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The Golden Jubilee of the Senior Sodality



THE College Senior Sodality has already celebrated the Golden Jubilee of its foundation. It was an achievement. "It was a glorious success," observed one in the *Mangalore*. "Never did any Sodality celebrate its Golden Jubilee, or any Jubilee, for the matter of that, as did the Presentation Sodality of St. Aloysius' College—without subscriptions." No doubt, the credit of the double feat goes, after the Director, to the present Members, and especially to the Working Committee.

They had been looking forward to the great event, not longingly only, but also actively and generously. When meeting after meeting was called, some wags thought it would all end in talk, especially as no money was to be raised. Instead, however, of ending in talk, it only began there. The discussions served the salutary purpose of arousing interest and exchange of views, which are useful for drawing up and carrying out a plan.

The well matured plan, in spite of some shuffling of dates—that only lent amusement—was carried out to the fullest satisfaction. It was, indeed, an inspiration which prompted Rev. Fr. Rector to place the Boys' Annual Retreat in the Triduum before the Jubilee Day. But did that not distract the boys? That was easily settled. Fr. I. Fernandes, S. J., a former Prefect, had last December conducted Closed Retreats for two batches of twenty-seven in all. Of these good twenty were Sodalists; and these

came forward to work the whole day long, and *in camera*, as it were, so as to free entirely the other Sodalists that would be making the open Retreat now under the same very successful preacher.

The feast proper began with Solemn Vespers at 6 p. m. on Saturday, 17 January. A torch-light procession to 'the Grotto of Lourdes' added its own devotional charm.

On Sunday morning Rev. Fr. Rector, the late Director, sang the solemn High Mass *with Pontifical Assistance* by Bishop Perini, a former Director of the Sodality. This kind of Mass is in a manner grander than the Pontifical High Mass and had not been witnessed in Mangalore for long years. The College Choir rendered Perosi's *Missa Pontificalis* in splendid form.

The Evening Service opened with the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at 5.30 p. m. After nearly an hour's adoration, Rev. Fr. J. S. C. Vas, Vicar of Milagres, preached the sermon taking for his text—*Gratias agamus Domino Deo Nostro*. This was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament given by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. V. R. Fernandes, the Vicar Capitular. He was assisted by Frs. D. Fernandes, S. J., the first member and Prefect, and B. P. Rosario, S. J., the third member. The singing was congregational throughout. Rev. W. Picardo, S. J., won all round admiration for the splendid way he conducted it, especially the plain-chant of *Te Deum*.

When the people came out of the Chapel, a delightful surprise awaited them. Before going in for the service they had seen a few skeleton arches, that seemed to disfigure the College flat. But when they came out they beheld a veritable basilica all framed in brilliant coloured lights. Even those who had seen costlier illuminations elsewhere declared this to have surpassed them all. But the best thing about it was that it was the fruit of the silent and sacrificing labours of about a dozen Sodalists. A small exhibition of pyro-technics, with the sending up of some fire balloons, brought the memorable day to a close.

On Monday evening the present Sodalists honoured the Old Directors and Former Members with a Musical and Dramatic Entertainment presided over by Dr. Perini, S. J., Bishop of Calicut. After the reading of the cables to and from His Holiness the Pope and the Very Reverend Father General, Mr. Salvadore Fernandes, Secretary to the Jubilee Committee, proposed the toast of the former members. This was fittingly responded to by Rai Saheb E. C. M. Mascarenhas, the second member of the Sodality. It was very kind of the Rai Saheb to step in when Dr. F. X. deSouza, who had most willingly consented to respond, was unavoidably kept away by his son's illness.

The toast of the Old Directors was next proposed by Mr. Gelasius Coelho, the present Prefect, and was answered in beautiful style by Rev. Fr. Rector. He paid a glowing tribute to the Director of the Sodality, Fr. D. J. Albuquerque, S. J., to whose exertions and resourcefulness the success of the Jubilee was due. St. Rita had been called 'the Saint of the impossible.' Fr. Albuquerque might be called the Director of the impossible. He was an embodiment of the virtues of all the past Directors and all the future Directors as well.

"Ye Gods of Rome," a five act tragedy of the early Christian times, was most appreciably acted by Sodality players of marked reputation.

Mr. Cajetan Lobo, B. A., B. L. deserves special thanks for noble-heartedly putting himself at the disposal of the Director. If virtue is its own reward, his acting that night must have been truly so. Fine musical items were contributed by the College Choir, the Seminarians and Messrs. Vincent Pinto, and Stanislaus Siqueira, both one time Prefects, and by Mr. J. C. Pereira.

The Sodality trip on Wednesday was originally fixed for Kulur. But who could object to going to the Bevanje waterfall when Fr. Rector generously came forward to sponsor the princely luxury?

Sunday, 25th January had been marked for an At Home to the present members given by Rev. Fr. Rector and Community. But meanwhile pressing requests were made to have the performance of the 19th repeated for the ladies who could not be invited on the previous occasion which was exclusively for Sodalists. Now arose a crisis: and Sodalists' virtue was put to the test and won. They were asked to choose between an At Home where they would have had merely to enjoy Fr. Rector's hospitality, and the re-acting of the play for the exclusive benefit of others. The Working Committee decided to forgo the At Home, and the others concurred with their decision. The play on this occasion also was highly relished by the Catholic Mothers' Sodality, and by the Children of Mary from St. Ann's and St. Agnes'.

The question now arises: how could the Sodality celebrate so grandly its Golden Jubilee if no subscriptions were raised? No appeal had been made; not so much as a hint given. Yet good Sodalists of the past thought it their bounden duty to help the Sodality, which, as they asserted, had done so much for them. The single rupees that came from here and there were highly valued as gifts that came unsolicited straight from the heart of true Sodalists. Dr. F. X. de Souza felt compelled—*noblesse oblige*—to suggest, that a rupee fund might be started with a view to establishing a

prize in perpetual memory of the great day. Not a few liked the idea. But Father Director stuck to his guns, and though he would thankfully receive whatever others might offer, he would not hear of any funds being collected by himself.

