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“I REMEMBER”

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OF

I. P. T.



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மாநகர நூலக சென்னை
ராஜகோட்டை வீதி.

“I REMEMBER”

BEING

THE MEMOIRS

OF

I. P. T.

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PROLOGUE

★

This book is affectionately dedicated to my wife,
ROSE

without whose quiet inspiration and sympathetic understanding it would not have been possible for me to write these reminiscences.

Rendered fatherless at the age of eleven with four children below me and a resourceful mother whose strength was her faith in God, I was able to overcome many seemingly insuperable difficulties.

In my boyhood I was incorrigible in Arithmetic and this was my father's great concern which he shared with his friends. On that fateful day, March 3, 1915 just before he died, he called me to his bedside and said, "Study your Arithmetic carefully".

I joined Jaffna College in May 1915 and found that Mr. J. K. Kanapathippillai, fresh from the Govt. Training College, took our Arithmetic. His therapy was to encourage the students and never to discourage them. Working one sum out of five was good enough for him. I found that very soon a metamorphosis had taken place in me. I gained a distinction in Arithmetic at the Junior Cambridge examination in 1918 and this was the only one that year from Jaffna College. My Principal, Rev. John Bicknell, received a letter of commendation from the Cambridge University for this performance. I received a prize for Arithmetic & Neatness signed by the Principal, and given away by Sir Anton Betram, Chief Justice, who was the Chief Guest at the College Prize Giving in 1919. Since then I developed a fascination for figures.

Roseville
Tellippalai,
Sri Lanka, X'mas 1984.

I. P. T.

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OUR FAMILY

சென்னை

“ I REMEMBER ”

1. CHILDHOOD

As a child of about five years of age I attended the Tamil Primary School in the mission compound at Tellippalai. I was returning home one noon when it started raining. I had an umbrella in one hand and the slate in the other. I could not open the gate and so I stood in front of it at the junction and cried. A kind passer by opened the gate for me. I was grateful. This is the earliest recollection I have of my childhood. Another day there was a big meeting in the mission compound. In those days meetings were few and far between, just one or two in the year. Every meeting was a kind of festival with people coming from various parts of Jaffna in big bullock carts. Pedlars of all kinds of ware, sweet-meats and cakes also gathered. There were gramsellers too. The grams attracted me more than anything else but I had no money. I went up to a woman and introduced myself as the son of Mr. Ponniah, the Mission Clerk, and asked her if she would give me one cent worth of grams and this was a lot those days. I said I would pay her in the afternoon. She obliged and I was thankful.

When I passed the Tamil 3rd. standard I was taken to the English School situated near the gate in the same compound. I was admitted to the First Year class and work started in earnest on the first day itself. Mr. J. V. Chellappah was the Headmaster and he had a few assistants each one of whom was an expert in his own subject and struck terror in the minds of the little boys. They were also armed with a cane each. My first subject was handwriting and the teacher approached it seriously and methodically as if my whole future depended on it. He first told me that I should sit erect and square to the desk and not at an angle. Then he said I must hold the pen straight with the tip of the holder pointing to my right shoulder. The civil service writing was to be our style. To the end of my days at the school I remembered the instructions and followed them.

As I progressed in my studies I came across other teachers equally grave and equally committed. The Headmaster

and plural, the masculine and feminine of most of the difficult words in the English Language till we knew the Manual of English Grammar inside out. There was a teacher of History and Geography, a soft spoken but very able person, who snuffed openly and generously in the Victorian style. He made us learn by heart all the countries of the world, their capitals and their imports and exports. He used to dress immaculately in spotless white every day. The verty and the tunic coat with the shirt sleeves showing were well starched and pressed and the reputation was that he changed his clothes every day. But some of the boys, wanting to check on it, would put a cross on the tail of his coat and true to his reputation the next day's coat didn't have the mark.

I climbed up the ladder at the normal rate of a grade a year but with one burden all the time which my father solicitously shared with me. I was extremely poor in arithmetic. My father would teach me every night but the next day my performance was just as bad as the previous day. My father shared this disappointment with his friends and I gained quite a reputation at school and among family friends as being incorrigible in arithmetic. I duly passed the sixth standard, though without arithmetic, and the time arrived for me to join a secondary school. There were two alternatives—Jaffna College, Vaddukoddai, and St. John's College, Jaffna. I chose the latter perhaps because it was a town school. Or may be my father tilted the balance in its favour. However, my stay at St. John's was not to be long because of a sad and momentous event in the family. The stay was short but eventful.

2. HIGH SCHOOL

My father got me admitted to St. John's and arranged for me to come home once a fortnight. He gave me a number of instructions one of which was that I should not get wet in the rain for fear of catching a cold or getting a fever. The first two weeks were hectic. Everything was interesting. The boarding was a totally new experience. The arrival of the dhoby was an event. The Class Master of the Second Form was one Mr. Charles. I got along well with him. There was a teacher

called Peterson who played the violin and composed English songs to Tamil music. The Principal of the Nallur Girls School—one Miss Willis—was leaving the country and the boys of St. John's were asked to give a farewell song. Mr. Peterson gathered some of us and trained us. When the appointed day came we all walked from Chundikuli to Nallur, Mr. Peterson leading the procession with violin in hand like the Pied Piper of Hamlin Town and the boys following. And we sang:

Filled with pain and sorrow

Do we gather round,

To say good-bye dear lady

As in duty bound,

How shall we, how can we

Miss you all our days,

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The first Sunday was memorable. I was utterly confused by the Order of Service. They stood up ever so many times. I didn't know when to stand and when to sit. I looked at the others. When they stood up I stood up and when they sat down I did likewise. The first fortnight was coming to a close and I looked forward to coming home. When I alighted at the Tellippalai Station the first piece of news I got was that my father was rather ill with dysentery. That reminded me of his serious illness, also of dysentery, exactly one year earlier, from which he unexpectedly recovered. I was nervous but when I reached home he didn't look too ill. Dr. Isabella Curr was treating him as she had done on the earlier occasion. When Monday morning came, it was a question whether I should go to school or stay back. My mother wanted me to stay but father, being the disciplinarian he was, insisted that I should go notwithstanding his illness. As we were debating I heard the whistle of the train and I ran for my life and jumped into the carriage standing over the level crossing.

Father's Death: The following Wednesday, March 3, 1915, was a red letter day for St. John's and an ominous day for me. Lord Chalmers, the Governor of Martial Law fame, visited St. John's in the morning. The boys and teachers gathered in the Robert Williams Hall to receive the Governor and hear him speak. Some of the teachers wore colourful caps and gowns

and they looked impressive. At the end of the brief ceremony the day was declared a holiday in honour of the Governor. The older boys adjourned to the playground for a game of football. As I stood on the sidelines and watched the game it drizzled and I was reminded of my father's advice. A little later somebody said that my cousin E. T Hitchcock, then working at the Jaffna Kachcheri, was looking for me. He came in a horse carriage and said that my father was seriously ill and that I was wanted at home. As we were driving to Tellippalai I sat quietly fearing the worst. And at noon when we were nearing home I even thought I might hear the weeping and crying of people. However, when we arrived everything was reassuringly quiet. Nothing had happened yet. But the native physicians, who had been summoned at the last minute, were of the opinion that father was sinking and there was not the remotest hope. He was conscious all the time and shortly before he died he called me and took my hand and said, "Study your arithmetic carefully". He passed away at 8 p. m.

The funeral took place the next day in the presence of a large gathering. At the service at home I was standing next to the Rev. J. H. Dickson under whom my father was working. When I wept he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Don't be afraid, we will take care of you". I went to the graveyard where they buried my father next to the banyan tree which still stands in the centre. My mother was young and beautiful and widowed at the age of 30. My father was 38. We stayed in the house till Saturday and then my mother and the five children, of whom I was the eldest at eleven, left by train for Chavakachcheri and our ancestral home.

Jaffna College: The problem of my schooling cropped up once again. Obviously this time it was Jaffna College which was to be my home for the next eight years. I joined the school at the beginning of the second term. Mr. Chas W. Miller was the Acting Principal during the inter-regnum between Brown and Bicknell. However, J. V. Chelliah was the first big name I heard. Mr. J. K. Kanapathipillai, a Trained Teacher of great repute, was our class-master in the Second Form. Fortunately for me he took Arithmetic. Even when I worked only one sum out of five he would pat me on my shoulder and

encourage me. I felt a new confidence coming into me. Something clicked and a metamorphosis had taken place, I became proficient in Arithmetic and Mathematics. In the Junior Cambridge I gained a distinction in Arithmetic—the only one from Jaffna College that year—and even then my father's friends continued to ask me how I was faring in my arithmetic. Reputations die hard indeed. In the Second Form I met two of my old class-mates from the Tellippalai English School—R. T. Seevaratnam and E. Rajadurai—and some other very brilliant boys. Lyman Kulathungam was in the Baby Boarding with me. He had the exclusive privilege of going home every week-end and on Monday mornings would return with a big cake which he generously shared with us. There was another boy who had a leather strap round his left wrist with a key dangling from it. He was some kind of a monitor officious but honest and fearless, and would constantly report boys to the Dormitory Master for all kinds of little offences. He was able to stand up to the bigger boys who would often bully some of us. His name was Sri Skanda Rajah—a name that was to become dear to me later and for life. Our class came to be known as the best in the school, the Principal rating it first every term.

I passed my first public examination—the Junior Cambridge getting the first place in the school and winning the Rockwood Scholarship. In the Senior Cambridge I came face to face with awe-inspiring teachers like J. V. Chelliah who took English and Allen Abraham, the great astronomer of Halley's Comet fame, who taught us Mathematics. Up till then they were legends. J. V. Chelliah made learning memorable with his inimitable illustrations and apocryphal anecdotes while Allen Abraham stirred the brilliant students and bored the mediocrities. I took an active part in games along with boys of my age. I remember playing for Chavakachcheri in the All-Ceylon Volley Ball Finals at Price Park at the age of 15. At about the same age I found a place in the College Cricket Eleven. Thuraisingham, the six-footer and hurricane hitter, Sri Skanda-Rajah, A. P. T. Winslow and Vethaparanam were some of my team mates. In 1919 we played Jaffna Hindu on the esplanade and beat them by an innings. When we returned to school that evening I found I had developed a temperature. I was

sent home and the case was diagnosed as enteric. Vaddukoddai had become a hot bed of enteric and this was an annual visitation. I was treated at home by Dr. Christie Phillips, a young but brilliant doctor. The wonder drugs of today did not exist then. The resistance of the patient and careful nursing were the factors to be depended upon. On the tenth day I became delirious but could faintly hear the wedding drums for my wife's eldest sister next doors. Some relatives who came to the wedding dropped in to see me. My condition steadily deteriorated and on the twenty-first day all hopes were given up. My mother wept bitterly and pleaded with God for the life of her eldest child. Many people gathered at the gate to hear the worst. By God's grace nothing happened that day and I was destined to live. By the faithful attention of the doctor and the careful nursing and loving care of my mother, fever returned to normal on the forty-fifth day. In the meantime seven of my school mates had died including Perumalpillai Sathasivam, the most brilliant of my classmates. Several others were seriously ill including Handy Perinbanayagam.

My cricket master was anxious to have me back for the next season and so I went early next year to school but I started getting an intermittent fever which persisted. And so I was taken to my uncle's house at Udupidy to be treated by a well-known native physician of Pt. Pedro. I would get the fever with a chill and a violent shivering which broke my bones. After about two hours it would leave me only to return the next day at the same time to shake me still more violently. The physician gave me some drugs and put me on a low diet which seriously weakened my already weak frame. I was reduced to skin and bones. My mother, who came to see me after a few weeks, was shocked to see my sight, broke down and wept. Through the kind intervention of the Rev. J. K. Sinnatamby, who was then pastor at Chavakachcheri, I was taken to the Jaffna Civil Hospital to be seen by Dr. Gunam Cooke who had just returned from England with high qualifications. In spite of the ominous reports he had had from others about me he declared the case as one of malaria. It could be cured with six injections costing Rs. 5/- each. The most welcome prescription was that I could go home and have a body wash, which I converted into a bath, and

eat anything I liked. This was release indeed. I recovered fully and went back to school to resume my studies and my games after an interruption of nearly two years.

I skipped the Senior Cambridge and re-joined my classmates in the London Matriculation class. Mr. Allen Abraham taught us Pure and Applied Mathematics but died during that year (1922). I remember waiting at the junction at dusk one evening along with other boys to pay our homage to the teacher, whom we all revered and admired, when his body was being taken from Jaffna to Karainagar.

3. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Sri Skanda Rajah, who had left Jaffna College to go to Ananda, returned after passing the London Matriculation examination of June 1922 brilliantly, being one of the only four to get a First Division in Ceylon that year. Dorothy Anghie was one of the others. K. A. Selliah, Sri Skanda Rajah, myself and two others made up the first London Interscience class which Mr. Bicknell had planned to start. We began with the initial handicap of losing Mr. Allen Abraham but nevertheless made good. Sri Skanda Rajah, Selliah and I were room mates in what was called the Inter-Hostel at Jaffna College. In July 1923 we three joined the University College and again became room-mates in the Union Hostel at Guildford Crescent with Professor Suntharalingam as our Warden.

Mr. Suntharalingam, after a brilliant career at Oxford, passed into the Indian Civil Service but elected to join the Ceylon Civil Service. Getting bored, as he said, with signing dog licenses as a Cadet at the Badulla Kachcheri, he threw up his job and joined his friend P. de S. Kularatne at Ananda. After a short time there he was appointed to the Mathematics Chair at the Ceylon University College which had just been started. Suntharalingam was a dynamic personality. He was young, energetic, confident and clever. A large number of the exhibitioners and scholars at the University College were attracted by him and joined the Union Hostel. His wife was a beautiful young lady, cultured and refined, with gracious ways. 'Keyham' was our hostel and the Suntharalingams lived

in the corner house next doors. Suntharalingam introduced many Oxford traditions into the hostel and tirelessly initiated us into these. 'Lifting' and 'Ducking' were two of these which have deteriorated into the ragging' of the present day.

Suntharalingam was the Mathematics Professor while U. D. R. Casperz and F. H. V. Gulasekharam were the lecturers. We assembled in the lecture room on the first day when F. H. V. took the lecture. I was seated at one of the front desks. He suddenly stopped in the middle of the lecture, looked at me and asked, "Are you Annapooranam's son? He was informal and eccentric. I was surprised and embarrassed. F. H. V. was a relation of mine. He knew my parents well and had come home once or twice when I was a little boy. He was a great teacher. He always prepared his lectures thoroughly, wrote them down neatly and delivered them clearly. Occasionally he would ask us to underline vertically some important step, this being one of his stock jokes. Suntharalingam would work a sum very fast on the board, making comments as he proceeded. He would arrive at a big expression for the answer and then say, "Let us boil it down a bit". After two or three more steps he would say, "Which is equal to . . . , which is wrong gentlemen", to the amusement of all of us. He would then start all over again and quickly arrive at the correct answer. Casperz, who took Applied, Mathematics was like neither of these. He would come to the lecture with a book on any subject other than Mathematics, may be on Music or Philosophy. He was calmness personified and absolutely unruffled. He was sure of the principles. He would say, "There are three unknowns and therefore we require three equations". He would write down the three and ask us to go home and work them. There would be only one answer and that the correct answer.

My contemporaries at the University College : At the University College every thing looked new. The environment was completely strange. There were boys from all the well-known Public Schools of the island. They came from Royal, St. Thomas, Trinity, St. Joseph's and Ananda. From the outstations Jaffna College was conspicuous. The techniques of both teaching and

learning were different. The lecturer was not to be interrupted during his one hour performance. Seeing a student dose away Prof. Suntharalingam would say, "Gentlemen, you may sleep but please do not snore". In my class I met several boys who distinguished themselves later in their respective walks of life: H. E. Peries (Ceylon Civil Service and Secretary to the Treasury), M. W. F. Abeyakoon (Inspector General of Police), Waldwin de Silva (Ceylon Civil Service, Additional Director of Education and Vice-Chancellor of the University), S. A. Wijesooriya (Principal, Mahinda College), A. P. Kandasamy (Director of the Observatory), Rienzie Wijekoon (Director of Public Works), W. A. de Silva (Director of Irrigation), S. Nadesan (Queen's Counsel and Senator), S. Karthigesu (Surveyor General), D. B. Ellepola (Asst. Surveyor General), E. A. Rajasingam (Lt. Col. and Asst. Surveyor General), and W. J. A. Van Langenberg (Ceylon Civil Service). In the Union Hostel, I met besides some of the above M. F. de S. Jayaratne (Secretary to the Ministry of Defence & External Affairs and Ambassador to Washington), Colvin R. de Silva (M. P. and Minister for Constitutional Affairs), M. W. Karunananda (Principal of Ananda College, John Sinnatamby (Asst. Surveyor General) and James T. Rutnam (Historian and Anthropologist), S. H. Perinbanayagam, S. R. Kanaganayagam and P. Sri Skandaraajah, my old friends from Jaffna College, were also at the hostel at this time. One year senior to me at the College were Peter Pillai (Rector of St. Joseph's), M. Balasundaram (Advocate and M. P.), R. H. Paul (Professor of Electrical Engineering) and V. M. Asaipillai (Principal, Jaffna Hindu College), all of whom won the Govt. University scholarship.

Suntharalingam strode the campus like a colossus. Principal Marrs, who had served in the British Intelligence Service during the first World War and was now carrying the white man's burden in Ceylon, was not allowed to have his own way. "Sun" was the watch dog of the undergraduates' rights and privileges. He was the hero of the students and idol of the intelligentsia of the city. For more than a decade he held a pre-eminent place in the University College and played a vital role in every aspect of its life. He was the rising star in the University firmament. He would invite for the formal

dinner every Sunday evening at the hostel celebrities like Ramanathan, Senanayake, Jayatilake, etc. He would sit with the chief guest at the high table while we sat separately in the main hall scrupulously observing all the proprieties of a formal occasion.

There were two parties in the hostel with S. Nadesan leading the minority group. Nadesan had found out that the other party was just perverse and would vote at the Union Society meetings against any proposal that he brought forward. Therefore Nadesan would propose and earnestly argue the opposite of what he really wanted. The majority would vote against and Nadesan would get what in fact he wanted. The other side realised their mistake too late. Nadesan was too clever and they could not forgive him. At the University College we became friends and the friendship has grown and endured for sixty years. One of the traditions that "Sun" took pains to establish was that the residents were put on their honour to report to the Warden any violations of rules that they might themselves have committed. Others were not to sneak to the Warden. There was a rule to say that residents should return to the hostel before 10 p. m. With the permission of the Warden they may stay out till 12 midnight. But on no account could they stay after that. The other side suspected that Nadesan was violating this rule but not reporting it to the Warden. One day it was 10 p. m. and Nadesan was not in. So, many of the Senior hostellers dressed themselves for a showdown in shorts and sleeveless banians and were in a belligerent mood. 12 O' Clock struck but Nadesan had still not come. And so they guarded the gate and the main entrance and still Nadesan did not appear. After some time they peeped into Nadesan's room to find him apparently fast asleep. Nadesan had come through Mr. Hobson's garden on the other side of the tennis court, jumped over the parapet wall and gained entrance to his room through an outside door. He had outwitted them. The next day there was a trial before the Warden. The other side was represented by three or four people while Nadesan defended himself. We watched from a distance being never in doubt about the outcome of the case. After a long trial Nadesan was acquitted on all

charges. The Warden came down the steps and announced the verdict to an excited gathering of residents and warned them not to touch Nadesan on pain of dismissal. Nadesan was equally mischievous in the class room. He would tease F. H. V. whenever he got a chance. He would never do his weekly problem papers. F. H. V. told him in the class room one day, "You may be a great lawyer one day but so long as you are here you must do my problem papers". There was no response and so F. H. V. reported him to Marrs. The Principal called Nadesan and told him that F. H. V. had made a complaint. He was a very faithful teacher and Nadesan should satisfy him. "What am I to do Sir? I have catarrh and bronchitis and cannot sit up and work". Two days later Nadesan produced a medical certificate from Dr. Coomaraswamy, M. M. C. The Principal promptly instructed F. H. V. to excuse Nadesan from problem papers!

Mrs. Suntharalingam was expecting her first baby and the exciting event was imminent. One morning when we had assembled for F. H. V's lecture we heard the news of the arrival of a baby son (now Dr. Gnanalingam). As F. H. V. was lecturing we heard the measured tramp and the heavy thud of Sun's police boots along the upstairs corridor. As "Sun" passed our door F. H. V. interrupted his lecture to say, "He thinks it is a big feat. I have eleven of them".

Beginning of Tennis career: At Jaffna College we were not allowed, as students, to play tennis. It was only for the masters. However, we used to steal a game or two now and then. At the University College the door was open to us. Sris and I grabbed the opportunity and took to tennis with a devotion and enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. We seldom missed a day's tennis. We were prepared to pay any price. One was to forgo our afternoon tea at the hostel every day. If we were to go to the hostel for tea at the end of the last lecture for the day at 4 O'Clock and then return to the University courts for tennis we were likely to miss our turn. Therefore Sris and I went to Casperz's lecture at 3 O'Clock with notes in one hand and the racket in the other. As soon as the clock struck four Sris and I would rush down the

stairs and run into the court and start the game. We would be already counting one-all when Casperz, passing by in his rickshaw, would say, "You fellows have already started the game!". Tennis fascinated us. We were possessed by it. We frequently went to the Lawn Club to watch Oscar Pinto and Fred de Saram play. Pinto was our idol. Chopping was the style. Hardly any one drove because this was difficult in Nuwara Eliya where the national championships were played. Owing to the altitude and the rare medium the ball just sailed away. On the other hand the ball could be controlled more easily with chops. Pinto was a master of the volley and the overhead smash. I don't know of any player in Ceylon who has excelled him in these departments. Thus started a long and successful tennis career for Sris and myself. Tennis gave us satisfaction and a sense of fulfilment.

Jaffna College again: After two memorable years at the University College during which we completed our studies for the London B. Sc. degree, K. A. Selliah and I returned to Jaffna College in July 1925 on the invitation of Rev. John Bicknell to join the staff. I was happy to have the opportunity to serve the school which had done so much for me and I plunged enthusiastically into every aspect of life in the school. Carl W. Phelps had been our Chemistry teacher and the Physical Director of the School. He was thorough and methodical in everything he did. He prepared as much for work on the playground as he did for work in the classroom. His energy was boundless. He set up an elaborate department for sports and it almost appeared that while Bicknell was Head of the Academic Department he was head of the Physical Department. On my return from the University College I found to my dismay that cricket had practically been given up as an inter-collegiate activity and confined only to internal competitions. To Phelps cricket was expensive and a waste of time. All but two of one side sat in the pavilion doing nothing while the other side strolled leisurely on the field chasing a ball occasionally. The game never appealed to a person of Phelps' dynamism. On the other hand Bicknell appreciated the fine points of the game and would sit watching a match for hours. He told me one day to do all I could

to build up cricket in the school and that he would back me up fully. Having played cricket with some success as a school boy and holding the batting record of Jaffna College at that time, I loved the game. Grit, determination, fighting to the last and not throwing in the sponge are qualities of the Englishman reflected in the game of cricket. The saying that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton is not without meaning. I took charge of cricket and started building up a team almost from scratch. I trained the boys on and off the field not only in the techniques of the game but also in its philosophy. In due course Jaffna College ranked among the best in Jaffna and won the Inter-Collegiate Championship in 1934. Phelps left Jaffna College in 1927 to become Principal of Highclare School in Kodaikanal. I was appointed to succeed him as Physical Director. Then followed eight years of very hard work in the class room as well as the playground both of which I thoroughly enjoyed. Explaining abstract mathematical concepts to students, opening their minds to the fascination of figures, helping them to see the gleam and making their minds click are never-to-be-forgotten experiences. In the playground, staying with the boys through the fluctuating fortunes of a cricket match or the exciting finish of a football game and waiting with bated breath for the winning stroke or a last minute goal and finally sharing in the joy of victory or the sorrow of defeat were precious experiences which strengthened me and moulded the character of the boys. We won the Jaffna Inter-Collegiate championship in Track & Field Athletics in 1932 and '33, Football in 1933 and '34 and Cricket in 1934. Jaffna College reached the summit of its glory in sports during these years. Having realized these dreams, I had to leave Jaffna College to assume work as Head of the Mission Station at Tellippalai in January 1935. This period also brought to me, personally, outstanding success in Tennis. Sri Skanda Rajah and I won the North-Ceylon Open Singles Championship in consecutive years and the Open Doubles Championship many times. I also won the Mixed Doubles Championship with Yogam Muttiah of Chundikuli.

Spurred by these victories we tried our mettle at the All-Ceylon Tennis Meet in Nuwara Eliya in 1932 and '33, and

met with moderate success. I won the Handicap Singles while both of us won the Handicap Doubles. In the latter event we created a sensation by beating Fonseka and Tennekoon, a seeded pair, both in the Handicap Doubles and in the Open Doubles.

Sri Skanda Rajah was a courageous player and afraid of no one however famous. Once he drew Andrews, the New Zealand Davis Cup player, in the first round of the Open Singles at Nuwara Eliya. This was to be the opening match of the tournament on the centre court. Most local players would have conceded a walkover but Sris walked into the court saying that he was going to win! Of course he lost but not before he won two games in each set which was a creditable performance. Once at the North-Ceylon Tournament he studied the draws and told me that he and I were going to meet in the Finals. I reminded him that there was J. C. W. Rock whom he had to overcome and I had another formidable opponent myself. Rock had a tremendous reputation and was a seeded player at Nuwara Eliya. He had just come as District Judge of Jaffna. The Club was dominated by lawyers and naturally all of them backed Rock. When the match started Sris took an early lead and kept it up to the stunned disbelief of Rock's supporters. He played doggedly and ultimately won to the amazement of the crowd. In the same tournament Sris and I had to meet Rock and Jefferey in the Open Doubles Final. The mood of the crowd was the same, most of them supporting Rock and partner. Our strategy was to serve and storm the net pushing the older pair to the fence. We killed the weak returns. But Rock was a great strategist himself and he lobbed deep into the corners. However, Sris would be there like lightning to receive the ball. We won the match in the fourth set. James Joseph, the Additional District Judge, came up to me and congratulated me saying, "I was a silent spectator, admiring the suppleness of your muscles and the rythm of your movements... ..".

