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"Go Thine Own Self Be True"



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A Dharma of an Academy

BY N. THURAIRAJASINGAM,
Inter Arts.

"Man is born free" said Rosseau, "but everywhere he is found in chains". When man became conscious of the agony of his bondage he heard a groan from within himself. It was the groaning of his soul. The twentieth century is weary of itself. It wants a cure for the malady of its soul. Humanity does not know the art of living. It looks to the heavens; they are either empty or mute. It is launched into despair. But there is a glimmer of hope. It is in the academy. An academy is the projection of the future into the present. It is a bud in the process of manifesting a new beauty, an entity of the morrow. Just as science has created several artificial wants which has become dire necessities of life, modern civilization too has developed in the executive function of the state a pressing necessity for academic culture.

As the new order of things have revolutionised the methods of attaining the ultimate values of life by instilling into humanity a collective quest, religion has taken a subtle place in life. Education is concerned with the method of living while religion deals with the fact of living. The former is normative and the latter positive. As education is a normative function it must be idealistic. An academy can never be idealistic as long as it is an institution. It must be a movement.

Political thinkers from Plato to Bentham and from Bentham to Laski have developed a political tradition that has culminated in economics as the basis of a state. But if we were to believe Mackenzie when he writes in his brilliant work "The Fundamental Principles of Life" that citizenship is the pursuit of the good, the beautiful and the true, then the fulfilment of this ideal breaks this formidable tradition. The spiritual pursuit cannot be administered. It is a spontaneous craving from within that seeks its satisfaction in the fountain of its source. Therefore the sanest procedure is to find something that can stimulate it. This "something" entirely exhausts the definition of education and as such education alone can achieve this spiritual ideal of citizenship.

Intruding into the concrete portion of the subject I am forced to paint a tragic situation. An academy is expected to be ahead of the State but in Ceylon it exercises principles and privileges against which the English people fought in the Sixteentwenties. Ten Schools believe in the liberty of the student and a few schools withhold from laying the brutal rod on the student's back. Fear is the root of all evil. The cowardly man is the vicious man and the courageous man the virtuous man. The school that rules the students through fear brings in a legion to drive away the single devil. There is Superfluity in man and this surplus something craves for expression in divers ways. In boyhood it manifests itself in a prodigal spirit. If the school does not give ample scope for the expression of this superfluity

then it forces itself out in various complex ways. Then the taking-things-for-granted authority frets and fumes at the morality of the student by giving "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name".

The heads of Ceylon schools have an inordinate desire to expel students at the slightest cause of "misbehaviour". If an academy is not an attempt at moral and mental perversion and if it is not a capitalist business concern then it must make men out of boys. A misbehaving student is the only student who needs a school very badly, for misbehaviour in certain cases is a malady of the soul and in other cases a revolutionary manifestation of his inner self. The first case must be diagnosed and treated while the second ought to be fostered. Expulsion either fosters vice or mortifies virtue.

Another great and abject weakness in the schools of Ceylon is that teachers aim at convincing the juvenile mind and not try, in the apt phrase of F. H. Bradley, "to create doubt and stimulate inquiry". An attempt at conviction is also an attempt at commercialising culture. Technical knowledge can be conveyed but not empirical knowledge. Students attend schools not to be made walking encyclopaedias but to transform their intellects into research laboratories. The kind of second-hand knowledge which they gain in schools is alien to the human personality and, to a large extent, stems the unfoldment of their larger selves. In most cases it makes them to wander from man to be brutes.

"Education is not primarily a preparation for the future," writes H. C. Dent in the Hibbert Journal, "it is a way of life which must be immediately and fully satisfying." The oblivious nature of the Ceylon schools to this educational fact has launched them into a cess-pool of the sordid and the ugly. Education as "a way of life" is abhorrent to the present system of education in Ceylon. It is given to a school to foster and not to

create. But it tries to exercise the latter function, an impossibility in itself, with the result that it tumbles through life as best as it can.

Reader, the columns allotted to me in this journal are numbered and therefore excuse me if I withdraw my pen so abruptly. But if you feel that your life is dissipated by adverse academical conditions, and that the schools in Ceylon do not suit your personality, then, wait for the "Inter-Collegiate Students Federation" to come which would write a revolution in your life.

Is Repatriation the Right Solution for Ceylon's Unemployment Problem?

BY S. BALASUBRAMANIAM,
Inter-Arts.

To-day "Repatriation" is the subject that is vehemently discussed in the press and the platform of Ceylon. The measure passed by the State Council that almost all non-Ceylonese daily-paid employees of the Government departments should be repatriated immediately to solve Ceylon's unemployment problem has provoked this discussion. Let us ponder for a while to know whether the "Repatriation Scheme" can really solve the unemployment problem.

India has been from time immemorial a country full of natural resources and even to-day she can depend on herself in times of war. Will Ceylon, which is entirely dependent on India for more than half of her staple food, and for her defence in times of major crises, ever hold the reins of Government without the help and goodwill of India? Ceylon contributes practically nothing towards the maintenance of the Indian army which costs India lakhs of rupees. The small army in Colombo certainly cannot

defend the shores of Ceylon from a powerful enemy. If India insists that Ceylon should contribute her share towards the maintenance of the Indian Army, will Ceylon which is unable to balance her budget now, be able to do so then, without appointing another retrenchment commission to take drastic steps to reduce the cadre of the Public Services? And will not that retrenchment result in heavy unemployment? The "Repatriation Scheme" will largely affect the coconut and tobacco industries of Ceylon. The Travancore Government has already increased its customs duty on tobacco from Rs. 135/- to Rs. 200/- per candy. The Central Government of India is contemplating measures to increase the customs duty on copra unless the situation in Ceylon eases. If both these industries which constitute the backbone of our prosperity are affected, will not thousands of Ceylonese run the risk of being thrown out of employment? Since the Phillippine islands and the Malabar district are carrying on coconut plantations on an extensive scale, India can easily depend on them for her copra. When the number of unemployed swells from hundreds to thousands then only will Ceylon realise that she is a bad physician to treat the disease "unemployment."

Another fact is that the time when India will attain "Poorana Swaraj" or even Dominion States is not far distant. Ceylon too is heading a great way towards the attainment of Dominion Status. If she attains Dominion Status she must become a unit of the Indian federation. Can the Ceylonese then accept the Indians who are now repatriated as their brethren? Will then the "repatriation scheme" be a far-sighted solution of the unemployment problem?

