

Joseph's college

Magazine.

- Irichinopoly.

1941 - September.

VOL. 8. NO. 1.



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T45, 1, 21192, N34
N41. 8. 1
98570

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

455



TRICHINOPOLY
SEPTEMBER 1941

New Series

Vol. VIII, No. 1

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR

Annual Subscription Rs. 2/-

(post free)

31.
T35.2.21.134

1142.2.1



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प्रेमतत्त्वम्*

by V. Gopala Iyengar

नदा नदीभिस्सह संमिलन्ति
नद्यस्समुद्रैस्सह संभवन्ति ।
नभोविभागेषु च गन्धवाहा-
स्समागमं यान्ति रसेन बद्धाः ॥
दैवीं व्यवस्थामनुरुद्ध भूता-
न्यत्यन्तमुत्सृज्य वियोगभावम् ।
अन्योन्यसङ्गाद्विलयं प्रयान्ति
त्वयि प्रलीनः कथमेव न स्याम् ॥
दिवं प्रचुम्बन्ति च सानुमन्तः
मिथस्समाश्लेषपरास्तरङ्गाः ।
अमर्षणीया कुसुमस्वसा स्यात्
सा यद्युपेक्षेत सहोदरं स्वम् ॥
सूर्यातपः श्लिष्यति भूतधार्त्रीं
ज्योत्स्ना समुद्राधरपानसक्ता ।
पानैः किमेभिर्भवति प्रिये त्वं
पराङ्मुखी यद्यधरे मदीये ॥

* This is a Sanskrit rendering of Shelley's lyric—'The fountains mingle with the river': it reproduces both the ideas and the words and even approaches the metre of the original.—Ed.

The Debater's Tools*

by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar (Belgaum)

IT is an old habit of mine to look up doubtful words in a dictionary—generally the Concise Oxford Dictionary. A debate, says this dictionary, is “controversy, discussion, public argument”. That does not seem to take us far. We have controversies enough in our midst. Pakistan, Non-Violence, Regional Universities, Compulsory Hindi, Linguistic Provinces, Composite Cabinets, these have become controversial subjects; their merits and demerits are being hotly canvassed by stern debaters; they are being discussed in councils, private gatherings, and in the columns of our newspapers. And sometimes you discuss violently, ten of you talking at the same time, whether or not the German *communiqués* are to be believed. However, all these are not ‘debates’ technically so called: the dictionary definition is too vague and too wide, and hence almost valueless, for our purpose.

A College Debating Union has a specific purpose—at any rate, it ought to have. A debate organized by you ought not to be mere controversy or discussion or public argument. It ought to be, to quote Dr. Genung, a body of arguments and explanations designed to produce intellectual conviction in the audience regarding some truth in question. To analyse this definition: there is, first, some truth in question. The mere fact that the question is to be debated shows that the subject has two sides, each of which has validity enough to be worthy of our consideration. That the sun is brighter than the moon is not a debatable proposition; that the earth is round, similarly, is now a truth which is not, and cannot be, in question. In a real debate, on the other hand, the truth is in question; it has two seemingly plausible sides, and to one of them general approbation is sought. No doubt, for the sake of convenience, the truth which is in question is usually stated in the form of an assertion, like:

“The method of living is more important than the standard of living”;

“Old things are the best”;

“Co-education spells disaster to the nation.”

Though these are categorical statements, the speakers are presumed to realize that they are essentially debatable propositions, each of them having two sides, neither of which can be dismissed with a mere flourish of rhetoric.

* From a lecture to a College Debating Union.

THE DEBATER'S TOOLS

Secondly, while the truth in question is reduced to an assertion, it is to be brought home to the audience by coherent explanations and rational arguments. Assertion is no argument, says the old and still valid adage. Emotion plays a part, no doubt, but it is not to be overdone; gesticulation within limits may not be quite amiss: but the body of argument is the main thing, the warp and woof of the debate.

Thirdly, the various speakers participating in a debate should marshal their explanations and arguments in such a way that the audience may be persuaded to accept or reject the proposition. The audience can decide only one way or the other; but it can agreeably respond to the diverting vicissitudes of the debate if the speakers have a lively sense of the reactions of the audience to the different speeches. It will not do to insult the intelligence of the audience (or of the House) by either too dogmatically emphasizing the obvious or concealing palpable facts or talking with mental reservations.

I cannot and do not wish to lay down the law for all debaters. But it seems to me that a good debater will willingly concede to his opponent those points which cannot be called in question. You are discussing, say, the vexed proposition: Romance is a disease. Even if you are against the proposition, it would be futile to deny that some romances have had a deleterious influence on their readers. You may be opposed on various grounds to women occupying executive positions, but it is futile again to deny that women like Elizabeth, Katherine, Victoria and Florence Nightingale have occupied responsible positions with phenomenal success. If you try to hide inconvenient facts, the audience is sure to conceive a violent dislike towards you, and vote you down in the end. You will lose nothing by being fair to your opponent's strong points and by adopting an attitude of humility towards your audience. Victory in debate is certainly a fine thing: but the victory should not be over truth itself but only over your opponent's arguments. You should realize that homage to truth is finer than victory and that shirking truth is just a form of cowardice.

The propositions that are debated in Unions and Societies are of various kinds; and you will benefit yourself and honour your subject and your audience by adjusting your debating strategy to the proposition in debate. The issue may be one of expediency as in:

“It is now expedient to admit women into the civil services”;
or one of fact as in:

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"We are wiser than our forefathers";
or one of principle:

"Usury is an unmitigated evil";
or one of right:

"Swaraj is our birthright";
or one of either universal or only limited application:

"India is unfit for democracy";

"The world has gone past the stage of one country ruling over another."

Where mere expediency is in question, you need not wax eloquent about moral issues and high ethical considerations. The cardinal virtue of your advocacy should be its painstaking appropriateness to the place, to the nature of the debate, and to the temper of your audience. When you are moving a proposition that runs counter to current beliefs, customs, laws, opinions and practices, the burden of proof ordinarily lies with you: your opponent can be then safely on the defensive. For instance, let us suppose that the proposition is this: "Women will make better soldiers than men." Since to-day the soldiers are all men, it is the mover of the proposition who has to prove (how he is going to do that is entirely his business) that women will make better soldiers than men; the opposer can say in so many words that tradition and the experience of the past several generations are with him, and leave the argument there.

There is one other piece of advice I should like to offer in this connexion. In the name of sanity, do not organize debates on questions that are either futile or frivolous. For example:

"The majority of mankind are fools";

"Religion is a disease of the mind";

"In *Paradise Lost*, the opening Book is the best."

Perhaps the silliest debate ever organized was on the question: "Who should pop the question?" After it had been debated in one of the Colombo colleges about a decade ago, the public raised a storm of protest against the holding of such debates. Public discussions on such subjects are a mere weariness of the brain and should be avoided like the plague.

Further, you should not participate in a debate unless you feel strongly about it one way or the other. Consult others by all means to

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augment your ballast: but if you are indifferent to the debate itself, do not work yourself up with simulated indignation just for the fun of the thing. Intellectual versatility of this sort is to be shunned. The deception may grow into a habit and sit upon you as did the old man on Sindbad's shoulders. I have no patience with the man who says that he can speak on every subject under the sun, at any time and in any place, speak for or against a proposition just as you like, and as long as you like. Such a person will cease to know himself, just as a habitual ventriloquist will at long last cease to recognize his own voice. Human beings, you and I and the rest of us, are supposed to be rational creatures capable of thought; and the exhortation, "Know Thyself," is of fearful urgency to-day when a hundred different agencies are trying to hustle us into uncomfortable positions. There is no compulsion that you must speak for or against a particular proposition; you may be honestly and honourably indifferent to it. If so, you owe it to yourself not to intervene in a debate on that proposition. If you intervene in a debate at all, do so seriously, conscientiously, and, if possible, with due preparation.

If you have followed me thus far, you will have realized that in a debate the body of arguments and explanations is the main thing. You collect facts and figures and authoritative opinions; sift them and arrange them; balance the points favourable to you with those that are against you; then marshal them together so that the House may respond to your reasoning and allow itself to be persuaded by you. While, however, you require arguments and explanations to make a creditable contribution to the debate, you should not forget that your arguments and explanations have after all to be expressed in words. Words thus become the debater's tools. A workman should know how to use his tools; he should know when not to use his tools; he should know when he should not saw too much, or hammer too much, or chisel too much. He should know how to extract implicit obedience from his tools; he should make them obey his will, cutting, or sawing, or polishing. Woe unto him if he inadvertently surrenders himself to their brute tyranny!

I must similarly warn you that these tools in a debater's armoury—these words—should be handled expertly, sparingly, and with care. Words are strange things, fascinating and tantalizing things; they have curious and eventful histories; they have had their moments of triumph and their long periods of eclipse. Unfortunately we cannot do without words; perverse, deceptive, and traitorous as they sometimes are, we have reached a stage in civilization when we cannot do without them.

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It is often remarked that it is a difficult thing to learn to write or to speak correctly and effectively. Once you have learned the tricks of the trade, is it not an even more difficult thing to put a check on yourself, to restrain the impetuosity of your utterances? To-day many of you think that talking in public is a difficult business; may the day never come when your hearers wish that you had never learned to speak!

I am now referring not so much to Grammar and Syntax and the other mysteries of correct expression (though these are important enough) as to the tyranny exercised on our minds by certain catchwords and slogans, and by those tricks of expression which have acquired the name of Rhetoric, described by men like Froude and Lord Baldwin as the "harlot among the arts." There are the 'isms' to begin with: Nationalism, Communism, Socialism, Leninism, Marxism, Trotskyism, Nazism, Kaiserism, Fascism, Gandhism, Royism, Boseism, Imperialism, Naturalism, Romanticism, Classicism, Realism, Vegetarianism, Valetudinarianism, and their fantastic crew. Each of them meant something unique once, but now they are often no more than frightful sounds. Like Clement Wade in Montague's *Rough Justice*, people nowadays become ism-addicts. If you happen to be one of them, your plight is pitiable; you make these 'isms march and counter-march and contend and react; you sift them hither and thither like children's bricks and lead soldiers. A time comes soon when you are in their absolute power; you cannot move your lips but an 'ism blinks through them, and so you prattle like a skeleton's bones.

Or, if you will, take these pairs of words, each of them verily a pair of Siamese twins: truth and non-violence; service and sacrifice; social life and civic conscience; sweetness and light; culture and civilization; and so on. They were once phrases of tremendous import; but so many have used them, so often have they been bandied about by unworthy men for unworthy causes, so generally have they been thoughtlessly used in Debating Unions and social gatherings, in public meetings and in "Letters to the Editor", that they have now lost all, or almost all, their pristine significance. And yet people continue to use these phrases blithely. Simply because a gentleman happens to spin at fitful intervals, he is described as a votary of Truth and Non-Violence; simply because another has accepted (perhaps there was no other choice) a smaller salary than he thinks he is entitled to, he bleats about service and sacrifice; simply because a few people idle away their time playing poker and drinking tea and talking scandal, they glibly talk of the untold benefits and unsung advantages of social life. Truth and Non-Violence, Service and Sacrifice,

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and similar virtues do exist, and they have their honest votaries; but these are generally silent about the virtues they practise. It is the uncritical currency given to these expressions and the indiscriminate manner in which they are applied to the stereotyped megaphones in our midst, that does violence to language itself and makes the finest phrases no better than tinkling cymbals.

There are, again, certain words which are in general use, words like 'dynamic', 'Fascist', 'acid-test', and a host of others which exercise an almost tyrannical sway over us. Take the word 'Fascist': a few years ago, everybody in India used to call everybody else a 'Fascist'. To Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mr. Jinnah was a Fascist; and, of course, Mr. Jinnah returned the compliment. Dr. Khare called the Congress Working Committee a Fascist High Command; and the Congress papers retorted by saying that Dr. Khare was himself a Fascist. Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel was a Fascist; and so was Mr. Bose. I have myself had the honour of being branded a Fascist by a First Year Arts student. Everybody apparently is a Fascist! Obviously there must be some mistake somewhere!

Or mark the word 'revolution.' Mr. Churchill is said to have "revolutionised" British ideas of administration; Comrade Stalin is a noted revolutionary; so is Sir Stafford Cripps; and so are Roosevelt, Mussolini, Hitler, and General Franco; so are they all, all revolutionaries. M. Laval broadcasts to America explaining Hitler's revolutionary mission, for without doubt Hitler's "New Order" is going to be a revolutionary order. Japan too is contemplating a revolutionary New Order in the Far East. And perhaps even Mr. Amery is contemplating, with Mr. Churchill's connivance, a revolutionary New Order in India. How facile, how futile, are these words—Revolution, New Order, and the rest!

In the July issue of the *New Review*, Mr. M. Ruthnaswami enters a vigorous caveat against the indiscriminate and unintelligent use of terms like "melting pot" and "clean slate" in political and other debates. How often do we not say that certain specified things (the constitution of a country or the management of an institution, for instance) are in the "melting pot" or that we should now be wise enough to start with a "clean slate." Unfortunately for us all, our melting pots do not really melt the things we throw into them, and our slates, for all our efforts, remain far from clean. We use these words indolently, to save ourselves the trouble of thinking. In the end our speeches sound as stale as a record played on a gramophone for the thousandth time.

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For another example, take words and phrases like "self-determination" and "birthright"; "democracy" and "dictatorship"; "living space" and "white man's burden". We reel them off freely, rhythmically; we fret and fume, or we grow into raptures about them. But let us not forget that these are vague terms; and the people who use them hardly ever care to limit their connotations. We mouth them ununderstandingly as we mutter various *manthras*, and hope for the best. In the course of a recent address, the Rt. Hon. Dr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri subjected the term 'birthright' to a careful analysis and concluded by saying that "education is not helped but hindered by the indiscriminate use of the mischief-making word 'birthright.'" This is true of terms like "self-determination" and "living space" as well; one and all of them are mischief-making terms, and they should be handled with the greatest care.

As with individual words and phrases, so with certain popular exhortations whose original piquancy and point has worn away through too much currency. Often things are paired off as if they were eternal contradictions—the wood and the trees, theory and practice, arts and sciences, prose and poetry; and we are asked to swear by one or the other. Does knowledge of the wood exclude an intimate knowledge of the trees? Doesn't knowledge of the theory make the practice of an art more unblemished? Aren't theory and practice merely the reverse and obverse of the same thing?

Similarly, parables and proverbs are too often pressed into service and made to do duty for rational argument. But a parable or a proverb can almost always be met by another parable or proverb, and you are where you were. While an occasional parable or proverb may enliven a debate, their excessive use gets on one's nerves. Even a hard-headed intellectual like Mr. Rajagopalachariar, the former Premier of Madras, has more than once parodied himself by resorting to parables in season and out of season.

I have taken some pains to show you how, if you are not wary, words will hold you in thrall and compel you to make absurd statements. Having spoken vehemently against parables, let me use one myself. You know the story of the Djinn in the *Arabian Nights*. It would either be the most excellent and obedient of servants or the most ruthless and terrible of masters. Words are like the Djinn. If you know how to manage them, they will obey you, they will just express your own thoughts and feelings. If you are unwary for a minute, you will be fooled into saying all sorts of things—and not only Spoonerisms and Malapropisms; you first care not, and later will not dare, to disobey the Djinn. According to one critic at any rate (and he need not be taken seriously), even

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Shakespeare was thus enslaved towards the close of his career by the very Djinn he had summoned to his aid. Swinburne, James Joyce, Cummings and Gertrude Stein are more modern martyrs of this type: only, theirs is a more pitiful tragedy of verbal intoxication.

This is why I request you not to be carried away by purple patches, by newfangled words, and by the slogans and catchwords of the day. Use them, if use them you must, after making sure what exactly they mean and that they mean what you want them to mean. I quite understand that the temptation to use grandiloquent words and phrases is almost irresistible: but one has to be brave, one has to be honest with oneself, and one has to be prepared to "murder" (as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says) "one's own darlings". Nay, it is better to exercise a sort of "birth control" even before the darlings see the light of day.

Many wise people have called language a divine gift. According to Hobbes, the invention of speech is "man's proudest triumph over Nature". To Caliban, however, language is only useful in so far as it enables him to curse his enemies. John Locke wonders whether "language has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge among mankind." Mr. H. G. Wells finds words to be "incurably inaccurate". Thus even careful practitioners of language like Locke and Bentham, Wells and Logan Pearsall Smith, find language a tricky business. And yet we cannot do without language. It follows, therefore, that we should do our best to make our words approximate, as far as possible, to our actual feelings and thoughts. Any one can attitudinize and repeat fine expressions like "The rest is silence"; "Out, out, brief candle"; "Much water has flowed under the bridge....."; and so on. But you have to convince your hearers that the words come naturally to you, and are not a put-up thing. As Mr. C. E. Montague remarks: "Words in themselves, I suppose, are naught and the best of phrases only groups of clickings of teeth and pursings and partings of lips upon jets of soiled air. The little or much that they mean depends on what you feel the creature to be who is making these signals at the time." Lord Baldwin reminds us that St. Paul was no orator; you do not need to be reminded that Mahatma Gandhi is no orator either. And yet no mere orator ever wielded more influence on his fellow-men than did St. Paul; and this may be said of Gandhiji as well.

You are as yet students, often purblindly knocking at the portals of knowledge; I am myself no more than a teacher, daily dealing out bits of second-hand knowledge to my wards. How much can the bucket

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understand the well? How much can you and I understand about "Providence, Foreknowledge, and Fate"? Our discussions have therefore to be necessarily exploratory and academic. If, on the contrary, we assume the god, affect the nod, and seem to shake the spheres, nobody in his senses will be taken in by our heroic attitudes: we shall only be making ourselves ridiculous.

You are here studying in a college (to quote Lord Baldwin once again) "to learn habits of accuracy in measurement, precision in statement, honesty in handling evidence, fairness in presenting a case...in a word, to be true in word and deed. That is the goal of British education, because it is recognised that no man can be a worthy citizen whose word cannot be trusted and whose deed is compounded of deceit." You participate in debates, not to establish a particular truth for all time to come, for this is beyond your powers; nor to score a cheap point over an opponent: but rather to find your way to the threshold of Truth, however arduous the task, however long the journey. Two of the wisest questions that have ever been asked are Pilate's "What is Truth?" and Montaigne's "What know I?" An intelligent participation in a debate may help you to clarify your own knowledge to your inner satisfaction, and may, further, set you on the road to Truth. The destination itself you may never reach, but it is nevertheless a great gain to feel that you are at least on the road to it.

It was aptly pointed out by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch that a properly and adequately educated man will not only acquit himself well in debate but will learn to avoid it altogether. This does not mean that you should avoid taking part in the debates here at College. It is here that you can learn how to acquit yourselves well in debate. Once you are projected into the maelstrom of modern life, your knowledge and experience will stand you in good stead, and you will then wisely avoid many a futile and mischievous controversy, for these, like false words, besides being evil in themselves also infect the soul with evil.

In conclusion, taking my cue from the late Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, let me request you to bear in mind this ascending order of values: "It is better to discuss than to assert; it is better to read the wise than to discuss; it is better to think on one's own than to read; and it is best of all to act according to one's considered judgment than to be merely and wastefully ratiocinative." I do not for a moment pretend that I have made much progress in ascending this spiral, but I see in it an ideal that you and I may well cherish in our hearts.

The Death-Trap

by S. Vincent, I U. C.

I can never forget that memorable day! Even now I shudder at the mere thought of the events that occurred on that fatal evening! The day when I struggled so hopelessly between life and death! But God has been merciful enough to stretch out His protective arms and shelter me from the dreadful peril that awaited me.

* * * * *

This summer we made our seaside home in a neat little place along the western coast of Burma. The locality has an average rainfall of over three hundred inches, all within a period of about four months, and experiences about half a dozen violent cyclones a year. It possesses a big harbour, which could accommodate the whole British Navy; and across this harbour are low-lying mangrove-swamps, intersected by creeks navigable by shallow-draught craft. Here live wild duck in thousands.

One fine evening, a small party of us—Jackson, my constant companion at college, George and Williams, two skilled pilots, and myself—were taking a walk along the sea-coast, inhaling the healthy sea-air. My home stood solitary under the shadows of the distant hills. The crimson rays of the setting sun fell upon the sea and converted the blue water into a mass of liquid fire. A delightful scene. My companions were chattering the time away, while I walked along silently, lost in thought. "Isn't it monotonous to idle away the time? I should like to have some sort of adventure", declared Jackson presently.

"Say some pleasure-trip", put in George.

"I say, old fellows, what about a duck-shoot across the harbour?" said I.

"Capital!" ejaculated Williams. "Surely the creeks over there must be crammed with duck." Like many a seaman, Williams was an ardent sportsman.

A fortnight passed in making the necessary arrangements for the trip. Jones, a mill-engineer, also had a gun and begged to be included. George, a marine engineer employed ashore, undertook to drive the motor-boat. The motor-boat was mine and my job was to enjoy the best-loved haunts of the wild duck. Accordingly, one bright day we got on board and chugged across the sparkling waters of the harbour and presently entered the mouth of the creek on the other side.

THE DEATH-TRAP

It must be taken for granted that a picnic is no picnic unless there is food and drink in profusion. Each of us had kept this cardinal principle in mind when subscribing his quota, and it is needless to relate that the essential materials for a picnic we did have in abundance. All the way we occupied our time in singing, eating and drinking; by noon we were sufficiently sharp-set to tackle the provisions.

Meanwhile the little engine sent us along at a steady six knots. George had the wheel and steered a familiar course far into the sea. It was 1 p.m. when we cast anchor, some sixty feet away from the dry land, where we had intended to go. The tide was out and between the boat and the dry land the passage was wet grey mud. It was clear that it would prove fatal to step into the mud; and even if we contrived to get ashore, none of us would be in good enough condition to walk the four miles to the place where the duck lived.

So we determined to try elsewhere. My companions refused to return without shooting at least one duck that day. Jackson was all enthusiasm and vigour in gaining the object of our adventure, although the rest of us smelt disappointment. With a heart burning with the desire of finding the duck, he waved us on to further exploration. George steered the boat into another creek and we panted along it between dense mangroves.

In these parts the innumerable creeks which intersect the area form a veritable maze. To steer for long in a definite direction is therefore impossible; all one can do is to travel along a creek until some opening appears to lead towards where one wants to go. Our intention was to sail westwards. We had no compass—almost the sole cause of our undoing! But we put our entire confidence in the two professional navigators.

We sailed gaily on. To while away the time, each one did something in turn. Jackson entertained us with his favourite songs, while Jones related his adventures in Africa the previous summer. Williams chilled our marrow with tales of shipwrecks in which he had been involved. As we displayed our several talents, however, the time had been passing all too swiftly and the sun was on the point of setting, when we realised that we had been put on the wrong scent in searching for the wild duck and that we could do no better than to give up the quest and return home. We therefore turned in what we believed the homeward direction.

THE DEATH-TRAP

The sun sank and not long afterwards we caught sight of dark clouds in the west. As night came on, the clouds were carried along by the winds in huge masses and we could not make out our way in the darkness. Nothing was to be seen save the occasional flashes of lightning amidst the cloudy sky, which prophesied disagreeable weather. George relinquished the wheel to somebody with better night eyes, and Williams deemed it wise to reduce the speed.

In a few minutes the expected storm broke out and a violent gust of wind dashed against our vessel and it was dragged hither and thither by the wild wind. I was frightened out of my wits and shook awfully with fear. Williams struggled might and main to anchor the boat with a serious application of the brakes, but it proved of no avail. All our efforts to control the boat were fruitless and it rushed on madly—we did not know in what direction—pushed by the angry gale of wind. I closed my eyes and lay on my back on a side thwart, praying to all the saints to come to our rescue.

The saints were deaf to my prayers. The very next moment a flash came, more vivid than any preceding it. It was followed by an awful crash of thunder. The vessel became unmanageable and dashed blindly forward. A moment later a peculiar sound arrested my attention. Breakers! I sat up and blinked panic-stricken. Williams, who was drooping over the clutch-lever, raised his head. He too had heard and was listening. The sound of the waves dashing against something grew louder and louder and the awful truth gradually dawned on our minds that we were nearing the rocks! The speed with which our little vessel tore on towards the reef clearly showed that we were in one of those dreadful seaward currents, being rapidly carried to destruction.

In the meantime Jones had lit up all the lights in the vessel and fired two or three cartridges as an appeal for help from any ship in the neighbourhood. Our boat now drifted along recklessly towards the *death-trap*; it seemed as if nothing could save us. We were now very close to the reef with its spouting surf and crashing breakers. All hope was gone; in a few minutes our vessel would dash against the rocks and be smashed to pieces. I fired my rifle once more as a farewell to this world. In a short time I would be no more found on earth; and in a little more time my existence would be almost forgotten by my fellow-men. Such is human life: and yet how tenaciously we cling to the glory, honour, splendour, wealth, and prosperity that this world *may* confer upon us!

THE DEATH-TRAP

How I cherished fond hopes of my future! How happy should I be in my college, once more in the midst of my companions! And above all, how thankful and glad I should be, and what a devoted and virtuous fellow I should turn out, if Providence would only prolong my life for a couple of days! Only a few days—to see my parents! My mental agony was indescribable.

But my reverie was rudely interrupted by a violent gust of wind. The vessel leapt forward with redoubled speed and dashed against the fatal rocks. The hit was too hard for our little boat to bear; it creaked and gave way. The wooden pieces were swept away by the water that gushed in so swiftly. I didn't know what had happened to my companions. I shrieked out for succour in my terrible agony and jumped forward. How I contrived to accomplish this, I never afterwards remembered: some instinct prompted me. I knew no more.

* * * * *

I slowly opened my eyes; but lo! I found myself lying in a comfortable bed in a beautiful and luxurious chamber. A woman—whom I understood by her dress to be a nurse—sat beside me; and the instant I set my eyes upon her, her thin lips parted into a smile and she flew away. My mind was wandering and I faintly recollected my experiences in the wrecked boat. I vacantly fixed my gaze on the beautiful pictures that hung around me, when suddenly an old man of about 55 or 60 entered the room. He was handsome and smartly dressed. His tall and stately figure and the air of importance he assumed when he talked, showed that he was the owner of the house.

I endeavoured to get up and greet him when he entered, and soon realised my inability, because of the innumerable bandages I was wrapped up in. But he soon signed to me to be quiet. He approached my bed and gazed at me with a smile.

"How do you feel, my lad?" he asked in a cheerful tone. I didn't answer him at once. "First of all, will you be kind enough to tell me who you are? Where am I and how was I saved?" I went on questioning him anxiously. "Don't mind that now, little fellow", he laughed.

I later gathered from him an account of my rescue. It is this:

A merchant ship belonging to Mr. James Knox, for that was the name of the old man, left the harbour the day in which we met our fate, when all of a sudden the terrible cyclone broke out. The ship had

THE DEATH-TRAP

not put out far to sea and so it managed with considerable difficulty to sail ashore and put off the journey until the sea was calm enough. But just when returning, the crew happened to hear the report of our guns and caught sight of the feeble lights that our boat possessed before collapsing.

And the next day, when they resumed their journey, they sailed in the direction from where the noise came, merely out of curiosity. And there they found me, from a distance, lying on the rocks motionless. At first it seems they imagined I was dead and that I had been washed ashore by the waves. Still some of them ventured to swim to the spot and found me lying insensible. And now it is needless to say that on the memorable night I jumped on the rocks and not on the water; I had fainted away by the sudden motion of the body and lay there the whole night, amidst the vast sea, exposed to the stormy winds. The men brought me to land and I was entrusted to my greatest benefactor, Mr. Knox. With proper care and nursing, I escaped from death. And thus Providence did prolong my life.

But still my mind was not at peace; for my companions were not found. No tidings of them ever reached my ears. Possibly, they might have been drowned. How keenly I felt for my beloved friends! It was declared by the judges that I was not responsible for the loss of my friends' lives. But how little do they know of my tormented heart and the inward agitation that is still raging within me!

The Nilgiris

by K. Ramamoorthy, IV B.Sc.

IN this article I shall try to give a short account of the Nilgiris, touching upon a few aspects, though the attractive scenery, the lovable climate, and the beautiful gardens are beyond description.

The first Britishers to explore the Nilgiris came as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century when the country owed allegiance to the rulers of Mysore. When Tippu Sultan was overthrown at Seringapatam in the last year of the 18th century, the British took over the administration of this territory. Even then another quarter of a century passed without the toiling and perspiring officials of the old "John Company" knowing or taking advantage of the natural beauties and ideal climate existing in this magnificent playground above the clouds. In 1826, Sir Thomas Munroe paid an official visit to it as Governor of Madras. From that date the 'modern' history of the Nilgiris may be said to have commenced.

The real foundation of the Nilgiris as a hill resort is attributed to John Sullivan of the Madras Civil Service. The church of St. Stephen, now standing in the centre of Ootacamund, was opened in 1809 and consecrated by the bishop of Calcutta two years later. It is an interesting commentary on the mutability of things made by man that the big beams and much of the wood-work of the roof of the church had once adorned the palace of Tippu Sultan at Seringapatam and thus passed from an abode of pleasure into a religious sanctuary. Thus the study of the Nilgiris reminds us that it is only during the last 150 years when it came under British influence that the place has progressed towards development and prosperity.

Railway

The Nilgiris mountain railway is a feat of engineering. The first portion of it up to Coonoor was opened to traffic in 1899 and it is a romance how engineering skill overcame almost insuperable difficulties. Gorges had to be bridged, tunnels to be driven through the living rock, a railway line to be laid on a precipitous hillside and against the face of precipices. For the ascent the engine pushes from the rear. After some $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles of plain travelling from Metupalayam commences a



AERIAL VIEW, OOTY



AERIAL VIEW, COONOOR

THE NILGIRIS



SIM'S PARK



ENTRANCE

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE



THE INSTITUTE

By K. Ramamoorthy, IV B. Sc.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
Pencil Sketch by Percy Netto, III U. C.

THE NILGIRIS

gruelling and continuous climb of 12 miles. Magnificent views unfold themselves as the plains gradually drop lower and lower and the train climbs higher and higher. But here the special rack gear under the locomotive is started up, and engaging with the rack between the rails the powerful little engine propels its train up the mountains. Finally a turn round the mountain side cuts the plains out of sight and the engine gets a short but welcome breather at Coonoor over 5000 ft. up. This was the terminus up to 1908, but construction was pushed on, and a railway was opened right through Ooty 12 miles farther and above 2000 ft. higher. This part of the line has an easier gradient and the use of rack gear is dispensed with.

Thus the mastery over the machine has consolidated the gifts of nature to humanity.

Ootacamund

Familiarly known as 'Ooty', Ootacamund well deserves the title of the Queen of Hill Stations. Situated at an altitude of 7500 ft., the atmosphere is clear and the air is bracing. The nights, however, are colder, and during winter the thermometer touches the freezing point.

Ooty is the administrative centre of this Presidency for three months from April to June, during which period visitors pour in in numbers from the plains.

One of the notable features of Ootacamund is the length of its motorable roads. The town itself has the appearance of a vast park, with its broad, well-kept roads which traverse a country of beautiful gardens. The botanical gardens, the palaces of maharajas, the race course, Government House, all these go to add to the beauty. The hydro-electric head works, Pykara, is about 18 miles from here. The flower-show, the dog-show, the horse-show, the races during the season attract visitors from far and near.

Coonoor

Coonoor is twelve miles from Ootacamund and stands 2000 ft. lower. It has a continuous water supply and natural drainage and is claimed to be one of the cleanliest of South Indian towns. The climate is neither hot in summer nor cold in winter and it is best described as 'mild and genial'. A day rarely passes without a few hours of brilliant sunshine.

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Sim's Park, Lamb's Rock, Kateri Falls, Laz Falls, Mount Pleasant, Lady Canning Seat, the Pasteur Institute, afford a pleasant trip to a visitor from the plains.

The small stations which lie on the way from Coonoor to Ooty are of considerable importance. Wellington is a military station two miles from Coonoor. A battalion of British infantry is permanently stationed in the barracks built for the purpose.

Next to Wellington is Aravankadu where there is a Government cordite factory. Lovedale and Ketti are two other hill stations possessing lovable scenery.

Produce

Coffee is found up to an elevation of 4000 ft. Nilgiris coffee and tea are famous for their fine flavour and they command a good price in European markets. Exclusive blends of tea are manufactured, packed and dispatched. Most of the coffee is consumed in India, while a portion is exported.

In these beautiful surroundings you can well imagine the romance of vegetables cultivated on our own soil by the labour and energy of our own men. Several varieties of vegetables are grown around the hills. The market day in Coonoor and Ootacamund is a delightful sight. There is a large demand for Nilgiri potatoes both in and out of India. Apples, pears, and several other fruits are also grown in select areas.

The oil extracted from the tall and slender eucalyptus tree is very popular all over India.

The construction of buildings, the conversion of forest areas into tea and coffee plantations, and the gradual adaptation by man for his pleasure and profit of the facilities offered by nature have all combined to change the face of the Nilgiris during the last hundred years.

Thus developed, the Nilgiris have fast taken their rightful place amongst the great health resorts of India.

War and Truth

by N. N. Natarajan, V Hons.

THE oft-quoted saying that "when war is declared, truth is the first casualty", comes to our minds when we begin to think of war and truth. Thanks to war the whole world is now experiencing a more or less total intellectual black-out. And under this cover of darkness, much 'atrocity propaganda' is being carried out by both the combatants. Indeed, with the advent of the second world war in September 1939, truth has suffered a total eclipse.

Even before that, truth was under a partial eclipse, thanks to the totalitarian dictatorships in Europe, with their ideals of 'control over public opinion' and 'nationalization of thought'. By controlling the Press (the pen of the State) and the Radio, the authoritarian Governments of Europe have created a definite cast of mind in their citizens. With rare exceptions, culture, thought, and truth as such no longer exist on the continent of Europe. As Prof. Joad well observes in his *Liberty To-day*: "There is only communist culture, Nazi truth, and Fascist thought." In a word—and the most appropriate word has been said by Dean Inge—"these new dictatorships have arrogated to themselves a power over men's minds unprecedented in history."

The outbreak of war in Europe has only strengthened this movement and accelerated its pace. Men have placed patriotism above truthfulness in the arena of international rivalry and conflict.

Lying in wartime may be said to be as old as the institution of war itself. Even the high-souled Dharmaputra is said to have uttered a single falsehood. But he did it reluctantly, forced as he thought he was by the pressure of circumstances. The ancients fought many wars, but they never indulged (perhaps because they could not) in systematically distorting the truth. They fought wars at any cost but not with any method.

But nowadays there is a great deal of organization of propaganda in time of war as well as of peace. The Nazis have worked on Hitler's theory "that the big lie pays well because the bourgeoisie, who tell small lies themselves, cannot believe that you will go so far as precisely to reverse the truth."

Much false propaganda both in atrocity stories and in war aims was carried on in the years between 1914 and 1918. It was said at the time

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that the invasion of Belgium was the cause of the Four Years' War; but history now records after the lapse of only about two decades that Great Britain's entry into the war in 1914 was necessitated by her commitment to France—a thing not known even to all the members of the British Cabinet. And in 1918 Bonar Law admitted in the House of Commons: "It is truly said that if Germany had known for certain that Great Britain would take part in the war, the war would never have occurred."

The next item of such propaganda was that the murder at Serajevo of Archduke Ferdinand and the consequent Austrian ultimatum were the real causes of the war. In the light of subsequent disclosures it is now clear that it was only the match which set fire to the well-planned and well-stored powder magazine. It was discovered later in 1924 that the whole Serbian Government knew of the plot some time before the murder took place. The previous denial of the Serbian Government of any knowledge of the plot is now classed as a 'Serbian lie'.

Another bit of propaganda was the accusation that Germany was solely responsible for the war. This accusation was the basis of the activity of Lord Northcliffe. But even as early as August 1914, Lord Rosebery warned his countrymen against this sort of propaganda. A disinterested observer, President Wilson, said in 1919, with reference to Germany's sole responsibility: "Is there any one who does not know that the seed of war lies in the modern world's industrial and commercial rivalry?" At last in 1920 Lloyd George told the truth as regards the question of 'war guilt'. He said: "The more one reads, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage." The accusation was definitely abandoned by the time of the Locarno Pact of 1925—a pact which was drawn up between Germany, France, and Great Britain. Rather, words quite contrary to that accusation were used on that occasion.

A few stories of war-atrocities were circulated in order to keep up the war fever—stories such as the passage of Russian troops through Great Britain to the western front, the mutilated nurse, the Belgian baby without a head, and the destruction of the Louvain altar-piece by the Germans. But the *New Statesman* remarked in 1924 that the picture had not been destroyed at all, and it was a German officer who saved it from the flames! The most revolting story of all was that of the 'corpse factory'. This story was, as history has now testified, the invention of an English officer, who later announced that in order to support the story, what purported to be the diary of a German soldier was forged in his office.

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There was also some false propaganda regarding Turkey and Constantinople—of evasions and concealments regarding the fate of Constantinople. But now historical records show that in 1915 the then Russian Foreign Minister, M. Sazonov, telegraphed to the Russian Ambassador in London: "Please express to Grey the profound gratitude of the Russian Imperial Government for the complete and final assent of Great Britain to the solution of the question of the Straits and Constantinople in accordance with Russian desires."

In addition to these atrocity stories, a set of war aims was declared, probably never to be fulfilled at all. Hence the war of 1914-18, which was fought 'to end all wars', only resulted in sowing the seeds of a future conflict, the fruits of which we are reaping to-day in the shape of a more terrible Armageddon.

In the comparatively calm world of 1914 atrocity propaganda was immensely successful. For that end the Allies had to strain their nerves somewhat. But to-day there is no reason for British propagandists to invent Nazi cruelties. It may be said that Dr. Goebbels has more effectively convinced the world of the case against Germany than any amount of British propaganda could have done.

Instances similar to those of 1914 abound in large numbers even in the present war. The case of the King of the Belgians and his surrender is too striking to be left without notice. Grave charges were levelled against him when he decided, as Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian troops, to capitulate after nearly three weeks of heroic fighting and resistance against overwhelming odds—a resistance that can be placed on a par with the heroic resistance which Leonidas with his three hundred men offered at Thermopylae. On the day of the Belgian surrender M. Reynaud proclaimed that King Leopold had surrendered without informing the Allies and thus left their armies in a dangerous predicament. At once Leopold was denounced as a traitor with Fascist sympathies. But Sir Roger Keyes, who was British Liaison Officer with the Belgian army, insisted that there should be no hasty judgment. And Mr. Cudahy lost his job as ambassador by asserting that King Leopold was entirely free from blame!

Public opinion began to veer round in his favour only when it was known that Leopold, a prisoner of the Nazis, had refused to become their pawn, preferring to remain a prisoner of war like his soldiers. By the London Court's judgment in Sir Roger Keyes' libel suit against

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The Daily Mirror, the vindication of Leopold is complete. It is now clear that Leopold surrendered only when the position of his armies had become utterly hopeless. It may be remembered that during the eighteen days' fighting the Belgian army lost 500,000 of its 800,000 troops. Four days before the surrender, the Belgians agreed to withdraw from their strongly defended position on the Scheldt in order to relieve the British army weakly entrenched on the Lys. During these four days, Sir Roger Keyes testifies, the Belgian army fought "absolutely alone, without respite and without hope, against at least eight German divisions and against an enormous swarm of air fighters and bombers."

More fictitious stories of this kind will be unmasked when the international horizon is cleared of all war clouds. Then the world will realize that these 'noble lies' were after all only 'war-time' myths used in some cases to keep up the *morale* of the people. Then we shall be able to understand more clearly what John Bright said regarding the institution of war: "You will find wars are supported by a class of arguments which, after the war is over, the people find were arguments they should never have listened to." Speaking about the war of 1914-18, Lord Ponsonby expressed similar ideas but in different language. He asserts, in his book, *Falsehood in Wartime*:

"There must have been more deliberate lying in the world from 1914 to 1918 than in any other period in the world's history. In war time, failure to lie is negligence, the doubting of a lie is a misdemeanour, the declaration of truth is a crime."

Such being the case, with our periodic wars at intervals of twenty years, we can no longer afford to sacrifice truth, for "Truth is Beauty and Beauty Truth". Since experience in this matter has cost us a great deal, we yearn for that day, dreamt of by the poet,

When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

To Bowlers

by R. T. Parthasarathy, IV U. C.

'**B**OWLING is to cricket what the service is to lawn tennis', says Mr. D. R. Jardine, the well-known English cricketer. Yet there are very few who specialize in this important art on which so much depends.

A knowledge of the condition of the wicket, the climate, and the kind of turf are very important to one who would be a first-class bowler, and a bowler who has a thorough knowledge of these can do excellent work with the leather.

Accuracy is very essential for all types of bowlers—Speed, Pace, Medium, and Slow-Spin—and they should concentrate on this one very important point which alone would make them bid for high honours in the field of Big Cricket. The English 'Guile', Mr. Verity, says: 'Be as accurate as possible, remember the batsman must be compelled to play every ball, therefore you must bowl straight!' India's finest bowler and the best of his type, the late Mr. Amar Singh, was famous for his great accuracy and was considered to be the second greatest bowler in the world, the first being Mr. O'Reilley, the distinguished Australian Test cricketer.

A fast bowler, who bowls only for short spells, rarely succeeds on fiery wickets which are not very true and he receives little support from such wickets. A swing or swerve bowler will do much harm to the batsman on green wickets and when the atmosphere is moist; and he should strengthen his slips or leg trap according to the manner of the swing deliveries. The reputed English cricketer, Maurice Tate, can make the ball go straight through the air and swing it either way, putting the batsman into great trouble. A medium type bowler can operate on all wickets without much difficulty. The spin bowler is very useful and effective on slow and wet wickets. Spin deliveries take good turn on slow wickets and there is every possibility of the batsman making mistakes. On wet wickets especially the spin bowler gets a hand easily over the batsman, for they are most unreliable and very untrue and the batsman finds it very difficult to play on such tricky wickets. 'Always make the batsman play the ball and never bowl too many outside the stumps', is a lesson which every bowler ought to know.

A spin bowler should pay great attention to the tactics he must adopt. Keeping a good length, he should try to beat the batsman as

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often as he can. 'A slow spin bowler', says Mr. Verity, 'should always make the batsman play forward.' This is the chief characteristic of a slow bowler who can break the ball either way or send down the googly. He should never let the batsman play back comfortably and every time try his best to drag him out of his crease.

Mr. C. G. Macartney, the veteran cricketer and the Governor-General of Cricket in Australia, emphasizes that a bowler should 'pitch the ball well up, and use his flight and changes of pace to deceive the batsman and never sacrifice his length and accuracy.

Every bowler should possess such a variety of deliveries, all supported by good length and a direction under control, that he should keep the batsman guessing continually what is coming next. On good wickets off-breaks are successful if the field is set properly and the balls are delivered in accordance with the placing of the field. On hard wickets, leg-break bowlers, if they are erratic, prove to be expensive. They should try, as best they can, to make the batsman drive in front of the wicket, and mix the googly now and then, which would be of immense help to them in securing a wicket. As Mr. Jardine says, 'the placing of the field should be well thought out and intelligently set'.

'Pace off the pitch' is very difficult to achieve, and very few have succeeded in doing so. Sometimes it is a natural gift too! The secret of 'Pace off the pitch' lies in the bowler's ability to time the delivery of the ball.

'The bowler who is not afraid of being hit gets his reward.' He should never seem to indicate that punishment has the slightest effect on him. Confidence should be in him and he should never get discouraged. Indomitable grit and ever increasing determination combined with the supreme quality of 'team-spirit' have given more successes on the field than any other qualities.

Every bowler must co-operate with his captain. It is not advisable for a bowler to try new ideas of his own in a serious match. A batsman's weakness may have escaped the notice of the bowler, and the captain who has noticed it has every right to interfere and advise the bowler.

Great cricketers like Walter Hammond, Don Bradman, Major C. K. Nayudu, L. Constantine, Bill O'Reilly, and Hedley Verity triumph on the field of world cricket because of their unyielding endeavour and deep passion for the game; and if every zealous cricketer develops the same great passion and works hard on the field, he can certainly knock at the doors of International Cricket.

O Cher Père Camboulives

by A. Maria Varaprasatham, II U. C.