A Jubilee Souvenir of artistic get-up is however contemplated to serve for a future remembrance. It will be brought out on 21st

June, the exact day on which the Sodality completes its fifty years. Though the greater festivities have been gone through already, for fear the weather should be unfavourable in June, yet the Heaven-appointed day shall not go unobserved. The Souvenir will be sent to all who have any way helped us so far. Others desirous of having it are requested to write to Fr. Director before the end of May.

Of three that I knew

BY A. J. D'ABREU, M. B., B. S., F. R. C. S.



URING the last twelve months three priests intimately associated with my early life have gone to their eternal reward. Dear Fr. Colaço taught us English in the VI Form. It is too true that real appreciation of a teacher dawns upon the pupil when the latter has reached maturer years. I wonder if Fr. Colaço could ever have accused himself of neglect of his work in the slightest way. All the time he was in class he spent in the best possible way, doing his utmost to instil instruction, understanding the student's difficulties and sympathising with him, and driving home his point in the simplest, most convincing and congenial manner. All our homeworks received individual and minute attention and were crossed with colour pencils, the reasons for the correction given and a word of encouragement added. He was most impartial in his dealings, and I never heard a boy ever say an unkind word of him within or without his hearing. He was silently loved and revered by us all. He was not demonstrative, and his plain and straight way required no demonstration on our part. He died in harness. He could not have wished for any other ending to his long and loving life.

Dear Fr. Saldanha taught me in the F. A. classes Greek and Roman History. We never saw a frown on his face, though we deserved

many. Unlike most professors of the time, he used to close the book and lecture to us from memory, and though we used to intersperse his lectures with remarks and criticisms, with the deliberate intention of ruffling his temper, he brushed it all aside with the greatest nonchalance and sometimes with a smile meaning, "No, you won't succeed." It was always a treat to listen to his harangues on Alcibiades, Scipio Africanus, and such like historical characters. His geniality was inexhaustible, his patience interminable, his remarks witty, his criticisms original. Having been in the world in an independent capacity before he entered the Society, there was a certain independence of thought and feeling in him, which is absent in members of Religious Orders, who have been schooled in the rules of their Order from their early youth, without having roughed it a bit on their own. We all loved him, Hindus and Christians, for his own sake. The late Bishop had a particular affection for him and spoke of him lovingly. It is much that they should not have been separated by the world for long. May they unite in heaven and pray for us. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

Dear Fr. Rossetti—has he also left us? His work was of a different kind. He had no pupils to sing his praises, but could we hear the choir of angels welcoming him to heaven, would

we not realise that God's estimate of our life's work in this world does not follow our rules? I knew him as a little boy, in fact my earliest memories are centred round Fr. Rossetti as Assistant at the Cathedral, seated in the verandah of the church, surrounded by all the fisher-folk's children in the neighbourhood. These were his sole delight and recreation. The sanitary conditions under which these children lived as well as their own personal hygiene were not above criticism. As for clothes most of them had none. Yet there was Fr. Rossetti, a prince among them, quite at home with them and talking to them in a language neither Fr. Rossetti nor the children understood. The meaning eventually became clear as all conversations ended with odds and ends of sweats, solid and semi-solid, emerging from his capacious pockets, whose depths were literally unfathomable. One of the principal duties which devolved upon my aunt, one of the Ursulines of the parish, was to mend the church linen, which, of course, included Fr. Rossetti's pockets. These were nocturnally visited by rodents. Unlike the proverbial church mouse, the Cathedral mouse always found dainty dishes in these pockets. I have travelled a good bit, but I have never come across a man who loved children for their own sake as the good old Father. They climbed his knee and clambered on his back, and despite their deficiencies he enjoyed it all. There was no meal served in the house but had its dessert end surreptitiously transferred to his pockets.

Even as his Divine Master he suffered them to come to him at all times. He was child-like, an angel among his little angels, simple in word, deed and thought. The poor were always his favourites. He founded St. Joseph's Sodality for the artisan and labouring classes at the Cathedral and would preside at their meetings. I was very fond of Fr. Rossetti, a sort of secretary to him. My duties were mostly limited to translating Fr. Rossetti's English into Konkani, and the accumulation of holy pictures in payment for my services. Fr. Rossetti had great talents for the artistic decoration of churches, and on festal occasions the old Cathedral was a mass of well-blended colour. He painted in fresco large sized pictures depicting the Passion of Our Lord, which were shown in succession at the right moment during the long sermons on Good Friday, giving the ceremony the appearance of a miniature Oberammergau. He had also a fund of wit and humour, and when words failed him in his descriptions, he would summon his artistic talents and portray his meaning in a sketch or cartoon. I cannot believe that during his whole life he ever hurt anybody in any way, or that anybody ever said or ever thought unkindly of him. Well may it be said of him,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Every time I hear of the passing away of my dear old teachers, it leaves a void in my heart. How I could have enjoyed to see them in this world!



Fresh Fields for Aloysians

BY FREDERICK J. P. ABREO



WE are aware of the problem of unemployment which has affected not only India, but the world in general. The present depression of trade and the poor plight of commerce with small prospects of the future improvement of the market is rapidly increasing the number of the unemployed throughout the globe, including our own country. Most Governments are at present concentrating their attention on the growing menace, and we know very well that the recent success of the labour party was due to its repeated pledge to solve this difficult problem.

What is India, above all what is Mangalore doing in the matter? When Mangaloreans send their children to school, they seldom give a thought to what their future employment shall be. No wonder this should result in many a boy, after his school-final test, going in search of employment in the clerical line. Not infrequently does one meet with such, in the large cities of India, unemployed and half starved. Their number but increases at the end of each scholastic year when fresh recruits join their file.

