

MAKERS OF INDIAN LITERATURE

**PANJE MANGESHA RAU**

*by*

**V. SITARAMIAH**



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**SAHITYA AKADEMI**

Rabindra Bhavan

35, Feroze Shah Road, New Delhi-1

**SAHITYA AKADEMI REGIONAL OFFICES**

Rabindra Stadium

Block V-B, Calcutta-29.

21, Haddows Road, Madras-16.

172, Naigaum Cross Road

Dadar, Bombay-14

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## FOREWORD

This sketch of Panje Mangesha Rau's life, his work and personality was undertaken more as a tribute of regard for a valued elder than as my being an authority on the subject. I met him off and on after the middle '20s and developed an affection for him. His qualities as a human being far outweighed the value of any literary work he has left behind him. He could have, if he had been so minded ; but, he chose more to be a guide and friend to all the younger writers both at Mangalore and elsewhere in Karnataka. Very few people who knew him during these years from near are with us today. It is good of Dr. Masti Venkatesha Iyengar to have agreed to go through my typescript and suggest a few details and differences in stress and in my composition in general. He was nearer in age to Panje and his place in the Kannada Literary world is a peak-point in Poetry, Prose, Criticism, etc.

Panje's son Mr. Mukund Rao, two daughters and two daughters-in-law have helped me with their impressions of him. The note in biographical sketch left behind by Mr. Rama Rao Panje, his youngest son and lent to me by his grand-daughter, has been invaluable. A few bits of information supplied to me by Sri Sekhar Idya have been of help. He has enabled me to see a copy of the English-Kannada Dictionary revised by Rao.

This is by no means a full account of Panje. No one who has met him and been with him for sometime can forget his personality. As person he scored a higher place in the affections of men while he did not propagate his work as it deserved. Other people had to do it for him and Kannada people have not been very forward in things of that kind ever.

It is extremely good of the Sahitya Akademi to commission me with this task and included it in a series to which many brilliant writers have contributed. If this comes anywhere near the expectation of the sponsors, I shall feel gratified; and if this produces a presentable account of so eminent and human a personality, so beneficent and kind, affectionate allround, I shall feel more than satisfied. Mr. M. V. Venkatesh Murthy, M.Com. of the Central Bank of India has helped me throughout taking to dictation and fair-typing the copy which went to the Press.

Bangalore  
8—7—1977.

V. SITARAMIAH.

## INTRODUCTORY

Talents howsoever high in the old Provincial areas have not come to notice or counted for much in All-India esteem. The fault is not lack of quality, virtue or importance. The language medium caused difficulty. It is that even now. I speak here of Panje Mangesha Rau, a very eminent Kannada Poet and Man of Letters who, even in the Kannada country was for a long time not known all over here, because he belonged to a District which was cut off from the rest of Karnataka because of its Coastal situation, Physical and Political reasons ; and so, was hardly known in the old Mysore State. The North canara District and the land beyond the Tungabhadra belonged to another Presidential administration, influenced by the present Maharashtra State, more particularly by the culture whose centre was Poona, and, secularly, of Bombay, which then included Sindh and Gujarat as well ; even as Madras included the modern Kerala, Andhra and Orissa States. The ' Southern Mahratta ' parts of the Kannada country were marked off from others associated with Urdu, Telugu and Tamil tribes and there was no common bond of affection or traffic to bring them together except the regional sort of language that each separate part of the country spoke and wrote in different manners looking almost stranger-like. The Havyaka people in North and South Canara kept alive an antique ~~the~~ Kannada of the books in their language. The Districts used Kannada as common language in the Schools :- for Tulu and Konkani had neither scripts nor recorded literature. The Western Ghats called the Sahyadri—Malenadu—hill country—lay between Mysore and the Canara Districts. South Canara, to which Panje Mangesha Rau elonged, was part of the Madras Presidency,

to which in those days all Kerala too belonged. There was British administration in North Kerala and the State-ruled Kingdoms of Cochin, Pudukote and Travancore. Directly and indirectly Coorg also belonged to the Madras Presidency. A feature of this arrangement however, was that the Resident of Mysore was the administrative Chief of Coorg ; and there was an overall reference to Madras.

Panje was a Saraswat Brahmin, whose mother-tongue was Konkani. Mangalore had Tulu for its spoken language. It is an unrecognised dialect-affiliate of Kannada. Konkani itself had a Christian Branch (of Two types : Roman Catholic and Protestant) and an other Gauda Saraswat cousin which sported a difference in pronunciation and habits of its own. Tulu was the language spoken by Brahmins also—both of the Saiva and Vaishnava persuasions—upto Udupi in South Canara. The Gauda Saraswats have trading, banking, industrial and transport interests and affections. But there did not seem to be, for long, civil relations in society—like marriage relationships between them ; nor did they agree to eat together in company—a queer combination of circumstances which kept people apart. They belonged to two different religious sects : one Advaita the other, Dvaita.

This is just to say that the cohesion of the several groups of people was not close and compact. The Brahmin Havyaka class supplied teachers and Pandits well-versed in old Kannada and Samskrit. The social relationships were not in the least contributive to sympathy and oneness of feeling ; even as regards Kannada, it had a more natural home North of Udupi. But keenness and curiosity were features of the non-Havyaka people, sharpened because their interests had to compete with the Malayalis in the South and the administrative classes which were mainly Tamil. All along the Head Quarters of the Government and the seat of Judicial dispensation was Madras : ruling over upto the other end of India to the South. But the general tongue was Kannada and the medium of instruction in Schools was Kannada. It is interesting to note that between these two ends of South India Bangalore is situated right in the

centre—and almost of the same latitude as Tirupati, more than 3,000 feet above the sea level—Mangalore being in the extreme West, Madras at the extreme East. It was lucky\* that Konkani then had to opt for Kannada, commonly understood by all in that District though Tulu and Konkani still flourished for community, economic and other daily needs of life.

The Saraswats are a small community, handsome, intelligent, intellectually aspirant and with aptitudes for the peaceful and humane arts and professions, distinguished in Literary, Artistic, Political, Administrative, Legal and Medical branches of life. The feeling of that community inside is extremely close. Outside of South Canara they spread chiefly into Bombay, Dharwar, Bangalore and Madras—which were centres of culture and advanced learning : centres as much of cultural as of civil and civic influence. They make their presence felt and function with an elite, almost an aristocratic talent. One advantage for those who had linguistic and cultural interest was that they were familiar with Tamil, Malayalam, Konkani, Mahratti, and Kannada : surely a great advantage for literary sensibilities and achievement. The partiality of many in that community was perhaps more for Mahratti because they migrated easily to Dharwar, Poona and Bombay ; and, therefore, all could understand Mahratti. Thus with secure roots in South Canara, they moved about making these areas—their first was perhaps Goa—theirs in language and habits.

Kannada had not become important enough in the conduct of the daily life even in the Kannada areas this or that side of the Tungabhadra. What was to be a purely Kannada area like the old Mysore State was not yet alive to it. From the '70s of the last century it had been ruled by Dewans who hailed from the Madras Presidency. Mysore affected an inclusive, i.e., permissive attitude with a bias for English. Since it was ruled for two generations by Muslims upto 1798–99 it has quite a bit of the Islamic also. Kannada was not much of a force or

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\* How the luck will run in the next quarter or half century is interesting to speculate ; for Konkani is developing a literature of its own and is recognised by the Sahitya Akademi. And, Tulu tomorrow ?

factor till almost the '20s and right upto the '30s of this century. A vague affection for it there was ; though affectation of it was truer. Scholars and many literary men tried to assimilate the renascent trends in Bengali and Mahratti, and tried with their equipment in English to develop creative talent for making this regional language an instrument of modern knowledge ; and, it is lucky we had men like Panje in South Canara, who gathered round him a number of earnest souls to devote themselves to fostering Kannada. His was an all ranging sensibility and outlook, restless for education and creative contribution : quick, earnest and tireless and pulsating with an energy which devoted itself to foster and promote.

In the first decade of this century when we were pupils at School, we had heard of writers like Panje and, a little later M. N. Kamath, and newspapers like Swadeshabhimani and Kanthirava presses and publicational institutions like the Dharmaprakasha Press, the Codial Bail and the Basel Mission Press in Mangalore. Indeed the Basel Mission Press, with its Protestant Christian leaders, almost laid the foundation for the modern type of education and publication of works in Grammar and the Dictionary, which even today are unsurpassed. They gave a final form to the Kannada script and provided Readers for Schools in Madras Presidency and Mysore. A piece of good fortune brought Panje and the Basel Mission Press together. Each gained advantage from the other and both together were bulwarks of Kannada work and influence—educational, literary technical ;—seminal in more senses than one. An other person like Panje with such humanity, light and grace has not come up yet, even in that part of highly educated and intelligent District ;—though in scholarship and other types of literary contribution, M. Govind Pai of Manjeswar and the cultural institutions of Udupi and Manipal under Dr. T. M. A. Pai have done much for spreading light and leading and founded centres of cultural and scholarly influence latterly. Panje Mangesha Rau to those who knew him, was a personality with the richest human qualities that should distinguish the culture of a people and of an unique kind.

He was born on 22-2-1874 in a middle class family with fine cultural and religious traditions, if economically in rather straitened circumstances. Panja seems to be a village near Subrahmanya, a place of pilgrimage between South Canara and Mysore, wherefrom, this family came and settled at Buntwal, some 30 miles South of Mangalore, on the other side of the river Netravati, the largest in South Canara. His father Ramappayya was a pious man and the mother was Shanta-Durga or Seethamma, a devout Hindu wife, attached to her family, who after the demise of her husband had to bring up the children : four sons and a daughter or two. During the life-time of Ramappayya the family had been deprived in some litigation of its ancestral property and had to make do with what could be earned by the father as a temple priest. The mother herself helped to build a house—selling some of her jewellery and spending the few rupees she had saved for herself for a residence and one or two other small cottages, from the rent of which she brought up the children. It was a stiff circumstance but she was respected by all the families round about her and was a source of consultation and guidance to many. She was a treasure-house of classical lore ; pious and helpful as she was and clean, and righteous as his father was. The children grew up with fine memories of the father and abiding reverence for the mother.

[An idea of the family to which Panje belonged and a few details connected with his own life are given in App. I & II.]

## BOYHOOD DAYS AND EDUCATION

Buntwal was a small township but beautiful. Since it was on the highway through the Western Ghats to the level lands beyond, constituting both the old Mysore State and what used then to be called North Karnataka, it developed features both urban and rural. The Panjes were an important family not only among the 30–40 Saraswat families living round about but Ramappayya's children were well known for the elders' piety and wisdom and for the intelligence, and genial, helpful participation in all the social and cultural activities of the township of the children. The elder brother Krishna Rau was serious in outlook and habits ; Mangesha Rau was the second and his brothers Siva Rau, Srinivasa Rau and Raghavendra—not to speak of a still younger one who was 10 months old when Ramappayya passed away—were remarkable youngsters, liked and popular all round. If the coconut, mango, jack, cashew and the tamarind trees enriched nature's green bounty, the river Netravati on the other side was an unfailing source of delight to them. Panje was a good player at the local childhood games but not much given to athletics. He loved Chess and swimming; and, inspite of being a good swimmer it is said he was about to be lost trying to save an younger brother, who tired and weak was about to drown. Trying to save Shankar, he seems to have lost grip and Siva also jumped in : -all nearly about to be drowned. A casual onlooker got into the river and brought them out,—unconscious and ill for a spell of days. Like his father he was pious in the early days and got into his memory the *Mantras* chanted at home and in the temple and the Mahratti and Kannada saint songs and sayings—a lore he picked up from his mother. With his sweet, soft,

smooth voice, he was able to sing the songs ; he composed some himself. What interested him most from the beginning was the sound of words ; the play of rhyme and the enchantment of rhythmic patterns ; wit and quick repartee in situations where other little ones would feel dumb or confounded. The little jokes, light and humorous and the pretty turns of wit of young Panje pleased his mother and the grand mother quite much. They enjoyed the talent as it developed in the little one. What used to be a feature in some parts of the Kannada country—and very much more in the Telugu land—was starting with a word, or a line and pairing it with an other, adding two lines more to make it, if not a totally meaningful a jingling rounded quatrain (stanza). It was a roar. Many incidents are given of such experiments by Panje and the brothers. If this more than pleased the mother others were struck with the beauty and effectiveness of such performance : even a few elders of the community seem to have composed similar pattern words and lines and stanzas of their own.

Panje was a thoughtful and curious boy avid for information though that small place did not offer facilities for reading or for reference books. Yet the urgency of his heart made him communicate what he knew or learnt to all the young ones who used to mix with him. Many did that. Among the plays they devised was playing at School at which Panje was the Chief Teacher : a trait therefore which developed along side with his rhythmical and verbal composition—spreading knowledge of what he thought was interesting among his little friends. The popularity of that experiment was remembered long at Buntwal. He had to aid his mother in the household mores ; he for would not fall behind but drew water from the well for her use. He gathered friends at celebrations and processions, temple-items like the Car Festival, public dinners—among all of which, his cooperation and aid were outstanding. Since his father's income was little and the burden of a family debt was heavy, the family had to manage as best it could.

*High School Education :*

It was time for him to move out for higher education. Buntwal had only an Elementary School and could not provide him that ; nor could the family the wherewithal. Panje seems to remember how he at first resided at the house of a mother's relation at Mangalore and with difficulty got for himself a few clothes to wear as a school boy in a large town like Mangalore. His intelligence and industry secured for him a free-studentship. Other needs had to be secured through tuitions etc. Govind Pai of Manjeswar has described what he did for snacks in the morning and afternoon and describes where he slept for the night :

“He had not brought the family to Mangalore then. On the road leading to the Ganapati temple, he ate twice—day and night—in his sister's house by the side of the Mutt of the Venugopala temple. Small snacks twice a day were taken in the restaurant of Vittal Rao of Pane Mangalore. He had his lodgings in Nayampalli Shankaranarayana Rao's house in the road to Gouri Mutt. This was his routine. To meet him, one had to go and see him at an attic above of the courtyard of Shankaranarayana Rao's house.....” There was dearth for paper to write and take notes on. He seems to have written twice over the same page, and from the other side down between lines : once in one ink and a continuation in an other. At the recess hours, he borrowed books from other children and made up for his lack of them. With a memory and powers of retention and quickness of grasp he was gifted with, Panje made good.

Soon he felt that the family at Buntwal and his brothers had to get some aid he took to private tuitions which brought him a little money. This supplied some help—both for himself and his people. It came to pass that about 1892 Ramappayya passed away broken-hearted with the burden of the *Delt* from one of his own uncles with a Court case decided against him in a Higher Court. The family was clearly in distress. Hearing of the news of the last moments of the father

and seeing that the last passenger boat had left for the other bank earlier, Panje walked the whole night through and was just in time to receive the blessings of his father. All the children were near by the parent and one instruction given to Panje was “ Don't touch drink ; be clean and chaste ; whatever the hardship, look after your brothers and sisters ”, —which to the last, the son religiously kept to.

The eldest of the brothers had by then left to Madras for advanced studies and after graduation got married and was on a job in the Bombay Presidency. He became a rare bird after that in the family. Though the affection between the brothers kept whole and sound till the last, there was little that Krishna Rao could do for the family, which had to move to Mangalore definitely; travel was difficult and postal facilities were meagre and defective, and the duties of Government service engaged that man quite. About 1894, Panje himself was married to the sister of a well-known student of Kannada who later occupied the place of the Chief Translator to the Government of Madras. That family belonged to Puttur, some 35 miles South of Mangalore. As soon as Panje passed his F.A., he redoubled his efforts to provide for the education and equipment of the family. It was his ambition to take a Degree in Mathematics, which he liked most. But since there was no provision for studies of that subject in the St. Aloysius' College, the only Degree College then at Mangalore, he had to be content with Kannada, History and Economics. Soon he passed in two parts and was immediately—if still not a full-blown graduate—got appointed as an Assistant Teacher in the Government College, Mangalore, quite to the surprise of a Kannada teacher who had written him off as a student.

## SERVICE-CAREER

An incident narrated in this connection is interesting. It would appear that a very fine poet and Kannada Scholar, Nandalike Lakshminarayanappa, who later contributed first class literature to Kannada had also applied for the post. But the Principal of the Government College by name Mr. Hensman, a Ceylonese gentleman chose Panje, for the post, preferring a person who knew English to one who had no qualifications that way. Panje did not know anything about this feature of it before the event. Two careers thus got earmarked differently as a consequence of this choice. When he learnt that Nandalike had lost because of his own selection, he seems to have written to him a sweet letter where he said :

“The pound used to dehusk paddy has been selected for teaching Kannada literature and composition ; while a Painter’s brush made of Peacock feather is consigned to be used as an ear—pick.”

Panje did not also know the full extent of the creative ability of Nandalike who got to serve as a Gymnasium Instructor at Udupi. He did not know at all that Nandalike was competing with him for the post. He had been lost in admiration of this person on reading an Yakshagana work by him by name Kumara Vijaya. Here was a true poet at last in South Canara, he said from many a platform. Panje had now to specialise in studies in Kannada to be good at his task. If his selection was not good for Nandalike it was a windfall to Panje. The salary was a meagre Rs. 20 p.m. and all the brothers were at Mangalore for education, the family having by then burnt its boats at Buntwal and had moved into Mangalore. A little while later the mother seems to have left to live with her elder

son. An another brother had left for education for Madras. It was now wholly Panje with his wife and children who were left at Mangalore and he had to live with what other earnings he could get.

Two brothers had passed away early and the other Raghavendra by name who was particularly attached to Panje and was like a 'Bahiscarāh Prānāh', knew all that Panje loved and was interested in and with whom Panje played at Chess, passed away also. That was before the mother's departure from the house. The demise of this brother,—Aganda as he was called,—was a great shock to Panje. On one side this personal sorrow ; on the other the hardship in Mangalore to make ends meet and remain independent, whatever happened—could have sapped the energy of any one less tough and of poorer fibre than Panje. But he was patient and self-controlled with a will to build himself and provide for those in his care. Even then the shock was felt by Panje acutely and for long, One of the songs he wrote at this time was by some considered a translation or adaptation of Mrs. Heman's poem. When later the youngest son and others asked their father about it he seems just to have smiled. Possibly, like in such things, it was occasioned by or derived from some originals, but the emotion as it gathers on and the concluding stanza is totally true for an Indian family life and the culture and aspiration of the mother in the family :

“Candu keḷ ! Dāriyali nā pope mundê.  
 Bandapanu baḷika ninnaya muddu tande.  
 Mandi makkaḷu paḍedu bā ninu hinde,”<sup>^</sup>  
 Endavana bāya bigidaḷu muddinindê.<sup>^</sup>

—Hear Chandu, along the road I go forward first ; after me your dear father will come. You with your children will come later, behind !—so saying she quieted him with a kiss on the mouth.)

—reflecting the age-long culture and the tradition of the Hindu Home !

A little after this, Krishnayya Master retired from service and the Senior place was given to Panje, adding another Rs. 10 to the monthly income. From these days on Panje's life seems to have taken on a smoother and brighter economic turn.

Now that a Teacher's life more or less devolved on him he had to qualify for it with a Degree in Training. That meant a journey to Madras. The family got into a bullock cart up to Cannanore there to take train to Madras. Wife and children stayed with a relation at Madras and Panje got into a small informal Club Mess of or South Canara students for food, lodging and study. Howsoever hard it was he very soon got through the course in nine months of stay, took his L.T., Degree and returned to Mangalore where he was confirmed in his Government job.

#### *Inspector of Schools :*

The next phase is as an Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools for which he was posted to Kasargod, for the whole area was then South Canara <sup>1</sup> An incident narrated as his activities as Inspector brings out his desire for simplifying instruction in teaching little children. The teaching of the Three R's already mastered by his association with the Basel Mission Press and the Missionaries had acquainted him with the Kindergarten method which made training with play and song for little children a delight with instruction. What was formerly painful—even disagreeable—to the children, the going from house to school, became an act of joy ; the children looked forward to it every morning. In order to make play and education go together the German and Western methods of song composition had been introduced and texts printed. The tunes were set to Western scales and the original libretto was rendered into Kannada or adapted to the needs of Kannada schools. If that did not quite please and advance the purpose of the Missionaries they could see how hearty and whole was the response of Panje to the new outlook, modes and techniques.

<sup>1</sup> Now it is North Kerala. Kasargod too belonged to the The Madras Presidency.