 Père! pourquoi nous avez-vous quittés de si bonne heure? Ne pouviez-vous pas demeurer avec nous quelque temps encore? Vous hâtiez-vous à recevoir votre récompense au ciel? Si vous aviez été en ce monde quelques années de plus, votre récompense eût été plus grande, parce qu'il est certain que vous auriez gagné, chaque minute, quelque mérite par votre bonté envers chacun de nous.

Vous m'enseigniez le français, c'est vrai. Mais vous m'enseigniez également une autre chose. J'apprenais de vous qu'on peut être plein de bonté et en même temps très strict. J'avais l'habitude de parler dans votre classe, et en ces temps-là vous me grondiez; mais il y avait quelque chose de tendre et doux mêlé à votre colère prétendue.

Toutes les fois que je prends mon livre français, je me souviens de vous; votre joli visage avec un sourire jouant sur vos lèvres comparait devant mon esprit. Je me rappelle votre conseil, le conseil composé de quatre mots: Sois un bon enfant.

Vous toussiez souvent dans la classe; plusieurs fois vous vous couvriez d'une flanelle; vous aviez toujours l'air d'un malade et pourtant vous étiez très heureux. Nous fûmes très tristes quand on nous informa que vous souffriez de la typhoïde. Mais nous ne songions pas tout de même que la main cruelle de la mort vous saisisait si vite. O Père! vous paraissiez dormir, plein de tranquillité; votre figure était angélique!

Ma main tréssaille quand j'écris sur votre mort. De là, je cite l'auteur du poème que vous m'avez enseigné: "Oh! que nous louons votre beauté sacrée sans fin."

இரங்கற்பா

by T. Sivagurunathan, I U. C.

அறிவுடை மாந்தரைத் தன்னகம் அடக்கிய
திரிசிர புரமென திகழ்ந்திடு தலமதிற்
கதிரவன்றனை நிகர் கல்லூரிக் கணை
நரைமயிர் சென்னியும் நடுங்கிடு கைகளும்
குழிந்த கண்களும் குனிந்த முதுகொடும்
பிரஞ்சுபா ஷையதில் திரண் டபேரறிவொடு
சங்கீ தத்தினில் சமர்த்தரு மாகிய
கம்புலீவ்ஸ் என்ற நன் நாமம் பூண்ட
சாமியார் அவருடை ஆவியைத் துறந்தனர்
சாந்தியை மேன் வானுல கினில்
இனியவர் பெற்றிட இறைவனைத் துதியே.

The Recent Cyclone in Malabar

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

ON May 26 of this year I returned home after my evening game. The sky was a little cloudy and there was a cold breeze. As usual I had a bath and went in to study. When it was about seven o'clock a little rain began and the breeze became a little stronger. At eight the rain became rather heavy. After saying my night prayers and taking my supper I went to bed at 10 o'clock. Now I could hear the falling of mangoes on the tiles of the roof of my house; they were falling from the mango tree which was close to my house. So determining to get up early next morning before anybody else got up, to gather the ripe fallen mangoes for myself, I began to sleep.

But after an hour, I was awakened up by the continuous and heavy falling of mangoes on the tiles and by the falling of little drops of water into my room through the broken tiles. Now the rain was very heavy and there was a big roar all over. After a few minutes my room was flooded with water. So I went to the room where my father and younger brothers were sleeping, which had a ceiling. When I went there, I saw all my brothers with their partly wet mats in their hands. On inquiry I found that their rooms were also flooded like mine. Then we all lay down in the beds in which my younger brothers were lying.

Just a minute after we had gone to bed there came a terrible wind with a *hooo* sound. Suddenly we heard some terrifying thuds of things falling and breaking. The wind died away very soon after this. As soon as it died away we could hear cries of fear coming from the neighbouring houses. But we were not able to hear the cries even for a few seconds because the wind came with double velocity and double force. This time the sound of destruction was really terrible. We heard a sudden noise of a crash near our house and the sound of a falling house.

Now all our faces became pale and we could not speak but looked at each other with fear and astonishment. To me it seemed that the world was ending and that I should surely die. So I fell on my knees and began to say the prayers to prepare for death—I who had never been on my knees at prayer but used to sit down idly.

Suddenly I could hear the noise of another wind and some huge sounds of destruction. This time though I was prepared for death, my body began to tremble and my heart-beats increased to two hundred per

THE RECENT CYCLONE IN MALABAR

minute. Soon the wind died away. But before we went to bed again there came another wind and we could hear only destructive sounds. So my heart continued at the same speed. But my body was always trembling. At every blast of wind I was on my knees in bed praying. Thus with a trembling heart I had to spend the whole night. You would understand my fear if you were in such circumstances. That was the first day I have ever heard the clock strike one, two, and three a.m. When it was about four o'clock the wind got milder.

Then I got up from bed, not to gather mangoes but to see how many of my neighbours were dead. Then I went upstairs to see the results of the wind. From the window I saw the destruction as if some ten thousand bombs had been dropped over Malabar. There was not a single tree or plant unbroken or unfallen or unbent. No house had tiles on the roof. Some houses were level with the ground. When I came out on the road the country seemed to me like a thick forest. All sides were covered with fallen trees and some destroyed houses. When I went to the neighbouring houses I knew that by God's special mercy nobody was hurt, though the houses of two of my neighbours had fallen down completely. When it was six o'clock I started for church to hear Mass. I usually had to walk only some fifteen minutes. But this time when I had gone half way one hour was past. I had to walk, climb, and jump. When I reached the main road I saw men on every house repairing the roofs. I reached the church after a walk of two hours. The church compound was full of broken pieces of asbestos sheets which had been fixed to the roof of the church by nuts and bolts. The ordinary Mass of seven o'clock began only at nine o'clock after the repairs of the church. After Mass when I returned home the roads were full of ruins. The main remains were broken tiles, bricks, and mortar. Also the road was green with the leaves and branches of trees.

After returning home I took my breakfast and started out to see the sights of destruction. I went to one of my friends and each narrated his own experiences of the past night. Then I could hear the talk of passengers on the road. Every one talked of the cyclone. One man's house had fallen and his two calves had died; another's house had fallen and killed two goats; some others had lost a dog or a cat. But for a long time I did not hear of the death of any man. After some time a friend of my friend's came and told that an old woman and a child were dead under the ruins of their house. I started for the spot. On the way I saw some telegraph and electric posts with the bases up and

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the tops down and some others in two pieces. I had great difficulty in going to the place where the dead were, because the roads were full of fallen trees and remains of fallen houses. But after great trouble I reached the house where the dead were, and it looked like a tent. Its walls were on the ground in pieces and its roof rested on the ground. On the roof of the house there were three huge mango trees. For a long time I waited outside, not daring to go in and see such a pitiable sight. After some time I picked up courage and went inside. There I saw a little innocent girl of five years lying as if sleeping but dead. When I looked at the left side of the child I saw that there was not a single rib unbroken and when I looked at the head there was a large hole in her skull and it was covered with blood. When I saw this I ran out of the house, not waiting to see the dead old woman. After this I determined not to see such horrible sights and went home with a pale face.

As I was sitting quietly meditating on the sights I had seen, there came to me some of my talkative friends. One told me that the Taluk Office was on the ground and all the files had been destroyed. Another told me that the train had not reached and that there was no bus service because the roads were blocked. A third told me that a man had hanged himself just one hour ago on seeing the destruction of his estate. Every one told his experience of the night and what they had heard and seen in the morning. I could hear of Destruction! Destruction!! Destruction!!!

For two days there were no newspapers. So we were not able to know whether the storm was only in our part of the country. In these days we were like frogs in a well without knowing anything outside our country. On the third day we got a daily newspaper of our town which was ordinarily four pages but now had twenty. Then only were we able to know that the destruction was all over our Malabar. The paper was full of the news of the havoc done by the cyclone. It was filled with the news of ruin of houses, animals, estates, etc.

But by God's grace, though there were great losses of property, the total deaths of men were not more than two hundred in the whole of Malabar. By this cyclone the poor workmen were not reduced to poverty. They got plenty of work and sufficient wages—even two rupees a day. The chief and the most important good the cyclone did in Malabar was to remind men of the might of God and make them pray to Him.

Saroja's Mind

by N. Ramachandran, III U. C.

GOVINDAN was a clerk in a court. He had to maintain a big family. His inheritance and all his ancestral property consisted of the debts which his father had left behind him. Now he had to pay by instalments a good part of his salary every month to his creditor. Besides he had to educate his sons and his little daughter Saroja, aged eight.

She was a pretty girl. To their parents she was a pet, being the youngest. She studied in the III Standard and showed aptitude for studies. Her eyes gleamed with brains.

Saroj had a classmate of her age, Vasanth, who was the only daughter of a rich man. She was very beautiful. The rich ornaments and fine clothes she wore perfected her beauty. She breathed an air of dignity and splendour among her playmates. Vasanth soon became a friend of Saroja's. Wherever they met, they went hand in hand. Each one communicated to the other what she knew. Thus Saroj came to know of Vasanth's home.

It was a magnificent house like a palace with numerous servants in attendance. Electric lights were fitted in every corner of the house and the house itself looked heavenly at night. Crotons were arranged in symmetrical order in the park in front of the house. On one side there was a rose bower. On the opposite side there was a marble statue of a Paris damsel in the pose of holding a flower in her hand. In front of the statue there was a long cement tub filled with water. The water in it reflected the image of the statue. In the midst of the park there was an artificial fountain. A radio set was placed in the room of Vasanth's father. On a shelf in that room were arranged delicious scent-bottles which came from Portugal and France.

Saroj wished to imitate Vasanth in her dress and manners. She asked her father: "Papa, buy me a fine gown—a velvet gown—embroidered with lace ornaments—Vasanth wears them. I must also wear them." Where could her poor father go for such things? He replied: "Wait, my girl: one day I'll buy all those things for you, my dear, when I have money with me." He embraced her and kissed her affectionately. Whenever her father returned home from work Saroj would remind him of her dress, but he repeated the same answer.

SAROJA'S MIND

It was a dull evening. A lean man with a pale face, hair growing on his cheek, was plodding his way. He looked with contempt at the world which is full of miseries and troubles. His old-fashioned coat and dirty cloths showed his poverty. It was Govindan returning from office after being engaged in his monotonous and tedious work for long hours.

He reached his home. Saroja sprang up to him, clasped his hands, and asked him whether he had bought her a gown. Govind gave his usual answer. Saroj insisted with him that he must buy her dress, showing her displeasure for a few minutes, and then went out to play again. Kumar, his eldest son, came in to say that his school fees were in arrears. Govind nodded his head and promised to pay the money somehow soon. His wife gave him a letter informing him that Balan had sent it. In the letter Balan stated that he was going to file a lawsuit against Govind in the court for having failed to pay his monthly dues.

Balan was the father of Vasanth. He had studied in his younger days with Govind. He gave up studies after warming the benches of the III Form for three years. After his father he became the sole manager of his wealth. His only problem in life was how to spend his time. Chellam Iyer, the chief servant among his household, was Balan's agent and treasurer. Chellam Iyer managed the properties of Balan. Balan was there simply to own his wealth and to enjoy it.

He spent his time in gambling, and invested his money in horse races. He formed a private club consisting of men of his type. In this club, card-playing, drinking, and dancing were common. He attended theatres at whatever distance they might be. Yet in spite of these engagements he would often complain to himself: "My time hangs heavy on me, it does not pass quickly."

The next morning Govind went to Balan's house. He pleaded with him to pardon him for not paying his dues, because he had had to spend money that month for his wife who had fallen ill; and he promised to be regular in the succeeding months. But Balan turned a deaf ear to him and filed his suit.

On the occasion of Govind's marriage he had borrowed from Balan Rs. 500, which in course of time grew to Rs. 700 in spite of the fact that Govind had paid about Rs. 800 by instalments.

SAROJA'S MIND

The suit was decreed. Govind's house was taken by Balan to the utter despair of Govind's wife and sons. Further, Govind was dismissed from his office for not paying his dues to Balan. They shifted to a small rented house. Kumar discontinued his studies and became an attender in a local shop. Saroj was not sent to school and had to remain at home to assist her mother. She could not understand the real cause of all this change. She put many silly questions to her father and mother which they could not answer satisfactorily.

"Why have you come to this house?"

"Because Balan has taken our house."

"Why did Balan take our house?"

"We have not given him his money."

"Why don't you?"

"We have no money."

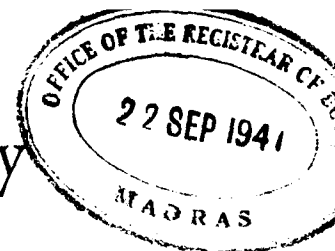
"Balan has plenty of money with him. Similarly why haven't you also?"

"Because.....we...we...have not....."

Saroj was not satisfied. She felt there was something strange in the world. Anyhow she realized that she could not become Vasanth, and she never more spoke about her favourite velvet gown.

Decay of Human Personality

by M. S. Joseph, V Hons.



IT is indeed a sad reflection that when natural slaves have practically ceased to exist, most of us should come under Aristotle's category of slaves—that is, not those who have been captured on the battlefield, but those who are made such "accidental slaves" by the overwhelming forces of mass suggestion. Right from our childhood, our aspirations and desires, activities and habits are shaped and swayed by those around us—parents, friends, and the society in which we move. The schoolboy of ten shouts out the slogans and shibboleths of the most inflammatory type, not knowing what they really mean.

Historians tell us how the Athenian voters, chatting as they walked away in groups from the Assembly, discussed the speeches they had made. They knew very well that opinions may differ with regard to one and the same question and hence they argued these with one another. But in these days of ours, reading has become a substitute for thinking. Life has lost its spirit of adventure. Reasoning has almost become a mechanical operation.

The glory of civilization is a history of efforts to free men's minds from the domination of human authority, and to train men how to think for themselves. As Bryce observes: "The subjection of one man to another except by his own free will is against nature." If this be the test of civilization, alas, within the last few decades how many nations have receded into primitive barbarism by suppressing freedom of discussion and criticism of established authority—the two very essentials of modern democracy! These are the totalitarian States where "everything is for the State, nothing against it, and nothing outside it; and individual freedom is a stinking corpse that should be buried." Development of the human personality is hardly possible in these States, force and the propaganda machine is there to see to that. The individual is reduced to the position of a mere cog in a machine, while democracy raises him to the level of a self-conscious co-operator in the work of the State. Expression of thought, manifestation of feeling, alike in religion, politics, science, and art are controlled from above. For this dictatorship of opinion, however, we can hardly predict a long life. "There are many marvels and the greatest marvel of all is man." It is difficult, nay impossible, to enslave the intellect of a whole nation.

DECAY OF HUMAN PERSONALITY

Behind the spell of violence and warfare threatening the fabric of civilization all over the world, there is to-day a deep clash of ideas and aims. The conflict between the ideas of human freedom and State dictatorship which characterizes the present war shows how essential human freedom is. Liberty may not have achieved all that was expected, yet it remains true that nothing is more vital to national progress than the spontaneous development of human personality. As George Lansbury says: "Human beings ought not to be *robots* doing as they are told and accepting authority from others as ignorant as themselves. God or nature has given us all the power to reason. It is our duty, if we wish to build a worth-while world fit to live in, to use our brain power."

Some Unwritten Letters

by M. S. Muhammad Kamaluddeen, III U. C.

IT is well known that people usually write down exactly what they think and wish to write. All letters, stories, novels, dramas are conceptions of the mind. The ideas occur in the mind, where they undergo several such processes as addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division until at last they flow down to the paper where they assume such a form as to be understood by reading. It is to be noted that no one, except perhaps a student at an examination, thinks one thing and writes quite another.

If a man writes anything, generally the style and often also the ideas will be according to the state of his body and mind at that time. For instance, Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*, which were written when he was blind, vividly display the author's sufferings, sorrows, and disappointments because of the loss of his sight. Perhaps if he was not devoid of his sight he would not have written those works in such an emotional and realistic style.

But there are also certain exceptions. There are occasions when people hide and suppress their real feelings and ideas and write quite in opposition to their real thoughts and feelings. Usually this is done wantonly and surely not in a state of absent-mindedness. But those letters which, if they were written, would contain the real feelings and thoughts of people, are interesting to the general reader, though perhaps not to their addressees. Here are some specimens of such unwritten letters.

I

From a person to his friend

You beggar,

I think it right to call you by this name, not once or twice but several times. Who expects your letter so anxiously as you presume I do? And do you think I must waste money in posting letters to you? You ask me for a loan of fifteen rupees. Am I a banker or a money-lender? You say you wish to pay a visit to this place. I will thank you if you do not come here.

Yours tiredly,

X. Y.

SOME UNWRITTEN LETTERS

II

From a clerk to his Manager

Foolish manager,

I am without any tinge of doubt ready to say that you are as proud as you are foolish. You think you are very wise in managing the office and the clerks. But do you know how cleverly I cheated you? Last week I applied for leave, which you categorically refused. So I thought of a plan by which I produced a false excuse that my grandmother had died and got two days' leave this week. But you do not know that she is quite safe and sound! What do you think of my inventive genius?

Yours cleverly,
M. N.

III

From a student to his father

Old man,

Do you think you are wiser than I? You being a frog in the well, what do you know about town and college life? If I write to you for Rs. 50, you send me only Rs. 35, and ask me to produce an account of my expenses. Hereafter if I am in need of Rs. 50 I will write for Rs. 75. Let me see, then, how far your wise plan to restrict my expenses will succeed!

Your loving son,
A. B.

IV

From a school-boy to his teacher

Incapable leader,

I wonder how you managed to become a teacher with such a fickle memory and vacillating brain as yours. Last week you corrected my composition, striking out most of my sentences and words and inserting your own in their places. As I was told to rewrite the composition, I did it exactly in *your* words and sentences. How interesting it is, then, to find that you have struck out, added, and deducted your own composition with the same impartiality as you had done mine!

Your admiring pupil,
C. D.

புறநானூற்று இன்பம்

by T. Muthuveerasikamani, III U. C.

“அறம் பொருள் இன்பம் வீட்டைதல் நூற் பயனே” என்று நன்னூல் ஆசிரியர் பவணந்தி முனிவர் கூறிப்போந்தார். இந்நூல் வகை நூற்பயனுள் முதற் கூறிய அறத்தையும் பொருளையும் புறப்பொருளாகவும், இன்பத்தை அகப்பொருளாகவும் சான்றோர்கள் மிகப் பழங் காலத்தே பொருளை இரு வகையாக வகுத்தார்கள். நிலையாமை என்பது உலகவியற்கை யாதலால் இதற் கெல்லாம் அப்பால் இருக்கின்ற வீடு பேற்றை அடைவதற்குரிய சாதகங்களாய் அகப்பொருளும் புறப்பொருளும் அமைந்திருக்கின்றன.

ஒத்த அன்பினராகிய தலைவனும் தலைவியும் உள்ளத்து உணர்வால் அனுபவிக்கும் இன்பமே அகமாகும். அது கைக்கிளைத்திணை, ஐந்திணை, பெருந்திணை என எழுவகை இயல்பினையுடையது. இவை முதற் பொருள், கருப் பொருள், உரிப்பொருள் என்ற மூன்று வகையால் உரைக்கப்படும். மேற்கூறிய ஒத்த அன்புடையாராலேயே யன்றி எல்லாராலும் அனுபவித்து அறியப்பட்டு இது இவ்வாறு இருந்ததெனப் பிறர்க்குக் கூறப்படும் பொருளே புறமாகும்.

எட்டுத் தொகை நூலில் எட்டாவதாகிய புறநானூறு என்பது முதல், இடை, கடைச் சங்க காலத்திற்கு முன்பே பாடப்பெற்று அப்போது வழங்கி வந்த செய்யுட்களையும் சேர்த்துத் தொகுத்ததொரு தொகை நூல். மேற்கூறிய புறத்தின் பகுதியாகிய வெட்சி, கரந்தை, வஞ்சி, காஞ்சி, நெச்சி, உழிஞை, தும்பை, வாகை, பாடான், பொதுவியல், கைக்கிளை, பெருந்திணை என்னும் திணைகளுக்குரிய துறைப்பொருள் அமைந்த நானூறு பாக்களை உடைமையின் இந்நூல் புறநானூறு என்று பெயர் பெற்றது. இந்நூல் பொருளாலும் அளவாலும் தொகுக்கப்பட்டது. தமிழ் நாட்டின் வரலாறு குறித்துச் செய்யப் படும் பல வகையான ஆராய்ச்சிக்கு இது துணை செய்துகொண்டு வருகிற தென்ற காரணத்தால் அடியேனின் சிற்றறிவுக்குப் புலப்பட்ட அக்காலத்தாரின் கடையுடை பாவனைகளைப்பற்றியும், அரசியல் முறை, போர் முறை இன்னும் அவர்களின் பழக்க வழக்கங்களைப்பற்றியும் ஆராய்வான்பொருட்டு இதனைத் தொடங்கலானேன்.

“நளியிரு முநீ ரேணியாக
வளியிடை வழங்கா வானஞ் சூடிய
மண்டிணி கிடக்கைத் தண்டமிழ்க் கிழவர்
முரசு முழங்குதானே மூவருள்ளும்
அரசெனப்படுவது நினதே பெரும்,”

புறநானூற்று இன்பம்

என்று கிள்ளிவளவனைப் போற்றிப் பாடிய புலவர் உலகத்தின் எல்லையையும், தமிழகத்தின் எல்லையையும், மூவேந்தரின் சிறப்பையும் கூறிய பிற்பாடுதான் அவதரித்த சோழ வளநாட்டுக்குரிய கோமானை தேசாபிமானம் பொங்கப் புகழ்ந்து பாடியுள்ளார் என்ற விஷயம் நம் மனதைக் கொள்ளுகொண்டு செல்கின்றது.

எங்கனம் உடலுக்கு உயிர் அத்தியாவசியமோ, அங்கனமே நாட்டிற்கு அரசன் உயிர்போன்றவனாகிறான். அவ்வரசன் சரிவர ஆட்சி செலுத்தா விடின், காவலர்ப் பழிக்கு மிக கண்ணகன் ஞாலம். ஆகையால் தனக்கு அவ்வப்பொழுது நற்புத்தி புகட்டக்கூடிய “பா அல் புனிப்பினும் பகலிருளினும் நா அல் வேத நெறி தெரியினும் திரியாச் சுற்றம்” அவனுடன் இருக்கவேண்டும். இங்ஙனம் அமைந்திருக்கும் அமைச்சின் முக்கிய அலுவல் யாதெனில் அரசன் செய்யத் துணிந்த கருமத்தை ஆராய்ந்தும், அதனால் ஏற்படும் பயனைச் சிந்தித்தும், அதைச் செய்து முடிக்கும் காலத்தை நிர்ணயித்தும், தக்க சாதகங்களைத் தேடிவதுமேயாகும். கண்போன்ற காவலன் ‘அருளு மன்பு நீக்கி நீங்கா—கிரயங் கொள்பவ ரொடொன்றுது காவல்—குழவி கொள்பவரி னோம்பு மதி” போன்று தேசக் காவல் இயற்றல்வேண்டும். இனி மாற்றானோடு அறப் போர் புரிவதற்குமுன், பசு, பார்ப்பார், அறவோர், பத்தினிப் பெண்டிர், பிணியுடையோர், இன்னும் ‘பொன்போற் புலவர்ப் பெருஅதிரும் எம்மம்பு கடிவிடுது நும் அரண் சேர்மினென அறத்தானு நுவலும் பூட்கை’ என்றதால் அரசன் மேற்கூறியவர்களைக் காக்கவேண்டும். மேலும் நிலை இயற்பொருள்களாகிய கொடி, முரசு, கடிமரம் முதலியவைகளையும் அரசன் பொன்போற் போற்றிக் காக்கவேண்டும்.

அரசன் பெறக்கூடிய செல்வத்துட் சிறந்த செல்வம் ‘உறுப் பமைத் தூறஞ் சாவெல் படை’ என்பதேயாகும். அரசனின் போர் வீரர்களின் சிறப்பைக் கூறவந்த புலவர், அவ்வீரர்கள் போர் பெற்றறியாமையின், அது பெற்றால் அரசன்றிப்பினும் கில்லாரென்பதாம். “போரெனிற்பு கலும் புனைகழன் மறவர்” என்றும், “புட்கைக் கோவானாக விற்சாவோம் யாமென—நீங்கா மறவர் வீங்கு தோள்புடைப்ப” என்பதால் மேற்கூறிய கருத்து ஒருவாறு விளங்கும். இவ்வளவு மேம்பாடுடைய வீரர்கள், அமார்க்களத்தில் கொற்றவனின் ஆணைக்குப் புறமாக ஒரு காரியமும் செய்யாமலும், முன் வைத்த காலப் பின் வைக்காமலும், தளரா முயற்சியுடன் கோடு நுதிசிறைய மாற்றார் களைப் பொருதி வெற்றி முரசு கொட்டி வீர முழக்கம் செய்வார்கள். இவ்விதம் மாற்றானை முறியடித்தபிறகு, அவனுடைய எடிகளையெல்லாம் பிடுங்கி தன்னைப் போற்றிவரும் இரவலர்களுக்கு ஈந்து ஈகையாளன் என்ற புகழைச் சம்பாதித்

புறநானூற்று இன்பம்

தும் விரைந்த தேர் குழித்த தெருவின்கண்ணே கழுதையைப் பூட்டி உழுதும், நீர் நிலையங்களைப் பாழ்படுத்தியும், வயல்களின்கண் குதிரையினுடைய கவிந்த குளம்புகள் தாவத் தேரைச் செலுத்தியும், தன் சாகரம்போன்ற சேனையைப் பொருத வந்தவர்களின் உயிரை காவலனுக்குத் தத்தம் செய்வதாலுடைய வீரப் புகழைச் சம்பாதிப்பதும் வழக்கத்திலிருந்து வந்த செய்தி.

“ஒரு திசை யொருவனை யுள்ளி நாற்றிசைப் பலரும் வருவர் பரிசின் மாக்கள்.”

அங்கனம் வறையாது வருபவர்களின் குறிப்பறிந்து அவர்கள் தாம் தாம் வேண்டிய பொருள்களை இல்லையென்னாது கொடுப்பதே கொடைச் சிறப்பின் கியதியாகும்.

ஒருக்கால் அரசன் போரில் மாண்டால், அவனது தேவியானவள், தானும் அவன் சென்ற நெறியைக் கருதி ஈமத்தில் விறகு அடுக்கி தீ மூட்டி அத்தீயிற் பாய்ந்து உயிர் துறப்பாள், அல்லது கை நோன்பு பூண்டிருப்பாள் என்ற அரிய விஷயம் தெரியக்கிடக்கின்றோம்.

முற்காலத்தில் ஆடவரேயன்றி வீரக்குடியில் தோன்றிய பெண்பாலரும் சிறந்த வீரராகத் திகழ்ந்தார்கள். எங்கனமெனில், ஒரு முதியோள் தன் மைத்தன் அமார்க்களத்தில் புறமுதுகிட்டு இறந்தான் என்ற செய்தி கேட்டு, திடுக்கிட்டு அவ்விடத்திற்கு விரைந்து சென்று தன் தனயன் மார்பில் அம்பு பட்டு இறந்தானையொழிய முதுகில் பட்டு இறக்கவில்லை என்பதை உணர்ந்தால், அங்கனம் புறமுதுகிட்டு மாண்டிருப்பானையாகில் தான் அப்படிப்பட்ட மைத்தனைப் போஷித்த காரணத்தால் தன் உயிரைக் காலன் கையில் கொடுக்க எத்தனித்தான்போலும்!

இன்னும் ஒரு நங்கை முதல் நாட் போரில் தன் தகப்பனையும், பெறலரும் கொழுநனையும் இழந்தும், மறுநாட் காலையில் மாற்றாரின் முரசு கேட்டுச் சகியாத வளாய் தன் குலத்திற்கே அணிகலம்போன்ற பால் மணம் மாறாத தன் ஒரே மைத்தனைக் கூவியழைத்து, அப்பச்சிளங் குழவிக்கு ஓர் வெள்ளாடை யுடுத்தி, பாரு மயிர்க் குடுமி எண்ணெய் நீவி வேல் கை கொடுத்து செருமுகம் நோக்கிச் செல்கென விடுத்தாள். என்னோ இவளது வீரம்! ஆகையால் கெடிக சிந்தை கடிதிவன் துணிவே என்று இப்பாட்டைப் பாடவந்த புலவரே வியந்து கூறியிருக்கின்றார்.

தற்காலத்தில் வறுமையின் கொடுமை நில உலகில் உலவி வருவதுபோலவே மிகப் பழங் காலத்திலும் தரித்திரம் என்னும் கொடிய பேய் மக்களிடம்

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தலைவிரித்து தாண்டவமாடிய தென்பதைத் தெளிவுபடக் கூறவந்த புலவர்
வெகு அழகுபடப் பின்வருமாறு பகர்த்தார் :

“ தாய் தன் புல்லுனைக் குடுமிப் புதல்வனுக்குப் பாலூட்ட இயலாமல்
கூழுஞ் சோறுங் கடை இயூழின்
உள்ளில் வறு கலந்திறர் தழக்கண்டு
மறப்புவி யுரைத்து மதியம் காட்டியும்
நொந்தன ளாகி றுந்தையை யுள்ளிப்
பொடிந்த நின் செவ்வி நாட்டெனப் பலவும்
வினவ ளானு ளாகி..... ”

மிகப் புராதின காலத்திலும் அந்தணர்கள் அரவணமித்து நல்ல செல்
வர்களைப் பெற்றிருந்தார்கள். “ நெங்கு பனிக்களை இயர் காரி பருகி ” என்ற
தால் மக்களிடையே குடிப் பழக்கம் பரவியிருந்தது. “ பருத்திப் பெண்டின்
பனுவலன்ன ” என்ற புறநானூற்று அடியால் கை ராட்டைகொண்டு நூல்
நூற்றார்கள் நம் முன்னோர்கள். தனக்கென வாழாப் பிறர்க்கென வாழக்கூடிய
பெருந்தகையாளர்கள் மலிந்திருந்த நாடாயிருந்தது நம் செந்தமிழ் நாடு என்ற
இவையும் இவை போன்ற இன்னும் பல அரிய விஷயங்களைப் புறநானூறு
என்ற பொக்கிஷத்தில் மறைத்து கிடக்கக்கூடிய விழுமிய பொருளாய் தேடி
எடுக்கக் காண்கின்றோம்.

மகா மகோபாத்தியாய தாஷிணாத்ய கலாகிதி டாக்டர் உ.வே. சாமிநாதை
யரவர்களே, ‘ புறநானூற்றிலுள்ள பாட்டுக்கள் தமிழ் நயம் உணர்வார் நெஞ்சத்
தில் மறவாமற் பதிதற்குரியன ’ வென்று கூறும்பொழுது இதன் பெருமை
ஒருவாறு விளங்கும்.



Chowpatti



Juhu



A Bus



A Tram



Sky-Scraper?



The Metro

BOMBAY
TO-DAY

Photos
by
N. Sivaraman,
H U.C.



1. Malayalam actors on St. Thomas's Day
(Benjamin N. Devadoss, I U. C.)
2. The latest from Sevagram (S. Vasudevan, I U. C.)
3. 5. An aeroplane wrecked at Meenambakkam.
(C. R. Krishnamoorthy, IV B. Sc.)
4. A study in contrasts
(K. R. Hariharan, III B. Sc.)

On Collar Modes

by F. Theodore, IV Hons.

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great for little man.—*Goldsmith.*

"Look at the chap's collar,
One up and the other down"—

was the casual pert remark that floated down into my ears; on whom, and by whom, it doth not matter here. This remark put me pondering over that phenomenon of collar-dressing which most necessarily comes into prominence wherever men do live.

The collar is a prominent feature in every man's dress. It plays a great role in the business man's life. A clean collar is a prerequisite for success in the business world. The collar is the first element in neat dressing. The business man, the politician, and the soldier each in his own field has a definite manner of dressing up. But here let me confine my words only to those peculiarities which I see immediately around me, within the college walls.

The peculiar race in collar-dressing are the chosen few. Words cannot tell the beauty of these elegant gentlemen with their lifted-up collars and closed-in neck-ties. This was called the lawyers' fashion—'ridiculous like anything', as the saying goes.

Shirt collars down and coat collars all drawn up—was the sportsman's style, with the whole cloth work standing up erect, the tips of the coat breast collar extending over the chin and poking their noses whenever the wearer made a turn in either direction. Mufflers, usually spotted white in black, were muffled up within these drawn-up collars, covering the chest where the neck-tie covers the breast in an ordinary suit. In the sporting season black silken knickers covered the sportsman's thighs. Amateur sports in this dress looked like braying asses in tiger skins. These habiliments were, of course, useless in the actual field of sports and had to be removed just before action. This dress was as useless in the field of play as a Field-Marshal's uniform in the field of battle.

Then came the rolling collars—naturally elevated collars. Once they had ridden on the washerman's donkey they lost their dignity and would never more rise again but remain pressed close to the coat breast.

ON COLLAR MODES

Henceforward they are useless and are to be classed among the commonalty. So whenever you come across a person wearing rolling collars, it is easy to grasp that that vestment of his has never seen the Dhobi's hand.

Next succeeded the stylish fashion-makers, with strange fluffy powder flying from their shoulders at every turn they made. Their collars were greatly starched and when lifted up stood erect. These men had to keep well-kempt hair and a high cropped hairdress; otherwise, whenever they made a back bend of the head or even an erect pose of the head, the occipital hairs one and all would come and stand over the stiff-edged collar as they stand over the barber's comb while he is dressing the hair. Away from barbers—these coxcombs of whom we are talking—each one of them had a rose perched in the button-hole of the coat breast collar. When the collars were lifted up, the rose usually faced the inside of the clothing towards the man's voice-box or towards his heart, perhaps searching for mysteries there. Well, every one had a rose, the emblem of man's most pardonable folly.

In contrast to all these were shirts without collars. There were three types here—always with reference to men, of course. All these collarless shirts were provided with facilities such as button-holes, for the possible fixing of removable collars on to them. The first set of these appeared glamorous from behind. For though without a collar, the button-hole of the rear of the neck was furnished with a collar-button, embellished with a glittering stud usually of the rolled-gold plated type, or even sometimes of the original krementz type. This little embellishment adorned the rear view of the bearer, while his shirt front was ornamented with mother-o'-pearl adornments, that resting against the white background of the shirt glittered white and free in the electric light or even in daylight, while the glistening krementz shirt-front-pin added to the glamour. These were of the natty-dresser type, shorn of their collars.

The next in merit was the U. T. C. type. No collars on their green flannel shirts, and the last vestiges of a collar in their shirts rolled inwards on to the chest. On the whole quite handsome and glorious. Civilians slowly picked up this style for their white shirts and subsequently for coloured shirts also.

The third type of collarless shirts were rare, but they were the most vicious. These were simply the first type of collarless shirts void of all their adornments. I have come across only one specimen of this rare

ON COLLAR MODES

type. He was indeed a sorry spectacle, wearing for ever a collarless shirt without the least adornments which give dignity to this kind of dress. He was counted among the dead because his collar was not lively. He came into his own, and they received him not. But he lived amongst us and we saw his glory—the glory of the collarless man. For what is glory but fame? And what is fame but a name on the lips of many men? Whether it is notoriety or not, what doth it matter?—it is all the same—it is fame.

Finally came the 'students', the gentlemen of the college with neat pressed collars and neck-ties and unsullied plain overcoats. These were the men simple, neat and studious, of whom nothing amiss could be said.

The men with creased collars stand condemned.

There are a certain kind of shirts with no collars—rather with 'low-necked collars', as the handsome phrase runneth—which are always stitched in Khaddar clothing and usually worn by 'Babujis'. These are not shirts properly yet; they are *a kind of shirts*. I have a certain veneration for them, for they at times and in certain places stand as a symbol of our national regeneration.

These are some specimens of our collar dignitaries. When humanity's diverse samples, diverse even in this one small act of collar-dressing, are arrayed, it is interesting to watch these pass by one by one and notice the little differences each man makes from another. It is in these little things that one individual is to be distinguished from another.

The Narrow Path

by P. M. Jussay, I U. C.

And why—to scour and scrub this earthen pan
Along the hazy path, thou saunterest, Man?
A slip, alas! and ere you incense burn
To parent dust will brittle vase return.

To smiling shores, to rippling waves of lakes
This dusky road the wanderer never takes,
A desert (crystal-hot!) of burning coal
Its odious—oh, yet e'er betrothed—goal.

O stride along yon narrow sinuous path
To rosy shores of morn, to silvery bath,
To sing all through the fragrant hours by stream
And fill thy porous pot with odorous cream!

सोमस्य मनोरथः

by T. G. Pranatharthibaran, V Hons.

“अल्पश्च कालः, बहवश्च प्रश्नाः, पर्वतनिभान् प्रधानविषयान् परित्यज्य सर्षप-
निभान् सूक्ष्मतमान् विषयान् अधिकृत्यैव सर्वे प्रश्नाः । प्रतिजाने, प्राज्ञमन्यैः
प्राश्निकैरपि इयं प्रश्नपत्रिका त्रिघण्टापारिमिते काले निश्शेषं समाधातुं न
शक्येत । हन्त ! एतेषां परीक्षकाणां निर्दयता ! स्वेषामेव भूतपूर्वं माणवकत्वं अत्यन्तं
विस्मरन्ति किम् ? परीक्षार्थं अहोरात्राणि पठनेनैव यापयतः मे महारवेण मद्भीतीनिष्ठाः
सर्वेऽपि स्वापहीनाः अभूवन्, किं पुनरहम्” इति चिन्तयन्नेव परीक्षाशालायाः निर्गतः
सोमसुन्दरः मन्दं मन्दं स्वगृहमागत्य चतुःशालायां आसन्त्यां उपाविशत् ।

परीक्षावसाने प्रत्यागतं तनयमवलोक्य हर्षपरवशा माता नीलाम्बिका “वत्स
सोम, अपि सर्वं समञ्जसं अलिखः ? परीक्षायां किमुत्तीर्णो भविष्यसि ? अप्यस्माकं
दारिद्र्यनिशा प्रभातमेष्यति ?” इति सादरं पप्रच्छ । “हूं, कः सन्देहः ? यद्यहं नोत्तरेयं,
न कोऽप्यन्यः उत्तीर्णो भवेत् । मासमेकं प्रतीक्षस्व, ‘सोमसुन्दरः प्रथमोत्तीर्णः’ इति
श्रोष्यसि, अचिरादेव मद्रनगरे कस्मिंश्चित् कार्यालये अन्यूनशतरूप्यकाणि आर्जयतः
पुत्रात् प्रतिमासं अर्थप्रेषणं लप्स्यसे । तस्य च नाणकानि सकौतुकं गणयन्तीं त्वां दृष्ट्वा
सुपुत्रवतीं च मत्वा सर्वाः स्त्रियः ईर्ष्याक्रान्ताः भविष्यन्ति । मातः अपि ज्ञातम् ?” इति
सोमसुन्दरः वाक्यजालं ववर्ष । “वत्स, सर्वं मातृभूतेशस्य कृपया भविष्यति ।
चिरायुषा भवितव्यं त्वया, एतदेव मया आशंसनीयम्” इत्युक्त्वा नीलाम्बिका पुत्रस्य
पुरतः तत्कालोचितं अल्पमाहारं पानविशेषं च न्यधात् ।

परीक्षालेखनश्रमेण, त्रिशिरःपुरपक्षपातिना अपराह्वातपेन च भृशं परिश्रान्तः
सोमसुन्दरः भक्ष्यपानयोः किञ्चिदेव आस्वाद्य समीपस्थां ‘हिन्दु’ पत्रिकां आदाय
प्रथमपुटे एव स्थूलाक्षरमुद्रितं एतत्प्रकटनं पपाठ—

— अपेक्ष्यते —

मद्रनगरे राजकीये धनाध्यक्षकार्यालये प्रथमवर्गे कश्चन लेखकः । प्रतिमासं रूप्यकशतं
वेतनं दीयेत । संवत्सरान्ते नियोगः शाश्वतीक्रियते । अपेक्षकेण च ब्राह्मणेनैव भवितव्यं,
प्रथमकक्षायां गणितशास्त्रे वि. ए. (हानर्स) विरुद्धधारिणा च भवितव्यम् । आपेक्षापत्रं
च जून् मासपञ्चमदिवसात् पूर्वं प्रेषणीयम्” ।

सोमस्य मनोरथः

दृष्टैतत् सोमसुन्दरः पुनःपुनः वाचयामास । ‘दिष्ट्या न ब्राह्मणोऽस्मि, गणित-
शास्त्रे हि मम प्रावीण्यं, अचिरेणैव हानर्स्-परीक्षायां प्राथमिकत्वेनोत्तीर्णो भवेयं,
मामेव विषयीकरोति इदं प्रकटनम्’ इति विविधचिन्ताक्षिप्तस्य सुन्दरस्य हृदये
भविष्यत्कालीनाः मनोरथाः शतशः चित्रपटे इव प्रादुरासन् । अतीतानि कानिचित्
निमेषाणि । पाकशालायाः माता आजुहाव—सुन्दर, सुन्दरेति । परं तु न किमपि
प्रतिवचनं अश्रयत् ।

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मद्रनगरे धनाध्यक्षकार्यालये बहिरङ्गणे संमिलिताः सन्ति शताधिकाः युवानः ।
यथाक्रमं आहूयमानास्ते प्रत्येकं अन्तर्गत्वा परीक्षकाणां वाचिकप्रश्नानां उत्तरं दत्वा
प्रत्यागच्छन्ति । तेषां मध्ये नवीनतमरीत्या कर्तितकेशः, मुखचूर्णैः अनुलेपविशेषैश्च
द्विगुणीकृतमुखकान्तिः, अभिनवस्यूतैः महार्हैः कञ्चुकविशेषैः आपादकण्ठं आच्छादित-
शरीरः, सुस्फुटेश्चणोऽपि अलङ्कारबुद्ध्या नेत्रकाचौ दधानः, कञ्चन युवा स्वेदाभावेऽपि
हस्तशाटिकया प्रतिक्षणं मुखं परामृशन् स्वस्य आह्वानावसरं प्रतीक्षमाणः तिष्ठति ।

परीक्षकाः—अनन्तरं सोमसुन्दरः प्रवेश्यताम् ।

सोमसुन्दरः—सुप्रभातमस्तु, महाशयाः ।

प्रथमः परीक्षकः—(आत्मगतं) विनयान्वितोऽयं दृश्यते ; (प्रकाशं) अपि त्वं सोम-
सुन्दरः, अत्र नियोगापेक्षी ?

सो.—बाढम्, पूज्यमिश्राः ।

द्वितीयः परी.—का ते जन्मनगरी ?

सो.—त्रिशिरःपुरी ।

परी.—अपि जानीषे, त्रिशिरःपुरी इति नाम कथं जातं इति ?

सो.—केचन वदन्ति, पुरा त्रिशिरसा राक्षसेन अधिष्ठितत्वात् सा तादृशं
व्यपदेशं अभजत, इति ।

सोमस्य मनोरथः

तृतीयः परी.—(आत्मगतं) स्थलचरित्राभिज्ञः स्मरणशीलश्च ; (प्रकाशं) अस्ति ते विश्वासः
तादृशेषु इतिहासेषु ?

सो.—हूं, न लेशोऽपि, अहं तावन्मन्ये, त्रिशिरश्शब्देन हिन्दवः, क्रैस्तवीयाः,
मुहम्मदीयाश्च इति त्रिविधा जातिभाजः निरूप्यन्ते । त्रिविधानां तेषां
निवासभूमिः त्रिशिरःपुरी इति ।

परी.—(आत्मगतं) अहो प्रतिभा ! अहो विमर्शनचातुरी ! अहो अपूर्वकल्पना-
वैदग्ध्यम् ! (प्रकाशं) भवतु, काश्मीरराज्यस्य कः स्थापकः, कः तं
अधुना शास्ति ?

सो.—पुरातनेन केनचिद्राज्ञा स्थापितं, अधुना तद्देशाधिपतिः तं प्रशास्ति ।

प्र. परी.—भारतवर्षे कतिसंज्ञाकाः जनाः अक्षरज्ञाः, कति निरक्षराः ?

सो.—पाठशालागामिनः सर्वे साक्षराः अन्ये सर्वे निरक्षरा एव, नूनम् ।

द्वि. परी.—क्रिकेट्-खेलने प्रसिद्धतमः अस्मदेशीयः कः ?

