

St. Joseph's college

Magazine

Trichinopoly

1942 - September

VOL. 9. NO. 1

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T45, I, 21192, N34  
N42.9.1  
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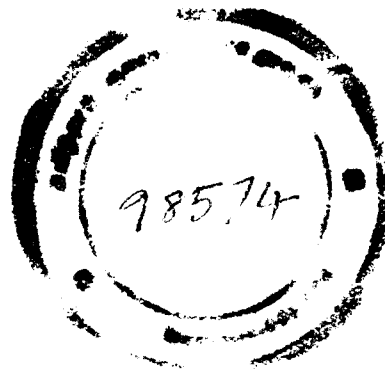


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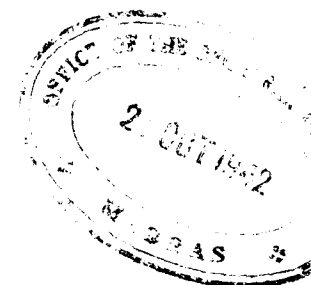
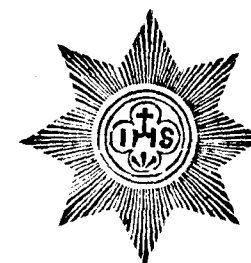
Rev. Fr. L. LEGUEN, S.J.,

*Our New Rector*

# ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Owing to unavoidable delay in printing, the  
Malayalam Articles will be issued as a Supplement.

THE EDITOR.



TRICHINOPOLY  
SEPTEMBER 1942

New Series

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR

Annual Subscription Rs. 2/-

*(post free)*

Vol. IX, No. 1

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Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza S.J.

Rector and Principal, 1938-1942

WHEN the College closed for the summer vacation, few could have suspected the great surprise which the reopening was to bring us—the transfer of Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza S.J., to the Loyola College, Madras. On hearing the news for the first time or, as it happened with many of us, reading it in the papers, we could hardly believe our ears and eyes. It was most unexpected so that we felt all in a whirl for a long while before we realized what had happened. The Rector and Principal of St. Joseph's has become the Rector and Principal of Loyola. What Trichy lost Madras gained.

The College has been blessed with a long succession of distinguished Rectors, men remarkable for learning, administrative capacity, deep insight into human nature, large-hearted sympathy, bold vision and driving force; and Fr. D'Souza is undoubtedly one of them. He has proved himself worthy of the best traditions of his ablest predecessors. He has also the unique distinction of being the first Indian Rector of St. Joseph's, though the honour of being the first Indian Rector in the Madura Vice-Province belongs to dear old Fr. A. Gnanaprakasam S.J., former Rector of St. Xavier's College, Palamcottah, and now living in happy, and may we add, active retirement at St. Joseph's. It may be true, as Fr. D'Souza used to say, that he owed the distinction to the accident of the policy of the Indianisation of the Madura Mission. But it is no less true that the distinction is one fully deserved by his rare deserts. This brilliant son of South Kanara has had a long association with the College as student, member of the lay staff before he joined the Society, and, on his return from Europe after priesthood, as Professor of English, Principal and Rector. Each period of that association was remarkable in its own way, but none more so than that of his Rectorship. During the last four years when he held that high office, his achievements were as great and brilliant as his opportunities were numerous and large. Those years were indeed memorable ones, and they will go down as such in the annals of the College.

They were years of expansion and construction, of planning and fulfilment. The strength of the College went up, reaching record figures, and it was a sight to see Fr. D'Souza literally mobbed at the time of the admissions by applicants, parents, guardians and other interested persons. There was steady improvement in results too. Needless to say that

REV. FR. JEROME D'SOUZA S.J.

behind these larger numbers and better results, there was organizing ability of a high order. In keeping with the increase in strength and in accordance with the modern needs of the College, an extensive scheme of construction was launched; and the Lawley Hall extension, the New Hostels, the Sacred Heart Hostel and the Bertram buildings were constructed and the College grounds extended and better laid out. Unforeseen circumstances, however, prevented the completion of the scheme, parts of which, therefore, have to await better days. But what has been constructed already amounts to a thorough transformation and is considerable enough to merit for the author the title of a great builder. In the planning of these developments Fr. D'Souza had no doubt a share, though the larger share, as he was always particular to insist, was that of his able predecessors. But the work of carrying them out was entirely his own. Into this work he threw himself with his wonted energy and determination. We can never forget him standing on the site of the New Hostels or the Sacred Heart Hostel and discussing the blue prints, or examining the foundations or inspecting some detail of the building work. Nor can we forget the unfailing regularity with which every day, both morning and evening, he went round to see the construction going on. Immediately on arrival at the college after the vacation at Kodaikanal or after a day or two spent in business at Madras or Madura, he used to rush to see how the work was proceeding, despite the fatigues of his journey. He was so eager about it all. It was the eagerness of a man of action who had made a schedule of construction and wanted to keep to it. If that made him appear on occasions somewhat impetuous, well, he was so in a worthy and noble cause.

Among his many qualities, there is one by which Fr. D'Souza is specially known. It is his great kindness. He has a warm and sympathetic heart, and is exceedingly generous, even to a fault. If ever he had any little trouble—and who has not?—it was directly or indirectly due to his over-generosity. He treated his staff with respect and consideration, as colleagues and collaborators whom he took into his confidence on all important matters pertaining to the welfare of the College. He endeavoured to run the whole College as one large family reproducing in it, as far as possible, the family atmosphere of mutual understanding and co-operation. In his hands kindness did not degenerate into weakness. He could be stern when he wanted and was so with the slackers and mischievous students. But the sternness was only momentary; the broad, disarming smile quickly returned like bright sunshine after a brief spell

REV. FR. JEROME D'SOUZA S.J.

of raw weather, to take the edge off the rebuke just administered or the fine just imposed.

An outstanding personality like Fr. D'Souza was soon bound to make a mark in the public life of the town as he had done from the outset in the life of the College. He became one of the leading citizens of Trichinopoly. There was hardly an important public meeting to which he was not invited, and few such meetings at which he was not a principal speaker. His rôle as member of the Propaganda Sub-Committee for the war effort further multiplied the occasions of public speaking. He was the foremost orator of the town. And he spoke, whatever the subject—the war, or literature or civic conscience, to such effect and with such eloquence: words freely flowed from his lips in cascades, and his hearers listened in rapturous attention. The Lawley Hall and the Town Hall Square which resounded with his eloquence now seem still and empty, and the multitude of students and non-students who hung on his lips comfort themselves with the thought that instead of the Mofussil platform he has now gained the wider Metropolitan one.

Fr. D'Souza has left an indelible impress on St. Joseph's, which in turn has most deeply embedded itself in his affections. And so even amidst the stress of work in his new field of labour he cannot and will not forget us. Neither can we forget him, nor will.

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# The Ultra-Modern Don Quixote

by Victor C. Devasundaram, W U. C.

THE day was unusually dull and monotonous. So, when I heard Jones's familiar foot-step outside my door, visions of a topping evening sprang up in my mind and I was buoyed up. But the old chap entered with a dismal 'Good evening', instead of his customary cheery 'Evening, old man'. The fellow was looking like a blast-blighted flower. He was in one of his periodic fits of dismay.

I felt ill at ease. You know, generally Jones was a very lovable chap in all ways. He had a sharp wit, a ready tongue and a charming camaraderie. He was a sport—no doubting it. He was very modest and broad-minded. In football at the goal-mouth, it was a pleasure to see him poised on one toe, curled up like a spring, keeping a hostile but wary eye on the opposing pack of forwards and suddenly uncoil and deftly stop a very hot ball to a resounding thunder of applause. In cricket he was nothing more than a caricature. It was his boast that if he had preserved all the ducks he had got in cricket, he would own a flourishing duck-farm! And he wasn't bragging, either! He was a fine budding amateur boxer. His one cardinal failing was his recklessness. Adventure was the very sap of his existence. He never hesitated when he thought adventure was round the corner. He would plunge headlong into any quarrel; time and again he had emerged from such mad frays with a broken nose or a black eye. He was so reckless and one rather felt it inwardly that he was in need of a restraining hand. And a generous heart like mine (many are the menials who doubt the veracity of this description of my heart) yearned to be the life-saver of Jones.

And here he was now almost writhing in agony. His calamity was nothing more than a letter from his father, categorically refusing money for a new kodak that he had asked for. Such slight disappointments made him look at the world as a sort of gridiron in which all human beings, especially he, were roasted. The fellow was absolutely dejected, to say the least. The way he sat hunched up in his chair, with his head in his hands, might have made an unfamiliar observer regard him as a persecuted Jew, or an unlucky Romeo. A little bit of comforting seemed to be a politic move.

## THE ULTRA-MODERN DON QUIXOTE

'Perhaps in a more yielding mood your father will send you the money' I suggested.

He gave a hollow laugh.

'What are you saying? Did you ever hear of a stone suddenly spouting water? No, it is hopeless', he moaned.

'Now don't be so hard on the old man. What about that brand-new wrist-watch and your recent tour. He gives you money when it is really necessary', I contended.

But he was unmoved. The best way of easing his mental strain was to take him out for a long stroll, I thought.

'Like to go out for a walk, Jones? It is fine and I don't feel like having any game,' I said, dressing up. He gave a muttered assent.

I guided him to all our haunts. It was of no use. He seemed to notice nothing, much less think of anything. As a final attempt I steered him into a restaurant. Usually the fellow is a first rate blitzkrieger when something edible chances across him; but now he merely twiddled with his spoon with a sort of glassy stare in his eyes. I gave up hope of cheering him up. We headed for home; it was dusk. The rush from the offices had stopped; everything was calm and quiet. By and by Jones's melancholy engulfed me also.

We were sauntering along an unfrequented lane, the worse for the black-out. Suddenly I heard Jones gasp. I looked up to see a strange expression on his face. He was staring right ahead, his lips parted, as though in amazement. I turned to see what he was staring at. In the dim distance, beneath a lamp which was shedding inadequate light on them, two figures were struggling. We quickened our pace and I watched Jones. The look of misery was gone and his eyes shone with eager delight. Intermittently he was exclaiming, 'What does it mean.' To my less excited mind the meaning seemed to be clear; two roughs were fighting out a quarrel and it was no man's concern. But Jones had other ideas. We were about thirty yards from the struggling pair and the men were clearly distinguishable. One was a thin wiry working-class type of man; he wore baggy trousers and a soiled coat. A flashy handkerchief was tied round his neck in cow-boy fashion. The other was a man of far heavier build and a riper complexion. He had a close-clipped moustache.

## THE ULTRA-MODERN DON QUIXOTE

The smaller man seemed to get the worst of the fight. The other was dealing out sledge-hammer blows with his fists, which his victim dodged with surprising agility. Anyway, the outcome of the fight was not in doubt. One of those cannon-ball swings would have surely knocked out the puny fellow.

Meanwhile, Jones had broken into a moderate sprint. I followed and laid a detaining hand on his shoulder, for I realised Jones was in one of his suicidal moods. He was thoroughly roused and was babbling something incomprehensible. With a yell he broke away from me and rushed headlong towards the pair. With one determined heave he wedged himself between the two, facing the burly man. The expression of surprise on the man's face was genuine. He tried to shove Jones away and get at his adversary, but he could not. In the brief respite he thus got, the wiry chap grabbed his hat that had fallen on the road during the struggle and vanished into the darkness. The other man with a muttered oath began to run in pursuit. But Jones grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Enraged he swung out his right fist and the blow caught Jones squarely on the jaw. Jones dealt out a punishing right to the chin which was answered by a stinging left hook to the jaw. Jones side-stepped smartly countering with an ineffective jab to the body. He was now two paces away from his opponent, who was slightly to his right. This was Jones's favourite move in boxing and he grasped the opportunity fully. With a lightning upper cut with his left, he stepped closer and let loose a veritable hail of vicious right-hand punches to the eye. Taken completely by surprise the other man tried to step back and parry the murderous blows, countering gamely with punches to the body. But Jones was in his stride and pounded away mercilessly. He side-stepped precisely for his 'coup de grace'; a powerful right crashed into the other man's jaw, knocking him clean out and he crashed on the pavement. Without further ado, Jones knelt down, unbuttoned the unconscious man's coat, and opened his shirt, gently fanning him with his handkerchief. After a few minutes the man stirred. Jones jumped up and, dragging me by my coat, hastened away. I could no longer keep quiet.

'What is the big idea, leaving him there on the pavement', I demanded.

'Don't worry', he panted, dabbing a bleeding nose with his handkerchief.

## THE ULTRA-MODERN DON QUIXOTE

'What in the name of Hades did you mean by barging in like that? It was their business,' I said irritably.

'Their business, my eye! You ass, the fellow was a big bully having his own way with an innocent weakling', he confided chidingly.

'Then, why did your innocent weakling vanish into thin air like Al Capone?' I cut in.

'That is a bit rummy,' he agreed. 'And without thanking me. Probably he was in a hurry,' he added lamely.

'You bet,' I retorted sarcastically.

Next evening over a cup of tea we were going through the day's paper. A screaming headline caught my eye.

'Accomplices Aid Felon to Escape'; and underneath was the following narrative.

"Dick Sniggers, alias Slippery Dick, the notorious safe-breaker, is still at large. Last night when Sergeant Morgan, on plain clothes duty, was within an ace of apprehending Slippery Dick, two of Dick's accomplices appeared and helped him to escape, after knocking down Sergeant Morgan and then left him unconscious on the pavement in — lane."

I showed the caption to Jones. His eyes goggled as he read it.

'Great Scott, Vic, that is a nasty jaw,' he gasped.

'Nuts! I am glad you will be spending a few years in jail for assault and battery', I said heartlessly.

'I say, old chap. You won't let down a pal like that, will you?' he implored.

I didn't answer.

'I suppose I will have to go to the Andamans for this', he mused ruefully.

'You won't, if you don't want to feel Nippon's hob-nailed boots', I rasped.

'Eh, what is that,' he gurgled.

'Don't you know that the Japs occupied the Andamans only a few days back?'

## THE ULTRA-MODERN DON QUIXOTE

'Oh, yes. I suppose that was what my brother was trying to tell me, but I didn't listen to him then. So, no Andamans for me', he said gleefully, apparently very much relieved by this bit of information.

But he reverted to his panic and once more became nervous.

'What am I to do now, Vic? Gosh, the fatheaded inspector may turn up any minute now', he whined.

'You've simply got to keep quiet. You need not shout from the house tops that you are responsible for last night's occurrence. You seem to be pretty sure that you are in the soup. You are not, you silly ass. Don't you see? They can't even dream of your identity.'

'By Jove, you're right. The flat-footed police won't come within even miles of me', he exclaimed. The blighter jumped up from his chair and made a sort of war dance. "Free as a bird" would have suited him admirably then. But I curbed down his exuberance by reminding him that all was not over yet; he owed an apology to Sgt. Morgan. Jones was at first scared stiff of going to the officer. But I persuaded him to go; I was sure we could explain everything.

When we were ushered into his room, Morgan did not recognise us. But when we revealed our identity, he was dumb-founded. He was a sympathetic man and not even the thrashing he had got from Jones could make him sour against us. Further, he said that Slippery Dick was collared at the Railway Terminus, as he was trying to get away. So we were both acquitted, so to say, and Morgan genially bade us good-bye.

'Lumme, I wonder how I knocked down that fourteen stone fellow' Jones mused.

Well, that was Jones, through and through. The storm over, he was the old Jones again, reckless and irresponsible. He was always like that.

## தமிழ்க் கிழவர் சாமிநாதையர்

by T. V. Venkatachalam, IV Class

தோன்றிற் புகழொடு தோன்றுக அஃதிலார்  
தோன்றலில் தோன்று தொழிதல் நன்றென்  
முன்றோர் அறைந்த அருண்மொழிக் கிணங்க  
சான்றோ னாகிய தமிழ்மண முடையாய்!  
நாணன் படாத் தேவர்கெட் டோட  
வளிகழல் விசும்பின் கிளர்முக டணவிக்  
கருமுகில் வளைந்து பெருகிய போல  
நிலைகெடப் பரந்த கடல்கெழு விடத்தை  
மரித்தவ ருயிர்பெறக் குறித்துண் டருளித்  
திருக்களங் கழுத்த அருட்பெரு நாயகன்  
தாளினை தம்மைத் தன்மனத் திருத்தி  
மால்கொண் டறையு மதினால் கடல்கிளர்  
சமயக் கணக்கர் தந்திறங் கடந்து  
புலனொடு தியங்கும் பொய்யுளங் கடந்த  
மலருடன் நிறைந்து வான்வழி கடக்கும்  
பொழிநிறை கூடற் புதுமதிச் சடையோன்  
மன்னிலை கடவா மனத்தவ ராகித்  
தனக்கென வாழாப் பிறர்க்குரி யாளனாய்  
கணக்கறு நூல்களைக் கடைந்தெடுத்த தனித்தாய்!  
அன்றோர் மாமுனி அகத்திய ரென்போர்  
கண்டோர் காமுற கவினுற ஈன்றார்  
தொல்குடிப் பிறந்த தொல்காப் பியரும்  
பல்குடி வந்த பன்னிரு புலவரும்  
ஆலவா யுடை அவிர்சடைக் கடவுளை  
ஏலவா தித்த இன்றமிழ்க் கீரனும்  
உச்சிமேற் புலவர்கொள் நச்சினூக் கினியரும்  
வச்சிரக் கவியுடை வாணிகச் சாத்தரும்  
இளமையில் னுறவுகொள் இளங்கோ வடிகளும்  
புலமையின் தலையென போற்றிடுந் தேவரும்  
புவியா செல்லாம் புகழ்ந்திடும் பண்புடை  
கவியா சாகிய கம்பரும் மற்றுதம்  
இயற்பெயர் மறைந்த எண்ணறு புலவரும்  
அயர்வுறு மலே யாக்கிய செந்தமிழ்

தமிழ்க் கிழவர் சாமிநாதையர்

சிந்தா மணியாம் செழுமணியை சிசுதனில்  
நந்தா விளக்கதைப்போல் நாட்டி, இளமையுறு

கொடியிடையில் மேகலையைக் குந்தவைத் தகங்குழையும்  
தொடிவளையை முன்கையிலே தொடுத்தணிந் துளங்கவரும்  
குண்டலத்தைக் காதணியாம் குழையாகத் துங்கவிட்டு  
மண்டலமெலா மளந்த மாலடியாம் திருக்குறள்தன்  
கண்டமதில் திருச்சாம்போல் கண்குளிர விற்ப்பு  
தென்றலுடன் பிறந்த செந்தமிழை நீவினித்து  
“ இருந்தமிழே உன்னால் இருந்தேன் இமையவர்தம்  
விருந்தமிழ்தம் என்றாலும் வேண்டே ” னெனச் சொல்லி

காடெலாங் கடந்து நாடொழும் போந்து  
வீடெலாம் தேடி விரும்புரை பகன்று  
ஏடெலாம் துறுவி இயற்றமி ழாக்கு  
செந்தமிழ்ச் செவ்வியைச் சிறப்புறச் செய்து  
முத்தமிழ் கொழித்த சத்தியப் புலவ,  
துன்னு பாவலர் தொழுமிட மானய்  
நன்னு மாணவர்க் கின்னமு தானாய்  
நசைபெரி துடையார் நனிசிறந் துண்ணும்  
இசையமு தாகி எழில்பெற நின்றாய்  
ஐய ரென்றசொ லையப்பா டில்லா  
துனையே குறிப்பதற் குரிமை யாக்கிநீ

மண்ணுலகில் தேடுதற்கு மடங்கல்மிக வில்லையென்று  
விண்ணுலகில் தேடுதற்கு விரைந்தாங்கு சென்றீரோ

இனியார் தமிழை எடுத்து வளர்ப்பார்  
நனிபே தையே நயனில் கூற்றம்

இருப்பினு மயன்செய லிவ்வா ருயின்  
வருத்த மடக்கி வாயுரை கொண்டு  
“ கண்ணுதற் கடவுள் கருத்திற் கிசைந்த  
மன்னு பாவல மன்னுக நிற்புகழ்  
மண்ணும் விண்ணும் மறையும் கலையும்  
எண்ணும் பூதமெலா முள வரைக்கும்  
துய மலரிடைத் தோன்றும்  
ஏய வாசனை இனிமை போ ” லென்றே.

## Pro Bono et Vero

by K. A. S.

(For the Good and the True)

RATHER an obscure and unintelligible title to students of today who, like Shakespeare, have little Latin. And yet nothing is so simple and noble as this our College motto.—It is simple because it is short, and noble because it brings us face to face with, and continually reminds us of, the end for which we have been created. It is, in fact, the be-all and end-all of our very existence.

Now what does it all mean? What are the philosophical implications of the motto? Why should it be chosen as a College motto?

Everyone acts with an end in view. A farmer, a merchant or a student—all have an object, an aim, a purpose in performing their several functions. A farmer ploughs his field and a merchant carries his wares, for maintaining themselves and their family in reasonable comfort and ease. A student comes to learn to fit himself for any career that lies open to him. These categories of people and in fact all men have to ask themselves what they are here for, what their final end is. The answer is no other than our motto: Pro Bono et Vero.

It is a matter of common knowledge that man is defined as a rational animal, an animal, that is, which is endowed with reason and free will. These two are the only two faculties that distinguish man from the brute creation. Now, the object of the intellect, as philosophers tell us, is truth and that of the will is good. Then it is clear that all men have to seek the good and the true (Pro Bono et Vero) since these two form the real object of their two very important faculties.

Now the question is what is that good, what is that truth which all men seek, towards which they are naturally inclined. The joys and pleasures of this world are not permanent. Rather, they are transitory and fleeting. To-day they are and to-morrow they are no more. That these are not the real objects of men is, therefore, abundantly clear, for even as the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, so also our intellect and will ever yearn to get at the true and the good, not what is a passing good or changing truth. Their craving is towards the infinitely good and the infinitely true, that is, God. Though earth-bound, man ever tends to

## PRO BONO ET VERO

be with Him. We are bidden, therefore, or, shall we say, reminded by this our motto to seek always God, the good and the true. Pro Bono et Vero.

Now we see the simplicity and at the same time the grandeur of our motto, a motto that shows the end for which we have come into this world, a motto that urges everyone, whether he will or no, to seek the only object of his life, a motto, in fine, which must be our guiding principle and a noble ideal. And if we want to succeed in this life, we must have an ideal, a right ideal, a noble ideal, a realisable ideal, an end, an aim, a purpose. What better ideal, what nobler end, what grander purpose than the one proposed to us: Pro Bono et Vero?

## The "Kuri" (Chitty) or the Chit Fund

by Jacob C. Andrews (Post-Graduate)

**L**ONG before the introduction of Co-operative legislation, people in Kerala were in the habit of combining for the mutual supply of money. The oldest instance of such combination is to be found in the Kuri or the chit fund system. Chit funds are also to be found in the Tamil districts but they are not so numerous or important as in Kerala (Malabar, Cochin and Travancore). The fact that the "Kuri" is a popular indigenous banking institution in Kerala shows that it is a very useful one. The need for large amounts of money for extraordinary purposes and the absence of banks for investments of earnings are the chief factors leading to the organisation of this ancient institution. In Kerala even modern institutions like the joint-stock banks and Co-operative Societies conduct "Kuris" as the best means of conserving capital and attracting deposits.

The "Kuri" is a loose organisation of a limited number of persons to promote savings by the members and to lend them money in turn. A number of people well known to one another commonly living in the same village agree to subscribe a fixed amount of money periodically. The total sum subscribed on each occasion is then pooled and lent successively to individual members, the choice being made each time by casting lots or by auction. The earlier winners obtain the advantage of getting the money sooner while everybody benefits by compulsory savings.

The period of the "Kuri" and the amount of subscription depend on the financial status of the people who join the "Kuri" and on the purpose for which they do so. One of the smallest types of chit funds is the "Onam Kuri" conducted by small groups of persons in a 'Gramam' or village to meet the expenses of the Onam festival. The subscription is sometimes as low as 4 annas and the period does not extend beyond the Onam season. Some of the bigger types of "Kuri" are the "Masam" or the monthly "Kuri", the "Ardha Varsham" or the half-yearly "Kuri" or the "Kollam" or the annual "Kuri". These "Kuris" involve 3000 to 12,000 rupees.

## THE "KURI" (CHITTY) OR THE CHIT FUND

Chit funds are of two kinds:—the lottery chit funds and the Auction chit funds.

In the first type of chit funds, the element of chance plays an important part. They work along the following lines. A certain number of subscribers, say 200, determine to subscribe Rs. 2 every month. The period of the chit fund is fixed, say for 40 months. The prize is fixed at Rs. 95. The lots are drawn every month and the member who wins the lot gets Rs. 95. The prize-winners continue to pay their monthly subscription till the end of the chit period. The promoter or the "Kuri" foreman makes huge profits since every month, after paying off Rs. 95 to the prize-winner, Rs. 305 remain over and this sum accumulates every month with interest. There are various defects in this system the chief of them being the spirit of gamble involved in it and the large scope it gives for the exploitation of the poor in various ways.

A more typical instance is the following. 30 share-holders form the members of a fund and they subscribe Rs. 100 every half-year usually for a period of 15 years. The payments are acknowledged in the "Kuri Kaipada" or the "Kuri" pass-book. Rs. 3000 is thus collected at the time of every subscription. The first sum of Rs. 3000 is taken by the promoter of the "Kuri" and the interest on the sum for the period of the "Kuri" (15 years) is a source of profit for him.

Every six months the available sum of Rs. 3000 is given to the subscriber who wins the lot on furnishing sufficient security for the repayment of future subscriptions. If no security is available the prize amount of Rs. 3000 is kept in the fund as a deposit till the end of the "Kuri" and the "Kuri" foreman after taking the periodical subscription gives the prizeman the balance from the interest on the amount. The interest rate is generally 12%. The Capital (Rs. 3000) is returned to the prize-winner at the end of the "Kuri." Prize winning shares are eliminated at each drawing of the lots. This process is continued every six months and in the end there will be only one share and the shareholder will be given Rs. 3000 without any lot.

In a slightly modified form of this chit fund, the winner of the lot does not get the full amount of the prize. A certain sum is taken off from the prize amount, and it is divided equally among the disappointed shareholders. This sum is credited to the subscription of the disappointed shareholders and their periodical subscription is reduced by the amount of the profit obtained.

## THE "KURI" (CHITTY) OR THE CHIT FUND

In this connection it will be of great interest to note the working of the monthly "Kuri" organised by the *Kshemavilasam Company Limited—Trichur (Cochin State).*<sup>1</sup>

The "Kuri" comprises 3 tickets of 3 monthly instalments of Rs. 50 each, the total "Kuri" amount of each instalment being Rs. 5550. Fractions of a ticket are available for subscription to the extent of  $\frac{1}{2}$ , valued at Rs. 1-9-0. Fractions of tickets subscribed for are grouped to form a full ticket.

Out of the 'Kuri' amount of Rs. 5550 for each full ticket, a sum of Rs. 5000 will be awarded monthly as prize amount to the winner or winners in the draw. Before drawing the prize amount, prize-winners have to furnish security for repayment of future subscriptions. From the balance of Rs. 550, Rs. 495 will be distributed as dividends at the next instalment among undrawn ticket-holders and the ticket-holder whose prize amount falls due at that instalment, and the balance of Rs. 55, will be adjusted towards commission and expenses of "Kuri" days. Subscribers entitled to dividend at any instalment, can deduct the dividend from the instalment amount and need pay only the balance.

There will be no drawing at the sixth and twelfth instalments of the "Kuri," the amounts collected and due at those instalments being set apart as "Kuri" amounts of the two tickets that are subscribed for by the company.

The prize winners are free, however, when they do not intend to furnish other securities for drawing the prize amount, to deposit sufficient amount to cover the future subscriptions in any safe Bank approved by the company and give as security to the company the receipt for such deposit.

The company and all its properties are responsible for the conduct of the Kuri.

The transfer of tickets by assignment or pledge can be effected.

For the convenience of the subscribers arrangement is made for the accepting of the "Kuri" subscriptions by specified banks in important centres in India.

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted to the manager of the Kshemavilasam Company Ltd—Trichur (Cochin State) for valuable information about the monthly "Kuri" organised by the company.

## THE "KURI" (CHITTY) OR THE CHIT FUND

"Kuri" deposits are received for a period of one year and interest will be paid at 4%.

Loans are advanced at moderate rates of interest on "Kuri" pass-books and jewellery.

Auction chits work in a slightly different manner from the lottery chits. Instead of taking lots, it is decided to put the money for auction. The man who bids the lowest sum below the total subscribed for on each occasion obtains the sum he bids. The bid is based on the interest yield and the need of the individuals.

The obvious purpose of the auction chit is to take advantage of the difficulties of hard pressed members to secure profits for the group generally.

"On the other hand," as Parandikar observes, "while some of the chit funds are properly managed many of them are mismanaged by the promoters, some of whom are unscrupulous and resort even to fraud. Some of them are hardly better than lotteries and appeal in the main to the gambling tendencies of the members."<sup>1</sup>

The remedy is suggested by the Travancore Banking Enquiry Committee in the following words: "The great popularity of chittis is probably due to the deep rooted chitty-habit of the people which here takes the place of the banking habit of the westerners, and to the absence of suitable financing agencies.....However, it cannot but be admitted that the "chitty" is a crude form of banking.....We cannot recommend the abolition, but we do recommend that the conduct of the "chittis" is more properly controlled."<sup>2</sup>

The advantage of the "Kuri" is the stimulus it gives to thrift and mutual credit. In the first place, the members are induced to save, by the obligation to set aside from their earnings the amount required for the periodic subscription. In the second place, they agree to run the risk of not getting their money back till possibly the end of the whole period, relying in the meantime for the safety of their money on their confidence in one another. It is obviously a convenient though rather clumsy method of securing capital. It helps the man of limited means to repay the capital which he borrows in small instalments at convenient intervals.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Travancore Banking Enquiry Committee Report.

<sup>2</sup> "Banking in India" Parandikar.

<sup>3</sup> Report on Land and Agricultural Banks, Madras 1895, Nicholson.

## பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

by N. Sanjeevi, I U. C.

### சிலேடை

ஆயுத் தொறும் ஆயுத் தொறும் இன்பத் தரும் தமிழ் இலக்கியம் சிலேடைக்குப் பெயர் பெற்றது, என்று கூறுவர் தமிழறிஞர். தமிழ் இலக்கியத்தில் சிலேடை, திரிபு, முதலியனவெல்லாம் அரியனவல்ல. தமிழுக்கென அமைந்துள்ள தனிச் சிறப்புகளுள் அதுவும் ஒன்று. முற்றும் சிலேடையாகவே அமைந்த நூல்கள் சில தமிழ் இலக்கியத்தை அலங்கரிக்கின்றன. அதனாலன்றோ பிற்காலப் பைந்தமிழ்ப் புலவர் ஒருவர் தண்டமிழ்ப் புலவாரின் திறத்தைப் பற்றிச் சாற்றுகால் 'விற்பனத் தமிழ்ப் புலவார்' என்று கூறிப்போந்தார்?

### பாரதி

சிறிய இக்கட்டுரையின் சிகரத்தின் பெயரும் சிலேடையாகவே அமைந்துள்ளது. 'அறிவுத் தெய்வம்' என்று அறிஞர் போற்றிப் பணியும் புனிதப் புத்தேளாகிய கலைகளுக்குப் பல்வேறு பெயர்கள் வழங்குகின்றன. அவற்றுள் 'பாரதி' என்பதும் ஒன்றாகும்.

'கலைகள் ; பனுவலாட்டி ; காயத்திரி ; ஞானமூர்த்தி ; உலகமாதா ; பிராமி ; யொள்ளிய வெள்ளை மெப்பான் ; இலகுவெண் சலச முற்றான் ; பாரதி ; இசை மடந்தை ; மலரபன் மனைவி ; வாக்கான் ; வாணி ; நாமகள் ; பேராமே.'

என்று சாற்றுகின்றது சூடாமணி நிகண்டு.

'பாரதி' என்ற இச்சொல்லைக் கம்போ எடுத்தாண்டுள்ளார்

'பாதாம் புபத்திற் பணிவார் தமக்குப் பலகலையும்

வேதாந்த முத்தியுந் தந்தருள் பாரதி.....'

என்று, தொழுவார்க்கு இரங்கி நண்ணருள்புரியும் தாவில் மடந்தையைப்பற்றிப் பகர்ந்துள்ளார். ஆகலின், 'பாரதி' என்ற சொல்லிற்கு 'கலைகள்' என்ற பொருள் உண்டெனப் புலனாகின்றது.

அடுத்து உள்ள 'பாரதி' என்ற சொல்லைப்பற்றி அறியாதார் யார்? ஒவ்வொரு தமிழன் உள்ளத்திலும் இருந்து ஊக்கிவரும் ஒண்டமிழ்ப் புலவர் பெருமான் அன்றோ அவர்? அவர்தான் கவிஞர் சுப்பிரமணிய பாரதியார். 'பாரதி' என்ற பதத்திற்கு ஏற்ற பண்புடையவர் அவர்.

பாரதியார் கலைகளைக் குறித்துப் பைந்தமிழ்ப் பாடல்கள் பல பாடியுள்ளார். அப்பாடல்கள் படிப்பவர் உள்ளத்தைப் பாவசப்படுத்த வல்லன. கற்றோர் உள்ளம் கசிந்து உருகுமாறு செய்யும் நீர்மையன.

### மக்கள் மரபு

இவ்வியனுலகில் மக்கள் விரும்புவது ஒன்று. வெறுப்பது ஒன்று. விரும்புவது ‘இன்பம்’. வெறுப்பதோ ‘துன்பம்’. ஆகலின் தங்கள் மன விருப்பத்திற்கு ஏற்பத் துன்பத்தைத் தொலைத்து, இன்பத்தைப் பெருக்கும் பொருள்களையெல்லாம் ‘தெய்வம்’ என்று மொழிதல் மக்கள் மரபு. உலக இயல்பு. இன்பந்தருமானால் உயிரற்ற பொருள்களுக்கும்—உயிர் கொடுத்துத், தெய்வீகத் தன்மையையும், மணிதத்துவத்தையும், ஏற்றிக்கூறுவது மக்கள் மரபு. இவ்விஷயத்தில் சாதாரண மக்களுடன் மா பெரும் கவிகளும் கைகலந்து கொள்கின்றனர் அன்றோ?

இவ்வுலகின்கண் மாந்தர்க்கு இன்பத் தரவல்ல பொருள்கள் எண்ணிறந்தன. என்றாலும், ஆன்ற புலமையுடைய சான்றோரால் போற்றி மதிக்கப்படுவது அறிவேயாகும். அதனால்தான், கற்றோர் கலைமகளை ‘அறிவுத்தெய்வம்’ என்று அழைவர். அறிவைப் பெருக்குவதற்குச் சிறந்த உதவியாக உள்ளது சான்றோர் போற்றும் சாஸ்திரங்களும், கற்றோர் போற்றும் கலைஞமேயாகும்.

ஒரிடத்தில் பாரதியார் கலைமகளை ‘இன்பமே வடிவாகிடப் பெற்றாள்’ என்று குறித்துள்ளார். பிறிதொரு இடத்தில் பாரதியார்

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“வீர மன்னர் பின் வேதியர் யாரும்; தஞ்சமென்று வணங்கிந் தெய்வம்; தாணி மீதறி வாகிய தெய்வம்” என்று இயம்பியுள்ளார்.

### வாணியின் வடிவம்

பாரதியார் வாணிக்குப் புதிய வடிவம் ஒன்று கற்பித்துள்ளார். கலைமகளுக்கு அடையாளம் கூறவந்த கவிகளெல்லாம் ‘ஒரு கையிலே ஏடு காணப் படும்; மற்றொரு மலர்க் காத்திலே மணிவடம் மிளிரும்; பிற இரு காங்களிலும் வீணை விளங்கும்’ என்றெல்லாம் கூறியுள்ளார்கள். ஆனால், நம் வாகவியோ வேறு ஒருவிதமாக ‘வாணி’யின் வடிவை விளக்கி விளம்பியுள்ளார்.

கலைத் தெய்வத்திற்கு ‘ஞானமே மேனி; சிந்தனையே கூந்தல்; வேதமே விழி; வாதம், தருக்கம் முதலியனவைகளே செவிகள்; துணிவே தோடு; போதமே நாசி; சாஸ்திரமே வாய்; கற்பனையே இதழ்; காவியமே ஹிருதயம்; சிற்பம் முதலான சாஸ்திரங்களே திருக்காங்கள்’ என்றெல்லாம் ஏட்டிலே—கண்ணிற்கு அல்ல—கருத்திற்குமட்டும் புலனாகும் எழில் மிக்க சொல் ஓவியம் தீட்டியுள்ளார்.

i. “வேதத் திரு விழியாள்—அதில் மிக்க பல்லுரை யெனுங் கருமை யிட்டாள் சிதக் கதிர் மதியே—நுகல் சிந்தனையே குழ லென்று டையாள். வாதத் தருக்க மெனுஞ்—செவி வாப்பந்த நற் றுணிவெனுந் தோடணிந்தாள் போத மென் னாகியினாள்—நலம் பொங்கு பல் சாத்திர வா யுடையாள்”

ii. “கற்பனைத் தே னிதழாள்—சுவைத் காவிய மெனு மணிக் கொங்கையினாள் சிற்ப முத்தர் கலைகள்—பல தே மலர்க் காமெனத் திகழ்ந்திருப்பாள்

\* \* \*

பாடல்களைப் பாருங்கள்! பார்த்தால்மட்டும் போதவே போதாது. தனி மையாக இருந்து இனிமையாகப் பாடிப் பார்க்கவேண்டும். அப்பொழுதல் லவோ அருமை தெரியும்? கற்பனையென்றும் பொன்மான் கவியின் நாவெனும் புலத்திலே துள்ளிக் குதித் தோடுகின்றது! இனி, இத்தகைய வடிவுடைய வாணி வாழுமிடங்களைப் பற்றிக் கவியின் கருத்தைக் காண்போம்.

