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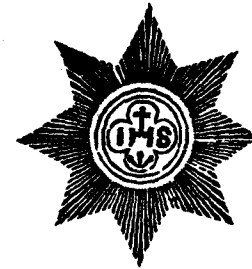


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THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI.
(Pencil Drawing by A. Achutan, III U.C.)



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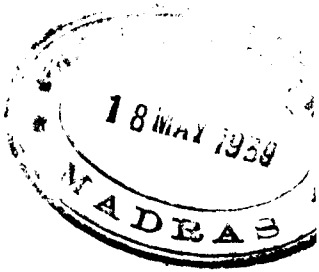
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Modern English Poetry :

A Panorama

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

(Concluded from the last number.)



X

FROM the ethereal and intriguing loveliness of "The Listeners" to Rudyard Kipling's "Gunga Din" or Sir Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum" may seem a perverse transition. But Kipling and Newbolt, Britons to the very core, have had their tens of thousands of admirers; and, indeed, they are master craftsmen in verse, though within a closed circle of experience. They are neither prosaically stale nor perturbingly "modernist"; they are neither specifically "pre-War" nor "post-War"; but they have agreeably persisted on the literary scene for nearly fifty years. Eloquent, sincere, a trifle obvious, poets such as Kipling and Newbolt are there in every age; producers of neither "great" nor "pure" poetry, they are robust chroniclers of action, singing in the traditional way of war and honour and love, of God, king and country.

It cannot be denied that after wrestling with the profound obscurities and Laocoon states of mind in some of our "modernist" poets, one is happy, one is even ashamed that he is so happy, reading aloud poems such as "The Guides at Cabul", "Fidele's Grassy Tomb" and "Gillespie",—not to speak of "Drake's Drum." The lines prefixed to Newbolt's COLLECTED POEMS: 1897-1907 are a correct evocation of the underlying spirit of the seventy-six poems brought together in that volume:

• O strength divine of Roman days,
O spirit of the age of faith,
Go with our sons on all their ways,
When we long since are dust and wraith.

There can be no mistaking the ideals that inspired a Newbolt, a Quiller-Couch; honour, friendship, chivalry, these were tangible realities to pursue and adore. Newbolt outlines the ideal in "Clifton Chapel":

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,

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The foe that comes with fearless eyes ;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.....

The volunteer, in reckless daring, leaps to arms unbidden, to be laid low in a minute. Say not he was a very fool—

O tears of human passion,
Blur not the image true ;
This was not folly's fashion,
This was the man we knew.

Newbolt may not have been "inspired" by any poetic frenzy when he wrote those lines; at any rate they show clearly enough that his heart is in the right place and that he has not unworthily pursued the profession of letters.

Slightly younger than Newbolt, Kipling was a poet as well as a prophet. He was born in Bombay and many of his books were inspired by India; but he did not live long in the land of his birth. Of course, we may still consider him one of India's sons and the greatest exhibit of Anglo-Indian literature. Kipling was an honest artist in verse; but he was also the prophet of British Imperialism. He may be said to trace his intellectual pedigree to the great Sir Walter Raleigh himself. In the glorious Victorian Sunset, Kipling found it easy, found it natural and even inevitable, to interpret loudly and boldly the imperialist idea and wash it down the Empire's throat. "East and West", "Mandalay", "The English Flag", "Fuzzy-Wuzzy", these (for a time) seemed to find an echo in practically every Englishman's bosom. In the pre-War decades, when his songs were recited by the man-in-the-street with gusto and aggressive patriotism, Kipling was indeed a tremendous force; he was found worthy enough to be awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1907. The nakedness of his music, the clarity of his style, the piquancy of his diction, his glorification of the material world of bridge-builders and engineers and tommies,—these qualities in his verse, at once so copious and so satisfying, made him sensationally popular, and he became an explosive force in literature, imitated by scores of poets and versifiers from Robert Service to Cicely Smith. But since the Great War, the organ pipe that sang the vibrant melodies of DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES and BARRACK ROOM BALLADS was, or had to be, comparatively quiet.

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To him the " Brave New World " of the Sassoons, the Robert Graves, and the Herbert Reads was singularly out of joint ; and so he sulked in his tent.

Kipling was undeniably a lord of language; but he pressed his talents to the service of a wrong ideal. His trumpet blasts sound cheap and empty today. His imperialistic fervour is seen to be a species of tin-pot Romanticism. He overdid the peculiar cockney of the tommies and emphasized the crude particular by smothering the eternal. His lines are common but not universal, and his noisy drum-banging is emphatic but not memorable. And yet he was a painstaking artist. His ballads are among the finest written in our times; and whenever he writes of the soldier remembering things past, he does succeed in making his brisk verses glow with emotion. And in a poem like "Recessional", Kipling uses words that must remain long in our memory :

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Chesterton, the author of "Lepanto", had best be grouped along with Newbolt and Kipling. Chesterton, like Belloc and Noyes and Baring, was a Catholic; he was, all things considered, the most remarkable prose writer of his time, though, paradoxically enough (and which about Chesterton is *not* paradoxical?), it is by his poetry posterity may remember him. His greatest achievement is, of course, "The Ballad of the White Horse", a vigorous and moving poem in eight books. But "Lepanto", "The Donkey", and "The Ballad of St. Barbara" are more famous. Chesterton was a superlatively clever boy who never cared to grow old; he found a perennial freshness about him and was content to write and sing about it without fear or favour, but with zest and youthful jollity.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war . . .

Open your eyes, and see if God is not before you—says Tagore; and that is also Chesterton's "message". His verbal wizardry is seen at its best in the galloping verses of "Lepanto":

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has
 stirred . . .

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Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war;
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold

But in shorter poems such as "The Donkey", "The Praise of Dust", "A Prayer in Darkness", "The Sword of Surprise" and "Elegy in a Country Churchyard", Chesterton is able to produce subtle and enduring effects by a studious spareness and simplicity of diction. A Catholic Chesterton might be; but he is English through and through. In "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" the word 'England' is repeated like a caress, a potent spell. And Mr. Megroz rightly remarks that "in Chesterton, rather than in his contemporaries Newbolt and Kipling, is heard the enduring cult of England, the patriotism not of a public school or of militant imperialism, but of a religious tradition and a revolutionary simplicity not heard in English verse after Blake."

Another poet who also refuses to be classified, though he has stood his ground with dignified unconcern all these decades, is Mr. Sturge Moore. He has not been a popular poet, and his own aesthetics outlined in books like *ARMOUR FOR APHRODITE* have taken readers away from, rather than to, his poetry. The very quantity of his output, its variety, its strength, its occasional obscurity, have all gone against him. Those who cannot read him in the *Collected Edition* may sample him at least in the "Selected Poems" brought out by his wife. For Mr. Sturge Moore is worth reading, worth taking some pains to read; he is, at his best, an exquisite lyricist, a daring dramatic poet, and the leading Hellenist writing to-day. Lyrics like "To an Early Spring Day" "Summer Lightning" and "Renovation" charm us with their sweet felicity. "Silence Sings" is a pretty conceit elaborated into a love poem of fourteen lines concluding with the memorable:

And, goddess of the truthful face,
My beauty doth instil its grace
That joy abound.

Like Mr. Gordon Bottomley's, Mr. Sturge Moore's "chamber dramas" have a fine poetic quality; "Judith", "Medea" and "Orpheus and Euridyce" are particularly typical of Mr. Moore's work. Clearly he is at best when refashioning old stories in modern poetic idiom. As he remarks, "The Greek stories are of inexhaustible fertility, their incidents and motives invite endless variations . . . To compare new with old is

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the only means we have of appreciating the difference." It is an echo of Cory's invocation that "two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek." To read books on mythology, Bullfinch's or Sir James Frazer's, is to capture the experience of vanished ages, and acquire a broader vision of the world and of our own life on it than is possible to us otherwise in our strictly material surroundings. The poets of to-day have had, therefore, repeatedly to hark back to the stored munificence of experience in the past. Mr. Sturge Moore slakes his spiritual thirst by sojourning, again and again, in ancient Greece; but his Hellenism is no fraudulent, cheap thing, but has been to him, as it must be to all students of the humanities, instinct with the deep power of joy. Pan and Alceste, Theseus and Danae, they are the world's day-dream companions. And in Mr. Moore's descriptions and portraiture of the emotions, there is just that modernist quantum of irony that makes his Hellenistic studies at once as ancient as Homer and as up-to-date as ourselves. The verses have a natural flow, and hum and sparkle all the way:

Leaves lap and overlap, and trees; the lily,
Deep-delled and fragile, grows up very stilly:
So silken shade and shawls of varied hue
Hid Danae who whiter daily grew . . .
Large lips, agape with wonder-working spells,
Which the ear hearing, vainly the mind strove
To dredge a meaning from . . .

There is conscious art in all that, but it is not the less welcome on that score; after all, as Degas was told, "poetry is not written with ideas, it is written with words." And the craftsman in verse, if he be also suffused with feeling, is no mere manipulator of words but a poet,—and such a poet assuredly is Mr. Sturge Moore.

XI

Most poets of to-day have given us at least a few glimpses of their individual awareness of Nature—of birds and beasts, of hills and fountains, of the country and its blades of grass. Dixon, Bridges, Hopkins, Squire, Edward Shanks, John Freeman, Huw Menai and Richard Church are among the many who have enriched our store of Nature poetry. Often the poems are merely descriptive and decorative, as in Squire's "Niagara" and "Late Snow" or in Mr. Francis Brett Young's "The Seascape" or in Shanks's "The Storm" or in the following lines from Mr. Martin Armstrong's "Honey Harvest":

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Late in March, when the days are growing longer
 And sight of early green
 Tells of the coming spring and suns grow stronger,
 Round the pale willow-catkins there are seen
 The year's first honey-bees
 Stealing the nectar: and bee-masters know
 This for the first sign of the honey-flow.

But not seldom we come across with Nature poems of a rich evocative quality like de la Mare's "Silver", "Rainbow" and "I met at Eve". They seem to radiate the intuitive vision of a child and to whisper truths beyond the power of mere words. Richard Hughes's "Singing Furies", Harold Munro's "Trees" and Harvey's "Ducks" are other examples of mature interpretative Nature poetry. However, it is generally agreed that Edmund Blunden, D. H. Lawrence and Miss Vita Sackville-West are the most considerable of modern English Nature poets.

Blunden came to prominence in the post-War years, especially with his exquisite prose work, *UNDERTONES OF WAR*. In his Nature poems he is content to portray the anatomy of the country with almost the intellectual discovery of an honest but precocious boy. His diction is sometimes harsh and weather-beaten, thorny and prickly-pear like, frightful and outlandish; at other times he can achieve faultless and haunting cadences. But his language is an inseparable constituent of his poetry. As Robert Bridges pointed out, "his poetry cannot be imagined without them, and the strength and beauty of the effects must be estimated in his successes and not his failures." In his greatest successes like "The Poor Man's Pig", "Eastern Tempest", "April Byeway", and "The Kiln" Blunden manages to harmonize sound with the idea, atmosphere with the object. How unerringly the "poor man's pig" is evoked in these lines:

Then out he lets her run; away she snorts
 In bundling gallop for the cottage door,
 With hungry hubbub begging crusts and orts.
 Then like a whirlwind bumping round once more;
 Nuzzling the dog, making the pullets run,
 And sulky as a child when her play's done.

Equally memorable is the suggestion of crumbling Nature in such lines as these in "April Byeway":

But the old forge and mill are shut and done,
 The tower is crumbling down, stone by stone falls;

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And ague doubt comes creeping in the sun,
 The sun becomes a ghost, the day appals,
 The concourse of a thousand tempests sprawls
 Over the blue-lipped lakes and maddening groves,
 Like agonies of gods the clouds are whirled,
 The stormwind like the demon huntsman roves—

followed, however, by the unflinching assertion of faith—

Still stands my friend, though all's to chaos hurled,
 The unseen friend, the one last friend in all the world.

Elsewhere Blunden is able to achieve a crystal simplicity and clarity in thought and diction:

Who knows not that sweet gloom in spring
 That waiting gloom, that grave delight
 In coming bloom,
 In the first flight
 Of bird, or thought, so wild of wing?

Blunden's Nature poetry, respectable in bulk, has many facets, and he has not yet ceased to grow; the day-dreaming child, the precocious boy, the war-weary cynic fighting against the corrosion of post-War disillusion, the ripening man with his experience enriched in the Far East,—there are thus many Blundens. But one and all of them are genuine spirits pursuing fugitive reality, and hence they are all worth reverent study.

With D. H. Lawrence the problem is not so simple. One of the major novelists of our time, a thinker of no mean order though often tantalizingly perverse and gnarled, and a poet of unusual dexterity and versatility, the late D. H. Lawrence will always be one of the enigmas of Georgian letters. He was (so to put it) obsessed by sex; he sought love and friendship, experimented ceaselessly, bungled again and again, and gave expression to his frustrations and partial triumphs in prose that lives vividly and verse that yet palpitates with an astonishing urgency. He specialised in a particular kind of Nature poetry—the recreation of the mysterious lives of the "dumb" creatures around us. Then does his verse acquire, as it were, a "sixth sense", and we, overmastered, watch the scene fascinated. Thus of the "Baby Tortoise":

A tiny, fragile, half-animate bean.....
 You draw your head forward, slowly, from your little wimple,

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And set forward, slow-dragging, on your four-pinned toes,
Rowing slowly forward,
Wither away, small bird?
Rather like a baby working its limbs,
Except that you make slow, ageless progress
And a baby makes none.....
Over the garden earth,
Small bird,
Over the edge of all things.
Traveller,
With your tail tucked a little on one side
Like a gentleman in a long-skirted coat.
All life carried on your shoulder,
Invincible fore-runner.

And so too on bats and reptiles and what not. Of "Cypresses" he writes, too, and makes us think that the very trees do feel and philosophize:

Folded in like a dark thought
For which the language is lost,
Tuscan cypresses,
Is there a great secret?
Are our words no good?
The undeliverable secret,
Dead with a dead race and a dead speech, and yet
Darkly monumental in you,
Etruscan cypresses.
Ah, how I admire your fidelity,
Dark cypresses!

Not less characteristic is the tracing of the "Humming-Bird"'s ancestry to the beginning of time:

I can imagine, in some other-world
Primeval-dumb, far back
In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,
Humming-birds raced down the avenues.

In other poems,—“Trees in the Garden”, “The Sea”, “White Blossom”, and “Aware”—a more sober, though not less intensely felt, note is heard. Innumerable as are Lawrence's poems on birds, fruits, reptiles, animals, birds, trees and flowers, they are all poetic monuments of

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moments of ecstatic awareness in Nature's midst, and in their bulk they are a tribute to his trembling sensibility, his ever fresh sense of adventure quick to paint Nature's hues and unravel her mysteries.

Miss Sackville-West published her first volume of verse, *POEMS OF WEST AND EAST*, in 1917; but it was not until 1926, when she published *THE LAND*, that she gained recognition as a true interpreter of the countryside. *THE LAND* was justly awarded the Hawthornden Prize and perhaps inspired Mrs. Virginia Woolf's *ORLANDO*, that incredible expression in art of the vagaries of the Space-Time continuum. Miss Sackville-West's theme in *THE LAND* is not dissimilar to Thomson's *THE SEASONS*; but its fairly unobtrusive modern awareness makes it a creditable achievement. She knows the countryside in all its angularities and in all its queer significances; she knows it all

As each man knows the life that fits him best,
The shape it makes in his soul, the tune, the tone,
And after ranging on a tentative flight
Stoops like the merlin to the constant lure.

Of sheep-shearing and orchards and weeds, of wood-flowers and cider-making and falling crops, of the full moon and rags of storm on the hills and flanks of morning drenching pastures and their streams “in baths of fluid rays”—of all these Miss Sackville-West sings delightedly, animatedly; we are made to repeat arresting lines like:

This is the month of weeds.
Kex, charlock, thistle,
Among the shorn bristle
Of stubble drop seeds.....

We hum with her the “Saxon Song”:

Leisurely flocks and herds,
Cool-eyed cattle that come
Mildly to wonted words,
Swine that in orchards roam,—
A man and his beasts make a man and his home.

And we believe her when she quietly affirms—

Shepherds and stars are quiet with the hills.
There is a bond between the men who go
From youth about the business of the earth,

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And the earth they serve, their cradle and their grave;
Stars with the seasons alter; only he
Who wakeful follows the pricked revolving sky,
Turns concordant with the earth while others sleep;
To him the dawn is punctual; to him
The quarters of the year no empty name.

More recently, Miss Sackville-West has published another long poem, *SOLITUDE*. In her earlier poems she has portrayed Nature more or less objectively; she has transmitted to her readers her thrills and her fears and her hopes; she has let others share her exultations and regrets. *SOLITUDE* is more definitely subjective; it illuminates at once the subtler joys of the countryside and the quality of her rich and cultivated mind. She is attempting to see and commune with the spiritual reality underneath the material fabric of sound and colour and complicated shape. Solitude itself is now sweet society to Miss Sackville-West; and her self-introspections, her sudden intuitions into the "inscape" and "instress" of bewildering Nature, her meditative affirmations and anticipations, are all lit by the sober twilight of simple, sane humanity. There is neither affectation nor sentimentalism, logic-chopping nor filiation with the metaphysicals. It is the eternally human, the eternal feminine taking stock of itself:

What do I seek from the nocturnal air,
Stray, liberated captive for an hour?
Vague intimations of a mind
Worth just as much, or little, as a flower.

There are piercing cries such as:

Would Christ, God's son, deny such fatherhood
To me mere human, struggling for the good.....

And so are the passages of noble eloquence, inwrought with apt imagery, and generating waves of solemn and serious thought. With *SOLITUDE* Miss Sackville-West takes her place among the major poets of today.

XII

When the Serajevo murder precipitated the World War in 1914, few could imagine that the very sway of earth was going to be shaken like an unfirm thing during the next five years. Presently, the world of letters was caught up in the clash of swords, and poets began

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to articulate their reactions to the enveloping evil of the Armageddon. A number of young men enlisted, fired by patriotism and a high-souled idealism. Rupert Brooke and Julian Grenfell sincerely felt that they were engaged in a sacred enterprise. Grenfell's "Into Battle" is a glorification of fighting. He affirms that "the fighting man shall from the sun take warmth, and life from the glowing earth." To live and not to fight was a ghastly shame; but to fight and to die was noble! Similarly, Rupert Brooke sang of the stern joy of fighting, and even of dying on an alien soil. The true soldier is imagined as saying—

If I should die, think only this of me;

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

Gilbert Frankau and the other traditionalists sing more or less in the same strain. But Rupert Brooke is the most typical of the earliest phase of war poetry. His War Sonnets implicitly praise the splendid adventure of warfare. The dead in the war were "rich"; they leave behind them "a white unbroken glory, a gathered radiance"; buried in France, the dead yet retain their noble kinship with England. Such sentimentalizing over the War was partly caused by Brooke's ignorance of the actualities at the front. Both Julian Grenfell and Brooke died in 1915, before they had realized with a shock what modern warfare was like.

Charles Hamilton Sorley, the marvellous boy who died fighting in 1915 at the age of twenty had no illusions about the aims or the stark realities of the War. Death was no triumph, no defeat:

Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean,
A merciful putting away of what has been.

"To Germany" is full of mature wisdom: it is a wonder that the young Sorley could write such lines in the very midst of the War—

You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
But gropers both, through fields of thought confined,
We stumble and we do not understand.
You only saw your future bigly planned,
And we the tapering paths of our own mind,
And in each other's dearest ways we stand,
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.

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Sorley did not idealize England; he was painfully conscious of her "hypocrisy" and went so far as to say that "after the war all brave men will renounce their country and confess that they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth." But in the hour of his country's trial he fought, and neither winced nor cried, and, dying bravely in action, became a pilgrim of eternity.

As the War dragged on, its brutalities showed themselves more and more clearly, and adolescent minds, their first flush of enthusiasm burnt to cinders, came to infer the preposterous tragedy of which they were, along with a million others, the victims. The mood found excruciating expression in the poems of Robert Nichols, of Herbert Read, of Robert Graves, of Isaac Rosenberg, of Siegfried Sassoon, of Wilfred Owen. A poem like Bewsher's "Nox Mortis", vivifying an instance of aeroplane bombing, already shows us that modern warfare is not the straightforward thing known to the Scotts and Kiplings of yesterday and the day before. Nichols in his "Fulfilment" pictures the soldier's faith at the breaking point in the terrible desolation of the dug-out:

And any moment may descend hot death
To shatter limbs! pulp, tear, and blast
Beloved soldiers who love rude life and breath
Not less for dying faithful to the last.

Nichols saw only three weeks' service in France, but that was enough; the trenches were Hell; and war was a sordid, callous, awful business, nothing less than the blasting of the flower of Europe's manhood. The iron entered his soul. In his "Battery Moving up to a new position from Rest Camp", Nichols paints a pathetic picture of a regiment of soldiers passing by a wayside church. The soldiers know that they are on their way to sure doom; they entreat the people praying in the church to "remember us too, and our blood." In a few fearful touches he paints the picture of an attack:

A wail.
Lights. Blurr.
Gone.
On, on. Lead. Lead. Hail.
Spatter. Whirr! Whirr!
'Toward that patch of brown;
Direction left.' Bullets a stream.
Dovouring thought crying in a dream.
Men, crumpled, going down.....

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Mr. Herbert Read's war poems are even more starkly brutal in their suggestion of the horrors of modern warfare. "Kneeshaw Goes to War" is the pitiless recital of the killing of youth's idealisation of War. The six items in "The Scenes of War" are bitterly ironic snapshots of the unutterable evil that war is:

Walls that once held
Within their cubic confines
A soul that now lies strewn
In red and yellow
Heaps of rubble . . .
His body is smashed
Through the belly and chest,
And the head hangs lopsided
From one nailed hand . . .
Bloody saliva
Dribbles down his shapeless jacket.
I saw him stab
And stab again
A well-killed Boche.
This is the happy warrior,
This is he . . .

Read does not mince matters in the least. In his "The End of a War" he has poetically raised a fabric of crude horror impinging vainly on wisdom and faith. The murdered girl and the unexpected machine-gun fire jerk us out of equanimity. "The incident is true," Read assures us; and it is no cheering thought. Life, death and eternity come out of this sordid episode of the war as reckless gamblers, any one of whom might hold us in thrall—and at any moment. No wonder "the waking English Officer" thinks in his anguish:

There is no volition, even prayer
Dies on lips compressed in fear.

Even Mr. Robert Graves's "Star-Talk", in which the soldier shivering of cold in the night thinks that the twinkling stars too are similarly shivering, can also be looked upon as a satiric portraiture, of the mere beastliness of modern warfare. Blunden, Squire, Victor Brandford and Rosenberg have also written in a similar strain.

However, for the finest war poetry, poetry crying out in moving accents the lacerating foulness of life in the dug-outs, we have to go to

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Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and his friend, the late Wilfred Owen, who died at the age of twenty-five just as the Armistice was about to be signed. His POEMS, of slender bulk, was published in 1920 by Mr. Sassoon. Owen's inexhaustible subject is "the pity of War; the Poetry is in the pity." Of him Sassoon wrote: "He never wrote his poems (as so many war poets did) to make the effect of a personal gesture. He pitied others; he did not pity himself." Hence poetry such as Owen's (and also Sassoon's) is seraphically free from taint of personality. The poems are profoundly moving and they do exhibit the tears in things, the million heart-aches in a modern war; it is all tragic, not simply, crudely horrible, repulsively bestial. In "Greater Love" Owen is able to suggest the terrors of warfare while extolling yet the surpassing love of its victims:

Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wood and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.

It is like Rupert Brooke—but with what a difference! In "Anthem for Doomed Youth" Owen bitterly remarks that for poor soldiers "who die as cattle" the only music available is made up of the booming of the guns and the wailing of the shells. "Strange Meeting" describes the chance encounter in Hell between a soldier and the enemy he had killed the day before. They both agree that Hell is no worse than the world they had left; and yet, were they given a chance to live again, they would be able to describe to the people "the pity of war, the pity war distilled." In "Apologia Pro Poemate Meo", Owen powerfully portrays the benumbed sensibility of the hardened soldier that is a compound of fatality and despair:

Merry it was to laugh there—
Where death becomes absurd and life absurder.
For power was on us as we slashed bones bare
Not to feel sickness or remorse of murder.....

Owen has been through the worst of it, and he knows it all; war is meaningless massacre, a vast suicide club. He sternly rebukes the warmongers and their out-moded patriotic chatter:

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gurgling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Bitten as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—

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My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori.

In Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's poetry the gigantic absurdity and murderous virulence of war is even more nakedly expressed. "Does it matter?—losing your leg?" is pungency itself:

Do they matter?—those dreams from the pit?.....
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know that you've fought for your country,—
And no one will worry a bit.

These soldiers—these young hopefuls in their tens of thousands—are citizens of death's gray land,

Drawing no dividend from Time's to-morrows.

It may be that a soldier or two out of every hundred survive the universal annihilation. What should they do when the war is over at last, at long last? Sassoon severely interrogates them—and demands of them an oath:

Have you forgotten yet?.....
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

"A Concert Party" vividly paints a picture of the "hunger in our faces" when working in a Camp. "The Dug-Out" is a nightmarish evocation of the worn-out soldier in the trenches where the transition from sleep to death was only too natural and swift. "In Everyone Sang" Sassoon suggests that though even birds might sing and be happy, we men have lost our title to felicity; we have criminally filed away our souls, and hence "the singing will never be done."

Mr. W. B. Yeats has expressed the opinion that such anguish as that undergone by the war poets cannot be the subject-matter of great poetry. True it is that several ex-soldiers have paraded their personal experiences in prose and verse and given us rough-hewn blocks of ugliness and horror to do duty for poetry. But when all such tedious horror-stuff is eliminated, there yet remains, notably in the work of Owen, Sassoon, and, to a lesser extent, of Nichols and Read, a body of war poetry that,

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for all the plain speaking therein, seems destined to survive and to move sensitive hearts to anger and pity.

XIII

With Herbert Read and Wilfred Owen we are definitely launched on the current of "modernism". But the "modernists"—the "modn" poets—are a bewildering group, or rather a congeries of constellations. They have announced themselves under various labels,—the Imagists, the Dadaists, the Neo-Impressionists, the Islanders, the Voticists, the Surrealists, the Polyphonists, and what not! Some are on the fringe of Modernism, some in the barbarous wilds and eddies, and several in the main current. Here is possible no more than a hurried sketch of their varied pretensions and achievements, their annulments and aberrations, their fads and fancies.

It is interesting to begin with the Sitwells. They are three, the sister Edith, and the brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell; and they form a closed poetic universe. In one of his perennially amusing MISLEADING CASES, Mr. A. P. Herbert makes the three Sitwells give evidence in Chorus; and all that the Judge could get out of the Sitwell Trio is "We cannot stand Mr. J. C. Squire!" Precisely: Sitwellism cannot stand Squirearchy, elfin mischief can have indeed no patience with the staid sense of the *London Mercury*. The Sitwells have been bitterly assailed by the many and quite enthusiastically cheered by the select few. But for nearly twenty years past they have been holding their own with an admirable pertinacity, and now it may be said that all opposition to them has broken down.

It is to little purpose that some critics pretend to find in Miss Edith Sitwell's poetry the evocation of the eighteenth century. It is to still less purpose that Mr. R. L. Megroz emphasizes the influence of the French symbolists, particularly Baudelaire, upon Miss Sitwell. It is not thus that she will be understood. Miss Sitwell sings of the tumultuous present-day, though there is in her poetry a delicate suspension of the changeless experience of ages. As Mr. Charles Williams remarks: "It is the whole world and not one period which she draws up before us: draws up from where it lies 'deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns', and hangs it right up like a two-dimensional, yet opaque curtain, with all those colours and shapes and sounds and feelings changing places and slipping into the other..." Take the opening stanza of her most notorious poem, "Aubade":

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Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again.

"Light creaks"—can it? But we might have passed it: Shelley has "liquid splendour" and Shakespeare speaks of a "syllable of time," and we have not complained. However, Miss Sitwell does not leave the matter there. She annotates the phrase, and she propounds a theory. "Modern poets", she says, "are discovering an entirely new scale of relationship between the senses. Our senses have become broadened and cosmopolitanised. They are no longer little islands, speaking only their own narrow language, living their sleeping life alone. Where the language of one sense is insufficient, they speak the language of another." Mr. Osbert Sitwell also warns the modernist poet: "You cannot write well in the idiom of the day before yesterday." What then? The Sitwells will communicate sensation to their readers, investing them with a strange atmosphere; they will coin new imagery and a new idiom; their verses will have the lilt of dance and music, and their rhythms will be the richer for assonances and alliteration, the intricate texture and the baffling patterning of the verse. And so "light creaks"—"because", says Miss Sitwell, "in a very early dawn after rain, the light has a curious uncertain quality, as though it does not run smoothly. Also it falls in hard cubes, squares and triangles, which, again, give one the impression of a creaking sound, because of the association with wood." Surely the annotation is worse than the text, the remedy worse than the disease! "Light creaks" is typical of Sitwellism; we have, similarly, giggling mud, light braying like an ass, shrill grass, furry fire, rains that hang like wooden stalactites, combed seas, spangled emotions, pig-snouted breeze and stars like empty wooden nuts! Words ordinarily appropriate to only one of the five senses are applied to any of them; and even so is our range of perception widened! Let us take another famous passage:

"This melon,
Sir Mammon,
Comes out of Babylon;
Buy for a patacoon—
Sir, you must buy!"
Said Il Magnifico
Pulling a fico—
With a stoccado
And a gambado,
Making a wry

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Face: "This corraceous
Round orchidaceous
Laceous porraceous
Fruit is a lie!
It is my friend King Pharaoh's head
That nodding blew out of the Pyramid."

It doesn't make much sense, but somehow it is beautiful; strange sounds have transformed apparent nonsense into sheer magic of utterance. Our nursery rhymes and Lear's Discobobolos and Lewis Carroll's Jobber-wocky and Jubjub bird—they all claim kinship with Miss Sitwell's improvisations in her *FACADE* volume. We can similarly find a haven of gaiety in her "Sir Beelzebub", "The King of China's Daughter", "Fox Trot", and "Ass Face." We may not be able to stomach her theories of poetry, but we can enjoy her poetry all right.

If Miss Sitwell's most individual work is to be found in the twenty-seven poems of *FACADE*, it is in *TROY PARK* and *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY* that her distinctly beautiful and memorable passages are to be sought. The six poems in *TROY PARK* are apparently reminiscences of childhood, and in the opinion of some critics these are the best she has written. Here are two revealing passages:

And there were haunted summers in Troy Park
When all the stillness budded into leaves;
We listened, like Ophelia drowned in blond
And fluid hair, beneath stag-antlered trees . . .
We walked like shy gazelles
Among the music of the thin flower bells.
And life still held some promise,—never ask
Of what,—but life seemed less a stranger, then,
Than ever after in this cold existence . . .

In such supremely evocative passages "the prospectives of music" (to quote Mr. Williams again) "become prospectives also of time and sadness. Now opening into a lovely depth, now closing up into a brilliant superstices, the poems.....are all an evocation of, and a lament over, *le temps jadis*."

Mr. Osbert Sitwell, not withstanding his affiliation to the group, is more a satirist than a poet. His war satires are pungent; and a piece like "Judas and the Profiteer" is pointed with savage irony:

Judas descended to this lower Hell
To meet his only friend—the profiteer—

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Who, looking fat and rubicund and well,
Regarded him, and then said with a sneer,
"Iscaiot, they did you! Fool! to sell
For silver pence the body of God's Son,
Whereas from maiming men with tank and shell
I gain at least a golden million."
But Judas answered: "You deserve your gold;
It's not His body but His soul you've sold!"

In his latter poems, especially in *ENGLAND RECLAIMED: A BOOK OF ECLOGUES*, the satire is a little humanized, and we are permitted to share not only Mr. Sitwell's disgusts but also his fancies and occasional ecstasies. "Mrs. Hague", "Mary Anne", "Mr. and Mrs. Goodbeare", "Mr. and Mrs. Southern" and several other poems in this group sketch a varied panorama, and we cannot but enjoy the show. The picture gallery is amusing, and even instructive. There is Mr. Nutch,

Brown-bearded bear,.....
At his approach
The birds would flutter in the fruit nets,
Bump and struggle in the fruit nets.....

There is also Mr. Goodbeare "who remembered a lot" and there is Mrs. Southern, "Dust's Arch-enemy." *ENGLAND RECLAIMED* is appropriately enough dedicated to Miss Sitwell, the "ascetic artist of the painting word", in an eloquent passage concluding with:

To you, who earn the ever-righteous hate
Of crowds giggling, chic lads, I dedicate
These memories of a time when children three
We walked all winter by the white-winged sea,
And under shelter of its lion voice,
Proclaimed the name of Beauty, made our choice.

The youngest of the Sitwells, Sacheverell, is neither so obviously original as Edith nor palpably satirical as Osbert. In his earlier volumes, except for a few pieces, Sacheverell seemed to be fumbling to discover his individual voice. Meanwhile he did some notable work on the genesis of the rococo, and this has considerably enriched his more recent poetry. *CANONS OF GIANT ART* is, without question, Sacheverell's greatest achievement in poetry. It has not pleased the extreme "left" critics, one of whom, Mr. Frank Chapman, compares it to "*Hiawatha* for sheer, unrelieved monotony." But to Mr. G. M. Young,

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as to several other good judges of poetry, *CANONS OF GIANT ART* is a masterpiece. It is "modern", but it is also authentic poetry. "The Farnese Hercules", with its delicate overtones and nuances, is typical of the work. Mr. G. M. Young writes: "Conceive now a poet who needs a full line; who, being a poet, cannot sing unless he knows his chorus are following him; and, being modern, cannot fit himself into even the stateliest measures of the past. What will he do? One need not ask, because he has done it: he has written *CANONS OF GIANT ART*." And there, for the present, we shall leave the Sitwell Trio.

XIV

The Imagists are the next important group of Modernists. Mr. Ezra Pound set the ball rolling in 1914; soon the leadership of the movement passed into the belligerent hands of Miss Amy Lowell, who issued three volumes of Imagist verse in 1915, 1916 and 1917 respectively. Among those who contributed to her volumes were H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), Richard Aldington, John Gould Fletcher, D. H. Lawrence and Conrad Aiken. The Imagists trumpeted their creed with vehemence and violence. The language of common speech, the exact word, new rhythms to suit new moods, absolute freedom in the choice of subject, clear-cut images and not vacuities and shadowy generalities, hard and clear poetry, unity and concentration in utterance.....a laudable budget indeed! Of course, rhyme and regular rhythm should go, and *vers libre* should take their place. Unrhymed cadence should be built upon 'organic rhythm' and the unit should be the 'strophe'; and emphasis should be on the "desire of verse to return upon itself."

But, we interject, the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it: what "images" have H. D. and Amy Lowell and their friends given us? This is Amy Lowell on "Wind and Silver":

Greatly shining,
The Authumn moon floats in the thin sky;
And the fish-ponds shake their backs and flash their
As she passed over them. [dragon scales

This is quite pretty; so is this by Mr. Aldington:

The blue smoke leaps
Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing.
So my love leaps forth toward you,
Vanishes and is renewed.

