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PRESENT DAY PROCESSES IN THE GROWTH OF SCIENCE

BY C. W. PHELPS, B. SC.

Our daily newspapers in these days are frequently bringing to our attention new inventions and new scientific discoveries. On every hand we are confronted with evidences of a remarkable onward movement in the growth of science. But you will say, perhaps, that science is only following a natural and normal process of development upon the foundation provided by the scientists of past centuries. Now while this is true to a considerable degree, still we are by no means wholly indebted to our predecessors even for some of the foundation stones of present day science,—as witness some recent discoveries which compel us to revise theories of as long standing and as respectable reputation as the 'wave theory' of light, and the 'atomic theory'. And the field of medicine is doubtless in as much need of reploting and new seed as any of the others. Nor are we indebted to the work of past centuries for the rapidity of the advance of modern science even as much as we are indebted for their service in laying some of

the foundations. What then are the causes, or what are the processes which lie back of this great stride science is making today? It is to a brief consideration of some of these processes that I invite your attention. For I believe no one of you will think it unprofitable to reflect for a little time upon the processes to which we owe much of the broadening and deepening of our understanding of the world God has given us to live in.

To see the whole subject in perspective, let us sketch for a moment a bit of the history of the manner of growth of science. Even from very early times there is ground for believing that operations depending upon scientific principles were carried on. But it is quite as certain that the operators had no theories regarding their work. Later during the Greek and Roman period there were keen minds at work on many problems of scientific interest. Unfortunately, however, the great thinkers of that time were of a social caste which considered

it beneath them to carry out actual research to verify their theories. Later during the middle ages the theories were evolved by the workers themselves, but these were usually persons of inferior mentality who accomplished results of little value. The Renaissance ushered in a slowly accelerated improvement in the quality of scientific study. Here and there a few keen minds began to busy themselves with investigations based upon their own research. But, humble as was this beginning of real scientific investigation,—the coupling of theory with actual laboratory work—still it is from this period onward that modern science really began to grow. Until then it might be regarded as in the incubator stage, requiring careful nourishing lest it stop growing and die.

Probably the most fertile sources of present day scientific achievement, or the processes producing this high yield of results are: (1) the present development of scientific schools, (2) universal research, (3) the co-ordination of all branches of scientific endeavor, and (4), the accessibility of the recorded results of individual research.

Let us then consider for a moment what, if any, are the outstanding characteristics of present day scientific schools. The great number of high grade schools today offering courses in the various major divisions of science indicates a marked forward step in scientific education. For it is not so long ago that the standards of scholarship obtaining in such

schools was rather deplorably low. Today a student cannot hope to fully cover everything known in his major field of study, altho the ancient scholar might conceivably learn everything known in every field in his day. So the plan of providing every student with a thorough knowledge of the fundamentals in his major field is all that the modern school attempts,—altho it does afford facilities for the special study of a very few of the problems in the student's major field, but merely with the purpose of training in the method of attacking such work, rather than to afford additional information upon any special branch of the subject. Even more important, however, is the greatly increased emphasis laid upon laboratory work. And just at this point lies the success of the modern method of science teaching.

By laboratory work I mean individual student investigation of practical problems. Whether this is carried out inside a school laboratory or not makes little difference. Only a relatively small number of schools can afford to equip with extensive laboratories on a large scale. Still, ambitious attempts are being made in this direction. My own college has installed a waterway system in one of its laboratories on a scale large enough to be of considerable assistance in the study of hydraulic engineering principles and problems. And its other laboratories are in proportion. But all institutions, large and small,

realizing the need for individual student research, are already providing the means outside their walls if the work cannot be handled inside. So then, to prepare students for later research work or outside practice, the plan of the modern school is to provide a thorough training in generally accepted fundamental theory coupled with a generous amount of laboratory work.

A vast number of individuals—women as well as men—have been trained in this way for the various scientific professions. Every branch of science has its adherents working like clusters of bees to secure some coveted objective. No industrial plant today considers its organization complete without its scientific as well as its legal advisers. And many large plants maintain extensive laboratories and a large staff of research workers. Such a department has long been regarded as vital to special industries such as chemical and electrical plants—its duties being to control the uniformity of raw materials and the products, and to carry on research directed toward tracing difficulties in the processes, and the discovery of means of improving processes or product. But this practice is spreading to an increasingly large number of plants less directly engaged in the manufacture of materials, and the net result to science as a whole of all the research carried out in this way is beyond estimate.

Not all research work, however, is carried on by paid professional workers. Amateur enthusiasm for experimentation is running high, especially in certain fields. In the fields of wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony, for example, amateurs are working neck and neck with paid research workers in the large companies.

* In some respects it is perhaps a good thing for the stability of the foundation of the structure of science that communication between the early scientists was generally poor, and that prominent scientists frequently worked simultaneously on the same problem all unknown to each other. For in those early days the confirmation of results so obtained was invaluable. But today, such an unintentional duplication of effort is not so desirable, and is avoided by the co-operation from the existence of resulting professional scientific societies in all major fields. And within the large societies are smaller divisions of specialists in subordinate branches. For example, the American Chemical Society includes the bulk of the chemists of the United States in its membership. But this society is subdivided into smaller divisions grouping specialists in the following fields: Agricultural and Food Chemistry; Biological Chemistry; Chemistry of Medicinal Products; Dye Chemistry; Fertilizer Chemistry; Industrial and Engineering Chemistry; Leather Chemistry; Organic Chemistry; Physical and Inorganic Chemistry; Rubber Chemistry; Sugar Chemistry; and Water, Sewage and Sanitation Chemistry. This is typical

of the organization of all the major scientific societies.

Not content to stop with the organization of professional societies, an attempt is being made to reach the non-members of the societies by getting each college to maintain a list of its graduates with an indication of the character of the work each is engaged in. By this plan any persons interested in a particular line of investigation are afforded greater access to contemporary workers in that particular field. How far this opportunity will actually be utilized remains to be seen, for the whole plan is in its trial stage. But the scheme promises well as a further step toward the co-ordination of all scientific endeavor.

By all means the greatest and most far reaching service rendered by the large professional socie-

ties is the maintenance of a vast reference library of current literature covering the whole range of scientific investigation. Every trade has its journals. And every major profession, as for example, medicine, or the different engineering professions are each publishing their quota of highly reliable periodicals. Obviously, such a mass of up-to-the-minute record of contemporary investigation is of incalculable value to the research worker.

Is it then to be greatly wondered at—with present opportunities in scientific education, with research carried on so universally, with a high degree of co-ordination of scientific effort, and the unsurpassable library facilities available to investigators—that scientists of today are reaping the harvest due their concerted attack along every line?



CO-OPERATIVE EDUCATION

BY S. M. THEVATHASAN, M. A., L. T.

I do not propose to give you a learned definition of education tonight. May we not plunge at once into the practical side of the subject which I am sure is of absorbing interest to all of you? I know you believe in education, and that as a most promising solution if not the only solution, of the complex problems that threaten the progress of the world. A leading thinker of modern India confesses that his soul was shocked

in reaction when the Principal of the leading women's college in his Presidency suggested to him that he should give such an education to his daughter as will fit her for companionship with a western-trained young Indian gentleman, whose tastes in life have been more or less anglicised. Fit her to suit *another*—the idea of making my daughter marketable—how preposterous! says the wounded father. He vows and declares that

his will not train her to fit into any such scheme of affairs—he strongly appeals for a larger measure of Freedom in our educational curriculum—where a most satisfactory kind of help will be given to our boys and girls to unfold their mental faculties. Education, to him, is an assistance given by man to a process of Nature. The natural faculties of manhood and womanhood are there inborn, only waiting to unfold in the process of time. Help, or no help, they will unfold themselves. Education can only assist, guide, and direct—the value of which can never be over-estimated. Education then is an assistance given to the unfolding of the faculties of an immortal human personality. This is a sacred task that must be undertaken, only with due regard to the great value of human personality, recognising its right for natural growth. Freedom must at once be assured. Then what is the doctrine that we hear so much about in these days that our education should be practical, that it should enable an individual to take his rightful place in society without causing any strain to him or to others, and that it should endeavour to fit individuals into a recognised scheme of arrangements? In other words, we are told that education must be a mould in which the plastic minds of the young people sent to schools should be cast, of a particular size and shape, according to the need in the market. Does this doctrine give due regard to the fundamental principle that no two individuals are truly alike, and for every school-child a new mould is required to give it due shape and size? Society that clamours for practical education must be demanded to help in the process of education. Such an important work as education that aims at developing the faculties and drawing out the latent powers to think and feel, “fitting individuals to enjoy the beauties of this beautiful world, in time to be established with ability to choose the good and refuse the evil”—such an important work has practically been left in the hands of a few men and women—hard-working all, but by no means all equal to the task, not all equipped with the understanding heart and the sympathetic mind, not all free from the cares of the primary necessities of this life, so as to give of their best to this noble and arduous work. Is it not surprising that society has so far left this responsibility in the hands of a few school-masters and mistresses who may deserve all the confidence reposed in them but are by no means equal to the task? There in this field of education co-operation of all the forces that come into contact with young lives must be enlisted so as to help schools out in their serious and arduous work.

