

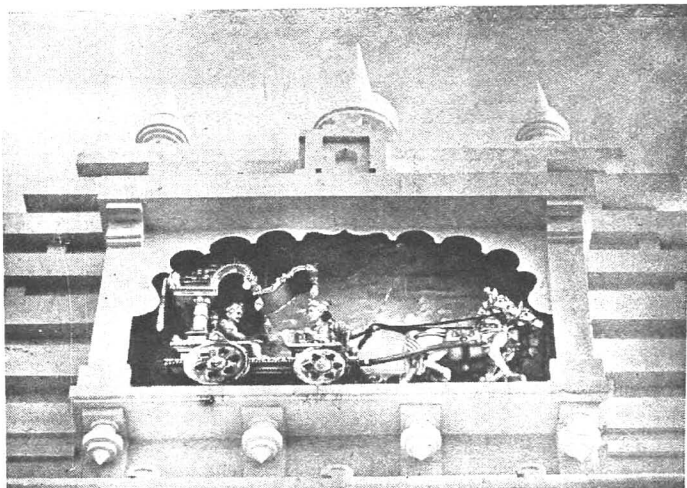
THE NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL

(BOYS)

TRIPLICANE, MADRAS



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Facet of our Founder's Commemoration Kala Mandap

MAGAZINE

No. 3]

[1955

கடவுள் வணக்கம்

[கீதம்]

கிருபை கூர்ந்து எமைக் காக்கும் தயாளா!

கீதையை அருளிய பார்த்த சாரதே!

(கிருபை)

திருவல்லிக்கேணி வாழ் மணி வண்ணா!

நித்ய சல்யாணா! நீயே கதி கண்ணா!

அவலைக் கொடுத்தோன் காட்டினன் வழியே;

அருள் அன்பினை யாம் ஈந்தனம் ஹரியே!

SCHOOL MOTTO :

LOVE, SERVICE, SACRIFICE

P R A Y E R

This is my Prayer to Thee, my Lord—

Strike, Strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my life fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend

my knees before insolent might,

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above

daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender to

Thy will with love.

—Gitanjali.

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Once again, we lay a floral wreath at the lotus feet of Lord Sri Parthasarathy. Once again, we pray that this offering may be acceptable to Him, and that with His blessings, it will acquire and retain ever-lasting freshness and fragrance.

As in the past, we offer wide variety which will please readers of diverse tastes. That is the reason why some articles find a place in this school-magazine. We therefore crave the indulgence of those who would consider them out of place. The poem should not be taken as a technical attempt at that kind of literature. It is a poor apology for poetry, but, you know, we can not have even one poet in a million people.

Every human being, with the permissible number of exceptions, walks. Yet, the father who sees his months-old child toddle, goes into raptures. It is in a like spirit that we offer the readers this issue of our magazine. We are sure that the usual liberal appreciation extended to juvenile ventures will be extended to this issue too.

A Career of Devotion.

On the 11th of October 1955, our beloved Founder - Secretary completes his sixtieth year. We who have had the pleasure of serving under him and with him, feel that he is sixty years young, and that God will grant him many more happy years of service to the noble ideals he has set before himself and us. No greater testimony to his missionary zeal in the cause of education need be given than that, leaving aside some twentyfive years of youthhood, he has devoted practically the whole of this span of sixty years to the cause of education, with special leaning for the education of girls.

We propose to celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner and we extend an earnest invitation to all old-boys, friends, well-wishers and the public to co-operate with us in making the celebration a grand success that will be worthy of the occasion, and in paying a fitting homage to a leading pioneer in a cause that calls for the noblest service.



Sri N. K. Thirumalāchari our Founder-Secretary & Correspondent
who will be sixty years young in October next

SCHOOL NOTES

The school reopened after summer on 14-6-54. The rush for admissions was greater than in previous years. Considerations of space made us restrict admissions considerably. Yet, the strength has gone up to 605. A new section was opened in the sixth form.

A few members of the staff had necessarily to leave. They were those for whom exemption had to be got from the Department from possessing the required qualifications. We are glad, however, that, inspite of the universal difficulty of procuring qualified hands, we have been able to secure the services of efficient teachers for the vacant places. But it is still a far cry, as in all high schools, to get able, experienced, qualified and contented members of staff.

Our Literary Associations, Scout Group, Junior Red Cross Society, Radio Club and other sections of Extra Curricular Activities, have done commendable work. Their reports can be found in other parts of this issue. For various reasons beyond our control, the annual exhibition had to be postponed to August. When it does come off, however, we assure our friends, it will be of the same interest and value which it had in the last two years.

Our results in the S.S.L.C. Public examinations have been very encouraging and every effort will be made to keep up the prestige of the school in this direction. The school inspection report is fairly gratifying and we would strain ourselves to win even greater appreciation.

The school sports were held on 4-3-55. The day was a great success.

A number of excursions were arranged to places of interest. About one hundred students went to Ginjee where they stayed for two days. On the way back, they visited other places of interest like Wandiwash, Conjeevaram etc.

Visual education programmes are arranged regularly. We take this occasion to thank the authorities of the British Information Services for giving us a number of interesting and instructive shows.

We take this opportunity of thanking our Founder-Secretary for the supports and help that he has been unstintingly giving the school.

The Youths of Today

One day, while I was sitting near the window watching passers-by, I found various and curious specimens of human species moving one by one in their peculiar unaccountable styles, labled as types of modern civilization. First I saw a simple farmer ; next came an educated youth trotting and gazing at everyone that passed along the street. Sometimes he cast a sarcastic smile, sometimes a grouzy look and at other times a princely gaze. Next came a college girl softly whistling to herself and almost abandoning all the feminine virtues which we Hindus value most. Her bearing made me think that there is something wrong in this world and made me to put certain questions to myself.

Does God sometimes forget even the ordinary elements while creating human beings in this world ?

Who is responsible for such moral irresponsibility ?

Is it the parents or the State or society ?

“ Yes, ” all are responsible.

Then, cannot these things be changed for the better ?

Are we to allow this state of things to continue ?

Are we the fittest persons to effect any change in society ?

No ! One cannot change the whole structure unless and until everyone tries to understand himself and works for good, according to the conditions that prevail in society.

Individual realization alone can effect a complete change in the structure of society. What a glorious world you will find then ! So another Mahatma of unselfish living and sacrificing tendencies should come forward to teach and preach the ideals of our Hindu-Dharma, of simple living and high thinking. May we yearn for such a day.

N. S. VISWANATHAN B.A., L.T.,

Headmaster.

Sankar's Mahabalipuram

(Contd.)

A few paces farther north, you come across one of the real treasures of Mahabalipuram. It is a huge rock about eighty feet in length and thirty feet in height, the whole face of which is exquisitely carved in bas-relief. The central figures of this which contains many figures of Gods, men and animals, are an ascetic-looking man, and Lord Siva in the posture of one who gives a gift. The ascetic stands on one leg, his hands are lifted in 'tapas', he is so emaciated that his ribs show out, his beard has grown long, his eyes and cheeks are sunk, showing a long period of penance. The muscles above the ankles of the lifted foot show themselves out, perfectly true to reality. This one figure is worth coming miles for.

Lord Shiva himself stands there towering as befits the highest of the Immortals, over a foot above the ascetic. His face beams with a calm and benign smile that indicates effortless control over cosmos. It is high time I tell you that this bas-relief is popularly referred to as "Arjuna's Penance." The most royal of the Pandava princes, as much in prowess as in romance and chivalry, Arjuna could, when the occasion demanded it, endure without flinching hardships which would break less resolute hearts. No wonder, Lord Krishna chose him to win the "Pasupatastra" (a deadly weapon) from Shiva, with austere penance and meditation. Nor were Krishna and the rest of the Pandava princes disappointed. With singleness of mind and steadfastness of purpose, Arjuna concentrated all his thoughts on Shiva, forgetting not only himself but the rest of the universe too. With one foot raised off the ground, and both hands meeting over his head in the attitude of supplication, he performed such long penance that his physical frame was reduced to a ghost of its past glorious self. Behold then the ribs protruding in alligned arrays, the eyes sunk deep in the sockets, the receded cheeks that once were chubby, the legs below the knee shrivelled and faintly disclosing an apology for calf-muscles, and the beard grown long sweeping over the hollow chest in matted tangles.

