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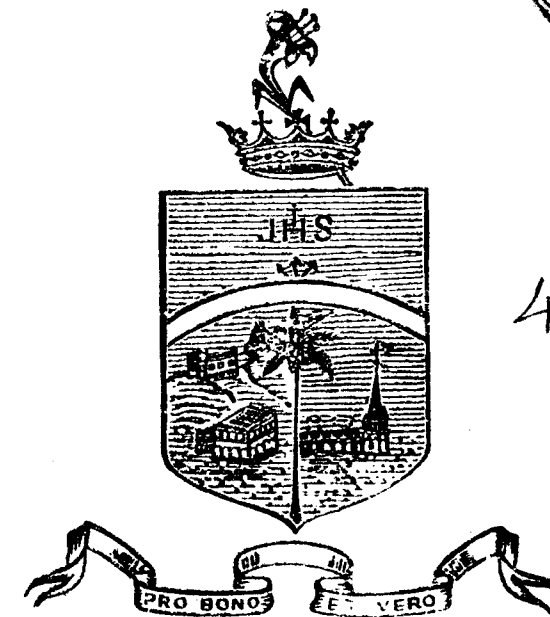
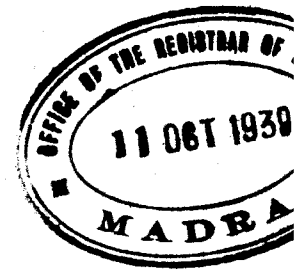
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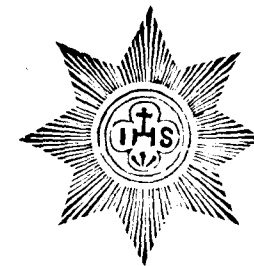
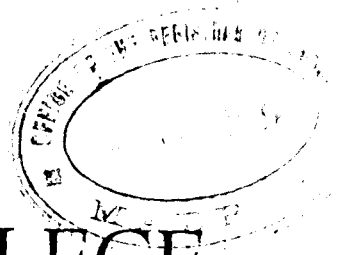


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His Holiness Pope Pius XII

Elected on 2nd March 1939.

H. H. Pope Pius XII

by A. Hirudayaswamy, M. A., B. L.

A trailing wisp of white smoke from the chimney of the Sistine chapel at dusk on Thursday the 2nd March announced to a waiting world that a successor had been elected to the last ruler of the oldest and the most august of earthly dynasties—the Throne of the Fisherman. The election of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli on his 63rd birthday is said to have been unanimous and the Conclave which raised him to the Chair of St. Peter is certainly the shortest of modern times. On the third ballot he secured all the votes except his own.

The Conclave

Details concerning so remarkable a papal election will not be without some interest to the readers of the College magazine.

The Sacred College of Cardinals is the supreme Senate of the Catholic Church and consists of seventy members when at full strength. They are nominated by the Pope as vacancies by death occur, from among the most distinguished Bishops and Priests. Their main function is to assist the Pope in the government of the universal Church and hence many of the Cardinals have to reside in Rome and are therefore Italians, while the rest are diocesan Cardinals in charge of Sees in the various countries of the world. On the death of a Pope, all the Cardinals are summoned to Rome to elect a successor, and till recently the Conclave was to meet not more than ten days after the death of a Pope. Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, who had been a Cardinal from 1911, was able to reach Rome only after the election of the Pope in the two previous Conclaves of 1914, and 1922. He secured from the late Holy Father the modification of the rule which now requires the Conclave to meet within nineteen days. The American Cardinal had his reward in that he was able to arrive in Rome to take part in the present Conclave.

A part of the Vatican Palace is walled off from the rest so as to prevent communication with the world outside. The Cardinals, attended by not more than two servants are each assigned a cell, having only one open window through which provisions can be passed in. It is said that

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if after three days the Pope be not chosen, only one dish is to be served to them both at dinner and supper, and if no election be arrived at during the five subsequent days, then nothing more shall be provided for their subsistence than plain bread and water with a little wine.

On the present occasion all the sixty-two Cardinals entered the Conclave on the morning of Wednesday the 1st March. After the Mass of the Holy Ghost, Monsignor Bacci, the Chaplain of the Conclave, addressed a long oration, unfolding to his unique congregation with the future Pope in its midst, the supreme importance and the gravity of the occasion that had called them together. In the afternoon they assembled again to chant the "Veni Creator" and listened to the Cardinal Dean who read out the constitutions governing the election. Then each Cardinal took the prescribed oath of fidelity and secrecy. When the attendants had been similarly sworn to secrecy, a bell was rung thrice to warn strangers to quit the Conclave, followed by a strict search to ensure that no unauthorised person remained within. The doors of the Conclave were then bolted both from within and without.

On the morning of the following day, and after Mass in honour of the Holy Spirit, the Cardinals proceed to the election. The voting paper is so contrived that while the name of the Cardinal noted for is easily read, the voter's name remains a secret to all.* The ballot paper, folded and sealed, is taken to the Altar by each Cardinal who places it in a great Chalice declaring "I call to witness Christ Our Lord, who one day will judge me, that I am choosing him whom I think ought to be chosen, according to God". When all the votes have been cast, the Master of Ceremonies counts them. If the requisite number of two-thirds majority is not secured by a candidate, a second ballot is held in the morning, and if the results are still inconclusive, the voting papers are burned with a little straw which gives off a black smoke. During the present Conclave, the vast crowd waiting in the square of St. Peter's saw the smoke emerge from the chimney in the morning at 11-30 and was greatly puzzled since it was neither the thick black smoke of an inconclusive ballot nor the thin white smoke of a final election. It was then thought that some impish official was having a little joke; but the fact was learned later that the long unused stove behaved so badly as to oblige firemen to throw cold water on it. In the afternoon of Thursday an enormous throng of 200,000 had gathered in the great square by 5 o'clock, and within an hour the white smoke

* See the College Magazine Feb. 1922 for an illuminating account by Rev. Fr. Gombert, S.J.

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appeared and in a few moments, the windows of the balcony of St. Peter's were flung open. The Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Caccia Dominioni pronounced the historic formula from the balcony which listeners in S. India were able to hear through the B. B. C. a little before midnight. "Annuntio vobis magnum gaudium, habemus Papam Eminentissimum ac reverendissimum Dominum Cardinalem Eugenium—" "I bring you great good tidings; we have a Pope in the most Eminent and Most Reverend Lord Cardinal Eugenio—" At the mention of the key-word "Eugenio" the vast multitude broke into a deafening cry of "Viva Il Papa" which drowned the voice of the Cardinal Dean when he proceeded "Pacelli, who has taken the Name of Pius XII." Thus for the first time in history the news of the Papal election and the authentic voice of the Pope when he appeared in the loggia and imparted the blessing to the "city and the world" were carried not merely to the surging multitude in Rome but to every corner of the world through the radio.

The Holy Father

The old Roman saw "He who enters the Conclave a Pope leaves it a Cardinal" does not find a modern instance in the election of Cardinal Pacelli who, both on the eve of the Conclave and for years before had been known in Rome as the "future Pastor Angelicus". The most outstanding member of the Sacred College, he possesses such a unique combination of great intellectual gifts, singular virtues and unrivalled diplomatic experience that the Cardinals brushed aside the old convention of not electing the Secretary of State of the deceased Pontiff. He is also the first Roman to be elected since the time of Pope Innocent XIII who died in 1724.

He comes of a Roman noble family long devoted to the Holy See. Being of delicate health in his youth he studied in the Pontifical University of the Roman Seminary as a day-student and was ordained in 1899. He taught Law at the Roman Seminary while working in the Secretariate of State. A student who sat under him writes: "As a teacher he was remarkably clear and concise. As examiner, he was reasonable and even indulgent to the victim"—a quality which will surely endear the Holy Father to the student population. For many years, he taught at the Pontifical Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics—the training school for the Papal Diplomatic service—till his increasing duties of the Secretariate obliged him to resign the Professorship. He had the unique advantage of serving under such great masters of Vatican diplomacy as Cardinals

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Rampolla, Merry del Val and Gasparri,—names that will stand comparison with the most renowned of modern secular diplomats. Pope Benedict XV consecrated him Archbishop of Sardis in 1917, and appointed him as the Apostolic Nuncio to Munich a few days after. He was chosen for the delicate mission of conveying the famous Peace Proposals to the German Kaiser with a view to end the raging world war.

The Nuncio was involved in the most trying and protracted negotiations with the Kaiser, the Chancellor, and the Emperor Karl. The British and French Governments were willing to open peace negotiations provided Germany gave a guarantee to withdraw from and indemnify Belgium. Chancellor Michaelis gave a belated and ambiguous answer and Germany lost the golden opportunity presented by the Papal Nuncio to save herself from defeat and revolution.

At Munich the Nuncio experienced turbulent days. A band of Spartacist revolutionaries broke into his residence, flourishing pistols. Unflinching, Monsignor Pacelli strode towards them in his purple robe and informed them in a firm voice that they were violating his diplomatic status. The blustering mob was abashed and left the presence of the commanding and fearless Nuncio.

The dark and gloomy days which followed the German collapse and the revolution which preceded the establishment of the Weimar Republic constituted the most trying period of his diplomatic career. He established the first Nunciature in Berlin, arranged a series of Concordats with Bavaria and other States and finally concluded the long-drawn-out negotiations with Prussia for the settlement of the relations between the Church and the predominantly Protestant State. The agreement was signed in 1929 and was passed in one of the stormiest sessions of the Prussian Landtag. In all these years of his stay in Germany, he had endeared himself to the common people; his sermons attracted crowded congregations, and when the time came for him to depart from Berlin he was given a send-off such as has not been given to any one before. Many were said to have wept and others cried aloud "Pastor Angelicus".

With the conclusion of the historic Lateran Treaty with Italy, Cardinal Gasparri had accomplished the crowning achievement of his life. In that work, he was greatly assisted by Marchese Pacelli, the brother of the Nuncio, who was held in high esteem in Italian official circles. Under the growing weight of years and infirmities, the aged Cardinal begged the Pope, Pius XI, to relieve him of his high office as

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Secretary of State. Pius XI summoned the brilliant Nuncio to Germany, made him a Cardinal and raised him to the vacant office in 1929. For ten years Cardinal Pacelli presided over the Vatican foreign office with remarkable distinction. One who had the privilege to meet him as Secretary of State writes: "His tall spare figure, princely bearing and ascetic face make a picture completely in harmony with one's conception of the Papacy. It was a delight to discuss anything with that keen intellect, but one's memory dwells chiefly on the manner of one's reception. However great the press of work, or the number of people waiting outside, he never seemed in a hurry but concentrated his whole attention on the conversation in hand. . . . Yet, however impressive the appearance, manner and personality of the Pope, the quality which imposes itself on all those who have had the honour of knowing him is his intense spirituality, which remains untarnished by a life-time spent in the cockpit of world politics." His period of office as Secretary of State coincided with the rise of the gravest problems for the Church in Russia, Mexico, Spain and Germany. The late Pope placed such confidence in the wisdom and tact of his Cardinal Secretary, that he chose him as his Legate for the two International Eucharistic Congresses of Buenos Aires, and Budapest and for the Triduum at Lourdes in each of which he achieved triumphant success. His Legatine addresses at Lourdes and Budapest have been widely commented upon for their eloquence and charm. His linguistic ability astonished those who attended the International Press Congress in Rome when he discoursed expertly in Latin, Italian, English, German, French, Portuguese, Polish and Spanish. The Pope himself complimented the Cardinal Secretary on "his pentecostal eloquence."

That the present Vicar of Christ is a person of singular virtues needs no emphasis. "Long ago, the virtues, the asceticism and the charities of Cardinal Pacelli won for him the loving nickname of 'Il Santo' (the Saint). The clergy and the laity alike spoke of him endearingly as the 'Il Santo'", writes a journalist. Visitors to Rome waited for hours to catch a glimpse of the Cardinal who was so reputed for his saintly appearance and character. His sermons kept large crowds spell-bound; at the end many would go about remarking that he was destined to be "Pastor Angelicus" of Malachy's prophecy.

Thus Pius XII enters upon the duties of the exalted office of Vicar of Christ with the learning and wisdom of Leo, the virtues of Pius X, the diplomacy of Benedict, and the faith and fearlessness of Pius XI.

King of the Vatican

Pius XII is the Spiritual Father of 400 millions of Catholics and the King of the tiniest State in the world—the City of the Vatican. Its total area is 108·7 acres and according to the latest census, the citizens number 741, of which 566 are Italians, 177 Swiss, 11 French, 11 German, one each from Belgium, Norway, Holland, Spain and Hungary. There are 212 foreign residents and 31 born in the Vatican territory. Despite its smallness, the State embraces within its limits the largest church in the world, the Basilica of St. Peter and one of the most extensive of all palaces, an edifice of a thousand rooms—the Palace of the Vatican. The late Pope Pius XI said at the time of the Lateran Treaty: "This territory is small, but we can say it is the largest in the world since it contains a colonnade by Bernini, a dome by Michael Angelo, treasures of science in the gardens, in the libraries and in the beautiful galleries and then the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles."

Since 1870 when the Papal States were forcibly annexed by Italy, the Pope remained a voluntary prisoner of the Vatican as a protest against the spoliation. This dispute of nearly sixty years was settled by the Lateran Treaty of 1929 which was achieved by the genius of two men, Pope Pius XI and Benito Mussolini. Under the treaty the Vatican City was recognised as a Sovereign State over which the Pope has absolute power and civil jurisdiction. The Italian Government cannot exercise any power over it and recognises the right of the Vatican to have full diplomatic relations with Italy and the World. By this agreement the Pope has secured the minimum of territory necessary for his independence as a Sovereign. As the Supreme Head of the Catholic Church he cannot be the subject of any temporal authority.

The Papacy in history had a more extensive kingdom but its authority and influence depended not on the extent of its territory but on its spiritual character. To-day there are 37 countries which have diplomatic representatives with the Holy See whose prestige has never stood higher than now in the international sphere.

The Government of the Vatican State

Under Pope XI, the Government of the Vatican City-State was carried on by a Governor, appointed by the Pope, and assisted by a Secretary-General and a central Council. He exercised immediate control over all

public services and regulated all administrative and financial transactions of the Vatican City. All civil and penal cases are still heard by the Tribunal of First Instance and the court of appeal is the Sacred Roman Rota. But the present Holy Father has abolished the Office of Governor and has entrusted the executive authority of the City to a Commission of Cardinals.

The Vatican has its own coinage, Post and Telegraph Office, and one of the most powerful radio stations installed by Marconi himself, the inventor of wireless. The police force consists of the Guardia Nobile and Palatine Guards recruited from the Roman Citizens who serve without pay. The post of Commander is always entrusted to a Roman Prince. In addition to these two bodies there are the Papal Gendarmes a body of 100 men and three officers everyone of whom must be at least five feet nine inches tall. The most famous section of the Vatican Police department is the body of Swiss Guards of 110 men and 10 officers. This ancient and picturesque Corps was first established in 1505. Only native Swiss are eligible, and their uniform was designed by Michaelangelo. Their Commander enjoys the rank of Colonel.

The Vatican has also a model prison; from the establishment of the Vatican City-State to the present day (1929-1939) only eleven were tried and nine were convicted under the Pontifical Penal Code. To-day the solitary prisoner in this jail is a book-keeper of the Vatican Library who was sentenced for embezzlement.

Among the important publications of the Vatican City must be named the official and strictly ecclesiastical journal, the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, and the *Osservatore Romano*, a newspaper edited by a layman, Count della Torre, with a circulation of 50,000 copies. It is generally known as the semi-official organ of the Vatican. *The Illustrazione Vaticana*, an illustrated magazine, appears twice a month and there is the weekly political journal the *Rassegna Internazionale*.

The world-renowned Vatican Library is a treasure-house of the ages. Founded as a manuscript Library, it contains a collection of about 50,000 manuscripts, 60,000 volumes, cassettes and bundles, 120,000 parchment and paper documents. Among them there are the manuscripts of Dante's *Divina Comedia* which Boccaccio had presented to Petrarch, and of Virgil. While the Vatican Library is surpassed by others like the Bodelian and the British Museum in the number of printed books, and by a few in the number of manuscripts, it is, in the importance of material, foremost among the libraries of the world.

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The largest church in the world, the Basilica of St. Peter dominates the entire area. Its mighty dome was designed by Michelangelo and its construction, begun in 1506, replacing the original structure of Emperor Constantine, lasted about a century and a quarter. This imposing church accommodates 40,000 people.

A visitor to Rome can walk the length of this Sovereign State, the newest yet the most ancient in the world, in about 8 minutes, but it would require a life-time to view and learn the treasures of art, the historical antiquities and the remains of the ancient grandeur of the Papacy and Rome. The Papacy since the time it emerged from the catacombs at Rome, has survived ten persecutions and outlived Emperors like Charles V who ransacked and pillaged the city and Napoleon who made a prisoner of Pius VII. The oft-quoted passage of Lord Macaulay, himself a Protestant, has to-day even greater force than when it was written, over a century ago.

"No other institution," writes Macaulay, "is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour . . . The Catholic Church saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!"

A World Conference of...

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

THE crescent moon rose with amazing brightness and shed her silvery rays around. The sky was almost clear and stars peeped through the sheets of white clouds which hung upon it. A balmy breeze was blowing like a universal sigh of relief.

The First All-World Balls' Conference was timed to open in the Clive's Quadrangle at 11 P.M. on Friday, 28th July, 1939. The different balls managed to deceive their respective markers and came jumping for the Conference very eagerly. Owing to a serious burst, Mr. Giant Ball, who had been appointed President, was unable to come. So the managing Secretary of the Conference, Mr. Tennis Ball, requested Mr. Foot Ball to take the chair. Mr. Foot Ball really felt proud of the coveted honour and with a majestic gait he jumped up the chair amidst thundering applause.

After a short introduction made by the Secretary, the President began his speech:

"My dear brothers,

Even though there are abler and more experienced hands the greatest honour has been extended to me very generously. Many of us always roll in the hands of rich men and some enjoy the rare privilege of being played by princes and nobles. But I, a wretched and poor Foot Ball, who is being kicked daily, am chosen to be the President. This shows the depth of your love and affection for me.

This is the first public meeting in our lives at a very critical time. Now, our most important duty is to speak out all our grievances and get them redressed.

I do not find words to describe all the troubles, and taunts and jeers heaped on us by wretched and ungrateful men. All of us are almost killed every day. Only God can know fully the sufferings I had yesterday. A dwarf kicked me high in the air and my heart seemed to leap into my mouth. I lost myself in fear and felt sure of my sudden death on reaching the ground. Even two drops slipped out of my eyes when I recollected the pale face of my poor wife. But the rogues, nothing short

A WORLD CONFERENCE OF...

of it, clapped their hands and congratulated the devil who raised me high! They added only insult to injury. What more do you need from me to describe the atrocities of men? Some of us are kicked, some beaten with sticks and some pushed up very roughly. But does any one of them care to realize the pain we suffer and the abject plight we are put to, when our backs receive the execrable shots of their limbs?...

It is mere humbug on their part to say that among themselves they want no caste difference. Why then do they make distinctions among us and call us by different names? Are we, people of the same kith and skin, to be named differently as Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Volley Ball and Cricket Ball? And this is the race that boasts of its wisdom"

A cry "Shame, shame" broke out violently from the audience. It took sometime to subside, that too after the ringing of the silence bell by the President. Then the President resuming his oratorical tone began:

"We can stand anything. But can we afford to lose our honour? They say that Foot Balls are not to be touched by their hands! The infliction of shame on us is their golden rule! If anybody trespasses these vain rules a penalty is reserved for him!"

Are we untouchables? Do you see any justice in this? Even on the verge of death all of us should thunder against such rules and repel their arrogance.

These empty and conceited men plume themselves on their struggle for independence. Do they sincerely want any liberty for others? If so, why do they compel us to be their slaves? Why do they imprison us in subterranean cells?

Since we have been very true and humble to them they chase us to extremes. Hereafter we shall not keep silent. Our spirits have been stirred and we realize our true merits. We have begun to brush away ignorance and polish our self-confidence. My dear brothers, all of you must understand that it is self-confidence that creates in us the Hydra's strength and Herculean dash. It places in our hands the keys that open the door of success. Only those who had faith in themselves made history. History does not make any mention of those who were 'as unstable as water and unsteady as wind'. So we shall have self-confidence in us, defy every one of our tyrants and teach them a never-forgettable lesson. We shall have a perfect co-operation amongst us and drive off all the injustices rained on us. We shall turn a new leaf in our history. But

A WORLD CONFERENCE OF...

if we fail in our noble and magnanimous attempt by some misfortune, let death embrace us. We are prepared to die in the battle-field for a worthy cause....."

There came a burst of cheers from the audience and every one of them showed his satisfaction by waving the kerchief very happily. After the President sat down many resolutions were passed. They all breathed a spirit of defiance against mere men, specially against tall, longlegged men who were the chief enemies of balls. Some consideration was shown to roundmen, who because of their affinity with balls, were not given to kick them vigorously. My readers may smile at the foolish anger and vain resolution of the Balls. But are they more foolish than the orators of many a conference of men and women, the reports of which fill the daily Press?

A Note on Revenge Tragedy

by Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., D.Litt., Prof. of English,

Lingaraj College, Belgaum

THE revenge theme has been exploited by tragedians in different ways. The earliest tragedian of all, Aeschylus, made his three plays on the House of Atreus a poetic and ethical study in revenge. The Roman tragedian, Seneca, refashioning the themes of the Greek dramatists, gave us more of the horror and less of the ethical import or poetical essence of Aeschylus or Sophocles. The revenge play became in Seneca's hands a thing of declamation, of determined horror, of bleak despair.

Early in the Elizabethan Age several of Seneca's tragedies were translated into English. It is probable that the 'crude tragedy *Gorboduc* was one of the earliest imitations of Seneca. The sons Ferrex and Porrex, their parents the King and Queen, and the nobles, fight amongst themselves and exterminate one another. There is no poetry, very little characterisation, and a mere inverted morality in this play. It is historically, not intrinsically, important in the evolution of the Revenge Tragedy.

But other dramatists were soon at work producing English variations of the Senecan formula for the revenge play. It is possible to distinguish between the Marlovian and the Kydian types of the revenge play. Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta* and *The Massacre at Paris* are both revenge plays. But the revenge here is a personal matter. Barabbas feels that the Christians have played him false; and determines to avenge his wrongs. This personal revenge motive is further worked out in Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* where the duel between Titus and Tamora is purely personal. Later tragedies like Dekker's *Lust's Dominion* and Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness* also deal with the personal revenge theme. In the latter play, however, the revenge taken by the deceived husband is original; by refusing to take revenge in the usual way he punishes the repentant wife all the more. It can be pointed out here that the Marlovian formula was not very fruitful in the hands of his successors and met with little popularity.

The Kydian revenge play is based on the Senecan formula. In the first place, revenge is no merely personal matter of tit for tat, but is

A NOTE ON REVENGE TRAGEDY

rather a sacred duty to be religiously discharged by the revenger. In the second place, the revenge motive is associated with supernatural incentives and sympathies. The earlier version of *Hamlet* which Kyd probably wrote, the play *Jeronimo* and also the famous *The Spanish Tragedy* have these Senecan qualities in common. But Kyd introduced other points of detail in working out the theme of revenge. Madness or feigned madness on Jeronimo's part, the idyllic love between Horatio and Bell-Imperia, the play within the play, the suggestion of incestuous relationships, a Machiavellian villain like Lorenzo and a hireling tool-villain like Lazaretto, the revenge motive extended to include the victim's relatives and friends, curses and lamentations, and the introduction of the ghost in the regular play to be almost the heart and soul of the drama—all these are Kyd's contributions to the technique of the revenge tragedy.

Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* and *Antonio's Revenge* published soon after the turn of the new century are a harking back to Kyd as well as a step forward. A son avenges his father's death; a father avenges his son's death; there is the ghost of the father that cries "Remember me!"; and there is madness also in the play, both real and pretended. But Marston improved upon Kyd in one or two respects: his dialogues are more diversified, his speeches are shorter, the action brisker, and the villain more credible than in Kyd's play. Besides, he introduced the tricks of disguise, the torture-scene, the general melodramatic setting and the satirical or cynical moralising of the "malcontents."

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was based on the earlier *Hamlet* but the Kydian crude horror is now transformed into great art. Ghosts, madness, the play within the play, revenge as a duty, idyllic love, the railing tone, they are all there, but all with a profound difference. *Hamlet* is perpetually in philosophic doubt. He doubts the ghost's words, he doubts Ophelia's love, he doubts the efficacy of his own life, he doubts the utility of taking revenge. The certainties of Kyd and Marston, the ravings of the malcontents, give place to *Hamlet's* vacillations and self-introspections, the poetry of procrastination and the defence of philosophic doubts. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is no doubt a link in the chain of Elizabethan revenge plays; but it is more, it is a tragedy that touches life at many points and is as bafflingly various as life itself.

In Cyril Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy* produced probably in 1607, we scarcely meet with a single agreeable character or situation. The revenger Vendice no more captures our sympathy than do the various

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victims, the Duke, the Duchess, Lussurioso, Ambitioso, Spurio and Super-vacuo. Every variety of lustful excess and the most abnormal situations are dismally woven together to display "the vengeance of a cynical plague-fretted spirit"*. Two tendencies, discernible already in Marston, are further sharply underlined by Tourneur; firstly, a lurid accumulation of horror scenes, torturings, properties like the skull, the dark cave; and secondly, an icy cynicism in reflection that interrupts us every now and then.

The White Devil by Webster, has several of the stylistical qualities of Tourneur but the plot itself is not quite as hopeless as that of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Brachiano's wife dies kissing a poisoned portrait of her husband; her brother avenges her death by bringing about the death of Brachiano and Victoria. The White Devil, Victoria Corombona, is nearly a tragic figure, her dignified bearing and pointed retorts during her trial rehabilitating her essential nobility. The audience may recognise her crimes but is none the less full of a certain admiration for her beauty and her daring. The sympathy of the spectator is claimed by the victim rather than by the revenger. This is even more pertinently the case in Webster's later play, *The Duchess of Malfi*, where the victim is undoubtedly the heroine and the avenger, her brother, is a mere crazy villain. The wheel has come full circle; the avenger with all his talk of duty is seen to be a mere murderer and the victim is portrayed through her sufferings as a tragic heroine, nearly a martyr.

The revenge theme was fast exhausting itself. Tourneur's *The Atheist's Tragedy* showed at last that the game was really up. There is the ghost of a murdered father in this play, but this ghost, far from inciting the son to take revenge, advises him to leave revenge to God, the King of Kings. The wise man's revenge is patience. Revenge as noble endeavour, revenge as a matter of conscience and sacred duty, revenge as personal right, these are shown as being played out.

Revenge as theme for tragedy has not been very fruitful in modern times. Dramatists of to-day are concerned with showing the reactions of individuals to society and the idea of revenge against society itself is too difficult to materialise. The idea of revenge had a peculiar glamour in the Elizabethan age when in the first flush of the Renaissance, Italianate standards of crime and revenge found a ready acceptance in England.

