

DEC 16 1936

Jaffna College Miscellany



December, 1936

VOL. XLVI

No. 3.

American Ceylon Mission Press,
Tellippalai, Ceylon.

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial Notes	1
The Story and the Peculiarities of the Tamil Tongue	8
Tall Talks	16
The Idealist	30
The Understanding of Art	42
குமாரசாமி முசுலியமூர்	51
This year's Nobel Prize Winner	55
Editorial Notes (continued)	57
Principal's Notes	61
Report of the Physical Department, 1936	66
Scouting Day by Day	68
Our Literary Associations	70
Recent Additions to the Library	76
Old Boys' News	77
The Annual General Meeting of the Jaffna College O. B. A. (Colombo Branch)	80
Jubilee Celebrations of the Principal in Colombo	85
Notes from a College Diary	90
Acknowledgment	96

LITTLE JESUS

*Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were,
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play can you see me? through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on our soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 't was quite clean blue!*

*Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?*

*I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?*

*Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—*

*So, a little child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."*

*And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!*

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

EDITORIAL NOTES

(Only the Editors are to be held responsible for views expressed in these Notes.)

RELIGION AND RELIGIONS.

The Congress of Faiths held in London a few months ago, under the Presidentship of Sir Francis Younghusband, and the appointment of Sir S. Radhakrishnan to the chair of Eastern Religions and Ethics in the University of Oxford are symptoms of a new orientation in the occidental mind. If no other purpose was served by this Congress, the mere coming together of such outstanding men with a desire to gain an insight into the religious philosophy and experience of others, is an end in itself, justifying this and other conferences of this nature.

Perhaps nothing is gained by minimising the real differences that keep these faiths and their votaries away from one another. Nor would it profit anyone to seek to assess the merits of the different Faiths in an objective spirit. Archimedes said: "If you take me out of this universe and provide me with a lever, I'll lift it." In like manner, few of us can divest ourselves of the loyalties we have inherited and acquired from our infancy to manhood and with absolute impartiality compare our faiths with those of others and thus estimate their relative worth. To transcend these almost inescapable predilections and judge your faith from outside is nearly as difficult as to get out of this universe and lift it with a lever.

But with a determination not to lapse into the crudities of primitive man and with the faculty of reason cleared of human prejudice as much as possible, we may be able to see the very many vital

points which most religions have in common—to wit—the helplessness of man in this neutral universe, which is seemingly indifferent to man's strivings and hopes and ideals, the haunting sense of loneliness that comes upon man, when he fails to see something analogous to himself, which will make full what is wanting in him and wherewith he may enter into communion.

There is much else common between different Faiths than what we have mentioned. To stress the differences, ignore the agreements and appeal to the brute impulses of our nature, has too often been the only effort of religion. Therefore, while it is possible to be uncritically tolerant and with a gushing sentimentality refuse to face the real differences that separate creed from creed and proclaim with easy eloquence the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and the unity of all Faiths, yet we have no manner of doubt that at all times man has need of sympathy and tolerance with other people's religious views. The divisive force of religion needs no human support, for, by itself, it is mighty and can tear humanity into shreds. So whatever support human reason can give should be given to those inchoate impulses that tend in the direction of religious harmony and tolerance; for the desire to understand and enter sympathetically into your neighbour's point of view is not powerful enough to withstand the almost instinctive tendency to justify one's own point of view, be it political, or social, or religious.

MOHENJO-DARO

Rev. Fr. Heras of the Indian Institute of History, who has been studying the seals found in the Indus valley excavations, has been in Ceylon, lecturing on the historical significance of these monuments.

Briefly stated, the conclusions arrived at by the learned Father are: (a) that the people of this civilisation were a Dravidian race, (b) that this race peopled the whole Indian peninsula about five thousand years before Christ, (c) that at least about three thousand years before Christ this people had evolved a superior civilization in as much as they had discovered the Zodiac, come to believe in a single deity who manifested himself under three forms, and perfected the arts of Architecture and wood craft and almost all the other useful arts and sciences that entitle a people to be called civilized, (d) that they used a mode of writing which he described as picto-phono-graph, for the pictures are symbols standing for both things as well as sounds, (e) that this language, called proto-Dravidian, has so much in common with modern Tamil that the pictographs can in an overwhelming number of cases be read into Tamil straight off.

The learned world has not yet, had an opportunity of critically examining these conclusions, and all that is implicit in them, and it is premature to accept these conclusions as established beyond cavil, although the evidence that Fr. Heras has marshalled and the failure of the efforts of others with other hypotheses to make these inscriptions intelligible, give reasonable ground for the belief that the reverend Father's main thesis is sound and that a revolution is imminent in people's ideas about the origin of civilization and about the people who are entitled to be called 'Fathers of Civilization.'

That the discovery has been hailed by the Dravidian people of India and Ceylon with enthusiasm is natural enough, if we remember that, not many years ago, the idea prevalent in learned circles and exploited by the unlearned for questionable purposes,

everywhere was that the Aryan was the Lord of the Earth and the fullness thereof, whereas the dark-skinned Dravidian had been ordained to be a drawer of water and a hewer of wood for the Aryan overlord.

But we would like to point out that such jubilation is contrary to the spirit of scientific inquiry, which receives facts as they come, without impairing its impartiality by emotional preferences that inevitably warp human judgment. We cannot refrain from observing that the eager acceptance by the Dravidian people of Fr. Heras' conclusions has been due to their acceptability to Dravidian vanity. Moreover, we wonder whether such indecent and unscientific rejoicing is seemly in a people who are heirs to a civilization whose roots reach back to several milleniums before Christ.

A SCIENTIFIC VOCABULARY FOR TAMIL.

A conference under the presidency of Swami Vipulananda met in Madras a month or two back to take steps regarding the creation of a scientific terminology in Tamil, that will be adequate to the growing needs of the Tamil speaking people. The first reaction when we read of this enterprise was that there was something artificial in a group of people sitting down round a table and making up their minds as to the line of growth to be pursued by the Tamil language; for, as far as we know, languages have like Topsy, "just growed," borrowing and adapting and creating their words as occasions arose. Languages seem to have a tendency, best described as organic, analogous to the biological processes associated with living matter. This adaptation of language according to growing needs is usually a spontaneous process. To take the English language for

instance, in the seventeenth century it was deemed inadequate for the expression of Scientific Ideas by Bacon who wrote his '*Novum Organum*' in Latin. Newton in the Eighteenth century wrote his '*Principia*' in Latin for the same reason. Probably the fact that Latin was the Lingua Franca of European culture also determined the choice of these two English men. Whatever that may be, it is an undeniable fact that today no consideration whatever will justify an Englishman writing on any subject in any language other than English, for today the scientific and philosophic vocabulary of English is as rich as any one could wish and the prestige the language enjoys is verily immense. So far as we know, this growth has been a natural process of adaptation to growing needs.

It is, however, quite true that English has enjoyed advantages denied to Tamil; in the first place, it is a language of a world-wide Empire and the political prestige of the Empire inevitably has bestowed a prestige on the Imperial Language. Then there is the fact that even in the Tamil speaking countries, Tamil has a formidable rival in English, which is the language of the courts, the administration, the universities, and every institution even remotely associated with the Government. So perhaps it will be too much to expect Tamil spontaneously to evolve a technical terminology to meet the needs of the modern world. Therefore, the movement for the deliberate creation of such a vocabulary deserves serious thought from all who are convinced of the fact that the ideal medium for instruction is the learner's mother tongue and that all steps should be taken to make it possible for the Tamil student to study everything in Tamil. In this connection it may be useful for us to remember that in Hyderabad a translation bureau has been at work, for nearly a

decade now, preparing text books and treatises necessary for higher education in Urdu and that in the Osmania University (in Hyderabad) all subjects are taught in Urdu.

If we look at the western countries, we see two distinctive tendencies as regards borrowing from other languages. Germany has always tried to create its scientific terms from German roots, while England has borrowed generously from every source, while however there are people in England too who are opposed to such whole-sale borrowing since the promiscuous influx of foreign words deprives a language of its distinctive characteristics. Certainly it is superfluous to borrow from other languages, when it is possible to avail yourself of the resources of your own tongue to create the new vocabulary. When the resources of Tamil have been exhausted, resort can be had to Sanskrit and other Indian languages, for already, through ages of intercourse, the languages of India have borrowed extensively from one another, apart from the common debt they all owe to Sanskrit. Only when these sources have been fully exhausted should resort be had to Western languages, for there is such a thing as kinship in languages and sounds; and the rules of euphony, which play such a conspicuous part in the structure of the Tamil Language, should receive enough attention from those engaged in this venture.

THE LATE MR. V. COOMARASWAMY.

Our readers, we are sure, will share our grief at the death of Mr. V. Coomaraswamy, which happened at Tellippalai about two months ago.

Mr. Coomaraswamy belonged to the older generation of our Old Boys and, at the time of his death, was a Tamil Scholar of repute in both South

India and Ceylon. Simple and unostentatious in private life, he was an adversary to be reckoned with by any one who entered into controversies with him. The "*Thandikai Kanagarayan Pallu*" and the "*Kathiramalai Pallu*," both saw the light of day mainly through the scholarly efforts of Mr. Coomaraswamy. But these do not exhaust Mr. Coomaraswamy's claims to scholarship. He was one of the outstanding authorities in Jaffna on Tamilian History and Folklore. Our sorrow is particularly acute, since, at the time of his death, Mr. Coomaraswamy had written to the Miscellany only the first of a series of articles he had promised to write for us on Tamilian Antiquities and Literature.

ANANDA AD MULTOS ANNOS.

The month of November saw the Jubilee celebrations of Ananda College, the premier Buddhist Educational foundation in Ceylon; and we hasten to offer our felicitations to this sister institution of ours on her completing the fiftieth year of her existence. Ananda after struggling for years came into the lime light with the principalship Mr. I. de. S. Kularatne and has ever since maintained, by merit alone, a high place among the leading educational institutions of Ceylon. The glory of Ananda as well as of Mr. Kularatne is that they have given the lie direct to an oft repeated indictment against the people of Ceylon, namely that they are incapable of administrative efficiency. That Mr. Kularatne who gave the noblest energies of his life to the building up of Ananda College should be back at Ananda at this season of her triumph is in the fitness of things. May this school prosper and grow from strength to strength, seeking ever to implant in the minds of young Ceylon the ideals of service and sacrifice.

THE STORY AND THE PECULIARITIES OF THE TAMIL TONGUE

BY THE REV. FRANCIS KINGSBURY

Lecturer in Tamil at University College, Colombo.

When Indian History begins, we find the Dravidas or the Dravidians living in all parts of India.

In later times we find the Aryans, the Scythians, the Mongoloids and others coming into India from outside. This does not seem to be the case with the Dravidians. We do not know whether they came into India from some other part of the world.

I repeat, when Indian History begins, we find the Dravidians in India. If this be right, then it is incorrect to speak of any aborigines. The belief that was current fifty years ago that the Santals in Bengal, the Khonds and the Bhils in Central India, the Todas and the Badagas in the Nilgiris are aborigines is no longer held. All these are now recognised as Dravidians who somehow were left behind in the march of civilization.

But who are the Dravidians? Both Caldwell and Pope are agreed that the word Tamil is the same as the Sanskrit Dravida. When this is admitted, it is easy to see that the Dravidians are no other than the Tamils and that the language Dravida is no other than the Tamil language.

Thus we find that the Tamil language, though probably in a very different form from what it is today, was spoken in India about four thousand years ago.

If we can call the language, spoken by Alfred the Great, the English language, certainly the langu-

age spoken in India, before the Aryans came there, can equally well be called the Tamil language. At any rate, we have evidence on record that when Solomon was King of Israel at Jerusalem, Tamil was the language spoken in the Malabar coast.

Philologists have admitted that a few Tamil words like "tohay" are found in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament. (See I. Kings 11: 22 and II. Chronicles 9: 21.) In course of time, the one Dravida became Telugu in one part, Kanarese in another part, while it continued to remain Tamil in another part.

From Kanarese sprang Tulu; from Tamil at a later stage came Malayalam. Thus from Dravida or old Tamil, have come the modern Tamil, Telugu, Kanarese, Tulu, Malayalam, and also the dialects of the Todas and of the Badagás.

The Tamil language in its origin is no more an Aryan tongue than Arabic or Chinese is. Mention of a few characteristics of the Dravidian group of languages may make my statement clear.

All beings are divided into personal beings and impersonal beings. The former is called the higher class—uyartinay; the latter the lower class—ahrinay. Generally noun-endings will show whether what the nouns denote are personal beings or impersonal beings.

In Tamil there are no masculine, feminine and neuter genders; but there are Man-gender, Woman-gender, Thing-gender. A thing may be animate, or inanimate. In English, "bull" is of masculine gender, "cow" is of feminine gender. In Tamil, both "bull" and "cow" are of thing-gender. This distinction is observed in the finite verb also.

In English you say: a man comes; a woman comes, a dog comes; comes, comes, comes; not so in

There are fourteen simple vowel-sounds and thirty-one simple consonant-sounds in Tamil, thus making a total of forty-five sounds. All the forty-five sounds are to be found in words of pure Tamil origin. Sounds borrowed from Sanskrit are not included.

But in the written alphabet there are only thirty-one characters, two of which are superfluous because they represent diphthongs, ai and au. So, there are twenty-nine characters to function for forty-five sounds. Hence the Tamil alphabet is not quite phonetic.

And yet since the exact sound of many a character is determined by its position in the word, there can be no confusion whatever. The twenty-nine characters seem to be quite sufficient so far as words of pure Tamil origin are concerned.

According to the peculiarities of their grammatical structure, or the mode of denoting the relation of words to one another, languages may be classified into three classes:—

- (1) Isolating;
- (2) Agglutinative;
- (3) Inflexional.

Tamil belongs to the second class, agglutinative. In languages of the agglutinative class, two unaltered roots are joined together to form words; in these compounds one root becomes subordinate to the other, and so loses its independence.

In Tamil this agglutinativeness is not limited to forming compound words of this character, but can be seen, especially in poetical works, where words run into each other. In manuscripts even sentences run into each other, since there were no punctuation marks till printing was introduced.

Perhaps here the question whether there is any accent in Tamil may be discussed.

In all books of grammar there is no mention of any accent. Strictly speaking, it seems that there must be no accent as such in words. Each vowel or consonant sound has its time-measure.

There are consonants, short vowels. Take the proper time-measure to pronounce each sound separately. When this rule is observed, probably there can be no room for accent. But, as a matter of fact, in spoken Tamil, the accentuation can be distinctly seen.

Between individual and individual, between one class and another, between one district and another, there is variation in accentuation.

*

*

*

No sane man will deny that the Tamils have been very largely affected by the Aryans in language, religion, philosophy, social organization and art; and that consequently the Tamil language has been enriched in more ways than one.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of Sanskrit words have been borrowed and adapted and adopted into Tamil. Scores of Sanskrit works, like the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, have been, if not translated, at least rendered into Tamil versions. But all this did not happen in a day.

Even the earliest Tamil works now extant probably belong to the Christian era. The first six hundred years of the Christian era may be called the earliest period of the extant Tamil Literature. This has quite correctly been called the period of Classical Tamil.

If it is right to speak of Classical Greek and distinguish it from later literary Greek and the colloquial Greek, it is equally right to speak of Classical Tamil, i. e. the Tamil down to A. D. 600, and to distinguish it from the later literary Tamil, i. e. the Tamil of the epics, and from colloquial Tamil.

* * *

The literary products of this period have just begun to be studied by critics and students of Indian History. These works throw a flood of light on the literary, social, religious and civic conditions of the Tamil people of that period. The Tamil vocabulary of those days has comparatively very few Sanskrit words—not more than five per cent, whereas in the poetry of the Nineteenth Century the average is about 25 per cent. In the colloquial prose works of today foreign words mostly of Sanskrit origin may be about 35 or 40 per cent.

While the influence of Sanskrit on Tamil is very great, the grammar of the Tamil Language is almost entirely Dravidian. Our first grammarians were Aryans who had a good knowledge of Sanskrit grammar.

The eight cases in Tamil are literally the importation of the Sanskrit cases. They also introduce the Passive voice, but only for transitive verbs. Some Sanskrit constructions have also been introduced into Tamil. But for these the grammar is Dravidian.

* * *

We have no specimen of any prose till we come to the second half of the Eighth Century. But even then, prose was used only to write Commentaries. The poetry up to A. D. 600 is very largely realistic poetry. Natural Scenery, domestic life, warfare are all described true to nature or true to life.