From olden days India had been bound with Ceylon not only by racial and cultural ties but also by trade and economic relations. Then is it right for Ceylon to drive away the Indians who have made Ceylon their permanent home? All this is on the pretext of solving the unemployment problem. In Canada there are thousands of Japanese who have made Canada their permanent home. Has the Canadian Government, in spite of the fact that she has no racial or cultural ties with Japan repatriated the Japanese to solve her pressing unemployment problem? Even U. S. A. with all her fabulous hoards of wealth and abundant natural resources is faced with the unemployment problem. Is she also resorting to this unstatesman-like act of repatriation? Why cannot we drive away the Europeans who drain the wealth of our country? Is it right for any government of sound moral principles to lay hands on these Indians who lead a hand-to-mouth living?

The government is spending more than half a lakh of rupees on repatriating these Indians. The ministers can easily utilise this money for opening new industrial schemes. To meet Ceylon's consumption of cement a factory can be easily opened either at Kankasanturai or at Puttalam. The government can easily absorb the unemployed in such a scheme. Ceylon imports a very large quantity of sugar and soap yearly. The factories for manufacturing these products can be established if part of the money voted for grand schemes like the Minneriya scheme is utilised for this purpose.

Jawaharlal Nehru has undertaken a mission that is bound to have more beneficent effects on Ceylon than on India. No government or organisation is immune from wrong and therefore the Board of Ministers will be doing no harm to their country if they can retrace their steps and come to an amicable settlement with Nehru.

New forms of Locomotives and their Results.

BY MAS. R. R. NALLIAH,
Pre-Matric B.

In the past man resorted to some of the crudest forms of conveyance. Later after the invention of wheels by the Egyptians, vehicles were invented. As time went on inventions to which mankind owes its civilisation become numerous. These inventions were countless especially at the close of the nineteenth century. The last century may be termed the century of inventions, inventions that have revolutionised and completely metamorphosed the world, inventions that have annihilated time and space.

It was the discovery of the power of steam that gave birth to automobiles and locomotives.

As time passed on inventions and discoveries became even more numerous than before. Petroleum was discovered. It must have dawned on some enlightened mind that petroleum could be harnessed for man's necessities. It was done, for petroleum-driven motors were soon invented. Gradually it attained the stage it has today.

Steam engines and motor engines are not only used as conveyances in land but also in the sea. To-day we have "ocean grey bounds" and "floating palaces" and other steam and fuel driven vessels.

These new inventions of locomotion have completely changed the face of the earth so much so that if an ancient Briton were to come to life he might consider the modern world a 'Fairyländ,' nay, as, a "terrestrial paradise". They have facilitated the means of conveyance.

Facilities of travelling mean a change in customs and manners. Previously to these inventions man was selfish, narrow-minded and conservative. But after the

arrival of these facilities he learnt to imitate his neighbours-who were better off than he perhaps; and thus mounted on to the pinnacle of civilization. In short travelling has lent a hand to civilization, and time and space have been annihilated.

என்னைத் தொடர்ந்தான்! அவன் தொடர்ந்தான்.

By S. P. S., *Pre. Matric*

வெள்ளிக்கிழமை இரவு ஏழரை மணிக்குச் சாப்பிட்டுவிட்டு இந்துவாலிபனைக் கையில் வைத்துக்கொண்டு 'உள்ளங்கவந்த நண்பனை வாசித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தேன். மறுநாள் பள்ளிக்கூட மில்லையென்பதை என் உறுப்புகள் அறிந்துபோலும் சோம்பேறித்தனமாயிருந்தேன். ஒரு நேரமும் வானாவிரேன். சென்றகாலத்தையும் பொன்போல மதித்திருப்பேன்.

மேற்கூறிய விஷயத்தைக் கவனமாக வாசித்தேன். கண்கள் விஷயத்தில் லயித்துப்போயின. அந்த நேரத்திற்குள்ளே - சித்திரப் பலகையின் கீறிய அழகு வாய்ந்த பெண்மணி தொடவந்தாள். அவன் வந்ததினியைப் தோற்றின. கண்களிரண்டிலும், என்னை மெல்லெனத் தொடவந்தாள். தன் கார்த்தன் விரல்களாற் கண்களை மூடுவதும் திறப்பதுமாகக் காணப்பட்டாள். வினையாடுகிறான் போலும் என்று நினைத்தேன். அவ்வினையாட்டு சேட்டையாய் முடிந்தது. தொடவேண்டாமென்று பன்முறை வற்புறுத்தியும் கேட்காது அப்பெண்மணி என்னுடன் சரசஞ் செய்தாள்.

அடிக்கடி கண்களைத் திறந்து, வாசிப்பதிலேயிருந்தேன். உற்றுப்பார்த்ததில் கண்கள் பூரித்து விட்டன. அவளுடன் போராடியதில் மனஞ்சலிப்படைந்தது தருணம் வாய்த்துவிட்டது அவளுக்கு. துரத்தலாமென்று முயன்றும் அவன் மாட்டாளாம். என்னையே தோந்தாவு செய்கிறார். மனம் பல்வாறு வாதாடிக் களைத்துவிட வாய்த்துவிட்டதவளுக்குச் சுதந்திரம். அவன் தன்னுடைய மந்திரசக்தி முழுவதையும் பாச்சிவிட்டான். மனம் அவன்வசப்பட்டது. அவளின் தாகம் என்னை வருத்தத் தொடங்கியது. அப்பெண்ணின் மன எண்ணம் பூர்ந்தியாகிவிட்டது. ஒருவகையாகப் பத்திரிகையை வாசித்து முடிக்கலாமென்று முயன்றும் முடியவில்லை.

கண்களில் அவன் நிரம்பித் தழும்பிக்கொண்டு நிற்கின்றான்.

செந்தமிழ் நாடுமும் போதினிலே - இன்பத் தேன்வந்து பாயுது காதினிலே - நந்தையர் நாடென்ற பேச்சினிலே - ஒரு சக்தி பிறக்குது மூச்சினிலே.

என்ற பாரதியாரின் பாடலைப் பற்றுடன் படிக்கவே, யவனும் தண்மை பொருந்திய மலர்க்காங்கனாற் கண்களை யிறுகத் தழுவினான். பாரதியார் பாட்டு அவளுக்குத் தாலாட்டாகி விட்டது. அம்மங்கை தன்னிரு கரங்களாற் பரிசிக்க என்மனம் கூச்சமடைந்து கண்கள் மூடப்பட்டன. இவனே பொல்லாதவன் இன்றே யறிந்தேன் இவன் குணம். கூச்சமில்லாது எவரையும் தீண்டுவன். தன் எண்ணத்தை நிறைவேற்றித் தீர்வான்.