सो.—एतावता कालेन नासीत् मे अवसरः, क्रिकेट् क्रीडितुं वा, तत्संबद्धान्
विषयान् अधिगन्तुं वा । यदि पदवीं इमां लभेय, तर्हि तादृशेषु क्रीडा-
विषयेष्वपि कालं यापयिष्यामि ।

प्र. परी.—(आत्मगतं) अनधिगतेषु विषयेष्वपि प्रत्युत्तरे कीदृशी प्रौढिमा !

द्वि. परी.—(आत्मगतं) इदिति प्रतिवचने प्रत्युत्पन्ना अस्य मतिः ।

तृ. परी.—(आत्मगतं) ‘यदि स्थानमिदं लभेय’ इति अहो भावगर्भं वचनम् !

सर्वे—अचिरात् प्रियं श्रोष्यसि, सुन्दर, सुन्दर एवासि प्रज्ञया । गम्यतां
पुनर्दर्शनाय ।

* * * * *

कस्मिंश्चिद्दिने दश घण्टां वादयति घटिकायन्त्रे, पत्रवाही सेवकः सोमसुन्दरं
नाम्ना आहूय पत्रमेकं ददाति । स च लेखमुद्वाह्य सकुतूहलं शृण्वत्याः मातुः पुरः
पठति—“सोमसुन्दरः शतरूप्येण मासिकवेतनेन मद्रराजकीयधनाध्यक्षकार्यालये

सोमस्य मनोरथः

कायस्थपदव्यां नियुक्तः । चिट्टिकाप्राप्त्यनन्तरमेव मद्रपुरीं आगत्य नियोगस्थानं अङ्गी-
करणीयम् ।”

* * * * *

स्वर्गस्थं इवात्मानं मनुते सोमसुन्दरः । मद्रपुर्यां स्वकार्यालये कार्यासनमधितिष्ठन्
सः सर्वेषां अधिकारिणां प्रियतमो भवति । प्रथममासवेतनव्ययेन नूतनकञ्चुकादि-
नेपथ्यविधानं सर्वं संपादितम् । द्वितीयमासवेतनं मणिवन्धे धार्याय सौवर्णघटिका-
यन्त्राय भविष्यति । ततः परं कार्यालयगमनाय द्विचक्रयानमेकं अवश्यापेक्षितं भवेत् ।
एतेषु मासेषु दैनन्दिनव्ययार्थं किञ्चिद्व्ययं मात्रा प्रेष्येत । सर्वापेक्षाणां परिपूरणान् परं
सोमसुन्दरः मातुः प्रतिमासं द्रव्यप्रेषणस्य अवकाशं प्रति आलोचयिष्यति ।

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मथुरानगरे सर्वसुन्दरीणां अग्रे गणनीया सरोजिनी तन्नगरे उपनीतिपत्याः
दुहिता । बहुभिः धनिकैः युवभिः प्रार्थिता, सा तेषां मनोरथभङ्गाय अभूत् । अहो
सोमसुन्दरस्य भागधेयम् ! सरोजिनीसोमसुन्दरौ इदानीं दम्पतीभूतौ । परिणयावसरे
प्राप्तेन चतुःसहस्रसंख्येन वरशुल्केन त्यागराजनगरे स्वकीयं भवनं निर्मितम् । निषेक-
मुहूर्तावसरे जामातृजनसाधारणैः विविधैः तर्जनोपायैः लब्धेन द्विसहस्रपरिमितेन धनेन
'आस्टिन्' यन्त्रयानमेकं क्रीतम् । प्रतिक्षणं एधमानेन आह्लादेन शोभते सोमसुन्दरः ।

* * * * *

अतीताः संवत्सराः । महति 'रोल्स्रायूस्' यन्त्ररथे सरोजिनी द्वितीयः सोम-
सुन्दरः—इदानीं 'मिस्टर् सोमा' इत्येव प्रथितः—मद्रनगरीसमुद्रतीरे समुद्रवातं
आसेवमानः वायुवेगेन गच्छति । प्राकृतजनाः सर्वे 'असौ सोमः, असौ सोमः' इति
अङ्कुल्या निर्दिश्य तृतीयासोमदर्शनेन इव तुष्यन्ति । तुल्यवेगेन बहूनि यन्त्ररथानि
इतस्ततः विद्युन्निभानि अभिद्रवन्ति । अखाण्डमेव अन्धकारिताः दश दिशः ।
उपर्युपरि मेघराशयः आकाशं आच्छादयन्ति । प्रवातवेगेन ताड्यमानाः समुद्रतरङ्गाः
साटोपं आकाशं प्रत्युत्पतन्ति । अविश्रान्तं अतिक्रूरं च आक्रोशतां सागरवीचीनां भयावह-
निनादः, शीघ्रप्रतिनिवर्तनाय द्विगुणीकृतस्थानां यानानां ब्रूकारशब्दः, तीरनिषण्णानां
स्वगृहान् प्रतिधावतां प्राकृतजनानां कोलाहलः, कशाघातेनेव झंझामारुतेन अभिहतायाः

सोमस्य मनोरथः

वर्षधारायाः उत्क्रोशः, इत्येतानि चान्यानि च शब्दजातानि सर्वभूतानि बधिरीकुर्वन्ति ।
तस्मिन् समुद्रतीरे सोमस्य यानस्य पुरतः अन्यत् यानं आगच्छति । उभयोरपि वेगः
अनियन्त्रणीयः भवति । महान्तं प्रयत्नं कुर्वन्नपि सोमः रथस्य मार्गं किञ्चिन्निवर्तयितुं
अपि नाशक्नोत् । हा! हन्त ! यानयोः संघट्टनरवः, बहुधा भिद्यमानयोः तयोः
चटचटध्वनिः, अतिकरुणं आक्रोशन्त्याः सरोजिन्याः आक्रन्दनं, स्वप्राणानपि अविगणय्य
तां समाश्वासयतः सोमसुन्दरस्य उच्चैर्वचनानि, इत्येतान् सर्वान् शब्दान् कबलीकृत्य
विजृम्भते गम्भीरघनगर्जितम् ।

* * * * *

रथसंघट्टनजनितेन भयेन वेपमानसर्वावयवः खिद्यमानगात्रः सोमसुन्दरः, 'हा
हता सरोजिनी ! हा हतोऽस्मि ! हा अम्ब ! हा अम्ब !' इति चुक्रोश ।

* * * * *

पाकशालायां कार्यव्यग्रा माता विरावं श्रुत्वा धावन्ती आगत्य आसन्धां
निमीलितनयनं किंतु वेपमानं सोमं ददर्श । तस्य पुरतः भुक्तशिष्टे अन्नपाने तथैव
अवर्तेताम् ।

माता 'किमिदं वत्स ! किमर्थोऽयं महान् आर्तध्वनिः ? का सा सरोजिनी
नाम ? अपि स्वस्थोऽसि ?' इति पप्रच्छ । सोमसुन्दरोऽपि 'मातः, भग्नो मे यन्त्ररथः,
भग्नो मे मनोरथश्च' इत्युक्त्वा अक्षिणी संयक् मार्जयित्वा आत्मानं सुप्तं, उत्स्वप्रायितं च
अजानात् ॥

Gadamizing

by P. K. Devanathan, II U. C.

WHAT a word! Any professor or teacher will call you a dunce if he happens to come across this word in your composition book or answer-paper. I do not know the discoverer of this word. But it is now used by many students when criticising a bookworm.

This word cannot be found in any dictionary. I would almost say that it is not a word at all. Though *gadamizing* is a symbol used in speech and classifiable among the parts of speech, it cannot be taken as a word, since it is used only by a few. Moreover, words similar to this are damaging the precious language. Remember the wise advice of Mr. Herbert: Worry about words, Bobby; badger the piratical and ruffianly words and phrases. We should try to stop it from usage.

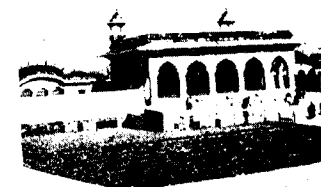
The piratical word *gadamizing* denotes 'getting by heart'. We can't derive its origin from any other language than Tamil—I think—from the word *சுட* denoting a musical instrument. But I do not understand the relation between that instrument and this art.

Some students read a whole book from the top of the first page to the bottom of the last page a number of times, say ten times, and get by heart the whole book. Then they learn by heart the answers to 'probable questions'. This is done so conscientiously that the other members of the family or room-mates in the hostel hear these answers repeated even in sleep. I have heard them myself and I know what I am saying. If any such students get ploughed in the examination, it is certainly not the fault of their *memory*.

You have only to repeat the first two or three words of any sentence in any part of the book, and forthwith your gadamizer will open fire without any hesitation and go on till you beg him with many tears of gratitude to leave off. But there are also secret gadamizers who pretend never to touch a text-book.

When a student reads a class book, some fools flock round him and call him a *gadam*. This discourages the poor fellow and sometimes makes him join that very company of fools. Gadamizing is indeed a great art. There are, of course, students who grasp ideas and get high ranks because of their intellectual capacity. I do not compel such to cultivate this art. It is the plodding middle class who should cultivate this noble art if they want to pass.

May the art grow, but not the word!



1. Bangalore, Institute of Science
(A. Panchanathan, III U. C.)
2. Solar Observatory, Kodaikanal
(S. Sethurathnam, II U. C.)
3. The Red Fort, Agra
(L. M. Parthasarathy, IV U. C.)
4. Lake Road, Calcutta
(S. Abdul Rahim, I U. C.)
5. The New Hostel from a running train
(Benjamin N. Devadass, I U. C.)

6. A freak—head of pig, ears of dog, body of turtle, feet of bat (A. J. Lourdes, I U. C.)



DARJEE

LING

Photos

by

N. Sivagnanam, I U. C.



1. The D. H. R. Loop.
2. The source of the Teesta.

3. An old Lama couple.
4. A Nepalese Buddhist temple.
5. Darjeeling from the air.
(Everest and Kinchenjunga)



A Visit to Darjeeling

by N. Sivagnanam, I U. C.

DARJEELING, situated in the Himalayas at an altitude of 6,800 feet, can be reached in less than 14 hours from Calcutta. From Siliguri, the station at the bottom of the mountain, we have to go to Darjeeling by the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway. The train moves very slowly. It takes nearly five hours to reach Darjeeling from Siliguri, a distance of barely 50 miles.

The train runs for 6 miles on the plain and reaches Sukna. From there the continuous but gentle ascent commences. The mountain is covered with dense forest. Stories are told of wild elephants obstructing the railway, which runs parallel with the road, and forcing trains to return to lower or higher levels. Passing through the lower forest the road follows ravines in a thousand winding curves, one following another in quick succession. Road and railway cross and recross; there are well over a hundred level-crossings within fifty miles. None of the crossings, however, presents the slightest danger to a driver exercising just ordinary caution, except at two points where the railway is hidden and a little extra care is needed. Trains may be heard puffing laboriously long before they actually make their appearance.

On the way to Darjeeling the highest point attained by the railway is Ghoom, 7,407 feet above sea-level. Ghoom is a trade route into Nepal. The famous Ghoom rock lies beside the road to Nepal from Ghoom.

Kinchenjunga is forty-five miles from Darjeeling, and the nearest snow-covered peak of Nursing is only twelve miles from Darjeeling. Magnificent views of the snow can be obtained from the Observatory Hill, Darjeeling. No tourist should fail to see the sunrise on Mount Everest from Tiger Hill (8,515 ft.): a visit to Darjeeling is considered incomplete without this. Everest stands eighty-four miles north-west, erect between two nearer rocks. Northward the vast Kinchenjunga range thrusts high into the heavens, while to the east stand the lower but almost equally impressive ranges of Sikkim and Bhutan. Darjeeling is an especially pretty sight at night when thousands of lights turn the scene into a fairyland.

In Darjeeling the porters are Tibetan women. With the help of a strong rope they are able to carry very heavy loads on their backs for four annas. As there is no conveyance, all the goods have to be carried by

A VISIT TO DARJEELING

porters. Even women of seventy are able to carry goods from the station. Every Tuesday the market place in Darjeeling is crowded on account of the fair. Tibetans, Nepalese, and others flock to the fair. There is no other conveyance than the pony on which they load their things and ride to the fair.

The hill folk are a cheery people. The most interesting are the Bhutias, Tibetans, and Sarnas. Their chief occupation is portage. They are sturdy and jolly and are ready to laugh at the least provocation. The women have an inordinate passion for jewellery; they load themselves with massive gold and silver ornaments. Many Tibetans may be seen all the year round in Darjeeling. One of their modes of greeting is to thrust out their tongues. Visitors usually make a point of visiting the Lamasery at Ghoom where terrific devil dances are performed.

Motoring is prohibited on the majority of roads in Darjeeling itself. Many of the roads outside the town are narrow and able to carry only light cars. But the main road leading to the town is of ample width. It runs through the market to Lebong, five miles beyond, passing St. Joseph's College. Birch Hill, reached by a very steep path from this road, is a favourite picnic spot. From its summit a fine view of Darjeeling on the one side and of the snows on the other may be seen. Race meetings are held at Lebong at appropriate intervals during the year. There is a Natural History Museum, a Botanical Garden, and a Victoria Garden. All the roads of Darjeeling are kept clean and the town is beautiful.

Sowrashtra, a square in Darjeeling, is rather like Trafalgar Square in London. People of the town assemble there of evenings. All the boys and girls of the town come there for joy-rides on ponies hired at the rate of eight annas per hour. Old people go round the hill by rickshaw. There are several shops in Sowrashtra. There are several tea gardens on the way to Lebong. Darjeeling tea is famous. It is very delicious to drink.

From Darjeeling there is a Rope Railway by which goods are transported to Nepal and received from Nepal.

கவி இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர்

by V. R. Srinivasan, I U. C.

இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர் என்னும் பெரியார் கி. பி. 1861-ம் வருஷம், மே மாதம் 6-ம் தேதி கல்கத்தாவில் உள்ள தாகூர் குடும்பத்திற் பிறந்தார். தாகூர் குடும்பம் செல்வத்திற் சிறந்தது. அக்குடும்பத்தார் அனைவரும் பல விதமான கல்வித் துறைகளிற் சிறந்து விளங்கினர். பெண்களிற் சிலரும் பெரும் புலமை பெற்றிருந்தனர். அவர்கள் கவி பாடும் திறமையிலும் சிறந்து விளங்கினார்கள். சிலர் இசை பாடுவதில் வல்லவராய் இருந்தனர். நாள் முழு வதும் தாகூர் குடும்பத்தில் இசைப் பயிற்சி நடைபெறும். இசை ஞானம் மிகுந்த சங்கீத வித்வான்கள் தாகூர் வீட்டிற்கு அடிக்கடி வந்து, தமது இசை கலம் தோன்றப் பாடிப் பற்பல பரிசுகள் பெற்றுச் செல்வது வழக்கம். இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர் பெருங் கவிஞர் ஆனமைக்குக் காரணம் இசைப் பழக்கமே என்று கூறலாம்.

இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூரின் தந்தையார் பெயர் மகரிஷி தேவேந்திரநாத தாகூர் என்பது. அவர் கல்வி, அறிவு, ஒழுக்கம், தெய்வ பக்தி முதலிய சிறந்த குணங்கள் வாய்ந்தவர். அவர் சிற்சில சமயங்களில் கல்கத்தாவை விட்டு இமயமலை முதலிய வேறிடங்களுக்குச் சென்று வருவது வழக்கம். அப் பொழுது அவர் புதல்வராகிய இரவீந்திரநாத தாகூரும் அவருடன் செல்லுவார். அதனால், இயற்கைப் பொருள்களைக் கண்டு களிக்கும் தன்மை அவருக்கு உண்டாயிற்று. இனிய சோலைகளும், மாஞ்செடி கொடிகள் அடர்ந்த வனங் களும், பனிக்கட்டிகள் நிரம்பிய இமயமலையும், என்றும் நீர் வற்றாமல் ஓடிக் கொண்டே இருக்கும் புண்ணிய நதிகளும் அவருக்கு அளவில்லாத இன்பத்தை உண்டாக்கின. இயற்கைப் பொருட் காட்சியினால் ஏற்பட்ட பேரறிவே அவரை இயற்கை கவிஞர் ஆக்கிற்று என்று கூறலாம்.

இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர் பள்ளிக்கூடங்களிலே சேர்ந்து கல்வி கற்பதை இளமையிலிருந்தே விரும்பவில்லை. அவரது இளமைப் பருவத்திலே அவருக்குச் சிறு சிறு கவிதைப் படிப்பதிலும், பாடுவதிலும், தாமே சிற்சில சமயங் களில் வேடிக்கையான கவிகள் இயற்றுவதிலும் மனம் குடிகொண்டிருந்தது. ஆனால், அவர் இளமைப் பருவத்திற் பாடிய கவிகள் அவருடைய அறிவை விளக்கத்தகுந்தவை அல்ல.

இரவீந்திரநாத தாகூர் தமது இருபத்திரண்டாவது வயதிற்குமேல் பாடிய கவிகள் படிப்பவர்க்கு இன்பம் விளைக்கத்தகுந்தவை. அவர் சில நாடகக் கவி களும் செய்தனர். பெண் மக்களின் அழகும், அன்பும், இயற்கையும், தேச

கவி இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர்

பக்தியும், அவர் கவிகளுக்கு விஷயங்களாக அமைந்தன. மழைக் காலத்தில் காணப்படும் கரிய மேகங்களும், அக்காலத்தில் தோன்றும் பறவைகளும் அவற்றின் இனிய குரலும் கவிஞருக்கு இன்பம் விளைவித்தன. நம் கவிஞர் சாதனா என்னும் சஞ்சிகைக்குப் பத்திராசிரியராயிருந்தார். அவர் அந்த சஞ்சிகையில் பல அரிய வியாசங்கள் எழுதி இருக்கின்றார். அந்த வியாசங்கள் அவருடைய அறிவின் திறத்தையும் புத்தியின் நுட்பத்தையும் அறிவிக்கின்றன.

இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர் சிறந்த கவிஞராய் விளங்குவதோடு, சிறு கதைகள் எழுதுவதிலும், நவீனக் கதைகள் இயற்றுவதிலும் மிகவும் வல்லவர். அவர் இயற்றிய கவிதைப்போலவே அச்சிறு கதைகளும் அவருக்குப் பெரும் புகழைத் தருவனவாகும். அவர் எழுதிய கட்டுக்கதைகள் படிப்பவர்களுக்குப் பல அருமையான கருத்துக்களை கற்பித்துப் பெருமகிழ்ச்சியை உண்டாக்கும்.

நம் கவிஞர் கேட்போர்க்கு இன்பம் உண்டாகும்படி பேசும் பேச்சு வன்மையும் உடையவர். அவர், நமது தாய் நாடாகிய இந்தியாவின் முன்னேற்றத்தைப்பற்றிப் பல வியாசங்கள் எழுதி வெளியிட்டதோடு, சிற்சில இடங்களில் பேசியும் இருக்கின்றார்.

இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர் இயற்றிய நூல்களில் கீதாஞ்சலி என்னும் நூலின் ஆங்கில மொழிபெயர்ப்பே அவருக்கு இருக்கும் கவிப் புலமையை உலகத்தார் அறிந்து அவரைப் போற்றுவதற்குக் கருவியாயிற்று. அந்த சிறந்த நூல் 1913-ம் வருஷம் அவருக்கு உலக கவிஞர் என்னும் பெரும் பெயரையும், நோபெல் பரிசு என்னும் ஒரு பெரும் பரிசையும் சம்பாதித்துக் கொடுத்தது.

நம் கவிஞர் உலகம் முழுவதும் யாத்திரை செய்திருக்கின்றனர். அவர் பெயரும் புகழும் பரவாத இடம் உலகத்தில் இல்லை என்றே சொல்லலாம். அவர் உலக யாத்திரை செய்தபோது பல நாடுகளின் கல்வி முறைகளை ஆராய்ந்து, சிறந்த முறையில் கல்வி கற்பிப்பதற்காக, போல்பூர் என்னும் இடத்தில் சாந்திகேதனம் என்னும் கல்லூரி ஒன்றை ஏற்படுத்தி நடத்திவந்தார். இப்பொழுது அக்கல்லூரி விஸ்வபாரதி என்னும் பெயருடன் ஒரு சிறந்த சர்வகலாசாலையாக விளங்குகிறது. கவிஞர் மேற்பார்வையில் கல்வி பயிலும் மாணவர் எல்லோரும் உயர்ந்த குணங்களைப் பெற்று சிறந்து விளங்குகின்றனர்.

கவிஞரின் சிறப்பையறிந்த அரசாங்கத்தார் அவருக்கு ஸர் பட்டத்தை வழங்கினர். ஆயினும், அவர் 1919-ம் ஆண்டில் பஞ்சாபில் ஏற்பட்ட

கவி இரவீந்தரநாத தாகூர்

குழப்பம் காரணமாக அப்பட்டத்தை நீக்கிவிட்டார். அவர் 1920-ம் வருஷம் ஐந்தாம் முறையாக இங்கிலாந்திற்குச் சென்று, அங்கிருந்து பிரான்ஸ், அமெரிக்கா, டென்மார்க்கு, ஸ்வீடன், ஜெர்மனி முதலிய நாடுகளுக்குச் சென்று, பல பிரசங்கங்கள் செய்தனர். அவர் செய்த பிரசங்கங்களைக் கேட்க ஆயிரக்கணக்கான அறிஞர்கள் அவ்வவ்விடங்களில் கூடினார்கள். நம் கவிஞர், அவர்களுடைய நன்மதிப்பைப் பெற்றுக்கொண்டு, தம் தாய் நாடாகிய இந்தியாவுக்குத் திரும்பினர்.

1931-ம் வருஷம், மே மாதம் 7-ம் தேதி, காலை ஆறு மணிக்கு நம் கவிஞர் பெருமானுடைய எழுபதாம் ஆண்டு பிறந்த நாள் கொண்டாட்டம் சாந்திகேதனில் பலவித சிறப்புக்களுடன் கொண்டாடப்பட்டது. அச்சமயம் சீன தேசத்துப் புலவர் ஒருவர் தம் பாஷையில் ஒரு கவி பாடி, நம் கவிஞரை வாழ்த்தினார். நம் கவிஞர் தம் தாய் மொழியாகிய வங்க பாஷையில் மிகுந்த பற்றுள்ளவர். அவர் தாம் இயற்றும் கவிதையும் மற்ற நூல்களையும் தம் தாய் மொழியிலேயே இயற்றுவது வழக்கம்; பின்னர் அவற்றை ஆங்கில பாஷையில் மொழிபெயர்ப்பார். அப்பேர்ப்பட்ட மகான் ஒரு முறை நோய்வாய்ப்பட்டு பிறகு குணமடைந்தார். மறுமுறை நோயினால் பிடிக்கப்பட்டு, பல சிறந்த வைத்தியர்களால் சிகிச்சை செய்யப்பட்டும், விதிக்கு இலக்கானார். அவர் 1941-ம் ஆண்டு ஜூலை மாதம் 7-ம் தேதி காலை பிற்பகலில் காலமானார். இவருடைய இறத்தலால் இந்தியாவுக்குத் தற்சமயம் பெருத்த நஷ்டம். இந்த பெரு நஷ்டத்தை ஈடேற்றுவது இனி சுலபமான காரியமல்ல.

Rabindranath Tagore

by V. Arunachalam, II U. C.

WE were all shocked to hear that Rabindranath Tagore passed away on August 7 at 12-13 p.m. He did not die in the prime of his youth, but at the ripe old age of eighty. This is some consolation to us. It is said he was active till four or five days before his death, when he lost consciousness and could not recognize the people around him. Is it not a matter for pride that Tagore, an Indian first and last, was active till his last moment?

Dr. Tagore was a many-sided genius. The philosopher, the poet, the social reformer, the patriot, the playwright, the musician, the educationist, and the painter were all combined in him. Yet because he was something of each he was not one who dabbled in everything but knew nothing. On the contrary, he was a perfect specimen of each.

Tagore wrote his poems and plays in Bengali, his own mother-tongue. But afterwards he himself translated some of them into English and wrote others originally in English. He had the good fortune to mix closely with men like William Butler Yeats and Edward Thompson, author of *An Indian Day*, who translated some of his works into English.

Born in Calcutta in 1861, Tagore was brought up in an atmosphere of simplicity. In his *Reminiscences* he speaks of his early days as follows:

"Luxury was a thing almost unknown in the days of my infancy. The standard of living was then, as a whole, much more simple than it is now."

"Our food had nothing to do with delicacies. A list of our articles of clothing would only invite the modern boy's scorn.... It never entered our heads to consider ourselves ill-off for that reason."

Tagore was first sent to the Oriental Seminary and then to the Normal School. In these schools, it seems, he acquired more "the manner than the matter" of his teachers. When he was not more than eight he wrote a poem in Bengali on 'The Lotus'. In his early days he had been given tuition in the various subjects taught at school as well as in boxing and singing. As his tuition in English came off in the evening, he did not fully like it: "I am certain," he says, "that even an angel would have seemed a veritable messenger of Yama to any Bengali boy if

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he came to him at the end of his miserable day at school and lighted a dimly lamp to teach him English." In addition to all these, the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyaṇa*, were also read out to him by a Pundit.

After leaving the Normal School Tagore joined the Bengal Academy, a Eurasian institution, and then St. Xavier's High School, Calcutta. The memory of his teachers at St. Xavier's as depicted in *Reminiscences* is charming:

"One precious memory of St. Xavier's I still hold fresh and pure—the memory of its teachers.... I possess a memory which elevates my impression of the teachers there to an ideal plane."

One of them whom he specially mentions was Father de Peneranda:

"His features were not handsome, but his countenance had for me a strange attraction. Whenever I looked on him his spirit seemed to be in prayer, a deep peace to pervade him within and without.... I cannot speak for the other boys, but I felt in him the presence of a great soul, and even to-day the recollection of it seems to give me a passport into the silent seclusion of the temple of God."

From his childhood Tagore was given to admiring the beauties of nature. He was therefore happy to have a chance of visiting the Himalayas with his father. This also instilled in him a deep love and admiration for nature and her manifold beauties.

In 1885, when he was twenty-four, he began to manage his father Debendranath's estates. He also became the secretary of the Adi Brahmo Samaj, and it is said that his grandfather's views on Hinduism are reflected in the views of Pareshe Babu, a character in *Gora*. The poet had to meet with considerable opposition to the social reform which he undertook, from those who differed in their views from him, but he ably carried on his work because of 'such calm strength, such sound sense, and such keen discernment' which he possessed. His policy was: 'Let us quietly suffer whatever may befall, for there is no disgrace in suffering.'

Tagore's immense patriotism is revealed in the following words from *Reminiscences*: "From an outside point of view, many a foreign custom would appear to have gained entry into our family, but at its heart flames a national pride which has never flickered."

He founded a school in 1901 and gradually it became an international institute called the Visvabharati. He also ran Santiniketan in which

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children were taught under the cool shade of trees and face to face with nature. Such a method of educating children is favoured by all eminent educationists of the west as well as the east.

The publication of *Gitanjali* in 1913 brought him international fame and he created wide interest in 1930 in art circles by the exhibition of his paintings for the first time in Europe. He was hailed by one and all as 'the Poet of the Indian Renaissance'.

Dr. Tagore's other works—like 'The Wreck', 'The Gardener', 'Mashai and Other Stories', 'The Cycle of Spring', 'The Crescent Moon', and 'Sadhana', are well known to students.

The Poet was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1919; how proud should every Indian feel to know that he was the first Indian to receive that honour! It is easy to become a poet in one's own mother-tongue. But to master a foreign tongue and write in it with an excellent style and above all to be awarded the Nobel Prize for that, is not this a real matter for pride?

Dr. Tagore was knighted in 1915. As he did not see eye to eye with the Government in the Jallianwallabagh tragedy, he returned his title of 'Sir' to the Government. But the latter did not accept it. Nor did he use it.

For the first time in its history, the Oxford University held a convocation outside its own limits when on the seventh of August, 1940, just a year before his death, to a day, it conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature on the Poet.

One of the greatest of our countrymen has been taken from us. Let us pray to God that his soul may rest in peace.

Learn from the Bees

by K. Natarajan, III Hons.

I suppose every one knows something about honey-bees or, to be more precise, the artificial bee-hive. At least all, by this time, ought to know that it is a colony of insects from which honey is robbed by human covetousness.

The Madras Agricultural Department has, indeed, done a great service to farmers by teaching them how they can tame bees and compel them to live in artificial hives which are more comfortable than rude holes in tree-trunks or in old dilapidated buildings, and how they can make the bees busy themselves in the incessant act of storing honey while the farmers can quietly steal it.

It seems to me that the bees have somehow learnt the valuable lesson of perseverance; or perhaps a stray bee entering a class-room may have heard the poem of "King Bruce and the Spider" read aloud and this intelligence may have been spread among the whole population of bees, so that they are still pursuing the act of filling their hexagonal coffers with honey, only to find one fine day that all their treasured wealth has been plundered by a sinister hand. Yet they seem to be so busy storing honey that it looks as if they connive at this disgraceful act.

Man! Shame upon you! Is this the result of your so-called civilization? They, poor bees, rely solely upon Nature and her gifts for their existence; but you defy all these and live solely by brute force and cunning tricks and thus seek your comfort.

I happened to be a student of the Madras Agricultural College at Coimbatore a few months ago, where they taught us something about bees, how to keep them, tame them, make them so foolish that they do not realize that man, whom they take for their benefactor, is really robbing them of the fruits of their daily labour.

There are three kinds of members in a bee colony. Of the first kind, 'according to strict law and discipline' there ought to be only one member in each colony—that is the noble *Queen*-bee. Of the second sort there are quite a bunch. These are the *Kings*, otherwise known as drones. These do absolutely no work at all (how can Kings stoop to work?) They eat heartily and remain indoors. The last class are the workers who form the majority of the population of the colony and do the difficult task of storing honey.

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Poor bees! why are you making such a hell of a noise? Can't you see that rogue of a man cautiously approaching towards you? In an hour's time you will all be made captives; made slaves to work for nothing. There! See him lighting the smoker; the devil is introducing smoke into the humble home of wax. Man! Why are you so jealous? Can't you bear to see them live an independent life? Why should you suffocate them with your confounded smoke? That clearly shows your weakness: you are afraid to receive a dreadful sting from a single bee; still you boast of your strength and intelligence; you cunning rogue!

See that pitiable sight. The bees which had gone far and wide to seek honey in the fields have now come to find their home raided by a monster, poisonous and suffocating fumes being introduced into it. O Men! You say that poison gas should not be used by international agreement; yet you go about with gas-masks which remind one of a certain snouty animal! But where can humble bees go for gas-masks? Very soon they will surrender their fortress. One nation makes pacts, treaties, and alliances with another nation and promises help against aggressors; yet is there no one in this world to defend this miniature "nation" and free it from the clutches of that aggressor, man?

At last a cluster of bees from outside gather together and try to enter in, while the sinister human hand is slowly and cautiously creeping in to remove the spoils of war, the ivory-like combs. Bravo, my noble soldiers, defend your city! A dozen of them settle on the man's hand, which still proceeds towards the hole. God has provided the bees with a single instrument of defence, and that is a dreadful one—the sting. With perfect discipline these gallant soldiers apply their weapon simultaneously to the human hand; the man feeling intolerable pain withdraws his hand and begins to remove the stings carefully. Rascal, that serves you right, you deserve it. But what has become of our gallant soldiers? Alas! to pierce their weapon through the skin they were able; but draw it back they cannot; it is like a harpoon which will go one way but not return. Why? Can they not part with their stings and fly away? That also they are incapable of doing, because the sting is so closely united with the vital organs of the abdomen that when they part with their stings they part with their very lives.

At last the tyrant man succeeds in taking off the combs and tying them up in his own hive—a prison. The poor bees, unable to bear the suffocation inside, come out of their ruined home in long files. Ah! The invader has spotted the Queen. See how he captures her in his glass tube.

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How beautiful the Queen looks with her distinctive grey colour and her long abdomen girdled with black stripes! Poor thing! Your beauty and your size—what use are they to you? But for your superiority to other ordinary workers you might have easily mingled with them and escaped to build a new home.

The Queen has been captured, the crown has fallen; what is the duty of the subjects? See those worker bees and follow them, ye men of generous spirit. See how they gather round her to protect her. The Queen is set free *inside* the prison, never more to see the outside world. She cannot with her big body go out through the tiny aperture of the hive. The worker bees go in and come out of the hive, apparently thinking that they are still free, and work incessantly in the act of storing honey for the unquenchable greed of man.

You speak of freedom and democracy as your birthright; you claim that you are a rational animal and superior to other living beings in that you have a free will and above all an intellect. You speak of dangers to democracy and you change the constitution of your State. You talk of world peace and at the same time build another frightful machine for your own destruction. That is the result of your intelligence! That is why democracy and world peace are at stake now. You dispute of a post-war "New Order" while the actual fighting is going on unabated.

What does the bee colony gain in spite of the apparent freedom it enjoys? Some men follow it and set up a new order of government in their State. The ideal which is most opposed to democracy and is causing the greatest political conflict to-day is the ideal of a bee-hive. In the bee-hive you have in miniature a society of an exactly opposite type. Every bee has a place and work in that society allotted to and defined for him. There are the breeders, the workers, the nurse bees, and the fighters. No bee has any freedom of choice, any initiative; he exists simply as a member of the hive. He lives and works solely for the community or the hive.

Think first of the industrial and capitalist system. By this I do not mean anything found in an economics textbook, but the system of working and earning one's living in which most of us spend our lifetime. An agricultural labourer works throughout the day for a few annas. A factory worker does the same kind of work allotted to him for months together, to earn a few rupees a week. A journalist, perhaps, sits in his office correcting proofs and writing paragraphs day and night for the few

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hundreds he may get in a year. In most ways it is more like the organization of a bee-hive than of the society which the democrats hope to create. The professions we have mentioned very much resemble the bees in their activities. In fact modern industry and finance are so complicated that business and factories and farms and the whole system have to be run like machines. A human being is no longer an individual but a part of the machinery.

Take again the agricultural labourer and the factory worker. Good men though they may be, how can they have the knowledge, means, and leisure necessary to play the part of free, independent, equal, and intelligent members of the democratic State? Democracy has done something in the last thirty years to modify economic conditions by education, by social services, by taxation, and reform of franchise. But democracy has not yet succeeded in its struggle against these economic forces which are tending to make human society resemble that of a bee-hive. The socialist proposes to alter the economic system by transferring the control of the industrial system from the hands of a few capitalists to those of the whole community. In so far as he sincerely intends to ensure greater equality and better distribution of wealth among individuals, he deserves credit.

But the socialists have often, consciously or unconsciously, accepted the bee-hive as the ideal and model of what human society should be like. It is a mistake to convert the whole State into a sort of machinery in order to get rid of the unfairness of the present system of democracy. It is just like abolishing pockets to get rid of pick-pockets. The communist asks us to admire the stupendous success of the Five or Ten-Year Plan! But their chief defect is that they regard every individual as a servant of the community. His own opinion, independence, and liberty are of no importance: what is important is their State; and for its sake they have to be slaves.

Communism is of course an extreme example of the tendency in the modern world to abandon the idea of democracy and to develop the machine-like tendency of the bee-hive. On the contrary, it should try to reconcile the claims of the individual with the claims of the community. Unless an attempt is made to combine the idea of the democrat with that of the socialist and so reconcile the claim of the individual with those of the community, we shall always find the world in perpetual disharmony, people "flying" helter-skelter in the sky like bees and committing themselves to the tender mercies of a Dictator!

Night Photography

by Benjamin N. Devadass, I U. C.

AMONG the latest improvements in photography is that it has cleared away the lack-of-light problem to such an extent that photos can now be taken even at night. Of the many devices used for night photography the most common and the cheapest are flash powders and flash-bulbs.

The flash powder is a composition of fine magnesium powder and a few other components. This powder is placed in the "flash-powder-igniter". At the end of the handle of this igniter is a knob which when pressed gives 'a highly actinic flash', with a minimum of smoke. This is quick in combustion and certain in firing. In the light so produced snaps can be taken.

But this is an old-fashioned and inconvenient device, as the powder may be blown away by the wind, or damped by rain. Hence the flash-bulb is better.

The simplest form of flash-bulb consists of a sealed glass bulb containing oxygen and a quantity of metal foil. The flash-bulb can be fitted to any ordinary torch light (in the place of the small bulb). When the switch is on, 'an intense flood of soft light' is produced, creating no smoke, dirt, or risk of fire. The flash lasts no longer than $\frac{1}{5}$ second.

The flash-bulb can be synchronized with the 'shutter release' of the camera. This is done by a simple electrical connexion between the shutter and the lamp, so that we get the light just when we require it.

Without the synchronizer, we can take snaps by opening the shutter and igniting the bulb. Of course, the exposure is regulated—by opening or closing the diaphragm or by going away from or getting near the subject—according to the duration of the flash. The following exposure table is suitable for the *Kodak flash-bulb* (Sashalite):

ONE SASHALITE IN REFLECTOR						
Distance from	{	7½'	15½'	21½'	29½'	42½'
Flash to		to	to	to	to	to
Subject		15'	21'	29'	42'	60'
Stop Aperture	...	f. 16	f. 11	f. 8	f. 5.6	f. 4
		f. 2.8				

NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

"Between 7½ and 12', f. 22 stop may be used, if stronger definition is required."

Thus any difficulty as regards light is overcome. Modern photography has also advanced in other directions so that coloured photos which were thought to be impracticable are made possible. May photography make further and further advances and create a keen interest for photography among all enlightened men!

പ്രേമം.

(ഗാഥ)

by C. K. Kochukoshy, III U C.

താഴെനിന്നാരാൽ രടിനിരട്ടത്തിലായ്
താണുപരത്തിൽ രാത്സമൃദോ
മമ്മരംപോൽ നമ്മുസല്ലാപം കേട്ടുഞാൻ
കമ്മകശലനായ് കൺമിഴിച്ചു.
പാതിരാ ക്രമനം കോഴിയും കൂറുന്ന
നാദം ശ്രവിച്ച ഭൂമിച്ചുപോയ് ഞാൻ
'വിജ്ഞാപരമന്യ! മിന്നാവിഹീനൻ നീ
അജ്ഞതാമൃത്തിനീ ജന്തുതുല്യൻ.

നിമ്നഗതിക്കേ ശായികളേവരും
നമുരായ് സ്വാഗതം ചെയ്യവരേ.
അങ്ങിങ്ങു രാജ്യപര കളവരോടായ്
'ജ്ഞാപായിങ്ങുവ'യെന്നു കട്ടി
താഴെപ്പുഴയിലേ വീമികൾ രോമരേ
കൊഞ്ചിക്കുമുത്തങ്ങനുകരിച്ചു.
വരസന്തരവിവെ ചന്ദ്രനാഭരടെ
റാസസ്സിൽ വെള്ളികുസവു പൂശി.

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സാമ്പം സമയത്തു സേപചരസമാരിക
സാനന്ദം പോയോനേ! നോമെന്തായ്?
മോരരാവീവിധമെന്നേയുലുകത്തിൻ
നാദത്തിൽ ചെമ്മേ ശകാരിക്കുമ്പോൾ
കണ്ടു ഞാൻ യൗവനയുക്കയൊരുത്തിയേ
സുന്ദരനേകയുവാവുമായി.
ചോരന്മാരല്ലിവർ, ചാരന്മാരല്ലിവർ,
ചോരത്തിളപ്പുള്ള നാരിനരർ.

സ്നേഹപ്രകടനമാരു വിരോധിക്കും?
സ്നേഹം മരേശപര രൂപമല്ലേ?
കണ്ണെന്താദൂരത്തു പവനപ്രാണത്തിൽ
വെള്ളമണൽത്തട്ടി തന്നിച്ചുടേ
നിർമ്മമങ്ങിനെ നിങ്ങനും മുമ്പോട്ടു
സ്വപ്നവാസികളാമിരുവർ
അരുതാൻ മുമ്പോട്ടിവരേ നടത്തുന്നു?
ചാരത, ദേവിയാൾ പ്രേമമത്രേ.

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സല്ലാപവാക്കുകളോതുന്നിരുവരും
കില്ലെന്യേ മന്ദം ഹസിച്ചിടുന്നു.
അലംവികസിതപുഷ്പങ്ങൾകൊണ്ടവർ
വർധിതതോഷാലമ്മാനമാടി
പൊട്ടക്കവിതകൾ ചൊല്ലിയിരുവരും
തിട്ടകളന്യോന്യം പൂരിപ്പിച്ചു.
ഓട്ടത്തിൽ ചുംബനപ്പന്തായം വച്ചവർ
സന്തോഷമസ്വരലോടിയാത്തു.

യാതൊന്നു ഭാരത ഭൂവിന്റെ ഭവ്യമാം
'താജി'ന്നു കാട്ടുന്നു സുന്ദരമായ്
യാതൊന്നു ലോകസാഹിത്യകാരന്മാർ
നാകത്തിൻ സോപാനം കാട്ടിടുന്നതു
ഭാവനപ്രാസാദം കെട്ടിച്ചണിയുന്ന
ജീവനനായിക പ്രേമമാണി.
മൃതത്തിൽ ചുറ്റുന്ന മല്ലികാവല്ലിയും
സൂര്യന്റെ കാമിനി പങ്കജവും

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അംഗേയഭാഷയ്ക്കു ഹങ്കാരമേകുന്ന
മംഗളഭായിനി റോസ് മലരും
പ്രേമത്തിൻ കററകിടാങ്ങളെന്നല്ലാതെ
കാമ നിഘണ്ടുവിൽ കണ്ടിടമോ?
ഹാ സച്ചോൽകൃഷ്ടനാം പ്രേമമേ നീയെന്നെ
'പ്രേ'യെന്നെഴുതിപ്പിരിപ്പിച്ചാവും!

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എന്റെ വിവാഹോത്സവം.

by K. V. Thomas, III U. C.

[illegible]

മുൻവശത്തുള്ള രേഖയിൽക്കൂടി കീറിപ്പറിഞ്ഞ ചന്ദ്രശ്ശേരിയും ചിടവിടിച്ച തലമുടി യോടും കഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടു വീണ്ടും ശരീരത്തോടും, സ്ഥിരബുദ്ധിയില്ലാത്ത മുഖഭാവത്തോടുംകൂടി ഒരു മദ്യപയസ്കൻ അലഞ്ഞു നടക്കുന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. കല്യാണഗൃഹത്തിലെ വാദ്യഘോഷങ്ങളും കോല ഘോഷങ്ങളും പാമ്പന്തൻ ശ്രദ്ധയെ ആകർഷിച്ചു. ഉടൻ തിരിഞ്ഞു നടന്നു ഗേറ്റിലെത്തി. ഇട മുറിയാതെ വന്നുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന ജനപ്രവാഹത്തിൽക്കൂടി പാമ്പന്തൻ അകത്തു കടന്നു. കൗന്തീയമായി അലങ്കരിച്ചിരുന്ന പന്തലിന്റെ മദ്യഭാഗത്തായിരുന്നു വരണഗൃഹം സജ്ജമാക്കിയിരുന്നത്. പാമ്പന്തൻ അരോടും ഒന്നും പറയാതെ അതിനടുത്തുചെന്നു നില്ക്കുകയായി. മുഹൂർത്തം അടുത്തു. വധുവിനെ വരണസ്ഥലത്തേക്കുനയിച്ചു. സുരരിയുടെ ദൃഷ്ടിയിൽ അദ്ദേഹം പവിയുത്ത് ഉററുനോക്കി കൊണ്ടു നിന്നിരുന്ന പാമ്പന്തൻ ദൃഷ്ടികളായിരുന്നു. അവൾ അറിയാതെ ഒന്നു തെളി. പാമ്പന്തൻ മുഖത്തു വൈവർണ്ണ്യവും വശരശ്ചുവും ഇടകലർന്നു കണ്ടു. പാമ്പന്തൻ തെല്ലനേരം നിന്നനില്ക്കുകയായിട്ട് അറങ്ങിയില്ല. എന്നോ സ്വപ്നാലോകത്തിൽ പലിച്ചുപോലെ സുഷിപ്ത നിന്നുപോയി. കുറച്ചു സമയം കഴിഞ്ഞു. പാമ്പന്തനെ അവിടെയെങ്ങും കണ്ടതേയില്ല. മുഹൂർത്തമായി. ഞാൻ വരണമാലും സുരരിയുടെ ഗളത്തിൽ അല്പിച്ചു. സങ്കോചബഹുലമായൊരു സുരരിയുടെ മുഖത്തു ഞാൻ നോക്കിയില്ല. അവളുടെ മുഖം ക്രമത്തിലായിട്ട് വിളരിയും വാടിയുമിരുന്നു. അവളുടെ തല കുറങ്ങിത്തുടങ്ങി. വധുവിനെ ഗൃഹാന്തർഭാഗത്തേക്കു വിടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു പോയി. ഏന്റെ ഹൃദയം നീറാനും തുടങ്ങി. പകൽസമയം അസ്വസ്ഥനായി ഞാൻ കഴിച്ചു.