Some say that it has not many abstract terms to connote modern ideas. Some of these critics do not know how many words there are in Tamil to express abstract ideas. Some of them do not realize that without much difficulty new words can be coined e. g., *taymay*, to connote motherhood, *tandaymay* to denote fatherhood.

Some foreign words can be transliterated. We can avail ourselves of Sanskrit words that have already come to be part of Tamil; from these we can coin new words. In short, if Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi and Telugu have become vehicles of modern thought, there is no reason why Tamil should not do the same.

Some think that the obstacle in the way may be the conservatism of some Pandits. Surely the Pandit is not so very impossible a man, to deal with.

* * *

Sometimes I am asked whether for a foreigner Tamil is a difficult language to learn. I am afraid I am not qualified to answer that question, for Tamil is my mother-tongue, and I do not remember whether I ever found it difficult to learn to speak ordinary colloquial Tamil.

But the literary, the grammatical, the idiomatic Tamil I have not found so easy to learn. But it may perhaps encourage some one here, who is thinking of studying Tamil, if I say that if I ever envied any orators in Tamil they were two foreign Missionaries:—One an Englishman, the Rev. Thomas Walker of Donavur, the other an American, the Rev. Dr. James Edward Tracy of Kodaikanal.

"TALL TALKS."

(A play in one Act.)

By

SRIMATI ANNAMMAH DEVANANDHAN, M. A.

Scene I

(In the Hostel of a College. Two rooms are visible. The doors of both are open. A screen dividing the stage into two halves would do. In the first room is a young man not above 28 years of age. He is rather foppishly dressed in a suit of light grey colour. He is tall; though not stout, he is by no means lean. He is before his mirror which hangs on the partition between the two rooms. In the centre of his room is a table with a book and a paper file, against the partition is a bamboo bookshelf with books.

In the next room are a group of men. This room is almost identical in its arrangement as the other. On the table are a pile of books. There are four chairs round the small table with four boys in them. Their ages would perhaps range between 22 to 28 years. Farther away from the group at the table and to the right of the stage is a canvas easy-chair in which a young student is lounging. He has a stout volume in his hand.)

(From the easy-chair): Can't you fellows keep silent: I prohibit entrance into my den if you cannot respect other people's rights.

Raja (one of the men at the table): Oh shut up, Seshu. You are not the only final year student in the University. Don't be a Cock-robin.

Seshu: That's what I call impertinence! You come into my room unasked,

(Enter another young man. He seems to be a little more mature than the others, though he cannot be over thirty. He is in ultra Swadeshi dress of Kaddhar dhoti and a long djibha.)

Seshu : (getting up) Please sit here, Balu. This chair is really more comfortable.

Balu : Don't get up, Seshu. I just come to ask if you fellows have seen the morning papers. You know that Gandhiji has started another fast. This time for Harijan work!

(In the adjoining room, Prakash has in the meanwhile pomaded and combed his hair. His tie has been carefully adjusted and his pocket arranged with a hanky that has just a tinge of violet with a black line as a border. He is now manicuring his nails).

Prakash : The old man will croak this time.

Mani : (one of the group round the table in Seshu's den) Don't be irreverent, Prakash. Has the Mahatmaji given any time limit, Balu?

Balu : Five days I believe. He will break his fast on the 17th.

Imtiaz : (a Muslim and the youngest of the lot, he is still on in his late adolescence. He is an idealist and a hero-worshipper by nature). What a strange old man! What a will, ye gods! How many fasts and imprisonments and yet he is still going strong!

Balu : It is more of such men that our nation needs. Men who are willing to stake life and all for their convictions. There are no half measures with him. But he is fighting alone. Our assemblies, our Councils and our District Boards are staffed.

with men who have no principles. Men who are sometimes willing to spend thousands to secure a vote. Why, in my own town I know that a Municipal Chairman spent a lakh and a half and not merely managed to clear his debts, but acquired a fortune of two lakhs during his term of office. Even women enter the lists to fight with gold. No wonder our country is poverty ridden when the high authorities do not scruple to receive presents and even stipulate the price to be paid. And then think of this new proposal for an Indian Public School! One would imagine that the products turned out by the existing schools were useless enough without the Government seeking to spend galores of gold that could be more usefully diverted, on a school modelled on the Western Public Schools, with highly paid staff and highly paying students. Is this school going to produce men with better intelligence or men with public spirit in them? I think it is going to bring out a crop of diletante gentlemen who would find it hard to adjust themselves to Indian life and society. I for one feel that if all that money is lying idle in the hands of the Government, it could be spent on village up-lift and reconstruction with better profit and so do a real piece of service to the poor.

Prakash : (He is now at his table with the latest edition of *Times Illustrated Weekly*) "Bunkum, bunkum, it all sounds like bunkum to me, to me." (Sung to the tune of the chorus to "My bonny lies over the ocean.")

George : (He has till now been absorbed in his book) Balu, tell me what this Harijan Work is for which the Mahatmaji is fasting.

Balu : Oh I should'nt have called it Harijan Work. It's really because a Harijan assaulted and

knocked down a Sanathani, Gandhiji is fasting for the Harijan.

George : Vicarious suffering ?

Prakash : Bunkum, bunkum.....(sings again)

Seshu : (throwing a pencil on the partition) Oh shut up, Pragasam.

(Prakash walks into Seshu's room and stands over Seshu in his lounge chair.)

Prakash : Will you quit calling me Pragasam ? You are a crude native who does not even know the correct Sanskrit pronunciation of words.

Seshu : (in a fit of laughter) Hear ! Hear ! You should have been appointed the head of the Sanskrit department in our College, Pragasam. Do you know the alphabet of Sanskrit ? Why not own yourself for what you are,—a Tamil Indian Christian ? Why pose as a North Indian of no Caste or Creed ? The whole falsetto of your life has often been a problem in psychology to me. Is it because you feel an inferiority complex ? Or is it the constant association with missionaries that denationalises you ?

Prakash : Denationalised indeed ! Your out-look on life, Seshu, is the narrow perspective of the four walls of your house and the rigid limitation of your Caste. In fact, if I may so put it, I am "internationalised." I own no Caste, no Creed, no relatives, no home, because I am what I am, a gentleman at large.

Balu : Take care, Prakash. You may end in not being owned by any one

Raja : The trouble with Prakash is that he is not owned by any one. Now if he were a much married man like friend Seshu, he may be as steady in his out-look.

Prakash: Raja cannot talk two sentences without launching on the subject, always upper most in his mind, matters matrimonial.

George: I say, Balu, reverting to your speech on Social Service, supposing we started a group in the hostel and tried to do something in the slums around? I know a gentleman who has an Ashram for the depressed classes and is doing a splendid piece of work. He will be only too glad to advise and to help.

Imtiaz: Yes, that will be ideal. We will elect you President; Seshu can be the Vice and Raja, here, the Secretary. Prakash will be the Treasurer.

Prakash: No such nonsense for me, Balu. Venkat Rao will be waiting for us, let's go.

Balu: (patting him on the shoulder) George, supposing we met tomorrow afternoon in Seshu's room and talked about forming the group you suggest.

George: O. K. All of us will be free, tomorrow being Saturday.

CURTAIN

Scene II

(The stage setting is the same. But the partition between the two rooms is taken off; consequently there is more space for the people to sit. To the centre of the stage, but pushed well to the back, is Seshu's table. There are no books on it. There are two chairs placed in a line to its right and two chairs, facing the others to the left. Seshu's canvas lounge faces the table.)

Raja: I propose Seshu to the chair.

Imtiaz: I second it.

(Seshu gets up with some reluctance and sits on the table.) All together: Speech, Speech!

Seshu: Gentlemen, it's an honour, I realise, to be asked to father the first meeting of our group or Society or whatever we choose to call it, I wish to express my appreciation and thanks for the compliment.

Now, the first item is to elect the President. Any proposals?

Raja: Seshu.

George: Balu.

Seshu: A point of order. The first proposal has not been seconded.

Imtiaz: I second Raja.

Mani: I second George.

Seshu: We will vote on it. Hands up for Balu, and George. Imtiaz. Yes: We can't ask you to vote Balu, but I can give my casting vote for you.

Balu: That's not fair, Seshu.

Seshu: But really, old man. It's you who gave the idea, you will have to pilot it. Now who is to be the Secretary.

Raja: I propose George.

Imtiaz: I second it.

Seshu: Any more proposals? (pause) Then that's carried. We do have a Treasurer, don't we?

Balu: I should think so.

Seshu: Any names?

Mani: Raja, Imtiaz do second me.
(everybody laughs.)

Seshu : (after a pause) Imtiaz, do be a sport and second it.

Balu : I second it.

Seshu : Any more office bearers ?

Balu : Yes. I propose that we elect Seshu as the Vice. His fertile brain will be a help to me.

Raja : I second it.

Seshu : Thanks, gentlemen.

I call on our new President to take the chair and help us draw the rules of the Society.

Balu : (goes to the table) Gentlemen and pioneers, I wish the Society a long life, rich in fruitfulness of Service. Social service among the poorest, the lowliest and the lost has long been an unmaterialised dream with me. I am happy to have found a group of young men like you, enthusiastic and energetic, with life and all its golden promises at your feet, willing to devote precious hours of your College life to Service for the poor. I shall be happy indeed in such fellowship.

Now coming to the business part of duties—what do we name our fellowship? Suppose we called it just the "Social Service Group". Any objections?

Then, do we take in other members ?

Seshu : I think we should.—I feel that ours should be a propaganda work as well as one of Service. Unless we take members who are willing to join us, we will be handicapped in our work by the very smallness of our group.

Balu : Do we collect membership fee? If so, how much?

Seshu : Monetary questions may keep out otherwise willing members.

Raja : But then I am sure we will need money to carry on the work. Where is it going to come from ?

George : It seems to me that if we draw up a schedule of our work and what we propose to do first, all questions regarding money can come up later. We will then be able to calculate how much we ought to subscribe per head.

Raja : I think that it's best we concentrate on one particular cheri instead of trying to help all and finally helping none.

Balu : Words of wisdom, Raja. Yes : I know of a small settlement of rickshaw-wallas not far from our hostel. It's within walking distance. I propose that we start there and explore the possibilities.

Seshu : How often can we go without disturbing our College work ?

Mani : Two evenings in a week ? Later, perhaps three times. I do not think we can afford to spend more time on a hobby like this.

George : I would not call it a hobby. Still thrice a week ought to be sufficient.

Balu : Any idea as to what we can do for them ?

Raja : Weep and wail with them.

(Laughter)

Mani : Seshu, Why can't you be decent once in your life-time and pass us some of your biscuits.

Seshu : You are a gourmand. They are behind my books, you can take them out.

(Mani searches behind the books on the bamboo bookshelf and fishes out the biscuit box. All the boys help themselves.)

Raja : Where is Prakash ?

Seshu : Sleeping, I suppose. Oh I know, he must be trying on the new suit his tailor brought him this morning.

Intiaz : Let's get into his room and throw a bucket of water on him.

George : Not now, this evening when he goes out for his evening walk.

(Raja whistles a tune.)

George : (gets up and stretches) My friend who is running the Ashram says that the depressed class boys love playing foot-ball and other games. He says that they learn them very quickly too.

Seshu : Supposing we paid a visit to the cheri first to reconnoitre possibilities and meet later to discuss what they need and what we can do for them.

Balu : Then next time we meet we can decide how much we ought to subscribe.

Raja : What time is it ?

Seshu : Tea time !

Intiaz : Gentlemen, before we disperse, I want to read to you a cutting that I took from the "Hindu" this morning. "It is officially announced that cholera is raging in Blackpet. No relief has been given so far, the Municipal health officers and welfare workers have been handicapped by the fewness of their numbers, which has been considerably reduced by the virulent out-break of cholera among themselves. Volunteer workers and people willing to give any kind of assistance would be welcomed." Now, friends, it seems to me that this is our first great opportunity. It seems almost like the hand of Providence giving the first field for our labours, even as our infant Society comes into being. We should be able to get expert medical aid free of charge to the poor. If not, what matters ? I am sure all of us, and specially Balu, who have now come together to devote

our lives to Social Service, would feel glad to place our time and money at the disposal of the poorest, the lowliest and the neediest. Balu, this is your time for action.

(There is an intense pause for a while. All the others look rather puzzled, a little dismayed, a little reluctant. Seshu breaks the silence.)

Seshu : Imtiaz, you are a born idealist. Your large heartedness is what endears you to all of us. But, friends, I am sure I voice the opinion of all of you when I say that this great undertaking would be a little too much for our infant Association. Our purses are not large and we cannot raise a hurried subscription. Besides, you men are bachelors, but I have a precious little girl at home, whom before God I swore to protect. My first duty is to her—charity begins at home, they say. I cannot run into unnecessary life-dangers.

Balu : Imtiaz, we have not launched into our life work, but we are still on the threshold of life. After all we owe something to our parents who sent us here, primarily to take a degree in College. They are, perhaps, scheming and stinting to pay our College fees. I propose, gentlemen, that as a group we undertake nothing that will stand in the way of our studies.

(There is an unanimous assent, only Imtiaz looks disillusioned.)

CURTAIN

Scene III.

(The stage is bare except for a poster on a cardboard "People are warned that this is a cholera camp". There are a few ragged children playing in the mud to the left of the stage. Here and there are men and women, sometimes lying in agony, without even a shelter from sun and rain. The whole place is miserably

dirty and unhappy. Imtiaz is standing at the right entrance of the stage, looking rather doleful, unhappy and helpless. Enter Prakash, spick and spruce as ever, light of steps, light of heart, with a walking stick swinging in one hand.)

Prakash : Hallo old man ! well met.

(The poster catches his eyes, he is startled.)
Oh, I say ! Did you see that ?

(He whistles his consternation) Let's turn tail.

Imtiaz : I can't. I can't, - I must do something for them (his face in his hands.)

Prakash : Don't be an idiot. What can you do for them ? You will only end in the grave; come on. (He links his arm into Imtiaz's and tries to drag him away.)

(A woman enters the stage from left with a baby in her arms. She is faint and can hardly walk; she totters forward and sinks on the ground in apathy. A man turns on his side and groans. An old woman crawls to the student pleading for a piece of bread. She can hardly formulate the words and talks more in gestures; she beats on her stomach saying almost nothing and stretches her hands to them. The mother calls faintly "water, water." None heed her, none reply. The baby at her bosom sends up a feeble cry. Imtiaz hides his face in his hands. Even Prakash, the Cynic, is moved. He walks up to an old man who is turning and tossing where he is lying and asks in a voice, unnecessarily husky, "Where is your house?" The old man does not heed him. The children who had been keenly observing the two young men flock around them. Suddenly one of them makes a salaam and says "Sar, give me a pie. I have had no food for three days." Prakash tries to send him away; but all of them set up the Chorus : "Sar,

Sar, Sar", begging for money. Prakash is distinctly exasperated, (while Imtiaz fishes out a few copper coins from his pocket and looks doubtfully at Prakash).

Prakash : (to a boy) Where are your father and mother ?

Boy : Dead, Sar, Cholera; my brother and sister are also gone.

Prakash : Where is your house ?

Boy : At Blackpet. But the Municipality have sent us here because people are dying there of cholera. All these people are suffering from it.

Prakash : Does not the Municipality provide you with food ?

Boy : Yes, Sar. Some bread and water once a day. But it is not enough and the municipal men do not always come.

The mother : Water, water.

A pause. Prakash frowns in silence at Imtiaz).

Prakash : What criminal negligence! It seems that the only thing to do is to get an ambulance car and take the stricken ones to the hospital. They could at least get medical aid; (giving Imtiaz a rupee) you go and get some bread from anywhere near and distribute it to these people. I will go for the ambulance.

Both of them leave the stage. The general scene of misery continues. One or two of the children feel the pangs of hunger too much and set up a howl. The baby starts crying again.

Enter Imtiaz with a bucket of water, a mug and a loaf of bread. He starts distributing them. His first act is to give some water to the mother and a slice of bread to the baby in her arms. As he is about his task, the hoot of a horn and the heavy-chug of the ambulance are heard. The children run to the right of the stage to look at the car.

Prakash and the ambulance driver and two men with stretches come in. The more feeble are taken away in the stretches. Prakash carries the old women to the ambulance. Imtiaz carries a child of about ten years. Prakash enters whistling "Bunkum etc.," and helps the mother and child to the car. As he goes out, only the children are on the stage with the loaves from which they tear pieces of bread with their hands and seated round the bucket of water feed hungrily.)