The history of the world may be regarded as long chapters of Isolation, Competition, and Indifference, and a short one of Co-operation. These stages of growth apply with equal force to individuals as well as to groups of individuals, to nations as well as to races.

The world today knows only too well that isolation, competition, indifference, and neutrality do not pay.

It is not religion, it is not the sublime moral code enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount by the Great Galilean Guru, but it is the callous science of Economics, respecter of no persons, races or creeds, that is teaching the world today that co-operation is the safe and only means of ordered life in the world. "Am I my brother's keeper"? has already been discarded as a pernicious doctrine by any serious thinker of the world. You cannot leave the teachers and the teaching profession alone to deal with the unfolding of the beautiful little lives which are the hope of the world without regretfully paying due penalty for it. Listen to the call for Co-operation! Your success in life is determined by the measure of interest you and your neighbour may take in this all-absorbing question.

Just a few reasons to show why co-operation of all the forces in society is essential.

First: You have left teachers too long alone. They are so petrified in their thoughts and methods of conducting the educational campaign that they do not recognize you as having any place in the educational work of the country. They more or less agree in spirit with the housemaster who declared, "Men and women differ in intelligence but parents are all fools." I say again this is the product of your system of isolation—don't

blame the teacher. He assumes that he is the monarch of all he surveys within the school-compound. We must see ourselves as others see us. It may not be very pleasant always—but it surely will prove to be a corrective and helpful measure. The schools believe so much in the training they can give children that they very forcibly press upon the attention of society the need of residential institutions—institutions in which the school-authorities have a helpful oversight over the activities of school children all the hours of the day.

Having been brought up in an institution of that kind, I recognize the advantages as well as the disadvantages. I favour the scheme, however, on the preponderance of advantages, provided a helpful oversight by competent teachers who have insight into the character of pupils is secured. This is a hard thing to get. And yet we must reckon with this fact, that a residential institution, even though under the best management that can be provided, presents a phenomenon not quite in keeping with life. Though it may be a small microcosm by itself, its isolation is not its recommendation, and it cannot take the place of home, and of the helpful influences of Society at large. There is a danger of producing characters which may fail for lack of understanding the peculiar complexities of modern civilization. Shall we have a child grow to manhood, every moment of it being spent with the parents at

home, with the teachers at school, or with the ministers in the church—and then turn him loose in the world? Or shall we train him early to be in the world and yet not of the world? Furthermore, the idea of residential institutions is not feasible, considering the many thousands attending schools in our country. Therefore the best solution of the problem is to secure the co-operation of the parents and the public in general in this great task of education.

Second: Due recognition should be given to the interacting forces that shape the mental development of the child. Home, Church, and Society are allied forces with the school. They ought to contribute materially to the strength of the school. The part which they ought to play cannot in any sense be attempted by the school without the help of a residential system.

Third: Again, the stupendousness of the task, as has already been pointed out, needs the services of all the forces that can be mobilised for the purpose of this campaign. "He that is not with us, is against us."

What are the methods that might be employed to secure co-operation in Education?

(A) Co-operation between children and teachers: I put children first purposely. The sooner the teachers—old or young, experienced or inexperienced realise that co-operation with children is not only possible but also desirable, the better it will be for the educational progress of any country.

The Montessori teacher is a happy person in the class-room. She is not only a teacher but a play-fellow and friend. She embodies the truth that honour requires the best work in her methods. She lets the children alone and only at times co-operates with them when requested. If to unfold latent faculties is the teacher's task and privilege, the Montessori method ought to commend itself to the teaching profession quite easily. There is again the American Method of freedom that has revolutionized educational thought and practice in that wide-awake country. "Self-determination" is current coin in political circles today. Was it President Wilson who gave it so much prominence in the life and thought of the world today? Though the great President has been unjustly punished for so-called autocracy, not simply for coining words but for doing all the thinking for America, "Self-determination" is not his word. It is the shibboleth by which the educationalists of his country swear. They are so inflated with the success of "Self-determination" in schools and colleges that they would willingly try it upon the untutored nations of the world. As Miss Bennet says in a thoughtful article in the "Contemporary Review," it has secured for the American boys the following beneficial results:—

- (a) Alert interest in learning.
- (b) Recognition of many subjects in this beautiful world to select from.
- (c) Development of personality with minimum self-conscious-

ness (d) Friendship among those of similar tastes (e) Acceptance of responsibility—also admiration of justice given and received. The children are permitted to select their own recitations, subjects for drawing, topics for lectures. There is the joy of choice but there also is the duty of achievement. They are required to stick to a subject of their choice for a certain length of time. Thereby they go through the discipline of persistency which is a very valuable asset in character-building. I am afraid that in our school we attempt more theoretical ethical teaching—stocking the information only—without opening out opportunities for the application of the precepts. Life is more than knowledge.

(B) Co-operation between Teachers and Parents. According to conditions that obtain today is there mutual regard? Do teachers think that all parents are fools? Do the parents think that all teachers are fools? I'll tell you what little children think. They think that teachers are wise and parents are wise, unless we stultify ourselves in their sight. Let us help the child to preserve his respect for superiors—a very valuable germ which later on develops into loyalty to the country, and loyalty to humanity. What kind of reports, asks Miss Bennet, do teachers send parents? Arithmetic G, Geography P, Conduct Satisfactory. Do these words mean anything much? Has not the parent who pays for his child's education a right to demand a fuller report. I am afraid

that some schools do not send any reports—only at the end of the year a shock or a thrill. Let us have parents' visits to our schools, many of them if we can arrange; also lectures to them and lectures by them to teachers. Let us arrange exhibitions of school-work. Let the parents see how much more their children can grow and will grow with their adequate help, when they come into contact with better work produced by some other children. Let us discuss with them various subjects of interest—holidays, punishments, rewards, homework, sex facts, discipline, fees, as well as the curriculum; nay, more, discuss the spiritual significance of the work. Before one may be aware, parents will begin to evince a direct interest in the school problems, particularly in connection with their boys and girls. So much is a distinct advantage to the school.

(c) Co-operation between Parents and Children. This will be a natural result of what has been said above. When the parents are interested in the children's education as teachers are, then it is a situation similar to what may be obtained in the best residential institutions without the disadvantages that are associated with the latter.

Co-operation between Children and Children. Is that possible? Will a child take it in good part? Does it not look like humiliating a child before his compeers to be asked to be helped by a fellow-student? Yes, it is true; nothing should be done to wound the pride

of a boy. But let co-operation be enlisted on the basis of "esprit de corps"; let the class work together for its reputation, very likely in comparison with another class. In the feeling of oneness and team work, all thoughts of individual inferiority or superiority will be lost sight of. My class, my department, my school, my district, my country, etc., furnish excellent material for the development of "esprit de corps." Then co-operation is secured and it is honourable too. Not only in studies, but also in the development of public opinion and the elevation of tastes in school, co-operation of children with children will be very helpful.

