

Madison CHRISTIAN College Magazine

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Madras Christian College Magazine ::



September, 1933

Vol. III, No. 1

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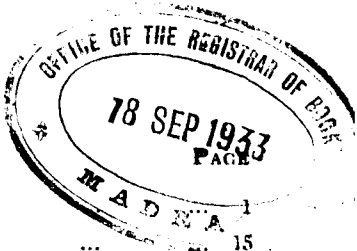
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THE MADRAS



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In the right with two or three."

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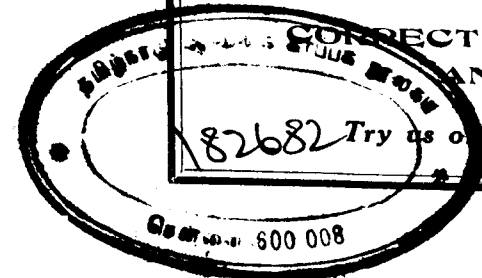
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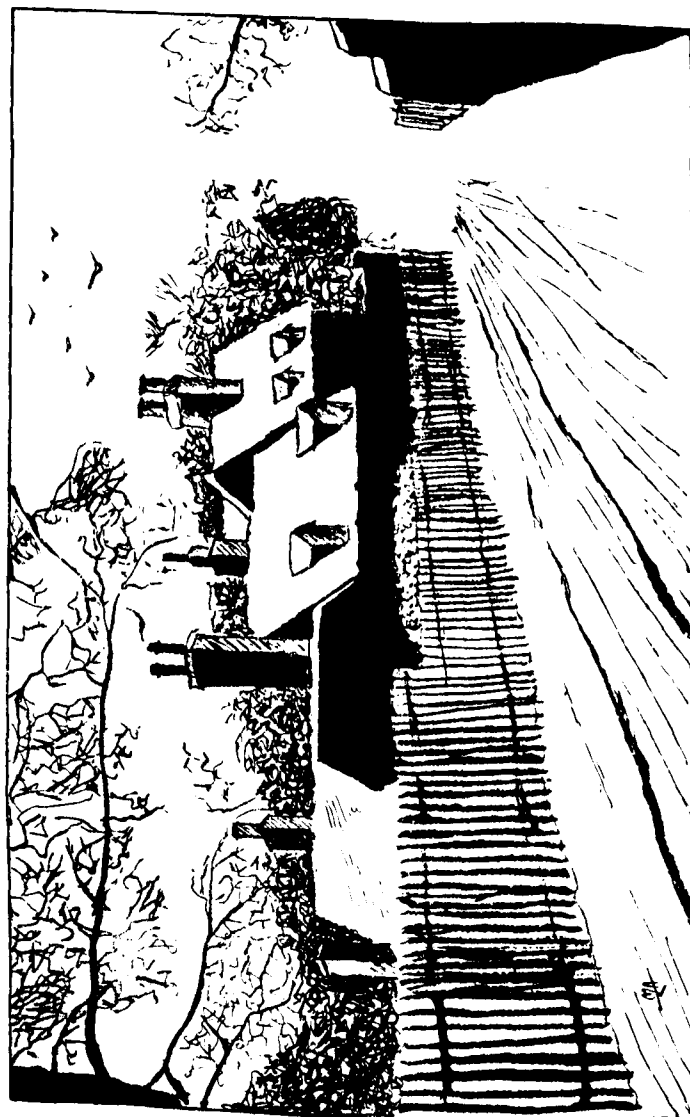
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THE MADRAS Christian College Magazine

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SEPTEMBER 1933

Vol. III, No. 1

College Notes

Welcome

The students of the College who joined us for the first time at the beginning of this term have already been welcomed in various ways, official and unofficial. We should like, however, late though it may seem, to offer them a welcome through the medium of the **Magazine**. We hope that they already feel that the College is a friendly place, and we hope too that their experience of its life is showing them that the College is not merely a matter of buildings and classes, laboratories and note-books, but something finer and more subtle than all these.

Staff

At the end of last session there was quite an exodus of members of staff due to go on furlough. Those who left us then were our Principal and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Hogg, and Mr. Macphail and Mr. Mills. Mr. Macphail set out on a long tour, which was to land him finally in Scotland, by way of Australia, New Zealand and the United States. From New Zealand he wrote a long and interesting letter to the Editor in which he records his impressions of Australia. This letter is printed later on in this section of the Magazine. We may look forward to further instalments from Mr. Macphail.

At the end of last session Mr. Norman also left us after the completion of his year of temporary service with the College, a year during which he had made his impression as a keen teacher, a good sportsman, and a real friend both to his students and his colleagues. Our warm wishes go with him.

At the beginning of the present session we were glad to welcome back from furlough Mr. Matthews, and also Mr. Macnicol who, since he left us, has completed the theological course in Edinburgh which he interrupted for a year to serve the College during session 1931-32.

He has come—and so have his bagpipes, as many of our readers already know at first hand. The performer has written an entertaining note for the Magazine on his own instrument.

Among the members of staff there have been a number of departures. At the end of last session there left us Messrs. A. S. Thiagaraju, V. J. Kurien, V. R. Raghavan, V. S. Shelvankar and C. T. Krishnamachari. We should like to thank these gentlemen for their service to the College during their connection with it.

With the retirement last session of Mr. Tambi there was terminated a connection with the College which extended from 1903 to 1933. During these years Mr. Tambi devoted himself ungrudgingly to the College. Our very friendly thoughts and wishes go with him into his period of retirement, which we trust will be long and happy.

There have also been a number of new arrivals on our staff. Mr. Marilyn Thomas has come to us as Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Mr. S. Samuel as Lecturer in Philosophy, and Mr. Manuel as Lecturer in Physics. These three gentlemen have come to this College from Bishop Heber College, and their coming is part of the first movement towards that union of the Colleges which will culminate in the great new College at Tambaram. Mr. Divien has joined the College as Lecturer in French, Mr. J. Lakshminarayana as Demonstrator in Physics, Mr. J. D. Chellaiya as Demonstrator in Botany, and Messrs. V. Gopalaswami and H. T. Soares as Readers in English. To all these gentlemen we would express our sense of pleasure at having them on our College staff.

Honour to Dr. Hogg

Many, if not all, of our readers must have heard that the University of Edinburgh has decided to confer upon our Principal the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Congratulations have already been sent to Dr. Hogg, but we should like, through the pages of the College Magazine, to convey to him our sense of sincere gratification, as his students and his colleagues, that his old university has seen fit to honour him thus. In this way his scholarship and his long period of fine service in the cause of Christian education in South India are being fittingly recognised. It is interesting to note that among the names of others who are to receive the Doctorate of Divinity at the same time from Edinburgh University, there appears the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Magazine

This year, as in the case of last year, there is a Magazine Committee. The members of this committee have been invited by the

Editor to accept office on it. This way may not seem to some as democratic a method as they would like, but democracy may have its dangers, and this method has the advantage that the Editor knows something beforehand of the people who are going to form the committee.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE FOR 1933-34.

Editor.....Mr. Martin.

Manager....." Bingle.

Literary Editor....." R. Santhanakrishnan (Junior P.G., English).

News Editor....." T. C. A. Ramanujachari (Hons. III, Br. ii).

Advertisements Manager.....Mr. Syed Muhammad (Class IV).

Editor for Hons. and B. Sc......" J. S. Sastri (Hons. IV, Br. v).

" " *Class IV* " S. Krishnamachari.

" " " *III* " R. Bhaktavatsulu.

" " " *II* " A. Shanker Rao.

" " " *I* " V. Balasundaram.

We should like to say in connection with the Magazine that a contribution is not likely to be accepted, unless it really has *point*. It may be interesting enough to the writer of it, perhaps because it is a record of some personal experience, and, of course, because it is his own work, but the question is—will it interest and grip the quite unbiassed reader? Further, those who elect to write verse and who choose as their medium free verse or blank verse must have more to recommend their work than absence of metrical restraint or absence of rhyme. We look for something rather more positive. However, we hope that those who have been disappointed of publication this term will not therefore lay aside their pens, but will send us more next term, and that many others who have not yet taken up their pens will speedily do so. Also, some who submitted contributions which do not appear in this issue, may have them published later.

The response to the invitation to send in material which might be suitable for the beautifying of the Magazine has been very disappointing. The idea of issuing such an invitation was suggested to the Editor by some very fine specimens of work published in the Magazine of an important Calcutta college. These were reproductions of work which had been shown in connection with a Fine Arts Exhibition held by this particular college, which has among its societies one for the encouragement of the fine arts. The exhibits included oil-colour

painting, water-colour painting, pen-and-ink drawing, pencil drawing, and photography. There were also exhibits of leather work and carpentry.

We have our Science Exhibition. Why should we not also have a Fine Arts Exhibition? We hope that students here in the south are not lacking in the artistic sense and in the desire to express it.

Our excuse for embarking upon this theme is that it has all arisen out of the Magazine, and what we wish to do in closing the digression is to plead for a better response next term to the request for illustrations for the Magazine. We should particularly like to have work which is Indian in style and spirit—studies in Indian scenery or architecture, for example.

Prize-giving and Graduates' Reception

The College Prize-giving was held in the Anderson Hall at 3 p.m. on Friday, August 3rd. The prizes were distributed by Rao Bahadur Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, an Old Boy of the College, who afterwards addressed the gathering. Is it too much to hope that the students of the College should regard it as their duty and privilege to be present at the College Prize-giving? It was a meagre audience, and must have given rather a dreary impression to anyone coming to the meeting from outside the College.

The Principal submitted the report for the year 1932-33.

He referred at the beginning to the death of Dr. Meston, the Honorary Principal of the College. 'This is not the time or place,' he said, 'to attempt even a summary of his work—the Memorial Service held on the news of his death, the notice in the Magazine and other utterances have borne tribute to him. But it is fitting to record here and now the loss sustained by the College in the removal of one of its most valued members. For he remained a member of the College to the day of his death. The Honorary Principalship was not a mere titular distinction: it meant the maintenance of a tie we were unwilling to break, and gave colour to the hope we shared with him that he would still be able to render help to the College in the great undertaking of the removal to Tambaram which he had done so much to make possible.'

After the Prize-giving the Reception to new graduates was held in the College Hall, when tea was followed by a meeting. Mr. Matthews, in a speech which delighted his audience's sense of humour and, at the same time, challenged their thought, congratulated the new graduates.

Mr. Kesavan Unni Nayar replied on behalf of the new graduates. Messrs. G. Devasahayam and O. Kandaswamy Chetty also spoke.

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

PRIZE LIST FOR 1933

FIRST CLASS

THE LORD PENTLAND PRIZE

G. Suviraj

Subsequent Order:

K. S. Anantapadmanabhan; M. D. Edmonds; R. W. Theagarajan

THE AMJUD PRIZE

V. N. Rama Rao

GROUP PRIZES

GROUP I. K. S. Anantapadmanabhan

GROUP II. N. Sankaramurti

GROUP III. C. Ramachandran

THE WEST COAST PRIZE

(For proficiency in Scripture)

K. S. Anantapadmanabhan } *equal*
G. Suviraj

ILAYALWAR CHETTI SILVER MEDAL

(For proficiency in Sanskrit)

K. S. Anantapadmanabhan

SECOND CLASS

THE JUNIOR MILLER PRIZE

R. Bhaktavatsalu

Subsequent Order:

J. T. Kanagaraj;

S. R. Krishnamurti; T. V. Gopalaswami

GROUP PRIZES

GROUP I. J. H. Raju (THE RAMIAH
GOLD MEDAL AND PRIZE)

GROUP II. A. K. Krishnaswami

GROUP III. C. S. Swamithathachari (THE ANJUD GOLD MEDAL)

THE MATTHAI PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Scripture*)

J. T. Kanagara]

THE CRAIG PRIZE

(*For proficiency in English Composition,
Intermediate Classes*)

R. Bhaktavatsalu

THE CHINNASWAMI PILLAI PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Tamil Composition*)

J. T. Kanagara]

THE RAJAGOPALA RAO PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Telugu*)

K. Sitaramachari

THIRD CLASS

THE GUNN GOLD MEDAL

W. A. Spitteler

Subsequent Order :

C. S. Robert; B. Neelakanta Reddi; P. V. Venkatesa Varma

GROUP PRIZES

GROUP I. P. Ramanath Shenoy

GROUP II. THE DEWAN BAHADUR KRISHNAN NAIR PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Gr. ii, Physical Science*)

K. T. Abdulla

GROUP II-E. E. K. Venkatesan

GROUP III. THE MACKENZIE PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Gr. iii, Philosophy*)

M. Thiruvengkatachari

GROUP IV-A. THE RUSSELL PRIZES

(*For proficiency in Gr. iv-A, History and Economics*)

1. K. Muhammad Ibrahim

2. R. Vedagiri

THE KORA EAPEN PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Scripture*)

W. A. Spitteler

THE ETHIRAJA PILLAI PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Tamil*)

K. Subramanian

THE RAJAGOPALA RAO PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Telugu*)

A. Subbaramayya

FOURTH CLASS

THE MILLER GOLD MEDAL AND PRIZE

K. A. Luke

Subsequent order :

V. S. Muthiah; G. Nagarajan; P. Alexander

GROUP PRIZES

GROUP I. THE ROSS PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Gr. i, Mathematics*)

V. T. Gopalan

GROUP II. THE ABERDEEN PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Gr. ii-B, Physical Science*)

P. Alexander

GROUP II-E. THE BUCKIE PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Gr. ii-E, Natural Science*)

L. N. Anantaraman

GROUP III. THE COOPER PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Gr. iii, Philosophy*)

P. Srinivasa Rao

GROUP IV-A. THE THURSO PRIZE

(*For proficiency in Gr. iv-A, History and Economics*)

G. Nagaratnam

THE SETUPATHI GOLD MEDAL

(For proficiency in Tamil)

M. C. Rama Iyengar

THE SANSKRIT PRIZE

P. Krishnamurti

THE RAJAGOPALA RAO PRIZE

(For proficiency in Telugu)

V. Madusudana Rao

THE ELIZABETH MILLER GOLD MEDAL

(For proficiency in Scripture)

V. S. Muthiah

THE RIPON GOLD MEDAL

(For proficiency in English, as tested by the B. A. Degree Examination)

P. M. Madhava Menon

THE SKINNER GOLD MEDAL AND PRIZE

P. M. Madhava Menon

B.SC. CLASS (THIRD YEAR)

G. Chittiyagam

HONOURS CLASSES

THE MORREN GOLD MEDAL AND PRIZE

(For proficiency in Br. i, Mathematics, 5th Year Honours)

T. R. Visvanathan

THE MILLER PHILOSOPHY PRIZE

(For proficiency in Br. ii, Philosophy, 5th Year Honours)

P. V. Sitaraman

THE KELLETT PRIZES

(For proficiency in Br. iii, History, 5th Year Honours)

K. Veeraraghavan

(For proficiency in Br. v, English, 5th Year Honours)

M. Sankarankutty Menon

PRIZES FOR SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE

(Awarded on the results of the Peter Cator Examination)

CATOR TRUST PRIZES

V. S. Muthiah Rs. 40

K. A. Samuel „ 20

COLLEGE PRIZE

Victor Daniel Chelliah „ 20

Some Figures

The policy of the Senatus is to limit the number of students to about 800. Last year the number with which we actually began was 780, this year it is 808.