We shall not go into the full story. Suffice it to say that the purpose of this severe penance was achieved; the Gods, particularly Shiva, care more for the welfare and the gratification of the desires

of their devotees than even for those of their own ! It is the success of Arjuna that is depicted here. The ascetic-form is that of the prince. The success of Arjuna has put as much joy into the hearts of the Devas (the virtuous) as it has filled the hearts of the Asuras (the evil) with fear. No longer can the agents of Satan have free away over the inhabitants of all the worlds. The time for yet another show-down between the forces for evil and the forces for good has come. Surely, with the acquisition of the Pasupatastra, a new era of peace and prosperity will be heralded in for the good. Once again there will be peace on earth and goodwill towards all. So then see the denizens of heaven that have come out to celebrate the occasion. Behold them in their tens and dozens. Look ! Surya, the sun-God is there with the full halo round his head. Near him is Chandra, the Moon, with the crescent halo. Other Gods, Goddesses and semi-divine beings, sages and seers, all appear row after row, supreme joy written large on their faces, at their deliverance from subjugation to evil. Evidently, in Heaven, it is a public holiday and the occasion does deserve it.

Indra, the chief of the Devas, is there with his consort, Indrani. What can be more natural than that Indra's white elephant, Irvadhama, should be there too ? And such a magnificent tusker, as befits the dignity of Indra ! A glance at the animal is enough to attract your attention. Every detail of his anatomy is worked out with meticulous care. The ribbed trunk, the thick but short and sparse hair on his tail, his small squinting eyes, his large fan-like ears falling in folds, are all so real, so superb. As you look at him, you think he will step out of the rock in real flesh and blood. Look at his trunk, why at any other part of his giant body almost of natural size, and tell me if yet you can take your eyes off without regret. I may call out to you and remind you that at this rate, we may not be able to cover a fraction of Mahabalipuram before the last bus for the day leaves for Madras ; but you do not hear me ; you cannot, and I am not offended or even vexed. Far from it, I compliment you on your ability to appreciate beauty. He must be particularly devoid of finer sentiments who now disturbs you when you are quenching your thirst at the fountain of perennial beauty. Yes, my friend, your soul long crying out for the life-giving waters of art, has got dried, parched and scorched up, under the burning sun of the noise,

bustle, din and hackneyed soul-slaying routine of daily work ; and it requires not a moistening shower, but a veritable inundation, that your spirit may revive and your soul many survive, that you may share even in the simple joys of life. Pause yet a while if you must ; a great wealth of art still awaits your appreciation in this remote, neglected place, but nothing can make up for the loss of leisure to contemplate this one. I shall not complain that you are not brisk enough. Sometimes, I have myself missed the last bus back to Madras rather than rush through this treasure of art. Thank God, my heart has not yet become prosaic enough to deny my friends and myself some more time at this creation of the sculptor's genius. "The wood has entered my soul," cried Charles Lamb, in poignant despair, bitterly complaining of the dull, dead routine of daily work at the clerk's table of the East India Company. If you can stand gazing at this bas-relief, oblivious to all else, it is proof that the wood has not entered your soul even if it has entered your mind and overwhelmed it. There is still hope of occasional redemption from the monotony of the cheerless round of work so ingeniously called 'the demands of modern civilization'.

The heavenly beings are not alone in celebrating the advent of a new age of peace and plenty. Even the animals of the forest are there. Perhaps in their dumb, puzzled fashion, they too sense that changes of far reaching consequences are imminent. Lions and tigers, bears and boars, deer and monkeys have all turned up. They are as happy as the others. The swan and the peacock represent feathered life. A lone lizard creeps up the trunk of a dead tree. Its size makes us wonder if, after all, it is not an alligator. Special mention must be made of serpents. A natural cleft in the rock has been skillfully utilized for creating the illusion of a waterfall. Up this rise a train of Nagas. Heading them is their King, who has a human-head, sheltered by the spread hood of a five-headed cobra. His hands are held in worship of Lord Shiva. The body below the hip is that of a snake. Below him, is his queen, with a bewitching human face, under the hood of a three-headed cobra. Nor are the ordinary run of serpents forgotten. I do not know why, but it is none the less true, we associate Nagas with beauty and grace of extraordinary excellence. The sculptor has not belied our expectation. There is such dignity, serenity and grandeur in the faces of

the Naga King and Queen as may well arouse the envy of earthly beauty-queens.

The presence of the wild animals suggests that the scene of Arjuna's penance is laid in a dense forest. Such a concept is quite in keeping with ancient Hindu practices. So, you find here a sage living in a hut, imparting knowledge to his disciples. With his right hand raised in explanation, he is expounding some intricate principle of philosophy. His upper cloth is thrown crosswise over his shoulder like a Roman toga. An over-hanging stone fell down in recent years and decapitated some of the disciples. Yet it is easy to see that the disciples were not lads or young men in the stage usually associated with learning and the acquisition of knowledge. It cannot even be affirmed, with any degree of certainty, that the Guru was older than his scholars. One is reminded of the wonderful painting of Ravivarma, showing the youthful Sankaracharya teaching his aged disciples the intricacies of his philosophy in solemn silence.

The initiation and instruction given to men seem to have considerable effect on the animals too. Just opposite the Guru, on the other side of the cleft, is a cat performing penance, in a posture not very different from that of Arjuna himself. "When the cat is away", says the proverb, "the mice will play". The result is equally true, if the cat turns a hermit doing penance. The rats and mice come out in their full strength. They dance about the cat, in the certain knowledge that no harm will now befall them. If they are not to celebrate their good fortune now that their arch enemy is turned the best exponent of the S.P.C.A., when are they to be happy at all!

There is a side story connected with this hermit cat, and it finds credence with many simple tourists. A little farther north, is a large stone which, looked at from a certain angle, looks like a giant lump of butter. One corner of it is broken. Like a butter ball, it rests on a narrow base, on a fairly sloping rock. Local tradition has it that some decades ago, an attempt was made to pull it down. But the rock would not budge, despite the use of much power. The rock is called "Krishna's Butter Ball." Some distance farther north again, is a giant stone cut in the form of a vessel usually used for churning curd. The side story has it that the stone represents a ball

of butter taken out of the pot and intended for Krishna. For stealing a part of this, the cat was obliged to perform penance. The rats celebrate the fall of their enemy by forming a ring round him and dancing in glee.

It is now getting really late. The sun beats a little mercilessly on our backs. We must move on. But before we do so, let us look again at Iravadham and particularly note the little elephants that frisk and gambol about despite their size, and delight us with their funny postures. Here is one of them that has bowed his head low to the ground, sweeping the ground with his trunk turned into a graceful S, and perhaps turning the sods with his tusks just prying out. See how free from fear he is between the massive legs of his father. You and I may be frightened to death at the thought of being where he is, but he is sure of that paternal affection which makes even that mighty and awkward mammal, the elephant, so tender and careful that no harm, not even the slightest, will befall the young one by a careless movement of his enormous legs. Another of the young elephants stands on his hind legs, raising himself to his greatest height and yet ludicrously falling far short of the parents'. Other elephants follow. But Iravadham is *the* piece of the whole lot. If his master is the King of the Devas, Iravadham is the King of *his* kind.

S. SANKARAN, B.A. (HONS.), L.T.

The Efficacy of Prayer

The night was very hot and my friend Kesavan could not get any sleep. He thought that his brain was hot and he could get relief if he took a sea bath early morning. So without telling his people, he directly went to the beach just before dawn, and plunged into the sea. But he went far beyond his depth. He was struggling hard with his hands and legs to keep himself afloat. However much he tried to come back to the shore, he could not do so, for the waves were very strong and they drifted him further and further away from the shore. He cried for help, but as there was no one in the beach, his cry for help was a cry in the wilderness. Then he thought that his end was approaching and so he began to utter the prayer "Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram, Patita Pavana Sita Ram." He went on uttering this prayer for sometime. In his desperate struggle to keep himself afloat, he became very much exhausted and at last he became unconscious. He did not know what happened afterwards.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, when he was in a semi-conscious state, he found himself stranded in the beach sand, and surrounded by half a dozen fishermen. Meanwhile his relatives were sent word to. They at once came and took him to the nearest hospital in a jutka. He was given first-aid for drowning. As soon as he came back to full consciousness, he saw some policemen near him. His first thought was that the police might charge him for attempted suicide and that his children and relatives might be involved in the case. But owing to the influence of a friend of his, the police did not pursue the matter any further.

After Kesavan had completely recovered from this accident he joined duty in his office. He celebrated the marriage of his daughter. His sons are now in good positions. Kesavan is now leading a happy life.

Kesavan is now fully convinced that it was this prayer about God Sri Ram that saved him from being drowned and it is due to the grace of God Sri Ram that he is able to lead a happy life now. Every day he is uttering the prayer about God Sri Ram as many times as possible.

