

LOYOLA COLLEGE

February-1942

Sack Fight.—

- I. P. K. Rudran Nair.
- II. R. F. D'Costa.

Rickshaw Race.—

R. Gaughan and T. Moore.

800 Metres Relay Race.—

(Previous record 1 min. 50 secs. R. Gaughan's team, 1940).

Winners.—

The U.T.C. Team.

Time 1 min. 50 secs.

Tug-of-war.—

G. Seshadri's team.

Championship.—

The Bertram Memorial Cup and the College Cup. E. L. Stracey.

The Physical Director's cup. R. F. D'Costa.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MADRAS

THE CHRONICLE, 1941-42

As the year draws to a close our first thoughts are of thanksgiving to God for the good health of our students, especially those who as residents of the Hostel are committed to our care with a more particular responsibility. With the exception of the variety of fevers which just cannot be warded off at Pongal time, the health of our 1,350 students has been excellent.

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Our Mestriar is to be congratulated on the rapidity with which he can put up good solid buildings. The whole compound is evidence of his skill in this respect; but he beat all records last long vacation. Beginning just when classes were ceasing last February (1941), he had by the end of June added to the College a complete storey giving two enormous halls in the central portion and three large halls in each of the wings. The original plan was for a terrace roof, but owing to the absolute impossibility of getting the necessary girders, a gable roof had to take its place. This we hope will be replaced after the war, when the necessary materials and money are available. It will mean little loss, since the iron trusses and tiles can be used for other buildings; the labour will be the only serious item.

One of the large halls in the new storey is called the Bertram Hall in memory of the Founder of Loyola College. A large portrait of Father Bertram was unveiled by the Principal at a tea party, to which the staff were invited. The Principal took

the opportunity to thank the staff for their contributions to the Bertram Memorial Fund, which had been used in the building of this hall. On the other side of the central staircase and equal to the Bertram Hall is the Quinn Hall. This has absorbed the Quinn Memorial Fund, and is a permanent reminder of the part played by Fr. Quinn in shaping the English studies of Loyola College, when he joined Loyola College from St. Joseph's, Trichinopoly. We were glad to have at our little tea party Mr. M. D. Soundararajan, an Old Boy. The Principal acknowledged with gratitude his gift of Rs. 2,500, which had been used to build the Tamil Hall, which now bears Mr. M. D. S.'s name.

In addition to the College extension there has been extension in the Hostel. The line of spacious dining rooms has been completed by the addition of the third, and we hope, the final one. The ugly smoke-begrimed buildings which have done duty up till recently, are being gradually pulled down. During the past few years five have been so dealt with.

* * * *

At the re-opening last July the College was faced with an acute shortage of lebensraum. There was an unprecedented demand for rooms in the Hostel. Suspecting that this was just a temporary inconvenience, we 'made do' by a variety of makeshifts. The vacated Cosmopolitan and Malayalam mess rooms were divided

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up and furnished; the tradesmen were evacuated from the lines; College rooms were seized; the Physical Instructor was robbed of his office; but there was no stemming the tide of applicants. Finally the inevitable took place, and an additional block was built.

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Loyola cricket has been the cinderella of games until the last few years. Last year a great deal of trouble was taken to improve the field; *item* bowlers' arms were put up. This year a fine pavilion has been built. It consists of two long rooms, one for the home team and one for the visitors. Each room is lit by a bay window giving a full view of the cricket field. In between the rooms is the platform of the pavilion, large enough to accommodate comfortably a score of guests. The steps of the pavilion extend the whole length, so as to give seating accommodation for a few hundred students; and there is a spiral staircase leading to the roof seats. If it were not for the war, we should already have provided flush accommodation and sundry amenities. These, though postponed, are not forgotten.

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The petrol rationing has driven such a number of students to cycling that our stands were inadequate, and cycles began to overflow on to the verandahs, where they were a nuisance. Measures were speedily taken, and by the beginning of the second term two new stands capable of accommodating an additional cycles were built, roofed and equipped. 's a very serviceable army of cycle attendants, who are responsible for the safety, the cleaning, oiling and repairing of the cycles, and as no complaints have reached

the Principal, I conclude that their work is very satisfactory and their trifling monthly charge is not grudged.

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Far too much importance is attached to examinations. No one doubts that examinations are a misleading test of the character of the candidates: and it is character that carries a man through life. On the other hand we need not despise them altogether, deceived by the self-defensive croaks of those who would make a virtue of their own necessity. Do parents send their children to an expensive college in order that they may fail? Is the New Order to be heralded with the inviting caption: "Send your boys to the Soya Bean College. We guarantee to make them fail. Last year cent per cent failures" ?

We are a brazen lot at Loyola. We confess that we attach a not inconsiderable importance to work, to discipline, to responsibility. We are not ashamed to say that our students succeed. In last year's B.A. Honours Mathematics examination twelve of our students passed in the first class, with the 2nd (S. Ramakrishnan), 3rd (V. Gopalaraghavan), and 4th (G. Venkatasubba Rao), ranks. In the B.A. Honours Economics M. Halayya passed first in the Presidency, with Madhava Das, M. N. Rangachary, and K. Srinivasan, bracketed together in the 3rd place. In the B.Sc. Physics 11 passed in the first class, with the 3rd (T. V. Srinivasan), 4th (V. R. Srinivasan), and 5th (R. Ranganathan), ranks. In the B.Sc. Chemistry there were 7 first classes, with the 2nd (V. S. Krishnaswami), 4th (Abdul Kalam), and 5th (G. V. Ramadoss), ranks. In the B.A. English there

were no first classes throughout the Presidency (over 1,600 candidates)—a colossal absurdity for which Madras blinkers must be blamed. Each examiner is given a pair of blinkers so that he may not see marks beyond 66. There were only 10 second classes, amongst which C. A. S. Sheppard, K. Rajagopalan, and E. M. Narayanan Unni, secured the 2nd, 4th and the 9th rank respectively. D. V. Narasa Raju is to be congratulated on being first in the Presidency in Telugu; K. A. Rabindranathan for being second in Malayalam, and T. A. Ramabadrán for being second in Sanskrit. D. Sivappa was first in French, with Thanu Iyer 12th in the first class.

In the groups S. Seshadri was second in Mathematics (i-a), and Sheppard 4th in Mathematics (i-b). Achyuta Meñon was 2nd in B.A. Chemistry, and K. Rajagopalan was 3rd in Economics (iv-b).

Our Old Boys will be glad to know that the traditions are being well and consistently maintained. Need I remind them that our success is due to two things: first, systematic, graded, coordinated, planned, supervised, totalitarian spoon-feeding. At roll call each student has to stand up and show his spoon in the good old traditional manner. Secondly by rigid selection. Last year we were particularly rigorous, stopping completely, utterly, resolutely, and no-nonsense-about-it, two out of the 147 B.A. candidates. This rigour was even carried to extremes in the Intermediate Selection Examinations, where we stopped nine, selecting only 222 out 231. Out of these 222 there were 94 first classes in the Mathematics group, and 13 first classes in the History—the stepmother's group. Out of the same aforesaid 222

only two qualified for the Soya Bean College by completely failing. For the arithmetically inclined I add the following list of distinctions in the Intermediate—Mathematics 90, Physics 101, Chemistry 76, Ancient History 18, Indian History 3, Logic 22, Second Language 12.

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With the increased strength of the College, especially in the M.A. and the Intermediate classes, it has been necessary to increase the staff. Mr. T. M. Muthukrishna Iyer and Mr. T. S. Krishnamurthy were added to the Mathematics Staff. Mr. V. Krishnamurthy and Mr. Sarangapani—both Old Boys—have been appointed as tutors in Economics. Mr. K. Rajagopalan, also an Old Boy, has been added temporarily to the English Tutorial staff. We have lost the services, I fear for good, though I hope not, of Mr. Pisharoti. He took a year's leave in order to do some research work at the Tata Institute in Bangalore, and after nearly completing his research work he has been asked to take up an appointment in the Meteorological Department as Assistant Meteorologist. We had been looking forward to his return as a Doctor of Science on the completion of his thesis. Now we fear that his chances of returning are slight. We are sorry to lose him. Our best wishes will always accompany him wherever he is. He paid two visits to the College during the past year, and the staff welcomed him on each occasion with a tea party. Owing to the exigencies of the Campion High School, Trichinopoly, we have lost the services of Rev. Fr. F. Fargier, S.J. His work in the French Department has been taken up by Rev. Fr. A. Mona, S.J., and the

burden of his work in the hostel has been added to the shoulders of Rev. Fr. A. Saulière, S.J. We are grateful to Fr. Fargier for the services he has rendered to Loyola College, and we hope that the Campion High School will benefit as much as Loyola has by his teaching.

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A detailed account of our games will be found in the various secretaries' reports. On the whole we have done well. We have a number of good tennis players, the chief stars being Narayana Rao, M. S. Appa Rao, A. M. Marakayar and B. D'Souza. Our team won the Presidency Doubles Cup for the second year in succession, and we came to the finals in the Singles competition. We won also the Singles Cup of the Annamalai University. Narayana Rao and Appa Rao represented the University in the Inter-University matches. Narayana Rao partnered with Moses of the Engineering College to represent the University in the Madras Provincial Tennis matches conducted for the war fund. They were beaten in the finals by Mr. S. Narayana Rao (Old Boy) and partner. In the Inter-Collegiate Doubles and in the Doubles for the Erskine Cup our team came to the finals.

Our cricketers won six of their ten Inter-Collegiate matches and lost three. We stand therefore 3rd in rank.

Football has been in an eclipse. Is it that nobody takes interest in it? Sina-dorai the captain has done his bit, and we wish him better luck next year.

Our great stand-by is always hockey. We won the Inter-Collegiate championship, and then representing the Madras division we won the Inter-divisional championship. Two of our men—Philipsz

and Ashe—were chosen to play for the University.

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Once again we had a bit of bad luck in the Inter-Collegiate sports. We had counted on Kurien Joseph for the track events, but he pulled a muscle a few days before the heats. Our other men did well. Philipsz was placed in both the 100 and the 220 second metres. Stracey came first in the 110 metre hurdles and first in the javelin throw. F. Mathias contributed two second places in the high jump and the hammer throw. R. Gaughan was first in both the shot put and the discus throw. T. Moore and M. Mathias between them contributed five points in the hammer throw. P. S. Charles was placed in the long jump, T. Moore in the discus throw, G. King in the shot put, and Stracy in the hop, step and jump. We came second with 37 points, a long way behind Christian College, who were first with 65 points. Congratulations to R. Gaughan on being chosen to Captain the Madras College Athletic Association, which won in the Inter-Divisional Sports.

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The usual College tournaments both open and closed met with a good response. In the Badminton tournament for the Chettinad Cup there were the following entries:—Mahant's High School, Vellore; Engineering College 'A', and Engineering College 'B', Madras; Pachayappa's College, Madras; Government Muhammadan College; Government School of Technology; Presidency College, Madras; P. R. College, Cocanada; Loyola College. There were many thrills before P. R. College, Cocanada, won the finals.

It is unusual for us to win in one of our own tournaments, but this year we managed to pull off the Bertram Memorial Shield for Basket Ball. There were entries from:—Annamalai University; School of Technology; Law College, Madras; Presidency College; Pachayappa's College; Engineering College; Madras Christian College; Voorhees College, Vellore; Loyola College.

The Volley Ball shield went to the Andhra Christian College, Guntur, who defeated St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, after an exciting game. The Volley Ball tournament drew the greatest number of entries, namely:—St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly; Presidency College, Madras; School of Technology; Meston Training College; Andhra University; Andhra Christian College; Madras Medical College; Engineering College; Law College, Madras; Government Muhammadan College; Annamalai University; Loyola College.

In Tennis as usual there were good entries for both the Stanley and Erskine Cups. The progress of the games is shown on page 12.

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We are very glad to record that Abdul Kalam and Ramaswami have been taken on in the Indian State Railways as officer apprentices. U. A. Kamath is already there in the Mechanical and Power branch, one year their senior. T. Chinni Krishna has been accepted as a pupil candidate in the S. I. Railway and is posted to Podanur. Congratulations to Gopala Menon, I.C.S., who paid us a visit on his return from England. Allan Gonsalves has passed the Indian Audit and Accounts Service, and is happily amongst

us for a time, doing his apprenticeship in the Accountant-General's Office, Madras. His brother Joe Gonsalves, I.C.S. is posted to Orissa. L. M. Varghese is on the staff of the Princes' College, Rajputana. Malcolm Adiseshiah was ordained last year, and is now chief Professor of Economics, Christian College. Ananda Rao, who left us in January 1940 to join the Indian Navy, has had a most interesting time. He left the *Pathan* a fortnight before it blew up. Then he was posted to a British cruiser in the Mediterranean. Later he was on a British battleship near Iceland, and finally on a British cruiser which took part in the chase and sighting of the Bismarck, from which they were under fire for a brief ineffectual spasm. We were very sorry to hear of Christy Amirtharaj's accident. He got his pilot licence whilst a student, and joined the Air Force a year ago. His plane crashed during manoeuvres on the N. W. Frontier, and he is still in hospital at Rawalpindi. Our Under-officer Kandaswamy is now an A. R. P. Instructor in Madras. Yusuf Ali Sayeed, who is the Asst. A. R. P. Officer, will be happy to know that over 50 of our students have qualified as A. R. P. Wardens. Sayeed was the first President of our Old Boys' Association. E. K. Srinivasan, Manager, Parry & Co., (Insurance Dept.) is the President for this year. K. S. Mani, now a Chemist in Parry's at Nellikuppam, paid a visit to the College after Christmas, and so did D. Srinivasan who is an Inspector in the Burmah-Shell. It is always pleasant to see or hear of our Old Boys. Menzel we hear is a Supervisor in the Cordite Factory, Aravankadu; Abdul Mannan, a Revenue Inspector at

Dindigul; D. R. Sundaram, a Deputy Collector; T. R. Kasturirangan is in the office of the Controller of Military Accounts at Poona; Mr. V. N. Rama Rao is a Sub-Inspector of Customs. We were sorry not to be able to attend the marriage of R. Noronha, I.C.S. which took place in Calcutta. The Noronha Gold Medal is in memory of his father.

Many of our old boys have been given Emergency Commissions. Ramaratnam our famous sportsman and athlete is in Mhow ('A' Coy. O. T. S.), and Scudder is in the M. T. Wing Kabul. Medappa, I regret to hear, has been killed in Malaya. I cannot get confirmation, but everyone seems to believe it. Our Hostel Doctor Dr. Joseph wrote from somewhere in Cairo. E. L. R. Masters wrote from Persia. He is in the I. A. C. C. He mentions that Archie Ralston is Asst. Surgeon in a hospital in Basra, and Max Van Ross is also there. K. Devanathan our old hockey stalwart has got a King's commission in the army. We were glad to have a visit from E. Masillamani who has now his pilot's wings. He was finished his training at Ambala, where Mackenzie is also a flying officer.

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Nothing could be more welcome to witness than the enthusiasm with which the hostel has organised and conducted a variety of indoor games. Table Tennis was the most popular. There were 82 entries. The first and second rounds were run off with amazing despatch, thanks to the efficient organising of those concerned.

In the third round J. V. Satchidananda Rao defeated Rahim Khan; P. S. Srinivasan defeated I. Krishna Rao; B. H. Lakshmana Rao defeated Johnson David; V. Ranganathan defeated Bhoopalan; B.

Sathyarama Sastry defeated Vustad; J. Mani defeated K. Ananthanarayanan.

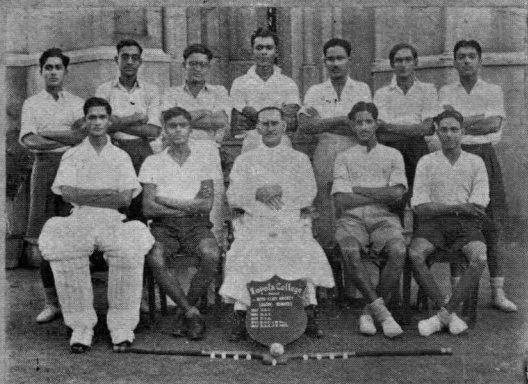
This brought us to the quarter finals, when Satchidananda Rao defeated S. A. P. Annamalai and P. R. Narasimhan; Jamalbad defeated B. Lakshmana Rao and P. S. Srinivasan; C. K. Chandran defeated B. Sathyarama Sastry and V. Ranganathan; M. S. Appa Rao defeated Chengappa and J. Mani.

In the semi finals J. V. Satchidananda Rao defeated Jamalbad; M. S. Appa Rao defeated C. K. Chandran. Satchidananda Rao won in the finals, securing the coveted Krishnaswamy Memorial Cup, leaving M. S. Appa Rao the runner-up. The game of C. K. Chandran excited so much admiration that the Hostellers there and then awarded him a special medal.

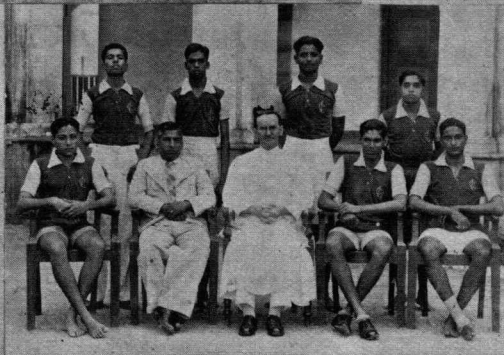
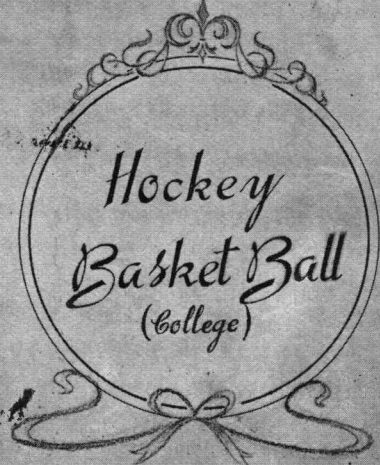
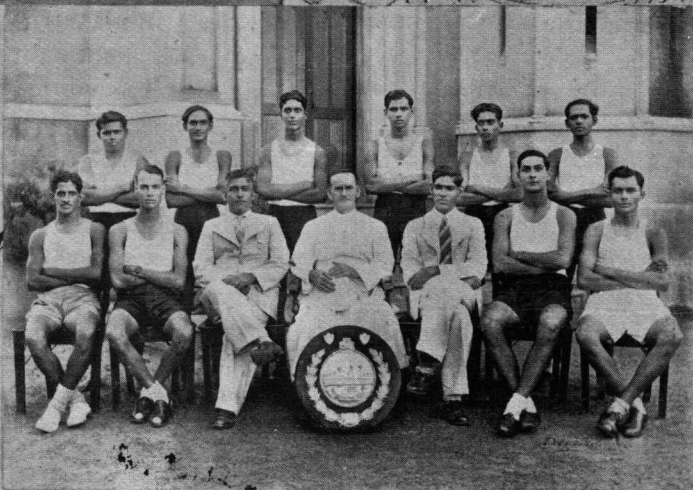
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It was not expected that chess would draw many entries, and it was a pleasant surprise to find that the first round contained the following 27 players:—B. H. Lakshmana Rao, V. Muthuswamy, K. R. Ranganathan, C. V. Poornaiya, Doraiswamy, R. Kannan, D. Srimahavishnu, T. Bhaskar Rao, K. Gangayya, D. S. Dutt, Sambaiya, S. V. Narasimhan, J. V. Satchidananda Rao, S. N. Subba Rao, K. Rajah, Mr. V. Krishnamurthy (Tutor), P. V. Rajagopal, K. Somasundaram, M. Venkateswara Rao, Venkatakrisnan, M. V. Krishnamurthy, V. Krishnamurthy, N. Adinarayana Sarma, K. Ananthanarayanan, Nagappan, M. S. R. Krishna Rao, N. Krishnamurthy.

In the second round B. Lakshmana Rao defeated K. R. Ranganathan; R. Kannan defeated Doraiswamy; Srimahavishnu defeated K. Gangiah; J. V. Satchidananda Rao defeated S. V. Narasimhan; P. V.



Annamalai
University
Trophy



Raghavan and Partner won the runners-up cup.

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Alongside of this new enthusiasm there has been a corresponding literary renaissance. In the dim past there used to be a *Hostel Chronicle*, which languished for a few sickly weeks before its untimely death. Its successor is *Loho News*, and its very able editor is P. P. Nambiar. It began in August and its publication has been regular and uninterrupted. It is typed, and the illustrations are exhibited on the notice board of the Hostel Common Room. Poems, personalities, puns, problems, appreciations prejudiced and partial, find their way into its pages. One announcement records that the hostellers subscribed amongst themselves Rs. 200/- to get the postman out of trouble. He had carelessly left his money wallet where some thief had stolen the money for the money orders. Another rightly expresses his disgust at the competitions in eating (gluttony he calls it). In such a competition Mariappan defeated an opponent by consuming 26 Iddilies. *Item* Heroic tennis battle between A. M. Marakayar and M. S. Appa Rao took 4 days to complete. The games went in a ding dong fashion up to 173 games, when fading light and failing stamina finally declared in favour of A. M. Marakayar.

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With the worsening of the war situation Madras is becoming rapidly bomb-conscious. The necessity of elementary precautions needs no stressing. In Loyola all bulbs for outside lights have been painted blue. The cinema has been stopped owing to the blaze of light from the Quinn Hall. Sand bags have been distributed over the

College buildings. Water connections have been made to draw water from our main tanks. Slit trenches are in preparation. On nights when a complete blackout is ordered, Loyola is very efficiently blacked out. All indoor hostel lights are normally screened, but after 9-30 they are either switched off or else all windows are closed. There are two wardens for each block to see that the A.R.P. orders are carried out faithfully. A number of our students have gone through the official course of training. They deserve our congratulations for their civic consciousness. They are:—V. Sundararajan O. division, R. Kannan R. division, M. V. Krishnaswamy M. division, N. D. Subrahmanyam P. division, S. Rajagopalan P. division, M. V. Sundaram Warden, G. S. Joseph O. division, A. R. Sundaravaradan Warden, C. Bhupathy K. division, P. Chandra Nair Warden, K. M. Pandalai Warden, P. K. Ramachandran Warden, V. Parthasarathy N. division, S. Ramathan O. division, S. Ramaswamy P. division, T. R. Ramaswamy Q. division, T. V. Balakrishnan N. division, K. Srinivasan W. division, D. Sesharathnam R. division, P. H. Stevenage B. division, V. P. Krishnakumar Q. division, M. S. Krishnaswami (Lab. Attender) Q. division, P. Pushpanathan (Lab. Attender) Q. division, P. Marianna (Lab. Attender) Q. division, K. Subrahmanyam Sector Warden, T. Venugopal Rao S division, M. B. Narayanan P. division, K. Srinivasan Warden First Aid, K. K. Srinivasan Warden First Aid, Fire fighting, Anti Gas, G. Thyagarajan Warden, Fire fighting, T. Kothandapany G. division, N. Subrahmanyam M. division, P. S. Radhakrishnan F. division, R. Sundararajan M. division, K. Narasimhan

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Rajagopal defeated S. N. Subba Rao; K. Somasundaram defeated M. V. Krishnamurthy; V. Krishnamurthy defeated K. Ananthanarayanan; N. Krishnamurthy defeated M. S. R. Krishna Rao.

This left the following matches for the quarter finals:—B. Lakshmana Rao vs Kannan; Srimahavishnu vs Satchidananda Rao; P. V. Rajagopalan vs K. Somasundaram; V. Krishnamurthy vs N. Krishnamurthy.

In the semi finals R. Kannan defeated Satchidananda Rao, and N. Krishnamurthy defeated P. V. Rajagopalan.

The finals between Kannan and Krishnamurthy was followed with great interest and great silence by a large gathering, the players' moves being repeated on a specially drawn large-scale vertical board for all to see. Kannan won the best of the three matches and was awarded the cup. Krishnamurthy, who lost rather by an oversight, well deserved the cup for the runner-up.