CURTAIN

Scene IV

(A ward in the hospital. The walls are white and there is an atmosphere of cleanliness here. There are only two beds, rather far apart in the ward. To the left of the room lies Imtiaz. He lies with his eyes closed and unconscious. There are no movements from his bed except the rare tossing of a hand. On the bed to the right lies Prakash. He is not so very ill, at the head of his bed is a table with a glass of water and some magazines. Against the back of the stage, between the two beds is a table with some ounce glasses and medicine bottles on it. There is also a jar of flowers on it. At the heads of the beds, hanging on the walls are the case sheets and temperature charts. There are two chairs and stools in the room. Enter a nurse. She hurriedly straightens the sheets on the beds, looks at the charts. Gives Prakash a dose of medicine and a bright smile. Dusts the table near him and goes, after standing beside Imtiaz a few seconds.)

Enter two Doctors and the nurse with them. They go to Imtiaz and read his chart and consult over it in rather inaudible tones. The nurse goes out and comes back with a spirit lamp and a syringe. One of the doctors sterilises a needle and they inject

him. Prakash is watching the operations in an alarm. -
(The doctors walk up to Prakash.)

Doctor 1 : You are better, aren't you? How do you feel? Not very low down, I guess.

Prakash : Oh I am fit as a fiddle doctor, but I am anxious about my friend there. He will get well, won't he, doctor?

Doctor 1 : Yes, yes, of course.

Doctor 2. : But you musn't worry. I will be quite frank with you. He did have a more virulent attack than you did. But we think that he has turned the corner. Now it will only be a question of time before he will be up and about again. Both of you are something of Knights Errant, aren't you?

Prakash : Bosh, doctors!

(The doctors go out and almost immediately Balu and Seshu come in)

Balu : (to the nurse) Can we see our friends for just a few minutes?

Nurse : Yes : I will let you talk to this gentleman (indicating Prakash) for just a few minutes, if you promise not to let him talk too much and on condition you leave the room as soon as I come again. (She leaves the stage.)

Seshu : Prakash, congratulations, old man. You have improved vastly.

Prakash : Oh, I didn't suffer much at all. The doctors were here just a minute before you fellows came in. They think Imtiaz too will be up and about in a few days. They have been injecting him.

Balu : That's great.

Seshu : Do you know that you chaps have been enjoying quite a bit of News-Paper-publicity. Even the Principal thinks you stand a chance of getting the Kaiseri-hind in the New Year honours.

Prakash: Nonsense! Imagine getting into the lime light. I wish I had not made such an ass of myself.

Balu: We want you to get well soon and come back to us to be the President of our Social Service Group. What a reputation we have achieved by the fine spirit of chivalry you and Imtiaz have showed! I always held that the thin veneer of cynicism and nonchalance in which you have always clothed yourself would some day fail you, exposing the very human heart beneath it all. It's men like you that we need, men who can act in a crisis. Men with determination and courage of conviction to lead our Society successfully.

Prakash: Balu, the trouble with you is that you are a born orator. You are ever full of Tall Talks and bombastic phrases. If I were well enough, I would sing "Bunkum." It's more of men like Imtiaz that the world needs. Men with a simplicity of faith, vision and idealism. You may get into the assemblies and speak by the hour, but it's Imtiaz that will do anything at all.

(The nurse comes in)

Seshu and Balu: Cheero, old man. See you again!

(As they go out, the curtain drops.)

THE IDEALIST

A SHORT STORY BY PSHAW.

He and I joined school on the same day and all through our life at College we were the closest of chums, though, as you will find from what

follows, there could not be two people more different in temperament, outlooks and ideals than we two. I suppose the homes whence we came accounted for a fair share of the difference that existed between us. My father was a hard headed business man doing large scale export in Malayalam tobacco. He enjoyed throughout the village a reputation for the closest bargain driving. In fact his admirers claimed that when my father had made an offer for a bale of tobacco none could make a lower one. My mother did not count. My maternal uncle, who also lived with us, was, if that is possible, harder headed than my father. All the talk in our home was about money, and tobacco and lands, for the money my father made on tobacco trade was invested in landed property and the most lyrical raptures of my father's life occurred when he had foreclosed a mortgage and grabbed for five hundred rupees a piece of land worth five thousand rupees and crowed over his exploit to my admiring uncle. No poet, no artist ever glowed with a diviner thrill than did my father when he put the finishing touches to his masterpiece of land acquisition.

In all my life I have never seen a more consistent devotee of gold than my father. When the time came for my sister to be married, many British qualified doctors and barristers and even Civil Servants vied with one another for her ugly hand. For I must speak the truth about my sister's looks and tell you that by no stretch of imagination can she be called handsome. But my father will have no wastrel Civil Servant as his son-in-law. His choice fell instead on his sister's son, who was an Overseer in the P. W. D. and who had already put up with his earnings a magnificent two-storeyed mansion in the village. The reasons for his choice

were the most convincing. He did not want his hard-earned cash to go out of the family. More than this, his nephew, Casinathan, was in a lucrative post and had a thorough grasp of the essentials of making and keeping money.

As for religion and morality, we had none in our home. No, I am afraid I have somewhat overstated the truth. My father's religion found an outlet in the tenth festival of the local Iyanar Temple which served a two-fold purpose. One was to outshrine the local celebrities, for the magnificence of the fireworks and the expensiveness of the nautch-dance and of the music employed for the festival are the index of wealth in our village communities. Then, of course, my father regarded the presiding deity as a cute business man whose advice he often sought through the officiating priest. Whenever my father was in doubt about market fluctuations, he took counsel from the deity and it is a fact that my father never had occasions to repent his confidence in our Iyanar. But sceptically minded people always maintained it was really my father's innate shrewdness that saved him always from dangerous speculation. Be that as it may, my father, being the sharp business man that he was, always fulfilled his contracts with the deity, for whenever he sought help from the deity he would promise an extra troupe of dancers and musicians or an extra fifty rupees worth of fireworks for the tenth festival.

So you see, even his religion was tinged with his commercial principles.

In the matter of morals our home paid no heed to any of the traditional codes; not that we were wicked or immoral. Rather were a-moral-morality did not exist for us. Perhaps here too I am not

quite accurate. Really we had a morality of our own, an implicit code that we were unconscious of. When I grew up I tried to make explicit to myself, the guiding principles of our life, and the following is a fair summary of the morality that prevailed in my father's home:

- (1) Whatever brought us profit was good.
- (2) Whatever brought us loss was evil.
- (3) Whatever our superiors said was true and beautiful.
- (4) Whatever our inferiors said was wrong and foul.
- (5) Whatever our equals said may be true or false, beautiful or foul, depending on its merits and on our immediate circumstances.

My friend Visvanathan's home presented a contrast to mine in every respect. His father was a never-do-well, who had tried his hand on many occupations and had with unerring consistency made a hash of each one of them. He had been a school-master, tea-maker, petty trader, travelling agent for a newspaper, an insurance agent, and many other things besides. His failures were never traceable to any fault of his. Always it was his employers who were at fault. His eternal complaint was that not one of them could appreciate his true worth. So Visvanathan's mother was hard put to it to keep the wolf from the door. But Karthigeyar, Visvanathan's father, was sublimely oblivious of the needs of his family and took no pain to ascertain how he and his were being fed. He would spend the hot part of the day under a spacious margosa tree in a dilapidated easy chair (said to be an heirloom from an ancestor who lived during the early Dutch period) surrounded by a small group of admirers and hold forth to them on the glories

of Tamil Literature, and Ayurveda, Astrology and run down the lore of the Milechchar, although his acquaintance with the learning of the West was meagre in the extreme. The Hindu almanac for the last twenty years bound in one volume, a very ancient palmyra leaf copy of Kanthapuram, and a very heavily thumbed volume of the Kural were among his valued literary possessions. Daily there would trickle in to his learned presence a stream of people of the village, desiring to find out from him the auspicious moment for a wedding or the first sowing of paddy or the first planting of tobacco seedlings. His vanity flattered by the homage paid to his learning, he would spare no pains to serve the needs of his fellow villagers. Often he would go two or three miles on foot to select an auspicious site for sinking a well or erecting a house and make no charge for his services. In the evening he would stroll out of his home to the temple yard and there repeat the day's performance and enlighten the large host of worshippers who foregather there daily for their devotions. Sometimes he would deviate a trifle from his usual routine, and perched upon the culvert near his home wax eloquent over the glories of by-gone days and deplore the degeneracy of the present times, often implying that his hard lot was traceable to this later phenomenon. Another fruitful theme of discourse for our culvert oracle was the ancestry of all his neighbours. By painful research he had amassed an immense volume of information on the social history of his village and with a nice discrimination and subtle refinements of expression worthy of greater causes place everyone in his appropriate social sphere.

Valliammai, Karthigeyar's wife, was a model of wifely patience and bore all this without a murmur. She too was awe-struck at her husband's learning

and when called upon to provide meals for the vagabonds that gathered round Karthigeyar would do so without twitching a muscle of her face, for by painful experience she had learnt the futility of protesting. Of course in the early days of their married life she had railed against her husband's feckless ways and every time she had done so, she had been met by a threat of suicide or, what was as bad, of sanniyasa. The threat was always reinforced by a famous quotation from Auvuai wherein the poetess advises the husband, mated to a turbulent wife, forthwith to seek relief in a life of renunciation. Valliammai knew nothing was to be expected from her husband in the matter of educating her children. So she went to the Christian pastor of the village and by dint of repeated requests had persuaded that gentleman to get the boy admitted to the village English School as a free scholar. From there he won a scholarship to a Mission College and it was in that College that we both came to know one other fully.

All this tiresome rigmarole about our homes has been deemed necessary because I wanted to give you the early environments of both of us so that you may have an idea of the influences that went to make our later lives what they were. It is not my purpose to exhaust your patience, long suffering reader, with a detailed account of our school life which ran in parallel courses for six years. I shall instead proceed to give you a picture of him, as he grew into, in his school life and later on.

A serious lad despising games and those who played them, he didn't find school life very happy. The library was his special haunt. Physically weak, nervous, morbid, introspective, he made few friends

at-school although there were many of us who looked upon him with awe, for his knowledge was beyond his years and his tastes were the last word in refinement. Self-conscious in the extreme, he detested all the boyish activities of his school fellows; for the essence of the pranks and horseplay of the school boy is his entire unself-consciousness. My friend was not merely peculiar and remarkably intelligent. He knew that he was peculiar and intelligent and rejoiced in being peculiar.

Spare of frame and almost an ascetic in his loathing for the less exalted joys sought by the rest of us, he was always living in a world all his own. Even the books we read he scorned to touch. Scott and Dickens and Shakespeare were not to his liking. A veritable high brow, he went in for Tolstoy, Anatole France, William Morris, Ruskin, Carlyle, Shaw, Wells, Swinburne, Tagore and others affected by the lovers of highbrow literature.

To tell you the truth, many of us heard of these worthies for the first time from his lips. When we were reading in the Senior Form, our Text in English was Julius Caesar and very frequently we would catch him applying to himself Julius Caesar's words about Cassius and his leanness. He had somewhere read or heard Mathew Arnold's word 'Philistine' and applied it to all of us with a supercilious gesture. Perhaps because of the attraction traditionally supposed to exist between extremes his closest friend was myself and it was into my ears he used to pour out the overflow of his soul.

He was a fiery nationalist resolved to usher in the dawn of freedom in his land by shedding his red blood as the supreme sacrifice, if need be. He would abolish English as the medium of ins-

truction in Schools in Ceylon. He would destroy all practitioners of Western medicines and destroy all Pianos and Harmoniums. He would banish all vulgarity and every home in the Island would be made a Temple of Beauty. Of course he was a regular reader of the Modern Review and Young India and was fully imbued with the Gandhi-Ruskin Anti-Machine Cult and would destroy all mechanical contrivances and prevent their importation into the country.

For the home that he was planning for himself he conjured up visions of beauty that were not of the earth. The decorations and furnishing would all be fully oriental. No outlandish chairs would disfigure his reception room. It would all be Persian carpets wrought with characteristic eastern motifs.

The walls would be painted with scenes from the Ramayana and Mahabharata in the manner of the New Bengal school; none of your gaudy Ravi Varma's and sensuous Western nudes.

These and the like of these were his dreams. But I never thought of anything beyond the Clerical Service. When I passed my Senior Examination I was going to take up the Clerical Examination. My country and machines and visions of beauty never gave me the slightest anxiety. So when I did pass the Senior Local, I appeared for the Clerical Examination and passed it, coming out last in the list. As my luck would have it, I joined the P. W. D. The Clerical Service is a great provision of the Almighty for such as me, who want a steady income, a pension for the day of retirement and a widow's and orphan's pension, when one is no more. But whom the Gods love get a place in the P. W. D. Wealth flows into your coffers you know not

how. By unswerving fidelity to the Ethical Code, I sketched earlier in this tale, I rose year by year to position after position of influence.

More of this anon, and I will now take up the tale of my friend Visvanathan. He left school, for his family could not afford to send him to the University College for further studies. Of course he had fervently resolved to take up his B. A. privately. But, poor fellow, his tastes had all been well-formed before he left school. Even at school he never could bring himself to do any work that did not appeal to his tastes—and any public examination means a good deal of drudgery with things one does not care for;—and Visvanathan had not taught himself to grin and do things he disliked. So to say nothing of the B. A., he never found himself ready to face the Intermediate Examination. Of course many a time he scraped together the rather heavy examination fee and sent it to Colombo, but when July came round he was never able to summon courage to face the ordeal. Preparing for his examination he was also a teacher in one school after another. He was a great one for Independence, with a capital I; and without a single exception, every manager under whom he served felt obliged to dispense with his services as 'from next term'; for while they were all unanimous in praising his abilities not one of them shared his views on Independence.

He tried to get into the Training College. But for some reason or other he failed to get admission. Probably he failed to score the necessary marks. But he was always maintaining that he failed, because he had gone to the *Viva Voce* clad in National Costume and that too, in Kaddhar.

Some of us did not want him to take any risks and advised him to pocket his idiotic scruples and

deck himself in a European suit. But the fool wouldn't listen and if he failed because of his so called national dress he had only himself to thank.

Since the English schools one after another gave him the go-bye, he has now turned his attention to the Tamil schools, of which too he had seen more than I can remember. After his foolish and mulish attitude in that Training College business I declined to have anything more to do with him.

He did not want to marry at all. Marriage may be necessary for less spiritual natures than his. But he was not going to encumber himself with a wife and children. Instead he was going to give himself whole and entire to the service of his countrymen. When his countrymen showed no extraordinary eagerness to avail themselves of his services he decided to marry.

One of his pet ideas at school had been that if one should marry at all, it must be for love, unlike others of his countrymen for whose commercial marriages he could find no description scathing enough. God bless his dear heart! he was willing to love and marry for love. But that ethereal soul for whom his heart was hungering never was found on this dry peninsula of ours for, sooth to say, our hard-headed (not to say hard-hearted) young ladies did not see eye to eye with him on his worth as a husband. Of course he was soulful and all that muck. But a soul couldn't give them beautiful silk sarees and expensive cars. So the poor dear had to fall back upon a cousin of his who lived in a lane close by, and who had studied in the 3rd standard in a Village Tamil School. Mark you, I say studied, in the 3rd standard.

If you couldn't marry a person who could enter into all your dreams and sympathise with all your aspirations and share all your great enthusiasms, the

next best is to educate your help-mate to ascend the celestial heights to which you had climbed.

Accordingly on the third day after his marriage he started inconsistently enough (for was he not a sworn-foe of all English Education?) with the English Primer, to educate his partner in life so that before long she might share his intellectual tastes. But for divers reasons the young lady's education did not proceed further than an ability to sign her name in English. In fairness to my friend I must say he took immense pains in the first few weeks. But his pupil showed no promise whatever and her mother, who was his aunt and was not bound to mince matters with her son-in-law, gave him a piece of her mind. "You, Idiot, — Haven't you any thing better to do with your time than try to teach this block-head daughter of mine?" "No, Aunt, no; please don't be so violent. Kamala (that was the young lady's name as altered by Visvanathan who didn't think Chinnachy, her original name, refined enough for his bride) is not such a fool." "But you are, with all your education. You are the most worthless young man in our village and now you are trying to keep my poor girl also from her duties." "You know nothing about these things. So I will not discuss these matters with you."

The loud long-winded mother-in-law was not going to stand any more nonsense of this sort. Therefore, without much ado she gave him to understand that if he was so very keen on educating his wife, he would have to fore-go his dinner, for she was not going to wear herself to a skeleton by providing meals for such a high-fatuting ass. The threat had the desired effect and Kamala's studies came to an abrupt conclusion. Of course spasmodic attempts were made to revive the attack. But they all proved futile, for the children began to come in and, with no

money to engage a servant, how could poor Kamala find the time to improve her mind?