This was an extraordinary equipment for an Inspector of Schools. Wife and children were settled in a pretty place in Kasargod. The children tell how playful and joyous were the moments the Inspector-Father spent with them and how easy it made them to learn things. The elder sons were by now all educated. Each was fairly soon appointed to good posts : the eldest Sri Mukund Rao at Jamshedpur and later Bhilai<sup>1</sup> the second son Panje Gopal Rao settled down in Hyderabad as an Advocate where he rose in importance and status. The third son, Panje Rama Rao passed away under distressing circumstances in a bus accident four years ago (1973). An other daughter Smt. Anasuya by name was married to a young man who returned qualified with a Literature Degree from London and has settled down in Bombay<sup>2</sup> The youngest daughter now Smt. Shanta Rameswar Rao lives at Hyderabad. It was a free, gay and cheerful company and the home-life of the Inspector was happy.

As Inspector, he had to go from village to village footing the distance or in bullock carts and two people, a cook by name Babbu Pai and a servant named Rama Naik were throughout with him. In addition to serving him as cook and servant they were happy associates, treasuring memories of events and remembering many a song Panje composed during those days ; or helping him to collect folk songs, stories and proverbs.

A little while ago an educational reformer who had come to the Madras Educational Service, a Mr. A. G. Bourne, had introduced what he deemed the wisdom of adopting the direct method of teaching a language. It was such as to upset the entire modality of teaching in educational institutions. Panje plunged into it feeling that that method adapted to our conditions would make education quite a relief and lessen the strain on the children. It would easily be less burdensome both to the teacher and pupil and shorten the period of learning.

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<sup>1</sup> Where from he retired a few yeass ago and now lives in poona. The second son passed away recently.

<sup>2</sup> Rama Rau writes a delightful and brilliant account—both in Kannada and English-of his father and his ways. I learn much of the kind of life they lived from that work.

While he was Sub-Assistant Inspector of the Kasargod Range—a whole Taluk Area, moving among schools spread over a Malaria-ridden interior of the country which debilitated him for some time but from which with an iron constitution and devotion to educational duties he wore down—it was possible for him to change the entire outlook of Elementary School Education. The teaching of children at that stage and laying the foundation of their affection and character lie there. The teachers of the schools quite soon understood and appreciated the change in the atmosphere and in the orientation of Elementary Education. It was not merely administrative work passing strictures on teachers and devising or decreeing punishments. Every school was eagerly looking forward to his inspection. He would do the teaching, with song, dance, play, telling stories, making school-life a real delight and welcome emancipation from the trammels of the home and the local environment. It was as much an education to the teachers. Mr. Bourne's Direct Method was in full operation.

*A New Method of Instruction :*

How much he valued education at the Elementary School level in the rural areas—and, generally, of all the Elementary Schools—can be indicated by the love and regard he won from the teachers as well as by the way he treated them. Theirs was a pitiful condition. A little later, I shall speak of a piece of writing by him called the 'Fake Dairy of a Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools', where a picture of their life is presented, lovingly. Delivering the Presidential Address at the Raichur Conference (1934) he spoke in the penultimate paragraph how he would like very much to attract and hold the devotion of the village schools and the school masters for realising the purpose of the Parishat : He Said.

“Literary composition, the development of language, promotion of rural health and national welfare—all these are in the hands of these teachers. First they must be informed of

the ideals and purposes of the Sammelan, making them members of the Parishat—by, if need be, a concession in the membership fee. We must attract their interest and earnestness in such effort. If these teachers carry the fire and flame of the torch of literature in their hands every village school becomes a Parishat building; every children's meet therein a Mini Literary Sammelan; the manuscript Journal of the school a Parishat Journal in little. So will this Parishat and the Parishat idea be able to lay the foundation for the reform of public life and creation of literature—basic, permanent and true. The architects who build such a foundation will be my friends the young teachers of the village schools”

His was a time when Local Boards or Private Managements were running the education of the children at such schools. Many of them were hotbeds of corrupt practices, of local political and communal interests. The Chairman and the members of the Management were making profit out of grants earned by the Institution and through shares in the salary of the teachers. He always felt that if we looked at this level of education as primary in the true sense of the word, a healthy population will grow up in due time able more positively in the building up of national life which we desire to create and an all round betterment of public life. The teachers must be taught to feel they are treated as human beings, charged with a sense of responsibility for their task. Their salaries, conditions of living and the co-operation they get in such a task and the reward for work from administrative bodies and ultimately the Department of Education must see it as first charge on their attention and endeavour.

This was his view and substance of his endeavour, whether the other Range Inspectors and what was called the Education System liked it or not. When he was transferred back to Mangalore as the same type of Inspector the old view and hands resisted him and tried to thwart the practice of this new method. Municipal and Taluk Boards which ran the schools, their Chairmen and other influential members—some of whom belonged to his own community—set themselves against him.

Yet their dictates trying to enforce wrong, arbitrary and sometimes unscrupulous ways could not compel him to change his ways and make him an instrument of injustice. So they set themselves against him. At their instigation, allegations and investigations were made against him. But the Officers found that Panje was right and not wrong. The opposition of powerful vested interests had however to be met and he was transferred to the Training School of Higher Elementary Education as Head Master. That became indirectly a great opportunity for Panje to whom now all the Elementary School teachers of the District came as pupils ; this would help to enlarge the vision of so many educators of children and be a splendid time for experiment and reform. His assistants were friendly and helpful. Chief among them was Ullal Mangesha Rao ; and, the others had great regard for him. Hand in hand with them and with their devotion to duty, the whole system of training in the Training School was changed. A feature distinguishing this institution was that no distinction was made between classes and communities.

From the beginning he was accustomed to treat the poorest Elementary School Teacher like a human being and not as a servant. He never addressed them in the singular or like an Officer commanding servants. That is what he taught his children also at Home. He actually taught them how to address them and talk to them about duties or tasks. It is the same song, dance and story method that he used in the other schools that he desired to universalise in the District Education also. His own children bear witness to how he did it—both in the Kasargod days and in Mangalore. It is said he did not have much time to spare for his children. But these waited in expectation and pleasure for his return home from work. Not winning in sports or securing prizes for the alumni was the Training-School work geared ; the social gatherings and the meets were events of joy and celebration. Neglected, oppressed children-or what is today called the Harijan class-were admitted and made to feel like equals to the highest born. On one such celebration he made a trainee of that class recite the famous

song "Holeyana Hādu". Though the word 'Ujjayya' (master or owner) there can mean the Haves—as against the Have-nots—it was a cry that appeal to the upper and dominating classes and a warning on the consequences of oppression and denial of legitimate rights; when they become equal participants in secular life the country's welfare can be secured more easily and the freedom of the land made surer and stabler.

### *Opposition :*

Those who opposed him were powerful, inveterate, unforgiving. They were not satisfied until he was sent away from the District. But the Heads of the Education Department at Madras knew how fresh, vital, intelligent and large-visioned were Panje and his methods. If in an earlier investigation, a Littlehales had come as an inspecting authority, an Officer who was Educational Administrator for Mysore, Coorg and Mangalore Districts became his friend. They became fast friends. It was difficult for any one in the South Canara District to frustrate or humiliate a brave determined man like Panje. I. A. Yates transferred him to Coorg, where after a brief while going round in bullock carts and other hardships as Inspector of Schools and amidst privations he got to know the whole area. He was soon transferred to be the Head of the Central High School at Mercara.

A different type of obstruction and prejudice met him there. The Coorg people—a few, vocal and with vested interests complained against his not using more Coorg candidates to Educational Offices; but there was no substantial proof to support it. Till Panje was appointed, the Heads of the Central English High School used to be British. The Coorg influentials felt like suffering in dignity when a man in Dhoti and a long coat, wearing a turban and from a neighbouring District came to them. For sometime his work was not easy but he made friends; became a member of Clubs and Institutions; and, where he was known he was respected and loved. Yet the circle of his intimate friends was small.

*At Mercara : Coorg*

Panje brought his wife and children to Mercara, which was a Head-Quarter town. He had now no need to move about the country. Both as the Head Master of a Normal School at Mangalore and as Head of the Central High School at Mercara he had outgrown financial and other worries ; and, economic life was easier. Yet the heart inside him cried out to his place in Mangalore, in South Canara.

To entertain his little children at Kasargod he composed the extraordinarily enchanting song “Nāgarahāvê” (addressing the Cobra). A few poems at Mangalore expressed the reawakened love of liberty for India. He wrote songs arousing the people to the service of the country as a whole : (e.g. “Tookaḍikeyanu kaḷedu”—Giving up drowsiness)—and a few songs on the passing away of Gokhale and Tilak—(not available now). He had been contributing articles, poems and songs under several disguised names, first as “Ra.Ma.Pam.” in reverse order his name or as “Haraṭemalla”—Tattler—and later on as “Kavisishya”. He had published the first three books of poems wholly with a partiality for modern Kannada. The composition of a great song like “Huttari Hāḍu” celebrating a national festival of the Coorgs was inspired by the beauty and splendour of Coorg life and its people. Wherever and whatever he was he got interested in collecting folk-songs and legends, linguistic, cultural and other material for enrichment of education and revival of Kannada language and literature and therefore, for the enrichment of the life of the Kannada People. His alert, fertile mind was always picking up authentic pictures of the common people. His cook Babbu Pai and servant Rama Naik were constant companions and aided him in the task. His memory of them and gratitude lasted till the last day of his life.

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*At Journalism and Publishing House :*

Much before the termination of the period as Head Master of the High School-resenting what he felt improper from the

Commissioners - he sought permission to retire and returned to Mangalore and settled down at a part of the city called Kadri which became to literary men almost a place of pilgrimage. When in 1927, the Kannada Sahitya Parishat Sammelan was held in Mangalore, he and Ullal Mangesha Rao were behind the organisation. By this time, the Basel Mission people had helped him and their own educational and publication work by utilising his services and by getting him to edit classical works in Kannada and a grammar which contains short English summaries of the Sutras (not done till then before or repeated). Association with them and the contacts with European culture and the musical modes of the German and Continental patterns as well as their Children's Literature used in the most advanced institutions in the West supplied to him much modern information and enlarged his mind. About 1902 his brother-in-law Benegal Rama Rao edited a paper called *Suvāsini* to which Panje was more or less the Principal Contributor. It was financed by, they say, a Nellikai Family and Venkata Rao. A *Bāla Sāhitya Mandali* was started near about Codiyaal Bail for printing and publishing principally children's books and grand-mother's tales incidentally put forth the literary and the creative efforts of the younger and newer writers of South Canara. The Bala Sahitya Mandali did much work to spread children's literature. An article that he contributed to what was the Sammelan Volume called *Panchakajjāya* is a valuable historical, inscriptional note—a field which we did not know he was familiar with. Later he contributed one on Keladi and one on Biligi. As "Haraṭemalla", he contributed little vignettes, parodies, satires and (—a mode almost totally new)—criticisms on current life,—social, cultural and other. And, a number of short stories. This had been going on from almost the beginning of this century. So that it placed him as a writer of short stories and folklore, linguistic and other aspects of common life and prime sponsor and creator of children's literature and old women's stories. The stories were some of them in English also. No one could say it was not a rich harvest of creative thinking and composition. It was a contribution.

His association with the Bala Sahitya Mandali on one side, the needs of school children and improvements in teaching methods and contacts with the younger imaginative writers on the other were greatly helped by the largeness and range of his outlook which he imbibed from Western culture and creative work. His association with the German Missionaries opened out to him opportunities for broadening his social and religious values. Quite by this time the stirrings of the National movement in Bengal and elsewhere sharpened his patriotism, adding zest and vitality to his work. Many of the ideas and modes of reform desiderated even today were sensed by him. He tried to simplify customs and practices connected with marriage and Upanayanam\*, prayer and worship. The aim was to combine simplicity with high thinking, cleansing human conduct rather than wishing to continue in personal life and social behaviour the outworn ceremonials and manner of living. He got to know the Western musical patterns and classics and the haunting melodies of some of his own songs as well as his sense for rhythm and sound made his work a joy in all that he did, spoke and wrote. After the Sahitya Sammelan Presidentship he could not escape contacts with the rest of the Kannada country. He was a member of the Academic bodies of the Madras and the Mysore Universities. In his own part of the country, the efforts of M. N. Kanath, Govinda Pai, Haṭṭiyangadi Narayana Rao, one Ammembala etc. opened out new modes of expression in modern Kannada and a modernised 'Desi'. Friends like B. M. Srikantia—for whom he had not merely friendship but a worshipful regard—Sri Masti Venkatesha Iyengar and D. V. Gundappa drew these people, stalwarts in the new Kannada cause—had been brought together when he presided over the Anniversary of the Central College Karnataka Sangha (1928), when a Memorial Volume was published on Muddana by that institution. He was happy to speak about Muddana as no other than Nandalikê, his old but less fortunate literary brother.

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\* An account of it is given by his son Mr. Mukund Rao.

*President : Kannada Sahitya Sammelan*

His name which was just heard or rumoured about till then became a live person and a full revelation ; and the power of his personality could be felt by all the Kannada people who assembled at Raichur (1934) from every part of the country. For over years he was offered it, it is said, as early as 1929—appeals had been made to him to preside over the Annual Kannada Sahitya Parishat Sammelan. He was unwilling to move out of Mangalore : for one thing, he was unwilling to accept such an honour ; for another the reason he used to give was that he had to be with an ailing wife : an excuse which no one could argue against. It was finally possible for a group of friends who went to Mangalore to prevail on him to accept the tribute which the Kannada country so desired to offer him. This news was conveyed at Manjeswar at the house of Govind Pai. Pai and the friends of the Parishat felt happy. Raichur was a District Head Quarters in the old Hyderabad State and his Presidential address was a delight as well as a monument to his knowledge of life and letters, linking the classical, the medieval and the modern trends and achievements of the Kannada Poets. His own wishes for the future were beautifully and forcefully put forth. Any one could see how he was intoxicated—if not even bewitched—with sound values, in verbal resonance and the sound of vowels in poetry in all its forms. He was a haunted man for expressiveness of sound, balance and harmony and the rise, fall and playfulness of rhythm. When he mouthed two or three lines of Lakshmiśa in description of the sea—though as poetry it may not be up to much—or in Naranappa's, or by Ratnakara Varni, meaning, word and phrase, sound and patterns of meaning in sound were at play : speaking as he was of our heritage which the moderns had to achieve in the changed renaissant mood.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The second letter rhymes had been given up in the new modes though the Mātra measure stayed ; for, rhythmic composition cannot do without it ; the consonantal ending of words had disappeared—a part of it in liquid sounds is a loss indeed—impoverishing it of much sonal riches and giving up the conventions of poetic practice. The conventional Alamkāras (Figures of

He was induced to speak at Dharwar and Hyderabad and in other places on writers, subjects and occasions—at all of which his vitality was compulsive of live response.<sup>2</sup> And when he taught his own children and others a foreign tongue like English in poetry and Drama, it was a lovely experience, as Rama Rao and Smt. Shanta Rameshwara Rao describe. The work was not his alone : he induced others to speak and mouth lines as they deserved. It was a living contact with language and composition.

### *The Last Days :*

By this time all his three sons were well-established, the elder daughter was married and his desire to remain free and independent with the pension he had earned and the small savings he had made—made him feel proud that he could live without any economic obligation even to his sons. Once he said to me that he would like to burden himself with his own sins ; and would like the sons to go to him at home ; and not otherwise. He could not stand the industrial atmosphere and machinery at Jamshedpur where his eldest son was living. The life at Patna with his youngest son as Sugar Technologist also bored him ; for it was far away from his people, speaking a language alien, unmeaningful and harsh to him ; and, life there seemed drab and dull. Unwilling to live out of Mangalore though he was, he agreed finally to live with his second son at Hyderabad, centrally situated as it was between the Karnataka Districts and the settlements of his children. He enriched and enlivened the life all around him at that place and when the end came, alas too early, on 25-10-1937, all his children and near relations luckily were with him. He expressed complete satisfaction with men and things ; and when he

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Speech) and the double entendre meanings like in samskrit sleshas used to be the darlings of an earlier time have gone also for good.

<sup>2</sup> I personally remember how a Saraswat relation of his—Mrs. Krishna Bai Panajikar of Dharwar—spoke of him at Karwar as early as 1931 that within a month Panje had made her mad for Kannada. Her mother-tongue was Konkani and her affiliation was for Mahratti.

was asked by his second son Gopala Rao if he was anxious about the future of little Shanta, his last daughter, he smiled and said he had no worry. "Do I look like one with care or worry?"—he seems to have asked him. He remembered all the friends and colleagues with whom he was associated, notably Babbu Pai and Rama Naik. One of the stanzas of Sri Masti Venkatesha Iyengar in his "Hālūru" seemed to be repeated by him again and again in the last days :

Indu Yee ūrigè hagegaḷilla ;  
 Tanna dina bantendu  
 Kaṇṇugaḷa mucci,  
 Innenage sākenḍu taṇṇagāytu.

His last words true to desire were the names of Krishna and Kannada.

With his passing, the Kannada country lost a major lover of Kannada among the Sāraswats and the Konkani speaking people—who was able to add to Kannada Letters lore from Tulu and Konkani and a wide world outlook, which felt like friends with all and enemy to none. "And, calm of mind, all passion spent" reached the haven whereto the vessel of his life he had launched to. This was in 1937. Thirty-seven years later a grateful generation celebrated his birth centenary between the 8th and 10th February, 1974. A memorial slab was installed in Buntwal on the site of the house in which he was born, or lived; and grand festivities were organised at Mangalore. Writers, young and old, were invited to speak about his life and work, and two of his sons with the daughter of the eldest, sang a few songs of Panje as he used to sing them. They are enchanting melodies. A collection of his works in four volumes was brought out on the occasion. A volume called "Tenkaṇa Gāḷi" (The South Wind) was published as a Souvenir at Buntwal. Functions were held in other parts of Karnataka and in Hyderabad where he lived in the last days of his life.

## IU

We may now briefly survey the written work of Panje.

In the earlier days he wrote under several names and for different papers—I have said. The casual notes and comments done under the name of “Haratemalla”—Tattler—in a critical, satirical, hortatory or appreciative manner are, to a later time like the present, a trifle loud. But some of them for the first time introduced a style of speaking on current events,—political, social and local; for, he could not, as a servant of Government, speak more directly. Such writing was an event and a departure. But those who read it read the items with much relish. The author’s voice was recognised. The bulk of the editorial writings and features in ‘Suvāsini’—though edited by Benegal Rama Rao from Madras—were mostly by Panje. But the name that he took up as poet as ‘Kavisishya’ was best known all over the Kannada country. If Panje did not very much help the Missionary propaganda of the Basel Mission, they got his advice on many matters connected with their work through the Kannada tongue. Many series under the name of Marsden were from his pen. Three books on poetry published under the ‘Kavisishya’ name as a series were done under their patronage.

### *Scholarly work :*

Leaving aside the ‘Haratemalla’ sallies of wit, satire and secular criticism, the volume published during the Centenary Celebration as the fourth volume contains literary criticism and appreciation of a rare kind; as well as his two bits of historical studies based on Inscriptions: 1) The Inscriptions of the New Basadi at Moodabidare and 2) those of Biligi: where he speaks of them as belonging to 15th and 16th centuries. The first of four inscriptions has 85 stanzas with no mention of the names of poets or of the sculptors. He picks out those relating to the Tulu Nāḍu. That Moodabidare was called Venupura and Surapura and Gerusoppa, formerly the Capital of Nagar, is called Sangitapura and Bhallatakupura. There were Jain Chiefs, Governors, first of Vijayanagar, then became

independent and lost power and influence when Keladi became dominant. A geneological tree is given of two lines related to each other by marriage. A fifth inscription speaks of Sālva Devaraya and Bhaiarasa, which speaks of Vādi Vidyānanda, author of 'Kāvya Sāra'. He infers that some date ascribed to a later period belonged to the 15th century and derives Bhaira, name of a Chief, as a Hyper-Sanskritised form of Bhaiya. The concluding portion speaks of the decadence of power among the Tulu Chieftainships. Apart from the creation of Chaityālayas, installation of temples and the erection of the monolithic idols of Gommaṭeswara, these Chieftains did not bother about securing freedom and independence for their kingdoms or for a beneficent and prosperous rule among their subjects or for introducing legislation to secure a proper and efficient administration of the area. Both among the Chieftains and the subjects a partiality for indulgence in voluptuous life prevailed. Kingship or reign means, as a quotation says, "spending a happy and delightful course of life in the company of women recognised as reigning queens and the many other women surrounding them". Poets of the time seem to have lost themselves in adulation of such kings. A few of them must have written the stanzas in the Inscriptions mentioned before. Works like Ratnakara Varni's 'Bharatesha Vaibhava', a Sāngatya<sup>1</sup> Classic, illustrates the inflation of a new style and love of pomp and sensual indulgence. So were Salva's 'Rasa ratnākara', a work in Poetics and Koṭṭeswara's 'Jivandhara Shaṭpadi'. Panje instances an Adiappa, author of 'Dhanyakumara Charite' and this poet must have been living not in 1650 but 200 years earlier in 1450. Panje infers that this poet was perhaps the poet of the second inscription. It is surmised that Salva who wrote a Bharata must have been the poet of the fifth. What Panje derives as an inference from all these is the idle-living, the life of indulgence and external pomp and show which almost besmirches the life of the time. "On many a work written in this time an elaboration of Sringāra shows up the obscenity in contemporary life.

