



THE
MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE
ERNAKULAM.

Editor.—T. C. Sankara Menon, M. A. (*Canab*).

Vol. XIII. }

January 1931.

{ No. 2.

Mr. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar.

We offer our cordial felicitations and respectful congratulations to our permanent Principal, Mr. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar, on his recent elevation to the position of Director of Public Instruction. Even though it has not been his lot "soon to obtain and long possess the prize" of that eminent office, we take it that the conferment upon him of the highest appointment in the department, just on the eve of his retirement from service, is an index of the recognition of the memorable work which he has been doing in the field of higher education for more than a generation. The fact is that during the long period of his connection with the Ernakulam College, he has been so whole-heartedly identifying himself with the institution that, in due course, the institution itself came to be identified with him, and the feeling grew stronger day after day that the Ernakulam College without him could not possibly go on. His "Old Boys"—and many of us on his staff *are* his "Old Boys"—could not for a moment dissociate from their thoughts of their beloved *alma mater* the energetic and inspiring personality of Mr. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar. In the interests of the College, which, of course, the Government as well as the public have always at heart, it would have, therefore, been a very great loss indeed, if the College had been deprived of his services, be it for ever so short a period, even though he personally stood much to gain by it. We mean no disparagement to the Principals who preceded him when we say that in all the varied activities of the College during the last quarter of a century, everybody felt that Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar was really the man behind the scenes. It is not an exaggeration to assert that but for his irrepressible enthusiasm and indomitable optimism, his exuberant energy and admirable tact and resourcefulness, it is very doubtful if the Ernakulam College would have been raised to a First Grade College in 1925. The credit is largely due to Mr. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar, not only for having ushered the First Grade College into existence, but for having steadily fostered it as well, and raised it to the enviable position which it now occupies as a premier First Grade College of the Presidency.

During the Principalship of Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar, the College has witnessed unprecedented developments in all the branches of its academic life; and all of them have been pulsating with the energy infused into them by the Principal's magnetic personality. The College Magazine and Calendar, the Students' Co-operative Society, the Literary Unions, and the Department of Physical Education, including Games and Athletics, are but a few of the standing monuments of his connection with the institution in his official capacity. It was during his Principalship that some of the greatest indians of international reputation like the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri and Prof. C.V. Raman; renowned scholars of South India like Dr. Krishnaswamy Iyengar and Prof. Ratnaswami; and well-known authors of Kerala like Messrs. Ulloor, Vallathole and P. K. Narayana Pillai; were got down to deliver lectures under the auspices of the College; while, for presiding over College functions we had such illustrious and eminent personages as the Agent to the Governor-General, the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, the Consort of H. H. the Maharaja, the Diwan of Cochin and members of the Royal Family. On the whole, we feel Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar has set up a very high standard in regard to the public activities of the College, which it will be no easy task for his successors to maintain, much less to excel.

Speaking particularly for the staff, we are immensely rejoiced to think that Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar's relations with one and all of us have invariably been of the most cordial and cheering kind. He has been remarkably free and unconventional in his dealings with us and has been easily accessible to us at all times, standing on no rigid formalities and caring little for the lifeless and dull details of official red-tapism. It is useless to conceal the fact that consequent on the adjustment of a First Grade College Staff on the Procrustes-bed of the scales of pay of a Second Grade College Staff, there was a considerable volume of discontent among the majority of them, which must have embarrassed to some extent the position of the Principal during these five years of the incubation of the Special Finance Committee Scheme of Re-organisation. For this and for several other obvious reasons which it is beyond our province now to dilate upon, the Principal's position could not possibly have been a bed of roses for Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar, but rather a bed of thorns, or at any rate of, roses and thorns together mixed up. It certainly reflects no small credit on the administrative capacities of the Principal that in spite of all such difficulties in the way, he has been able during his tenure of office to induce his staff to put forth into their work the maximum amount of zeal, mutual co-operation and efficiency that they are capable of—a fact which, we believe, is well borne out partly by the general tone and standard of the College as we now find it, and partly by the splendid results which it has been producing at the University Examinations year after year. May it continue to do so is our sincere prayer.

We take this opportunity to express our deep indebtedness to Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar for all that he has hitherto done and is expected still to do for us and for our College; and once again tendering him our respectful congratulations on the well-merited distinction that has just been conferred on him by the Government, we wish him all success and glory in his new office, followed by a long life of peace, happiness and public utility after his retirement from the service.*

My Tour in North India.

By M. D. NARAYANA IYER, B. C. E. (*Old Boy*).

A tour in North India and a trip to England—these have been my cherished dreams for many years. I am afraid the latter will have to wait some years more for realisation, but the former and less ambitious project, I was resolved to achieve immediately. I therefore availed myself of a four months' leave and left Ernakulam on 16th June with a very small following—my wife and son. After spending a few days in the delightful hill station of Coonoor, we proceeded to Madras, where we had to halt for about a week as we had some private business to transact.

We left Madras for Calcutta on the night of the 5th July by the mail. The train was to leave Central Station at 8-30 and a solid hour before this we found ourselves comfortably ensconced in our seats in the inter-class compartment. Third class is usually crowded and as our tour involved frequent night journeys, we had resolved—and wisely as we found later—to travel inter. Early morning next day brought us to Bezwada. The river Krishna runs close by the station and as the train passes over the grand bridge, you have a view of the famous anicut built in the middle of the last century by that pioneer in Indian Irrigation, Sir Arthur Cotton. On both side of the Railway line are now extensive rice fields where the same methods of ploughing and seedling transplantation, with which we are familiar in Malabar, are in vogue. A couple of hours more running brings the Godavari river into view. The railway bridge is under two miles in length and is, I believe, one of the longest in India, the one over the Sone near Gaya which I was to see later being the longest. The river was in floods and when a river of the size of the Godavari is in floods, crossing it albeit over a railway bridge is not exactly a tame affair. The train was going rather slow over the bridge and when we were safe on the other side, we and especially my little son, heaved a sigh of relief. Leaving Waltair at about two in the afternoon, we practically bid farewell to the food and way of living we are familiar with in the south. You no longer get 'coffee' but only 'gharam cha' you do not get 'rice and iddali' but only 'puri-mittai.' In spite of these superficial differences, you do not feel that you are travelling over unfamiliar

* Summary of the Speech delivered by Mr. P. Sankaran Nambiyar, at the Staff Social in honour of Mr. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar on Thursday, 4th December 1930.

land. You see the same graft mango orchards, the same palmyra trees, the same half famished bony plough oxen that you are so familiar with in South India. Next morning however the scene slightly changed, water-logged fields, straw-thatched circular huts, sluggish streamlets overgrown with hyacinth—and you know you are in Bengal—Malaria-stricken Bengal. Howrah was reached by 10-40 and we took a taxi and drove to 4, Kali Mohan Banerji Lane, Bhowanipur to Mr. K. Rama Pai whose guests we were during our sojourn in Calcutta. A heavy downpour of rain just as we got down from the train prevented our seeing much of Calcutta during this our first drive through the city. A cool bath and substantial meals restored us to ourselves after a forty hours' taxing railway journey and we sallied forth escorted by Mr. Pai's nephew and son sight seeing though it was still raining. Though the approaches to Calcutta are very dirty and unimpressive, the city itself deserves the appellation 'city of Palaces' given to it by Macaulay. Chowringhee Road with its fine row of lofty white buildings on one side elaborately colonnaded and porticoed and the magnificent Calcutta maidan on the other is one of the most splendid sights that can be seen in any city that I have visited. No words of mine can adequately describe the beauties of the maidan itself. Its extensive grassy stretches, its beautiful shady avenues, its roads both broad and neat, its statues which in number alone exceed those in the whole of Madras and above all the Victoria Memorial, that splendid pile of the purest white marble so symbolic of the purity of life and goodness of heart, characteristic of the great Queen, whose name it commemorates, all these combine to make the Calcutta maidan so justly famous in all India.

About the Victoria Memorial itself, a good deal has been written. Some have characterised it as an attempt—and a very unsuccessful attempt too, it needs no saying—on Lord Curzon's part to construct an imitation Taj Mahal. Others have spoken contemptuously of its dreary whiteness as seen from the eastern end of the maidan. The Taj is built of white marble, the Victoria Memorial is built of white marble, there the comparison ends say they. Attempts of this latter day Shah Jehan can never catch that poetry of conception, that symmetry of outline, that nobility of form and withal that simplicity of style that makes the Taj Mahal the most famous building in the world. Was it not Keats? But I am anticipating what I was to see at Agra many days later.

From the Victoria Memorial, we went to the Indian Museum. It is one of the biggest in India, far bigger than that at Madras. The latter has however the advantage of standing on its own extensive grounds. The collection too in the Calcutta Museum is on a much grander scale and in more representative than the Madras exhibits.

The Mullick Palace is a private Museum that is well worth a visit. It has a splendid collection of statuary in bronze. There is a fine lawn tennis court also in the premises. Seeing it at a distance I thought that a fine smooth green carpet was spread evenly on the ground, so perfectly smooth and green the surface was. There is a Jain temple in distant Burra Bazaar

It is built entirely of white marble floor, walls, pillars; glass pieces have been stuck on the many domes and minarets that it is said that when the Sun shines on them, they look like so many glittering diamonds. I was unfortunately unable to realise this as I visited the place in pouring rain.

Kalighat temple is another place of interest I visited. I took care however to go there in the morning; the afternoons especially on Fridays are devoted to certain unmentionable horrors which have deservedly brought this temple into disrepute. In the name of Hinduism, hundreds and thousands of cattle, sheep, buffaloes, fowls, are slaughtered day after day to appease a goddess whose ornament is a garland of skulls. What a development for a religion in a land which gave birth to a Buddha with his doctrine of kindness to all animals and to a Sankara with his doctrine that all life is one! The thought is highly sickening and I could not bring myself to remain long in a temple dedicated to such practices.

One evening Mr. Pai and myself went out for a drive along the race course. A foot-ball match was in progress and I had no idea before that a mere foot-ball match could attract such an immense crowd. Many thousands of people were there, and motor cars in their hundreds. After dusk, it was a glorious sight to drive along the roads brilliantly lit by electricity, the electric lights of the cars and their reflections on the smooth glassy surface of the roads producing the effects of a veritable fairy land.

Talking of roads, Calcutta roads are a marvel of neatness. There is not a dry leaf nor a bit of rag nor a speck of dung anywhere. The tarred surface of the roads is smooth and clean as a well swept floor in a house. The trams and buses too are very convenient and comfortable unlike their counterparts of Madras. The buses have an upper storey and a ride in the evenings on the top of one of these buses is the best way of seeing Calcutta.

The Bengalee is a very talkative person but he talks mostly in his own vernacular. You ask him what yonder building is and you are told in a language which you cannot follow. Once I got into a scrape with a Bengalee who was sitting beside me in a tram. I put a question to him and he answered in a language which I thought was Bengalee. I told him I came from South India and knew only English. Great was my surprise, and probably his too, when he replied that he too was talking English! The Bengali has a knack of pronouncing English that hardly enables it to be distinguished from Pushto. As a rule, the Bengalee wears only his national dress which consists of a dhoti, a long shirt and sometime a coat and invariably shoes. No outlandish trousers encase his nether limbs nor does he sport a tie. He goes about with a bare head, but bare feet—never.