His home which was to have been a Temple of Beauty, was a shanty in a bye-lane which was muddy and slimy for 9 months of the year. Its cadjans walls were decked with cast off calendars and cheap gaudy prints usually seen in hairdressing saloons in suburban areas. Music of a sort he had in abundance during the year.

The frogs during the rainy days kept up an incessant chorus. When the frogs ceased, the mosquito, if less clamant, more insidious, took up the task of providing music for the Visvanthans.

Now in addition to teaching English in a Tamil school he is desperately trying to edit a Tamil monthly, whose aim is to revive the national art, literature, music, culture and so forth. Need I tell you what its fate is likely to be.

From the P. W. D. head office, I managed to secure a transfer to the Provincial Engineer's Office and I have a house now at Wellawatte, besides the ones at Kankesanturai and the other in my own village which alone cost me not less than fifty thousand rupees to build and furnish. Well, I don't want to make a vulgar show of my wealth. But these houses represent but a tiny fraction of my savings. Now and again when I ride about in my de luxe car, I catch sight of my friend in his ramshackle hackery drawn by a bony bull plodding its way painfully along the Jaffna roads. From kindness I turn aside and from, I know not what, he too averts his face.

Now that I have told you so much about my self, I might just as well tell you one thing more. I have 'seen' some influential people who have

promised to work up the matter, and, when next year His Present Majesty's Coronation honours are announced in Ceylon, do not be surprised if you happen to see my name among the new Muhandirams.

* All the characters and incidents in this story are purely fictitious.

THE UNDERSTANDING OF ART

BY

G. VENKATACHALAM

Even as life is the realm of experience primarily, so is Art the realm of expression primarily. But there is experience in art even as there is expression in life. All experience is true, and so truth belongs primarily to experience of life; while expression is beautiful and so beauty belongs primarily to art.

Not that we do not experience beauty, but that often experience results in expression, and therefore belongs to the realm of art. It is, therefore, that the contemplation of beautiful phenomena, either physical or intellectual, or emotional, is generally termed artistic experience.

Those experiences, in themselves, are the vital expressions, though not necessarily demonstrative in acknowledged terms of art, of one's self. Even as the prime test of experience is its truth, so is the prime test of art its beauty. And the beauty of art is also its truth, even as the truth of experience is also its beauty.

So far we have been establishing parallel values to life and art. But the impossible always happens, for there is a hallowed ground where the parallels of life and art meet, where their values are one,

where experience and expression become identical, where truth is itself beauty and beauty truth.

That ground is the region of true spirituality, where a person full to the brim with the thrill of life, who through many experiences, much solitude and thought, has acquired amazing sensitiveness to the beauty and wonder of life, whom every breath of wind, every falling leaf and blade of grass and the subtlest shade of colour and sound thrill to unutterable depths, and whose every emotion and thought, whose every movement and gesture and word, are spontaneously beautiful and full of delicate grace. In such a person are life and art at one with each other. That person's joy and sorrow, intensity of passion and sincerity, innocence and purity, laughter and tears shed out of a deep feeling of loneliness and life's nameless ache of fullness—these are very perfect expressions as well as experiences.

So then have we come to distinguish between art that is born of effort to express beautifully and the art that is directly born of life in all its intensity, where the effort at expression is one with the experience itself, where art is the very frenzy of life. The value of experience is in itself, in its own joys and sorrows and pains. The value of expression is in the appreciation it evokes in others of itself. Its value is ulterior to it unlike life or experience which is final in itself.

But there is also an expression whose value, like that of life, is in its own fullness and completeness and in the relief and peace it gives to the soul's pain of fullness. It has at once the value of life and expression, though art, as it is generally understood, does not take much cognisance of such expression, yet is it more important to mankind, for in it is mirrored the highest perfection that life

can achieve on earth and to the generality of mankind life is more real than art.

What is it that we understand by Life? And why do we think so much about life and art? Life is all that we do, think, feel, the consciousness of the myriad forms and colours and sounds that pour into our being every moment from outside us and also the many subtle feelings and ideas that we ourselves generate and perceive, our fancies and our recognition of the beauty of inner personality.

We think of these because they look to us so wonderful, and the sense of wonder is native to life. The joy, the pain, the variety of forms and colours, the mystery of life, and its manifold beauty strike us as being "passing strange." We wonder, and we are puzzled because things are what they are. We wonder and travail and seek through them all for something for which we have no name.

Yet are we like children, for what we lack we seek, what we do not understand we question. We fashion images in our fancy and invest them with a meaning by the power of our faith. Then they become real to us and we rejoice. This seeking and this creation of our own, to satisfy some inner longing and wonder, is the seed of all our works of art, great and small.

The Greeks created their Gods and Goddesses, whom they made the rulers of their destinies and whom they invested with their own passions of love, anger, hate and vengeance and with immortality. Their Gods came down amidst mortal men and women, were in love with them, mingled and mated with them. So was it with the Gods and Goddesses in ancient India, though we crowned them with addi-

tional glory, power, majesty, serenity and sublimity as our mighty *Himavat*.

Again, age after age, mankind has tired of the worship of Gods and returned to the contemplation of the beauty of life in all its simplicity. Our Upanishads are the witness to such a return to inner contemplation. It is so again today when our countless conflicting faiths, with their endless doctrines and creeds, interest us no more.

We are struck once again by the unspeakable wonder and beauty of life, its joys and sorrows, struggles and sufferings, thrills and raptures, successes and failures. We try to cultivate our sense of life deeper and deeper, until our very intensity and fullness help us to burst our bondage and the surging flood of life within us, overflowing our finite bounds, mingles its waters with the waves of the boundless sea.

If, therefore, art, with its many make-believes, its painted dolls, coloured-dreams and winged fancies, its supreme indifference to the scientist's reality and its reluctance to probe to doubt, to question and to confound; if art, with all its many delightful lies and self-deceptions, has any value for humanity as a whole, it is in its magical power to pierce through the coloured veils of appearances and glimpse the naked reality, which is beauty, truth, life itself.

It is generally thought that art is sheer emotionalism, that it has no appeal to the intellect, or even that its findings in the realm of truth are doubtful or its wisdom and joy superfluous to strong and virile souls who want to seek with ruthless severity of logic and thought the secret of life. On the other hand, art, instead of being, like pure science, logic or mathematics, an onesided expres-

sion of man, is the expression and manifestation of man as a whole, in the completeness of his own individuality, the divine synthesis of intellect and heart which we call Intuition. Pure emotion, like pure colour, cannot be sensed by us unless it comes to us as an attribute of some form; and equally impossible is it for us to see pure form if it takes not some colour or other.

It is so with our expression. Emotions and thought-forms are so closely and inextricably interwoven in our speech, as in our ordinary daily experiences, that we cannot completely disassociate one from another. But it cannot be denied that certain forms of expression, like pure melody in music, and pure colour in painting (Impressionism), are exclusively emotional in their appeal. But such forms belong rightly to the borderland of aesthetical expression and experience. The appeal of true art is at once to the intellect and to the emotions, for its beauty presents itself to man in ideal garbs. Else the delight of art would not be as perpetual as it ever is.

Every effort or discovery of physical and metaphysical sciences is to enable man to break through the "appearance" of things and arrive at "reality" "the thing in itself," as the Metaphysicians would call it. But it seems a vain quest to seek that "reality" for every stage of our discovery or its revelation to our understanding, is yet only on appearance. If instead of the people of this world, its animals, trees and flowers, so rich in form and colour, we discover only groups of atoms or electrons whirling at inconceivable speed, how have we improved upon our former understanding of the world or life? In the first place, it is not right to call the findings of science and metaphysics "Life." By Life we mean what we see, touch, feel, think, experi-

ence, realise, understand, aspire, dream and fulfil; this universe and its forces, visible and invisible, and our actions and reactions to them.

Though it may be fundamentally true that this universe is one of whirling electrons and inconceivable forces, yet it is by their name and form we know them, come into contact with them, understand them. We can never deny the basic unity of life as we dare not deny the superficial differences of life.

Difference is as true as unity. How can then the wisdom that analyses and defines the difference between things be superior to the wisdom that discovers and establishes the basic unity of all things?

The understanding that art holds forth is, therefore, real and not a matter of day-dreams or wild fancy, for it is the understanding of beauty whose presence and power in our nature is undeniable, and of individuality which alone we come into touch with in real life and not with whirling masses of matter.

The mind of man has wrested many secrets from nature and he has turned them into things of great utility. The knowledge of the mysterious process of nature has helped him to increase his wants and circumstances of comfort and ease. The findings of the mind, therefore, have great value, because they enrich the individual. They help to deepen his sense of life, its beauty and joy. Even so speculative wisdom enriches him. They are valuable to man only to the extent they enrich his nature and better his lot.

It makes no difference to us whether we understand Space and Time in their empirical sense, or we understand Time as the fourth dimension

of Space. Because we have refused to recognise Time as a separate truth and have made it another aspect of Space, therefore we do not straightway enact laws abolishing clocks and watches from the world, and instruct people to disabuse their minds of the notion of time and realise it in spacial terms. Nor is such an understanding of Time real or complete. In spite of the fourth-dimensional theory, our empirical sense of Time, and the emotional consequences it has on us, our hurry to go to offices and colleges, our timetables of work and leisure, all these are real to us, more real than Time being a fourth dimension of Space.

Take, for instance, our understanding of such a familiar element as water. The Physicist calls it H_2O . But H_2O does not certainly exhaust the truth of water. It is merely its physical structure that it explains. This wonderful element whose touch thrills your limbs, whose taste allays the parching of your tongue, whose life-giving quality is so mysterious, whose sylph-like grace raptures your heart when it falls as a mountain stream, whose face is ever wakeful when you behold it as the sea, is surely more than mere H_2O . Our understanding of water as H_2O is modest enough, but when persisted as the true knowledge of water, it must be admitted as the most miserable understanding of the simple surpassing wonder that is water.

Herein, therefore, has art its rightful place in life and its unquestionable claim to interpret the living truth of life. And this life, with its manifold forms and differences, its many errors and illusions, its mystery and its indefinable quality called beauty, is alone real to us as we are constituted. Nay we ourselves are an inseparable part of it.

Even all our findings of experimental and speculative sciences are yet a part of that world of appearance and illusion. Even the colourless, formless, scentless electrons are only an "appearance" of that which, perhaps, shall ever remain for ever undiscovered. This "appearance," this *Maya*, at whatever stage, is the only truth we can perhaps hope to know, for anything that we know can never escape being yet an "appearance." Let us, therefore, acknowledge this fact as inevitable and try to understand this surface *Maya*, and base our wisdom upon its foundations, however insecure and uncertain they may be. That wisdom, then, will be Art.

Again life and expression are not two altogether different things, nor are they separable from each other. All expression is a vital part and the co-ordinated function of life. As life is perpetual, so is expression endless; as life renews itself from time to time so expression takes on newer and yet newer forms to keep its freshness and beauty unimpaired. Though life is one, yet its expressions are diverse and manifold. If we acknowledge only the life that is one or only the expression which is many and mutually different, our understanding is partial only.

We must acknowledge both as real along with the mystery of their interrelation, which is the warp and woof of life itself. Wherever there is life—and nowhere it is not—there is mystery. If anything is ultimate it is this mystery of life. And the only way to understand that mystery is by wondering at it. All else, our religions, our philosophies and discoveries are mere child's play; all our sciences and philosophies can only explain but not account for. The mystery remains unbroken.

The child who stands overcome with the marvel of life, wondering how a worm crawls, how the clouds sail swiftly above, how a cow grazes on green grass, yielding white milk or how a seed shoots through the sod and becomes a plant, with green leaves and purple flowers, that child, whose wisdom is wonder and whose speech in unsyllabled shrieks of delight and laughter, that child is nearer the mystery of life than the adults with all their book-learning, speculations, theories and prejudices.

For ultimately, after all our sailings on the trackless waters of doubt, enquiry and search, we land again at the same old port of wonder and mystery. Only we come back wearied and hungry and heart-broken. We crouch back into life with disappointed hopes and suppressed desires, embittered hearts and dazzled mind and frightened soul, and consider life as a tragedy. All this because we have gone the wrong way about, trying to understand with our minds what can only be understood with the whole of our being, the life within us.

Our joy and our wonder, then, are the secrets of our understanding; nay, they themselves are a part of that mystery we call life. It is to deepen and intensify this sense of wonder, joy and beauty in us that art helps, for from this sense of wonder and beauty is born the art of all humanity. The faculty or capacity to wonder, therefore, is the secret way of understanding art. Art expresses life; Life enriches art, and, therefore, the artists are the true interpreters of life.

குமாரசாமி முகலியார்

ஆக்ரேபோன் திரு. மு. இராமலிங்கம்

குமாரசாமி முகலியார் 1791 ம் ஆண்டளவில் திகழ்ந்த பரிகாசி வநடம் ஆவணிமாசம் 11 ம் திதி வடமராச்சிப் பகுதியிலுள்ள உடுப்பிட்டி நக்கங்களுநொண்ணுதிய வல்லி பட்டியென்னும் சிறையில அவதரித்தார் இவர் சாலஞ்சென்ற நீதிபதி உசுவமன் கதிராவற்சின்னைக்குக் தந்தையார். கவி வன்மையிலும் சுவைநிறையிலும் புகழ்பெற்றுப் பல்லாண்டு நிலைத்துவரும் கனம் தலைவர் காத்திரங்கொண்ட பழங் குடியில் அவசரித்த இப் முகலியாரின் தந்தையார் கதிர்காம பூபு முகலியார் ஆவர். அன்னையார் வள்ளியம்மை என்பவராவர். கிர்மதிவாய்க்க புலவசிராமணியும் 'பரத்தா நாடகம்' என்னும் நூலினை ஆக்கினோனுமாய் விளங்கிய குமாரசாமிப் புலவர் அவர்கள் இவ்வள்ளியம்மையாரின் இரட்சகோகாராள் ஒருவராவர். கற்றோ ஏதனும் கல்விக்களஞ்சியமாய்ச் சிறு சிறு பாக்கள் யாத்தப் பண்புபெற்ற முத்துக்குமாரை முகலியாரவர்கள் இவ்வள்ளியம்மையாரின் மற்றச்சகோதரராவர். அக்காலத்திற் சிறந்த கல்விமானாக விளங்கி கற்றலி விடீநூலை என்னும் நூலை முதலுலாசகக் கொண்டு இளைஞர்களியற்றும் அநேக பிழைகளை விளக்கிக் கற்போர் மனதைப் பிணிக் குந்தகையவராய் இலக்கண நூலுக்கமைய கொண்டுப் பாடல் என்னுப நூலை இயற்றியவர் இவ்வள்ளியம்மையாரினதந்தையாரான சந்திரசேகர முகலியார் அவர்களே. இவர், லீல்லநகர் அரசாட்சியின் சிறு வன்னியர்களின் வாழ்ச்சிலுப தாழ்ச்சிலும் சரிபட்டுப் பெறும் புகழுடன சமத 96 ம் வயதில மண்ணுலகு நீத்தனர். அக்காலத்தில் இலங்கையையடைந்த இத்தியப் புலவசிராமணியாராவார் சந்திரசேகர முகலியார் அவர்களின் குறிப்ப சரிதைகைய விளக்கி ஓர் சிறந்த குறவஞ்சியாடி அவர் சகு அப்பணஞ் செய்தவர். அக்குறவஞ்சியின் ஒரு பகுதியை சுண்டித்தருகிறோம்

“மாநரி போலே யொடுக்கியா சடியருண்ணெய்குமாறு,
கண்டகையித்தான் வீறுகொண்ட சிவகமெனு நாகரிகக்
குரிசில் சந்திரசேகர முன்மதனனல்வகுல
உளமைதனைச் சொல்லக்கேளம்மே.”

குமாரசாமி முதலியார் ஐயாட்டைப் பிராயத்தில் வித்தி யீரம்பம் சென்னைக்குப் பெற்றத தமது மாமனர் முதலுக் குமாரு முதலியாரிடத்துச்சங்கீதம் முதலியன பயின்று இலக் கண இலக்கிபத்தில் அகி சாமர்த்திய முடையராய்ப் பன்னீ ராட்டைப் பிராயத்திற் றுணே செய்யுட்களை விரைவிளிபற றுஞ் சக்திபெற்றிருந்தார். கம்பராமாடணத்திற்கு அர்த்தம் பண்ணுவதில் அதிவல்லப முடையரென்ற எவர்களாலும மதிக்கப்பட்டார். அவ்விராமாபணச் செய்யுளொன்றில் "மச ராதி" என்ற தொடர்க்குப் பொருள் தெரியாது முட்டுற்ற அக்காலத்து வணைப்புலவர்கரெல்லாம விதியிலா விகாரங்களு ளொன்றாகிய எழுத்து நிலை மாறுதலின்படி தகரத்தை நிலை மாற்றி "மச்சரம்" என்று வைத்துப் பொருள் கூறிப் பலரா லும் புசுழப்பட்டார். இவர் பலகாலப் பல நன் மாணாக்கர் க்குக் கேடில் சிழுச் செல்வமாகிய கல்விப்பொருளைக் கற் பித்து அவ்வழியாலும் பரோபகாரக் கருதி நடத்திய வித்தி யாதர்ப்பணமெனும் பெரிய பத்திரிகையிலே பொருட்பாலுங் கல்விவைக் குறித்துச் செய்யுணடையாகப் பல வெழுதி இவ வழியாலுங் கல்விவை எங்கும் பிரபல்லியமாக்கி வந்தார்.

