

St. Joseph's college

Magazine

Trichinopoly.

1943. March.

© VOL. 9. NO. 2.

JL
T45, f. 21192, N34
N43. 9. 2
98575

A. M. D. G.

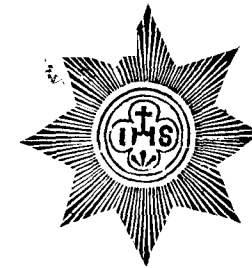


ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

TRICHINOPOLY

MARCH 1943

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE



New Series

TRICHINOPOLY

MARCH 1943

PUBLISHED TWICE A YEAR

Annual Subscription Rs. 2/-

(post free)

Vol. IX, No. 2

32
T 45.1, 2092, 1134

N43.7.2

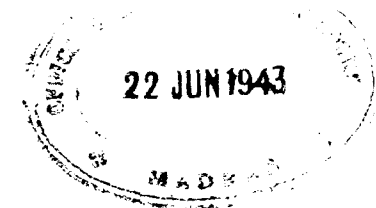


Contents

	PAGE
THE LATE V. REV. FR. W. LEDOCHOWSKI, S.J. <i>by M. Thekaekara, S.J.</i>	131
TO THE CREATOR <i>by Tot</i>	136
FABLES OF THE PANCHTANTRA <i>Retold by a Naturalist—II. THE CRAB AND THE HERONS</i> <i>by S. M. S.</i>	136
THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON <i>by Victor C. Devasundaram, IV Year Arts, i-b.</i>	137
SOURIEZ! <i>by P. M. Jussay, II U. C.</i>	144
TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION? <i>by S. Rangaswami, Tutor, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly</i>	145
THE LATE MR. NATESA MUDALIAR <i>by A. H.</i>	148
KERALA CULTURE <i>by R. Krishnaswami, IV Hons. Br. IV.</i>	149
MORTALS' IMMORTAL GIFT <i>by P. M. Jussay II U. C.</i>	152
MY MISSION <i>by C. Srinivasan, III B. Sc. Hons.</i>	152
WHO IS WHO? <i>by V. Sundaram, II U. C.</i>	156
INDIA CAN TAKE IT <i>by P. J. Jacob, III Honours</i>	158
ON MY ABSENT-MINDEDNESS <i>'Ananth'</i>	160
INDIVIDUALITY <i>by C. Bashyam, IV B. A. (Hons.)</i>	163
INFLATION <i>by Jacob C. Andrews (Post-graduate)</i>	165
EXTRA-TERRITORIAL RIGHTS <i>by M. A.</i>	167
WHAT FATAL TEST <i>by M. S. S.</i>	169
WHICH IS THE BEST? <i>by T. V. Venkatachalam, IV U. C.</i>	171
VILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY <i>by J. Francis X. Paiva</i>	174

CONTENTS

உயர்திரு. மு. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள்	...	...	...	...	177
வித்துவான் த. கி. குப்புசாமி ஆழ்வார்	...	...	...	...	...
பண்டித மு. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள் மன்னுயிர் நீத்த.....கரைந்து கூறல்	...	...	...	...	179
தண்டலை கிரு. வேங்கடாசலன்	...	...	...	...	...
கவிச்சிறப்பும் பாரதியாநும்	...	...	...	...	180
யே. சேஷய்யங்கார்	...	...	...	...	...
இறை பணி நிறைவு	...	...	...	...	185
கணகசபை மூன்றாவது வகுப்பு	...	...	...	...	...
"வள்ளுவர் வகுத்த அரசியல் முறை"	...	...	...	...	188
அ. சிவப்பிரகாசம், III U. C.	...	...	...	...	...
பொற்புடைக்கற்குகை	...	...	...	...	192
by M. Muthukumarasamy, I. U. C., 1826	...	...	...	...	...
BOOKS ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE	...	...	...	...	195
BOARDING-HOUSE AND SACRED HEART HOSTEL CHRONICLE	...	...	...	...	196
by Percy Netto	...	...	...	...	...
CLIVE'S CHRONICLE	...	...	...	...	198
by V. V. S.	...	...	...	...	...
UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS	...	...	...	...	201
COLLEGE SOCIETIES	...	...	...	...	204
ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS	...	...	...	...	214
CRICKET NOTES	...	...	...	...	217
FIELD NOTES	...	...	...	...	219
EXCHANGES	...	...	...	...	223



The Late

V. Rev. Fr. W. Ledochowski, S.J.

by M. Thekaekara, S.J.**

ON the 13th of last December passed away one of the greatest figures in the history of the Society of Jesus, the Very Rev. Fr. Wlodimir Ledochowski, the General of the Jesuits for the past twenty-eight years. The news of his death, sad though indeed it was, was not altogether unexpected. On November 7th, a cablegram had been received from London stating that Fr. Ledochowski had undergone a serious abdominal operation. Later news was more comforting; it was said that the operation had been successful and that the patient was rallying. But a last cable came announcing that he had been removed from the hospital to his official residence and that he had received the last Sacraments. It was clear that his old, battered frame, which had for so long been taxed to the utmost in the service of God, was too feeble to resist; and so no one was surprised to hear from the Vatican radio the announcement of his death which came a few days later.

Wlodimir Ledochowski was born of a noble Polish family on the 7th of October, 1866, at Loosdorf in Lower Austria. His father was Count Antoine Ledochowski, and his mother Countess Salis de Zizers. Many of the qualities which shone so eminently in the future General were to some extent characteristic of the Ledochowski family. Count Antoine's father had been a prominent political figure in his native Russian Poland, and the alien government, finding him too powerful a foe, had exiled him after one of the frequent outbursts of the national spirit. It was thus that Count Antoine happened to settle down in Lower Austria. Another who made the family name illustrious was Miecislav Cardinal Ledochowski, the uncle of Wlodimir. As Archbishop of Gnesen-Posen he offered a heroic resistance to Bismarck in order to uphold religious instruction to the Polish people. Threats and fines could not intimidate him, and in 1874 he was seized and imprisoned. While in the dungeon of Ostrowo, he was made a Cardinal by the Pope. Two years later the government released him from prison, but banished him from the country. In 1892

** Adapted from a speech given under the auspices of the C. T. A., St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

THE LATE V. REV. FR. W. LEDOCHOWSKI, S.J.

he became the Prefect of the Propaganda, an office in which he did much splendid work for the Missions, until his death ten years later. A sister of Fr. Ledochowski was the head of a congregation of nuns which was spread widely in Poland; another sister, still more illustrious, founded a society for work among the African Negroes.

Włodimir Ledochowski did his early classical studies in an academy for nobles in Vienna known as "Theresianum." On finishing his course here he spent one year studying for the law, and then joined the Grand Seminary of Tarnow in Galicia to become a priest. After two years at Tarnow, he proceeded to Rome to attend lectures at the Gregorian University run by the Jesuits, and had himself enrolled in the German and Hungarian College on October 26th, 1887. Another two years were spent in Rome, during which time he took the Doctor's degree in philosophy. It was then that he decided to enter the Society of Jesus, and so at the end of the academic year 1889, he bade what was supposed to be a lasting farewell to Rome and on September 24th, he joined the novitiate of the Galician Province at Starawies in Poland.

The next few years were spent in the comparative obscurity of a Jesuit in training; but in the case of Włodimir Ledochowski the period was exceptionally brief. For an average young man who joins the Order at the close of his secular studies, the period of training lasts for about fifteen years; but exceptions are not unheard of, and Fr. Ledochowski was a most singular exception. After his novitiate he proceeded to Cracow for the immediate preparation for the priesthood. There was no need for the classical studies of the "Juniorate", and philosophy and theology could be shortened to four years since he had done a good deal already. In 1894 he was ordained a priest, and the following year he went to Tarnapol in Galicia, where he did "the third year of probation." Thus in 1896, only seven years after his joining the novitiate, his Jesuit training was completed, and he was at the disposal of his superiors for whatever work they saw fit for him.

His first appointment was as a member of the staff of the Polish periodical "Przegląd Powszechny" or "Universal Review" run by the Jesuits of Cracow. Eventually he became the editor of the paper, the first of the series of responsible posts he was to hold in the Society till his death, and later Rector of the College in Cracow where young Jesuits are trained. In 1901 he was made Provincial for the whole of Galicia, a post of the highest responsibility which he held for the next five years.

THE LATE V. REV. FR. W. LEDOCHOWSKI, S.J.

In 1906, he went to Rome in his official capacity to take part in the General Congregation of the Order which met to elect a successor to the General, Fr. Martin who had just died. His singular powers of administration were even then widely known outside his own Province, so that though so short a time a Jesuit and just forty years of age he was one of those who obtained a large number of suffrages for the Generalship. The person actually chosen was Fr. Wernz, the eminent professor of Canon Law at the Gregorian; but Fr. Ledochowski found himself attached to the General's Curia in the important post of "Assistant for Germany", that is, the special consultor of the General in matters concerning the government of six Provinces in and around Germany. Little is recorded of his work during the next nine years. The office of an Assistant is by its very nature one of intense devotedness, but of least publicity. But these were years when he had the opportunity of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the Order. Besides in 1909, he had to make an official visitation of the six Provinces, by which he obtained a personal knowledge of a good part of the Society. All who met him during his tour kept a vivid recollection of his fine courtesy, frank cordiality, and supernatural outlook. There was something distinctive about the young Father Assistant—a tenacity of purpose and courage in execution far above the ordinary, and a high appreciation of spiritual values.

After the death of Fr. Wernz, the General Congregation met again in Rome in 1915; it was not the least surprising to any one that when the elections took place on the 11th February, Fr. Ledochowski was found to have the required majority of suffrages. He was indeed one of the youngest ever chosen for the Generalship; but the qualities required by the Constitutions for the General are not age or influence, but "the habit of intimate union and familiarity with God in prayer as well as in all other actions", exemplary virtue, devotedness to the Society and love and sympathy towards all. The electors knew that the person whom they had chosen possessed all these qualities in an eminent degree.

Soon after the election, the General had to transfer his Curia to Switzerland, owing to the increasing hostilities of Italy against Germany—Austria. At the end of the war he returned to Rome and took up residence in the German College as before. The work that faced him was immense. Most of the Provinces, especially those of France and Germany, had suffered greatly from the war. The best men, the flower of youth, had been killed on the front; many houses had been demolished, and

THE LATE V. REV. FR. W. LEDOCHOWSKI, S.J.

others given over to the military were far from habitable: all sources of income were gone and most of the works had to be started anew. Many houses were on the verge of extreme penury. In many cases the General himself had to come to the rescue, to organize relief from places which had not been so badly hit, and to set things going. Hardly had normal life been established, when began the immense work for a special General Congregation of the Order. A marvellous little volume called the "Epitome" which forms today a text-book for every Jesuit was published as a result of this Congregation. Meanwhile, the work and personnel of the Curia were increasing and accommodation in the German College being all too insufficient, new buildings for the Curia were erected in what later came to a part of the Vatican State. The new buildings were occupied by the Curia in 1927. Another great work of about the same time was providing the Gregorian University with its present stately buildings and the vastly improved staff taken from the different Provinces of the Society. A few years later came the 28th General Congregation, the preparation and conduct of which meant almost as much work as for the previous one.

These major enterprises were in addition to the routine work of the General's Curia, which involves a vast amount of correspondence. To the General come reports from communities all over the world where Jesuits live. It is the General's work to compare, to sift, to draw conclusions, to direct policies, to canalize efforts, and to issue orders regarding appointments of superiors. How efficiently this work had been carried on may be seen from the numberless letters Fr. Ledochowski has written during the past twenty-eight years, letters which show a surprisingly accurate knowledge of men and local conditions in the most remote corners of the world, a mastery of the parts as well as of the whole, a breadth of vision, and, permeating all, a high supernatural idealism, confidence in God, zeal ever to procure through a vast diversity of means the one aim, God's greater glory.

The results achieved have been in proportion to the work at the centre. When Fr. Ledochowski became General there were nearly 17,000 Jesuits distributed in 27 Provinces forming 5 Assistancies; today there are 8 Assistancies, 50 Provinces and over 27,000 Jesuits. Looking at the General's correspondence it is easy to see how far his own zeal and initiative have been responsible for this rapid increase. Numbers by themselves will not speak much, unless we cast a glance, however cursory, over some of the works undertaken. A special feature of this Generalate was the great stress laid on using the press as a means

THE LATE V. REV. FR. W. LEDOCHOWSKI, S.J.

of apostolate for the cause of God; a house of writers was started in the Curia; and new journals were begun in various places. At the Vatican Exhibition of 1936, it was shown that Jesuit Fathers publish nearly 1,100 periodicals; the number in 1915 was just over 200. These 1,100 include 27 journals of general culture like "The Month", "The New Review", and "America", 70 on social questions, like the "Christian Democrat" and "The Commonwealth." Another great work of the period was the conducting of seminaries where priests are trained. Fr. Ledochowski has been the cause of Jesuits undertaking many new seminaries, often sacrificing for them eminent men. An aspect of Jesuit activity which posterity might regard as specially characteristic of this Fr. General is the work of the Missions in non-Christian lands. Through his own frequent letters to Provincials and to the Society, through Mission conferences and exhibitions in Rome and elsewhere, through lectures and periodicals, through every means available, not excepting radio broadcasts and movie films, the General tried to elicit enthusiasm for the Missions. He asked that every Province of the Society should have its own Mission. He frequently sent visitors and sometimes called the Mission Superiors to his own Curia for special conferences in order to make the existing Missions more active and fruitful. As Pius XI has been called the Pope of the Missions, Fr. Ledochowski has been called the Jesuit General of the Missions. It is not surprising then that during this generalate the number of Missions in charge of the Order increased from 29 to 46 and the personnel from about 2,000 to nearly double that number. The statistics of these 46 Missions, the 400,000 of the young educated, the 150 orphanages, the 70 hospitals and so on, make an impressive record. India too owes much to this General of the Missions, for during the past twenty-eight years vast improvements have been effected in the various fields of Jesuit activity in India.

The great part of this Generalate coincided with that period of comparative peace between the two great wars, a period of dictators and mass movements, of hectic progress, social upheavals, new political experiments, and many trials at a reconstruction of Europe and of the world. Great forces were unleashed in the political, economic and social spheres, which had their repercussions on the intellectual and spiritual life of man. The Society of Jesus during this period was blessed with a great General who used to the full the good that was in the world, taught his men to meet new evils with new remedies, and tried to serve most efficiently the cause of God. Those who know say that this generalate will be looked upon as one of the greatest in the Society of Jesus, next only to those of St. Ignatius and Fr. Claudius Aquaviva.

To the Creator

by Tot

The sun in crimson glory scarce doth sink,
Scarce do purple western clouds turn pink,
From bush and briar scarce do glow-worms wink,
Than my thoughts fly to Thee.

When in starry gleams the blue Heaven smiles,
And in stately splendour the Night Queen sails,
When in liquid notes the moon Philomel hails,
Then it is I think of Thee.

The babbling brook playing amidst the pebbles
The gentle zephyr breathing discontent in mumbles
The flowery dale easing the heart of troubles
Bring my mind near to Thee.

Shrill punctual cocks the morning's air rend
The swells of the conch thrills to the heart send
When 'neath dark avenues to river I wend
And my heart calls to Thee.

1. Fables of the Panchtantra

Retold by a Naturalist

2. The Crab and the Herons

by S. M. S.

IN the shore of a beautiful lake stood a Peepul tree—the ficus religiosa. A grey heron—the *Ardea Cinerea rectirostris*—had built his nest on the tree; and as often as his mate hatched out her young ones, a ratsnake, the *Zamenis mucosus*, dwelling in a hole at the foot of the tree, ate them up.

Having thus lost several broods of young ones the bereaved parents stood one morning knee-deep in water and held counsel together as to

THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON

how they could safeguard the batch of young ones that had hatched out the previous night.

While they thus stood and held converse, their friend the crab, the Decapod brachiure, drew near and accosted them thus: "Hail friends, why are you sad today and wherefore does melancholy dwell on your visage to-day?". The herons told him their woe and besought him to tell them how to avoid the depredations of their disagreeable neighbour, the serpent.

"If", said the crustacean with the air of a soothsayer, "if you do as I tell you, you will gain your end. Scatter a number of little fishes like the specimens of the ichthyologist in an unbroken chain from the dwelling of the mongoose, the *Herpestes fuscus flavideus*, to the abode of the snake. Remember the fact that the quadruped I speak of, to wit the grey or Indian *Ichneumon*, is not only a piscivorous but a carnivorous mammal."

Our two silly bipeds having followed this counsel, the said digitigrade starting from his hole ate up all the teleosts and on reaching the dwelling of the serpent, he there discovered that limbless reptile, and being the natural enemy of the ophidian killed him, and then seeing the young ones of the herons on the tree killed and devoured them.

Moral: Never take the advice of fools.

Thanks to the Old Curmudgeon

by Victor C. Devasundaram, IV Year Arts, i-b.

DICKY made a sorry attempt to put on a more cheerful air when he saw me coming, but it was of no use. The fellow was too depressed to pull himself up. As I came up he pretended to be singing.

'What is eating you now', I said, thumping him on the back.

'Ain't I singing?', he protested.

'But it sounds marvellously like your swan song, old man', I pointed out understandingly. He gave it up.

THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON

'Well, I suppose I look bowled out, I'm pretty hard up just now and a few rupees will be very welcome at present', he admitted.

'I don't see any way of pulling you out of the hole, buddy. Same here also. But now don't mope about it. Come on, let's get some fresh air', I said. We walked about for a while and at about six o'clock I deposited him at his door step and turned back. I had gone back a little distance when I heard Dicky shouting. On turning round I saw him wildly gesticulating through the window. I hurried back to him, and found him in a state of ecstasy. He was making a sort of tap dance and in his hand I saw a pair of ten rupee notes. I can't say I swooned, but the sight of the heavenly blue of the currency notes was like a tonic and instantly I brightened up. Before I knew what was happening, Dicky had me out of the house in a jiffy and we were racing along the street. On our way we met Spencer, a class mate, whom Dicky promptly collared. Before we reached Dicky's favourite restaurant good old Shorty Walters also had joined us; and Dicky had virtually shanghaied Sam, who was on his way to his tailor. On the way we came across our English professor and it was all we could do to hold back Dicky when he wanted to invite him for the prospective spree.

And quite a spree it was. All five had no stomach complaints, the catering was excellent and Dicky had decided 'to go all out.' We kept two waiters on the run and a brisk table attender was tingling like a live wire. Dishes came and went; drinks were served by the gallon; and the delicacies were promptly and briskly drowned in the drinks. A rather puritanic luncheoner gazed at us with evident wonder, not without some loathing at the prodigious consumption.

But he hadn't seen us, at least the other four of us, in form and sure enough they got into form. As the treat progressed, mere eating bored them (here I must add that I was more enduring) and they began their frolic. As the place was almost deserted, they had no external check; but I kept aloof. Nobody can say that I am a snob or a clam, but this was above my standard. I could be apish, but when it came to having such refreshing ideas as proposing to anoint the proprietor's head with ice-cream, or challenging the rather fluffy-looking waiter to a brisk bout of boxing or breaking a few glasses in the manner of the old Cossacks, well, I must say I am something of a middle-aged saint, judging by these standards of devilry. They continued in this strain until their stomachs and throats registered an indignant protest. Dicky cheerfully paid a few rupees and we left the restaurant.

THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON

'How about the pictures?', suggested Shorty a film-fan; he evidently had some money with him and intended to pay himself for all of us. But Dicky's lofty pride would not suffer such an anti-climax to his role of host. He insisted upon paying for all of us, and that for costly seats too, and we barged into the balcony. Blowing clouds of smoke-rings, we watched some of Hollywood's top-notch stars perform under the direction of one of the city's ace directors. After the show we roamed about a bit and finally split up. It was a most precious moment for Dicky, with all the chaps telling him what a fine fellow he was and all that sort of thing. He almost giggled; he bade me 'good night' and marched off, beaming and satisfied. I immediately went to bed, mightily pleased with the evening and satisfied with everything in general.

The next morning, while I was still in bed, the door suddenly burst open and Dicky rushed in, all dishevelled and awry. He was very agitated and his first words sounded like Yiddish to me, partly because he could not speak coherently and partly because I was only half awake.

'Hey, Victor, get up,' he urged.

'Not now. Are you under the impression that I'm the president of the 'Rise with the Cock' society or what is it? Why, man, it isn't even seven yet,' I mumbled from the sanctuary of my pillow.

'Have a heart, old man. I'm in a jam', he pleaded. This stirred me a bit. I peeped from the coverlet inquiringly.

'Here, read this letter. It is from my uncle,' he said and waved a sheet of paper before my face.

Letters are undesirable things as far as I am concerned. And letters from uncles are all the more so. By this time I was convinced that Dicky was completely in hot water. I read the thing. It was to the effect that Dicky's uncle was going to Bangalore and he wanted Dicky to meet him at the station. But it was the last sentence that made me jump. It was, 'I am enclosing twenty rupees herewith; buy a leather suit case (30" x 15") and bring it to the station.' I looked at Dicky and he looked at me. Gone was my sleep; if an uncle got on the war path, well, we chaps do not have even a dog's chance of wriggling through. I had thoroughly understood the situation.

'Why did you spend the money yesterday, when you knew it was for the suit case?', I demanded caustically.

THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON

'I didn't know anything about it, Victor. When I saw the notes, I went daft, that is all. I didn't care to read the accompanying letter. And here I am', he added pointlessly.

I was feeling blue by this time. Why couldn't the fellow have the patience to go through a letter? But I felt that I was a party to the squandering, and so it was my duty to stand by my pal. I started to solve the problem rightaway.

'What sort of a man is your uncle?' I began.

'Man? You can talk of a man-eating tiger as a saint. If the old boy gets angry and begins to kick you, he isn't half-hearted about it', he explained, thoughtfully.

There was a sticky feeling in my stomach. The old man was due that evening and I was pretty sure I would not get any money from home for at least two days.

'How much did we spend yesterday?', I asked.

'Eight rupees and odd' he answered.

'H'm. None of our fellows can spare that much now. I suppose we will have to face the music this evening', I said resignedly.

That evening Dicky and I started for the station.

'We are sunk, Victor. The old chap will be down on me like a ton of bricks', he moaned.

'Keep a stout heart, Dicky. There may be a way out yet. Dash it all, I have knocked sparks out of my head and yet it is of no use', I said helplessly.

We arrived at the station, bought platform tickets and went to the platform. There was time yet; so we knocked about for a while and went to Higginbotham's book-stall.

' What, fifteen annas for this paltry magazine!' Why, sir, the average income of a man in India is only fifteen pies a day. This is sheer swindling', boomed an irritated voice.

We looked at the speaker. He was a short, stockily-built man with formidable whiskers. He reminded me of a puffed-up frog. He continued haggling over the magazine in his hand. But the stall attendant was adamant and emotionless.

THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON

'Fifteen annas', he announced stolidly, with the air of an oriental potentate.

'Booh, I'd sooner hang myself than be hoodwinked by you', burst forth the gentleman and he stood there fretting and foaming at the mouth.

Dicky bought a magazine for twelve annas. As soon as he saw this, the man began to babble again. 'You don't know the value of money, youngman. You are spending money sent by your parents without realising with what trouble they are remitting it to you,' he said severely.

We were in no mood for argument and as the train hove into sight we hurried off.

'Why should he nose into our affairs? I have a good mind to ask him to fry his face, the old curmudgeon,' said Dicky hotly as we crossed the platform.

'Oh, don't mind him. He is just a bit eccentric, that is all. Here is the train,' I said, trying to mollify his anger.

The train pulled up and we scanned the windows for Dicky's uncle. Dicky located him in a second class compartment and we advanced towards him with the feelings of a suicide squad approaching a time bomb. The first glimpse of the old man deepened my foreboding. He had a bullet-head, closely cropped, with a bristling moustache. But it was his eyes that made me feel that I had better be not there. They bored through one like a couple of gimlets. He had a fat cigar clenched firmly between his teeth. A flaming scarf round his neck, completed the resemblance to a fire-emitting dragon. I mentally concluded that if the man got angry he would come down like a locomotive, not like a ton of bricks, as his nephew had stated.

'How do you do, uncle', began Dicky.

'How d'you do, my boy. The train is a little late, isn't it, the unpunctual beggars. Have you been waiting for long? Is that a friend of yours.' he asked nodding towards me.

'Yes, he is a class-mate of mine,' said Dicky and introduced me. I shook the old man's hand with the air of a man touching the horns of a mine. After that conversation lagged and became scrappy. You know,

THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON

conversation does not flow smoothly, if one party expects a thunderbolt from the other every minute. After a few minutes, we noticed that the old man was looking up and down the platform, as though expecting somebody.

'Looking for oranges, uncle?' queried Dicky solicitously.

'No, I'm looking for the porter,' he said.

'Porter.....?' echoed Dicky.

'Yes, the one who would be bringing the suit-case. Though I don't see why you should have a porter to carry an empty suit case. I don't know what modern youth is coming to. You can't carry a thing like that.....lazy imbeciles. You require somebody standing over you with a knout the whole time,' he exploded.

Dicky's adam's apple jumped about a bit and he looked at me helplessly. I stood there dumb. My mind was whirring like a dynamo. If this was the tone he adopted even now, when he knew the whole story, I was sure, he would raise Cain.

'Er, I haven't bought it,' Mumbled Dicky.

'What, you haven't bought it? Why? Hey, oranges, come here,' he bellowed in full blast. I cautiously looked round for a bomb-proof shelter. Dicky was quivering like an aspen leaf. Some of the bystanders turned round in amazement and a child began to cry. It made me feel that it would be infinitely better to face a mad elephant.

'What do you mean, Richard? Speak, you ass,' he thundered.

But Dicky was beyond any human actions. He seemed to be turning a livid green. His eyes were bulging from the sockets. My heart bled for the poor chap. He just stood there twiddling his fingers and shuffling his feet awkwardly. Suddenly, there was a diversion.

'How much per dozen?', inquired a voice. It was the old curmudgeon.

'One-eight, sir', replied the orange vendor.

This had the effect of a spark on gasoline. Instantaneously he began to let loose a torrent of words.