### வாணி வாழும் இடங்கள்

உரைமகள் உறையுமிடங்களை ஒன்று விடாமல் உரைப்பது என்பது ஒல் லாது. ஆனால், கருங்கச் சொல்லுமிடத்து, எங்கெங்கு எழிலும், இன்பமும் நிறைந்துள்ளனவோ, எங்கெங்கு தூய்மையும், வாய்மையும், திகழ்கின்றனவோ, அங்கங்கெல்லாம் ஆரணப்பாவை அமர்ந்து உள்ளாள்.

‘வாணி வெண்டாமரையில் வீற்றிருப்பாள்; வீணையின் நாதத்தில் விளங் குவாள்; கவிஞர் கருத்திலும், உள்ளத்திலும், குடியிருப்பாள்; ஏட்டிலே இலங்குவாள்; மறையின் கண் பிறங்குவாள்; இருடிகள் இயம்பும் இழுக்கில் மொழியின்பால் இருப்பாள்; மாதரின் மதூரப் பாட்டிலும், மக்கள் பேசும் மழலை மொழியிலும் மிளிர்வாள்; சூரியின் சூரிலும், சிறையார் கிளியின் நாவிலும் உறைவாள்’ என்ற இக்கருத்துகளையெல்லாம், ஒருங்கே திட்டிப் பின்வரும் பாடல்களில் சூத்திரம்போல் சாற்றியுள்ளார்.

## பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

- i. “வெள்ளைத் தாமரைப் பூவி ளிருப்பாள் ;  
வினை செய்யும் ஒலியிலிருப்பாள் ;  
கொள்ளை யின்பங் குலவு கவிதை  
கூறு பாவலர் உள்ளத் திருப்பாள் ;  
உள்ளதாம் பொருள் தேடி யுணர்ந்தே  
ஓதும் வேதத்தி னுண்ணின் ரொளிர்வாள்  
கள்ள மற்ற முனிவர்கள் கூறும்  
கருணி வாசகத் துட்பொரு ளாவாள்.
- ii. மாதர் திங்குறப் பாட்டிலிருப்பாள் ;  
மக்கள் பேசும் மழலையி லுள்ளாள் ;  
தேதம் பாடும் குயிலின் குாலைக்  
நிலிரினுவை யிருப்பிடங் கொண்டாள்.

\* \* \*

—பாரதி.

### மலரோன் மாண்பு

பின்னர், பாரதியார் மாந்தர் போற்றும் அம்மலரோன் மாண்பைப்பற்றி விவகரித்துள்ளார்.

‘முடிசார்ந்த மன்னரும், அருமறை அந்தணரும், அடிபணியும் தெய்வம் ;  
அறிவுத் தெய்வம் ; விற்கண்ட தெய்வம் பல் கோடி யுள்ளும் கண்கண்ட தெய்  
வம் ; ‘உய்வம்’ என்ற உட்கருத்து உடையோருக்கு உயிரினை தெய்வம் ;  
எடுத்த கருமம் இனிது கைகூடுமாறு கருணை புரியும் தெய்வம் ; மெய் வருந்தி  
உழைப்பவருக்கு உபவைத் தரும் தெய்வம் ; கலைமலி கவிஞர் தெய்வம் ; தெய்  
வத் தன்மை யுடையோர் போற்றும் தெய்வம்’ என்ற இக்கருத்துக்கள் அப்  
பாடல்களில் பொதிந்து கிடக்கின்றன.

\* \* \*

“ஊர மன்னர் பின் வேதியர் யாரும்  
தஞ்சமென்று வணங்கிடுந் தெய்வம்  
தாணி மீதறி வாகிய தெய்வம்

\* \* \*

“தெய்வம் யாவும் உணர்ந்திடுந் தெய்வம் ;  
தீமை காட்டி விலக்கிடுந் தெய்வம் ;

## பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

- ‘உய்வம்’ என்ற கருத்துடையோர்கள்  
உயிரினிக் குயிராகிய தெய்வம் ;  
‘செய்வம்’ என்றொரு செய்கை யெடுப்போர்  
செய்மை நாடிப் பணிந்திடு தெய்வம் ;  
கைவருந்தி உழைப்பவர் தெய்வம்  
கவிஞர் தெய்வம் ; கடவுளர் தெய்வம் ;

ஓரோர்கால் அடியவர் தீய நெறியில் செல்வாராயின் அன்னுரை நன் நெறிப்  
படுத்த, பொன்னைத் தூய்மைப்படுத்த புடமிடல் போல, முதலில் துன்புறுத்தி  
பின்னர் இன்பந்தருவது முறையே அன்றோ? அதனால்தான் பாரதியார் “தீமை  
காட்டி விலக்கிடுந் தெய்வம்’ என்று திறம்படக் கூறியுள்ளார்.

### தமிழ் வாணி

ஒரு பாட்டில் பாரதியார் ‘ஓளி வளர் தமிழ் வாணி’ என்று கலைமகளை  
விளிக்கின்றார். ஆனால், இந் நீளுலகில் எண்டிசைக் கண்ணும் உள்ள எண்ணரும்  
நாடுகளில் தோன்றும் கலைகட் கெல்லாம் தாயாகிய கலைமகளைத் ‘தமிழ் வாணி’  
என்று அழைக்கின்றார் பாரதியார்.

தாய் ஒருத்தி இருக்கிறாள். அவளுக்கு அநேக குழந்தைகள் உண்டு.  
ஒருவன் ஒரு குழந்தையைப் பார்த்து, அந்தக் குழந்தையின் அன்னையைச் சுட்டிக்  
காட்டி ‘யார் அவர்கள்’ என்று வினாவினால் அக்குழந்தை ‘எங்கள் அம்மா’ என்று  
சொல்லுமே ஒழிய, அடித்தாலும், அதட்டினாலும் ‘என் தம்பிக்கு அம்மா’  
என்றாவது, ‘என் அக்காளின் அம்மா’ என்றாவது சொல்லவே சொல்லாது.  
அநேக வகைகளில் கவியினுள்ளமும் குழந்தையின் உள்ளமும் ஒன்றே யன்றோ?

‘அருக்கோ தயத்தினும் சந்திரோதயம் ஒத்து அழகெறிக்கும்  
திருக்கோல நாயகி சேந்தமிழ்ப் பாவை’

என்று கம்பரே கூறியுள்ளார்.

கலைமகளின் கண்களில் ஒன்றே—அதுவும் வலது கண்ணே—கன்னித்  
தமிழ் மொழியின் உருவம் என்று வற்புறுத்திக் கூறுகின்றார் ஒரு பிற்காலப்  
பைந்தமிழ்ப் புலவர்.

‘கலைமகடன் பூர்வதீசை காணுங்கால் அவள் விழியுள்  
வலதுவிழி தென்மொழியாய் மதியாரோ மதியுடையார்’

—மனோன்மணியம்

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

—தண்டமிழே!

—பூங்கமல

பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

விடாளும வானியங்கை மெலே யிருந்தாபோ?

ஏடாக வுன்மே லிருந்தானோ?—தமிழ் விடு துது

என்று ஐயுற்று நயமாக கேட்கின்றார் அருந்தமிழ் அன்னைப் பூர்வகுடாடன் ஒரு கவி.

கலைமகளும் தமிழ்க் கவிகளும்

கலைமகளுக்கு கவிஞர் கவிதைகளே—அதுவும் கன்னிப் பூர் தமிழ்க் கவிதை

யிலே ஒரு தனி விருப்பம்—தனிபா விருப்பம். பாரதியார் ஒரு பாடலில்

“கள்ளைக் கடவுழதை—நிகர்

கண்ட தொர் பூர் தமிழ்க் கவி சொல்லே

பின்னைப் பருவத்தில்—எனைப்

பேண வந்தா னருள் புண வந்தான்”

என்று இறுமாந்து கூறுகிறார்.

பிறிதொரு பாட்டிலும்,

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—என்றன்

வாழிலு மதியிலும் வளர்க்கிடுவீர்!

என்று ‘அன்னை’ வாணியை அழைக்கிறார்.

அடுத்து ஒரு விஷயம்: கலைமகள் ஏதோ தெள்ளிக் தெளிக்கும் பணுவற் புலவோர் கவிமழை சிந்தக்கண்டு கவிக்கலாம் என்று கருதி அன்னாற்பால் அன்பு மீது, அவ்வன்பின் காரணமாக அருள் செய்கின்றார், என்றாலும் கவிகள் வாணியைத் தங்கள் கற்பனை வலையில் சிக்க வைப்பதில் மிக்க விருப்பம்; அதிக ஆசைதான்!

உதாரணமாகத் திருமகளின் திருவருளை நிரம்பப் பெற நசைந்த பாரதியார், ‘லக்ஷ்மி பிரார்த்தனை’யிலே ஒரு செய்யுளில்

“வாணி தன்னை யென்றும்—கினது

வரிசை பாட வைப்பேன்!

நாணி ஏகலாமோ?—என்னை

நன்கறிந் திலாயோ?” என்று நயமாக நவீனமூள்ளார்.

கலைமகளும் திருமகளும்

செல்வத்தினும் கல்வியே சாலச்சிறந்தது. ‘கேடில் விழுச்செல்வம்’ அன்றோ கல்வி? செல்வத்திற்கு உரியவன் திருமகளெனச் செப்புவர். கல்விக்கு உரியவன் கலைமகளெனக் கூறுவர். ஒருவன் திருமகளின் திருவருளைப் பெறு

பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

விடினும் தீதில்லை. ஆனால், கலைமகள் அருளைப் பெறுவது அவசியம். கலைமகள் அருள் இருப்பின், அவ்வருளைக்கொண்டு திருமகளின் திருவருளைப் பெறுவது திண்ணம். கல்வியைக்கொண்டு செல்வத்தை எட்டலாம் என்பதுதான் உட்கருத்து. இவ்வுயரிய கருத்தைப் பாரதியார் கருங்கச் சொல்லி விளங்க வைக்கின்றார்—“அந்தத் திருமகள் சிவங்களைத் தீர்த்திடுவீர்” —பாரதி.

என்னே சொல் நயம்!

பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

பாரதியார் ‘மாயை’ என்னும் வலையில் சிக்குண்டு ‘வாணி’-யை மறந்துவிட்டார். சில நாட்கள் சென்றன. பழைய ஞாபகம் திரும்பவும் வந்துவிட்டது. ‘இளங்கன்று பயமறியாது’ என்பதுபோல் பாரதியார் கலைமகளை மறந்து வானாவிருந்தார். எத்துனை நாள்தான் தாயைப் பிரிந்த கன்று தனிபாக இருக்க இயலும்? தாயின் ஞாபகம் தானாகவேத் தோன்றுகின்றது. ஏக்கம் பிடிக்கின்றது. கத்தவும் ஆரம்பிக்கின்றது. தாயின் செவியில் கன்று கத்தும் குரல் சென்று தாக்குகிறது. தாயின் உள்ளம் தனலிடை மெழுகென உருகியது. கன்று இருக்கும் இடத்தை நோக்கித் தாயின் கால்கள் நடந்தன. தாயுங் கன்றும் ஒன்று சேர்ந்தன. தாய்ப்பசு கன்றைத் தன் நாவால் வருகிறது. கன்றோ தாயைச் சற்று கோபமாகப் பார்க்கிறது. ‘என்னைவிட்டு ஏன் பிரிந்தாய்’ என்று கேட்பதுபோல் இருக்கின்றது அதன் பார்வை. பிரிந்தது தன் குற்றம் என்று கன்று உணரவில்லை. எனினும், தாய் பிரிந்துவிடுமோ என்று அஞ்சுகிறது. இப்படித்தான் பாரதியும்! பாரதியார் ‘ஸாஸ்வதி ஸ்தோத்திரம்’ என்ற செய்யுட் பகுதியில் இக்கருத்துக்கள் காணப்படுகின்றன. அன்னைபை மறந்தேன் என்பதை “மாயை யிலறி விழந்தே உம்மை மதிப்பது மறந்தன பிழைகளெல்லாம்” என்று கூறு முகமாகப் புலப்படுத்துகின்றார். மறந்தது தன் குற்றமாயினும், கவி,

i. “எங்கனம் சென்றிருந்தீர் என

தின்னுயிரே பென்றன் இசையமுதே”

ii. “மாத மொர் நான்கா நீர்—அன்பு

வறுமையிலே யெனை ஆழ்த்தி விட்டீர்”

என்றெல்லாம் கூறுகின்றார்.

பின்னர் தாயை

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—என்றன்

## பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

பாவ மெலாங் கேட்டு ஞான கங்கை

நாத மொடெப் பொழுதும்—என்றன்

நாவினிலே பொழிந்திடவேண்டும்

என்று வேண்டுகிறார்.

தாயும் தனயனும் ஒருங்கே கூடி இன்ப அன்பு வெள்ளத்தில் திளைத்துக் கொண்டிருக்கிறார்கள். அளவு கடந்த இன்பம் அனுபவிக்கும் ஒருவனுக்கு ‘இன்பம் அனுபவிக்கும் நம்மைத் துன்பம் வந்து தாக்குமோ’ என்ற பயம் உள்ளுற இருப்பது இயற்கையல்லவோ? அதனால்தான் பாரதியார்,

“ அண்மையி லிருந்திடுவீர்—இனி

அடியேனை பிரிந்திடில் ஆற்றுவனோ? ”

என்கிறார்.

பின்னர் தாயைப் பரிந்து

‘ ஊனங்கள் போக்கிடுவீர்—நல்ல

ஊக்கமும் பெருமையும் உதவிடுவீர் ’

என்று வேண்டுகிறார். இறுதியாகப் பாரதியார் தான் செய்த பிழைகளை யெல்லாம் மறந்து, தன்னை மறவாது இருக்குமாறு வேண்டுகிறார். முன்போல் தாயை மறக்கவில்லை என்று உறுதி கூறுகின்றார்.

“ இனி மறக்கிலேன் எனைநீர் மறக்ககிலீர் ”

என்று இனிமையாக, நயமாக, வேண்டுகிறார்.

“ தீயினை நிறுத்திடுவீர்—நல்ல

தீரமும் தெளிவுமிங் கருள்புரிவீர்

மாயையி லறி விழந்தே—உம்மை

மதிப்பது மறந்தன பிழைகளெல்லாம்

தாயென ஏமைப் பணிந்தேன்—பொறை

சார்த்தி நல் லருள்செய வேண்டுகிறேன்

வாயினிற் சபத மிட்டேன்—இனி

மறக்கிலேன் எனைநீர் மறக்ககிலீர்— ‘ பாரதி ’

வாணி வழிபாடு

‘ தமிழ் வாணி ’ என்று நம்மனோர் போற்றும் வாணியைத் தமிழ் மக்கள் வழிபடும் வகையைக் கண்டு ஒருவாறு வருந்துகிறார், பாரதியார். இவ்விஷயம் சிலருக்கு இறம்பூது விளைவிக்கலாம். ஆனால், ஆழ்ந்து எண்ணுங்கால் உண்மை

## பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

புலனாகும். ஆண்டிற் கொருநாள் ஆங்காங்கு மூலை முடுக்குகளில் முடங்கிக் கிடக்கும் புத்தகங்களைக் குவித்து, விளக் கொன்றை ஏற்றி, பூவைக் கிள்ளிப் போட்டு, சந்தனத்தைத்தெளித்து, ஒரு மணி நேரத்தில் வழிபடும் முறையை நம் வரகவி விரும்பவில்லை—வெறுக்கிறார். உடைமகளுக்கு அது ஒருபோதும் உவப்பை விளைவிக்காது என்று வற்புறுத்திக் கூறுகின்றார். மேலும், பாரதியாருக்குக் கலைமகளை தன்னந் தனியே இருந்து துதித்து, அவள் அருளைப் பெறுவதில் திளைத் துணையும் விருப்ப மில்லை. தமிழ்ச் கவிகளின்—துறவிகளின்—தனிப்பண்பு அது. பாரதியார் எல்லோரையும் ‘ சேர்ந்தித் தேவை வணங்குவம் வாரீர் ’ என்று அழைக்கின்றார். ஆனால் பாரதியார் ஒரு வேண்டுகோள் மட்டும் செய்து கொள்கிறார்.

“ செந்தமிழ் மணி நாட்டை யுள்ளீர்.

சேர்ந்தித் தேவை வணங்குவம் வாரீர்

வந்தன மிவட் கே செய்வ தென்றால்

வாழி யஃதிங் கெளிதன்று கண்டீர்

மந்திரத்தை முணுமுணுத் தேட்டை

வரிசையாக அடுக்கி யதன் மேல்

சந்தனத்தை மலரை யிடுவோர்

சாத்திரம் இவள் பூசனை யன்றும்—‘ பாரதி ’

இன்று நாம் போற்றிப் புகழும் பாரதியார் கலைமகளை வழிபட புத்தம் புதிய தோர் முறையைக் கற்பிக்கிறார். கலைமகளின் கருணையை விரைந்து பெற, வழிகாட்டுகிறார். கவிஞர் காட்டும் வழியில் வழிபாடு நடக்க வேண்டுவது நம் கடமையன்றோ? இல்லையேல், பாரதியாரைப் போற்றுவதிலே, அல்லது புகழ்ந்து பேசுவதிலே என்ன பயன்? பாரதியார் கேவலம் புகழுக்காகக் கவிகளைப் பாடவே இல்லை. செந்தமிழ் நாட்டினர் அந்தமில் சீரும், சிறப்பும், பெற்றுத் திகழவே தன் வாழ்நாளை தத்தஞ் செய்தார். மக்கள் மனதிலே என்றும் நின்று நிலவி ஊக்கும் வண்ணமே மதுரத் தமிழ்ச்சுவைகள் பாடினார்.

வீடு தோறும் கலையின் விளக்கம்

வீதி தோறும் இரண்டொரு பள்ளி

நாடு முற்றிலும் உள்ளன ஊர்கள் ;

நகர்களெங்கும் பல பள்ளிகள்,

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கேடு தீர்க்கும் அமுதமென் அன்னை

கேண்மை கொள்ள வழியிவை கண்டீர்

பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

என்று உபதேசிக்குறார் நம்மனோர்க்கு, பாரதியார். தருமங்களில் எல்லாம் தலைசிறந்து விளங்குவது ‘கல்வி கற்பித்தலே’ என்று கூறுகின்றார்.

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அன்ன யானும் புண்ணியங் கோடி

ஆங்கொ ரேழைக்கு எழுத் தறிவித்தல்—பாரதி.

அறியாமை இருளைப் போக்குவதில் கண்ணுங் கருத்துமாயுள்ள கவி நம்மவர் உதவியையும் நாடுகிறார். ஒவ்வொரு தமிழனும் தன்னாலியன்ற உதவியைத் தளராத, தயங்காது செய்யவேண்டும் என்கிறார். எவ்வாற்றாலும் செயற்கரும் இச்செயலைத் தமிழர்களாகிய நாம் செய்தே தீரவேண்டுமென்று வற்புறுத்து கின்றார்.

நிதி மிகுத்தவர் பொற்குவை தாரர்!

நிதி குறைந்தவர் காசுகள் தாரர்!

அதுவு மற்றவர் வாய்ச்சொ லருளிர்!

ஆண்மை யாளருழைப் பினை நல்கீர்!

மதுரத் தேமொழி மாதர் களெல்லாம்

வாணி பூசைக் குரியன பேசீர்!

எதுவும் நல்கி யிங் கெவ்வகை யானும்

இப்பெருந் தொழில் நாட்டுவம் வாரீர்!

கலைகளின் களஞ்சியமாகத் திகழ்ந்த பண்டைய—பாரத நாட்டில்—ந் தமிழ் நாட்டில்—தோன்றிய கலைமகள் இன்று நங்கில்லை. மேலை நாடுகளில் கலை யிரவி யெனக் கல்விச்சுடர் கொளுத்தி வாழ்கின்றாள். “புத்தம் புதிய கலைகள் மெத்த வளருவது மேற்கே” என்ற புதுமை யுரையும் எழுந்துவிட்டது. நம் நாட்டிலோ அறியாமைப் பேய் தலைவிரித்துத்தாண்டவ மாடுகிறது. சோம்பற் பேய் காம்பீரமாக நாட்டை அசாளுகிறது! இக்கோரக் காட்சிகளை யெல்லாம் கண்டுவிட்டு பாரதியார் எவ்வாறு வாளா விருப்பார்?

ஞான மென்பதோர் சொல்லின் பொருளாம்

நல்ல பாரத நாட்டிடை வந்தீர்!

ஊன மின்று பெரிதிழைக்கின்றீர்!

ஒங்கு கல்வி, யுழைப்பை மறந்தீர்!

மான மற்று விலங்கு களொப்ப

மண்ணில் வாழ்வதை வாழ்வென லாமோ?

என்று நம்மை வினாவுகிறார்.

பாரதியும்—பாரதியும்

என்ன விடை கூறுவது?—என்று கூறுவது?—பாரதியாருக்கு.

பாரதிபார் ‘மாயையி லறிவிழந்த’ நம்மை மேலும், மேலும், இடித்துரைத் துப் புண்படுத்த விரும்பவில்லை.

“போனதற்கு வருந்தல் வேண்டா

புன்மை தீர்ப்ப முயலுவம் வாரீர்!” என்று அழைக்கின்றார்.

ஆக, ஆகமங்களும் போற்றும் அறிவுத் தெய்வம் இந்நாட்டில் அடியெடுத்து வைக்க வேண்டுமாயின் அறியாமைப் பேபை அழிக்கவேண்டும். மடியும், மிடியும், மடியவேண்டும். அன்பும், அருளும், உழைப்பும், ஊக்கமும், நம்மவர் வாழ் வின் குறிக்கோளாக வேண்டும்.

மலர் மலர்ந்தாலன்றோ மணங் கமழும்?

வண்டும் விரைந்து வரும்?

# Classless Society

by M. Susai Sengole

**A** CLASSLESS Society is one of the fallacies of Communism. The vision of the final emergence of such a society explains the strength and the fascination of Marxism.

The communist regards Society as an economic organisation of the capitalists for the exploitation of the toiling masses. Society consists of capitalists and workers and between these two sections there exists a deadly and interminable conflict. The State itself is a political institution set up to protect the exploiting capitalists from rebellion by the victims—the workers and the proletariat. Even Religion is a human agency set up by priests and capitalists to lull the people into resignation. "Religion is the opium of the people".

In the Classless Society there is no place for the rich and the poor or employer and employed or capitalist and worker. The basis of the Society would be "State-ownership". The capitalist will be eliminated, the land-lord will be expropriated, private enterprise will be extinguished and competition will be eradicated. All private means of production and distribution will be in the hands of the State. Society will be transformed into a huge labour organisation for co-operative production. A Dictatorship of the Proletariat will be established, embracing every sphere of human activity. Inequalities will disappear because human conditions will be equalised. Men will be happy and contented. The State will wither away and vanish ushering in the dawn of the Millennium.

Two aspects of the question suggest themselves to us: whether a classless society is practicable and whether it is desirable.

Marx set out to construct a system for men, without even taking the pains of a preliminary study of man. This failure to consider the nature of man led him both to over-rate and to under-rate it.

After all, why should the classless society work? Even in a classless society there will be nice jobs, nasty jobs, hard jobs and easy jobs. In a society of men the jobs must be apportioned and the apportioners will have enormous powers. There will be a struggle to join the class of apportioners and failing that to win the favour of those who manage to belong to it. There will be discontent at least among those who get the hard or nasty jobs. Why should one man work more than his

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neighbour? Generally men are subject in greater or lesser degree to two grand human instincts: sloth and self-importance. Men are easily convinced that they have done enough and that others are doing less than they. Who is to decide whether each man is working according to his capacity and if he is not, is he still to receive according to his needs?

Moreover, the theory of the classless society depends upon this that man will be happy in it because all his needs are economic and require for their satisfaction only a society properly organised for production and distribution. But it appears monstrous to think that all man's needs are to be satisfied by economic adjustment. Man's desire for a world beyond this never has been merely a matter of economic needs unsatisfied. It corresponds to something deeper in his nature. Indeed it is precisely when man has most satisfactorily adjusted himself to the material circumstances of life that the last veil between himself and the sheer emptiness of life is torn away. There is a fundamental discontent in the heart of man arising from some cause other than adverse material circumstances.

The vital principle underlying the classless society is that man is sufficient unto himself. The success of this society is bound up with the principle that if the economic order is rightly arranged all human needs can be met. Thus man needs no succour that man cannot provide for himself. By this principle the Marxian vision must stand or fall. The threats to the stability of the classless society arise from the defects of human nature. If human nature were as perfect as human nature is capable of being, man would still be insufficient of himself. He would still need God. Without making any allowance for the imperfections of man, Marx simply relied upon the perfection of the system to produce perfect citizens. Commonsense will tell us that we cannot make a good omelette with bad eggs. But Marx believes that the goodness of the omelette itself will make bad eggs into good ones.

Once—supposing it possible—the classless society has been formed, it is assumed that mankind will be static and that there would be no more progress. For no reason, the eternal dynamism of human nature is suddenly arrested and remains stagnant. This is the very negation of human nature.

Again, it is not very easy to conceive why the destruction of capitalism should result in a classless society, and how man, who but a

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moment ago was full of imperfections, would now suddenly become a paragon of all imaginable or desirable virtues. Revolutions have rarely succeeded in achieving their original aims. The method of violence is never the midwife of justice. "That wrong can be wiped out by wrong is a gospel, to which we are not entitled to resort, until we despair utterly of civilisation; when we have resorted to it there will probably be no civilisation of which to despair."

How can we expect to build permanently and beautifully on Hate, which is the most destructive, the meanest and the terrible of all passions and Hate is what class war would produce. Hate is no answer to Hate. We cannot cure a world by hating a part of it. The wheel of revolution will go round, the bottom will be top, the top will be bottom, but the spokes that hold them apart will still be Hate.

The only remedy is a revolution; the only alternative a revolution of love. We may laugh and say that love is a bloodless thing fit only for movies and magazines. But there is no other way. Any body can hate; that is why Marx and the Communists, Hitler and his Nazis, Mussolini and his Fascists are popular. But it takes a saint or hero to love and that is why Christ is not popular right now. Love of neighbour was a very hard thing to practise and men left off trying to love one another. Christians failed Christianity. A few began to oppress the many; the capitalist exploited the worker; one community exploited another and one country exploited another country. Hence, disaster overtook the world. Without the policy of give and take, in the absence of mutual adjustment which can arise only out of the love of neighbour, chaos and carnage are bound to prevail. We are reaping the fruits of people giving up loving one another centuries ago.

To conclude, abolition of private property is no remedy for the abuses of private property; elimination of the classes of society is no alternative to the differences in society. We cannot set things right by laying stress on the Rights of Man and at the same time forgetting the Duties of Man. Only the realisation that man is a composite being, that the rich are the stewards of the poor and that the "talent" given to every one must be increased in the proper manner will save the world. A spirit of detachment and a life of charity are truer of realisation than the Communist Classless Society.

## Fables of the 'Panchatantra' Retold by a Naturalist

by S. M. S.

### I. The Owl and the Monkeys

A TROOP of monkeys on a tree,<sup>1</sup> shivering with cold one wintry night, espied a swarm of glow-worms on a bush<sup>2</sup> hard by, and thinking that it was fire wanted to go down and warm themselves.

A little owl, *Athene brama*, perched on the same tree, perceiving their error, drew near and accosted the quadrumana in this wise: "Friends! That is not fire; they are glow-worms—the *Luciola Gorhami*—popularly known as glow-worms or fire-flies, of which there are some fifty known species in India alone; they are neither worms nor flies, but beetles, the subclass *Coleoptera*. No, that is not a fire!"

Thereupon the leader of the anthropoids—a Kasi senex nestor, turned upon the owlet with great wrath and catching it in his hand, said: "What an impudent fellow to think of giving advice to us—who are higher among the fauna!" So saying he tore the poor feathered biped to pieces.

*Moral:* It is dangerous to give advice to ruffians.

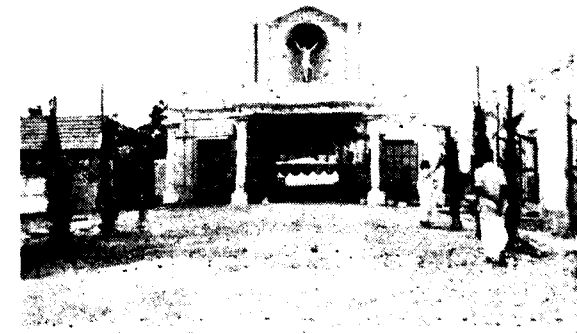
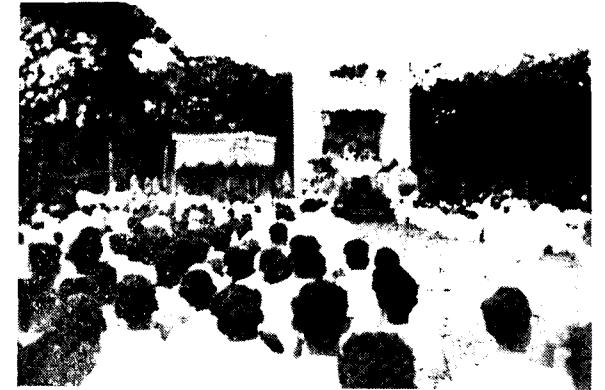
<sup>1</sup> The tree is believed to have been the *Eugenia Jambulana* of the family *Myrtaceae*. (Tam. காவல் மரம்.)

<sup>2</sup> The bush is said to have been the *Adathoda Vasica*. (Tam. ஆடு தெட்டாப்பாளை.)

# To A Child

O, sweet cherub of God, what makes thee  
Wreathe thy coral lips and treat us to a smile.  
Thy arch-beaming eyes thrill us with glee.  
Thy slender celestial face innocent of guile  
Lifts us from this transient world so vile,  
To roam midst Elysian fields of delight  
Where flowers greet us for many a mile  
And softly lessen sorrows' leaden weight.  
Beauty's garland! On, with thy mission of Light.

The Corpus Christi Procession, July '42



(Photos by A. Benjamin Noel Devadoss, II U.C.)

Noel Devadoss, II U.C., acts as Publicity Agent to our Heroic Fire-Fighters at Chintamani.

## Chintamani en flammes

by Y. Ignacimuthu, IV U. C.

TOUT à coup le feu commença. Du feu partout: partout, de la fumée. En un quart d'heure, les toits de feuilles de cinquante maisons furent en flammes et bientôt ne montrèrent que le squelette noir de leurs poutres fumantes. Tout de suite l'alarme fut donnée. Malheureusement le plus grand nombre des propriétaires des maisons s'étaient absentés, parce qu'ils étaient allés à leurs travaux divers. Et par conséquent, le plus grand dommage fut fait pendant les vingt premières minutes.

Néanmoins, de l'aide vint tout de suite. Généreusement, sans peur, et même parfois héroïquement, les gens, surtout les jeunes étudiants du collège St. Joseph, donnèrent leur aide ou bien personnellement ou bien en groupes. Opiniâtrement jusqu'à la dernière minute, c'est à dire pendant deux heures et demie, de dix heures du matin jusqu'à midi et demi, ils combattirent les flammes impitoyables. Ceux qui virent ces scènes ne peuvent dire avec quelle bravoure ces jeunes étudiants coururent le risque d'être blessés et d'être brûlés. Cependant en dépit de tout cela, ce fut inutile. Presque tout fut détruit. Auparavant, jadis, un autre feu avait eu lieu; mais il avait été plus petit. Un incendie pareil ailleurs dans un autre endroit, par exemple dans des quartiers plus riches, aurait été moins tragique; parce que ces gens étant très pauvres ont perdu tout le peu qu'ils avaient.

Ceci est une petite image de ce qui arrive tous les jours, ailleurs. De plus grands malheurs sont un incident de tous les jours en Russie, en Chine, en Allemagne, en Angleterre, en Egypte et peut-être bientôt aux Indes.

Vénérons avec étonnement la main de Dieu qui de nos jours punit le monde d'une manière extrêmement terrible.



# The Everlasting Monument

by P. Antony, II U. C.

It was an Exposition Sunday. I went to Church as usual.

Electric lights were unusually bright. Six long, lean, snow-white candles among them now and then bowed their flickering flames to a great, golden monstrance on top of the Tabernacle. The sweet fragrance of the flowers which filled the many vases on either side of it, hung heavily on the air as if to incense the altar.

A serene and majestic calm attended the Church. "The gentleness of the heavens brooded" there proclaiming to the adorers that truly God was there "the hidden God of Israel" and none dared mar the silent Tranquillity. Some of them were reading out slowly and silently prayers from their "Key of Heaven"; and many others stared steadily at the centre of the monstrance, their hands being joined in supplication.

"A frail white circle of a Host in a golden ring-like thing"—God Himself—was there in the centre of the monstrance. It was He to Whom, the adorers lifted up their penitential hearts for mercy; to whom they turned their imploring eyes for forgiveness and more love.

Instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, my memory winged its way a distance of two thousand years, to a small dining hall in the city of Jerusalem; on the eve of the last day of His life, Jesus Christ and His twelve Apostles gathered in the private dining hall to sup. When the supper was about to approach its end, Christ took bread in His hands from the table, raised His eyes to Heaven and uttered in slow, low accents, "This is my body." The bread was, by His Divine Power, changed into His body, which He placed before Him on the table. "On that cloth of snowy-hue, spread wide upon it," stood at that time under the veil of the persistent species of the bread "the little great monument, visible to the faithful eyes, proclaiming God's infinite love for mankind."

More than nineteen centuries have now elapsed since that event. Still the same words strike fresh on my ear every morning; the same ceremonies, the same monument I see before me in the altar. Though the monument's shape is retrenched into the form of a white circular particle and Christ is away from us now, it is yet lifted up daily during Mass, sometimes by snow-white and at other time by coal-black hands. But I think those happy hands which lift It up so that the adorers may

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see It, do not constitute the pedestal on which It stands. Divine love is the pedestal which holds up the monument; and on that pedestal is inscribed the memorable inauguration speech, "This is my body which I give you. Do this in commemoration of Me." When the sun of faith rises in me, I can discern the pedestal glitter and from the monument celestial joys and happiness reign over all the nations of the world.

Presently a strain of music commencing softly, then swelling into fuller melody, came floating through the air from the hidden lofty choir. That over, I rose with a firm resolution not to give Him again over to forgetfulness. I then made a double genuflection, bowed once again to the exposed Blessed Sacrament in the monstrance and led my steps out of the church. For the time being I bade good-bye to my God, my Lord and my All.

# War Woos Peace

by S. Madhanagopal, V Hons.

WE are now in the midst of one of those crises which recur continually in history and are caused by the eternal conflict in human affairs between the two great principles of freedom and order. Nazism and Fascism are to be regarded as the more violent symptoms of a world-wide disease affecting civilization. The supreme and crucial problem which faces democracy is that of preserving human and spiritual values in a profoundly altered society and of finding the means to ensure that the tremendous technical advances made in recent years shall be used for the welfare of mankind and not as aids to tyranny.

Convinced of the experiences after 1918, the nations at present engaged in war are already making plans so that the change from a war to a peace footing shall be made with a minimum of loss and hardship. The time to put these plans into action may still be a long way off; but it is certain that they include the adaptations of war inventions to peace-time purposes. In war, the whole business of invention is speeded up and it is some consolation that even the most terrible methods of destruction have been turned to useful purposes with the coming of peace.

The most horrible invention of the Great War I was, perhaps, the flame-thrower—a jet of burning oils shot fifty yards or more under pressure, scorching everything it touched. As a war weapon, the “*flammenwerfer*” was more terrifying in appearance than effective in action; but with the coming of peace, the knowledge gained was turned to account by the farmer. Flame-throwers are now used for the destruction of certain very persistent weeds. A few years ago they were imported into New Zealand to rid land of gorse and blackberry which were stealing into rich pastures. Where the use of the hoe is futile and ordinary burning leaves roots intact, the flame-thrower cleans the land destroying not only blackberry, bracken and other weeds but also the insect pests harbouring in them.

Most of the poison gases developed for chemical warfare in the last war have found peace-time uses. They include the destruction of vermin on cattle, the animals' heads being kept outside the gas-chamber, killing rats, destroying disease-carrying insects in swamps and repelling the attacks of marine borers on the hulls of ships. “Tear gases” have been developed as a humane weapon for the dispersal of rioters or capture of

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dangerous criminals and another interesting use of this gas is in connection with the fumigation of ships. The “laughing gas” has helped dentistry to progress a great deal.

The masks, respirators and protective clothing developed to counteract poison gases have proved no less useful in peace time. Asbestos clothing designed to protect the user of a flame-thrower from the heat of his weapon, has saved many lives in industry and suits, proof against chemicals have probably prevented as many injuries in peace as they did in war. It is interesting to note that various forms of the ‘tin hat’ have been adopted for use by miners, quarrymen and other workers who might be injured by the fall of stones or debris. It has been successful in giving as much protection against this type of missile as against shrapnel.

The range-finder developed to assist the laying of artillery has been turned in peace-time to the comparatively harmless task of enabling small cameras to be quickly and accurately focussed. Calculating machines developed in war to enable gun-layers to work out the correct direction and fuse setting to hit a moving target, have their peace-time counterpart in machines which perform intricate mathematical calculations for scientists in a fraction of the time which would be required by a human being.

We find that both margarine and food-canning had their origin in war. Both have since proved very much more important in times of peace.

The development of aviation was tremendously speeded up by the Great War. In the field of medicine, improved methods of treating wounds and plastic surgery have come out of war.

The probability is therefore that the inventions and “secret weapons”, of the present war, designed for destruction will eventually be turned to valuable peace-time uses.

# The Gold Ring

by S. A. Q., III Hons.