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There were two tournaments in Carrom, one for Singles and one for Doubles. The Singles tournament drew the following 43 entries:—Y. Venkataratnam, Satyarama Sastry, K. Ram Mohan Rao, N. S. Ramachandra, B. Viswanathan, S. N. Subba Rao, Santhanam, M. Viswanathan, C. V. Srinivasan, C. V. Poorniah, P. P. Nambiar, Amalorpavanathan, P. V. Narasimha Rao, P. Chandrasekhara Sarma, Raghavendran, S. Kothandaraman, Dakshinamurthy, K. Gangiah, Ramakrishnan, R. Rangiah, Gowri Shanker, N. V. Ramani, Suresh, K. Srinivasa Rao, Ananthanarayanan, D. S. Dutt, T. Bhaskar Rao, K. R. Ranganathan, Sampathkumaran, C.

Rangarajan, Chandrasekharan Srikariah, Sivaswamy, Ramu Chetty, Sankaran, M. Venkateswara Rao, S. Narayanan, A. V. Narasimha Rao, V. Anjaneyan, S. K. Narasimha Raghavan, Ramakrishnan, Appa Rao, A. C. James.

By the time the semi-finals were reached all had been eliminated except Gowri Shanker, B. Viswanathan, Narasimha Raghavan, Sampathkumaran. In the finals Narasimha Raghavan won the cup and Gowri Shanker was the runner-up.

Twenty pairs entered for the doubles in Carroms. They were:—K. R. Ranganathan and Partner; P. S. Srinivasan and Partner; Chandrasekharan and Partner; T. V. Subrahmanyam and Partner; P. Chandrasekhara Sarma and Partner; Somayya and Partner; P. Ramakrishna and Partner; Purniah and Partner; V. Srinivasan and Partner; Sankaran and Partner; B. Viswanathan and Partner; Sivaswamy and Partner; A. Seshagiri Rao and Partner; Ramu Chetty and Partner; K. S. Ranganathan and Partner; Ananda Kamath and Partner; Y. Venkataratnam and Partner; N. Krishnamurthy and Partner; Amalorpavanathan and Partner; Narasimha Raghavan and Partner; P. P. Nambiar and Partner; Raghavendran and Partner; C. B. Srinivasan and Partner; Dhakshinamurthy and Partner; M. Viswanathan and Partner; Ananthanarayanan and Partner; Srikariah and Partner.

In the semi-finals K. V. Ranganathan and Partner defeated Sivaswamy and Partner; Narasimha Raghavan and Partner defeated Dhakshnamurthi and Partner. In the finals K. R. Ranganathan and Partner won the cup, and Narasimha

N. division, C. V. Kumaresan, S. division, E. S. Ganapathy M. division, N. Seshagiri Messenger, Mr. P. R. Rangan (office) Messenger, Mr. S. Devaraj (office) Q. division, Mr. V. Lakshmanan (office) Q. division, Mr. R. Venkataraman (Tutor) Q. division, G. D'Netto (Tutor) Messenger).

There are others whose names we have not yet received.

* * * *

Another result of the war has been the appointment of Captain T. S. Subrahmanya Iyer as Adjutant of the U. T. C.

This had led to quite a series of moves on the College chess board. Fr. Adisayam, S.J., has taken on the Indian History throughout the College. Mr. C. Arokiaswamy has been temporarily appointed lecturer in Ancient History. Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan has been appointed tutor for the Junior B.A. Class in Mr. C. Arokiaswamy's place. Mr. J. F. Perreira has been appointed O. C. D. Company Loyola.

* * * *

A full account of the U. T. C.'s activities will be found elsewhere in the Annual; but this is a good opportunity for me to congratulate D. Company for the keenness they have shown throughout the year. Parades have been very exacting, tiresome and long, but few weaklings have had to fall out. There has been a sense of discipline, manliness and duty, and an excellent team spirit. Lieut. Perreira being himself a musician has got company singing going with a swing. We have learned to roll out the barrel, to pack up our troubles, and a great deal of information about John Brown's pathetic baby. The Principal has been persuaded to level out the parade ground, to appoint and equip

a special office room and a store room, and sundry minor but equally necessary items of improvement. More are to follow so long as this infectious spirit of enthusiasm lasts. It is a very unsound policy to let anyone off his Selection Examination, but considering the time the U. T. C. gives to parades and the sacrifice of holidays that the annual camp means, we have continued the unsoundness of last year, and I believe that the anticipated disaster will not be crushing.

* * * *

It is difficult to know how many of our present Cadets have been given commissions. Many have applied, and we are certain of the following:—Cdt. S. L. V. Narasimha Rao (Viceroy's Commission); Rec. Cruickshank; Rec. D. Ruthnaswamy; C. S. M. T. A. Suryanarayanan; Rec. S. J. Scudder; L/C. Desaraj. In the meantime let me congratulate the D. Company on having furnished 9 out of the first batch of 25 called for the U. T. C. flying scheme. They are G. N. Mallikarjuna Rao; R. R. Sujir; T. N. Srikumaran; H. Rozario; S. Jayaraman; E. H. Dadhabhoj; B. Ramesh Rao; W. Van Haeften; K. M. Pandalai. They are to receive training at Meenambakkam every week end, beginning on Friday evenings and returning to College from the flying ground on Mondays. Later when the vacation begins they will spend 3 months in the camp. All expenses are met by the flying scheme. Still another result of the war conditions nearer home has been the reduction of the usual College Day splendour to a mere shadow of its normal self. With refugees pouring in almost daily from Burma it was decided to dispense with visitors, buntings, teas, and

contribute the economies thus effected to the Mayor's Refugee Fund. A College subscription was also opened. Already Rs. 1,000 have been acknowledged by the Secretary of the Refugee Fund.

* * * *

Critics who imagine that our undergraduates do not take enough exercise, would be disillusioned if they saw the entries for the various tournaments which go under the popular name of *Two Anna Tournaments*. The keenness and the good spirit shown make me wish that they were held every term instead of annually. I do not know on what principle the teams choose their names. The Hockey tournament was evidently inspired by the Air Forces of the world, as you will see from the following list of 10 teams:—Hurricanes (Chengappa); Spitfires (D. J. Simon); Tomahawks (K. G. Belliappa); Messerschmidts (N. Vustad); Junkers 88 (P. Pinto); Boeings (B. Ruthnaswamy); Blenheims (A. John); Heinkels (D. Sivappa); Capronis (S. Satur); Dorniers (T. V. S. Mani),

In each Hockey team there were eleven players. The football teams were restricted to seven players. There were 16 teams, and the nomenclature ranged from Egypt's paper to war, fish, and modern mechanics. Here is a list of the teams with their captains:—Guindy Parks (M. S. Appa Rao); Solarious (Michael Xavier); Macabres (Kurien Joseph); Baquavas (P. C. Cherian); Jervis Bays (Ramakrishnan); Eclipses (S. Venkateswaran); Marines (George Varghese); Shankar Prasads (Kulandaivelu); Steel Helmet (Subbarama Reddy); Cavemen (N. C. Krishna Raja); Gold Gills (N. D. Subrahmanyan); Warrior's Calls (N. Vustad);

Khars (T. P. N. Nambiar); Steam Rollers (P. Sinnadurai); Papyrus (Sriramulu); Blue Posters (A. R. Kannappan).

In the cricket tournament politics was represented by Revolutionaries (J. C. V. Chinnappa) and Reactionaries (N. C. Krishnaraja). Then there were Swipers (T. R. Krishnan), Sloggers (E. C. Philip), and Floggers (P. S. Srinivasan), with noble ideals of cricket as we should like to see it. Block Heads (B. K. Mardi) and Bunkoskies (A. R. Sundaravaradan) were poles apart, the former consisting mostly of, very senior and elderly talent, the latter drawing for the most part on the Intermediate classes. Dreamers is a misnomer for J. Sahntilal's team; but I am inclined to think that Eccentrics is 'le mot juste' for M. V. Sundaram's team, and Eleven Wonders not too inappropriate for N. Ramanarasan's eleven hopes. The cricketers had an excellent rule which favours the Swiper and the Sloggers. 'Each match will last 3 hours only, each side batting for an hour and a half'. How this would brighten up Provincial Cricket!

* * * *

I regret to have to record the death of one of our students. M. V. Sampathkumaran came to us from Christian College and joined the junior B.A. Class. During the short time that he had been with us he had made himself very popular both in the College and in the hostels. He was taken from the hostel to the General Hospital with some kind of temperature, and in three days the end came. A meeting of condolence was held in the Hostel, notice of which was sent to Sampathkumaran's parents. R.I.P.

* * * *

Congratulations to Niranjan Prabhu on winning the Second Prize of Rs. 100/- in the O. P. W. A. Essay Competitions (Class C—Intermediate) conducted by the Oxford University Press. More than half of his essay is printed in the body of the Annual.

* * * *

We received a pleasant surprise on the

occasion of the Shasthabthapurti of Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar. It was a gift of Rs. 1,000/-. With the Rajah's approval this has been made a foundation for an Annual Gold Medal to be awarded to the first in B.Sc. Chemistry in the University Examination. We are glad to have this opportunity of publicly thanking Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar.

* ^ * * *

STANLEY CUP TENNIS

SINGLES TOURNAMENT

1.	Loyola (P. L. Narayana Rao)	..	Bye						
2.	Presidency (A)	..	Bye						
3.	Loyola (N. S. Ramachandra)	..							
4.	Teachers' College, Saidapet	..							
5.	Madras Medical College (Sampath)	..							
6.	Loyola (C. Satyanarayana)	..							
7.	Pachayappa's College	..							
8.	Loyola (B. D'Souza)	..							
9.	Engineering (C) (V. P. Pothan)	..							
10.	Loyola (A. N. Sarma)	..							
11.	Law College (Rajagopalan)	..							
12.	P. S. High School (R. V. M. Gopala Krishna Yachandra)	..							
13.	Loyola (A. M. Marakayar)	..							
14.	Engineering (D) (Sridharan)	..							
15.	Presidency (B) (V. R. Raju)	..							
16.	Loyola (M. S. Appa Rao)	..							
17.	Engineering (B) (Rama Sastri)	..							
18.	Loyola (Satchidananda Murthy)	..							
19.	Law College (B) (Achayya Sastri)	..							
20.	Loyola (B. R. M. Prabhu)	..							
21.	Nungambakkam Corporation (H. S. (M. V. G. Appa Rao)	..							
22.	Loyola (Johnson E. David)	..							
23.	Hindu College, Guntur	..							
24.	Engineering (A) (Moses)	..							
25.	Andhra University (G. Krishna Moorthy)	..							
26.	Law (A) (Sunderlal)	..							
27.	Loyola (John)	..							

ERSKINE CUP TENNIS

DOUBLES TOURNAMENT

1.	Engineering (Moses and partner)	..	Bye						
2.	Medical College	..	Bye						
3.	Presidency College	..							
4.	Loyola (Satchidananda Murthy and P. L. Narayana Rao)	..							
5.	Law College	..							
6.	Loyola (Johnson E. David and K. John)	..							
7.	Andhra University	..							
8.	Loyola (B. R. M. Prabhu and B. D'Souza)	..							
9.	Teachers' College, Saidapet	..							
10.	Pachayappa's College	..							
11.	Loyola (A. M. Marakayar and N. S. Ramachandra)	..							

Engineering

Engineering

Loyola

Teachers

Loyola

Engineering

Loyola

Engineering

Engineering

Law

Engineering

Medical

Medical

Loyola

Engineering

Loyola

Law

Law

Cor. H. School

Engineering

Bye

Bye

Bye

Bye

Bye

Loyola

Law

Bye

Teachers

Bye

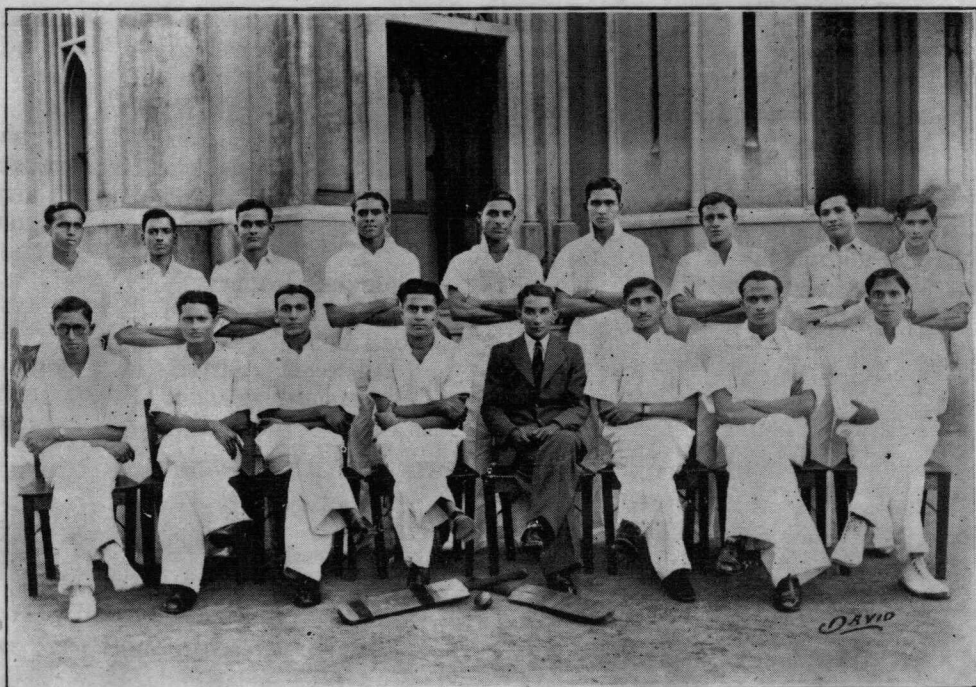
Bye



Standing: John, Vustad, Belliappa, Simon, Soares, Chengappa, Mani.

Seated: Philip, Rathnaswamy, Sivappa (Captain), Mr. J. F. Perreira, (Sports Secretary),
Gaughan, Ashe

CRICKET—XI



Standing: S. Pattabhiraman, T. R. Krishnan, W. V. Ramanarasu, C. Srinivasan,

N. C. Krishnaraj, V. Srinivasan, N. V. Sundaram, J. Shantilal, E. C. Philip

Sitting: A. R. Sundaravaradan, B. K. Mardi, K. G. Belliappa, N. S. Ramachandra (Captain),
Mr. J. F. Perreira (Sports Secretary), Sivappa, Marakayar, P. S. Srinivasan

PRIZE WINNERS

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, 1941

GOLD MEDALISTS

The Bertram Gold Medal for Mathematics Honours:	S. Ramakrishnan.
The T. P. Noronha Gold Medal for Economics Honours:	M. Halaya.
The Quinn Gold Medal for B.A. English:	C. A. S. Sheppard.
The Sundaram Iyer Gold Medal for B.A. Mathematics:	S. Seshadri.
The Honoré Gold Medal for B.A. Physics:	K. Ramachandra Rao.
The Leigh Gold Medal for Intermediate, English:	K. Ganesan.

SILVER MEDALISTS

B.Sc. (PASS).

PHYSICS:	T. V. Srinivasan.
CHEMISTRY:	V. S. Krishnaswamy.

B.A. (PASS).

CHEMISTRY:	P. Achyutha Menon.
ECONOMICS:	K. Rajagopalan.
TAMIL:	N. K. Duraivelu.
TELUGU:	Narasaraju.
MALAYALAM:	Rabindranath.
SANSKRIT:	Ramabhadran.
FRENCH:	Sivappa.

INTERMEDIATE.

GROUP A:	D. Krishnamurthy.
GROUP B:	K. S. Srinivasan.
TAMIL:	G. Swaminathan.
TELUGU:	Satyanathan.
MALAYALAM:	K. P. Kurien.
SANSKRIT:	L. Ramachandran.
	Abiraman.
FRENCH:	M. L. D'Souza.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS

(HONOURS).

MATHEMATICS:	G. Vaidyanathan.
ECONOMICS:	P. T. George.

JUNIOR B.A.

ENGLISH:	Hemachandra Rao.
MATHEMATICS:	Hemachandra Rao.
PHYSICS:	K. R. Ranganathan.
CHEMISTRY:	S. Srinivasan.
ECONOMICS:	S. Ratnaswami.
TAMIL:	V. Sivasubrahmanyam.
	K. R. Ranganathan.
TELUGU:	V. S. Rama Mohan Rao.
MALAYALAM:	M. Krishna Moosad.
SANSKRIT:	R. Ramabhadrachary.
FRENCH:	A. C. James.

JUNIOR INTERMEDIATE.

ENGLISH:	K. Niranjan Prabhu.
GROUP A:	T. Parthasarathy Iyengar.
GROUP B:	N. R. Ramabhadran.
TAMIL:	M. Balasubrahmanyam.
TELUGU:	S. Ramalingam.
MALAYALAM:	Kunhi Narayanan Nam- biar.
KANNADA:	J. Premanand.
SANSKRIT:	S. S. Sankaranarayanan.
FRENCH:	C. Sivaraman.

SCHOLARSHIP HOLDERS, 1941-42

LOYOLA SCHOLARSHIP:	St. Mary's Madras:	A. M. Aranha.
	Montford, Yercaud:	A. Assey.
BERTRAM SCHOLARSHIP:		R. H. Macdonald D'Silva.
RAMAKRISHNA RAO SCHOLARSHIP:		S. K. Sundaram.
SUNDARAM IYER SCHOLARSHIP:		A. Devasia.
		G. Vaidyanathan.

PRIZE WINNERS**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, 1941****GOLD MEDALISTS**

The Bertram Gold Medal for Mathematics Honours:	S. Ramakrishnan.
The T. P. Noronha Gold Medal for Economics Honours:	M. Halaya.
The Quinn Gold Medal for B.A. English:	C. A. S. Sheppard.
The Sundaram Iyer Gold Medal for B.A. Mathematics:	S. Seshadri.
The Honoré Gold Medal for B.A. Physics:	K. Ramachandra Rao.
The Leigh Gold Medal for Intermediate, English:	K. Ganesan.

SILVER MEDALISTS**B.Sc. (PASS).**

PHYSICS:	T. V. Srinivasan.
CHEMISTRY:	V. S. Krishnaswamy.

B.A. (PASS).

CHEMISTRY:	P. Achyutha Menon.
ECONOMICS:	K. Rajagopalan.
TAMIL:	N. K. Durairavel.
TELUGU:	Narasaraju.
MALAYALAM:	Rabindranath.
SANSKRIT:	Ramabhadran.
FRENCH:	Sivappa.

INTERMEDIATE.

GROUP A:	D. Krishnamurthy.
GROUP B:	K. S. Srinivasan.
TAMIL:	G. Swaminathan.
TELUGU:	Satyanathan.
MALAYALAM:	K. P. Kurien.
SANSKRIT:	L. Ramachandran.
	Abiraman.
FRENCH:	M. L. D'Souza.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS**(HONOURS).**

MATHEMATICS:	G. Vaidyanathan.
ECONOMICS:	P. T. George.

JUNIOR B.A.

ENGLISH:	Hemachandra Rao.
MATHEMATICS:	Hemachandra Rao.
PHYSICS:	K. R. Ranganathan.
CHEMISTRY:	S. Srinivasan.
ECONOMICS:	S. Ratnaswami.
TAMIL:	V. Sivasubrahmanyam.
	K. R. Ranganathan.
TELUGU:	V. S. Rama Mohan Rao.
MALAYALAM:	M. Krishna Moosad.
SANSKRIT:	R. Ramabhadrachary.
FRENCH:	A. C. James.

JUNIOR INTERMEDIATE.

ENGLISH:	K. Niranjan Prabhu.
GROUP A:	T. Parthasarathy Iyengar.
GROUP B:	N. R. Ramabhadran.
TAMIL:	M. Balasubrahmanyam.
TELUGU:	S. Ramalingam.
MALAYALAM:	Kunhi Narayanan Nam- biar.
KANNADA:	J. Premanand.
SANSKRIT:	S. S. Sankaranarayanan.
FRENCH:	C. Sivaraman.

SCHOLARSHIP HOLDERS, 1941-42

LOYOLA SCHOLARSHIP:	St. Mary's Madras:	A. M. Aranha.
	Montford, Yercaud:	A. Assey.
BERTRAM SCHOLARSHIP:		R. H. Macdonald D'Silva.
		S. K. Sundaram.
RAMAKRISHNA RAO SCHOLARSHIP:		A. Devasia.
SUNDARAM IYER SCHOLARSHIP:		G. Vaidyanathan.

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1941

M.A. DEGREE

BRANCH I—MATHEMATICS

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.
1.	Venkataraman, S.

THIRD CLASS

RANK.	NAME.
1.	Tirumala Rao, A.

BRANCH IV—ECONOMICS

THIRD CLASS

RANK.	NAME.
3.	Ramaratnam, K.

B.A. (HONOURS)

BRANCH I—MATHEMATICS

FIRST CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
2.	Ramakrishnan, S.	12.	Bhaskaran, A.
3.	Gopalaraghavan, V.	13.	Paramesvara Ayyar, R.
4.	Venkatasubba Rao, G.	15.	Parthasarathi, S.
9.	Ramaswami, N. R.	18.	Gangayya, K.
10.	Anandam, K.	22.	Balasubrahmanyam, R.
11.	Chandrasekharan, N.	23.	Devanathan, A.

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
2.	Visvanathan, S.	17.	Lakshmiarahan, V.
5.	Swaminathan, K. S.	18.	Vaidisvaran, K.
7.	Balachandra Menon, P. G.	20.	Isvara Ayyar, S.
13.	Chinnappa Reddi, O.	22.	Venkatakrishnayya, V. K.

THIRD CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
10.	Nagarajan, S. K.	13.	Hanumanta Rao, K.

BRANCH IV—ECONOMICS

FIRST CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
1.	Halayya, M.	3.	{Rangachari, M. N.
3.	Madhava Das, K.		{Srinivasan, K.

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
1.	Martin, J. J.	11.	Bhaskaran Nayar, G.
2.	Seturama Rao, M.	14.	Ramamurti, K. N.
3.	{Balasubrahmanyam, V.	18.	Rangaswami, M. A.
	{Rajagopalan, V.	21.	{Thomas Rajarethinam.
6.	{D'Lanoy Carvalho, S. J.		{Williams, S.
	{Sankaran, K.	27.	Krishnamurti, P. S.
10.	Venkataramana Rao, P.	29.	Suresan, V.

THIRD CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
2.	Krishnamurti, A. V.	12.	Raghavachari, N. C.
11.	Narayanaswami, P. K.	16.	Manohar Rao, R.

B.A. (HONS.) PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

NAME.	NAME.
Abdul Khader, O. V.	Mariappan, A. M.
Abdulla, O. V.	Muttuswami, V.
Chenthamarai, K.	Nagaraja Rao, K. V.
Damodaran Nambiyar, P. C.	Narayanan, G. V.
Desikachari, R.	Narayanaswami, T. V.
Devadasa Mallya, P.	Parthasarathi, N.
D'Souza, B.	Rajagopal, P. V.
Ganapati, V. N.	Ramachandran, V. E.
Gopalakrishnan, K. T.	Ramachandra Rao, U.
Jayaraman, T. K.	Ramadurai, R.
Kalyanaraman, T. K.	Ramakrishna, P.
Kalyanasundaram, S.	Ramamurti, R.
Kandaswami, G.	Raman, S.
Kandaswami, M.	Ranganathan, K. V.
Kannan, R.	Ratnaswami, B.
Ketharaman, S.	Sampatkumaran, V. S.
Kunhikanna Kurup.	Sivananda Kamath, K.
Lalchand, S.	Soares, J. L.

NAME.
Srinivasan, R.
Subhadra Rao, V.
Subrahmanyam, T. S.
Vasudevan, P. V.