'I don't know what the world is coming to. Increase, increase, everywhere. Why do you try to make so much profit? Merchants, as a

THANKS TO THE OLD CURMUDGEON

race, are Shylocks. I don't object to a decent profit; but this is virtually highway robbery. Piece-goods merchants think that they have been ordained by Providence to strip us of every pie we have. The other day, sir, he continued, without addressing anyone in particular, 'I had been to Punt & Co., Madras. Only a few weeks before they sold 30"×15" leather suit-cases for Rs. 18 each. Now, imagine, they won't accept less than Rs. 30 for the same size, the wily rascals. And here at the book-stall, the chap has the cheek to demand fifteen annas for a wretched magazine which cost only five annas before—sanctimonious humbugs', he prattled vindictively and moved off.

'Gosh, they've increased the price of the suit-case, have they? How annoying! So that is why you didn't buy it, Dicky?', asked Dicky's uncle.

I could see that Dick was considerably relieved, but still his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth.

'Yes, sir, the dealer wouldn't consider even a 5% cut', I put in assentingly.

'You could have put in some money and bought it. I could have paid you now, he pointed out.

At last Dicky found his voice.

'But I didn't have a pie on me', he protested. I heartily agreed; probably that was the only truth we uttered during the whole episode.

'Well, that is that. I shall get one later on. Have you brought the money?', the old man suddenly demanded.

Dicky was his old self once again.

'No, uncle. You'll be returning in a week, won't you? I thought I could buy the suit-case before then', he lied glibly.

'Oh, don't bother. I'll get one myself. And you can keep the money as a birth-day present. Next Sunday is your birth-day, isn't it? Remember me at the party, will you?', he said jovially.

'Oh, yes, uncle. Thank you very much', said Dicky profoundly grateful.

'Not at all. How are you getting on with your studies?', he inquired.

SOURIEZ !

'Doing fine, uncle. As a matter of fact, I hope to do very well in the final examination', answered Dicky, lying bare-facedly.

By now the train was due to start. Dicky's uncle wished us a fine time and shook hands with us. As the train pulled out, both of us saw a man vociferating in one of the third class compartments. It was the old curmudgeon, reciting his tale of woe, anew.

'Well, we made a profit out of a bad bargain', remarked Dicky, cheerfully.

'Thanks to the old Curmudgeon', I suggested.

'Yes, he is a good angel, isn't he?', chimed Dicky.

Souriez !

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

Si une foule de désagréments vous afflige chaque jour,
Si vos amis que vous teniez pour sincères vous trompent l'un
après l'autre,
Si vous travaillez toute la sainte journée et qu'enfin vous ne
gagnez rien,
Si mille malheurs vous accablent,
Si vous êtes faibles, pauvres, inconnus et vieux,
Alors Souriez et souriez encore !

Un coeur brisé, on attristé, abbatu et sans espoir, fait que toutes
les affaires aillent de mal en pis et deviennent plus pénibles à endurer.

Le coeur joyeux fait tout briller aux environs ;
Le ciel se déride à voir un coeur heureux ;
C'est en souriant que tout le monde regarde un visage où se
réfléchit l'innocence d'un coeur tranquille.
Soit que vos journées soient sombres comme les journées d'hiver
Soit que vos nuits, comme une demoiselle en deuil, soient sans
étoiles,
Souriez toujours, Souriez encore !
Afinque votre vie soit aussi douce que les chansons des anges,

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION ?

Afinque vos matinées produisent les belles fleurs et vos soirs
contemplant les étoiles luisantes,
Afin d'être meilleurs, afin de rendre le monde meilleur et plus
heureux, souriez, souriez encore, souriez toujours !

Truth is Stranger than Fiction?

by S. Rangaswami, Tutor, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

Why has Treble chosen to collect tales of heroism and adventure ?

THE imaginative story of an adventure appeals to the heroic instinct in man. It is not given to all and sundry except to a fortunate few to tread the path of adventure in their lives. To escape the humdrum monotony and dull drab greyness of life men thirst for sensation and heroic activity. The desire for adventure is primeval and universal in man. The demand has been met from time to time by imaginative stories and legends enshrined in poetry and prose. Some of the finest literature in English consists of poetry glorifying the achievements of a national hero or a legendary god. To this class of literature belong the Odyssey, the Iliad and the Biblical stories.

This passion for the remarkable and the wonderful has taken the form of hero worship. A mass of legend gathers round the names of heroes like Charlemagne and King Arthur. The excursions of writers like Jules Verne with a scientific turn of mind and the bold projection into the future by H. G. Wells, "In things to come" are directly traceable to this passion for the heroic and the sensational, the remote and the romantic. The excesses of such a passion have been catered for by the invention of giants and ogres.

Treble has made a collection of stories which does not belong to any of the above groups but fills the bill to perfection in meeting the appetite for the heroic in man. They are true stories told by men who had undergone the perils they relate. If these stories lack the extravagant and lavish finish of imaginative tales of heroism they contain truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Truth, it has been asserted, is stranger than fiction. An ounce of truth is infinitely preferable to a

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION?

cart-load of fiction. These adventurous episodes bridge the gulf between history and romance and serve as proper incentives to nobler achievements in man. And then, the fact that one has not got to strain belief for appreciating a remarkable feat compensates for the lack of romantic glamour in these stories.

Thus having defined the purpose of these stories, an analysis of them will enable us to understand which of them are stories of adventure and which, of heroism. The distinction seems to be subtle but it is well marked.

A bold excursion to the unknown is called an adventure. It involves risk. An expedition into untrodden regions, an exploit whose results we cannot predict with any certainty, in short, an enterprise in which an element of chance involving danger is predominant is called an adventure. Heroism, on the other hand, is an attribute of a person performing a great deed. An adventure may include a coward and heroism may be by the fire-side. In adventure the event undertaken is marvellous while in heroism all the marvel is in the person reacting to extraordinary situations. Though in general adventures are undertaken by heroes and heroic deeds are many of them adventures, heroism is exclusive to the person performing a deed and adventure describes the risk or the marvel involved in an undertaking.

Of the twelve stories contained in Treble's selections many of them are stories of adventure and the rest, with the exception of one, are tales of heroism. The first story is introductory to the second. It initiates the reader into the atmosphere of desert life.

The second is a story of adventure. Kinglake's experiences lay stress upon the rigours of desert-crossing rather than upon any great trait of heroism in the tourist.

Cecil Lewis' flight over enemy trenches rightly belongs to the group of heroic tales. The pilot is confronted with sudden and inescapable death on every side. To have run the gauntlet of crossing the trenches and to have photographed under such stress is indeed a heroic act. We are lost in admiration of the reckless boldness of the hero.

Whimper's ascent of the Matterhorn is great adventure. Yet except in scaling a few feet of frozen snow he has trodden on beaten ground. True, a slip would hurl him into a bottomless pit; but the risk had been taken by countless climbers before. Its frequency is its disqualification to being considered a heroic act. So, it is a tale of adventure.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION?

Melville's adventure among the sky-scraping cliffs is certainly a story of heroism. To trust to the frail support of reeds and to jump into space on the odd chance of being cradled in the branches of a slanting tree are indeed feats of great heroism. And, therefore, this is a tale of heroism.

The lion-hunt of Patterson evokes no emotion in us. The risk is diluted by a superabundance of the monarchs of the forest. It is descriptive of the usual risks of a lion-hunt and as such it is only a middling story of adventure.

Thomas Wood's account of his Australian visit reads like a tourist's journal. The only part that can be called an adventure is that which relates to pearl-fishing. Any merit that can be ascribed to the diver for the risks he undertakes is cancelled by the knowledge that the diver is actuated by no better motive than greed. Many misers beat him hollow in the game. Therefore, it is but one remove from a story of adventure.

Augustine Courtald's self-immolation in the Arctic region all alone with the risk of being frozen to death with not a soul to share the perils is indeed a deed of sublime heroism. He compels our admiration and so his is a tale of heroism. Pigsticking is more a pastime than an adventure and a vulgar pastime at that. The spirit of the chase runs amuck in the Bengal lancer.

Fairbridge's excursion into the wilds of Africa while yet in his teens is a story of great adventure. There is nothing heroic in Fairbridge. If there is heroism it is more in the negro than in the white boy. The hero is not conspicuous for the display of sublime courage. He excites our indignation because of the white man's contempt of negro life and so it is a record of adventure at best.

The adventurous voyage is neither adventurous nor heroic in the recruits on board the Kaikoura. Meeting icebergs and weathering storms are incidental to a cruise in the South Seas.

Thus, in the whole series, Cecil Lewis, Augustine Courtald and Toby in Meville's *Perilous* descent evoke our admiration. Kinglake stirs our feelings but he who commands our homage is Toby in the *Perilous Descent*, for he alone of all the heroes towers above the rest by his supreme confidence, infectious courage and reckless bravery.

The Late Natesa Mudaliar

by A. H.

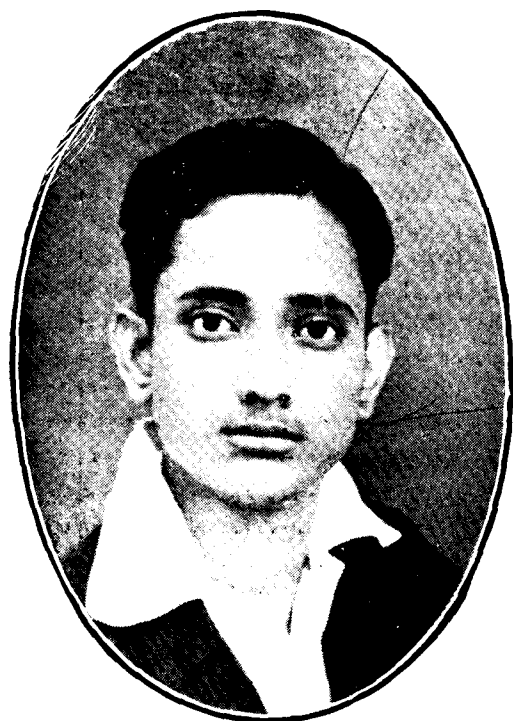
MR. Mudaliar's death on the 13th December last removed from our midst an accomplished student of Tamil literature and a most popular and honoured colleague. He was more of a student than a pandit, for he never ceased to increase his stock of Tamil learning. Some of the great classics he had read nearly a hundred times, and one in particular a thousand times, and it was his practice to make a note of it each time that he completed a reading. Though he was not in the habit of indulging in extemporised quotation, he knew by heart nearly every classic in Tamil. Once during the dreary hours of supervision in the Lawley Hall, he was found pacing up and down with his lips moving as if in prayer. When chafed about his silent mutterings in so mundane a spot as the examination-hall, he confessed that he was repeating to himself the "Pathupattu." This deep and abiding love of learning will not have been suspected by many who only saw the white-clad and slow-moving figure which never seemed to be in a hurry. He performed a great deal of work in a quiet and leisurely manner; he sat up often till midnight and was rarely in bed after four in the morning.

As a lecturer, it is needless to say much; the tributes of his students and those who have heard him speak even once would show that he never mistook ponderous obscurity for profundity of learning. Every speech was a master-piece of composition; his summing up at the end of a discourse was a delight to all and showed his uncommon skill and clarity in exposition. His teaching was often spiced by many ancient saws and modern instances. His rebukes were clothed in the language of irony that sent the culprit deeply repentant.

He pretended to no great knowledge of English—an illusion which he fostered. He passed the Matriculation examination from St. Joseph's College and had won several certificates for proficiency in the school. He had read several of the modern English writers except the novelists and sometimes he used them as models for his own writing and speaking in his native tongue. He is the author of nearly six works in Tamil and at the time of his death there were certain manuscripts ready for publication. He enjoyed the esteem of the renowned Tamil scholars of the Presidency who treated him with the greatest deference. And yet



THE LATE MR. NATESA MUDALIAR



V. RAMANATHAN

Born: 15-3-1924.

Died: 11-10-1942

We are indebted to the bereaved father of Ramanathan for the following details:

V. Ramanathan was born on 15-3-24 at Kayattar, Tinnevely Dt. He had his early education at S. A. V. High School, Tuticorin and continued his middle school course at the Board High School, Orattanad and the High School course at the B. H. S. Kodavasal. He joined the U. C. High School, Madura for the S. S. L. C. Class and passed the examination creditably in March 1940. He then joined the Madura College, Madura for the Intermediate course and passed the same in the examination held in March 1942. He joined the B. Sc. course (Chemistry) in July last and when he returned home for the Michaelmas holidays he was suffering from high fever which was diagnosed to be Typhoid and unfortunately proved fatal in spite of proper medical aid and he died on 11-10-42 leaving behind him his bereaved aged parents and sisters to bemoan his loss.

To the parents of Ramanathan we extend our most sincere sympathy.

KERALA CULTURE

our Pundit never had any of the airs of the condescending scholar. On the contrary, he had rendered to others more services than he ever received from any.

From the copyist's desk in the District Court of Trichinopoly he rose to be the lecturer in Tamil of St. Joseph's College by hard and persevering toil. Early in life he cultivated a taste for Tamil and learnt from the Great Gnaniar of Thiruppapuliur the secrets which made him the accomplished scholar that he became. He never forgot the debt he owed to his great Guru and served him with the devotion of a disciple.

The late Mr. Mudaliar was a most popular figure; there are few either in Trichy or in the Province worthy of note who were not known to him. To walk by his side was sometimes a sore trial; he stopped after every few words to greet and felicitate some old friend or new acquaintance. He literally walked with the hand half lifted up in salute.

Many there are who owe much to this unassuming Pundit. Few could resist the charm of his manner and fewer still would deny him a favour. Seemingly forlorn causes would find an easy solution at his dexterous hand. His prudence, caution and knowledge of human nature enabled him to deal with men with sure success. His death at the early age of 53 from the cruel disease of diabetes is indeed a grievous loss to the members of his family, to the College and to Tamil literature.

Kerala Culture

by R. Krishnaswami, IV Hons. Br. IV.

KERALA is one of the cultural regions of India. The abode of this culture extends from Kasargod in the north to near Cape Comorin in the south. Kerala comprises the States of Travancore (excepting its southern extremity) and Cochin and the District of Malabar. The population is about 10 millions.

There are three or four chief strains in Malabar, the Nambudiri Brahmin, the Nair, the Thiya or Ezhava and the various classes of aborigines (Pulaya etc.). Mussalmans and Christians are numerous and

KERALA CULTURE

they are of one or another of these various strains, excepting a few who are the descendants of Arabs or Syrian colonists.

Kerala Culture is bound up with the Nair who is the Malayalee par excellence. Sirdar K. M. Panickar says that Nairs are not a caste but a community. A great bulk of them are agriculturists but there are a few chieftains at the top most ladder, and the various sub-castes at the bottom.

The origin of the Nairs is one of the mysteries of Kerala History. They may be the South Indian branch of the great Naga race. There is a remarkable resemblance between Singhalese and Malayalis. True it is, that the Nambudiri subsequently came and influenced Malabar culture but the influences are in the field of religion and worship.

The Sociology of Kerala has certain distinctive features. The most striking is the Marumakalayam system of inheritance. Another peculiar feature is the Kanom System of land tenure. Festivals like Onam, Thiruvathura, dances like Kathakali, Poorakali are also found in Malabar.

The village system as such is non-existent. Most houses are surrounded by gardens with tanks and wells, a farm yard and in certain Nair Tharavads, the shrine of the Naga or Serpent also. Perhaps in no part of the world can we find rivers like the Periyar, the Pampa and the Bharata puzha, with their waters as clear as crystal. Like the Greek of the ancient world, the Malayali hid not his spotless skin and the well developed muscle because clothes in the past were meagre. Ancient Greece can be well compared with Malabar. The Malabar Kalari or Military School reminds a student of history of the Greek Gymnasium.

Malabar's Systems of Ayyurvedic medicines are unique. The Dutchman Van Rheede with the help of Fr. Matheo and an Ezhava vaidyan, Itty Achutan of Karapuram published 12 books on Malabar flora which can be rightly regarded as a pioneer work in Botany. Kerala rightly holds a unique place in witchcraft and is unrivalled in astrology. The religion is also distinctive. The Nair worships the Serpent in his house; usually there is a Kavu (Snake Shrine). The front tuft of the Nair is like a cobra's hood. Kali cult is peculiar and Kerala occupies a place along with Bengal in the worship of Bhadrakali.

The memory of the Mamankam, much fuller than its Kumbakonam counterpart, is still cherished by the Keraliyas. Mamankam was celebrated

KERALA CULTURE

once in a Vyazha Vattam i.e. 12 years at Tirunavayi on the Baharate-puzha river:

It is a known fact in the history of Kerala that the ancient Chera King, Senguttavan, made a Digvijaya and is said to have conquered Bengal. Malabar had trade relations with the Phoenicians, Egyptians Chaldeans, Arabs, Greeks, Romans and Venetians. These nations were attracted by the pepper grown in Malabar, Cranganore. Then Muziris was the principal harbour in India and the Romans called it the first port.

In mediaeval times the Muhammadan Arabs blocked up direct trade routes to Europe and monopolised the trade of Malabar. The harbour at Cranganore was silted up by a huge flood in 1341 with the result that the trade of Cranganore passed to Calicut and Cochin on 1498. Vasco de Gama arrived at Calicut and henceforth for a century the Dutch monopolised the pepper trade of Malabar. Towards the close of the 16th century, the Dutch created artificial scarcity of pepper which incited Englishmen and this ultimately laid the foundation stone of the British rule in India.

The trade with the west was managed by the foreigners but Malayalees seemed to have taken some part. Among Indians, the Malayalees were the first to go to Europe. Early in the 16th century, two Nairs went to Portugal. A christian from Cranganore called 'Joseph the Indian' by Europeans, travelled in Western Asia in 1490, and later in Europe in 1501. In 1750, Joseph Kariatti of Alangad went to Rome in search of academic distinctions.

All great religions came to Malabar. The Jews are found even to-day in Cochin and in other parts of North Travancore. St. Thoms first came to Malabar and is said to have established seven churches in all. There was co-operation between Hindus and Christians to a remarkable degree in the past. High praise is due to the rulers of Malabar. They have been models for religious toleration. Unlike the Roman Empress who hunted out Christians, the enlightened rulers of Malabar received them with open arms. It is thus that we see churches and mosques on tax-free land near temples and kovilakams. The Christians of Quilon received protection from the Kings of Venad (Ancient Travancore). The chief protector of the Mussalman was the Zamorin, but later on the Kings of Travancore and Cochin granted their patronage to them.

Kerala has considerably changed in recent times. Pepper has ceased to be an important article of commerce. The standard of living remains rather low and economic conditions are not satisfactory.

MY MISSION

Whatever may be the future of India, the distinctive culture of India will remain and the glory that was Kerala will always be enshrined in the hearts of her sons and daughters and will be sung in the far-distant lands beyond the seas.

Mortals' Immortal Gift

by P. M. Jussay II U. C.

The quintessence, the elixir of our souls,
Love reigns in life, in death it reigns supreme.
In stench and smoke while stumbles man and falls
And shattered lies in dusty ruins, Man,
A little God on earth, the heaven's hope
In wond'rous exultation then beholds
Eternal pyramids his love has wrought
Along the silent strands of human hearts.

To spend on earth his days of dusky dreams
As man from mother's womb is called, he cries:
Again he weeps when called away from life
To rest in 'nother womb—of mother Earth.
Like death our birth a painful parting too
Love makes us weep at both the ends of life.
While from this selfish cell of crowded hive
The call of Father Abraham you hear,
Behind, you leave a legacy of love
Poor mortals' gift immortal, ever true.

My Mission

by C. Srinivasan, III B. Sc. Hons.

THE college closed on the 17th of September for the Michaelmas vacation. It was at about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 18th that I found myself alone on the platform of the Trichy Fort Station. I had just returned from the Junction Station after seeing some of my friends off, by the Trivandrum Express. My train was due only at

MY MISSION

6 o'clock. I had, therefore, to wait for two more hours. I looked around me on all sides, but could not see any one. So, I came out and began slowly pacing up and down the road before the station.

No atmosphere is more conducive to intense meditation than the one in which I was placed. There was a deadly silence and a deadlier gloom hanging about the place. I looked around and on all sides could see nothing but darkness. My mind was restless and began to wander from one topic to another. The encircling gloom forcefully reminded me of the greater gloom in which humanity, at large, was being enveloped and my thoughts swiftly turned to the topic of war.

I agree it was only an accidental association of thought that led me to think of the metaphorical gloom caused by the war. But, once I had begun to think of it, I tried, in vain, to wring myself away from that painful topic. The more I tried, the more did my thoughts get inexorably intertwined with it. I had, therefore, to bow down to the will of nature and allow my thoughts to pursue their own course.

* * * * *

Alas! what a bloody drama is being enacted before our eyes to-day! The criminal ambition and wicked folly of blood-thirsty war-mongers have plunged the world into this deep tragedy. The world is today groaning under the methodically inculcated butchery, aided by the advancement of science. Acts of murder and pillage, of brutality and rapine are being perpetrated in the name of human freedom and national honour. What a global carnage we are witnessing to-day! What great cities, galleries of art and historical monuments, are being levelled to the ground by this universal cataclysm. The flower of the national manhood in every country is being sacrificed at the furnace of war. In the very air, Death moans and sings. The red sands are fast flowing out of the time-glass. Whither, whither is the world rushing so headlong?

The picture of a diseased and miserable world presented itself to my mind's eye and it seemed to me unmistakable that humanity was rushing headlong towards a perilous disaster. "Is there no salvation for the world? Is humanity, after all, approaching its culminating point, to sink for ever into an abyss of shame and destruction? Is there no panacea for the ills of the world?" were the questions that obsessed my mind.

* * * * *

MY MISSION

Hark! A shrill and melodious voice breaking the stillness that pervaded the whole atmosphere. Yes; it was none but a half-naked beggar who was singing gaily the burden of a popular song:

“உண்மையுமாருமிரண்டும் அஹிம்ஸையுமில்லையெனில்
நாஜென் மமிதே—மண்மீதுலோர்சுமையே.....”

“What is after all life, without Truth, without love of creatures, and without an abiding faith in Ahimsa, but a mere burden on Earth”? Aye, here comes the providential answer to my questions.

It is the only torch by which the gloom can be dispelled and the world be flooded with light and happiness. It is the only weapon by which the demon of barbarity which has sprung upon the world with unconcealed fangs and teeth, can be exercised. It is the only magic balm with which the wounds of humanity can be everlastingly healed. Does this prescription look as strange as it is simple? Mark it that, even in recorded history, there have been occasions where wandering fakirs have proved the better of Royal Surgeons.

But this sovereign prescription does not seem to appeal to the warring nations. It is, indeed, a grim irony that those nations are thinking that they are fighting to usher in a lasting world peace. One must be mad, perhaps, madder than those who have plunged the world into this untold misery, to believe that all the evil forces that have been let loose on earth, and all the death, destruction and deprivation they have caused in their train, will die without a reaction. Hatred and discontent driven underground will only serve to create new volcanoes which will rumble and shake the world for a while and when they have gathered sufficient strength burst out with unprecedented fury. Natural it is that the present British Prime Minister, writing about the last war, cries out: “By what process could the slaughter of ten million men and destruction of one third of the entire savings of the greatest nations of the world, have ushered in a Golden Age?”¹

True, true, thrice true. All this insane slaughter can never usher in a Golden Age. “The God of the Bees is the future” said the Belgian dramatist² and the warring bees are “the bees of Hell storing their hives with nothing but the pure essence of slaughter”. But how few are the nations that realise the simple truth that this storage is bound to cause a bloodier and more ghastly armageddons.

¹ World Crisis—the Aftermath—page 31. ² Maeterlinck.

MY MISSION

* * * * *

There was a sudden flicker of light and I could catch a glimpse of the tall church spire towering, as it were, into the sky, one among innumerable monuments built to the greater glory of Lord Jesus. I was, at once, reminded of the words of the Martyr of Calvary: “Ye have heard that it hath been said,” ‘An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you that ye resist not evil.” How few in the Christian world today remember these golden words spoken by the Son of God! How fewer still have the courage to face the blood-thirsty villains and repeat the words of their Master! “Suffer dishonour and disgrace but never resort to arms. Be bullied, be outraged, be killed: but do not kill.” Were the words of the heretic, after all, true that there was only one true christian and He died on the Cross?

No. There is no need to despair. We have still hope that there are enough men in the world who have imbibed the true essence of the life-saving teachings of Christ and Buddha. Surely, there are enough men in the world, especially in the Orient, who shall guide the world aright at this hour of supreme crisis. It is the bounden duty of every honest man and woman to raise his or her voice of indignation against the mad and senseless slaughter indulged in by the so-called civilized nations of the world. It is the duty of every true follower of Christ, every true disciple of Buddha, nay, every true son of God, to show erring humanity the path of Love and Ahimsa and raise the stature of man above that of uncivilized brutes. It is a mission—a sacred mission to spread the gospel of universal love and brotherhood, to uproot the philosophy of brute force and to uphold the philosophy of soul-force. It is a sacred duty in the discharging of which alone man fulfills his purpose on earth.

* * * * *

There was a sudden gush of wind. And it seemed to whisper into my ears “Make it your mission.” Surely, I will. My mouth began, unconsciously, muttering the words of Cardinal Newman:

“Lead, kindly Light, amidst the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.”

Who is Who?

by V. Sundaram, II U. C.

IT was a cheerful evening. Natarajan was standing at the threshold of his master's house. He was thinking about something which irritated him. His master was out.

His wandering eyes suddenly caught sight of a ragged man on the road coming towards him. The expression on his face suddenly changed. He turned away his head. But the ragged, grizzle-bearded man was not one who could easily be avoided.

He came straight towards the house and called Natarajan by name. Natarajan turned uneasily and pretended to be surprised. "Oh! It is you? What do you want?" "You know what I want and you know what'll happen if you refuse." Natarajan was speechless for a moment. He seemed to reflect for a minute and then asked the man to follow him. He led him to the drawing-room. The visitor renewed his threat that if he refused his request he would reveal his story to his master. Natarajan began to give excuses, but the other man was impatient. He said, "No, No! Either you give me money or you lose your job."

Natarajan became furious. He stood silent for a moment or two; then said, "You will tell my master, eh? All right, then; tell him; my master will be here soon." And suddenly before the other man was aware, he sprang towards the door and went out closing and locking it behind him.

* * * *

Natarajan had been a petty thief with Murugesan for his partner. Some months ago a great change had come over him and he swore that he would never steal anymore. He got a peon's job in the office of the famous actor, Mr. Santhanam.

Somehow Murugesan came to know his whereabouts and would often extort money from him, threatening to reveal his past if he did not satisfy him. The last attempt at blackmail, however, failed, with the result described above.

WHO IS WHO?