A word about the various places in Calcutta well-known in history may not be out of place. First and foremost there is the Black Hole monument to mark the spot where stood the building 18 ft. square into which were shoved in 143 human beings on a hot June night and out of which crawled

out the next morning but twenty-three. It is true that a modern historian has thrown doubts on this event; I do not hold a brief either for Suraj-ud-daula or for the modern historian or for orthodox history either. I pass on to Eden gardens near which Job Charnock rescued a beautiful Hindu widow from her bed of 'Suttee' and latter married her and founded a numerous family besides Calcutta. Then there is Alipore Zoological Garden near which Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings fought their famous duel. Chowringhee is where Chief Justice Sir Elijal Impey lived and later, Lord Macaulay. To me however one house was far more interesting than all Calcutta put together and that is the house where Sir Ashutosh Mukerji was living. It is an unpretentious old building, a street called after the name of that distinguished judge and educationist and I am sure no Indian can look upon that building without feeling a thrill that here was living a man whose mighty intellect and whose tireless energies were consecrated to the noble purpose of advancing the educational facilities for young Bengal and India. The Post Graduate Department of the Calcutta University owes its existence and its present position to him and he cared neither for official frowns nor for the ill-informed but none the less venomous attacks of his own countrymen, in discharging his duties.

Dakshineswar Temple associated with the names of Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Swami Vivekananda is another great place I visited. It is situated a little away from Calcutta. Its extensive grounds, its noble wide-branching trees, the broad river flowing by, all render it an ideal place for meditation, but I somehow felt that the soul has gone away from the place now.

From Calcutta, I went to Tatanagar, where is situated the Tata Iron and Steel Works. It is a big manufacturing town and owes its existence to the tireless enthusiasm and perseverance which characterised that great captain of industry and philanthropist the late J. N. Tata. The factory employs about 30,000 hands for whom a clean and well laid out city has been called into existence by the company. Tarred and metalled roads, an up-to-date system of water supply, a well-equipped hospital, schools, clubs, Cinema Halls all render Jamshedpur an ideal manufacturing city. The factory itself is highly worth a visit, though in the two days I spent there, I could only get a faint idea of the nature and scope of the various processes of iron and steel manufacture. The manufacture of pig iron from iron ore, conversion into steel in immense blast furnaces, the rolling of the steel into beams, channels, angles, tees, round rods, flat bars, fabrication of plain and corrugated galvanised sheets are some of the works that are being carried on. A drive round the city at night and a visit to the blast furnaces when the molten iron is being poured out into immense travelling ladles leaves an impression behind, which one is not likely to forget.

Jamshedpur back to Calcutta and thence to Benares was the next stage. We left Howrah at 4-30 in the evening and Moghul Serai was reached early next morning. About an hours' run and we were on Dufferin Bridge. As

MY TOUR IN NORTH INDIA

the train passes over the magnificent bridge which spans the magnificent river, you have a splendid view of the holy city with its temples and bathing ghats, with its minarets and gold tipped cupolas. The sun had already risen and the golden temple of Viswanath could be distinguished in the distance catching the golden rays of the sun and scattering them all round. A thrill went through my frame. Here was I in that eternal city to which for countless ages past, millions untold of my countrymen have bent their weary footsteps to bathe in the sacred river and to worship in its sacred temples and to lay their bones within the sacred city.

Cantonment station was soon reached and we drove to Cochin Satrom. The prevailing method of conveyance in Benares and indeed in all the North Indian cities we visited except Calcutta and Bombay is the Tonga. This a single horse two-wheeled carriage in which two sit facing the back and one sits alongside the driver in front. We deposited our things in a room kindly placed at our disposal in the Satrom and hurried to the river to take our bath. Hundreds and thousands of people men and women, young and old, infants in their mother's arms, decrepit old men were here in the river, bathing, uttering prayers, throwing flowers on the Ganges, bestowing copper on the priests and laying by a deposit of punyam in the Bank of Heaven. Can this be all a myth and a superstition? With your modern science and your agnostic philosophy, you may scoff at all this, but to the devout and the pious, the faith in the efficacy of the Ganges in washing off all sins is a living faith. In former years when British Raj had not established itself in the land, it was a common sight to see pilgrims casting themselves into the waters reciting the prayer

Sadya pathaka Samhanti
Sadya dukha Vinasini
Sukhada Mokshada Ganga
Gangadva parama gati

They believed that by that act, they went straight way to heaven. But whether they went straight to that place or whether they simply went to the bottom of the river, for, they jumped into it with a stone tied to their legs, the faith that was in them cannot be doubted. In matters religious, argument and logic cannot carry you far. Either you believe it or you do not believe it—there is an end of the matter.

We stayed for ten days at Benares and saw all that there is to be seen. The Hindu University with its extensive hostels, lecture halls and well-equipped laboratories, the Queen's College with its beautiful buildings, the Central Hindu College which has been shorn of half its glory of being merged into the University, the Viswanath temple, the various bathing ghats, the curious observatory near Desaswamadh Ghat founded in the 17th century all these and many others were visited. Many of the streets of Benares are narrow and crooked and two can hardly pass abreast. Even in mid-day, the rays of the sun will hardly enter many of these streets. But an increasing attention is

discernible on the part of the authorities to improving the sanitation of the city, by paving the narrow lanes and by other means.

Silk-weaving and brass-ware are two of the famous industries of the city. Benares silks have been famous for centuries, as every reader of Macaulay knows and the industry is as thriving as ever. Very beautiful specimen of brass-ware consisting of bowls, vases, plates and other articles both for utility and ornament are made and can be seen in the quarter known as 'attara' bazaar.

A day was spent in seeing Sarnath. It is about six miles from Benares and taxis are available. The famous Dhamek Stupa, a hundred and ten feet high and ninety feet in diameter at the base whose picture and description must be familiar to every reader of Fergusson, is here. It was here that Buddha first preached his doctrine, his 'law', two thousand five hundred years ago. "Be pure, be good; this is the foundation of wisdom; to restrain desire, to be satisfied with little. He is a holy man who doth this. Knowledge follows this." Here is the essence of the Buddha's religion and here is its power. Here are seen the remains of old Buddhist monasteries which were in a flourishing condition when Hiouen-Tsang, the Chinese traveller visited India in the seventh century. The famous Lion capital of the Buddhist Lab is now kept in the Museum nearby where can also be seen many other objects of archaeological interest. Walking along the ruins, you feel yourself transported to those days twenty centuries ago when the place was humming with life, Buddhist Monks turning the 'wheel of the Law' and walking about with their begging bowls. Even now, around the place, lingers, the memory of a pure and noble life and the echo of sweet and earnest words. It is a sad thought that the Buddha and his religion are no longer remembered in the land of his birth even as the religion of Jesus in his native country.

From Benares we went to Gaya for a day. This is a far dirtier town than Benares and though I very much wanted to see Buddha Gaya a few miles away, I had to leave the town after staying only a few hours in it.

Allahabad was our next halt.

(To be continued.)

Sheaves from a Harvest.

(Editor)

Deferred duties mean neglected duties.

*

*

*

A cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing

*

*

*

Losing one's temper means losing peace of spirit, losing clearness of thought, losing grasp of the situation and losing the respect of bystanders. Yet some people speak of only losing one's temper as if it were nothing.

* * *

Failure is not failure nor waste wasted if it sweeps away illusion] and lights the road to a plan.

* * *

A poet's imagination enables him.

"To see the whole world in a grain of sand
And the heaven in a wild flower
To hold infinity in the palm of the hand
And eternity in an hour"

Blake.

* * *

"Politics," Morley once wrote, "are neither a science, nor an art, but a 'dodge'.

* * *

Prose is a medium primarily addressed to the intelligence, poetry, to feeling and imagination.....Poetical prose has but a bastard kind of beauty, easily appearing overdressed.

Lawrence Binyon.

* * *

Want is a growing giant, whom the coat of Have was never large enough to cover.

* * *

To be in Hell is to drift: to be in Heaven is to steer—Shaw

* * *

Are you going to spend your life saying ought, like the rest of our moralists? Turn your oughts into shalls, man—Shaw.

* * *

The books that the world calls immoral are books which show the world its own shame—Oscar Wilde.

* * *

To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all—Oscar Wilde.

* * *

In examinations the foolish ask questions which the wise cannot answer—Oscar Wilde.

* * *

Conversationalist, qualities of a good—In the first place there must be Knowledge, there must be materials. In the second place there must be a Command of words—in the third place there must be imagination to place things in such views as are not commonly seen in,—and in the fourth place there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that it is not to be overcome by failures—This last is an essential requisite, for want of it many people do not excel in conversation—Dr. Johnson.

The Team Spirit.

By V. SUBRAHMANYA AYYAR (*Old Boy*).

Nature is a masterpiece of organisation. Look at the human body, for instance. Not that the symmetry in general, coupled with the most punctilious attention to detail, is lacking in the smallest worm or leaf: but our insight into Nature's handiwork is still, ever so meagre, and the human body is most familiar to man. Apart from discharging its own specific function, each organ takes an active interest in the welfare of the others even to the length of sacrificing itself for the safety of the body, as a whole. The stomach is in difficulties, being unable to digest the whole of what has been offered to him:—The other organs take up his case as their own and even the hands and feet share their energy to lend it to their comrade in trouble. This, then, is the essence of 'Team Spirit'—the deliberate subordination of the part to the interests of the whole.

Like all great truths, it is so delightfully simple. Indeed its very simplicity is its undoing. We understand and put it by. When it comes to practical conduct, far from being affected, ever so little, by the principle we had prided ourselves on having understood so easily, we exhibit our individuality with a vengeance and ruin the whole show. The only use to which we put our knowledge of the principle is to fasten the blame on a colleague in terms of it and thus shut off all chances of correction for ourselves. And once we start this kind of game, it is easy to deceive ourselves. To apportion the blame in collective action is such a ticklish business that any number of black sheep can take shelter behind it and yet lay layers of flattering unction unto their souls.

Nor is this to be wondered at. The instinct of individuality is inborn in us and our whole life has been but the process of its unfolding. The language we hear, the actions we witness and our own upbringing help to indentify our self with our individuality. The struggle for existence accentuates it. All our habits are its standing army and at the slightest suggestion of losing ourselves in an impersonal triumph our whole being rebels.

Acting together is an art that has to be learned by constant training. On the one hand, it has to be firmly rooted in a discerning realization of the principle of the team spirit, and on the other, fortified into a habit by constant repetition in diverse fields of action. Without the one, it becomes no more than the mere imitative instinct commonly found among the animals and without the other the principle fails to appear when routine action is varied. Herds of wild animals, like the elephants, show a certain amount of order while on the march; the bee-hive and the ant are deservedly held up as models of organization; but the team spirit is something deeper and broader than mere imitative or instinctive conduct of howsoever high an order. It is a product of principle.