There is nothing particularly striking about the figures in connection with last session's University examinations. Reckoning by complete passes, the Intermediate results were rather below those of 1932. The percentage was the same as for 1931—i.e. the best percentage we have had since the new course was instituted, with the exception of 1932. Reckoning by First Classes, we did better than in 1932—16 as against 14. But, as the Principal remarked in his report at the Prize-giving ceremony, the distribution of those First Classes among the various groups (12 to Group I, 1 to Group II, and 3 to Group III) is bound to provoke some questions. Are the Group I students really so much abler than those of Groups II and III, or is it easier to get a First Class in that Group than in the others?

The B.A. figures are, at practically every point, better than 1932. That is to say, they are the best results we have achieved since the new course began. But again there is one matter which cannot fail to be noticed. The percentage of passes in Part I (English) and in Part III (Optionals) is almost identical, about 60%, but the English pass includes only two Second Classes, whereas the Optionals pass includes one First Class and eleven Second Classes. It is at least open to doubt whether these figures are a fair index of the facts. Some will wonder whether, with the enormous numbers of English candidates, there is not a tendency to bring them all down to a dead level.

There is nothing specially remarkable about the figures for the Honours examinations. There were one or two failures, and one or two withdrawals, but the great majority were successful. Two Zoology candidates secured first and second places respectively in the University, and two English post-graduate candidates secured the first and the third places respectively.

Our first B.Sc. class made an exceedingly good showing. Out of 12 candidates, 3 were placed in the First Class, 5 in the

Second, and 1 in the Third. It will not be easy to surpass that record, but no doubt the present senior class will make a gallant attempt.

College Church

LIST OF PREACHERS

First Term 1933-34

July	2	Mr. F. E. Corley
"	9	Rev. R. S. Macnicol
"	16	Mr. J. P. Manikkam
"	23	Mr. G. C. Martin
"	30	Mr. E. J. Bingle
Aug.	6	Rev. A. J. Boyd
"	13	Mr. W. F. Kibble
"	20	No Service
"	27	Dr. J. J. Banninga
Sep.	3	Rev. G. Mathews.

There was no service on Sunday, August 20th, because of the S.C.A. and S.Y.W.C.A. Camp at Poonamallee.

Library

The report of the College for 1932 states that 'during the year 12,786 books were borrowed from the General Library, making an average of 60 books a day, while on an average 135 books were issued daily in the Consulting Library.' Now, these figures may seem impressive enough, but one cannot help wondering exactly what they stand for. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to analyse these figures and discover how many books were borrowed from the Library which seemed to have no 'business' value, that is to say which had nothing to do directly with examinations and text-books and syllabuses. A library is not meant merely as a supply of books recommended for examinations or of books bearing upon these books. It is probably not easy for students to know what books they might borrow of the 'non-business' variety, so this year we wish in each issue of the Magazine to publish a list of books which may be of interest to students who wish to read more widely than within the scope of the official syllabus. However, we will not, for example, exclude a book on Shakespeare from our list, for we should not like to consider Shakespeare as being limited by his inclusion within the 'prescribed texts' of Madras University.

We give below a short list of books, with their numbers, which have been recently added to the Library. They are from the literary section of the Library, but we hope that members of staff whose departments

are not represented in such a list, will suggest titles of books, which may be published in the following issues of the Magazine.

The Augustan Books of Poetry. By various authors: H. 2008—2016.

Sir Walter Scott. By John Buchan: M. 503.

Erewhon; Erewhon Revisited; The Way of all Flesh. By S. Butler:

N. 698, N. 718, N. 717.

The Club of Queer Trades. By G. K. Chesterton: N. 694.

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp; A Poet's Pilgrimage. By W. H. Davies: N. 699, N. 700.

The White Monkey; The Silver Spoon. By John Galsworthy:

N. 703, N. 704.

Books and Authors. By Robert Lynd: H. 1970.

The Approach to Shakespeare. By J. W. Mackail: J. 204.

Potterism. By Rose Macaulay: N. 695.

Typee, White Jacket. By H. Melville: N. 706, N. 707.

The English Comic Characters. By J. B. Priestley: H. 2002, 2003,

(Two copies).

Essays of To-day; More Essays of To-day. Ed. by F. A. Pritchard:

H. 1974, 1980.

Queen Victoria; Books and Characters. By Lytton Strachey: M.

501, N. 710.

The History of Mr. Polly; Love and Mr. Lewisham; The Stolen

Bacillus. By H. G. Wells: N. 720, N. 721, N. 722.

The Essential Shakespeare. By Dover Wilson: J. 206.

Letter to the Editor

NEW ZEALAND,
14th May, 1933.

Dear Mr. Editor,

When I was editing the Magazine, I can remember gaily asking professors on furlough to write chatty personal letters for publication (in one case, too, my request was complied with). When I was leaving Madras, just over a month ago, you asked me to do the same thing, and I gaily promised that I would. It seemed an easy enough thing to talk about: but it proves a mighty troublesome thing to do. However, a promise is a promise, and I will see what I can do.

My sister and I sailed from Colombo on April 8th, on the *Baradino*, and reached Sydney on the morning of the 28th. The *Monowai* left for New Zealand the same afternoon, with us on board. So we didn't see much of Australia. The first port of call is Fremantle, in the State of West Australia, and we stopped there from about 9 one morning till 4 the same afternoon. We went up to

Perth, the capital of the State, which is only about 14 miles away—though the train journey takes forty-five minutes, had lunch with an old family friend, and saw something of the place. It was Easter Tuesday, which is a sort of Bank Holiday (though most of the shops were open). Australia, we were told, produces holidays in great profusion. There is a story of a man going into Brisbane one day and finding unexpectedly that it was a holiday. He asked why, and they told him they were celebrating the only working day left in the year.

We saw enough of Perth to be sure that it is a very fine town—and a good thing too, because all the Australians on board the ship asked us whether it wasn't a very fine town, as soon as we got on board again, and I don't know what would have happened if we hadn't been able to give the right answer.

We were at Fremantle on Tuesday, and arrived at Adelaide, in South Australia, the next Saturday; the Great Bight, which has the reputation of being rougher than the Bay of Biscay, was smooth enough for us, but abominably cold. We arrived at Adelaide about 4 p.m., went ashore and had dinner with some distant cousins and returned to the boat near midnight, and she sailed about 5 o'clock next morning: and Adelaide is a very fine town also. We were in Melbourne from Monday evening to Wednesday afternoon, and it is a very fine town. We had a day in Sydney, as I have said already, and that's a very fine town too. We didn't see Brisbane, the capital of the fifth State, Queensland, but no doubt it's a very fine town indeed. I say this in case any Australians may happen to read my letter. Only I should have specially mentioned that we saw Sydney Harbour Bridge—I also crossed it in a car, and we had to pay a shilling toll—and thought it magnificent. But I should not care to live anywhere near it, for the trams and trains crossing it all day make a peculiar ringing drone which I hated. The best way to annoy Australians, if you ever want to do it—leaving aside the murderous subject of body-line bowling—is to say that the bridge looks like a coat-hanger, the sort with a horizontal cross-piece. The trouble is just that it does, of course.

Our most interesting experience in Australia was to be in Melbourne over 'Anzac Day', April 25th, the anniversary of the day in 1915 when the first men of the Australia and New Zealand Army Corps (hence 'Anzac') landed at Suvla Bay in Gallipoli. The day is celebrated all over both Dominions as a 'close holiday', which is very much what we mean by 'hartal' in India. No work is done that is not absolutely necessary; no liquor or tobacco is on sale; all places of entertainment are closed. At Melbourne, the day began with a celebration called 'zero-hour'. (In the Great War, massed infantry attacks were usually timed to start at dawn which in the military jargon was called 'zero-hour'.) In the early morning, long

before dawn, Ex-Service men collected from miles around, wearing medals and (in some cases) full uniform, at the enormous war memorial which has just been completed. At dawn a bugle blew, there was a short silence, then a speech by Sir Harry Chanvel; and various representative people, headed by the Governor, laid wreaths on the shrine. The general public, 'especially women and children', were requested not to be present. They came along later; there was a stream of people all day long, many of them bringing wreaths.

The other function of the day was a procession in the afternoon. It was supposed to consist only of Ex-Service men, but actually many others, Boy Scouts and all sorts, paraded too; and the procession was brought up by a large number of veterans of the Boer War. The route was about two miles long, I think, through the principal streets of the city and past the Houses of Parliament, on the steps of which there was a temporary replica—plaster or something—of the magnificent stone in Whitehall in London; and the men finally marched into a great Exhibition Hall where there were speeches. They marched in large companies, the Ex-Service men in their War-time units; they went ten abreast, each company led by a band and by the King's colours guarded with fixed bayonets. At the imitation Cenotaph they all saluted (the Cenotaph also was surrounded by stacks of wreaths before the day was done). And they took over two hours to pass a given point. The newspapers said that 25,000 men (and women, for there were nurses and others) took part. At the first Anzac Day procession, a few years after the War, the number was 2,000: it has been growing steadily ever since.

The streets were thickly lined with spectators all the way; some had been waiting for hours before the procession arrived; and we read next morning that forty of them fainted or were crushed, and needed medical attention—which had been arranged beforehand: there were first-aid posts all along the way. They cheered each unit as it passed them, with unflagging enthusiasm.

It was all extraordinarily interesting, and gave much food for thought. For one thing, the procession was the first thing in Australia that made me feel a foreigner. So far, I had been astonished to find how much I was at home at the Antipodes. (My sister in Perth had remarked, 'Some of the men look rather Australian, but the women look quite ordinary.') But this was something from which I was shut out. And I brought away with me three impressions which I give for what they are worth.

The first is that Australia and New Zealand must feel about the Great War as the Scotch felt after the wars of Wallace and Bruce, and as the English felt after Agincourt. It was their first united and excited achievement as nations; they found themselves. They both

sent contingents to the Boer War, but the scale was smaller. Has any nation ever united, emotionally and lastingly, except for the purpose of killing? India may soon enable us to answer the question in a new way!

My second impression is a memory of a remark heard by chance, that Anzac Day was taking the place of Easter in the national life of Australia. I wasn't in Australia at Easter: but from what I saw I should think it quite likely that people are almost deliberately thinking less of Easter in order to think more of Anzac Day.

Thirdly, I saw several traces of a frankly militaristic spirit: it was almost as if people were saying, 'We fought jolly well in the last war—whom can we fight next?'

Well! Once I started, I found there was more to be written about the Antipodes than I had thought. And I haven't got to New Zealand yet! But this letter is long enough already, and apart from that, I find that I haven't any impression of New Zealand now, being still in it. And if I waited till I proceeded on the next stage of my travels, the letter would not arrive in time for the first term's number. So with these few words I lay down my pen. You may hear from me again, Sir, writing somewhere among the Fiji or Society Islands; and I will leave it to yourself to judge whether your readers will wish to read of me again.

Yours, etc.,
J. R. MACPHAIL.

On Hike¹

It is a very common thing in England today to meet groups of young people on what they call a 'hike', a walking tour in the open country. They are very simply clad, and in a rucksack slung across their shoulders they carry just the bare necessities for such a holiday. They are out enjoying the fresh air, the beauty of nature, and the freedom, the unconventionality, the roughness and simplicity of such a life. Each night they will reach their destined camping-place. In a number of places now there are hostels—'Youth hostels' as they are called. It may be an old barn, or it may be a specially erected shelter, very simply fitted up so that those who come may be able to cook for themselves a simple meal, and to rest for the night. And in the morning, making everything clean and tidy again for the next comers, they will set off on the next stage of their expedition.

These young people 'on the move' are a symptom and a symbol of the life of today. They are a symptom of a widespread discontent with convention, and a growing desire to escape from the complexity and artificiality of modern life into a life of greater simplicity and reality. They are also a symbol, a symbol of the state of things in our time. These young people 'on the move'—'on hike'—what more fitting symbol could there be of a time like this when everything is changing—'on the move'?

Various causes, the spread of education, the rapid advances in scientific knowledge, the moral shock of the Great War, have resulted today in a widespread break-up of conventions and beliefs, in religion, philosophy and morals. Today everything is changing, everything, from man's view of the nature of the physical universe to his belief concerning the way in which he ought to bear and conduct himself in life. Intellectually and spiritually the modern world is 'on hike'. Many of the old landmarks have been obliterated and the old roads are broken up that we thought would remain for ever firm beneath our feet. We have to make our way into a new world amid the confusion caused by the collapse of the old. And that journey has to be made by many of us with a minimum equipment of conviction and certainty.

We are all on the move and perhaps here among us in India the process is more rapid and drastic than anywhere else in the world.

¹ An address delivered in College Church at a College Devotional Service on 24th July 1933.

Do we know where we are trying to get to? Have we got strength for the journey?

Towards the end of his long life, Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection, was conversing with a friend. The friend put to him this question, 'As you look back over the world from the vantage ground of years, what seems to you to be chiefly wrong with it?' Wallace replied, 'This is its fundamental weakness. Our knowledge, our science, has outstripped our moral development. We have become possessed of greater forces than we are morally fit to use. We have not sufficient self-control or goodwill to use these gigantic physical energies, for the well-being of mankind'.

Wallace did not live to see the outbreak of the Great War. But it came; and its horrors, multiplied a thousandfold through the latest developments of scientific knowledge, dramatically confirmed the truth of his judgment.

And in the present situation of the world today, what is so profoundly disturbing is just the fact which Wallace noted, that man seems morally unfit to direct the enormously increased power which the recent advances of science have put into his hands. It is indeed a grievous reflection that our greatly increased knowledge of physical nature has been turned and is still being turned, as much to developing means for the destruction of human life as for its protection, preservation and improvement of its conditions. With our present knowledge it should be possible to raise the standard of living throughout the whole human race. There should be sufficiency for all. There should be no poverty. And there should be no inhuman drudgery. The world's primary labour could be done, so as to leave an ample margin of leisure for the development and cultivation of the humaner, the more really human, sides of human life. Why is it that there is still insufficiency and poverty and inhuman drudgery? What is it that is preventing the adoption of scientific methods of production and distribution? What is blocking the way? It is a very complex business. Yes, but not beyond man's intelligence. What is blocking the way is the fact that we are selfish and we still believe that a man's life consists in the abundance of the things that he possesses.