Ten minutes passed. The door was opened and Mr. Santhanam, with his usual smile on his lips and walking stick in his hand, entered the room. He straightaway spoke to the man.

"So, you have come to complain of my peon, eh? What you know of my peon I know well, because he told me all his story when he came to me for the job. So, get out."

Without a word the man got up and went out of the room. When he had gone far Mr. Santhanam laughed loudly. "Poor rogue, he does not guess the truth." He went upstairs laughing and entered his room.

He stood before the mirror and laughed again saying, "He'll not come back, never." He put his hand on his thick moustache. It came out in his hand. Then he took off his spectacles and threw down the walking-stick, and lo, there stood Natarajan before the mirror! Yes, Natarajan had posed as his master, and his master had not yet come. He had never told his master his story.

* * * *

That night Mr. Santhanam came late to his house. He looked very cheerful. He called Natarajan. When the peon stood before him he abruptly asked him, "Why Nataraj, why can't you join my Dramatic Society as an actor? I think you have enough of the art in you".

Natarajan was really taken aback. Never in the past few months had his master addressed him so affectionately. He was speechless.

"Come, Nataraj! I learnt this evening that you are a splendid actor. It was I who came this evening as Murugesan. That man came to me last week and told me all your past story. Never mind that. I wanted to test you and came this evening in that man's guise. But your acting... it was superb!"

Mr. Santhanam stood up and took hold of Natarajan's hands saying, "Come along, you are my servant no more, you are one of my actors." And they went upstairs together.

India can take it

by P. J. Jacob, III Honours.

WE have lived through three years and more of a war the like of which the world has hardly seen before. No previous war had reached the intensity or wide scope of the present war. In this war, Europe was completely defaced by the Nazi hordes within the end of the first year. Then came the turn of Africa, and after that it was the land of the Soviets that was involved. Finally, came the turn of all the places constituting what is now known as the Far East. With the opening of the treacherous attack by Japan on American outposts in the Pacific, America shook off neutrality and stepped out into the open field of conflict.

All through these three years and more, untold suffering and privation have been the lot of the people of England, enemy-occupied Europe and Russia. From the very beginning of the war, people in these countries have had to go without many articles of common consumption, not to say anything about luxuries. The poor in these countries have been faced with starvation and the rich have had to face equally taxing problems. The youth of these countries have been conscripted and sent to battle-fields where many of them have perished. But the people of these countries have risen to the occasion and have ever been ready to give whatever has been demanded of them for the sake of the State.

During the first two and a half years of the war, India was comparatively free from these nightmares. But since then, she too has begun to feel the stress of war. Economic problems of complex aspects face her. The most important of them is her food problem. In recent months rice and wheat have grown scarce. With the loss of Burma, the supply of rice to India from that country has stopped completely. In recent months, in most districts of the Madras Presidency, the price of rice per measure has shot up too high to enable even the middle-classman, let alone the labourer, to purchase his ordinary quota of rice. But in view of the coming harvest, and also in view of the assurance from Government quarters that the rice problem will be adequately tackled, there is some hope of improvement.

Sugar and kerosene oil figure next in the list of articles that have become scarce. In spite of Cooperative Societies and ration cards, one is

INDIA CAN TAKE IT

no more able to acquire an adequate supply of these two essential commodities. Petrol is another commodity that has been rationed. Motor car owners have got to be content with a certain fixed number of gallons of petrol per month allotted to them by the Area Rationing Officer. This forces them to abandon not only all their pleasure trips but also many of their business trips. Many others have either locked their cars up in garages or sold them away for whatever price they could get. These persons sold their cars because there was no proportion between the amount of money they paid as tax on their motor vehicles and the extent to which they used their cars, the latter being very small because of lack of petrol. Many others have fitted their cars with charcoal-gas plants, and this involves a lot of inconvenience and waste of time. Practically all motor buses and lorries now run on charcoal gas. Now-a-days, one sees only the military trucks and other motor vehicles used for essential purposes, run on petrol. The loss of Malaya has forced the Allies to effect the maximum possible economy in their use of rubber, and this in its turn has drastically reduced the number of motor car tyres available in the market. So now one may see two sorry types of motorists—those who have tyres for their cars but no petrol, and those who have petrol but do not have tyres.

The student-population has also been affected considerably. Prescribed text-books are sometimes not available at all and often take a long time to procure. Their prices have increased enormously. Paper is not available at all. Note-books are either not available or are wantonly withheld from the students by shop-keepers for black-marketing purposes. Hard indeed is the lot of the student who is not quite rich.

The entire transport system of the country has been dislocated. Railway engines and carriages have been taken away in large numbers for war purposes, and there are only a few trains running up and down for civilian travel. And these trains are crowded to the utmost. A night journey by one of these trains is a night-mare to most of us. What a contrast between the pre-war posters requesting us to "travel as you please", and the current ones telling us that all the rolling-stock is required for carrying essential war materials and food grains and requesting us to "travel only if necessary".

Again, no one can forget the existence of the new 'day-light-saving time.' I wonder how many of us find it quite convenient. The introduction of this new standard time has brought in its trail quite a large

ON MY ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

number of inconveniences. A thorough change has been introduced into the daily lives of men and women throughout India. Some colleges begin their work at 10 o'clock in the morning, while others start work at 11 o'clock in the morning. And this is only one aspect of the confusion introduced into our daily lives by the new standard time.

These are only a few instances which help us to form an idea of the enormous strain upon us all owing to the present war. There is no upper limit to the amount of sacrifice demanded of each one of us. No one can say definitely when this war will end. At the same time no one need despair or grumble at the sacrifices he or she is called upon to make because already the tide of the war has turned definitely in favour of the Allies in all the three theatres—Africa, Russia and the South Western Pacific. Victory is in sight. The fulfilment of India's aspirations depends upon an Allied Victory, and knowing this, India's sons and daughters can take their share of the common sacrifice with good will and ultimate faith in the 'New Order' of things to come.

On My Absent-mindedness

"Ananth"

IT had long been my earnest desire to describe the strange experiences I have undergone owing to my extraordinary absent-mindedness. But it is indeed a sad truth that our aspirations are never easily fulfilled. Many years have passed, but I have not yet been able to realise my longing, partly because of my laziness and partly because of the fact that my memory often failed to co-operate with me in recalling the incidents of the past.

However, when on 1 February 1943, I sat down after meal chewing the cud of past recollections, strangely enough many of my ridiculous blunders hove before my mental sight. I at once resolutely sat down to record those incidents, but just as I began to write, I found my pen missing. I had a faint recollection of having handled it a few minutes ago, but I could not exactly remember where I had placed it. I examined my shelves that were bursting with books, opened my drawers that groaned under my harsh treatment and overturned my trunk with its ink-bottles and medicines. But the pen that was lost I could not find. At this jun-

ON MY ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

ture, my friend, Ramani, came in and, hearing my story, he laughed and laughed till tears came in his eyes: then after a few minutes, that really tried my patience, he told me that the pen was in my shirt pocket!

* * * * *

My brothers have graciously awarded me the title "Memoryless", while my friends have kindly prefixed to my name the word "The Ever-forgotten". My father often fondly calls me an "absent-minded goose", while my teachers many a time cruelly threaten to give less than zero for a test in memory.

But it is a remarkable fact that their rebukes have failed to make any impression on me. The main reason for this is that I am fully conscious of my weakness. How can a man remain unconscious of the root of his perpetual troubles? There is hardly any day in my life that has passed without my committing some blunder or other. My readers will think that I am exaggerating, but let them hear some of my daily adventures. I often stand perplexed in the bazaar having forgotten for what purpose I was there; I do many times ask the shop-keeper to name each and every article in his shop that I may get a clue about the thing I should buy. As a precaution against all these dangers, I have now to write down the things to be bought, however few, on a sheet of paper before going to the bazaar. [Let my friends just think of the waste of paper in these days of paper scarcity.]

There are more such woeful blunders in my daily school-life and it is no wonder that I often remain in one class more than a year. I go to the geography class with an English book, and enter the drawing class with but an ink-bottle. Often do my teachers ask me questions, but I always give answers to questions they never ask. Many a day, after returning from school, I have put my tiffin-box in my book-shelf and have thrown my books in the kitchen. Fie on the devil of absent-mindedness!

A few years back once when my mother went to a neighbouring town by the morning train, I escorted her to the station carrying her bag in one hand and my bag of books in the other, as I planned to go to school from the station itself. Everything went on as planned, and on my reaching the school, my history teacher demanded my map-drawing notebook. I slowly put my hand in my bag to see whether I had brought the notebook or not, but my chagrin and mortification knew no bounds when I

ON MY ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

found in the bag only a few sarees, a tin of coffee powder and some vegetables.

Two years after the above incident, once when I happened to travel singly in a train, I began to read and soon was absorbed in a very interesting article on "Pumpkin and Pakistan" in the 'JVAR Chronicle'. Suddenly I was disturbed in my reverie by a beggar singing some country song. Although I was not and still am not of a charitable disposition, I drew my purse and took the coin of the least value in it, to put an end to the song that was giving me a sort of headache. Then thinking on "Pumpkin and Pakistan" I handed, without my knowledge, the purse to the beggar and put the coin in my pocket. I came to know of my blunder only when the ticket-collector demanded my ticket, but the purse, with its ticket and a hundred rupees, was lost for ever. After many difficulties that are not worth recording I reached home, and my family burst into such a laughter at my curious experience, that I thought it not altogether a gainless bargain to exchange some petty rupees for such heavenly bliss and merriment.

There still remains one important incident, one of my strangest experiences. One rainy day last year, I returned home late in the night, with a mind clouded with thoughts, after attending a meeting in my school. I put on the light and found everybody sleeping except my mother who had opened the door for me. Then (this was what my mother said) I slowly put the umbrella in the bed and myself went and sat down in the corner where the umbrella was usually placed. I am not conscious whether I did this but my mother says I did it and what am I to contradict my saintly mother!

Although my defect gives me endless troubles, yet I do not fully dislike it. I am a liar if I say I never feel a little pride in it. When I read in books of the absent-minded actions of great geniuses, my mind is filled with inexpressible joy and I think that I am one like them.... When I read how Newton, before taking his breakfast, concluded, on seeing his empty plate, that he must have taken his meal, and when I think how once Johnson while at dinner, twitched off a lady's shoe thinking it was perhaps a nice loaf of bread—I cannot refrain from feeling an elation on being "stocked with so fair a herd."

[P.S.: When I finished the article, I never in the least thought that I would have to continue it still further. But a fact it is, that by the Will of Providence many unexpected things happen; it was at least so in my case.



C. K. KOSHI,
Winner of the Rt. Hon. Sastri's Gold Medal, IV U.C.
Inter-Collegiate Elocution Competition.
Photo by Alta Hasan, F. B. Sc. (Hons.)



COX & BOX
Played on the Prize Day.

INDIVIDUALITY

On 10 February everybody would have seen me hurrying towards the room of the Editor of the College Magazine. The Editor found the article fit for publication but, before dismissing me, asked me my name which I had forgotten to write there. I thought my head became giddy; I racked my brains to find out my name, but although many names crossed my mind I could not distinguish which mine was. Readers, believe me or not, *I forgot my own name*. I felt extremely embarrassed and mortified, but soon gathering all my strength, I told the Editor in a faltering voice, that almost betrayed my confusion, that I wanted to remain anonymous under the name of "ANANTH".]

Individuality

by C. Basbyam, IV B. A. (Hons.)

THE Englishman takes pride in his individuality; the German in his lack of individuality. And the Communist laughs at this product of bourgeoisie culture. Whatever you may say, man is not worth his name if he has no individuality. It is individuality of human character that makes life interesting. Variety is the spice of life and there is no variety without individuality.

I have always had a great admiration for strong individuals. At their head stands Dr. Johnson, that "mass of genuine manhood" with his ugly appearance and uncouth manners, arguing violently, clubbing down all opposition with "Madam, talk no more nonsense" or (turning to a distinguished guest) "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig." He was not the greatest writer of his time, but still he was the literary dictator of his illustrious age. The greatest orators, writers and artists of his age, as well as the common people, gathered round him to listen to his dogmatisms as the Greeks listened to their oracles; and Johnson held undisputed sway over the realm of letters for a period of twenty years. What was the secret of this astounding spectacle? It was the Doctor's individuality; and it is to his individuality that we owe that immortal book, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

All great men are men of individuality. When everyone goes to meet the emperor fully clad from head to foot in the most conventional

INDIVIDUALITY

manner, the Indian leader goes in the traditional Indian way with his loin cloth and blanket even in the shivering cold of London winter. Hitler himself is an "individualist" though he aims at standardisation among his countrymen. The dictator of Germany, the man who has shaken the world to its very foundations, is a puritan. He takes no interest in ordinary things. The man who has unbounded power in his hands has no use for it. I like Hazlitt because he was a strong "individualist" though his opinions were not always sound. His loyalty to Napoleon and the French Revolution was unshaken even after the failure of the Revolution. He stood alone supporting the cause of the Revolution when all his erst-while friends, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey and Lamb had gone over to the other camp. He was one man against a whole nation; but still he asserted his individuality. It is this remarkable courage that he exhibited and his sincerity of conviction that draw our sympathy. It is this love of individuality that makes me like the Muslims writing from right to left when all the world writes from left to right.

But there are limits to the expression of one's individuality. A man may have his own whims and fancies and he can exhibit them to others; but he cannot go to the extent of becoming a public nuisance. You may go in the streets when it rains with your umbrella folded in your hands. It does not irritate people; it even provides them with some harmless amusement; but if one has peculiar and undesirable ways, say, of eating, one should not exhibit them in public.

Here I must warn my readers against confusing individualism with individuality. Individuality is the personal characteristics of a man, especially, when strongly marked. But individualism is self-centred conduct, a social theory favouring free action on the part of individuals. Individuality is a lovable thing, individualism is a doctrine with immense potentialities for evil. To be individualistic, a man need not shut himself from the outside world. On the other hand, man has a duty to the society in which he lives. He must take interest in its affairs and work for its welfare. Remember, Dr. Johnson, the greatest individualist, was the most social and lovable being in London society.

But there are, on the other hand, certain doctrines which go to the other extreme of putting an end to all individuality. Nazism and Fascism preach the supremacy of the State in all spheres. The interest of the individual must be subordinated to those of the State in all circumstances. Man has no individual existence apart from his society in a totalitarian state. This doctrine aims at reducing men into machines, though efficient

INFLATION

machines, of course. While emancipating human labour from its position as a commodity and raising man to his full stature, the Communist state does not allow the individual the right to separate existence. The defect lies in the fact that the Marxist always considers society as a combination of economic classes and never as a group of individuals, each with his own will. There is certainly a difference between man and man even in the same class. Every citizen must sacrifice a part of his liberty and needs for the sake of the common good, but he cannot completely lose himself in the state.

Development of the individual independent of the development of society has been strongly criticised by Matthew Arnold. Some religions tend to preach the progress of the individual in disregard of the progress of humanity as a whole, though it is not necessary that they should do so. Humanity should not be considered a collection of individuals, each busy saving his own soul only or amassing his own fortune. We must preach the ideal that every one must do his duty, not for any personal gains or comforts, but as his contribution to the well-being of human society.

Inflation

by Jacob C. Andrews (Post-graduate)

INFLATION is a much used, and also a much abused, term. Its meaning is not always fully grasped. It is not easy to define; nor is there complete agreement among economists, about its exact meaning.

Inflation is said to exist when there is "an expansion in the supply of money to spend, relatively to the supply of things to purchase." It is a condition in which we have more money than usual and consequently there is a rise in prices. The rise in prices, like the increase in money, is also unusual, differing from the ordinary rise in prices during periods of brisk trade and industrial activity. The essence of inflation is therefore that we have an unduly large supply of money which is out of all proportion to business activity and, as a result, an abnormal rise in the prices of all commodities. There is an appearance of greater wealth, but the amount of real wealth is not larger. The situation may be compared to an inflated balloon which, though looking bigger, contains no larger quantity of rubber or other materials of which it is composed.

INFLATION

Inflation, being an abnormal thing, occurs naturally in abnormal times such as those of war. During the Great War (1914-18) it was a feature of all the belligerent countries, most of all of Germany where the situation got completely out of hand. Prices in that country were one million million times the pre-war level: it was "inflation without recovery." There are evident signs of inflation during the present war, and efforts are being made to avoid its evil effects. In war-time the expenses of government are extraordinary such as paying the military forces, providing armaments, munitions, provisions, transport, and perhaps subsidies to allies, etc. Ordinary revenue cannot meet these expenses. So the government issues paper money either directly or through the banks in order to put itself in funds to the required extent. And this leads to inflation. While the amount of money increases rapidly, there is no corresponding increase in the volume of goods available to the public.

At present India is menaced with inflation. There has been a large increase in the amount of currency. This is due chiefly to the enormous purchases of Indian goods and services by the British government and other foreign customers. The result is a favourable balance of trade for India and this leads to an expansion of currency. In other words, the foreign assets represented by the favourable balance of trade are converted into Indian currency which gets into circulation. India's balance of trade was Rs. 25 crores in 1941, and it rose to Rs. 99 crores in 1942. To this must be added the assets accumulated by India on account of the expenditure by the British and the Allied governments in this country. In consequence, there has taken place an enormous addition to the amount of currency in India. An idea of this may be had from the figures of notes in circulation. In August 1939 the amount of notes in circulation was Rs. 179 crores while in October 1942 it was Rs. 490 crores. Besides there was an increase of Rs. 70 crores in coin. Thus the total increase of currency in the last three years is nearly Rs. 400 crores — a record in the monetary history of India.

Such a rapid increase in the volume of currency is sure to have its effect on the price level. The Calcutta price index which was 100 in August 1939 went up to 169 in May 1942. In Madras it increased from 100 to 172 for the same period.

Surely, there is no single panacea for inflation. But of all the remedies suggested, the most effective is a scheme of savings which will draw off the surplus money into productive industry. Under such a scheme the increased output of goods resulting from new investment will offset the inflation to a great extent.

Extra-territorial Rights

by M. A.

IT is a well-known principle that every person is subject, for all acts done within the boundaries of a State, to its local laws. It applies both to the citizens of that state and foreigners. There are, however certain exceptions to the law. Foreign sovereigns, ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary and other accredited diplomatic agents, foreign public ships, and foreign troops which are allowed the right of passage through its territory are not bound by its laws, and, being thus outside its territorial jurisdiction, are said to have extra-territorial rights. These rights are accepted in international law and in force everywhere now as in the past.

But in China extra-territorial rights were enjoyed till now also by the subjects of certain foreign powers resident there. They were obtained by treaty and constituted a sore spot in international relations. Great Britain played the leading part throughout in respect of them. In 1715 she opened the first factory in China at Canton which remained the only port at which the British and other Europeans could trade in the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth century. In 1839-41 and again in 1857-60 she waged war with China and by the treaties signed after these wars the Treaty Port regime was established. It confirmed and extended the privileges already enjoyed. The decline of the Manchu dynasty which began with the abdication of Ch'ien Lung in 1796 continued unchecked plunging China progressively into utter helplessness. Her incapacity to defend herself against aggresssion became only too apparent after her defeat in the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95. At this juncture the European powers including Russia, Germany and France battled with one another for acquiring "spheres of influence" in China. Accordingly, they leased Chinese territory wherever they thought desirable and established themselves there. Thus by 1900 the western powers had gained a foothold in several parts of China. In such centres and at the Treaty Ports the ordinary subjects of those powers had the privilege of extra-territoriality. "They were not amenable to Chinese law but could only be tried in British courts by British law. They were allowed to live and trade in certain specified towns called Treaty Ports, and at some of the Treaty Ports, areas known as settlements or concessions were set aside within which the foreign community could levy rates and taxes, establish their

EXTRA-TERRITORIAL RIGHTS

own police force and set up their own municipal administration for the control of lighting, sanitation, roads, etc....."

It must be noted that when the Chinese government first gave the foreign settlers extra-territorial rights, it did a natural thing quite consistent with the administrative organisation of the country. At that time the governmental system was based on the principle of the devolution of responsibility. Each village was largely self-governing and autonomous while the emperor merely directed and checked but did not control as in a modern centralised government. In such a scheme, foreigners were allowed as a matter of course to form their own community under their own headman and manage their affairs according to their own laws and customs. This arrangement fitted exactly into the pattern of the administrative structure of the period. But after 1900 with the growth of Chinese nationalism and the substitution of a strong central government for the old weak one, extra-territorial rights came to be regarded in a different light altogether. They were now looked upon as an infringement of the integrity of China and as a limitation of its sovereignty. Consequently, there arose a demand for their abolition, which gained momentum with the years. The justice of the demand was evident, and it was for the foreign nations concerned to agree to it. The question was discussed at the Washington Conference in 1921 and it was resolved that a Commission should be set up to report on the means of assisting China to effect such legislative and judicial reforms as would enable the several powers to relinquish either progressively or otherwise their respective rights of extra-territoriality. These reforms were indeed necessary as the Chinese legal and judicial system was far from modern. In 1926 the Extra-territoriality Commission, after examining the problem over again, concluded that the progress in legislative and judicial reform made so far was not sufficient to warrant the abandonment of the extra-territorial rights by the western powers. In April, 1929 the United States, Great Britain, the Netherlands, France, Norway and Belgium were asked by China to relinquish their extra-territorial rights, and as they still hesitated, the latter announced its intention of abolishing them by unilateral action on her part as from January 1930. Great Britain and the United States thereupon agreed that the abolition of the extra-territorial rights in principle should be deemed to have commenced from that date, and carried on further negotiations for a final settlement. Those negotiations were suspended for a time on account of the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, but were later resumed and carried through to a successful issue. Extra-territorial rights have now been completely relinquished by

THAT FATAL TEST

Britain and the United States by the treaty signed on January 11, 1943. Those of other countries will be similarly relinquished if they have not been relinquished already.

This long-expected settlement of the affair of extra-territorial rights in China closes a sad episode in the history of international relations. It restores the fulness of Chinese sovereignty and territorial integrity. It is a token of the great appreciation of the United Nations of the heroic part played by China in this titanic struggle for civilisation. And it is no less an augury of their continued close cooperation with her in solving the problems of peace as those of war.

That Fatal Test

by M. S. S.

SEENU was really fortunate in his wife, Jeya, who was considered the sweetest woman in the town. Such a reputation as this is always difficult to acquire and still more difficult to retain. But Jeya's sweetness everybody conceded. Slender, of moderate height, with soft, black, eloquent eyes, long black hair framing her oval face, and a small mouth of true tenderness, she was the very picture of female loveliness.

Three years had elapsed since the marriage of Seenu and Jeya. Both loved each other tenderly and Jeya worshipped her husband. All went well until one day Seenu attended a local cinema. While witnessing the picture, the story of an unfaithful wife, an unfortunate thought crossed his mind. Perhaps his own Jeya did not love him as she appeared to do. Without any reason he began to suspect the fidelity of his wife. Probably she loved some other man, even as the heroine in the picture did. Sentimental and easily susceptible to the least excitement, he brooded over this suspicion instead of spurning it. He had no peace of mind. He would test her fidelity as Rama did. Without a satisfactory trial he would not, and could not, repose trust in her any longer.

Not long after, there came a chance. Pongal being near, he had to buy new clothes. One night the usual hawker, Hameed Sait, brought the newest varieties to Seenu's house. While Jeya was examining the sarees

THAT FATAL TEST

with great interest, her husband watched her very intently for some time. And a strange plan struck his mind. He would do the same thing as the husband of the heroine in the picture had done. The lights would suddenly go off and in the dark he would kiss her. If his kiss was returned, then he would know that she was not a model wife, for foolish Seenu thought Jeya would not be able to know in the dark which of the two men had kissed her.

Suddenly all the lights went out. In the darkness Seenu kissed his wife and Jeya returned his kiss affectionately. Seenu had put into effect, without a second thought, that little scheme of his. A few minutes later the lights were on again and the purchase was finished in no time.

From that day the intimate relationship that existed between husband and wife was at an end. Jeya was at a loss to know why her dear lord had of late grown so cold towards her. She could understand that something was wrong somewhere, but Seenu refused to be drawn into conversation, and so she was in the dark. He was always brooding over his wife's "infidelity" to him, and this state of anxiety told upon his health. He fell ill. The Doctor pronounced it pneumonia.

Poor Jeya, single-handed, nursed him unflinchingly and even then she found him unappreciative of her unselfish efforts. This thought broke her heart. Seenu lay hovering between life and death. Like a watchdog his wife was always near him, ever on the alert to gratify his slightest wish and whim. Often she heard him muttering the words: "Treacherous woman, be gone. Cursed be the day I came across you." Poor Jeya understood not a single word of these outbursts and attributed them to the delirious fever. Often she would ponder over the extraordinary change which had come over her dear Seenu ever since the day she bought clothes for Pongal. Her only consolation was to shed copious tears and to pray to God to give her husband a twofold cures.

As if in response to her prayers the Doctor said that Seenu would live. He survived the fever and regained his strength; but his attitude towards Jeya remained the same. He continued to be a cold, unaffectionate husband who had been wronged by a faithless wife.

One day, no longer able to bear the agony, Jeya went to her husband who was lounging in an easy chair on the terrace of the house. It was full moon and Seenu was looking at it. Kneeling at his feet, Jeya opened out her heart, poured out her grief in sobs, half-words and tears,

WHICH IS THE BEST?

and besought him to say for what fault of hers he was treating her so cruelly without giving any explanation. Seenu was silent. Jeya made one more effort. After referring to the incident that fatal night, she cried out broken-hearted, "Alas! that was the last time you showed any affection for me. What have I done to lose your favour? Have I ever disobeyed you? How is it then that you seem to be unable to bear my very sight? Am I not your wife for good and ill, united for ever to share your joys and sorrows? Why don't you speak, my lord? For Heaven's sake, say something!"

Seenu was thinking hard. At last he found his voice. "Woman, what is all this talk about kissing? I never kissed you."

Jeya reminded him of the various little particulars—which only a woman can notice—about the time, the saree she wore, the shirt he had on, and added: "Have you forgotten so soon that one second of bliss we had when you kissed me?" Did I not kiss you in return?"

Yet Seenu persisted. "But was not there the merchant also? How could you be so sure that it was I and not the other man that kissed you?"

"Rama, Rama," cried Jeya blushing, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "did you not notice that he had a bushy beard and a thick moustache? You are always clean shaven."

Seenu was speechless.