Co-operation between Educationalists and Employers. Though culture is the main goal of our educational work, yet vocational training and the utilitarian aspect of the case will never be lost sight of in this material world which hinges on dollars and cents. There must therefore be a helpful, mutual understanding between the employers, and the trainers of the employed. Their coming together may make the career of many a poor lad smooth, and arrangements can be made so that one may work as well as profit by training given in schools. The educators' work will increase in value in as much as they shape it to suit the demand. The employer is interested not only in work but also in play; because if the play, the amusement part of the employee's life, is not well looked after, it tells seriously on the efficiency of the work.

Therefore there is an important field in which the educationalist and the employer should co-operate.

Co-operation between the Educationalists and the Public through the press and the platform. How much do the public know of the teacher's problems his plans, his successes, his failures? The examination results published once a year are by no means the correct criteria of the school's success. One good thing the schools, one and all, should do, is this: to press their claim upon the attention of the public, for criticism, for help, for sympathetic interest. Let not the schools inform the public of what they are doing, what they want to do, and what they cannot do without the aid of the public, in an apologetic tone. Publish your successes. Tell about your failures and take the public into your confidence, and present your problems before them, and their fresh contribution to the solution of your problems will materially ease your anxieties. What is their business must be put forward as their business. They will then bestow upon it the attention it deserves. Don't be afraid of reiteration. Remember the retort of the lawyer when he was interrupted by the Judge: "You have already said that three times." "Yes, my Lord, I know, but there are twelve jurymen."

The influence of the Press is vast; a platform too is useful. Why not enlist these forces to battle with the indifference and negligence of the public to think

of the main question of education?

Any great thing in the world needs for its success seers and doers; men with a vision to see possibilities hidden in the fog of prejudice, ignorance or faithless-

ness, also men with a practical bent of mind to carry these dreams into realities and actualities. The task of education belongs to the world. Mobilize all the forces of the world to battle with Ignorance.



A TRAVANCORE ESCAPADE

BY ONE WHO ESCAPED

I have been reading some of Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," and find that the adventures themselves are positively insipid compared with those we have had. That does not make ours into literature, but here is the plot, anyway.

We had seen Anaimudi all the week before. It is said to be the highest point of ground between the Himalayas and the South Pole. I have never been to either of the extremes, but Anaimudi does lift its head well above the top of anything in the Palnis or the Kanan Devan hills. Sportsmen who like big game do not stop short of elephants, and hikers in search of big hills should not be deterred by the unknown. We determined to climb Anaimudi if it were in any way possible.

Reaching the farthest point west in the Palnis, we took a day of rest, and then H. and I were ready for something. So we decided to make it only a reconnoitring expedition. First, we were to go to the top of Table Mountain, the big landmark just over the valley in Travancore. We wanted to see

what the west side looked like, with a view to possibly taking our course that way to reach Anaimudi. Then we were to go down to Top Station to make inquiries about the best way to reach Anaimudi. The first part—climbing the mountain—was made unnecessary by the latter. But we wanted to see for ourselves how the land lay. Besides, I wanted to climb Table Mountain, for that was the one thing in which H. had beaten me the previous year.

At 7.30 we set out with a light lunch, cameras, field glasses, and sweaters, and plunged over the ridge just back of the house. The path was just a castle track. It sounds easy to say that we slid down, but toward the bottom our hold-back muscles, the ones just inside the knee-cap, grew very tired. There had been some rain and a heavy dew the night before, and so the bracken, grass, and especially the clear muddy places on the trail were slippery. But we descended the 3000 feet safely.

Then we readjusted our small packs and set off at full tilt along the comparatively level valley bot-

tom for a mile or so. We passed along a very pretty creek lined with cow pastures, stone walls in places, mango trees, and thick brushwood—an excellent place for birds, of which I saw a number on the fly. The whistling thrushes were making their usual half-hearted attempts at tunefulness. Bulbuls called sharply from every thicket. Spotted doves cooed mildly. Mynas chattered in big flocks near the paddy terraces. White-eyes lisped apologetically. The blackbird gave his sharp alarm-beat. A shrike with a pink back dashed along just over the trees, the white-rumped swifts wheeled about a little higher up, and above all a pariah kite frowned down on everything below him. But we did not look up often. When we did we saw the huge walls shutting in our little valley, and remembered that we had to climb them.

We did not have time to pause as we passed through a small village in the valley. Everyone was out 'salaaming' us, and we 'salaamed' back, but had to push on to bigger things. First, we took a footpath that led straight up the hill on the west side, without even the grace of a zigzag to help us. We puffed, but did not mind it very much.

After perhaps a thousand feet of this climbing, we passed over a knoll, and just at that point was what appeared at first sight to be a small junk heap. There were pieces of rusty iron of all descriptions,—keys, sickles, an old pair of spring-scales, spears such as one sees in the temples around

the hills, axe-heads,—but chiefly padlocks. On one bar of iron fixed horizontally, there were at least two dozen padlocks. Just what there is sacred about a padlock, I am sure I do not see. There was no sign of an image, but I think the junk heap must be some kind of shrine new to us.

From there we had to go up and over a number of rounded, grassy slopes, all leading westward to the base of Table Mountain. Here we had the unpleasant sensation of seeing a large herd of cattle and buffaloes bearing straight down on us. But we let them split and go past on either side. I judge they are not as dangerous as their horns would lead one to think.

At length we reached the mountain. On the east side toward Vandaravu, there is an even row of cliffs, with a smooth tablecloth of grass on top. When we dragged ourselves up to the last pitch and found ourselves on the summit, I was much disappointed, for it was not flat like a table at all. It was simply a ridge running north and south for about a mile, and not very level on top, either. We walked along to the south end, and came out on a point where we suddenly saw the whole tea valley spread out at our feet. The woodchoppers were so far below us that the sound of one stroke came to our ears almost with the sight of the following stroke. It was one of those places where Lucretius would have enjoyed sitting while a battle was raging beneath him.

We soon saw that our first object, to survey the approaches to

Anaimudi, was doomed to failure. There was deep valley west of us, then a high ridge, and Anaimudi some fifteen miles away peering over it. So we made for our second objective, Top Station. It looked about five miles away as the crow flies, but we noticed how queerly the paths through the tea-estates meandered about, always seeking to keep the same level like contour lines on a map. We had reason to notice this peculiarity more strongly a little later.

From the south end of Table Mountain a ridge runs west, and we followed along that until it turned to the north. We were peering down every ravine, hoping to find one that did not have a sheer drop in it; but we went clear around to the northwest corner of the mountain before we found a path to scramble down. Even then, we found at the foot of the cliffs a small jungle, which would have given us a deal of trouble had we not blundered on to a narrow trail leading through it.

The tea-estates were now around us, and we took a deep breath and sprinted off in the general direction of Top Station. All went well for about thirty seconds, until the well-built path twisted sharply around a knoll. Then it wound back again, and we with it. Sometimes we were headed almost for the foot of the mountain we had just left. At other time we were going at right angles to our course. The slopes sought by the path were always the gentlest but the distance was at least twice what it should have been. It

was already after one, and we were a long way from camp, so we dared not stop to look at all the interesting things in the estates. A great squirrel, as big as a monkey, having black fur above and red on its underparts, passed through some trees overhead. Wagtails exhibited their racial trait at every turn. From the tops of blackened stumps, (when forests are cleared for tea most of the wood is simply burned off), the shortwings sang their gentle melody. The presence of hoopoes showed that we were not far from civilization, even when we could see nothing but tea-bushes.

I must hurry on, as we hurried on that day, past small armies of black pickers, salaaming 'kanganis,' drying sheds, cooly lines, factories and bungalows, a golf course and tennis courts. After a long descent into the valley bottom, the road we were following climbed very slowly to the little 'tramway.' We breathed a sigh of relief when we finally saw the toy tracks uncoiling ahead of us. It was only two miles more to the terminus.