<sup>1</sup> A pair of seven-foot song mode in a line structure with 4 and 3 feet each.

Even this had its beneficent result on Literature for it seems to have rejected the stiff cast-iron moulds of the Champu Classics and brought in a style which made poetry easily intelligible to people and delightful to all, in a prosody nearer the structure of song and pieces like those of the Dasas of the time and the popular types like the Sangatya ; possibly also the writing of Yakshagānās, depicting the Ramayana, Bharata and the Bhagavata stories. But the sunset-glory of this period casts the land stretching between the rivers Gangāvali to Payasvini—constituting the Tulu region—seems to have stimulated writers like Appayya of Bhatkal, Santiah of Gerusoppe, Venkanna Kavi of Mulika (perhaps the modern Moolki), Jaina Nemanna and the later Parti Subba, and later still Nandalike Lakshminaranappa all of whom composed beautiful Yakshaganas. These kept the life in the Kannada Districts green with an abiding source of joy in literary achievement.”

This essay illustrates how Panje was both a scholar and a poet, could elucidate historical records and data, link up inscriptional record with poetic felicity and correlate them with features of social, political and cultural life of the time. The two stanzas of Sangatya verse he selects in conclusion of this essay<sup>1</sup> speak how mellifluous are the stanzas of ‘Bharatesha Vaibhava’ ;—quite as much as of the poetic sensibility of Panje himself, who speaking of the quality of the music in the Court of Bharatesha makes us realise the nature of the fluent rhythmic pattern and sound values in lilting melodies.

Biligi of the Shasanas is near about modern Siddapur in North Canara District today. It is introduced by a very beautiful paragraph : “ It is well-known that the Karnataka Empire of Vijayanagar was destroyed in the battle of Tālikoṭe (1568)—now better-known as Rakkasa-Tangadi.”—he introduces, “Many

<sup>1</sup> Ajevante Rāgava, tulivante jādyava/hijivante mohana rasava  
 Tojevante manava sanjivanadamritavanu/tajivante rāgadoridaru  
 Habbisuvante rāgava svargalokake/Ebbisuvante romagala  
 Kabbina blllu jevoḍadante paḍida/robbobbarimpinpinolu.

so called small and large kingships raised their heads in the Coastal Karnataka Districts one after another ; for sometime powerful, but began fighting with each other ; then offered obeisance to the Chiefs of Keladi; and, in the end all were swallowed up by Hyder Ali of Mysore and disappeared. The Capitals of these states were Barakur, Basrur, Ketavase, Nandavar and Puttigê. They were in the South Canara District. Banavase, Swade, Gerusoppe, Hadavalli and Biligi were in the Northern District. They still carry features of ancient townships and the remains of their past ; once Capital Cities of Kings who patronised Kannada Literature and deemed, from a historical point of view, treasure-houses of language and culture.”

Even in the Biligi inscription, in addition to the contents of four inscriptions in Hanuman’s Temple, details are extracted from a book in the Library which pertains to 1463 A.D. and it speaks of a Tipparasayya. The second and the third are on stone to the left of the Basti in Biligi. Some of the verses quoted here are very beautiful. A geneological tree of the Biligi Kings is supplied. One of the inscriptions speaks as an introduction to a famous work on grammar called ‘S’abdānuśāsana’ by Bhattakalanka and of the author’s patron, a Rangappa Vodeya of Biligi, not Sriranga of Vijayanagar as made out by other scholars. It is said in Bhattakalanka’s time Brahmins were getting converted into the Jaina religion.

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In an imaginary conversation between two friends of three in a company, where the writer is narrator and link, the need for a handy Dictionary for Kannada is stressed as early as the opening years of this Century. Kaipidi as used means today a Handbook. The other is on the Children’s Literature in content, manner, purpose and orientation. What he would like to have in Modern Kannada Literature is subject of a short piece called “The New Way” (“Hosadāri”). His Presidential Address at Raichur shows him in the full flush of personality, imagination and ability to capture the attention and imagination of not only professional literary-men assembled there but of people who had till then been influenced more by Telugu

Literature and dominated by Urdu ; for, then Raichur was a part of the Nizam State.

The essays of the earlier days were comments in a free and expansive air and have wit and raillery. They pinpoint the deficiencies which he thought could and should be got over for clean living and thinking and institutional organisation. The essays he wrote on Yakshagana of both the oral and the danced kinds are highly illuminating, while the appreciation on Naranappa's 'Kannada Bharata' and Lakshminisha's 'Jaimini Bharata' and works by Sarvajna called his 'Onāma Paddhati'—almost a small but spacious bit on adult-education—and by Ratnākara Varṇi are eloquent. He edited the Jaimini Bharata with B. M. Srikantia and Naranappa's Bharata with D. N. Narasimhachar. Before they were completed, he passed away. He had to come and stay at Mysore for this work occasionally.

Three items here are of special interest : Kumaravyāsa is the name of a writer whose Shatpadi Bharata is perhaps the peak performance in what is called the Bhamini type of verse where poetic imagination and devotion to Krishna—the author calls his Bharata '*Krishṇa Rāyana Charita*,'—the story is of Krishna, King of men—and it is unsurpassed in the literature of our middle ages. The other is a note on Nandalike Lakshminaranappa and presents the life, personality and attainments of a special type of writer who added to prose and poetic literature under different names and as *Muddaṇa* later in his *Ramaśvamedha*. After saying how a Yakshagana work called *Kumara Vijaya* revealed to Panje of the rise of a star in the Kannada firmament, he speaks of other work by him in Yakshagana, Shatpadi and prose—all of which are under masked names. Incidentally he reveals how *Ramaśvamedha* itself was authenticated as the work of Nandalike. His own essay is not only a tribute of outstanding friendliness and regard but illustrative of a method of literary prose presentation and evaluation of material—partly biographical, partly literary. The essay on Sarvajna's "Onāmapaddhati" is pure gold and speaks of how

Sarvajna's Tripadis or Vacanas could be a full education for the young as well as to the grown-up. It was a new way of looking at an old piece of work and manner. A school master and a poet are looking at them.

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The next set contains 2 out of 5 bits. The first called "Padārthavenu?"—a portmanteau subject. 'Padārtha' (—a dish, a thing, a meaning and a name) is the name given to a delicacy prepared in different forms by expert cooks in several parts of the South Canara District and goes under several names :—extremely tasty, whatever the name. The alternative term "Melogara" is first analysed as much for the culinary art as for the elucidation of the meaning of the term "Ogara". The other term would not apply for "Melogara", because "Ogara" is cooked rice and Padārtha can only be a dish used to add taste and flavour to rice. A third item is the possible derivation of "Beeḷkoḍu" meaning "Good Bye". How by a fancy of analogy a clownish sort of person adds a nasal to October calling it 'Octumber', because it can chime with September, November, and December. Only, "Embar" becomes "Ambar". Panje draws attention to similar live forms with nasal additions in Tulu and Konkani. There is a skit on how a European Officer played with an Assistant making himself unconsciously and his Assistant a target for fun. A fifth item is more elaborate. Other terms are considered for word-form and phrases and the one on Tobacco is excellent. At one point it becomes a romp for it almost impiously adapts a stanza of Kumaravyasa's Bhārata (where Draupadi at the time of the Swayamvara is being dressed and decked up). It substitutes 3 words for the original terms to produce the effects of Tobacco fumes and smoke on the assembled men and women in Akbar's Court. It should be read to be enjoyed. It is said that in the Court of Akbar that some desire to suppress the use of Tobacco and that Birbal, the jester, in the Court says : "Tobacco —as punishment—whenever seen must be set fire to in the head, seen to smoke and burn up, your Majesty." Akbar was pleased by this decision of Birbal. This became

what Panje calls the 'Tatvamasi of the Dhūmrapatra',—the smoking-leaf.

Other examples are mentioned of the incidence of the nasal between old Kannada, New Kannada, Tulu and Konkani and incidentally in Mahratti. A fifth Section deals with the Orthography of Kannada, where the Kannada Alphabet was taught by the old traditional village teachers ("Aigaḷu").<sup>1</sup> After the number of the letters, said to be 52 with an addition of a short of "e" and short "o" to the Samskrit letters, "La" is included inspite of Panini, and after "Ksha", the children were taught "Raiti", which breaks up into "Ra" and "Iti"—Panje says. The old teachers knew Samskrit but after their influence disappeared the ascription that "Raiti" stands for "Akshara + Iti", possibly was not taught to the children. Panje makes a comment—a delightful commentary: "Raiti continues in the teaching of the Alphabets, like the pal of the son-in-law in the father-in-law's house after the marriage is over, unrecognised and a hanger on, or, as the udders of a goat which hang below the chin when its little ones loses contact with the rich milkful udder of the mother."<sup>2</sup>

This leads him into an excursion into the meaning of Akshara, which actually means indestructible, like how the Samskrit Language is said to owe primarily to Sumeru and spread by the Phoenecians. A concluding story in illustration is almost a fable, almost a parable. The last sentence in that essay declares how that incident illustrates the derivation of Prakrit and Samskrit from the Vedas.

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The next is an inquiry into derivation of place-names ("Sthalanāma") where a whole armoury of data collected from Tulu is before us, analysing the etymology of words and formation of phrases and speculating in a delightful way on the likely explanations. This was not half as bad or unfruitful

<sup>1</sup> Ayya < Ajja < Arya.

<sup>2</sup> It is likely that "Akshara+Iti" was not the real explanation. Kannada, like Tamil, has these two other letters: "Ra" and "La"—which sound as a double R and double D,—conjuncts.

as it could be without his access to Tulu. But if derivations by etymology was the sole or decisive factor in arriving at meaning, Dr. L. D. Barnett once said as a **Reviewer's** note on Bhasa's authorship in Samskrit Drama— he could derive Tibet from Top Hat and Everest as the Superlative of Ever ! Much of the life about things, names, places, local history, legend and worship go into this effort. Here was a new method of inquiry and analysis then not known in Kannada. It is keenness and alertness of mind and an intelligent sensing of possibilities where-soever and howsoever the inquiry leads suggesting affinities and possibilities. Cognates, correlations in Tulu and Konkani, parts of compound words are used as data to induct to a conclusion. So is it in a later article when he comments on 'Saḷuva' against derivation from the Mahabharata "Salva" and "Anusalva"—but with the Dravidian change of 'Sa' into "Ta" or "Sa" into "Cha". Some fictitious things current in them he shows survive in the names of places. The Brahmin, the Coorg and other Tulu communities—all come into the reckoning. Whether we can accept all his conclusions or not, much light is thrown on the problems : Eg. the two parts of a compound word as addition or as Suffixes and Prefixes.

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The other items bear on animal life, wild animals, geography etc. Here are also parts of his exposition of zoology and anthropology. But all through this work is the play of humour and a sensibility, the like of which is rare but vital : distinctive of Panje's personality and equipment. It was ever playful while being creatively curious and inquisitive with a deep seriousness.

'Keḷadi Nripa Vijaya', published by the Mysore Oriental Library, has been reviewed by him with great clarity. His usual vivacity features this writing as well. He says it is more historical than poetry though the latter element is certainly also in evidence. The campaigns and victories of Venkatappa Naik of Bidare are celebrated in the work...It is said that he and B. M. Srikantia looked at all the unpublished manuscripts both in Mysore and at Madras to find out the literary value and

importance of several of them so as to recommend which of them may gain priority in publication. This may be apocryphal, but it would be interesting if their assessment, descriptive and critical, could be collected and published. This particular review is a study of the history of a line of the kings of Keladi by Linganna Mantri. How it came into being and flourished till it fell during the time of Hyder Ali of Mysore—is the subject of the poem under review : an excellent example of Panje's way of presenting critically one type of a long poem in Kannada.

## 2

The next set of writings consists of some 14 prose and story items ; more literary in character. The first and the 14th are perhaps the most significant and substantive as contribution. There are sketches of the foolish and self-important reactions to a Bhārata-recital, when the donors to a set of the recitals feel that a few words as names of Hari in the Bharata-reading refer only to those who had contributed less are praised than the bigger ones among them... In a small Hotel at Kamalapur the proprietor Poornaswami Iyengar has had to face troublesome customers who did not pay, to rid himself of whom he devises a ruse which fatefully boomerangs on himself. The next speaks of " The Doctors Sauce ", where a local Amaldar—Revenue Officer in-charge of a Taluk—(Vallabhacharya) expected as cook a pretty woman to be provided for him in every village he visited and finds that no such woman was available in one. The Patel forces a Physician to cook the food for the Amaldar. The Physician revenges himself by administering some medicine from the effects of which the Physician has to save him from a malady... ' Ham Nahim Gaddhahz ' is almost horseplay where an English Officer desires to have his laundered cloth also to be carried to him on the back of an ass like those to the higher officials who lived higher up on the hills. He wants to talk to the washerman in Hindi but does not know that he is making an ass only of himself. It is more aptly ass-play !

Items 6 to 9 deal with personal relations. 2 or 3 with the narrator's uncle and aunt and the vicissitudes of a will by the uncle . . . . The 9th would be about the wife, to confute whom and to test whose boasting wakefulness the husband tries to bring off a trick, playing thief himself, gets caught by the Police, and has to be rescued by her the next morning from the lock-up.

\* \* \*

Items 10 to 13 are heroic incidents dealing with four strong-willed heroic women after the heroines of '*Āryakīrti*' in Kannada which is itself based on a Bengali work by Rajanikānt Gupta, deriving from Col. Todd's Annals of Rajasthan.

*Prathula's* (Samskr̥t: Pṛthula) is of a lady-an incident in the Vijayanagar Kingdom - who saw her warrior-lover betrayed and killed by a vicious counsellor, kills him and kills herself. In her last moments when the King desires to come and sit by her, she pulls herself back in pain and suffering, denounces and curses him saying that soon his own daughter will get into the hands of the Mussalman Kings ; his Empire and he, the worm that he was, will be forgotten for desiring chaste women by getting their husbands destroyed.

*Shailini* belongs to Aurangzeb's time, daughter of Rājasimha who has promised her for the Emperor's son but whom she dislikes like hell. She was actually in love with S'ivāji who from being held as captive escapes in a historic way. Poor lady, in the event the real Shivaji has escaped and she finds she has mistaken Shivaji's double for him. Both Rajasimha and his daughter lose their lives falling into a well by the next morning. Aurangzeb on hearing the news feels downcast and frustrated.

*Durgāvati's* is also the story of a princess. She was the daughter of King Chandel of Mohabba, (i.e., a Modern M.P. State). It celebrates the undying faith and heroism of a Queen-leader of the people who dies defending her kingdom.

*Viramati's* is the story connected with Devagiri. A princess and her lover feature in it. When the princess finds that her lover has betrayed the Chief and the fortress to the enemy, kills her lover and kills herself. Kṛṣṇa is the name of the young lover. He says he has done it for love of her. The event deals with Maalik Kaffar, who during the time of Allāuddin Khilji had been sent as agent to reduce the fortress.

These stories of heroism, love and uncompromising self-sacrifice celebrate death in one form or other in the service of land and honour. The service rendered in each case is memorable. Yet to be able to live in and for service to the land and devoted to its welfare to the end in sustained loyalty and devotion can be as great a patriotism.\*

They are heroic themes : full of colour and rhetoric which was very dear to the minds of men in the closing decades of the last century and in the first two decades of this. There is national and moral pride in them. They are distinguished by the special colour and imagination of Panje. They are parallel in mode and the style ; the filling already speaks of a development in the personal style and the equipment of our author. Descriptions have a naturalness and richness of their own : concrete and real to a degree.

It may be mentioned in passing that Panje had begun the first Chapter of what promised to be a novel—after *Devi Chaudhurāṇī* perhaps—in 1901 under the title "*Chandīkā Rahasya Samāja*", full of mystery, brigandage and violence. It was published in the *Suvasini*. An observation about the unclearness for sight in the night is realised actually with what could come from a person who had seen things distinctively: boats and boatmen spreading their nets for fish—not realised so far : "from a distance the boatmen could be descried under the starlight making them visible a little sometimes and immediately covering their forms in the succeeding darkness. That too because the light that fell on the boat could be seen through the rolls of the coconut palms which covered the fishing boats. The gleam was gained with the help of that light. The tall

\*Compare Kṛṣṇā's in the context of the Vikadru episode in *Harivamśa*,

Casuarina trees swayed slowly in consonance ; had spread a kind of hissing sound in all directions, indicating the oncoming of a storm ”.

\* \* \*

I come now to the two most distinguished items of this volume :

*The Fake Diary :*

The first is entitled “ The Fake Diary of an old Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools ”.

Panje’s life in service opens as a Lecturer in Kannada in the Government College, Mangalore, and lasts for 11 years—till 1906. From then on he became Inspector of Elementary Schools, bound to move among the Primary School teachers who had changed over from an earlier administrative system to a new one. The Deputy Inspector had become a Sub-Assistant Inspector, and the old honours of greeting an Inspector with flower-garlands, blowing of horns or conches and beat of drums and presentation of gifts in welcome had altered—the person being addressed as “ Swāmi ” (Lord and Master), “ Devaru ” (God), etc., had died out. The teachers had begun to answer “ Yes ”-or-“ No Ser ”-(Sir). Panje describes how the village people had ceased to recognise the Inspector of Schools as against eg. the Police Inspectors or of the Revenue Department, etc. The Schools themselves had grown bloodless and less important in esteem. Attendance of teachers and students was casual and work perfunctory. A very delectable dialogue is put in between the Inspector and a teacher who compares the several types of Inspectors to classes of snakes creeping on their bellies. The Civil Officers are Pythons; the Police, Cobras ; the Excise ones “ Mandalis ”<sup>1</sup>; the Postal ones, “ Green Snakes ”. When “ Who are the watersnakes ? ” is the question the teacher replies: “ Revenue Inspector ”! To the question, “ What kind of reptiles are we ? ”, (i.e., the School Inspectors),—“ You, Sir, your class is the harmless ”; “ Olle ”; for that is a tiny snake with no poison in it. The word also means good. Jocularly Panje mentions how the

<sup>1</sup> A type of striped, poisonous Snake.

reaction of the villagers gets graded more or less deferentially according to authority. The greetings by prostration or kneeling and the hand-movements change form according to the dress worn, the grade and the salary of the person, the importance of the Department, the social class to which he belonged and more than everything else, the power to harm the officer has : so that nervousness, fear, and the danger-sense dictated the response. Basic affection is however conditioned and goes by circumstances. The condition in the village schools is described as pitiful and poor and the appeal lies in the helplessness and disillusion to which the teachers are subjected, which often affects their work in the schools. Specific types of cases are mentioned ; deficiencies induce sympathy for the teacher, rather or more than a desire to punish him for failure or scamping duty.

The most delectable incident is in connection with a teacher called a Timmappa Master. It has to be read to get the feel of the life and colour of personality and circumstance. The presence or absence of a black board or use of chalk is a rollick. How not being able to pronounce the master's name correctly, an English Inspector called him "The (Ṭi)-Muff"! How the Officer mentioned the three other teachers of the school playfully—"Two Black ("Kappu") ; one "Cookup" : the other "Chikkap". Students were also designated and classified by colour and class. But the outstanding feature of Thimmappa Master is another point.

An incident is narrated about how a higher grant-in-aid was sanctioned to the School by the Officer. Appreciating him he seems to have written that "Ṭi-Muff is the teacher of a rural school in the Kannada District. He is a large-hearted person. He has not cared to feel superior by caste though he is a Brahmin. He has tried to bring forward the black people of the village, (as the Harijans were called then) so far backward in education. His Assistants are also black. Many children in the School are black. I have seen that with my own eyes and have raised the grant-in-aid given to the school".