மாயவலையிற் சிக்குண்டேன் இந்துவாலிபனின் நிலைபரம் என்னமோ தெரியாது. அவளுடன் வாதாடியதற்குப்போலும் இவ்வளவு தூரம் அவ்வலையினின்று என்னை யகற்றவில்லை. ஏறக்குறைய அரை மணித்தியாலம் என்னை அடக்கி வைத்துவிட்டான். செய்த தொழில் என்னவென்று தெரியவில்லை. அக்காலத்தில் ஆன்மா மாத்திரம் தன் தொழிலைச் செய்ய, மற்றைய உறுப்புக்கள் அடக்கத்திற் கிடந்து தம் தொழிலைச் செய்ய, பல தீக்களுக்களால் என்னை வெருட்டினான். பயமுண்டாயிற்று, பின்பு அவனே இவ்வளவுதூரம் பயப்படுத்தலாமா? இரக்கமில்லையா? என்று இரந்தேன். அதற்கு மவன் கேட்டானா? இல்லை. இருனோடு இரண்டறக் கலந்து இம்மைப்படுத்தும் அக்கறப்பயிமைப் பிழிந்து உதிராற் குடிக்க வேண்டுமென்று நினைத்தேன்.

அப்பொழுது வலையிலகப்பட்ட சிங்கத்தைக் காரியத்தோடு நிற்கின்ற சண்டெலி விடுவிக்குமாப்போல், வந்தார் உபாத்தியாயர். ஒரு முறை என் காதில் அவர் கை முட்டியது. அவளுக்கு இரக்கம் வந்துவிட்டது போலும் அவன் என்னை விட்டுப் பிரிந்தான். ஏதோ படிப்பவன் போல் ஒற்றை தட்ட நினைத்துத் தட்டினேன். அங்கு மேசைதான் தட்டுப்பட்டது. ஆதலால் வேறொன்றை வாசிப்போமென்று தடவினேன். ஒன்றும் அகப்படவில்லை. வாயிலிருந்த கடுகா சிச்சுருட்டுத்தான் தவறி விழுந்துகிடக்கக் கண்டேன். என்னை செய்கிறேனென்று வினாவப்பட்டேன். என்னை செய்யயியலும். காலே நிலத்திலுன்றி எல்லோர்க்கும் நான் நிற்கிறேனென்று காட்டவேண்டியிருந்தது. உபாத்தியாயரும் பலபலமுறை யடுத்தடுத்துச் சொல்லிய

தின் பய விதுதான் என்று சினந்துகொண்டு சென்றார்.

இதுவுமல்லாமல் வெளியே சென்றேன். என்னைக் குட்டி யழச்செய்தார்கள். என்னைப் பார்த்துச் சிரித்தார்கள். நானிவர்களின் பகடிகளுக்கு இடங் கொடுக்காமல் வார்டனரி (Warden) டம் போய்ச் சொன்னேன் அவர்குற்றவாளிகளை அழைத்து வரும்படி சொன்னார். சென்றேன். கொண்டுபோனேன். அவர்கள் என்னைத் திரும்பச் சொல்லி என் முதுகி லொட்டியிருந்த காகிதத்தைக் காட்டினார்கள். அவரும் எனக்கு ஓர் குட்டுப் டோட்டார். பின்பு என்னைப் பார்த்துச் சிரித்தார். நடந்த காரியத்தை மற்றவர்களைக்கேட்டார். மாயவலையிற் சிக்கியிருந்த தாகச் சொன்னார்கள். பின்பும் பிரப்பம்பழம் ஐந்துக்கு உத்காவாகிவிட்டது. என் செய்வென் வாங்கிச்சாப்பிட்டேன். வீட்டுவேலைகள் செய்யாததினால் 9 மணிக்குப் பின்பு படிக்கும் அறைக்குச் சென்றேன். அப்பொழுது தலையிழுப்பதற்காகக் கண்ணாடியின்முன் சீப்புடன் சென்றேன். கண்டேன் யமனின் மீசைபோல் பூசப்பட்டிருக்கும் படத்தை என் மூக்கின்கீழ். அறிந்தேன் விஷயத்தை. பின் சீப்பைத் துடைப்பதற்குத் தோளிலிருந்த துவாயை யெடுத்தேன். அங்கு ஒட்டியிருந்த காகிதம் காற்றிலசையக் கண்டேன். அதிலிருந்ததை வாசித்தேன். அது, 'Please knock me' என்ற சொற்களே.

என்னை இவ்வளவு மடையனாக்கிய அக்கறப்பயிமைப் பிடித்துத் தின்பேன், என்று அவளுடன் கோபமாயிருந்தேன், இருக்கிறேன். அக்கறப்பயிமைரென்றால் இருட்டின் இணைபிரியாச் சிறைகிதை, நத்திராதேவி.

The Meaning of History

By "HISTORIAN"
Matric B.

The study of History has proved of great importance to one and all. It is useful especially to the growing generation. History is useful to a certain degree for it is not well to be wholly ignorant of the Past. Again if it were not for History one would never know, where one should be and what one should be able to do if the

Past were but a dark blot to him. The Government would not be able to tell what is best for the nation if History did not point out where past rulers had erred in ruling the people.

Every one is interested in something in life. Different spheres attract different people, but old and young are fascinated by anything other than the Present. The young look forward with optimism to the Future but those who have matured in years look back with mingled feelings upon the darkened past. Some are glad as they review the past year which might have been crowned with success; but the majority are sad as they meditate over the failures and trials in life which have dogged their footsteps, as they dwell upon the experiences of the irrecoverable past. But their reminiscences teach them to avoid the same mistakes in the future; and while the past supplies experience, it bids them not forget that the future is crowned with hopes.

Each one has his own experience all of which form the experience of mankind or history in its truest sense. Most certainly, it is valuable and imperative for nations to have this guide post of experience to lead them into the future. Indeed it is in our country that the value of History is shown at its best. Many grandfathers wish to narrate to their grand-children, their merits and demerits, failures and successes and trials and experiences in life.

By studiously following the great drama of history we have been able to regulate our life and there has been a great improvement made our living. There is yet much to be improved. Our ancestors have shown us what to avoid in our Government.

Let us think of History as a great drama, each one playing his own part. As such it appears to us to be an incomplete play and none can predict whether it has a comic or a tragic end. But will our Ceylon share the fate of "the city that was not built in a day" or will she rise to the highest pinnacle of fame with-

out shattering her foundations by her predicted fall. No one can exactly tell, but we know that one can in spirit penetrate the future better if one has the past impressed upon one's memory.

As an example of one of the acts which make up this great drama, let us take the upward evolution of man. His earliest stage was that of savagery, while the earliest traces of him exist in tools and weapons of rudely shaped flints. The successive stages of man's advance can be described under four ages—the ancient stone age, the newer stone age, the bronze age and lastly the iron age. Through all these ages man had been gradually gaining mastery over certain things whereby he could improve his condition well.