My personal opinion is that afternoon tea is a waste of good working time and of good materials that might contribute to a real meal. But when one has been hiking ten miles or so since noon under an Indian sun, he feels differently. How we did look forward to that "cup which cheers but not inebriate"! We had lots of fun anticipating that and a ten-minute rest in the easy chairs of the rest-house which we had visit-

ed the year before. What a blow it was, then, to find the place in ruins! Oh yes, they had a new rest-house just half a mile down the hill. But that extra mile and the hill did not look especially good to us just then. It was four o'clock and before us was a ten or fifteen mile trail, partly through jungle and unknown to us.

Each of us had it all figured out, but we did not dare say so to each other. The five miles down hill to the little temple in the valley would take at least an hour and a quarter. Then it must be three or four miles up the western wall of the Palnis, through jungle all the way. If we made exceptional speed, we could only hope to reach familiar ground on the hill top an hour after sunset. Neither of us would admit that he was not feeling as fresh as he had in the morning, or that he could not cover four miles an hour on any slope—but we were bluffing ourselves.

There had been a drenching rain the day before. The path through the jungle was good and broad, but untravelled, and therefore covered with dead leaves. Perhaps these facts do not have any apparent connection, but you must know that moisture and dead leaves are two of the necessities in the life of a leech. Until I struck the jungles of the Palnis I thought that the leech was an obsolete animals which had served a useful purpose in medicine during the days of our ancestors, but had dropt out of public life long since. The humble leech may not

be so much sung by poets nowadays, but he is surely a progressive animal in Pambadan Shola. When one stopt for a moment to brush them off his shoes and stockings, one could see them inching along from all directions, as straight as iron filings to a magnet. Even in walking along rapidly, one saw them standing on end, waving their business end around in the air with an eagerness that was almost pathetic. Think how many million disappointed leeches there were in that jungle after we had passed, for only a few hundred caught hold on our shoes, and of these less than a dozen got a taste of blood.

We had ploughed through the leeches for about an hour, and the light from behind the western clouds was getting decidedly dim under the trees. Still, all would have gone well if my companion's wind had not shown signs of shortening. His pauses for breath grew more frequent and more prolonged. I, too, was becoming weary in the muscles, but I could still plug along at a steady pace. I grew more and more impatient at H's delay, and finally he told me to go along home and he would follow at his own pace. I was off like a shot. Fear of leeches and of darkness gave me strength to push rapidly on until the zigzags finally ceased and I found myself out under the stars almost at the top of the hill.

It was only fifteen minutes or so from where I had left H., and now that I was out of the woods, I thought that it would be better

to wait for him. The idea of deserting did not appeal to me. So I sat down and studied the after-glow over the Travancore hills. Every few minutes I shouted, but he was too far below to hear me. Finally, I looked up toward the mountaintop. Great guns! There before me the path dove again into some jungle, and there was no knowing how far it was out to the open again. I had to get beyond the jungle before dark, or else the folks back at camp would have no clue to our whereabouts. Also, perhaps it would be more of a help to send back a lantern for H. The woods I had seen proved to be only a narrow strip, but now that it was getting dark and cold, I did not feel like waiting any longer. I struck the broad fire-line along the Madura-Travancore boundary and followed along that in the direction of camp.

Wow!!*?.*! My heart lost several good chances to beat when I heard right in front of me a loud noise which even yet defies analysis. It is generally described as a bark,* but was more like a cross between a motor "honk" and a roar. I suppose the deer was more frightened than I, for after stamping and snorting it galloped away as if pursued by one of the "pissasus" that are said to inhabit that region.

If you have never tried walking in the darkness over a rough trail, you have missed an experience. You may decide for yourself whether to try it or not. It is not much more than two miles along that ridge in the daylight, but at

night it seemed at least a dozen. I went fast, for the wind cut through my sweater as if intent upon freezing the perspiration that had gathered during the climb through the jungle. The faster I went the oftener I tripped. By good fortune there was a thunder storm off to the north, and the flashes showed me a little of my path. They also blinded my eyes, for they were in front of me. But I did not mind that as long as I was enabled to dodge a few of the rocks, bunches of grass, ditches, clumps of woody shrubs, and embankments.

At last, I saw two lanterns out on the hills the other side of camp. Of course, they were looking for us to return by the same trail we had taken in the morning. It was wholly reasonable, but somehow it angered me more than anything that had yet happened. That last half mile was the hardest of the trip, for the lightning had died out and the trail was steeper and more crooked, and worst of all there were the lanterns going away from me.

This yarn is getting entirely too long, but I cannot leave my friend down there among the leeches. I gave directions to the first search party, and then stretched out on the floor for a couple of hours. It must have been along about midnight when they returned with long faces and without the missing member. After a long-delayed dinner, all of us set out along the trail with three lanterns. We made the hills and valleys ring with our calls, nor did we have

to request the echo to answer. The quadruple and quintuple echoes were very interesting, but the study of physics was not our object just then. We wanted another kind of answer.

I was nearly down to the edge of the jungle. Here was the little shola that had worried me earlier in the evening. I was firm on one point. I was not going into that jungle again, even with a lantern. Well, I thought, I'll give one last yell. "HELLO!" I bellowed. "Hello," remarked a mild voice a few yards away. Yes, there he was and there he had been sleeping since soon after dark. He had seen the little shola I have mentioned in front of him, and not

wishing to risk getting lost in it and devoured by leeches, had chosen a soft, grassy spot in the open to spend the night. A worse choice might have been made, though a bed that is titled halfway to the vertical is not the most comfortable.

I suppose it was about five when we turned in that morning, and you may guess that the events of the next day around that camp were not thrilling enough to be recorded. It should be remembered, however, that we survived, and we did get some information about the old mountain, Anaimudi, which led us to invade Travancore again. But that is another story.



THE LOWER SCHOOL

The number on roll is nearly 225. The daily attendance was more or less for the month of May. There has been an increasing number of children for admission into the Lower School, but many of them were rejected owing to want of room.



HONOUR ROLL

FIRST TERM, 1923

MATRICULATION—Mathiaparanam, K. Nalliah, V.	SECOND FORM A—Visuvanathan, M. Sivasuppramaniam, N.
SENIOR A —Ponniiah, A. Kandiah, K. A.	SECOND FORM B—Sinnadurai, A. Rajaratnam, P.
SENIOR B. —Krishnasamy, R. Appadurai, R.	FIRST FORM A—Ponnuraja, A. Rajadurai, M.
FIFTH FORM A—Seevaratnam, S. T. Rajanayagam, S.	FIRST FORM B—Thambi Ratnam, P. Rajendra, R.
FIFTH FORM B—Rajaratnam, C. Ramalingam, M.	SECOND YEAR A—Rajadurai, C. Perumainar, T.
FOURTH FORM A—Vyramuttu, R. V. Kasippillai, K.	SECOND YEAR B—Thampipillai, V. Parampalam, A.
FOURTH FORM B—Thambirajah, V. K. Abraham, S. K.	FIRST YEAR A—Vinasithamby, S. Nadaraja, V.
THIRD FORM A—Kalyanasundrampillai. Suppramaniam, P.	FIRST YEAR B—Kanapathippillai, N. Perumainar, A.
THIRD FORM B—Suppramaniam, G. Vethaparanam, C.	PREPARATORY —Kanagasabai, V. Rajaratnam, S.
THIRD FORM C—Appiah, C. Sivapragasam, V.	

CAMBRIDGE PASSES, 1922

SENIOR

Nalliah, V. (1st class)
Mathiaparanam, K. (1st class)
Sathasivam, P. (2nd class)
Ponnambalam, A. S.
Nadarajah, A. W.

Selvaratnam, M.
Vijayaratnam, S.
Thirugnanam, K.
Meadows, A.
Palanathan, D.

JUNIOR

Ponniiah, A. (1st class)
Kandiah, K.
Pooranasatcunam, S. (2nd class)
Ratnasingam, M.

Appaduray, K. (3rd class)
Veluppillai, T.
Sivagurunathan, T.



ALUMNI NOTES

By C. H. COOKE

Dr. W. S. Ratnavale, has been promoted to Grade I of the Ceylon Medical Service.

Mr. M. Savundaram Joseph, has been successful in the Bachelor of Divinity examination of the Serampore Faculty of Theology.

Ms. E. Ariam Williams, B. D., has obtained the diploma of the Cambridge Uni-

versity in Teaching, and also the certificate of the London Teachers' Training College.