**D**URING my recent visit to Ceylon, I had the good fortune to stay in Colombo for two days. It was then that I realised the immense benefit of the sea to a populous city. But for the sea whose cool breezes mitigate the scorching heat, Colombo would be as unbearable as any of the South Indian towns. So, it is no wonder that the urban citizens flock to the sea-shore—Galle Face—every evening.

My period of stay in that splendid city being so short, and the places of interest being so numerous, I had at my disposal only a few hours to spend at that happy spot. Since I intended entertaining myself at the Regal at 6-15 P.M., I paid my visit to the Galle Face early in the evening. At that time of the day, there were only a few, idly sauntering along the beach. I too took my solitary ramble along the sea-shore.

As I walked along I saw something gleaming in the sun-light. I paused to see what it was. At that moment another who was pacing behind, hurriedly overtook me and picked up, to my amazement, a gold ring. I began to contemplate the heavy loss sustained by its loser. How many days of hard labour the ring must have cost him! Surely, thought I, it is unwise to go about wearing rings and other jewels, at the risk of their being lost any moment.

In the midst of my contemplation, the man who found the ring turned to me and began to extol the benevolence of God. It seemed that he had had no work for a number of days together. He had in his ignorance grumbled against Almighty God. He was sure that God had proved how ill-founded his misgivings were.

While he was thus prating I saw another at a little distance in front of me, with his face riveted on the ground. Surely, he was looking for something. When he came nigh to us, he looked questioningly at us.

"Sirs, did any of you find a ring? It cost me Rs. 30, according to pre-war price. I am sure I had it on when I set out. Whether I dropped it on the way or here is doubtful."

I pitied the poor fellow. His very looks attracted pity towards him. I was about to reveal to him the whole affair.

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"Oh, no sir," interposed my neighbour "we are sorry—how much, did you say, the ring cost?—Rs. 30!—a big sum!—hard times now—you ought to be very careful these days, sir."

This callous behaviour of my neighbour brought to my mind the depravity of which man is capable. In spite of all his higher instincts and noble soul, man is sometimes very base. What more is needed as a proof than this? Here, one man had just picked up a ring and not fifteen minutes after the owner comes to claim the ring. The picker finds it impossible to part with it.

When I came to myself, I found the loser gone and the picker looking quite satisfied. He then turned and offered the ring to me for half the price. "What need have I of a ring! Here I am going without the necessities of life. This may be of use to you."

It was now that the practical man became paramount in me. If I refused his offer, I was sure he would sell it easily to another. Even if I wanted to inform the owner of the ring, he was gone. Why should I not be the master of the situation? As regards the cost of the ring, the owner himself had proclaimed its value. So, after much bargaining, I took the ring from him for Rs. 10. Not a bad bargain after all!

I walked home hurriedly, since it was time for the cinema, changed my suit and was at the Theatre Hall a few minutes before time. There was a large gathering and there was the usual jostling at the gallery bar. When I had purchased my ticket, I took a cursory view of the crowd. Great was my astonishment to see two familiar faces. Who should they be? Those surely whom I recollected to have met at Galle Face. Now a fresh apprehension seized me. I left the theatre, strode home, took out the ring and on examination found it to be of brass.

## பதிற்றுப்பத்து

by R. Seshachalam, IV U. C.

‘பதிற்றுப்பத்தென்பது தமிழ் மொழியிலுள்ள பழைய இலக்கிய நூல்களுள்ளே நல்லிசைப்புலவர்கள் அருளிச்செய்த சங்கச் செய்யுட்களாகிய எட்டுத் தொகையில் நான்காவது; புராதன இலக்கண இலக்கிய உபாகளில் மேற்கோளாக எடுத்துக்காட்டப் பெற்ற பெருமை வாபந்தது; முடியுடை வேந்தர்களாகிய சேரர் பதின்மர்கள் மீது சங்கப்புலவர் பதின்மர்கள் இயற்றியது; ஐந்து இலக்கணங்களுள்ளே பொருளின் பகுதியாகிய புறத்தினைத்துறைகளுக்கு இலக்கியமாக அமைந்துள்ளது’ என பதிற்றுப்பத்தின் முகவுரையில் அதனைப் பதிப்பித்த மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய உ. வே. சாமிநாதையாவர்கள் எழுதுவார்கள்.

பப்பத்து அகவற்பாக்களுள்ள பத்துப் பகுதிகளால் தொகுக்கப்பட்டமையின், இந்நூல் பதிற்றுப்பத்தென்று பெயர் பெற்றது. ‘பதிற்றுப்பத்தென்பது இற்றுச்சாரியை வந்தது’ என நேமிநாதம், எழுத்ததிகாரம், இருபத்திரண்டாம் சூத்திரவுரையில் கூறியிருப்பதும் இங்கு நோக்கத்தக்கது.

இந்நூலால் தமிழ்நாட்டின் பண்டைக்கால நிலைமையும், சில சேரர்கள், சில குறுநிலமன்னர்கள் முதலியோருடைய வரலாறுகளும், அவர்களுடைய அரசாட்சி, வீரம், கொடை, புலவர்களை அவர்கள் ஆதரித்து வந்த அருமை முதலியனவும், சேரநாட்டின் பழைய வழக்கங்கள் சிலவும், இக்காலத்து வழங்காத சில அரும்பதங்களும், வேறு சில அரிய விஷயங்களும் அறியலாம்.

பண்டைக்காலத்தில் போர்வீரர்கள், இஞ்சியும் மலரும் வீரவித் தொடுக்கப்பட்ட மாலைகளை அணிவது வழக்கம். அவர்கள் மதுவை துகரும்பொழுது இடையிடையே இஞ்சியைச் சுவைத்தும், முகர்ந்தும் இன்புறுதற்பொருட்டுப் பூவும் இஞ்சியுமாக கலந்து தொடுத்த மாலைகளைச் சூடுவர். இக்கருத்தை “இஞ்சி வீவிராய பைந்தார் பூட்டிச் சாந்து புறத்தெறிந்த தசும் புதுளங்கிருக்கை” என்று வரும் அடிகளில் காணலாகும்.

அக்காலத்து மக்களில் பலர் திருவனந்தபுரத்திலுள்ள திருமலை வணங்கினர். இதை

“ உண்ணுப் பைஞ்ஞிலம் பணித்துறை மண்ணி  
வண்டுது பொலிதார்த் திருஞெமா அகலத்து  
கண் பொரு திகிரிக் கமழ் குாற்றுழா அ  
யலங்கல் செல்வன் சேவடி பாவி ”

## பதிற்றுப்பத்து

என்னுமடிகள் வலியுறுத்தும். உண்ணுப் பைஞ்ஞிலமென்றது அத்திருமால் கோயிலுள் வரம் வேண்டி உண்ணுது கிடந்த மக்கள் தொகுதியை. ஈண்டு செல்வன் என்பது திருவனந்தபுரத்துத் திருமலையும் கமழ்குாற்றுழாயென்பது மணம் வீசுகின்ற பூங்கொத்துக்களையுடைய துழாய் அல்லது துளசியையும் குறிக்கும்.

தற்காலத்திய தோடவப் பெண்டி.ரைப்போன்று விறலியர் தங்கள் கூந்தலை ஐந்து வகைகளாக முடிந்தனர்.

“ இருள் அண ரொலி வரும் புரிய விழைம்பால்  
.....முகிழ் நகை மடவால்  
கூந்தல் விறலியர் ”

என அவர்கள் கூந்தலைக் கட்டும் பண்பினை இப்பாடல் கூறுகின்றது. கவித் தொகையில்

(1) எஃகிடை தொட்ட கார்க்கவின் பெற்ற ஐம்பால்

எனவும் (2) ஐதாக நெறித்தன்ன வறலவிர் நீளம்பா  
லணி நகையிடையிட்ட வீகையங்கண்ணி”

எனவும் கூறுவதால் அக்காலத்துப் பெண்டிர் கூந்தலை ‘ஐம்பாலா’க முடிந்த செய்தி வலியுறுத்தப்படும்.

பழைய காலத்து மக்கள் எண்ணுவதற்கு இடுகழங்கை உபயோகித்தனர் என்ற செய்தி “ எல்லாம் எண்ணினிடு கழங்கு ” எனக் கூறுமாற்றான் அறியப்படும்; அவர்கள் சோதிடத்தை நம்பினர். உலகம் கடல்கொண்டு கிடக்கும் காலத்து பல பரிதிகள் தோன்றும் எனவும், அவ்வாறு பல சூரியர் தோன்றவே அந்நீர் வற்றுமெனவும் எண்ணினர். இக்கருத்து

.....“ அழல்  
ஞாயிறு பல்கிய மாயமொடு சுடர் திகழ்  
பொல்லாமயலொடு பாடிமிழ்புழிதரு  
மடங்கல் வண்ணங்கொண்ட கருந்திறற்  
றுப்புத்துறை போகிய கொற்ற வேந்தே ”

என்னுமடிகளில் பொதிந்து கிடக்கிறது.

இறந்தவர்களை இடுகாட்டில் வன்னி மாத்தடியில் ஓர் ஜாடியில் வைத்துப் புதைப்பது அக்காலத்திய வழக்கம். இக்கருத்தை

பதீற்றுப்பத்து

“ பறந்தலை

முரசுடைத்தாயத்தாசு பல வேட்டித்  
துளங்குநீர் வியலக மாண்டினிது கழிந்த  
மன்னர் மறைத்த தாழி  
வன்னி மன்றத்து விளங்கிய கடே”

என்னுமடிகளில் காணலாம். இவண் பறந்தலையென்றது இடோட்டில் பிணஞ்  
சுடுமிடத்தை. தாழியென்றது பெரிய ஜாடியை.

ஒரு கோட்டை ஒன்றால் சூழ்ந்து கொள்ளப்பட்டு முற்றுகையிடப்பட்ட  
னான்று கோட்டைக்குள்ளிருந்த போர்வீரர் உண்ணாமல் பலநாள் பொருதனர்.  
அவ்வாறு போர் செய்த நாட்களின் எண்ணை கோட்டைச்சுவர்களின் மீது  
செதுக்கிவைத்தனர். இப்பண்பினை

“ உண்ணாது அடுக்கிய பொழுது பலகழிய  
\* \* \*  
நெடுமணிஞ்சி நீணகர் வரைப்பி  
னோவுறழ் நெடுஞ்சுவர் நாள் பலவெழுதி—”  
எனக் கபிலர் பாடி மகிழ்ந்தார்.

குறுநிலமன்னர்கள் தங்கள் கோட்டைகளைச்சுற்றி அகழ்களை வெட்டு  
வித்தனர்; அவைகளைச்சுற்றிக் காடுகளை அமைத்தனர். இக்காடுகளிலுள்ள மாந்  
களில் கடம்பும், வேம்பும் முக்கியமானவை. கடம்பை நன்னனும், வேம்பைப்  
பழையனும், புனிதமானதெனக் கருதினர். போரில் எதிரியின் முதல் வேலை  
அம்மாங்களை வெட்டி முரசங்கள் செய்வதும், கிராமங்களை எரிக்கிறாயாக்கு  
வதும், ஆரிகைகளைக் கொள்ளை கொள்வதும், அகழிகளை யானைகளால் அழிப்  
பதும்தான்.

போரடு தொழில் செய்பவர்களில், கோழைகளை, அவர்கள் காலிற் பூண்டி  
ருக்கும் கழலினையும், அரையில் அணிந்திருக்கும் செருமுகத்துக்குரிய உடை  
யினையும், ஒழித்துச் சிலம்பினையும் தழையினையும் அணிமின் எனப் பெண்பாலா  
ராக எள்ளி நகையாடுவதும் உண்டு. இக்கருத்து

“ கல் பிறங்குவைப்பிற் கடறரை யாத்தநின்  
தொல் புகழ் மூதூர்ச் செல்குவையாயிற்  
செம்பொறிச் சிலம்பொடணித்தழைதூங்கு  
சிலம்பும் தழையும் புரிசைக்கண் தங்கின ”

என வருடம் அடிகளில் பொதிந்து கிடக்கின்றது.

பதீற்றுப்பத்து

வெற்றிபெற்ற வேந்தர்கள் தங்கள் போர்வீரர்களுடன், போர்க்களத்தில்  
தங்கள் வாட்களையுயர்த்தி ஆடுவது வழக்கம். இவ்விதம் ஆடுவதற்கு துணங்  
கைக் கூத்து என்று பெயர்.

“ விழவு வீற்றிருந்த வியலுளாங்கட்  
கோடியர் முழுவின் முன்னாடல்  
வல்லானல்லன் வாழ்கவவன் கண்ணி  
வலம்படு முரசந்துவைப்ப வாளுயர்த்  
திலங்கும் பூணன் பொலங்கொடியுழிஞையன்  
மடம் பெருமையினுடன் ”

என இத்துணங்கைக் கூத்தைக் காக்கை பாடினியார் அழகாக வர்ணித்துள்  
ளார். இவ்விதம் ஆடும்பொழுது முரசங்கள் கொட்டப்படும். துணங்கைக்  
கூத்து களவேள்வி எனவும் கூறப்படும்.

அவர்கள் அறுவை மருத்துவத்தைப்பற்றிச் சிறிது அறிந்திருந்தார்கள்.  
போர்க்களத்தில் தாங்கள் அடைந்த ‘விழுப்புண்’களை நெடுவெள்ளுசியால்  
தைத்தனர். இந்நெடு வெள்ளுசி நெட்டையென்றும் கூறப்படும். இதைப்  
பாணர் “ மீன்றேர் கொட்பில் பணிக்கய மூழ்கிச் சிரல் பெயர்ந்தன்ன நெடு  
வெள்ளுசி நெடுவசி பார்த வடுவாழ் மார்பில் ” எனப் பாடியுள்ளார். நெடுவசி  
என்னுஞ் சொற்றொடர் அவ்வுசித்தமும்பினையும், வடுவென்னுஞ் சொல் அப்  
புண்ணின் வடுவினையும் குறிக்கும். தண்ணீரிலே முழுகி மீன்கொத்திப்புள் எழு  
கின்றகாலத்து அதன் வாயலகை ஒக்கப் புண்ணை இழையினால் தைக்கின்ற  
காலத்து அப்புண்ணின் குருதியிலே மறைந்தெழுகின்ற ஊசி என்றது  
தோன்றகயம் மூழ்கிச் சிரல் பெயர்ந்தன்ன நெடு வெள்ளுசியெனக் கூறினார்.

அவர்கள் மாரிகாலத்தில் பாசறையிலிருந்தனர். ‘காடுகை காய்த்திய நீடு  
நாளிருக்கை’ என பெருங்குன்றார் கிழார் பாடுவதால் அவர்கள் பாசறை  
யிருந்தகாலம் குளிக்காலமென்பதும், அக்குளிருக்கு ஆற்றாது விறகெல்லாம்  
முறித்துத் திக்காய்ந்தனரென்பதும் பெறப்படும். முன்பே போர்செய்து  
பழகின களிறு மதநீரைப் பெருக்கி கடுஞ்சினங்கொண்டதற்கேற்பப் போர்  
பெறுமையிற் பாகர் அதன் சினத்தை அளவுபடுத்துதற்கு பிடியைக் கொணர்ந்  
தனர்.

இக்கருத்து

“ செல் சமந்தொலைத்த வினைநவில் யானை  
கடா அம் வார்த்து கடுஞ்சினம் பொத்தி  
வண்டுபடு சென்னிய பிடிபுணர்ந்து இயல் ”

பதிற்றுப்பத்து

என்னு மாற்றான் அழியப்படும். வண்டுகள் மதரீரின் நாற்றத்தினால் சுர்க்கப் பட்டு யானை மத்தகத்தின் மீது மொய்த்தன என்றது தோன்ற வண்டுநீர் சென்னிய என்றார்.

காலக்கிராமத்தில் சொற்கள் தம் நிலை பிறழ்வதும் பொருள் மாறுவதும் உண்டு. இதற்கு எடுத்துக்காட்டு: ஆடு என்னுஞ்சொல் தற்பொழுது ஒரு விலங்கைக் குறிக்கிறது. ஆனால் பழைய காலத்தில் அஃது வெற்றியையும் குறித்தது. அடு என்னும் பகுதியினடியாகப் பிறந்தது. அடு என்றால் கொல் என்று பொருள். இப்பொழுது பைஞ்ஞிலம் என்னும் சொற்றொடர் பசிய நிலம் அல்லது செழிப்பான நிலம் எனப் பொருள்படுகிறது. பதிற்றுப்பத்தில் இச்சொற்றொடர் மக்கள்தொகுதி எனும் பொருளில் உபயோகப்படுத்தப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. அளத்தல் என்னுஞ்சொல் சிந்தித்தல் என்னும் பொருளிலும் வாழ்க்கை என்னுஞ்சொல் செல்வம் என்னும் பொருளிலும் வழங்கப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. ஆனால் இச்சொற்கள் இப்பொழுது அளவிடுதலையும், வாழ்வையும் சுட்டுகின்றன. களிறு என்னும் பதம் யானை, பன்றி என்ற பொருள்களில் எடுத்தாளப்பட்டிருக்கின்றது. இப்பொழுது வேழம் என்னும் பொருளிலேயே களிறு என்ற சொல் எடுத்தாளப்படுகிறது.

பதிற்றுப்பத்தில் வடசொற்கள் அருகி வழங்கப்படுவது காணத்தக்கது. சுமார் ஆயிரத்தெண்ணூறு வரிகளுள்ள இந்நூலில் சுமார் பன்னிரண்டு வடமொழி வார்த்தைகளே எடுத்தாளப்பட்டுள்ளன. அவைகளில் ஆவதி, பளி, மந்திரம், காலன், பாசம், பசாசம், சாந்தி, ஆரம், அவுணர் என்னுஞ் சொற்கள் சில.

இந்நூலில் அச்சேறிய பாகங்கள் இரண்டாம் பத்து, மூன்றாம் பத்து, நான்காம் பத்து, ஐந்தாம் பத்து, ஆறாம் பத்து, ஏழாம் பத்து, எட்டாம் பத்து, ஒன்பதாம் பத்து ஆகிய இவைகளே. இப்பத்துக்களை இயற்றியவர்கள் முறையே குமட்டூர்க் கண்ணனார், பாலைக்கொத்தமனார், காப்பியாற்றிக் காப்பியனார், பாணர், காக்கை பாடினியார், நச்செள்ளையார், கபிலர், அரிசில் கிழார், பெருங்குன்றார் கிழார் என்பவர்கள். முதற்பத்தும், பத்தாம் பத்தும் காலம் என்னும் கள்வன் கொண்டுபோயினமையால் நாம் அவற்றைக்காணும் பேறுபெற்றிலேம்.

## Little Joe

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

"Mummie?"

"Yes, my darling?"

"When will daddy come, mummie?"

I could hear nothing more. The sweet little voice had melted away. A languid silence froze in the doll-house, and I stood before it, alone,—nailed to the ground!

"Joe, my darling," a mournful voice broke out at last.

"Eh?"

"Try to sleep. It's getting late.".....A pause, "your daddy dear"..... A sob..... "wont....." A sob and a sigh!

It was a dead end; not a sound more and the last word remained unuttered. Long I stood musing, lost in my reverie. The night swooned over the hamlet and the road lay dead. I heaved a sigh at last and went home. All was still except for a dog barking far far away and an awakened child crying in some wretched hovel.

Sorrow was furrowing my heart when I crept into my room; for I could still hear the unfinished answer; I could see a woman nourishing her despair and distress in the lonely silence, and feeding them with nightly tears; I could watch the child falling asleep under the lullaby of blessed ignorance; and the peace of sadness was upon my heart.

I remember well the day when I first met them—Robert, Roseline and little Joe. It was in the glow of a setting sun. Mary's garden was revelling in the prone beams of gold. I hopped out of my drone's cell, stole a bunch of mandar flowers from the garden, and sauntered out playing softly with the silken petals. Then I saw the happy trio coming up against me. Little Joe was brisk. Devouring the flowers with his bright eyes for a moment, he said to his father:—

"Hai, papa, lovely, lovely flowers!" Robert and Roseline regarded me with a smile. They saw the bunch of flowers in my hand trembling in the soft breeze. I too smiled and called out to the little one: "Darling, you love these flowers?" Shyly smiling, he nodded. Then

## LITTLE JOE

he said: "Madonna, you know our pretty Madonna? Mummie say she love white flowers. Isn't it Mummie?" Roseline dropped a smile.

"So?" I asked the child.

"O'course!"

"And so you want these?"

Again he nodded. I took a fancy to him, and wanted to hear his brisk voice once more. But I did not like Robert to be a witness of this fatuous perhaps, yet amusing, conversation. As the boy tenderly clasped the flowers, his face brightened and joy brimmed under his eyelids. Roseline's bashful eyes cast a bright ray on me and we departed.

Since then I used to meet them off The Holy Innocents' or at The Irwin's. The dear little rascal clung around me while I exchanged a few words of courtesy with his parents.

Hours, days, months and even years, tripped rapidly away hiding inscrutable dreams, unfathomable desires and unknown facts in their skirts.

One day when the gold of the evening was melting in the heart of the blue sea, I was watching Mary extracting honey from our beehive. She addressed me in her own way "Honey is sweet, but it causes thirst!" She glanced at me and smiled. As the night was touching the golden edge of the day those words of Mary seemed so enchanting, that I was drowned in a happy reverie. Suddenly there was a knock and Robert dropped in. Very much excited he was; he said something; but I couldn't catch him. "Farewell, Sir, farewell!" A bitter chuckle, a hat waved, and the man was off. I found him no more. Four things we are uncertain of; the ways of a vulture in the skies; the way of a snake among the rocks; the way of a vessel in the seas; and the way of a man in his youth. This last was but too well verified in Robert. Pride masqueraded as reason, and carried him away, far away from his cabin, creed and country.

Things that are useless in the West find their way to the East. Mac Tom was an import of this sort with his head dizzy with the opium of Communistic ideas. He hopped over our little land holding up glittering ideals, golden ideas, and fragrant hopes. He pulled the wool over many a flat-witted gentleman. They were sure of the forthcoming millennium with the cocksureness of this void century.

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Every word of Tom was to them as from the Delphic Tripod. And one of many whom Tom had in his iron grip was Robert.

Ultimately all enterprises of this sort have their end in gold, glory, or the grave. Tom's main aim was to launch out a campaign against all the Big Bosses in the City and rob them of their wealth. Hence he had recruited an army of revolutionaries "to save the country from those wretched leeches sucking the very life-blood of the poor, the distressed, the dejected, the despised." "Go, forward," he cried to his "poor boys." "Go, forward, in the sacred names of equality, liberty and fraternity. Purge the putrefying world of this nauseous oligarchy, this embodiment of pomp and pleasure, pride and power. All day long they tread over you. All day long they squeeze the life-blood from you and from those who are dear and near to you. And in the dusk when you lift up your withered hands, when your dear little ones lift up their bony hands and cry, "Bread, Bread," these wolf-hearts give you but stones—stones hard as their very hearts. In vain you asked for vengeance. The blue sky stood staring at you, and the solid earth deaf and dumb. They drink red wine, yea, your red blood; and none there is to extend to you a glass of water, never red with deceit or black with cruelty. Their fan shakes not air, but your sighs and the sighs of those who are of your own flesh and blood. To-day is the day of Nemesis. To-day every blade of grass cries for vengeance. Every pebble cries "Blood! blood"! Take heart, therefore; girdled with justice, in the name of sacred equality,—on your march! March on, and fight, burn, kill, murder, pillage, plunder, rob; and victory is ours!" Amidst a triumphant applause the march began.

Therefore it was, that when the night settled down to hatch the day his little Joe being fast asleep, Robert left his peaceful home to join his comrades in that revolution which was to end in the great feast of Seisachthir!

The days of March ended with the colossal tragedy of the Anabasis. Those red flags which marched triumphantly from our little land to the capital did not return with the millennium; but with the dismal news of death and imprisonment. Revolts seldom succeed. The application of brute force for the better distribution of wealth only worsens the state of things in general. Brute force succumbed miserably under the weight of a mightier brute force. And Robert?

I was on the Hills, ill. For full two years no news had come to me from my far-off native land. I was sick of being away so long from my home. With desire I desired to enjoy the sweet scent of my native air. The

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tyranny of intention flogged me forward and I was again under my roof a week before the "doctor's day." Then I heard the plaintive tale. Roseline remained a desolate widow but for one or two months; and she died. But no one knew where little Joe was.

Years later, it was a beautiful evening of the sighing March when the garrulous stream was pensive and the deep bay of the pealing bells was dropping in the stiff silence of the dusky mango grove. I was sitting on the mossy turf and watching the faint glow of a funeral pyre on the opposite bank. Deep shadows were crowding in the thickets while the ferryman sang aloud his simple song. A dark figure was moving along the road at that hour. Tall and slender it came near me. It was a vagrant beggar. He looked at me full in the face and a quick ray of recognition brightened up his eyes. But I could not place him at once. He smiled—a ghastly smile, and passed away from my sight—another dream in this world of countless dreams!

I returned home. The last cup of daylight too was poured out into the sea and nature wore her starry necklace. As I entered Mary's garden, flowers were dropping from the mandar tree. Suddenly a riddle was solved. That beggar, that dark slender form wrapped in rags was my old friend, little Joe. True, illusion is the first appearance of Truth!

As I entered into my room I heard Mary playing on her harp and singing:—

"Our hearts leap up; our trembling song  
Grows fainter still; we can no more;  
Silence! and let us weep—and die  
Of very love, which we adore!"

But this song nourished no new feeling in my heart, except what I was feeding on.

That night I dreamt a dream. Methought I was walking along the dismal shores of the Sinners' Lake, when suddenly I came across a group of men with graven faces too engrossed in a whispering talk to notice my approach. I could see Hegel, Karl Marx, Lenin and Mac Tom perched among the great volumes of *Das Kapital*. I watched them closely. They were all conspiring to kill one man, Robert, to strangle his wife, Roseline and to steal little Joe.

I woke up. The night at my window was awe-stricken and the stars, eternal witnesses of countless death-scenes, were mute and mournful. And there were tears in my eyes!

## Loss and Gain

by B. S. Giri, III B. Sc. Class

"Good evening, Mohan."

"Hullo! Shekar. Come in please, come in."

"Mother, two cups of tea please."

"No, No. I thank you very much. I am sorry; I am not in the habit of drinking tea. Please don't trouble your mother."

"Never mind, I say. You will not die if you take tea with me one day."

"All right then. Where shall we go to-day? I don't like this place at all. It is so different from Madras."

"What do you say to a film?"

So the two friends resolved to go to the pictures.

"How long are we going to wait for that blessed tea of yours? We must not be late for the film."

At this time, the servant-maid of the house appeared in the room with two cups of tea. She slowly came to the table and placed the cups before Mohan. Unfortunately, in her nervousness before a stranger she tripped and fell down, knocking down the table and the tea-cups upon Shekar. At this, Mohan so far forgot himself as to lay hands on Chandra the maid who, conscious of her awkward mistake, stood pale and trembling.

"Oh! No! No! No!" cried out Shekar from under the table.

Mohan turned round and the sight of Shekar with the tea running down his nose compelled him to laugh. Chandra thought it was the best time for her to slink out of the room. Mohan felt somewhat relieved as his friend did not take the incident seriously. All the same he felt he had to apologise.

"It is very natural, you see," comforted Shekar "she did not do it purposely; after all she is a servant-maid. We should not take it seriously." These words of Shekar relieved Mohan very much and the two friends, after having their tea started for the theatre, when, a sharp long-continued shower drove them back home. Needless to say, Shekar was forced to take his meal with Mohan that night. He did not dislike the idea: he felt now some attachment to the place. He who had wanted to be away as soon as possible, now wanted to remain there as long as possible.

The next day Shekar visited Mohan's house. In the course of a few days, Shekar came to Mohan's house as many times as possible and he

## LOSS AND GAIN

was practically living with Mohan himself. He even gave up his idea of touring South India. But the holidays were coming to an end and Shekar had to go back to Madras. He and Mohan were room-mates in the hostel and they left for their college on the same day.

As often happens even among the best of friends, a coolness arose between them and life in the hostel was no more the delightful companionship it used to be. Fortunately, the holidays came, and both went to their village. Now arose another difficulty. Shekar wanted to visit Mohan's house: his heart drew him there. But how was he to go? *Amor vincit omnia*. Love, however, conquers all difficulties; he would arrange to meet Chandra secretly. He used to meet her on her way to, or from the well. People began to talk about this. This reached the ears of Mohan, who gave strict orders that Chandra was not to go to the well anymore.

The college re-opened. Shekar did not leave for Madras. But as usual, Mohan left his village the previous day. The next day, as Mohan was not in the village, Shekar proceeded to his house and calling Chandra secretly, asked her to meet him in the evening in his own house. She demurred at first, but seeing how pained he was, consented.

Shekar was engaged in setting right his tie, when a shrill voice called out "Shekar!" Shekar knew it was Chandra. He ran downstairs and took her to his mother.

Gowri was busy in the kitchen. When she saw a girl coming with Shekar, she stood up to welcome her, but when she saw Chandra she was astounded and stood like a statue.

"Mother! What is the matter?" Chandra asked her quietly.

"Mother!" cried out Gowri and fell down on the ground senseless. Shekar was dumbfounded. He raised her and put her in bed. When she recovered slowly, she narrated the following story.

"Shekar! you remember you asked me often, why I was looking so care-worn and dejected? It was because you had an elder sister who, I believed, was drowned in the river when we went on a pilgrimage. She is not drowned, not drowned. Girija! Girija! where are you? Have you gone away?" Chandra forced her to lie down and when Gowri saw Chandra she embraced her and shed tears of joy.

Shekar too shed tears of joy. His was a loss and a gain.

## A Hobby for Profit

by P. P. Wilson, III U. C.

**I**N a country where the people have plenty of leisure much of which is enforced, and where nature is abundant, the potentialities of bee-keeping as a profitable hobby cannot be over-stressed. As a cottage industry it makes a welcome addition to the meagre income of the ryot. As an article of food, honey is very healthy and nutritive. Incidentally the habits of the bee afford a fascinating subject for study, if not for imitation.

With care and industry an ordinary hive of the Indian Bee, yields ten to twenty pounds of honey annually. At one rupee per pound one hive gives the apiarist an income of twenty rupees a year. The initial expenses for starting a colony of bees, including a set of boxes and bees, do not exceed Rs. 8. With the first colony as the nucleus, one can build up a hundred or more colonies. Where trees and plants grow abundantly in the vicinity, where flowers are numerous, bees find pollen and nectar, and the apiarist has no expense on this account. The honey-comb has great economic value. As nearly five to fifteen pounds of honey are consumed by the bees to produce one pound of wax for the comb, it is a great loss to destroy the comb after the honey is extracted.

Honey may be used in place of sugar for almost every kind of cooking, with results as palatable and healthy. Honey and bread are very good for health. It is said that during the Great War of 1914-18, many diseases were cured among the fighting forces by prescriptions of pure honey. Children may be given pure honey during meals. Honey is a perfect food, and the cheapest, only if you have your own hives. A cup of hot water with one or two tablespoonfuls of extracted honey is a refreshing drink. It is said that this would tend to longevity. In food value a few ounces of honey say 3 or 4, would be equal to one half-quart of milk, 8 eggs, 10 ounces of beefsteak, 5 bananas or 9 apples.

Bees help pollination by going from flower to flower in search of either nectar or pollen. The cultivator reaps a richer harvest in fields often visited by bees. Agricultural communities may benefit considerably in this respect by rearing bees in the neighbourhood of their fields and farms. Hence the importance of bees in Bharatham which is a predominantly agricultural land.

Bee-keeping is a profitable bye-industry to the poor Indian cultivator. It occupies him in his idle hours. It provides a second string to his bow by giving him an additional, if modest, income.

## தமிழ்ப் பெரியார்

by K. Ramaswami, II U. C.

இமிழ் கடல் வளைஇய தமிழ் கொழித்திலகும் தமிழ்ப் பெருநாட்டில் தமிழ்ப் பெரியார் பலர் தோன்றினர்; தோன்றுகின்றனர்; தோன்றுவர். அவ்வண்ணம் தோன்றியருளிய அரும் பெரும் ஆன்றோர் பல்லோருள் தனிப்பெருந்தலை வராய்த் திகழ்ந்தவர் மகாமஹோபாத்தியாய தாக்ஷிணத்ய கலாநிதி டாக்டர் உ. வே. சாமிநாதையர் என்பதைத் தமிழுலகம் நன்குணரும். நம்மைத் தமிழ் அமிழ்தமூலம் திளைப்பரும் இன்பவாழியில் ஆழ்த்தினார், இன்று மீளாப் பெருந் துன்ப வாழியில் வீழ்த்தி விட்டார்.

இப்பெரியார் உத்தமதானபுரம் வேங்கடசுப்பப்பயரின் தவப்புதல்வராய்த் தோன்றி, பற்பல புலவர்களையும் நாடி, இறுதியில் தன்னிகரில்லாத் திரிகாபுரம் மகாவித்வான் மீனாட்சி சுந்தரம் பிள்ளை அவர்களை அடைந்தார். ஐயாவர்களிடமிருந்த தமிழார்வத்தையும், இசையறிவையும் கண்டு பிள்ளை அவர்கள் ஐயர் அவர்களைத் தங்கள் மாணவராய் ஏற்றுக்கொண்டார். ஐயர் அவர்கள் தம் ஆசிரியரிடம் மிக்க அன்புடையார் என்பதை, அவரைப்பற்றி “என் கண்ணையும் கருத்தையும் விட்டகலா அருந்தமிழ் ஆசிரியர்,” எனக்குறிப்பது வெள்ளிடை எில்ங்கலென விளக்குகிறது. அன்னார்பால் ஐயந்திரிபறக் கற்றுணர்ந்தபின்னர் தமிழ்த் தொண்டாற்றுவதையே தம் வாணுளின் நோக்கமெனக் கொண்டார். அப்படியே பல்லாண்டுகள் பணி செய்த பின்னர், அந்தோ! ஐயாவர்கள் மண்ணவர் மாதூயரடைய, விண்ணவர் விம்மித மெய்த, புலவர்கள் புலம்பிட, உறவினர் உறுதுயரெய்த, தமிழன்பர் தவிக்க, இசையன்பர் “இனி என்செய்கேம்” என ஏங்க, தமிழன்னை, “அன்பன் போயினனை” என்று அறற்ற, பனை ஏடுகள், “இனி எமக்குப் புத்துயிரளிப்பவர் ஏவரே” எனக் கரைய மண்ணுலகை நீத்து விண்ணகருக்கு விருந்தாய்ச் சென்றனர்.

இவர் இயற்றிய எண்ணரும் பணிகள் இன்னின்னவென எடுத்து இயம்ப இயலாதன. அவர் வாழ்வின் நோக்கமெல்லாம் பெரும்பாலும் தமிழ்த் தொடர்பினதுதான். தமிழ் நூல்களை ஆழ்ந்து பயின்று உண்மை உணர்ந்து துய்த்தனர். அவர் முதல் முதல் ஆராய்ந்து வெளியிட்ட நூல் சீவக சிந்தாமணிதான். அவர், “வழிக் கொழிந்த பழந் தமிழ்நூல்களை அறிவதற்கும், அச்சிடுவதற்கும் என் உள்ளத்தைப் பக்குவப்படுத்தி ஊக்கமூட்டியவை அந்நூலும் அதன் உரையுமே. தமிழ்த்தொண்டினால் இன்பம் உண்டெனும் உண்மையை எனக்கு முதன் முதல் வெளிப்படுத்தியது அந்நூலே” என்று நவில்கின்றனர். சமணமதம் என்பது என்னவென்பதையே அறியாத அன்னார், சமணமதத்தையே பெரும்பாலும்

## தமிழ்ப் பெரியார்

சார்ந்த அந்நூலை உரையுடன் வெளிவிடுத்தது அவர்தம் விடாமுயற்சியையும் தமிழன்பையும் உள்ளங்கை நெல்லிக் கனிபென விளக்குகின்றதன்றோ? கடைச் சங்கநூல்களில் ஒன்றாய் பத்துப்பாட்டை முதன்முதலில் ஆராய்ந்து பதிப்பிக்கத் தொடங்கியபோது சில செய்யுட்களுக்கு மூலப் பிரதிகள் கிடைக்கப் பெறாமையானும், பதவுரைமட்டும் கிடைத்தமையானும், அதை வைத்துக்கொண்டே மூலத்தைத் தொகுத்து வெளியிட்டார். அவர் பல்லிடங்களில் தொல்லைநாள் தொட்டு தொடுவாரற்றுத் தூசியடைந்து தொனையுண்டு கிடந்த ஏடுகளை எல்லாம் புாட்டிப் பார்த்து ஏடு ஏடாய் எழுத்து எழுத்தாய் ஆராய்ந்து வெளியிடாத நூல்களையெல்லாம் நூல் உருவத்தில் வெளியிட்டார். இப்படி அவர் ஏடு தேடிச்சென்று அலைந்தவிடங்கள் எத்தனையோ? “நாளை வாரும், இன்று வாரும்” என இழுக்கடித்தவர் எத்துணைப் பெயரோ! அவர் எத்துணையோ மக்களை நயந்து வணக்கமாய்க் கேட்டிருக்கின்றார்! எவ்வளவோ முறைகள் பட்டினி கிடந்திருக்கின்றார். (ஒருவமயம் உறுபசிக்கு ஒன்றும் அகப்படாமையான் புளியங் கொழுந்தை உருவித்தின்று தண்ணீர் குடித்து பசியைப் போக்கினாம்.) ‘கருமமே கண்ணுயினார்’ இவற்றை எல்லாம் கருதுவரோ? அவர் வேண்டிய சில நூல்களோ பகுதிகளோ அகப்படின காணாமற்போன குழந்தையைக் கண்டெடுத்தாற்போல் மகிழ்ச்சியுறுவார். குறிஞ்சிப்பாட்டில் ஒரு பகுதியில் மலர்களை வரிசையாகக் கூறுமிடத்து இடையே சில மலர்கள் விட்டுப் போனதால் அச்செய்யுளின் எழில் சிதைவுற்றிருப்பதை அறிந்தார். குறிஞ்சிப்பாட்டடங்கிய ஏடுகளைப் பல்லிடங்களில் தேடியும் அகப்படவில்லை. ஒருசமயம் தருமபுரம் மடத்துக்குச் சென்று அங்கு அநேகவிடங்களில் தேடிச் சலித்துப் போக, அங்கிருந்த கணக்கொருவர், “பதினெட்டாம் பெருக்கில் காவிரி நதியில் விடுவதற்கு சில தஸ்தவேஜுகளைத் தேரில் எடுத்துச் சென்றதை யான் பார்த்து, அவைகளில் சிலவற்றை முக்கிய கணக்கேடுகள் என்றெண்ணி எடுத்துவைத்திருக்கின்றேன். அவைகளை வேண்டுமாயின் காணலாம்.” எனக்கூறி சில ஏடுகளைக் கொண்டுவந்து கொடுத்தார். அவைகளில் ஒன்றில் தான்வேண்டியது கிடைக்கப்பெற்று பெருங்களிப்பெய்தினார். ஆகையினால் “ஏடு” என்று யாராவது கூறினாலும் “எடு” என்று கூறி வாங்கிப் பார்க்க ஆரம்பித்துவிடுவார். ஒருசமயம் ஓர் நண்பர் தன்னிடம் சில ஏடுகள் இருப்பதாய்க் கடிதம் எழுதியிருந்தார். விரைவில் சென்று ஏடு காண எண்ணினார். கலாசாலை விடுமுறை நாளை எதிர்பார்த்தார், ஆவணி அவிட்டத்தன்று விடுமுறை வந்தது. சிரமத்தையும் சிராவணத்தையும் பொருட்படுத்தாமலும், ரெயில்வே ஸ்டேஷனுக்குச் செல்லும் வழியில் அவர் ஏறிச்சென்ற வண்டி குடைசாய்ந்தபோதிலும் வருந்தாமலும், நிமித்தம் பாராமலும் சென்றனர் என்றால், அவருக்கு ஏடுகளிடத்திருந்த அன்பு எம்மாதீதாம் என்பது கூறாமலே விளங்கும்.