* J. A. Symonds.



Joy
(K. N. Rajagopalan, II U.C.)



"Stripes"
(A. Jayaraman, Post-grad.)



Sorrow
(A. Jayapandian, II U.C.)



Puram Festival at Trichur
(P. C. Narayanaswamy, IV B.Sc.)

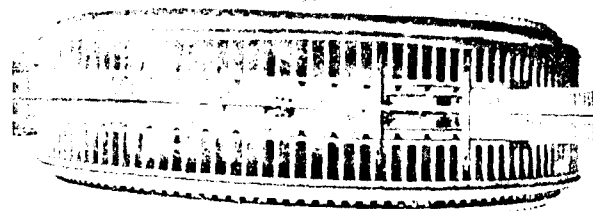


A Happy Family
(Jayasekhar, I U.C.)

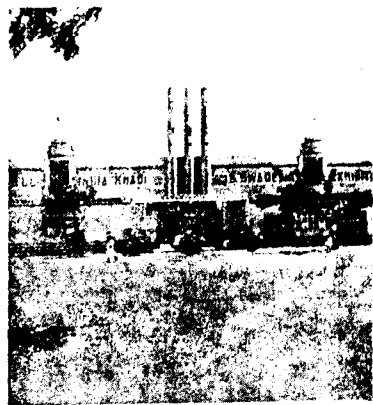




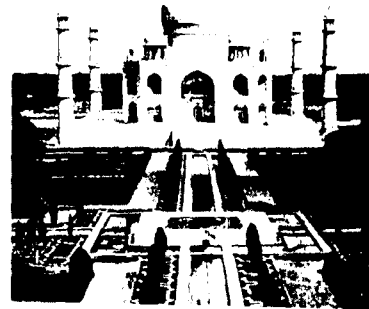
The Egmore Station, Madras
(K. Srinivasan, I U.C.)



A Perfect Reflection: Assembly Chamber, Delhi
(R. Venkataraman, IV B.Sc.)



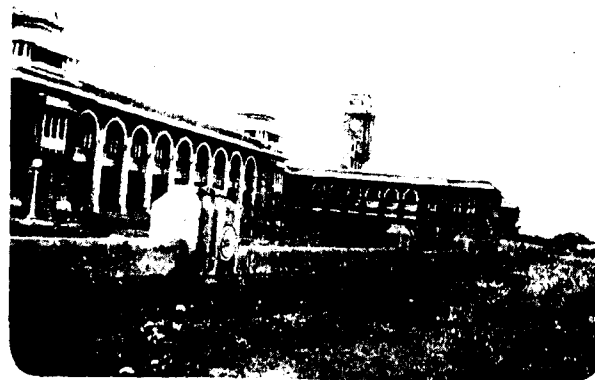
The Trichy Swadeshi Exhibition
(M. K. Sethumadavan, IV Hons.)



The Taj Mahal
(K. Venkataraman, IV B.Sc.)



The Senate House
(K. Srinivasan, I U.C.)



New University Buildings
(K. Srinivasan, I U.C.)

A NOTE ON REVENGE TRAGEDY

Restoration drama with its reason and its wit, nineteenth century drama with its sentimentality and senility and modern drama with its Ibsenism and Pirandellism all alike eschew revenge as satisfying theme for tragedy. It has however a sanctuary in the modern mystery and the detective story; and the Aeschylean trilogy has been interpreted in Freudian terms in a recent *tour-de-force*, Mr. Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*.

“A Maddening Fortune”

by M. D. Varkey, V Hons.

WHEN my uncle retired from Railway employment, the problem before him was how to spend the fortune which he had accumulated by his savings and from the Provident Fund. Being a bachelor he had no other ambition than to live a rich peaceful life in the neighbourhood of our family and be on friendly terms with us. We also liked this idea and encouraged him, because we were his near relatives and he was alone, and we expected, of course, that his fortune would come to us after his death. He himself confirmed our expectation on many occasions by clear hints to that effect. We on our part tried to move very intimately with him, and frequently sent him presents, especially *ayini* and *achappam*—two famous varieties of sweet cakes of Malabar which my uncle was very fond of.

He had in hand as cash a few thousands of rupees which he did not need for immediate use. Here was a problem: how to dispose of this money in the most profitable manner? He knew little about investments; and after the collapse of the T. N. and Q. Bank and the subsequent bank failures, he distrusted all banking institutions. The arguments of Estate Agents and Insurance Agents made no appeal to him. “They’re all risky affairs,” he would say. At this time our family was badly in need of some money and my uncle knew it; he knew also that we coveted his idle money. But we did not dare to ask him, for fear of spoiling the good relationship which had been established between us.

Some days later uncle told us that he had lent out all the money he had to Planter Chacko, on interest for a period of two months. We knew that uncle had done this with the intention of buying a position in the rich circle of society. For Planter Chacko was known by most people as one of the wealthiest gentlemen of the locality. But we knew him better. He was a mere impostor whose trade was to borrow and spend other people’s money which he never repaid. Indeed he was badly in need of money now. He might have promised on his word of honour to repay the money in two months’ time with interest, perhaps with the anticipation of borrowing that amount from somebody else. For apart from borrowed money he had no source of income. We let my uncle know all this regarding his debtor. But he would not listen to us. As far as we were concerned, we were badly disappointed that such a big amount was

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put into such a dishonest pocket. We almost got angry. But in presence of my uncle we suppressed all our opinions and feelings. By degrees we consoled ourselves that, even so, all the money which our wealthy relative possessed, principal and interest, would be ours in the near future. And thus we were again on the old terms of cordial relationship.

The date for the repayment of money came and passed. My uncle was anxiously waiting for Planter Chacko and the money. But neither turned up. One day he received a letter from the planter which contained a hundred and one apologies for the latter’s failure to repay the money at the promised date. The letter ended with fixing another date for the positive payment of the money. Similar letters and apologies were received on the days fixed for the repayment, and the date of positive repayment was shifted and then re-shifted through many months.

Now my uncle began to suspect the honesty of his “rich” debtor. He was simple-hearted and knew no fraud. Being accustomed to railway punctuality the failure of repayment of his money at the promised time vexed him, and drove him almost to violent rage. He could not bear cheating. “What?”, he would ask, “the honesty of man is sacrificed for money?” and again he would burst into flame. The fact that he was fooled by the planter pained him; the thought of the possible loss of his money infuriated him. How many sacrifices, how many days of patient work, he had undergone to accumulate that sum of money!

Uncle confided the secret of his money-lending only to our family. Once he consulted us as to the future course of action in this affair. We advised him to keep the planter perpetually reminded of his debt, and to demand from him the money as frequently as he could until the planter (who pretended to have some position in rich circles) would feel humiliated. Then he might repay a part at least of the money. This advice my uncle carried out very faithfully. Being a bachelor, and having nothing else to occupy him during the day, he would walk three miles every day to Planter Chacko’s house and worry him. And he had such a wild and vehement way of claiming the thing. He followed the planter wherever he went and haunted him with the invariable formula, “Will you give me back my money?” The planter was really annoyed and worried. He found that he could not dodge this old man by any of his ordinary tactics.

One day the planter was receiving some distinguished guests in his house. My uncle knew this fact. This was a golden opportunity for

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him. When he went up to the planter, he was chatting merrily with his guests. Chacko knit his brow when he saw the evil sight of my uncle. Without hesitation uncle demanded the money in his usual manner, which was vehement and fiery. The planter was not shocked. He only laughed. Uncle stood there for sometime and after demonstrating his anger in an insolent fashion, he came away. When uncle was out of the room the planter narrated to his friends, in a sympathetic tone, the story of the man and said that he was a retired officer, but who (poor fellow!) had gone mad, and on whom all medical treatments had failed. Thereupon one of his guests suggested that the planter would do an act of Christian charity if he would take the man to a native doctor, who was reputed to be an expert in treating all kinds of mental diseases. Then he gave the planter the address of the physician.

This was a new idea for the planter. He devised a dreadful plan.

The next day my uncle was about to start for the planter's as usual, when to his surprise he met Chacko at the gate.

"Why, have you come to rob away the remainder of my property?" With this compliment he welcomed Chacko. Chacko merely frowned and said: "Be calm, old man, I am going to pay out all your money to-morrow by this time. But I want witnesses. So, you'll come with me to-morrow to Dr. R—'s dispensary where I will repay your money, your interest and all. There afterwards I sever all my connection with you". In fact uncle too wanted the very same thing: he wished to have no dealings with the planter. He took down the address of the doctor and thanked Chacko warmly and repeatedly, and then sent him away after shaking both his hands.

The next day uncle reached the dispensary one hour before the planter had turned up there. The planter had a few minutes' private conversation with the doctor in which he let the doctor know that the madness was of a curious kind, quite harmless; but the only symptom was that whenever the man met any one he would straightaway ask for repayment of an enormous sum which the old man would claim to have lent. The doctor had studied the theory about mental complaints of this variety, but he had not actually treated such complaints. "It's nothing", he said; "within two days I shall send the man quite sound and sane."

The doctor accompanied by the planter came to the room where uncle was waiting for them. Without making the formal greetings he

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got up and straightaway demanded the money from the planter in his usual vehement way. The planter did not speak. He only smiled at the old man and looked aside at the doctor. Uncle was surprised at the cool manner of the planter. He again demanded the immediate repayment of the money. The doctor knew how to deal with mad men. "Your money will be repaid to the last pie", the doctor said; "don't worry about the money now. Do you get headache in the evenings?" he asked my uncle. "I have neither headache nor toothache," uncle replied, "and I am not in need of you except to stand a witness to the repayment of my money."

"Do you feel any giddiness when you demand money like this?" the doctor began.

"Giddiness? why should I feel giddiness for asking my money?"

"You are accustomed to take bath in warm water, eh?"

"Why do you ask me such unnecessary questions? Let me have my money and be gone."

"Then, from this evening you will take your bath in cold water."

"That will be according to my convenience. I don't want your advice. I have told you that I have not come to consult you."

"What kind of oil do you use?"

Uncle was silent.

"Well then, you will stay here with me for three days from today. The third day you can go. Meanwhile I shall give you some cool oil and *dhara* to be applied on your head."

"Certainly not! Am I mad to apply them on my head?" He got infuriated. "Do you mean to give me the money or to fool me?"

So saying he got up to step out. But he found that his way was barred by half a dozen sturdy servants. "What? Get away, you fellows, and let me go," he burst out angrily. "Let me see who blocks my way." But he was caught, and was forced to sit on the door steps. Then the attendants shaved a few hairs from the upper part of his head and began to pour down upon the shaved part a cool mixture of native medicine and oil in a continuous stream, and it ran down the eyes and face and ears of the old man. He struggled under it, but was not allowed to get

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up. At last, the administration of "*dhara*" being over, uncle got up, and ran out of the room. But two servants overtook and caught him. The old man screamed, and tried to bite and kick the servants; but they cleverly avoided the kicks. The servants then conducted him to a special block of the dispensary buildings where people of violent madness were locked up. The madmen acclaimed their new fellow as they saw him struggling with the servants. Uncle protested emphatically that he would not get into the madhouse and argued that he was not mad. But the servants were used to many such protests. They thrust him into the house and locked the door behind him. Uncle turned back and shook the lock violently and screamed out an extempore petition appealing to the good sense of those who brought him there. But they were gone.

As soon as we heard the surprising news we rushed to the hospital wishing to release him. We did so. He seemed to have no grudge against any one. But the first thing he uttered to us was that we should repay his money immediately with interest. The fact was clear beyond doubt. Three days in the madhouse had done their work but too well!

He is quite harmless to everybody now. But whenever he meets man or woman or child he straightway demands: "*Will you repay my money with interest?*"

The Home of Beauty

by L. V. P. Albuquerque, B.A. (Post-Graduate)

EVERYONE that comes into this world has an inborn craving for the beautiful, the ideal in life. People view Beauty from different angles. The poet seeks her along the lovely landscapes, clothed in nature's choicest robes of multi-coloured flowers and green foliage. Poets like Wordsworth would forego all other pastimes and live in solitude in the Lake District, enjoying the rapturous pleasures afforded by natural scenery, and would describe them in enchanting verse. The lover recognizes Beauty in the person on whom he has set his heart. The libertine Antony would give up an empire, and cast his honour, reputation and duty to the four winds, to live a life of ease and pleasure with Cleopatra. Music has its own charms for its lovers who look upon it as Beauty. There is music for the cradle; there is music for the grave; there is no phase of life where music does not play a dominant rôle. Even the brute Caliban to whom life was torture could love sounds and sweet airs. What Stevenson calls the romantic element in man is, surely, this longing for the beautiful.

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever
Its loveliness increases: it will never
Pass into nothingness."—

Keats has sung. What then is Beauty? Where is her home?

Surely what passes in the world for Beauty is not permanent. What song is there that will not at last tire the singer? What painting is there that will not fade away? What sweet face is there that will not become hideous with age? A few Cleopatras may long retain their charms as age cannot wither them nor custom stale their infinite variety. But finally even these must yield, on the altar of Death, their graces and charms. Going in quest of the home of Beauty is therefore no easy task. Climbers of the Everest, despite many mishaps, have redoubled their efforts; yet they have not succeeded in reaching the zenith. But Everest is of this world and Beauty altogether different from the stocks and stones of this life. She does not dwell in the sordid earth. She is not in the world's market to be bought and sold and hence searching her home seems more an imagined dream than a determinate reality. It is like prospecting for

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gold, hidden deep at the bottom of the mine: something vague, extensive, hazardous but full of hope. For the true devotee of Beauty must scorn delights and live laborious days, before he can catch a glimpse of her.

Nor are we permitted to enter her domain. Stained as we are by our sins and follies, we should profane Beauty's chaste home were we to enter there. Consequently her doors are closed on us. Nothing earthly is admitted therein. Even Miranda, the pure child of Nature, and Desdemona, the personification of virtue, would not gain entrance into those forbidden heights. Ariel, who was fire and air, might make a flight, on the wings of the bat into her house, donning his invisible cap. She seems to avoid mortals the more we seek her.

Keats has, I think, succeeded in reaching her mansion. Disgusted by the injustice of life, smarting under the blow of cruel fate, he sought escape from these miseries by flights of imagination. In one such airy flight he accidentally found himself at the portals of Beauty's mansion. He stood without, on the threshold, afraid of entering, conscious of his inability to do so. What he saw was only a vision, from a distance, of her dazzling countenance, which almost made him blind. This vision he has faithfully portrayed in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn"

"Beauty is Truth; Truth, Beauty, that's all ye know on earth,
And all ye need to know."

Far away from the madding crowd's ignoble strife she dwells in the antechamber of Heaven and lives a life of meditation and prayer with her companions, calm Peace, Quiet, spare Fast and Cherub Contemplation. Her exceedingly beautiful face reflects the glory of Heaven while showing, as in a mirror, her immortal soul. Such is the Beauty that Keats spoke of: such is the Beauty that is eternal, that will never pass into nothingness.

"வாழ்க மரியே"

("Ave Maria")

Lento P *mf*

சூரியன் சாய, காரிருள் மெல்ல சூழ்ந்திட, யாவும் சோர்ந்திடும் வேளை, பாருல
கெங்கும் சின்னெழுந்தோங் பண்புயர் இதம்: "வாழ்கம ரியே". பாருல

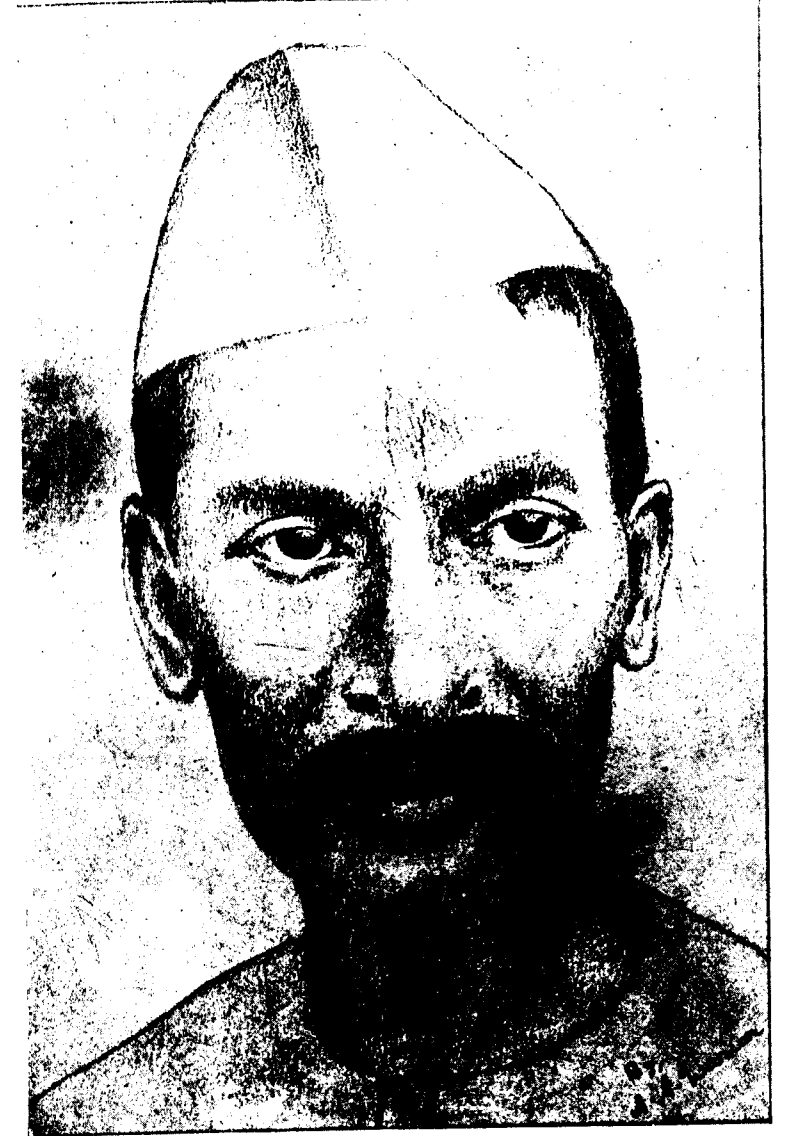
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T. கெங்கும் சின்னெழுந்தோங் பண்புயர் இதம்: "வாழ்கம ரியே".
S. கெங்கும் சின்னெழுந்தோங் பண்புயர் இதம்: "வாழ்கம ரியே".
A. கெங்கும் சின்னெழுந்தோங் பண்புயர் இதம்: "வாழ்கம ரியே".

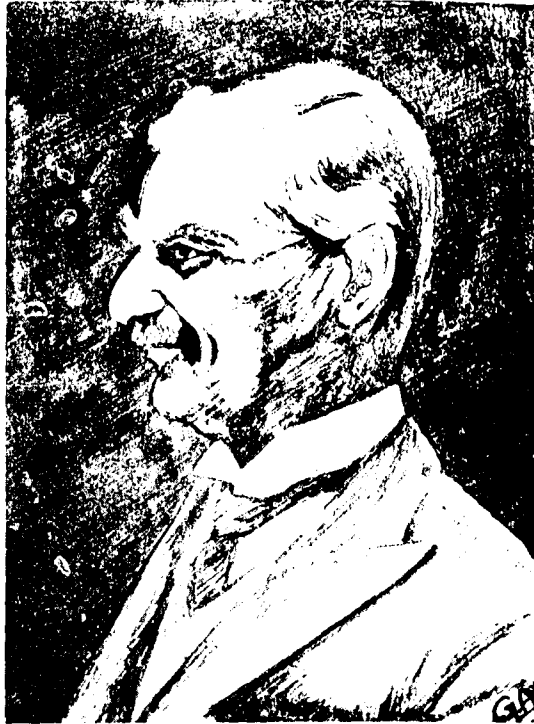
1. சூரியன் சாய, காரிருள் மெல்ல
சூழ்ந்திட, யாவும் சோர்ந்திடும் வேளை,
பாருல கெங்கும் சின்னெழுந்தோங்கும்
பண்புயர் இதம்: "வாழ்க மரியே".
2. பட்சிகள் ஓசை மாய்ந்திட, ஆடும்
பாலகர் நின்று வீதி திரும்ப,
அர்ச்சய கோபுரங்களிசைக்கும்
ஆனந்த இதம்: "வாழ்க மரியே".
3. ஆதவன் வெம்மை மேனியை வாட்ட
அந்திவரை ஏர்தாங்கிய பின்னர்,
போதமர் வேளை இல்லம்புகு முன்
பொங்கி எழும்பும்: "வாழ்க மரியே".

“ வாழ்க மரியே ”

4. ஆலைகளில் நாட் பூரா யுழைத்தே
ஆனதங் கூலி பெற்றுத்திரும்ப,
ஆலயத்தோசை கேட்ப, உள்ளத்தில்
அன்பு முகிழ்த்த : “ வாழ்க மரியே ”.
5. வேலையில் நீத்த நாளினிறுதி
வீட்டு மனையாள் ஓய்ந்திடும் போது;
மாலேக்கடல் மேல் வள்ளமிறங்க,
வாய் விட்டரற்றும் : “ வாழ்க மரியே ”.
6. மாய வுலகிற் சிக்கியுழன்று,
வாடியே உள்ளம் சோர்ந்திடும் வேளை,
தாயகங் காட்டி கண்ணீர் துடைத்து
சஞ்சலந்தீர்க்கும் : “ வாழ்க மரியே ”.
7. சுந்தர வாழ்க்கைத் தோற்ற மறைய,
துன்ப அலைகள் கோவித்தெழும்பும்
அந்திய காலை எம்மருகுற்றன்
ஆதர வியும் : “ வாழ்க மரியே ”.



BABU RAJENDRA PRASAD
President, Indian National Congress,
(Pencil Drawing by A. Achyuta Wariar, IV U.C.)



MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
(Pen & ink drawing by G. Atmanathan, Old Boy.)

My First Article

by A. Srinivasan, III B.Sc.

At every glance of the Magazine, I begin to think of my friends who have contributed stories and articles to it. Then an idea of writing some story or article strikes me. Why should I not write on topics like "Women's education", "Compulsory Hindi in Schools" and so on. But is it easy to write an article, and more important than that, to get it selected for publication in the Magazine? One more difficulty arises with regard to persons like me. Can a student who gets barely thirty-five per cent of marks in the examinations and who generally absents himself from composition classes, write an article? With such reflections I tried to comfort myself for not contributing till now.

One of my friends Ramu has often told me, "What do you mean? Is it such a difficult task as you think to write a story? All the stories which appear in the magazines and the newspapers are very common in our daily life. There is nothing original and new about it."

But I don't believe his words. Do incidents occur daily in our houses? My cousin Gopal is always at his desk writing stories for the journals. One can see a snuff box and a thermos flask of coffee near him when he writes. He thinks that his brain will be stimulated only by these two. One day he chided me saying, "You are really intelligent; but you are too lazy."

I was glad to learn that I was intelligent; but I was equally angry with him when he said that I was lazy. "What nonsense do you speak! I am toiling from ten in the morning to six in the evening and you say that I am lazy". Then he remarked, "Even students and others who are employed in offices, who work harder than you, take to writing as a hobby. They write during spare time and thus profit themselves. Then why can't you write in your leisure hours?"

All that happened some months back. One Sunday afternoon in June after my lunch, I determined to start writing my 'magnum opus' of a story. It was very hot then, and my grand-father was snoring rhythmically in a corner of the room. In the next house, two persons were haggling with an old woman who had come to sell some fruits. At

MY FIRST ARTICLE

this time my neighbour "Kamu Patty" sailed into the house asking after mother. Had I politely mentioned to her that my mother was sleeping, then she would have squatted near me, holding forth vigorously on the preparation of some new sweets for the evening. Then woe unto my article! I therefore remained silent. Again after a few moments she added cholericly "Don't you hear me? I am old, so I may be deaf; but are you also?" Then I showed her mutely the room where my mother was sleeping. The old woman then left me with a grimace.

I took my pen again after this ill-omened interruption. Scarcely had I done this, than a stalwart beggar came and began singing lustily. The cacophony disturbed and disgusted me and so I called to my younger brother to dole out some rice. But no response came. So finding no other way, I went in muttering imprecations on nondutious younger brothers and disbursed charity with ill-grace. Then I resumed my work.

Now came on the scene a vegetable seller proclaiming merely his ware. "Sami, I have got some good brinjals and fresh beans. Please do buy some." I replied in irritation, "We don't want anything here; get thee gone."

"Then I shall sell these elsewhere. Give me the anna due to me."

Tired of getting up from my seat, I told him that there was no change but only a rupee coin. He would not budge. "Give the rupee and I shall get you change." Finding the man adamant, I went in and gave him the anna. He left grumbling.

Next came a girl from the opposite house. She said that her father wanted the latest 'Ananda Vikatan'. It was known that I had bought the copy the day before. So had I said that there was no 'Ananda Vikatan' it would have been awkward. So I fetched the book from the shelf and resumed my sadly interrupted article.

With these many breaks, I had written one page and was just beginning the second one when my friend Rengan came, patted me heartily on my back and looked quizzically at my work.

"I am writing a story"

"What is the name of the story?"

"I have not given any title to it till now. Moreover I don't know what I should give."

MY FIRST ARTICLE

"Is there ever a story without a title?" So saying he began to narrate something about a story which he had read. My politeness was wearing thin. I waited desperately for the end of his tale.

Meanwhile my younger brother Balu, who had seen me writing, asked me what I was writing.

"I am writing a story."

"Do you know how to write a story?"

"Why not?"

"Have you studied in the school?"

"Of course. I have been studying in the school ever since I was like you."

"Did you get flogged, just as I was?"

"Away with your silly questions. Off you go. Else I shall flog you now."

He began to cry loudly and went and woke up the whole house. My father whose pet he was, called me in sleepy irritation. "What are you doing there? Enough with your story. Coffee has become cold. Your friends are waiting for you. Is it not time to take your tiffin and go for Tennis?"

I looked at my watch. It was quarter to five. I left my unfinished story on the table with a sigh, gulped my coffee and went out with my friends.

* * * * *

A month had elapsed after this memorable day, before I finished my story. It is yet to be sent to the Magazine. I must now consult the almanac and find out an auspicious day to send it to the Editor—auspicious for me and as surely inauspicious for my readers!

"Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War" *

by T. R. Vasudevan, IV Hons.

A long line of rice fields stretching away into the distance, a number of labourers working therein and a clear sky. The men are almost all old and bent, for have not all the sturdy young men gone forth to fight their traditional enemy who once again has invaded their country, bringing death and desolation? They wear huge wide-brimmed hats like miniature umbrellas. The women move about in a peculiar shuffling gait, the younger ones with babies on their back, strapped securely by a cloth passed round them and knotted in front, providing a sort of basket for them—chubby, snub-nosed, slit-eyed babies who look out into the world with all the wondering curiosity that only children are capable of. There is an occasional rumble as of distant thunder, or as though some muscular giant is trying out a new toll on huge drums. At the sound, the people in the field raise their heads and pause intently. There is something striking about their faces, something serene, a serenity that can come only to a people who have stuck to the tenets of Buddha and Confucius in the face of centuries of oppression from without.