Among the more well-known players we met either together or individually in Jaffna and Nuwara Eliya were: O. I. F. Senaratne, Alfred Vanniasingam, L. P. Ernst, Gnani Muttu-

cumaru, Raju and Sathi Coomarasamy, Victor Williams, A. J. D. N. & D. J. N. Selvadurai, V. Joseph, Julius Philips, Ernley de Kretser, P. E. Perera, Ingleton, F. C. & Koo de Saram, Fonseka, Tennekoon, L. A. Wright and C. A. Laing. Partnering Victor Williams I played in the Galle and Bandarawela tournaments doing fairly well and reaching the final at Bandarawela. We lost to P. E. Perera and Ingleton in the final at 8/10 after a gruelling fight.

Mahatma Gandhi's, Visit. In the mid twenties the Freedom Movement in India was gathering momentum. The heroic struggle of Mahatma Gandhi and the Indian people against the British Empire with the new weapon of Satyagraha was attracting the attention of the world. The stirrings in India were causing ripples in the placid life of the youth of Jaffna. Gandhiji's ideals inspired us. A consciousness of our ancient culture was reborn and we were awakened to a sense of our heritage. It was at this time that the Jaffna Students' Congress, later known as the Youth Congress, pledged to the revival of our language, literature, music and art, was established in Jaffna with youthful teachers from Jaffna College taking the lead. Jaffna College was in the vanguard of the national movement. The national dress became much in evidence and some of us wore khader (the rough home-spun cloth) in support of the Swadeshi Movement of Gandhi. We invited great South-Indian patriots and fiery orators like Satyamoorthy. Prakasam and Kamaladevi Chattopathyaya to the annual sessions of the Students Congress year after year. A few years earlier I remember listening to the stirring addresses of the Ali brothers—Mohammed and Shakut—Gandhi's lieutenants before the Hindu-Muslim split and to Dr. Kitchlien in the Public Hall, Colombo. When referring to the Jalienwala massacre, Dr. Kitchlien spoke of the blood of Hindus and Muslims flowing in one common stream.

When I was Secretary of the Students, Congress in 1927 we invited Gandhi to visit Jaffna. I was thrilled to receive the following reply from the Mahatma accepting our invitation:

As at the Ashram,
Sabarmati.
3-2-'27.

Dear Friend,

I have your letter. During my visit to the South, I should love to respond to your invitation. But there are many difficulties in the way. If I go to Jaffna, I must go to other places in Ceylon which means quite a few days there. This year I want to devote purely to Khadi work and Khadi collection. If therefore I went to Ceylon, I would want to make Khadi collections. The best thing I can therefore do is to forward your letter to Sjt. C. Rajagopalachariar who is organising the tour in the South and let him decide. Please correspond with him. His address is Gandhi Ashram, Tiruchengodu (South India).

Yours sincerely,
M. K. Gandhi

The responsibility, both political and otherwise, of having a person of the stature and significance of Gandhi in our midst for a week was a serious one. At that time not much love was lost between Britain and India and we were only a colony of Britain. The details of organising such a visit and arranging the Mahatma's itinerary were formidable. Further, the Mahatma had indicated that he would like to use the opportunity to collect funds for his Khadi campaign. But we were young and optimistic and, may be, complacent. We wanted to have a glimpse of the Mahatma and that was the only thing that counted and so we went ahead with the arrangements. Mr. Waitilingam Duraisamy (later Sir Waitilingam) was appointed Chairman of the Reception Committee. Numerous other committees were set up. Many prominent citizens fell head over heels to help us. The greatest help and co-operation came from a most unexpected quarter. Mr. G. K. Pippet, an Englishman and an Oxford man, was then the Superintendent of Police, Jaffna. In the circumstances one would have expected a representative of the British Empire to be at best lukewarm. But Pippet was a gentleman and his help was spontaneous and whole-hearted. We were able to manage the huge meetings and mammoth crowds satisfactorily.

Gandhi's party consisted, among others, of Rajagopalachari, his daughter and H. M. Desai. We rented out the large house on Clock Tower Road to accommodate the party. Every morning Gandhi would leave on a tour of the peninsula. Every evening he would return and some of us would sit at his feet and listen to his words of wisdom and also share with him our hopes and aspirations for Ceylon. At street junctions crowds would stop his car and worship him. Women pulled out their bangles and necklaces and offered them as gifts. A number of meetings were held at important centres where Gandhi spoke. When addresses were presented he promptly auctioned them and raised money for his Khadi campaign. The esplanade was a sea of people. I remember reading the address of the Students Congress. It was printed very attractively on Khadar cloth by Father Beaux of the St. Joseph's Catholic Press. When auctioned it fetched a considerable amount. The memorable week came to an end with a big Garden Party given by Mr. Waitilingam Duraisamy in his Clock Tower Road residence. Recently the road has been renamed Mahatma Gandhi Road, evidently as a reminder of the Mahatma's visit and in honour of him. In those leisurely days we had the time and the disposition for the contemplation of knowledge and the pursuit of ideals for their own sake. We didn't have to be pre-occupied with competition for admission to the University College or with the race for jobs thereafter. There was a wide road and an open door and a decent job at the end of it. The plight of the youth of today is drastically different. They need our sympathy and understanding. We cannot just dismiss them as being indifferent to the more serious things of life.

Reaction on the Church: Freedom is total and indivisible. The urge towards political freedom led us to seek for freedom in other fields. The Potter Deputation of the American Board headed by Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter arrived in Jaffna in 1927. It was customary for the American Board to send out deputations to visit the far-flung mission fields from time to time in order to evaluate and review their work. The first one was the celebrated Anderson - Thompson Deputation which came in 1854, 38 years after the Ceylon Mission was esta-

blished. This Deputation made startling decisions the adverse effect of which continued to be felt for many decades. The second — the Barton Deputation — came in 1901. The Potter Deputation was the third in the series. This was after the first World War. The people in the East were disillusioned by the failure of the lofty ideals with which they had associated the West. The supremacy of the white man was being challenged particularly in India. The Church was in the midst of this and was influenced by these trends. Nationalism was very much in the air. The leaders of the Church, many of whom were also leaders of the National Movement, placed before the Deputation the case for the devolution of all Mission work—hospitals, schools, industrial department, etc. — upon the nationals. The Deputation, sensing the prevailing climate, accepted the suggestion saying that if the Mission had done its work well at all during the previous one-hundred years and more the nationals should be able to take over the mission institutions and run them. Then the American Board could usefully divert its resources to needier countries like Africa. The principle was granted but its implementation proved to be a travail. The existing order was changing and another was struggling to be born.

Some of us, both missionaries and nationals, were appointed to consider the nature of the new organisation that was to take the place of the Mission. We addressed our minds to the question of drafting a constitution. After some years of deliberation we produced a draft. This went up and down the Atlantic for consideration and reconsideration. There were amendments and counter amendments. Finally a draft was accepted by representative bodies on the field and the American Board. The new body to take the place of the Mission was to be called the Central Board consisting of 15 members. These were to be elected democratically, the churches having a predominant say. Accordingly, elections were held and the Board constituted. However, the start was inauspicious. The older missionaries having tasted power for decades were not happy about the proposed change and were unenthusiastic from the start. This was perhaps natural. They were each one a benevolent dictator in his own sphere of work and an undis-

puted authority. All this was going to be changed by a broad-based democratic set-up. Some of the missionaries were of the view that national leadership was not equal to the responsibilities that were being cast on them. The American Board was aware of this opinion. On the other hand there was bickering among the national leaders for the crumbs of office. The election results went against some of the influential leaders. Both these factors conspired to bring down the Central Board ostensibly over a technical issue. The Central Board was still-born and we had to start all over again.

The Challenge: The next idea was to bring about the change gradually as and when opportunities arose by the retirement of missionaries. Mr. A. A. Ward had been head of the mission station at Tellippalai since 1919. He was ill with heart disease and in 1934 it was felt that he would have to retire at any time. The Mission, as a first step, decided in 1934 to appoint an Advisory Board to help Mr. Ward. It was composed of Rev. R. C. P. Welch (Chairman), A. A. Ward, Rev. S. Kulandran, J. C. Stickney, J. C. Amarasingham and I. P. Thurairatnam. I was appointed Secretary. The work at Tellippalai comprised the Bilingual School, the American Ceylon Mission Press established in 1834, the Industrial Department started in 1878 and the A. C. M. Depot. Within a short time of appointing the Board the Mission thought it fit to sell the Press and decided accordingly. This decision was communicated to the Board, the reason being that the Press was losing heavily year after year and was not viable any more. We naturally protested that we had hardly been given a chance. The decision was rescinded and the Press got another lease of life. The Board was on the look-out for a suitable person to succeed Mr. Ward. They had an elderly person in mind but when they met in December 1934 the Board suddenly decided, unanimously, to recommend to the Mission that the position be offered to me. This came to me like a bolt from the blue. I had no inkling of this development. I had not asked for it, neither did I want it. I had been teaching at Jaffna College for nearly ten years and had looked upon it as my life work. I enjoyed the work in the class room and on the playground immensely. I was aware that Tellippalai was the lowliest and

the least of the mission stations though it had had a hoary past as the headquarters of the Mission in the pioneering days. However, — viewed this call as a challenge to the nationals in the existing circumstances. I decided to accept it provided my Principal, Mr. Bicknell, would release me and send me away with his blessing. I spoke to Mr. Bicknell the next day. He said he himself, as Secretary of the Mission, was faced with the responsibility of finding a successor to Mr. Ward at Tellippalai and, if he was asked, he could not recommend any one better. He knew the College community would not approve my release as the work in the Mathematics and Sports Departments would suffer but the need at Tellippalai was greater. The missionary statesman that he was, he agreed to send me with his blessing. On the other hand my friends and my relations thought I was crazy. A position at Jaffna College was not to be thrown away so lightly and how about my own prospects and the future of my children who were entitled to some privileges and many advantages. I myself had been elevated to the prestigious and responsible position of Physical Director after the departure of Carl W. Phelps. My efforts had been crowned with success. Year after year we won the Inter-Collegiate championships in all sports. I was also at the peak of my tennis career. All this was to be sacrificed for an unknown future and an undoubtedly formidable task. And yet I decided to take the plunge.

The Transition: The Bilingual school was a free school which only the children from the poorer homes of the locality attended. It had classes up to the 8th standard. There were 8 teachers and 150 students. The Sanders Hall and the old assembly hall were the only buildings built of stone. The class rooms had half walls of mud and thatched roofs. Science was not taught. This was all a drastic change from the dizzy heights of Jaffna College where I taught Applied Mathematics for the London Inter-Science class and Pure Mathematics and Physics for the Senior Cambridge. There was also intellectual companionship of a high order and a congenial atmosphere of freedom and enterprise.

On the 1st. of January 1935 I was transported into the strange atmosphere of Tellippalai. I came with my wife and four little kids. Tellippalai was of course not altogether new to me. I had been there earlier as a child and left under tragic circumstances. The office, in which my father worked under the Rev. J. H. Dickson and now occupied by Mr. Ward, was to be my office and the hub of activities in the premises. I soon discovered that all was not well with the several institutions in the premises. The Church, the English School, the Bilingual School and the Press were not on talking terms. The English School and the Bilingual School were daggers drawn. They were a family divided. I presumed nothing. I set about my work as if I didn't know anything about the background and history of their disputes. I was starting *ab initio*. Soon natural and normal relations were established and a friendly atmosphere prevailed among the several departments. However, the English School was not under my purview being managed by Jaffna College and the rapport with this had to wait for a future date. With regard to external relations, the connection with the Hindu School — Mahajana — had been quite strained ever since the inception of that school. The two parties were antagonistic. Here again I presumed nothing and behaved normally, establishing friendly relations.

Internally I became aware of certain unfortunate circumstances which were potentially dangerous but, fortunately, did not materialise as such. There was a Headmaster for the school who had to make way for me. This naturally created some unpleasantness though I was in no sense responsible. I didn't even know and I was not told about this earlier. The Superintendent of the Press was 71 years of age while I was only 31 and yet he had to work under me. There were also many others much older than I. Further, they were used for many decades to taking orders from white people. It was only natural that they should feel reluctant to accord the same respect to one of their own. However, these prejudices were soon overcome. They began to appreciate my hard work and devotion and, to a man, pulled their weight with me. Things began to hum. The Press which was on its last legs got a new life. The school made spectacular progress. In 1937

the Ward Block—a row of eight class rooms being the first building of this century—was put up. In the same year the school staged Rama's Exile twice before Colombo audiences—one under the patronage of Sir Waitilingam Duraiswamy and the other under the patronage of Sir Ratnajothi Saravanamuttu. These shows were well received and favourably reviewed in the daily press.

BEGINNING OF UNION COLLEGE

One problem however remained. There were two schools in the premises—the English School run by Jaffna College and the Bilingual School run by the Mission. Except for the medium of instruction which was English in the first school and both English and Tamil (bilingual) in the second, the schools prepared for the same examination — The Junior School Certificate — and the curriculum was identical. The buildings and grounds, the staff and equipment, were all duplicated. This seemed an utter waste of resources. Besides the schools had grown to their fullest and there was no more room for expansion. On top of all these the two sets of teachers were unfriendly as the destinies of teachers were inevitably bound up with the numerical strength of students. The Retrenchment Commission of 1939 headed by Oliver Goonetillake argued in essence for a fewer but bigger and healthier schools rather than a large number of small and sickly schools. I thought this was the time to amalgamate the two schools into a Senior Secondary School and put all our resources together to build up an institution worthy of the century-old educational traditions of Tellippalai.

Accordingly, I put up the proposal to the Mission which approved the idea. A representative of Jaffna College objected saying that the new secondary school would pose a threat to Jaffna College. I replied that I accepted the compliment though I could not agree with the contention. Another friend, who had only the previous night told me that he would support the proposal, spoke at some length, but I really didn't know on which side he spoke. The subject was taken up the following week at a meeting of the Board of Directors of Jaffna College. The older and reactionary members opposed the proposal while

he younger members including Mr. Bunker, the Principal of the College, and the missionary members of the staff strongly supported the idea. The Rev. R. C. P. Welch, who had identified himself with the aspirations of Tellippalai ever since devolution, championed the new proposal. This was approved and I was given a letter signed by the Secretaries of the Mission and the Jaffna College Board authorizing me to negotiate the terms of the amalgamation with the Government.

The Director of Education, whom I met, agreed with the idea of the amalgamation of the two schools in the circumstances until I drew his attention to one snag. There were two headmasters for the two schools while in the new one there could be only one. Of course, he said, the other one should be transferred to another school. I said I was prepared to go through with the amalgamation only if it did not involve any hardship to any of the teachers by way of transfer or reduction of salary or status. I argued for two headmasters salaries for the new school as an exception. The two schools were functioning under two different codes and even the quota of students per teacher was different. This meant that a few teachers would become excess in the new school and should be transferred. I produced figures to show that computing the cost to Govt. of the existing schools, as they were, for the next ten years and of the new school for the same period, the new school would mean an annually recurrent saving to Govt. which would go on increasing but never decrease. The Director answered that providing for two headmasters salaries for one school was against the law and he could not violate it even to save money. I replied that amalgamation of schools had not been contemplated in the Code but that there must be some authority to approve an exception to the law. I added that I would produce a memorandum on the subject the next day and pleaded with him to seek the authority of the Treasury. He was persuaded. The memorandum made its journey from the lowest staff officer to the highest until finally the Financial Secretary, Mr. Collins, put his seal of approval on it.

I returned to Jaffna a happy man having overcome what was generally considered an insuperable difficulty. Yet, it was

not I but God himself who did it. I prayed for his blessing upon the cause from the first day I was moved to undertake it and I was never in doubt about the outcome. However, when I came back I noticed a difference in the attitude of my friends. Some of them were lukewarm and some indifferent while only a few remained faithful. Then something happened, which in my ignorance of the ways of the world, I never bargained for. Some members of the Mission—all nationals—sent a requisition for a Special Meeting of the Mission to reconsider the subject saying that they had not been given sufficient time to consider a change of policy of such far-reaching implications but that they had been stampeded into a hasty decision. Accordingly, a meeting was called. I supported the motion for reconsideration. I agreed that the matter was of the greatest importance to the Mission and that members should be given another opportunity to debate it. My friends were startled. I believed in the righteousness of the cause and I was sure with God's blessing it would triumph. At the end the original decision was confirmed by an overwhelming majority.

And yet this was not to be the end. The Education Department had fixed Oct. 1, 1939 as the effective date for the amalgamation. So many details had to be worked out and I was extremely busy when, two days before the consummation, I received a telegram from the Director saying, "Postpone amalgamation until further orders". I smelt a rat. I drove to Colombo at once and discovered that a member of the Mission—again a national—of high position and great influence had gone personally and protested vehemently against the Govt. violating the law. At the same time the Audit Department also had pointed out that while they would abide by the Treasury ruling, such a deviation from the law required the Governor's approval. I then had the recommendation sent to the Governor through the Minister. In two days time I received the final approval from the highest authority in the land. Thus was born the Union College of today.

History of the Twin Parents:

Union College is both old and new. It is old in the sense that its early beginnings could be traced to the year

1816 when the pioneer American Missionaries set up their headquarters at Tellippalai and established the first school in the mission field. It is new in the sense that it assumed its present status in 1939.

Except for a short break after 1855 when all English education given under the auspices of the American Mission was suspended as a result of the recommendation of the Anderson-Thompson Deputation, there has been a thread of continuity running through the long stretch of time from 1816 to the present day. Very shortly after the school was started in 1816 English was introduced and thus it became the first English School under the American Mission. In 1818 it was converted into a Boarding School—the first of its kind. Also in the same year girls were admitted into the school and Tellippalai led once again.

In the meantime schools had been started in four other Mission stations and the necessity arose for a Central School. This was established in 1823 at Batticotta (Vaddukoddai) and constituted the beginning of the Batticotta Seminary. Soon after this it was thought desirable to provide a similar Central Institution for girls. Such a school was established at Uduvil in 1824 and Tellippalai contributed the largest quota of students. In order to forward the progress of the Batticotta Seminary the school at Tellippalai was converted into a Preparatory School in 1825. Promising boys from other Day Schools were admitted into this and the school attained such great success that the new department was removed to Batticotta and made an appendage to the Seminary in 1832. Having sent its girls to Uduvil and its promising boys to the Seminary, Tellippalai as an educational centre receded into the background for a few decades. The Tellippalai English School, like all other English Schools under the American Mission, came under the pruning knife of the American Board Deputation of 1855. It was, therefore, closed in 1856 but re-appeared in 1869 under the name Chellappah's School, so called after the Head master, Mr. Chellappah. The school continued thus until 1901 when the Mission took it under its wings and once again assumed the management. After its rebirth the school entered into a very useful and vigorous existence until 1939 when it became one of the twin parents of Union College.

The story of the other parent may be traced as follows : The Batticotta Seminary was closed in 1856 and in the premises of the Seminary was established in 1859 a Theological and Training Institution. In 1871 this institution was shifted to Tellippalai in order to make room for Jaffna College which was established in 1872. The Theological Department was given up a few years later and an Industrial Department added in 1878. The institution was now known as the Tellippalai Training and Industrial School. After 1916 the Training School was shifted out of Tellippalai twice while the Tamil Practising School and Industrial School remained at Tellippalai along with the English School which was an independent unit. In 1929 the Tamil School was converted into a Bilingual School. In 1939 the Bilingual School merged with the English School to constitute the Union High School which a year afterwards was re-christened Union College. The Tellippalai English School and the Tellippalai Bilingual School thus became the twin parents of Union College. The two streams which flowed into Union College—one dating from 1816 and the other from 1871 — I have endowed it with noble traditions and a hoary culture.

The Struggle : I recognized that a long and difficult road lay ahead of the school. The Mission had warned me, while approving the project, that they had no money for the maintenance of the new school and that I should be prepared to cook my own goose. My friends asked me if I was ready to go to an early grave. But the hand of destiny pointed toward the distant goal. The staffs of the two schools were integrated and they were fired with enthusiasm for the new school. The school and along with it they themselves had attained to a new status. The S. S. C. and the London Matriculation classes were added and the curriculum expanded. Qualified teachers were recruited to teach the new subjects. All this meant heavy expenses in the current account. Funds had to be found for capital outlay on buildings and equipment. At least half the parents were poor and could hardly afford to pay the new fees while they were not used to paying anything in the Bilingual School. My task was to educate not only the children but also the parents. I never

spared my breath preaching to the parents that I had brought a secondary school to their very door and the least they could do was to pay the fees regularly. If not for Union College they would have to send their children to distant schools and pay not only their tuition fees but also the boarding fees. I sympathized with them and allowed 25% of the possible fees in the budget towards free tuition for deserving cases. The parents understood the difficulties of the management on the one hand and on the other appreciated the good work and the visible results that were being achieved. Recovering fees became gradually easier. We climbed the steep incline and reached the level in about six years. The Old Boys helped repeatedly in every project for purchase of land and expansion of buildings. No appeal went without a generous response.

As we were thus progressing happily an incident occurred in the school which need not have developed and assumed the proportions it did if not for my national friends outside who used every incident in the school as a lever against me. Nationals who talked a lot of nationalism before devolution could not bear to see a national succeed. That was the sad irony. There was a friend of mine whom I had known both at Tellippalai and Jaffna College ever since 1915. He was a teacher in Batticaloa in 1941 and wanted very much to come back to Jaffna and teach in his home town. He repeatedly asked me for a position at Union College. Though I knew he was somewhat erratic and emotional I offered him the post of Chemistry teacher at Union. We got along well when suddenly one day he took it into his head to interfere on behalf of another teacher who had committed a grievous offence and when the Board of Management decided to punish the teacher concerned, the former went headlong doing rash things and indulging in repeated acts of defiance. It was August and the midsummer vacation was approaching. I waited in patience hoping he would sober down during the holidays. The school reopened and there was no change. He kept up the same tempo of defiance and insubordination. Some action, however unpleasant, had to be taken in the interest of the school which I was trying hard to build up. I framed charges.

He was shocked. He told me he couldn't answer the charges and he would resign. We sat down and talked at length and then prayed together and decided that, if we could not get along well together, the best thing for us to do as Christians would be to part as friends. I offered to get him a job in any mission school of his choice. The next day he sent in his resignation. The Board accepted it and the Department approved it. Once again my national friends decided to fish in troubled waters. They prevailed upon him to withdraw his resignation and leave the matter in their hands. They would fight the battle. True to pattern, a special meeting of the Board was requisitioned to reconsider the matter. The Rev. R. C. P. Welch, who was Chairman of the Board, had earlier tried to bring about a settlement. I explained that there was no room for both of us at Union and all my efforts to build up the school would be in vain. He accepted my position with great understanding and true humility and supported me at the meeting while some others never forgave me for taking up that attitude. The earlier decision was confirmed but my adversaries would not stop at that. They appealed to the Mission. Powerful forces were ranged on both sides and there was a bitter debate. When arguments would not suffice they fell back upon the well-known sob stuff, "Is it christian? Why don't you forgive him?" The interest of the school was paramount. I stood firm. The teacher had to go but Jaffna College was persuaded to take him. Thus ended an unpleasant chapter in the school. But this was not the end of intrigue and jealousy.

World War II. The decade of the 40's proved to be a hectic one for the school and an eventful one for Ceylon, and the world at large and for me personally. In the school a lot of spade work waited to be done. A unit of the Student Christian Movement was started, a Scout Troop organised, Inter-House competitions introduced and an Old Boys Association inaugurated. The school was born shortly after the outbreak of World War II and found itself already in difficulties., However, Ceylon was only remotely involved in the war. With Pearl Harbour and the entry of Japan into the war in April 1942 the war came next doors to us. Singapore, which

was the British Naval Base in the East and considered impregnable, fell surprisingly to the Japanese with the sinking of two of the biggest war ships of the British. Singapore and Malaya were over-run and occupied by the Japanese. This affected many homes in Jaffna who depended upon their dear ones in Malaya. The prosperity of Jaffna was due not a little to the pioneers who had ventured out almost 75 years earlier and their descendants who continued to sustain the economy of Jaffna. Many children in our schools became suddenly orphaned and parents came asking for relief. They spoke with sorrow about the people on the other shore from whom they not only received no more money but about whose fate they were receiving ominous news. This became another burden to the new school.

Japan was advancing everywhere with lightning speed—in Malaya, in the Phillipines and in Burma. They had cast their eyes on India and Ceylon too. To meet this threat Lord Mountbatten established the headquarters of the South East Asia Command in Kandy and Ceylon found itself in the theatre of war. Troops were found everywhere. Many schools and public buildings were requisitioned for the war effort. An elaborate Civil Defence Department was established with Oliver Goonetilleke as Chief and Ivor Jennings as his Deputy. Air-raid Wardens were appointed all over the island whose duty it was to educate and instruct the people about precautionary measures to be taken in the event of an air raid. I was appointed Head Warden of Tellippalai and the adjoining areas. We were all on the alert expecting a raid at any moment. In fact there was a short but light raid over Colombo on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1942. The Governor was superseded by admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton as the Officer Commanding. Everything was set on a war footing.

