to depart for their camp at Pallavaram. The 'D' Company starts to the station in military array and the words "left right march" are heard until the footfalls die away in the distance.

January 4th.—The College and the hostel reopen. The members return to Clive's to find another agreeable surprise; the quadrangle has undergone a metamorphosis; the tank has disappeared. Perhaps our Warden took upon himself the task of drying up the tank in accordance with the plan of the ministry for a dry Province. Crotons and creepers adorn the quadrangle which now presents a graceful and dignified appearance.

January 11-13th.—The University examination is not far off, and demands strenuous efforts and steady application. That is no reason why we should not enjoy our Pongal festival. Today we are free to go out as gates are open. The "picture houses" compete with each other in welcoming us and people enjoy their liberty by crowding—no matter what the picture is.

February 9th.—The month of January has passed away with 'mocking fleetness' and February steals on us unawares. The long awaited picnic to Elamanur has come; the place though familiar has an infinite store of charms to attract us and present us simple beauty spots adorned by the Magician Nature. Our professors honour us by their presence, and throw off their reserve and aloofness and move intimately with us. We enjoy a true holiday today—we have cast off our habitual demeanors, and abandon ourselves to every boyish impulse.

Evening, and a moonlit sky. The rhythmic movement of the leaves caused by the gentle carasses of the wind, and the musical monotony of

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the running water on the golden sands of the Cauvery, combine to make the glorious moonlit night, a picture of beauty and grace which remind us of Him and His glory. The exercise on the sands is followed by supper. We return to Clive's at about 9 P.M. and re-enter our dull red old building with vociferous hurrahs.

February 13th.—Elamanur gets another visit from Saivite brethren. The incidents repeat themselves with delightful reiteration and regularity.

February 23rd.—The Hostel Day Celebrations. Clive's presents a colourful spectacle with its festoons and coloured lights and welcomes one and all with the attractive smile of a hostess. Flags emphasize the importance of the occasion and paper decoration its joviality.

In the morning sports form the main item. Competition for the championship is keen. Mr. Gopalkrishnan gets the much-coveted cup by a difference of one point.

As evening sets in, our College staff honour us by their presence. M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur Kulandaiswamy Pillai Avl., who was to preside is absent owing to a family bereavement. The Principal ever willing to help us in our troubles, solves the problem and cuts the Gordian knot by tactfully consenting to preside. Tea is served by the seniors in front of the barracks. The fight between hand and mouth summarily begins. "Jelaybis" are being gulped down while the eyes are fixed on the "Mysore paks" and oranges, which are the next victims. The assembly shifts to the front of the school building. Our budding baghavathars carry us into a blissful realm. Our orators were eloquent about the hostel and its merits and especially the strict discipline that is maintained here. Fire-tattoo and physical exercise form the next interesting item. But hark! What a rude interruption? Drunkards enter the arena as a protest against prohibition and hawkers offer tea as a counter attraction. Fortune-tellers, lawyers, lunatics, and the police do not leave us in peace and "Mariyayi" makes threatening gestures and prophetic pronouncements. Surely the 'Kurathi' with her wily looks entraps the audience and gets the applause as well as the prize. The Warden in his fiery speech, exhorts every student to "do what you are doing." The President also pleads for a clean orderly life which is essential both for individual and social development.

The Drama commences. "The Brink of Silence" is watched with unbroken silence. The curtain is drawn and the audience debates the wisdom





THOMAS ALVA EDISON 1847-1931
(Pencil sketch by V. Venkatraman, III B. Sc.)

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of Cole's 'decision'. The 'curtain rises again but now with the mad bellowings of an over-zealous scientist. But lo! omnipotent science does away with its own master.

Our visitors disperse but the inmates meet again after supper for music and a last cup of warm tea.

The Clive's Economics Union has not been inactive during the year. It has to its credit 17 meetings of which 3 are extraordinary. Fr. Steenkiste gives us an erudite lecture on the "Mystery man", the strong silent man Stalin and Mr. Arokiasamy deals with the burning problem of international importance viz. "The raw materials and colonies". Mr. Chinnasamy Iyer presides over a Hindi debate and gives his well-thought-out opinions as a constructive critic. Mr. Lawrence does not fail to do his duty by us, he honours the association by his presence and helps us by clarifying many doubtful points about Socialism.

The Anniversary falls on the 27th of February, and is a fitting climax to the year's activities. Fr. Carty blesses us all by his presence and enlightens us on "Fascist Economics". With his characteristic impartiality and fair judgment he denounces its extremism as ruthlessly as he admires its fair side. The Programme ends with tea and with the usual vote of thanks and cheers.

S. KRISHNA RAO, V Hons.

College Societies

I. The Literary and Debating Society

Having elected the secretaries, the Society held its inaugural meeting with Mr. S. V. Lawrence, M.A. in the chair, when Mr. T. A. Mathias, IV B. Sc. Hons. spoke on "The Systems of Education in different Countries." Describing the educational systems of England, France, U. S. A., Germany and Italy, the speaker brought out the fact that academic freedom, historic traditions and individual initiative were more marked in the former than in the latter countries. The speaker displayed a wealth of information which was the result of painstaking study of the subject. Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S.J., Principal, addressed a crowded meeting on 10-8-1937 on the subject "Modern Reaction to Victorian Poetry." Holding evenly the balance between the Victorians and the moderns, he illustrated with a wealth of quotations from all the major poets from Wordsworth to T. S. Eliot the modern reaction to the Victorian conventions of form, rhythm and music, which appeared to go to the other extreme of being formless. However he showed that beneath the apparent lack of form, there was a deeper and more complex metrical system in some of the modern poets like Bridges, T. S. Eliot, and Fr. Hopkins. The whole address was an illuminating survey of a century of English poetry.

"Total prohibition is desirable" was a topical subject of debate on 14-8-37 which Mr. V. Lakshminarayanan, V Hons. moved with arguments drawn from political, economic and national considerations. He was opposed by Mr. S. Suriyamurthi, III U. C. whose contention that it was better to be free than to be sober was not accepted by the House. Mr. S. M. Fossil, of the Madras Library Association spoke with great fervour on "The Library Movement" in our next meeting. With Mr. S. Krishna Rao, V Hons., as speaker a stormy debate on the motion that "Hindi should not be introduced as a compulsory subject" raged to a late hour when the mover Mr. S. Suriyamurthi carried the day against his opponent Mr. C. V. Duraisamy, B.A. On 11-9-37 Mr. S. V. Lawrence, M.A. attracted an eager crowd of beardless youth over his motion that "It is better to grow beards than to shave them". His opponent was powerless to stem the enthusiasm for beards. The next debate on "Moderation is the immediate necessity of the 20th century," was discussed between

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Mr. B. C. Verghese, IV Hons., and Mr. V. Arunagiri, IV U. C. On the 8th November Mr. George Thomas, B.A. moved that "India should continue to be a member of the British Commonwealth" and he was opposed by Mr. T. Venkataraman, B. Sc. The motion was lost.

Rev. Fr. Kalathil, S.J. fresh from Rome, delivered an instructive lecture on "My experiences in a Fascist State" and was able to prick several bubbles. The last debate for the year on "The Indian Federation is a sham" was initiated by Mr. V. M. Thomas and accepted by the house after a protracted discussion.

The Valedictory Address on "Hazlitt", was delivered by Mr. K. Chinna-samy Iyer, M.A., who gave a judicious estimate of this brilliant and erratic genius.

In all three competitions were held. In the B. A. extempore contest Mr. G. Saldanha and Mr. T. A. Mathias won the prizes, and in the Intermediate elocution contest Mr. Jothy Gonsalves, II U. C. and Mr. R. T. Joseph, I U. C. were the winners.

In the Inter-Collegiate elocution competition held at Kumbakonam for the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri's Gold Medal, our representative Mr. T. A. Mathias won the coveted distinction, this being the fifth occasion and the third year in succession when the honour has fallen to our college. With fifteen meetings in all and with the final success at Kumbakonam, our society may boast of having completed a very successful year of work.

S. SURIYAMURTHI, III U. C.
RICHARD D'PAUL, IV Hons.
Secretaries.

II. The History and Economics Association

The History and Economics Association started work for the academic year 1937-38 by electing Messrs. K. S. Ganapathi and B. C. Verghese of the IV Hons. Class Joint Secretaries at a business meeting held on 19-7-'37

The inaugural meeting was held on 3-8-'37 when there was a debate on "Modern Civilisation has done more harm than good". Mr. Richard D'Paul, IV Hons. moved the proposition while Mr. S. Suriyamurthi, III U. C. led the opposition. No less than twenty speakers took part

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in the debate. 51 voted for the proposition and 30 against. Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., who was the speaker, emphasized the moral aspect of civilisation and held that nearly all the present trouble in the world was due to the neglect of the moral foundations of civilisation.

Five more debates were held during the first two terms. On 17-8-'37 Mr. S. Krishna Rao, V Hons. moved "That in India social reform should precede political reform". Mr. N. M. Thomas, B.A., post-graduate, opposed. Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L. was the Speaker. The House decided in favour of the proposition by a large majority. The Speaker concurred with the House observing that the history of China showed the unhappy consequences of political freedom unaccompanied by social progress.