With the Persianizing of the clerical and other staff of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd. in Persia and with the policy of present day East African Governments to employ only Africans to the subordinate posts, the two main avenues of employment are definitely closed for Indians,—at least for those communities that had no foresight in building up business against the present emergency. Looking at the prevailing condition of things, it is obvious that these governments are doing their best to get rid of a race whose members, in their opinion, are nothing better than intruders.

Where then are our boys to find employ-

ment? The only alternative to starvation is to explore untried regions, to go in search of fresh woods and pastures new. To aid them in such an enterprise should be the duty of every Mangalorean. Fortunately unexplored regions are not wanting. Many may have heard of the wonderful prospects presented by the United States of Brazil, by British and Dutch Guiana, which are as yet free from immigration laws and untainted by the colour prejudice. No wonder all eyes over the world, except, of course, our supine Mangalore, are focussed in this veritable tract of El Dorado. Rice, coffee, rubber and timber are among its best products, and the last named in particular is yielding profits beyond the planter's expectations. Lumber trade is now at its zenith, while the price of rice has not yet fallen low. Judging from what I have read, every planter or settler cultivates all the different products and is therefore not affected by the fall in price of any one of them. These South American States possess very fertile soil and are thus placed at an advantage by mother nature. The seasons too contribute a good deal towards the yield of bumper crops and it must be an interesting fact for the reader to know that the fall in prices of commodities in the world's markets is due to these bumper crops. The Brazilian and Guianan planters can supply the world's markets with their products at a much lower price than other growing centres can do. The principal reason of the cheap crops is that very little labour is employed, the work of cultivation being mainly carried on by machinery. Very little manure too is used, the soil being naturally very fertile.

There are thousands of Indians in these South American States who are enjoying the cream of the land. They are wealthy land-lords

whose fortunes have been built up in these States. They own vast plantations which yield very good returns every year. Though almost every Indian community is represented here, it is hard to find a single Mangalorean. Our countrymen who are known as East Indians to differentiate them from the local Indians, went there with a very modest capital which within a few years swelled more than a thousand-fold.

Having described very briefly the splendid opening that Brazil and Guiana offer to immigrants, let me express my earnest hope that at least for the sake of the younger generation, Mangaloreans will shake off their lethargy and do what they can in the matter before South America, like East Africa, closes its gates upon us. To this end, I hope our Associations will lose no time in deputing an able and qualified agriculturist, imbued with genuine patriotism, to these parts for the purpose of studying the conditions prevailing and of negotiating with the local governments for the necessary lands and other help which they may be in a position to offer. It should be the earnest endeavour of every father and mother, if they have the interests of their children at heart, to further

the scheme by helping the enterprising Association financially. A fund of at least a lakh of rupees will be required at the outset. Out of it adventurous young men with sufficient strength of character should be given loans for the purchase of land and machinery on the recommendation of the resident secretary who shall reside in Brazil or in Guiana. Until the repayment of the loan the property shall belong to the Association which shall act as trustee to the fund. In this way we shall soon be able to establish Mangalorean colonies not only in Brazil and British and Dutch Guiana, but also in the interior regions which are being cleared of their forests. With their vast knowledge of plantations and their superior intellect, Mangaloreans shall ere long reign supreme in those parts. With the increase of our plantations in Brazil and Guiana, our own number must increase, and we shall soon be in need of our own doctors and lawyers, of our own clerks and servants. What a splendid solution is here of the knotty problem of unemployment that is already causing Mangalore such acute anxiety! A little sacrifice, a little of the enterprising spirit, and the golden apples are ours.

History of Kanara

A PAGE FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF

THE LATE FATHER A. F. X. MAFFEI, S. J.

Editor's Note: *Father Maffei has of late been much in evidence among us. Since the first issue of the Jubilee Bulletin was sent out a couple of years ago, Aloysians have said and written a good deal in loving memory of 'the saint and scholar.' It is well known that he left behind him a voluminous manuscript History of Kanara, the result of long years of arduous labour. For a variety of reasons it has not yet been possible to publish it as a whole. But the materials for the History of the Diocese of Mangalore which Fr. J. Moore, S. J. published in instalments in the Mangalore Magazine from 1901 to 1904, were mainly taken from Father Maffei's manuscript. While awaiting the propitious day when the entire History will see the light, we have thought of treating the many friends and admirers of Father Maffei to just one interesting page at a time, culled out of the unpublished part of the*

manuscript. We are aware that three bare mouthfuls of history a year, in the three issues of the *Aloysian Supplement*, must tantalize rather than satisfy the reader. But our object is quite as much to keep green the memory of Father Maffei among Aloysians as to acquaint them with the History of Kanara. Besides, it must be noted that Father Maffei's manuscript dates back to forty years ago. Though many were the sources he drew upon—he enumerates not less than forty-one of them—he had not the advantage of the research work that has since been carried on by more recent scholars, notably by Mr. George M. Moraes, an Aloysian, who in 1927 produced his excellent *Historical Sketch of Mangalore*. In the light of the more modern research, it may be found necessary to modify or supplement some of Father Maffei's statements.

THE MYTHOLOGICAL PERIOD

1. Origin of Kanara and of the entire Western Coast.

Parasu Rama, which means Rama of the axe, was a prince who is supposed to have reigned B. C. 1176, and who gave his name to an era which is still in use in some parts of Malabar. He was the son of Jamadagni, a Rishi, and Runeka, in Agra, in the Treta Yuga or the second age. According to Hindu mythology, he was the sixth incarnation of Vishnu and is said to have defeated the Kshatriyas twenty-one times. Having destroyed his enemies, he desired to settle in their country. But the Brahmans were opposed to his plan on the score of the bloodshed of which he was guilty. He was thus obliged to emigrate. He repaired to Sahyadris, a chain of mountains in North Kanara, shot an arrow from the crest of the range and reclaimed from the sea the strip of land along the Western Coast. With a view to peopling the land thus acquired, he raised some corpses to life, and having made them Brahmans distributed them over the country. In course of time, however, he abandoned them as they proved unfaithful to him. According to another legend, Rama turned fisherman into Brahmans, and bade them call upon his name in times of need. To test Rama's sincerity, they once invoked him, when he readily presented himself; but finding they had called on him to no purpose, he gave them up. Yet another legend will have it that this country was under Ravana, the chief of the

Rakshasas and the rival of Rama. It is said that he founded four temples in North Kanara, and that his dominion extended as far as Gokarn, near Kumpta.