NAME.
Venkataraman, V.
Venkataramani, R.
Venkatasubrahmanyam, V. N.
Venkatesvaran, S.

B.S.C. DEGREE EXAMINATION

PART I

ENGLISH

NAME.
Axford, T. E.
Baghavan Prasad
Bhide, M. R.
Daniel Duraisingh
Ganapatisubrahmanyam, K.
Gopalakrishnan, T. K.
Hanumanta Rao, C. K.
Jayaram Sujir, R.
Kalyanasundaram, V.
Kandaswami, V.
Kannan, A.
Keshava Prabhu, M.
King, J. P. G.
Krishnamurti, V.
Krishnamurti, V. A.
Lakshminarayanan, V. N.
Mahalingam, N.
Muttuswami, V.
Muttuswami, V.
Rajagopalan, V. R.

NAME.
Ram Mohan Nayak, U.
Ratnam, P. S.
Sankaran, N.
Satyarama Sastri, B.
Sivaramakrishnan, A. L.
Srinivasan, C. D.
Srinivasan, C. S.
Srinivasan, V.
Srinivasan, V.
Srinivasavaradan, K.
Sundaram, S. P.
Venkatachalam, V.
Venkatanarasimhan, S.
Venkatasubbaratnam, S.
Venkatasubrahmanyam, R.
White, G. A.
Yegnaswami, G. N.
Rangamannar, V. V.
Rangaswami, V. S.

PART II

PHYSICS (MAIN)

RANK.	NAME.
3.	Srinivasan, T. V.
4.	Srinivasan, V. R.
5.	Ranganathan, R.
10.	Sadasivan, P. S.
23.	Varadaraju, T. T.

FIRST CLASS

RANK.	NAME.
26.	{ Ramamurti, S.
	{ Venkatesvara Rao, A.
28.	Venkatesvarlu, K.
30.	{ Krishnamurti Rao, D.
	{ Ramaswami, R.
32.	Krishnamurti, P. B.

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
4.	Narayanan, C.	26.	Paramesvaran, K.
11.	Rangamannar, V. V.	28.	Ramachandran, N.
12.	Mahadeva Ayyar, P. R.	33.	Visvanathan, N.
17.	De Souza, G.	34.	Rama Rao, S.
23.	Venkatesvara Rao, M.	39.	Rajagopalan, E. V.
25.	Ramachandran, M. S.	42.	Dorai Rama.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.	NAME.
Rangaswami, V. S.	Lakshminarayanan, A.
Visvasam, T. T.	Rajagopal Rao, T.
Basappa, D.	Rishikesh Rajkumar, N.
Besterwitch, R. P.	

PART II

CHEMISTRY (MAIN)

FIRST CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
2.	Krishnaswami, V. S.	10.	{ Venkataraman, M.
4.	Abdul Kalam		{ Vijayaraghavan, P. K.
5.	Ramadoss, C. V.	12.	Ramachandran, K.
7.	Kuppuswami, S.		

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
7.	Krishnamurti, M.	31.	Pichumani, K.
26.	Krishnamurti, A.	45.	Balasubrahmanyam, M. G.
30.	Venkatachalam, P. S.	46.	Venkatasubrahmanyam, T.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.	NAME.
Chintan, K.	Subrahmanyam, K.
Gopalakrishnan, A.	Unnikrishna Menon, K. P.
Jagannathan, R.	Venkataraman, S.
Krishnan, M. S.	Vergheze, K. A.
Parthasarathi, S.	Viraraghavan, A. S.

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION

PART I

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
2.	Sheppard, C. A. S.	9.	Narayanan Unni, E. M.
4.	Rajagopalan, K.		

THIRD CLASS

NAME.	NAME.
Duraivelu, N. K.	Ramachandra Rao, K.
Natarajan, S.	Makutesvaran, M. C.
Sambasivan, S.	Mallikesvaran, S.
Srinivasan, D.	Kameswara Rao, P.
Kesava Rao, K.	Krishnamurti, B. V. N.
Ramadoss, K. C.	Kuttikrishnan, P.
Rami Reddi, V.	Rabindranathan, K. A.
Narayanan, M. N.	Achyuta Menon, P.
Ananda Rao, A.	Appa Rao, T. V.
Parthasarathi, T. K.	Raghupati Rao, K.
Radhakrishnan, T. S.	Ahamad Meera, S.
Ramanathan, V. G.	Chelliah Devadoss, S.
Seshadri, S.	Etirajan, V. P.
Varadarajan, V.	Janakiraman, T.
Vasudevan, V.	Kaliyanna Goundan, M.
Joseph Louis, S.	Kanakasabhupati, B.
Messiahdas, J. T. P.	Kandaswami, P. M.
Venkatachari, K.	Kandaswami, S.
Kanakasundaram, G.	Kannappan, M. P.
Srinivasan, N.	Kasturi, N. G.
Dasaradharami Reddi, V.	Kasturirangan, T. R.
Tiruvenkatachari, V.	Muttayya, R.
Akbar Batcha, K. A.	Palaniswami, T. N.
Balasubrahmanyam, S.	Sankararaman, P. N.
Govindarajan, A. T.	Sivaprakasam, N. S.
Ramakrishna Pillai, K. N.	Srinivasan, G.
Daly, D. A.	Varadarajan, A.
McKenzie, J. L.	Venkatakrishnan, R.
Thanu Ayyar, N.	Bharata Sastri, S.
Gnanasigamoni, E. P.	Krishnamurti, P.
Bhujanga Rao, K.	Narasa Raju, D. V.



COLLEGE CHURCH

R. S. Sima

NAME.	NAME.
Rangabhashyam, P. B.	Ramabhadran, T. A.
Satyanarayana Rao, M.	Rangachari, K. R.
Suryanarayana, P.	Seshadri, C. S.
Venkatanarasa Raju, K.	Seshadri, R.
Venkataramana Reddi, M.	Srinivasa Rao, P.
Venkatasubbayya, C.	Subrahmanyan, T. A.
Achyuta Menon, K.	Suryanarayanamurti, K.
Balakrishnan, K.	Barden, C. F.
Bhaskaran, N.	Francis, E. J.
Imbichi Muhammad, C. A.	Om Nath Sahni
Umamahesvaran, K. S.	Sivappa, D.
Vasudevan, P.	Visvasaratnam, K.
Bashyam, V. S.	Alagiya Doss, S.
Gopalraya Sarma, K.	Anantakrishnan, R.
Govindarajan, K. N.	Ramadoss Menon, K.
Gowrishankar, D.	Ramakrishnan, J.
Kesavan Nayar, T.	Sundaram, S.
Motichand Daga	Ramadas, M.
Nagaraja Rao, V. N.	George, I. K.
Padmanabha Ayyar, S.	Rajagopalan, P. V.
Raghuram Baliga, B.	

PART II—SECOND LANGUAGES

TAMIL

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
7.	{ Duraivelu, N. K.	60.	{ Janakiraman, T.
	{ Kanakasundaram, G.		{ Kandaswami, S.
11.	{ Etirajan, V. P.		{ Varadarajan, A.
14.	{ Sivaprakasam, N. S.	70.	{ Minakshisundaram, L.
	{ Natarajan, S.		{ Bhujanga Rao, K.
45.	{ Srinivasan, N.	77.	{ Muhammad Abdulla, A.
	{ Palaniswami, T. N.		{ Sankararaman, P. N.
52.	{ Kannappan, M. P.		{ Venkatakrishnan, R.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.	NAME.
Balachandran, G.	Srinivasan, D.
Raghunathan, K.	Krishnamurti, R.
Sambasivan, S.	Dhanasanker, J. A.

NAME.

Rangabhashyam, P. B.
 Satyanarayana Rao, M.
 Suryanarayana, P.
 Venkatanarasa Raju, K.
 Venkataramana Reddi, M.
 Venkatasubbayya, C.
 Achyuta Menon, K.
 Balakrishnan, K.
 Bhaskaran, N.
 Imbichi Muhammad, C. A.
 Umamahesvaran, K. S.
 Vasudevan, P.
 Bashyam, V. S.
 Gopalraya Sarma, K.
 Govindarajan, K. N.
 Gowrishankar, D.
 Kesavan Nayar, T.
 Motichand Daga
 Nagaraja Rao, V. N.
 Padmanabha Ayyar, S.
 Raghuram Baliga, B.

NAME.

Ramabhadran, T. A.
 Rangachari, K. R.
 Seshadri, C. S.
 Seshadri, R.
 Srinivasa Rao, P.
 Subrahmanyan, T. A.
 Suryanarayanamurti, K.
 Barden, C. F.
 Francis, E. J.
 Om Nath Sahni
 Sivappa, D.
 Visvasaratnam, K.
 Alagiya Doss, S.
 Anantakrishnan, R.
 Ramadoss Menon, K.
 Ramakrishnan, J.
 Sundaram, S.
 Ramadas, M.
 George, I. K.
 Rajagopalan, P. V.

PART II—SECOND LANGUAGES

TAMIL

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.
7.	{ Duraivelu, N. K. Kanakasundaram, G.
11.	Etirajan, V. P.
14.	Sivaprakasam, N. S.
45.	{ Natarajan, S. Srinivasan, N. Palaniswami, T. N.
52.	Kannappan, M. P.

RANK.	NAME.
60.	{ Janakiraman, T. Kandaswami, S. Varadarajan, A. Minakshisundaram, L.
70.	Bhujanga Rao, K.
77.	{ Muhammad Abdulla, A. Sankararaman, P. N. Venkatakrishnan, R.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
 Balachandran, G.
 Raghunathan, K.
 Sambasivan, S.

NAME.
 Srinivasan, D.
 Krishnamurti, R.
 Dhanasanker, J. A.

NAME.
 Venugopalan, S.
 Mallikesvaran, S.
 Jayaraman, G. R.
 Sundaram, P.
 Ahamad Meera, S.
 Chelliah Devadoss, S.
 Gopalakrishnan, T. R.
 Kaliyanna Goundan, M.
 Kanakasabhapati, B.

NAME.
 Kandaswami, P. M.
 Sambasivan, P. S.
 Kasturi, N. G.
 Kasturirangan, T. R.
 Krishnaswami, K. V.
 Muttayya, R.
 Ramanujam, T.
 Srinivasan, G.
 Sugavanam, K. S.

TELUGU

FIRST CLASS

RANK.	NAME.
1.	Narasa Raju, D. V.

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
7.	Ramanarao Patnaik, V. V.		
11.	{ Rami Reddi, V. Dasaradharami Reddi, V.	16.	{ Tiruvenkatachari, V. Bharata Sastri, S. Suryanarayana, P.
		21.	Kesava Rao, K.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
 Chenchuramayya, P.
 Ramachandra Rao, K.
 Kameswara Rao, P.
 Krishnamurti, B. V. N.
 Mahadevan, K.
 Gopala Satyanarayana
 Varaprasad, V.
 Krishnamurti Reddi, P.

NAME.
 Nageswara Rao, C.
 Seshadri, G.
 Venkatanarasa Raju, K.
 Venkataramana Reddi, M.
 Venkatasubbayya, C.
 Wood, A. S.
 Sankaram, T. J.

MALAYALAM

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.
2.	Rabindranathan, K. A.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
 Narayanan, M. N.
 Akbar Batcha, K. A.

NAME.
 Kuttikrishnan, P.
 Achyuta Menon, K.

NAME.
 Venugopalan, S.
 Mallikesvaran, S.
 Jayaraman, G. R.
 Sundaram, P.
 Ahamad Meera, S.
 Chelliah Devadoss, S.
 Gopalakrishnan, T. R.
 Kaliyanna Goundan, M.
 Kanakasabhapati, B.

NAME.
 Kandaswami, P. M.
 Sambasivan, P. S.
 Kasturi, N. G.
 Kasturirangan, T. R.
 Krishnaswami, K. V.
 Muttayya, R.
 Ramanujam, T.
 Srinivasan, G.
 Sugavanam, K. S.

TELUGU

FIRST CLASS

RANK. NAME.
 1. Narasa Raju, D. V.

SECOND CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
7.	Ramanarao Patnaik, V. V.		
11.	{ Rami Reddi, V. Dasaradharami Reddi, V.	16.	{ Tiruvenkatachari, V. Bharata Sastri, S. Suryanarayana, P.
		21.	Kesava Rao, K.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
 Chenchuramayya, P.
 Ramachandra Rao, K.
 Kameswara Rao, P.
 Krishnamurti, B. V. N.
 Mahadevan, K.
 Gopala Satyanarayana
 Varaprasad, V.
 Krishnamurti Reddi, P.

NAME.
 Nageswara Rao, C.
 Seshadri, G.
 Venkatanarasa Raju, K.
 Venkataramana Reddi, M.
 Venkatasubbayya, C.
 Wood, A. S.
 Sankaram, T. J.

MALAYALAM

SECOND CLASS

RANK. NAME.
 2. Rabindranathan, K. A.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
 Narayanan, M. N.
 Akbar Batcha, K. A.

NAME.
 Kuttikrishnan, P.
 Achyuta Menon, K.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
Joseph Louis, S.
Messiahdas, J. T. P.
Venkatachari, K.
Daly, D. A.

NAME.
McKenzie, J. I.
Barden, C. F.
Francis, E. J.
Ramamurti, S.

PART III—OPTIONAL GROUPS

GROUP (i-a)—MATHEMATICS

FIRST CLASS

RANK. NAME.
2. Seshadri, S.

RANK. NAME.
7. Messiahdas, J. T. P.

SECOND CLASS

RANK. NAME.
2. Nataraján, S.
3. Vasudevan, V.
4. Parthasarathi, T. K.

RANK. NAME.
5. Ramadoss, K. C.
6. Krishnamurti, R.
7. Narayanan, M. N.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
Balachandran, G.
Duraivelu, N. K.
Sambasivan, S.
Srinivasan, D.
Rami Reddi, V.

NAME.
Radhakrishnan, T. S.
Ramanathan, V. G.
Varadarajan, V.
Joseph Louis, S.
Venkatachari, K.

GROUP (i-b)—MATHEMATICS

FIRST CLASS

RANK. NAME.
4. Sheppard, C. A. S.
10. Balasubrahmanyam, S.
15. Govindarajan, A. T.
23. Thanu Ayyar, N.

RANK. NAME.
25. Srinivasan, N.
38. Venugopalan, S.
51. Sivaramakrishnan, S. R.

SECOND CLASS

RANK. NAME.
5. Akbar Batcha, K. A.
19. McKenzie, J. L.

RANK. NAME.
46. Ramakrishna Pillai, K. N.

THIRD CLASS		F	
NAME.		NAME.	
Joseph Louis, S.		McKenzie, J. I.	
Messiahdas, J. T. P.		Barden, C. F.	
Venkatachari, K.		Francis, E. J.	
Daly, D. A.		Ramamurti, S.	

PART III—OPTIONAL GROUPS

GROUP (i-a)—MATHEMATICS

FIRST CLASS		SECOND CLASS	
RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
2.	Seshadri, S.	7.	Messiahdas, J. T. P.

SECOND CLASS		THIRD CLASS	
RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
2.	Natarajan, S.	5.	Ramadoss, K. C.
3.	Vasudevan, V.	6.	Krishnamurti, R.
4.	Parthasarathi, T. K.	7.	Narayanan, M. N.

FIRST CLASS		THIRD CLASS	
NAME.		NAME.	
Balachandran, G.		Radhakrishnan, T. S.	
Duraivelu, N. K.		Ramanathan, V. G.	
Sambasivan, S.		Varadarajan, V.	
Srinivasan, D.		Joseph Louis, S.	
Rami Reddi, V.		Venkatachari, K.	

GROUP (i-b)—MATHEMATICS

FIRST CLASS		SECOND CLASS	
RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
4.	Sheppard, C. A. S.	25.	Srinivasan, N.
10.	Balasubrahmanyam, S.	38.	Venugopalan, S.
15.	Govindarajan, A. T.	51.	Sivaramakrishnan, S. R.
23.	Thanu Ayyar, N.		

FIRST CLASS		SECOND CLASS	
RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
5.	Akbar Batcha, K. A.	46.	Ramakrishna Pillai, K. N.
19.	McKenzie, J. L.		

RANK.	NAME.	RANK.	NAME.
18.	Nagaraja Rao, V. N.	24.	Kaliyanna Goundan, M.
19.	Anantakrishnan, R.	34.	Kannappan, M. P.
22.	Om Nath Sahni.		

THIRD CLASS

NAME.	NAME.
Ahamed Meera, S.	Imbichi Muhammad, C. A.
Chelliah Devadoss, S.	Joseph, V. K.
Gopalakrishnan, T. R.	Rajagopala Ayyar, R.
Janakiraman, T.	Umamahesvaran, K. S.
Kanakasabhapati, B.	Vasudevan, P.
Kandaswami, P. M.	Vasudevan, P.
Kandaswami, S.	Bashyam, V. S.
Kasturi, N. G.	Gopalraya Sarma, K.
Kasturirangan, T. R.	Govindarajan, K. N.
Krishnaswami, K. V.	Motichand Daga.
Muttayya, R.	Padmanabha Ayyar, S.
Ramanujam, T.	Ramabhadran, T. A.
Sankararaman, P. N.	Rangachari, K. R.
Sivaprakasam, N. S.	Seshadri, C. S.
Srinivasan, G.	Seshadri, R.
Varadarajan, A.	Srinivasa Rao, P.
Venkatakrisnan, R.	Subrahmanyam, K.
Bharata Sastri, S.	Subrahmanyam, T. A.
Krishnamurti, P.	Suryanarayanamurti, K.
Krishnamurti Reddi, P.	Tyagarajan, K.
Nageswara Rao, C.	Francis, E. J.
Narasa Raju, D. V.	Sivappa, D.
Rangabhashyam, P. B.	Visvasaratnam, K.
Seshadri, G.	Alagiya Doss, S.
Venkatanarasa Raju, K.	Chellaswami, P.
Venkataramana Reddi, M.	Ramadoss Menon, K.
Venkatasubbayya, C.	Ramakrishnan, J.
Wood, A. S.	Sundaram, S.
Balakrishnan, K.	Venkatesaperumal, K.
Bhaskaran, N.	Minakshisundaram, L.

RANK.	NAME.
18.	Nagaraja Rao, V. N.
19.	Anantakrishnan, R.
22.	Om Nath Sahni.

RANK.	NAME.
24.	Kaliyanna Goundan, M.
34.	Kannappan, M. P.

THIRD CLASS

NAME.
Ahamed Meera, S.
Chelliah Devadoss, S.
Gopalakrishnan, T. R.
Janakiraman, T.
Kanakasabhapati, B.
Kandaswami, P. M.
Kandaswami, S.
Kasturi, N. G.
Kasturirangan, T. R.
Krishnaswami, K. V.
Muttayya, R.
Ramanujam, T.
Sankararaman, P. N.
Sivaprakasam, N. S.
Srinivasan, G.
Varadarajan, A.
Venkatakrishnan, R.
Bharata Sastri, S.
Krishnamurti, P.
Krishnamurti Reddi, P.
Nageswara Rao, C.
Narasa Raju, D. V.
Rangabhashyam, P. B.
Seshadri, G.
Venkatanarasa Raju, K.
Venkataramana Reddi, M.
Venkatasubbayya, C.
Wood, A. S.
Balakrishnan, K.
Bhaskaran, N.

NAME.
Imbichi Muhammad, C. A.
Joseph, V. K.
Rajagopala Ayyar, R.
Umamahesvaran, K. S.
Vasudevan, P.
Vasudevan, P.
Bashyam, V. S.
Gopalraya Sarma, K.
Govindarajan, K. N.
Motichand Daga.
Padmanabha Ayyar, S.
Ramabhadran, T. A.
Rangachari, K. R.
Seshadri, C. S.
Seshadri, R.
Srinivasa Rao, P.
Subrahmanyam, K.
Subrahmanyam, T. A.
Suryanarayanamurti, K.
Tyagarajan, K.
Francis, E. J.
Sivappa, D.
Visvasaratnam, K.
Alagiya Doss, S.
Chellaswami, P.
Ramadoss Menon, K.
Ramakrishnan, J.
Sundaram, S.
Venkatesaperumal, K.
Minakshisundaram, L.

RANK.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.	RANK.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.
417.	Chinnaswami, K.	ce	598.	Vaidyanathan, P. R.	cef
455.	Gopalan, R.	cef	629.	Ramamurti, T. S.	ce
459.	Venkataraman, A. N.	ce	647.	{ Balasubrahmanyam, G.	ef
470.	{ Jayaraman, R.	ce		{ Ramanujam, N.	cef
	{ Santanam, M. S.	ef	662.	Chandrasekhar, A.	ce
515.	Ramamurti, A. V.	ce		{ Duraiswami, M.	ef
527.	Subrahmanyam, T. V.	cef	676.	{ Rajagopalan, S.	ce
533.	{ Krishnamurti, S.	ce		{ Srinivasan, V.	cef
	{ Margabandhu, N.	ce	707.	{ Parthasarathi, W. S.	ce
542.	{ Anjaneyan, V.	ce		{ Ramachandra Raju, V.	ef
	{ Natarajan, P. R.	e	730.	L'Esteve, O. E.	e
550.	Ramanathan, L.	ce	736.	Ramachandran, K.	cef
573.	Achyuta Menon, P.	be	746.	Jagannathan, A.	ce
587.	Srinivasan, K. V.	ce	777.	Venkatasubrahmanyam, M.	ce
590.	Janakirama Rao, B.	cef			

SECOND CLASS

NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.
George Swamidoss, J.	e	Krishnan, C. V. S.	ce
Gopalakrishnan, K.	ce	Raghavan, R.	ce
Narayanan, V. K.	ce	Ramankutti, T. K.	
Natarajan, V. S.	ce	Rangarajan, C.	f
Pakshi Rajagopalan, P. T.	ef	Sankaranarayanan, R.	c
Ramachandran, K. V.	e	Sitarama Sarma, V.	
Sampathnarayanan, V.		Srinivasan, A.	e
Venkatesvaran, D.		Tyagarajan, N.	c
Venugopal, T.	f	Coelho, R.	e
Balasubrahmanyam, M. N.	e	Lloyd D'Silva, J.	
Krishnakumar, V. P.		Visvanathan, T. S.	f
Kuriyan, K. P.	e	Wilson, B. C.	b
Balasubrahmanyam, R.	ef		

GROUP B-1—ANCIENT HISTORY, MODERN HISTORY AND LOGIC

FIRST CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.	RANK.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.
590.	Abhimanyu Kumar	bj	676.	Narasimhan, T.	gj
620.	Jaipal, S.	g	777.	Singaram, T. K.	g

SECOND CLASS

NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.
Durai, I. M. J.		Jayaseelan, R. S.	
Jayachandran, R.	j	Louis, A.	j

NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.
Narayanan, P. V.		Kannan, P. K.	j
Natarajan, T. S.		Kuruville John.	
Raghavan, R. V.	j	Nagarajan, D. K.	
Ramalingam, N.		Parthasarathi, K. R.	
Suryanarayanan, T. A.		Parthasarathi, V.	
Vedachalam, M. N.		Ramaswami, S.	gj
Venkatachalapati, A, P.	j	Rangachari, S.	
Gopalakrishnamurti, J.	gj	Srinivasan, K. S.	g
Ramakrishnayya Chétti, G.	j	Srinivasan, M. V.	
Visvesvarayya, T.		Vijayaraghavan, K.	
Radhakrishna Menon, V. M.			