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These are good "images" and do constitute good poetry. But are they any different from similar images scattered in the novels of George Meredith? Professor J. L. Lowes can see no difference; nor can most of us. Free verse seems to be merely emotional prose cut up into lines. Nor can the Imagists claim any originality either for their theory or their practice. The Tamil poet, Tiruvalluvar, has given us any number of "maxims", each extending to a line and a half, hard, clear, and beautiful in their finality. The "*vachanas*" of Basava and the "*thripadis*" of Sarvagna in Kannada also seem to have a similar quality. Again, the Japanese seventeen-syllabled *Haikus* and thirty-one syllabled *Tankas* are all polished, gem-like "images." This *Tankas* is by the Emperor Meiji:

Though it hangeth high
In the infinite sky,
The moon of autumn shineth bright,
Down into the sea-depths, through the night.

Even more image-like are these *Haikus*:

Behold the amorous cats,
They glare at each other . . .
What sordid men! They discuss
The price of orchids!

Even William Morris's "The Hollow Land" is an "image"; only it is more technically perfect than those executed by most of the Imagists. But Imagism, after all, died soon after the War; as an antidote against the nebulousness of some of the later Victorians, it had, before it became extinct, discharged a useful and necessary function.

It is perhaps futile to deal at length with the Dadaists, the Vorticists, the Islanders, and the other lunatic constellations on the contemporary poetic firmament. They have tantalised the world for a brief moment or two, only to die in the next, unwept and unhonoured. We need not be detained by John Gould Fletcher's Polyphonic gymnastics—a way of "fusing together unrhymed *vers libre* and rhymed metrical pattern, giving the rich decorative quality of the one and the powerful conciseness of statement of the other." Nor need we be bothered by the incredible Miss Gertrude Stein's organic prose that bids an eternal good-bye to sanity and sense. And Miss Stein and her prose and Miss Stein and her verse and Miss Stein and her words her verse her prose good-bye. We shall dismiss, similarly, the verbal athletics of Mr. E. E. Cummings and Basil

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Bunting, Mr. Louis Zukofsky and Mr. Gorge Oppen, Mr. D. G. Bridson and Louis Aragon and those others who rub shoulders with them in Mr. Ezra Pound's *ACTIVE ANTHOLOGY*. All right for Mr. Robert Graves and Miss Laura Ridding to defend and praise Mr. Cummings's typographical atrocities and to pretend to believe that they constitute a permanent and absolute punctuation of the emotions. It is, alas, the middleman in poetry, as the late Chesterton shrewdly remarked, that does half the mischief; he recognises the poetry when not even the crude materials are ready for inspection; he encourages misguided poets to be more misguided than ever and place themselves irretrievably in the wrong with the audience. A "modernist" might have written something like:—

Father,
Low, below, yellow,
Fathoms four plus 1,
Transformations galore—
C-o-r-a-l,
Pearl and sea,
Strange! Ah, papa—

and an enterprising middleman might have seen in it all the significance of Shakespeare's song. But honest Shakespeare hammered at his raw materials till the product came out a finished and vital thing, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever:

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change.....

The misdirected modernist poet may well exclaim, "Save me from my interpreters!" It is the interfering critic like Dr. F. R. Leavis or interpreters like Laura Ridding and Robert Graves that help to raise an impenetrable wall between the poet and the common reader.

XV

We are now free to tackle the main current of "modernism" in English poetry. Who are the most talked about poets of the day—poets that have sprung into prominence during the past ten years or less? They are: Cecil Day Lewis, Wystan Hugh Auden, Stephen Spender, Ronald Bottrall, William Empson, Louis Macneice and Dylan Thomas

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(to name no others). Of these the oldest, Cecil Day Lewis, was born in 1904, and the youngest, Dylan Thomas, in 1914. Considered in mass, their work exhibits similarities in content and technique, and seems distinctly to derive from Eliot, Hopkins and Owen, who may be styled the three prophets of modernist poetry. We will now rapidly survey the work of the three "prophets", of their own masters, and of their latter-day disciples.

We had fixed the year 1917 as the dividing line between the two halves of the period under review. In that year Mr. T. S. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" was published in book form along with some other characteristic poems. The Love Song was the first faint streamer of the coming dawn of modernism. Its mellow ambiguity moaned a general hurt and frustration:

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table.

The effect is electrically chilling; but one must go on reading, and, as one comes to these lines, one knows one is in the presence of poetry quivering to the core:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

The unlovely scene is visualised in microscopic detail, and, for the nonce, we are Mr. Prufrock himself. A few more lines, and as we read—

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid—

an involuntary shudder passes through us, and we are reminded ominously of the Button Moulder in *Peer Gynt*. The poem is forever implicated in our consciousness and we pathetically repeat lines like—

I have measured out my life with coffee spoons . . .
I should have been a pair of ragged claws

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Scuttling across the floors of silent seas . . .
 I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
 I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

The complimentary poem, "Portrait of a Lady", breathed an equal nostalgia of mood and boredom with life, and with equal poetic intensity:

Inside my brain a dull tomtom begins
 Absurdly hammering a prelude of its own . . .
 And I must borrow every changing shape
 To find expression . . . dance, dance
 Like a dancing bear,
 Cry like a parrot, chatter like an ape . . .

"Gerontion" was equally effective in "poking the peevish gutter" of our existence. Futility, imbecility, the reiteration of urban disillusion, the very process of our disintegration—these were Mr. Eliot's themes; and they were conveyed to his readers through a disconcerting blend of picture, music and philosophy, of statement and suggestion, of clowning and assertion; and through wit and symbolism and rhetoric. Mr. Eliot had drawn his inspiration on the one hand from the French symbolists like Laforque, Rimbaud, and Corbière, and, on the other, from the latter Elizabethans such as Middleton and Webster. He used images with one private association for himself and another for the reader; he substituted "emotional sequence" for logical continuity in verse; he alternated the trivial with the tremblingly pathetic, the living present with some odd specimen from the buried strata of the past; and he made his verse acquire an appropriate atmosphere that may function as a medium intimating messages beyond the power of mere words. Disintegration the theme, defeatism the temper, and symbolism the technique—these were Mr. Eliot's "marks" in the PRUFROCK volume.

The second 'prophet', Hopkins, is strictly not a modern poet at all. He was born in 1844 and died in 1889. His poems were not published in his lifetime but were entrusted to his friend, Robert Bridges, who published them only in 1918. Hopkins's Preface explained his principles in versification. Classical English verse is written in two syllabic (iambic or trochaic) or trisyllabic (anapaestic or dactylic) feet. But since an orthodox succession of iambs (or any other kind of feet) will be monotonous, all poets have permitted themselves the liberty of occasionally substituting for an iamb any of the other three kinds of feet. Hopkins, however, thought that further freedom in versification was possible. Firstly, counterpoint: if, for instance, normally iambic verse is interpolated with

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frequent substitutions, say three in every line, two rhythms will co-exist, and this Hopkins called counterpointed rhythm. For even greater freedom in versification, Hopkins recommended Sprung Rhythm according to which there will be four kinds of feet, consisting of one, two, three and four syllables respectively, the stress always falling on the first or sole syllable in the foot. Besides, in Sprung Rhythm any one kind of foot may follow any other. In his "Wreck of the Deutschland" and "Loss of the Eurydice" Hopkins exploited Sprung Rhythm to the greatest advantage. Besides such metrical innovations, Hopkins alliterated strongly and freely resorted to internal rhyming of unwonted words and syllables. The result was a new cadence, a complex harmony, an overwhelming onrush of sheer verbal music.*

Wilfred Owen's War poems have already been referred to. But Owen was also a technical innovator. Instead of classical rhymes that lay the emphasis on vowel matching (*seed, deed*), Owen tried consonantal half-rhymes like *seeds, sides*; *star, stir*. He also tried initial consonantal dissonances, or para-rhymes. "From My Diary, July 1914" is full of such examples:

Leaves

Murmuring by myriads in the shimmering tree.

Leaves

Wakening with wonder in the Pyrennees.....

The alert manipulation of initial half-rhymes, final classical rhymes, and internal alliterations and assonances contribute to the melodious texture and verbal dexterity of the poem. With such an elastic instrument of utterance Owen found it possible in poems like "Arms and the Boy" to voice forth his unsentimental pity and his savage and sacred indignation in terms of palpitating music.

Hopkins, Eliot, Owen: these were the "prophets". But Eliot had his own teacher, Ezra Pound, who, in his turn, looks upon the late T. E. Hulme as his inspirer. At his best Pound can write fine poetry:

Dark eyed,
 O woman of my dreams,
 Ivory sandaled,
 There is none like thee among the dancers,
 None with swift feet.

* For a fuller account of Hopkins the reader is referred to my article in THE NEW REVIEW, Jan., Feb., and March 1938.

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At his worst Pound can write incomprehensible fudge like :

And then Anticlea came.
Lie quiet Divus. I mean that is Andreas Divus,
In officina Wecheli, 1538, out of Homer.

His *magnum opus* in poetry is considered to be the apparently interminable CANTOS, of which over forty have already been issued. According to Zukofsky, the poetic achievement of that work is to be emphasized in respect of the writing of History, of narration, and in respect to the functioning, by concrete example, of literary criticism. And even a "left" poet like Mr. Bottrall feels compelled to write: "It is possible to show that certain Cantos deal with certain themes, but it is extremely difficult to adduce reasons why such themes have been chosen or why they appear at precisely such and such points in the Cantos." Mr. Pound's laudable aim in writing the poem is apparently to write a Human Comedy in several dimensions and in many voices at once, fusing the past and the present into a complex whole. Be that as it may, the erudite allusions and intricate juxtapositions in CANTOS and in his famous "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" have become the shock tactics of several of the modernists.

XVI

The rudiments of modernism were all there: it only remained to fuse them all together to form a quintessential modernist Bible. And Mr. T. S. Eliot did the deed; in 1922 he published the now famous THE WASTE LAND. This poem of 433 lines has been called a landmark in English poetry, comparable to the LYRICAL BALLADS. In his "notes" to the poem, Mr. Eliot directs the reader to a number of necessary authorities, and especially to Miss Weston's FROM RITUAL TO ROMANCE. Part I of the poem opens arrestingly:

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain...

The continuity is soon broken; we catch unfamiliar sounds, some harsh German, and then we stumble upon—

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images...

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What can Mr. Eliot mean by "broken images"? We meet presently the Hyacinth girl (who is she?), and then Madame Sosostris with her wicked pack of cards (she is, poor lady, suffering from toothache), and we are taken to a London crowd (why?). Part II is a jumble of bursts of lyricism and heartless irrelevance and savage buffoonery. We agree with Mr. Eliot and moan:

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

There is some talk about birth control. Why cannot Lil (she is 31 and has five children already—not unusual in India!) buy a new set of teeth? And somebody is all the time shouting (is it the barmaid or the Eternal Footman again?) at us: HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME! Part II ends with the butt-ends of goodbyes:

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night,
[good night.

(A sheaf from Ophelia's madness as the climax of this commonplace clowning!) We meet Tiresias. Then a young man meets a young woman...

When lovely woman stoops to folly, and
Paces about her room, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

(What a perversion of Goldsmith!) We are told presently about the death of the Phoenician Sailor. We have now not a glimmer of light in the atmosphere. Rock without water, body without life; and some mysterious Third is shadowing us. Anon there is something distantly familiar to the Hindu mind:

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder...

Somebody is sitting upon the shore, fishing perhaps; and the arid plain is behind him. London bridge is falling down falling down falling down. Hieronymo's mad againe. Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata. Shantih shantih shantih.

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Critics (not to speak of readers) are naturally baffled by *THE WASTE LAND*. It has been called "the ragbag of the soul" "filthy bedlam raving", "erudite gibberish", "the most stupendous literary hoax since Adam", "a mouse trap"; contrariwise, it has also been hailed as the greatest positive achievement of our century. Critics have tried to explain Eliot's own explanations; and explanations of these explanations have followed: but notwithstanding Leavis, Matthiessen and Hugh Ross Williamson, the poem remains, for the most part, obscure. It is obvious the poem is very unhappy about something. There is far too much of moaning, dislocation, aridity, nostalgia. Several of the individual items in *THE WASTE LAND* are lurid enough to be comprehended. But why have they been juxtaposed just in that way? What is Mr. Eliot driving at? The post-War world is, perhaps, the 'waste land'; thousands of years of civilization, frequent harvests, have devitalized life, and vegetation has dried up and the human spirit is disintegrating; the life-giving rains of culture are not forthcoming; and links in the chain of civilization, London Bridge and all that, may fall down and crumble amidst the universal waste of the earth; and over the wasteful lunacy of this vast disintegration there will reign, perhaps, the Peace that is Death, the Peace that passeth understanding!

THE WASTE LAND was, at any rate, a true mirror of the temper of thinking men in the decade following the War, an attempted integration of the social crisis of the day. Men felt that their elders, that Destiny itself, had badly let them down. One cannot withhold admiration from Mr. Eliot for the devices he has adopted to reinforce, hammer blow after hammer blow, the impression of futility and spiritual disintegration in our urban civilization. His poetic clowning, his learned allusions to Dante, Webster, the Buddha, and the Upanishads, his unexpectedly ordinary speech-rhythms: these are so deftly manipulated that the atmosphere, for all its apparent disharmony, is fully surcharged and acquires tremendous evocative power. The method seems very easy, and the failures of his imitators are the clearest proof of his own success. Aldington's *FOOL IN THE FOREST*, Macleish's *HAMLET* OF A. MACLEISH and Read's *THE MUTATIONS OF A PHOENIX* were all inspired by Eliot's poem. One of the latest of such imitations is Mr. Norman Yendell's *REPLY TO REASON*. The thesis may be stated thus: according to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, the world is getting cooler every day; what, then, is to become of humanity when the earth becomes too cool to make life impossible? how will the last few specimens of humanity conduct themselves?

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"Mr. Yendell has imagination, a grim irony, devastating powers of evoking the extremities of greed and selfishness. The climax is worked up with consummate art and there are many passages of sombre magnificence. The last two of the human race, a man and his sister, struggle to survive:

She? Well, there was no room for both;
And I was the stronger.
Stare, stare, stare!
I dismissed her, dismissed her, I
Dismissed her.
Am I my sister's keeper?

And the poem concludes, true to type, with a quotation from the Moslem "Shehada" and the inevitable "OM."

To come back to Mr. Eliot, the message of *THE WASTE LAND* is given again, in a more concentrated form, in *THE HOLLOW MEN* (1925):

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw, Alas!

The whole poem swings with the inexpressibly melancholy tread of old men, carrying a dead body to the grave. There is no glimmer of light, or of hope; the very accuracy of the images is chilling, and killing. The occasional crystalline phrases like 'multifoliate rose' 'perpetual star' almost seem to jar on our consciousness.

This is the dead land
This is cactus land...

We are shape without form, shade without colour; we have no solace left; we can go round the prickly pear at five o'clock in the morning. The lines, with biblical catches in between, are pitilessly suggestive of the depths of our misery; the phrases, so naked in their intensity, pierce and cut and stab; and so the world ends "not with a bang but a whimper."

Mr. Eliot's later poems like *ASH WEDNESDAY* and *SWEENEY AGONISTES* are more or less variations on the earlier themes. But already a slightly different, a trifle more hopeful, note is heard. Thus in *ASH WEDNESDAY* Mr. Eliot is able to write:

Redeem the time, redeem the dream
The token of the word unheard, unspoken.

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In these later poems and in the more recent poetic dramas, *THE ROCK*, *MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL* and *THE FAMILY REUNION*, Mr. Eliot is straying away from the complicated obscurities of his earlier triumphs. With Mr. Edwin Muir one might hazard the guess "that Mr. Eliot's later development as a poet has been away from the Elizabethans, by whom he was so much influenced at the beginning, towards Dante." Moreover, he has lately entrenched himself behind the treble fortresses of Classicist in literature, Anglo-Catholic in religion, and loyalist in politics. We are to have, let us hope, no more 'waste lands.'

XVII

The Nineteen Twenties in English poetry were a period of storm and stress, of rush and tumult, the necessary projections on the plane of letters of the spiritual unrest and of the economic chaos. Poets were inevitably tortured by their poignant social sensibility that defied utterance. With the Thirties a slight change was noticeable. Not only such series as "Macmillan's Contemporary Poets", Methuen's "Gateway Poets", and similar publications by the Hogarth Press, Faber and Faber and Messrs Dent placed before the public a munificence of new and sane poetical talent, but even the older poets, tired of the Prufrock species of spiritual negation, gave expression to varied forms of faith and to an acceptance of the world for whatever it may be worth. R. C. Trevelyan and Elizabeth Daryush, W. G. Golding and T. W. Ramsey, Yvonne Ffrench and Helen Cruickshank, Sylvia Townshend Warner and Valentine Ackland, Stella Benson and Christopher Hassall, G. H. Vallins and Robin Hyde, John Thompson and William Rose Benet, these and scores of others have published books of verse of late, and they unhesitatingly proclaim the fact that young hearts and English hearts continue to think deeply and feel intensely life's problems, its ironies and its tragedies and its many satires of circumstance. None of them is a supreme poet, but they are all poetic persons without doubt; and they have all a few good poems to their credit. It is a hopeful sign.

Meanwhile, in 1932, a slender anthology, *NEW SIGNATURES*, was issued by the Hogarth Press. It gave selections from the poetry of Cecil Day Lewis, Wystan Auden, Stephen Spender, William Empson, and some others. If Hopkins, Eliot and Owen were the "gods" of the Twenties, as indisputably almost Auden, Spender and Lewis became the 'gods' of the Thirties. Within a few years they have considerably

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grown in poetic stature*, and recently Mr. Auden has been awarded the King's Medal for Poetry. Alike in his tenderly descriptive "Transitional Poem" and the more mature "Magnetic Mountain", Mr. Lewis speaks with the voice of a poet; in his *A TIME TO DANCE* he has greatly improved his lyrical utterance. Influences of the three earlier "prophets", even of the younger Auden, are discernible in Lewis. His "Do Not Expect Again a Phoenix Hour" has become now a favourite anthology piece. But he makes no secret of his irritation:

I must wring
A living from despair
And out of steel a song.

Mr. Spender is generally far less direct in his statement; he indulges in far-fetched metaphors that blur his meaning. But his rhapsodies are compelling:

For I had expected always
Some brightness to hold in trust,
Some final innocence
To save from dust;
That, hanging solid,
Would dangle through all
Like the created poem
Or the dazzling crystal.

The third member of the triumvirate, Mr. Auden, is the most original and experimental of the three. His *ORATORS*, *DANCE OF DEATH* and *LOOK STRANGER* have established him in the front rank of modern poets; and his recent poetic plays like *THE ASCENT OF F. 6* and *ON THE FRONTIER* establish his kinship to the later Eliot.

Auden, Spender and Lewis were all at Oxford together, and they all share a faith in Communism. Communism is, something positive; the poetry of Communism, though not the best type of poetry possible, is better than the poetry of waste lands. Mr. Dylan Thomas, the youngest poet in our group, is perhaps yet in his formative years; morbid sex seems to mutilate some of his best poetic fancies and creations. And, besides, he is almost forbiddingly obscure. His "18 Poems" and "25 Poems" show him to be a poet of great possibilities, though as yet unrealised. Of him, and in fact of the entire group of modernists who take their cue

* For a fuller account of Mr. W. H. Auden's poetry the reader is referred to my article in the *JOURNAL OF THE BOMBAY UNIVERSITY*, May 1938.

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from the Auden-Spender-Lewis trio, all we can say now is that they are rich in striking poetic qualities and their output so far is full of possibilities for the future. One almost feels that Mr. G. S. Fraser's judgement on them is not entirely unjustified: "Our younger poets are all megalopolitans. They are intelligent, not wise; they know things from lucky reading and hard thought, not from the long ripening of experience." Mr. Fraser, however, makes an exception in the case of Mr. Louis Macneice, because he is the only one of the group "who suggests a feasible attitude—other than heroics—to society as it is, here and now."

XVIII

I have come to the end of my survey. What can be said in retrospect concerning the poetical output of the past forty years? The revolt in the Eighteen Nineties was, as we saw, directed against the effete Tennysonian tradition. The aesthetes and the muscular poets expressed their revolt in divers ways. The aesthetic decadents in turn chewed the languid phrases, attempted too utterly to utter, and wished (ineffectually) to glorify a life of sheer sensations; and the muscular poets, on their part, made a fetish of action, till poems of action became mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. Other poets marked their revolt against Victorianism by affirming different types of "escapism". The lure of the Orient, of Romance, of mysticism, and preoccupation with Religion were all merely different means of escaping from ugly reality. A.E.'s "Babylon" affirms a seeming eternity in the dream of a moment. Turner's "Ecstasy" exemplifies the thesis that a work of art like a marble frieze can be the impulsion for a chain of inferences on the imaginative plane that would ultimately embrace the whole universe. Turner's "Romance", again, takes us to Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and Popocatepetl gleaming in the Mexican sunlight. Flecker, seeing so, "Old Ships", escapes into the world of the ODYSSEY. Hopkins's "I have desired to go" and Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" are inspired by the Roman Catholic Faith. "The Hound of Heaven" is a symbolic representation of the pangs of the frightened child that is pursued by ruthless Power. Ultimately Death is that dread pursuer, and those who fear Death suffer the acute pangs suggested in Thompson's "torrential ode." But true Faith overcomes Fear; repentance and grace are the way to salvation, to the illimitable Peace hereafter. To the poetry of all these, as to the poetry of Yeats and Hardy also, Newbolt's

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definition of poetry as "a transfiguration of life heightened by the homesickness of the spirit for a perfect world" is applicable. They are all eager for a reality that transcends our earthly trappings; and these other-world significances of poetry are what yet make humdrum life worth living.

Excepting in the works of the post-war Leftists, we see little violent break with the past. Such changes as have been rung by twentieth century poets are evolutionary rather than revolutionary. There are new themes like "the ice cart" (Gibson), "the charcoal burner" (Gosse), "the miners" (Owen), "the dug-out" (Sassoon), and "the donkey" (Chesterton); but these imply no positive revolt. In diction and metre, too, some minor changes may be noticed: Brooke uses "damn" without a blush, Masefield's language is vigorous and rough, Blunden's is twisted and tricky, Eliot's allusive and eclectic. But the extreme vers libristes excepted, modern poets are by no means indifferent to form. On the other hand, the modern poet does seem to be, in Mr. Robert Lynd's words, "indifferent to phrase." There is a hazy and an immediate beauty about it all; but there are few lines that stick to our memory for ever. There is a diffusion of loveliness in a large number of beautiful or successful lyrics, but no concentration of it in phrases that vibrate in our memory. Why is this? Is it because most modern poets lack the self-less rapture of the Shelleys and Blakes of the day before yesterday? No one can become a great poet merely by trying hard. The hundreds of poets now writing are men of exquisite sensibility, but the driving passion of a Shakespeare or a Milton or a Byron, the soaring rapture of a Shelley or a Keats or a Wordsworth, these our poets seem to lack.

When the late Dr. Saintsbury described modern English poetry as being characterised by a vagabond curiosity of matter and a tormented unrest of style, he was probably referring to the post-War experimenters like Eliot, Ezra Pound and Read rather than to the de la Mares and Ralph Hodgsons. Indeed, in the work of these latter-day poets, it is possible to discover some common strains. A painstaking realism that recalls Catullus, Tourneur, Crabbe and Browning in various ways; an assertion that there should be no exclusiveness in subject-matter for poetry, and this recalls Wordsworth; an intellectual subtlety that recalls the misnamed metaphysicals of the seventeenth century; an attempt to make poetic diction approximate to common speech rhythms; an attempt to enrich the musical values of verse through alliteration and assonance; and an attempt to invest verse with an aura of magic by means of apt anthropological allusions.....all these have made poetry fresher, intenser, and nearer to

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present-day problems than the anaemic verse of the lesser Edwardians and Georgians. But misunderstood symbolism and misapplied erudition have nearly spelt disaster to poetry. It is not that obscurity in poetry is an unpardonable crime. A poet's language may be unintelligible either because loose words do not form logical propositions (cat, catullus, nib); or because the proposition, grammatically valid, makes no sense (I drank a cup of Hippopotamus); or because different propositions, individually intelligible, do not have logical continuity. Modernists like Pound and Auden and Cummings are often unintelligible in all these ways. Browning and Donne and Blake, too, are unintelligible; but there is a meaning surely which we can get at by re-reading, and perhaps by referring to a useful note. But Eliot and Auden and the rest are often unintelligible because there is no meaning to know. The poems are sheer symbolism. The incoherent images flit before our dazed consciousness as do episodes in a dream. The poems are mere diaries of a sub-conscious mind over which the conscious mind has apparently no control. It all results in a continuous irritation to the reader's sense of reality. Mr. Robert Lynd described modernist poetry as "a wireless set that is out of order." But the Thirties have considerably improved matters. Reviewing some volumes of recent poetry, Mr. Wilfrid Gibson wrote: "the cheerful thing to note is that the work of the modernists is becoming less constricted, less cramped by puritanical inhibitions; that some of them even dare to indulge a little of the sensuous beauty and lyrical gusto that have been latterly taboo in the best poetic circles."

And how about the future? Who is fool enough to prophesy! The present is a trifle more hopeful than the immediate past. There are distinct signs that, as Sir Hugh Walpole remarked, the waste land of the Twenties is going to be cultivated after all. Communism is inspiring some of our poets; and perhaps Fascism too will have its votaries. Will the World State of the future have its own Laureate? Will the World Laureate broadcast in a world language a Divina Comedia in four-dimensional Space-Time? Will the future poet evolve a universal objective correlative of the eternal verities and let it float in the closed universe for ever? Or will poetry in the future be just what it has ever been, singing of love and of the simple emotions of life, of war and of the other frustrations of life, of birds and beasts and flowers? Who knows—and who cares! Were it not better done to open a page of HAMLET for the one hundredth time, chant Omar Khayyam and shout Rabbi Ben Ezra with equal gusto, and lisp in sweet-sad numbers because we simply must!



A Knotty tree
and some
(k)naughty boys



A Garden
Statue
(Photo by
S. Kanna
I U. C.)



Willingdon
Memorial Arch
at Karur

(Photos by
W. C. Krishna-
murthy, II U. C.
M. Pandurangan,
I U. C.)



The Colle
Church from
New Angl





A Branching Palmyra,
Ottari, N. Arcot Dt.

(Photos by S. Balasubramanian, II U. C.)



Courtallam Falls



A Rural Road

(Pencil sketch by G. Athmanathan, IV U. C.)

The Fatal Fortune

by M. D. Varkey, IV Hons.

THE old farmer was about to finish his day's ploughing and return home in the evening to eat his supper with his widowed sister, when Fortune tapped him on the shoulder and startled him by her unexpected touch.

"Hei! Mathen!" It was the voice of Fortune.

Mathen turned round, pulling up the reins of his team. A strange figure in khaki was standing on the road above, beckoning him to go near him. The old man left the field and went up to the stranger. "Vareed Mathen, living near the Malankara Building, eh?" inquired the stranger, to which the farmer replied that he was the man.

"H'm, you'll come with me to Kottayam, soon." The old farmer was taken aback, for he knew well the meaning of summons served by men in khaki. However he managed to pull up a little courage, and followed the man in suspicion. Poor man! he knew not that he was being led by the hand of Fortune.

When the peon—for the man in khaki was not a police-man—conducted Mathen into the Office of the Kottayam Sub-Treasury, besides the Treasury Officer there were three gentlemen in the room, and they looked into the farmer's face, studiously, on his entrance.

"Vareed Mathen, eh?" asked the Officer.

"Yes, Sar" replied the old man humbly: "and I am a poor farmer living near the Malankara Building, and since the death of my wife,....." he stopped, unable to proceed and overcome with grief and suspicion. The Officer put him many more questions to draw out his identity, to which the simple man answered in his simple manner. At length Mathen ventured to ask: "But, ... Sar, what may be the offence, Sar, ... for which Sar, I am...?"

"The offence?" repeated the Officer, suppressing a professional smile. "The offence-sheet I shall read out; you listen." And he took up a paper from the table. The old man sharpened his ears and waited, as an innocent man would, to hear a cruel and sudden sentence of death being pronounced upon him. The Officer read the following Telegram:—

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To Officer Sub Treasury Kottayam Sending Rupees forty thousand by Money Order to be paid to Vareed Mathan Farmer near Malankara Building Puthuppally village Kottayam or to his near heir in presence of Kottayam Tahsildar and two respected gentlemen of Puthuppally as witnesses to payee's identity Director Bharath Lottery Lahore.

The old man gazed vacantly, then yawned and shuffled like one feeling bored when the melodrama one sees is prolonged needlessly.

There was another letter from the same source, addressed to Sree Vareed Mathen, Farmer, etc. C/o the Treasury Officer, which too the officer read out. It stated that since the ticket "Hen" Number PRVC 000138/y56, which had won the first Prize of Rs. 50,000 for Sree Vareed Mathen Farmer, etc., had not been returned to the Lottery Office and the prize unclaimed up to that date, the Director regretted to inform that 20% of the Prize went to the Lottery Provident Fund according to the Lottery Act of 1935, and the remaining sum of Rs. 40,000 was being sent to Sree Mathen or his next heir, through the Govt. Treasury at Kottayam.

"Lottery? What Lottery? Is it forty thousand Rupees?" gasped out Mathen. But nobody answered his query. It was mysterious that the old man had no knowledge about this Lottery affair.

On a printed form Mathen was asked to put his thumb impression, which he did as in a dream, and under it the three gentlemen put their signatures as witnesses. Then the Officer counted with great care forty Bank-notes of Rs. 1,000 each, and piled them on the table. "You can take them. Forty thousand Rupees paid", he said, looking up into the face of the old man who now stood the very personification of astonishment. But very soon he came to himself and rubbed his eyes. Snatching the Bank-notes and wrapping them feverishly in his rags, he ran out from the room like a woman affected with hysteria.

It was mid-day, and the sun was shining brightly. But it was with some difficulty that the old farmer found the way of his own house as a strange mist obstructed his gaze. Moreover, at each step he was infinitely cautious, expecting every moment some one from behind or from the sides, falling upon him and robbing him.

At home his long-widowed sister, who was now living with him, came forward to meet him, with questions of surprise at his unusually early return from the field. But the good woman never knew that her

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brother could not stop to answer her to-day, having more important questions that weighed upon his soul and which demanded immediate answer. He did not break the good news of the day to any one, not even to this faithful woman. He concealed from her the tremendous fact not because he had no affection for her, but for shrewder reason: he knew that publicity in this case was bad. People throw stones at the tree loaded with fruit.

Mathen went straight into the kitchen and dropped on a low bench. Here he sat until night-fall. While the good woman was busied in cooking that evening's supper, her brother continued to gaze at her, silently and seriously as if she were a human curiosity. He gazed, and gazed, and gazed until something seemed to go wrong with his eyes: for he saw before him, instead of a low kitchen and an old widow, a rich mantel-piece and a lady in rich clothes moving about. But in a minute he discovered the absurdity of the dream and chuckled. "I have never been a slave to my imagination in my life, and I never shall." So saying he rose. His sister called him as usual to eat his supper. But he had no appetite and he refused his supper. The good woman went up to him, and she saw a look of extreme fatigue and misery in his face. She thought that it was the symptom of some malarial infection, and she sent him to bed without any idea of the vast ocean the poor man was swimming in without the prospect of a shore.

Entering his small room, the man surveyed it several times with the aid of a kerosine oil lamp to make sure that there was nobody hiding inside. Next, he closed the only door of the cell and fastened it firmly. Then he unwound his rags and took out the bank-notes one after another. It was the first time in his life that Mathen was handling Bank-notes, and now he smiled in the happy consciousness of being the owner of many precious notes. He was studying their colours and designs for a long time. Then suddenly he doubted the reality of the scene. To set the uncertainty at rest, he rubbed his eyes very hard and chuckled when he discovered that he was really awake. Then he fondled the Bank-notes in his hand, as an affectionate mother would her baby before laying it in the cradle. Doubts came again: Lord in Heaven! Do these few notes count forty thousand Rupees? Has not the Officer withheld some notes and cheated him? he argued, and again doubted. But how could he verify it? If he had known the art of reckoning he would have spent the whole night in counting and re-counting the notes. When he became tired of handling the notes, he arranged them in a small wooden box. He then carried the

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box to his bed and concealed it under the pillow. Then blowing out the lamp, he lay down on his back.

He lay there, ruminating the happy cud of that day's incidents. It was the Lottery affair which he could not understand. Was it not a trick played to entrap him? he asked himself. "No, no it cannot be," he consoled himself and gave himself up to pleasant thoughts. Naturally the thought of his long life of poverty and toil came to his mind; then the forty thousand. The little hut which housed him for fifty-eight winters seemed to him now to be small and clumsy. He determined to construct a building in the fashion of the Malankara Building, but much larger in size with all luxurious accommodations, and a beautiful garden surrounding it! Then he thought about his wife who had died a few months before, and who was buried in the "poor people's ward" in the parish churchyard. Poor woman! She lived in poverty and died in it. He was moved to genuine pity for that gentle soul. "I must erect a decent marble monument over her grave," he thought, "so that her memory may find a place in the hearts of all those who visit the church." Then his mind wandered to his parish church; its smallness, its cracked and mossed walls, its rough and pitted pavement. "Now when I am the richest man in the parish, I must not forget the church in which I was baptized, confirmed and married. I set apart thousand Rupees—no, a five hundred will do—for the re-building of the church; and let others take an example from me," he thought. With a thousand other plans like these, he determined to begin a new life of plenty and charity; but he did not know that Fate was equally determined in the opposite way.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these he awakened to a frightful sound as of the roaring of many tigers. It stole upon the air for a few moments. He listened in awe: but when it died away he realised that it was only the squeak of a mouse. He sat upon the bed and wondered why the puny sound had seemed so dreadful. Mathen sat there in the dark for long hours broad awake. His eyes were swimming, ears booming; and he felt that the air he breathed out was very hot, as hot as steam. His head was reeling like a top. "It must be the symptom of some horrible disease," he thought, "and I must take rest in sleep." So saying he stretched his trembling legs and once again lay on his back.

Once again as he tossed about half delirious, the figures of the day came crowding into his heated brain: The man in khaki was standing on the road beckoning; the three gentlemen were staring him in the face;

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the Officer was counting the Bank-notes and arranging them in a tall pile. The Officer stood up, saying "Forty thousand Rupees. Take this." The words still rang in his ears. "Forty thousand Rupees," he ejaculated, "and all this is"

He had not finished the words when he heard another voice, shrill and horrible, breaking the stillness of the black night. The old man's heart beat fast, the head grew hotter; some thing, some one seemed near him!

"But the fortune is not yours", said the voice!

The voice was familiar to the old man's ears. He could not mistake it. Rosa, his wife, was standing beside him, shrouded in a mist! Now she looked as Mathen had seen her on the day of their marriage, young and beautiful, the wedding veil drawn over the head. The eyes shone dark as of old; the features were perfectly recognizable.

"Rosa!" he exclaimed, trying to rise and embrace her; but his limbs failed him.

Rosa stooped down and took out the treasure box from under the pillow.