Which is the Best?

by *T. V. Venkatachalam, IV U. C.*

THE greatest monarch of the second or, as some assert, of the third dynasty of the ruling princes of Vijayanagar was Krishnadeva Raya. During his reign poets, painters, sculptors and other skilful men flocked to his court to exhibit their skill. Every one of them would be rewarded amply. But where did the emperor acquire his knowledge which enabled him to judge correctly the artistic merits and defects of these men?

WHICH IS THE BEST?

It was Tenali Rama who helped the king very much in measuring the skill of the artists. From his childhood he had shown how sharp his intellect was. He was a poet, a philosopher, a saint, a court-fool, a minister and, when the occasion demanded it, a commander-in-chief too. His many-sided genius was renowned throughout the length and breadth of the country. The following incident was the first and the best exhibition of his prodigious skill and was the origin of the astonishing glory that was his.

One day, three men of strange appearance presented themselves before the emperor, bowed humbly before him simultaneously and then stood like pillars without opening their mouth. Some more minutes passed and yet deep silence.

"Tell me, who are you? Whence do you come?" the emperor enquired breaking the silence with impatience. Absolute silence was the reply.

"Are you stones? Can't any one of you speak?" the emperor roared.

"Great Sire.....," all three began at the same time.

"One at a time!" the Raya interrupted.

"We are oil painters, your Majesty."

"Therefore oil in your speech?" observed the king humorously.

"But not in our paintings!"

"Oh, oh! Where are they?" the emperor ejaculated.

"They are in our picture gallery! Your Majesty is invited to see them."

"Picture gallery! Are they so precious that a king should go down to see them?"

"They are a sight not to be granted to the gods themselves," they declared.

"Well, we shall visit the gallery."

"Please, your Majesty, one more request. We have heard about Your Majesty's skill in judging things. So, it is our humble request that Your Majesty judge which is the best painting."

WHICH IS THE BEST?

"Besides doing so, we shall amply reward the man who painted the best," vouchsafed the king.

They arrived at the picture gallery. The Raya's son, Achyuta, five years old, was also of the company.

The first painter removed a curtain. Ah! There the emperor saw a beautiful flower-basket filled with rare flowers. The flowers seemed so real that bees went round and round the painting looking for honey. The emperor was amazed.

Another curtain flew back before the emperor's eyes. There was an ornamented basket filled with various kinds of fruits. The emperor's mouth began to water. The prince, Achyuta, ran with eagerness in his eyes to the basket and tried to pick out the fruits.

There was another beautiful curtain hanging. The emperor asked the owner to show his work.

"There it is!" he pointed out. "But where? I cannot see anything except a beautiful curtain moving smoothly in the light wind!" As he was speaking, he tried to remove the curtain.

"Ah, what is this?" exclaimed the monarch in great excitement. The painter smiled. To his great wonder, the emperor realised that it was not a real curtain but a painted picture of a curtain.

"Great Sire....." the painters began

"What is the matter?" the emperor turned round.

"Your judgment. Which is the best picture?"

"You will hear soon!" Then the king departed.

The next day the Raya caused a proclamation to be made that a gift would be awarded to the man who would point out the best picture and give reasons for his preference.

Attired like a fool, a strange-looking man stepped before the emperor and said, "Your Majesty, may I be allowed to examine the pictures?"

"Can you, when so many learned could not?"

"Let me try". There was determination in the request.

"Then, come on!" the emperor said.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Without a moment's hesitation the man decided that the picture of the curtain was the best!

"How?" The question came forth from every corner impatiently.

"I was present at the gate when the emperor visited and examined the pictures. The first painting deceived only the bees, the second deceived the senses of an immature boy of five years, but the third deceived a full-grown, learned and vastly experienced king! Now tell me which is the best?"

On hearing this convincing and perfect reasoning, the emperor came down from his seat and embraced Rama with tears of joy in his eyes. "Such an intellectual giant should be an organ in the governing body of our country," he said and made him a minister, and, in course of time, his bosom friend.

It is not necessary to point out that this man was the celebrated *Tenali Rama*.

William Ernest Henley

by J. Francis X. Paiva

IMAGINE a man limping through life with one leg, and with a body racked by tuberculosis; soaring into heights of poetry on wings of 'unrhymed rhythms'; descending into the depths of downright criticism none the less sincere because arrogant; editing anthologies, reviews, magazines, plays by the score; a man who passed into the Eternal Beyond with an 'unconquerable soul' and a head 'bloody but unbowed.' That was William Ernest Henley.

He was born on August 23rd, 1849, the son of a bookseller, and made his first acquaintance with genius when he entered the ancient Crypt Grammar school of which Thomas Edward Brown, the parson and poet, was the headmaster. His health was unsatisfactory from an early age. In his twelfth year tuberculosis began to lay hold of him and tortured him at several intervals throughout his life. Being thus banished from active outdoor life, Henley concentrated his attention on his studies and books. Later, his disease became so bad that one of his legs had to be amputated.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

His arm was also badly crippled. In spite of these handicaps he continued his programme of study as steadily as ever. Sometime after, his condition became worse still and the doctors confessed that if he wanted to live he should amputate his remaining foot. But he had heard about the new antiseptic treatment begun by Prof. (afterwards, the famous Lord) Lister, at the Edinburgh Infirmary. He decided to go there despite his doctors' advice. He told Lister that he alone could save him, and save him he did, after Henley had been a patient through twenty long months of acute pain.

Those months of suffering decided his future life. During that time he taught himself German, Spanish, French, and Italian. From his bed of pain he wrote 'In Hospital' which breathes of 'the thick sweet mystery of chloroform', the piercing grind of pain, and the hospital, 'grave, quiet, old, where life and death like friendly chaffers meet.' He sent some of these verses to 'The Cornhill Magazine' of which Leslie Stephen was the editor. In a letter to his wife Stephen wrote: "I had an interesting visit to my poor contributor. He is a miserable cripple in the Infirmary, has lost one foot and is likely to lose another, or rather hopes to save it. He has a crippled hand besides. I went to see Stevenson this morning, and told him all about the poor creature and am going to take him there tomorrow." This meeting between Robert Louis Stevenson and Henley is one of the best known incidents in recent literature. If this meeting had not occurred, we would have missed the wooden-legged John Silver in Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' of which character Henley was the model. Again, in his essay on Talks and Talkers Stevenson portrayed Henley as Burly.

Henley's outstanding works were few but it is on these that his fame depends. The influence of the German poet, Heine, is seen in his remarkable attempts at unrhymed rhythms or free verse. He was the pioneer in this form of verse enriched and perfected by later poets. The vivid 'Song of the Sword' and the patriotic 'Boer War Ballads' afford fine examples.

O hark to the Trumpet,
The Virgin of Battles
Calling you, still calling you
Into the Presence
Sons of the Judgement,
Pure wafts of the will!
Edged to annihilate
Hilted with government,

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Follow, o Follow me
Till the waste places
All the grey globe over
Ooze as the honeycomb
Drips with the sweetness
Distilled of my strength.'

Some have described Henley's verses as being crude and coarse but that is because he believed that there are some crude and passionate emotions of the human soul which can only be transmitted through the medium of unrhymed rhythms. After reading a new volume of his poems Stevenson wrote: 'I did not guess you were so great a magician. These are new tunes, there is an undertone of the true Apollo. These are not verse; they are poetry.' In 1888 'A Book of Verse' was published in which 'Invictus' appeared. That made him famous. He became a real force in the literature of the Victorian period. He had the uncommon gift of picking out the most picturesque words and of distinguishing between mode and emotion. L. Cope Cornford says in his biography, that 'in his starkly realistic lines in which he sought to grasp the spirit behind the veil, he leads us to the confines of the regions of the soul to the very borders of the hereafter.'

As a critic, Henley was aggressive in the extreme and to the extent of arousing violent opposition. That may have been a result of the hardships which he had to combat. The crippled Henry, who had also to bear the loss of his beloved six year old daughter, Margaret, gave vent to irascible outbursts which often affected his writings and gave a sting to his criticisms. Lovers of Burns were aggrieved to see Henley describing him as 'a lewd peasant of genius' who completed rather than initiated a development in national song. Neither was Stevenson spared. To Henley, George Eliot was the 'fruit of a caprice of Apollo for the differential calculus,' and he called Silas Marner a good, perplexed, old maid who had had a disappointment. Evidently, Henley was not one of those who preferred to call a spade "an agricultural instrument for the trituration of the soil."

Henley possessed a great knowledge and love of literature, and lived his own poetry which glows with the intense heat of genuine experience. He will be ever remembered as the author of 'Invictus,' and as the gallant fighter who taught his fellow-men to conquer the trials of this life by steeling the will to the utmost. His personality was such

உயர்திரு. மு. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள்

that Stevenson declared that one could feel his presence on entering the room blindfolded. This courageous cripple, poet, critic, journalist, bludgeoned heavily by chance, 'the master of his fate' and 'the captain of his soul,' died in 1903 as he had wished to, in his 'Margaritae Sonor.'

'So be my passing
My task accomplished, and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart,
Some late lark singing
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sun down splendid and serene
Death!

அர்ச் குசையப்பர் கல்லூரித் தமிழ்ப் பேராசிரியர்

உயர்திரு. மு. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள்

காலஞ் சென்றது குறித்துக் கூறிய

கையறு நிலைச் செய்யுட்கள்.

வித்துவான் த. கி. குப்புசாமி ஆழ்வார்

அறுசீராசிரிய விருத்தம்

1. அந்தோ! செந் தமிழ்த்தாயின் அரும்புதல்வ!
பெரும்புலவர்க் கணியே அன்னாய்!
நந்தாச்செந் தமிழ்பயிலும் மாணவர்க்கு
நானிலக்கற் பகமே ஒப்பாய்
இந்தார்செஞ் சடைமுடியோற் கன்பநடே
சப்பெரியோய்! இறைதான் சேர்ந்தாய்
நொந்தாழ்வெந் துயருறுமெம் போல்வாருக்
குறுதுணையார் நுவல்வாய் அந்தோ!
2. சென்னையண்ண மலைக்கல்விக் கழகமெல்லாம்
செல்லுநின்சீர் செப்பற் பாற்றோ
அன்னையெமக் கெனவமைந்த அர்ச்சுசைக்
கல்லூரி அணியாய் நின்றோய்

உயர்திரு. மு. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள்

‘நின்னையொப்பார் எவருளரே’ எனயெவரும்
நிகழ்த்தவுரை நீங்கிச் சென்றாய்
என்னையொரு பொருளாக்கி எனக்குமொரு
நிலையளித்த ஏந்தால்! ஏந்தால்!!

3. கலையின்ற தெளிவுடனே கட்டுமைக்கும்
கனிவினையாம் கணிப்பேம் கொல்லோ!
நிலைதிரியா தடங்கியதோற் றத்துடனே
நிகழ்த்துமுரை நினைவேம் கொல்லோ!
மலைவறச்செய் விரிவுரையை மடுத்திடவும்
தொகுப்புரையை மதிப்பேம் கொல்லோ!
கொலையிலுங் கூற்றுன்னைக் கோதகற்றிக்
கொண்டதெண்ணிக் கொதிப்பேம் கொல்லோ!

4. முந்தாச் சென்ற முனிஞானி
முகமே கண்டு மகிழ்ந்தனையோ?
வந்தா தரித்துச் செந்தமிழ்வேள்
வாவென் றுன்னை எதிர்த்தனரோ?
சின்தாப் புகழ்ச்செந் தமிழ்ச்சாமி
நாதற் சேர்ந்து சிறந்தனையோ?
நந்தாப் பெருவான் நண்ணும்நாள்
நங்கள் நடேசப் பெருந்தகையே!

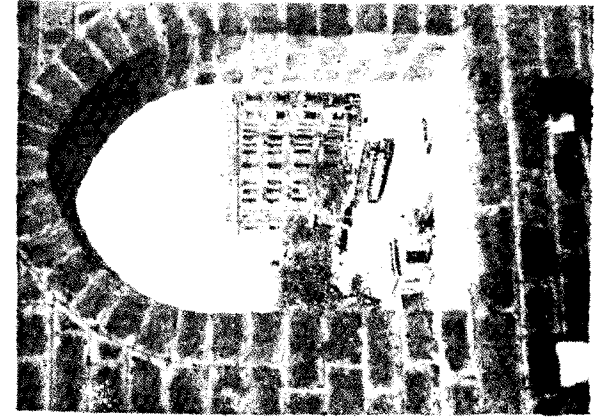
5. முன்னமோர் அகத்தியனே முதுபொதியில்
இருந்துதமிழ் முழங்கச் செய்தான்
இன்னமோர் அகத்தியனாய் இம்மலையில்
இருந்துதமிழ் இலங்க வாழ்ந்தாய்
பன்னருஞ்சீர் கயிலைசென்று பழகுதமிழ்
வளர்த்திடவே படர்ந்தா யாயின்
இன்னமே இவணிருந்துன் றனைநினைந்தே
இனைந்திடுதல் இயல்போ அன்றே.

[கலி விருத்தம்]

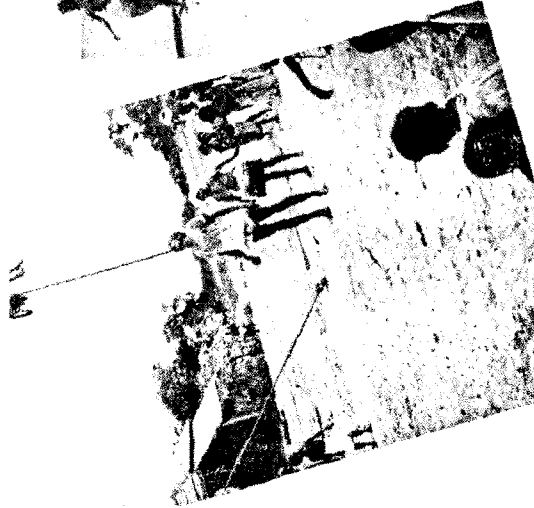
6. நனவெலாம் கல்லூரி கனவெலாம் கலைக்கழகம்
மனமெலாம் தமிழாக்கம் இனமெலாம் புலவர்குழாம்
உனவெலாம் தமிழ்ப்பாட்டு உணர்வெலாம் அரண்குழல்கள்
தனைவெலாச் சூழ்ச்சியாய் தனைவென்றான் கொடுங்குற்றே?



Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4—Village Scenes,
By A. F.



Y. M. C. A. Madras; New Angle,
By K. Veeraraghavan, II U.C.



African Bulls,
By K. Veeraraghavan, II U.C.



THE COLLEGE BAND—1944-45

பண்டித மு. நடேச முதலியாரவர்கள்

மன்னுயிர் நீத்தமைக்கு மாணவன் மனமிளக்கிக்
கையறுநிலையாகக் கரைந்துகூறல்.

தண்டலை கிரு. வேங்கடாசலன்

- க. இமிழ்கடல்குழ் இணையிகந்த இந்நியநாட்(டு) இன்முகமாய் இலங்குகின்ற
தமிழ்நாட்டின் தனிநகராம் தண்ணறுஞ்சேர் சிராப்பள்ளி தனிலமையும்
அமிழ்தூட்டும் அக்கடலே அனையதொரு அர்ச்சுனசக(ல்)லூரிதன்னில்
குமிழ்பூத்த முறுவலொடும் குறையின்றித் தமிழளிக்கும் குணமலையே!
- உ. இன்றென்னை நீத்தேநீ எகிடினே விண்ணுலகிற்(கு) எனதுதேவே!
நின்றனது நெடுவுரையும் நீர்சிலம்பின் விரிவுரையும் புற(ம்)அகத்தின்
தின்றறும் கண்டனைய தீஞ்சுவைசால் பேருரையும் தெவிட்டிடாதே
இன்றமிழின் ஈந்திட்டாய் என்ஐயே! இன்றுன்னைப் பிரிவதெங்ஙன்?
- ஈ. முருகாற்றுப் படைமுதலாம் முருகனுடைப் புகழ்தூல்கள் முழுதுறித்தம்
ஒருகாலே னும்பயிலா(து) உண்டுகொளாய் உயர்பூசை தனக்குரியாய்!
உருகாதோ உன்னுடைய உரைநிறைந்த உள்ளன்பன் உளமனைத்தும்
ஒருகாலன் உன்றனையே உளமுவந்து உயர்நாடு கொடுசெலுங்கால்?
- ச. செந்தூரிற் சேர்முருகன் பி(ள்)னேத்தமிழைத் தொடங்கினேநீ முடிக்குமுன்னர்ச்
செந்தமிழன் சீர்முருகன் சேவடியைத் தேடித்தான் அடைந்தனையென்கால்?
நந்தாத புகழுடனே நடேசமுதற் பேருடையாய்! நலமுமிக்காய்
எந்தாய்நீ தமிழ்ச்சாமி நாதர்தமைத் தழுவிடற்கோ எனைப்பிரிந்தாய்?
- ரு. எந்தாய்நீ 'இரக்ஷணிய யாத்திரிகம்' இனிப்படிப்போம் எனவிசைத்தாய்
அந்தோநீ! அவசரமாய் யாத்திரிகம் ஆற்றிடுமா(று) அமைந்ததென்னோ!
நொந்தேன்யான் நோயால்நீ நொப்துற்றே வெம்பிடினும் 'வருந்தல்' என்றாய்!
அந்தோ! அந் தோ! இன்றே அன்புடையேன் அடைதுயரம் அகற்றிடாயே!
- கூ. சஞ்சிவி¹ யொருமலையும் வடமலையும்² சார்மலையும்³ குணமலையே
தஞ்சமியை இனியென்றே தவித்திடுமா(று) இழைத்தனையே தருமமிக்காய்!
வஞ்சகத்தால் வானவரும் தமிழமுதைப் பருகிடுவான் மகிழ்ந்துகொள்ள
எஞ்சலிலா இன்புபெற்றாய் எமைஇன்று இடர்க்கடலின் எழுப்பிடாயோ?
நல்லை நல்லை நடேசநீ நல்லை
இல்லை இல்லை இனியெனக்(கு) இனியார்
தொல்லை தொல்லை உரைதொகுத் தளிக்க
வல்லை! வல்லை!! வணங்கி வாழ்த்துவன்.

¹ சஞ்சிவியொருமலை ஆரியா புதல்வர். ² வேங்கடாசலன் எனும் மாணவ அன்பன். ³ சார்ந்த பிறர்.

கவிச்சிறப்பும் பாரதியாரும்

வே. சேஷய்யங்கார்

கல்லிலே இன்பம் பயப்பது சிற்பம்
சொல்லிலே இன்பம் பயப்பது கவிதை
ஒலியிலே இன்பம் பயப்பது பாட்டு
ஒளியிலே இன்பம் பயப்பது ஓவியம்
உடலிலே இன்பம் பயப்பது நாட்டியம்
உயிரிலே இன்பம் பயப்பது யோகம்

இப்படி, இன்பம் பெற மனிதர் படைத்த துறைகள் பல. அவற்றுள் சொல்லைக் கொண்டு இன்பம் படைப்பவர் கவிஞர்.

கவிச்சிறப்பில் சிலவற்றைப் பொதுப்படக் கூறி, பாரதியாரிடத்தே அவை பொருந்தியிருந்ததை, அவரவர் கருத்தறிய விடுவதே என் நோக்கம். ஆகையால் அடிக்கடி பாரதி என்ற பெயர் இடைப்படாதிருந்தால் சொல்வதெல்லாம் அவர்க்கில்லை என்று எண்ணிவிடுதல் கூடாது. பாரதியாரை நேரில் கண்டும், அவரே பாடக்கேட்டும், நான் பெற்ற உணர்வும் நினைவும், அவரை, அவர் கவியை, அறிவதிலே எனக்குப் பெருந்துணையாயின.

கவித்திறம், மனிதருள்ளே சிலருக்குமட்டும் அமைந்த பிறவிக் குணம். தனிச்சிறப்பு. நற்கவிகளெல்லாம் ஒரே இடத்தவரல்லர், ஒரே நிறத்தவரல்லர், ஒரே காலத்தவரல்லர். இடம் பொருள் ஏவல்களுக்கேற்ப, காலம் பல வழிகளால் தன் குறை முடித்துக்கொள்ளும். தன் கருத்துக்கிசைந்த கவிஞனையோ, துறவியையோ, வலியனையோ தோற்றுவித்து அவர் துணையால் அது வாழ்வில் பல புது வழிகளைப் புகுத்திவிடும். அவருளெல்லாம் கவிஞனே சிறந்தவன். வலியனோ, தடிகொண்டு மனிதரைத் தன் வழிப்படுத்துவான். கவிஞனோ சுவை தந்து அவர் மனதைப் பதப் படுத்துவான். வாளிலும் எழுதுகோல் வலிது என்றாலும், இனிது என்றாலும் அப்புகழ் மிகையாகுமா?

கவி உடமை ஒரு இயற்கை வாய்ப்பு என்றோம். இயற்கை அருளால் கவிஞரிடத்தே காணும் ஒரு தனிச் சுவையும் உயிருடமையும் செயற்கை இடியால் பெறப்படுவதல்ல. தானே பழுத்ததும், தடிகொண்டடித்ததும் ஒரே சுவையின தாகுமா? கவித்திறமை நாம் வேண்டவருவதல்ல. வாங்கிப் பெறுவதல்ல. ஒரே குடியில் பாம்பையாய் தொடர்வதுமல்ல. அப்பன் கவியானால் மகனும் அப்படியே என்று சொல்லிவிட முடியாது.

கவிச்சிறப்பும் பாரதியாரும்

‘ஆழந்திருக்கும் கவி உளம்’ பொது மனிதர் மன அமைப்புக்குப் பெரிதும் மாறுபட்டது. வளர்ப்பினாலும், படிப்பினாலும் மட்டும் அவ்வமைப்பு பெறப்படாது. நிலத்திலே முனையிருந்தால் மட்டும், நீர் வார்த்து வேலிகட்டி அதைத் தழைத்திடச் செய்யலாம். வெறுங் குழியிலே, செய்நேர்த்தி பயன் தருமா?

பிறந்த உடனே, இவர் கவிஞர் என்று அறிந்துவிட முடியாது. ‘வினையும் பயிர் முனையிலே தெரியும்’ என்ற முது மொழிக்கேற்ப கவிஞனின் பிள்ளைப் பிராயத்திலேயே சில கவிக் குறிகள் காணப்படலாம். ஆனால், தான் கவி என்று அவனே வாக்கு மூலம் கொடுக்குமட்டும், அதை நிச்சயிக்கமுடியாது. குயி லொளித்த சோலையை, அதன் குரல் கேட்டுத்தானே நாம் அறிந்துகொள்ளலாம்.

கவிஞனின், புலன்கள், அறிவு, உணர்ச்சி எல்லாம் தனிச் சிறப்புடையவை. “திக்குள் விரலை வைத்தால்” அவனுக்குக் கடவுளைத் தீண்டும் இன்பம் தோன்று மாம்! நமக்கும் அப்படியா? பொறிவாயில் ஐந்தவித்தால் ரிஷியாகலாம்; கவியாக முடியாது. இயற்கைச் செய்திக்கெல்லாம் அடையாத வாயிலகமாக அவன் இருத்தல் வேண்டும். கவியின் ஐம்புலன்களும் தம் தம் தொழிலிலே சிறந்து விளங்குதலால் தான், சுவையும், மணமும், உணர்வும், இசையும், உருவும் அமைந்த கவி படைத்தல் அவனுக்கு எளிதாகிறது. இன்னிசை தருவன், நல் வீணையில் அமைத்த மென் தந்திகளா, அல்லது நெடுமாத்தில் கட்டிய கொடிக் கம்பிகளா? அதுபோல, கவி உள்ள மென்ற உயிர் வீணையை மட்டும் தீண்டி இசை எழுப்பிவிட மண்ணிலும் விண்ணிலும் எண்ணிலாதன உண்டு. ‘தாரணியில் வாறுலகில் சார்ந்திருக்கும் இன்பமெல்லாம்’ கவிச் சாக்குத்தான். ‘காண் பன, கருதுவன’ வற்றுள்ளே நமக்குப் புலப்படா ஒற்றுமை வேற்றுமைகள் கவிக்குப் புலப்படும். அவன் அவற்றை முறைபெற வகுத்து, ஓர் சொல்மாலை தொடுத்தால், அதில் புதியதோர் சந்தமும் சுவையும் செய்தியும் பிறந்து விளங்கும்.

ஏதோ, எங்கிருந்தோ, எப்படியோ, வந்து, அவன் உள்ளத்தை மீட்டி விட்டால், அது கவி பொழியத் தொடங்கிவிடும். அக்கவி விருவை அடக்க அவனாலும் ஆகாது ‘உள்ளங் கவர்ந்தெழுந் தோங்கும்’ அக்கவி வெறிகாத்துக் கொள்ளும் திறம், அவனுக்கில்லை. உள்ளிடத்தே நிறைந்த கொதிப்புத் தன்னைக் குழம்பாக்க அதை வெளிப்படக் கக்கி, அப்புறப் பாட்டாலே, தன் உடல் குலுங்கிப் பின் அடங்கும் நிலம்போல, கவியும் தன் மனத்தே நிறைந்த கவிக் குழம்பை வெளிப்படுத்திய பின்பே, தணிந்து அடங்குவான். நற் கவிஞரிடத்தே உயர் கவி பிறக்கும்போது, உடனிருந்தவர்களுக்கு இதன் உண்மை விளங்கும். உடல் சிலிர்த்து, பூரித்து, குரல் பண்பட்டு, ஆவேசம் கொண்டவன்போல, அவன் தன் மனத்தே தரித்திருந்த கவிக் குழந்தையை சொல்லிலோ, எழுத்திலோ, ஏந்தி

கவிச்சிறப்பும் பாரதியாரும்

விடும்போது, அவன் படும் இன்பத்தைப் பெறும் போழ்தில் தாயறிவான். அகமும் புறமும் தூண்ட, உண்மை என்ற கருத்தரித்து, கற்பனை என்ற உடல் பூரித்து, சொல் என்ற உடைபோர்த்துப் பிறந்த கவிதைகள் தான், நரை, திரை, மூப்பு, சாவு அற்று மாறா இளமையும் இனிமையும் பெற்றுத் திகழ்கின்றவை.