GROUP B-2—ANCIENT HISTORY, INDIAN HISTORY AND LOGIC

FIRST CLASS

RANK.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.	RANK.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.
428.	Suryanarayana Rao, Ch.	gj	698.	Arunachalam, K. E.	gi
455.	Coelho, A. V.	.bgj	746.	{ Joseph, P. T.	ij
470.	Rajagopalan, N.	gj		{ Subrahmanya Ayyar, V. K.	gij
560.	Subrahmanyan, V. S.	gj	768.	Satchidananda Rao, J. V.	gj
573.	Srinivasan, K. S.	gj			

SECOND CLASS

NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.	NAME.	DISTINCTIONS.
Isvaran, S. N.		Varadarajan, S.	
Kanniappan, M.		Vedachalam, C. R.	
Krishnaswami, G.		Vinaithirthan, Sp.	g
Natarajan, S. K.		Chidananda Tilak, P.	j
Rajagopalan, A. S.		Muhammad Abdur Rahim Khan.	
Rajagopalan, K. V.		Sambayya, T.	j
Rajagopala Rao, K.		Seshagiri Rao, S.	
Ramachandran, C. P.		George, K. M.	gj
Ramaswami, K. S.		Ramachandran, P. K.	gj
Sankaran, E.		Ranganathan, P. S.	
Sinnadurai, P.		Sundaresan, M. V.	
Subrahmanyam, C.	g		

PARTING THOUGHTS

I have been six long years in Loyola hostel. This fact has made me the butt of much good-humoured badinage and often of not so good-humoured ridicule. It is regarded as slightly absurd and incredible that any one could manage to stay six years in the same College and in the same hostel. Sometimes I have been irritated and impatient with those who, whenever they see me, begin the conversation (an exclamation mark in their eyes and a contemptuous curl on their lips) with, "I say! This is your sixth year in the hostel isn't it? I wonder how you have managed it"!

Being a veteran in the hostel has its humorous side too. For instance the hostel barbers, the pickers on the tennis courts, and the block sweepers, have all a sneaking suspicion that I must either be a Tutor in the College, or one of those unfortunate individuals with whose performances the University Examiners are so impressed, that they demand an encore or two at every examination.

The cooks in the mess and the waiters in the restaurant have given up speculating about me. They now take me for granted as a more or less permanent fixture in the hostel, whom nothing or nobody can shake off.

To others again I represent (or they think I represent) one of those idle rich, who with ample means and inadequate mental equipment, seem to be possessed by a vulgar and insatiable appetite for higher university education. The post-graduate course, specially in economics, is usually regarded as a pleasant and not

too taxing alternative to unemployment, specially when one does not tread the well worn path to the Law College. Of course the economics post-graduate course itself, some might argue, is a form of unemployment, because to the cynic economics represents, at best, the "Science which explains the obvious in elaborate terms." A conversation which I overheard early this year, well illustrates the general attitude in the hostel towards post-graduates—specially of the economics variety. A friend and I were sauntering near the Café de Loyola, when two freshers passed us. One of them nudged the other and asked: "What class are those two studying in" ? and much to my amusement I heard the other reply in a confidential undertone: "Oh, they don't study," and he added as if in extenuation and explanation, "you see they are economics post-graduates." The charming naiveté of this future Einstein quite took away my breath.

As for Grandpa Warden, he has welcomed me year after year with his indulgent smile at my turning up like the proverbial bad penny.

But the time for partings and farewells is fast approaching. In less than two months I shall have done with essays and examinations, and Loyola will only be a pleasant memory.

The end of college life means always the end of a beautiful and care-free phase of one's life. I shall be going from the tranquillity and beauty of academic life into the harsher outer world—a world moreover which is not particularly plea-

sant just now. I am on the threshold of a new life. But whatever be my lot and whatever be the walk of life I shall have to tread, I shall always be proud and I shall always cherish the thought of

having belonged to Loyola, which has taught me above all—

To see life steadily and see it whole.

N. S. RAMACHANDRA,

M.A. Class (Economics).

DUPED (SHORT STORY)

It was one of those summer evenings when the distant skies look like flaming gold, and when even the most confirmed recluse is drawn out irresistibly for a stroll. Hence there was nothing strange in my falling a victim to nature's tempting call. I walked leisurely to the park before the railway buildings, a solitary spot amidst the noise and bustle. I made myself comfortable at the corner of a bench beneath a shady tree.

I was not left alone for long. A youth of about seventeen disturbed my day dreams by a respectful "good evening, Sir". He was clad in khadi, had a cultivated appearance, and was ashine with health. I returned his greeting, and was told that he was Balachandran, the son of a well-to-do farmer of Vishnupuram. "Sir, I hate to trouble you; and it must seem rather odd that I should seek help from a perfect stranger, but"..... and he stood hesitant, nervously clasping and unclasping his fingers, the very picture of distressed innocence. I gave him an encouraging nod, and he continued:

"I came down to witness the exhibition show. I wanted to return in the evening, and so brought only a couple of rupees above the price of a return ticket. In the exhibition grounds I lost my head

at the sight of people getting enormous sums from the gambling wheel. Repeatedly the fellow at the wheel invited me to place a rupee. In the end I gave in, and lost. I staked again and lost again. I hurried from there to catch the last train, but missed it by a few seconds. Would you help me, by advancing a rupee, which I will return as soon as I reach home? You don't think I have spun an impossible yarn, Sir"? he concluded.

On summer evenings when you feel that all the gold in the world is spread over the distant skies, you are tempted to be charitable to young men who look the picture of distressed innocence. I certainly did not think his story an impossible one. I was all sympathy for the youth who had nowhere to go for the night. My hand involuntarily stole towards the inner pocket of my coat. But caution struck the note of warning. These are the days of dupes and cheats. Surely it is not right to encourage a swindler. So with the airs of a Sherlock Holmes unfolding a complex crime, I answered blandly:—

"Your story seems to be quite all right; can you show me the return half of your ticket?"

The young man shot his right arm into the pocket of his shirt, then put on a

puzzled look, which melted into one of intense despair. "I have lost that too", he said. I began to speak about his carelessness in gambling away his money and then losing his ticket. His story began to sound thin, but he had flitted away down the road.

Soon after I went to the station to get a copy of the 'Times'. As I stepped on to the platform I noticed a ticket and picked it up. It was the return half of a ticket to Vishnupuram! I felt sick with remorse. Perhaps at that moment the poor boy was doing something desperate. Full of misgivings I scudded along the dusk-shrouded road in anxious quest of the youth. A furlong away he stood as though in two minds.

I rushed up to him, and handed him the ticket along with a rupee. He started slightly, and then his face lighted up with gratitude. Murmuring something, he went off at a trot.

I was about to retrace my steps when an elderly gentleman, in rather shabby dress, dashed against me and nearly ran me down. He gasped out: "Ticket....".

"What ticket"? I asked.

"The porter saw you picking up a ticket, Sir. If it is the return half to Vishnupuram, it belongs to me. I lost it, and the train is leaving in a quarter of an hour."

K. SIVARAMAKRISHNAN,

V Honours (Econ).

COMEDIES WITH A CAMERA

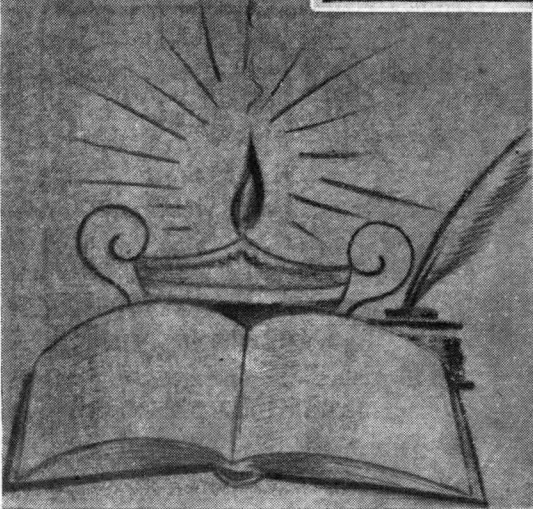
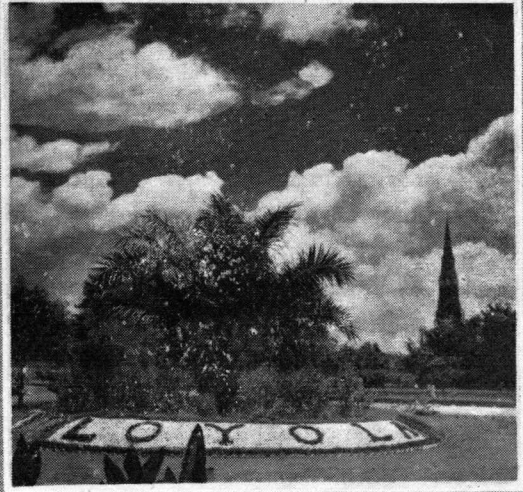
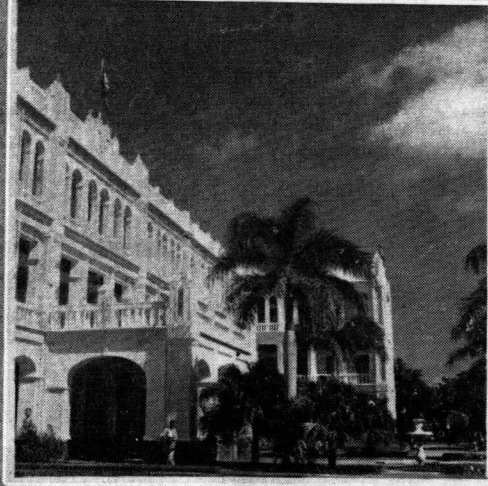
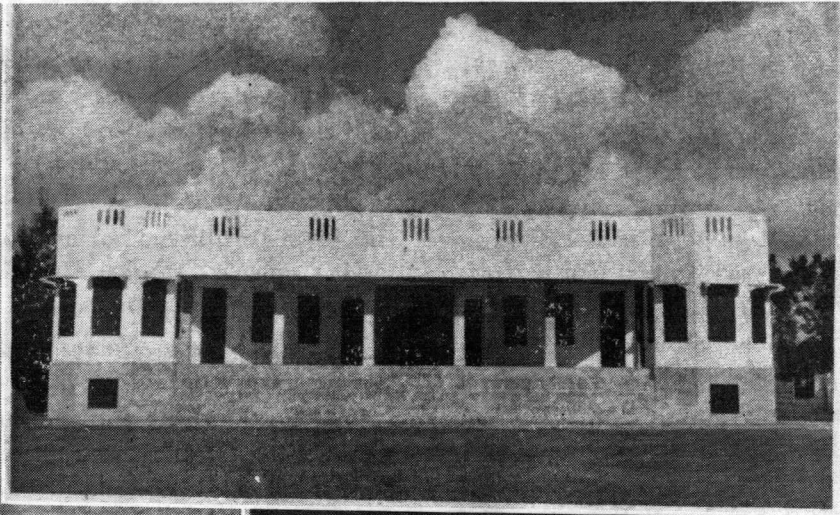
Good tools produce good work. A beginner should always use a good tool. Some have a wrong belief that a good tool for a beginner is a mere waste. One who uses a bad tool will always remain an imperfect workman, while one who uses a good tool will reach the top. This is true in many things. A beginner in tennis, if he uses a bad racket, will always remain an imperfect player. Probably the only thing which should not be entrusted to a novice is a new motor car.

Even to-day I remember the thrill I felt when I saw myself reproduced in a family group photograph. At first, when I was taken to the studio, I was rather afraid of the photographer putting the black cloth over his head. From that time onward I had an ambition to take photo-

graphs of other persons myself. So when I had an opportunity I went in for the best camera in the market.

When I found myself possessed of the camera my joy knew no bounds. I went through many books on photography. I used to buy photographic journals, and even the shop keeper used to send me monthly journals. I thought I had become a master in photography.

In theory I had. But there is a world of difference between theory and practice. Even a child can master in five minutes the theory of driving a car. But when one starts putting it into practice, it is then that one finds that the usual allowance of hands and legs and eyes is not sufficient to drive a car. One wants one set of eyes to look at the gear rod, and



they were meant to be. He looked suspiciously around the class, with particular attention to the back-benchers, but as they all presented studiously innocent expressions he lapsed back into his dreams.

“ You seem to be easily irritated this morning,” said Hemie to Karun; “ been at one of those cigars again? ”

“ Never again, please God,” said Karun fervently.

“ What’s wrong then? ”

“ Wrong? Everything’s wrong. What with tests and home-work and so on. . . . Just remember that chemistry test this afternoon, and you won’t be asking me what’s wrong again.”

“ Haven’t you studied this time, even after Old Vaid’s warning? ”

“ Old Vaid ” is Mr. Vaidyanathan, M.Sc. (Hons.), L.T. etc., lecturer in chemistry. He had sermonized Karun severely when the latter had obtained 20 per cent for a previous test.

“ Studied? ” said Karun wearily, and he turned haggard eyes on Hemie. From those eyes Hemie saw that something was wrong this time.

“ Pour it all out into my ever sympathetic ear,” said Hemie. “ You know you can always cut the test if you haven’t studied.”

“ Look here, Hemie,” replied Karun, “ I am definitely fixed. When I cut that language test last time the Principal called me up, and he wasn’t exactly chummy. He told me the next test I cut he would write to my father about it. Ditto, if I fail to get 35 per cent.”

Hemie’s heart went out to Karun in this difficulty; but what could he do?

At this moment the monitor finished the roll call. (There was a low, moaning noise.

It was the lecturer, who had begun, as usual, right in the middle of a paragraph.

“ Can’t find the page,” said Hemie flapping the pages of his text-book to produce as much noise as possible. There was no reply. Karun, in spite of his manifold worries, had laid his head on the desk, and was spending the remainder of the English hour in forgetful sleep.

The next hour was devoted to mathematics, and knowing the inclination of Hemie and Karun to chat rather than to listen, the shrewd mathematics professor had separated them, and they had to sit at the opposite ends of the class. It was only in the French class in the third hour that the two got together again. Karun sat gloomily etching his name on the desk, while Hemie plied him with questions about his interview with the Principal. Karun was feeling morose and answered only in monosyllables.

“ Hemvanth Rai,” called the French tutor, “ what was I saying about just now? ”

“ Oh, er— ” faltered Hemie as he waited for those on his bench to prompt him. But it so happened that all those on the bench had also been caught napping.

“ I knew you were not paying attention,” said the French tutor twisting his face into as severe an expression as possible. “ You were talking to your neighbour, weren’t you? You are a nuisance. Please leave the class.” And he added, “ Your neighbour will also follow you if he is not careful.”

“ Gladly,” murmured Karun to himself, “ if you would give me attendance for the period.”

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“Gladly,” murmured Karun to himself, “if you would give me attendance for the period.”

Hemie picked up his book and went out of the class with the air of a protesting M.L.A. walking out of the Assembly chamber.

After the third period there is a break of an hour and a half, and Hemie suddenly had a wild hope of persuading Karun to study chemistry during it and to make him pass in the test. The hope died as soon as it was born, for he remembered the portions they had to study. The chemistry lecturer was very proud of making his students cover extremely long portions at short notice.

"You will only have the whole of non-metals for a test to-morrow," he would say, as calmly as all that, and would wait expectantly for the "Oh" of horror from the class. That pleased him very much. Even the best students were hardly thorough after sitting up for most of the night. As for Karun, he had gone to bed at nine and had been woken up at eight.

The one and a half hour break was soon over, and Hemie and Karun met as they trooped into the hall where the test was to be held.

"Hemie," said Karun, "I have the most marvellous idea. I'll attend the test, but I won't hand my paper in. I'll walk off with it as soon as the period is over. I can bluff Vaid later on."

"Ye-es," said Hemie dubiously.

Then they went in. Hemie paused now and then while writing to have a look at Karun. Karun was bent over, busy scribbling something on his paper. Again a faint hope dawned on Hemie's mind. His chum must have something to write, to be as busy as all that. Perhaps he had studied during the recess.

The test was at last over, and as Hemie came out he saw Karun slouching along with his hands in his pockets. He looked the very figure of dejection.

"What were you writing so busily?" asked Hemie.

"I tell you Hemie," replied Karun, "I am finished, absolutely finished. I'll probably get turned out of the College or something."

"What's the matter?"

"Do you know what I did on that paper? A few caricatures of the Principal, one or two lovely ones of Vaid, complete with the usual smile. I did write down a definition, but I finally struck it out."

"Where's the paper?"

"Do you know what happened then?" continued Karun without replying; "Old Vaid was somewhere near me. When the final bell went, mine was the first paper he snatched as he collected the papers."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Hemie. This was the limit. "Idiotic," thought he, "to have drawn those things, and on an answer-paper, too." Then a feeling of pity overcame him. The two walked back silently to their rooms in the hostel. Before getting into his room, Karun, in a voice with a faint suspicion of a sob in it, said, "Hemie, it is all over. I shall probably say good-bye to you chaps before long. It will be hard leaving you."

"Don't you worry, it is all going to be all right," mumbled Hemie half-heartedly, because he felt just the opposite was going to happen. Karun got into his room and did not emerge all the evening.

Hemie met Karun again only when the two were going to class the next morning. They went into the French class-room ten minutes before the class began, and sat there silently thinking. Karun found a fellow called Krishnamurthi beside him. He was a bespectacled chap, the genius of the class, and the probable First in the University. Karun affected a high indifference because he loathed the fellow. Krishnamurthi had sneaked up to the professor when a paper ball fired by Karun had hit him. Krishnamurthi, however, was determined to speak to him. He apparently had something very exciting to communicate.

"I say, Mr. Karunakara Rao, after all the trouble we took yesterday afternoon, writing that test—"

"No trouble at all, a pleasure on the contrary," interrupted Karun with heavy irony.

"Haven't you heard?" pursued Krishnamurthi, his eyes goggling behind his thick spectacles with excitement; "Mr. Vaidyanathan lost the test-papers we gave him yesterday. His wife knowing the high rates, sold them as waste paper—"

"Hooray!" yelled Karun as the French tutor entered.

"Leave my class at once," cried that enraged pedagogue. "You will also report to the Principal."

M. MOHAN KINI,

II, U.C.

HITLER'S GERMANY

In order to understand Hitler's Germany it is essential to understand the circumstances in which it was born. The four years of war had brought nothing but misery to the German people, and after the war came revolution. The old constitution was swept away and replaced by a Socialist Republic. Then came a series of incapable governments under men like Stressman and Bruning, who were unable to cope with the situation. Millions of Germans were unemployed, industry and agriculture was stagnating, corruption was everywhere, religion was attacked on all sides. For the Germans there was no interest, no hope, no future. Such a situation provided a marvellous chance for a great leader—and when Hitler

appeared many of the young men and women accepted him as such without question.

Hitler succeeded where others failed, for his psychology was that of the ordinary individual. He talked down to their level and promised to make them proud of their country. He would be their guarantor of a Reich that could claim equality among the nations. He would wake up the apathetic masses and offer them a future. The Germans clung to him as drowning men cling to a life belt; they were to be sadly disillusioned—later.

Hitler's Germany at present has no written Constitution. All power rests in the Fuehrer or Leader, Adolf Hitler. In his hands is vested supreme power to

appoint ministers and leaders for all branches of public, cultural, economic and social life. Germany is governed by experts representing professions or grades of professions. These are divided into two main groups. The upper one, which is called *Stadtstand*, resembles a Cabinet of Industry and Agriculture, while the second group called *Standehause* might be compared to an industrial House of Commons. This government of experts furthers the interests of trade and employment. The Reichstag is convened from time to time to hear the Fuehrer speak. No member is allowed to question the Government or to make a speech. It is axiomatic for the German to believe that the Fuehrer must possess any quality attributed to him in its highest perfection. Just as the Roman Catholics consider the Pope infallible in all religious and moral matters, so must the National Socialists of Germany believe with the same inner conviction that their leader is in all political, national, and social matters, simply infallible. Every citizen must swear allegiance to the Fuehrer, and every one of them is perforce a servant of the state; those who strike a line of their own find that it leads direct to a concentration camp. In short the Germans of today have evolved a system much akin to the spiritual bond by which the liege was bound to his lord during the Middle ages.

The Nazis contend that the Germany of 1918 was not beaten in the field but starved by blockade. Hitler's Germany was therefore to be placed in such a position that her population should neither starve nor revolt, nor her armies lack arms. Accordingly the Four Year Plan of economic self-sufficiency was proclaimed

ed by Hitler himself at the Nazi Congress of September 1936. Its aim was to make Germany within four years self-sufficient, that is able to produce at home everything she required, and independent of imports. This new drive was based purely on military considerations, with a view to making Germany immune to blockade by a foreign power. Time has shown that the actual results of this plan were far behind schedule.

The key to Germany's foreign policy is its *Lebensraum*. Hitler believes that his people in order to live healthily must have a sufficient area to live on. With an annual increase of 900,000 her population faces danger, misery and hunger, unless the area under German control is expanded. Over-seas colonies are debarred, and the German can only settle in conquered territory. Hitler sees in the vast plains of Central and Eastern Europe an ideal place to be populated by his people. As they form with existing Germany a single contiguous realm, these areas provide the only and the perfect solution. Hitler points out in *Mein Kampf* that "the frontiers of States are man-made, and men may alter them", and so he claims an equal share of the world's area and wealth.

To carry out this foreign policy Hitler's Germany has a powerful and formidable war machine. The army is reinforced by the S. S. Shock troops and the so-called Death's Head formations, who relieve the army during war and see that Germany does not receive any Socialist stab in the back. The men of the Gestapo are drawn from the ranks of the S. S. troops; they are ruthless fanatics endowed with powers which are almost omnipotent. This

widespread political intelligence service, organised by Herr Himmler in 1933 to deal with hecklers and opponents of Nazism, touches all the branches of human life. Today it has become a terror in Nazi Germany. No person is safe.

The German worker is forced to be a member of a "Labour Front." The Nazis abolished his Trade Unions when they came to power. He has no right to strike, and all labour disputes are settled by a Committee appointed by the Standehause. On his return from the factory at 5 o'clock, he has to attend the organisation, where he listens to officially inspired propaganda exalting Germany and abusing the democracies. Germany, which had been in the fore front in matters of education, has today degenerated. The schools are all controlled by the fanatic Baldur Von Schirach, and the children are forced through an appalling system of education whose aim is to make them fanatic Nazis. The lessons are soaked with propaganda, reviling Jews and praising war. The only religion taught is the gospel of Hitler, so that "from the age of six, the child's soul passes for ever from the influence of its parents to be fashioned in the Nazi mould." Young boys in Germany have to become members of the Hitler Jugend. Then comes a period of military training to harden them. A Hitler Jugend text book lays down that "death on the battlefield is to be regarded as a longed for conclusion of life." Such is the educational system

into the hands of which the Nazi has to deliver his son.

A similar training is given to women, although they count for little in the Nazi domain, except as the bearers of children who will make future cannon fodder. The German, like every other human being, is interested in the affairs of the world, but all news takes the form of propaganda. The Nazis control the press, the cinema and the radio, and slow Nazi poison is allowed to infiltrate into the minds of the audience and distort their attitude to life. It was by means of the newspaper and the radio that Hitler propagated his myth of the superiority of the so-called Aryan race and of the despicability of the Jews. Races like nations have always claimed for themselves their own peculiar, real or imaginary, excellences. But this common human foible has in Nazi Germany become an epidemic and a devastating disease. Hitler attributed the collapse of Germany to the Jews, and as soon as he came to power he persecuted them. Heavy fines were imposed on the Jews for the murder of Baron Von Neurath. Jewish synagogues were desecrated and progroms were frequent. The famous Jew baiter Streicher in a typical pronouncement said: "The sun will not shine again for the people of the earth until the last Jew has died—that is until the last bacillus of disease has gone." So far has the kultur of Germany degenerated.

NIRANJAN PRABHU.

Extracts by courtesy of the O.U.P. from the prize essay submitted to the O.P.W.A. Competition.

A SPY

"Send Lieut. Henderson up to G. H. Q. and tell him to report to Major Masters." The young captain saluted smartly and departed on his errand.

"The old man is a good judge of character," he was saying to the Adjutant in the mess of the Blankshires that night. "John Henderson is gifted with brains and nerves of steel, and ought to take to the secret service as a duck to water."

