

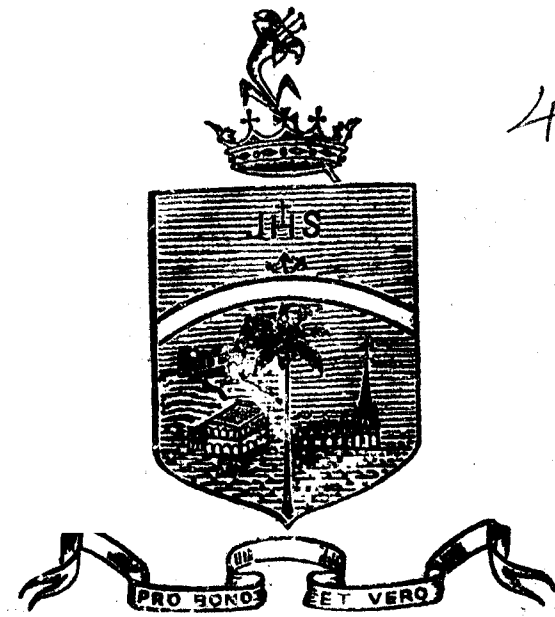
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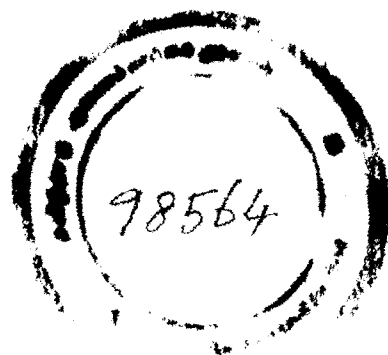
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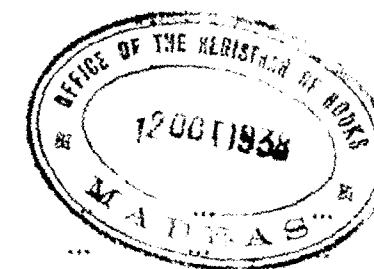
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CONTENTS



	PAGE
CONVOCATION GROUP 1938 ...	Frontispiece
MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE by Rev. L. Fernandes, S.J., Poona.	I
Photographs (by Students)	10-11
MISS TORU DUTT—INDIA'S LOST YOUNG POETESS by V. Vedamurthi, III Hons.	11
WIMBLEDON by G. Kamalaratnam, V Hons.	13
THE CHOICE OF A GOOD BARBER by D. J. Robinson, II U. C.	17
ONE MORE QUESTION by M. S. Sengole, III Hons.	19
MODERN BEGGARS by K. Kudambavanasundaram, IV U. C.	21
A GREAT MISTAKE by P. Pasupathy, III B. Sc. (Hons.)	23
COMFORT IN ADVERSITY by P. S. Hariharan, III B. Sc. (Hons.)	24
MIDNIGHT MYSTERY by Aloysius Joseph, II U. C.	25
SHIPS THAT CHANGED HISTORY by K. Melchisedec, II U. C.	28
AN INSPECTION PARADE by Samuel A. Gnanamuthu, II U. C.	30
College Groups (Photos)	30-31
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WRIST-WATCH by A. Venkataraman, II U. C.	35
A TRIP TO YERCAUD by K. N. Duraiswamy, II U. C.	37
Photos of Nilgiris and Yercaud	36-37
ECCENTRICITY by M. D. Varkey, IV Hons.	39
MY FIRST PHOTO by S. B. X. Antonisamy, II U. C.	
THE ROMANCE OF STAMPS by V. M. Sreedharan, I U. C.	

GENERAL FRANCO & LORD RUTHERFORD (<i>Pencil Sketches</i>) by M. V. Antony, IV U. C. and T. Kunju, IV U. C.	PAGE 46-47
MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA by Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., Belgaum	... 47
மாலைச் சிந்தனைகள் by பிரான்சிஸ்	72
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF <i>A Miscellany from Various Contributors</i>	... 73
AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS	... 84
EDITORIAL NOTES	... 90
REV. FR. J. MAHÉ, S.J., RECTOR 1932-'38	... 96
RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS 1938 (with College Groups)	... 99
OLD BOYS	... 104
A COLLEGE CHRONICLE	... 108
THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT	... 111
THE RECTOR'S DAY & COLLEGE DAY (<i>with photos</i>)	... 114
THE INAUGURATION OF COLLEGE SOCIETIES	... 118
FIELD NOTES	... 120
U. T. C. NOTES	... 122
IN MEMORIAM	... 124
EXCHANGES	... 125

Mathematics and Culture

by Rev. L. Fernandes, S.J., Poona.



IT is said that Mathematics is not cultural. To substantiate this assertion a score of examples are proffered, from which I shall choose only those that are more interesting. It happened that when Tennyson published his well-known poem "The Vision of Sin," a mathematician of the time, Babbage by name, on reading it wrote to him as follows: "In your otherwise beautiful poem there occur the lines

Every moment dies a man
Every moment one is born.

Now if this were true the population of the world would be stationary, which is not the case; wherefore in the next edition of the poem I would wish you to alter the lines as follows,

Every moment dies a man
Every moment one one-sixteenth is born.

The actual figure however is a long decimal, but one one-sixteenth is accurate enough for poetry."

The next example is that of the mathematician who having read through the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost", laid it down saying that he could not realise what it all meant to prove. No less interesting is the story of the French Astronomer Le Verrier. In the year 1846 he had worked out in his study by means of calculations based on the data derived from certain perturbations of Uranus the position of the planet Neptune. Some time later when he was in the observatory of Paris the astronomer who had his telescope turned on Neptune asked if he would like to see the planet. "No, no," was the answer, "as a matter of fact I have never seen it and I do not want to see it."

Before we can form a right estimate of these examples to prove the contention that Mathematics is not cultural, it is essential to explain what we mean by the terms Mathematics and Culture, in order that we may avoid all ambiguity. To define culture is not easy, for its scope is not clearly marked. We shall therefore for the sake of guidance take the definition given by the great French Philosopher of our time Jacques Maritain: "Culture," he says, "is the expansion of the peculiarly human life including not only whatever material development may be necessary

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

and sufficient to enable us to lead an upright life on this earth, but also and above all the moral development of the speculative and practical activities (artistic and ethical) peculiarly worthy of being called a human development." As is obvious this definition is very comprehensive. It in fact embraces the evolution of the whole gamut of man's potentialities, considered as an individual and as a social being. The specifying object however, of culture, is the temporal sphere of our human life on earth. That there can be no real culture unless our life is subordinated to God is a truth whose bearing is often overlooked by the mere dilettante. Yet culture is not religion nor religion culture. Nevertheless the spiritual alienation of its greatest intellects is the price which every civilisation has to pay when it loses its hold on religion. And our age is not an exception to the rule. Consider for example the wild statements made by Professor Alexander, Sir James Jeans and others of his school, for a decade, but of this later. At this point however I would like to make one remark, namely, that education, understood in its strict sense, means the drawing out of the latent potentialities of an individual mainly intellectual and physical, and has a narrower scope than culture which takes into account the whole man as observed by Maritain.

Having seen what culture is I shall pass on to define Mathematics. Considering it in the abstract or rather prescinding from its application to Science, Mathematics can be defined as the "Science of Space and Number". It does not therefore investigate into the ultimate reality of things which is essentially the work of the philosopher; nor does it inquire into efficient and final causes though it has to suppose them. (Aristotle, Met. Bk. vi, Text 3). In other words, as Dr. Wormell puts it, "Mathematics is a science whose object is the discovery of relations of number and magnitude". Hence it is evident that Mathematics will not cover the whole field of human culture. It is good to bear this in mind at the very outset so that we may not be accused of exaggeration later on. It is however not without a grain of truth that the author of a recent book placed the following epigram on the title page, "Without mathematics one cannot get at the true inwardness of philosophy: without philosophy one cannot get at the true inwardness of mathematics: having neither, one cannot get at the true inwardness of anything." And Plato is said to have written on the door of his school, "Let no one enter here who does not know Geometry." And Plato was a philosopher.

Before we see how Mathematics can contribute something towards man's Culture, we shall strive to gauge the educative value of Mathematics.

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

That it is one of the most potent means for drawing out the latent capabilities of an adult's intellect is evident from the fact that it has always occupied a prominent place in the curriculum of any systematic education. It will be admitted generally that the study of Mathematics is invaluable first, because of the habits of mind it forms; secondly because of the discipline of the faculties it affords; and lastly, this study is a necessity because of the utility of its facts and processes in business of all kinds, in manufacture, in construction and in scientific research.

Concerning the first point, it is obvious that the pursuit of Mathematics gives command over the powers of attention. A prolonged and successful study of the subject increases or creates the power of concentrating one's thoughts on a given subject and of separating mixed and tangled ideas. This will be admitted even by those who have only a nodding acquaintance with the subject. The habits of mind formed by this study soon extend their influence to other studies, nay more, to the ordinary pursuits of life. It is a fact of common experience that a man or woman who has been drilled by Mathematics is able to select quickly and surely from a given number of alternatives which might be suggested to attain a desired end.

This is not all. The discipline of the reasoning powers is gradually perfected till it can proceed with a degree of certitude in its investigation that can scarcely be had in any other branch of studies. For the methods and forms of reasoning which are here employed admit of being checked at every stage so that one can know with certainty whether the results are true or false. Besides, the terms used in mathematics admit of such distinct explanation that the possibility of a double or doubtful meaning is entirely removed. On such foundations, the demonstrations are built up with strict logic and nothing is left to rest on mere probability or on authority. The superiority of mathematical study as a discipline of the reasoning faculties is mainly due to this distinctness of concepts.

That mathematical calculation plays a large part in the practical use made of the facts which it brings together needs hardly any comment. Skill in evaluating, speed in calculating, and accuracy in measuring are always in demand. And therefore I do not wish to develop this aspect further.

Let us now come to the relations of Mathematics to other sciences. Kepler was the first to point out that Geometry, not approximate but with scientific exactitude, is in the heavens; he saw it and the sight meant

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

the perception of all the great laws that rule all astronomical movements and forms. To the present day astronomer, if he wishes to make some headway in his study of the astral universe, not only a knowledge of spherical trigonometry is essential but a thorough knowledge of Calculus, Integral and Differential, is a *conditio sine qua non*. Without these he would be labouring at an impossible task. Should any one still doubt the veracity of my statement he has only to peep into any serious book of Astronomy.

That Modern Physics notwithstanding the astounding progress it has made in the art of measurement would be a poor science without the aid of Mathematics, even the physicists themselves are forced to admit. It had long been discovered that light and colours are waves and numbers; that sound is likewise numerical. Even physiology has taken Mathematics as an invaluable adjunct to express various relations. One may go on endlessly taking each of the sciences and showing what an important part Mathematics plays in them. Relying on the abstract nature of Mathematics, St. Augustine had said that "the soul is number, the soul is sphere, the soul is harmony," Plato had affirmed that God is a Geometrician. It was not therefore Eddington who was the first to say that God is a pure mathematician.

Having seen what relation Mathematics has to the other sciences, it will be wrong to suppose that its utility is unlimited. And in the first place I shall outline the limits it must necessarily have in the realm of Physics. A mathematician is usually not concerned with physical reality at all. This is the outcome of the fact that Mathematics does not deal with any of the four fundamental causes that concur in the formation of reality. It is therefore impossible to prove any proposition relating to external objective reality by means of Mathematics alone. The business of Mathematics is to supply a collection of abstract schemes which it is for the scientist to select from and to adopt or to discard at his pleasure. True, a large number of geometrical schemes have been constructed, Euclidean, non-Euclidean of one, two, three or more dimensions. As schemes proceeding from certain first principles prescinding from their objective validity, they are equally good and strictly logical. They are the results of intense and rigid reasoning processes and at times more true than the elusive reality of physics. The time-honoured geometry of the Greek geometer Euclid, the entertaining seven-point geometry of Veblen, the space-times of Minkowski and Einstein are wonderful products of the human intellect, and to a mathematician the interest ceases

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

when he has perfected them. It may be that the seven-point geometry is the one that fits facts best. There may be three dimensions in this room and five in that: that is of little concern to the mathematician. In this there lies the strength and weakness of Mathematics: strength, I say, because there we see the power of the human mind to transcend the real and the concrete and to revel in the regions of pure abstraction and speculation; and weakness, because those that use it to explain the results of experimental physics overlook the nature of the instrument supplied to them and take for objective reality what has only a reality in the mathematician's mind. Truth to tell, the scientist is often deluded by the realities of mathematics. He considers that the mathematical mill grinds out a logical and consistent meal; but however much it may employ refined and ingenious machinery, the produce cannot be more real than the grist. The mathematician's grist is made up of numbers and space which in themselves are mere abstractions. Two and two make certainly four but in the world that common sense calls real, the numbers are not figures but are mangoes, eggs, molecules, atoms and so forth. It is a question of observation and not of logical theory whether four atoms are four times an atom. Practical experience is apt to spring surprises on the theorist, and to reveal, in the world of reality, things that quite certainly neither common sense nor philosophy put there. It would be interesting to listen to what Dr. Lindemann has to say concerning this. "It is sometimes forgotten" he says "that Mathematics is only a form of symbolic logic. It is a technique which we have invented to render possible in complicated cases quick and accurate quantitative thought. But its function is to compare and measure, to redistribute and rearrange, to combine and analyse, to symbolise, not to create nor to discover. Starting with a given number of physical concepts, we can twist and turn them in the mathematical mill until the result is as different from the initial material as the sausage is different from the quadruped that walks into the machine. But the validity of the product is no greater and no less than the validity of the primary hypotheses. A competent mathematician can undertake to pass his initial premises through the most elaborated and complicated processes with infallible accuracy. But in the end he can guarantee that the result follows from the premises, no more and no less." These remarks must be laid to heart by all interpreters of mathematical equations. It is true that the results obtained by calculations and combinations appear to be quite different from the principles initially set forth but from the principle of sufficient reason and according to the canons of common sense we must

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

assure ourselves that the conclusions cannot be more real than the principles themselves. Herein we have the explanation for the astounding statements made by Sir James Jeans and his fellow-mathematicians regarding the Indeterminism of matter and the infinite extent of the visible universe.

What I have so far said about the limitations of Mathematics has been lucidly presented by Dr. Thompson, F.R.S., in his little book "Science and Common Sense". In that book there is a chapter on the use and abuse of Mathematics which ought to be read by every young tyro in Mathematics if he wishes to avoid all scuffles with philosophers. He says that the application of mathematics at the hands of such masterly exponents as Sir J. Jeans and Eddington has challenged the philosopher to battle for the most fundamental of his principles and for the dictates of common sense. Stories, he goes on to say, have been told more fantastic than any fairy tale; worlds have been discovered in comparison with which the creations of the novelists are commonplace. For whereas the imaginative writer merely magnified, extended or distorted familiar phenomena, casting us into the depths of the sea, or projecting us into the distant planets where logic was still valid and words had their familiar meaning, the mathematical scientist presenting what purported to be stark reality, told a tale which called for new categories and flouted the laws of thought. But it is obvious that reality is not a question of the ponderables nor a relation between symbols. There was something wrong somewhere. Somewhere there must have been a lack of continuity in the thought process or a hidden fallacy had been overlooked which is responsible for our perplexity. It seems to me as I had already observed before that the processes of manipulation of numbers and symbols in the region of pure quantity has no counterpart in the ontological order even though they start from a measured reality and emerge in results corresponding at times to facts of experience. Dr. Thompson accounts for that by saying that we may find "two series of causes, one lying in the domain of the essential, the other in that of the existential, or the one consisting of formal causes, the other of efficient ones. Numerical coincidence links the two series but elsewhere they are immeasurably distinct, belonging indeed to distinct and irreducible order of being." (Page 84 o.c.)

So far we have outlined the necessary limitations of Mathematics in the realm of physical science. The same can be said *mutatis mutandis*

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

when Mathematics is used in other sciences. Let us therefore pass on to form an estimate of the cultural value of this study.

That Mathematics, in as much as it develops the higher faculties of reasoning and attention in a very real and effective manner is already a great part of culture. For it supposes the evolution of the principal faculties of man which distinguish him from other creatures. But how Mathematics contributes to the development of the aesthetic faculties can be gathered from the presidential address of Mr. J. W. Sullivan to the London Branch of the Mathematical Association (1932). "Culture is chiefly, I think, the refinement and the education of all our sensibilities and not only of those that are concerned with the arts. On what grounds can it be asserted that Mathematics has a cultural influence? I gather from various remarks that I have come across in the writings of various authors that Mathematicians have sometimes been regarded as almost the least cultured of human beings. Mathematicians have been represented to us as being of so dry a nature and so warped a mind that almost every human interest is alien to them. Even Maxwell complained that some of the students with whom he was associated while studying at Cambridge saw the whole universe in terms of quintics and quantics and seemed incapable of realising that the universe had any other aspects. Now it must be admitted that there are a good many mathematicians who lend colour to this assertion of insensitiveness. It would seem in fact that Mathematics is a curiously isolated activity. It seems to be able to flourish in almost complete isolation from the rest of the elements of man's nature. But we shall do well to distrust this conclusion. Psychologists are not disposed nowadays to talk about isolated mental faculties. A genius according to them is simply a man with abnormal amount of general ability. But though I am disposed to believe that there is a special mathematical ability, I am not disposed to believe that it exists in complete independence of everything else." It is clear therefore that there cannot be wholly lop-sided development in one direction unless we are dealing with abnormal cases.

Mr. Sullivan then proceeds to answer the question concerning the aesthetic aspects of mathematical study. "One of the chief functions of art is to give aesthetic pleasure; and before we decide that the cultural value of Mathematics is that of an art we must see whether Mathematics gives aesthetic pleasure. We all know as a matter of fact that Mathematics has a very strong aesthetic aspect. Every mathematician feels the difference between an elegant proof and a proof that as Lord Raleigh says

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

'merely commands assent'. Every one realises the difference between the mathematician who is an artist and the mathematician who is only a workman. Many mathematicians have written about mathematics in a prose-poetry manner. The celebrated example of Boltzmann is worth recalling here. He is describing a paper by Maxwell on the Kinetic theory of gases. He says: 'At first are developed majestically the Variations of the Velocities; then from one side enter the Equations of State, from the other the Equations of Motion in a Central Field; even higher sweeps the Chaos of Formulae; suddenly are heard the four words: put $n \pm 5$. The evil spirit V —the Relative Velocity of the two molecules—vanishes and the dominating figure in the gas is suddenly silent; that which seemed insuperable being overcome as if by magic stroke. There is no time to say why this or that substitution is made; he who cannot sense this should lay the book aside, for Maxwell is no writer of programme music, who is obliged to set the explanation over the score. Result after result is given by the pliant formulae till as unexpected climax comes the heat equilibrium of a heavy gas, the curtain then drops.'

We must admit that whatever we may think of Boltzmann's analogy he is surely expressing a strong aesthetic feeling. Poincaré has been reported to have said that in all his researches he had never been interested in finding the value of x but solely in the beauty of the methods by which he found that value. There is no need for us to multiply examples. Every mathematician knows that one of the chief charms, perhaps the chief charm of the subject, lies in its aesthetic aspect."

That Mathematics therefore develops not only the reasoning faculties of man but also cultivates his aesthetic powers is beyond doubt. We shall now pass on to consider its influence on the higher plane of the moral aspect of his life. Bushnell in his book, "Work and Play," rightly observes "the truths of mathematics are mere evolutions of necessary ideas. By no other means could the mind be so effectively apprised of the distinct existence, the firmness and the stern necessity of principles." And this brings us to consider the influence of mathematical truths on our moral life, which is essentially embraced in all true culture. It happens nowadays that we study mathematics in order to pass an examination, or to get others through one, but not in order to gain knowledge nor for science' sake. Consequently when one has learnt a theorem one is satisfied. But what is done with this demonstrated theorem? What use does the mind make of this newly perceived truth?

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

When does the mind reflect on it, contemplate it as it is in itself, feed upon it? If it be true that mathematical characters are absolute eternal truths, then they are in God, they are the law of all things. We are beginning to understand this in the case of inanimate nature, but what are they in the order of living things? We must consider then what they are in our soul and what they are in God. Then we shall have come to realise their full significance. We shall see how their study will transform our outlook on life, remould our relations with God and His creatures, and effectively raise the tone of our inner life. The fleeting things of time will not be the norm of our actions; but the transcendental relations they have with our Maker and Lord, will guide us in our daily conduct."

Then how is it that mathematical studies at times fail to produce that all-round culture in its devotees? Two reasons, it seems to me, go to explain this anomaly. The first is, that all mathematical studies are divested of their historical aspect. In other studies, be they historical or scientific, a short history of the prominent characters is considered vitally necessary to grasp the value of the subject in hand. It has been quite the reverse in the case of mathematics. Hence its barrenness in moulding the character of man. History makes it clear that mathematics is a living science, differing from others by the continuity of its progress, by its apparently unlimited scope and by the fact that very little has to be thrown aside. Interest in this study is very much augmented by historical facts describing the various attempts made by the human mind to lay hold of those absolute truths. Even the cold logic of geometrical demonstrations receives heightened warmth and colour from associations with accounts of failure and success. The first attempts in geometry made by the Greeks, the early steps taken by the Hindu Bhaskara in Algebra are as attractive, useful and admirable now as in the days of their beginning. Hardly anything ever done in mathematics has proved to be useless; mathematicians have had rarely to change the starting point and therefore we have to agree with Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher when he says "no subject loses more than mathematics by any attempt to dissociate it from its history."

The next reason is that mathematicians do not consider the truths they have discovered in the light of their relations to the Absolute Truth. This is plainly expressed by Russell. "Mathematics is the science in which we do not know whether the things we talk about exist nor whether the conclusions are true." That mathematicians should view their studies in this light is really deplorable. If any study is not to lead us in some

MATHEMATICS AND CULTURE

way to the knowledge of Him Who is Truth Itself, that study must indeed be said to be sterile.

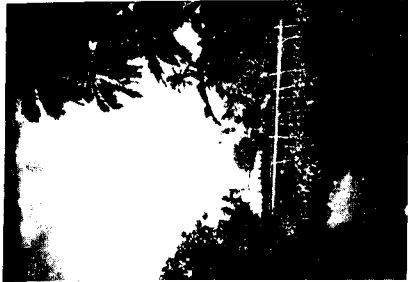
To sum up: Specialisation in any branch of knowledge has this tendency, namely to divert the entire output of human energy into one channel. This has naturally got its repercussions on the other aspects of a man's personality. There is always a certain amount of lop-sidedness. That mathematics alone has exclusive monopoly of this is not a fair estimate. Perhaps it absorbs more a man's energy than other branches of studies. This we might easily grant, owing to its pre-eminently abstract nature. But when studied with a right orientation and measure we can without much hesitation affirm that mathematics is as much cultural as any other study.



AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, COIMBATORE.
(C. N. Venkiteswaran, II U. C.)



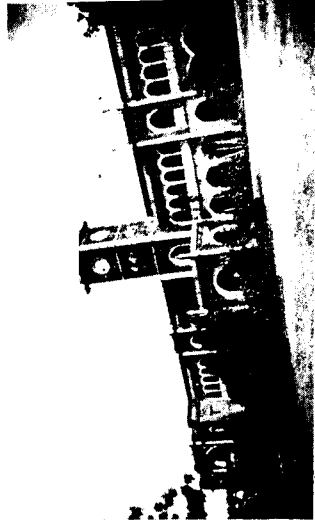
TEPPAKULAM, MADURAI.
(Photos by V. G. Narasimhan, II U. C.)



THE MOSQUE AND
THE BROOK
(V. Ganesan, V B. Sc. Hons.)



DETAIL FROM PALACE, MADURAI.



FOREST COLLEGE, COIMBATORE.
(C. N. Venkiteswaran, II U. C.)



REFLECTIONS.
(W. C. Krishnamurthy, II U. C.)



GRAND ANICUT
(M. Rasheed, IV B. Sc. Hons.)



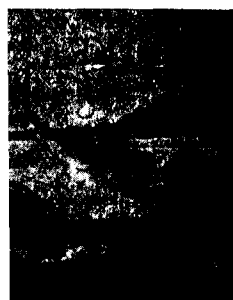
NO MORE AT SALEM!
(C. D. Mahadevan, II U. C.)



GRAND ANICUT
(T. V. Ramana Reddy, III U. C.)



THE CHURCH AND "SCHOLARS' WALK", LOYOLA COLLEGE, MADRAS.
(Photos by M. V. Sankaran, V B. Sc. Hons.)



K. Setumadhavan,
III Hons.)



(W. C. Krishnamurthy,
II U. C.)



(M. K. Setumadhavan,
III Hons.)

Miss Toru Dutt—India's Lost Young Poetess

by V. Vedamurthi, III Hons.

TO gain recognition as a poet in a foreign language and that before the age of twenty-two staggers even the wildest dreamers of literary fame. But such recognition was given to Miss Toru Dutt, an Indian poetess who devoted a fragile life of Sorrow and Song, to the interpretation of the spirit and civilization of her country, leaving behind her monuments of poetic genius that have won the approbation of competent critics and students of literature.

Toru Dutt or Thorulata Dutta, was born on the 4th March 1856 in Calcutta of a very respectable and noble family, the Duttas of Rambagan in Bengal. Her father Babu Govind Chandra Dutt was himself a poet and a pious Christian. Toru was the youngest of three children, all short-lived like herself. Her brother Abju died in his fourteenth year, but her sister Aru was her intellectual companion nearly all her life till she was snatched away by death at twenty-three years, before her own end came. In her early years she was given the boon of a good home-training. Her father devoted his attention to her education and he was actively associated with his two daughters in their early studies.

When Toru was scarcely thirteen her father took both his daughters on a tour of Europe. At this time her brother Abju died and this made her father place on all his hopes on his daughters. Toru stayed in Europe for four years, first at school in France and later in Italy and England, attending a course of lectures in Cambridge. All this helped her to equip herself with the best culture of the West. This is evident from her works in French and in English. These reveal a striking background of European learning in general. At the same time she did not lose touch with the life and civilization of her native land. In the winter of 1873 she was back in her Bengal home. As she lived a life of solitude she had no opportunity to mingle with the Calcutta public. But very soon her literary contributions became known, all people thought that it was some Anglo-Indian author that wrote with an Indian nom-de-plume.

MISS TORU DUTT—INDIA'S LOST YOUNG POETESS

Her first essays were "Two Studies of French Poets", published in the "Bengal Magazine". Her next was, "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields", published in 1876. It was a collection of translations in verse from French poets. This was reviewed by the French writer André Theuriet in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and was very much appreciated by him and by the French public. She had also translated Theophile Gautier's *Swallows* and Alfred de Musset's *To Pepa*.

The "Ancient Ballads and Legends" by which work she is best known, was not given to the world during her life time nor her tragical romance in French entitled "Le Journal de Mlle. D'Arvers." In addition to these works, she had also selected themes from Hindu Mythology. They are *Savitri*, the ideal wife; a pathetic tale of *Sindhu*, the ideal son; *Lakshman* portraying the ideal loving and dutiful brother; *Prehlad* and *Dhruva*, the boy devotees; and *Sita*, a sketch in a few lines. Besides these she wrote the delicate and human poem the *Royal Ascetic and the Hind*, and also the most striking poem *Jogodhya Uma* in which the Goddess Uma reveals herself in a divine vision to a priest; and also a few stanzas on *France*, a sonnet on the *Lotus* and lastly on *Our Casuarina Tree*.

Her works illustrate fineness of perception, and her accuracy of observation. The delicacy and lightness of touch displayed in her verse bear testimony to her faultless and refined poetic tastes.