ஒரு நாட்டிற்குக் கவி வளமெதற்கு? தொழில் வளமும் நில வளமும் அமை யாதோ என்றால், பல்வளமும் பொருந்திப் பகல் அகலாப் பரப்பிடைய நாடு படைத் தாலும், கவி வளமில்லா நாடு வெறும் பொன்மலரோடொத்தது தான். உலகத் தொழிற்சாலை என்று பெயர் படைப்பதைவிட, உலகக் கவிச்சோலை என்று புதழ் படைப்பதே மேல். உடலுக்கு, புறத் தொழிலுக்கு வேண்டுவன எல்லாம் மலிந்து அவை ஏற்றுமதியாய், உயிருக்கு அகத்தொழிலுக்கு வேண்டுவன எல் லாம் குறைந்து அவை இறக்குமதியாய் இழிநிலை படைத்த நாட்டுக்கு உலகக் கலைக் கூடத்திலே இடமேது? நீரிலும், நிலத்திலும், வானிலும் படை குவித்திருப்ப வரைவிட 'மலரினில் நீலவானில் மாதார முகத்திலெல்லாம் இலகிதும் அழகை' த் திரட்டிச் சொல்லிலும், கல்லிலும், படத்திலும் நிரைத்திருப்பவரே அழியா நிதி படைத்தவர். 'நன்றென்றும் தீதென்றும் பாராமல்' வையச் சேர்க்கை யனைத்தையும் கொன்று நடக்கும் பகைவர் படை மண்ணிலும் விண்ணிலும் நிறைந்து நாட்டைப் பொடி படுத்திச் சாம்பல் ஆக்கினாலும் அவை மனிதர் மனத்தே புகுந்து ஒளித்திருக்கும் கலை விதைகளையும் சுவைக் குவைகளையும் அழிக்க முடியுமா?

கலைநிதி குவிக்கத் துணைபுரிந்து, அறிவாலயத்திலே தன் நாட்டிற்கும் ஒரு உருவகுத்து நிறுத்தி, அத்திருவை வெளிநாட்டோர் வணங்கித்தொழ வழிகாட் டும் வாய்நல்லான் கவி. அவன் உறவால் ஒரு நாட்டிற்குக் கிடைக்கும் பெரும் பதவி மற்று எவர் உறவாலும் பெறுதலரிது.

காற்றும் ஒளியும்போல் நற்களியும் பற்பல கோடி. "ஜனங்களின் சங்கமுழு மைக்கும் பொது உடைமை" "கூட்டி மானுட ஜாதியை ஒன்றெனக்கொண்டு வையமுழுதும் இன்புறப் பாட்டிலே அறங்காட்டப் பிறந்தவன்" அவன். உயி ரைச்சுருக்கி உடம்போடு அளவுபடுத்தி மனிதனை மனிதனுக்கே பகைவனுக்கும் பேருயிரும் பெருஉணர்வும் படைத்தவனல்லவா? உடல் நமக்குத் தடையாவது போல அவனுக்குத் தடையாவதில்லை. கூடுவிட்டுக் கூடுபாயும் சக்தி அவனுக் குண்டு. உயர்திணை அஃறிணை என்ற பிரிவுகளெல்லாம் அவனுக்கில்லை. எதற் கும் உயிர் மூட்டிவிட்டு நம்மோடு உறவாக்கிவைக்கக்கூடிய உயிர்வன்மைபெற்ற வன் அவன். பேருக்கு ஒரு வீடென்று வைத்து, நாடெல்லாம் ஒடித்திரிவாரைப்

கவிச்சிறப்பும் பாரதியாரும்

போல, தனக்கென்று உடல் ஒன்றிருந்தாலும் அதன் அளவோடு அவன் நிற்ப தில்லை. வெளிப்படுவதும், வெளிப்படுத்துவதும் அவன் தொழில்கள். "காக்கை குருவி எங்கள் ஜாதி, நீள்கடலும் மலையும் எங்கள் கூட்டம்" என்று ஆனந்தக் கூத்திடுவனுக்கு வேண்டுவன வேண்டாதன உண்டா? 'உற்றார்கள் எனக்கு இங்கு எல்லாரும்' என்று 'தெளிந்து ஒருமை கண்டாரி'லே அவனும் ஒரு வன். உலகெலாம் அவனுக்குச் சொந்த ஊர்—உயிரெலாம் அவனுக்குச் சுற்றத்தார்.

இடங்கடந்ததுபோலக் கவிஞன் காலமும் கடந்தவன். அவன் இறந்ததை நிகழ்வதுபோலாக்குவான். வருவதை வந்ததுபோல் வருணிப்பான். இடமும் காலமும் அவனிட்டபடி. அவன் பாடத் தொடங்கிவிட்டால் 'களளால் மயங்கு வதுபோலே' நாம் 'கண்மூடி வாய்திறந்து' கேட்டிருக்கவேண்டியதுதான். கவி ஞன் நம்மோடு உறவாடுவது சொல்வழியால் என்றாலும் அவன் சொல்லைத்தேடிப் போவதில்லை. அவன் 'உள்ளத்திலே உண்மை ஒளி உண்டு' ஆகையால் அவன் 'வாக்கினிலே ஒளி' தானே உண்டாகும். சொல் கோர்க்கும் வேலை நற்கவிஞ னுக்குத் தெரியாது. கவித்தொழில் வேறு, கைத்தொழில் வேறல்லவா? ஒரு மூச்சிலே, உள் சுரப்பிலே, சிலவேளை அவன் ஒரு பெருங்காவியம் செய்துவிடு வான். சிறுகச்சிறுக, வரிவரியாய், துணி நெய்வதுபோல அவன் கவி நெய்வ தில்லை. 'இம்மென்னுமுன்னே இருநூறும் முந்நூறும் அம்மென்றால் ஆயிரமும் ஆகாதா?' என்றது 'வெறும்புகழ்ச்சி'யல்ல. கவி, சொல் உலகத்துக்குத் தனி நாயகன். அங்கே அவனிட்டது சட்டம். செத்த சொல்லை அவன் பிழைக்க வைப்பான். மங்கினதை மெருகிடுவான். மதிப்பிழந்ததைப் பதப்படுத்துவான். அவனுக்குச் 'செல்லா' வார்த்தையே கிடையாது. சொல்லாளன் செல்வாக் குக்கு எல்லை உண்டா? என்றாலும் அவன் சொல்லிலே வெகுசெட்டு. அவன் கட்டுரையாளன்—'பன்னிப்பன்னி'ப் பேசமாட்டான். ஒன்றைக் குறிக்க நமக்கு முப்பது வார்த்தைகள் வேண்டுமானால் அவனுக்கு மூன்றே வார்த்தைகள் போதும். சொற்பயனும் நயமும் தெரிந்த அவன், அவற்றை அள்ளி இறைப் பாடு? 'ஆழந்திருக்கும் கவி உளம்' காணவேண்டுவார், அவன் அமைத்த சொல்வழியேறி அவன் உள்புகவேண்டும். எத்தனை 'அர்த்தம்' தெரிந்தாலும் அவனோடு நமக்கு ஒத்துணர்வு பிறந்தாலொழிய அவன் முழுக்கருத்தும் சுவை யும் நமக்கெட்டாது.

கவிஞன் வருவது சொல்வான்—வாழ்வுக்குப் புதுவழி வகுப்பான். 'நாட் டிலே அறங்கூட்டிவைப்பான்,' நாம் 'நாடும் இன்பங்கள் பலமூட்டி' வைப்பான். இப்படித் தனி அரகசெலுத்தும்போது அவன் சில பழையன கழித்துப் புதியன புகுத்தி வாழ்வுக்குப் புத்துயிரளிப்பான். தன் கற்பனையாலும், 'உண்மையிலே

கவிச்சிறப்பும் பாரதியாரும்

‘தவறாத’ உணர்வினாலும், அவன் வருங்காலத்தை நெருந்துராம் பிளந்துபார்த்து, உயிரோங்க வழிவகுத்தால் அதற்காக நாம் அவனோடு வழக்காடலாமா? பழைய அளவுகளையும் எண்ணங்களையுமேகொண்டு அவனை மதித்துக் குற்றம்சாட்டித் தண்டிக்கலாமா? பழைமைக்கும் புதுமைக்கும் உள்ள பிணக்கைத் தீர்த்து மனிதருக்குக் கண்திறந்துவிட்டு, அவர் உணர்வைப் பன்மடங்காக்கி, ‘அத்தனை உலகமும் வர்ணக்களஞ்சியமாகப் பற்பல நல்லழகுகள் சமைத்து’த் தருபவனுக்குத் தடை உத்தரவுகள் போடலாமா? சிருஷ்டிக்கொழியிலே கைவைத்தவனுக்கு ‘மாமூல்’ என்ற விலங்கிட்டால் அவன் படைப்பதெப்படி?

வாழ்வு, வெறும் வழக்கம் என்ற மடுக்களிலே தேங்கி அழுக்கடைய, மக்கள் தம் நாட்டிற்குச் சிறப்பான கவிதை, பாட்டு, நாட்டியம், சிற்பம், ஓவியம், இவற்றின் சுவையும் கருத்தும் அறியமாட்டாமல், அவற்றின் எழுத்தளவிலே, உருவளவிலே நின்று, உயிர்குன்றி இடர்ப்படும் நாளிலே, கவிஞன் தோன்ற, அவன்வழியே, ‘வெள்ளத்தின் பெருக்கைப்போல் கலைப்பெருக்கும் கவிப்பெருக்கும்’ மேவும். அப்புதுப்பெருக்கால், ‘பள்ளத்தில் விழுந்திருக்கும் குருடொல்லாம் விழிபெற்றுப் பதவிகொள்வார்; மனித ஜாதியே உயிர் ஏணியில் ஒரு படி ஏறும்.

இப்படி நற்கவியின் சிறப்பை அடுக்கிடலாம். இத்தனை நலமுடைய கவிச்சுவையை அறியா மனிதரும் உண்டு. நம்முள் ஒருசிலருக்கு ஒளியின் பலநித்ச் சிறப்பறியும் திறம் இருப்பதில்லை. அவர் நிறக்குருடர் எனப்படுவர். அது போல கவிக்குருடராயிருப்பாருக்கு, கம்பன் கவித்திறம் என்றாலும், காளி தாஸன் கற்பனை என்றாலும் அது ஏதோ வம்புப் பேச்சு என்றுதான் படும். கவிச்சுவை கஞ்சியல்ல, கட்டிப்புக்கட்ட முடியாது. உயர் அறிவும், நல் உணர்வும் கற்பனையும், ஓர் அளவில் கவித்திறமும் நமக்கே வாய்த்திருந்தாலன்றி, கவி இன்பம் துகாமுடியாது.

‘சொல்லித்தொரிவதில்லை மன்மதக்கலை’. அப்படித்தான் கவிச்சுவையும்.

தமிழ்கண்ட புதுமைகளில் பாரதியார் ஒருவர். பலகலை பயின்று, அதன் பயனைப் பாட்டாலும் கூத்தாலும் கதையாலும் கட்டுரையாலும், கைம்மாறு கருதாது தமிழுக்கு வழங்கிய வள்ளல் பாரதியார்.

உளனோ இல்லனோ என்னுத தமிழ்நாட்டிலே தனக்கென வாழாது தமிழ்க் கென வாழ்ந்த சுகைமையாளர் பாரதியார். ‘ஒன்றுதான்மை’ என்றாலும் அதுகொண்டு தோற்றங்கள்; ‘நந்திருநாடு, அது முன்னர் திகழ்ந்த பெருமை மூண்டிருக்கும் இந்நாளில் இகழ்ச்சி;’ மக்கள், அவர் அகம்புறம்; இப்படிச் ‘காலை

இறை பணி நிற்பல்

இளம்பரிதி’ முதல் ‘சின்னஞ் சிறுகுருவி’வரை காண்பன கருதுவனவற்றை, இசையொடுகுழைத்துச் சொல் ஓவியமாய்த் தீட்டித் தமிழிலே பல புது இன்பங்கள் படைத்த பெரும்புலவர் பாரதியார்.

‘மெல்லத் தமிழினிச் சாகும்’ என்று ‘சொல்லத்தகாதவன்’ சொல்லு முன்னே ‘கேடுதீர்க்கும் அமுதம் எம் அன்னை கேண்மைகொள்ள வழியிது கண்டிர்’ என்று வகுத்த வாய்நல்லார் பாரதியார்.

பாரதி என்ற கவித்திள் யாவையுஞ்

சார்ந்திடப்போ—மனமே

நரச்சுவையதி லூறிவருமதில்

இன்புறுவாய் மனமே.

பாரதி வாழ்க! — தமிழ் வாழ்க!!

இறை பணி நிற்பல்

கனகசபை, மூன்றாவது வகுப்பு.

‘இறை பணி நிற்பல்’ என்பது இறைவனது தொண்டின்கண் தளராத நிற்பல் எனப் பொருள்படும். இத்தொடர் மூவகைப் பாசுபாட்டின்கண் போந்துள்ளது. முதலில் ‘இறை’ என்பதன் துண்பொருளைப் பற்றியும், பிறகு அவ் விறைவனிடத்து நாம் செய்யவேண்டிய பணி எது என்பதைப் பற்றியும், அப் பணிமாட்டு நிற்பல் எங்ஙனம் கைகூடும் என்பதைப் பற்றியும் நாம் இங்கு சற்று கவனிப்போம்.

1. ‘இறை’

பல பிறவிகளுள் கிடைத்தற்கரிய இம்மனிதப் பிறவியைப் பெற்ற நம்முள் ஒவ்வொருவரும் மகிழ்ந்து அதனால் பெறக்கூடிய பிறவிப் பயனைக் காண முயல்வதே நமது கடன். எல்லாவற்றையும் ஆளும் தன்மையுடைய ஒருவனே நான், தலைவன், இறைவன், இறை என்று பலவாறு அழைக்கப் படுகிறான். எனவே ‘இறை’ என்பது எப் பொருளிலும் தங்கி இருப்பவன் எனப் பொருள்படும், மக்களுள் நல்லவர் என்று உணரப்படுபவரிடத்திலும் ஒரு சிறிது நல்லது அல்லாதது காணப்படுதல் இயல்பு. ஆனால் எல்லோர்க்கும் மேலான இவ் விறைவ

இறை பணி நிற்பல்

விடந்து அத் தீயது என்பது சிறிதேனும் இன்றி நன்மையே பொலிவது இயல்பு. இக் கருத்தையே சம்பந்தரும்

“ நன்றுடையான தீயதில்லானே ”

எனப் பகர்ந்துள்ளனர். இந் நற்குணங்களைப் பெற்று எங்கும் நிறைந்துள்ள இவ்விறைவன் தன்னை மக்கள் உணரும்பொருட்டு, வடிவம் பலதாங்கிச் சிறப்பாகச் சிற்சில இடங்களில் கோயில் கொண்டருளியுள்ளார். ஒருவன் எந்த உருவத்தில் அவரை வழி பட்டாலும் அவ்வுருவம் கொண்டே ஆண்டவன் அடியார்க்கு அருள் புரிகின்றான். இக் கருத்தையே

“ ஆரோருவர் உள்ளவார் உள்ளத்துள்ளே அவ்வுருவாய் நிற்கின்ற அருளும் தோன்றும்.”

என நாவுக்கரசர் கூறிப் போந்தனர். எனவே, அவரது திருவருள் நோக்கத் தினால் அவரைக் காணலாமே அல்லாது வேறு விதங்களில் அவரை அறிய முயற்சித்தல் அரிது, இத்துடன் “இறை” என்ற பகுதியை நிறுத்திக்கொண்டு, “இறைபணி” என்ற பகுதியை மீண்டு கவனிப்போம்.

2. ‘இறை பணி’:

‘பணி’ என்ற சொல், செய்கை, ஊழியம், தொண்டு, கடன் எனப் பல்வேறு பொருளுடையது. இக் கடமை என்பது சின்னஞ்சிறு எழும்பு முதல் பெரிய விலங்கு ஈடுக எல்லாவற்றையும் சார்ந்துள்ளது என்பது கண் கூடாகக் காணக் கிடக்கிறது. பகுத்தறிவு படைத்த மானிடர் ஒவ்வொருவரும் கருமம், கடன் அல்லது பணி என்ற ஒன்றைச் செய்யவே கடமைப்பட்டுள்ளனர். இறைவனுக்குக்கூட கடன் என்பது உண்டு என்கிறார் நமது நாவுக்கரசர். அக் கடன் யாதெனில் ‘அடியேனைத் தாங்குதல்’. அதாவது தன்னை அபயம் என்று வந்தடைந்தவர்களைக் காத்தலே யாகும். மேலும், அப்பர் தேவாரத்தின்கண் காணப்படும் “என்கடன் பணிசெய்துகிடப்பதே” என்ற அடி உயர்ந்த வாழ்க்கை நியமத்தை நமக்கு அறிவுறுத்துகிறது. நிற்க, ‘இறை பணி’ என்ற தொடர் இறைவனுக்கு உகந்த பணி எனப் பொருள்படும். இப் பணியை இரண்டு கூறுபாடாகச் சிண்டு கவனிப்போம். ஒன்று இறைவனால் ஆக்கப்பட்ட உயிர்மாட்டு அன்புகாட்டித் தொண்டாற்றுவது. மற்றொன்று ஒருவன் தனது உயிரின் முன்னேற்றத்திற்காக இறைவனை வழிபட்டுப் பிறவாமையை அடைய முயல்வதேயாகும். இத்தகைய தொண்டாற்றுவதற்கு இறவாத இன்ப அன்பு வேண்டுவது சாலப் பொருத்தமுடையது.

இறை பணி நிற்பல்

நிற்க, இறைவனிடத்து அன்புகாட்ட முற்பட்டவர்கள், ஈசனை உணர்தற் குரிய நிலைகளை, சரியை, கிரியை, யோகம், ஞானம் என நான்காக வகுத்துள்ளனர். சரியை என்ற அரும்பு கிரியையாய் மலர்ந்து, யோகமாய்க் காய்த்து, தக்க பருவம் வந்தகாலத்தே தான் பழுத்து மெஞ்ஞானம் அல்லது இறைஞானம் என்றதொரு கணியாகக் கிடைக்கப் பெறும். இக் கருத்தையே,

“விரும்புஞ் சரியை முதல் மெய்ஞ்ஞானம் நான்கும் அரும்பு மலர் காய் கனிபோல் அன்றோ”

எனத் தாயுமானவர் திருவாய் மலர்ந்தருளியுள்ளார். எனவே, இந்நான்கு நிலைகளிலும் நின்று இறைவனை வழிபடுதல் ஒருமுறையாகும். இத்துடன் ‘இறை பணி’ எத்தன்மைத்து என்பதை நிறுத்திக்கொண்டு, அப்பணி மாட்டு எங்ஙனம் ‘நிற்பல்’ இன்றியமையாதது என்பதைச் சிறிது கவனிப்போம்.

3. ‘இறைபணி நிற்பல்’

இறைபணி எத்தன்மைத்து என்று எவ்வழியானும் அறிந்தபின் அந்நன் னெறியின்கண் நிற்பலே இன்றியமையாதது. நாம் செய்தோம், நமது செயல், என்ற எண்ணங்கள் நீங்கப் பெறுவதே இறைபணியில் தளராத நிற்பற்குச் சிறந்த நெறியாகும். மக்களுட் சிலர் செல்வம் வந்துழி இறைவனை வழிபட்டும், அந்நிலை மாறியபோது அவ்விறைவனையே நிந்தித்தும் வருகின்றனர். மேலும் சிலர் உலக இன்பத்தில் மூழ்கிக் கிடக்கும்போது ஈசனை முற்றும் மறந்தும், துன்பம் வந்துழி இடைவிடாது வழிபடுதலையும் காண்கிறோம். ஆனால் இறை பணியின் நிற்குங்கால் இத்தகைய தளர்ச்சி வரலாகாது. இக் கருத்தையே,

“இடரினும் தளரினும் எனதுறு நோய் தொடரினு முன்கழல் தொழுதெழுவேன்”

எனச் சம்பந்தரும் அருளியுள்ளார். எனவே, இத்தகைய இறை பணியிற் செவ்வனே நிற்பற்குப் பெருந் துணைகளாயிருப்பவை இறைவனிடத்துப் பூரண அன்பும், அவ்வன்பில் தளராமையும், அவனை என்றென்றும் மறவாமையுமாகும்.

கடைசிபாக இத்தொண்டின் காரணமாக விளைபக்கூடிய பயனைச் சிறிது ஆராயுமிடத்து, இறை பணியின்கண் நிற்போர் அவ்விசனிடமிருந்து பெறும் ஒருவித ஆற்றலால், இப் பிறவியில் விளையும் இன்ப துன்பங்களைப் பொருட் படுத்த மாட்டார்கள். மேலும், இறைவனை நாடி அவனருளைப் பெற்றவர்களுக்கு “இன்பமே எந்நாளும் துன்பமில்லை”. எனவே, இப் பணியின் காரணமாக மக்கள் மும் மலங்களாகிய ஆணவம், கன்மம், மாயை என்பன நீங்கப் பெற்று, அங்கும் இங்கும் எதையடி எங்கும் நிலவப் பெற்ற இன்பமே வடிவான இறைவனது திரு வருளைப் பெற, சிறந்ததொரு வழியாக விளங்குகிறது.

“வள்ளுவர் வகுத்த அரசியல் முறை”

அல்லது

‘பண்டைத் தமிழரசின் மாண்பு’

அ. சிவப்பிரகாசம், III U. C.

நம் தமிழ் நாட்டுப் பண்டை அரசியல் முறையை நிரல்பட ஓர்ந்து, அதனை உணர விழைவார் உளம்பட உரைக்குந் தகுதி வாய்ந்த தன்மை உலகம் போற்றும் திருக்குறளை நந்த திருவள்ளுவனருடையதாகும்.

மக்களின் மனத்தைக் கோணுவிக்காமல் அவர்தம் பயன் கருதிக் காக்குந் தொழில் புணும் வேந்தனது இறைத் தன்மையையும், அவன்றன் குணங்கள், அவனைச்சார்ந்த அமைச்சர் முதலாயினோர் பண்பு, பொருளுடைமை, நாட்டின் வளம், மக்களின் பண்பு முதலிய அரசியல் மாட்டு அமையப் பெற்ற கருத்துகளைப் பாணர் என்ற பெரும் புலவரின் கூற்றுக் கேற்பவே குறுகிய விரண்டடி வாய்ந்த குறள் வெண்பாக்களால் ஆசிரியர் அளந்து விட்ட தன்மையை நாம் அறியற் பாலதேயாம்.

முறை தவறாது அரசியல் நடாத்துகின்ற மன்னன் மனத்திட்பமும், அறிவும், ஊக்கமும் பெற்று, காண விழைவோர்க் கெளிதில் காட்சியளிப்பவனாய், கடுஞ் சொல் நீக்கி இன்சொல் சொல்லும் இயல்புடையவனாய், பெரு மக்களின் பெருந் துணை கொண்டு சிற்றினஞ் சேராது அரசியல் நடத்துதல் வேண்டுமென்றும், அவன் மேலும் செருக்கின்றிச் சிறுமையும் சிற்றமுங் கொள்ளாது, கற்றலின் தகுதி நோக்கி வளரும் கல்வியறிவு நிறைவுடையனாய்த் திகழ வேண்டுமென்றும் வள்ளுவர் பெருந்தகையார் கூறுகின்றார். அவன் ஒரு தொழிலைச் செய்யத் தொடங்குமுன் தன்னைச் சார்ந்துள்ள அறிவுடையாருள் தூலறிவோடு நுண்ணறி வும் வாய்க்கப் பெற்றவர்களுடன் ஆய்ந்து, அவர்கள் கூறிய வழித்தான் எண்ணிய கருமங்களை எண்ணியாங்கு எளிதில் இனிது நிறைவேற்றுவான். மேலும் அறப் போர் செய்து ஆக்கம் பெறக் கருதும் அரசன் தன்னிடத்து அளப்பருந் துகை வாய்ந்த அரிய படைக் கலங்களை உடையானென்னும் மாற்றாசர் மேற் போருக் கெழும் பொழுது தனக்கு வென்றியும் பகைவருக்குப் படுதோல்வியும் தாத்தக்க இடத்தையும், தனக்கேற்ற காலத்தையும் கருதி நிற்பல் வேண்டும்; ஏனெனில் ‘பகல் வெல்லும் கூகையைக் காக்கை இகல் வெல்லும்’ தன்மையை அவன் ஓர்ந்து தனக்கு வலிய காலமும் பகைவருக்கு வலி குன்றிய காலமும் தேர்ந்து போர் செய்ய முற்படுதல் அவசியம். வேந்தனுக்கு வெற்றியைத் தருவது அவன் காதத்தில் தாங்கியிருக்கும் செங்கோலேயாகும். முறை தவறாது நடு நிலையில்

“வள்ளுவர் வகுத்த அரசியல் முறை”

நின்று நீதி செலுத்தும் மன்னவன் மக்களால் பெரிதும் பாராட்டப்படுவான். கொடியாரைக் கொல்லுவது வளரும் பயிருக்குக் களைபறித்தலை ஒக்குமாதலால் குற்றம் செய்தவனைத் தண்டித்தல் அரச நீதியென்பது விளங்கும். உலகங் காக்கின்ற வேந்தரிடத்து ஓர் ஒளி உண்டென்றும், அவ் வொளியே உலகினைக் காக்கும் பெருந் திறத்த தாமென்றும், அவ் வொளியே அவர் மாட்டுள்ள இறைத் தன்மையை உணர்த்துமென்றும் ஆசிரியர் அருளுகின்றார்.