If organization is the soul of progress the team spirit is the essence of organization. One obvious difference between the East and West is the

general orderliness that characterises the occident. Be it the booking office or the counter queues of people wait in orderly patience and even riots and disorder show method and organisation. In these respects the East is a marked contrast. Scrambling and disorder mark our crowds. What pandemoniums are made of our railway booking stalls on 'POORAM' days or occasions of Hindu or Christian festivals when the poor booking clerk is bewildered by a medley of hands and small change through the pigeon hole to the accompaniment of wild uproar in diverse tongues wherein place names get strangely mixed up! The scene before a popular theatre or a cinema hall or a foot ball match show no less confusion. And if it be an emergency like a fire accident, heaven help the victims! People crowd round in numbers; there is plenty of noise and bustle and confusion; but no organised helpful work. All have pet proposals and criticisms of others' plans and if somebody big with book knowledge, suggests a human double chain from the nearest tank to the scene of fire, he finds before long, that all want to be in the lime light and those to whom the unromantic task of filling buckets from a foul smelling pool far away has fallen, have quietly left to other fields of more interesting activity. It is needless to multiply examples: the pages of our history are full of them. Even meetings of the so-called educated men are culpable in this respect; there is too much of talking all together and too little of orderliness and organization. Of course the presence of a magnetic personality might produce order out of chaos but it is an exception that proves the rule. Broadly speaking, it has to be confessed that organization is not our strongest point. Where numbers are concerned we bungle. And the defect seems to be so basic that it shows itself in almost all fields of common activity.

Military training seeks to teach organization and foster the team spirit. Barring its recent developments like the University Corps, military training with its special appeal to a selected few cannot be expected to obviate what has almost to be characterised a national shortcoming. And for that matter, even in its specific field it cannot be said to be quite successful. The army indeed teaches organization: but at a terrific cost. By setting out first to destroy the human element in man, and thereby unseating individuality the enemy of organization, military training easily succeeds in reducing man to perfect machines. But as has been already suggested above, the team spirit in its noblest sense, can best function only among men with the human touch. And the remedy of military training seems like cutting off the nose to cure the cold in it.

One other great teacher of organization has been tried. Games, in fact, have been at the root of organization in the west. Such remarks, as the one attributed to Wellington that the battle of Waterloo had been won the play fields of Eton rightly emphasise the superiority of games over military training, in teaching organization. How much of fairplay, unselfishness, nobility and what not, do they put into a single expression like 'playing the game!' All the best in English public school character owe their birth and growth to arefully organized games whose chief feature, in contrast to our own indigenous

ones, is that they call forth and foster the team spirit. It must have been with high hopes, therefore, that educational authorities in India introduced European games here. Those games had proved their efficiency there; unlike military training, not only had they fostered organization and *esprit de corps* without destroying the human element in man, but they had begun at the right quarter by appealing first to the growing generation; their popularity has remained unchanged and universal, out there. No wonder then, that Directors of Public Instruction, in India looked forward to the dawn of the millennium when they ordered the introduction of western games.

The actual results, have been far from satisfactory. We excel in those games where there is scope for individual prowess; but this trick of team work baffles us. The sad experience of the Cochin Athletic Association is typical of the unenviable lot of thousands of others whose task has been the guidance and encouragement of the sporting spirit among our boys. Give them the best 'team' games and our boys manage to make of them a one-man show. Is it any wonder then that they imported this trick of theirs into sports where there is greater scope for individuality? The Athletic Association has so far, waged a noble war against this tendency. They have issued rules disqualifying boys who change their schools; introduced age limits and above all, made many of the items team items. This is as it should be; but it is enough proof that in spite of long familiarity with western games our boys have yet to grasp the inner significance of the team spirit.

It is beside the scope of this article to discuss the reasons for the lack of organisation in our midst; but a glance at them should prove helpful. Some have suggested that the eastern mentality is attuned to the other world. Spiritualism encourages individuality. You cannot force the doors of Heaven by mass attack. Again, our very intellectual development stands in the way of collective action: Our subtle head easily picks holes in all proposals and with the advent of the critical spirit we become less and less capable of loyal discharge of our allotted share. Another consideration is that the self-contained villages in India had little scope for organisation on a large scale. Whatever the reasons the fact remains that the team spirit and all that it connotes is a long-felt desideratum in our midst.

In recent years a new teacher of the team spirit has been at work in India. In spite of his disowning all connection with military training in the most unequivocal terms he has been constantly associated with the army; but that is the result of a process of thought by skin deep analogy which is difficult to disabuse in common minds. He has set about his task in a business like way: beginning with little children his endeavour takes in not only boys and girls but adolescents and even adults. He is a careful student of the methods of his predecessors in the field; he adapts the best in them to his own purposes. On the one hand he avoids the one-sided emphasis of military training, and on the other, he gives the team spirit a deeper and wider foundation by organizing a whole world of activities on the team basis of which collective games form but one item. Though no American crook

the gentleman in question may go about under various aliases; but he is best known as er- er—Scouting, Esquire.

The Patrol system is the very core of scouting, its unit and its essence. The Patrol consists of six to eight boys; but in all their activities they function as one unit—the irreducible ‘molecule’ of scouting. Be it a game or a test, a demonstration or a competition it is the patrol that is recognised and not the individuals that compose it. The patrol wins or loses, passes or fails; and this insistence on the patrol unit drives home to the boys the essence of the team spirit. I have seen boys looking askance and even protesting when they are told that though they have done quite well they would not be given their badges because some in their patrol have failed! At first they look upon it as an unjust decision; but by and by their eyes gleam and they understand. It is a subject deserving of more detailed treatment than is possible here. Suffice it to say, that scouting beginning with the unit of the patrol system goes on into a world wide organization where there is infinite scope for the display of the team spirit. It remains to be seen how far our people means to take advantage of this unique school of team spirit, but the progress made so far augurs well for the future.

The Dignity of a Farmer.

[Note.—John Greenleaf Whittier (1807—1892) the American farmer poet can in certain respects be compared to Wordsworth, for he, like Wordsworth, could discern a nobility in the poor, and a dignity in labour. Whittier’s “Mand Muller”, “The Barefoot Boy” “The Huskers” “The Corn Song” will bring to mind many poems from a “Wordsworth volume”. The following stanzas which show the dignity of a farmer’s profession formed part of a poem written for an American Agricultural Exhibition in 1858.]

1. Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad creative skill,—
The joy of him who toils with God.
2. O Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature’s garden work with thine.
3. And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he smites the summer weed,
May trust thee for the autumn corn.
4. Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune’s bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

5. For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.
6. And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven!

Girl Guides. *

Mrs. MEADOWS.

At the International Guide Conference held a few months ago in London, representatives from 30 Nations were present. At this Conference Lady Baden-Powell was elected the Chief Guide of the world, thus following the example of her more famous husband the present Chief Scout of the world.

The aims of the Guide Movement are very similar to those of the Scout Movement, the only essential difference being in the method of the test work.

The Girl Guide Movement has been constituted for the purpose of developing good citizenship among girls by forming their Character, training them in the habits of Observation, and inculcating Obedience, Loyalty, and thoughtfulness for others, teaching them services useful to the public and handicrafts useful to themselves.

The training a Guide receives promotes physical development making them capable of keeping good homes and bringing up good children.

The present need in Girl Guiding is more co-operation.

And in this connection, I am glad to say that the educational and other authorities are now taking an interest which cannot but prove that here is a grand future for Girl Guiding in Cochin State.

Lady Chatterjee, wife of India's Representative on the League of Nations has said that the Girl Guide Movement which is spreading in India will provide girls of the right type to build up New India, so deep is Lady Chatterjee's faith in the Movement.

My own faith is no less strong when I see the response made to Guiding in Ernakulam. The simultaneous start of three distinct Companies proves that keenness is present and that the girls themselves feel that Guiding stands to help them render better service to the community, by keeping themselves educated, and physically developed.

* Read at the Anniversary meeting of the "FLAME TROOP" in the College Hall.

In conclusion I would like to state that Guiding provides for:—

1. Formation of Character and Intelligence.
2. The teaching of Handicrafts and professions useful to others and themselves.
3. Promotion of Physical development.
4. Inculcation of Service for others.
5. Practical training for the Home.

And now I must close, but in doing so, I do sincerely hope that I have during this brief sketch, been able to give you in a small degree just what Guiding stands for.

And just one word more of encouragement. What other States can do, Cochin State can do. So it is up to the Pioneer Companies to do their first bit of real service by spreading the aims of Guiding far and wide thus paving the way for the companies, which will follow, and they will follow, I assure you, for, Guiding in Cochin State has come to stay.

Scoutlore*.

By ALAN C. MCKAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Brother Scouts and Scouters,

We Scouts labour under many difficulties, one of the greatest being our Motto, "Be Prepared". It is an extraordinarily difficult motto to live up to, and one that frequently has landed me in desperate straits.

It sounds so simple—Be Prepared—be ready. But how is one to guard against, and be on the watch for, the wiles of such a persuasive person as my Commissioner, Mr. Lambe?

It is all very well to talk of preparedness, but when Mr. Lambe meets me on the cricket field, and says between overs in quite a matter of fact manner, "Oh, Mac, I've put you down for quarter of an hour's speech at the Rally. That will be all right, I suppose?", what can I do? "Obey orders", says Mr. Lambe, so here I am, totally unprepared and feeling far from happy.

I observe that I am down on the programme to speak on "Scoutlore". This is yet another of my Commissioner's misdemeanours.

The title embraces such a colossal subject that I am not sure what is expected of me.

Scoutlore, it is an attractive word, with attractive meanings lying within it. Most of us are, to a certain extent, students of some lore or other; folklore, gypsy-lore, plant-lore. These are subjects with a long history behind them. They are rich with the spoils of time, and for centuries people have

*Ref. foot-note to "Girl Guiding".

studied them, and left for future generations the discoveries they have made, and the conclusions they have arrived at.

Scouting is regarded by many as comparatively speaking a new Movement. It is thought that there can be little lore attached to it; little to repay a study of its genesis.

There could be no greater fallacy. The practice of Scouting is one of the oldest imaginable, and the lore of Scouting is one so full of good things that the study of it will repay one a thousandfold.

The genius of Robert Baden Powell fastened upon it ; he saw the great thing that could be made out of it. He experimented, he planned and built and in this generation the seeds of hundreds of years of unconscious Scout-craft have come to fruition.

I would like to follow up this opening digression ; to go back and trace Scoutlore in nearly every country in the world. Among the Red Indians pre-eminently, among the Bushrangers, among the early and later explorers, among jungle tribes in Africa and India. It is a fascinating search, but I must leave you to follow it up.

I only wish to interest you in the subject, Scoutlore, the lore of Scouting and to impress upon you that Scouting is not a new-fangled idea, but a "gathering together" in a definite Movement of some of the finest inherent characteristics of the peoples of the world.

The more you study Scouting—and I speak to Scouts, to the parents of Scouts and to all those who are interested in the Movement—the more you will realise the unique spirit, the splendid ideals and the profound depths, there are present in it.

And now—feeling safe from Mr. Lambe for the moment, I will leave this aspect of Scout lore.

To-day is the Anniversary of one of the foremost Troops in Cochin State, but before I go on to speak of this, I wish to take you back to the forming of the very first Troop of all.

Robert Baden Powell had studied Scouting, had practised Scoutcraft for years, and gradually the idea of forming a Troop of Scouts strengthened in his mind. In 1908 he held a little Camp for a mere handful of youths, and he passed on to them the training he had steeped himself in for so long.

I look upon that Camp as one of the most important events of the generation, just as I regard B. P. as among the Ten Greatest Men in the world.

"Every great world poem was once a solitary speculation or vision in the hidden life of some one man", and from the Vision Splendid of Robert Baden Powell has sprung what may yet prove to be the Common Denominator of International Unity and Brotherhood. The vision came to light in 1908, and round the camp-fire B. P. put forward his dreams, his ideals, and the great Scout Movement came to life.

It spread slowly; it was ridiculed as a kid's game. Parents, and even educational boards were against it. In 1912, when I first enrolled, we were laughed at as toy soldiers.