So the war still continues, and it may be months, years before the young men come home to help them in the fields. But meanwhile there is work to be done; and wiping their faces with their not-very-tidy clothes the peasants carry on.

All on a sudden, there comes a curious humming sound, gathering volume every minute. The peasants look up with surprise in their faces, which slowly turns to terror as they behold bird-like things coming across the sky at a pace, which, they know, no bird is capable of. So these are the monsters of the air through which the enemy was hitherto pouring death on their people along the fighting line. They had been feeling themselves safe living so many miles away from the scene of the conflict; but here they (these aeroplanes) come dropping numerous bag-like things which fall without warning—causing streaks of light like some giant

* *Othello*, Act III, Sc. III.

"PRIDE, POMP, AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR"

shooting-stars rushing to the earth. The bags burst with a deafening noise throwing huge lumps of earth far up into the sky. Slowly, the echoes too die away, reverberating like waves breaking against a rockbound coast. The earth which was one smooth green carpet a few minutes ago, presents a series of ugly, yawning rents, and a few horribly mangled bodies and tattered bits of clothing are the only evidence of life that existed on that pleasant field. But a child which has miraculously survived the shambles begins to cry. It is just like the cry of any other child: yellow, brown or white: it is crying for its mother. Cry on, my little one, your mother does hear you but she cannot come to you; she has gone to her Father.

The rest is silence save for the gradually weakening drone of the aeroplanes on their way back after a good day's work. Somehow, the muffled noise looks as if Death and the Devil are trying with difficulty to suppress their laughter at the huge success of their joke at the expense of man.

Such is modern war—and that is not the worst of it.

* * * * *

War, modern war is incredible when viewed in cold blood. It is one of the most ghastly tragedies that have been foisted on earth. All that is primitive rises uppermost and man's reasoning powers are in abeyance.

In the old days, the days which the twentieth century man is accustomed to dub, in his smug self-satisfied way, as the Dark Ages, war was more or less localised and had not the frightful international repercussions we associate with it now. But the advent of science as an active participant in the cult of Mars has unleashed a veritable monster in the shape of new and frightful methods of making war which threatens to annihilate all that is best and most valuable in civilization.

Thanks to the tremendous strides made in the scientific devices of warfare to spread death and destruction in the quickest and most easy manner, it is the civilian population, the non-combatants, the men, women and children who will have to contribute to the toll of human lives and suffering. War under these circumstances will not be along any particular front. The object of the bombing plane will rather be a busy city thoroughfare, its water reservoir, the nation's armament dumps, the heart of its electrical power supply and its factories. It may spread death—one of torture by poison gas, carry the germs of the most deadly and

"PRIDE, POMP, AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR"

infectious diseases, plunge the whole country in darkness or cripple its industrial works.

Here is a vivid description of a gas attack: "Like some liquid, the heavy coloured vapour poured relentlessly into the trenches and passed on. For a few seconds nothing happened—the sweet smelling liquid merely tickled their nostrils; they failed to realise the danger. Then with inconceivable rapidity the gas worked and blind panic spread. Hundreds after a dreadful fight for air became unconscious and died where they lay—a death of hideous torture with the frothing bubbles, gurgling in their throats and the foul liquid welling up in their lungs. With blackened faces and twisted limbs, one by one they drowned—only that which drowned them came from inside, not from out. Others staggering, falling, lurching on top of their ignorance, keeping pace with the gas went back. A hail of rifle fire and shrapnel mowed them down and the line was broken."

In this and similar methods that would be adopted during the next war, if unhappily it breaks out, time and the element of surprise will be of the very essence, but, though monster guns and strange scientific devices conquering time and space may count much, man certainly counts more.

It will not be in human lives and suffering alone, if war breaks out, that the reckoning will be made. All that is precious in religion and the arts, almost everything that stands for, or has come to signify a memorable inspiring and ennobling monument to man's spiritual advancement or artistic perfection, stand the gravest risk of being irretrievably destroyed or irreparably damaged.

In the face of this stern, and, as it now appears inevitable reality, it is amusing to be told that war is natural to man and that the best one can do is to humanise it. Yes, we realise only too well what a humane war can do. It has bombed and gassed the most heroic and independent people in Africa into unwilling surrender and servitude. It has brought death and mutilation to thousands of Spanish women and children and driven many more out of their homes. It is spreading famine and desolation along the peaceful Chinese countryside.

It was Bernhardt who said that war makes us capable of soaring upwards. It does. We do soar upwards and upwards—in aeroplanes full of bombs looking about for likely targets.

Shall we ever come back to earth and sanity?

The Wheel Whispers

by S. R. Ramachandran, III B.Sc.

YOU know my name. I am sometimes called the only 'weapon' of non-violence. There can be no greater proof of my greatness than the fact that my 'figure' adorns the very centre of the National Flag.

It is no exaggeration to say that Gandhiji is my follower. He learnt the missionary spirit only from me. In me can be found the three essential principles of that spirit—Simplicity, Service and Sacrifice.

I am a simple thing and anybody can understand my mechanism. I can be bought for a rupee. I am portable and easily used by all. I am much lighter than the grinding stone and so I am more popular with the fair sex.

I serve the whole country by giving food to her starving people. I clothe the farmers, show a means of livelihood even to beggars and give a dignified profession to our fallen sisters. I am in the habit of demolishing 'devil's workshops' by keeping busy all idle hands if they care to turn to me. I can ameliorate the condition of Harijans by making it easy for them to find a living in periods of unemployment. I can give real peace to India by teaching her citizens self-respect and self-reliance and thus render it absolutely impossible for other nations to send their exploiters to India. I can destroy the pride of capitalists by abolishing the factory system and putting an end to the ever-multiplying miseries of labourers. I am an impartial distributor of wealth and restorer of financial health to India.

But to students I am something more. I am an examiner of their abilities. Give me to a rash and impatient boy and I will find him out at once because his yarn will be untwisted and irregular. Put me in the hands of a serious boy. I will at once know that he is promising because his yarn will be regular, showing a balanced mind.

I am an instructor too. I can train the mind of a boy, if he turns me daily. I can help students to learn the art of concentration. If a student's thoughts are apt to go wandering let him befriend me. I will do him immense good.

About my self-sacrifice, I need not say much. I am always revolving for the good of others. I do not use the yarn which I myself produce. I have no time to prolong my talk. So goodbye, kut-kut-kut.

Some Thoughts in the Study

by A. Abdul Hakim, IV U. C.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears."

HOW simple in expression and yet how profound in thought these lines are! When I read such lines as these, my heart glows with a peculiar and pleasant feeling of exaltation: I feel myself suddenly transported to Heaven. This morning, as I sat down to write an article for the Magazine, I happened to come across these lines. All my thoughts were disturbed, the subject of the article forgotten. Vainly did I sit in my study, trying to recollect the plot of the story I had invented last night. The hero and the heroine who, just a moment before, were as vivid and prominent in my mind as living persons, vanished into dreamy vagueness. So absolute and sudden was the effect of these lines upon me.

I allowed my mind to wander slowly. I thought of writing about the beauty of the night: the calm and stillness that prevails as the night advances and interrupts the activities of men who, for a time, forgetting all their petty jealousies, hatreds, bickerings and wild pursuit of material prosperity plunge themselves into a land of perfect peace. I cannot here resist the temptation of quoting the exquisitely beautiful lines of Southey:

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky;
How beautiful is night!

"How beautiful is night!" Does it not echo through your whole frame? Does it not haunt you like the remembrance of the happiest event in your life? Don't you feel "the dewy freshness", "the silent air" and "the serene of heaven" as you read these lines? Don't

SOME THOUGHTS IN THE STUDY

you feel that you yourself are in the mellow and limpid atmosphere where "no mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain"? You will say I am exaggerating and trying to see things that are not there. Well, I can only wish you as much happiness from things "that are there" as these things that are not there give me.

Gradually my thoughts took another direction. The soft melancholy of the night made me reminiscent and a host of thoughts crowded my mind. I remembered how in my pristine innocence, I mistook a smile for genuine love, not knowing that "One may smile and smile and be a villain"; how, again, I wounded those dear to me by hasty and, therefore, thoughtless remarks; and how later—this is most important—always engaged in empty talk and aimless actions, I was

Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
Like a false steward who hath much received
And renders nothing back.

This recollection of my past life, especially of the less satisfactory side of it, filled me with sorrow and I felt my heart too full for words. I sank into deep dejection, and the thought of future trials and temptations depressed me even more. But I was shaken out of this torpor by the melodious music that, from a distance, came creeping into my ears. With this music came hope, a vague exultation, a thrilling sense of power and capacity for achievement. Mysterious is the power of Music. With profound knowledge of human nature the greatest of dramatists has written,

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

What do you say to This?

by H. Nagasubramanian, II U. C.

IT was the third of March, 1939.

When I woke up, I saw a cat staring at me. This is a bad omen according to some people. But I hate superstition from the bottom of my heart, and accordingly, by all means, I wanted to prove that 'Seeing a cat in the very early morning' is not a bad omen for the day. So I did everything with special care. But

I took my tooth powder; the whole of it splashed down. "Doesn't matter," said I "it is the slip of the hand. I should be more careful hereafter." Then I went to take my bath. The water-pipe was surrounded by the whole population of the house, each cursing the other and each murmuring at the delay. So, I had to wait for my turn.

Then, I sat at my desk and thought of writing a letter to a friend of mine. An hour's search for his letter was vain. Perhaps it had been mistaken for a rough paper and burnt. So I thought of working a few sums in Algebra. No sooner did I begin doing sums than a frightened rat, scurrying across my table, overturned my inkbottle and splashed my books, notebooks and clothes with ink.

I cleaned and dried the books and notebooks and then went to take my bath. Fortunately there was nobody present in the bathing-ghat just then. But my readers will be incredulous if I say that no sooner did I approach the pipe than it stopped flowing. There should be a mistake somewhere, I thought. But soon I heard in the street a man crying in a loud voice that owing to water scarcity, pipes would be closed for three hours in the city. So I went to the river, took my bath and came home. After a time, I went to take my breakfast.

As soon as breakfast was served, a lizard took care to fall in the centre of the food served. "Never mind! let me have a cup of milk." The milk obtained was not even warm. "What of that?" I took it to my mouth. Just then my little brother opened the door, and gave me a start. The result was another bath—a bath of cold milk. "This is due to over-carefulness," I said, consoling myself, and started for the College.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THIS?

When I came out of my house, the townbus was just leaving the stand. So I ran with all haste to the spot and clapped my hands as loud as possible. But all my dance only served to provoke the laughter of the common folk there. Cursing my fate, I waited for a time. But the townbus will either pass by every second, or every two or three hours. But soon I heard the sound of a car coming. But contrary to my expectations it was a private one. So I decided to walk to the College, although I might reach late. When I stepped a few yards, there was the expected car—empty. I got in and came to the college *safe*, I should say. With hurried steps I proceeded to my class room. I was late by a few seconds. All the same, the Professor took me to task and insisted on my bringing a late chit. So I ran to the Vice-Principal. Unfortunately, he was not there. After a time, somehow I managed to enter the class.

In the class room, I was pondering over these various accidents which will surely be attributed by superstitious people, to the 'cat-crossing'. Meanwhile, the Professor had put me some question. The gentleman sitting in front of me had been good enough to stand up. But the Professor pointed out to *ME* and asked me to answer. Because of my wandering thoughts I had not listened to the question (surely my mistake) and consequently did not answer it well. The Professor noted my number for the first and the last time. The bell rang, and he went to his next class.

The next hour came. As soon as the Professor entered the class, there was a regular howling and hooting arising from the "Back Benchers." When the howling gradually stopped, two gentlemen by my side were talking about something—very serious—it seemed. The Professor pointed at me and another innocent gentleman by my side, and asked us to stand up. Instead, the guilty people honestly stood up. But the Professor insisted on our quitting the class. As I knew him to be an obstinate gentleman, I did not want to exchange words with him. So instantly I left the class and went home.

That day, because of the hurry, I had forgotten to put on my sandals when I left my home. On the way home I had a pricking sensation in my right foot. I went home, washed my foot and nothing was visible to the naked eye. But after a few hours, there was pain. I found there no thorn or glass or any such thing. But the pain grew with the hours and about eight in the evening it became unbearable. I could not read; I could not sleep; in short I could do nothing except howl. I

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THIS?

struggled with it the whole night. The horrible thing continued for full thirty days—resulting in an operation and a waste of some hundred hours.

Gentle Readers! I am not advocating superstition. I only wanted to narrate my sad experience. I do not attribute all these unhappy events to the morning cat. You may blame fate, or my overcarefulness, or anything else you choose. But I want to state the fact that they and that wretched cat did come together.



Holiday Time in Mount St. Mary's, Kodaikanal.



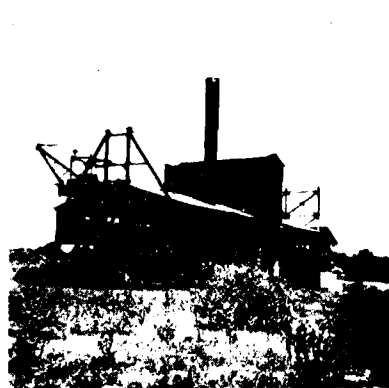
Hostels: Old,
(T. K. Narasimhan, III U.C.)



— and New.
K. Srinivasan, I U. C.



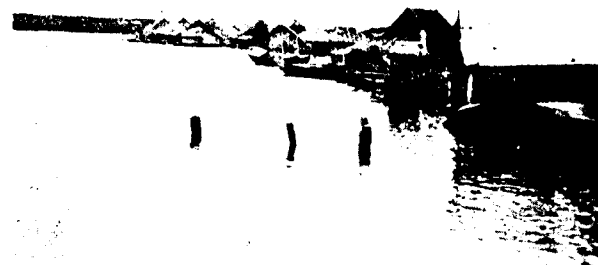
Taiping Lakes



Tin Dredges



Countryside



Fishing Village

Malayan Scenes

(Photos by V. M. Sreedharan, II U.C.)

Malaya the Golden Chersonese of the East

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

MALAYA is well-known chiefly for its rubber and tin; very few seem to be aware of its natural beauty, its interesting wild life, its conglomeration of peoples and its highly developed civilisation. Here are my impressions of a visit to this country of beauty, romance and charm.

As the good ship "ROHNA" steamed into Malayan waters, I was astonished at the fact that such a land of beauty should in sober fact exist and one not know of it. With its true Eastern colouring, blue sky and sea, verdant palm trees, and the forest-clad mountain slopes and crags, it looked bright and beautiful in the tropical sunshine. It is a sight to stir one's soul to its profoundest depths and lift one's heart in adoration and gratitude to the Maker of this wonderful and glorious Universe. Such is Penang—the Emerald isle of the East. I am told that Penang is even more beautiful by night. The whole town is said to be gleaming like a gigantic honeycomb.

The steamer after skirting the headland of this isle, entered the Straits between the island and the mainland and anchored by the island whose more modest splendours were hidden behind warehouses and encircled by low hills. The town of Penang or Georgetown, to give it its proper name, is quite a modern city. Architecture is mostly of a simple style; the buildings are strong enough to withstand the steady wear of rain and tropical sunshine. The steamer proceeded along the harbour and then nosed its way alongside the Swettenham Wharf. Looking over the side I was struck by the cosmopolitan nature of the people who had assembled there to greet us.

There were European women dressed in the latest fashions; Indian women in their colourful and graceful saris; but of all the various races of people, I think that the Chinese girls in their unique dresses deserve special mention. Their round faces, surrounded by the bob or the perm of the latest order, and their graceful, long, colourful Shanghai gowns, with their curious slit skirts draw instant attention.

MALAYA THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE OF THE EAST

Off the ship at last, I took a rickshaw. It was a real thrill, after ten days on board, to be on land again, and to sit behind a trotting Chinese coolie with a straw hat and gaze at the world at large. There are various places of interest in Penang which one could see. I could not however visit all of them. Nevertheless I was able to visit the Snake Temple, the Ayer Hitam Monastery and the Penang Hill. Of these, I enjoyed the trip up the hill very much. The summit of the hill could be easily reached by a funicular railway. The sight you see once you are on top, is one of unforgettable loveliness and beauty such as few places in the world can equal or surpass. Here you feel that you are being poised between heaven and earth, between the blue dome of the sky and the azure plain of the sea below showing here and there the sail of a white junk or the white wake of a steamer. All around, you will notice some islands floating like pearls in the blue sea. The great ships would seem to be toy boats set upon a sheet of blue glass. Right below you will notice the grassy slopes and the dense forest growth of the hill giving place to the streets and the shops of Georgetown. Looking to the left, you will see another beautiful sight—the view of the mainland. In fact at every turn, one gets material both for the camera and the brush. At night the whole scene must be different. The hillside jewelled with the multitudinous lights from the houses, the black sea relieved here and there by the lights of the ships at anchor, or by the green or red lights of moving vessels, and beyond all these the glowing lights of the mainland must produce a picture pleasing to the eye and restful to the soul.

Thus having seen and known what real beauty is, I was naturally induced to move on and find out whether the rest of the country was equally beautiful.

There are two alternative ways of travelling through the country—by road or by rail. The roads are by far the best in the East and it is really a pleasure to drive along the Malayan roads. Equally pleasant is the train journey from Penang to Singapore. I chose to travel by train as it was cheaper, and the journey was really worth the money I spent. The scenery is varied and attractive all the way and blossoms into pleasant country when it reaches the paddy-fields of the Krian District in Perak. In such places, the views over many miles of the country-side with the green verdure of the foreground receding to the grey background of mountains, topped by the blue sky in the distance, are indeed enchanting. The more frequent type of landscape however was jungle-land and rubber-land broken in here and there by tin-mines, mountain

MALAYA THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE OF THE EAST

scenery, oil palm and pineapple plantations. To persons who admire panoramic views of virgin jungle, forests and mountains, the trip will be of particular interest.

On arriving at Kuala Lumpur, the Federal Capital, you will find in it one of the most interesting capitals in the East. The public buildings are thoroughly modern while having all the splendour and grandeur of Eastern Architecture. Singapore, 'the Gibraltar of the East', is a modern city vitally alive and up-to-date—a place where the interest of the past seems to be lost in the more important interest of the present and of the future. The Malayan towns are almost alike, and should one pay a visit merely to these Malayan towns, he would certainly marvel at the enthusiasm of the writer over the country of Malaya. The beauty of Malaya lies not in its magnificent cities, but in its large rural areas. In the country the varied scene of mountains covered with trees to the top, the rivers with their rapids, the vast open green spaces, the waving bamboo clumps, the paddy fields with the vivid green of growing rice and the kampongs hidden along their fringes produce a picture which I am sure will be admired by all who are fortunate enough to visit this beautiful country—the Golden Chersonese of Modern Times.

Writers of Fiction, Beware!

I. Detective Basu

by T. P. Natarajan, IV U.C.

IT was five minutes to seven one evening when Basu was returning from his friend's house.

"He must be murdered." Basu suddenly turned in the direction of the voice and found two persons on a roadside bench deeply immersed in their talk.

"No, he must be wounded," answered another. Basu, struck with wonder recollected his friend's advice to become a detective. "Ah," he said to himself. "I shall try." Basu was a graduate and now jobless. Here was employment at hand.

"You are mistaken, Moorthy," said the first voice. "We will be successful only if he is killed."

"No" ejaculated Moorthy, "he must be made to repent of his crimes."

"Please listen," pressed his companion, "We have read many books in which such persons are mercilessly killed. Kindly take my advice and I assure you we will be crowned with success. Let that take place at five in the morning."

Moorthy did not speak for a while and Basu was getting more excited. Suddenly Moorthy suggested the hour of midnight.

"O. K." said the other. "It is high time that we should go to our room."

Basu followed them with much anxiety and noted in his pocket book the number of the house and directly proceeded to the police station.

"Good evening, Sub-Inspector. Will you permit me to spend a few minutes with you in private."

"Certainly."

The Inspector patiently heard him with a smiling countenance and remarked at the end:

WRITERS OF FICTION, BEWARE!

"How can you expect such secrets to be spoken on the road, Mr. Basu? Excuse me, I can't follow you as I have an order from the Commissioner of Police to meet him at his residence to-night at 10 o'clock."

"Sub-Inspector, pray, do not spoil my ambition to become a Sexton Blake. At least send four of your constables with me."

The Inspector consented and hoped to meet them at night 11-30 if time should permit him.

The clock in the tower struck eleven. Basu and the constables were eagerly waiting for the fatal hour of midnight.

"Who is that?," murmured one of the constables.

"Hallo Inspector; I am very grateful to you," observed our detective.

It was about twelve. The light in the room was switched off. Both Moorthy and his friend descended from the flat and came out of the house.

"Stop!" ordered the police officer. "You are arrested." "What!" said both together. "Why are we arrested?"

"I know you are going now to kill your enemy."

"To kill our enemy? who is he?"

Detective Basu interrupted with a sense of pride and told them all that he had overheard that evening.

"Pooh," said they and burst into laughter.

"Nonsense," sneered the Inspector, "follow me to the station."

"Be calm, Inspector. We are writers of fiction and we wanted to put a thrill in it by introducing a murder. We have finished the novel and we are going on a short walk."

The Inspector turned to Basu, but the detective had disappeared.

II. Clouds of Suspicion

by K. Ramanathan, III Hons.

The room was silent, save for the monotonous ticking of the clock. Saroja was writing at her table. Her pen moved swiftly and smoothly,

WRITERS OF FICTION, BEWARE!

and she never seemed at a loss for a word. A magazine lay open by the side of the lamp on her table.

The clock struck twelve, and Sampath returned home from the talkie. Through the half-open door, he could see his wife writing at her table. Silently, he tiptoed to the door and entered the room. Saroja was so absorbed in her work that she did not notice her husband walking towards her table with quiet steps. Standing behind her chair, he read what his wife had written. The very first words gave him a shock, and his suppressed gasp brought Saroja back to earth. A quick turn of the head showed her Sampath in a furious temper. Swiftly, she hid the paper between the pages of the magazine, and asked him lovingly, "Well, dear, how did you enjoy the film?"

"How did you enjoy your lo...?" he began wrathfully, and then checked himself.

"What, dear?" she asked placidly. "Nothing," he muttered. "Why are you sitting up so late? It is past twelve now." "I had to write a letter to a friend. Reply overdue. And I thought I might finish it, while waiting for you."

"Oh, is that so?" he exclaimed sceptically. Next moment, he forced a bitter smile on his lips and went out of the room.

He could not sleep that night. The green-eyed monster had caught him by the scruff of his neck and its grip was hourly growing stronger. "Hang it all," he said to himself. "I saw it with my own eyes. One does not begin a letter to a friend with 'my own dearest darling.' And then there was that 'thousand...' O, he could not bear to think of it! Saroja a flirt, there can be no mistake about it. "My grand-mother was right, when she objected to my marriage with an educated girl."

Thus began the rift in the domestic lute. Outwardly they kept up appearances, but the tension could be felt. As the days passed, Sampath grew morose and silent. Though Saroja appeared the same as usual, it was clear that they were drifting apart.

One day, a month later, the postman brought a money-order for one hundred rupees to Saroja. Without explaining anything to Sampath, she left the house muttering "I have got some visits to pay."

Sampath grew indignant. He determined once for all to find out the truth about his wife. This kind of suspense was worse than hell. A

WRITERS OF FICTION, BEWARE!

search of Saroja's room, he said to himself, must reveal everything. The search began and ended without Sampath being any the wiser for it. Disheartened and thoughtful, he went to her table and glanced idly at an open magazine there. An announcement in bold print forced itself on his attention—"Love Letter Competition" he read with wide-open eyes. "Mrs. Saroja, B.A., wins the first prize of Rs. 100."

The door opened and Saroja walked in saucily with a mischievous smile playing round her lips.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he almost shouted.

"How dare you suspect me?" she retorted.

To hide his discomfiture, he clasped her in his arms.

Electromagnetic Waves and Broadcasting

by O. C. Janardhanan Nambiar, B.Sc. (Hons.)

THE history of wireless which is one of the most fascinating chapters in Physical Science is a long record of patient research and improvement dating back from nearly half a century. The seeds of this Magic tree were sown by Maxwell, the father of classical physics; they were watered in the laboratory of Hertz; they sprouted under the tender care of Marconi and we, to-day, enjoy the fruits of the plant now grown into a gigantic tree with its branches spread over every nook and corner of the wide world.

Electromagnetic Waves

(a) *Nature*: From the Mathematical expressions of electromagnetism Maxwell showed that if the electric force at any point is altered the Magnetic vector is altered also and an "electromagnetic ether disturbance" spreads out from the point. Hence alternate charging of a body, +vely and -vely, in rapid succession results in the ether at the point undergoing some periodic disturbance, accompanied by ether waves of energy travelling outwards from the conductor. These are the wireless waves.

(b) *Production*: Consider an "oscillatory" circuit, which consists of a condenser C, an inductance L and a spark gap AB. When the condenser gets discharged, the charge jumps from one knob to the other, more than neutralising the opposite charge and so causing a reverse jump, the inertia for this being supplied by the inductance. The discharge thus, takes place through a series of jumps or "oscillations". At each oscillation the electrostatic energy is converted into electromagnetic energy due to the current flow, and then back again into E. S. energy, the changes being accompanied by periodic vibrations in ether, i.e. electromagnetic waves which travel outward in all directions with finite velocity. A familiar picture due to Hertz, of the above transformations is indicated in the figures below:

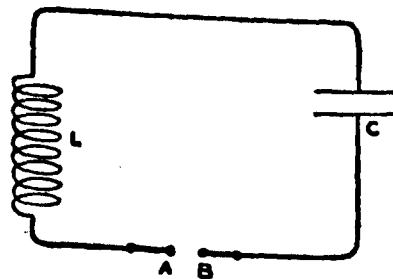


FIG. 1.

ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES AND BROADCASTING

Fig. 1 shows the E. S. lines of force. Fig. 2 indicates the discharge causing the first few lines (two) crossing over and growing on the other side. For the rest of the lines beginning from EFK the ends cross over

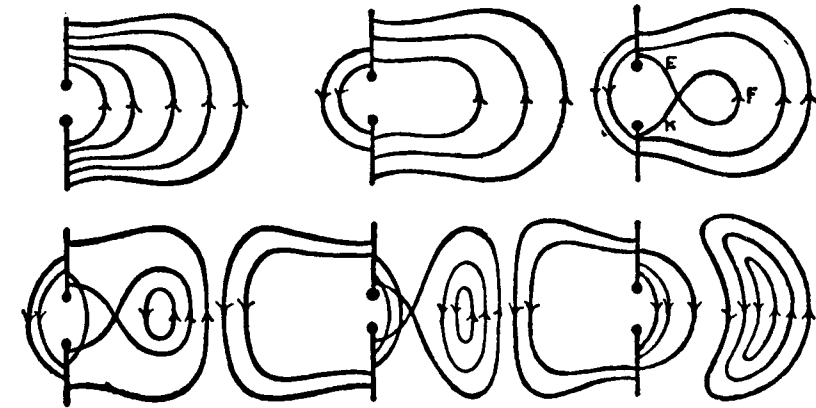


FIG. 2

before the middle portion and so break up into loops. Figs., 3, 4, 5, 6 illustrate these transformations during a half oscillation. Each half oscillation is thus accompanied by the production of a set of loops or electromagnetic waves; since every loop is accompanied by a $\perp^v$ magnetic loop. However the spark gap is not very essential for production of such waves. It merely serves as an insulating and conducting gap alternately.