செங்கோல் வழுவாது அரசியல் நடத்தும் அரசனைச் சூழ்ந்து ஐம் பெருங் கூட்டங்களும் என்போராய்களும் இருந்தனவென்பது இளங்கோவியற்றிய சிலப் பதிகாரமென்ற இன்னிசைக் காதையால் இனிது உணர்கின்றோம். அரசு னுக்கு அமைச்சர், காலக் கணிதர், சேனாபதியர், தூதுவர், ஒற்றர் போன்ற அருந் துணைவர்கள் எக்காலத்தும் தன்னருகில் அமையப் பெற்றிருத்தல் வேண்டும். அரசனுக்கும் நாட்டிற்கும் உறுதி பயப்பனவற்றைத் தேர்ந்து, அரசனது செவ்வி பார்த்துக் குறிப்பறிந்து தன் கருத்துக்களைச் செம்மையாகச் சொல்லுதலும், அவ்வாறு தான் துணிந்து கூறிய தெளி பொருள்களை அரசன் ஒப்புக் கொள் ளானாயின் தனது நுண்ணறிவாலும் சொல் வன்மையாலும் உண்மையை உறுதி யாக எடுத்துரைப்பதும், அரசனது நன்மையை நாடிச் செய்யும் பொழுது அவன் நல் வழியிற் செல்லுங்கால் ஊக்கியும் அல் வழியிற் செல்லுங்கால் தடைப்படுத்தி யும் உறுபயன் விளைவிப்பதுமாகியவைகளே அமைச்சனது பணிகளாகும். அமைச்சருக்கடுத்த தகுதி வாய்ந்த காலக்கணிதர் அரசன் போருக் கெழும் போது நன்னாளும் நற் பொழுதும் பார்த்தல் என்ற பணியை ஏற்றிருந்தனர். படைத் தொழிலைக் குறித்து ஆராய்வதற்குப் படைத்தலைவரால் அமைந்த சபை யொன்று இருந்ததென்று தெரிகிறது. தூதுவரும், ஒற்றரும் அரசனுக்கு அமைந்தவோர் அங்கமாக விளங்கினரென்பது வள்ளுவர் வாக்கினின்றும் அறி கின்றோம். அறிவும், உருவும், ஆராய்ச்சியும், ஆன்ற குடிப் பிறப்பும் உடையார் தூதாம் தொழிலுக்கேற்றவர் என்றும், மாற்றாசரிடம் தம்மாசர் கூறிய மாற்றங் கூற விழையுந் தூதுவர் காலமும் இடமுந் தேர்ந்து தொகுத்தும் வகுத்தும் இன் சொலால் எடுத்துச் சொல்லி, தம்மாசருக்குப் பெரு நன்மை விளைவிப்பவரே தலையாய தூதுவராமென்றும் பொய்யில் புலவர் புகல்கின்றார். தூதுவர் போலவே அரசியல் நடாத்துதற்கு ஒற்றரும் ஒல்காப் பயன் விளைவிக்கின்றனர். பிறர் தம்மைக் கண்டு ஐயுறு வண்ணம் பற்றெல்லாம் அற்ற பெரியார் போல மாற்று ருக் கொண்டு, அயல் நாடு சென்று, அவண் நிகழும் செயல்களின் தன்மையை ஓர்ந்து, தம்மாசருக்குத் தாம் கண்ணுற்ற வழி கூறி நிற்போரே ஒற்றார் தொழி லுக் கேற்புடைத்தவராவர். மேற்கண்டவாறு அயல் நாட்டின் உட்கிடை யுணர்ந்த அரசன் பகைவரைப் போர்க்களத்தில் புறங்காட்டி யோடச் செய்யவும்,

“ வள்ளுவர் வகுத்த அரசியல் முறை ”

தம் மாசியல் மாட்டுப் பகைமை கொண்டு விளங்கும் பல கூட்டங்களையும், உடனுறைந்தே கொல்லும் உட்பகையையும், அமர்க் காலத்தில் மாறுபடுந் தன்மை வாய்ந்த குறும்பர் குழுக்களையும் அழிக்கவும் இயலும்.

மேற் கூறியவற்றிலிருந்து, அரசனுக்கு அமைந்துள்ள அருங் குணங்கள் பற்றியும், அவன் சபையிலமைந்துள்ள அங்கங்கள் பற்றியும் திருவள்ளுவரின் கூற்றால் தெள்ளிதின் உணரப் பெற்றோம். இனி அவ்வரசனது பொருளிட்டும் முறை, படைத்திறன், மக்களின் மனப் பான்மை, நாட்டின் வளம் முதலியன பற்றித் திருவள்ளுவமேற்றிய திருவிளக்கின் உதவியால் நம் கண்ணுக்கும் அறிவுக் கும் புலனாகத் தன்மை ஓர்ந்து ஆராய முற்படுவோம்.

வேந்தனுக்கு உடற்பொருளும், உல்கு பொருளும், ஒன்றாகத் தெறு பொருளும் அவன்றன் பொருளாக வெண்ணப்படும். பாடுபட்டுத் தேடிப் பணத்தைப் புதைத்து வைத்து உயிர் மாய்ந்த குடிமக்களின் புதை பொருள்களும், தாயத் தாரில்லாது வழி துர்ந்த மக்களின் பொருள்களும் அரசனுக்கு உறு பொருள் களாகும். ‘உல்கு பொருள்’ என்பது ‘சுங்கத்தால் வரும் பொருள்’ என்று பொருள்படும். வள்ளுவர் வாக்கினின்றும் வந்த இச் சொல்லால் தமிழர் மேற் றிசை நாடுகளில் வாழ்ந்த யவனர் முதலானவரோடு கடல் கடந்து வாணிப மியற்றி அத்துறையில் பண்டைஞான்று மேம்பாடுற்ற தன்மை விளங்கும். இனித் தெறு பொருள் என்றது மாற்றரசர்களைப் போரில் புறங் கண்டு அவர்க ளிடமிருந்து கைக்கொண்ட கையுறையும் கப்பமுமேயாம். ‘அழக் கொண்ட வெல்லாம், அழப்போம் என்றமையால், குடி கொண்டு இறை கொள்ளும் செய்து பொருளிட்டல் முறையே யெனினும் அரசன் அறப்போன்றி மறப் போர் ஒரு நாளும் செய்யலாகாது என்பதனை ‘சன்றாள் பசி காண்பானாயினும், பகைவர் மேல் மிக வலிமையோடு போர் புரிதல் ஆண்மைக்கழகே யாயினும் மாற்றரசர் தம் நிலைக்குத் தாழ்ந்து வந்தவிடத்து அவர் மீது இரக்கங் கொண்டு அன்பு பாராட்டுதலே ஆண்மைக் கணியாகும்.

இனி அரசர் தமக்குரிய படைநிலை பற்றி ஒருவாறு ஆராய்வோம். தேர்ப் படை, பரிமாப் படை, களிற்றுப் படை, காலாட் படையென்ற நான்கு திறத் தனவாய படைகள் அரசற்கு உரியனவாகும். வீரமும் மானமும் ஒருங்கே யமைந்தவராய்ப் போர்க்களத்தில் ஐதவுடம்பை நீத்துப் புகழுடம்பைப் பெறு வதே பெரும் பேறென்று கருதிய வீரர் பண்டைஞான்று நந்தமிழ் நாட்டில் இருந் தனரென்று புறநானூறு போன்ற பெருநூல்களால் தெரிய வருகிறது. இவ்வாறு

“ வள்ளுவர் வகுத்த அரசியல் முறை ”

நாட்டின் நன்மைக்காகத் தமதுயிர் நீத்துப் புகழ் ஈட்டிய பெருமக்களது வீரமும் புகழும் உல்கமுள்ளவரும் நிலை பெற்றிருத்தல் வேண்டுமென்ற பெரு நோக்கங் கொண்டு அவ்வீரர்களது உருவமைந்த பெருங் கற்கள் நட்டு அவைகளின் மீது அவர்கள் செய்த அரும் பெரும் செயல்களையும், அடைந்த வெற்றிகளையும் எழுதி அவர் தம் புகழை நிலை நிறுத்துவது தமிழ் வழக்கமென்ற கருத்து ‘என்னை முன் நில்லன்மின்? தெவ்வீர், பலரென்னை முன்னின்று, கல் நின்றவர்’—என்ற குறள் வெண்பாவால் வெளிப்படுகின்றது.

இனி அரசனது நாட்டின் நால் வளமும், நல்லியல்பும், குடிகளின் தன்மை யும் எத்திறத்தன வென்று ஆய்வது அவசியமாகும். நாடு, நீர் வளம் நில வளம் போன்ற நால்வகை வளங்களும் தம்மகத்தே நிறைவுற்று, வேளாண்மையால் வளம் வாய்க்கப் பெற்ற தாளானரும், நற்றவம் செய்யும் நல்லோரும், வாணிபத் தாற் பொருளிட்டும் வணிகரும் பொருந்தி வாழும் தகைமை பெற்றதாகும்.

நாட்டில் வாழும் மக்கள் உயர்குடிப் பிறந்தார்க்குரிய விழுப்பம் நல்குவிக்கும் ஒழுக்க மிகுந்தவராய், செந்நாப் போதராய், ஈகையென்ற இன்குணம் அமையப் பெற்றவராய், மாணமுடைமை, சான்றாண்மை, இனியவை செய்தல், முயற்சி யுடைமை போன்ற மாந்தருக் குயர்வு நல்கும் பண்புகள் மனத்தின் கண்ணும் செயலின் மாட்டும் நிறைவுற்று விளங்குந் தன்மையராய் இம் மண்ணிடைத் திகழ வேண்டுமென்று வற்புறுத்துகின்றார் நம் நற்றமிழ் வல்ல வள்ளுவப் பெருந்தகை.

‘ உழுதுண்டு வாழ்வாரே வாழ்வார் மற்றெல்லாம்
தொழுதுண்டு பின் செல்பவர் ’—

என்ற குறளால் பண்டை நாளில் தமிழ் மக்கள் எவ்வாறு உழவுத் தொழிலைப் போற்றி உய்வுற்றனர் என்பது தெரிவதுமன்றி, கம்பர், ஓளவை போன்ற தமிழ்ப் புலமை வாய்ந்த பெருமக்களியற்றிய பாக்கள் இக் கருத்துக்கு உற்ற ஏற்ற சான் ருத விருக்குந் தன்மையையும் அறிகின்றோம். உலகிலுள்ள பசி நோய் போக்கி, உயிர்க்கு மருந்தாகிய உணவையாக்கி, நாட்டையும் அரசையும் காப்பது வேளாண்மை என்று விளம்புதல் மிகையாகாது.

வள்ளுவர் கடைசியாக வறுமைப்பிணி வாய்ந்த நாட்டினைக் கடிந்து அப் பிணியை அகற்றும் மார்க்கம் அறிந்து செயல் வேண்டுமென்கிறார். வறுமை போன்ற துன்பம் பிறிதொன்றில்லை. வறுமை காரணமாகப் பிறரிடம் இரந்து உயிராக்குதலினும் நீக்குதல் நன்று. ஏனெனில், காவாத திண் அன்பில் கண்ணன்றி கண்ணும் இரவாது வாழ்வதே வாழ்க்கை யெனப்படும். மேற் கூறிய திருக்குறளில் பொதிந்துள்ள நற் கருத்துக்களினால் பண்டைநாளில் எவ்

பொற்புடைக்கற்குகை

வாறு வறுமையென்ற சொல்லை மக்கள் வெறுத்து, இரத்தலென்ற இழிகேடான நிலைக்குட்படாது நற்குடி மக்களாய்த் திகழ்ந்தனர் என்பது தெள்ளிதின் புலனாகின்றது.

மேற்கண்ட கட்டுரைத் தொகுதியால் உலகம் போற்றும் உயரிய கருத்துக் களைத் தன்பாற் கொண்டதும், உலகுக்கு மட்டுமன்றி சிறப்பாகத் தமிழருக்குரிய மறைநூலாகவும், அறம் பொருள் இன்பம் என்ற முப்பாலையும் தன்னகத்துக் கொண்டு உள்நூலாருள்ளத்தில் உவப்பிலா ஆனந்தத் தேன் சொரியும் அமிர்த வெள்ளமாய்த் திகழா நிற்பதும், பல்வேறு சமயத்தினரும் தத்தமக்குரியதென்று பறை சாற்றி உரிமை பாராட்டுந் தகுதி வாய்ந்ததுமாகிய வள்ளுவர் பயந்த திரு நூலை எல்லீரும், ஓத, உணர், பின் அதன்வழி நிற்கக் கடப்பாடுடையர்.

பொற்புடைக்கற்குகை

by M. Muthukumarasamy, I U. C., 1826

பாசத்தின் பல சிற்றாசுகளில் ஒன்றான புதுவை¹ என்பது உருவத்தாற் சிறியது எனினும், ஒழுக்கத்தாற் சீரியராம் மக்களையுடையது. இதன் கண் இயற்கை அன்றை எழில்கொண்டு விளங்காவிடினும் செயற்கையான் இயற்கையை, பொற்புடைச் சிற்பத்திறனையும் ஏற்புடைச் சித்திரத்திறனையுமுடைய தொழிற் கல்வி வல்லுநராகிய செயற்கைச் சிருட்டிகர்த்தாக்களைக்கொண்டு நன்னாட்டுப் பண்டைய மன்னர்பலர் எழில்பெற இழைத்துள்ளார் என்பது அன்ன வாசலின் கிழ்பால் உள்ள சிற்றன்னவாசலின் குகைக் குடைவால் நன்கு விளங்கும். இதன் பெருமை, கடினமலையைக் குடைந்து நாற்புறமும் நல் ளிசையை இசைக்கும்படி மிஞ்சி நிற்பதால், மக்கள் மனம் சலியாது, மீண்டும் மீண்டும் திரள் திரளாக வந்து போகின்றனர்.

இவ்விதம் பெருமலையைப் பிளந்து மாண்புற விளங்கும்படிக் குகைக் கோயில்களை அமைத்தவர் பெரும்பாலும் பல்லவர்களே என்பது சரித்திரப் பிரசித்தம். அவர், பல்வேறு மதங்களை அனுஷ்டித்து வந்தவர்களாயினும் குகைக் குடைவில் பின்வாங்கியவரல்லர். இக்கோயில், மகேந்திரவர்மனால் (600—630 கி.பி.) குடையப் பெற்றதென்பது சரித்திரக் கூற்று. அதுவும் இவ்வன்றன் ஆட்சியின் முற்பகுதியில்தான் சமைத்திருக்க வேண்டும். ஏனெனில்

¹ Pudukkottah

பொற்புடைக்கற்குகை

முதலில் அமணனாயிருந்த இவன், நாவுக்கரையரின் நல்லுபதேசத்தால் சைவனாய்த் திரிந்தான். அதன் பின்னர்தான் இவன் சிராப்பள்ளி, நாமக்கல் முதலிய இடங்களில் சைவ, வைணவ ஆலயங்களை அமைத்தான் என்பதற்குச் சரித்திரச் சான்றுகள் உள்ளன.

இக்கற்குகை, நார்த்தாமலைக்கு ஏறக்குறைய நேர் மேற்கில் உளது. இதனை அடைதற்கு அநேகவித வாகன சாதனங்கள் உள்ளன. தலை நகரின்னிரு நெய்யாவி வண்டிகள்¹ செல்லுகின்றன. ஆனால் நானும் எனது நண்பர்களும் மிதிவண்டிகளில்² சென்றோம். பிற்பகல் 2 மணி இருக்கும். கிரானூரின்னிரு புறப்பட்டோம். 11 மைல் சென்றோம். சுமார் 3½ மணிக்கு அன்னவாசல் அடைந்து பின்னும் 1½ மைல் பிரயாணத்தை நீட்டிச் சிற்றன்னவாசல் அடைந்தோம். அங்கு அக் குகைகளின் திறவுகோல் சாலையின் வேலையாளிடம் இருப்பதாக விளம்பரப் பலகையில் பொறிக்கப் பெற்றிருந்ததை அறிந்தோம். அங்கு வசிக்கும் மக்கள் தினந்தோறும் வறுமை என்னும் மாற்றானோடு, கடிய உழைப்பு என்னும் ஆயுதம்கொண்டு போரிடினும் அதிகாரிகளின் கொடுமை என்னும் அமரக் களத்தில் சாத்தீகப் போராட்டம் புரிய வேண்டியிருக்கிற தென்பது நாகரிகம் முதிர்ந்த இந் நாளில் வருந்தற்பால தொன்றாகும். நாங்கள், கூலியாள ஒருவன் முன்னே வழி காட்டிச் செல்ல அவன் காட்டிய வழிச் சென்றோம். 5 சங்கிலி தூரம்³ சரிவான மலைமீது ஏறினோம். முன் சென்ற வழிகாட்டி, எம்முன் தோன்றிய கதவைத் (கதவு தற்காலத்தில் அரசாங்கத்தாரால் இடப் பெற்றது) திறந்தான். உள்ளே தாழ்வாரம் போன்ற வெளியிடம் தோன்றியது. அதில் இரண்டு தூண்கள்—தனித் தூண்கள் அல்ல, பெருமலையில் செதுக்கப் பெற்ற தூண்கள்—தோன்றின. தாழ்வாரம் போன்ற அதன் இரு ஓங்களிலும் தனியாக இல்லாது மலையிலேயே செதுக்கப் பெற்ற ஜைன விக்கிரகங்களைக் கண்டோம். கவி, மனக்கண் வழியாகப் புறக்கண்ணுக்கு உருவம் என்றும் மறையாமுறையில் விளக்குகிறான். ஆனால், சிற்பியோ புறக்கண்வழியாக அகக் கண்ணுக்கு அதன் தன்மையை விளக்குகிறான். வடபுற உருவம் தனித்துக் குடையின்லி விளங்குகிறது. தென்புறத்து உருவம் தலைக்குமேல் குடை—கம்பிக்குடை அல்ல; கற்பாம்புக் குடை—கொண்டியங்குகிறது. உருவம் வெற்றுருவம். உற்று நோக்கினால் உயிர் பொருந்திய உருவம்.

இன்னொரு கதவைத் திறந்து உள் அழைத்துக் கொண்டு போகிறான் வழி காட்டி.. அங்கு அரிய சித்திரம் கண்டோம். கவி, பொருள் அறிந்த பின் இன்பம் தரும். சித்திரம், பார்வையிலேயே இன்பம் நல்கும். இறைவனது

¹ Motor ² Bicycle ³ ½ Furlong

போற்புடைக்கற்குகை

படைப்பில் சில இயல்புநீந்து சிருஷ்டிக்கப்படலுண்டு. ஆயினும் இறைவனது படைப்பில் உயர்ந்த கலைவல்லுநர் சிருஷ்டியில் இயல்புநீந்து காணப்படுவது அரிது. நறுமணமற்ற பொன்மலர் போல, இச்சித்திரங்களுக்கு உயிர் மட்டும் இன்மைதான் குறைபாடுப்பிணம், அது தோற்றத்தான் மணமுடையனவாகத் தெரிவது போல சித்திரக்கவி, தன் கலை ஆற்றலால், இச்சித்திரங்களுக்குச் சிறிது உயிரும் கொடுத்துள்ளான். சுற்றிலும் நாற்புறச் சுவற்றிலும் தெரிவது சிற்பம். சிற்சில இடங்களில் (பொதுவாக மேற்றளவரிசையில்) சித்திரங்கள் தோன்றுகின்றன. இறைவனது சிருஷ்டி உயிரோடு கூடிய உடலை உடையது. இவனது அவ்வுடலின் தோற்றத்தையுடையது. இச்சிருட்டி கர்த்தாவினுடைய கைவினை ஏறக்குறைய 1300 ஆண்டுகளாகிய காலநதியைக் கடந்தும் சிறிதே சிதைவுற்றுள்ளது. அவர்களது கைவினையின் மாண்பை விளக்குகின்றது. கோயிலின் முன் மண்டபத்திலிருந்து அண்ணாந்து பார்த்தால் வனப்பு மிகுந்த அன்னங்கள், யானைகள், தாமரை மலர்கள், கொடிகள், பெண்களினுருவங்கள் முதலியன சித்தரிக்கப் பெற்றுள்ளனவற்றைக் கண்டால் நாமும் சிற்பம் போலவே நின்றிடுவோம் என்பது மிகையாகாது. எனவே நாங்களும் பொலிவு மலிந்த சிலைகளையும் சித்திரங்களையும் கண்டு விம்மிதழுந்து நின்றோம்.

மாணிக்கம் கண்டார் அடையாது, மற்றதனை வினென்று வெறுப்பாரோ? காணாரும் அடைய விரும்பும் அம்மாணிக்கத்தைக் கண்ட நாங்கள் அதன் உருவையாவது அடைய முயன்றதும் வியப்பில்லை. “இவ்வுருவங்களைப் புகைப்படத்தில் எடுக்கக் கூடாது”, என்ற அசாங்கத்தாரின் உத்தரவை மீறுது திரும்பி வந்ததிலும் வியப்பில்லை.

மலைக் கதிரோன் மேலைக் கடலில் மூழ்கும் சமயம் மலையினின்று இழிந்து வந்தோம். கிழே வந்ததும் எங்களுடைய பொருள்கள், நாங்கள் வைத்தவாறே இருந்ததைக் கண்டு பெருமகிழ்வுற்று அவ்வுயிரோவியங்களிடமும் இயற்கையன்னைபிடமும் விடைபெற்றுத் திரும்பினோம். அவ்விடத்தில் வதியும் மக்கள் தற்கால நாகரிகத்தில் சிறிதும் மேம்பட்டவரல்லர். பழமையில் பற்றுடையவர்; பாமரத் தன்மையுடையவர்; ஆயினும் பாதகத்தன்மையுடையர் அல்லர். ‘வைத்த வன் மறந்து போனால் எடுத்தவன் கொடுக்க மாட்டான்’ என்பது நாகரிகத்தின் பழமொழியாகிவிட்டது. இங்கு அதற்கு முறையை வைத்தவர் மறந்து போனால் எடுத்தவர் தேடிக்கொடுக்கும் இயல்பு பாராட்டற்பாலதன்றோ!



PRESIDENT, COLLEGE DAY—1942
Pencil sketch by: T. A. Balakrishnan, H U.C.



D. Natesan,
Clearing 10-1" in the Pole Vault,
at the Trichy Dt. Ath. Assocn. Sports.



800 Metres Race,
At the College Annual Sports.



Finish of the 100 Metres Dash,
At the College Annual Sports.

Books on the Editor's Table

Poems Newly Selected

by Siegfried Sassoon. (Faber and Faber, 2s-6d)

(With apologies to Mr. Sassoon)

Beauty he sought and wrought: and what he sought
Came out in myriad marching lines, and brought
This hour, this quiet room, and my small thought
On his own 'Poems Newly Selected'.

In the warm rustling music of the lines
That guard his mocking wisdom, all my dreams
Move with the chant and whisper of its waves.
Lipped by the inward moonless waves of death,
Shoals of low jargoning men drift onward at his call,
Out of the glimmering lines of their tents, over the shuffling sand.

"Soldiers are citizens of death's gray land,
Drawing no dividend from time's to-morrows"—
Who shall absolve the foulness of their fate?
Silent, they drift away, over the glimmering sand,

While time licks blank and busy on your wrists,
Look up, and swear by the slain of the war that you'll never forget.
Hoping "the War will end next week".....What's that he said?

--JOSEPH MINATTUR.

Siruvarkazhagu (சிறுவர்க்கழகு)

Teachers can and do easily perceive, when they meet their pupils in and outside the school, who among them are, and who are not well-behaved, well-bred and good-mannered. Here is a booklet by Fr. Saverinayakam S.J. that promises to help all students to cultivate good manners, acquire urbanity of character and display the ordinary traits of well-brought up and polished gentlemen. Its subject matter is all-embracing and in fact covers all the different actions in a students' everyday life—his conduct with his elders and equals at home, at school, on the playground and in the streets. It embodies only simple Indian customs. The style is concise, clear and well adapted to youngsters.

BOARDING-HOUSE AND SACRED HEART HOSTEL CHRONICLE

The book is not to be read at one sitting and then thrown away, but deserves to be pondered over and the time and effort required to imbibe all that it inculcates will not be ill spent. Incidentally, it is a good introduction to a course of moral science wherever it is taught.

K. A. S.

Boarding-House and Sacred Heart Hostel Chronicle

by Percy Netto

1st October '42.—Re-opening. We are back again after a short spell of holidays.

9th October '42.—Little Sisters of the Poor pay us their annual visit. Our boys contribute most generously.

10th October '42.—Youngsters obliged to go to the sodality chapel for mass, to facilitate the Hostellers and the 1st Division boys to say the prayers in English during mass. That's better, 'aint it, boys?

18th October '42.—Mission Sunday. Needless to say our boys subscribed freely. Congrats. to them.

21st October '42.—Annual Pilgrimage to Holy Redeemer's conducted with fervour and devotion.

23rd October '42.—Cholera, Cholera everywhere. The abominable day of inoculations. Harapha, the Hostel giant, gets a double dose. By the way, for those who don't know, Harapha is no one else but Culas! Yes boys, Stanley Culas!

25th October '42.—Kingship of Christ. Solemn High Mass and Solemn Benediction.

6th, 7th & 8th November '42.—Jubilee Celebrations in honour of Rev. Fr. Gnanapragasam. We were given a tea party on the evening of the 8th November. Rev. Fr. Gnanapragasam inaugurated the parallel bars erected in the Hostel premises.

BOARDING-HOUSE AND SACRED HEART HOSTEL CHRONICLE

1st December '42.—Selection Examination begins.

3rd December '42.—Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the patron St. of our General Prefect. After breakfast he was garlanded. Santiago spoke on the occasion, and Chandy, the man who sleeps while he walks, delighted the gathering with a solo, on his flute. Finally, Rev. Fr. Vattathara gave us his blessing in an episcopal manner.

8th December '42.—U. T. C. boys leave for camp.

9th December '42.—Vocation retreat. The retreat was preached by Rev. Fr. Balanger S.J. Most of our senior students attended it.

3rd January '43.—The first Annual conference of the S. I. C. U. Federation presided over by the Archbishop of Verapoly in co-operation with the Bishops of Tuticorin and Trichinopoly. The conference was well attended and was a grand success.

8th January '43.—Selection Examination results put up. Very few casualties, thanks to the prayers of our General Prefect.

16th January '43.—Requiem Mass for the General of the Society of Jesus.

4th February '43.—Feast of Blessed John de Britto. The three Fr. Arulanandams and Br. Arul were cordially greeted by us. The 1st Division prefect was presented with addresses in diverse tongues. A. J. Lourdes composed and sang an interesting song.

7th February '43.—Blessed John de Britto's Day celebrations by the Tamil Nad students of the Hostel and Boarding-House. A Social Gathering in the evening presided over by Rev. Fr. Rector. The function went off in grand style, thanks to the efforts of Periasamy and Antony Cruz. Santiago's forceful and eloquent vote of thanks was a striking feature of the function. Well done, Santi!

8th February '43.—Our Sportsmen, Andrew, Ambrose, Vincent and Stanislaus return triumphant from the Coimbatore Olympics. Keep it up, boys.

9th February '43.—A humorous old Dutch Naval chaplain visits us. Is garlanded by the boarders. Rev. Fr. Fournier entertains him with an extempore band selection.

11th February '43.—Procession of Our Lady of Lourdes conducted, despite bad weather.

CLIVE'S CHRONICLE

14th February '43.—Academy held in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mass by His Ex. the Bishop of Kumbakonam. Later in the day the academy was conducted, presided over by the Bishop. There were several items on the programme. Congrats. to Carvalho—let's give the devil his due.