Beginning of a Tradition: The first Annual Founders Day and Prize-Giving was held in 1940 with Prof C. Suntharalingam as the Chief Guest. He had just dramatically resigned his position as Professor of Mathematics in protest against the appointment over him of Sir Ivor Jennings as Principal of the University College and the virtual Vice-Chancellor of

the new University. Referring to this incident he said he had taken this step "to avoid a national insult, vindicate a national principle and above all to assert the honour of the Ceylonese people". Once 20 years earlier it might be recalled that he threw up a position in the Ceylon Civil Service and, when offered the Chair of Mathematics, refused to accept it unless he was treated on a par with the other professors who were all British. The Government advertised the post through the Crown Agents in England who approached many distinguished mathematicians all of whom refused to apply so long as Suntharalingam was there. Suntharalingam ultimately got the position on his own terms.

The Prize-Giving was the first of a series at which we had several distinguished men as Chief Guests. The Union Prize-Giving became famous because of the distinction of the Chief Guests we were able to get year after year and also because of the attractive programmes an invariable feature of which was a one-act English Play to which the elite of Jaffna, who assembled in large numbers, always looked forward. Perhaps the most distinguished Chief Guest we had in this illustrious line, from 1940 to 1963 except for a break of 3 years due to the war, was Dr. Howard Somervell, the Mount Everest hero and distinguished surgeon. After attending Rugby he went to Cambridge where he took a Double First and then to the London University Hospital for his medical studies. After passing out brilliantly there was a place waiting for him in Harley Street, the home of the most eminent British doctors. However, in 1921 he received a call to join the first Mt. Everest expedition. He accepted the call and joined the team in 1922. As they climbed they were met by angry winds, avalanches and biting cold. They gave up after reaching 27,000 feet. Somervell came down the mountain top and travelled the plains of India from north to south until he came to a place called Neyyoor. Here he saw a London Mission Hospital with only one British doctor for hundreds of thousands of people. He saw the disease, the suffering and the misery of the people and the dire need. Having seen the need, he said he should be a shirker and a selfish wretch if he went back to London and spent his life in Harley Street. He stayed in South India

and spent all his life there. He got a call again in 1924 for a second attack on Everest. After repeated attempts Somervell and three others struggled to a height of 28,000 feet, just 1000 feet short of the summit. Mallory and Irwin tried to go further but never returned. Somervell was back again at Neyyoor.

I had not met Howard Somervell before but a bright idea occurred to me that the boys of Union College should be given a chance, if possible, of seeing a hero like him. And so I invited him for the Prize-Giving of 1953 and, *mirabile dictu*, he accepted and came with his gracious wife. Hundreds upon hundreds came to see him. He gave a stirring address which still rings in my ears. He said that in the great climb of life we should bind ourselves with the rope of goodwill, friendship and sportsmanship and so establish a common citizenship in the great human family of God. Life must be measured not by gains but by losses. Life was meant to be spent and, if necessary, lost in the service of others. Defeat was not failure so long as a person was prepared to try again.

Fund-raising Campaigns : The growing school was in need of money from the very beginning, I had undertaken the task after counting the cost. We set about launching the first of a series of fund-raising campaigns in 1941. Under the auspices of the newly inaugurated Old Boys Association three of us—myself as President of the O. B. A., the Vice-Principal, Mr. S. K. Rasiah, as Secretary, and Mr. R. T. Seevaratnam, a long-standing teacher in the old English School, set off on a tour of the island to solicit donations towards a Building Fund having already, on faith, laid the foundation for a row of class-rooms. We visited the coastal towns from Puttalam to Colombo and further south to Kalutara. Then we went upcountry to the towns and plantation areas upto Nuwara Eliya and Agrapatna. In Gona Adika estate, Gampaha, there were Mr. & Mrs. Poopalasingam. The lady was an old girl of the English School. She had a piece of land to the north of our small playground which was indispensable for the expansion of the field. I had tried to persuade her people here in vain to sell us that land without which it was impossible to accommodate a good playground within the campus. When we were passing through Gampola it occurred

to us that we might call on Mr. & Mrs. Poopalasingam. Mrs. Poopalasingam we knew but the husband was a stranger to us and to Tellippalai. However, we appealed to them to sell us the land for a reasonable price. They both listened and then he took the wife, who was standing in the door-way, into the sitting room. After a brief conversation with her, he came out and said, "We shall give the land as a donation to the school". I could hardly believe my ears but further conversation confirmed that they had really meant it. I came away convinced that miracles still happened. That day I opened an overdraft account with the Poopalasingam's which, whatever I might have done for them and their children later, I still feel has not been fully settled. We met with very generous response from numerous old boys and were able to complete the building.

Throughout the forties collection campaigns went on side by side with other normal activities of the school. A few years later a large piece of land, adjoining the premises and to the west of it, was going to be sold. We wanted it very, very much for a second playground but the school had no funds and there were debts to pay. However, the opportunity was not to be lost and I made up my mind to buy it, again on faith. I paid a small advance and took train that very evening to Colombo to raise at least half the amount from friends and Old Boys. Mr. Advocate Nadesan, a faithful friend from the University College days, had identified himself completely with me and my hopes and admirations for the school. He needed no persuasion. He opened the list with a donation of Rs. 1,000/- and took me round to his lawyer friends and his wealthy clients. In two days we collected Rs. 5,000/-. I came back and paid half the cost of the land. The balance was paid sometime later.

The school was growing fast. In 1947 when schools were graded for the first time Union College found itself in Grade 1, along with much older and more well-known schools, having satisfied all the requirements regarding buildings, grounds and equipment. Some of the old schools were graded below, having fallen short in these respects. The needs continued to grow and we felt that a more imaginative promotional effort should be

undertaken. In 1947 we decided upon the ambitious project of a Carnival & Exhibition in spite of the formidable difficulties presented by post-war conditions. I convened a meeting of Old Boys, Friends and Well-wishers of the school in the Jaffna Town Hall to consider the proposal and enlist their support for the cause. The response was warm and the idea was accepted. It took many months to organize the Carnival. Several Govt. Departments responded to our invitation to take part. Hundreds of details had to be thought of. Practically everything was in short supply in the country and on ration. Permits had to be obtained for kerosene, petrol, sugar, flour and even paper. All the carnival equipment had to be brought from Colombo, and plans co-ordinated. It was a gigantic effort but we had an army of helpers. It went on for ten days and proved much more than a financial success. On the last night of the Carnival I spoke to the helpers and to the large crowd present over the public address system as follows :—

Friends,

I call you friends from the bottom of my heart, for during the last ten days and indeed ever since we decided in February to hold this Carnival you have lavished upon me your friendship and goodwill. Some of you have been old friends of mine and the school. Others are new whom we are happy to have made during the Carnival. I cannot think of anything I have done to deserve your support and your friendship, but you have in your generosity extended these to me. I am grateful to you beyond words. The Carnival has been worth the while, if only for the friends we have made.

All along I had thought that a Carnival had material values only, but now I have learnt that a Carnival has spiritual values too. During these days I have seen human nature at its very best. On the other hand I can assure you that I have seen nothing low or selfish. You have all gone through a severe test demanding selflessness, devotion, energy and endurance. At the end of these ten days I am glad I can honestly say that you have acquit-

ted your-selves as creditably as any band of workers anywhere in the world could have done. Yours has been voluntary service, freely offered. It has been a labour of love.

The whole undertaking involved attention to thousands of details and co-ordination of so many branches of work. That things should have gone as smoothly as they have is a tribute to your imagination, consideration and co-operation. Some of you have been sitting at counters from 5 p. m. to 12 midnight at one stretch day in and day out. You have seen very little of the Carnival. You have stuck through monotonous work and even drudgery denying yourselves many amusements and much fun. You have gone the second mile. I thank you.

I have always had a great admiration for the tenacity, endurance and efficiency of women. What I have seen of their work during the Carnival and the manner in which they have done it has further enhanced my admiration. They did their work quietly and unostentatiously. They had to work throughout the day in order to serve good meals at night. In every stall there was a safe nucleus of women on whom we could depend. On the eve of Dominion Status, it augurs well for the future of Ceylon that we have mothers and young women with such ability, devotion and faith.

I am grateful to the several Government Departments and other stall-holders for their kind co-operation. The Carnival could not have been a success without the variety of their contributions and demonstrations. I also wish to say how thankful I am that they have roughed it out here sportingly and ungrudgingly without giving me the least trouble.

I must not fail to express my gratitude to the staffs of the College and the Press, both overhead and subordinate, for all their help and co-operation. Everybody had to work at top pressure and there was hardly a man who failed to rise to the occasion.

The conduct of the large crowds that assembled here day after day has been exemplary. There have been many anxious moments when lights failed or rain came down. But there was never any panic. The order and discipline and the sense of security everybody felt has been the subject of flattering comments by many. I am thankful to all for this. I must not forget to say how deeply we have all appreciated the help rendered by the Police. Their work has been both efficient and acceptable. My sincere thanks to them.

Finally, many of you may be anxious to know how we have fared after all, and I think you who have supported us have a right to know. All that I can say at the moment is that we have not lost and that is what matters. How much more we may get I am frankly unable to say. However, we have gained many things of permanent value—your friendship I sincerely hope is going to be permanent, the Pictorial we are very happy to possess. The varied experience gained in running this Carnival is worth all the trouble and time put into it. The Staff, I am sure, is all the more united as a result of this common endeavour. I honestly believe that these are of inestimable value.

I have not said “Thank you” to each one of you personally. I have not even had the time to nod to people in the midst of several preoccupations and the terrific rush. I am sure I have left many things undone, sometimes even perhaps the most obvious duties.

For all these I hope each one of you will forgive me and others who have shared the work with me”.

The Carnival remains a memorable event in the annals of the school.

Malayan Campaign : A fund-raising campaign in Singapore and Malaya which we had planned for 1942 could not be undertaken then owing to the outbreak of war. This had to wait until 1954 when peace and prosperity returned to those countries. After nearly a year of organising the cam-

paign my wife and I started on this campaign on March 22, 1954. We flew to Singapore and from there all the way up to Penang and back again detouring quite a bit to visit a number of towns not on the main route. Wherever we went we were received with the utmost cordiality and kindness. There was a minor slump at that time, also there were three other parties from Ceylon on similar missions. And yet they gave generously and ungrudgingly. Giving was not new to them. Widows and old women gave their mite but apologized that they couldn't give more for such a noble cause as education. The pattern of the campaign was for friends to organise meetings in every town where I was asked to speak on some subject of current interest such as: "Education in Ceylon today", "Ceylon after Independence", "The Philosophy of Free Education", etc. At the end of the meetings I gave a Film Show which consisted of Travelogues of America, the United Kingdom and the Continent and most important of all a Documentary Film of Union College which I had produced showing all the activities of the school such as: The Prize-Giving, Inter-House Sports Meets, Drill and March-Past, Industrial Department, Cricket, Football, Net-Ball, Gardening, Picnics, etc. They were naturally interested and the next morning when we went they were quite enthusiastic about giving to such a school.

Bandits were causing havoc in Malaya even 9 years after the war. Sir Gerald Templar was adopting herculean measures to stamp out banditry. Yet it was dangerous to drive through certain areas of the country. You would come across huge notice boards on the roadside announcing that you were entering a 'Black Area' and it was risky to do so. We came across these sign-boards more than once but we had come on this mission and the risk had to be taken. We had some Old Boys in the Oil Palm estates of Layang-Layang and decided to go notwithstanding the news that only two days earlier a Britisher, one Mr. Shawcross, had been shot dead on his way through Layang-Layang. We located the house of one of our prospective donors—an Old Boy—and stopped the car. Alighting from it I saw in the sitting room a very fair, old man with long hair and flowing white beard. He was the very picture of Santa

Claus. I thought we had mistaken the house. However, we entered and were greeted warmly by the old gentleman. A little while later, our friend, the inmate of the house, appeared with another young man. After talking many irrelevant but interesting matters, which is a necessary prelude for an appeal for donations, I came to the point. When the old gentleman realized the purpose of our visit, he entered into the conversation animatedly and this surprised me somewhat. I had not come to see him but he dominated the scene. I began to be suspicious about his bona fides. He spoke on what a noble cause education was and how worthy of support. I passed the list to the one I had come to see and he subscribed generously. We had no claim on the other young man who, though not an Old Boy, was from a neighbouring village. The old man stepped in at this stage and recommended the cause to the other friend. After all, education was a universal cause, he said. On his last visit to the Punjab he gave Rs. 10,000/- to his old school. All this time the old man had a mischievous twinkle in his large blue eyes. I was intrigued. I thought he was pulling our legs and indulging in a bit of sarcasm. The other friend then subscribed. And when we got up to go, the old man asked for the list, subscribed a hundred dollars and paid the money on the spot. Then I knew his name was Hakim Singh. He was indeed a Santa Claus. My first impression was also my last though, in between, I had many moments of doubt.

The Chinese Taxi Driver : The day after I arrived in Singapore I started on my mission in right earnest. My host and friend, Mr. S. K. Ramalingam, and I decided to see a wealthy friend of ours living in the outskirts of the city. We took a taxi and drove about six miles along a main road. Then we had to turn into a bye-road. It was dark and the road unlit. The Chinese driver suddenly stopped and refused to go any further. We got down and paid the fare.

Within seconds of the taxi scooting off I realized that I had left my brief case in the car. I shouted in desperation to my friend, "My brief case, my brief case". My friend in turn shouted, "Taxi, taxi". But the taxi had gone. I stood dazed

and petrified. My brief case contained all my earthly belongings, at least all that mattered then—my passport, travellers cheques, subscription forms, lists of prospective donors and their addresses, etc. My mission seemed ended before it started. I couldn't even return home without my passport. I tasted frustration and futility. We were stranded in that lonely spot. There were very few taxis at that time and at that place. To add to our discomfiture it started raining too. After some time we saw a car approaching with flickering lights and we hoped it was a taxi. Indeed it was. We hailed it and got into it. We reached home and found the women folk chatting gaily. Concealing my embarrassment as best I could and putting on an air of nonchalance, I started to tell them about the misfortune that had befallen us. But before I came to the point I heard a knock at the door. I opened it and, to my utter amazement, I found the Chinese driver with the brief case in his outstretched hand. Was it a dream? Could it be true? It was something out of this world. My brief case, a Fifth Avenue executive bag, let alone its contents, would have tempted most mortals. And yet here is this stranger restoring it to me. I thanked God for honest people such as this.

But how did he find my address? He had opened the bag and pulled out a loose-leaf file from it. The first paper in the file was a subscription list and the first name on it was my host's with the address, "892, Geylang Road". Before starting out on the collection my friend asked me for the list voluntarily and insisted that he and all his earning children should contribute first if he was to help me effectively in this campaign.

My heart overflowed with gratitude to the Chinese driver. How could I repay him? I squeezed his hand warmly and pressed a five-dollar bill into it. He accepted it with dignity and left without a word. The campaign that started with the good-will of the Chinese driver progressed with good-will on every side up and down the Federation, and culminated in the erection of the Malaya Block at Union College. This building will for ever remain as a token of gratitude to our kith and kin in Malaya for their many benefactions to Jaffna.

6. THE AMERICAN CEYLON MISSION.

The Potter Deputation had taken a momentous decision to grant the principle of devolution. With very little experience in administering large institutions of the magnitude and complexity of the hospitals, the larger schools and the Industrial Department and no knowledge of the implications in terms of personnel and finance that the management of these institutions would involve, but fascinated by the prospect of running and controlling the institutions hitherto administered by the missionaries, the nationals saw only one side of the picture. Thus the Deputation set us on the long and arduous road to devolution which, however, could not be achieved until 1941. Experiments were tried and the mission constitution liberalized from time to time in order to accommodate more and more nationals. The missionaries, who at first didn't seem to be happy, gradually reconciled themselves to the change and cheerfully worked shoulder to shoulder with the nationals. The advent of younger missionaries like Ed. Lockwood and Syd. Bunker in the mid-thirties, with a fresh outlook and no prejudices, favourably changed the mission climate. This period also coincided with the great depression of the early 30's in America. The income of the American Board was seriously affected and severe cuts had to be made in the appropriations of the far-flung missions of the Board. Every suggestion for a cut was strongly supported by the missionaries, who knew very well the difficulties at home, and readily accepted by the national leaders who knew very little of the implications such cuts would mean to the mission institutions. They were also not quite aware of the relentless principle of the American Board of withdrawing the salary of a missionary when he himself was withdrawn. In other words the salary of a national taking the place of a missionary was to be a local responsibility. These two factors caused great hardship to the mission institutions to begin with. The vacancies caused by the retirement or death of missionaries were as a rule not filled and the burden descended more and more upon the nationals who took their places. I was the first one in this series having been appointed Head of the Mission Station at Tellippalai to succeed Mr. A. A. Ward in 1935. By a special dispensation of the American Board in 1938 I was made a member of

the Mission which was hitherto confined only to missionaries from abroad. Dr. M. O. Chacko followed in an acting capacity also in 1938, when he deputized for Dr. Jameson who was on furlough. Then Miss Ariam Paramasamy followed as Principal of Uduvil in 1941 and Dr. E. T. Buell as Director of the Hospitals in 1945. As a pioneer I had to overcome many difficulties beginning with the comparatively superficial problem of a national occupying a mission house which was anathema to the missionaries at that time and leading to more serious problems resulting from ingrained prejudices of my own national friends. This attitude of mind and disharmony of spirit created constant friction at mission meetings which were becoming progressively more indigenous. I remember the struggles of the early years. There could be many differences of opinion as I introduced several innovations and pushed through many new programmes. But many of these differences were actuated by other than genuine motives. The missionaries who did not at the beginning look upon devolution with favour took kindly to me as they watched me, on the one hand, assuming my responsibilities vigourously and, on the other, being subjected to unfair and unreasonable criticisms by nationals who were openly inimical. The period 1935 to 1940 was the most trying. The proposal to amalgamate the two schools at Tellippalai into a senior-secondary school proved very controversial and many acrimonious debates ensued. One argument was that Tellippalai had been the centre of Tamil learning in the mission field for many decades during the last century and, true to its heritage, it should always remain so! The proposed school would be English-oriented. Other fantastic arguments were also put forward. During these eventful discussions the Rev. R. C. P. Welch, President of the Church Council and Chairman of the Tellippalai Board of Management, consistently supported me. The missionaries including Rev. S. K. Bunker, Principal of Jaffna College, and Miss L. G. Bookwalter, Principal of Uduvil saw through the hollowness of the arguments and backed me to the hilt. Mr. Edson Lockwood also supported me unequivocally. It was comforting to receive letters such as these after stormy meetings as well as in the normal course:-

Uduvil,
Aug. 19, 1939.

Dear Mr. Thurairatnam,

.....
.....
..... Have a good holiday and get some much
needed rest! You go it too hard. You can never stand this
year after year. Try to let up a bit, You are too valuable to
lose.

Cordially,
Eva Peek.

Vaddukoddai, Ceylon,
17th, January, 1940.

Dear Mr. Thurairatnam,

.....
.....
..... People do seem to take a lot of pleasure in
aggravating you at Mission meetings. I really admire your
ability to hold your temper and to effectively squelch them in
the bargain. Keep up the good work. Courage to you!!

Yours,
E. C. Lockwood.

Jaffna House,
Kodaikanal,
12-10-42.

Dear Mr. Thurairatnam,

.....
.....
..... You know there is an Ashram here.
Selvaratnam will tell you about it. Couldn't you come up
during the hot weather? You owe it to your family to take
better care of yourself. The environment will be a refreshing
change up here besides the cold to give you vigour.

Yours Sincerely,
L. G. Bookwalter.

Extract from the minutes of the Annual Meeting of the American Ceylon Mission held at Vaddukoddai on Jan. 22, 1942:-

Vote 23 : " That the Mission expresses its complete confidence in Mr. Thurairatnam and its belief that Mr. has been in the wrong in many of his actions at Tellippalai.....

S. K. Bunker,
Secretary.

Merger of the Mission and the Church Council : The period from 1930 to 1947 covering the transition from the Mission to the Diocesan Council proved one of constant communication between the American Board, the Mission and the Church Council including frequent visits from the Board Officials to the field here. The Mission and the Church Council had to take their own decisions about the merger of the two bodies. In preparation for this a Pre-Council Conference consisting of the leaders of our Christian community was convened at Vaddukoddai on Nov. 20, 1943. As Treasurer of the Mission and one utterly loyal and devoted to it I was expected, quite mistakenly, by many to oppose the merger as the Mission would lose its identity. Miss Bookwalter also had just then returned from furlough and it was feared that the two of us would make a formidable opposition to the proposal. However, when the Conference was convened I strongly supported the idea and argued in favour of integrating all work in the field. Two days later I received the following letter from the Rev. S. Kulandran who was then President of the Church Council and also Chairman of the Conference:—

Araly,
Vaddukoddai.
22nd Nov. 1943.

My dear Thurairatnam,

I felt when you were speaking on Co-ordination on Saturday, that I must thank you for taking up such a decided stand on the subject and for making out such a convincing case. With your clear grasp of details and your power of lucid ex-

தேவ நூலகம் பரிஷத்
மாநகர நூலக சபை
வாழ்ப்பிணம்

position you are always very convincing. On Saturday one felt very grateful that all your gifts were being used to further a very important cause.

.....
.....
With kind regards,
affly.,
S. Kulandran.

I also received letters of appreciation such as these from Rev. Kulandran from time to time before and after he became Bishop:—

18th Sept. 1950

My dear I. P. T.,

I should thank you for what was a really great speech yesterday at the Memorial Service.

Affly.,
Kulandran

(Reference was to the Memorial Service for Rev. J. V. J. Arnold at the Navaly Church on Sept. 17, 1950)

Araly,
Vaddukoddai.
1st. March 1956.

My dear I. P. T.,

I believe you heard my saying at the end of the Sec. Sch. Bd. meeting that Manipay has been recognized for internship by London. The Medical Council says in its resolution that it is done as a special case. I find that Cooke sent the Centenary Brochure to them. There is no doubt that the brochure played an important part in influencing the General Medical Council. This is to thank you for the clear presentation put forward in the book.

Sincerely,
Kulandran

(The reference was to the Centenary Souvenir of the Hospital that I edited in 1950.)

Araly,
Vaddukoddai.
8th. Nov. 1962.

My dear Thurairatnam,

I am writing this to thank you for your intervention in the debate on schools at the National Christian Council the other day. It was worth the intervention of more than 10 people. Apart from those who were against the motion, some had conviction and no knowledge, while others may have had knowledge but not conviction.

.....
.....
Sincerely,
S. Kulandran.

Vaddukoddai,
Ceylon.
2nd. March 1966.

My dear Thurairatnam,

If you send me the letter I wrote to you in 1943, I am willing to rewrite it after your speech on Saturday. I suppose in some things we grow old and in others don't. Anyway your speech on Saturday had all the qualities I referred to in your speech at the Pre-Council Conference.

.....
.....
Affly.,
Kulandran.

(The reference was to my speech at the Council on Saturday, Feb. 26, 1966 on the debate on a constitutional amendment.)

Dr. Fred Goodsell, Executive Vice-President of the American Board, visited Jaffna in 1938 along with Dr. & Mrs. Douglas Horton after attending the Tambaram meeting of the International Missionary Council. Dr. Alden Clark was India Secretary of the Board when the devolution idea was first initiated, in the early '30's. I remember his visits to Jaffna. Raymond Dudley, who succeeded him in the early '40's came in November 1945 to plan for the visit of the American Board Deputation headed by Dr. Albert Buckner Coe in February of the following year.

Besides Dr. Coe and Mr. Dudley the other members were Mrs. Coe and Miss Patty Lee Coghill. I had been elected Treasurer of the Mission in June 1940 to succeed Mr. Edson Lockwood and was the first and only national to be so appointed. I was elected year after year until 1947 when the Mission merged with the Jaffna Council of the South India United Church to constitute the Jaffna Diocese of the Church of South India, consequent upon the consummation of Church Union in South India. Shortly afterwards I was also to leave for America under the National Leadership Training Scheme. My wife and I were frequently hosts to most of those visitors from America in the Tellippalai Mission House.

During the preparatory visit of Mr. Dudley and the official visit of the Deputation it became my duty and responsibility, as Treasurer of the Mission, to furnish the Secretary of the Deputation with all kinds of statistics and information regarding our work in the field. I was also asked for my own assessment of the possible impact of the far-reaching reforms and changes contemplated by the Government at that time particularly in the educational field. Free Education had just been launched by the Government as a result of the Kannangara Committee Report. Introduction of the mother tongue as the medium of instruction was being seriously proposed. The Government suggested that we might hand over some of our vernacular schools and we actually decided which schools to give and met the Minister at a conference. This, however, did not materialize. I was asked to report on all these matters and others like the future of the 'Morning Star' at short notice while the Deputation had already started their work. Fortunately I had a very efficient secretary and stenographer, Mr. J. A. Waugh, who would type out the reports overnight and as fast as I could produce them.

At the end of the Deputation's visit and on the last night Dr. Coe delivered a stirring address at the Jaffna College Prize-Giving which still rings in my ears. I then went up to him to say good-bye and he said, "You should visit us in the States sometime soon". It seemed fantastic but not prophetic at that time. **The old order changes.** During the decade beginning 1930

many important changes took place in missionary personnel. Rev. John Bicknell of Jaffna College died after a brief illness and a towering personality passed away. Dr. W. J. Jameson, who had come to Manipay in July 1923 to rescue it from the morass into which it had fallen during the previous ten years and to raise it to unprecedented heights, returned to America for good in March 1938. He was acclaimed as the maker of modern Manipay. Dr. Isabella H. Curr, who was in charge of Inuvil from the inception of the hospital in September 1898, left in December 1939 for her home in Scotland after a memorable career. She was called the ministering angel of Inuvil. Dr. Jameson and Dr. Curr were strong personalities and very successful doctors but they were too individualistic and the Mission found it difficult, if not impossible, to bring about any co-ordination between the two hospitals in order to make the best use of their professional resources and to avoid duplication. I remember Dr. Alden Clark in one of his visits to Jaffna at about this time discussing with me the desirability of taking the opportunity of the departure of Dr. Jameson and Dr. Curr and the advent of Dr. Robert A. Kennedy to bring about a change in the administration of the hospitals so as to effect better co-ordination. The result was the scrapping of the two Local Boards—one for each hospital—and the creation of one Board called the Union Medical Board with Dr. Kennedy as the common Director. Even this experiment was destined to fail owing to fortuitous circumstances. Dr. Kennedy was just getting a grip on affairs when, during the emergency, in May 1942, he left for the States in order to accompany his wife who was not keeping too well but with the intention of returning to the field immediately. However, as we feared, he never returned. He was promptly drafted into the navy and within a short time we received the shocking news of his death at sea when he went down with his patients in a destroyer caught in an Atlantic hurricane. Dr. E. T. Buell was appointed Acting Director and later confirmed in the post. But old prejudices and diehard traditions began to reassert themselves and after a few years of uneasy truce the arrangement failed and a compromise worked out by which we now have two different Directors but a common Board. The name 'Union Medical Board' remains in the constitution but the name as well as the idea behind it are forgotten.