Such is the myth veiling the origin of Kanara, and it is not easy to account for it. Some are of opinion that the Western Coast was once under water and that it gradually emerged from the sea. They believe they see traces of the past submersion of the soil in the geological character of the Western Coast. According to traditions of the country recorded in *Sayadri Puranna* and *Srama Paddati*, the Arabian Sea once watered the foot of the Western Ghats, but the water has so far receded as to leave bare the whole of the West Coast, whereas the sea washes more of the East Coast. Visscher* says that whosoever examines the West Coast will discover signs of its having been once submerged. In proof of this the Hindus adduce the fact that vast rocks for many miles up the country are found to be stuck with oyster shells and other trophies of the sea. There is also the tradition of an earthquake having, three centuries ago, upheaved a bed of the sea and converted it into land in the district now called the Runn of Cutch, so that several harbours ran dry. Similarly in 1819 a severe earthquake is said to have upheaved the West Coast near Cutch, so as to form a long elevated bank fifty miles in length

* Letters, pp. 10-11.

and ten miles in breadth. It is also known that the island of Vaypeen near Cochin was formed in a like manner. If the Parasu Rama legend is at all founded on fact, it would point to a similar but more violent upheaval of the West Coast in ancient times.

Lieut.-Col. Wilks,* however, gives the following explanation of the myth: "I should consider Parasu Rama as a mighty conqueror who struck with remorse for the injuries he had inflicted on mankind, endeavoured to expiate his offences by resigning the greatest part of his revenue to the priesthood. The insatiable Brahmans thus became possessed of all that he had; the power to bestow began artfully and incessantly to urge the best possible reasons for new conquests in order that they might have new grants, and the sovereign disgusted at their unfeeling rapacity, undertook the conquest of Kerala and Konkan, to get for ever rid of them, prohibiting them under pain of death to follow him. His new dominions having no separate order of priesthood, Parasu Rama founded the caste of the Konkan Brahmans who are to this day disclaimed as such by those of the rest of India. They are stated to seek for the copies of a work containing the history of their origin for the purpose of destroying it. In the decline of life Parasu Rama was visited with new remorse and again sought for expiation in complete surrender of his new kingdom to his new priesthood." Others are inclined to think that Rama is but a corruption of Regma, son of Chus, mentioned in *Genesis*.† Whatever the truth of it may be, there are people in Kanara to-day who base on this legend their claim to regarding Kanara as their own country.

* Lieut.-Col. Wilks, I, p. 156.

† *Genesis*, ch. X, v. 7.

2. *Mythological History of the Parasu Rama Brahmans.*

It is said that under these Brahmans, the whole coast including Kanara, was divided into sixty-four districts, while its defence was entrusted to ten and a half districts. At the beginning there was no king, but a council of four men with a president ruled the country. In course of time the government of the country passed into the hands of a single ruler chosen from among the Kshatrias.

It is also stated that at this time there were in the country some Holiyar or Pariah chiefs as well as chiefs of the Mogor or fishermen class, and that they overcame the Brahmans. That in ancient times low castes and Pariahs ruled in the Tuluva (South Kanara) country is a tradition still surviving among the people.* It may be mentioned in particular that the Korgars, one of the lowest castes, are supposed to have held sway over the land. Thus the overthrow of the Brahmans by the Holyars may have some foundation.

We also hear of Sahader, one of the generals of Yudhistar, a son of Pandu, who is said to have overrun or perhaps conquered the coast of Kanara and Malabar.

If we except these scanty sources of information, there is nothing to acquaint us with the primitive ages of this country. The ancient history of Kanara with which Buchanan† was supplied by Ramappa Varnika in 1801 is certainly unreliable. The first time we catch a glimpse of Tuluva, we find it under native local chiefs, dependent on, or even independent of, higher rulers. We are thus led to surmise that a similar state of rule may have obtained in the country in times more remote.

* Buchanan, II, p. 271. † Buchanan, II, p. 278.



Father Nicholas*

CHAPTER II

FARADSAIB IS COMING!



HERE were giants in those days, I mean the days of my childhood. Take Bishop Michael, for instance—a great prelate with a soul that could brook no opposition on the part of his subjects, but with a heart full of love for them; who with both hands lavished benefits on us, but whom alas! some of us—God forgive those some! What are the puny parish battles of our day viewed beside the tempests that raged during the seventeen years of the Bishop's incumbency! Is there anything more comico-tragic or tragico-comic in all our history than the opening and the closing of the first girls' school in South Kanara and its twenty-six pupils being sent home, because a Hindu schoolmistress had been employed to teach Catholic children? or that famous funeral in the Milagres cemetery at which the Munsiff of Puttur read the prayers while the Vicar obeying the Bishop's mandate stayed in his room? or the suits and counter-suits that followed, with appeals to the Collector and the Bishop, seizures of keys and sealing of almirahs and all the concomitants thereof, culminating in the Mass celebrated by Fr. Alexander at half-past nine, while Mr. Narsing, Town Inspector of Police, and a posse of twelve constables mounted guard at the Milagres church? But whether you laugh or cry over the record of these events left by my friend Mr. George Vas—where shall we look for a chronicler like him?—for the edification of posterity, one thing looms large over it all—the strong personality of Bishop Michael, who as Vicar General to Bishops Fortini, Whelan and Hartmann in Bombay, had earned the title of *Malleus Schismaticorum* and who

as Bishop in Mangalore deserved the super-added title of *Malleus Insubordinatorum*. I love to picture to myself the holy prelate bowing most humbly to the Will of God on the appointment of Mgr. Mary Ephrem to be his successor, and retiring to the seminary at Jeppoo. I love to picture him rapt in prayer nearly the whole day at the foot of the Altar before the Blessed Sacrament.