The proposition "The introduction of Federation is necessary for India's progress" was discussed on 4-9-'37, with Mr. P. S. Viswanathan, V Hons. as the Speaker. It was moved by Mr. S. Suriyamurthi, III U. C. and opposed by Mr. V. Srinivasan, V Hons. In the course of the debate three amendments were moved. The proposition as amended by Mr. C. S. Duraisamy, V B. Sc. Hons. viz., "The introduction of Federation as accepted by a constituent assembly is necessary for India's progress" was adopted by 34 to 7 votes.

The Madras Agriculturists' Moratorium Bill came up for discussion at a meeting held on 15-10-37 with Mr. S. Krishna Rao, V Hons. as the Speaker. Mr. K. Lakshminarayana, V Hons. led the discussion in favour of the Bill. Mr. M. R. Subramanian, V Hons. opposed it. The House voted for the Bill by a large majority. Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., who was Observer dissented from the House's decision and pointed out that no real purpose was served by the Moratorium Bill and that what was required was a constructive measure which would solve agricultural indebtedness.

"Non-intervention is the best policy for other nations towards the Sino-Japanese Conflict" formed the subject of a long and animated debate held on 29-10-'37 with Mr. George Thomas, B.A. as the Speaker. The proposition was moved by Mr. V. Damodara Menon, III Hons. and opposed by Mr. B. C. Verghese, IV Hons. When put to vote, it was carried by a narrow majority of four.

On 16-11-'37 Mr. Benjamin Susai, III U. C. moved that "History is a pack of lies." Mr. K. S. Ganapathi, IV Hons. opposed. Mr. C. S. Duraisamy, V B. Sc. Hons. was the Speaker. Despite the mover's skilful manoeuvres, the proposition was lost by one vote.

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During the third term four extraordinary meetings were held. On 10-1-'38 Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L., delivered a lecture on the Madras Agriculturists' Debt Relief Bill. Explaining the scope and far-reaching effects of the Bill, he pointed out that the Bill suitably amended in certain respects would prove to be a courageous measure of reform on behalf of our debt-crushed peasantry.

Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A. spoke on "The Conflict of Ideologies" on 27-1-'38. Declaring that the ideologies in conflict were Capitalism, Fascism, Socialism and Communism, he explained their underlying principles and the real nature of the opposition between them and held that the safety of the world lay neither with Fascism nor Socialism but with a new social order based on Social Justice.

Mr. A. Swaminathan, B.A. Hons. delivered a lecture on "Some aspects of the Indian Federation." Mr. K. Chinnasamy Iyer, M.A. presided. The lecturer brought out very clearly the salient points of the Indian Federation and urged that the Federal scheme laid down in the Government of India Act 1935 should be given a fair trial. The Chairman also emphasized the need for accepting and working the Federation.

The valedictory address of the Association was delivered by Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J. on 25-2-'38 on "Economic Equality." Economic equality, Father Carty said, did not mean an absolutely equal distribution of wealth among the citizens of a country. Even if it were possible, such quantitative equality would not solve the social problem, as soon after the distribution, inequalities were bound to arise, given the natural inequalities of men in their physical, intellectual and spiritual capacities. Real economic equality implied that every citizen was able to obtain his due share of Social Justice. This meant in the concrete that the labourers should get a decent living family wage, and also a share in the profits of industry. Minimum wage legislation and family allowances were some of the measures calculated to realise Social Justice for the labourer and to give him true economic equality.

An essay competition was held this year. The subjects were: Senior section (B.A. and B.A. Hons. Classes): "The State and Economic Progress"; Junior Section (Intermediate Classes): "The Reform of the South Indian Stage." The prize-winners were: Senior Section: Mr. K. S. Ganapathi, IV Hons.; Junior Section: Susai Sengole, II U. C.

Our meetings were well-attended. Our debates were lively and often drew participants and listeners from other branches too. We take this

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opportunity to thank our President, Vice-President and all the members of the College Staff for their valuable help, and all the members for their willing co-operation.

K. S. GANAPATHI, IV Hons.

B. C. VERGHESE, IV Hons.

Secretaries.

III. The Scientific Society

The Scientific Society commenced its functions with a business meeting on Monday, 19th July 1937, when Mr. C. A. George, IV Hons. was elected Secretary for the current academic year. Since then, altogether 9 meetings were held.

On "Medicine and Science" was the inaugural address, delivered on Thursday, 12th Aug. 1937, by Dr. R. Kalamegham, B.A., M.B.B.S. Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J., was in the chair. The lecture was illustrated by lantern projections. The distinguished president exhorted the audience to study science for its own sake. He stressed the need for cultivating that love of research, which alone led to progress.

The first extraordinary meeting was held on Saturday, 28th Aug. 1937, when Mr. C. P. Devassy, B.Sc. (Hons.), Lecturer in Physics, Holy Cross College, Trichy, spoke on "Television." Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.), who was in the chair, made an apology for the scientists! "Not a superior head", he said, "but an inferior heart is responsible for destruction."

Messrs. C. S. Doraiswamy, and S. Krishnan, both V Hons. gave lectures on "Ultra-Sonics" and "The Expanding Universe," respectively on 15th Oct. and 19th Nov. 1937.

We had extraordinary lectures on: "Modern Electricity," by Mr. V. K. Govinda Menon, B.Sc. (Engin.), Asst. Engineer, Pykara sub-station, Trichy; "The Cathode Ray Tube and its uses in Television", by Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.), "Chemistry in the destruction of man, and protection by gas-respirators," by Mr. P. R. Subrahmanya Iyer, M.A., "Artificial disintegration of the Atom", by Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Iyer, M.A., our President himself; and lastly, "Two Recent Theories of Light", by Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J. If Mr. P. R. Subrahmanya Iyer, M.A., taught us a first lesson in anti-air-craft—indeed a very timely lesson at the present day, when all nations are becoming air-minded—, our president gave

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us a life's lesson: he said, "sirs, be nobler than clever; mind character more than intellect."

The one novel feature of the year, which gave a fresh life and impetus to the work of the Society was the Essay Competition in all the subjects to which the Society is devoted viz., Chemistry, Physics and Botany. The number of competitors in each subject was in good proportion to the size of the group studying it. Thus, 12 wrote on "The Constitution of the Atom". Of these Mr. G. S. A. Saldanha, V Hons. got the prize, and Mr. S. Ramamirtham, V Hons. and Mr. T. A. Mathias, IV Hons., were bracketed next in merit: 10 wrote on "The Alkali Industry and its future in S. India", and Mr. K. V. Krishnamurthy, III B.Sc. got the prize; Mr. K. R. Kailasam, IV B. A. standing next in merit; 6 wrote on "The Heterotrophic Nutrition in Plants", and Mr. A. Nallathayappan, IV B. A. won the prize, Mr. P. Rabindran, IV B. A. being next in merit. On behalf of the Scientific Society, I congratulate the prize winners.

We are very grateful to Rev. Fr. A. Haas, S.J., Rev. Fr. A. Rapinat, S.J., and Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Iyer, M.A., and their colleagues for their kindness and valuable help and thank all the members of the Society for their hearty co-operation.

C. A. GEORGE, IV B. Sc. Hons.

Secretary.

IV. The Mathematics Association

The inaugural address was delivered by our distinguished lecturer Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar Avl., M.A., on Monday, the 9th Aug. 1937, with Mr. P. E. Subramania Iyer Avl., M.A. of the Physics Staff in the chair. The lecture which was marked by excellent touches of humour was a clear exposition of "Non-Euclidian Geometry" a subject of unfailing interest to us.

On the 30th Sept. '37, Rev. Fr. Ferroli, S.J., D.Sc gave us a learned lecture on "Gravitation". He dealt with Fr. Secchi's ideas on gravitation and mentioned how those ideas had echoes in the theory of Relativity.

Mr. S. Suryanarayana Iyer Avl., M.A., addressed a crowded gathering on the 22nd Oct. '37, when he dealt with some "Mathematical Problems and Puzzles". The lecture proved beyond doubt that Mathematical topics could be made interesting even to the layman.

The next lecture was delivered by Mr. G. V. Ramachandra Iyer Avl., B.A. (Hons.) on the 21st Jan. '38 when he exposed the properties of the "Absolute Conic" in a lucid manner.

We held three ordinary meetings one in each term.

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Mr. A. Srinivasa Rao of the IV Hons. spoke on the "Fourth Dimension". Mr. K. O. Augustine of the IV Hons. discussed the theory of "Restricted Relativity" and Mr. M. P. K. Menon of the IV Hons. dealt with "Vectors and Quaternion Multiplication."

In addition, we had the good fortune to attend a series of lectures by Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J., D.Sc. delivered by way of University Readership lectures.

A welcome innovation this year was the essay competition open to members of the Mathematics Association, for the award of two prizes. The prize winners were A. Srinivasa Rao, IV Hons., I Prize and N. K. Srinivasan, III U.C., II Prize.

On the whole we have the satisfaction of saying that our Society has worked tolerably well this year.

M. P. KUTTIKRISHNA MENON, IV Hons.
Secretary.

V. The Sanskrit Samajam

The work of the Samajam for this year began with the inaugural address delivered on 31st July 1937 by M.R.Ry. A. V. Gopalachariar Avl., M.A., B.L., Advocate, Trichinopoly. The learned lecturer in the course of his address on 'Bhavabhūti's Uttararāma-Carita' dwelt on the several merits of Bhavabhūti's as a dramatist. Quoting profusely from the Uttararāma-Carita, he illustrated the rich imagination and suggestive language of the poet. The new light of interpretation that he shed on some of the most important verses in the play, and the very significant and interesting variations in reading, were very warmly appreciated by the audience.