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ஐயர் அவர்கள் சிற்சில சமயங்களில் ஒரு சொல்லுக்குப் பொருள் காண எவ்வளவோ துன்பங்களை அடைந்திருக்கின்றார். இறுதியில் எதிர்பாராவிதமாய் அதன் பொருளை அறியும்போது அவர்க்கு உண்டாம் இன்பம் கொஞ்சநஞ்ச மன்று. பாராவது ஒருவர் அவரது ஆராய்ச்சிக்குச் சிறிதளவு பயன்படக்கூடிய வராய் இருப்பினும் அவரைத் தேடிப்பிடித்துப் பழக்கம் செய்துகொண்டு அவரிடமிருந்து அவருக்குத் தெரிந்தவற்றை அறிந்துகொள்வதில் அவருக்குச் சிறிதும் சலிப்பு ஏற்படுவதில்லை. அவர் ஏடுகளைக் காணும்பொருட்டும், சில விவரங்களை அறியும்பொருட்டும், பல திருத்தலங்கள் கிராமங்கள் முதலியவற்றிற்குச் செல்லும்போதெல்லாம் அங்குள்ள புலவர் பெரியார்களைக் கண்டுபேசி, பிரபுக்கள், புலவர்கள், புரவலர்கள், சரித்திர உண்மைகள் முதலியவைகளைப்பற்றி அறிவதோடமையாமல், அங்குள்ள கோயிற் குருக்கள், தாசிகள், மேளக்காரர்கள், பூசாரிகள் முதலியவர்களைக் கண்டும் வினவுவார். மேலும் அவர் தாம் காணும் குறத்தி குடுகுடுப்பாண்டி பிச்சைக்காரர் முதலியவர்களிடமும் கதைகள், பாட்டுகள் கர்ண பாம்பரைச் செய்திகள் முதலியவைகளைக் கேட்டு அறிந்து கொள்வர். பாராவது இச்செய்கைப்பற்றி இழிவாய் கினைத்தால் உடனே அவர், “பண்டிதர்களில் ஒருவரைக் கேட்டுத் தெரிந்துகொள்ளமுடியாவிட்டாலும், மற்றொருவரைக் கேட்டுத் தெரிந்துகொள்ளலாம்; புத்தகத்தைப் படித்தும் தெரிந்துகொள்ளலாம்; நாடோடியாய் வழங்கும் செய்திகளைச் சந்தர்ப்பம் நேரும்போது தெரிந்துகொள்ளாமல் அசட்டையினால் இழந்துவிட்டால் அவை கிடைக்காமலே போய்விடும்.” என்று கூறுவார். அப்படி அவர் அறிந்து கொண்ட செய்திகள் பல. “அன்னம் படைத்த வயல்” பற்றிய குறிப்புகளை, கண்ணொளி மங்கி, கைக்கம்புடனே, கந்தைத்துணிகொடு, கொட்டாங்கச்சியும் கூழாங்கல்லும் (ஜபம் செய்ய) தகரக்குவளையும் (உணவருந்த) கொண்ட எண்பது வயதிற்கு மேற்பட்ட ஓர் கிழவியிடமிருந்துதான் பெற்றனர். மேலும், ஓர் பாணீப்பாகனிடமிருந்து, சீவக சிந்தாமணியில் சில பாணிகளைக்குறித்து வந்த சில பேச்சுகளுக்குப் பொருள் கேட்டறிந்துகொண்டார். இவர் வட மொழி, தெலுங்கு முதலியவற்றிலிருந்து சில நூல்களை மொழிபெயர்க்கச் செய்து பல புதுச் செய்திகளை அறிவதுமுண்டு.

ஐயர் அவர்கள் இயற்றிய வசன நூல்கள்: உதயணன் சரித்திரம், மணி மேகலைக் கதைச் சுருக்கம், புத்த சரித்திரம், நான் கண்டதும் கேட்டதும், பழையபுதம் புதியதும், நல்லுரைக்கோவை (நான்கு பாகங்கள்), திருவள்ளுவரும் திருக்குறளும், நினைவு மஞ்சரி முதலியனவாம். மேலும் இவர்தம் நண்பர், இசைப்பெரியார், புலவர்கள் முதலியவர்களைப்பற்றி எழுதிய வாழ்க்கைக் குறிப்பு நூல்களும் உள. அவைகளில் திருவாவடுதுறை ஆதின மகாவித்துவான்,

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மீனாட்சுந்தரம்பிள்ளை, நந்தன் சரித்திரக் கீர்த்தனை இயற்றிய கோபாலகிருஷ்ண பாரதியார், உடையார்பாளையம் சங்கீத வித்வான் கனம் கிருஷ்ணய்யர், சங்கீத சிகாமணி மகா வைத்தியநாத ஐயர் முதலியவர்களின் சரித்திரங்கள் குறிப்பிடத்தக்கன.

ஐயர் அவர்களுடைய நடை மிகவும் எளியது. அவர் எழுதியவைகளை வாசிக்கும்போது நாமும் அவருடைய உணர்ச்சியை அடைகின்றோம். அவர் கும்ப கோணம், சென்னை முதலிய நகரக் கல்லூரிகளில் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதராய் இருந்த போது மற்ற ஆசிரியர்களிடமும் மனங்கலந்து பழகி ஒவ்வொருவரிடமுள்ள சிறந்த குணங்களைக் கண்டு இன்புறுவார். மாணுக்கர்களிடம் நடந்துகொள்ளும் விதத்தில் ஐயர் அவர்களுக்கு இணை யாருமில்லர் எனக் கூறலாம். பாடம் சொல்லுதல், மாணுக்கர்களை அடக்கல், அவர்களிடம் அன்புடன் பழகி அளவளாவுதல் முதலிய நற்குணங்கள் பல அவரிடம் இயற்கையாய் அமைந்திருந்தன. மாணவர்களோடு அளவளாவும்போது அவர்களது ஊர், அங்கிருந்த புலவர்கள், கோவில்கள் முதலியவைகளைப்பற்றி வினவி அறிந்துகொள்ளாமல் இருக்கமாட்டார். வீட்டில் இருக்கும்போது, மாணவர்கள், அவர்கள் அன்பு, செயல் முதலியவைகளைப்பற்றி இன்பக் கனவுகள் காண்பர். நன்மாணவரிடம் பழகுவதைப் பெரும் புண்ணியமாகக் கருதினர். மாணவர்களிடமுள்ள குற்றங்களை நயமாகவும் குறிப்பாகவும் பேசிக்கடிவதில் வல்லுநர். தம் இறுதி நாளிலும் தம் பழைய மாணவர்களை மறந்திலர்.

ஐயர் அவர்கள் தனித்தமிழ் ஒன்றினால் உள்ளக்கவலை ஒழிக்கலாமெனக் கருதினர். அவர், மைசூர், திருவாங்கூர், அண்ணாமலை, சென்னை முதலிய கலாசாலைகளில் பாடதிட்டக் குழுவினராய் இருந்தும், பற்பல தமிழ்க் கழகங்களிலெல்லாம், தலைமை வகித்துச் சொற்பொழிவுகள் ஆற்றியும் தமிழ்த் தொண்டாற்றினார். தம் இறுதிக் காலத்தில் தமிழ்த்தொண்டை விட்டகலவேண்டுமே யென மனம் மிக வருந்தினாயென்றி உற்றார் உறவினர்களைப்பற்றிக் கவலைகொண்டாரிலர்.

அவர் ஓர் சிவபக்தராகவும் விளங்கினார். தமிழுக்கு உழைக்காத மற்றை நோய்களில் கடவுள் ஆராதனையில் மனத்தைச் செலுத்துவார். இசையில் மிக்க பயிற்சியுடையாராதலின், தேவாரம் முதலியவைகளை பண்ணுடன் பாடிக் கொண்டிருப்பார். ஏடு தேடச் செல்லுமிடங்களிலுள்ள ஆலயங்களைக் கண்டு களிப்பார்.

ஐயாவர்கள் பெரியோர்களிடத்தில் நன்மதிப்புடையவர். அடுத்து வந்த வரை ஆதரிக்கும் வள்ளல். ரூபக சக்தி மிக்குடையவர். பல்லாட்டைகளுக்கு முன் கடந்தவைகளை நினைவில் வைத்திருந்து பிறகு சமயம் நேர்ந்தபோது

தமிழ்ப் பேரியார்

சாதுரியமாகவும் வேடிக்கையாகவும் கூறுவார். பற்பல நூல்களையும் உரைகளையும் மனப்பாடம் செய்திருந்தார். உறவினரிடம் பற்றுடையார். தன் தந்தை காலம்சென்றபோது மிக வருந்திக்கூறிய செய்யுட்களில் ஒன்றுப் பின்வருவது தம் தந்தையிடம் அவர் வைத்திருந்த அன்னையும் நன்றியையும் வெளிப்படுத்தும்.

பற்றல் எங்கே செந்தமிழைப்  
பற்றிக் கற்றோர் பலர்பால்  
துற்றல் எங்கே, மீனாட்சி  
கந்தா நல்லாரியன்பால்  
கற்றல் எங்கே, கற்றுக்  
கவலை யொர்இ அந்நிலையே  
நிற்றல் எங்கே இன்றுவரை,  
நீயருள் செய்யாவிடினே!

பழைய நூல்களைச் சிதைத்துக்கெடுத்துப் பொதுமக்களை ஏமாற்றிப் பொரு  
ளொன்றையே குறியாகக்கொண்டு பல்நூல்களைப் பதிப்பிக்கும் போலிப்புலவர்  
களைக் கண்டித்துப் பேசும் குணமுடையவர்.

இத்தகையப் பெருங்குணங்கள் வாய்க்கப்பெற்ற பெரியார், தமிழுக்கே தம் வாழ்நாளை அர்ப்பணம் செய்தவர், ஏடு தேடுவதையே தமக்குத் தொழிலாகக்கொண்டவர், தமிழன்னையை (சுந்தா) மணி, (மணி) மேகலை, சிலம்பு (அதிகாரம்) முதலியவைகளைப் புதுக்கி அழகுபடுத்திய புலவர், வளை (யாபதி), குண்டலம் (கேசு) முதலிய அணிகளைப் புதிப்பித்து அணிய மிக்கு விரும்பிய அன்பர், தமிழ் நாட்டைத் துன்பக்கடலிலாழ்த்திவிட்டு விண்ணுலகடைந்தார். தமிழர் செய்த புண்ணியம் அவ்வளவுதானே?

ஐயர் அவர்களின் பூதவுடல் மறைந்தபோதிலும், புகழுடனும் நூலுடனும் இந்நாட்டிலே திகழுமென்பதில் ஐயமில்லை. அவர் ஆன்மாவைச் சாந்தியடையச் செய்ய, நாம் அவரியற்றிய அரும்பெரும் நூல்களையும், ஆராய்ச்சியுரைகளையும் பயின்று இன்புற்று, அவர் அச்சிடாமல் விட்டில் கட்டிப்போட்டிருக்கும் ஏடுகளை அச்சிட்டு வருதல்வேண்டும்.

ஐயர் அவர்களுடைய மறைவு சடுசெய்ய முடியாததொன்று. அன்னாரின் பிரிவினால் தமிழன்னை மிக வருந்துகின்றனள். அவரைப்போன்ற ஓர் பெரியாரை என்று தமிழலகம் பெறப்போகின்றதோ அறியேம்.

வாழ்க தமிழ்மொழி வாழ்க தமிழ்மொழி  
வாழ்க தமிழ்மொழியே,  
எங்கள் தமிழ்மொழி எங்கள் தமிழ்மொழி  
என்றென்றும் வாழியவே.

**നിർത്തുളളി.**

Joseph Minattur.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                     |
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| <p>മനസ്സിലാക്കുന്ന സരിത്തുതന്നി-<br/>         ലിറങ്ങി നൽക്കോമളബലനേകൻ;<br/>         നീളെത്തുളുമ്പുന്ന നദീജലത്തിൽ<br/>         വിളങ്ങിനാൻ താമരമൊട്ടുപോലെ.</p> <p>ഗന്ധത്തിൽ ലിലാഞ്ചരമാനഞ്ചരൻ<br/>         മാറത്തു ചുഞ്ചികവെയനടിക്ക<br/>         ഉണ്ടാകുമോമൽപുളകാങ്കുരങ്ങൾ<br/>         കണ്ടാൽ വിമുഖകുതാരംഗമാവാം.</p> <p>നിറച്ചു നീരുള്ളിൽ വഹിച്ചവക്ത്രം<br/>         മെല്ലെന്നു പുറവെച്ചയത്ത്നിടമ്പോൾ<br/>         അവന്റെ യോദ്ധാധരമാഭയാൻ<br/>         തിളങ്ങി, തേൻമുറിയ പൂവുപോലെ.</p> <p>വക്ത്രംവെടിഞ്ഞാജലവിന്ദുവൃന്ദം<br/>         വാനിൽപ്പറന്നങ്ങനെ കേളിയാടീ,<br/>         ഇനന്റെ ഹസ്തങ്ങൾ പുണർമന്ദ്രം<br/>         ലാളിച്ചനേരത്തു കാന്തിയേന്തി.</p> | <p>1</p> <p>2</p> <p>3</p> <p>4</p> | <p>വർണ്ണങ്ങളേഴും നലമോടുകാട്ടി<br/>         വിളങ്ങിയല്ലാ മഴവില്ലുപോലെ;<br/>         വാനം, തരംഗാവലി, നല്ലവല്ലി-<br/>         വൃന്ദങ്ങളെല്ലാമതിൽ നൃത്തമാടി.</p> <p>വിണ്ണിൽപ്പറന്നീടിന നീരുതനിൽ<br/>         വിശ്വസ്വഭാവം നടന്നുതുടൻ,<br/>         നിമേഷമൊന്നാഴുകഴിഞ്ഞു, പിന്നെ<br/>         നിലത്തടിഞ്ഞു കളിർശീകരങ്ങൾ.</p> <p>മുനംവെടിഞ്ഞൊരു സരിത്തുതന്റെ<br/>         നെഞ്ചിൽപ്പുനിച്ചുവനിനീർകണങ്ങൾ,<br/>         ദേവകൽമേവെന്നൊരു വിശ്വമെല്ലാ-<br/>         മന്നമയം ദേവനിലെന്നപോലെ.</p> <p>നീത്തുള്ളിതൻവൃത്തമറിഞ്ഞ നേര-<br/>         മുണ്ണിക്കളിർ ചുണ്ടിലൊളിച്ചുമോദം;<br/>         നീന്തിത്തുടിയ്ക്കും ഹൃദയത്തൊഴാതമാ-<br/>         രാമൻ വിനോദങ്ങൾ തുടങ്ങിവിണ്ടും.</p> | <p>5</p> <p>6</p> <p>7</p> <p>8</p> |
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ആശാന്റെ രണ്ടു നായികമാർ.

Joseph Kalacherry. III U. C.

മഹാകവി കുമാരനാശാൻ തന്റെ എല്ലാ കൃതികളിലും തന്നെ, കഥാപാത്രങ്ങളിൽ, നായകന്മാരെ വിട്ടിട്ട് നായികമാരെ തേടിപ്പിടിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത് എന്തിനാണെന്നൊരു ചോദ്യമുണ്ടായേക്കാം. ഇതിന് ഉത്തരവാദി ആശാൻതന്നെയാണ്. അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ നായകന്മാർ - അഥവാ നായികാരാഗകേന്ദ്രങ്ങൾ - പ്രായേണ അസ്സാധ്യസൃഷ്ടികളായിട്ടാണ് കാണപ്പെടുന്നത്. ഇത് ഒരു നൃപനയായി പരിഗണിക്കുവാൻ പാടില്ല. പ്രധാന പാത്രങ്ങളെ സൃഷ്ടിയിൽ അവധാനപൂർവ്വം പ്രവർത്തിക്കുന്ന കവിയുടെ പ്രതിഭ അപ്രധാനപാത്രങ്ങളെ വിഷയത്തിൽ നിപ്രയത്നം ചെയ്യുവെന്നു വരികയില്ല.

പ്രഥമവിഷയത്തിൽ ആശാന്റെ നായികമാർ സാധാരണ സ്ത്രീകളിൽ നിന്നും ഓട്ടം ഉയർന്നുവെച്ചിട്ടുള്ള നില്ക്കുന്നതെന്നൊരു വിചാരം സാധാരണക്കാർക്കു തോന്നിയേക്കാം. മാതാപിതാക്കളുടെ അകാലമരണത്തിനുപോലും കാരണമാക്കിയിട്ട് നളിനി സ്വകാമുകനെ അന്വേഷിച്ച് കാട്ടിലുരുക്കുന്നു. അനഭിജ്ഞനായ ലീല ഒരു യുവസന്ത്യാസിയെ സമീപിക്കുന്നു. സ്വകാമുകനെ അന്വേഷണത്തിനായി ദാസിയെ അടിക്കടി നിരോധിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് വേഗ്രായ വാസവദത്ത സമീപിച്ചെന്നു. ഇപ്രകാരം നോക്കുമ്പോൾ ആശാന്റെ നായികമാർ സാധാ

രണ്ടാമത്തെ നായിക വാസവദത്തയാണ്. മറ്റു നായികമാരെ അപേക്ഷിച്ച് ദേവദേവികൾക്കു കളങ്കമില്ലാതെ യഥാർത്ഥമായ പ്രേമത്തിൽ ജനിച്ച് വളർന്ന ഒരു സന്താനമാണ് നളിനിയെങ്കിൽ വാസവദത്ത ദേവദേവികൾക്കു ഭയങ്കരമായ വിധത്തിൽ കളങ്കം വരുത്തി, ബാല്യം മുതൽക്കുതന്നെ ദുഷ്കർമ്മങ്ങൾക്ക് അധീനയായി ജീവിക്കുന്ന ഒരാടിന്മാരികയാണ്. “ഹന്ത സൗന്ദര്യമെ! നാരിതൻ മെയ് ചേന്നാലെന്തെന്തു സൗഭാഗ്യം സാധിക്കാ നി? എന്തെ വള്ളത്തോൾ പാടുന്നതിന് നമ്മുടെ വാസവദത്ത ഒരു മകുടോദാഹരണമാണ്. ഐശ്വര്യപ്രാപ്തി അവളുടെ ദാസിതന്നെ. മനുഷ്യരും കലകളും അവൾക്ക് ഒരുപോലെ അധീനം. ഇവയുടെ പരിണതഫലങ്ങളായ ഗദ്യം അവൾക്കൊരു ഭൂഷണം. ഇങ്ങനെയെല്ലാമാണെങ്കിലും അവൾ ഉപഹൃഷ്ടൻ എന്ന ബുദ്ധസന്യാസിയിൽ ഭ്രമിക്കുവാനിടയായി. പലപ്രാവശ്യം ക്ഷമിച്ചിട്ടും, ‘സമയമായില്ല’ നായിരുന്നു അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ മറുപടി. പരമാർത്ഥത്തിൽ പണമില്ലാത്തതിനാൽ അവൻ വരാതിരിക്കുന്നതെന്നു വിശ്വസിക്കുവാൻ അവൾ ശ്രമിച്ചു. പക്ഷേ പണമില്ല, പ്രണയമാണ് താൻ മോഹിക്കുന്നതെന്നു പ്രത്യേകം ഭൂതിമുഖാന്തിരം പറഞ്ഞയച്ചിരുന്നുവല്ലോ. ആശ്വാസത്തിന്റെ ഒരു കണികപോലും കാണാതെ അവൾ കഴങ്ങി. ധനം, നൃത്തശിരോമി കലാവിദ്യയിലെ പാടവം എന്നിവ ഒരു വശത്തേക്കും നിസ്വാർത്ഥമായ രാഗം എതിർ വശത്തേക്കുമായി വാസവദത്തയുടെ ഹൃദയം രണ്ടായി പിളർന്നു. നായികയുടെ വിഷമമെല്ലാത്തിൽ ആഗതനായ വണിക്കുപ്രഭുവിനെ അവൾ സ്വാഗതം ചെയ്യുന്നു. ആദ്യ കാമുകൻ അസുഖാലയായിത്തീരുന്നു. എന്തിനും, വാസവദത്ത തൊഴിലാളിത്തലവന്റെ വധം സാധിക്കുന്നു. ഇതു രാജസ്ഥാനത്തിലറിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ അംഗങ്ങൾ ചേർത്തിട്ട് അവളെ മുടുകാട്ടിൽ തള്ളുന്നു. നിസ്വാർത്ഥമായ ഒരു രാഗ രശ്മിയെങ്കിലും അവളിൽ പ്രകാശിച്ചിരുന്നുവെന്നു കാണുമ്പോൾ അവൾ സ്വയമേവ ദുഷ്ടയല്ലെന്നു നമുക്കു മനസ്സിലാകുന്നു. ഭയം, ഭീനരാഗ്രം, സംശയം ഇത്രാടികൊണ്ടു ഹൃദയത്തിനും ഖഡ്ഗമേറ്റ ദേഹത്തിനും വന്നുകൂടിയ ക്ലേശങ്ങൾ അവളുടെ പാപമാലിന്യത്തെ ക്ഷാളനം ചെയ്യുകതന്നെ ചെയ്തു. ഉപഹൃഷ്ടന്റെ വരവിനു സമയമായി. അദ്ദേഹം ആത്മതത്ത്വോപദേശേന്താൽ ശാശ്വത തേജോധനം അവൾക്കു പ്രദാനം ചെയ്തു. അവളിൽ അങ്കുരിച്ച രാഗരശ്മി ഇതാ പരിശുദ്ധ പ്രേമം—ദിവ്യസ്നേഹമായി പരിണമിക്കുന്നു. അന്ധകാരജടിലമായ അവളുടെ ആത്മാവിൽ ഇങ്ങനെയൊരു രാഗരശ്മി പരിണതത്തിന്റെ ഫലമായിട്ടാണ് അവൾക്ക് ഈ ദിവ്യസ്നേഹമാസവദിക്കുവാനിടവന്നിട്ടുള്ളത്. മനശ്ശരീരങ്ങൾ ഒന്നുപോലെ മലിനീഭവിച്ച് കേവലം പാപകർമ്മങ്ങളുടെ അധീവാസ ഭൂമിയായിത്തീർന്നിട്ടുള്ള ഒരുവളുടെ വിഷയത്തിൽപ്പോലും അകൃത്രിമപ്രണയത്തിന്റെ നിത്യാനന്ദപ്രദമായ ദിവ്യശക്തിയേയാണ് വാസവദത്തമുഖാന്തരം മഹാകവി വ്യക്തമാക്കിയിട്ടുള്ളത്.

## മറഞ്ഞ കിളിയോട്.

C. Kumaran Moosad, V B. Sc. Hons.

|                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                   |
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| കരളിനു കളിരേകിയകണത്തിൽ<br>ചിറകിണയൊട്ടുകടഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ടുമെല്ലെ<br>ചെറുവളർഗളമൊന്നിളക്കിയങ്ങി—<br>ങ്ങരിമണികൊത്തിയശിഷ്ടിപ്പം വിറവേ! 1 | പവിഴരചിയെഴുന്ന കൊക്കിൽനിന്നു<br>കനകകുതിർക്കല കൊണ്ടുപോയിട്ടമ്പോൾ<br>ബലമിമറ്റിയാതെ ഞങ്ങൾ മോദോ—<br>ജ്വലനയനങ്ങളുമെത്തിയുററുനോക്കും. 4 |
| യുവതികൾ തിലകം കണക്കുക്കണ്ണും<br>പവിഴനിറം തടവുന്ന പിഞ്ചുകൊക്കും<br>കനകരചികലൻ കായവും ചേ—<br>ന്നഴകഭവൻ ചിതറുന്നു ചുറ്റുവാടും. 2  | അരിയൊരുപിടിയെ നൽകിടാനാ—<br>യരികിലണഞ്ഞിട്ടമെൻ ഭജങ്ങളേ നീ<br>വെരിയകൊട്ട ഭജംഗമങ്ങളാണെ—<br>ന്നരിയഭയം കരുതുന്നതെന്തുകഞ്ഞേ? 5           |
| വെറുമൊരുകിളിയല്ല, നീ സുരസ്ത്രീ<br>കരയുഗമോരമലകരിച്ചശേഷം<br>നരനയനവിശിഷ്ട ഭാഗ്യവായ്യാൽ<br>ഭവനതലത്തിലണഞ്ഞകല്പമൊട്ടാം. 3          | തെളിവെഴുമൊരു കൊച്ചുകൈവിളക്കാ—<br>മണിയറയൊന്നിലണഞ്ഞിട്ടന്നുപോലെ<br>വരണമിനിയുമെങ്ങ വിടുമൊ—<br>ത്തരിമണിയോ ചെറുഗാഢമോകൊരിപ്പാൻ. 6       |

## ജീവിതകൃഷം.

Francis Kallikkaden. II U. C.

യമഭീകരമായ നിശാബത്തിൽ അപ്രതീക്ഷിതമായൊരനാക്കം കേട്ട് ഞാൻ ഉറക്കത്തിൽനിന്നും തെളിയുന്നെൻ. അല്പസമയം ചിന്താമഗ്നനായി കിടന്നപ്പോൾ പുറത്തുനിന്ന് ആരോ വിളിക്കുന്ന ശബ്ദമാണ് എന്റെ ശ്രദ്ധയിൽ പെട്ടത്. ഉടനെ ഞാൻ എഴുന്നേറ്റ് വിളക്ക് കൊളുത്തി വാതിൽ തുറന്നു. അപ്പോൾ മുഖം വിളർച്ചയോടെ, മുഖത്തെ വസ്ത്രം ധരിച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്ന ഒരു വികൃത സ്വരൂപത്തോടാണ് ഞാൻ ദർശിച്ചത്. അയാൾ അലിലുപോലെ വിറച്ചിരുന്നു; ഹൃദയത്തിന്റെ 'ഡം'കാരധനി എനിക്ക് സൂത്രാവുമായിരുന്നു. ഞാൻ അയാളെ ഒന്നു സൂക്ഷിച്ചുനോക്കി; എനിക്ക് വലിയൊരു ഭയം തോന്നി. അയാൾ എന്റെ പ്രിയസ്നേഹിതൻ രക്ഷാദാസനായിരുന്നു. അയാളിൽ ഇത്രവലിയൊരു മാറ്റം വന്നതെങ്ങിനെയെന്ന് എനിക്ക് മിനിക്കുവാൻപോലും കഴിഞ്ഞില്ല. ഉടനെ രക്ഷാദാസനെ ഞാൻ അകത്തേയ്ക്ക് കൂട്ടിക്കൊണ്ടുപോയി ഒരു കല്ല് പാലൊടുത്തു കൊടുത്തു. ദാഹശമനത്തിനുശേഷം ഞങ്ങൾ രണ്ടുപേരും പുറത്തിറങ്ങി അടുത്ത ഒരു മൈതാനത്തിൽ ചെന്നിരുന്ന് സംഭാഷണമാരംഭിച്ചു.

അതിവിശാലമായ ആ മൈതാനത്തിൽ കൂരിരുന്ന് എങ്ങും വ്യാപിച്ചിരുന്നു; ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് അവിടെ സ്വാഗതം അരുളിയത് നിശാബങ്ങളുടെ നിരന്തരമായ ദുസ്സംഗങ്ങളായിരുന്നു; പ്രകൃതിയുടെ ഭയങ്കര നിശബ്ദത ഞങ്ങളെ ഭയവിഹ്വലരാക്കി. മൈതാനത്തിലങ്ങുമിങ്ങും നിന്നിരുന്ന തരകളിൽനിന്നും മദമാരുതൻ മർദ്ദധനികൾ പുറപ്പെട്ടുവിട്ടു; താരന്മാരങ്ങൾ കാർമേഘപടലങ്ങളാൽ ആകാദനം ചെയ്യപ്പെട്ടു; ഹിമകണങ്ങളാൽ തൂണങ്ങളിൽ മിന്നാമിനുങ്ങു

കളുടെ സുന്ദരാകാരങ്ങൾ പ്രകാശിച്ചു. ഒടുവിൽ ഞാൻ ചോദിച്ചു. ഈ അസമയത്ത് ഇത്ര കാരം ഇവിടെ വരുവാൻ കാരണമെന്തെന്ന്?

“അതെ, അതു ഞാൻ പറയാം” എന്നു രക്ഷാദാസൻ ഗാർഭഭരണത്തെ പറഞ്ഞു. അത്രപുരിതമായ നയനങ്ങളിൽ നിന്ന് അയാൾ ബാഷ്പകണങ്ങൾ അയാളുടെ വരണ്ട മുണ്ടുകളിൽ വീണ് പൊട്ടിത്തകന്നു. പൊട്ടെന്ന് അയാൾ ഒരു ദീർഘശ്വാസം ഇടുകൊണ്ട് കഥ തുടന്നു.

“ഭാനുമതി; അന്ന് ഞങ്ങൾ രണ്ടുപേരും സഹപാഠികളായിരുന്നു. അക്കാലത്താണ് ഈ പ്രണയകഥ ഞാൻ താങ്കളോടു പറഞ്ഞിട്ടില്ല. അവൾ എനിക്ക് ദിനംപ്രതി മാലതീ മാലുങ്ങൾ കെട്ടിത്തൂങ്ങി സംഭാവന ചെയ്തിരുന്നു. ചിലപ്പോൾ ഞാൻ “ഇതൊക്കെ ഭാനുമതി നാതന്നെയാണ് ചേർച്ച” എന്നു പറഞ്ഞു. അവളുടെ തമച്ച ചിഹ്നത്തിൽ ചാത്താരുണ്ട്.

ഞാൻ പത്താംക്ലാസ്സ് പാസായശേഷം മദിരാശിക്ക് പഠിക്കുവാൻ പോയി. ക്രിസ്തു മസ്സ് പ്രമാണിച്ച് കോളേജ് പൂട്ടിയ അവസരത്തിൽ ഞാൻ മദിരാശിയിൽനിന്നും സ്വദേശത്തു വന്നു. പിറ്റേദിവസംതന്നെ ഭാരതദർശനത്തിന് പുറപ്പെട്ടു. അന്നവൾ സ്കൂൾഫൈനലിനു വായിക്കുന്നകാലം; കൗമാരത്തിലേക്ക് കാലൊടുത്തുവെച്ച സമയം; മനോമോഹനമായ അംഗകാന്തിയോടും അഭിലാഷാവേശത്തോടുംകൂടിയ ജീവിതരംഗം. പടിച്ചുരമിയിലാണ് അവളുടെ ധാരണ പരിവൃ്. വീടിനരികെനിന്നുകൊണ്ടുതന്നെ, വാതിൽ അടഞ്ഞുകിടക്കുന്നതു കണ്ടു എന്റെ മനസ്സ് അലുങ്ങാനു ചഞ്ചലിച്ചു; എങ്കിലും ഞാൻ യദൃച്ഛയാ ചെന്ന് വാതിൽ തുറന്നു; മുന്പോട്ടുവെച്ച ചരണങ്ങൾ അവത്തോപ്പുവ് വിനോദം വലിച്ചു. ഉടനെ അവൾ എന്നെ പലവരു വീളിച്ചു; ഞാനാകട്ടെ തിരിഞ്ഞു നോക്കുകകൂടി ചെയ്യാതെ സ്വഗൃഹത്തിലേക്ക് മടങ്ങിപ്പോന്നു — പിന്നെ ആ പടി ഞാൻ ചവുട്ടിയില്ല.”

അപ്പോൾ ഉൽക്കണ്ഠയോടെ ഞാൻ ചോദിച്ചു “അതെന്താണ് കാര്യം” എന്ന്;

“അതോ,” അയാൾ തുടന്നു; “അന്നു ഞാൻ കണ്ടുകാഴ്ച എന്നെ ദുഃഖസാഗരത്തിലേയ്ക്ക് വലിച്ചിഴച്ചു; അത് എനിക്ക് ലജ്ജാവഹവും മർദ്ദഭേദകവുമായിത്തീർന്നു. ഭാനുമതി! ആ നാമധേയം അന്നെന്നിക്ക് അഗ്നിബാണങ്ങളായിരുന്നു. ഞാൻ വാതിൽ തുറന്നപ്പോൾ അവൾ ഒരു യുവരസികനുമായി സല്ലപിക്കുന്നത് ഞാൻ കണ്ടു. അവൾ അവന്റെ മുടി മിനുക്കിക്കൊടുക്കുന്നു. അവൻ ലലാടലേപനങ്ങൾ ചെയ്യുകൊടുക്കുന്നു. അന്നുമുതൽ അവളുടെ നാമധേയസ്മരണപോലും എനിക്ക് വെറുപ്പായിരുന്നു. എന്റെ വിദ്വാദിസമ്പത്തുകൾ കണ്ടു എന്നെ വശികരിച്ച ഒരു കലകയാണ് അവൾ എന്ന് എനിക്ക് ബോദ്ധ്യമായി. എനിക്ക് പിന്നീട് വീട്ടിൽ താമസിക്കുവാൻപോലും ക്ഷമയുണ്ടായില്ല. കോളേജ് തുറക്കുന്നതിനു മുമ്പ് ഞാൻ മദിരാശിയിലേയ്ക്ക് പോയി.

അന്നുമുതൽ അവൾക്ക് കത്തുകളൊന്നും അയക്കാറില്ല. എന്റെ വൈമുഖ്യകാരണങ്ങളെ പ്രതിക്ഷിച്ചുകൊണ്ടുള്ള അവളുടെ രണ്ടു കത്തുകൾ എനിക്ക് ലഭിച്ചു. എന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ അത് കൂടുതൽ വെറുപ്പാണ് ഉളവാക്കിയത്.

പക്ഷങ്ങൾ രണ്ടു കഴിഞ്ഞു: കമലം — അവൾ ഭാനുമതിന്റെ പ്രാണസഖിയായിരുന്നു. അവളെ ഞാൻ പാണിഗ്രഹണം ചെയ്തു. അവൾ പവിത്രയും ചാരിത്രശുദ്ധിയിൽ അഗ്രഗണ്യയുമായിരുന്നു. അവളുടെ സൗശീല്യാദിഗുണങ്ങൾക്കനുസരിച്ച അംഗകാന്തിയും അവൾക്കുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ചിത്രകലയെ നേത്രംകൊണ്ടും, ഗാനകലയെ കണ്ണുകൊണ്ടും, കാവ്യകലയെ ഭാവനകൊണ്ടും അസ്വദിക്കത്തക്ക പാടവം അവൾക്കുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. പക്ഷെ, എന്തു

ചെയ്യാം; ആ അന്നാശ്വാസം കസുമത്തിന് പരിണതവികാസം ലഭിച്ച് സർവ്വലോഭനീയമായ ഒരു ജീവിതം നയിക്കുന്നതിന് വിധി പ്രതികൂലമായിരുന്നു.

വിരോദിവാസം തന്നെ ഞാൻ ഭാഷാസമേതം മദിരാശിക്ക് പോയി. അവിടെ എത്തിയ മൂന്നാം ദിവസം എനിക്ക് ഒരു കത്തുകിട്ടി.—

ഭാസിന്റെ വീൽ നന്മനങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും ഈ സമയത്ത് ബാഷ്പകണങ്ങൾ തുടരെ തുടരെ നിലപെതിച്ചു; ദേഹമാസകലം കോൽമയിർകൊണ്ടു; രണ്ടുനാലു നെടുവീപ്പിനുശേഷം കഥ തുടന്നു.