A very suggestive picture of the nature of the production and propagation of E. M. waves is furnished by the nature of undulations in water when a gun is fired at the middle of a tank.

Transmission

(a) *Spark transmitter*: The simplest way of producing high fre-

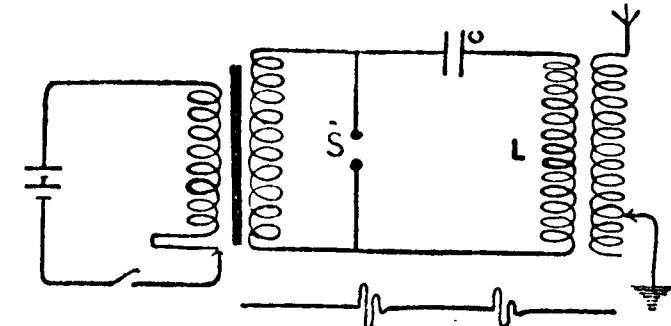


FIG. 3

quency electrical oscillations is to give an electric shock to an oscillating circuit. This principle is used in the so-called "Spark transmitter" in

ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES AND BROADCASTING

which a series of electrical shocks to the circuit (supplied by an induction coil) result in the production of puffs or trains of waves as indicated separated by long intervals corresponding to intervals between sparks. The high frequency oscillations in the circuit L. C. S. are impressed on the tuned aerial circuit which propagates the waves. This is the first *Marconi* transmitting set. The spark transmitter can be used for transmission of wireless signals. But now it is mostly replaced by the transmitter of the continuous wave type. The frequency of the transmitted waves is $\frac{1}{2\pi\sqrt{LC}}$ where L is the inductance and C the capacity.

(b) *Undamped oscillations*: Now, the waves produced by a spark transmitter are discontinuous trains or "damped" waves as they are called and as such useless from the point of view of speech transmission. Of the devices contrived to produce continuous or "undamped" waves are the Poulsen Arc (used mainly for wireless telephony and telegraphy) and the Valve-transmitter (for transmission of speech).

(i) *Arc transmitter*: This is still used in some of the biggest broadcasting stations and therefore deserves mention. Fig. 4 shows one arrangement. The arc is in series with the aerial and a condenser C is joined between it and the earth to stop direct current from going to the earth. The existence of oscillations depends on the fact that the resistance of the arc varies in such a manner that the P. D. between the carbon ends diminishes with increasing current, or the arc behaves as if it had a negative resistance.

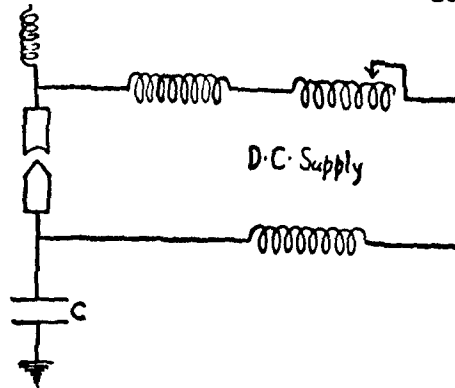


FIG. 4

(ii) *Valve transmitter*: The "Valve" consists of three electrodes the "plate" P, the grid G, and the filament F inside an evacuated glass bulb. P is connected to a high tension battery and G to the potential under investigation. The filament F heated by a low tension battery, emits electrons towards P. The resulting "plate current" would be controlled by the potential of the grid +ve or -ve. The action of the valve as a generator of waves is as follows:

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Small currents flowing in the tuned circuit produce changes of grid potential which influence large currents in the anode circuit. The

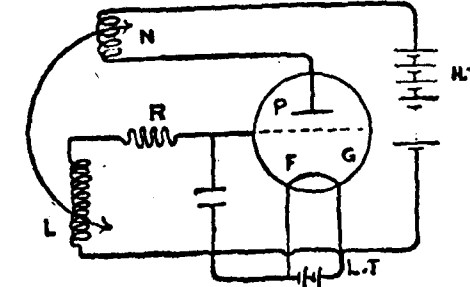


FIG. 5

damping of oscillations due to the loss of energy in the resistance R is avoided by feeding back some energy from the plate (or anode) to the grid. This is achieved by the principle of *Reaction* i.e. by suitably coupling the anode to the grid through coils L and N.

If the coupling is close enough R gets reduced to zero. As a result undamped electrical oscillations are produced. The method of "parallel feed" (fig. 6) is an improvement in that the aerial circuit is not the oscillating circuit of the valve.

The choke coil Ch. allows the steady high tension to be applied to the valve but prevents the high frequency currents from being short circuited through the generator at H. T. The blocking condenser C allows the H. F. current to flow unimpeded to the aerial but prevents the application of the dangerous H. T. to the aerial.

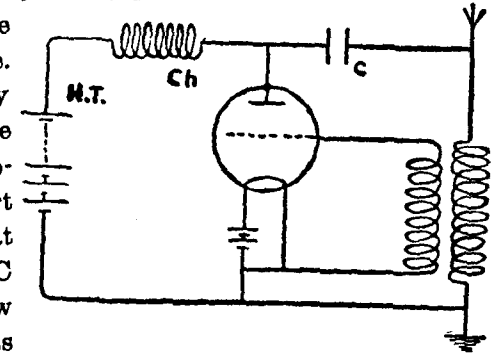


FIG. 6

(c) *Frequency stabilisation*: The aerial forms part of the oscillating circuit which determines the frequency of the transmitted waves. If the aerial moves in a wind, its capacity to earth is altered and therefore the

frequency is changed. To avoid this, i.e. to stabilise the frequency either the "master oscillator" or the quartz oscillator is used. In the former, the aerial is no longer the main oscillatory circuit; oscillations are produced in a closed osc. circuit by a low-power valve so that the frequency is entirely controlled by the constants of the closed circuit. In the

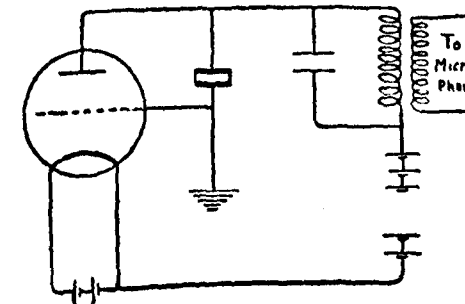


FIG. 7

"quartz oscillator", the piezo-electric property of crystals like quartz is

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made use of. When the mechanical oscillations set up in the crystal due to the high frequency alternating E. M. F's. is equal to the natural frequency $\left(= \frac{1}{2l} \sqrt{\frac{q}{\rho}}\right)$ there will be resonance. The frequency of the crystal remains very constant and uninfluenced by the small changes in the electrical constants of the circuit. It is introduced in the transmitting system as shown in fig. 7. The H. F. oscillations are steadily maintained by the crystal which forces itself on the oscillator and produces only the purest note.

(d) *The carrier wave and the modulated wave:* In the transmission of speech and music by wireless we have to convert the relatively low frequency of our voice into electrical variations, transmit these, and then re-convert them into sound. This is done by super-imposing the (electrical) effect of the "audio-frequency" note on a high frequency wave which alone could be transmitted by an aerial. In other words a H. F. wave is made to carry along, as it were, the low frequency note. Such a continuous H. F. wave is called a "Carrier Wave" and the resulting wave the "Modulated Wave," (the C. W. and M. W.). In effect (as shown in fig. 8), the amplitude of the C. W. is varied at a frequency equal to the audio-frequency so that the amount of current flowing will also vary correspondingly. The same fluctuations of current at the receiver end reproduce the same note.

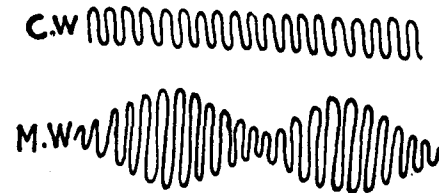


FIG. 8

The simplest way to modulate an H. F. wave is to use a carbon Microphone or a Magnetophone in series with the high frequency aerial circuit. Variations of current in the Microphone (due to the speech or Music) affects the C. W. in the circuit in a most complicated way depending on the speech.

(e) *The modern transmitting set:* The above method of wireless telephony is now superseded by what is known as the *Choke control* method of modulation. Here, the mean anode current of the first valve (fig. 9) is caused to vary at the modulation frequency and hence the amplitude of oscillation also varies at this frequency. The modulation frequency is produced by the microphone and connected to the grid of the modulating valve M through the transformer T. This valve and the main oscillating

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valve O draw their H. T. from the same supply. So this fluctuation in M produces the desired modulation by varying the amplitude of the main oscillation. The presence of the choke coil C. H. in series with the H. T. maintains the current from this source constant which is necessary to transmit the modulation from M to O. The air-core choke A. C. C. confines the H. F. currents to the aerial

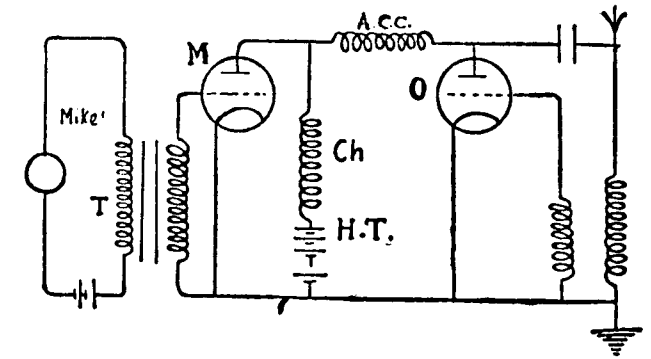


FIG. 9

circuit and prevents the short circuiting of the H. F. current through M while allowing free passage to the L. F. impulses from M. The figure represents a modern transmitting set.

(f) *Fractional frequency spacing:* A telephony transmitter occupies a frequency band of 20,000 cycles width. In order that transmitting stations should not interfere with one another it will be necessary to space their carrier frequencies by at least 20,000. This represents a smaller fractional frequency spacing $\left(\frac{\Delta p}{p}\right)$ if the carrier freq. p is large and hence it is usual to transmit telephony on a fairly high freq. or short wavelength.

Reception

The receiving arrangement can be sub-divided into four parts: tuner, detector, amplifier and telephone or loudspeaker.

(a) *Tuner:* It is obvious that for reception of waves the receiver should be tuned to the same wave-length as that of the transmission wave. This can be done by varying the inductance or the capacity or both as shown in fig. 10. Usually the capacity is changed, employing either cylindrical condensers or condensers having a large number of plates. The flatness of tuning, i.e. the absence of sharpness in such cases is due to high-frequency resistance and "parasitical" capacities. Increase of sharpness can be attained by supplementing the original circuit by a second one of similar nature but without aerial or earth. The inductances

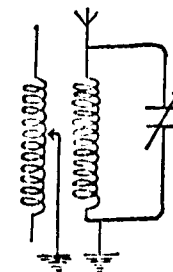


FIG. 10

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act as a transformer but the coupling should be as loose as possible.

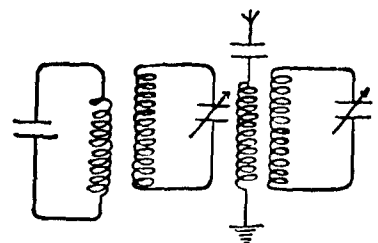
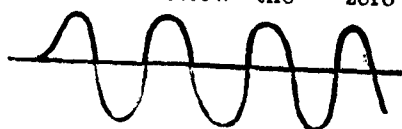


FIG. 11

line annul the effect of those above so that the telephone does not respond. So, one half of the waves has got to be eliminated and this is called "Rectification".

The "Series-Parallel" switch (fig. 11) enables the capacity to be put either in series or in parallel. "Series" position is advantageous in short-wave reception.

(b) *Detectors or Rectifiers*: The alterations of current in an osc. circuit are so rapid that the waves below the "zero"



The principle by which the "Crystal detector" does this rectification is that certain crystals allow only uni-directional currents to flow through them. In this case rectification is pure or complete. Fig. 12 shows a Crystal Rectifier connected to the tuner with the telephone included in the circuit. Only one-half of the modulated wave is transmitted to the telephone through the crystal D and thus the sound is reproduced. While the purity of the note and cheapness are two factors that commend the crystal detector to many an enthusiastic listener, the absence of sufficient amplification and consequent failure to detect weak signals from distant

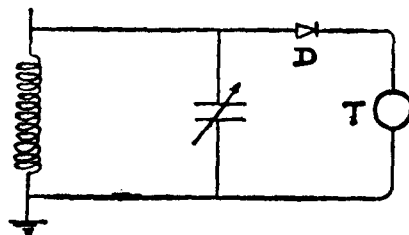


FIG. 12

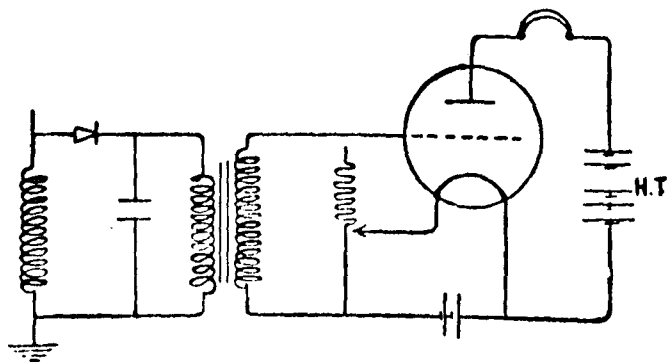


FIG. 13

transmitting stations are defects which let it down. It is however a matter of great consolation to the modest listener that a valve used as a

ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES AND BROADCASTING

low or audiofrequency amplifier in conjunction with the crystal detector is an effective compromise. Such a detector is illustrated in fig. 13 above.

The Triode Valve: Fig. 14 shows the connections for a valve used as a rectifier. The rectifying property of the valve could be well understood from the graph shown below. The curve showing the relation between the grid potential and plate current is called the characteristic of the valve. If A represents the normal voltage of the grid and AB, AC the variations, it will be seen that the plate current is affected only by a +ve potential. Thus the valve acts as though currents in one direction alone are transmitted through the plate circuit.

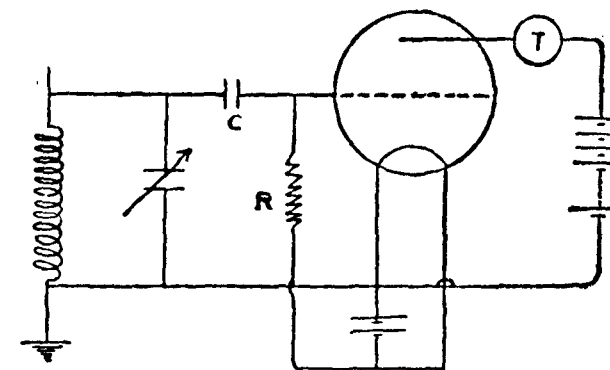


FIG. 14

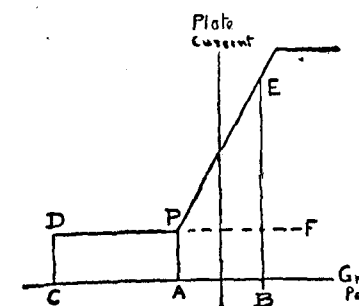
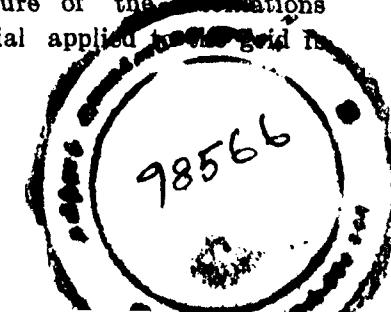


FIG. 15

The Grid Leakage: Between the oscillating circuit and the grid is a small condenser C and a resistance R. Owing to the fact that oscillatory currents will pass through the valve only in one direction, this current will accumulate a negative charge on the side connected to the grid when a group of waves strike the aerial. It is necessary to keep the grid potential very negative since the plate potential is very large. When the -ve charge reaches a maximum value, the electrons flow back to the filament through R and the grid potential reaches its normal value. R is the "Grid-Leak Resistance." Now the effect of this cumulative variation of grid potential is to produce a corresponding variation in the plate current. The average effect of the plate current is thus a low or audible frequency so that telephones can be used in the plate current. In effect, the condenser and the resistance serve the purpose of automatically adjusting the grid potential accurately to the appropriate negative value which is very essential in view of the varied nature of the oscillations striking the aerial. The steady negative potential applied to the grid is called the "grid bias."

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(c) *Amplifier*: A very suggestive method of describing the amplifying property of the valves is shown by fig. 16 on the right. The small changes AB, AC in the grid potential result in the large variations of plate current represented by the wave form. The steep part of the characteristic should be used for amplification. There are two types of valve amplifiers, viz., high frequency and low frequency. In the first case the high-frequency oscillations are received by the tuner and amplified before rectification while in the second it is the L. F. which is amplified but only after rectification.

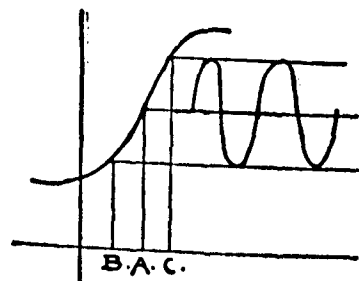


FIG. 16

There are, further, two methods of H. F. amplification in general use known as the transformer method and the tuned anode method: these are shown in figs. below.

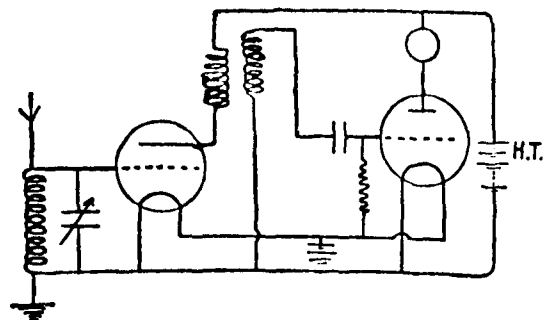


FIG. 17

phone. To obtain the best results with this method, it is necessary to wind the transformer in such a manner that its natural frequency corresponds to that of the signal received. The tuned anode method is shown in fig. 18. Here the H. T. is fed to the plate of the first valve through an inductance L tuned with the help of the condenser C. Thus the waves from the aerial cause large voltage changes in P and these are impressed on the grid of the second and rectified. The tuned anode method is probably the most efficient way of utilising H. F. amplification and is universally adopted.

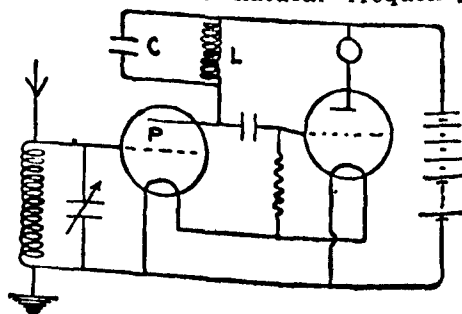


FIG. 18

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Fig. 19 shows the valve being used as a low frequency amplifier. The transformer coupling here is similar to that in the H. F. amplifier

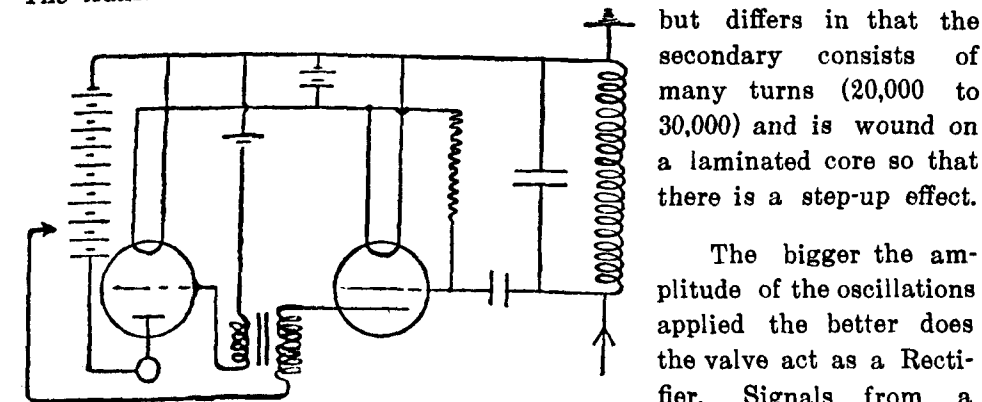


FIG. 19

but differs in that the secondary consists of many turns (20,000 to 30,000) and is wound on a laminated core so that there is a step-up effect. The bigger the amplitude of the oscillations applied the better does the valve act as a Rectifier. Signals from a distant station may be too faint for efficient detection, so a high frequency amplifying valve is used thereby increasing the range of the receiver. L. F. amplifying valves increase the sound in the telephones since the signals of audible (low) frequency are normally passed on direct to the telephones. So both H. F. and L. F. amplifying valves must be simultaneously used in a good receiving set.

(d) *The "three-valve" set*: The above discussions lead directly to the three-valve set shown below. T is the tuner which receives the oscillations; these are magnified by the H. F. valve A, then rectified by B and finally the L. F. amplifier C magnifies them to a sufficient power to operate a loudspeaker.

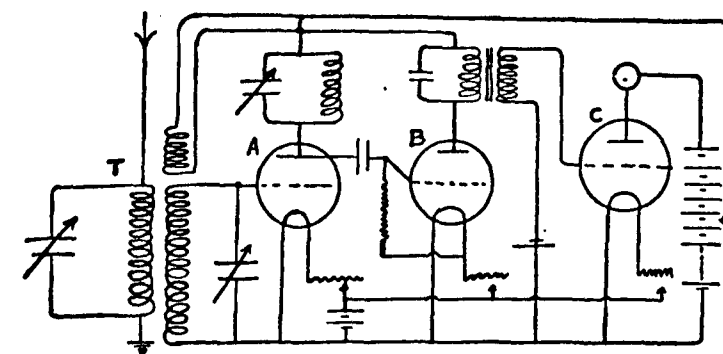


FIG. 20

(e) *Aerials*: A long wire and high frequency are the two essential requisites for powerful radiation and reception. There are two types of

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aerials, wire aerials and beam or loop aerials. The *Franklin* aerial of the latter type is the best arrangement for long distance transmission. Energy from the high power generator to the individual aerials of an "antenna array" is supplied along *transmission lines* which are simply a pair of wires. In the wire-type of receiving aerials the electrical oscillations induce currents in them when properly tuned. The currents being proportional to the length of wire high aerials are necessary. The reception by a loop aerial is due to the magnetic flux inducing E. M. F's in it. The changing directions of the magnetic disturbances therefore necessitate proper orientation of the loop. This is the principle in direction finding aerials. All aerials should be kept well above surrounding objects such as trees and buildings lest they should reduce the effective height and absorb energy from the waves.

Earth Systems: A usual "earth" consists of a metal plate about two feet square buried to a depth of 3 or 4 ft., immediately beneath the aerial. The soil in the vicinity of the plate must be damp.

Defects: (i) *Neutrodyne circuit:* Spontaneous oscillations are often produced in amplifiers, especially in tuned anode ones due to the feed back from the plate to the grid circuit in the wrong sense. This defect is overcome by making the two halves of the coil A equal and adjusting the "Neutrodyne" capacity to be equal to the grid-plate capacity.

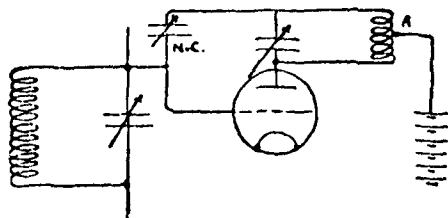


FIG. 21

(ii) *Distortion:* For a faithful reproduction of the transmitted sound the relative amplitudes of its components should be preserved. This would be done if the amplification produced is made independent of the frequency and amplitude for the audible range.

(iii) *Absorption, fading, etc:* Wireless waves are transmitted both by the atmosphere and the ground. The atmospheric rays are deviated downwards by the free electrons present in the *ionosphere* and produced by the ionising action of the Sun's Ultra-Violet rays. The electrons not only deviate but absorb energy. The "absorption" is stronger if electrons exist under higher pressure. Since by day the electrons occur in the lower region of relatively higher pressure, absorption is stronger during day than during night. The energy of the ground rays too is absorbed

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by the surface and the wave is then said to be "attenuated." Waxing and waning of sound in a receiver due to interference between ground and



FIG. 22

atmospheric rays is what is known as "fading." With short waves only flat deviation of the atmospheric rays is possible, as shown in fig. 22. Due to attenuation, ground rays too do not proceed beyond TA. The distance AR where no reception is therefore possible is known as "Skipping distance".

(h) *The Wave-length problem:* The phenomenal developments in broadcasting in recent years have roused considerable interest in the wave-length question. The aim of every broadcasting organisation is to make the service as unfailing, reliable and satisfactory as possible in the territory under its jurisdiction. At *great distances* the ground ray is completely absorbed while the atmospheric ray is present, more intense at night. At *medium distances*, and especially with medium waves reception during daytime is due to ground ray alone while the other also is present by night and as a result there will be fading. At *short distances* with all waves reception is entirely due to ground rays. So it is that internal services of the countries are best served by long and medium waves while short-wave working is preferable either to very short distances or trans-oceanic and continental communications. Since short-waves are subject to fading, skipping of distance and day to day variations, the transmission frequencies of short wave stations should be changed to suit the hour of the day whereas the medium and long wave stations work throughout on their allotted frequencies.

Conclusion

A few words regarding *Television* must surely find a place in an essay on *Electromagnetic Waves and Broadcasting*. What now promises to be the most remarkable achievement in the history of Man, i.e. *Television*, is nothing but a direct and immediate application of the fundamentals of wireless. The problem here is to convert the variations in light energy into current variations, to super-impose them on the carrier wave and then effect the reconversion. A "Photo-electric cell" at the sending station and a *Neonlamp* at the receiving station bring about the respective transformations.

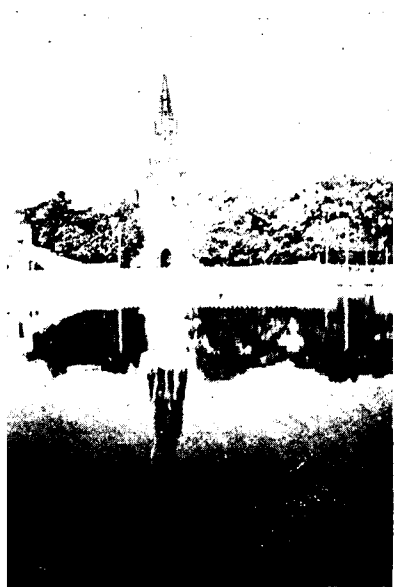
ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVES AND BROADCASTING

No true scientist can afford to forget the Mathematical genius of Maxwell, the experimental skill of Hertz and the inspiring intelligence of Marconi that are at the root of this amazing achievement of the twentieth century. The wide and varied influence of wireless broadcasting—both for good and *evil* be it admitted!—is a thing far beyond the dream of any of its authors. And the one lesson that every modest scientist should learn from this is to work in his own humble way so as to explore the secrets of nature and further the bounds of knowledge.