The next extraordinary meeting was held on 1st Feb. 1938 under specially sad circumstances. Mahāmahōpādhyaya Pundit T. V. Srinivasa-chariar Avl., retired Sanskrit Pundit of our College, under whose careful guidance the Samajam was first founded passed away on 26th Jan. 1938 and the members of the Samajam assembled to pay him their respectful tribute. M.R.Ry. V. Gopala Iyengar Avl. who held the chair spoke briefly on the profound erudition of the pundit and his great contribution to the cause of learning both in the form of original compositions in Sanskrit and by translation of the great classics. A resolution of condolence was passed unanimously, all the members standing.

On the 8th Feb. 1938 we heard Mr. M. J. Kuriackose, M.A., on "The influence of Sanskrit on Kerala literature." The lecturer traced the evolu-

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tion of Kerala language and literature through its various stages and estimated the extent of the linguistic and cultural influence exercised by Sanskrit. He deplored the indiscriminate and excessive fusion of Sanskrit words and terminations into Malayalam as we have in the Manipravala literature and showed at the same time how the attempt to banish Sanskrit words absolutely had ended in failure. In conclusion he upheld a limited and reasonable intermixture of Sanskrit and indigenous Malayalam both in the vocabulary and literary modes and conventions.

Six ordinary meetings were held in the course of the year of which two deserve special mention. In one of them R. V. Seshadri, III U.C. spoke in Sanskrit on "The Spirit of Service." While complimenting the speaker on his facility of expression, our President, who was then in the chair, exhorted the members to cultivate the practice of writing and speaking in Sanskrit. The advice was quickly heeded and B. Ramamurti, II U.C. came forward with a really thoughtful paper in Sanskrit on "The means to be adopted for the improvement of Sanskrit studies." We take this opportunity of expressing our fervent hope that the members of the Samajam in the coming year might gradually develop their talents for speaking in Sanskrit so that all the deliberations of the Samajam might be conducted in Sanskrit henceforth.

In the course of the other ordinary meetings R. V. Seshadri, III U.C. presented on 13th Aug. '37, a comparative study of Subandhu and Bāṇa as writers of prose romance. N. Sivasubramanyan, IV U.C. explained and illustrated on 6th Oct. '37 the several literary diversions current among Sanskrit scholars. R. Setumadhavan, IV U.C. speaking in a meeting held on 21st Oct. '37 discussed the merits and defects of Māgha's literary art and A. R. Krishnamurti, IV U.C. lectured on 9th Nov. '37 on "Pathos in Uttararāma-Carita."

As usual, we held two elocution contests, one open to the members belonging to the B. A. classes and the other to the members of the Intermediate classes. Messrs. T. Totadri Iyengar, M.A., M. M. Mani, M.A., G. Vaidyanatha Iyer, B.A., L.T., and our President, M.R.Ry. V. Gopala Iyengar Avl., M.A., acted as Judges in these competitions held on 22nd Feb. 1938. The prizes were awarded as follows:—

B.A. Competition.

R. V. Seshadri, III U.C., I Prize.
S. Venkataraman, III U.C., II Prize.

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Intermediate Competition.

R. Venkatasubramanian, II U.C., I Prize.

R. S. Subramanian, II U.C., II Prize.

In conclusion we beg to record our sincere thanks to our lecturers and chairmen, to the judges of our competitions and to all our other benefactors whose co-operation and good-will has helped the Samājam to complete one more year of its useful service.

N. SIVASUBRAMANIAN, IV U.C.,
Secretary.

VI. தமிழ்ச் சங்கம்

இச்சங்கத்தின் 1937-ஸ்ரீ ஜூலை-மீ 24-ந் வயில் நிகழ்ந்த தலையாய தகைபெருங் கூட்டத்திற்கு அண்ணாமலைச் சர்வகலாசாலைத் தமிழ்ப்பேராசிரியர் உயர்திரு. S. சோமசுந்திர பாரதியாரவர்கள் தலைமை வகித்தனர். அக்காலப் பேராசிரியர்கள் பலரும் மாணவர்களும் ஏனையோரும் திரளாகக் குழுமியிருந்தனர்.

நிகழ்ச்சியின் தொடக்கத்தில் நம் கல்லூரித் தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியரும் சங்கத்தலைவருமான உயர்திரு. M. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள் திரு. பாரதியாரவர்களை அவையோருக்கு அறிமுகப்படுத்துவான் அன்றாது ஒப்புயர்வற்ற திப்பிய தமிழ்த்திறனையும் தமிழிற்கென அவர் ஆற்றிவரும் செயலையும் செவ்விதி னுரைத்தார்.

பின்பு அவைத்தலைவரவர்கள் தமிழர் நாகரீகத்தைப்பற்றித் தமது பெருமிதம்வாய்ந்த சொற்களால் ஒரு அரிய சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்.

‘நாகரீகம்’ என்ற சொல்லிற்குச் சரியான தமிழ்மொழியாகிய ‘ஊராண்மை’ என்ற சொல் திருக்குறளில் ‘கண்ணோட்டம்’ அல்லது ‘தாட்சண்யம்’ என்ற பொருளில் வந்துளதென்றும் இதற்கும் ஊரிற்கும் உள்ள தொடர்பு யாதென்றும் விளக்கினார். மக்களது நாகரீகத்தைக் காட்டுவது அவர்தம் ஆடை அணிகளன்று, அவர்களது சீரிய மனப்பண்பே. அம்மனப் பண்பை அவர்களது இலக்கியங்கள் தன்னகத்தே கொண்டுவிடும். தமிழ் இலக்கியம் தாளமொடு பவளமும் மணியும்கொண்டு விளங்காநிற்கும் ஓர் விரி கடல், இவ்வளப்பருஞ் சலதியில் இக்காலத்தில் பல போலிப் பத்திரிகைகள் மிதந்து வருகின்றன. இவைகளின் விசித்திரக் கோட்பாட்டினால் தமிழ்க் கலை கவினிழந்து கண்டவர் கைகொட்டி எள்ளிகையாடும் புல்லிய நிலைவிருக்கின்றன. ஆகவே நந்தமிழ்மொழி பண்டைப் பொலிவுடன் விளங்கவேண்டுமாயின் புலவர்கள் அவ்வப்போது தோன்றும் நவநவ உணர்ச்சிகளைச் செய்யுட்களாகச் செய்து வழங்க வேண்டுமென்றார்.

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முடிவாகத் தலைவரவர்கள் மக்கள் ஒத்துழைப்பதையும் சிறந்த ஒழுக்கத் தையும் பழகவேண்டுமென்றும் அவ்வாறு ஒழுக்குவதுதான் நாகரீகத்தின் முடிந்த கருத்தென்றும், இக்கலை பெய்தப் பெறுதான் கயவனெனக் கருதப் படுவானென்றும், இதற்கு மேற்கோளாக “மக்களேபோல்வார் கயவர், அவரன்ன ஒப்பார் யான் கண்டதில்லை;” என்ற குறளைக் காட்டி அதற்குத் தன்னுடைய ஆய்ந்த அறிவிற்கெட்டிய பொருளை அவையோர் பரவசமடைய நயம்படச் சொல்லி முகடுகிண்டெழும் கரகோஷத்தினிடையே தன் சொற்பொழிவை முடித்தார்.

பின்னர் திருவாளர் M. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள் நாகரீகமென்பது சிற்ப வல்லோன் செவ்விதின் அமைத்ததோர் தேர்போன்றதென்றும் அதன் பிரகம அங்கமாகிய தலையலங்காரம் என்பதைமட்டும் திரு. பாரதியார் அவர்கள் காட்டினாரென்றும் ஏனைய உறுப்புக்களைக் காலமின்மையினால் விளக்காது விலக்கினு ரென்றும் கூறித், தலைவரவர்களுக்கு மாலை சூட்ட கூட்டம் கலைந்தது.

5—8—37 :—

சங்கத்தின் இரண்டாவது கூட்டம் இன்று நிகழ்ந்தது. அப்பொழுது நம் தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியரின் தலைமையின்கீழ் நான்காம் வகுப்பு மாணவர் V. முனிசாமி என்பவர் “தமைபனுக்கு நஞ்சாய தங்கை” என்ற தலைப்பின் கீழ் பேசினார். சூர்ப்பனகையினுடைய கணவன் இராவணனால் உயிர் துறந்த பொழுது அவன் தன் கணவனுடைய சடலத்தின் மேல் புறண்டு “நின் ஆவியை நீத்தாரைப் பழிக்குப்பழி வாங்குவேன்” என்று வஞ்சினங் கூறிப் புலம்பினான். இது நிறைவேறுதற்கு வேண்டியவாறே அவளுடைய செய்கைகளும் நிகழ்ந்தனவென்று கூறினார்.