Many are the illustrations of Man's progress. From stone tools to costly delicate machinery from scratchings on bones to the renowned works of Raphael—"from picture writing to alphabets and most wonderful of all from the Gods of the sea, sky or earth to the reverence and worship of the Creator." These evolutions took place gradually and now we have reached the top of our greatness. The great persons of the land instil into the minds of their successors such lessons as they will never forget. Our minds coming into contact with theirs give us an insight into their character and though we are aware of their faults their virtues make the faults obscure; and we, reading their story in the past, strive to imitate them in all their good ways. But though Nelson and Napoleon were very great naval and military geni, they had their own faults. But though the pages of history are crowded with the deeds of the valiant, we must remember that—

We cannot all be heroes and thrill a hemisphere

With some daring venture, some deed that make it fear:

But we can fill a lifetime with kindly acts and true

There's always noble service for noble souls to do.

தமிழர் தழைத்தோங்குவா?

விமானக்குருவி.

Inter Arts.

சென்ற சனிவாரம் - ஆம் அன்றுதான் அகில ஆங்கிலக் கல்லூரிகளின் விளையாட்டுப் போட்டி முடிவுற்றது - அந்த மாபெருங் கூட்டம் முடிந்ததும் யான் வீடு திரும்பினேன். வழியில் என் மனத்தின்கண் ஓர்வித விசை மேற்பட்டது. அஃதென்ன! எமது யாழ்நகரிடை ஓர் 'துட்டகைமுனு' இல்லையே என்பதுதான். முன்னொரு காலம் இவ்விவங்கையின் இராச்சிய பரிபாலனத்தை ஏற்று அரசாண்ட காவந்தீசனின் சுந்தர புதல்வனும் மேற்சொல்லிய இளைஞன். அவன் சிறுவயதில் ஓர்நாள் கட்டிலில் கிர்ப்பந்தமான படுக்கையிலிருந்தபொழுது, அவனின் தாயார் அதற்கு நியாயம் கேட்டதாகவும் அப்பொழுது அவன், அம்மா! எம் நாட்டை ஓர் பக்கத்தில் கடலும் மற்றோர் புறத்தில் தமிழரும் நெருக்கினால் என் செய்யலாம்" என்று அஞ்சாநெஞ்சுடன் மொழிந்தானென்றும் சரித்திரம் கூறுகிறது. ஆனால் தற்போது நம் யாழ்நகரின் நிலையென்ன? எங்கள் நாடோ மூன்று புறங்களிலும் இந்தியச் சமுத்திரத்தினால் வளையப்பட்டுக் கிடக்கின்றது. ஒரே ஒரு புறம்தான் சிறிது வெளி. ஆனால் அதாலும் எங்களை வெளியேற விடாதபடி பெரும்பான்மைக் கட்சியினர் முயற்சித்தால் நாமென்ன செய்வது, நாற்புறத்தினாலும் முற்றுகையிடப்பட்ட கோட்டையைப்போலத் தத்தளிக்கிறோம்.

'எப்பொழுது தர்மமானது அழிந்து அதர்மம் மேலிடும்போது யான் அவதரித்து ஆட்கொள்வேன்' என்ற கிருஷ்ண பரமாத்மாவின் வீரவசனங்களைத்தான் நாங்கள் நம்பியிருக்க வேண்டியதாகின்றது. அன்றியும் சமணர் மேலோங்கி சைவத்தை நசுக்க முயன்றபொழுது அதைக் காக்க அவதரித்தார் திருஞான சம்பந்தர். புத்தர்கள் சைவத்தை அழிக்க முயலும்போது அதைக் காப்பாற்றினார் மாணிக்கர். யாழ்நகரிலேயே சைவசமயத்தை வேரோடழிக்கக் கத்தோலிக்கர் எத்தனித்தபோது அவர்களது எண்

ணத்தைச் சீர்குலைச் செய்தார் ஆறுமுக நாவலர். தற்போது தமிழர்களை அடியோடு வீழ்த்தி ஆனேயிருவுக்கு இப்பால் ஒதுக்க முயற்சிக்கும் பெரும்பான்மைக் கட்சியினருக்கு முட்டுக்கட்டையாய் நிற்பவர் யாவர்? ஓர் அளவிற்கு திரு பொன்னம்பலந்தான். அவர்தான் எங்கள்து தற்போதைய 'துட்டகைமுனு' என்றது எனதப்பிராயம். திரு: பொன்னுக்கு திரு. நடேசனின் துணை இன்றியமையாததாகின்றது. இவ்விரு சிங்கங்களுமே தமிழருக்கு நேர்ந்த இன்னல்களையும், அவற்றிற்கு வேண்டிய வற்றையும் அஞ்சாநெஞ்சுடன் சபையின்கண்ணே சமர்ப்பிக்கின்றனர். அரசாங்க சபையில் சிறுபான்மைக் கட்சியாரின் சலுகைகள் முக்கியமானவை யாதும் கவனிக்கப்படவில்லை. எங்கட்கு சமத்துவ பிரதிநிதித்துவம் வேண்டுமென்றால் ஏன் இப்பெரும்பான்மைக் கட்சியினர் வானாயிருக்கின்றார்கள்; அன்றியும் அவை கேட்க முன்வருபவர்களைத் தங்களின் 'எதிரி ஜாபிதா'வில் போட்டுவிடுகிறார்கள்.

இன்னும் நாவலப்பட்டியாலில் திரு. பொன்பேசின், அல்லது பேசும்படி நேரிட்ட, சிலவார்த்தைகள் தாலும் சிங்களவர்க்குக் கோபமூட்டிற்றும். அதோடு, அதனால்தான் நாங்கள் இவ்வளவு கஷ்டத்தையும் அனுபவிக்கிறோம் என இங்கும் சிலர் கூறுகிறார்கள். அப்பிரசங்கம் நடந்து இப்போ சில கிழமைகள் தான். ஆனால் அற்கு முந்தி இந்த அரசாங்கசபையில் அலங்காரமாயமர்ந்திருக்கும் பெரும்பான்மைச் சமூக அங்கத்தவர்கள், எங்கட்கு என்னத்தைச் செய்தார்களோ கடவுட்குத்தான் தெரியும். இன்னுமொரு சங்கதி. திரு. 'பொன்'தான் அவர்கட்கு எதிரி யென வைத்துக்கொள்வோம். ஆதலால் அவர் பிரதிநிதியாயிருக்கும் பருத்தித்துறைக்குத் தான் ஓர்வித நன்மையும் செய்ய முன்வரவில்லை யென்றும், அவரது பிரேரணைகளை எதிர்க்கிறார்களென வைத்துக்கொள்வோம்; ஆனால் பூப்போலப் பேசும் திரு. நடேசனின் வார்த்தையாவது காதில் துழைகிறதா? அவர் கொண்டுவரும் பிரேரணைக்கு ஏதும் செவிசாய்க்கின்றார்களா? அப்படியவர்கள் இருந்திராவிடின் காங்கேசன்துறை இப்போ பெரியதோர் துறை முகமாகிவிடுமே. அதுவுமிருக்கட்டும். சிங்களவரோடு ஒத்துழைக்க விரும்பும் திரு. மகாதேவா

பிரதிநிதியாயிருக்கும் யாழ்நகர்க்குத்தானும் |
 இதேனும் முக்கியமானவை செய்தார்களா என்று
 பார்த்தால், அதற்கு விடை பூச்சியம் தான்.