Meanwhile Henderson had reported to Major Masters and had listened carefully to what he had to say; "you must get the plans of the new shipyards at Emden", the Major said, and then he launched into a long and complete instruction with a wealth of information about the area, his role, and the contacts he had to make. "Do you think you can manage it?" he asked at last: "I'll try sir," was the ready reply.

A few nights later John Henderson, with a silent prayer, let himself drop out of the bomber that had carried him as part of its night's cargo to Germany. An eternal second of waiting, then the parachute billowed out, and he drifted safely to earth. In a short time the parachute was safely concealed in a hole in a ditch, and John set out for his nearby goal—the town of Emden.

Morning saw a young and rather dirty labourer plodding through the town towards the docks. First there was the contact to be established. All went well, and soon John found himself in possession of a permit to enter the docks in the capacity of a newly hired labourer. The old man who had given it to him was to be

his uncle; and nephew Franz Schumann, from the country, was to live with him at No. 17—Road.

For about a month Franz worked at the docks. By managing to get himself lost often in the maze of docks the country bumpkin picked up a working knowledge of the area. Soon a carefully guarded area took shape, intricately woven into the pattern of "his father's farm", which he carried in his packet and never lost an opportunity of exhibiting. It was common knowledge in the docks that the closely guarded area hid behind high walls some very new submarines, still on their stocks.

One night at the end of the month a rather pretty young woman visited No. 17. She was introduced to Franz as a co-worker who had been 'planted' in the local government offices to secure a map of the docks. Franz noticed with a start that there was something very familiar about her. To the map she had secured, and now produced, Franz made his additions, and inserted interpretations of some of the intriguing blank patches. Things seemed to have been going too easy, and perhaps Franz became careless, for he certainly had not noticed the military-looking individual who seemed always to be around after he had left the docks. Certainly he did not know that he had been followed home that night. No. 17 had long been suspect, and the fact that a new dockhand lived there decided the Gestapo to make a raid. The house was quietly surrounded, and two of the men hammered on the door with revolver butts.

Inside there was a moment of pandemonium, the old man quite lost his head

and began to talk quaveringly of concentration camps, torture and death. John could get nothing out of him and turned to the girl. She had calmed down quickly, and in answer to his eager questions led the way to the roof, thence on to the next house by way of a ladder, which they hauled after them. Using this they soon reached the end of the road, and by the time the Gestapo had searched the lower part of No. 17, its late occupants had found their way down a handy fire escape, and had separated each to find his own way to safety.

John with his work completed slept that night in a haystack outside the town. A few nights later he was picked up at a rendezvous by a plane and ferried safely home. On landing his report and the maps he carried were rushed to G.H.Q., and Lieut. Henderson reported back to his regiment. The British bombers then took up the work, and the Germany Admiralty was hard put to it to present a report that would not drive their Fuehrer into another fit.

A few months later John was being congratulated on the D. S. O. awarded him for meritorious services. He however was wondering how he could explain away his award to his wife Sylvia. Odd snatches of conversation came back to him. "I hate spying", she had once said, "it's a terrible job to have to deceive both friends and foes". Then again she had often declared that "nothing could be so degrading as having to play the spy". Oh no, there was no doubt as to her opinion on the matter of spies and spying.

John got a week's leave and soon ascertained that Sylvia could get off her "war work" at the Foreign Office and join him. As he taxied home that night he wondered how Sylvia could endure the boredom of work in a stuffy government office. It certainly would not suit her temperament.

John soon found himself forced to give an account of his "meritorious service," and allowing his imagination free rein he told of his deeds at Dunkirk and its belated reward. He even told of the pretty nurse who had helped him so much. This aroused a new storm of questions, which only ceased when he declared that the thing which had first caught his eye was a definite similarity to someone he knew. Now that he thought of it, that someone was his pretty wife.

After a week of well earned rest and enjoyment John returned to his regiment and Sylvia reported back for duty at the Foreign Office. She was greeted by a cheery Major Masters, who apologised for having to put her back to work so soon. "You deserve a longer rest after that Emden affair," he declared, "but you are urgently needed in the capacity of companion to General Z's wife at Munich." "Of course there is dirty work afoot there, and we want to be in the know," he added. "All right," she answered, resignedly. "That's good," was his reply, "no medals for you, my dear, but at least I've tried to keep them in the family." Sylvia smiled. She was thinking of John, and his 'meritorious services' and his pretty helper.

P. H. STEVENAGE,
III Hons.

THE HYDERABAD TOUR

One fine evening our College Cricket team started on a tour to Hyderabad with the genial Mr. Neelakantam accompanying it as manager. The Calcutta Mail was crowded, and to our dismay, there was no carriage reserved for us. After much manoeuvring we succeeded in scrambling into a carriage just in time. A few lucky ones, posing for the nonce as military reservists, entered a reserved compartment and slept the sleep of the just. The less fortunate ones had to be satisfied with cramped conditions, and did not get even forty winks.

In the early morning we changed train at Bezwada, and started again. From the buffet attached to the train we had what pretended to be coffee. During this tedious journey, Krishnaraja regaled us with lively anecdotes. In the evening we reached Hyderabad, the City of the Char Minar, of minarets and mosques. Our comforts had been seen to. We were billeted in a big bungalow near the Nizam's College. The food, especially the non-vegetarian, was so tempting that some of the vegetarians switched over to it.

In this retrospect of the tour, as the details of the matches are dim in my memory, only the high spots of the game will be mentioned.

The first match we played was against the Nizam's College, this year's holders of the Inter-Divisional Championship in Cricket. We beat them convincingly by four wickets. The main features of the game were: on their side the bowling of Gulam Ahmed, who bowled an impeccable length and yet could not get one wicket;

on our side, Maracair's hurricane hitting (33 runs), the sound batting of Belliappa (27, not out), and the patient innings of Sundaravaradan (21). The bowling honours went to Ramachandra, our skipper, who took five wickets.

The following day was a day of rest. Most of us did the city. Those who thought that they would find there something of the hoary Moghul splendour, were in for a disappointment. We found Hyderabad just like any other Indian city, with its contrasts of untidy streets and big asphalted highways, noisy bazars, poor men in humble conveyances and rich men rolling along in stream-lined limousines. In the evening we patronised the theatre, the circus and the Paristan Park in Secunderabad.

The next fixture was with the Jagirdars' College, past and present. This was an exciting match. Our rivals collapsed for a meagre total of forty four runs. Ramachandra was in destructive form with the leather, and he claimed more than five wickets. But the match was not without its thrills. At one time our score-card read 15 runs for 5 wickets. With Maracair, Belliappa and Phillip all back in the pavilion, things looked black for us. Just then Ramanarsu stepped into the breach, and by dour batting saved us from defeat. We won the match, (a personal triumph for Ramanarsu), by two wickets.

The next day we met with the first reverse of our tour, when we played against the Secunderabad United Club, a strong local combination. We were all out for a not very respectable total of 81 runs.

At one stage victory was within our grasp, when Phillip nearly got the coveted hat-trick in a magnificent spell of bowling. The match was lost mainly for the reason that our opening pair of batsmen were too cautious, not adopting attack as a means of defence against a bowling which lacked sting, but merely plodding on wearily for an hour and a half, and scoring only 9 runs, out of which 4 were extras.

The following day we played the last match of our tour against the Saroornagar XI, which had in its team as many as seven provincial players. It was more or less a match against All-Hyderabad. The local sportsmen predicted our certain defeat. We comforted ourselves with the thought, that, if it came to that, they could score only 400 runs in one day, and that we were only in for three or four hours of gruelling leather-hunting! To come to the actual game, Saroornagar XI had made only 196 runs for 9 wickets at lunch-time. Though a pretty fast score, it did not flatter a Provincial side playing against a College team. The features of the game were Ramachandra's five wickets and our good work in the out-field. For the opponents, Aibara and Isakhan topped

the fifty mark. S. M. Hadi, their skipper, just missed his fifty. When we went in for lunch we heard the distressing news that the Nawab Moin-ud-Doula, the patron of Hyderabad Cricket, who had been an interested spectator of the match, had had a fainting fit. So the match was abandoned with mutual regrets. Later we heard that he had passed away.

With two wins and one defeat the tour was quite a success. Ramachandra's brilliant bowling analysis showed that Hyderabad Cricketers were averse to slow, spin bowling; Belliappa batted consistently well during the tour; but the surprise of the tour was Mardi's failure in batting.

Lavish hospitality was showered on us. All of us enjoyed the best of health, except poor Sundaravaradan, for whose blood the Hyderabad mosquitoes seem to have developed a special liking. So he returned to College with recurring malaria, a not unmixed misfortune, since it gave him a standing excuse for cutting classes.

M. V. SUNDARAM,

IV, U.C.

THE CHANNEL CHARTER

Soon after the signing of the Atlantic Charter by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill in mid Atlantic, another meeting, imaginary, took place "somewhere in the air" between Mr. Churchill and Herr Hitler right above the English Channel. The object of the meeting was to settle the frontiers of the world.

Our Press representative from Loyola was deputed by Fr. Principal to attend the conference, and he accompanied the Premier Mr. Churchill. Herewith we report our Press representative's account of the meeting:—

The Premier, Mr. Churchill, flew in a Hurricane, and in the evening at the

appointed time he met a Dornier bearing Herr Hitler. Hitler stepped from his plane into Mr. Churchill's Hurricane.

"Heil Premier! How do you do?"

"Hullo Adolf! I am glad to meet you!" and they shook hands.

"I hope you had a pleasant journey," said Mr. Churchill.

"Not exactly", said poor old Adolf; "I was pestered by those nasty R. A. F. fellows, who were out on their customary offensive sweeps".

"Ah... I am sorry to hear that. So then..." said Mr. Churchill, as he lit a cigar.

After some general talk Mr. Churchill came to business.

"What do you think of the War?" asked Mr. Churchill.

"Well, I think it is a wait-and-see war", said the Fuehrer.

"What?... What do you mean by that", asked Mr. Churchill as he took out the cigar abruptly from his mouth.

"Well", said Hitler, "Goering has got the weight and you have got the Sea".

"Quite so".

"Where did you get that gang of R. A. F. pilots who always hit the target?" asked Hitler.

Good old Winston was shocked, not because Hitler had paid a glowing tribute to the R. A. F., but because for once in his life-time Hitler had spoken the truth.

"Yes", said Mr. Churchill, "never before in the history of human conflict have so many owed so much to so few".

After a bit of serious talk they relaxed a little, and quite naturally took up the

common topic of pictures—which has become the mania of the youth of modern days.

"Have you seen the picture 'All this and the Heaven Too'?" asked Hitler.

"Oh, is that the name of a picture?" asked Mr. Churchill with surprise and awe.

"What makes you wonder?"

"Well," said Mr. Churchill, as I was walking along the streets of London, I came across the poster pasted everywhere, at Buckingham Palace, Parliament House, the Bank of England, and in ever so many other places; and I thought that that was your latest demand.

Then they settled down to serious work. Mr. Churchill in his own democratic way outlined the post-war frontiers of Europe. Naturally he had in mind the liberation of the Nazi-enslaved countries of Europe; so he said that the frontiers of Germany were to be the frontiers of Germany as they existed on the 2nd of September 1939.

Hitler was furious; he frowned with anger, his eyebrows twisted like a bow, and his eyes were lit with fire.

"Out upon these Communist, Jewish, Plutocratic, Autocratic, Imperialistic warmongers!" shouted Adolf at the top of his voice.

The atmosphere was tense, and a wave of indignation passed over both parties. Mr. Churchill tactfully lessened the tension by cracking a joke.

"A German Newspaper," said Mr. Churchill, "suggests that I should be imprisoned in the Tower of London. Wouldn't it be a good idea if your Axis Partner Signor Mussolini were suspended

from the leaning tower of Pisa, and then we should hope for the best?"

Hitler laughed haughtily, and then asked: "by the way, what do you think of the Italian forces?"

"Pretty tough", said Mr. Churchill. "Never before in the history of human conflict have so many done so little in so long a time".

The Conference then came to a close; another pact was signed. Mr. Churchill presented Hitler with a fountain pen with

Hitler's name engraved on it as a remembrance of the grand day.

Our Press reporter from Loyola came back, a bit sub-normal, dazed by the proceedings of the meeting. He was received in audience by Fr. Principal, to whom he reported his impressions of the meeting. All that he got was a warning by Fr. Principal for getting very low marks in his subjects in the Selection Examination.

GEORGE S. JOSEPH,
III, B.Sc

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

An old gentleman rushed into our compartment as the electric train began to move. My three friends and myself were studying for a mathematics test: and that drew the old man towards us. "Studying for a mathematics examination"? he asked us; and did not wait for an answer.

"I will set you a small sum. Try to do it. Can you divide exactly ten by eleven without leaving remainder?"

All of us raised our heads and giggled. Was the old man out of his senses?

"No", one of us answered laughing.

"You can't? The fault is not with you, boys. It is the fault of the modern educative system. Anyhow, hear how an old woman in a village solved it. They were all clever in those days. She had ten rooms, which she let to students who came to study in the local college. Her rooms were famous. Students vied with each other to get lodgings in them. One year eleven rich students—all from the same place—applied for the ten rooms.

They were prepared to give extra rent, but they must all have a separate room, no one would dream of going elsewhere. The old lady assured them that each would be given a separate room. This is how she went about it.

"She put two of them in the first room, and told one of them to wait till she gave him another separate room. She put the third man in the second room, the fourth in the third, the fifth in the fourth, the sixth in the fifth room.....and so on; and the tenth man in the ninth room. Now boys, you remember the eleventh man who was put in the first room and asked to wait? Well he was given the tenth room"!

We were all stunned. We staid—we scratched our heads.

"No use scratching your heads. Take paper, and pencil, my friends! Try to find out the way".

So, good-bye to the preparation for the test. Each of us took paper and pencil and began to work out the solution. Sheets

of paper were wasted, but we did not arrive at the solution. Our old friend chuckled and grinned. When we alighted at Kodambakkam we heard him saying to

another person: "can you divide ten by eleven.....?"

T. R. PANCHAPAGESAN,
III Honours.

METAMORPHOSIS

I do not know whom to blame, but the fact is I was born round, like Falstaff.

I remember quite well how my three brothers used to tease me, calling me "pumpkin" and similar names. The pranks they played on me, though very amusing to them, were not at all to my liking. They had a very good time at my expense.

I had now grown up to manhood and my worries had increased. I tried all the medicines advertised in the papers to become slim. But somehow they all had the opposite effect on me. I grew to be a hopelessly bloated being. People used to stare hard at me on my way to College and back, and I seriously thought of earning my livelihood by opening a stadium where people could admire my wonderful physique for a small remuneration. But I abandoned the idea as impracticable.

I remember my first—and I hope the last—ride, in a rickshaw, which nearly ended in tragedy. The rickshawalla looked at me, then looked grave, and asked for eight annas, though he would gladly have taken any other person for a fourth of that amount. We at last came to an agreement and I got in. He asked me to lean back a bit, then forward, then again back, and so on, till I got quite tired of it and refused to move. He persisted in asking me to lean back a bit, till at last

I leant back..... I did not know what happened afterwards. When I came to my senses I was in a hospital. My head was bandaged. The doctor assured me that it was only a scratch. I was all right in a fortnight. I then came to know the actual facts. I had made the poor rickshawalla lose control of the vehicle by leaning back too much, and the result was that I had made a clean somersault and landed on my head. I was extricated with difficulty from under the rickshaw and taken to the nearest hospital.

My first journey in the bus was quite amusing. I had got into a moffosil bus in which over-loading was quite common. Out of a sense of fairness I bought two tickets and sat down. When I got out of the bus the conductor started shouting: "three seats sir, three seats", to the amusement of the other passengers, but not mine.

I had my difficulties in the theatre as well. I used to book two seats in advance, just to make myself comfortable. But invariably these seats happened to be in two different rows.

On another occasion I was about to weigh myself on a machine in a railway station. As I was about to step on to it, the station master came hurriedly and told me that the machine would not record more than 20 stones!

At last I advertised in some of the leading papers that I would give the person who could cure me a reward of a thousand rupees. Anxiously I waited a few days for a reply. At last I got one from a certain doctor, whose name I had never heard of. It informed me that he would treat me if I went to his nursing home at 10 o'clock the next day. So I went. The doctor asked me at what times I took my meals, what they consisted of, and what exercise I took. I gave him the requisite details regarding meals, but as regards exercise I had none to give. He then examined me, looked grave, and told me that he would send his prescription to me the next day.

The next day's post brought me the following letter from the doctor.

MADRAS,
22nd July 1940.

Dear Sir,

After carefully examining you I feel that yours is a serious case. Your body is exceedingly bloated, and your heart is weak. At this rate you cannot continue for more than a month.

Yours truly,
FLAKLAND.

You can imagine the shock the letter gave me. It just told me that I had

barely a month to live. Nothing was said as to how I was to avoid this calamity. I hurried to a well known doctor, who after examining me said that I was quite all right. But still I was not satisfied.

The days passed and I was in a state of intense fear and anxiety. I went to my doctor two or three times and asked him what I was to do. But he said that nothing could be done, and that I had better prepare my will. Twenty five days passed; I seldom ate or slept. I felt that I might die at any moment. I lay tossing about in bed just to be sure that I was alive. Then one morning the doctor, who had never visited me, came to my house. At his orders I was helped out of my bed by two servants and taken before a mirror. I could not believe my eyes. A lean, pale and ghastly figure was reflected in the mirror. I could not believe that it was myself.

By cleverly working on my fear of death or rather love of life he had succeeded in bringing about a radical change in me, for which I am indebted to him for life. I am now quite all right, and am no longer suffering from difficulties such as related by me above.

K. R. PANDALAI,
III, B.Sc.

MATRIMONY OR ACRIMONY

Mr. X, Y, Z were dear friends. They used to discuss the trend of the war, the acuteness of Hitler's brain, the frankness of Churchill's utterances, and such other things as are of interest to the cultured

few. Suddenly the matrimonial column in "The Gossip" caught their eyes. "WANTED.—A young educated groom, aged 25, to marry a girl aged 16, well versed in music, of moderate height and

unrivalled beauty. No caste restrictions. Apply Box No. 195, c/o The Gossip."

Mr. X was a sort of happy-go-lucky fellow, a novice in romance, but an adept in mischief-making.

He wrote the following letter to the Gossip:—

18, BULLIES ROAD,
WEST BOULEVARD,
MADRAS,

6th February 1942.

Dear Sir,

Ref. your advertisement in "The Gossip". I shall be glad to marry the girl, if she is to my liking. You say she is well versed in music. Is she well versed in Carnatic and Hindi music? What are her qualifications? I am a graduate of the Madras University, and I am well placed in life. Kindly send me a photo of the girl. I shall be very pleased if you can arrange for an interview with the girl.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

X

Mr. X drew a long breath as he finished his letter. Mr. Y paid for the stamp, and Mr. Z posted the letter. Two days later a letter came asking Mr. X to interview the girl on Friday the 8th February at 3 p.m.

Now arose a difficulty: who should interview the girl? Mr. Y said that if he had not financed him, Mr. X could not have asked for an interview; Mr. Z said that if he had not posted the letter, the letter would not have reached the girl. At last Mr. X said that all of them should go and see the girl.

The clock struck two, and Messrs. X, Y and Z started for the interview. They were welcomed by the girl's father. He offered them a seat and gave them something to eat. Mr. X thanked the gentleman for having acquiesced in his desire to interview the girl. Mr. Y looked at Z; and Mr. Z looked at Y, and both grew pale, as they realized that after all it was Mr. X who was going to, interview the girl.

Mr. X was led by the girl's father to the adjoining room. He was told that the girl would come to the room in a few minutes, and he was left alone. How should he reply to her queries? First of all, how should he address her? Should he call her madam? Would it not be better to address her as darling? While he was thinking over these problems the girl entered the room. Mr. X rose and stretched out his hand. But the girl only nodded her head and seated herself.

The following conversation ensued:—

The girl: Well, Sir, I am glad to meet you.

Mr. X: Yes, lady. May I know your name?

The girl: Saroja, sir, Your name?

Mr. X: Mr. X.

The girl: I do not want algebraic letters, sir. Please tell me your name.

Mr. X: Chandrasekhara Sastry.

The girl: Will you consent to alter your name to C. S. Stry, in case I marry you?

Mr. X: No lady. I shall be glad to call myself "Gentleman Saroja".

The girl: You are very funny. Well, how old are you?

Mr. X. I am not old lady. I am twenty five years young.

The girl: You are very humorous, sir.

Mr. X: No lady, I am amorous.

The girl: What was your subject in the B.A. sir?

Mr. X: Chemistry main, mathematics subsidiary.

The girl: Why didn't you take history?

Mr. X: It would have brought me only misery, lady.

The girl: Did you take logic in your Intermediate?

Mr. X: Yes lady. This is what we learned: if a half open door is half shut, then a full open door is full shut.

The girl: Well, well; your words are sweet.

Mr. X: Must be lady. I am the son of a sugar merchant.

The girl: Why is it you are lean, sir?

Mr. X: I take only beans lady.

The girl: Which is the elixir of life, sir?

Mr. X: Yourself, Saroja.

The girl: Well, we shall marry tomorrow, sir. How do you like matrimony!

Mr. X: Matrimony is acrimony lady. I wanted to tell you only that. Goodbye!

The girl: What! You mischief-monger!

The door banged. Mr. X had vanished.

K. V. SUGAVANESWARAN,
III, B.Sc.

THE VISION

"They come! The Moplas! They come!"

The words rang out, clear and harsh.

I sat up, startled, and looked around me. Only a few minutes ago, when I had come to this deserted but picturesque village, I had thought myself alone. But now here was a human voice raised in a passionate cry. Just below me, halfway up the hill, I could make out two forms. One was that of a woman well advanced in years; the other was that of a young lad of eighteen. Mother and son, perhaps.

"The Moplas!" cried the woman again, pointing with a shaking finger towards the distant village. I followed the direction of her finger and received the second shock.

Advancing towards the hill from the village was a crowd of a few hundreds. From where I stood, it looked a huge

hungry snake twisting and turning as it came. I stared fascinated, wondering whether this was all part of a fantastic dream. But everything else round me was the same: the smiling paddy fields stretching like a vast sheet of green; the broad river, with the solemn array of cocoanut trees on either bank; the mild evening air breathing the breath of life into nature; the golden clouds peeping over the horizon.

By now the crowd had advanced nearer, and I could hear its cry. It oddly reminded me of the cry of a beast of prey on the scent of its victim. The Moplas! Like a flash, there came to my mind the memory of the Mopla rebellion, when for a brief space of time terror had been let loose on Malabar. I thought of those momentous days when the Moplas, their

religious fanaticism roused to the highest pitch by the Kilafat movement, had pursued with fire and sword everyone of alien faith, till Nemesis in the form of the Gurkhas had overtaken them and the pursuers had become the pursued.

Nearer, nearer came the mob like a torrent, yelling, knocking one another down. Their howling now was like the cries of the lost souls shrieking from the gates of hell. I could make out their white caps flat on top. They were now but fifty yards from the foot of the hill. In a few minutes they would swarm up the hill, bringing death and horror to this erstwhile peaceful hill.

I gasped. The boy was speeding down the hill! It looked as if he would reach the foot the hill at the same time as the mob. I shuddered when I thought that in a few seconds he would be lying at the foot of the hill with a knife in his body. Yet no, the boy had reached the bottom before the mob. The foremost of them made a big swipe at him with his knife and missed. Avoiding the mob the boy fled into the fields. The rebels, like a huge wave, turned after him. I looked where the woman had stood. She had fainted. But the lad had saved her from the fanatics.

By this time, all signs of calmness had deserted me. I raced madly down the hill without knowing why. Just at the foot of the hill I stumbled and fell on a stone, and everything went black.