"Do you think that you have any right to this fortune?" she asked in anger. The man was silent; he did not even stir.

"You cannot lay any claim to this forty thousand Rupees which came to you without your effort or even your knowledge", she continued in the same voice. "It was I who bought the ticket which cost me the whole of my last year's private savings. But when I asked the ticket-vendor to put your address on it I had no idea that you would be so lucky. The right of disposing of my wealth is always mine."

With this declaration, she went down on her knee and lit the kerosine lamp, and threw the burned match-stick on the floor. She looked up into her husband's pale face and said in a grating voice: "Look! This is how I dispose of my money." She opened the box and took out one Bank-note. She held it close to the tongue of the lamp. A corner of the paper moved slowly into the flame until it caught fire. The fire spread gradually towards the other corner of the Bank-note. The smoke entered the old man's nostrils and stupefied him. He merely looked on the scene, blankly like a babe when half awake. The woman held the note in her hand until

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it was completely burned out. And when the ashes dropped on the floor she looked at them with satisfaction. She took out another note and burned that too slowly and completely. Then a third, then a fourth, a fifth, and so on. When she took up the last but one note in her hand, "Rosa!" called out the man. Nothing answered. He heard no sound save the throbbing of his own arteries near the ears. He looked at the door which stood closed and fastened tight. He was alone in the room! A blood-curdling chill ran through the man's body. Mathen sent a surprised look around him, as if awakened from a long sleep. He felt that his right palm was aching, and he raised it close to his dim eyes. The 39th Bank-note was still burning between his fingers. The fingers were charred by the flame of the previous 38 notes.

The tremendous trick of the high fever and delirium ceased. The man dropped the burned Bank-note from his hand, and swept away the sweat that stood on his forehead. "Forty thousand Rupees! It is mine," he exclaimed in a feeble tone, sinking back. Suddenly a monsoon storm broke out from the cloudy skies, shaking the man's bones out of his flesh and the thunder filled the air. The clouds burst, accompanied with lightning and more thunder, and rain came down in torrents. The old man heard it beating continuously on the roof, and the wind howling on the cocoanut palms around the house. With these strange sounds in his ears the man fell into a deep slumber, from which he never again awoke.

Rocket Science

by K. Ramachandran, III Hons.

GREAT experiments are being carried on in Germany, France, Russia and America to develop rocket-aeroplanes, both unmanned and man-carrying, capable of reaching, and flying far out in the upper atmosphere. Though the rocket enthusiasts have the construction of man carrying stratosphere rockets, equipped with accurate science apparatus as their immediate goal, they are not going to stop with this achievement. Their aspirations soar infinitely higher. They have already started societies for the promotion of research in the new field of 'Astronautics', as they call it. Prominent among these organisations are, the German Society for Interplanetary Navigation, Société de l' Astronautique de France, and the American Interplanetary Society. An International League of Interplanetary Rocket Inventors and Scientists has already been formed, and an International Bureau established for furthering rocket research and carrying out experiments. The Bureau has its headquarters at Berlin, as Germany is the only country in this world which maintains a rocket aerodrome.

Professor Hermann Oberth, the German Scientist, suggests the use of two rockets, one containing alcohol and the other hydrogen. Some scientists assert that hydrogen can be used to replace alcohol, after the latter has been used up to propel the aeroplane, but German scientists use liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen, which are brought together by separate pipes and then ignited.

Prof. R. H. Goddard of Clark University, U. S. A., who has been experimenting on rockets since 1909, is developing a stratosphere rocket, which will carry accurate instruments to record weather data. He has also patented a man-carrying rocket turbine aeroplane to rise up through the dense air, the turbine wheels giving the necessary motive power by their revolution. On reaching the thinner air, the pilot disconnects the turbine blades and propellers by a special device. Owing to the rarefied atmosphere, the craft will henceforth be propelled by the 'kick-back' of the rocket explosions.

The world's altitude record for sounding rockets has been established by the American expert, Dr. Lyon. He is said to be on the eve of perfecting at Vienna, an explosive powerful enough to blow up a town by a single bomb, and about twice as powerful as T. N. T. (trinitrotoluene). The

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new substance, known as T4 (Trimethylene trinitramine) was not liquefied till recently, in spite of the attempts of several French and Italian scientists. But Lyon has been successful in liquefying it. The greatest difficulty of the scientist has hitherto been the absence of a good liquid fuel. Even the best of explosives exhausts itself after sometime, and when this happens, the craft crashes down. With the help of T4, Dr. Lyon hopes to create a speed of at least 2 miles per second.

Prof. Rudolf Nebel of the German Rocket Aerodrome thinks of constructing a rocket that will shoot mail from London to New York in 25 minutes! Then he thinks of flying to Australia in less than half an hour. His rocket will be 75 feet long giving comfortable accommodation to several passengers. Carrying 29 tons of rocket and fuel and developing half a million H. P., it will fly at the rate of 7 miles per second and reach an altitude of 153 miles! From this he will later develop a rocket to the moon! Nebel feels confident that in less than 15 years, he will have popularised the rockets carrying mails from one continent to another. Then carrying mails by the ordinary planes will become a primitive method! But this is only the first stage. "Interplanetary Communication" he adds, is another matter. We must have intermediate landing places and refuelling stations, for the machines *en route*. Fantastic and visionary as it may seem now—though I do not see why anything should be visionary in this scientific age—we are planning to establish 'Meteor Islands' in stratosphere, equipped with electric power, broadcasting stations, and huge tanks containing fuel and provisions. When the first rocket leaves the earth it can easily find out the 'Meteor Island' whose movement is constant. Radio Signals will help us." Fantastically optimistic!

We can compare these Islands to railway stations. Nebel's plans include the establishment of several such 'Meteor Islands', where the rocket passengers will change car for celestial destinations. The principle of the 'Meteor Island' depends upon the fact that an object hurled into the stratosphere at a speed of 5 miles a second will after reaching an altitude of 60 miles stay there and never come back. In anticipation of the practicability of stratosphere rockets, air-proof suits equipped with oxygen suppliers have already been devised.

According to Nebel, these 'Meteor Islands' can be used for a variety of purposes. They can be fitted up with astronomical instruments. Sodium mirrors fixed at particular angles in these islands can reflect the sun's rays and illumine the darkened hemisphere of the earth.

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Oberth, the mathematician-physicist-astronomer is by far the greatest rocket expert. He has worked out a scheme for the solar space mirror to the minutest detail. Floating at a height of 400-700 miles up on these 'Meteor Islands', the mirror can do wonders. It can make the earth always enjoy sunshine. By adjustment the mirror can be made to reflect the heat waves of the sun to particular spots on the earth, and by this immense good can be done to man. The Arctic and Antarctic oceans can be made navigable. For war purposes if utter annihilation be the aim, the mirror can reduce the largest of the cities to cinders in a few seconds. If defeat without destruction be the object a gigantic mass of fire can be hurled on land or sea or air across the paths of army, ship, and aircraft, and force them back. It can make short work too of the world's largest munition works and depots. We can easily see that if war should break out in future between a country owning such mirrors and India, that country need only direct its terrible weapon against the Himalayas and melt the snow and ice!

The operations above mentioned will be performed by the crew stationed in the 'Meteor Islands'. From time to time they will be relieved by fresh men coming from the earth in rockets. The 'Meteor Islands' are again a source of immense help to interplanetary passengers. They will display huge cards reading "Change here for Moon," "Change here for Venus" and so on. Also there will be numerous waiting rooms and restaurants for lunar and interplanetary passengers.

One of the greatest problems to be solved in the construction of Space rockets is that relating to the initial velocity; for the craft has to overcome the resistance of the earth's atmosphere, and break away from gravity. The highest initial velocity attained by a cannon shell is 4593 ft. a sec. The most favourable combination of oxygen and hydrogen cannot give a velocity of more than 3 miles a second according to Dr. Lyon, while, as the calculations of Winkler show, the minimum speed needed to overcome the earth's gravity is 7.35 miles a second.

Next comes the problem of establishing 'Meteor Islands' in the free space. Some eminent scientists suggest that the free atomic energy is one of the possible forces which may be employed to hurl the 'Meteor Islands' and to obtain the necessary speed. But if rocket science relies upon this energy for the fulfilment of its dreams, it has to wait for the time when the physicists will be able to extract the atomic energy.

ROCKET SCIENCE

Lastly the rocket enthusiast has to face the formidable problem of finding the money for his costly experimental work. But if a heavier than air craft can hold itself up in the atmosphere, and if a man in India, lying down comfortably in his house, can see the face of his relative in England and talk with him, we can legitimately hope that these problems will be solved in the fulness of time.

பறந்திடுவாய், பறந்திடுவாய், இளவெண்மேகம் !

1. பறந்திடுவாய், பறந்திடுவாய், இளவெண்மேகம் !
பதிவுடன் நீ ஓரிடத்தில் தங்கிடாதே.
பறந்திடுவாய் நீலவானகத்தின் கண்ணே,
பசியமலைச் சாரலிடை பதிந்திடாதே.
திற்றந்த சமவெளிகளிடை உலவிவாராய் ;
சுற்றாறு, நீர்நிலைகள், தினைப்புலங்கள்,
அறைந்தொலிக்கும் திரைகடல்மேல் திரிந்து வாராய்,
அகங்களித்துக் கரங்கொட்டி ஆடிவாராய்.
2. உலகமெனும் நாடகத்தை நடிப்போர் கூற்றை
உண்மையெனக் கருதும் மதியினர் எந்தம்
நிலையினுக்காய் இரங்காயோ? புனியின் வாழ்க்கை
நீடியநாள் நிலவாது; விரைந்து வீசும்
வலியபுயல்முன் குமிழி, கவிஞர் காணும்
மனக்கனவு, பாதியிரா நடுக்கடல்மேல்
அலையெனவே எழுந்து விழும், அறியாதின்னோர்
அடிமையென மனமுடைந்து சிடத்தற்காணாய்.
3. உன்னோடு கூடிவா விரும்பி நிற்பேன்,
உலகினுடை பலதிறத்த கட்டின் நின்றே ;
என்னுடைய பூதவுடல் இயல்பு நீங்கி
இகவுலகை ஒருபோழ்து மறந்துவிட்டு
தன்னோடு பறந்துலவ விழைவு மிக்கேன் ;
தரணியிது யான்வதிய தகுதியாமோ ?
பன்னெடு நாள் இதனையுன்பால் கேட்டுநின்றும்
பாவியெனக்கருளாதல் பரிவுதானோ ?
4. மேல்நின்றிவ் வுலகனைத்தும் வியந்து பார்ப்போம்,
வேறுபல உலகினிற்கும் விரைந்துசெல்வோம்,
கானகத்திற் மறைந்திடுவோம், கடிந்துவீசும்
காற்றினிடைக் குலவிடுவோம், களைத்துச்சோர்ந்தால்

வானோங்கும் மலைச்சிகரத்தவழுவோம்; பின்னர்
மனங்கொண்டால் சமவெளிகள்நோக்கிச் செல்வோம்,
மானிடர்தம் புன்வாழ்க்கை மறந்து நாளும்
மனந்தெவிட்டா விண்வாழ்க்கை வாழ்வோம், வாராய்!

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5. பறந்திடுவாய், பறந்திடுவாய், தரித்துநில்லாய்;
பண்புயர் உன்வாழ்க்கைதனிற் பங்குகொள்ள
சுறிதளவும் அருகனன்று; பொருந்தாவற்றை
சுந்தித்து மனமுடையின் ஆவதென்ன?
பறந்திடுவாய் உனையொத்த தோழமோடு,
பாவியென மறந்திடுவாய்; யானுமுன்னை
மறந்திடுவேன் இயன்றவரை; மறந்திவ்வைய
வாழ்க்கைதனில் மனம்வைக்க முயன்றுநிற்பேன்.

பிரான்சிஸ்.

A New Scheme of Education

by P. Muthuswamy, III U. C.

THAT the present system of education in our universities is a total failure is recognised by all, chiefly by those who have studied it from a distance. In this article I give a four years' plan calculated to improve the existing deplorable condition of unemployment of the educated classes and to stamp out the vast realm of illiteracy behind it.

My first item is to give the student full liberty in all his educational activities. We should have classes only on two days a week and there should be not more than three hours of lecturing per day. After every hour of class there should be at least one hour of rest. The students under the present system are made to work five hours in the College and are unable to do any work at home. By this change, I assure you, dear reader, every student can easily secure a first class in his final examination.

My next regulation is in regard to attendance. I consider 25 per cent attendance more than sufficient for any student. No leave letter is necessary for absence from the classes. Are not College students men who know their responsibility? They will never be absent from the College unnecessarily. No special classes should be conducted by the lecturers without getting the sanction of the whole class, and no attendance should be taken in these special classes.

Under such a well-organized system every student will carefully master all his lessons day by day so that there is no necessity for the Terminal Examination or the weekly composition. These are felt to be most troublesome and difficult items and serve no useful purpose. By intense preparation for these terrible trials students fall ill and forget even the little knowledge they already possess. In order to avoid all these calamities I suggest there should be no examinations. When the students earnestly work at home where is the necessity for examinations?

By putting an end to the Examinations, we are benefited in many other ways. The College can save the expenses of sending progress reports to the parents; the clerks in the office will have less work, the lecturers can be rid of the trouble of correcting and valuing the answer-papers of the students, and the students themselves can happily enjoy the holidays.

A NEW SCHEME OF EDUCATION

In this connection I may mention that the Michaelmas and the Christmas vacations should be made longer than they are at present.

Then comes the question of awarding the prizes to the students. Written examinations can never test a student's ability. Therefore I give here some new methods of choosing the deserving students. Anyone who is the leader of a strike, and who can defy his lecturers must be awarded the first prize. Prizes may be awarded to other students also in the order of their merit in this respect.

Special rewards should be bestowed upon the most talkative person in each class who can talk so loudly that the lecturer's voice cannot be heard by the others. In this manner students can be trained in the art of speaking and soon they will become great orators.

Lastly I come to physical instruction. Foot-ball, hockey and other games have proved useless and merely expensive in a tropical country like India. Hence the games of our ancient days such as Kolattam, Pandi, hide-and-seek etc. should be reintroduced. All games should be played by the students between 1—2 p. m., so that the sun may take away their illness if they have any. In the rainy season good and effective indoor games such as chatting and quarrelling can be practised during the class hours.

The Unemployment Problem can be gradually solved by training the students in this manner. Those who want to become lawyers may get by heart some of the laws and ordinances of the University and recite them in class. Those desirous of becoming soldiers may learn the art of war in the class itself. A few who may like to become dictators may dictate to the class certain passages from a printed book. By these methods the students can be trained in such a way that they may start their professional career immediately after finishing their college course.

I hope you all realize the efficiency of this well-planned scheme which gives the students health, convenience and education. I would advise some of our Leaders to start at least second grade colleges under this system. It is certain that they will flourish and the older first grade Colleges will soon be empty.

Stalking Birds!

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

It was strange that as I sat lonely in the silent study-hall, overlooking the green landscape of fields and shrubbery of the Mahé grounds, my thoughts should revert so persistently to my far-off Malabar home. I was staying back in the College for the Michaelmas vacation. All the hundreds of boys had left for home and silence reigned in the vast hall of the Boarding-house. Now a novel idea struck me.

How many of us have thought of studying the habits of a bird by going near it—by going as near it as possible without disturbing it. As soon as we see a bird our first tendency is to fling a stone at it or chase it. On the contrary if we lie flat and scrawl noiselessly quite near it, we may with great delight note its queer movements.

Adjoining our playgrounds is an extensive grass plot with a little stream at its edge. There was the chance of seeing some birds among the shrubs; so I sauntered out into the fields. At first I was puzzled at the silence of the expansive meadow. The gentle evening breeze made a soft rustling sound among the reeds and bulrushes that grew luxuriantly along the banks of the little stream. On the edge of one of the banks was a short bamboo-fence backed by a row of "Odena" trees. Just as I was a few yards off the fence, a flash of green and blue amidst the foliage caught my eyes. At once I stood rooted there, still as a Sphinx. Slowly I laid myself on my stomach on the grass, and without the slightest stir or rustle I crawled towards the fence. Reaching it, I raised my head and gently resting my chin on a cross rod of the fence, looked to the spot which arrested my attention.

And lo! just a foot before me, on a stick protruding over the stream, sat a little kingfisher. I shrank into myself like a garden-snail, and lay still as a log of wood. Fortunately the green shirt I had on, served to merge me into the verdant background.

Evidently the little bird was musing. He was quite at home and did not show the least sign of having scented an intruder. The birdie had a head as big as its tiny body and a beak perhaps longer. The shining blue plumes adorned its back while its belly was white edged with red and brown. Now and then it shook its head restlessly like a nervous person

STALKING BIRDS!

trying to shake off unpleasant thoughts. Again and again it nodded to itself like an old granny. Now he would look intently into the water gaily streaming along beneath the stick; next moment he would fix his little eyes at the hazy sky above and gurgle. I was quite at sea as to the fellow's intentions. Was he having a mild sun bath? Its beaks parted and closed rhythmically: I looked up to see what was attracting the little fellow in the sky. There was nothing to be seen except the setting sun in the western sky. But then—SPLASH! The little fellow had shot down into the water and now fluttered up to its perch with a little fish between its mighty beaks. With firm determination the tiny bird squeezed its shining prey. In a moment the silvery fish disappeared down its throat, and the bird looked as innocent as a little child. Again he was musing. It is a wonder how his tiny eyes caught sight of the little fish that was playing in the rippling stream below.

Suddenly the kingfisher began to shake its blue tail vigorously. While I was wondering at this, he jumped off the stick and dashed off round the curve shouting clamorously—Cree—cri—crie—cree.....

A Vote Hunt

by *Aloysius Joseph, II U. C.*

“ I can't believe it, Ramu! you of all people—my dearest friend, and on whose support I relied so much, going to vote for my rival Mr. Poodle!” “Don't speak to me like that, please,” wailed my friend Ramu; “how was I to know that you were trying for the chairmanship? You never told me—expect me to divine your thoughts—eh? Anyhow there is no use crying over a burnt moustache, I have promised my vote to Mr Poodle!”

This conversation took place between Ramu and myself on the day previous to the local municipal chairmanship election. I was trying to knock off the laurels from Mr. Poodle, a lawyer. Ramu was a great friend of mine and I had been sure of his vote, but that cursed Poodle had somehow or other extracted a promise from him, and, a promise was indeed a promise with Ramu.

But a vote was a vote especially so when there were only eighteen to be had altogether, so I determined to bag the same, cost what it might. A plan had already struck me and I proceeded forthwith to set the nets. Calling together three of my election campaigners, seasoned vote hunters, I instructed them. The trio went away laughing.

That night Ramu's dining room was reverberating with the gnashing of teeth, smacking of lips and other such uncouth sounds, indicative of vigorous mastication. Reason—Ramu's birthday celebrations.

Then suddenly there was a slight commotion at the gate and a voice was heard calling “Mr. Ramu! Mr. Ramu!!”

The person thus invoked got up reluctantly with many a longing look at the tempting birthday pabulum spread before him and slowly toddled out of the room.

“What do you want?,” he asked angrily of the man at the gate.

“Good evening, sir,” replied the individual.

“Blast you! what do you want?” shouted the exasperated Ramu.

“Sorry sir—I beg your pardon—sir”—began the man.

A VOTE HUNT

"What do you want?"

"Well—sir—Mr. Poodle sends his best wishes and told me to remind you that to-morrow is the polling day," said the man haltingly.

"All right—now scoot!," said Ramu, and slamming the door he toddled back to his payasam, little knowing that he had just spoken to one of my men.

A very cross and angry Ramu came out into the cold at 12 midnight to be again given the best wishes of Mr. Poodle by the second of the trio. This time he was positively wild.

"You—you scoundrels!," he shouted at the top of his voice, "waking me up like this a dozen times during the night—clear off! and tell that blinking ass ('ass' being Mr. Poodle) not to worry about my vote. Haven't I promised it to him? Does he take me for a liar?"

My man ran away chuckling to himself the plot was thickening.

The limit was reached at about 2 A. M. when he was again rudely jerked out of the arms of slumber by a voice loudly calling him at the gate. Ramu grabbed a candlestick and rushed out into the road making gesticulations, facial contortions, etc. in sufficient volume to prostrate a whole army with vertigo.

"Please, sir, Mr. Poodle sends his best wishes—" my man began to recite the formula, but he got no further.

"Send them to hades!" yelled the infuriated sufferer, "or bury them. I will be darned if I vote for that— —idiot. Trying to become a chairman—is he, the chicken-brained blighter? As for you—gargoyle—!" His aim was sure, but my man scooted.

The next day Ramu gave an open-vote in my favour, and Mr. Poodle went into a series of violent fits.

But you see everything is fair in love, war, and elections.

Sherlock Holmes in the Forest

by Samuel A. Gnanamuthu, II U. C.

IT was half past five when the beams of the evening sun gave the atmosphere a certain mild warmth which was certainly very inviting after a long drizzle throughout the day; every object on earth seemed to be in high spirits, basking in the evening sun. Seeing that the evening was unexpectedly pleasant I dressed up for a stroll and walked moodily along the road thinking upon my future.

I found that I had traversed the country and was entering the woods near two small hills. I imagined myself sallying forth as a detective,—the imagining was not difficult because of my intimate acquaintance with the detective novels—into the heart of the wood on the track of a criminal.

While I was thus tramping, my dreams were abruptly interrupted by the sudden appearance of a man from behind a big thorny bush. He had a sinister look and it appeared as if he would not shrink from any crime. He had a massive cudgel in his right hand, with which he carelessly brushed aside the bushes that got in his way, and a sharp well-polished scythe tucked under his left arm. I had not gone more than twenty yards when I heard a rough loud cry. "He is here.....He is here." After this cry was heard a swift rustle was audible, followed by a shout, "I'm coming!" This answer came from the direction in which the ruffian had gone. Now partly out of curiosity and partly out of a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen I rushed after him without minding any bush or stone or any other impediment on the way and found myself close on the heels of the ruffian. His white turban rising above the bushes served as my guide. At this moment I heard the same voice again urging the man to hurry. I managed to quicken my steps despite the encumbrances when unfortunately I was stopped by the appearance of a woman who urged on the man in a certain direction crying out in her shrill voice, "Kill him! at one blow! He is running fast. He has been giving a lot of trouble."

After shouting out this piece of information she ran in the direction of an adjacent hut probably unwilling to witness the forthcoming tragedy. With a palpitating heart I hurried on to prevent, if I could, any untoward

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE FOREST

happening. Being unarmed I thought I would be of little use but when I thought of the glory that would be mine if I were to stop this murder, I ran ahead with renewed energy and spirit fully determined to do all that was in my power.

Then I saw the man moving stealthily through the bushes. Seeing his cautious movement I also closely followed him, panting and gasping, placing my feet gently on the ground to avoid my presence being noticed. From bushes to hedges I crept forward. I saw the man spring forward and begin to beat something on the ground with his stick. I heard a short moaning sound at the first blow and I thought that the man had beaten his victim on the head and perhaps had killed him instantaneously, but yet I decided to do all I could to save the unhappy victim. So picking up two big stones I dashed forward like a lunatic. Imagine my mortification when I saw the man beat to death a big black mountain bandicoot!

நித்தியத் தமிழ்

1. உமிழ் திரைக் கடலின் நீரை
உலர்த்திடு மணலுமுண்டோ?
இமப் பெயாவரைகள் தன்னை
ஈர்த்திடு மிரம்பமுண்டோ?
நமனெனு மாக்கன்கைக்கு
நழுவிடு முயிருமுண்டோ?
தமிழினை யழிக்கவல்ல
தந்திர முலகிலுண்டோ?
2. என்றிவள் பிறந்தா னென்று
இமையவர் வியக்குந் தொன்மை,
தென்றலி னினிமைதன்னைத்
தேய்த்திடு மினிமை மென்மை,
குன்றதன் வலிமை போலக்
குவிந்திடும் பெருமை வன்மை,
இன்றல என்று முண்டு
இனியவட் கிறுதி யில்லை.
3. நாத்திகக் கும்பலொன்று
நந்தமிழ் மொழியின் தொன்மைச்
சாத்திர வடிவந் தன்னை
தகைத் தழுகத்தல் கண்டோம்,
நேத்திரம் கெட்ட செய்கை,
நிலைத்திடலரிது முற்றும்,
காத்திட ஒருவரின்றிக்
கலைத்தமிழ் மென்றும் நிற்கும்
4. செத்திடுந் தமிழதென்று
செப்புவர் தமிழான்று,
சித்திரத் தமிழைக் கொல்லச்
செகந்தனில் மனிதருண்டோ?

நித்தியத் தமிழ்

பித்தரின் பிதற்றல் பொய்ம்மை,
பிதற்றுவர் கயவர் பொய்யர்
புத்தியில்லசடர், தாங்கள்
புகல்வதைக் கேட்பதில்லை.

5. அன்னிய மொழி யொன்றிற்கும்,
அயல் மொழி மற்றொன்றிற்கும்
இன்னிசை யெழுப்பு மெங்கள்
இதத்தமிழ் என்று மெங்கும்
சென்னியை வளைத்திடாது
செருக் குடனின் றுலாவும்,
கன்னலினினியதெங்கள்
கனிதமிழ்க் காபத்திலலை!

“ சாலீவாஹனன் ”

On the Backwaters of the West-Coast

by C. K. Kesavan Nair, IV U. C.

IT was past nine at night.

Our boat was moving on the wavy surface of the Vempanad Lake. I was dozing or rather dreaming about the beauties of Malabar. Myself, a Trichinopolitan, was quite enamoured of the cool and refreshing breeze which began blowing from the beginning of my journey from Cochin—otherwise called “The Venice of the East”. When I was “dropped” from my native district into the West-Coast I thought that I was rising to some heaven. Before sunset we had entered the lake. It was a splendid sight to see young fisher women and even small boys rowing to their huts in the nearby cocoanut groves. At a distance were seen two or three canoes with their sails spread out. A young fisherman was singing some melodies in Malayalam.

All these scenes appeared before me as in a pleasant dream. The noise of something falling or shaking woke me up. I looked around anticipating an attack by some Lake-pirates of which my friends had previously warned me. But all was calm. The moon reflected in the silvery water presented the most enchanting spectacle.

I saw a black shadow moving at the farther end of the boat. The figure, holding the iron rails on that side of the boat, was looking ashore. I saw his face clearly in the moon light. It was a picture of distress and agony. I rushed to his side and I was just attempting to speak to him in a few Malayalam words which I had picked up from one of my friends at Cochin when a shrill and pathetic cry was heard from the shore. A splash!—that man had jumped into the water. The noise awoke almost all the passengers. One or two had jumped after him for his rescue and the boatmen were trying to turn the boat towards him. Within a few minutes the man was caught and safely brought back to the boat. In the meantime the cries from the shore grew louder and louder and we all determined to get down and to enquire into the matter.

The place from which those cries arose was a small hut on the bank of the lake. A few farmers and fishermen had assembled there demanding



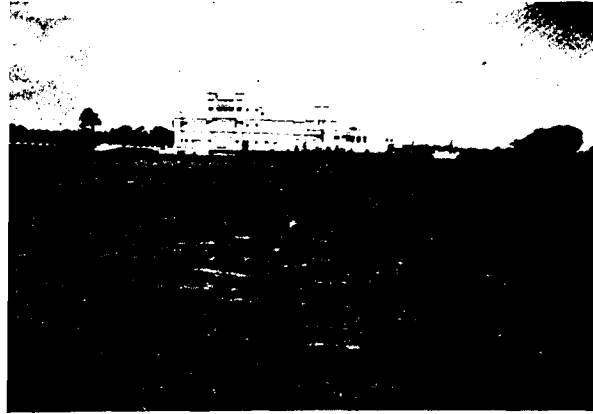
Riverside

(Photo by W.C. Krishnamurthy & M. Pandurangan, II U.C.)



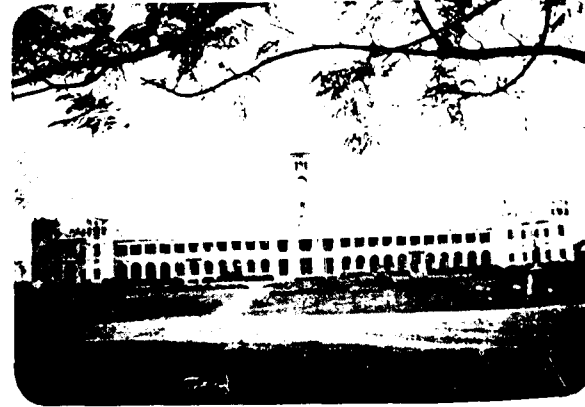
Fishing

(Photo by S. Kannan, I U. C.)



An Adyar Mansion

(Photo by S. Kannan, I U. C.)



V. S. Sastri Hall, Annamalai Nagar

(Photo by R. Kannan, 6 F. D.)



Lake and Bridge in Vellore

(Photo by S. Balasubramanian, II U. C.)

“காணாமற்போன வைரக்கல்”

வி. குமாரத்தனம்

“ரொம்ப ஒழுங்காயிருக்கே சமாச்சாரம். ஒவ்வொரு மாசமும் நான் ரும் வாடகையைக் கேட்க வரும்பொழுதெல்லாம் அடுத்த மாசம் தருகிறேன், அடுத்த மாசம் தருகிறேன் என்று சொல்லிக்கொண்டே வந்திருக்கிறீர். இந்த மாதிரி ஒன்பது மாச வாடகைப்பாக்கி இருக்கு. சரி இந்த மாசமாவது வாடகைப் பாக்கி எல்லாவற்றையும் தீர்ப்பிரென்று நினைத்தேன். ஆனால் இந்த மாசமும் அடுத்த மாசம் தரேன் என்றால் என்ன அர்த்தங்காணும். இன்னும் பத்து நாளைக்குள் வாடகைப் பாக்கிகளையெல்லாம் தீர்க்காவிட்டால், நீர் இந்த ருமை விட்டு வெளியேறவேண்டியதுதான். அதற்குமேல் பணத்தை வாங்க வேண்டிய வழியில் வாங்கிக்கொள்கிறேன்” என்று ருமின் சொந்தக்காரர் வெகு கோபத்துடன் பலமாக இரைந்துவிட்டுச் சென்றுவிட்டார். நான் என்ன செய்வதென்று அறியாமல் மிக்க வருத்தத்துடன் அப்படியே சாய்வு நாற்காலியில் சாய்ந்தேன்.

என் பெற்றோர் நான் பத்தாவது வகுப்பில் படிக்கும்போது ஒரு மோட்டார் விபத்தில் இறந்துவிட்டனர். எனக்கு நெருங்கிய சுற்றத்தார்கூட ஒருவரும் கிடையாது. பத்தாவது வகுப்பில் தேறிய பிறகு என் தகப்பனார் வைத்துவிட்டுச் சென்ற சொற்ப ஆஸ்தியைக்கொண்டு நான் டைப்ரைடிங் பரீட்சையில் தேறி ‘டைப்ரைடிங் மெஷின்’ ஒன்றும் வாங்கினேன். பிறகு தனியாக ஒரு ரூமில் நான்கு ரூபாய் வாடகைக்குக் குடிபுகுந்தேன். டைப் அடித்து அதிற் கிடைத்ததைக்கொண்டு ஜீவனம் நடத்துகிறேன். ஆனால் சில மாதங்களாக எனக்கு அதில் மிகக் குறைவாக வரும்படி கிடைத்ததால் என்னால் ரும் வாடகைக் கொடுக்க முடியாமற் போயிற்று. இதைத் தவிர ஹோட்டல் சாப்பாட்டுப் பாக்கி வேறு இருந்தது.

இந்தக் கடன்களையெல்லாம் பத்து நாளைக்குள் எப்படித் தீர்ப்பதென்று நான் யோசித்துக்கொண்டிருக்கும்போது “ஸார், தபால்” என்று தபால் காரன் என்னிடம் ஒரு கடிதத்தைக் கொடுத்துவிட்டுச் சென்றான். அதைப் பிரித்தேன். அதில் ஒரு கடிதமும் கல்யாணக்கடிதம் ஒன்றும் அதனுள் பத்து ரூபாய் நோட்டு ஒன்றும் இருந்தது. கடிதத்தைப் படிக்கலானேன்.

“காணுமற்போன வைரக்கல்”

சென்னை,
10-5-37.

பிரியமுள்ள கிட்டுவிற்கு,

என் தங்கைக்கு வரும் வெள்ளிக்கிழமைபன்று கல்யாணம் நடக்கப் போகிறபடியால் நீ கட்டாயம் திங்கட்கிழமைன்றே திருச்சியை விட்டுப் புறப்பட்டு இங்கு செவ்வாய்க் கிழமைபன்று வந்து சேரவும். இத்துடன் கல்யாணக் கடிதமும், உனக்கு ரயில் சார்ஜுக்கு பத்து ரூபாய் நோட்டு ஒன்றும் அனுப்பியிருக்கிறேன்.

இப்படிக்கு,
ராமு.

ராமுவும் நானும் பத்தாவது வகுப்பு வரையில் ஒன்றாகவே படித்த வந்தோம். மிகவும் நெருங்கிய சிநேகிதர்களாகவே இருந்தோம். அவன் தகப்பனார் கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி ஐயர் சென்னையில் ஒரு பிரபல வக்கீல். ராமு ரயில்வேயில் 200 ரூபாய் உத்தியோகமொன்று பார்த்துக்கொண்டு, சென்னையிலேயே இருந்தான். நான் மிகவும் எளிய நிலையில் இருக்கிறேன் என்று அறிந்தவனுடலால் அவன் எனக்கு ரயில் சார்ஜுக்கு பணம் அனுப்பியிருந்தான்.

அவன் எழுதியிருந்தபடியே திங்கட்கிழமை ராத்திரி ரயிலில் சென்னைக்குப் புறப்பட்டேன். ராமு ஸ்டேஷனுக்கு வந்து என்னை அவன் வீட்டிற்கு அழைத்துச் சென்றான். அநேகமாக எல்லா பந்துக்களும் சிநேகிதர்களும் வருவார்களென்றும் கல்யாணம் சிறப்பாக நடக்கும் என்றும் தான் எதிர்பார்ப்பதாகக் கூறினான். “ரெங்கு சிங்கப்பூரிலிருந்து ஒரு வாரத்துக்கு முன் இங்கு வந்திருக்கான். அந்த சமாசாரம் உனக்குத் தெரியுமோ?” எனத் திரென்று ராமு என்னைக் கேட்டான்.