But the Ideal was too big; the Vision was too splendid. Scouting advanced.

B. P. proclaimed his message far and wide, and upon the foundation of his one little experimental Camp he built up his Movement.

The youth of the country eagerly joined. When the War broke out Scouting was many thousands strong. The end of the War found it consolidated. Scouting had come to stay. It spread abroad rapidly; at one time purely national, it was now the most international of all Movements.

In 1920 the greatest epoch marking occasion in its history—the first International Scout Jamboree held in Olympia, London.

This was what B. P. had been working for; this was his vision come true; his ideal crystalising before his eyes. This was the Scout Brotherhood in very fact. No Scout of the twenty-six nations who were privileged to take part in this Jamboree, will ever forget it. For the first time in the Movement's history, Scouts from every part of the world came together in one Camp, for one purpose, and at the call of one man.

In twelve years B. P. had made a League of Nations of the Youth of the whole World.

Last year at Arrowe Head Park, Birkenhead, Scouting celebrated its twenty-first Anniversary, and 50,000 Scouts assembled to do honour to their Chief, to glory in their youthful strength, and to astonish the world with their united powers for good, and for amity and understanding between nations.

The wheel started in 1908 came full circle in 1929. What will the next twenty-one years' show?

I have given you a condensed history of the Movement in tabloid form; it is more or less analogical to the history of Scouting in this State.

To-day, as I have already said, is the Anniversary of one of the foremost Troops in Cochin State, a very notable Anniversary indeed. Although the Movement is of comparatively recent origin in Cochin, it is good to be able to record that there are now over fifty Troops within the State, and that others are to be formed shortly.

I must congratulate the officers who have made this possible by their keenness, and by the innumerable sacrifices that invariably attend the carrying on of such honorary works.

It is no easy thing to start a Movement; the right men are only too often difficult to find. And yet, it is symptomatic of the power and the ideal of Scouting, that the Movement has never failed to find the right men to carry it on, and in Cochin State we see that this is so.

The movement has been started well, and it must be a matter of great pride to those who control its destinies that Scouting is spreading so rapidly in the State.

During December and January next, a State Rally is to be held at Trichur; the second of its kind; and no doubt there will be present representatives from every Cochin Troop, and, I hope, representatives from Troops of other States.

It is difficult to emphasise too greatly the immense good those Rallies do. They are the Jamborees I have already mentioned.

They advertise to the public the strength of the Movement in the District, and the hold Scouting has upon the youth of the day. This is an important factor, as the general public—the man in the street—must necessarily be called upon to contribute in some way or other to the success and to the spread of Scouting. It may be financially, it may be merely by encouraging talk, it may be by active help. Impress upon the public the great power and ideals of Scouting, and you go far to spread your gospel successfully abroad.

A Rally gathers together in one centre the Troops of a State, or a nation, or even of a world. What does this indicate? A unity of purpose, a brotherhood, a mutual understanding and encouragement. Different types, different classes and denominations are brought together; the Rule of "A Scout is a brother to every other Scout" is most happily applied. There is little need for me to emphasise the far-reaching good this may do. I have spoken of a Youthful League of Nations. Inculcate this spirit of brotherliness into the youth of the world and three-quarters of the problems of the day are solved. The Scouting spirit is inimical to war, to class hatred and to other evils that surround us.

During a Rally, officers meet and discuss innumerable questions appertaining to Scouting. Ideas are exchanged, friendly rivalries are entered into. The whole trend, the whole policy and the whole Organisation of the Movement in the State, may be altered and improved by the outcome of these Councils.

So a Rally is not merely a joyous assemblage; it is one of the most important of all Scout gatherings. To the Scouts and to the interested public it is an opportunity that ought not to be missed.

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is not propaganda work, it is only an appeal to all to endeavour to attend this Rally, so that you may gain some further idea of the strength and the purpose of Scouting in this State.

I think I have now taken up quite sufficient of your time. Fifteen minutes, Mr. Lamb stipulated for, but I expect he will be quite as relieved as I will be when I sit down.

I have but one last word to say. I wish to tell you of the most impressive moment of my Scouting career.

During the Olympia Jamboree of 1920, the present Archbishop of Canterbury addressed a gathering of Scouts, and of the public, numbering thousands, and including the representatives of over twenty nations.

After his address was concluded, we stood silent for Two Minutes in memory of those Scouts who had gone before.

The silence in the immense space of Olympia was infinite and utter.

Then the Chief Scout, our beloved B. P. spoke in sharp command, his voice cutting across the silence like the crack of a mighty whip:—

“Scouts! Hold up your heads! Look wide!”

I leave you with that exhortation. It has never ceased to ring in my ears. May it ring in the ears of every Scout present to-day.

“Scouts! Hold up your heads! Look wide!

I thank you.

Patriotism.

By P. CHANDRASEKHARA MENON, B. A., B. L., Trichur.

Of infinite variety is patriotism, like fashions or customs. Evolution and lapse of time have proved powerless to affect its variety and in that respect it resembles Cleopatra. Far be it from me to speak disparagingly of patriotism of the genuine type for which there is all reverence, honour and admiration. A genuine patriot is the noblest work of God. He is like radium or musk, a very rare phenomenon and appears in the political firmament like comets only at great intervals. It is easier to find out a faithful servant or an unfaithful dog than a genuine patriot, one who thinks that he is the nation, who has completely thrown off his self and who glories ‘in redressing human wrong’. Besides this type there are ever so many other kinds of patriotism of which the lands are full. They are innumerable as bacteria and do much harm to the cause they are supposed to support as bacteria to the human organism.

There are men who become patriots by association with a great patriot and by revolving round him. They figure resplendent in borrowed splendour and deceive some people for all time and all people for some time. They quail before the supreme test; at a mere movement of the penal statutes the fire that burns in their bosom dies out and they fly for dear life. To them stone walls do make a prison and iron bars a cage. The impassioned rhetoric and rolling phillipics of these persons cease to flow and they become icily sober, wise and reticent. This variety of patriotism is not without a particle of good. It helps to create a majority in favour of a cause, unstable though it may ultimately be. These people are prepared to risk anything except their personal liberty and enter any place except the prison.

There are some patriots who are unprepared to do or spend or sacrifice anything except words. These people form a formidable overwhelming majority. They are masters of choice exquisite phrases and always demonstrate

their love of country by speaking in praise of the achievements of a great patriot and revelling in noble sentiments and felicitous diction regarding the abstract idea of patriotism. They are very insistent on others becoming patriots and sacrificing everything for the sake of the country and their chief glory is in their want of belief in action, their failure to act up to their speech, their belief in potency of words to achieve a nation's emancipation and their bigotted faith in the Omnipotence of rhetoric. According to them sincerity, courage and action, are only secondary ingredients in the composition of patriotism, command of charming phraseology being its essence. In their dictionary a patriot means an eloquent man.

There are some patriots whose patriotism does not extend beyond a certain limit; it is skin deep, or Khadder thick. They think that if only one is always wearing a particular kind of cloth, he is doing all that a patriot is expected to do, and he cannot conceive of a greater sacrifice of personal comfort than to clad himself in Khadder. Since soft skins and coarse Khadder go ill together, to reconcile oneself to the lot of wearing Khadder argues indeed a stoic renunciation. With this patriotism no body can find fault except that it does not reach the summit of the genuine variety and that it has scope for infinite development. It is not past redemption like the talking variety.

There is another kind of patriotism which contents itself with the belief that abstinence from tea, coffee and cigarettes, is the supreme form of patriotism and that such self-denial should secure to them the crown of the patriot. There is indeed tremendous sacrifice in such conquest of senses and habits, but patriotism does not consist in mere negation, it is something which is positive, active and dynamic. In this group are to be found some who are there because of the rise in the price of these articles, some who come to understand that these things contain some enervating poison and few who think that these are foreign articles and merit discouragement. In the last analysis these patriots are found to be lovers of their country, because they are extremely jealous lovers of their life and purse. The new process of rejuvenation has created great confusion in their ranks, and this noble band is becoming smaller on account of the fact that rejuvenation promises health and longevity to all alike whether they are addicted to tea or not. So long as there are monkeys these people are not afraid, and their number is bound to fall.

There is another group of patriots who develop love of country suddenly as bubonic plague,—when a patriot visits a place. These are patriots for the nonce who suffer from the dingle of patriotism and who get quite all-right with the departure from their midst of a venerable leader. For one or two days there is perfect delirium and forgetfulness and when the heat subsides they come to terra-firma and realise the vanity of all human aspirations and console themselves with the philosophy that after all the form of government and the nationality of rulers have very little influence on human destiny and happiness, that it is the mind that counts, and that even if a country is

ruled from Mars by a committee of tyrants, a clear conscience, a happy mind and a little forbearance can make men happy. According to them there are better things to aspire and strive for than attempting a change in the form of government, a miserably human institution.

There is yet another kind of patriotism which grows only in the soil of the congress and political conferences. It is an annual attack like some malarial fever. It develops generally towards the last week of the last month of the year when the congress season begins. People who have never been guilty of raising a single finger or spending a pie for the cause of the country till then, make it a point to attend the national congress, that majestic assembly, every year, probably to have a change, and a happy time of it. The sight of the vast concourse of fellow-men animated by exalted ideals, and straining every nerve and muscle to determine the national destiny and to improve the lot of their fellow creatures, and sparing no pains to improve the quality of patriotism rampant among us delights these December patriots and make them take a solemn resolve never to touch any foreign article and make them prefer country leather to foreign leather for their boots. Some people chastened to an infinite extent by this annual pilgrimage, when they return to their native place give up using walking sticks in token of their having undertaken a pilgrimage and love of their native land. These people are generally known as fair weather friends of freedom because the weather in December is charming and invigorating. Their main service to the country consists in spending some rupees for travelling in trains and consequent gain to companies incorporated in foreign lands. The greatest sacrifice that a patriot belonging to this group once made was getting down a nationalist daily newspaper instead of the Madras Mail.

The last variety,—last for the purpose of this article is the person who claims to be a patriot on account of his mastery of the History of ancient India, and its glorious past. He defends every indigenous vice and native foible and detests everything new—even Swaraj. I beg to suggest to the reader that the catalogue is by no means complete and that if only one looks carefully about oneself one will come across several other kinds of patriotism.

The Dream of Conscience.

By P. K. VYDIAR—(III Class).

“Suicide while insane,—this is no murder”. This was the unanimous verdict of all the C. I. Ds. and police officials engaged in solving the mystery of the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Francis Hey, the wellknown painter of Edinburgh. He was found dead in his painting room on the second of April;—the first witness of the scene was Mrs. Corn, an old dame of his house who had brought him up in accordance with the last wishes of his dying mother. For some two days previous to the death of Francis, the

lady had curiously heard many shots from his painting room. Upon enquiry she had received from him the answer that he was conducting an experiment by which he would be able to paint the shadow of a shot. The old dame was not satisfied by such an answer, yet she could get no other. At last the sudden demise of her foster-son verified the suspicion that had risen in her mind.

I am a doctor by profession, a close friend of and a near relative to Mr. Hey. But, being married, I was living in a separate house. I, however, never lost the chance of strengthening my intimacy with him by visiting him often, and the opportunity was duly utilised by us both for hearing about and appreciating, our capacity in varied subjects. So naturally the death of Hey was a heavy blow to me. He was a painter of exceptional ability and he was a great rival in age as in talents, of Mr. Holmes who was also engaged in the same profession. But such rivalry was too common a thing among the individual members of a society. Both were preparing exhibits for the "Fine Arts Exhibition" which was going to be held on the sixth of September—in London. So one thing was certain, that the timely death of Hey had increased the chances of his lucky antagonist.