6—9—37 :—

இச்சங்கத்தின் மூன்றாவது கூட்டம் நம் தமிழ் உபபோதகாசிரியர் திருவாளர் N. பெரியண்ணன் அவர்கள் தலைமையின்கீழ் நடந்தபொழுது இரண்டாவது வகுப்பு மாணவர் ரம்போலா என்பவர் ‘சங்ககாலம்’ என்பதைப் பற்றிப் பேசினார். பண்டைக்காலத்தில் சங்கமென்பதொன்று இருந்ததோ இல்லையோவென்று ஐயுறவேண்டியிருக்கிறது என்று சொல்லி அதற்குப் பல ஆதாரங்கள் காட்டினார்.

16—10—37 :—

சங்கத்தின் நான்காவது கூட்டத்தில் நம் கல்லூரி சரித்திரப் பேராசிரியர் உயர்திரு. தாமஸ் சீனியாசன் அவர்கள் தலைமை வகித்து “இந்தியாவின் பழைய நாகரீகமும் தமிழும்” என்பதைப்பற்றி அரியதொரு சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார். சிந்து மாகாணத்தில் சிந்துநதிக்கரையிலுள்ள ‘முகஞ்சதாரோ’ என்னும் ஊரில் பத்து வருடங்களுக்குமுன் நிலத்தைத் தோண்டிப்பார்த்ததில்

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பல பொருள்கள் கிடைத்தனவென்றும் அவைகளைக்கொண்டு ஆராய்ச்சியாளர்கள் நம் நாட்டின் பழங்குடிகளின் நாகரீகத்தை ஊக்கின்றனவென்றும் கூறினர். பின்னர் சங்கத்தலைவர் சங்கத்தின் சார்பாக நன்றிகூறக் கூட்டம் இனிது நிறைவேற்றிற்று.

5—11—37:—

ஐந்தாம் கூட்டம் சங்கத்தலைவரின் தலைமையின்கீழ் நடந்தபொழுது முதல் வகுப்பு மாணவர் அலோஷியஸ் அந்தோனி என்பவர் திருக்குறளின் நயம் என்பதைப்பற்றிப் பேசினார். திருக்குறளின் ஆசிரியராகிய திருவள்ளுவருடைய வரலாற்றினைச் சுருக்கமாய்ச் சொல்லியபின்னர் அவர் யாத்த இந்நூலின் பாகுபாட்டினை விரிவாகப் பேசினார்.

25—1—38:—

ஆறாவது கூட்டத்தில் நம் கல்லூரி சரித்திரப் பேராசிரியர் உயர்திரு. A. ஹிருதயசாமி அவர்கள் தலைமை வகித்துத் “தற்கால கிராமப் பொருளாதார நிலைமை” என்ற தலைப்பின்கீழ்ப் பேசினார். தற்காலத்தில் கிராமங்களின் நிலைமை நசித்துக்கொண்டே வருகிறதென்றும், அவைகளின் முன்னேற்றத்திற்கு வேண்டிய ஏற்பாடுகளைக் கவனகூட்டி, தாசில்தார் முதலியவர்கள் வாயிலாகச் செய்யவேண்டுமென்றும் கூறினர். பின்னர் சங்கத்தலைவர் வந்தனோபசாரங்கூறக் கூட்டம் இனிது முடிவுற்றது.

28—1—38:—

ஏழாவது கூட்டத்தில் நம் ஆங்கிலப் பேராசிரியர் பல்கலைக் கலைஞர் உயர்திரு. K. சின்னசாமி அய்யாவர்கள் தலைமை வகித்து “சாளுக்கிய அரசர்களும் சிற்பங்களும்” என்ற தலைப்பின்கீழ் ஒரு சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார். மைசூருக்கருகிலுள்ள கோவில்களின் சிற்ப வேலைப்பாடு மேனாட்டிலுள்ள ‘பாலாஸ் அத்தனி’ என்ற இடத்திலுள்ள சிற்ப வேலைப்பாட்டினும் விஞ்சியதென்று கூறினர். வழக்கம்போல் வந்தனோபசாரங் கூறக் கூட்டம் இனிது கலைந்தது.

3—2—38:—

எட்டாவது கூட்டத்தில் நம் ஆங்கிலப் பேராசிரியர் உயர்திரு. S. V. லாரென்ஸ் அவர்கள் தலைமை தாங்கித் “தமிழரும் வருங்கால நிலைமையும்” என்பதைப்பற்றிச் சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார். வருங்காலப் பெருவாழ்வினை வகிக்கும் நாம் எத்தகைய தமிழைப் பேசவும் எழுதவும் வேண்டுமென்பதைப்பற்றிக் குதுகலத்துடன் பேசினார். சங்ககால இலக்கியங்களிலுள்ள இறுக்கமான சொற்றொடர்களையும் காடுமுரடான பதங்களையும் எழுதுவதிலோ பேசுவதிலோ பிரயோகிக்காமல் இலகுவான வசன நடையையே கைக்கொள்ள வேண்டுமென்றார். ஆங்கிலம்போல் தமிழும் விருத்தியடையவேண்டுமென்றால்

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பிற பாஷைகளினின்றும் சொற்களைக் கடன் வாங்கிக்கொள்ளவேண்டுமென்று தன் கருத்தை வெளியிட்டார்.

இறுதியாக நம் சங்கத் தலைவர் உயர்திரு. M. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள் எழுந்து தமிழில் எளிய நடையில் வசன புத்தகங்கள் இயற்றவேண்டுமென்றும் எல்லோரும் தமிழ் இலக்கியங்களை நன்றாகக் கற்கவேண்டும் என்றும், அந்நூல்களிலே தங்கள் கருத்தை வெளிப்படுத்துவதற்கேற்ற மொழிகளைப் பெற இயலாவிட்டால் பிறமொழிச் சொற்களைத் தமிழ்மொழிக்கு ஏற்ற முறையில் ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளலாமென்றுங் கூறிச் சொற்பொழிவாளரின் அறிவு ஆற்றலையிகவும் பாராட்டிப் பேசினார்.

25—2—38:—

ஒன்பதாவது கூட்டம் இன்று நிகழ்ந்தது. அன்று பலர் தமிழ்ச் சொற்போட்டியில் கலந்துகொண்டனர். திருவாளர்களாகிய S. கிருஷ்ணசாமி அய்யங்கார் அவர்களும் K. சுவாமிநாதய்யர் அவர்களும் சொற்போட்டியின் திறனைக்கண்டு முடிவு கூறுவதற்கு இசைந்து தேர்வாளர்களாக வீற்றிருந்தார்கள். பி. ஏ. வகுப்பின் மாணவர்களாகிய முனிசாமியும், சூரியமூர்த்தியும், முறையே ஒன்று இரண்டாம் பரிசுகளையும்; இண்டர்மீடியட் வகுப்பு மாணவர்களாகிய கண்ணன், ரம்போலா என்பவர்கள் முறையே ஒன்று இரண்டாம் பரிசுகளையும் பெறுவதற்கு உரியவர்களானார்கள்.

தமிழ்ச்சங்கக் கூட்டங்கள் அவ்வப்பொழுது இனிது நிறைவேற பேர் உதவிகளைச் செய்த எங்கள் தமிழாசிரியருக்கும், பிற ஆசிரியர்களுக்கும் எங்கள் உள்ளம் நிறைந்த நன்றியைச் செலுத்துகின்றோம்.

V. கந்தசாமி, IV U. C.

அமைச்சர்.

VII. The Malayalee Samaj

In the business meeting held on the 20th July 1937 under the presidency of Mr. M. J. Kuriackose, M. A., Messrs. G. N. Madhavan Pillay and Walter Fernandez of IV U. C. were elected Secretaries.

The Inaugural Meeting was held on the 24th July 1937 under the presidency of Sahib Bahadur C. C. O. Alipi Sahib Avl., B. A., B. L., Sub-Judge, Trichinopoly. Mr. C. P. Devassy, B. Sc. (Hons.) of the Holy Cross College, Trichinopoly, a former member of the Samaj, addressed the gathering on “The other side of Malayalam literature”. The lecturer in his characteristic humour dwelt at length on the stale and stereotyped manner of characterisation and composition of the present-day writers

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and poets of Malayalam in the various branches viz., the sandesas, the dramas, lyrics and novels. The heroes and heroines, the speaker deplored, were incarnations of charity, purity and beauty unseen and unheard of in the practical world. In his concluding speech, the president warned the students against following the present writers, who without any control, adulterated the language by the abnormal use of Sanskrit words and thereby minimised the resources of Malayalam.

The members of the Samaj staged a debate on the 5th August '37 with Mr. M. J. Kuriackose, M. A. in the chair. Mr. N. P. Inasu moved the proposition "The love of Vasavadatta in 'Karuna' is pure", seconded by Mr. N. M. Thomas, B. A. Mr. B. C. Verghese, seconded by Mr. C. A. George opposed the motion. Both the parties adduced adequate arguments on the pros and cons of the burning question of love. On being put to vote the proposition was rejected by an overwhelming majority. The president made a few remarks at the end, showing his agreement with the No's.