Long, long I must have lain like that, for when I opened my eyes again I found

that the stars had come out and the moon had clothed the earth with a white mantle. With a shock there came back to me the memory of the mob, the woman and the lad. But of the shrieking rabble there was not a trace. The silent majesty of the moonlit hill seemed to mock at the passions of humanity. I slowly retraced my steps towards the village.

Just on the outskirts of the village I met the oldest inhabitant. "Have the Moplas gone?" I asked him.

"Which Moplas?" said the old man in a puzzled tone.

When I told him all that I had seen and heard, he fell silent. After some time he said, "All that you saw happened during the Mopla rebellion." When I found that I had been the victim of a mere hallucination, I felt rather foolish; I thought of the lad who had run into the fields with the howling mob on his heels.

"The boy, what happened to him?" I asked.

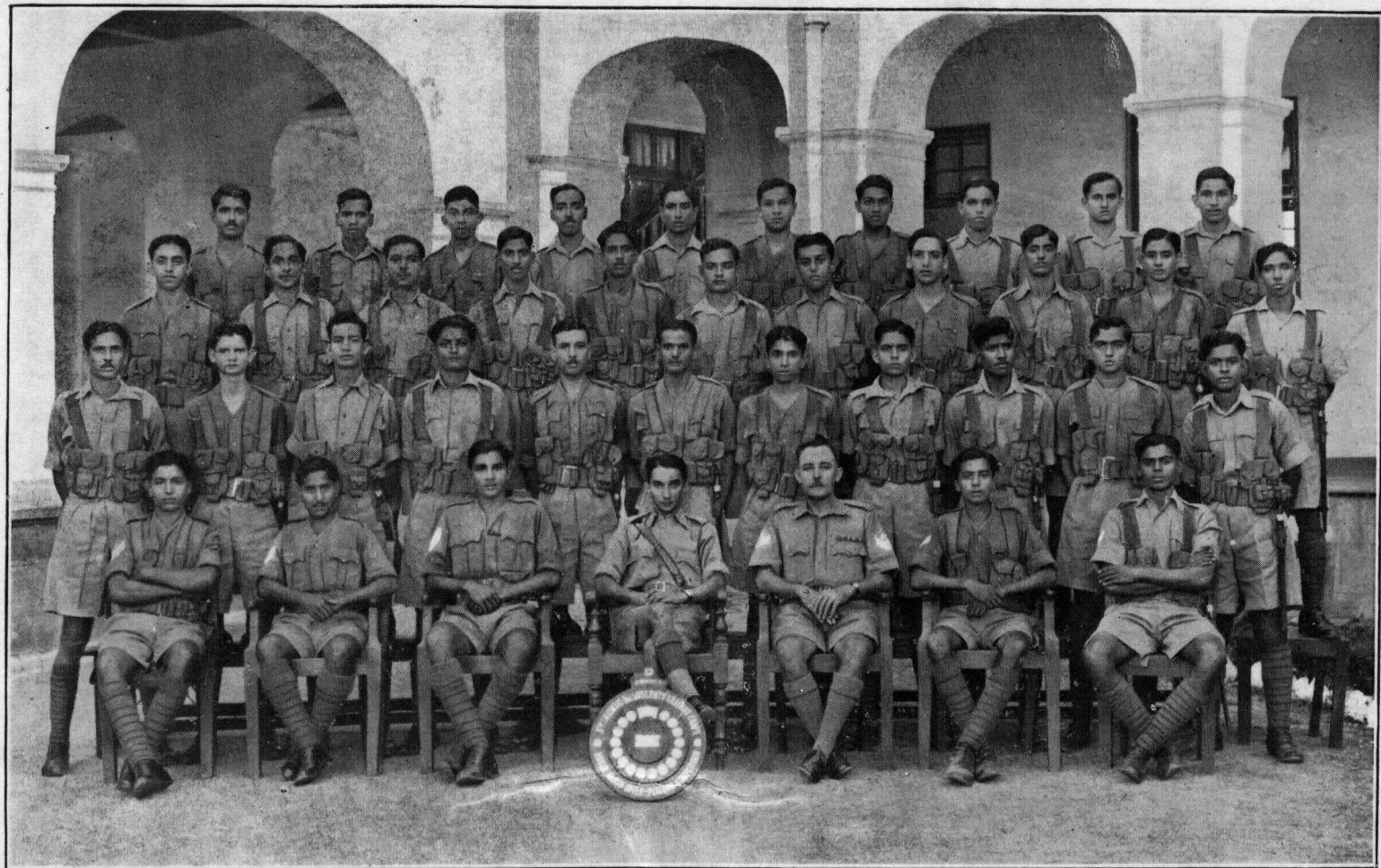
"The mob killed him", came the reply.

In this cryptic statement I could see the final stand of the lad. I could see him turning on his tormentors, his eyes ablaze with anger, a wolf turning at bay on a pack of hyaenas. I could see the shrieking mob closing in on him.....and then oblivion.....

B. RAM MOHAN PRABHU,

V. Hons., Maths.

WINNERS OF THE PRINCIPAL'S SHIELD



THE ROUTE MARCH INTER-PLATOON COMPETITION—THE XIV PLATOON

TUTOR IN-LAW

“Driver! Driver!” called Raghu from his balcony. But there was no response.

With a glossy silk “jubba”, of the same colour as his fair complexion caressing his body, a laced scarf, folded fanwise in the fashion affected by dandies, wound round his neck, sandals of the latest pattern on his feet, a purse in one hand, and his spectacles in the other, symbols of his hurry, he came down from his room. “Hemu!” cried he, rubbing his glasses with his kerchief, “where has the driver gone?”

Hemalatha looked at her brother from head to foot twice, and said, “He has gone to fetch the new music tutor, and has not returned yet.”

“If you had told me I would have arranged for one.”

Surveying her brother once again she said, “you will not mind my asking where you are going in such trim?”

“Well Hemu,” said he smiling, as he looked at the watch, “you know that there is a music performance to-day in our Club by Kokilagana..... It almost is time.”

She expressed her desire to accompany him.

“You are not dressed yet and will take hours over your toilet”.

“Five minutes, Raghu.” So saying she ran in, giving him no opportunity to raise any more objections. Dainty girl in her teens as she was, she could not help delaying. Raghu growing impatient pressed the hooter repeatedly.

“Coming, just a minute,” cried Latha for her room. After some delay she got in the car.

“I told you so, Hemu; the performance must have commenced by now,” He pressed the accelerator and the car bounded forward.

Their father, who by his eminence in his business, had earned the name of “News Iyengar,” was running a journal of his own. Raghu, after graduating in the Local University with distinction, had appeared for his F.C.S. examination. In the meantime he was helping his father in his business. With his genial temper and social disposition, his histrionic talents and academic distinctions, he was popular among the members of the local Club.

Raghu brought the car to a standstill just near the compound wall of the Club. He ran up to purchase a ticket for his sister who had accompanied him without previous intimation. Meantime Latha's eyes caught sight of a girl who was leaning on the wall and listening to the music.

This girl, Pankajam, was of a slim build, fair complexion, expressive eyes, attractive pearl-like teeth, and flowing locks of silky black hair. She seemed to be feminine grace incarnate. Other than what nature had adorned her with, she wore no ornaments. Her dress revealed her poverty. Fortune must have neglected her, growing envious of her beauty and accomplishments. The passion for good music had got the better of the shyness of her sex, and she stood listening to the music when she could not afford to pay for it.

Hemalatha was struck by the girl's beauty. She got into conversation with her, and was very much moved to sympathize with her lot, her passionate love of

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Hemalatha was struck by the girl’s beauty. She got into conversation with her, and was very much moved to sympathize with her lot, her passionate love of

music, and her poverty thwarting its satisfaction, and requested Raghu to get one more ticket for Pankajam.

Raghu was not entirely unconscious of the beauty by his sister's side. He could assess the proper worth of a diamond, whether in the show case or thrown on a dust-heap. But, though moved by her beauty, he would not indulge his eyes when there was art to be appreciated and business to be attended to. So leaving Latha in the company of Pankajam he busied himself with the affairs of the Club.

Latha's knowledge of music enabled her merely to appreciate music in general; but, on the other hand, Pankaja appreciated the subtleties of music and explained them to her new acquaintance and benefactress. Thus to Latha's admiration of Pankaja's beauty was added the appreciation of her accomplishments, which in turn, made her curious to know more about her and cultivate her friendship.

Pankajam was the only surviving daughter of a sickly father. Apart from his sickness, his pressing poverty and the disposal of a growing girl were problems that troubled him. The abnormal prices of bridegrooms at the prevailing market rate threw him into despair, and he even furtively entertained an idea of making her a film-actress. But it was the last thing to which she would stoop.

The performance being over, the two new friends walked straight to the car. Pankajam thanked Latha very much for her kindness and took leave of her. It was dark and drizzling.

"Get in Pankaja, you will get wet. My brother is busy inside. I shall ask him to

give you a lift to your house. Get in," said Latha. Unable to decline her kindness she got in, and answered all the questions arising out of Latha's curiosity, and thus acquainted her new friend with her life history.

Raghu returned after thanking the guests of the evening. He forgot all about his sister and her new friend. He started the car. Latha could not help laughing at his forgetfulness, and cried: "here we are, Raghu." He switched on the ceiling light, and looked through the mirror before him and blushed. At Hemu's request he drove to Pankaja's house.

"Hemu! How did you enjoy the music?" asked Raghu.

"Pankaj! it is your opinion that matters", said Latha. Though her heart wished to do so, her modesty stood in the way of her expressing her opinion. But at Latha's repeated requests she consented. Pulling the end of her saree close, and making Latha her intermediary, she said: The *Ragamalika* was not so good as her *Mohana* to-day; and with her thodi the violinist played havoc and hindered her progress....."

Raghu was astonished at her critical faculty and declared to his sister:

"Well, Hemu, when we started I promised to arrange for you a music tutor; here she is."

"How now, have you known my brother for some time?" burst out Latha to her new friend.

To expose Raghu or to dupe Latha! that was Pankaja's problem. She saved the situation by skipping over the question, and saying: "The pleasure will be mine to teach you music,"

music, and her poverty thwarting its satisfaction, and requested Raghu to get one more ticket for Pankajam.

Raghu was not entirely unconscious of the beauty by his sister's side. He could assess the proper worth of a diamond, whether in the show case or thrown on a dust-heap. But, though moved by her beauty, he would not indulge his eyes when there was art to be appreciated and business to be attended to. So leaving Latha in the company of Pankajam he busied himself with the affairs of the Club.

Latha's knowledge of music enabled her merely to appreciate music in general; but, on the other hand, Pankaja appreciated the subtleties of music and explained them to her new acquaintance and benefactress. Thus to Latha's admiration of Pankaja's beauty was added the appreciation of her accomplishments, which in turn, made her curious to know more about her and cultivate her friendship.

Pankajam was the only surviving daughter of a sickly father. Apart from his sickness, his pressing poverty and the disposal of a growing girl were problems that troubled him. The abnormal prices of bridegrooms at the prevailing market rate threw him into despair, and he even furtively entertained an idea of making her a film-actress. But it was the last thing to which she would stoop.

The performance being over, the two new friends walked straight to the car. Pankajam thanked Latha very much for her kindness and took leave of her. It was dark and drizzling.

"Get in Pankaja, you will get wet. My brother is busy inside. I shall ask him to

give you a lift to your house. Get in," said Latha. Unable to decline her kindness she got in, and answered all the questions arising out of Latha's curiosity, and thus acquainted her new friend with her life history.

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U. T. C.



1942

'D' COMPANY (LOYOLA)

Meantime they arrived at the destination. Pankajam thanked them and Latha expressed her hope of meeting her the next day. On the way Hemalatha acquainted her brother, with much sympathy, of her new friend's history.

The next day the driver had to be dismissed for his continued irregularity. It fell to Raghu's lot to bring Pankajam to interview his parents before she could be appointed Hemu's music tutor. His parents were pleased with her modest looks and pleasant voice. Even the old-fashioned blundering mother exclaimed openly: "How I wish Raghu could get a wife of this type!" Simultaneously blushes mounted to the faces of Raghu and Pankajam. Raghu knew the art of convincing old people. He knew that it was by expressing the opposite of what he felt that he could make the old people adopt his real opinion. So he said to his parents: "For me! What a rich and distinguished wife! Such a poor girl, and that a music tutor too! No!"

"No, Raghu, we only wished for a girl of that type of beauty and accomplishment, with riches added of course."

Every evening he used to drop his sister at her tutor's on his way to his club and would pick her up on his return. His frequent visits, supplemented by the sympathetic reports from Hemu, made him take a deep interest in Pankaja's family.

Hemalatha was fast improving. Her parents wished to have the tuition at their house. But there was no driver! Raghu was forced to act as one, which job he did not shirk. With admirable regularity he used to convey the tutor from her home and back. It was his sympathy more than his love for her that brought them closer

every day! He wished to relieve her from her poverty, and resorted to solving crossword puzzles at his cost but in her name.

He wished to arrange a performance by her in his club. Raghu was in charge of the entertainments for the anniversary of the club. On his persuasion Pankajam agreed to give a performance. Through the medium of his father's paper he was able to give wide publicity to the event, and collected a large and varied audience, including some 'Cinema-Chettiars,' who were anxious to hear the new comer and, if desirable, to book her for their films. The function proved a roaring success, and Pankajam won her laurels. The world of music woke up to new merit, and the audience found a new star swimming into their ken. Offers of large sums for her performances soon flowed in. Telephone calls and letters poured in on Raghu, as her agent, asking him on behalf of eager impresarios.

He directed the correspondence to her and awaited her decision. She flatly refused all such offers and told Raghu: "Sir, I shall rest content and feel quite happy with your kindness and friendship."

"That is a great sacrifice indeed," he thought, "the more so when it comes from a woman, and one besides who suffers from acute poverty." He felt that no sacrifice of his could equal hers, and from thence his heart turned to her and he bestowed all his affection on her.

The illness of Pankajam's father took a turn for the worse. Raghu was called to his bedside; and resigning his daughter into the hands of Raghu the dying father said: "To make or mar this child lies with you—You shall be the guardian and champion of her honour." He did

not live to see her good fortune. Poor Pankajam was now an orphan.

Latha's marriage was arranged with the son of a Rao Bahadur. He was merely an under-graduate, but the consideration of money ruled the situation. Raghu revered his father so much that he rarely felt greater gratitude than to those that contributed to his father's gratification. Though he personally hated the idea of paying or receiving dowry, his father had agreed with the Rao Bahadur to pay 3,000/- in cash and to settle the balance of 7,000/- on his daughter.

The marriage arrangements were in full swing.

A few days before the appointed day of the marriage Pankajam was disturbed by a ringing of a cycle bell. She opened the door, and read a telegram, which ran thus: "Pankajam wins first prize, seven thousand, cheque posted—X-word Puzzle." She prepared to go to Latha's house to inform her of the news.

Meantime a messenger had arrived from Latha's would-be father-in-law, demanding the balance of the dowry in cash, or in the alternative asking that the celebration be postponed. A shock passed through Latha's heart. The puzzled father and enraged son Raghu did not know what to do. Latha set out to inform Pankajam of the sorrowful news.

Sorrow taking precedence of joy, Latha met Pankajam at the latter's house, and narrated all that had happened. Pankajam was sad, but soothed her pupil and friend saying: "Don't worry, child. There is bound to be a storm before a calm," and
away without disclosing her glad

running to the Rao Bahadur to pay him the balance, representing it as having been sent by Latha's father. His wishes having been gratified Bahadur wired to Latha's father thus:—

"Thanks, proceed with arrangements, arriving to-morrow".

This created a greater sensation than the previous message. They even suspected the genuineness of the telegram. But Pankajam encouraged them to proceed. As promised, the bride-groom's party arrived. As he got down, the Rao Bahadur said, "I hope my first message did not upset you much." With the cordiality that ought to be shown on such occasion, Raghu replied: "Not in the least." After coming home an investigation into the "thanks" in the last message, necessitated an identity parade, and Pankajam was charged with misrepresentation and payment. She pleaded guilty to the charge when the whole matter was revealed.

Raghu's father was very pleased at the turn of events, and wondered at the magnanimity of Pankajam in the midst of her poverty, and consented to her marriage with Raghu. The marriage of a distinguished F.C.S. Officer with a poor orphan, and that of an under-graduate with a rich girl fetching a large dowry, were celebrated under the same roof. For the papers on that day announced the success of Raghu at the examination.

Latha's new husband felt ashamed of himself when he stood in contrast with Raghu, and demanded that his own father should pay back all the dowry.

Latha now had a Tutor-in-law.

S. RAMASWAMI,
IV, B.A.

the cheque.

RAJ NATAKI

The glimmering light of the evening was fading into the darkness of the night. The flower gardens of the royal palace were balmy with perfumes, the breeze from the Jumna gently stirred the leaves. One or two stars peeped through their veils of cloud.

The stillness of the night air was rent by a feminine voice; Avarkali was calling after her faun "Arrah." Avarkali was beautiful, her eyes were bright and her complexion perfect. Those eyes were like the deer's—dark, very large and fringed with long lashes.

Hearing the footsteps of a man she raised her eyes. The steps drew nearer, then ceased. Prince Salim was following Avarkali. She was surprised. She had a look of a frightened faun.

Salim came forward and asked her whether she had seen a faun passing that way.

"Yes," said Avarkali timidly, thinking that it was her faun that he was referring to; "I have seen one, but—"

"Where is my faun then?" asked Salim coming nearer.

"Your faun!" exclaimed Avarkali retreating slowly; "well, I have not seen it."

"But it is here," said Salim, and he presumed in the gentlest manner to touch her on her shoulder, and whispered in her ear, "you shall be mine."

She started, and hastily retreated from the venturesome prince.

* * * *

The palace was in a bustle. There was life everywhere, and joy on every face. A

splendid Durbar was to be held that day, and what was more, Avarkali was to give a dancing performance that same evening.

Evening came, and with it the guests.

The windows of the royal residence were brilliantly illuminated, and the squares and streets adjacent, usually so solitary, were now crowded with people. The court swarmed with courtiers, lord and princes, who eagerly awaited the performance.

The hour struck, and Avarkali made her appearance. When the assembly saw her they were stupefied. Her beauty was surpassing; it seemed to belong to another order of being higher than human.

She danced.

Every eye was fixed upon her, every mouth open; and as she danced she turned her head in the direction of the assembly of princes; her eye fell upon Salim; their glances met. Then she cast down her eyes, and her face glowed with pleasure. Akbar caught this look, and understood the secret of the two lovers.

* * * *

The prison was solitary except for two persons. Avarkali was standing in a corner and Salim kneeling beside her.

"So you will not leave the prison?" pleaded Salim; "I implore you by all that is sacred, do not wait; do not throw away this chance; if you do, nothing shall save you. Time passes. Will you not give way?"

"If I were to escape, I should be found, and it would cost me my life; your life also would be in danger. I will not suffer any calamity to befall you."

"Do not think of me; I am safe."

"Come, come," said the jailer, who had been listening to their discourse for a long time—"come; there is no time to be lost! the king is coming. Quick, prince, quick!"

This was only a trick played by the jailer. Unable to refuse Salim's request he had admitted him to the prison. For Salim would be the future sovereign; then he would take vengeance upon the poor jailer. At the same time the jailer feared the present sovereign, and Akbar had given orders that nobody should be admitted to the prison. The jailer had heard their plan of escape. Determined to prevent this escape, and yet afraid to incur the displeasure of the prince, the jailer had hit upon this expedient. The plan succeeded; and the prince hurriedly withdrew after having tenderly embraced Avarkali.

* * * *

We know the rest of the tragic story; how Avarkali was buried alive for her refusal to marry anybody but the prince, and how Salim in his exasperation killed Abul-Fazl, the faithful minister of Akbar, and thus brought about the death of his father, who died of grief for his minister's death.

* * * *

Fifteen years passed. It was dusk. The breeze sighed. The air was perfumed. There was moonlight on the trees. A few clouds floated among the pale stars.

From a clump of bushes there issued a slim figure, unearthly looking in the dim light. It was Nur-Jehan. At a distance another figure moved forward; it was Jehangir.

A tomb arrested his attention.

"Whose tomb is that?" He asked.

"Avarkali's," replied his attendant.

Avarkali's! that word uttered in ignorance flew straight to his heart. All the sweet memories of the past came thronging to his mind. He walked up to the tomb and knelt by it; tears came to his eyes.

A gust of wind swept down the garden and set the leaves trembling. The gloom deepened to darkness, and the rain rushed down.

A spark leapt out of a cloud and lighted up the scene. In this gleam one might have seen two big tears, as big as two bright pearls, fall from the eyes of Jehangir on the tomb of Avarkali.

R. S. JAYASEELAN,

II U.C. 66

THE CIRCUS

Last night I went to a circus. My friends had said it would be amusing. They were going to it, they said, and would I like to come? So I went with them. This was during my Christmas vacation. I was not in a city but in a town; a small town, and I had a presentiment what the circus would be like.

The evening show started at 7-15; so

the manager said. We were there at 7. The circus tent was a big one, but there was something about it which made my spirit sink as I entered it. It was dismal.

There were quite a number of people inside the tent, mostly villagers, and they were seated on the ground round a large circular space in the middle. Chairs had been specially brought for us, and we sat

SGT. KARUNAKARA MENON

SGT. K. G. BELLIAPPA

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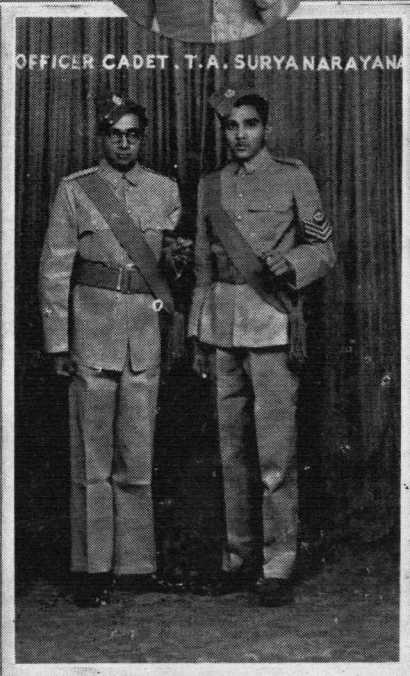
SGT. R. SUTIR



OFFICER CADET . T. A. SURYANARAYAN

Red Hills

Camp



C.S.M. ALAGAPPAN & C.Q.M.S. JEYACHANDRAN

more item, after which the show would come to an end. His speech was received with stony glances and sneers. The audience had expected something more. The glances and sneers did not in the least discomfit him, for they were not new to him. He withdrew, his face wreathed in smiles, bowing his way out.

The last item was a panther fight. We waited for the panther. It came. We were disappointed. It was the tamest I had seen, and I am sure would have begged for a biscuit. Amidst a medley of discordant notes the Tarzan entered the arena. He was dressed in a panther skin, and for a moment there was a general doubt as to who was the animal. The panther was not in a mood to fight. It was thumped and rolled about in the dust,

and subjected to various other tortures—in spite of which it still refused to fight. Once in trying to escape its persecutors it endeavoured to climb the tent-pole. Poor creature! It was brought down, walloped, and then cast into its vile cage in disgrace. The 'victor' bowed for applause with a smug smile. He received no applause. I would gladly have given anything to wipe that leer off his face.

The show came to an end, and the circus band (it was not dignified enough to be called an orchestra) struggled mournfully with the National Anthem. Then we filed out; and I for one was glad it was all over.

I find the circus depressing.

G. S. RANGANATHAN,

I U.C.

THESE COW-BOYS IN NOVELS

How many times, dear reader, have you been thrilled by the adventures of Western cowboys with six-shooters stuck all over their waist, chest and even back, besides the two they always have in their hands? How many times have you been entranced by their drawl and swagger? Doubtless often. But I hate cowboys. I hate them from the first page of the book to the last. I fly into ecstasies when the hero is shot, and am sorely disappointed when he miraculously recovers, (which he does not fail to do in any book). I will give you my reasons. To do so I shall have to quote here and there various ludicrous instances from Western novels.