It so happened, that I took certain paintings from my friend's drawers and I brought them over to my house. I took it as a matter of singular happiness to be in contact with the valuable paintings of my friend and to measure their beauty, partly due to their exceptional charm and partly due to my presumed capacity to appreciate pictures. I had looked into almost all the packets save one, and one night, with every convenience that my easy chair and hearth can afford me, with my spirits elated not a little by the well selected cigarettes, I began to examine that pack. The first picture that greeted my curious eyes was the innocent and smiling face of a child which created bitter feelings of agony in me for I was a childless man. The second showed a monstrous distorted face which evoked a chilly sensation throughout my body. I was amazed at the versatility of my friend's genius. Next I came across a roll of red-coloured paper and upon my opening the same, I found it smoky. At my closer perusal I found that it had been used as a receiver of gun powder smoke. This discovery, if I can use the term appropriately, excavated many secrets for me. Mr. Hey's practice of shooting from his room revealed to me some secrets and with it I knew that his unlucky death was not natural, but it was cold blooded murder. I decided that I would bring to earth the hard-hearted criminal at all costs * *

* * * * *

Six months have now elapsed, but my discovery is still fresh in my mind. I was building castles after castles in the air, about my chance of detecting the case. I had used all my natural reasoning capacity on it. Then, one day, a strange thing happened. Mr. Holmes came on a visit to me. We knew each other before and so I stretched out a cordial hand to him. The present Holmes who shook my hand was not the hardy muscular painter of by-gone days. At the first sight I read that something—some hidden agony -

so much and which forms the ultimate form of matter, is infinitely small in weight when compared to the terrestrial atom, but who knows that it does not weigh a ton in another planet or star, or is perhaps infinitely lighter on some other cosmical entity. Our conception of matter to be strictly correct ought to be as of something, which primarily has no weight in itself, but which displays the quality called weight when brought within the sphere of attraction of any other body or bodies. The electron itself might be a specific state of space, and were we to assume this, we are really creating something out of nothing. Thus in fine, matter is conceived as that which occupies no volume and possesses no weight.

Matter is transformed into energy by the process known as radiation. The Sun, the Satellites, the planets, and the stars, are all melting into the fathomless depths of space, by the process of radiation. Is there a reverse process? Probably Sir James Jeans may be steering through the proper channel, when he assumes, that matter that has thus once radiated into energy, again reconsolidates to form matter at a distant region of space, in the form of 'nebular clusters', as we see them to-day through our telescopes. If not, the whole universe, would be like a clock, slowly running down, without the slightest prospect of a re-wind till eternity. May I worship the mysterious "Onlooker" who exposes not even a trace of his shadow to the pseudo-intellectuals of this globe!

Frivolity.

Professor—What three words are used most among College Students?

Freshman—I don't know.

Professor—Correct!

* * *

Upstairs in the Principal's room, a window became loose. Kittu and Chami who were engaged to put it right were rather puzzled how to get at the hinges, "Kittu", says Chami, "I have it, Get a plank; put it through the window. I'll sit on the plank outside, and you sit on the plank inside. "All right," replied Ki tu. All went well till Chami shouted, "I have dropped my hammer." "All right"; again replied Kittu, "I'll get it". Away rushed Kittu downstairs, and coming out into the road exclaimed, "Why Chami, you're here first! Which way did you come?"

* * *

Overheard in the Zoology class—Professor. "Name an animal which exists on very little nourishment?"

Ramu—"The moth. It eats nothing but holes.

* * *

In the Astronomy class—Professor—"What is the Milky Way?"

Student. (Local milkdealer's son). From the dairy to the pipe, Sir.

and I was left unsuspected, by others, but I found a bitter enemy in my own conscience, and that is why, I have determined to come over to you and apologise to you in person.

Your's "Holmes".

"I thought so from the beginning, and the police said poor Hey killed himself" I heard myself muttering. I carefully placed that important document in my diary, shut the book with a snap, and strode out of the room relieved that the whole business was over.

Frivolity.

Abdul Rahim was charged before the Magistrate with wilfully damaging Government property. Magistrate. "You will have to pay five rupees fine, understand?" Abdul Rahim "English nay malum, Saheb". Clerk "Saheb bolo tum five rupees make it to pay,—malum?" Abdul Rahim—"Nay malum Saheb" Clerk—The Magistrate says you've got to pay fifteen rupees" Abdul Rahim—"No. He didn't—he only said five!"

* * *

Asked to write an essay in two hundred and twenty words, on motor cars, a school-girl wrote—'My uncle bought a motor car. He and father were driving in the country when it broke down going up-hill. I think this is about twenty words. The other two hundred are what uncle said as they were walking back to town. But my father said I must not know them.

* * *

Precis in Excelsis—It was the composition class and the lecturer had been hammering into the students' heads the rules of precis-writing. Then he gave them a story to write the precis of. One student whom the rules had nearly driven mad wrote, "Ramsbotham took a glass of whisky, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his pocket, and his life!"

* * *

The Irishman and the Scotchman were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries. "Ah weel" said Sandy, "they tore down a castle in Scotland a hundred years auld, and found many wires under it which shows that telegraph was known to us so early as that!" "Oi, that's very well" said Pat, "but in Oireland they tore down a castle a hundred years ould, and begorra there was no wires under it which shows that wireless telegraphy was known in Oireland hundreds av years ago!"

* * *

In Scotland it is said that mirrors were invented by a Scotchman to provide Englishmen with something to laugh at.

* * *

The College tournaments were in full swing and excitement ran high. Mahadevan, an enthusiastic supporter of the third class team, promised each member of the team a cup of tea for every goal scored against the fourth class. The result was extraordinary—fifty-nine goals by the third class—to *nil*. Mahadevan was astounded. “Marvellous”, he exclaimed, “what a cup of tea will do!” To the captain of the team he said. “Great form to-day, Ramnath! How in the name of all the powers did you manage it?” “Your kindness went a long way”, said Ramnath, “The boys appreciated it and did all they could to please you” “And what can you do with so much tea”. Oh! replied Ramnathan, “there won’t be much to spare when we have given the other side their half, as we promised”.

[Our College captain assures me that such an incident has not occurred in this College—Ed.]

* * *

Why? The teacher had been talking to his pupils about the meaning of colours. White was worn by brides because wedding is an occasion of joy and happiness, he had said. A little boy in the rear had then a doubt. He asked “why does a bridegroom always wear black?”

* * *

The council elections were going on. A lady candidate addressing a meeting was saying how she stood for health, happiness at home, and rural prosperity. A young fellow had kept on heckling. His interruptions became louder and more frequent. “Rural prosperity, Miss? he shouted. “What do you know of farming. Can you tell us how many ribs a pig has got?” “Yes” she replied “if you will just step up here”. There was no more heckling.

* * *

At a recent teachers’ conference the speaker of the evening, after a peroration regarding the glories of the profession ended his address with the words: “Long live the teachers!” A tall emaciated young man arose from among the audience and in a sepulchral voice asked,—“On what?”

* * *

Sir Walter Raleigh, the famous Oxford professor, during a lecture some seven years back narrated the following story:—During my recent tour in America in one town I left my luggage at the station with instructions that it might be sent to the neighbouring hotel where I had engaged rooms. I walked up to the hotel and asked for the manager. The attendant, about to start off with my message asked me, “Who are you?” “Sir Walter Raleigh!” said I. He stopped short came back to me and said “Hm! is that so? Well I’m Christopher Columbus! You get out of here before I phone for the asylum!” It was some time before I could get past that attendant, see the manager and get my rooms.”

In a Nutshell.

TICIUS.

"All Quiet on the Western Front".

The book is like a work of art. As the last page is turned over we feel as if we have come to the end of a great tragedy. All passion is spent, and there is in our mind a calm, supreme as the stillness on the Western Front on a memorable day. Anti-pacifists, there will be, and people to whom war is useful who will look with disfavour on the coming of this book. To those, however, who believe in the noblest of religions, the religion of love, the book will have a powerful appeal, for, we have a feeling that war stories like these will war against war, persuade men to live more like human beings and less like beasts of prey.

[Original in German by E. R. Remarque—a book which has caught post war Europe like wild-fire. Nearly four million copies sold in two years. Published in Germany in 1929. Translated into most of the European languages. Proscribed by Mussolini's Government. That is the book "All Quiet on the Western Front," trying simply to tell of a generation of men, who, even though they may have escaped its shells were destroyed by the war. In tracing the story, sentences have been freely borrowed from the English translation by A. W. Wheen.]

* * * * *

There are four of them, German school boys, of nineteen and twenty,—persuaded to join up by their teacher Kantoreck, one who carried his feelings in his waistcoat pocket and trotted them out by the colour. There is little Kropp the clearest thinker and so only a lance—coroporal, Muller dreams of examinations, and during a bombardment mutters propositions in Physics; Leer; and Paul Baumer tells the story. They make friends in the trenches, Westhus a peat digger, Detering a peasant, Tjaden a skinny lock smith who can sit down to eat thin as a rake and get up as big as a bug in the family, way, and Kaczinsky their leader, with a remarkable nose for dirty weather, good food, and soft jobs.

When Paul and his class-mates joined up, they were too young to have any definite ideas about the future, and they thought that life and even war had something ideal and romantic about them. But ten weeks in the army wrought greater changes in them than ten years at school. They learned that a bright button is weightier than volumes of the greatest German classics. Love of Fatherland resolved itself into salutes, parade marches, right-wheel, left-wheel, clicking the heels, insults, and a thousand pettifogging details. They get a coroporal—Himmeltoss—the strictest disciplinarian in the camp,—in civil life, a postman. He puts them through all the refinements of parade ground soldiering; many are ill through it—others die—all the survivors become hard, suspicious, pitiless, vicious, tough. It was necessary that they should be like that, else they would have been driven mad by what awaited them at the Front.

At the Front, Paul and company find themselves at last, and they are gradually put through their paces. One night they are sent out to fix barbed wire fencing. A bombardment begins. Between the explosions cries are heard. "Wounded horses!" It was the moaning of the world, the martyred creation, wild with anguish, filled with terror and groaning. "God! for Gods' sake, shoot them!" Some of the poor animals entangled in their own trailing entrails and writhing with agony are put out of their pain. Paul and friends have to hurry back. While crossing a cemetery the guns again roar out. The shells begin to hiss like safety-valves. "Take cover!" somebody yells out—every man falls down and lies as if glued to the ground. Not a moment too soon. The dark goes mad. It heaves and raves. The fields are a surging sea, daggers of flame from the explosions leap up like the fountains. Woods vanish, pounded, torn to pieces. Paul gets a crack on the skull, faints away, and recovers to feel himself hugging a mutilated rotting corpse thrown up from a dislodged, smashed coffin.

Then something more horrible comes along, rolling. "Gas! Ga-as!" Like a big, soft, jelly—fish it floats and sinks into hollows, and lolls there obscenely, where they had taken shelter. The Devil fish is the Terror of the seas, Gas is the Terror of land warfare, the most ghoulish thing invented by man. Those who gulp it down, ever so little, go to the hospital, and in day-long suffocation cough up their burnt lungs in clots!