Messrs. S. Nagalingam and K. Thiruchitampalam passed the Proctors' Final Examination in September 1922.

Mr. S. W. Charles Ratnaser, of the Ceylon Medical College, who passed the Lon-

don Intermediate examination in Natural Science subjects last July, has also obtained exemption from the first examination for the London M. B.

Mr. W. P. Amirtham Cooke, Agricultural Inspector, Northern Division, has obtained a scholarship to proceed to the University of California to take a two years' course of higher training in agriculture.

Mr. Strong Kidatunham, has been appointed Police Vidhan of Manepay.

Mr. G. S. Arulampalam, Building Foreman, C. G. R., Kandy, has been transferred to Anuradhapura.

Mr. E. V. Nathaniel, Station Master of Diyatalawa, is transferred to Gampola.

Dr. Vettwalo, Medical Officer of Point Pedro hospital, retired from government service on the first of February, 1923.

Dr. A. Suppiah, D. M. O., Teldeniya, has been transferred to Jaffna.

Dr. S. K. Chinniah, of the Leper Asylum at Mantive has been transferred to Kankesanturai.

Dr. G. S. Mather, has opened a new hospital in Jaffna town.

Mr. V. R. Page, who was connected with the firm of Messrs. Davidson and Co., Colombo, for thirty years as Chief Clerk and Book-keeper, has retired from service on a well-earned gratuity.

Mr. R. K. Arulampalam, of the Land Registry Office, Jaffna, has been transferred to Mullaitivu.

Dr. S. L. Navaratnam, D. M. O., Puttalam, is leaving for England to obtain British qualifications.

Mr. A. M. Nathaniel, B. A., Principal of

Dharmasoka College, Ambalangoda, has resigned his position.

Mr. H. P. Chelliah has passed the final L. M. and S. of the Madras University.

Mr. T. Buell has severed his connection with the Sir Jacob Sassoon School in Byculla, and has taken up the Principalship of the American Mission High School in Bombay.

Messrs. Richard A. Gnanamuttoo and R. S. Edwards have been promoted to Class I in the Postal Service.

Matrimonial. *Mr. A. Kathiravalu*, teacher in Jaffna College, was married to Miss Sukirtharatnam Barnabas on the 17th of August, 1922.

Mr. V. Nagalingam, Proctor, S. C., was married to Miss Nakammah Apputhurai on the 31st of August, 1922.

Mr. J. V. Muttulambay, draughtsman in the F. M. S., was married to Miss K. Marnickam on the 13th of September.

Mr. Victor T. Balasingham of the Wesley College Pettah Branch School, Colombo, was married on the 14th of April to Miss Pearl Muthaparanam Forman at the Jempettah Church, Colombo.

The marriage of *Mr. A. M. Brodie*, of the tutorial staff of St. Thomas' College, Colombo, with Miss Grace Chinnammah Veerasingham took place at St. John's Church, Chundicully, on the 26th of April.

Obituary. The death of *Mr. Robert Fitch* took place at Colombo on the 10th of June, 1922.

Mr. Samuel Rice, Head Master of the Karadive English School, passed away on the 7th of January, 1923.



SPORTS AT JAFFNA COLLEGE

No one can fail to notice that in recent years Jaffna College has been really progressing in the sphere of sports. It was the late Mr. Daniel Rajah Sanders with his untiring efforts, well seconded by the Rev. John Bicknell, who performed the herculean task of reviving athletics,

and cricket in particular. Even after that the progress has been steady; and today we see an interesting variety of sports activities, such as cricket, football, tennis, baseball, basketball, volleyball, badminton, 'thachi,' and general athletics, and in addition to these, physical drill and gym-

nastic exercises. Evidently physical training at Jaffna College is generous and comprehensive. This, let none blush to admit, is largely due to the liberality of our American brethren, who are ready to welcome good suggestions.

It will not be out of place to say something about the "League System" introduced from America in the last part of last year by Mr. C. W. Phelps, our Science professor. The system is simply this: The College students were divided into two parties or camps and one was named the Crimson, the other the Golds. Each party or league consisted of as many teams as possible; the first of the Golds played matches with the first team of the Crimson at all of the above-mentioned games and athletics. Points were assigned and declared. This system went on throughout the last part of last year and created a good deal of interest. But this "League system," a very good organization, had to be dropped owing to the inability of Mr. Phelps to devote as much time as he

devoted at the outset. However, my warm wish is that the "League system" should soon be revived if students are to take interest in athletics.

We are at present in the middle of the cricket season of 1923, and something should be said. I fully believe those in charge of the game when they say that they are trying to obtain the maximum results with minimum cost. For they are greatly handicapped by not having nets and good pitches for cricket practice. I also believe them saying that in spite of the difficulties they have a strong team. But how this team compares with those of other colleges can be ascertained only at the close of the season.

The King's Birthday is at hand and the students of the College are assiduously preparing with great expectations. For Jaffna College will not compete with other colleges in athletics, but will hold a sports meet of its own. This indeed is a wise step, and I wish the forthcoming sports meet every success.

THE SPECTATOR.



EDITORIAL

Imagine yourself in a small boat in a heavy sea. At one moment the whole ocean is standing up on end just behind the boat. The latter rises swift as thought toward the sky, as though it would never stop rising until it reached that goal. Then comes a moment when the boat seems to be suspended between earth and sky. The water is falling away from one on every side. One feels as if held up by some power counteracting that of gravitation. Then the boat goes down, slowly at first, but soon gathering speed in spite of all the rowers can do. The waves rise and rise until only a narrow strip of sky is left

overhead. Still, unless there is some culpable mismanagement, the descent soon stops.

Come with me for a short time into the spirit of a College. We find it far down in the trough of the waves just after the death of a truly great teacher. He had done the work of three men. He had helped drive the school to the top of the wave. But the crest was gone, and the difficulties of filling his place loomed up large. Almost at once, however, the upward tendency was felt. A great celebration revealed a history of noble achievement and promised a future as bright. An influx of new students, the growth of higher class-

es, the conferring of a well-earned reward on the senior teacher, together with popular applause for the principal and his work, all lifted the boat higher and higher. A gay whirl of fireworks, speeches, and public functions were the froth that marked the crest. And then came the next trough,—the long vacation and the relaxation that goes with it. At the same time came the departure of the principal for his furlough, and the adverse results of a vacillating foreign examination system. Now the climb has started again.

In this process of rising and falling, the chief danger is oversensitiveness. A watch that is too nicely adjusted to one temperature and climate may refuse to function when we carry it to another country. So, some people here in Jaffna are too delicately constructed. A drop of ten degrees in temperature makes them shiver. A similar slight drop in fortune makes them give up hope of ever rising again. You remember the story of Buddha and the harper; just as the harp-strings must be neither too loose nor too tight, we should seek a golden

mean in all our thoughts and deeds. Excessive optimism in times of success and excessive pessimism in periods of misfortune are both menaces to character.

A true student will stand a little away from these waves of popular feeling and study them. The social mind is a most fascinating thing to watch, if you will but detach yourself from it. It will often make you smile to see what little things cause the waves. But the student should not merely hold himself aloof. He must throw his weight on the oars in the direction which his study shows him is the best. In victory, he watches for the next hollow and balances the boat that it may slide down gracefully. In defeat, he keeps his head high and lends a hand to pull himself and his neighbour out of the hole.

After all, my simile is a poor one. We are not simply drifting or even opposing a sea of troubles. But if we are worth our salt as individuals and as a school we are standing on our failures to build higher the solid structure of fine character.



