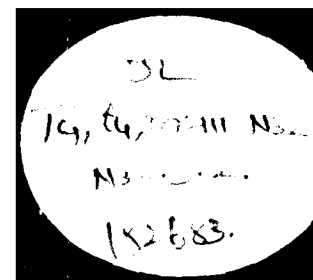
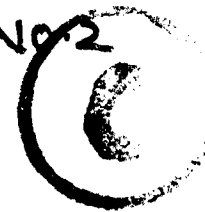
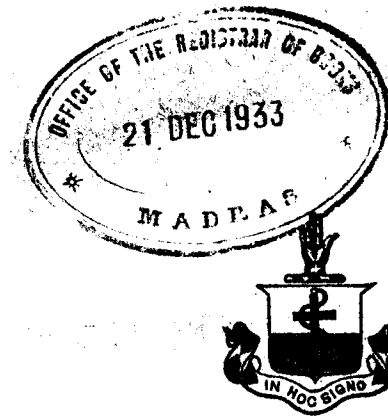


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The
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December, 1933

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In the right with two or three."

CONTENTS

	PAGE
COLLEGE NOTES ...	69
OBITUARY NOTICE ...	74
'THE CHRIST WHO SUFFERS' ...	75
THE POETRY OF W. H. DAVIES ...	82
SAINT TAYUMANAVAR ...	87
SOME TAMBARAM BIRDS ...	91
BOOKS OLD AND NEW ...	95
SOARING HIGH ...	104
HEAVY WATER ...	107
AN EXPLANATION OF THE ABSENCE OF TRAGEDY IN SANSKRIT DRAMA	110
LETTER TO THE EDITOR ...	112
BOOK REVIEWS ...	122
MISCELLANY ...	124
THE HOSTELS ...	139
THE SOCIETIES ...	142
ATHLETICS ...	148
THE U. T. C. ...	153
LIST OF MAGAZINES RECEIVED ...	155

21 DEC 1933

A DISTINGUISHED OLD BOY.



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PRESIDENT OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

THE MADRAS Christian College Magazine

New
Series

DECEMBER 1933

Vol. III, No. 2

College Notes

Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chettiar

It seems only right and natural that reference to honours conferred upon Old Boys of the College should be made in this section of the Magazine. This section is devoted particularly to persons, events, and interests connected with the life of the College. The life of the College, however, is something wider than the life of those who find themselves within its walls at any particular time. It includes the interests and fortunes of those who are now its former students.

We have very real pleasure in congratulating Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chettiar, an Old Boy, upon the great distinction of being this year elected as President of the Indian Legislative Assembly. An account of the career which has brought him to this high office is given below.

The Hon'ble Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chettiar, B.A., B.L., K.C.I.E., President of the Legislative Assembly, was educated at the London Mission High School, Coimbatore and the Madras Christian College. While a student, he won the medal for elocution in an Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Competition held at Madras. Soon after leaving College, he was returned as a Member of the Madras Legislative Council. In October 1922 he was sent by the Madras Government on deputation to the other provinces to report about temperance reforms. He visited England in 1924 as a member of the Deputation from the National Convention of India, delivered a series of lectures in England and made an extensive Continental tour. Recently he visited Australia as an Indian Representative to the Empire Parliamentary Delegation. He was nominated as Advisor to the Indian Employers' Delegate to the 11th, 12th and 13th sessions of the International Labour Conference at

Geneva, and as Member, Central Government Retrenchment Committee. He was elected as a member of Assembly in 1930 for the third time, as Deputy President of Assembly in 1931, and as Indian Employers' Delegate at the International Labour Conference held in Geneva, April 1932. He represented the Government of India at the Imperial Economic Conference held at Ottawa in July-August 1932. He was unanimously elected as President of the Indian Legislative Assembly, 1933.

Dr. A. S. Woodburne

The Rev. Dr. A. S. Woodburne, formerly a professor of Philosophy on the staff of this College and also Editor of this Magazine, has been elected President of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. Dr. Woodburne, since retiring from the staff of this College in 1930, has been on the staff of the Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pennsylvania.

Progress of Tambaram

'How is Tambaram getting on?', 'When will the College be moving to Tambaram?'