But let us turn to those young people again. They belong to what is known on the Continent of Europe and in Britain and America as the Youth Movement. It is a movement that has been initiated not by parents or teachers for the improvement of youths, but by young people themselves. It started, I believe, in Germany before the War and now it has spread into other countries. It is not highly or elaborately organized. It is not an Organization. It is not a League. It is a movement—a movement of the spirit of youth—

under the inspiration of certain ideals. It is really a Revolt. It is youth's revolt against the materialism and conventionality of modern life. It is an effort of youth to think for itself, to cut itself free from the fetters of tradition and to attain a greater simplicity and reality.

These young people see so much in modern life that stifles the development of human personality, so much that chains us down to a mere routine of material activity in which the idealistic side of our nature is starved and crushed. People get so terribly busy. There are no peaceful intervals for the spirit, no moments when

With an eye made quiet by the power
Of Harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

Of course, the machine of the world's business has now broken down. It is still working, but working very badly. The Youth Movement represents a criticism of the machine—whether working well or working badly. It is a protest against the cramped and starved life that the system of our time imposes on so many men and women. It is a protest against a system—a way of doing the world's business—which, when it works, turns men into machines, and when it does not work, leaves men to rust and rot in unemployment, because they have never had those sides of their nature trained and developed which would make it possible for them to use with some real satisfaction to themselves the months of enforced leisure. These young people say—'We want to shake off all that is non-essential; and discover our true selves, in shedding superficialities, secondary things, superfluous needs and pleasures, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses. We want to get rid of the spirit of caste—and the spirit of nationalism—separating man from man. We would say: 'Man, become truly human'. That is their manifesto, 'Be truly human.' That is their objective—their goal. It sounds simple enough and it seems as if it ought to be easy enough for human beings to become truly human. But is it? At once we encounter this difficulty—people's ideas of what it means to be truly human, people's idea of how we ought to behave, the kind of person we ought to be, seem to differ—and differ very seriously. When it is proposed to abandon old standards of life and conduct, the new standards that are advocated do not always seem an improvement. They do not always seem to reflect at all an adequate conception of human nature, of what it means to be truly human.

It is a most encouraging sign, in a time full of so much that gives reason for depression and alarm. It is a most encouraging fact that there is a movement among the youth of the world today that is so unmistakably inspired by the spirit of Christ, a movement that

interprets the ideal of conduct, 'Be truly human', in the light of Christ's high estimate of human life, of human worth, and human destiny.

And this, in spite of the fact that there is a great deal in the thought of today, the most eloquently and persuasively presented thought of our time, that is definitely anti-Christian and anti any form of religious faith that maintains the spiritual values of life. I think that you are familiar with some of these writers. There are some preaching a modern Epicureanism, insisting that we must make up our minds that all that is open to us is to flit from one sensation to another, plucking from each what delight we may. And better known, deservedly better known, there is Bertrand Russell clinging to a nobler ideal of life, but clinging to it in the face of what he believes are the facts as revealed by Science. 'That man is the product of causes which had no pre-vision of the end they were achieving. That his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves, and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms. That no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual beyond the grave. That all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins, all these things, if not quite beyond dispute are yet so certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand'. But he says, in face of this we must nevertheless pursue life in the light of our highest ideals, in a spirit of 'unyielding despair'. I need not multiply illustrations of the different philosophies of life that are claiming the attention of the educated youth of the world today. It all works down to this, that at the present time there is on the one hand the belief that for the right handling of his life man has and knows and needs no other resources than he can find and draw upon from within himself; and on the other hand the belief that man can only fully realize his manhood in communion with, in obedience to, and by the help of, God, as He has revealed Himself to us in our Lord Jesus Christ.

I say, it is one of the most encouraging signs in the life of our times that in spite of the attractiveness of novelty, the lure of up-to-dateness, and the undoubted literary charm and eloquence, of much of the writing on the anti-Christian and anti-religious side, that point of view is by no means commending itself to everybody. Among the youth of the world there is a movement of religious faith that is definitely making headway against it. Like the rest of the youth of the world, you too are on trek, on the move. The old landmarks are disappearing. The old standards are passing away, the old beliefs are dying out, you have got to set up new landmarks, to establish new

standards, to re-formulate belief, and to rekindle the spirit of faith. You are on the move. Do you comprehend your objective clearly? Have you strength for the journey?

In these College days many good things may be yours. But what better thing can come to any one of you than that you should rediscover the truth of life—what it really means to be truly human—the truth of life as it is in Jesus; and the strength of life, that comes from above, from God, the Father of Jesus Christ, and our Father?

G. MATTHEWS.

Two Translations from Chaucer

[It is not usual to think of Geoffrey Chaucer as other than a superb story-teller with abundant humour. The following, however, are two short serious poems or *balades*, written very probably not long before the death of the poet in A.D. 1400.]

TRUTH

Flee from the world and dwell with truthfulness,
Content thee with thy lot though it be small;
Hoarding is hate, ambition restlessness,
This world hath envy, wealth but blinds us all;
Seek thou no more than to thy need shall fall;
Do well, that duty others learn from thee,
And have no fear, for Truth shall make thee free.

Strain not thyself all evils to redress,
Trusting in fortune, turning like a ball—
Deep peace is grounded in unworldliness
Yet be thou wary, soon the blow may fall,
Strive not, as doth the pitcher with the wall,
Control thyself, that holdest men in fee;
And have no fear, for Truth shall make thee free.

That which is sent thee, patiently receive,
The wrestling of this world invites a fall.
Here is no home, here's nought but ways that grieve.
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beast, out of thy stall,
Know this thy world, look up, thank God of all;
Keep the high way, thy spirit thy leader be,
Have then no fear, for Truth shall make thee free.

ENVOY

Therefore, sad ox, leave thou thy state of ill
Unto the world, and be its slave no more;
Pray for His mercy then, whose holy will
Made thee of nought, and even as heretofore
Draw nigh to Him, and in thy heart implore
That thou and all men heaven's light may see;
Have then no fear, for Truth shall make thee free.

TRUE NOBILITY

Father and ancestor of gentleness—
And he that claims a gentle man to be
Must mark his path, and all his wits address
True virtue to implant, and vice to flee.
For virtue is the soul of dignity,
Nor is it otherwise in my esteem
Though man wear mitre, crown or diadem

This ancestor, in living loved the right,
True to his word, sober, kind-hearted, free,
Thinking clean thoughts, and keen in work to fight
Against the vice of sloth, in honesty.
He who would be his heir, must love as he.
Nor is he gentle, though he rich may seem,
Adorned with mitre, crown or diadem.

Vice can indeed be heir to ancient wealth
But unto no man living may there be
Heirlooms of virtue and nobility.
These are the gifts transcending man's degree
From Him who reigns in Heavenly Majesty:
Who do His will, His heirs He maketh them,
Though man wear mitre, crown or diadem.

R. S. M.

Germany sets the clock back

What is happening normally in any country is its own concern; but when things happen that stagger one's imagination and bewilder one's senses, then it is high time to wish for details. Nobody is highly perturbed when a savage tribe in power annihilates the other tribes. But when a cultured nation, whose achievements in the realm of art and science have evoked admiration and even love, acts in a way totally opposed to all cultural standards then the matter is different.

In this brief survey we are concerned with changes in post-war Germany. After her defeat in the World War and the abdication of the Kaiser, Germany seemed to have discredited a regime whose spirit and methods were largely responsible for her entry into the War. Germany was ruled by the Kaiser with real power and with the doubtful assistance of the Reichstag—the German parliament. The German leaders met at Weimar, a place hallowed by the name of Goethe, and framed a constitution which introduced into the country real parliamentary government. The Weimar constitution, though it is not the last word in such matters, guaranteed to the Germans freedom of speech, freedom of association and non-cognisance on the part of the state of the barriers of race or religion. It thus laid the foundations of democracy. Among those who laboured hard to work this constitution were Philip Scheidemann, Stresemann and Bruening who belonged to different parties. Of these Stresemann has passed away, Scheidemann escaped to the United States after being deprived of his pension by the Nazis, and Bruening, still in Germany, has seen the dissolution of the Centre party which he led with such distinction.

Herr Hitler's accession to power reads like an Arabian Nights' dream. He is a demagogue whose perfervid oratory sways millions. He is conscious of that power and uses it with consummate skill. He plays on the latent prejudices of his race, which he also shares, and works the people to a red heat. Under those conditions it is difficult to see how sanity could prevail. His life has been a simple and self-denying one, and an austere person usually acquires also great capacity for self-delusion. Believing firmly in an exploded race theory, he is putting Germany in a straight-jacket by methods which might well be those of the American gangster. His conscience easily justifies his methods.

The National Socialist party, briefly called the Nazi party, is his creation. The organisation was known, at no time of its existence, for methods which are characteristic of other political parties the

world over. It is a militant body, now armed and grown immensely powerful. It carries out Hitler's behests and oftentimes anticipates his wishes and acts. The Storm-troopers, as they are appropriately called, enjoy great immunity before the law, and to oppose them, even in a civil way, has become high treason.

In judging the Nazi regime it is enough to study the statements of the leaders and understand the implications of the laws promulgated by them. Hitler has written a book called *Mein Kampf* (My Fight) which is held out to the youth of Germany as something like the Gospel. In it he advises Germany to single out her enemies and attack them one by one. This has been the keynote of his policy. Germany, after the guaranty of the Weimar constitution, nourished, as it were, the growth of political parties. To the extreme left was the Communist party and Hitler, even before he gathered the reins, broke the party. What happened to the extreme left happened to the others, only one at a time, till the extreme right was wiped out. In Nazi-land the only articulate person is the Nazi.

What happened to the press in Germany may well be understood from the significant statement of Dr. Goebbels, a member of the Hitler cabinet, that 'the press should be an organ on which the Government could play'. Imagine the newspapers in Madras publishing only government communiques, sayings of high officials of Government, entire appreciation of everything they say and no whisper of a suggestion that there may be other viewpoints, then you have in a nut-shell the situation in Germany. Either the press must abdicate or be smashed.

Among the liberal papers, and one conducted with great editorial distinction, was the *Berliner Tageblatt* whose editor Dr. Theodor Wolff is a Jew. He is reported to be safe outside Germany now, but his paper publishes day in and day out violent denunciations of the 'lying Jew' and calls on the Germans to lash them as a patriotic duty. It is simple, as a Nazi now sits in the editorial office. Papers that do not have a Nazi in their offices print to the tune of the Nazi Minister for Propaganda or else. . . . No one can contemplate with equanimity that 'else'. Given the option, most papers would choose the latter alternative. Those that either defied or were not given the choice are, of course, not heard of any more. What happened to the editor, publisher or the owner may not be known.

As a result of this policy the circulation of newspapers from neighbouring countries went up suddenly, and Hitler, sensing in this a new danger, acted quickly. It is said that up to the 15th of June last the foreign periodicals banned number 252, among them being the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Spectator*.

The Nazis inaugurated the amazing policy of purging Germany of 'un-German' books! Un-German means anything that is not

approved by the Nazis. They have a wide range but chiefly include all radical books and books written by Jews. Lorry-loads of books were collected from libraries by Storm-troopers and publicly burnt in Berlin under the direct supervision of Dr. Goebbels, the Minister for Propaganda and Enlightenment. This, the learned Doctor declares, will be a periodic occurrence till Germany is purged of all objectionable books. There cannot be two opinions about this barbaric zeal. Both in his method and in his creed the Nazi is animated by the spirit of the dark ages.

Hitler built his party with a violent anti-Jewish creed which has crystallised into a definite policy of his government. In Hitler's Germany the subjugation of the Jew has been complete. No Jew can hold a state or municipal appointment. As all major lines of activity come under this category his ruin is assured. No Jewish doctor can treat non-Jewish Germans, which cuts at the root of his private practice. Every employer is ordered—an order in Nazidom is meant to be obeyed—to dismiss his Jewish employees and the most thorough boycott organised in history deprives the Jewish trader—small or big—of livelihood. Seeing nothing but starvation before him, if the Jew wants to leave Germany, he is refused a passport on the ground that he will spread atrocity reports abroad. All this in a land to which the Jew has contributed much that is of value. Numbering less than one per cent. of the population, the Jews were very much in the forefront. This, one can safely assert, is not due to any favoured treatment. Germany owes her position no less to men like Einstein, Victor Meyer, Haber, Franck, to mention a few, than to her sons of pure Nordic stock. What those sons of Nordic stock feel about the treatment of their erstwhile colleagues may not be known, at least so long as Hitler casts his shadow.

To complete the work of 'unification' the German Evangelical Church has been put under Nazi control. The Christian Church, being universal in its appeal, knows no bounds of nationality or race and there may be danger to the Nazi state in this. To make the Church 'safe' it was decreed that ministers must be Nazis enjoying the confidence of the Chancellor. Already one hears whispers of 'God and his instrument Adolf Hitler'. With the fettering of the Church the mastery of Hitler is real and complete. Herr Hitler has no doubt achieved 'unity,' but one is constrained to observe that it is the kind of unity that results when every single voice of opposition has been deliberately paralysed.

S. S. GANDHEKER.

Saint Tayumanavar

A study of his life

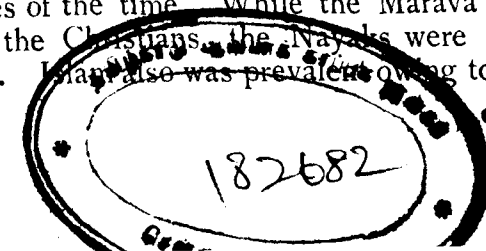
I. The times in which St. Tayumanavar lived

Roughly speaking, Tayumanavar lived in the early half of the 18th century. It was a time when South India was rent asunder into many small principalities and powers, bleeding with internal strife and external invasions.

With the capture of Gingee by the Mughals in 1698, the Maratha power in the Deccan came practically to an end. Within two decades after the death of Aurangzeb (1707), the Deccan and Southern India became practically independent of distant Delhi. The Nizam became their real master with about thirty Nawabs and some Hindu Rajas under him, of whom the Nawab of the Carnatic was the biggest. To this Nawab, the Maratha of Tanjore, the Nayak of Madura, the Marava of Ramnad and the Udaiyar of Mysore paid their tribute at the point of the sword. The Nayaks of Madura were fighting against their neighbours, Tanjore, Pudukkottah, Ramnad and Mysore. At the time of the death of the saint in Ramnad, the kingdom of the Maravas was partitioned among three persons. Vijayaranga Chokkanatha Nayak of Madura, who had appointed Tayumanavar and his father in his service as Kanakkans, died in 1732, leaving his children and widow Meenakshi to look after the Madura Kingdom. With her death in 1736, the Nayak dynasty of Madura came to an end.

From the literary point of view the period was one of comparative barrenness in the Tamil field. Tattuvarayar, Tayumanavar and Kannudaya Vallal among the philosophers; C. Beschi *alias* Verania Munivar at Madura, Padikkasu Pulavar at Ramnad, Nallapillai and Arunachala Kaviroyar of the Dharmapuram Mutt among the poets, are the most prominent.