The Rev. R. C. P. Welch passed away suddenly in January 1942. I lost my guru and my friend, Tellippalai its most ardent supporter and the cause of devolution its stoutest champion. "With loyal heart and the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts". Within a few days of this we mourned the death in America of Mr. A. A. Ward, my predecessor and a benefactor of Tellippalai. He was a bridge between the missionaries and the nationals, interpreting one to the other with sympathy and understanding. If not for his delicate handling of the transition at Tellippalai in 1935 the first experiment in devolution might have failed and the clock put back a number of years. The following words may very fittingly be said about Mr. Ward. "So great was his affability and courtesy to all mankind, so excellent his nature".

The reformed constitution of the Mission was passed in June 1940 and approved by the American Board in October. The new mission was inducted at the Ashram in July 1941. One of the new responsibilities that devolved on the Mission was the management of the Morning Star. The paper had changed hands between the Mission and a private party or their heirs several times during its existence of 100 years. In 1943 Mr. C. H. Cooke found it difficult to manage the Star owing to the war and handed it back to the Mission in terms of an existing agreement. Then I was appointed Manager of the Star and in 1945 its Managing Editor. In addition to my work as Treasurer I had to accept these extra responsibilities for want of adequate personnel in the Mission.

7. MY ODYSSEY

What appeared to be a casual remark by Dr. Coe on the eve of the Deputation's return to America in 1946 turned out to be prophetic when shortly afterwards I received an Invitation from the Board asking me to come to America under the National Leadership Training Programme and do deputation work there. I said I would prefer to study and the Board agreed. However, I could not leave until July 1948 owing to several commitments in the school.

After affectionate farewells given to me by the staffs of Union and A. C. M. Press, the Old Boys of Union entertained me at a Dinner in the Central Y. M. C. A., Colombo. With their blessings and good wishes I set sail for America the next day—July 16—on the S. S. Mount Davis, a big cargo boat of the President Line. Passenger ships were few and far between and not easily available at the end of World War II. My mother, my wife and the two older boys studying in Colombo along with many of my relatives and friends came on board the ship to bid me good-bye. My cabin-mate was Wignarajah Pon-nambalam, son of Dr. Wignarajah of Colombo. He was a fresh economics graduate from the University of Ceylon and was proceeding to Yale for post-graduate studies. He was engaged to be married to the daughter of Sir Kandiah Vaithianathan, Permanent Secretary for Foreign Affairs. After obtaining a doctorate in Economics at Yale he returned to Ceylon and held many high positions under Government. He is now attached to the U. N. O. The only other passenger was an elderly lady bound for Marseilles but we were not lonely. We made friends with some of the officers of the ship like Gabe, Lee and Donald and had interesting times with them. We were on the high seas for 45 long days reaching New York on the morning of Aug. 29. During these days my experience was:

“To watch the changing clouds like clime in clime;
Oh! sweet to lie and bless the luxury of time”.

Travelling on a cargo boat has its advantages and disadvantages. The advantages are that it stops in many ports on the way and you have a chance to step ashore and shake your sea-legs and also see a little bit of the country and its people. Sometimes the ship stays long enough for you to venture far inland and see some of the big cities and landmarks. At other times this is not possible, as it happened to us in the Egyptian ports, where we were forbidden to land as there was a state of war between Egypt and the newly created state of Israel. Being denied the privilege of sight-seeing is bad but having to put up in a cargo boat while it is in port is worse. The work of loading and unloading goes on night and day. There is a constant din—the hum of the motors the roar of the winches, the grating of the wire ropes and the shouting of the men. It is a babel of noises.

The first port we touched was Cochin. The sea-front was filthy. We were escorted by a number of street urchins and at least a dozen rickshaw wallas whom we could not shake off. We took a long bus ride to see Ernakulam and Pachalam. The goods loaded were 25,000 cases of cashew nuts, some coir mattings and spices for New York. These came from all over Malabar. The next port was Bombay. The ship could not get a berth at the pier and therefore had to stay 3 miles out in the sea until it got a berth two days later. In the meantime we climbed down precariously by a rope ladder, hanging on the side of the ship onto a steam launch and made it for the pier. The Ballard Pier is on one side of a huge platform and the Railway Station on the other.

Refugees: On landing at the pier I saw hundreds of people and at first thought it was the same crowd that one sees in many big railway station in India. But this was a different crowd. I saw them cooking and eating and sleeping on the platform. They had trunks and sewing machines. Some of them were plying little trades. On inquiry I found that they were Hindu refugees from Pakistan. India had just been partitioned. There was so much looting and arson and murder and the persecution was unbearable. So these victims took whatever money they had and any little belongings and fled in all directions. Some came to Bombay. In the crowd I saw that some of them were dignified though sad. Some of them carried the stamp of aristocracy on their faces. I invited a young man for a chat in my cabin and found he was a science graduate of the Bombay University. He was also an L. L. B. There was no trace of bitterness in him. He said with a deep sigh as he left that he was longing for the situation to become normal so that he might return to his home and his dear ones. I gave him some sandwiches and apples and oranges to eat and a further instalment to be taken to his dear ones on the platform. He accepted these thankfully.

Bombay is a large city with stately buildings and beautiful people. Every junction is a sea of humanity. The transport system is well-nigh perfect. Bombay is also said to be the

gateway of India. And literally there is a gateway erected to commemorate the landing of their Imperial Majesties, King George the Fifth and Queen Mary in 1912. This is an inspiring structure worthy of the event it commemorates. Opposite this is the Taj Mahal Hotel deservedly bearing the name it does.

On top of the Malabar Hill is the famous hanging gardens. However, it does not hang any more than the Peredeniya or Hakgala Gardens. Adjoining this is the Tower of Silence where Parsis, who are by religion Zoroastrians, dispose of their dead. They neither bury nor cremate their dead but leave the bodies to the rays of the sun and the mercies of the vultures. You could see vultures hovering round in the distance. Then there are the Burning Ghats where the Hindus cremate their dead. There are so many bodies waiting to be burnt and the relatives patiently await their turn. I didn't see any one unduly moved or broken down. I suppose a place like this in the heart of the city full of life reminds and convinces one that in the midst of life we are in death, and that to die is as natural as to be born.

I went to see the Hume High School in Bycula about which we had heard such a lot from Father Buell. There I also met Ross Thomas, the Treasurer of the Inter-Mission Business Office, who had helped me a lot in making the arrangements connected with my trip. It was good of him to ask me for dinner too.

The Red Sea: After a stay of five days in Bombay the ship resumed its voyage and promptly ran into bad weather and rough sea. The ship swayed and rolled and pitched badly and I tasted sea-sickness for the first time. I lived out three miserable days until we entered into calmer waters and finer spirits. We then passed through the Red Sea. The sea was neither red nor so narrow as the story of Moses and the Israelites would have led us to believe. We arrived at Suez at noon one day. The cliffs on either side were beautiful and were of a pink hue. The water was deep blue. The colours were enchanting. As ships were not allowed, owing to the war, to pass through the canal at night, we anchored outside and resumed the journey the next morning. One could see across

the left bank the beautiful town with neat little buildings and clean tarred roads. There was an exquisite little church with neat little buildings and clean tarred roads. There was an exquisite little church with a tall spire and the clock on it showed 6-30. The cliffs assume different hues at different times of the day. In the morning they are pink, at noon gray and in the evening a gorgeous blue. The Nile delta is between Port Suez and Port Said and we saw some rich greenery but also across them miles and miles of sandy desert. The glare was blinding. How the white troops fought a war in this desert is beyond my understanding. The trip through the whole 94 miles of the Canal was very pleasant. A clean tarred road, belonging to the Suez Canal Company, runs all along its length on the African side. Just beyond this there is a railway line running parallel for a good part of the way. It was both novel and thrilling to see ships, motor cars and trains running within 25 yards of each other. Occasional camels dotted the whole landscape.

At Port Said, ironically enough, among the cargo was a coffin containing the body of an American. Stephen Hass, a business man from Philadelphia, 53 years of age, was on a tour of the Mediterranean with his wife. In Cairo, as Hass and his wife were walking downtown, they were set upon by an angry mob. He was stoned and killed while the wife was 'roughed up' but escaped with some injuries. At that time feelings ran very high against the Americans owing to their having recognized the new state of Israel. It might be interesting to know that the coffin, which was in the shape of a rectangular box, was labelled, "Natural science specimen", presumably to get round certain customs regulations. The President Line did not believe in discriminating between passengers, dead or alive. They charged first class passage for all. Though first class fare had been paid for Stephen Hass, he travelled down in the hold surrounded by plenty of Indian cotton and wool.

On reaching Alexandria we were disappointed not to be allowed to go ashore and make a trip to see the Pyramids and the Sphynx, as we had hoped, because of the state of

செவ்வாய் நாளில் பிள்ளை
மாதிரி நல்லா கதை

war between Egypt and Israel. Two days after leaving Alexandria we passed through the Strait of Messina between Sicily and Italy. We saw the spot where the American troops landed on the mainland. A little later we saw on the left Stromboli, the island volcano. It was smoking like a chimney at the end of the day. At the foot of it on one side there were a few houses, some vegetation and a little church. People were living there and I admired the faith they had to live just next to a volcano which might erupt at any time. In fact some years later it did erupt causing a great catastrophe. A few hours later we saw the Island of Capri, the famous holiday resort in the Mediterranean. Tall buildings, big hotels and palatial houses were all easily visible. That was where Signora Ciano, daughter of Mussolini, lived at that time. A little later we saw Vesuvius on the right and then we landed in Naples. We saw the large Post Office with one wing gone and we were told that the Germans had left a time bomb there when they fled. The Telephone Exchange had been completely destroyed. We tried to post a few letters but found everything absolutely chaotic. The postal rates changed ever so often and counting the lira—the Italian unit of currency—was a laborious problem. One Ceylon cent was equal to almost two lira. I had to count 4155 lira for my letters that day. We returned to the ship for the night.

The next morning, having obtained the services of a guide, we drove to Pompeii. All along we travelled under the shadow of the Vesuvius. It was asleep and innocent but the thought of the havoc and destruction it caused to the great city of Pompeii nineteen centuries ago rather frightened me. I was reminded of Lydia in "The Last Days of Pompeii". Outside the city of Naples we saw terrible destruction caused by bombs. All along the way, it was ruins, old or new. We also saw a Cameo factory and watched the expert craftsmen at work. In Pompeii itself the sight of its stately ruins was awe-inspiring. We saw what remained of the temples, forums, amphitheatres, houses and shops of the great city which flourished in the 6th. century B. C.

The Eternal City : Having seen the grandeur that was Pompeii we were anxious to see the glory that was Rome.

We returned to Naples and found that the ship was definitely going to stay for a few days in Italian ports. So Ponna and I, having planned out an itinerary so as to catch the ship finally at Genoa, left for Rome in the afternoon by bus. We found conditions there equally chaotic. Rome was in the grip of a general strike of hotel waiters and it was with great difficulty and at the second or third attempt that we were able to get accommodation for the night. Very soon lights went up and Rome was transformed into a veritable wonderland. One feature on the streets of Rome are the avenues of shady trees. Lamps are hidden in the foliage or above them and lights come filtering through giving the effect of perpetual moonlight. The next day with an ex-Professor for guide we started out to see Rome. There were many things to see: The Vatican Museum and St. Peters; the Colosseum; the Forum; the monument to King Victor Emmanuel II; the Pillar of Marcus Aurelius; the tombs of Keats and Shelley; the Catacombs etc.

The Vatican Museum is a vast place consisting of hall after hall, decorated and embellished by the renowned painters sculptors and artists of Italy of different periods and dedicated to successive Popes. Everywhere we saw frescoes, mosaics, tapestries and paintings of the famous masters. There were the works of Perugino and Raphael, master and disciple, and the works of Michelangelo, Botticelli, Leonardo de Vinci and a host of others. The most famous among the halls is the Sixtine Chapel named after Pope Sixtus IV. It is here that the election of the Pope by the Cardinals is held. It is significant that the greatest of these artists and painters were contemporaries during the period 1445 to 1520. That Italy contained so many men of genius at the same time is interesting. What then must have been the culture and civilization of Rome in these times? Well might the Romans have exclaimed with Swinburne:

“Have we not men with us royal,
Men the masters of things?”

The Sixtine Chapel was an inspiration unspeakable and, before Christ raised on the cross in the altar, I fell on my knees in silent worship.

Adjacent to the Vatican Museum is St. Peter's. There is an optical illusion as one enters the church for the first time. Its immensity is lost upon one for a few minutes. As I stood at the entrance and looked in, I said to myself, "Is St. Peter's the biggest church in Christendom?". Then I saw a man standing at the next door and he looked a dwarf. The people walking inside looked pygmies. Then I began to realise the gigantic proportions of St. Peter's. Everything is so well proportioned and so well matched—the length and the height, the pillars and the doors, the statues and the figures—that the size of the whole does not seem extra-ordinary. However, it is a long way from the entrance to the altar—a distance of 210 yards, that is, a little more than twice the length of a football field! The dome rises to a height of 148 yards and is a beautiful sight from anywhere in Rome. This dome was the conception of Michelangelo whose name is usually identified with painting and not architecture. In this setting St. Mark on the balcony holds a pen, which when measured, is five feet long but when looked at is just ordinary! In the church there is a seated statue of St. Peter in bronze. The left foot is well within the base, but the right foot projects a little outside. The big toe can be seen smoothed and slightly worn out by the kisses of millions of pilgrims down the centuries.

In front of the church is the large square of St. Peter's. All around is the famous colonnade. In the center is a tall obelisk. This is a monolith 135 feet high and weighs 312 tons. The church and the square occupy the very spot in the Circus of Nero where many Christians suffered martyrdom and where St. Peter was crucified. The inscription on a granite tablet, when translated into English, reads, "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules, may Christ guard his people against all evil". Everywhere in the Vatican City stones and monuments bear mute testimony to Patriarchs, Apostles, Martyrs and Saints.

The Colosseum is a large amphitheatre where gladiators fought gladiators and the more intrepid of them fought blood-thirsty animals. In the centre is the arena where the fights took place. All round were galleries for the royalty, the nobility and the gentry. The Colosseum was built in 72 A. D. but not

opened until 80 A. D. The inauguration was marked by 100 days of feasting and games when the arena was turned into a sea of blood. The Colosseum which is only partly ruined looks majestic. Some man exclaimed, "While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand, when falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall when Rome falls shall fall the world".

The heart of the city is a beautiful square surrounded by stately buildings and monuments. One of these is the monument to King Victor Emmanuel. The other is the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The third is the Palazzo Venezia from the balcony of which Mussolini used to make his boastful speeches. Further on is the statue of Garibaldi.

A little outside the city is the Protestant Cemetery. Here we saw the tombs of Keats and Shelley. The inscription on the tomb of Keats reads thus:-

"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet who in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies desired these words to be engraved on his tomb-stone:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water". 24-2-1821

And I heard that some one later composed this acrostic:

"Keats if thy cherished name be writ in water,
Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheeks,
A sacred tribute, such as heroes seek
Though oft in vain, for dazzling deeds of slaughter,
Sleep on, not honoured less for epitaph so meek.

We saw part of the Appian Way, the famous road that St. Paul had trod. My only regret was that I could not see the Catacombs. While I was on my way there it started raining and I could not proceed. Thus came to an end a short but inspiring visit to Rome, the eternal city.

Venice: It is said that there is only one Venice in the world. We didn't want to miss it, always remembering, "We pass this way but once". And so we left by Air Italla for Venice the next morning. It is a quaint city founded on an

archipelago of 118 little islands. Hence there can be no roads, no motor cars, nor any wheeled traffic. However, the people were so ingenious that they overcame this and other adverse conditions of nature by devising a system of canal transport which is absolutely unique in the world. There is the Grand Canal running across the city in the shape of an S. Another is a net-work of 160 small canals crossed by 400 bridges. Practically every house has a water-front. All the traffic goes on by these canals in an orderly and silent fashion. There is an armada of ferries, motor boats and gondolas—small rowing boats—constantly plying up and down. There are halting places or stations beautifully built every quarter of a mile all along the Grand Canal. One can conveniently step out of the boat onto the platform and then it is easy enough to take a gondola and reach one's house and step onto the verandah. There is no dust, very little noise and the whole town looks water-cooled or air-conditioned. The water constantly transforms the images and shadows of the buildings and edifices into fantastic shapes and colours enhancing their beauty. The boats are designed for every purpose. As we were going on the Grand Canal, I saw a bridal party in a well-decorated boat followed by a whole procession of boats with music and all. Later in the day I saw a funeral procession with the coffin on a boat designed as a hearse.

As we went along the Canal, we saw the houses where Byron lived and Browning died. No wonder these poets went there to live or die. There are two very imposing buildings with a bridge across the top and the inevitable canal below. Byron named this bridge, "The bridge of sighs". One building was the Court of Law or the Palace of Justice, as they call it, and the other the Prison. When one crossed the bridge from the first to the second he always did so with a sigh.

The centre of Venice is the St. Mark's Cathedral and Square. This cathedral is perhaps the most ornate in the whole of Italy. The architecture is Bizantine. The mosaics are all on gold-ground. The altar piece is decorated with thousands of priceless pearls and precious stones. There is a rich assortment of spoils of war. The four bronze horses of Greek workmanship of the time of Alexander, found at the top of the facade, were

brought from the race-course of Constantinople. There were others from Alexandria. The body of St. Mark, the patron Saint of the Venetians, itself was brought from there.

The lot of the Venetians was cast on the sea and they proceeded to build their fortunes on the sea as perhaps Antonio did. Venice was a great Republic in ancient times and made great conquests- It also produced many explorers and navigators like Marco Polo, Cabote and his son Sebastiano, the last two of whom discovered Newfoundland, Florida and Hudson Bay.

The next day we left Venice for Genoa by train across Italy. We found that the problem of communication was becoming more and more difficult as we proceeded. In Bombay, when any one talked to me in Hindi, I almost replied, "Singalam thani ne". But in Italy I soon learnt there were other languages besides English, Tamil and Sinhalese. When we get into a train people look at us with great amusement. Then we sit down and after giving them plenty of time to survey us fully, we ask them if they know English. It is of course always no. Not one in 500 in Italy knows any English. Then we spread out the map of Italy and tell them with signs and pantomimes that we come from India, that we landed in Naples, flew to Venice and are on our way to Genoa. Each one in the compartment contributes a little English, Italian, German or French and the story becomes a little intelligible. Then they become greatly interested and we carry on some sensible conversation for the rest of the journey. The Italians are a very kindly people. They will go any length to help you. One day a man turned his watch five hours forward to indicate to me the time of destination of the train!

"The Last Supper": The train passed through Verona of Shakespearean fame, Brescia, the junction to Switzerland, and Milan to reach Genoa. On the way we passed for some time by the big lake of Gada where Mussolini had his villa. I was dead keen on seeing the famous cathedral in Milan and the still more famous painting of "The Last Supper" by Leonardo de Vinci. At the Milan station I found there was enough time to break journey and take the next train to Genoa but the two of us had a common ticket. My friend was not

for getting down and we didn't know how to split the ticket. I tried all I could in the largest station in Europe to get some official or passenger knowing a little English to help me out of my predicament. All that people did was to repeat the same explanation to me in Italian, but louder and louder, as some teachers do, leaving me none the wiser. The best of my pantomimes were of no avail. I abandoned all hope and resumed my journey to Genoa.

We reached Genoa at 8 p. m. and were appropriately welcomed by the imposing statue of Columbus in the Station Square. We hurried to the ship only to find the departure had been postponed by 1½ days. I decided to get back to Milan that very night on a five hours journey, alone this time, as my friend was not keen on coming. As for me the Milan Cathedral and "The Last Supper" were not to be missed. The Cathedral, in my opinion, is the most artistic I have seen in Italy. It is built entirely of fine white marble and the architecture is Gothic. There are 3300 statues inside the church and all round the walls. The frescoes and mosaics are wonderful and the colours of the stained glass windows gorgeously rich. The cupola is not hemispherical but straight with the spire sweeping the sky majestically. This cathedral is called by some as the eighth wonder of the world. I had a grand view of the whole panorama of Milan from the top and also saw at close quarters the hundreds of statues beautifully carved in white marble and placed all round the walls.

Near the Cathedral is an Art Gallery where you find Leonardo de Vinci's famous painting. "The Last Supper". I was glad I didn't miss this masterpiece. It is a fresco on the wall in oil. This building was bombed during the war and, miraculously enough, the end wall containing the painting was the only one left standing. Rebuilding was going on when I went.

In the Zoo I can't say there was anything very interesting excepting that during the short time I was there people gazed at me rather than at the animals they had paid to see. They doubtless went home very pleased with the luck they had over their friends who failed to turn up that day.

After Mussolini's murder somewhere in northern Italy, his body was brought to Milan and hanged in a street square,

for public ridicule. After having seen Mussolini's palace and the balcony from which he made his pompous speeches, I was anxious, perhaps rather spitefully, to see the place of his logical end. I didn't know any Italian and I didn't want to inquire from any one who might happen to be a distant or near nephew of Mussolini. But having seen something of the temper of the Italian people, who hated his very name, and deciding that it would not be indiscreet to inquire, I found out that the place was the Loreto Square. I took tram to see the place. There, a young boy with a twinkle in his eye said, "Mussolini finished here". I hurried back to the station and narrowly caught the train.

After the war Italy must have been terribly short of rolling stock. Even goods waggons were full of good-humoured people! I was thankful that I caught the train and was content to stand in the corridor with many others. There was a gentleman standing next to me and I tried the pantomime which I had many times rehearsed earlier. This produced immediate results. He pointed to the adjacent compartment which I found strangely empty. On the door I found the label: "Reservato Deputati Alla Costituente". I could understand this in the circumstances but of course didn't rush in. A little later he again pointed to the empty compartment and I walked in and shared it for the rest of the night in great comfort with the Member of the House of Deputies while dozens of others looked on with envy.

Pisa & Florence: I returned to Genoa in the morning to find that once again the departure of the ship had been postponed by two days. After having a few hours of much-needed rest, I decided to go, this time also alone, to Pisa, famous for its Leaning Tower and Florence, noted for its Art Galleries. This was a whole night's journey and the only way to make it was to travel on two consecutive nights and see the places during the day.

Florence was another revelation. It is said that the Art Galleries contain the most complete collection of paintings and sculptures in the world, From hall to hall and floor to floor the paintings and sculptures are arranged to show the evolution

of the various styles of art: Bizantine, Gothic, Early Renaissance, Full Renaissance, Neo-Classic and Modern. All the masters of the Florentine School are naturally there. The sculptures were a marvel and there were hundreds of these.

The Cathedral was good but Giotto's world-famous belfry was imposing: Next to this is the old cathedral, now known as the Baptistry. Its magnificent doors are of great interest. There are four of these made of solid brass. The panels contain engravings of incidents from the Bible. The best is the East Door called "The Door of Paradise". At any time hundreds of passers-by in the street stop to look at this wonderful piece of art by Ghiberti.

By this time it was evening and I had to be in Genoa by noon the next day with Pisa on the way yet to be visited. I went to the huge Florence Station to make inquiries, all avenues having failed earlier. There I saw the ninth wonder of the world in the person of an elderly lady at the Information Desk. She knew English. she was patient, courteous and kind in spite of the number of people at the desk wanting every kind of information under the sun. She had everything at her finger tips—times, connections, fares, anything. While I was there a man asked, "What must I do to go to Paris?" "Yes, Sir, take train to Rome and". I told her I must be in Genoa the next noon. I was prepared to leave at once but I must see Pisa on the way at least for an hour. "Oh, you want to see the Leaning Tower and the Cathedral. Well, I am sorry it is impossible. Well, let's see, you don't want to see the inside of these, do you? If not, why don't you see them by moonlight? It is just as well and there will be good moonlight tonight. Take the 7 p. m. train. It will reach Pisa at 1-30 a. m. Break journey there and catch the return train at 3 a. m." I was desperate to see the Leaning Tower where Galileo conducted his gravity experiments and of which I had studied in the Mechanics class as a young boy. Words cannot tell my gratitude to this lady for her helpfulness. Others had told me that Pisa was simply out of the question in the circumstances. So I took leave of her with a simple, "Thank you, you are so clever and so kind",

At 1-30 a. m. I broke journey at Pisa and took a Victoria to the Leaning Tower by moonlight. The man drove me through ruins and wreckages—grim reminders of the war—and when we turned a corner, I found myself face to face with the Leaning Tower of my imagination, flood-lit in the small hours of the morning. I went to see it by moonlight but was privileged to see it by flood light. It was a wondrous sight. And every minute I watched I stood in fear that the tower might fall. It was leaning so much and the erect cathedral within ten yards of it accentuated it.