Early in 1877 she fell a victim to consumption, and after a period of protracted physical agony—which recalls to our mind the last days of Keats, whose life has many points of resemblance with that of this unfortunate lady—she died on the 30th August. She was only twenty-one years and six months of age.

"It is difficult to exaggerate," says Mr. Edmund Gosse, "when we try to estimate what we have lost in the premature death of Toru Dutt. Literature has no honours which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who at the age of twenty-one and in a language separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth."

Toru must be classed with those "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" whom Shelley speaks of, and India will always continue to cherish with love, the memory of this "half-blown floweret" of song.

Wimbledon

by G. Kamalaratnam, V Hons.

ANOTHER Wimbledon has passed into history. And what a Wimbledon! Colourless and jejune, devoid of all their pristine glamour, the Championships of 1938 were utterly unworthy of the beautiful traditions built up by the Mecca of lawn-tennis players.

Sixty years have rolled by since the first Championship meeting was held at Wimbledon. But the Wimbledon of 1877, with its standless courts and its placid complexion, was worlds apart from the Wimbledon of to-day, with its cheering crowds of spectators of all races and its mammoth concrete stadium, the largest match arena in the world. The balls used at the first Championship meeting had been made specially for the occasion. They had white cloth covers sewn with unbleached carpet thread. The rackets were pear-shaped; they did not become oval-shaped until 1880. Only twenty-two players participated in the first Championship meeting. And the first Wimbledon champion was Spencer W. Gore, an old Harrovian and a rackets player.

Indeed for the first thirty years of its existence the men's singles championship at Wimbledon was won by an English or Irish player. During the next twenty-seven years (1907-1933) the title was only twice won by a home competitor—A. W. Gore in 1908 and 1909. Australia through Norman Brookes was the first to break through the citadel at Wimbledon in 1907. New Zealand followed with Captain A. F. Wilding (killed in action in Flanders in 1915) who held the title for four years in succession (1910-1913). Norman Brookes again won the title in 1914 shipwrecking Captain A. F. Wilding in the final. And then there was no competition for four years because of the World War. The post-War era saw the advent of such wizards in tennis as G. L. Patterson, W. T. Tilden, W. M. Johnston, R. Lacoste, H. Cochet, J. Borotra, and H. E. Vines. In 1934 came Fred Perry the British giant who held the title for three years in succession. The crown now rests on the head of J. D. Budge, the wonder player from the United States.

Among the numberless stars that have shed lustre on many a Wimbledon in the past may be mentioned the brothers Renshaw, who were the first to reveal the winning efficacy of the all-court game; the brothers Doherty, who were famed for their graceful style and their

WIMBLEDON

effortless stroke production; Gerald Patterson, who was a pioneer of the cannon-ball service; William Johnston, who imparted terrific speed to his strokes despite his small stature; William T. Tilden II, whose whirlwind drives were the nightmare of his opponents; Pat O'Hara-Wood, who was one of the most brilliant doubles players of all time; René Lacoste, whose machine-like returns pulverised the game of the most steel-hearted player; Henri Cochet, whose game was matchless for its artistry and elegance; Jean Borotra, whose quicksilver movements made him invincible at the net; Vincent Richards, whose phenomenal powers of volleying made him excel in doubles; André Gobert, who was renowned for his superb service and polished volleying; Ellesworth Vines, who swept his adversaries off the court by sheer pace; Jack Crawford, who covered himself with glory by his immaculate all-court game; and Fred Perry, whose steadiness and superhuman stamina demoralised his opponents.

Eve too has been an attractive figure in the story of Wimbledon. The world will remember for long Miss L. Dod, who became champion at Wimbledon when she was but fifteen; Mrs. G. W. Hillyard, who was the most tenacious base-line player of her time; Miss May Sutton, who was the first American to win a championship at Wimbledon; Mrs. Lambert Chambers, whose drives, perfectly timed and graduated in speed, were ever consistently accurate; Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen who was mistress of every orthodox stroke; Fraulein C. Aussem who was the brightest of German stars; and Señorita Lili d'Alvarez, the Spanish beauty, who lent colour and charm to many a tournament.

Eve has not turned a cold shoulder upon Wimbledon even in 1938. Indeed it was the presence of a galaxy of glamorous figures in the women's tennis that saved the face of the Championships this year. Of course one missed Mrs. Dorothy Round Little who, it was said, has placed the joy of motherhood above the glory of being the world champion in tennis. But the absence of this popular player was more than made up by the dramatic come-back Mrs. Helen Wills Mody, Queen of the Courts, who created a record by winning the women's singles title for the eighth time.

In fact it was America's Wimbledon—all the five titles going to players from across the Atlantic. Donald Budge, the son of an old Scottish footballer, won the "triple crown" for the second time in succession. It was a holiday task for the red-headed Californian. "Bunny" Austin, England's No. 1, who met Budge in the singles final, looked like a fresh-water sailor; and Roderich Menzel, the Czechoslovakian colossus, was but

WIMBLEDON

a blank cartridge once he had sprained his ankle. Among the entrants for doubles there were Jean Borotra and Jacques Brugnon (of the far-famed Four Musketeers) who had been in their heyday the fascination of many a crowd at the Centre Court. But the lapse of years has told on their game and one could not, in 1938, expect them to set the Thames on fire. Jean Borotra and Mrs. Helen Wills Mody impressed one as a formidable combination on paper, but in reality fizzled out before Donald Budge's devastating drives and Alice Marble's sparkling volleys.

Jugoslavia was represented in this year's Championships by that brilliant quartette: Puncce, Mitic, Kukuljevic, and Pallada. Puncce, the best of the four, came up to the semi-final where he was baffled by Budge. The rest were eliminated in the earlier rounds. On July 12, however, Kukuljevic made a sensation by vanquishing Budge at Belgrade in an exhibition match. Kho Sin Kie, the captain of the Chinese Davis Cup team, and the conqueror of Austin at Bournemouth, was honoured with a place in the list of seeded players. So was Henner Henkel who had outplayed Austin at Paris in the 1937 Championships of France. But the latter had his revenge when he eclipsed the German star in the semi-final at Wimbledon.

India was interested in this year's Wimbledon since her Davis Cup players took part in it. But it was as easy as eating ice-cream for the champions of the continent to make short work of the cream of Indian tennis.

All will admit that the men's singles event was a farce. Many of the world's leading players were not there to provoke that immense interest or provide that resistless glamour which one has been accustomed to associate with Wimbledon. Tilden, Cochet, Vines, and Perry have all succumbed to the lure of professionalism. "Giant-killer" Grant has been recuperating after being operated upon for appendicitis in April. De Stefani, the ambidexterous Italian, who had been prevented by an injury from playing for his country in the Davis Cup tie against France, was probably kept out of Wimbledon for the same reason. Yvon Petra and the rest of the French constellation decided to remain in Paris and prepare for their Davis Cup matches rather than break the continuity of their season by playing on Wimbledon grass. Perhaps the same consideration was behind the absence of Jack Crawford, Adrian Quist, John Bromwich, and Vivian McGrath, the jewels of Australian tennis. We missed also Karl Schroeder, the Swedish Champion, who had checkmated "the Bounding Basque" at Queen's Club.

WIMBLEDON

The public must have missed Von Cramm. Baron Gottfried von Cramm, who has delighted galleries wherever he went by his dazzling tennis and spotless sportsmanship, is now languishing in prison. It looks as if the fair name of this tennis genius has been trodden under foot and dragged through the mud simply because of a few indiscreet political statements uttered by him during his recent tour of Japan, America, Australia, and the Philippines. The sacrifice of Baron Gottfried von Cramm to the political fanaticism of Nazi Germany has angered international tennis players all over the globe. Donald Budge, the world champion, has declared that he will never again play in Germany. Ellesworth Vines has suggested that if Von Cramm had beaten Budge in the Davis Cup match at Forest Hill, all would have been forgiven. "But he lost," the former world champion has added; "as a result, he is in a German hoosegow." It is the earnest hope of every lover of tennis that Von Cramm will not "disappear" after his release.

No wonder the Wimbledon of 1938 was as dull as a twice-told tale. But one need not fear that the Championships of the coming year also will wear the willow. For this is but a passing phase in the history of Wimbledon. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

The Choice of a Good Barber

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

Hook in the mirror induced me to have a shave, and as I had not yet learnt the art of shaving, I set out for the barber's. For the sake of variety, I did not go to my usual saloon.

I entered. All the seats there were occupied, and I was about to leave when the barber bade me "Good Morning, Saar," and asked me to come in, assuring me that one of the chairs would fall vacant in one or two minutes. I sat down on a bench and began reading the "Ananda Vikadan."

Two minutes passed—ten minutes passed—my turn for a shave had not come. At last, one of the customers left his chair. I rushed to his seat and occupied it. "Please get up, Saar" said the barber to me, "he will come back. He has merely gone out to see if the slippers he has left at the doorway are safe." With great sullenness I relinquished my seat and sat down once again on the bench.

To my great relief, half an hour later, I saw one of the customers leaving the saloon. I occupied the vacant chair and ordered a shave.

The barber approached me with all the necessary instruments. He commenced applying the lather on my face with the dexterity of an experienced white-washer of houses. In this process of lathering only twice did he insert the abnoxious brush into my mouth, and I know not whether the act was intentional or accidental. On one occasion, the lather completely blocked up my nasal cavities, and kept me sneezing vehemently for five minutes. Now that the lather had been applied, I realised that the barber had a right over my face until the shave was finished. Frequently he went near the mirror, admired himself, arranged his hair, examined a pimple on his nose, and then came back. Once he went out to arbitrate over a road-side quarrel, and returned to me only when all the lather had evaporated "under the normal temperature and pressure" of the saloon which was constantly at a high temperature.

The barber then approached me with a razor. One glance at the razor reminded me that I had seen the very same razor sometime back in one of the second-hand stalls, where each article is charged for at the

THE CHOICE OF A GOOD BARBER

enormous rate of two and a half annas. The pain inflicted by this razor gave me an idea of the sufferings that man would undergo in the Dominions of His Highness Satan. To add to this pain, a legion of bugs attacked me from all quarters. Besides, I was exposed to an aerial attack from a whole squadron of well-developed mosquitoes.

Only when the barber's fingers approached my nose did I know that he had recently cleaned some kerosene-oil lamps. His clothes were—I am ready to acknowledge—certainly neater than those of an engine-cleaner. Though a barber himself, he had not had the time to have a shave; and his face resembled a powerful magnet introduced into a jar of iron-filings. Feelings of tenderness were totally absent in him; for he shifted my head from one side to another with such violence, that it put me to think he might have been a trainer of wild horses.

As the shave was nearing completion, the barber suggested to me that my hair was in dire need of cutting and that my head was suited for a summer-crop. But I prudently refused to have a hair-cut, fully aware that by accident he might introduce the sharp scissors into my nose, my eyes and my mouth, as he had done with the brush.

In the great joy of escaping from the saloon, I forgot to take back the change that he had to give me. Till to-day, I have not made bold to claim it for fear of being induced to have a shave in exchange for the money due to me. But I might recommend people who have pimples or boils on their face, to have a shave in this saloon. His "execution will always be neat," and with his razor he will readily oblige you and get your face cleared of every painful eruption. His shaves will not take more than half an hour, I assure you.

One More Question

by M. S. Sengole, III Hons.

THE time was 6-30 P.M. Rain was pouring down in torrents, while a fierce storm was raging around the little station of Bidhapur. The station was a small building surrounded by a few clumps of gigantic trees. The wind whistled and whined and the few passengers had to take shelter along with the station master in his own room, for that was the only room there. The Bombay Mail was due in a fifteen minutes' time. The pointsman came up to the station-master with an anxious face, and sadly related that the two signal posts had fallen to the ground. Sanjeeva Rao, as the station-master was called, asked him to take up a red light and run to the outer-post and try as far as possible to stop the Mail.

Clutching with both the hands a redlight, the pointsman ran headlong to the outer-post and just as he arrived, he discerned, in the distance, the white light of the engine that came on thundering. The whole earth seemed to tremble at the speed of the train. To and fro the pointsman waved the lamp. The rain pelted him and blinded his vision. The wind grew more wild and it was with great difficulty that he was able to stand on his legs. But he stood his ground bravely and faithfully till the train passed him but without abating its speed. With weary steps he turned round to go back, when there was a peal of thunder—a mighty crash and shrieks of women, men and children.

The following morning big headlines appeared in newspapers. "The tragedy of Bidhapur—Railway crash—20 die on the spot—30 sustain injuries—First three compartments complete wreckage—survival of a little child amidst confusion and death."

Mr. Sanjeeva Rao and the pointsman were arrested on a charge of serious negligence of duty. To all the questions put to him, the pointsman replied unhesitatingly.

Question.—Is it true that you signalled a light?

Answer.—Yes, your Honour.

Question.—Was it a red or a green light?

ONE MORE QUESTION

Answer.—Obviously it was a red light.

Question.—Where did you stand?

Answer.—At the place where the outer-post had fallen.

Question.—Can you produce any witness to the fact that you did your duty?

Replying the pointsman said that Lalraj, the newspaper vendor, was witnessing his action.

Lalraj, giving evidence confirmed the statements of the pointsman, and swore that he saw him frantically waving the lamp to and fro.

Having proved that they did their duty, in the right time, both the accused were acquitted.

* * *

A few days after, at about 6-30 P.M. the Station-master and the pointsman were holding a conversation on the platform. This time there was no rain.

"Meehrani," Mr. Sanjeeva Rao asked, "how is it that you answered all the questions so bravely? But for your courageous bearing, we would have been sacked."

"Yes, sir. I had an awful time of it. If only the judge had asked me one more question, I doubt whether we would be here making merry..."

"What is that?" cried Mr. Rao a little taken aback.

"Only this. If he had asked me whether the red lamp was burning the whole time I signalled?.....The wind blew the light off when I began to signal. I myself noticed it only after the train had passed."

The Station-master was speechless.

Modern Beggars

by K. Kadambavanasundaram, IV U. C.

QUITE unlike the ordinary class of beggars is the modern beggar. He does not come to you blind of one eye, limping in one leg or dressed in rags, with an overgrown beard and moustache, so as to excite in your mind feelings of pity and sympathy for him. Nor does he come and bless you and your posterity in torrential eloquence and give a lengthy panegyric on your natural or unnatural benevolence and charitable disposition. For all outward appearances, he is quite like you and you will not call him a beggar for all the world.

You may wonder how begging and dignity can go together, but it is just the case with the modern beggar. He does not like to be considered inferior to the rest of mankind and is too sensitive to bear any insult. In fact he seems to be an advanced social reformer in that he considers 'man to man as equal.'

Begging has become an art with him and the fascinating charm of his profession has lured many into it. The business is neither an enterprise nor a venture. To enter this profession no capital is required, no qualification is essential and no experience is necessary. All that is required is idleness, a little intelligence and presence of mind.

Not infrequently do you come across a group of these beggars whom you can rightly call 'the dignified beggars of the street'. They lie patiently in wait for you and, if you are in any way likely to impress them as a rich person, sure it is that your purse will have to be emptied of some of its contents. On seeing you, they will come directly to you and ask abruptly, "Sir, will you please tell me what time it is now?", or some such question. On getting an answer, they will never go back but follow you narrating their pre-meditated, well-concocted tales. Usually what they expect from you is merely the railway-fare to go back to their native town or village. But you being naturally stingy give them four annas only, or even much less, and this amount, which is quite insufficient for their return journey, they squander in other ways and you find them employed in the shameful task the next time a so when you meet them.

MODERN BEGGARS

For instance, when you are taking your evening stroll, you will meet a sturdy youth, between 20 and 22 years of age, clad in dazzling-white Diamond Twill Shirt and Glasgow mull, with a white kerchief in his hand. He will abruptly ask you, "Sir, do you know when the mail train leaves Trichy Fort?". Without waiting for your reply he will continue, "Sir, I am a native of Coimbatore. I came here day before yesterday and was about to return by the 4 o'clock train. At the booking office counter, I looked into my pocket for my purse and found to my great surprise and disappointment that it was lost. I am quite sure that some pick-pocket ought to have taken it at the railway station. I hear that a connection to the Blue-Mountain Express leaves Trichy Fort at 10 P.M. and I mean returning by that train. I am a stranger to this place and have neither friends nor relatives here. Not being accustomed to it, I feel very delicate to ask others anything. However, I will be grateful to you, Sir, if you can help me now with the railway fare. As soon as I go to my house I will promptly send back the money." At this you are sure to be moved and you will pay him a few annas. But you must not be surprised if, even on the very next day, you find him in the hotel as the guest of your friend.

But these beggars are nothing compared with the one I met a few days back in a certain lawyer's house. The lawyer was then pleasantly chatting with his friends in his office-room. A pious-looking man carrying a plate containing oranges and apples, and a rose garland, entered the room, placed the plate on the table and garlanded the lawyer. The comrades of the vakil thought that one of his successful clients had come to see him. But the lawyer could not understand who this man might be. Now the hasty children of the lawyer who had followed the man took some fruits from the plate and ran away. The man then calmly began, "Sir, I am a poor man. I have five daughters. I wish to perform the marriage of my eldest daughter next month. I have come to you for favour of your grace and sympathy." Without allowing the man to continue his tale any further, the lawyer returned the garland and the fruits and threw a four-anna piece for the fruits his children had taken away. The man picked up the coin and went away taking the garland and the plate with the remaining fruits.

The Government levies annual or half-yearly taxes, but these beggars impose on us unlevied taxes any number of times a day.

A Great Mistake

by P. Pasupathy, III B. Sc. (Hons.)

SOMU was of course a clever thief. Or else how could he have managed to escape from prison?

It was twelve o'clock in the night. There was no light except the twinkling of the stars in the dark sky. Somu walked along the deserted roads and reached the house of his old master Mr. Mudaliar. Stealthily he climbed up the staircase and reached the room in which Mr. Mudaliar was sleeping soundly. Gently he opened the door. There was nothing to break the dead silence except the snoring of the Mudaliar. Without any hesitation Somu dealt him a severe blow on the head with his club and Mudaliar died instantaneously.

Somu took out the keys from under his pillow and opened the iron safe which was near by. To his great delight he found inside, hundreds of currency notes. In the twinkling of an eye, he took them out, tied them in his cloth and thrust the knot inside his waist cloth.

Somu wanted to go out at once since his task had been done more satisfactorily than he had expected. But he remembered that he was still in his jail uniform which would betray him even to the most casual observer. So he took out a set of the Mudaliar's clothes and dressed himself in them.

He did not know what to do with his old clothes. Suddenly an idea struck him. He would set fire to his clothes and the fire would ruin the house and people would think that the Mudaliar had perished in the flames. What an excellent idea!

He spared no time to execute this plan. He dipped his clothes in kerosine and set fire to them.

He then prepared himself to go out. Before that, he wanted to see whether the notes were safe. So he applied his hands to his waist in search of the notes but to his great disappointment and agony he did not find them there. Suddenly he remembered that he had tied the notes in his old cloth. So in deep anguish and pain he snatched out the burning cloth and searched for his treasure. But the flames did not wait for him. They had done their work. So in the place of the currency notes he found only a heap of ashes!

Comfort in Adversity

by P. S. Hariharan, III B. Sc. (Hons.)

A bit of philosophy is everyman's proud privilege; and in many a contemplative mood of mine, I have wondered why "some should be born ready-booted and spurred to ride, while others are ready-saddled and bridled to be ridden". The old saying "Man was made for joy and woe" was no figment of a poet's heated imagination. The world is neither all sunshine nor all rain. A balmy day follows a gloomy one; calm succeeds storm. Dirt and daintiness exist side by side. In fact, our world is a coarse mixture of staring incongruities.

Reward is never proportional to labour and merit. Gain is often inversely proportional to pain. Bunyan wrote the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison. Goldsmith sold the copyright of "The Vicar of Wakefield" for £ 21; and yet had to see the civil jail. If money is pleasure or happiness, Wordsworth was a most miserable man. The pinch of poverty persuaded Chatterton to take poison.

"Inhuman dearth" has gone hand in hand with many "noble natures". Many a man's "noble rage" has been depressed by "chill penury."

"Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught.

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

This world is yet to produce a Socrates, Plato or Aristotle to interpret these inexplicable enigmas. But it is all for the best. Do the Rockefellers and Fords of the world enjoy life any better, or at any rate, much better than the poor labourer in the field who earns his meagre livelihood by the sweat of his brow? The fact that they do is incredible, for "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Rockefeller himself would have parted with the lion's share of his millions, if he could have been cured of lifelong constipation. Alas! he has passed away as a constipation patient. Would not Pierpoint Morgan have parted with half his hoards to get rid of the excrescence that made his nose such an unsightly joke? Does a man sleep any better because he has a thousand bedrooms?

Socialism dreams of bridging the gulf between the poor and the rich. But even without that, there is no reason why we should lose hope. The man of the pen and the man of the plough are in no way inferior to the man of the purse. Mammon has no seat in Heaven. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

Midnight Mystery

by Aloysius Joseph, II U. C.

FINN sat up with a jerk on his bed, his ears strained to catch the least sound and his eyes staring out into the blackness which enveloped him. He did not know what had caused him to start up like that from his sleep, but the moment he was awake he experienced a queer sensation that all was not well. He felt that there was something hidden in the darkness—something vile and hideous, and the feeling grew more and more upon him as he sat there. The darkness was a thing tangible, almost solid, he could not see even the nose on his face, but some inner voice told him that he was not *alone* in the room.

Who could be his midnight visitor? Surely an uninvited guest—one who came to rob, probably murder him!

Finn's hand slid silently underneath the pillow and brought out a pistol and a torch. He did not light it then, but sat like a statue—listening. During his twenty years' service as a detective inspector, David Finn had made many enemies in the underworld. Enemies who would stick at nothing to gain their end, men to be feared because of their vile cunning. But most of them were behind prison-bars—thanks to his perseverance.

Finn might not have been as brave as some of those legendary sleuths in six-penny novels who are in the habit of having their hair parted by bullets or of receiving close shaves from the same source, but he was not a coward.

He listened attentively. The silence was perfect, almost as perfect as the darkness, only the monotonous tick-tack of the wall clock disturbed its eerie stillness, and these seemed to keep time with his accelerated heart beats. The darkness held something loathsome enshrouded in its clammy folds—he felt it.

A sudden fear seized him violently freezing the very blood in his veins and his hair rose in terror. He felt a prickly sensation at the nape of his neck, but feared to scratch the offending part lest any movement should attract the enemy's attention. An enemy there was—of that he was sure.

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY

For some time he sat thus, muscles rigid and ready to act—all faculties on the alert. Then he relaxed a little and switched on the torch at the same time leaping aside in anticipation of bullets, but none came.

The pencil of light probed the furthest corners of the room and came to a halt near its centre.

Horror of horrors! In the intensity of its glare stood revealed a chair which had not been there when Finn retired and on it sprawled a man.

A bulky, broad-featured, coarse-lipped man he was with cruel black eyes that glinted maliciously at him between podgy lids. A yet black stubby beard that only served to emphasize an immensely heavy under-jaw disfigured the lower part of his face. His feet were stretched out carelessly before him and his massive gorilla arms hung limp over the arms of the chair.

"Put up your hands!" the command rang out.

But the man in the chair did not move.

"Put them up or I fire!" he rapped out the order again in a hard metallic voice, jerking the pistol up and down suggestively.

The man seemed deaf, only his eyes blazed at Finn in a leer of seething hate. Dead men never put up their hands.

Finn was quick to realize the fact and with a smothered exclamation he went up to the man and felt for some sparks of life that might still exist. The man was stone dead.

There was a small rectangle of folded paper lying at the feet of the corpse; he picked it up and read:

"Hello Finn,—got a start eh? I thought you would. By the time you get this slip I will be dead—and glad of it. Just came to pay you a last visit before I went west. Perhaps I am mad as people say, maybe that is why I come here like this to kill myself—all the same, Bill when he lived was too slick for you Finn! By the way, I killed Jim Barrid and those two inquisitive cops Matey and Slim. I might as well confess it because you are too much of an ass to find out by yourself. You pinched me this morning for drunken behaviour—not that I blame you, but I know what is the real cause of my arrest—you want me tucked away safe while you work on the Sene Murder case. Don't trouble yourself Finn, I killed

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY

Sene Manners, you see he double-crossed me—and no man can do that to Bill and get away with it.

I broke out from lockup just a few hours ago—the boys there will be kicking up a row when they find out. I can easily kill you as you lie there sleeping like a babe, but I don't want to—then you will never read this note. With love and kisses if you care to have them."

MURDOCK BILL.

Finn drew back a little and directed the torch full on the face of the man, yes, it was Murdock Bill the maniac murderer who had terrorised the district by his brutal murders and who had escaped the hangman's rope again and again only by his devilish cunning.

He took up a small phial that lay overturned on the table near by and sniffed its contents. "Cyanide!" he ejaculated to himself.

Just then the telephone bell tinkled urgently from its stand in the corner. He strode over to it.

"What do you want?" he shouted into the mouthpiece, not waiting to enquire who was at the other end.

"Johnson speaking—come quick governor—Bill has escaped—" came a voice through the phone in an agitated manner.

"Bring along the ambulance, I have found him," he said simply and rang off.

Ships That Changed History

by K. Melchizedec, II U.C.

IF all the inventions of man none has done more to change world history than the ship. First, and perhaps the most famous ship of all, was the Ark.

Ever since the first man found that he could travel through the water by clinging to a log, adventurers have sallied forth into the unknown and brought back—when they were fortunate enough to return—stories of new discoveries, of great wealth and high adventure.

Julius Caesar planted his feet on the cliffs of France and gazed across to England, where the ancient Britons lived their simple lives. Without ships he would never have been able to land on these shores, conquer the Britons, and teach them the arts and crafts of Roman civilisation. Nor would the Saxons and Danes ever have come to change the history and character of the Britons.

Then there was the White Ship, which set sail in 1118, bound from France to England. On board was the eldest son of the King Henry I. Everybody on board was more or less drunk and this naturally made them very careless. The White Ship struck a rock and only one man of the 300 who sailed in her was saved. The heir to the throne went to the bottom with the rest, and the history of England was changed once more.

Starving and racked with disease, fifty men on a ninety foot vessel sailed on and on, thousands of miles into the west. The superstitious crew grew mutinous, and their commander, the son of a Genoese cloth weaver, was hard put to it to persuade them to continue the voyage. But he did so, and reached America.

Without Columbus' ship and Cabot's which sailed about the same time from England, no one to-day would know what lay on the other side of the Atlantic.

One day in 1486 Bartholomew Diaz set out to sail down the west coast of the almost unknown continent of Africa. At various points he landed and erected stone pillars, some of which are standing to this day. But there came a time when Diaz was lost. There was no land in sight anywhere.

SHIPS THAT CHANGED HISTORY

"Turn back," pleaded his sailors. "We are lost; turn back!" The best their commander could do was to compromise. He struck a bargain that if in three more days they did not sight land, they would turn the bows of their ship homewards.

Fortunately, land was sighted within the agreed time. He had, although he did not know it, rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Another milestone had been set up on the road of progress.

But enough of discovery. There are many other ways in which the ship has changed history. During the American Civil War, when both sides were short of naval power, the Southerners got to work on a steam frigate which had been partially burned. Over her deck they built a sloping roof, covered with iron $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. They strengthened her sides with "rail road iron," gave her eight powerful guns, and christened her the Merrimac. She looked, according to a contemporary writer, "like a half-submerged crocodile."

When the news reached the Northerners that their adversaries had an ironclad, they resolved that they should have one, too. The result was the Monitor. Her deck was almost flush with the water, and amidships was a revolving turret of 8 in. thick iron, housing two 11 in. guns.

These two vessels fought an indecisive battle, but they made their mark on history, for they led to the ironclad battleship.