വിറോദിവാസം അതിരാവിലെ ഞാൻ എഴുന്നേറ്റു. സ്നാനാദികൾക്കുശേഷം അമ്പലത്തിലേക്കു തിരിച്ചു. വധുവിന്റെ ശിലായുയിൽ എന്റെ ഹൃദയത്തിനങ്ങായ വേദനയെത്തണമിരിക്കുവാനായിരുന്നു പ്രധാനമായി ഞാൻ പോയത്. വന്ദനാദികൾക്കുശേഷം കഴിഞ്ഞു പുറത്തേക്കിറങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ ഒരു സന്യാസി ദേഹമാസകലം ഭണ്ഡംപൂരി അവിടെ നിൽക്കുന്നതായി കണ്ടു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ വേഷം പരിപൂർണ്ണ വിരക്തിയെ പ്രദോഷിക്കുന്നതുപോലെ മുഖം പശ്ചാത്താപജ്വാലയേയും വെളിപ്പെടുത്തി. മുഖം കോമളവും കലീനവുമായെന്നിപ്പോൾ ജ്ഞാനമയമായിരുന്നു. തല മുണ്ഡനം ചെയ്യപ്പെട്ടിരുന്നു. ഈ രൂപം എന്തെ ഹാസ്യകരമായിരുന്നു. അ കാവിവസ്ത്രം

ധാരി നടന്നുതുടങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ പിന്നാലെ ഞാനും താരതയായി. സന്യാസി വിരിഞ്ഞുനോക്കിയില്ല. ഞങ്ങൾ ഒരു വാനാത്മഗതെത്തി. അവിടെക്കണ്ട് ഒരു പാറയിൽ അദ്ദേഹം ഉപവിയ്ക്കുമായി കണ്ണുമെടുത്തു. ധ്യാനമാരംഭിച്ചു. ഞാൻ വിഷ്ണുനായി അവിടെ നില്ക്കൊണ്ടു. കാഴ്ചനിന്നു വെറുത്തപ്പോൾ, 'മഹാനാഭാവാ അങ്ങയുടെ പേരു എനിക്കൊന്നറിഞ്ഞാൽ കൊള്ളാമായിരുന്നു' - ഞാൻ മൗനം ഭഞ്ജിച്ചു. മറുപടി, ഒന്നും ഉണ്ടായില്ല. വീണ്ടും പലപ്രാവശ്യവും ഏൻൻ കണ്ണുകൊണ്ട് വരത്തിയെങ്കിലും ഫലം രഹിതം. മനം കലങ്ങി, മടങ്ങാമെന്നുദ്ദേശിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു 'ഗുരുശ്രേഷ്ഠ അങ്ങയുടെ ചെന്താരികൾ ഉദയാസ്തമനം ഈ അശ്രിതനെ ദാസ്യമായി ഒന്നു കടക്കുകയോണം!' 'ദയവായി ഏനെ ഉപദ്രവിക്കരുതേ' ഇരായിരുന്നു പ്രത്യുത്തരം. ഏൻൻ അശസ്സു ഒരു നവീനാങ്കുരമുണ്ടായി. വീണ്ടും ചോദിച്ചു. താപസൻ കണ്ണുതുറന്നു ഏനെ സൂക്ഷിച്ചുനോക്കി. അല്പം വിശ്വാസ്യതയോന്നി. 'നിങ്ങളുടെ പേരെന്താണ്?' 'ഭാസ്കരൻ' ഞാനാത്തരം പറഞ്ഞു.

അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ചരിത്രം അറിവാൻ ഞാൻ അകമറിഞ്ഞാഗ്രഹിക്കുന്നു എന്നു അദ്ദേഹത്തെ മനസ്സിലാക്കി.

‘വിലാപപ്പരിതമായ എന്റെ ചരിത്രം നിങ്ങളെ അറിയിക്കത്തരിൽ എനിക്ക് മാപ്പു നേണം.’

ഞാൻ സമ്മതിച്ചില്ല. നിവൃത്തിയില്ലാതായപ്പോൾ ആ താപസൻ പറഞ്ഞുതുടങ്ങി:— “എന്റെ പേരു ചന്ദ്രശേഖരനെന്നാണ്. എന്റെ ബാല്യകാലവും യൗവനകാലത്തിന്റെ ആദ്യ ഘട്ടവും ആവാദിച്ചുഡം ആസപാദിച്ചുപോയിരുന്നു. എന്റെ ജീവിതത്തെ ഭാസ്യരമാക്കിയത് വിശ്വനാഥൻ എന്ന എന്റെ അമ്മമിത്രമായിരുന്നു. വിശ്വൻ സഭാസമയവും എന്റെ നീമലായിരുന്നു. ഭക്ഷണം ഞങ്ങൾ ഒരുമിച്ചേ കഴിക്കുമായിരുന്നുള്ളൂ. ഹൃദയാന്തർഗതനായിട്ട് പ്രവഹിക്കുന്ന പവിത്രമായ സ്നേഹാമൃതത്തിന്റെ അഭൂതവും അനീച്ഛാപനവും ആയ രസമാധുരിയാൽ ഉന്മത്തരായി ഞങ്ങൾ ജീവിതത്തെ ഭാസ്യരമാക്കി. അങ്ങിനെപ്പിരികെ, വിശ്വൻ ഒരു സുന്ദരീമകുടത്തെ പരിണയംചെയ്തു. ആ യുവദമ്പതിമാരുടെ സോല്ലാസമുള്ള ജീവിതപദ്ധതി എന്നിൽ അഹർജ്ജാദരസം ഉളവാക്കി. അവരുടെ നന്മോഷത്തിൽ അവരെക്കാളും രസം എന്നിങ്ങനെ അനുഭവമായി, വിശ്വനാഥൻ തന്റെ വധുധൂപമാത്ത് ഉല്ലാസസല്ലാപക്രിഡയിൽ ലയിച്ചിരുന്നെങ്കിലും എന്നിലുള്ള സ്നേഹത്തിനു യാതൊരു കുറവും ഉണ്ടായില്ല.”

“ഒരു ഭവനം വൈകുന്നേരം വിശ്വവർണ്ണ ഗൃഹത്തിൽ തൊൻമെന്നു. അപ്പോൾ അദ്ദേഹം അവിടെയില്ലായിരുന്നു. ഭാര്യ ഉടൻ എന്നെ പരിചരിച്ചു അകത്തേക്കു കയറി. ഒരു മണിക്കൂർ സമയത്തേക്കു ആ തരുണി എന്നോടു സംസാരിച്ചു. കരകടന്നുപോയി എന്നെറിയുന്നേനി. ക്രമേണ എന്റെ ഹൃദയം ആ സ്ത്രീ ജയിക്കുന്നപോലെ അനുഭവപ്പെട്ടു. ഞാൻ ഉടൻ അവിടംവിട്ടു. അന്നു എനിക്ക് നിദ്രയുണ്ടായില്ല. എങ്കിലും ക്രമേണ ഈ സംഭവം എന്റെ സ്മൃതിപഥത്തിൽ നിന്നും മറഞ്ഞു.

മാസങ്ങൾ രണ്ടുമൂന്നു കഴിഞ്ഞു. ഒരിക്കൽ വിശ്വനാഥനും ഞാനുംകൂടി ഒരു യാത്രയ്ക്കു പോകേണ്ടിവന്നു. മടങ്ങിവന്നപ്പോൾ സമയം അതിക്രമിച്ചിരുന്നു. വിശ്വൻ എന്നെ ക്ഷണിച്ചു ഞാൻ സ്നേഹിതന്റെ ഇംഗിതത്തിനു വശഗനായി. രാത്രിയിൽ ഭക്ഷണമെല്ലാം കഴിഞ്ഞു ഞങ്ങൾ എല്ലാവരും കിടന്നു. മണിപ്പൂർകൾ മൂന്നാലു കഴിഞ്ഞിരിക്കണം. എന്റെ ദേഹമെല്ലാം ഒരു രണ്ടുപുരോണി. അരോ എന്ന സ്വശിച്ചു. ഞാൻ ഉണർന്നു. വിശ്വന്റെ പരിണയം എന്റെ സമീപം ഇരിക്കുന്നു. ഇതു സ്വപ്നമോ? അല്ലെങ്കിൽ വല്ല അർത്ഥശങ്കയായിരിക്കാം. ഞാൻ സമാധാനിച്ചു. എന്നാൽ ആ പതിവുതാരതന്തിനു റെന്ററിയിരുന്നില്ല. അവളുടെ മനോഹരം എന്നെ അറിയിച്ചു. എന്തിന്! ചുരുക്കത്തിൽ ഞാൻ ആ വിശ്വനാഥന്റെ വലയിൽ

വീണ. തെല്ലുസമയം കഴിഞ്ഞു, 'ഹാ! ഞാൻ അധഃപാതിച്ചു. ഹാ ഞാൻ അധഃപാതിച്ചു' ഈ ധ്വനി എന്റെ കണ്ണുപുടക്കലിൽ മുഴങ്ങി. ഈ ഈ ഭൂമിയിൽ സ്നേഹിതനും എത്തിക്കഴിഞ്ഞു വിശ്വൻ പ്രവേശിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് ആ കലകളെ എന്റെ അപരാധപാപം ചൊരിയാൻ തുടങ്ങി. എന്റെ നാവു ചൊടിച്ചില്ല. മുഖം ലജ്ജയോടെ നമുക്കായിരുന്നു. ഇരുട്ടു എന്നെ രക്ഷിച്ചു. അല്പനേരം കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ വിശ്വൻ അവിടം വിട്ടിരുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ മുഖം കാണാതെ ചെല്ലുപിന്നു എഴുന്നേറ്റു പോകാമെന്നു ഭ്രമിച്ചു ഞാൻ എന്റെ ശയ്യയിൽ വീണു; ഒന്നുമയങ്ങി. പക്ഷികളുടെ കിലുകിലുനാടം കേട്ടു ഞാൻ ഞെട്ടിയെന്നു. എഴുന്നേറ്റു പുറത്തുവന്നപ്പോൾ ചേലക്കാരൻ എന്റെ കയ്യിൽ ഒരൈഴത്തുകൊണ്ടുവന്നു. അതു തുറന്നു ഇപ്രകാരം വായിച്ചു: — "പ്രിയ സ്നേഹിത, നമസ്കാരം. എന്റെ വികാരകുസുമങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും പിഴിഞ്ഞെടുത്ത ഏതാനും പനിനീർത്തുള്ളികളാണ് ഇവിടെ വാചകപരമ്പര — നിങ്ങൾ ഏതൊക്കെ എന്നിങ്ങനെ പൂജ്യനാണ്. നിങ്ങളെ ഞാൻ ഹൃദയംഗമായി സ്നേഹിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. അകയാൽ താങ്കളുടെ അഭ്യുദയത്തിനും ഉൽക്കണ്ഠയ്ക്കുമായി ഈ വിനിതൻ എന്നെന്നേക്കുമായി ഇവിടം വിട്ടേക്കാം. ഈ ജന്മത്തിൽ നാം തമ്മിൽ ഇനിക്കുണ്ടെന്നുവരികയില്ല. അതുകൊണ്ട് പ്രിയ സ്നേഹിതാ നമസ്കാരം. അവസാനമായി യാത്ര പറഞ്ഞുകൊള്ളുന്നു. എന്ന്, സ്വന്തം വിശ്വനാഥൻ."

എന്റെ കയ്യിൽനിന്നും കയ്യിൽ താഴെവീണു. എന്റെ തലമുറ. ഞാൻ അവിടെ ഇരുന്നു. കുറച്ചു നിമിഷങ്ങൾക്കുശേഷം ഞാൻ ഓടിക്കടന്നു എന്റെ സ്നേഹിതനെ തിരഞ്ഞു നോക്കി. പക്ഷെ കണ്ടുമുട്ടിയില്ല മടങ്ങി അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ഭാഗ്യത്തെ സമീപിച്ച് "അമ്മേ എനിക്ക് മാപ്പുതരിക." ഞാൻ കേൾ. അവൾ പുഞ്ചിരിയോടുകൂടി എന്നെ തടുത്തു പറഞ്ഞു. "മഹാനാഭാ, എനിക്ക് പരിഭവിക്കരുത്. ഒരു സ്ത്രീയുടെ മാനം പുരുഷന്റെതിനേക്കാൾ വിലയേറിയതാകയാൽ ഞാൻ ചിലതെല്ലാം പുലമ്പിപ്പോയി. പ്രാണനാഥാ! അതെല്ലാം എന്നോട് ക്ഷമിക്കൂ. നമുക്കു സുഖമായി ഇനി ജീവിതം നയിക്കാം, വരൂ.

'അമ്മേ' എന്റെ ഈ ആവശ്യാനുഭവത്തെ അവൾ തടുത്തു. എന്നാൽ ഞാൻ തുടർന്നു.

'അമ്മേ എന്റെ ഏതു വിഭാഗമാണു നിങ്ങൾക്ക് അകഷ്ടമായിരുന്നത്'?

'ഞാൻ പറയണമോ'?

'തീർച്ചയായും വേണം.'

'തലമുളിയും പുഞ്ചിരിയും.' എനിക്ക് സമാധാനമായി. ഞാൻ വിട്ടിലേക്കു മടങ്ങി. ഈവേരും സമീകരിച്ചു. വടിച്ച തലമുളിയോടുകൂടി വിശ്വന്റെ ഗൃഹത്തിലെത്തി.

"അമ്മേ! അമ്മയ്ക്കിഷ്ടമുള്ള സാധനങ്ങൾ ഇതാ. ഇനി ഞാൻ ഒരിക്കലും ചിരിക്കുകയില്ല."

ഉടൻ ഞാൻ അവിടെനിന്നും യാത്രയായി. രണ്ടുനിയുടെ ചാപല്യഗോഷ്ടികൾക്ക് അപ്പോൾ എന്നെ ജയിക്കാൻ സാധിച്ചില്ല. എന്റെ സ്നേഹിതനെ ഒരു നോക്കുകയ്ക്കു ക്ഷമാപണം ചെയ്യുശേഷം ഇഹലോകം വിടണമെന്നു ഈ പാപിക്കിനി ആഗ്രഹമുള്ളു. പല സ്ഥലങ്ങളിലും മുററി രണ്ടുദിവസത്തിനു മുൻപ് ഇവിടെയും എത്തി." ചന്ദ്രൻ പറഞ്ഞവസാനിച്ചിട്ടു.

"നിങ്ങൾ അദ്ദേഹത്തെ കണ്ടെത്തിയില്ലെങ്കിലും"

"ഓ! ഈശ്വരൻ അത്ര നിർഭയനല്ല. എന്റെ പൂർണ്ണമായ വിശ്വാസം അദ്ദേഹത്തെക്കുറിച്ചുതന്നതാണ്." മറുപടിയിൽ ഒരു ഭയനീയത്വം കലർന്നിരുന്നു. എന്റെ ഹൃദയം സമുദ്രതാപാഗ്നിയാൽ കത്തിക്കുളി.

"അല്ലയോ മഹാനാഭേ ഇന്ന് അങ്ങു എന്റെ അതിഥിയായിത്തീർന്നുവരിക." ചന്ദ്രൻ നിർബ്ബിച്വം. ഞാൻ സമ്മതിച്ചില്ല. ഒടുവിൽ അങ്ങുവരും വിട്ടിലേക്കു യാത്രയായി.



"I am monarch of all I survey"
Ink Sketch by S. M. Mansoor Basha, II U. C.

പശ്ചാത്താപം.

by N. K. Stephen, III U. C.

പത്തു വർഷങ്ങൾ മുമ്പ് സ്വമാനുസരിതം ഭക്തിപൂർണ്ണമായി ദേവാലയത്തിലേക്ക് മനഃമനം ഗമിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന മിന്റെറാ ഇന്ന് ഭിഷകന്മാരും, ഏരിനും സന്നദ്ധനായ ഒരു യുവകേസരിയാണ്. അന്ന് മാതാവായ റജീനായുടെ ഓരോ വാക്കും അവൻ സന്തോഷസംഭാവകമായിരുന്നു; ഇന്ന് അതേവാക്കുകൾ അവനിൽ പക്ഷാസത്തെ ഉളിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടു. അന്ന് അവളുടെ ഓരോ ആജ്ഞയും ശിരസാ വഹിക്കുവാൻ അവൻ സന്നദ്ധനായിരുന്നു. ഇന്നാകട്ടെ അവന്റെ ഓരോ ആജ്ഞയും അവൾ നിവിണ്ണ അനുസരിക്കുവാൻ അവൻ ഇച്ഛിച്ചു. അന്ന് അവന്റെ പിഞ്ചുകരങ്ങൾ ആ മാതൃഗൃഹത്തിൽ കെട്ടിയിട്ട് സുന്ദരമായ ആ മുഖകമലത്തിൽ അവൻ സസ്തേഹം ചുംബിച്ചിരുന്നു; ഇന്ന് അതേ കരങ്ങളാൽ ആ മാതൃമുഖത്തെ താഡനം ചെയ്യുന്നതിന് അവൻ മടിച്ചിട്ടു. അന്ന് ഏതുകരങ്ങളാൽ അവൻ മാതൃവന്ദനം ചെയ്തിരുന്നുവോ, അതേകരങ്ങളാൽ ഇന്ന് അവൻ മാതൃനിന്ദനം ചെയ്തു. ഹാ! വിധി വൈചര്യം.

റജീനായുടെ അശ്രുപൂർണ്ണങ്ങളായ നായനങ്ങൾക്ക്, കരിങ്കൽ സഭാശാലയിരുന്ന സ്വസ്വതന്റെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ ദയയെ ഉൽപാദിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിന് സാധിച്ചിട്ടു. അവന്റെ മദ്യപാനിയും ധൂർത്തരമായ പിതാവിന്റെ കാലടികളെ സശ്രദ്ധം അവൻ അനുഗമിച്ചിരുന്നു. അനിതിയും അക്രമവും ജീവിതാദർശങ്ങളായിക്കരുതിയിരുന്ന ഒരു യുവസംഘത്തിന്റെ നായകത്വം അവൻ വഹിക്കുവാൻ സന്നദ്ധനായി. ശൈശവകാലത്തു് ആർ അവനുവേണ്ടി കഷ്ടതകൾ സഹിച്ചുവോ, ആ മാതാവിനെ ഇന്ന് അവൻ പാദേ വിസ്മരിച്ചു. ഭോകത്തിന്റെ ഗതി!!!

ഓരോ ദിവസം കഴിയുന്തോറും മിന്റെറാ അവന്റെ ജോലിയിൽ നൈപുണ്യം സമ്പാദിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. അധികാരികൾക്ക് അവനെ അടിച്ചമർത്തുവാൻ കഴിഞ്ഞില്ല. അവരെ അവൻ പുച്ഛസന്തോടെ വീക്ഷിച്ചു. എന്നാൽ നിർഭാഗ്യമേ! ഒരു ദിവസം അവന്റെ സ്നേഹിതന്മാരാൽ നടത്തപ്പെട്ട അതിഗൗരവമായ ഒരു കൊലക്കേസിൽ, നിരപരാധിയായ അവനേയും ബന്ധനസ്ഥനാക്കി. അങ്ങനെ റജീനായ്ക്ക് ഈ ഭോകത്തിൽ ശോഷിച്ചിരുന്ന സമ്പത്തും നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു.

അവന്റെ വിധിദിവസം, വിധിവാചകം ശ്രവിക്കുന്നതിനും, കഴിയുമെങ്കിൽ, അവനെ രോമിപ്പിക്കുവാൻ അപേക്ഷിക്കുന്നതിനുമായി പോകുന്നതിന് അവൾ ആഗ്രഹിച്ചു. അതിനു ശ്രമിച്ചു. പക്ഷെ ഒരടിപോലും മുമ്പോട്ട് വെണ്ണുന്നതിന് സാധിക്കാതെ കിടക്കയിൽ ചെന്ന് വീണു. സ്വപുത്രനെ കഴുകമരത്തിന് ഇരയാക്കത്തേ എന്നായിരുന്നു അയാളുടെ ഏക പ്രാർത്ഥന. ആ കട്ടിലിൽ കിടന്ന് അവൾ വിരമിച്ചു ഹൃദയം തകന്ന് പ്രാർത്ഥിച്ചു.

“കേഴുക, കേഴുക, കേഴുമുൻകണ്ണാളേ —
കേഴുവോക്കാശാസമേകമീശൻ.”

വിധിവാചകം ശ്രവിക്കുന്നതിനായി അനേകർ അക്ഷമരായി കാത്തു നിന്നിരുന്നു. ഈശ്വരൻ റജീനായുടെ പ്രാർത്ഥന ശ്രവിച്ചു. മിന്റെറാ ആ കൊലക്കേസിൽ നിരപരാധിയെന്ന് തെളിഞ്ഞു. പക്ഷെ അവന്റെപേരിൽ അനേകം കുറ്റങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നതിനാൽ, അറസ്റ്റുപറ്റി

ശിക്ഷയായി പതിനാലുകൊല്ലത്തെ കാരാഗൃഹവാസത്തിന് അവനെ വിധിച്ചു. ഈ വസ്തുത, റജീനായുടെ വിഷമതകളിൽ അവൾക്ക് സദുപദേശം നൽകിയിരുന്ന അവളുടെ പള്ളിയിലെ വൃദ്ധപുരോഹിതനിൽനിന്നും അവൾ മനസ്സിലാക്കി.

ദിനങ്ങൾ പലതു കഴിഞ്ഞു. എന്നിട്ടും കഠിനമനസ്സുനായ മിന്റെറായിൽ യാതൊരു ഭാവഭേദവും ഉണ്ടായില്ല. സന്തപ്യരായ മാതാവ് അവനെ ഒരുനോക്ക് കാണുന്നതിന് വളരെ ആഗ്രഹിച്ചിരുന്നു. ഏതൽകാഴ്ചത്തിനുവേണ്ടി ഒരു ദിവസം കിടക്കയിൽനിന്നും എഴുന്നേറ്റു ഉടനെ ആ ക്ഷിണശാസ്ത്രി ബോധരഹിതയായി പുറകിലേക്ക് വീണു. അല്പംകഴിഞ്ഞു് ബോധം ഉണ്ടായപ്പോൾ, ആദ്യമായി അവൾ കണ്ടതു് മുൻപറഞ്ഞ വൃദ്ധപുരോഹിതനെയുമാണ്. അദ്ദേഹത്തോടു് അവളുടെ ആഗ്രഹം മുഴുവൻ അറിയിച്ചു. മരിക്കുന്നതിനുമുമ്പിൽ സ്വസ്വതനെ ഒന്നു കാണുന്നതിനെങ്കിലും സാധിക്കയില്ല എന്നു മനസ്സിലാക്കിയപ്പോൾ, ഏതെങ്കിലും വിധത്തിൽ അവൻ സൽസ്വഭാവയായ ത്ഥമതി എന്നാണ് അവളുടെ അന്ത്യാപേക്ഷ എന്ന് ആ വൃദ്ധപുരോഹിതൻ മുഖാന്തിരം അവനെ അറിയിച്ചു. മിന്റെറായുടെ ഹൃദയം ചലിച്ചു. പക്ഷെ യാതൊന്നും മറുപടി നൽകിയില്ല. വൃദ്ധപുരോഹിതൻ ഈ വിവരം അറിയിച്ചതിന്റെശേഷം തിരികെ പോയി. അപ്പോഴാണ് മിന്റെറാ അവന്റെ കഴിഞ്ഞ പ്രവൃത്തികളുടെ കഠിനതെപ്പറ്റി മനസ്സിലാക്കിയതു്. അവൻ ഒന്ന് ഞെട്ടി. ഭ്രാന്തനേപ്പോലെ കാരാഗൃഹത്തിൽനിന്നും ഓടുവാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. കരിങ്കൽഭിത്തിയും, ഇരുമ്പരികളും അവനോടു് എതിർത്തു. അവൻ അവസാനം പരാജിതനായി. പിറൈദിവസവും, ആ വൃദ്ധപുരോഹിതൻ കാരാഗൃഹത്തിൽവന്നു. കഴിഞ്ഞജീവിതത്തെപ്പറ്റിയുള്ള അവന്റെ അതിയായ ദുഃഖവും, ആയവയെല്ലാം മാത്രസഹജമായ ആ ഹൃദയം ക്ഷമിച്ച് അവനെ അനുഗ്രഹിക്കണമെന്നുള്ള അവന്റെ അപേക്ഷയും, ആ വൃദ്ധപുരോഹിതൻ മുഖാന്തിരം സ്വമാതാവിനെ അറിയിച്ചു.

ഹാ! അവളുടെ പ്രാർത്ഥന ഫലിച്ചു. സ്വപുത്രന്റെ മാനസാന്തരവാർത്ത ശ്രവിച്ചപ്പോൾ അവൾ സത്തുഷ്ടയായി. സ്വപുത്രനെ ജഗദീശ്വരനിൽ സമർപ്പിച്ചിട്ട്; സമാധാനത്തോടു കൂടി അവൾ നിത്യനിദ്രയിലേക്ക് പ്രവേശിച്ചു.

മിന്റെറായുടെ പതിനാലുവർഷത്തെ ജയിൽവാസം അന്ന് ഉച്ചയോടുകൂടി അവസാനിച്ചു. സ്വമാതാവിനെക്കാണുന്നതിനുള്ള അവന്റെ അതിവാഞ്ഛയോൽ നേരെ വീട്ടിലേക്ക് ഓടി. മാർഗമദ്ധ്യേ, ചെറുപ്പകാലങ്ങളിൽ ദിനന്തോറും, യാതൊരു തടസ്സവുമില്ലാതെപോയിരുന്ന അവന്റെ പള്ളിയിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ച്, അവന്റെ കഴിഞ്ഞ പ്രവൃത്തികൾക്ക് എല്ലാം ക്ഷമയും, മേലിൽ നന്നായി ജീവിക്കുന്നതിന് സഹായവും അഭ്യർത്ഥിച്ചശേഷം, ഭവനത്തെ ലക്ഷ്യമാക്കി നടന്നു. അവിടെയെത്തി. അവന്റെ മാതാവിനു പകരം, അവിടെ കണ്ടതു് ഒരു യുവാവിനേയും, അയാളുടെ പ്രിയതമയേയുമാണ്. മിന്റെറാ അവിടെനിന്നും റോഡിലേക്ക് ഇറങ്ങി. അവന്റെ പഴയഭവനത്തേയും, പ്രിയമാതാവിനേയുംപറ്റി, അയൽപക്കത്തു താമസിച്ചിരുന്ന ഒരാളോടു് ചോദിച്ചു. അയാൾ ഉത്തരവും പറഞ്ഞു.

ഇതു ശ്രവിച്ച ഉടനെതന്നെ മിന്റെറാ ഇതികുത്തവ്യതാമൂഢനായി അവിടെനിന്നു. അതിന്റെശേഷം ബുദ്ധിഹീനനേപ്പോലെ റോഡിന്റെ ഒരു വശത്തുള്ള മൈതാനത്തിലേക്ക് ഓടി. അതിന്റെ അരികിൽ എത്തിയപ്പോൾ രാജാവുവൻ വഹിയാത്ത മനോഭാവത്താൽ അവിടെ വീണു. വാവിട്ടുകരഞ്ഞു. സ്വമാതാവിനോടു് മാപ്പ് ഇരുന്നു. അല്പം കഴിഞ്ഞു് അവന്റെ മുമ്പിൽ ഒരു ശല്യംകേട്ടു. എന്താണെന്ന് നോക്കുന്നതിനായി അടുത്തുചെന്നു. വൃദ്ധനായ ഒരു ക്രൂഡിക്കാരന്റെ രോദനമായിരുന്നു, അവൻ അവിടെ ശ്രവിച്ചതു്. അവൻ അടുത്തുചെന്ന് ആ വൃദ്ധനെ താങ്ങി എഴുന്നേല്പിക്കുവാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. പ്രത്യുപകാരം, ആ വൃദ്ധന്റെ കയ്യിൽ ഇരുന്നിരുന്ന

വടികൊണ്ടുള്ള ഈക്കോട്ടുകൂടിയ അടിയായിരുന്നു. അവർ ജന്മവരും നിലംവരിച്ചു. ജീവിതത്തിൽ ആശനശിഷ്യ, സങ്കടത്താൽ ബോധം മറഞ്ഞിരുന്ന അവൻ സിംഹത്തെപ്പോലെ ആ വൃദ്ധന്റെ മുമ്പിൽ ചാടിവിണ്, അയാളുടെ കഴുത്തിൽ പിടിക്കുന്നതിനായി കൈകളെ മുറുപ്പാക്കി. പക്ഷെ പെട്ടെന്ന് അവയെ പിൻവലിച്ചു.

കാർമ്മേഖലകൾക്കിടയിൽ അവിടെ നടക്കുവാൻ പോകുന്ന ഭയങ്കരസംഭവത്തെ വീക്ഷിക്കുന്നതിന് അസന്നദ്ധനെന്നുമായി, നിന്നിരുന്ന ചന്ദ്രന്റെ സഹായത്താൽ ആ വൃദ്ധന്റെ മുഖം ഭരിക്കുന്നതിന് അവൻ സാധിച്ചു. ചുറ്റുപാടുമുള്ള പല്ലുകൾ, ആ വൃദ്ധന്റെ നാസാരസ്തങ്ങളിൽക്കൂടി വലിച്ച രക്തപ്രവാഹത്താൽ പിതാവണ്ണമായി. ഈ നിലയിൽ മിന്നിപ്പോയ വൃദ്ധനായ തന്റെ ആ പ്രിയപിതാവിനെ താങ്ങി എടുത്തു മടിയിൽ കിടത്തി. അപ്പോഴേക്ക് അയാൾ മരിച്ചിരുന്നു.

* * * * *

മോസ്സോ ദേവാലയത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ഭാഗത്തായി ഒരു ശവകുടീര ഇപ്പോഴും ദൃശ്യമാകുന്നുണ്ട്. യൗവനകാലത്തെ അക്രമങ്ങളെപ്പറ്റി ഓരോ ശിഷ്യായുസ്സു മുഴുവൻ പശ്ചാത്താപത്തിൽ കഴിച്ചുകൂട്ടിയ ഒരു വൃദ്ധന്റെതാണ് അത്. ദീർഘനാളത്തെ അവന്റെ ഉള്ളഴിഞ്ഞ പശ്ചാത്താപത്തെ അവന്റെ ചെറുപ്പത്തിലെ സകല തെറ്റുകൾക്കും മോചനം നൽകി.

“അപ്പപ്പോൾ പാതകം ചെയ്തതിനൊക്കെയും -
മിപ്പശ്ചാത്താപമേ പ്രായശ്ചിത്തം.”

പ്രായ്ന.

(കാശ്മിർ - ഗിതാഞ്ജലി)

by C. Kumaran Moossad, IV Hons.

(ഗാഥ.)

പേടിതടവാത്ത ചിത്തമെവിടെയും
പൊക്കിപ്പിടിച്ച ശിരസ്സെവിടെ

എങ്ങസ്വതന്ത്രമായുണ്ടറിവി, ലോക
മെങ്ങിടങ്ങും ഗ്രഹദിത്തികളാൽ

ചെട്ടിനൂറുങ്ങാക്കുളള, വാക്കെങ്ങുവാൻ
സത്യത്തിനാമത്തിൽ നിന്നായരും

അശ്രാന്തയത്നമെപ്പൂർണ്ണതപത്തികലേ-
ക്കെങ്ങു മൈത്തണ്ടുകൾ നീട്ടിപ്പറന്നു

യുക്തിയും പുഞ്ചോലയെങ്ങുമുൽ മണൽ
ക്കാട്ടിൽ വഴിവിഴച്ചോടാതുളള

എങ്ങെന്നും വിസ്തൃതമാം കർമ്മചിന്തകൾ
ക്കള്ളിലേക്കായ് നീ മനം നയിപ്പൂ

അത്തരം സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യസ്വർഗ്ഗത്തിലേക്കെന്റെ
താതായെൻ നാകൊന്നുണർത്തിയാലും!

Specific Heat at Low Temperatures

by P. S. Haribaran, B.Sc. Hons.

and G. N. Ramachandran, V B.Sc. Hons.

THE advantages of the modern quantum theory and relativity physics are not at all apparent to the layman. It is only when one goes deep into the study of physics that one is able to appreciate the superiority of these two theories over the classical theories in explaining so many phenomena which are inexplicable on the classical theories.

The quantum theory originated in the inability of classical thermodynamics and statistical mechanics to give a satisfactory formula to express the distribution of energy in the spectrum of black body radiation. But it should be remembered that the quantum theory has no very logical foundation, and that it would not have withstood all the objections and criticisms levelled against it if its merit rested only on its success in explaining radiation phenomena. It is because of its unparalleled success and applicability to all unsolved problems in physics that it holds its own in spite of all these criticisms and forms one of the basic theories of modern physics.

The success of the quantum theory in explaining the behaviour of the specific heats of solids and gases at low temperatures was one of the early steps which led to the further development of the theory. The classical physics based on Boltzmann's ideas of equipartition of energy was unable to predict the variation of the atomic heat at low temperatures. But by introducing the ideas of quanta, Debye and others have been able to explain these phenomena satisfactorily.

It is a well-known fact that all substances have two specific heats—the specific heat at constant pressure c_p and that at constant volume c_v . Ordinarily, for solids, we measure only c_p , but as we shall see later, the theory is developed only for c_v . We may therefore consider the relation between the two. Denoting the values of these two specific heats for a gram-molecular weight by C_p and C_v , it can be shown from thermodynamics that:

$$C_p - C_v = - \frac{1}{J} \left(\frac{\partial p}{\partial v} \right)_T \left(\frac{\partial v}{\partial T} \right)_p^2 \quad (1)$$

If K is the compressibility and α the coefficient of linear expansion, this reduces to

$$C_p - C_v = \frac{9\alpha^2 V}{JK} \cdot T = \frac{9\alpha^2 M}{JKP} \cdot T \quad (2)$$

where M is the molecular weight and P the density.

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Specific Heats of Solids—Experimental

We may now discuss the methods available for the determination of the specific heats of solids at low temperatures. Since the measurement of c_v for solids is difficult, we measure c_p and find c_v by using equation (2).

The earliest experiments were made by Nernst, Lindemann and Koerf, who used a "copper block calorimeter" (Fig. 1). This consists of a heavy copper block K cemented to the inside of a Dewar flask D by means of Wood's metal. The block here plays the same part as water plays in the ordinary method of mixtures. The heated substance is dropped into the copper block through the glass tube R, and the change of temperature is noted by the thermocouples, one of whose junctions is inside K and the other in the block C, whose temperature is maintained constant.

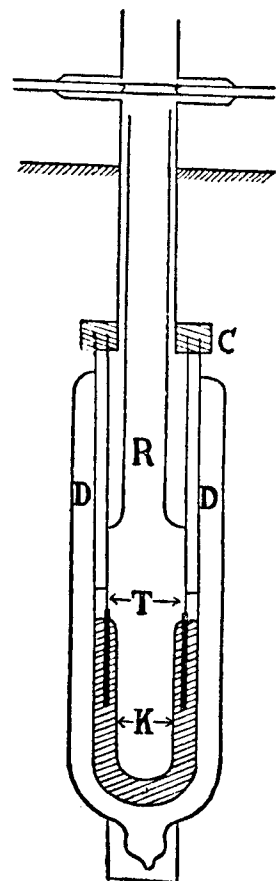


Fig. 1

This method, however, does not give the specific heat at any particular temperature, but only the mean over a range of temperatures. Hence, for accurate work in low-temperature thermometry, the method of electrical heating is used. This method was first applied to solids by Gaede in 1902, and has been developed by Nernst and others.

This type of apparatus is termed the "vacuum calorimeter," shown in Fig. 2. K is the calorimeter proper, which is hung by two lead-in wires; it is contained in a pear-

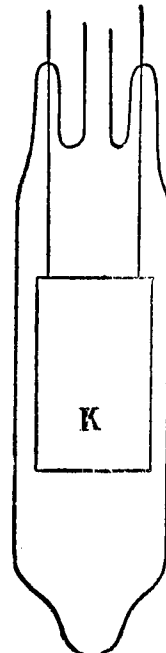


Fig. 2

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cylinder which fits inside the hole bored in another cylindrical block of the same metal. If the substance is not a metal, it is contained in a silver vessel as shown in Fig. 3(b). The heating coil is wound on the outside of the vessel, and a silver foil is wrapped round it. The lid of the vessel has a small capillary tube fitted to it, through which it is filled with a gas and sealed. The presence of gas inside the vessel is necessary so that thermal equilibrium may be rapidly established throughout the contents of the vessel.

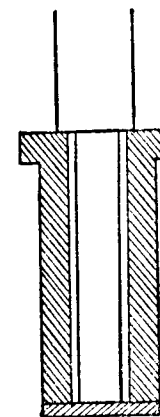


Fig. 3(a)

In carrying out such an experiment, the glass flask containing the calorimeter is placed in a cryostat. Air (or for lower temperatures, hydrogen) is allowed to remain in the flask until the calorimeter has reached the temperature of the bath. The space surrounding the calorimeter is then evacuated and a known current is passed through the heating coil for a known length of time. The heating coil itself is employed as a thermometer to determine the rise of temperature. The true temperature rise is obtained after making the necessary corrections and thus the specific heat is calculated.



Fig. 3(b)

A recent form of this type of calorimeter is the apparatus used by Keesom and Van der Ende (1934).

C_1 (Fig. 4) is a copper block into which another cylinder of copper, C_2 , is screwed in. The inner cylinder is closed by a copper plate C_3 and carries two tubes N_1 and N_2 of German silver, and a lead tube L. This cylinder contains a phosphor bronze and a constantan resistance thermometer T, and a constantan heating coil H. The leads to the thermometer are taken through N_1 and N_2 . Helium was admitted into the calorimeter through the tube L which was afterwards sealed off. The heating coil was placed in the space below the inner cylinder. The whole

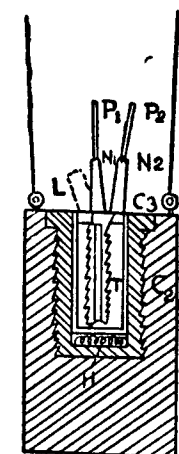


Fig. 4

calorimeter was enclosed in a glass vessel which could be evacuated.

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The glass vessel was silvered to give good heat insulation, and the platinum plate P was placed to shield off radiation from above. The whole was placed in a liquid helium cryostat, and by evaporating the helium by means of a diffusion pump, temperatures down to 2° K were obtained.

In all these methods we have to make corrections for losses due to radiation and conduction. Many improvements have been suggested to eliminate the heat loss and thus render the experiments susceptible of greater accuracy. One such is the "Adiabatic Vacuum Calorimeter" devised by Simon and Lange. In this apparatus, the calorimeter is surrounded by a special heating jacket the temperature of which is kept very close to the temperature of the calorimeter by means of a separate heating wire, the equality of temperature being ascertained by means of a thermocouple.

Specific Heats of Solids—Theoretical

We have so far considered the methods available for the measurement of C_p of solids down to very low temperatures. We may now discuss the results obtained. It is convenient to start by enunciating an empirical law discovered by Dulong and Petit in 1819. As a result of their experiments on a number of elements such as iron, lead, silver, and gold, they came to the conclusion that "the product of the specific heat at constant volume and the atomic weight, i.e. the atomic heat C_v , is the same for all solid elements". A few years later, Regnault made an extensive investigation of the specific heat of various elements, and obtained the mean value of C_v to be about 6.38 calories per gram atom per degree.

This law, however, is found to apply only at ordinary and high temperatures. At low temperatures, the atomic heat of all solids is found to deviate considerably from the Dulong and Petit value, and the results of the experiments of various investigators can be summarized as follows:

(1) At ordinary temperatures, the specific heat of solids was nearly constant, equal to about 6 calories per degree per gram atom. But this constancy was not rigorous, for the value of C_v varied from about 5.8 to 6.8 for the majority of substances. For certain light elements, C_v was much below 6 even at ordinary temperatures.

e.g. for Si, $C_v = 4.95$; for Be, 3.85; for B, 3.35; for C, 1.45.

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(2) At low temperatures, C_v was found to depend on temperature, and was found to decrease rapidly as the temperature was lowered, until it became vanishingly small at very low temperatures.

(3) The curves showing the relation between C_v and T for various substances are all exactly similar in shape, converging asymptotically to

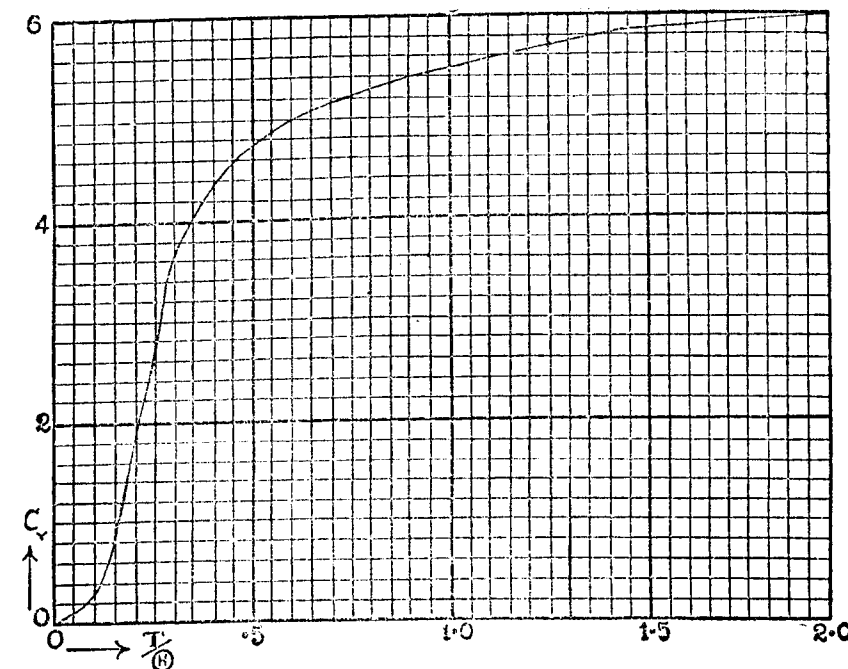


Fig. 5

the T -axis at the absolute zero (Fig. 5). They can be made to coincide exactly by merely altering the scale of the temperature axis. This result is mathematically expressed by saying that $C_v = F\left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)$, where the function F is the same for all substances and θ_h is a constant characteristic of each substance.

(4) For all substances, there was a certain region of temperatures from the absolute zero, where C_v was accurately proportional to the cube of the absolute temperature, i.e. $C_v \propto T^3$. This is known as the T^3 law.

Theories of Specific Heat

We now come to the various theories which have been proposed to explain these observed phenomena.

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The classical theory is based on the principles of the Kinetic Theory of Gases. It assumes Boltzmann's Law of Equipartition of Energy, that the energy of an atom is equally divided among its various degrees of freedom. It can be proved that the energy per degree of an atom = $k_0 T$, where k_0 is a constant, called Boltzmann's constant, having the numerical value of 1.372×10^{-16} , and T is the absolute temperature. By virtue of its vibrations, each atom of a solid has three degrees of freedom, and since in a gram atom there are N_0 atoms, where N_0 is the Avogadro number, the energy per gram atom is $U = 3 N_0 k_0 T = 3 RT$. Consequently, the atomic heat at constant volume $C_v = \frac{dU}{dT} = 3 R = 5.959$ cal/gm atom/degree. This agrees well with Dulong and Petit's law, but it predicts no variation of C_v with temperature. Obviously there is such a variation and no explanation of it was forthcoming from the classical point of view.