The hero is always a stern sort of fellow; not much of an intellectual, but provided with an inexhaustible supply of common-sense ('horse-sense' as they call

it; 'ass-sense' would be more appropriate). Though he is tough, he is soft. Now this is not self-contradiction. I'll go further into details. He is a tough 'guy,' but possesses a soft heart (it is not clearly stated whether he is suffering from a fatty heart). He is as strong and as courageous as a lion, and as gentle as a woman. But when he becomes angry he burns with a cold fire; (I can't understand how this can be achieved unless he swallows a lump of dry ice). His eyes are usually like blue steel, (in some cases tempered), and they glint like rapiers when he becomes angry, and cross each other when he gets excited. Further when he is angry, he has a faint smile twitching his lips. After using all the above mentioned tactics in rapid succession, he either drawls out "Wal, I rekkon," (his pronunciation is

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down. From the top of the tent hung swings and rings, while near the tent-pole were parallel bars. The acrobats would make their appearance in a few minutes, we were told; meanwhile the audience buzzed with excitement. A few gypsies hawked their wares, and their voices rose above the buzz and clamour inside the tent.

The circus band started with a clashing of cymbals and thumping of drums. Then these instruments subsided, and another instrument began to play. I shall never know what instrument it was. I was of opinion that it was an ordinary pipe, but my friends believed it was a clarinet. The piper, (I still maintain the instrument was a pipe) rose, bowed condescendingly to all present, and then sat down amidst deafening applause. Then he started.

I believe he meant to give us a sample of barnyard music. From the beginning I knew what it was, though my friends seemed nonplussed. It was a hen about to lay an egg. I remember perfectly having heard, when I was a little boy, a hen in the throes of laying an egg. No one could possibly have imitated it better than this musician. I watched him with silent admiration as he puffed his cheeks, and rolled his eyes, and sent out squawk after squawk through his pipe. The egg I knew, was nearing its destination. The squawks became shriller and shriller. There was an alarming squawk. Then silence for a few seconds, after which a few contented clucks, which showed, I suppose, that the hen was satisfied with her egg. The piper stopped and I leaned back in my chair. He mopped his face with a handkerchief, exhausted, and watched the effect his music had had on

the audience. He seemed satisfied; so were we—now that he had stopped.

Once again the jealous drums and cymbals dinned. The acrobats entered bowing, and for a few minutes we watched their feats. Then they bowed themselves out.

There were three clowns endeavouring to be funny. The audience roared with laughter. I do not know why. I could not laugh except now and then, and that only when I forced myself to, more by way of encouragement than appreciation. On the other hand I felt there was something very sad in their mirth, something gloomy which they could not hide. I do not know whether the others noticed it, and I am certain it is not my imagination which made it appear so to me. Day after day they have to repeat the same jokes, the same tricks, the same gestures. How awfully trying it must be! It is a wonder they do not break down. I saw one of them standing near the entrance after his role. He had discarded the clown's costume, and was wearing a patchy coat and trousers ridiculously short and baggy at the knees. He had a hunch-back. He stood inconspicuously against a pole with a mournful countenance, watching what we were watching with tired eyes.

There were the usual items, rope-walking and a number of other things, very cleverly executed no doubt, but I was not in an appreciative mood. I dozed through the shorter items and slumbered through the longer ones, and woke up to hear the manager saying: "Ladies and gentlemen." He said how grateful he was to the people for having encouraged his show, etc., etc.—There would be one

often as bad as his spelling; In some books he does not even know the alphabet!), sometimes substituting 'figger' for 'rekkon,' pushes back his hat and leans against a counter (when there is one nearby), or (this, when he means business) he snaps at his enemy, the villain "to reach for the stars." Argument on the part of the villain after that is futile.

Sometimes in a gunfight, the villain and the hero watch each other over a counter (a table satisfies the purpose for that matter,) and continue to stare at each other till the others who are present begin to feel uneasy. Before the commencement of the duel with their eyes, the hero makes his blue eyes icy and menacing. (In one book, the hero went to the extent of snapping his eyes with anger; I don't quite understand how). The villain then narrows his eyes, (this is a bit difficult to perform in the beginning but constant practice makes it easier), into two slits. His lips curl and the cheap cigarette he smokes, (any cigarette he smokes is necessarily cheap), droops ominously. His hand moves fast to his holster to draw his six-shooter, but the hero beats him at the draw. His hands in some books travel as fast as rattle-snakes, in some others like

greased-lightning, and within the twinkling of an eye there is a roar, (in fact two roars, as the villain also has fired his weapon), and 'twin smokes' curl from the hips of the hero; (this is rather strange, one must never forget that the hero shoots from his hips). The hero then wheels around and leaves the bar, (I forgot to mention that the fight usually takes place in a bar-room,) leaving the villain lying in a twisted position—dead.

After this the hero woos and marries the heroine. There is nothing much to be said about the heroine, except that she is a 'touch egg': and in a score of years there are half-a-dozen miniatures of the stern hero, who take delight in practising to cross their eyes in cold rage, (in some cases crossing the eyes need not be practised; the son inherits the gift from his father,) and shooting from their hips, and drawling, and riding anything from a clothes-horse to a coat-rack, of course with the expert guidance of their skilful father, who by-the-way settles down to lead a farmer's life, recollecting on rainy days, seated by a crackling fire, the duels of his swash-buckling youth . . .

G. S. RANGANATHAN,

I U.C.

U. T. C. NOTES

July 1941 marked a new era in the annals of this contingent. Soon after the reopening of the College 2/Lt. J. F. Perreira was granted a Commission and began his duties as second in command to 'Capt. T. S.'

Thanks to the ever-increasing interest shown by Rev. Fr. Rector in the U.T.C., our Company office was shifted to a

spacious room in the main building, and its walls were adorned with wall posters put up by our enthusiastic C. S. M. Suryanarayana and C. Q. M. S. Alagappan, who made full use of the artistic talents of Cadet. Ramalingam. A huge V painted in striking colours by I/C. Chandra-sekharan served to create a distinctly martial atmosphere. Our parade ground was

improved, our armoury better equipped, and a U.T.C. Contingent library opened.

While work was in full swing, came a piece of news which we heard with feelings of dismay, mingled however with pride. Our popular Capt. T. S. was granted an Emergency Commission and appointed Adjutant of the 5th (Madras) U.T.C. We were sorry to be deprived of the services of so efficient an Officer as Capt. T. S., but we felt that the honour conferred on him was one which the whole Battalion and particularly this contingent may well be proud of. We organised a farewell function to show our appreciation of all that Capt. T. S. had done for us, and the C.O. Col. Chakko was pleased to honour us with his presence.

Enrolment of recruits was now taken up, and though there were only forty seven vacancies, nearly double that number came forward. After a process of careful weeding out and a series of tests based on the principle of the survival of the fittest, we selected a set of the toughest, keenest and most promising recruits.

The 10th of August, the Rector's Day, followed soon, and the Contingent paraded under the command of 2|Lt. J. F. Perreira. Rev. Fr. Rector complimented the men on their smartness, and added a few words which showed the keen interest he took in the U.T.C. We responded with our characteristic vigour to the appeal for contributions to the Governor's War Fund, and are glad to say that we topped the list.

As part of our training we had a few route marches, which all ranks enjoyed though they returned weary and footsore. The monotony of long spells of marching

was quite forgotten in the singing of popular marching songs, while the moment an S.O.S. (Skirt on Skyline) was sighted, the strains of "Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye" rose even above the sound of the drum lustily plied by our energetic Quartermaster.

Just before Camp, the contingent met to bid goodbye to our popular Staff Sergeant Instructor Rich, who was granted an Emergency Commission and was leaving us to take up his new appointment of Lieut.-Quartermaster,—a most deserving reward for years of honest sincere work. S. S. I. Rich was a patient good-natured instructor and exercised a genial influence on all ranks. We gave him a hearty send-off, and the men bore him on their shoulders to the rousing strains of "He's a jolly good fellow." S. S. I. Stockill, who followed S. S. I. Rich, has been carrying on the good work of his predecessor, and the more we come to know him the better we like him.

The long awaited 9th of December, the day on which we were to set out for Camp, dawned bright and clear, and after an early breakfast the baggage party under the stalwart command of Sgt. Sujir started off in lorries piled high with luggage. The rest of the contingent followed, and by 2 p.m. we were all at Red Hills. Our energetic C. S. M. Sury helped by his band of willing sergeants set to work, and the gruelling task of issuing blankets, groundsheets, etc., to every member of the contingent was soon completed, and each man found his own cosy corner under canvas.

We were just beginning to enjoy camp life, when one fine morning the rain came, at first in slight showers and then

in torrents. All hands were called out, spades were requisitioned, and work in earnest began. Instead of merely tucking up our sleeves we dispensed with shirts altogether. Trenches were dug, bunds raised, and shallow drains deepened into miniature canals, but the relentless onrush of the flood could not be stemmed. We were forced to retire till the enemy infiltrations penetrated even our home defences and entered our tents. The C.O. now stepped in, and kindly granted two days leave to the whole camp; and the speed with which the evacuation was carried out was a remarkable achievement. Rec. D'Souza was busy with his camera, and our Company Album can now boast of a series of beautiful and interesting snaps.

In Part III (Musketry) we won the first, second, and third places in the battalion, and for this distinction we congratulate Sgt. H. Rozario, Sgt. Belliappa, and C. S. M. Alagappan. In Part II (Musketry) we secured the second and third places in the battalion, thanks to the splendid performance of Cpl. Dadaboy and Cdt. B. Ramesh Rao. In the cross country race Cdt. Sesharathnam sprang a very pleasant surprise by winning the second place.

Two days later we reassembled once more. The soft ground helped our trio of artists Rec. Xavier, Cdt. Ramalingam and L/C. A. Chandrasekharan, to carve out a beautiful representation of our College crest in colours, which was displayed with pride when Fr. Rector paid us a very welcome visit the following Sunday. The regular routine now commenced, and P.T. in the morning followed by various tactical exercises and a few night operations as well, kept us busy, while the days flew

past one after another with amazing rapidity. On the last day, our contingent figured largely in the list of prize-winners. We bagged the two musketry cups for Part II and Part III, and five runner-up prizes, for which we were awarded certificates.

A new feature of this year was the starting of the Inter-Platoon Route March Competition. A beautiful rosewood shield inlaid with silver was presented to the contingent by Rev. Fr. Rector, and the 14th Platoon under the command of C. Q. M. S. Jayachandran had the distinction of winning it the first year.

The U.T.C. Flying Scheme is now being started, and nine men of this contingent have passed the final selection and will soon start their training. About ten more have given their names for the same, and are waiting to be called up for the interview.

Some of our best men have left us to take up Emergency Commissions in His Majesty's land forces. Prominent among them is our C.S.M. T. A. Suryanarayana. He was an indefatigable worker in all spheres of activity calculated to raise the efficiency of the corps, and his departure from us has cast a gloom on the whole contingent. Others who took up commissions are Rees. M. Cruikshanks, F. Seudder, D. Rathnaswamy. Cdt. S. L. V. Narasimha has been granted a Viceroy's Commission, and U/O Kandaswamy is now an A.R.P. Instructor.

Our list of promotions runs as follows: Sgt. T. A. Suryanarayana was made C.S.M., and when he left C. Q. M. S. Alagappan was made C.S.M., and Sgt. Jayachandran, C. Q. M. S. Cpls. G. Desraj, H. D'Rozario, and K. G. Belliappa

were promoted to sergeants; L|Cpls. S. Varadarajan and N. D. Subramanian and Cdts. E. Stracey, E. H. Dadabhoy, G. King and N. D. Jaganatha Rao to Corporals; and Cdts. A. R. Srinivasan, R. Srinivasan, Narasimha Vustad, Narayan Vustad, Shunmugam, Seetharama Sarma, J. A. Rozario and A. Chandrashekarana to Lance Corporals.

A very successful year is now drawing to a close, and the O|C takes this opportunity to record his sincere thanks to

every member of this contingent from the two Under-Officers down to the rawest recruit, for their splendid co-operation, their willing submission to the rigours of discipline, and the keen interest and enthusiasm they have displayed in all the activities of the corps. As long as these features characterise us the Loyola Contingent may be assured of a bright, happy and prosperous future.

2|Lt. J. F. FERREIRA,
O.C. 'D' Company (Loyola).

FREE FRENCH WAIVES THE RULE

"Tomorrow afternoon at Mazda at 12-30, and don't forget to bring your thermos flask along"—That was nearly all the preparation made by the French students of the IV U.C., when they decided to go for a picnic to Adyar, to commemorate the happy days we have spent together in Loyola. The idea originated in the fertile brain of one of our classmates, Bennet P. The occasion was honoured by the presence of our respected Fr. Saulière and our amiable lecturer Mr. D'Netto.

The function was fixed for the afternoon of Friday 13th Feb., which was a College holiday. We set out in an Opel saloon belonging to Desaraj, who is such a staunch member of the U.T.C. that he cannot abandon his khaki even when he is picnicking. We were soon to learn what a reckless driver he was, for he had not gone far when he bumped into a lamp-post and dinged the rear mudguard. This was an ominous beginning, and we wondered whether we should return safe and sound. While we were in *Mazda* on Mount Road buying the refreshments,

our friend Desaraj had an opportunity of displaying his gallantry. He met a young lady whom he drove to the Q. M. C. But as he drove off with a mischievous smile, we looked at each other in grave concern wondering whether he would come back.

We decided to picnic in the garden of the Theosophical Society, and though we had not obtained written permission to enter the premises it did not worry us. We felt that as senior students of the Loyola College we were above those irritating rules of theosophists, with whom we could have argued the point in fluent French should that have been necessary. The famous banyan tree, said to be 160 years old, first attracted our attention. Its enormous size and the numerous roots, some of which were thicker than the branches, filled one with surprise. From here we made our way to the sea shore, walking along the bank of the Adyar river. On the way we saw a catamaran, which Desaraj and Raju were determined to board in order to show us what they knew of rowing. We anticipated what would befall them ere long. Desaraj's reckless-

ness and Raju's over-confidence in his supposed knowledge of rowing were not likely to carry them far; so we were soon treated to the spectacle of Desaraj and Raju toppling over, and then striving vainly to regain the catamaran as they waded neck deep in water.

On the shore we took two snaps of ourselves on a boat that was beached. Then a wicked idea came into the heads of both Desaraj and Raju. Envious of the comfort we enjoyed of dry clothes, these two unscrupulous fellows decided that we too should be partakers of their self-imposed discomfort by giving us a ducking in the sea. So with a speed and precision comparable to the wanton attack of the Japs on Pearl Harbour, these two fellows pounced on us in turn and put us through the ordeal of a ducking. Mani was the first victim; then Bennet, who though he was the life of the party, was not immune from this treacherous attack. But the cream of the joke was James' attitude to the matter. With an abandonment of all resistance, incredible in such a fine specimen of manhood as our friend James, he not only willingly yielded but even went so far as to impose the punishment on himself by casting himself headlong into the sea. Seeing my valiant friend James behave in this craven manner, I soon felt it difficult to muster the little courage I had in order to resist the base attack which I knew for certain would soon be launched against me. Hence it was not to be expected that I, with a mind filled with a sinking courage, could offer any serious resistance; and so I went under, looking somewhat like a battleship which had put up a brave fight against overwhelming odds.

It was now nearly 4 p.m. We expected Fr. Saulière who could not join us earlier. Moreover it was time for tea, so we left the shore. Father arrived on time, and after choosing a suitable spot we fell to. The refreshments were delicious, so we did justice to the better part of them. Another reason why we enjoyed ourselves at this moment was Father's presence with us. He entered into the spirit of the picnic, and made us feel quite at home. His geniality was much appreciated. It was with regret and reluctance that we let him go a little later, as he had important business to attend to.

Not long after we decided to leave Adyar and spend the rest of the evening on the Mylapore beach. Hardly had we left the gate when the car broke down: so she had to be pushed a part of the way. We soon got her moving again, but at the moment it seemed to us like a protest against the man-handling she received at the hands of her reckless driver. On the way Raju took the wheel, and immediately imagined he was seated securely in a Hurricane or a Spitfire. He seems to have forgotten that the road is not the air, where one can pursue any direction one pleases. Consequently, people were seen scattering in all directions to make way for this plane. Even Desaraj was compelled to stop him and take over the driving himself.

We believe that an entertainment of this kind, instead of the formal regid socials and group photographs, will do much to bring about a better feeling of comradeship between the students and the staff.

E. F. PHAROAH,
IV, U.C.

COLLEGE ASSOCIATIONS

ANDHRA VANGMAYA SAMITHI

The election of the office-bearers of the Andhra Vangmaya Samithi was held on 17th

July 1941. The following students were elected for the year.

SECRETARY:

ASSISTANT SECRETARY:

REPRESENTATIVES:

S. Narayana Reddi.

M. Venkateswara Rao.

Honours Class: Dutt.

IV U.C.: T. Ananda Rao.

III U.C.: Chandrasekharan.

II U.C.: R. Natesan.

I U.C.: Bali Reddi.

The inaugural address was delivered on the 5th August 1941, by Sri G. Seethapathi, when Srimathi Chandravati Amma presided. The lecturer gave a scholarly discourse on the development of the Telugu Language in the various branches of learning.

On the 23rd of August 1941, the members of the Association staged the Telugu Social Drama "Apotha," by Sri G. Balasundara Rao, in the Museum Theatre. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice P. Venkataramana Rao presided. All the actors without exception played their parts well and won the appreciation of the learned audience. The author of the play was also one of the guests, and he was very pleased with the histrionic talents of the actors. The actors, one and all, gained prizes, which were proposed by several persons amongst the audience.

During the year only a few debates were held. One took place on the 13th October, the subject being "Co-education," when Mr. Sreenivasulu Reddi of III Honours was the opener and the Rev. C. Innayya, II U.C. the opposer. Another debate was held on the 28th Novem-

ber 1941, in order to select candidates for the Elocution Competition to be conducted by the Andhra Mahasabha, Madras, in February 1942. Ramachandra Kasyappa of IV U.C., Sreenivasulu Reddi of III Honours, and Sreenivasamoorthy of I U.C., were the candidates selected for the purpose.

On 13th November 1941, our College Telugu Association was represented by Ramachandra Kasyappa IV U.C. for the essay-writing competition in connection with the Andhra Week celebrations. We are proud to mention that he won the first prize in the contest.

Because of the war conditions, we have dropped the valedictory function of our Samithi; and the printing of our Annual Telugu Magazine has also to be given up, on account of the abnormal rise in the prices of paper and printing.

A. PARABRAHMA SASTRI,

President.

S. NARAYANA REDDI,

Secretary.

MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. A. Narasinga Rao, Reader in Mathematics, in the Annamalai University, on 10-8-1941. Rev. Fr. Racine presided over the function. After tea Dr. Narasinga Rao spoke on "Mathematics and Modern Warfare", a very interesting subject. He cited various methods of finding the speed of aeroplanes and projectiles, of locating their position, and of constructing the proper shape for them, and pointed out that Mathematics was indispensable for modern warfare. He insisted that the pacifist attitude of the pure mathematician was not responsible for the modern war, and that his discoveries should not be made the tool of human destruction.

The second meeting was held on 17-8-1941, when Mr. K. G. Ramanathan, Post-graduate student of our College, spoke on "Demlo Numbers", a particular class of natural numbers possessing characteristic properties. Rev. Fr. Racine presided over the meeting, and in order to encourage students to participate in the activities of the Association, announced that the annual prize for Mathematics would be offered to the best student lecturer in the course of the year.

The next meeting was held on 16-10-1941, when Mr. G. Valdyanathan of V. Hons. spoke on "Strings and Chains", a topic relating to circle geometry. In the unavoidable absence of

Rev. Fr. Racine Mr. S. Narayanan our Vice-President presided.

On the 14th of November the Association was at home to Dr. Meenakshisundaram, Research Assistant of the Madras University, and an old student of our College, to congratulate him on his D.Sc. On the same occasion Mr. Kibble, Professor of Mathematics, the Christian College, Tambaram, spoke on "Geometrical Patterns in Moghul Architecture", an interesting topic. The lecture was amply illustrated with epidiascope slides. Rev. Fr. Racine presided.

The valedictory address of the Association will be delivered in a few days, and we may have a student lecture before that.

One striking feature of this year's programme was the uniformly good attendance, which on two occasions was more than a hundred. Even on days when the bait of a tea was not provided, the attendance was fairly good. We have to thank all the lecturers of this year for their willing response. Personally I have to thank the students of this College for their willing cooperation. One would wish that more students should come forward to participate in the activities of the Association.

S. G. RAMAN, *V Hons.*
Secretary.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

A general body meeting of the above Association was held on 15th August 1941 under the presidentship of Mr. E. K. Srinivasan, M.A., B.L., Manager, Insurance Department, Parry & Co., Ltd., Madras. The Office-bearers for the year 1941-42 were elected. The annual subscription was raised from one rupee to two rupees. The meeting was followed by dinner, to which the new graduates were invited. Over 300 sat down to dinner. As last year, the

Academic medals won by the students were presented by the President on this occasion.

We have been able to enrol about 150 members so far. We exhort the Old Boys of the College to join the Association in larger numbers and to help us to make it more active.

S. NARAYANAN,
K. VASUDEVAN,
Secretaries.

PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

The special feature of this Association has been that on every alternate Friday a student had to speak, and on every other Friday one of the members of the staff spoke on subjects of modern interest. These lectures were started with a view to develop an interest in the scientific discoveries and to keep pace with modern discoveries and theories.

On three occasions there were special meetings. The first was the Inaugural Address

held on the 21st August, when Prof. T. N. Seshadri of the Presidency College spoke on "This Empty World".

The second came off on the 23rd of October, when Prof. Bondada of the Presidency College spoke on "Atoms".

The third was on the 28th of November, by Mr. Rama Pisharoty, once a professor of this College, but now doing research in the Bangalore Institute of Science. He spoke on Raman's X-Ray reflection in crystals.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Speaker.</i>
25th July 1941 ..	Wireless ..	Mr. S. Venkatasubbaratnam, IV, B.Sc.
21st August 1941 ..	Atomic Structural lines ..	Mr. R. Venkatasubramaniam, IV, B.Sc.
29th August 1941 ..	Cyclotron ..	Mr. U. Raghavendrchar, Phy. Dept.
5th September 1941.	Passage of Electric current thro' rarified gases.	Mr. U. Rammohan Nayak, IV, B.Sc.
10th October 1941 ..	Telescopes ..	Mr. R. Balasubramaniam, IV, B.Sc.
17th October 1941 ..	Triode Valve ..	Mr. V. Somasundaram, Phy. Dept.
24th October 1941 ..	X-Rays ..	Mr. K. Prabhu, IV, B.Sc.
31st October 1941 ..	X-Rays ..	Mr. S. Parthasarathy, Phy. Dept.
7th November 1941.	Defects of Images ..	Mr. C. Krishnamurty, IV, B.Sc.
30th January 1942..	Theory of Relativity ..	Mr. C. A. George, Phy. Dept.

P. D. RAGHAVAN,
Secretary.

GAMES AND ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS

"For when the great scorer comes
To mark against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost
But how you played the game."

We had a fairly successful athletic season this year, although we lost a few of our best sportsmen—Ramarathnam, Paul and D'Costa. Fortunately among the new comers were Kurien Joseph, E. Philipsz, F. Mathias and M. Mathias.

In the Inter-Collegiate Sports, we came second to Christian College, losing by a large margin. Perhaps if Ashe and Philip, who were away at Aligarh playing for the University hockey team, had been present, the difference would have been narrowed. Gaughan and Stracey shouldered the burden of gathering points very well. The former, as usual, annexed both the Shot Put and the Discus Throw, while the latter won the Javelin Throw in fine style and came second in the Hurdles. M. Mathias and T. Moore performed feats of

strength in the Hammer Throw, while E. Philipsz flashed past the 100 metres course like a hare. F. Mathias, one of Loyola's promising athletes, came second in the High Jump.