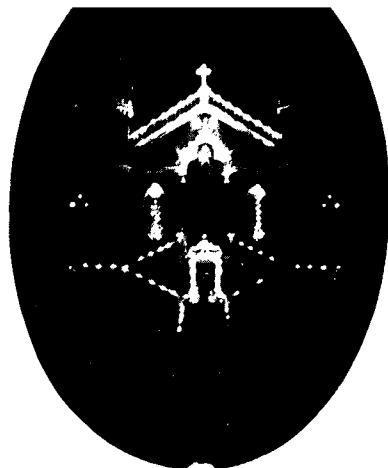


An Old Man

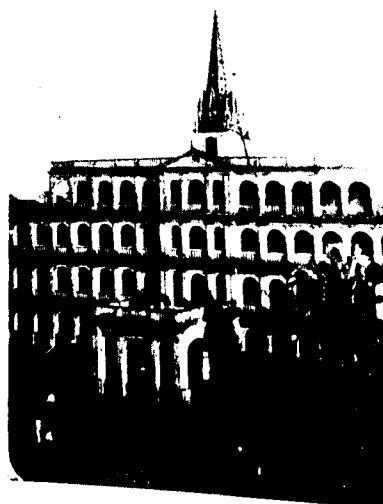
(Drawing in colour by Nilakanta Nambudiripad, IV B.Sc.)



Two views of—
P. C. Narayanaswami,
IV B.Sc.)



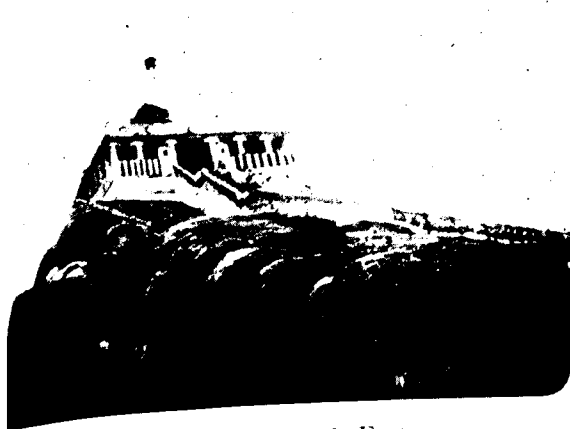
Museum Facade—
(A. Jayapandian, II U.C.)



Our church Spire
(W. C. Krishnamurthy,
III B.Sc.)



and Clive's Facade Illuminated
(S. Kannan, II U.C.)



Upper Temple, Rock Fort.
(V. Rajan, I U.C.)



Coronation Cattle Tank and Teppakulam.
(K. Srinivasan, I U.C.)

An M. L. but no Lawyer

by S. Srinivasan, III B.Sc.

TIMES are, when, to secure a place in a third-class compartment is, to say the least of it, a real achievement. To wait for the next train, if any, is beneath your dignity. So you fight every inch of the way from the waiting-room to the carriage through the vast crowd. A glance at your luggage, wife and children, and the army of waiting passengers, will surely make your heart sink within you.

It fell to my lot once to travel in a certain third-class carriage scheduled: "To seat 12 Passengers, 5 European Troops, 8 Indian Troops." Luckily enough, there was no great crowd at that part of the platform, and so it was easy for me to find my way to the compartment. My entry—with my party, of course—brought the number to exactly twelve.

Dear reader, imagine for a moment my suspense when I saw, at the very next station, a huge crowd rushing like a torrent towards our compartment. Naturally we barred the door; and two of us standing at the entrance, refused them admission on the ground that the compartment was already full. But this reason seemed to please none of them.

They argued rather harshly, and gave our reasons all sorts of names, but all in vain; for we were not the people to give up our stronghold. The practical people among them soon left us for other carriages. But the irresponsible, like apes, began to climb through the windows. At last, finding us quite persistent, they hastened to the Railway officials.

In a few minutes, the complainants, the station staff, and police officials arrayed themselves up in front of us. "Why don't you allow these gentlemen to get in?" shouted forth a young ticket-collector. "Because we are already twelve." That was our answer. "What if?" thundered the guard, looking at his watch. "Look at the plate there, Mr. Guard", proceeded my companion.

Everybody looked and relooked at the plate as if it were a wonderful discovery. "You should, according to your own reason, admit twenty-five and not twelve!" interrupted a queer-faced Police-inspector.

"No, sir, only twelve," firmly declared my friend.

"No, twenty-five."

"How?"

AN M. L. BUT NO LAWYER

"See what is written on the plate. 'To seat 12 Passengers, 5 European Troops, 8 Indian Troops.' These total up to 25. As there are no troops now, evidently, the spare accommodation is to be filled up by the public." Soon the air was rent with congratulations to the Inspector on his extraordinary legal acumen.

"Understand, Mr. Inspector," persisted my friend, "that 12 passengers are to be seated, if the train is run for the public; and 5 European or 8 Indian Troops if run for military purposes." This point made them all stare at us for a time.

But soon, the Inspector surprised us all by pointing out that there was no "OR" on the plate, and that a grain of common sense would suffice to make everyone understand that (*cheers all round*).

We complimented the Inspector heartily on his ready wit and declared that his true place was the legal profession. Imagine our surprise, when he quietly answered us that though he was not a Lawyer he was already an M. L.!

I Lent my Algebra Book

by C. S. Srinivasan, II U.C.

I

TO lend books to friends is not at all a troublesome custom, provided our borrowers gain our confidence by returning our books without subtracting anything from or even adding anything to them; I mean, without tearing off any page and without using the privilege of writing in them. This point not being caught by many borrowers of books, they unreasonably frown at us either for not lending them our books on demand, or for asking them to come to us at various times for receiving the books and then dodging and deceiving them, until finally they require an answer to the question, "Will you lend it now or not?"

Supposing that they persist in borrowing our books and we, tired of their repeated requests, lend them the books they want, they take their revenge upon us. They won't return the books of their own accord. They dodge us when we go to them. They make us waste much time. They even begin to lend the books they borrowed from us to their other friends. So the time taken by them to obtain our books is ultimately either equal to or less than the time taken by them to return the books to us. The following story, which is true, of Visva's pursuit after a book lent by him to Ramu will prove it. Listen carefully. I shall narrate it to you in the very words of Visva.

II

I and Ramu are thick friends. We used to read our lessons in a room in my house. One day, as usual, he came in with his satchel of books. Among the books there was one conspicuous by its green covers very like my algebra book. Immediately on seeing the green covers, I remembered I had lent my algebra book to Narasimhan some twenty days before. I asked Ramu to wait there till I returned and I rode off on my bicycle to Narasimhan's. But he said that he had lent it to Balu. As I had to return the book the next day to the Professor from whom I had borrowed it, I went to Balu and was informed by him that the book was lent by him to Kini, who, on being asked by me to return my book lent to him by Balu, replied that it was with Ramu.

I LENT MY ALGEBRA BOOK

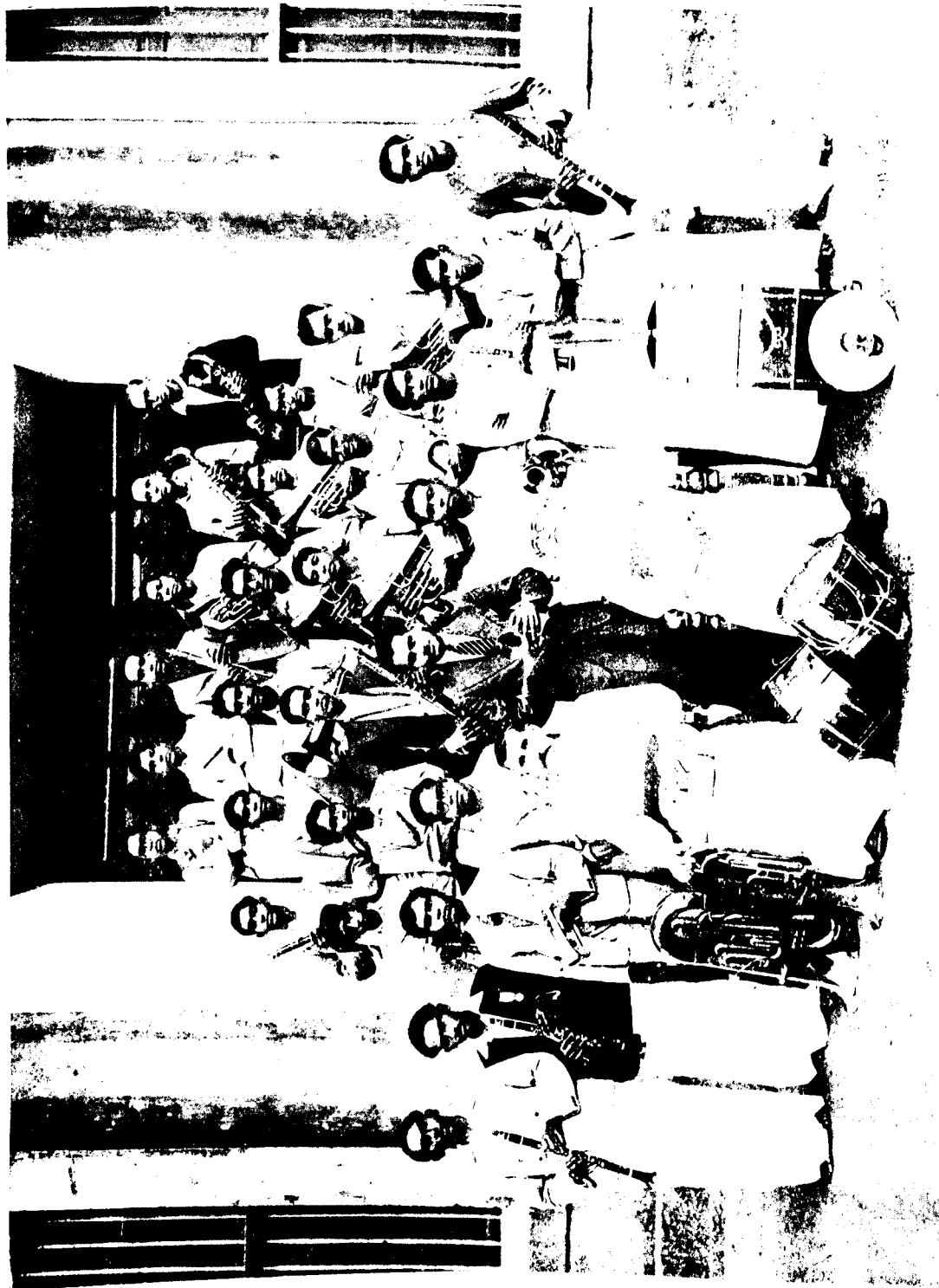
So the book brought by Ramu, I realised, was my algebra book. What a weary and useless race after the book! If I had observed carefully, I could have easily spared myself the utterly useless pursuit of the book.

I returned home and Ramu was not there. The book with the green covers too, was not there in the bag he had left. A few minutes after, Ramu arrived. On informing him that the book with the green covers which I had seen in the bag was my algebra book which he might have had from Kini, he expressed his deep sorrow for having returned it to Kini and blamed me of not having asked him for the book previously.

Again I went to Kini and was told that the book was returned to Balu to be returned to me soon. Similarly Balu had given it to Ramu and he to Narasimhan, from whom I was at last able to take possession of it. He "thanked me for my kindness", and of course was "sorry for the delay"!



THE RIFLE TEAM OF THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE CONTINGENT (U. T. C.) 1938-39.
Runners-up of the All-India Rifle Competition.
For the Indian Territorial Force & University Training Corps Units.
Run by the Army Rifle Association (India.)



COLLEGE BAND 1938-'39.

Three Stories in French

I. L'Empereur Ferdinand et le Soldat Français

par T. Sadasivan, II U.C.

FERDINAND était Empereur d'Allemagne. Il était très puissant et possédait une grande armée. Il connaissait la plupart de ses soldats, et quand il voyait un nouveau visage dans les rangs il posait à la nouvelle recrue ordinairement trois questions. Celles-ci étaient: "Depuis quand êtes-vous dans ce régiment?" "Quel âge avez-vous?" et "Etes-vous content de votre nourriture et du logement?"

Un jour un français vint pour s'enrôler dans l'armée. Malheureusement, il ne savait pas un mot d'allemand. Son supérieur qui savait le français, lui dit que Ferdinand lui mettrait ces trois questions quand il viendrait la semaine suivante pour inspecter le régiment, et lui enseigna les propres réponses. Avec difficulté le soldat apprit à les dire l'une après l'autre "une semaine," "trente ans" et "les deux."

La semaine suivante, le roi Ferdinand vint pour inspecter son armée. Il vit le soldat français et lui demanda "Quel âge avez-vous?"

Le soldat répondit avec respect, "Une semaine, monseigneur."

Ferdinand très étonné continua:—"Depuis quand êtes-vous dans ce régiment?" Le soldat repliqua "Trente ans." Pauvre soldat! Comment pouvait-il savoir qu'il avait donné les fausses réponses! Ferdinand devint furieux. Il cria "Etes-vous fou ou bien le suis-je?"

"Les deux," repliqua le malheureux soldat.

II. Les Lettres de Recommandation

par S. Raghavan, II U.C.

Un jour le directeur d'une maison de commerce fit publier qu'il désirait avoir un jeune homme pour l'assister dans son office et une cinquantaine s'offrirent pour l'emploi. Parmi eux, il en choisit un qui n'avait pas de lettre de recommandation.

THREE STORIES IN FRENCH

"Je désirerais savoir," lui dit son ami, "pourquoi vous avez choisi ce garçon, qui n'apportait aucune lettre de recommandation."

"Vous vous trompez" lui dit le directeur. "Il en avait beaucoup. Il avait essuyé ses pieds quand il entra dans la chambre et ferma la porte derrière lui—démontrant qu'il avait de l'ordre et de la tenue. Il céda son siège à cet estropié, homme agé, tout de suite—cette action indiqua que ce garçon était poli. Il ramassa le livre que j'avais placé à dessein par terre, et le mit sur la table, tandis que tous les autres l'avaient piétiné et rejeté de côté—cela montrait qu'il était soigneux. Il attendit en silence son tour au lieu de pousser les autres. Il était modeste."

"Quand je lui parlai, je remarquai que ses vêtements étaient soigneusement brossés, ses cheveux en bon ordre, et ses dents aussi blanches que le lait. Quand il écrivit son nom j'observai que les ongles de ses doigts étaient propres, au lieu d'être tachés d'encre, comme ceux du beau jeune homme qui portait un habit bleu. Ne sont-ce pas là beaucoup de lettres de recommandation? Je pense que si; et ce que je puis dire touchant un garçon que j'ai observé pendant dix minutes est une meilleure recommandation que n'importe quel autre certificat."

III. Les Deux Mendiants

par T. Ramachandran, II U.C.

Il y avait deux mendiants dans une même ville, qui jaloux l'un de l'autre, venaient mendier à la même place. Par conséquent ils étaient forcés quelque fois d'être satisfaits de bien peu de chose.

Un jour, les gens des villages des environs vinrent en grand nombre pour une fête, et chacun des deux mendiants désirait obtenir le plus d'aumônes possible. L'un d'eux suspendit autour de son cou une planchette avec ces mots: "Messieurs, je suis muet. Je ne peux pas parler. Donnez moi, s'il vous plaît, quelque aumône." Il alla à l'endroit où il y avait le plus de monde; il étendit un drap, s'assit dessus et feignit d'être muet.

Voyant ceci, l'autre mendiant projecta de se conduire de la même manière. Donc, il s'assit devant son compagnon et se couvrant les yeux, s'écria: "Messieurs, je suis aveugle de naissance. Je ne peux pas travailler. Donnez-moi, s'il vous plaît, quelque aumône."

Les gens venus pour le festival eurent pitié de l'aveugle et furent généreux à son égard. Le muet n'obtint rien.

THREE STORIES IN FRENCH

Aussitôt, le muet s'écria: "Messieurs, il feint d'être aveugle."

Entendant cela, l'aveugle s'oubliait lui-même, à son tour s'écria: "Messieurs, il vous trompe en suspendant cette planche autour de son cou." A ces mots, le peuple les blâma tous les deux très fortement; mais eux sortirent très vite de la ville afin de n'être pas punis.

Depuis lors les deux mendiants ne se disputent plus, mais vivent en amis.

காசுதிகளும் உணர்ச்சிகளும்

ஏ. பிரமநாதன், 3-வது கல்லூரி வதுப்பு

இரவு முழுவதும் மையிருள் கவிந்திருந்தது. கொடிய பேய்க் காற்று பயங்கரமான சப்தத்துடன் வீசிக்கொண்டிருந்தது. 'மினுக் மினுக்' கென ஒளி வீசிக்கொண்டிருந்த தாரகை மணிகளும் கரிய மேகக் கூட்டங்களால் மறைக்கப்பட்டன. எங்கும் இருண்ட அந்தகாரம் நிலவியிருந்தது. மரங்களின் கிளைகள், காற்றின் வேகத்தால் 'மடார் மடார்' என்று முறிந்து நானா பக்கமும் சிதறடிக்கப்பட்டன. 'ஐடி ஐடி' வென கர்ப்பம் கலங்குமாறு இடி இடித்தது. அண்டபுவனங்களும் பயங்கரமாய் இடியோசையை எதிரொலித்தன. இடியோசையால் மருண்டனவாய் ஜீவராசிகள் யாவும் தம்மிருப்பிடங்களில் கலங்கிக் கிடந்தன. காதைச் செவிடாக்கும் இடி; பயங்கரமான ராட்சஸக் காற்று; இவற்றினிடையே கண்களைப் பறிக்கும் ஒளி மிகுந்த மின்னல்; பார்ப்பவர் விழிகளை பங்கமுறச்செய்தது. 'இந்திரன் சாட்டை' யெனப் பாமர மக்கள் மின்னலைக் கூறியது மிகையல்ல. வேகமாய் வீசியடித்த சாட்டையினும் பன்மடங்கு வளைவுகளுடன் மின்னல் கரியவானத்தில் வீசி மழையைப் பொழிவித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தது. மழைத்திவலைகளோ நெல்லிக்காயளவு விழுந்துகொண்டிருந்தன. மழைத் தாரைகள் ஏழைகளின் வீடுகளில் தாயாதிப்பாத்தியம் கொண்டாடின. இந்நிலை விடியும் வரை நீடித்திருந்தது.

பொழுது விடிந்தது. காலைக் கதிரவனும் தனது கதிர்களைப் பரப்பி தன் நித்திய கருமத்தை வான வீதியில் தொடங்கினான். இரவு முழுவதும் களங்கமுற்றிருந்த வானமும், மேகங்களின் நிச்சித்தமாய்க் 'கழுவி' எடுத்தாற்போலிருந்தது. காலை நேரம் மிகவும் ரம்மியமாய் அழகு மிகுந்து விளங்கிற்று. உழவர்கள் தோளில் ஏரை மாட்டிக்கொண்டு, மாடுகளுடன் வயல்களை நோக்கிச் சென்றுகொண்டிருந்தனர். சிறு பெண்கள் தலையில் கூடைகளுடன் தோப்புகளை நோக்கிப் போய்க்கொண்டிருந்தனர். சில சிறு பையன்கள் தங்கள் சிறிய துண்டுகளை வரிந்து கட்டிக்கொண்டு மாமரச் சோலைகளை நோக்கிப் பாய்ந்தோடினர்.

பறவைகள் ஆதித்தனது வரவில் ஆவல்கொண்டனவாய்த் தங்கள் கூடுகளினின்றும் புறத்தேவந்து சிறகடித்து வெயில் காய்ந்துகொண்டிருந்தன. கோழிகள் மழையில் நனைந்த குப்பைகளைக் கிளறி புழுக்களை மேய்ந்துகொண்டிருந்தன. நாரைக் கூட்டங்கள் தம் நித்திய வேலைக்காகப் பக்கத்திலுள்ள குளங்களை நாடிப் பறந்தன. அருகிலுள்ள சோலைகளில் குயில்கள் இனிமையாய்ப் பாடிக்கொண்டிருந்தன. புற்றரைகளில் மைனாக்கள் தம் பெட்டைகளோடு காலைப் பரிதியில் களிப்படைந்திருந்தன, பச்சிலைகளினும் பசுமை மிக்க கிள்கள், தம் மூக்கின் அழகினும் சிவந்த கொவ்வைக் கனிகளையும், ஆலங்கனிகளையும் தேடிப் பறந்தன. 'சிட்டான்' குருவிகளும், கருங் குருவிகளும் ஈசல்கள் புற்றிலிருந்து புறப்படுமாவென அங்குமிங்கும் ஊடாடிக்கொண்

காசுதிகளும் உணர்ச்சிகளும்

டிருந்தன. மாடுகளின் கழுத்தில் கட்டியிருந்த மணிகள் 'கன கன' வென வொலித்தன. சற்று தூரத்திலுள்ள கண்மாயில் வாத்துகள் 'குவாக், குவாக்' என்று சலசல வென்ற சப்தத்துடன் நீரில் மூழ்கி விளையாடிக்கொண்டிருந்தன.

இவற்றினிடையே ஆங்காங்கே 'பாடி நகர்ந்து வரும் நதிகள் (slumbering songs of the river) என்றார்க் கேற்ப சிற்சில அழகிய, தெள்ளிய நீரோடைகள் வழவழப்பான கூழாங்கற்களின்மேல், இனிப ஒசையுடன் வளைந்து வளைந்து ஒடிக் கொண்டிருந்தன. இந்த ரம்மியமான, அழகு வழியும் காலை நேரத்தை அனுபவிக்கும் பெரும் பாக்கியத்தினால் என்னுள்ளம் விரிவடைந்தது.

ஒரு பெரிய புல்லடர்ந்த வெளி. ஓரங்களில் பூவும் காயுமாய் மாமரங்கள் தங்கனது இனிய வாசனையைச் சிந்திக்கொண்டிருந்தன. அவ்வவற்றினடியில் பூக்களும் பிஞ்சுகளும் அழகாய் உதிர்ந்து கிடந்தன. பக்கத்திலிருந்த 'அரளிச்' செடியைச் சுற்றி வண்டிகள் நீங்காரமிட்டுக்கொண்டிருந்தன. புல்லிதழ்களின்மேல் தங்கியிருந்த மழைத் துளிகள் மணிசள் போல் மின்னிக்கொண்டிருந்தன. நான் 'சரக்' கென்று ஒரு காய்ந்த சருகின்மேல் மிதிக்கவும், சற்று தூரத்தில் புதரில் பதுங்கியிருந்த ஒரு வெண் முயல் பாய்ந்தோடி மறைந்தது. அதன் பின்னே புல்லிதழ்களின்மேல் தங்கியிருந்த நீர்த்திவலைகள் சிதற, அவை பரிதியினொளியில் பல்வேறு நிறங்களைப் பக்கங்களில் வீசின. தூரத்தில் 'எந்தப் பக்கத்தையும் மறைக்கும் வரைகள்' விரிந்தும், சரிந்தும், தொடர்ந்தும் காணப்பட்டன. பசிய இளந்தளிர்களை இளம் வெயில் முத்தமிட்டுக்கொண்டிருந்தது. அவையும் ஒரு புதிய சோபையைப் பெற்றனபோல் விளங்கின. இத்தகு இனிய, சாந்தம் நிலவும், அழகு நிறைந்த காலை நேரத்தில் நானும் ஒரு பிரயாணியைப்போல் அங்குமிங்கும் நடந்துகொண்டிருந்தேன்.

என் மனத்தே அக்காலை, நிரம்பி வருத்திக்கொண்டிருந்த வருங்காலத்தைப் பற்றிய பயங்கர எண்ணங்கள் எங்கோ ஒடி மறைந்தன. இயற்கையில் ஆழ்ந்த என் மனம் யாவற்றையும் மறந்தது. மனித வாழ்க்கை, ஒப்பற்ற, கிடைத்தற்கரிய, போற்றத்தகுந்த ஒரு உன்னத பதவியென எண்ணினேன். இயற்கையின் பால் மயங்கியவர்க்கு வறுமையேது, வருத்தமேது, வருங்காலக் கவலையேதெனக் கருதினேன். இயற்கை யன்னையின் எழிலில் திளைப்போருக்கு யாது வேண்டும்? எல்லாம் தாமே வந்தடையுமென இறுமாந்தேன். ஆனால், சிலசமயங்களில் மனிதன் எவ்வளவு மன உத்சாகம் அடைகிறானோ அதற்கீடாகத் தன்பத்தினை அடைவான் என்பதை நான் அறிந்தேனில்லை. நான்மட்டுமென்ன. மானிடவர்க்கத்தின் மனத்தன்மையே அது தான். பின்னர் யாது நேருமென அறியாது மனித ஜென்மம் மனக்கோட்டைகளைக் கட்டுகிறது. ஆனால் அடுத்த நிமிஷம் அவையாவும் பொலபொலவென்று உதிர்ந்து விடுமென்று எண்ணுகிறானா? இல்லை.

இயற்கை இன்பத்தில் ஆழ்ந்த என் மனத்தை சொல்லொனாத, புதிய, கொடிய வெண்ணங்கள் என்னை யறியாது பள்ளத்தை நோக்கிப் பாய்ந்தோடும் நீரோன அல்லது

காசுநிகளும் உணர்ச்சிகளும்

காற்றில்லாத வெளியிடத்தைச் சுற்றிப் புகும் காற்றென, வந்தடைந்தன. நான் சற்று முன்பு தனியாக, எனக்கென்றமைக்கப்பட்ட, இன்ப மயமான, என் தேவைகளை நிறைவேற்றக்கூடிய ஒரு உலகில் யாதொரு கஷ்டமும் நஷ்டமுமறியாக் குழந்தையெனக் கவலையற்று இருந்தேன். எனது கவலைகளெல்லாம் நீங்கிவிடும்; நமக்கு இனிமேல் கவலை, துன்பம், வறுமை, பிணி இவை கிடையாதென எண்ணினேன். ஆனால் அடுத்த கிமிஷம் துக்கம், தனிமை, தரித்திரம், மனத்துன்பம் இவற்றின் எதிரொலி என் மனத்தில் கேட்டது. சற்றுமுன் நான் என் வாழ்க்கை முழுவதும் இன்பம் தோய்ந்ததாய்க் களிக்க முடியும் என மனப்பால் குடித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தேன். வாழ்க்கையோ அழகு மிகுந்த வசந்த காலமெனக் கருதினேன். மனித வாழ்க்கையில் துன்பம் எள்ளளவும் கிடையாதென மகிழ்ந்தேன். மனிதன் நினைத்த போழ்தில் எண்ணற்ற காரியங்களைச் செய்து முடிக்கலாமென்று கர்வமடைந்தேன். ஆனால் என் போல் ஆடம்பரமும் ஆனந்தமும் நிறைந்து வாழ்ந்தவர்களின் துன்பம் நிறைந்த அந்தியகால முடிவுகள் என் மனதிடை பளிச்சென்று மின்னல்போல் தோன்றி என் மனக் கோட்டைகளைத் தகர்த்தெறிந்தன. என் மனம் உடைந்தது. துக்கம் நிறைந்தது. இயற்கையாவையும் என்னுடன் சேர்ந்து சோகத்தில் ஆழ்ந்திருப்பனபோல் காணப்பட்டன. மலர்கள் வாடி விழுந்தன.