On the 17th August 1937, Mr. C. K. Kesavan Nair spoke on the necessity of a World Youth League. The president, Mr. T. C. Joseph, M. Sc., gave his views as to how the League should be conducted. On the 27th August Mr. G. N. Madhavan Pillay spoke on "The poetry of Vallathol". Mr. B. C. Verghese presided. The audience was entertained by Mr. Madhavan Pillay who represented the striking death scene of Velu Thampi Dalava, a former Dewan of Travancore. The next meeting was presided over by Mr. Padmanabha Sastrigal, Lecturer in Malayalam, Holy Cross College, Trichinopoly. Mr. K. Raman Nayar spoke on "Modern Malayalam Poetry". The president, in his concluding speech, showed how the literature was losing its poetic ecstasy and beauty of diction at the present day. The next meeting was a debate on "Our language does not deserve encouragement" moved by Mr. C. A. George and seconded by Mr. N. M. Thomas, B. A. Rev. Fr. Cyriac Menacherry presided. Mr. T. A. Joseph seconded by Mr. M. D. Varkey opposed the motion. The majority proved to be lovers of Kairali and the opposition won the day.

An extraordinary meeting was held on the 28th Oct. '37 under the presidentship of Mr. A. V. Balakrishna Menon, B. A., B. L., Principal District Munsiff, Trichinopoly. Mr. M. M. Mani, M. A. addressed the gathering on "The poetry of Kumaran Asan" and enlightened the audience by suitable quotations from the various works of Asan. Mr. G. N. Madhavan Pillay's acting of the last days of Judas from "Kalvariye Kalpapadapam" was an interesting item of the day. The president in his

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concluding speech expressed his appreciation on the day's proceedings and expressed his desire to attend such functions with the young Malayalee friends more often.

The last ordinary meeting was held on the 20th January 1938 with Mr. M. J. Kuriackose, M. A., in the chair. Mr. C. P. Kurian spoke on "Literature and Painting". Several short speeches were made on the two arts and the meeting came to a close with the concluding speech from the chair. The valedictory address of the Samaj was delivered on the 19th Feb. 1938, by Mr. A. V. Kuttikrishna Menon, M. A., B. L., L. T., Principal, Zamorin's College, Calicut. A condolence resolution, touching the death of Mr. P. K. Narayana Pillay, the well-known Malayalee scholar and critic, was passed. In his speech on "Our Mother-tongue", the learned lecturer insisted on speaking and writing whenever possible in Malayalam, and condemned the snobbish habit of mixing up English words in conversations. The meeting was largely attended by students and distinguished guests.

On the 26th Feb. '38 we conducted the usual extempore speech contest. The topics given for discussion were:—(1) Some practical suggestions for the growth of the Malayalam language, (2) How far would an educational reform help the solution of the problems confronting India today, and (3) Can the moral advancement of the people be effected by State legislation. Of the 23 competitors, the majority turned out to be the promoters of the language rather than politicians to solve the problems of India. Messrs. B. C. Verghese and Walter Fernandez won the first and second prizes respectively with Mr. K. R. Kailasam coming next in merit in the B. A. Section and Messrs. C. J. Mathew and T. P. Kunjuvareed won the first and second prizes in the Intermediate Section, and Mr. R. T. Joseph came next in merit.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank our benefactors from outside as well as from among the Staff of the College for the valuable help and co-operation they have rendered to us.

G. N. MADHAVAN PILLAY, IV U. C.

WALTER FERNANDEZ, IV U. C.

Secretaries.

Field Notes: 1937-'38

THE year under review may be truly characterised as one of clean participation in games and sports, and of enviable harmony between the different sections. We owe this in a large measure to the active support we received from one and all of the members of the Athletic Committee, and in particular to the paternal interest taken by the President, Rev. J. P. Gering, S.J. We would also like to place on record our appreciation of the strenuous labours of our Field Club Captains, whose names are as under:—

D. Varghese	...	General Captain, and Captain for Soccer.
L. J. Lobo	...	Captain for Hockey.
M. S. Shastri	...	Captain for Tennis.
T. D'Couto	...	Captain for Boarding games.
P. V. Rajaram	...	Captain for Clive's games.

The excellent sporting character and team spirit displayed by our Representative teams in all fixtures are the best tribute to the sound leadership of our skippers.

University Fixtures

We entered the University Inter-Collegiate competitions in Hockey, Football and Athletic Sports. In the preliminary rounds of the Hockey Tournament, we proved too superior to our opponents,—the National College and Maharaja's College, whom we defeated by 8 and 9 goals love respectively. In the Finals held at Madura, we were leading by 1 love till almost the last minute of the game, when St. Xavier's College equalised and defeated us by the odd goal in 3. The regret over the unsuspected misfortune was no doubt keenly felt for a moment, but was soon drowned in the cool drinks we shared with our more lucky rivals and in the satisfaction that they had won the day by a clean game.

Our loss in Hockey was more than compensated for by the glorious triumphs we achieved in the Athletic Sports held at Madura. Six Colleges participated, and nine events were held. It is no small pleasure that we finished first in all the events but one, and secured in addition the second rank in four events. V. E. Lobo, P. K. William, N. A. Rengaswamy, B. A. Xavier, P. L. Hormis, P. A. George and M. J. Joseph may well be proud of the honour they have brought to the Alma Mater.



S. R. V. THATAM (F. P.) and M. S. SHASTRI, V Hons.
Winners, Trichy U. Club Open Tennis Tournament.



S. V. GNANAPRAGASAM, V. F. and VINCENT LOBO, H U. C
School and College Champions

FIELD NOTES : 1937-'38

In football we outclassed the teams of the National College and Maharaja's College, whom we defeated in the Preliminary rounds by 13 and 8 goals love respectively. In the Finals held in Madura in Oct. 37 the American College won a Pyrrhic victory, which was quashed by the Divisional Organization owing to an infringement of the rules of the competition. In the replay held at Madura in Nov. 37, we won against them by 3 goals nil; and this victory is all the more creditable as we won it in spite of an unprecedented barracking from the side lines.

Thus we annexed the University Divisional Championships in Football and Athletic Sports. We regret we could not take part in the Inter-Divisional Meet at Madras owing to the inconvenience of the dates fixed for the meet.

Outside Fixtures

Our achievements in outside fixtures are a mixed record. In the U. T. C. Camp held last December, N. A. Rengaswamy annexed the Cross-Country Championship Cup for the third year in succession, and P. K. William finished second best. In Hockey, Football, Tug O'War and Athletic Sports, we finished second best, and could have easily won the championships in all these events if only some of our athletes had not been U. T. C.-shy.

It is regrettable that the District Athletic Association Open Tournaments were given up owing to paucity of entries. We could take part only in a few open Tennis Tournaments conducted by the Loyola College, Madras, and the local Union and City Clubs. In this connection special mention must be made of the successes of M. S. Shastri, who finished as Runner-up in the Open Mixed Doubles Tournament held by the City Club, and won the championship in the Open Gentlemen's Doubles Tournament run by the Union Club.

Home Fixtures

The College Annual Sports held on 1 Sep. '37 was voted on all hands a grand success. Capt. T. Swami Desikachari presided, and Mrs. Swami Desikachari gave away the cups and medals to the successful athletes. Great credit is due to our College Cadets for preserving Law and Order on the ground; and we are much indebted to the Staff members, whose hearty co-operation made possible the expeditious disposal of a crowded programme. The extravagant, but orderly, rejoicings with which the vast

concourse of spectators feted the prizemen was a scene of unforgettable pleasure. Our special compliments are due to Vincey Lobo on his annexing the Championship Cup after a very close fight with P. K. William, our former champion.

The Annual Home Tournaments proved exciting enough. The phenomenal increase in the entries for Tennis, which were as many as 73, counterbalanced the regrettable fall in the entries for Volleyball and Basketball. The results of the Tournaments are as under :—

EVENT	WINNER	RUNNER-UP.
1. Principal's Cup, Hockey	Boarding Spartans. (I U. C.)	Wanderers. (IV U. C.)
2. Rao Saheb Dr. A. Mathuram Cup, Football	Merry Mates. (III U. C.)	West-Coast Sevens. (IV U. C.)
3. Fr. Leigh Cup, Basketball	Spartans. (Hons.)	Boomerangs. (B. Sc.)
4. Supdt's Shield, Volleyball	Central Stars. (IV U. C.)	West-coasters. (II U. C.)
5. Warden's Cup, Badminton	M. S. Shastry and G. K. Warier.	Sundaramurty and Srinivasan.
6. Fr. Pruvot Cup, Tennis Senior Singles	M. S. Shastry.	Mr. A. C. Joseph, M.A.
7. Fr. Mona Cup, Tennis Senior Doubles	Mr. V. Renganathan, M.A., & M. S. Shastry.	Regunathan and Govindarajulu.
8. Sanjeevi Cup, Tennis Junior Singles	Janardhanam.	Sarangapani.
9. Tennis Junior Doubles, Championship	Sarangapani and Subramanian.	Janardhanam and Krishnamurty.

Besides these tournaments conducted by the College Athletic Department, there were others held by the Boarding and Clive's Hostels, and those exclusively for the Intermediate P. T. Classes, so much so it is no exaggeration to say that the Tournament Season never sets in our College. As these tournaments were strictly of a parochial character, the responsibility for conducting them was largely vested in the hands of the Captains, thus giving them opportunities for a practical training in the management of men, which will stand them in good stead in the greater affairs of life.

Special Remarks

We are grateful to the Management for the grant of an additional plot of the Mahé Ground to the College Section, and hope to have a Hockey field and a Quarter-mile track laid out before long.

The year has witnessed a great increase in the number of Tenikoit courts on the Mahé Ground and Clive's Quadrangle. These courts are crowded on all evenings, and engage many frail beings who will have otherwise remained unemployed.