The above account clearly proves two things. Firstly, there is a God above who controls over our destinies. Secondly, if you just utter the name of Sri Ram, He will certainly come to your rescue, if you are in difficulties. So let us all utter this prayer daily:

“ Raghupathi Raghava Raja Ram
Patita Pavana Sita Ram.”

Comic

A certain Italian girl asked Einstein to explain to her the theory of Relativity in a simple manner. He said to her “when I talk to learned professors for five minutes it seems to be an hour. But when I talk to you for one hour, it seems to be five minutes. This is the theory of Relativity put in a simple manner.”

The following is a good example in punctuation.

that that is is that that is not is not that that is is
not that that is not that that is not is not that that is is
it it is not.

(For answer see page 30)

IN THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM

Chittaranjan Das was born in Calcutta in the year 1870. His father Mohan Das was a poet and worked in a press. His mother Nistarani Devi was a devout Indian lady.

C. R. Das went to London and studied in the London Missionary Society School. In 1886 he passed the Matriculation examination. In 1890 he qualified for the B. A. Degree. His ambition was to become a lawyer of repute. After one year's study he became a lawyer and returned to Calcutta. He married Vasantha Devi.

His father ran into debts and was declared insolvent. But in his heart of hearts, C. R. Das resolved to pay off his father's debts at the earliest opportunity.

C. R. Das was successful as a lawyer. He argued his cases so well that in a short time he built up a big practice. So he paid the creditors of his father their dues in full. The creditors were thankful to him, because according to the law, he need not have paid them and he need not have paid them in full too.

In 1905, the partition of Bengal took place and Arabindo Ghosh with his soul stirring song Vande Mataram roused the people against the partition of Bengal. Arabindo Ghosh was tried in the court. C. R. Das defended the accused and proved his innocence. His fame from now on spread through out India.

From now on C. R. Das turned his attention to politics. He joined the Indian National Congress which had been started in 1885. He was the political Guru of Subhas Chandra Bose.

In 1921 the Duke of Windsor, visited India as the Prince of Wales. The Congress decided to boycott the Prince to express their dissatisfaction at the conduct of the British Government. The Government's repressive measures became severer than ever. In Bombay during the disturbances that followed, many lost their lives. National leaders like C. R. Das, Motilal Nehru and Jawaharlal Nehru, the present Prime Minister of India, were imprisoned. C. R. Das did great service to India. The splendid work done by him earned him the honoured name "Desabhandu."

It was then that Gandhiji came on the scene. He was a peace-loving man and tried to send the British out of India by peaceful methods. He first started the Non-cooperation Movement, then the Satyagraha Movement and finally the "Quit India" movement. Gandhiji urged the students to boycott colleges, and thousands came out from their colleges, volunteering to do service to their mother-land. Desabhandu started a National College for the benefit of such students and appointed Subhas the principal of the College.

Subsequently, during the time of the Civil Disobedience Movement, C. R. Das appointed Subhas as the Commander of the National Volunteer Corps.

C. R. Das wanted to make the Congress more effective. So he worked with other Congress leaders like Vithalbai Patel, and Pandit Motilal Nehru. The programme of the Congress was changed. They decided to fight for Purna Swaraj.

In 1922 the Congress met at Gaya under the presidentship of C. R. Das and discussed the question of council entry. Gandhiji was against it. Pandit Motilal Nehru, S. Srinivasa Iyengar and Subhas Chandra Bose favoured Council entry. But in the end Gandhiji's party won.

So, C. R. Das resigned the Presidentship and formed the Swarajya Party, with supporters like Motilal Nehru and Vittalbai Patel. The Swarajya Party was crowned with success at the Delhi Congress, where their programme was accepted. C. R. Das became the leader of that party, which had obtained the support of the Congress and the blessings of great men like Mahatma Gandhi.

C. R. Das started "Forward," an English organ, to propagate the ideas of his party. He appointed Subhas the editor of that paper.

In 1925 C. R. Das died at the early age of fifty-five. His death was a national calamity. Dr. Babu Rajendra Prasad opened a huge factory named after him for the construction of locomotives and their parts. May we emulate his noble example and be true sons of Bharatmatha ! Jai-Hind.

THE FIDELITY OF THE SON

About a century back, there was a severe famine in the province of Orissa. There were no rains for more than twelve years. All the trees and shrubs were dried up. People suffered terribly. In those days there were no proper communications. There was a boy, Sanathan, aged about twelve years in a small village in Orissa. He had a younger brother and his parents. They were very poor. The parents of the boy had sold all they had including jewels for purchasing rice. The father of Sanathan finding his children starving went away to some unknown place. Sanathan seeing the plight of the family used to go out of the house in the morning and would return only after sunset. He was telling his mother that he had eaten food and went to sleep. The mother of Sanathan would go out and bring dried leaves and herbs and eat them after feeding her children on the same. After some days she was not able even to walk.

Sanathan roamed about many villages for food but he could not get even a morsel of food. After wandering for three days he returned. On the way he sat down underneath a tree due to sheer weariness.

After some time an old woman came near the tree and began to cook food. When Sanathan inhaled the smell of the cooking, he woke up but could not walk. He crawled slowly towards the old woman and asked for some food. The old woman was moved with pity and gave him some food.

Sanathan did not eat the food there. He bundled the food and began to go to his house. He could not walk but somehow he crawled near a banian tree just outside his village. Afterwards he could not walk farther. He sat down and closed his eyes and fell down.

When it was dark two villagers who happened to pass that way saw Sanathan sleeping. They came near him and tried to wake him up. Sanathan was found dead with food in his lap.

BY P. N. SAMPATH KUMARAN, *V Form A.*

THE PLATE OF GOLD

One day, a wonderful plate made of gold fell from Heaven into the court of a temple at Banares. On that gold plate these words were inscribed. "A Gift from heaven to him who loves best." The priests at once made a proclamation that every day at twelve o'clock, all who would like to claim that plate should assemble at the temple, to have their kind deeds judged.

Every day for a whole year all kinds of holy men, hermits, scholars and nobles came and related to the priests their deeds of charity, and the priests in solemn council heard their claims. At last they decided that one who seemed to be the greatest lover of mankind was a rich man who had that very year given all his wealth to the poor. So they gave him the plate of gold. But when he took it in his hand, it turned to lead. When he dropped it on the floor in his amazement, it became gold.

For another year claimants came; and the priests awarded the prize three times. But the same thing happened, showing that heaven did not consider these men worthy of the gift.

Meanwhile a large number of beggars came and lay about the temple gate, hoping that claimants who came would give them alms to prove they were worthy of the golden plate. It was a good thing for the beggars, because the pilgrims gave them plenty of money, but they gave them no sympathy, nor even a look of pity.

At last a simple peasant, who had heard nothing about the plate of gold, came, and he was so touched by the sight of the beggars that he wept; and when he saw a poor blind and maimed wretch at the temple gate he knelt at his side and took his maimed hands and comforted him with kind words. When this peasant came into the temple, he was shocked to find it full of men boasting of their kind deeds and quarrelling with the priests. One priest, who held the gold plate in his hand seeing the peasant standing there, beckoned to him; and the peasant came, and knowing nothing about the plate, took it in his hands. At once it shone with thrice its former splendour. The priest said "Son, the gift is yours; for you love best."

Inko-Pen Agreement.

Ink-Bottle : Hallo ! Mr. Pen-holder ! Where have you been all along ? I have been waiting for you so long !

Pen Holder : Dear Mr. Ink ! I should have put you that question. But let that pass. Our master Mr. Kumar, you know, has been writing articles to various magazines and journals. You know he is an expert in that art. He has already won the esteem of great persons.

Ink-Bottle : Yes, Yes ; I know all that. But what has that to do with your absence so long ?

Pen-Holder : No hurry, please ! Let me tell you. He has been awarded the first prize for one of his articles and he has gone to attend the party given by the editor of the journal. When he went, he locked me up in his drawer. Now you will understand and pity me, I trust.

I. B. : Yes, yes ! I do. I never dreamt you were so near. It is so funny ; so near and yet unseen.

P. H. : Not only that ! You don't know what he did when he returned after receiving the prize.

I. B. : What did he do ? He would have taken you out, given you a welcome bath and fed you well.

P. H. : No, no, you are mistaken ! No sooner did he return home with the present than he came straight to me, took me out of my bed and gave me a loving kiss. He took me to his parents, showed me with pride and said that his success was my work and called me his "lucky pen "

I. B. : How could you be called "lucky " ? Could you do anything without me ? I am ashamed that our master is foolish and partial. I shall teach him a lesson.

P. H. : Friend ! I see you are jealous. Why should you be ? Can you dictate to our master ? I don't know what you may do if I tell you that our master has ordered for a silver box with velvet cushion and has decided to keep me in it.