இந்த நிலையில் தூரத்தில் தனிமையான ஒரு உருவம் தென்பட்டது. சற்று முன் அந்த உருவத்தை நான் அங்கு காணவில்லை. அது அங்கு எப்படி வந்ததென்றறிய நடந்தேன். அருகில் செல்லச் செல்ல ஒரு மனித உருவம் யாதோ செய்துகொண்டிருப்பதேபோல் தோற்றியது. அந்த மனிதனை நெருங்கினேன். எனக்கே தாக்கி வாரிப் போட்டாற்போலிருந்தது. வயதோ சுமார் 80 ஆகும்போலிருந்தது. 'குடி குடி' கிழமாகக் காணப்பட்டான். தலை மயிர் வெள்ளிக் கம்பிபோல் வெயிலில் திகழ்ந்தன. கை கால்கள் சதைப்பிடிப்பற்றிருந்தன. தோல் மடிப்புற்றிருந்தது. மீசையும் தாடியும் மிகுந்திருந்தது. பார்த்த மட்டில் அவன் வாழ்க்கைப் பயணத்தில் மிகுந்த கஷ்டமடைந்தவன்போல் காணப்பட்டான். மண்வெட்டியால் வயலில் வரப்பை வெட்டி நீர்பாய்ச்சிக்கொண்டிருந்தான்.

நான் அவனருகில் வந்ததைக் கவனித்ததாகத் தெரியவில்லை. ஒருவேளை செவிடோ அல்லது வேலையில் கவனமோ தெரியவில்லை. ஆனால் சலிப்புறது வரப்பு வெட்டிக்கொண்டிருந்தான். அவனது வேலைத்திறனால் ஆச்சரியமெலிட்டு "ஏனப்பா, பெரியவரே, என்னமோ வேலை சுறுசுறுப்பாய்ப் பார்க்கிறாயே. உனக்கோ வயது நூறு ஆகும்போலிருக்கே. ஒடிந்த கிழமாகத் தோன்றுகிறாய். உனக்குக் கஷ்டமாய்த் தோன்றவில்லையா?"

இதைக் கேட்டதும் ஆச்சரியம் கொண்டவனைப்போல் என்னை ஏறிட்டு "ஏஞ்சாமி, வயது நூறானாலென்ன. நான் வேலை செய்யக்கூடாதா. அல்லது முடியாதா. இதெல்

காசுநிகளும் உணர்ச்சிகளும்

லாமா ஒரு கஷ்டம்." நான் இந்த மாதிரி அவனிடமிருந்து பதில் வருமென்று எதிர் பாராததால் அவனுடைய வார்த்தைகள் யாவும் ஆச்சரியத்தைக் கொடுத்தன.

மீண்டும் நான், "ஏனப்பா, உனக்கு பிள்ளைகள் இல்லையா? நீயாகத் தனியாகக் கஷ்டப்படுகிறாயே. உன் வயதிற்கு இந்த வேலை பொருந்தமா. அதிலும் பணியிலும், வெயிலிலும், மழையிலும் அலைய உன் உடம்புக்குச் சரிப்படுமா" என்றேன்.

ஆனால் கிழவனோ நான் பிரயிக்கும்படி பதிலளித்தான். அதாவது: "ஏஞ்சாமி, பிள்ளையிருந்தாலென்ன, குட்டியிருந்தாலென்ன, தன் வயித்துக்குத் தான் பாடி பட்டால்தானே யாகும். மழையானாலென்ன? பனியானாலென்ன? வெயிலானாலென்ன? எல்லாம் ஒன்றுதானே சாமி எனக்கு." இவ்வாறு அவன் சொல்லிக் கொண்டே மற்ற வயல்களுக்கு நீர் பாய்ச்ச மண்வெட்டியை எடுத்துக்கொண்டு சென்றான். நான் அவனையே கவனித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தேன். சற்று நேரத்தில் அவனும் மறைந்தான். என் மனம் அவனது மனோகூடத்திலேயே லயித்திருந்தது.

சற்று நேரம் கழிந்து அவ்விடத்தினின்று நீங்கினேன். ஆயினும் அவனது உருவத்தை என்னால் மறக்க முடியவில்லை. அவன் மண்வெட்டியைத் தோளில் போட்டுக்கொண்டு வயல்களில் ஆங்காங்கே, நீர் பாய்ச்ச அலைவதேபோல் என் மனத்திரையில் அவன் உருவம் அடிக்கடித் தோன்றுகிறது. அவனது திடமிருந்த நம்பிக்கை, துன்பம் வாழ்க்கைகள் இன்னும் எனது காதுகளில் ஒலித்துக்கொண்டிருக்கின்றன. நானும் எனக்குத் துன்பம் ஏற்படும் காலத்தில் அவனது வாழ்க்கையை ஒரு படிப்பினை யாகக்கொண்டு எதிர்த்துப் போராடி வருவேன்.

Among Authors and Books

Dr. P. G. Wodehouse, D.Litt.

THE most conservative of English Universities has astonished the world and no doubt scandalised the staid section of it by conferring the Degree of Doctor of Literature on a "mere humorist". But in honouring Mr. P. G. Wodehouse in this unexpected way, Oxford University has not only delighted the millions who have received from him the best of all gifts, hours of unalloyed pleasure and innocent laughter, but has at the same time recognised a fact of capital importance in the evolution of English Literature. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose opinion in this matter has indisputable value, has declared Mr. Wodehouse a master of style. Mr. Wodehouse's language is a unique achievement. Direct, vivid, slangy without ever descending to vulgarity and utterly emancipated from every convention that might blur the outline or deaden the effect of his incongruous imaginings, it is the aptest instrument to express the moods of his peculiar heroes. Take this passage chosen at random:

He put the good old cup of tea softly on the table by my bed, and I took a refreshing sip. Just right, as usual. Not too hot, not too sweet, not too strong, not too much milk, and not a drop spilled in the saucer. A most amazing cove, Jeeves. So dashed competent in every respect. I've said it before, and I'll say it again. I mean to say, take just one small instance. Every other valet I've ever had used to barge into my room in the morning while I was still asleep, causing much misery; but Jeeves seems to know when I'm awake by a sort of telepathy. He always floats in with the cup exactly two minutes after I come to life. Makes a deuce of a lot of difference with a fellow's day.

And as an example of the kind of thing that is *not* wanted:

Sometimes it seems to me,—Sir Roderick Glossop is supposed to be speaking—it seems to me that the whole world is mentally unbalanced. This very morning, for example, a most singular and distressing occurrence took place as I was driving from my house to the club. The day being element, I had instructed my chauffeur to open my landaulette, and I was leaning back, deriving no little pleasure from the sunshine, when our progress was arrested in the middle of the thoroughfare by one

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of those blocks in the traffic which are inevitable in so congested a system as that of London.

I suppose, [Wooster is the narrator,] I had been letting my mind wander a bit, for when he stopped and took a bit of lemon squash I had a feeling that I was listening to a lecture and was expected to say something.

"Hear, hear!" I said...

English prose has travelled far from the stately eloquence of most of the Victorians. No writer anxious to preach his ideas today would do it in the manner of Carlyle or Ruskin, nor would a historian or biographer imitate the periods of Macaulay or the solemnity of Morley. On every side there is impatience with the conventions and ceremonials that mask reality; everywhere the passion to see clearly and speak plainly. Shaw, Lytton Strachey, Hilaire Belloc,—Mr. P. G. Wodehouse too, in his way, belongs to this group of "modernisers". It is our good fortune that while he is so completely "modern" in his speech, he is so little "modernistic" in other ways.

But it is not merely, indeed not chiefly because of his style that Mr. Wodehouse takes his place among the immortals. He is a creative artist who has given the breath of life to a host of creatures who step out of his pages as vividly as people we have known in real life. The creator of Jeeves and Bertie Wooster, of Mulliner and of Psmith—to mention only these—is in direct line of succession to Shakespeare and Fielding, Scott and Dickens, just as the immortal Jeeves himself is lineal descendant of Sam Weller. The external difference between them may seem as wide as the difference between the prose of Dickens and the vernacular of Wodehouse. But they both conform to a type common to all Literatures, that of the perfect servant, infinitely resourceful, incorruptible, imperturbable, and with that dose of impudence which is the special privilege of their caste. Under such protection, the Pickwicks and Woosters of this world may sleep in peace.

Shakespeare Rediscovered

by Clara Longworth de Chambrun (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

By a series of ably written books, Countess de Chambrun—the American wife of a well-known French diplomat—has gained the attention of

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competent scholars to certain bold views regarding Shakespeare's early life, environment, religious and political views. Of the earlier books, *Shakespeare, Actor-Poet*, was the most important. The present volume resumes the conclusions of that study, and adds some others based on her own researches, and on the remarkable discoveries, of Mr. Leslie Hotson. We shall summarise the most striking among them:—

Shakespeare belonged by birth and upbringing to Catholic "recusant" circles of Warwickshire, a particularly conservative and "recusant" county. His father's decay in fortune was due to heavy fines and other penalties consequent on his refusal to accept the new order. Shakespeare's mother belonged to a family that had given martyrs to the Catholic Faith; his teacher in the Stratford Grammar School, a real scholar, of the name of Simon Hunt, crossed over to the continent and became Instructor in the English Catholic Seminary of Reims and Douay. The apparent haste in Shakespeare's marriage and the irregularity in documents pertaining to it must be explained by the fact that it was probably performed by one of the Catholic Priests moving in disguise among the Catholic gentry. Shakespeare's quarrel with Sir Thomas Lucy was due to the notorious "papist hunting" activities of the Knight who had grown rich from confiscated properties. The deer-stealing took place in an estate to which Sir Thomas Lucy had no just title.

When Shakespeare went to London and gradually gained celebrity as actor and playwright, he chose as Patron Southampton the great noble conspicuous for Catholic sympathies, and active in the protection of many harassed Catholic nobles. The vicinity of Blackfriars' Theatre where Shakespeare worked and lived was well-known as the hiding place of proscribed priests. Leslie Hotson's discovery of a document in which a certain Wayte and Gardiner sought legal guarantee against personal aggression by Shakespeare, Langley, Dorothy Soer and Anne Lee, had been brushed aside as possibly referring to some unsavoury episode of the dramatist's London life. But it turns out that Wayte was a relative of Sir Thomas Lucy, that he and Gardiner, in league with Lucy, had grown rich from Catholic fines and seizure of Catholic lands; that Mistress Anne Lee was a great harbourer of hunted priests—Frs. Gerard and Garnet among them. Leslie Hotson's document almost certainly refers to an incident connected with one of Wayte's foiled priest-hunts.

Elizabeth's religious policy and her attitude to James, the son of her murdered rival, finally exasperated the Essex-Southampton group. Essex

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rebelled, was captured and beheaded, Southampton himself, already in the Tower, narrowly escaped the same fate. Shakespeare's Company had long fallen under the suspicion of the Queen's Counsellors. When she died, Shakespeare remained silent, and was reproached by Chettle:—

Nor doth the silver tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied muse one sable teare,
To mourn her death who gracéd his desert,
And to his laies opened her royal eare.
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin, Death!

Madame de Chambrun concludes her discussion of Shakespeare's religious beliefs in these words:

"Sir E. K. Chambers finds strong reason in *Timon of Athens* to conclude that Shakespeare in his later days was a *convert* to the Roman form of belief. I cannot agree with his theory. If, as Richard Davis claimed, Shakespeare "dyed a Papist," it is more natural to suppose, that it was not through conversion, but by a gradual reconciliation to the old faith he had seen practised at Stratford by all his kinsfolk, and in London by his beloved Patron Southampton.¹

Other details of interest are the theory that the W. H. of Thorpe's dedication of the sonnets is William Harvey, third husband of Southampton's mother, the man who was, apparently with Southampton's consent, responsible for the publication of the Sonnets; that the "dark Lady" was not Mistress Fytton, but Mistress Davenant, wife of the Oxford innkeeper who kept the Hostelry which both Shakespeare and Southampton frequented. The most daring suggestion is that the allegorical poem *The Phoenix and the Turtle* refers to the martyrdom of Anne Lyne, a pious and nobly born lady condemned for harbouring a priest and executed at Tyburn. From the purely literary point of view, of capital importance is the claim that Shakespeare's own copy of Holinshed's *Chronicles* is available for study. It is a set that has remained in the hands of relatively few successive owners round about Stratford, and is at present the property of Captain William Jaggard. Mr. G. B. Harrison thus sums up the peculiarities of this copy:—

"The pages describing the reigns which Shakespeare dramatised have obviously been turned over again and again. The bottom corners are so

¹ "England's Mourning Garment".

² pp. 131-2.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

worn that one can see even from the edges of the closed volume where the book was most used...In these parts of the volume many of the most striking passages which Shakespeare himself used are underlined and noted, and the pages are often stained with ink (or beer). On the other hand, the reigns which Shakespeare did not dramatise, are notably clean and seldom marked. There are so many passages noted that one is forced to the conclusion either that some contemporary laboriously collated Holinshed's *Chronicles* with Shakespeare's plays, or that some one had identical interests and was attracted by the same phrases, or, which is the simplest explanation, that Shakespeare himself once owned this book."¹

We may complement this with the certain fact that Raphael Holinshed had been estate manager at Packwood, not far from Stratford, where lived Christopher Shakespeare, close kin to John, the Poet's father. The 1587 edition of his *Chronicles* is marked by strong Protestant bias; but that, according to Madame de Chambrun, is the doing of the later editors, Harrison, Denham etc. The 1577 edition which was entirely the work of Holinshed shows a man of the old school whose "old-fashioned point of view conforms throughout to the Roman tradition. He believed in the old standards, the old nobility, and the old Church."²

These brief notes give but a faint idea of the interest of this fascinating book. Not every hypothesis of the Countess de Chambrun need be accepted as fact. But if even a few of them can be established as genuine, much of what has been written about Shakespeare's life will have to be rewritten. Let me conclude by stating that the writer is not a Catholic. She is also not an English woman and feels no need to maintain the legend of "Good Queen Bess."

J. D'S., S.J.

Cream of Thurber

Hamish Hamilton

The cream is skimmed from the writings and drawings of the American humorist, James Thurber. It is very good fun throughout; and with such good fun the reviewer is somewhat helpless. Critics who could pull

¹ Preface p. VII.

² p. 237-8.

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Proust and James Joyce to pieces just blether when they are up against Wodehouse. Laughter, as somebody said, is the fourth Dimension; it takes our breath away, and we have not yet learnt how to philosophise properly about it. One suspects that M. Bergson who could analyse a grin or a guffaw rarely, could not have managed it so well had he laughed oftener.

Thurber does not remind one of other humorists; he does not take very much after Mark Twain or Stephen Leacock. On the whole he is much quieter fun. You may read him in bed without bumping convulsively against the bolsters. And there is a rare method in his madness. 'My Memories of D. H. Lawrence,' for instance. It is a sort of elaborate Irish bull. The author gives a very circumstantial description of how he first met the Master on a railway platform in Italy; it was the Master all right, complete with the reddish scraggy beard, the dark beetling eyebrows, the intense restless eyes; only the person turned out in the end to be a home-sick businessman from the U. S. A. obsessed with a bad tooth and Mr. Coolidge's political ability. There is much more in the same strain, palpable hits at a rather tiresome literary cult. In another section we are told all about what the leftists are saying—something like a quintessence of Marxism. It contains such delicious bits as, "Leftist criticism contends that all thought is in a state of motion, and that in every thought there exists simultaneously 'being,' 'nonbeing' and 'becoming,' and that in the end every thought disappears by being absorbed into its opposite." Dialectical Materialism, we are told, 'is based on two fundamental laws of dialectics, the law of the permeation of opposites or polar unity, and the law of the negation of the negation, or development through opposites.' The whole disquisition is indeed very much to the purpose.

There is much else in the book besides such good-humoured satire. One section, appropriately called *The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze*, is devoted to a group of perfectly heartless stories. Elsewhere you meet Mr. and Mrs. Munroe, the husband being a simple man who is always trying to be masterful and if possible wicked; but he is rather like the Gilbertian character who always tried to utter lies, for 'every time he fails.' There is also a compendious section on pets, profusely illustrated. The humour ranges from the subtle to the hilarious, the virtuous mean being the usual fare. We shall be told by and by that it is all some kind of outlandish American humour. But does that matter? Anyway, we are amused.

V. V. J.

Pattinappalai

This is one of the ten pieces which go under the name of Pathupattu, one of the classics of the 'Sangam' group. The name of the author is given (not in the text) as Rudrankannanār of Kadiyatur and the hero of the piece is supposed to be Karikala, the ancient Chola King. The poem only mentions the honorific *திருமாவளவன்* 'the great Chola' and, after describing in the usual conventional style the savages of his invading army, says that he was the terror of the Northerners and the Westerners; that the Pandyas lost their power owing to his anger; that the Shepherd Kings (*பொதுவர்*) and the Irungōvēls lost their dynastic importance. This is an apparent reference to Karikala's manner of accession to the throne where the poet says that he escaped the vigilance of his enemies as an elephant breaks away from the pit dug by men, and attained his ancestral throne. We may also see some reference to his activities in bringing the Tondamandalom region under cultivation in the lines which says that he cleared forests and founded villages, excavated tanks and increased the yield of the land.

The bulk of the poem (of 301 lines) is devoted to a description of the Chola country. Here the poet obviously adopts the well-worn method of dividing the land into four regions, each with its appropriate fauna and flora, and castes and occupations (and even emotion!). Yet there are many lines of real beauty and feeling for nature. The poem unfolds before us the panorama of the Chola Country—its fields waving with paddy and sugar-cane, its Cities with broad streets lined by many-storied houses, the temples with their festivals and the throngs of worshippers, the sea coast with the Parathavars going out to fish and their youths sporting in the breakers nearer the shore. Above all, it gives us an idea of the great emporium of Kaveripatnam or Putiar—the warehouses where the articles of import and export were stored, inspected by royal dewanies who passed them after collecting the duty and sealing them with the royal emblem of the Tiger. The poem speaks about the horses and the pepper that came by sea, the precious stones and the gold from the north, sandal from the western mountains, pearl from the southern ocean and coral from the Eastern ocean, the fruits of the Ganges and the Cauvery, the food that came from *Īlam* (is it Ceylon or rather the Eastern Archipelago as the next line suggests?) and the scents from *Kālagam* or Burma. No wonder that further on the poet speaks of the population of the busy harbour as a sample of the best men from all countries and says proudly that men of

many tongues mixed together and lived and traded amicably with one another. One only wonders at the obscurantism of the Commentator of a degenerate Age explaining a piece of mere poetical license like *மாக்கள்* by the astonishing statement that people like the Chinese and the Siamese had like animals only the five senses (and not the sixth, reason, which is the sole prerogative of man.) By *his* time at any rate men of other than Tamil speech had become a legend in the Tamil land!

T. S.

Editorial Notes

The G. O. on Participation in Politics by Staffs of Schools and Colleges

WHEN the national Government relaxed the disciplinary rules against students attending political meetings and interesting themselves in current problems, it took care to show its opposition to students taking active part in political demonstrations. This reserve was applauded by all those who realise the consequences of "direct action" by students. The Madras Government have now followed this up by a stringent order forbidding, under pain of severe penalties, Staffs of Schools and Colleges from participating actively in elections and political campaigns. The G. O. has provoked widespread protests, some grave and dignified, others passionate and ill-tempered. The teaching profession which is supposed to hold men of the highest culture and distinction is declared to be mortally insulted and injured by the denial of rights which are enjoyed by ignorant men and women; the shop-keeper, the street hawker, the fisher woman, it is said, can have a hand in the Government of his country, but the teacher, the intellectual and moral guide of the country's youth, must stand aside. And very much more in the same strain.

In truth, it is not easy to see the rights and wrongs of this quarrel. There is a fine *a priori* case for teachers entering legislatures, and cooling the fever of political passion by a dose of academic detachment. Educational interests too may need to be defended in Municipalities and local bodies by those intimately in touch with Schools and Colleges. And the argument may be clinched by citing the example of certain Professors who have done well in Politics

But it seems to us that very much more can be said in defence of Government policy. In the first place the prohibition does not touch the exercise of the franchise and the intelligent following of public events necessary for a wise exercise of it. The G. O. affects members of the teaching staff, and not those connected in other ways with the management. Moreover, the wording, and indeed the practice, of the present Government show that what is ruled out is affiliation to party organizations and not the acceptance of nominations to local or Provincial bodies.

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The Minister of Education has further pointed out that this ruling does not differ from that of other democratic countries like England where a successful contestant in a Parliamentary election must resign his post in School or College.

In sober truth this restriction is not so much a direct curtailment of the teacher's rights as the safeguarding of more important rights and interests, namely the maintenance of efficiency and the preservation of the right atmosphere in Schools and Colleges. In recent discussions, undue insistence has been laid on the "sordidness" of party politics. The retort is obvious that the scholar and the man of letters is the aptest agent to divest them of this sordidness. But the greater danger is the passion, the all-engrossing interest that politics stir up. They are hardly consistent with the duty and the temper of the teacher. It will be fatal to his authority over many sections of students if he is identified with a particular party, just as it will be fatal to his efficiency as scholar and worker if all his leisure were taken up by political work. The grounds on which students are denied the right to strike is that their relation to Teachers is not that of employees towards masters but of children towards parents. Surely the integrity of this ideal, and the special atmosphere of cordial and affectionate intercourse in which alone it can flourish will be compromised, if not destroyed, by the passion of rivalry and the frenzy of propaganda which party politics are sure to engender. A teacher should not be a politician for the same reason that a Government servant should not be one. The detachment and impartiality which alone will ensure the discharging of their sacred obligations impose this sacrifice on both these classes of public servants.

The Results *

The University results brought us even more than their usual share of success and rewards, with one or two unexpected and less agreeable features. First among the satisfactory features I must mention the 121 full passes out of 225, in the Intermediate with 36 first classes, 70% passes in English, 90% in Part II, 76% in Part III, Group I. The Honours and the M. A. Examinations and B.Sc. Degree Examinations, with their very large proportion of first and second classes, were as brilliant as in past years. B.Sc. Physics secured 85% with 9 first classes and 4 second classes, B.Sc. Chemistry 94% with 9 first classes and 16

* From the Annual Report.

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second classes. B.Sc. (Hons.) Physics established a record with 12 first classes out of 17 candidates and the remaining five second classes.

The less satisfactory features were the English results in B.A. and Preliminary English. The 50% and 63% in these, though in themselves passable, were below our usual level. Similarly B.A. Sanskrit gave us only 52% with no first or second classes. Still, this group numbered among its candidates a student of unusual proficiency who had secured distinction in every College Examination. In view of the maintenance of our usual standard of thoroughness of teaching and the certainty we have of our students' industry, this set-back is not quite explicable.

Among the distinctions we secured, the following are the more notable:—

M.A.—

Br. I. Mathematics: I Class, 1st in the Presidency.

B.A. (Hons.)—

Br. I. Mathematics: I Class, 6th & 7th in the Presidency.

Br. IV. Economics and History: I Class, 1st in the Presidency.

B.Sc. (Hons.)—

Phys. Main: I Class, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th and 11th in the Presidency.

B.Sc. (Pass)—

Phys. Main: I Class, 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 6th, to 10th, in the Presidency.

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

B.A.—

Gr. i-b: I Class, 3rd and 6th in the Presidency.

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

Intermediate: 8th in the Presidency.

We secured the following University medals and prizes:—

- i. The Jagirdar of Arni Gold Medal I
- ii. The R. Pattabirami Reddi Medal II
- iii. The Jagirdar of Arni Gold Medal II
- iv. The Marsh Prize.

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v. The Norton Prize.

vi. The G. A. Vaidyaraman Prize.

vii. The Sir T. Mackenzie Ross Prize.

viii. The C. N. Krishnaswami Prize.

An Unexpected Tribute

Our readers will admit that these successes though creditable, are neither exceptionally brilliant, nor above the deserts of our hardworking Staff and students. In fact the less agreeable features to which we have alluded had prevented us from holding our heads too high. But even this qualified success has dazzled two sharp eyes in Tanjore more than we could have suspected. Their owner—his name is, alas, illegible—could not believe that this glitter was from genuine gold, for this is what, "more in sorrow than in anger" he has felt himself impelled to tell us:—

To.

THE PRINCIPAL

St. Joseph's College, Trichy.

Rev'd. & Kind Sir.

The South Indian Congress Association of Tanjore inform you that we look after your College the merit of passes for the last 3 years and we understand clearly that your institutions are making humbugs by giving bribe to the Registrar every year and you are sending a list of numbers from Inter. to M. A. for securing merit of passes.

Your College students also said that you and other fathers dictate the University questions and answers in a way of secret. We know a boy who was undergoing B. A. course. (Now he passed) (1939) He wrote a letter which was full of mistakes, he wrote a word *anxious*. He passed B. A. What should we understand from this instant? You spoil the students by your bribe. So we request your reverence not to spoil the students hereafter.

Copy to the Principal.

Copy to the premier Govt of Madras

Tanjore
Karanthatangudi
31-5-1939.

Yours, Truly,

(ILLEGIBLE)

EDITORIAL NOTES

There was only one regret mingled with the delight with which we read this unique composition, namely that our iniquities should add a moment's worry to our hardworked Prime Minister. But the fear was momentary. We could imagine him labouring through endless files of arid documents and at last lighting on this gem. We could imagine the smile of pure joy that would light up that austere countenance at "this instant", almost we could hear the sigh of relief that all was not lost, that though there was treason in Trichy, truth would triumph in Tanjore.

New Constructions *

The increase in the number of students and their insistence that we should provide some accommodation for them under College supervision led to the renting of a house in Andar Street where 20 students, attached to different messes in Clive's Hostel, could be lodged. This was at best an unsatisfactory arrangement, and so, after long last, in the course of the year, the Hostel site so laboriously prepared by Rev. Fr. Mahé was measured out and foundations dug for two handsome blocks each consisting of sixty-six single rooms. At the same time some necessary additions to College buildings were also planned. They consist of two three-storeyed buildings, each 60 feet in length, and are prolongations of the western end of the class rooms on either side of the Lawley Hall. By an extraordinary effort on the part of all concerned, these new buildings were completed and ready for occupation at the re-opening this year. The increased accommodation thus secured, both in Hostel and College, have enabled us to admit larger numbers at the re-opening. The College strength has this year gone beyond 1,200.