Conclusion

With the awakening of national consciousness to the need for improving health, physique and social virtues, the service of play in education is being more and more recognized. We are happy that play has its true place in the educational curriculum of our College, and that it is so wisely directed and regulated as to enable us to derive from it the many benefits that are needed in our life of to-day. We have realised during our short stay here that play could achieve results beyond the play itself; and it is our earnest hope that our lives will be in harmony with the noble ideals that our College sports have inculcated in us.

The Anniversary of the College Societies

Academic and Athletic

1st March 1938

THOUGH Tuesday the 1st March was the last of three holidays the function attracted an unusually crowded audience, so much so that several at the back of the Lawley Hall appeared to be standing on the shoulders of their obliging friends. M. Shahabuddin Esq., I.C.S. and Mrs. Shahabuddin were conducted to their seats amidst the outbursts of cheering and by the strains of the band. The choir welcomed the guests in an exquisite song which was followed by the reading of the reports of the seven Academic Associations and the Athletic Societies. Two youngsters, with the air and dexterity of expert musicians gave a wonderful display of Tamil music. Mrs. Shahabuddin then kindly gave away the prizes.

The President made a brief and pointed speech in the course of which he impressed on his hearers the importance of religion in life, and the need for a broad and charitable outlook in life and consideration for the other man's point of view.

Rev. Fr. Principal thanked the President and his wife and paid tribute to their habitual courtesy. Their kindness to-day was all the more appreciated as Mrs. Shahabuddin had attended the function in spite of indisposition.

The one-act English play "Fame and the Poet" was a delightful success; it was vastly amusing to see the poet so ethereal, and the goddess of Fame so earthly and—vulgar.

The Band performed a piece composed for the occasion by Rev. Fr. Camboulives, S.J. which so pleased the audience that it called for an encore and got it.

The Tamil play was a roaring success. Both the dramatic performances won the tribute of all for the excellence of acting on the part of the students trained by the labours and energy of Mr. S. V. Lawrence, M.A.

A. H.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLLEGE SOCIETIES

[The writer of the foregoing account has paid a well-deserved tribute to Mr. S. V. Lawrence. As he has forgotten his own share in getting up the function, it is necessary to restore the balance. On Mr. Hirudaya-swamy as President of the Literary and Debating Society fell the heaviest part of the obscure and difficult task of organisation. Having thus assured the success of the function, he dropped out of prominence and watched the proceedings like any other "interested spectator."—*Editor*]

U. T. C. Notes: 1937-'38

THE Anniversary of "D" Company, Trichinopoly Detachment, 5th (Madras) University Training Corps, was celebrated on Wednesday 16 February 1938 in the Lawley Hall, St. Joseph's College. Major L. T. Hockley, commanding the S. I. Ry. Bn. (A. F. I.), presided on the occasion, and a number of ladies and gentlemen honoured our function with their presence. The guests were treated on arrival to light refreshments followed by a variety entertainment consisting of the following items:—

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|-------------------------------|-----|-----|----------------------|
| 1. Greetings | ... | ... | Mummers. |
| 2. The Cowboy | ... | ... | "Don" Coy Choir. |
| 3. Si non vero ben trovato | ... | ... | CSM. Inventeur. |
| 4. Mimetic Tit-bits | ... | ... | Rec. Mimiqueur. |
| 5. Thro' Musical World | ... | ... | Cpl. Puck's Troupe. |
| 6. Physical Stunts | ... | ... | Cdt. Samson, Junior. |
| 7. The Blind Beggars | ... | ... | An operetta. |
| 8. The General is fast asleep | ... | ... | "Don" Coy Choir. |

The unqualified appreciation which our musical, mimetic, physical and histrionic displays met with from the audience was no small pleasure to us. The concert over, there followed the presentation of the Annual Report of the Detachment, which is reproduced below.

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Officers and Staff

The year under review has witnessed a few changes and additions in our establishment of Officers. We have now a new Officer in 2/Lt. M. J. Kuriackose, who got his commission on 24 Aug. '37. We extend to him our hearty felicitations, especially as he is an old soldier of this Detachment, and wish him a very useful and bright career. Consequent on Capt. V. Sundaresan's appointment as 2nd-in-command of the Battalion, Lieut. P. R. Subramaniam assumed command of the Company for the Camp period, and we take this opportunity to congratulate him on his successful tenure of office.

We would like to place on record our gratitude to the authorities for the award of the Coronation Medal to Capt. Sundaresan; and need we add that we are proud of the honour it means to our Detachment and Alma Mater!

U. T. C. NOTES: 1937-'38

S/Sgt. F. Rex, who had been with us since 1931 and was well known for his instructional ability and driving power, left us on transfer to the Coorg and Mysore Company (A. F. I.) at the end of August 1937. We are glad to welcome in his place S/Sgt. A. Barnett, whose keenness in our weapon training has become a bye-word with us.

As our Under-Officers K. V. Venkatarengan and T. S. Sambamurty will be shortly leaving us, it is our pleasant duty to record our appreciation of their long and efficient service.

Recruitment and Strength

We have maintained the full authorized strength during the year, the number on rolls being 5 Officers, 2 Under-Officers and 158 O. Rs. It is no small satisfaction to us that the Recruits who were drafted this year have proved a smart and cheery lot, and have more than fulfilled our expectations particularly in Musketry. In fact out of the 85 Recruits enrolled, only one has failed to reach the minimum standard laid down.

Attendance

We have had 63 hours of instructional parades, besides a fortnight's Camp of exercises. The Company average attendance during the year is 87 per cent. Good as this record is, we cannot help feeling that it could have been easily higher if only a few Trained Cadets had been less erratic in their attendance. It is disconcerting to note that 3 of these have scored only about 50 per cent. We are happy, however, that 10 men have put in cent per cent attendance without any leave at all, and that 13, 14 and 15 Plns. have run a neck-to-neck race with 87.94, 87.66 and 87.19 per cents respectively.

Training

Training was based on the Officers' Training Corps Syllabus in use in England, and a satisfactory standard of efficiency has been reached. A new Syllabus for the University Training Corps has been recently brought out. It shows the award of two kinds of certificates:

(A) Lower Certificate of efficiency—After 2 years' service;

(B) Higher Certificate of efficiency—After 3 or 4 years' service.

It is hoped that this will prove an additional incentive to our cadets in their training.

A special Cadre Class was held once a week for the benefit of Cadets and N.C.Os taking the Promotion Examinations. Promotions were based on the results of periodical tests, and even the few who had to be put on the waiting list for want of vacancies have had promotions recently.

Annual Camp

Our Annual Camp was held at Pallavaram from 9th to 23rd Dec. 1937; and for the first time the whole Battalion lived under canvas, which—in spite of the hardships caused by the heavy downpour of rain on the first two days—was nevertheless a welcome change from the old ramshackle barracks. All Companies lived in close proximity to each other, and a healthy spirit of brotherliness and bonhomie prevailed throughout Camp. The greatest attractions of the Camp from the men's point of view were no doubt the grub, which was outstandingly better in quality as well as in quantity, and also the M. & S. M. Bn. Band, who played an enjoyable programme every evening outside the men's Canteen. Defence against gas proved a novel and interesting feature of training, and all Cadets were fitted out with gas respirators and put through the Gas Chamber Test successfully. We have no reasons therefore to be panicky about a gas attack.

We regret we cannot go into raptures over our achievements in Camp competitions, though ours is by no means a mean record. We bagged the usual number of prizes in Tournaments and Athletic Sports, but not the usual quota of trophies as we retained only the Cross Country Championship Cup,—thanks to Cpl. N. A. Rengaswamy who won it the third year in succession. Though the Examiners considered that we compared favourably with any U. T. C. in England, still our finish in Route March, Drill & Guard-mounting competitions was disappointing. But there are real extenuating circumstances which account for our limited performance. The unusually late fitting out of the Recruits necessarily limited the scope for their marching efficiency, especially as most of them are unaccustomed to boots. In Drill & Guard-mounting competitions, more marks have been lost in Turn-out than on Drill; and the failure of electric lights only for this Company on the night prior to the competitions greatly minimised the chances for an excellent Turn-out, as a lot of "ruddy cleaning" had to be done overnight. Anyway, this unusual experience has taught us the unforgettable lesson that it is better to recognize and reckon with facts rather than tilt at windmills. Deeds are fruits, and words are but leaves. A more strenuous effort should be made in the coming year to

improve the marching efficiency of the men, and a greater vigilance should be exercised over the turn-out of the men on all parades. He cannot reach the shrine who does not make the pilgrimage.

Musketry

Since Camp we have concentrated on Musketry, and the Company has completed the Annual Musketry Course to a man, and has fared remarkably well. The Company average for the Trained Cadets shows an increase over that of the last season by 10.3 %; and we wish to congratulate Cpls. Sivaramakrishnan & Noronha on their obtaining the Company top score in Parts IV & III respectively with 70 points for the former and 75 for the latter. The results of the Recruits' course are flattering indeed, as the Company average has risen from 40.7 % last year to 65.5 %, showing a rise of 24.8 %. Rects Aloysius Joseph & Navaneetham tie for the Company top score with 92 points, and they deserve our warm compliments. The results of the Recruits' firing would justify our aspiration to enter the All-India Inter-Corps Rifle Competition in the coming year; and we trust that our Commandant would kindly sanction our entry for this shoot.