In the Inter-Divisional Sports Loyola contributed largely to the success of the Madras Division. Again, in the Madras Olympics, M. Mathias, F. Mathias, Stracey, Sesharathnam and Gaughan did well; the last mentioned had the honour of captaining the M.C.A.A. team, which carried the day.

Finally, we sent in a relay team—J. Soares, B. Ruthnaswamy, E. Phillipsz and P. S. Charles, to compete in the open relay conducted by the Christian College, and we ran the Medicos off their feet.

The heats for the College Sports are being run off as we go to the Press.

R. GAUGHAN,
Captain.

TENNIS

Tennis is one of the attractions of Loyola, we usually maintain a good standard. This year has proved to be very successful. We were not only able to retain the Presidency College Doubles Cup, but also succeeded in winning the Singles Cup of the Annamalai University, and came in to the finals in the Inter-Collegiate Doubles, the Erskine Cup Doubles, and the Presidency College Singles. We also had the distinction of securing two places in the Madras University Team, through P. L. Narayana Rao and M. S. Appa Rao.

P. L. Narayana Rao, in Singles, A. M. Marakayar and N. S. Ramachandra in Doubles,

represented our College in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament. Our Doubles team came to the finals, and lost to the Engineering College in an exciting match.

We had good entries for our College Tournaments conducted for the Stanley and Erskine Cups. But we were unlucky to lose the services of our Captain Appa Rao, as he was indisposed during the tournament. In the Doubles Narayana Rao and Satchithananda Moorthy came to the semi-finals, and lost only in a three set match to Moses and Sridharan of the Engineering College. Our representatives, Marakayar and N. S. Ramachandra, lost

to the same pair in the finals. In the Singles B. D'Souza came to the semi-finals, and Satchithananda Moorthy to the quarter-finals.

Marakayar and Satchithananda Moorthy did some excellent work to win the doubles of the Presidency College Tournament. The Singles finals was contested between Moses and Appa Rao, the latter losing in straight sets. In the quarter-finals of the Singles Narayana Rao played very well and snatched a set from Moses.

As we had fewer members this year, we could only run four tournaments, instead of six. Our first Doubles Tournament was conducted on the lottery basis. Marakayar eliminated P. L. Narayana Rao, in straight sets, in the semi-finals of the Singles. His was one of the best displays seen so far, alike for its quality and for its style. He went on to win the finals in a brilliant manner, beating Appa Rao in four sets. Our lottery Doubles was contested between Satchithananda Moorthy and Susheel Chander and B. D'Souza and P. Ramakrishnan, the former pair winning in straight sets.

Through Narayana Rao we won the Singles of the Annamalai University Tournament. The Finals was purely a home affair between Narayana Rao and Marakayar.

This year the Inter-Varsity Tournament was conducted at Madras, and Narayana Rao and Appa Rao represented the University along with Moses and M. S. Sastri. We reached the finals, having beaten the Universities of Travancore, Mysore and Punjab, and then lost to Calcutta. There was good evidence of

the encouraging spirit of the Loyola students towards tennis, while the matches were in progress.

During the Michaelmas Vacation the Ceylon Varsity team came on a visit to Madras, and we had a fixture with them. A. M. Marakayar, B. D'Souza and Appa Rao represented the College on this occasion. We invited some distinguished players' to our courts, and Ramanathan, Krishnaswami, S. Narayana Rao, N. Rama Rao, besides many others obliged us. We are most thankful to them. On the Rector's day we had matches arranged between the old and the present, in which S. Narayana Rao, M. Rama Rao and Jeevan Rao played for the Old Boys.

All the credit of conducting the matches so efficiently and keeping the Loyola Tennis in a fine condition, goes to our energetic sports Secretary, Mr. J. F. Perreira. The Captain is also thankful for the invaluable support given to him by B. D'Souza in conducting the matches in Mr. Perreira's absence. He is also grateful for the willing co-operation and help given by all the tennis members. Some of our members will be leaving us, and we wish them every success and happy memories. Among them is our amiable and popular N. S. Ramachandra, who has been with us for six full years.

Our future looks bright, as most of our team players will be returning.

M. S. APPA RAO,

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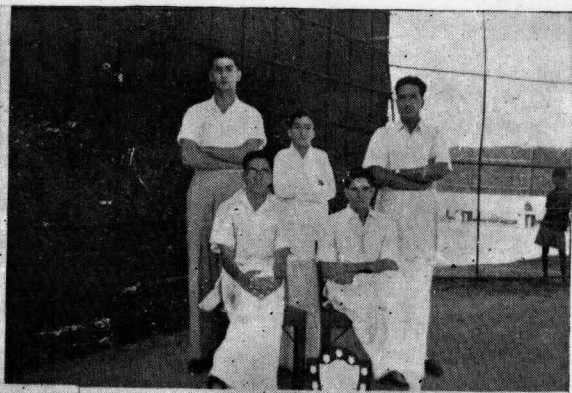
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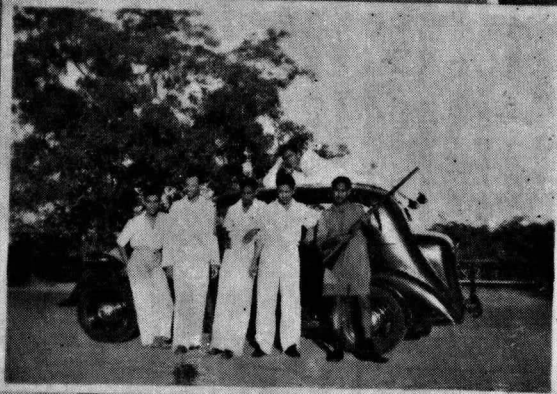
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M. S. APPA RAO,

Captain.



Sunshine



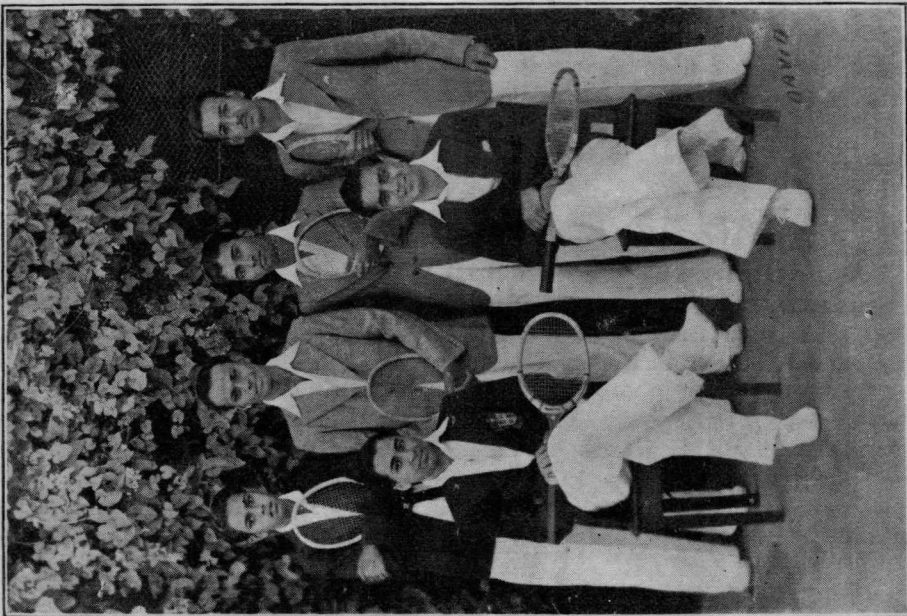
after studies





Sitting: Constantine, Sri Ramulu, Sinnadurai (Captain), Mr. J. F. Perreira (Sports Secretary), Krishnaraja, Verghese, Venkateswaran
Standing: K. Joseph, Nambiar, Sundaramurthy, Xavier, Sebastian, Palaniswamy, Navaneethakrishnan, Cherian

TENNIS



Standing: Narayana Rao, Marakayar, Suseelchander,
M. Satchidanandamoorthy
Seated: Appa Rao, Ramachandra

HOCKEY

Except for the loss of the Panagal Cup we were able to repeat the successes of last year. We won both the Inter-Collegiate and the Inter-Divisional Tournaments for the second year in succession.

The selection of the team was a difficult task, as we had lost most of our outstanding players. This preliminary difficulty once surmounted, we were able to muster enough strength to work our way to the top. We were unbeaten in the Inter-Collegiate League, winning eight matches out of ten, and drawing the other two. We became the champion College of the University by beating Government College Mangalore (Trichur Division) in the semi-finals of the Inter-Divisional Tournament, and accounting for the City College Anantapur (Madura Division) by the same margin of four goals to one in the finals. The School of Technology defeated us by the odd goal in the first round of the Panagal Cup Tournament, and secured the trophy, which had been in our possession for the past six years. We were runners-up in the Chettinad Cup Tournament (conducted by the Muhammadan College), losing to Medical College in the replay of the finals by one goal to nothing. Our lack of opportunism and careless shooting prevented us from gaining the issue of a game which moved mostly in our favour.

Ashe and Philip were the outstanding players of the team. They combined brilliantly with their deft stickwork and clever passes, and were responsible for much of the pattern weaving on the field. They must be congratulated on being selected for the University team, which played against the Travancore, Osmania and Aligarh University teams. Vustad and Philipsz, the two extremes, showed plenty of speed. Gaughan at full-back was a giant pillar of defence, ably supported by Rathnaswami. The new members of the team, Scott, Soares, John, Belliappa, Simon and Chengappa, played remarkably well throughout the season.

Bangalore was once again the venue of our annual tour, which came off during the September holidays. We played some of the best teams in the city, winning three out of the five matches played, and losing the other two. Local comments on our game were flattering. We were comfortably put up at Cline's Boarding Home. Our thanks are due to Mr. J. F. Perreira for accompanying the team as manager, and making the tour a thoroughly successful one.

The annual Inter-Class Tournament provided keen competition, and was eventually won by IV Honours and V Honours captained by D. Sivappa. The Two-Anna Tournament was very popular. Satur's "Capronis" came out easy winners—being all coached apparently in Musso's art of sprinting. As part of the celebrations on Rector's Day a match was held against the Old Boys. The more experienced won by a margin of two goals to one.

The Stokes Shield Tournament is still to be held. We shall try our very best to win it.

D. SIVAPPA.

CRICKET

This season in cricket has been moderately successful; if we have not produced spectacular results we have learnt a great deal.

In the Inter-Collegiate League we started promisingly, and until the 18th of October we topped the League table; but the first reverse which we suffered at the hands of the Medicos finally frustrated our high hopes of winning the championship. After that we were left

with the uninspiring task of fighting for the second place in the League table. Out of the 10 Inter-Collegiate League matches which we played, we won 6, lost 3 and drew 1. During the Michaelmas holidays the team visited the Jagirdar's College, the Secunderabad United Club, and the Saroonagar Club. We won the first two matches, and lost the third; the fourth had to be abandoned. The splendid

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The selection of the team was a difficult task, as we had lost most of our outstanding players. This preliminary difficulty once surmounted, we were able to muster enough strength to work our way to the top. We were unbeaten in the Inter-Collegiate League, winning eight matches out of ten, and drawing the other two. We became the champion College of the University by beating Government College Mangalore (Trichur Division) in the semi-finals of the Inter-Divisional Tournament, and accounting for the City College Anantapur (Madura Division) by the same margin of four goals to one in the finals. The School of Technology defeated us by the odd goal in the first round of the Panagal Cup Tournament, and secured the trophy, which had been in our possession for the past six years. We were runners-up in the Chettinad Cup Tournament (conducted by the Muhammadan College), losing to Medical College in the replay of the finals by one goal to nothing. Our lack of opportunism and careless shooting prevented us from gaining the issue of a game which moved mostly in our favour.

Ashe and Philip were the outstanding players of the team. They combined brilliantly with their deft stickwork and clever passes, and were responsible for much of the pattern weaving on the field. They must be congratulated on being selected for the University

team, which played against the Travancore, Osmania and Aligarh University teams. Vustad and Philipsz, the two extremes, showed plenty of speed. Gaughan at full-back was a giant pillar of defence, ably supported by Rathnaswami. The new members of the team, Scott, Soares, John, Belliappa, Simon and Chengappa, played remarkably well throughout the season.

Bangalore was once again the venue of our annual tour, which came off during the September holidays. We played some of the best teams in the city, winning three out of the five matches played, and losing the other two. Local comments on our game were flattering. We were comfortably put up at Cline's Boarding Home. Our thanks are due to Mr. J. F. Perreira for accompanying the team as manager, and making the tour a thoroughly successful one.

The annual Inter-Class Tournament provided keen competition, and was eventually won by IV Honours and V Honours captained by D. Sivappa. The Two-Anna Tournament was very popular. Satur's "Capronis" came out easy winners—being all coached apparently in Musso's art of sprinting. As part of the celebrations on Rector's Day a match was held against the Old Boys. The more experienced won by a margin of two goals to one.

The Stokes Shield Tournament is still to be held. We shall try our very best to win it.

D. SIVAPPA.

CRICKET

This season in cricket has been moderately successful; if we have not produced spectacular results we have learnt a great deal.

In the Inter-Collegiate League we started promisingly, and until the 18th of October we topped the League table; but the first reverse which we suffered at the hands of the Medicos finally frustrated our high hopes of winning the championship. After that we were left

with the uninspiring task of fighting for the second place in the League table. Out of the 10 Inter-Collegiate League matches which we played, we won 6, lost 3 and drew 1. During the Michaelmas holidays the team visited the Jagirdar's College, the Secunderabad United Club, and the Saroonagar Club. We won the first two matches, and lost the third; the fourth had to be abandoned. The splendid

hospitality which was lavished on us and the excellent cricket which we played were gratifying. Our grateful thanks are due to the authorities of the Nizam College, who had made excellent arrangements for our stay. The tour was an unqualified success from every point of view; it was in no small measure due to Mr. M. G. Neelakantan who accompanied us as manager, and who conducted the tour with singular efficiency and thoroughness.

Among consistent performers this season prominent mention must be made of B. K. Mardi, K. G. Belliappa, A. M. Marakayar, N. V. Ramnarasan and A. R. Sundaravaradan with the bat, and of P. S. Srinivasan, N. C. Krishnaraj and E. Philip with the ball. Above all the team functioned as one man, and the captain thanks the members of the team for the spirit of perfect good-will and co-operation which they extended to him through the season.

Some new and welcome features of this season must be mentioned. They are: the construction of a beautiful pavilion on our cricket ground, and the institution of a system of granting caps to players who dis-

tinguish themselves in the Inter-Collegiate matches, either by scoring 60 runs or bagging 6 wickets in a single match. Cups have been awarded this season to A. M. Marakayar and A. R. Sundaravaradan for batting, and to P. S. Srinivasan and E. Philip for bowling.

We also played a number of practice matches with prominent "A" division League teams of Madras, which gave us much confidence and experience.

As usual the annual "Two Anna" tournament was conducted; it elicited a great deal of enthusiastic, if unorthodox, talent. The Inter-class League was also conducted, and was won this year by the combined V Hons. and II U.C. team captained by B. K. Mardi. We propose to have the annual Old Boys' Match later on this month.

In conclusion, the captain thanks Mr. J. F. Ferreira, our Sports Secretary, for his ready and willing co-operation at all times; it made the task of the captain considerably lighter.

N. S. RAMACHANDRAN,
Captain.

FOOTBALL

This year was not a successful one for our soccer team. The departure of veterans like Messrs. V. G. Ramamoorthy (Ex-captain), Visvasan, Paul, and K. Ramachandra Rao, left a big gap that could not be easily filled up.

Many a fresher came forward to prove his mettle. And as usual, the difficulty of selecting the College Eleven was keenly felt. The practice matches, played with some of the leading teams in the city, enabled us to make the final choice; it fell on Messrs. Verghese, Constantine, Cherian, Kurien, Venkateswaran, Navaneethakrishnan, Palaniswamy, and Sundramoorthy. All these soccer fans acquitted themselves creditably.

We started the Inter-Collegiate season with high hopes and expectations, which were encouraged by our winning the first two matches. But in the subsequent matches we fell a victim to Nemesis. Nevertheless we plodded on, and entered the Wilson and the

Chettinad Tournaments. In the former, the irony of fate would have it that we should lose to Presidency, whom we had defeated in a previous encounter. The Chettinad Cup too was not destined for us. The absence of some of our best players against the School of Technology, who were the runners-up in the Chettinad Tourney, left us in the lurch. We lost to them by an odd goal—the goal for the evening.

The Inter-Class Matches and the Two-Annas Tournaments were conducted as usual. Great enthusiasm was shown by the respective teams in these matches.

I shall be falling in my duty if I do not take this opportunity of thanking Mr. J. F. Ferreira, our Sports Secretary, for the kind words of advice and help he gave us.

P. SENNADURAI,
Captain.

VOLLEY-BALL

The tale we have to tell of volley ball this year is not the usual sad one. From the very start volley ball attracted a set of enthusiasts. The first event of the year was the selection of the team. This proved a fairly difficult task, because of the number of players who thought that they deserved a place in the first six. As neither a Robello nor a Lumsden asserted himself, the method of trial was adopted. The choice fell at last on Jacob Vergheese, the Engineering College volley ball smasher who joined Loyola but remained only for the first term, Venkatachalam, Palani-swamy, Kaliyananan, Somayya and Santanam.

A new feature of this year was our entry in the League Championship Tournament newly conducted by the Madras Collegiate Athletic Association. We entered the Tournament with good hopes of securing the laurels, but fortune did not smile on us. In the opening match against the Medicos we lost, without detracting from the merit of our opponents, it must be said in fairness to us that we were not at full strength, and furthermore that our players took the field with that inferiority complex which is a forerunner of defeat.

Our defeat at the hands of the Engineering College came as a surprise. It was a tale of missed opportunities. We stood second among the Colleges.

The Bertram Memorial Shield Tournament was conducted by the College at the end of the first term. There was a large number of entries. In the first round our team gave a creditable performance and overcame the Meston Training College, Madras. After defeating the Andhra University we entered into the semi-finals stage, and we met St. Joseph's, Trichy. The teams were well matched, and it was only after a tough fight that we lost to them. We had only ourselves to blame for the defeat.

The result of the above Tournament was that the Andhra Christian College, Guntur, won the

shield, with St. Joseph's, Trichy, as the runners-up.

The Inter-class Tournament was conducted as usual. The I and II U. C. team, captained by Venkatachalam, justified their experience by securing the maximum number of points and thereby winning the championship. This was the first time since its inception that the I and II U. C. got the championship.

The Annual College Tournament, popularly known as the "Two Anna Tournament" drew no less than 105 entries, and these were divided into 15 teams. There was keen competition in the early rounds, and after a series of well contested matches the team captained by G. Vergheese annexed the title, while the team led by Somiyah were the runners-up.

RESULTS IN THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TOURNAMENT

Against:—

Medical: (Lost).

Veterinary: (Won).

Teachers: (Won).

C. N. T. Institute: (Won).

Christian: (Won).

Law: (Won).

Stanley Medical: (Won).

Engineering: (Lost).

Presidency: (Won).

Pachiappa's: (Won).

Matches played 10:—Won 8; Lost 2.

Volley ball is the only game which has been thrown into the shade by the lack of interest on the part of the students of the College. I therefore request them to take part in the game, and to enable the volley ball team to produce good results as well as the other teams.

E. S. KAILASAM,

Captain.

COLLEGE SPORTS

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

KNOCK-OUT TOURNAMENTS

TENNIS

I. TOURNAMENT

Singles.—

Winner: A. M. Marakayar.
Runner-up: M. S. Appa Rao.

Doubles.—

Winners: Satchidanandamurthy & Suseelchander.
Runners-up: B. D'Souza & P. Ramakrishnan.

II. TOURNAMENT

Singles.—

Winner: Tiruvenkatachari.
Runner-up: Anjaneyar.

Doubles.—

Winners: Ranganathan & Rama Rao.
Runners-up: T. V. Subramanian & P. V. Mani.

TENIKOIT

I. TOURNAMENT

Singles.—

Winner: Mr. Damodaram.
Runner-up: S. Rajasubramanian.

Doubles.—

Winners: M. Damodaram & Rathnasabapathy.
Runners-up: V. Viraraghavan & S. Rajasubramanian.

II. TOURNAMENT

Singles.—

Winner: M. S. Ramakrishnan.
Runner-up: P. R. Narasimhan.

Doubles.—

Winners: M. S. Ramakrishnan & D. Srinivasan.
Runners-up: P. R. Narasimhan & Ramachandran.

BADMINTON

Singles.—

Winner: Ananda Rao.
Runner-up: Bhoopalan.

Doubles.—

Winners: Ranganayakulu & partner.
Runners-up: K. S. Ramachandran & partner.

BASKET BALL

Winners: V. S. Ramachandran's team.
Runners-up: C. S. Sivaramakrishnan's team.

VOLLEY BALL

Winners: G. Verghese's team.
Runners-up: Somiah's team.

HOCKEY

Winners: S. Satur's team.
Runners-up: D. Sivappa's team.

FOOTBALL

Winners: Sriramulu's team.
Runners-up: G. Verghese's team.

CRICKET

Winners: Sundaravaradan's team.
Runners-up: Sundaram's team.

LEAGUE TOURNAMENTS

Basket Ball.—

Honours Classes.

Volley Ball.—

Intermediate Classes.

Badminton.—

III U.C. & III B.Sc.

Hockey.—

IV & V Hons.

Football.—

III B.Sc., III & IV Hons.

Cricket.—

V. Hons. & II U.C.

Jagannathan Memorial Basket Ball.—

IV & V Hons. & M.A.

TRACK AND FIELD

I. INTERMEDIATE CLASSES

Champion Ship.—

- I. E. Philip.
- II. P. S. Charles.
- III. D. Sesharathnam.

High Jump.—

F. Mathias.

100 Metres, 200 Metres, Long Jump, Hop Step and Jump, Discus Throw and Shot Put.—

E. Philip.

400 Metres and 800 Metres.—

D. Sesharathnam.

Hurdles.—

D. Ashe.

2. WHOLE COLLEGE

100 Metres Race.—

- I. E. Philip.
- II. B. Ruthnaswami.

200 Metres Race.—

- I. E. Philip.
- II. B. Ruthnaswami.

400 Metres Race.—

- I. B. Ruthnaswami.
- II. D. Sesharathnam.

800 Metres Race.—

- I. D. Sesharathnam.
- II. P. T. Joseph.

1,500 Metres Race.—

- I. N. Vustad.
- II. D. Sesharathnam.

110 Metres Hurdles.—

- I. J. Soares.
- II. D. Ashe.

200 Metres Hurdles.—

- I. P. S. Charles.
- II. D. Ashe.

Hammer Throw.—

- I. R. Gaughan.
- II. T. Moore.

Discus Throw.—

- I. R. Gaughan.
- II. T. Moore.

Shot Put.—

- I. R. Gaughan.
- II. T. Moore.

Cricket Ball Throw.—

- I. B. Ruthnasami.
- II. R. Gaughan.

Javelin Throw.—

- I. R. Gaughan.
- II. T. Moore.

Long Jump.—

- I. E. Philip.
- II. D. Ashe.

Hop, Step and Jump.—

- I. P. S. Charles.
- II. E. Philip.

High Jump.—

- I. F. Mathias.
- II. E. Philip.

Championship.—

R. Gaughan.

New Records for the year.—

- E. Philip, 200 Metres Race 24 secs. (old record 25 secs.).
- B. Ruthnaswami, Cricket Ball Throw 289 ft. 9 in. (old record 283 ft. 9 ins.).
- R. Gaughan, Shot Put 34 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (old record 33 ft. 5 ins.).

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