இவர் சிறந்த ஒழுக்கமும் பெரும் பணமும் அதிகார முடி படைத்திருந்தபடியினால் வரையாத கொடுத்தும் பற் பல் உதவி புரிந்தும் தந்தேசமக்களின் அன்பிற்கும் கொளர வத்திற்கும் பாத்திராரீனார். செந்தமிழ்க் கல்வியின் வளர்ச் சிபைய நாடித் தமது சொந்தச் செலவில் உயர்தார்கலாசாலை யென்று ஸ்தாபித்தார். வல்லிபட்டியிலே அமெரிக்க மிஷனரி மாரின் சுகஸ்தலமாய் விளங்கும் "உணிக்காடு" என்னும் ஆத னத்தை அமெரிக்க மிஷன் சங்கத்திற்கு நன் கொடையாக அளித்தனர்.

இவர் புண்ணிய மணியம் அவர்களின் புத்திரியா கிய சிவகாமிப்பிள்ளையை மணந்து இரு ஆண்மகவையின் றனர். அப்பிள்ளைகளுள் ஒருவர் யாழ்ப்பாணம் 'பிஸ்கால்' (Fiscal) உத்தியோகஸ்தராக விளங்கி 1884 ம் ஆண்டில் விண்ணுலகடைந்த சபாபதி முதலியாராவார். மற்றவர் ஆசிரி யனாயும், அத்துவக்காததாயும், பொலீஸ் நீதவானாயும், பல றூல்களின் ஆக்கியோனாயும், நுண்ணறிவு மிகுந்தவராயும் விளங்கிய உவைமன் கதிரவேற்றிள்ளை என்பவராவார். சிவ காமிப்பிள்ளை தமது கணவன் இறந்துவிட அக்காலத்தொ

டஞ்சி 27 வநடங்களாகத் தமது மகனாகிய கதிரவற்
பிள்ளையுடனேயே வசித்தவந்தார்

இவர் செய்த செய்யுட்களோ மிகப்பல. பொன்னை
அரிசுகரித்துத் தேடினாறேபாலக் தேடிபெடுத்தவைகள்
“குமாரசுவாமி முதலியார் கவித்தொட்டு” என்னும் பெய
ருடன் உடுப்பிட்டி வாசராதர் கிரு. சி. ஆறுமுகம்பிள்ளை
யால் 1887 ம் ஆண்டு அச்சிட்டி வெளிப்படுத்தப்பட்டிருக்
கின்றன. இவற்றுள் குமாரசுவாமி முதலியாரின் மனைவியா
ரது பிணியை மாற்றிப் புகழ்படைக்க இருபாலைச் செட்டி.
யாரது புகழ்ந்தும், தம் புகல்வர் ஒருவர்க்கு கிரு. தூட்டிய
சுப்பிரமணிய ஐயவான்பார் ஒருவரை வியத்தும், அபமாள்
என்னும் ஒரு தேவதாசியின் சங்கீதத்தை அபத்தும் இவ
ரது வளவொன்றை ஊடறுத்துப்போகக் கெடவெடுக்க
“ஓவசியா” ஒருவரைக் கடிந்து அது செவ்விராதல் வேண்டு
மென அறிவித்ததற்கு:

காலாயாக் கதலிச்சுத்தவேல் வைகு கல்லை
வேலாயுத முசலி மெய்யறிஞன்—பாலாரீ
சம்பந்தப்பிள்ளை பெருநூற்றயிசாயி கல்வழிக்குச்
சம்பந்தபூதறலை.

எனவும் வேறு பலகணிப் பாக்களுட்பாடியுள்ளார். இருபாலைச்
சேனாகிராய முதலியார் இறந்த சமாசாரக் காகில் கீழி:

சானாகிராயிடமு கள்ளிலக்+ணு தற்செய்
சேனாகிராயினேயே செச்சகெடீர் வானுதி
பொன்னிலத்தமுண்மை புகழ்ஊறுரைப்பதறாய்
இத்திலத்தவிட்டெடுத்தே” எனப்பாடினர்.

யரப்பாணம் வண்ணார்பண்ணையில் வசித்த சரவணமுத்தப்
புலவரைக் காணவிரும்பி அவருக்கு ஓர் கிருத்தகத்தில கிரு
முகம் வரைந்தனர். அடுமரிக்க மிஷன வைத்தாராய் அட்ட
திக்செங்கும் புகழ் ஒளிவிட்டு விளங்கிய, கிறீன் (Dr. S. F.
Green) துரையைப் புகழ்ந்தும் சணங்கரின் உள்ளங்களோடு
உரிமைக் கிசாள்ளை கொண்ட கொள்ளை கோய் காலத்திற் பரி
ந்தும் பாடிய பதங்கள் பல உதயதாரகைப் பத்திரிகையில
பார்த்து கிடக்கின்றன. தனிப்பாடல்கள் அன்றி கோய்க் கிரங்
கல் முதலிய சில நூல்களும் செய்தனர்.

இவரும் அருளம்பல முதலியாரும் “தஞ்சைவாணன் கோவை” வாசித்துப் பொழுது போக்கியிருந்த ஒருநாள் அருளம்பல முதலியார் : “இந்நூலையொப்ப இக்காலத்தார்க்குஞ் செய்ய வியலுமா? எனக்கறினர். குமாரசாமி முதலியாரால் இயலுமென்றதை அடுத்தநாளில் அருளம்பல முதலியாரையே பாட்டுடைதலைவனாகக் கொண்டு ஒரு கோவை செய்ய ஆரம்பித்து 100 செய்யுட்களைச் செய்து காட்டினார். அருளம்பலக் கோவையில் ஒரு பாட்டை ஈண்டுக் குறிக்கிறோம்.

திக்காளுட லகந்தேய்வறமாய்வறச் சித்திரைபோற்
 நங்காபலந்தா மார்க்கந் தவம் புரிந்தாலுந் தமிழ்
 மருகாதவே வரும்ருளம் பல மன்னன்வரை
 கொங்கர் குழல்முகம் போன்மென கினைக் கூறரிதே.

பன்னாட்களாகத்தம ஆரவர்களும் பிறரும் வந்து தமக்கு ஓர் புதிய நாடகம் பரிசித்தருட்படி கேட்கச் சொற்களை பொருட்களை நிறைந்த இந்தர குபார நாடகத்தைப் பாடிக்கொடுத்தார். அந்நாடகத்திற் சுபத்திரை சொல் தேவாரத்தை ஈண்டுக் குறிக்கிறோம்.

சீல மார் களத்தாய் பத்தி தெரிடனாளுனத்தாய் சத்தவேவந்தரந்
 தாய் பெந்தாய் வென்விடை யுந்தாயைந்தாய்
 பாண்டகரத்திரத்தாய் சோதி பஞ்சவததிரத்தாய் பேசிக்
 காலனையுடைத்தாய் நீதிக்கருணை மாகடலேபோற்றி.

பிறர் வேண்டுகோளின்படி திருவிற் சுப்பிரமணியர் பதிகம் மூளாய் சித்தநகரமகார்பேரில் ஊஞ்சல், மங்களம், சட்டியம், பாக்கு, சரம்மி முதலியவைகளுமே கோப்பாய் ஊஞ்சல், பெரியம்மன் பதிகமும் ஊஞ்சலும், பன்னிருமாதப் பெடரையும் முதல் காண்கு செய்யுண் முதலடிகளிலே யமைத்து எட்டுநல்லைக் கலித்தறைகளும், கருதவன காதலஞ்சலும் சில கிறீஸ்தவர்கள் வேண்டுகோளின்படி கிறீஸ்தமத கீர்த்தனைகளும் பாடியுள்ளார்.

இவர் 1874 ம் ஆண்டு மார்சுமீத திங்கள் 30ம் நிகதி 83ம் வடதினில் இ. பூவுலக வாழ்வை நீத்து விண்ணுலகேகினர்.

THIS YEAR'S NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

BY MRS. DOROTHY LOCKWOOD, M. A.

This year the Nobel Prize in Literature has been awarded to the American playwright, Eugene O'Neill. He is a man in his late forties, one who has led a varied life—gold prospector in Honduras, seaman round the world, clerk, College student, theatrical manager and, recently, the most outstanding dramatist, in the United States.

Well written and compelling, his plays are never jovial or gay, but gloomy, full of strangenesses, concerned with the sinister twisting of weird minds, darkened by sordidness or stupidity the characters move in isolation, spiritually if not physically apart from the homely, everyday world.

These strange people and their strange actions O'Neill presents unconventionally with unexpected stagecraft. "Emper Johns" is the story of a Negro murderer who escaped to Africa from jail in the United States, there to dupe a tribe of natives into enthroning and enriching him. The play deals with the period when his tricks discovered, the faker flees from his angry pursuers, at first jauntily confident, then disturbed by nameless fears, and finally exhausted of strength and sanity. From the beginning of the action till the final death-shots, there is heard off stage persistent drumming—war drums, pursuit drums, drums of fate—swelling, fading, beating slowly, beating swift, ceaseless, insistent.

In "The Great God Brown", O'Neill dramatizes his belief that every person has at least two "selves" his real self and the pose he puts on before the world. When a character in this play is concealing his real self, appearing jainty when he's sad, bold when he's afraid, kind when he's cruel, he holds an appropriate mask before his face.

In "Desire Under the Elms," to facilitate lightning changes of action or from one room in a house to another, or from in-doors to outdoors, the farm house which is the center of the action has a removable front. Lights are focused on one room or another inside the building, or, while the stage curtain drops momentarily, the front is fitted on to conceal the interior entirely.

O'Neill has his action in "Strange Interlude" speak in two voices: one, odd and toneless, to disclose their thoughts, the other natural and flexible, in which to couch their ordinary conversation. Thus during the play all the inward musings are revealed, irrelevant, startling, ever revolting though they may be.

"Strange Interlude," too, is a lengthy play. It starts in the afternoon, and continues into the late evening, with a long enough intermission midway to enable the audience to leave the theatre and get their evening meal. O'Neill constructed an even longer tragedy, "Mourning Becomes Electra," which ran from 3 P. M. to 11.30 P. M.; and there are rumors that he has in mind one that will demand for its presentation a number of consecutive evening performances.

On unexpected stage sets and costumes, on unconventional writing, on consideration of the perverted, the mad, the reckless in life, Eugene O'Neill's undoubted genius has been at work. It has created a unique literature, symbolical, forceful, queer, depressing and now judged, "great."

EDITORIAL NOTES. (Continued)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The nine days, or rather nine nights, (Navaratri) set apart by the Hindus of our land for the worship of Shakti is called ten nights (Das-ra) in the state of Mysore, where these ten days are a season of rejoicing. A grand banquet at which the ruler fetes the chief men of his state, concludes the festivities. This year's banquet is an event that has made history, for to it were bidden guests from the ranks of the untouchables to whom were shown by their Prince all the courtesies hitherto reserved only for the high born.

India had not quite recovered from the pleasurable shock she experienced at this phenomenal break with Hindu tradition, when His Highness of Travancore goes one better and throws open the state temples to the Harijans.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in his auto-biography delivers some hard and well deserved knocks to the rulers of the Indian states. At the worst their rule is an unenlightened despotism; at its best, it is a progressive paternalism. And neither of these political philosophies is likely to find favour in the eyes of Pandit Jawaharlal and other moderns who share his equalitarian and socialist outlook.

It is particularly noteworthy that Travancore and Mysore, whose Princes have come into the lime light by their progressive gestures, are mentioned by name in Jawaharlal Nehru's strictures. But even those who share Jawaharlal's political outlook and are sceptical about accepting these actions at their face value, wondering whether after all it was a passion for social justice that prompted these two actions, are constrained to congratulate these two

Princes on their sensitiveness to the changing temper of the times and their readiness to give heed to the voice of an enlightened public opinion. These virtues are especially commendable since they seldom find lodgement in princely bosoms.

While these stirring events are happening in the neighbouring continent, we look on and applaud. The Freudian School of Psychologists tells that in dreams the unfulfilled desires of waking consciousness find fulfilment. We are afraid that the Psyche is more inventive and discovers more ways of wish fulfillment than dreams. The applause that we *unstintingly* give to heroism in others, the noble thrills we experience in reading of the generosity and selflessness of others, and the enthusiasm we display in espousing the cause of social justice elsewhere than in our lands, we often assume, absolve us from the obligation of personally practising these virtues. This applause and this enthusiasm are too often modes of escape from reality, furnishing us with the thrills of heroism, without its perils and giving us a measure of self approbation, for are we not fine fellows, when we, though unable ourselves to do great things, appreciate them when we see them done by others.

This compensatory mechanism of applauding the heroism of others is a poor substitute for the real article and can permanently satisfy only such people, as have not outgrown childhood's delights in day dreaming. Those who have come to man's estate can no longer be content with such shadowy satisfaction. They can fulfill the needs of their being only by the more strenuous course of seeing reality face to face and grappling therewith by main force.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Rev. Francis Kingsbury is a scholar in his own right, apart from being a scholarly sire's son. The

most outstanding merit of Mr. Kingsbury's scholarship is that he, more than anyone else of our acquaintance, suffers no predilections or partisan-ship to interfere with his criticism. Truth, however unpalatable, Mr. Kingsbury will acknowledge and proclaim.

While we, like our readers, are interested in Mr. Kingsbury's conclusions, we are most eager to know how Mr. Kingsbury arrived at them. Therefore, will Mr. Kingsbury be good enough to tell us in subsequent contributions, why he thinks the Tamil alphabet is derived from the Grantha alphabet and to what extent Tamil grammar has been influenced by Sanskrit grammar.

Those who are magnifying the difficulties of expressing abstract and modern scientific ideas in Tamil will be well advised to give heed to the suggestions made by Mr. Kingsbury.

Srimati Annammah Devanandhan is a playwright, many of whose plays have appeared in Indian periodicals and been acted by amateur groups in both India and Ceylon. That she is alive to the needs and defects of contemporary society, should be evident to all who read "Tall Talks." English drama to-day, at the hands of men like Galsworthy and Shaw, has ceased to be a polite amusement and become a vehicle of propaganda. This one act play that we publish also is a serious criticism of Indian and Ceylon Society. One personal note, we would like to add about Mrs. Devanandhan. Friends of the late Mr. K. T. Paul and of Dr. Devanandhan will be happy to learn that our dramatist is the daughter of the former and wife of the latter.

Pshaw prefers anonymity, as he thinks his purpose will be best achieved, only if he conceals his identity, strictly.

Mr. G. Venkatachalam is well known through out India and Ceylon as a student of Art. His specialty is Indian Art, though he is competent enough to express informed opinion, concerning the Art of the other countries, both Eastern and Western. As he once modestly put it to the present writer, his claim to authority rests on the fact that full many a time, he has gone on pilgrimage to all the famous places in India where are found her Artistic master places. He has travelled to Japan and the East Indies and studied the Arts of these places too. And we are sure many more contributions from Mr. Venkatachalam will be published in the Miscellany.

Mr. M. Ramalingam, of the Income Tax Department, the enthusiastic Secretary of the Colombo Branch of the Jaffna College Old Boys' Association, writes on a Jaffna poet who flourished about seventy-five years ago. Mr. Ramalingam is bidding fair to turn out a formidable research scholar. It will interest our readers to learn that, the poet, who has called forth Mr. Ramalingam's biographical zeal, is the paternal grand father of Mr. K. Balasingam.

Mrs. Dorothy Lockwood is the wife of the new professor, who has come here from America. She is more: she is an M. A. in Literature. Judging from her contribution on Eugene O' Neill, she is Mistress of her subject in its manifold turnings and twistings.