The Great Eastern was a failure. She broke the company that built her before she was launched, and was a white elephant as a transatlantic liner. But this monstrosity, with her five funnels, seven masts, paddle-wheels, and propellers, laid the first Atlantic deep-sea cable, and so played a big part in the development of civilisation.

Less than forty years ago submarines made their first appearance as ships of war. Their activities between 1914 and 1918 threatened at one time to starve out Britain. But in the end they made the Allied victory certain by bringing America into the War.

As time goes on the ship will become more and more unimportant. Aircraft will gradually supersede it. Finally, perhaps, people will make all long journeys by aeroplane, and goods will no longer be ferried across the oceans.

But let us never forget our debt to the ship—to the dug-out canoe, Roman trireme, lumbering galleon, white-winged clipper, dashing liner.

A brave cavalcade, symbolising commerce, romance, adventure.
Gallant ships, we salute you!

An Inspection Parade

by Samuel A. Gnanamuthu, II U. C.

I woke up with a start and taking my torch flashed it on my time-piece. It was only halfpast two. With a sigh of relief I again curled up into my bed contemplating the ordeal that awaited me in the morning—The Parade.

When I was fast asleep once more, I heard the ringing of my time-piece, as if it called me forth to my duty, and with great reluctance I had to part with my bed. After my toilet I switched on the light to dress. When I was dressing I remembered the O. C. (Officer Commanding) asking us to pay particular attention to dressing—smart dressing—especially polishing boots, tying up putties correctly—Oh! this awful business of tying up putties, there are no words in the dictionary to express this agony—and to have a clean and starched uniform. After I had finished my dressing I looked into my mirror just to comb my hair. My Goodness! what a shock I had when I saw my beard sticking out! So without delay I took up my shaving set and had a good shave remembering the O. C.'s warning on shaving, and then wondered what would have happened if I had gone on parade without shaving, and if that terrible adjutant had seen me.....so on and so on.

After I had finished everything I hurried up to the armoury, drew my rifle and 'quickment' (as Lascars put it) and marched straight to the parade ground. No sooner I was on the parade ground than I heard our C. S. M. shouting out

"Compni..... On Parade."

On this word of command I marched briskly forward because it was a chill morning, and joined my platoon eagerly waiting to see our loving commandant and affectionate adjutant. My pleasant reverie was suddenly interrupted by a shrill command, (of-course I recognised our present O. C.'s command.)

"Decomane e e e e e

Atten—tion; Stand-at-ix
Atten—tion; Stand-at-ix; tand-isy."

After this there was a general bustle throughout the company, Officers running about giving hasty advices and instructions to recruits and cadets,

AN INSPECTION PARADE

N. C. Os making a big fuss about nothing, and men glancing in the direction of the road, which showed how ardently they awaited the taxi. (Our C. O. M., our Commandant and Adjutant arrive in a taxi.)

As expected the taxi arrived very soon and our O. C. shouted out :—

" D Companeeeee.

Atten—shun."

By that time our C. O. and Adjutant came up. (A casual glance at them was enough to recall to my mind Laurel and Hardy.) and our O. C. presented the company.

Then our C. O. accompanied by the Adjutant, Second in Command, and our O. C. inspected the company. While inspecting he saw and questioned a pale thin-looking cadet with crumpled shorts.

C. O. :—(in a loving fatherly manner) "When did you wash your shorts last?"

Cadet :—(a little offended at his undue interest in him.) "I don't wash my shorts, Sir, but I give them to the dhoby"

Adjutant :—(interrupting) "Look here! Don't be impertinent. Dash it all, can't you understand that simple question? Try and use your common sense if at all you have any." (Turning to our officer) "Take his number down."

Oh! this sort of "Booking" I thought was all over with the end of the camp at Madras but it had extended itself to Teppakkulam and nobody to help it. After all these people do not understand that to err is human.

They proceeded till they came in sight of a fellow without boots.

C. O. :—(very seriously) "I say! what about your boots?"

Cadet :—"I have got a bad boil on my 'leg-finger' Sir!"

O. C. :—(interrupting) "I have given him permission to parade without boots, Sir."

Again they proceeded inspecting when the Adjutant came across an unshaven cadet.

Adjutant :—"Look here! did you have a shave to-day?"

The poor cadet frightened out of his wits merely blinked.

AN INSPECTION PARADE

Adjutant:—(angrily) "Come on man, speak, when did you have your shave last?"

Cadet:—(trembling with fear) "Day before yesterday, father!!"

The Adjutant, being a sport, left him alone laughing, perhaps thinking about the 'force of habit'.

After the inspection our O. C. took up the trained men to exhibit the drill movements and marching to our new arrivals while the Staff Sergeant went to bore the poor recruits.

O. C.:—"Trained-Maan. Atton—Shun; Trained-men—Number."

Trained Men:—"One, Twooooo, Threeeee, Fooourrr,—"

O. C.:—"As you were, come on, Number Smartly—Trained-men—Number."

Trained Men:—"One, Two, Three, Four,.....Twenty-one, Twenty-two,"

O. C.:—"Now, let us see a good slope. Trained-men Sloope—Amps."

Adjutant:—(from far) "As you were. Awful! Hopeless! Whats all this? Is it a drill movement or what? Put some energy into the movements and observe the pause correctly. One stop—Two stop—three."

O. C.:—(Now resumes) "Trained men—Sloope-umps"

Adjutant:—(after the movement) "Don't Move" (Though no body is moving.)

O. C.:—"Trained men, Move to the right in fours—Form fours.—Rightt. By the left quick march."

Left-right—Left-right—Left-right."

Adjutant:—"Come on, march properly, dress by your left, swing your arms. Look up. Don't look down. Ai, you correct your slope."

O. C.:—"Trained-Men; About-turn."

Adjutant:—(gives steps) "up up, up, up, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4." (Then tired of giving steps and finding no change, angrily) "You all march like a set of 'Scallywags' and good-for-nothing vagabonds. One of these days all the 'duds' who can't march here, will find themselves out of the corps."

AN INSPECTION PARADE

O. C.:—(getting very angry with a student who is always out of steps), "You Neelakantan, you march like an old goose! Come on, correct your step and march smartly."

Adjutant:—"Who is that fellow? That short Lance-Corporal behind that fat chap! (Addressing him) I say Lance-Corporal, I hope you don't want your only stripe to be flying in the air. If you N. C. Os. don't care to march properly, how can you expect your men to do it?"

After these blasphemies which were incessantly inflicted upon us, (we took these things very coolly not because we are sports but because we are accustomed to it), we were asked to sit down to take some rest. Now the opportunity arrived for me to take a good look at our poor recruits who were sweating after an exhausting parade. I also saw our C. O. walking gracefully and calmly, towards the recruits' squad. I have profound admiration for his silence and 'take it easy' manner, never caring about petty details..... While thus reflecting I was suddenly awakened by the Adjutant's majestic voice addressing a recruit, "What the devil are you scratching your nose for? You are at attention, man. Don't Move. Keep Still."

Staff Sergeant:—(After forming fours and right) "Quick March:—eft-ite-ef-ite-ef-ite. Swin yur hams up, put your chest fowad, pull yur chin in. Mind your steps eft-ite-ef-ite-ef-ite-ef-ite."

Sees a recruit who is limping and leading the squad in a slanting direction.

Staff Sergeant:—"You there! where the dickens are you go in? March strate man. Ma ol grand mother will walk much better than you fellas here."

Adjutant:—(very coolly) "Pull these 'duds' out, Sergeant and give them a special training until they get it."

At this moment a shrill whistle sounded, which meant dispersal and thus our parade came to an end.

I saw our Adjutant walking carelessly forward, waving his little stick to and fro in his hand. On my part I was glad to be rid of him though there was a slight regret in my heart that I would not be able to see him again for one solid month.

AN INSPECTION PARADE

Thus after a hundred 'eyes lefts' and 'eyes rights' we marched off to the armoury where we deposited our burden and came out.

Soon after I was a free soul once more—merrily joking to my friends about the Adjutant and the C. O. on my way back to my home—sweet home.

Autobiography of a Wrist-Watch

by A. Venkataraman, II U. C.

ENCASED in gold, adorned with beautiful engravings, and wearing a wrist-band of silk-moiré, I was as charming a wrist-watch as one could set eyes on. And I, with many others, embarked on a ship and reached the West End Firm in Madras. Here we enjoyed a holiday for two months.

One day, my friends and I were thinking of playing chess and we had set everything ready, when to my horror, I found that I was to be sold to a rich man for seventy rupees. But I looked very charming on the wrist of the rich man.

He was a kind master. He polished me every-day and took me with him to every party and cinema that he attended. And how happy I was with such a master!

But my days of happiness soon ended. One day, the University authorities published the Intermediate results and as soon as the gentleman found his son's number in the first class, he took me off and presented me to him saying, "Ramaswamy, here is a present for you in honour of your first class." At first I thought that my new master would be as kind as his father. But I soon found him to be an atrocious creature. In spite of his own peculiarities in walking, he used to laugh at teachers and professors. If others did not give him what he wanted, he would beat them and scold them and if others asked him anything or even touched his things, he would frown at them. In fact, I was disgusted with this fellow and wanted to get away from him. I tried various tricks but none of them was of any avail. So at last, I stopped running and made him disgusted with me. So, he left me in a tram car and went away.

I lay there for some time as helpless as 'the Babes in the Wood'. But I was found out by the conductor who took me and kept me for himself. When we reached Royapuram, he sold me to a shop man for fifteen rupees. How ashamed I was to think that I who had been bought by a rich gentleman for seventy rupees was now sold by a bad conductor only

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WRIST-WATCH

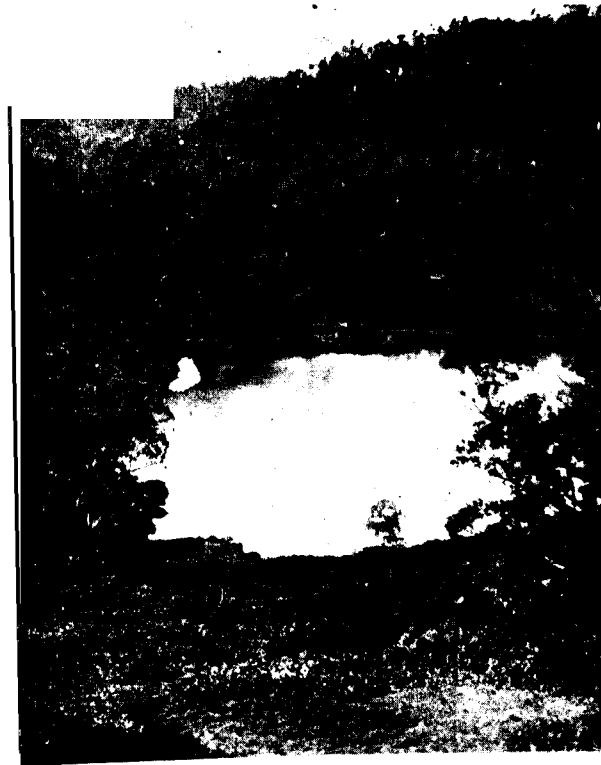
for Rs. 15! But fate must run its course! The shopman was gentle and made some repairs on me. Then he gilded me and made me look like a new watch. After a few days, I was sold to a III Year Medical Student for Rs. 50.

This student kept me with care and carried me along with him. He was a good man and so I worked for him faithfully. He went always to the Park where he would be waiting for a lady friend. Until her arrival, he would urge me to go faster and when she arrived he would chide me for going at all. The girl was very beautiful and how I was thrilled to see her! She had an eye upon me, and soon, I was transferred to her wrist.

One day, I was taken to a meeting addressed by Gandhiji. There, I was given away by the young lady as a donation to the Harijan fund. Gandhiji put me to auction and I was given away to an old man for Rs. 120. How grand I felt at that moment! I had enjoyed the rare privilege of being given away by Gandhiji himself for so high a price.

The old man took me to a marriage the next day and I found that the bridegroom was my former student-master. The old man gave me to him as a present on the marriage occasion. Contrary to my expectations, I was treated well by my master and so I served him well for full six years.

Now, I am 12 years old and have nearly run my race. I have been through many adventures. I feel old and cannot work so vigorously as before. But I am consoled by the thought that I have lived a very interesting and crowded life. Therefore I shall rest in peace.



WELLINGTON LAKE

A
RAIN STREAM.
Photos by
J. Ramaswamy,
(I. U. C.)





YERCAUD
(Photos by K. N. Duraiswamy, II U. C.)

A Trip to Yercaud

by K. N. Duraiswamy, II U.C.

THE spirit of excursion is strong in the heart of every young man. We were a party of young men. One of us suggested Yercaud as a very enjoyable place for an excursion. After making the necessary arrangements for the tour we started at 6 A.M. from our village in an Essex Terraplane.

From Mettupatti to Salem the road was very smooth and we had a jolly ride. The journey was not an eventful one except for the hillock of the Phantom Deer, known as *பெயர்மாள் காடு* in Tamil. This requires some explanation. Something like a crack is formed between two huge boulders of a hill. When seen from a distance it looks as though a deer is peeping at us from the crack. But when we go nearer, the phantom deer vanishes.

At about 8-30 A.M. we arrived at Salem and drove to the "Modern Café" a restaurant the best of its kind in that town. After light refreshments we had some rest and started for Yercaud. The actual distance from Salem to the foot of the Yercaud hills is two miles. On beginning to ascend, the first thing that strikes our attention is the gradual nature of the ascent and the neatness of the mountain road. On one side is the majestic and awe-inspiring mountain and on the other side far below we see the plains. As the car ascends higher the atmosphere becomes cooler and we actually feel the cool clouds about us. Still higher we see orange groves and coffee plantations on the slopes of the hills. The bends in the road then become very sharp.

After a journey of about two and a half hours and after covering a distance of 13 miles we reached Yercaud, 5500 ft. above sea level. The decided change in the climate, from a very hot to a cool one, and the gentle breeze, had a refreshing effect upon our tired nerves.

The town is rather a small one consisting of about hundred houses. Every street looks as though it is a stair-case. There is a high-school called the Montfort School. A lake and a wind-mill add much to the beauty of the town. Most of the people are engaged in gardening. The poor gardeners wear a loin cloth and coat and a thick blanket which is an essential part of their dress. Even the men, mostly labourers, stick flowers on their heads.

A TRIP TO YERCAUD

In the interior of the forest Nature shows her beauty. Everywhere we see trees covered with flowers of the most pleasing colours, red, blue, pink, crimson and scarlet. There is dead silence everywhere. Tall mighty trees grow on both sides of the road and Orange trees covered with fruit arrest our attention. Perfect tranquillity holds its sway over the scene and the gurgling mountain brook and the droning beetles help only to heighten the loneliness of the situation. We could not help recalling to our minds the unforgettable lines of that Nature Lover, Wordsworth,

“Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A scene so touching in its majesty.”

There are many bungalows on the top where wealthy people reside in summer. We had our meal on the verandah of a bungalow. But the feast offered by Mother Nature all around us was more sumptuous.

We felt as though we were in fairy land. We snapped a birds-eye-view of the town and the lake and also a view of the dense forest. At about 4 P. M. we were about to start on our return journey when black clouds gathered in the sky with flashes of lightning and the rumbling sound of thunder. In a short while we had a good shower. But the rain ceased as suddenly as it had come. The sky became bright and blue. Freshened by the rain the trees looked brighter and greener than before.

With a longing, lingering look behind, we began our return journey and arrived at Salem at about 7 P. M. In another hour and a half we were back at our village.

The excursion left an indelible impression on our minds and whenever we think of it, the incidents pass across our minds with the vividness of a cine-film.

Eccentricity

by M. D. Varkey, IV Hons.

THIS is a more serious subject than it seems at first sight. At least it is serious in the results it brings about in society. Indeed the costly appliances of modern scientific inventions are not negligible factors in the comforts and happiness of our society. But outside them there are factors that truly contribute in a considerable measure to the happiness of mankind—such as, the happy scenes in the face of nature or the bright looks on the faces of men, the melody of little birds chirping or innocent children laughing, the play of colours on the clouds or the sight of moonlit riversides, deeds of unusual kindness, the friendship of holy men, the companionship of eccentric persons, and so on. Each one is important in its own way, and its influence on the happiness of man is great. The influence of eccentricity on the happiness of mankind is twofold: it is like the light that the glow-worm possesses for its own glory and for the glory of the dark world around.

It is not for the fact that little children are small that we love them; but the little ones fill our hearts with pleasure by their childishness. The childishness of a child mostly consists in the ‘ever-changing-trend’ of its motives and the actions that follow them. We find the same ‘ever-changing-trend’ in the motives and actions of grown-up men too. But we do not call it childishness. The man with ‘ever-changing-trend’ is popularly (or rather affectionately) called eccentric. So eccentricity is childishness in grown-up men, with all its frankness and ardour.

But it must not be supposed that an eccentric is a special kind of man but it is right to say that every man is a special kind of eccentric. Like body-temperature, eccentricity is a part of every man. Whether he likes it or not, he has it always: only it may vary in degree from man to man and from time to time. We have scientific instruments to measure the human temperature: (lately scientists have invented devices even to measure the intensity of love!) but unfortunately we have no instruments to measure the eccentricity of man. If any scientist succeed in making a simple instrument like the Clinical Thermometer, for measuring human eccentricity, he must mark the 95th degree as the point of idiocy, and the 110th degree as the point of craziness, where the normal eccentricity of man is at degree 98.6. Because, if the degree of eccentricity fall considerably from the normal, man becomes an idiot; if it go too high he becomes crazy. It must be noted also that from the degree of normal

ECCENTRICITY

the point of idiocy is more easily reached than the point of craziness. But only those men who possess supra-normal eccentricity which has risen to a sufficiently conspicuous degree, pass by the name of eccentrics.

Nearly all literary geniuses, artists, and philosophers are conspicuous for their eccentricity. There is somehow a relation between genius and eccentricity. I have come across many people in my life who are noted for their genius and who are invariably eccentrics. Whether the genius arose from their eccentricity or their eccentricity from their genius, I was never quite able to determine.

My friend Mr. J. is an example of the milder type of eccentrics. Although we began our educational career together as class-mates, he took advantage of my repeated failures in the Matriculation class, and became my senior in College by three years. As a boy of nine years he showed notable signs of eccentricity. Even at that age he sometimes leaned to useless studies and sometimes to drawing caricatures. In those days the only crime for which he was often publicly whipped in school was his endless drawings of dog's head on the black-board, on the teacher's table and on the marginal spaces of his own fair-note-books. Humorous stories are told about his truancy. It was he, who on the first day of his Matriculation examination, made his appearance on the verandah of his school thinking that it was an ordinary working day, (and probably thinking of taking french leave after the attendance was taken.) But he wrote the examination off-hand and passed out topping the list. His companions at College liked him very much for his ever-changing moods; for his momentary bravery and his occasional dullness, for his good humour now and his irritation then. As a College student reading for his M. A. degree, I happened to see him in one of our streets in an untimely hour of the night. It was a poetic pleasure to see him walk a little pompously down the street, and suddenly scale a lamp-post like a monkey, with the alleged intention of lighting a cigarette, and then drop down and resume his walk with an unchanged expression of earnestness and sincerity, chasing any dog or donkey that happened to stand on the road side.

Here is another eccentric. My earliest recollection about my old friend Rev. F. (the author of many useful books and now the parson of the Anglican Church at Di.....pore) goes back to a time when he was an undergraduate. Among his varied forms of eccentricity, the most notable is his capricious attitude towards the hairs on his face. An old story is told about him that when he was a lad of nearly ten years, once he appeared in class with his eyebrows shaved. When I first knew him as a college student (then he was the most popular figure in the whole college),

ECCENTRICITY

he used to wear moustaches during certain seasons of the year. Even those seasonal moustaches very often changed their shape according to the eccentricity of the wearer. After he took to the profession of an ecclesiastic I have not heard much about his eccentricities. But his parishioners tell me that he has a curious habit of growing seasonal beards and that during this year he has grown his beard not less than five times and shaved them off for some unaccountable reasons. His reputation as a preacher and as a learned writer is now fast rising, and he is dearly loved by his parishioners.

In our High School we had a Brahmin teacher, a very old man, of age about fifty and odd, (may his soul have peace in the other world) who had a rich store of eccentricity. In class he was very steady and grave (perhaps he was suspicious of raids from the student on his rather precarious seriousness which was artificially assumed). Outside the class he was a boy: he often moved about in a mood of convulsive laughter and jolliness that characterise most of the juvenile eccentrics. I quite remember how he used to compete for the staff-race on the annual Sports Day of our School, how he finished the course (last of course), and how gleefully he enjoyed his performance on those occasions.

They were all good people, great scholars, but childish and gentle at heart. We are amused by them as if by innocent children. They carry us to some unknown regions where great men play the game of "Lantern Bearers" on the shores of some mysterious fairy ocean. In this dreary busy world of ours the sparks of eccentricity soothe the sinking hearts, like glow-worms that flit about and glorify the dark night.

Eccentricity blesseth him that possesseth it. It moulds man's agility for daring experiments. It fans the spirit of adventure in man. It was eccentricity that lighted the paths of Columbus, of David Livingstone, of Captain Peary. It is eccentricity that lifts men to the icy peaks of the Himalayas. He that is not eccentric must be a coward.....Only the eccentric can beguile successfully the monotony and dreariness of life. Eccentricity is the source of progress and wonderful discoveries in this world. It is harmless, for it is the reproduction of the harmless child in grown-up men. It is a virtue, because it contributes substantially to the happiness of mankind. These are advantages of eccentricity which are too obvious for our generation to understand and appreciate. For, alas, in the "extreme business" routine of our day we lose sight of this important virtue, and we pronounce the word 'eccentricity' in a contemptuous tone!

My First Photo

by S. B. X. Antonisamy, II U. C.

ONE evening while walking along the East Masi Street, I met Ratha, my friend, clad in the best attire and hurrying as on an errand.

"Good evening," said I examining his body from head to foot, "Anything very special?"

"O! Nothing at all," came the answer. "I am on my way to the Victoria Studio to be photographed."

"That's a fine idea." With no further words we took leave of each other.

I was greatly impressed by Ratha's radiant face at the prospect of being photographed. I reached the Vaigai, and sitting down on the sand, said to myself, "I too ought to have a photo of mine taken. For eighteen long years I've never had the pleasure of looking at my own portrait, while it has become the fashion of the day to have photo after photo taken of oneself to adorn one's room with them and to send them to one's friends and relatives. Yes indeed I should."

With this determination I rose up and went straight to the studio. Having arranged with the photographer that I should come next morning, I went to my room just in time for supper.

After supper, which of course was disposed of in a few minutes, I sat alone in my room, while the thought of my first photo put me in high spirits. I felt extraordinarily happy. My first thought was, "In what sort of position shall I be photographed? Should I stand or be seated?" A hot debate then took place within myself for nearly half an hour. There was much to be said on both sides. Finally I settled that I should stand.

No sooner had this been settled than another question arose, "Should I look straight or aside?", and many such questions arose one after another in quick succession, so that I was quite at sea. The clock struck ten, yet there was no solution to my problems. I went to bed, but could not get a wink of sleep. I lay tossing, while my mind was harassed by

MY FIRST PHOTO

the thought of the photo. Towards eleven, I managed to get some sleep, and needless to say, all my dreams of the night were about the photo.

Punctually at 4-30 the alarm woke me up; I jumped out of bed, finished the toilet and entered the dressing room. I felt a new sensation stealing through all my nerves. I dressed myself in full suit of tweed. Then standing before the mirror, I adjusted and re-adjusted the neck-tie, powdered the face with great care and combed my hair forming fine curls. I cast a final look at the mirror; everything was quite trim and neat. In a mood of excessive happiness, I set out.

I had just made my appearance in the street when a neighbouring old woman confronted me saying, "What is the matter?" "It is really a bad omen" said I to myself. Answering her sulkily, I hurried away, and within a few minutes found myself in the Studio.

"Good-morning, Sir," said the man. "You are just in time. Er..... come this way please. Would you like to stand or to be seated?"

"Well," said I, "I'd like to stand."

I was shown my place. I stood erect, firm as a pillar. My eyes were firmly fixed on the camera. I quite forgot myself for a moment. Everything was ready!

"Steady please," said the man, "Steady, one.....two.....th....."

"Woo—stop, stop!" cried I springing back, in a fit of horror, while my whole body was trembling. The man was greatly terrified, and came up to me.

"Look, look there!" said I. I showed him a deadly scorpion, which dropping from the ceiling had fallen just in front of me!

After killing the brute I resumed my place, hailing a litany of curses upon the nasty old creature that had stood on my way. The photo was taken after the usual "One, Two, Three!"

I felt great relief. "When can you let me have the copies, please?" said I. The photographer assured me that he would bring them to me next morning.

At last the thing was over. Yet my mind could not be at ease. A fresh problem took hold of me. "What kind of image will the camera

MY FIRST PHOTO

give?" This thought made me restless. That night too was sleepless because of my apprehensions.

Next morning at seven, the man came with the copies. I got them with anxious hands, but lo! great was my disappointment. "Is this the portrait of my own self!" exclaimed I. For I saw in it, quite contrary to my eager expectations, my mouth grim and fierce, eyes with a wild look and the whole countenance rude and unnatural! Was it a dream? I looked at myself and then around; it was no dream at all. I felt I was quite undone. There was nothing to be done but to receive the copies in a mood of resignation.

Years have rolled on, and many a photo of myself has been taken, quite successfully, the image correct and natural. No visitor to my room will fail to see all these photos, artistically arranged. But in their midst My First Photo occupies the place of honour. Great is my regard for it as it brings to my mind the futility of affected style and fashion!

The Romance of Stamps

by V. M. Sreedharan, I U. C.

STAMPS, which to the man in the street are mere scraps of paper to be used on envelopes for the conveyance of letters and letter packets from one place to another, have a far greater significance to the connoisseur or philatelist. What do those tiny scraps of paper represent? They are the symbols of the various dynasties of far-off lands. In these silent emissaries we may read something of the age we live in, of the change that has taken place in modern transport, the struggle that has been going on and is still going on for imperial supremacy and the ever-changing kaleidoscope of world affairs. Stamps serve a host of purposes besides that for which they were originally intended viz., prepayment of postage. In many countries postage stamps are used as instruments of propaganda both political and social. In other countries they are employed as the popular medium for paying tribute to the memories of great men. Postage stamps are also used for collection of funds for charitable purposes. During Christmas time such stamps are issued in Switzerland, U. S. A., and Czechoslovakia, the proceeds of the sales of which contribute towards the Anti-T. B. fund (as in U. S. A.) or towards some similar fund organised for the welfare of the citizens. Is not this fact that the postage stamps have been put to so many uses a romance in itself?

Another romance of the postage stamp is seen when we consider the number of hands through which a stamp goes before it reaches the stamp-collector. Sailors, Postmen, Railway authorities have all their part to play in the transport of the stamp.

The last and greatest romance of the postage stamp lies in the hobby these stamps have given rise to—philately. It was in the year 1840 that the first-stamps were issued and at this time people did not regard them as anything collectable. It was a few years later that people began to realise the value of collecting stamps as a hobby. Even then people collected stamps at the risk of being called eligible candidates for the nearest lunatic asylum. Just see the change that has taken place in the course of a few years. I may say that at present there is no country in this world where there are no Stamp Collectors. Stamp dealers came into existence to cope with the demand for stamps by philatelists.

THE ROMANCE OF STAMPS

Correspondence clubs and philatelic associations have sprung up to further this hobby. Philately has given rise to a literature of its own. The number of annual catalogues, monthly bulletins, and stamp-journals published in nearly all the important languages of the world bear ample testimony to the fact. The demand for stamps is so great that they have come to possess a value of their own. One single stamp of British Guiana is said to have fetched the high price of Rupees 50,000, and stamps valued from 200 to 6,000 Rupees are not uncommon.