Whether he devoted all his attention to the instruction in the school or not was not material in his case. With the

increased money got Timmappa had not got repaired the damaged School building nor got accessories to and aids for teaching nor distributed the money among his assistants. One of the teachers seems to have asked him : “ You have given the money to reconstruct the tank of the village ; why did you spend that money so secured by the grant ? ”. The answer given by Thimmappa Master was the refrain of a song from Purandaradāsa :

Throw back into the Tank  
The water you take from the Tank.  
(“ Kereya nīranu kerege celliro ”)

Many are the interesting flashes of light Panje casts upon the rural school life and school masters and on the administration of rural education in the course of this small brochure.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

### *Koṭi-Chennaya*

The last entry in the book is called “ Koṭi-Chennaya ” : twin children born of parents who are dead almost to start with. The story is the subject matter of many a popular myth in the Tuḷu Land. Panje tells us in an introduction how he gathered the story from many sources, deriving even from Dr. Mogging’s “ Pāḍ-donegaḷu ” (popular folk-songs). In three sections—in the three parts of the South Canara District—ruled by the Ballaḷas—Tuḷu Chieftains,—Feudal subsidiaries owing indirect allegiance to the Vijayanagar Empire through a middle Chief sometimes. How the twin brothers Koti and Chennaya grew into worth, indomitable vigour and fearlessness, how puissant were their ways and how fear of them evoked jealousy, how they are all along betrayed by those jealous of their handsomeness and prowess, how they escaped from prison-holds into which they

<sup>1</sup> Only one other person wrote such experiences in Kannada as an Inspector of Schools : M. R. Srinivāsa Murthy in his “ Ranganna kanasina dinagaḷu ” (Ranganna’s Days of Dreaming).

how were thrown by malicious schemers and fighting against all such in the last days they die fighting—is a diamond of the purest ray. We do not have an other story of this kind in modern or ancient Kannada ;—for terseness, meaningfulness, narrative vigour and tautness in expression. No ; nothing comparable. Not a word is wasted ; there is no unnecessary adjective ; and the narration is breathless and lives with a vigour and concreteness that are the despair of a less gifted writer. In Paḍumale, In Panja and In Eṇmūr—names of places—are the three chapters of the book. The live bits in illustration here speak of scintillating conversation :

(a) Koti and Chennaya got into Padumale Ballāḷa's court and prostrated themselves. The Ballala was displeased with them for manslaughter. He had been primed up by the observation of an evil adviser that the little ones born like rats in a hole had grown up into tigers.

“ *Ballala* : You have done what should not be done ;  
what should not happen must not happen.

Koti remembered what had been whispered into his ears by the physician-mother who had saved the Ballala's life.

“ My Lord, do you remember the promise you made to  
our mother ?

*Ballala* : What promise ?

*Koti* : All this jewellery I give you now is yours,—you seem to have said ; what remains over will be given to your children. You gave this promise to our mother ?

*Ballala* : Koti, there is no relation between the promise I gave to your mother then and the wrong you have done now.

*Koti* : We shall suffer the consequences for killing a person. Fulfil your promise as it should be.

*Chennaya* : Who will ask for performance after we are dead ?

*Ballala* : What is your desire ? Ask ; it shall be given.

*Koti* : The wet field in front of the camp.

*Ballala* : Not that.

*Koti* : The buffalo which yields milk continually.

*Ballala* : We need it.

*Koti* : The jack tree which all the year through yields berries and fruits.

*Ballala* : Ask for something else.

*Chennaya* : The flower-garden belonging to your two queens.

*Ballala* : What did you say ?

*Chennaya* : Your Royal Sword.

Ballala got red in the face with anger. "You who have grown up with the milk supplied from the campus are now asking for the flower-garden of my queens and the Royal Sword that we wield. There is no knowing what you will ask for or do next. We cannot let you be free and demanding".

The boys said : "We set a six year's time-limit for performance—" and, got out.

\* \* \*

(b) It had so happened that the brothers had come to a dwelling place on their way out of Padumale in Panja region where they asked for drinking water. The lady of the house felt it would be improper for a woman to show herself outside the door without proper dress. She went in, drew a pot of water, put it on the threshold and said to them : "I have placed the water here".

*Koti* : If we should drink the water at your hands you should tell us of your birth : we must know your caste.

She : Nothing to prevent it ; but the story is long, if you are to hear. My husband may take a little more time to return.

The husband meanwhile had come by the back door carrying a toddy pot. The woman did not know it. He was in doubt about the strangers with whom his wife was talking. So he stood under cover and listened to the conversation.

*Chennaya* : Let's hear the story.

*She* : My grandma, i. e., mother's mother, seems to be a Brahmin lady. She attained puberty before marriage. Her parents couldn't violate the laws of the caste. They blindfolded her and left her in the forest.

*Koti* : Then ?

*She* : A person who had climbed the toddy palm seems to have seen her ; he went to the Chief's camp and informed him of this ; then took her to his home ; brought her up and married her off to Birmana Baidya.

*Koti* : The Birmana Baidya of the garden of Kurgol ?

*She* : Yes, Yes. Kurgol. Good God, I had forgotten the name. My mother had mentioned it once : I remember that now.

*Koti* : Who was the mother ?

*She* : Birmana Baidya's daughter.

*Koti* : The name of the mother ?

*She* : Deyi.

*Koti* : Father's name ?

*She* : Kāntaṇṇa.

*Koti* : Place of birth ?

*She* : I have heard it is Brahmara of Kemmalaje. I haven't seen it.

*Koti* : How many children were you to your mother ?

*She* : I was the first born. After me my mother seems to have had twin boy-children in a field near the Chieftain's campus.

*Koti* : How did the people of Kurgol garden come to deliver the children in a field near the campus ?

*She* : I shall speak of that : you must have heard of a Perumal Ballal of Padumale. Once he seems to have gone a-hunting. He ran a thorn into his leg. It looked like he might live or die. My mother then was in full period. They seem to have brought her to the Chief's camp as the only person who could cure him with medicaments. She didn't seem to mind,

though she was near the time of delivery. She ground a green with her own hands ; painted it over his body and cured him of the wound and all its ills. A little after that her delivery took place about the campus: she seems then to have given birth to the twins.

*Koti* : What happened then ?

*She* : My mother seems to have died within three months after this child-birth.

*Koti* : Was no one near her at the last moment ?

*She* : When I was 7 years of age, they brought me here and married me off. From then on I have never set foot outside. That's how I haven't heard the glad news either of the delivery of my mother or felt the sorrow of her death. The ears heard them; the eyes didn't see.

*Koti*—*Chennaya* felt elated mentally. When the excitement lessened they were silent a moment looking at one another. A little time after *Koti* asked—"Who brought up those children ?"

*She* : I was not inclined to hear of what happened next. A field that is planted should have a firm belt of enclosure round it. A girl child would need a mother in the parental home to go to. When my mother passed away I didn't go to my parent's home, nor see my younger brothers. The townsfolk however spoke of their prowess. It is like fire rising out of water, they say, like a thunder-bolt that bursts out of the earth.

*Chennaya* : Sister, your name ?

*She* : *Kinnidāru*.

The brothers got up : "You are our sister, your brothers are properly we two!". They fell on her feet and offered her regard. Her husband who had been hiding till then behind the wall came out and asked them in, said to them pleasantly : "Rise, arise", and lifted them up with his right hand and made them sit on the swing in the front verandah of the house.

There was no limit to the joy of Kinnidaru. She milked the cow afresh, boiled the milk and fed them with it. Who can describe the white rice cooked for them by the sister, the porridge sweetened with jaggery, the savoury made of the jack fruit, the suace from ghee, the curds with butter cream on it and the fragrant pickles ? In a word, the dressing of the food and the service were such as to make stomachs hungry which were already full ”.

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I should like to end this with the crisp last scene of the story. This is how it developes.

The Ballal of Padumale had set a reward upon the capture of the boys when news was taken to him that the young boys had killed one of the Chief's men when roused. Word was sent to Panja to capture them alive or dead. In Panja, to which they now went, a jealous and treacherous person by name Chendugidi had dodged taking them before the Chief and got them into prison. The description is beautiful of how the boys escaped : the younger standing on the shoulder of the older reached up to the only window in the roof, forced the bars and making ascent with the help of the loinclothes they wore, escaped from the prison. They later got in to Enmur where the Chief was nursing hate but helpless against the Padumale Chieftain. Koti—Chennaya who had arrived there stood up to his aid and a big battle ensued between the two parties : the soldiers coming from Padumale and Panja and the defenders of Enmur. Koti at almost the point of victory had been pierced by an arrow. The evil minded Chendugidi also had been killed at the battlefield with a kick from Chennaya although the villain had struck him from behind and Padumale Ballal was feeling despondent. The Chief of Enmur—Deva Ballala—had come near the brothers, bowed to them and said : “ You are the warriors that have defended my camp and brought me victory. I shall need your continued protection. I can't pay off in gratitude or enough even if I cut off my forehead and offer it to you as a jewel to wear. Pray come out of the battle

field and come in a procession in palanquins into the city and look after as your own the whole of my kingdom ”.

By that time Perumal Ballala had come forward and with his hands pressed on his forehead cried out in agony, for Koti had received a fatal wound and was dying. “ I am the sinner who laid hands on the little ones I tended. There shall be punishment and reprisal for such sinful deed ”. So saying, he took out his dagger and was about to dig it into his own bowels.

Koti signalled to him : “ Not that, my Lord ; hold your hand ”.

Chennaya got up and took away the dagger from Perumal Ballala’s hands. When Koti found his time was up he directed his brother to take him near the front door of the S’iva temple and looked at the sky—“ To-day is the day of the pilgrimage at Subrahmanya. S’iva riding on the chariot ; I should like to go to Kailāsa like an eagle which spreads its wings and circles high round above on the temple chariot. My heart is yearning for it. Let the worship in the temple proceed. ”

The sun went down ; the jangle of the temple bells was heard and worship had begun inside. After it was over the priest brought the camphor-light ; held it before Koti and gave him the sacred water offered in worship (Tīrtha). Koti received it piously. He called out to Deva Ballala—“ Good Lord, for a thousand years hereafter arrange to see that the worship of Mahālingeśwara is performed by the Brahmin who supplied drinking water to travellers at Padumale now. Pour in some sacred water into my mouth ”. Deva Ballala and Perumal Ballala sat on either side of Koti and poured into his mouth the sweet milk of the tender coconuts also. Koti held the hands of both the Ballalas and said : “ The best thing for both of you hereafter would be to hold each other’s hands like friends ”. His eyes closed ; they did not open again.

Chennaya saw this : “ Brother,” he said, “ I shall not live without you. We were born together ; we die together ; I follow you immediately ”. He straight went to the huge

piece of stone in front of the well of the temple and struck his head against it. Blood had flowed from his body with the treacherous sword of Chendugidi who had hit from behind him. Now from out of the boy's own skull a white essence of the brain-stuff issued to form itself. It looked like a garland made of Jasmine on the altar of the temple. All on a sudden all the lights inside the S'iva temple went out on their own. There was a peel of thunder ; bursts of lightning and a brief heavy downpour of rain ; and subsided instantly. The bodies of the brothers were taken in procession in palanquins and obsequies performed graced by the leaders of all the 18 Divisions of the City who had come together like one man”.

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There are other details connected with Padumale and Enmur. One small detail may now be presented about why all this misery had happened. Chendugidi, the evil counsellor of Panja and the Kemara Ballala of the place had tricked the brothers into prison. The brothers were resourceful and had devised cleverly the way of escaping. The news was that the people of Enmur had extended affection and regard to them and that the Chief of Enmur had been stirring to recover his kingdom from Padumale and Panja. One Ballala had persecuted Kinnidaru and her husband. An other had tortured the old Sāyina Baidya. Their ire still had not been quenched. Instructions had been issued to see that Koti and Chennaya were to be captured and killed on sight. Intelligence-men had been sent to Enmur. Efforts had been made to do away the brothers with poisoned milk, to see that no trace of them was left behind. But the plan had not succeeded. One incident speaks of the jealousy of the Kemara Counsellor and of a slander by the brothers against him : ‘they say, this is a poor Chieftom ; that you are a poor Ballala. The new warriors are spreading scandal against your birth, etc.’ The Ballala was a wise man and got the brothers so as to learn the truth of the allegations, and confronted the two parties. Chennaya said : “ Lord and Master, my brother does not know anything of this. I was the one who spoke. I didn't cry down your

birth or line. I give you the absolute truth now. If you will care to listen I shall speak those words myself. The other day the two of us caught the palace elephant running wild and tied it up in the elephant's stable. We felt unbelievably happy that day. If we could show such enterprise we felt like having digested and assimilated the food eaten here by us. It is now 2-3 years since we came to this kingdom but the court hasn't seen any expression of prowess or enterprise by us. No hair of the boar, no claw of the tiger, no ivory of an elephant has been brought by us to you as tribute. We have no permission to set foot in the forest at Tuppekal. You haven't given us permission to fight, to go to the battle field, kill your foes and bring their heads to your feet. So we feel that the food we have eaten has become unwholesome ; the water drunk has but raised our bile ; the clothes worn have not become dirty ; the sword in our hands have lost lustre. If these words be blame and slander, here is the sword and here is my neck—". So saying, he placed the sword before the Ballala and bent his neck down. Deva Ballala heard Chennaya's words. "Yes, worthy ones ; there has been no festivity, pilgrimage or baths in conclusion of sacrifices. If we had such, our people could get strong in the body. Group strength could grow ; but see, if we hunt about the Tuppekal forest we will be provoking the Panja people to battle. That's how I am in two minds about such enterprise, good ones".

Chennaya said : "Master, shall it not be our task to rid the people of hurts from wild animals ? Pray, do not withdraw from risk in the achievement of such a task".

"If that be so, carry out hunts in Tuppekal forest,"—was the order given by the Ballala. He asked "Chennaya, what should I do with this slanderer and what will be proper punishment for him ?"

Chennaya : "Master, there is not enough blood in his body to wet my sword nor enough flesh in his body for anybody to eat. Let him go free".

It is as a result of this licence that a boar was roused in the forest and killed by the brothers and dragged back into Enmur

limits. That being the full head and front of the present offending caused the dispute between the Panja people on the one side and Enmur people on the other. Padumale soldiers had joined the Panja party and both of them were routed in the battles that followed. The consequences have been described earlier.

## 3

*Miscellanea :*

A few other miscellanea among his works may now be indicated. Panje wrote a few primers, stories, sketches, etc., in English after the manner in the Western Children's Books<sup>1</sup>. Some of them find parallels in the Kannada poems and the stories for children. A few are published by the Bala Sahitya Mandala and a few for the Macmillans and the Basel Mission.

An Anglo-Kanarese Pocket Dictionary, first compiled by Christānuja Vatsa belonging to the Basel Mission Theological Seminary in Mangalore, was revised and enlarged by him and is a valuable item of its kind, fulfilling a conversation in an earlier prose sketch of his on a day when three friends went on a walk. The Royalty accruing from it seems to have been used by Panje for organising a District level Children's Conference at Ganapati High School, Mangalore, which was the first of its kind in that area. In addition, "Kittel's famous Kannada-English Dictionary was entrusted to him for revision and amplification, a task which he attended to now and then for many years through his life. Unfortunately, he could not find time for making more than about a thousand additions to it....". One word about his edition of the "Sabdamāṇi Darpaṇa", perhaps the best work on old Kannada Grammar (13th Cy.) we have. The abstract summaries of the main Sutras in English are sure to be of immense help to those who study our grammar but whose mother tongue is foreign. To those who study comparative grammar and philology also it will be a help and quite a link between whole works written in English in the early and later days and will be first class help to

<sup>1</sup> One of them was 'Folk Tales for Little Folk'

students of e.g., Kittel's grammar, which in its kind is a Classic. It could help to check up and clear some points in Caldwell's 'Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages', the author who did illustrious work as a pioneer but whose knowledge of Kannada could not match his knowledge of Tamil.

While being a teacher and Inspector of Schools, Panje undertook the publication of an educational bulletin for the benefit of teachers and for the education of the general public in matters connected with the nature and quality of instruction in schools. It is almost the first bulletin that deals with what is meant by teaching: "Bodhane Endarenu?". This was done in behalf of the Elementary Schools of the South Canara District. He prefers "Bodhane" to "Sikshaṇa" where "Bodh" indicates the larger meaning when "S'ikshe" includes punishment. To aspects of punishment to children he was totally averse from the beginning. He carried on a crusade against using the cane and other instruments and methods of punishment to correct their errors and improve the efficiency of education of the children. It was to be through play, through story-telling, through song and dance and rousing of the curiosities and stimulating the intelligence of the children, Even against recalcitrant pupils he was unwilling to use the cane, the slate and the ruler and other methods of torture to correct and humiliate. The desire of teachers to punish the boys with a dictum like 'spare the rod and spoil the child' was anathema to him. In extreme anger and dissatisfaction, it seems even at home he would just threaten the child with using not the cane but like what one gets from the palm leaf of the coconut: one or two would be held up; but rarely brought down on them.

## 4

*Poetry*

The next Section in Panje's writing must deal with his poetic composition. He was first and last a poet, in composition

and in life. The Child Poems are most alluring ; the lullabies are as much written for his own children as drawn from the folk metres of Tuḷunāḍu, Mahrāṭṭi, etc. One song entitled "Sanjeya Hāḍu" (The Evening Song) ends with two out of four stanzas, where the opening words of a few lines have rhyme-like : "Irabekai" (should be or have), "Barabekai" (should gain), "Horabekai" (should carry), "Koḍabekai" (should give), "Uḍabekai" (should dress) and "Biḍabekai" (should give up). The way he sang them had a lilt, cadence and range which seemed patterned from what I heard later on from some of the Mahārāṣṭra compositions. The children's songs hold attention with speech to hear and utter, haunt memory, fill little lives with joy and good feeling ; they are only occasionally didactic. For Panje did not fancy direct didactic purpose to clutter children's songs. What distinguishes them is the simple, lucid vocabulary: the type of line, the naturalness and the simplicity of the address and utterance and the simile and the rich, even fanciful imagery.

"Nāgaṇṇana Kannaḍaka" (Naganna's spectacles) is a ripping story of how an illiterate man goes to an optician's shop trying all the varieties of glasses advertised and discovers finally that one who has not learnt how to read and write can do nothing with books with any pair of glasses !

The story of "Dombara Chenne" (The Acrobat's Daughter) is arresting and dramatic to a degree and has description and colour which tells the story of how the spectator Chief fell in love with the little daughter of the acrobat. To escape him the father and daughter run and fall into the river nearby ; but are rescued. Finally it is learnt that the little one is but the daughter of an aunt of the Chief who had run away from the palace with the acrobat some time ago : a very rare piece of narration and description. The numbers of acrobatics astonish.

"Kaḍekanji" speaks of the compassion of a Chief who having heard the tale of a person failed in life and left only with a last calf presents him land and life's wherewithal. From being a fairly rich and prosperous person with a number of cows

he had taken to drink and got reduced to poverty. But the last calf made him feel contrite and sentimental and he was grieving over the situation to which he had brought himself. The Ballala saw him in that condition, made the inquiry and extended to him generous help. The man had said :

*“Baḍavanādaru bḍalollenu, hoḍeda makkaḷa mārenu.  
Kaḍava pararim, cḍave herarim paḍeye paḍeyen-  
endigu”.*

(Though poor, I shall not like to beg ; nor sell my children ;  
shall never take loans or riches from others.)

To this Ballala replied :

*“Biddudillavu gaddigeya melidda nammee kiviyaḷi  
Gadde uḷuvara uddagolina saddeē tanakavu”.*

“ Your story is such as to melt a heart of a stone. We sat on the seat of power and the news did not reach our ears until now. I did not hear of the sorrows of the tillers of the soil. Ask of me what you want ; I shall endow you with the field in the East. I am Chief Chandranāth, who is the Lord of the Land and can easily make the endowment ”.