We finally left Genoa on the 18th. and arrived at Marseilles on the 20th. In the afternoon we strolled about the city and saw monuments and squares and shops. In France as well as in Italy it was quite a fashion for tables to be set outside hotels and restaurants on the pavement and for people to eat and drink from there. Here we found that no one gazed at us. In fact there were many people darker than us—negroes really—and it seemed our turn to gaze at them. Actually I caught myself doing this quite unconsciously. So this curiosity about complexions is a matter that we really ought to understand and take with a little humour.

The Atlantic: Almost from anywhere in Marseilles one could see the tall, stately Church of Notre-dame standing serene and majestic on the top of the hill overlooking the sea. Its attraction was irresistible and so I persuaded another friend and both of us drove up the hill and then climbed flights and flights of steps to the top. The interior was awe-inspiring. The altar was beautifully lighted and heaped with fragrant flowers. There were a few worshippers and I joined them. Some of them kissed the bleeding feet of Jesus. We got out and walked round the church only to find that we were led into another church—the upper storey. There was an altar and there were worshippers too. On the walls I found coats of arms and emblems of sailors and ships dedicated there, I believe. Perhaps it is the sea-men's church. From the top we had a grand view of the panorama. There were big gaps caused by bombs particularly in the harbour area. In Italy, as well as here, we were told that it was all the work of the Germans who bombed harbours and mined bridges before they left. When

we went on board the ship there was again the Church of Notre-dame beckoning to us. I stood on the deck and looked through the binoculars until I could see it no more. The memory of that church standing tall and erect and majestic will for ever remain with me. It stands there sending out a silent message of hope to all passers-by on the ocean's highway.

We left Marseilles on the 20th. on the last and longest lap of our voyage. The ship ploughed through the Atlantic night and day for ten days. We were favoured with good weather and a calm sea and there was no relapse of the sea-sickness we suffered in the Arabian Sea. Except for an occasional ship passing by we saw nothing but the blue sea and the white waves. At nights an approaching ship looked like a giant Christmas Tree profusely lighted. Walking across the open deck, swaying like a drunken man and dodging barrels and other cargo was an adventure every time I attempted it.

The New World: We were approaching land and the New York skyline began to be faintly visible through the heavy mist enveloping the city. The Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building and other sky-scrappers were lightly silhouetted against the sky. The Statue of Liberty was there as hospitable as ever. We landed at 6 a. m. on the 30th. and at last we stepped into the New World. Among the crowd I noticed a middle-aged man in a green suit and, for no apparent reason, thought he might have come to receive me and so it turned out to be. He introduced himself to me as Dr. George Ogden Kirk, come as a representative of Mr. Raymond Dudley who could not come personally. He received me warmly and, after helping me through the clearance formalities, drove me in his car round the city showing me the important land marks. I was inspired by the Empire State Building and impressed by the Rockefeller Center. The Lincoln Tunnel, below the Hudson river, through which I was driven without knowing it, was a revelation. At noon Dr. Kirk took me to Hotel Commodore and said, as that was going to be my first meal in America, he should give me a memorable one. I remember the delicious mackerell I had as one of the dishes.

Boston: Dr. Kirk then drove me to the Grand Central Station and put me into a train for Boston where I arrived

at dusk. At the end of the platform there was an old gentleman waiting for me with a copy of the Morning Star in hand containing a picture of mine. Mrs. Nellie Bicknell, wife of my old Principal, had thoughtfully given the 'Star' to him so that he could identify me. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Edward, having been sent by Mr. Dudley to receive me. The Barton Missionary Home in Auburndale was my destination. We had to wait at Boston South for over an hour to take a suburban train to Auburndale. Mr. Edward was a retired American Board Missionary from the Marathi Mission and a Britisher married to an American lady. We sat down to talk. I told him about the Morning Star and its checkered career for over a century. And he spoke about the Dnanodaya, its counterpart in Bombay. The stories were almost identical and mutually comforting. At last the train came and we reached Auburndale and duly arrived at Barton Home late at night. At the foot of the stair-case Mr. Edward asked me to pull out my shoes lest we should disturb the residents who were asleep. Then we climbed the stairs like cats and at the landing Mr. Edward said a word of prayer and gave me an ominous instruction. He said there were four or five people upstairs and they all used the same bath room. They had arranged to let me have the first turn. The alarm would ring at 5-30 and breakfast would be at 7. A big responsibility was cast on me and I could hardly sleep. This was going to be my first morning in America and I was being put to the test. I should not be found wanting. The bell sounded like a factory alarm and I was up at once. Sharp at 7 I went to the dining room to find dear old Mrs. Bicknell waiting for me. I sat next to her. She looked after me tenderly and would insist on my sitting next to her at every meal for the next ten days while I was at Auburndale. She felt and acted as if she had a special claim upon me. We exchanged many pleasant recollections of men and matters at Jaffna College. She seemed to keep very much in touch with Jaffna College affairs.

Mr. & Mrs. Dudley lived a few doors next and I accompanied Mr. Dudley every morning to the Board Rooms at 14, Beacon Street, Boston, for the next ten days. I worked in Mr.

Dudley's office writing reports for him on various aspects of mission work in the Ceylon field. Things were moving very fast in Ceylon at that time with startling changes in the educational field, with devolution reaching its end and Church Union just become an accomplished fact. Mr. Dudley naturally wanted to keep up-to-date.

It was a thrilling experience to step into 14, Beacon Street, a name familiar to me ever since my childhood, when my father used to work in the Mission Office. I saw again stalwarts like Dr. Fred Field Goodsell, Dr. Alden Clark and Mr. Raymond Dudley whom I had earlier met in Ceylon on their official visits. I saw others of whom I had heard or corresponded with but not met, like Harold Belcher, Dr. Marcus Ward, Harvey Meeken, Eugene Smith, Ruth Seabury, etc I was deeply impressed by the spirit that prevailed there and remember with thankfulness the mid-day prayer meetings when almost every day some missionary would be present, either on his way back home or on his way out to the field, to share his experiences and joy with the rest. These periods were truly inspiring and one caught a glimpse of the spirit that animated this great enterprise. I also met at conferences Miss Patty Lee Goghill and Mrs. Albert Buckner Coe who were members of the American Board Deputation to Ceylon in 1946.

International House: After a brief but pleasant orientation I left Boston for New York to join Teachers College, Columbia, and become a student once again. I was lucky to get a place in International House where I lived in a world within a world for the next one year. The surroundings were pleasant with the Hudson River on one side, the Union Theological Seminary on the other and the Riverside Church with its majestic tower piercing the sky right in front. A rarefied intellectual atmosphere pervaded the area. International House lives up to the name it bears. There were 535 students from 50 different countries of the world at the time I was there. It also fulfils the purpose for which it was founded, "That brotherhood may prevail" as the motto embossed over the entrance loudly proclaims. Egyptians and Israelis, Frenchmen and Germans, Chinese and Japanese, Russians and Italians were all friends living under

the same pitch. The complexion of the residents vary all the way from pitch dark to pure white. The girls in the House spend quite a lot of time attending to their hair, the white girls curling their hair while the negro girls straightened them. One of the residents introduced me to another as, "This is Mr. Tantawi from Egypt". It may be because the name begins with T or because the other man also had some gray hairs. Anyway it shows how much pigments merge one into the other until we go by slow degrees from East to West and reach full white.

On my first day itself at International House I was disillusioned about the concept we easterners have of social status. I was coming down by elevator for breakfast and then to Teachers College for my first lecture. A young man was operating the elevator and I found him avidly reading a fat book between the floors. I was intrigued that a "servant" or one who did some kind of menial job should be so interested in reading a book. Then I glanced at the title of the book which read, "The Philosophy of Pragmatism". And my wonder grew. We landed on the ground floor and I went to the Dining Room, there to see the same man sitting with the rest of the residents and having his breakfast. On the way to Teachers College I again found him in our company. The mystery was solved when I saw him in the class room with the rest of us. He was himself a resident of International House and a student at Teachers College working during his off hours and earning some money as most of the residents did. The negro sweeper in the corridor wearing a gold watch on his wrist and with a Parker pen stuck in his breast pocket looks you in the face and greets you, "Isn't it a fine morning today, fellow?" This is America where democracy is a way of life and not merely a form of government.

World Celebrities: It was a thrilling experience to see at International House on festival days and special occasions great celebrities of America and the world. General George Marshal of the 'Marshal Plan' fame was the new President of the Board of Trustees of International House. On May 5, 1949 he was given a reception and others present on the occasion were

John D. Rockefeller (Jr.) and his son David Rockefeller. Something that General Marshal said on the occasion was perhaps the secret of his great success as Secretary of State. He said, "If you can convince the other man of your sincerity even when you differ from him, then you have established a point from which to begin".

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was the Chief Guest at the Sunday Supper on May 8. When she spoke I felt that she could have been the first lady of America in her own right and not merely as the President's wife. Wit, humour and substance were all there. After her husband's death they thought she should have a break and sent her as America's representative at the U. N. O. There she was elected to the office of Chairman of the Human Rights Commission. She told us what strange difficulties they had with the Russians. The draft of the Bill of Human Rights had as the opening sentence, following the pattern in the American constitution, the words, "All men are created equal.....". They ran into trouble at once with the Russians who said in their language 'men' did not include 'women'. They objected to the word 'created' as they did not believe in it. The problem was resolved after two days of debate when the sentence was recast, "All human beings are born equal"

On another occasion we had the famous Dr. John R. Mott. John D. Rockefeller, the multi-millionaire and philanthropist who had gifted this House and the Houses at Chicago, Berkeley and Paris, was also present. Mott had just returned from the meeting of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam and was on his way to Japan at the age of 81. He had crossed the Atlantic 110 times and the Pacific innumerable times. He gave a stirring address and at the end Rockefeller told some of us that he had not listened to a more powerful speech by Dr. Mott. Dr. Mott said that the world situation was dangerous and alarming. The need was tragic. Wherever he went he saw acres of graves and hundred of crosses. He had recently lost much sleep. Then in a startling paradox he said, "Never did my heart beat so high with hope". As a solution to the paradox he referred to the capacity of suffering. There were so many Christians now with an authentic experience of the

living God. These were authentic witnesses. The doors were all wide open. There was no door that was closed to the friendly and constructive ministry of Christ, not even Russia. The world was facing today the greatest concentration of major unsolved problems. But we have a larger Christ—clean among the defiled, living among the dead. The aphorism, “Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity”, seemed to be the key to Dr. Mott’s paradox.

Teachers College: The Teachers College, the home of John Dewey, William James and Edward Thorndike is another hospitable place. Prof. Linton, the Adviser to foreign students, was more a missionary than an academic. Since Teachers College is a graduate school, the students were mature and sober, dignified and serious-minded. They were mostly principals and superintendents of schools. On the first day of the semester we were inundated with sheafs of mimeographed papers. Every professor vied with the other to give us a longer bibliography. These contained lists of required readings and optional reading and also a calendar for the semester indicating the dates on which you are expected to produce short thesis on various topics with evidence that you have actually read the required books. They make you work without appearing to do so.

I took my studies very seriously and spent a lot of time reading late into the night the required books in every course I found the American students taking this on their stride. We who were trained under the British system of education never study a book except in depth. But the American student is trained to skim a book and to read very widely. It was amazing to see an American student read a whole book in one night and be able next morning to expatiate in class on the point of view of the author and on what points he differed from another well-known author who also wrote on the same subject. The British and American systems of education are very different and one cannot say that one is superior to the other. The American system also produces results and perhaps it has thrown up more Nobel prize-winners!

When I was leaving Teachers College I was asked if I was taking back any worth-while ideas. I said there were many interesting and useful features in the American system

but they were mostly very expensive like radio, television and other audio-visual aids. But the most fascinating of them all was not expensive and that was the freedom of the child in the class room. In the British system the teacher is installed behind a desk and is autocratic in his outlook and methods. When he speaks the students have to accept whatever he says. Their's is not to reason why. When a student is slightly irrelevant in his answer he is pulled up at once and asked to come to the point. The teacher expects the child to talk logically and observe proper sequence. Thus the freedom of the student to think for himself and answer in his own way is throttled. On my visits to American high schools I was amazed at the wide latitude given to students. The student begins to think on his feet and the first few sentences are certainly irrelevant. But he is allowed to proceed undisturbed and soon comes to the point. It is when a child speaks that he thinks. And when time is given his thoughts catch up with his words and then it is surprising to see how much he knows.

Another significant difference in the two systems is that under the British system the lecturer is not to be interrupted during the course of his one hour performance. The students may or may not listen. They can sleep but they shouldn't snore. It is a one-way process. But in the American system there can be a dialogue. The student can ask questions and the teacher will be glad to answer. It is a two-way communication. We had a Professor of Philosophy called Prof. Childs. One day he lectured to us on objectivity. There was nothing called absolute objectivity. The experimenter is part of the experiment. He is himself in the crucible. During the next lecture Prof. Childs asked a question from a middle-aged student. He began by saying, "To be absolutely objective.....". The Professor cut him short and asked him to write a short thesis on 'Objectivity'!

Highlight at Columbia: Columbia is aptly called, "The Colossus on the Hudson". It is situated on Morning Side Heights, the highest point of New York City. It is a light set on a hill. The University, after running over many streets and avenues, comes to an end at Teachers College, the oldest

and perhaps the most famous of the graduate schools. Next to this is Union Seminary with its Gothic architecture and old world appearance. Opposite is the Jewish Seminary, brick-red and modern. On the Hudson side is the famous Riverside Church whose tower pierces into the clouds and houses the world's biggest carillon. Next to it is the sleek and business-like International House, a hospitable home for foreign students. And across the street is the Julliard Music School reminding one of the Italian Renaissance. The whole locality is charged with an intellectual and aesthetic atmosphere which is elevating and inspiring. In the hotels, restaurants and drug-stores all day and during part of the night earnest students with serious purpose laughing, talking, discussing. The topics range from International Affairs to Anthropology, Interior Decoration to Psychiatry. Without is gaiety and within ambition, determination and sometimes frustration.

An atmosphere of freedom pervades the whole place. There is nothing to cramp one, not even academic gowns. These are seen only on Commencement Day. Otherwise, professors, doctoral candidates and ordinary students are all plain human beings deeply appreciative of each other's problems. The high walls and closed gates of Oxford and Cambridge are absent here. Inside the class room the atmosphere is informal and easy, not rigid and tense. The buildings are spick and span, the equipment modern. The Englishman takes pride in antiquity, the American in modernity.

Nicholas Murray Butler became President of Columbia in 1902 and dominated the scene until 1905. Nicholas the Miraculous, as he was called by his classmate and friend Theodore Roosevelt, transformed Columbia and made it one of the greatest universities of the world. He was a champion money-collector and raised \$ 120,000,000 during his regime. He made several trips to England and the Continent and cultivated the friendship of the great men of his time. He knew Gladstone, Bismark, Cardinal Newman and Pope Leo XIII. He made the acquaintance of every Prime Minister of England since Gladstone excepting Lord Salisbury and Bonar Law. He claimed personal friendship with Tennyson, Browning.

Mathew Arnold, Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling, Prof. Huxley and Tyndall, Herbert Spencer and Lord Kelvin. He knew 13 Presidents of America. He collected decorations from 37 universities. He also won the 1931 Nobel Prize for Peace along with Jane Addams.

Dwight Eisenhower: On the retirement of Butler the presidency of Columbia was offered to General Dwight Eisenhower. At the same time the presidency of the United States of America was also offered to him by both the Democratic and Republican parties. Harry Truman was not considered good enough by the Democratic Party and Thomas Dewey was considered unlucky by the Republican Party which wanted desperately to stage a come-back having been in the political wilderness for 16 years. Eisenhower, the hero of the Crusade in Europe, would have won on either ticket but he preferred the presidency of Columbia and Columbia was proud.

I was privileged to witness two great events at Columbia during this period: One was the installation of Eisenhower on Oct. 12, 1948 and the other Eisenhower's first Commencement and Columbia's 195th. on June 1, 1949. I received my Master's Degree in Education at this Commencement. Both occasions were colourful. At the installation official representatives from 36 foreign universities and 316 American universities and colleges were present. The University of Bologna of the year 1088 was the oldest followed by Oxford 1249, Paris 1253 and Cambridge 1284. The most recent were Cairo 1919, Teheran and Sao Paulo 1934. I never saw such a colourful assortment of hoods and gowns anywhere.

At the commencement degrees were conferred on a record number of 8036 graduates from the 17 schools of the University ranging from the School of Mines to the School of Journalism. Among those who received honorary degrees were Prof. Muller, noted Zoologist and 1946 Nobel Prize-Winner, Dr. Arnold Toynbee, the British Historian, Gen. Lucius Clay, former military governor of Berlin and Gen. Omar Bradley, the Army Chief of Staff. Eisenhower was visibly moved when, in handing over the diplomas, he addressed Gen. Clay as, "My very, very old friend" and Gen. Bradley as, "my comrade on

the greatest battlefields of America". 18,000 people witnessed the solemn ceremonies. Columbia will be known for a long time as the intellectual home of John Dewey, the noted educational philosopher and thinker. Among the scientists are Pupin, who took the first X-Ray photograph and who discovered secondary X-Ray radiation, Dunning and Pegram who carried out experimental demonstration on nuclear fission and the release of atomic energy and the three Nobel prize-winners Urey, Fermi and Rabi who played an important part in atomic research. Thomas E. Dewey and Franklin D. Roosevelt were students in the Law School.

John Dewey had retired a few years before I joined Teachers College. Having studied some of his books which were noted for their originality and lucidity and having understood something of his philosophy, I was keen to see him and, if possible, hear him. The opportunity presented itself when he came to the University for some function at which he was asked to say a few words. And those few words were characteristic of the man and the philosophy identified with him. He said, "I am a Doctor but I don't practise. I am now practised upon. A man who does not understand the connection between the mind and the body is fit only to be a horse doctor". In those few words he summed up the philosophy that underlies all his thinking. The organism reacts to the environment as a whole and not in parts.

I was also privileged to study at the Union Seminary next doors under famous theologians like Rheinold Neibuhr, Pitt Vandussen and John Bennet. Dr. Vandusseu was scholarly but ponderous. He would sum up a whole book in one lecture. Bennet was systematic and methodical. But Neibuhr was brilliant. The sweep of his mind was fantastic. He would jump from one point to another with the agility of an acrobat. These three had just returned from the Amsterdam Conference of the World Council of Churches and were full of it. They addressed a series of meetings at the Seminary. Dr. John Bennet, while referring to the Ecumenical Movement and the refreshing impatience of the younger Churches with the older ones in regard to Church Union matters, quoted D. T. Niles

as having said, "Don't you tell us about your divorces. We are just getting married". That sounded very much like D. T. Dr. Van Dussen referred to the brilliant leadership, among women of Miss Sarah Chacko of Isabella Thoburn College. She joined issue with the redoubtable Karl Bath over the question of the ordination of women to the ministry. Bath protested violently and said his objection was based on biblical grounds. Miss Chacko retorted that Bath was confusing tradition with Bible.

Once a British M. P. called Lodge addressed a meeting at Union. Niebuhr presided and made the following typical remarks: "America is a wilderness of Free Enterprise. America can't be as virtuous as England because she is not as poor. Would England be so socialistic if she were as wealthy? No, I dare say no. If England were as rich they would be as bad. People are more just when they are more poor".

Life in the City of New York: Out of the mouth of tubes and tunnels come pouring into the city every morning tens of thousands of commuters from the suburbs and from across the Hudson. Very soon the city spills over with humanity. The native New Yorker is a specimen seldom seen. On the street you are a complete anonymity. New York York is a city of swaying sky-scrapers, leaping bridges and seagoing rivers. The city never goes to sleep. When night falls millions of lights shine through the windows decorating the city. The neon signs on Times Square appear crazy. They go up and down and round and round throughout the night. There are entertainments recreations to suit every taste—Dramas and Movies on Broadway, Music and Recitals in Radio City Music Hall and the Metropolitan Opera, Ice-Skating in Rockefeller Plaza, Light Fun in Greenwich Village, etc

Walking along the pavements of Times Square and window-shopping at nights is a most interesting experience for one who has not lost his sense of wonder. The variety of electronic gadgets displayed on the windows, each one working all the time for the spectator to see and understand, the resourcefulness and ingenuity shown in the attractive arrangements of the exhibits, are a sheer wonder. There are dresses for men and women appropriate for the season. As far as the shops are concerned there are

supposed to be dates on which one season ends and another begins. One day it is summer and you find the shops full of light dresses. The next day it is autumn and you find all these have vanished and you search in vain for "T" shirts or other light wear. You have to wait for the next summer for these, Dresses for men and women are displayed on models which are so life-like and you begin to wonder whether they are not after all real. One day on one floor of Macy's, the famous Department Store, there was an exhibition hair-do. There was a model and an expert beautician was displaying the different kinds of hair-do then in vogue. The model was sitting in front of a mirror absolutely motionless when the beautician went through several styles. I watched the model closely and there was not a semblance of life in it, not even the batting of an eye-lid. I decided it was a mock-up when I suddenly discovered the eye-lids closing for a brief moment. It was real! The Empire State building 102 storeys tall and 1250 feet high, towering high above the clouds, dominates the city. It can be seen from anywhere in the city swaying against the sky.

President Truman's Election : 1948 was election year. Thomas Dewey was the Republican candidate and Harry Truman the Democratic. Truman was the incumbent President but was considered too mediocre. After all he was holding the office not in his own right but only because of Roosevelt's death. Truman did not have the enthusiastic backing of even the stalwarts of his own party. Dean Acheson, who was the Secretary of State and his right hand man, himself was lukewarm and indifferent. In these circumstances Truman did not feel that he was obliged to accept implicitly the instructions and guidance of the party bosses. In American politics the candidate is simply in the hands of the election bosses and he is told what to say and when. The burning issues of the day were Civil Rights, Federal Aid to Education and Sharing of Atomic Energy Secrets with other countries. In his whistle-stop campaign throughout the States Truman took courage in both his hands and replied every question frankly and honestly. The voters found that here was a man who was different. He was not hedging like Dewey. The voters appeared impressed

I was on Times Square that election night on the 2nd, of October watching the results as they were flashed on a huge score-board which gave up-to-the minute results of the election as it progressed in the different states. I was standing in the biting, winter cold throughout the night. "Dewey leading by a neck", "Truman catching up", "Dewey leads by a nose", "Truman edges out Dewey", and so the announcements went. It was said to be the thinnest election crowd on Times Square for four decades. The reason: As far as the people were concerned the election was all over bar the shouting. For weeks together the papers had forecast Dewey's victory. The previous week Mrs. Dewey had given instructions for re-decorating the white House and Dewey had ordered a special Presidential plane. The Republicans were already celebrating the victory in their homes and clubs and so they didn't come out. The Democrats were sure they were losing and then what was the point in going to the Times Square? The previous day Prof. Linton told us during his lecture that he was a Democrat and therefore must vote Democrat. He would vote for Truman but it would be a wasted vote. The next morning the Chicago Tribune announced the premature news that Dewey had won. However, in the afternoon the startling news of Truman's victory came through. After all, the American voters had a horse sense. Truman didn't turn out to be the nincompoop he was thought to be. He had the courage to drop the atom bomb on Hiroshima and end the war and later to dismiss the redoubtable five-star General Macarthur who turned tables on the Japanese after Pearl Harbour. Truman confounded all his critics and is regarded today as one of the best American Presidents.

The Sub-way train called the Tube in England is an interesting phenomenon. Surface transport of all kinds and the sub-way cope with the transport of millions of people daily in Greater New York. You go down to the sub-way station on an escalator and you also come up the same way. One train follows another endlessly and you are never late for a train. Hardly has the rear of a train disappeared than the engine of the next appears. And still people are in a hurry. Some of them are not satisfied standing on a step and let the escalator

carry them. They run up the steps to gain a few over the escalator. Unlike in England and France where you have to buy tickets, here all that you have to do is to put a dime into the slot in the turnstile at the entrance. There are several of these and you are always armed with nickels (5 cents) and dimes (10 cents)—the nickels to initiate a telephone call and the dimes for the sub-way. When you approach the entrance your hand instinctively goes into the pocket and you pull out a dime and drop it into the slot. You then push the turnstile with your waist and enter. The next man will put in his dime for the gate to turn again. This one dime will take you anywhere in the whole network of stations. The stations are fairly spacious and the weary traveller can buy a drink or a bite, chewing gum or toffee by simply dropping a coin in a slot machine of which there is an array all along the platform. If you and your friend want two different drinks—cherry and orange—costing 75 cents, you put into the slot a dollar and press the appropriate buttons. Out come the two drinks one after the other in paper tumblers and also the balance of 25 cents! Two men went to the sub-way. One put in a nickel for chewing gum. Nothing came out. He tried again and still nothing came. He put in a third nickel also without success. In France a Frenchman would have taken the afternoon off to write to the machine company. In Russia they would have asked for the liquidation of the company. Here the man turned round and asked his friend, "Say, what is this any way—a Savings Bank!"

The Grand Central Palace is the site for many elaborate expositions, as exhibitions are called there, all the year round. I don't miss any big exhibition if I can help it. One day I went to the International Flower Show. Flowers had been flown from various parts of the world—Tulips from Holland, Hibiscus from Japan, Bougainvilleas from Hawaii, Roses from England, etc. Not merely the flowers but the bushes themselves bearing the flowers were on exhibit, all in their natural habitat. Floor after floor was full of these. On one floor sea-side plants were exhibited. There was the sea and the ripples on the shore could be seen and heard.

Another exhibition was the Photographic Exhibition. We were asked to bring our cameras. At the entrance there was a

heap of Kalaart flash bulbs. The man at the door got our cameras and fitted each one with a flash gun and gave us about a dozen bulbs free and asked us to go and 'shoot. On every floor there was a photographic model. She would pose exactly as you instruct her and smile if this was asked for while a battery of photographers stood round and snapped. The equanimity and good temper of the models are admirable. I still have a picture that I took which I consider one of my best.