One may ask why there is such a craze for stamps and my answer is that it is one of the best if not the best of indoor hobbies. Just glance through the pages of a stamp album, and memories of places we have seen or heard about or which we have read of in story books rise afresh in our mind, as we see the various designs on the stamps. In the words of a great philatelist, philately holds up a mirror to life. Biography, Natural History and modern progress are all recorded in stamps. Views on stamps have been formed into charming panoramas of the empire and the world. Sea going craft of almost every kind sail through the album pages. Architecture, engineering, cartography, adventure, romance, art, literature and a hundred themes even to the modern radio, provide ever-changing pages in a stamp collection. The conquest of the air has brought many new adherents to the philatelic hobby." Further, many new stamps are being issued by the various post-offices of the world, thus making stamp-collecting an ever-interesting pursuit. No wonder philately is the King of Hobbies and the Hobby of Kings.



GENERAL FRANCO

Pencil drawing by M. V. Antony, IV U. C.



LORD RUTHERFORD

1871—1937

(Pencil drawing by T. Kunju, IV U. C.)

Modern English Poetry : A Panorama

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I

LET me begin by limiting the connotation of the three words 'Modern,' 'English,' and 'Poetry.' If 'Modern' is an adjective applicable to anything that is not antiquated, that has relevance to us here and now, then all English poetry from Spenser and Shakespeare down to our own day is undeniably modern. But such a definition will be too wide for our purpose. Shall we seek guidance from the critics and the literary historians? Mr. R. L. Megroz begins a survey of Modern English Poetry from 1882; the late Harold Munro equated 'modern' with 'twentieth century poetry'; his wife, Alida Munro, would apparently disagree with him and consider 1923-33 as the 'modern' or 'recent' period; Mr. Michael Roberts's *FABER BOOK OF MODERN VERSE* confines itself mostly to the post-War period, while Mr. W. B. Yeats's *OXFORD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE* anthologises the verse produced during the last forty years or so. Perhaps, the best way out of the difficulty is to begin from the later Nineties; this would give us about forty years divided roughly into two halves by the Great War, or, to be more precise, by the publication in 1917 of Mr. T. S. Eliot's *PRUFROCK* volume.

Secondly, are we to include in a discussion on 'English' poetry the work of the Americans, the Canadians, the South Africans, the Australians, and—why not?—the Indo-Anglians? No! The 'panorama' is sufficiently baffling without them. By 'English' poetry I mean the verse written by Englishmen in their mother tongue,—though I may have to allude to the work of one or two Irish and a few American poets who have greatly influenced contemporary English poetry.

Lastly, the word 'Poetry' itself. Here we are daunted by a curious paradox. If we consider the emotional content of poetry, its urgency of emotional assault on our consciousness, without reference to its 'form' or 'technique,' we may have to confess that much bad prose is to be found in so-called poetry and much good poetry in what professes to be prose.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

There are passages in the prose of Mr. Llewelyn Powys and Mr. Tomlinson, of Miss Dorothy Richardson and Mrs. Virginia Woolf that have the palpitating and perturbing motion of poetry. On the contrary, in a poem like DRAKE, there are any number of far from luminous tracts of mere prose. In this essay I shall confine myself to a consideration of deliberate verse, verse presented as such by its creators.

These connotative limitations restrict our field considerably. Even so the material to be tackled is vast in all conscience. During the past forty years over fifty distinct and distinctive volumes of verse on an average have been published every year in England alone. That gives us over 2000 volumes of verse, and, say, about 400 poets. Four hundred poets in forty years! Imagination boggles at the thought. Is ours an infinitely great period in poetry? Perhaps, only the future can tell for certain: at any rate, our period demands humility from its critic; and hence let us approach the poetry of our time humbly,—and hopefully.

II

It is obvious these 400 poets should be somehow classified before we can hope to come to grips with them. Let us therefore divide them by 'dichotomy': traditionalists and non-traditionalists. There are those poets who have been in the main content to follow tradition, to stick to poetic conventions, to seek inspiration in strictly classical models. There are those others who have rebelled against conventions, experimented all the way, and sought refuge in the extraordinary, the bold and the bizarre. Of course, distinctions in literary criticism do not—and it is fortunate that they do not—have the prim clarity and finality of scientific distinctions. Poets have written poetry—not traditionalism and innovation. With this necessary reservation, let us try to elaborate the distinctions between traditions and revolt in modern English poetry. For the sake of convenience, a poem can be discussed separately as regards its 'matter,' its 'temper,' and its 'technique'. Accordingly, a poet may conform to or break away from tradition as regards matter or temper or technique, or any two of them, or all of them. The whole-hogger traditionalists and experimenters are luckily impossible in this world.

Let me illustrate. A poet may deal with traditional themes, say love, war, adventure, Nature, the human emotions and passions, wine and women, bird and beast and flower. But a 'modern' experimenter might deal with new themes, say the Rolls-Royce, the internal combustion engine, the

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

economics of the Five Year Plan, the devaluation of the Rupee, the statistics of Bradman's scores, in fact anything! Miss Marianne Moore has written about the Steam Roller and Mr. Spender about the Express Train. Politics and Science are to-day as popular with poets (if not with readers) as were Love and Nature with the Romantics a century ago.

The theme may be traditional and yet the temper may be revolutionary. Nature has been prettified by the Elizabethans and philosophized by the Wordsworthians. Crabbe and Cowper, Thompson and Tennyson have given expression to the traditional attitude to Nature; and, in our own day, the Nature poetry of Mr. Edmund Blunden and Miss Vita Sackville-West is more or less traditional. But in the poems of D. H. Lawrence Nature seems to be laid threadbare. The bats and the reptiles and the birds quiver before us in their terrible beauty and their stark ugliness. Again, we are familiar with the traditional treatment of Love: we at once remember our Mirandas and Imogens, our Orlandos and Ferdinands; but the new poet looks at Love with the sinister eyes of Freud. Love in D. H. Lawrence's poems is a dark and ruddy phenomenon, offspring of mystery and unescapable earth; in Mr. Aldous Huxley's LEDA it is a detestable thing. And yet Love finds traditional expression in the poetry of Martin Armstrong and Lascelles Abercrombie, of R. C. Trevelyan and Elizabeth Daryush. For another example, take the attitude of the poets towards warfare. The poets of yesterday and the day before glorified war; even during the Great War Rupert Brooke could write 'war' poems in the traditional vein. But post-War poets like Wilfred Owen, Herbert Read, Robert Nichols, Siegfried Sassoon, Isaac Rosenberg and Robert Graves have painted war as unutterably wicked. Poems like Sassoon's "Soldiers are citizens in death's grey land" and "Does it matter—losing your leg?" could never have been inspired except under the shadow of death during the War.

The theme and temper may both be traditional and yet the technique may be experimental. Robert Bridges' TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY was such a poem. Its theme is reminiscent of Spenser, Keats and Wordsworth, and its temper is sober, scholarly and classical. But with its liberties in the matter of spelling and its 'loose alexandrines', it cautiously attempted technical innovation. Masfield's long narrative poems, similarly, are "new" in the roughness and realism of their diction; EVERLASTING MERCY and REYNARD THE FOX are merely Chaucerian old wine in Masfieldian new bottles. But other poets like Hopkins, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and E. E. Cummings have gone

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

further in technical innovation, which includes not only the choice of language but also the patterning of verse.

It has been pointed out already that poets are neither purely traditionalists nor wholly revolutionaries: for, if they were, the former would be parroting gramophones and the latter would be monkeys chattering understandable gibberish. Poets have to be both,—else understanding and progress would be alike impossible. The poet may permit himself some freedom in the choice of subject-matter for his poetry, in the shaping of its temper, in its technical expression; but the freedom should not shock the general sense of mankind, and meaning should not decline to travel from the poet to the reader. Love is, we say, a universal emotion; it lends itself to infinitely varied treatment. But should a poet speak of falling in love, not with women, but with railway trains and wall calendars, his poetry will be unintelligible to his audience. War has been a subject for poetry from Valmiki and Homer to Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen. But should a poet describe the war, not between men or between nations, but between the ubiquitous electrons and protons and negatrons or between human life and the Second Law of Thermodynamics, his poetry will be unintelligible to his readers. Poets have before now glorified in song the fiery efficacy of wine, of the blushing Hippocrene with beaded bubbles winking at the brim; but should a modernist Omar try to express an inordinate craving for kerosene and turpentine, his verse will only look foolish to the average reader. Therein lies the authority of tradition: willy nilly the poet has to conform to it; he may not kowtow to the public, but at any rate he should not scandalize and scare away the public. Words may be given new connotations, occasional liberties may be taken with syntax and rhyme and rhythm, an ironic and satirical twist may be given to our pet emotions—but the general sense of mankind will ultimately warn the poet, "Thus far, and no farther!" In the words of Mr. John Cowper Powys: "Poetry hovers over everything that has been a background to human life, over everything that has been a permanent accessory, a daily tool, long enough for a certain organic identification to have grown up between the diurnal usages of our race and this or that fragment of material substance." And in so far as a poet respects this integrated sense of mankind and is able to articulate his thoughts and feelings in terms of intelligible and memorable language, so far will he succeed in the "profession" of poetry.

These our modern poets have freely experimented on the matter, the temper, and the technique of their verse: but that is not all. To complete the contrast between the experimenters and the traditionalists, new

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

aesthetics have been evolved. Poetry as imitation gave place to poetry as interpretation; anon, poetry was a means of escape, an intangible day-dream; and now poetry is temperamental monument of a moment, an intriguing epitomization of experience, a symbolic projection of life; and with some "original" minds, poetry is sheer sound, it is even a sort of mystic incantation allied to prayer! New aesthetics are formulated to explain new poetry; and, *vice versa*, new poetry is written to illustrate the new aesthetics. And thus a vicious circle is set up to confound small fry like ourselves.

III

Modern poetry, it has been remarked, is one consistent if varied reaction against the Tennysonian tradition. The reaction had indeed begun in the Nineties, if not earlier. In the opinion of the rebels, the Victorians had incessantly echoed the lushness of sentiment and supine self-complacency characteristic of the Age. The best of them, Tennyson, and the worst, Tupper, had alike deceived themselves by cloaking the materialism of the Age with a conventional morality that was only skin-deep. Swinburne, on the other hand, had made sheer rhetoric do duty for an effective revolt against Victorianism. His windy inflation of sentiment and sonorous superficiality of utterance began by deceiving the few and ended by deceiving none but himself. Even a truly authentic poet like Browning could scarce get a hearing,—his matter was so disturbing and his manner was so difficult.

The first contingent of rebels were the Aesthetes: Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson, John Davidson, Arthur Symonds, and the rest. Their prophet was Walter Pater, and their motto 'Art for Art's sake.' Searching for unusual sensations and gorgeous colour, their poetry became artificial. Sir W. S. Gilbert pilloried the movement in his opera, *PATIENCE*. "The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind." This seemed to be a fairly correct description of the excesses of the movement. Presently the whole thing collapsed after the trial and annihilation of Oscar Wilde.

Opponents alike of Aestheticism and Victorianism, the 'muscular' poets—Henry, R. L. Stevenson, Kipling, Newbolt, T. E. Brown—wrote shrilly and thrillingly of life, of adventure, of Nature. 'Poems of Action' were their motto. Of these Kipling was destined to become in due course the poetic megaphone of British Imperialism. Meredith lingered on, of course, as full of fashionable contortions as ever. But already the most

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

outstanding figure in English poetry—as also in Fiction, though he had written no new novels for several years—was Thomas Hardy. And he remains “the greatest of the Moderns.”

Hardy had once declared: “There is no new poetry; but the new poet—if he carry the flame on further (and if not, he is no new poet)—comes with a new note.” In this sense Hardy’s own poetry was “new” when it appeared in the closing years of the last and the opening years of the present century. Hardy was nearly sixty when he published his first volume of poetry; but he had been a true poet in his perceptions all through his life, and the poetical moments in his novels are also the most haunting. His early poetry was in vivid and disturbing contrast to the complacent fluidities of Tennyson and the wild and empty harmonies of Swinburne. His touch was at once harsh and sinister, and connoted at once an acceptance of life and an uncompromising hatred of it. Melancholy, pessimism, an unswerving sympathy for humanity on the cross, and a studied refusal to see in the Universe any design or purpose, these were the “new” notes that Hardy consummately blended into the texture of his perturbing poetry. Love is a sour delight, and sugared grief, a living death, and ever dying life. Yes, love is a terrible mockery: “sweet for a space, and then all mourning, mourning.” We come to live and are called upon to die. Doubtless, there is beauty and charm, there is nobility and wisdom, there is great endeavour and longing; but in the end all turns awry, good intentions are crucified, friendship and love alike fail, courage and sacrifice alike frustrate themselves. In substance, Hardy’s refrain is not dissimilar to Mr. Eliot’s:

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

Such poetry as Hardy’s with its twin notes of melancholy and pessimism, makes a special appeal to the present generation, to the youths especially. There is nothing silly or sentimental in Hardy’s pessimistic attitude towards life; it is grounded on the intellect, and is sustained by the head as well as by the heart. He is always thinking and sets his readers also thinking. Take modern wars, for instance. Is there any true heroism in participating in them? Of modern wars can we say with Sir Walter Scott that one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name? Hardy is unimpressed by the vaunted habili-ments of industrialism and progress. He looks upon the Napoleonic wars themselves as of pigmy importance in the cosmic background. Napoleon, and Wellington, and Pitt, and the remaining crew, were all helpless

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

thistledowns of a malignant destiny. In a poem like “The Souls of the Slain”, written soon after the Boer War, Hardy suggests that the dead soldiers are remembered by their wives and parents, not for their martial exploits, but for a hundred little incidents in the obscurities of their homes. The ‘souls’ are made to exclaim in surprise:

it seems that our glory
Weighs less in their thought
Than our old homely acts,
And the long-ago commonplace facts
Of our lives.

The same idea is given a completer universality in the three memorable stanzas of “In Time of the Breaking of Nations.” Human history through the milleniums is no catalogue of wars and treaties, of generals and emperors. It is a simple tale of honest and hard-working men tending the plough, of honest and industrious women keeping the humble cottage in the refinement of true homeliness, of young men and women whispering in terms of an ineffable affection: these are the eternal verities and these are the unchanging topics of history.

War’s annals cloud into night
Ere their story die.

What is obscure, what is humble, what is lacking in adventure and glory, is nevertheless what really endures. The merely elegant and beautiful tints in Nature are not the sole objects of Hardy’s adoration. The sombre Egdon Heath, the sinister Beeny Cliff, the illimitable Stonehenge, the blinded bird...these too were Nature, and Hardy would not shut his eyes to them. Neither would he gloss over the heart-ache in the heart of things in trying to describe Nature’s loveliness. In the poem “Beyond the Last Lamp”, he gives us an unforgettable picture of the silent couple who

Held in suspense a misery
At things which had been or might be.

In the wistful poem “Afterwards”, he expresses the hope that after his death people may say: “He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm, but he could do little for them.” Frustration again! In Lytton Strachey’s words, “It is the melancholy or regretful recollection, of bitter speculation, of immortal longings unsatisfied; it is the melancholy of one who has suffered, in Gibbon’s poignant phrase, ‘the abridgement of hope.’ Mortality, and the cruelties of time, and the

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

ironic irrevocability of things...these are the themes upon which Mr. Hardy has chosen to weave his grave and moving variations." But occasionally Hardy could break out into pure song as in "When I set out for Lyonesse", or he could, as in "The Oxen", turn a mere superstition into beautiful poetry, marked by tender humour. And the 'Last Chorus' in THE DYNASTS is almost a message of hope to ailing humanity:

But a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance these
That the rages, of the ages,
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance granted from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till it fashion all things fair!

IV

Besides the aesthetes and the 'muscular' poets, there was another group of rebels against the Victorian tradition. This was the Celtic School, and its leading exponent was W. B. Yeats, happily with us still. Yeats has been several things in his life: poet, dramatist, critic, editor, pamphleteer, and folk-lorist. He began his career in the Nineties, working in close co-operation with A. E., Synge and Lady Gregory. Later, Ezra Pound influenced him a great deal. As mystic and dream poet, Yeats has had affiliations with A. E., Francis Thompson, Walter de la Mare and Edith Sitwell. As a modernist experimenter, Yeats may be grouped with Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. So varied has been his output and so indubitable its poetic and evocative quality that Yeats has been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, and he is considered to be, since Hardy's death, the most outstanding English poet.

Yeats's earliest lyrics were effusions of pure melody. "Lake Isle of Innisfree" is a case in point. The music of lines like—

Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade—

deserves the highest commendation. Of such poems it might be said that we care not for the matter itself, but for the way of saying it. Yeats desires to go to Innisfree and build for himself an ideal cottage in idyllic surroundings; but he has so transfigured this desire that it has become for the time being our own desire as well. Another early poem, "When you are old", inspired by a sonnet of Ronsard's gives in simple idiom the dream picture of our vanished happiness:

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Other poets might be able to describe the material attributes of this world accurately and even beautifully. Yeats would rather choose as his province the enchanted domain of his dreamland. He would dream of the past, intuitively recapture the loveliness that is no more, and give expression to it in terms of poetry. The verities of love and beauty can perhaps only be apprehended by the dream poet, not comprehended by the stern and unbending scientific analyst. The true dream poet, therefore, will be able to penetrate into the mysteries that concern us vitally and to give us images of an unearthly beauty and to console us in moments of travail. Mystics and dream poets like Blake and Francis Thompson, Yeats and A. E. would bravely neutralize the insufficiencies and cruelties of our material world with glimpses of the finished perfections of the dream world. But dream poetry is ordinarily so fragile that it is in vain to seek its 'meaning'; there is often no more meaning in it than in the prattle of babies or the simple beauty of a flower. The poem itself, its music and form fused into one, is its meaning, and should be so apprehended.

We all dream in greater or lesser measure; it is man's inveterate habit. But a great dream poet like Yeats is able to externalize in poetry the dreaming mind. The nebulousness, the unsubstantiality, the inner contradictoriness of a dream are transformed into sheer poetry. "The Sorrow of Love" deals with the heart-ache that is ever associated with earthly love: one such sure touch of Nature makes the whole world kin—

And now the sparrows warring in the eaves,
The curd-pale moon, the white stars in the sky,
And the loud chaunting of the unquiet leaves,
Are shaken with earth's old and weary cry.

"Dream of a Blessed Spirit" is inspired by an adorable vision in a dream; "Aedh wishes for the Cloths of Heaven" is a love song with a familiar but a felicitous conceit:

I being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet!
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

"The Song of Wandering Aengus" is another song of undying but hopeless love—

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

"The Rose of the World" is a third song-offering to the beloved, with its identification of the beloved with the 'rose' of the world; and "White Birds" contains the wish that the poet and his beloved would be transformed into "white birds on the foam of the sea." In another exquisite poem, "Down by the Salley Gardens," the "young and foolish" agitations of youthful love are tenderly suggested. Poems like these are mere explorations into the mysteries of hidden reality. They are all dreams, at once ambiguous and alluring, flimsy and potent. When we have enjoyed the melody of these poems, when we have realized that much more is meant than meets the ear, when we have grappled with their central themes and obtained a glimmer of their fugitive beauties, then we might be able to assess these adventures in dream poetry, these distillations of wish-fulfilment.

More recent poems by Yeats have less of this wish-fulfilment but a firmer intellectual background. The imagery is chastened, the rhythms are brought nearer still to common speech. Remote fantasies give place to the problems of to-day. Life may be unlovely, weary, stale and unprofitable, but it has to be lived somehow. "Sailing to Byzantium" is typical of the mature Yeats:

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul claps its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is their singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

'Byzantium' is a symbol of the soul's quest for a perfect world in which the inadequacies of our own world will not be felt. Though over seventy

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

years old, Yeats has yet lost none of his capacity for poetic utterance; he nobly synthesizes the old and the new traditions in poetry; and he has a thorough contemporary consciousness, fully sensitive to the crisis in our present civilization. But Yeats is not merely of our age, he is of all times. He is the complete poet whom generations might address, in his own words:

O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?

V

Among 'modern English poets' Robert Bridges, Poet-Laureate for two decades, stood almost alone. He had practised medicine till he was nearly forty; for the remaining fifty years of his life he followed the profession of letters. Lyrics, poetic dramas, narratives, the philosophical TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY, essays in criticism,—Bridges's output has been considerable in quantity. He had the distinction of being one of the few Poet-Laureates who have also been true poets.

A friend of the Jesuit poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Bridges too was an experimenter in the technique of verse. His chief inspiration was, of course, Greek and Latin poetry. He tried with brilliant success to adapt the classical quantitative prosody to English verse. Without breaking down traditional patterns, he yet infused into them a new and vigorous rhythm. In his later work, notably in the monumental TESTAMENT, he also tried to reform the more obvious paradoxes of English spelling.

His lyrics and sonnets constitute the most popular part of his poetic output. "Nightingales" is one of the sweetest poems in the language:

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Amidst the flowers, which in the heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

"The Linnet" is another bird-song, and equally lovely. The linnet is courting his lady—a pretty idea this! Bridges tenderly elaborates this conceit and feels that his speech is merely distorting "his tender love":

Blest union of twin creatures
Unmarred by sense of doubt . . .
But of their loves
Fall short our wiser natures . . .

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

"A Passer-by" is a finely executed picture of a ship sailing, with "a purpose joyful, a courage blameless." The intricate rhythm of the verses so subtly suggests the movements of the ship itself. "Awake, my heart, to be loved" is a magnificent cry of exultation; love and life is before us, and let us awake and grasp the prize!

Awake! the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

"I will not let thee go", for all its mellifluous diction, is a jet of passion, distantly recalling the Elizabethan song, "And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay, say nay!" He would not let his beloved leave him, and he sums up the argument by taking her suddenly in his arms. "So sweet love seemed" is however pitched in a more melancholy key; it is in effect a commentary on the dictum, "Love's a stuff will not endure."

Nearly sixty years ago Hopkins wrote to Bridges: "I do not claim that you have such a volume of imagery as Tennyson, Swinburne or Morris, though the feeling for beauty you have seems to me pure and exquisite; but in point of character, of sincerity or earnestness of manliness, of tenderness, of humour, melancholy, human feeling, you have what they have not and seem scarcely to think worth having." This is high praise, but this also explains why Bridges has not been a popular poet. His greatest achievement, *THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY*, is admired at a distance; its recapitulation of the evolution of the human soul towards perfection has scared away the average, un-philosophical reader. His occasional archaisms and Chaucerisms, his seemingly conventional diction so simple and so lucid, and his portraiture of calm and peace rather than of storm and violence in his poems—these have stood in the way of the modern reader appreciating Bridges. A scholarly recluse, his muse was inspired only by the serenity of the English landscape, the quieter emotions of piety and love, the beauty of order, justice, temperance and solitude. The profound and still delight of this poetry, its deceptive and delicate music, can be realized only as a result of sustained endeavour. He may be, in Mr. Lynd's words, "not merely a master, but a head-master" among modern poets. But excepting for a few popular lyrics, Bridges has remained inevitably the poet of the few, the poet's poet.

Lascelles Abercrombie is another poet for the intelligent few. Nothing nobler than the ecstatic action of *THE SALE OF ST. THOMAS* has

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

been conceived by a modern poet. Abercrombie has published poetic plays, dialogues, interludes and lyrics; and he is one of the foremost critics of poetry. Several of his poems have a Biblical background, and radiate the intensity of his religious conviction. His diction is hard and clear, and there are rich images that surprise but also satisfy; and the very lines seem to possess an almost human physiognomy and to feel very human emotions. He could sing entrancingly of woman's beauty:

What thing shall be held up to woman's beauty?
Where are the bounds of it? Yea, what is all
The world, but an awning scaffold amid
The waste perilous Eternity, to lodge
This Heaven-wander'd princess, woman's beauty?
The East and West kneel down to thee, the North
And South; and all for thee their shoulders bear
The load of fourfold space . . .

And his "Hymn to Love" whispers to us almost with the accents of immortality:

We are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee
As thou, Love, were the deep thought
And we the speech of the thought; yea, spoken are we,
Thy fires of thought outspoken . . .
Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,
Thy thought's golden and glad name,
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

What a relief to escape from the tortuous contortions of D. H. Lawrence, the chilling fatuities of the "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock", and the crude asseverations in Aldous Huxley's "Fifth Philosopher's Song"!

VI

A. E. Housman was another lonely figure on the Georgian literary scene. *A SHROPSHIRE LAD* (1896) and *LAST POEMS* (1922) have been enormously popular notwithstanding their unflinching assertion of defeatism and despair. Housman was a severe classical scholar and taught Latin in London and Cambridge. For the rest, he chose to be singularly reticent about himself, and even after his death we know very little indeed about his life. But his lyrics—partly written, says Mr. Swinnerton, "in what I suppose to be a sort of Salopian vernacular"—tell us a great deal about "the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895" many of them were written. The

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

"Shropshire Lad's" utterances are bare, spare and uncompromising in their dark fatalism. Their humour is parched, bereft of life, even the mere hope of life and love. But they are not cheap: there is a sure heroism even in this despair, a beauty even in this seemingly unadorned diction. Why ever would Housman mean this universal hurt and failure, insinuate these microcosmic atrocities, reiterate alone the tears in things?

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.
By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

Even the roses *fade*! Things must wither and die; at the very temple of delight "veiled Melancholy hath her sovran shrine." And fame is a brief candle, and hope is a tragic illusion. Like Hardy's "Ah, are you digging on my grave?" Housman's "Is my team ploughing?" almost shrieks out the pathos of vicarious existence in other people's minds.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"
Aye, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

It is Hell, certainly. "On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble".....and Wenlock Edge is everywhere. A haggard husk, and then a handful of dust, is all that remains of Man, the crown and roof of Creation though he might pride himself to be. Love and fame and beauty and life.....the words rattle as from a skeleton's bones; they turn awry even in a minute. Things are all levelled up in the uniformity of sleep, of night, of death.

In all the endless road you tread
There's nothing but the night.....
Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.
Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;
All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain:
Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation.....
Oh why did I awake? when shall I sleep again?

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

Let us, if we should, as others have done before us, curse, let us whimper and moan, if we should; but it is better to

play the man, stand up and end you
When your sickness is your soul.

This would seem to be the message of the "Shropshire Lad", the gloomy rustic moralist. It is cheerless, hopeless, lifeless; and yet the lyrics themselves are poignant and haunting and in due course get implicated in our very lives. For, after all, the "Shropshire Lad" is ourselves..... though not all of us, nor all the time.

From Housman to John Masefield, the present Laureate, is by no means a capricious transition. Masefield had been one of Housman's most fervent admirers and the diction *THE EVERLASTING MERCY* clearly shows the influence of Housman. Born in 1878, Masefield spent much of his youth travelling abroad on board various ships and getting first-hand knowledge of the habits and dialects of sailors. After returning to England and settling down there, he published several volumes of poetry, fiction, drama, criticism, and even a history of the Gallipoli operations during the War. As a poet he has been variously influenced by Chaucer, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne and W. B. Yeats. His early narratives, *EVERLASTING MERCY*, *DAUBER* and *REYNARD THE FOX*, made Masefield one of the most popular poets of his time. He combined in these a ruggedness in diction and melodramatic action with an intense pathos for the down-trodden and miserable. Beauty and brutality, physical violence and spiritual exaltation were presented side by side. Poetry approximated to reality and was prized as such by the delighted multitude of readers. Now-a-days Masefield's long narratives are often dismissed as mere sensational journalism in verse. But it is impossible to withhold admiration from a vivid passage like this:

"Lay out!" the Bosun yelled. The Dauber laid
Out on the yard, gripping the yard, and feeling
Sick at the mighty space of air displayed
Below his feet, where mewing birds were wheeling.
A giddy fear was on him; he was reeling.
He bit his lip half through, clutching the jack,
A cold sweat glued the shirt upon his back.