The Education Week

By P. K. S.
 Matric D.

It was indeed a gala time for everyone of us. There can be no doubt that some of our delinquents who spend most of their time in "busy-idle" work, have found in this week a lot of diversions. It is they who were the most profited, as far as the Education Week is concerned.

The Education Week, as intended by the Education Department, is to provide the hard-working students with varied activities with a view to giving them a short respite full of amusement after a long spell of work. These extra-curricular activities, besides enabling a student to ease himself of the daily routine of class-work, give him an opportunity to identify himself in such out-of-the-book activities and in a way to prepare him to face calmly the turmoil of life after his school career.

'Kathapirasangam'

On Monday at 6-30 p. m. Mr. S. Sivasubramania Iyer beautifully delivered a "Kathapirasangam" on "Suntharamoorthy Nayanar" before a crowded audience. It was a real treat to those who watched with interest the admirable way in which he delivered the story which he punctuated at regular intervals with very appropriate song hits. In this connection we would like to thank Mr. Sivasubramania Iyer for having ungrudgingly acceded to our request and having treated us to an edifying lecture.

இன்னும் அரசாங்க சபையின் நடு நிலைமையை விளக்கற்பொருட்டு இரு உதாரணங்கள் கூறுவோம். இவ்வருடம் மனடியினால் ஏற்பட்டுள்ள புகையிலைக் காரரின் நஷ்டத்திற்கு சிறிது உதவி செய்ய வேண்டுமெனத் திரு. நடேசன் கொண்டு வந்த பிரேரணையால் ஒருவீத முடிவையுங் காணவில்லை. ஆனால் திரு. 'பொன்' திரு வாங்கூர் சமஸ்தானம் ஏற்றிய புகையிலை வரியினால் யாழ்நகர் புகையிலை வியாபாரிகட்கு ஏற்பட்ட நஷ்டத்திற்கு நிவாரண நிதி வேண்டுமெனக் கொணர்ந்த பிரேரணை என்ன முடிவாயிற்று. 'ஒட்டக்கூத்தன் பாட்டுக்கு இரட்டைத் தாழ்ப்பான்' என்றபடி முடிந்தது. இன்னும் இவ்வரசாங்க சபையில் இந்தியரை வெளியேற்றவேண்டுமென்ற பிரேரணையைக் கொணர்ந்ததும் சிங்கள அங்கத்தவர், அதற்குச் சாதகமாக வாக்களித்தவர்களும் சிங்களவர்கள். ஆனால் இரண்டொரு தமிழரும் அவர்களோடு சேர்ந்திருக்கக் கூடும். ஆனால் இறுதியில் அதற்குப்பதிலாக இந்தியா யாழ்நகர் வாசிகளைத்தான் தாக்குது. எப்படியிருக்கு சமாசாரம்.

உண்மையில் தற்போதைய நிலைமையில் அரசாங்க சபையில் நாம் ஒன்றும் செய்துகொள்ளச் சக்தியற்றவர்களாயிருக்கிறோம்: அங்கிருக்கும் சிறுபான்மைக்கட்சி யங்கத்தவர்கள் ஒவ்வொருவர் இவ்விவரண்டு வாக்குகள் (Votes) கொடுத்தாலும் பெரும்பான்மைக் கட்சியினரின் வாக்குத் தொகைகளை வெல்வது துர்லபம். அதனால் இப்போ எமது பிரதிநிதிகள் கொண்டு வரும் பிரேரணைகளிற் பெரும்பாலானவை சூரியனைக்கண்ட பனிபோற் பறக்கின்றன. ஆதலால் சமத்துவ பிரதிநிதித்துவம் வேண்டும். அதன்றி எங்கள் ஒற்றுமையை விரும்பா ஓர் சமூகத்தோடு நாங்களை சென்று ஒத்துழைக்க விரும்பினால் யாங்கள் அடிமைகளாகவே இருக்கவேண்டுமென்பதற்குச் சிறிதளவும் ஐயமில்லை. அப்படியாயின் "மானமழிந்தபின் வாழாமை முன்னிரினிதே" என்றதற் கிணங்க உயிர்விடுதல் நன்று. இதுவே எனது அபிப்பிராயம்; ஆனால் உலகம் பலவிதம்.

All contributions to 'The Young Hindu' should reach the Editor at least one week before the date of publication, i. e., before noon on the Wednesday of the week previous to the Wednesday of publication.

The Editor reserves the right to accept, modify or reject any article submitted for publication.

EDITOR:

P. KATHIRAVELOE,
MATRIC D.

ASST. EDITOR:

M. SIVATHASAN,
MATRIC A.

THE YOUNG HINDU

Wednesday, August 2, 1939.

EDITORIAL NOTES

We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly well during the Education Week. We had many duties to perform, and we performed them to the entire satisfaction of our superiors. Our activities were much praised, and the praise is not alone due to those who took part in the activities but also due to those who encouraged the latter and made the activities worth the praise. A full account of our activities will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The Inter-House Soccer matches are now in full swing, and the fact that we have started earlier than usual with our Foot-ball work speaks well of our prospects in the Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament. We have an efficient Captain in the person of Mas. S. R. Sooriar, who is sure to see that our team, which is now in the making, will do very well this year. We wish our Sports Master, our Captain, and our Eleven the best of luck for the future.

The Union Celebrations

Our Hostellers' Union Celebrations came off on Wednesday. The premises

of the Hostel were tastefully decorated with flags, festoons and greenery. Everything looked grand. In the evening a "Social" was held under the sheltering influence of a palm erected in the centre of the quadrangle, where many well-wishers and old boys of the College sat round in groups to participate in the glories of this blithe occasion. At 6-30 p. m. the top floor of the main hall was fully packed, when the hostellers staged the murder scene from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar and a Tamil Scene from Pilamatalawa.