இதைக் கேட்டதும் எனக்கு ‘பகீர்’ என்றது. ரெங்கு ராமுவின் மைத்துனன். சிறு வயது முதல் ஒரு பெரிய காலிப் பையனாக விளங்கினவன். படிப்பு ஏறாததால் அவன் தகப்பனார் அவனுக்குப் படிப்பையும் நிறுத்திவிட்டார். சமயம் பார்த்து ஒருவருக்கும் தெரியாமல் வீட்டிலிருந்து ரூபாய்களைத் திருடிச் செலவழிப்பதில் கெட்டிக்காரன். இரண்டு வருஷங்களுக்கு முன் அவனை அவன் தகப்பனாரும் ராமுவும் அவன் செய்கைகளைக் கண்டு மிகவும் கடுமையாகக் கோபித்துக்கொண்டார்கள். அதனால் அவன் கோபித்துக் கொண்டு வீட்டிலிருந்து 750 ரூபாய் திருடிக்கொண்டு சிங்கப்பூருக்கு ஓடிப் போய்விட்டான். பிறகு அங்கிருந்து தான் ஒரு வேலையில் அமர்ந்திருப்பதாக

“காணுமற்போன வைரக்கல்”

ஒரு கடிதம் எழுதியிருந்தான். கல்யாணத்தில் ஏதாவது விஷமம் செய்வானோ என்று எனக்கிருந்த பயத்தை ராமுவிடம் வெளிப்படுத்தினேன். ஆனால் அவன் மிகவும் மாறுதல் அடைந்தவனாகக் காணப்படுவதாக ராமு கூறினான்.

மாப்பிள்ளையாக வரப்போகும் ஷங்கரை எனக்கு ராமு அறிமுகப்படுத்தி வைத்தான். ஷங்கருக்கு வயது இருபத்தாறு இருக்கும். அவன் தகப்பனார் மூன்று வருஷங்களுக்கு முன் தன் ஒரே பிள்ளையாகிய அவனுக்கு ஏராளமான ஆஸ்தியை வைத்துவிட்டு இறந்தார். சமீபத்தில்தான் சென்னையில் வக்கீல் தொழிலை ஷங்கர் மேற்கொண்டதாக அறிந்தேன்.

கல்யாணத்திற்கு இன்னும் இரண்டு நாட்கள் இருந்ததால் பந்துக்களில் வெகு சிலர்தான் வந்திருந்தார்கள். ஆகையால் செவ்வாய்க் கிழமைபன்று முக்யமாக நான், ராமு, ராமுவின் பெற்றோர், தங்கை, மனைவி, ரெங்கு, ஷங்கர், அவன் தாயார், நான்கு சிநேகிதர்கள் இவ்வளவு பேர்தான் இருந்தோம். இதைத்தவிர ஷங்கர் வீட்டைச் சார்ந்த ஏழுமட்டு உறவினர்களும் வந்திருந்தார்கள்.

அன்றிரவு சாப்பாடான பிறகு புருஷர்களெல்லோரும் வீட்டின் நடுக் கூடத்தில் உட்கார்ந்து பேச ஆரம்பித்தோம். ஸ்திரீகள் ஒரு தனி அறையில் உட்கார்ந்து பேசிக்கொண்டிருந்தனர். நாங்கள் சுமார் ஒரு அரைமணி பேசியிருப்போம். அப்பொழுது கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி ஐயர் ஏதோ நினைத்துக்கொண்டவர்போல் திரென்று அங்கிருந்து எழுந்து ஒரு அறையின் உள் சென்று சிறிது நேரத்தில் திரும்பி வந்தார்.

அவர் கையில் கண்ணைக் கூசுமாறு அவ்வளவு பிரகாசத்துடன் கூடிய ஒரு வைரக்கல் காணப்பட்டது. எங்கள் கண்களெல்லாம் அந்த வைரக்கல்லை நோக்கியே சென்றன. சுமார் 300 வருஷங்களுக்கு முன் சரித்திர சம்பந்தமான ஒரு பெரிய கோவிலிலுள்ள காளியின் கண்களில் ஒன்றில் அது இருந்ததாகவும் அது எப்படியோ தன் பாட்டனாருக்கு கிடைத்ததாகவும் இப்பொழுது அது தன் வசத்தில் இருப்பதாகவும் அவர் சொன்னார். அது மிகவும் விலையுயர்ந்த வைரமாகக் காணப்பட்டது.

நாங்கள் ஒவ்வொருவராக அதை வாங்கி வெகு ஆவலுடன் பார்க்க ஆரம்பித்தோம். இதற்குள் எங்கள் சம்பாஷணை வைரக்கற்களைப்பற்றியும் சரித்திர சம்பந்தமான கோயில்களைப்பற்றியும் மாறியது. இப்படியே வெகு

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நோம் பேசிக்கொண்டிருந்தோம். பிறகு மணி பத்தரை ஆகிவிட்டபடியால் எல்லோரும் படுக்கப்போவதற்காக எழுந்திருக்கலானோம்.

அப்பொழுது ராமுவின் தகப்பனர் “வைரக்கல் யாரிடமிருக்கிறது? திருப்பிக் கொடுங்கள். நான் அதை உள்ளே கொண்டிபோய் வைக்கவேண்டும்” என்றார். எல்லோரும் ஒருவரைப் பார்த்து ஒருவர் விழித்தோம். ஆனால் வைரக்கல் ஒருவரிடமிருந்தும் வரவில்லை. முதலில் யாரோ விளையாட்டிற்காக அதை எடுத்து ஒளித்துவைத்துக்கொண்டிருக்கிறார் என்று நினைக்கவேண்டியிருந்தது. ஆனால் சுமார் பதினைந்து நிமிஷம் ஆன பிறகும் கூட வைரக்கல் ஒருவரிடமிருந்தும் வரவில்லை.

ஆகையால் எங்களில் யாரோ ஒருவர் தைரியமாக வேண்டுமென்றே அதைத் திருடிக்கொண்டார். அவர் யார்? அது யாருடைய கையில் கடைசிபாக இருந்தது? அந்தக் கை அதை எங்கே ஒளித்துவைத்திருக்கிறது?

கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி ஐயருக்கு ரொங்குவினமேல் மிக்க சந்தேகம் தோன்றியதாகப் புலப்பட்டது. அவர் வெகு கோபத்துடன் காணப்பட்டார். அப்பொழுது அவர் முகத்தில் கடுகைப் போட்டால்கூட வெடித்திருக்கும். அவ்வளவு தூரம் முகம் கோபத்தால் சிவந்துவிட்டது. அதைப் பார்த்து நான் ரொம்பவும் பயந்துபோனேன்.

பிறகு ஒரு முடிவிற்கு வந்தவராய் அவர், “நாம் பேசிக்கொண்டிருக்கும் பொழுது கூடத்திற்குள் ஒருவரும் வரவில்லை. கூடத்திலிருந்து ஒருவரும் என்னைத்தவிர வெளியே போகவுமில்லை. ஆகையால் நம்முள் ஒருவரிடம் தான் அந்த வைரக்கல் இருக்கிறது. ஆகையால் நான் ஒவ்வொருவரையும் உச்சிமுதல் உள்ளங்கால் வரையில் சோதிக்கப்போகிறேன்” என்றார்.

இதைக்கேட்ட ஷங்கரின் முகத்தில் மிகவும் அசடு வழிந்தது. முகத்தில் சஞ்சலக்குறிகள் வேறு அதிகமாகக் காணப்பட்டன. “என்னையும் எதற்காக சோதிக்கவேண்டும். என்னை சோதிப்பதால் என்னையும் சந்தேகிப்பதாக வல்லவோ தோன்றுகிறது. மாப்பிள்ளையாக வரப்போகும் என்னை சோதிப்பது துளிகூட அழகாயில்லை. பாக்கிப்பேரை சோதிப்பதுபற்றி நான் ஆட்சேபிக்க வில்லை. ஆனால் என்னைச் சோதிப்பது ஒழுங்கற்ற முறையாகும். நான் இதற்கு ஒரு நாளும் சம்மதிக்கமாட்டேன்” என்று ஷங்கர் சஞ்சலம் அதிகரிக்கப் பரபரப்புடன் சொன்னான்.

“அட்டடா! நான் உன்னை சிறிதுகூட சந்தேகிக்கவில்லையே. ஏன் இவ்வளவு தூரம் மனவருத்தம் அடைந்துவிட்டாய். நீ அதை எடுத்திருக்கமாட்

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டாய் என்று நிச்சயமாய் எனக்குத் தெரியும். அதேபோல் இங்குள்ள சிலர் எடுத்திருக்கமாட்டார்களென்று நான் நம்புகிறேன். இருந்தாலும் சிலரை விட்டுவிட்டுச் சிலரைமட்டும் சோதித்தால் அது நன்றாயிருக்காது. அதனால் தான் ஒவ்வொருவரையும் உச்சிமுதல் உள்ளங்கால் வரையில் சோதிக்கப் போகிறேன் என்றேன். நீ அதை தப்பாக எடுத்துக்கொண்டு விடுவாய் என்று நான் நினைக்கவேயில்லை. இருந்தாலும் நீ சொல்வதுபோல் உன்னையும் சோதிப்பது பொருத்தமில்லை. ஆகையால் நான் உன்னை சோதிக்கவில்லை. இதற்காக நீ வருத்தப்படவேண்டாம்” என்று கோபம் மிகவும் தணிந்தவராய் ஷங்கரைப் பார்த்து வெகு பணிவாகக்கூறினர்.

இதைக்கேட்ட ஷங்கர் முகமலர்ச்சியடைந்தான். பிறகு ராமுவின் தகப்பனர் அங்குள்ள மற்ற எல்லோரையும், என்னையும் சேர்த்து, உச்சிமுதல் உள்ளங்கால் வரையில் சோதித்தார். முகப்பமாக ரொங்கு இரண்டு மூன்று தடவை சோதிக்கப்பட்டான். அவர் சோதித்ததினிருந்து அது ஒருவரிடமும் இல்லையென்று அறிந்துகொண்டார். பிறகு மிக்க வருத்தத்துடன் தன் அறைக்குச் சென்றுவிட்டார்.

பிறகு நாங்களெல்லோரும் படுத்துக்கொள்ளச் சென்றோம். எனக்கு ஷங்கரிடம் ஏதோ மர்மம் இருப்பதாகத் தோன்றியது. இல்லாவிடில் ஏன் அவன் எல்லோரையும் ராமுவின் தகப்பனர் சோதிக்கப்போகிறார் என்று கேட்டதும் சஞ்சலப்படவேண்டும்? பிறகு அவர் அவனைச் சோதிக்கப்போவதில்லை என்று தெரிந்தவுடன் முகமலர்ச்சி அடையவேண்டும்? ஆகையால் இந்த இரகசியத்தை மறுநாள் மாலைக்குள் கண்டுபிடிக்கவேண்டுமென்று முடிவு செய்துகொண்டேன்.

அடுத்தநாள் காலை எழுந்திருந்ததும் ஷங்கரின் ரூமிற்குச் சென்றேன். அப்பொழுது ஷங்கர் அவன் அறையில் காணப்படவில்லை. பல்விளக்க பின் கட்டிற்குச் சென்றிருந்தான். அவன் வரவை எதிர்பார்த்துக்கொண்டு அங்குள்ள நாற்காலியொன்றில் உட்கார்ந்தேன். உட்கார்ந்ததும் என் எதிரேயுள்ள மேஜையின்மீது ஒரு சிறு நகைப்பெட்டி இருப்பதைப் பார்த்தேன். உடனே எழுந்து அச்சிறு நகைப்பெட்டியை எடுத்து அதைத் திறந்தேன். திறந்த நான் அப்படியே ஸ்தம்பித்துவிட்டேன். ஆ! என்ன ஆச்சர்யம். ஆம் காணாமற்போன வைரக்கல்தான் அதனுள் இருந்தது. அதே வைரக்கல்தான்; அதற்கு ஒரு சந்தேகமும் இல்லை.

அப்பொழுது ஷங்கர் அறையின் உள் பிரவேசித்தான். உள்ளே வந்தவன், அப்பெட்டியைத் திறந்து அந்த வைரக்கல்லை நான் பார்த்துக்கொண்டிருப்பதைக்

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கண்டதும் என்னை ஒருமுறை ஏற இறங்கப் பார்த்தான். பிறகு “நீ இதை நேற்றுத் தவறிப்போன வைரக்கல் என்று தானே நினைக்கிறாய்?” என்றான். “அப்படியானால் இது வேறு?” என்றேன்.

“ஆம் இது வேறுதான். இதை நேற்று எல்லோரிடமும் காண்பிக்க வேண்டுமென்று ஆவல்கொண்டு என் ஷர்ட் பாக்டெட்டில் வைத்துக்கொண்டிருந்தேன். ராமுவின் தகப்பனார் அந்த வைரக்கல்லைக் கொண்டுவந்து காண்பித்ததும் அந்த வைரம் என்னிடமிருந்த வைரக்கல்லைப் போலவே இருப்பதைக் கண்டு ஆச்சர்யமடைந்தேன். ஆனால் அவர் அது சரித்திர சம்பந்தமாக ஒரு பெரிய கோவிலிலுள்ள காளியின் கண்களில் இருந்ததாகக் கூறியதும், என்னுடையதும் அதே காளியின் மற்றொரு கண்ணில் இருந்திருக்கவேண்டுமென்று ஊகித்தேன். ஏனென்றால் என் தகப்பனார் என்னிடம் இந்த வைரக்கல் காளியின் கண்களில் ஒன்றில் இருந்ததாகக் கூறியிருக்கின்றார். எனக்கு என்னிடமிருந்த வைரக்கல்லை அப்பொழுது காண்பிக்காமல் எல்லோரும் எழுந்திருந்து போகும் சமயத்தில் கடைசியில் எல்லோரும் ஆச்சர்யப்படும்படி காண்பிக்க வேண்டுமென்று தோன்றியது. ஆனால் அதற்குள் அவரது வைரம் தவறிப்போய் விட்டது. ஆகையால் அந்த சமயத்தில் என்னிடமிருந்த வைரக்கல்லை எல்லோரும் பார்த்தால் அது ராமுவின் தகப்பனருடையது என்றே நினைப்பர். அவர் என்மேல் தப்பிப்பிராயம் கொள்ளாவிட்டாலும் பாக்கிப்பேர் கொள்வர். அதனால்தான் என்னை சோதிக்கவேண்டாமென்று சொன்னேன்” என்று விரிவாகச் சொன்னான்.

நான் அவன் சொல்வதையெல்லாம் வெகு ஸ்வாஸ்யமாகக் கேட்டேன். எனக்கு அவன் சொல்வது உண்மைதான் என்று புலப்பட்டது. பிறகு நாங்கள் இருவரும் காப்பி சாப்பிட கூடத்திற்கு வந்தோம். கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி ஐயர் அங்கே காணப்பட்டார். எங்களைப் பார்த்ததும், “கிட்டு, ரெங்கு வீட்டை விட்டு ஓடிவிட்டான். விடியற்காலை நான்கு மணி சுமாருக்கே எழுந்து ஓடிப் போயிருக்கான் என்று தோன்றுகிறது. அவன்தான் அந்த வைரக்கல்லைத் திருடிச் சாமர்த்தியமாக ஒளித்துக்கொண்டு போயிருக்கவேண்டும். இல்லாவிட்டால் ஏன் வீட்டைவிட்டு ஓடிப்போகிறான்?” என்றார்.

எனக்கும் ஷங்கருக்கும் இந்த சமாச்சாரம் மிகவும் ஆச்சர்யத்தை விளைவித்தது. பிறகு ஷங்கர் தன்னை முதல் நாள் ஏன் சோதிக்கவிடவில்லை என்று என்னிடம் விரிவாகச் சொன்னதுபோல் அவரிடமும் விரிவாகச் சொன்னான். இதைக்கேட்டதும் அவர் “என்னவாயிருந்தாலும் நேற்றே இதை என்னிடம்

“காணுமற்போன வைரக்கல்”

‘சொல்லியிருக்கக்கூடாதோ?’ என்றார். பிறகு அவனிடமிருந்த வைரக்கல்லை வெகு ஆச்சர்யத்துடன் வாங்கிப் பார்த்தார்.

ரெங்குதான் அந்த வைரக்கல்லை எடுத்திருக்கவேண்டுமென்று தீர்மானித்தோம். அவனை அன்று முழுவதும் பட்டணத்தில் தேடினோம். அன்று முழுவதும் தேடியும் அவன் அகப்படவில்லை. ஆகையால் அவனைத் தேடும் பிரயாசையை கைவிடவேண்டியதாயிற்று.

வெள்ளிக்கிழமையும் வந்தது. கல்யாணமும் வெகு சிறப்பாக நடந்தது. அன்று பந்துக்களும் சினேகிதர்களும் ஏராளமாக வந்திருந்தனர். கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி ஐயர் வைரக்கல் கெட்டுப்போய்விட்டாலும் வெகு சந்தோஷத்துடன் காணப்பட்டார். இவ்வளவு விமரிசையாகக் கல்யாணம் நடந்ததை நான் பார்த்ததே இல்லை.

கல்யாணம் முடிந்ததும் ஊர்வந்து சேர்ந்தேன். பிறகு ஒரு மாதம் கழித்து எனக்குச் சிங்கப்பூரிலிருந்து ஒரு கடிதம் வந்தது. அதைப் பிரித்துப் பார்த்ததில் அது ரெங்குவால் எழுதப்பட்ட கடிதம் எனத் தெரியவந்தது. அதில் ரெங்கு உண்மையில் தான் அந்த வைரக்கல்லைத் திருடவில்லை என்றும், ராமுவின் தகப்பனார் தன்னை மிகவும் சந்தேகித்து இரண்டு மூன்று தடவை சோதித்ததால் மன வருத்தமடைந்து தான் அவ்விட்டை விட்டு வெளியேறி சிங்கப்பூருக்குப் பழையபடி சென்றுவிட்டதாகவும், தான் மிகவும் ஒழுங்கான வாழ்க்கையை நடத்துவதாகவும் எழுதியிருந்தான்.

எனக்கு அந்தக் கடிதம் ஒரு ஆச்சர்யத்தையும் உண்டுபண்ணவில்லை. அந்த வைரக்கல்லை அவன் எடுக்காவிட்டால் பின் யார்தான் எடுத்திருப்பார்களென்று நான் யோசனை பண்ணுவயில்லை. எது எப்படிப் போனாலென்ன? ரூமின் சொந்தக்காரர் கூறியபடி பத்து நாளைக்குள் வாடகைப்பாக்கி எல்லா வற்றையும் கட்ட முடிந்தது. ஹோட்டல் சாப்பாட்டுப் பாக்கியையும் தீர்த்து விட்டேன்.

ஆனால் ஒன்றும்பட்டும் சொல்லுகிறேன். என்னுடைய மணிப்பர்சில் ஒரு வருக்கும் தெரியாமல் சாமானை ஒளிப்பதற்கு ஒரு இரகசிய இடம் ஒன்று இருக்கிறது. அதை என்னைத் தவிர ஒருவராலும் திறக்கமுடியாது. ஒருவரும் அது இருப்பதைக் கண்டுபிடிக்கவும் முடியாது.

The Lost Chance

by C. S. Srinivasan, I U. C.

MR. Sankararaman, M. A., the lecturer in Mathematics, was really very much jaded when he returned home every evening. It was because of the trouble he took to exchange his intelligence for the money paid to him. He desired that all the students of his class should understand him very well. So, he would ask them, frequently, "Understand?"

Nagu of the I U. C., and pupil of the above-mentioned lecturer, was almost disgusted with College life. When he was a schoolboy he used to say to his friends, "College life is better than this troublesome life or any other!" Why should he now begin to hate it? "Will Sine A and Cosine A help me in any way in my life?" he would ask. Mr. Sankararaman had tried his best to make him understand that the study of Trigonometry, Physics etc. is only to train men's minds to hard work and not to help him in any way in life, but all in vain.

There the class begins! Mr. Sankararaman is going on with his lecture. Suddenly he stops and asks Nagu, "What is $\sin(A+B)$?" Nagu the poor fellow to whom almost all the questions were put, stands up and murmurs, " $\sin(A+B)!$ $\sin(A+B)!!$ Is equal to $\cos A \cos B - \tan A \tan B!$ " At once all the boys and the merciless lecturer laugh at him. So, it is plain that Nagu's difficulties were caused only by Mathematics.

Why could he not change this subject and take instead another one? It was the second term. Only a few days remained for the December examination. Moreover another subject may turn out to be as hard as any other subject. Even Nagu realised that.

Now, Nagu's father, a government officer, was transferred on the day on which Nagu's examination ended. He decided to take his son with him. But Nagu was only half-satisfied. He would have no fear of Mr. Sankararaman; but the subject would not leave him. Moreover, he did not wish to go away without some revenge for the cruelties caused by Mr. Sankararaman. He hit upon a good plan at last and wrote a letter:

THE LOST CHANCE

To
MR. SANKARARAMAN, M.A.,
Lecturer in Mathematics.

DEAR SIR,

How can I any longer put up with your cruelty to me in the Mathematics classes? Surely, God does not wish it. And so it is that I am going to continue my studies at B-College.

Your cruelly-treated pupil,
NAGU.

He decided to go straight to his Lecturer, the next day, give him the letter and speaking not even a single word to him, to return home. The important day dawned at last. Nagu decided to go to the Lecturer and hand over the letter to him when he had finished his morning routine of work. But before he could do so the post-man entered his room and gave him a letter. In a hurry, he tore open the envelope.

To
NAGU,
No. 100, I U. C.

DEAR FRIEND,

You must have known from your comrades of my sudden departure from the College. I have been transferred as lecturer in Mathematics to the town to which I hear your father has been transferred. Read your lessons carefully hereafter so as to escape being shamed by the lecturer.

Yours lovingly,
SANKARARAMAN.

Nagu felt as if he were stung by hundreds of snakes. He had missed his chance and the lecturer would not let him off easily.

Suddenly a voice broke out, "Wake him up!" It was Mr. Sankararaman's voice. Nagu's neighbour awakened him. Nagu found that he had been dreaming. All of a sudden, the lecturer asked Nagu, who was rubbing his eyes, "What is $\tan(A+B)$?"

On Talking Pictures

by C. S. Rajagopal, II U. C.

LET us have a peep into the complicated mechanism of talking pictures. We are familiar with the moving ones and the marvellous achievement of the last decade by the famous Alva Edison which brought pleasure to millions and employment to thousands. The principle of the talkie, though simple, engaged the attention of various scientists for a number of years before it could reach its present high standard of perfection.

The "talking film" is taken side by side with the "movie film." The stage is set where the artist sings, multitudinous lights are focussed on the stage and there is a cinecamera which records the "optical picture." In addition to this a microphone which is sensitive to the least sound produced is also set up. This microphone circuit consists of a battery, a lamp and the microphone. When the sound waves from the stage strike the microphone, the diaphragm vibrates, displacing the carbon granules within, the amount of displacement always changing according to the sound which the artist emits. This continuous variation in the position of the carbon granules causes a variation in the effective resistance of the circuit. Hence there is a continuous variation of the current in the circuit, and therefore the lamp gives out light of variable intensity. This is evidently due to the different "sounds" which the artist makes. This light of variable intensity is made to pass through a slit. The narrow beam that is obtained is made to fall on a film rotating at a constant high speed. Thus we obtain a record of the varying light which is entirely dependent on the quality, amplitude, frequency etc. of the music and conversation of the stage. Such is the recording process.

The arrangement for reproduction is more or less the reverse of the arrangement for recording. Light from a high power incandescent lamp is made to pass through a narrow slit similar to the one used for recording. This narrow beam of light falls on the speech record which runs side by side with the picture film. Both these rotate at the same high speed. The light coming out of the sound film (sound track) is evidently of changing intensity depending on the sound previously produced. This varying light is quite similar to the one obtained during the production of the sound. This falls on a "Photo Electric Cell."

ON TALKING PICTURES

The "Photo Electric Cell" is a means by which we can convert light energy into electrical energy. The number of electrons that are emitted from the plate of the cell depends upon the intensity of light that falls on the plate. If the intensity of light falling on the plate, which is usually coated with "selenium," is great, the electrons on the plate acquire very great energy and are knocked out of the plate. If there is a motion of electrons there is current. So the current will be great if the intensity of light falling on the plate of the "Photo Electric Cell" is great. In our case we get a varying current from the "Photo Electric Cell" since the light coming out of the "sound track" is of varying intensity. This varying current is linked up with a telephone receiver or a loud speaker and transformed into sound. The disc in the telephone is attracted or repelled as the case may be, producing vibrations in air corresponding to the current from the "Photo Electric Cell". As we have seen, this varying current is ultimately determined by the mechanical vibrations of the diaphragm due to the impinging of sound from the artist.

My Favourite Subject

by C. Kumaran Moosad, I U. C.

IT is natural for every son of Adam to have his own likes and dislikes. Even the great men of yore were not free from it. They are wrong only when they take deep roots and develop into blind and bitter prejudices. If such giants of reason and judgement have had their preferences why cannot an unfledged student have his own partiality for certain subjects?

Chemistry is my favourite subject. I had from the very beginning, and I still retain a special liking for and a keen interest in chemical science. I know a good many of my classmates who feel thoroughly disgusted with the innumerable formulae and long chains of complex equations. The various chemical reactions and the difficulty in mastering them bind me more and more firmly to it. I love it partly for its own sake and partly for the revolutionary wonders it has wrought in the field of industry and medicine.

Chemical science is the handmaid of many industries such as dyeing industry, artificial silk manufacture and metallurgy. For a successful course in agricultural, medical and veterinary Colleges a deep and practical knowledge of chemistry is indeed indispensable. Of course, the study of chemistry has been lamentably misused in the production of many destructive elements. But anyhow it is not the knife that is to be blamed for a reckless man's stabbing his brother instead of cutting down the obnoxious weeds in his garden. Man has by his mighty intelligence conquered the mysteries of nature but in his struggle to assert his supremacy he has lost control of the devil in him.

But the services which chemical science has rendered to any one branch of human activity have far outweighed the havoc it has done in the field of war. The application of chemistry to agriculture deserves special mention. When coal is heated for the production of coal gas ammonium sulphate is obtained as a bye-product. That this compound is a rich manure was discovered by scientists; for nitrogen is indispensable for the nourishment of plants. Nitrate, especially Chile Salt Petre, has been found the only easily assimilable nitrogenous food for plants and the nitrifying bacteria in the soil convert ammonium salt into a nitrate. It is not possible, however, to produce ammonium sulphate from coal to meet the enormous demand for nitrogen by the entire vegetable kingdom.

MY FAVOURITE SUBJECT

Hence chemists sought new devices for converting atmospheric nitrogen into nitrates. In Norway for instance large quantities of nitrates are made out of the inexhaustible source of nitrogen of air. For the conversion of the free nitrogen into nitrate, electricity is necessary and Norway, rich in hydroelectric power, naturally enjoys a decided advantage in this over other countries.

"The applications of chemistry in modern life are innumerable and the laboratory is in many cases an essential part of the factory—its brains in fact," says Mr. J. C. Philip. Chemists have succeeded in preparing many beautiful and useful substances from what were considered as waste material. Formerly, coaltar, a bye-product in the manufacture of coal gas, was looked down upon as one such. It was given gratis to any man who took the pains to remove it from the place of production. As a result of scientific research, aniline, a beautiful dye, was extracted from it. Thus apparently worthless and unpromising substances undergo a complete metamorphosis in the hands of the chemists and come out as the daily requisites of fashionable society. Nowadays coaltar is used to prepare such useful materials as perfumes, anaesthetics, photographic reagents etc.

Chemists have managed to prepare many hydrocarbons synthetically. Artificial sugar has been manufactured in like manner but so far this industry has not been developed to such an extent as to compete with canesugar. Artificial dye has taken the place of indigo. When Formosa, the island noted for camphor, fell into the hands of Japanese, they kept the production of camphor as State monopoly. Eminent scientists set to work to find out a way of producing it chemically. They succeeded so well that camphor, used for household and medical purposes, and for making celluloid, useful in the manufacture of toys and combs, is now made from turpentine. Similarly they have discovered that rubber too can be made synthetically. Above all, the modern alchemists have succeeded in converting worthless charcoal into diamonds and aluminium into bright rubies.

In this short account I have tried to bring out only a few instances in which chemistry has been of invaluable service to humanity. To give an exhaustive account of the achievements of progressive alchemy is not within the reach of this modest article. True it is that chemistry has produced nitroglycerine and mustard gas. But among a myriad of benefits, a few mischiefs can be tolerated.

Literature in Chemistry

by K. C. Rangaswamy, II U. C.

MR. R. Indran thought that he was born for literature. He imagined himself to be a very great scholar and master of a flowing style. He thought that words, idioms and phrases were at his beck and call and that he could command them whenever he wanted. He dreamed of taking up Literature Honours even when he had just begun his Intermediate. It was almost shocking to him to see that he had still two full years of slavery to Mathematics and Science before he could exhibit his extraordinary knowledge of English literature. Really he had good command of English, though not to the extent he assumed.

His father had compelled him to take up the first group in his Intermediate. Apart from English, he wanted to show his ability in the sciences also. Mathematics was the very devil to him. He cursed 'the dirty subject,' as he called it, and could not rest unless he heaped ridicule on poor Mathematics and poorer Mathematics professors. Next he condemned Physics, as it too gave him no chance to write his fine sentences running like flowing water. He felt friendlier towards chemistry which afforded him some consolation. He thought that in describing the properties of substances he could introduce his fine writing.

One of the questions in a class examination was this: "Explain how you would identify three jars containing oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen so as to label them correctly?" To this, the Chemistry professor got the following answer from our Indran:

"When a glowing splinter gets a chance of peeping into a jar of friendly oxygen, goodness, what a brilliance! what a luminosity! The splinter becomes radiant all of a sudden. Our eyes are almost blinded to see this sudden wonder. And if we cannot bear to see such a sparkling flame which is nothing compared to the brightness of God, how shall we, mortal men, hope to see God in front of us?.....

But the naughty Nitrogen is quite different from oxygen. The brightness of the burning splinter fades and breathes its last. There is darkness in the heart of a murderer. As for the splinter, it may be compared to

LITERATURE IN CHEMISTRY

a man who falls into bad company. His little virtue fades and disappears in darkness.

Hydrogen too gets a topping place in my bad books. Cruelty combined with faithlessness is the badge of its tribe. For, neither does it support the guest, nor itself. The splinter is given a very cold welcome and put out straight way. But the gas wakes up and finds itself famous. The little glow of the splinter is stolen and exploited unscrupulously by the gas which becomes a millionaire the very next moment. But it has to pay for its wickedness. In the midst of its joy it finds itself exhausted like a spendthrift, and waster; in a short time it expires with a moan. No pains no gains. God helps only those who help themselves."

Some Common-Sense Riddles

by S. M. Albert, IV U. C.

I. How to choose ten weights which will enable one to weigh any amount from 1 to 10,000 visces (both weights inclusively) at a single weighing?

II. How to pack one thousand rupees in ten bags in such a way that any amount demanded might be made up without opening the sealed bags?

III. Three English boys and three French boys went on a journey. Every one of the English boys had for his friend one French boy. Thus they formed three pairs of friends. On their way they had to cross a stream in a boat which could take only two at a time. They all knew how to steer the boat. But the French boys refused to sail with the English boys who were not their friends, and also refused to be in the company of the English boys either in the first bank, or in the second bank, unless each boy's friend was with him. How will they cross?

IV. A man with some fruits has to cross seven gates at each of which he should give half of his fruits to the gate keeper and get back one fruit. If he had two fruits after crossing the seven gates what was the original number of the fruits?

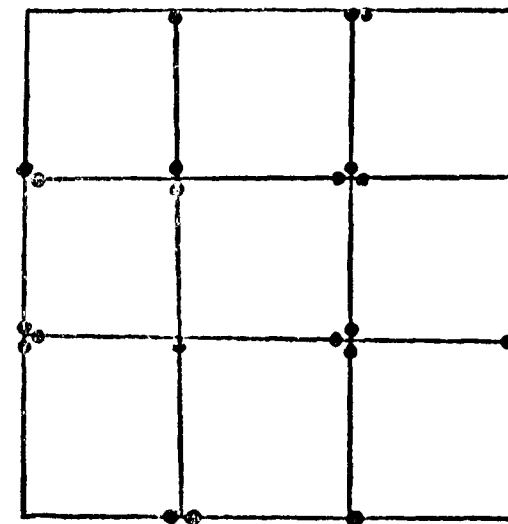
V. How would you plant twenty trees in a garden in ten straight rows each row containing four trees?

VI. How would you find what day of the week is a given date in any year of the Christian era? You should not reckon it from any date the day for which you know already.

VII. A king who had some pearls gave one pearl and $\frac{1}{8}$ of the remaining to his first daughter, and two pearls of the remaining and $\frac{1}{8}$ of the still remaining to the second, and 3 of the remaining and $\frac{1}{8}$ of the rest to his third daughter and so on. When he had finished giving the pearls to each daughter according to this scheme there was no remainder. Also the number of pearls that each girl got was equal to the number of pearls. Find the number of pearls.

SOME COMMON-SENSE RIDDLES

VIII. The figure below is formed by twenty-four match-sticks. Remove six matches and form three squares.



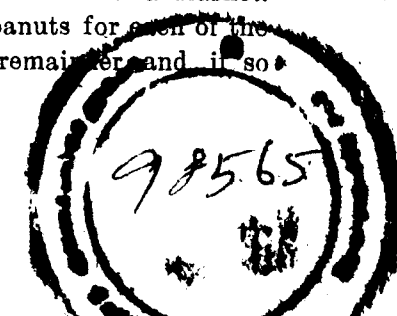
IX. In a class there were 41 boys of which Raghu and Mani were two. The students decided to choose their prefect and sub-prefect by a system of numerical elimination. So they were arranged in a circle and every third boy was eliminated. Raghu and Mani became the prefect and the sub-prefect. How was it done?

X. A king who was pleased with a courtier asked him to choose a reward. The prudent man asked the king to place in the 64 cells of a chess-board one grain of paddy for the first cell; 2 for 2; 4 for the third cell; 8 for the fourth cell and so on. Can you give an idea as to the volume of paddy which was needed?

XI. How will you divide one rupee between the sons of a farmer such that the difference might be an anna?

XII. Two boys were born on two consecutive days; but the day succeeding the 9th birthday of the first boy was the 2nd birthday of the second boy. How was this possible?

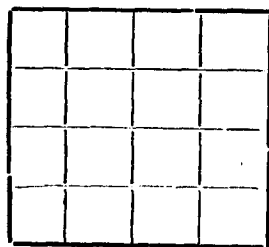
XIII. Two carts each containing 100 cocoanuts were taken to a market. One cocoanut is to be given for each cartload of cocoanuts for each of the 100 toll-gates which were on the way. Is there any remainder and if so how many?



745.1, 2172, 234

SOME COMMON-SENSE RIDDLES

XIV.



it is overturned i.e. reversed.

How will you fill up the 16 cells of this square with various numbers such that all the horizontals, verticals and the diagonals give the same sum of 179 whether it is taken as it is or whether

ANSWERS

I. The 10 weights are:—

1, 3, 9, 27, 81, 243, 729, 2187, 6561, 159.

By placing these weights in the two pans and adjusting we may weigh any weight.

*Example:—*Let us weigh 9181 viss in a single weighing.

$$6561 + 2187 + 729 + 27 + 1 = 9181 + 243 + 81.$$

Now place the weights 6561, 2187, 729, 27 and 1 in one pan and place 243 and 81 in another pan and thus weigh the required amount i.e. 9181 visses. In like manner any amount can be weighed.

II. 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 489 rupees in each bag. We can add up any number by these 10 numbers and thus we can supply any amount without opening the bags.