I. B. : I can't bear such ill-treatment. But for me how could he have won? Could he write without me? Could you write without me?

P. H. : My dear friend ! Don't you vex yourself. You are also responsible for our master's success. Without both of us our master could not have succeeded. See ! Master is coming. Let us not quarrel. Without our co-operation he cannot succeed. Let us stand united.

I. B. : No, I shall have nothing to do with you. Let Master admit that I deserve appreciation as much as you. Then let me see.

P. H. : Friend ! I beg of you to keep quiet. Don't do anything rash and get into trouble.

I. B. : Sir, you need not teach me what to do. You are not in any way superior to me. I don't want your advice.

P. H. : Let us not quarrel. Master is so near.

I. B. : (To itself): See ! our Master takes the Pen Holder affectionately. I cannot tolerate this. I will refuse to yield.

Kumar : (To himself): What, this ink bottle does not open ! Wretched bottle ! I don't want this. Pramela ! Bring that new fountain-pen presented to me. I shall never use this Ink-Bottle hereafter.

P. H. : Dear Mr. Ink Bottle ! See what has come out of your folly. Master is Master, you see ! See the new-comer on the table so quiet and happy. We are both unhappy because you envy me for nothing and always quarrel.

I. B. : Friend ! I am really sorry. I curse my jealousy. I see what a fool I have been. There, Master is coming. He brings his younger brother. Let us see what happens.

Kumar : My dear brother, in my hurry to write an article early for the press, I lost my temper and threw down this Ink-Bottle, which along with this pen brought me success. I am indeed sorry for it. Fortunately the bottle is not broken. I give you this pen and ink-bottle. They will bring you success, as they have done to me.

Younger Brother: Very well, brother, I will keep them safe and in a specially made box. I will never forsake them.

P. H.: (To the ink bottle): See now, brother, we are united and so happy. The old adage 'Union is strength' is not wrong!

I. B.: I agree! Now let us celebrate this occasion and remember it as the "Inko-Pen Agreement day".

"Long live Inko-Pen Agreement".

Mahatma Gandhi

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born about 1870 at Porbunder, Rajkot. As a child he was always truthful and kind to others. He was married in his thirteenth year to Kasturi Bai. His father died when Gandhi was sixteen years old. After his father's death, he went to England and passed the Barristership examination. He became a lawyer at Bombay. After some time he went to Africa and practised there. In South Africa he took part in the agitation against the Government on behalf of Indians and went to jail.

In South Africa, Rustomji, a Parsi merchant became Gandhi's good friend. Gandhi returned to India and became the leader of the Indian Independence movement. He joined the "Indian National Congress". He started the "Swarajya Movement". In 1915, he started the "Satyagraha" campaign at Ahmedabad. He was a friend of the poor and practised "Ahimsa". He was imprisoned for six years. In 1930 he started the "Salt Satyagraha" campaign. Nehru became his disciple.

As a result of Gandhiji's efforts, India attained independence on 15th August 1947. But unfortunately he died on 30th January 1948.

Mahatma is the father of the Indian Nation and his name will always be remembered by Indians as the greatest man of the world.

C. LAKSHMI NARASIMHAN,
V Form, "B" Section.

Something on Nothing

All of you can speak something about something. But how many of you can speak something on nothing? Many of the so called leaders sometimes speak nothing on something. Nothing is such a vast and difficult subject that only men of genius can speak something about it.

Nothing is such a vast subject that one can go on speaking for hours together about it. Nothing alone is permanent in the world, all other things are temporary. Sri Krishna says to Arjuna in the Gita that before the creation of the world there was nothing and after deluge also there will be nothing. You may say that the devil is quoting the scripture. But I shall prove it scientifically also. You all know that atom bombs and hydrogen bombs are made from atoms. But what are these atoms? They are next to nothing. When these bombs explode what will happen to the world! All scientists agree that if they explode the world will come to nothing.

In the chapter on Bhaktiyoga in the Bhagavat Gita, Sri Krishna says to Arjuna that we must have nothing in our minds if we want to meditate upon God. In one place Sri Krishna says that nothing is equal to Parabrahman.

So we now come to the conclusion that nothing is vast, difficult, permanent, impossible and is equal to God Parabrahman.

T. A. RAMA IYER.

HONESTY IN THE BEST POLICY

Two poor ragged and hungry boys once met a gentleman who allowed them to carry home two parcels for him, as he wished to give them an opportunity to earn a little money. When they arrived at his house he gave them each what he thought to be a half-anna piece. But in the darkness he had given them each a rupee, and did not discover his mistake that night. The boys did, however, as soon as they reached a shop where food was sold. The first one said, "Look! the silly old man has given me a rupee instead of a half-anna piece! Shan't I have a good time until it is gone!" The other boy then looked at his coin and found that he had also received a rupee. "You do not suppose that the gentleman really meant to give us these, do you?" he asked. "No, he made a mistake in the dark, of course," replied his friend, "and when he finds it out he won't find me." The other boy, who was honest, then told his friend that he was no better than a thief, to which the friend replied that he would rather be a thief than a fool. He began to spend the money, but the honest boy would not touch his but went with it in the morning to the gentleman's house and returned it. This so pleased the man that he told him to keep it and gave him another. He then complained to the police of the conduct of the other boy, who was caught, taken before a magistrate and soundly whipped.

N. SANKARARAMAN,
VI Form. B.

THE CRANE AND THE CRAB

There was a pond in the Malva country called Padmagrama. In this pond lived an aged crane who had grown very decrepit, and presented a deplorable appearance as he stood moping in the water without attempting to find any food. A crab observed him, and keeping at a respectful distance, asked him why he stood in that dejected state. "My worthy friend," replied the crane, "I live on fish; but I hear that all the fish in this pond are going to be caught and killed. It is quite clear, therefore, that my days are numbered". The fish heard this conversation; they therefore debated among themselves what they had better do, and since on this occasion at least, there was nothing to fear from their natural enemy, the crane, they thought it might be well to ask for his advice. So the fish went in a body to the crane and said, "Sir, we have heard of our impending destruction; we have come to ask for your advice. How shall we escape?" "Easily enough," answered the crane. "Go to another pond. I will take you there one by one." The fish, terrified at what looked like certain death to them gladly consented to accept the crane's services; so he took them out of the pond one at a time and ate them, always coming back and saying to the remaining fish, "Your friend reached the other pond in safety". At last the crab came up and said, "My worthy crane, I wish you would take me to this pond." The crane assented very willingly; for, he thought that the crab would make him an excellent meal; so he picked him up and carried him to the same place as that to which he had taken the fish. When they arrived there, the first thing that attracted his notice was the number of fish bones with which the ground was covered. He immediately perceived that he had been trapped, and he said to himself; "Well, I have been nicely caught. I must use all my wits to get out of this." So the crab seized the crane by the throat and held it on until he was strangled.

N. SANKARARAMAN,
VI Form B.

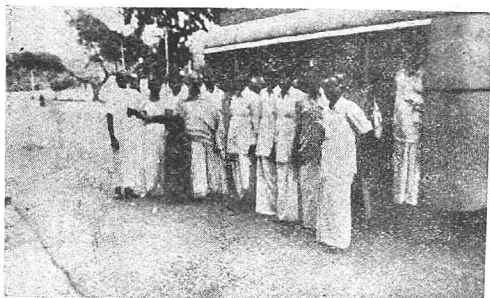
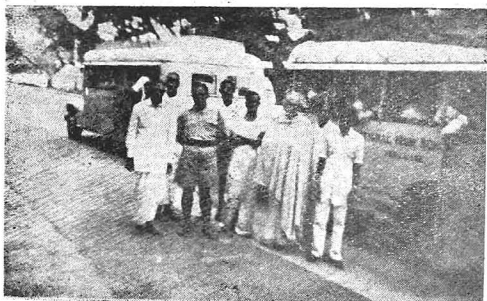
BHARATHI

Bharathy is a house-hold word, not only in Tamil Nad, but wherever the Tamils live. His name has now become very popular as a patriot scholar, and poet in the whole of India. He was the son of Mr. Chinnaswamy Iyer, a Tamil scholar at Ettayapuram, a village in the district of Ramnad in South India. He was born in 1882. His parents named him Subramanian. He was very good at his studies and he showed much interest in learning Tamil. He composed songs even in his early ages and became a pet of scholars. They gave him the title of Bharathy, meaning Saraswathy, the Goddess of learning.