The Cobra (Nāgara Hāvu) is a dangerous reptile which has a fearsome beauty when it spreads its hood. The Snake Charmer plays on his gourd-pipe. The children describe how the piece was composed when Panje was at Kasargod. What makes the poem entrancing is the variation of long vowels, each different at the end of a fourth line stanza, indicating by repetition of “ Bā.. ”,  $2 \times 4 \times 2$  long-letters—

Bā Bā — Bā Bā Bā Bā — Bā Bā<sup>1</sup>

— meaning “ Come ”. The next is “ Nee.... ” distributed in just the same way, meaning “ You ”; the third is “ Tā.. ” meaning bring or give. The last is “ Po.... ”, meaning “ Go.... ” calling upon and trying to persuade the Cobra to go without harming anybody.

<sup>1</sup> Incidentally the longs tell us that each is not equally long anytime : in e.g. Nārāyaṇa, the first two do not sound eqally long.

I do not know if anything of the quality in structure and sheer delight of expression, can compare with the play of the South Wind called " Tenkaṇagāḷiyāṭa ". I do not know if it is occasioned by some other poem of the kind. What does the wind not do ? Who can prevent or prescribe to it ? Or detract it ? The pictures of ordinary life when it plays without let or hindrance are delightful. The frisk is contained not only in the other lines but in the last which exactly speaks it with the dancing note " Tai "—

Tenkaṇa gāḷiyu Koṅkaṇa nāḍige  
Bantai, bantai, bantai....

In flexibility, playfulness of rhythmic pattern and imagery it is unequalled. Sound and sense are so inextricably woven-married - so as to make it a pure lyric. It is a frisk and a charm; concrete and rich. He is a wizard who could weave such enchantment.

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Quite a number of translations and adaptations from English and foreign verse can be found among his verse compositions but nowhere are they absolute reproductions of the originals. A piece called the " River " is conversational as well as descriptive and speaks of the river's birth and flow, its waterfalls, windings and the beneficence of its function.<sup>1</sup> Smt. Anasuya Rao says that it was first addressed to the boy from the neighbouring hotel who came to their well for water. There are other versions of it as well.

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The IV Group of poems consists of two or three pieces which strike a special note. " Holeyara Hāḍu " (The Song of the Holey—as he used to be called then and as Harijan or other later.) The refrain is

Uḷḷayya ,<sup>2</sup> daye - goḷḷayya.

<sup>1</sup> A beautiful piece of music was composed to the violin some time back by Sri. K. S. Karanth for the A.I.R., Bangalore. It is a pity if the tapes are erased. It is from such we could produce sonatas like the Western Masters with Indian Raga sequences in full flow and meaningful phases.

<sup>2</sup> It is even 'ula' and 'Aya'; but the whole word is in addressing master (oḍeya).

meaning—I take the literary meaning here—“ O you, who have, stretch your kindness. The terms used immediately after *Ullayya* are of inferiority, persecution, rejection and contempt :

Dattidikka ! Māri, Munḍa, Munḍāla !  
Huṭṭu Holeya ! Pola ! Canḍa Canḍāla !  
Boṭṭe ! Boggure,<sup>1</sup> etc.,

It describes the condition of the depressed classes, the treatment they were subjected to and the prohibitions against them. The song goes on—

“ You call us by such names—

—Endu hesaretti koogi  
Muṭṭalanjute nilve doorakke hogi !

—and you are afraid of contact, go far away from us. You now have everything : status, regard and freedom—none of which we have. If you but look more generously and sensibly at us and treat us like human beings and humanely, we will be your strength in the battles for freedom and in the service of the country. Take us into equal partnership with you—

Needaṇṇa ! Dammayya ! Koḍu sari sālu !  
Beḍidāgale biṭṭukoḍuvude melu !  
Beḍa nām seḷedu kombevu namma pālu !

Give us what rightfully belongs to us. It will be wise if you give when we appeal to you : else, we shall pluck it out of your hands. May the spark of hatred of our class be put out. Hold tight our hand in friendship ; win our affection ; adjust yourself<sup>2</sup> ; extend a smile to us and the anklet worn by the Goddess of all Hindus sound in joy ”.

<sup>1</sup> Dattidikka—address to one who lives in a hut :

Mari, Munda, Mundala—classes ;  
Huttu Holeya—Born Holeya ;  
Pola (Tulu)—‘ Go ’, ‘ get away ’ ;  
Canda, Candala—address

Botte, Boggure—names of persons ; Boggure even means a dog.

<sup>2</sup> This was an Ambedkar and Gandhi of an earlier day.

If this was in favour of a class subjugated for ages past, another poem circulated anonymously for a long time — for Panje was a Government servant — calls upon his fellowmen and women to awake from sleep and drowsiness and from lazing about :—

Kittubidu sandeha, iṭṭu biḍu dhana deha  
Mātrbhūmiya padārcanege balavandu ;

“Cast out doubt ; give up wealth and life ; offer service to the motherland ”.

Sattite sāhasavu ? Battite dhṛtirasavu  
Matte maḍida Kārnana benna hindu ?  
Etta podudu Paraśurāmana toḷvirisu ?  
Nettarolaḡillave vikramada bindu ?

“Has your enterprise gone dead ? Fortitude dried up ? Are Karna and Paraśurāma forgotten ? Is there no drop of courage or strength in your blood ? Your philosophical lore is but a sleeping draught to you. Awake and arise. You are the sons of India : march to the bugle call and run to battle ; rain your blood, the crop will be that of heroes and the fortune of India will be achieved ”.

It is not only merely a patriotic song in celebration ; it is an arousal.

We may conclude with speaking of a poem written in flourish of the land and the men and the women and the quality of life of the Coorgs. Like all good or great poetry, the song of “the South Wind” in one kind and the “Huttari Hāḍu ” on the other, cannot be rendered into an other language. The alternation of four-line stanzas by three directive lines and celebration is unique. As a great piece of recitative—It is Ode-like and a paean—it will match any composition one has read or heard. The assonance and answering sound make meaning at more than one level and it is not easy to catch the full force of that song without its under tones. ‘**Huttari**’ is a festival occasion-associated, I think, with the harvest. Men and women assemble and together sing and dance in tribal costume,

in coloured and laced turbans of a characteristic tie-up, : beautiful women, valiant men in colour of costume; women with alluring eyes, men with their daggers hanging in scabbards from their rich, red silk waist-bands. The song-pictures the loveliness of the land and the people and the wealth of their achievement. No one who reads or hears it can but thrill to it ; and they will like the benediction in the last three lines of the poem—

“ With peace and welfare rest in the  
Right arm of the Mother ;  
May this our Coorg live long and great ”.

There are other pieces which speak of epic and mythological personalities, praise of poets and poetical works, speaking of the richness and felicity that are the achievements of the Kannada people—who even today are not distinguished as an entity on the map of India, whatever the statutory recognition be. Possibly, they do not push forwards, nor are considered dangerous—heretic and rebel—so, are neglected or, ignored as having no harm in them. Panje was aware of it and spoke about this feature of the Kannada people who for centuries have been more partial to the arts of Peace and Compromise than to chauvinism in outlook in pursuit of even rightful claims. There have been occasional defects, no doubt, for men are men and as Sita said : “Na kascit na aparādhyati ’.



## THE PERSON, THE FAMILY

A few words written or spoken about his habits at home and among his wife and children will now be presented to sketch the personality and character of the man Panje was. So may a word or two be put in from sketches of his habits and personality by friends and admirers. Panje was of middle height; fair skinned and handsome. Vitality played about all his limbs—vibrant would be the word—talking or moving about. A broad forehead and a silver grey moustache which he played with or chewed whenever he desired to make a point or point to a point of significance or enjoyed a bit of doing;— an unforgettable memory. It was sheer joy for him to meet a friend, talk to him on his work and plans. That is what it was introducing one to an audience and conclude the guest's address. Rarely did he wear a coat. He wore a larger piece of cloth when he came out. He was in his banian at home; or, the upper part of his body stayed open. In his verandah he rarely sat but moved about from one side of it to the other, smoking or non. His affection and hospitality were irresistible. One of his sons was at home when once I was taken in as guest. After dinner he directed him to take his wife and himself away to his father-in-law's so as to vacate the room for me—what a solution! 'We make fine rusks here, in Mangalore', he said to me once when I was returning home and insisted on my taking a tinful of it with good honey and jam—of a rare special kind for us! Whether he talked to his own children or members of the family or outsiders, it was clear and straight in expression not without a joke. Not that he did not have his reticences. I have said that he did not let me speak about a collection of his poems. His

daughter tells me he would have run away from the idea of a celebration for him. But when he got some poem written by the least known person which he considered good he stood up for it and the way of his appreciation sometimes startled the author at first. It happened at Raichur for Manvi's poem. At first sight, it could look like disapprobation ; but that was against the persons who might not appreciate it. This was working by contraries as it were in appreciation. Soon the truth would flash to all and people laughed when that took place. Some of his humour which seemed to people unacquainted with him like mischievous was playful, full of heart and regard. It was impossible to resist him. He would win people over if only they had any sense of response.

In and out of his house all say that he was a poor correspondent. Therefore, few letters of his must have been written and received. Rarely did he communicate—unless on urgent business of the home—and on more than a post card.\* This is what he wrote to his son Gopal Rao when the latter decided on settling down as a pleader in Hyderabad (1930) :

“ First mind your health and don't stint any money to health-preserving convenience. Secondly, study your cases well and don't babble about them anywhere except in court. Be always and at any time accessible to your client, never grow fidgetty about him. Listen to his story and always try to win his appreciation, never try to win the case by offering bribes, or by seducing witnesses or by any illegitimate means. The first thing for you is to work honestly and make a name, and if you only make it a point to always spend an hour in revising necessary Law Books, I am certain that within the next three years you will distinguish yourself as a great man. If you think that you need your wife by your side I am prepared to send her, and advise you to take your mother also so that for sometime you may run the house upon my pension ”.

He wrote to his daughter-in-law Smt. Meera Gopal Rao this :

“ . . . .by that time how much progress can both of you make in music ? Due to the frequent absence of the teacher the course has been irregular and your progress slow. I would be glad to know whether you have learnt at least two ‘tāls’ and whether you could correctly sing and keep time together. Is your husband satisfied with your as well as Shanta’s progress ? Your information about the drawing class and the fee charged is noted. If you have continued taking lessons well and good. If not, the idea may be put off until July next when you can hope to spare more time and finish learning it as quickly as possible. I am on a look out for an artist-teacher who could give the hints that would be of use to you but so far I have found none.. ”.

“ Of course I insist on your learning to drive the car before your husband purchases it. It is a trick of mine you know. For with your multifarious duties you won’t be able to spare time to pick up driving and until then my money will remain with me and won’t go into your husband’s hands. Your attention divided into many directions : cooking the food, supervising the servants, bringing vegetables, attending to the comforts of Tara and Shanta, getting things ready for Gopal, posting of accounts, replying to letters, receiving guests, etc., etc., How could you find time to brush up English, learn Music, practise Typewriting and learn to read Kannada fluently and pick up ‘Drawing’ ? How many stories have you revised and how many new ones have you read in Sherlock Holmes ? ”.

He had lost his eldest daughter in 1918 and in an answer to a letter of condolence to a friend K. N. Upadhyaya of

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\*He has been writing the<sup>m</sup> from Mysore.

Mangalore, he says this : (The letter is in Kannada and a part of it translated is here—

“ . . . My sorrow at the loss has been calmed by the letters written to me by many friends about the untimely loss I have suffered. Life and death are natural to man. Fruits fall down a tree ; and it is a Law of Nature. If somebody plucks them before they are ripe to fall only the tree could say the pain it may feel. Others cannot understand it. . . . All the Sastras speak of the inevitability of death to those born. There is difference of opinion about whether a person who is dead will be born again.

“ But men should not rest without doing their proper work in expectation of death, nor hand over the tufts of their hair to the grasp of death. Before that everyone has to render his service to his country and his society. If teachers consider this as their duty and wear their lives out performing their duty death cannot be so dreadful or be cause of much sorrow . . . .”.

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Two of his three sons are now dead. The second son Gopal Rao rose from being a District Judge and Legal Practitioner in Hyderabad to an esteemed position possibly as Legal Remembrancer to the Government of Hyderabad. He was an artist in spirit to his finger tips, very emotional like all the children of Panje, and when he once got into the songs of his father he was possessed. The third son met with a cruel bus accident just before the Centenary Celebration and passed away leaving behind him a collection of all the available work of his father, published by the Orient Longmans in four volumes : each not bulky but sufficiently indicative of its quality and variety. He was Rama Rao Panje, who was a Chemical and Sugar Technologist, rose to be a Director of the Institute of Sugar Technology, well versed in the musical modes of the West. The eldest son, Mr. Mukunda Rao I have but met once or twice and when on the centenary day he climbed up the platform with his daughter to help out his

younger brother Gopal Rao he broke down singing a song by his father. One could see what a lump of affection an elderly man could be though an Engineer working in a Steel Factory. To get some personal notes from him and the two daughters,—the elder Smt. Anasuya R. Rao, living in Bombay, and the younger Smt. Shanta Rameshwar Rao, living at Secundarabad, it has been possible for me to get a few glimpses of his daily habits and personality and to get a sketch or two of his moods and modes of behaviour.

### Character and Ways :

Affectionate and humoursome as Panje always was these children of his flesh all realise what great treasure they have lost. It is a strange fatality in life that the value of things is apprehended and appreciated more when we do not have them with us and most, when we have lost them.

We are aware of his extra-ordinary sense of humanity, largeness of heart and fearless devotion to a cause and also to children's education, improving the life of primary school teachers and the system of education and creative literature. One who devotes himself to public service rarely has time to devote to his own family ; there is an aphorism in Kannada which says " Veera Setty grew poor with too much care for the city " ; a worthier purpose surely in life than its opposite. Or, ' Gāuḷigara Makkaḷige Hālilla ' : (There is no milk to the children of a cowherd ). He was a source of unending delight to his children, whenever he was at home. His wife, the mother of the family, was quiet, loyal and devoted, affectionate to the family and was all that a wife and mother could be. After all, when a guest or guests are at home it is the lady of the family and the women who have to devil at it in our houses and with what grace she did it was known to all who visited them. I shall describe later how she looked after the comforts of the guests. Though Panje was born in a family of priests—thoughtful and awake and responsible as Young Panje felt from the earliest days, he saw both the strength and the weakness of the social and religious system prevalent in his community and outside among the people of all classes. Many

of the so-called social problems relate to the Brahmin class. While his ever active mind pondered the reasons behind customs and habits, the access to English Literature and Education that he had and more than that, the contact with English Officers like Bourne, Yates and Littlehails, the Christian Missionaries of the Basel Mission broadened his outlook, sharpened his sensibilities and put a new orientation to his thought and behaviour in religious, social and cultural matters. The essence and not the form—always—the spirit and not the word, attracted him and held him at tasks for which he worked day and night and moved among men. Mr. Mukunda Rao, tells us how his own Upanayanam was performed :

“ It was on one evening at Kasargod that he told mother and all of us to have an early bath next morning and not to have any breakfast. We were wondering what was to come out of these mysterious instructions. I was then about 9 years old ; it was probably 1911. Even mother did not know.

Next morning before daybreak the temple priest came along with his paraphernalia. Father and mother with the priest sat down on two wooden seats. I was told to wear a Silk Dhoti and was called along. They gave me the Sacred Danda (Staff) and Sacred Thread. Father taught me the Gayatri and explained in simple words the full meaning and significance of this Vedic Hymn. The Purohit was astonished at all this simplicity but completed the ceremony. No elaborateness, no show, no expense ; but the full spirit ”. —the ritual was simple, quick, cheap and easy ! Mr. Mukunda Rao was as simply married to a foster child of Ullal Mangesha Rao. Ullal was Panje's most intimate collaborator at the Higher Elementary School and in founding and conducting the Bala Sahitya Mandala<sup>1</sup>. “ The niece of Ullal Mangesha Rao

<sup>1</sup> I remember Ullal as a translator of Ibsen's “ Enemy of the People ” and his “ Doll's House ”, and of “ Purpose ” and “ Fulfilment ” by Kailasam. One could never suspect he was a literary man in his own right but the two had almost a twin-life. I had asked him the question.

is definitely my wife,—engaged to me as a matter of course—selected by my father. Like my Upanayanam, no dowry, no bickerings, no show or fuss ;—a simple marriage. Father thought of these reforms long ago—the reforms that are being introduced today by legislation, 50 years later....”.

Worship and ritual at home were the sole province of Mrs. Panje, the mother of the family, who could be seen and not heard. Yet the extract from the letter from Smt. Anasuya R. Rao, speaks of how simple yet basic and full was his faith :

“ He believed in God but not in rituals. There was no superstition in our house. He rarely performed any Pooja in the house. All that was my mother’s department. He was for ever singing in his sweet melodious voice and often one would hear him sing Purandara Dasa’s song (‘ Kangaḷivyaṭako—‘ what for are these eyes ? ’—his favourite) or recite the Gita or some hymns from the Vedas or ‘ Bhaja Govindam ’. His views on God and conduct of life are clearly expressed in his poems ‘ Sanjeya Hadu ’ (The Evening Song) and ‘ Enṭu Beḍaru ’ (The Eight Dents). Another———favourite was ‘ Anu-  
renutriṇa kāṣṭhadali carisutihenu, kaṇṇugaḷanu teredavarge gocharisutihenu..’ In the atom and the speck, in a blade of grass and piece of wood I am moving; to those with open eyes, I appear..).

### **With wife and children**

His presence filled the home with sweetness and light. It was all light and activity. Dance, song, talk, anecdote and romp were featuresome wherever he was and moved. He always sounded as if religious ; but matters and thoughts of the beyond did not bother him and he would not commit himself to any statement about faith. The loss of his brother had shocked him, dispirited him for quite a time. When Panje lost both his eldest daughter and an other son, it hurt him deep in the heart. Many songs, the children say, in lullaby or entertaining them are playfull ; or, in story-telling were

connected with his children. There are two different accounts of how the poem 'Nadi' (The River) was composed. Both are interesting. Whatever the genesis, the poem itself is natural and can be enjoyed without touching the lay context of its genesis. That the Cobra song was composed at home at Kasargod, I get from Rama Rao's writing. Acrobats were welcomed as well as folklorists and songsters and all sorts and classes of men. He welcomed them all—for he was interested in creativity, i.e., expression of every kind. As an Inspector he carried out strictly his duty and as Head Master of a Central High School at Mercara, he established goodwill and built up prestige, and as propagator of the Direct Method of Education and toiled at cleansing the District Board Education and atmosphere. As a person, he was accessible to all, kindly and helpful; had 'a smile for every body and a hope for every one'. That is the memory of his children also, though the time he spent with them when young was little. Two of the daughters give two pictures of what he was as they both saw him at home :

- “ He was rarely seen at home, but whenever he was there he mixed freely with us, shared our jokes heartily, took part in our guessing games, puzzles, riddles, proverbs, etc., in which the eldest and the youngest participated. The minute he came home the songs and the fun started. Thus quite a few of the poems and stories had their origin in some every day occurrence. Eg. “Ellinda barutiye, Niranu tarutiye” was first addressed to the boy from the neighbouring hotel who came to our well for water. ‘Angaḷa Ḍuggu’ was the old maid-servant (whose name was also Duggu) from the hotel who came to our well to clean the vessels. She was a very interesting old women and gave father her version of ‘Koṭi-Cennaya’.. ”.
- “ We had complete freedom when we talked to him and we could even criticise him. If we were right, he freely admitted his mistakes and apologised even to Shanta—the tiny tot. At the same time, we respected

and feared him. He would not tolerate dishonesty, lying, hypocrisy and show and pomp. He would not allow my mother to deck us with jewels and gold or costly clothes. His argument was 'you do not know how unhappy a more unfortunate child feels at her lack of the good things of life'. Similarly, he did not approve of our ordering the servants about. We could not say "Māḍu" (Do) to a servānt. We were expected to say "Māḍṭiya?" (Will you please do?). He did not approve of our grumbling and finding fault with food....". (—Smt. Anasuya R. Rao).