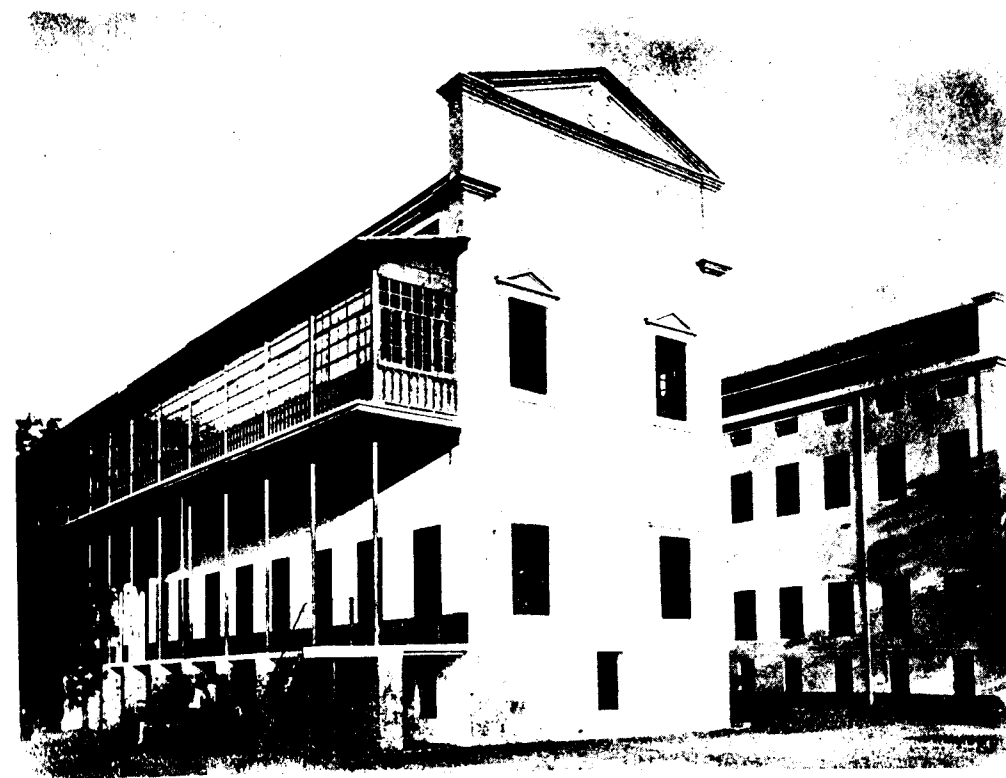
The Lawley Hall Extensions give us three new class-rooms, three large tiffin rooms for students, a Reading Room and Common Room for the Staff, a Tutorial Room, a Room for College Societies. The College Office, and Principal's and Vice-Principal's Offices have also been transferred to the new Blocks, and offices for the U. T. C. and for the Games Committee have been provided. Thus the problem of accommodation has been solved to the satisfaction of all, and some of the most important recommendations of the University Commission of 1928 carried out.

It is with profound gratitude to God that we record this fact. We have completed these works in the face of serious obstacles, without any

* From the Annual Report.



The New Hostels



The Lawley Hall Extensions

(The Photo shows the north wing in full with a glimpse of the Quadrangle and the south wing.)



Mr. A. L. GNANADIKKAM PILLAI,
Our Engineer,
(Former Pupil)

EDITORIAL NOTES

Government aid. Our greatest debt is to the Superiors of the Jesuit Vice-Province of Madura who encouraged us in our plans, authorised us to dispose of shares and lands to secure part of the capital and crowned it all by a most handsome gift the value of which is enhanced when we remember how much the present rate of exchange depreciates the value of donations from France. Next our gratitude goes to the devoted band of workers in charge of the constructions, chief among them being our brilliant architect, Mr. Gnanapragasam Pillai, formerly of Trichinopoly, now of Loyola College, Madras, and Mr. A. L. Gnanadikkam Pillai, P. W. D. Engineer, now retired. The services of Mr. Gnanadikkam Pillai have been lavished with a generosity which only his immense love for his Alma Mater can explain. He has refused all remuneration for his services, and more than this, he has brought to his task an enthusiasm without which plans so long discussed and put aside could never have been carried out.

Elections to University Bodies*

Towards the end of the year the triennial elections to University Bodies were held. Fr. Carty, and Messrs. Mandalam Iyer and T. Srinivasan were returned to the Academic Council by uncontested election. Fr. Antoniswami was chosen by the Headmasters of the Presidency as one of their representatives on the same Council. Fr. Carty was subsequently re-elected to the Syndicate, thus beginning his 6th term and 15th year on the governing body of our University. A little later Mr. P. E. Subrahmanya Iyer was nominated to the Academic Council as Honorary Reader in Physics. And he himself and Messrs. Mandalam Iyer and T. Srinivasan were, at different intervals, elected to the Senate by the Academic Council. To one and all our congratulations.

* From the Annual Report.

Results in the University Examinations, March 1939

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Per- centage
M. A. Br. I Mathematics ...	1	1	—	—	1	100
M. A. Br. IV Economics & Politics ...	3	—	1	1	2	66.3
Total ...	4	1	1	1	3	75
B. A. (Hons.) Br. I Mathematics ...	8	2	3	3	8	100
Br. IV Economics ...	13	1	7	5	13	100
Total ...	21	3	10	8	21	100
B. Sc. (Hons.) Part II Br. II Physics Main ...	17	12	5	—	17	100
Maths. Subs. ...	7	—	—	—	7	100
Chem. Subs. ...	2	—	—	—	2	100
Total ...	9	—	—	—	9	100
B. Sc. (Hons.) Part I ...	15	—	—	—	13	86.6
B. A. (Hons.) Preliminary ...	45	—	—	—	37	82.2
B. Sc. Part I ...	76	—	—	—	35	46.1
Total ...	136	—	—	—	85	62.8

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS, MARCH 1939

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	P. C.
B. Sc. Part II Physics Main (M. & C.) ...	27	9	4	10	23	85.1
Chemistry Main Physics & Mathematics ...	9	3	2	2	7	77.7
Physics & Botany ...	22	6	14	2	22	100
Total ...	58	18	20	14	52	89.7
B. A. Degree Part I English ...	106	—	—	53	53	50
Part II Second Language Tamil ...	48	—	5	36	41	85.4
Malayalam ...	21	—	—	15	16	76.2
Sanskrit ...	33	—	—	17	17	51.5
French ...	3	—	2	—	2	66.6
Total ...	105	—	7	68	76	72.4
Part III Optional Subjects Group (i-b) Mathematics ...	25	3	2	17	22	88
Group (ii-b) Physics Main Subs. Chem. ...	3	—	1	1	2	66.6
Subs. Maths. ...	19	1	—	9	10	52.6
Total ...	22	1	1	10	12	54.5
Group (ii-c) Chem. Main Physics Subs. ...	16	2	7	5	14	78.5
Botany Subs. ...	6	—	2	2	4	66.6
Total ...	22	2	9	7	18	81.8
Group (ii-d) Botany Main ...	8	—	1	5	6	75
Group (iv-b) Economics ...	25	—	5	19	24	96
Total Part III ...	102	6	18	58	82	80.4

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS, MARCH 1939

Full B. A.'s

Group			Sent up in all Parts	Full B. A.'s.	Per- centage
(i-b)	Mathematics	...	20	9	
"	(ii-b) Physics	...	22	5	
"	(ii-c) Chemistry	...	21	9	
"	(ii-d) Botany	...	8	1	
"	(iv-b) Economics	...	25	15	
Total			96	39	40.6

INTERMEDIATE

Complete Passes

SUBJECT		Sent up	I	II	Total	P. C.
Mathematics, Physics & Chemistry	...	125	31	44	75	60
N. Science, Physics & Chemistry	...	41	2	11	13	31.7
A. His., Mod. His. & Logic	...	59	3	30	33	55.9
Total		225	36	85	121	53.8

Partial Passes

PARTS			Math. Phys. Chem.	Nat. Sc. Phys. Chem.	Anc. H. Mod. H. Logic	Total
PART I only	...	...	—	4	2	6
II only	...	...	16	10	11	37
III only	...	...	5	—	—	5
PARTS I & II	...	...	14	4	9	27
I & III	...	...	1	—	1	2
II & III	...	...	14	3	1	18



UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS, MARCH 1939

Total Passes

SUBJECTS					Sent up	Passed	P. C.
English	...	...	...	...	226	158	69.9
Tamil	...	...	...	...	103	95	92.2
Sanskrit	...	...	...	...	63	59	93.6
Malayalam	...	...	...	...	21	17	80.9
French	...	...	...	...	37	32	86.5
Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry	...	...	...	...	125	95	76
Natural Science, Physics and Chemistry	...	...	...	...	41	18	43.9
Ancient Hist., Modern Hist. and Logic	...	...	...	...	59	35	59.3

Presidency Ranks

M. A. Degree

BRANCH I—Mathematics

Venkataraman, S. V. ... (I Class) ... 1st in the Presidency.

BRANCH IV—Economics and History

Thomas, N. M. ... * (II Class) ... 2nd in the Presidency.

B. A. (Hons.) Degree

BRANCH I—Mathematics

Krishnamurthy, V. ... (I Class) ... 6th in the Presidency.
Augustine, K. O. ... (I Class) ... 7th "

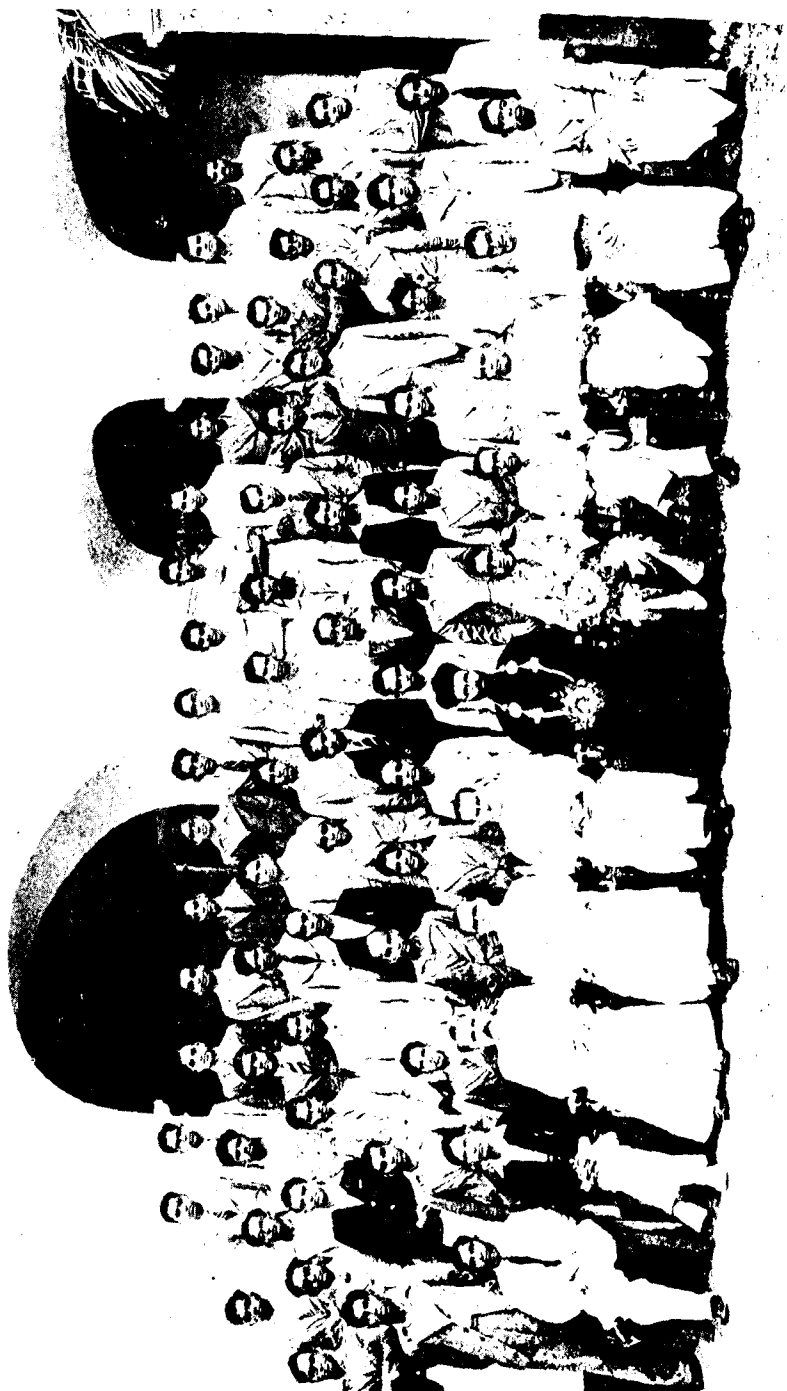
BRANCH IV—Economics and History

Rangachari, S. ... (I Class) ... 1st in the Presidency.

B. Sc. (Hons.) Degree

Subrahmanyam, T. D. ... (I Class) ... 1st in the Presidency.
Mathew, P. T. (Rev.) ... (I Class) ... 2nd "
Mathias, T. A. ... (I Class) ... 3rd "
Venkatarama Krishnan, A. P. ... (I Class) ... 4th "
Janardhanan Nambiar, O. C. ... (I Class) ... 5th "
George, C. J. ... (I Class) ... 6th "

* No I Classes in the Presidency.



CONVOCATION GROUP 1939

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS, MARCH 1939

B. Sc. Degree

Physics—Main

Pattabhiraman, J.	... (I Class)	...	1st in the Presidency.
Venkiteswara Iyer, S.	... (I Class)	...	2nd "
Harihara Iyer, P. S.	... (I Class)	...	4th "
Varadaraya Nayak, P.	... (I Class)	...	5th "
Venkataraman, V.	... (I Class)	...	6th "

Chemistry—Main

Sivaramakrishnan, T. R.	... (I Class)	...	2nd in the Presidency.
Ramakrishnan, C. S.	... (I Class)	...	3rd "
Venkatasubrahmanyam, V.	... (I Class)	...	4th "
Kuppuswami, K.	... (I Class)	...	5th "
Subbu, N.	... (I Class)	...	6th "

B. A. Degree

Tamil

Kadambavanasundaram, K.	... (II Class)	...	2nd in the Presidency
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French

Pushparaj, A.	... (II Class)	...	4th in the Presidency.
Venkataraman, R.	... (II Class)	...	8th "

GROUP (i-b) Mathematics

Venkataraman, R.	... (I Class)	...	3rd in the Presidency.
Subbannan, P.	... (I Class)	...	6th "

GROUP (ii-b) Physics

Ramaswami, R.	... (I Class)	...	7th in the Presidency.
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GROUP (ii-c) Chemistry

Ramamurthy, K. M.	... (I Class)	...	1st in the Presidency.
Nagarajan, R.	... (I Class)	...	4th "

Old Boys

The Easter Sunday Meeting

THE success of this meeting an account of which is given in the College Chronicle was a great satisfaction. We were happy to seize this opportunity of bringing the Catholic and non-Catholic Former Pupils together. Hitherto the C. F. P. Association and the O. B. Association were working along different though parallel lines. The Easter Sunday social brought them all together; it established new and renewed old contacts. It was a fine example of intercommunal friendliness. The speeches were marked by a wonderful cordiality. We shall do everything to continue this custom happily begun, and to contribute by yet another device to the great and urgent task of communal harmony in our country.

The Convocation Gathering in Madras

August 5th 1939

This year again the Convocation group met in one of the Halls of Loyola College. As the burden of organising the function falls on the members of the Loyola College Staff, chiefly on Messrs. T. S. Subrahmaniam and Narayanan, President and Secretary of the Madras Branch of the Old Boys' Association, no more suitable place can be imagined. We have to thank Rev. Fr. Rector of Loyola College for his kindness in placing the Hall at our disposal, and for honouring us with his presence. Rev. Fr. Racine, S.J. and Rev. Fr. Mona, S.J., now at Loyola, could scarcely be described as "guests" since they were so well known and so much at home among many graduates. Among the other guests we were happy to see Dr. Lokanathan, and Mr. Mariasusai Pillai. Almost all the Old Boys now at Loyola were there.

Mr. U. Raghavendra Acharya, B.Sc. (Hons.) welcomed the new graduates and put them perfectly at ease by his way of doing so. Mr. Suryamurthi responded with a speech which did not disappoint those who know him at his best. He thanked the Staff of the College for all they had done for the students to enable them to pass their examinations and secure their degrees, but even more for having imparted to them things which could not be tested in examinations nor valued by marks.

OLD BOYS

Dr. P. J. Thomas, University Professor of Economics, was the President of the evening. He referred humorously to the supposed deficiencies of mofussil graduates, and to his own exaggerated fears in the early days of his career. But the graduates had undoubtedly acquired qualities in St. Joseph's which would make for solid success in any sphere; and the careers of many distinguished Josephites two of whom were influencing the destinies of the Province as members of the Cabinet, showed what honourable futures the young men of to-day could look forward to.

Dr. Thomas then deprecated strongly the craze for black-coated professions, and said Government service, in future, even if available, was not likely to be as lucrative or as satisfying as in the past. He exhorted his hearers not to despise commercial careers, and showed with examples which only a Professor of Economics could choose, how humble beginnings could lead to great business enterprises.

Father Principal followed with a short speech in which he thanked Rev. Fr. Rector and the Staff of Loyola College for ensuring the success of this annual function by their work and their welcome presence. He referred to the very happy relations between Staff and students characteristic of St. Joseph's and assured them of the regret with which college authorities saw successive generations of students passing out of their hands, though they rejoiced at their success and wished them a heartfelt Godspeed. He urged them not to submit to feelings of pessimism and helplessness which their first contact with the world and first unavailing attempts to secure high employment were sure to provoke. It was quite certain that the proportion of educated men in India was lamentably low, and that a hundred tasks awaited those who knew how to recognise opportunity and to be content with modest beginnings.

After Lieut. T. S. Subrahmaniam had proposed votes of thanks, the gathering broke up.

Two Interesting Letters

The answers to our appeal for donations to the Prize Fund and the invitations to the Prize Distribution have been in many cases accompanied by personal letters of the most agreeable kind, letters that are an oasis in the desert of formal official correspondence. The temptation to quote from many of them is great. But we shall choose one or two. The first shall be from that stalwart "Old Boy", the most outspoken and most

OLD BOYS

upright of men, whom to know is to like—Rao Bahadur Ramaswami Sivan, Retired Principal of the Agricultural College. It is typical of a very large number of letters:

Govt. Agricultural Research Station,
Siruguppa, Bellary District,
23rd August 1939.

Dear Rev. Father D'Souza,

I am writing to thank you for your very kind invitation for the Annual Distribution of Prizes on 26th instant. I regret my inability to be present, but am conveying my greetings to my Old Alma Mater and her past and present students and wish the function all success under the guidance of our old friend, the Hon'ble Mr. C. J. Varkey.

I am staying here with my eldest son M. R. Balakrishnan, who was also an old boy of St. Joseph's College and who is conveying his respects to you all.

With best regards,
Yours sincerely,
M. R. Ramaswami Sivan.

Mr. S. K. Matrubhutam who has an unrivalled memory for the earlier history of the College this year offered two prizes, one as usual in honoured memory of Fr. Santiago, and the other in memory of Fr. M. B. Gnanapragasam, S.J. To explain this second choice he gives us these reminiscences which old students will read with pleasure:—

The High School,
Srirangam,
31—7—1939.

...The second prize I should like to have in honoured memory of the late Father Gnanapragasam who was Headmaster of the High School Department when I joined the Infant class (called Preparatory A class in those days) in 1886. He was our Headmaster for at least six years after that. He was such a loving Headmaster yet a strict disciplinarian, a worthy lieutenant of the late Fr. Sewell. He was the brother of the late M. B. Susai Pillai, M.A., Principal of the St. Joseph's College, Cuddalore, in its best days.

Fr. Gnanapragasam was also a great English Scholar and handled English in the B. A. class when my eldest brother and the late V. Mahadevan (grandfather of Mr. Lawrence) were reading in that class (1887-1888).

He taught *Locksley Hall* and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. It happened to be one of my own minor poems for B.A. in 1900. My brother and Mahadevan used to refer with pride to the handling of that poem by their Professor the late Fr. Gnanapragasam. Two lines were interpreted differently by Fr. Gnanapragasam and the late Bilderbeck of the Presidency College. The interpretation was referred to the poet Tennyson himself and the poet was reported to have interpreted those lines just in the same way as Fr. Gnanapragasam. So they (Mahadevan and my brother) told me with special pride. Fr. Gnanapragasam also wrote two small Grammar books, *Elements of English Grammar in Tamil* for the Primary classes and a *Guide to Parsing in English* for the middle school classes. They sold like hot cakes then not only in our College but also in other schools and colleges even outside our district. Poor Fr. Gnanapragasam did not enjoy good health. He suffered from Asthma and was therefore relieved of his professorial work. Even the Headmastership was considered a great strain and he was sent to rural parts round about Dindigul. His smiling face full of love still stands before me.

* * * * *

Three Old Boys of St. Joseph's whose photographs we are happy to publish have gained distinction in Annamalai University. K. Ramamurthi, B.Sc. and B. Dorairajan, B.Sc. (both 1937) have secured first classes in the M.A. Deg. examinations, the former in Chemistry, the latter in Physics. S. R. Govindarajan, B.Sc. (Hons.) after two years of successful research work has presented his thesis for the M. Sc. He has just been appointed Demonstrator in Physics in Pachaiyappa's College, along with K. Kochukrishnan who passed B.Sc. (Hons) in the I class this year.

Dr. N. Vaidyanathan, Asst. Surgeon, General Hospital, secured his M. D. Degree in our University in April.

R. C. Ramakrishnan, B.Sc. (Hons.) and M. Venkoba Rao, B.A. (Madras), M.A. (Annamalai) have been selected to undergo training as Engineering Supervisors in the Indian Posts & Telegraphs Department. R. C. Ramakrishnan topped the list in the competitive examination which preceded the selection. S. Nagoorswamy, B.A. (Hons). Maths. and G. S. Ramakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.) Maths. have secured selection as wireless operators in the same examination.

Sri L. Gopal Rao, Manager, District Police Office, Trichy has been made Rao Sahib in the last New Year Honours.



K. Ramamurthi, M.A., R. Dorairajan, M.A., S. R. Govindarajan, B. Sc. (Hons.)
Old Boys at Annamalai University, '37-'39.



"The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way."
(By S. Raghavan, I.W.U.C.)

LD BOYS

Two Old Boys, Sri A. S. M. Sundaram, and Sri T. R. Narayanan have been appointed Public Prosecutor and Asst. Public Prosecutor in richy.

Sri R. A. Gopalaswamy, M.A., I.C.S. is now Joint Secretary to the board of Revenue, Madras.

Sri R. Ramaswamy, M.A., F.C.S. is Dy. Asst. General of Posts and telegraphs, Madras.

Dr. B. Ramamurthi, M.A., D.Sc., formerly Lecturer, Annamalai University, is now Professor and Head of the Mathematics Dept. in Government college, Ajmere.

Sri S. Subrahmaniam, M.A., formerly Lecturer, Annamalai University, is now Statistician to the Economic Adviser to the Govt. of India, Delhi.

A Gift of Books

The scholarly attainments of Sri R. S. Vaidyanatha Ayyar, B.A., Rtd. Dy. Collector, now residing at Maheswari Asramam, Karur, are known to all learned circles in South India. He has laid them under obligation by a series of learned publications, chief of them being the widely discussed *Manu's Land and Trade Laws, their Sumerian Origin and Evolution*. In his advancing years he has wished to place some of the very valuable books which he has studied in the hands of those who would make the best use of them. Accordingly he has presented them to the Library of his Alma Mater. We wish to record here our deep appreciation of his valuable gift and we invite staff and students to profit by them according to the mind of the Donor.

List of books presented to the Principal of the St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, by Mr. R. S. Vaidyanatha Ayyar, B.A.

I. Archaeology, Assyriology, Egyptology &c.

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. The Origin and Development of Babylonian Writing: Parts I and II. | Prof. G. A. Barton |
| 2. Pamphlet on the So-called Indo-Sumerian Seals | " |
| 3. Ancient Egypt, Monthly Journal | Lady Petrie |
| 4. Sumer-Aryan Dictionary | Dr. L. A. Waddell. |
| 5. The Aryan Origin of the Alphabet | " |
| 6. The Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts and Letters | C. H. W. Jones. |

OLD BOYS

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| 7. The Elementary Egyptian Grammar | M. A. Murray. |
| 8. The Code of Hammurabi | P. Handcock. |
| 9. Le Code Hittite (in French) | Dr. F. Hroymy. |
| 10. Archaeology and the Bible | Prof. G. A. Barton. |
| 11. A Guide to the Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities | British Museum |
| 12. Index of Hittite names | Dr. L. A. Mayer. |
| 13. Studies in the Hittite and Indo-European Philology | Dr. R. J. Kellogg. |
| 14. Sumerian Reading Book | C. J. Gadd. |

II. General Literature

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 15 to 17. Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Parts I, II and III—1928 | |
| 18. Copper Plate Inscriptions of Sri Sankarachariar | |
| 19. British Diplomatic Instructions, Sweden | J. F. Chamer. |
| 20. The Vita Wulfustani | R. R. Darlington. |
| 21. Camden Miscellany, Vol. XV | |
| 22. Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, Fourth Series, Vol. X | |
| 23. Histoire Ancienne (In French) | Maspero. |
| 24. The Theory of the State | J. R. Bluntschli. |
| 25. The Physical Sciences of the Hindus | Dr. B. N. Seal. |
| 26. Kautilya Arthasastra | Dr. R. Shama Sastri. |
| 27. Sukraviti | Benoy Kumar Sarkar. |
| 28. Aryavarta | Vedam Venkatachala Ayyar. |

III. Tamil

- | |
|---|
| 29. Nāladīyār. |
| 30. Thiruvāchakam. |
| 31. Thirupadal Thirattu (Thāyumanava Swami) |
| 32. Thiruvurai Sthalapuranam. |

The College Chronicle

18th March.—A farewell function was held in the Lawley Hall when the members of the Staff gave a party to their two retiring colleagues, Mr. K. Chinnasamy Aiyar, M.A., and Mr. G. Vaidyanatha Aiyar, B.A., L.T. The gloom natural to such an occasion lifted a little when refreshments and coffee came to be served. Then Rev. Fr. Principal rose and expressed in generous terms his high appreciation of the services of the retiring members of the English Department and regretted that the age-limit should have obliged them to terminate their connection with the College. To each of the guests he handed over a silver cup which they accepted with evident embarrassment. Mr. A. C. Joseph, M.A., spoke of Mr. Chinnasamy Aiyar with the warmth and affection of a former pupil. Mr. P. E. Subramania Aiyar, M.A., expressed towards both the feelings of respect and admiration felt by all. The Reading Room, said Mr. T. Totadri Ayyangar, M.A., would lose its life and charm in the absence of Mr. Chinnasamy Aiyar who presided over it for years with the authority of the great Sam himself; Mr. S. V. Lawrence confessed to his having been "tossed and gored" at many an encounter across the table by his chief and expressed his joy at being so handled. Pandit Natesa Mudaliar gave the finishing oratorical touches in Tamil.