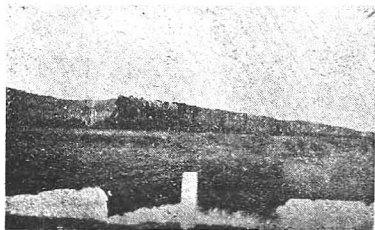
When he completed his studies, he was employed as a teacher to the great relief of his family which was very poor. Soon he resigned that post and became the Sub-Editor of the 'Swadesamithiran', a Tamil daily in Madras. He published two journals called 'Bala Barathy' and 'India.' These were popular at that time. They made the South Indians yearn to get liberty. He wanted to release Mother India from slavery. Barathy's songs gave new spirit to the people. When they got the new spirit, there began a revolution in South India. Barathy also took part in the agitation against the partition of Bengal. He worked hard to annul it. The Government warned him. They appointed spies to watch him. So he ran away to Pondicherry in French India in disguise. When the anger of the Government abated a little, he returned to Madras and lived in Triplicane.

When he was in French India, he composed a number of national songs and published them in British India.

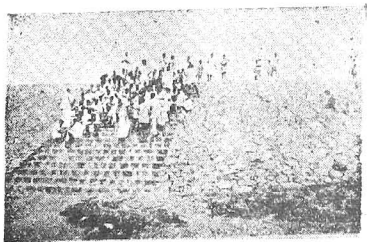
Barathy was also a social reformer. He wanted to unite the Indians. He hated the distinction between 'Blacks' and 'Whites.' By his songs, people were made to realize that they were all equal. He died in 1921. Though he has left us, his name will be remembered forever for his works. He is now considered a great patriot and scholar. Wherever Tamil is spoken, people celebrate a day every year, in his honour, called "Bharathi Day." All people who have known his service to the country and to Tamil take part in honouring him.



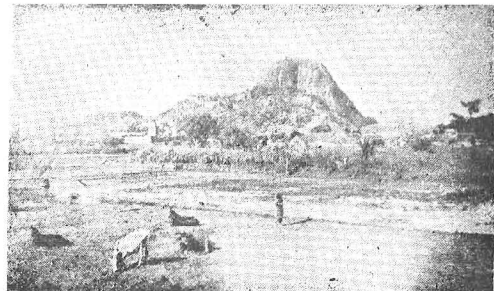
A warm send off with the blessings our Secretary on a cold morning



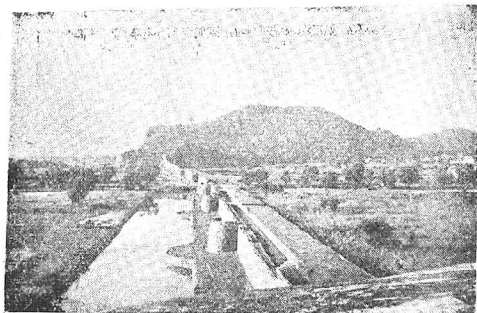
Speeding along faster than the railway express



On the bund of Madurantakam lake



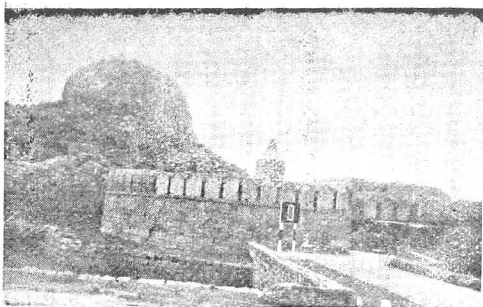
A distant view of Gingee



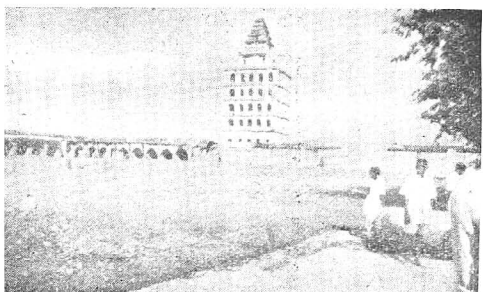
Ramparts and the moat to Krishnagiri



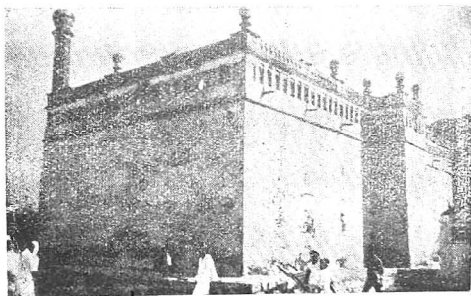
A lesson near the fort walls



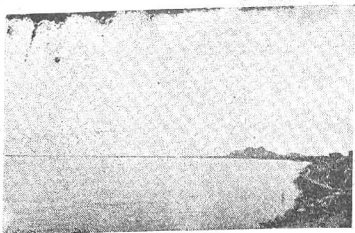
A granary with the Rajagiri in the back ground



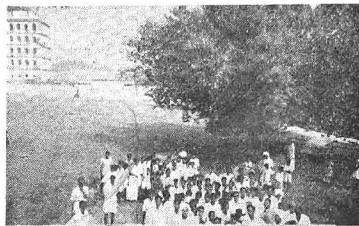
Kalyanmahal



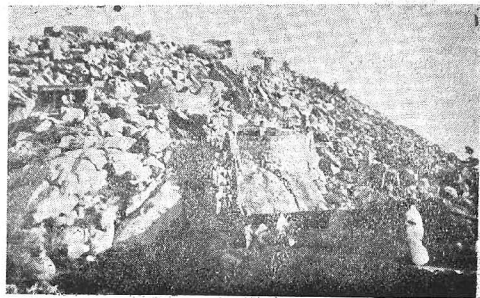
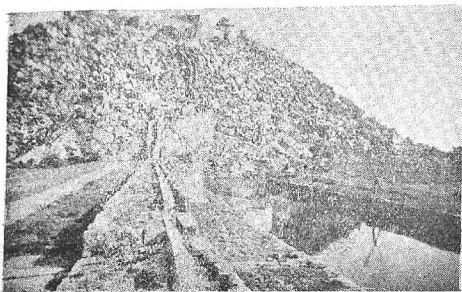
Tomb of Sadat Ulla Khan



The lake for our bath



In the cool shades after much wandering



The ramparts and the moats towards Krishnagiri

Two days at Ginjee

The boys and teachers of our school went on a two-day excursion to Ginjee, to enjoy the sight of the fort of Rajah Desinghu. We were nearly a hundred and fifty in number and planned to go in our two school buses.

On the 30th of November 1954, in the early morning we started from our school, after prayer. Then it was 6-30 A. M. After a long journey we reached Maduranthakam at 8-30 A. M. There we took our tiffin beside the lake there. It was a big lake. Then we continued towards Ginjee. We all travelled singing, talking and telling stories. At last at eleven O'clock, we reached Ginjee. After taking a bath we took our dinner and enough rest. We stayed in a school very convenient for us.

At one O'clock we started for Rajagiri, the big one of the two hills there. We saw there the Pondicherry Gate, the grave of Mohamedkhan, the dear friend of Raja Desinghu, and the fort walls going on three hills around. Then we climbed the hill and went up the path which is not very badly damaged ; it is three miles long. At the top, we saw the huge court hall of Desinghu, and a well-built temple. We were delighted to see the place where once there were a suspension bridge and the clock tower. We were amazed at the sweet and cool water of a spring there. It was a happy sight to see mountains all around us. In the mountains there were big honey combs. We saw the seven storied Kalyana Mahall of great beauty. We went to the top ; it was about a hundred feet high. On the top the whistling winds thrilled our heart. It is remarkable that the very old walls even now shine. Then we returned to our lodgings. Then we had our tiffin. From six to eight O'clock, we enjoyed a variety entertainment. Then after a little rest we were supplied our supper. At 9-30 P. M. we had a camp-fire and the resume of what we had seen that day.

The next day we assembled at 5 A. M. and had our morning prayer. After the usual duties we had our tea and tiffin. Then we went to Krishnagiri, the other hill. It was smaller than the former. There we saw only monuments, halls and signalling places. There were also big round rooms called oil-wells. From there we could see that the upper part of Rajagiri looks like a cup put up-side down. It was very well worth seeing. Then we came down and went to a river

and had our bath. And we dressed again. Then we went to a temple three miles away. Then after seeing the Gods we saw a waterfall of fifty feet height and a mysterious cave entrance. Then we returned to our lodgings and had our dinner and bade farewell to Ginjee.

We reached Conjeevuram at 4 P. M. and had some rest. Then we returned to Madras at 9 P. M. and dispersed after prayer.

K. BALAKRISHNAN,

VI Form A.