The International Business Machines (I. B. M.) Exhibition was another interesting one. All kinds of machines and gadgets were demonstrated. One was the ghost typewriter. A man typed on a Master Typewriter while there were ten other typewriters without any one typing on them. A common text, say a letter from a business concern to its customers requesting them to settle their bills, is first typed on the master typewriter allowing gaps for individual variations. When a button is pressed all the other typewriters begin to hammer away by themselves copying the original letter and stopping at the gaps. Then a man goes round filling in the gaps on the dummy typewriters after which they again begin by themselves. Thus every letter appears individualized and meant only for that particular individual. This received respect and attention and not ignored as a mere circular letter.

The International Automobile Show was a revelation. One exhibit was the Hillman Ghost. This was built by youthful technicians in England. Every part of the car was in two sections, one section in metal and the other in transparent plastic. You can see many of the secrets usually hidden to the eye. For example you see the spark and the explosion of the petrol inside the cylinder and understand at once how an internal combustion engine works. This is education without tears.

Forest Hills : In August 1949 I was privileged to see the Davis Cup Challenge Round between the United States and Australia and also the American Nationals immediately thereafter. The teams were composed of Schroeder and Gonzales (Singles) and Talbert and Mulloy (Doubles) for America and for

Australia Sedgeman and Sidwell (Singles) and Bromwich and Sidwell (Doubles). America had won the previous year's Davis Cup against Australia and were favourites again this year. In the first Singles Schroeder beat Sidwell 6/1, 5/7, 4/6, 6/2, 6/3 after being fully extended. In the second Singles Gonzales beat Sedgeman in straight sets 8/6, 6/4, 9/7 chiefly because of his cannon ball service with which he won many aces. Sedgeman seemed better in all other departments. On the second day Bromwell and Sidwall started the Doubles match against Talbert and Halloy. These two were outstanding Doubles players having won the American National Championship several times and the Wimbledon that year. The odds were heavily weighted against the Australians and it was feared that the rubber might come to a premature end with this match. As anticipated the American pair won the first two sets. The Australians then rallied round and with a magnificent effort won the next three sets and match 3/6, 4/6, 10/8, 9/7, 9/7. They lived to fight the rubber on the third day. However, the Americans won the next two reverse Singles and the rubber by 4 matches to 1.

The American nationals brought together many famous world celebrities on the next three days and I filled my eyes with vintage tennis. There was a battery of foreign challengers coming fresh from their conquests in Wimbledon. Among the Americans were Richard Gonzales, the reigning champion, Ted Schroeder, Frank Parker, Herbert Falkenburg, Herbert Flam, Wm Talbert and Gardner Mulloy. The foreigners were Frank Sedgemen, William Sidwell, and John Bromwich (Australia), Eric Sturgess (South Africa), Jaroslav Drobny (Czechoslovakia), Felicisimo Ampon (Phillipines) and Giovini Cucelli (Italy). Among the women were Mrs. Margaret du Pont and Miss Louis Brough, rivals and Doubles partners, Gussie Moran, Doris Hart and Mrs. Patricia Todd. The gaiety of the occasion, the lighter mood of the spectators and the frenzied excitement contrasted with the grim determination and the seriousness of purpose of the competitors poised to achieve their ambitions. Coming on top in the American Nationals requires almost as much endurance and character as winning the Presidential election.

Visit with Miss Julia Green : One of my great desires in the States was to see Miss Julia Green, the only surviving daughter of Dr. Samuel Fiske Green of Manipay fame. She was old and feeble and living in her ancestral home in Hartford. I made a trip there one day by train and carried my camera with me to take a picture of her. I got down at Hartford Station and proceeded to Miss Julia Green's home at 264, North Whitney Street. I found Miss Green in the sitting room. We settled down to a long chat about Ceylon. I was amazed at her familiarity with the names of our pastors and their respective churches. She inquired about each one of them. She used to send them books and kept in close touch with some of them. She asked me for lunch and we repaired to the dining room along with another old lady—a friend of hers—who was staying with her. Miss Green said the grace and within minutes I realized that I had not brought the camera into the house. I excused myself and went to the sitting room hoping it might be there. Of course it was not there. I had left it in the train. I returned to the table and tried to conceal my discomfiture as best I could. However, Miss Green sensed that something was wrong and asked me what I was troubled about. I told her the story. She closed her eyes, obviously in prayer for a few seconds and then told me, "Don't worry", you will get it. There is One who knows". And then in a whisper and almost apologetically, "If it is lost I shall make it good". I went to the phone with the other lady and told the Station Master what had happened and asked him if he could help. He said the train would have gone at least 200 miles by then but still he would ring up the stations on the way and try to find out. If there was any news he would ring me back. There was a train every hour on the hour from Hartford to New York and I had planned to leave by the 4 O'Clock train. I rang up the Station Master two or three times in between but there was still no news. I finally left for the Station with Miss Green's blessings and prayers. The Station Master still had no hopeful news for me. He asked me to go down and wait at the appropriate platform and he would send me word. After a few minutes a porter came running to me and said, "The camera has been found. The S. M. wants to see you". This

was incredible and something out of this world. The S. M. said the camera was coming by the 5 O'Clock train and asked me for my New York address. He would post the camera. I said it might be damaged in the post and that I would wait and take another train. He asked me not to worry. He would delay the train if necessary, take the camera from the van and hand it over to me. Hartford is big industrial city and the station a large one with plenty of traffic. The S. M. personally came to the van, got into it and fished out my camera among hundreds of parcels, and after getting a paper signed, handed it over to me with a smile. The courtesy and kindness shown to an utter stranger moved me.

Lost and Found: It is easy to lose things in America when you are rushing about so much but it is also easy to find them. One day I bought a shirt in one of the hundreds of shops on Times Square. When I returned home I realized that I had left my Parker fountain pen on the shop counter. Fortunately, I had the bill with the telephone number on it. I rang them up and the reply was, "Yes, it is here, call when convenient". When you lose anything and tell a friend about it the invariable reply is, "Don't worry, it will turn up", and it does!

In June 1949 Bishop Kulandran came to attend the International Congregational Conference in Wellesley. While in Boston he asked me to buy a camera for him. I bought it one evening and when both of us were returning to Auburndale that night by train, I realized that I had lost the camera. I excused myself, got down at a station having asked the Bishop to proceed, and took a bus back to the huge Boston South Station. I remembered that on one of the floors of the station I stopped at a newstand to buy a magazine, I must have left the camera on the counter. However, there were so many platforms and so many newstands that I didn't know exactly where I had left the camera. I walked up and down systematically and identified the particular newstand and approached it. Before I could ask the man, he said, "Are you looking for your camera?" and gave it to me without any fuss.

Visits from friends: Bishop Kulandran was expected to arrive in New York on June 7 to attend and speak at the International Congregational Conference to be held on the 17th. at the Wellesley College, Mass. I went to the La Guardia air-port at 7 A. M. to receive the Bishop. However, the plane was delayed owing to adverse weather and after several tantalizing announcements landed at 4 P. M. I stayed at the air-port all the time but was not bored. On the other hand it was a most interesting experience. There were about 20 counters all round the large lobby belonging to the various air lines. Passengers checked into these buying tickets to various countries in the world. All the time there was a constant roar of planes arriving and departing. Planes were parked like motor cars. Every two minutes a plane left while every three minutes a plane arrived. The Bishop looked fit and in excellent spirits. I took him to the Congregational Service Centre at 110 E 29 street where he was to stay the night. That evening I took him for a stroll downtown by way of the Empire State. It was interesting to see the Bishop running while crossing intersections lest the lights should change and he be caught jay-walking. We had a long chat about Jaffna affairs.

Father Thanunayagam was good enough to call on me at the International House one day. I was unfortunately away and was very sorry to miss him. He left a card with a small message of greetings. One morning I had a call from the Embassy Hotel and was pleasantly surprised to hear the voice of my good friend, Dr. S. L. Navaratnam, the well-known obstetrician from Colombo. He and his wife and daughter, Sarojini, had come on a holiday to the States. I took them round the city of New York and showed them the interesting landmarks and Department Stores like Macy's and other big shops. Dr. Navaratnam was a wealthy man and money was no consideration with him. He bought practically everything he saw of interest including a wire-recorder, the fore-runner of the modern tape recorder. After seeing New York, they left on an extensive tour of the States and we parted company.

Visitors to the Mission House and later to "Roseville": The following were some of the distinguished guests that my wife and I had the pleasure of entertaining at the Mission House and later at "Roseville":

சென்னை கிறித்தவ மன்றம்
லிபரரி
புத்தக அறவை

Oliver Tomkins, General Secretary of the World Council of Churches.

Chandran Devanesan, Principal of the Madras Christian College.

Bishop Michael Hollis, First Moderator of the Church of South India.

Ruth Isabel Seabury, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.

Raymond & Katherine Dudley, General Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. and wife.

T. Howard and Margaret Somervell, the Mt. Everest hero and wife.

Justice and Mrs. P. Sri Skanda Rajah.

David and Miriam Mc. Keith, Vice-President of the American Board and wife.

Bishop Rajah B. Manikam.

Bishop Mar Athenasius.

Bryan Green, Evangelist, Birmingham, England.

Dr. A. E. Inbanathan, General Secretary of the Bible Society of India.

Rt. Rev. & Mrs. David Chellappa, First Indian Bishop of Madras and wife.

Dr. & Mrs. Raymond A. Dudley, Gen. Secretary of the American Board and wife.

Alford Carleton, Vice President of the American Board.

Telfer & Jane Mook, Secretary of the Am. Board and wife.

G. Basil Jackson, Chairman, Methodist Church.

Canon Thomas Sitthar, C. S. I.

Dr. Wm. J. Jameson Sr., Union Street, Schenectady, U. S. A.

Dr. Wm. J. Jameson Jr. " " " "

Mary & Milton Rusnak, " " " "

Dr. Gerardus S. Jameson, " " " "

Stanley Jones, World famous Evengelist.

Bishop I. R. H. Gnanadason and Joy Gnanadason.

Dr. Indra Sri Skanda Rajah Sivayoham, Distinguished Eye-Surgeon.

- Mr. & Mrs. K. Pooranampillai, Retired Principal of Hartley College and wife.
- Margaret S. Nathaniel Welch & Rev. R. C. P. Welch.
- Edson & Dorothy Lockwood, Jaffna College.
- Oliver & Bonita Black.
- Miss Ariam Hudson Paramasamy, Retired Principal of Uduvil.
- Mrs. Daisy L. Gopal Ratnam, General Secretary of the C. S. I.
- Ben Bavinck & Mrs. Bavinck.
- Bishop Solomon Duraisamy, Moderator of the C. S. I.
- Rt. Rev. S. Kulandran & Mathuram Kulandran.
- Rt. Rev. D. J. Ambalavanar & Chandra Ambalavanar.
- Rev. Dr. S. Paulraj, Trichy.
- Prof. Reggie & Mathivathani Appadurai.
- Carl W. Phelps, Jaffna College & U. S. A.
- Kirubai Mathiaparanam, Retd. Principal of Pandaterruppu.
- Rev. S. N. Sugunananthan, Jaffna Diocese.
- Wm. P. Kiehl, Information Officer, U. S. Information Service.
- E. Sabaratnam, Retd. A. G. A., Jaffna.
- J. S. S. Anandam, A. G. A., Jaffna.
- Dr. Peter Kulanayagam, U. K.
- Dr. C. P. & Rita Thuraisingam, U. K.
- Theodore & Helen Oppenheim, of Jaffna College and U. S. A.
- Indira & Christie Richards, England.
- Telfer & Mrs. Mook, U. C. B. W. M.
- Frannie & Bob Holmes, Jaffna College & U. S. A.
- Louise Crawford, Taiwan.
- John Walter & Evangeline Bicknell.
- Rev. & Mrs. David T. Shire.
- Mr. & Mrs. C. E. Anandarajan, St. John's College, Jaffna.
- Mr. & Mrs. S. Panchalingam, " " "
- Mr. C. J. S. Fernando, 'Ferntea', Colombo.

Mr. & Mrs. S. S. Seevaratnam, Veeragathy Valavu, Tellippalai.

Mr. & Mrs. T. Thalayasinham, Buller's Lane, Colombo.

Mr. & Mrs. Vijayaratnam Winslow, Wattala.

Rev. & Mrs. Lindsay Mahitajan.

Mr. & Mrs. S. V. Rajanayagam, Toronto, Canada.

Personalities at Conferences and Meetings: On June 16, I attended the Farewell Reception accorded to Dr. Goodsell at the Old South Church in Boston. There was a large gathering and the speakers included Dr. Norman Goodall, Dr. Douglas Horton and Dr. Russel Stafford. The next day I went to Wellesley for the Inter-national Congregational Conference with Bishop Kulandran. The college is situated in a picturesque campus with hills and a lake and beautiful buildings. Bishop Kulandran had been invited by Dr. Douglas Horton to deliver the sermon on Sunday, the 19th. He preached on the text, "Hear O Heavens, and give ear O earth, for the Lord has spoken". (Isaiah 1:2). A large gathering was present to hear him. The thoughts were deep and the content full but humour was ever present. The Bishop was at his best. I felt proud of India and Ceylon. I was asked to lead the devotions one morning. There were many leaders of the American Board present and I was glad to meet Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter who led the Board Deputation in 1927 and granted the principle of the devolution of all Mission work upon the nationals.

On my frequent visits to the Board Rooms I met several officers of the various Committees, chiefly the India Committee. Among these were: Harold Belcher, Harvey Meeken, Dr. Mark Ward, Mrs. Meldicott, Dr. Schroeder, Walter Tong, Jim Walter Hackett, Smith, Miss Carcy and Miss Mabel Emerson. I attended a meeting of the India Committee and was privileged to be invited to speak about work in Ceylon at a meeting of the Prudential Committee in Cambridge. Dr. Greene presided and among those present were: Dr. Stafford, Dr. King, Mrs. Schroeder of Yale and Raymond Dudley. Dr. Goodsell introduced me with a few gracious words. On another occasion I addressed a meeting in Boston along with Chief Albert Luthuli of South Africa and Rev. P. H. Wang, Executive Secretary, North

China Christian Federation. The next morning a Boston paper had our picture with the title, "World Christianity in Boston"

Washington: Having seen quite a bit of New York and Boston I wanted to see Washington at leisure. I was received by Dr. Arthur Hummel, bro.-in-law of Miss Lulu Bookwalter and Mrs. A. A. Ward, and taken to their home in Chevy Chase, Maryland, just outside the borders of Washington, D. C. Dr. Hummel was in charge of the Asia section of the Library of Congress. His son is at present the American Ambassador to China. While in Washington I saw the Senate in session. Humphrey from Minnesota was holding forth on the Taft-Hartley Act Repeal Debate from the Democratic benches. The Pan-American Union building, donated by Andrew Carnagie, is a monument dedicated to a noble cause. Washington is a beautiful city where cultured people live. The delightful parks and open spaces studded with monuments and statues of great patriots, the majestic buildings crowning all of which is the Capitol, and the inspiring memorials, towering above all of which is the Washington Monument, are more than what the eye could take.

I visited the Lincoln Museum housed in the Ford's Theatre where Lincoln was assassinated. This took place immediately after the second inaugural when he was watching a drama with his wife from the Presidential box. A man who had just spoken the immortal words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all..." was shot in the head and done to death by that misdirected fanatic, Captain Booth. I stood on the very spot where the tragedy occurred and saw the actual pistol used by the assailant. As I stood there a cold shiver went through my body and moved the very core of my being and I remembered the words: "He now belongs to the ages"; "Captain, our fearful trip is done". I went to the house opposite where, Lincoln fatally wounded, was carried and where he breathed his last. What a man he was, 6' 4" tall, with sunken eyes, bony cheeks and hard lines—a rail splitter in his day.

Daring his first Presidential election a little girl of 11 wrote to him to grow a beard. She said, "All the ladies like whiskers."

They would tease their husbands to vote for you and then you would be President". Lincoln acknowledged the letter but said that it might be considered a silly affection for him to grow whiskers during the election. When he was elected he grew whiskers and made it a point to meet the girl and give her a kiss!

The Printing and Engraving Department of the Treasury turning out tens of thousands of dollar bills, the Smithsonian Institute housing famous exhibits including the original plane built by the Wright brothers and the plane used by Charles Lindbergh to cross the Atlantic for the first time and the Library of Congress housing over 8 million volumes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ million maps and $1\frac{1}{2}$ million music pieces were some of the other interesting things I saw in Washington.

On Sunday, June 12, while in Washington, I preached in the First Congregational Church of which Dr. Kopf was the minister. In the afternoon I went in a tourist bus to Mt. Vernon, the home of George Washington, and saw the Unknown Soldier's Tomb and the acres of graves in the National Cemetery in Arlington. Washington's estate in Mt. Vernon is very extensive with beautiful gardens, lawns and hedges and the Potomac river running on two sides. The scenery is exquisite. Washington's home, with all the furniture in their places as they were, was inspiring. Every day there is a steady stream of visitors to pay homage to the founder of the nation.

Away from home : I was away from home and in a far away country for over a year, deprived of the care of my wife and the love of my children, but still I did not feel home-sick except for a short time on Christmas day. I also kept uniformly well and did not suffer even the slightest indisposition. There was a friend of mine, M. D. Paul, from India and a new arrival, who had thoughtlessly left the window slightly open one night. The next morning he woke up to find that he had caught a chill and fever. He promptly made up his mind that he was going to die. He asked me to inform his wife and children. Of course he did not die but this is the mood in which you find yourself when you fall ill in a foreign land. You feel just miserable. I enjoyed peace

and happiness throughout my stay and often wondered how it was. I realized that I was upheld and sustained by the prayers of my mother and wife and other dear ones. This was my experience throughout life in the midst of trials and seemingly impossible difficulties.

Many events of importance and significance took place at home during my absence. The happier ones were promptly conveyed while the unfortunate ones were wisely delayed. I received a cable on Feb. 15, 1949 to say that my eldest son Hari had passed the Medical Entrance Exam. of the University. I thanked God for his great mercy. This success set the sights for the other children to follow. Balan had gained admission to the Technical College to do engineering a little earlier. Saji passed the S. S. C. from Uduvil and received much encouragement. Mano gained a coveted scholarship at Royal College and my wife arranged with the Principal Mr. M. M. Kulasekaram, for him to be admitted to the Royal College hostel. One day I received a letter from Miss Lucy Clark of Uduvil saying, "Thank God, Mahen has turned the corner". I had not heard anything from any one earlier and I was intrigued. Later news came that he had a sun-stroke and was critically ill but that his condition was improving and he was out of danger. There was a parade on the Jaffna Esplanade for some visiting dignitary and the boys from various schools were lined up in the hot sun from 1 p. m. to 4 p. m. until the guest arrived. Mahen returned home and could hardly walk the few steps to the verandah and had to be carried. He had high fever that night and was taken to the Manipay Hospital where his condition was pronounced grave. However, by God's grace and the skilful treatment of Dr. Buell and the earnest prayers of friends, Mahen miraculously recovered. Aria Acca and Flora Acca spared no pains to comfort and sustain my wife through this severe ordeal. My mother also was present and pleaded with God for Mahen's life as she had done for my own 30 years earlier.

Tour of the United States: At the end of our studies at Columbia and after the Commencement, five of us Indian students—eganathan and his wife Shakuntala, Harsh Mehta, Anand and Jmyself—decided to go on a tour of the States to see the many

miracles of science and wonders of nature in which the country abounds. Travelling by car is the cheapest and most convenient mode of travel. Therefore we buy a ten-year old Cadillac car for \$ 550, pack up our bags and leave on a tour with great expectations at 9-45 A. M. on the 26th of June. We travel by way of the Southern States, passing through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. Then we turn west and drive through New Mexico, Colorado, Arisona, Nevada and reach Los Angeles at the southern end of California. We visit Hollywood and see a picture shooting at which Zachariah Scott and Elizabeth Taylor featured. Now we head north, skirting the Pacific Coast on one side and picturesque country on the other. We reach San Francisco and drive further until we find ourselves in the Red Wood Forest. After passing through 200 miles of this forest we come to Oregon and then reach Spokaine, Washington. Then we take a turn eastwards and pass through Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois. Again we drive north through the Lake District until we reach Wisconsin. Thereafter we go through Michigan, Ohio and return home to New Yew after a memorable tour of 9500 miles done in 35 days. Three of us had driving licenses and driving on the super-highways in a Cadillac car, night and day, in such pleasant company and amidst varied scenery, did not tire us much. We had prepared ourselves what to see in the various States and we were not by any means disappointed. Every State had at least one thing of unique interest and many attractions for the tourist.

Jim-crow at first hand : At the end of the first day, after a tiring journey, we reach Maryland at dusk and decide to rest for the night. Neon signs were up and vacancies announced in tourist homes and cabins as we drove into a town. Optimistically and somewhat innocently we asked for rooms to stay for the night. The first answer was, "All rooms booked". We go to the opposite house and they had seen us being already refused. They are ready with an answer : "We have announced the vacancies but actually there are none. We had a call from some tourists on the way and we have reserved the rooms for them but actually left the vacancy board so that they don't

pass us by". It was the same story in the next three or four houses. Then it begins to dawn upon us that we are being discriminated against. At first we treat the rebuffs with good humour but being victims of jim-crow is different from just being observers of this curse of discrimination. It begins to hurt. Some want to give up and sleep in the car. It gets very dark. We ask for some water to fill our picnic jug. Answer: "We don't have no water pump here. Go round the corner and there is a well". Even our best mascot, Shakuntala, being a Brahmin girl and very fair in a flowing Indian saree, does not succeed. To explain that we are not negroes would imply that we ourselves approve of discrimination. So we devise a formula: "We are Indian tourists going round the States. Can we have two rooms for the night?". We succeed at the ninth or tenth attempt. An old lady receives us well. I find a copy of the "Upper Room" on the desk. Is this the explanation? On looking out of the window I saw a church next doors. We were refused at Frederick but accepted at Bukistown by dear old Mrs. Thomas. The next day we stopped on our way at a restaurant for lunch. We find some whites eating. The man in the lobby came running and said, "We don't serve you here, but we can serve you in the next room beyond the kitchen". There are less elaborate tables and chairs, But we don't believe in discrimination and so why can't we eat from where the negroes eat?". The place is Stanton. We reflect, "Is this the much-vaunted democracy and respect for human personality that we heard 'ad nauseam' at Teachers College and elsewhere?"

Gettysberg: In Pennsylvania we went to see Gettysburg, the site of the historic battle fought between General Meade commanding the Union forces and General Robert Lee, the Confederate Commander-in-Chief in July 1863. The battle was won by the Union and Abraham Lincoln came to Gettysberg on Nov. 17, 1863 to dedicate a part of the historic battle field as a resting place for the honoured dead. Here he delivered the famous oration known as the Gettysburg address beginning with the memorable words, "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" and ending with the immortal words, "That we here

highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth".

I stood on the very spot, marked by a board, from which Lincoln made the speech, and was stirred to the core of my being. I remembered these words and recalled other words such as. "With malice towards none and charity for all....." from his inaugural address. These speeches from the great patriot continue to inspire all Americans, nay the whole world, which claim him as the common property of all humanity.

We then drove through Mississippi and Louisiana and touched the Gulf of Mexico, and again drove through Texas, New Mexico and Colorado surrounded by evidence of Spanish culture and civilization. In Dallas, Texas, we thought we might have the car checked up and drove into a Cadillac Service Station. After examining the car and servicing it, the man said it was an old car and we must limit the speed to 60 m. p. h. This we did faithfully for the next 24 hours but again lapsed into 90 and 95 as the distances were long and unending.

The Boulder Dam, the highest in the world, designed to tame the Colorado, is built on the boundary of Arizona and Nevada. In fact the top of the dam is the high-way over which cars are driven. The dam is a curved mass of concrete, 745 feet tall and 750 feet wide, On the other side is Lake Mead, the biggest artificial lake in the world, and after a fall of 745 feet the torrent of water turns a number of turbines which produce electricity carried by wires in all directions to the ends of the horizon.

The Grand Canyons : The Grand Canyons are a never-to-be-forgotten sight. It is a strange, natural phenomenon. It is a yawning chasm in the earth ten miles long and one mile deep. The Colorado, through millions of years, has cut deep into the earth creating this canyon. As you drive you suddenly come to the brink of the canyon almost without any notice. When you look down you see nothingness. The eye cannot

take it all, neither can the mind comprehend. First you feel dizzy and after some time you begin to understand. There is the Colorado like a silver thread running one mile below. The sides of the Canyon are irregular but you can see several layers of rocks, each in a different colour, marking the various stages and from which geologists calculate the age of the canyons. We proceed through the Yosemite Park crowded with giant Sequoia trees and accompanied by tame bears and other animals who try to make friends with us in order to get something to eat and of course we oblige.

Hollywood : We drive into Los Angeles at dusk and decide to stay the night in a hotel in Sunset Boulevard. The next day we went to see a picture shooting with Zachariah Scott and Elizabeth Taylor in the set. It was a revelation to see the pains taken and the patience exercised to set up the stage and dress the actors. They begin from where they stopped the previous day and continue in the same temper without exposing any break in the continuity. If they stop in the middle of an angry scene one day they begin with exactly the same temper the next day. One shot lasts for not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes and this is repeated a number of times and the best production selected for the film. Hundreds of such pieces are spliced together to make up the whole film. It is no wonder that the production of a good film costs millions.