The Adjutant's idea of holding Pool Shoots to stimulate greater interest in the rifle was carried out to a certain extent this year. We had an Inter-platoon team shoot recently, and firing of a high order was witnessed. Our felicitations are due to 14 and 15 Plns. who finished best in the Trained Cadets' and Recruits' Pool Shoots respectively.

Inter-Platoon Competitions

The Inter-platoon competitions held this term evoked great keenness and excitement in all platoons, the results being:—

EVENTS	WINNERS	RUNNERS-UP
(A) Tug O'War League	... 13 Pln.	... 14 Pls.
(B) Hockey League	... 16 & 14 Plns. (TIE)...	15 „
(C) Football League	... 14 Pln.	... 13 „
(D) Athletic Sports	... 13 Pln.	... 14 „
(E) Attendance	... 13 Pln.	... 14 „
(F) Musketry	... 14 Pln.	... 13 „
(G) Drill	... 13 & 14 Pln. (TIE)...	15 „

Conclusion

In conclusion I wish to thank all those to whom thanks are due :—

1. Rev. F. Watson, Manager of the Bishop Heber High School, for so generously allowing us the use of the Miniature Range on the Singara Tope ;

2. R. S. M. Ward of the S. I. Ry. Bn. (A. F. I.) for judging our Drill Competition this morning ;

3. Messrs. A. Packiam & S. Mahadeva Iyer of our High School for helping us in the Athletic competitions ;

4. Rev. Frs. Bourdot, Nattar and Moraes, who have helped our N. C. Os & Cadets in the concert items.

5. Rev. Fr. Rector of the St. Joseph's College, and the Principals of the two colleges, whose unfailing encouragement in an arduous task has been a source of inspiration to me and my brother-officers ;

6. Our Commandant and Adjutant, who have shown a real interest in the Detachment and its doings ;

7. The ladies and gentlemen who have honoured us this evening with their presence, particularly Mr. Brown, I.C.S., Dt. Collector, whose presence in our midst this evening is our unique fortune.

But my thanks are especially directed to you, Sir, who amidst the strain of administrative duties have so kindly accepted to preside at this function, and to Mrs. Hockley for doing us the favour of giving away the prizes. The readiness with which you closed in with my invitation makes me indeed more deeply grateful than I well know how to acknowledge.

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Major L. T. Hockley, rising amidst cheers, congratulated the Company on its year's successful and useful work, and said that military training was necessary and had definite value. He recalled how 24 years ago he was himself a cadet in an O. T. C. Camp at home undergoing a similar training and playing the same games. Suddenly the war was declared and, quite unexpectedly from play, they proceeded to meet the much more serious situation. He hoped that there would be no need for us in India to do what students did in England 24 years ago ; but there might come a time, he said, when the civilian armies in India would be called upon to undertake her defence. Hence he regarded the training in the Corps

as of great value from a military point of view ; but even from a civil point of view, he knew that the Railway authorities, like other Boards of Selection, ascertained from the applicants if they had military training. The reason for it was that the Railway and other employers of labour valued very much the discipline, the esprit de corps and other great benefits derived from a course of military training.

Mrs. Hockley gave away the prizes amidst rousing cheers to the successful cadets in the various competitions, whose names are as under :—

1. POOL SHOOT (T. CDTs) :—Winners: 14 Pln. Team
Runners-up: 15 " "
Individual Prizes 1. Cpl. Noronha } Tie
2. Cpl. Isaiah }
3. L/C. Tirunavukkarasu
2. POOL SHOOT (RECS) :—Winners: 15 Pln. Team
Runners-up: 13 " "
Individual Prizes 1. Rec. Jagannathan
2. Rec. Dawood Sheik
3. Rec. Janardhanam
3. PLN. BEST SHOTS (T. CDTs) :—13 Pln. Cpl. Sivaramakrishnan
14 " Cpl. Noronha
15 " L/C. Tirunavukkarasu
16 " Cdt. Alagappan
4. PLN. BEST SHOTS (RECS) :—13 Pln. Rec. Navaneetham
14 " Rec. Joseph Aloysius
15 " Rec. Venkataswamy
16 " Rec. Venkateswaran
5. RAO SAHEB DR. A. MATHURAM DRILL CUP. 13 & 14 Plns. (Tie)
6. SIR T. DESIKACHARI (HONY. COL., I. T. F.) }
MUSKETRY CUP. } 14 Pln.
7. REV. FR. LEIGH ALL-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP }
SHIELD. } 14 Pln.

The happy function ended with three cheers to the President and Mrs. Hockley as well as the guests, and the singing of "God Save The King".

In Memoriam Mahamahopadhyaya T. V. Srinivasachariar

I. A Friend's Tribute

A tear wells up in my eye as I think of dear old Mahamahopadhyaya Srinivasachariar, my departed life-long friend, and ponder over a thousand and one pleasant incidents connected with our long association extending over a period of forty years. One finds it difficult to believe that our dear friend is no more and that he has gone to his eternal rest so soon. It looks but as if the other day we watched his stately figure with its massive head, striding along the road or stepping into the College grounds or entering the library, to rummage its contents for the choice of a favourite Sanskrit book. It looks too but as if it were only the other day we heard his inimitable voice, sonorous and melodious, in ecstasies over an exceptionally delightful Sanskrit verse and holding spell-bound an admiring class of young Sanskritists. Yet it is but too true our beloved Pandit is no more; hushed is that voice for ever; we shall never again see or hear his like. Our Pandit, like the poet, was born, not made.

I mourn his loss, as few others can: he was my tutor, friend, comrade, and colleague. Scarce a fortnight passed without an exchange of visits. Poles apart in religion, we yet kept up an unimpaired friendship to the very last. My home in St. Mary's Tope has received the tread of his feet hundreds and hundreds of times. His joys and sorrows were mine, mine were his: a mutual affection based on mutual regard, esteem and respect: friendship but not a tinge of loose familiarity. Mine founded on his superior, unique learning and a score of noble qualities for which, like a pearl of high price, I sought him and safeguarded him for St. Joseph's; his based on a trust that never was betrayed.

He served our great College for thirty-six long years, exactly half his life-time: when he passed away he was just seventy-two. Not one year's furlough did he enjoy or ask for: he knew not rest: he would not seek it: work, unremitting labour, to him as to Carlyle, was life,

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music, and joy: idleness was unknown to him. An early riser and late bed-goer, he toiled and moiled, served the College with the fulness of his energy, worked at other hobbies as well, found time and strength for all. The only repose allotted to him in life, if repose it can be called, was during his six months' illness prior to decease. And in bed he chafed like a caged lion and cried like a child to see his voice gone, his intellect vanished, and like old Samson a wreck of himself. Even as I had the privilege of first ushering him into our College, so had I the privilege, in company with my esteemed friend, Pandit Natesa Mudaliar, of being one of the last to greet him; I recited to him his favourite Sloka, laid my arm on his back. He recognised me with an effort, looked pleasantly, nodded to me with a benignant look and burst into tears. That was our last Conference. "Home has gone and taken his wages", as Shakespeare says. Shall we grudge this good man his well-earned rest in our personal desire to have him longer in our midst?

Let me now give a short epitome of what I have known and witnessed of him, to interest readers, young and old, his oldest pupils as well as the most recent, and his wide circle of friends and admirers. Our Pandit first visited our College in December 1897, having been invited to deliver a lecture on the Sanskrit Drama at the Sanskrit Parishad. Previous to that I had just descried him in the verandah of his house in Chintamani, giving Sanskrit tuition to students of our college, while he was not yet in our fold, but on the staff of the neighbouring National High School. Mr. G. Sesha Ayengar, its popular Headmaster, regarded him as the apple of his eye: little did he dream that in the twinkling of an eye he was to be snatched off from his yet humble realm and deposited on a seat more worthy of his mighty attainments. The two were loving friends to the last. Strange that both departed within a few months of each other. But on that December day when Pandit Srinivasachariar delivered his glorious lecture in his thundering voice, he had a regular triumph: we listened to an oratory transcending all English oratory we had ever heard. Never before had we been treated to such an outpouring of extempore, rhythmical, Sanskrit prose. Father Sewell was there; our old High School master, Mr. P. G. Sundaram Ayer, was there—and all were agreed that they had come across a most remarkable man. Our older Sanskrit Pandit had seen his days, and was then feeble and infirm: he could no longer work with the zeal of his younger years: a successor was imperative. That day I felt certain that Pandit Srinivasachariar was to be the next Pandit of our College.

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I had just made the Pandit's friendship and become his disciple in Sanskrit studies; I was an enthusiast for Sanskrit and a young teacher of nineteen at Clive's House. I ventured to ask the Pandit one day, would he come over to us? Yes, he answered, if we so desired. I did not lose time in seeking an interview of good Father Sewell, then manager of the College, and pressed him with all the eloquence I could master before so lion-like a man, to entertain the Pandit in our College, all the more that he, Father Sewell, had seen him acquit himself so creditably at the lecture.