JAFFNA COLLEGE

Vaddukoddai, Ceylon

Established in 1872

FACULTY

REV. JOHN BICKNELL, B. A., B. D. (Yale) Principal, on furlough	1915
REV. MAX HUNTER HARRISON, B. A., S. T. M. (Harvard) Acting Principal	1919
<i>Latin and English</i>	
JOHN V. CHELLIAH, M. A. (Cal.) Vice Principal	1895
<i>English</i>	
LOUIS S. PONNIAH, B. A. (Cal.)	1908
<i>Tamil and Latin</i>	
J. C. AMERASINGAM, B. A. (Madr.)	1917
<i>History and English</i>	
DAVID S. SANDERS, B. A. (Cal.)	1919
<i>Mathematics and English</i>	
ALBERT SUNDAMPILLAI, B. SC. (Cal.)	1919
<i>Science and Mathematics</i>	
EDWARD G. NICHOLS, B. A. (Columbia)	1921
<i>English and Latin</i>	
CARL W. PHELPS, B. SC. (Mass. Inst. Technology)	1921
<i>Science</i>	

ADDITIONAL STAFF

A. Kathiravalu (L. Matric.)	S. H. Parinpanayagam (Inter Arts)
L. V. Chinnathamby (Trained L. Matric.)	E. V. Rasiah (1st class trained)
K. T. George (1 Class Drawing Cert.)	Mrs. M. H. Harrison, B. A.
C. O. Elias, B. A. (Madr.)	A. S. Arulampalam
L. Kulatungam (Inter Arts)	G. M. Kanagaratnam

LOWER SCHOOL STAFF

J. Appadurai (Norm. Cert. F. M. S.)	A. S. Packianathan (Vern. Cert.)
S. T. Seevaratnam (III Class Cert.)	S. J. Hensman
H. M. Chellappah (III Class Cert.)	Mrs. B. David
K. S. Stephen (Vern. Cert.)	Mrs. L. C. Williams
G. Meadows (III Class Cert.)	Mrs. J. Appadurai
V. R. Rajaratnam (Prov. Cert.)	Paul Cheeran
K. S. Saravanamuttu (1st class trained.)	

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Vaddukoddai, Ceylon.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Mr. S. R. Rajaratnam, B. A., Advocate, delivered a lecture before the young men of the College on "Some Epochs of Tamil Power in the History of Ceylon," on the 24th of January.

Mr. T. Z. Koo of China, the oriental travelling secretary of the World Student Christian Federation, delivered a stereoptican lecture on the 19th of February.

The annual meeting of the Board of Directors was held on the 17th of Feb. A decision of some interest was the appointment of Mr. J. V. Chelliah, M. A., as Vice Principal of the College.

On Saturday, the 3rd of March, the London Matriculation class celebrated its victory in the Volley Ball shield competition. A shield was presented by the Brotherhood in memory of four of its late members. A farewell address was read to Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell.

A number of functions took place in the College to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell before they went on furlough to America. The Hunt Dormitory boys held a reception on the 10th of March. The staff of the College entertained the Bicknells at dinner on the 14th. A large gather-

ing composed of old and present boys and the general public did honour to the departing principal the same afternoon.

The new appointment of Mr. Chelliah was fittingly celebrated during this week.

An interesting cricket match took place on the 17th of March at St. Patrick's College, and ended in a loss by some runs.

The long vacation started on March 22, and College reopened on the 9th of May.

The Scout troop was in camp at Mandaitivu for a week and at Vaddukoddai for another week during the vacation.

The Y. M. C. A. sent delegates to the Student Christian Conference at Peradeniya the last week of vacation.

On the 13th of May Mr. J. C. Amerasingham preached on "Friendship, Culture, and Service."

Mr. De Saram paid a short visit to the Scout troop, and the troop attended a rally on the Esplanade the same afternoon.

Mr. M. H. Harrison delivered the Sunday evening sermon on May 20, on the subject, "Why Terah failed."

K. Selliah,
(Senior A.)



Students' Section

Mahatma Gandhi

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the greatest man in India today, is the son of a Dewan of the state of Probander, and was born in the year 1869. His mother was an orthodox Hindu lady, rigid in her observances of religious obligations, and stern in her determination that her children should grow up good and honest men and women. As Gandhi was the youngest son, his parents bore great affection towards him, and especially his mother, who, when he proceeded to London to qualify himself as a lawyer, exacted a three-fold vow that he would abstain from flesh, alcohol, and women. This vow was kept faithfully in the midst of all the temptations of student life in London. After his course of training in London as a barrister-at-law, he returned to India, and was at once admitted as an advocate of the Bombay High Court where he began practice with some success.

In 1893 Mr. Gandhi was induced to go to South Africa in connection with an Indian legal case of some difficulty. Here he appealed for admission as an Advocate of the Supreme Court of Natal, but he was opposed because of his complexion. At this time there were many Indians labouring in Natal, Transvaal, and other colonies. The Government burdened these poor Indians with special taxes, such as the 3% tax, took their thumb-prints as if they were criminals, and insulted them in public in various ways. So the Indians appealed to Mr. Gandhi, who as their leader fought against the Asiatic Exclusion Act with success. Then he fought for equitable political and social recognition for Indians.

As a leader and counsellor he founded a settlement outside Durban, and bound the Indians by a vow of poverty. When the Government became embarrassed by unexpected troubles, Mr. Gandhi instead of pushing on his campaign came to its succour. When the Boer War broke out in 1899, Mr. Gandhi organized an Indian Red Cross unit and helped the Govern-

ment to fight the Boers. When plague was raging in 1904 in Johannesburg, he organised a hospital, and himself tended the patients, for which he was publicly thanked. In 1906, when a native rebellion broke out, he went personally with a force and suppressed it, for which the Natal Governor thanked him heartily. But when he resumed his resistance movement, he was thrown into the common jail at Johannesburg. He was cast several times into prison. On one or two occasions he was set upon and half killed, because he published a pamphlet in which he said that the Indians in Natal were robbed and assaulted and were treated like beasts. Although he was severely persecuted, nothing could shake his courage or exhaust his patience, or poison his love of his enemies. At last, after twenty years of trials and sufferings, he won his victory. In 1913 his case was espoused by Lord Hardinge, who reported in Mr. Gandhi's favour on all points at issue, and an act was passed giving official recognition to his claims. The great battle was won by enduring without resentment all wrongs inflicted by those who opposed him.

Mr. Gandhi hurried to England, being prompted by the instinct for service, when he heard that Mr. Gokhale, a great statesman of India, was ill. He arrived from Africa to find his friend recovering at the outbreak of the Great War. He recognised that it was India's duty to help England when she was in danger, and so he formed the Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps in London, enrolling himself and his wife. His neglect of his body made him weak, and the officials and his friends asked him to go to his native land. In 1915 he arrived in India. He did not wish to carry on any agitation during the war, for he thought that it was like stabbing an enemy in his back. His determination was to free his people from injustice and cruelty.

His passive resistance movement cannot be better described than in his own words. He inaugurated this movement to gain home rule for India immediately. He was weary because England delayed the granting of home rule, and he felt that India was ready for it.

He said, "A revolution has no place for violence of any kind. Violence, whatever it may serve in Europe, will never serve in India. We fight our battles with cleaner weapons and in a nobler plane of combat. We must meet their ungodliness by godliness, untruth by truth, cunning and craft by openness and simplicity, terrorism and frightfulness by bravery and patient suffering. We must bring no violence against those who do not join our ranks, and we must regard every English life as those of our dear ones. As soon as India accepts the doctrine of the sword, my life as an Indian is finished."

During recent years, the Mahatma has been engaged in delivering lectures to rouse his countrymen's national spirit, and for this he has so devoted his time that it has been said that those who sit with

him in the same compartment in the train are filled with new ideas when they return home. For pushing forward the national spirit, Gandhi asked his followers to burn cloth sent from England, and to dress themselves with *khaddar* cloth woven in India.

When the Prince of Wales left India to come to Ceylon, Gandhi was arrested. During last March Gandhi wrote three articles to his paper, criticising the Government severely, and so he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment.

Gandhi is a small, dark-coloured, active man. His eyes are calm, and his countenance is pleasing.

Whatever we may think of the non-cooperation movement, Gandhi is a lovable character, and his love of truth and service is remarkable. His sense of public duty is profound. He is the embodiment of meekness that turns away wrath. Unarmed for war, he yet has conquered; for his weapons have been moral fervour, calm determination, sacrifice, service to his fellow-men, and over-whelming love.