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" My first memories of him (Father) are of song and dance and of story and brightness. There was a song for everything—and also a joy in everything. I remember this urgent call to me—" Magu, illi bā, bēga bā, bega ba " (' Child, come here, come soon, come soon') and myself running to see what he wanted. He wanted to show me a dew-drop on a flower petal—another time a cloud shape—another time a shadow  
 < . . . . The urgency in his voice and the live excitement is, I now realise, what made him different from other people. Most people don't notice at all. If they do, they don't think it is urgent or important. . . . "

" His lessons were unique. He was a creative teacher, always alive and zestful—whether he was teaching Geometry, the rules of English Grammar or anything else. He taught me a great deal of Mathematics refusing to accept the verdict of school teachers that I was no good at the subject. Where did he learn to teach? "

" I think it was a combination of his creative and extraordinary intelligence, his love for the subject, his love for the child and his humanity that made him the outstanding teacher he was. We read a lot together—I would read the English aloud and he would pace

the Verandah and translate aloud each sentence into flowing Kannada and my mother would listen. Those were beautiful days. We sang a lot—and what I remember most vividly and gratefully is being woken up at a strange hour after midnight to be taken to see the Daśāvatāra Bailāṭa somewhere. He used to sometimes carry me there on his shoulder if I was too sleepy to walk. He had a phenomenal sense of drama and the dramatic and when we came home the next day we acted out the play together as well as we could. To this day I have retained my love for the performing arts and shall never cease to be grateful to father for taking me to plays, Harikathas and later even sometimes to Films. There were always interesting people coming to talk to him and he always saw that I came and heard them, even though at that tender age, I often lost interest early. The numbers of people who came to the house and who were welcomed with warmth is legion. There were people like yourself and B. M. Srikantia and Sri Masti Venkaṭesa Iyengar and the two Śhankar Bhaṭṭas. Also, humble and little known school teachers some of whom were what today we call Harijans—other Protestant Christians : all were welcome and they were not put into compartments according to status or community”.—(Smt. Shanta Rameshwar Rao).

The other extracts from the letters given below are in the following order :

1. Mr. Mukunda Rao, his eldest son ;
2. Mr. Ramo Rao Panje, who has written a biographical account of his father ;
3. Smt. Shanta Rameshwara Rao, the last surviving daughter ;
4. Smt. Anasuya R. Rao, elder among the living daughters.

## 1

“ Regarding his extra activities, he was a wonderful swimmer, actor, speaker and singer. He was a Social Reformer and a patriot. His acting in Yakshagana and theatricals was a bye-word. Though Kannada Pandit, he used to train up English and Kannada theatricals. His extempore talk in Tāl a Maddaḷe (Yakshagana) was worth walking from miles away to hear. As Duṣṭabuddhi in Chandrahā sahe depicted a character role, difficult to excel. He trained up the best actors of Mangalore—Shri H. Deva Rao and others ”.

“ A close friend was Shri Kudmul Ranga Rao who started uplift of untouchables. He did not care for ex-communication. His poem ‘ Ullayya Dayagollayya ’ clearly showed the working of his mind even in the early years of 1918–20. His ‘ Tookaḍikeyanu kaḷeyade eke malagihe geḷeya ? ’ would indicate the patriotic trend of this mind.

“ It was in 1925 that he was walking to the Cosmopolitan Club when he saw a Congress procession being dispersed by the Police. A Young man barely 20 was being beaten with lathis when he was down rolling and groaning. The sight was repulsive. He unhesitatingly went near the boy and shouted to the Police to stop. The lean weak old man’s shout was like a command and the policemen obeyed. Then he lifted the boy whose leg was fractured, put him in a horsebuggy and brought him home before all the men and the police. There was just an utter silence.

“ The boy whose name was M Rama Rao was given a bath and put to bed and his injuries attended to ‘ Why do you insist on going on the procession inspite of the orders of the Police ? ’—asked father. ‘ It is my duty to my country ’—said Rama Rao. Father

had to send an explanation to the District Authorities for his action ” .

“ Most of his writing came out during this early period. His most beautiful poem ‘ Nagarahavu ’ (The Cobra) was written at Kasargod, in 1910–12. The idea came because of a performing Sapera, his wife and son exhibiting his snakes to us. Inspiration or perspiration, it took 7–8 days of concentration, walks up and down the verandah, choosing of the best words—possible, singing and talking to himself. When finally the poem was ready we could see from his relaxed face, smile and clapping of hand behind his back. But the composition would not be made public till the right background was set.

“ So we had to wait for about a month or more to hear the secret poem—till the Sapera made his appearance with his instruments and his basket of goods : “ Bari mai tannage, manadali bisi huge, Eradele nālage, iddaur summage, eraguve ”. Even the Sapera was charmed and would not take his Bakshis, rice nor cloth ! ”

“ Many moved very close with him, like Sri Karanth whom he used to refer to as ‘ his intellectual heir ’. In this respect you know it well he had always crowds round him and his family members—like children of all great men—we were cut out from his company, except at lunch and dinner time when we all had lessons from him. English, Kannada, Mathematics, Geography, History. The lessons were intended for all of us in one class including my mother, and later the daughter-in-law too, i.e., my wife. I had only to go to the Basel Mission Bookshop and get any books to my fancy and the lesson would start round it. My eldest sister late Amba would read, I had to translate into Kannada and the others would, listen. Father would help only when required..... ”

“ As a little boy, he (Father) would often compose a set of rhyming phrases, sometimes in Kannada, and sometimes in Konkani ; run up triumphantly to his mother and show her his achievement. Amidst her day-long household duties she would smile and share his pleasure, or laugh and enjoy the composition if the phrases were witty and the words were ambiguous. Often she would suggest other words and phrases to improve the meaning without affecting the rhyme. In fact, this word-hunting and composing of couplets, side by side with the story-telling and the reading of Kannada poetry became a regular pastime into which the two brothers Shiva and Shankar were inevitably drawn. During the necessarily-playless time of dinner or lunch, they would mostly engage themselves in word-compositions, rhyme-word games and exchanges of ready-wit to the great amusement and delight of the mother and grand-mother. They were interesting not merely as coming from the gruel-time recreation of the little boys, but also as the early sprouts of the poetic seed that was in Father ”.

The game of which he was by far the fondest in his younger days was Chess ; it is said that soon after he learnt it, he interested his brother Raghavendra in it, and the two brothers used to spend hours playing it. That used to sharpen their intellects on each others minds and moves. If we are not mistaken, Father gave up this game after the tragic death of this brother ”.

“ To Father, Agand was more than a brother. For besides being a brother, he was his ward, his student, his friend and his closest companion. He was a good and loveable fellow. He was the most intelligent, hardworking, modest, unassuming and independent-minded of all the boys he had seen, and the possessor

thus of all the virtues that he valued and attained in his own life.....He shared his affection, his joys and sorrows, his work and play, his feelings, actions and sentiment..... ”

“ Of the two lullabies in his book, the first one ‘ Sanjeya Haadu ’ (The Evening Song) was composed in Mangalore about 1902 and sung to the eldest son, while the second one ‘ Jogula ’ (Lullaby) was composed and sung to the youngest son in 1910. More songs came including the well known ‘ Havina Haadu ’..... ”

“ The book Koti-Chennaya was written in Mercara, as also the poem ‘ Huttari Haadu ’, He has always been observing all that is best in Coorg, its people and their traditions, and with the kind of outlook that he always had, he could hardly have helped writing a poem so beautiful ”.

“ One thing I know more or less definitely : in his old age, the thought that he had no enemies and no one disliked or hated him gave him much happiness and feeling of worthwhileness in life. I wonder if it has any significance, but I may mention that in Masti’s\* poem ‘ Hällooru ’, there are three lines which Father used to hum and sing to himself more often than any others : they are :

Indu Yee ūrige hagegalilla

Tanna dina bantendu

Kannugala Mucchi

Innu sākenagendu

Taṇṇagaytu ...

(This town has now no foes

My day has come, it felt

I have had enough, it said

Closed its eyes and lay silent and cold),

These lines appealed to him greatly.

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Wrongly Rama Rao ascribed the quotation to me in his Script.

“ In my time, for instance, boys in Mangalore never took Kannada seriously. But it was something different when Father took a lecture or was invited to speak at an association meeting. Without much formal opening, Father would start speaking to them, say, on some Kannada Classic. The boys would listen for the first few minutes, merely to catch what he was saying but the donation of that little attention would be their undoing. For thereafter, they would lose all interest in the external world, and would listen on and on for some time, when all of a sudden, without warning, the silent assembly would burst into laughter; and then while that laughter still trailed away in its echoes, there would be another explosive laughter-louder and longer than the first. They would be led on from incident to incident, stanza to stanza, comment to comment, while all movement in the assembly would cease into a silence, save for Father’s full and lively voice. Eyelids would cease to flap, elbows would slowly find their way to the desks and chins to the raised palms, and the audience would listen with an attention so rapt that watch hands would steal their minutes and run away quietly. Nor would the audience be wholly left in the Puranic atmosphere; they would be swung in and out of their own daily and hourly experiences, their emotions gaining momentum. Suddenly, Father would apologise for the time he had taken, and then there would be an uproar, entreating him, pray, not to stop. The Secretary would be in a wildly excited state and indicate by gesticulations the decision of the audience; the Chairman would nod with an appealing look, asking Father to please continue. Father would bring in the finer touches, to illustrate the greatness of the work he was reciting; he would compare other poems, and English Poetry, set the lines of his poet, verse and word, against the

more familiar Konkani-phrases and picturesque Tulu expressions, showing the listeners the beauty of the classics they had not seen, the beauty of their language they had not noticed, and the beauty of their country they had not known till then, the wealth of their tradition, custom and convention, and the rich cultural inheritance that they have in the simplest of their lives ; and all this merely through the medium and association of the masterpiece and his own way of representing it to the audience....And as the lecture approached its end, the audience would be gradually brought down and allowed to settle slowly with their thoughts and feelings ; and without any advice, moral appeal or even formal thanks, Father would tail off the lecture to its conclusion. And whether they read another single line of Kannada or not thereafter, they would remember the lecture all their lives, and their very idea of Kannada Literature would change from that day.. ”

“ He loved the language, the sweet Kannada, more than any other thing in life, and he loved learning. He was charmed by the beauty of the measured beat and the metered song that could evoke emotion in the human heart, and so true was his appreciation that when he showed others the beauty that he heard he found that they too were thrilled. The poet saw and felt and the teacher radiated the beauty in life and thought and in the higher emotions and sympathies.... ”

## 3

“ Few are lucky, fortunate, privileged blessed—to have a poet at their elbow during the days of the child-

hood. When I say poet, I mean not just a person who wrote poetry, but a person who had the heart the mind, the eyes of a poet. I didn't realise this until quite recently. ”

“ Father did everything so naturally and spontaneously so effortlessly that I made the mistake of thinking he was not different from any one else. But of course, he could not have done anything else—whatever father did he was always himself—integrated and whole. ”

“ First he was an artist, a poet, a creative person—and he was human, warm and pulsating with human-ness ”.

“ The nicest thing about Father I do think was his immense humanity—his tremendous sense of humour and fun and mischief. I remember how he entered into every game of make-believe I played—he made it appear more real even than I was ready for—like when I pretended to pick out lice from his head, he actually made me believe he believed it. Such occasions were endless ! Once he noticed the postman come up the garden with a parcel. I was at my algebra-arithmetic and getting a bit tired. He said : “ Well, at the end of this sum you name your dearest wish in the world and you will have it.” “ A doll ”, I said promptly, “ a really large doll ”. “ You will have it ”—he said. I completed the sum just as the postman handed him the parcel—and it was a doll, exactly the size I wanted. I was sure Father had some magic power in him, and I think to this day that I was right. He really had magic.

“ What gates did he not open for me ? With books, with song, with drama, music, walks, conversation, people, journeys—even with food. There was always an exciting world beyond a gate and he put my small hand on the latch and pointed out the joys that were within ”.

## 4

- “Father always addressed his students—even the Harijans—as ‘Mastre’ and as ‘Nivu’....”
- “He used to walk home alone at midnight down a lane which was supposed to be haunted and which people rather were nervous to cross even at 12 noon. He was one of the few men of our community in Mangalore who carried the dead to the cremation ground and until his departure from Mangalore in 1934, he always made a willing fourth man and went to help at any time of the day or night. He championed the cause of some village school masters even at the risk of losing his job at a time when he was poor and had to support his wife and four children.
- “Though brave and fearless he was never rude, and always humble. Humanity was one of the virtues he tried to inculcate in his children”.
- “He was extremely unpractical. He could not even tie up his turban and on occasions like the Inspector’s visit he was visibly grateful to Ullal Mangesha Rao or Hari Shenoy of Mercara for coming to his help. Whenever he had to attend meetings in Bangalore or Madras, he was full of worry because he could not manage to pack up even the few clothes he took. My mother, though extremely simple and guileless in other respects, looked after the practical affairs pretty efficiently. In the days when he was Sub-Asst. Inspector,—he must have similarly depended completely on his peon Ramayya Naik and cook Babbu. He was very unhappy and the picture of misery if any of his things were locked because he not only fumbled with the key but was also afraid that he might lose it. Once when he was going to Madras for a meeting, my mother put a dummy lock on his suit case lest the thing should open out and his belongings thrown out. The minute he saw the

lock there was such panic and frustration on his face that all that he could say was "tini tini fanta" by which he meant, I have repeatedly told this wife of mine not to lock my things and she has gone and done it again". He was so worried that he did not even hear the poor lady's explanation until we burst out laughing and my brother demonstrated to him how the lock didn't need a key and why it was necessary".

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- " Besides Mangoes, two good cups of Coffee in the morning were absolutely necessary to him. If it was not forthcoming or if the quality was not up to the mark, he was cranky the whole day long.
- " His last day in Hyderabad is a memorable one. He started sinking towards the afternoon. News spread and the Kannadigas and Saraswats flocked to my brother's house. He took leave of every one of them individually. As time passed the pulse could not be felt and his body was completely cold and blue but the famous brain was clear and kept working till almost the last minute. One by one he repeated the names of his friends and relatives, colleagues, students, the old School Masters and even his old peon and cook, and asked his son to remember him to them. It is surprising that he could remember every one of them. Towards 7 p.m., my brother, thinking that he might be worried about his wife and little daughter, took Shanta on his lap and asked, " Father, are you worried about anything ?" and the answer was "No, my son; do I look like a man who is worried ?"
- " He passed away peacefully at about 10 p.m. without any regrets and repeating the name of ' Krishna ' and ' Kannada '.

### As Friends saw him

A few anecdotes by friends and admirers and co-workers will be able to glean other distinctive features. The trait that distinguishes him is his freshness, humanity, his sense of humour and the joy that he brought into company. And the full hearted praise he gave to young and old writers who devoted themselves to literature, culture and education.

Our elder D. V. Gundappa once seems to have accompanied Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastry to Mangalore. Panje and he had met before. Both of them were teachers and lovers of Literature and Art. The two called to memory many common friends and old students. After Panje went away Sastry seems to have said this about him in Tamil : “ Think of this, Mr. Gundappa, the Government sends from place to place such fine lovers of Literature on all sorts of tasks. If such were appointed Professors of Literature in a Training College, hundreds of teachers would be helped to imbibe the best traditions and methods of literary appreciation and love for it. Is it not such teachers that can make Literature a live and delightful experience ? ”

“ Panje was President of the Sahitya Sammelan at Raichur. Benegal Rama Rao, his brother-in-law was present with us... I told him it is getting time, and, you haven't dressed yet. Panje answered looking at Rama Rao : “ It isn't much of a trouble : everything is kept ready. I have kept the most proper person to clothe this body of mine. I can get ready in a minute ”. I didn't know whether the meaning I took was right or wrong. Who does it ? Where ? “ You see that gentleman sitting there : he has let me keep his sister to look after such things ”. Rama Rao was a picture of resentment and discomfort.—Words like those could perilously be near the broad.

‘ On an other occasion we sat in the park in front of the District Office at Mysore. A friend came in and sat with us. After the usual greetings etc., the new comer asked Panje :

“ Is there a meeting or a conference which has brought you to Mysore ? ”

Panje : No meeting or conference at all : it is just personal.

Friend : Means you have come for a change ?

Panje : Yes. I felt like spending a couple of pleasant days with friend's.

Friend : Have you come with family ?

Panje : Haven't I told you I have come for a ' change ' ?\*  
—So like Panje ! ”

Sri Masti Venkatesha Iyengar has his memories of him. He also speaks of the few occasions on which he met Panje. Masti had agreed to deliver some four lectures on Karnataka Culture at the Madras University. Since Benegal was caught up at home in connection with a marriage he couldn't come to the lecture the first day. But Panje had made that possible for himself. “ The audience was very thin and poor. For a few minutes I was considering whether I should deliver the lecture or no, and raised the question with Panje. I now see that such a question is the petulance of a young man. I couldn't understand it then because of self-love. Panje said : “ That is not a correct response. The University has instituted the series out of regard for Kannada. You are the representative chosen to receive the courtesy ; Accept the honour ”.

Panje visited Masti at Chikmagalur where he was Deputy Commissioner and spent some days with him. “ On the days on which he was with us ”, he says, ‘ he spent much of the time with the children of the house. One small child was learning the first solfa notes in Music. Slightly elder ones were learning other and more advanced lessons. Panje like the Grandpa he was, made them read their lessons, asked them questions, elicited answers from them, made them feel learning a lesson was festivity and played with them. I had just then

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\*“Since then, the coming or going 'for a change' has become a classic joke in many a Mysorean and Saraswat household”, observes Prof. P. Ramchand”.

written a play called 'Tirupani', which contains a few songs. I read the play to him. I can't sing them like a musician but could give the tune. Panje knew Music and said : it would be beautiful when on the stage these things are sung properly. Without saying that my-singing was not good, for he wouldn't make an unkind or hard comment; we must speak the truth ; speak it pleasantly and graciously ”.

Another time was when we spent some days together. He became a very dear friend of mine. The moot question came as to who was the first writer of the short story in Kannada. The question had created some stir and unpleasant controversy. The honour was ascribed to both of us on either side of the Ghats. I have always agreed with the people who gave him the title and have spoken about it openly and clearly. He said that I was the first to write stories about the life of Kannada people. I replied that his stories were short stories : the subject did not matter. What was relevant to the subject in his response was this : “ Talk like this creates hard feeling and unfriendliness among writers. We now need good feeling and sympathy between them all. I shouldn't like any one to raise talk or discussion on such subjects at all ”. This was his attitude and orientation on life and literature. There is in such talk an element connected with persons and an other element which is historical. Without speaking hard or rude words or projecting personal points of view we should consider disinterestedly the historical element. If among the workers in the field of Literature there is danger to the friendliness between writers, Panje was ready to withdraw from or forget the fact that he was the first writer of the Short stories in Kannada. Such is true friendship. It is real Gold. This cleanliness of mind and attitude is what stood out as the great and distinguishing quality in Sri Panje ”.

Sri Sivarama Karanth mentions one incident : “ About 1932, we organised an Education Week in Mangalore. Panje set me the task : I said it means a lot of money ; how shall we finance it ?” Panje said: “Karanth, You carry on the work”.

I undertook the work. Every one expected that rich and influential men who were enthusiastic would provide subscriptions and donations voluntarily. That didn't happen. The Week was over ; accounts showed that there was a deficit of Rs. 500. When Panje learnt of it, he laughed like he would say ' Is it so little ? '. Immediately he took out his Cheque Book and wrote one for Rs. 500 and gave it to me and then said : " Karanth, when I was Deputy Inspector these Village School Masters have extended to me a lot of regard and service. What I am paying back now is much too little. Could I ever pay their affection back any time commensurately ?"

Panje's mind was sweet. He could never look on disgusting and unfair attitudes in others. They pained him much. He tried to keep away from such things.

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Kuvempu (K. V. Puttappa), our distinguished poet has written a beautiful sonnet on him. The substance of it in rough prose would read like this :

" O Teacher of Men, You are like milk mixed with sugar in chasteness of conduct and in the sweetness of your speech. Your mind always spoke like the laughter of an innocent child. The affection of your friendship is enemy to the foe. Like a spark to camphor and like beauty and truth held together. The sunlight of your shine has cast lustre all round. To the temple of our language it has spread a blessed fragrant light. The peace of your life can compare only with your deeds in creative projection. It is the resonance of the Veena and a bugle note. Sugarcane on bite and honey on squeezing a honey-comb ; excellence you always put forth. Is it life, to get nose-led on by applause ? You would not shoulder the plough of life's chariot bowing to fame or to win the rich of greeting as a great one. You just pulled the rope of the temple car not bent low before a thing. . . . "

Ullal says this : “ The cleanliness of his conduct, humility, freedom from caste prejudice were all known to people who moved with him. The principal tenet of his life was ‘Do not depend on others. If you did, it will be your hand on your head’. However difficult a personal situation he never borrowed. That’s how he maintained his independence. He did not sit on a chair as Teacher or Lecturer ; walked this way and that as he spoke and taught his lesson ; analysed every problem discriminatingly and offered his comment. All were impressed with his intellect ”.