We will not be too sparing in our complements if we, with legitimate pride, mention that much of the success in the above celebrations and the consequent congratulations from all admirers go to the organising talents of the President, the untiring efforts of the Warden, and the ungrudging support of Mr. Navaratnarajah. Never in the history of our Hostel has anyone attempted or at least conceived the idea of celebrating the Hostellers' Day in such pomp and glory. Why not we, therefore, congratulate whole-heartedly the hostellers on the splendid celebration of their day and wish with all sincerity that their enthusiasm once lit up will never be put out.

Feeder Schools' Sports and Concert.

Much enthusiasm was witnessed on Thursday, when our Feeder institutions held a joint Sports Meet on our grounds. It provided a grand spectacle, wherein many village school children were in their best apparel; the which feature set off the mellowness of the evening and the glamour of the Athletic Meet. There was a fairly good rivalry among all the five competing schools, and in the end, Urumpiray Hindu English School was seen to win the much coveted championship honours with thirty-nine points to its credit. After the prizes were distributed by Mrs. C. T. Lorage, a variety entertainment was held in our hall which was

almost filled to overflowing, with the result, several hundreds of men had to return to their homes without having accommodation for the concert. The several items of the concert pleased the audience to a very large extent and in our opinion, the most humorous item was contributed by the Urumparay Hindu English School, A Scene from "Thiagapoomi". The item contributed by the above school, kept the audience rolling with laughter at intervals. On the whole, the concert was voted a great success.

Inter-Collegiate Debate

"Indian immigrants should be repatriated from Ceylon" was the subject taken up for discussion in a friendly debate with Manipay Hindu College, held on Friday at 7 p. m. in the College up-stair hall. Masters M. A. M. Aliph, S. Balasubramaniam and T. Poopalan representing our Prep. Matric Debating Society opened the debate while the Manipay Hindu College debating team opposed it. The latter deserve our special praise, for having very ably refuted the arguments brought forward by the Proposition leader. We very sincerely thank the Principal of Manipay Hindu College and his Debating Team for having very kindly helped to organise this debate and to have thus intensified the cordiality and relations that exist between these sister institutions

Physical Display.

We presented three squads in all, each containing one hundred and ten, of our Third Form, J. S. C. and Matric students at the physical display held on the Police grounds on Friday last. We congratulate the three commanders of the squads Messers P. Thiagarajah, K. V. Mylvaganam and V. Suntherarajah, on their very able guidance, and our friends who stood the strain of the hot sun during the three days of practice.

By Steam Boat to Delft

My Impressions of this Voyage

BY "SO AND SO," *Matric D.*

In the early hours of last Sunday morning, a party of my friends and I, and a few members of the Staff including the Principal and three Lady Teachers, approached the Jaffna Jetty to set sail on a pleasure voyage to Delft. The morning sun rose in the East in all his splendour, and informed my friends in a soft, pleasing language through the agency of his rays, that we were going to have a very happy sea-voyage. But again, I saw the Sun laughing in a sort of derisive manner, when he appeared between two of his cloud-friends. In my daily life, this type of derisive laughter, would naturally give birth to many suspicions and pull me down into the mire of despondency. In the like manner, I was cast into a contemplative mood and harboured in my mind several doubts of a prosperous journey. While all my friends were in a hilarious mood, talking in terms of fine breeze, fair weather and good prospects, I alone was delving deep into the ocean of pessimism and raised within myself innumerable questions about the nature of our journey, and answers spontaneously cropped up in my mind intimating me that our journey was fraught with danger. Anyhow, the glowing countenance of our principal and the cheerful appearance of our Warden dispelled all my fears *protem* and infused into my heart comfort and ease. To cut a despondent figure in the eyes of a cheery crowd, and that too at the very start of a journey, would indeed be an unpropitious sign, anguring something bad for the intended picnic. Hence my putting on a lively appearance for some time.

The boat steamed out of the harbour, to the accompaniment of music given by Mas. E. Shanmugam, the most capable songster of our College. He was soon

joined by Mr. S. Sivasubramaniya Iyer, an old boy and skilful musician. Mr. Sinnatamby sat on the topmost stern of the boat and called himself the captain of the vessel. Do captains usually sit on the top of the stern? He had a very big whistle, the sound of which easily got drowned in a company of not more than five of us. He would sound his whistle and mouth alternately and with a great difficulty draw the attention of the boys towards an object of interest either in the sea or on the land. Anyhow his whistle functioned. Peals of laughter broke out at intervals, laughter arising out of the stern stupidity of one of my friends or as the appreciative sign of a joke played on a certain person by another.

By and by the sun began to show his cruel face to us. By 10 o'clock, there was the scorching heat everywhere; the wind was blowing stiffly straight on the face; and even the small waves put on a threatening attitude and dashed on all sides of the boat, very furiously. Our Principal seemed unmoved by the furious waves or the severe wind probably because he has a good experience of sea-travel. By 10 a.m. we reached the Kayts harbour and refreshed ourselves a little on the pleasant shores of that beautiful island. We left Kayts; a little later we were treated to light refreshments by Mr. M. Mylvaganam while we were on board; and then began the most distressful part of my (not our) journey. The sun threatened one from his position, overhead; the waves were getting more and more furious and were dashing against the very top of the starboard; the wind was piercing my eyes and ears and what not. It was intolerable. I had another fear. Most of my friends told me at the very start of the voyage that our lives would be in jeopardy. When we approached the "junction of the seven seas" near Nayinativu. We did approach that fateful spot. The waves roared and seemed to envelope us. The wind pushed the stern of the vessel up in the air. The

boat danced forward and backward and side to side. Even at this critical time, the captain *protem* of the vessel was seated on the top of the stern. We thought the boat would take in water and capsize. Perhaps due to the grace of the presiding deity at the Temple in Nayinativu we were released from the terrible month of the roaring sea. We halted at Nayinativu for a few minutes to worship the Diety there, and proceeded with our journey.

Our passage from this island to Delft was the most horrible of all. Most of my friends who sat on the starboard and larboard of the vessel soon slipped into the deck. Why? In fear of the threatening waves. At one rush of the wave the whole body of the vessel seemed to turn upside down and my inside too wanted to do the same! The waves rushed in upon the boat from all sides. They rose mountain high. The chillness of the wind benumbed every part of my body. I thought I was almost brought to the door of Death. It was a dangerous time. At this moment of life and death, the whole machinery of the boat was thrown out of order. The boat made a sudden turn, and we imagined with terror that we were pushed down to the bottom of the sea. The sail was raised with difficulty. Scenes of woe and misery were enacted in the deck. There was *mal-demer* and there was prayer. Mas. X. fell down at the feet of the Principal and wept. Mas. Y. began to sing a devaram in the most plaintive and beseeching tone possible. And I was thrown into the realm of some bitter affliction; subsequently I fell asleep. While sleeping, I saw the rest of the journey portrayed in a dream in the following manner. The Principal, Mr. Thambu and Mr. Ponnambalam went down the deck and cheered all my friends who were lying prostrate on the floor with unaccountable fear. They put them up and put new courage in them. There was joy in every body—except my humble self—who was still at the door

of Death. When the horrors subsided, there was singing, dancing and merriment in the deck. Everything seemed gay in the boat. I heard some sort of cry some where. It was "Lo! We have come to Delft." Suddenly I shook off the coils of slumber and saw my friends getting into the Delft jetty. I hastily joined them.