Then there was Sister Mary of the Crucified in the cloistered convent, next door at that time to St. Ann's. The seraphic little Arab had plenty of sunshine in the convent until she made her profession; but the day after came a cloud, a dark cloud that hovered long over her as it must hover over every saint. Have you read her life? Write to Dr. Pinto for a copy, if you haven't, or at least have a talk with him on the subject when you next see him. The marvels of that life! It was my good fortune to see her just once in an ecstasy. It was a feast day, though I forget exactly which—I was only five years old at the time. I had twaddled all the way from Cordel by the side of my mother who would not miss the evening service at the convent. Sister Mary being in ecstasy during Benediction, the veil at the grill was mercifully drawn aside, so that we could see her. Please don't ask me what I saw that evening. There are *arcana* in one's experience which are not for description. That face aglow with divine love and that one word which welled up again and again from the depths of her heart—*Amour! Amour!* It is a word which I did not understand at the time—how eagerly I turned to my mother with: *kithen monta, maiñ? kithen monta, maiñ?*—but

* Only a story—Ed.

which I now recognize to be the secret of all sanctity. You know the cause of Sister Mary has already been introduced in Rome and we may hope to see her canonized before long. When that day comes, we who have, in spite of being soaked in piety for ever so many years, produced not a single saint of our own (would it not be well, dear reader, to remember this somewhat when we so boastfully call ourselves Romans of the East? how many saints have there been among the Romans of the West?) shall be able to say: Here at last is a canonized saint whose sanctity was nurtured on our soil.

Then there was Faradsaib. He is Cordel's treasure more than anybody else's. We had at that time no church at Cordel, which was part of the Milagres parish, and Faradsaib or Father Alexander Dubois, to give him his true name, was Vicar of Milagres. One Sunday morning my father on his return home from Mass told my mother that the Vicar would be at our cottage the next day to arrange the teaching of catechism to the Cordel children. To my mother Faradsaib was only another name for God, and I do not think St. Martha was more beside herself with joy when our Lord paid a visit to her house than was my mother at the announcement made by my father. Martha of Bethany was solicitous about many things. Martha of Cordel was solicitous about a few more. Every one of her children had his own task assigned to him. My eldest brother Ladru was instantly despatched to Ritabai, our landlady at Falnir, for a gilt tea-cup. Jeru and Mingel, two more of my brothers, were ordered to climb our famous mango tree and shake down a dozen of the mellowest fruits. My brother Salu was told off to Pedrumest's house to fetch his chair. There were only two chairs in all Cordel at the time—one belonged to us and the other to Pedrumest. My father asked my mother why she required two chairs, as Faradsaib was expected to come

alone. As to my father, he would no more think of taking a seat in the presence of a priest than the eup-bearer of the Raja of Timbuctoo, in the presence of His Majesty; while my mother was a strict observer of the etiquette followed by Sara when the Lord visited her house, of remaining half-hidden behind the door while speaking to God's minister. It is a far cry from her to the fashionable lady who the other day offered to shake hands with me and then taking a chair spoke to me with *payar pai!* God bless you, madam. But what has all this got to do with Faradsaib's visit to us? Well, my mother's reply to my father was that *marriad* required two chairs though there would be but one guest.

I said each one of my brothers had his task assigned him. I had my own—it was to be handed over to my sister Rogie to be washed. There was no child in Cordel more fond of playing in puddles of monsoon water, and consequently none more dirty. By the way, why are village children often so dirty? Somebody says they can afford it, as they are so clean in their interior. But there I am moralizing again. Rogie was engaged. Her *mudi* or *sponsalia* had already taken place and, of course, she wore her ring. Dear reader, did your elder sister ever wash your face for a whole hour, rubbing you longitudinally and latitudinally and diagonally, and that with a hand that wore a ring? If she ever did, you know the torture I endured on that day. But the worst was when at the end of her endless washings and wipings of my bruised face, Rogie kissed my mouth calling it a *bongo*. Cruel girl, if only she knew what her rose bud had cost me in the sprouting. I felt it was insult added to injury. My little fists were clenched and I was about to—But no! mamma had said all that was necessary for a fitting reception of the Saint that was coming, and I would put up with anything, if not for the Saint whom I did

not know, at least for my mother whom I loved dearly.

Our home preparations were nearly ready when Ladru returned from Falnir. He carried a pretty large basket. 'A tea-cup in a basket!' we all cried out. It was as strange as a storm in a tea-cup. The fact was that Ritabai who had always been queenly in her benefactions to us had been doubly so on this occasion. Undoing his parcel and producing his treasures one by one, Ladru told us the whole story. The moment Ritabai heard Faradsaib was coming to our house, she looked as if she had been suddenly stung by a wasp. It was the wasp of jealousy, from whose sting alas! the best of women are not always exempt. For a whole year good Ritabai had looked for an occasion of doing Faradsaib the honours of her house. She was sanguine he would at last yield to her entreaties on the day of her daughter Lucy's wedding. She had fitted up her palanquin—no one in Mangalore owned a carriage in those days, while the horrid car with its smell and its dust was not even dreamt of—she had fitted up her gorgeous palanquin with damask curtains and velvet cushions to convey the man of God to her house that he might bless the wedded couple. But the palanquin had come back empty, and the foreman of the bearers had brought this note from the Vicar: "The blessing of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob which I gave this morning to the bride and the bridegroom will endure forever. I will continue to pray for them and for you as long as I live. Pray for me." Faradsaib did not know English; while Ritabai was, of course, unacquainted with any European language, though her perfect knowledge of Canarese and book-keeping made Monvel Shenoi not a little uneasy. When the missive in French had been read and translated by the renowned French Lorace, the brightest wit of the day in a marriage *pandal*, Ritabai's genuine Catholic piety felt sincerely grateful for the offer