III. Let X, Y, Z be the English boys and P, Q, R the French boys. Thus X, P; Y, Q; Z, R; are the pairs.

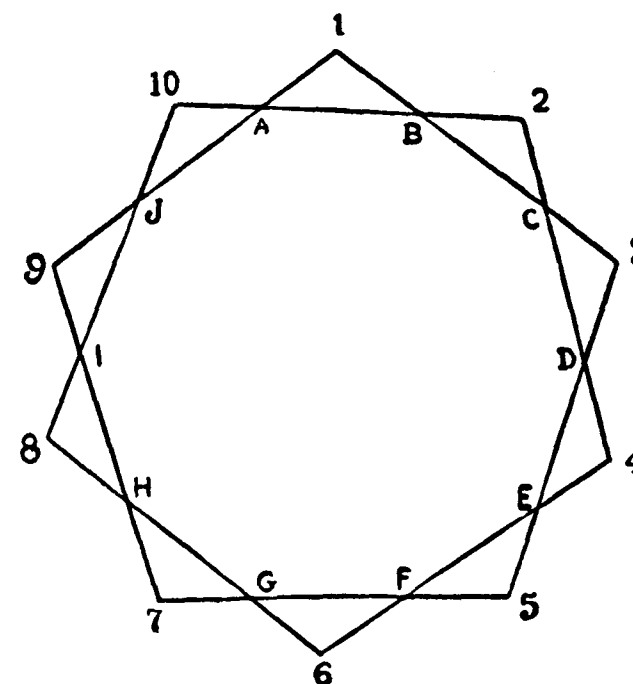
Trips.		→=onward journey.	←=return journey.
1		P+Q .	. . . Q .
2		Q+R .	. . . R .
3		X+Y .	. . . Y+Q .
4		Y+Z .	. . . P .
5		P+Q .	. . . Z .
6		Z+R .	

Thus they cross the stream.

SOME COMMON-SENSE RIDDLES

IV. Two fruits only. He came with two fruits; gave half i.e. one to the gate-keeper and got one back. So evidently after crossing all the gates he had two fruits. This is the only answer for this riddle.

V. Plant the trees in the places represented by 1, 2,.....10, and A B,.....J which are the vertices of a complete decagon. Now there are only 10 straight rows each containing four trees.



VI. First divide the year (Christian Era) by 4, and add the quotient to the year, and add the key number of the month to it. Now add to this total the date. Divide it by 7 and take up the remainder. Now count the number from Sunday (inclusive).

KEY NUMBERS

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

Examples.

January 1st 1939 :—

$$1939 + 484 + 6 \text{ (key)} + 1 = 2430$$

$$\frac{2430}{7} = 347\frac{1}{7}; \therefore \text{remainder} = 1$$

$\therefore$ Sunday.

$$\text{Feb. 11, 1939 :—} 1939 + 484 + 2 \text{ (key)} + 11 = 2436$$

$$\frac{2436}{7} = 348\frac{0}{7} \therefore \text{Reckoning from Sunday we get Saturday.}$$

Thus the festival of Our Lady of Lourdes came on Saturday.

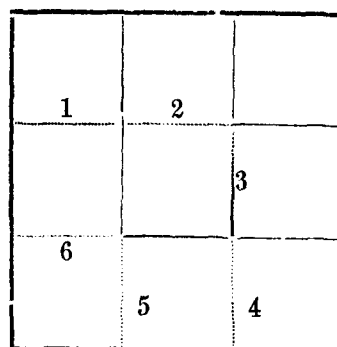
$$\text{Jan. 28, 1727 :—} 1727 + 431 + 6 + 28 = 2192$$

$$\frac{2192}{7} = 313\frac{1}{7} \therefore \text{Sunday.}$$

Swift writes:—"This day being Sunday, January 28, 1727, about eight o'clock at night.....was ever blessed with" in his essay, "on the death of Mrs. Johnson [Stella]."

VII. 49 pearls and 7 girls.

VIII.



In the figure the dotted lines represent the removed match-sticks.

IX. Raghu and Mani placed themselves in the 31st and the 16th places in the circle.

X. The total number of grains = $2^{64} - 1$.

$$= 18,446,744,073,709,551,615.$$

Now each measure (Madrass) of paddy contains 14400 grains.

SOME COMMON-SENSE RIDDLES

$\therefore$ The number = 1281023894007607.75 measures.

50 measures = capacity of one sack.

$\therefore$ The total number of grains = 25620477880152.1550 sacks.

= 25620477880152 sacks.

Now the population of the whole world is 200,000,000.

So if we could distribute that huge mass of paddy among all the people of the world, then each man, woman and child receives 12810 sacks of paddy.

Suppose we were to arrange all the sacks of paddy one after another all the area of Europe including the Black and the Baltic seas, the Alps and the wastes of Russia will not be enough for so doing.

If a sackful of corn is placed on the ground, it occupies an area of 4 square feet. So the area of space required to place all the paddy is 25620477880152×4 square feet.

$$= \frac{102481911520608}{27878400} \text{ square miles.}$$

$$= 3676032.7 \text{ square miles.}$$

$$= \text{Almost the area of Europe.}$$

Even if paddy is grown in all the fields of the world for 1000 years, we could not dream of producing the amount which the courtier asked the poor King.

N. B.—Please check the result for yourself. See whether $2^{64} - 1 = 18,446,744,073,709,551,615$.

XI. Don't say that the number of boys is not given.

Note *between* which means two. Hence the result is $7\frac{1}{2}$ annas and $8\frac{1}{2}$ annas.

XII. The first boy might have been born on the 28th of February 1896. So the second boy's birthday is the 29th of February 1896. The year 1900 as we know is not a leap year (i.e. correction of Pope Gregory.) Hence the 2nd birthday of the second boy will be on the 29th of February 1904. But the 28th of Feb. 1904 will be the 9th birthday of the first boy.

SOME COMMON-SENSE RIDDLES

XIII. There will be a remainder of 50 cocoanuts. The man gives two cocoanuts at every gate by taking them from the first cart. Thus when they crossed the first fifty gates one cart was emptied and was sent back. For the remaining 50 gates, he gave 50 nuts and thus saved 50 for himself to sell in the market.

XIV.

11	77	62	29
69	22	17	71
27	61	79	12
72	19	21	67

"Devil's square."

In this figure all the columns, rows and diagonals give the same sum of 179. Now overturn the figure; we get:*

29	17	61	72
71	62	19	27
12	21	77	69
67	79	22	11

This figure also gives the same sum of 179 for all its columns, rows and diagonals.

* The overturned 2 is taken to be 7.

Un Accident

par G. Ignace, II U. C.

DANS le village d'Ideikatur, situé à 22 miles de Maduré, il y a une magnifique église. Je suis d'avis que tout amateur de beauté artistique devrait la visiter. Le 5 décembre 1938, la matinée était sombre et pluvieuse; le temps s'était brouillé dès le lever du soleil. Après avoir entendu la sainte Messe, nous nous amusions sur la place devant l'église, comme font des élèves en vacances. Bientôt l'idée nous vint d'aller aux champs; mais la pluie se mit à tomber si dru que chacun de nous dû rentrer chez lui.

Vers sept heures, bien qu'il bruinât encore, sept étudiants, dont j'étais, décidèrent de sortir du village.

A cinquante mètres de l'église, il y a un étang large et profond. Chemin faisant, nous nous arrêta sur ses bords. Tout à coup un cri à fendre le cœur retentit: " Mon Dieu"! Hélas! l'un de nous, Jean, qui n'avait que dix ans, avait glissé dans l'étang!

Pour un moment, nous restons tous muets. Enfin quelqu'un crie: " Au secours." Aussitôt les gens du village accourent vers nous; mais personne ne semble avoir le courage de se jeter à l'eau pour sauver le pauvre garçon.

Pour la seconde fois Jean remonte à la surface. Ses yeux, suppliants, rencontrent ceux de mon frère Jacques, qui vient d'arriver. A l'instant mon frère se précipite vers l'eau. Son pied glisse et cela nous semble d'un augure peu favorable. Mais lui, loin d'en être ému, sans hésiter se jette à l'eau. Quant à nous, nous ne détournons pas nos yeux de l'étang.

Jacques disparaît; il reste si longtemps invisible que nous commençons à trembler. Enfin.....il reparait...Bravo!...Il se rapproche du bord, tenant le petit Jean dans ses bras. Bientôt...tous deux sont sur la terre ferme. Vite on fait venir le docteur: Jean était sauvé!

Alors, ce fut des félicitations, des poignées de mains, des embrassades, à n'en plus finir. On n'entendait que le cri: " Vive Monsieur Jacques." Au demeurant, Jacques n'avait fait que son devoir, mais il l'avait fait noblement.

The Flower and the Leaf

A Miscellany from Various Contributors

M. SUSAI SENGOLE, III Hons. has written well on "Soya Beans". He makes an eloquent and well-reasoned plea for the better cultivation of this excellent and cheap food.

The Soya bean has a very high food value containing 40% protein and 20% fat. It contains vitamins, A, B and D. Moreover the protein contained in it is easily digestible and, what is more, since it is free from starch—for, the small quantity of carbohydrates it contains are in the form of simple sugar—it is an excellent foodstuff for people suffering from diabetes. Again mineral salts are also present in it: Calcium 6.12%, and phosphoric acid 28.65%. Further being rich in lecithin, the Soya bean can take the place of eggs as well. Its food value is superior to meat in as much as the proportion of protein in Soya bean is greater than in meat. Hence it is sometimes called the 'boneless meat'. Many doctors like Mcmorrison, recommend the use of Soya bean milk for children for whom the mother's milk is not available and who are adversely affected by cow's milk. "Either from the standpoint of vitamins or mineral salts, or of proteins, fats and carbohydrates, or from physical, chemical, biological or economic point of view, Soya bean seems to be an excellent food and for a poor country like India, where the majority of the people are vegetarians.....it is an ideal foodstuff.....and should form an important part of their daily dietary." (The Advisory Committee on Nutrition).

From the point of view of agriculture and industry also, the Soya bean is useful. It is a wonderful fertilizer of the soil. Japanese farmers know this very well. In the United States of America it is planted often in rows alternating with corn for it adds to the increase of nitrogen in the soil, which it draws from atmosphere. Besides the Soya bean forms excellent fodder for domestic animals.....

No wonder he concludes by urging a more extensive cultivation of these beans.

Let the poor people be fed on this excellent foodstuff; we will then surely have a race of strong, healthy and virile daughters and sons, who will be the proud possession of our country. Is it too much to expect that with the advent of popular ministries in the various provinces, some money should be set apart for the development of this future food of India?

Future Ministers of Agriculture, please note!

M. V. AMBRAVANESWARAN, II U. C., in a short dramatic piece entitled: "Wanted", shows how interviews between Managing Partners and applicants for jobs are conducted.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

First M. P.:—(reading the application) R. C. Sarma, 21 years old; passed the Intermediate. (Showing the application) Is this your own signature?

R. C. Sarma:—Yes, Sir.

First M. P.:—How is it that you have written the application in one ink and signed it in another?

R. C. Sarma:—Because, my father is the manager of a company. There are no clerks in it. Therefore he himself writes all letters. But to show the public that there are many clerks in the firm, he writes the letters in one ink and signs them in another.

Second M. P.:—Ho! Enough of this prattle. Please ask him some questions.

First M. P.:—Where does the Buckingham canal flow?

R. C. Sarma:—It flows round the Buckingham Palace.

(laughter)

Second M. P.:—The light of the Madras Light-house is always rotating. Why?

R. C. Sarma:—Perhaps, the main spring may be loose, Sir.

(again laughter)

First M. P.:—I suppose you know that this is a coffee-seed selling company. Have you any experience in that line?

R. C. Sarma:—My uncle owns a coffee club. He imports coffee seeds in large quantities. I am very fond of drinking coffee. I can give a fine lecture on the advantages of drinking coffee. If you appoint me as a clerk, then you can

Second M. P.:—Then you can take leave. Next one please.

The whole business ends by the Managing Partners rejecting all the poor applicants without even examining them seriously and appointing one of their servants for the job.

In "The Apt Part", SUBRAMANI, II U. C., describes the discomfiture of his friend Ramu who was unemployed and who relying on his fine features had applied for an actor's job. This was the reply he received from "Enlightened Pictures."

Dear Sir,

We received your photo-cards and with them the application. We have proposed to produce a picture which involves the heroic deeds of Hanuman. Unfortunately, we have already selected a suitable candidate to play the role of Hanuman and have entered into agreement with him.

Had you applied before, we would certainly have given you that part, (the part of Hanuman) which would have suited you to perfection and without any 'make-up'. We are unlucky not to have the good fortune to engage you for that part. The next chance is yours. Enlightened Pictures.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

J. PATTABIRAMAN, IV B. Sc., in his "We are Seven" narrates how he was duped by a mendicant fortune-teller.

I surveyed the man from head to foot. I stared at him for a few moments. The change he produced in his countenance was most appealing. Who can doubt the *bona fide* of the case, after it has been certified by responsible men. We did not know any of them personally nor had we heard of them. Their occupations were enough to convince us.

As I returned the card the old man gently caught the tip of my fingers and brushed the palm with his right hand. He stared at the open palm for a few minutes and changed his angle of vision gently now to the right, and now to the left. He turned my hand a little to read the side lines. He pointed to the various mounds, the line of heart, the line of fate, the line of head, the famous sun line and all the important lines that palmists contemplate.

He looked up for a moment, folded his arms in perfect oriental fashion and adjusted his countenance for an invocation to God. The prayer over, he gave out his reading. He wrote with his finger on the pial. He had correctly gauged my anxiety and wrote that I had written some examination and was expecting the result. I would pass in it well, but there was some sacrifice to be made to my bad stars. He wrote that I was visited by evil (♂) and it would be better to do something to ward it off. He wrote only the minimum, managing the rest with actions and countenance.

I had decided to follow his instructions to ward off this evil. He had already asked for a silk cloth. My inquisitive mother who had by now become a witness to the scene offered him one. It was a present from my uncle and hence I objected to her lending it to the old man. The protest was useless. My mother had already given him the cloth. He further asked for a cup of water. The old man dipped an end of the cloth into the water and wrung it with his fingers in the water for a few minutes. Then he lifted his head in prayer. He informed us that the evil was gone and offered me a few drops of water. It tasted bitter and we were satisfied that the evil that haunted me had been drowned in that tumbler of water. I decided to give him a few coppers.

Alas! I had a sudden shock. The old man was deliberately depositing the silk cloth into the mystic bundle. At first, I had not the moral courage to stop him from doing that. The thought of the evil had not left us. We requested him however to return the silk cloth. He informed us that he had transferred the evil to that cloth and if returned, the evil might catch me again. My mother was apparently satisfied for she motioned him to depart. As if by magic, pinning us all to earth, the old man bade us good-afternoon and disappeared.

We made sure that he was gone. Then we ventured to break the silence. "Well, how do you account for the bitter taste?"

A few hours later, I went in to drink a cup of water. I held the tumbler between my fingers. The water tasted bitter. I got frightened. I imagined that the evil had returned.

A little calm thinking would have freed me from the evil and the cloth from the old man. Evidently the old man had painted a colourless bitter substance on his

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

fingers and had dissolved some while wringing a corner of the cloth in the water. Had he not held the tip of my fingers to read my palm? Due to the contact my fingers had absorbed a portion of this paint and when in turn my fingers were holding the tumbler, full of water, it was dissolved in the water. No wonder the water tasted bitter.

"A Word to the Atheist", by KASTURI RANGAN, V B. Sc. (Hons.), is a learned exposition of the argument for the existence of God drawn from the order in the Universe.

Astronomy, the unquestionable science of the universe, deals with length, mass, time and space, from the order of infinitesimals to that of infinities. The well-known atom with its ever-revolving electrons arranged around the nucleus as in the solar-system is only a midget model of the universe around us.

Light travelling at an unimaginable speed takes about eight minutes to reach us mortals, on the face of mother Earth, from the all emitting Sun; and about six hours from the farthest planet. Taking the light year as the unit of distance Proxima Centauri is at about 42 light years from us. Compared to this distance the extent of our solar system is but an atom. Further the star, Proxima Centauri, appears to-day as it was 42 light years ago. Some of the stars that we see may vanish all on a sudden, yet we shall continue to see them for many more years. What a poor reliance on the sense of perception if we were to see bodies, of course celestial, that are non-existent. Also there might be other self-luminaries that are not yet sighted by us though they are in existence. These may seem oddities yet they are infallible facts.....

Indeed countless are the instances that suggest that there is perfect deliberation and orderliness in what we see. Surely the elliptical orbits of the planets and the parabolic paths of the comets are not curves drawn at random. They are rational figures in consonance with geometric principles. Which Geometrician would have designed us this Universe!

These are the thoughts that are evoked in us after a careful study of our universe. The result suggests the precedence of deliberation and not of probability. We certainly conclude that there should be an unseen agency at the helm of affairs who is the author of all we behold and admire.

Carrying on our thoughts further we find that we are at a loss to get a glimpse into the unperceivable Artist who has left us in the midst of His designs, allowing a chance to adjust our individual existence in co-ordination with our surroundings. Shall we fritter away the short span of our existence in attempting to prove His Non-existence?

Thus the cult of Atheism cannot stand a scientific analysis even for a moment. To believe in our individual omnipotence is like the classical frog that broke itself in trying to swell to the size of a bull. By our refusing to believe in Him, the limit to all perfection, we cannot bring down His Greatness. Only we lose the little chance that is given us to know and revere Him.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

"A Voice is the wind, I do not know,
A meaning on the face of the high hills,
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A some-thing is behind them, that is God"

A. VENKATARAMAN, II U. C., in "Much Ado About Nothing" relates how a poor medical man whom no one consulted, resorted to Bob Sawyer's tricks only to meet with utter disaster.

One day Dr. Chandru was sitting moodily in his chair when his servant entered and informed him that someone, most probably a patient, had turned up. Up jumped Dr. Chandru! He had secured a patient at last! He ordered his servant, "Admit the man ten minutes after." The servant bowed and went out.

The doctor went to the 'phone and, with what idea I don't know, but must be to impress upon the new client that he was a busy doctor, began speaking into it, though, of course, it was yet an unconnected one.

"Hallo," said the doctor, "morning temperature 97.2,—good sleep in the night—eight hours sleep—patient awake—" and he went on talking in such terms. Soon the ten minutes passed and the "patient" entered. The doctor did not even nod to him but began to talk in a heightened tone and concluded after five more minutes. Then he turned to his new client and said, "Appah, what senseless people they are—not giving me even a moment's rest—they have rung me for about twenty times during the night and you can hear them ring me up in a few minutes. By the by, what is the matter with you? You see, malaria is prevalent in these parts and yours must be malaria. I will give you two pills. Take one after each meal and come to me tomorrow. What is your name?"

"Sir," replied the man, "I am no patient. I am a fitter and I have been sent to make connections to your 'phone. Your number is 8791."

The doctor was crest-fallen and his eyes turned unwittingly towards the 'phone. "Much ado about nothing," muttered the doctor to himself.

H. NAGASUBRAMANIAN, I U. C. bids fair to be a prolific writer; he has submitted no less than five compositions in prose and verso for this Magazine. In his "Research On Bugs," not a very inviting title, he describes how he was tormented by bugs that invaded his bedding in a railway train.

Curiosity impelled me to study the workings of bugs. The next day I sat up until 10.30 in the night. I noticed that handfuls of white substance were falling from the ceiling. They were fully dried up and before falling down were hanging in the air near the ceiling. They did not descend before 10.30. I left them there to feed on my fellow-sleepers' blood and I took my bed elsewhere. I got up, however, at 4.00 A. M. to see what my friends, the bugs, were doing. I switched on the light and I could see thousands of bugs slowly going up the walls. They would rise a foot, then fall down, but by sheer perseverance, every one of them got to the ceiling. As they struggle along, even a touch is enough to kill them. If anyone wants to

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

have his blood tested, it is not necessary to have an injection. Kill a bug: you will get an ounce of blood, and if you examine that blood, that will serve your purpose! At about 7 P. M. the bellies of these bugs will be empty, and you can see only some white substance hanging in the air or perched in holes.

You will naturally be interested to hear how they come into existence. On an average, a bug can produce a million eggs a day, and a palace can be filled with bugs in 2 or 3 days with only one or two bugs to start with.

The ways of bugs are curious. They do not bite you only when you sleep. They will bite you whether you be sitting, reading or talking. Also, you can kill one bug, but from its blood will spring up millions of bugs.

I understand that several mixtures have been tried to eradicate bugs, but I should think none is so effective as "COCKSEK" a Japanese preparation.

B. SOUNDARARAJAKRISHNAMOORTHY, I U. C. has written an ingenious dialogue between a Pin and a Needle.

As they had nothing else to do, they quarrelled.

Pin:—You, Needle, why were you born in this world? Without a head, how are you going to pull on?.....

Needle:—How high your honour holds your haughty head! Ha! ha!!!—What is the use of your head without any eye?

Pin:—You plume yourself on your possession of an eye. But unfortunately it is constantly pierced. Some thread or other is put thro' it. I prefer to be without any eye rather than to be with a useless one.

Needle:—Whatever you might tell me, the world knows that I am very busy. But you are pinned in some paper and laid idle like a corpse.....

Pin:—Will you shut up? you must understand that you have no freedom. Your eye is pierced by a thread.....Oh, it is nothing short of prison. Don't you feel ashamed even to open your mouth?

Needle:—You must understand I deserve to be kept safely. But you, little rogue, are allowed to roam about in some box and left completely uncared for.

Pin:—Ay, have some respect for my age at least. I have every reason to laugh at your weakness. You cannot resist slight pressure and you break. Shame! shame!!

Needle:—I, having self respect, will rather give up my life than bow to another. If any urchin tries to bend me I will die like a brave soldier and not surrender to the enemy. Mind you, thin liberty is better than fat slavery. If you hereafter try to pick holes, I will powder your head.

Pin:—Shut up. If I want, I can blind you in a moment. Don't forget that your life is hanging on a thread!

Here he interrupts the conversation and breaks into a tame narrative. We strongly advise him to stick to the dialogue form; it's more interesting.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Needle :—How have we become equal?

Pin :—You lost your eye and I lost my head. It seems to-day is a rainy day for us. God has instructed us in the moral that we must not gloat over silly things. All the pride we had of our organs.....

Needle :—Don't think that we alone quarrel between ourselves. Even men, who are supposed to be rational beings, are also falling out for trifling matters. There is no sense of brotherhood amidst them. They are always jealous of others and they deserve the same fate as we.

Among Authors and Books

Lytton Strachey, a Critical Study

by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., D.Litt. (*Chatto and Windus*)

READERS of our Magazine need no introduction to Dr. Srinivasa Iyengar. He has been a contributor to its pages during the past five years. His studies, notably those on Tragedy and Comedy, and the survey of modern poetry which is concluded in this issue have constituted the most solid element in the varied fare which we have sought to offer to our students.

The present thesis has obtained for the writer the Doctorate in Literature from the University of Madras. The St. Joseph's College Magazine offers to Dr. Srinivasan its warmest congratulations on this distinction which is richly merited not only by this excellent monograph but by the immense amount of critical work published by him in the leading reviews of India during the last 12 years. Dr. Srinivasa Iyengar brings to his task an extensive erudition, a catholic taste, a grasp of fundamental principles, a contagious zest for the enjoyment of good literature, and the animated style which we have learnt to expect from him. His enthusiasm for his hero may appear somewhat youthful, and the use of adjectives bordering on the excessive. But these are minor defects, if defects they really are. Dr. Srinivasan is free from the capital sin of dullness, and free also from the not less deadly pontifical tone which is the peculiar weakness of the Professorial tribe. He is so taken up with his subject that he has no thought for himself. His book achieves the triumph of keeping the reader's attention fixed uninterruptedly on Lytton Strachey and not switched on repeatedly to unnecessary autobiographical details from the writer.

In spite of this self-effacement it would not be true to say that Strachey's personality stands out, vital and luminous, from the pages of the book. This is due first to the author's predominant purpose which is to present Strachey the writer rather than Strachey the man. This purpose is admirably fulfilled. Dr. Srinivasan's study of the old Biography—chronological, long and heavy—and of the striking innovations triumphantly carried out by Strachey in his now familiar type of new Biography—short, crisp and entertaining—is extremely well done. His wide erudition and penetrating insight have full scope here. He sums up

Strachey's achievement in these fine sentences. "Of Strachey it might be said—what was said of Dryden—that he found biography brick and left it marble. Perhaps even 'marble,' pure and perfectly shaped as it is, is too coldly inadequate an image to apply to that alluring and satisfying thing Strachey has made of the art of biography: the crude amorphous clay of his immediate predecessors has been beaten and hardened into glorious shape, and the cold marble smoothness is pregnant with celestial fires." Then again, Mr. Srinivasan's analysis of Strachey's prose style is adequate and satisfying: the warmth and imaginative splendour of his finest passages, his habitual irony, the glitter which, with immense labour, he gave to his lightest sentence and turn of phrase, his numerous and sometimes overworked artifices—associations of trivialities, repetition of keywords, the wide use of the rhetorical question, his exploitation of anti-climax—all these are described and illustrated skilfully. But the very thoroughness of the critical appreciation weakens without doubt the delineation of the individual.

There is however a deeper reason for this weakness, a reason for which Professor Srinivasa Iyengar is not responsible. Strachey was after all a negative force. He has been aptly described as "the twentieth century Voltaire." Now Voltaire "half ape, half tiger" was one of the most destructive influences in the history of Europe. Strachey too consecrated his splendid talent to the work of demolition. He had a certain humanitarianism, but it never takes on shape and colour, and is too vague to inform positive achievement. He loved literature passionately, but in literature he loved art and craftsmanship, not the eternal interests that endow literature with almost the grandeur of life. He adored liberty but liberty for him was merely freedom from the restraints of authority and the prescriptions of tradition and not the condition for untrammelled effort. Towards the most sacred beliefs of mankind, their tenderest hopes, their deepest fears and uncertainties his habitual attitude is flippant and sneering. Mr. Srinivasan's gallant defence of him cannot absolve him from this damaging fault. In the very passage on Christianity which Mr. Srinivasan cites as being "the genuine elaboration of praise," there is an expression of such unmistakable contempt that it betrays the snigger with which the whole passage is delivered. Strachey had wonderful talent; he could vivify the dead past as few men could. But his mind was superficial, and his affections atrophied. If then he does not stand out of these pages, it is because his stature was not really commanding.

On Re-reading Lytton Strachey

Professor Srinivasan's book naturally sends the reader back to Lytton Strachey. There is no surer test of a writer's worth than the way he stands a re-reading after an interval of some years. I had read *Eminent Victorians* as a College student, when it first appeared more than twenty years ago. Like all others, I was swept off my feet by the sustained brilliance of the writing, and the frequently defiant mockery of the tone. It was not to be expected that this first rapture would be repeated. But the book remains fascinating, almost enthralling; one is still hurried along through the pages by the constant succession of vividly evoked scenes and personalities. But the literary artifices too frequently repeated tend to pall; the mannerisms seem overworked, and one needs to lay down the book, to take it up after a brief interval. The passages that come out best are not the antithetical and glittering ones, but the imaginative ones, where Strachey's fundamental though half-stifled Romanticism finds noble expression. This for instance on Newman:

"He was a child of the Romantic Revival, a creature of emotion and of memory, a dreamer whose secret spirit dwelt apart in the delectable mountains, an artist whose subtle senses caught, like a shower in the sunshine, the impalpable rainbow of the immaterial world. In other times, under other skies, his days would have been more fortunate. He might have helped to weave the garland of Meleager, or to mix the *lapis lazuli* of Fra Angelico, or to chase the delicate truth in the shade of an Athenian *palaestra*, or his hands might have fashioned those ethereal faces that smile in the niches of Chartres.....And yet, by a singular chance the true nature of the man was to emerge triumphant in the end. If Newman had died at the age of sixty, today he would have been already forgotten, save by a few ecclesiastical historians; but he lived to write his *Apologia*, and to reach immortality, neither as thinker nor as theologian, but as an artist who has embalmed the poignant history of an intensely human spirit in the magical spices of words."

Strachey's Landmarks in French Literature

There is however one book of Strachey's where his besetting faults appear least and his peculiar talents and attractions have the fullest scope: the *Landmarks in French Literature* which he contributed to the Home University Library. Mr. Guy Boas is inclined to think that it is Strachey's best book. Many will subscribe to this opinion. Strachey

here is face to face with personalities and achievements which he unaffectedly admires. There is here no room for the superciliousness which are so irritating elsewhere; on the contrary there is the respect, reverence almost, which is surely a necessary element in the critic's make-up. Strachey's rare power of distilling the essence of a book, or the dominant note of a period in a few words is exercised again and again with striking success. There are many examples of such concise, lucid, energetic, and pointed summing-up. For a first specimen let me cite these few sentences on Bossuet's *Oraison's Funèbres*.

"Death, and Life, and the majesty of God, and the transitoriness of human glory—upon such themes he speaks with an organ voice which reminds an English reader of the greatest of his English contemporaries, Milton. The pompous, rolling, resounding sentences follow one another in a long solemnity, borne forward by a vast movement of eloquence which underlies, controls, and animates them all.....The splendid words flow out like a stream of lava, molten and glowing, and then fix themselves forever in adamant beauty."

But I cannot resist the temptation to give the reader a longer specimen—the magnificent passage describing the masterpieces of classical French Literature, the works of Molière and La Rochefoucauld, of Racine and Bossuet, of La Fontaine, La Bruyère, and Madame de Sevigné. It is not entirely free from his accustomed bias, but it is a noble judgement, and shows us Lytton Strachey at his very best:

"We may describe the masterpieces of the Age of Louis XIV in one word, as worldly,—worldly in the broadest and the highest acceptation of the term. They represent, in its perfect expression, the spirit of the world—its greatness, its splendour, its intensity, the human drama that animates it, the ordered beauty towards which it tends. For that was an age in which the world, in all the plenitude of its brilliance, had come into its own, when the sombre spirituality of the Middle Ages had been at last forgotten, when the literature of Greece and Rome had delivered their benignant message, when civilisation could enjoy for a space its new maturity, before a larger vision had brought questionings, and an inward vision aspirations unknown before. The literature of those days was founded upon a general acceptance—acceptance both in the sphere of politics and of philosophy. It took for granted a fixed and autocratic society; it silently assumed the orthodox teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus, compared with the literature of the eighteenth century, it was

unspeculative; compared with that of the Middle Ages unspiritual. It was devoid of that perception of the marvellous and awful significance of Natural phenomena which dominates the literature of the Romantic Revival. Fate, Eternity, Nature, the destiny of Man, "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come"—such mysteries it almost absolutely ignored. Even Death seemed to lie a little beyond its vision. What a difference in this respect, between the literature of Louis XIV and the literature of Elizabeth! The latter is obsessed by the smell of mortality; its imagination, penetrating to the depths and the heights, shows us mankind adrift amid eternities, and the whole Universe the doubtful shadow of a dream. In the former, these magnificent obscurities find no place: they have been shut out as it were, like a night of storm and darkness on the other side of the window. The night is there no doubt; but it is outside, invisible and neglected, while within, the candles are lighted, the company is gathered together, and all is warmth and brilliance. To eyes which have grown accustomed to the elemental conflict without, the room may seem at first confined, artificial, and insignificant. But let us wait a little! Gradually we shall come to feel the charm of the well-ordered chamber, to appreciate the beauty of the decorations, the distinction and the penetration of the talk. And, if we persevere, that is not all we shall discover. We shall find, in that small society, something more than ease and good breeding and refinement; we shall find the play of passion and the subtle manifestation of the soul; we shall realise that the shutting out of terrors and of mysteries has brought at least the gain of concentration, so that we may discern unhindered the movements of the mind of man—of man not rapt aloft in the ardours of speculation, nor involved in the solitary introspection of his own breast; but of man, civilised, actual, among his fellows, in the bright light of the world.

Yet if it is true that a refined and splendid worldliness was the dominant characteristic of the literature of the age, it is no less true that here and there in its greatest writers, a contrary tendency — faint but unmistakable—may be perceived. The tone occasionally changes; below the polished surface a disquietitude becomes discernible; a momentary obscure exception to the general easy flowing rule. The supreme artists of the epoch seem to have been able not only to give expression to the moving forces of their time, but to react against them. They were rebels as well as conquerors, and this fact lends an extraordinary interest to their work. Like some subtle unexpected spice in some masterly confection, a strange, profound, unworldly melancholy just permeates their most brilliant writings and gives the last fine taste."

J. D'S., S.J.

A Constitutional History of India from 1600-1935

by *Arthur Berriedale Keith* (Metbuen)

This book by the veteran historian of the Dominion Constitutions fulfils a long-felt want. The standard history by Ilbert was more a lawyer's digest than the work of a constitutional historian. And there was the Act of 1935 which required analysis. Dr. Keith therefore has done a distinct service to students of Indian history by undertaking and executing this history of the British Indian constitution of over 500 pages. Just less than a half of the book is devoted to the new constitution; its genesis and its chief features. Dr. Keith has brought his great learning to bear on the federal aspect and illustrates his criticism with a wealth of precedents and parallels.

He is an independent thinker and a fearless writer and his criticism of the federal plan is refreshing. He says: "For the federal scheme, it is difficult to feel any satisfaction. The units of which it is composed are too disparate to be joined suitably together and it is too obvious that in the British side the scheme is favoured in order to provide an element of pure conservation in order to combat any dangerous elements of democracy contributed by British India. On the side of the rulers it is patent that their essential preoccupation is with the effort to secure immunity from pressure in regard to the improvement of internal administration of their States.....Whether a federation built on incoherent lines can operate successfully is wholly conjectural; if it does it will probably be done to the virtual disappearance of responsibility". Those sentences ought to blow a number of cobwebs. Dr. Keith has now a double claim to our gratitude: already as the historian of our literature and now also of our government.

T. S.

Editorial Notes

The Passing of His Holiness Pope Pius XI

NOT merely Christendom but the entire civilized world mourned the death of our Holy Father. At the beginning of his Pontificate he had taken for his motto the words "Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ" and during the stormy seventeen years of his rule, he never ceased to fight for peace, peace based on justice, peace in the social and in the international sphere. The immense moral prestige attaching to the Papacy was enhanced by the personal action and character of Pope Pius. His love of justice, and wide sympathy with the victims of injustice in every country, his courage and independence of spirit before the great ones of the earth, the indomitable way in which, racked by pain, he carried out his exalted duties attracted the admiration of the whole world. Most moving of all was his message to his children during the fateful days of the September crisis.

"While millions of men live in dread because of the imminent danger of war and because of the threat of unexampled slaughter and ruin, We take to our paternal heart the trepidation of our children, and We invite the Bishops and clergy, the religious and the faithful to unite with us in a most undaunted and insistent prayer for the preservation of justice, charity and peace." The Minister of War in the English Cabinet, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, who is not a Catholic, must have echoed the thoughts of many of the Pope's admirers when he paid the following tribute while addressing an audience of Catholics. "Every age has known its martyrs, and every age has produced its great men, and among the noblest men of this age is the head of your Church."

But it is not merely by his personal action that Pope Pius impressed his generation. He was a great teacher whose Encyclicals* contain contributions of lasting value to doctrine both theological and social. He was a vigorous champion of the rights of the working class—of the labourers' right to association and concerted action, right to a family wage and provision for old age and sickness. For this reason he was regarded as something of a revolutionary in ultra-conservative circles. On the other hand his unwearied denunciation of atheistic communism, his defence

* Authoritative letters addressed to the Catholic Church.