The ultra-moderns among the writers of this century, represented by people like D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and Eugene O' Neill are men compared to whom Shaw and Wells and Galsworthy are respectable and bourgeoisie Victorians. The new technique of the stream-of-consciousness method, is an innovation irritating to some of us nurtured on the more forthright tradition of Scott and Dickens. It looks as though the new Literature, morbidly intros-

pective, and pre-occupied with abnormalities were the echo of the New Psychology, which too brings under focus the less known and the less respectable subterranean forces dwelling in the human spirit. Both the New Psychologist and the New Dramatist and Novelist join issue with us on the question of what is 'normal'. The normal man, they say, (and we believe truly) is a useful, intellectual abstraction, (like the 'man-in-the-street' and, the 'economic man') corresponding to no human being, but serving a useful practical purpose, but never on that account to be taken as anything but a conventional symbol.

This article by Mrs. Lockwood on this year's winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature is, we believe, a foreshadowing of the many more interesting contributions that will appear in the Miscellany here-after. We whole-heartedly welcome all the Lockwoods to Jaffna College.

AU REVOIR.

At the end of last term, we had to bid farewell to Mr. K. A. Selliah of our Staff, who left for England to obtain higher qualifications. It was too late then for us to refer to his departure in the last number of our Miscellany; hence, we hasten to do so now. Mr. Selliah had, during his service of 10 years as a teacher, endeared himself very much both to his colleagues and to his students by his genial personality more than anything else. In saying this, we do not mean to belittle the contribution he made to his classes by his scholarship and efficient teaching, to the Physical Department by his enthusiastic support in general and his expert coaching of the Football Teams in particular, and to the entire life of the College by

the keen interest he evinced in all its varied activities. This contribution was undoubtedly great. But it is as an interested friend of all that we think of him most and it is as such that we miss him badly to-day. However, our compensation is the fact that he will be back with us at the end of two years after adding some more titles to his name. The letters we receive from him convey the news that he is at present working hard with his books and putting in lectures at the University of London for his B. Sc. Honours in Physics. He will also be attending the vacation courses to obtain the Diploma of Education of the same University. We wish him well where he is and the best of success in his studies. We wonder if there is no significance in the fact that our Tennis Champion has taken up his abode in St. George Street, Wimbledon!

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD

Death has plied his sickle freely this year among our Old Boys. We have already commented earlier in our notes about the late Mr. V. Coomaraswamy. There are others besides him, to whom a debt of remembrance is due from us.

The late Mr. C. H. Kathiravetpillai, who retired about a decade ago from service in India as a Tasildar, was, at the time of his death, which occurred a few months ago, living in retirement in his home at Araly. Mr. Kathiravetpillai was an Old Boy of Jaftna College who rejoiced in his association with his *alma mater* and almost to the day of his death displayed a keen enthusiasm for his school and with unfailing regularity attended all College functions. Mr. Kathiravetpillai's memory, we are sure, will be especially cherished by those Old Boys who were pupils in his Tamil classes, for Mr. Ka-

thiravetpillai during the few years he taught in Jaffna College, made his classes lively with his humour and the grandfatherly liberties he took with his students.

Rev. S. K. Ponniah joined the Anglican Church after a brilliant career in Jaffna College and at the time of his death was Vicar of the Anglican Church at Jaela, Dandagamuwa. Perhaps it is not out of place for us to mention that in the year of Mr. Ponniah's graduation, he was the only candidate to pass the B. A. from Ceylon. After being a teacher for some years he joined the Anglican Ministry and filled, with acceptance, many positions of responsibility. Rev. Ponniah loved his old College deeply, and often travelled many miles to be present at our Colombo O. B. A. gatherings where to see him was to share his overflowing devotion to his College.

Mr. J. R. Thuraisingham the last of them all, who have been called away, has been almost a legend at Jaffna College. His versatility was verily phenomenal; he was Inter-Collegiate Athletic Champion of his day and Champion Gymnast of the College. He won the Government Mathematics Scholarship and went to England, where he joined King's College, London. At King's College he won the Drew Gold Medal and many another distinction. On his return from England he was employed as an Engineer in India and at the time of his retirement he was Chief Sanitary Engineer to the Corporation of Madras. But even during his technical activities he found the time to make a translation of the Bagavad Gita into Tamil, an autographed copy of which he has presented to the College Library with true filial piety.

Requiescant in Pace.

PRINCIPAL'S NOTES.

The Lockwood family, five in number, arrived from America at the end of October. As they were in the American College in Madura for some six years the breaking in process has been much reduced and they already seem to be quite at home. Even David the ten months old baby takes things quite as a matter of course.

As Mr. Lockwood has a Master's degree in Mathematics, and Mrs. Lockwood the same in English they very definitely strengthen us in both Arts and Science. But they will bring added strength in many other spheres of activity outside the regular class room work.

The Physical Director, Mr. Thurairajah, with the help of Mr. Lockwood has been making a systematic physical examination of all students in the Upper School. This is to be followed up by such treatment as is deemed best for the development of each student.

The Inter students are now being housed in rooms of what is known as the College House. We are in search of a fitting name for this building which has begun to break out of its chrysalis and already gives a hint of what its final form is to be. Unfortunately this development is likely to be rather seriously retarded by diversion of funds to the completion of the new house near the cemetery.

On the last day of November the Inspectors, Messrs. Thambipillai, Krishnapillai and Saravanamuttu, came for the inspection of our Fifth Standard and Tamil throughout the school. Now that we have the regular inspections only once in three years an Inspector is something of a rarity.

The Principal and Mrs. Bicknell have been very greatly heartened by all the expressions of appreciation and good-will that have come to them in connection with the Jubilee celebrations held in Jaffna College in August and in Colombo in November. No one could ask for more. No reward could be greater.

John Walter Bicknell and Evangeline have settled down in a very comfortable little apartment at 70 Morningside Drive, New York City. He is at work in Columbia University with the hope of obtaining a Ph. D. degree in English. She is continuing her lessons in singing. They both look back with immense pleasure upon the month spent in Ceylon and remember the many friends they left here.

• DR. JAMES L. BARTON

The death of Dr. James L. Barton, the President of the Board of Trustees of Jaffna College, has removed an ardent supporter of Jaffna College. Below is a resolution sent to the Board of Trustees and to Mrs. Barton :

It has fallen to few men to render a more wide-spread influence for good than to Dr. James L. Barton. During a very long period of service he used pen and tongue, heart and brain in the promotion of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He touched the cause of missions in many lands, through many denominations in many ways. He was a statesman in this glorious cause. Though small and not usually under his direct supervision, the American Mission was not outside the range of his constant interest. This was obvious to any of us who had the privilege of talking to him or reading his letters. Perhaps those who are connected with Jaffna College felt this interest most

fully. It was through him that the imagination of some people of means was so touched that the College was able to make the progress it has in the way of staff and equipment. It was through him, too, that many who have come to the College from America were led to take this step and were inspired to devote their powers to the good of the institution. At the time of his death Dr. Barton was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Jaffna College funds in America. Even his advancing years could not cool his ardour for this foster child of his. Many Jaffna Tamils remember Dr. Barton from his visit in 1901 and rise up in reverence to his memory and gratitude for his services.

REPORT OF THE PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT 1936.

Our achievements this year were not as good as those in the past, but we may derive consolation from the fact that we did quite well for the material we had.

We started the year well in sharing the honours of the Cricket Championship with St. Patrick's College. It was a happy idea that gathered together the Cricketers of Jaffna College and St. Patrick's College to celebrate the joint Championship with a dinner in honour of both the teams and Colleges.

This year is something like a transition period for us. Some of our star athletes were over-aged for the Sports Meet and others passed from a lower division to a higher one. We are passing through an inevitable period which, however, means that one or two years hence we will top the list. Even

though we did not expect the Track and Field Sports Team to score much, we expected a few individuals to do well and we were satisfied to see that these few came up to the expected standard. Even though we ranked third among the Colleges that took part in the Inter-Collegiate Sports Meet, we are proud to have won one of the three Individual Championships. The Tug-of-war Team with their excellent team work and will to win the event, and V. G. George, the Inter-Collegiate Intermediate Champion, deserve our special congratulations.

At the Inter-Collegiate Football Competition our team, from whom the Jaffna public expected a first class performance, put up a very poor show. Individually every member of the team is capable of better performance. A lack of combination and enthusiasm was evident and some were playing for the first time.

The internal activities of the College started for the year with the usual Inter-class Competitions in Cricket and Volley Ball. These matches, as in previous years, created much enthusiasm and keen rivalry. At a special meeting of the Athletic Committee with the Principal as Chairman, we took up the question of how we can create more enthusiasm in Track and Field Sports and it was decided that we introduce the House System in place of the Inter-class Competitions. To start with, it was decided that the whole College be divided into four groups and that a teacher be in charge of each group as coach. No names were given to these groups, but it was decided that they go by colours. The new scheme was put into practice by running our Annual Field Day Sports Meet as an Inter-House Competition. The Houses and their masters took a very keen interest and the Meet was a great suc-

cess. During the Second Term these groups were given names and we give below the Houses, their names, coaches, etc.

Name of House	Colour	House Master	House Captain
Hastings	Red	Mr. T. Oppenheim	William Hunt.
Brown	Blue	Mr. S. S. Selvadurai	R. S. Navaratnam
Hitchcock	White	Mr. K. V. George	Samuel Beadie.
Abraham	Green	Mr. K. A. Selliah	M. Thurairajasingham.

The Inter-House Competitions in Football, Basket Ball, and 'Thatchie' are in full swing and the competition in Football particularly is very keen. As we go to press the Houses that are in for the Football Championship are Hastings and Hitchcock. "Thatchie" champions are the Abraham House and the Basket Ball Championship is undecided.

A physical examination of all the students was held during the Third Term with a view to getting some data for our use and to detect and report some common diseases such as those of the tooth, eye, and the ear, which are generally overlooked with bad results in the end. Reports of this examination will be sent to the parents or guardians concerned and it is sincerely hoped that they will co-operate with us in removing such obvious ills.

R. J. THURAIRAJAH,
Physical Director.

SCOUTING DAY BY DAY.

The Jaffna College Scout Troop continues to thrive, though handicapped by a lack of leaders. All the year there has been a lack of leadership for the Rover and Cub branches of Scouting; yet there are groups of boys of both ages, older boys who want to be Rovers, and younger ones who want to be Cubs.

Another handicap has been the need of an adequate Scout Room. For a long time the Troop has been longing and hoping to get a Scout Room. Very often the Scout Master brings in favourable news concerning the Scout Room, but, before this piece of good news has reached the ear of every Scout, another rumour is on its way which does in no way agree with the first. And yet the hope of getting a room is not altogether lost. The present rumour has it that the Troop will soon get one. May this one be true.

This term the Scouts have really shown what they can do. There was no hurried programme to go through, like those they have often had. Every thing done was well thought out and planned before hand.

The Annual Scout Week (Sept. 25th — October 1st) was observed by the Troop. On Sept. 25th the Troop was responsible for screening some [reels at the 'Regal Theatre', Jaffna. The movies were about a 'Hundred Years of Australian Progress' and included pictures of the last World Jamoree. The 'Tree Planting Day' was also observed by the planting of a Margosa tree in the new Athletic field. The annual inspection of the Troop was held that same evening (Sept. 29th) by Mr. R. C. S Cooke, the District Commissioner.

Perhaps the most memorable event of this term was the hike to Mandative. The Scouts (about 20 in number) left Aralyturai at about 6.30 P. M. on Oct. 23rd, and reached Mandative at 11.30 P. M. It was not easy to find the place where the Troop was to camp. Even the fishermen of Mandative did not know much of the place and asking them did no good, for each man pointed in a different direction. After a difficult search the place was found, but, it was one o'clock when the poor Scouts went to bed. The two days spent on the Island were useful as

well as enjoyable, for the Scouts learnt many things that few who are not Scouts do learn.

That hike for all concerned was the high spot of Scouting — both in pleasure and utility — for the whole term.

T. K. WELCH,
Secy.

OUR LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

i—INTER-UNION.

This term great enthusiasm prevailed in the House and the programmes were gone through very successfully. In the debate certain problems of the youth and some topics of the modern day were discussed. Two meetings stand out prominent above the rest. One was the exposition by some members of the different forms of government existing in the world today; we hope to continue this series. The other was the model meeting of Parliamentary procedure. This was a very successful experiment and also of great use. We take this opportunity to enlighten those who might have misunderstood our discussion over the dowry system. We discussed its merits and not its abolition and the house decided that it was a good custom. Our thanks to Rev. John Bicknell, our Patron, for his speech on "Parliamentary Procedure" and for his guidance in the model meeting. Thanks are also due to the members of the Union for their hearty co-operation.

On the next page is a detailed account of the meetings.

K. SIVASUBRAMANIAM,
Hony. Secy.

DATE	CHAIRMAN	SUBJECT	PRINCIPAL SPEAKERS	OTHER SPEAKERS	DECISION
Sept. 18, 9. 36	The Patron	Election of Office Bearers	Prop. Mr. A. E. Kulasingham	Mr. K. Sivasubramaniam	
25 9. 36	Mr. K. S. Thiru navukarasoo (President)	Debate: Dictatorship is most suitable for the present world situation	Opp. Mr. A. Arumugam Mr. E. Appadurai		Proposition
Oct. 1, 10. 36	Mr. J. V. Thambi nayagam (Vice-President)	Debate: Ceylon deserves Self-Government	Prop. Mr. J. A. Chelliah Mr. K. K. Panampalam	Mr. S. Kularatnam Mr. K. Sivasubramaniam	Opposition
15. 10. 36	Mr. V. Thiagarajah	Debate: சீதம்பர கோபுரம், கோபுரம் கட்டுதல்	Prop. Mr. K. E. Thambi rajah Mr. N. Gunaratnam Mr. J. V. Thambinaya	Mr. S. Kularatnam Mr. K. Sivasubramaniam Mr. V. G. Sannathapillai Mr. V. Vanniasingham Mr. J. J. Kattarajah Mr. N. Sivagnanam	Proposition
22. 10. 36	Mr. E. R. Jeyaveasingham	Fascism in Italy Nazism in Germany Socialism in India	Mr. E. Appudurai Mr. S. Kularatnam Mr. K. Sivasubramaniam	The Patron	—
29. 10. 36	Mr. K. K. Ponnambalam	Extempore Speeches: King Edward VIII The Civil War in Spain Follies of Society	Mr. H. Selvaratnam Mr. N. Sivarajah Mr. K. E. Thambirajah		
Nov. 5. 11. 36	Mr. V. Vanniasingham	Debate: இலங்கை அரசியல், அந்நாட்டிலும் இடத்தை	Prop. Mr. P. Kantharatham Mr. S. S. Kularatnam Mr. Sivanandha Mr. J. P. Durairatnam	A. E. Kulasingham K. E. Thambirajah	
12. 11. 36	—	Speech, "Parliamentary Procedure"	The Patron		
18. 11. 36	Mr. S. Kularatnam	Model Parliamentary Procedure			

ii—THE BROTHERHOOD

The activities of the Brotherhood this term were varied. As usual we had our Debates. Besides, we had the pleasure of listening to useful and instructive addresses made by students and teachers. The following is a list of addresses made:

“நம் நாட்டு வளம்”

By *Mas. M. Sebaratnam, L. M.*

“Physical Culture.”

By *Mas. M. Thurai aisingham, L. M.*

“What America has contributed toward the progress of the World”

By *Mr. Theodore Oppenheim, B. A.*

“Gloomy Sunday”

By *Mas. N. Nadason, L. M.*

“Spain to-day”

By *Mas. V. Sankunanantham, V. A.*

We take this opportunity to thank Mr. T. Oppenheim who was kind enough to address us, and the members for their kind co-operation. We have no doubt that the same spirit of co-operation and good-will will colour the proceedings of the activities of our “Association,” so that in the end we may crown our aims with wreaths of success.

A detailed account of the debates is found on the next page.

M. NADARAJAH,
Hony. Secy.

DATE	CHAIRMAN	DEBATE	PROPOSERS	OPPOSERS	RESULT
25—9	N. Nadeson (President)	Suicide is an act of courage	Samuel Beadle T. Wijeanathan	N. Rajaratnam V. Kanapathypillai	Opposition won (Majority of 15 Votes).
3—10	J. Sathivelu (V. President)	War as a means of settling international disputes is a failure	J. B. Welch N. K. Sundram	Samuel, J. Navaratnam, A.	Proposition won (Majority of 20 Votes).
10—10	A. Patmanabhan London Matric	சுயக் கொலை என்பது உயர்ந்ததாகும்.	K. Sivagurunathan K. Sannugavadivelu P. Sinnachurai	C. Velayutham K. Navaratnam S. Balasundaram	Proposition won (Majority of 3 Votes).
17—10	J. M. Sanders London Matric	The adoption of Western civilisation is detrimental to our progress.	P. M. Nadarajah S. A. Nadarajah M. Venayagamoorthy	N. Nadarajah K. Krishnapillai S. Sinnathurai	Opposition won (Majority of 13 Votes).
31—10	V. V. Kanagasabai London Matric	Books influence a person more than frigid.	N. Navaratnam S. Kathiravelu R. Kumaraswamy	S. Rajaratnam V. Jesudhasan J. Samuel	Opposition won (Majority of 30 Votes).