of a saint's prayers. For all that, the daughter of Eve was cut to the quick. To add to the disappointment, Father Alexander did come to her house shortly after Lucy's wedding, but at a time when she happened to be away from home on a visit to her daughter. During this brief space of time her servant Moku was taken seriously ill. No sooner was the Vicar informed of it than he hastened to see the patient. Mustering all the Konkani he knew, he said to Moku with as much correctness of gender and accent as Fr. Torri was noted for at a later date: "The Mother of God is very good. Trust in her." Wonder of wonders! Moku, rid of the suffocation which had brought her to death's door, left her mat instantly and ministered to the man of God even as St. Peter's mother-in-law did to our Blessed Lord. A messenger was despatched in hot haste to Ritabai, but before the snail-paced palanquin—a thousand apologies to the car I just maligned—could reach her home, Faradsaib was in the Milagres church, prostrate in prayer before the Bl. Sacrament. Ritabai was a staunch Catholic lady. Nothing in the world could prevail upon her to give up her monthly Communion—a very laudable practice for those days. She knew how to bear her disappointments. But which of us has not said and done things on the spur of the moment, of which he has sincerely repented the moment after? When my brother Ladru told Ritabai that Faradsaib was to visit us the next day, her eye flashed and she bit her under-lip. "Uninvited he goes to my tenant," thought she, "when a hundred entreaties cannot prevail on him to visit me once in my house." But her *sheen* lasted just one minute. "Never mind," she went on, dashing with her *paloun* the tear that was pearly in her eye. "Saints are saints, and I must pay the penalty of a rich woman." Opening a cupboard she took the costliest gilt cup in her tea service. Opening another cupboard she took a jar of ginger preserve and another of Arabian

halva. Opening a third cupboard she took a large quantity of *lingisañ* which had been sent her by her friend Senora Serafina Braganza da Ribeiro, whose guest she had been in Goa on the occasion of the exposition of the body of St. Francis Xavier. She placed her store of gifts in a basket and turning to my brother asked, "Are you alone? Can you carry this?" Ritabai was mistaking a youth of Cordel for a youth of Falnir. I have already told you how strong my father was, and Ladru, who was a chip of the old block, replied: "I carry *kolshe* of water to which this basket would be but a feather." Both my father and mother reprov'd Ladru severely for this bit of braggadocio. But I think he very nearly spoke the truth. His pair of *rotte* was the talk of all Cordel. I wonder if Ramamurthi himself had a better. In those days we had none of your effeminate tennis or badminton, which College boys play sometimes and sometimes Convent girls. But

you should have seen Ladru as *gidgo* at the royal game of *suadi*. Well, having thanked his benefactress with that cordiality which has always been a distinguishing mark of Cordel — are not both words derived from the Latin *Cor*, than which what is more precious on earth or in heaven? — Ladru shouldered his burden triumphantly and walked home.

To us the gifts were a delight, but hardly a surprise, for we knew Ritabai, "But why *lingisañ*?" asked critical Jeru. "They are not offered with tea." "Keep quiet, boy," said Rogie as she gave him a cuff — she would cuff every one of us, so that I was not very sorry when at last she married her Monvel Shenoi. But of that later. Meanwhile the *lingisañ* were very good. They lasted us full two months beyond Faradsaib's visit, as mother gave them to us only on Sundays. We were all so grateful to good Ritabai and her friend Senora Serafina Braganza da Ribeiro.

Personal Paragraphs



OUR warmest congratulations to Dr. W. J. Fernandes, the new Aloysian Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. For many years and in a variety of ways has he proved himself deeply attached to *Alma Mater*, who now rejoices in the signal honour His Holiness has been pleased to confer on him. As to his distinguished career, we quote with pleasure the following eulogium which has appeared in the *Mangalore*: "Dr. Fernandes was born on the 20th October 1886. After passing the Intermediate Examination from St. Aloysius' College he joined the Madras Medical College and passed the L. M. S. examination. He secured an appointment in the Provincial Medical service and served for a short time on plague duty at Dindigul and Madura. He worked as an Assistant Surgeon for some years under Lt. Col. Niblock, the

eminent Surgeon, and was appointed 3rd Surgeon of the Madras General Hospital. He was then transferred to Royapettah Hospital as Resident Medical Officer and returned to the General Hospital in the same capacity. He then retired from Government service and established himself as a private practitioner at Madras. A brilliant surgeon and physician, he commands a large practice. He is the medical officer of various Catholic institutions and has been the medical adviser of the late Archbishop Aelen and the present Archbishop of Madras. He is a devout Catholic and a man of the highest principles. Of a retiring disposition, he has quietly and unostentatiously helped the Church and the poor with generous contributions and free advice."

We likewise offer our heartfelt congratulations to the new Priests ordained by Mgr. Perini at St. Joseph's Seminary on the 15th of March — Fr. Francis Pinto, Fr. Joachim Fernan-

des, Fr. Thomas Lobo, Fr. Marcel Menezes, Fr. Gratian D'Souza, Fr. Albert Nazareth and Fr. William Lewis. May they remember their fellow Aloysians at the Altar.

It was a day of great rejoicing to *Alma Mater* when in December last Mr. U. Parameshwara, B. A., brother of Messrs. U. Kannappa, M. A., L. T. and U. Guddappa, B. A., who have been Catholics for many years past, was received into the Church.

Mr. K. Devayya, a student of the IV University Class, St. Aloysius' College, was awarded a Silver Medal for 'Insulating Wire,' at the IV Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition recently held in Mangalore.

Mr. P. C. Lobo, District and Sessions Judge, Tellicherry, opened the Second Science Exhibition recently held at the Brennen College.

Appointments—Mr. M. S. Sreshta, M. L. C. has been appointed member of the Public Accounts Committee of the Legislative Council, Member of the Madras Government Advisory Standing Committee on Registration, Member of the Licensing Board of the Mangalore Municipality, Member of the Fisheries and Industries Advising Committee, and of the Select Committee of the Legislative Council to consider the draft Vehicles Act.