The (Hindu) Nayaks of both Madura and Tanjore were religious to a fault. Vijayaraghunatha, the Marava chieftain of Aranthangi, was a deeply religious man, who made frequent visits to Ramesvaram and made large donations to the temple there. Christianity was an active religion in those parts, as can be seen from the letters written by the Jesuit Missionaries of the time. While the Marava princes were actively persecuting the Christians, the Nayaks were on the whole tolerant towards them. Islam also was prevalent owing to the Muhammadan conquerors.



In such an age of internecine warfare the social and economic conditions were at the lowest. The misery of the people was aggravated by the frequent recurrence of famines, plagues and epidemics.

It was amidst this state of affairs that the life of St. Tayumanavar was cast.

II. Birth and Boyhood

With the lack of sufficient materials for a reconstruction of his life one has to fall back upon the traditional accounts given of him in the Tamil introductions to his writings. The present writer is not aware of any attempt at definitely fixing the saint's time after thorough-going historical research. There are in fact two traditional accounts which are mutually irreconcilable. For the present, however, one of them will be accepted for lack of a better one. It seems possible to reconcile it with some of the contemporary historical incidents.

In the early decades of the eighteenth century Vijayaranga Chokkanatha (1706-1732), a descendant of the Nayak Dynasty of Madura, was the ruler over the Madura kingdom, with Trichinopoly as his headquarters. He had a steward under him whose name was Kediliappa Pillai. By his wife Gejavalli Ammal he had a son named Chidambara Pillai whom he gave in adoption to his childless brother. After he had done so, the desire to have a son and heir became strong in Kediliappa Pillai, and he earnestly besought the God Tayumanesvarar, whose shrine was on the hill of Siragiri (from which fact the town was named Thirusirapuram, i.e., the modern Trichinopoly), for the blessing of a son. The son born after this prayer was named Tayumanavar. The birth of the poet took place in the village of Vedaraniyam near Point Calimere in South India. We are not able to give the precise year of his birth. It is shrouded in obscurity. The boy grew up in his native village under the care of his parents. At the age of discretion he was schooled under proper direction and became proficient in literature, both Sanskrit and Tamil, and above all in the study of the fourteen Siddhanta Sastras, the canonical books of Tamil Saivism.

III. Accountant under the Nayaks—Search for a Guru and Guru-Darshan

At the early age of sixteen, Tayumanavar lost his father. But King Vijayaranga invited him to step into the shoes of his worthy father as a Kanakkan. Though young, Tayumanavar seems to have occupied his dignified yet responsible office to the satisfaction of his chief. His duties at court, however, did not prevent him from continuing and advancing in the studies which he had begun before his official days.

Nevertheless he was not satisfied with his worldly learning. For he prayed :

Lord of word-wisdom boastfully babble I,
Store of learning begetteth no good in me,
O Abode of the mother-like Power of Grace
Show how, Core of Light, saving may come to me.

The great realities of religion called for his zealous pursuit of them. He began to ask seriously: What is real knowledge? What is the cause of ignorance? What is sin? What is the way to freedom? How am I to get knowledge which will free me from fear both in this life and the next?—When I think of birth and death my heart is terrified. Both my eyes become sleepless—My body melts day and night like gold in fire. What is the cause of all these?—If thou dost not grant me the blessed stage of Nishta, because of my soul's thirst I will be destroyed. If I die before realising this, what shall I do, O God? He gives expression to his restless mind thus :

When I, the way of love not knowing,
Was moved and stirred to love by Thee,
My spirit with love-languor fainted.

* * * * *
Thy doing all, for whom love-longing,
I pine, and pining gain no rest.

* * * * *
Thou comest not, I cry for comfort ;
Unpitied and alone I live.

To get an answer to his supreme quest he was eagerly looking for a Guru who would initiate him into the mysteries of the religious realm. With a view to discovering the proper master he would, at the risk of being arrogant, question every Gnani whom he met and discuss with him the knotty problems of religion and philosophy. Of this quest he says: 'I searched in all directions for a Guru; I worshipped; my heart melted and pined. Wilt thou not give me rest, O God?'

The fire of all my longings
Of mind is burning pain.
I pray for grace of quenching,
God's own refreshing rain,

When will it come?

While Tayumanavar was thus relentlessly searching after a Guru, a Siva Yogi, named Mauna Guru, who was instructed in the Dharmapuram Mutt was going from temple to temple. He came to Trichinopoly and stayed for some days in the Sarama Matam. As he was teaching the true way to many disciples, the Matam came to be known as Mauna Guru Matam. On one of these days, Tayumanavar, as his custom was, went to worship the Lord of Siragiri and there found the Mauna Guru and was extremely fascinated by him.

Falling at his feet, the young seeker after truth sought wisdom from the Teacher. The Guru taught him the Siddhanta doctrine, especially the Sivagnana Siddhi. This teaching must have taken some time. When the time for parting came, the Guru enjoined him to 'Be still,' and promised to come back.

This saying appears to have made a profound impression on the poet by reason of its mystical sententiousness. The mind has to abide unattached, undisturbed, well-balanced, 'like the waveless sea'. Tayumanavar's continuance in the performance of his secular duties did not appear to diminish his ardour for spiritual achievements. The case of King Janaka, referred to by him in illustration of the possibility of growth in grace in the midst of worldly surroundings, and of work without attachment, is paralleled, on a less royal scale, in the saint's own life, beset though it was with innumerable temptations to sin. It seems probable that he was far more interested in spiritual than in secular affairs.

In this period the poet-saint sang those poems entitled 'Porul Vanakkam', 'Paripoorananandam' and 'Sinmayananda Guru'. In the group of psalms called 'Mauna Guru Vanakkam', he expresses his deep debt of gratitude to the Guru who had taught him the true way. All these songs were written and preserved by Arulayya Pillai, the poet's cousin and disciple.

Vijayaranga came to know of the changed life of his young steward and began to respect him profoundly. He gave him all the facilities for his quest after truth. It was in this period that the poet sang in praise of Ahilanda Nayaki, the goddess at Thiruvanaikkaval, a suburb of Trichinopoly. But the *nishkama* karma of the saint does not seem to have had a powerful influence on the king whose 'excessive fervour made him unmindful of his duties as a king. Besides criminally neglecting his proper functions, he wasted the resources of the kingdom in lavish donations and frequent royal tours to principal shrines. Once in two years he is said to have moved with a large following to Srirangam, Jambukeswaram, Madura, Alvar Thirunagari and Srivaikuntam and made liberal gifts to gods. In thus draining the public treasury he showed little sense of responsibility. His ministers, Narasappayya and Venkataraghavacharya, took advantage

of his weakness and pilfered the public revenues unscrupulously. Like Vijayaraghava, the last Nayak of Tanjore, his essentially religious temperament dug the grave of his reputation as a ruler and accelerated the collapse of his kingdom'. It is creditable to Tayumanavar that he had not yielded to the temptation of filthy lucre to which his compeers had fallen such an easy prey. But if he had exercised a stronger influence on Vijayaranga, a victim of a sentimental religiosity, it might have been reasonably expected that the fall of the Nayak dynasty would have been postponed to a later date.

S. S. WILLIAM.

(To be continued)

Some Notes on Wireless

The Empire Service

The daily service from the Empire short-wave transmitter at Daventry has undoubtedly stimulated popular interest in wireless in India. The Empire, for this service, has been divided into five zones, with a certain amount of necessary overlap; and aerial systems have been constructed at Daventry in such a way that wireless waves in beams, somewhat like the luminous beam of a searchlight, can be sent out to any number of these zones, at any two of a fixed series of frequencies, all of which fall within the limits of the short wave band.

The Beam System of transmission

The two main advantages offered by a beam are (a) Signal amplitude, and (b) Purity of wave-form; these are due to the directional restriction imposed on the flow of energy in a beam. In plain words, the reception of speech in the area covered by a beam is both loud and clear because the energy is prevented from spreading sideways and getting lost. That it should be loud seems obvious, just like the intense illumination of an object on which a luminous beam falls. That it should be clear is not so obvious; but recent research has shown that distortion (mutilation of wave-form) is much facilitated by the weakness of the wave. The ease with which listeners in Madras are able to hear the Empire transmitter's programmes to South Africa and Canada makes one realise, however, that beam transmission is far more difficult of achievement with wireless waves than with light.

The Inauguration

Although Daventry began transmitting on 19th December, the Christmas Eve transmission on 24th December, ought to be regarded as the ceremonial starting point. And it was an impressive and fitting ceremony, very carefully planned and timed; one still remembers the thrill of pleasure with which one followed it. Representatives of the following sections of the Empire—one by one, in order, and each formally announced from Daventry—were heard voicing their greetings to the motherland:—East, Middle and West Canada; New Zealand; Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane; Capetown, Johannesburg and Nairobi; and, finally, the tourist steamer, *The Empress of Britain*, then anchored off Port Said—whose Captain, one presumes, represented the vagabonds of the Empire. To the

greetings of these representatives, many and scattered, the King then gave a suitable reply.

The marvel of short-waves

This ceremony was solemn; but more so was the impression left by the phenomenon of human voices criss-crossing from all parts of the world, under very different conditions of season and time, and being heard at one spot with so simple a device as a wireless set. When Columbus embarked on his famous voyage, the odds were against him; nevertheless he ventured, and, as happens in an amazing number of such ventures, he succeeded. When short electromagnetic waves, carrying sound vibrations, set off on their miraculous journey in a direction making a considerable upward angle with the horizon, the odds are against their reaching the earth's surface once more in their original crispness of form; for the forces which deflect the waves back to the earth are themselves electrical. Still, they often succeed.

An attractive hobby

The presence of unknown factors in successful short-wave transmission and reception is a feature which lends fascination to amateur short-wave work. It is quite reassuring to the short-wave amateur to visit a large commercial short-wave station; he sees hundreds of yards of transmitter and crystal oscillator, and stage upon stage of amplifier ending in a valve the size of a small balloon; and then he sees, more often than not, a card marked UC stuck up there, signifying that, at the moment, on account of uncontrollable outside influences, the station is not being clearly received, and therefore, does not undertake commercial work. This difficulty does not exist with long waves which roll along the surface of the Earth to a short distance, dying out rapidly all the time.

A second property which makes short-wave work attractive is, as previously indicated, the ability of such waves to span great distances, completely annihilating space and time. When, for instance, the time of reception in Madras was 9 p.m. on 24th December 1932, the local time of transmission for Vancouver would have been 7 a.m., for Montreal, 11 a.m., for Capetown, 5 p.m., for Sydney, 11 p.m. of the same day; and for Melbourne, 1 a.m. and for New Zealand, 3 a.m. of the next day, 25th December 1932.

A third reason why short waves appeal is that apparently there is plenty of room in this wave band. This seems a strange statement to make when there are actually seven stations scheduled between 19.36 and 19.90 metres. What elbow room, anyone may ask, could there be for seven transmitters in a wave-length space of just over half a metre?

If we, however, measure this space not as a wave-length band, but—in the correct way—as a frequency band, we get a difference in frequency equal to 425,000 cycles. And this large number, divided among seven transmitters, gives each a wave band of 60,000 cycles. We see, therefore, that a few more stations could be put into this wave band without causing mutual interference. In the ordinary broadcast band of frequencies the maximum free space per station in Europe, as regulated by the League of Nations, is 7,000 cycles; and in America the situation is much worse.

It is evident from what has been said that short-wave experimenting possesses many of the qualities that make an attractive hobby.

The Radio Club.

The practical classes of the College Radio Club are conducted, this year on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mr. Ponnaiya continues to be the Secretary. The officials of the Club are willing to answer enquires from any student of the College, although membership of the club has to be necessarily limited. We do not, however, undertake to answer enquiries from the general public, nor are we prepared to offer explanations in unknown tongues!

A. V. MOSES.



CAITHNESS HALL.



COLLEGE CHURCH FROM THE HIGH COURT COMPOUND

A Note on 'The Scottish Highland Bagpipe'

The bagpipe has been traditionally connected with Scotland for many centuries, and it is as a Scottish instrument that most of us think of it to-day. Englishmen enjoy telling a story of how it originally was introduced in Ireland: the Irishmen passed it on to Scotland in a joke, and Scotsmen took it seriously. This fashionable dislike of bagpipe music goes back a long way; not so far, indeed, as the days of Chaucer in England, for amongst his company of pilgrims to Canterbury was the jolly red-headed miller, of whom Chaucer says:

A baggepipe well could he blow and soun
And therewithal he brought us out of town.

So that perhaps the Irishmen introduced it into England also. It certainly was still there in Shakespeare's day, for there were times when Sir John Falstaff declared that he felt as melancholy as 'the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe'. And fifty years after Shakespeare, we find Samuel Pepys gossiping of his experiences with the instrument when paying a friendly call in London:

'Sir F. Hollis . . . took Lord Brounker and me down to the Guards today; and there he did, in a handsome room to that purpose, make us drink, and did call for his bagpipes, which with pipes of ebony, tipt with silver, he did play beyond anything of that kind that ever I heard in my life; and with great pains he must have obtained it, but with pains that the instrument did not deserve at all, for at the best, it is mighty barbarous music.'

By this time, therefore, fashionable London had decided that its ears were too delicate for such wild music; but it continued to be used, and still continues, in certain districts of England and France, and it has a distant relative which may be heard in parts of India, though seldom perhaps, as far south as Madras. It has the name *Śruti Upāṅga* or *Bhājana Śruti*, and its tone is considerably shriller than that of its Scottish cousin.

In Scotland formerly no chief was without a piper whose duty it was to compose war music or laments after battle—for both of which duties he had plenty of opportunity in the bad old days. Some of these old tunes, handed down through the centuries, may still be heard, played in the croft of some old piper living in the Islands by the shores of the Atlantic. 'War or Peace', 'The Desperate

Battle', 'The Pretty Dirk', are the names of three such traditional tunes, composed in the days when no man's life was for long out of danger. 'Fingal's Weeping' is another very old melody, speaking of the grief of one of the legendary heroes of the past, of whom hundreds of stories are told, both in Ireland and Scotland.

All these old tunes are played slowly, built up of long, deep-sounding notes, while the piper paces backwards and forwards in slow time, according to the music. Their structure is often fairly complicated, but in general they begin with a slow 'ground' which is the fundamental theme of the composition: this is then elaborated through a series of variations, while the rhythm of the tune quickens restlessly more and more, until the final variation is reached, at which point the tune sinks back to the first slow theme or 'ground' once more. The whole is very suggestive of the ancient days of battle by single combat, beginning with the challenge to action, the old Homeric hurling of taunts from one fighter to another which has its parallel in Old English poetry. This develops with the quickening rhythm, to the speed of flashing swords, and the final movement recalls the long, long thoughts of those who are watching after the battle is over.