Red Wood Forest : We continue to drive north and after staying overnight in San Francisco we saw the wonderful Golden Gate Bridge designed and built by Joseph B. Strauss. It is the longest and tallest single span suspension bridge in the world. There are two decks—the lower one for heavy traffic and the upper one for light. We saw the busy China Town in the heart of the city and some street cars—an anachronism—but still retained in San Francisco for sentimental reasons as the street car was invented there. After driving over the Golden Gate Bridge we entered the Redwood Empire and were on the Redwood Highway which stretches up to Grant's Pass, Oregon, a distance of over 400 miles. The Redwood trees are huge and inspiring. It suddenly got dark and we

found ourselves surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of these trees. We got down from the car and craned our necks to see the top of these giants. The average height of these trees is over 250 feet and the average age 300 years. The tallest tree is 364 feet high. The Chandelier Tree in the Underwood Park is known as the 'Drive Thro' tree through which the highway passes and cars are driven. Its height is 315 feet and diameter 21 feet. Further on, we came across a board which read, "Tree House—Believe it or not". On the roadside was a big redwood tree in the trunk of which was hollowed out a room 20 feet square by 20 feet high in which were curios made mostly of redwood which tourists avidly buy, as mementoes. The curious thing is that this tree as well as the Chandelier Tree live and flourish, none the worse for the drastic surgery performed on them. Joseph B. Strauss, the engineer who designed and built the Golden Gate Bridge, also wrote a poem on the redwood trees which runs :-

"Here sown by the Creator's hand
In serried ranks the Redwoods stand ;
No other clime is honoured so,
No other lands their glory know.

The greatest of earthly living forms,
Tall conquerors that laugh at storms ;
Their challenge still unanswered rings,
Through fifty centuries of kings.

The nations that with them were young,
Rich empires with their forts far-flung,
Lie buried now—their splendour gone,
But these proud monarchs still live on.

So shall they live when ends our day,
When our crude citadels decay ;
For brief the years allotted man,
But infinite perennials span.

This is their temple, vaulted high,
And here we pause with reverent eye,
With silent tongue and awe-struck soul ;
For here we sense life's proper goal,

To be like these. straight, true and fine,
To make our world, like theirs, a shrine ;
Sink down, Oh, traveller, on your knees,
God stands before you in these trees.

We passed through Spokaine, Washington, and reached Yellow Stone Park which presented a most interesting sight. In an area of about an acre we found hot water geysers springing up into the sky from everywhere. They looked like fireworks. There was the Daisy Geyzer, a beautiful one, and there was the Old Faithful, so called because it erupts regularly every 63 minutes. It was announced that the Old Faithful would erupt next at 3-15 p. m. There were chairs provided and tourists sat round the geyzer waiting for the moment. I waited with my movie camera rather impatiently and the dear, Old Faithful erupted as expected and I took a nice shot. The water rose to a height of 150 feet and the sight was beautiful.

In South Dakota we saw the celebrated Blackhills monument. On the face of a mountain a sculptor had laboriously chisselled the faces of the four famous Presidents of America: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. This piece of art is certainly the work of a genius. The proportions can be judged from the fact that each face is 60 feet long. I took a picture from the ground and the faces looked so real. It is said that this great work took years to complete, the artist lying on his back to chisel out the figures.

After seeing Chicago where I made it a point to visit Dr. George Ogden Kirk, who welcomed me to America when I arrived at the New York pier on the morning of August 30, we left for Wisconsin. We drove hundreds of miles, night and day, in order to be in time for the annual Red Indian festival. We arrived at dawn one morning and were so fatigued that we thought we would rest in a Tourist Home for the day before we went to the festival at night. We went to a Tourist Home and the lady of the house, still in her bed clothes, talked to us through the mosquito wire mesh across the door and said rooms were available. She asked us to come to the side room on the verandah while she came through the house. Then I presented my passport and she asked me to sign a register.

When I pulled out my pen, her face changed and she said abruptly, "Sorry, this place is restricted", which was a euphemism to say that coloureds were not welcome. When she first said yes it was dark and she couldn't see our complexion. But in the office room, suddenly face to face with us, there was no subterfuge possible. In Maryland when Tourist Home after Tourist Home said they had no vacancies, I thought, after all, it might be true and was willing to give the benefit of the doubt to them. But now I had the incontrovertible proof without which I was not willing to believe all that was said about the colour bar in America.

We then drove along the lake of Michigan and reached Detroit, the home of the automobile industry in America. Outside the Ford factory we saw the landscape dotted with thousands and thousands of cars, old and new, the old ones belonging to the workers who come for work in cars and the new ones, just turned out at the factory. We went inside the factory and were taken round on a conducted tour in a factory bus. We saw new cars coming out of the assembly line every three minutes.

Niagara Falls: Then we headed for Buffalo to see the majestic Niagara Falls. Earlier in its course it flowed placidly like any other river and then it gathered momentum and went rolling and tumbling until it reached the precipice where it culminated in the world's biggest waterfalls. Its uniqueness was not its height. There are others taller. The uniqueness was its width. The Falls is on the border between Canada and America. From the American side we could see the Falls on the Canadian side and then it comes round in a horse-shoe to the American side. It is not possible to see the entire Falls from any one point. To do this I had to go in a boat called "Maid of the Mist" right into the whirlpool. I protected myself from the furious sprays with a heavy, water-proof overcoat and cap and risked my camera in taking pictures of the horse-shoe. At this place there is a bridge over the Niagara called the Rainbow Bridge so named because of the perpetual rainbow over the bridge caused by the rays of the sun falling on the constant sprays of water. Having seen the Falls of which we had heard and seen pictures we returned to New York after a complete round of the States.

I have vivid memories of these unforgettable experiences and am writing this after 33 years. We did 9500 miles in 35 days and felt none the worse for it. We all kept very well during the entire trip. Our old Cadillac didn't let us down either, even for once. There was not even a tyre puncture. We had bought the car for \$ 550 and now sold it for \$ 500 before disbanding and coming home to India and Ceylon.

Farewells: I was to leave for Ceylon at the end of September and so I spent the last two weeks seeing friends and bidding them goodbye. I went to Boston to see Raymond Dudley and numerous other friends at 14, Beacon Street which I was perhaps seeing for the last time. I had gone up and down Park Street on the way to the American Board Headquarters several times and each time I used to see an old man, very properly attired from top to toe in a dark suit and wearing a white hat, with a tray full of lavender bags hanging in front of him from a strap slung round his neck. He stood on the same square foot of pavement every time and chanted a chorus:—

“ Old English Lavender,
Nice in clothing, linen, handkerchiefs;
One bag will fill a dresser drawer,
Full of the odour.”

He was A. E. Wills, 83. He told me with great pride that he was plying this trade for 34 years from this spot on Park Street opposite the Union Club. I bought a bag for a nickel and returned it to him to be resold. Then I asked him if he minded posing for a photograph. He adjusted his tie, straightened himself against the familiar wall and posed. I took leave of him and Boston which reminded me of the Boston Tea Party, the cry of “No taxation without representation”, the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Ride of Paul Revere and also of famous literary figures like Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Whittier

On my return home to Ceylon soon after, I wanted to send Mr. Wills a copy of the photograph. I didn't know his address and therefore forwarded it to Miss Ruhama Yeranian, Raymond Dudley's secretary. to be given to him. Here is her reply:—

“I must tell you about the deep impression your kindness made on Mr. ‘Lavender’ Wills. I carried the picture in my bag in order to be able to give it to him the first time he appeared with his bags of fragrance. In the firstplace he was tremendously pleased with the snap and straightened right up. Then I turned it over and read him his own lines as reproduced by you. Tears welled up in his eyes and he began to shake all over, more than usual, because of your extreme thoughtfulness. Then he brightened up and began beaming all over and wanted to shower me with bags of lavender as your messenger, but of course I did not allow him”.

From Boston I went to Schenectady to say goodbye to my good friends, the Jamesons. I had been there on an earlier occasion and was very warmly received with Dr. Jameson welcoming me at the station with characteristic and homely Tamil. I spent five days there speaking at the Union College assembly, preaching at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, visiting the Crawfords, the parents of Mrs. Holmes, and seeing the large industrial concerns like the International General Electric and the American Locomotive. Dr. Jameson was Visiting Surgeon at two large hospitals and had a tremendous private practice. I have a chat with him at nights in front of the T. V. and see him again only the next night. In the morning he leaves for the hospitals and returns home to see a stream of patients who come by appointment to consult him at home where he has a well-equipped consultation room. At dinner Mrs. Jameson also joins to have a talk mainly of Jaffna and the Manipay Hospital. Mrs. Jameson was very keen to revisit Jaffna and would often raise the question of a suitable opportunity but Dr. Jameson was always busy. It is sad to think that the visit did not materialize during Mrs. Jameson's life-time. However, Dr. Jameson, his son Bill and the younger son Gerardus, both doctors, his daughter Mary and her husband visited Ceylon in February 1962 and were given a very warm and affectionate welcome by the people of Jaffna. The reception at Manipay was a memorable one. The party was conducted in a procession from the Anaicottai junction to the Hospital under the traditional ‘Poompanthal’. The meeting was presided over by Mr. S. Natesan, M. P. I remember speakeing on this occasion. There was a large gathering present reminding me

of a similar gathering that had assembled 32 years earlier in 1930 to bid him farewell when he was going on furlough. Dr. Jameson went home with the prayers of the people pleading for his return following him. He returned in January 1932 with an X-Ray machine and some new diagnostic instruments. He finally left again in March 1938 with the people still hoping and praying that he would return but this was not to be. Thus ended a golden chapter in the eventful history of Manipay.

Having finished my farewells I set sail on the "Queen Mary, on Sept. 29, 1949 to England on my way home. Jegan and Sakuntala waited for me at the pier. The ship is large and palatial—its length over 1000 feet and weight 80,000 tons. With about 2000 passengers on board and over 1000 crew and with various amusements from morning till night it looked like a floating hotel. We hardly feel the movement. Two days later I was very pleasantly surprised to see my friends, the Navaratnams, again on the promenade deck. They were also returning home via England. For the next 5½ days life was something out of this world. The sea is calm, the weather fine and the meals excellent. The cabin, however, is too small for two but with my cabin-mate, Noor Mohammed from Nagercoil, mostly out, I am able to do some correspondence and bring it up-to-date. I play plenty of ping-pong and take part in other amusements.

The ship reaches Cherbourg in France at 3 p. m. on Oct. 4 for the continental passengers to disembark. Shortly thereafter we leave for Southampton and sail between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth at about 10 p. m. The lights are brilliant and the shores of England entrancing and hospitable. The sky is clear and the moon bright. Everything looks peaceful. But what terrible thoughts come to my mind when I think of the terror and destruction these shores must have witnessed during the war. We land in Southampton the next morning and I take train to London. Two old ladies start the conversation exploding the myth that English people are reserved and will not talk before being introduced. One lady warns me repeatedly about pickpockets in London and even gives me a packet of safety pins to pin up my pockets!

This was the immediate post-war period in England. I find everything slow in London. A meal takes easily one hour, not that it takes one hour to eat the little they give. It takes 55 minutes for the meal to be served and 5 minutes to eat. The people still seem to be in a state of shock. They look scared and unenthusiastic. They are totally demoralized and seem too prone to self-deprecation. With the empire gone and their economy shattered, and with no earthly chance of their becoming a first class power again, they seem to think, "What is the use? Let us take it easy". The London girls don't look like city dwellers but like simple, unsophisticated country folk. They are a contrast to the glamour girls of New York. For the first time I see maids on their knees scrubbing floors.

There was good news for me in the mail the next day. The Orient Line offers me a passage on the 'Orion' for Nov. 11 while I had been earlier disappointed by several other lines. Now that this problem was out of the way I could plan my sight-seeing and the trip to the Continent with some peace of mind. Accordingly, the next day I went to Thos. Cook's to cash my traveller's cheques and book a ticket to go to Paris and Geneva. £ sterling had just then been devalued throwing all the world currencies into utter confusion. The situation was chaotic. The man at the counter looked annoyed. It would take two or three days for them to work out the new rates of exchange. Until then nothing could be done. Just at this time I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned round to see my friend, Dr. Navaratnam, again. He said, "We are going to the Continent by car day-after-tomorrow. Would you like to join us?" This was a god-sent offer and I was overjoyed.

Continental Tour : Dr. & Mrs. Navaratnam, their eldest son Thamby, daughter Sarojini and I made up the company. We drove to Harwich on Oct. 14 and crossed over by ship to the Hook of Holland. We then drove to the Hague. The people seemed simple and unsophisticated. Holland is a land of flowers and bicycles. The population is 10 million out of which 5 million are on wheels. Men and women, boys and girls, old and young, all seemed to enjoy cycling, Every one is an expert

cyclist winding in and out of the heavy traffic. All enjoy outdoor life. Tree-lined canals are a special feature. Sundays are quiet as cars are not allowed on the roads without a special permit. We visited the Palace of Peace which is a very beautiful building surrounded by attractive lawns and flower gardens. This was built after World War I through the munificence of Andrew Carnegie. The fisher folk look dignified in their black dresses and white caps.

Then we left for Amsterdam and did a detour to see Harlem with its impressive cathedral and world-famous pipe organ. The Frankshal museum and the market are also interesting places. The canals are once again with us. There seem to be more canals than roads. Finding the way from people who cannot speak English becomes an intriguing hobby. We resort to pantomime. This must be expertly done if the idea is to be got across. But people are very courteous and often volunteer to cycle in front of us if only we would drive slow. We asked a constable for the way and he said, "Drive straight ahead and you will come to the Queen of the palace. Then ask you there". We had an interesting boat-ride in the canals and the large harbour. There is no doubt that the Dutch were once a great sea-faring nation. We visited the Ryksmuseum and saw the old masters—Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Reubens etc. We also saw the Diamond Factory said to be the biggest in the world. The transformation from dull, worthless looking stone to brilliant is amazing. A diamond with 58 facets is called a brilliant. The famous 'Kohinoor' adorning the royal crown of England was cut here. We then visited the Island of Marken off Amsterdam where people still preserve their old ways and traditional costumes. They wear wooden shoes and look gay and happy. This island is a popular tourist attraction.

We then drove through Arnhem, the famous battle field on the Dutch border and saw the 'Airborne' monument erected in honour of the British paratroopers massacred by waiting Germans who had got secret information of their plans.

Germany : We crossed over into Germany and entered Wesel. Then we followed the Rhine all along. From the time

we stepped on German soil we saw nothing but destruction and desolation. One after the other there were industrial cities like Duisburg, Essen and Dusseldorf laid in ruins. It was worse than the worst we had ever imagined. People lived and moved in the shadow of ruin and wreckage with twisted girders, bent pillars and leaning walls, threatening to collapse on their heads. But little children played hide and seek in these haunted places. My heart went out to parents who had lost their children and children who had lost their parents. What of those who must have lost their minds and lost their all? What a pity people must live in these grim surroundings. Can any one who sees this destruction and misery start another war? All this without the atom bomb. What will it be with it?

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We reached Cologne one evening and the sight was shocking. There was the steel skeleton of the huge railway station on one side of a narrow road. On the other was the famous cathedral standing majestically and heroically raising its twin towers to the sky. Some call it precision bombing by the allies. I call it God. Our hotel was just next to the cathedral. It was harrowing to have to spend a night amidst these frightful surroundings when, looking out on every side, I saw nothing but ruins. Just across the corridor the hotel itself was being repaired. A little boy with bare feet and scanty clothing and a paper packet in his hand came begging when we stopped the car. He was shivering in the cold. Where are his parents? God alone knows. Then we went to Bonn, the great university city and capital of the new West German Government. Bonn is also the home of Beethoven. We visited the house where Beethoven was born, and spent a most interesting time there. The key board of the church organ which he played at the age of 10 and the piano which was specially constructed for him in Vienna with four strings instead of three were there. The big ear-phones which he used, several violins, his walking stick, clock—still running—and other personal articles had been well preserved. He composed the 6th. symphony and the Moonlight Sonata after he became totally deaf. He gave a concert in Cologne at the age of 6 and started playing the organ in the cathedral at 10!

We continued to drive along the Rhine and reached Frankfurt after entering the American Zone. Here we saw apparent prosperity and many reminders of American life such as gas stations, American limousines and the inevitable cococola. Many people spoke English. Cameras were cheap. The large city had suffered the same damage as the cities we saw earlier. The ground floors of shop buildings had been repaired and people were doing business as usual while overhead it was all ruins. Against the backdrop of ruined buildings there were flower stalls all along the pavement displaying beautiful flowers of every description. One could not but admire the hope and optimism of a people, who, though vanquished in war, were not defeated in spirit. Their philosophy seemed to be, "Let bygones be bygones" and like Nehemiah they appeared to have resolved, "Let us rise up and build". The recovery and reconstruction of Germany after the war, no doubt with the aid of the Marshall Plan, was incredible. The rate of recovery surprised even the most optimistic supporters of the Plan. We then went to Heidelberg, the university city, and saw something of the university. After driving through the enchanting scenery of the Black Forest we reached Basel on the frontier on our last lap.

In our drive through Germany we found peaceful countryside alternating with bombed out cities. The valleys were dotted with little towns. Among every cluster of houses and buildings there stood conspicuously the tall spire of a church. All along the road there were statues of the crucified Christ. We saw little plateaus in the valleys where football was being played. The autumn leaves were dressed in the most gorgeous hues. The scenery surpassed the best to be seen in Ceylon.

Switzerland: We then crossed over to Switzerland and in Basle we found the buildings standing intact as a contrast to the bombed out cities of Germany. On the border we found a barbed wire fence separating the two countries. On one side of the fence was war and devastation; on the other, peace and prosperity. Neighbours became enemies overnight. But now we found two women on either side of the fence talking to each other. They were friends again. The streets of Switzerland were spotlessly clean and well illuminated. The

people of Switzerland are indeed blessed. It is a veritable Utopia. We then drove to Zurich, the biggest city in Switzerland, and then through Lucerne to Berne, the capital. All along, the scenery is entrancing. From there we went to Geneva through Lausanne. The huge lake of Geneva looked more like a sea. There were waves reminding one of the storm in the sea of Galilee. In the evening we go round doing some window shopping as usual with tourists. The windows are packed with watches of every description: Omega, Movado, Rolex, Longines Universal, etc. We visited the watch factory of Vacheron & Constantine, the makers of the watch and bracelet presented by the Swiss Government to Princess Elizabeth. Vacheron & Constantine belong to the first class of watches in Switzerland along with Pathe Philip. It was wonderful to see the workmen handling with precision the tiny screws and springs looking like dust and almost invisible to the naked eye. The workmen were ordinary looking folk who had inherited the skill from generation to generation. This factory is the oldest in the world and is 150 years old. Examining cameras and watches becomes a mania almost with the whole party. We also saw the imposing building of the League of Nations and the headquarters of the I. L. O. The Reformation Monument was an inspiring sight.

Parting: The time had come for me to part with my friends and benefactors, the Navaratnams. They treated me like one of the family. Every morning Dr. Navaratnam would call me for a family prayer before leaving the hotel. He talked intimately and freely with God and I could understand the depth of his religion and the simplicity of his faith. They were going to continue their tour through Italy, intending to sail home from Rome, while I was returning to London via Paris to embark on the 'Orion' for Colombo. Paris is a spacious and beautiful city with wide roads, attractive statues and smiling parks reminding one of Washington. The Versailles Palace, with rich tapestries, beautiful mosaics and other Napoleonic treasures, standing on spacious grounds, with reflecting pools, water fountains, marble statues, well-kept lawns and trimmed hedges, is a national possession and pride. I could now understand the capitulation, without a fight, of the French army to

the invading Germans during the World War. Their desire to save the great national treasures of art became more understandable though this momentous decision opened the flood-gates for the Germans to attack England through Dunkirk. My ambition to see Lourdes was also fulfilled. The rich stained-glass windows of Notredam Cathedral will for ever remain in my memory. Crossing the English Channel, I was welcomed by the white cliffs of Dover.

London again: This time I decided to see the great landmarks of London more leisurely. When I left the States I asked a British friend of mine what things I simply must see in London and he mentioned Madame Tussaud's first and so I made a bee-line to the exhibition. As I entered I saw lots of people in the lobby. I had accumulated plenty of catalogues and guides from many exhibitions and museums I had seen in various countries and added considerably to my baggage. Therefore I decided this time not to buy a booklet from Tussaud's. I went up the divided stairway and stopped at the landing to look into the main hall. The sight was breath-taking and incredible. I saw world celebrities of different generations and different countries standing together at the same time and place. This was absolutely intriguing and so I decided to go down and buy a catalogue. The instruction was that we should go through the various halls in order and come down by the other side of the divided stair-case. As this would be a long process I decided to come down the same way but explain myself to the porter in livery who was standing at the landing. I talked to him but he didn't answer. I spoke again and he still kept mum. The people in the lobby below laughed. And it was some comfort when one of them said, "We did the same". The porter I spoke to was a model himself and not a real person!

Among the models were Gladstone, Lloyd George and Ramsay Macdonald; Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and Earl Baldwin; Martin Luther, Cardinal Wolsey and Arch-Bishop William Temple; Abraham Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt and George Washington; Molotov, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek; Mahatma Gandhi, Mohammed Ali Jinnah and Jawaharlal Nehru; Dr. W. G. Grace, Jack Hobbs and Donald Bradman; Alan Patterson, Donald Budge and Helen Wills Moody.

I spent a whole day at the National Gallery. All the famous masters of the world are represented—Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Claude, Constable, Turner, etc. The landscape paintings fascinate me.

London is historic and beautiful. Many things of which I had read and heard come to life again—the Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Big-Ben, No. 10, Downing Street, the Houses of Parliament and the Thames flowing through the heart of the city. The streets are never too crowded and the people never too much in a hurry to answer inquiries. They listen politely and take time and trouble to explain.

One evening I went to Stratford-on-Avon to see Shakespeare's birthplace. The house where he was born was there well-preserved. There was a monument for him with the inscription, "May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest". There was also a theatre named after him.

It was my ambition for a long time to see and, if possible, hear Leslie Weatherhead. And so I went to the City Temple one Sunday to listen to him. But alas, there was no City Temple to be found. It had been bombed out. The City Temple worshipped along with the Presbyterian Church near Marble Arch and so I went there and heard Weatherhead preach on, "The Romance of the Harvest Festival" it being Harvest Festival day. He said there was one good thing about the pagans. They were theo-centric.

One day I went to Oxford, the university city. I had a peep into Balliol College where Professor Suntharalingam studied and of which we had heard much from him. All over the narrow streets were graduates and under-graduates in their gowns—a thing unknown in America where gowns are seen only on Commencement Day. One evening I had a boat ride on the Thames. It was interesting to see the several bridges—the Westminster Bridge, the Lambeth Bridge and the Tower Bridge—spanning the Thames. The river-front fascinated me.

At 10-30 one morning I was passing through Whitehall and was privileged to see the colourful ceremony of the "Changing of the Guards" when the Life Guards and the Horse Guards change turns. Londoners bring their little children to see the ceremony at close quarters. The children even touch the horses and caress them in spite of the formality of the occasion. I was again in Whitehall on Remembrance Day and saw the Londoners pay their tribute to the war-dead immediately after the King and Queen had placed their wreaths at the Cenotaph.

I set sail for home on the S. S. Orion on Nov. 11. My fellow passenger this time was Mr. G. Weeramantry, a distinguished lawyer who later became a judge of the Supreme Court. Another interesting passenger was Manjusri, once a Buddhist priest who had later cast away his robes, and now become a famous artist, returning after exhibiting his works in London and Vienna. Day after day Manjusri showed us his paintings and I must confess I couldn't understand or appreciate them. He belonged to the School of Impressionism which was conspicuous in every Art Gallery and Exhibition I had seen in Europe and America. Cubism stresses abstract forms at the expense of other pictorial elements. The paintings are very different from those of the Italian masters of the 15th. century or other traditional artists like Rembrandt, Turner and Constable. I asked Manjusri to elucidate his pictures. His answer was that was not part of the artist's work. Every viewer must give his own interpretation to the picture. Art is not an imitation of nature but an interpretation of it. That left me none the wiser. Since his arrival Manjusri has been engaged in restoring and copying the ancient frescoes of the Rock Temples for which the Government conferred a state honour on him. The ship arrived in Colombo on Nov. 28. My wife and the two elder boys were there to welcome me as also most of the friends and dear ones who were there to bid me farewell. I was happy to meet them again and thankful to God for having brought me back safe after my lonely travels.

On Nov. 29 the Old Boys, and Friends of Union College assembled at the Central Y. M. C. A. to accord me a reception. Mr. S. J. V. Chelvanayakam, a distinguished Old Boy, was

present as usual at every Union function, and made a felicitous speech. My wife and I arrived at the Tellippalai Station on Friday, the 2nd, December, and were received by the Acting Principal, Staff and Students and taken in a procession to the school. A Thanksgiving Service was held in the Church at which the Pastor, the Actg. Principal and the College Choir took part. The Staff Guild entertained me to lunch on Monday, the 5th, and then started the old routine with a new outlook. Teachers College had given me not only new ideas but also fired me with a new enthusiasm. I shared these ideas with the teachers at the Teachers Guild meetings and was gratified to find them responsive.

Far Eastern Trip: I was privileged to go as a delegate from the Ceylon National Christian Council to the 14th. World Convention on Christian Education and Sunday School Association held in Tokyo in August 1958 along with Rev. Cyril Abeinayake (later Bishop of the Church of Ceylon), Rev. C. H. Ratnaike (Baptist Sangamaya) and Rev. Dr. Lyn de Silva (Methodist Church). I represented the Jaffna Diocese of the Church of South India.

I flew via Singapore, Bangkok and Hongkong with brief stops of two or three days at each place. In Singapore I renewed old friendships. Bangkok proved unusually interesting with its beautiful Buddhist temples quite unlike the prosaic ones one sees in Ceylon. The Bangkok skyline is dotted with the spires of these temples. The spires are colourful, the colours provided not with paint and varnish but with mosaics of stone, marble and porcelain. The river Chao Phya flows between the old capital, Dumbare, and the new capital, Bangkok. Sailing vessels of every description—rowing boats, motor boats and ferries sail up and down the river. Boats transport children dressed in beautiful uniforms to school every morning. There are little houses built on stilts on the banks of the river on either side. Every house has a gangway going down to the river. The river is a veritable hive of activity. People on boats ply all kinds of trade on the river. Solitary women row their own boats, stop at the foot of the gangway, ring their bell and down comes some one to buy coconut or meat or vegetable

or a drink of tea. The Floating Market is a unique institution. Hundreds of boats gather on the river and people buy and sell a variety of goods—coconuts, plantains, vegetables, pork etc. Their industry and resourcefulness is extraordinary.