Mr. B. S. Kushalappa, a Coorg by clan, was some time his Assistant in the Central High School, Mercara and at first, one of the disaffected, and later on developed regard for him. Later on still he became the Speaker of the Coorg Assembly. He writes this about Panje : “ The poet who wrote the ‘ Hutati Haddu ’, wasn’t a common writer. He was extraordinary. There is love and inspiration in it. At the time I am writing, it has not won the affection and acclaim worthy of it from all the Coorgs for political reasons. When on a new day a new life and energy surely show-up in Coorg, the song that will rouse the Coorgs will be this one and it must be sung in ‘ full throated ease ’. Every nation needs a national song. Generosity, they say, springs at home. So must love for a country. To enthuse and inspire patriotism in Coorg, the Huttari Song is necessary. Then will all people remember Panje. If literature should die, the language of the people must die. If the Huttari Song should die, the Coorgs will have to die. . . ”

When he read them or read the pieces on which he wanted to comment, the melody of his voice reinforced the feeling, the drift, the substance of the composition. It is said that even the things he read well first were later used to distinguish gold from pinchbeck ; what was merely conventional or wordy or artificial was distinctively presented in contrast with the good. And the reason why he preferred one type to the other was then brought off.

When he was on the establishment of the Government College, Mangalore, he was participating in many an enter-

tainment and debate and was known for the brilliance with which he could illuminate a point he was making. We hear he was a fine actor as well: It is said in rehearsals and get up of items he used to be gracious; but most demanding,—even exacting. Such were the standards he always tried to promote and stand for. Sloppiness and hypocrisy he resented strongly. The reasons behind were grounded in a full consideration of many aspects that ought to go into evaluation and judgement. His was a time when people followed traditional custom and ritual and men in position and in what is called social or secular leadership demanded conformities—whatever may be the value or worth of a piece of conduct. An injustice or cruelty, he felt definitely against and that made him sometimes disliked or feared. His vivacity and wit could be near being hurtful. But he did things so elegantly and brought things off with so much humour and affection that the barb was not felt nor things rankled. Here is an interesting incident recorded by his son Rama Rao.

“Once at a dinner party, a notoriously quarrelsome man by name Shyama Rao (familiarily known as ‘Syamannu’), was insulting and fooling Father, who was much younger and junior to him. Father laughed with the others for some time, and then quietly put a poser with a horticultural metaphor “Jagalada bijakke yava mannu?” (what is proper soil for planting the seed of a quarrel?). For a while, the dinners stopped munching and laughing, but unable to guess the answer, looked enquiringly at Father. Someone repeated the question “Jagalada bijakke yava mannu?” and plop came Father’s answer: “Shyamannu!”, throwing the whole company into peals of laughter to the shame-faced consternation of Mr. Syama Rao!”

The most distinguished service he rendered to education was in making the teacher’s life a joyous if a responsible function, and in communicating a sense of mission as it were into the lowest levels in the profession. The folk-lore he was able

to collect directly and through his cook and servant helped to refresh his memory. Word-forms in Tulu and proverbs and aphorisms current among common people were gathered to enrich his knowledge of etymology and philological enquiry. His memory was deep and, guided by affection and regard as it was, he knew who was who and what was what and his values about things rarely failed or miscarried.

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As a person he was great and his influence was felt deep and long by older men and young writers, who went to him with diffidence or trepidation and returned stimulated and inspired. Prof. Ramanand Rao narrates an incident which marks off a distinctive quality :

“ Once when I was with him he strongly urged me to write in Kannada. I told him that one or two slight things I had written had been criticised as Konkani Kannada. ‘ But that is what is wanted ! ’ he said with a passionate ring in his voice, ‘ Let there be Konkani Kannada, Tulu Kannada, Mahratti Kannad ! Let free air blow on Kannada from every quarter ! Then only the language will get enriched. Look at English. How it has borrowed and is still borrowing from every language in the world ! That is why it is a great language, a world language. So don’t give up writing in Kannada. Who knows, even your Konkani Kannada may enrich the language without your knowing it ! ”

Thus he was a maker of many young writers, performers and workers in a field.

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If as a Konkani man he took to Kannada it was not merely because there was no literature worth its name yet in Konkani. Kannada was the regional language and Tulu and Konkani were spoken by a large part of the people in the Kannada Districts. He tried to use both to enrich studies in Kannada. Tulu and Konkani supplied him derivations for word and name; the natural robustness of the one and the technical effectiveness

of the other could supply bone and fibre to the inquiries, and data for comparative study of the Kannada language. 'Let their strength and wealth get into Kannada', he would say. It is his love for words, the meanings, and sounds and rhythms of which hunted and pursued him, and illuminated a field study. In the article on Place - Names under the general head 'Padartha' and in the exposition of composition and significance we see how valuable was such aid. It was a very uncanny sense of correlation. Its range helped creative interpretation. Language was not merely word, word-structure and for forming of sentences, — paragraphs or stanzas or poems nor mere structures in grammar : they were limbs of a living body ; for as it was said of the Ghost of Hamlet's father : " We do it wrong being so majestic to offer it the show of violence ".\* It was this life of the language that could transform what could otherwise be merely dull or dreary and make it take on life. The throb and pulsation of it would be felt when he spoke of geography, algebra, history, astronomy etc. They took on life as they say when he was expounding and teaching. Yet he was never assuming or pontificating. Sometimes he would build a ponderous, elaborate structure of utterance and sure at the end prick the balloon to the enjoyment of those who had until then been dazed by it—rhetoric made eloquence of a rare type.

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\* And how many have used these lines for how many purposes !

## VI

A few recollections of Panje of mine own may provide an aspect or two of his personality. Two to three are associated with Mangalore where he lived and two with his presence in Bangalore ; in public and in private.

It was about 1927 when during the Kannada Sahitya Sannam, he along with the other members of the Reception Committee organised what is called a 'Prasanga' or 'Talamaddale', an oral improvised dramatised form of the Yakshagana, which in the main is Dance Drama : some 4-500 years old in the South and North Kannada Districts and a little in the hill areas of the old Mysore State, called Malenadu or Malnad. The Yakshagana or Bayalata has been described and produced and quite come into Delhi, Bombay etc. both as performance and exposition of theme by Dr. K. Shivaram Karanth. He has devoted his latter life to presenting it as a Ballet. It is dance and song and drama — which is not mere folk art but cultivated as literary form as well. It compares with the pattern described in the Natya Shastra by Bharata, with Angika, Vachika, Aharya Abhinaya complete. The Talamaddale or Prasanga is totally oral ; intermediate in kind between the poetry reading, professional Gamaka recitative and the Harikatha types on oneside and drama presented on the urban and sophisticated stage on the other. An Epic or Puranic episode or a local historical matter is usually the theme. A Bhagavata who is like a Conductor or Sutradhara sits behind in the centre with a percussion instrument in the form of a metal disc tala or gong and stick and after the preliminary prayer describes briefly the theme in presentation. There is no costume, make up or lighting effects. A number of people sit flat on the floor and distribute among themselves the personae in the episode. The Bhagavata's introduction is in verse and sung

briefly in a couple of minutes. It is as dramatic dialogue improvised then and there and the theme proceeds as dialogue like in drama ; there is no division into scenes ; and no other screen aids etc. Though there must be tradition and conventions in doing it most of the conversation is improvised. That is what makes for quality and variety, naturalness and spontaneity. Narration, description, criticism and debate drive the theme on, which is brought to a close after some 2-3 hours of doing. Much of the speech and dialectical ability of the S. K. literary men is due to such performances.

The episode that day was the 'Sugriva Sakhya' or so : of the Ramayana, where Rama and Lakshmana meet Sugriva, Rama slays Vali, the elder brother who had driven Sugriva out of the kingdom and appropriated his brother's wife for himself. And finally, Sugriva is made the King of Kishkindha. Sugriva is the ally and is with the hero and the Gods. Vali is the opponent and his character is presented as that of a Rakshasa. A terrific sounding drum called the Chande is used when Vali begins to speak or at the heightening of the emotion of the incidents connected with him. It is skilful beating of the Chande no doubt, atmospheric with notes in high and terrific key, though the Kerala tradition and techniques are different. Chande is common between Kerala and Karnataka. Occasionally when the softer and the friendly notes are to be induced the Maddale (Mardala) is used. What constitutes the essence of that day's theme was presented by some of the most erudite and experienced Prasanga personalities of the South Canara Region. I remembar just now only two names : one was Vidwan Udipi Sitaramacharya, Professor of Kannada in the Presidency College, Madras ; the other a Mr. Baliga, or Venkappa Setty, very well known in those parts, for ability in exposition and dialectic. It was a unique experience ; totally new to me. What struck me all along was the way in which Panje who was by my side along with 3 or 4 elders (of other parts of the country) who had gone from Bangalore and North Karnatak, sat explaining to me in low and pleasant voice in a word or two how the persons were developing the

theme not only but the way in which the prosodic pattern we call Shatpadi — a stanza in 6 lines — was sung by the Bhagavata and the time measure to which it was set, rendering the literary and dramatic purpose and the situation. This comes out clearer in danced Yakshagana.\*

At the end of the session Panje was called upon to render thanks with a few concluding observations both to the performers and to those of the Parishat assembled there. He responded to the invitation. He was wearing his full armed mull banian with the usual Dholi he wore when he was present at a public meeting and had an Uttariya on. He spoke of the art and how particularly this episode was presented by some of the most distinguished artistes known to him there. In between he singled out items in the performance commenting on them for quality and the choice of the talk between the Hanuman and the Rama Brothers, Rama and Sugriva, the undertaking to kill Vali and the historic dialogue — so controversial at all times — between the dying Vali and Rama ; picking out phrases for special mention. The Bhagavata was suitably complimented. He particularly mentioned how there were no excesses that day in the conduct of disputes or extra elaboration out of the way in argument — perhaps they had been cautioned about the literary audience who could appreciate and value restraint. Much is overgrowth and field of foray and flourish rhetoric and sophistication on such occasions then and now disfiguring the Tala Maddale performances. His whole figure swayed and moved : face lit up ; eyes flashing and expressive ; the gentle laugh when he cracked a joke and with phrases taken from everywhere — all of which were however within the ambit of the theme in presentation. The Uttariya waved about and he tried to regulate its movements — pulling it to get over head ; — a performance almost equal in quality to the whole afternoon's Prasanga\*\*. It was a living example

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\* The Tala measure is the same both as used by the Musicians and Dancers, and among the dancers in Bharatanatyam and Yakshagana. The phrases, Bars and Paragraphs however vary in organisation and articulation.

\*\* The Process and effects are already described in Rama Rao's description.

of eloquence and could sway any audience learned or secular. The sweetness of the tongue, the unruffled mien and the natural flow of expression — hearty, sweet, enlightening and humane — was an unforgettable picture of the person in action. I have rarely heard a speech so full of culture and liveliness. It is no wonder that people crowded in to any meeting known to be addressed by him — avidly and full of expectation. Only those jealous of him and desired to speak it of him behind his back — for reasons not literary or cultural— could think or feel an other way.

Many have been the occasions when he has taken me round the hill on which the Church of the St. Aloysius' is constructed ; the tomb connected with Tippu Sultan ; the little park sitting on benches wherefrom we have looked over a sunset on the sea ; at an other end the view of the Mangalore City from the other side of the District Courts—coconut palms cover the large spreading city. The whole scene is idyllic making one feel it a picture of beauty whatever the sorrow, the complexity, the poverty and the struggles between class and class, man and man inside the city of which, God knows, there must be at least as much in Mangalore as in any other city of that size and with people litigious or earthy as anywhere else.

I remember the first time when I went to his place on invitation. As soon as I laid down my things, water was given to wash my feet and hand — the ancient Padya and Arghya — though he had taken me from the railway station in a horse-driven cart, — peculiar to Mangalore and to some parts of North Karnataka. Soon two plates containing fried rice with bits of rusk were placed before us with a full cup of coffee and he said — “ My coffee may not be as good as what you people in Mysore will pass. Yet... ”. — The next point was “ Water is ready ; both cold and warm ; for a bath ”, and he insisted on carrying a pot of well-drawn water into the bathroom and before I marched to the bath he asked me to remove all the cloth needing a wash including the bed sheets. An other observation was “ Please keep your money purse with you or

hand it over to me to be delivered to you back when you leave us. I don't want you to lose anything in my house." This is the wisest piece of instruction I have received from anyone so far. For there come types of person who might lose monies or not in different ways and the host is put hard to stand it when the guest is about to leave and speaks of it.

After the bath, he gave me something warm freshly cooked and substantial to eat and again a cup of coffee with some roasted cashew for munching. After having rested for a brief while we went into the City to where the Bala Sahitya Mandala was situated there to meet Ullal. Before we reached that place he insisted upon my taking the milk of a tender coconut with a person whom he praised for being honest and a seller of the best *Elaniru* (tender coconut) in the area. Such were incidents connected with my association with him. On one or two occasions he has presented me to an audience or presided over a few of my talks. There was no end of praising me for my exposition of a literary, economic or a political subject. For I have been a miscellaneous sort of person and been branded as a Professor of Things in General.

Once we moved about the place where Karnad Sadashiva Rao was living and near abouts was a Nursing Home at which a young lecturer in English Literature in some College was laid up with T.B. or so. There was tenderness and regard in the meeting. This had an effect on me making me the better for the company and the event. We have gone to Manjeswar together, alone or with other friends and they have been memorable when after our walking along the beach, or chatting with the polymath M. Govind Pai, we returned by the evening train to Mangalore. After an afternoon's rest or a forenoon occasion people have come to him — school masters, artisans, beggars, people in small bands singing the Mahanavami Songs, a snake charmer or some sort of entertainer peculiar to the place. He had live interest in them ; the courtesy shown to all and the joy that the visitors felt when they left with a commendation from him and unfailingly a small Bakshish.

I shall only mention two other occasions let alone our meeting literary friends like Muliya Timmappayya or Kadengodlu Shankar Bhat\*

A small scene could be described at home when dining. The members of the family sit in a reversed 'L' form ; daughters, sons, daughters and daughters-in-law if any present forming the longer line ; then Panje at the angle end and to his left the guest that I was. At the far left corner before us the cook who had prepared food would be handing over to Mrs. Panje, who sat near the angle spot. She would serve the food quietly. There was a lot of happy talk and Panje would ask if any child remembered a song or a line or a story. The day I describe along with other savouries good Payasam was prepared. Those were days when saffron, almonds, cardamom and resins were cheap and available in plenty. It had been well cooked. The guest was induced to take a little more of Payasam and mangoes were served. Not being accustomed to eat a mango whole and uncut I was not feeling very comfortable. By that time Panje had eaten his second. He asked his wife to serve me Payasam once again but give him one or two more mangoes. They were his choice supplied every day in the season by a trusted seller. The point about it was that it was not a grafted mango but had a little fibre in it : yet sweet and juicy and tasted well indeed. The remarkable point was that Panje ate the mangoes clean and neat, biting into it light and deep sucking the juice till the whole mango was denuded of every drop of juice and the finger didn't show any sign of being messed or wet. It was a remarkable performance. When I told him that it is almost a miracle he smiled graciously.

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\*Both of whom were acclaimed Kannada Pandits, — Vidwans and Poets, each of whom had scholarly and literary works to their credit. Muliya was the elder — likely an uncle — a classical scholar as well. Kadengodlu was also an young journalist running a weekly called "Rashtrabandhu". When the latter intimated to Panje his intention to start a weekly of that time Panje seems to have tried to dissuade him saying that politics and journalism will coarsen sensibilities like his and hurt his literary and creative accomplishment. But the lure of journalism and politics is a Delilah which Samsons cannot resist.

I said I now understand how and why you are so sweet. He said what he had said earlier to somebody else : " When young one loved the ' Mavana Henu ' (father-in-law's daughter) ; now that I am old one has to be satisfied with ' Mavina Hannu ' (the mango) ". The point about the saying in Kannada is the playing on the words ' Mavana Henu ' and ' Mavina Hannu '. I cannot say that Mrs. Panje was not feeling embarrassed. She knew his ways and turned her face the other way, accustomed to such sallies of jollity and love. The whole atmosphere was full of affection and joy.

On a particular afternoon when his elder daughter Smt. Anasuya—called ' Anchi ' at home — had been visiting him from Bombay and as I sat on the parapet wall of the veranda he was moving about in a short sleeved banian - or, was it bare of the upper body—and his dhoti just below the knee, a picture of liveliness, occasionally brushing up with his fingers or pulling them this way and that his moustache and smoking a cigarette — in O Lord, how many modes ! — enjoying the curls of smoke. He called his daughter out and persuaded her to sing a song where a poor blind girl sold flowers to passers-by. It was done with such tenderness and sweet lilt and melody that it held me. The mode was not Karnataki or Hindustani. It was Christian-affiliated and the music if simple was moving. The tune and the words of the song are haunting me still and affects me after 40 years\*. When he saw I was moved, he confessed sadly to the observation in not very happy terms of an other Mysore guest a few days earlier.

I had once or twice said casually that I was guest of Panje ever so many times at Mangalore and he had never once come to Bangalore and graced my house with his presence : a young

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\*In a land where Classical singing of the Northern and Southern types are the only ones accepted as music, the ear refuses to listen tolerantly to other modes, particularly when prejudiced against a Christian and a non-Indian mode. I wonder how tunes in today's talkies are relished—which I fear they do — though they are outlandish varieties in structure and beat and pitch relations.

impertinence! One day he said 'what will you do if I go to your place and stay with you for a few days'? He was an elderly person: I could not say I challenge you to do that; but merely said, it will be a privilege which I shall cherish. About 1934-35, he said he would carry out his threat and be with me as guest. It was to me the delight of a life-time. To the surprise of a number of elders, friends and relations this happened.

I knew the partiality of Panje for mangoes. On my way back from College I took home a few of the best varieties of Mango we have here in Bangalore — what we call Rasapuri, Badam (Apus in Bombay) and Malgova — an ugly looking big variety with a different taste, sliced the fruits which my daughter presented and commended them to the elder. He no doubt liked the fruit but he said "My type is different. I eat a mango — as you know — whole. They are a bit fibrous no doubt but sweet. We shall go to the market today and I shall choose the mangoes I may like." We did it and though he was not satisfied with any of the many varieties there he chose a few per force.

An other day, I went to a tobacconist on my way back from College. I asked the dealer which was the best brand of cigarette he had. Knowing me and my habits as he did he looked askance at me. It had surprised him. I said I needed it for a friend. He took up what I remember was 'The State Express' 777 or 555. But when I offered it to Panje after lunch I saw he was displeased. He said: 'I know I smoke. You have seen me doing it. But do not put yourself to supplying me a cigarette which you do not smoke. You should not do it again. No host can satisfy all the cravings of a guest!' — he said. It was peremptory; 'Hukum, Sir' I said.

The next day I called out to my eldest daughter for water sitting in my room. We call her Kamalu. I called her out so. 'She may not have heard the call at first; call her again' — he said. I called out to Kamalu again. A little later he asked me to call out to her for something. I did the same. Imagine

my feeling when Panje almost clasped me to say, 'How uniformly tender was my uttering the name of my daughter was.\*' The sound and the voice seemed to have charmed him as he said, and he more than felt happy on the occasion. This is just to say how he was sound-mad. The ending of that name with 'a' is poor ; with 'A' absolutely artificial and 'I' in our parts impolite ; almost an insult making it too familiar.

One more instance : I was toying with the idea of inducing him to visit a musical picture and said it was bound to be good because Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald were starred. It was entitled 'One Night of Love'. Both were well known singers and the picture was directed either by Ernest Lubitsch or Rouben Mamoulian — two Directors for whom I had some partiality in the softer modes of presentation. I associate their names with some outstanding pictures, *i.e.*, those I very much liked. Surprising to say he enjoyed it as I could see every minute of the show. The story was built round a mistake. A Princess or Queen had fallen in love with a certain person whom she fancied. After spending time together happily she discovered the person was not well-born as she had thought and was but a Tailor. A heart-breaking disappointment to her, because she felt let down. The lover finds himself dismissed. The concluding song was 'The son of a Gun is nothing but a Tailor', taken up at different levels by a series of voices, bits of them being sung by different voices — single or group until the whole thing died out with —

Nothing But a Tailor.....

a Tailor.....

Tailor.....'

— almost in a stifled whisper. And, when we came out Panje could not hold his enthusiasm for the picture. He said he was grateful to me for taking him to it and made him have a rare experience. For two or three days more while he stayed with me, many times he uttered the lines exactly like done in the picture, ending with 'But a Tailor....a Tailor....Tailor....'