Our friends get a short respite. They kill the lice on their bodies. Toilet arrangements are not too elaborate in the trenches and there are no sanitary inspectors there! They then wonder what they would be doing if it were peace time? Taking a special examination at school? "What is meant by cohesion?" "How many inhabitants had Melbourne." "What was the purpose of the Poetic League at Gottingen?" The irony! All at once they are awake to the realities. Shells! Bombs! Hunger! Katsinzyck steals out with Paul, they capture a couple of geese, roast them and the seven have a rare treat. It is not often that they are so lucky. What they get, they generally have to share with rats, so bold that they sometimes attacked and killed cats and dogs.

There are rumours of an offensive. Weapons are made ready. The bayonet is no good. As it is thrust in it frequently jams and you have to kick the other fellows' belly to pull it out again. No! a sharpened spade is better. One blow and you cleave the man from the neck to the belly. Then one night, the bombardment begins and,—does not end. As if that were not enough, food runs short and they are dammably hungry. Shells flash and howl terrifically. Dug-outs are thrown up into the air inside out. Rifles, helmets, mud fly everywhere. Raw recruits become trench mad. They are secured lest they rush into the midst of the enemy, or dash out their brains against the dug-out walls. After the guns, come the French. The Germans are desperate—they are mad—greedy for life. As they cut and thrust and jab and fire, they have another craving,—for food. The pockets of the dying and the dead are rifled. The canned beef they get, and a loaf



of bread a corner of which is soaked with life blood of its late owner. It does not matter, that corner can be cut off. The Germans wanted the bread!

Now and again, between days there is quiet and they watch the larks and butterflies in No Man's Land.

Shells, explosives would soon arrive and men would get smashed up. Once, two got it rather badly. Tjaden said that their remains had to be scraped off the walls with a spoon and buried in a tin. The other dead they put in a shell hole, three layers of corpses, one on the top of another. Casualties were specially heavy among the young fellows newly sent up. They are just mown down, not being able to distinguish the more destructive from the less destructive explosives. With battered chests, torn bellies, arms and legs, they whisper softly for their mothers, as their life-blood oozes out from their gaping wounds. Or else, swallowing gas, they choke to death with haemorrhages.

Attack, counter-attack, charge, repulse—these are words one finds in newspaper head lines. But what things they signify!

Westhus is groaning. There is a gaping wound in his back through which the lung pulses at every breath. There are men with skulls blown open; soldiers, their feet shot off stagger on to shelter on their bleeding splintered stumps. One holds his intestines that it does not burst, another presses an artery between his teeth that he may not bleed to death, men without mouths, jaws, faces. The sun goes down, night comes, shells whine, life is at an end. At every yard a dead man. The Second Company—Paul's Company—is relieved. Out of the original one hundred and fifty, there are only thirty-two in it now,—a small, dirty, pallid, battered group,—not a man whole. Westhus one of the seven is dead.

Paul gets seventeen days leave to go home. The train—the fields—the familiar meadows—Bremerstrasse, the station! Then home! to his father, mother and sister. Paul's mother is down—the doctors suspected cancer, "Sit down beside me" she beckons from her bed. "Dear boy!" They feed him "Was it bad out there, Paul? I was told it was terrible with the gas and all the rest of it". What was Paul to tell her. Could he say how they once found three enemy trenches with all the men stiff as if stricken with apoplexy. Their faces blue, gassed—they were dead. But Paul does not describe. "Not so very bad, mother." He sees many people, hears them,—their plans for campaigns and annexations. What do they know? Paul is in his little study. Recollections of his school-days surge over him. He opens a favourite volume. Words—words—words—they do not reach him now. He feels a foreigner, in his own study. Then in his home he becomes uneasy. The end of leave has come. "Be careful at the front, Paul." I will pray for you every day, Paul." Paul thought, "Ah mother, mother! let us rise up and go out back through the years where the burden of all this misery lies on us no more." The farewell is over. Paul bites into his pillow in his misery. Then he knew. He ought never to have come on leave.

At the front Paul joins his friends. The ordeal begins again. For once they had a good job. Eight of them were to guard a deserted village. They had a free run over the whole place. But one day they are shelled. Kropp and Paul are wounded. At the dressing station Paul fears that his leg may be amputated. For, the surgeons are few. Under great pressure of business, to cut away is much simpler than patching and stitching. Paul's wound is only dressed and he is sent to the garrison hospital. To think of a garrison hospital gives one the creeps. Many attempt suicide there. One patient blinded, all in despair, jabs a table fork into his chest and hammers it down with a shoe to send it deep. On the various floors there are various cases,—spine-wounds, head-wounds, double amputations, the blind, lung-wounds, pelvis wounds, wounds in the intestines. In a hospital one knows in how many places a man can get hit. Yet Paul's hospital was only just one, one of the hundreds of thousands in Germany and France.—Could not the culture of a thousand years prevent this stream of blood being poured out? A hospital alone shows what war is. Kropp is crippled, only twenty, and all his life is before him! Paul, cured, is again sent to the front. Poor Detering, thought too much of home, went mad, deserted,—well, they heard no more of Detering.

Things go from bad to worse. Too few guns, too few shells, fewer aeroplanes, bad food. Among them, around and about, were only grey, yellow, miserable, wasted faces, bent figures from whose bodies the colic wrung out blood. Germany ought to be empty soon.

The tanks arrive. They are annihilation, a fleet of roaring, smoke-belching armour clads, invulnerable steel beasts, squashing the dead and the wounded.

Shells, gas-clouds, flotillas of tanks,—shattering, corroding Death.

Dysentery, influenza, typhus,—scalding, choking Death.

Trenches, hospitals, the common grave—there are no other possibilities.

Muller is dead. Leer is smashed up and killed. Katczynsky too. Paul alone is left of the Seven. There are talks of peace and armistice. Talks of these things there had been before, but nothing had happened. This time, if nothing happened, there would be a revolution. Hopes ran so high. Yes, Armistice—and then what? Lads, weary, broken, burnt-out, rootless, without hope, feeling superfluous even to themselves,—they will grow older, a few will adopt themselves, some will merely submit, most will be bewildered. The years will pass by and they will fall into ruin. Yes, what of the future? Paul feels these things and is very quiet. He feels so alone and so without hope. Yet there was life.

THAT too was stilled in October, 1918. Shot down. But that day it was otherwise so quiet and still on the whole front that the army report said merely,

“All quiet on the Western Front.”

Books Received.

1. *Ancient Indian Fasts and Feasts*:—Written by Rai Bahadur A. C. Mukerji, M. A., I. E. S., and published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. Price Rs. 1—8—0.

It is the fourth edition of the book that we are noticing here. No wonder. It contains 20 essays on topics like Sivaratri, Rama Navami, Krishnashtami, Durga Puja and Diwali (Dipavali). To a Hindu, religion is everything. It colours his ideas; it is in every fibre of his being. "It attends him", as Sir Monier Williams correctly remarks "in antenatal ceremonies long before his birth, and follows him in endless offerings for the good of his soul long after his death." Thus, subjects like these cannot but have a personal, perennial interest to him; and when they are treated in such an attractive style, as is done here, by a distinguished Member of the Indian Educational Service, and published in a book of neat format, for which the firm of Macmillans is so well-known, it cannot but have a ready sale.

For the bill of fare here provided, the price is cheap. Let us take one item from it at random. We shall have "Holi". It is a gay festival to commemorate the innocent frolics of youthful Krishna with the merry milkmaids of Vrindavanam. The author speaks of the avatars, of Vaishnava and Sakta creeds; he traces the origin of this spring festival and contrasts it with the Durga Puja which is an autumnal one; he describes how "Holi" is celebrated in different parts of India, and gives reasons for the name and for the various ways of keeping this festival.

Prof. Mukerji so correctly senses the *raison d'être* of things elsewhere that in this essay we miss his reasoned protest against a wrong view held by some, based on this disporting of Krishna, that he was not the right sort of deity. The author could very well have set out that a boy of 11 years, such as Krishna then was, could not have had any amorous propensities, that it was ridiculous to suppose that Krishna, an avatar though he was, could have enjoyed the company of 16,008 wives, and that a sensible, saintly poet would write a grand epic of such an epicure like him. It is also against all probability to think that Krishna, who killed Sankhachuda for trying to ravish women would be guilty of indecent behaviour and that Sisupala, his sworn enemy, had not a word to say on the subject when he was abusing Krishna to his heart's content.

T. K. K. M.

2. *Ally the Philosopher and Other Stories*:—By "R", illustrated by H. R. Millar and published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. This is a volume of about a dozen stories, original in their nature, a little above the fairy-tale standard and much easier than Scott or Dickens. The Lower Secondary student has here an extra reader, well-illustrated and attractively got up, containing interesting stories which will appeal to his love of adventure and mystery, of bravery, of practical common-sense, and vigorous out-door life.

He can read and enjoy the stories of Aly and Peroo, of other men and things, of "Spots", and of the haunted bungalow, without being asked to believe that pumpkins turned into carriages, and without being bothered about subtle character delineation, sub-plots and super-plots, and folios and emendations.

3. *The Rural Economy of India*.—By Dr. Radhakamal Mukerjee M.A., Ph. D., Professor of Economics and Sociology, Lucknow University. Published by Longmans Green and Co., Ltd. Price Rs. 3—12—0. Dr. Mukerjee is well-known as an important path breaker in the mazy world of Indian Economics. In this book based on the Banaili Lectures delivered before the Patna University Dr. Mukerjee deals with certain important problems of Indian agriculture and of Indian rural life. He tells us among other things of the organisation of Indian agriculture, the dangers of fragmentation and sub-division of holdings, the crime against tree and water, of famine and of rural reconstruction. With numerous statistics he proves his statements. One might feel that the book would have been more perfect in its proportion if the financial side of agriculture had been developed a little more. Even as it is, however, the vast amount of first hand information that Dr. Mukerjee gives in the book will prove very useful to undergraduates who are specialising in Rural Economics, and generally to all who are interested in agricultural revival and rural reconstruction in India.

4. *Scouting in Cochin*.—The Scout movement was started in the Cochin State in 1923. The book under review is the septennial report of the Boy Scouts Organisation. It tells us the story of the steady growth of Scouting in Cochin, how the Headquarters are trying to reach out to the remote corners of the State, and how a noble band of men and boys is trying, though with restricted means, to spread a movement which, perhaps of all the forces working for the unification and regeneration of India is among the most important and the most useful.

5. *Kshetra Mahathmyam*.—[Price Re. 1] Published by Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon (Vidya Vinodini Press, Ernakulam) tells the story of the origin of Siva temple at Ernakulam. The account was found in a grantham now in the possession of Sriman Tharayil Kunju Menon. There are four parts in the book relating respectively how God Siva showed that the present site of the temple was one of his "chosen spots", the changes made by the saint of Vilwamangalam, some miracles and a few hymns. The proceeds of the sale of the book are to be utilised in the temple. The book will be specially interesting to antiquaries and to those who are particularly attached to the Ernakulam temple. Some leaves had been lost and others were mouldy and dilapidated when the grantham was discovered. Mr. Krishna Menon has therefore rendered another distinct service, not only to Malayalam literature, but also to the cause of the preservation of folklore, in having published the story in book form.

**Maharaja's College Science Association
(Physics Section).**

The inaugural address of the Association for the current year was delivered by M. R. Ry. Manjeri Rama Iyer Avl., B. A. & B. L., in the College Hall at 5 p. m., on Monday, 6th October 1930. The subject was "Physics and Metaphysics". The lecture was very interesting and well attended. After the usual vote of thanks and garlanding the meeting terminated at 7 p. m.