Nearly a century later, Albert Einstein applied the quantum theory to the subject. According to this theory, there is no equipartition of energy among atoms vibrating with different frequencies, but for an atom vibrating with a frequency ν the energy was given by

$$U = \frac{h\nu}{e^{\frac{h\nu}{k_0 T}} - 1}, \text{ where } h = \text{Planck's constant. Einstein assumed that all the}$$

atoms of a solid vibrate with the same characteristic frequency ν . Therefore, since an atom has three degrees of freedom, the energy per gram atom is given by

$$E = 3 N_0 \cdot \frac{h\nu}{\left(e^{\frac{h\nu}{k_0 T}} - 1\right)} = 3R \cdot \frac{h\nu/k_0}{\left(e^{\frac{h\nu}{k_0 T}} - 1\right)} \quad \dots \quad (3)$$

$$\therefore C_v = \frac{\partial E}{\partial T} = 3R \frac{e^{\frac{h\nu}{k_0 T}} \cdot \left(\frac{h\nu}{k_0 T}\right)^2}{\left(e^{\frac{h\nu}{k_0 T}} - 1\right)^2} = 3R \cdot \frac{x^2 e^x}{(e^x - 1)^2}, \text{ where } x = \frac{h\nu}{k_0 T} \quad \therefore (4)$$

Denoting the term $\frac{x^2 e^x}{(e^x - 1)^2}$ by $E(x)$, or the Einstein function of x , we get $C_v = 3R \cdot E(x)$.

Einstein's theory was a great advance over the classical one. It correctly predicted the variation of C_v with temperature, tending to become equal to zero at $T = 0$. At high temperatures, it gives a value $3 R$ for C_v . It again shows that the relation between C_v and T can be represented by $C_v = F\left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)$, as is found by experiment. However, Einstein's formula was not found to agree quantitatively with experimental results.

In 1911, Nernst and Lindemann proposed an empirical modification of Einstein's formula. They assumed that an atom oscillates both in its

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fundamental mode ν and its first lower octave $\nu/2$ and that an equal number of atoms vibrate with either frequency. This makes

$$C_v = \frac{3}{2} R \left[\frac{x^2 e^x}{(e^x - 1)^2} + \frac{x^2 e^{x/2}}{4(e^{x/2} - 1)^2} \right], \text{ where } x = \frac{h\nu}{k_0 T} \dots (5)$$

This formula gave values for C_v , which agreed remarkably well with experiment.

In spite of the superiority of the Nernst-Lindemann formula in explaining experimental results, its empiricalness robs it of much of its importance. But the fact that the Nernst-Lindemann formula agrees with experimental results on the assumption of two frequencies instead of one, suggests the direction in which an improvement of the theory might be expected. The extension was made by Debye. He discarded the too simple assumption that all atoms vibrate with the same frequency ν . He supposed that the solid was perfectly continuous and could transmit radiations of all frequencies. In that case the temperature vibrations of the atoms could be supposed to be equivalent to a complex system of standing waves of a great range of frequencies. But Debye made the supposition that there was an upper limit ν_m to the range of frequencies due to the discontinuous or atomic structure of the solid. He further assumed that these vibrations were identical with the elastic vibrations of a continuous solid.

In elastic solids two distinct systems of waves are recognized: (1) longitudinal waves with velocity v_2 , and (2) transverse waves with velocity v_1 . We may think of these stationary wave systems as comprising a great number of degrees of freedom. Now it can be proved that the number of degrees of freedom per unit volume of longitudinal vibrations in the range λ to $\lambda + d\lambda$ is $= 4\pi\lambda^{-4} d\lambda$. Or, in the frequency range ν to $\nu + d\nu$, the number of longitudinal vibrations in $d\varphi \cdot L = \frac{4\pi\nu^2 d\nu}{v_2^3}$. For transverse vibrations, it is $d\varphi \cdot L = \frac{8\pi\nu^2 d\nu}{v_1^3}$. Since both vibrations are simultaneously present, the number of degrees of freedom per unit volume in the frequency range ν to $\nu + d\nu$ is $d\varphi_\nu = 4\pi \left(\frac{1}{v_2^3} + \frac{2}{v_1^3} \right) \cdot \nu^2 d\nu$. Hence, per gram atom for all the ranges of frequencies, it is

$$= 4\pi V \left(\frac{1}{v_2^3} + \frac{2}{v_1^3} \right) \int_0^{\nu_m} \nu^3 d\nu = \frac{4}{3} \pi V \nu_m^3 \left[\frac{1}{v_2^3} + \frac{2}{v_1^3} \right]$$

where V = the gram molecular volume. This should evidently be $3 N_0$ by Boltzmann's law. Hence we have

$$4\pi V \left(\frac{1}{v_2^3} + \frac{2}{v_1^3} \right) = \frac{9N_0}{\nu_m^3} \quad \dots \quad (6)$$

SPECIFIC HEAT AT LOW TEMPERATURES

Applying the quantum theory, the energy per gram atom in the frequency range v to $v+dv$ is

$$dU = \frac{hv}{e^{hv/k_0T} - 1} \times 4\pi V \left\{ \frac{1}{v_2^3} + \frac{2}{v_1^3} \right\} v^2 dv \quad \dots \quad (7)$$

Therefore, for all frequencies from 0 to v_m ,

$$U = \frac{9N_0h}{v_m^3} \int_0^{v_m} \frac{v^3 dv}{(e^{hv/k_0T} - 1)} \quad \dots \quad (8)$$

$$\therefore C_v = \frac{dU}{dT} = \frac{9N_0h}{v_m^3} \int_0^{v_m} \frac{v^3 dv}{(e^{hv/k_0T} - 1)^2} \cdot e^{hv/k_0T} \cdot \frac{hv}{k_0T^2} \quad \dots \quad (9)$$

Now, let $\frac{hv}{k_0T} = x$ and $\frac{hv_m}{k_0T} = \frac{\theta_h}{T}$.

$$\text{Then, } C_v = \frac{9N_0k_0}{\left(\frac{\theta_h}{T}\right)^3} \int_0^{\frac{\theta_h}{T}} \frac{x^3 dx}{(e^x - 1)^2} = \frac{9R_0}{\left(\frac{\theta_h}{T}\right)^3} \int_0^{\frac{\theta_h}{T}} \frac{x^3}{(e^x - 1)^2} dx$$

$$\therefore C_v = 3R \cdot \left[12 \left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)^3 \int_0^{\frac{\theta_h}{T}} \frac{x^3 dx}{(e^x - 1)^2} - \frac{3 \theta_h T}{e^{\frac{\theta_h}{T}} - 1} \right] \quad \dots \quad (10)$$

$$= 3R \cdot D\left(\frac{\theta_h}{T}\right), \text{ where } D\left(\frac{\theta_h}{T}\right) \text{ is called the Debye function of } \frac{\theta_h}{T}.$$

Merits of Debye's Formula

(1) We see from the above result that C_v is a function of $\frac{T}{\theta_h}$ alone, and can therefore be written as $C_v = F\left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)$, which explains the experimental result (3). Schrödinger (1919) has shown that C_v is a universal function of $\frac{T}{\theta_h}$ and that the observed specific heats of a large number of solids accurately lie on the curve plotted from Debye's theory.

(2) For large values of T , i.e. at high temperatures, x is small as also $\frac{\theta_h}{T}$, so that $C_v = 3R \left[12 \left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)^3 \int_0^{\frac{\theta_h}{T}} x^3 dx - 3 \right] = 3R$, which thus reduces

to Dulong and Petit's law for this range. This again is experimentally true.

SPECIFIC HEAT AT LOW TEMPERATURES

(3) Further, at very low temperatures, x and $\frac{\theta_h}{T}$ are very large.

Therefore, the second term within the brackets in equation (10) vanishes, and the limits of the first term can be put as from 0 to ∞ .

$$\therefore C_v = 36 R \left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)^3 \int_0^\infty \frac{x^3 dx}{(e^x - 1)} = 36 R \cdot \frac{\pi^2}{15} \left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)^3 = 234 R \left(\frac{T}{\theta_h}\right)^3 \quad \dots \quad (11)$$

Since θ_h is a constant for a particular substance, this proves the experimentally observed T^3 law. This is a point in which Debye's theory is superior to Einstein's.

Extension of Debye's Theory

"Excellent as it is in so far as agreement with experiment is required, Debye's theory is by no means the last word in the theory of atomic heats." Its main defects are (1) that the solid is regarded as a continuous body, and (2) that the spectrum is guillotined at a certain high frequency v_m . Born and Kármán have tried to extend Debye's theory by taking into account the actual crystal structure of the substance. They arrive at the relation:

$$nC_v = R \left[\sum_{j=1}^{j=3} \left\{ 4D\left(\frac{\theta_j}{T}\right) - 3P\left(\frac{\theta_j}{T}\right) \right\} + \sum_{j=4}^{j=3n} E\left(\frac{\theta_j}{T}\right) \right], \quad \dots \quad (12)$$

where n = number of atoms in a molecule, D and E are the Debye and Einstein functions, and P is a function defined by $P(x) = \frac{x}{e^x - 1}$. At low temperatures, Born and Kármán's formula also reduces to the T^3 law. The calculation of C_v from the formula is, however, very difficult.

Anomalies in the Specific Heat of Solids

Accurate experiments performed in recent years have shown that Debye's theory is far from being a complete representation of the actual state of affairs in the phenomena of specific heats. A large number of variations and discrepancies have been discovered. These can be classed mainly under the following heads:

(1) *Variation of θ_h .* Recent research has shown that for no metal is θ_h a constant for all values of temperature, as is demanded by Debye's theory. These deviations are observed only at rather low temperatures, i.e. at or below the liquid hydrogen temperatures. The origin of these deviations is not yet known with certainty, but very probably it lies in the contribution of conduction electrons to the specific heat. This

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contribution, according to the Sommerfeld and Bloch theories of conduction, is small at room temperatures but becomes comparable with the observed specific heats at temperatures below 5° K.

(2) *Schottky Effect.* In contrast to the small deviations described above, very abnormal specific heats are observed in certain metals like lithium and grey tin. Fig. 6 shows the Debye curve for C_v of lithium with $\theta_h=510$ (broken line). The observed atomic heat is shown by the full line, and the difference between the two which represents the specific

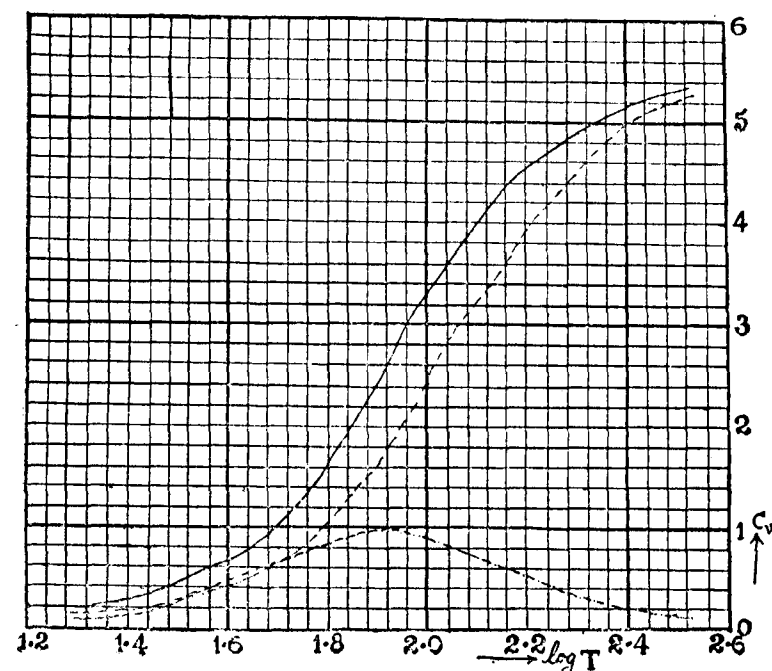


Fig. 6

heat anomaly ΔC is shown by the dotted line. This anomaly has, however, been successfully interpreted by Schottky. He points out that atoms of the same chemical nature might still be physically different; they might possess different energies. Thus we can have two states, the "ground state" with energy ϵ_1 per degree of freedom, and the "excited state" with energy ϵ_2 (ϵ above the ground state, so that $\epsilon = \epsilon_2 - \epsilon_1$). At absolute zero, all the molecules are in the lower state, but as the temperature rises the upper state will begin to be occupied. The number of atoms in the upper state at any temperature T is given by statistical theory as $n = n_0 e^{-\epsilon/kT}$, where n_0 is the number of atoms in the ground state. Hence

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part of the heat imparted to the body will go in raising some of the atoms from the ground state into the upper state, and the apparent specific heat will consequently be greater than in the absence of this effect. From Boltzmann's law, the total energy of the system at temperature T is

$$E = N \frac{\epsilon_1 e^{-\epsilon_1/kT} + \epsilon_2 e^{-\epsilon_2/kT}}{e^{-\epsilon_1/kT} + e^{-\epsilon_2/kT}}$$

where N is the total number of atoms.

$$\therefore \Delta C = \frac{dE}{dT} = \frac{N}{kT^2} \cdot \frac{(\epsilon_1 - \epsilon_2)^2 e^{-\frac{\epsilon_1 + \epsilon_2}{kT}}}{(e^{-\epsilon_1/kT} + e^{-\epsilon_2/kT})^2} = Nk \left(\frac{\epsilon}{kT} \right)^2 \frac{e^{\epsilon/kT}}{(1 + e^{\epsilon/kT})^2}$$

$$\text{Hence, per gram atom, } \Delta C = R \left(\frac{\epsilon}{kT} \right)^2 \frac{e^{\epsilon/kT}}{(1 + e^{\epsilon/kT})^2} \dots \dots \dots (13)$$

The results obtained by the application of this theory are shown in Figs. 7 and 8. Fig. 7 shows the rise in concentration of the number of

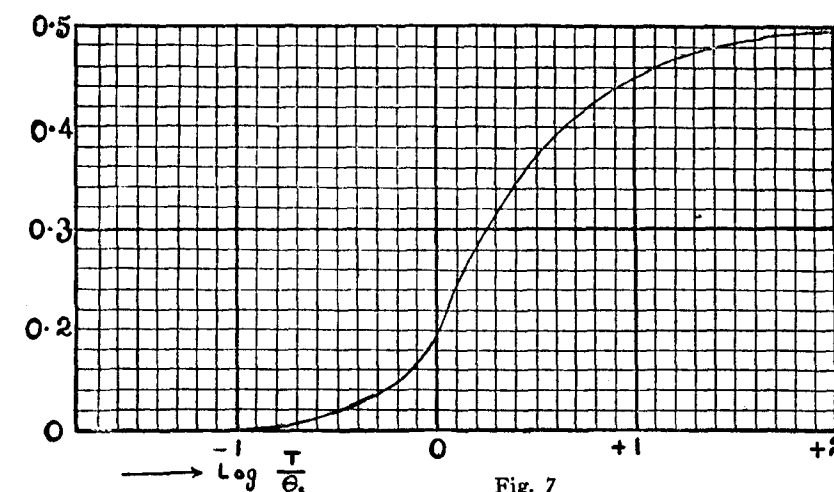


Fig. 7

atoms in the upper state as a function of $\log \frac{T}{\theta_s}$, where θ_s is θ/k . The second figure shows the relation between ΔC and $\log T/\theta_s$. It is easily seen that this curve is very similar to the anomaly curve for lithium. In fact, quantitative results have also been obtained which explain the anomaly correctly.

(3) *Anomaly at the λ -point.* Another type of deviation from the Debye curve is shown by solid methane, solid hydrogen halides, and various

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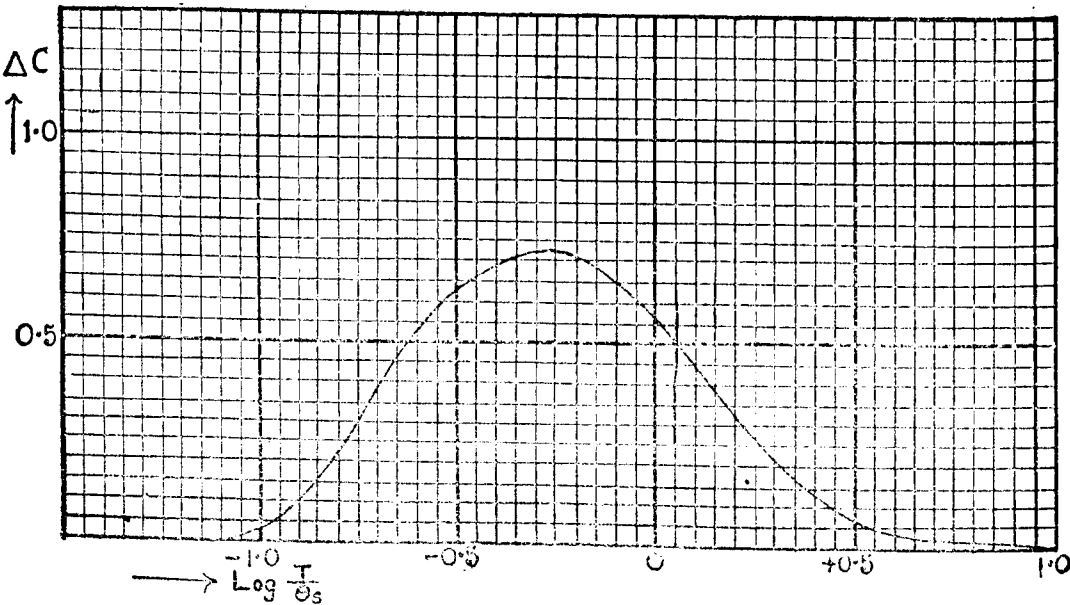


Fig. 8

ammonium salts. In these cases, C_v suddenly shoots up to a very high value, often 1000 times the normal value, reaches a maximum at a temperature called the λ -point, immediately after which it drops to its normal value. An adequate thermodynamic discussion of the phenomenon in the neighbourhood has been given by Ehrenfest. Pauling has suggested that this anomalous behaviour is due to the molecules of the solid substance passing fairly suddenly from oscillation to free rotation. A coupling between the various molecules is also assumed, one molecule beginning to rotate and causing its neighbours to rotate also. Thus a rapid change in the specific heat is produced.

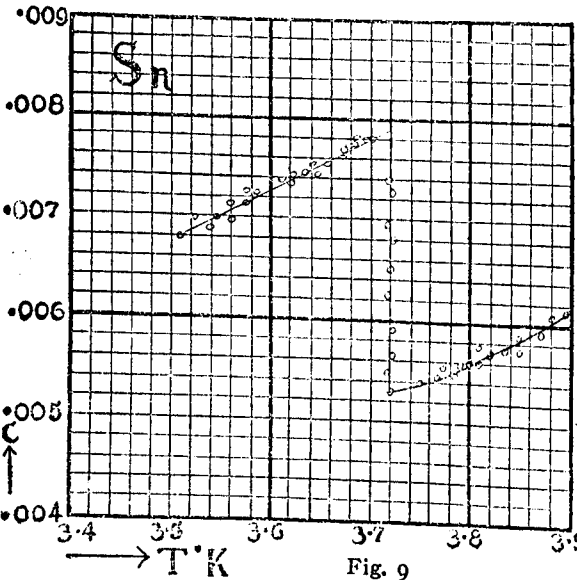


Fig. 9

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(4) *Anomalies at the Onnes point.* Similar and more pronounced discontinuities occur generally when the physical properties of a solid undergo a sudden change at a certain temperature. For instance, at the supraconducting temperature, the substance suddenly becomes a super conductor, and a change in the specific heat also occurs. The effect in the case of tin is shown in Fig. 9. It will be seen that C_v undergoes a sudden change from .0054 to .0078 at this temperature.

We thus see that the specific heats of solids, although obeying Debye's Law fairly closely, exhibit various discrepancies from the theory.

Specific Heats of Liquids

The methods used for the measurement of the specific heats of liquids are essentially the same as those used for solids, the method of electrical heating being most convenient for low temperatures. The theory of the specific heats of liquids has not been developed to any considerable extent on account of the meagreness of our knowledge of the liquid state. It is, however, interesting to compare the specific heat of a liquid just above the melting point with that of the solid just below it. It is found in general that if the specific heat of the solid has reached the Dulong and Petit value, the difference between the values for the liquid and for the solid is small. If it has not, there is in general a large difference. This may be seen from the table below.

Substance	State	Temperature °K	C_p	C_v
H_2	Solid	14	1.4	—
	Liquid	14	3.3	—
		20	4.4	2.8
		27	—	3.2
A	Solid	78.3	7.8	5.66
	Liquid	84.9	10.50	5.54
		93.9	10.62	5.50
		123.8	12.40	5.10
H_2	Solid	233	6.8	5.95
	Liquid	273	6.72	5.97

Specific Heats of Gases—Experimental

Two general methods have been employed for the determination of the specific heats of gases down to very low temperatures—the continuous flow method for C_p and the Nernst-Eucken vacuum calorimeter for C_v .

SPECIFIC HEAT AT LOW TEMPERATURES

The method of "continuous flow" has been applied by Scheel and Heuse for work down to -180°C . Their calorimeter is shown in Figure 10.

The calorimeter is made of glass and is sealed inside the tube M, which is evacuated to reduce loss of heat. The whole apparatus is immersed in a constant temperature bath. After passing through a long tube which is immersed in this bath, the gas enters the calorimeter at the bottom and flows past the platinum thermometer P_1 which measures the inlet temperature. To reach the heater K, which is of constantan wire, the gas has to flow up between the walls C and B, and then down between the walls B and A. By this arrangement, any heat escaping from the heater is brought back by the stream of incoming gas. The thermometer P_2 measures the temperature of the outflowing gas. The difference between the readings of P_1 and P_2 gives the rise of temperature of the gas stream. The rate of flow of the gas is determined by discharging the outflowing gas into a eudiometer for a known time and measuring the volume collected. The experiments showed that while the specific heat of a monatomic gas like helium remained constant, that of the diatomic gases fell considerably with decrease of temperature.

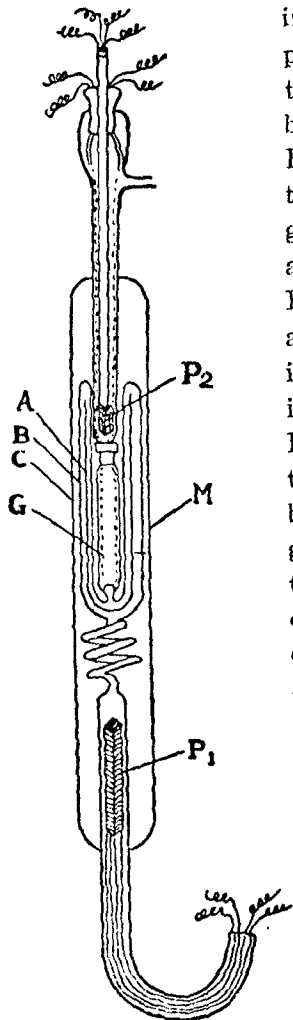


Fig. 10

The application of the "vacuum calorimeter" to the determination

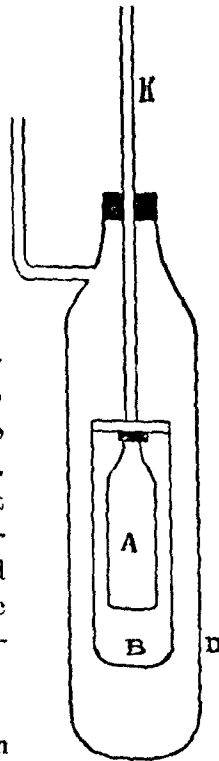


Fig. 11

of C_v of gases at low temperatures may be illustrated by the work of Eucken and Hiller on hydrogen. The method is essentially similar to that used by Nernst for solids. A thin walled steel bulb A (Fig. 11) is filled with gas at 150 atmospheres through the fine capillary K. On the outside of A are wound a constantan heating coil and a platinum resistance thermometer. The metal cylinder B surrounding A serves to minimize

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the heat loss and is maintained at the same temperature as A by a current in a heating coil wound on it. The whole is enclosed in a glass vessel D which can be evacuated. Eucken's results with hydrogen are shown in the following table.

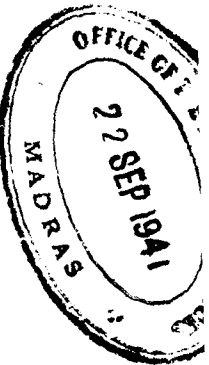
$T^{\circ}\text{K}$	C_v	$T^{\circ}\text{K}$	C_v	$T^{\circ}\text{K}$	C_v
29.6	2.98	60	2.99	90	3.26
35	2.98	65	3.04	100	3.42
40	2.98	70	3.10	110	3.62
50	3.01	80	3.14	273	4.84

Specific Heat of Gases—Theory

According to the classical theory, the total energy W_m of a gram molecule at temperature T can be written in the form $W_m = W_t + W_r + W_v$, where W_t , W_r , W_v stand for the energy per gram molecule associated respectively with translation, rotation, and vibration. Taking a monatomic gas, it has 3 translatory and three rotatory degrees of freedom, but no vibratory degree of freedom. Hence, $W_t = \frac{3}{2}RT$, $W_r = \frac{3}{2}RT$, and $W_v = 0$, so that $W_m = 3RT$, and $C_v = \frac{dW_m}{dT} = 3R = 5.959 \text{ cal/deg/gm. mol.}$

Experiment, however, gives a value exactly half this for monatomic gases such as helium and argon. Classical physics could not explain this discrepancy. In the same way, classical theory predicts for a diatomic molecule $W_t = \frac{3}{2}RT$, $W_r = \frac{3}{2}RT$, and $W_v = \frac{1}{2}RT$, so that $W_m = \frac{7}{2}RT$ and $C_v = \frac{7}{2}R = 6.95$. But, as we have seen, Eucken's experiments show that C_v for hydrogen is approximately equal to $\frac{5}{2}R$ at ordinary temperatures and falls to $\frac{3}{2}R$ at 60°K . Once again the classical theory had failed.

Here also the quantum theory came to the rescue. A general explanation on this theory was given by Ehrenfest who pointed out that rotational energy must be quantized. For a monatomic molecule, the moment of inertia is so small that the rotational energy does not attain the least value possible at ordinary temperatures. Consequently only a very small portion of the molecules possesses any rotational energy at all, and hence $W_m \approx \frac{3}{2}R$, which is true experimentally.



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A quantitative theory has been given for the diatomic hydrogen molecule by Bjerrum and Schwarzschild. According to Bohr's theory, the angular momentum of a rotating body is quantized according to the law, $I\omega = \frac{nh}{2\pi}$, where n is an integer. Therefore, $\omega = nh/2\pi I$, and the rotational energy E_r is consequently given by $E_r = \frac{1}{2}I\omega^2 = n^2 h^2 / 8\pi^2 I$, which, according to the new quantum mechanics, is to be modified as $E_r = \frac{n(n+1)h^2}{8\pi^2 I}$. From this we see that the smallest value apart from zero that E_r can assume is $(E_r)_{min} = h^2 / 4\pi^2 I$. For a hydrogen molecule, $I = 4.67 \times 10^{-41}$, so that $(E_r)_{min} = 2 \cdot 10^{-14}$ ergs.

The energy of translation of a gas molecule at temperature T is $E_t = \frac{3}{2}kT = 2 \cdot 10^{-16} T$ ergs.

Comparing this with the value for $(E_r)_{min}$ we see that the mean energy of a molecule is small compared with the minimum rotational energy above zero that a hydrogen molecule can possess. Hence the gas behaves as if it were monatomic. As the temperature rises, more and more molecules will acquire sufficient energy to occupy the higher states, and consequently C_v will increase. The contribution of rotational energy to the specific heat C_r can be computed theoretically. By subtracting 2.98 ($\frac{3}{2}R$) from the observed value of C_v , we can obtain C_r experimentally.

When, however, the results were compared with those obtained from theory, no satisfactory agreement could be found at all. It seemed as if the quantum theory, too, had proved inadequate. But fortunately a very satisfactory explanation of this discrepancy was forthcoming from other quarters—from a study of wave-mechanics and of the spectrum of hydrogen. A complete analysis of the Lyman bands of hydrogen carried out by Hori in 1927 showed that a distinction must be drawn between the hydrogen molecules for which the rotational quantum number is odd and those for which it is even. This was proposed by Heisenberg, who called the first type the *ortho* form and the second the *para* form of hydrogen. Theory showed further that at ordinary temperatures the ratio of the number of molecules of *ortho*-H₂ to those of *para*-H₂ is 3:1. It also showed that the transformation of one form into the other, although possible, is extremely slow.

Dennison took up the explanation and supposed that no transformation of one form into the other took place during the time taken to make observations of the specific heat of hydrogen. Consequently he took

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$C_r = \frac{PC_{rp} + C_{ro}}{P+1}$, where P = ratio of the number of molecules of *para* to that of *ortho*, i.e. $\frac{1}{3}$. He calculated C_{rp} and C_{ro} from theory and hence C_r . When calculated in this way, the value of C_r was found to be in excellent agreement with the results of Eucken and others.

We thus see how the quantum theory gives a very satisfactory explanation of the variation of the specific heat of hydrogen at low temperatures. Similar explanations have also been given for other gases.

Conclusion

Most delicate and extremely careful investigations carried out on the specific heats at low temperatures have therefore led to so many important results and theories. This branch of experimental physics has, in fact, added much to our knowledge of the ultimate constitution of matter. Yet we are far from any satisfactory solution of the whole problem.

It seems as if Nature tries to play hide-and-seek with man, now submissive in his firm grasp, now evading his keenest search. The purpose of it is not to discourage him but to whet his appetite for more work and research.

Hence a true scientist is one, who, through success and failure, exclaims with Longfellow:

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Notre Fête-Dieu

by Santiago Ignatius, IV U. C.

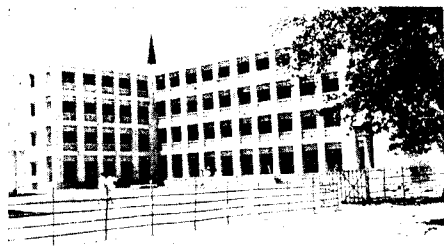
TOUS les ans notre collège célèbre avec grande pompe et splendeur deux fêtes: une, la Fête-Dieu en juillet et l'autre, Notre Dame de Lourdes le onze février. De ces deux fêtes, la première est la plus importante. Cette année la procession a été retardée jusqu'au 3 août parce que les bâtiments adjoints au nouveau Catholique Hostel étaient inachevés. Comme nous sommes les premiers occupants de cet hôtel, nous nous devons de célébrer cette fête avec le plus de solennité possible. Et cette année-ci, la procession fut, de fait, un vrai succès. Elle fut grandiose.

Plusieurs de nos compagnons et amis ne peuvent pas comprendre pourquoi les pensionnaires s'occupent si activement pendant presque quinze jours pour préparer cette fête. Certains autres qui sont impressionnés par la grandeur des cérémonies et la modestie et la piété des laïques pendant la procession, peuvent aimer à connaître quelque chose de cette procession.

Dans cette procession nous manifestons au monde notre foi dans l'Eucharistie Sainte. La Sainte Eucharistie est un mystère qui est très cher à tous les catholiques. Elle est le centre de notre religion. Ce mystère a été prouvé être un des faits les plus historiquement sûrs contés dans la Bible. C'est un mystère en faveur duquel de nombreux martyrs ont témoigné par leur sang. C'est aussi un mystère dont la vérité est prouvée même de nos jours par les guérisons miraculeuses innombrables qui ont lieu aujourd'hui à Lourdes quand l'hostie est portée en procession et que les docteurs les plus éminents ont acceptées comme des miracles authentiques. Aussi croyons-nous que Jésus-Christ, Notre Seigneur, notre meilleur ami, qui a donné sa vie pour notre salut et son propre corps et sang pour notre nourriture, est vraiment présent et actif sous les espèces du pain et du vin.



Photos by Benjamin N. Devadoss, I U.C.

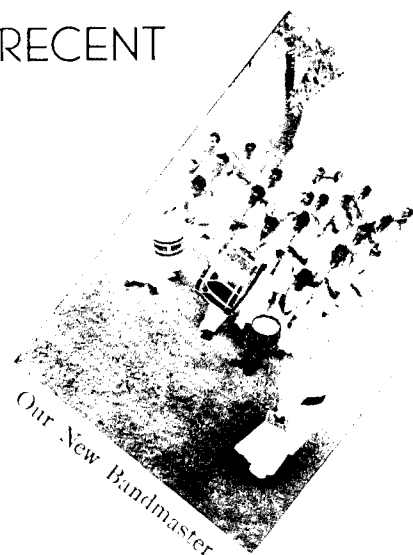


The Sacred Heart Hostel



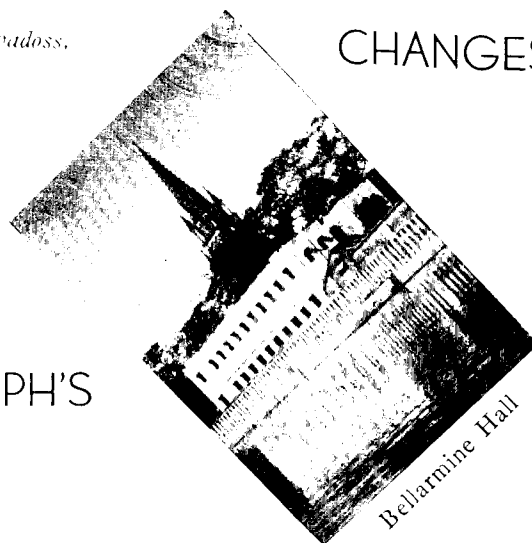
Over Roofs

RECENT



Photos by
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I.U.C.

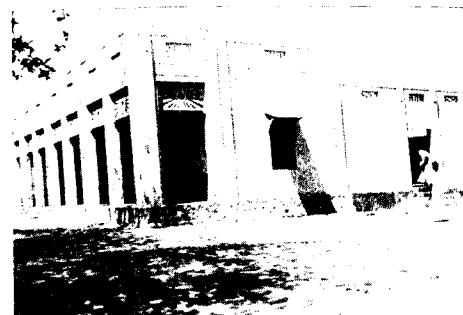
CHANGES



AT
ST. JOSEPH'S



Dining Halls



A Dining Hall

Magic in Mathematics

by K. Venugopalan, III B.Sc.

BROTHERS, do not be taken aback at the word magic and that too in mathematics. Here there is no witchcraft or anything of that sort, but there is only amusing simple arithmetic.

1. Ask one of your friends to think an integral number between 5 and 60, and predict that you will tell him the number that he thinks, provided he answers your questions. Let him think, say, 41. Ask him to divide the number by three and tell you the remainder only, if any. In this case it is 2. Again, ask him to divide the same number by four and let you know the remainder. Lastly, let him divide the same number by five and tell you the remainder, if any. If you do not get any remainder by dividing the number by three or four or five, let him say there is no remainder for three, or for four, or for five. There must be a remainder for at least one of the three divisions. Now you can tell him the number he thought. How? Mathematicians think it is only an equation with three unknowns; let them try and find out how to deal with it. Others, see below.

2. Ask your friend to think a number in four digits, e. g. 5468. Let him tell you the sum of the digits: e. g. $5+4+6+8=23$. Ask him to subtract the sum of the digits from the original number, e. g. $5468-23=5445$. Ask him to omit the unit digit and let you know all the others in order: 5,4,4,—. Predict that you will tell him the number thought. How?

3. Once there was a farmer who had 25 ducks. He named them first, second, third, and so on. The first duck would lay one egg, and the second two eggs, and the third three and the 25th would lay 25 eggs. He had five sons. He wanted to distribute his ducks among them. He desired that each of his sons should get an equal number of ducks and an equal number of eggs. How would you have helped him?

Answers

1. The remainder from three must be multiplied by 40. The remainder from four must be multiplied by 45, and that from five by 36. The sum of the products is found out and the sum is divided by 60. There

MAGIC IN MATHEMATICS

will be a remainder and the remainder is the number thought of. In the example :

2 × 40 = 80

1 × 45 = 45

1 × 36 = 36

161

—

161

60

= 2 + 41.

This 41 is the answer.

2. Add the digits which he says last. In the example, 5 + 4 + 4 = 13. Add 1 and 3 in 13, which gives 4. Subtract the result thus obtained from 9: 9 - 4 = 5. This five is the unit digit that is omitted. Now the number 544 5 is known. Add 23, which is the sum of the digits originally thought, to 544 5. You get the result: 5445 + 23 = 5468.

3. The farmer distributed his ducks as follows (he named his sons A, B, C, D, and E):

	A	B	C	D	E
No. of ducks	2	9	23	18	13
	8	3	10	6	7
	14	15	17	5	25
	20	22	4	12	1
	21	16	11	24	19
	—	—	—	—	—
	65	65	65	65	65
	—	—	—	—	—

Total number of eggs = $\frac{n(n+1)}{2}$, where n is the number of first natural numbers. Substituting the values here, $\frac{25 \times 26}{2}$ is the total number of eggs. The farmer had to distribute the ducks among five persons. So each would get

5

25 × 26

13

5 × 2

= 65.

HEDLEY VERITY

(b. Rathnakar Rai, IV Hons.)

MAURICE LEYLAND

HERBERT SUICLIFFE

BILL BOWES

THE SHOTS OF YOUNG

84



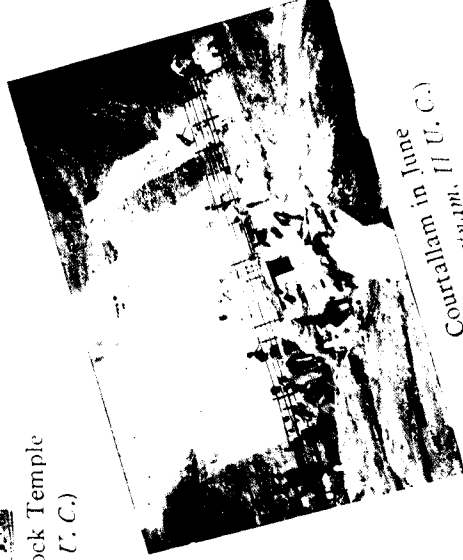
Frog Rock (Chittur-Cochin)
(C. F. S. Rana, I U. C.)



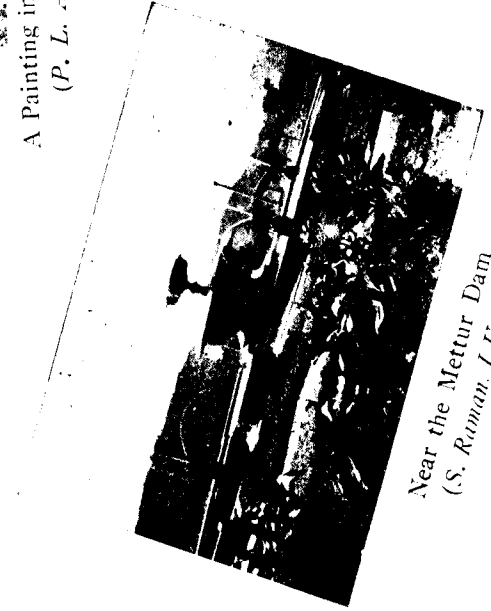
A Painting in the Trichy Rock Temple
(P. L. Arumachalam, I U. C.)



Nelmal, Salem Dist.
(R. Parasharman, I U. C.)



Courtallam in June
(S. Sethuraman, I U. C.)



Near the Mettur Dam
(S. Raman, I U. C.)

விசித்திர ஆலயம்

by R. Louis, I U. C.

பிளம் என்பது மலையா தேசத்தின் கீழ்க்கரையிலுள்ள ஓர் சிறிய தீவாகும். இத்தீவிலுள்ள பல குக்கிராமங்களுக்குள், ஜெலுத்தோம் என்பது ஓர் கிராமமாகும். இக்கிராமத்திலுள்ள ஓர் பெளத்த ஆலயமானது, விசேஷ மதிப்பு பெற்று அக்கிராமத்தையும் சிறப்புச் செய்துகொண்டுள்ளது. இவ்வாலயத்திற்கு சுற்றுப்புறத்திலுள்ள, பல்வேறு மதத்தினரும், மிகவும் ஊக்கத்துடன் வந்து பார்வையிட்டு செல்கின்றனர். இதற்கு “பாம்புகளின் ஆலயம்” என்று மறு பெயரும் உண்டு.

இவ்வாலயத்தின் முன்புறத்திலும், பின்புறத்திலும், சுவர்களிலும் கூரைகளிலும், தரையிலும், சிலைகளிலும், எங்கு பார்த்தாலும், பாம்புகளின் மயமாகவேயிருக்கும். அவைகளின் எண்ணிக்கை சுமார் 2000 ஆகும். நச்சுப்பைகளைத் தன்னகத்தேகொண்ட நாகங்களும், சாரைப் பாம்புகளும், மலைப் பாம்புகளும், பச்சைப் பாம்புகளும், கண்ணாடி விரியன்போன்ற விரியன் பாம்புகளும், இன்னும் அநேக விதமான பாம்புகளும் அங்கும், இங்கும் ஊர்ந்து கொண்டேயிருக்கும்.

இவ்வாலயத்திற்காக நூற்றுக்கணக்கான கோழிகளும், பசுமாதிகளும், வளர்க்கப்படுகின்றன. மேலும் இதற்கு மானியமாக சில நிலங்களும் விடப் பட்டுள்ளன. இக்கிராமத்திலுள்ள சுமார் 200 குடும்பங்களும் கோழிகளையும் பசுமாதிகளையும் வளர்ப்பது, தங்களின்மேல் சுமந்த கடமை என்றெண்ணி, அவைகளுக்கு உணவளித்து, பாதுகாத்து, தினம் காலையில் கோழி முட்டைகளையும் பசும் பாலையும் கொண்டுவந்து அக்கோவிலிலுள்ள பெளத்த குருவினிடத்தில் ஒப்புவித்துவிட்டுச் செல்வார்கள். இக்குரு சணற் நூலாலான ஆடைகளைத் தரித்து, தனக்கென இருக்கும் ஆசனத்தில் அமர்ந்து, தனது சிஷ்யர்களுக்கும், ஜனங்களுக்கும் மத போதனைசெய்வார்.

இவ்வாவங்களெல்லாம் தங்கள் இஷ்டம்போல் சுற்றித் திரிந்துகொண்டும், பார்க்க வருபவர்களுக்கும், அங்குள்ளவர்களுக்கும் யாதொரு தீமை செய்யாமலும் இருக்கின்றன. பிளம்கிலுள்ள ஜனங்களும், மலையாலிலுள்ளவர்களும், அரவங்களைக் கண்டால், அவைகளைப் பிடித்துக்கொண்டுவந்து இங்கு விட்டு விட்டு, அக்குருவினிடத்தில் ஏதாவது பரிசில் பெற்றுச்செல்வர். அங்கே செல்பவர்கள் முதலில் வாயிற்படியில் நின்று தங்கள் பயப்படமாட்டோம் என்று வாக்குறுதி செய்துவிட்டு தைரியமாகச் செல்வர். இப்படி செய்துவிட்டும் உள் சென்றபிறகு எவ்வளவோ மனிதர்கள் பாம்புகளைக் கண்டவுடன்

வ்சித்திர ஆலயம்

மிரண்டு வெளியே ஓடி வந்துவிடுவர். “பாம்பு என்றால் படையும் நிற்கு மல்லவா?”

காலை 8 மணிக்கு கோவில் மணியை அடிப்பார்கள். மணி சத்தத்தைக் கேட்டவுடன் தூங்கிக்கொண்டிருந்த அரவங்களும், இடுக்குகளிலிருந்தவை களும், கோபுரத்தின் உச்சியிலிருந்தவைகளும், மூலை முடுக்குகளிலிருந்தவை களும், உடனே புறப்பட்டு வேகமாக ஓடிடத்தில் வந்துசேரும். அங்கு ஓர் மூலையில் ஒவ்வொரு முட்டையும், ஒரு கிண்ணத்தில் கொஞ்சம் பாலும், வைக்க, ஒவ்வொருக, வரிசைக் கிரமமாக ஒற்றுமையுடன் வந்து குடித்து விட்டு அப்பாற் செல்லும். இவைகளுக்கு இருக்கும் ஒற்றுமையாவது நம்மிட மிருந்தால் எவ்வளவோ நல்லது! இதே மாதிரி சாயந்திரம் 5 மணிக்கு ஒரு தடவையும் ஆகாரம் அளிக்கப்படும்.