To the first question the answer is, 'Steadily and surely'. The progress that has been made in recent months must be apparent to every one travelling by train or by the Chingleput Road. The Science Building looks from the outside to be finished. So also does the Hall on the west. The Hall on the east is just now rising into visibility from a distance; the ground floor masonry is finished, and the first floor is rising roofwards. Two reinforced concrete Water Towers also stand complete. To be seen only on nearer approach are the foundations of the Arts Building, finished up to plinth level. Work on the interior of the Science Building which has been in progress all this year is complete. The time is approaching when the Laboratories may be fitted with water, gas and electricity. A visit to the western Hall reveals that it too is nearing completion inside; flooring and plastering are in progress.

To the second question, no definite answer can yet be given. If some are impatient that a date for the transference of the College to its new home cannot yet be announced, it must surely be that they are minimising the magnitude of the undertaking and the difficulties of the present time. It is really a matter for profound thankfulness that in these difficult years it has been possible to make the progress that has been made. The most encouraging feature in the situation, beside the steady support of the Government of Madras, is the undoubted appeal which the project makes to our friends here and in the West. Mr. Matthews on return from furlough

tells of individual subscriptions ranging from ten shillings to £ 1,000 and of a friend who when the scheme was put before him wrote a cheque for £10 and then proceeded to secure ten more contributions totalling £79-3-0; and he is still at it! And Mr. Boyd tells of the same kind of thing in this country. This is the spirit that ensures success.

The Term

There does not seem to be anything very unusual to record as having happened during the term which is passed. The life of the College has been carried on quietly and happily, and that in itself is something good to record. The various social and athletic activities which make up the life of a college just as much as the work within its class-rooms are recorded elsewhere in the Magazine, and there is no need to say anything further on these matters here.

During the course of the term our College was quite closely associated with the visit to Madras of a debating team of British University students who were on a visit to India under the auspices of the British National Union of Students. Two of the three members of the team were guests at College House during their visit to Madras, the Anderson Hall was the place of the debate, and on the evening of the day of the debate two of the team found time to address a meeting in the Second Students' Home, under the chairmanship of Dr. Theodore, at which members of the College hostels were present. It was pleasant to have this meeting at which members of the College were able to meet the visitors in a more informal way.

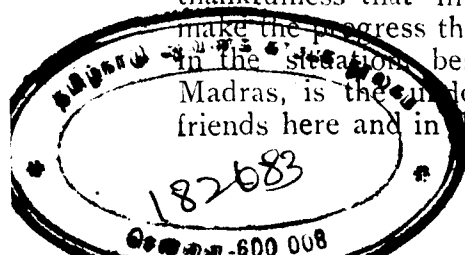
In the course of the term members of the College staff had the opportunity of meeting the Rev. Dr. F. W. Norwood of the City Temple, London, who was visiting Madras in the course of a tour through India. An At Home was held for the staff at which Dr. Norwood was present.

University Readerships

Two members of the College staff are this year Honorary Readers of the University. They are Mr. Manikkam and Mr. Boyd. Mr. Manikkam has in the course of the past term delivered four lectures on 'Statistical Theories in Physics'. Mr. Boyd will deliver next term four lectures on 'The Leading Ideas in Arnold's Criticism'.

The Magazine.

If those readers of the Magazine who possess College Calendars will consult them with regard to the College Magazine, they will



discover that it was begun in the year 1883. This means that this year the College Magazine has attained its Jubilee, since it has now been fifty years in existence.

We are glad to be able to publish in this issue two studies in black and white by students of the College, and also a photographic study by another student. It is encouraging to receive contributions to the Magazine from former students as well as present members of the College. This issue contains three contributions from former students, Messrs. S. S. William, Kesavan Unni Nair, and Richard Chinnathamby, the last of whom was the student Editor last year.

The Library

In the first issue of the Magazine for this session a note was included on the Library and the possible uses of the Library as a means of supplying independent reading. It was stated that a list of books which might interest students independently of examination-purposes would be included in each issue of the Magazine this year. The following is the list for this issue. The books mentioned here are plays, verse, novels and critical work of a lighter type.