Conclusion: Then, let's wind up. The examination is nigh. Our seniors are hard at work.

We wish them all the best of luck in their coming exams.

Clive's Chronicle

by V. V. S.

COLLEGE re-opens on the 2nd October. How much members of Clive's must have enjoyed themselves during the holidays can be seen from the freshness and charming smiles with which they return to the Hostel.

Our Warden convenes a quadrangle meeting which is a peculiarly healthy feature of our Clive's life. He lost himself so much in his welcome speech to the members after their return that he couldn't avoid his advice imperceptibly slipping from his mouth, "welldone is halfbegun."

The 5th of this month was a new chapter in the material history of Clive's for it saw the introduction of the morning tiffin system, for the Smarthas and Saivaites. Never mind, one says, the political manoeuvres you make; only you must achieve the end. The considerable opposition of the minority represented by the Saradha block, not without real grounds, shows how imperfect is the method of eliciting the "general will." It is regrettable that they come late to the section, only to find nothing but the leaves, the plates and the cooks.

The 16th saw every member of Clive's going about with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, showing a feeling of touch-me-not, when friends came to speak to him. It was with considerable difficulty that one was able to realise that the Warden had been busy with anti-cholera measures, as a precaution against the increasing cholera in the town.

CLIVE'S CHRONICLE

which he perhaps considered more important than even the anti-inflationary measures of that great man, President Roosevelt.

The selection examination fast approaching, Clive's was no longer to be seen filled with voices of different varieties, ranging from the shrill and the melodious to the rough and the raucous.

The Hostel, after most of its member had gone home for the holidays, was pleased to keep close to its breast some select students, especially seniors, to enable them to prepare for the University Examination. And their feelings of joy were beyond expression when they received our Warden's New Year greetings, concretely expressed in the form of oranges and cakes.

The 6th of January, 1943 hummed with activity and freshness and it seemed as though the members had determined to drink deep indeed at the fountain of Clive's life.

Our Union occupies a significant place in the otherwise rather dull and monotonous life here. The Union settles the fate of problems of an all-India or international character. And we are happy to note that the proposition moved on the 21st of October, by Mr. Prabhakaran, that "The Wardha system of education is in the best interests of the country" was a significant disturbance to the deep slumber into which the Union had fallen.

The 22nd of November saw Mr. Arokiaswamy, M.A., delivering, at our Union a lecture on "extra-territoriality" which can be said to have no little bearing on the political and international fortunes of nations. And it was quite natural that the president should have taken a rather sceptical view of the rather unfortunately ill-timed action of the British Government.

The 13th January of 1943 was a date of scientific importance to us for on that date at Clive's Union, Mr. Totadri Ayyengar, M.A., gave a lecture on "The comets." And Mr. G. V. Ramachandran, a distinguished visitor on that occasion, also gave some account of the movement of comets.

The principle and use of non-violence, lest it should be forgotten by the microcosm in Clive's, became the matter of discussion initiated by Mr. M. R. Srinivasan on the 20th inst.

The memorable, perhaps, as some people say, the funny day of the Union was on the 27th January when Mr. K. Srinivasan, D. T. S. Baroda, dwelt at length under the attractive title, "The cosmopolitan in politics" on the several aspects of democracy and the "nutrition" aspect which he considered vital to a student of economics. Every quotation that he gave us from various writers is echoing in our ears and he has left his impress upon the Union, by his "maiden" speech, as one put it.

Mr. Fowler who delivered the valedictory address of our Union associated himself with his Anglo-Indian colleagues who have time and again expressed, with the rising status of Indians and the changing fortunes of the British Empire, their indebtedness to Indian culture and their loyalty to the Indian soil!

Our Union cannot be thought of without a deep sense of appreciation of the valuable services that its President, Mr. Swaminathan has placed at the disposal of the Union, and its success this year is in no measure due to his valuable lead and guidance.

The third term augurs well in the field of games. Though we regret the departure of Mr. Neelakantan, it must be said that Mr. Ramanathan, the new General Captain, has risen to the occasion and has given an artificial respiration, I may say, to the otherwise dead spirits of members in regard to games. Is it not a wonder that thanks to his guidance, V. V. should have participated in some games, never mind if he was defeated and was paid back his handsome contribution!

At the pongal day celebration a Music Competition was held in which Mr. S. P. Ramanathan, Mr. T. P. Ganesan and Mr. S. Srinivasan got the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes respectively. The high appreciation of Mr. Ganesan's "Mohanam" (raga) by one of the Allattur brothers testifies to the potential scientific talents of Mr. Ganesan.

At the elocution competition held on the 31st Jan. Mr. C. S. Swaminathan got the 1st prize and Mr. Kunjanunni Menon got the 2nd.

The University examination is fast approaching and Clive's members, especially the juniors, have begun to bury themselves in books, lest they should be caught unawares by the examination.



University Training Corps

ON the green lawns of the Mahé Grounds made picturesque by the pleasant rays of the setting sun, numerous guests assembled on the afternoon of Wednesday, 17th February, 1943 to witness the annual day celebrations of the College contingent of the U. T. C.

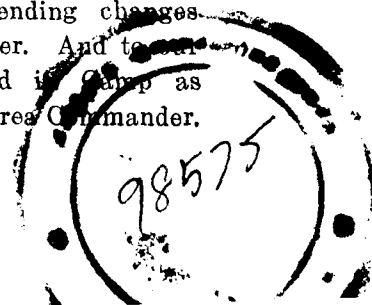
After tea a few items of sports were gone through. The fancy dress competition which followed proved a very interesting item showing the ingenuity of our youngsters. The characters ranged from the Prince of Denmark to the much-abhorred beggar and even the washerman's donkey which strangely enough refused to carry the dirty load in front of the distinguished guests. The prizes were carried away by the most deserving, or shall I say, the most needy beggar, the backward Koravan and the clever Arab Merchant.

Lieut. T. V. Krishnan commanding the Company then presented the annual report for the year 1942-43 as follows.

"....."

Inaugurated in 1922 to form a suitable recruiting ground for officers and men in the Territorial Forces, the U. T. C. has grown stronger year after year. The keenness and enthusiasm of the young undergraduates in the U. T. C. have been ever on the increase and at this time of national emergency they have fully vindicated the object of the Corps by offering themselves in large numbers. That the Army authorities have fully appreciated this has been amply proved by the fillip they have recently given to the U. T. C. Units in the shape of expansion. But appetite grows by what it feeds on. The fifty per cent increase in the strength of our Battalion a few years back brought forth powerful appeals from the Principals of several colleges all over the Presidency to start new contingents of the U. T. C. And now with the active co-operation of the University authorities, the U. T. C. has been further expanded. The St. Joseph's Contingent now forms the "B" Company of the 2nd Madras Bn. U. T. C. with its H. Q. at Trichy. Whispers and rumours, well founded of course, were already heard of the impending changes before we went to camp in the 2nd week of December. And to our pleasant surprise on the 21st December, we were inspected in camp as the Constituents of the 2nd Bn. U. T. C. by the Trichy Area Commander.

201
T45, 2192, N34
N43-9.2



UNIVERSITY TRAINING COURSE

On return to College, we were more agreeably surprised to see the new (or shall I say the old Officer) Adjutant at his H. Q. Office Table temporarily located near the basement of our College working hard and directing the construction of the basement of the new Bn. or rather rocking the cradle of the new-born child.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Major Sundaresan and welcome him back into our midst. Whilst assuring him of our best co-operation in his efforts to tend the new Bn., we wish him the best of luck. We always remember him as a strict disciplinarian, impartial in his views and dealings with all and ever keen on raising the standard of efficiency. On the eve of going to camp last year, whilst feeling sorry at his sudden departure, we wished him all success in his new sphere of activities in the R. I. A. S. C. Just one year later, our pleasure is indeed great to welcome him back.

Yet another honour is in store for another Officer amongst us. We may be pardoned for not revealing his identity now. We shall look forward to the official announcement at an early date.

Our congratulations are also due to R. Q. M. S. Cardwell on his recent promotion and appointment as the R. Q. M. S. of our Bn.

Recruitment

It has ever been an unpleasant task every year to disappoint a large number of youngsters seeking enrolment in the U. T. C. owing to want of vacancies. This year for 40 vacancies 90 were declared medically fit and the holes of the filter of standard had to be narrowed to weed out the surplus. We are glad, however, that in the reorganized scheme, a greater number will be enrolled next academic year.

Training

Thanks to the relentless efforts of the Staff our recruits were punched up long before Camp, whilst the T. M. were busy going through the new advanced syllabus of training. We were indeed handicapped by lack of equipment. And the enthusiastic seniors ready to take the War Certificate exams. were sadly disappointed as the proposed exams. were not held this year. We hope we shall have a happier story to tell this time next year.

Camp

The Annual Camp was held on the Engineering College grounds, Guindy from the 9th to the 23rd December. Though the unusual rains

UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

slightly upset our programme and gave a real ducking to several of our men and their tents, we are thankful that we were not deprived of the training. The rains were only tests of our men's endurance and toughness. It is gratifying to record that the O. R's came out successful in spite of the handicap caused by lack of sufficient dry clothing and returned home in the best of spirits.

After-Camp Period

Our activities did not end with the Annual Camp. We kept up our enthusiasm by further training and inter-platoon competitions. We take this opportunity to congratulate the winners in the several events and sincerely wish better luck next year to the others. We are also glad to record that Col. J. C. Gain, M. C. Commanding Trichy Area who has taken great interest in our welfare, inspected the Bn. on parade on the 2nd February and expressed his pleasure at the turn-out and keenness of the men.

War Effort

Our Company continues to maintain its supply of Officers and N. C. O's towards the prosecution of the War. In the course of the year, Sgt. Gopinathan Nair, Cpl. Venkataraman and Cdt. Gopalakrishna Variar were selected for E. C. whilst several like Cpl. K. P. Menon, L/Cpl. Ramaswamy, L/C Royappan etc. joined the pre-cadet training schools. Our men already know the shorter and quicker interview arrangements that have been recently proposed for them and we hope that by the end of this academic year, a pretty large number will offer themselves and await the bugle to advance.

Conclusion

It is now my very pleasant duty to thank all those who have directly or indirectly contributed to the success of this Company. Thanks are due to Rev. Fr. Rector, the Principal and the Wardens of the several Hostels for their hearty co-operation, to one and all of our guests who have kindly responded to our invitations and to Rev. Fr. Fournier S.J. for the sweet strains of the College Band. And last but not least, we are highly indebted to Major and Mrs. Ward whose interest in our welfare has been evident for the last several years and who so readily consented to preside today and distribute the prizes.

After the distribution of prizes by Mrs Ward, Major D. Ward M.B.E., Adjutant, S. I. Ry Bn. A. F. (I) and second-in-command H. Q., Administrative Group Indian Engineers, Trichinopoly, who presided on the occasion made a short speech congratulating the winners and with his intimate knowledge of the high standard of the St. Joseph's College Contgt. of the U. T. C. advised the men to keep up their high traditions and to be second to none though forming the constituents of the new 2nd Bn.

With the playing of the National Anthem and three cheers to all those who were present proposed by Lieut S. M. Diaz, the master of ceremonies, the day's function came to a happy close.

College Societies

Scientific Association (Physics Society)

The Association commenced another year of activities on the 28th of July, 1942 with the election of Mr. M. R. Ramachandran, IV B. Sc. (Hons.) and Mr. A. R. Ramanathan, IV B. Sc. as the secretaries for the year.

The inaugural address was delivered on the 1st of August, 1942 by Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Physics, Annamalai University. He gave a very interesting lecture to a crowded audience on "Our Atmosphere."

On the 19th of October, 1942, was held a meeting of this society that is bound to live for ever in the memories of all of us. Years hence the future members of this Association will be proud to say that on this day we were addressed by the greatest scientist of India and of the East, Sir C. V. Raman. Talking on "Diamonds" he said that they formed the easiest approach towards the formation of any correct conception of material structure in the solid state. Atomic movements he looked upon as more analogous to those of an army than of a crowd, his observations on the emission spectra of diamond corroborating his theory.

OTHER MEETINGS HELD

DATE	CHAIRMAN	LECTURER	TOPIC	REMARKS
1-9-'42	Rev. M. Thekaekara, S.J.	Mr. Louis Reddy	Motion picture Production and Projection	Accompanied by projections and experiments
21-11-'42	Address from the Chair	Mr. Siva Subramaniam	The Transmutation of Matter	Highly scientific in treatment
21-1-'43	Mr. N. Ananthakrishnan, B.A. (Hons.)	Mr. Louis Reddy	Photocells and their applications	
27-1-'43	Address from the Chair	Rev. M. Thekaekara, S.J.	Ultra-Series	Very useful from the examination point of view.
3-2-'43	Mr. P. Prabhakaran	Mr. A. Damodara Pisharodi	The Principles of Wireless Transmission	
10-2-'43	Mr. P. Surendranath	Mr. V. Balasubramaniam	Television	

A very interesting and largely attended meeting of this Society took place on the 19th of February, 1943 when Mr. P. Savarimuthu, M.A., talked on "Wireless Reception." With the help of lantern slides he exposed the subject thoroughly and in his own characteristic, inimitable style.

M. R. RAMA CHANDRAN,
A. R. RAMANATHAN
Secretaries.

Chemistry Society

The activities of the Society began on the 25th July 1942 with the inaugural address by Rev. Fr. C. Leroyer S.J., Science Master, Campion High School, Trichy, the subject being 'Chemistry and Medicine'. Our Vice-President, Mr. A. C. Joseph M.A., presided. The lecturer dealt at length with the part played by chemistry and chemists on the prevention and cure of diseases.

This was followed by an ordinary meeting on the 8th August when Mr. Venkataraman, IV B. Sc., gave a lecture on 'Selenium'. Mr. A. Rengaswamy, IV B. Sc., occupied the chair.

It is needless to insist upon the advantages and educative value of excursions to chemical factories for budding young chemists. Hence about thirty members of the Society led by Messrs. M. Ramamurthy and

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

and V. K. Lonappan visited the newly started industries at Mettur on the 20th August and obtained first-hand knowledge about the manufacture of chlorine, caustic soda, bleaching powder and potassium chlorate.

In these days of so much scarcity of paper and other forms of cellulose, the part played by cellulose in the creation and destruction of civilization was discussed by Mr. Vedavyasachar, IV B. Sc., on the 27th August. Mr. P. K. Sundaram, IV B. Sc. was the president.

On the 17th September Mr. N. Viswanathen presiding. Mr. Krishnamurthy gave a lecture on the use of electricity in chemical industries. On the 4th November Mr. P. S. Gopalakrishnan, IV B. Sc., read a paper on 'Power and fuels.' Mr. K. G. Krishnaswamy was the president.

The next meeting, was on the 10th November and addressed by Mr. P. A. Ignatius, IV B. A., on the methods of production and uses of 'sugars', Mr. S. Reddy, IV B. A., presided.

On the 14th of the same month with Mr. K. Hariharan IV B. Sc. in the chair, Mr. P. K. Sundaram, IV B. Sc., spoke on the 'Electronic theory of Valency'. 'Fermentation and enzyme action' formed the subject of a lecture by Mr. C. H. Vedavyasachar, IV B. Sc., on the 16th January '43.

On the 19th January, 1943 Mr. P. K. Sundaram, IV B.Sc., explained to the members of the society the theoretical and practical aspects of 'Catalysis.' Mr. K. N. Ragunathen, IV B.Sc., was in the chair.

Mr. P. S. Ramachandran, B.Sc., of the Chemistry Department gave an interesting and exhaustive lecture on 'Vitamins,' from the chair on the 30th January 1943.

The next meeting was addressed on the 3rd February by Mr. K. G. Joseph, IV B.Sc., on 'Colour and Constitution.' Mr. E. Mathew presided. On the 6th, Mr. P. K. Sundaram gave a talk on the discovery and importance of 'isotopes' in modern science. On the 10th of February Mr. C. K. Ramakrishnan, M.A., gave a detailed account of the sources and importance of gaseous fuels in chemical industries. He also spoke on the development and uses of producer gas for motor transport consequent on the acute scarcity of petrol felt by us in India.

Accompanied and illustrated by suitable slides from an epidiascope the phenomenon of 'Radio-activity' was explained to an enthusiastic audience by N. Venkataraman, IV B.Sc., on the 16th February. Mr. P. S. Krishnamurthy was in the chair.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

As usual an essay competition was conducted by the Society, one for the degree classes, on, the use of fats and oils in chemical industries and the position of such industries in India and the other for the Intermediate, on the use of sodium chloride in chemical industries. The first prize for the degree classes is jointly won by Messrs. N. Venkataraman and K. G. Krishnaswamy of the IV. B. Sc. class. The second prize goes to Mr. Krishnamurthy, III. B. A. The first prize for the Intermediate essay is won by Mr. N. Sundaresan, I. U. C. and the second, by Mr. T. R. Balakrishnan, II. U. C.

The valedictory address of our Society was delivered by Dr. K. I. Kuriyan, M. Sc., Ph. D. (Lond.), Professor of Chemistry, Annamalai University on the 20th Feb., 43. Rev. Fr. J. B. Rajam S.J., M.A., D. Sc., Professor of Physics of our College, presided. The lecturer gave an interesting account of the life and work of some eminent young chemists, like Davy, Perkin Senior etc., illustrated by suitable slides from an epidiascope.

We are glad to record that we had a crowded, interesting and useful programme. We are indeed indebted to the members for their kind co-operation. We shall be failing in our duty if we do not gratefully refer to the ready help and valuable guidance given by our president, vice-president and by the other members of the Chemistry Staff.

N. VENKATARAMAN,
C. V. RAMASAMY,
Secretaries.

The Botany Association

President. Rev. Fr. A. Rapinat, S.J.
Vice-President: Sri R. Ananthakrishna Iyer, M.A.,
Secretary: O. A. Ramaswamy, [IV U. C.]

In the business meeting held on the 10th July 1943, O. A. Ramaswamy, IV U. C. was elected secretary. The Association was started only last year and we are glad to say it has spent another year of usefulness. The inaugural address was delivered by Rev. Fr. L. M. Balam S.J. on the 3rd August, 1942. He gave an interesting lantern lecture on "Insectivorous Plants."

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, peculiar to this year, we were able to hold only ten meetings. In most of them students presided and

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

both the III U. C. and IV U. C. students made good use of the Association. The staff members of the Botany department gave some special lectures.

As usual at the end of the academic year the essay competitions were held, one for III B.A., and B.Sc., and the other for IV B.A., and B.Sc., classes. A long list of subjects was announced early and the competitors were required to write an essay on one of them in the College on the 17th February 1943. S. Balasubramaniam, IV U. C. won the first prize for the seniors and K. V. Ramaswamy, IV B.Sc., the second prize. Of the juniors K. V. Srinivasan, III U. C. won the first prize and S. D. Eapen, III U. C. the second prize.

On the 26th February, 1943 the valedictory address was delivered by Professor M. S. Raghavachari of St. Berchman's College Changanachery. He spoke on "Biology and Man." Rev. Fr. Balam, S.J. presided and gave away the prizes of the essay competitions.

O. A. RAMASWAMY,
Secretary, 26-2-43.

The History and Economic Association

On the 21st July 1942 a meeting was held in the Lawley Hall with Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., the Vice-President of the Association in the chair. Mr. C. T. Ramanathan, V Hons., and Mr. F. Theodore, IV Hons., were elected Joint Secretaries for the year 1942-43.

The inaugural address was delivered by Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., on the 11th August. He spoke on the different theories of Socialism under the caption "When Socialists disagree". He examined them in the light of the views expressed by Mrs. Barbara Wootan in a recent article in which she ably criticized the position taken by the socialists.

A debate was held on the 22nd August when Mr. F. Theodore, IV Hons., moved that "Universal compulsory education is an immediate necessity for India." Mr. V. Ramachandran, V Hons., opposed the proposition. Mr. M. Arokiasamy, M.A., was the Speaker. The proposition was carried by a majority. In his concluding remarks, the Speaker pleaded for compulsory primary education for India.

Another debate was held on the 17th October with Mr. S. A. Lobo, M.A., B.L., in the chair. Mr. B. C. Paul, IV U. C. moved that "Democracy

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

is the best form of government suitable to and workable in India". Mr. V. Srinivasan, V Hons., led the opposition. Both sides were agreed that democracy was the best form of government but differed about its workability in India. The motion was defeated.

Mr. A. Hirudayasamy, M.A., B.L., delivered a lecture on "India's Future and the American Example" on the 22nd February 1943. Reviewing the history of the American constitution, the lecturer emphasised the points of similarity between the American and the Indian peoples and urged the solution of the Indian problem on the lines of the American way of government as that was more suitable to Indian conditions than the British parliamentary system.

The valedictory address was delivered by Rev. Fr. P. Carty, S.J., on the 1st March, '43. Speaking on "Co-operation in Economics", he pleaded for a system of active and willing co-operation in production and consumption as a means of reconstruction of the Social Order, for such co-operation would mean, in production, a share for the workers in the profits, in ownership and management of industry and in consumption, the elimination of profits without the elimination of private property.

The subjects of this year's essay competition were:

B. A. Hons.: Price Control.

B. A. Pass : Food Problem in war-time

Intermediate: Science has become the victim of her own success.

The prize-winners were

Mr. P. P. Kailasam, V Hons.

„ T. A. Paulose, IV U. C.

„ J. Derrick D'Cruz, I U. C.

This year our Association had unavoidably fewer meetings than usual, but this was more than made up for by their quality.

F. THEODORE,
C. T. RAMANATHAN,
Secretaries.

சங்க சரிதம் (1942-43)

பல்லாண்டுகளாகச் சங்கம் தொண்டியற்றிவருவதுபோலவே இவ்வாண்டிலும் தன் கடமையைத் தக்கவாறு செய்துவந்துள்ளது. சென்ற வருடம் அமைச்

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

சராக இருந்த P. அழகிரிசாமியும், புதிதாக K. பெரியசாமியும் அமைச்சர்களாகத் தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்பட்டனர்.

கடந்த 1942-ம் ஆண்டு ஜூலை-மீ 10உ காலஞ்சென்ற “தமிழையா” ஸ்ரீமான் மு. நடேச முதலியார் அவர்களின் சீரிய தலைமையில், ஸ்ரீமான் V. கோபால ஐயங்கார், M.A. அவர்கள் சங்கத்தின் ஆரம்பக் கூட்ட நிகழ்ச்சியை ஆக்கிவைத்தார். அவ்வமயம் சொற்பொழிவாளர் தமிழ்க் காவியங்களின் இலக்கிய மேன்மைகுறித்து அழகொழுக எடுத்துச்சொல்லி இன்பமளித்தார்.

பின்பு ஜூன்-மீ ஆரம்பத்தில் காலஞ்சென்ற மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய டாக்டர் உ. வே. சாமிநாத ஐயர் அவர்களின் திராப்பிரிவுகுறித்து, சங்கைக்குரிய L. M. பாலம் சுவாமி அவர்களின் தலைமையில் ஒரு அதுதாபக்கூட்டம் நடந்தது. ஏடுகள் தேடிக்கொடுத்து எல்லையில்லாப் புகழ்பெற்ற ஐயர் அவர்களின் ஆத்மா சாந்தியடையும்பொருட்டு அனைவரும் ஆண்டவனை இரண்டு நிமிடங்கள் மௌனமாக வழிபட்டனர்.

ஜூன்-மீ முடிவில் திருவாளர் K. C. ரெங்கசாமி அவர்களின் தலைமையில் திருவாளர் T. முத்துவீரசிகாமணி அவர்கள் “நான் கண்ட வள்ளுவர்” என்னும் பொருள்பற்றிப் பேசினார்கள். பிரான்சு நாட்டினராகிய சங்கைக்குரிய சிராக் சுவாமி அவர்களும் தங்களின் தமிழ் ஆர்வத்தைக் காட்டும் வகையில் இப்பொருளைப்பற்றி இனிமையாகப் பேசினார்கள்.

இதன்பின்பு எல்லோரும் மிக மகிழ்ந்து “தமிழையா” என்று அன்போடு அழைத்த ஸ்ரீமான் மு. நடேச முதலியார் அவர்களின் உடல்நிலை இடந்தாது காரணத்தால் கூட்டங்களைத் தொடர்ந்து நடத்த இயலவில்லை.

கிருஸ்தம்ஸ் விடுமுறை காலத்தில் ஒருநாள் “தமிழையா” அவர்கள் மாணவரும், மக்களும், மனைவியாரும், மற்றோரும் வருந்த இம்மண்ணுலகைவிட்டு விண்ணுலகடைந்தனர். நிகழும் 1943-ம் ஆண்டு கல்லூரி துவங்கினவுடனே சங்கைக்குரிய X. எர்ஹார்ட் சுவாமி அவர்களும், சங்கைக்குரிய P. கார்டி சுவாமி அவர்களும், சங்கைக்குரிய ரெக்டர் சுவாமி அவர்களின் தலைமையில் “தமிழையா” அவர்களின் மறைவுகுறித்து செடியும் கொடியும் கண்ணீர் சிந்தும் வகையில் பேசினார்கள். முடிவில் எல்லோரும் எழுந்துநின்று “தமிழையாவின்” ஜீவன் முக்திபெற முன்நிற்கும் முதலவனை பிரார்த்தித்தனர்.

பின்பு 1943-ம் ஆண்டு ஜனவரி-மீ 16உ தமிழ்ச் சங்க சார்பில் சங்கைக்குரிய J. அருளானந்தசுவாமி அவர்களின் தலைமையில் “தமிழையாவின்” பிரிவு குறித்து ஒரு அதுதாபக் கூட்டம் கூட்டப்பட்டது. அவ்வமயம் ஸ்ரீமான்

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

V. கோபால ஐயங்கார், M.A. அவர்களும், வித்வான் உயர்திரு. ஐயன்பெருமாள் கோனார் அவர்களும், தலைவரவர்களும், மாணவ அன்பர்களும் கல்லுங்கரையுமாறு பேசினார்கள். முடிவில் அனைவரும் ஒன்றுசேர்ந்து “தமிழையாவின்” நினைவு தங்களைப் பிரியாதிருக்க விரும்பி, தங்கட்கு அவ்வாறு அருள்புரிய ஆண்டவனை ஏத்தினர்.