M. NADARAJAH,
Hony. Secy

•iii—THE FORUM

Meetings of this section were held regularly this term, except for two meetings which were postponed owing to unavoidable circumstances.

The subjects enumerated below have been discussed. The attendance at these meetings has been good, and the discussion has been very lively.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE DEBATES AND RESULTS.

29-9-36.

Subject; "Tram-cars and trolley buses should be introduced in Jaffna."

Chairman. *Mas. K. Ethirnayagam.* IV Form B,
Affirmative Won

17-10-36.

Subject: "Inter-racial marriages should not be allowed."

Chairman: *Mas. A. Poopalasingam.* IV Form A.
Affirmative Won.

17-10-36.

Subject "Life is worth living"

Chairman: *Mas. N. Arumugadasan,* IV Form A.
Affirmative Won.

31-10-36

Subject; "ஆண் பெண் இருபாலரும் ஒரேகனகத்தல் கற்பதே சிறந்தது"

Chairman: *Mas. S. Murugesoo,* IV Form B

7-11-36.

Subject: "Physical Training should be made compulsory in Jaffna College."

Chairman; *Mas. N. Arunasalam.* IV Form A.

Before I conclude my report, I thank the Patron, Mr. M. I. Thomas, for the help he rendered in conducting the meetings and bringing them to a success.

My thanks are also due to the members of the Executive Committee who were responsible for drawing out the programmes.

A. KANDASAMY

Hony. Secretary.

iv—THE LYCEUM

The Jaffna College Lyceum is carried on by the younger members of the College with great interest and enthusiasm. Now many of our meetings are presided over by students and the Patron forms one of the audience. The following are some of the subjects discussed in the meetings :

Co-Education ought to be insisted upon in every school.

ஆக்கிலவியையாட்டிணைப்பும் பார்த்துக் கொடுக்க வியையாட்டிணைப்பும் நிறந்தது

Books are better companions than friends.

V. M. SELVARATNAM,
Hony. Secretary.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

Matriculation

J. P. Thurairatnam.
A. Kulasingam.
M. Rajasingam.
Ernest Appadurai.
N. Tissavēerasingham.
K. E. Thambyrajah.
T. Saravanamuttu.
J. Ratnarajah.
N. Singarajah.
K. Sivasubramaniam.
E. Selvaratnam
S. Somasundaram.

Inter Arts

M. I. Kuruvilla
W. D. Abraham.
Geo. Sabapathy pillai (Ref. in Logic)

Inter Science

S. V. Paul.
K. Ariyanayagam
Miss G. E. A. Sathianathan.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

- Hackin, J. etc.* Asiatic Mythology: A detailed description and explanation of the Mythologies of all the great nations of Asia.
- Meston, Wm.* Indian Educational Policy, its Principles and Problems.
- Birkenhead, Earl of.* Fifty Famous Fights in fact and fiction.
- Birkenhead, Earl of.* Five Hundred best English Letters.
- Wolfec, J.* Textbook of Swimming.
- Mais, S. P. R.* The Modern Pictorial Dictionary.
- Smith, W. G. Comp.* The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs
- Chapman E. H.* Wireless Today.
- Spencer, D. A.* Photography today.
- Nayler, J. L. etc.* Flight Today
- Marriott, J. W.* One-act Plays of Today, Series I to 6.
- Ditmars, R. L.* Book of Zoography.
- Brayne, F. L.* Socrates at School
- Brayne, F. L.* Socrates Persists in India
- GnanaPragasar Rev. Fr. S.* Elements of Logic in Tamil (Presented by the author.)
- Secretary, C. M. E. Committee, Jaffna Central College (1834 1934)*
Centenary Memorial Edition (Presented to the Library.)
- Tolstoy, Leo.* Resurrection: A. Novel.
- Glover, T. R.* The Ancient World.
- Gokhale, G. N.* Practical Education: Monograph on Education in India.
- Peers, Robert.* Adult Education in Practice.
- Beable W. H. ed.* Celebrated and Historical Speeches: an anthology of ancient and modern oratory.
- Moe, Arthur, ed.* The Book of knowledge, Ten Volumes.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

(GATHERED BY ALUMNUS)

General.

—*The Hon. Mr. W. Duraiswamy*, the Speaker of the State Council, has been chosen as a delegate to represent Ceylon at the coming Coronation of His Majesty the King, Edward VIII, on the 12th May, 1937.

—*Mr. S. Sinnathamby* of the Medical Department has been appointed District Court Mudaliyar, Colombo.

—*Mr. K. Williams*, Post-master, Batticaloa, has been transferred to Vaddukoddai.

—*Dr. T. Kulanayagam*, Medical Officer at Point Pedro, has been appointed Medical Officer at Vaddukoddai, and will assume duties from the beginning of next year.

—*Mr. M. S. Nalliah*, Postmaster, Borella, has been appointed Inspector of Post-offices.

—*Mr. T. Arumainayagam* has completed his course at the Survey Training School and has been appointed Surveyor.

—*Mr. T. Thalayasingham* has finished his course of training at the Police Training School, Bambalapitya, and has been stationed as Inspector of Police at Colombo Fort.

—*Mr. N. Periyatamby* has finished his course of training at the Irrigation Training Centre and has been appointed an Irrigation Inspector. He won the first prize for the excellent record of work done by him while in training.

—*Mr. J. S. Arumainayagam* has joined the Staff of the Hatton English School.

—*Mr. S. Arumainayagam* after a course of training at the Sinnathamby Memorial Training School joined the Staff of the Tellipallai Bilingual School.

—*Mr. C. E. Rajasingham* has joined the Staff of the Mann's English School, Uduvil.

—*Mr. S. P. Amarasingham* has been appointed Post-master, Negombo.

Dr. J. T. Amarasinghan has been appointed D. M. O., Negombo.

—*Mr. P. Nagalingam*, Proctor, is to take his oaths this month and intends practising at Hatton.

—*Mr. S. Thurairatnam* has finished his training as a Sub-Inspector of Police, at the Police Training School, Bambalapitya, and is now attached to Colpetty.

EXAMINATION SUCCESS

Our congratulations to the following on their successes in their examinations.

—*Mr. V. S. Sivagurunathan*, the Proctors' First.

—*Mr. K. Ratnasingham*, the Proctors' Second.

—*Mr. S. Kanagasabai*, the Proctors' Final.

—*Messrs Kopyat Nambi*, and *V. Vijayathayvendram*, the Advocates' First.

— *Mr. M. Seevaratnam*, of Karainagar Hindu English School, the Ceylon Teachers' Certificate.

—*Mr. M. I. Thomas*, of the Jaffna College Staff the Intermediate in Science (Economics,) of the London University.

—*Mr. J. M. Sabaratnam*, the B. A. of the London University.

—*Mr. R. K. Kandiah*, the B. Sc. (Hons.) Mathematics, (Second Class) of the London University. He has also won the Mathematics University Scholarship.

—*Messrs K. Nagalingam and B. A. Thambapillai*, the B. Sc., of the London University.

—*Misses Kandiah, and Karthigesu*, the Pre-Medical.

—*Messrs C. E. Rajasingam and N. Sabaratnam*, London Intermediate in Arts.

—*Mr. Rajakone Winslow, and Mr R. S. Cooke*, London Intermediate in Science.

WEDDING BELLS.

Our felicitations to the following newly married couples:

—*Mr. K. E. Mathiaparanam and Miss Rosabelle Pakiamalarmani Nathaniel.*

—*Mr. M. Selvaratnam and Miss Violet Elyathamby.*

—*Mr. C. Nagaiah and Miss Gnanapoonkottai Murugesu.*

—*Mr. C. Subramaniam and Miss Annaratnam Kanagasabai.*

Our congratulations to the following on their engagement:

—*Mr. P. Sathasivam and Miss Parasakthy Perampalam.*

—*Mr. V. Nalliah, and Miss Poomany Eleazer.*

—*Mr. A. S. Ponnambalam and Miss Jeevamanie Bartlett.*

DEATHS.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

—*Mr. V. Coomaraswamy*, Proctor, S. C., 'Tellipallai' died on August 30th.

—*Rev. S. K. Ponniah*, Church of Ceylon Minister at Jaela died on 9th Oct.

—*Mr. J. R. Thuraisingham*, retired Sanitary Engineer, Madras, died on Dec. 3.

CORRECTIONS.

Please note the following corrections with regard to two items appearing in our last Notes.

—It is *Mr. S. Thuraiatnam*, and not *Mr. S. Gunaratnam*, that was undergoing training as a Sub-Inspector of Police at the Police Training School, Bambalapitya.

—*Miss G. E. A. Sathianathan* has joined the Staff of the St. John's College, Jaffna, and not of the Chundikuli Girls' College.

— — —

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
of
THE JAFFNA COLLEGE O. B. A.

The 23rd Annual General Meeting of the Jaffna College Old Boys' Association (Colombo Branch) was held at the Girls' Friendly Society Hall, Green Path, Colpetty, on Saturday the 28th November, 1936 with Rev. John Bicknell, the President, in the chair. Over 100 members were present at the meeting. The Hony. Secretary of the Association read the minutes of the last Annual General Meeting and presented a report of the activities of the Association since its start, both of which were confirmed. Then the Hony. Treasurer presented an audited report of the accounts of the Association and that of the Bicknell Silver Jubilee Fund and these were duly accepted.

The following Office-Bearers were elected for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT:	<i>Rev. John Bicknell (Ex-Officio)</i>
VICE-PRESIDENTS:	1. <i>Mr. K. Balasingam</i>
	2. <i>Dr. E. V. Ratnam</i>
	3. <i>Mr. G. C. Thambiah</i>

	4. <i>Mr. K. Kanagaratnam</i>
	5. <i>Dr. W. S. Ratnavale</i>
	6. <i>Mr. W. H. T. Bartlett</i>
HON. SECRETARY:	<i>Mr. M. Ramalingam</i>
HON. TREASURER:	<i>Mr. P. Thambiratnam</i>
HON. AUDITORS :	1. <i>Mr. K. Nagalingam</i>
	2. <i>„ A. Ponniah</i>

The following members were elected to form the Executive Committee:

1. *Mr. K. T. Chittampalam*
2. *„ A. W. Nadarajah*
3. *„ S. Peraeravar*
4. *„ T. K. Curtis*
5. *„ S. Rajanavagam*
6. *„ S. Sinnathamby*
7. *„ A. Nadarajah*
8. *„ E. V. Nathaniel*
9. *„ S. Kulasingam*
10. *„ V. Sabapathy*

The Principal addressed the Old Boys.

The following is the Secretary's Report presented at the meeting:

The Annual Report for 1936.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF OUR ASSOCIATION. Although the Jaffna College Old Boys' Association, (Jaffna Branch) was inaugurated in the year 1879, the Colombo Branch was not inaugurated till 1913. The inaugural meeting of the Colombo Branch was held on the 14th July 1913 at 6. P. M. at the Central College Hall, Barber Street, Colombo, with Rev. G. G. Brown, the Principal as President. Mr. Bala-singham's famous speech on Taxation was delivered on this occasion.

The first anniversary was celebrated on 1st August, 1914, at the Victoria Masonic Hall, Colombo. A garden-party was held and a group photograph taken. Mr. Joseph Grenier, K. C., Hon. Mr. A. Kanagasabai, and Rev. E. A. Restarick were the chief-speakers at the Public Meeting. The second anniversary does not seem to have been celebrated. The third anniversary was held on 2nd September, 1916, at the Victoria Masonic Hall, Colombo. The American Consul, Mr. J. A. Nye, and Mr. H. A. P. Sandrasekera were the principal speakers. Mr. J. W. S. Cooke continued to be the Secretary and Mr. J. H. R. Joseph, the Treasurer, until Messrs. A. Arulpragasam and V. Nalliah were appointed Secretary and Treasurer in 1929.

A meeting of the ~~the~~ Colombo Branch of the Jaffna College Old Boys' Association which was deferred for nearly 14 years was held at the Town Hall on the 14th December 1929 with Rev. John Bicknell, the busy "B", as President. A group photograph was taken. This was followed by a Social. At the close of the Social, the President explained the objects of the meeting and a constitution was drawn up. Rev. Francis Kingsbury, the Hon. Mr. K. Balasingham and Mr. P. Vythialingam addressed the meeting.

Since then, regular Annual General Meetings, and Socials or Dinners have been held. The following officiated as Secretaries:

Mr. A. Arulpragasam	1930	and	1931
„ P. Sathasivam	1932	and	1933
„ V. K. Kandasamy	1934		
„ S. Vijayaratnam	1935		
„ M. Ramalingam	1936		

The following officiated as Treasurers:

Mr. V. Nalliah	1930	and	1931
----------------	------	-----	------

- Mr. K. Perampalam 1932 and 1933.
 „ M. Ramalingam 1934 and 1935
 „ P. Thambiratnam 1936.

The total membership of the Association stands in the neighbourhood of 300 as against 116 in 1916 86 in 1929, 135 in 1930, 166 in 1931, 175 in 1932, 185 in 1933, 215 in 1934, and 255 in 1935.

This year is particularly memorable in that we have the pleasure of celebrating the Silver Jubilee of Rev. and Mrs. Bicknell's association with Jaffna College. Some of us had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Clark, the Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and Mrs. Clark at the Y. W. C. A. Colombo, and talking to them. We also had the pleasure of meeting the newly wedded couple, the son and daughter-in-law of Rev. and Mrs. Bicknell, while enjoying the fourth annual Tea by the Principal and Mrs. Bicknell to the Old Boys.

THE BICKNELL SILVER JUBILEE. The idea of the Bicknell Silver Jubilee originated in the mind of Mr. P. Vythialingam, District Judge, Batticalao, and a loyal Old Boy of the Colombo Branch. He communicated the idea to Mr. V. K. Kandasamy, the then Secretary of the Association. In the Annual General Meeting held on 3rd November, 1934, in the absence of Mr. P. Vythialingam, Mr. Kandasamy moved the resolution "that the Silver Jubilee of Rev. John Bicknell's connection with Jaffna College be celebrated during the next annual year of the Association." and the motion was seconded by Mr. T. S. Selviah. This resolution was passed unanimously and Messrs. K. Kanagaratnam, W. H. T. Bartlett, K. T. Chittampalam, V. Nalliah, M. Ramalingam and S. Wijayaratham were appointed a Committee, (with powers to add to their number) to take steps to celebrate the Jubilee.

This Committee met on the 14th of December, 1934, and decided that the Celebration should take a form which would permanently perpetuate the memory of Rev. and Mrs. Bicknell. As the reception to Mr. J. V. Chelliah on the eve of his retirement from Jaffna College and in honour of his being appointed a Justice of the Peace intervened, it was felt that the Silver Jubilee should be postponed for the following year.

The question of celebrating the Silver Jubilee was again discussed in the last Annual Meeting held on the 30th November, 1935, and the same Committee was appointed to do the needful. The Secretary was authorised to confer with the Secretary of the Jaffna Association and arrive at an early decision to proceed with the arrangements. The Jaffna Branch approved our suggestion to found a Bicknell Scholarship.

Both the Associations began collecting subscriptions for the Bicknell Silver Jubilee Fund. We decided to celebrate the Silver Jubilee today in conjunction with our Annual General Meeting. The Jaffna Branch decided to do it earlier and celebrated it on the 8th August, 1936.

Although the movement has been fairly successful, still, I feel that a section of the Old Boys have not risen to the occasion to honour a man who has done faithful service for Jaffna College and Jaffna. There is yet time for the Scholarship Fund to mature and I would earnestly exhort all members to do their best to bring it to a success. May I be permitted to mention here that Mr. Vythialingam has promised to give us Rs. 50. for every Rs. 1000 collected before the end of 1937.

My thanks are due to Mr. P. Vythialingam and to all the Old Boys who extended their warm sympathy and hearty co-operation to this movement. May

I also be permitted to place on record my sincere thanks to the Treasurer, Mr. P. Tham-biratnam, for his kind co-operation, to Messrs K. Kanagaratnam, W. H. T. Bartlett, A. W. Nadarajah and T. K. Curtis for having lent us their cars on more than one occasion to collect subscriptions and for various other services rendered to the Association during the year.

In conclusion, to use the words of the Hon: the Minister of Education in a letter to me dated 11-11-36, we wish Rev. and Mrs. Bicknell long life and prosperity and many more years of useful service to Jaffna College and to the cause of education in this country.