The saint that changed new moon into full moon

Our puranas and legends abound in stories about the Lord Almighty coming to this world to help Bhakthas out of danger and bring to light their greatness on many occasions. The following is a story to illustrate the above statement.

Many many years ago, there lived in Thirucadaiyur, a village in Mayuram Taluk, a man by name Abiramibattar. He was so named because he was a humble devotee of the Goddess Abirami of the place. The village is famous for having blessed Markandaya with immortality. It is also the birth place of two nayanmars Kungaliyakalyanayanar and Kari nayanar. There is a famous temple in the village, under the management of the Dharmapuram Adheenam. The place is historically famous as the birth place of Madhavi, the consort of Kovalan of Cauveripoompattinam.

The Pattar in the story was very highly devoted to the Goddess Abirami of the local temple as was the family custom and spent most of his time in the sannadhi of the Goddess meditating always on God. He was also performing sakti poojas which necessitated the use of toddy. This aspect of his work was not viewed with approval by the people then, and they entertained some hatred towards him.

It so happened that King Saraboji of Tanjore had come to Cauveripoompattinam to bathe in the river Cauveri on a new moon day. He came also to the temple of Thirucadaiyur to worship the

Goddess. The king was surprised to see the Yogi in deep meditation without minding the king. He enquired of the people there about him. They told him that he was probably unconscious under the influence of toddy. The king then wanted to drag the saint into conversation. So he put him the question. "What thithi is this day?" Promptly came the answer "full moon".

The king was surprised to hear such an answer which led him to believe what the people had said. The king in his aristocratic mood ordered that unless the day was proved to be a full moon day, the Yogi would be punished with death.

It was a great mystery why the saint should give a wrong answer to the king. Only later events revealed the facts.

The saint recovered from his meditation, realized his mistake and did not know what to do. The people also told him about the ordinance of the king. He preferred death in the presence of the Goddess rather than at the king's sword.

So he went to the temple, made a big fire in the presence of the Goddess, sat near it and began to sing songs in the praise of the Goddess and there appeared hundred and eight songs which are known as Andhadhi. Every word of each stanza began with the last word of the previous one.

The hundred and eight stanzas composed by the pattar are now being collected and edited with meanings by Dharmapuram Adhinam in the form of a booklet. It is believed those who get by heart these stanzas and recite them will attain the grace and love of God.

As soon as he began his seventyninth stanza, the story goes, the Goddess's heart melted at the meditation of her Bhakta and she threw one of her earrings in the sky. As a result of this there was perfect illumination in the sky as if the full moon had arisen.

The king was very much astonished to see the illumination. He realised his mistake in having insulted the saint, ran towards him prostrated before him and begged to be forgiven. He implored the Yogi to ask for some gift for him, which he said he would readily grant. But the Yogi whose only thought was about God and to whom all earthly pleasures were of no use refused to ask for any

gift. But when the king again implored him to state something which would be useful to his descendants he requested the king to give one Marakal for every veli. The king readily granted this by issuing sasanaru. Even now his descendants are enjoying the benefit.

J. SESHADRI.

“The Nilgiris”

I was born in the Nilgiri District. The Nilgiri District is one of the districts in the Madras State. It is surrounded by Coorg, Mysore, Coimbatore & Malabar. It lies at the junction of the Eastern Ghats. It is a plateau. It has coffee and tea estates. There is also a Cinchona plantation. Eucalyptus trees are found in abundance there. Many English vegetables like cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, peas, potatoes etc. grow there,

During the summer our Governor stays there. It is a health resort. So, many rich people go there during summer. Then the weather of the Nilgiris is very pleasant. During winter it is very cold.

There are many places in the Nilgiris which are worth visiting. The Pykara falls, the Pasteur Institute in Coonoor, the cordite factory in Aravankadu, the military buildings in Wellington and the Stanley Park in Coonoor are well worth visiting.

There is a peculiar railway line from Mettupalayam to Coonoor. It has three rails instead of the normal two rails. The central rail is toothed. When going up, the engine is at the back and pushes the train up.

An aboriginal tribe called the Todas live there. They are agriculturists. They have fine features. They are peaceful. Everyone should try to visit and stay some time in Coonoor or Ooty at least for a few weeks.

K. MAHADEVAN,
V Form A Section.

“ Chhaya ”

Once upon a time there lived a girl, named Chhaya in the village of Arkadi. She was beautiful. She was smart. She was fourteen. She had all attractive features. She liked to sing and chat, but she could not as she was dumb.

Her father was a farmer. Her mother was a songstress. Her mother sang daily and Chhaya heard them, and enjoyed the melody. She went with her mother wherever she would go. Chhaya was the tenth child of her mother. All the other children had died. So she had not been christened. But, she followed her mother so frequently that she acted as her shadow and earned the name ‘Chhaya.’

Her mother used to pray for her. “O God ! I lost all the nine children ! But you have been kind enough to spare one. She is dumb, God, none will marry her. Please let her speak and I shall be your devotee.” Her mother thought Chhaya would not hear her. She was chanting the prayer in a low tone. But when she turned, she saw Chhaya with tears rolling down her cheeks. She took Chhaya by her hand, embraced her and kissed her on the cheeks. This added to Chhaya’s sorrow.

Chhaya used to sit on the shores of the river Arkadi. She complained to God of her inability to speak. Her silent complaint was heard only by a shepherd boy, Prakash. He wanted to pacify her by promising to marry her. But Chhaya fled away when Prakash came near. When Prakash stood at a distance she stared at him steadily. Prakash knew that she loved him.

One evening Prakash was returning home with a flock of sheep. He noticed Chhaya sitting on the banks of Arkadi and staring at the setting sun. She dreamt :—

She was singing on a swing in a fine garden. No one else was there. Her voice was heard by the Fairies. All of them came to the garden. They were surprised to see her singing so melodiously. They all asked her what she wanted. She said, “I am alone now, I have a big garden and my parents. Still, I want one more thing—‘A man’”. They asked her whom she liked most. She said “Prakash.” “But Prakash cannot speak. He is dumb,” they said. Chhaya would not

bear this. She retorted. "I like the dumb man. I love him, I want him."

"You shall have him," they said and went away. When she opened her eyes, she saw Prakash sitting very near. She said to herself 'I love you very much.' But Prakash only stared at her. She wanted to repeat it again. But she knew she was dumb. She could not make the correct sound.

She stretched her arms forward. Prakash was just going to embrace her. The sun set and a tree fell on them. Prakash was jammed. Chhaya's blood ran cold. "Prakash is dead," a voice said; 'No more Chhaya' another voice followed.

BY L. KAMALAKSHAN, V Form B.

Physical Education - Sports Activities of our School for 1954-55

Boys have shown considerable improvement in Sports Activities evincing great interest and enthusiasm.

The aim of Physical Education is to help the individual with scientific methods of Instructions and Demonstrations and raise the physical and mental standards of individuals. It indirectly helps the nation to live best. It is in this sphere that all the individual students sink their differences and strongly feel and think that they are the members of one nation.

Our boys competed in the Madras Schools Athletic Association zonal matches and proved themselves to be good sportsmen. This year we were fortunate to have Md. Nainar VI Form B. as School Volley Ball Team Captain, who in all respects proved himself to be a worthy Team Captain.

The Annual sports of the school for this academic year came off on 4th March, 1955 at the Marina Grounds. A fairly large number of students participated. The Old boys of our Institution made the occasion grand by their keen participation in the sports.

The following old boys of our school won the places as shown against their names.

800 Metres Race.

R. Kannan	1st Place.
Govindarajalu	2nd place.
Kasim	3rd Place.

The following students won the school championship for the year 1954—55.

Senior : S. Kuttiappan V Form B.

Inter : N. Jothisankar V Form A.

Junior : N. S. Kalyanasundaram IV Form A.

There was also a Race and Competition for the members of the staff. The items were 400 metres race and Tug-of-war.

Sri. V. Gopalakrishnan won the 1st Place in 400 Metres Race.

Sri. K. M. Muthumani won the 2nd Place in 400 Metres Race.

P. THAMBURAJALU, *Physical Education Teacher.*



WINNERS ALL

ANSWER :

That that is, is. That that is not, is not.

That that is, is not that that is not. That that is not, is not that that is. Is it? It is not.

S, SANKARAN.

School Annual Sports for the year

1954-1955.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

Championship

Senior.

S. Kuttiappan, V Form B.

Inter.

N. Jothisankar, V Form A.

Junior.