<i>Baring, M.</i>		Dead Letters (H. 2034): Diminutive Dramas (H. 2035).
<i>Belloc, H.</i>		Hills and the Sea (H. 2043): On Anything (H. 2045): On Nothing (H. 2046).
<i>Birrell, A.</i>		More Obiter Dicta (H. 1967).
<i>Drinkwater, J.</i>		Plays (H. 1962).
<i>Galsworthy, J.</i>		The Forsyte Saga (N. 686-N. 688).
<i>Hawthorne, N.</i>		The House of the Seven Gables (H. 1955).
<i>Horn, A. A.</i>		Trader Horn (N. 728).
<i>Lynd, R.</i>		Dr. Johnson and Company (H. 2038).
<i>Masefield, J.</i>		Collected Poems (H. 2039).
<i>Poe, E. A.</i>		Tales of Mystery and Imagination (N. 730).
<i>Priestley, J. B.</i>		English Humour (H. 1942).
<i>Shaw, B.</i>		John Bull's Other Island, etc. (H. 1944): Man and Superman (H. 1945): Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant (H. 1946): Saint Joan (H. 1947).
<i>Synge, J. M.</i>		Plays (H. 1961).
<i>Webb, M.</i>		Gone to Earth (N. 733): Precious Bane (two copies, N. 734 and N. 735).
<i>Wells, H. G.</i>		Kipps (N. 738): Tono-Bungay (N. 739).
<i>Wilder, T. N.</i>		The Bridge of San Luis Rey (H. 1951).

College Church

LIST OF PREACHERS:

Second Term 1933-34

Oct.	8.	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
"	15.	The Bishop of Madras.
"	22.	Mr. E. W. Legh.
"	29.	Mr. E. J. Bingle.
Nov.	5.	Rev. K. Lange.
"	12.	Rev. C. W. Ranson.
"	19.	Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias.
"	26.	Mr. F. E. Corley.
Dec.	3.	Rev. Dr. J. H. Maclean.
"	10.	Rev. A. J. Boyd.

During the course of the term two Devotional Services on week-days have been held at which the speakers were the Rev. A. J. Boyd and the Rev. Godfrey Phillips, Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

A new Order of Worship has been drawn up for use at College Prayers, consisting of three alternative Orders. The introduction of the singing of a hymn at College Prayers has proved a happy experiment.

Health Essay Prize.

A member of our Junior Intermediate Class, R. Narayanan, Group ii, is the recipient of the First Prize in the Health Essay Competition, held for pupils in High Schools in March 1933 under the auspices of the National Health Association of South India. The subject for the essay was: 'How may insects spread disease?' and it was announced only on the day previous to the competition. Narayanan won the first prize last year also. We congratulate him on his success.

Editor's Note

Owing to the unexpected shortening of the term, the printing of the Magazine has had to be speeded up. This has made it impossible for part of the material to be read in both galley and page-proof. This is offered in explanation of not improbable slips.

Obituary

RAO BAHADUR PAUL APPASAWMY, M.A., LL.B.

Born on March 9, 1880, Mr. Paul Appasawmy was the second son of the late Dewan Bahadur A. S. Appasawmy Pillai, the well-known lawyer of Tinnevely. He joined the Junior B.A. Class of the Madras Christian College in January 1898 and won the Gunn Gold Medal at the end of the year. He passed his B.A. in December 1899, with a double first class, in English and in Philosophy. He won that year the Miller Gold Medal and the Ripon Gold Medal awarded by the College; and the Miller Gold Medal awarded by the University. While a student in Class IV, he won a prize for elocution in a contest in which the other speakers were Mr. C. Madhavan Nair (now a Judge of the High Court, Madras) and Mr. P. Subramania Aiyah (at the time of his death, Professor of English, Pachiappa's College).

After taking his B.A. degree in Madras University, Mr. Paul Appasawmy went to Cambridge and took the Tripos. He was appointed Assistant Professor in the Law College, Madras, in 1909, and subsequently became Professor and Vice-Principal of the College. Later he held office as a Judge of the Small Causes Court and successively served as a Judge of the City Civil Court, Administrator General and Official Trustee, and Chief Judge of the Court of Small Causes, Madras.

His books, *Law Applicable to Christians* and *Some Legal Aspects of Social Reform*, are very valuable contributions to the literature of Law.

In the midst of his heavy duties as a high Government Officer he found time to take part in educational and missionary activities. He was connected with the Executive Council of the National Missionary Society from 1909 as a member, and later as its Chairman. He was a member of our College Council for several years.

The Y.M.C.A., the Bible Society, the Salvation Army and other missionary organizations received steady support from him.