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of the family and the sacredness of marriage has made him the foremost adversary of Marxianism in this generation.

The Pope's solution of the Roman Question and his concordat with the Italian State has led many to speak of him as a pro-Fascist. The truth is that the Pope was first and foremost a religious leader. He was glad to be able to deal amicably with the Italian Government. But when the same Government took up positions which no Catholic can accept as for example the rights of the State over the conscience of the individual, over the education of children, or when it encouraged doctrines of an exaggerated racialism Pius XI denounced it in uncompromising terms. He has repeatedly obliged the Italian Dictator to retrace his steps.

Pius XI gave an unrivalled impetus to mission work but he wished this work to be evangelical in the purest sense of the term, free from any taint of political and cultural domination. His love for the peoples of Asia and Africa was truly paternal. The present writer saw him welcoming a group of Indian pilgrims to the Vatican with such affection and addressing them in such moving accents that all eyes were filled with tears. And under his guidance the clergy of mission lands have developed at an astonishing rate, and to-day, many Indian, Chinese and Japanese Dioceses (Ecclesiastical Districts) are ruled by Bishops and Archbishops who are children of the soil. May God give eternal rest to "His weary and afflicted toiler", and grant not less abundant triumphs of peace and charity to his august Successor, His Holiness Pope Pius XII now gloriously reigning!

The Old Academic Council

With the elections that have taken place during the past term, the Academic Council will have been so considerably reconstituted as to be practically new. This therefore is the occasion to put on record our gratitude for the uniformly prudent and responsible way in which it discharged business. Time and again it has rejected firmly generous but ill-considered schemes of reform or extension of University activities. The discussions on the Government proposals of Educational reconstruction brought out the very best qualities of the House. The excellence of the intentions which underlay those proposals was recognised, the idea of a Matriculation to be conducted by the University was accepted on principle and the proposal to suppress the Intermediate was decisively rejected.

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The last meeting of the Academic Council, held on the 23rd February gave proofs of the same ponderation. The Council has always supported measures to promote the study of vernaculars. Nevertheless it rejected, in no uncertain manner, the recommendation of a special Committee that permission may be given to Colleges to teach non-language subjects in the College classes in the Vernacular. Perhaps the House felt that this important question could not be decided before the country as a whole makes up its mind about the choice and status of a *lingua franca*. But practical considerations must have weighed with them even more. Different Vernacular regions would undoubtedly have tried to profit by this permission. This, before suitable text-books have been prepared and competent Staff trained would have seriously interfered with the thoroughness of University teaching and with efficiency in the conduct of examinations. The Council likewise did not approve of a resolution of the Senate recommending the institutions of a B. A. or B. Sc. Degree in military science.

Not less significant was the attitude of the Council to various proposals on which the Senate had invited an expression of opinion. There was a proposal to form University Extension Boards for each District "for disseminating modern knowledge and inaugurating a programme of adult education;" and another to institute a "Fine Arts Academy under the auspices of the University to popularise and promote etc. etc." The official report states that on these resolutions the Academic Council did not express an opinion. This studied silence by a body of practised speakers is noteworthy. May we hope that its lesson will not be lost upon our apparently more light-hearted Senators?

Our New Buildings

The constructions going on in two different places in the College grounds have been a distraction to our students. The operations near the Lawley Hall have also been a disturbance! We dare say that with youthful curiosity our young men have already discovered the purpose of these extensions. We shall say a word about them here less for their benefit than for the Former Pupils into whose hands this Magazine will fall. The Lawley Hall Extensions will answer needs which have been long-felt—the College Office and Principal's Room, Reading Room and Common Room for Staff, Tiffin Rooms for students, a Zoology Laboratory for the Intermediate in close proximity with the Botany Laboratory. These extensive additions, will, we hope, remove definitely all the insufficiency of accommodation to which University Commissions have drawn attention.

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The Hostel Buildings which are situated far out in the Mahé Grounds consist of two blocks, each containing 66 single rooms. We shall have two messes with corresponding dining halls, one for Vegetarians, the other for non-Vegetarians. This will be sufficient until we transfer the Malabar section and add one more kitchen and dining hall. The introduction of a non-vegetarian section in view of continual demands is a step which we may not defer, and we trust that many students now scattered in various parts of the town, and living in insanitary surroundings, will profit by this. Needless to say that Clive's will continue as before until such time as we shall complete our full scheme and transfer the whole Hostel establishment to its new quarters.

Ourselves

While we have been gratified by the large number of contributions we have received and of which only a small fraction can be published, we have to note with sorrow the increasing number of students who submit the work of others as their own. It will be of no avail to construct a Pillory for Plagiarists as a heavily worked Editor will not be able to recognise in all cases the spurious article. The copious periodical journalism of our day affords a happy hunting ground to our adventurers. One of them has had the impudence to offer us a contribution published in this very Magazine four years ago!

There is a certain unwillingness on the part of our ambitious writers to make their debut in the Flower and the Leaf section. We are fortunate enough to present to such timid youths an appreciation of that item important enough to brush away every trace of hesitation. We had ventured to send a copy of the last issue of the Magazine to our brilliant Prime Minister as it contained an account of his visit to the College. Imagine the confusion which filled us when we received, a few days later, the following gracious words from the busiest man in the Presidency:

"I am glad I found time to go through your College Magazine. 'The Flower and the Leaf,' is remarkably good literature—really first class. I must congratulate the Editor on the very good number he has been able to produce; a truly typical College Magazine.

Yours sincerely,
C. Rajagopalachar.

The obscure Editor of a College Magazine may consider himself well rewarded by these generous words for all the worries and disappointments of his work.



His Excellency LORD ERSKINE
(with Fr. Rector and Fr. Antoniswamy)



His Excellency's Arrival



"God Save the King"

The College Chronicle

20th September.—During the Michaelmas vacation, the Lawley Hall presented the sombre spectacle of students writing their examinations, and the watchful superintendents traversing its length with measured and dignified gait. An event of more than ordinary interest was the visit of the University Commission which, appropriate to these days of economic depression, consisted of not more than two members, the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar. Their significant presence was conveyed to the onlooker by the special garb and the more than ordinary gravity of Hussain. The Commission walked about the Mahé grounds and proceeded to the College Library where strenuous window-dressing had been proceeding earlier in the week. There is no doubt that the distinguished visitors were vastly impressed by all that they had seen.

29th September.—The College reopens on this day, for the midterm and the classes are resumed with their normal strength; such of those as have escaped the Michaelmas Examination sit for another test—a procedure which has effectively cured that peculiar malady known as Examination fever. You can no more cheat examinations than you can death.

22nd October.—Another distinguished visitor to the College was the Director of Public Instruction who came on Deepavali day and may therefore be considered to have been received with fire-works.—The least of the Crackers has lost much of its commotional splendour by the embargo on this variety of Japanese ammunition. Coming to the point, it must be recorded that the Director visited the Students' Home known commonly as the Clive's. As none of these eminent visitors delivered speeches, it is not possible to present a more embellished record.

26th October.—The annual pilgrimage to the Holy Redeemer's was made on this day. Rev. Fr. Rector celebrated Mass in the church. Except for its devotional aspect, there is no alteration about tramping along the dustiest and most crowded part of Trichinopoly before reaching Holy Redeemer's. The College band in the Redeemer's compound was another redeeming feature of this pilgrimage of Catholic students.

31st October.—His Excellency the Governor paid a visit to the College in the morning. On his entrance into the Lawley Hall a vast audience received him with the customary outbursts of cheering, which for a few

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minutes drowned the tunes of the College band. Rev. Fr. Principal rose to welcome His Excellency, who was obviously pleased for once at least to listen to words of commanding eloquence, of warm welcome and at the same time free from a recital of grievances and prayers which form the substance of most addresses to the Head of the Province. His Excellency provided a most pleasant surprise by delivering in clear and ringing tones an extempore speech audible to the last and eager listeners at the end of the Hall. The scene recalled to one another occasion, when Lord Willingdon kept a similar audience spell-bound for an hour. The inevitable holiday proclamation was also made.

In the evening the Hon'ble Dr. Subbarayan, Minister for Education, came to the College, and was accorded an equally rousing reception. The old adage that "misfortunes never come single" needs cautious acceptance. Rev. Fr. Principal in welcoming the Minister declared that the College on that day had the unique distinction of receiving of both the Chancellor and the Pro-Chancellor of the University, and expressed his sincere gratitude for the uniform sympathy shown by the Minister to the College. The Hon'ble Minister in his speech warmly praised the Catholic Colleges, and also dealt a few blows to the agitating critics of the Government policy on "Hindi". He could not obviously proclaim another holiday! And so the students dispersed to enjoy what remained of that red-letter day.

13th November.—Boarding House Day. Intense preparations had preceded the dawn of this auspicious day when some of the rules against indiscipline stood suspended for 24 hours. Mass by Rev. Fr. Gering, the General Prefect. The bugle call signalled the opening of games and riotous fun which lasted the whole day. "Fancy dress" produced vendors, mendicants, astrologers, and other specimens of the humanity outside the boarding-world. In the evening the gathering in the Lawley Hall was treated to a social with Rev. Fr. Rector seated in the place of honour with Rev. Fr. Gering on his side beaming with obvious delight at the display of his talented wards. One of them appeared as a decomposed scholar of long ago. Another broadcasted from the Vatican Radio in sonorous Latin with the constant and now significant, mention of the then Cardinal Pacelli who now occupies the Fisherman's throne as H. H. Pope Pius XII. The Tableau of the Angelic group was an outstanding success. Various youthful orators showered compliments on the General Prefect who, unlike the brawling dictators of the outside world, sat with silent dignity. Rev. Fr. Rector was generous in his praise of the varied talents



Tamil Dialogue, Boarding House Day
13th November, 1938.



G. KAMALARATNAM, V Hons.
College Tennis Champion 1938-'39.



"THE MARTYRS OF UGANDA"
C. T. A. Drama, 22nd January 1939.



Clive's House Excursions to Elamanur, February 1939.

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shown on the day, and with words of appropriate exhortation brought the function to a close.

14th November.—The sad news of the death of Mr. Rajasekara Aiyar, known familiarly as Appa Aiyar was heard with grief and surprise as his illness was unknown to many. *R. I. P.*

29th November.—The Examinations have begun which, through their dismal beginnings, lead the students to the beatitude of the Christmas vacation.

3rd Jan. 1939.—When the College reopened the students beheld vast excavations to the north of the Lawley Hall and far on the side of the new playgrounds from which are growing the new buildings.

10th Jan.—Mr. Shaharpura, who had been cycling the world and paying his expenses by magical shows, gave a performance in the Lawley Hall under the L. & D. Society which collected for him the goodly sum of Rs. 40. He ate blades and threatened to eat a snake. We wished him "good appetite." He could obviously go round the heavens as well on such cheap diet.

13th January.—Word was received that His Excellency the Viceroy would pass through the College Road to Srirangam and the whole College lined up the route in the afternoon. At the sight of a procession of cars, the College Band struck up its joyful tunes and the crowd broke into mad cheering. After having thus loyally welcomed the King's Representative, it was learnt that it was Her Excellency the Vicereine who gracefully received our tumultuous welcome, that His Excellency did not visit Srirangam. The weather on that day was awful, raining when it should not.

16th January.—The Clive's quadrangle witnessed a friendly match in badminton and basketball between our College and the Government College, Kumbakonam. The honours were divided as we won the basketball and lost the other.

22nd January.—The Academy in honour of Our Lady was celebrated to-day with the usual splendour. Rao Bahadur N. S. Kulandaisamy Pillai, Deputy Director of Agriculture (Rtd.)—presided. The report of the Catholic Truth Association was a monument of zealous and arduous work. The President conveyed in touching words of simplicity the beauty of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary,—a devotion which was illustrated

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in his case by a remarkable incident of his student days. The drama staged in the evening was "The Martyrs of Uganda".

5th February.—The Malabar section of Clive's go on an outing as a preparation for the next year's "Picnic."

8th February.—The Smarthas have their annual "picnic" at Elamanoor and the Saivites had it on the 12th.

10th February.—The radio message announced the death of H. H. Pope Pius XI and the passing away of this world personality was mourned by his children here as elsewhere. As the two following day were holidays, the service in the church was held on the 13th Feb. when Rev. Fr. Rector preached the funeral oration. The preacher described the many-sided greatness of the late Pope, and laid particular emphasis on his inner life of austere deep spirituality. His love of India was made manifest on many occasions and had endeared him to the Catholics of this land in a special manner.

11th February.—The Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes was celebrated with splendour and pomp, and this year the whole of the Clive's was illuminated by electric bulbs which was both impressive and better than the burning torches of the past.

17th February.—The U. T. C. held its anniversary in the Lawley Hall with J. F. C. Reynolds, Esq., in the chair.

2nd March.—The Anniversary of the College Societies; the long and short of them may be read on another page.

3rd March.—The joyful news of the election of Cardinal Pacelli as the successor of St. Peter was received on this day. His election, widely expected, was announced after the briefest of modern Conclaves.

College Societies

I. The Literary and Debating Society

THE Inaugural address, common to all the Societies, was delivered by the then Parliamentary Secretary and now Minister for Education, the Hon'ble C. J. Varkey, with Rev. Fr. Principal in the chair. "Preparation for Citizenship" was the theme which the lecturer developed with force and animation. The knowledge acquired in the class-room needed to be supplemented by general reading and participation in the College Societies. Placing before the students the motto of "Service, Sacrifice and Simplicity" the lecturer concluded by a tribute to his Alma Mater which was the ideal institution to imbibe these noble virtues. Rev. Fr. Principal recalled the days when he listened with pleasure and lasting benefit to the teaching of Ancient History by the lecturer in St. Aloysius, College, Mangalore, and described how the Hon'ble C. J. Varkey had won distinction as teacher, editor, member of academic bodies, and as politician. He expressed the hope that the Parliamentary Secretary would attain cabinet rank—a hope that has been strikingly fulfilled.

On the 4th Aug. Rev. Fr. Balam, S.J., delivered a lecture on "The Problems of Indian Unity" He lifted this depressing theme to a plane of historical inquiry, which was refreshingly free from the snug and facile generalisations which made the past either one vast arcadia or an arid desolation. The lecturer placed the factors which operated for and against national unity, and concluded on a note of qualified pessimism.

On the 25th Aug. a debate was conducted on "That Madras should be divided into four linguistic provinces" with Mr. N. M. Thomas in the chair. A mild flutter was caused when just as the speaker settled himself in the chair when a voice, trembling with emotion, was raised complaining about the alleged indignity offered to all who read the notice "Intending speakers in the debate may give their names before 2 P.M." In spite of the Secretary's cry that no insult was intended, an adjournment motion was carried. Then the debate on the more urgent problem of dividing the Provinces was immediately taken up. Mr. S. Suryamurthi enlarged on the merits of decentralisation, warmly endorsed the clamour of the Andhras and appealed to the silent and stoic Tamils to demand and obtain a Province of their own. Mr. P. F. Thomas in opposing declared with a sweep-

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ing gesture that he was totally indifferent to the voting at the end but that he was persuaded on ground of pure reason that linguistic provinces would mean financial ruin. He piled up an array of statistics to prove it and he succeeded.

In view of the confusion that prevailed about procedure in the last meeting, the President of the Society spoke on 1st Sep. on "The House of Commons at Work". He encouraged the desire on the part of speakers to model themselves on M. Ps, and to address their President as speaker, and each other as "Rt. Hon'bles". Most of the "points of order" raised in our meetings were merely outbursts of dissent and not appeals to the speaker to pull up a wandering orator. With many ancient saws and modern instances, he drew an attractive picture of the Mother of Parliaments to the audience.

With Mr. S. V. Lawrence, M.A., in the chair, a debate on the Wardha Scheme was held on 7th Oct. Mr. Ayya Mariasusai commended the features of this scheme as original, suitable, and economical. Boys and girls would be better able to learn when their intellects were brought into contact with familiar objects as learning through a craft professed to do. Mr. S. Suryamurthi condemned the whole scheme as fantastic and declared that the glamour attached to the name of the author had saved it from ridicule. The Wardha Scheme was nothing if it was not self-supporting and he defied all the ardent advocates to indicate the goods which could be made by children and youth likely to be bought in the open market. His reasoning convinced the House which rejected the scheme.

"Democracies have paid too high a price to Hitler for the sake of peace" was debated in a crowded House with Mr. Ethirajan, M.A. in the chair and with Mr. T. Srinivasan, M.A. as observer. Mr. T. A. Mathias in moving the resolution contended that Great Britain and France which called into existence the state of Czechoslovakia betrayed her and suffered her to be mutilated by naked Nazi force. Mr. K. T. Mathew opposed the motion and took his stand by Chamberlain and his famous umbrella pleading that it would have been a crime to plunge Europe into war for the sake of keeping the ill-treated Germans under the regime of Benes. The observer stated that by Hitler's action Europe was mercifully saved from the carnage of a war. The motion was however, carried.

The Lawley Hall was crowded on the 8th Nov. when Mr. P. E. Subramania Aiyar, M.A. took the chair and when Mr. T. Srinivasan, M.A. moved

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and Mr. K. Chinnasamy Aiyar, M.A. opposed the motion that "The use of English as a medium of instruction in University classes has done harm and therefore should be abolished." The mover observed that instruction in a foreign medium failed to develop the national genius. The opposer maintained that whatever progress had been made was due to this education and that in the absence of adequate literature in the vernacular it was futile to replace the present system. The proposition was carried by a huge majority.

"Hitler's demand for colonies is reasonable" was debated between Mr. Joseph Durai and Mr. Ganapathi on the 17th Nov. and the house with boundless generosity agreed to return the colonies. On the 31st Jan. '39, Mr. K. T. Mathew moved that "The Zamindari system should be mended and not ended". Invoking the right of ownership, and of prescriptive title the mover pleaded for cautious legislation. Mr. Venketesvaran wanted to wind up the whole system as being the root of several evils. The house in another fit of generosity abolished the Zamindari system. On 25-2-39 B. C. Varghese carried the highly comforting motion "That national salvation depends more on the people than on the leaders" in a thin house which had been accustomed to more appetising fare. But most of our debates were well attended, and enlivened by verbal duels, points of order and emotional appeals. Closure was frequently applied to prevent midnight sessions.

The Valedictory meeting was addressed by Mr. K. Chinnaswamy Aiyar, M.A. on "Some neglected English authors". But for his illuminating discourse on Crabbe, Cobbet, and Peacock at least two of them would have been mistaken as ornamental members of the animal kingdom. There was no doubt that the lecturer loved the large-hearted Cobbet and his pen which was mightier than a sledge-hammer for he shared Cobbet trait—freedom from cant. At the end of his beautiful speech, an address of farewell was presented to Mr. K. Chinnasamy Aiyar, M.A. on the eve of his retirement from the Staff. His immense learning, and love of books, his simple and direct speech, and the store of his varied experiences in life from which he drew an inexhaustible number of scenes and anecdotes, made him a popular and competent teacher. As a token of their affection and gratitude, the students presented him with a gold ring and a silver cup. With visible emotion he thanked the students for this touching mark of regard. He declared that during thirty-three years of service as teacher here and elsewhere he had received nothing but kindness and affection from students, and that he was proud of his long association

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with them. Before concluding he referred to an eminent Professor who on the day after his retirement, ordered all the volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." The L. and D. Society has special reasons to be grateful to him for the uniform kindness he showed to it by delivering the Valedictory address every year.

Three competitions were held: in the B. A. extempore speech contest Mr. T. A. Mathias got the first prize and Mr. B. C. Varghese the 2nd prize; in the Intermediate Elocution Mr. S. B. X. Antonisamy and Mr. Maria Louis were the winners; and the third competition was held to choose our representative to take part in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest at Kumbakonam for the Rt. Hon'ble Sastri Gold Medal. Mr. B. C. Varghese, our representative, won the medal, this being the sixth occasion and the fourth year in succession when our College has obtained the distinction. This and the sixteen meetings for the year are, we modestly hope, a creditable record for the Society.

SOOSAI SENGOLE,
DURAI JEGANATH.
Secretaries

II. The Historical and Economic Association

The Historical and Economic Association started work for the academic year 1938-39 by electing Messrs. S. Venkataraman, IV Hons. and P. I. Ignatius, IV U.C., Joint Secretaries at a business meeting held on 11-7-38.

The common inaugural address of all the College Societies was delivered by the Hon'ble Mr. C. J. Varkey, M.A., K.S.G., M.L.A., now Minister of Education to the Government of Madras, on "Preparation for Citizenship."

Besides the business and the inaugural meetings, we held in the course of the year eleven meetings in all.

At six of these meetings debates were held on some of the burning questions of the day. On 2-8-1938 Mr. K. T. Mathew, IV Hons. moved that "Democracy is not safe in India now," supporting his contention by referring to the Khare episode and similar events. Mr. Joseph Durai, IV Hons., led the opposition. The motion was carried by a large majority. Mr. S. V. Lawrence, B.A. (Hons.) who presided, analysed the present political

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situation in India and showed that India was now more democratic than she had been fifty years ago. "That Hitler serves neither his own people nor humanity at large" was discussed on 10-8-1938. Mr. K. S. Ganapathy, V Hons., presided. Mr. B. C. Varghese, V Hons., moving the proposition, strongly indicted Herr Hitler by submitting an imposing array of evidence against him. Mr. T. A. Mathias, V B.Sc. Hons., defended the Fuehrer with equal force. But the House was anti-Hitler and voted for the proposition by a thumping majority. A debate on the foreign policy of England was conducted on 8-10-1938. Mr. M. D. Varkey, IV Hons. moved that Mr. Neville Chamberlain's foreign policy was both weak and dangerous while Mr. B. C. Varghese, V Hons., defended that policy. The house supported the mover. Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., who presided, commended the heroic peace efforts of the British Premier and at the same time pointed out that the Munich agreement signified no lasting peace but only the postponement of war to a later day. "That the expulsion of the Jews from Germany is a wise and just policy" was debated on 18-10-1938 with Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L., in the chair. Mr. Damodara Menon, IV Hons., the mover of the proposition, stated the Nazi case for the expulsion of the Jews while Mr. Joseph Durai, IV Hons., exposed the injustice of it. The house sympathised with the Jews and voted down the motion. On 18-11-1938 a debate was held on the proposition that "Compulsory military training should be introduced in India." Mr. Lawrence Albuquerque, B.A. (Post-graduate) moved the proposition while Mr. R. Rubin, III Hons. opposed it. The House voted for it. The president, Mr. M. J. Kuriakose, M.A., 2nd Lieutenant, D. Company, U.T.C., in his concluding remarks emphasised the need of Compulsory military training in India. "That Non-violence as a political doctrine is quite unsuited to modern times" was the subject of the last debate conducted on 23-1-1939, with Mr. S. V. Lawrence, B.A. (Hons.) as the Speaker. Mr. T. A. Mathias, V B.Sc. Hons., moving the proposition, contended by citing history that nowhere had non-violence succeeded as a political method or weapon. Mr. Lawrence Albuquerque, B.A. (Post-graduate), leading the opposition, urged that, whatever its fate elsewhere, non-violence was bound to succeed in India given the long tradition of non-violence in the country reinforced by Gandhiji's precept and example in the matter.

At the other five meetings we had lectures on questions of topical interest. Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., our President, gave a very instructive lecture on "Economic Planning" on 26-8-38. After explaining the drawbacks of an uncontrolled price system and the dangers of a State-dominated

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economic system, he pointed out that the proper economic ideal would be to maintain the price system subject to regulation by the State within limits.

On 21-11-38 Mr. S. K. Sarma, B.A., B.L., Advocate, read a learned paper on "Economic Reconstruction in India." Rev. Father Rector presided. Mr. Sarma explained, in the course of his paper, that the economic reconstruction of India should be all-round, both agricultural and industrial. Referring to the industrial reconstruction, he entered a strong plea for implementing as far as possible the valuable recommendations of the Indian Industrial Commission.

Mr. R. Subbiah, B.A. (Hons.), Lecturer, Holy Cross College, delivered an interesting lecture on "Competition, Co-operation and Communism," on 6-2-39. He exposed the evils of unbridled competition and the dangers of Communism and advocated co-operation as a solution of many of the present-day ills of society.

On 15-2-39 Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L., spoke in his own characteristically humorous style on "1918 and After." Though the Great War was a victory for the Allies, he said, the Versailles treaty was a pronounced failure for them. He then reviewed and commented upon the recent international developments leading to and consequent on the Munich agreement.

Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., delivered a lecture on "Whither India?" on 22-2-39. Speaking about the political and economic future of India, he urged that real democracy and a socio-economic organisation free from the perils of Communism and the abuses of Capitalism should be the ideal to strive after.

We conducted the usual essay competition. The subjects were:

Senior Section (B. A. and B. A. Hons. classes):

Adult *vs.* Literacy Franchise

Junior Section (Intermediate classes):

Linguistic Provinces.

The prize-winners were:

Senior Section: Mr. R. Srinivasan, V Hons.

Junior section: Mr. S. B. X. Antonisamy, II U. C.

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We congratulate the prize-winners.

Our meetings were always well attended and quite lively.

S. VENKATARAMAN,
P. I. IGNATIUS,
Secretaries.

III. The Scientific Society

The record of the activities of the Society for the year 1938-39 includes eight meetings, three excursions and an essay competition.

On 5th August, 1938, Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J., D.Sc., delivered an address on "The development of mathematical Physics from Newton to Maxwell." Prof. P. E. Subramania Aiyar, President of the Society, presided. Newton, the lecturer said, was the pioneer of Mathematical Physics. He formulated many axioms including those of inertia, gravitation and inverse squares whose truth held good even to this day. With Ampère there came a movement to explain energy by reducing it to fluid particles moving at tremendous velocities in a material medium called "Ether." Experiments were conducted to corroborate physical phenomena with mathematical deductions. In this connection Maxwell's researches had gained universal praise.

The president paid a glowing tribute to the genius of Newton, and characterised Maxwell as the greatest mathematical physicist of the nineteenth century.

Seventy-five members of the Society went on an educational trip to the South Indian Railway Workshops at Golden Rock on Wednesday the 24th August 1938. They acquainted themselves with the sifting, filing and fitting of wooden pieces, the moulding, casting and welding of metallic parts of a steam engine, hydraulic presses, steam turbines, high tension D. C. and A. C. generators, and a host of other mechanical and electrical appliances.

"The wonders of the Electric Eye" formed the subject of an interesting lecture on 4th October 1938 by Mr. N. Anantha Krishnan, B.A. (Hons.) who dealt with the commercial applications of the photo-electric cell.

On 18th October 1938, Mr. C. A. George, V B.Sc. Hons., delivered an address on "The Wilson's Cloud Chamber", Mr. T. D. Subramaniam, V B.Sc. Hons., presiding. Rev. Fr. M. Theckaekera, S.J., presided over a

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meeting when Mr. R. Kasturirengan, V B.Sc. Hons., gave a talk on "From Amber to Television."

Eighty members of the Society went on an excursion to "The Trichinopoly Mills" on Tuesday the 1st November 1938. They saw the mixing, blowing, carding, drawing, spinning and reeling of cotton into threads up to forty counts.

Dr. B. S. Srikantan, D.Sc., A.I.C., Professor of Chemistry, Government College, Kumbakonam, delivered an address on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in Chemistry" on 5th November 1938. Mr. P. E. Subramania Aiyar, M.A., presided.

Quite apart from atomic research, the lecturer said, theoretical physics had prepared the way for the view that light quanta was corpuscular in nature. Thus an emission theory of radiant energy was developed alongside the classical wave theory and De Broglie put forward the ingenious suggestion that matter possessed a kind of wave-nature thereby bringing about a new unity between matter and radiant energy. Experiments conducted by Compton, Davisson, Germer, G. P. Thompson and Dempster threw light upon the dualistic nature of things.

An extraordinary meeting was held on 4th January 1939 when Mr. N. Ananthanarayanan of the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, spoke on "Light scattering and the Raman Effect." The lecturer pointed out how the Raman Effect gave valuable results in the investigation of molecular structure.

On 21st January 1939, Mr. V. Venkatramana Rao, IV B.Sc., gave a clear exposition of the uses of "The Cathode Ray Tube." Mr. V. Ganesan, V B.Sc., Hons., presiding.

Thirty members of the Society visited the A. I. R. Medium Wave Broadcasting Transmitter at Thiruverambur on Sunday the 29th January 1939. They familiarised themselves with the rectifying, modulating, driving and oscillating circuits employed in Broadcast Transmission.

An Essay Competition was conducted under the auspices of the Society, the subject being "Electro-magnetic Waves and Broadcasting." Eight members contested. Mr. O. C. Janardhana Nambiyar, V B.Sc. Hons., and Mr. T. A. Mathias, V B.Sc. Hons., were adjudged first and second respectively.

The valedictory address on "Diamonds" was delivered by Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., Dean of the Faculty of Science, Annamalai

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University, on Saturday the 25th February, 1939. Prof. P. E. Subramania Aiyar, M.A. presided.

The high reflecting and refractive power of the diamond, the Lecturer said, were the particular qualities which made it supreme among gems. The difference in the position of the atoms and the electric fields which caused them manifested itself in the difference in behaviour of the diamond and the graphite. Thus the closely packed diamond showed the greatest mechanical and chemical powers of resistance whereas the less slightly packed graphite was soft, easily cleaved and readily attacked by chemical agents.

S. RAMABADRAN,
Secretary.

IV. The Chemical Society

Our newly started Society began to function actively from the very beginning of the Academic year. We have had in all thirteen meetings wherein we discussed a variety of topics. The attendance at these meetings were very satisfactory and the standard of discussion was of a high order.

The inaugural address was delivered by Rev. Fr. A. Haas, S.J., our President, on 28-7-1938. He stressed that the qualities necessary for Scientific Achievements are moral and intellectual perfections. Quoting the examples of Madame Curie and Sir P.-C. Rây he exhorted that perseverance and simplicity are very important for an ideal scientist.

On 6-8-1938 Mr. A. C. Joseph, M.A., Professor of Chemistry presiding, Mr. Venkataraman, IV B.Sc., delivered a lecture on "the manufacture of sugar from sugar-cane." After tracing the historical development of the sugar industry in India and after dealing with the modern methods of extraction of cane-sugar, the lecturer concluded with an optimistic view, the possibility of establishing foreign markets for Indian sugar.

On 22-8-38 Mr. C. K. Ramakrishnan, B.Sc. (Hons.) Lecturer in Chemistry, gave a lecture on "the recent advances in the modern Alchemy." Mr. V. S. Ramanathan, IV B.Sc., presided. The lecturer described in detail the atomic disintegration and the possibility of approaching the philosopher's stone of old by transmutation.

On 7-10-1938 Mr. K. V. Krishnamurty, IV B.Sc., spoke on "fixation of atmospheric nitrogen." Mr. K. M. Ramamurthy, IV B.A., occupied the chair. The lecturer pointed out the economic importance of the subject and stressed the necessity in India of installing nitrogen-fixing plants

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near hydro-electric centres. On 24-10-1938 Mr. Venkataraman, IV B.Sc., spoke on "the atom." Mr. C. K. Ramakrishnan, B.Sc. (Hons.), presided. On 29-10-1938 Mr. T. N. Ramanan Rao spoke on "the life and the work of Vant. Hoff," clearly pointing out the versatile nature of the scientist's work. Mr. Raman Menon, IV B.A., presided. Radioactivity was discussed by Mr. T. R. Rajagopalan, III B.Sc., on 12-11-1938, Mr. T. R. Balasubramanian, III B.Sc., presiding. The lecturer clearly pointed out the importance of the subject and gave a fine account of its applications.

On 18-1-1939 Mr. A. C. Joseph, M.A., Professor of Chemistry, lectured from the Chair on Homœopathy. He gave an account on the life and work of Samuel Hanemann the father of homœopathy and showed some of the advantages of homœopathy.

On 26-1-1939 Mr. S. Ramanathan, IV B.Sc., gave a lecture on the Electronic Theory of Valency. Mr. Venkatasubramanian IV B.Sc., presided. Mr. P. S. Subramanyan, IV B.Sc., delivered a lecture on the manufacture of inks on 7-2-1939 when Mr. Venkataraman, IV B.Sc., presided. He pointed out how Ink manufacture can be developed as a Cottage industry in India. On 10-2-1939 Mr. C. S. Ramakrishnan, IV B.Sc., delivered a lecture on "fermentation and enzyme action." Mr. C. K. Sreedharan, B.Sc., presided. The lecturer gave an explanatory account of the enzymes and explained the importance of enzyme action in various industries. On 15-2-1939 Mr. Aravamudhan, V B.Sc., spoke on Isotopes. Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.), lecturer in Physics, presided. On 20-2-1939 Mr. Venkatasubramanyan, IV B.Sc., delivered a lecture on pH value. Mr. A. Soundra Rajan, B.Sc., presided. After defining the term pH, the lecturer gave an account of the methods of its measurement. He concluded by pointing out the importance of pH in industry and in analysis.

The Valedictory meeting of our Society was held on the 21st Feb. 1939 when Dr. Raman Menon, M.B.B.S., F.R.C.S. (London), Asst. District Medical Officer, Trichy, spoke on "Chemistry and Medicine." Rev. Father Jerome D'Souza, S.J., Rector and Principal, presided. In the course of the lecture Dr. Raman Menon stressed that the students of Chemistry should take up the standardisation of Different drugs under the Ayurvedic System.

The essay prize was won by Messrs. V. S. Ramanathan and S. Venkataraman both being of equal merit.

T. N. RAMANAN RAO,
S. RAMACHANDRAN,
Secretaries.

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V. The Mathematics Association

In spite of the fact that our society is confined to the most abstract field of knowledge its varied discussions have often attracted large number of our members and the staff.

14th July, 1938 :—Business meeting, with Rev. Fr. President in the chair. Mr. K. A. Antony, IV Honours, was elected secretary.

5th August, 1938 :—Inaugural address delivered by Rev. Fr. C. Racine, S.J., Mr. P. E. Subramania Iyer, M.A. presiding. The interesting account of "the development of mathematical physics from Newton to Maxwell", was widely appreciated by the audience.

Extraordinary Meetings

11th November, 1938 :—Lecture delivered by Mr. S. Surianarayana Iyer, M.A., "On calculating machines": the working of the "compto-meter and Hollerith's Tabulator" was clearly explained to the unusually crowded audience of staff and students.

24th November, 1938 :—Mr. V. Renganathan, B.A. (Hons.) spoke on "Dynamics of aeroplanes". The speaker made a historical survey and explained the important mathematical principles.

11th January, 1939 :—Lecture by Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar, M.A., on "Paradoxes and fallacies". The nature of the subject as well as the characteristic humour of the speaker made the lecture very interesting.

10th February, 1939 :—The last extraordinary meeting addressed by Mr. A. O. Kunjipaloo, B.A. (Hons.). Speaking on "Logic versus Intuition in Mathematics" the lecturer showed how Riemann was lovable and Weistrass admirable.

Ordinary Meetings

Mr. K. O. Augustine, V Hons., spoke on "Pure Geometry in Space," Mr. M. V. Seetharaman, IV Hons., on "Celestial Dynamics", Mr. K. A. Antony, IV Hons., on "The origin and evolution of the Universe", and Mr. P. N. Krishnaswamy, IV Hons., spoke on "The beauty of the Heavens".