“ഭാസിന്റെ അന്ത്യശാസനമായിരുന്നു ആ കത്തു്. അവളുടെ ഹൃദയേശ്വരൻ വേണ്ടി പരിപാലിച്ചുപോന്ന പാവനപ്രേമത്തിന്റെ പരാജയത്തെ ശപിച്ചുകൊണ്ടും കമലവുമായുള്ള എന്റെ ദാമ്പത്യരംഗത്തെ ആശംസിച്ചുകൊണ്ടുമുള്ള ആ കത്തു് എനിക്ക് ലവലേശവും ക്രൂരമുണ്ടാക്കിയില്ല; ഞാൻ അതെപ്പറ്റി കമലത്തെ അറിയിച്ചതുമില്ല.

ദിവസം നാലഞ്ചു കഴിഞ്ഞു; ഒരുദിവസം കമലം അവളുടെ ശയനമുറിയിൽ അന്ധാസ്വന്തയോടെ കിടക്കുന്നതു കണ്ട് കാരണം അന്വേഷിച്ചപ്പോഴാണ്, ഭാസി വിഷംകുടിച്ചു മരിച്ചു എന്ന സങ്കടവാർത്തയറിഞ്ഞതു്. ഭാസി കമലത്തിന്റേയും ഒരു പ്രാണസ്വഹത്തായിരുന്നു. ഈ ദുഃഖവാർത്ത ശ്രവിച്ച മാത്രയിൽ ഞാനും കുറച്ചൊന്നു വിഷമിക്കാതിരുന്നില്ല.

രാത്രി കിടക്കുന്നവസരത്തിൽ ഞാൻ ഭാസിന്റെ അന്ത്യശാസനത്തെപ്പറ്റിയെല്ലാം കമലത്തെ പറഞ്ഞറിയിച്ചു; അപ്പോൾ കമലവും അവളുടെ പൂർവ്വസ്മരണകൾ പറഞ്ഞു തുടങ്ങി. പെട്ടെന്ന് ഒരു ഹൈരാശ്വപാതം എന്റെമേൽ വിശി; എന്റെ നന്മനങ്ങൾ സജീവങ്ങളല്ലെന്ന് എനിക്കുതന്നെ തോന്നി; സ്മരണ ജഡീകൃതമായി. പിന്നെ കമലം എന്തെല്ലാം പറഞ്ഞുവെന്നിരിക്കുവില്ല. ഞാൻ സുബോധമറാവുന്നായി പരിണമിച്ചു—: അതാ, ഭാസി; ഞാൻ അവളുടെ ചെംകുന്തലിൽ ഒരു മലർമാലയെ ചാർത്തുവാൻ തുനിഞ്ഞു; അവളുടെ “ഇതൊക്കെ വെറും പകിട്ടല്ലേ” എന്നു ചോദിക്കുന്നു. അവളിതാ ചൊട്ടിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ആ വാഗ്ദാത്രയുടെ എനിക്ക് ഹൃദയദേഹമായി തോന്നി. പെട്ടെന്ന്, അവൾ എന്നെ ഭീഷണിപ്പെടുത്തുന്നുവെന്ന്, എനിഞ്ഞൊരു ഭൂതാലോചനയായി. ഞാൻ ഉറക്കെ നിലവിളിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു; അപ്പോൾ അവൾ എന്റെ കഴുത്തുപിടിച്ച് ഞെക്കുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി. ഞാൻ കിടന്നുപിടയുക തന്നെ; അവളുണ്ടോ വിടുന്നു!

എനിക്ക് ശ്വാസംമുട്ടി. ഞാൻ അവളുടെ കഴുത്തു് പിടിച്ച്യാരു ഞെക്കുകൊടുത്തു. “അയ്യോ, എന്നെ ..... കൊല്ലൂ” എന്ന ഒരു ദയനീയരോദനം മാത്രം ഞാൻ കേട്ടു. ഞാൻ ഞെട്ടിയുണർന്നു; ആരോദനം കമലത്തിന്റേതായിരുന്നുവെന്ന് എനിക്ക് മനസ്സിലായി. എനിക്ക് സ്വബോധം വന്നു; ഞാൻ ഉടനെ വിളക്ക് കൊളുത്തി. കമലം കാലിട്ടു് വിടുന്നു; ഞാൻ സംസാരിക്കുവാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചുവെങ്കിലും ശബ്ദം പുറത്തുവന്നില്ല. ഞാൻ ആലിലപോലെയാണു വിറച്ചു. കമലമാകട്ടെ കണ്ണുരുട്ടിക്കൊണ്ട് ഭയാനകമായി ഒരു ശ്വാസം വിട്ടു.—

ഞാൻ ഒരൊറ്റാട്ടാട്ടം കൊടുത്തു; അവൾ എങ്ങനെയെങ്കിലും കഴിയട്ടെ; എനിക്കിനി ജീവിതം അസഹ്യമാണ്! ഈ നീചമായ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ പരിശുദ്ധതയ്ക്കു് സ്ഥാനമില്ല!

ആ അർദ്ധരാത്രി ഞാൻ ഓടി തീവണ്ടിസ്റ്റേഷനിലെത്തി; വണ്ടി പുറപ്പെടാറായി; എവിടേയെന്നറിയാതെ അതിൽ പൊത്തിപ്പിടിച്ചുകയറി. ഇതാ, ഇത്രദൂരം എത്തിച്ചേർന്നു: വിശപ്പു സഹിക്കാത്തപ്പോൾ ഇവിടെയിറങ്ങി; കിടന്നിരുന്നതെ വന്നതിന്നു വേണ്ട ശകാരവും കേട്ടു—“നിർഭാഗ്യവശാൽ ഈ “ജീവിതക്ലേശം” നിങ്ങളുടെ മുമ്പിലും എത്തി.”

പ്രിയ സുഹൃത്തിന്റെ ഈ വൃത്താന്തം കേട്ടപ്പോൾ എനിക്ക് മനോവ്യഥയും അശ്വസ്ത്യം ഒരുപോലെയാണായി. ഞാൻ ചോദിച്ചു, “കലാഭയെന്ന നിർദ്ദേശിച്ചുപേക്ഷിക്കപ്പെട്ട ഭാസിന്റെ അകാലനിർദ്ദാശത്തിൽ നിങ്ങൾക്ക് പെട്ടെന്നുണ്ടായ അന്ധാസ്വന്തതയിന്നു കാരണമെന്താണ്?”

അല്ല, അതു ഞാൻ പറയാൻ വിട്ടു—ഭാസിൻ തുടർന്നു. “പണ്ടൊരിക്കൽ കമലം ഭാസിന്റെ പടിപ്പുരമുറിയിൽവെച്ച് മൃഗീയവേഷപ്രകടനത്തിന് (Fancy Dress Competition) പരിശീലനം നടത്തിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ, ഒരു ദിവസം ഞാൻ യദൃച്ഛയാ വന്നു വാതിൽ തുറന്നു നോക്കിയെന്നും, ഉടനെതന്നെ മടങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ ഭാസി എത്രതന്നെ വിളിച്ചിട്ടും ഞാൻ തിരിച്ച് ചെന്നില്ലായെന്നുമൊക്കെ കമലം അവളുടെ പൂർവ്വസ്മരണയിൽ പാവുവാൻ തുടങ്ങി. കഷ്ടം! ഈശ്വരാ ഞാനെത്രവിഡ്ഢി!! ഭാസി കമലത്തെ ഒരു യുവാവിന്റെ വേഷംകെട്ടിക്കയായിരുന്നുവത്രേ!”

## ഗിരിബാല.

(From Tagore)

K. P. Bhaskaran Nair, Senior B. A.

### I

ഗിരിബാലയെ യൗവനമാകുന്ന വസന്തം വിഭ്രമങ്ങളുണ്ടാക്കിയിട്ടു. വടനം ദിവ്യകരോദയത്തിൽ പ്രഹൃല്ലമായിത്തീരുന്ന പക്ഷജംപോലെ കോമളാഭയെ പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെടുത്തി. ലജ്ജയാകുന്ന ആവരണം നൈസർഗ്ഗികമായ വാസനാഗതിയാൽ, അലങ്കാരമെന്നവണ്ണം ധരിച്ചു. തുമ്പമധുരം തൂകുന്ന കവിൽത്തടങ്ങൾ, കണ്ണാണവിശ്രമസുഖമനുഭവിക്കുന്ന നിബിഢമിഴികൾ, അന്നനട മുതലായവ ഗിരിബാലയുടെ സൗന്ദര്യപണ്ണനയിൽ ചേർക്കുമെന്നു തോന്നുന്നു. സായഹ്ന സമയത്ത് അർക്കൻ ചരമാഞ്ചിയിൽ മുങ്ങാറാകുമ്പോൾ ആകാശം ചെംപട്ടു് ധരിച്ച് ജേനിയുടെ വരവിനെ പ്രതീക്ഷിച്ച് നക്ഷത്രപ്പൂക്കൾ കോർക്കുമ്പോൾ ഗിരിബാല നിലവസ്ത്രത്താൽ പരിവേഷിതയായി മഴുപ്പാവിൽ ഉലാത്തുക സർവ്വസാധാരണമാണ്.

ഗിരിബാലയുടെ വിവാഹം ചെറുപ്പത്തിൽതന്നെ കഴിഞ്ഞു. തന്റെ ഭർത്താവായ ഗോപിനാഥ് അന്ന് പ്രേമഗീതങ്ങളുമായി, പുലരിയുടെ പിന്നാലെ സൂര്യൻ മദോന്മത്തനായി നടക്കുറുത്തുപോലെ, അവളോടു് പ്രേമയാചന നടത്തിയതു് ഇന്നും അവളുടെ സ്മൃതിപഥം നടക്കുറുത്തുപോലെ. പക്ഷേ ഇന്നത്തെ അവസ്ഥ എന്താണ്? ഗോപിനാഥന്റെ അതിർന്നിന്നും മാഞ്ഞുമാഞ്ഞില്ല. പക്ഷേ ഇന്നത്തെ അവസ്ഥ എന്താണ്? ഗോപിനാഥന്റെ തന്റെ പിതാവിന്റെ മരണശേഷം ഒരു വലിയ സ്വന്തു് ലഭിച്ചു. അതു് ധൂർത്തടിച്ചു നടക്കുന്നതിന് ഒരു സഹായമായിത്തീർന്നു സ്നേഹിതവർഗ്ഗങ്ങൾ, അയാളുടെ അടുത്തു പാറിടുക. അയാൾ ലവംഗയെന്ന ഒരു നടിയുടെ വലയിൽ അകപ്പെട്ടു് ഭർന്നുപടികളിൽ അസക്കനായി കാലംകഴിച്ചുപരികയായിരുന്നു.

ഗിരിബാല സ്വതന്ത്രമായ ഒരു ജീവിതത്തെ കാമ്യമായിക്കരുതി, അവൾ സിംഹാസനസ്ഥയായ ഒരു രാജ്ഞിയെപ്പോലെ പ്രജാരഹിതമായ രാജ്യംഭരിച്ചു. തന്റെ ആജ്ഞാശക്തിയുടെ മഹിമ പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിനുള്ള സന്ദർഭത്തിന്റെ അഭാവം അവളെ നിരാവലംബയാക്കിത്തീർത്തു.

II

ലഘുഗതയെന്ന നദിയുടെ അടിനെയം കാണുന്നതിനായി ഒരുദിവസം ഗിരിബാല ദാസിത്തോടൊന്നിച്ചു നാടകശാലയിലേക്കുപോയി. അവിടെ കണ്ടുകാഴ്ച അവളുടെ ഇന്ദ്രിയങ്ങളെ ഹരാൽ ആകർഷിച്ചു. ശ്രവണസുന്ദരമായ സംഗീതം, മനോഹരമായ പ്രകൃതിചിത്രങ്ങൾ, ഭീമങ്ങളായ വിളക്കുകൾ മുതലായവ അവളുടെ ഹൃദയത്തിന് ആശ്വസ്ഥമായ സങ്കല്പലോകത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ചിത്രം സമ്മാനിച്ചു. കർട്ടൻ ഉയർന്നു.

വൃന്ദാവനം. നയനാനുകരമായ പ്രകൃതിവിചാസം. യമുനാനദിയിലെ ചെറു അലകളുടെ മത്സരം. ഓടിക്കടക്കുന്ന ഗോസമൃദം. ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണരാധാഗുത്തം. രാധയുടെ പ്രണയകലഹം. ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണന്റെ സമാധാനാവേഷം. ഗിരിബാലകണ്ടുകാഴ്ചകൾ അവളെ അനന്ദസാഗരത്തിൽ മുക്കി സ്വർഗ്ഗോപാനത്തിന്റെ അത്യുച്ചത്തിൽ ഏത്തിച്ചു.

നാടകം അവസാനിച്ചു. സങ്കല്പലോകത്തിന്റെ നിഷ്പ്രഭമായ നിഴൽ ഓടി ഒളിച്ചു. വീണ്ടും ആ ശ്രകം പാശ്ചരത്തിലേക്കു പറന്നുകയറി. നാടകം കാണുന്നതിനുള്ള ആസക്തി അവൾക്ക് പരിവർത്തം വർദ്ധിച്ചു. ഒരു ദിവസം അവൾ നാടകശാലയിൽ ഇരിക്കുമ്പോൾ ഗോപിനാഥ് മദ്യലഹരിയിൽ മുഴുകി ഏതോ അസൂയകൾ വിളിച്ചു പറയുന്നത് അവളുടെ ചെവിയിൽ ഏത്തി. തന്റെ ഭർത്താവിൽനിന്നും പിരിയണമെന്ന മോഹം അവളെ അതിയാലി ബാധിച്ചു. അതിനുള്ള സന്ദർഭം അടുത്തുതന്നെ ഉണ്ടായി.

ഗിരിബാല തന്റെ ഭർത്താവിന്റെ വീട്ടിൽനിന്നും താമസം മാറ്റി.

III

മനോരമയെന്ന ഒരു നാടകത്തിന്റെ പ്രഥമപ്രകടനം നടന്നുവരവെ അതിലെ പ്രധാന അംഗമായ ലഘുഗതയെ നാടകശാലാമാനേജരോടുള്ള പൂർവ്വവായന നിമിത്തം ഗോപിനാഥ് മോഷ്ടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടുപോകുന്നു. മാനേജരുടെ ഈ സംഭരണത്തിന് ചെറിയ ഉടവുതട്ടി ഏകിലും ലഘുഗത പകരം മറ്റൊരു സ്ത്രീയെ കിട്ടി. ആദ്യപ്രകടനം വിജയത്തിൽ അവസരിച്ചു. അടുത്ത തായുള്ള പ്രകടനത്തിൽ ഗോപിനാഥ് സന്നിഹിതനായിരുന്നു.

കർട്ടൻ ഉയർന്നു. ഭർത്താവിന്റെ നിർദ്വജമായ പെരുമാറ്റത്തിന് വിധേയയായ ഒരു സ്ത്രീ. ഭർത്താവിന്റെ പുനർവിവാഹം. വിവാഹാനന്തരം തന്റെ നവകുളത്രം പൂർവ്വഭാഗ്യയാണെന്ന് തിരിച്ചറിയുന്നു. അപ്പോൾ താൻ ചെയ്തപോയിട്ടുള്ള പ്രവൃത്തികളെപ്പറ്റി ഭർത്താവ് പശ്ചാത്താപിക്കുന്നു.

നാടകശാലയിൽനിന്നും ഒരു ശബ്ദം പുറപ്പെട്ടു. പ്രധാനപാത്രമായ മനോരമയുടെ മൃതപദം നീക്കപ്പെട്ടു. നിസ്സ്പ്രസരമായ വടനം വിജയോന്മത്തയാൽ പ്രഹല്യമായി. ശരീരം ത്രസിച്ച്. അക്ഷികൾ തുറന്നു സദസ്സിനെ ഒന്നു വീക്ഷിച്ചു. സദസ്സിൽ ഉപവിഷ്ണനായിരുന്ന ഗോപിനാഥ് 'ഗിരിബാല' എന്നാക്രോശിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് മുന്നോട്ടു ചെല്ലി. കർട്ടൻ വീണു.

സമാപ്തം.

# Murder at Norksham

by S. Visweswaran, II U. C.

I

It was a cold winter night. The big wall clock in the platform of the Norksham station announced the time as eight. The North-South express was due in six more minutes. There was a fairly good crowd waiting for the train.

Punctually, the black monster steamed in at six minutes past eight. Passengers, who just a few minutes before had been lounging in the platform, or engaged in a chat, or busy gazing at the rows of books in the book-stall suspended their idleness and ran to the train with their luggage, to find a comfortable seat.

The door of one of the compartments swung open and a man, muffled up to his cheek-bones in a dark grey travelling-coat, appeared at the door. He called out for a porter to carry his luggage, got down and made for the exit.

"Fred," shouted the passenger. "How do you do?"

The ticket examiner, who was standing at the gate busy collecting the tickets, looked up to see who was hailing him in so familiar a manner. His face suddenly changed, feelings of surprise, terror and disappointment crept over him. The tickets he held in his hand dropped to the ground. It was long before he could mumble in a choked voice.

"How do you do? Eh.....How came you to be here this night?.....got your discharge?"

"Yes", said the other with a smile. "They found out at last that I wouldn't be of much use in the Army. They discharged me only last Wednesday. I took the first steamer that left."

"I am glad you have come back at last." said Fred dryly.

"By the way, is Jane here or has she gone to town?"

"I was told; she has gone to her uncle's house," said Fred picking up the tickets that had fallen

## MURDER AT NORKSHAM

"I hope she is not yet married," said the passenger, and was very eager to have the answer.

"No, not yet", said Fred.

"Hope to meet you sometime later, and have a leisurely chat. Cheerio!" said the passenger and walked down the corridor that led out of the station. Perhaps he did not even hear the words "Good night!" from Fred, who now sat crumpled up in his stool, sighing deeply and much agitated.

## II

Fred could not have even a wink of sleep all through that night. He revolved over and over again his plan in his mind and was fairly satisfied that it would work well.

.....Yes, unless he could remove Monroe out of his way, there was no chance of his marrying Jane; no chance of his achieving his long cherished ambition. He could not allow all his fond hopes of a life of happiness with sweet Jane to be frustrated by this single man. Monroe had to go. Yes, murder! A terrible thing to be sure but, when done as he had planned there was nothing terrible about it: He could not be caught.

He woke up next morning determined to accomplish his plan as soon as opportunity afforded itself.

## III

Fred and Monroe had both fallen in love with Miss Jane Shopper the young daughter of Mr Shopper, a popular merchant of Norksham.

Jane was undoubtedly a pretty girl. She loved Monroe rather than Fred. When their engagement was about to be announced, Monroe, never a very rich man, had in a moment of despair enlisted himself in the Army and the call came for him to serve his country. Much against his will and Jane's he left for Libya hoping he could return soon.

Three years had dragged on since then without any information about Monroe or his whereabouts. Everyone in Norksham thought he was dead and would never return. Jane tired of waiting and thinking like the rest that he was dead decided to marry Fred.

## MURDER AT NORKSHAM

But Monroe returned. Surely Jane would marry him. This, Fred could not bear; hence he came to that conclusion—Monroe had to go.

## IV

Four days had passed since the soldier's return from Libya. Fred had invited him to a picnic that evening. The venue was to be Shelley's Gardens, an old neglected park at the foot of the hill that stood three miles away from the town.

Monroe was walking slowly along the narrow path, leading to the garden. The whole place was rocky and ledges of stone were protruding in the path itself.

He was just then passing by the side of a huge rock when suddenly down came a boulder directly on his head. There was a terrible shriek and then silence!.....Monroe lay there still, with his head gashed and in a pool of blood. Meanwhile Fred was acting quickly. He had already tied his horse to a tree behind the rock. The horse had wounds on its forelegs and some bruises in its stomach. Fred himself had some bruises on his elbows and knees. The footsteps of his horse were there up to that spot. His suit had been soiled with dust. Everything had gone well, according to his plan. The police could never find out the crime. There was nothing more for him to do except to inform the authorities. He ran to the police station and in a few minutes stood before the inspector there.

He had to report to the inspector that a frightful accident had happened. He and his friend Monroe whom the inspector knew very well, were on their way to a picnic in Shelley's Gardens. They were somewhat late and so they had to whip the horse up. Suddenly the beast tumbled and fell. Fred was thrown in a corner. He got up and looked out to see what had happened. Ah! There was before him his friend beside a rock in a pool of blood. He was dead. His head had struck a stone when he fell.

The inspector who was all the while listening very carefully wanted to ask Fred some formal questions.

"Was anybody by your side, when all this happened", began the inspector with his notebook spread out before him and a pen in his hand.

"None!" said Fred, "except Monroe, the horse and myself!"

## MURDER AT NORKSHAM

"Where is the horse?"

"He is there near a tree; he was not in a fit condition to be brought. He is unable to walk."

"Is he hurt very much?"

"Yes, in the knees and the stomach."

"What about you? Any serious wound?"

"No, not much, except some bruises on my elbows."

"Who had the reins?"

"Monro." This, Fred said, thinking that if he were to say that he was driving, perhaps he might be accused of rash driving in a dangerous place.

"Have you spoken to anyone else about the matter?"

"No" said Fred. "I am much worried over this, Inspector."

"Don't bother, it is a mere accident. I'll be going to the spot now and you needn't accompany me. I will send your horse soon. You have had enough excitement to-day, go home and have some rest," said the Inspector tossing on his hat, and left the place.

## V

Fred was lounging in an easy chair in his Villa, the next morning, when the porter announced the Inspector. Fred asked him to be shown in immediately.

"Good morning, Inspector!" said Fred, as he entered and waved his hand towards a chair.

"Good morning, Fred. Hope you are more of yourself to-day."

"Yes, I have fairly recovered from the shock."

"By the way, who was driving the horse last evening?"

"Why, I told you it was poor Monro."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Quite sure, as sure as I am a man."

## MURDER AT NORKSHAM

"Then," said the Inspector rising from his seat and drawing out a pair of hand-cuffs from his pocket, "I arrest you for the murder of Monro."

"What do you mean, Inspector? I, guilty of the murder of Monro! There must have been a blunder somewhere."

The Inspector replied "Fred, it is all up; no use denying it any more. I will tell you all about it. Since your visit last evening I somehow suspected it was more than a mere accident. I went to the spot last evening and examined the body. Monro had lost both his arms in the war and had replaced them by artificial wooden hands. He could not have driven the horse as you said. Further, when I examined the spot where the accident had happened, there was no trace of the horse having fallen though there was dust and mud on the horse. The footsteps of the horse up to the spot of the accident, the wounds on the horse, the bruises on your person,—all these could not misguide me as you thought. It was no great thing for me to conclude that you had murdered Monro to get Jane for yourself."

## VI

Poor Jane! Hope told a flattering tale; but now she "for love, is doomed to mourn."

# Non-Violent resistance against the Bug Menace

by R. Kumarappan, IV U. C.

**B**UGS increased in numbers. Their ceaseless raids on the inmates became alarming and engaged the attention of everyone. All the violent methods adopted to put down the menace under the benevolent dictation of our leader were futile. Members lost faith in his leadership. So they gathered in the quadrangle of the hostel.

All of them realised the futility of crushing the bugs with violence. For long years violence had been used against them without any success. Violence only augmented their opposition and the tension and ill-will between the members and the bugs became more and more acute. Being great believers in *Ahimsa* they decided to crush the bug terror with non-violence. So they appointed a Committee to issue instructions which they were resolved to obey.

The Committee took charge immediately and the following instructions were issued the very next day.

- (1) All the members should love bugs.
- (2) None should hate them and in no way should cause injury to them.
- (3) The members should abandon their tables, chairs, shelves and beds.

Consequently, all the furniture was removed. Everyone lay on the bare floor. After two or three days the bugs began to find their way to the members lying on the floor and resumed their raids. The inconvenience and the annoyance of the members cannot be adequately described. Many U. T. C. men became impatient and threatened that they would use their guns and boots against the raiders. Complaints emanated from every quarter questioning the efficacy of Non-Violence.

The Committee met those criticisms by saying that in non-violence, sufferings and hardships have to be endured by the members so that they may be rewarded with full success. The bug raids however never ceased.

## NON-VIOLENT RESISTANCE AGAINST THE BUG MENACE

The Committee then decided to take drastic steps. It came to the conclusion that the hostel should be abandoned altogether. It was authorised to ask the authorities to build a new block.

Three months passed. The sufferings continued. The day of deliverance came. New hostel buildings arrested the attention of everyone. A successful orderly withdrawal of all the members of the old bug-infested inferno took place. Thus they put an end to the bugs. They congratulated themselves with delight on the achievement.

But alas, in the new building how true the poet's words: *Alius et idem!* Other bugs came but were the same in multitude and malignity.

# Thoughts on a Broken Tea-Cup

by A. Damodara Pisharodi, III B.Sc. (Hons.)

A broken tea-cup is one of the most profound things in the world. The inn keeper of the Deserted Village knew it.

"While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show  
Ranged over the chimney, glistened in a row"

There, you remember, the broken side was turned away so that the neat side alone was seen. But along with this broken side, many tremendous truths also, are hidden.

While in good condition, the cup is handled with utmost delicacy. Fair ladies and gallants make love over it. Questions of state are discussed over it. What romantic scenes might not this tea-cup have witnessed in its life! Scenes unknown and fantastic rise like ghosts out of its broken sides and broken handle. But alas! the tea-cup is not communicative. Probably it knows the fickleness of human nature and thinks that a secret is best kept when never told.

But when the tea-cup tumbles down from table at tea-time, it tumbles down from its place of dignity also. With scant respect the maid gathers together the broken pieces and deposits them in a ditch in the compound. How art thou fallen, O Tea-cup, son of China clay!

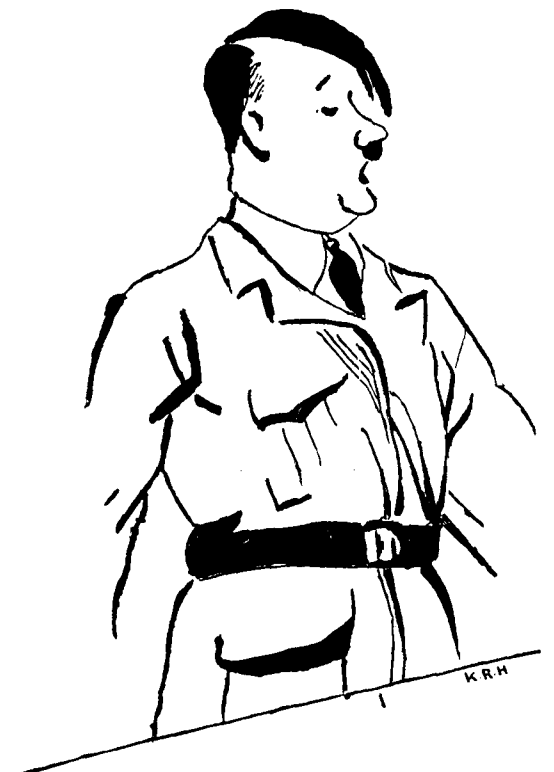
Yet let us hope that a day will come when the broken tea-cup will regain its honour. Some Director of Archaeology will discover the pieces in the ditch, wash and examine them. The enlightened world shall then know that during the 20th century a city flourished on the banks of the Cauvery, that civilization was so far advanced in the city that even articles like tea-cups were in ordinary use.

It is well to remember that one day we too shall be broken and be laid aside. The world shall have no use for us then. Let us pray that we may be as lucky as the broken tea-cups in the village inn, and be honoured in our old age. But the prospect seems far enough, we are now quite good tea-cups. So let us do our work as best as we can and deserve the place we aspire for.



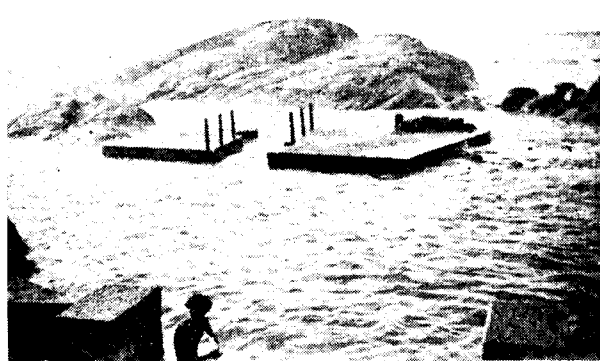
Stalin

Pencil Sketch  
By R. Gopalan, II U.C.

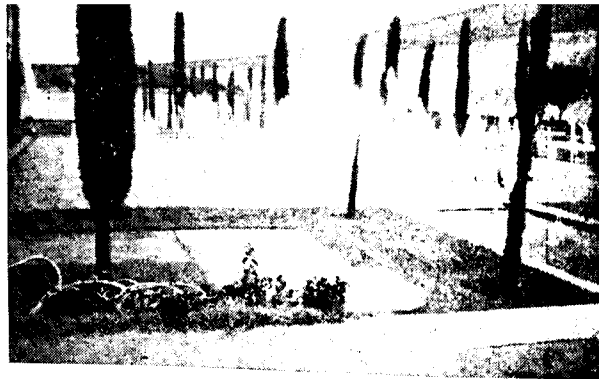


Hitler

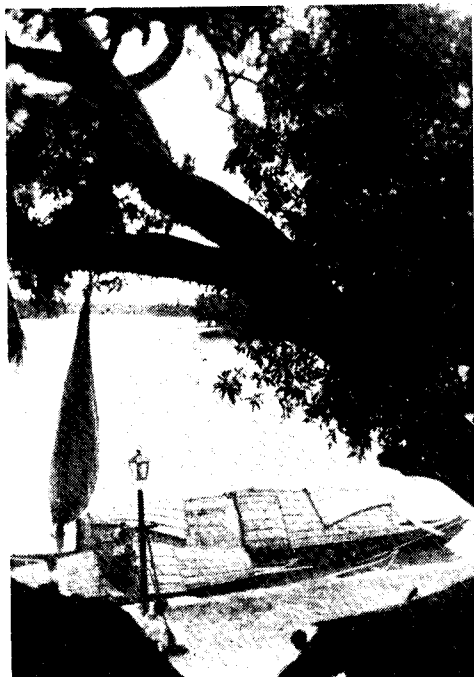
Pen-and-ink Sketch  
By K. R. Hariharan, IV B. Sc.



Cape Comorin (Bathing Pool—with Perumal Hills)  
By A. Panchanathan, IV U.C.



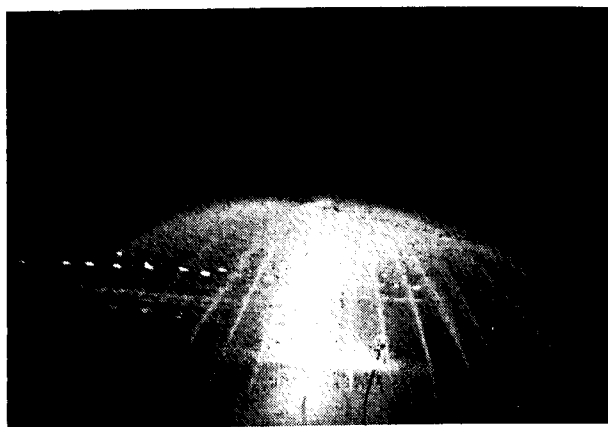
Krishnaraja Sagar Fountains  
By N. Sivagnanam, II U.C.



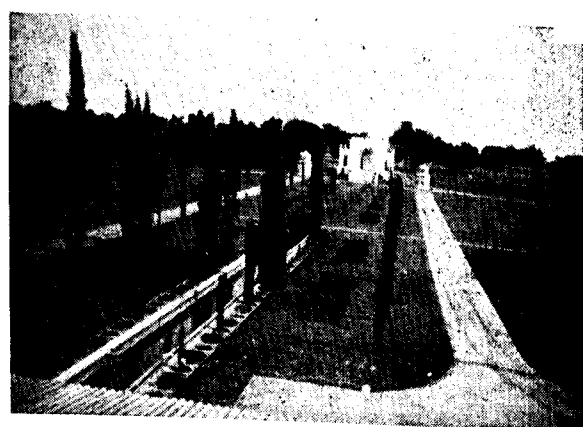
"Waiting the Breeze"  
By X. J. Joseph, II U.C.



"...Philosophic...!! ....."  
By A. Benjamin Noel Devadoss, II U.C.



Krishna Raja Sagar—(Kannambadi Dam)



The Summer Palace—(Dariya Daulet)

By N. Sivagnanam, II U.C.

## A War-Time Story

by A. T. Velayutham, III Hons.

THE country was at war, at least it was said to be so. People discussed in low whispers, lest the enemy should hear, the cause of the war, and the strength of the allies. Crowds gathered in squares and parks to hear spirited speeches about Democracy, Freedom, Civilization and all the noble things of life. Big colourful posters appeared everywhere to remind the people about their duty to the country in case they should forget. Men, young and old, were sent to the front and casualty lists were published. Day by day, brave men of the allied nations were pouring in to strengthen the defence of the country and the people were asked to make them feel 'at home' during their stay. Thus the country was at war and the people grew war-minded and more war-minded as days passed.

Jit was young and had just started life. He was a poor villager. He seldom worried about the war because the news-bulletins were assuring and so he spent his days peacefully.

It was late in the evening one day when he saw a crowd clustering round a big poster. It was a war poster which depicted in vivid colours the grave danger that was confronting the country. A little man was by its side "We are fighting for Freedom, Democracy and Civilization. And you should come forward and help the government to defend the country against the grave danger....." he was addressing the crowd. These words aroused a feeling in the heart of the simple villager and he hastened home.

That night he could not eat or sleep. His wife was worried and he told her all about the poster, the little man and the country's danger. "Can it be really true?" she asked and he replied "Of course it is true. Whatever makes you think that it is not true. That gentleman is from the government, and you know, what the government says cannot be false."

The next day he left the village for the city to help the government to defend the country against the grave danger. On his way he saw a military camp, a real military camp of the soldiers of the allied nations. He was thrilled at the sight of the brave men who had come to defend his country. He went straight to the camp; but the sentry did not seem to appreciate his enthusiasm, and he was turned out.

## A WAR-TIME STORY

He was puzzled; hours passed and in the end he recovered and realized that he had a great task to fulfil—the task of helping the government to defend the country against the grave danger. He moved on.

When he arrived at the city he could not believe his own eyes. He thought the country was in danger, but he found men lolling in big cars and lounging in parks. The theatres and restaurants were crowded. There were bright lights in private houses and men and women were laughing and feasting under these lights. He could not understand all these festive signs. Was not there a war on? He asked the passers-by whether the country was not in danger and whether he could not help to defend the country! Some of them eyed him with suspicion and did not answer him, while the rest asked him to go back to his village. He was tired and disappointed. But he never lost hope. At last he came to a big man in uniform standing at the gate of a big house where the laughing and feasting seemed to be greater. He approached him with the same question "Is not the country in danger?" "Yes, you yourself will be in danger if you don't get out," replied the man at the gate.

The poor villager withdrew and walked in silence....In the distance he heard loud laughter.....Someone was enjoying a joke in the big house.....

## An Episode

by Lionel P. P. Theodore, I U. C.

SILENCE reigned everywhere. It was pitch dark. I alone woke up and wanted to go to the cinema. So I slowly got up, with my bedsheet, made a manikin and laid it on my bed, covered it with my blanket and went to my desk to take money. When I closed it the lid slipped and came down with a bang which might have awakened the dead. Immediately the Warden was on his feet and was creeping cautiously in the direction of the noise. I wriggled under my desk and sat there. The Warden has eyes which can put a lynx to shame but this time the darkness was too intense even for him. I was undetected. He went back to his bed.

I slowly stole to the door and disguised myself as a cooly. Without making any noise I opened the door, went out and closed it again. There was another hurdle to be crossed. The Porter whose ancestor must have been a night-prowling owl seems to have no use for sleep. He spotted me and confidently hailed me. "Hallo Mr. Owen, where are you off at this time of night?" "Blast the blighter," I muttered but I walked up boldly to him and, pretending ignorance of English asked him innocently "இங்குங்கே?" I never knew I could act so well. The trick succeeded and the Porter let me pass.

I wanted to buy a 'floor' ticket so that no one might find me out. But all these tickets had been sold out and I had to get a 'bench' ticket.

I went in and sat on a bench. Just when I sat down, some boys laughed at me. So I got a fright. I thought I had been identified by my friends. But when I saw them I found they were strangers, and I did not know why they laughed till, turning to the screen to see the picture I found there no picture but "Good Night".

Cursing the manager of the theatre I came out. The moon had risen up in the sky and it was seen as a silver ball floating on the waves of the blue sea.

Getting back to the dormitory was an easy affair thanks to the kindly help offered by a wakeful friend. But when I wanted to sleep I found that somebody had taken away my bed and I guessed that it must have been our Warden. Then I slept on my bench where I used to sit and study.

## AN EPISODE

Early in the morning at the signal for rising I woke up but still pretended to sleep. The Warden himself came and "woke" me. After Mass he called me and asked me where I had gone during the night. I said that I had gone nowhere but had slept on my seat owing to bugs and reminded him how early in the morning he himself had come to rouse me.

He asked me "Then why did you make a man out of your bedsheet and cover it with your blanket?" I flatly denied any knowledge of it. A friend of mine came and told him that he had made it for fun. The Warden believed the story. Then he brought out the bedsheet man and pasted on its forehead a slip in which was written "Owen Passover". Then he made it stand on his table. I wondered if the Warden had really believed me!

## தமிழ் விடு தூது

by K. Venkatachalam, II U. C.

பொன்னி சூழ் நாடும் கன்னியாள் நாடும் சோநன்னாடும் தமிழகத்தின்கண் அடங்கினவாய்ப் பண்டு தொட்டே அடங்காப் புகழுடையனவாய்த் திகழ்ந்தன என்பதற்கு வரலாற்றுநூல் வல்லுநர் தக்க சான்றளிக்கின்றனர். மேற்கூறிய இத்தமிழகத்தின் பெருமைக்குக் காரணம் தமிழ்மொழியின் சிறப்பு ஒன்றே என்பது ஒருதலை. இத்தமிழ் மிக இனியது. அறமும் பொருளும் அறத்தாற்றான் வீட்டு இன்பமும் ஒருங்கே அளிக்கவல்லது. இம்மொழி மிக்க வலியுடையதாம் தனிப் பண்பு உடையது. ஒருகால் இறைவனையே தூதனுக்கியது; மற்றொருகால் முதலை உண்ட பாலனை மீண்டும் அழைத்துப் பெற்றோரை மகிழ்வித்தது. எலும்பையும் பெண்ணுக்கியது. இதன் பெருமை, இயம்பும் தாத்ததன்று.