S. Muttucumar,
Senior A.



ADVENTURE IN A CHINESE TEMPLE

This one experience of celestial sight-seeing I am not likely to forget, and should be very unwilling to repeat. Among the places of interest in Tibet, the Llama Temple ranks very high. It is a monastery of the Chinese, and contains over a thousand monks ruled over by a 'Living Buddha.' No foreigner had been in it for years as the inmates are a rough and lawless lot and practically beyond the control of the Chinese Government, and any party that entered it was rudely handled. A friend of mine told me that one of the priests, called Ah Wah, had come to him to borrow a few dollars, and had said as an inducement that if he or any of his friends wanted to see the temple, he would take them over it himself. So my friend

gave me his big red Chinese card with the name of the priest on it as an introduction, and I went with another friend of mine who was equally anxious to see the place.

We had to go through a number of winding lanes before we came to the main entrance of the temple. We had hard work in bribing the door keeper to go and tell Ah Wah, and by and by the latter appeared, a small dirty individual, who succeeded in persuading others to open the gates and let us just step in. He soon disappeared through a small door, and a few minutes later a short stout man came towards us. He talked very little, and we at last agreed to pay a moderate sum to him for showing us the four chief sights of the temple.

Of these the first sight was a great Buddha, a wooden image seventy feet high, richly ornamented and clothed. After spying this we passed on to the other sights. There were two magnificent lions and images carved out of stone. Unconsciously we moved further on, becoming deeply interested in the carvings. As we moved on, the place became darker and narrower. The monks, with their shaven heads like billiard balls, crowded around us. They grinned like apes, and with brutal inquisitiveness pulled us about, shouted to us, and laughed hideously. But we kept on moving slowly towards the door. We did not know where we were going. We were lost in the temple. As we passed through the door into the adjoining room, I saw one of the monks press a button attached to the door. Quick as lightning, the floor beneath our feet gave way. It was a trap. Down we went. We fell down about twenty-five feet before we touched the ground. My companion fell awkwardly, striking his head on the floor. I fell on my side, and we both lay stunned for a few moments. I regained my senses soon and looked around. My friend was lying on his face. He was still unconscious. The air of the room was foul, and there was very little light in it. The room had no door except for a small opening in the wall near the floor. It was about one foot square. I pulled out my revolver, which I had luckily shoved into my pocket when we started, and I slowly went near the opening on my knees. My friend was just regaining his senses.

I peeped cautiously through the opening. The sight that met my eyes made my hair stand erect. I shivered horribly from head to foot. The small opening led into another room. In a corner of that room, coiled up, lay a huge boa-constrictor. It was apparently asleep. I stood paralysed for a few moments. Dreadful and fearful recollections came to me. I thought of the wild stories I had read in my young days. I soon regained my presence of mind. I now looked about for a way of escape. About fifteen feet from the ground was a barred window.

That was the only way of escape. I knew that in a few minutes the monks would stir up the boa-con-

strictor by some means or other. My companion was better and he got up. I asked him to peep in through the same opening. He did so, and soon came back with a jump towards me. He was unable to speak for a few moments. I told him that we must set to work quickly, or else the snake would make short work of us.

An idea struck my mind. I made my friend stand close to the wall under the window. Then I got up on his shoulder and caught the bars of the window. Then with an effort I swung myself up, and was able to get a strong footing on the window-sill. I then drew up my friend also. We then set ourselves to stand firmly on the sill, and wait for the snake.

But by this time the monks had roused up the snake from its drowsiness by poking it with long sticks. The boa-constrictor slowly uncoiled itself and began to creep about the room lazily. One of the monks threw a stone at it, which struck its head and enraged it. It began to creep about quickly, and then came through the opening into our room. My friend looked at me and I looked at him. The snake crept along the sides of the wall, hissing hideously.

I thought it was now high time to put a bullet or two into its head. I aimed carefully and fired twice. One shot missed, and the other hit the snake just below the head. It began to hiss and wriggle about fearfully. It lashed its tail, and leapt up into the air. Once it leapt up and its head came very near our feet. It stood in this position for a second or two and then fell down. As it fell I fired once more. The bullet went home straight into its head. It fell down and was wriggling about for a few minutes, its movements became slower and slower, and it lay quiet as if dead. We did not wish to get down in fear lest the snake should be alive. How were we to escape? I looked above, and the ceiling was about six feet above our heads. There was the trap door through which we fell down. My companion raised himself on his toes and pushed the trap door. To our great delight the door slid back. We both leapt up and succeeded in getting up through the door. We were in the same room through which we fell down.

I did not wish to stay there long, lest the monks should chance to see us. Taking hold of my friend by the hand I went straight towards the door. The door was not locked. I opened it and saw that it led to a long, narrow, dark passage. I drew my friend close to my side and walked through the passage. Just as we were nearing the other end we heard mocking laughter. The noise seemed to come from the other end of the passage. I drew my revolver and fired twice blankly into the darkness, and waited. A fierce yell pierced the air and resounded loudly

in the narrow passage. Then we both ran down the passage and opening the door went out. We found ourselves in the open air just before the main entrance. We dashed past the stupefied man at the gate, and gained the public road. Once there we breathed freely. Hailing a rickshaw we got in and were on our way home.

Even years after this event happened, I recall to my mind vividly this adventure and shudder when I think of the narrow escape we had.

A. W. Nadarajah,
Matriculation.



A JAFFNA LANDSCAPE

Though Jaffna is only a peninsula in the little island of Ceylon, it has a fine and handsome landscape. It possesses ideal rural scenery. Though it has no mountains, rivers, or lakes, it delights the human mind by its beautiful landscape. The best landscapes may be said to be in the highlands of Scotland; yet a poet like Wordsworth would have written at least one poem if he had visited Jaffna.

If we want to look at a Jaffna landscape, we must be out in the fields early in the morning at six o'clock. Now let us go out to see a Jaffna landscape throughout the day. In the morning, the first sight is the palmyra grove. The palmyra grove is just by the side of a paddy field. The farmers ploughing, the birds whistling, and the bees humming about in search of honey refresh the mind of a man. There is a large pond from where the farmer is taking water to water his tobacco plants. Beside the pond is sitting a huge crane with its long beak in the water catching fish. Little by little the rays of the sun begin to fall on the water. The water glimmers and dazzles the eyes in the light. Then the sun rises higher and higher, the flowers begin to wither, the farmer is weary and hungry and starts homewards, the birds fly to their young ones, and everything gets tired of the tropical sun whose rays are charring the

rosy countenance of some of us. Then we too are tired of the sun, and return home hoping to get a good appetite.

Refreshed by the morning walk, we again set out to see a more beautiful landscape than that of the morning, and we are not disappointed. The landscape in the evenings is more beautiful than the landscape in the mornings. The sun begins to sink in the West. The birds again come back to the fields to pick up any seed on the wayside. The crane returns to its pond, hoping to have a good dinner on the fishes. Slowly, but steadily, the sun sinks down. The moon, impatient at the sun's long stay, hurries back and tries to delight the child by its beautiful light. Then suddenly you see the blue sky turned into a crimson colour in the Western horizon. It is the setting of the sun. A poet would certainly write a poem on the scene. The palmyra groves slowly hide the sun. A little child might tell its mother, "The sun is sleeping in the palmyra groves." Then the moon has full power of the skies, and tries to prove herself more powerful than the sun, on whom she is depending. We ourselves, though delighted by the moon, feel weary and hungry too, and we return home expecting to dream of the Jaffna landscape.

T. C. Kanagaratnam, V B.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE

The thirteenth annual conference of the Ceylon Student Christian Union was held at the training colony in Peradeniya from the first to the sixth of May. Students of different nationalities from different parts of the island attended the Conference.

There was not the least trace of feeling between us, and we felt that we were one family. We discussed together many problems social and national. The Sinhalese and Tamil students felt that they were united although their leaders in politics were in a squabble.

From Jaffna there were eight delegates of whom three were from Central College. The other five were from Jaffna College, and among us was Mr. Handy Parinpanayagam.