In the sixteenth century there was a regular 'College of pipers' in the island of Skye, where men were trained to play and compose by skilled masters. There were other such schools of piping, but that of the MacCruiniens of Skye was by far the most famous in its day, and its pupils were drawn from far and wide. Some of the finest of the old Laments and Salutes were composed by men trained there, and they have been handed down to us either by oral tradition or by means of a curious old script not unlike the 'Sa-ri-ga' notation of India.

The popular march-tunes or dance-tunes, which we associate with the bagpipe when we hear it played by military bands today, were never taught in these schools of piping. No doubt they looked upon it much as our academies of music regard jazz-music in these days. All this lighter side of Highland pipe-music had an independent development, in the villages and among the glens, at the social gatherings of the people. Such names as 'The Highland Wedding', 'The Eight Men of Moidart', 'Brose and Butter', speak for themselves of a time of feast and dancing: though it is a curious fact that one of the most cheerful of the tunes set to the country dance has the name 'The Rejected Suitor.' These melodies are entirely different from the ancient war-tunes: they are played very fast; they consist of a thirty-two beat phrase which is repeated over and over again; and they require a considerable amount of skill in playing, for the fingering is very rapid.

The best known bagpipe tunes are the marches. Many of these can be heard in India, played by Indian or Scottish pipe bands today,

and few people can resist the attractive swing and rhythm that is characteristic of them. Some of these marches are adaptations of very old war-tunes belonging to certain of the ancient clans. One such has the name 'Glengarry's Gathering'; another is 'The Campbells are Coming'; and a third 'The March of the Macdonalds', to which tune Sir Walter Scott once put words. One more of these old marches, named 'The Blue Bonnets are over the Border' recalls the days when the chief pastime of restless Englishmen or Scotsmen living near the boundary of their country was to make a swift and sudden raid upon the country 'over the border' for the sake of some sacks of plunder.

There remains one other class of bagpipe tune which may be of interest, and which is heard in this country played at sunset or late at night in the camps of Highland regiments. It is a slow melody, without the rush and crackle of the country-dance tunes, or the swing of the marches. Its quietness suits the end of the day, and its character is as near to sadness as some of the old laments. 'Over the Sea to Skye' is one of this type, telling of the day when the young Prince Charles Edward put off from shore in a small boat, leaving his country for the last time.

All these more 'popular' tunes are composed in the same form, having two parts of equal length, each repeated twice, while the whole theme is played over with or without variations, several times.

There was a gentleman once, anxious to seem interested in the playing of a piper, who listened carefully to the music, and asked at the end, 'But why do you always play the same tune?'

No doubt his plaintive question was in some measure due to the repetitive character of the reel and march melodies mentioned above: and also it is evident that the continuous, deep-toned background of the drone, so similar to the *Śruti* of Indian Music, gives an impression of monotony to some listeners.

Yet there are few instruments which, with such a limited power, have been used by a nation to depict in such variety all the colours of its life and history. The love and hate of the people, their sorrows, their everyday existence, all these are interpreted in the characteristic folk-music of this curious old instrument of sheep skin and cane reeds, the Scottish bagpipe.

R. S. MACNICOL.

Book Reviews

The Suffering God. By C. S. Paul, M. A. C. L. S., pp. 261 + xiii. Re. 1-8-0.

This book, the fourth in the 'Indian Studies' series, edited by Dr. Appaswamy, sets out to examine the reasonableness of a theism which accepts the position that the truly loving God is found only in the God who suffers to save man. In point of fact, Mr. Paul does a great deal more, for he will not develop his thesis until he has, in his own words 'cleared the ground by . . . meeting objections from various sources, to the idea of the Suffering God.'

Beginning, therefore, from the metaphysical point of view, the author examines the reasons for the absence of any such belief as forms his thesis in the pantheistic and deistic systems.

In theism, however, it is the reality of the moral life, and the emphasis placed on personality which allow the possibility of a love in God that will not stop short of sacrifice.

Mr. Paul might then have developed his argument with these data, but he prefers to meet the criticisms of the various Hindu systems, and the objections offered by other religions, by pointing out where all of these fall short of theism and so have no room for the deeper view of a problem which all must face. In the course of these chapters, the author finds time to discuss the main features of each of the religions he examines; and goes into some detail which, interestingly and popularly written though it may be, might well have been kept for another occasion.

The closing chapters of the book return to the main argument, based on Theism and the meaning of personality in God and Man, existing at its deepest and truest in a moral relationship. Yet even within theology there have been those to whom the idea of suffering in God has been wholly repugnant. The Patristians, they tell us, are not yet stamped out. But we are not to be led into any metaphysical distinctions between the sufferings of Christ and those of the Father. For when Jesus identified Himself with human suffering and took the responsibility of human sin, we cannot but realise that the pain due to man became sheer suffering to Him, and that that was indeed the experience of the Father, with whose will Christ was so completely at one.

The key to the problem, then, is made known in the last chapter of the book, wherein the Cross is shown to be necessarily the central

truth, from which alone the problem must be faced. And the central truth of the Cross stands before man as the expression of what sin costs God. Only thus could the horror of it be demonstrated, and the infinite depth of God's love revealed.

If we have any criticism to offer regarding Mr. Paul's able discussion, it is that at times he is led aside from the main thesis into details which are interesting but at times irrelevant.

This is a popularly written book whose language does not escape the pitfalls of all non-technical writing; but we are grateful to Mr. Paul for giving us such a full and informative examination of an apparently lofty barrier, hard to surmount, between India's religions and the heart of the Christian message.

R. S. M.

The East India Company. A study of its early trading organisation and commerce, by J. D. S. Paul, M.A. (Yale), Ph.D. (London). Luzac & Co., London. Three shillings.

This small book, written by a former student of the Madras Christian College, will be welcomed by all those interested in the origins and early development of the East India Company. Dr. Paul sketches the history of the first twenty years of the Company and his narrative is based on considerable research. He stresses the commercial motives which influenced the founders of the Company as contrasted with the more imperialistic ambitions which moved the Portuguese and the Dutch. Illuminating details are given concerning the first voyages of the Company and the large profits gained. The methods of trade in the East, the importance of the factor and the temptations to which he was exposed, the easy decline from straight-forward trade to piracy and freebooting are all sketched in and the relevant sources quoted. It is interesting to note how in the first twenty years of the life of the Company the problems were already present which were to trouble it for more than two centuries to come. The Dutch had already shown that trade inevitably led to political interference and that political interests were likely to become more absorbing than commercial profit. The question was already raised as to whether the East Indian trade was profitable in the bullionist sense. But the Company had decimated the price of pepper and spices and had at any rate some claim on the gratitude of the English consumer.

E. J. B.

Miscellany.

Madras, a Mother of Civilization

On the 21st of June 1932, the Trivandrum Express arrived in Madras—Egmore—punctually at 7-35 a.m. A queer and unsightly figure alighted from the train. His appearance and costume would have probably misled one into the belief, that he was an inhabitant of the world some centuries ago. A shaggy fell of hair, interwoven and terminating in something like a 'tail', behind the back, and the bushy growth of hair on the face, a crimson-coloured coat on his body, with no shirt inside, a bright yellow waist-cloth and a green-striped towel thrown across his shoulder, would unmistakably have told the reader that he was a human creature, brought from a village in the uttermost part of South India, far from the haunts of refined men, remote from all human interests, cut loose from civilization and withdrawn from all modes of tip-top fashion. He was holding a printed card, the contents of which ran thus:—

'Mr. G. G. Duraisamy is hereby informed that a seat will be reserved for him in Class One of this college, provided he presents himself in college on Tuesday the 21st June, at 10 a.m. with transfer certificate, medical certificate and fees'.

At 10 o'clock he was found inside the Christian College buildings, where he was the cynosure of all eyes. Even the philosophical mind of the Principal was ruffled at his droll appearance. Eventually he was given a seat in the college.

The college work commenced on the 28th of June. As was his wont, Duraisamy carried a cart-load of books to the class viz. Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary, English text-book, Nannool Tamil Grammar, Tamil text-book, two bound note-books and one rough note-book. As if this weight was not sufficient, he brought an ink-bottle with pen, blotting paper, 'Fairy-Queen' pencil, pencil-mender, Blackie's rubber, and finally his grandfather's umbrella, having a number of 'ventilators'.

Many days rolled on. Our Duraisamy was translated into a perfect Madrased. His old habits died out; his customary dress vanished out of sight. He walked like a boss into the college, in white pants, American-cut tweed coat, poplin shirt, semi-stiff collar, club-tie, and brightly polished shoes. A silk kerchief looked out from his coat pocket. His unkempt hair was now clipped in the Oxford style, and his locks, which had not known what oil was, smelt of brilliantine, and this and that. The shaving day, which used to come perhaps

once in three months, became the order of the day. Ven-Yusa, Hazeline snow, Pond's cream, Jasmin scent, Lime-juice glycerine, Cusson's Lily powder, and Kaminia hair-oil were the chief occupants of his toilet-shelf.

Now, even a single note-book became too heavy a burden to lift, and he would come to college, waving his hands, with only a slip of paper and a fountain-pen. In lecture halls, Duraisamy was present only in body, but his mind would be wandering in Moore Market or some talkie-house, where he was to go that evening, or a tennis club. It is refreshing to think that a splendid refreshment stall stands inside the very college premises. Our wool-gathering Duraisamy was so tired and worn-out after the long and tedious lectures that he was obliged to pay regular visits to the stall.

After four in the evening, one could see him in Neo Komala Vilas, or in Ramakrishna Lunch Home or in some grand hotel. He came to believe, that life in Madras was a grand succession of sweets, savouries, lemon-crush, ice-cream, fruit salads, butter-beans, cakes, chocolates, cigarettes, cinemas, island-ground carnivals, etc. After six, if he did not address his steps towards the 'Elphinstone' or the 'Wellington' or the like, he would certainly be found strolling on the Triplicane Marina in white flannel trousers and a polo-collar shirt with his left hand inside the trouser-pocket, and puffing a 'Gold Flake'. Dropping into the Aquarium Restaurant with three or four of his friends, he would display his opulent generosity. If one desired to meet him in his room, it was possible only after 8-30 p.m. He could see him not perusing 'Charles Lamb' but indulging in some card play, or in chess or in carom with some of his friends. The game would be vigorously continued till the one o'clock bell would summon them to bed. Duraisamy would break his sleep only when the sun was already high in the sky.

After some days, he returned home for his holidays; and his father entertained a doubt whether or not he was his son.

RICHARD MOSES,
Class IV, Group III.

Mr. John Masefield—An Appreciation

The most striking feature of modern poetry is its note of escape.

Some of the modern poets express their longing to escape from the humdrum, noise-infected world, from all its fettering conventions and commonplace rigidities. Mr. W. B. Yeats strikes this note when he sings, 'I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree'. Mr. Masefield,

too, strikes a similar note in his sea-poems. In his beautiful lyric, *Sea-Fever*, he writes :—

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like
a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's
over.

His fame as a poet largely rests on his sea-poems and some of his narrative poems. He draws on his own emotional experience freely in his poetry, for his early life was spent at sea.* The salt savour of the sea in his poetry lends it a peculiar charm. He sings,

My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.

.....
.....
Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea ;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.

His men set their sable sails for unknown lands, for they ' could not brook for long the cramping street '. A road without earth's road-dust is all they want. Mr. Masfield chronicles all their joys and woes, their aspirations and secret longings, their hopes and fears, and their simple philosophy of life, in his poems.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth ;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the
earth !
Theirs be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold ;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the
cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

Of late, there has been a considerable revival of interest in narrative poems. Mr. Masfield is one of the pioneers who revived this interest. He has given us some really good narrative poems among which are *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow in the Bye Street*, *Dauber* and *Reynard the Fox*. *The Everlasting Mercy* was an immediate success after its publication. It is the story of the spiritual redemption of one Saul Kane who, sunk deep

in a life of abomination, is raised to a goodly life by the Everlasting Mercy of Jesus Christ. *The Widow in the Bye-Street* treats of a poor widow whose hopes are blighted by her only darling son losing his heart to a young woman, on account of whom he commits a murder for which he forfeits his life. This fine short story in verse tells how

Life can be bitter to the very bone
When one is poor, and woman, and alone,

and has its counterpart, I think, in Hardy's *The Return of the Native*. *Reynard the Fox* is so well known that almost every English reader is familiar with it. As a fine comment upon it, let me quote Mr. Robert Lynd who, in his open letter addressed to Mr. Masfield, says, ' your fox is more than a fox : its sufferings are all but human, its elations are all but human '. One wonders, however, whether Mr. Masfield in this poem supports fox-hunting as a sport.

Dauber is about art. Dauber is a man whose passion for art drives him relentlessly on to seek the unattainable in art. He gets work on board a clipper, where, owing to want of sympathy and understanding between him and his shipmates, he becomes unpopular. Painting is his sole delight, and he strives hard to commit to canvas all the beautiful effects of the blue sea when it is calm and when it is storm-tossed. He succeeds in making a few paintings, but his shipmates play a practical joke on him by smearing them with turpentine oil, thus removing from them every trace ' of quick perception caught by patient skill '. He is sufficiently disillusioned to arrive at a sense of his own

long defeat of doing nothing well,
Playing the part too high for him to play.

A storm, which spells danger to the men on board, overtakes the clipper. It is now that Dauber proves by his courage and daring in climbing up a mast while the storm rages fiercely round him, that he too, like his shipmates, is a man of action. While busy on the mast, with a drop of fifty or sixty feet below, he loses his foothold and is killed. He is a heroic soul, for, in the face of bitter estrangement and failures, he remains calm and careless of the damaging criticisms of his mates and even coldly contemptuous of them. His epitaph might well be, in the words of R. L. S. ' Here goes another faithful failure '.

Mr. Frank Kendon thinks that in his conspicuous gift of narrative Mr. Masfield is highly reminiscent of Chaucer. Again, he says in effect, that Mr. Masfield's practice of alternating beautiful passages with passages of comparative ugliness heightens the effect of contrast.

We cannot judge contemporary poets without some reference to

Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. Where he throws light on deep eternal things and in his sense of the beautiful in life—almost every one of his sonnets is about beauty—and in his large humanity, Mr. Mascfield, perhaps at times, recalls Shakespeare and Milton. In some places he even rises to Shakespearean sublimity. His love of England's fields, its sights and sounds, and his use of the common speech of ordinary people in his poetry claim for him a definite kinship with Wordsworth.

V. MUTIAH,
Junior P.-G. English.

My Dear Old Man

Kuppuswami Iyer was well known at Dharmamangalam. He settled there after a creditable service of thirty years in the Government. As he was accustomed to town-life, his little village could not satisfy his tastes. Nor was the metropolis with its varied activities anything which could attract old gents of Iyer's stamp. The city of license and merriment, of deafening traffic and gnawing avarice, of impostors and scoundrels, was loathsome in the eyes of the orthodox Iyer. The quiet he had longed for was just what could not be found there.