இவ்வகைப் பெருஞ்சிறப் பெய்திய தமிழ் மொழிக்கனையுள்ள தொண் ணுற்றாறு வகைப் பிரபந்தங்களில் தூதம் ஒன்றும். ஓர் ஆடவனோ, மடந் தையோ தனது காதற் குரியார்பால் தன் காதலைத் தெரிவிக்குமாறு பாணன் முதலிய உயர் திணைப்பொருளையேனும், கிள்ளை வண்டு முதலிய அஃறிணைப் பொருளையேனும் தூது சென்றுவருமாறு விடுப்பதாகக் கலை வல்லுநராற் பாடப் பெறும் பிரபந்தமே தூது எனப்படும். இஃது கவிவெண்பாவினாற் பாடப் பெறுவது. அஃறிணைப் பொருள்கள் தூது சென்று மீளும் அறிவு உடையன வல்ல ஆயினும் அவற்றைத் தம் மனமயக்கத்தால் அவ்வாறு செய்தல் அமையும் என்பதை வலியுறுத்தும் "கேட்குந் போலவும்" என்னும் சூத்திரம். தேவார முதலிய திருமுறைகளினும் நாலாயிரத்திப்பிய பிரபந்தத்தினும் இடையிடையே "தூது" கூறப்பட்டுள்ளது. இத்தூது விடும் வழக்கம் வடமொழியினர்க்கும் உரியது என்பதற்குச் சான்று அம்மொழிக்கண்ணுள்ள 'மேகதூதம்,' 'அன்ன தூதம்' என்பன போன்ற நூல்களேயாம்.

தமிழ் விடுதூது என்னும் நூல் மதுரைச் சோமசுந்தரக் கடவுள்பாற் காத லுற்று விரகத்தால் மெலிந்த தலைவி யொருத்தித் தன் காதலர்பால் தமிழைத் தூதாக விடுத்த வரலாற்றைக்கூறும். இதன் துறை "கடவுண் மாட்டு மானிடப் பெண்டிர் நயத்தல்" என்பது. தூது விடற் குரிய பொருள்களுள் தமிழும் ஒன் றும் என்பதற்கு "ஆனந்தருத் திரேசர்வண்டு விடு தூது" என்னும் நூலில் கச் சியப்பர், "செந்தமிழை...தாஞ்செல்லா" எனக் கூறுவதே தக்கதொரு சான்று. இந்நூல் அருளிய ஆசிரியர் யாரென விளங்க வில்லை. பண்டைத் தமிழாசிரியர் உண்மை வரலாற்றிவது மிக அரிதாயுள்ளது. இற்றைத் தமிழ் வல்லுநரேனும் தத்தம் வாழ்க்கையை எதிர்காலம் அறியுமாறு தருவன செயல் நன்று. எனினும் இந்நூலாசிரியர் "சீரிய கல்வி கேள்வியினர், சிவனடியார்பாலன்புடையவர்.

தமிழ் வீடு தூது

தமிழையும் சோமசுந்தரங்கடவுளார் திருவிளையாடல்களையும் விளக்கிப் பெருமைபை உலகிற்குணர்த்துவதே பெருநோக்காகக் கொண்டவர்.” என்பதை இந்நூலே அறிவிக்கும். இவரது நூலில் ஆங்காங்கே உருவக முதலிய பொருளாணி பலவும், யமகம் திரிபு முதலிய சொல்லணிகளும் மலிந்து பொலியும். இவர் பெரும்பாலும் எடுத்தாண்ட திருவிளையாடற் செய்திகட்குத் திருவால்வாயுடையார் திருவிளையாடலையே சான்றுகக்கொண்டுள்ளார். ஆதலின் இவர் அவர்க்குப் பின் வந்தவர் என்பது புலனாகின்றது. இந்நூல் முதலில் தூது செல்லுதல் பற்றிப் பொருளாம் தமிழின் பெருமையைக் கூறும்; பின்னர் இத்துத்துக்குத் தமிழ்தலிச வேறென்றும் பொருத்தமன்று என்பதையும் இறுதியில் கடவுட் காதலரின் பெருமையை விரித்து அன்னாரிடம் தூதுபோருமாறு தமிழை அனுப்புவதாகக் கூறும் முடிவையும் விளக்கும் பெருமையுடையது. தூது செல்லும் தமிழின் பெருமையைக் கூறுவார் “எல்லாம் நீயா இருந்தமை யால்” எனக் கூறுவாரப்பின்னர் தமிழைப் பலப்பாடப் புகழ்வார். தமிழை அரசனுக்குவதும் அரிய கணிகளாக்குவதும் இவரது அறிவின் ஆழத்தைப் புலப்படுத்துவன.

சுருங்கக்கூறின், “படை முதலிய வாக்குகளால் கருவாசிப் பல்வகை எழுத்துகளாய்ப் பிறந்து எண், முறை, பிறப்பு எனும் பன்னிரு பருவங் கடந்து ‘அசை’ யாம் கொட்டிலில் சிறுநீர் தலாட்டம். மஞ்சள், மையிட்டி, முப் பால் ஊட்ட வளர்ந்து, பல் சொல், பொருள், யாப்பு, அணி எனும் இப்பற்கை அணிகளைப் புண்து, பல்வகைப் பண்களையும் மணமதனிராகப் பெற்று, நவாச மாம் பிள்ளைகளைப் பெற்றுப் பெருவாழ்வுற்று நாடகமாம் பெண் கொலுளி லமர்ந்து பதினெண் வர்ணனைகளாம் வாழ்வைக் கண்டுமகிழ்ந்து இறையையும் அடித்த செங்கோலைக்கொண்டு பதினேழு சிற்றாசர் முடிசுவிக்க தமிழகத்தின் ‘நடு’ வாம் அரண்மனையினின்றும் முடிவாகும் வளைந்து வேதாகமப் புரோ கிதையும்த், காப்பியத் தோழரையும், சாத்திர விரையும்த் புராணச் சேனைகளே றும் பெற்று முரசொலிக்க முடிவேந்தர் சூழ அரசாங்கமீதிருந்தது” என்று கூறித் தமிழை அரசனுக்கினர். பின்னர் தமிழைக் கணியாகக் கூறுங்கால் “பாவாகிய வரம்பையும் கணங்களாகிய மடைகளையும் உடைய வயலில், நான் குகாணமாம் ஏர்பூட்டிச் சொல்லுமுவர் நான்கு நெறியாம் விதைவிதைத்து, வறுங் கோட்டியினரைக் களைந்து வளர்க்க வளர்ந்து பால், முந்திரிகை, வாழை, கரும்பு, தேங்காய் எனும் பல்விதமாயசுவைபெற்று நாற்பொருளாம் பலனளிக்கும் அமுதக்கனி” என்றார். இவ்வாறு அவர் தமிழைப் புகழ்வதை நேரே படித்துப் படித்துத்திளைத்தால் மனநிறைவுண்டாமேயன்றி, யான் ‘இப்படிக்கூறியுள்ளார்’ எனக் கூறியதைக் கேட்பதற் பயனொன்றுமில்லை.

இனி பிற பொருள்கள் தூதுக்குப் பயனில என்பதைக் கூறுமிடத்து “அன் னத்தை விடலாமெனின் அது தான் இன்னும் இறைவனைக் கண்டறியாதென்

தமிழ் வீடு தூது

கின்றனரே. வண்டை அனுப்பினால் அது “காமஞ் செப்பாது கண்டது மொழிமோ” என அவர் கூறிற்றிகைத்துத் திரும்பும். மானோ அவர் புலியாடைக்கு அஞ்சிப் போகாது. கோகிலமும் அவர் பாதுகாள் வலியனுக் கஞ்சம். என் மனத்தை அனுப்பலாமெனினோ அவர் தாம் மனதற் கெட்டாதவாரியினரே. ஆகவே தமிழாகிய நீதான் அவர்பாற் தூது செலத் தகுதியுடையோய். மன மிவங்கு” என்கின்றார்.

இறைவன் பெருமையைக் கூறுமிடத்துத் தருமிக்குப் பொற்கிழியையும் பாணற்குப் பாட்டையும் அளித்த திருவிளையாடல் பலவுங் கூறிப்பின்னர் அவரை நயந்து “சொக்கலிங்க மெனிற பொடிபோட்டு மயக்குவையோ? என்வளை கவர்ந்து பிறமங்கையர்க்கீதல் அறமோ? உமது மாலைதான் வேம்போ அன்றி யுமைவிரும் பின மாதரும் வேம்போ? மதனை எரித்தீர்! கண்ணன்பாற் கலைகவாக் கற்றீரோ எல்லாம் வல்ல உமக்கு என்னில்லம் வரல் இயலாதோ” எனக் கணிகின்றார். இறுதியில் “நினைசொற்படி சொக்கர் எனக்கு மகிழ்வருள நீ தூது செல்லுதி” என இந்நூல் முடிவுறும்.

இத்தகைய அரிய நூலுள் நாயன்மார் வாலாறு, கடவுள் திருவிளையாடல் முதலியன இடையிடையே கிலேடை, தொனி, திரிபு முதலிய சொன்னயங்க ளமையப்பெற்றுப் படிப்பாளை என்றும் எண்ணி எண்ணி இன்புறச்செய்யும் தன்மையன.

“அரியாசனமுனக்கேயானால்” என்பதன் நயமும், “கிந்தாமணியாயிருந்த லுனைச் சிந்தென்று சொல்லிய நாச்சிந்துமே” என்பதின் இனிமையும், “முப் பாலும் மிஞ்சப் புகட்ட மிக வளர்ந்தாய்” என்பதன் கிலேடையும் “பொருத்த மொருபத்துப் பொருந்து முனைத்தானே விருத்தமென்று சொல்லல் விதியோ?” “திண்பாவலர்க்கறிவாம் செந்தமிழாமுன்னை வெண்பாவென்றேதுவது மெய் தானோ” என்பவற்றுட் பொதியும் இன்பமும் யாவும் என்றும் படித்தின்புறத் தக்கனலாம்.

“பதினாயிரத்திருநூற்றுத் தொண்ணூற்றாறு தொடையுடைய நீ ஒரு தொடை வாங்கியருளாயோ?” என்பதில் தலைவியின் எண்ணம் எவ்வளவு தெளிவாகவும் நயமாகவும் விளக்கப்படுகிறது.

இத்துணையின்பளிக்கும் இந்நூலை நமக்குத் தந்தவர் திரு ஐயாவர்களே. அவர் இந்நூலையும் இது போன்ற பல நூலையும் பதிப்பிக்கப் பட்டபாடு பக ரொணுத்தாம். அந்தோ! உடல்நலங்கருதா உத்தமர்; தமிழ் நலங்கருதும் தந்தையார் இன்னும் சிலகாலம் இருப்பின் எண்ணிறந்த நூல்கள் வெளிவருமே. என் செய்வது? தமிழர் புண்ணியம் அவ்வளவே! இனிபொரு ‘ஐயாவர்கள்’ என்று தமிழுலகில் தோன்றுவரோ, அறியேம். வினாந்து தோன்றித் தமிழின்பளிக்குமாறு இறைவனை வணங்குவோம்.

# An Umbrella Speaking

by R. Sathiyawageswaran, II U. C.

**F**OR more than a month I had been in the showcase of that shop; still, none had bought me! I wondered why, I, an umbrella, descended from a noble family, was being treated in such a fashion. Was it because I was costly or was it because there was no rain? For we umbrellas, you know, are most wanted during the rainy season. So I was there, feeling hot and uncomfortable.

A few days passed. One fine cloudy evening at about 4 o'clock, a well-dressed handsome-looking gentleman entered the shop in which I was. That day was the happiest day in my life. For, this young man was indeed kind enough to purchase me. Having paid my cost at the counter of the shop he took me out into the open air for which I had been longing.

How delighted I was at the sudden relief. Along the crowded, busy street he walked, making use of me as a walking stick. I was much attracted by the street scene. Cars and buses, rickshaws and cycles, bullock-carts and horse carts, moved about to and fro, each emitting its usual noises and everything mingling together to produce an obstreperous din. Oh, what pleasant sights!

But soon all my pleasures seemed to fade gradually. For, followed by the streaks of lightning and the peals of thunder rain came down in all its monsoon fury. Immediately my master gave me a wrench and I flew into the open air! There was nothing to do but to submit to an unbracing shower-bath. At first a chill ran through my very bones, this being the first time that I ever got wet. But soon the chill disappeared and once more I was my normal self. I saw a host of my race heroically submitting to the same watery ordeal!

And soon we arrived at our destination. Placing me open, on the verandah he went into his house. I for my part, feeling the biting cold in the breeze squeezed out the water from me. Being tired and weary after this first experience I fell into a deep, sweet, slumber.

When I awoke I found myself, folded, in the corner of a well-lit dining hall. There, before me were dining four persons. From what I could read from the expression in their faces I concluded that they were having a

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delicious meal. Alas for me! I lay there uncared for, unnoticed. Time passed away swiftly, as it often does, caring for nobody.

\* \* \* \*

I was sleeping soundly; all of a sudden I was awakened by the sound of a creaking door. My sleepy eyes became active. By the aid of a flickering oil lamp placed in the other corner of the room I looked at the clock which registered the midnight twelve. And that same lamp also threw its feeble rays on two persons, (who, I learnt afterwards, were the servants in the household) snoring away beside me. Save these two persons no one else was in that room. Then, from where did that grating sound come? I waited.

The noise of the creaking door was followed by the sound of footsteps. I grew alarmed. After a lapse of a few heavy minutes, I saw some one entering the room stealthily through the doorway at the furthest end of the room. Whom could it be? Was he a member of the household? But then why should he walk in such a manner? These and several such questions set my thoughts whirling. I watched him intently and patiently.

The stranger was approaching the oil lamp. He went near it and that was all I knew. He had blown off the flame. The room was plunged in stygian darkness. About me I saw nothing but emptiness. As to the whereabouts of the stranger I was in complete darkness both literally and metaphorically.

About three minutes passed. A tremendous sound of a fall reached my ears from somewhere, sounds and uproars of "Thief!" "Catch him!" floated in the darkness. Sounds of beating and blowing reached me. Suddenly as if by magic, on came the electric lights which dazzled my eyes. Before me was a scene.

One of the servants, who had been snoring away a while ago, was seen to be in a hand-to-hand fight with the intruder.

By now the whole house had gathered to the scene of combat.

While the stranger and one of the servants were fighting, the second servant in the hope of aiding his comrade beat the unwelcome visitor with no more powerful weapon than a broomstick.

The thief ceasing the fight rather abruptly, ran towards a chair, lifted it with both his hands and sent it flying across the room, at the servants. But the servants were quicker. They warded off the on-coming chair

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effectively by means of tables. And of course the result was the destruction of the chairs and tables. There was now nothing left unhurt in the room except myself. I lay there in the corner trembling and awaiting my death whose shadow had already appeared before me.

And soon I was seized. The stranger, taking me up into his massive hands ran up to one of the servants and used me as a cudgel. Blow after blow fell on the poor servant's head and shoulders and all his limbs. The more I sympathized with the servant the more I fell on his body. But the pain and suffering were mutually borne. I was made to fall on him till several of my bones were fractured and my skin torn and bruised. When he found that I was no more useful the wretched thief hurled me through space. I fell with a crash at my master's feet. My head reeled, my eyes grew dim, my bones ached and there I fell unconscious.

Next morning when I awoke I found myself battered and torn—a mass of wreckage nestling in a dustbin. Soon I was found by a poor old beggar. He beamed upon me; he hugged me tight; he gently nursed my broken limbs and the severe bruises.

I who had been born in a famous factory, I, who had travelled many a mile quite luxuriously, I, who had been there in that famous shop for a pretty long time, have now become the terror of the street dog and the city urchins and the proud possession of a miserable beggar as tattered and shattered as myself.

## Hoist with his own Petard

by N. S. Rangamoni, II U. C.

**I**F this world is hated by any man, his hatred cannot be as great as Kaliappan's: and he had every reason for this intense hatred. He belonged to a rich family and was over-petted in his childhood. The rod had been spared and he was spoiled. When he was eighteen, he was married to a young girl, the daughter of the headman of a neighbouring village. She had been sent to her husband's home decked with jewels.

Kali's parents died, their property almost spent out on him. Being the only son of his father, he became the master of the little that remained. Soon he ran through this, drinking, gambling and indulging in other kindred "pleasures". Remittances from his father-in-law seemed to him to be neither substantial nor frequent enough and after a time even these stopped. He took to stealing; but even then his wife's jewels steadily found their way to the pawn-broker's.

There was a slump in his trade. Inactivity brought on reflection and reflection brought on repentance. The wrongs he had done to his wife affected him to tears. He would repair those wrongs. He would get back her jewels that he had pledged to keep him in money for cards and drink.

He went out, invested the few remaining coppers he had in a bottle of his favourite drink. A friend stood him another. Thus fortified he went forth on his mission of making amends to his long-suffering wife. On the way there was a temple. He went in, sighed out a few words of prayer asking for success in his enterprise; and promising to give up his ignoble profession if this time he succeeded, he came out.

A three-storeyed building hove in sight. "Surely, that must be a rich man's house," Kali said to himself. He would try his luck there. The stoutest of locks had before this yielded to his art; his art did not fail him now. He soon found himself before the safe. A little more manipulation of keys and a little more exercise of ingenuity and treasures lay before his admiring gaze:

"Wedges of gold.....heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stores, unvalued jewels."

What was he to choose? Would he take all? He would begin with a gold chain very much like his wife's. He put it in his satchel. Then.....

## HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

but was it a footstep? He decamped; but he was pursued. He cursed himself, his wife and his luck. He ran as he had never run in his life. Seeing a tank he threw the chain into it and turning into a lane he swiftly re-arranged his clothes. He was a quick-change artist and even his wife would not have recognised him in his new disguise as a lame beggar.

He returned home, sorrowful and disappointed. His wife received him with weeping eyes.

"Where were you all night? Do you know the news?"

"What?"

"Our money lender to whom my jewels had been pledged, was robbed last night of my gold chain."

"Where is his house?" asked the bewildered Kali. "The three-storeyed building outside the city, and near the toddy shop you often used to visit."

Kali was speechless.

## Cranganore—"The Bethlehem of India"

by Joseph J. Konnoth, II U. C.

**A** FINE natural harbour, a city of plenty where commerce flourished, a great centre of the pepper trade, and above all a colony of the loyal and brave St. Thomas Christians—this was the Cranganore which the Portuguese saw in 1501. Muziris or Cranganore was a great centre of commerce. A Tamil poet describes it as "the thriving town of Muchiri where the large ships of the *yavanas*" came on the waters of the Periyar on the banks of which the city was situated. From old records it is established that Cranganore was carrying on a flourishing trade with Greece, Arabia and other nations of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. This is further proved by the fact that Thomas of Cana, an Armenian merchant, traded along the coast of Malabar.<sup>1</sup>

Kodungalloor or Cranganore was the royal seat of the Perumals who ruled Kerala. Their palace, *Allal Perinkovilakam* was in the vicinity of Thirvanchikkulam near Cranganore. The Perumals built a temple to Kannaki at Cranganore. The temple is still there, even though much of the ancient buildings was demolished. The last of the Perumals and the best among them, the Cheraman Perumal abdicated his throne. Some believe that he became a Muslim and went on a pilgrimage in 828 to Mecca where he died.<sup>2</sup> Some people are of the opinion that he was carried alive to Kalidasa.<sup>3</sup> A popular legend says that he died a Buddhist. Fr. Diego Do Cuto in his "Da Asia" maintains that he became a Christian and went to Mylapore in 588. He died there and was buried in the Chapel of "Blessed San Thome." The author of "Da Asia" says that one of the three bodies found in the Chapel by Manoel de Faria was the body of the last Perumal.

It is held that St. Thomas, the Apostle, landed at Maliankara, near Cranganore, in 52. Through a miracle wrought by him at the wedding of the daughter of the Raja of Cranganore, a wholesale conversion of high-caste Hindus is alleged to have taken place.<sup>4</sup> These were the first

<sup>1</sup> 'Kottayam College Magazine', 1866.

<sup>2</sup> 'Malabar Gazetteer' of 1915.

<sup>3</sup> Recorded in Mackenzie's *Collection General*

<sup>4</sup> "Historia Synodi Diamper" by Fr. Joan F. Raulin.

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converts to Christianity in India. Later, Thomas of Cana, an Armenian merchant settled at Cranganore with seventy-two Christian families who came with him from Bagdad and Jerusalem. These St. Thomas Christians assumed the name of Syrian Christians.<sup>1</sup> In course of time their power increased and they elected a king of their own. The dynasty of "Valliar Vattam" which ruled Cranganore, was set up in the 10th Century.<sup>2</sup>

On December 7, 1501, Vasco da Gama arrived in Cochin. The Christians of Cranganore presented him with the royal emblems of their dynasty and accepted the king of Portugal as their protector. The Portuguese rebuilt the town of Cranganore that had been destroyed in a battle between the Zamorin and the Portuguese. The buildings resembled those of European cities. Fr. Vincent Lagos, a Franciscan Friar founded a Latin Seminary for the indigenous Christians in 1541.<sup>3</sup> After a few years, St. Francis Xavier introduced certain reforms in the Seminary and called it after the Apostle St Paul. It was entrusted to the Jesuits. There was another Seminary at Vaippi Cotta some seven miles away from Cranganore, to train candidates for priesthood in the Syrian rite. The latter was afterwards turned into a leper hospital. Within the fortress of Cranganore the majestic towers of a stately Cathedral rose high.

There are several popular legends connected with the place. But the veracity of most of them is questioned. It is said that there was an underground tunnel which connected Cranganore with Paliport and Vaippi Cotta. According to the legend, this was used by the Perumals and later by the Portuguese for the passage of armies. The mouths of some caves are still to be seen. But whether they were only hiding places or underground passages, it is not easy to say.

But the glories of Cranganore are no more. The temple is there and some ruins mark the site of the palace and the fort. A chapel has been lately built in the very vicinity of the fort by His Grace Dr. Joseph Attipetty, the Archbishop of Verapoly. The dissensions among the early Christians, the religious intolerance of the rulers and the attack of Tippu, king of Mysore, account for much of the ruin which overtook Cranganore.

<sup>1</sup> 'Kottayam College Magazine'. 1866

<sup>2</sup> "Land of the Perumals" by Dr. Day.

<sup>3</sup> 'Monograph' by G. T. Mackenzie in the "Travancore State Manual of 1906"

## கன்னியாகுமரி

by: A. Mahalingam, III U. C.

நீர்வளனும் நிலவளனும் உடைத்தாய், சீரும் சிறப்பும் பெற்று இலங்கு கின்ற உலகின் ஒவ்வொரு தேயத்திற்கும் அணிகலனாக விருப்பன ஆங்காங்கு அமையப்பெற்ற அரும்பெரும் நிலப்பகுதிகளே. அதற்கேற்ப இந்திய நாட்டிற்கும் பெரும் புகழ் கொடுக்க வல்லது கன்னியாகுமரி. இப்பதி புண்ணிய ஸ்தலமன்றியும், கண்ணிற்கினிய காட்சியளிக்கும் தன்மைவாய்ந்தது. மேலும் திருவளர்ந்தோங்கும் பாதகண்டத்து சேரநாட்டுத் தென்முனையாகவின் மேலை நாட்டினர் எளிதில் தெரிந்துகொள்ளுதல் இயலும். ஆங்கிலேயர் போன்ற பிறதேயத்தவரே பெரும் பொருட்செலவில், காடும், மலையும், கவின் பெறு நதிகளும் கடந்து கன்னியாகுமரியாகிய தென்முனையை (Cape Comorin) காணவிழைகின்றனர் என்றால் பாரதநாட்டு மகன் எவனும் பாராதிரான் என்றல் மிகையாகாது.

பெயரைக் கேட்ட அளவிலே கன்னி அல்லது இளமையின்பால் நம் எண்ணம் செல்கின்றது. ஆம், அப்பதியின்கண் 'பகவதியம்மன்' என்ற பெயர் புனைந்த தெய்வச்சிலையொன்றுளது. அதன் குனித்த புருவமும் கொல்வையச் செவ்வாயும் கண்ட அளவில் "மணித்தப்பிறவியும் வேண்டுவதே இந்த மானி லத்தே" என்ற தமிழ்ப் பெரியார் வாக்கை நினைக்கின்றோம். கோவில் மிகப் பழமைவாய்ந்தது. பண்டைக்கால தமிழ்நாட்டு மக்களின் சிலைச் சித்திர வல்ல மையைத் தெள்ளத்தெளியக் காட்டுகின்றது. திருவாங்கூர் என்னும் செல்வ நாட்டின் திலகமென இலங்குவது இக்குமரியாகவின் அசாங்கத்தினர் பல திருவிழாக்கள் நடாத்துகின்றனர். முக்கியமாக 'சாஸ்வதி' பூசை அன்றையத்தினம் சுமார் ஐயூறு வகைக்குமேற்பட்ட நறுமணம் கமழும் பன்னிறப் பூக்கள் கொண்டுவரப்படுகின்றன. இயற்கை நூல் வல்லுநர் பலர் அவைகளி னின்று பயன்பெற முயலுவர். ஏனெனின் குறிப்பிட்ட மலர்கள் தனிக் காலத்தில் கிடைத்தல் அருமை. அதுவே அவ்வூர் வளத்தினை விளக்கும்.

கோவில் கடலோரத்தில் அமைந்துள்ளதாகவின் செல்கின்றவர்கள் இன் னலின்றி நிற்பதற்கு வேண்டிய பாதுகாப்புச் சுவர்கள் கட்டப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. மாலைவேளைகளில் அவற்றின்மேலிருந்து பார்ப்பவருக்கு, கீழிருந்து அடிக் கின்ற அலைகளின் துமிகள், "பாற்கடலின் கண்ணுள்ள அமுதம் நம்பால் வருகின்றதோ" எனத் தோன்றும். கோவிலின் முன் பாகத்தில், தீராத பெருநோய்களைத் தீர்க்கவல்ல அரும்பெருந் தீர்த்தங்கள் பெறுகின்றோம். தென்பாகத்தில் கல்மண்டபமொன்று விளங்குகின்றது. அதனினும் இளஞ் சிறுர் குதித்து விளையாடுவர்.

## கன்னியாகுமரி

அப்பால், அழகிய பல வசதிகளும் அமைப்பெற்ற சத்திரம். அங்கு ஆடையின்றி வாதையின் மெலிகின்றவர், உண்ண உணவின்றி வருந்தும் ஏழை மக்கள் இன்னோன்ன பலர் வேண்டுவன இலவசமாகப் பெறலாம். இவற்றை யெல்லாம்விட, பெரும்பயன் அளிப்பதும், அறியாமையை பொழிக்க வல்லதும் ஆகிய நூல் நிலையம் ஒன்றுளது. தமிழ், மலையாளம், இங்கிலீஷ், ஹிந்தி, முதலிய மொழிகளிலுள்ள பெரிய அறிஞர்களின் நல்லுரைகள் பெறுகின்றோம். இந்த ‘விவேகானந்த வாசிப்புச்சாலை’யினால் அறிவடைந்து பெரும்புகழ் பெற்று நன்னிலைபடைந்த பாரதத்தாயின் புதல்வர் பலர்.

கன்னியாகுமரியை அழகுசெய்வனவற்றுள் ஊரின் வடபாகத்தில் அமைந்துள்ள ‘பழத்தோட்டம்’ முக்கியமானது. வாழையிலே ஐம்பது வகையும், மாவிலே நூறு வகையும், பலவித சுவைதரும் காய்கறிகளும், முந்திரி முதலிய கொடிகளும், இயற்கை ஆராய்ச்சிவல்லுனர் வேண்டுகின்ற தாவர வகைகளும் கிடைக்கப்பெறுகின்ற இவ்வழகிய தோட்டத்தைக் காண நேரிடுமானால், ஒரு சுவையும் அற்ற மலைப்பழம் என்ற வாழைக்காயையன்றிப் பிறிதொன்றும் அறியாத திருச்சிராப்பள்ளி நண்பர்கள் வியப்பெய்தாதிரார்.

பழத்தோட்டத்தின் நடுவில் நின்று பார்த்தால் மருந்துவாழ்மலை தென்படும். காவியவாயிலாகவும் அறிஞர்வாயிலாகவும் பெரும் புகழ் எய்தியது. இதன் உயரம் சுமார் ஆயிரம் அடி. உலகின் மற்றைய இடங்களில் கிட்டாத மருந்து வகைகள் இங்கு வளருகின்றமையின் இப்பெயர்பெற்றது. தினமும் திரளான மக்கள் உல்லாசத்தோடு மலையின் உச்சிமீதேறிப் பண்டங்கள் சமைத்து, உண்டு, இயற்கை யன்னையின் எழில் கண்டு, ஆனந்தப்பரவசமெய்துவர். தங்கள் சரீரங்களில் புற்றேறியும் உணராத துறவிகள் வீற்றிருப்பது,

“பற்றுக் பற்றற்றான் பற்றினை யப்பற்றைப்  
பற்றுக் பற்று விடற்கு”,

என்ற தெய்வப்புலவன் திருவாக்கை உணர்த்துகிறது. இன்னும் அஞ்சாதவரும் அஞ்சுகின்ற இருள் நிறைந்த குகைகளும், எவ்விடத்தும் காணப்படாத ‘பிள்ளைத்தடம்’ என்ற அதிசயமும் விளங்குகின்றன. ஆகலின் பெரும்பாலினர் திருவாங்கூர் செல்லுங்காலத்து இச்சிறப்பினைப்பெற்றே திரும்புவர்.

மலையினுச்சியினின்றால் உவரிநீர்ப் பெருங்கடலும் அதனோடு ‘பழையாறு’ என்ற புண்ணியயாறு ஒன்றுசேருவதும், உப்பங்கழிகளில் வேலையாட்கள் பல இன்னிசையியற்றுவதும், பச்சைப்பசேல் என்று நெற்பயிர் காற்றிலே அசைந்து கொண்டிருப்பதும் நோக்கி இன்புறுதற்குரியன.

## கன்னியாகுமரி

மேலும் ‘வட்டக்கோட்டை’ என்ற போர்க்கருவிகள் பல பாதுகாக்கப் பட்டுவருகின்ற இடம் சரித்திரவல்லுனருக்கு மிகுந்த பயன் கொடுக்கின்றது.

கன்னியாகுமரியில் வாழ்கின்ற மக்கள் தமிழர்கள். ஒரு சில பிற மொழியினர் கூடியிருந்தபோதினும் பெரும்பான்மையும் செந்தமிழ்ச் சொற்களன்றி மற்றவை கேட்டலரிது. தமிழணங்கு இன்றும் தன் இளமை மாறாது நடனம் புரிகின்றாள் என்றால் கன்னியாகுமரி போன்ற நாஞ்சி நாட்டுப் பகுதிகளிலே சென்றால் எளிதில் அறிந்துகொள்ளலாம்.

பலர் நெற்பயிர் செய்கின்றார்கள். அரசாங்கத்தினர் பல ஏக்கர் நிலங்களை இலவசமாக அளித்துக் காக்கின்றார்கள். எனினும் பாவர்களே பகுதிக்கு மேற்பட்டவர். ஆதலின் மீன் பிடிக்கும் தொழில் முன்னேறிவருகின்றது. மாளா மகிழ்வுடன் மாக்கலங்களில் அநேக விதமான மீன்களைக்கொண்டு, தமக்குக் கிடைக்கப்போகும் அளவிறந்த ஊதியத்தை எண்ணிக் கரையேறுவர். அவர்களை உற்றார் உறவினர் ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளுந்திறம் காண்டற்பாலது.

கன்னியாகுமரியின் துறைமுகங்கள் கட்டுவதற்கேற்ற இயற்கையமைப்பும், ஆகாய விமானங்கள் வந்திறங்குவதற்கேற்ற நிலப் பரப்புகளும், மேல்நாட்டாரின் மனதைக் கொள்ளை கொள்கின்றன. மேலை நாடுகளுடன் வியாபாரம் செய்யும் வசதி அமைக்கப்பெறுமானால் சென்னைப்பட்டினம், கல்கத்தா முதலிய துறைமுகங்களைவிட இத்திருப்பதி முன்னிலை எய்தும்.

இதனை விடுத்துப் பண்டைகாலத் தமிழ் நூல்கள் கூறுகின்றவாறு தற்போழுது காணப்படுகின்ற கன்னியாகுமரி முனையின் தெற்கே, லமோரியாக் கண்டம் குமரிக்கண்டம் என்பன தமிழ்ப் பெரும் துறைகளாக விளங்கின எனவும் ஆங்கு குமரியாறு வளங்கொண்டோடியதெனவும் பலவாறு பகர்வர். பின்னர் கடல் கொள்ளப்பட்டமையால் தமிழ் நூற்கள் கடலிலே ஆழ்ந்தன. இன்றேல் எண்ணரும் நூற்கள் கற்று இன்புறுதல் இயலும்.

எனவே பல்லாற்றானும் இயற்கை நலஞ்சான்று திருவனார்த்தோங்கும் இந்திய நாட்டின் தென்கோடி எல்லையாய், கடல்வளமும், நிலவளமும் மலைவளமும் ஒருங்கே அமையப்பெற்று இலங்குகின்ற “கன்னியாகுமரியின்” தரிசனம் கிடைக்குமானால் அதுவே நம் வாழ்க்கையின் பேரின்ப மெய்தும் நன்னாளாகும்.

# The Flower and the Leaf

*A Miscellany from Various Contributors*

**W**E ought to say 'flowers' and 'leaves' because great is the variety of specimens in our present collection. Some of them are too big or too bright to be preserved elsewhere in our pages. They must allow themselves to be pruned, give up thoughts of single blessedness and agree to shine in company. There is much virtue in sacrificing individuality for the general good: fragrance should be lent and borrowed. When the rose blendeth its odour with the violet's—we have Keats's authority for it—there is 'solution sweet.'

War contributions this time are surprisingly few. 'Three years of it, and still no end in sight: let's ignore it!' That seems to sum up the attitude to the War of most of our rising literary artists. But quality makes up for loss in quantity. 'Whither?' cries '**Vepa**' (how thinly these inverted commas disguise the well-known author and celebrated 'war-reviewer'!) introducing a commentary on the War, which is too big to be granted separate recognition:

Of all the things said about this War there is none to beat in its patent absurdity the expression "Peoples' War." One could have said so many other things about this War: one could have called it 'The World War,' for surely in its extent it has had no peer; one could have called it the "great" War considering the millions of innocent lives caught up in this conflagration; a prominent British politician called it 'Hitler's War' while Nazi propagandists christened it the "War against Encirclement." All this—one could understand; but one should have had at least the decency to keep the poor people out of it. Good heavens! People's War!

The voice of indignation changes after a while to one of gentle pity and sorrow:

Amidst all the sophistry of our civilisation, we have lost respect for humanity, the love for man as man, which alone can ensure peace in the world. While man's intellect was carrying him into wider and wider fields and opened up new vistas of speculation, the stature of man seemed to go down. It was almost as if man knowing more and more of the universe around him had lost respect for himself.

There are many such brilliant passages of comment and criticism and constructive suggestion. But we say 'au revoir' to '**Vepa**'. And proceed to listen to **P. Surendranatha Menon (IV Hons.)** who with unerring

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finger points out the chief danger facing the educated man in India to-day:

In every cultured mind, a tug-of-war is going on between Science and Superstition, between the power of reasoning and traditional belief.

He is, however, optimistic.

More often the former wins and such has been the end of all fights ever since man came into existence.

But the optimist suddenly turns self-complacent and seems to feel that everything is, after all, as it should be:

But remember that it is from superstitions that Science developed—Man first feared and worshipped the forces of nature, then approached them, modified his beliefs and finally gained control over them. Probably many of the things that we believe to-day may be pushed out from the realm of Science and reason as mere superstitions a million years after. Here nothing is absolute. Science ascends the steps of modification or improvement. Matter is ever changing and so is the study of it—Science!

Here however is **S. Neelakantan, III U. C.**, who refuses to turn superstition into science. He describes a visit to Madras to interview the Public Services Commission. He bungles the interview and so the inevitable happens:

The same night I returned to my native place. Two weeks later I received a letter stating that I had failed in my oral examination. I carefully looked up the address. Unfortunately to my utter disappointment and disgrace I found my full address clearly typed on the envelope!! My father did not feel sorry for he said that my horoscope was not in the 'Sukra Dasa.' My granny said that it was all due to my not observing the omen before I went to Madras. She said that she saw a widow coming before me and said also that she did not like to point it out to me before I went. My mother owns it to be a punishment to her for not breaking coconuts to the god in the local temple. However I know fully well to what my failure was due.

Bravo! Such honesty is refreshing! Equally edifying is the spirit of compromise in which **A. Srinivasan, IV (Hons.)** considers the Minority Problem:

It is proper on our part at this critical time in India to note the acute political differences prevailing between the Indian leaders of the two major communities. The Government of India Act of 1935 recognises the differences between these two communities and if it is to be scrapped and a new government is to come to power it should be the endeavour of every true Indian to see that the rights of every community are fully

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protected by legislative acts and administrative methods. It is easy to attack the idea of separate electorates but it will be disastrous to smother the opportunities of *rapprochement* between the two communities. So any attempt to solve the communal and minority problem by ignoring its existence or the liberty of the Minorities will be a suicidal step which should be avoided at all cost.