We enjoyed a sea-bathe after which we were provided with manna. We returned safe and sound and reached College at 12 in the midnight. Thank God for having brought me back safely after such a perilous first day at sea!

Those Overhanging War-Clouds

BY N. SIVAGNANAM,
Matric B.

Today the whole world is fully terrified that war is apt to break out and that it is inevitable. Hitler has discovered and put into practice the method of capturing countries within a single day. Now Danzig is the danger-spot.

Some nations are jealous of the increasing power of Germany. They fear that the annexation of Danzig would add to the increasing power of the Reich. So these nations are trying their utmost to prevent the annexation.

Some of the leaders of the so-called democratic countries pretend that they are working for peace. They say that they would have peace at any cost. Really speaking, these leaders are not working only for the sake of peace. But there is some motive behind. There nations have by hook or by crook captured enough of colonies. Their power is not enough to protect even their colonies. So if a war breaks out they will have to doubt their supremacy over these colonies.

France, in fear of being attacked by Germany, tries to cling fast to Britain. Britain, doubting even their joint ability to match Germany, tries to win over Russia. But Russia finds it difficult to trust Britain's assurances. Now Britain is in a state of anxiety and perplexity.

This Britain pretends that it feels for the petty states and says that it would be very unjust if the independence of these states should come to an end. But in how many cases has Britain done unjust things? How many countries have they deprived of their independence?

Britain has given a sort of self-government to some of her dominions. But what about the rest? Is not India fit for self-government? Britain is smothering the people of that vast empire. It has nearly destroyed the earliest civilized people. If India were to enjoy swaraj at present and if Britain should win the good-will of India it need not fear even a "double Germany".

Why should Britain approach Russia when war could be avoided by human and just ways. Let her give complete swaraj to all her important empire lands. Now the axis powers are trying to rouse up India against Britain. But if Britain does India justice she need not fear these activities.

The people of Danzig say that they want to return to the Reich and that they hope that they would soon return. So why should their hope be unfulfilled? May God help them to fulfill their hope without the use of force.

Gentle readers, it is we who would have to suffer when a war breaks out. We have all heard of the famine during the Great War. You would remember the tricks played by our merchants during the last September crisis. They found it an opportunity to raise the price of goods imported during their grand-fathers' time.

So let us pray for eternal peace.

A Peep into our Football Team

BY "CHARLIE"

J. S. C., C.

In my opinion we have a good football team in the making, and, though five of our last year "stars" have left us yet we are none the less weaker than we were last year, as I find there is plenty of latent talent in many of our new players.

To start with, the college has lost the services of J. S. Kandiah, our former goal-keeper and this might prove the heel of Achilles in the team, since no worthy substitute has yet come to fill the cap. Ratnasingham, our ex-captain is in our midst and with the able support of Yogaratnam as his comrade in the full-line, will indeed be a thorn in the side of our opponents.

The half backs are as solid as what they were last year, with S. R. Sooriar, our Captain, as the pivot of the whole team, playing at centre-half. The selection of the wing halves is a difficult problem as there are three to fill up the two positions. As far as I know, I think that Jeevaratnam might slip in uncontested as the right-half, while Kathirgamathamby and Ratnasabapathy ought to exert every ounce of their energy to prove their mettle and thus make matters easy for the selectors. The only defect in them both, I think, is that they are a little too slow.

The main attack, though rid of Aruppillai, the match winner, is good enough to pierce any College defence. Three forwards are out of College, but Rajadurai and Selvaratnam as wings should do yeoman service to the team with the assistance of Murgesu, the inside right, and Pancharatnam, our vice-Captain, as the centre-forward. With an able left-inner to be discovered soon, these forwards should be full of goals. The left

inner, whoever he may be, should be a powerful shot, since lack of good finishing might rob us of victory and this defect has always been our disappointing factor.

Before concluding, readers, please let me bring to your notice that this is not the final selection but only a forecast, and that anyone who desires to fight out his rights for inclusion in the team is heartily welcome. Therefore I humbly appeal to all my fellow students to join hands to enable us to win the much coveted championship this year and to draw larger crowds to the J. S. S. A. grounds. These are not far off.

The Morning's Devotion

BY T. S. S., *Matric A.*

(1)

The slow glimmer, the devotional psalms
And no more the vain glory
Both young and old, male and female
Beside the walls in pious postures pray.

(2)

Hearts of flint, so far as I can know
Are not unmoved by the beatific glory
Of the all-pervading Grace. Oh! His rays
Are sharper than the sharpest shaft of steel.

(3)

The unaccompanied drum together,
The echoing bell, the souls inspire,
An emotion more real and substantial
Than the mundane notes of man.

(4)

The cock had just its crow;
The crow is yet to caw,
The clock is chiming four
While it is midnight still for few.

The Repatriation Scheme is Unjustifiable

By M. S. MUTTU

Prep. A

After many thrilling discussions, the State Council has come to the conclusion that all non Ceylonese daily-paid labourers who came to Ceylon after 1934 must go to their own country before the end of this year (1939). The Government will pay them their travelling expenses and a month's pay.

Some of our members spoke against this scheme but it was in vain because the Sinhalese are the majority and they are more powerful than the Tamils. We, the Ceylonese, get our rice from India. If they stop this transportation what can we do? We have to starve. Some may say that we can cultivate paddy here, in Ceylon. No doubt; but think awhile how much time it will take us.

The Jaffna farmers depend on Tobacco, because it is from this that they get money. This tobacco is sent to India. If the Indians say that they do not want Ceylon tobacco or raise the custom duties, the Jaffna farmers have to suffer. The Sinhalese do not cultivate tobacco and it is the Tamils who cultivate it. Then if the tobacco trade falls it will not affect them. This is why the Sinhalese have been so very willing to repatriate the Non-Ceylonese.

The present latrine cleaners are the Indians. If they are repatriated who is to do that work? Some may say that the Sinhalese will do it. No doubt that they will do it, but if they afterwards say they won't do that work who is to do it then? The Tamils won't do that work.