Parodists were able to make much of this jerky, outspoken and nervous style; and indeed it must be admitted that while it is refreshing enough in small doses, it is intolerable for a sustained diet.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

On the other hand, Masefield's lyrics have a perennial appeal. His profound pity and lovely imagery make his lyrics at once human and beautiful. They have most of them an easy recitative quality and therefore haunt our memories to our discomfiture. In "A Consecration," he unflinchingly declares his abiding interest in and sympathy with the poor and the wretched, a declaration that reminds us of Wordsworth:

Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and the scum of the earth
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould

Masefield would consecrate his Muse to the service of the under-dogs in this world and not to the glorification of the rich and powerful; he would be the laureate of the hungering masses, of Daridra Narayana, and not of the possessing classes. That, further, Masefield's humanitarianism included also the dumb creatures can be seen from sympathetic portrait of the Wild Duck in the poem with that name. In this he shows his affiliation with another modern poet, Ralph Hodgson.

"Cargoes" is perhaps the best known of Masefield's shorter pieces. The three stanzas of this poem deal respectively with "cargoes" of three civilizations. Progress has been from the beautiful to the ugly, from sandalwood to cinnamon, and from cinnamon to iron-ware. In the description of the "Dirty British coaster," Masefield lavishes a world of bitter irony. Masefield was not afraid to portray the indecorous in terms of poetry; he might have certain enthusiasms, but no exclusions. Masefield's method of ironic juxtaposition of contrasts and contraries has now become a potent weapon in the hands of poets and has been exploited to the full by Eliot and his followers.

"Sea-Fever" and "Laugh and be Merry" have justly become favourites with most anthologists of poetry. In "Beauty," Masefield recounts a number of beautiful sights in the world and concludes by saying that the loveliest of all are the voice and hair and eyes and the red lips of his beloved. In "The Seekers," the central idea is that our ideals are unattainable; and yet we should not forget to cherish our ideals. The pleasure in our sacred quest is much to be cherished notwithstanding our inability to reach our goal. We may be daunted all the way and all round by all kinds of difficulties; but "the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road" should cheer us up and save us from despair.

VII

The reaction against Victorianism was completed by the publication of GEORGIAN POETRY in 1914. Four more volumes were published at

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

intervals of two years. Among the poets represented were Rupert Brooke, Wilfrid Gibson, Ralph Hodgson, Lascelles Abercrombie, D. H. Lawrence, Edward Thomas, Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, Edward Shanks, Harold Munro and Masefield. Their underlying keynote was a stern and unbending realism. Mediaeval romantic themes of knights and fair ladies as also the conventional treatment of Nature were now taboo; primitive emotions, stone-cutters and carpenters, these gave impulsion to poetic utterance; a minute particularity in description, a fearless democratization in theme and diction, emphasis even on the ugly and indecorous aspects of life and nature, probings into the mystical whirlpool of the unknown and unknowable,...by these means the Georgians proclaimed their revolt against the lifeless conventionalism of Tennyson.

Of the Georgians, Ralph Hodgson has published very few poems, but these are among the most widely read. He has lived a varied life: an American traveller, a free-lance journalist, a draughtsman, a breeder of bull terriers, a pugilist, an editor of a boy's paper, a Professor of English in a Japanese University,...these are some of the 'parts' he has played on the theatre of life. Perhaps, his most famous poem is "The Song of Honour." It is distantly modelled on Christopher Smart's "Song of David". The poet has been out one night; everything is quiet, and suddenly he has a vision.....a vision of Creation singing a song in honour of its Creator. Men, animals, trees, stars, everything that is or ever was join this choral song of honour. The idea is thus the grandest that could be imagined; but Hodgson uses the most commonplace words to express this idea, almost too great for words. The early paragraphs are good Nature poetry:

A pair of stars, faint pins of light,
Then many a star, sailed into sight,
And all the stars, the flower of night,
Were round me at a leap;
To tell how still the valleys lay
I heard the watchdogs miles away
And bells of distant sheep.

But when Hodgson has to describe the vision itself, words seem to fail him and the passages seem rather uninspired and sometimes falls flat on our ears. Even repetitions like "again, again," "bells and bells of song" "as many.....as many.....as many", seem to be by no means inevitable. However, the conception and spirit of the poem justify it, even though it is deficient in form. The images presented are clear and effective; there is in them both variety and propriety; and the rhythm of the lines is

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY : A PANORAMA

throughout on a par with its familiar diction. To the man-in-the-street "The Song of Honour" is almost as dear a possession as Gray's "Elegy." Both deal with elemental themes and the average man, on reading them, recognizes his own thoughts and feelings and is delighted at the discovery.

Of Hodgson's other lyrics, "Eve" is the biblical story retold in the language of sympathy and understanding. Eve is not the symbolic mother of humanity, but any unsophisticated country girl looking about her in sheer wonderment. It is, however, as the portrayer of the lives of the dumb creatures that Hodgson has become unique in contemporary letters. Humanitarianism is for Hodgson a new and self-sufficient religion. Even in mere songs like "The Bells of Heaven" and "Stupidity Street", Hodgson's personal indignation finds a fervent utterance to criticise the stupid cruelty of human beings in their shameful treatment of birds and animals. On the day tigers and men, dogs and bears, ponies and hares, all pray together, there will be rejoicings in Heaven. On the day the Parson and his flock lift their voices on behalf of the hunted beasts, the bells of Heaven would ring the wildest peal. Again, in "Stupidity Street" Hodgson gives vent to his rage against the meaningless slaughter of beautiful birds for the sake of their feathers. Stupidity Street that now trades on bird's feathers would one day find that there are no more birds in the world to be killed and their feathers to be sold; and beauty would then have gone away from our midst. In "The Bull", Hodgson attempts a more elaborate picture of the native vigour and innate sensitiveness of all animals. It is the story of "an old unhappy bull" that reigned over his tribe for years, but has at last been dethroned by an upstart. He remembers the youthful days of his glory, of his triumphs and exultations, but this mere dreaming is to no purpose; he must reconcile himself to his present fate, and he therefore prepares to die. The situation, the recollections of the bull, the transition from past glory to present misery, all evoked in language that is simple and suggestive. Even if Hodgson had not written anything else, his place would be secure in the story of twentieth century poetry.

If Hodgson is the laureate of the dumb creatures, Wilfrid Gibson, another of the Georgians, is the laureate of industrialism. Though he began by writing ballads and imitative narratives, he won his reputation rather as a poetic interpreter of the lives of the humble people, of workmen in the sooty cities and peasants in the country. He has written lyrics, plays, stories in verse, dramatic reveries; and his output has been enormous. "The Machine", "The Ice-cart", and "The Old Man"

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY : A PANORAMA

are popular pieces. Even to those who have to grovel in the pernicious groove of an unalterable routine comes a gleam of hope—when they fall in love. In the dingy city office the clerk's mouth waters when he hears the ice-cart. In "Sight" Gibson describes a lamplit scene. He has been feasting his eyes

On colours ripe and rich for the heart's desire—
Tomatoes, redder then Krakota's fire,
Oranges like old sunsets over Tyre,
And apples golden-green at the glades of Paradise.

But—there's the rub—

Suddenly, behind me in the night,
I heard the tapping of a blind man's stick.

"Even We" is a challenging flash of truth:

Fools of the jest with God
Plays ever and again,
We, who thought old men odd,
Are now the odd old men.

The opening lines of "Bank-Holiday" are mildly satirical and amusing:

Ere they started on their motor-bike,
(Ay, second-hand, but glittering like new,
Such spit and polish he had spent on it!)
She, riding pillion in her sleeveless green,
He, fresh as paint in a sleeveless yellow shirt,
Looking as happy as they ought to be,
Laughing and calling out good-bye to all.

In the blank verse of his poetic dramas, Gibson achieves a bald simplicity and by using everyday idiomatic speech, he imparts to his dialogues a direct and almost brutal vitality. In a play like ERNSHAW, a tragic study of social life in a rural farm immediately after the War, Gibson's abilities have ample scope. Realism and mystery, fact and background, crude speech and poetry are blended into compelling and poignant art. But nowhere does Gibson try to solve the eternal riddles of Man. He is content to re-state the question, in his own moving words:

From what deep seams are hewn the thoughts
That, washed and screened of choking dust,
Food with good fuel the brain and burn
Bright in the brazier of the mind?

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

VIII

William Henry Davies, also a Georgian, is one of the most prolific, and is perhaps the sweetest, of modern poets. After a miscellaneous and reckless life in America, where he lost his right foot in a Railway accident, Davies returned to England, and he soon lisped in numbers and the numbers came. Bernard Shaw was among his earliest admirers, and quickly Davies acquired a national reputation as a singer. He has published over twenty volumes of fluent and facile poetry, and apparently he will give us several more volumes yet.

The easiest way of judging Davies is to look upon him as an Elizabethan lyricist born far out of time. Indeed, his poems again and again remind us of the Song Books of the Elizabethans and of Herrick's poems especially. There is in Davies the same combination of plain-song felicities, painful banalities, rustic simplicities, and nature-worshipping sagacities, that make Elizabethan and early seventeenth century lyrics so charming and unforgettable. In his poem "Leisure" Davies admonishes us that

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

True it is that modern civilization has imprisoned us in crowded and ugly cities. We have had to give our hearts away, a sordid boon. Urban civilization is too much with us, and spiritually we are cribbed and cabined within the confines of brick and mortar and sand and cement. Davies however is unsophisticated enough to retain the child's faculty for make-believe and wonder and wild surmise; and he can accordingly transfigure the most stale sights and sounds into the poetry of sheer enchantment. "The Kingfisher" is no mere bird,—for it's the rainbow gave it birth. It is a princely creature and it ought to clap its wings "before the windows of proud kings." Suddenly, Davies surprises us with an artless confession:

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind;
I also love a quiet place.....

Solitude and silence, indeed, are the eternal stimulations of poets. In "The Moon" Davies asserts that the deep silence of the moon-lit night is even sweeter than the nightingales. He is obviously echoing Keats's well-known: "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." In "Rich Days" Davies gives us a beautiful picture of Autumn (again

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

reminiscent of Keats), with its cider, apples, pears, cherries, plums, and expresses the significant desire to go "into the loneliest lanes we know." Another poem, "Early Spring", emphatically declares that "these watery swamps and thickets wild" are dearer far to Davies than "any courts where fountains play." He is content to

sit down here alone
And count the oak-trees one by one

Nothing is trivial enough in Nature for Davies to ignore; the stalest, commonest experience is yet an incentive to adoration and spur to poetic expression. In "A Great Time", for instance, Davies immortalizes in terms of poetry the occasion of his seeing a rainbow and a cuckoo together. It is to him a superb experience:

A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again;
May never come
This side the tomb.

Even in an obviously love-inspired poem, "Where she is now," Davies is the true singer singing unbidden his strains of unpremeditated art.

Where she is now, I cannot say

But the poem is not melancholy; fancy weaves a web of happiness and the poet is able to invent a citadel of imaginative felicity even in his separation. He would like to surprise her as she is dreaming of him "her cheek upon her finger-tips"; he would then break through the curls from behind, and kiss her. Thus out of the very pangs of separation Davies pipes forth a melodious and colourful song.

It is not unlikely that the super-subtle modern reader may find Davies's muse a little too obvious and cheap. On the contrary, the best of Davies's poems is of the stuff that must endure. His is traditional poetry, in theme, temper, and technique. Sunlight, moonlight; trees, flowers; love, death; the seasons, the affections: of these eternal verities Davies sings so naively and so piercingly. In Mr. Gerald Bullett's words, "for clarity, for freshness of vision, for exquisite and individual imagery," Davies is unsurpassed. Of course, Davies has his limitations in ranges not for him the huge vistas of Hardy, the strange depths of Walter de la Mare, the chilling verisimilitudes of T. S. Eliot. But within the limits he has set himself Davies is almost perfection itself.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

Sing out, my soul, thy songs of joy ;
Such as a happy bird will sing
Beneath a Rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring.

Yes, Davies's poetry is rather bird-like; suggestive especially of the robin, says Mr. Untermeyer. It is both recreational and convincing. That is why Davies's ideas, though they seem child-like, are never really artificial. "The natural homeliness of the diction," says Mr. R. L. Megroz, "is always a stylistic perfection where imagination joins hands with his playful fancy." The poems in effect become a panorama of quiet pictures; and the reveries hum and whisper and beguile us into undreamt-of nooks of an almost unearthly beauty.

IX

To pass from W. H. Davies to Walter de la Mare is like exchanging a rural cottage for a mediaeval castle, enveloped in a mist of romance and mystery. De la Mare's first book, *SONGS OF CHILDHOOD*, was published thirty-five years ago; since then he has published over a score of volumes of poetry, prose, and poetic prose. He is, however, at his best when making poetry out of the fascinating intangibilities of dream life. The world of our immediate perceptions is a crude thing of frustration and futility. Beauty and happiness are elsewhere—in the unearthly realms of our imagination, in the lands we have witnessed in our dreams, in the make-believe worlds of our childish fancies. Dream poetry—and the poetry of childhood—constitute "a kind of wish-fulfilment and an escape from the limitations of actual life." Heaven had lain about us in our infancy and given us profound visions into the truth of things; as we grew older, shades of the prison house had darkened our spiritual vision and blunted and corroded our appetite for happiness; we had finally to give our hearts away for a mess of pottage. Dreams and memories of childhood—and hence dream poetry and the poetry of childhood—help us to cling to our birthright and renew the glory that was our childhood. The felicity that we derive from such dream life is not the less valuable because it is not material. It is rather, in Mr. Megroz's words, "our essential nature to want to round the cape of good hope, to complete an ideal circle, to attain fullness and security of that elusive joy which visits the mind." That is the reason why dream poets like Francis Thompson and A. E., de la Mare and W. B. Yeats, Edward Thomas and W. J. Turner make an irresistible appeal to the present generation. De la Mare is the greatest of them all,—perhaps, even, the greatest poet of childhood in the whole range of English poetry.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

The dream poet, since he is in imagination beyond the limitations of material life, is able to find new significances in everyday objects, and through the magical spices of words he is also able to communicate these significances to his readers. Moonlight to us is a stale enough phenomenon; but it acquires a new and contagious loveliness in de la Mare's "Silver." Moonlight is transfigured into a goddess that imparts her own beauty to all objects of the earth—trees and doves and dogs and the very mice; moonlight is the source of all beauty, all serenity. "The Scribe," again, is a 'song of honour,' in honour of Nature's infinite variety. God's hand has made all the lovely things in this world; these are so many that the poet could not adequately describe them all, even should he work at it for countless ages. In "All That's Past" de la Mare suggests that earth's glory is a timeless pageant; the woods, the brooks, we men, are all very old; we create no new joys and achieve no new triumphs, but merely dream of and renew the "tales told in dim Eden by Eve's nightingales." "Farewell" is another exquisite piece. Is beauty something absolute or merely a subjective grace? To de la Mare an object acquires beauty only when it is adored by others. A rose is beautiful to-day because it had been loved by innumerable beholders in former times. Thus our adoration of an object is a mere link in the chain of the beautiful and sublime. We should therefore look our last "on all things lovely, every hour." In another poem, "Dreams," de la Mare frequently wishes that he could experience the "lonely dreams of a child;" age has withered him, the wisdom of the world has made him dumb, and only a return to dream life can rehabilitate the glory of his innocence, and thus save him. Children indeed are the salt and savour of human lives, and it is a thousand pities that children pass away all too quickly into something else:

Ere my heart beats too coldly and faintly
To remember sad things, yet be gay,
I would sing a brief song of the world's little children
Magic hath stolen away

"Martha" is another unforgettable projection of dream life:

Hers were those clear gray eyes
You watch, and the story seems
Told by their beautifulness
Tranquil as dreams
"Once.....once upon a time . . ."
Like a dream you dream in the night,
Fairies and gnomes stole out
In the leaf-green light.

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

If the make-believe world can be so intense as all that, is it no wonder people like de la Mare have found in it a haven of refuge from the cruelties and insipidities of our own world.

In other poems of de la Mare's, a more sombre note is heard. "Nod" gives a delicate picture of an old shepherd "wrinkled with age and drenched with dew." He is of the family of the Wordsworthian Michael and Leech Gatherer. De la Mare's wordmagic transports even old Nod to the regions of the Peace that passeth understanding:

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain!
His ram's bells ring 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest and rest again."

"Haunted" is one of those poems in which de la Mare is thinking as well as dreaming; but his restlessness in speculation merely leads him to assert the world's futility:

O man, what rest hast thou?
Only a subtler questioning in thy divided heart.

In "The Stranger" de la Mare subtly evokes the supernatural and we are conscious of half-heard whispers that perturb and subdue us. Over the grave and under the yew tree is a "rain-worn cherub's hand of mouldering stone"; and this head keeps its mysterious secret with the dead! "Someone" radiates a similar gleam of intrigue and baffling mystery. "Someone came knocking at my wee, small door . . . I'm sure." But who?

I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night . . .
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

In "The Ghost" the same situation is enriched, in Mr. J. C. Powys's words, with "those honey-breathing purlieus of enchantment, those green vistas and richly receding margins of romance". Somebody knocks..... and a dialogue follows between the inmate of the house and the person who knocks: it is intense with an unearthly longing, and the words are huge reservoirs of emotion:

"Dark is the hour!" "Aye, and cold."
"Lone is my house" "Ah, but mine?"

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY: A PANORAMA

"Sigh, touch, lips, eyes yearned in vain."
"Long dead these to thine"
Silence
In gloom groped a hope-wearied hand
Over keys, bolts, and bars.
Dews were still betwixt us twain;
Stars a trembling beauty shed;
Yet—not a whisper comes again
Of the words he said.

This suggestion of hidden and sinister forces in the universe is even more poignantly made in "The Listeners", de la Mare's greatest single triumph in poetry.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlight door;
And horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny door.

Here are we suddenly in the dark no-man's land where ghosts answer human knocks with a creeping silence; the lone castle in the forest lit by the moon is itself a ghastly joke. Who is this odd Childe Roland come to the Dark Tower, who is this brave interrogator on the threshold of mystery trying to solve the riddle of the universe? He knocks louder, and shouts.....but

Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Full echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake

The insoluble mystery of death in life and human courage in spite of its dread potency have nowhere else been so powerfully and astonishingly expressed. "The Listeners" is, in fact, one of the dizzy peaks of English poetry.

மாவஸ்சி சிந்தவனகள்

1. பொழுதமர் காலம்; எங்கனும் அமைதி;
புள்ளினம் ஓய்ந்தன, ஓய்ந்திட ஒளியும்;
விழுமிய மரங்கள் இருமருங்கணிந்த
வீதினிடையே சோர்வுறக் காளை
இழுத்திட வாகன முன்புறத்தமர்ந்த
இளைஞன்,—அக்கடுநாள் இறுதியைக் காண்போன்,—
பழுதற நாளை முடிப்பவென் றெண்ணியோ,
பண்ணென எழுப்பினன் வலியதோர் ஓசை.
2. தெள்ளிய குரலில் அன்னவன் இசைத்த
சீரொலி கணையென விண்முகந் தாக்கி,
ஒள்ளிய வானமண்டலம் பரவி,
ஓர்பொழுதுறைந்து வீழ்ந்தது மடிந்து;
கொள்ளுதற் கறிகிலேன் இளைஞனின் கீதம்,
கூறிய மொழிகளும் உணர்ந்திலேன்; எனினும்
உள்ளமதார்த்த கடலெனப் பொங்கி
உறைந்தன நெடும்பொழுதுணர்ச்சிகள் பலவே.
3. வானமர் தூய தனிமுதற் பொருளோ!
பண்டைய விரின் பண்புடைச் செயலோ!
தானமர் தேசிய சுதந்திரப் போரோ!
சதியுறு கொலையோ! மானிட அன்போ!
ஏனைய எதுவோ இவனிசைப் பொருள்! யான்
இது வெலாம் என்னுளம் எழுப்பியோர் கணத்தில்
யானமர் இருக்கை மெய்ம்மறந்திருந்தேன்
யெனவனன் எழுப்பிய இன்குரல் ஓசை.
4. பாரத நாடும், பண்டைய நிலையும்,
பற்பல திறத்தவர் இற்றைய போக்கும்,
காரண மேவுந் துயரிடைத் தாழ்ந்து
கவலையில் வாணுள் கணிப்பவர் நிலையும்,
தாரகம் வதிந்து நம்முடனுறவாடித்
தனியராய் விடுத்து மறைந்த நட்பினரும்,
ஊரகங் கோவில் கடலொலி பலவும்
உடனுளந் தோன்றித் தோன்றியே மறைந்த.

பிரான்சிஸ்.

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from Various Contributors

FUR half-yearly flower-show has not attracted an encouraging number of exhibits this time. Our flower-growers probably felt that the visitors to the exhibition were too critical or that the Manager of the Show, cared more for the leaves than for the flowers. All that the Manager can say in his defence is that he does his very best to please everybody—not a very enviable task, as you can easily imagine. He begs his co-operators, the exhibitors, not to lose hope of ultimate recognition, and his visitors to be more indulgent towards his friends in judging their exhibits. He also confesses that he gave strict orders to his Secretary who has drafted the following report of the exhibition, not to dip his pen in gall, but write with a steady hand and a clear conscience.

The complaint made in the last report against the large number of 'dreamers' has gone home. Most of our contributors have turned into hard realists, and critics of the contemporary world. N. Chandramouliswaran, III B.Sc., begins abruptly on a grave note:

Life in this world has been variously sung and discussed by the most ingenious poets and philosophers. But their ultimate decision upon it seems to be the same: that life is not an easy joke. We, the students, cannot have any opinion upon life, since we are only in the first quarter of it and behind us there remain unplumbed, three quarters. Nor have we time enough to 'form' any opinion, since we give all our 'precious hours' to Algebra, Chemistry and other subjects of paramount importance.

Happily, cheerfulness breaks in at this point, and he proceeds in a light vein:

But the unanimous verdict of the majority of us about 'life' would be that it is 'cheerful'. Now let us see how various men interpret life in various ways.

If a teacher of Chemistry should think of defining life, he would do so, in these words, "Life in this world is a 'compound' made of many inseparable 'elements.'" The next place we may give to a historian: he knows nothing except some dates, names of kings and queens, battles, conspiracies, and generally historians are not half as much interested in any part of history as in 'the reasons for this battle, or that war.' Therefore a historian would probably define life as a 'battle.' But a mathematician's head is always packed with problems; so, to him, 'Life is a difficult problem' to solve. If that mathematician should happen to like metaphors, he would probably express his idea in a different way: 'Life is a *hard nut* to crack.'

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

And here, I think, is the cleverest of all these definitions:

Life would seem to be a 'puzzle' to those people who send the maximum number of coupons to the Cross-Word Puzzle competitions every week, believing every time that they can earn all that they have lost hitherto, and getting disappointed on every occasion.

But, alas, the laughing philosopher turns sceptic at the end:

We cannot understand the earnestness of Longfellow who cried,

'Life is real, life is earnest' and declared that 'Life is *not* an empty dream.' Nor can we understand Mirza who said, 'Man is but a shadow, and life is a dream.'

A. Abdul Hakeem, III U. C. knows the danger of vain philosophic speculation. He would be a moralist. And what subject is there more handy for the moralist of the present day than the Cinema? The topic is introduced in this guileless fashion:

Though the rapid advance of Science has added much to the comfort and convenience of man, it is no use shutting our eyes to certain facts which clearly point to the disadvantages caused to humanity by Science. Let us consider the invention of the cinematograph.

Then with a pitiless devotion to learning, he makes this best loved entertainment of to-day serve the needs of the most-hated subject in the school curriculum:

The cinema can be made to play a very prominent and successful part in the teaching of geography in schools. If the forests, mountains, rivers and all the peculiar animals of a country are filmed and shown to students, immediately after a lecture, any vague idea about the subject will become clear and distinct and the facts will be stamped in their memory.

And ignoring any irritation he might have caused in the reader, he pursues the subject with unabated courage:

Cinematography can be utilised in the teaching of Zoology also. Let us, for example, take the study of a snake. If the habits of a serpent while it glides, catches its prey and eats it are filmed and shown to the students, the study of the snake will not only be perfect but also interesting.

Or take Botany. The germination and growth of a bean seed may be filmed, and shown to the students in five minutes. But, to actually watch the growth of a plant, it takes a number of days and hence it becomes in practice very difficult, if not impossible. Subjects thus taught with the help of cinema-films stand longer and firmer in memory than those taught without them.

Then cheerfully asserting his broadmindedness, he concludes with a bit of plain-speaking:—

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

If the cinema is used for the above purposes, we have no word against it; on the contrary, we have to welcome it with open arms. But is it so used? The answer is an emphatic 'No' and, if at all, only very rarely.

The one central theme of the modern films is love. As they are meant for recreation, the actors too often indulge in voluptuous actions. The baneful effects of sex-immorality are increasing rapidly. But, happily, there is some hope for us since the public seem to be growing a little conscious of this fact and show some disapproval of it. In the films, the vulgar passions are appealed to and the students, consciously or unconsciously get into the bad habit of constantly—nay, daily—visiting the cinemas. Students are not the only victims of such films; even grown-up people lose their sense: they are so much taken up by the films that, very often, they talk and think only in terms of the cinema-world.

Bravo Hakeem! May your tribe increase!

S. Chellam (IV. U. C.), you have the makings of the true satirist in you!

My fellow-students fall naturally into distinct societies according to their tastes and inclinations, and it is my purpose to give an accurate account of the most important of these groups.

There is for instance the society of "Gentlemen". This society consists only of people who dress well, who study and follow the latest changes in fashion. Smoking is almost a necessity. The few who do not smoke are not thought well of by the other members. Again everyone who belongs to this advanced society must of necessity blind himself. The poor eyes must be caged within thick glasses and must not have the good fortune to seek directly the beauties of nature. One is at a loss to understand whether they wear glasses to see better or to look better.

There is, next, a very advanced society which for want of a better name, I shall call the society of the "Intelligent". It consists of some very "clever" students studying in some of the highest classes in the College. They look upon regular class lessons as "spoon-feeding". "Discipline", they hold, "stunts the growth of the individual and cramps his potentialities," and the system of examinations they regard as "crude and barbarous". And their views on educational and social matters are exceptional. They regard marriage as "an institution that has outlived its utility". "Religion, according to them, is the dope of man and his curse".

There is yet another body which I may be allowed to call the society of "Mugs." Events of world-wide importance may occur in their very place, but they are quite unaware of such things. They read constantly—but only their text books. Really one should learn to appreciate such "creatures" for their indomitable patience and powers of endurance. Now and then, they may cut a sorry figure in society, but they don't mind their awkwardness but go on their own way. It is indeed a pity to find many of them "plucked" in the University Examination in spite of their incessant reading. One may find it impossible to move such "Mugs," on account of their ignorance of the world, and their utter lack of polished manners. But generally such people are very good at heart.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Do not misunderstand me, dear Reader! (*Oh no! I am very willing to be your good friend.*) I mean not to vilify your friends or even discourage you from having friends. Friendship is something divine, covetable, but rarely attained. Men are no doubt flashy, vacillating and changing, and in most cases incapable of consistent thinking or cogent reasoning. Nevertheless the sublime conception of friendship is not merely an ideal. Have we not heard of David and Jonathan? Why, in our own epics, are there not sufficient instances of real friendship? Are those stories of self-sacrifice and self-denial then mere stories without a substratum of truth? Certainly not. But one ought to be very careful in the choice of one's own friends.