East and West seem to meet here in many ways. Evidences of Siamese and Indian architecture can be seen at every turn. Also the best form of western architecture in many modern buildings. The wide straight road leading to Parliament House with buildings on either side and the dome of Parliament House reminds one of the Capitol in Washington. I was lucky to see the ordination of four priests on a Sunday—one priest alone and the other three together. The ordinands are carried on the shoulders of friends and the procession is led by a bevy of girls carrying bouquets of flowers. The procession goes round the temple three times and then the ordinands are deposited in the temple for the ceremony. The Golden Buddha was a breath-taking sight. The image is big and said to be of solid gold. According to a Government of Thailand publication it weighs $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons. It survived an invasion by Burma, their traditional enemies. The Emerald Buddha, made of emerald, sapphire, rubies and pearls is another interesting sight. The riches of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice seem to be matched here. Like many big cities Bangkok is also built on a river—Chao Phya. The Hudson is to New York, Thames to London, Seine to Paris, and the Arno to Rome as Chao Phya is to Bangkok. All along the banks there are numerous petrol stations—Shell, Mobil Gas and Caltex—supplying fuel to the many motor boats on the river. There is a lot of similarity between Bangkok and Venice. Strangely enough the gondolas in Venice are rowed by men while here most boats seem to be mechanized. From the Grand Canal one can see the back of St. Mark's Cathedral and the tall belfry. From this river one sees the great "Temple of the Dawn". It is a grand head-on view.

Thai people are a proud people because they had never been conquered by any foreign power. The Burmese have been their age-long enemies. There have been constant fights between the two. Some centuries ago the Portuguese persuaded

Thailand to give them trading facilities. The Portuguese came and married among the people of the country as was their custom and gained a foot-hold. When the Burmese invaded Thailand the Portuguese raised an army and helped the King to drive away the invaders. In gratitude for this the Portuguese were given land. Thus the influence of the Portuguese started and this was the beginning of Christianity here. The people, especially women and office girls, look smart in their western clothes. There is a uniformity in their dress. Heavily pleated frocks and blouses or jumpers and high-heeled sandals seem to be the fashion. All are fair but some are very fair and can be mistaken for Americans except that most of them don't know any English. As in America women play a very important part in the life of the city. They seem to run it. Government offices, shops and hotels are full of them. Women, not so educated or westernized, have a hand in manual labour. When night falls they cook savoury food on the pavements and sell to the milling crowds hot-hot. School children are a delight to see in their smart, bright, colourful uniforms. Their freedom is a refreshing change from what we see in Ceylon, where education is free but the children are not. During intervals the children really enjoy themselves. They seem to be very happy at school.

The next stop was Hongkong, the shopper's paradise. Mention any article made anywhere in the world and it will be produced at once and at the cheapest price. Articles are cheap but shoppers go broke! Auben Haw, the Tiger Balm king and millionaire, has a palace there and a picturesque private temple which are a great tourist attraction. Hongkong is a hilly country. The air-port is in a hollow and the tarmac was flooded as the plane touched down. The scenery and the buildings, the bays and the harbour, were a treat to see as we came down.

Hongkong is very clean and disciplined for an eastern city. The roads are excellent and the buildings well planned. Old structures are coming down to give room for still bigger and newer ones. One area is reserved for buildings with 17 to 24 floors. As one approaches Honkong from Kowloon at night

the view of all the neon signs and the myriads of lights on the hill slope gives the idea of a giant Christmas Tree. The colony, an area of 395 square miles, was ceded to the British in 1814 by the Chinese. The population has increased from about 800,000 before the war to $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions now. Thousands of refugees pour in through Kowloon from the Chinese main land creating many problems for the colony. There are shanties everywhere, even on top of the little sky-scrapers. There is a fishing village called Aberdeen where thousands of sampans and junks are moored together presenting a unique and interesting view. Nearly 300,000 people—the fishermen and their families—live all their lives on the water! The cosmopolitan population is made up of about 50 different nationalities.

The Tokyo Convention: The next was the last lap of the journey to Japan. On arrival in Tokyo I was put up at Hotel Dai-ichi. All leading hotels like Imperial, Dai-ichi and Teito displayed banners welcoming the overseas delegates to the Convention. The venue was the spacious grounds of the Ayoyama University. There were 1200 overseas delegates from 64 countries in addition to a Japanese delegation of 3000. When all the delegates poured in for registration, the officers and helpers were confronted with strange faces and stranger names. To begin with it was a Babel of confusion. Soon things were sorted out and the tired delegates were satisfactorily attended to. At the end every one was given a plastic brief case containing all the material for the Convention with a significant gift thrown in. This was a beautiful Japanese fan with Kagawa's autograph on it.

The opening ceremony was held in large Metropolitan Gymnasium. Over 12,000 people were present to watch the impressive ceremony. A great white cross erected on the big platform with a banner displaying the theme of the Convention, "Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life", became the focus of attention. In a gallery behind the platform was accommodated a 5000 voices choir led by Mrs. Rosa Page Welch, the famous Negro Spiritual singer.

A procession made up of two delegates from each of the country represented, dressed in their respective national costumes and carrying their country's banner, marched up the platform amidst waves of applause from the large gathering present. It fell to my lot to carry Ceylon's banner. Night after night the plenary sessions were held in the same place and distinguished Christian leaders addressed the meetings. Among the speakers were Bishop Otto Dibelius, President of the World Council of Churches, Bishop of Berlin, and the man who dared to stand squarely across the path of Hitler. Bishop Dibelius was the most striking personality at the Convention. Another outstanding personality was Toyohiko Kagawa who spoke to us at the plenary sessions every evening.

Prime Minister Nobusuki Kishi of Japan personally delivered a gracious message welcoming the delegates. His wife too was present. In the course of his speech he paid a great tribute to the Japanese Christians in the following words: "The fact is beyond dispute that Japanese Christians—humble followers as well as outstanding leaders of the faith—have made signal contributions to the social progress and spiritual uplift of the nation, wielding a powerful moral influence out of all proportion to their numbers through their exemplary conduct, their piety, their spirit of service and helpfulness". Kagawa delivered a solemn address. It was an inspiration to see him on the platform.

Dr. Nelson Chappel, the genial Secretary of the WCESSA, worked breathlessly throughout the Convention. He stopped me one day and asked me if I was a Sinhalese. I said I was a Tamil to which he replied, "You have hair on your ears, so I thought you were a Sinhalese!". On the Japanese side Rev. Jonathan Fugita of the National Christian Council, nick-named "Dynamite Johnny", was the live-wire of the administration.

It is worth noting that in a country where Christians are in a minority of less than one percent of the population the attendance at the plenary sessions exceeded 12,000 on several occasions. When some one said that for every 100 people there was half a Christian, another retorted saying that for every

200 people there was one whole Christian! At the Convention there were 1200 overseas delegates from 64 countries in addition to a Japanese delegation 3000 strong. There were 90 million people in Japan in 1958 and the population increases by one million every year. One of the most astonishing factors in Japan is the high rate of literacy—97%. Tokyo alone boasts 76 universities and 69 training colleges. The city is extremely clean and the people courteous to a fault.

One evening Bishop Dibelius gave a stirring address on the subject, "Totalitarian Youth Training—a Challenge to the Church". He said, "Only the Christian Church can combat the challenge of totalitarian indoctrination. The Communists, the Fascists, and the National Socialists demand total power over the people they rule and build up vast systems for the indoctrination of youth. This is a great challenge to the Church—a challenge that will be met and is being met now. There were three things the Church must do. The first is to place all available energy into the field of modern education. It is often said that in the modern world, the human mind has lost much of its perspective. The Christian Church has to fill the gap so that there will be no vacuum left to be exploited by secular totalitarian trainers of youth. The second duty is to rethink the aims and purposes of Christian education. Christian education, as opposed to communist indoctrination, aims at man for his own sake. We can never conceive of man as a mere factor in economics—a unit to be exploited or material to be moulded and shaped according to the needs of the state. Our third obligation is to make a comprehensive evaluation of life. The Communists have done this in their own evil way but as yet there is nothing to meet this in the West. Our training should not be restricted to the teaching of special skills. Education must embrace the whole of man's being and his earthly surroundings. This is something we must learn from the totalitarians' method but in our case the comprehensiveness must include liberty. God created man to be free, to be his fellow worker. Man's decision must be free or else it has no value.

The Japanese, as a nation, are cultured and refined. They are patriotic, hardworking and industrious. The men do all

the heavy work like building construction and transport while the women do all the light work. Practically all the waiters in hotels and restaurants are girls. So are the receptionists, telephone and elevator operators and room attendants. Customers are courteously looked after in the shops by women. Japan has never been a subject nation in its history. Therefore the people are proud and self-respecting. Language is only a tool for them and they use English freely wherever and whenever it is necessary in business or trade. They do not suffer from any inferiority complex, neither do they have any inhibitions.

On the second day of my arrival in Tokyo I strolled quite accidentally into Hibya Park in the heart of the city adjoining Hotel Dai-ichi and the Palace Gardens. No sooner than I sat down on the green grass to watch the world pass by, a young man came from behind and asked me, "Do you know English, please?". Hearing these words was like coming across an oasis in a desert. He promptly spread out a scarf on the ground and insisted that I should sit on it. In the course of conversation he said he was a graduate of a Japanese University. His ambition was to become an author in English. I could not follow his peculiar pronunciation as he struggled manfully for words. I felt a pity that his ambition must for ever remain a dream. He explained that all the English he had acquired he did by himself and although he had read many English novels he had no opportunity to speak English. Finally he said he was free and that he could help me about in the city. He was at my disposal. We made an appointment for the next day and from then onwards for nearly three weeks he followed me like a shadow. He would wait for me at the appointed time and place. Sometimes I got late but there never was a hint of impatience.

I had seen a glimpse of Fuji the great mountain from the plane as we flew over Japan. But I wanted to have a better view of it. So one day I arranged with my friend Keido to take me to Hakone, the hill country, being the nearest point from which one could get a good view of Fuji. We set out in the morning on a hundred mile trip by an express train.

Then we got into a bus and drove up-country amidst beautiful lakes and pleasant surroundings. Suddenly Keido touched me on the shoulder and said, "I am sawry, I am sawry". Quite mystified, I asked, "Why, what's the matter, why are you sorry?". "It is getting cloudy, you may not get a view of Fuji", he moaned. We climbed on and then suddenly brightening up he said, "I am happy, the sun is shining". However, when we finally reached Hakone leaden clouds covered the sky and as for me the great Fuji did not exist. My friend remained sorry for the rest of the day. A pleasant trip across the lake on a ferry boat in the company of some cheerful school children compensated somewhat for our disappointment.

A conducted tour of the N. H. K. Television Station was another rewarding experience. In the lobby we were told of the chain of stations run by the company all over Japan, how programmes take shape, how income is derived and so forth. We were taken into a studio elaborately equipped with television cameras, sound equipment and broadcasting apparatus. There was a gallery to seat about 200 people. After explaining further the man told us that there were 24 studios like the one we were seeing. Then I asked him if there were 24 in the whole country or 24 in the city of Tokyo. The reply was that there were 24 studios in that building itself!

On the last day Keido was there in the hotel to help me pack. At the end of it I thought I might say good-bye but he was not prepared. He could stay a little longer as I was to leave for the air-port only at mid-night. We had dinner together and then the van arrived to pick me up. After my bags were loaded I stretched out my hand. It was not yet for Keido. He had quietly arranged with the driver to accompany me as far as the next hotel where some more passengers were to be picked up. We spent a few more precious moments together and then with heavy hearts took affectionate leave of each other. Whenever I think of Japan I shall think of Keido, the personification of all that is beautiful and noble in the culture of Japan. Thus came to an end an unforgettable tour of the Far East.

8. BOLT FROM THE BLUE

Many dreams for the school were coming true and I had reasons to be happy and satisfied. However, a sudden and unexpected announcement on July 21, 1960 by Prime Minister Srimavo Bandaranaike came to us like a bolt from the blue. She announced the 'take-over' without compensation of all assisted schools with effect from that date. It was a simple word with far-reaching consequences for education and the youth of the country. Where this would lead to was not correctly appreciated by parents or teachers. The teachers thought only of non-contributory pensions and railway warrants. They were prepared to surrender their heritage of freedom for a mess of pottage. Writing 23 years after the change I have seen with great sorrow the calamity that has befallen some of our great schools. Teachers are transferred for transfer sake. They don't know what the morrow may bring. No one is allowed to feel, "This is my school". No school can develop a personality and no teacher a loyalty. The only silver lining are the private schools which are mercifully allowed to exist but without charging fees. That they have managed to exist for 23 years and the parents are willing to support them is their greatest justification.

In 20 years Union College had attained to the highest status of any school in the island. Its record in both studies and sports ranked very high. The Old Students distinguished themselves in several walks of life. They occupied high positions. However, Union College was taken over along with other schools overnight but I had three more years to retire. During this time I managed to maintain the high standards usually associated with the school. I had hoped that teachers would look upon schools as the schools for the children of our people and therefore give of their best. The management might have changed hands but still they were our schools. But this was not to be. They became government servants and assumed their mentality immediately. They absented themselves frequently from school and took the maximum possible leave. They were mindful of what they were going to get out of

the school and not what they might give to it. The schools deteriorated rapidly, and Union College along with them, to my great sorrow.

The worst calamity that befell the Tamil people was not the 'Sinhala only' bill or the colonization policy of the government or its land alienation policy but the 'take-over' of schools. The hundreds of assisted schools in Jaffna found ready employment for the thousands of our young people and gave a sound education to tens of thousands of Tamil boys and girls. And most of these after following higher education in Ceylon or in South India were absorbed into our assisted schools as teachers. But now the schools have become government institutions and this door is practically closed. The economy of Jaffna has been shattered.

I retired from Union College in January after 29 years of service as Principal. The Old Students and Parents accorded me a farewell on January 25 at which representatives of Old Students, Parents and Friends spoke appreciatively of my services to Union College and Tellippalai. The following account of the function appeared in the "Morning Star" of 31st. January, 1964 :—

"In Mr. Thurairatnam's valedictory he spoke of his 29 years in Tellippalai, since the Mission asked him to leave the staff of Jaffna College and become the first national Principal of one of its schools. He was 31 then; the day before this farewell he was 60,

"He spoke of pride in his students. 'I could always trust them'. He mentioned the joy he had in the fine spirit of his staff." When Mr. Thurairatnam paid a special tribute to his mother and his wife, he was visibly moved. He announced that, as a sign of his delight in the community, he had built his new home at Tellippalai. Earlier, the community had expressed its appreciation in his settling among them by pledging to electrify that home. He expressed gratitude to others—Senator Nadesan, Bishop Kulandran, and to the Chairman, Mudaliyar S. K. Appadurai, whom he had known since 1907, and who came out of the quiet seclusion of his home very specially to preside on this occasion.

“At the end of his concluding vote of thanks Mr. E. Sabaratnam reminded that, when a Hindu man reaches 60, he has a sort of second marriage; so out popped the garlands the Thuraiaratnam's put round each other's necks. Then appeared drummers and pipers, the crackers began to explode; firework-fountains sparkled upwards; and over the Thuraiaratnam's heads was raised an ornate arch. So they merrily paraded away from the platform, followed by the laughing crowd.

“The following spoke:— Rt. Rev. S. Kulandran, Senator S. Nadesan, Mr. A. Vaithilingam, Magistrate, Pt. Pedro; Mr. G. C. Niles, Additional District Judge, Jaffna; Mr. T. T. Jayaratnam, Principal, Mahajana College, Tellippalai; Mr. K. Muttu-
vetpillai, Principal, Manipay Hindu College; Mr. C. M. Tharmalingam, Advocate; Messrs. G. C. Chellappa, M. Rajaratnam, M. Velautham and Mr. C. E. Rajasingam, Vice-Principal, Union College.

“One's remembrance retains a record of cumulative praise—for Mr. Thuraiaratnam's vision of the union of two schools, his dogged pursuit of money for new lands and buildings, his extra-ordinary administrative ability, his ceaseless energy, his creativeness, his own prowess in sports and his encouragement of his students' athletic skills, his identification with the Tellippalai community, his integrity and discipline, his passion for gardening, his success in photography, ventures into running the Press and the Carpentry Shop. And none forgot Mrs. Thuraiaratnam, her motherly interest in the students, her hospitality, her aid”.

One afternoon, in pouring rain, she came to the Mission House and pleaded with me to show her Manager Thambipillai's house which she had tried in vain to find for several hours that morning. She asked me to drop her there and come. Thambipillai was an orthodox Hindu, proprietor and Manager of Nateswara College, a Hindu school, and a leading citizen of the place. Her mission was to get the use of the hall for a Pentecostal Convention! She persuaded the gentleman not only to lend the hall for a Christian cause but also to give

all the available seats and lights and anything else she wanted. When I went to the meeting I found banners stretched across the hall with Bible verses in bold letters just as in any Pentecostal hall. The atmosphere was faithfully reproduced. She made it an annual convention. My mother was a go-getter.

During the latter days she fell ill frequently, mostly with boils. Once she had a boil on her back and was seriously ill. The standard treatment was application of oil and praying over it. She survived. Another time she got a boil on her foot. We suspected diabetes but there was no way of finding out. She survived this too.

Finally, she developed a stomach trouble and she was so bad that we felt the light was going out of our lives. She succumbed. We removed the body from my sister's house at Inuvil to the Chundikuli Faith Home for the funeral. As she lay in the coffin, dressed in an immaculate, white saree with the end drawn over head as a veil, she looked regal. Perhaps she looked as beautiful as she did on her wedding day. We laid her to rest in the Pentecostal section of the New Burial ground in Jaffna on Feb. 21, 1959.

9. EPILOGUE

MY MOTHER AND MY WIFE

Mr. A. M. K. Coomaraswamy used to say that my mother was the most beautiful bride he ever saw. There was another aspect of the wedding which also made it memorable. What took place that day was a double wedding. My father and mother made up one couple while my father's sister and my mother's brother made up the other. Both marriages were solemnized at the same time. This was unusual and unconventional. Mr. Coomaraswamy was a little boy and he asked, "What happens if the brides are exchanged?". The weddings took place on Friday, Dec. 20, 1901.

My father died in 1915 leaving my mother a young widow at the age of 31 with five children of whom I was the oldest at 11. Very soon after the death of my father my mother and the five children left for Chavakachcheri and our ancestral home. We lived there for some time with our grandmother and other members of the family. My mother then realized that this arrangement could not go on for long. With characteristic foresight and unswerving faith she quietly arranged with my uncle and her uncle too, in another way, to purchase a small plot of land in a corner of his extensive property. My father had left a small sum of money by way of insurance which came in handy for the purpose. With the little that was left, and again with surpassing faith, she laid the foundation for a small house with two rooms. We moved into this house which became our home for the next 25 years.

My mother married for the second time Mr. D. S. Nicholas, a senior teacher at St. Patrick's College, and he came to live with us. A son was born to them—Donald Selvaratnam—and he naturally became our pet. We and all our relatives called him 'Baby' then and call him 'Baby' still. He married Chandra, the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs A. M. K. Coomaraswamy.

My mother struggled hard to educate the children. Jaffna College offered me free boarding and tuition which carried me

through the high school. I passed the London Inter-Science from there and the time came for me to think of the University College for my degree. Finding the wherewithal for this was my mother's responsibility. One night, leading me by one hand and with a lantern in the other, she took me to a wealthy and enlightened young lady of the village and told her of my predicament: that I had passed the Inter-Science examination, that the next step was to go to the University College in Colombo for my degree, but how was she to find the money? The young lady listened sympathetically and replied, "Of course he can't stop half-way. Send him and I shall lend you the money on mortgage". This was another answer to my mother's prayer and a response to her undaunted faith.

My sisters had to be educated too. She put them in the Uduvil Girls School with the promise that, "When my son returns from the University College and starts teaching he will settle the bill". The bill arrived during the first week of my teaching at Jaffna College. I went to Tellippalai in a Motor Cycle with my friend Sri Skanda Rajah, borrowed Rs. 500/- from the Co-operative Society, and settled the bill at Uduvil. This was the first of many debts I had to incur in respect of the education of my brothers and sisters.

In 1927 my mother gave my sister Thiravy in marriage to my cousin, Jeyarajah, who was interested in her for many years and had made no secret of it. This was the first marriage in either family and the loyalties of our immediate relatives were divided. The burden of organizing and conducting an elaborate Jaffna wedding such as this fell heavily on my mother who was, however, equal to the task. She took me by the hand, as was her custom, and went about various houses to collect utensils and articles, big and small. As usual she was undaunted and the wedding proved a big success.

One day she said I must get married. I replied that I had my next sister to give in marriage and other brothers and sisters to educate. She said that if I was to wait until I had discharged all my responsibilities I would have to wait in-

definitely. The thing to do was to marry and then look after these duties. With clear vision and unerring judgement she had chosen a girl who would fit into a role such as this. She and my uncle knew what they were looking for. They had chosen for me one of four eligible sisters in the family. This had been known for some years. I started liking the girl whom I was to love. She was a good singer and a good violinist. She was modest. She was amiable. Liking blossomed into loving. I did not waver. I had found the girl I wanted.

We married on April 17, 1929. The ceremony was simple and short. Only 50 guests, mostly teachers from Jaffna College, were invited. They came by the 7 a. m. train and left by the 8 a. m. The solemnization took about 25 minutes. My wife and I took part in a family lunch and drove off to Elephant Pass immediately afterwards for our honeymoon. We stayed for three days.

We returned to our mother's home at Chavakachcheri. My wife fitted into the family without difficulty and settled down to a life of service and usefulness.

In the early 30's the Pentecostal Mission became very active and even aggressive. Their meetings proved a novelty. The services were long and the sermons loud. The fluent quotations from the Bible ranging from Genesis to Revelations impressed the listeners. Faith cure and the total taboo of medical treatment became the inflexible doctrine of many innocent believers. One week the Mission held a few meetings in a neighbouring house. My mother was inquisitive and just wanted to see what the meetings were all about. She went one evening and then the next. I was afraid where this might lead to. Their relentless belief in faith cure to the total neglect of medical treatment was irrational. Some people survived though others succumbed but their belief remained firm. My mother went to the meetings again and again. I tried to stop her and even fasted for two or three days but she would not yield. Her will triumphed and she became a 'believer'. Then, after some time, she became an active worker in the Mission and was called Mother Anna-pooranam. She started leaving home frequently to attend meetings

and conventions. She was a great organizer and the Mission assigned her to various pioneering jobs. If a Faith Home had to be established in Pt. Pedro they would send her there empty-handed. She would go about the village and collect miscellaneous materials such as some rafters from one believer, a few corrugated sheets from a friend, an old gate from a sympathizer and assemble them to make up the nucleus of a Faith Home. She was sent on a similar mission to Chavakachcheri where she even got a land donated for the purpose.

The Mission once sent her outside Jaffna to distant Nawalapitiya where she worked among the estate population. They extended her work to South India and we didn't know she had gone until we received a letter from Sivakasi, a Hindu strong-hold. Another time we received a letter from the Ceylon Pentecostal Mission in Royapuram, Madras, which reported her serious illness of cholera from which she miraculously survived.

Wherever she was, she returned to us on important occasions and in times of crisis. She would suddenly appear at the Mission House and ask me, "How is everything in the school, any trouble?". Then she would kneel down with me, put her hand on my head, and pray earnestly. I got up strengthened and fortified. In all my travels and long absences from home I always felt that there was a mysterious power that sustained me. It was my mother's prayer.

Our eldest child, Harichandran (Hari), was born the following year. I was then a teacher at Jaffna College and went home for week-ends. We shifted to Vaddukoddai soon after and lived in a College house by ourselves. It was a small house but my wife had a large heart. There was room for my two brothers and two nephews who were students at Jaffna College. From then onwards for many years, both at Vaddukoddai and at Tellippalai, my wife continued to be the mother of all my brothers and sisters. Indeed, they looked upon her as such. She started getting her own children but that made no difference. A small boy used to bring milk, morning and evening, to our home at Tellippalai. He was not attending school and so my wife taught him the alphabet a

few minutes every day. He was progressing well and she thought it would be a good thing if the boy could be admitted to my school. She pleaded for the boy and asked if I could give him free tuition. I accommodated him and in course of time both of us forgot about him. Many years later, on the road, a young man got down from his bicycle and greeted my wife. He introduced himself as the boy who used to bring milk to the Mission House and whom she had helped to put through school. He was now well employed in Government service. There is a saying in Tamil which goes. "If you stroke the head of your neighbour's child your child will grow by itself". My wife brought forth seven bright children all of whom are doing well. I feel God has richly blessed us because of my wife's goodness and generosity. People forgive me because they didn't want to hurt her. In the early years, before marriage, she used to teach at the Tellippalai English School. After my retirement she started a Nursery School for the little kids in the village. This proved to be efficient and popular. She enjoyed the company of little children and they loved her and adored her. As she walked along the highways and byeways of Tellippalai, old and young call her "Rose Acca". Every evening she gets out on her rounds of visits to homes, Christian and Hindu. If she fails to visit a home for a week or two friends begin to wonder.

For 43 years, from the time I came to Tellippalai in 1935 and until she suffered a stroke and was incapacitated in 1978, she was the Choir Mistress at the Church and played the violin. Swinging a violin from home to church and back again was a familiar sight at Tellippalai.

There was hardly a function in the school in which she did not take an active part—Prize-Givings, sports meets, matches, farewells etc. She knew the boys and girls of the school closely and remembers them to this day even more than I do.

THE END

தேவ நாலகல் பிரிவு
மாநகர் நாலகல் சேவை
யாழ்ப்பாணம்.

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