Mr. Appasawmy had been in indifferent health for some time; but there was a distinct improvement in his health which made his friends hope that he would soon recover completely. But the illness took a bad turn suddenly and he died on Wednesday, the 13th of September 1933, at the age of fifty-three.

The Indian Christian community has lost in him a great leader and the College a wise Councillor.

Our sympathy is offered to his widow and to his family, one of the members of which is also an old student of this College.

The Christ Who Suffers¹

Luke xxiv. 26. Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things?²

On the road to Emmaus Jesus taught those two disciples that 'the Christ was bound to suffer.' Our hearts ask—Why? A little while ago a book was published with the arresting title—'The Inevitable Cross.' Was the Cross inevitable? if so, why?

Have you never felt, in the reading of that twenty-fourth chapter of Luke—O, if we could only share that experience—hear the voice of Jesus Himself explain why He was bound to die!? I think I hear Him exclaim again—'O, foolish ones and slow of heart to believe. . . .' You do not need to hear the tones of His voice. If we have faith, the Holy Spirit—the Spirit of Jesus—will take of the things that are His and show them unto us. Too often our ears are holden; we do not hear Him. Let us listen to-night, that He may interpret to us the things about Himself.

From a casual reading of the Gospel story you might conclude that Jesus just fell a victim to the malice of His enemies: they had Him crucified—that was all. But no one who reads the Gospels attentively can be content with that. At point after point they make it clear that Jesus *laid down* His life. He was neither outwitted nor overborne by His enemies: He died by His own will. It may be of use to recall that other victim of malice and calumny—Socrates—in so many ways a parallel to Christ. Condemned to death, held in prison, he might have escaped—if he would. He would not: he preferred to die. To fly from death would have been to go back on his own life and character. The Gospels give no counterpart to Plato's *Crito*: but they tell us enough to make the other story suggestive. A few weeks before, Jesus was safe, out of reach of His enemies: when He decided to go to Bethany His disciples felt He was going to His death. He had powerful friends, men highly placed who sympathized with Him. There were many who, from goodwill or venality, would have connived at His escape; and the frontier was not far away. Flight, surrender, resistance—there were various avenues of escape. He took none of them. He also could only shun death at the sacrifice of His character, of all He had lived for. The constraint which held

¹ A sermon preached in College Church, 26th November, 1933.

² Luke xxiv. 25-27.

'And He said to them—Why are you so dull? why do you hesitate to believe, with all the things said by the prophets to support you? Was not the Christ bound to suffer all this? to enter into His glory? And He began with Moses and all the prophets, and interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things about Himself.'

(An independent translation, to bring out the force of the Greek.)

Him fast came from within. 'He was bound to suffer.' What was that higher constraint? why was the Cross inevitable?

I

The mass of Christian belief often seems obscure and complicated, rather bewildering to the lay mind. But there are one or two things that stand out clear—central, fundamental: simple souls without any training in theology can see what they mean. Here is one of them. In Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary, betrayed and crucified, man may see God. If you read the New Testament carefully, you can see the great thinkers of the early Church—Paul, the Fourth Evangelist, the writer to the Hebrews—trying to find words in which to set forth this truth. 'The express image of His substance . . . '—'the Son of God'—'in the beginning was the Word . . . and the Word was God.' The phrases are eloquent, full of meaning, rich with associations. But I want to get behind the phrases to the great fact they sought to express, and to state that as simply and clearly as possible. In Jesus men may see God: when you have seen Jesus you have seen God. Knowing His mind, you know the mind of God. What Jesus does, God does: what He is, God is.

When this is clear, the question—'Why was the Christ bound to suffer?'—takes a new turn. The answer itself is not immediately obvious: but its implications are—and they are so overwhelming, we need not be surprised if men have shrunk back and hesitated to affirm them. You cannot think rightly of the suffering of Christ if you leave God out of account. If Christ suffers, it must be because God suffers—for He is God made manifest. The inner necessity of the Passion, rising high above the malice of His enemies, springs from the nature of God Himself. If God is a God Who suffers, then the Christ Who manifested Him 'was bound to suffer.' If not—it remains a riddle.