'Dictatorship *versus* Democracy' has become so stale a subject, that any discussion of it now, causes mental indigestion (pardon the expression) and weariness to the flesh. But a bold youngster of the II U. C., M. T. Gnanapragasam, takes it up with all the zest of a young Columbus starting on a new voyage of discovery. But as I read his essay I was wishing that I could discover the silken garment from which patches like this have been torn:—

Hitler says one thing and does another. He has certain defined ideals, which he is bent upon achieving at any cost. His ambition is to change the entire map of Europe, if not of the world. On him depends war and prosperity. He can open a new era of progress and prosperity or an age of black chaos and ruin. He knows how to wait on events. He bided his time and became the absolute master of Germany. He is tempted by the wealth of mineral and oil fields of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary. He aims at the control of the Black Sea. China and India are, after all, not so far away.

Unfortunately our learned author frequently descends to unintelligent journalese as in the following passage:

Both these dictators shake the whole of Europe. Mussolini tries to act the part played by Caius Julius Cæsar and Hitler that of Otto the Great. Britain is feeble to enforce her moral and physical strength upon them. Because of this, there was the rape of Abyssinia; the rape of Austria is an accomplished fact and the rape of Spain is still going on. When congratulating Hitler, Mussolini said, "Dear friend, pray tell me how you shot down that bird without a single blow."

And I am afraid that even Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, addressing a Left-Book Club meeting in London will think twice before committing himself to statements like these.

Britain is afraid of another Great War. She knows herself weak everywhere and in every aspect. Japan and Italy, her former allies in the Great War, seek and aim at the destruction of England.

Will India help her overlord? Absolutely not. The Indian National Congress, the greatest organisation in all the world, bitterly hates the rule of the foreigner

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

because the latter refuses to give Swaraj to the Indians. When England was victorious in the Great War, she refused once again the promised Swaraj.

C. K. Keshavan Nair, IV. U. C. attempts to write a series of heart-rending "Letters from the Prison." Manikkam, the prisoner, writes to his wife Ponnu:

Does that rascal, our Zamindar's tax-collector, come there? How peacefully did we spend our lives before this terrible calamity!

Taking it for granted therefore that poor Manikkam is one of the down-trodden and hungry peasants of India we read his other letters till we come to the last where Manikkam suddenly changes his occupation.

Wait Ponnu, Let me come out of this prison. To-morrow I will be released! Will the *factory people* employ me again? If not...? Well, I don't care!

Delightful, isn't it?—and altogether creditable to the creator of Manikkam, whose enthusiasm for the cause of the proletariat more than makes up for this slight discrepancy. More enjoyable still, is this picture of idyllic charm and beauty (spoilt slightly, I am afraid, by the kerosene lamp.)

Those happy days we spent on the turf near the river under the moonlit canopy of heaven talking and laughing still linger in my mind. After supper we used to sit in the verandah, yourself reading the Ramayana by that Kerosene lamp when our little ones, Ramu and little Kalyani would climb upon our shoulders and fill the whole house with laughter. Then they would run to your father compelling him to tell them stories. Then I forgot all my tedious work in the factory and I felt that I was quite refreshed.

O si sic omnes factory workers and their wives!

M. V. Antony, IV U. C. seems to be unaware of the squabbles among our scout organisations and so writes innocently:

The Boy scout movement is perhaps the most widespread and deep-rooted of the organisations intended for young men. A scout is a brother to all other scouts and a friend to all.

Here is an incident characteristic of scout-life:

We shifted our camp to a forest area called Vattyar, 12 miles down Munnar. Just as we were settling down in our shed, the rain came pattering down and one to-be kitchen was in floods. Seeing our plight a poor estate coolie invited us to his humble residence two furlongs away, in the very heart of the forest. There was not a single soul to help us to transfer our provisions. So we took up the things one by one, the heavy rice sack and all, and carried them to our new hut amidst cardamom plants on the brow of a hillock.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Here is another familiar picture of camp life :

After supper we had the liveliest part of the day. Many of my kind readers may not have heard about a scout camp-fire. For a camp-fire a few logs are packed in an open space and a bright fire is lit up. All the scouts sit in the shape of a horse-shoe around it. One by one, or by little groups, the scouts come forward and exhibit their talents. Queerly enough, you find there, sannyasins, priests, dancers, jugglers, all in lively action. Even the most bashful boy has to make his contribution to the general merriment. So the camp-fire serves for mirth as well as for shaking away stage-fright or nervousness.

The concluding paragraph is certainly meant to convince the scoffer and the sceptic and I think the writer succeeds in his attempt: The Scouts are the modern knights-errant, defenders of the weak and oppressed, helpers of the needy, upholders of justice and fairplay:

After this clean enjoyment the day closed with the evening song ending thus :

"Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose.
When the morning wakens,
Then may we arise,
Strong and straight and sinless,
In thy noblest eyes"

After the camp all of us felt completely overhauled and fresh. We could cook our food now and talk in a friendly manner to a beggar. We could help a poor man to get his cart out of the muddy rut. And we did so on our way back. We put our shoulders to the wheels. The cart creaked, the bullocks tugged and up went the wheels. The poor man drove off grinning back to us from his rattling cart. In fine the young man is trained gradually to subdue selfishness for the common good, to live a simple but peaceful and happy life. His motto is

"It isn't any trouble just to smile
"If you have any trouble it'll vanish like a bubble
"If you only take the trouble just to S-M-I-L-E."

Joseph Dorai, IV Hons. makes his usual contribution of a short-story. He calls it "The Keys." I would rather call it 'The tribulations of an Elder Brother.' Even without personal acquaintance with the author, it is easy to guess that he is the victim of many younger brothers. Fred and his younger brother Johnny (I don't see why we shouldn't have good homely names of our own) are starting off to Madras to meet their uncle from Burma and to accompany him on a "go-as-you-please" tour. All the arrangements have been made and as they are ready to start, Johnny discovers that he has misplaced the keys somewhere.

Fred came up the stairs, anger and indignation flashing from his eyes. John had always been a careless brother, who had severely taxed his patience. Only

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

twenty-five minutes to go to the station three miles off, to buy tickets, to search and take good seats; and now this unlooked for trouble. Naturally he lost his temper. After much frantic upsetting of the room Johnny lifted a couple of coats from his trunk and put them back. He lifted a bundle of shirts and something fell down with a jingle. He looked into the trunk—his keys.

"Fred, my keys are here—inside my trunk" cried John gleefully. "Who would have thought of looking for them there? You didn't think of it, did you Fred?"

"You are idiots enough for anything, Johnny," answered Fred; "well, all right! Lock them up and come down. We shall manage somehow."

A couple of minutes later, they were urging and coaxing the driver to drive faster and faster. The astonished driver urged his puny horse to run faster and faster, shouting himself hoarse.

A panting bandi driver, a quivering bandi, and a gasping horse finally drew up before the railway station. In their hurry and anxiety to catch the train, they forgot to pay him. When they came to the platform the train was just steaming off.

Fred got up and walked away to the station-master's office. Five minutes later he returned with a happy smile playing round his lips and relief glowing on his face.

"Johnny, there is a train at 8-40. A special one to Madras. Thank goodness we can be there tomorrow. Forget my hard words, will you? Anyway, you shouldn't have been so careless," said Fred patting John on the shoulder.

John was quite happy and he was playing with the keys, the source of all their trouble. Fred also was cheerful because he would not have to listen to the sneers of his uncle. He sat thinking of the pleasures of travel.

At 8-35 the train steamed into the station. Both of them deposited their trunks safely and as the carriages were not crowded as usual, took comfortable seats. The train left the station exactly at 8-40.

"Johnny, would you get me *Far from the Madding Crowd*, far and away the finest book to read in a crowded third-class compartment. Just open up your trunk and get it for me," asked Fred ten minutes later.

John eagerly jumped up and lifted the trunk to the seat. Then his hand dived into a pocket for the Keys. He searched pocket after pocket but the Keys were not there. Where had they gone? Desperately he resumed his search, while Fred was looking out into the moonlit fields and exulting in the majestic silence that lay upon the country side, broken only by the rhythmic rumble of the running train.

"Fred, my Keys.....where are they? They were here in *this* pocket. I. I. I. dd-don't know where they are. I can't find them. What-can I do?"

"What? lost them again?" roared the astonished Fred regretting his premature softening towards his brother. "Look here, you priceless idiot, where have you left them?"

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

"I...I-don't know. I was playing with them in the station. Now I remember, I left them on the bench. I wanted to get them but I forgot. How to get them, Fred?" stammered the perplexed John.

"Well, you can get them later. Now, look sharp and get this, and this,—and this—" said Fred dashing his fists on the face of his exasperating brother.

Ten minutes later, John was seated in a corner of the carriage, caressing a streaming nose with a spotted kerchief. And as he caressed his nose and licked his bruised lips, he determined never to be careless with Keys.

A good resolution, no doubt, and highly creditable, to the training given him by the Elder Brother. Dr. J. C. Kumarappa would probably say that is not non-violent education. If Fred had, during the journey, taught his brother, the art of making Keys, he might have at least pleaded the excuse of centering his education round a craft!

The following story needs no introduction:

Mr. Ravi was one of those gifted officers of the C. I. D. who had both the intuition and incentive necessary to a man in his profession. That he was a man of exceptional intelligence any of his colleagues would certainly grant; at the same time none would deny the fact that he was a bit hasty and excitable like all experts of his trade. He strongly believed that trivial details and incidents are often the clue to the discovery of profound secrets.

Hence the very poor appearance of No. 19, Broadway attracted his attention. Of late Madras had witnessed many an instance of day-light robbery and villainy of the most atrocious and daring kind, and Mr. Ravi was entrusted with the troublesome task of tracing the culprits. It was on one of his watchful rounds that his eyes fell on No. 19 and he went straight to the doorway in the hope of coming on the tracks of some criminal.

Mr. Ravi was not long at the door way before his sharp ears caught the sounds of a low whisper. The detective's eyes twitched; his brows narrowed; he became all attention. Placing his ears on the widest part of the crevices he listened attentively.

There was an authoritative voice ringing out clearly "Hold tight and cut straight."

"Cut what?" inquired a feebler voice.

"Cut the neck off! Quick!" was the astonishing reply.

Mr. Ravi did not at first believe his ears, but the next moment had a greater surprise in store for him.

"Will it not be better to dispose of the hands first?" asked the second voice again.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

"As you please. Do away first with the hands, then the neck and stitch closely with the body. And when all is close place in a box and send it off."

Mr. Ravi's head began to reel. His heart began to throb. "Cold-blooded murder! Inhuman brutality!" were the only words that escaped his lips. For a moment he stood stupefied, but the next moment his eyes gleamed and he jumped to his feet. The scenes of trial and the sentence and execution of the culprit presented themselves to his imagination vividly. The words "Reward, Promotion, Title," began to ring in his ears.

Our hero was not a man to lose the great chance of his life, by wasting any more time. He ran straight to the next telephone box and returned in a trice with an army of reserve police all with loaded rifles and mounted bayonets. The old creaking door of No. 19 was broken open. Mr. Ravi and a sergeant went in cautiously, pistol in hand, followed by a dozen constables. The shrill note of the police whistle resounded from the walls and Mr. Ravi in a most commanding voice shouted, "Come out you scoundrels!"

And what do you think he saw there? No, you cannot guess it. For in the place of the heartless murderer and his accomplice there stepped out the innocent tailor Dorai, and his assistant, the former with a pair of scissors in his hands and the latter with his thimble and a threaded needle. A freshly cut shirt was on the table before them!

W. C. Krishnamurthy, II U. C. is the author of this delightful mockery. I have great respect for his aversion to professional detectives. But is it good to grow wise and sober, so early in life?

It is a far cry from Broadway, Madras, to London City; but thither we are conducted by another youthful author of detective fiction. We are taken to unfamiliar places: 'Regent's Park,' and 'Savoy Hotel,' and 'Scotland Yard,' (Would not Ibrahim Park, Ambi Iyer Hotel and Fort Police Station do just as well?) and introduced to English butlers (with names like Giles) and French criminals (Is there a want of local criminal celebrities?). The detective in the story, however, is a very ordinary person though he has the extraordinary name, Harcourt. The story begins in the usual orthodox manner:

Pushing open the door of his master's bedroom, Giles the butler found, to his horror, his master lying in a pool of blood: the iron safe in the room was wide open. He was for the first few minutes struck dumb; but soon recovering from the shock and realising that his master had been stabbed, he phoned to the police and the detective.

Mr. Harcourt, the detective, a man of great repute, arriving soon, surveyed the room and found a new modern felt hat with the name of a French firm inside.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Mr. Harcourt shows great intelligence, no doubt, in going at once to the French firm and getting a description of the buyer of the hat. A few days later, with equally unfailing instinct, Mr. Harcourt shadows two criminal-looking persons in Regent's Park. Gathering information by overhearing their conversation, he traces them the next day to the Savoy Hotel. He goes and sits near them. They feel annoyed; and suspecting something, the more criminal-looking of the two gets up and asks his friend to come out:

Mr. Harcourt caught the hint and going up to the gentleman said: "Mr. Richard (he had discovered the name by looking into police records), Mr. Richard, I charge you with having killed Mr. Taylor and robbed him of his precious jewels."

"What the dickens do you mean?" said the clean-shaven man, "Do you think.....?....."

"Hold on, Sir, I only suspect you. You are arrested under suspicion and will be tried," said Mr. Harcourt noticing him meddling him with his beard.

Acting by instinct, Mr. Harcourt pulled the beard of the young man (can you ever think of a foreign criminal without a false beard?) and found it partially coming off. The young man and his friend attacked Mr. Harcourt and there was great confusion in the Hotel.

The police arrived and recognising the detective saluted him, and by his order, arrested the young Frenchman.....etc.

The creator of this detective genius Harcourt, hides his identity under the pseudonym 'Trebla.' I hope he will pardon me if I do a little detective work on my own account and proclaim to the world that 'Trebla' is 'Albert,' reversed. Genius is catching, isn't it?

R. Natarajan, II U. C. sends in a long crime story. Radha, the daughter of Justice Rama Iyer, has been kidnapped by the 'L' gang. She is terrorised into writing to her lover Sukumar, a rich young lawyer. Her letter brings him unsuspecting into the den of the thieves. Radha's pluck and the timely intervention of the Police Inspector, save the young people from the hands of the horrible villains.....

"I was kidnapped a week ago," she ran on, "I heard about your going to be robbed. So I wrote that letter on peril of my life. Are you still unconvinced that I am Radha?" While speaking she scrubbed off the wax and paint. She removed her bonnet and false hair. There stood Radha charming as a rose. She flew into Sukumar's arms, while Raja Singh stared. Then he bade the couple good-night and left with the 'L' gang for the police station.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Radha and Sukumar took a taxi home. Justice Rama Ayyar welcomed the rescued and the rescuer with open arms. He promised Radha's hand in holy matrimony to Sukumar, whom he had been admiring because of his brilliant success at the bar.

"We'll get married next Sunday, Papa," she said.

"As you please, my dear," her father replied.

"And go on our honeymoon to America in a fortnight," the would-be son-in-law added.

I don't expect they will return from America for they will discover that country to be their own in spite of their Indian names.



N. R. VIJAYA RAGHAVAN
IV B. Sc. (Hons.)

Among Authors and Books

Insurrection versus Resurrection

by Maisie Ward, (Sheed & Ward)

THIS is the title given to the second volume of "The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition." This book deals with the activities of the Wards in the twentieth century, as the first one does with those in the nineteenth. The scope of this book is wider than that of the previous volume, for in the present volume Wilfrid Ward is an actor on a large stage, is involved in affairs religious and civil more European than English, and comes into grip with movements and crises more vital, more soul-stirring. Hence this volume is even more interesting than its predecessor.

In relating this second period of her father's life, Maisie Ward (Mrs. Sheed) has the additional advantage of recording events of which she was the witness and sometimes more than a passive witness. Hers was really a unique position. Her home was the meeting place of the finest and the most cultivated society in England, a society as famous for its noble birth as for its high intellectual attainments. No wonder that a writer brought up in such surroundings writes so wisely and so well on intricate points of metaphysics, on high mysticism, on profound theology. Not that the book is concerned only with these abstruse questions. There is also much life and movement, journeys and tours, accounts of hot controversies and delightful holiday parties, wordy quarrels in high places and even intrigue and conspiracy. Above all there are the delightful pictures of an ideal Catholic home, where the father is a learned theologian and accomplished biographer, and the mother is a fine novelist and the children all that they should be. The choice letters that are interspersed add very much to the interest of the subject.

But thrilling as are many of the events narrated in the book, the chapters that arrest our attention most are those on Modernism. Here we get very much of the inside information, as they say, of English Modernism; its leaders, its progress, and its decline. One cannot help feeling intense pity for so many noble souls caught in the terrible coils of that subtle heresy. Of course, this pity is felt much more by the author, who is the daughter of the principal protagonist in that tragedy; so it is excusable

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

that she does not present the other side as dispassionately as history would demand. Still, after all allowances are made, it is a splendid and thoroughly convincing apology for the unswerving orthodoxy of Wilfrid Ward. Incidentally, we get a very illuminating glimpse of the minds and characters of men like Tyrrell and Baron Von Hugel, which is very helpful in understanding the peculiarities of English Modernism.

H. P., S.J.

The Catholic Church and the Social Question

by H. Van Oostayen, s.j. (*The Little Flower Press, 146, Bow Bazaar Street, Calcutta. Price As. 8*).

Every age has its problems. Those of our age centre, in varying measure, round the Social Question. Broadly understood the Social Question may refer to any problem affecting society as a whole or any class thereof in one or more of the manifold social relations. But in a restricted and special sense, which, more than any other, is really significant for our time, it means the widespread and grave maladjustment between capital and labour and the consequent social strife and disorder, and is the evil progeny of a liberalist creed, the industrial and commercial *laissez faire* of which, however even-handed between capitalists and labourers in theory, turned out in practice to be only freedom to the employer to exploit the worker without fear of State intervention on behalf of the latter. It has developed to menacing proportions in all industrially advanced countries and is fast growing into a sizable issue in others. Factory and housing reform, minimum wage legislation and similar other measures, productive of much good wherever they have been adopted, have failed, however, to solve it. A few people desperately hope to do so by slightly pruning capitalism here and there; but pruning and trimming are but too feeble a prescription for a *malaise* so fundamental and deep-rooted. Many more seek for the remedy in socialism and communism; but these systems may succeed in destroying the existing one but cannot make a satisfactory substitute for it as they are both unnatural and unworkable. The true solution, indeed the only one possible lies in the reconstruction of the social order on sound principles derived from man's rational nature and supernatural end. These principles and their bearing on the reorganisation of society have been authoritatively elucidated in two celebrated Papal encyclicals, *the Rerum Novarum*

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

of Leo XIII of holy memory and the *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pius XI now gloriously reigning. In *The Catholic Church and the Social Question*, the author, in true Scholastic style, states the Social Question, analyses its causes, examines the remedies proposed, particularly socialism and communism, and lays down the basic principles of the right social order such as the right of private property, the right to personal liberty, the right of association, the need for and the limits of State action, etc., with a final appeal to every citizen to do his part in reconstructing society accordingly. Simple, clear, and extremely objective, this neat little volume is indeed very valuable for pointing to a bewildered and baffled world the only true way out of the present social chaos, and even more so for opening up to it the rich treasure of sound social doctrine contained in Papal documents from which, at every stage, abundant and appropriate quotation is made.

M. A.

Anthologies of Poetry

Anthologies of English poetry are many. A reader of the newer anthologies like *The Chilswell Book of English Poetry* compiled by Robert Bridges, *An Anthology of Modern Verse* by A. Methuen and *The Golden Book of Modern English Poetry* by Thomas Caldwell, is sure to recollect how many pleasant hours he has already spent with the older anthologies pre-eminent among them being Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, Q's *Oxford Book of English Verse* and W. E. Henley's *English Lyrics from Chaucer to Poe*. *The Oxford Book of Mystic Verse* cannot be neglected because it introduces the reader to the mystic and philosophic elements of English Poetry which gives nourishment to what A. E. or G. W. Russell calls 'the God-root within men.' It deserves to be better known and better read for the sake of the representative poems from the metaphysical poets and Blake. Great poetry is the speech of soul to soul and both in the past and present as made known in these anthologies, English poetry has been running its noble course in ever so many different channels. The conquest of new themes and the exhibition of great mental energy are presented by the anthologies which are of the greatest use to every reader who would like to be introduced to the no mean heritage of English poetry rich in romantic love, religious emotion and love of humanity. The lyrical fire of the Psalms and the powerful poetry of Isaiah and Ecclesiastes are so little known to the average reader and therefore he will do well to make his acquaintance of them through Henley's Anthology.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

The concentrated magnificence of poetical thought melting into fluent ease is found in a poem like Hodgson's Song of Honour included only in Bridges's Anthology. That 'Hymn of Adoration' with its sense of rapturous joy is such stimulating reading that it is bound to send a reader into the wider fields of recent poetry. Caldwell's *Golden Book* includes many choice pieces of the poetry of the last sixty years and opens the door for the discovery of the spiritual essence of A. E.'s work and the visions of W. B. Yeats. All anthologies must have a certain number of pieces in common because they are the stuff of great poetry. Can there be anthology of older poetry without the famous lyric of Shakespeare beginning with

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;

incomparably the most beautiful poem in the English language? Anthologies are sign-posts and they point out to their readers the infinite wealth that lies scattered over the whole realm of poetry. There is likely to be a disappointment to some readers when on opening an anthology they find that their own favourite poems or authors are not there. Though many of the newer anthologies include Hardy's pathetic poem on "The Breaking of Nations", not one of them includes A. E. Housman's *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries* which is one of our great poems by reason of its simplicity and remarkable economy of words. The whole of it may be quoted here.

These in the day, when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.
Their shoulders held the sky suspended ;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay ;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

The Grand Rebel, An Impression of Shivaji, Founder of the Maratha Empire

by Dennis Kincaid, (Collins, 12s. 6d.)

Aurangzeb used to call Shivaji "the Mountain Rat", the East India Company "that Grand Rebel Seavage." Hence the necessity for discussion about the heroes of history. The book under review, in no

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

sense a full-length biography, is a glowing brief contribution to the discussion about Shivaji.

The book is an impressionistic sketch. The narration of the main incidents in Shivaji's life is impressionistic and vivid: the slow bringing-up of Shahaji and his dramatic last minute release, the presentation of Shivaji at the Court of Aurangzebe and his arrest, the subsequent cat and mouse moves of Aurangzebe and Shivaji ("the imperial expert in dissimulation studying Shivaji's essays in acting") culminating in Shivaji's escape in a basket of fruit, and the taking of the Lion-Fort with the help of the ghorpad, the hill-iguana of Western India. And Shivaji lives again in these pages, his deeds of high enterprise, his shining chivalry, his sense of dedication, his other-worldliness, Shivaji Chatrapathi, Shivaji, the servant of God and disciple of the great Ramdas.

The style is uniformly clear, brisk, and happy, rising to passages of solemn pathetic beauty in the magnificent close, the passing away of Shivaji. And in the untimely death of the author in his thirty-first year, India has cause to mourn the loss of a writer of beautiful English, one who following the footsteps of his father, the historian of the Maratha people, had come to look upon the land of his adoption with noble admiration.

It is to be hoped that in the next edition the fine portrait of Shivaji found on the jacket of the book will form part of the book itself.

S. K. G.

புறநானூறு—Purananuru with Commentary

Edited by Dr. Swaminathaier.

In these days of wars, actual and threatening, it may be of some interest to describe the attitude of the Tamil Kings towards war as brought out in this ancient anthology. Flight in war was regarded by them as an indelible disgrace and death in battle as the summum bonum of royal existence. This is illustrated by two practices which are referred to in these verses. In verse 65 we are told of a King who actually was only bit by the enemy in the breast, but since the arrow pierced the chest, his back also showed a gaping wound thus making it appear as if he had been wounded while in flight. To expiate this apparent cowardice the King performed penance with his face turned to

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

the north. The other rather gruesome habit is the one referred to in stanza 93 which is in praise of a King who was covered with wounds received in battle. The poet congratulates the King for having escaped the fate of those Kings who died, not in battle, but in their beds, of disease or even mere old age. Their kingly corpse was laid on a bed of Kusa grass while the learned and righteous brahmins standing nearby pierced the body with swords and chanted, "May this King reach the swarga of those who died in battle."

One stanza is an apostrophe to Yama, the god of death, in which the poet says: this King was feeding you every day with hundreds of lives of his enemy's troops but in your insatiable hunger you have eaten him also up to-day like the improvident farmer who in his poverty eats up the seed corn. Who will feed you tomorrow when you feel 'hungry again'?

That the methods of warfare were sufficiently brutal is evident from the oft recurring description of how the victor rased to the ground the walls of the fortress and had the streets ploughed up by white-mouthed asses; how the standing crops were trampled by the hoofs of his horses; and his elephants made to disturb the clear waters of the sacred tanks in the enemy's city. One frequently used device of disgracing the enemy was to cut down his sacred trees and each dynasty had its own guardian tree.

It is therefore all the more surprising to be told, that in the din of this merciless warfare certain broad principles dictated by Dharma were still observed. Thus one verse says that a King before delivering his final assault warned the following classes of persons to take refuge within the keep:—cows; brahmins who participate in the nature of cows; women; the ailing; men who have no male issue to discharge the debt due to the pitris. Large armies were the order of the day then as now. This is fairly obvious from a stanza in which the poet brings out the length of time taken by an army's march by a striking illustration. The tender pods of the palmyra quenched the thirst of its vanguard. The regiments following them reached in time to enjoy the ripe fruit, while by the time the rear lines came up, the nuts had grown into tender fleshy roots to satisfy their hunger.

T. S.

Editorial Notes

His Excellency Dr. James Mendonça

THE Distribution of Prizes on the 20th August gave our students the opportunity of seeing and hearing the kindly Prelate whom His Holiness the Pope has chosen to be the first Indian Bishop of Trichinopoly. It is true that the pleasure was unexpected. In the regretted absence of the Director of Public Instruction caused by indisposition, Dr. Mendonça graciously consented to honour us with his presence and give away the Prizes. Undoubtedly our distress at Mr. Papworth's illness was deep and our disappointment keen. But no one could have filled the vacant chair with greater satisfaction to our students and guests, and we may add, with such unaffected ease and dignity as the Bishop of our Diocese. The honour and welfare of St. Joseph's are very dear to him; and he has deep personal interest in education born of life long management of Schools. In expressing once again our deep gratitude to him for coming to us, and speaking the words of wisdom which he spoke, we offer him the homage of St. Joseph's College, and the assurance of our loyalty to his person and fidelity to his directions.

The Resolutions of the Ad Hoc Committee on Educational Reconstruction

Even those who are but vaguely interested in educational reform are aware that the scheme of reconstruction of Secondary Education tentatively put forward by the Government of Madras, included two cardinal points: bifurcation at the fourth form stage into vocational and pre-University courses, and the lengthening out of the High School Course by one year, thus providing three year courses after the bifurcation at the end of the fourth form. Now this proposed lengthening of the High School was linked up with a suggestion that the University should shorten its own course by one year by abolishing the Intermediate, and making the B. A. a three year Course. It was on this that the University had been asked to express an opinion. Though the final decision lies with the Academic Council and Senate, the Syndicate, very prudently as it seems to us, referred the matter to a Special Committee of Members of the Syndicate, Principals of Colleges, and Headmasters elected to the Academic Council. Everything was to be gained by this preliminary discussion of

EDITORIAL NOTES

the problem by those most closely acquainted with its different aspects. Their almost unanimous opposition to the proposed change will, we dare say, be decisive in the Academic Council and Senate. The reasons for this opposition may be briefly resumed here:—

The Intermediate acts as a brake on the movement to the Degree classes. It eliminates large numbers of unsuitable candidates, and enables us to maintain a fairly high standard in the B. A. and Honours Courses. It prepares candidates with just the right degree of instruction for the Professional Colleges. It will be all the more necessary in the future when vernacularisation in the High School will necessitate more intensive study of English before students can enter the Degree or Professional Courses.