So our gentleman pitched his *tent* in a quasi-town and a quasi-village, just the thing for a retired official. 'Let the city take in the youth and make them old before their time. I will not die there', he used to say. The man who had retired from service could never be expected to be active—nor could he like idleness. The wheel revolving with speed will not lose its momentum in a moment. It will continue, though slowly, when force is applied to stop it. So with our Iyer. He had his own ideas of working out a cultural revolution among his semi-civilised neighbours.

Though many retired people like Iyer were competing with young men in search of jobs, a thousand thanks to Providence he had no necessity to think of such. His was not a big family and the only son of Iyer was securely employed in a not distant place. Nor had he the avarice of some of the old men whose desire for amassing and whose miserliness advance with age and whose pedantry in preaching that thrift and wealth should be one's philosophy abates no less.

Kuppuswami Iyer had a heart yearning for God and not a day passed without his visiting the Lord at the local temple. He loved his religion and sincerely attempted to fashion his life according to its concepts. Himself old, he had a reverence for anything ancient and used to narrate the achievements of past ages with great fervour and genuine pride. As can be surmised, the teaching profession was given

the highest regard. He maintained that boys should be whipped if they would not learn their lessons. Lack of application to study was the complaint he lodged against modern youths. The burden of his talk on education was generally of deterioration. Himself only a lower secondary man, he was sure that any examination could be passed without difficulty. An expert in elementary mathematics and a heap of other subjects, but slightly weak in English, in which only he could rarely secure more than a grand seven percent he served as well as any other sub-registrar. Modern B.A.'s were not so careful or able as himself though he had never entered the portals of a university. If only a seat in the senate of the university had been offered to him, the deterioration theory would have had its ablest exponent. There was no half-way in the expression of his opinions. He was cock-sure that everything modern must be bad, as is seen in the graduate hunting for jobs, the Brahmin priest jostling for money, the puny children unable even to walk erect, or in the annual yield of land. He supported his arguments by reference to the educational rules which he quoted imperfectly in season and out of season. Very spicy indeed was his conversation, which somehow led to the application of the educational rules whenever a youngster of the local high school made his appearance. He gave from sheer memory extracts from letters which he had penned for the highest of officials in the country. They contained only six or seven grammatical errors in every instance. These, if brought to his notice, were 'only from a lower secondary man.' According to him any obedient student would also be loyal, so that all agitators, including Gandhiites, were scoundrels. These agitators had brought only communal discord in the appointment of Government servants and, what was worse, a lot of suffering to the already impoverished sons of the native soil. 'How will the fleshed Englishman,' he would argue, 'leave the country if the chained Indian hounds bark at him furiously? Surely they will be flogged with lathis for their conduct'. One other remark which he would often make was this: 'Ever serve only an Englishman. For it is only he that understands human nature. These Indian blackguards will tyrannise over you once they are in power'. However much we might try to convince him that only uncultured upstarts ill-treat their subordinates and that the right type of Indian officers are not wanting, he would shake his head and stick to his determined view. It had become a doctrine with him.

An epitome of the transitory civilization of the age, he impressed anyone that had come in contact with him. Neither a great scholar nor a leading figure, he has claimed the attention of every one of his neighbours. Will you, reader, like this old man, perhaps one like your own grey-haired grandfather, however circumscribed his experience

and views may be? Can your heart open a corner to treasure up memories of old age which runs its own way, yet blesses the rise of the new generation?

S. R. S.

Post-graduate, English.

'Marina Calling'

Earth has not produced anything more fair than the Madras Marina. Well has it been described as the one beauty spot of Madras.

For my own part, I am no more attracted by the long stretch of automobiles with their lovely contents than the canine howlings emanating from those three horns near the Aquarium—the Sphinx to many a mofussilite. To watch the ceaseless flow of humanity, to follow closely the channels through which the human mind flows, is a pastime given only to the privileged few. Observe mankind from San Thome to George Town; you acquire an infinite fund of information and amusement.

Far off in the distance march up a promiscuous procession of demi-officials in all their paraphernalia, tiffin box in hand, face all black with fears of imminent 'cuts' and retrenchment. The sycophant currying favour with his superior at a respectable distance is a pitiful sight indeed. Behold! Our beau with his 'O.K.'s', 'How do you do's', and 'Cheerio's', exchanging civilities, introducing friends, strutting and swanking. How high he holds his head! How bombastically he talks! He has consumed cigarettes by the tin, seen pictures without number and spent 'chips' like chaff. He is a polished gentleman. There is always something of the drawing-room about his person. Then again, there are the collegians, the future worthies of our land with their talks of 'exams', syllabuses, professors, and colleges. Passing along, you come to an imposing building of spotless white from whose heights pale and lovely faces watch the passers-by, but 'in maiden meditation fancy-free'.

The clock strikes 5-30. There is new life. The air reverberates with the bangs of motor-cars and motor-bikes. What fools these mortals be! Is humanity running amok? Are men on their journey to the Promised Land; or are they unconsciously leaping into the Bottomless Pit? Is life itself a running race? Or is it a happy promenade along shaded parks, attended by celestial nymphs and ethereal strains?

Turning from this great Vanity-Fair, we come to the humbler scene—the Radio. A thousand pities for those martyrs of Music who sit the whole time through, in defiance of the elements. Close by is

the 'Ladies' Zone'. Penned up in it are a bevy of docile, law-abiding women whose only relaxation is the Beach after the storm and stress of kitchen work. Young Mademoiselle tries to steal a side-long look at Monsieur Fop—he has monopolised a seat opposite this zone—but is prevented at every attempt by the 'matron's glance that does those looks reprove'.

Here are available all commodities ranging from Beedas. The air resounds with the music of the Pattani-vendor. 'Garam' to the right; 'garam' to the left; 'garam' to the front; 'garam' everywhere. The Pattani-walla is a wonderful chap. An excellent physiognomist, he knows your moods. When he finds you in a mood to enjoy humour, he cracks jokes, utters a few things wise and otherwise, and gets a couple of coppers from you. Put on a wry face; he runs away muttering all the time his never-ceasing 'garam'.

A few yards from the Ladies' Zone is the 'shoda-ghat' (shoda = a gadabout, a professional rotter). While all around are busy, our shodas alone are calm and cool. They pursue their own amusements undisturbed by the general hurly-burly. They have not the least regard for all the beaux and belles—the cream of society. The stiff-necked collegian, and the medico too, who have admittance into any fashionable saloon must put up with the shoda, the sturdy democrat that he is. Forms and formalities have no significance for him. Shodaism is a blissful state of the mind which forgets self, and cares not for what is all around. Much as the shoda is condemned he is quite a formidable force in society. His life is a silent satire upon the vanities of an age in which Fashion has come to hold sway over Reason.

Justice must be done to a few more glorious obscurities. Reference must be made to those millions of mediocres whom the foolish world cannot recognise. My heart beats in sympathy with all their ideals and aspirations. There is not a single one among them who does not imagine himself the Prince of Wales the moment he puts on a grey suit. How innocent is their vanity! Vanity vents itself in several ways. The ragged, care-worn book-worm is not any less self-important than the puffed-up fop. Lurking behind the looks of even the meanest-looking fellow are thoughts too deep for execution. Many a mute inglorious Milton is passed over. Does not every dullard that enters college entertain remote hopes of turning out one fine day a full-fledged civilian? Is not this a legitimate ambition? Let us not measure man by the amount of work done but by the feelings and impulses behind.

'On earth a broken arc, in heaven a perfect round.'

P. S. RAMACHANDRA SARMA,

Class IV, Group 2 B (a).

True Happiness

True and perfect happiness means the attainment of the end for which we were created, the entire satisfaction of our instincts, cravings and intellectual aspirations. It is the feeling that we possess everything we can have—everything we were created for, coupled with the certainty that we shall never lose it.

Happiness is both absolute and relative. By absolute happiness we mean the complete satisfaction of all our wants. Relative happiness is that genuine feeling of satisfaction we experience in this life on performing deeds of virtue. Our cravings and aspirations consist of a higher and lower nature. Our noble instincts seek truth and virtue, and our lower nature seeks vice and pleasure, and there goes on a continuous war between the one and the other. The choice of any one of these depends upon our discretion, and our future welfare will largely depend upon our selection.

God has implanted in the heart of man instincts, cravings and aspirations that cannot fully be satisfied by the things of the earth. Pleasure ends in disgust; money is the cause of many a crime and a source of anxiety; honours and high stations are often occasions of great misery and unhappiness, so that nobody can be said to be really happy in this world. On the other hand, poverty, sickness, and humble station in life are only blessings in disguise. They are as transient as the fleeting clouds of the air, compared with the eternal reward that awaits us for having borne them bravely. 'For that man', says Plato, 'is never neglected by God whosoever exerts himself to the utmost to be just, and by practising virtue, tries to approach as nearly as a man may, to the likeness of God.'

True happiness, therefore, consists in that contentment of heart, and joy of soul, which comes from within, and which has God alone for its foundation; all the rest is vanity, unrest and vexation of spirit. As has already been remarked, we do not enjoy real happiness on earth; our most fortunate successes are mingled with sadness. If we want to be truly happy we should make God the basis of our happiness. Riches, honours and pleasures are not at all true happiness. The only thing that can secure for us this true, perfect and everlasting happiness is a life of virtue. Our guiding stars in the pursuit of perfect happiness ought to be the light of Reason and the voice of Conscience.

Human reason is the eye of the soul, which enables us to see into the realms of truth, not visible through our bodily senses. And 'Conscience', says Swift, 'signifies that knowledge which a man hath of his own thoughts and actions; and because if a man judgeth fairly of his actions, by comparing them with the laws of God, his mind will

approve or condemn him, this knowledge or conscience may be both an accuser and a judge'.

Obeys then the voice of Conscience through thick and thin, even if you have to suffer loss in your temporal and material interests, or detriment to your good name or reputation. The day will dawn when God will set right everything, square up differences and assign victory at last to the athlete who would not soil his soul by betraying his conscience.

Moreover, it is of the utmost importance that we should keep both body and soul clean; the former by scrupulously acquiring habits of cleanliness and purity and the latter by feeding it only with what is true, good and beautiful. If our bodily eye gets dim, it can see objects only imperfectly; if it is absolutely defiled, it can see nothing. So also with the eye of our soul; when tarnished by pride, injustice and impurity, it simply cannot see the things that are of God. The soul's power of insight fails and belief ceases, with dire consequences in its trail. The practice of virtue, therefore, is the only true and perfect happiness that we may possess in this world, and it is this which leads to God and to a happy eternity. Sin and vice are things that draw us away from Him. And so let our daily prayer be, 'O God make us beautiful within'.

K. V. SWAMINATAN,

Class III, Group IV-A.

'Vengeance'

There is a critical period in everybody's life. So there was in Jayanti's life.

Jayasingh and Jayanti were eighteen-year-old twins at the time this story begins. They were always opposed to one another and never seemed to agree at any time. Even over trifling matters they fought like cat and dog. It was the stubbornness of Jayasingh and the fiery temper of Jayanti which caused the peace and serenity of their home to be disturbed by their incessant quarrels.

On this particular afternoon Jayasingh had sneaked into Jayanti's room to steal some of her cold cream which he meant to use as an experiment for greasing his mechanical instruments. Poor Jayasingh had no idea about the creams and snows that his sister used. He was one of those simple chaps to whom cocoanut oil is better than all the brilliantines in the world put together. Ignorant of all these vain toilet requisites, he tip-toed past the sleeping Jayanti to her toilet table, and, with another glance towards his sister to reassure himself, he reached out for one of her choicest creams in a beautiful antique vase which

she prized very highly. Jayanti had forgotten to screw down the top of the vase properly. So when Jayasingh took it by the top, very lightly, the beautiful vase detached itself from the lid and crashed on the floor to pieces while the cold cream came flying into his face. Jayanti woke up with a start and stared at the cream-besmeared face of her brother. Then her eyes travelled to the floor where she saw her beautiful, highly prized vase in a pitiable wreck. A cry of horror and anger burst from her. Jayasingh in his innermost heart was very sorry for what he had done, but his stubbornness prevented him from showing how sorry he felt over the affair. He put on a grim face and stared back at his sister. Jayanti's fiery temper blazed forth into a shower of belittling words. Stubborn Jayasingh, all the while, assumed a nonchalant attitude. This made Jayanti still more angry. So she vowed that she would take revenge on her brother. Just when the situation was getting critical, Jayanti's mother called her away from Jayasingh, thus delaying any present action.

Mrs. Prabhakar (that was Jayanti's mother) had some extremely distressing and depressing news for Jayanti. The Prabhakars had all these days been on 'easy street', but now Mr. Prabhakar had lost everything he possessed in the stock-market. Mrs. Prabhakar broke the news to Jayanti and soothed her because this was indeed a terrible blow to Jayanti who had always wanted to live in high style, enjoying all the luxuries of life. Jayanti, after getting over the shock, helped her mother in seeing all their servants, explaining to them their present situation and dismissing them. With something to do on hand, Jayanti soon forgot her scene with Jayasingh.

As she had to dismiss the cook, Jayanti volunteered to prepare dinner. Queerly enough, Jayanti, with all her vanities, was fond of cooking and was considered a good cook by her parents. She prepared a tasty dinner that day and when she had the table set, her mind wandered back to Jayasingh. Her vow of vengeance came back upon her with full force. She looked at the place which she had laid for Jayasingh.

When dinner time drew near Jayanti came down the steps to the dining room. She heard the tinkling of the telephone bell in the hall. She ran along to answer it. To her great disgust and dismay it was that 'scoundrel' Jayasingh (as she put it) who had rung up to say that he was staying away for dinner at the place of one of his friends. Jayanti banged down the receiver with an air of disappointment, when the door bell began to ring. Her anger got the better of her now. With another volley of angry words at this visitor she went and opened the door. She was about to shout 'Who . . . ?' when she stopped short. For there stood a quaint, short old man

with his pig-like eyes blinking at her sternly. As she stood silent with her lips drawn to a thin line, this funny gentleman scanned pretty Jayanti from the wavy mass of silken hair which crowned her beautiful head to her sandal-enclosed dainty little feet.

'Whom do you wish to see, sir?' asked Jayanti biting her lips in embarrassment.

The little gentleman's eyes rapidly ran over the well-furnished drawing hall, when Jayanti spoke again.

'Do you want to see anyone, my dear sir?' repeated Jayanti, patiently, forcing back her famous fiery temper.

By this time the funny visitor, catching some of the words which Jayanti uttered, regained his attention and said,

'Heh, what did you say, young lady? Oh, yes, I want to see Mrs. Prabhakar. Call her at once, will you?'

Jayanti invited him inside the room and asked him to be seated, while she went in to call her mother. Her temper was utterly spoilt now. She wanted to do something that might settle her stormy mind. Already the disappointment she had suffered at Jayasingh's not staying in for dinner was great and now this gentleman was getting on her nerves. She went and called her mother and then withdrew, sadly and angrily musing over her disappointments.