இது நிற்க, நீங்கள் தைரியமாக ஆலயத்தினுள் செல்வீராயின், அதன் நடுவில் ஓர் பெரிய சிலை ஒன்றைக் காண்பீர்கள். இது பித்தளையினால் ஆனது. இது சுமார் 50 அடி உயரமும் 30 அடி அகலமும் உள்ளது. இச்சிலையானது புத்தர் பெருமானின் சிலையென்று சொல்லாமலே விளங்காநிற் கும். இது தனது அழகினால் பார்ப்பவர்களுக்கு ஒருபுறம் குதூகலத்தை உண்டாக்கிப்பொழுதிலும், தனது பிரமாண்டமான உருவத்தினால், அவர் களுக்கு அச்சத்தையும் விளைவிக்கிறது. கோவிலின் பின்புறத்திற்குச் செல்ல அதன் கால்களின் இடையின் வழியாகச் செல்லவேண்டும். இக்கால்களின் இடையின் வழியாக மனிதர்கள் தாராளமாக குனியாமல், ஒடுங்காமல் செல்ல லாம். இதன் உச்சியில், ஓர் பெரிய மின்சார விளக்கு எரிந்துகொண்டிருக்கும். இப்பச்சை நிறமான ஒரே ஒரு விளக்கு ஆலயம் முழுவதற்கும் வெளிச்சத்தைத் தருகின்றது. இதன் கை நகங்களும், கால் நகங்களும் தந்தத் தினால் செய்யப்பட்டது. இதன் இரு கண்கள்மட்டும் கண்ணாடியினால் ஆக்கப் பட்டது. இச்சிலையை மாதத்திற்கு ஒருதரம் பௌத்த குருவின் மேற்பார்வை மின்கீழ் சிஷ்யர்கள், நீராட்டி சுத்தம்செய்வார்கள்.

மேலும் ஆலயத்தின் பின்புறத்தில் ஓர் ஆழமில்லாத பெரிய செயற்கை கிணறு உள்ளது. இக்கிணறு சுமார் 200 அடி நீளமும், 100 அடி அகலமும் கொண்டது. இதன் ஆழம் சற்றேறக்குறைய ஒரு ஆள் ஆழம் இருக்கும். இக்கிணற்றைச் சுத்தம்செய்ய, புது தண்ணீரை விடவும், பழைய தண்ணீரை வெளியில் எடுக்கவும் வழிகள் உண்டு. எப்படி தரையில் சர்ப்பங்களை விட்டி ருக்கின்றனரோ, அப்படியே, இங்கும், ஆமைகளையும், மீன்களையும் விட்டி ருக்கின்றனர். அங்கு போய் நின்றால் ஆமைகளின் விளையாடல்களையும்,

வ்சித்திர ஆலயம்

மீன்கள் அங்குமிங்கும் நீந்திச் செல்வதையும், இன்னும் சில அழகிய காட்சி களையும் அதன் நடுவில் வளர்த்திருக்கும் தாமரை போதுகளையும் புஷ்பங்களையும் காணலாம்.

இவ்வாறாக அக்குக்கிராமத்தில் இவ்வாலயம் ஒன்றிருப்பதினால்தான், ஜனங்கள் போவதும் வருவதும், வியாபாரம் விருத்தியாவதும், தான் இருக்க வேண்டிய மூலை தெரியாமலிருப்பதற்குப் பதிலாக பெயர் பெற்று விளங்கவும் காரணமாயிற்று. ஆகவே, ஓர் ஊரைச் சிறப்புசெய்வது முக்கியமாக ஆலய மாகும்.

Buggistan

by R. Subramanian, IV U. C.

ALL democratic countries in the world are in danger. England is in a life-and-death struggle. The U.S.A. is racking its brains how best it can help Britain to victory. France, another democratic country, has fallen into a Dictator's hands. China is not at peace with Japan. Other democratic countries which I have not mentioned are on the verge of losing their independence. To come to our own country, it is at present neither a democracy nor an aristocracy nor an oligarchy nor a dictatorship but a harmonious blending of all these opposing principles. But for argument sake we may consider it as a democracy, and as a democratic country it is not out of the danger zone.

When India is in danger, naturally Clive's* is also in danger. The danger is not of any external aggression but of internal contortion, which is a stumbling block to the smooth working of democracy at Clive's. If left to itself, it will not only be a constant menace to everybody but wreck the very constitution with all its glorious principles.

The reader will be anxious to know what this danger is. It is the demand for Buggistan. The reader will perhaps laugh at the very idea, but it cannot be laughed out when one considers the immensity of the danger. We cannot but grieve over the sad state of affairs, more especially when Clive's is involved. It is to be wondered how these little creatures managed to unite themselves so as to threaten the very constitution; and, what is more, they have declared open hostilities! The reader will understand more fully when he goes through the presidential address of Mr. Big Bug delivered on a certain day during the summer vacation.

The following is a summary of the speech on the eve of the declaration of hostilities against man; it was presented to me by "my own correspondent":

"For the first time in the annals of this memorable land of ours, and of our nation, we meet at this epoch-making hour. This meeting is all the more important as on it will depend our entire future. We must at the outset feel gratitude to Lord Clive who was the first man to entertain us here; thereafter to all rulers of Clive's, whether foreigners

* Clive's (short for Clive's House) is one of the College Hostels.

BUGGISTAN

or Indians. But of late things have changed. Our present Ruler does not show the least respect for us and I am very grieved to announce to you that the situation has of late grown worse. I shall relate the circumstances which have led to the present impasse.

"During the days of Lord Clive only three or four families of our ancestors migrated into this land and from that time our population has multiplied by leaps and bounds. The human element, which was in a majority then, is in a pitiable minority now. To tell you the approximate figures, for every human being in the hostel we are one hundred. We live in chairs, tables, benches, desks, partition planks, ceilings, doors, windows, books, beds, and even in the coats and shirts and shoes of human beings. When Lord Clive deserted this land, it naturally became ours, and these human beings have usurped our land through treachery and falsehood and claim it to be theirs. We are the true citizens of this land and we will fight to the end to regain it. What right has this minority rational element in the hostel except perhaps to abide by the advice given by the majority? You know these human beings work a constitution here and call it democracy. But it has not even one representative of us. Democracy has no meaning when the majority cannot decide the issue. The human minority has so far suppressed, oppressed, and depressed us and yet they boast of being champions of democracy. Just imagine, comrades, what a hideous thing it is when a man brings his toe over our body, and the next moment what are we but a streak of blood? This is our pitiable position now, and who knows what atrocities man will commit in the future? I am very much grieved to reveal the fact that the present Ruler of Clive's, who has all along been so generous to us, is now intriguing with minority human beings in trying to destroy us by giving them things like stoves with which to burn us alive. We can tolerate such atrocities no more.

"With the intention of bringing about a possible agreement between us and these human beings, I met their Ruler, but our talks came to nothing and I was driven out of the room. My demands were very legitimate, as you will see presently. I asked for nothing more than 50 per cent representation for us and 25 per cent for our allies the mosquitoes in the Assembly of Clive's. This request was refused and I was driven away with the contemptuous words: 'You are only b-gs'. Yes, we are; but what are these human beings but humbugs? Having failed in my attempt at reconciliation, I met Clive's Governor again and this time I demanded Buggistan, i. e. a separate territory within Clive's compound where we

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can have our own government and a daily ration of human blood as food for us. This legitimate demand has also been refused. We had all along been passive to the harsh treatment meted out to us. But we cannot tolerate such things any more. We cannot allow our future generations to be humbled. On your behalf and for the welfare of our whole nation I declare open hostilities against human beings and I swear by the third eye of Beelzebub that victory shall be ours. We have already won a diplomatic victory. We have made an alliance with the mosquitoes who will act as a formidable Air Force. We have come to an agreement with our allies in the west, across the waters, that they shall send from Srirangam a regular daily supply of at least a hundred well trained mosquitoes in addition to those manufactured in the Teppakulam. With our own impenetrable land army and with the help of our air allies we can bring man to subjection. We have to admit that we cannot meet the human giants face to face. So I have given orders to our commanders to undertake a guerilla warfare.

"The war with our common enemy—man—will be very long and arduous, but we will go on till we win. Force must be met by force, and blood by blood, till we win".

Biter Bit

by S. Raghavan, IV B.Sc. Hons.

THE other day I met Sambasivan when I was waiting outside the District Court for a friend of mine. Sambasivan was my classmate in the High School, and since then we rarely met each other. But whenever I met him it had always cost me not less than five rupees (though Sambasivan was always careful to speak of the transaction as a *loan*). When I saw him coming rapidly towards me, I felt that he was on one of his usual visits. However, I remained calm and resolute, ready to meet the inevitable.

The preliminary conversation was a kind inquiry about my pay, my health, and my family. When this was over, Sambasivan felt that he had to explain the reason for his visit.

He took me aside and began, all of a sudden: "I am relying solely upon your assistance, my dear fellow; can you help your friend in his hour of need?"

My worst fears were fulfilled; but I remained silent.

"Look here", he continued, "I am in urgent need of twenty rupees. If I fail to pay them by four o'clock this evening, my insurance policy will be cancelled. You *must* give me the money."

I still remained silent; I was unable to speak. "I had no mind to give you this trouble at all", he went on. "I have by mistake left my purse at home. I *have* the necessary cash with me at home. But I have changed my shirt and now find that I have not a single pie with me. That is why I have to turn to you for help."

"That is all right", said I. "But I never carry more than five rupees in my pocket."

The very next moment I realized what a great blunder I had committed. For as every one must have observed, there is a noteworthy characteristic common to all such people that are bent upon 'borrowing' from others. Unlike income-tax officers or bill-collectors, they do not insist on getting from you the exact amount they need. At the outset they may have told you that only two hundred rupees could save them from complete ruin. But yet if you inform them that you have only five or ten rupees

BITER BIT

with you, they do not refuse them but assure you that even these can save them from utter ruin.

Sambasivan was prepared to do the same.

"Well", said he, "give me five rupees. I shall get the rest from somebody else."

I thought for a moment and added:

"But I want this money back to-morrow. Can you return it to me?"

"Didn't I tell you that I have the money at home?"

"Are you quite certain of that? I find it very difficult....."

"Here is my word for it. You can rest assured", was the prompt reply from Sambasivan.

"By the way", I continued, "have you any urgent business now? I have some important information to be sent home. Will you take it for me?"

"Yes, I am prepared to do anything till 3 o'clock this afternoon", he answered.

"Then you have no need of my five rupees at all", said I coolly.

Sambasivan was puzzled. He could not understand me. "Are you laughing at me?" he asked.

"What I mean is this", I went on. "Take these four annas with you. You need not take the trouble of going to my house. Instead you go to your own home by bus, take your purse that has been left at home, and pay the amount due to the Insurance office. This will all be over by about two o'clock."

Sambasivan seemed stunned by my words. He did not know what to say. He hurriedly left me after thanking me for my advice. I waited at the bus stand for Sambasivan till four o'clock. But he never came!

Chemical Robbery

by S. D. Daniel, II U. C.

DERY often in this world we meet people who extract money from others merely by confronting them with a rogue of the first water. To a certain extent chemists, professors of and lecturers in chemistry, can be grouped under this category.

The professor who wants Oxygen for his students breaks into the house of the Right Honourable Sir Potassium Chlorate (KClO_3), who has an abundance of Oxygen, on a terrible summer noon; and stands before his easy-chair. Beside the professor stands a jet-black burglar with ferocious eyes and a revolver in his hand. You wonder who he could be! He is the rascal—Mr. Manganese Dioxide (MnO_2). The professor tells the Rt. Hon. Sir KClO_3 to stand and deliver his wealth of Oxygen and threatens him with death at the hands of the burglar, who by this time has had the courage even to catch him by the hand and frown upon his face. In this dilemma between the scorching summer heat on one side and the aggression of the scoundrels on the other, the poor Sir KClO_3 has no option but to hand over to them all his treasures fully packed with the label 'OXYGEN'. When the deal is finished—when the professor has got enough of the precious Oxygen without which life itself is impossible—the professor cares a tinker's curse for the poor Sir KClO_3 who has been robbed of his wealth, and quits the place along with the burglar, who has not lost even a spark of his energy.

All this is the simple laboratory method of preparing Oxygen used by the professor before his students. He takes KClO_3 in a test-tube, knowing that it can give plenty of Oxygen (since one molecule of it contains three atoms of Oxygen) and makes it part with its Oxygen by heating. The substance does not easily give up its Oxygen. So he introduces a small quantity of the black MnO_2 powder into the test-tube and finds that the KClO_3 now gives up its Oxygen very quickly. When the reaction is over, the professor gets back the MnO_2 powder by such easy mechanical means as washing with water and drying the resulting substance. Moreover, he finds that the powder which he now gets back is in every way the same, not only in quantity but also in quality or composition, as that which he introduced into the test-tube before.

The MnO_2 accelerates the rate of decomposition of the KClO_3 and is therefore very curious. "We are not quite sure how it does its work,

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although we do know that when its work is done it is ready to start again without loss of vigour." This phenomenon is termed CATALYSIS or catalytic action, and the substance (MnO_2) is called a CATALYST or catalytic agent. The word *catalysis* was first used by A. Libavius in 1611. But it is J. J. Berzelius in 1836 who coined these words in their modern sense. In fact the word *catalysis* itself explains nothing. The word is meant to stand for the whole process or reaction; for

A pompous word will stand you instead
For that which will not go into the head.

"Ostwald ingeniously compared the action of a catalytic agent with the action of oil on a machine or of a whip on a sluggish horse. Ostwald and his followers believe that the reaction must be actually in progress before the catalytic agent can act." Let our Indian geniuses knock at the door of this mysterious man Mr. MnO_2 and find out the means that he employs in dealing with the Rt. Hon. Sir $KClO_3$.

மாபெருந் தியாகம்

by V. S. Jayaraman, IV U. C.

“கண் எல்லோரையும் பார்க்கிறது; காது பேசுவோர் வார்த்தைகளை எல்லாம் கேட்கிறது. வாய், காரியம் இருக்கிறதோ இல்லையோ பலரிடத்திலும் பேசுகிறது. ஆனால் கண்ணானது ஒருவரைப் பார்க்கும்போது மற்ற யாரைப் பார்க்கும்போதும் அடையா இன்பத்தை அடைகிறது. அவர் பேசுவது சாமானிய விஷயமானாலும், அவருடைய குரலில் விசேஷமான இனிமையிரா விட்டாலும், அவருடைய வார்த்தையைக் காது தேவாயிருந்ததைப் பருகுவது போல் பருகுகிறது. அவரிடத்துப் பேசும்பொழுது வாய் குளறுகிறது. நாக்கு கொஞ்சுகிறது. இதெல்லாம் அன்பின் அடையாளம். ஆனால் இவ் வன்பு எப்படிப் பிறக்கிறது என்றாலோ, அது தேவரகசியம்—மனிதரால் சொல்லமுடியாது” என்று அமரத்வம் பெற்ற லைலி மஜ்னூன் கதையாசிரியர் வ. வெ. சு. அய்யர் சொல்கிறார். இத்தேவரகசியமாகிய காதலுக்கு ஏற்ற தாழ்வு இல்லையென்று எடுத்துக்காட்டாக உள்ளவர் மொகலாய சக்கரவர்த்தி ஓளரங்கசீபின் மூத்த மகன் ஸெப்-உன்னிஸாவும் அவன் தம் காதலன் தள கர்த்தன் அஹில்கானுமாவர்.

சரித்திராசிரியர்களின் கவனத்தைக் கவர்த்த மொகலாய அரசியர்களில் இவனைப்போல் வேறு எவருமில்லை. இவன்மீது அநேக ஹிந்தி, வங்காளி நவீனங்களும், பல கிராமிய பாடல்களும் புனையப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. இவன் தன் தகப்பனைப்போல் மத வைராக்கியம் இல்லாமல், ஒரு பெரும் கவியரசி யாகவும், புனியரசியாகவும், கலையரசியாகவும் திகழ்ந்தான். இவன் பேரழகு வாய்ந்தவன். 1866-ம் அகவையில் எழுதிய தம் வங்காளி நவீனத்தில் சர்பூ தேவ் முகர்ஜி இவன் வான் வீரன் சதரபதி சிவாஜியுடன் நட்புக்கொண்டிருந்ததாக கூறுகிறார். ஆனால் சர் ஜாதுநாத் சர்க்கார்போன்ற பெரும் சரித் திராசிரியர்கள், ஹிந்து மதத்தை புனருத்தாரணம் செய்த சிவாஜி, தன் வையரியான ஓளரங்கசீபின் மகளிடம் நட்புகொண்டிருந்தான் என்பது மிகவும் தவறான கொள்கை என்று நிரூபிக்கிறார்கள்.

ஆனால் அவன் அஹில்கானுடன் நட்புகொண்டிருந்ததை சரித்திராசிரியர் கள் பலர் ஒப்புக்கொள்ளுகிறார்கள். அக்கதை பலவிதமாகக் கூறப்படுகிறது. ஒரு விதம் வருமாறு :

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ஓளரங்கசீப் ஒரு சமயம் நோயுற்றார். மருத்துவர்கள் அவரை லாகூருக்கு மாற்றுதலாகச் செல்லச் சொல்லினர். மன்னவன் புறப்பட்டால், அவன்

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மாபெருந்தானையும் புறப்படவேண்டுமல்லவா? ஆக்ராவிலிருந்து லாகூருக்குச் செல்ல சில நாட்களும், அங்கு தேக சௌக்கியத்திற்காக பல நாட்களும் தங்க வேண்டியிருந்ததால், ஓளரங்கசிப் இம்மங்கையர் திலகத்தையும் தன்னுடன் அழைத்துச்சென்றான்.

அக்காலை, லாகூரில் தளகர்த்தனயிருந்தவன் அஹில்கான் என்போன். அவன் காம்பீரத் தோற்றமும், இன்சொல்லும், வடிவமும், அடக்க குணமும், தன்னலமற்ற தன்மையும், தைரியமும் யாவர் மனதையும் கவரத்தக்கதாயிருந்தது. அவன் ஒரு பெரிய கவி. திருவே உருவெடுத்தாற்போலிருக்கும் ஸெப்-உன்னிஸாவின் பேரழகையும், கவிதா சக்தியையும், மாசற்ற குணத்தையும், புத்தி விசாலத்தையும் மிகவும் கேள்வியுற்று அவன்பால் பேரன்புகொண்டான். ஆனால் அவன் தன் நிலைமையையும், அவன் நிலைமையும் உன்னிப் பார்த்து தான் அவளை யடைய எண்ணுவது ‘முடவன் கொம்புத் தேனுக்கு ஆசைப்படுவதற்கு’ ஒக்குமென எண்ணி மனம் கசிந்தான்.

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ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா லாகூருக்கு வந்திருக்கிறான் என்று கேள்வியுற்றவுடன், அவன் மனம் அவனைக் காணவிழைந்தது. அவன் வீட்டைக் காக்கும் நிமித்தம், அவன் ஒரு சிறந்த அரேபிய குதிரையில் அவ்வீட்டை சுற்றிவருவதை வழக்கமாகக்கொண்டான்.

ஒரு நாள் சுற்றிவருகையில், அவன் வேணவா நிறைவேறிற்று. ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா சிவப்புச் சேலை உடுத்திக்கொண்டு உப்பரிகையின்மேல் உலாத்திக் கொண்டிருந்தான்.

கவிகள் சேர்த்தால், கவிதா சக்தி ஊற்று எடுத்து பெருகுமல்லவா!

‘சிவப்பு சோதி அரண்மனையின்மேல் காணப்படுகிறது என்று, அவன் காதில் படுமாறு கூறினான். ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா கூறியவன் யாவன் என உணர்ந்து ‘துதியல்லாது’ வீரமும் பணமும் அதை வெல்லவும் அடையவும் முடியாது என்று கூறினான்.

கால சக்கரம் சுழன்றது. ஓளரங்கசிப் உடம்பு குணமடைய ஊருக்குப் போக பிரயத்தனம்செய்தார். ஸெப்-உன்னிஸாவுக்கு ஊருக்குப் போக மனமில்லை எவ்வளவு இருக்கும்? தோட்டம் ஒன்று கிரமாணிக்கும் வேலையில் தான் ஈடுபட்டிருப்பதாகக் கூறித் தான் தங்குவதற்கு தன் தகப்பனின் உத்தி

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மாபெருந் தியாகம்

ரவைப் பெற்றான். அஹில்கான் கொத்தனைப்போல் வேடம் அணிந்து அடிக்கடி அங்கு வருவது வழக்கம். அவர்கள் அக்காலை இயற்றிய கவிகள் பலவாம். சிலவே நமக்குக் கிடைக்கின்றன. ஒரு நாள் சாசர் (chausar) என்னும் விளையாட்டை ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா விளையாடிக்கொண்டிருக்கையில் அங்கு மாறு வேடத்தில் வந்த அஹில்கான் ‘‘உன்னை நினைந்து வருந்துவதில், நான் உலகைச் சுற்றிவரும் துகளுக்கு ஒப்பாய்விட்டேன்’’ எனப் பகர, மடை திறந்தாற்போல் வந்த பதில் ‘‘நீங்கள் காற்றாய் மாறினார்களே, இக்கூத்தலை அசைக்கக்கூடாது தெரியுமா’’.

அவர்கள் அடிக்கடி சந்தித்தனர். ஆனால் விதியின் விளையாட்டு வேறு விதமாய் இருந்தது. டில்லியிலிருந்த ஓளரங்கசிப் இவர்கள் நட்பைப்பற்றி கேள்வியுற்றார். லாகூருக்கு ஓடிவந்தார். காதல் கோயுற்ற இம்மங்கையர்க்கரசிக்கு மணவாளன் தேட மனதில் திடமான எண்ணங்கொண்டார். பல்லாயிரக்கணக்கான வரன்கள் வந்தன. வந்துமென்? அவள் மனம்தான் அவனுடன் லயித்துவிட்டதே.

ஓளரங்கசிப் அஹில்கானையும் லாகூரிலிருந்து டில்லிக்கு வருமாறு அழைத்திருந்தான். ஸெப்-உன்னிஸாவிடம் காதல்கொண்டு, ஆனால் வெறுத்துத் தள்ளப்பட்ட ஒருவன், ஓளரங்கசிப் அஹில்கானை அழைப்பதில் ஏதோ மர்மம் இருக்கிறது என உணர்ந்து, பின்வருமாறு அஹில்கானுக்கு விசிதம் அனுப்பினான்: ‘மன்னன் மகளைக் காதலிப்பது சுலபமானதல்ல; ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா லாகூரிலிருந்தபோது நீ செய்தவைகளை மன்னர் அறிவார். நீர் செய்ததற்கு பலன் டில்லியில் காண்பீர்.—ஜாக்கிரதை’.

ஓளரங்கசிப்பின் தந்திர குணம் அஹில்கானுக்குத் தெரியும். தன்னைக் கவிழ்க்க சூழ்ச்சி என்று எண்ணினான். தன் பதவியைத் துறந்தான்; மணத்திற்கு மறுத்தான். ஊரைவிட்டு ஓடிவிட்டான்.

அப்புறம்கூட, காதலர்கள் கடிதப் போக்குவரத்து நடத்திவந்தார்கள். ஓளரங்கசிபுக்கு இவ்விஷயம் சிறிது தெரியலாயிற்று.

4

காலம் சென்றது. ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா ஊக்கம் தளர்த்தான். மனம் நெகிழ்ந்தான். கவிதா சக்தி மங்கியது. அழகு குன்றியது. அஹில்கான் விஷயத்தை உணர்ந்தான். நீண்ட ஆலோசனைக்குப்பிறகு டில்லி சென்றான். ஸெப்-உன்னிஸாவைப் பார்த்தான். பல மணி நேரங்கள் பொழுது போக்கினான். ஆனால், அந்தோ! மொகலாய அரண்மனையில், அதுவும் ஓளரங்கசிப்

97

மாபேருந் தியாகம்

காலத்தில், சுவர்களுக்குக்கூட கண்ணும் காதும் இருந்தன என்பதை அவர்கள் அறியவில்லை.

அவர்கள் பேசிக்கொண்டிருக்கும் ஒரு அமையம், ஓளரங்கசீப் தன் வருகையை அறிவிக்காமல் தீடினென வந்தான். சாதாரணமாக அவன் அவ னுடன் கவிதைகளைப்பற்றி சர்ச்சை செய்யவே அங்கு வருவது வழக்கம். ஸெப்-உன்னிஸாவுக்கு என்ன செய்வது என்று தோன்றவில்லை. டெக் (deq) என்னும் பெரிய வெங்கீர் பாணையில் அவனை வைத்து மூடிவிட்டான்.

ஓளரங்கசீப் நுழைந்தான், அப்பெரிய பாத்திரத்தில் என்ன இருக்கிறது என்று கேட்க, ‘ ஒன்றுமில்லை வெறுந் தண்ணீர்தான் ’ என்று பதிலிறுத்தான் ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா.

‘ வெறுந் தண்ணீராயிருந்தால் காய்ச்சுவதற்கு என்ன ’ என்று கூறிக் கொண்டே பக்கத்திலிருந்த ஏவல் மகளிரை அடுப்பை மூட்டச் சொன்னான். அரசனிட்டது சட்டம்; மீறினால் மரணம் என்பதை ஐயமறத் தெரிந்த அவர்கள், அவன் அறைந்தவண்ணமே அடுப்பை மூட்டினார்கள்.

ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா தன் மதிப்பை அரசனும் ஏவல் மகளிரும் உள்ள அந்த இடத்தில் குறைக்க விரும்பவில்லை. அவளுக்கு இப்பொழுது காதலனைப் பற்றிய எண்ணம் இரண்டாவதுதான். தன் தகப்பனுடன், முகக் கலக்க மில்லாமல் கவிகளைப்பற்றியும், கவிதைகளைப்பற்றியும் பேசிக்கொண்டிருந்து சமயம் பார்த்து பாளை அருகில் சென்று மெதுவாக “ என்னுடைய உண்மைக் காதலராயிருப்பின், என் மானத்தைக் காப்பாற்ற தயவுசெய்து சப்தம் செய்யாமல் இருப்பீர் ” எனக் கூறிவிட்டுச் சென்றாள்.

அவன் சத்தமிடாமல், ரணக்களத்தே உயிர் விடும் வீரனைபோல் உயிரை விட்டான்.

‘ காதல், காதல், காதல், காதல்போயிற், காதல்போயிற், சாதல், சாதல், சாதல் ’ என்றார் கவி பாரதி.

அஹில்கான் காதலில் மனமுடைந்து சாகவில்லை. காதலின் பேரு மையை உணரா அறிவிலி ஓளரங்கசீப்துன் காதலுக்காக தன் உயிரைத் தியாகம் செய்தான், கவிச் சக்கரவர்த்தி கம்பர் மகன் அம்பிகாபதிபோல்.

5

ஸெப்-உன்னிஸா சிறைக்கு அனுப்பப்பட்டான். இவ்வாலாற்றை சுருங் கக் கூறும் அறிஞர் கென்னத் சாண்டர்ஸ் (Kenneth Saunders) அவள் வெகு

மாபேருந் தியாகம்

காலம் உயிர் வாழவில்லை என்கிறார். ஆனால் அவன் 21 ஆண்டுகள் அஹில் காளை நினைத்து உருகி கி. பி. 1702-ம் வருடம் மே திங்கள் 26-ந் தேதி எல்லாம் வல்ல இறைவன் திருவடி நிழலை அடைந்தான். ஓளரங்கசீப் டில்லி யில் காபூல் கேட்டி-லுள்ள முப்பது ஆயிரம் மரங்கள் உள்ள தோட்டத்தில் அவன் சுவத்தைப் புதைத்தான். அவன் சாவிற்கு வருந்தினான். ஏழைகளுக்கு தருமம்செய்தான். ஸெப்-உன்னிஸாவின் கல்லறை இருப்புப்பாதை போடப் பட்ட காலத்தில் இடிக்கப்பட்டது.

அவன் கல்லறை இடிக்கப்பட்டாலென். அவன் மனம்தான் பாணையில் வெந்தவனுடன் ஒன்றுற ஐக்யமாகிவிட்டதே.

The Blind Typist

by R. Jambunathan, II U. C.

In this world no man suffers more than a blind man. The following story may be taken as proof of this assertion.

Bhaskaran was born blind and had suffered much before he completed his tenth year. Nearly fifteen when I first knew him, he must by this time have become a good typist. He used to live in West Street, Patna, in a dilapidated house. His father and mother had already left for Elysium. At the early age of fifteen he was married to a poor girl of the same age named Padma. She helped him in all his needs and attended to his wants. She was his sole guide in this world of darkness. Whenever he had to type, she would sit by his side and correct him when he went wrong. She maintained the family—a family consisting of husband and wife—with the help of the money left to Bhaskaran by his parents. But all the money was spent before they reached the age of twenty-five. They did not know how to support themselves. Padma wandered in rags begging for food. On some days she had to go without food. A year passed in this manner.

Fortunately or unfortunately Bhaskaran was employed as a typist—God only knows how he got that post—in a certain bank. His work proved inefficient without the help of his wife. How could she go and help him in the bank? Not even a week passed before he was forced to give up his post.

Then he decided to become a private typist. Something new adorned his ruined house—a board that was hanging in the gateway on which was written in bold letters:

BHASKARAN, TYPIST

Charges—considerably less

His house became very busy with people pouring in and out. The house became so crowded that it seemed to Bhaskaran he could not do without a peon. A peon was appointed on a pay of Rs. 15 per month. The matter to be typed was dictated by his wife. The peon was in charge of the 'Way In' and the 'Way Out' of the house. A week passed and then not even the bats that used to cling in clusters from the roof were to be seen. It seemed as if the city of London was deserted in the course of an hour! Bhaskaran proved unworthy of being a private

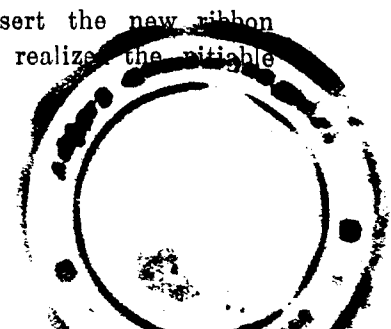
THE BLIND TYPIST

typist. The peon was glad to be paid Rs. 15 for merely adorning the gate; but he too had to go away disappointed at the end of the week.

Padma saw in her husband some talent for composing novels. So she suggested to him that he should write novels and sell them. Bhaskaran recalled to his mind the saying: Failure is the high road to success. He had heard of many beautiful novels. So he made up his mind to spend the rest of his life in writing novels and selling them. The next day being 'auspicious', he thought of beginning his new career that very day. His wife overhauled the machine and replaced the worn-out parts with new ones.

The sun sank in the west and the city was covered with utter darkness. Bhaskaran went to bed, thinking what novel he would write. The city became silent. There is only one kind of silence that can be called 'dead'. This is to be found in a house at midnight. The clock showed twelve. Bhaskaran was dreaming of a very interesting novel which no genius could imagine. Suddenly he got up and sat before the typewriter. He found some papers by his side. He inserted these one by one into the machine and began to type at his top speed, fearing that the dream might vanish from his memory. He finished typing the complete novel by 4 a. m. and went to sleep again.

A faint haze of light was seen upon the horizon towards the east and day was at hand. Padma woke up and found Bhaskaran sleeping. She did not like to awaken him, but when she found that the auspicious time was at hand, she went to his bedside and opened her mouth to call him. Just then Bhaskaran imitated her and yawned, his eyes half-opened. When he thought of the novel which he had written, he sprang to his feet and ran towards the machine. In his hurry, he fell and broke his arm. Padma thought that he had gone mad. She took him in her arms and asked him what the matter was. Bhaskaran laughed and showed her the novel which he had put down in black and white the previous night. Padma took up the sheets of paper and counted them, because no novel had been typed and the sheets were perfectly white. Bhaskaran's smiling face grew pale and there he stood like a pillar dumb with surprise. Warm tears rolled down his quivering lips. Padma went to examine the machine and she found that she had forgotten to insert the new ribbon which she had bought the previous day. Then she realized the pitiable state of her husband and tried to console him.



THE BLIND TYPIST

Their tears joined together and flowed down like a river. His energy and hopes were carried away through his tears. His life also would have accompanied them, but poor Bhaskaran could not die before his time. He had to suffer for the rest of his life. With his blind eyes, broken hand, and broken fortune—what could he expect? His very first novel had been a complete frost. His whole life was a catalogue of failures and disasters. In this manner they lived in this world till they were three score and ten and at last one day they were summoned by God. Both of them left this dark world and disappeared into the bright world which is dark to us.

My First Deepavali

by T. P. Gopalakrishnan, I U. C.

SINCE this was my first Deepavali after my wedding, I received an invitation from my father-in-law to come and spend it with him. Immediately on receipt of it I opened my box and took out my best dhoti, my gilt wrist-watch, my mirror, and my shoes—all these had been presented by my father-in-law on my wedding day—and got my things ready. I wanted to be dressed like a millionaire and make an impression in my father-in-law's house. Before starting I consulted my mother as well as my friend Balu and resolved to act on their advice.

I reached my father-in-law's house. The porter demanded one anna for carrying my suit-case and bedding from the station to the house. But I paid him four. At my father-in-law's, I was provided with a separate room upstairs. From there I could hear the gossip of the women downstairs. One or two minutes after I reached my room I heard conversations below. Two women began to speak about me without knowing that I was there.

One of them said: "Eh, Kamala! I have never seen bridegrooms like our latest one. He spends money lavishly. The porter asked him only one anna for carrying his bedding and suit-case from the station to the house. But, see, he gave him four. If he begins to spend his money like this, his property won't last long. Our Sarada doesn't seem to have much luck."

The other woman answered: "Yes, yes; Vimala. I also noticed that. It is our fate to have such a bridegroom. Never mind. Ah, Ramoo, give this plate of sweets to your brother-in-law. Our bridegroom seems to be rather lacking in brains."

Just then a small boy came up to me with a silver plate containing sweets. He placed the plate before me and I said to him in English: "Thank you; I won't have any." As soon as he heard this, he stared at me and took back the plate and went down. This excited my curiosity. But I heard the voice of this boy downstairs. He was saying to his father: "Papa! I took this plate to our son-in-law and placed it before him. But he abused me in English. I didn't understand his words. So I brought it back." He began to weep. But when I heard his words I felt like laughing. I at once thought that it was wrong on my part to have spoken English in these country places, for as soon as I saw the sweets my mouth had watered.

After a few minutes I heard footsteps on the staircase. I put my shirt and other things in order and looked at myself in the mirror to see

MY FIRST DEEPAVALI

if I looked smart enough. The person who came up was my father-in-law himself. He asked me: "Why didn't you take those sweets?" At that moment I did not at all know what reply I should give. At length I said: "I have no appetite. My stomach is heavy." He replied: "Sir, you should take care of your health first. If you want, you may take a dose of castor oil." As soon as I heard his reply I felt a sudden shock. I thought that taking castor oil was the only great feast I could get at my father-in-law's house. So I replied: "Sorry, I took castor oil only a fortnight back." Then he said: "I have arranged for hot water. Please take a bath so that we may have our meal soon", and went down. But my hunger was too strong for me to bear.

The meal over, I took a little jintan and other such things. Then I went up to my room when I again heard conversations between two women. One of them said: "Ah, Vimala! I think that our bridegroom is blind. He is wearing spectacles. See the fate of our Sarada. She has a blind husband. Even at the very moment of her marriage I advised you not to give Sarada to him. But you didn't at all mind my words. You only told me that he looked very handsome. Now see all these things." As soon as I heard these words my blood began to boil, for I felt I had lost my self-respect. Thus I received the titles of 'The Blind Man' and 'The Fool' for having taken the trouble of coming to my father-in-law's house. Also when I thought of the castor oil feast, it seemed as if a very dagger were stuck in my heart.

At last I saw my day of departure from my father-in-law's. At the moment of crossing the threshold, my legs slipped and my knee got a severe knock. On seeing this, my father-in-law said to me: "Never mind. I shall break the threshold."

When I reached my home, my mother was very anxious to know about my father-in-law's presents. I said: "Oh! my mother, see, my father-in-law has presented me with a ring and a hundred rupees." But in course of time I came to know that the ring he had presented me was mere gilt. After two months' time I received a letter from my father-in-law. In it the following was written:

"I hope your knee is now all right. Are you able to walk? Take care of your health. Take a few doses of castor oil monthly."

Somehow my mother came to know that I had received a letter from my father-in-law. I read the letter to her. On hearing of my foolishness in my father-in-law's house, she sank in an ocean of grief.

History v. Science

by A. Sundaresvaran, II U. C.

IN these days students look upon History with great contempt. Why? Why do they engage deeply in studying Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Botany, Zoology, Physiology, Astronomy, but not History? Is it because the examiners do not give high marks in History, or they think it to be a subject of no value, or because it does not, like Science, murder to dissect?

If a student takes up History, the other students make fun of him and call him a cramming-machine, a bore, Dr. Dryasdust, and so on. Those who have taken the first or the second Group think themselves very great. They show they do not understand the relation between Science and History.

That is the subject of this article. What is a science? A science is a systematic and thorough treatment of a certain subject or a department of knowledge. What is History? History is a methodical record of public events.

From the very definitions of the two, we understand that there is a relation between them. In History, we study the reforms of great men like Pericles, Sulla, Gladstone, Akbar. Similarly in Science we study Charles' Law, Boyle's Law, the Atomic Theory, Newton's Theory, etc.

Science advances only upon the basis of these principles. So also does History. Our modern Constitution is based upon the past. The present Constitution is only an improved form of the past.

Scientists make experiments in the laboratory. So too historians perform their experiments in the wide world. They visit various places and study the geography of those places and then they begin to write the history of the land.

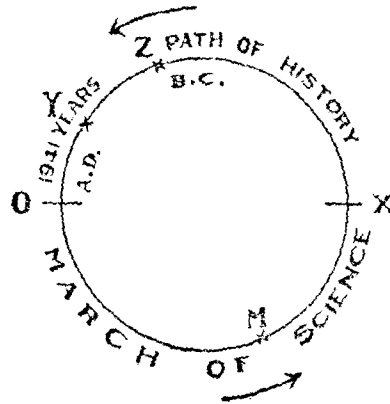
Students of science ask: What's the use of studying the births and deaths of the various kings and ministers? Would it not be a shame for you to be ignorant of the name of your father and the history of your family? What is the use of studying Algebra and Geometry without knowing their origin?

As a matter of fact, Science has not yet arrived at the truth. But 'Science advances rather by providing a succession of approximations to the truth, each more accurate than the past, but each capable of endless degrees of higher accuracy'. So Science is striving to find out the truth, i.e. the end.

HISTORY v. SCIENCE

On the other hand, History has not yet arrived at its real origin. It is also attempting to find out its truth—i. e. the origin.

So we now have two subjects, one busy in finding out its goal and the other its origin. We can explain this by means of a circle.



- In this circle,
- O is the origin of Science and the goal of History.
 - OY represents A. D., i.e. 1941 years.
 - Z is the time from which begins our present History.
 - M is the position to which Science has now advanced.
 - X will be the origin of History and the goal of Science.

History is capable of recording the events between the time Z and O. Now, History is attempting to fix the events between Z and X.

Science has advanced as far as M and it has to continue till X to find the truth.

From the figure we find that Science has advanced much more than History. Science advances rapidly, whereas History is rather slow but steady. Science has various alternatives and each of them advances towards truth. So each branch of Science has to consult with the others.

Archæology, which is a branch of History, tries to fix its real origin.

So in the end the origin of History and the goal of Science will be the same. If it is so, the reader may ask whether the origin of Science and the goal of History are the same. There is no doubt about it. The present man is the goal of History, and ultimately the present nature of beings is the starting-point of Science. For example, we are now in Trichinopoly. Where is Trichy? In the Madras Presidency. Where is this? In India. India is in Asia, which is a part of the earth, which is a part of the universe. Then our reasoning will go on like this: What is the universe? What about that? etc. These are the things to be found out by Science.

From these facts we find that both History and Science are the same; only their procedure is different.

Only a Harijan

by M. Natarajan, III U. C.

H gloomy night. The rain was pouring down in torrents. Ramniklal was returning to his village after comforting and consoling a deserted widow—being a harijan, she had been deserted even by charitable persons. When he was approaching his village he heard the cry of a child. He went to where the cry came from and saw a little child all alone. Thunder rumbled in the air and lightnings rent the clouds.

He said: "Who are you, my dear child? What is the matter with you? Why are you here all alone wet in the rain?"

The child stared at him and cried: "I have been turned out of the house where I was working as a maid-servant. I have neither home nor father or mother. I don't know where"

So saying she began to sob bitterly. He took that six-year-old Mini and consoled her, saying: "I will keep you in my own home and be your father."

He carried her to his mansion. As he reached the gate the gate-keeper said: "She is a harijan girl. How can I allow her into the house?"

But Ramniklal said nothing and went into the house. He gave himself body and soul to this little girl. He spared no pains to give her the best education and sent her to the best school in his village.

Years passed and Mini came out successful in the Matriculation examination. Ramniklal was eager to go on an all-India tour. Before starting, he had determined to make a will. He therefore went to an attorney-at-law in the neighbourhood.

Ramniklal: "I have thought of going on an all-India tour, Mr. Mohanlal. I wish to make a will leaving all my property to my adopted child Mini in case I die on the way."

Mohanlal: "Good God! You are leaving all your property to Mini! Have you become mad? I don't like this but I like Mini. Anyway, give her a portion and not all."

Ramniklal: "It is in vain. I am determined. Please execute my will and register it as early as possible."

ONLY A HARIJAN

After a few weeks he started, after advising Mini to go to his brother's house in Madras and continue her studies there. But Mini requested him to allow her to go with him. Ramniklal would have consented but for her studies. He comforted her by saying: "I will try my best to return in a very short time."

Ramniklal's village was near Kulitalai. Mini had to go to Madras to continue her studies. She started for Madras and reached the railway station. All the carriages were full and it was impossible for her to get into any carriage. Anyhow she managed to find a little space in a carriage. In that carriage there were teachers, officers, and students. One of the students, Gopalratnam, was also going to Madras for study. He became a friend of Mini's. Their friendship deepened into great affection. They were always together in their spare time. Both of them were patriots. After some months a wire came from Gopalratnam's people in Trichinopoly asking him to come home immediately. So he went to see Mini and to bid her farewell. They conversed for some time and at last Gopalratnam said:

"Will you marry me?"

"Do you know that I am a harijan?" said Mini.

"That doesn't matter much", was the immediate reply.

Tears came from Mini's eyes and she said: "I am happy and grateful. But I have pledged my life to my country."

Was it a Dream?

by Y. Dayananda Hegde, V Hous.

AFTER the outbreak of the present war, the Viceroy proclaimed India to be at war by the side of the rest of the British Commonwealth. As days pass by, we are brought nearer and nearer to the war zone. Hitler's indirect attack on the Middle East, if it proves successful (which God forbid!), will surely be a stepping-stone to an attack on India, of whose raw materials he is very badly in need. His attack on Russia has also the same end in view. Hence we are constantly in dread of that human being who stands second to none in this world. The very mention of his name perturbs many of us. I for one am really so afraid of that dynamic personality that I read between the lines of the *Hindu* to see whether there is any possibility of Hitler's coming here, in which case I intend seeking protection in the Rock Fort which is proof against aerial bombardment.

Near my room, *No. 10, Clive's House* (not No. 10, Downing Street), there is a way up to the terrace. At the entrance to the terrace there is a door which under normal conditions remains locked. But since this term many new students joined the Hostel, it was often left open. Owing to the terrible barren wind of Trichy that is prevailing now, that door strikes against the wall, thus producing a sound of such a calibre that even the deafest among us can hear it.

Usually in No. 10 I sleep undisturbed. The dust and noise of the town have no effect on me as soon as I go to bed. Even if ten asses come and bray near my room I am not awakened.