By the proposed change on the other hand a large number of less qualified youths will enter directly into the Degree Courses. It will neither keep down the number of graduates—supposing that to be a desirable end—nor improve their quality. The lengthening of the High School Course will not only embarrass college managements who have laboriously prepared staff and equipment for the present courses; it will also embarrass Government who will have to equip a very large number of High Schools for the additional year of vocational or scientific study.

We are glad to say that these considerations met with the approval of not only the Principals of Colleges who might be expected to view with disfavour such drastic changes of a well-established routine, but also the Headmasters, to whom the scheme is bound to look more alluring. That the Government of Madras too have not committed themselves decisively to the scheme is clear from a communication to the Press, from Mr. C. J. Varkey, M.A., Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Education, in which the foregoing arguments against it had been very lucidly and convincingly set forth.

Candidates to the Defence Services

We wish to give the widest publicity to the following extracts communicated to us from the Report of the Interview and Record Board on the Examination for admission into the Indian Military Academy, Dehra Dun, and the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell.

“Of those who gave the Indian Air force as their second preference there were many who had entered their names merely in the hope of

EDITORIAL NOTES

drawing a prize in a lottery. They had no knowledge or interest in anything to do with the Air Force and for the greater part were disqualified at once as unsuitable. A large number of candidates while professing themselves quite ready to encounter the risks of army life openly stated that they were deterred by the prospects of the dangers of the air, and the Board cannot believe that for this new service, for which the very best type of recruit is required, anything like the best material is forthcoming. The Board think that it is urgent that steps should be taken as early as possible to have some instruction on what life in the Air Force means imparted in schools and colleges, so that if possible, the youth of the country may be induced to become more air-minded. The Air Force representative on the Board was doubtful even whether several of the candidates who obtained a qualifying mark would ultimately prove themselves fit to undergo the rigorous training involved at Cranwell or would develop the personality likely to make good leaders. It is obvious, however, that a far greater number of suitable candidates should be forthcoming and that no candidate who is not really interested in an aviation career should be encouraged to enter his name at all.

The Board have little comment to make regarding the Indian Military Academy candidates which has not been stated in previous reports. It is amazing how large a percentage of the candidates are still entirely ignorant even of the most elementary knowledge of the profession which they wish to adopt as their life career. Very few, except those who had done their schooling at some of the military schools and indeed quite a proportion even of these, had any knowledge of the organisation of the infantry battalion. The majority were completely ignorant of the functions of the Royal Engineers and of the Royal Artillery or Royal Signals.

The Board consider that propaganda in schools and colleges is necessary in order to popularise all the Defence Services and should be instituted without delay."

We do not know what kind of propaganda will be most suited to remedy this lamentable state. What is certain is that Defence Services must be recruited from among people who are not merely on the look out for a manly and honourable profession, but are also inspired by a pure patriotism and are determined to defend their country against possible attack. It is essential that the youth of India should be stirred up to a sense of this responsibility. The self government for which India is struggling will never be realised unless her children are ready to shoulder

EDITORIAL NOTES

the burden of self defence. It is for this reason that though many people may smile at the attempt of our students "to play at being soldiers," we are very glad of the spade work that the U. T. Corps is doing, and wish with all our heart that our own Company, (St. Joseph's and National College) should keep up this ardour and maintain a high level of efficiency.

Extracts from the Annual Report

1. Strength and Attendance

The increase in the number of students which began three years ago continued during the year under review, the maximum strength being 1010 against the 938 of the previous year. The year closed with 983 on the rolls.

The attendance continues to be satisfactory. The percentage last year was 97.4, showing an increase of 3.2 over the previous year's percentage. The number of students who secured cent per cent attendance was 101.

2. Results

We have every reason to be satisfied with the results in the University Examinations which maintain the standard of the previous year. The Honours and the M. A. Examinations brought us the usual full measure of success, though there were two Honours students recommended for the pass Degree. The B. A. results, specially in English, have been somewhat poor all over the Presidency but we have secured 66% in Part I, 82% in Part II, 86% in Part III, and 56.6% of full passes. Part III Botany Main in which we presented candidates for the first time, brought us cent per cent passes. Even the disaster which overtook the candidates in B. Sc. Part I (English) touched us lightly, as we obtained 54 per cent against the 38% of the Presidency. The B. Sc. Part II both Chemistry and Physics have given us unusually brilliant results, Physics obtaining 14 out of the 17 I Classes in the Presidency, and Chemistry 8 out of the 11. The Intermediate results too have been excellent, as we have secured 107 full passes out of 182 sent up i. e. about 59% passes. 29 were placed in the I Class.

We secured the following distinctions:—

M. A.—

Economics: II Class 1st and 2nd in the Presidency.

B. A. (Hons)—

Br. I. Math. I Class 3rd in the Presidency.

EDITORIAL NOTES

B. Sc. (Hons.)—

Physics. I Class 1st, 3rd and 5th in the Presidency.

B. Sc. (Pass)—

Physics. Main: I Class 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th 6th, 7th, 8th and 10th in the Presidency.

B. Sc. (Pass)—

Chemistry: I Class 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 8th and 9th in the Presidency.

B. A.—

Tamil: II Class 6th in the Presidency.

Sanskrit: II Class 4th in the Presidency.

Physics: I Class 3rd and 4th in the Presidency.

Chemistry: I Class 1st, 2nd and 4th in the Presidency.

Botany: II Class 3rd and 4th in the Presidency.

The following University medals and prizes were awarded to our students:—

1. The R. Pattabhirami Reddi Medal.
2. The Jagirdar of Arni Medal.
3. The C. K. Sundaram Iyer Prize.

3. Sports and Physical Training

We record the steady extension of our playgrounds by the acquisition and filling in of the rice fields around the Mahé Ground. The acquisition of a few more scattered bits of land, and the turning aside of an irrigation canal now on the edge of our playing grounds will give us a compact stretch of level ground and enable us, at long last, to include cricket among our games. We count on the sympathy and help of Government for the realisation of this scheme.

As we have ceased to participate in the competitions organised by local Athletic Associations, our sporting activity has lost some of its excitement. But this is compensated for to some extent by the Inter-Collegiate matches organised by the University. Unfortunately, our experience of these University fixtures makes us question whether the desired good is being achieved by them. In place of the improved physique and the mutual understanding that should result from them, we have too often estrangement of feeling and even physical injury which

EDITORIAL NOTES

excessive partisanship is apt to provoke. We say this because of certain unpleasant occurrences in Madura during the last Inter-Collegiate matches, without at the same time wishing to pass judgments and apportion praise and blame. I am glad to say that in spite of these incidents, we secured the University Divisional Championships in Football and Athletic Sports. Unfortunately we could not take part in the Inter-Divisional matches in Madras owing to the inconvenience of the date.

4. Staff and Students

It is with special pleasure that the Management pays its tribute to the loyalty and efficiency of the Lay Staff. The good results of the College and its steady rise in strength are due before all things to their enthusiasm and their promptness in responding to the demands made on them. This mutual confidence between Staff and Management lightens the burden of work for all of us. I may be allowed to refer here to a factitious agitation stirred up against Catholic Managements in general, some time in the course of last year, on the score of a callous policy of religious and communal discrimination attributed to them. I rejoice to say that the menace of this supposed policy, so manifestly at variance with our past history and actual practice, produced not the slightest ripple among our non-Catholic Staff. And it is less for their sakes than for the information of the public that I repeat to them the assurance of just treatment, and a reasonable degree of stability of service.

Our students too have not been spared occasions of external excitements and invitations to action which might have seriously interfered with their duties. I thank them for the splendid way in which they have stood the test. Their trust in us is a source of great joy to us. They know that Staff and Management labour for their interests, and through them, and with the blessing of God, for the true and lasting good of our country.

Rev. Fr. J. Mahé, S.J.

Rector, 1932—1938

NO change of Rector has taken place so quietly and so un-noticeably as the one in our College this year. To the ordinary student it was just as if nothing had happened. And yet one of the ablest Rectors in the history of the College had laid down his office. The man who made himself responsible for the happiness of us all had brought to a happy close the term of his administration. Fr. Mahé has left us and returned to the work of his predilection, the evangelization of the poor. But the College will not forget him. He has left an impress on it which time will not wear out. What he actually achieved, as well as what he planned and would surely have accomplished had circumstances permitted, bear the stamp of a farseeing administrator. The future development of the College must proceed along the lines he has laid down.

Fr Mahé belongs to that class of Superiors who love to rule from behind the scenes. As it was at Palamcottah and Madura so was it at Trichy. In one place a High School evolves into a First Grade College; in another a district flourishes; and yet the brain and the driving force behind it all are as hidden as the engine of an ocean liner. No wonder then that the ordinary student never suspected who was at the helm of affairs in our College. The students saw this Rector but once a year, on the Rector's Day, when he entered the Lawley Hall amidst the thundering applause of his huge family, listened to the various addresses in languages known and unknown to him, spoke a few words of fatherly encouragement and then passed away from their midst. After this solitary occasion they could see him only on the dusty roads of Trichy, going on his daily walks. Many a passer-by would stop to have a second look at this strong, healthy man carrying his shrivelled arm as if in a sling. Some could not conceal their pity for him and a few approached to make kind inquiries. No one was more amused at this interest than the innocent object of these attentions. What interested him was the state of the poor children he came across. They saw in him their friend. Once a little girl unceremoniously bade him lift her little load and adjust it on her head, and the Rector complied most heartily with her wishes. It was curious to watch this strong, silent man, at whose door one could see many a learned professor hesitating to enter, literally mobbed by



REV. FR. J. MAHÉ, S.J.,
Rector: 1932-'38.



THE RT. REV. DR. JAMES MENDONÇA,
Bishop of Trichinopoly.

REV. FR. J. MAHÉ, S.J.

the ragamuffins and naked tots on the highways and by-ways of Trichinopoly.

These walks were the only diversion Fr. Mahé had in Trichy. For the rest he was locked up in his room, reading and writing. He was ever ready to see visitors and gave a sympathetic ear to all they had to say. But he dispatched business quick, a bit too quick for the leisurely ways of some people. He did not seem to have the slightest ambition to shine as a conversationalist. Though his words were few, his vast experience of men and affairs, his constant reading of history and biography, rendered them oracular in their wisdom. There was such a definiteness about his decisions, and such a calm assurance about his directions, that his subordinates were emboldened to undertake any office or enterprise at his bidding. He was a practical psychologist gifted with a rare insight into the character of men; and events often proved how unerring was his judgement of men and communities.

Such a man was bound to be a success in spite of everything. As a matter of fact, when he took up office, the College, like so many other institutions of its type, was badly hit by the financial depression prevailing at the time. Things looked gloomy; but Fr. Mahé was undaunted. He took the necessary measures of retrenchment and bade his subordinates to go on as if nothing was the matter. They were to look to the efficiency of their departments and bring good results and he promised all would be well. And so it was. There was an all-round rise in efficiency, the results were brighter and brighter every year and the strength of the College has risen again to the old proportions.

But a man of Fr. Mahé's character is not satisfied with merely carrying on things, however prosperously. He wanted our institution to grow and keep pace with the times. Famous as our College was for its laboratories, its libraries, it was always pointed out by friends and foes alike that we were far behind the times in the matter of facilities for sport and physical training, which form so important a feature in modern university Colleges. Fr. Mahé felt the truth of this charge and started on the stupendous enterprise of buying, dumping and converting into excellent playgrounds the low-lying fields behind the College. The Mahé Grounds are an ornament of our College. There is another deficiency in our institution which it was Fr. Mahé's fond hope to repair—the building of a new hostel. From the way he went about the making of the playgrounds we can guess how expeditiously, how efficiently, how fittingly

REV. FR. J. MAHÉ, S.J.

he would have provided for this crying need of hundreds of our students. But it was not to be. Circumstances, it is too tedious to detail them here, repeatedly thwarted his generous designs, and now he has left us without even beginning the great work. In his new life, amidst his new duties, he has surely forgotten his disappointment, but the College cannot sufficiently regret this misfortune. Anyhow, we have his well-worked out plans, and we hope the time will come, and very soon, when they will be put into execution. Then we shall have a fitting monument to the services rendered to the College by this great Rector.

H. P., S.J.

Results in the University Examinations, March 1938

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	P. C.	Recom- mended for B.A.
M. A. Br. IV Economics & Politics...	2	—	2	—	2	100	—
B. A. (Hons.) Br. I Mathematics ...	9	3	1	5	9	100	—
Br. IV Economics ...	20	—	8	10	18	90	2
Total ...	29	3	9	15	27	93.1	2
B. Sc. (Hons.) Part II Br. II Physics Main ...	12	3	7	2	12	100	—
„ Subsidiary Maths. Subs. ...	7	—	—	7	7	100	—
Chem. Subs. ...	9	—	—	9	9	100	—
Total ...	16	—	—	16	16	100	—
B. Sc. (Hons.) Part I ...	12	—	—	10	10	83.3	—
B. A. (Hons.) Preliminary ...	27	—	—	20	20	74	—
B. Sc. Part I ...	63	—	—	34	34	53.9	—
B. Sc. Part II Physics Main (M. & C.) ...	28	14	10	3	27	96.4	—
Chemistry Main Physics & Mathematics ...	21	8	6	3	17	80.9	—
B. Sc. Total ...	49	22	16	6	44	89.7	—

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1938

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage
B. A. Degree Part I						
English ...	117	—	—	77	77	65.8
Part II Second Language						
Tamil ...	61	—	4	51	55	90.1
Malayalam ...	23	—	1	16	17	73.9
Sanskrit ...	31	—	1	20	21	67.7
French ...	8	—	1	5	6	75
Total	123	—	7	99	92	79.6
Part III Optional Subjects (Group i-b) ...	20	—	5	10	15	75
(ii-b) Subs. Chem. ...	6	—	2	4	6	100
Subs. Maths. ...	17	5	4	5	14	82.3
Total	23	5	6	9	20	86.9
Group (ii-c) Chem. Main						
Physics Subs. ...	28	3	7	12	22	78.5
Botany Subs. ...	2	—	—	2	2	100
Total	30	3	7	14	24	80
Group (ii-d) ...	13	—	3	10	13	100
Group (iv-b) ...	26	—	6	17	23	88.4
Total Part III	112	8	27	60	95	84.9

100

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1938

Full B. A's.

	Sent up in all Parts	Full B. A's.	Percentage
(i-b) Mathematics ...	19	10	
(ii-b) Physics ...	22	14	
(ii-c) Chemistry ...	26	13	
(ii-d) Botany ...	13	5	
(iv-b) Economics ...	26	18	
Total	106	60	56.6

INTERMEDIATE

Complete Passes

SUBJECT	Sent up	I	II	Total	P. C.
Mathematics, Physics & Chemistry ...	113	29	45	74	
N. Science, Physics & Chemistry ...	45	—	19	19	
A. His., Mod. His. & Logic ...	24	—	14	14	
Total	182	29	78	107	58.7

Partial Passes

PARTS	Math. Phys. Chem.	Nat. Sc. Phys. Chem.	Anc. H. Mod. H. Logic.	Total
PART I only ...	5	—	1	6
II only ...	12	5	1	18
III only ...	3	2	—	5
PARTS I & II ...	11	7	3	21
I & III ...	1	2	1	4
II & III ...	6	3	3	12

Total Passes

SUBJECTS	Sent up	Passed	P. C.
English ...	183	138	75.4
Tamil ...	104	89	85.5
Sanskrit ...	52	47	90.4
Malayalam ...	11	9	81.8
French ...	16	13	81.2
Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry ...	114	84	73.6
Natural Science, Physics and Chemistry ...	45	26	57.8
Ancient Hist., Modern Hist. and Logic ...	24	16	66.7

101

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RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1938

Presidency Ranks

M. A. Degree

Economics and Politics

George Thomas	...	§(II Class)	...	1st in the Prescy.
Mathew P. C. (Rev.)	...	(II Class)	...	2nd „

B. A. (Hons.) Degree

BRANCH I—Mathematics

Kunji Paulo A. O.	...	(I Class)	...	3rd in the Prescy.
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BRANCH IV—Economics and Politics

Thomas M. M.	...	(II Class)	...	*4th in the Prescy.
Krishnan C. G.	...	(II Class)	...	5th „

B. Sc. (Hons.) Degree

Krishnan S.	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Prescy.
Ramamurthi V.	...	(I Class)	...	3rd „
Ramamirtham S.	...	(I Class)	...	5th „
Govindarajan S. R.	...	(II Class)	...	1st „
Duraiswami C. S.	...	(II Class)	...	2nd „
Kalyanasundram T. V.	...	(II Class)	...	5th „

B. Sc. Degree

Physics—Main

Raghavan N.	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Prescy.
(The R. Pattabhirami Reddi Medal II)				
Sundaresan C. N.	...	(I Class)	...	2nd „
Purushothama Kamath	...	(I Class)	...	3rd „
Srinivasa Desikachari	...	(I Class)	...	} 4th „
Vaidyanathan K. R.	...	(I Class)	...	

Chemistry—Main

Anantakrishnan C. P.	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Prescy.
(The Jagirdar of Arni Gold Medal II)				
Kasinathan A.	...	(I Class)	...	2nd „
Appavoo S.	...	(I Class)	...	3rd „
Lobo L. J.	...	(I Class)	...	4th „
Seshadri R.	...	(I Class)	...	5th „

§ No First Class in these subjects.

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

RESULTS IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1938

B. A. Degree

Tamil

Madian K.	...	(II Class)	...	5th in the Prescy.
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Sanskrit

Ramanujam S.	...	§(II Class)	...	4th in the Prescy.
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Physics—Main

Ramachandran G.	...	(I Class)	...	3rd in the Prescy.
George P. A.	...	(I Class)	...	4th „

Chemistry—Main

Srinivasan M. R.	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Prescy.
Kailasam K. R.	...	(I Class)	...	2nd „
(The C. K. Sundaram Iyer Prize)				
Seshan S. S.	...	(I Class)	...	4th „

Botany—Main

Subba Rao N.	...	(II Class)	...	2nd in the Prescy.
Nallathayappan A.	...	(II Class)	...	6th „

§ No First Class in these subjects.

Inter-Collegiate Examination in Religion

I. In Christian Doctrine

Silver Medal

Mathias, T. A., IV. B.Sc. (Hons.)

Certificates of Merit (60% marks and above)

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Mathew K. T., III (Hons.) | 2. Augustine K. O., IV (Hons.) |
| 3. Macedo Antony, IV. U. C. | 4. Thomas M. A., IV U. C. |

II. In Apologetics

Silver Medal

Felix Eugene A. F., II U. C.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Sundaram, M. S., II U. C. | 2. Jothy Gonsalves, II U. C. |
| 3. Alphonse R., I „ | 4. Lobo Vincent Eugene, II U. C. |
| 5. Ignatius G., I „ | 6. Kunjuvareed T. P., II „ |
| 7. Antoniswamy S. B. X., I U. C. | |

Old Boys

Sir A. T. Pannirselvam, Kt.

FOREMOST among the distinctions secured by our Old Boys during recent months was the knighthood conferred upon Rao Bahadur Sir A. T. Pannirselvam, in the last New Year Honours. His public life is too well-known to need recapitulation here. Four years ago, on the occasion of his nomination to the Madras Cabinet as Home Member under the old system, the Magazine published a tribute to him from the pen of Mr. S. J. Ratnasami, M.A., B.L. Since that time Sir A. T. Pannirselvam has been constantly in the foreground of public affairs. His term of office as Home Member was marked by vigour, efficiency, and unfailing skill in answering or warding off attacks in the old council. This was followed by the brief spell of office in the Interim ministry. A long and serious illness prevented him from taking his rightful place in the opposition in the first months of the Congress Government. After his return to activity, he has shown himself to be a keen critic of Government policy. The success of Parliamentary democracy depends not a little on the existence of an honest and alert opposition, and even those who do not agree with Sir A. T. Pannirselvam's political opinions will admire the courage and consistency with which he has defended them. Friend and political adversary therefore will join in wishing the new Knight a long life to enjoy his honour, and to render to community and country the services they expect from him.

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Dr. R. S. Krishnan, B.A. (Hons.), D.Sc., the discoverer of the "Krishnan Effect," who has been working under Sir C. V. Raman at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, has been awarded the International Fellowship Scholarship to conduct research in Physics at Cambridge University for two years.

Dr. B. Ramamurthi, M.A., D.Sc., is one of the two Ramanujam Memorial Prizemen for 1938.

Mr. S. V. Ganapathy, M.Sc., A. I. C., Water Analyst, Madras Corporation, has been awarded the Maharaja of Travancore Curzon Prize for 1938.

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OLD BOYS

Sri T. R. Gopal Rao, B.A., B.L., Vice-Chairman, Trichinopoly, has been elected to the University Senate by the Municipalities of Trichy, Srirangam, and Karur.

Captain T. Swami Desikachari has been made Rao Sahib in the last Birthday Honours.

Rev. Fr. B. S. Susai has been awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal.

* * * * *

In the last competitive Examination for recruitment to the F.C.S., 13 have been selected, 6 of them being from South India. Of these six we are happy to see that not less than three are former students of the College:—

(1) Gregory Mathias, (Economics Hons. 1934), appointed to the Audit and Accounts Service.

(2) K. S. Sundararajan (B.Sc. Hons. 1934) appointed to the Military Accounts Department.

(3) A. S. Swaminathan (Economics Hons. 1936) appointed Postal Superintendent. We warmly congratulate them on their success.

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Mr. M. S. Krishnan has been appointed Assistant Director of Geological Survey. A part of the geological specimens in our College Museum were presented by him as a student.

Dr. A. Ananthakrishnan, D.Sc., has been appointed Asst. Meteorologist, Poona.

C. S. Doraiswamy, B.Sc. (Hons.) is Lecturer in Physics, Mysore.

A. Balakrishna Shetty, B.Sc. (Hons.) has been selected for the Indian Police Service as Dy. Superintendent.

S. Doraiswamy, B.Sc. (Hons.) and N. Dharmavenkitaraman, B.Sc. (Hons.) have been selected for service in the Simla Secretariate (I Division).

Convocation Gathering in Madras

Once again through the indefatigable efforts of Lieut. T. S. Subramaniam, President of the Madras Branch of the O. B. Association, and Mr. Narayanan, Secretary, we were able to assist at a very pleasant function. This

OLD BOYS

year it was held in one of the halls of the Loyola College, and to the unrivalled facilities which this afforded to the organisers, we must attribute much of the success of the function.

In the person of Mr. M. Ruthnaswamy, M.A., Bar-at-Law, C.I.E., the Organisers had secured a President who gave unusual distinction to the gathering. More than fifty graduates out of the eighty who had taken their degrees in person, had responded to the invitation. There was a fair gathering of Old Boys, chiefly from the Staff of Loyola College, most of them loyal co-workers of the President and Secretary. We were happy to note the presence of two Old Boys closely connected with the College, Mr. Mariasusai Pillai, former Secretary to the Principal, and Mr. A. L. Gnanadikam Pillai, Retired Asst. Engineer to whose professional services the College has continual recourse. Both of them had the pleasure of bringing their sons who had taken their degrees. Lastly there was the welcome presence of Fr. Sundararaj, for many years General Prefect of the Boarding House at St. Joseph's, and Fr. Leigh, familiar figure to all the Old Boys and to not a few of the new Graduates whom he had taught in the Intermediate Class.

At 4-30 P.M. the President arrived and was received by Fr. Rector. The proceedings began with garlanding and a group photo. Then the company adjourned to the tastefully decorated hall where an excellent tea had been prepared. The catering left nothing to be desired and spoke much for the resources of the Loyola College Restaurant.

Lieut. Subrahmanian proposed the toast of the new graduates in a few felicitous words. Those who heard him felt that his words were inspired by a warm affection for these younger brothers whom the Alma Mater was sending out to try their chances in the world. Mr. Pasupathy, B.Sc. (Hons.) replied on behalf of the graduates, promising that whatever their future, they would try their best to bring honour to the old College. Mr. Krishna Rao, B.A. (Hons.), speaking next, struck a fighting note. He referred to the thousand difficulties that beset the raw graduate's path to-day in his search for suitable employment. But he and his companions would never allow these difficulties to overwhelm them. The training they had received, and the examples they had seen would enable them to triumph. Fr. Rector, being asked to speak a few words, thanked the Madras Old Boys for their great zeal in organising the function and congratulated them on its evident success. Turning to the graduates, he expressed great pleasure at the recollection of their uniformly happy relationship at College. He resumed all that he had to tell them by way of

OLD BOYS

parting message in a few words. "So far you have been receiving affection, guidance, learning and every form of material, moral and intellectual aid from parents and teachers. Now you must give, give your service, your devotion based on self-forgetfulness, your affection, briefly all the gifts you have received, in whatever walk of life Providence will place you. It is more blessed to give, than to receive."

The President, rising amidst cheers, then addressed the graduates in a short but impressive speech. He admitted that the young men of to-day had many great hardships to surmount. It was difficult to give them advice at that stage of their career which was not either platitudinous or impracticable. A common suggestion made to them now-a-days was to "go back to the village" and help in the work of rural reconstruction. He could not imagine a more cruel piece of advice. To ask young men accustomed to the society and the amenities of town life to go back to surroundings so out of harmony with their tastes and abilities was discouraging and wasteful.

"Your University education" continued Mr. Ruthnaswamy, "has put a certain hall-mark on you, the hall-mark of culture. Your college career has given you a cultivated intelligence, a certain attitude to life and its problems, certain tastes and judgments on literature and the arts. It has enabled you to form certain opinions on politics and social questions. This attitude, these tastes and opinions make you men of culture. Maintain this standard of culture. Never cease to be men of culture. Develop and increase your culture by reading, reflection and fidelity to ideals. It is possible to do so whatever profession you may be compelled to choose. Whether you are clerks or lawyers or teachers, doctors or engineers you can remain men of culture. Culture is a personal acquisition independent of the nature of your avocation. Whatever therefore be the work you are called upon to do, you will bring credit to your Alma Mater, and country, if men recognise in you the fine product of University training with its hall-mark of culture."

These words were listened to with attention. Their force was all the greater as they came from one of the most cultured men in our country, a scholar and writer whose passion for study has persisted in spite of the varied and responsible administrative charges entrusted to him.

The pleasant function terminated and the gathering dispersed at about 6 P.M.

A College Chronicle

18th June.—The College reopens. We have a new Rector in the person of our Principal, Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S.J. We offer our sympathies and prayers so that the accumulation of so many burdens may not break him.

27th June.—The Juniors enter the College. This year we have a regular stampede among the new entrants to secure seats in the favoured group.

**17th July.*—The Corpus Christi. We had the privilege of listening to the pleasant impressions of one who took an active part in the International Eucharistic Congress at Budapest, but what are they to us but picturesque scenes of a distant land. The good Hungarian nation began its preparation for the Congress at least one year in advance but with us in our humble way, the preparation began one week in advance. The whole work was apportioned among the various divisions. The gifted few handled the more delicate part of the work while the majority took to the more mechanical yet necessary part. With the book and pedagogue full in view, the work had to be handled only at odds and ends. Still it was not the work which mattered so much as the spirit with which the work was undertaken. Necessarily some of the skilled workers had to be at their work very late in the night, while some others went on till day-break. The day preceding the procession was one of joy and active work for all and that day witnessed no distinction between the volunteers and others. What remained to be done was done on that day. The same night also was a time of much activity. It was an impressive sight to see whole groups of boys busy, while the Prefects themselves were there directing the whole work almost throughout the night. The entire route through which the procession was to pass, was lined by decorated poles, and the dawn found this part of the work complete.