Mr. G. W. A. Pinto is Acting Deputy Superintendent of Government Press, Madras.

Mr. P. Castelino, B. A., is Third Presidency Magistrate.

Mr. Victor Alvares is Sub-Asst. Conservator of Forests.

Mr. M. Pinto, Coffee Planter, is Bench Magistrate, Mudigere.

Mr. Charles Coelho, B. A., is Private Secretary of the Swiss Consul in Bombay.

Mr. P. V. Pereira has been elected President of the Catholic Association, Ajmeer.

Marriages—Mr. T. M. Aranha with Miss Alice J. Monteiro.

Mr. John S. W. Coelho with Miss Iris H. M. D'Sa.

Mr. Louis X. Rego with Miss Irene M. Silva.

Mr. Wilfred V. L. Lobo with Miss Cecilia M. L. Brito.

Mr. Denis Lobo with Miss Agnes A. Lobo.

Mr. Albert L. Braggs with Miss Matilda Lobo.

Mr. E. A. Lasrado, M. A., I. F. S., with Miss Priscilla Benedicta Mary Mathias.

Mr. Aloysius Antony Pontian Peres with Miss Amy Joanna Magdalena Mascarenhas.

Dr. Stanislaus Patrao with Miss Aileen Monica Saldanha.

Mr. Aloysius Jacob Fernandes with Miss Bertha Ignatia Sequeira.

Mr. Vincent Francis Fernandes with Miss Edith Pereira.

Mr. Edward George Colaco with Miss Mabel Generosa Huddleston.

Mr. Julian Noronha with Miss Alice Rego.



OLD BOYS' OBITUARY

Joseph Salvadore Colaco died at Bendur	29th December	1930
Piedade Pais	" " Bolar	20th January 1931
Ignatius Menezes	" " Kankanady Hospital	21st " "
John F. Viegas	" " Kodialbail	6th February "
B. Roche	" " Bombay	8th March "

R. I. P.

Editorial



THE sacred joys of Easter to all Aloysians! We trust they liked the last Xmas issue of the *Aloysian Supplement*. It was to be expected that such an article as *Aloysians in Bombay*, embracing as it did fifty years of Aloysian history in a great city, would be variously commented on. But we have reason to believe it gave general satisfaction. The desire has been expressed that similar accounts of Aloysians residing in a fairly large number in other cities in India may be published in our paper. Madras and Bangalore have been mentioned in particular. Who will do for them what Mr. Cl. A. Rebello has done so gallantly for Bombay?

* * *

The idea of publishing an Aloysian *Who's Who* on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the College could not be carried out for lack of the required information with regard to a large number of Old Boys. But a complete list of the subscribers to the Golden Jubilee Poor Students' Fund, with their titles and degrees as well as their present address, is in the press. Each subscriber will receive a copy towards the feast of St. Aloysius.

* * *

With the present issue goes a pamphlet containing the Rules of the Aloysian Association, adopted by the Extraordinary General Meeting of the Association held on October 12, 1930, as also the list of all the members of the Association. The Secretary wishes to remind the

members that their annual subscription of Re. 1 to the Association is payable by the 31st of August 1931, and that to those who fail to pay the subscription by that date, the Michaelmas number of the *Aloysian Supplement* will, according to Rule 22, be sent per V. P. Post. He also draws the attention of members living in foreign lands like Persia, Mesopotamia and Africa to the fact that the subscription fixed for life membership is only Rs. 25. He rightly thinks that they would be well-advised, as some of them have done, in paying that sum once for all in order to spare themselves the vexation of remitting a paltry rupee annually.

* * *

We regret the plentiful stream of letters from Aloysians to the Editor, which marked the Jubilee Year, should have run almost completely dry on the close of that year. It is needless to remark that every such letter brings joy to *Alma Mater* and will, if the writer does not object, find its way into the *Aloysian Supplement*. Old Boys are requested to look upon this publication as their own and to make the most of their opportunities. In particular budding writers among them will find here a suitable field in which to exercise their literary talent.

* * *

We are unable to meet the pressing demand for Nos. 2 & 3 of the *Jubilee Bulletin*. Will any one be kind enough to supply us with copies of them? In return we shall be glad, if possible, to oblige the sender with copies of the issues he may desire to have.

The Blazer's Crest—the College Badge—that many an Aloysian has been asking for and every Aloysian would be delighted to wear, is now ready. It is a work of art and is exquisitely embroidered in gold, silver and silk.

Price:— First Class—gold and silver—Rs. 2—8—0
Second Class—silk— Re. 1—8—0

APPLY TO: **The Rev. H. Modotti, S. J.**

St. Aloysius' College,

KODIALBAIL P. O.

Father John Sergeant, S. J.

BY J. G. VAZ



THE *Golden Jubilee Souvenir* has given us luminous portraits of most of the pioneers of the College. But one misses Father Sergeant. May I supply the deficiency? A broad forehead with a bald pate and two penetrating eyes deep set under a protruding brow, a chiselled nose and a rounded chin—that was Father Sergeant, the first Englishman who was sent to open the College for the Mangalore youth. His appearance was his recommendation and he commanded respect wherever he went by his looks and his manners. He was an Englishman of the true type and if he did anything it was to form the character of those who came into contact with him either as a teacher or a Director of the Sodality. There was much to learn from one of such a genial and joyous nature, and none could have impressed one better than he with the value and character of English education. Others may have held more import-

ant posts than he; but he had his own specific work cut out for him, which he did so well as to leave lasting proofs in the men he formed. It was due to his example and instruction that the Convent, the Jesuit Novitiate and the Seminary were filled with postulants. His students have mostly done well in the world. To mention some of these, Dr. F. X. De Souza, I. C. S., Dr. R. Row, who is now the greatest research doctor in Bombay, Dr. Warliker, I. M. S., who for some time attended Fr. Sergeant's classes, Mr. Coondapur Narayen Rao, Mr. Cyprian Noronha, who became Asst. Secretary, Railway Secretariat, Bombay, and others whose names are but too well known and who as members of the Society of Jesus are ornaments of the College. It was a sad day when Father Sergeant left us. He visited every one of his students and penitents before leaving for England. There was none in the College or the community who did not miss him.