Father Sewell never set about things in a hurry. Whatever he did, he performed like the old soldier he was and with Jesuit thoroughness, in form and with method. Would the Pandit allow himself to be examined? Had he his credentials? The Pandit was ready at any time for a test; and he who could examine a hundred Pandits, sat as a humble candidate in one of the rooms of Clive's House, then our High School, and Office, in the midst of twenty others who had rushed in to compete. Professor Seshagiri Sastriar, M. A., of the Presidency College set the paper and valued the answers of the Pandit Candidates, but made no small delay in forwarding the results, in spite of repeated reminders. Meanwhile a decision had to be arrived at and a practical test in the teaching of Sanskrit in the presence of masters who knew Sanskrit was resolved upon. Mr. P. G. Sundram Ayer, Mr. K. V. Subbaiyar, Mr. S. Narayana Aiyer, and myself, together with the Pandits and a few students were gathered in the old VI B. room at Clive's House. The Competitors were but four, our friend, Mr. R. V. Krishnamachariar (later our first Malayalam Pandit), Mr. M. C. Satakopachar, our High School Pandit, and another. Pandit R. V. Krishnamachariar began with a Sloka from Sakuntala and gave an admirable exposition of it in his own lucid style. Our Pandit chose a Sloka from Murari's Anargharaghava and analysed and dissected it as he knew so well to do. Who was to be declared the winner? It was an extremely difficult matter to decide. But Fr. Sewell had made up his mind. That the two Pandits were equals in every respect was patent, but he had another place ready to offer before long to Mr. R. V. Krishnamachariar. So for the present the Sanskrit Panditship was offered to Pandit Srinivasachar. The order was signed in May 1898. When the results came at last, our Pandit headed the list. How well the Pandit justified the choice his myriad students can well testify. He produced golden results, received golden appreciations, and finally retired in July 1933, after a most hearty send-off at the hands of the Principal (Fr. Leigh) and the

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staff of the College. The title of Mahamahopadhyaya was next in store for him, the public of Trichinopoly presented him with a medal, Sir T. Desikachariar and R. Srinivasa Ayer taking the lead.

Even after retirement he would not pass an idle hour. He continued to be Sanskrit examiner to the Siromanis and was plunged as deep as ever in books. But even his iron frame could not stand such continued strain: a collapse overtook him and that was the end.

Great as Srinivasachar was as a Pandit, he was even greater as a man. A charmer in conversation, he captivated all around him. He had too a courage which enabled him to approach the greatest of men and a simplicity that would stoop to talk to a child. To his superiors at College he was all respect and deference. For the Reverend Fathers he entertained an unstinted admiration—he had seen and learnt to venerate one and all of the great giants of St. Joseph's—from the old Rector Father Barbier to his last Master, Father Leigh. He knew Father Billard, and Father Quinn, Fr. Jean the Latinist, Fr. De Noircourt the French Scholar and Examiner, Fr. Castets, Fr. Lacombe, and Fr. Honoré, and Fr. Morel the historian, and Fr. Besse. Second to none in Vaishnavite Orthodoxy, he yet had the breadth of vision to admire the self-sacrificing, pious labours of the Catholic Fathers. And yet he never aspired to gain much at the hands of the College—He was quite contented with such a small starting salary as Rs. 20/-, though it rose in the fulness of time to Rs. 75/-. All he wanted was a position, and he knew to eke out his income in a hundred and one honorable ways. Countless literary works earned for him, if not princely honorariums, handsome remunerations. Well can his family and his children be proud of such a great man. To them we offer our lasting condolence. Nothing would be fitter for his old pupils than to found a memorial, ever so humble, in honour of a man whose personality and clarion voice are unforgettable.

May he rest in peace!

G. VAIDYANATHA AIYER, B.A., L.T.

II. Condolence meeting of the College Staff

The news of the death of Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit T. V. Srinivasachariar Avl., on the 26th January 1937 came upon all the members of our staff with a heavy shock. As a respectful tribute to the memory of the late Pandit who retired but four years ago from the College after a devoted service of thirty-five years, the college classes came to a close on

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10th February 1938 earlier than usual and at 4-15 p.m. on the same day a meeting of the members of the Staff was convened to express their sense of grief.

Rev. Father Principal who presided on the occasion moved a resolution of condolence in a short speech wherein he paid a glowing tribute to the Pundit for the cheerfulness, the spirit of contentment, the sense of duty and other sterling qualities that he always evinced in his career.

M.R.Ry. V. Gopala Iyengar Avl. seconded the resolution and in so doing, he extolled the profound learning of the late pundit and referred to the various poetical compositions and translations of Sanskrit originals and to the numerous titles that he had won from eminent scholars by the sheer merit of erudition.

Associating himself with the resolution, M.R.Ry. K. Chinnaswami Iyer Avl. dwelt on the great strength of character, sense of honour and the spirit of friendliness that marked the great pundit and emphasized on the ideal of learning, for which the pundit stood as highly worthy of emulation.

M.R.Ry. P. E. Subramania Iyer Avl. joined in the expression of grief and spoke on his wealth of learning, his lucidity of exposition and his single-hearted devotion to the mission of learning and teaching which the students who had the fortune of sitting at his feet can never forget.

Speaking next in Tamil, M.R.Ry. Natesa Mudaliar Avl. pointed how the late Pundit was held uniformly in high esteem by eminent scholars of Tamil like Mahamahopadyaya Swaminatha Iyer Avl., and gave a touching account of the visit he fortunately paid to the late pundit a few days before his death.

Mr. G. Vaidyanatha Iyer, in a sad mood of reminiscence recounted the circumstances under which pundit entered the staff of our College and referred to several important events in the life of the pundit which spoke volumes about the intellectual and gentlemanly qualities of the departed soul.

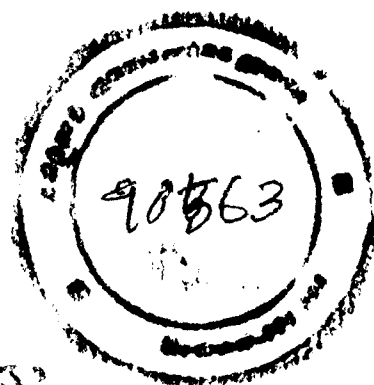
The meeting terminated after the members of the staff had expressed their sense of sorrow and honoured the resolution of condolence by standing silent for a while.

Exchanges

THE ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ANNUAL, MANGALORE.
THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADURA.
THE ANDHRA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, GUNTUR.
THE MRS. A. V. N. COLLEGE MAGAZINE, VIZAGAPATAM.
ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE, MAGAZINE, COLOMBO.
THE BISHOP HEBER SCHOOL MAGAZINE.
THE BLUE AND WHITE, ST. JOSEPH'S, COLOMBO.
THE BLUE AND WHITE MAGAZINE, ST. JOSEPH'S, BANGALORE.
CATHOLIC ACTION, BOMBAY.
THE CEDED DISTRICTS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ANANTAPUR.
EXCELSIOR, ST. BERCHMANS' COLLEGE, CHANGANACHERY.
THE FERGUSON & WILLINGDON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, POONA.
THE FINDLAY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MANNARGUDY.
THE GOVERNMENT BRENNEN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TELlichERY.
THE GOVT. BRENNEN COLLEGE CO-OPERATIVE UNION ANNUAL.
THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE MISCELLANY, MANGALORE.
THE HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MASULIPATAM.
THE HINDU THEOLOGICAL HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY.
ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL ANNUAL, BANGALORE.
ST. JOSEPH'S SHEAF, DUBLIN.
THE KING GEORGE MEDICAL COLLEGE CLINICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL, LUCKNOW.
THE K. R. INTER-COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MUTTRA.
THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE LAW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE LINGARAJ COLLEGE MISCELLANY, BELGAUM.
THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MADRAS MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MADURA COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION, VIZIANA-GARAM.
THE MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.
THE ST. MARY'S H. S. MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
MEMOIRS OF COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, IMP. UNIV., KYOTO.
THE MUNGRET ANNUAL, LIMERICK.
THE NATIONAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHINOPOLY.
THE NORTH POINT ANNUAL, DARJEELING.
OLD COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRIVANDRUM.
OUR HOME MAGAZINE, MADRAS.

EXCHANGES

THE PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE PASUMALAI PROGRESS, PASUMALAI.
THE PETRINIAN, ST. PETER'S H. SCHOOL, TANJORE.
THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE PUDUKOTTAH COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE PUTHURIAN, BISHOP HEBER'S H. SCHOOL, PUTHUR.
THE SCHOLAR, PALGHAT.
THE SCHOOL REVIEW, ANGLO-CHINESE SCHOOL, KLANG.
ST. STANISLAUS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BANDRA, BOMBAY.
THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE, BLACKBURN.
THE STUDENTS' TREASURE, K. S. HIGH SCHOOL, TANJORE.
ST. TERESA'S COLLEGE & HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, ERNAKULAM.
THE ST. THOMAS' COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHUR.
THE VICTORIA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, PALGHAT.
THE VINAYA, RAJ RISHI COLLEGE, ALWAR.
VISVA-BHARATI NEWS, SANTINIKETAN.
THE VIZAGAPATAM MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE VOORHEES COLLEGE MAGAZINE, VELLORE.
THE ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
THE ST. XAVIER'S H. SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALCUTTA.
THE ZAMORIN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALICUT.



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**தமிழ்நாடு ஆவணக்காப்பக நூலகம்,
எழும்பூர், சென்னை-600 008.**

தவணைத்தாள்.

சே. எண் :

LI. எண் :

[illegible]

S.F. 259A-6-1,00,000-30-1-84.