Meanwhile the Boarding House was decorated with fancy-lights, flowers, wreaths, strings of festoons, and paintings marking the grandeur of each building. The 'pandal' of each division was erected along the route each varying in its decoration. Every moment witnessed the addition of some piece of beauty.

* This account of the Corpus Christi Procession is by Antony Raj, IV U.C.

A COLLEGE CHRONICLE

As darkness fell the lights sparkled along the route of the procession and the faithful assembled to take part in the holiest of devotions. At last the church-bell announced that the procession must start. The Cross-bearer with other acolytes led the procession. Then came worshippers from outside parishes and institutions. After these long rows of boys forming lines on either side followed by the Rev. Brothers and Fathers in chasubles or surplices with hands joined reverently. In between these lines, dressed in red cassocks and their white surplices came the altar boys with candles in hand, some others being thurifers and others flower-bearers. Last of all, the Sacred Host placed in a monstrance was carried by the officiating priest under the canopy borne by the students. Surrounding the Blessed Sacrament was a multitude of the faithful reciting prayers and making the devotional exercises in honour of the Lord Who was in their very midst. Thus arranged, the whole procession moved on. Indeed it was an inspiring spectacle to see the whole congregation moving and praying, accompanied by the music of the band or the choir. The whole route from the College Chapel to the Mahé Grounds and back by the Sodality Chapel was thronged with spectators. Twice Benediction was given, one in the pandal erected on the steps of the Museum and the other on the Mahé Ground erected by the Semi-boarders. In fact it was most moving to see the young as well the old kneel down in adoration not only when the Host was raised but also all along the line. Thus carried, the Eucharistic King was led again in triumph to the throne of the altar and the last Benediction was given.

This in short was how the King of Kings was received among us. It was a day unique for all.

25th July.—In honour of the Consecration of the new Bishop of Trichinopoly we enjoyed a delightful holiday, and the impressive beauty of an episcopal consecration. Early in the morning a dozen cars entered the College compound and conveyed the students to the Cathedral. The scenes we witnessed during consecration are unlikely to be effaced from memory.

31st July.—Along with the College the Clive's started on its even course of life but on this day the Clive's union held its inaugural meeting when Mr. A. Rama Aiyar, M.A. spoke on the "Language Problem."

A COLLEGE CHRONICLE

5th August.—A. Alphonse, I U. C. died today of pneumonia; this sad event spread an air of gloom over the Boarding. On the morrow we accompanied our departed friend on his last journey.

15th August.—The Boarding accords a reception to Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S.J. who took his last vows on the Feast of the Assumption of the B. V. M. In reply to the greetings offered to him, he made a speech which was moving in the true sense of the word.

19th August.—In the afternoon greetings are offered to the new Rector to whose annoyance flowery addresses are read in all the varied languages. We are lucky this year in that the traditional rains failed to disturb the function. We are unlucky in that the traditional holiday was not granted in honour of the Rector, who, however, has promised to extend the Michaelmas vacation by two days presumably on calculations at compound interest.

The Prime Minister's Visit

19th June 1938

EARLY in June it was announced in the papers that the Prime Minister was about to start on an extensive tour round the Presidency. It was to be a rapid tour, and even an important city like Trichinopoly was assigned only one day—19th June. But when the detailed programme of the Premier's stay at Trichy appeared, we saw that our College was left out. It was a pity, we thought, that he should pass by our very walls and not find time to step in. One may imagine our agreeable surprise when we learnt a few hours after his arrival at Trichy that he had decided to pay us a short visit.

Although it was a Sunday, and no previous notice of his visit was given to the students, at 5 P.M. a full half an hour before the arrival of the distinguished visitor the ground in front of the High School was full of expectant crowds of boys. Of course the crowds would have been far bigger a few days later, for Sunday was only the day after the reopening of the College, and only the students of the Senior classes could be present. The wonder of it was that Fr. Camboulives had managed to gather round him enough band-players to receive the Prime Minister with the rousing strains of his band.

Exactly at 5-30 P.M. the Premier's car entered our portico. The Hon'ble visitors (for the Premier was accompanied by the Minister of Public Information) were introduced to the Staff of the College by Rev. Fr. Rector. The Prime Minister was eager to know the nationality of the European Fathers. When the introductions were over he turned to the throngs of enthusiastic boys, stretching their necks to catch a glimpse of the great Congress leader. Rev. Fr. Rector then in a short speech welcomed the visitor and assured him on behalf of the students, the management and the staff of one of the leading educational institutions of the Presidency, their whole-hearted loyalty and co-operation with his work as the chief executive of the Province, their deep sympathy with all his plans for the amelioration of the country and their readiness to do whatever he called upon them to do in the interests of the Province.

Addressing the students who squatted down in the quadrangle of the College, the Premier in reply said:—"It is a great pleasure to be

THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT

even for a few minutes in an institution of this kind. It is a great honour, but more than that, it is a great pleasure. My whole heart throbs with joy when I see work like this—teachers and boys with obvious mutual love shining in their faces. Even to go round this building will take a very long time, thanks to the size of the building. To see you all and talk to you properly will take a longer time, because I have a great deal to tell you and you have a great deal to know from an outsider like me. You are in very good charge, the people here are very good people, very learned people and they love you. Therefore, you can trust them, you are in perfectly safe hands. That is all that you should know now. Do exactly what these Fathers and teachers of yours tell you to do. They won't tell you to do anything which is not for your own good. These Fathers are not new guests in our country. They have been here for a long time. So don't look upon them as guests. They are here as part of the country, as we also here are. They have taken a very responsible work of giving you a very liberal education, and the history of this institution is full of success. It has always been popular with the boys and very rightly. This is a unique institution, unlike our Government colleges", continued the Premier, "where we have only our own people, or the English people. Therefore, it is for that I respect this institution. I wish it well. Only ask your Principal not to ask too much money from us. Look at their own example. They take probably only Rs. 75 or Rs. 80 a month. They do not live like Principals and Professors of other colleges. They manage to maintain greatness of character as well as knowledge without much money. Similarly, they must discover for us means to run this institution without much money. It is quite possible. I give that thought to our professors, especially those who are likely to send up applications for huge grants. I would gladly give them when the day arrives when we have plenty of money. A day will come. When you, boys, will behave well, we will have plenty of money in our country. It is not difficult to get money if we do well with our knowledge. Then Government will have plenty of money and the people will not every day write to us to cancel assessment, postpone collections or reduce assessment. In these days, it is difficult to give grants and I hope we will discover the way to run things cheap. It is cruel to get money for grants from poor uneducated people. If I were so minded, I would be cruel to you. But look at the people in the villages who are raising crops from the land, with not even literacy, apart from education like what you are getting. It is cruel to press money out of them for your extra knowledge. Is it right?

PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT

Tell me! (Laughter.) You have no mind to give up knowledge, and you have no mind to be cruel. Let me try to solve the dilemma. If I do not give with satisfaction what your Principal wants it is not because I do not like the College, or I do not love knowledge, but because I have no money."

It was a very short visit that the Premier paid us, but it was a very pleasant one, and will be remembered long by all those that were privileged to be present. The great simplicity of the *de facto* ruler of Madras, his utter sincerity, his unassuming manners, charmed all those who came into contact with him. We confidently hope that this flying visit will be followed by a longer stay with us when the College in its full strength will accord a rousing welcome to the Prime Minister.

The Rector's Day and College Day

19th & 20th August

NOTHING has changed so little in St. Joseph's as the manner of celebrating the Rector's Day. Even the lengthy notice announcing the event, and laying down detailed regulations for the assembling and seating in the Lawley Hall of the Staff and Students of the High School and College, is only an annual re-publication of an ancient document whose authorship is forgotten: few of us read it because we know it all by heart. But however old the tradition and the manner of keeping it up, even the oldest among us take as lively an interest in celebrating it as those most recently arrived in the College.

The mere sight of the Lawley Hall packed to its full capacity—not with outsiders but with the inmates of the College only—is by itself a most impressive sight: even if it were to be had more than once in the year, no one would grow weary of it. This year, many students unable to find accommodation in the Hall had to watch the proceedings from the rooms upstairs flattening their faces against the window bars; and some even climbed up the huge ladder at the bottom of the Hall, making themselves conspicuous by their 'bad eminence'.....There was, of course, the reading of the addresses in English, Tamil, Sanskrit and Malayalam. The last two at least are not expected to be understood by the Rector but they are the most popular, and if abolished, would rob the function of half its attraction. Probably next year onwards we shall have to add to the list an address in Hindi but compose it with great care for our Rector understands and speaks Hindi.

The two most interesting items in this year's programme were the *Kolattam* and the Physical Exercises, performed exclusively by the youngsters, to the admiration and envy of the grown-ups. The *Kolattam* has been associated with Rector's Day for as long as I can remember, but custom can never stale its variety. This year's performers were younger than usual but made no false steps, and themselves sang in accompaniment to their dance—not an easy thing to do. The Physical Exercises are of recent origin but everyone liked them so much that they are sure to become in the future an invariable item of the programme.

THE RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

Rev. Father Rector's speech concluded the entertainment. Referring to the compliment paid to him as the first Indian Rector of the College in one of the addresses, he remarked that if deep sympathy and affection for the students were regarded as the chief qualities of an Indian Rector, then all his predecessors were truly Indian Rectors; for example, could anybody think of a Rector more Indian than Father Bertram? Much need not be made therefore of his being an Indian. But it was good to recognise that there was rapid Indianisation going on everywhere in the country and young men of the College must so train themselves as to make Indianisation worth while and fruitful to the country. Indianisation cannot succeed if foreign culture, especially English culture, is neglected. The capacity to imbibe foreign ideas, chiefly English ideas—for to English ideas and practices of Government India owes her new-born nationalism and to them she must look, as to a friend and guide—must be made to increase and expand by constant and serious study. Our differences with England are great and vital and should not be under-estimated: our love for what England has given to us must for that very reason, be genuine. Deep love for one's country is not incompatible with love for the men and culture of another country. He had realised while in France how it was possible for an Indian to enter completely into the life and outlook of a people different from his own. Further, love for one's country is shown in love for one's immediate surroundings; and the least that students can do, even as patriots, is to see that everyone is happy around them and to understand that in such simple things as personal hygiene or keeping one's room clean, or adjusting one's habits to suit the convenience of one's neighbours, real service to the country can be rendered. The speech ended with the very welcome announcement of two holidays to follow immediately on the Michaelmas Vacation.

As a faithful recorder of events, I must not omit to mention that the rain came down as usual on the evening of the Rector's Day.

The next morning was therefore very pleasant and cool and the sky was cloudy—the very morning for College sports. Sports were presided over and the prizes distributed by Rev. Fr. Rector in the absence of Mr. Papworth, Director of Public Instruction, who had arranged to preside but was unable to come owing to illness. The new items this year were the full-dress parade and march-past of the U. T. C. and tug-o-war for the Staff. The march-past was impressive, and a novel sight to most of us who had never witnessed one before. The Staff event was highly popular. There were eight members of the College, and eight of the

THE RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

High School Staff and all were merged into two teams formed by drawing of lots. It so happened that most of the lean ones were on one side—good enough to be pulled, people thought, mere mortal men,—and on the other side were just the persons whom Caesar would have loved—"men that are fat and such as sleep o' nights". But contrary to expectation, wiry strength had the better of bulk and certainly that night the lean men slept better! At the distribution of prizes it was noticed that Arthur Pitcher, I U. C. carried away most of the prizes and the Championship Cup for the year.

His Lordship Mgr. J. Mendonça, Bishop of Trichinopoly, graciously took the place of the Director of Public Instruction, at the Distribution of Prizes and Drama in the evening. Guests on the dais were Sri V. Saranatha Iyengar, Principal of the National College, Rev. F. Watson of the Bishop Heber High School, Rao Bahadur N. S. Kulandaiswamy Pillai, and V. S. Narasimhan Esq., I. C. S. We missed this year the familiar face of Sir T. Desikachariar. Most of our friends in the Town, and Old Boys were present and we are sure, were happy to be there. After the reading of the Annual Report by the Principal, and the Distribution of Prizes, His Lordship the Bishop addressed the gathering. He said he considered it a privilege and honour to be of any service to this great College, which was the pride and ornament of his diocese.

After congratulating the prize-winners, His Lordship said :

"What about those who have deserved prizes and have not for some reason or other obtained them? They are still young and have plenty of time and numerous opportunities to win them.

"And, after all, what counts is not so much the prize or the degree or even the vast information and knowledge that you carry away from this College; what really matters is whether after the few years you spend in this College you enter life with the courage, the perseverance, the devotion to duty, in a word, the character, necessary to face the battle of life.

"If you acquire that, you have acquired the real prize that this College or any College can give you. Our country is in need of learned men, great scientists, able statesmen; but our country is in greater need of selfless men, men without personal ambition, men ready to lose all, even their life, for their conscience, for their neighbour, for God. May God bless you all."

THE RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

The last, but the most eagerly awaited event of the evening was the drama, "The Devil's Memoirs" in three Acts. It was not a mere success. It was a triumph in acting but much more than that, a triumph in direction and management. Theo Mathias in the part of Alec Mackensie who uncovers the villainy of Lord Duckman and his friend Glyde, was largely responsible for the brilliance of the play; for his speaking and acting were almost perfect. The arrangement of the scenes and the decorations showed the most exquisite taste and artistic sense. Rev. Father Masters was responsible for these. Unfortunately there was not time enough to look at the details of decoration for we were absorbed in the acting. So it is a question whether Father Masters is to be congratulated more as a Director or as a Stage-Manager.

We owed much of the pleasantness of the evening to the delightful strains of the College Band. Father Camboulives on that day surpassed himself. It is no idle flattery to say that even without the drama, it would have been worth our while to go to the Hall that evening, if only to hear the College Band.

S. V. L.

The Inauguration of College Societies

A COMMON inaugural address to all the College Societies was delivered on 22nd July by C. J. Varkey Esq., K.S.G., M.A., M.L.A., Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Education with Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S.J., in the chair. The President, in introducing the speaker, stated amidst cheers that he was himself a student under Mr. Varkey, and that he still had vivid recollections of his historical lessons. The many-sided activities of Mr. Varkey, as lecturer, editor, member of University bodies and Organiser of Catholic Action were a sufficient tribute to his energy and public spirit.

Mr. Varkey then delivered his address on "The Preparation for Citizenship". He explained that the preparation was threefold, acquisition of knowledge, proper training and getting the right spirit of citizenship. Knowledge was the basis of intellectual training and it could be acquired by a study of text-books and by extra reading. If they wanted to become active citizens their knowledge should be supplemented by extra studies. Students should take an active part in the College Associations and train themselves for public life.

Mr. Varkey advised students to develop a spirit of service, sacrifice and simplicity, in short the missionary spirit which could be best acquired in the St. Joseph's.

The President in his concluding remarks advised students to develop character, will power and a sense of discipline and thus equip themselves for efficient citizenship.

With a vote of thanks the meeting came to a close.

There is this year an addition to the number of College Societies, the Chemical Society having been ushered into existence under the patronage of Fr. Haas. After the Inaugural meeting, the Associations set about electing their Secretaries. The following is the list of Presidents, and of the newly elected Secretaries.

E INAUGURATION OF COLLEGE SOCIETIES

LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETY

President : Mr. A. Hirudayaswami, M.A., B.L.
Secretaries : Durai Jeganathan, III B.Sc.
Soosai Sengole, III Hons.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

President : Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J.
Secretaries : S. Venkataramanan, IV Hons.
P. I. Ignatius, IV U. C.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY

President : Rev. Fr. A. Haas, S.J.
Secretaries : T. N. Ramana Rao, IV U. C.
S. Ramachandran, IV B.Sc.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

President : Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Ayyar, M.A.
Secretary : S. Ramabhadran, IV B.Sc. (Hons.)

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

President : Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J.
Secretary : K. A. Antony, IV Hons.

TAMIL SANGAM

President : Mr. M. Natesa Mudaliar
Secretary : G. Durai Rajan, IV U. C.

MALAYALEE SAMAJ

President : Mr. M. J. Kuriakose, M.A.
Secretaries : C. K. Kesava Nair, IV U. C.
K. P. Hormese, IV U. C.

SANSKRIT SAMAJ

President : Mr. V. Gopala Ayyangar, M.A.
Secretary : S. Chellam, IV U. C.

Field Notes

THANKS to the extension of the Mahé Ground and the grant of an adjoining lawn to the college section, we have been able to lay out the ground afresh so as to bring in a separate Hockey pitch and a Football court, as well as to secure a Quarter-mile Track. Spacious as the ground is, it is still not adequate enough to accommodate all the 230 students of the I. U. C. P. T. Groups; and we are consequently obliged to encroach on the Second Division Playground. Nor can we yet boast of a Cricket pitch. We are happy, however, that our Principal is moving the Government for a grant with a view to acquiring a ground for Cricket.

The organization and management of athletic games are in the hands of Captains, whose names are as under :—

N. A. Rengaswamy	...	III U. C.	Athletics.
K. Narayanaswamy	...	IV Hons.	Hockey.
R. Krishnaswamy	...	IV U. C.	Football.
G. Kamalaretnam	...	V Hons.	Tennis.
R. T. Joseph	...	II U. C.	Boarding Games.
G. Tirupathi	...	II U. C.	Clive's Games.

We are glad to be able to say that there has been a fairly keen participation in all games, and hope to have an exciting season of Home Tournaments as well as University Inter-Collegiate Fixtures in the second term.

The outstanding event in the first term was the College Annual Sports held on Saturday 20 August, Rev. Father Rector presiding. The Mahé Ground was en fête on the day, with innumerable flags of diverse colours, well laid out tracks and equipment, elaborate arrangements for accommodation, large crowds generous with applause for the athletes, and above all the College Band lending an extra dignity to the occasion. The Musical Chairs and the Staff Tug-O'War provided more than the usual excitement, while the Ceremonial Drill and March Past put up by the Cadets of the College Contingent of the U. T. C. proved an impressive show. The Championship laurels went to Arthur Pitcher, who annexed seven titles and scored an impressive victory with 38 pts. He showed an unerring flair for sprints, and better technique and style than any opponent in Discus Throw and Jumping events. Next in merit came

FIELD NOTES

V. Kolandaivel, who annexed four titles and scored 24 pts. for championship. His forte lay in distance races, wherein he showed lots of self-confidence, sound judgment and reserve fire for an unrelaxed finish. The list of Prize-winners is given below :—

110 Metres Hurdles:	A. Pitcher;	Gnanapragasam.	Time: 18-1/5 Sec.
100 „ Dash:	A. Pitcher;	T. De Couto.	„ 12 Sec.
200 „ Race:	A. Pitcher;	J. Pitcher.	„ 25 „
400 „ „	V. Kolandaivel;	A. Pitcher.	„ 1 Min. 1 Sec.
800 „ „	V. Kolandaivel;	N.A.Rengasamy.	„ 2 „ 15-2/5 „
1600 „ „	V. Kolandaivel;	N.A.Rengasamy.	„ 5 „ 12-2/5 „
Relay Race (Mile):	Cadets;	Blood-hounds.	„ 4 „ 13-1/5 „
Cross Country:	V. Kolandaivel;	N.A.Rengasamy.	„ 21 „ 12-1/5 „
		N.Venkitachalam	
Long Jump:	A. Pitcher;	V. Kolandaivel.	Dist. 19 ft. 5-7 in.
High Jump:	A. Pitcher;	J. Pitcher.	„ 5 „ 5 „
Hop, Step & Jump:	A. Pitcher;	R. T. Joseph.	„ 38 „ 3 „
Pole Vault:	N. A. Rengaswamy;	J. Pitcher.	„ 9 „ 1 „
Shot Put:	L.Danasekaran;	K. J. Thomas.	„ 29 „ 7 „
Discus Throw:	A. Pitcher;	J. Pitcher.	„ 81 „ 11 „
Tug O'War (Students)	Clive's (A);	Jolly Friends.	
„ „ „ (Staff):	Mr. P. M. Radhakrishna Iyer's Team,	in which the	
	College Staff Members were Messrs. S. V. Lawrence,		
	N. Ananthakrishnan and S. K. Gopalaratnam.		

We wish to congratulate heartily all prize-winners, and feel at the same time that we must extend our warm appreciation to the less lucky competitors. If it were not for the “also rans” there would be no champions. Perseverance is the great thing. If you will only participate with the determination to try, and with the will to meet triumph or failure and to treat these two impostors just the same, you can reasonably hope to get a lucky break sooner or later. So here is to a happy season!

“S.”

U. T. C. Notes

HERE was a more than usual rush for enrolment this year, as many as 107 students applying for but 52 vacancies in our authorized strength of 120 Cadets. A preliminary selection led to the acceptance of 88 applicants, of whom 68 passed fit under the Medical Officer. The requisite number were selected from among these on the basis of athletic proficiency and physical measurements. We are glad to observe that we have been able to enlist strapping young men, their average height and chest being 5 ft. 6 in. and 32 in. respectively. We are no less happy that this batch has brought us four athletes of outstanding ability,—Arthur Pitcher, V. Kolandaivel, Jack Pitcher and L. Danasekaran; and with the continuance of Cpls. Rengaswamy and De Couto, and cdt's. Antony Cruz, Narasiah, Nagaretnam and Navaneetham, we may well look forward to "ripping" performances at the Battalion Sports in Camp. In the meanwhile, let our athletes endeavour to keep themselves up to a scratch!

Our Company commenced training on 2 July. The Recruits are shaping well on weekly parades; and, judging from the standard they have so far attained, we would venture the opinion that they compare favourably with the Trained Cadets in marching efficiency. The Trained Cadets have had a revision of Close Order Drill and Weapon Training, and may promise themselves an instructive and enjoyable time during parades hereafter as they will be initiated into tactical subjects, such as are provided in the Syllabus which has recently been implemented. N. C. Os and Senior Cadets of more than two years' service are put through an hour's instruction a week under the Company Commander in Organization and Administration and Minor Tactics with a view to preparing them for the Certificate of Efficiency Examination to be held in January and February 1939. Selected Cadets underwent a Cadre course held once a week for over a month under S/Sgt. A. Barnett. It is hoped that the Cadets who have come out successful in the Cadre Examination as well as the N. C. Os who have qualified in Company Tests will acquit themselves creditably in the forthcoming Promotion Examination.

By way of a change from the usual "Alarm Race" for our Cadets during the College Annual Sports, we put up this year a Ceremonial Drill consisting of a few Rifle Exercises and a March Past in Quick Time, on 20 August. It proved an impressive show, and more than fulfilled the

U. T. C. NOTES

expectations of the Officers who had organized it with a view to bringing out how Close Order Drill is the foundation of discipline and esprit-de-corps. We are happy over the fact that Rev. Fr. J. D'Souza, S.J., our new Rector, took the salute during the March Past. We are thankful to Rev. Fr. A. Camboulives S.J., for so kindly allowing the College Band to play for our March Past. Our warm compliments are due to Lieut. C. R. Soundararajan and the Cadets for their smart drill and clean turn out on the ceremonial parade, and to S/Sgt. A. Barnett for the hard labour he went into in order to put everything into "ship-shape."

It is our pleasant duty to place on record our gratitude to the Principal and the President of the Athletic Committee for so readily allowing us the use of the Mahé Ground Extension for our weekly parades. The change from the Roger's Ground to the Mahé Ground has been of no small advantage to us. The latter is nearer the Armoury, and consequently there is less loss of time in marching to and from the parade ground. A more important advantage is the fact that situated as it is, the Mahé Ground allows much better opportunities for Visual Training, Judging Distance, Recognition and Indication of Targets, Fire Control Orders etc., which are the more interesting phases of training provided for in the Syllabus for the Cadets.

The provision of a Miniature Range in the vicinity of the College is indeed a great desideratum, particularly as the range in the Singara Tope has been recently dismantled. The value of a Miniature Range near enough to the College may be gauged from the fact that, but for the preliminary practices and repeats our cadets had had, our Company would not have reached the high standard in Musketry which we have reasons to believe we attained last year. As the Musketry season is not far off, it is earnestly hoped that we may soon have the benefit of a Miniature Range with the kind help of our Principal.

"S".

In Memoriam

IN the 4th of April, 1938, while the University Examinations were still in progress, died **K. N. Soundararajan**, II U. C. He had just appeared for the first and second part of the examination and was anxious to complete the third when an attack of pneumonia, a consequence perhaps of his neglect of the cold and cough he was suffering from, brought his life to an end. He was always feeble in health, but such was his love of duty that he hardly gave any rest to himself. He was one of the brightest in his class. What will keep his memory ever fresh in the minds of his masters and companions was his sweet and gentle character.

A. Alphonse, I U. C. passed away in the infirmary of the Boarding House on 6th August, exactly a month after he had joined our College. It was a short illness that carried him away. It began with high fever brought on by septic poisoning, which passed into pleuro-pneumonia. He seemed to have had a presentiment of his approaching death. On coming to the infirmary he asked to be fortified with the last sacraments and rites of the Church, adding expressly that he would like to receive them while still fully conscious. His wishes were complied with. On his death-bed he was a singular example of patience and Christian fortitude. A few minutes before the end he thanked all those who had nursed and helped him, and at 9 a.m. while his father was standing by and several of his companions were kneeling in prayer round his bed, he gave back his brave soul to God.

N. Venkatachalam, II U. C. died of drowning on 12th August, 1938. He had gone home during the retreat holidays and while performing a religious ceremony, we are told, he slipped and fell into a well. The news of his sudden and cruel death was a great shock to us all. He was of a cheerful disposition and was very popular with his companions.

N. S. Krishnamoorthy, II U. C. also died at home where he had gone to spend the retreat holidays. The sad news reached us on 20th August. An attack of mild fever, it appears, developed into typhoid and carried him off. One never expected a hale and hearty youth like Krishnamoorthy to leave us so soon and so suddenly. His class-mates are mourning his loss and will cherish long the memory of one so friendly and so generous.

"Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them."

Exchanges

THE ALOYSIAN, GALLE
 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.
 THE CEDED DISTRICTS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ANANTAPUR.
 EXCELSIOR, ST. BERCHMANS' COLLEGE, CHANGANACHERY.
 THE FINDLAY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MANNARGUDY.
 THE GOVERNMENT BRENNEN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TELlichERY.
 THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE MISCELLANY, MANGALORE.
 THE HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MASULIPATAM.
 THE HINDU THEOLOGICAL HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY.
 THE ST. JOSEPH'S H. S. MAGAZINE, UMERKHADI, BOMBAY.
 ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL ANNUAL, BANGALORE.
 ST. JOSEPH'S INDIAN HIGH 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, VIZIANAGARAM.
 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.
 OUR HOME MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE PASUMALAI PROGRESS, PASUMALAI.
 THE PETRINIAN, ST. PETER'S H. SCHOOL, TANJORE.

EXCHANGES

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE PUDUKOTTAH COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE PUTHURIAN, BISHOP HEBER'S H. SCHOOL, PUTHUR.
THE SCHOLAR, PALGHAT.
ST. STANISLAUS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BANDRA, BOMBAY.
THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE, BLACKBURN.
THE STUDENTS' TREASURE, K. S. HIGH SCHOOL, TANJORE.
THE ST. THOMAS' COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHUR.
THE VICTORIA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, PALGHAT.
VILLAGE INDIA, TUTICORIN.
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.

NEWMAN'S MARIA —

CUM

— — JOHANN'S' TERESA

WITH

*An Addendum On Gilson's & Maritain's
Understanding of the Angelic Doctor*

BY

F. M. SUSAINATHAN,
St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

(To be had from the Author)

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