\*The name is formed out of three short vowels. Usually the opening 'is' with an 'A' and the vowel ending is with an 'U'—all short.

‘ The son of a gun...ha!..ha!... ’. It was almost a child’s delight. I need not say how happy I felt.

It is rarely that elder people give themselves a chance to come to a striking performance which pleases younger fancies. Mine was the luck with Panje that day.

When the Muddana Photo was unveiled in the Central College Karnataka Sangha and he spoke on the discovery of the authorship of Ramashvamedha, he developed his exposition of the theme beautifully, our people here got a rare treat. So was it when he attended the performance of ‘ Asvatthaman ’ by ‘ Sri ’, his most esteemed friend, in the Ratnavali Theatrical Company Theatre on the site where a bus stand is situated today in what we call the Kalasipalyam Area in Bangalore. He could not get over the mood induced by it and the achievement in substance: “ The sweep of the verse at different levels in narration and in the soliloquies of the hero and in what is like a stick-beat — Stychomythia — dialogue between Ekalavya and Bhima and Krishna and the others at the concluding scene ”. He said he was overwhelmed by the songs in between the events of the main story as sung by the chorus, the leader and the semi-chorus. As composition it was an adaptation of the Sophoclean play ‘ Aias ’ (Ajax) with the Asvatthaman theme in the Sauptika Parva of the Mahabharata. Asvatthaman is presented as a leader and guru of a hunting tribe of Kannada people, whose chief was Ekalavya. The death of one who is described in the Classic tales as Chiranjivin like Asvatthaman\* (We do not know how he came by it!) throwing himself in a lonesome place in the Greek Camp at Troy (here the Kurukshetra) on a sword that he had planted firm on the ground and killing himself rather than live a life of shame and derision of those who disliked and humiliated him after the carnage—the night before. His sense of the unworthiness of his own conduct exposed to the revilement of the other leaders of the army, not at all caring to give people like Bhima (— + Agamemnon Menelaus) — and Krishna ( —Ulysses in Ajax,

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\*Did not Drona know it when he threw down his arms?

but transformed beyond comparison from the wily Ulysses of the Trojan War). Panje said : " It is a great experience and before a dramatic work of that stature and quality one can but bow in reverence. "

Every one knew the effect produced by his reading a poem of his own or that of others. He would get into the meaning not only but the spirit of the item and made every word and line and stanza tell — come off live and whole. A feature of recitation which has not been common with us is to vary the tone and tempo and even the change of mood or the meaning in communication of a refrain at the end of each stanza. Of course that means that the author of the piece has to have shaped the stanzas to admit of it. Once or twice I have heard of it in Musical Revues and I have been struck with the effect produced. Indian song structure and even Pallavi singing in what was meant to be a song is even now repeated in much the same way with but a mild variation here and there — if at all. The musicians dodge the business with singing only one stanza and bringing it off with the Pallavi and Anupallavi as they began it\*. Panje knew the method for he had come under the influence of German Missionaries and the Officers of the Education Department — some of whom were highly educated men. He could render pieces not only as poetry needs to be read or sounded but more effectively enunciate the meaning and the feeling of the composition varying the mood of the refrain recital. That is what was done in a piece which I have earlier described as a part of " Sanjeya Haadu " (P. 52). It seems some one was reading Sri's ' Duhkha Setu ' translation of Hood's ' Bridge of Sighs ' into Kannada. After the preliminary

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\*In the early 40's, Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndyke gave a recital in the Museum Theatre, Madras, with such a technique magnificently brought off by Dame Sybil's singing Browning's " Up in the Villa and down in the valley " for one and Casson's reciting " Carcassone " by Alphonso Daudet. The full force of the poem could be felt in the blood and evoke responses out of the ordinary. I have felt that the song from where our National Song has been selected can be so handled to produce mighty effects instead of singing each stanza in what is a soft and mellifluous but a dull, mournful monotone which sounds more plaintive than the stanzas deserve.

explanations of the poem, the reading portion was eagerly taken up by Panje and the effect was electric. An other occasion which speaks of the method is narrated about a person in the audience who at a particular point in the recitation was so moved that he cried out — “ Raoji, I shall not be guilty of a thing like that again. It makes one suffer for what one has done ”. And he got out weeping from the Assembly. So that it is not the poem or the stanza structure or the rhythm and lilt of the verse only that matter in the poetic recital. It is the art of presenting it in a way in which its full implication is felt. It is not adding melody even in a Ragamalika or in a Talamalika style. The recitation of a poem is not an occasion to exercise one’s musical capabilities but presenting a piece of literature so that the words and lines and the charge of the situation and meaning is educed to its best possible articulation. One could always depend on Panje for doing that.

The only occasion on which in addition to what I have spoken earlier about my buying any cigarettes for him was my proposition that he should collect his poems in one volume : the answer was quick, curt and final : “ We shall not talk about that. ” He was somehow averse to a collection of his poems. That we have now some collection at all — 35 years after he has passed away — is a mercy. What if the bulk was not much? Light sheds lustre ; fire emits warmth anywhere, anytime ; and the best that he wrote is among the best we have in Kannada. More than any authorship or work it was his presence and genial function which had regard for all making a whole company cheerful and happy yet regardful. That was his contribution in his time. Those who have met him and been with him and enjoyed the warmth of his personality carry lasting memories of the presence and the company. To the generations that come later, it can remain but as a myth and to the unbelieving ones, a flourish of praise. The truth was felt living at a time when such men lived and worked — a grace rarely given to man. Karnataka was not yet one, a whole State and he lived in the far off coastal district, access

to which was obstructed by the high steep hills of the Sahyadri and means of transport were meagre and the labour of contact and communication was poorer still and access therefore almost forbidding. But light could never be hidden under a bushel as they say and it was clean and white and steady ; and, it illumined while it gave pleasure and comfort.

The quality of a few pieces and poems and at least a few pieces of his prose and the essay items on oneside and as narrative composition in short length or long can stand comparison with the brightest in modern Kannada. ' Tenkana Galiyata ' (The Play of the South Wind), ' Huttari Haadu ', (Song of Huttari) ' Dombara Chenne ' (The Young Acrobat Artiste) and ' Ullayya ' (O you, who have, — or ' good, Sir ' —) ' Nagara Haave ' (cobra) represent moods each of which is unique. Items of his ' Padarthavenu ' and ' Place Names ' as excursions into meaning and philology and his place-names connect three languages — Kannada, Tulu and Konkani. His ' Fake Dairy ' is remarkable while his ' Koti-Chennaya ' scores a high-watermark of prose narration. Not a word is wasted. The atmosphere is tense throughout, events speed with breathless haste, are heroic and it can be called a crowning glory in prose composition — full of power of which any literature can be proud.

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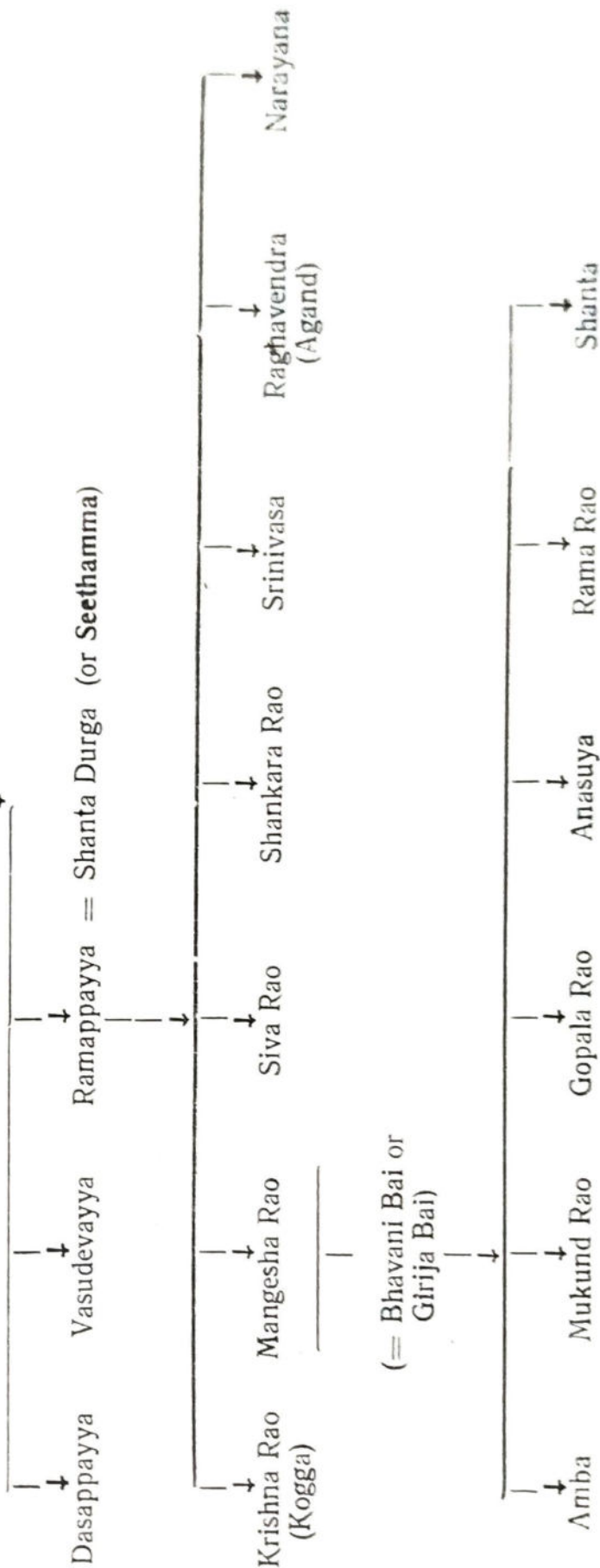
There were a few people in this part of the country who stayed behind creating a proper atmosphere, discovering and promoting talent, inspiring literary and cultural enterprise, clearing the atmosphere for education, cleansing the environment and presenting work well done to the public for delectation and achievement. They were the Makers of Men. Their personal influence was worth the work of a hundred more articulate ones. That talent of many kinds and an easy accessibility to the high and the low, to the poor and the downtrodden, to the children as to the highly educated and the sophisticated

— was of creative importance ; — in one word, seminal. Panje Mangesha Rao in Mangalore, T. S. Venkannayya in Bangalore and Mysore were such. They deserve to be sung for the work they did, 'Pratahsmaraniya' (the 1st to be remembered in the morning) and their memory is enshrined in the affection borne for them by succeeding generations of writers and educators of men.

APPENDICES  
Appendix I  
FAMILY SKETCH

Panje Dasappayya (of Subrahmanya)

Vittalappayya  
(Buntwal)



## Appendix II

### LIFE SKETCH

- 1874 — Born at Buntwal, S. K. ; Father, Ramappayya ; Mother  
(Feb. 22nd) Shanta-Durga or Seethamma.  
Early Education, Elementary School, Buntwal ; Municipal  
High School, Mangalore.
- 1888 — Joined Government College as Student, Mangalore.
- 1890 — Matriculation.
- 1892 — F. A.  
— Joined St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore for B.A.
- 1894 — Married to Bhavani Bai (Or Girija Bai)
- 1895 — Completed Language Papers (English & Kannada) of B.A.
- 1896 — Junior Kannada Pundit, Govt. College, Mangalore.  
— Publication of Translated Poems in " Satyadeepike ".
- 1900 — B.A., with History and Economics.  
— Family left Buntwal ; Settled at Mangalore
- 1900-03 — Wrote and Published satirical and critical sketches and  
short stories under various names and pseudonyms.
- 1905 — L.T., at Madras.
- 1906 — Sub-Asst. Inspector of Schools, Mangalore Range.  
— Death of brother Raghavendra (Agand).
- 1907 — Transferred to Kasargod Range ; Introduction of Bourne's  
Direct Method of Instruction in Elementary Schools ;  
Publication of First Book of Poems.
- 1907-15 — Happiest years of his life.
- 1915-18 — Retransfer to Mangalore Range ; Settled, Kadri Road.  
— Head Master, Higher Elementary Training School, Mangalore.  
— Conflicts with District and Taluk Boards ; Enquiry by  
Mr. Littlehails ; Promotion to Gazetted Post.  
— Publication of Second Book of Verse.
- 1918 — Death of old mother.
- 1919 — Death of the eldest daughter Amba due to influenza.
- 1921 — Period of peak of literary activity ; publication of ' Ajjiya  
Kathegalu ' .  
— Contacts with Mr. Yates, J. A., Inspector of Schools ;  
— Establishment of Bala Sahitya Mandala at Mangalore for  
publication and promotion of Children's Literature.

- 1921 — Promotion to Madras Educational Service and transfer to Coorg as Asst. Inspector of Schools ; later on: Principal, Central High School , Mercara.
- 1921-28 — Stay at Coorg ; writing and publication of ' Koti—Chennaya ' ' Huttari Haadu ' etc. ; contacts with the literary world of Karnataka ; assignments from Madras and Mysore Universities.
- 1928 — Return to Mangalore on leave.
- 1929 — Wishes to retire from service.
- 1930 — Lectures in the Madras University (on Humour in Kannada Literature).
- 1934 — Presided over the Kannada Sahitya Parishat Sammelan, at Raichur.
- 1935-6 — Stay at Patna (with son) ; Ed. Jaimini Bharata for Mysore University with B. M. Srikantia ; writing and publication of etymological series ' Padarthavenu ? '.
- 1936-7 — At Hyderabad (with son).
- 1937 — Passes away : Pneumonia.  
(October 24th)

*Appendix III*

**HUTTARI HAADU (HUTTARI SONG)**

Whereto the Earth Goddess desirous of nearness to God came Proudly to be  
And stayed along the wondrous forms of the hills  
Where the river Kaveri shines with brilliance like a lightning flash in the sky  
Where cooling the Earth and spreading satisfaction she cleanses men  
and fields, removing weeds, adding beauty to the scene

Look there, on that side-  
There is the Land of the Coorgs-  
There, See, the campus of the Coorgs !

Where in ancient days men fed finding sweet the milk of the tiger  
Where they captured the python with lasso, catapult and stone-  
Where plucking out the tusk of the elephant they blew on it like on a battle  
horn-  
Where with heroism and hunt they built enterprise active. unwearied,

They know not failure and death-  
They are the worthies, the warriors-  
They are the elders of Coorg !

They never yielded the country's neck to the burden and yoke of servitude  
The elders sprang like hungry tigers on boastful foes  
This land stretching from Brahmagiri to Pushpagiri  
Treasure trove of comfort, virtue and largesse.

Coorg is privileged  
Free to carry Arms  
And will never be out of our ken or bodies.

This is Agastya's seat for Tapas and the birth place of mother Kaveri  
Chandraravarma rocked the swing to Ballala's might  
Behold Sriranga here where the Chengalva Kings danced in pomp  
And the hill-peak of the Haleri power rolled to the ground.

Providence shaped this Coorg,  
This is ours first and to the last will last.  
Nor part from us in splendour and enchantment

Tell us that here is where integrity, unity and singleness of mind have reigned  
 Are we given for nothing, this doublet and the apparel adorning our waists  
 Rise to the Huttari Song, Bravo ! may the resounding festivity make  
 dance and song celebrate

This is the land blessed by the mother . . . . .

May it be ours ever, blessed with peace and happiness  
 In the right arm of the mother and  
 May our Coorg live, ever and ever.

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### HAVINA HAADU (THE SONG OF THE COBRA)

Or Cobra, flower among the snakes,  
 Is your lodge in the hole by the door-step ?  
 You I fold my hands to, give you milk,  
 Come, come ; Come, come, come, come ; Come, come.  
 (Ba Ba ; Ba Ba Ba Ba ; Ba Ba)

Quickly open your yellow hood,  
 sway your shining head of gold,  
 I shall play on the gourd pipe, listen to the tune ,  
 You, You ; You, you, you, you ; You, you. (Ni, ni ; Ni ni ni ni ; Ni ni)

Brother Naga, tell me, is it true  
 There is a gem on your head,  
 Very like filled full with a store of gold to the poor ;  
 Bring, bring ; Bring, bring, bring, bring ; Bring, bring ;  
 (Ta, ta ; Ta, ta, ta, ta, ; Ta, ta).

Your Body is cold, mind hot with hate  
 A forked tongue without use  
 I bow to you, go, go out, and away-  
 Go, go ; Go, go, go, go ; Go, go. (Po Po ; Po po po po ; Po po)

### TENKANA GALIYATA (The Play of the South Wind).

It's coming, O coming, from afar-  
 Is it the hissing snake rising out of Pātāla ?  
 The cry of a hungry ghost ? Or  
 Something new the he-buffalow of Yama, O, O !  
 With long breath, Soo-Soo sounding.

Coming, fast and intense, coming !  
 At one bound raising and spreading tumult  
 In the water of the sea, raising a swell !  
 Casting to the shore, wave on wave,  
 Butting noisily, breaking with flourish of sound, bubble and foam,  
 Coming, unseen though by the eye, yet coming !  
 Breaking the belly of laden ships and mast  
 Tearing the sails and bursting them as they fill  
 Fastening ships or casting afloat all bits  
 Buffet the strand and slash the boats,  
 It's coming ! Coming ! It's coming !  
 Smearing the eye of the bird with the collyrium of dust,  
 Driving back suddenly to their folds the oxen from the field,  
 And the cattle from the woods, flying to blow out the fire  
 Catching the forest,  
 It's coming ! It's coming !  
 Loosening the wear of the women and their hair-dress,  
 Throwing up the spreading frame of poor old men's umbrellas  
 Playing with the caps on the heads of boys,  
 Rooting up plants in the kitchen-gardens,  
 Making the coconut and the areca bend,  
 Breaking into two the palm-heads, shaking trunks of trees and  
 Disturbing, making restless the tree-tops,  
 Throwing up roofs of huts along its way !  
 This it is ! It has come ! It has come !  
 Setting shine each plant with its beautiful bunch  
 Berry and fruit pulling down  
 To left, to right, near abouts and scatters on the ground  
 Driving away to Hills and Ghats the Western Cloud  
 Piercing with dazzling lightning glare  
 Making the thunder roll and earth tremble  
 Striking with thunderbolt palm and plantain  
 Drizzle and pour heavier the showers  
 Feeding the parched earth, blessing with cool water to drink

It has come, it has come ! Sweeping, sweeping ! !  
 The South Wind has come to the Konkan Land,  
 It has come, has come ; it has come ; has come ! !  
 (Bantai, bantai, bantai, bantai !)

*Appendix IV*

**BIBLIOGRAPHY**

I. WORKS

1. **Short Stories & Novel :**

Itihasa Kathavali—(collection of short stories), Baliga and Sons, Mangalore.

Koti-Chennaya—(Novelette), Bala Sahitya Mandala, Mangalore, 1926.

Chandika Rahasya Samaja—(Detective Novel), appeared in Suvasini, 1-9, 10 & 11 issues, 1901 ; Extant first chapter only.

2. **Children's Literature :**

Bala Kathavali—(collection of children's stories), Basel Mission Book Depot, Mangalore, 1916.

Other children's stories published by Bala Sahitya Mandala, Mangalore. Angala Duggu ; Argane Mudde ; Agoli Manjana ; Aji Sakida Magu ; Iligala Takatai ; Ek roj ka Khalif ; Oḍḍana ota ; Karṇa Charitra ; Kokkoko Koli ; Guḍu Guḍu Gummata Devaru ; Goni Tattina Patte Huli ; Bitti Basavayya ; Bekkini Bidara Bere ; Bokkebayi Kokkeraja ; Chandrahasana Kathe ; Matado Ramappa ; Menasina Kalappa ; Mooru Karadigalu ; Sigadi Yake Onagalilla ? ; Henu sattu Kage badavayitu ; Huliyo Iliyo ?

3. **Poetry & Collection of Poems :**

Kannada Modalaneya Padya Pustaka (First Reader of Kannada Verse) —Basel Mission Book Depot, Mangalore, 1912. Also, the first collection of poems in Kannada. Includes 6 poems by Panje ; remaining 16 by contemporary poets.

Kannada Eradaneya Padya Pustaka (Second Reader of Kannada Verse)—Basel Mission Book Depot, 1919 ; Contains 7 poems by Panje.

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2. **Poems :**

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(This bibliography is based on the bibliography prepared by Sri Shekhar Idya, M.A., published in Tenkana Gaali, the Centenary Celebrations Commemoration Volume, 1974).