Under the auspices of Association the Fourth biennial physical science-exhibition was held on 20th and 21st of October, 1930. The opening ceremony was performed by C. G. Herbert Esq., I. C. S., Diwan of Cochin, at 9 a. m. on Monday in the midst of a large gathering. The exhibition was kept open to the students of the various institutions and the public till 5 o'clock each day. There was a special cinema show in the evening after the exhibition when films of scientific interest were screened.

The Chief items of exhibition :—

The fundamental principles of all the branches of physical science, their practical applications, and the latest developments, illustrated by apparatus and demonstrations—A model of Cochin Harbour (kindly lent by the Harbour Engineer-in-chief) and dismantled parts of a new model Ford motor chassis (kindly lent by Peirce Leslie and Co.) were special features. The exhibition was well patronised by the students and the public.

We take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the visitors for their kind response to our invitation, to the members of the staff for their ungrudging work and last but not least to those students who took up the demonstration work with spirit and enthusiasm.

A photographic competition was also held as a part of the exhibition and prizes were given to

1. A. Raghava Menon, cl. II.
 2. A. Balakrishna Menon, cl. I.
 3. N. Narayana Mallaya, cl. II.
- Gavaskar (consolation prize).

In concluding we have to express with pleasure that in spite of raising the subscription from 2 to 4 annas we have now 220 students as members besides 30 gentlemen from the College staff and outside.

21st November 1930 :—The glad news of the appointment of our President M. R. Ry. S. K. Subramania Iyer Avl., M. A. & L. T., as the Acting Director of Public Instruction of Cochin has been just received. A group photo was taken on the eve of his departure. Messrs. K. Narasimha Pai B. A. & L. T., and N. R. Ramachandra Iyer M. A., L. T. have kindly consented to be the President and the Vice-President of the Association hereafter.

Secretaries { S. Vaidyanathan (cl. IV.)
 { R. Padmanabha Iyer (cl. III.)

"CONSCIENCE MONEY"

E K M.,
6.-11-1930.

From
An Old Boy.

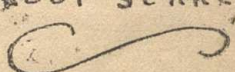
To The Principal,
College,
E K M.

Sir,

Enclosed please find stamps
for Rs. four, being cost of Laboratory
materials (flasks, beakers, funnel, etc.),
misappropriated by this humble sinner
during his college course. Humbly request
to excuse this grave misconduct.

Please ~~don't~~ try to find who I
am.

Yours Obediently,

Poor sinner


We have reproduced above the facsimile of a letter received
by the Principal. We are glad that the sinner repents, for, such
can be redeemed. Still, it is well to remember that though re-
pentance may clear most of a sin, yet, it is infinitely better not
to sin at all.

Maharaja's College Historical and Economics Association.*Part I.—Notes of Meetings—1st and 2nd terms.*

10th. July 1930.— Business meeting. Last year's accounts were passed and office-bearers elected for the current year.

31st. July 1930.— The first ordinary meeting. Mr. W. P. Ignatius presided. Mr. S. Kuttikrishna Menon (Class IV—IV. B.) read a paper on "India and the Occident". All aspects of the subject were well elucidated by the essayist. The President compared western civilisation with the eastern and observed that, while spiritualism was the engrossing ideal of the oriental mind, materialism held sway in the west.

12th. August 1930.— Parliamentary debate in the College Hall. The motion,—“That, having regard to sound educational ideals and the need for expansion and progress, this House is of opinion that the projected removal of the Maharaja's College to Ramavarma Puram is a measure to be heartily welcomed.” Mr. S. S. Koder (Class IV—IV. B.) was the speaker. Mr. Varghese Karathan (Class IV—II E.) introduced the motion and Mr. K. I. Krishnan (Class IV—IV B.) led the opposition. Besides students and Messrs. V. Ramanatha Iyer, K. R. Rama Iyer and N. R. Ramachandra Iyer from the staff, three members of the Cochin Legislative Council—Dr. A. R. Menon and Messrs. A. B. Salem and K. P. Kannan Nair—also participated in the proceedings. The debate, was lively and animated. The motion was lost. Over 650 votes were recorded.

26th September 1930.— The second ordinary meeting. Mr. P. K. Vaidier (Class III—IV B.) spoke on "The Message of India". Mrs. A. Velayudha Menon, B. A., L. T., Headmistress of the local Girls' High School and an old student of the College presided. Mr. Vaidier gave us message of India,—it was the message of love. The same message was given us by the President in a delightful speech, which charmed the audience.

15th October 1930.— The third ordinary meeting. Mr. Manikkath Balakrishna Menon, B. A., B. L., Public Prosecutor, and an old boy of the College, took the chair and Mr. R. Raya Prabhu (Class II gr. III) read a paper on "The National Reconstruction of India".

23rd October 1930.— Special lecture by Professor P. Sankaran Nambiyar, M. A. (Hons.), on "History and Literature." The Public was also invited.

The Lecturer began by explaining the various theories that are prevalent regarding the exact scope and function of History and of Literature, and showed by means of suitable illustrations the difference between the historic and literary methods of description and narration. The points of contact between History and Science, between History and Literature and between Literature and Science were clearly explained and elucidated, as well as the points of divergence between them. The distinction between *Truth* and *Fact* was specially emphasised, with the help of apt references and quotations,

and it was followed by a critical and chronological account of the two schools of Historians—the Scientific and the Literary—that have been in existence from the earliest down to modern times. The lecturer concluded with an exhortation to all students desirous of studying Literature to realize the intimate relationship between History and Literature and pay due attention to the study of History betimes. For, the History of a nation is the record of what the nation has done, while the Literature of a nation is the record of what the nation has thought, felt and said. The two are obviously interdependent. History, however, is concerned with *facts as they are*, while Literature (Kavya) is concerned with *facts as they ought to be*—that is *truth*. At the same time, there is a body of Realistic Literature in every language which borders on the province of history of the literary school. At this point, history and literature almost imperceptibly merge into each other.

* * * * *

18th November 1930.— The fourth ordinary meeting. Mr. M. K. Devassy (Class III — IV. B.) talked on “World-Peace”. The President Mr. L. V. Ramaswamy Iyer, M. A., B. L., in a speech characterised by eloquence and erudition, argued how it is necessary that peoples and nations should abnegate the “aham” if “world-peace” is to be attained.

N. PARAMESWARAN MCOTHATHU

(*Secretary, Historical and Economics Association.*)

Part 2. Research Work of the Members.

The following brief reports have been received in connection with the above work:—

1. *Thrikkakara Temple.*—By Mr. V. Parameswara Menon (Class III—IV. B.) and Mr. M. Narayanan (Class II). A brief account of the famous Historic Temple at Thrikkakara, about seven miles from Ernakulam, with an illustrative diagram.

2. *Historical Importance of Chennamangalam.*—By Mr. E. Damodara Menon (Class II).

3. *Koppat Amma.*—By Mr. K. T. Kunhikelappan Nambiyar (Class IV). This is a brief sketch of the life of a distinguished lady of North Malabar.

P. S. RAMAKRISHNA IYER,

President of the Association.

The College Chronicle.

20th Sept.—Professor S. K. Yegnarayana Ayyar delivered a lecture on "Some Aspects of Non-credit Co-operation", under the auspices of the College Literary Unions.

3rd and 4th Oct.—The Chathu Panikkar lectures, endowed by Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon, an old boy of the College, in memory of his father, were delivered this year by M. R. Ry. Justice P. K. Narayana Pillai of Travancore. The subject of the lectures was "Thunjath Ezuthassan."

4th Oct.—The College Bhasha Sahitya Mandalam presented an address to Justice Narayana Pillai in appreciation of the work he had done in the field of Malayalam Literature.

6th Oct.—The inaugural address of the Physics Section of the College Science Association was delivered by M. R. Ry. Manjeri S. Rama Ayyar Avergal, on the subject, "Physics and Metaphysics."

14th Oct.—Mr. C. G. Herbert, I. C. S., our Diwan, visited the College. Recording his impressions in the Visitors' Book he wrote, "... .. visited all the classes and I was convinced alike by the efficiency of the staff and the keenness of the students that the high traditions of the College are being maintained....."

14th Oct.—Parliamentary Debate under the auspices of the College Literary Unions. Motion—"That the system of communal electorates is not detrimental to the national interests of India." Lost.

20th Oct.—The College Science Exhibition was opened by the Diwan.

21st Oct.—The Exhibition was kept open this day also. A short note appears elsewhere.

21st Oct.—Lecture in the College Hall on 'International Law and the League of Nations' by Prince Rama Varmha, M.A., B. Sc. (London), Bar-at-Law, the Secretary to the Diwan. The Diwan presided.

23rd Oct.—Under the auspices of the History and Economic Association a special lecture was delivered by Prof. P. Sankaran Nambiyar. Subject—"History and Literature."

8th Nov.—The Cochin Teachers' Association held its annual meeting in the College Hall. There was a variety entertainment also in this connection.

15th Nov.—The Music competition for the "Konkoth Ravunni Menon Medal." Dr. S. K. Padiyar and Messrs. S. Rangaswami Ayyar and R. Rajagopala Ayyangar kindly acted as judges. They decided that the Medal need not be awarded this year, that equal prizes might be given to K. Padmanabhan Nayar of class IV and C. V. Mahalingan of class I.

21st Nov.—News received that our Principal, Mr. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar has been made Director. Prof. Pai entertained Mr. Ayyar at tea. The other members of the staff were also invited.

22nd Nov.—The painting competition for the "Konkoth Ravunni Menon's Medal." Dr. A. R. Poduval and Mr. P. J. Cherian kindly examined the attempts of the candidates and put K. Raghavan of class in the first place and M. Varada Rao in the second place. The medal was not awarded, only prizes.

27th Nov.—The staff of the College arranged a tea-party in honour of Mr. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar who had been elevated to the position of the Director of Public Instruction. Mr. C. G. Herbert, the Diwan, and a few special friends of Mr. Ayyar were also present. After refreshments Prof. Nambiyar on behalf of the staff made a short speech in which he referred to the great services Mr. Ayyar had rendered to the College and the most happy relationship which existed between him and the various members of the staff. Mr. Ayyar replied in suitable terms. On the occasion the staff presented a souvenir in the shape of an attache case to Mr. Subrahmanya Ayyar.

15th Dec.—Began the College Day week,—when competitions, tournaments and rehearsals were rushed through, and little of class-work was done. The editor took advantage of this opportunity to rush away to Benares for the All-Asia Educational Conference.

19th Dec.—First part of the College Day programme was got through to-day. The English and Tamil dramas were staged.

20th Dec.—The College Day. Christmas vacation commenced.

31st Dec.—Members of the Lindsay Commission, Mr. A. D. Lindsay, Canon Davies, and Messrs. Menicoll, Hutchins, Mukherjee and Browne visited the College and had tea with the principal.

5th Jan.—The College reopened after Christmas.

9th Jan.—Parliamentary debate under the auspices of the Historical and Economics Association. Motion "That it is desirable that equal facilities should be offered to women for higher education, that disqualifications due to sex should be removed and equal opportunities with men should be given them for entering public service." Carried. Messrs. K. Achutha Menon, the Additional District Judge, A. Sankara Poduval, B. A. & B. L., and P. Krishna Menon, B. A., M. L. C., took part in the debate.