One day as usual I took my supper and began to study as usual; but the fear of Hitler began to trouble me. It was not even 8-30 p.m. when I felt an overwhelming desire to sleep; but since the Warden had not yet come for the roll-call, I was forced to keep dozing. As soon as I heard the noise of his boots, I tried to show myself awake, but who can cheat our Warden? When he bade me good night, he seemed to say—"No, no... Mr. This won't do. Take a pen in hand and do problems. Then you will not get sleep." As soon as he was out of sight I took my slate pencil and began to write something; but after five minutes only lines appeared instead of words. My neighbour, who is a novice in this art, happened to see me in that state and began to laugh. His laughter

WAS IT A DREAM?

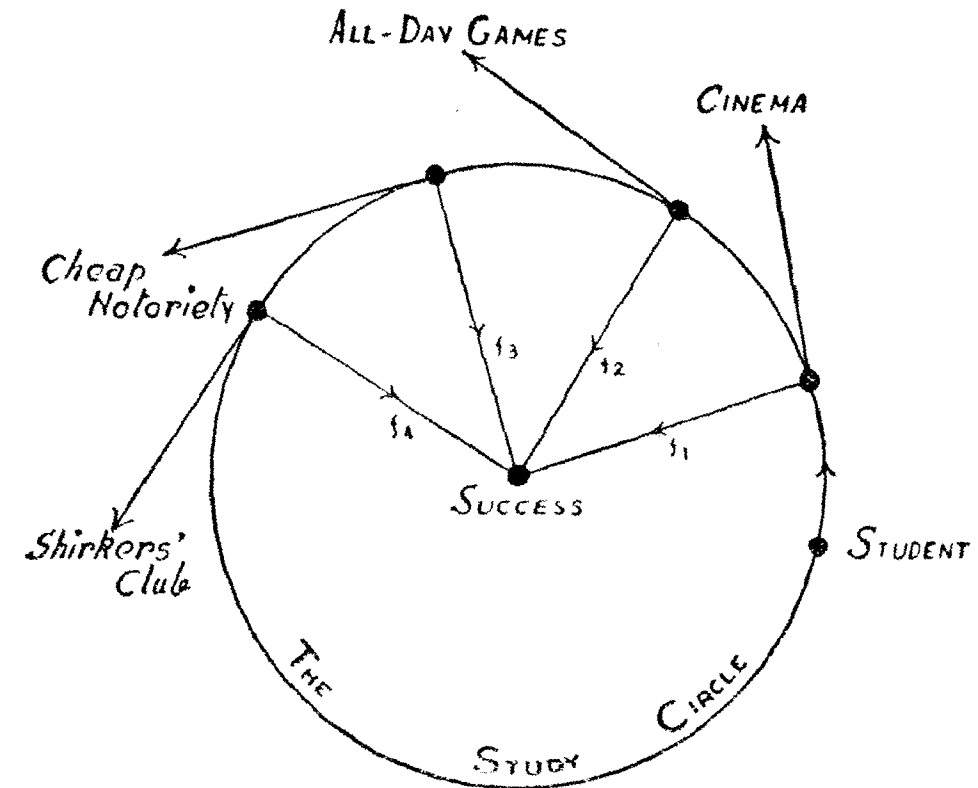
woke me up and I then resolved to go to bed. Within half an hour I was fast asleep unmindful of what was happening around me.

Hitler took undue advantage of my sleep. Landing near my room by parachute he at once rushed in and asked me to cede No. 10, Downing Street (I mean No. 10, Clive's) unconditionally. No. 10 being in front of St. Joseph's College and of Teppakulam lake is really a strategic centre. Since he did not give me even a couple of hours to think over it, I was completely at sea. On the other hand, to take the bull by the horns was beyond me. I was able to see Teppakulam mobilizing her army of dust particles on the surface water to produce poison gas and thus kill Hitler if he should come there. I was quite helpless. But I am not a coward to cede anything to anybody at any time, especially at dead of night. I therefore began to argue with him, though I knew for certain that with Hitler there was no argument. The end of the hot discussion was my stern refusal to yield and his open attack by unceasing bombs. Teppakulam would not come and help me, as she was just getting ready.

Owing to the terrible noise produced by the bursting of bombs I was suddenly awakened. Instantaneously the door of the terrace struck against the wall and produced its majestic sound. By one who had heard the bursting of bombs in sleep, the sound of the door would surely be mistaken for bombs. Hence the fear that I had while asleep got accelerated by this simultaneous action. However, I managed to go out of my room, when to my great surprise everything seemed calm and quiet. The moon was at the height of her glory and the calm clear waters of the Teppakulam reflected her ancient beauty. I asked myself: Was it a Dream?

The Centrifugal Force (f) Illustrated

by P. R. Subramanian



f_1 = Hostel rules

f_2 = College discipline

f_3 = Good sense

f_4 = Parental chiding

The revolving body (student) tends to move off at a tangent, while the centrifugal force (discipline) pulls it (him) towards the centre (success) and keeps it (him) moving on the (study) circle.

Editorial Notes

Our Catholic Hostel

THE opening of a Hostel for Catholic students of the B.A. and B.Sc. classes was the chief event of the new academic year. A four-floored U-shaped building, with separate smaller dining and bathing annexes, was raised in the space formerly—and from the very birth of the College—occupied by the swimming tank and stables and storehouses of grain. The work was done briskly in the summer vacation, and the Hostel, dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and called by its name, was blessed on the feast day, June 20, just three days before the College reopened. It has 102 rooms for as many students, besides a library and rooms for the Warden.

The coming of a Hostel instead of the boarding house to which all the previous generations of Catholic students in this College for close on a century, in Negapatam and in Trichinopoly, have been accustomed, deserves more than a mere mention. It is a step in the direction of giving students more freedom and opportunity for more initiative in the disposal of time and other personal arrangements than the stricter rule of a boarding house allows. But it is not an essential change, only one of degree. The more mature student of the university, indeed, needs for his adolescent personality some measure of wisely regulated freedom, to prepare him for the greater self-reliance and initiative of post-college life. But the *primary* object of the hostel, which is also obtained by the boarding house, is not so much this as *common life*.

This simple truth is so little known to parents and students alike that it needs stressing here. Better food, better 'discipline' (which may mean anything from silence, order, regularity, and punctuality, to morality and restraint in general), greater convenience for study, cheaper board and lodging, greater safety—all these are certainly advantages which most college hostels do provide and which are not despicable; but they are not *the* advantage which is necessary and sufficient to justify the expense and trouble the management of a hostel entails. As a commercial proposition a college hostel would be the nearest approach to folly one could well discover; to the professor who accepts the prison-like title of Warden it is a fruitful source of labour and worry. But all this is well worth enduring if the hostel really brings all its dwellers together in a common, intimate, family life among themselves and with their Warden.

EDITORIAL NOTES

If this living together is in any country immensely more important than studying or passing examinations—as Newman has pointed out in a powerful passage of *The Idea of a University*—it is incomparably more so in India, where we are for many reasons congenitally and unashamedly divided. Living separately has bred want of mutual understanding, and this in turn, want of mutual trust—which no legislation can conjure away. Caste, religion, community, language has divided us, and only a strong movement in the opposite direction, started in the formative years of studenthood, can make our future leaders, and through them the whole lump, one. The money and labour spent on a college hostel is amply repaid if it brings different students closer together among themselves and with their teachers, if its common life is not a polite gloss but a true family spirit of mutual knowledge and appreciation. A certain uniformity among its inmates is necessary to distinguish a hostel from a hotel: thus a Catholic atmosphere in which Catholics may easily live their faith is necessary at college, since education is a rehearsal for life. But even among Catholics there is the greatest diversity of race, language, caste, dress, customs. This diversity in unity is the most educative aspect of a college hostel.

Fr. Camboulives

In the death of Fr. Camboulives, on June 30 last, of typhoid, the College has lost one of those who have been longest associated with it. Out of the close on fifty years of his life in the Society of Jesus he had spent more than half here as professor of chemistry and latterly of French. The Intermediate classes, where the best material and the most malleable is to be found, were his field of predilection: he took a personal and affectionate interest in every pupil, writing down their names and learning to call each one by his own name rightly pronounced. And many of them responded to his fatherly interest and kept filial touch with him long after they had left college. Besides chemistry he loved to teach Moral Science, where his zeal for the true and lasting well-being of his pupils shone with even greater splendour: he used to collect interesting stories and anecdotes with which to liven and drive home his lessons. When age and ill health came on, he had to give up this strenuous work as well as lecturing to large chemistry classes. But while teaching smaller (though by no means small) classes of French, he kept up his superintendence of the Intermediate chemistry department and knew every student that came for practical work in the laboratory.

EDITORIAL NOTES

As the founder and conductor for over a quarter of a century of the College Band, Fr. Camboulives did a service to the college which few of those who attended public functions here really understood. Swinging the baton while the powerful sounds emanated from brass and wood and leather look easy enough. But what silent drudgery went to the practices! To make and maintain a permanent band out of essentially impermanent material meant untold labour, patience, tact, sweetness. But it gave body to our academics, distributions of prizes, receptions, processions, Rectors' Days, High Masses.

And all this was done without display, and with the utmost devotedness. For Fr. Camboulives was a deeply religious man, to whom his Jesuit life was the most serious thing of all and had to 'inform' all. By nature and on principle he had a *heart*: that was what struck people most, that was his secret—the secret, above all, of his wonderful success as an infirmarian, of the motherly care and gentleness which he lavished on whoever was ill either among his brethren or among the students or even servants. To all alike his heart went out in sympathy and his delicate hand went out to heal.

We print elsewhere a notice of him by a colleague who knew him well and two articles by students. Acrostic and other verses were also offered in the emotion of young hearts. But their intention was better than their execution and deserves record. The College Magazine records its gratitude to him for much help in many ways.

Fr. Pruvôt's Jubilee

On August 14 Fr. Charles Pruvôt finished fifty years in the Jesuit order. He has been almost all this long time in this college: he came out to India in September 1891 and has never been out of India since, making this country well and truly his own and devoting himself to the teaching of mathematics. Though latterly not as able to stand the heat of Trichinopoly as he used to, he has always taken a keen interest also in games, of which he was for several years in charge. For years, too, he was Warden of our hostel at Clive's. While congratulating him, in the name of the college and of his present less and past pupils far and near, we wish him many years more among us.

Fr. Vion

Fr. Vion's short stay at St. Joseph's was enough to endear him to the students of the New Hostel where he gave them of his best. His leaving



FR. C. PRUVÔT, S.J.,
Fifty years a Jesuit.



Where's This?
(Benjamin N. Devadass, I U. C.)

WE



V. R. Subbiah
(† May 31, 1941)

REMEMBER



Cdt. P. S. Nagarathnam, L/Cpl. Lionel Rajasekharan, and Sgt. V. Srinivasan
(ex-U. T. C. Cadets training for Emergency Commissions)

EDITORIAL NOTES

for Bombay on July 8 was therefore regretted by all of them. A photograph taken on the occasion is here printed, and 'Vepa' voices the general feeling in 'New Hostel Calling'. To which we would add a hearty God-speed.

Rabindranath

Though Tagore was not connected with this college except for a visit he paid to it over twenty years ago, he was an Old Boy of a similar Jesuit institution in Calcutta and kept to the very end a happy remembrance of his teachers there. And he was an all-India personality, and an educationist in practice. We must therefore add our own little tribute to the nation's and the world's.

The whole country—and, as far as news filters through from other countries, the whole civilized world—mourns the loss of a poet, a painter, a musician, a dramatist, a story-writer, an educator, a village-uplifter. They repeat glorious vague and dreamy lines from *Gitanjali* and *The Crescent Moon* or fiery passionate sentences from *Nationalism* or the recent answer to Miss Rathbone, and give one the impression that Tagore's life was a royal progress from honour to honour till the Oxford Doctorate and Sir Maurice Gwyer's Latin oration. But only those who knew Rabindranath personally know how much sorrow and failure dogged his steps, how the very poetical intensity of his emotions—his love for his poor country, his hatred of injustice and oppression, his grief over ingratitude and loss of support—made his later life one of pain. Less intelligent people might have seen less wrong in the world. Less delicately nurtured temperaments might have steeled themselves to disappointment. He saw and felt it all. Santiniketan was praised but not supported; Sriniketan was praised but not supported: yet to these he had given all he had. Besides personal and intimate disappointments there were repeated attempts made by well-meaning but ununderstanding people to draw the weight of his influence into their own petty parties. Only those who know Bengal can appreciate Tagore's comparative immunity and detachment from its many-branched politics.

If within Bengal and within India his unswerving advocacy of union was not as apparent as was his championship of international unity, it was not due to lack of clear-sightedness or good will. That he loved his Bengal first and India next is quite understandable. But he repeatedly stood up for wider and deeper views. And in the narrowness of Indian politics, may his memory be a lash to whip us into unity!

EDITORIAL NOTES

An Old-English text says of an ancient King that he 'believed much in God'—a truly brief way of saying very much; Tagore believed much—some might say, too much—in man. In his educational method at Visvabharati, in his plans for adult education and village uplift at Sriniketan, in his dealings with his tenants and servants, he was always kind and familiar, i.e. considering all as members of a family. His ancestral tenants used to walk for days just to see their former landlord and hear a trembling word of comfort from his aged lips. The youngest students at Santiniketan had to be kept off him by stern subordinates—so little did his glory frighten them away. He was not a success at business: he was too intelligent and sensitive and aristocratic for that. He has not left Santiniketan or Sriniketan beyond the fear of collapse—it will be the test of the sincerity of India's sorrow at his death to keep these things up. But he has given us an example of a *man*, who loved not humanity but men, a true Indian made in India (like Bose, Raman, Krishnan, Ramanujan, Radhakrishnan) and trying to keep up the Indian spirit in education, a link between India and the world.

Books on the Table

Selected Poems

by *Louis Mac Neice*. *Faber and Faber*. Price: 2s. 6d.

(with apologies to Mr. Mac Neice)

Tentative pencillings, endless liabilities, no assets,
Abstractions scalped with a palette-knife,
All the tricks of the virtuosos who invert the usual,
But everywhere the pretence of individuality occurs—
Old faces frosted with powder and choked in furs.
They cannot live once their idols are turned out,
None of them can endure, for how could they, possibly, without
The flotsam of private property, pekingese and polyanthus.
But yet there is beauty narcotic and deciduous
With an osculation of yellow light, with a glory like
chrysanthemums.

I will gorge myself to satiety with the oddities
Of every artiste, official and amateur.

J. MINATTUR.

Selections from Plato

chosen by *Sir Richard Livingstone*. Pp. XXIV + 220.

Oxford University Press, 1940. Price: 2s. 6d.

It would be difficult to say just how much modern Western culture owes to Plato: there is probably no other single man (not to speak of the God-Man) to whom it owes so much. An aristocrat born in easy and favourable circumstances into the glorious fourth century before Christ and fortunate in having Socrates for teacher and friend, Plato could in his spacious Academy and by contact with the *élite* of Athens develop his many-sided talents—philosophical, literary, political—which left their mark not only on his contemporaries but on European thought. While most other thinkers of the past are now little more than curiosities, Plato is still up-to-date and deals with problems which vex the world to-day, like morality in politics, might *v.* right, the individual and the State, education through pleasure or pain, etc.

Every educated Indian should therefore be grateful for this handy and cheap World's Classics edition of the best of Plato, for it brings the

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most representative of Plato's—and thus of Greek—thought within the reach of Greekless readers who yet cannot afford to be ignorant of the springs of modern European civilization. And no one in England now could have done this service more competently than Sir Richard Livingstone. The President of Corpus has already edited several of Plato's works and written on various aspects of his thought. He is therefore able to pick out the very best and most Platonic of the *Republic*, the *Gorgias*, the *Apology*, the *Laws*, the *Phaedo*, *Crito*—works far from easy of access to the English reader. In his *Portrait of Socrates* of a few years ago he had etched the chief lines of the present fuller portrait of Socrates's pupil.

The result is a volume of Selections which gives a fairly complete idea of Plato's character and thought, which, taken with the scholarly general introduction and apt introductions and titles to each extract, leaves nothing to be desired. There is first a picture of Socrates, taken from various parts of Plato and ending with the well-known but never too well known account of his master's end, where the true spirit of the *sishya* lies enshrined:

'Such was the end, Echeocrates, of our friend; of whom I may truly say that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.'

Then follow sections on Plato's theory of love, of religion, of politics, of education, of morality, of art, fables and myths, and finally miscellaneous subjects like medicine and doctors, lies, and the treatment of servants. It is not necessary to agree with all the views either of Plato or of his editor: many of them may be discussed and some of them rejected out of hand. But Livingstone at least tries to give a fair interpretation and not a travesty of the theory of Ideas and of Guardians.

This, however, does not mean that one cannot question his interpretations. (It would indeed be a misfortune for a scholar to be taken for an oracle). To mention only that pivot of Plato's system—his theory of Ideas. Sir Richard is right in pointing out that the English *idea* is no equivalent of Plato's *eidos*. But it may be discussed whether it corresponds to a *universal* or *form*, and, secondly, whether "the 'Idea' of a chair is more perfectly a chair than any concrete chair", and therefore "their world is a real world, beside which the world of our senses is a shadow" (pp. XVI, XVII). Is there not some confusion here between the ideal and the real?

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But this does not in the least take from the value of these useful and—to the growing number of those who cannot go to the originals—indispensable Selections.

T. N. S.

Analytical Conics. Part I

by T. R. Raghava Sastri and S. Suryanarayana Iyer. Madras: Central Art Press, 1941.

This is a book written by two talented authors. It is a welcome addition to the group of textbooks written for the B.A. and B.Sc. by Indians. It cannot be denied that there have been (and there are) excellent books on this subject by foreign authors. It is, however, both sound policy and sound economy to replace such books with Indian publications, particularly at a time when war conditions make foreign authors difficult to get at.

The present book is only the first part, with a second part just on the offing. The part under review is certainly well done. As the book is intended to cover the B.Sc. Main syllabus as well, the B.A. student might find it above his standard in some places. The treatment is thorough and satisfactory and bears the hall-mark of the rich experience of the authors. The introduction of Joachimsthal's method is most welcome. It would have been even more full and instructive if the equation to the chord of contact had been derived from J's ratio equations. Answers to the problems should have been furnished.

The printing and get-up leave nothing to be desired. The book deserves to be commended warmly to lecturers and learners alike.

T. TOTADRI.

Intermediate Geometry

by S. Krishnasami Iyengar, S. Suryanarayana Iyer, and R. Natesan. Trichinopoly, St. Joseph's Industrial School Press, 1941. Price Re. 1-4.

This is an exceedingly well written textbook and deserves to be in the hands of every student of the Intermediate classes. Other textbooks in the field have just outlived their usefulness owing to the recent modifications of the Madras Inter. geometry syllabus. In this book stress has properly been laid from the beginning on the direction of lengths. A summary of

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prerequisite propositions will be found most useful by the student studying geometry for the first time in the Inter. The examples are well chosen, of the proper variety, and not embarrassingly numerous. A theorem on Inversion might be added to meet the requirements of the Travancore University.

The diagrams are of unequal merit, ranging from good ones (pp. 80, 96, etc.) to bad (pp. 65, 66, 67, etc.). The printing and get-up are otherwise good.

It may not be known to many that Father C. Pruvôt taught geometry for several years to the Inter. classes. There is therefore a singular appropriateness in this fine textbook being dedicated to him.

T. TOTADRI.

Suggestions for the Teaching of the Mother-tongue in India

by W. M. Ryburn. Pp. 202. Oxford University Press, 1940. Price Rs. 2-8.

Mr. Ryburn has done much service to Indian education by the example he has set of an excellent High School at Kharar and by the books he has written on The Progressive School, on the Teaching of English in India, on the Organization of Schools in India. His latest book deals with a subject which has unfortunately been little studied though its importance has always been admitted in theory: the teaching of the mother-tongue. For many reasons, which need not be mentioned here, English has, ever since the East India Company started using that language as the medium of instruction, pushed the Indian languages to a back seat from which they and those who teach them have not yet emerged. Lower pay, less good equipment, less books, maps, charts, and (above all) a silent contempt have conspired to make the teaching of the Indian mother-tongue inefficient. Mr. Ryburn does not seem to realize that the causes of this inefficiency go far deeper than the want of a *method*: they are historical and psychological no less than pedagogical.

My first 'suggestion for the teaching of the mother-tongue in India', therefore, is a better public appreciation of this teaching, which if genuine must mean better paid teachers, which in turn will mean better trained teachers—who will see to better books, maps, charts, and produce more efficient students of the mother-tongue. After this is secured, and not be-

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fore, Mr. Ryburn's suggestions will be very useful. He rightly insists that oral work should always precede written, and that in eliciting answers from students, oral or written, *sincerity* (i.e. saying just what they think or feel, clearly and briefly) should be the first virtue to be inculcated by example and precept. Much of the flabby, padded speech or writing which passes for style in India (no less than elsewhere) is due to unintelligent exercises like 'Write a page on...', 'Describe in 200 lines...', 'Tell me in 100 words...', 'Epitomize in one-third of the original length...'—which teach and encourage quantity for quantity's sake.

Another observation of Mr. Ryburn's which will help teachers of English and the mother-tongue, is that children begin by reading a word as a whole and only much later examine its spelling: the jugglery of sentences like 'A cat sat on a mat' is therefore worse than lost on them. The teacher does most of the work by *reading well*, whether it be prose or verse—his voice, pronunciation, intonation, should all be perfect, so that the meaning of what he reads may come home to the pupils before they see the words. Spelling is a later and comparatively easier problem; and, *pace* the whole tribe of 'dictators' from the days of Noah, spelling is *not* taught (it may at best be *tested*) by dictation.

The teaching of writing depends on the kind of language one has to teach. Urdu, which Mr. Ryburn has in mind in the Punjab, is different from Tamil or Malayalam, and all these are more phonetically spelt than English, which is in Mr. Ryburn's mind all the time as he writes. There is no one way of doing this: one has to find for oneself what is best in the circumstances. But the general principle is sound that writing should be learnt through *interest* created by a project or by play.

In a chapter on the teaching of adults, Mr. Ryburn quotes Dr. Laubach, who has done much pioneering in this field in the Philippines. The whole book is eminently practical and ought to be read by every language teacher.

T. N. S.

The Groundwork of English Composition

by Stanley Glassey. Pp. 317. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1940. Price 4 s.

Though written for High School students, this book is bound to prove an excellent guide to teachers and students of the Intermediate classes. Those who have to deal with the composition work of these

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classes know how barren and hard is the ground on which they have to toil. The groundwork, whatever the reason or excuse, is not being done in our High Schools. Lecturers and Tutors have now to deal largely with students who have not been trained to grasp the elements of correct and cogent writing. Much lecturing, with or without textbook in hand, proves a snare to pupils and teachers alike. It seems best, therefore, to look upon the Intermediate classes as a glorified High School and to do the groundwork of Composition thoroughly, systematically, almost as from the beginning, but without wasting time on pedantic trivialities: at the same time the students' interest in genuine literature has to be awakened.

The difficulty of this task may be considerably lightened by the use of Mr. Glassey's *Groundwork* as a textbook. Its ten chapters are written with that knowledge of the student mind which comes of long acquaintance with it. No law is laid down, no assertion is made, without immediate and clear proof and illustration. The chapters on 'Comprehension', 'Precis-writing', 'Keep to the Point' really 'deliver the goods' to our Intermediate students. Very welcome is the chapter entitled 'The Approach to Literature', which is calculated to create a genuine and critical interest in the study of our Poetry and Prose textbooks. In a last modest chapter on 'Grammar', the author adopts the eminently practical method of teaching the student as much about what should be avoided as about what should be observed in the art of correct writing. The large number of excellent illustrative passages quoted helps to make this book on grammar and composition very pleasant reading.

The book should be reprinted in a cheaper edition with less costly wrappers, so that it may be put into the hands of every Intermediate student.

LAURENCE SUNDARAM.

Travancore Tribes and Castes: The Aborigines of Travancore Vol. III.

by L. A. Krishnaier. Trivandrum, 1941.

In this book the author has summed up the results of his inquest into the life and racial characteristics of the Aborigines. He deals with their domestic life, their ideas of taboo, their marriage customs and the rules of inheritance, their religion, and their occupations. His chapter on the megalithic monuments is of great interest. In one chapter he has

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tried to discuss the racial affinities of these tribes. He finds traces of the proto-Australoid and Negrito races among his specimens.

Whatever the value of the racial theories propounded by the author, he has made a notable addition to the objective study of the aborigines of Travancore.

THOMAS SRINIVASAN.

Milton and his Modern Critics.

by Logan Pearsall Smith. Pp. 73. Oxford University Press, 1940.
Price 3 s. 6 d.

This is an impassioned and I think wholly successful defence of Milton against his latter-day detractors. The Cambridge fashion of debunking has not spared even the one unerring English master of melody. Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot (from across the seas) and F. R. Leavis and Bonamy Dobrée and Herbert Read in his own country claim to have dislodged Milton from his throne 'with remarkably little fuss'. But the defendant though long dead and unable to answer—as he *could* when he lived!—has his works to defend him. No one with a rudimentary ear will admit that Milton's organ has no *vox humana*; nor is he to blame for the mechanicalness of his imitators.

But the true reason for all this incomprehension of Milton seems to be neither the itch for debunking nor the craze for saying something new, but the Greeklessness and Latinlessness of some of his 'modern' critics. Men who can translate the verb *canes* as 'dogs' and '*Cimbrorumque minas et benefactu Mari*' as 'Welsh miners and the profits Marus had out of them', certainly have no right to cast stones at Milton. When Q started the English Tripos at Cambridge without Classics or even Old English and Gothic and Icelandic, he was told that he was building his Honour School on sand. This was too strong; but there is something to be said for the utter need of Latin and Greek at least for an appreciation of Milton. The modern world in receding more and more from these two literatures seems also to recede from that last reward of consummated scholarship of which Mark Pattison (and now Professor Smith) have been such stout champions.

T. N. S.

University Results, March 1941

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage
M. A., Br. I Mathematics ...	4	2	1	—	3	75
M. A., Br. IV Economics & Politics ...	4	1	2	1	4	100
Total ...	8	3	3	1	7	88
B. A. (Hons.), Br. I Mathematics ...	23	8	9	6	23	100
Br. IV Economics ...	21	1	14	6	21	100
Total ...	44	9	23	12	44	100
B. Sc. (Hons.), Part II						
Br. II Physics Main ...	17	8	8	1	17	100
Maths. Subsid. ...	10	—	—	—	10	100
Chem. Subsid. ...	4	—	—	—	4	100
Total ...	14	—	—	—	14	100
B. Sc. (Hons.), Part I ...	15	—	—	—	14	93
B. A. (Hons.), Preliminary ...	58	—	—	—	36	62
B. Sc., Part I ...	99	—	—	—	73	74
Total ...	172	—	—	—	123	73

UNIVERSITY RESULTS, MARCH 1941

	Sent up	I	II	III	Total	Percentage
B. Sc., Part II						
Physics Main Mathematics & Chemistry ...	36	3	16	11	30	83
Chemistry Main Physics & Mathematics ...	17	4	8	2	14	82
Physics & Botany ...	23	3	10	9	22	96
Total ...	76	10	34	22	66	87
B. A. Degree, Part I English ...	128	—	—	76	76	59
Part II Second Language						
Tamil ...	68	—	9	56	65	96
Malayalam ...	32	—	1	26	27	84
Sanskrit ...	29	1	1	25	27	93
French ...	7	—	1	4	5	71
Total ...	136	1	12	111	124	90
Part III Optional Subjects						
Group (i-b) Mathematics ...	29	5	9	10	24	83
Group (ii-b) Physics Main Chem. Subsid. ...	3	—	—	2	2	67
Maths. Subsid. ...	12	—	4	4	8	67
Total ...	15	—	4	6	10	67
Group (ii-c) Chem. Main Physics Subsid. ...	23	3	8	10	21	91
Botany Subsid. ...	1	—	—	1	1	100
Total ...	24	3	8	11	22	93
Group (ii-d) Botany Main ...	13	5	4	3	12	92
Group (iv-b) Economics ...	51	—	1	41	42	82
Total ...	132	13	26	71	110	84

UNIVERSITY RESULTS, MARCH 1941

Complete B. A.'s

			Sent up in all Parts	Complete Passes	Percent- age
Group	(i-b)	Mathematics	26	12	
"	(ii-b)	Physics	15	8	
"	(ii-c)	Chemistry	20	10	
"	(ii-d)	Botany	12	6	
"	(iv-b)	Economics	47	22	
Total			120	58	48%

Intermediate

Complete Passes

SUBJECT	Sent up	I	II	Total	%
Mathematics, Physics, & Chemistry	156	74	38	112	73
Nat. Science, Physics, & Chemistry	52	5	24	29	56
Anc. Hist., Mod. Hist., & Logic	70	3	41	44	63
Total	278	82	103	185	67

Partial Passes

PARTS	Math. Phys. Chem.	Nat. Sc. Phys. Chem.	Anc. H. Mod. H. Logic	Total
PART I only	2	1	2	5
II only	13	8	9	30
III only	—	—	—	—
PARTS I & II	13	9	8	30
I & III	1	—	1	2
II & III	12	3	4	19

UNIVERSITY RESULTS, MARCH 1941

Total Passes

SUBJECTS	Sent up	Passed	%
English	278	222	80
Tamil	149	142	85
Sanskrit	63	63	100
Malayalam	34	32	94
French	31	27	87
Latin	1	1	100
Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry	156	125	81
Natural Science, Physics, and Chemistry	52	32	62
Ancient Hist., Modern Hist., and Logic	70	49	70

University Ranks

M. A.

BRANCH I—*Mathematics*

Robert Maria Louis	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Presidency.
Venkataraman, S.	...	(I Class)	...	2nd "
Balakrishnan, S. R.	...	(II Class)	...	4th "

BRANCH IV—*Economics and History*

Abraham, N. T.	...	(I Class)	...	2nd in the Presidency.
Albuquerque, L. V. P.	...	(II Class)	...	1st "
Paul, T. T.	...	(II Class)	...	5th "

B. A. Honours

BRANCH I—*Mathematics*

Shyam Bhat, M. K.	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Presidency.
Janakiraman, M. A.	...	"	...	5th "
Sivasubrahmanyam, K. N.	...	"	...	6th "
Sankaranarayanan, A.	...	"	...	7th "
Ramachandran, A.	...	"	...	8th "

BRANCH IV—*Economics and History*

Narayanan, C. M.	...	(I Class)	...	3rd in the Presidency.
Chandrasekharan, E. V.	...	(II Class)	...	6th "
Jacob, T. C.	...	(II Class)	...	6th "
Sethumadhavan, M. K.	...	(II Class)	...	11th "

B. Sc. Honours

BRANCH II—*Physics Main*

Harihara Iyer, P. S.	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Presidency.
Anantapadmanabhan, K.	...	"	...	2nd "
Krishnamurthy, L. K.	...	"	...	3rd "
Venkateswaran, A. L.	...	"	...	4th "
Sethunathan, C. V.	...	"	...	5th "
Simoés, E. J.	...	"	...	6th "
Rajagopalan, M. S.	...	"	...	8th "
D'Cruz, B. L.	...	"	...	8th "

B. Sc.

Physics—Main

Venkataraman, R.	...	(I Class)	...	8th in the Presidency.
George, A.	...	"	...	16th "

UNIVERSITY RANKS

Chemistry—Main

Rajagopal, C. S.	...	(I Class)	...	3rd in the Presidency.
Visvanathan, T. R.	...	"	...	6th "
Subrahmanyam, S. S.	...	"	...	8th "

B. A. Degree

PART—II

Tamil

Srinivasan, T. S.	...	(II Class)	...	7th in the Presidency.
Venkataraman, T.	...	"	...	22nd "

Malayalam

Joseph, P. M.	...	(II Class)	...	1st (No. I Class.)
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Sanskrit

Subrahmanyam, B. S.	...	(I Class)	...	8th in the Presidency.
Srinivasan, V.	...	(II Class)	...	2nd "

French

Joseph, T. J.	...	(II Class)	...	6th in the Presidency.
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PART III (GROUPS)

GROUP (i-b)

Margasrinivasan, C. S.	...	(I Class)	...	27th in the Presidency.
Rajagopalan, N.	...	"	...	30th "

GROUP (ii-b) *Physics Main*

Krishnamurthy, P.	...	(II Class)	...	2nd in the Presidency.
Thomas, G. (S.J.)	...	"	...	9th "

GROUP (ii-c) *Chemistry Main*

Luke, K. M.	...	(I Class)	...	1st in the Presidency.
George, J.	...	"	...	3rd "
Kalyanasundaram, N.	...	"	...	4th "
George, J. K.	...	(II Class)	...	2nd "
Narayanan, L.	...	"	...	7th "
Krishnamurthy, V.	...	"	...	9th "

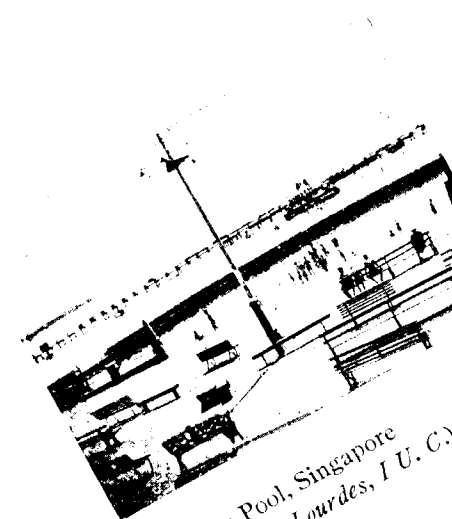
UNIVERSITY RANKS

GROUP (ii-d) *Bol. Main*

Venkatakrishnan, K.	... (I Class) ...	1st in the Presidency.
Soumyanarayanan, S. R.	... " ...	2nd "
Somasundaram, P.	... " ...	3rd "
Divakaran, K.	... " ...	5th "
Sethuraman, K.	... " ...	6th "
Chacko Joseph M.	... (II Class) ...	1st "
Rama Rao, R.	... " ...	3rd "
Sankaranarayanan, S.	... " ...	5th "
Gopinatha Pillai, G.	... " ...	7th "

Intermediate

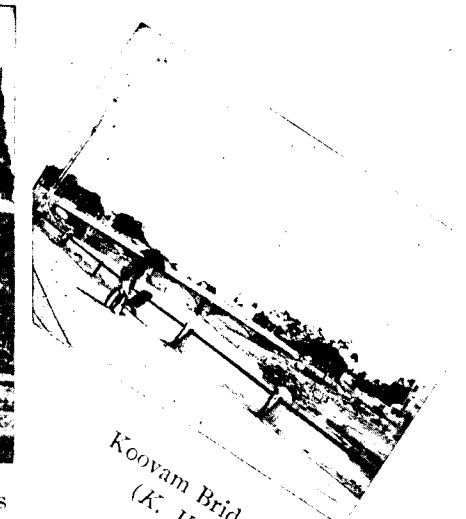
Balasubrahmanyam, K. N.	... (I Class) ...	3rd in the Presidency.
Lakshminarayanan, T. R.	... " ...	6th "
Bashyam, C.	... " ...	10th "
Rajagopalan, S.	... " ...	11th "
Chidambaram, N.	... " ...	14th "
Srinivasan, S.	... " ...	19th "
Seturaman, V. C.	... " ...	27th "



Bathing Pool, Singapore
(A. J. Lourdes, I U. C.)

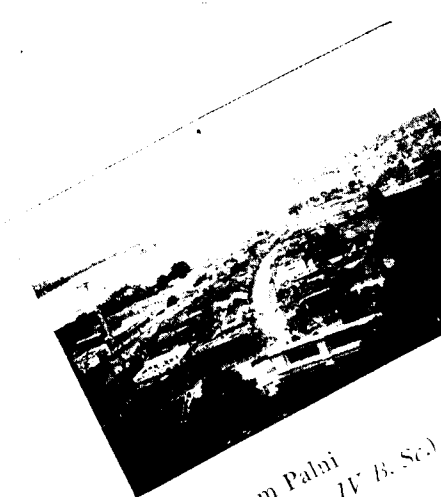


Sarnath Temple, Benares
(N. V. Narayanamurti, I U. C.)

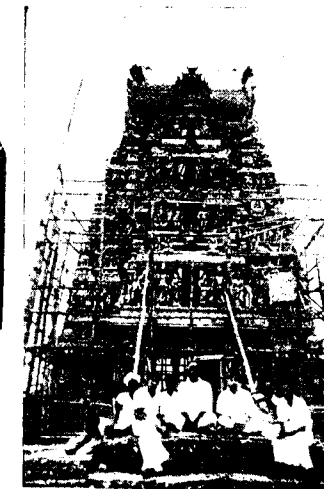


Koovam Bridge
(K. Venugopal, IV U. C.)

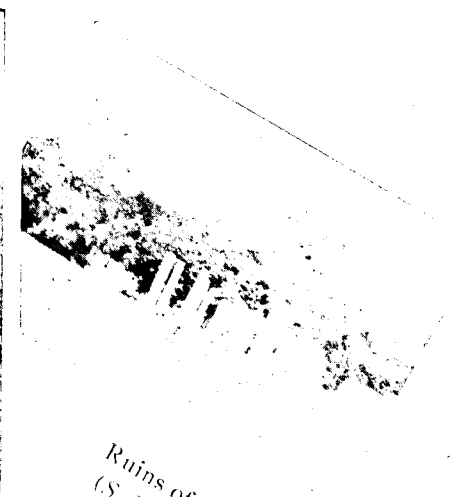
PAST and PRESENT



View from Palni
(V. R. Krishnamachary, IV B. Sc.)



Palni Temple
(V. R. Krishnamachary, IV B. Sc.)



Ruins of Anuradhapura
(S. Vasudevan, I U. C.)

Convocation, 1941

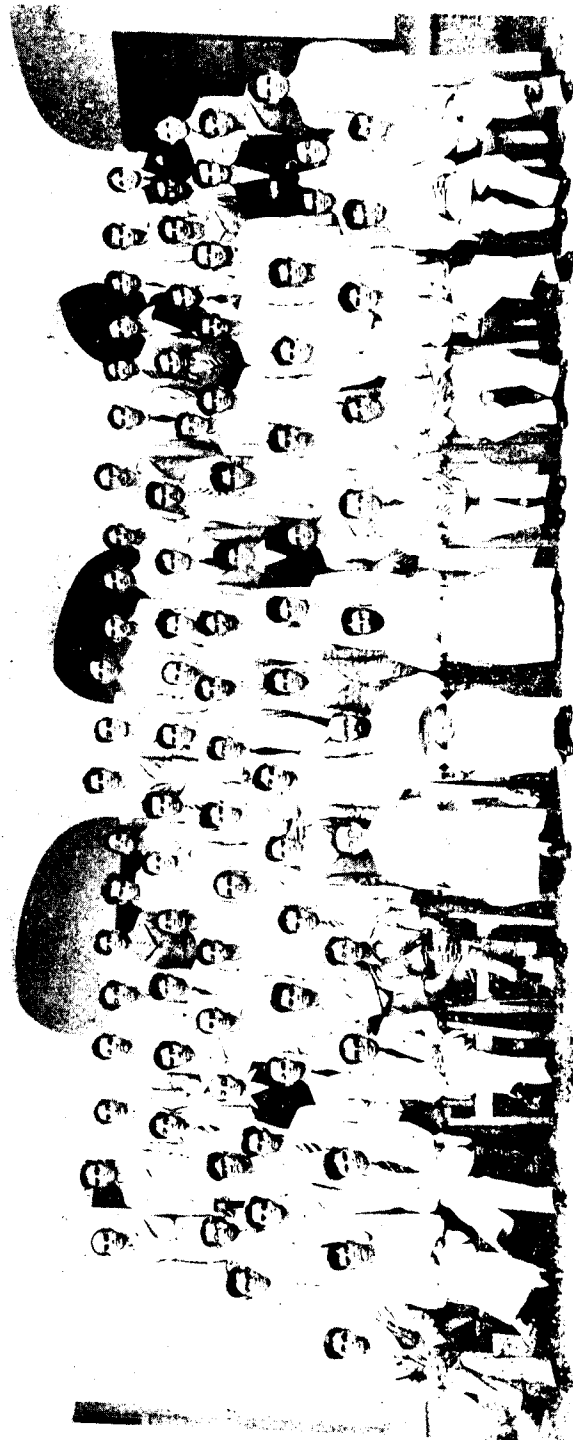
August 16

TAST year's welcome change to a morning meeting was maintained this year with even greater success. As usual the arrangements made by the Madras branch of the Old Boys' Association left nothing to be desired. All honour to them, especially to Mr. S. Narayanan, the energetic Secretary.

About a hundred graduates had taken their degrees the previous day, and of these about eighty were present at the meeting. Rather exceptionally—since there can be good reasons for taking the degree *in absentia*—all our University medallists were present: P. S. Hariharan, Shyam Bhat, and C. S. Rajagopal. Unfortunately the plan of having a morning 'social' prevented the M.A.'s from attending. They were then at the Senate House receiving their degrees at the second convocation, Rev. Fr. Murphy, ever obliging, doing duty for his fellow Principal! The M.A.'s grumbled, and rightly, at this enforced absence, and L. V. P. Albuquerque spoke of "stepmotherly treatment". We had not foreseen this legitimate grievance, and the Principal of St. Joseph's hastens to apologize for his share in it. Possibly next year we might arrange for a noon function starting off with lunch and followed by speeches.....

Of the older generation of Old Boys living in town there was a rather smaller sprinkling this year than in former years. Those that were present were mainly members of the Loyola College staff. Fr. Racine and Fr. Adisayam were welcome guests. We were glad to have the company of Mr. Sundaresan and Mr. Kunji Paulo who happened to be in Madras that day. We had feared that the President of the Madras branch, Capt. T. S. Subramanian, now on leave from Loyola College in order to discharge his full-time duties as Adjutant of the U. T. C., might not be present. But he had managed to cancel all other engagements and reach the College in time for the group photo.

In his absence the duties of President were unostentatiously but quite efficiently carried out by Mr. V. Somasundaram, M. A., Head of the Physics Dept. at Loyola, an Old Boy whose devotion to the Alma Mater is of the warmest and most unselfish kind. He had drawn up an excellent programme, beginning with a characteristically affectionate speech of welcome by Mr. U. Raghavendra Acharya. The Principal of St. Joseph's spoke next. He began by congratulating Capt. T. S. Subramanian on his

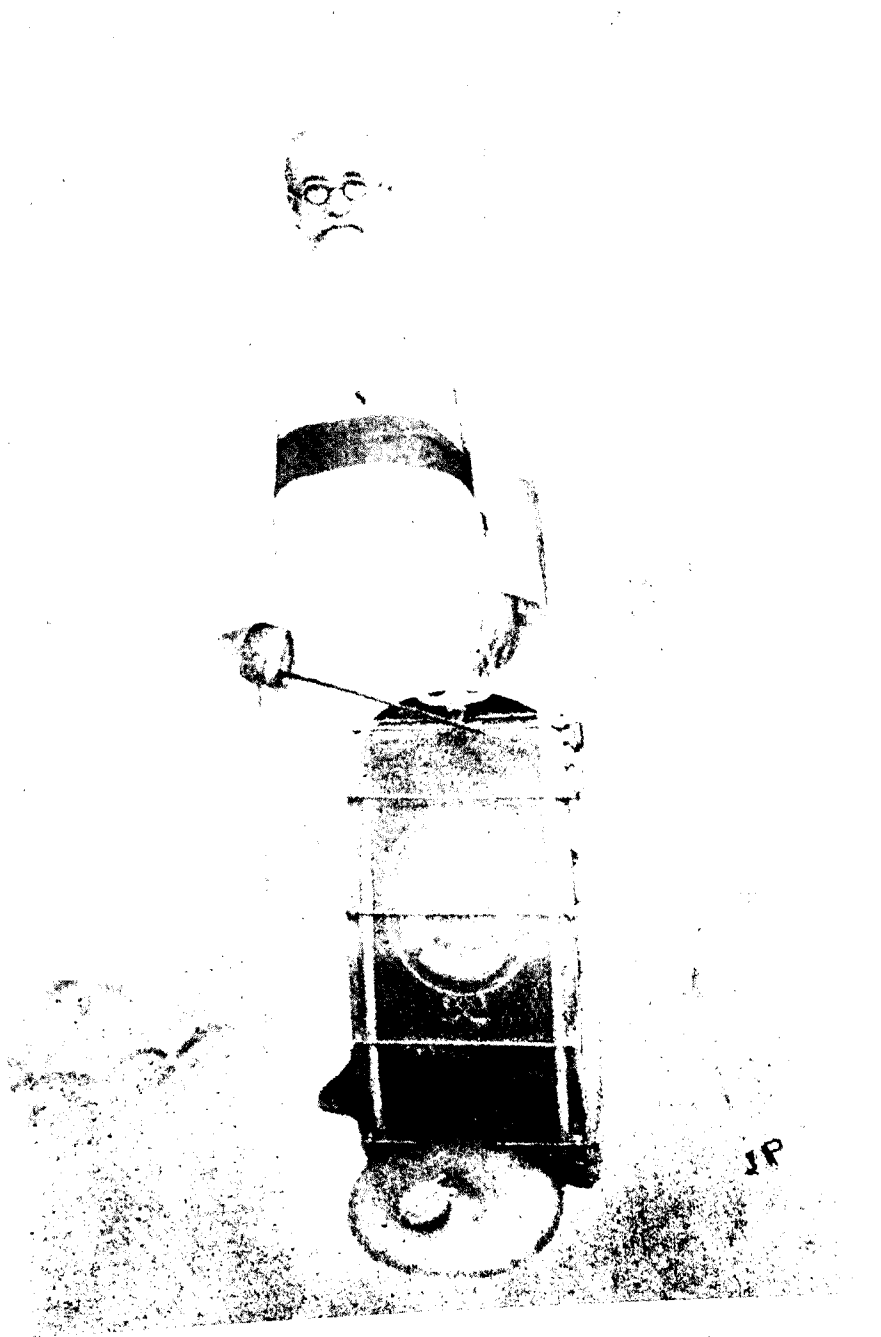


CONVOCATION GROUP, August 16, 1941.