N. S. Kalyanasundaram, IV Form A.

Seniors

1. *800 Metres Race.*

M. Velayudham,	V Form B	..	1st	Place.
T. Shanmugam,	VI „ B	..	2nd	„
R. Viswanathan,	IV „ B	..	3rd	„

2. *200 Metres Race.*

T. Shanmugam,	VI Form B	..	1st	Place.
S. Kuttiappan,	V Form B	..	2nd	„
R. Rajamanickam,	V „ B	..	3rd	„

3. *100 Metres Dash.*

T. Shanmugam,	VI Form B	..	1st	Place.
K. Rajamanickam,	V „ B	..	2nd	„
S. Kuttiappan,	V „ B	..	3rd	„

4. *High Jump.*

S. Kuttiappan,	V Form B	..	1st	Place.
R. Raghuraman,	VI „ B	..	2nd	„
R. Kabali,	IV „ A	..	3rd	„

5. *Long Jump.*

S. Kuttiappan,	V Form B	..	1st Place.
M. Velayudham,	V ,, B	..	2nd ,,
K. Rajamanickam,	V ,, B	..	3rd ,,

6. *Shot Put.*

Mohmd. Nainar,	VI Form B	..	1st Place.
M. Velayudham,	V ,, B	..	2nd ,,
R. Viswanathan,	VI ,, B	..	3rd ,,

7. *Cricket Ball Throw.*

M. Velayudham,	V Form B	..	1st Place.
S. Kuttiappan,	V ,, B	..	2nd ,,
K. Rajamanickam,	V ,, B	..	3rd ,,

8. *Hurdles.*

N. Balaraman,	IV Form B	..	1st Place.
D. Kothandaraman,	IV ,, B	..	2nd ,,
S. Kuttiappan,	V ,, B	..	3rd ,,

Intermediates

1. *400 Metres Race.*

R. Varadhachari,	III Form A	..	1st Place.
A. Rangesh,	VI ,, A	..	2nd ,,
T. Govindhasamy,	VI ,, B	..	3rd ,,

2. *100 Metres Dash.*

A. Rangesh,	VI Form A	..	1st Place.
R. Varadhachari,	III ,, A	..	2nd ,,
T. Govindhasamy,	IV ,, B	..	3rd ,,

3. *High Jump.*

N. Jothisankar,	V Form A	..	1st Place
V. Lakshminarasimhan,	V Form A	..	2nd ,,
M. Kumaresan,	II Form A	..	3rd ,,

4. *Long Jump.*

N. Jothisankar, V Form A	..	1st Place
V. Lakshminarsimhan, V Form A	..	2nd „
K. Govindharajalu, IV Form A	..	3rd „

5. *Shot Put.*

G. Sunderasan, IV Form A	..	1st Place
R. Varadhachari, III A	..	2nd „
A. Govindharajalu, IV Form B	..	3rd „

6. *Cricket Ball Throw.*

N. Jothisankar, V Form A	..	1st Place
G. A. Sunderasan, IV Form A	..	2nd „
V. Lakshminarasimhan, V Form A	..	3rd „

7. *100 x 4 Track Relay.*

A. Rangesh, IV Form A and his Team Winners up.

8. (1) *Volley Ball Team* : C. S. Purushothaman V Form B. and his Team Winners up.
 (2) Md. Nainar VI Form B. and his Team Runners up.

Juniors

1. *75 Metres Dash.*

P. G. Kanagasabapathy, IV Form A	..	1st Place
R. Kannan, II Form B	..	2nd „
M. Dheenadayalan, II Form C	..	3rd „

2. *Obstacle Race.*

A. Annamalai, II Form C	..	1st Place
S. Kumar, II Form B	..	2nd „
R. Krishnamurthy, II Form A	..	3rd „

3. *Three-legged Race.*

N. S. Kalyanasundaram, V Form A &		
A. Kuppusamy, IV Form A	..	1st Place
K. Vasudevan, IV Form B &		
S. Rajagopalan, IV Form B	..	2nd Place
T. Parthasarathy, II Form B &		
V. Gajapathy, II Form B	..	3rd Place

4. *Kangaru Relay.*

Kalyanasundaram, IV Form A and his Team *Winners up.*

5. *Flag Relay.*

A. S. Narayanan, IV Form B and his Team *-Winners up.*

6. *Musical Chair.*

C. V. Jayaraman, II Form A	..	1st Place
A. Kuppusamy, IV Form A	..	2nd "
N. S. Kalyanasundaram, IV Form A	..	3rd "

Old Boys of our Institution

800 Metres Race.

R. Kannan	..	1st Place.
Govindhasami	..	2nd "
Kasim	..	3rd "

Masters Race

1. *400 Metres Race.*

Sri. V. Gopalakrishnan	..	1st Place
.. K. M. Muthumani	..	2nd "
.. T. S. Krishnamurthy	..	3rd "

2. *Tug-of-War.*

Sri S. R. Chandrasekaran and his Team won the Pull.

P. THAMBURAJALU,
Physical Education Teacher.

Review of the Radio Club 1954-1955

The School Radio Receiver was of no less use to the pupils this school year than it was last year. The Radio Club consists of the Head-master as President, Sri S. T. Richard as convener and Sri S. Natarajan and Sri M. C. Rajagopalan as members.

During the long term, in all thirty Radio programmes were arranged. Due to unexpected circumstances such as film shows, rain etc. five programmes had to be cancelled. The pupils enjoyed the rest.

After the X'mas vacation, no programmes were possible as the Radio Receiver was out of order. Pupils presented themselves merrily and listened interestedly to the Radio talks on various topics which were always correlated to their curriculum.

S. J. RICHARD, *Incharge of Radio Club.*

Riddles

1. I am a six letter word of the Feminine gender.
If you remove my first two letters.
I am of the masculine gender.
Who am I?
2. I am a language of nine letters.
If you read me from the last to first.
I am the same
Who am I?
3. My first three letters are a place in India.
My first two letters make a verb on the whole.
I am an animal.
Who am I?
4. I have five letters.
If my second letter is dropped. I am a manuscript.
But if my first letter is removed. I am a bird.
Who am I?

5. I am a seven letter wordy, fling thing
 If my last three letters are cut, I am a playing thing.
 But if my first and last three letters are cut,
 Who am I? I am each and every one.
6. I am a four letter word, Flying bird.
 If my second letter is removed, I am an animal.
 But If my first letter is dropped, I am a line.
 Who am I?
7. I am a six letter word;
 large city in India.
 If my last two letters are cut, I am a weapon
 Who am I?
8. I am a three letter word.
 I am an animal.
 If you read from last to first, I am the Almighty.
 Who am I?

Answers :—(1) Female. (2) Malayalam. (3) Goat. (4) Brook.
 (5) Balloon. (6) Crow. (7) Bombay. (8) Dog.

M. R. DHARMARAJU, IV Form A.

Report of the Exhibition held in 1954

The Second Annual Exhibition of the National High Schools, Triplicane, was held in April last.

It consisted of the following sections : (1) Drawing (2) Painting (3) Handicrafts (4) Weaving (5) Social Studies and (6) Science.

It was declared open by Sri Naganatha Iyer.

Besides the students of the locality and the neighbourhood a large number of parents and many distinguished members of the public attended it. Hundreds of students were engaged in preparing and explaining the exhibits and showing experiments in Science. Some 5000 patrons visited the exhibition. It gave valuable instruction not only to the students but also to adults who visited it. The public spoke high of the exhibits and encouraged all those that took part in it, to continue it every year. Among the distinguished gentlemen who showed their appreciation was Sir S. Varadachariar, (Retired Judge, Supreme Court).

The Goddess of Wealth

With presumption far short-sighted,
On my stout will-power I prided myself.

"A long course of suffering in youth,"
Said I to myself, "hath tempered me,

And I from the path of righteousness
Can never swerve happen what may ;
No winsome smile can unnerve me
No wily guile can artfully allure."

So did I jog on peacefully in life
Till well past my prime ; oft delighted
With the fortunes of my lot, or sorrowing
Through many a trial and tribulation.

Though to no great heights did I ascend,
Nor remained quite at the lowest rungs,
On rails fairly smooth life seemed to run
Promising lasting peace in limited weal.

Then suddenly, oh, how suddenly,
Thou didst steal into my life and pat me.
Still awhile, I dozed on in monstrous conceit
That nothing could go wrong with me.

Like a slow poison, Thou didst spread
Thy influence ; slyly, ever so stealthily
Didst take deep firm roots, till at last
Of nought but Thee could I think.

To count and contemplate Thy early gifts
Became the sole great joy of my life.
No sacrifice would I deem too great, if I
But became Thy ardent accepted slave.

Others of Thy mould so often have I met ;
On them my glance scarce ever dwelt.
But without Thee, I asked, what could life be,
Without Thee, how could it be endured ?