14th Jan.—Mr. I. N. Menon, M. A. (Madras), B. Lit. (Oxon), our new Director, paid his first visit to the College.

The First All-Asia Educational Conference.

BENARES—26TH. TO 31ST. DECEMBER, 1930.

Nay, it was a little more than an All-Asia Conference, for people from Scotland and America were there. Almost every part of Asia was represented. Delegates had come from all parts of India. Ministers of education from certain States, University Professors, and Readers, Principals of Colleges, High School, Secondary school, and Primary school teachers, all had come to meet educationists from the various countries. The organisers had arranged suitable lodgings for the hundreds of delegates whom they expected. They had also a sumptuous programme for the conference. Discussions had been arranged on University education, moral and religious education, physical instruction, Library Service, rural education, adult education, problem of illiteracy, secondary, primary and infant education. The Maharaja of Benares opened the conference on the afternoon of the 26th. Professor Radhakrishnan, the President-elect, delivered his address after the delegates had been welcomed by the organisers. On the 27th. Mr. A. H. Mackenzie, M. A., C. I. E., opened the Education Exhibition. Universities, Colleges and schools had sent in exhibits. Indigenous industries were well represented. The exhibition revealed the potentialities of the country, and also must have helped youths at the parting of ways to choose a profession. Demonstration of physical exercises, ju-ju-tsu displays, scouts drills and displays, held one day or another, all entertained and instructed the delegates. As if these were not enough for the five days, lectures by people of note had been arranged in the big shamiana where the conference was opened. Dr. Besant on "Ideals of Ancient Education", Dr. Bhagavan Das on "The unity of Asiatic thought," Dr. Ahmed on "Examinations", Atiya Begum Saheba on "Academic Education, so on the list continued. Besides, there were excursions and receptions. It was a full five days' programme. The delegate who took advantage of all the opportunities offered to him at the conference, must have felt, as he got up on the New Year's morning, that the lessons he learned in those five days had increased his ability to serve his motherland.

The College Day Celebrations—20th. December.

(PUBLIC MEETING.)

The public meeting in connection with this year's College Day celebrations commenced at 5.30 p. m. under the distinguished presidency of Rajasabhabhushanam M. R. Ry. K. Chandy Ayl, B. A., retired First Member of Council, Mysore, one of the most illustrious "Old Boys" of the College. Mrs. A. Velayudha Menon, B. A. & L. T., Headmistress of the local Girls' High School, and one of our "Old Students" extended a hearty welcome to all assembled in a neat silvery speech.

The President in the course of his introductory remarks made eulogistic references to the sterling services rendered to the college by such veteran

educationists like M. R. Ry. Rao Sahib C. Mathai Avl., the Retired Director of Public Instruction, and M. R. Ry. S. K. Subrahmanya Iyer Avl., ex-Principal of the College. The Principal then read the report on the working of the College for the year, wherein he referred to the increase in strength, the lack of accommodation, the creditable performance of the students in the University Examinations, the distinguished gentlemen who visited the College and lectured to the students during the year, and the other salient features in the life of the College.

Prizes, medals, and trophies were then awarded to those who had distinguished themselves in the various examinations, competitions, tournaments and sports. This was followed by the toast to His Highness the Maharaja proposed by the President himself. The toast of the College was proposed by Dr. Ambadi Krishna Menon (Old Boy) and was responded to by P. Padmanabha Menon of class IV. The Fancy Dress competition followed.

Then the President rose amidst deafening applause and delivered his speech. It will be published *in extenso* in the March issue. With the usual formalities the meeting terminated at about 7-30.

"The Fancy Dress Competition".

The lusty dong of the bell rung by the Daffadar was the signal for the fancy-dress competitors to make their appearance in the arena. There were as many as ten entries—Sadhu, Chakkyar, Beggar, Lawyer, Sawyer, Christian Lady, Old Man, Moopan, Hunter. The Hunter could not kill any game. The Moopan successfully disposed of his articles but got no "price." The Old Man was too old and feeble to be marked. The Christian Lady was too shy and reserved; little wonder then that she was coldly received. The audience did not see the sawer sawing with the saw. The lawyer could not argue out his case and get a favourable judgment. The beggar bowed and cringed so pitiously that he got at least a third for his pains. The versatile Chakkyar snatched away the second prize. The judges sympathised with the Sadhu and gave him the first prize.

"Teasy Bee."

The Malayalam Drama.

The Malayalam drama "കൊൽ തമ്പുരാൻ" staged during the College Day celebrations was a great success both as a dramatic entertainment, and as a historical play portraying the life and manners of a bygone day.

The scenic arrangements, the dresses, and the high standard of acting all contributed to its success. Mr. Ramanatha Iyer as the Moplah, Pandi Pattar and as the self-appointed usher in the final Durbar scene was extremely entertaining. Mr. Kunjan Menon, well known as an impersonator of female characters did well as Ikkali Amma. The part of "കൊൽ തമ്പുരാൻ" was represented with great dignity and power by Mr. V. Gopala Menon.

As we watched the play we seemed to see before our very eyes the mighty monarch "കൊൽ തമ്പുരാൻ" moving among his subjects 'even as

one of the common crowd' putting down evil, and upholding the right with a strong hand. Gathered around his great personality were his subjects of all classes and creeds and the group presented a vivid picture of the communal life of those old days. It did us good to see that, running through the hearts of all these different types of men and women, there was a deep and trustful loyalty to their 'ചെറുത്തുറപ്പ്' whose love and attachment to them was equally strong and abiding. Yet this goodness of the king was not of a passive kind but was of a very active and aggressive type. To the villain of the play Parapatti Nair, and his followers the great king appeared to be the very incarnation of Satan. As the great incidents and characters passed before our vision, we seemed to live those old days again when the king was a real father to his people who in turn, were so loyal to him that in his service they

"Spared neither land nor gold
Nor limb nor life nor son nor wife
In the brave days of old".

Prince Kerala Varmah of the language department of the Maharaja's College, the talented author and producer of this drama, is indeed to be congratulated on such a fine production.

C. A. V.

The English Drama.

Select scenes from Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' were put on boards on Friday the 19th of December in connection with this year's College Day Celebration. Long before the scheduled time the hall was packed by the elite of the place. Such amateur 'Stars' like Messrs. T. Madhava Menon and K. R. Rama Iyer took up the leading roles of Olivia and Malvolio respectively. Mr. P. Bhaskara Menon who enacted the inimitable Sri Toby, brought down the house. Mr. Manjunath Rao's Ague-cheek with his penetrating and hilarious chuckle considerably amused the audience. Mr. A. A. Papali of Class I who made his maiden appearance on the stage as Maria, the waiting maid, displayed considerable histrionic talent. Mr. Reynolds who successfully acted the Clown was cheered to the echo for his comic pranks and songs. Mr. Rayaprabhu personated Fabian to perfection. In short the English Drama left nothing to be desired and the convener and his enthusiastic lieutenants under the able guidance of Prof: K. J. Augustine deserve to be congratulated.

Tamil Drama.

After the English drama, a Tamil play "Siruthundanan" by Rao Sahib P. Sambanda Mudaliar was staged with unique success. The get up and coaching were in the able hands of Messrs. N. R. Ramachandra Iyer and N. Gopala Menon. Messrs. Parameswara Menon and Balaviswanathan who acted the heroine and hero respectively were able to create an indelible impression in the minds of all those who witnessed their performance, so much so, it is not an exaggeration to say that there were very few dry eyes among the audience when the father, the hero, took his knife to butcher his own only beloved son, Seeralan, to satisfy the fancy of the guest who was none

other than God Siva, come in disguise to test the faith of his devotee. The fine representation of the Bhikshu bears ample testimony to the fact that the student who enacted this role had understood the real spirit and motive of the drama. The soul enthralling songs of the major actors were a regular treat to the house.

The serious moral tone of the drama was given a set off by the comic interlude of two Brahmin gluttons who narrated with never-to-tedious detail all the various items in the menu of the feast which they had just enjoyed, to a ravenous invalid who was on his sick-bed for a pretty long while, and to whom the physician was even then prescribing a starvation diet. Messrs. V. Ramanatha Iyer and E. Sankunni Menon, the popular comedians of the locality, with prominent pig-tails standing erect on that part of the scalp covering the cerebellum, acted the veritable gluttons, need I say, to perfection?

Neither expense nor pains were spared in making the scenic representations as effective and attractive as possible and the committee deserves the heartiest felicitations for the success that they achieved in this sphere.

College Sports.

Sports were the main attraction for the public on the days immediately preceding the Public meeting and the Entertainments. Quite a large number of teams competed for the boat race and other interesting events. From the enthusiasm displayed by the students in the matter of sports one would be inclined to believe that they have at last realised the place of Physical activities in any well-drawn up curriculum of college studies.

One of the marked features of this year's tournaments was the highly encouraging response made by some of the distinguished Old Boys of the College who competed for certain items open to 'Old Boys' as well. It is particularly refreshing to note that this year one of the prominent Old Boys of the College, now a Puisne Judge of the Chief Court, we mean Mr. N. R. Sahasranama Iyer, carried off the second prize in the Old Boy's Tennis Doubles. We trust that there will be many to follow the glorious example set by this illustrious son of the Alma Mater.

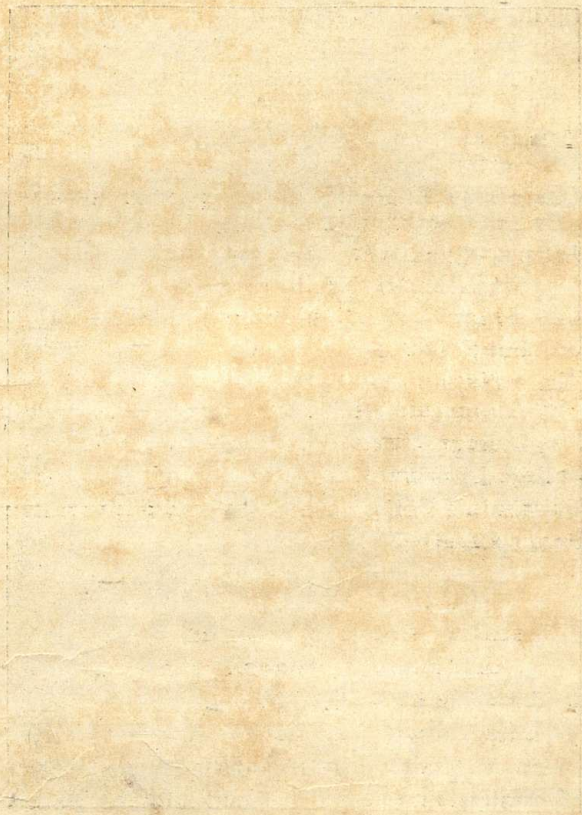
Another unique feature of this year's sports was that the students themselves conducted them on their own responsibility and it stands to their lasting credit that they discharged their duties to the entire satisfaction of all, thus adding one more instance to prove the possibility of extending self-government in Educational Institutions.

Special mention should be made of P. I. Koshy of Class III who won the champion cup as an all-round athlete as he got the highest number of marks in Athletics.

The Lady Students unlike as in the previous years did not seem to be enthusiastic over sports this year. It is our earnest belief that in succeeding years they will take greater interest in physical activities.

The Physical Director should be congratulated for the atmosphere of enthusiasm which pervades the College Sports Club.

'Teasy Bee'.





Prof. S. Radhakrishnan
delivered the Jubilee Lectures,
1931