The lectures given there were interesting and inspiring. We had the privilege of hearing Mr. Wishard, Rev. Bevan, Mr. M. Kumarasamy, Mr. Stockdale, Mr. J. V. Chelliah, and several others. From their lectures we learnt what a real Christian

ought to be. On the last day when we were to part, a large number of us said that the Bible circles and corporate devotions had done us much good, not forgetting the value of the lectures and the fellowship we formed there.

In the camp we had not only the above things, but also lively humour, amusement, sports, and walks in that beautiful place, the Botanical Garden. The last night when we had to bid farewell to our acquaintances, was a moment of mingled sorrow and hope. All students from the other parts of Ceylon made promises that they would attend the next conference which is to be held in Jaffna. We assured them that we would try our best to make their stay in Jaffna a happy and useful one. The Secretary this year and for the next conference is one of our number, Mr. Parinpanayagam. We hope that he and others will make the next camp a real success.

Bonney Kanagathungu,
Senior A.

THE BROTHERHOOD

The annual meeting was held towards close of last year. It was the first annual meeting we have had for the last three years. Once the programme was drawn up, when the enteric epidemic sweeping over the College thinned our ranks. But last year owing to the exertions of Mr. Kanaga Nayagam, the secretary, the function was a success. Last term owing to the influx of new members the Forum was formed for the Junior members. The Brotherhood presented the A. K. R. K. memorial trophy to the volley-ball champions, the London Matriculation class.

The following are a few of the topics discussed:

"Higher co-education should be encouraged in Jaffna." Mr. Ponnampalam proposed and Mr. Thiruvilangam opposed. The subject was spiritedly discussed as if the problem was to be solved by us and us alone. One speaker in closing said, "I heartily wish that co-education be encouraged, and which of you here feels contrariwise?" And he rightly divined the opinions of all. Not only do we talk of local af-

fairs, but we pass judgment on the French policy as well. We discussed whether the French were justified in occupying the Ruhr vally, and finally came to the conclusion that the French were wrong. "A company railway is better than a government railway" was another of our topics. Messrs. P. Sathasivam and E. Sabaratnam led the sides, and the affirmative won. Another subject, "The war has had a bad moral effect upon the world," was hotly discussed. Messrs. Vethaparanam and Kanaga Nayagam led the parties, and the motion was carried. Another subject that awakened much interest was, "Imogen was the greatest of Shakespeare's heroines". One of the speakers remarked that Imogen was a splendid portrait of a Tamil lady perfect to the very details, and in her, unalloyed, self-sacrificing love she touched the under-chords that sweeten and ennoble a Tamil lady's life, and he concluded by saying that she was more Eastern than Western. Mr. Mutturajah proposed and Mr. Subramaniam opposed, and the motion was carried.

W. W. Mutturajah,
Hon'y Secretary

THE HUNT DORMITORY UNION

I am afraid that most of your readers are not familiar with this association, hence I am obliged to introduce this club to you.

This debating society was formed by the junior seven day boarders of the College in 1920, and as we slumber in the Hunt Building we gave this name to it: The Hunt Dormitory Seven Day Boarders' Union. Herein everything is done as the other clubs of the College do, except that we have Bible reading and prayer at the close of the meeting. This debating club meets once a week.

On Saturday night the 10th of March at 6 p. m., the guests and members of the society went to the bungalow with oriental music and a grand display of fireworks and led Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell in procession to the Hunt Dormitory, which was very well decorated. Mr. H. Parinpanaya-

gam, the patron of the club, took the chair. The function began with a word of prayer by the chairman, Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell and Mr. J. V. Chelliah (Vice-Principal) and the chairman were garlanded. The welcome song was followed by some light refreshments and several speeches by boys and teachers. Some songs specially composed for the occasion were sung in praise of Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell's work in Jaffna. These were followed by the presentation of the illuminated address to Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell. After this, Mr. J. V. Chelliah spoke about the missionaries' work and what they are going to do in future to improve the condition of the boys. The function came to a close with the singing of the College Song, and then there was a procession with music and fireworks back to the bungalow.

S. T. Seevaratnam, V. A.



A CAMP AT MANDAITIVE

The Second Jaffna Scout Troop (of Jaffna College) after having decided to hold its second large camp about the last week of March chose Mandaitive to be the best place.

To say a few words about Mandaitive, it is an island situated about four miles SSE of Jaffna Town. The fact that there is neither a post office nor even a public metaled road shows clearly that the people lead a poor and simple life.

A gentleman who had built a nice bungalow on the eastern coast of the island gave us free permission to use it from the 23rd March till the 28th March.

So on the 23rd, the three patrols started from Jaffna College at about 6.30 a. m. According to the ninth law to save some money we went walking from the College to the jetty, about eight miles. Also we did not take any cooks with us, but the

cooking utensils etc. were taken in a bullock cart. At about 7.30 we took our hoppers in the Kalundai boutique. We saw some flocks of curlews in the fields of Kalundai, but an attempt to shoot was a failure owing to some fault in the gun. Then we reached the jetty at nine. From here the patrol leaders with some of the senior scouts went to the bazaar to buy the necessary food-stuffs. At the same time some went to see the animals of the "Lion Circus." And all returned to the jetty at 11 a. m. to start after short refreshments. We reached the other side of the ferry at 12.30 noon. From here without wasting any time we hurried to the bungalow which was about three miles away from the ferry, and after a tiresome walk in the hot sun reached the bungalow at 1.30 p. m.

We all jointly cooked and took our breakfast at about 2.30 p. m. We had to

rest for two hours after which we had some signalling practice. Then almost all of us went for a sea bath, and the few who did not know swimming practised little by little every day. After collecting some firewood the "Bulls" cooked for our dinner and we took our dinner at 8.30 p. m. That day ended with the reading of a passage from the Bible and prayer.

On the second day we got up at about six and finished our morning duties soon. Then the general programme for the rest of the days was arranged thus: 7 a. m. physical drill, 8 a. m. morning hoppers, then signalling and pioneering, which were followed by a short swim. We took our breakfast usually at one. After breakfast various scouting activities, second class test work, and games followed. Volley-ball was played with great interest at times. Firewood was collected by us every day. This camp was admirable for our cooking and swimming. On the second evening we enjoyed ourselves very much by setting fire to the "Ravanan Meesai". Regular classes in ambulance were held in the evening

from 6.30 to 8. Usually we took our night meals at about 8.15. Owing to the scarcity of firewood and the strong winds we were not able to have the camp fire. Each day ended with prayers to God.

On Sunday morning we went to a Church in the island where some Tamil hymns were sung and the service was conducted by the acting pastor. During the rest of the days inter-patrol competitions were held in the evenings. Regarding games, the "Bulls" with their sportive leader came the first and the "Wolves" were the second. Regarding scouting activities such as signalling the "Wolves" took the first place. On the last evening there was a concert. On Wednesday at noon some of us went to try swimming with a catamaran, and three scouts succeeded in swimming a distance of about one and a half miles at a stretch. Then after breakfast we started to the ferry, all the things being carried by willing hands. After an interesting journey we arrived at the College at about 8 p. m. Thus ended the second camp.

A. Nadarajah,
Senior A.



A SINHALESE TALE

In the reign of King Oajabahu, there lived in the town of Anuradhapura a man and a woman who were very foolish. One day this woman went to the field to cut grass, and came home with mud all over her clothes, and her knife too was very dirty. So she washed the knife and left it out in the sun to dry. When she took it up after some hours, it was very hot. She thought that the knife was suffering from a very bad attack of fever, so she asked her neighbours what she was to do. They told her to bury it for three days. She did as she was told, and when she took the knife out she found that it was quite all right. After a few days, this

woman's husband got very sick, and the fever rose so high that she did not know what to do. Suddenly she thought of her knife and how she had cured it, and she wanted to try that same experiment on her husband. So one night when he was fast asleep, she carried him outside the house and buried him. The poor man screamed as loud as he could, but the woman thought he would be quite all right in three days, and left him there. After three days she came and dug the hole to take her husband back with her. She saw him no longer alive but dead.

A. J. Nathaniel, IV A.



Our first view
of Anaimudi,
the highest
point in South
India

Looking down
from the valley
of the Orchids,
toward Munaar.