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It was decided by the President at the beginning of the year that instead of conducting an "essay competition", a prize would be awarded for the best lecture given by members of the Association. This year the prize was awarded to M. K. A. Antony, IV Hons.

K. A. ANTONY, IV Hons.,
Secretary.

VI. The Sanskrit Samajam

The record of work of the Sanskrit Samajam for the year 1938-39 consists of eight ordinary and two extraordinary meetings and two competitions.

Ordinary Meetings

On 5th August 1938 Mr. R. V. Seshadri, IV U. C., delivered a lecture on 'Prose Compositions in Sanskrit Literature' explaining the several classes of Sanskrit prose and the various types of prose style. Mr. N. K. Srinivasan, IV U. C. discussed, on the 23rd of September, 'some problems in the Rāmāyana,' when the popularity of the topic attracted the largest number of supplementary orators. 'The Mind and Art of Kālidāsa' was the subject of an interesting lecture given by Mr. S. Bhanunni, III U. C. on 6th October. He was followed by Mr. P. Muthuswami, III U. C. who entertained the meeting on 8th October with a very pleasing discourse on 'The Lyrical genius of Līlāsuka,' bringing out with profuse quotations the simplicity, the melody and the emotional rapture of the Kṛṣṇa Karpāmṛta. Mr. S. A. Arunachalam, IV U. C. expounded his 'Impressions of Bāṇa's Kādambari,' on the 29th October laying stress on the ornateness of Bāṇa's style, the richness of his imagery and the vividness of his descriptions. The 'Message of the Gita' was summed up on the 12th November, by Mr. S. Chellam, IV U. C., as consisting of the Doctrine of Duty and the Spiritual Progress. Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar, M. A., who took the chair then, very aptly drew the attention of the audience to the relationship between the teacher and the taught as set forth in that 'layman's upaniṣad.' To our great and pleasant surprise, the Honours and the B. Sc. classes contributed considerably to the work of the Samajam this year thereby silencing the unfounded criticism that these classes sometimes serve as refuge from the nightmare of the languages. On 17th January, 1939 Mr. A. L. Venkateswaran, III B. Sc. (Hons.) gave a comprehensive and scholarly lecture on 'Humour in Sanskrit literature.' K. V. Durgadas, III Hons. emulated the example by delivering, on the

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3rd Feb., a speech on 'Simile and Kālidāsa' which was immensely appreciated for the thoroughness of the treatment of the subject and for the profusion of the apt and varied examples. Mr. K. Chinnaswami Iyer, M. A., the chairman of the meeting, further elucidated the topic in his concluding remarks, from which the audience easily understood not only the beauty of Kālidāsa's similes but also the versatility of the chairman.

The Extraordinary Meetings

Mr. Thomas Srinivasan, M.A., L.T., gave an erudite and illuminating discourse, on the 15th November 1938, on 'Kālidāsa and Sanskrit literature under the Gupta age'. He pointed out how the chastity, the elegance, the simplicity and the conciseness of Kālidāsa's style have won for his writings the foremost rank among the Sanskrit classics. By an examination of various evidences, literary as well as historical, the lecturer upheld the view that a renaissance of Sanskrit literature took place in the age of the Guptas and that this renaissance found its perfect expression in the writings of Kālidāsa. The lecture, impressed the hearers as the best example of what a co-ordinated knowledge of Sanskrit and Indian History can achieve.

The valedictory address of the Samajam was delivered on 28th February, 1939 by Mr. K. Chinnaswami Iyer, M.A. Speaking on 'Characterization in the Bhāgavata', the learned lecturer drew attention to the human element in the delineation of the minor characters of the epic. The sense of chivalry and justice of Vṛṭṭa, the perfected piety of Prahlāda, and the limitless liberality of Bali were explained to show how Vyāsa has humanized even his *Asuras*. He further substantiated the inimitable characterization of the author by referring to several other characters like Jaḍa Bharata, Ajāmila, Rukmiṇī, and Kucela. A genuine warmth of appreciation and an inimitable scholarship were revealed at every step of the lecture. Mr. V. Gopala Iyengar, M.A., our president, took this opportunity for bidding farewell to the lecturer on the eve of his retirement from College, thanking him gratefully for his services to the Samajam all these years.

Competitions

Our usual elocution competition, open to the members of the Intermediate classes came off on the 9th February 1939. As many as 15 competitors aspired to the laurels. Messrs. T. Totadri Iyengar, M.A., M. M. Mani, M.A. and V. Gopala Iyengar, M.A. who were pleased to be the judges awarded the I prize to Mr. K. Ramanathan, II U. C. and the II prize to Mr. M. Damodaran, I U. C.

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The essay competition in Sanskrit was conducted on the 18th February 1939, when 11 members belonging to the B. A. and B. Sc. Pass and Honours classes sat for the competition. The level of the essays was sufficiently satisfactory for a first attempt and offered justification for carrying on the convention of Sanskrit essay writing in future years. Mr. R. V. Seshadri, IV U. C. won the first prize and Mr. K. V. Durgadas III Hons., the second.

S. CHELLAM,
Secretary.

VII. தமிழ்ச் சங்கத்தின் ஆண்டு

தமிழ்ச் சங்கம் இந்த ஆண்டிலும் முன்னைய ஆண்டுகளைப் போலவே தன்னுடைய தமிழ்த் தொண்டினை ஆற்றிவந்துள்ளது. தமிழ்ப் பற்றுடையார் பலரும் கூட்டம் நடந்த அமையங்களில் வந்திருந்து சிறப்பித்தனர்.

முதற் கூட்டம்.

தமிழ்ச் சங்கத்தின் முதற் கூட்டம் வெகுதானிய ஆண்டு ஆடித் திங்கள் 14-ம் நாள் (29-7-1938) மாலை கூடிற்று. அவ்வமையம் திரு. கோவிந்தராஜன் 'கள்ளண்ணாமை' என்ற பொருள்பற்றி அழகியதொரு சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்கள். அதுபொழுது நமது தமிழாசிரியர் திரு. மு. நடேச முதலியார் அவர்கள் தலைவராக இருந்து முடிவுரை கூறினார்கள்.

இரண்டாவது கூட்டம்.

இரண்டாவது கூட்டம் ஆடித் திங்கள் 21-ம் நாள் (5-8-38) மாலை கூடிற்று. நமது தமிழாசிரியர் அவர்கள் தலைமை வகித்தார்கள். திருஞானசம்பந்தம் 'திருவள்ளுவர்' என்ற பொருள்பற்றிப் பேசினார்கள். திருவள்ளுவரைப் பற்றியும் அவரியற்றிய திருக்குறளைப்பற்றியும் பல நுண்ணிய பொருள்களைக் கூறி அவையினரை மகிழ்வுறுத்தினர்.

மூன்றாவது கூட்டம்.

மூன்றாவது கூட்டம் ஆடித் திங்கள் 25-ம் நாள் (9-8-38) கூடிற்று. அக்கூட்டத்திற்கு ஆங்கிலப் பேராசிரியர் திரு. S. V. லாரென்ஸ் M.A. அவர்கள் தலைவராக வீற்றிருந்து அவையை இனிது நடத்திவைத்தார்கள். அக்கூட்டத்தில் திரு. ஐயா மரியசூசை 'மொழியின் நிலை—பழமையும் புதுமையும்' என்ற சொற்பொருள்பற்றி இனிது நவீனரார்கள். தமிழ் மொழியில் நூல்கள் தோன்றிய வரலாற்றைப்பற்றி விளக்கினார்கள். தலைவர் அவர்கள் தங்கள் நுண்ணிய கருத்துக்களை நிரல்பட எடுத்துக்கூறி எவரையும் மகிழ்வித்தார்கள்.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

நான்காவது கூட்டம்.

ஆவணித் திங்கள் 11-ம் நாள் (27-8-38) மாலை நான்காவது முறையாகத் தமிழ்ச் சங்கம் கூடிற்று. நமது தமிழாசிரியர் தலைமை வகித்தார்கள். திரு. கந்தசாமி 'நாலடியார்' என்ற பொருள்பற்றி ஓர் விரிவுரை நிகழ்த்தினார்கள். அன்று சங்கைக்குரிய அருளானந்தம் சாமியார் அவர்கள் நாலடியாரிலுள்ள நுண்கருத்துக்களையும், பேசுவார் கவனிக்கவேண்டியவைகள் இவைகள் என்பதையும் மிகத் தெளிவாக எடுத்து விளக்கினார்கள்.

ஐந்தாவது கூட்டம்.

அக்டோபர் மாதம் 15-ம் நாள் சங்கத்தின் ஐந்தாவது கூட்டம் கூடிற்று. ரசாயனப் பேராசிரியராகிய திரு. V. சேஷயங்கார் அவர்கள் 'இது உங்களுக்குப் பிடிக்குமா' என்ற பெயர் கொடுத்து எல்லோருக்கும் பிடிக்கும் விஷயத்தைப்பற்றிப் பேசினார்கள். திரு. பாரதியார் அவர்களின் பாடல்களைச் சொற்சுவை பொருட்சுவை விளங்க இசைத்து ஆங்காங்கு பொதிந்து உள்ள நுட்பங்களை விளக்கினர்.

ஆறாவது கூட்டம்.

அக்டோபர் மாதம் 28-ந் தேதி நமது தமிழாசிரியர் தலைமையில் சங்கம் கூடிற்று. திரு. வாதாராஜன் 'தமிழர் அன்பு' என்ற பொருள்பற்றிப் பேசினர். அன்பின் இயல்பையும் அன்புடைமையால் உண்டாகக்கூடிய நலன்களையும் கேட்டார்க்கு அன்பு பெருக உரைத்தனர்.

ஏழாவது கூட்டம்.

நவம்பர் மாதம் 4-ம் நாள் தேசசரித்திர பேராசிரியரான திரு. தாமஸ் ஸ்ரீநிவாசன் அவர்கள் 'புறநானூறும் பண்டைத் தமிழ்நாட்டுச் சரித்திரமும்' என்ற பொருள்பற்றி அரியதொரு சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்கள். புறநானூற்றில் அமைந்துள்ள சரித்திரச் செய்திகள் பலவற்றையும் அழகுற விளக்கினார்கள்.

எட்டாவது கூட்டம்.

1939-ம் ஓஸ் ஜனவரித் திங்கள் 27-ம் நாள் தமிழவை கூடிற்று. அது பொழுது பொருளாதாரநாற் பேராசிரியராகிய திரு. M. ஆரோக்கியசாமி அவர்கள் 'நமது கடமை' என்ற பொருள்பற்றிச் சிறந்ததொரு சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்கள். நம் நாட்டவர் முன்னேற்றத்திற்குரிய கடமைகளைப்பற்றிக் கவினுறக் கூறினர்.

பிப்பரவரி மாதம் 7-ம் தேதியிலும் 9-ம் தேதியிலும் தமிழ்ச் சொல்வன்மைத் தேர்ச்சிகள் நிகழ்ந்தன.

பி. ஏ. வகுப்பு மாணவர்களுள் திரு. ரம்போலா முதற் பரிசுக்கும் திரு. சம்பந்தமும், திரு. சூரியமூர்த்தியும் இரண்டாவது பரிசுக்கும் உரியவர்களாகத் தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப் பெற்றனர்.

இண்டர்மீடியேட் வகுப்பு மாணவர்களுள் திரு. R. கண்ணன் முதற் பரிசுக்கும் திரு. A. R. ராமசாமி இரண்டாவது பரிசுக்கும் உரியவர்களாகத் தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப் பெற்றனர்.

சங்கம் இனிது நடைபெறத் துணைபுரிந்த எல்லோருக்கும் எங்கள் நன்றி உரியதாகுக.

G. துரைராஜன்,
அமைச்சன்.

2-3-39.

VIII The Malayalee Samaj

The activities of the Samaj during the academic year began with the Business meeting held on 12 July 38 with the President in the chair. Messrs. C. K. Kesavan Nair and K. P. Hormes were unanimously elected Secretaries. There were held subsequently 7 Ordinary Meetings and 3 Extraordinary Meetings.

Taking the tip from the Hon'ble C. J. Varkey, M.A., K.S.G., who exhorted us in his inaugural address to the College Societies to make the best use of our Societies with a view to following him to the Legislature in the near future, the enthusiastic sons of Kerala showed a predilection to debates on the burning questions of the day, such as "the Wardha Scheme", "Good Autocracy is better than Responsible Government" etc. The participation of the members in these debates gave ample promise of their proving worthy of seats in the Federal Legislature of the future India.

The first extraordinary meeting came off on 11 Oct. '38, when Rev. Fr. Thomas Purakel, S.J. presided and Mr. P. T. Punnoose, B.A., delivered an interesting lecture on "India to-day". He made a vigorous plea for the eradication of the illiteracy and poverty of the teeming masses, their lack of culture and of religious toleration. This was, he said, a very noble mission for the youths of to-day, and he hoped that they would prove equal to the task.

On 4 Nov. '38, we had the unique fortune to listen to a most fascinating and erudite address delivered from the chair by Dr. C. Achyuta Menon, B.A., Ph.D., Reader in Malayalam, University of Madras. His masterly treatment of the beauties and glories of the Malayalam language and liter-

ature left us all mute with admiration for his profound scholarship, critical acumen and admirable presentation, which was seasoned with numerous apt quotations. His special plea for a revivification of Malayalam literature was a timely exhortation to budding literary artists to strike on original paths and not cling slavishly to time-worn conventions and stale imitations. Dr. Menon's Address gave a fillip to our critical study of literature, and the result was the very useful discussions we conducted on the literary contribution of Sri Kumaran Asan, the great lyricist of Kerala.

The Valedictory Address was delivered on 28 Feb. '39 by Mr. E. H. S. Abraham, B.A. (M.C.S.), Municipal Commissioner, Trichinopoly. He gave an inspired and thought-provoking speech on "the necessity of a common language for India", which was much flavoured by his personal anecdotes and experiences of his life in 1922 as a Special Officer in charge of the welfare of the Moplah exiles in the Andamans where compulsory Hindi was taught.

The Elocution Contest for the Intermediate, and the Extempore Speech Competition for the B.A. and Hons. Sections were held on 25 Feb. '39. The subjects for the latter were:—

1. The Golden Age in Malayalam Literature.
2. Some practical suggestions for a literacy campaign in India.
3. The defects in the existing system of education and the means to rectify them.

Most of the competitors proved virile critics of the present educational system; and the Monster of Public Examination which the system has bred up was subjected to a heavy belt of artillery fire. The results of these competitions are:—

EXTEMPORE SPEECH:—1st. Mr. B. C. Verghese, V Hons.
2nd. „ P. I. Ignatius, IV U. C.

ELOCUTION CONTEST:—1st. Mr. Mathew J. Kuzhiady, I U. C.
2nd. „ P. N. Subrahmanian, I U. C.

In conclusion we wish to thank Rev. Fr. Purakel, S.J., Rev. Fr. Augustine, S.J., Mr. M. M. Mani, M.A., and Mr. A. C. Joseph, M.A., for their kindness in presiding over our meetings and rendering their valuable guidance in our deliberations.

C. K. KESAVAN NAIR.
K. P. HORMES.
Secretaries.

THE MALAYALEE SAMAJ

DATE	SUBJECT	SPEAKER	PRESIDENT
12-7-38	Business Meeting		Mr. M. J. Kuriakose, M.A.
29-7-38	Debate on 'Compulsory Hindi is detrimental to the Mother-tongue'	Mover: N. M. Thomas, B.A. Opposer: B. C. Verghese, V Hons.	Mr. M. J. Kuriakose, M.A.
8-8-38	"The Wardha Scheme" (Debate)	Mover: C. A. George, V Hons. Opposer: Richard D'Paul, V Hons.	Mr. B. C. Verghese, V Hons.
9-10-38	"Asan's Upagupta is narrow-minded in his outlook" (Debate)	Mover: P. I. Ignatius, IV U. C. Opposer: C. K. Kesavan Nair, IV U. C.	Mr. N. M. Thomas, B.A.
11-10-38	"India to-day"	Mr. P. I. Poonnoose, B.A. of Trav.	Rev. Fr. Thomas Purakel, S.J.
20-10-38	"Periodical Poems in Malayalam"	Anselm Netto, II U. C.	Mr. M. M. Mani, M.A.
4-11-38	"Malayalam Literature"	Dr. C. Achyuta Menon, B.A., Ph.D.	(From the Chair)
11-1-39	"Technical terms in Malayalam"	K. P. Hormis, IV U. C.	Mr. A. C. Joseph, M.A.
19-1-39	"Kumaran Asan has failed in his characterisation" (Debate)	Mover: K. A. Antony, IV Hons. Opposer: M. J. Poulouse, III Hons.	Mr. K. Raman Nair, IV U. C.
31-1-39	"Good autocracy is better than responsible Government" (Debate)	Mover: M. D. Varkey, IV Hons. Opposer: B. C. Verghese, V Hons.	Rev. Fr. Augustine, S.J.
28-2-39	"The necessity of a common language for united India"	Mr. E.H.S. Abraham, B.A. (M.C.S.)	(From the Chair)

Field Notes 1938-39

DURING the year under review, all our Athletic Clubs have been in full activity. Tennis, Hockey & Football have had their usual number of votaries. Volleyball, Basketball, Badminton & Tenikoit have been in honour in the Boarding and Clive's Hostels. The Intermediate P. T. Classes were numerically much stronger than ever before. Cricket alone is still in the prenatal stage.

Our Captains during the year were N. A. Rengasamy (Athletics), K. Narayanasamy (Hockey), R. Krishnasamy (Football), G. Kamalaratnam (Tennis), K. Hickman (Boarding), and Tirupathi (Clive's). Rengasamy and Peter Rodrigues were made General Captain & Associate General Captain respectively in recognition of their outstanding athletic ability and leadership.

Home Fixtures

The Annual Sports was held on 20 Aug. '38, Rev. Fr. Rector presiding. The Mahé Ground was *en fete* on the day, with gorgeous flags, neatly laid-out tracks, enthusiastic athletes, alert judges, appreciative crowds, and the inspiring strains of the College Band. Arthur Pitcher annexed the Track & Field Championship with 7 titles won in the Sprints, Jumps & Discus Throw, all performed in excellent style. The Staff Tug O' War drew hectic outbursts of cheers, while the Drill & March Past of our U. T. C. Contgt. proved a spectacular show.

Our Home Tournaments were held in the 2nd & 3rd Terms. There has been a slight fall in the usual number of entries for some of these tournaments. This is regrettable, for those who stood out of the lists have forfeited the pleasure of an exhilarating competition. The results of the Tournaments are:—

EVENT	WINNER	RUNNER-UP
Tennis Jr. Singles.	Thenappan.	P. C. Narayanasamy.
" " Doubles.	P. C. Narayanasamy & Pr.	Bhattathri & Pr.
" Sr. Singles.	G. Kamalaratnam.	S. Nagaretnam.
" " Doubles.	T. K. Ramanathan & Pr.	G. Kamalaratnam & Pr.
Badminton, Doubles.	Lakshminarayanan & Pr.	Manickam & Pr.

EVENT	WINNER	RUNNER-UP
Football Sevens.	III Cl—"Kittu Sevens".	IV Cl—"Merry Mates".
Hockey "	I "—"Arthurians".	II "—"Bdg. Spartans".
Basketball, Fives.	III "—"Recruits".	II "—"Top Flights".
Volleyball, Sixes.	Hons,—"Flamingoes".	I "—"Battling Blues".

In the P. T. Class Intra-mural competitions, II U. C. were superior in Hockey, Volleyball & Basketball, but were roundly beaten by I U. C. in Football. Besides these there were the Boarding & Clive's Hostel Tournaments, and Tennis Singles Cold Weather Tournament in which K. Narayanasamy won a hot victory. It is worthy of note that the most friendly spirit prevailed in all these tournaments.

Inter-Collegiate Competitions

Our Inter-Collegiate competitions were not a roaring success. In the University Athletic Meet at Pudukottah, we did not reach the heights of last year, a year in which we did things too good to last long. The fact was that Kulendaivel and a few athletes of ours were in a flat spin on the day. Still we managed to annex the Divisional Championships in 100 & 200 Metres Hurdles, 1500 Metres Race, Pole Vault & Shot Putt, our successful athletes being Arthur Pitcher, Jack Pitcher, Rengaswamy & Danasekaran. The most conspicuous success was Rengaswami's victory in the Mile Races of Madras when he won the University Mile Championship.

In the University Football & Hockey Tournaments, we outclassed our opponents in the preliminary & semi-final rounds, but went under in the finals by a narrow margin, owing chiefly to the fact that our Attack was not all that it should have been. We mean no disparagement to our teams; in fact we had fine players, and Peter Rodrigues played a sterling game in both the events. But it is not only fine players but match winners that we want, particularly because University matches tend to become more and more a display of college pomp rather than a sporting event.

We are proud, however, that we were not "catty" over these slices of misfortune. Far from discouraging us, these reverses served as an incentive to do better; and we rejoice to say that in the Inter-Collegiate competitions run in the U. T. C. Camp we swept the board and brought home the Hockey Challenge Cup by beating every other team, the

Parlakimedi Athletic Cup by winning a very creditable aggregate score and several titles and prizes, and the Cross-Country Challenge & Championship Cups which we won with a big victory; for Kulendaivel, Rengaswamy & Antony Cruz secured the 1st, 2nd & 3rd ranks respectively among the 128 competitors, while the other 13 of our team secured a higher order of finish than all the other college teams. Mention must also be made of the Inter-Platoon Athletic Competitions between the contingents of our College and the National College where the laurels in Hockey, Football, Sports and Tug O'War were won by our Platoons, No. 14 Platoon being more fortunate in the share of laurels.

Other Fixtures

We played quite a number of fixtures with outside teams during the year. In Hockey we won against St. John's Vestry School, the Town Team & the Frontier Force Rifles, and lost only to Dick's Elevens. In Football we played against the Town Team, the Jasmin Club, the E. J. F. Union, Lala's Team, Dick's Elevens & S. I. Ry. Stores Club; we won 3 matches, drew in 2 and lost 1. In Badminton we won over the Dindigul High School, but lost against the Kumbakonam Govt. College. In the Union Club Presidency Tournament, our players put up a gallant but unavailing fight against the veterans in the game, Messrs. Dick Pears, Shiva Rao & Furtado. In Volleyball & Basketball we retained our supremacy against all the teams that challenged us,—St. John's Vestry School, Dindigul High School, Karur High School, Mani's College & Kumbakonam Govt. College.

Conclusion

Our Report would be incomplete without a mention of the services rendered to our Athletic Department by Rev. Fr. Mona, who left us last July to recuperate his health in Kodaikanal. As President of our Athletic Committee for 7 years from 1930 he worked hard and successfully to improve our Tennis standard and to co-ordinate the activities of our several sections. We wish him a speedy recovery of health.

It is now our pleasant duty to thank the President of our Athletic Committee, Rev. Fr. J. P. Gering, and the Staff Members on our Committee, Rev. Fr. X. Ehrhart and Messrs. P. R. Subramaniam and C. R. Saundararajan for their encouragement of leadership in the Captains and clean sport among the teams.

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The Anniversary of the College Societies

Academic and Athletic

2nd March 1939

THU Thursday the 2nd March, the anniversary celebrations were held with Major G. T. B. Harvey, M.A. (Cantab.), Tutor to the Maharajah of Pudukottah, in the chair. The reports of the eight societies reduced to bare enumeration, were read by the secretaries, each Society disclosing a large number of meetings and competitions. The newly started Chemical Society showed a high record of work. The L. and D. Society, besides having a record number of meetings, had for the sixth time won the gold medal in the oratorical contest at Kumbakonam in the person of its representative Mr. B. C. Varghese. The Mathematics Society made a welcome innovation in awarding its prize to the best lecture delivered by the members, the winner being Mr. K. A. Antony, IV Hon. The reports over, Mr. Pattabiraman gave a Tamil song, which was followed by an excellent piece of English music "Mignonette". Fortified by these musical strains, the audience lent a patient hearing to the monotony of the Sports Report. The President then distributed the prizes and trophies. The President's speech was a model of its kind.

"First of all, my sincere thanks for your delightful welcome, and an expression of the sense of the honour done to me by Father D'Souza in inviting me to occupy this chair this evening.

You have had, I know well, many guests more deserving and better qualified to do it in the past—but, I assure you, none more glad and more obliged.

One way and another, I hear a good deal of St. Joseph's and what I hear is so generally to its honour, that when I happen to be discussing Indian Education and Academies either out here or at Home, it is a fact that St. Joseph's,—and similar foundations of which I know no more, and no less—say, St. Xavier's, Calcutta or St. Joseph's, Bangalore—are always part of my theme.

It is not only the scholastic or athletic prowess of the students that so impress me. I read them, and forget them, or most of them, though

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLLEGE SOCIETIES

they do serve to confirm what I have learnt during 25 years in India, namely a *great* admiration for the system on which these institutions are conducted—a system which derives from the enterprise of their authorities—the steady drive towards the essentials of Education—a fearlessness in facing official "non possumus—es"—the calibre of the men they send to teach and guide you—the absence of the second-rate and the insistence on the Ideal.

So much is this now a conviction, that it is all the more a pleasure to be here today, in one of their own strongholds, and—if it be not counted impertinent of an obscure schismatic—salute the great Order whose educational services to India so far outshine all others.

So much is generalisation. When I speak in St. Joseph's itself, and to St. Joseph's, I can only do so as an outsider, a foreigner,—for life in the big boarding school in England where I was educated (alleged), was very different from the one you lead here. Nevertheless, though I could make some invidious comparisons, such as that our climate was a good deal easier to work and play in than yours, or that your standard of work and of teaching was, (I fear,) a good deal higher than ours—yet there are certain educational ideals which are common to Colleges out here and to Public Schools at Home, *which have nothing to do with examination results*. One of these, because this is an Anniversary day for your Societies, I propose to expand a little, for it seems to me that College Societies and the 'House' system at an English Public School do have it in common, *the ideal of LEADERSHIP*.

We want Leadership. The age is nearly bankrupt of it, at least of leadership followed with freedom. Everywhere, and especially in India, you have the demagogue, so-called leaders inflated with the success of insincere verbosity; their reputation and influence soars like a rocket, makes a noise...and ends like a rocket. The quality I mean is far different.

You may possibly find it hard to believe, but it is nevertheless a fact, that School Prefects and House Captains had a great deal more influence with the other 600 odd boys at Marlborough, than ANY master, except the Head, THE MASTER. I think we had about 40 masters altogether, but the 30 or so Prefects were far more important. They ran the House, they ran the games, they ran the tone of the school; they could reward and they could punish; and housemasters hardly came into the picture beyond steering and advising their prefects when they wanted it, or in dealings with parents.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLLEGE SOCIETIES

Such a system could hardly work out here. You have a monitor system but you are not divided up into separate houses in which to feed and work and sleep. There the system was allowed to persist, *Because it brought out, in Selected Boys, The Capacity for Leadership.*

Now do not "SOCIETIES," academic and athletic do very much the same? You elect your office-bearers, you follow their policy and advice; you play their tactics at games. For their part they become responsible for the tone, the keenness and the success of these Societies—they are entrusted with LEADERSHIP within the College; they are instruments of the IDEAL, on behalf of the College.

It's a curious thing, Leadership, isn't it? It is *not* the same as what is called Success. Many a man—an official in a district, or a soldier in a regiment, or a clerk in an office, who gets neither C. I. E's nor D. S. O's nor commercial knighthoods, is afterwards spoken of—sometimes not until his obituary, it is true!—as a Natural Leader. He has influenced opinion, excited emulation, got people to follow him—not because he has made more centuries, or shot more enemies or made more money, but because of some quality innate in him that Enforced Respect. To put it another way, Leadership does not come only from prowess in the field—nor even from intellectual eminence,—but from Character. This is where your Societies are of such value—they find and develop character; they discover not only physical and mental virtues, but Moral virtues as well.

A few weeks ago there died one such LEADER, and the whole world mourned. He did, it is true, occupy a throne. Thus far you may say that success came into the picture. But his temporal power was small—even, until comparatively lately sneered at,—his private fortune modest; he did not advertise or challenge or threaten; and, since many of his predecessors, in far less difficult times, failed, it cannot have been merely his exalted office that made his late Holiness one of the greatest men of the age. The truth is that Pope Pius XI was a LEADER. Many princes and magnates have had learning, Wisdom, courage and personal holiness,—but the late Holy Father, in a world of successful brawlers and alleged supermen, of the same race and living cheek by jowl with one of the mightiest and most vaunted of them,—without alliances and colonies and tanks and submarines—outshone such people in capturing universal respect and devotion, as the sun does the moon.

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That is LEADERSHIP, and my submission is that since in their humble way, such Associations as those I preside over to-day, definitely nurture that particular quality, they serve this College well. "Floreat!"

In proposing a vote of thanks to the President, Rev. Fr. Principal declared that Major Harvey, as befitting a military man, had conquered him on the occasion when he spoke at Puducottah under his Presidentship. His interest in the boys of the State was evident by the personal knowledge he showed about many of them as they came to receive their prizes on that occasion. His wide popularity in the State, and the many expressions of warm praise he heard about Major Harvey made him eager to secure for this day's function a man of Major Harvey's gifts. He concluded by a warm tribute to the generous sentiments expressed in such beautiful language by the President of the evening.

The President and those seated with him descended from the platform and the stage was occupied by a group of "Baghavathars" who kept the audience in roars of laughter by their powers of outrageous mimicry of the genuine article. Two recitations, one from Whitman and the other "The Village Blacksmith", the latter rendered by the close collaboration of two admirers of this piece, one a paralytic and the other dumb, the former mouthing the words, and the latter providing the gestures were hugely enjoyed by the audience. A vocal solo by Mr. Harris has now become an indispensable item of every public function and his performance on this day fully justified his reputation as a talented musician.

"Shivering Shocks," a play in English mystified the audience by the intricacy of the plot and was staged under the handicap that both the actors and Mr. S. V. Lawrence, the Stage Manager, fell ill by turns. The Societies are highly grateful to Rev. Fr. Balam, S.J. who bravely took up the difficult task and cheerfully saw it through.

The College band, like Johnny Walker, is going strong and its "Mangalam" is the new favourite of the audience. At the close of the function Major Harvey walked up to Rev. Fr. Camboulives, S.J. and warmly complimented him—an act of exquisite courtesy as graceful as it was deserving.

A. H.

U. T. C. Notes 1938-39.

UR U. T. C. Anniversary was held in the Lawley Hall on 17th February in the presence of a large gathering of guests, as well as the Rev. Father Rector, Staff and students. J. F. C. Reynolds Esq., Chief Transportation Supdt., S. I. Ry., presided and Mrs. K. S. Thimayya gave away the prizes. The function was a great success, and consisted of the following items:—

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| 1. Light Refreshments & Tea. | |
| 2. Le Volontaire (Quick Step). | College Band. |
| 3. Annual Report. | |
| 4. Prize Distribution. | |
| 5. Farewell Address to Capt. K. S. Thimayya. | |
| 6. Farewell Song. | "Don" Coy Choir. |
| 7. Capt. Thimayya's Reply. | |
| 8. "Pass, Shoot,—Goal" (Song). | Sgt. G. B. Harris. |
| 9. President's Remarks. | |
| 10. "Indian Dance". | College Band. |
| 11. "The Fire Eater". | A Comedy in one Act. |
| 12. "Mangalam" and "God Save the King". | College Band. |

After welcoming the guests and staff members, Capt. V. Sundaresan presented the Annual Report, which is reproduced below.

Value of Cadet Training.

In these days of war scare and conscription panic, it is good to reassure students and parents that Cadet Training is not for war. It is not the ideal of the University Corps to foster a militant and aggressive spirit. On the contrary, Cadet Training has primarily an educational value. It develops the physique and social personality of the undergraduate, improves his sense of smartness, discipline and responsibility in a practical manner, and fits him to play his part as a citizen manfully and capably. The greatest asset of this training is that it affords to the N. C. Os in particular ample opportunities for the development of disciplined initiative, intelligent leadership and a spirit of service, and teaches all—N. C. Os and Cadets alike—to fulfill their responsibilities with confidence, promptness and efficiency. We would therefore venture the opinion that those who have had a successful service

U. T. C. CAMP



Winners of the Bn. Athletic Cup



Winners of the Bn. Cross Country Cup



His Excellency inspects the Guard of Honour



Winners of the Bn. Hockey Cup

U. T. C. NOTES 1938-39

in the Corps will be found comparatively more competent for public services, and would often appear to great advantage in the stress of life. I do not, however, wish to minimise the military value of this training. It is an essential preparation for an Army career. But as entrance to the Army is limited to the few who obtain competitive vacancies, I can only hope that when our country comes to have a National Militia for Home Defence the necessary man-power would be forthcoming from among those who have gained in the Corps at the very least a knowledge of military training and discipline.

Strength, Attendance and Training.

During the year under review we have had on rolls a 100% of our authorized establishment. The average annual attendance at parades rose from 87% last year to 89.6% this year. 15 Cadets have put in cent per cent attendance, and 22 have attended all but one parades. The Recruits enrolled this year have shaped well, and compare favourably with the Trained Cadets in Marching efficiency. The N. C. Os were put through a Cadre Course in Weapon Training, Field Craft and Section Leading with a view to preparing them for the Certificate of Efficiency Examinations. We wish to congratulate CSM. Napier, Sgt. Gnanamuthu, Cpl. Jeganathan, Cpl. De Couto and Cpl. Thambiah on their obtaining both the Lower and Higher Certificates; Sgt. Govinda Kurup, Cpl. Subramanian, L/Cpl. Anbu and L/Cpl. Muquaddam on their securing the Lower Certificate.

Musketry Training has had an impetus these two years, thanks to the extra coaching given by S/Sgt. Barnett on and off parades, and the provision of a Miniature Range in the college premises through the kindness of Rev. Fr. Principal. We had secured the best Battalion average last year both for Recruits and Trained Cadets. This year the Recruits' average is slightly lower, but the Trained Cadets' average has gone up by 6 per cent. Encouraged by the presence of a number of good shots in our ranks, we took part in the Inter-University Small Bore League as well as the Army Rifle Association (India) Rifle Match. The score obtained in the final competitions fell short of the expectations raised by more brilliant preliminary shoots, but is good enough to justify our expectation of success in at least one of these two competitions.

Two outstanding events in our training which deserve special mention are the Ceremonial Drill Demonstration put up at our College Annual

Sports on 20 August '38, and the Guard of Honour provided to H. E. the Governor of Madras during his reception at the College on 31 October '38. Our turn-out, drill and bearing on both the occasions were quite impressive, and elicited warm praise from the guests of honour.

Annual Camp.