What more, really, could be said on the matter? Srinivasan, however, has a few blunt things to utter before feeling quite sure that he has unburdened his mind:

The average Indian is illiterate and politically uneducated. He is too unsophisticated to realise the implications of the vote. Hence the majority have no sanctity in India. The voter in India is carried away by phrases and personalities. He does not exercise his vote in a dispassionate manner and the representatives in their turn do not exercise their vote properly.

He concludes grandly, despite a momentary lapse into journalese:

The principle of separate electorates is conducive to friendship and goodwill between the two communities, which is the *sine qua non* for community (communal peace?) the importance of which from the political point of view can never be overestimated. The protected freedom of the country is conditioned upon the harmony existing between the Hindus and Muslims in India.

That '*sine qua non*' trips up almost every speaker and writer that I know. How cheerfully our publicists walk into the traps set for them by the ancients! Long after we shall have given up the English language and all its works, our dear countrymen will still hug with delight, and roll on their tongues with unction, the old Latin tags: '*sine qua non*' and '*sine die*,' '*mutatis mutandis*' and '*ceteris paribus*' will, I am afraid, remain with us, always! There are, however, less perceptible and more subtle dangers to the unwary user of the English tongue. E. Srinivasan, IV B. Sc. has given his serious thoughts to this subject of the misuse of words. I like the courage and quiet self-confidence with which he holds forth:

The fashion of the day is to talk of 'being bored.' Take the magazines of any educational institution recently published. I am sure you cannot find a single one in which there is not an article on this subject: 'On Boring', 'A Perfect Bore' and 'Boredom'. Probably some one started writing such articles because of the natural urge in one to go after a new subject or on a new track hitherto unexplored. But now everyone thinks that if he does not speak about 'being bored' he is not fit for society! We know of words whose meaning gets wider and wider and if I tell you what 'bore' means to a College student you will think

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me to be fabling. Imagine yourself to be in the Badminton court. Your partner is not pleased with your play. You can hear him saying, 'Why do you bore me?' If you visit Clive's you can just taste what I say. One day I removed the mirror when my friend was combing his hair. To my great astonishment he burst out 'Ay, don't bore me!' Has not this 'boring' itself bored you sufficiently? The day is to be welcomed when 'boring' no more will hold the tongues of civilized people and especially those of the present generation of students.

Then warming to his subject, he continues:

This word reminds me of some other words. Any man who is supposed to know a bit of English should know the meaning of the word, patriotism. But it is really shocking to know what that word has come to mean in some South Indian quarters. The other day I was watching a match between two teams one representing my 'old college' and the other my 'present college.' The players in the former team were known to me and naturally I shouted, to encourage them. The man who was standing by my side remarked that I had no patriotism, meaning thereby that I had no love for my present college.

The remedy for the disease is suggested with commendable crispness by T. A. Antony, II U. C. in an essay on the Mother Tongue:

We must learn for the sake of Learning. We must try to get a thorough knowledge of English and an excellent knowledge of the Vernacular.

Very discriminating is that distinction between 'thorough' and 'excellent' knowledge. Our knowledge of a foreign tongue, even of English can at best be 'thorough' but we should *excel* in our knowledge of the Mother Tongue. Is that right? Beyond the Mother Tongue the eyes of our grave and serious essayist are fixed upon the Motherland. How is she to benefit from all this learning?

When we return to our native places, instead of merely exhibiting our knowledge, we should co-operate with our countrymen and try to improve their condition: There is no job waiting for all the graduates of our University. Some of us will have to lead a quiet life with our countrymen. To them we must not be strangers. To most of us it seems strange and even idiotic to be farmers when we are B. A.'s. But with all the knowledge and culture that we get with our B. A. we must do service to our country and countrymen by doing even farmer's work if that be the work of our countrymen, without trying for the achievement of our selfish happiness only by trying to get a job on a good pay.

V. Lionel William, IV U. C. is not similarly worried by thoughts on the purpose of his University education. His gaze is not on the Far and Distant but on the Here and Now. Next year? Anything may

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happen next year! At the present moment he is concerned with the problem—an acute one, it must be granted—of finding comfortable accommodation in the class-room. He is a back-bencher—and back-benchers have to justify their existence:

It is a pity that the back-benchers are looked down upon with supreme contempt not only by the studious and mediocre students who occupy the first bench, but by the wise Professors also. These people, I am sorry to say, need a dose of logic. All cannot occupy the first few benches: some especially the late-comers, have to find their seats in the back-benches. It is unavoidable. Should all students claim seats in the first benches the result will be jealousy and discontent, chaos and civil war. Even a 35% student (allow me coinage) can realise this. Then, why this unjust prejudice against the back-benchers?

Some self-deluded people can never put themselves in the place of a back-bencher and realize the hardships he suffers for the sake of the front-benchers. Generally the Professor assumes that the pupils in the front-benches are Angels and only the back-benchers are the disturbing elements in the class. More often than not the case is otherwise. The wrongs done to a neighbour by the first benches under the very nose of the Professor are never detected but the small weaknesses such as yawning, sleeping and snoring in the back-benches are magnified into ill-manners and, to go a step further, into crimes punishable by fines and denial of attendance.

A far wider outlook on life is presented by **M. Natarajan, IV Hons.** He writes with high-seriousness on 'Man and this World':

The present-day world is so much occupied with present-day problems of economics and politics, that people have no time to think of their own origin and their relation to this world. Now, these mighty problems of economics and politics are a great Colossus with feet of clay, because they have no strong ethical base.

A few more equally bold strokes of the pen lead to this 'ethical' definition:

So then, a good man is one who does justice where he can and avoids evil where he must. Personally, I do not believe in a sin, liable to be punished after death. I do not believe in the perfect equality of men regarding their intrinsic endowments of the brain.

A comfortable doctrine and much may be said on it! The conclusion follows with swift logic:

So then, the realisation of a vast pity for others is the bed-rock of all ethics. Once an old man said on his death-bed "There is one simple truth in this world: *"Be kind to all"*. Let us all be sincere irrespective of whether our acts are good or bad. Let us not have any ill will against

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anybody. Let no zealous patriotism blind our eyes to the miseries of other people.

It is convenient at this point to appeal to the Comic Muse. **Harry Robert Rajaiah, II U. C.** sends in a few jokes (of his own manufacture no doubt). Here is a sample:

Father:—In my school days I was very weak in History. Now how is my son in History?

Teacher:—Of course history repeats itself.

Such affinity as exists between father and son seems however to be lacking between brothers. At least, so thinks **A. B. Raghavan, IV U. C.** who writes:

No doubt, a brother or a sister serves as a playmate when we are young. I have seen brothers and sisters picking up quarrels and patching up their differences in no time. It gave me great pleasure to have a brother in my childhood though frequently we quarrelled over trifles.

Matters became more serious when they grew up:

The other day my father was paying me five rupees for my monthly expenses (I wish we had been furnished with a list of these!) when, my brother (younger than me by two years) suddenly appeared and bawled out "What is the fun of his getting five rupees while I receive nothing?" I was a student in the B. A. class then, and he was in the V form. I reasoned with him pointing out the differences between us in age and education but he would not hear me. As an elder, I thought I had authority and commanding power which I expected him to obey and I used them freely forgetting the presence of my father who was older than both of us. My father was so much enraged that he snatched the money from me and distributed two rupees to each of us. My father was thus the gainer by one rupee. From that day onwards I desired that nobody should have a brother who stands in the way of the happiness that he alone would enjoy if his brother were not there.

I am reluctant to go on with this tale of fraternal mistrust, to its tragic close. But curiosity must be satisfied. After the brothers get married, their quarrels are ably supported and intensified by their wives who really understand this job much better than their husbands. So comes the inevitable parting:

For years together we did not meet each other. No letters crossed between us. Nobody cared. I hear that my brother is now living in a far-off place with his wife and children. That is all.

I regret the tone of finality in that last sentence. I wish that *were* all!

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To **I. Rathnaswami, III B. Sc.** on the other hand, life is strewn with roses. His feelings therefore must needs be expressed in verse. I do not know whom he is addressing but from the expert information I now have about brothers, I believe the subject of this eulogy cannot be a brother:

How quick your mirthful mien attracts my eyes!  
Yea, in your cheerful cheeks the attraction lies,  
Wherefrom the wreathed smiles do oft arise;  
Your frisky face a fresh-blown rose defies!

Such charm can derive only from a combination of rare gifts:

A dear dove's innocence, a sky-lark's mirth  
A poet's leaping heart on New Year's birth  
Your speech the honey of the unfaded flower  
Would that I could taste it for an endless hour!

But this is an imperfect world. Hence the slight impatience shown in the next line.

Why tangs your tongue so fast without repose?

The secret is out. For, the law of perpetual motion, said Swift, is to be found only in a *woman's* tongue. I am not surprised that the poet's pace becomes after that definitely pedestrian.

A subject less amenable to poetic treatment, the 'A. R. P. Practice Alert,' is courageously handled by **S. Venkatachalam, III B. Sc.** in four stanzas of verse of which this seems to contain the central thought:

A silence that could be felt,  
But for the A. R. P. Wardens' whistling  
A darkness—of which none has dreamt,  
In spite of the thousand stars a-shining.

These poetic effusions confirm the view that our B. Sc. students have more time than the others, for the leisurely occupations. Theirs evidently is 'the poetry of escape'!

From poetry to fantasy, it is not a far cry. **N. Raju, IV Hons.** has a Vision in sleep:

Ah! What a miraculously exuberant effulgence filled the room! I was flabbergasted to see a Lady of magnificent and awe-inspiring appearance—with mountains as her crown, rivers as her ornaments, the ocean as her attire. Mournful was she—her dark tresses flying in the skies and floating round her neck, her keen eyes full of tears and her tongue burning like a red flame of fire.

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We guess from subsequent passages that this high-born dame represents Mother India. Towards the end of her speech she discovers the root of all our troubles:

"First shed your mutual communal distrust. You Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, Parsis, Mussalmans, Christians are all my children, and so must live together. A great calamity hangs over you. A divided nation cannot avert that. If all the four hundred million arms unite together, is there any might in the world which can prevent you from getting your salvation? How long you will see me kept in bondage? I can no more tolerate this thralldom."

This is therefore a Vision only in name. The goddess talks practical politics. Nevertheless it is better to end in the orthodox manner:

So she spoke and vanished from my sight, I woke up and was thrilled. So I stood by my country one morn, and prayed with folded hands: "Accept, Mother, all my love, this I consecrate to Thee."

Let this realistic Vision yield place to genuine fiction. **M. Venkataraman**, the only representative here of the I U. C. tells the story of 'Ramani-Raj.' Ramani is the son of a wealthy iron-merchant, studying in Madras. He is come home for the vacation and is learning to drive a car. An unhappy father and daughter cross his path:

Chandrasekar was knocked down by the vehicle and Rajam received only a slight hurt. There was little hope of recovery for Sekar. Ramani took them to the hospital and though Sekar was treated by the famous doctors of the town, he finally reached heaven. It is needless to describe to the readers the state of mind of Rajam. Her sorrow knew no bounds. She did not know what to do. All the world seemed to her to be in entire darkness. She was now left an orphan. Who was there to take care of her further in this world?

There is of course Ramani. He is an unromantic, business-like young man. And so we don't have to wait long for the expected solution of the riddle:

Now Ramani also was in a fix. He came to know her whereabouts. He assured of her his help. He told her that he would assist her by every possible means. He sincerely felt sorry for his rashness. He humbly requested her to pardon him. He besought her to relieve him from the danger of a police enquiry. When he came to know that she was still unmarried, he promised to marry her himself and to take the responsibility for her happiness:

Very honest and businesslike! There is none of your dripping drooping sentiment about Ramani. The story however continues through two more pages. But so far as we are concerned, Ramani and Raj are happily married and will live happily for ever!

# Books on the Table

## Into Battle.

(Speeches by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill M. P.)—  
Cassel & Co. Ltd. 1941.

'Into Battle' is a collection of all the speeches delivered by Mr Churchill both in and outside the House of Commons, from May 1938 down to November 1940. The speeches are full of timely warnings and grave threats, providing at the same time, a running commentary upon the international situation that was gradually, but surely, deteriorating. The early speeches in this book are reminiscent of those he delivered on National Defence and Foreign Policy from 1932 to 1938. They are also highly critical of the then leadership of the nation. But they turned out to be a mere cry in the wilderness, for Chamberlain's England paid no heed to the violent outbursts of this Cassandra of British politics. But with the danger close upon them and with hardly any time to think of expanding their defences, Mr Churchill, with the astuteness of a great statesman, thought it more useful to dwell upon such elements of strength as they possessed rather than to exhibit their weakness to the world at large.

The book begins with his serious warning on the folly of handing over the Treaty ports to the Irish Free State—a warning supported by very few members of parliament. Future events have shown the wisdom of Churchill's stand and the line of action he wanted to pursue. In his speech on the Munich Agreement soon after its conclusion, Mr Churchill expresses the view that "we have sustained a defeat without a war, the consequences of which will travel far with us along our road" and that "the terrible words have been pronounced against the Western democracies." As First Lord of the Admiralty and later as Prime Minister, his speeches tend to become more official. Still, they do not in any way lack the literary pugilism and dramatic quality of those which he made as the Member for Epping in the House of Commons. But ever since he went to No. 10, Downing Street, he has made some of the best speeches of all time. His speech on the evacuation of Dunkirk, his broadcast address entitled 'the War of the Unknown Warriors', his speech on the fall of France, and above all, his message to the French people spoken on October 21, 1940 wherein he exhorts the French to remember the words

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of Gambetta, uttered after 1870, about the future of France, 'Think of it always; speak of it never,' are all instances in point.

The speeches of this "Great Man in the Great Crisis" constitute a contemporary history of the war, which is as lively as it is authoritative. Mr Randolph Churchill deserves our thanks for having compiled in this book all the recent speeches of his father, one of the greatest Prime Ministers that have ever adorned No. 10, Downing Street.

## Peace with Gangsters?

By George Glasgow—Jonathan Cape

This book, written by a famous writer who has been closely connected with the 'Contemporary Review' for the past two decades, should be read by all those who want a clear appraisal of the world situation both before and after the Munich Pact. Written just before the outbreak of the present war, it pleads for the avoidance of this major European disaster. The revolutions of 1848 were child's play in their general European havoc by contrast with what a major war would produce in Europe now. The author defends Chamberlain's foreign policy which brought "peace with honour" at the time of the Munich Pact. Like the famous Quintus Fabius Maximus, who was surnamed 'Cunctator' (delayer) in the 3rd century B. C., Mr Chamberlain in September 1938 refused battle. He, like the other 'Cunctator' 'saved us from another and bigger blunder.'

In the first part of the book, after examining the cold history of the "firm," just and durable peace handed to Europe by the victorious politicians at Versailles, the author establishes the fact that the true danger of war arises from the traditional habit of using war as a diplomatic method. The remaining parts of the book contain a detailed historical survey of world events from Versailles to Munich. The author shows how Britain blundered in adopting the policy of alienating Germany from her. It was the British and French Allies who, by an almost crazy leadership, gave Herr Hitler his hold over Germany. The author, in conclusion, justifies the Munich Pact by saying that it helped to change one of the traditional methods of conducting international conflict. If war, as Clausewitz defined it, be politics by other means, why should not politics be made to do its business by its own means?

N. N. NATARAJAN, B.A. (Hons.) (V Hons. 1941-2)

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

### Science, Cause and God.

by J. B. Freeman Pp. 210+ x. Ave Maria Press, Chingleput. 1942.  
Price Rs. 5/ or Sh. 7/6.

This new book is a valuable contribution to present day philosophico-scientific thought. In seventeenth century science there occurred a break with the traditions of Aristotelian realism. The conceptual categories of time and space were substituted for those of matter and form. The superb edifice of science was raised independently of the rockbed of reality, and cracks and fissures appeared all too soon. To restore stability to science, to define correctly its goal, to justify its place in human endeavour, and to cure it of its vagaries, many thinkers have felt that a return to the one undying philosophy - to *philosophia perennis* - is necessary. In the West, especially in France, several books have appeared, to prepare this return. *Science, Cause and God* appearing from an Indian press serves the same grand purpose; it presents certain aspects of philosophic thought in a new manner, and is written in a clear, cheery style - just the thing for a scientist who is no professional philosopher.

Students of science need books of this type. Science without philosophy is like life in a world of two dimensions. Facts are telescoped into one another; there is no proper perspective. It is philosophy which gives stereoscopic vision. "Science does not see beyond the tip of its nose in the fog of its ignorance." (page 62.) Scientists must realize that there is a sense in which the whole is often more than the sum of its parts. "Science kills to dissect; but philosophy would rather consider the living whole." (page 147.) *Science, Cause and God* is valuable also to students of philosophy. The rare erudition that has gone to the making of this book may escape notice on a first perusal. Each scientific theory and discovery is truly presented and justly assessed. The dangerous opinions which are fought against are real ones, not imaginary; there is no wasteful hacking of swords against windmills.

One would wish that so good a book had received better treatment from its printers.

M. THEKAEKARA, S.J.

### The Testament of Immortality

an anthology selected and arranged by N. G. with a preface  
by T. S. Eliot. Faber & Faber

These selections in prose and verse from writers all over the world, famous and obscure, old and modern, are the result of the effort made

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by the anonymous N. G. to find comfort after the death of a beloved son, in the written words of the great spirits of every age and clime. The passages are so selected and arranged as to bear witness to the universal belief of mankind in a life after death. The mood and philosophy of N. G. are so clearly behind the choice of authors and passages that the unity of feeling thereby given to the book entitle him, as T. S. Eliot points out in the Preface, to be called the author, not the compiler of this book. For example Wordsworth's lines from the *Prelude* beginning 'Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows like harmony in music', which in their context are definitely not part of a plea for belief in immortality, are here made to serve the author's purpose quite convincingly. Noticeable however is the omission of such an obvious candidate for selection into this company, as Blanco White's famous sonnet *To Night*, ending with the line 'If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?' T. S. Eliot's Preface to the volume not merely 'enhances the value, of this anthology as N. G. acknowledges, but is itself, a valuable essay on anthologies and leaves the reader of it with the conviction that the next best thing to being an author is to become an anthologist. But this is not a book to be read through at one sitting. Appreciation of it depends on many short visits to it and on first getting acquainted with the mood in which these passages have been chosen.

V. LAWRENCE SUNDARAM

### Law of the Constitution.

by A. V. Dicey. Ninth Edition with Introduction and Appendix by  
E. C. S. Wade, London 1939.

The book of Dicey has itself become a classic to be reverently studied and edited by a teacher of constitutional law. While on the one hand the teaching of Dicey has, by moulding the thought of the men on whom the working of the constitution depends, perceptibly affected the working of that constitution, on the other, the march of time and the very working of the conventions which he did so much to reveal to us, have rendered his analysis slightly out of date.

But such books as Dicey's never do become out of date. If they do, it will be a sign that our mad world has become incurably mad. The 'rule of law' has become part of the mental equipment not of lawyers and students of the constitution only, but of all public men all over the world. It was therefore a wise idea to leave the text as Dicey wrote it,

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by now, itself become a landmark in the constitutional history of England with its Whiggism, its insularity, its tone of decision and unhesitating authoritativeness about the sovereignty of Parliament, the superiority of the common law of England to the codes of the continents and its veiled contempt for the *étatisme* of the Prussian and the Frenchman.

But time has altered that. A new school of writers has arisen with broader vision than Dicey's; and new ideas about the competence of the state now prevail. We are, for good and evil, in an era which looks to the administration as the lever of the social life. The 'rule of law' is no longer adequate with its negative emphasis. We require to correct it by the conception of the *Rechtsstaat*. Dicey is the last of the Austinians; he is also the last of the great stalwarts of the common law. Men like Lord Hewart are really holding to the last ditch. The 'new despotism' has become clothed with the respectability of tradition and the trappings of the new learning. The official has come into his own even in England.

The Introduction deals with the new developments. It dilates on the Statute of Westminster and the Empire which has again vindicated the strength of conventions—the Empire of which the bonds have been riveted all the more strongly by the present War. The Appendix contains an exposition of French *Droit Administratif* and the present position of the Crown Law in English law.

It was a wise thing to do to bring up-to-date, a book which has done more than anything else to popularise those ideas of liberty, of which England was the home, and of which today more than ever she stands as the champion.

T. SRINIVASAN.

## College Chronicle

*March 9*—The District Collector, S. K. Chettur, I. C. S., and the Members of the Provincial Recruitment Committee, Dr. Dyson, Sir K. V. Reddi, and Dewan Bahadur Raman addressed a gathering of students in the Lawley Hall on the war situation and on the opportunities now presented for qualified young men to enter the fighting services as commissioned officers. In spite of the general depression caused by the approach of examinations, the Hall was filled by students of both the College and the High School. The distinguished speakers spoke on all the aspects of the war, at a time when there was everywhere the fear of Japanese invasion. Needless to state that the invasion never materialised.

*March 14*—The College closes for the Summer Vacation somewhat earlier because of the panic in Madras about a Japanese invasion. Not even such a formidable threat could bring about the dropping of the examinations in our College. The only advantage of the enemy threat has been the advancing of the closing date and the postponement by a week, of the re-opening date in June. Even the wretched Japanese have their uses.

*April 5*—On Easter Sunday the Catholic Former Pupils met as usual in the Lawley Hall, and this year's meeting was of special significance as the Director of the Association Rev. Fr. Gnanapragasam S.J., was completing his fiftieth year as a member of the Society. The Golden Jubilee of the Director was fittingly celebrated by the Catholic Former Pupils with a congratulatory Address and the presentation of a purse. After the usual items, the Jubilarian delivered a speech of great interest containing many wise saws and ancient anecdotes. Rev. Fr. Gnanapragasam S.J. carries his years with an easy grace and great mental alertness.

*June 25*—After the many alarms sounded during the vacation about the war and invasion, the College reopens with Rev. Fr. Leguen S.J., as Rector, and Rev. Fr. Erhart S.J. as Principal, the former Rector and Principal Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza having been placed in charge of the Loyola College. Rev. Father T. N. Siqueira also has unexpectedly left us to become Rector and Principal of St. Xavier's College, Palamcottah. Faced by the tremendous rush of students to our mofussil College our new Principal displays consummate patience in diverting the applicants to desirable groups. The problem of rejections lasted far into July.

*July 19*—"The Corpus Christi" Festival is celebrated with the usual pomp without the illumination because of the lighting restrictions. The

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Pandals are decorated with great artistic taste and the processionists fill the entire area of the College grounds.

*July 28*—S. K. Chettur Esq., I. C. S. the District Collector delivered the inaugural address to the Literary and Debating Society. The speech was devoted to analysing the causes of wars and of national animosities and was punctuated by the loud acclamations of the audience. Rev. Fr. Leguen S.J., Rector, presided over the meeting.

*July 29*—Though a holiday, a meeting was held by the Sanskrit Samajam with Rev. Fr. Rector in the chair when Justice Varadachariar of the Federal Court spoke on the value of Sanskrit literature.

*August 2*—The members of the College staff arranged an "At Home" to meet Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza S.J. the former Rector and Principal who was on his way to Madura. Mr. P. E. Subramania Iyer, M.A. spoke on behalf of the staff expressing their gratitude for the kindness they had received from him during his term of office. Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza S.J., replied in a speech of great charm and touching effect.

## Sacred Heart Hostel Chronicle

by P. N.

*23rd June 1942*.—College re-opens. Back we are again at the Hostel! Rev. Fr. Vattathara's garden is in full bloom. The original verandah bulbs are replaced by blue ones. We are glad to find that the bugs have made their exit.

*24th June 1942*.—A large rush of students into our hostel this year. Two of our old mates, majestic Packiasamy and good old Mudiappan are given temporary rooms under the museum for not having reserved their rooms in time. Glad to say they have come back.

*6th July 1942*.—We assemble on the terrace to hear the precious words of advice imparted to us by our new Rev. Fr. Rector.

Chandi the mathematician makes the introductory speech and Santi daddy-long-legs the concluding speech accompanied by his characteristic gesticulations.

*9th July 1942*.—Two parrots in iron cages make their appearance. They are hung just in front of the warden's room. They have not taken to public speaking. Let's hope they don't.

*12th July 1942*.—St. Thomas' Day celebrations by the students of Malabar. Mass in the sodality chapel by Rev. Fr. Rector, and social gathering in the evening.

*16th July 1942*.—The C. T. A. Inaugural speech by Rev. Fr. Carty, S.J. Later, election of the C. T. A. secretary. A. J. Francis elected. Rev. Fr. Arulsami, S.J., our new president, has taken the place of Rev. Fr. Siqueira, S.J.

*19th July 1942*.—Corpus Christi procession. Our boys put up a repository in the Mahé grounds. Decorations by Joseph Lourdes and Co. helped by the college artist Mr. James. Thank you, Mr. James!

*26th July 1942*.—His Grace Mar Ivanios, Archbishop of Trivandrum, pays the College a visit. He receives a Jacobite family into the Church. We have the privilege of hearing his Mass said according to the Malankara rite.

*31st July 1942*.—Feast of St. Ignatius Loyola.

## SACRED HEART HOSTEL CHRONICLE

Thanks due to Chinnapan (head cook) for the fine lunch, after which our amateur musicians are in full swing, under the able guidance of Chandi and his flute.

*1st August 1942.*—Our monitor, N. K. Stephanose who has been ill leaves for home. We wish him health and a speedy recovery.

*2nd August 1942.*—Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S.J., visits us. He comes to the Hostel premises, and is greeted with a long and loud ovation.

Later in the day a meeting is held in the Lawley Hall. An address is presented to Rev. Fr. D'Souza. The Father speaks in his usual eloquent and inspiring manner.

*13th August 1942.*—The annual Retreat. Rev. Fr. Hession, S.J., preaches the retreat. He is presented with an address and a spiritual bouquet.

*17th August 1942.*—This day will be remembered for the fine performance of two of our post-graduates, Andrews, for coming first in the Cross-country and Peris who reached the bottle-neck last. Congratulations to both of them.

*21st August 1942.*—Rev. Fr. Bourdot, S.J., our good French professor, passes away at 2 A. M.

The funeral takes place on the evening of the same day.

Conclusion: September examinations are drawing near. Our boys are hard at work.

So Cheerio! for the present and luck to all, in the coming exam.

## Clive's Chronicle

*June 25th*—Re-opening. When Communists and Socialists have not been able to get humanity to the Promised land, how much delighted one should feel to see the all-glittering "Paradise" erected on the ruins of what was once "The Paris Corner" in the hostel?

*July 5th*—Our Union wakes up, after a period of Three Months' slumber, and becomes a hive of activity. The President of the Union is elected, under whom it is expected to make rapid strides of progress during this year.

*July 12th*—Sees the Inaugural Address of our Union delivered by Mr Rajagopala Iyer, Headmaster of Dharapuram. In all sincerity, he reminds us of the fact that "we eat to live; not live to eat" for he really seems to have feared that many of us might take to eating as a profession.

*July 19th*—The first debate is held in our Union, the proposition being "The House welcomes the resolution of the Congress Working Committee," with Mr Hirudayaswamy as the Observer. The proposition is declared carried, amidst cheers.

*July 31st*—A lively Tamil debate is held, the first of its kind. Having got disgusted with the English language and the difficulties in learning it, the majority of the members of the House make their final resolve that Tamil should be the medium of instruction.

*August 5th*—At a meeting held, Mr Thomas Srinivasan gives a lively account of the War and its causes. In all sincerity, he appeals to the students to develop a sense of brotherly feeling and of equality, for are we, students, not the future leaders of our Motherland?

The acute shortage of sugar, in Clive's, is one of the serious consequences of the War. But do you think we can thus be forced into abandoning coffee, because of lack of sugar? We have risen to the occasion and got on merrily with "Karrupatti."

The "Yours sincerely" which can always be seen in the official circular of the General Captain should serve as a lesson to our merciless Executive officials that their official actions too, can have an element of brotherly feeling.

Members this year display an unbounded enthusiasm for the games and tournaments. During the last one month, our members have played

## CLIVE'S CHRONICLE

five matches of which they won four. With the fostering care of our Warden and under the guidance of the General Captain in the field of sports and games, our hostel can rightly hope to grow from strength to strength.

The starting of our Hostel Magazine is the turning point in the annals of Clive's, in as much as the hostel from now onwards emerges into a new era of literary activity. Not a little are our thanks due to our Warden and Rev. Father Pinto for their encouragement and assistance in the new enterprise. The members of the Editorial Board, with a sense of responsibility and a feeling of co-operation, can rightly be expected to make this fresh enterprise a great success.

August 9th—The sad news of the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Nehru and other leaders, comes as a shock.

## Cricket, This Year

AND so to the fourth year. Already in the past two years, our Cricket team narrowly missed the coveted University championship. Nevertheless, whether it won or lost, one can always be proud of its gallant performances; and St. Joseph's has further shown that we have amongst us cricketers worthy to take their place beside more famous names.

This year we have a good side which can certainly be expected to do very well. Most of the team consists of our veterans. Parthasarathy, our ex-captain, has come back and he will be of valuable assistance to the team. Aruldoss, our speed-merchant and stylish bat, is with us again and one can be sure he will repeat his all-round displays. Rai has begun well this season and we expect him to pull the team out of the fire as he has done on many occasions. This year a great share of the work with the leather falls to David as we greatly miss our two veteran slow-bowlers, Srinivasagopalan and Ramakrishnan. Perumal, the new-comer from Bangalore, is an excellent all-rounder and a good asset to the side. Besides these, we have our steady 'gang'—Sathiamoorthy, Gopalan, Venkatraman, Sundaram, not to forget that "Grand old Man" Srinivasan!

Our first match was with the Trichy United Club which ended in a draw. It was a batsmen's day. The United club piled up the big total of 213 runs. David and Perumal bagged three wickets each conceding 55 and 58 runs respectively. Rai, who opened our innings, made a plucky 41, while Perumal contributed a quick 37. We played out-time, our score being 163 for 9 wickets, thanks to some dogged batting by our tail.

The return match with the United Club also resulted in a draw. The Club's score was 194 runs of which D. I. Paul contributed a grand 106. David struck form and bagged 6 wickets for 32 runs, while Rai and Parthasarathy had their share of two wickets each. When we had made 137 for 5 wickets, the stumps were drawn for the day. Rai and Kalyanam played well and topped the fifty mark.

Given more fixtures with outside teams and a slight improvement in fielding on our part, we can confidently look forward to a very successful season, especially in the Inter-Collegiate Tourney.

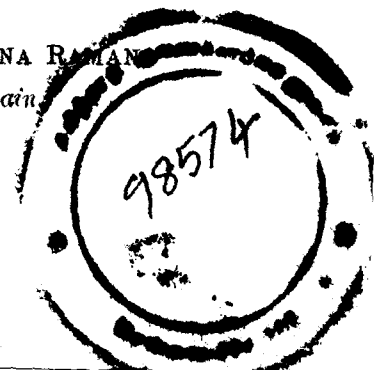
P. V. KALYANA RAMAN

Captain

JL 101

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## U. T. C. Notes

**A**T the commencement of the academic year came the happy news that our contingent had won the Bn. cup for recruits musketry. Our hearty congratulations to them all and particularly to cadets Krishnappa and Kurian who have won the Battalion best shot cup securing one hundred percent.

We are happy to record here that since the last Chronicle several of our ex-cadets who were undergoing training at the Officers' training schools have secured Emergency Commissions and have been posted to different active Battalions. Lt. Kuriakose after an accelerated period of training has joined the Transport branch whilst Capt. Sundaresan is now commanding 'A' company 4th. Supply Bn. R. I. A. S. C. at Trichinopoly. We wish them all good luck.

It is a pleasure to note that four more O. R's. of our contingent (Sgt. Gopinathan Nair, Cpl. K. P. Menon, Cdt. Venkatraman and Cdt. Gopalakrishna Variar) have been recently selected by the Central Interview Board for the grant of Emergency Commissions and will be soon joining the O. T. S. Well done, St. Joseph's!

That the U. T. C. has fully proved its value as a potential source of supply of officers for the various defence services is evident from the encouragement it has recently received at the hands of the Army Head Quarters. The old lower and higher certificates are now replaced by War Certificates 'A' and 'B'. This is a definite advantage, for, holders of such certificates will have shortened courses before being commissioned. This has aroused considerable enthusiasm among the cadets and they have enrolled themselves in large numbers to put in a number of extra hours of training to make them fit to take such exams. shortly. More encouraging than this is the new interest created by the present syllabus. Till now the training was concentrated on the rifle and bayonet. We welcome now the introduction of other infantry weapons such as the L. M. G., A. A. etc. The various subjects such as map-reading, Morse code, field-craft and hygiene are sure to relieve the monotony of foot-drill and rifle exercises. Whilst the cadets ungrudgingly offer to put in extra hours of training, they as students do however look forward to some sort of concession at the hands of the University authorities. We hope that the Madras University which almost unanimously expressed its desire to have compulsory military training for all the under-graduates will surely be

## U. T. C. NOTES

ready to offer concrete encouragement to at least the few that have undertaken intensified military training, particularly in these days of emergency.

With the object of training the cadets for war certificates 2/Lt. Diaz of our Contgt. was one of the officers of our Bn. deputed for a 12 weeks' course at the O. T. S., Mhow. He has now returned and has already commenced the necessary coaching. 2/Lt. Krishnan had 2 months attachment with the Jat Regt. at Madras during last summer. It is hoped that these two officers fresh from training will help considerably in raising the efficiency of our contgt.

—'P. R. S.'

# In Memoriam

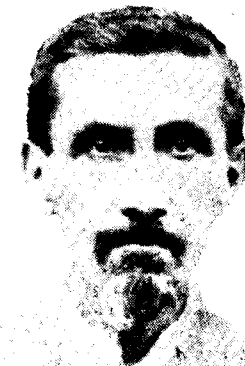
Rev. Father Joseph Bourdot, S.J.

**I**N the early hours of Friday the 21st August, Fr. Bourdot passed away through heart failure following an attack of fainting during the previous afternoon. He died as he had lived, almost unnoticed and without inviting the smallest attention on his behalf. He carried his eight and sixty years with such unconcern and had always been so full of lively cheer and mirth that it would require some effort to accept the fact that he is no more. Death, which came to him while he was in full harness, was one of the frequent subjects of his jests, for it never had any terrors for him. By December of this year he would have completed fifty years of service as a religious of the Society of Jesus—service which even according to worldly standards merit him to be classed among the “angels of charity.”

His life was dedicated to the service of others; labour and service became the spontaneous expression of his good nature. He placed himself at the service of many but would never allow another to minister to him. He delighted to do for himself what another was prepared to do for him. He performed a long round of tasks and duties, some of which were self-imposed, with a breezy cheerfulness. To see him performing any one of the hard and strenuous tasks was an ennobling sight. No task, however arduous, and no drudgery however painful, could prevent his undertaking them for the benefit and convenience of others. We commonly answer a bewildered stranger “go straight and turn left”; Fr. Bourdot would take him to the spot. He was the Good Samaritan in our midst.

He not merely taught his students but drudged for them. He transcribed entire French selections prescribed by the University but not easily obtainable from publishers, for each one of his students. When we marvel at such patience and benignity, he bestowed no thought on these matters which not only appeared but came natural, to him. To his class he carried the whole equipment, including the attendance note-book; he visited the College office to mark the absentees in his own hand. It was impossible to put him under another's obligation.

He loved the laughter and even the chatter of youths whom he kept in roars by his breezy conversation. In his good-natured banter he spared neither himself nor his hearers. Sometimes his jesting words



The Late Rev. Fr. Joseph Bourdot, S.J.  
(1874—1942)



The Late G. Vaidyanatha Iyer, BA., L.T.  
(1879—1942)

## IN MEMORIAM

conveyed serious admonitions. To the small boys he distributed sweets and smiles lavishly and was often followed by crowds of them from the High School. For his own students, he had a special and lasting affection. He greeted each in tones and terms of endearment. He would introduce his "Old Boys" in mock solemnity as having "sat under my feet". Few there are who have known him and have not been embarrassed by his condescension and touching kindness. One had only to express a wish to get certain references from the news-paper files. Living, as he did, in the midst of files and books, he would spend hours and sometimes days in hunting up these references which were duly blue-pencilled. He would carry a load of files and books to the person who desired them rendering him speechless with confusion. He would stand no thanks for all the immense trouble. On the contrary he would shower on himself resounding compliments which revealed the true nature of his soul—the utter absence of self.

Much of his work was done behind the scenes in more than one sense. He was for long in charge of the Stage but was never in the lime-light. One of the very last acts of the late Fr. Bourdot was to attend to certain repairs in the Stage for which he came to the Library to meet the carpenters working there on the morning of the last day of his life. His work was chiefly before and after a performance involving sometimes wrestling in solitude with the heavy articles left on the Stage. In the green-room and in the store-room for costumes, he often buried himself conjuring cosmos out of the chaos created after a performance. The decoration of the Lawley Hall for every function, was carried out by himself, alone, with unfailing promptitude: the process of removing the adornment was performed sometimes from the early hours of the dawn before the school hours. In this as in most activities of his life he studiously avoided the gaze of men, for he intended his works only for that of his Master Whom he served so long, so faithfully and with such humility of spirit. R. I. P.

A. H.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IN MEMORIAM

### The Late G. Vaidyanatha Iyer

G. Vaidyanatha Iyer died on the 13th June after a sudden heart-attack. He had just returned home from Lalgudi where he had gone to meet one of his many pupils. During the last year he had often been urged to rest from his labours but he had made up his mind to go on working till the end; for, being a born teacher he loved teaching for its own sake. He entered the Staff of our High School in 1897 and in March 1939 he retired as Tutor from the College Staff. There was a break in his service, of ten years which he spent in Ceylon where he acquired a name as an educationist.