It has been stated that the Government is giving more places to the Sinhalese in the Government posts. Now this repatriation is done to give employ-

ment to some of the unemployed. What if the Sinhalese are given some of the places now given and the remaining places given to the unemployed rather than repatriating the Non-Ceylonese?

Now there is much dissension between the Tamils and the Sinhalese. The Tamils are the minority. The Indians are with us; still we are the minority. By sending these Indians back to India we, the Tamils, are weakened. Then the Sinhalese can oppose us more and more. Then only we will realize this.

Knowing this, why do we wish to repatriate our brothers, the Indians, and enter into trouble? The Sinhalese are doing this for their own welfare and this will prove a very dangerous thing to us. What can we do? This was passed by the Council and we can do nothing. God help these Non-Ceylonese.

So this repatriation scheme is unjustifiable.

Inter-House Football Tournaments

Results of Matches already played

SENIORS

Monday, 31st July: Nagalingam beat Casipillai 3 to nil.

Tuesday, 1st August: Sabapathy beat Pasupathy 8 to nil.

JUNIORS

Monday, 31st July: Nagalingam beat Casipillai 4 to nil.

Tuesday, 1st August: Pasupathy beat Sabapathy 3 to 1.

SOCCER!

Masters S. R. Sooriar and C. Pancharatnam have been nominated Captain and Vice-Captain respectively of this Year's Soccer Team. Our congratulations to the above.

"The ignorance of the Learned"

"BALAN", *Prep. Matric.*

A person who is ordinarily seen with a book in his hand is equally without the power or inclination to attend either to what passes around him or in his own mind. Such a one may be said to carry his understanding about with him in his pocket, or to leave it at home on his library shelves.

This book worm can only breathe a learned atmosphere, as other men breathe common air. He is a borrower of sense. He has no ideas of his own, and must live on those of other people. Anyone who has passed through the regular gradations of a classical education, and is not made a fool by it, may consider himself as having had a narrow escape. It is an old remark that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figure. When they grow up and come out into the world. The success of a boy at school is wholly due to the faculties of the mind. Memory is the chief faculty called on to play in conning over and repeating lessons by rote in grammar, in languages, in geography, arithmetic, etc. So that, he who has the most of this technical memory, will make the most forward school boy.

A lad with a sickly constitution and no very active mind, who can just retain what is pointed to him and has neither sagacity to distinguish nor spirit to enjoy for himself, will generally be the head of his form. An idler at school, on the other hand, is one who has high health and spirits who has the free use of his limbs, with all his wits about him, who feels the circulation of the blood all over his body and the motion of his heart, who found rather chase a ball or a butterfly, feel the open air in his face, enter into acquaintances and friends, than doze over a musty smelling book.

He (this book worm sits so many) hours pinioned to a writing desk and receive his

reward for the loss of time and pleasure in paltry prize books.

Our men of the greatest genius have not been most distinguished for their acquirements at school or at the university. It should not be forgotten that the least respectable character among modern politicians was the cleverest boy at Eton.

A book-worm does not know the world. He thinks and cares nothing about his next door neighbours. He can hardly find his way into the next street. He can only pronounce a pompous lecture on all the principal characters in History. He knows as much of what he talks about as a blind man does of colours.

A mere scholar, who knows nothing but books, must be ignorant even of them. Books do not teach the use of books. He parrots those who have parroted others. He stuffs his head with authorities built on authorities, with quotations quoted from quotations, and this learned professor of all arts and sciences cannot reduce any one of them to practice, though he may contribute an account of them to an Encyclopaedia.

But the common people have the use of their limbs, for they live by their labour or skill. They understand their own business and the characters of those with whom they have to deal with. They have eloquence to express their passions and wit at will to express their contempt and provoke laughter.

Uneducated people have most exuberance of invention and the greatest freedom from prejudice. Shakespeare's was evidently an uneducated mind, both in the freshness of his imagination and in the variety of his views. As Milton's was scholastic, in the texture both of his thoughts and feelings. Shakespeare had not been accustomed to write items at school in favour of virtue or vice. To this we owe the uneffected but healthy tone of his dramatic morality. If we wish to know the tone of human nature, we should read Shakespeare.

Here and There

BY "CANDIDUS"

Matric B.

A Novelty

I believe that socials of the type run on Wednesday, will, to a good deal, train our college-mates in society dealings and etiquette, which are altogether wanting in school-boys of the Northern Province. Such extra-curricular activities, in our good opinion, well no doubt be given the best of encouragement in the future.

A Point on Dress

In the best interests of the College I wish that the higher form students in times of college functions will appear either in complete national dress, with sandals to their feet, or in European civil suit with tie, and coat always buttoned. I hope that my wish will meet with a ready response from all concerned.

English Play

What a fall was there, my countrymen! For well nigh ten years, we failed to stage any English play and the reason for our neglect is not far to seek. However painful it may be, I am forced to agree with a certain critic who once remarked with good reasons, that Ceylon boys are ill-suited to stage English plays. This need not be a surprise if we realize that so long as I continue to feel wrongly that the study of English is an imposed labour for the sake of passing examinations, we cannot in any way hope to speak or write in English as if it were our mother tongue. Hence our attempt at dramatization is found to be a failure.

None of our actors did full justice either to the language or to the characters they were called upon to play last week. Feeling is essential to the actors; right feeling follows right thinking. When our actors lack the latter I need not mention that they very badly wanted the former. Hence I felt that all their shouts and

gestures signified nothing because they were not the natural outcome of right thinking.

I write this not with malice or ill-will towards our actors, but in the best hope that such constructive criticisms might help them to rise from poor beginnings to heights unparalleled in the sphere of dramatic performance.

Our Pepys' Diary

25-7-39

Elaborate preparations for the Hostelers' Union. In the heat of the preparation Master Hunt kicks the Hostel bucket.

26-7-39

Refreshments arrive for the Hostellers, Union Social. Our Caesar and our Antony part from the refreshments rather reluctantly to the green room but there they pack their stomachs beyond capacity, with the result that Antony and his servant find it difficult to carry the corpse of Caesar after the murder.

27-7-39

The aftermath of the Hostellers' Union. Charlie finds it difficult to stir out of bed owing to over-feeding on the previous day.

Sports in the afternoon. Ladies arrive in large numbers. Urumparay Hindu English School wins the Championship.

28-7-39

Mas. S. arrives safe and fit for the drill parade after being victimised by dysentery which he contracted on the day previous to the Application Test.

29-7-39

Our "Punch" gets a Phonetics Dictionary as a reward for having spoken well in the role of mark Antony!

31-7-39

Our "G. O. H." pleads for our "doctor" in a certain emergency. What an advocate for an impostor!

Inter-House Football Tournaments begin.

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