L. D. Swamikannu Pillai



LIFE of L. D. Swamikannu Pillai has long been overdue. At last it has been given to us by Fr. L. Proserpio, S. J.* Swamikannu Pillai, who died in September 1925, attained biographical proportions both in his private and in his public capacity. Though he mixed the Gentleman, the Scholar and the Saint in a proportion rare enough to be worth writing about, the reticence and humility with which he did it made the task of writing about him difficult. You see that he *knew* much, *did* much, *was* even more; yet you feel in a disconcerting way that he had reserves of learning and of virtue up his sleeve—disconcerting, especially, to the biographer who realizes that intimacy with such a subject is

hopeless. But we see and feel this, *after* reading this book; before, we had heard only the name of Swamikannu Pillai. Father Proserpio disavows all pretensions to a biography, but his appreciative and sympathetic study presents as faithful a picture as the frontispiece. His confessedly ethical bias does not get in the way of his main concern which is to transmit Personality.

The book is packed with information, for Swamikannu Pillai's life was lived in a changing India. We are confident, moreover, that the book, worthily written and fittingly got up, will be an inspiration, with its account of an honest climb—no step shunning the light—from obscure poverty to the top of the ladder; its portrait of the first elected President of the Madras Legislative Council to whom friends

* L. D. Swamikannu Pillai—A Biographical Study. By Leo Proserpio, S. J. Codialbail Press.
Cloth—Re. 1—12—0. Paper—Re. 1—4—0.

and fellow-workers—over, with, or under him—lift up their eyes; of a Catholic layman who will be welcomed as a model by Catholics in India and the world over. "But he left a noble example which stands perdurably before their eyes and the eyes of the country," says Father Proserpio. God ruled his life and made him a tower of strength. His very detachment was his strength: he was a scholar whose goal was not study; he had riches, yet

he lived not for riches; friends, honour, influence, all that the world uses to make its heroes forget that they have not here a lasting city, lay before him, but his heart rose above them, and cheerfully laid them down. Strength and inspiration, indeed! We thank Fr. Proserpio for the real service he has done us and Swamikannu Pillai. May he go on to discover fresh heroes for us!

College Chronicle*

December 11, 1930. A bunch of Science Students and Professors went on a visit to places of scientific interest in Mysore.

December 16—18, 19—21. Fr. Ignatius Fernandes conducted two Closed Retreats for our College Students. Both were well attended and fervently made.

January, 10, 1931. The Hon. Mr. P. T. Rajan, Minister for P. W. D., visited the College.

January 14. The Presentation Sodality Golden Jubilee celebrations opened this evening with the Annual Retreat. The Triduum and Feast (described elsewhere) were as devotional and golden as the love and piety of Director and Sodalists could make them. The Spiritual Exercises were given by Fr. Ignatius Fernandes.

January 19. Musical and Dramatic Entertainment, at which His Excellency the Bishop of Calicut, a former Director of the Sodality, presided. The Sodality Players staged "Ye Gods of Rome," a tragedy in five Acts, and repeated it, by request, on January 25.

January 21. Sodality Trip to Bevinje (Kasargod). The Junior Sodalists spent the day at Ullai.

January 26—28. M. R. Ry., T. B. Krishnaswamy Mudaliar, M. A., B. L., the District Educational Officer inspected the School Dept. On the 28th, the High School held an Elocution Contest, the D. E. O. presiding. The main items were:—

"King John"—Hubert and Arthur: IV Form.

"The Merchant of Venice"—Trial Scene: V Form.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"—Bottom and Company: VI Form, with recitations between the senses. The medals were awarded to Donald D'Souza (VI), Godfrey Saldanha (V), Claude Nazareth (IV). Congratulations on this promising Exhibition!

January 29. Rev. Fr. Haeck, Vice-Secretary of the Jesuit Missions, was our guest.

January 30. Fr. Lawrence Colaco after a year of valuable service as Assistant to the Head-master, left us to resume studies at Shembaganur. Our prayers accompany him.

February 2. Feast of the Purification. Fr. Ignatius Fernandes made his Last Vows. After Mass and Benediction, the Catholic Students offered him their greetings, *Ad multos annos!*

February 5. Scout Hike to Tanneerboil beach.

February 9. Hockey Tournament: Our XI played the Government College XI, and won by 2—1.

February 18. Sir M. Krishnan Nair, Law Member to the Government of Madras, visited the College.

February 19. College Hockey XI vs. M. H. C. We won by 1—0, and secured the King George Hockey Cup.

February 21. Messrs. Basil Lobo and N. T. Sanjiva represented the College at the Inter-collegiate Tennis Tournament and won by 6—3, 6—1, 6—1.

Another cup in swift succession. Congratulations to our champions, especially to the hero of a hundred fights!

February 24. Football Tournament: Our XI vs. the Government College XI, won by 2—0.

February 28. Finals: College XI vs. the Bolar XI, won a phenomenal victory by 8—0, and so the Bangera Football Cup. This closes a highly successful year for our Gymkhana, in whose honour March 2 was a holiday.

March 4. A new event, the Catechism Competition for the V Form in the morning and for the VI in the afternoon. Very Rev. Fr. A. Coelho, S. J., Superior of the Mission, presided. Select students from one division questioned those of another, and were questioned in turn. The examiners called for explanation, and awarded marks. The 'A' Division of the V and the 'B' Division of the VI came out victorious.

March 7. We rejoice to see that the renovation of the Chapel is nearly over. The scaffolding has finally disappeared, and the beautiful shrine of the Sacred Heart is complete with its marble altar and stained-glass windows. This monument of the Golden Jubilee will last.

* A fuller account of the events will be given in the Annual—Ed.