Our Annual Camp was held at Pallavaram between the 8th and 22nd December '38. What with the numerous electric lights and adequate water service, the delightful Band programme played every evening, and the many post-prandial concerts and entertainments, one wonders whether after all one goes out to Pallavaram for a hard camp life. But there is no gainsaying the fact that these very luxuries provided the necessary relaxation after the day's strenuous round of Battalion and Company Duties, competitive games, Drill and P. T. Parades (normal as well as extra), not to speak of fatigues in connection with camp decoration, and also—as it happened this year—pretty hard sweat at repairing the unkempt approach road to camp. We are glad that the camp training and tasks made for a high standard of smartness in the performance of all parades and duties, and enabled us to give an excellent account of ourselves during the inspection of our Battalion by the District Commander, Major-General E. F. Norton, D.S.O., M.C., on 21 December '38. The visit of the Vice-Chancellor and a few Syndic Members and Principals on 10 December '38 was a great pleasure to us; and the presence of Rev. Fr. Carty among them was no small encouragement.

Our successes in camp competitions were so glorious that our lads went nearly mad with joy on the last day of camp, when they figured all too prominently among those who drew the prizes. We won

1. The Vice-Chancellor's Cup for Trained Cadets' Musketry;
2. The Raja Raghava Varma Cup for Recruits' Musketry;
3. The Battalion Cup for Recruits' Best Shot;
4. The Raja of Parlakimedi Cup for Athletics;
5. The Battalion Cup for Cross-Country Team Championship;
6. The Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar Cup for Cross-Country Individual Championship;
7. The Battalion Cup for Hockey;
8. Capt. C. B. Ponnappa trophy for Interior Economy.

Besides these 8 Challenge trophies, we annexed 5 Individual Championship Cups, 37 Medals and 7 Prizes—far and away the biggest collection

ever bagged by any company. We should particularly congratulate L/Cpl. Navaneetham and L/Cpl. Aloysius Joseph on their winning the Battalion Best Shot Individual Cups; Rect. Kulendaivel, Cpl. Rangaswamy and Cdt. Antony Cruz on their securing the 1st, 2nd and 3rd ranks respectively among the 128 competitors in the Battalion Cross-Country Race; and all these again as well as Cpl. De Couto, L/Cpl. Narasiah, Cdt. Tirupathi, Rect. Arthur Pitcher and Rect. Jack Pitcher on the laurels they won in the Battalion Athletic Sports.

Glorious as these laurels have been, we missed the Willingdon Shield for all-round efficiency through sheer ill luck. The unexpected absence of Cdt. Ramanathan from Camp owing to sickness, and the unsuspected illness of our perfectly trained Guard-Commander, Sgt. Gnanamuthu, just on the eve of the Guard-Mounting Competition not only robbed us of further laurels, but also cost us the few precious points which would have brought the Shield to Trichy.

Inter-Platoon Competitions.

The biggest attraction since Camp was our Inter-Platoon athletic and military competition. In the Attendance, Musketry, Drill and Guard-Mounting Competitions there has been practically a neck-to-neck race between all the Platoons. But in Football, Hockey, Athletic Sports and Tug-O' War, 13 and 14 Platoons were more lucky with the result that they ran a close race for all-round championship laurels. 14 Platoon finished best with a total score of 497 points out of a possible of 600, and with a lead of 28 points over 13 Platoon.

It is my very pleasant duty to place on record our gratitude to the Rev. Fr. Rector for the two handsome cups he has presented us this year for our Football and Hockey competitions. The value of these trophies has been further enhanced by their being associated with the memories of perhaps the greatest builders of this institution, the late Rev. Frs. J. D. W. Sewell and F. Bertram. My thanks are also due to our Hd-Qrs. for the gift of the Lord Kitchener Memorial Cup for our Athletic competition. I must also refer here to another Cup founded now by our College Officers in honour of Capt. K. S. Thimayya, and ear-marked for Guard-Mounting efficiency which has so definitely improved during his adjutantship.

Conclusion.

In conclusion I wish to say that our celebration this evening marks the end of a fine year of all-round progress and remarkable success, and is representative of the hard and systematic efforts of our Officers, N. C. Os and Cadets to maintain a high standard of efficiency.

My last duty is to thank all those who have made this evening's entertainment the success it has been, particularly Rev. Fr. A. Camboulives for providing us the delightful strains of his Band which have greatly enhanced the pleasure of this function, and also Rev. Fr. J. Bourdot and Mr. S. V. Lawrence for the valuable help they gave us in putting on boards "The Fire Eater". My thanks are also due to our Commandant and Adjutant, as well as Messrs. A. V. Desikachari, A. T. Antoniswamy and A. Soundararaj for having so readily helped us as Referees and Judges in our competitions.

I have deliberately kept for the end your name, Sir, to give myself an opportunity to say how much we value the kindness and readiness with which you accepted our invitation to preside at this function. Your visit is an honour to us, and a reward for our extra-curricular task of imparting military education to our alumni.

May I now request you, Mrs. Thimayya, to award the prizes to the victors, and thus inspire and heighten in them the spirit of noble manhood which none can do so well as an ideal lady. We are sorry, indeed, that this will perhaps be the last of the several marks of affection and appreciation you have conferred on the Corps during your worthy husband's stay with us. We shall ever remember you with pleasure and gratitude.

Prize Winners

Mrs. Thimayya gave away the prizes amidst rousing cheers to the winners in our competitions, who are as under :—

Individual

Championships.

MUSKETRY :—	Coy. Best Shot. Pt. IV. Sgt. Gnanamuthu.		
(Spoons).	Pln. " " " III. L/C. Narasiah,	13	Pln.
	" Anbu,	14	"
	" Jeganathan	15	"
	Cdt. Thiraviam	16	"

Pln.	Best Shot Pt. I. Rec. Kulendaivel	13	Pln.
	" J. Pitcher.	13	"
	" K. Hickman	14	"
	" Md. Ibrahim.	15	"
	" Swaminathan	16	"

Platoon

Championships.

(Cups) MUSKETRY :—	Dewan Bahadur Col. Sir T. Desikachari	Cup 13	"
DRILL :—	Rao Saheb Dr. A. Mathuram	Cup. 14	"
G.D.-MOUNTG :—	Capt. K. S. Thimayya	Cup. 16	"
FOOTBALL :—	Rev. Fr. Sewell Memorial	Cup. 14	"
HOCKEY :—	Rev. Fr. Bertram Memorial	Cup. 14	"
ATHLETICS :—	Lord Kitchener Memorial	Cup. 13	"

All-Round

Championship.

(Shield) Hon. Capt. Rev. C. Leigh, S.J.	Challenge Shield.	14	"
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A Farewell

On behalf of the Officers and Other Ranks of the Company, Lieut. P. R. Subramaniam presented a Farewell Address to Capt. K. S. Thimayya of 4/19 Hyderabad Regiment, who is completing his tour of duty with us as Adjutant on 31 March '39, when he will rejoin his unit. The Address referred to his popularity and efficiency. The period of his adjutantship has been momentous for the improvements and innovations, which, thanks to his initiative and effort, have helped to lift the Corps from the usual drab boredom of drill book routine. The introduction of Tactical Exercises, and Antigas Training, the impetus given to Rifle Meets and Inter-Corps Shoots, the inauguration of the Certificate of efficiency Examinations, and the organization of Mass P. T. to the accompaniment of Band, have all not only spiced the humdrum programme, but also made for a marked improvement in the Musketry, Drill and Marching Efficiency of our Battalion. Last, but not the least of his contributions to the Corps, is the creation of the subtle atmosphere, which recognizes that we are not merely soldiers but University men as well, and which has made Cadet Training a very pleasant and instructive hobby, and the Annual Camp an enviable holiday. But the MAN has been even greater than his WORK. We will long remember the face with its unfading smile, the tongue with its unfailing wit, the big heart that resides in his

imposing figure, and that indefinable something in his personality and bearing which marks the leader of men,—all which brought a world of sunshine into the rigours of military routine and the acerbities of camp competitions. FLOREAT ET VIVAT!

The Address was followed by a Farewell Song, specially composed and sung by a select chorus of cadets; and their beautiful rendering of the song brought out vividly the pleasures of association as well as the pain of parting with their beloved and esteemed Adjutant.

In reply to the Address, Capt. K. S. Thimayya said that when he took charge of our Corps he had his own misgivings as to how University men would react to military discipline. But he had later realised that his misgivings were unfounded. He exhorted the students to avail themselves of the marvellous opportunities afforded by the Corps for acquiring discipline and self-confidence so essential for success in life. They got also technical training in military affairs, which would be invaluable to those who wished to have an army career. He referred to the complaint of the Army Hd. Qrs. about lack of candidates for the Army entrance examination, and said that those who took training in the Corps would be in a better position to sit for these examinations if they should choose the Army career. He appealed to these to make up their minds even during the first year of their college course so that special coaching might be given for their successful entrance into the Army. He thanked the officers and Principals for their very hearty co-operation with him.

The Rev. Fr. Principal added a few words of thanks and good wishes to Capt. Thimayya. He said that with the Indianisation of the Army capable and deserving officers would have a brilliant future, and that one day we hoped to have the pleasure of greeting Capt. Thimayya as a general.

The President's Speech

Mr. J. F. C. Reynolds complimented the Company on its successful record of training and its achievements in competitions, and said that the sense of discipline and service inculcated by Corps training was bound to be useful not only in the army but also in civil life, as it went a long way in the development of patriotism and the nationalistic spirit. He endorsed Capt. Thimayya's remarks that the need for the educated classes in India to join the army was very great indeed.

“The Fire Eater”.

Select N. C. Os and Cadets staged “The Fire Eater”, a comedy in one act, in which the unintentional bravery of an artlessly simple farrier leads to the success of a Royalist Force in the Civil War. Under-Officer F. Thomas, who personated as the farrier, kept the audience in endless peals of laughter by his passion for practical jokes, which only recoils on himself. CSM. W. Napier and Cpl. De Couto, who acted as the Lt. Colonel and Sgt. respectively, played their parts as if to the manner born.

The delightful function came to a close with the singing of “Mangalam” and “God Save the King” by the College Band.

“S”

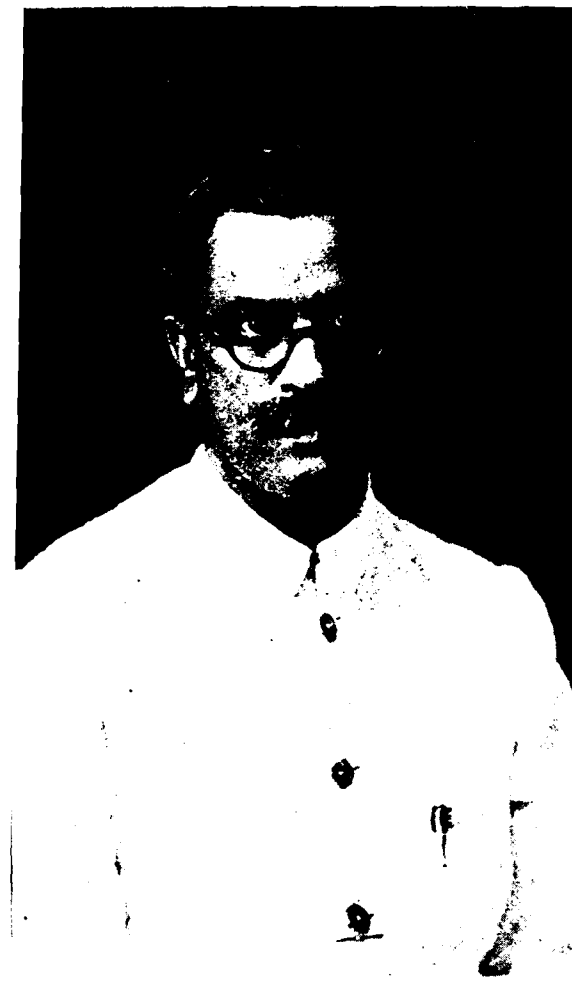
Old Boys

The Hon'ble C. J. Varkey, K.S.G., M.L.A.

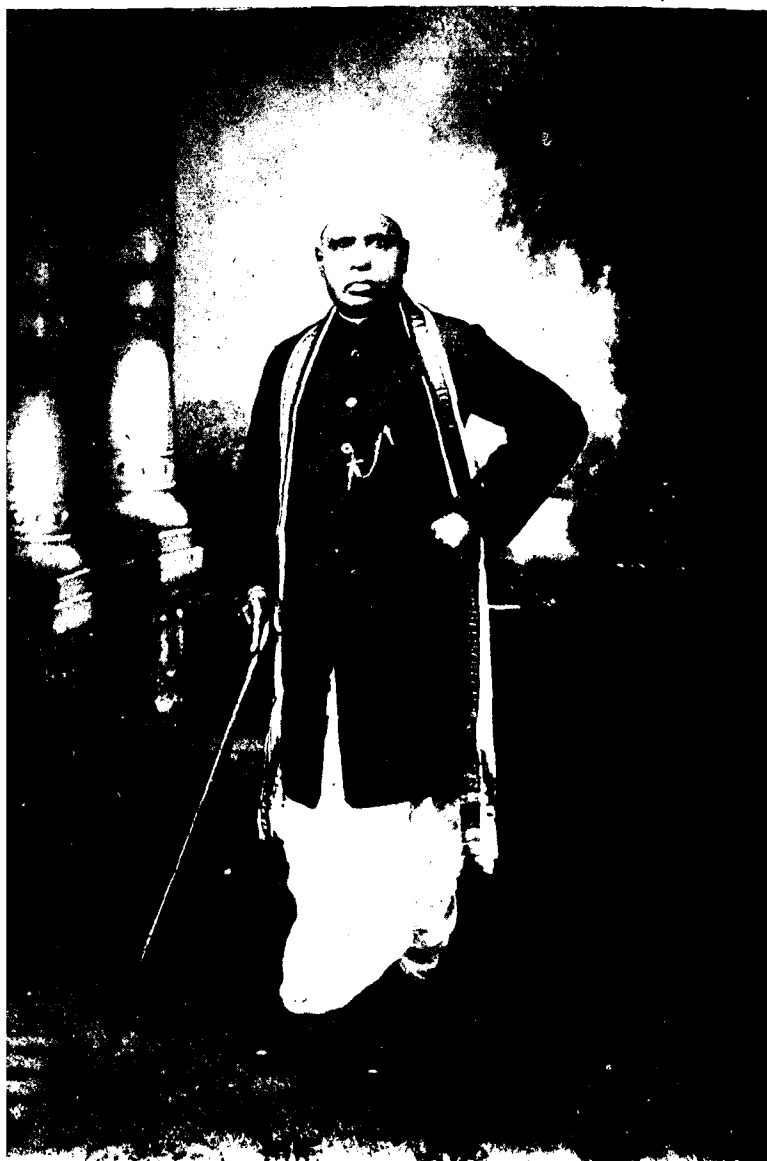
THE most outstanding event of the year concerning our Old Boys was the appointment of Mr. C. J. Varkey in January as the Minister for Education in the Cabinet of Madras. In August last we had the pleasure of according him a welcome as Parliamentary Secretary when he came down from Madras to deliver the inaugural address to the College Societies. More than one allusion was made on that occasion to the Parliamentary Secretary's claim to a place in the Cabinet. No prophetic faculty is needed to forecast what is inevitable to a career so singularly rich in achievement as the one of the Hon'ble C. J. Varkey.

Born in March 1891, he belongs to an ancient Syrian Catholic family in Kottaijadi, S. Malabar. He passed his Matric in the Maharajah's College, Ernakulam with Sanscrit as the second language. Joining St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, he passed his Intermediate with distinction in English and Ancient History, and was the first Catholic of this College and of Malabar to obtain the Honours Degree. He joined the staff of St. Aloysius' College in 1914 and served as Professor of History for 23 years, till his election to the Madras Legislative Assembly in 1937. During these years he rendered yeoman service to the Catholic Community. He was one of the founders of the Malabar Catholic Students League and its permanent President for four years. He started the "Malabar Catholic Student" which edited along with another journal "Mangalore", the organ of the S. Kanara Catholic Association of which he was for a time the organising secretary. He was chiefly responsible for the organisation of the Catholic Educational Council, Madras, of which he is the only life-member and edited with conspicuous success "The Catholic Educational Review". The All-India Catholic League owes its inception and its present existence to his tireless energy. The Catholic Congress held annually since 1933 owe their all to his labours and sacrifice. And yet the above is only a part of what he has unselfishly done for the advancement of the Catholic Community. In recognition of his splendid Catholic action, the late Holy Father Pius XI made him a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory in 1927.

As a Professor of History, the Hon'ble C. J. Varkey was known to a wider circle of students than those who listened to his lectures. His



The Hon'ble Sri C. J. VARKEY, M.A., K.S.G., M.L.A.,
Minister of Education.
(Former Pupil)



Dewan Bahadur K. SUNDARAM CHETTIAR
Retired High Court Judge
(Former Pupil.)

OLD BOYS

books on Ancient, Modern and European History were models of clarity and therefore widely in demand. He is, besides, the author of several erudite studies contributed to journals and was in the editorial board of the "Journal of the Madras University" the founding of which was in no small measure due to his initiative. There has not been a university body of which he has not been a member. He served for long in the Syndicate of Madras. The above is only an incomplete record of his services in the field of education which have been a fitting preparation for the great responsibility for which he has been chosen.

He has rarely made a new proposal which he has not seen through even at the cost of immense personal sacrifice, and he resigned from the staff of St. Aloysius' College, when he decided to enter politics and stand for election. Standing on the Congress ticket, he won a keenly contested election in S. Canara. When the Congress accepted office, he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Education and was one of the most active in carrying the message of the Congress to the masses. His appointment as Minister was received with widespread delight among all sections of the public and by none with such joy and satisfaction as his proud Alma Mater.

On Wednesday the 8th we had the pleasure of according him a reception in the Lawley Hall. We had looked forward to this with eager anticipation. In the very first public function in which Mr. Varkey took part after taking up the reins of office, at the Madras Christian College, Tambaram, he had declared his attachment to his own not less famous College. It was therefore a very rousing welcome he got from us. Entering the familiar Lawley Hall in the midst of thunderous cheering, Mr. Varkey took his seat on the dais with an old Professor—Fr. Carty—on one side, and an old student—the Principal—on the other. Fr. Principal welcomed him and congratulated him in words of unmistakable cordiality. He referred to the prudence which had hitherto characterised the handling of Educational problems by the Congress Government, and expressed his conviction that under Mr. Varkey's aegis the remaining problems of reconstruction would be tackled with courage, knowledge, and sympathy. He concluded with a word of personal thanks for the habitual courtesy and readiness with which Mr. Varkey had always received him even in the midst of the heaviest work when approached on matters of business.

In spite of his manifest fatigue Mr. Varkey made a delightful reply, witty and eloquent. We reproduce it as reported in the "Hindu".

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Speaking about the problem of the managers, teachers and students, Mr. C. J. Varkey said that they had to define the rights and duties of the managers, teachers and of students and he had taken on hand that work even as Secretary. A certain amount of definition had been done and much more had yet to be worked out. Managers and teachers, he said, could be easily handled and settled down by promising them something or not promising them something, but he did not know how to settle down students. If managers and teachers co-operated, he was sure the third question of students also could be easily solved. They had been over-emphasising the duties of students, and had remained somewhat apathetic towards their rights. While they defined the duties of students and expected them to adhere to those duties correctly, they could also define their rights, how far and how many rights they had. Then he was sure students would settle down to the peaceful pursuit of knowledge and formation of character—the two-fold purposes for which students were at school or college. The passing wave of students' discontent, rebellious spirit and disloyalty to their Gurus were all unhealthy plants growing on the sacred soil of this land, simply because they had, along with good things, been taking bad things also. If they revived the old Gurukula ideals and regarded the Guru and Sishya as father and son and once more realised that ancient ideal in their modern conditions, he was sure they could purify the atmosphere of academic life.

He merely referred to that matter, Mr. Varkey added, not because there was any immediate danger of teachers in St. Joseph's getting discontented, nor students getting dispirited and taking to some action or other unworthy of themselves. They must have assembled in that very Hall on the occasion of the Rector's Day to show the spirit of loyalty not to the personality behind the Rector but the authority governing this large world of St. Joseph's. It was the Ignatian tradition along with many other elements that accounted for the fact that he need not carry coals to Newcastle. Students in such institutions were brought up along right lines and he had no requests or telegrams from local boards or municipalities or students' federations to come down and settle matters. Therefore it was that the Government had always expressed their appreciation of the endeavours of missionary bodies in the spread of education, particularly higher education in India.

Proceeding, the Minister said whatever the form of Government, whatever party was in power, institutions that had rendered service based on sacrifice or the missionary spirit would continue to prosper. There was

OLD BOYS

no need for Managers to get excited or entertain any apprehension. Instead of getting grants that day, they might get them the next day or the day after next, but that they would come was certain. For the present they had decided to give very little for expansion of libraries, for scientific equipment, though occasionally some Ministers might say they could make the greatest of discoveries in the smallest of laboratories, yet they could rest assured that that was not the correct attitude to take. Some Colleges which had been getting liberal grants in the past might get a little less, others might get a little more, so that an equitable distribution in the distance of time might perhaps be adopted as their policy, but no institution that stood in need of immediate help would be denied that help. He assured the Principal that all his grievances would be looked into and as the Principal himself had stated, he would get a reply immediately even though he would not get money so quickly.

In conclusion, Mr. Varkey exhorted the students to develop manliness along with gentlemanliness and devote a little more time to extra-curricular activities without spoiling their studies.

Mr. P. A. Subramania Aiyar*

On the 11th October the members of the staff of the Hindu High School got up an entertainment in honour of Mr. P. A. Subrahmaniam Aiyar, Headmaster of the Hindu High School, Triplicane, on the eve of his retirement from service. The occasion was availed of to have a portrait of Mr. Subrahmaniam Aiyar unveiled by Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastry. Messages wishing Mr. Subrahmaniam Aiyar long life and health in his retirement were received from Messrs. M. Ct. M. Chidambaram Chettiar, M. S. Sabhesan, R. Swaminatha Aiyar and V. Gurusami Sastry and these were read out.

Mr. G. Narayanaswami Aiyar, on behalf of the staff of the school, read and presented an address in English to the retiring Headmaster. Addresses in Tamil and Sanskrit were also presented. A souvenir—seven volumes of Kamba Ramayana, a silver plate and flower vase—were presented to Mr. Subrahmaniam Aiyar. Mr. K. S. Champakesa Iyengar said that Mr. P. A. Subrahmaniam Aiyar was sincerely devoted to the institution he served and to the cause of education. He contributed not a little to the growth and progress of the Hindu High School. The

* These items are taken from the accounts published in the "Hindu".—Ed.

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reputation of an educational institution and its popularity depended largely on the confidence it infused in the public and this depended on the personality of the head of the staff. The high esteem in which the Hindu High School was held was a clear testimony to the ability and work of Mr. P. A. Subrahmania Aiyar as its headmaster. On behalf of past students of the school, Mr. L. S. Mani paid a tribute to the devotion with which Mr. Subrahmania Aiyar served the school.

Mr. G. Narayanaswami Aiyar said that Mr. Subrahmania Aiyar's was a unique career of service to education over a long period of thirty-eight years. He had, as headmaster, earned for himself a rare reputation and he left the impress of his personality on all he did. He identified himself with the institution and associated himself with its numerous activities, academic and extra-curricular. Great indeed was his love and sympathy for teachers, for whom he worked hard and started the South Indian Teachers' Protection Fund and the Teachers' Guild Co-operative Society. As President of the Guild, and member of the Senate of the Madras University, he did useful work in the cause of educational reform.

Mr. Narayanaswami Aiyar requested the Committee of Management to accept the portrait and Mr. Venkatarama Sastriar to unveil it.

Mr. A. Subba Rao accepted the portrait on behalf of the Committee.

Mr. Venkatarama Sastriar unveiled the portrait amidst cheers, and said that Mr. Subrahmania Aiyar had earned the highest tribute that a schoolmaster could earn—the appreciation of fellow-teachers, the esteem of the public and the gratitude of the alumni. He served the cause of education for nearly forty years, more than half the period as Headmaster of the Hindu High School. Mr. Subrahmania Aiyar was entitled to say that he had upheld, during the period, the highest traditions of the school and maintained its reputation. Indeed, the period of his headmastership of the school was one of expansion and of growing strength and prosperity for the school.

Referring to the various activities of Mr. P. A. Subrahmania Aiyar in the educational field, Mr. Venkatarama Sastriar said that even to simply catalogue them would take considerable time. He had devoted himself sincerely to the cause of education and his future years, Mr. Sastriar hoped, would be full of rest, peace, happiness and health. Mr. Subrahmania Aiyar was indeed "a great headmaster who did great work for a great institution."

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Dewan Bahadur K. Sundaram Chettiar*

On the 15th October 1938, the portrait of Dewan Bahadur K. Sundaram Chettiar, retired High Court Judge, was unveiled in the hall of the Gokulanath Hindu Mahajana High School before a large gathering by the Hon'ble Justice S. Varadachariar, till recently Judge of the Madras High Court, and now of the Federal Court.

Messages wishing the function success had been received from the Hon. Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar, Premier, the Hon. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, Public Health Minister, Raja Sir S. R. M. Annamalai Chettiar, Sir C. V. Anantakrishna Aiyar, Mr. C. R. Srinivasan, Editor of *Swadesamitran*, and others.

Unveiling the portrait, Mr. Varadachariar said that Mr. Chettiar had a high sense of his duties and discharged them very conscientiously. He had considered that his judicial duties were a sacred trust reposed in him and had even sacrificed his health in the interest of his onerous work. By sheer merit he had been elevated to the High Court but he had retired earlier than expected, in order to devote himself to other work. He was philosophically inclined and took a zealous interest in spiritual study. He had liberally contributed to the building fund of the Mahajana High School and it was but fitting that the management of the institution should have thought of adorning the school hall with a portrait of Mr. Chettiar.

The Late Rev. Father Bertram, S. J.*

On the 16th January.—Glowing tributes were paid to the memory of the late Father Bertram of the Loyola College by various speakers at a meeting organised by "The Father Bertram Memorial Committee" in connection with the unveiling of his portrait. The function was held last evening at the University Examination Hall and was presided over by Sir Mahomed Usman.

Sir Mahomed Usman said that Father Bertram was a distinguished and well-known educationist of this presidency. The Loyola College of Madras was brought into existence by him. Fr. Bertram took very keen interest in the welfare of students and showed practical sympathy with them in their difficulties in every manner. Fr. Bertram contributed greatly to the progress of university education in this province and always stood for a sound educational policy. When Fr. Bertram passed away three years ago, there was, Sir Mahomed Usman said, a universal

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feeling of sorrow and it was the desire of many that something should be done to perpetuate his memory. Three Committees were set up and these carried on the work of collection. One of the Committees—the one appointed at a meeting convened by the Sheriff of Madras—resolved to confine itself to the works of collecting funds for presenting a portrait to the University of Madras. The Committee deemed itself fortunate in having secured the services of “a very good artist”—Mr. C. Nageswara Rao—to execute the portrait and he had great pleasure in offering the artist warm congratulations on the excellent way in which he had executed the work entrusted to him.

Mr. A. S. Krishna Rao, Secretary of the committee, thanked all those who had contributed to the fund and said that the total collections made by all the three Committees amounted to nearly Rs. 12,000. The collections made by the committee organised at the Sheriff's meeting amounted to Rs. 507 excluding Rs. 200 contributed towards expenses of the unveiling ceremony by the Principals of the Loyola and St. Joseph's Colleges. Mr. Krishna Rao then requested Sir K. Ramunni Menon to unveil the portrait.

Sir K. Ramunni Menon's Speech

Sir K. Ramunni Menon said that he met Fr. Bertram first in 1910 and since then they had both been associated practically continuously in the work of the University. This association was “long, continuous and close” and their mutual relations were not only harmonious but cordial. In participating in the function, he felt that he was performing a pious duty towards a departed friend and colleague.

The memory of Fr. Bertram's work, Sir K. Ramunni Menon continued, would be so fresh in the minds of all of them that he thought it would be superfluous for him to attempt to give any lengthy account of his life and work. Father Bertram was a member of the Society of Jesus, Principal of the St. Joseph's College for fifteen years, founder and Principal of the Loyola College for ten years, an active member of the Madras University for over a quarter of a century and officiating Vice-Chancellor on two occasions. A mere enumeration of these facts in his life might not convey an adequate idea of the man or his work; but it did reveal that he long occupied high positions of responsibility, trust and honour in the educational world and that he did not bring in any adventitious aids in his advancement but rose to eminence by sheer merit.

Father Bertram, Sir Ramunni Menon said, was “a fine example of a Jesuit”. The work of Jesuits in Indian education was worthy of all

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praise and deserved their gratitude. Elimination of all consideration of self, exaltation of service and strong sense of discipline so constantly illustrated in their labours were worthy of their emulation. It would be difficult to overestimate the benefits which India had derived from the labours of the Jesuit and other foreign missions. They might have their religious differences with these missionary bodies; but none could deny that the work of these bodies had contributed in no small measure to the elevation and enrichment of life among large sections of the Indian population. It would be a sad day indeed for this country if the cult of nationalism, which was “so rampant in certain quarters”, should succeed in making the country so “self-centred and self-sufficient” as to practically eliminate the services, example and influence of these foreign missions. Fr. Bertram no doubt started his work with the background of great tradition and imbibed from the principles of his religion and rules of his Order the urge for his work. Fr. Bertram would be remembered in the educational world as an administrator and organiser, qualities he displayed to a great degree in his work as Principal of the St. Joseph's College and founder of the Loyola College. His perseverance, resourcefulness and tact found ample field for exercise in his work for the new College which already had risen to occupy a very important and influential position among constituent colleges of the Madras University. Let them all pay reverence to the memory of Fr. Bertram by wishing the College success and prosperity in the future.

Fr. Bertram, the speaker continued, was “a redoubtable champion” of the interests of the component colleges of the University. He always participated with effect in debates in the Academic Council and Senate of the University. He was clear and cogent in his presentation of a case, and coupled with unexcelled knowledge and experience, his utterances always carried great weight. The career of Fr. Bertram was a notable example of a life inspired by high ideals and devoted to the service of fellow-men without consideration of personal gain. Of a genial temperament, endowed with great natural ability and a fund of sympathy, Fr. Bertram performed the many tasks to which he set his hand with efficiency and vigour and imparted to all around him an atmosphere of sunshine and joy.

Students and Politics

Reference was made soon after Fr. Bertram's death by someone to the successful manner in which Fr. Bertram handled a movement of unrest among students in his college in 1917. If Fr. Bertram were alive to-day

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there was no doubt that he would throw his weight on the side of order and discipline with equal success. Students' strikes and demonstrations seemed to be the vogue to-day; but "a very welcome change" in the situation as it existed to-day, for which teachers and parents could not be too grateful, was the change in the attitude of many prominent politicians in regard to participation of students in active politics and their having recourse to direct action. It would be a distinct gain to the cause of education in this country and the cause of progress ultimately if all political parties could agree to a convention not to exploit students for political or factional purposes and to discourage by all means at their command students from taking recourse to direct action. If this could be accomplished, there would be some chance of teachers being able to devote undivided attention to the training of youth committed to their charge.

He referred to these matters, Sir Ramuni Menon said in conclusion, because he wished to give expression to their feelings of regret that the experience and knowledge of men and affairs of Fr. Bertram were no longer available to them and to express the hope that the authorities would not fail to secure the help of "impartial and competent critics" before they decided upon any scheme of educational reform. Fr. Bertram's achievements in the field of education in South India constituted a monument more enduring than any portrait or other memorial could be and his memory would be cherished in this presidency with gratitude and affection.

A Unique Record

Dewan Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, accepted the portrait on behalf of the University and said that the intensity of desire, zeal and perseverance that Fr. Bertram displayed in establishing a great educational institution in Madras in the face of many difficulties revealed the greatness of the man and his vision, courage and unquenchable faith in the cause for which he lived and laboured. He lived to achieve all that he hoped for and the Loyola College to-day was "a remarkable tribute to his personality, character, administrative genius, powers of organisation, untiring energy and passionate devotion to the cause of education." For one man to have been responsible—as Fr. Bertram was—for the growth and expansion of two great educational foundations such as the St. Joseph's and Loyola, was "absolutely unique in the history of education."

"Our country", Mr. Runganathan continued, "owes a deep debt of gratitude to Jesuit Missionaries for their great work in the field of

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education. But among the many notable names belonging to the Order of the Society of Jesus, posterity will, I am sure, regard Fr. Bertram's as one of the greatest (Cheers). His life was entirely dedicated to the service of these institutions and the University and as Sir Ramunni Menon said, these two Colleges will remain as permanent memorials to him." The portrait that he accepted with pleasure on behalf of the University, Mr. Runganathan hoped, would serve to remind one and all of Fr. Bertram's "great and memorable work in the cause of higher education in South India and his long and distinguished connection with the University of Madras."

Rao Bahadur R. Krishna Rao Bhonsle proposed a vote of thanks to the several gentlemen who had contributed to make the function a success.

* * * *

Old boys elected to the Academic Council, in the recent elections are: Mr. T. Srinivasan, M.A., L.T., Mr. K.S. Mandalam Aiyar, M.A., Mr. P.C. Ramachandran, M.A., Mr. L. N. Govindarajan, M.A., Mr. T. T. Thomas, M.A., Mr. K. Rami Reddi, M.A., M. Sc., L.T., Mr. L. M. Pylee, M.A., B.L., Mr. V. J. Joseph, M.A., Mr. V. K. Joseph, M.A.,

To the Senate: Mr. S. Ramachandran, Prof. of Mathematics, St. Aloysius' College.

Mr. V. R. Ramachandra Dikshithar, M.A., Reader in Indian History.

Mr. G. R. Narayana Aiyar, M.A., L.T., Prof. of Mathematics, Ernakulam.

Mr. P. A. Subramania Aiyar, M.A., Prof. of English, Annamalai University.

Mr. M. Raghava Menon, M.L.A.

We offer them hearty congratulations.

* * * *

Mr. J. C. Ryan, M.A., Special Development Officer, Salem, has received the title of Rao Sahib in the last New Year Honours. We wish him joy and continued success in his difficult work.

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Mr. T. Srinivasaraghavachari, B.A., Accountant, is appointed to act as Superintendent of Post Offices, Nellore.

In Memoriam

D. L. SWAMINATHAN, I U. C. from Negapatam died of typhoid fever on the 14th Jan. A student of quiet and modest disposition, he was good at studies and games, and possessed some of the talents of his father as an actor and musician. We deeply sympathise with his father Mr. Dandapani, B.A., L.T.

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We are sorry to record the death on 14-11-38, of Mr. M. S. RAJASEKARA IYER. The deceased came from a leading family of the Tanjore Dt., his father being an Inspector of Schools. He followed the example of his brother and sister (the wife of the late Rao Sahib V. Mahadevaier) and became a Catholic. He served as a writer in the High School for nearly 40 years. We offer our condolences to his family and relations.



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Exchanges

THE ALOYSIAN, GALLE
THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADURA.
THE ANDHRA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, GUNTUR.
THE ANNAMALAINAGAR MISCELLANY.
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 CARMELA, St. AGNES' COLLEGE, MANGALORE.
THE CEDED DISTRICTS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ANANTAPUR.
THE COLLEGIAN, NIZAM COLLEGE, HYDERABAD.
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.

தமிழ்நாடு ஆவணப்பாப்பக துறைமுகம்,
எழும்பூர், சென்னை-600 001

தவளைத்தாள்.

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Dr. எஸ். :

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