M. RAMALINGAM,

Hony. Secy. J. C. O. B. A.

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS OF THE PRINCIPAL IN COLOMBO

The Silver Jubilee of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Bicknell's connection with Jaffna College was celebrated with great eclat on Saturday, the 28th November, by the Colombo Branch of the Jaffna College Old Boys' Association. The celebrations took the shape of a Garden Party at the Girls' Friendly Society Hall, Colpetty, followed by a Public Meeting, presided over by the Speaker of the State Council, the Hon. Mr. W. Duraiswamy, an Old Boy. Little Miss K. Kanagaratnam presented a bouquet to Mrs. Bicknell. The Secretary, Mr. M. Ramalingam, made the presentations—a gold ring to Mrs. Bicknell, and gold cuff links and a gold tie pin to Mr. Bicknell. Mr. T. K. Curtis read the following address:

REV. JOHN BICKNELL, B. A. B. D., M. ED.
Principal, Jaffna College,
VADDUKODAI.

DEAR SIR,

It is with great pleasure that we greet you and Mrs. Bicknell today to join in celebrating the completion of your twenty-five years' service to Jaffna College.

Some of your predecessors in the office of Principal had been men of great distinction as scholars and administrators. When you assumed duties as Principal, you were confronted with the very difficult task of maintaining the brilliant traditions of your predecessors. May we be permitted to say that not only have you maintained their traditions worthily but that you have even surpassed them to such an extent that the Bicknell period at Jaffna College will always be considered its golden era.

Your eminence as an educationist in Ceylon has been eloquently testified by your election to the Presidentship of the All Ceylon Headmasters' Association. You have brought to bear on your work the stamp of your personality. Your administration of the College has been characterised by your great industry and tenacity of purpose and you have never been known to swerve from your object when once you have made up your mind. In your dealings with the staff and students you have been extremely cordial and you were always conspicuous by that wonderful sense of fellowship and sympathy that is characteristic of the American people.

There once was a time when Jaffna College was a great seat of learning in Ceylon, when our students won fame in the Universities of India and we were the only collegiate institution in Ceylon. You have attempted to revive the days of the past and your period of service is distinguished by a very great improvement in the standard of education imparted at the College. We do hope, Sir, that under your guidance Jaffna College will once again become an institution of university rank.

When, in spite of bitter opposition, you threw open the doors of Jaffna College to all who sought entry, irrespective of their rank or creed, you showed yourself a man of superb courage and thereby indicated that you have been guided in your conduct by Christian principles. We owe you a deep debt of gratitude for what you have done for us and what you will continue to do for us. In the affections of the Old

Boys of Jaffna College you have built into yourself a monument more abiding than bronze.

Finally, Sir, we thank you and Mrs. Bicknell for your lives of devoted service and we pray God that He may bestow upon you both every blessing that you may enter upon another spell of richer service to Jaffna College and through Jaffna College to the land we all love.

We remain, Sir,

Yours affectionately,

The Old Boys of Jaffna College.
COLOMBO BRANCH.

The Chairman, in his opening remarks, said that Jaffna College was an institution that stood foremost among the Colleges of the Island, and that, in the line of Principals that presided over the College, Mr. Bicknell's place was high. He had changed the College, reorganised, and improved it, beyond recognition. He said it was a great pleasure to him to see the Colombo Branch of their Association show a great appreciation of the work of Mr. Bicknell.

It was scarcely necessary for him to speak of Jaffna College and its great history and its brilliant results in the educational field.

They had now assembled there to pay their tribute of praise and recognition to the Bicknells and all they had done for Jaffna College. He hoped the Bicknells would live to celebrate their golden and diamond jubilees too.

Prof. C. Suntharalingam, Professor of Mathematics at the University College, Colombo, said that as an outsider he felt that a right man was in the right place. The pupils that had passed through Mr. Bicknell's hands had three great defects. They were great idealists, they had unbounded optimism and they were little Americans who had honest convictions.

Mr. Bicknell was an acclaimed master of rhetoric and Mrs. Bicknell was a lady of practical suggestions. Mr. Bicknell was more or less an American edition of the late Warden Stone. Mr. Bicknell had produced people who felt that some share of their life should be devoted to the welfare of the country. He also pointed out the great contribution made by Mr. Bicknell to the social side of the life in Jaffna. He was courageous in admitting the depressed classes into the College, while some of the leaders were against it.

Mr. W. R. Watson, Assistant Director of Education, made an eloquent speech in which he pointed out the great contribution the Batticotta Seminary and its successor, Jaffna College, made to education and learning. He especially dwelt on the higher work done by the American missionaries 113 years ago. He referred to the research work done by the students, especially in the field of Tamil Language and Literature. In his opinion, if a Ceylon University is to be established, it should be located in a place which had great traditions, and he could think of no better place than Batticotta, where higher learning flourished more than a century ago. Mr. Bicknell had a great part to play in the carrying on of this great tradition. A remarkable trait of Mr. Bicknell was that, with all his learning and experience, he still was willing to learn all the time. He paid a tribute to the way in which the College was being carried on under the leadership of Mr. Bicknell.

Mr. P. de S. Kularatne, Principal of Ananda College, Colombo, said that he had a reputation for not liking missionaries, but he could say with all sincerity from his personal knowledge of Mr. Bicknell that he was one of those men with whom it would do the younger generation a great

deal of good to associate. The fruits of Mr. Bicknell's teaching were to be seen in the great devotion of the Old Boys of the school, both to him and the teachers of the school.

Mr. K. Balasineham an Old Boy, said that he would endorse the opinion of another Principal in Jaffna that Mr. Bicknell was the most dynamic force in the educational world of Ceylon. He then spoke of the future of the College of which he was an Old Boy. He looked forward to the time in which there would be no examinations and promotions would be determined by the staff and students. He also looked forward to local teachers being replaced, by the instruction given by world-famous teachers by means of the radio.

Rev. R. W. Stopford, Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, said that he was connected with Jaffna College by law. He paid a tribute to Mr. Bicknell's qualities, and pointed out that in the selection of a Chairman for the Headmasters' Conference it was agreed that he was without question the man to be appointed.

He went on to pay tributes to Mr. Bicknell, who, he said, always depreciated his own wonderful work. But Mr. Stopford said he was certain that the Bicknell period would ever be remembered as a golden era in the history of the College.

Speaking on his own behalf as well as on behalf of Trinity College, he wished the school and the Bicknells the best of good luck in the future.

Mr. Bicknell, in reply, said that in order to adequately fortify himself for that afternoon he had turned to his Bible and read the story of Daniel, thinking that one would search history, in vain, for

another who could equal Daniel in successfully meeting the ordeal of lionizing.

He also said that he congratulated himself on being of the goodly fellowship of educationalists, principals, and teachers, for they were a group of people who could hardly be equalled in character, ability and devotion to the service of mankind.

Further, he rejoiced in the Old Boys who had gone out from the College. All their misdemeanours in school, even the coconut tree climbing of the Speaker of the State Council, were forgotten and his joy in watching them blossom forth into men of real worth was unalloyed.

In conclusion, he thanked the Old Boys and others who had taken part in the proceedings, for their presents to himself and Mrs. Bicknell, and for their tributes.

The meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the speakers, proposed by Mr. P. Nāgalingam.

NOTES FROM A COLLEGE DIARY

Tuesday, September 15.

The College re opens for the Third Term.

The results of the June Matriculation Examination arrive

Friday, September 18.

The flag-day of the Deaf and Blind School at Mt. Lavinia is observed at College. Many flags are in evidence.

Sunday, September 20.

The Principal takes the Evening Service.

Friday, September 25.

The Scout Troop organises a Film Show, the proceeds of which go towards their Fund and towards the Scout Colony at Kalutara. The Show takes place at the Regal Theatre, Jaffna, and a film of Australia is shown.

Sunday, September 27.

Mr. E. J. Niles of the College Staff is the preacher at the Evening Service.

Tuesday, September 29.

Mr. R. C. S. Cooke, District Scout Commissioner, pays a visit to the Scout Troop.

Wednesday, September 30.

Mr. T. H. Crossette, M. A., J. P., retired Vice-Principal, St. John's College, Jaffna, addresses a meeting of the Round Table on "Some Educational Reforms in Ceylon."

He also speaks at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on "A Student's Decalogue."

Saturday, October 3.

Our first Inter-Collegiate Football Match for the season takes place. We meet Hartley and lose by four goals to two.

Sunday, October 4.

Mr. C. R. Wadsworth of the College Staff preaches at the Evening Service.

Wednesday, October 7.

Miss Alice Van Doren, the General Secretary of the National Christian Council of India, Burma and Ceylon, addresses the morning assembly.

Mr. T. S. Oppenheim of the College Staff addresses the meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

The Flag-Day of the Jaffna Council of the South India United Church is observed with great enthusiasm and the flags seem very popular.

Friday, October 9.

The College is closed to enable teachers and students to attend the annual festival of the Jaffna Council of the S. I. U. C. at Uduvil.

Saturday, October 10.

We lose the Football match with Parameswara by 2 goals to 1.

Friday, October 16.

The Football match with St. Patrick's ends in a goal-less draw.

Sunday, October 18.

A number of our teachers and students attend the North Ceylon Inter Collegiate Fellowship meeting held at the Jaffna Central College, when Madam-moiselle Susanne-de-Dietrich, the General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Association, speaks.

Miss Florence Fitch, Professor at Oberlin University, is the preacher at our Evening Service.

Monday, October 19.

Miss Florence Fitch addresses the morning assembly.

Wednesday, October 21.

Rev. S. S. Selvaratnam, Pastor of the Navaly Church, speaks at the Y. M. C. A. meeting on "Some Aspects of the Character of Jesus."

Thursday, October 22.

At a public meeting held under the auspices of the Round Table, Rev. Father Heras, S. J., Director of the Indian Historical Institute, Bombay, delivers a lecture at the Ottley Hall on "The Astronomical Calculations of the People of Mohenjo-Daro."

Friday, October 23.

The Scout Troop goes out to Mandaitive to hold a Camp.

Saturday, October 24.

The Scout Camp is continued at Mandaitive. Inter-Patrol Competitions take place. The Football match with Central ends in a victory to us by 2 goals to 1.

Sunday, October 25.

Mr. J. V. Chelliah preaches at the Evening Service.

Monday, October 26.

An Indian Cycle Tourist speaks to the Scout Troop.

Wednesday, October 28.

The Drawing and Drill Inspections take place.

Mr. C. S. Ponnudurai of the College Staff speaks at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on "John R. Mott."

Saturday, October 31.

The new recruit from America to the College staff, Mr. E. C. Lockwood, M. A., and his wife and children arrive. They are accorded a warm welcome.

The Football match with St. John's ends in our team being beaten by 9 goals to nil.

Sunday, November 1.

Mr. T. S. Oppenheim of the College Staff takes the Evening Service.

Wednesday, November 4.

Inter-House competitions in Football, Basket-ball, and Thatchie begin.

The Houses,—Red, Blue, Green and White—are renamed: Hastings, Brown, Abraham, and Hitchcock.

Sunday, November 8.

Rev. D. T. Niles of Jaffna conducts a series of meetings in the Church and the College in connection with the Evangelistic Forward Movement Campaign.

Monday, November 9.

Rev. D. T. Niles addresses the students in the morning assembly. He also speaks in the afternoon to a meeting of the teachers and in the evening at a public meeting.

Wednesday, November 11.

Mr. E. C. Lockwood, M. A., speaks at a meeting of the Round Table on "My Student Life."

Armistice Day. A brisk sale of Poppies, organised by Mrs. Bicknell, takes place.

Friday, November 13.

The College is closed for the Deepapali Festival.

Saturday, November 14.

The Football match with Manipal Hindu ends in a win for our opponents by 2 goals to 1. Our team breathes a sigh of relief at the curtain being down on a very unlucky Football season.

Wednesday, November 18.

Srimathi Meenachi Ammal of South India gives a music recital at the Ottley Hall under the auspices of the Scout Troop.

Sunday, November 22.

Mr. A. M. Brodie of the College Staff is the preacher at the Evening Service.

Monday, November 23.

The Hon. Mr. C. W. W. Kannangara, the Minister of Education, pays a visit to the College.

Wednesday, November 25.

At a meeting of the Round Table, Mr. D. S. Sanders, President, speaks on "The Mental Equipment of a Teacher."

Rev. S. T. Aseervatham, Pastor of the Karainagar Church, speaks at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

The Senior Division "Thatchie" Championship Match in the Inter-House Competition takes place between Abraham and Hastings Houses. Abraham wins.

Friday, November 27.

The Inter results are out.

Saturday, November 28.

The Colombo Branch of the Old Boys' Association celebrates the Silver Jubilee of the Principal's and Mrs. Bicknell's connection with the College.

Sunday, November 29.

A number of our Y. M. C. A. Members attend the Annual Retreat of the North Ceylon Inter-Collegiate Christian Fellowship at Nallur.

Mr. D. S. Sanders of the College Staff preaches at the Evening Service.

Monday, November 30.

The Annual Lower School and Tamil Inspections take place.

Wednesday, December 2.

At the Y. M. C. A. meeting, Mr. M. Rajasundram of the College Staff speaks on "Swami Rama-Krishna."

Sunday, December 6.

Rev. D. T. Niles of Jaffna is the preacher at the Evening Service.

Monday December 7.

The Senior Division Football Championship match in the Inter-House Competition takes place between the Hastings and Hitchcock Houses. Hastings wins.

Wednesday, December 9.

The Senior Division Basket Ball Inter-House Championship match, Brown Vs. Hastings. Hastings wins.

Thursday, December 10.

At a meeting of the Round Table, Mr. S. Nadesan, B. A., B. L., M. S. (C., Principal of Parameshwara College. gives an address on "Woman in Ancient Tamil Literature."

Friday, December 11.

The Hastings House celebrates its Football and Basketball Championship with a Tea.

Sunday, December 13

A Special Christmas Service takes place in the evening. Special music is provided. Rev. L. L. Corber of Pasumalai, South India, is the preacher.

Tuesday, December 15.

The Term Examinations begin.

Friday, December 18,

The College closes for the X'mas holidays.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines since the publication of the last issue of the Miscellany.

Uduvil Girls' School Magazine

The Peterite (St. Peter's, Colombo).

The National College Magazine, Trichinopoly.

Green and White, (St. Henry's College, Illavalai)

Madras Christian College Magazine.

St. John's College Magazine, Jaffna

St. Thomas' College Magazine, Colombo.

Pachayappa's College Magazine, Madras.

Ananda College Golden Jubilee Souvenir.

The American College Magazine, Madura

Bottled Sunshine, (St. Patrick's College, Jaffna.)

The Crescent, (Zahira College, Colombo)

Findlay High School Magazine, Mannargudi.

Blue and White (St. Joseph's College, Colombo)

St. Benedict's College Magazine, Colombo.

Royal College Magazine, Colombo

● WORDS

can conquer the minds of men as
swords once conquered their bodies.
If you carry a message of good
for humanity in your heart, print it
with type, clearly, boldly and strik-
ingly

AT

THE AMERICAN CEYLON
MISSION PRESS,

TELLIPPALAI- ●

so that it may reach the ends of
the earth, making people believe!

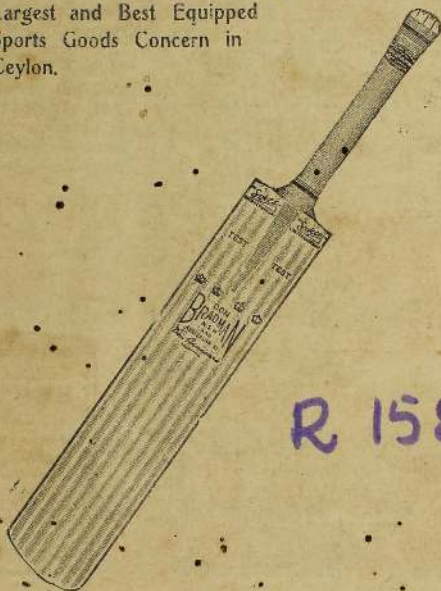
THE OBJECT

OF OUR EXISTENCE

The Foremost Object of our Existence
is to Satisfy our Customers.

We believe that Good Service, PLUS

Personal Attention to every Sale has
enabled us to continue to be the
Largest and Best Equipped
Sports Goods Concern in
Ceylon.



R 15891

We are Proud of our Reputa-
tion, which we shall
always strive to
maintain.

DIANA & CO. COLOMBO AND KANDY

Digitized by Noolaham Foundation.
noolaham.org | aavanaham.org

Malal Poor Library
ARCHIVES