CONVOCATION 1941

appointment as Adjutant. It was an honour to St. Joseph's College as much as to Loyola. To the graduates of the year he first gave news of the College—results, admissions, extensions, etc. He did not minimize the difficulties of the times and the continued dearth of opportunities for those who were coming out of the colleges, but urged them to be more adventurous in their outlook and to profit by every opportunity of work and service which the war was bringing to them. He concluded by referring to the urgent need the country had for communal peace and exhorted them to maintain the tradition of cordial understanding with students of all communities which they had learnt in the College.

Messrs. A. L. Venkatesvaran, B.Sc. (Hons.), Jamal Mahommed, B.A. (Hons.), and Henry Doss, B.A. (Hons.), responded on behalf of the graduates. The company moved down to breakfast at about 10-30 a.m. The catering was all that we have learnt to expect from the Loyola Hostel.



Rev. Fr. A. Camboulives, S.J. (1874-1941)

In Memoriam

Rev. Fr. Aloysius Camboulives, s.j.

GOOD Fr. Camboulives is no more! Hundreds of our students, past and present, will find it impossible to think of our College without recalling to mind his kind face, his gentle figure, his paternal smile. Truly his departure has left a void which no one can fill. He was more than a teacher: he was a friend, a father. Even the most bashful of pupils new to our vast institution felt at home when Fr. Camboulives drew near and pronounced his name with his peculiar accent. His very voice put one at ease. No one felt afraid to approach him; whether in the laboratory or in the Fathers' House or on the College grounds, all were sure of a most friendly welcome. And what a memory he had for names! What an agreeable surprise it was to some very Old Boys when he not only recalled their names but even remembered some anecdote of old times concerning them. Yes, his divine Master has called him away from our midst, but he will live long in our affectionate memory.

Fr. Camboulives was born on June 21, 1874, at Bessières in south France. When he was eighteen he entered the Society of Jesus and soon after came out to India. It was indeed a great sacrifice to leave for ever his dear native land; only his intense love of God and his fellow men could induce him to conquer his natural attachment to family, friends, and country. To the end of his life the mere mention of his beloved France lighted up his face and the warmth of his words left no doubt about what he felt. It is certain that the tragedy of his country had its share in hastening his end. On hearing of the fall of Paris, for instance, he bowed his head to conceal the tears that were welling up in his eyes and kept his room till deep and heartfelt prayer had restored his usual calm.

But from the moment he stepped on the shores of India he made our country his own, and the Madura Mission of which he was proud to be a member became for him a second France. Of the nearly fifty years he consecrated to the service of God in this country, more than half were spent in our College, which was therefore the chief field of his activities. From 1897 to 1905, and again from 1920 to 1941 he was on the staff of this College, always teaching Chemistry, except for the last four years when although he was in charge of the laboratory his failing voice prevented him from lecturing to the ever growing classes. But he kept in touch with his Intermediate students in their Practical classes and had the happiness of teaching many of them the mysteries of his own mother tongue—French. His success as a Professor is recorded in the brilliant results of the college in all those years.

IN MEMORIAM

But what endeared him to his countless pupils was not so much what he taught and did as what he was. He was their "Guru" in the fullest sense of the word. His interest was not confined to the subject he taught, he was much more interested in the boys, their character, their life, even their health. Before class and after, and especially on holidays, his room was besieged by his young friends. Every one was welcome and every one left him the better for his visit, more cheerful, more reassured, more hopeful. Many a poor lad left the room with more than mere advice and encouragement: they could go straight and buy a much needed book or pay the long delayed school fees. But all this was done so quietly, so unobtrusively that hardly any one noticed it. Only the recording Angel can disclose to us the infinite acts of patience and kindness and charity with which this humble man of God enriched his own life and brought joy to those of others.

There is one peculiar activity of the College which will for ever be associated with Fr. Camboulives' name—the College Band. Newcomers and visitors to the College might point out this or that which is better in some other College; but no one can deny that among educational institutions our College has the finest Band. Fr. Camboulives was the founder of this Band. As early as 1897 when he came to teach in the College, he conceived the idea of training some of his pupils to play the various instruments so as to give them a training in good music and at the same time enliven the various social functions of the College. It was not at all easy in the beginning to work out his scheme—he had to train Indian ears to Western tunes, and, worse still, to overcome the repugnance of many to put their mouths to instruments. But such was Fr. Camboulives' love for music that he conquered all difficulties and turned out a very fine Band indeed. Whatever he did he did with all his heart to the best of his power. Time, energy, money, nothing was spared in his zeal to perfect his Band. His Band Boys had to renounce all other activities and interests to devote themselves to music. But then they were amply rewarded for their loyalty—they won a patron and friend who stuck to them to the end. There is no doubt that his Band was a great asset to the College. Even the smallest function became attractive on account of it, and the greater occasions like the College Day and Rector's Day, for which the finest pieces were played, assumed a pomp and magnificence that left a lasting impression on all those who were present.

Such was the life of Fr. Camboulives, obscure and humble and solely devoted to the education of youth. For the last twenty years he had hardly left the precincts of the College except for his annual holiday at

IN MEMORIAM

Kodaikanal. But he was quite content and happy; he loved his work, he loved his boys, above all he was intensely attached to the College. Next year would have been his Golden Jubilee in the Society of Jesus and in India, and we were all looking forward to a grand celebration which would have enabled us to show how we loved him in return and how heartily we appreciated his good work. But it was not to be. He seemed to have a presentiment of it, for when some one playfully referred to the coming Jubilee he shook his head and said that he would not be there to celebrate it. In fact from the very beginning of this year his health was on the decline. The least exertion used to bring on a fit of cold and slight fever. The various College functions in February and March—the Academy in honour of Our Lady, the Fourth Centenary celebrations of the Society, the Anniversary of the College Societies, and the Governor's visit—were a heavy drain on his failing energy, as the College Band played a most important part in all these functions. Over and above this he undertook to translate one of the French textbooks for the use of his students. This translation work, always very fatiguing, was doubly so to him who was so exact and scrupulous. The heat of March and early April only added to his exhaustion. But he would not think of going to the hills until the annual meeting of the Old Boys was over, for it always gave him particular joy to see again his old friends (many Band Boys among them) and enliven their annual gathering with the choicest pieces of music. He thought he could make up for all this by a good long holiday on the hills. He was disappointed. His month and a half's rest at Shembaganur, in the house he loved best next to St. Joseph's, in the midst of so many kind old friends did him no good this year. Two or three days after his return he fell ill. When the fever was diagnosed to be typhoid he felt sure it was his end. He knew that Br. Rayer and his good friend Dr. Jambunathan would spare no pains to get him through; but he could not forget that he was sixty-eight and that his recent fatigues had left no resistance in him. He was resigned to God's will and always reassured his anxious brethren that all was well and that he was ready to meet his Maker. Thus on Monday, 30th June, at 2-30 p.m., he peacefully rendered up his soul to God.

Crowds of students streamed in with tearful eyes to pay their last respects to the mortal remains of their beloved master. Next morning they followed him to his resting place. Good Fr. Camboulives is no more; but it will be long, long before he will depart from our memory.

H. P., S. J.

The College Chronicle

The Governor's Visit

IN the middle of his crowded programme His Excellency the Governor of Madras was pleased to visit the college on March 11 and spend nearly an hour. He was received in the Lawley Hall amidst the strains of the College band. His Excellency addressed the students on the present war, emphasizing that the destruction of Nazi tyranny was the foremost need of the hour.

The Old Boys' Meeting

The annual meeting of the Old Boys, Catholic and non-Catholic, was held in the Lawley Hall on Easter Sunday. The function began with tea. This year a very large number of the Old Boys of the town were present. Rev. Fr. Rector welcomed the visitors and expressed his great delight at the large gathering that was assembled. He recalled the fine and touching way in which the Old Boys had honoured the Society during the centenary celebrations and thanked all of them for that manifestation of their love for the Alma Mater. Several Old Boys made varied and delightful speeches; that of Mr. K. R. R. Avadhani, B.A., B.L., was the most delightful of them all.

St. Thomas's Day

The Malabar Catholic students celebrated St. Thomas's Day according to custom with a tea party followed by a variety entertainment. Fr. Purakel made a short welcome speech and Mr. A. Hirudayasamy made an equally short and complimentary speech extolling the virtues of Malabar. Rev. Fr. Principal concluded the function with an impressive exhortation.

Dr. Dyson's Lecture

On July 24, Dr. Dyson, president of the Madras Flying Club, addressed a meeting in the Lawley Hall, Mr. B. W. Day, Collector of Trichinopoly, presiding. The speaker described the romance of the air in a very attractive manner, and exhorted his hearers to volunteer in large numbers for the Indian Air Force. The meeting was also addressed by an Indian officer of the Air Force and by another Indian who had taken part in the battle of Kerin.

Boarders' Chronicle

June 30—The death of Fr. Camboulives occurred at about 2-15 p.m.

July 1—The funeral service was held early in the morning.

July 2—All the boarders and hostellers were taken to see "The Blue Bird".

July 6—At 11-45 in the Lawley Hall Fr. Carty gave an exposé of the purpose and ideals of the Catholic University Federation.

July 20—Congregational singing was tried for the first time during Benediction and with success.

July 27—St. Thomas's Day was celebrated by the Malayalees with Mass in the morning and a tea party in the evening, to which all the Catholic students and staff were asked. Out of the subscriptions Rs. 40 were sent towards the Cyclone Relief Fund in Trichur.

August 3—Corpus Christi Procession—by a new route, passing through the Sacred Heart Hostel.

August 13—Eve of the annual retreat. Boarders and Hostellers went for a long walk in the morning.

August 14-16—Retreat preached by Fr. Antoniswami.

August 22—All the boys were taken to the G. A. Circus in the evening.

B. D.

Clive's Chronicle

June 23—The Hostel reopens. Juniors and seniors begin their hostel life on the same day. The seniors teach the juniors how to evade Silence Hours. This year we lose the familiar sight of the Warden trailing a cloud of anxious room-hunters.

June 25—The holiday is utilized for a full discussion about the staff of the college. The Sunday tiffin sweetens our discussion.

July 3—Some senior members try to elicit admiration from the "innocent" juniors by their "fancy dress" in the Dining Hall (Smartha Section).

July 8—Fire breaks out in our Parry's Corner. Unfortunately it is put out before it could burn down our latrine.

July 14—Our first Quadrangle Meeting. Members are reminded that the Dining Hall is the testing place of character. "The Silence Bell is not for silence five minutes after the bell has gone"....."3-30 a.m. is not the proper time to watch wedding processions", etc.

July 16—The rebirth of Clive's Union. The wedding season is most embarrassing. Here is my friend who wants to attend his own wedding, but is afraid to apply for leave. "But why", the Warden might ask, "should *you* attend your wedding?"

July 20—Clive's beats the New Hostel in a friendly badminton match.

July 23—And gets defeated in a volley-ball match. However, the Adi Amavasai feast did not suffer by this. On the contrary!

July 30—By an overwhelming majority Clive's Union throws out a proposition demanding the removal of the sex-bar to the "professions".

"Why has the Teppakulam not an equalizing influence over the climate of Clive's?" asks a student fresh from his study of S. S. L. C. Geography.

August 1—My I U. C. friend expresses his desire to write to his father: "Dear Father, my acquaintance with the Warden has hit my purse rather hard. Kindly take this into consideration when you next send me pocket-money."

August 7—Avani Avittam feast. Ends in mourning when we hear of the death of our beloved Tagore.

CLIVE'S CHRONICLE

August 8—Clive's observes two minutes' silence in mourning the loss of the Poet.

August 16—Water scarcity in Clive's. Cromwell's "Purge" is applied in our bath-room on this fine morning. Look at the irony of the New Hostellites inviting us for a bath there! (Two years back *we* gave them shelter from floods!)

August 20—Clive's Union meeting. Government advises the Bawackians "to make love" to their "Darwinian ancestors" who have obviously forgotten their relationship with human beings and hence are menacing their peace.

Democracy outvotes itself; the House declares itself in favour of Dictatorship in India.

August 23—Lovers of music who went out of Clive's to enjoy it, find themselves stranded in the street at 8-30 p.m. At 8-45 they are let in by the generous but angry Warden.

Feverish preparation for the College Sports and cold preparation for the September examinations are a notable feature of this month's activities.

N. V. S.

New Hostel Calling!

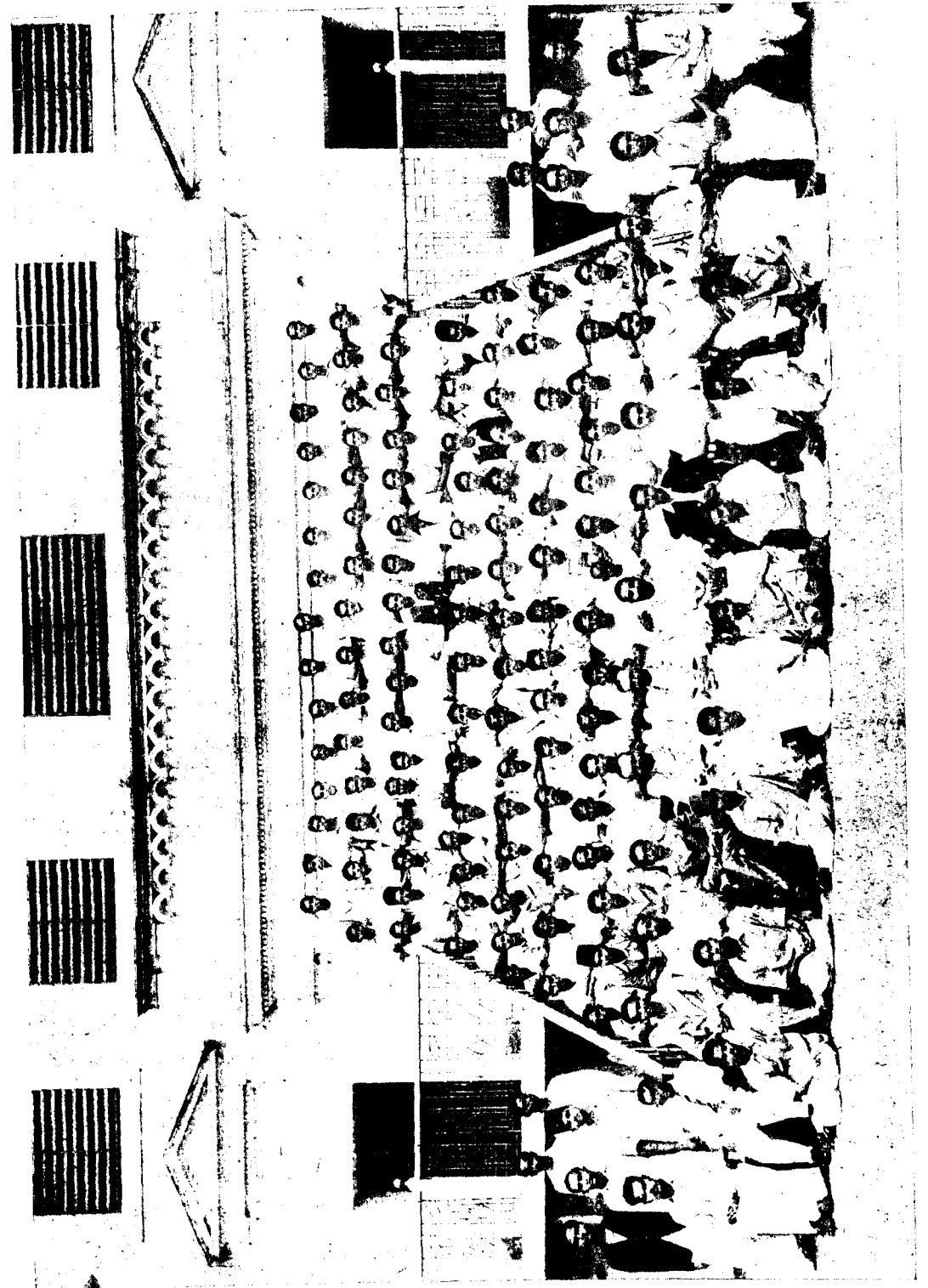
Hullo, Everybody! This is New Hostel calling on the St. Joseph's short-wave station, Teppakulam. We present to you News from Home.

June 23—So back to College after three months of fine vacation. Many chaps definitely looking fatter—and no wonder, with three months of all play and no work. Trains all crowded with Josephites glum at the prospect of leaving home. We recollect many old faces but we miss some very much. 'Aññā'—our heavy-weight champion—has left a void here which it is really very hard to fill. Alexander has been transferred to the newly built Sacred Heart Hostel and even now we can see him looking with wistful eyes at the scene of his former exploits. But quite a large number of newcomers greet our eye. Our popular sportsman Kunhan Unni has come back and is our General Captain this year. Rao also has come to the Hostel and has already settled down comfortably. Eepie feels quite at home amongst his new surroundings.

June 26—Newcomers to the hostel are adjusting themselves slowly. Only very few cases of sleeping with lights on were reported. A remarkable feature this year is the phenomenal increase in brothers. Last year we had the Twins, Chellam brothers, 'Europeans', Ramamurty brothers. In addition we now have the Sportsmen brothers, the Pudukottai brothers, and the Travancore brothers.

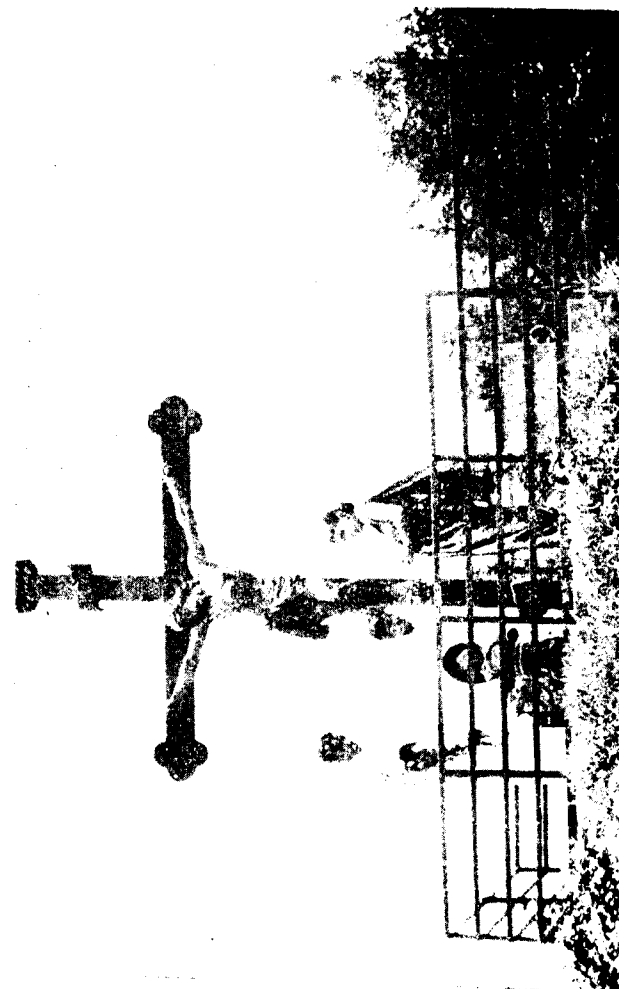
June 30—Agitation for reforms fills the air. 'No taxation without representation' became the motto, and election of reps was put forward as the first step. Just then came the smashing news that Fr. Vion was leaving us next week for Bombay. The Tatler correspondent rushed to him and interviewed him; he only smiled and said knowingly: "I told you so always. It is not surprising." Of course he had told us often that he was only waiting to get back to his dear *patrie* which he loves so much. And yet the actual news came as a shock to the Seniors as well as the Juniors who had begun to love him already.

July 6—And so with heavy hearts we set about the task of honouring the man who had meant so much to us. A group photograph was taken and it now fills a place of honour in the hostel. In the evening a grand tea was arranged. We are justifiably proud of this, for it was a students' affair from first to last. It showed what a happy family we are all thrown up here from different parts of India to live common lives and learn to love each other. Boxes of cigars were the tokens of love presented to Fr. Vion by his boys. Replying to the toast he thanked us all very much

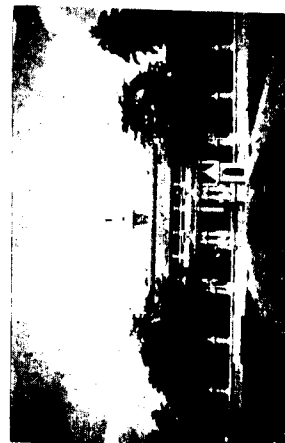


THE NEW HOSTEL
Says Good-bye to Fr. L. Vion.

INDIA



The crucifix at Kandal, near Ootacamund
(K. Ramamurthy, III B. Sc.)



The Governor's House, Karaikkal
(S. Ganapathy, I F. C.)



After Rain
(K. V. Rajagopalan, III B. Sc.)

SOUTH

NEW HOSTEL CALLING!

and appealed to us to think always of our nation first. It was a short but emotional speech. Rev. Fr. Rector and our new Warden, Fr. Siqueira, also spoke.

July 7—Fr. Vion hands over charge and Fr. Siqueira's regime begins. Boys naturally anxious to see what precedents the new Warden will set up, but he merely follows Fr. Vion's example and we are distinctly gladder for that.

July 8—Election day of the Secretaryship of the Literary and Debating Society. Lots of propaganda and canvassing. The New Hostel turned out in grand style to see its candidate carry off the honour for the first time in its short history. The New Hostel this year carries away most of the College honours. Tennis Captain Bhat is one of us, while the Cricket Captain is also a New Hosteller.

What a fine set we have in the New Hostel! The pick of the College, all living happy lives and caring not what the morrow may bring. Ramachandran is definitely our intellectual, but he can also turn a cricket ball as deftly as he can do a problem.

Undeniably the Apollo of the Hostel is Kunhan Unni who is hard to beat in games. And this combined with modesty and pleasing manners, he is really one of the most charming personalities of the Hostel.

And that reminds me of Rai, our happy-go-lucky pathan. A voracious reader (not of textbooks but of mags), he is always fishing for them, and if he happens to see one he will make a swoop for it. Wit comes easy to him and his diverse talents include anything from cartoon-drawing to a hundred metres' dash.

Pudukottai has given us two brilliant cricketers, Srinivasagopal and Kalyanam. The former is already the hero of many a match, while Kalyanam is one of our best batsmen.

And if I don't mention our 'Gassy' Ramakrishna he will bang me; and so here's to our star bowler, Volleyball captain, and T. V. raja. And his vocal powers are no less amazing.

Leaving aside sports, we have our orator in Srinivasan, many times premier of the college parliament and to hear whom is really a treat (tho' an Oxford Dictionary is always useful to have by one as one listens).

Fatness and geniality often go together (I leave it to science students to do the research); but anyway that is the case with our Uma to whom hearty laughter seems so natural.

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Besides these we have a Sleeping Beauty, a snake-charmer, a distinguished Professor, and . . . others.

July 8—Send-off to Fr. Vion at the station. Half the hostel was there and nothing but handshakes and cheers. We came back dead tired shouting and singing and the train bore him away farther and farther from us. We miss his short stout figure, his animated expression when discussing War news, his frank open countenance when talking with boys. Our best wishes go to him and we hope he will soon see the day when France liberated shall rise again.

July 9—Family meeting of Warden and students when it was decided to have a separate New Hostel Union, and elected representatives.

And some one was heard to remark that Democracy was being introduced into St. Joseph's at a time when it was discredited outside.

Election propaganda going strong and voting takes place that night. Canvassers running about with ballot papers to pounce upon unwary victims. And now here's a good story. One unfortunate canvasser went to a certain member and asked him to vote for a particular candidate. "You needn't bother yourself much. Just sign here", he added apologetically. The member looked at him for a moment and then flared up: "What! do you think I have no individuality?"... The canvasser took to his heels without hearing the rest of the sermon.

July 10—Election results announced. P. V. heads the polls and with Mani and Muthuramalingam represents the vegetarian mess, while the non-vegetarians elect Appasami and Balakrishnan. And so for the first time the people's government takes charge to the entire satisfaction of everybody.

July 14—The elections for the first New Hostel Union are over. Bhat takes the chair as president, while Rahmatullah and Srinivasan become secretaries.

July 16—Elections over, everybody settling down to study after all the excitement of the previous three weeks. Of course the traditional mugs began long ago, serenely unmindful of these childish things. In the long corridors silence reigns except for an occasional stolen whisper and the creaking of a door opened to wish good-night to the Warden as he goes round.

July 18—Hostel monotony is unbroken except for occasional incidents like our grub-charging competition. If you happen to go to our mess ten minutes before time and if you don't see our G. C. B., I will eat my words. And don't we remember that race when 'Kinsman' Iyengar beat everybody

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hollow in the racing-for-grub test? Bombay Srinivasan, our last year's champion, was nowhere before this new find; and Sam (who was determined to beat him that day) had to run in the end to keep pace with him. The finish was really thrilling, and, believe me, the speed king got a tremendous ovation. When our representative met him, with a modesty worthy of imitation the new champion declined to make any comment on his record-breaking feat; but Sam told reporters in his characteristic style: "His feet shuffle along mysteriously; you just can't imagine it." It is further rumoured that Wadia Movietone wish to have a slow-motion picture of his feat for their latest stunt picture.

July 20—Inauguration of the New Hostel Union by Mr. T. Totadri Iyengar.

July 22—General voluntary black-out of the hostel from 7 to 8 p. m. Confusion and pandemonium prevailed and next day many T. V.'s were found missing by rightful owners. Fifth columnists and muggers tried to take advantage, but were sternly put down.

July 23—The latest craze is for zoological demonstrations. If you happen to go to the second flat of the second block, don't be frightened if you hear Congo forest sounds emanating, for you can always trace them to the vocal (or nasal) organs of the occupant of room No. 104. And in those mysterious places called Baths, the tendency to try vocal powers is strongest. I don't know why, but the effect of falling water on human bodies is to make them shout anything from a song to a bray (it is a pity we have lost our braying champion). And mimicry is our forte; an unwary visitor to our hostel may suspect this place to be a zoo, but if he is experienced he will at once recognize that it is only our lusty-throated concert singers of the 1941 Bathroom Melody in action.

July 30—Quite an important day, for the Hostel Union had its first sitting when it met to discuss the question of 'Shave v. No-Shave'. Question time evoked many a lively question. "Why are there so many flies?" demanded Hon'ble Mr. Venkatramudu. "Because of your magnetic attraction"—back came the reply (evidently from a Physics Hons. student). At 3 o'clock the debate started with Rt. Hon'ble G. N. Ramachandran moving for 'No-Shave', but admittedly the star performance was that of Srinivasa Rao who gave some practical beauty hints. The House voted for shaving, thus demonstrating the modernity of its views.

August 3—Bad news makes the boys definitely gloomy, for the Hostel geologists found the famous Vion Bridge on the verge of collapse.

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Long cracks across the bridge were visible and the seismograph recorded disturbances three furlongs away. Before the day was out, workmen pulled down the remnants of the famous landmark, incidentally killing a snake. And so the well-known and useful bridge across the Channel disappeared and grumbling boys had to double the Cape of Bad Hope. Fortunately a small log has been thrown across it and has been promptly christened the Siqueira Bridge, though the Warden himself does not trust his body to so risky an adventure. Reports of baths in the holy river have not yet reached the press and will be made public as soon as they are available. Anyway, to those who have had the good fortune to have accidental holy dips we offer our respectful congratulations.

August 7—A day that will long be remembered, for while we were enjoying a lavish feast, Dr. Tagore was on his death-bed. The news of his death actually reached us in the evening. So that both morning and afternoon there was nothing to damp our spirits. A feast is always a gala affair, specially in the New Hostel. Playing cards that have lain idle for a long time come out and are shuffled enthusiastically. More pious people take to chess, while the cricket fans can be seen playing a game on the corridors. Less alert persons like to lie down and gossip, while not a few desire nothing better than a quiet nap.

That day we had a Hostel Union debate when C. C. moved 'that wearing spectacles is a mark of dignity'. Attendance was quite good, members having been lured by the promise of a tea after the meeting, with the result that they were more interested in seeing the end. Barely one hour sufficed to bring the meeting to a close with a vote definitely against spectacles.

The feast ended in grief at Tagore's death. For we had loved this symbol of the revival of the culture of ancient India speaking with a modern voice.

August 9—The morning saw us all assembled in the Quadrangle to pay our respects to the dead poet. It was a delightful morning with the pleasant sunshine and fine breeze characteristic of our Hostel. And as we heard Fr. Siqueira who had known the Gurudev personally, our loss came home with a greater force to us. 'Two minutes' impressive silence by the hundred and eighty students was eloquent of our grief.

At 12 o'clock 102 comes along gaily from college and opens the door, singing one of his favourite tunes. And splash came water on him—the result of a successful conspiracy. Though dazed for a second, he enjoyed

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its cooling effect very much. In a statement to the press he said: "It was grand fun." "No wonder", was the comment; "being a Walt Disney creation himself, he must have been at home in his own element." Like the fox who lost his tail, 102 is now always found going into raptures over the beauties of being ducked.

August 13—And so the retreat holidays begin. Space does not allow me to describe all the fun we had. Ducking slowly became a hot favourite, and one day Uma found himself soaking in coffee. Even funnier was the 'red ink' ducking of Sadasivan; but the latest style is the 'mixture' ducking (for the actual ingredients, apply early to Room No. 55 with one rupee in stamps). The mess one afternoon resounded with Red Indian war-cries and sounds and it was afterwards learnt that it was the New Hostellers enjoying the rolling of brass tumblers on the floor. And we must not forget the circus graced by the hostellers *en masse*. And though we saw very little of the circus it was a thoroughly enjoyable night.

August 18—Retreat holidays close and boys coming back from home; even Rai, about whom legend has it that he always takes an extra short vacation before and after each vacation. Eepie is not yet back owing to an operation in the foot. A few cases where T. V's were found gracefully perching on doors have been reported.

And here's the gallant fight put up by our tiny Luftwaffe to-day. Owing to the indisposition of Adolf Hitler, (Sam) Goering took charge of the tug-o-war team. Pitched against a volumetrically superior enemy, our gallant band put up such a stout resistance that even the powerful Nazi air force would have felt proud to bear the same name. But—as ill-luck would have it—the Luftwaffe lost the day in spite of a determined pull by Goering.

August 20—The New Hostel Hair-cutting Saloon is inaugurated.

August 24—An autographed picture of Tagore, which now hangs above the Warden's door, is unveiled by Mr. N. Halasyam, B.A., B.L., M.L.A. Petha Perumal gives us reminiscences of his year and a half's studentship at Santiniketan. Fr. Warden presides.

This is the end of the News. Our next bulletin will be ready in March 1942, Trichy summer time.

'VEPA'

Annual Athletic Sports

THE College Annual Athletic Sports Meet was held on Saturday, August 30, 1941, in delightful weather, thanks to the light shower of the previous night. The programme took full three hours, the several tugs-o'-war looking almost like the long and protracted Homeric wars. Happily the programme was well supported by music through the mike as well as by the College Band; and the human pyramids staged by the High School boys found an appreciative audience. Mr. H. Pitcher, Secretary to the Agent of the South Indian Railway and an Old Boy of our institution, presided and gave away the prizes after exhorting the competitors to observe faithfully the well-known code of sportsmanship and build up a new World Order—not Hitler's.

On the whole the team events such as the Relay Race and the tug-o'-war evoked keen competition and produced better results than usual. In individual events, High Jump and Shot Put gave us slightly better records than in the past; but it is idle to pretend that the other events witnessed any exceptionally bright performance, though there was ostensibly good material. However, among the athletes who figured prominently, M. Ramaswami deserves our warm congratulations on his annexing the Championship Cup with a total of 29½ points out of a H. P. S. of 65. He ran like a hunted deer and jumped like a wild kangaroo, and secured an impressive triumph—5 first places, one second, and one third. Next in merit came M. S. Royappan who showed a delightful flair for distance runs; B. Ratnakar Rai who was fast away at the pistol in sprints; and S. Stanislaus who had a remarkable make-up and aptitude for jumps. These three secured a total score of 15, 13, and 11 points respectively. It is a pity that our former champion, V. Kulandaivelu, went strangely off colour this season.

List of Prize-Winners

EVENT	COMPETITORS	BEST	
		DISTANCE	BEST TIME
		Ft.—In.	Mins.—Secs.
Long Jump	1. Ramaswami, M.	18	6¾
	2. Stanislaus, S.		
Hop, Step & Jump	1. Ramaswami, M.	38	5
	2. Stanislaus, S.		
Shot Put	1. Thomas, K. J.	30	1¼
	2. Kunhanunni Menon.		

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

EVENT	COMPETITORS	BEST	
		DISTANCE	BEST TIME
		Ft.—In.	Mins.—Secs.
Discus Throw	1. Ramakrishnan, G.	73	7
	2. Anthony Cruz, P.		
High Jump	1. Stanislaus, S.	5	2
	2. Ambrose, A. J.		
Pole Vault	1. Arumugham, C. S.	8	6
	2. Ramaswami, M.		
	3. Amirtharajan, O.		
110 Metres Hurdles	1. Ratnakar Rai, B.		18·1
	2. Kulandaivelu, V.		
100 Metres Dash	1. Ramaswami, M.		12
	2. Ratnakar Rai, B.		
200 Metres Race	1. Ramaswami, M.		25·4
	2. Ratnakar Rai, B.		
400 Metres Race	1. Ramaswami, M.		57·4
	2. Kulandaivelu, V.		
800 Metres Race	1. Royappan, M. S.	2	15·7
	2. Beslin Pereira		
1600 Metres Race	1. Royappan, M. S.	5	8
	2. Raju, B.		
Cross Country (4 M)	1. Royappan, M. S.	20	22
	2. Theodore, F.		
	3. Raju, B.		
Hedley Relay (1 M)	1. Royappan & Mates.	4	5·8
	2. Ratnakar & Mates.		
Tug-o'-War	1. Clive's "Y"		
	2. Sitzkrieg.		
Championship	1. Ramaswami, M. (22. 5 points).		
Staff Tug-o'-War	1. Mr. A. Augustine's Eights.		
	2. Mr. P. R. Subramanian's Eights.		

U. T. C. Notes

THE number of students who offer themselves for recruitment has been steadily increasing, and we are embarrassed by the hard necessity of having to disappoint a number of eligible applicants.

Our Contingent secured the first place for all-round efficiency in the Inter-Contingent competitions last camp, and it is incumbent on us not only to retain the championship honour but also to try and do even better this year. We feel it a happy augury that all the eight cadets who took the Battalion Intensive Cadre during the summer recess for prospective selection to Emergency Commissioned service, came out successful and obtained Certificates of Efficiency, U/O D. J. Robinson securing the top score of 92½%, the highest ever awarded in the battalion.

Thanks to this Cadre at the beginning of this season, we have now a band of promising N. C. O's, and it is sincerely hoped that the keenness and enthusiasm they have shown will now be directed to the common good of the contingent.

We heartily welcome the scheme to give air training to a few select U. T. C. men at the Minambakkam aerodrome during week-ends, and we are thankful that the scheme has been extended to include the members of our contingent. More than the quota allotted to us have already volunteered, and the commencement of training is being looked forward to.

Since last report, this contingent has contributed some more officers and men for war service. Sgt. V. Srinivasan, Cpl. L. Rajasekharan, and Cdt. P. S. Nagarathnam are now undergoing training at the Officers' Training College in Bangalore. Sgt. A. Natarajan and L/Cpl. Jegannathan are undergoing similar training elsewhere for service in the I. A. S. C. and R. E. respectively. Sgt. Anthony David and Cdt. S. A. Thompson are also reported to have commenced training at another centre. Cpl. A. Sivaramakrishnan is now serving in the I. A. M. C. in the Middle East. U/O D. J. Robinson, L/Cpl. Gopinathan Nair, and L/Cpl. K. P. Menon have come out successful through the Interview Boards at Madras and Bangalore, and are awaiting a final interview at Delhi for Emergency Commissions.

There have been a few additions and changes in our staff. We have pleasure in welcoming Messrs. T. V. Krishnan and S. M. Diaz to commissioned service in the corps. S/Sgt. A. Barnett left us on transfer to 11th (Karachi) Company, U. T. C. The farewell function held on June 25,

U. T. C. NOTES

barely two days after the reopening of the college, is the best tribute to the enormous interest he took in our contingent. He was relieved by S/Sgt A. Bullock, who in spite of his short stay with us will be long remembered here for the ability with which he put our N. C. O's through a crowded cadre programme and even more for his endearing ways. He left us on August 6 on promotion as R. Q. M. S. of the East Coast Battalion, A. F. (I). We have now in his place S/Sgt R. Cardwell, whose smartness and lively bearing on parade are bound to have a salutary effect on our men. Lastly, it is our pleasant duty to welcome as our Adjutant Capt. T. S. Subramanian. An Old Boy of St. Joseph's and a member of the staff first of St. Joseph's and later of Loyola, he is well equipped for this post of trust and responsibility, and we are confident he will bring to bear on his work the true spirit of service and the liberal outlook which are the legacies of these two institutions.

P. R. SUBRAMANIAN.

Cricket Notes

HND so the College Cricket Club enters its third year. There has been a marked increase in membership this year and it is encouraging to see promising youngsters come enthusiastically forward to take up the game.

The College team is a strong all-round combination this year. Though we miss our old veterans very much, they have been more than replaced by the newcomers. Pudukottai has supplied us with an opening bat (which we were badly in need of) in Kalyanaraman who besides being an excellent bat also keeps the wicket for us. Krishnaswami comes to us with valuable experience of Madras League Cricket where he has frequently gone into triple figures. P. Sathiamoorthy and A. Srinivasan have shown quite good form.

Of course more than half the side consists of our old stalwarts. It is very pleasing to note that all of them have begun their season very well. Sydney and Aruldoss have been making consistent scores, while Ratnakar Rai is now one of our good all-rounders. Our star bowler, Srinivasagopalan—the hero of the match against Loyola last year—and our googly merchant Ramakrishnan have already scored many noteworthy successes with the leather.

The first trial match ended in a victory for the Captain's XI over the Vice-Captain's XI. The latter batting first made 87 runs, of which Rai and Sydney made 25 and 19 respectively. Parthasarathy took 6 wickets for 24 runs and Aruldoss 4 for 20. The Captain's XI replied with 124 runs and the feature of the match was the useful opening partnership between Kalyanaraman (21) and Parthasarathy (43). Srinivasan contributed 21 runs before retiring and Sathiamoorthy 16. Rai took 2 wickets for 14 runs.

The feature of the second trial match was the brilliant unbeaten century by Krishnaswami who executed strokes all round the wicket. And what is better still, he took barely 90 minutes for this splendid performance. The Vice-Captain's XI batting first made 161 runs, of which Ramakrishnan made 31, Sydney 38 (retired), and Govindan 18. Srinivasagopalan captured 6 wickets for 45 runs. The Captain's XI replied with 178 runs, thus winning the match. The main scorers were Krishnaswami 100 (not out), Sathiamoorthy 17, Aruldoss and Vaidyanathan each 15. Ramakrishnan took 3 wickets for 39 runs and Rai 3 for 26.

CRICKET NOTES

The College team showed brilliant form on August 3 against the Trichinopoly United Cricket Club on the Puthur ground. Only half the side batting piled up the huge total of 200, out of which Krishnaswami made 51 and Rai remained unbeaten with 41. Aruldoss, Parthasarathy, and Sydney made 36, 26, and 20 respectively. The United Club replied with 141 for 5 wickets when stumps were drawn for the day. Aruldoss was responsible for 2 wickets conceding 22 runs.

The return match of August 10, played on the Mahé Ground, ended in an exciting victory for the T. U. C. C. by 8 runs. It was characterized by low scoring since the pitch played very badly. It must also be added that we were without the services of our all-rounder, Rai. Our bowlers were in top form, sending four of the visiting batsmen back to the pavilion before the score board could show a score of runs. The visiting team was skittled out for 62 runs, Ramakrishnan taking 3 wickets for 11 runs, Parthasarathy 2 for 4, Aruldoss 2 for 11, and Srinivasagopalan and Ramachandran one each. Our team opened badly, Parthasarathy and Kalyanaraman becoming victims to the splendid bowling of Nathar. Krishnaswami and Aruldoss stopped the rot, putting on 30 runs before the partnership was dissolved, the latter making a useful 25. A regular collapse followed, and in spite of the efforts of our tail batsman, Nathar and Aravamudhu (who took 6 and 4 wickets respectively) dismissed our whole team for a meagre total of 54 runs. Nevertheless it was a thrilling finish and we had a very enjoyable game.

R. T. PARTHASARATHY.

In Memoriam

We regret to record the deaths of two students since our last issue.

R. Krishnan, who was in the III U. C., died of typhoid on March 15 in the Government Hospital here. V. R. Subbiah, who had passed Intermediate Arts and got admission into the Medical College, died after an operation for appendicitis in Madras on May 31.

To the families of both, deprived of two intelligent and good boys, we offer our warm sympathy.

We can only record here the death of two very well-known Old Boys who had kept in touch with the College throughout their lives: Mr. K. Natesa Iyer, M.A., Retired D. E. O., and Rao Sahib G. Ganapathy Sastri, B.A., B.L., Retired Dewan of Pudukottai. While hoping to give a full account of their careers in our next number, we offer our condolences to their bereaved families.

Exchanges

THE ALOYSIAN, GALLE.
 THE ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE ANNUAL, MANGALORE.
 THE AGRA COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
 THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADURA.
 THE ANDHRA CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, GUNTUR.
 THE ANNAMALAINAGAR MISCELLANY.
 THE ANTONIAN, ST. ANTHONY'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, TRICHINOPOLY.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE, ST. JOSEPH'S, COLOMBO.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE MAGAZINE, ST. JOSEPH'S, BANGALORE.
 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, TELlicherry.
 THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE MISCELLANY, MANGALORE.
 THE HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, GUNTUR.
 THE HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MASULIPATAM.
 THE HINDU THEOLOGICAL HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
 THE JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY.
 THE ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, ARPORA, BARDEZ, GOA.
 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.
 JOURNAL OF OSMANIA UNIVERSITY, HYDERABAD (DECCAN).
 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 MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.

EXCHANGES

THE M. D. T. HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TINNEVELLY.
THE St. MARY'S H. S. MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
MEMOIRS OF THE COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, IMP. UNIV., KYOTO.
THE MODERN STUDENT, CALCUTTA.
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.
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Editor & Publisher: Rev. Fr. T. N. Siqueira, S.J., St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.
Printer: Rev. Fr. A. Susai Regis, Supt., St. Joseph's I. S. Press, Trichinopoly.

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