In vain did I attempt in saner moments
 To shake Thy hold, Thy vicious grip, off.
 But every effort established a firmer grasp,
 And I, in secret shame, resigned myself to my fate.

Thou didst sometimes sweetly smile on me,
 Of Thy deep concern for my welfare speak,
 Of Thy solicitous desire for my joy in life,
 And swear, by all that's holy, of Thy loyalty.

Oh, Heaven of earth, nothing could sunder us ;
 Thou wouldst let me boldly beg for more favours.
 My heart pounding fast, They greater gifts I besought,
 Laying life-long loyal service at Thy feet.

But then, alas, turning away, Thou didst spurn me,
 And showed me how a beggar Thou wouldst treat,
 Hot sighs and hotter tears moved Thee but little,
 Nor supplication nor reproach could change Thy mind.

My heart into a thousand pieces did break,
 My life to secret silent suffering was doomed.
 It were far better I never had known Thee,
 Far better could I to my former lot return.

I scarce can bear harshly to judge of Thee,
 An evil heart never resides in such divine exterior.
 If to none Thou art faithful, He is to blame
 Who decreed Thou shouldst ever be so.

Still my adulation of Thee can never cease,
 My days in passionate pursuit of Thee may end:
 The rest of my span of life shall I spend
 To myself a burden, a warning to all.

S. SANKARAN, B.A. (Hons.) L.T.

The Libraries.

The English and the Tamil Libraries are under the management of the Library Fees Committee. The following members constitute the committee.

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| (1) | Sri N. K. Thirumalachari | — President |
| (2) | „ N. S. Viswanathan | — Headmaster |
| (3) | „ S. Sankaran | — Asst. Headmaster |
| (4) | „ S. J. Richard | — Convener |
| (5) | „ K. M. Muthumani | — |
| (6) | „ V.R. Kuppaswami VI A | — Student Representative |
| (7) | „ K. Mahadevan VI A | — „ „ |

The committee met several times during the year to discuss ways and means of expanding the library, adding to the facilities to pupils and teachers and in other ways enhancing the usefulness and efficiency of the libraries.

Books were issued in the mid-day interval and after the last period of the afternoon. The total number of books issued to the pupils was over 2500. This represents an increase over the corresponding figure for last year. Books were purchased for nearly Rs. 450 during the year. Some of the old stock were condemned. The total number of books in the library at present is a little over 2,600. About 300 of them are for the reference of masters.

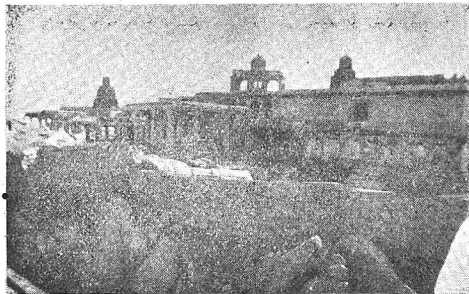
S. J. RICHARD,

K. M. MUTHUMANI,

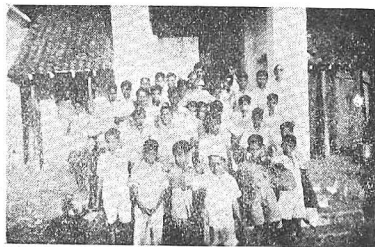
In-charge of the libraries.



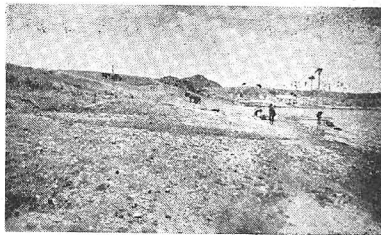
B-2



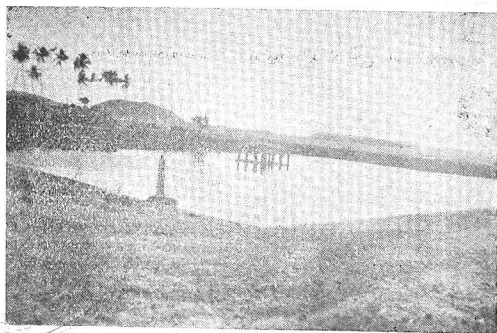
Kalyan Mandap and Ranganadha Temple



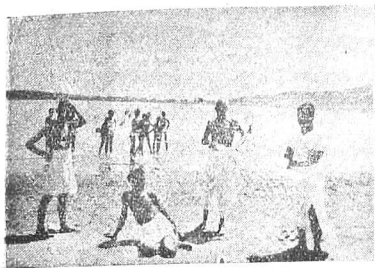
Our lodgings



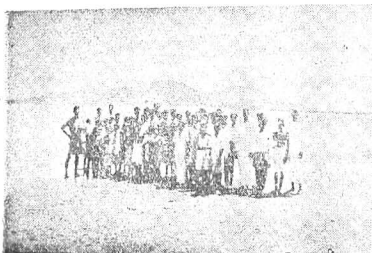
On the way to Thirunermalai



The centre of our activities



Preparing for a bath



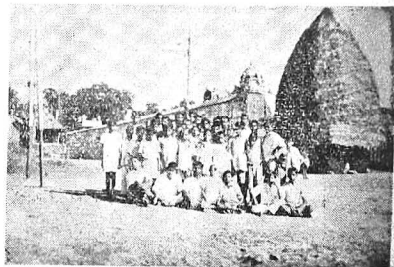
After the bath



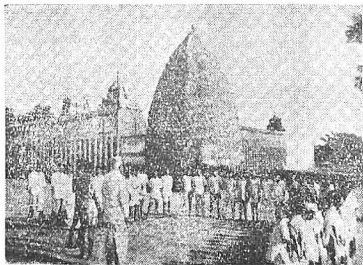
The greatest attraction of
Thirunermalai. The temple
on top of the hill



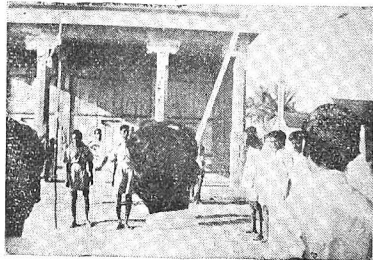
Bath



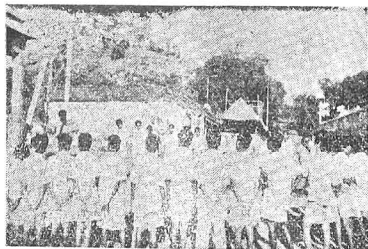
Assembled near the lower temple



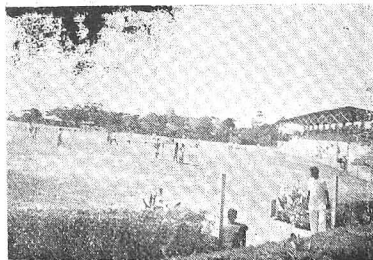
Square formations



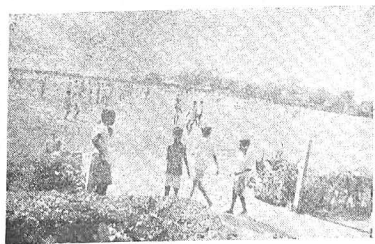
Ready for the Flag-salutation



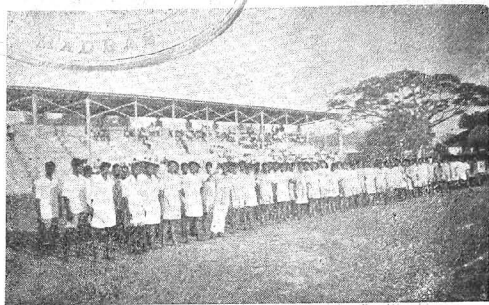
A session in progress



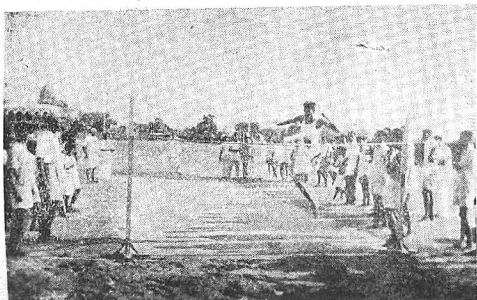
The Sports grounds



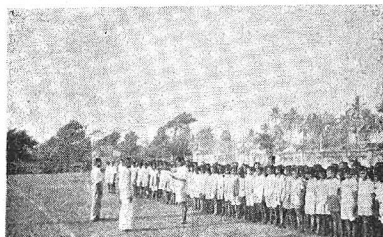
Competitors arrive almost at dawn



Ready for the March past



The High Jump (Seniors)



The Sports leader takes the oath