By a strange irony, extreme preoccupation with the death of Christ has actually obscured its meaning. That is the penalty always lying in wait for narrow, exclusive views: to isolate a fact is very commonly to distort it. Isolate the Crucifixion and you distort it—till men deem it incredible. Its value, its significance, is precisely that it is a revelation of God—not a momentary, unrelated act, but a witness of what God always was, always is, always will be. In the phrase of to-day, you may say it is a gesture: but a gesture with nothing behind it—an 'empty gesture'—is a pitiful thing. *Ex pede Herculem*: we measure the missing statue by the foot that survives. The visible path of a comet, as it wheels about the sun, only becomes intelligible as the part of a great ellipse which sweeps away beyond the limits of human sight. The Crucifixion by itself—unrelated—has no meaning: men turn from

it, weary and incredulous. Take it as the visible link in a long chain reaching out into eternity, and it shines with the light of day. That the death of Christ brought about a change, a revolution, in the mind of God, is incredible: if it reveals God—shows what God was in Himself, in His own nature—it does not cease to be wonderful, in a real sense a mystery; but it ceases to be unintelligible. If God Himself suffers, then Christ, who is God manifest in the flesh, is bound to suffer.

II

So much is clear. We can see that Jesus as the Christ was bound to suffer for sin—if it be true that God suffers for sin. But have we the right to say that God suffers for man's sin? I believe we have: nothing less than that will state the truth. If we are to understand God's attitude to sin, we need a clearer sense of what sin means. Too often men have presented sin as a breach of God's command, and God Himself as angry that His command has been broken. That is a very inadequate view. Given a choice between good and evil, to choose the evil; to love darkness rather than light; to fail to do that which is true and good and right; that is sin. Evil accepted and good refused: that is man's bitter experience—and that is sin, whether you consciously relate it to any command of God or not. And God suffers, because man sins.

Let me put before you three thoughts.

1. Within the limits of human experience, we know that all lovers suffer for the sins of their loved ones. I am not thinking of loss or damage, of annoyance or obloquy, though often those things are added, but of pain, grief, mental anguish. A friend is pained by his friend's shortcoming; a father grieves for his child's transgression; a husband or wife is hurt by any falsity or flaw in the beloved. This is not resentment for neglect, or anger at a broken rule: the offences of one you love against a third party are in a sense harder to bear than his offences against yourself. It is because he has failed, fallen short of the ideal—because he has sinned—that your love for him gives you pain. That is true even of the worst among us, doubly true of the best. How much more must we believe it true of the Heavenly Father! The joy in heaven over the sinner when he repents has for its counterpart sorrow when he sins. The father's distress at the Prodigal's downfall may be gauged by his rejoicing at the penitent's return. If God loves us—and we profess that God is love—our failure, our sin, is bound to give Him pain. A God who could look on, serene and untroubled, when man sinned, would not be a God of love: for us, who have learned of Jesus, He would not be God at all.

2. Some one will say—Will not God forgive sin? why then should He suffer for it? I remember that many years ago, when I had given an address on the death of Christ in relation to sin, an Indian Christian said to me—But why must God require the death of Christ? why can He not just forgive? If you think only in terms of a command broken, and anger aroused, the question is pertinent: but it does not go deep enough. I think this will be clear from a story I heard years ago of another man in South India. (He happened to be a Muhammadan: but there are many who call themselves Christians whose working theology matches his.) A friend of mine found him in a railway refreshment room with a tumbler of brandy and soda before him. 'But Sahib,' he said, 'does not the Qu'ran forbid you to drink such things?' 'True,' said the man: 'but Allah is merciful'—and he drained the glass. There you have it: why cannot God just forgive? I think the answer, simply stated, is this: just to forgive would be too easy—too cheap.

We often hear it said that God's demands are exacting. That may be true. It is certainly true that man is exacting. The demands of man's own nature, of man's personality, could never be satisfied with such forgiveness. Deep in the heart of man you find an insistence that the doer of wrong shall suffer. Listen. 'While God endures enthroned endures the law, for the doer to suffer.' That is not from a Christian writer—nor from a Hebrew: it is a Greek who speaks, the poet Æschylus. What does the great law of Karma, so firmly and so widely held in this country, mean, if not that the evil done must be worked out? 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' No need to multiply examples. The voices of men do not sing in unison; but they sing in harmony, uttering the deep conviction that sin means suffering—that sin must be paid for. Simply to wipe out the score, to blot out the writing against us, might serve to settle the account if we were only dealing with a bill. But the demands of righteousness and truth cannot be met that way, our conscience requires a deeper settlement—payment in full. How often a man who has wronged another and been forgiven feels, if he does not say—Yes; he has forgiven me, but I cannot forgive myself. It is man, I say, who is exacting: the conscience of sin within us calls for satisfaction—sin must be paid for. That is why the burden of sin is unbearable. If I could live henceforward a perfect life, it would be no more than doing each day that one day's duty, meeting new obligations as fast as they arose: it will never leave me a margin, a surplus of merit, with which to pay off the old, outstanding debt. I cannot pay it: but my soul cries out within me that it must be paid, or I can know no peace.