Twelve o'clock was the dinner hour at the Prabhakars', Jayanti sounded the gong announcing the dinner. But none appeared. About ten minutes elapsed when her mother came in leading that quaint, irritating gentleman. He was introduced to Jayanti as one of her uncles who was a great millionaire and who had promised to help them in their present state of financial difficulties. This was too much for Jayanti to grasp in a moment. She was both astonished and happy at this sudden change of events. At once happy visions of her future began to hover before her tear-dimmed eyes—tears, because of her excessive joy. Now she began to concentrate all her attention on this new-found uncle of hers.

But her joy was not long-lived, for he was staying for dinner with them and before Jayanti could make any arrangements, the old man had peacefully settled at the place meant for Jayasingh and had begun to tackle the dishes before him. Jayanti's face paled considerably. She wrung her hands in silent agony while her eyes were becoming watery. What was the matter?

Jayanti, in order to take her revenge, had purposely left sand in the delicious curry she had prepared at Jayasingh's plate.

The old man munched and crunched the sandy curry with questioning glances towards the mother and the daughter. In order to keep to the rules of etiquette, he overlooked this fact—and began to try a hand at the next course.

Jayanti's face looked like a sheet and her hands, pale and trembling, twisted her handkerchief into grotesque shapes. Her uncle had now begun to try the cabbage dish. After a few mouthfuls he gasped and grasped for water. 'This is an outrage,' he spluttered, 'a shameful outrage.' Poor Jayanti had soaked the cabbage in codliver oil and salted the water so much that it was undrinkable.

The poor gentleman, who had unfortunately become the victim of Jayanti's vengeance, left the house in a huff, declaring vehemently that they were trying to kill him and he would disinherit them and not give them even so much as a pie.

Jayanti rushed madly upstairs, blinded by tears and fell down on her bed in a swoon. Her future which had seemed to brighten only a few minutes ago, had crumbled to ruins, all because of her vengeance. You may be sure that her fiery temper did not get the better of her again.

V. BALASUNDARAM,
Class I, Group I-A.

To a Cuckoo

O traveller from a distant clime,
What sweet strain do you sing?
Your song, is it of summer time,
Or of some kindred thing?
Or is it of the vernal flowers,
Which deck the fields and stately bowers?

Or is it of the snow-clad peak,
Where crystal rivers flow,
Where nature strews and men do seek
Bright gems of sparkling glow?
Or is it of the moon-lit vale
Where silence tells her weary tale?

O say what news of joy you bring,
What tidings good and bad?
What subtle charm doth round you cling
That makes your listeners glad?
O say what pleasant dreams come true,
While yet you sing, my dear cuckoo?

P. SHANKAR RAO,
Class II, Group I-B.

Hostels.

The Students' Home

The hostel has reopened and is twenty-two strong. The following are its officers.

<i>Secretary</i>	 Mr. B. S. Amrita Rao.
<i>Treasurer</i>	 „ V. Ratnaswamy.
<i>Games Supdt.</i>	 „ M. Srinivasa Rao.
<i>Gardener</i>	 „ P. S. Narayana Rao.
<i>Guest Supdt.</i>	 „ K. S. Anantakrishnan.
<i>Librarian</i>	 „ M. V. Rajagopalan.

Messrs. A. K. Achutan and V. Sundaram have been elected to be members on the Mess Committee.

We get the Hindu Daily and Weekly, Modern Review, Sunday Times, Anandavikatan, and Krishnapatricks. The last two are vernacular papers.

We are an eyesore to our sister hostel, having bereft her of her baby, Brahmanandam. It is an unsolved problem for us whether he has curbed his playfulness owing to the change of mother or mess. What with the enthusiastic botanist as our gardener, the embryo Ranganathan, at least as we think him to be, as the librarian and men of I.E.S. (Imperial Eater's Service), as our mess managers, our Home is a home.

The Hostel Magazine, manuscript magazine of course, continues under the lead of Mr. C. S. Kamalapati, a promising poet.

The Reception to the Graduates was given on Saturday the 5th of August under the presidentship of F. E. Corley, Esq., the Principal. In addition to the usual programme, there was European music given by Mr. R. S. Macnicol and Indian music by Mr. Anantakrishnan.

Cheerio! Everybody!

B. S. AMRITA RAO,
Secretary.

The Fenn Hostel

It is gratifying to note that our hostel is full this year. To whom are our thanks due? At the beginning we had to send away a few members. May we ask the authorities to increase the accommodation? We need not bother about that, as the Tambaram scheme is looming very near.

We had our functions carried on in the usual manner—General election, Muttai Meeting, ducking ceremony and the graduates' reception. The list of the office-bearers appears below.

Another fact about our hostel is that it can boast of magicians and a large number of musicians—not to mention the many varieties of musical instruments. Can you also imagine one of our members, seeing five foreign films and only two Indian films every week?—a rare specimen among the forty-five.

Results of our election:—

Mr. W. M. G. Dorairaj	 <i>Treasurer.</i>
„ A. K. David	 <i>Librarian.</i>
„ D. A. Thangasamy	 <i>Auditor.</i>
„ C. S. Thomas	 <i>Sports Secretary.</i>
„ T. Ipe	 <i>Guest Superintendent.</i>
„ C. T. Varkey	 <i>Medical Assistant.</i>
„ Rajasingh Baliah	 <i>Secretary.</i>

RAJASINGH BALIAH,
Secretary.

Second Students' Home

The strength of our Home was sixteen at the beginning of the year, though two members more were added later on, making us eighteen strong.

The first General Body Meeting was held in due time and the office-bearers for the academic year were elected. Soon after the managing committee was elected, another General Body Meeting was convened, for the election of the convocation and excursion committees and the president and secretary of the Literary and Debating Society.

The inaugural meeting of the Society was held when the vital subject of 'The Problem of Indian Education' was delightfully and eloquently treated by Mr. P. K. Rajagopalan B.A., B.L., under the distinguished presidentship of Prof. A. J. Boyd, M. A.

On the 3rd of August the Reception to our new graduates was held. Our thanks are due to the committee for making the function a grand success.

Our Hostel excursion fell on the 12th of August. Though the weather on the morning of the excursion was bad, the members, undaunted, marched forward about four miles from Villivakkam Railway Station, with drizzle from above and a 'Slough of Despond' below, and reached their destination, dreary and drenched. Light refreshments recuperated the members and they at once began their

sports, and on the whole the excursion was a pleasant and enjoyable one.

The other activities of our Home such as in-door games, reading room, etc., are going on well.

The office-bearers for the current year are as follows:—

Mr. P. V. Padmanabhan....	<i>Secretary.</i>
„ J. Jambanna.....	<i>Librarian.</i>
„ V. Lakshmana Rao.....	<i>Games-Superintendent.</i>

P. V. PADMANABHAN,
Secretary.

Caithness Hall

This year brought with it feelings of grief and joy to the members of our hostel: grief, because our Superintendent, Rev. J. R. Macphail, left us on furlough; joy, because Rev. R. S. Macnicol has come as his successor. We heartily welcome our new Superintendent to our midst.

The Hostel re-opened on the morning of 26th June, 1933, after the summer vacation. We are already thirty-five, including our Superintendent and Manager, and hope that the hostel will be full before the end of the term. The room allotment of the hostel by the Manager took place on 1st July 1933, according to seniority.

The Statutory General Meeting of our hostel took place in our Library Hall at 8-30 p.m. on Thursday 6th July 1933, with our Superintendent in the chair. The unanimous election of the office-bearers of the hostel on the occasion shows the perfect harmony amongst us.

Managing Committee.

Mr. K. T. Abdulla Saheb.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
„ G. Krishnaswamy.	
„ C. Sankaran Nair.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
„ C. N. Raghunathan.	

Mess Committee.

Mr. C. N. Loganathan.	
„ G. Babu.	
„ P. Veera Raghavulu Naidu.	

Extra Office-bearers appointed by the Managing Committee.

Mr. R. Raja Sankara Lingam.....	<i>Librarian.</i>
„ P. R. Rama Chandran.....	<i>Games Superintendent.</i>
„ Y. Syed Muhamed....	<i>Guest Superintendent.</i>

The reception to the graduates to the hostel took place on Friday, 4th August, the day after the Convocation, and our Principal, Mr. F.E. Corley, presided on the occasion. This year we had the good fortune to receive nine graduates, of whom seven have secured Second Classes and distinctions in one or other of the three parts.

K. T. ABDULLA SAHEB,
Secretary.

The Rungiah Chetty Hostel

Hurrah for the dear old Rungiah Chetty Hostel! Coming back to it after an absence of three long months was like meeting a long-lost friend.

The coming of the 26th of June brought with it feelings of grief and joy to the members of our hostel: grief because Mr. T. Rajasekaran is to be no more our manager; joy because Dr. Gandhakar is his successor. We assure our former manager that our love and gratitude remain the same. Under the kind supervision and capable management of our Superintendent and Manager affairs are running very smoothly like a well-oiled machine.

The hostel was reopened on the morning of the 26th of June. The general election came off during the third week after the re-opening of the college. The Secretary for the current year is C. B. Koilpillai and the other office-bearers are:—

T. S. Panchapikasan		<i>Treasurer.</i>
C. K. John		<i>Games Superintendent.</i>
Mahamed Batcha		<i>Librarian.</i>
Richard Moses		<i>Guest Superintendent.</i>

The Committee have decided to have the *Hindu Daily*, *Hindu Illustrated Weekly* and *Times of India Weekly*. The hostel provides ping-pong, draughts and chess as in-door games.

It was with much anxiety that we were watching the rising sun on Thursday the 3rd of August. A band of fifteen assembled at the Central Station for the Ennore excursion. We spent our time quite happily and we had a delightful sea bath for a long time. We returned to Madras in the evening.

We regret to note that we could not have the hostel graduates' reception, as all the successful candidates took their degrees *in absentia*. Our wishes for their bright future career go with them.

The three candidates who appeared for the B.Sc. degree examination were all successful. We are happy to note that

one of the three, Mr. M. Kesava Menon, took a first class, which was a credit both to the college and the hostel. Indeed, well begun is half done!

C. B. KOILPILLAI,
Secretary.

College Park Hostel

The strength of the College Park Hostel is more than doubled this year, and, with the exception of three or four, all of us are newcomers. On the Convocation Day we had the honour of having two of our hostel-mates graduating.

The election of office-bearers took place early this term and Mr. George Vurgese was elected Secretary. On this occasion, the Superintendent, Rev. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Litt., presided.

In spite of occasional week-end duckings, war-dances, and eerie noises which lead us to the belief that the hostel is haunted, we have settled down to work—thanks to Mr. Cherian's excellent guardianship—and we sincerely hope to produce six graduates this session.

GEORGE VURGESE,
Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hostel

The circumstance of the closing of the Bishop Heber College at Trichinopoly led to the opening of the Bishop Heber Hostel at Madras. This Bishop Heber Hostel is the shadow of the Bishop Heber Hall, which is to be opened in a year or two at Tambaram. Our habitation at present, is Satya House, 18, Hunter's Road, Vepery. In this building there is accommodation for only nineteen students. At present we are seventeen and we do not know where we will be forced to move next year, when we expect another batch.

The first General Body Meeting was held in our Common Hall on the 29th of June to elect the office-bearers for the year. The following were elected:—

Mr. S. E. Jeyapalan		<i>General Secretary.</i>
„ George Muthiah		<i>Assist. Secretary.</i>
„ J. G. Rajaratnam David		<i>Financial Secretary.</i>
„ G. Kulasekara Pandian		<i>Games Secretary.</i>
„ J. D. Gabriel }		<i>Auditors.</i>
„ J. C. Victor }		

Our Hostel aims at developing individual responsibility and corporate consciousness. We think our corporate life can be

enhanced by worshipping together regularly, in addition to other factors that bind us together.

Mr. Samuel, our warden, is our friend and elder brother.

Our Hostel, though a baby hostel, is very vigorous and enthusiastic in its social service. Most of us have joined the College Brotherhood and, to our great fortune, Mr. J. D. Gabriel, a member of our hostel, has been elected the College Social Secretary.

On the athletic side we have both out-door and in-door games. Our members take part in tennis, volley ball and badminton and they take up carum and ping-pong as indoor games.

We have on our reading-table the *Hindu Daily* and *Student Outlook* and in course of time we hope to get more.

We are very much indebted to some of the professors and lecturers of the college for their visits. Our heartfelt thanks are due to them.

S. E. JEYAPALAN,
Gen. Secretary.

Societies

The Christian Union

The new Constitution of the Union was approved and passed at a General Body Meeting of the Union on 23rd February 1933. According to this Constitution, at another meeting of the Union on 2nd March, the following office-bearers of the Union were elected for this year (1933-34)—

Rev. R. S. Macnicol			<i>President.</i>
Mr. K. M. Cherian			<i>Vice-President.</i>
„ D. A. Thangasamy			<i>General Secretary.</i>

On 24th July the General Body of the Union elected to the Committee of the Union the following :

Mr. D. Gabriel			<i>Social Service Secretary.</i>
„ W. A. Spitteler			<i>Devotional Service Secretary.</i>
„ T. C. Thomas			<i>Study Circle Secretary.</i>
„ J. Duraisamy			<i>Treasurer.</i>
„ Gnanadhikam	<i>Class II</i>		<i>Class Representatives.</i>
„ Bentinck	<i>Class I</i>		

The Freshers' Social of the Union was held on 19th July at 4-15 p.m., in the College Hall. After the Social, the Annual meeting of all the Christian students and staff of the College was held under the Chairmanship of the Principal. The number present was about a hundred and twenty.

After an opening hymn Mr. Martin led us in prayer. The General Secretary of the Union then read the annual report of the Union, prepared by the ex-Secretary, Mr. K. K. Chandy. At the end of the report, the Secretary welcomed the new Christian students of the College to the College and the Union. The Principal then spoke, emphasising the fact that Christianity is an essentially social religion. Mr. Macnicol spoke next. As a member of the British Student Christian Movement, he greeted the Union in the name of that Movement. As a new-comer to the College, he thanked the old members of the Union on behalf of the Freshers for the welcome accorded them. Then, as the President of the Union for this year, he welcomed the new Christian students of the College to the Union and its activities. After a second hymn the Principal closed the meeting with prayer.

Owing to the late receipt of membership cards, we have not yet been able to find out what social activity, or activities, each member

of the Union would undertake. But the Sunday School, weekly devotional meetings and the study circles have been started again this year with enthusiasm and hope.

D. A. THIANGASAMY,
General Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Samajamu

The General Body Meeting of the above Association was held in the Telugu Class Room on the 14th of July at 4-15 p.m. Mr. T. Rajagogala Rao, B.A., L.T., M.R.A.S., presided. The following office-bearers were elected unanimously.