Replying to the speeches, Mr. Chinnasamy Aiyar expressed his gratitude for the kindness and regard shown by his colleagues, and his profound attachment to the College from whose management he had received the most handsome treatment. Looking back over a long period of service in teaching, he considered himself fortunate that at all times he had met with the most touching and generous marks of affection from both colleagues and students. Mr. Vaidyanatha Iyer followed him in a speech replete with the old memories of his early connection with the College.

9th April.—On Easter Sunday the Catholic Former Pupils Association met in the morning with H. E. the Bishop of Trichinopoly in the Chair. Two addresses, five speeches, one report and the College Band provided a sufficient and varied food for thought, comfort to the soul, and music to the ear. After the meeting the members were invited to a grand dinner. In the afternoon all the Old Boys of the College were invited to a pleasant tea-party in the Lawley Hall, by the Rev. Fr. Principal. Probably it was the largest gathering of the Old Boys that was seen during recent years as several had come from different parts of the province for the Easter

THE COLLEGE CHRONICLE

retreat. In welcoming the Old Boys, Fr. Principal stated that the meeting was held on that day in order to enable the Catholic and non-Catholic Old Boys to meet together as few occasions were available for making such desirable contacts. He extended a warm welcome to everyone to the Alma Mater and expressed his pleasure at seeing so many of them on the day. Dewan Bahadur T. M. Narayanasamy Pillai made a delightful speech and paid a glowing tribute to the Rev. Fathers of the College. Mr. Narasimhan, I.C.S., in a charming and witty speech expressed the hope that invitations from the Alma Mater to such functions would be more frequent. Several other speeches from Old Boys in and out of Trichinopoly brought the function to a close.

23rd June.—When the College reopened, the two new wings of the Lawley Hall had been made ready for occupation. The Offices of the Principal migrated to their present spacious abode. The Staff entered the Reading Room on the top-floor where the strong west winds have dispensed with the need for an electric fan. The journals on the table have to be held down with perpetual vigilance by the hand to prevent them from flying about the air.

The new Hostels were rising in their majestic proportions all through the summer holidays. The public which saw the massive structures from the road propounded several ingenious explanations regarding the speed with which the construction was pushed through. The most widespread rumour was that Clive's had reverted to their ancient owners thereby rendering its inmates homeless and in search of a new habitation. Even the usually well-informed were deceived by the plausibility of the explanation. No work of such a proportion had been executed with such speed either by the Railway or the Government. When the Junior classes reopened, the Hostels were practically ready for occupation.

9th July.—The new Hostels were formally opened by the District Collector, Mr. E. Bennet, I.C.S. The students and some of the prominent gentlemen of the town were given a tea-party after which a meeting was held in the Quadrangle of the hostels. Rev. Fr. Rector briefly told the history of the new hostels and gave the entire credit for their construction to the courage and foresight of Rev. Fr. Mahé, S.J., and the generosity of the Superiors of the Madura Mission who had made it possible to carry on the work without waiting for government grant. He paid a warm tribute to Mr. A. L. Gnanadikkam Pillai, Rtd. Asst. Engineer,

THE COLLEGE CHRONICLE

P. W. D., who undertook to supervise the construction during the hottest months for no reward except the joy of serving the College.

The Collector then made the presentation of Angavastrams to the maistries and workmen.

Mr. L. A. Albuquerque thanked Rev. Fr. Principal on behalf of the students for the spacious hostels with which they had been now provided. The Collector expressed his pleasure at seeing the fine hostels. He was impressed by the size of the College buildings, the efficiency of the Science Department, and the beauty of the College chapel.

The College Band played its usual part in the success of the function.

26th July, St. Thomas' Day.—The Catholic students from Malabar celebrated the Feast of St. Thomas with a social gathering in the Lawley Hall. Music and refreshments were served in copious measure. Mr. V. V. John, M.A. (Oxon.) made a pleasant speech; he drove home a few unpleasant truths in the most charming manner concerning certain tendencies that have shown themselves during recent years among the Christians of Malabar. Rev. Fr. Carty, S.J., addressed the gathering on the place the Malabar League occupied in the organisation of Catholic young men in S. India and on its connection with the Pax Romana. Rev. Fr. Rector concluded the celebrations with a tribute to the glory of the Church in Malabar, and to the labours of the foreign and especially the French missions in India.

28th July.—The visit of Mr. S. Satyamurthi, M.L.A. and an address by him under the auspices of the University Extension Board to the students made a striking impression. With Rev. Fr. Carty, S.J. in the chair this renowned politician spoke on "the Individual and the State" for three quarters of an hour with the force, cogency and humour which have rightly entitled him to a place among the foremost public speakers of this country.

19th August.—Rev. Brother Antony expired in the evening. R. I. P.

25th-26th August.—Rector's Day and College Days which are chronicled elsewhere.

The Inauguration of College Societies

THE quest for a distinguished person to inaugurate the Academic Societies was long and arduous till we secured Rao Sahib J. C. Ryan, M.A., till recently Development Officer in Salem, to address the students on the 21st July. Rev. Fr. Principal took the chair and introduced the lecturer by first recalling the days when both of them acted on the College stage during their scholastic career, and since then Rao Sahib Ryan had won great distinction as an officer of the Co-operative department. When Salem went dry, he was specially chosen to sponsor the introduction of prohibition and on him fell a good part of the burden of making it a success. To his academic qualifications, he combined a wide experience of practical problems of the rural area and was therefore in a position to speak with knowledge and authority on "Rural Welfare Work."

The lecturer, who spoke for nearly an hour, treated the homely theme so attractively that he secured the sustained interest of the audience. He showed that the village pump can be made as attractive a theme as the problem of Danzig.

As Development Officer his task was immense but his financial resources were severely limited. To provide employment for those thrown out of work, to tempt the former addicts to drink away from their old haunts and habits, to enlighten the villagers on improved systems of cultivation and in a word to enable the ryot "to grow two blades of corn where only one grew" were some of the aims of the scheme of "Rural Welfare Work". A group of volunteers from the educated young men of each area was raised and given training to serve as "Village Guides". Training in rural games, in the problems of agricultural improvement, in health and sanitation, in better living and other questions which affect the ryots was given through the assistance of the departmental officials of the district. Through these guides propaganda was carried to the villagers who were invited to enjoy games, to witness a demonstration or a show.

Colonisation schemes were undertaken to settle landless tree-tappers on areas acquired from the Government, and houses were constructed on

THE INAUGURATION OF COLLEGE SOCIETIES

the co-operative basis. The scheme of rural welfare as worked out in Salem had touched the imagination of the people who were now eager to avail themselves of the facilities provided by the Government to raise better crops, to escape the clutches of usurers, and the wiles of middlemen. Hundreds of sales, thrift, and marketing societies had been started since the introduction of prohibition. The lecture was an inspiring account of practical results achieved during the last two years.

Rev. Fr. Principal expressed his high appreciation of the lecturer's impressive narrative of the work done under his direction. The welfare of the ryot, he declared, must be first concern of all patriots, and stressed the necessity of upholding a high standard of honesty and rectitude in public life; for the success of these schemes of rural welfare depended on the character of men executing them.

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

Office-Bearers of the Year

1. The Literary and Debating Society.

President: Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L.
Secretaries: Jamal Mohamad, III Hons.
A. Mariasusai, IV Hons.

2. The History and Economics Association.

President: Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J.
Vice-President: Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A.
Secretaries: A. D. Sambandam, IV U.C.
Jothy Gonsalves, III Hons.

3. The Scientific Society.

President: Mr. P. E. Subramania Aiyar, M.A.
Secretary: R. Janardhanam, IV B.Sc.

4. The Chemical Society.

President: Rev. Fr. A. Haas, S.J.
Vice-President: Mr. A. C. Joseph, M.A.
Secretary: T. M. Paul, III B.Sc.

5. The Mathematics Association.

President: Rev. Fr. Vion, S.J.
Secretary: C. Ramasamy, IV Hons.

THE INAUGURATION OF COLLEGE SOCIETIES

6. The Sanskrit Samajam.

President: Mr. V. Gopala Aiyangar, M.A.

Secretary: P. Muthusamy, IV U.C.

7. The Tamil Sangam.

President: Mr. M. Natesa Mudaliar.

Secretaries: A. D. Sambandam, IV U.C.

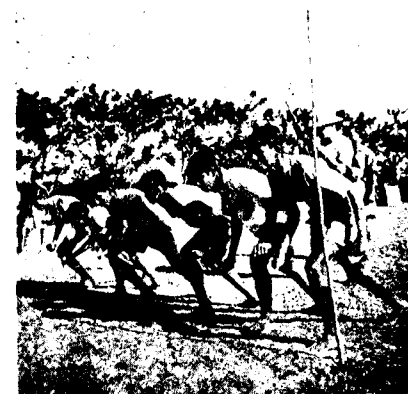
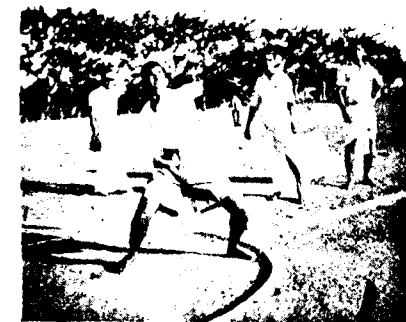
T. R. Thomas, II U.C.

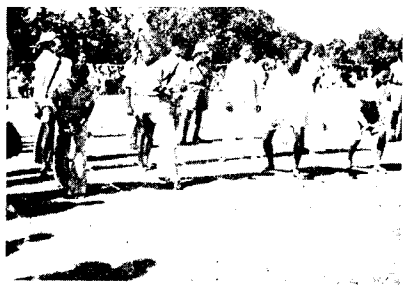
8. The Malayalee Samaj.

President: Mr. M. J. Kuriakose, M.A.

Secretaries: M. Chandran, IV U.C.

K. J. Mathew, II U.C.





Professors' Race



— and the Winner.



Tug O' War

(Photos by Goncalves, L.H.C. and by Smith, H.H.C. and by Danish.)

College Day Sports.



— and the Winner

The Rector's Day and College Day

25th and 26th August

AT a quarter to three on the afternoon of Friday the 25th August the Staff and students of the College and High School filled to capacity the Lawley Hall and received with resounding cheers the Rev. Father Rector. The College Band heralded his coming with an outburst which continued long after that of the audience had subsided. The English address extolled the virtues and the outstanding gifts of Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza as a Professor, Principal and Rector. He agreed with one sentence in it, which complained that his official burdens lessened his activity as a Professor. The smart and agile performance of Kolatam by youngsters was, as usual, well enjoyed. The Slokas in Sanscrit and Malayalam were apparently excellent poetic compositions judging by the applause which greeted them. As usual the Tamil section of the audience specially enjoyed the Malayalam address. The Tamil address was in such a measured and solemn tone that none could escape a word of it. Mr. Harris gave a vocal solo which was a real spell-binder. The Tambourine Dance was a new feature quite to the taste of the audience.

Rev. Fr. Rector expressed his appreciation of the greetings accorded to him. Though he was in total disagreement with the compliments he was, however, comforted by the reflection that he could distribute the good things said of him among the Staff and collaborators in the work of administering the College. It was a pleasure for him to provide even at heavy cost accommodation for classes and hostel life for the greater comforts of the students and in constructing the new hostels and the Lawley Hall extensions, he was only carrying out the plans matured by his wise and courageous predecessor. He made a striking appeal to the students not to go in for expensive ways of living and to adhere to the methods of careful and thrifty use of property whether their own or that of others. He was immensely pleased to hear once that the students of this College were notable for the care and economy with which they handled the materials given to them in the laboratories of a certain University. Ostentation was offensive and poverty was no crime and the cultivation of the virtues of thrift, simplicity, and wise economy were a part of the formation that they should attain as students.

THE RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

He next referred to the deep shadow cast over the world by the threat of a war which would bring sorrow and misery to all; India would not escape the consequences of such a devastating conflict. The peoples of the various countries were all desirous to live at peace; and yet their armies were facing each other for fratricidal slaughter. These animosities were caused by propaganda, furious and unscrupulous, which had been organised by leaders. There was a lesson for all to learn; bitterness between nations and communities was created by the circulation of falsehoods and this country was not free from the menace of such evils. As students they should be careful in making statements and cautious in accepting them. The precision which they learnt in the laboratory and the classes should be carried to their contacts and reactions to the world outside the College. The need for a broad sympathy and charity was greater in our country where great divisions were much in prominence. By their friendly life in college and hostel, the students should endeavour to remove the tendencies which poisoned social and political life in the country. Nothing would give him greater sorrow and pain than to learn that the students had imbibed such a spirit of contention and animosity. He concluded by expressing his profound satisfaction at the conduct of the students in this College and appealed to them to preserve the same admirable and cordial relations between themselves and the Staff as the hall-mark of their education in St. Joseph's College.

A general amnesty of all fines and penalties was received with cheers which rose into crescendo when Monday was declared a holiday along with the two following Sravanam holidays.

The microphone worked very well indeed, throughout the function.

In the evening the distribution of prizes for the High School was presided over by K. P. G. Menon Esq., B.A. (Hons.) Oxon., Bar-at-Law, the District Educational Officer.

In his concluding speech he referred to the reputation that St. Joseph's College and High School had in official circles. He confessed that he frequently answered objections and overcame diffidence on the part of school managers by giving the example of St. Joseph's and of the way things were managed there. He declared the students of such Institutions were happy in their friendly and human contact with the masters, happy in the family spirit that pervaded the atmosphere. Other Communities in India had much to learn from the spirit which animated missionary effort, the spirit of organised service. The Hindu Community was

THE RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

beginning to imitate fortunately work of this kind, but India's debt to Missionary Institutions would always remain. The audience was visibly impressed by the force and sincerity of this fine tribute.

Saturday began with Mass by Rev. Fr. Rector at 5-30. Sports started at 7 A. M. and were presided over by the Hon'ble C. J. Varkey. They ended with the distribution of trophies at 10-30.

In the evening the Lawley Hall presented a unique spectacle. On the platform there was the President of the function, the Hon'ble C. J. Varkey, the Minister for Education and on either side were seated Their Excellencies the Bishop of Trichinopoly and the Bishop of Tuticorin. Besides there was the District Judge with Mrs. Shahabudin. Rarely is such a distinguished company of civil and ecclesiastical authorities brought together for a College day. There were, in addition, the leading citizens and officials of the town beginning from Col. Sir T. Desikachariar, who invariably do the College the honour of being present.

The College Band started a lively air when amidst tumultuous applause the Hon'ble Minister stepped into the Lawley Hall and continued its strains till every one was seated and even sometime longer. The Principal's report was received at intervals with bursts of applause, notably when he referred to the energetic Vice-Principal and every time a record success at the University Examinations was read out. Sometimes the Principal was not allowed to continue the citation of the first, second third etc., till the 10th in the Presidency. The prize winners, moved up and down the platform amidst similar and embarrassing notice by their comrades. Rev. Fr. Balam, S. J., finally succeeded in ridding the tables of the enormous pile of prize-books with mechanical precision. The unclaimed prize-books were appropriated by himself for the occasion.

The Minister for Education delivered a lengthy and lively speech which was a running commentary of the Principal's report. It was apparent that he enjoyed the pleasure of being in his Alma Mater to distribute prizes and the more so when a former student of his is its Principal. He congratulated the members of the Staff and the Headmaster on their election to the University bodies and expressed his conviction that Catholics of merit could be sure of securing the recognition and support of their non-Catholic colleagues.

He noted with satisfaction that St. Joseph's College had continued to maintain its high standard of efficiency in spite of the fact that some of

RECTOR'S DAY AND COLLEGE DAY

the trained hands of the staff had been periodically sent to the Loyola College. Calling himself the Minister of a poor Government, he expressed his high appreciation of the courage and perseverance of the Principal who had carried out such remarkable expansions as the buildings of the new hostels and the new blocks of the Lawley Hall without even the promise of grant from the Government. He added amidst laughter that he would hold up the good example of St. Joseph's for other Colleges when they pressed him for Building grants and admonish them to do likewise. The repeated emphasis on the buildings of hostels without any grant led the optimist to expect some promise of assistance from the Minister, who, lavish in every other matter was sparing on this point. Let us hope that he will fulfil what he did not promise.

Referring to the Academic Societies, he encouraged the students to use them to their best advantage and train themselves in debate and public speaking so necessary under a democratic Government. While there should be freedom to express themselves in debate, they should speak with conviction and restraint.

"Nothing But The Truth", a comedy in Three Acts, brightened up after the first scene. The obscure dealings of sordid financiers of the stock exchange were a puzzle on the stage as in real life. The innocent Bishop proved wiser than the financial experts. Mr. Bennet's soul-storms caused through his reckless habit of speaking the truth and the uncomfortable twenty-four hours he spent in sleepless vigilance not to tell even a white lie were a continuous delight. Rev. Fr. Masters, S.J., deserves all praise for the selection of the play and the training of the actors.

A. H.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"
College Day Drama, 26th August 1939.



Sitting: D. J. Robinson, L. V. P. Albuquerque, E. P. Mathias, P. F. Thomas, E. J. Simoes, C. V. Venkataraman,
Standing: Fr. Bourdot, M. L. Papiah, S. Santiago, M. Dias, J. Gonsalvez, de Couto, Fr. R. Masters.



REV. FR. J. P. GERING, S.J.
*Minister, (1930-32), Vice-Rector during the absence of Rev. Fr. Bonhoure in 1931, and
 later General Prefect (1932-39) and President of the Games Committee (1937-39)
 Appointed Rector, St. Xavier's College, Palamcottah, in June 1939.*

Field Notes

Cricket at Last!

by K. Subrahmaniam, IV B.Sc., Captain

JUST as many things are wanting in this world, so too the game of cricket was a long-felt want to the youths of this College. For a long time attempts were made by the cricket-loving students to persuade the authorities to introduce the game but their efforts had not met with the success they hoped for. This year, however, our Rector has been kind enough to them; the dream has turned out to be a reality. The delight of our boys knew no bounds when Fr. Rector bowled the first ball that memorable evening of July. There were over hundred enthusiasts longing to handle the willow or the leather—all budding Nayudus and Amar Singhs.

We have thus begun the game well. Now we must not remain where we started, but make rapid strides. We have already many experienced players, trained elsewhere, among us. The team has also other young men with talent of a very high order which needs only some more practice to develop well. They will certainly gain necessary coolness after playing a few matches. We are quite sure that there will be no cause for disappointment at the end of the year.

If this notice were to end without a word of thanks to Rev. Fr. Rector, Fr. Antoine and Capt. Sundaresan, all of us will lie open to the charge of base ingratitude, the basest of crimes. We assure them that they cannot imagine how grateful we are to them. We thank them for what they have done for us. We shall need their help when we get into trouble, when we smash a window or pitch a ball over the terrace of the New Hostels. That day Fr. Ehrhart will have something to tell us; but so far we have given him no cause for complaint.

We opened our Cricket season with a match against Dr. Johnson's XI consisting of well-known players like Messrs. George, O. Jones, Myers, etc. on Sunday the 3rd September and won the match by an innings and 37 runs thanks mainly to the great bowling of Subba Rao, Natarajan Subramaniam and Radhakrishnan, and to the batting of Vasudevan, Nirodi Venkatesan and Mathias.

FIELD NOTES

The Scores :—

Dr. Johnson's.—48 (Dr. Johnson, 15. Subba Rao 4 for 10. Natarajan, 3 for 5) and 55 (George, 15. O. Jones, 12. Subramaniam, 3 for 16. Natarajan, 3 for 15. Radhakrishnan, 2 for 4. Subba Rao, 2 for 15).

St. Joseph's College.—140 for 8 wickets and declared M. S. Venkatesan, 48. E. Mathias, 27, not out. D. Nirodi, 26 and Vasudevan, 15.

Officials of the Club

Patron: Rev. Fr. Rector. *Captain of our* } K. Subramaniam.
President: Rev. Fr. Antoine. *College XI:* }
Secretary: Capt. Sundaresan. *Vice-Captain:* T. R. Vasudevan.

Annual Sports

The College Annual Sports was held on the 26th August 1939 in splendid weather and a big crowd of spectators. The Hon'ble Chevalier C. J. Varkey, K.S.G., M.A., M.L.A., Minister for Education with the Government of Madras, presided and gave away the prizes. The Prize-Winners are as under :—

EVENT	RANK	COMPETITORS	BEST DISTANCE Ft.—In.	BEST TIME Min.—Sec.
Long Jump	1	Isaac.	18'-3"	
	2	V. Kulendaivel.		
Hop, Step & Jump	1	Isaac.	37'-6½"	
	2	Bertram Xavier.		
Shot Putt	1	K. J. Thomas.	29'-10"	
	2	K. J. Sebastian.		
Discus Throw	1	Amalanathan.	80'-10"	
	2	K. J. Sebastian.		
High Jump	1	P. M. Jacob.	4'-11"	
	2	L. De Couto.		
		N. A. Rengaswamy. } tie		
Pole Vault	1	N. A. Rengaswamy.	9'-3½"	
	2	C. R. Visvanathan.		
110 Metres Hurdles	1	Antony Cruz.		19-3/5"
	2	V. Kulendaivel.		
100 Metres Dash	1	V. T. George.		12-3/10"
	2	D. Natesan.		

FIELD NOTES

EVENT	RANK	COMPETITORS	BEST DISTANCE Ft.—In.	BEST TIME Min.—Sec.
200 Metres Race	1	V. Varghese.		26-1/10"
	2	V. Kulendaivel.		
400 Metres Race	1	V. Kulendaivel.		57-4/5"
	2	V. Varghese.		
800 Metres Race	1	N. A. Rengaswamy.		2'-12-9/10"
	2	V. Kulendaivel.		
1500 Metres Race	1	N. A. Rengaswamy.		4'-39-2/5"
	2	V. Kulendaivel.		
Cross Country Race (4 miles)	1	V. Kulendaivel.		20'-10"
	2	N. A. Rengaswamy.		
	3	R. Krishnamurty.		
Relay Race (1600 metres)	1	Albuquerque's "Q"s.		4'-10-4/5"
	2	Boarding "Spartans."		
Tug-O'War	1	Albuquerque's "Q".		
	2	Clive's "A".		
CHAMPIONSHIP CUP		V. Kulendaivel (Total Points scored 25).		
Staff Race (Relay)	1	Mr. C. K. Ramakrishnan & Partners.		
	2	Mr. M. J. Kuriackose & Partners.		

U. T. C. Notes

AT an examination held on 25 March 1939, Lieuts. P. R. Subramaniam and C. R. Saundararajan qualified for promotion to Captain, and 2/Lieut. M. J. Kuriackose qualified for retention and promotion. Our hearty congratulations go to them.

On the eve of the reopening of the College came the welcome news of the distinction won by our Rifle Team in the All-India Inter-Corps Rifle Competition conducted by the Army Rifle Association, India. That we finished as Runners-up is no small honour, if we consider how rigorous the conditions of the shoot are. We rejoice over the success, particularly because this is the first time that such laurels have been won by our Corps.

We rejoice equally over the grant of the local rank of Lieut.-Colonel to our Commandant with effect from 1 July 1939. We tender him our warm felicitations.

Capt. K. S. Thimayya, Adjutant, left us on 30th June 1939 to rejoin his unit. We welcome in his place Major L. G. W. Hamber of the 1st Bn. 1st King George V's Own Gurka Rifles. (The Malann Regt.)

We have had this year a more heavy rush for recruitment than we could cope with, with the result that our Contingent was at full strength the week after reopening. This is an unmistakable evidence of the appreciation of the training afforded by the Corps.

Our N. C. Os and trained Cadets put up a demonstration in Company Drill and March Past in Column of Route during the College Annual Sports Meet on 26 August 1939. Lieut.-Colonel K. C. Chakko took the salute at the March Past, and expressed his keen satisfaction with the drill and steadiness of the men on parade. Well done, Comrades; keep it up!

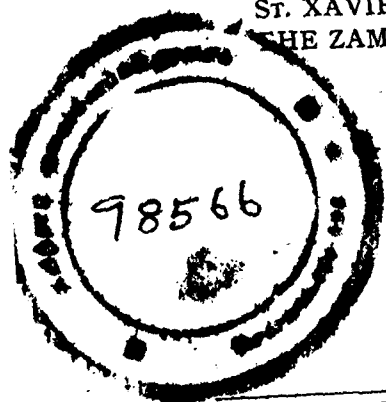
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Exchanges

THE ALOYSIAN, GALLE
THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADURA.
THE ANDHRA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, GUNTUR.
THE ANNAMALAINAGAR MISCELLANY.
THE ANTONIAN, ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE, KANDY.
THE A. U. S. U. MAGAZINE, MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE, VIZIANAGRAM.
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 JOURNAL OF THE PAN-KERALA LITERARY ACADEMY, ERNAKULAM.
THE KING GEORGE MEDICAL COLLEGE CLINICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL, LUCKNOW.
THE K. R. INTER-COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MUTTRA.
THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE LAW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE LINGARAJ COLLEGE MISCELLANY, BELGAUM.
THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MADRAS MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MADURA COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION, VIZIANA-GARAM.
THE MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.

EXCHANGES

THE ST. MARY'S H. S. MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
MEMOIRS OF COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, IMP. UNIV., KYOTO.
THE MUNGRET ANNUAL, LIMERICK.
THE NATIONAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHINOPOLY.
THE NORTH POINT ANNUAL, St. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, DARJEELING.
"THE OLD COLLEGE", THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE OF SCIENCE,
TRIVANDRUM.
THE PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE PASUMALAI PROGRESS, PASUMALAI.
THE PETRINIAN, St. PETER'S H. SCHOOL, TANJORE.
THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE PUDUKOTTAH COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE PUTHURIAN, BISHOP HEBER'S H. SCHOOL, PUTHUR.
THE RAJAHMUNDY ARTS COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE SAIVA BHANU KSHATRIYA H. S. MAGAZINE, ARUPPUKOTAI.
THE SCHOLAR, PALGHAT.
THE SIND MEDICAL JOURNAL, KARACHI.
ST. STANISLAUS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BANDRA, BOMBAY.
THE STANLEY MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE, BLACKBURN.
THE STUDENTS' TREASURE, K. S. HIGH SCHOOL, TANJORE.
THE RAMAKRISHNA HOME AND SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE ST. THOMAS' COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHUR.
THE VICTORIA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, PALGHAT.
THE VINAYA, RAJA RISHI COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ALWAR.
VISVA-BHARATI NEWS, SANTINIKETAN.
THE VIZAGAPATAM MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
VOICE OF St. ALOYSIUS H. S., JUBBULPORE, C. P.
THE VOORHEES COLLEGE MAGAZINE, VELLORE.
THE ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
THE ST. XAVIER'S H. SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALCUTTA.
THE ZAMORIN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALICUT.



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தவணைத்தாள்.

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