முடிவாக பெப்ரவரி-மீ 20உ, முன்பு நடந்த நிகழ்ச்சிகளுக்கெல்லாம் மகுடம் வைத்தாற்போல், தனித்து நின்று ஒளிரும் பெருங்கருணைத்திறனான ராகிய மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய பண்டிதமணி முதுபெரும் புலவர் மு. கதிரேசன் செட்டியார் அவர்கள் “கவியோவியம்” என்னும் பொருள்பற்றிப் பேசினார்கள். கூட்டம் பொங்கி எழும் கடலைப்போல் எங்கும் பரவியிருந்தது. அக்கடலை அதன்பால் பற்றி இழுக்கும் பூரணச் சந்திரன்போன்று பண்டிதமணி அவர்கள் வீற்றிருந்து உரையாடிய காட்சி கண்கொள்ளாக் காட்சியாகும்.

பல்வகையாலும் அதனுடன் ஒத்துழைத்த பெரியார் அனைவருக்கும் சங்கம் என்றும் கடமைப்பட்டுள்ளது.

P. அழகிரிசாமி (அமைச்சன்)

The Samskrita Samajam

The Inaugural address of the Samajam was delivered on the 30th July, 1942 by Sir S. Varadachariar, Judge, Federal Court of India, on ‘Characteristics of Sanskrit Literature’. Exhorting the students to make a real and discerning study of Sanskrit, the lecturer pointed out that a revival of Indian culture is possible through the genuine study of Sanskrit.

On August 31, Hanumantha Rao, III Hons. spoke in Sanskrit on ‘कविसावर्धनः कालिदासः’ Briefly surveying the peculiar aspect of his genius, he attempted to prove that he is the master-poet not only of India but of the world.

‘Some glimpses of Sanskrit Literature’ was the subject of a lecture delivered by Mr. T. Srinivasan, M.A., L.T., on the 15th October, 1942. After tracing the growth of Sanskrit, he explained that Sanskrit pervades all branches of knowledge and is a unifying force.

On the 22nd October, 1942 V. Swaminathan, IV U. C. spoke on ‘The Ramayana as a code of human conduct’, with Mr. Pranatharthiharan, B.A., Hons. in the chair. With quotations he dealt in detail with the several ideals of conduct exemplified by the characters of “Ramayana”.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

On the 13th November, 1942, R. Santanam, III U. C. spoke on 'The Triple Path of Life', with Mr. Totadri Iyengar, M.A., in the chair. He explained the three paths of life namely Duty, Knowledge and Devotion and said that each is complementary to the other.

Mr. K. Chinnasami Iyer, M.A., (Rtd. Prof. of English) addressed the Samajam on 'Some Parallels Between Sanskrit and Western Literatures.' He examined Greek, English and other literatures and pointed out several cases of similarity among the different literatures.

'Kumaradasa and his Place in Sanskrit Literature' was the subject of a talk by Mr. Aiyasamy, IV U. C. on the 10th February 1943. He discussed the date of the poet and brought out, with quotations, the peculiar characteristics of his work, 'Janakiharana' which is a Mahakavya.

On the 22nd February 1943, V. Rengan, IV Hons. spoke in Sanskrit on भरतलक्ष्मणौ with Mr. V. Gopala Iyengar in the chair. Explaining the leading traits of Bharata and Lakshmana, he pointed out that Bharata shines better than Lakshmana, because of his more implicit obedience to Rama.

On February 10, an elocution competition open to the Intermediate classes was held, when Mr. Totadri Iyengar, Mr. Gopala Iyengar and Mr. Mani were the judges. The prizes were won by K. Narasimhan, I U. C. (I prize) and B. V. Raman, II U. C. (II prize).

On February 12, an essay competition in Sanskrit was held for the B.A. classes. Mr. Gopala Iyengar, Mr. Mani and Mr. Pranatharthiharan were the judges. The prizes were won by V. Srinivasa Raghavan, IV U. C. (I prize) and G. Doraisamy, III U. C. (II prize).

The valedictory address was delivered by Sri P. G. Subramanya Iyer, M.A. on the 27th February 1943, on "A code of conduct." After giving a brief account of the various stages of human civilisation, he stressed the need for a proper aim in life and pointed out that the highest ideal of education is to train ourselves to deserve the grace of God.

G. DURAISAMY,
Secretary.

Malayalee Samajam 1942—'43

The year under report opened with the meeting of the general body on the 14th July, 1942 with Mr. T. K. Devasia in the Chair. C. B. Joseph

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

of the IV U. C. and P. Gopalakrishnan of the I U. C. were elected secretaries for the academic year.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by His Grace the Most Rev. Mar Ivanios, M.A., D.D., Archbishop of Trivandrum. In his address His Grace stressed the need for loving the mother-tongue as the Bengalis do and insisted on the necessity of cultivating the art of speech with clarity and fluency.

On August 6, 1942, we had a debate when C. K. Koshy, IV U. C. moved the resolution that Communal Unity should be a necessary antecedent to Indian independence. B. C. Paul, IV U. C. opposed the motion. Mr. M. M. Mani, M.A. was the speaker. After a heated discussion the motion was thrown out.

At a meeting held on August 31, 1942. P. M. Padmanabhan, III (Hons.) spoke on the poetry of Changampuzha, Anselm Netto, IV U. C. presiding.

The second term opened with an interesting debate on "Women are not the weaker sex." The proposition moved by A. I. Thomas, III U. C. was opposed by T. A. Paulose, IV U. C. Mr. Joseph Minattur M.A., acted as the Speaker. The motion was lost.

The next debate was held on November 5, 1942, with Rev. Fr. Philip Erattamakil in the chair. T. N. Kuriappan, III B. Sc. moved the resolution that "Western Contact has resulted in more evil than good." A. C. Chiramel, III U. C. opposed it. The resolution was passed.

On the 17th November 1942, B. C. Paul, IV U. C. delivered a lecture on "Free India," Rev. Fr. Jacob Kalayil presiding.

On January 21, 1943. P. Surendranatha Menon, IV B. Sc. (Hons.) spoke on "Mary Magdalene in literature and in society" Mr. V. V. Joseph presided on the occasion.

An extra-ordinary meeting was held on the 28th January, 1943 under the presidentship of Mr. T. K. Devasia, when Mr. S. Guptain Nair, B.A. (Hons.), a research scholar of the Travancore University, delivered a lecture on "Modern Literature." The speaker lucidly analysed the various currents in world literature with special reference to Malayalam literature.

On February 5, 1943 a debate was held on the proposition "A separate Kerala province is unnecessary." Damodara Pisharodi, III B. Sc. (Hons.) moved the resolution and P. M. Jussay II U. C. opposed it. The motion was rejected.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

The annual speech contest took place on February 9, 1943. In the B. A. extempore speech competition, P. Surendranatha Menon, IV B. Sc. (Hons.) and B. C. Paul, IV U. C. won the first and second prizes respectively. In the elocution competition open to the students of the Intermediate Classes, K. V. Abraham, I U. C. and V. V. Jose, II U. C. were the winners. Rev. Fr. Mathew Thekaekara, S.J. and Messrs A. C. Joseph and N. Ananthakrishnan kindly acted as judges.

The valedictory address was delivered by Mr. P. K. Sivasankara Pillai M.A. on February 20, 1943. Rev. Fr. Thomas Purakal, S.J. presided. The speaker dwelt on the characteristics of early Malayalam songs and appealed to the audience to take interest in them.

C. B. JOSEPH
P. GOPALAKRISHNAN,
(Secretaries.)

Annual Athletic Sports

THE College annual athletic sports finals came off on Saturday the 5th September, 1942; and for the first time in our athletic annals the sports meet was held in the afternoon. The change from the growing hot sun of the morning to the cooler hours of the evening has been so welcome to the competitors and spectators alike that a strong desire has been expressed to make the change permanent. The trees which have grown to fine proportions afforded ample shade to the vast crowd of spectators whilst the guests and the staff were accommodated in the decorated pandal.

Amidst the sweet strains of music and the hearty cheers and encouragement of the spectators very keen competition was witnessed in all the events. We are happy that while the records in all the events are of a fairly high order, E. J. Sam deserves special mention for his clearing 5' 5" in high jump. Our Athletic team which had a successful season last year has now been reinforced by the return of our crack sprinter, Natesan and the arrival of sportsmen like Sam and Sundram.

The championship prize was annexed by J. Andrews (26 points) after a close and relentless fight with D. Natesan who left the ring with but



JACOB C. ANDREWS,
Post-Graduate,
College Sports Champion,
1942-'43



COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAM, 1942-'43.
Winners: 1. Trichy Dt. Athletic Association Open Shield.
2. The Pudukottah Dussarah Sports Cup.
3. The Coimbatore Olympic Sports Cup.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

3 points less. Andrews' Atlantic flights round the oval and his finish in the mile and cross country races in such fine style and ease are a piece of unforgettable delight.

The most hilarious event of the programme was undoubtedly the staff relay race where no less than 20 members took part and only one is reported to have staged a 'walk-out' as a protest against the race being too swift! No less interesting was the challenge tug-of-war between the staff and the New Hostel team.

Rev. Fr. Rector presided and gave away the prizes. Whilst congratulating and appreciating physical skill, he extolled the higher virtues of the mind and soul. He said: "It is in the fitness of things to proclaim your praises, your varied achievements deserve our praises and I am not loath to give you your full meed of them. To win a race or to be first in a jump demands more than merely good lungs and muscles. We all have lungs and muscles but we are not all first in the races. More than brawn and sinews is required. It demands skill. We must remember the words of the English painter who when a friend asked him with what he mixed his colours to obtain the marvellous effects he secured answered with a superior twinkle in his eye 'With brains, Sir.' Like art, athletic sports demand skill. They demand that a thing be done not only with strength but with controlled strength—neatly, gracefully with no waste of time or energy. Such action demands brains. And it is a good schooling for life. Hence it has been said that sports are a more immediate school of life than the ordinary academic courses. Is that really so? To a certain extent it is! It is a common saying that education of whatever kind should enable a man to pull his own weight in society. Obviously, athletics enable a man to do that. True education, however, demands that a man pull his own weight not only in the physical plane but also and especially in the social, intellectual and moral plane. Athletics, therefore, must subserve the higher marks of education by contributing to the proper hygiene not only of the body but of the mind, soul and spirit.

"Let us in conclusion liberally mete out to the happy winners of the day their full and well deserved share of praise and congratulations", Fr. Rector concluded.

With 'God Save the King' and cheers to Rev. Fr. Rector, Fr. Principal and others the happy function came to a close.



MUSSOLINI

Pen and ink sketch by F. Garuscamini, II U.C.



ROOSEVELT

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS*

EVENT.	COMPETITORS.	BEST DISTANCE. Ft.—in.	BEST TIME. Mins.—Secs.
Long Jump.	1. J. Sundaram 2. S. Stanislaus	19' 6-5"	
Hop, Step & Jump.	1. S. Stanislaus 2. Jacob Andrews	39' 6-5"	
Shot Put.	1. K. J. Thomas 2. K. A. Ramalingam	28' 10-5"	
Discus Throw.	1. K. J. Thomas 2. Antony Cruz	73' 10"	
High Jump.	1. E. J. Sam 2. Stanislaus	5' 5"	
Pole Vault.	1. D. Natesan 2. K. A. Ramalingam	9' 5"	
110 Metres Hurdles	1. Antony Cruz 2. D. Natesan		0—18.6
100 Metres Dash.	1. D. Natesan 2. J. Sundaram		0—11.3
200 Metres Race.	1. D. Natesan 2. J. Sundaram		0—23.6
400 Metres Race.	1. Jacob Andrews 2. D. Natesan		0—54.5
800 Metres Race.	1. Jacob Andrews 2. Kulandavelu		2—16
1500 Metres Race.	1. Jacob Andrews 2. M. Natarajan		4—40.6
Cross Country.	1. Jacob Andrews 2. Natarajan M. 3. Kulandavelu		23'—29.2"
Relay Race.	Winner: Fighters (Kulandavelu's team). Runners-up: Indian Offensive (Andrews' team).		
Tug-of-war.	Winner: New Hostel team. Runners-up: Clives 'z' team.		
Championship Cup.	Jacob Andrews. Total Pts. 26.		
Staff Relay Race.	Winner: Raja Dorais' team. Runners-up: Lourdusami's team.		

* Received too late for publication in the September issue of the College Magazine.—Ed.

Cricket Notes

UNDEFEATED, we marched on to the end of the year's cricket, which was not very enterprising. It is a matter of deep regret for us that we did not have the Inter-collegiate tournament this year, and the more so that we were not given the opportunity of a tour, inspite of the fact that we had a very good side. In the few matches that we played we did exceedingly well, winning five and losing none; four ending in a draw. It is a matter for congratulation that this is the first year, of the four year old cricket team, in which we did not experience a single reverse.

The first two matches with the Trichy United cricket club ended in a draw. Then we had a couple of games, one at Pudukotah and the other at Sivaganga. At Pudukotah we made 98 and 191, to which H. H. the Raja's XI replied with 114 and 94. For our side Perumal scored 66 and Aruldoss 24. Kalyanam, who had the misfortune to be run out when he was only eight short of his century, with Perumal, put on 150 runs and pulled the side to a safe total in the second knock. Thanks to the brilliant piece of bowling by Perumal, Parthasarathy and David, we were able to snatch the victory by 81 runs, after a race with the clock.

We had a good game at Sivaganga with the Raja's XI. In the first innings we were dismissed for 80 runs, Parthasarathy remaining unbeaten with 32. The Raja's XI scored 164, Aruldoss returning the fine analysis of 7 wickets for 25 runs. When we had made 175 for 5 (Aruldoss 57, Kalyanam 59 not out), stumps were drawn and the match ended in a draw.

The match with the Ormsby Institute was marked by the brilliant century by Aruldoss who retired after making 115. To our total of 248, they could only reply with 77. Perumal bagged 5 wickets for 14 runs. We won by 171 runs.

We beat the Royal Air Force by 132 runs. The century by Aruldoss, which was characterised by all-round hitting, and Rathnakar Rai's unbeaten 40, carried our score to 195. The Air force was skittled out for 63 runs, Perumal again coming out with seven wickets to his credit.

In the return match with the Ormsby Institute, we made 222 runs, of which Kalyanam contributed a well-hit 126. Little Freddy, who has a bright future, assisted him well to put on 140 runs for the seventh

CRICKET NOTES

wicket. When the Institute had lost 8 wickets for 43 runs, rain interfered and the match ended in a draw.

In another match we beat a strong side from the Royal Air force. Against their good bowling we were able to make only 99 runs. But we fought the game out until we got them out for 67 runs, thanks to the bowling of Perumal and Parthasarathy.

The Trichy United cricket club was dismissed for 95 runs of which a good 42 was contributed by their captain, R. P. Thiagarajan. Perumal returned the fine analysis of 6 for 34. We hit up a total of 204 for the loss of 5 wickets, Aruldoss making 52 (retired), David 38, Parthasarathy 36 (not out); Perumal 28 (not out) and Sundaram 26. Thus the last match of the season ended in a big victory of 5 wickets and 109 runs for our team.

On the whole this year's record is highly satisfactory. Our speed-merchant, Aruldoss again repeated the "double" by scoring a thousand runs (including four centuries) and capturing 100 wickets which is indeed a splendid performance and Kalyanam passed the thousand mark which included three centuries. This year's batting average was topped by Kalyanam with Aruldoss running close, Perumal, Parthasarathy, Rai, Sundaram, our left hander and Freddy following. The work with the leather was done best by Perumal, with Parthasarathy, David and Aruldoss following. It is sorrowful to find our gallant companion Rathnakar Rai, who had pulled the side out of the fire on many occasions and who showed great promise this year, left us in the middle owing to a break-down in health. And a word must be said about the other members, Hariharan, Sathiamoorthy, Venketaraman, Mani and Sounderajan and our grand old man, Srinivasan who all did their job earnestly throughout. I am glad to refer here to the excellent spirit with which our men played, and their co-operation with me in filling the year with so much success. From start to finish, a very high sense of teamspirit was maintained. And with more facilities for outside fixtures, and with more encouragement, the college cricket team will pass on from success to glory.

P. V. KALYANA RAMAN
Captain, IV B. Sc.

Field Notes

THE College annual athletic day celebrations were held on the Mahé grounds on Saturday, the 27th February, 1943. Mir Amirruddin Esq. M.A., L.L.B., Bar-at-law, District and Sessions Judge, Trichinopoly, presided.

The finals in the Basketball tournament between the IV U. C. and the B. Sc. teams proved a real treat to the numerous spectators. With Alagiri fighting, Arumugham darting and Neelakantan swating, the outcome was held in suspense almost till the last moment. Whilst the IV U. C. team were eventually the winners by a narrow margin, the runners-up and particularly Neelakantan deserve special commendation.

The match over, the general captain, R. Arokianathan, presented the annual report as follows.

'Athletic Annual Report'. 1942—1943.

The achievements of our College athletic team this year are unique in the annals of the College. Clear signs of this were seen in the keen competition and the fine records set up at the annual sports held on the Mahé Grounds on Saturday, the 5th September, '42. Rev. Fr. Rector presided and distributed the prizes. For the first time the College Annual Sports were held this year in the afternoon and the success achieved has brought forth a unanimous desire to make the change permanent.

The athletic team, strong though it was even last year, was further re-inforced by sprinters D. Natesan, J. Sundaram and F. Vincent, our old high school champions. With the systematic grinding they received in the form of continuous practice under the guidance and supervision of the staff member-in-charge our athletic team went to Pudukotta for the Dussera Tournaments and easily annexed a number of prizes and the Championship Cup. The individual championship Cup too was won by D. Natesan. In spite of the unexpected departure of our energetic sprinter, Ratnakar Rai, Fighter Kunjanunni and the veteran miler, Royappan, our team competed with confidence at the T. D. A. A. sports and won the open Shield for the second year in succession. We should not fail to mention the splendid performance of Jacob Andrews at the R. I. A. S. C. Annual Sports at Trichinopoly. He finished first in the open Mile Race in such fine style that all the spectators and the District

FIELD NOTES

Collector were full of praise for him. Buoyed up by these successes we sent up the team to Coimbatore for the Olympic Sports early in February and with pleasure we record here that they lived up to their reputation. No less than 27 prizes and the RAO BAHADUR THIRUVENGADA MUDALIAR OPEN CHALLENGE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP were annexed by them. A few of these athletes formed part of the Coimbatore Olympic Association Team at the Madras Olympics last week. It is reported that the full team did not turn up. But our College athletes acquitted themselves well by carrying away prizes in Hurdles, Pole Vault and High Jump.

Thanks to the keen interest taken by Rev. Frs. Vattathara and Arulsami, our Football and Hockey teams began practice early in the year and played a number of matches winning practically all those. But dame luck is evasive. The teams just missed their chance at the T. D. A. A. Sports. In spite of their thumping victory over the Madura American College Football Team, our usual opponents in the Divisional Finals, our College Football Team which participated at the Pudukotta Dussera Tournaments had to return with the satisfaction that they put up a good fight against the veteran footballers of Pudukotta, led by one of our own ex-captains.

Rev. Fr. Rapinat S.J. had rather a difficult problem to solve regarding tennis balls. He deserves congratulations on having been able to keep the tennis courts working all the year round. The enthusiasm of the members continues at its height. Though we cannot boast of a budding Tilden or a Ghouse Mohammad, our standard is indeed good.

The departure of our googly bowler, Ramakrishnan and the plucky Srinivasagopal certainly weakened our College Cricket Team but the return of Parthasarathi to the College and the addition of Perumal have fairly kept up the standard. We played a series of matches at Trichy against nine local teams and had not a single reverse. We won 5 whilst 4 ended in a draw. Our tour to Pudukotta and Sivaganga was a huge success. We had a decided victory over the Maharaja's Elevens at Pudukotta while the match at Sivaganga ended in a draw. Perhaps, it will not be out of place to mention that the Raja of Sivaganga was so pleased with our team that he presented a fine bat to our captain, Kalyanam.

The decision of the University authorities not to conduct the Inter-collegiate tournaments this year proved a great disappointment. Of course, we do not mean to claim the 100% efficiency of an electric motor when

FIELD NOTES

it does no work or the extra-special distinction which a candidate might have secured had he sat for the examination; but the performances of our teams really justify our belief that we would have won laurels had the usual tournaments been held.

Our Volley Ball and Basket Ball Teams maintained their very high standard. They competed at the Loyola College Tournaments in August and brought home both the trophies and the admiration of all the metropolitans. It is still a wonder how such a fine team in Volley Ball, with the addition of a few more to form nines at the T. D. A. A. Tournament failed to achieve recognition. The Basket Ball Team still goes unchallenged. The T. D. A. A. Tournament was not held owing to paucity of entries. With pardonable pride we record here that a responsible member of the Loyola College Staff remarked that a B. B. Team from all the other Madras Colleges put together would not stand us. Of course, the test was not made.

The College Badminton team which was counting on snatching away the T. D. A. A. Open Shield for the 3rd year in succession was sorely deprived of its chance. The tournament was not held. Enough teams did not offer themselves to play against us.

The third term witnessed keen rivalry and excellent competition in the various intra-mural tournaments. We had to cope with an unusually large number of entries: 6 in B. B., 16 in V. B., 8 in Hockey, 12 in F. B., and 47 in Badminton. We are thankful to the several gentlemen who kindly helped us in conducting these tournaments.

Before concluding, allow us just to mention that we have been watching with pleasure the levelling up, or better, the growth of the new playgrounds on the west. We have yet to have a good cricket pitch for matches, a permanent running track for our athletes and facilities for minor games as Badminton, Volley Ball, and Basket Ball for the day-scholars. We are confident that when our plans are completed, we shall have not only these but a fine sports pavilion too.

.....
The President then distributed the certificates and cups to the winners and runners-up in the various home tournaments.

Whilst speaking of the achievements of the College teams in the various games the president humorously remarked that they would annex not only the shields and cups from Pudukotta and Coimbatore but even

FIELD NOTES

the World Olympic trophy. And as for the new extensions in the playgrounds he suggested having not only the pavilion but even a pucca stadium!

With a hearty vote of thanks and cheers, to the president and all the guests present the pleasant evening function came to a close.

'S'

PRIZE WINNERS

1. Tennis. The Fr. Pruvot Tennis Seniors Singles Cup
Winner: K. Srinivasan.
Runner-up: Mr. Laxminarayanan.
2. Football. The Dr. Mathuram Football Cup.
Winners: The winners' team
Capt: Baslin Pereira.
Runners-up: Scientists (B.Sc.).
Capt: R. Arokianathan.
3. Hockey. The Principal's Challenge Cup.
Winners: Spitfires (I. U. C.) Capt: G. Clifton.
Runners-up: IV. U. C., Capt: S. Arputham.
4. Badminton: The Warden's Cup.
Doubles. Winners: P. K. Narasimhan and Partner.
Runners-up: Jayaram and Partner.
5. Volley Ball The Superintendent's Shield.
sixes. Winners: The winners' team
Capt: Baslin Pereira.
Runners-up: Triumph team.
6. Basket Ball. The Rev. Fr. Leigh, S.J., Basket Ball Cup.
Winners: IV. U. C. team
Capt: C. S. Arumugham.
Runners-up: B. Sc. team,
Capt: R. Neelakantam.

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.
THE GOVERNMENT BRENNEN COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TELLICHERRY.
THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE MISCELLANY, MANGALORE.
THE HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, GUNTUR.
THE HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MASULIPATAM.
THE HINDU THEOLOGICAL HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE JAFFNA COLLEGE MISCELLANY.
THE ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, ARPORA, BARDEZ, GOA.
THE ST. JOSEPH'S H. S. MAGAZINE, UMERKHADI, BOMBAY.
ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL ANNUAL, BANGALORE.
ST. JOSEPH'S INDIAN HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL, BANGALORE.
ST. JOSEPH'S SHEAF, DUBLIN.
THE JOURNAL OF THE PAN-KERALA LITERARY ACADEMY, ERNAKULAM.
JOURNAL OF THE OSMANIA UNIVERSITY, HYDERABAD (DECCAN).
THE KING GEORGE MEDICAL COLLEGE CLINICAL SOCIETY JOURNAL, LUCKNOW.
THE K. R. INTER. COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MUTTRA.
THE KUMBAKONAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE LAW COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE LINGARAJ COLLEGE MISCELLANY, BELGAUM.
THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MADRAS MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

EXCHANGES

THE MADURA COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.
THE M. D. T. HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TINNEVELLY.
THE ST. MARY'S H. S. MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
THE MODERN STUDENT, CALCUTTA.
THE MUNGRET ANNUAL, LIMERICK.
THE NATONAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHINOPOLY.
THE NORTH POINT ANNUAL, ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, DARJEELING.
"THE OLD COLLEGE", THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE OF SCIENCE,
TRIVANDRUM.
THE PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
PASUMALAI PROGRESS, PASUMALAI.
THE PETRINIAN, ST. PETER'S H. SCHOOL, TANJORE.
THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE PUDUKOTTAH COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE PUTHURIAN, BISHOP HEBER'S H. SCHOOL, PUTHUR.
THE RAJAHMUNDY ARTS COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE RAMAKRISHNA HOME AND SCHOOL MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE RAVENSHAVIAN, CUTTACK.
THE SAIVA BHANU KSHATRIYA H. S. MAGAZINE, ARUPPUKOTAI.
THE SCHOLAR, PALGHAT.
THE ST. SEBASTIAN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MORATUWA, CEYLON.
THE SIND MEDICAL JOURNAL, KARACHI.
ST. STANISLAUS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BANDRA, BOMBAY.
THE STANLEY MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE, MADRAS.
THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE, BLACKBURN.
THE STUDENTS' TREASURE, K. S. HIGH SCHOOL, TANJORE.
THE ST. TERESA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, ERNAKULAM.
THE ST. THOMAS COLLEGE MAGAZINE, TRICHUR.
THE VICTORIA COLLEGE MAGAZINE, PALGHAT.
THE VIDYASAGAR COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALCUTTA.
THE VINAYA RAJA RISHI COLLEGE MAGAZINE, AIWAR.
THE VIZAGAPATAM MEDICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.
THE VOICE OF ST. ALOYSIUS H. S., JUBBULPORE.
THE VOORHEES COLLEGE MAGAZINE, VELLORE.
ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
ST. XAVIER'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BOMBAY.
ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALCUTTA.
THE ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE ANNUAL, PALAMCOTTAH.
THE ZAMORIN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE, CALCUTTA.

Editor & Publisher: Rev. Fr. S. Arulsami, S.J., St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.
Printer: Rev. Fr. A. Susai Regis, Supt., St. Joseph's I. S. Press, Trichinopoly.

98575
715, 21192, N34
N48-9-2