Those who knew him intimately can never erase from their memories his full-grown figure, his kindly face always lighted by the gleams of an other-worldly happiness, the smiles and large embrace with which he recognised and greeted almost everyone in these streets round the Rock and Teppakulam, where he had been among the most familiar faces for forty years, the hearty carefree tone of his rich voice and the utterly unassuming childlike simplicity of his ways! His thoughts and interests were bound up with, and indistinguishable from, those of teachers and students all over the Presidency. He loved his own students and colleagues as a father and a friend but he loved the Teacher and the Student wherever they were to be found. He hated all narrow loyalties and the mere competitive instinct that poisons educational relationships. Every Headmaster in the Southern half of this Presidency owed something to his incredible zeal for the correct writing and speaking of English. Almost every student in our High Schools was, indirectly at least, a beneficiary of the numerous leaflets and pamphlets on good English, that he composed and broadcast without one thought of personal gain.

But his interests were not confined to English. Under the late Mahamahopadyaya Srinivasachariar, the Sanskrit Pundit in the College for thirty years, he learnt, and afterwards became proficient in Sanskrit. He was a student and teacher of French and was the sure refuge of all the 'bad cases' in our French classes. He coached students in Latin for the Cambridge Examinations and he was the obvious guide to all parents who wanted someone to plan for them the education of their children.

Nearly every important person in Trichy and hosts of others all over the country he could count among his old boys; and there is not one among them who did not have for him the deepest respect and the most

## IN MEMORIAM

personal affection. It was a delight to listen to the stories he used to tell—every time a fresh one—of his old teachers, colleagues and students. In his narrations he invested the history of St. Joseph's with the charm of an old-world romance and filled his hearers with enthusiastic devotion to *Alma Mater*. How many bright pages of pleasing and edifying anecdote, we had hoped to get him to write in the commemoration volume of the First Centenary of St. Joseph's, due barely two years from now! How well he would, at home among the oldest old boys and yet their best interpreter to the present generation, lay bare all his rich store of experience!

But only those who knew him as friend and neighbour can rightly value him. He belonged to a band of students of St. Joseph's who in the eighteen-nineties came under the influence of Father Billard, Professor of English in the College, and were received by him into the Catholic Church. From a worldly point of view, these young men had everything to lose by their conversion: the affection of their families, their place in social life, the confidence and respect of those dearest to them. They had to put up with much misunderstanding of their motives, with insults even, and the lingering hostility of kith and kin. Precious were G. V. Iyer's memories of those days, his humble recalling of his fortitude and perseverance in his convictions, his charity towards all those who were the cause of much suffering to him but whose love and admiration he recovered and retained till his dying day. These qualities showed the man he was, uncompromising in his faith but fair and just to everyone. His humble profession of his faith was shown best in his love of the poor. The number of those who received alms from him can be known only in Heaven, but well-known was the sight of him in his home or in the streets surrounded by the needy, giving away really the last pie he had with him. Three hours before he died he was seen emptying his purse among a crowd of beggars in the street leading to his house. In his own life he literally followed the Sermon on the Mount and took no thought of the morrow. The hundred anxieties and fears that beset husbands and fathers did not disturb his peace of mind even for one instant. Care never wrinkled his brow. Many were his domestic problems but somehow they got solved. Always unruffled in temper, and equable in mind, ever hoping for the best but fearless of the worst, it sometimes seemed as if he had walked out of an impossible world of fiction. He awed everyone by his unshakable faith in the goodness of Providence and in his presence, others were shown up to themselves as light half-believers in a casual creed. To have known

## IN MEMORIAM

him and shared in his heart's affection, to have found soul's nourishment in the strong faith and hope of his clear spirit, has been a rare blessing to the writer of these lines of humble tribute to his dear memory.

V. LAWRENCE SUNDARAM.

### Rao Sahib K. V. Srinivasa Ayengar

We regret to record the death of Rao Sahib K. V. Srinivasa Ayengar, B.A.L.T. After serving as Professor of Mathematics at St. Joseph's, he joined the Provincial Civil Service in 1897 as a Deputy Collector in the Madras Presidency. He served the Government in various capacities in the Presidency and was noted for his independence, erudition, and charity. He retired from service in 1925. He died suddenly of heart-failure at Tanjore on the 12th instant, leaving behind his only daughter, and three sons—Major Swamy, I.M.S. Mr Krishnaswamy, Controller of Naval Accounts, Bombay, and Mr K. S. V. Raman, in the Indian Civil Service, to all of whom we offer our sincere condolences.

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**S. Sethumadhavan**, son of N. Srinivasa Rao, Agricultural Demonstrator, Gobichettipalayam, died on May 11th 1942. A quiet, well-behaved student he had just passed his Intermediate and was enjoying his holidays when he was accidentally drowned in the Cauvery at Kollegal.

**B. Lakshminarayanan**, son of L. Balakrishna Iyer, Veterinary Surgeon, Tiruvarur, was residing in the New Hostel for a few days only when he was taken ill with fever and left for home. The shock was great when we heard that he had died of typhoid. He was in the Vth Hons. Maths.—a young man full of promise, whose death is a grievous loss to his parents and friends.

We tender the bereaved parents our sincere sympathy in their sorrow.

## The Fr. Steenkiste Memorial Fund

The College authorities have been approached by several grateful Old Boys who are anxious that a permanent memorial should be started in the College in the form of a prize, or a medal, or both, to keep alive among the students the revered memory of the late Fr. J. Steenkiste S.J. I heartily associate myself with so laudable a proposal as it is meant to do honour to one whose prodigious effacement of self and unbounded concern for others were so striking as to become a byword. I feel sure that many of his old students will feel eager to co-operate in thus honouring their late revered Professor. A minimum of Rs. 300 would be required to found a prize, while, with Rs. 500, it would be possible to institute a medal for the Honours, and a prize for the Pass, Economics and Politics Courses. Both have been provisionally offered for this year, but the fund should be constituted without delay in order to start the permanent memorial from next year onward. An early and generous response will be gratefully received.

The contributions to the Father Steenkiste Memorial Fund may kindly be addressed to:—

The Principal, St. Joseph's College, Teppakulam P. O.

*P. Carty, S.J.*

# The Father Leigh Endowment

SOME time after the transfer from St. Joseph's College of Rev. Fr. C. Leigh, S.J., for many years Principal and Professor of English, a group of his friends and admirers, wishing to commemorate his long service to the College, in particular his very successful teaching of Shakespeare, endowed a prize to be known as **The Father Leigh Shakespeare Prize**. It will be awarded to the student of the IV U. Class, who secures the highest marks in Shakespeare in the University Examination. The following gentlemen have felt it a privilege to contribute to the fund which began with a sum of:—

|                            |     |     |         |
|----------------------------|-----|-----|---------|
| Dr Mathuram, Puthur        | ... | ... | Rs. 150 |
| Mr Swami Desikachari       | ... | ... | " 100   |
| Mr M. Natesa Mudaliar      | ... | ... | " 10    |
| Mr K. Chinnaswami Aiyar    | ... | ... | " 30    |
| Mr V. Lawrence Sundaram    | ... | ... | " 25    |
| Captain V. Sundaresan      | ... | ... | " 25    |
| Mr K. Krishnaswami Iyengar | ... | ... | " 15    |
| Mr V. Gopala Iyengar       | ... | ... | " 10    |
| Mr K. Swaminathan          | ... | ... | " 10    |
|                            |     |     | Rs. 400 |

Further donations to this Fund will be gratefully received by the Principal.

# University Results, March 1942

|                                                  | Sent up | I  | II | III | Total | Percentage |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------|----|----|-----|-------|------------|
| M. A. Br. I. Mathematics                         | 3       | 2  | —  | 1   | 3     | 100        |
| M. A. Br. IV. Economics & Politics               | 1       | —  | 1  | —   | 1     | 100        |
| Total                                            | 4       | 2  | 1  | 1   | 4     | 100        |
| B. A. (Hons.), Br. I. Mathematics                | 15      | 4  | 5  | 5   | 14    | 93         |
| Br. IV Economics                                 | 19      | 4  | 11 | 4   | 19    | 100        |
| Total                                            | 34      | 8  | 16 | 9   | 33    | 97         |
| B. Sc. (Hons.), Part II.<br>Br. II. Physics Main | 16      | 5  | 8  | 1   | 14    | 88         |
| „ Subsidiary<br>Maths. Subs.                     | 11      | —  | —  | —   | 11    | 100        |
| Chem. Subs.                                      | 3       | —  | —  | —   | 3     | 100        |
| Total                                            | 14      | —  | —  | —   | 14    | 100        |
| B. Sc. (Hons.), Part I.                          | 13      | —  | —  | —   | 13    | 100        |
| B. A. (Hons.), Preliminary                       | 71      | —  | —  | —   | 58    | 82         |
| B. Sc., Part I.                                  | 110     | —  | —  | —   | 76    | 69         |
| Total                                            | 194     | —  | —  | —   | 147   | 76         |
| B. Sc., Part II.                                 |         |    |    |     |       |            |
| Physics Main                                     |         |    |    |     |       |            |
| Mathematics & Chemistry                          | 46      | 10 | 17 | 13  | 40    | 87         |
| Chemistry Main                                   |         |    |    |     |       |            |
| Physics & Mathematics                            | 22      | 7  | 11 | 3   | 21    | 95         |
| Physics & Botany                                 | 24      | 2  | 12 | 8   | 22    | 92         |
| Total                                            | 92      | 19 | 40 | 24  | 83    | 90         |

UNIVERSITY RESULTS, MARCH 1942

|                                           | Sent up | I | II | III | Total | Percentage |
|-------------------------------------------|---------|---|----|-----|-------|------------|
| B. A. Degree, Part I. English ...         | 118     | — | 4  | 84  | 88    | 75         |
| Part II. Second Language                  |         |   |    |     |       |            |
| Tamil ...                                 | 82      | — | 21 | 54  | 75    | 92         |
| Malayalam ...                             | 14      | — | 1  | 11  | 12    | 86         |
| Sanskrit ...                              | 25      | — | 2  | 20  | 22    | 88         |
| French ...                                | 4       | — | 1  | 2   | 3     | 75         |
| Latin ...                                 | 2       | — | 1  | 1   | 2     | 100        |
| Total ...                                 | 127     | — | 26 | 88  | 114   | 90         |
| Part III. Optional Subjects               |         |   |    |     |       |            |
| Group (i-b) Mathematics ...               | 24      | 3 | 4  | 10  | 17    | 71         |
| Group (ii-b) Physics Main Chem. Subs. ... | 2       | — | —  | 2   | 2     | 100        |
| Maths. Subs. ...                          | 12      | — | 3  | 6   | 9     | 75         |
| Total ...                                 | 14      | — | 3  | 8   | 11    | 79         |
| Group (ii-c) Chem. Main Physics Subs. ... | 18      | — | 6  | 8   | 14    | 78         |
| Botany Subs. ...                          | —       | — | —  | —   | —     | —          |
| Total ...                                 | 18      | — | 6  | 8   | 14    | 78         |
| Group (ii-d) Botany Main ...              | 17      | 3 | 4  | 8   | 15    | 89         |
| Group (iv-b) Economics ...                | 46      | — | —  | 34  | 34    | 74         |
| Total ...                                 | 119     | 6 | 17 | 68  | 91    | 76         |

Full B. A.'s

|                             | Sent up in all Parts. | Full B. A.'s. |     |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|---------------|-----|
| Group (i-b) Mathematics ... | 20                    | 12            |     |
| " (ii-b) Physics ...        | 14                    | 11            |     |
| " (ii-c) Chemistry ...      | 16                    | 9             |     |
| " (ii-d) Botany ...         | 14                    | 10            |     |
| " (iv-b) Economics ...      | 44                    | 24            |     |
| Total ...                   | 108                   | 66            | 61% |

UNIVERSITY RESULTS, MARCH 1942

Intermediate

Complete Passes

| SUBJECT                               | Sent up | I   | II  | Total | P. C. |
|---------------------------------------|---------|-----|-----|-------|-------|
| Mathematics, Physics & Chemistry ...  | 160     | 85  | 43  | 128   | 80    |
| Nat. Science, Physics & Chemistry ... | 48      | 10  | 16  | 26    | 54    |
| Anc. Hist., Mod. Hist. & Logic ...    | 81      | 5   | 41  | 46    | 57    |
| Total ...                             | 289     | 100 | 100 | 200   | 69    |

Partial Passes

| PARTS            | Math. Phys. Chem. | Nat. Sc. Phys. Chem. | Anc. H. Mod. H. Logic | Total |
|------------------|-------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|-------|
| PART I only ...  | 3                 | —                    | 1                     | 4     |
| II only ...      | 5                 | 13                   | 16                    | 34    |
| III only ...     | 1                 | —                    | 1                     | 2     |
| PARTS I & II ... | 13                | 6                    | 10                    | 29    |
| I & III ...      | 2                 | —                    | —                     | 2     |
| II & III ...     | 6                 | 2                    | 4                     | 12    |

Total Passes

| SUBJECTS                                    | Sent up | Passed | P. C. |
|---------------------------------------------|---------|--------|-------|
| English ...                                 | 289     | 235    | 81    |
| Tamil ...                                   | 156     | 153    | 98    |
| Sanskrit ...                                | 70      | 70     | 100   |
| Malayalam ...                               | 26      | 25     | 96    |
| French ...                                  | 32      | 22     | 69    |
| Latin ...                                   | 4       | 3      | 75    |
| Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry ...     | 160     | 129    | 81    |
| Natural Science, Physics, and Chemistry ... | 48      | 26     | 54    |
| Ancient Hist., Modern Hist. and Logic ...   | 81      | 46     | 57    |

# University Ranks

## M. A.

### BRANCH I—*Mathematics*

|                |               |     |                       |
|----------------|---------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Ramesan N.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 2nd in the Presidency |
| Krishnan P. R. | ... (I Class) | ... | 6th "                 |

### BRANCH IV—*Economics*

|                 |                |     |                        |
|-----------------|----------------|-----|------------------------|
| Subrahmanyam V. | ... (II Class) | ... | 26th in the Presidency |
|-----------------|----------------|-----|------------------------|

## B. A. Honours

### BRANCH I—*Mathematics*

|                         |               |     |                       |
|-------------------------|---------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Abdur Rahiman P. V.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 4th in the Presidency |
| Pranatharthiharan T. G. | ... (I Class) | ... | 5th "                 |
| Balasubrahmanyam S.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 6th "                 |
| John K. X.              | ... (I Class) | ... | 11th "                |

### BRANCH IV—*Economics*

|                 |               |     |                       |
|-----------------|---------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Ramachandran S. | ... (I Class) | ... | 4th in the Presidency |
| Devassy N. P.   | ... (I Class) | ... | 6th "                 |
| Natarajan N. N. | ... (I Class) | ... | 6th "                 |
| Joseph S. C.    | ... (I Class) | ... | 11th "                |

## B. Sc. Honours

### BRANCH II—*Physics Main*

|                        |               |     |                       |
|------------------------|---------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Ramachandran G. N.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 1st in the Presidency |
| Ramachandra Bhat M.    | ... (I Class) | ... | 4th "                 |
| Bhuthalinga Iyer P. N. | ... (I Class) | ... | 6th "                 |
| Krishnamurthy P.       | ... (I Class) | ... | 7th "                 |
| Rahimatullah S. A.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 8th "                 |

## B. Sc.

### *Physics—Main*

|                        |               |     |                       |
|------------------------|---------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Subrahmanyam M. V.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 3rd in the Presidency |
| Narasimhan T. R.       | ... (I Class) | ... | 4th "                 |
| Krishnamurthi K.       | ... (I Class) | ... | 10th "                |
| Natarajan K.           | ... (I Class) | ... | 11th "                |
| Kalyanaraman T. M.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 13th "                |
| Nilakanta Iyer P. R.   | ... (I Class) | ... | 14th "                |
| Krishnamurthi G.       | ... (I Class) | ... | 16th "                |
| Minakshisundaram P. S. | ... (I Class) | ... | 21st "                |
| Parthasarathi P. R.    | ... (I Class) | ... | 26th "                |
| Swaminathan R.         | ... (I Class) | ... | 26th "                |

## UNIVERSITY RANKS

### *Chemistry—Main*

|                     |               |     |                       |
|---------------------|---------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Subrahmanyam G.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 4th in the Presidency |
| Jayaraman R.        | ... (I Class) | ... | 6th "                 |
| Umamaheswaran A.    | ... (I Class) | ... | 9th "                 |
| Devassy C. J.       | ... (I Class) | ... | 11th "                |
| Lonappan, V. K.     | ... (I Class) | ... | 13th "                |
| Devarajan, K.       | ... (I Class) | ... | 14th "                |
| Visvanathan, M. S.  | ... (I Class) | ... | 16th "                |
| Ramaswami, K.       | ... (I Class) | ... | 21st "                |
| Balakrishnan, P. V. | ... (I Class) | ... | 23rd "                |

## B. A.

### PART—I

#### *English*

|                 |                |     |                       |
|-----------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Paul Kunnunkal  | ... (II Class) | ... | 2nd in the Presidency |
| Stephen B. Diaz | ... (II Class) | ... | 25th "                |
| Rajah, K.       | ... (II Class) | ... | 25th "                |
| Cherian, P. J.  | ... (II Class) | ... | 25th "                |

### PART—II

#### *Tamil*

|                  |                |     |                       |
|------------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Subrahmanyam, G. | ... (II Class) | ... | 5th in the Presidency |
|------------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|

#### *Malayalam*

|                |                |     |                        |
|----------------|----------------|-----|------------------------|
| Cherian, P. J. | ... (II Class) | ... | 15th in the Presidency |
|----------------|----------------|-----|------------------------|

#### *Sanskrit*

|                |                |     |                       |
|----------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Ramanathan, S. | ... (II Class) | ... | 9th in the Presidency |
|----------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|

#### *French*

|                 |                |     |                        |
|-----------------|----------------|-----|------------------------|
| Stephen B. Diaz | ... (II Class) | ... | 16th in the Presidency |
|-----------------|----------------|-----|------------------------|

#### *Latin*

|                |                |     |                       |
|----------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|
| Paul Kunnunkal | ... (II Class) | ... | 1st in the Presidency |
|----------------|----------------|-----|-----------------------|

### PART—III

#### GROUP (i-b) *Mathematics*

|             |               |     |                        |
|-------------|---------------|-----|------------------------|
| Gopalan, V. | ... (I Class) | ... | 38th in the Presidency |
|-------------|---------------|-----|------------------------|

UNIVERSITY RANKS

|                                 |                |     |                         |   |
|---------------------------------|----------------|-----|-------------------------|---|
| GROUP (ii-b) <i>Physics</i>     |                |     |                         |   |
| Ramamurthi, G.                  | ... (II Class) | ... | } 6th in the Presidency |   |
| Ramaswami, R.                   | ... (II Class) | ... |                         |   |
| GROUP (ii-c) <i>Chemistry</i>   |                |     |                         |   |
| Ramanathan, S.                  | ... (II Class) | ... | 1st in the Presidency   |   |
| GROUP (ii-d) <i>Botany</i>      |                |     |                         |   |
| Jossey, T. G.                   | ... (I Class)  | ... | 1st in the Presidency   |   |
| Parthasarathi, L. M.            | ... (I Class)  | ... | 3rd                     | " |
| Ganapathi, M.                   | ... (I Class)  | ... | 5th                     | " |
| <b>Intermediate Examination</b> |                |     |                         |   |
| Sundaram, K.                    | ... (I Class)  | ... | 5th in the Presidency   |   |
| Kandaswami, A.                  | ... (I Class)  | ... | 6th                     | " |
| Arunachalam, V.                 | ... (I Class)  | ... | 18th                    | " |
| Chellam, S.                     | ... (I Class)  | ... | 21st                    | " |

New Hostel Calling

by 'Vepa'

REETINGS to all our listeners wherever they may be; and this is Vepa saying from New Hostels: 'Hullo everybody and may the new year bring you pots of luck!'

Special word of welcome is due to the freshers who, this year, are quite an unusually big crowd. Apart from this fact it was difficult for even the seniors to adjust themselves, many famous land-marks having disappeared. No longer does the Holy Cross channel cut across our grounds but sneaks away behind the Hostel. The Siqueira Bridge too has been taken away so that we are left with nothing but rolling plains. To many this change was a relief, but to the more artistic who had always enjoyed this small bit of natural scenery, it was a hard blow, not to talk of the privileged few who had had their holy dips in it.

Another was the fact that we had a new Warden. It has almost become a tradition that we should have a new warden every year—which I fear is not very conducive to the building up of good traditions. But Fr. Rapinat, who is now for us 'in loco parentis' is no new comer; to many of our naturalists in the class-room and tennis stars on the ground he is a very familiar figure. And so it was with pleasure that we welcomed him into our midst.

Nor did this change of a head mean anything to the normal life of the hostel. Fortunately for us, the traditions of this hostel have been set on such a firm basis that nobody dreams of going against them. And foremost among them is the fact that the members of this hostel are closely associated with its administration; so it was no surprise for anybody when the announcement was made that the elections to responsible positions in the hostel Cabinet would be held. But the elections themselves were a tame affair. Excepting for the vegetarian mess delegateship, the voting was unanimous—which is not to mean that we do not take interest in these activities but rather that our confidence in our representatives is unshaken.

And so to our usual feature—the Personality Parade! Many boys who have been with us for years go away and one believes that the

## NEW HOSTEL CALLING

hostel can never be the same place again. But the new year brings in new people, new faces and new conversation and so one slowly whispers to oneself that after all it is not so bad as one had feared. And specially in a hostel like this there is no dearth of engaging people.

What if a gassy goes? A Corporal Nair who on the second day was grinning at everybody—and everybody was grinning back at him—comes in. There is not one department of hostel life into which Nair does not poke his shiny nose but well, nobody minds it. In addition to his job as Minister for Protection of Minorities he has been entrusted with another important war portfolio—Minister for gas warfare (owing to some physiological feats in which he was indulging in the mess). And it must be added in fairness to him that he has been discharging very efficiently—his duties. Recently we had the painful ordeal of what Nair called 'singing'; and with a bit of luck take a bet he would be leading next year our Bath room melody concert singers!—Bravo, Corporal.

Daniel is literally and physically the dark horse of the hostel. He suddenly landed in the hostel one day apparently from nowhere and nobody would be surprised if he one day flopped away to whence he came.

Pad is our Sec. this year for the Union. And so these days he is a busy little bee running about with table cloths and order bells. In his cloistered little room he always dreams of things to come, of the day when he would take a little more to this unprofitable and heart-breaking process of mugging.

"Reuters stands for truth and reliability", we are told; so does Kailasam—any way that is his claim. If you have not seen a news hound sniffing the very air trying to dish up fascinating material, you do not know Kailasam. An hour's talk with him would make you believe that there are more things in heaven and on earth than are taught in our prayer books.

Ramiah is no new comer; an artist by nature, a soldier by profession he has once more strayed into academic fields. There are few conversationalists half as engaging, few comedians half as humorous and few actors half as serious as Ramiah. With a Colman streak of hair on his face, he is a sport for anything and that makes him quite a figure.

Intellectuals are always hard to be replaced, especially if one is of the calibre of G. N.; but we have a possible substitute in Sampath who

## NEW HOSTEL CALLING

comes to us with the rather proud distinction of topping the University list last year.

The year opened with an atmosphere of gloom, what with prices rising everyday and hitting hard at the meagre purses of the poor students. The cost of those surgical instruments called blades went up so high that there was actually a talk of starting an Anti-Shaving League with Daniel and Elias as patrons. It is to be hoped that the efforts of those two high minded souls will meet with the success they deserve.

But this has not deterred many of our boys from entering into the state of wedded glory. 'Shakespeare' started the whole business with Pattabi following him and Krishnamoorthy too. A sweet photograph in the *Hindu* gave us the news that Gassy too had decided to relinquish his state of single blessedness. Soon saffron coloured letters made their appearance in C. C's room and suspicions were confirmed when he announced his decision to join the lucky gang. Numerous letters have poured into our office asking us to account for this phenomenal increase in holy wedlocks, we appealed to our psychological expert from whose learned thesis we give one extract: "The unsettled state of the human mind and the constant fluctuations it causes in international affairs has given rise in certain people to a special type of malady whose only cure is wedlock. Anyway to all these newly-weds, we give our wishes for all joy and happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

About a month back, one of our look-out posts gave us the signal of 'fire' in the direction of the Blue House. And soon our bombers and fighters were off to aid the stricken people and help to put out the fire. They did a magnificent job, toiling there for nearly three hours, long before the lumbering engines of the A. R. P. could come upon the scene. By their heroic service that day they have proved that we here are not mere talkers—but hard workers if it comes to that.

\* \* \* \* \*

But darker days were to follow, for with the rest of the country we were deeply moved by the arrests of the Congress leaders and the premature death of that doyen of Indian journalists—M. D. To the regular readers of his paper *Harijan* it was almost a personal blow, the magnitude of which cannot be estimated in ordinary terms. A special meeting of the Union was called to pass a condolence resolution and a solemn silence was observed to do honour to one of the India's best soldiers.

## NEW HOSTEL CALLING

The hostel Union had quite a busy time this term with a number of meetings and other activities. Dr. Rajan delivered the 'inaugural' but quite the star debate was when Safdar Hussain moved that 'marriage is a curse', with Gassy opposing him. Needless to say that Gassy won by an overwhelming majority. Bharati Day was celebrated on September 11th when a singing competition for all the hostels was held.

Here the chronicle closes for a while. Our next issue will be ready by March 1943, Trichy Summer Time.

[We hope so: for this Chronicle has had to be greatly curtailed because it was handed in when the printing of the Magazine was nearly over.—ED.]

# Additions to the College Library

## English Section

### Grammar and Rhetoric

|                      |                                                        |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| Brander              | Primer of Rhetoric and Prosody.                        |
| Brewster             | The Writing of English.                                |
| Compton              | Spoken English.                                        |
| Cousin               | A Short Biographical Dictionary of English Literature. |
| Dixon                | English Idioms.                                        |
| "                    | Dictionary of Idiomatic English Phrases.               |
| Forsyth              | The Practical Elocutionist.                            |
| Grout                | Standard English.                                      |
| Hannum               | Speak! Read! Write!                                    |
| Jagger               | English in the Future.                                 |
| Jerome etc.          | The Standard Comic Reciter.                            |
| Martin               | College Composition.                                   |
| Nicklin              | The Sounds of Standard English.                        |
| Pocock               | Brush up your Manners.                                 |
| Walmsley             | A Modern English Course for Schools.                   |
| Weseen               | Words Confused and Misused.                            |
| Whitten and Whitaker | Good and Bad English.                                  |
| Wicks                | Public Speaking. Do's and Dont's.                      |
| Williamson           | Can you write Magazine Stories?                        |
|                      | Better Letters, 5 Copies.                              |
|                      | Speeches and Toasts and The Chairman's Guide.          |
|                      | The Standard Elocutionist.                             |

### Biography and Criticism

|                |                                              |
|----------------|----------------------------------------------|
| Abercrombie    | An Essay towards a Theory of Art.            |
| "              | Poetry: Its Music and Meaning.               |
| "              | The Theory of Poetry.                        |
| Aristotle      | Art of Poetry.                               |
| Askwith        | Keats.                                       |
| Bailey         | Introduction to Jane Austen.                 |
| Croce          | Aesthetics.                                  |
| De La Mare     | Pleasures and Speculations.                  |
| Dyson and Butt | Augustans and Romantics.                     |
| Garrod         | The Profession of Poetry and other Lectures. |

## ADDITIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

|                            |                                                             |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| Gilby                      | Poetic Experience.                                          |
| Goffin                     | More Short Biographies, 2 Copies.                           |
| Groom                      | On the Diction of Tennyson, Browning and Arnold.            |
| Ifor Evans                 | Tradition and Romanticism.                                  |
| Macneice                   | The Poetry of W. B. Yeats.                                  |
| Marriott                   | English History in English Fiction.                         |
| McCarron                   | Realization: A Philosophy of Poetry.                        |
| Milford (Clarendon Series) | R. Browning: Poetry and Prose.                              |
| Nitze                      | Arthurian Romance and Modern Poetry and Music.              |
| Parker                     | Milton's Debt to Greek Tragedy in <i>Samson Agonistes</i> . |
| Richards I. A.             | A Study of Literary Judgment.                               |
| "                          | Science and Poetry.                                         |
| Rylands, F.                | Words and Poetry.                                           |
| Sewell                     | A Study in Milton's Christian Doctrine.                     |
| Shanker                    | Studies in Modern English Poetry.                           |
| Smith                      | Milton and his Modern Critics, 2 Copies.                    |
| Southworth                 | Sowing the Spring.                                          |
| Sunderland                 | Emerson and His Friends.                                    |
| Tinker and Lowry           | The Poetry of Mathew Arnold.                                |
| Walpole etc.               | Tendencies of the Modern Novel.                             |
| Weber                      | Hardy of Wessex: His Life and Literary Career.              |
| Willey                     | The Eighteenth Century Background.                          |
|                            | Essays and Studies, Vol. 26.                                |
|                            | The Year's Work in English Studies. Vols. XVI—XIX.          |
|                            | <b>Essays</b>                                               |
| Belloc                     | The Silence of the Sea and other Essays. 2 copies.          |
| Body and Hook              | Crowded Hours.                                              |
| Chesterton                 | Stories, Essays, and Poems.                                 |
| Goffin                     | Some Roundabout Papers.                                     |
| Jagadisan                  | Leaves from Indian Culture.                                 |
| Jepson                     | English Essayists.                                          |
| "                          | Essays by Modern Writers.                                   |
| Merson                     | The English Essay.                                          |

## ADDITIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

|                  |                                   |
|------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Pearce           | Foot-Prints on the Sands of Time. |
| "                | Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow.       |
| Priestley        | Self-Selected Essays.             |
| Richardson       | India Through English Eyes.       |
| Sharma           | Learn and Live, 2 copies.         |
| Tagore           | Creative Unity.                   |
| "                | Nationalism.                      |
| "                | Personality.                      |
| Wadia and Sethna | Literary Interludes.              |
|                  | English Essays of Today.          |

### Standard Fiction

|                  |                                                    |
|------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Bernanos         | Star of Satan                                      |
| Buck             | To-Day and Forever Stories of China, 2 copies.     |
| De La Mare       | The Wind Blows Over.                               |
| Doyle            | Tales of Long Ago.                                 |
| Glenister        | Stories of the Great Craftsman.                    |
| Hughes           | Tom Brown's School Days.                           |
| "                | Tom Brown at Oxford.                               |
| Kipling          | Selected Stories.                                  |
| "                | The Light That Failed.                             |
| "                | Stories and Episodes.                              |
| Mann             | The Round Dozen.                                   |
| Maugham, S.      | The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.                     |
| Meredith         | New English Short Stories.                         |
| O'Brien          | Angel Pavement.                                    |
| Priestley        | The Good Companions.                               |
| "                | They Walk in the City.                             |
| "                | Selected Representative Short Stories. 2nd Series. |
| Singh            | Theras: The Story of An Athenian Boy.              |
| Snedeker         | New Arabian Nights, 2 Copies.                      |
| Stevenson        | Gora, 4 Copies.                                    |
| Tagore           | Hungry Stones and other Stories, 2 Copies.         |
| "                | Mashi, 5 Copies.                                   |
| "                | Stories from                                       |
| "                | The Home and the World.                            |
| "                | The Wreck, 2 Copies.                               |
| "                | The Mystery Book.                                  |
| Wells etc.       | The Man Upstairs.                                  |
| Wodehouse, P. G. |                                                    |

# ADDITIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

Wodehouse, P. G. The Small Bachelor.  
 " Quick Service.  
 " Young Men in Spats.  
 English Short Stories of To-day.

## Miscellaneous Fiction

Chettur, S. K. Bombay Murder, 3 Copies.  
 Khan-urf I was a Slave.  
 Masefield In the Mill.  
 Phillpotts The Human Boy.  
 Smith Famous Sieges from Troy to Kut.  
 Venkataramani Paper Boats, 3 Copies.  
 Waugh Scoop.  
 Wells, H. G. Love and Mr. Lewisham.  
 " The Invisible Man.  
 Weyman Under the Red Rope.  
 White The Sword in the Stone.

## Poetry

Abercrombie The Poems of  
 Browning The Poetical Works of  
 Bullett The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems.  
 Day Lewis Selected Poems.  
 Dollen The Poems of  
 Dutt Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.  
 Eliot East Coker.  
 Francois Villon The Poems of  
 Jones Modern Verse 1900—1940.  
 Meynell The Poems of  
 Moles and Moon An Anthology of Longer Poems.  
 N. G. The Testament of Immortality—An Anthology.  
 Palgrave The Golden Treasury with Additional Poems.  
 Pound E. A Selection of Poems.  
 Sassoon Poems Newly Selected 1916—1935.  
 Tagore Fruit Gathering.  
 " Gitanjali.  
 " Lover's Gift and Crossing.  
 " One Hundred Poems of Kabir.  
 " Stray Birds.  
 " The Gardener.

# ADDITIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

## Drama and Criticism

Adams Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas.  
 Bennett Let's Do A Play.  
 Brawley Short History of the English Drama.  
 Du Garde Peach Story-Tellers of Britain. Vols. I and III.  
 Granville-Barker The Study of Drama.  
 Guha Tragic Relief.  
 Hampden Eight Modern Plays.  
 Harrison The Story of Elizabethan Drama.  
 Herford and Simpson Ben Jonson. Vol. VII.  
 Marriott The Best One-Act Plays of 1940.  
 Mason The First Book of Senior Plays.  
 Matthews and Lieder The Chief British Dramatists.  
 Reynolds The Staging of Elizabethan Plays.  
 Rossini The Barber of Seville.  
 Sheriff Journey's End.  
 Tagore Red Oleanders.  
 Thompson E. Sacrifice and Other Plays.  
 Krishna Kumari. The Cycle of Spring.  
 The Fugitive.  
 The King of the Dark Chamber.  
 The Post Office.

## Shakespeare : Plays and Criticism

Charlton Shakespearean Comedy.  
 De Chambrun Shakespeare Rediscovered.  
 Doren Shakespeare.  
 Duthie The 'Bad' Quarto of Hamlet.  
 Hardman What About Shakespeare?  
 Knight The Shakespearean Tempest.  
 McKerrow Prolegomena for the Oxford Shakespeare.  
 Morgann Dramatic Character of Falstaff.  
 Noble Shakespeare's Use of Song.  
 Saintsbury Shakespeare.  
 Stokes A Dictionary of the Characters and Proper Names.  
 Aspects of Shakespeare.

# ADDITIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

## General Literature

|                     |                                         |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Augustine, St.      | The Confessions of—Pusey.               |
| Bigg Wither.        | Stories from Dante.                     |
| Bose.               | Writings and Discoveries.               |
| Bridges and Tiltman | Master Minds of Modern Science.         |
| Bryant              | English Saga 1840-1940.                 |
| Butler              | The Way of All Flesh.                   |
| Chesmore            | Behind the Microphone.                  |
| Chesterton, Mrs     | My Russian Venture.                     |
| Churchill           | Into Battle (War Speeches).             |
| Collings            | Modern European Art.                    |
| Fisher              | An Unfinished Biography.                |
| Gibbs               | Since Then.                             |
| Glasgow             | Peace with Gangsters?                   |
| Haslett             | Everyday Science.                       |
| Holmes              | Raphael.                                |
| Jacoby              | Analysis of Handwriting.                |
| Keynes etc          | Britain and the Beast.                  |
| Lockitt             | Biography of To-day.                    |
| Narayana Iyer       | My Journalist Assays.                   |
| Parker              | Real Adventure Again.                   |
| Pink                | The Times—An Anthology.                 |
| Powys               | The Meaning of Culture.                 |
| Ralli               | Guide to Carlyle. 2 Vols.               |
| Sambrook            | English Life in the Eighteenth Century. |
| Sassoon             | Sherston's Progress.                    |
| Sinha, Lord         | Speeches and Writings of                |
| Tagore              | Chitra.                                 |
| "                   | Glimpses of Bengal.                     |
| "                   | Lectures and Addresses.                 |
| "                   | Sadhana.                                |
| "                   | Selections from                         |
| "                   | Thoughts from                           |
| "                   | The Crescent Moon.                      |
| "                   | The Tagore Birth-day Book.              |
| Wacha, D. E.        | Speeches and Writings of                |
| Wedderburn          | do.                                     |
| Wilson, Arnold      | Thoughts and Talks.                     |
| Younghusband, F.    | Everest The Challenge.                  |

# ADDITIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

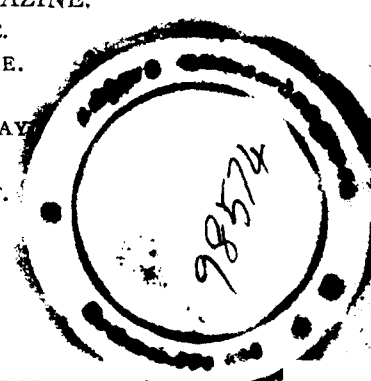
|                  |                                     |
|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Younghusband, F. | Under Your Tin Hat, 2 Vols.         |
| Abercrombie etc. | Revaluations: Studies in Biography. |
| Elwin            | Leaves from the Jungle.             |
| Lopes            | A Portuguese Statesman.             |
| O'Malley         | Modern India and The West.          |
| Sargent          | Christopher Columbus.               |
| Thankum Miss     | Intermediate Prose.                 |
| Thompson, E.     | Enlist India for Freedom.           |
| Turner           | English Prose.                      |

# 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, VIZIANAGARAM.  
 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'S COLLEGE, HYDERABAD.  
 EXCELSIOR, ST. BERCHMANS' COLLEGE, CHANGANACHERY.  
 THE FINDLAY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MANNARGUDY.  
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Editor & Publisher : Rev. Fr. S. Arulswamy, S.J., St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.  
 Printer : Rev. Fr. A. Susai Regis, Supt., St. Joseph's I. S. Press, Trichinopoly.