Secretary Mr. M. Srinivasa Rao, Class IV.
Treasurer " G. Subrahmanyam, "

Class Representatives :

Class IV Mr. W. Subbarayudu.
" *III* " P. Veeraraghavulu Naidu.
" *II* " B. S. Anrita Rao.
" *I* " S. Siddayya Naidu.
" *Hons.* " G. Sivasankara Sastri.
" *B.Sc.* " V. Raghavachari

The inaugural meeting was held on the 26th of July when Dr. V. S. Ram, F.R.H.S., Ph.D., etc., Head of the Department of Politics, Lucknow University, presided. The inaugural address was delivered by Vidvan Vidyavachaspati D. Venkataswamy Gupta.

The Association has had a very good beginning. There is a saying that 'well begun is half done.' May the Association prosper for years to come.

M. SRINIVASA RAO,
Secretary.

The Malayalee Association

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on 11th August at 4-10 p.m. in the Societies' Hall, Mr. V. Titus Verghese, M.A., presiding.

The meeting began with a short speech by the President in which he assured us of his warm support and said that he would spare no pains to make the Association successful.

Then came the inaugural speech by Mr. C. Sankaran Nair of the fourth class and his subject was 'Kalakath Kunjan Nambiar and his

works'. The speech was ably prepared and Mr. Nair had a huge stock of funny anecdotes that greatly entertained his audience. Punctuated with quotations from the poet, the speech was interesting as well as instructive.

Mr. Titus Verghese in his concluding remarks compared the two poets, Nambiar and Ezhuthassan and said that in his opinion Nambiar was the better of the two.

With a vote of thanks to the president and the lecturer, the meeting came to a close at 5-15.

Before concluding this report, the secretary would earnestly request the Malayalee students to muster strong at all meetings of the Association.

D. P. NAMBUDRIPAD,
Secretary.

The Philosophical Association

On the 20th of July, a General Body Meeting of this Association was held to elect the office-bearers for this year, with Dr. Theodore, the President of the Association, in the Chair. The following is the result :—

Secretary :—Mr. M. Thiruvengkatachari.

Representatives :—

Fourth Class :—Messrs. James Duraiswamy and Richard Moses.

Third Class :—Messrs. Rajagopalan and Umamaheswara Reddy.

Honours Classes :—Mr. V. Devasenapathy.

The new feature of this year is the appointment of the Honours Representative. This is a worthy suggestion of Dr. Theodore, and, it is expected that in future the Honours students will take a keen interest in the activities of the Association.

The interest in the Association, said the President, lies not in bringing outsiders to lecture to us of what they know, but in discussing among ourselves certain philosophical questions. It is expected that the members will bear this in mind and be not simply passive receptacles of what is said to them, but be really active agents.

An ordinary meeting too was held on the 11th instant with Mr. S. Parthasarathy in the chair, when the Secretary read a paper on 'Philosophy'.

It is expected that this year, we will be able to meet at least once in a fortnight and make the Association really beneficial to its members.

M. THIRUVENKATACHARI,
Secretary.

English Honours Association

At the beginning of the term a meeting was held to elect the President and the Office-bearers for the year, when the following were elected :

President Rev. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Litt.
Vice-President Mr. G. Bhaskaran, Honours V.
Secretary „ J. E. Jaya Raman, Honours IV.
Treasurer „ S. Srinivasan, Senior P. G's.

The inaugural address was delivered on the 14th of August, when Miss E. McDougall, Principal of the Women's Christian College, delivered an address on 'Originality in Poetry'. The lecture was very much appreciated.

J. E. JAYA RAMAN,
Secretary.

The Radio Club

Details regarding this Club will be found at the end of the article by Dr. A. V. Moses, which appears in this issue of the Magazine.

The Brotherhood

Why do you think four hundred odd students gathered at quiet College Park on Saturday, the 22nd July? Was it the lure of the tea or was it the amusing games that attracted these students? To say that the average Madras student could be persuaded to go all the way to Kilpauk for these trifles will argue total ignorance of the student mind. At the time of the tea, more than any other time, the spirit of the Brotherhood was in evidence. There was plenty of opportunity for friendly rivalry and for the team spirit to be exhibited. And when the stout and elderly members of the staff tugged at the end of the rope against a team of happy smiling young men in the bloom of their youth, and tugged the rope to victory, the Madras Christian College Brotherhood was in its real element.

THE COLLEGE BROTHERHOOD



The bulk of the crowd remained to the end to be further treated to some stories, and a programme of music from the violin, vocal chords, and the Scotch Bagpipe. Mr. Kamalapati and Mr. Verghese both spoke in reply to the welcome speech of a senior student, Mr. O. T. V. Nambiar. The mysteries of the Brotherhood were then explained by Mr. Joshua and he also showed how the students could partake actively in the various branches of the work of the Brotherhood. Mr. Corley brought the function to a close with an appropriate and instructive speech.

The next week-end over forty students went on a trip to Tambaram. After the enjoyable ride in the train and, a refreshing sleep in the new Science Block, the early morning was spent in going round the compound, in seeing the many buildings constructed and under construction, the famous well, and the fascinating plant and bird life. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes very kindly acted as the official expert guides, and everybody agreed that it was a morning spent very profitably.

The amateur foot-ball team continues to give recreation and some relief to a few select patients of the Mental Hospital. A good number of members visit the various hospitals as in the previous years. The work in the slums has been put on a more elaborate and organised basis. Two young members have consented to give lantern lectures in various centres (*cheris*) selected for the purpose by the Madras City Sanitary Welfare League.

The Book-club still continues to demand the services of Mr. Rajasekharan and his assistants.

A number of excursions to places of interest in the city, such as the Madras Pencil Factory, The Hindu Press, The Massey Engineering Works, and the Match Factory are being arranged this term. A moon-light picnic for Friday, 1st September, is also being organised.

The following are the office-bearers of the Brotherhood for the current year :

<i>Excursions :</i>		{ Mr. M. V. Rajagopalan. Mr. M. S. Sabhesan.
<i>Social Service :</i>		{ Mr. B. S. Amrita Rao. Mr. W. F. Kibble.
<i>Book-Club :</i>		{ Mr. C. D. Nagasundaram. Mr. T. K. Rajasekharan.
<i>General Secretary :</i>		Mr. C. S. Sadasivan.
<i>President :</i>		Mr. J. P. Joshua.

B. S. AMRITA RAO,

Athletics

General

The field has been put to so much strain in the previous years that the thin hard surface on top of the loose sand was broken up. What the field needed was rest and rain, but unfortunately no rain fell during the holidays for the grass to grow and instead of its getting any rest, the wear and tear only increased in intensity after the reopening of College. The games necessarily became very slow and clouds of dust interfered with play. So finally it was decided to give the field a new hard surface. The hockey field was first repaired and now work has been started on the football pitch.

With all these repairs going on on the field and the large number of students who daily turn up for a game, it has been found a little difficult to have regular games properly organized. One interesting thing to note, however, is the *spirit of the men who turn out for games*. They will play games on a bad pitch, however much it may affect their play, rather than not play at all. That, indeed, is a good sign.

Soon after the reopening of College the compulsory games for Class II were organized, but it was nearly a fortnight later before Class I was properly organised, on account of the delay in admissions. It has not been possible to play hockey and its place was taken by another playground-ball diamond.

After the compulsory games are over, the regular games begin and a large number turn up daily for football, basket ball, volley ball, etc. There is boxing practice two evenings in the week, although it is not unusual to find people crowding round the boxing ring even on other evenings.

On the whole, one can safely say that, as years go on, more and more students are taking part in games regularly. Some seven years ago anything like a football practice was unknown, but now the number of enthusiasts has become so great that sometimes several teams play by turns the same evening. And it is not unusual these days to see the whole field occupied and 'full of activity,' as one member of the staff remarked—football, cricket, volley ball, basket ball, playground ball and boxing, all going on at the same time.

C. A. A.

Football

This year we have begun football earlier than last year, though much later than the rest of the colleges of the city. We opened our season by playing a practice match against the Medical School which

ended in a victory in our favour. But in the return match we were rather disappointed, as most of the players did not turn up. We followed this up by defeating Loyola College, scoring four goals in the last ten minutes. I would heartily congratulate all the players on the success achieved so far.

The Captain and the Vice-Captain for the team were elected early this term, C. B. Koilpillai and C. I. Cheru filling the vacancies. We have only a few of last year's players but there are some promising new players, so that all combined we hope to put up a very good team this year.

The Inter-Collegiate league has already begun and our first match with the Medical College ended in our favour. I am sure that this enjoyment at the beginning will not lead us to disappointment, if we will only have constant practices throughout the year, which can be done only if the players turn up for the practice-games held regularly on Wednesdays.

C. B. KOILPILLAI,
Captain.

Hockey

O. T. J. Zacharias has been elected Captain, and A. E. Spitteler Vice-Captain of the Club, and the season is already well begun. Owing to the complete collapse of the pitch after about two weeks' play, it was necessary to undertake an elaborate (and somewhat expensive) scheme of re-surfacing, and practices have to some extent been interfered with. The pitch is ready now, however, although the new surface still needs to harden a little, and the club can now go ahead. Three matches were played before the commencement of the Inter-Collegiate tournament, with the Presidency College, the Veterinary College, and the Government School of Technology, and we won them all. In the opening match of the tournament, however, we were defeated by Loyola College, after a fast and exciting match, by 3 goals to 2. In a way, we were unlucky to lose. We were, unfortunately, deprived of the brilliant leadership of Mr. Soares—who, after a lapse of a year, has returned to the team as a member of staff—and even then a little luck might at least have given us a draw. On the whole, however, the Loyola men were more methodical in attack, and perhaps just deserved their victory.

This year's team is a good one, and, with a little more method among the forwards, it may be really distinguished.

A. J. B.

Cricket

At a meeting of the Cricket Club on July 22nd the following officials were elected for the season 1933-34.

Captain A. Spitteler.
Vice-Captain and Secretary G. C. Arya.

Since the beginning of the term we have been able to have regular net practice at the field, and it is gratifying to note the keenness of the younger players, as well as an increase in the numbers of those interested in cricket.

So far we have played three matches, and lost all. In spite of this, there has been a noticeable improvement in the standard of play, and we believe that there is quite a good team in the making; though some of us have not yet settled down to the experience of inter-collegiate match play.

In the first match, played against the Engineering College, we won the toss and put them in; whereupon they made 165, a score which indicates some slackness in fielding. Our innings opened after lunch, and W. Spitteler showed how he could hit, by adding 20 runs in half that number of minutes. Rain stopped the play for two hours, and then, in spite of some patient batting by K. P. Ramachandran and Arya, we were put all out for 49, just 7 minutes before time.

In our second game, against the Y.M.C.A. at Saidapet, the fielding was much smarter, and with some good bowling by W. Spitteler, R. Spitteler and A. Sounderraj we kept their score down to 93. Against a strong bowling side, however, our reply was feeble, and we could only score 36.

On August 12 we played Pachaiyappas on a drying wicket after heavy rain. They put us in first, wisely, and the runs were hard to get, in spite of the fact that for this match we were assisted by J. Chandy and Mahdi Ali. When the score was 40 for 7 (two men having been run out) our youngest Spitteler went in, and rose to the occasion, driving and cutting with great freedom in a fine partnership with Reddy which raised the score to 65. The innings closed at 72, and thus at the tiffin interval our position was much more hopeful than at first. But our hopes were dashed when Pachaiyappas passed our total with several wickets in hand, in spite of a fine example in fielding set by our Captain, Arthur Spitteler.

We know however that match results are not everything, and we can fairly say that if the early keenness and promise is continued, we may look forward to a successful season.

G. C. ARYA,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS**Tennis**

The courts are unusually crowded this year. Quite a number of 'kids' who are just a little higher than their rackets have taken to tennis. Many—I mean those who aim at half a dozen sets as the minimum—are disgusted at getting only two or three sets a day. This year the members are showing great enthusiasm and, as a result of this, combined with good practice, they are making splendid progress. The general standard is fairly high and at the rate of the present progress, we hope to win the Duncan Memorial and the Inter-Collegiate tournaments.

G. SUBRAMANYAM,
Secretary.

The U.T.C.

The U.T.C. got well under way within a week or two of the commencement of the Session. There was keen competition for the vacant places and, in spite of the Medical Officer's skill in detecting squints, varicose veins, weak hearts, deafness, flat feet, pigeon chests, and other defects even more serious, the contingent is now at full strength. Training is going on apace, but everyone will have to work hard if we are to retain our position as the champion contingent.

The N.C.O.'s at present are as follows :—

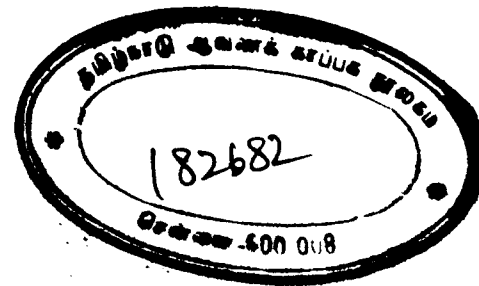
<i>Under-Officer</i>		K. I. Chandy.
<i>Company Sergeant-Major</i>		O. T. J. Zacharias.
<i>Sergeant</i>		S. G. Ramakrishnan.
<i>Corporals</i>		S. A. Rajagopalan.
		M. Balakrishnan.
<i>Acting-Corporal</i>		V. Venkatasubramanian.
<i>Lance-Corporal</i>		G. S. Manoharan.

The recruits are, on the whole, a good crowd. At first, no doubt, they looked awkward enough, but no more than their predecessors, and most of them have learned quickly. There are always some who, at the beginning, seem to have legs made of india-rubber, but even india-rubber legs can be stiffened up. One recruit had fever for three days after his first parade, on which he was drilled by U/O Chandy. The recruit was no weakling, so we are forced to the conclusion that this under-officer is a regular 'tiger'.

A. J. B.

College Magazines Received

Bishop Heber College Magazine, Trichinopoly. February, 1933.
The Elphinstonian, Bombay. February, 1933.
Ewing Christian College Magazine, Allahabad. March, 1933, and Annual Number, April, 1933.
Excelsior, St. Berchmans' College, Changanacherry. March, 1933.
Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi. March, 1933.
Hindu College Magazine, Masulipatam. March, 1933.
Hindu Theological High School Magazine, Madras. August, 1933.
Leader, Noble College, Masulipatam. March 1933.
Lucknow Collegian, Lucknow Christian College. February, 1933.
Madras Law College Magazine. March, 1933.
Magazine of the Students' Union, Maharajah's College, Vizianagaram. March, 1933.
Murray College Magazine, Sialkot. March, 1933.
Presidency College Magazine, Madras. March, 1933.
Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras. March, 1933.
Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta. March, 1933.
St. Paul's College Magazine, Calcutta. August, 1933.
Tamesis, University of Reading, England. Lent Term, 1933.
The Magazine, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly. July, 1933.
The Magazine, St. Thomas' College, Trichur. March, 1933.
Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle. July, 1933.
Wilsonian, Wilson College, Bombay. March, 1933.



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