That is where God comes in—not blotting it out, but taking it on Himself, suffering, bearing the burden for us. How, I know not:

language fails to set it forth; we can only rough it out in symbols. But the fact stands clear. The burden you cannot bear, God takes upon Himself; the debt you cannot pay He pays instead. That inner demand of your conscience that sin shall be paid for is met at last: man sins, and God suffers.

Don't imagine that this is a New Testament discovery—something thought out by the ingenuity of theologians to give a meaning to the death of Christ. It was there—an ultimate fact, a part of the great reality, before Jesus went to Calvary, and great souls recognised it. Hosea saw it and proclaimed it to Israel in that poignant story of his own sorrowing love. And in this country the same truth found expression in what is perhaps the profoundest, the most beautiful, of Indian myths—the story of Nilakantan, the blue-throated Siva, who drank the poison to save mankind. Surely it is because He sees it beforehand, knows that His Father suffers for sin, that Jesus sets His face to go to Jerusalem, to suffer on the Cross.

3. The idea that God suffers—suffers by reason of man's sin—is seen to be true, because it is precisely here that we most surely see Him to be God, know that He is God indeed. The Book of Genesis tells us that God made man in His own likeness: we often hear the retort, Man has made God in his likeness. That is true—terribly true: but those who say it seldom seem to realise how true it is, or how far it reaches. I want you to grapple with it to-night.

Fashioning God in his own image, man has thought of God as a capricious, immoral despot, caring nothing for our blessing or our bane, nothing for our character—uplifting one man, smiting down another, just at the whim of the moment. 'Caliban upon Setebos' is a searching commentary on that view of God. But surely, I shall be told, that is too crude: we have left all that behind. Have we? I sometimes wonder.

The stern, exacting lawgiver, just indeed but inexorable, rises above that level: but does it rise above the level of man? does it not bear the colour of a very human righteousness? There are things in the Bible—not only in the Imprecatory Psalms, but in the New Testament—which some of us cannot read without wincing. 'And the smoke of their torment goeth up for ever and ever.' (Rev. 14). I have heard Christian men maintain that the saint in heaven will feel no sorrow though his own brother be among the damned. Is that a Christian sentiment, or have we here also fashioned God too nearly in the likeness of man?

But already I hear the word of rebuke: 'What about the "wrath of God"? Is not God justly angry, offended at our misdeeds?' Did God ever say that He was angry? We say that we are angry with those who offend: too often our anger proclaims itself. And because

we have sinned, because we know our ill desert, we have believed—we have said—that God was angry with us. But did God ever say so? did He ever show it? That God is grieved—deeply, bitterly pained—by our sin, is true: God suffers beyond all that we can measure, by reason of our sin. But is it true that He is angered? ‘Your thoughts are not My thoughts, neither are your ways My ways,’ saith the Lord. But because we conceive of God in the likeness of man, think He is altogether such a one as ourselves, we hesitate to believe the truth. Even in the New Testament, in the Evangelists themselves, you find this idea of an ‘angry God’ lingering. And because it dies hard (like other of our imaginings) it gives support to outworn ideas of the redeeming work of Christ, which we cannot heartily accept, but have not the courage or have not yet the insight to transcend.

No: neither capricious nor harsh nor wrathful, God does the one thing man could never have guessed—till experience makes it plain to him; He takes the whole burden of our sin and bears it Himself. Is not that what the Baptist means when he speaks of ‘the Lamb of God that beareth the sin of the world’? In their readiness to accept something less than the truth, with dire consequences in the tangle of substitution, vicarious suffering and what not, men have forced the Greek of St. John and rendered it ‘taketh away the sin of the world.’ But the truth is bigger than that: it means that He takes the sin of the world, lifts it like a load, and *bears* it. That is God’s way.

That is love’s way. Human love—as Jesus teaches us—gives us glimpses of the love of God. Our poets point along the same road. Read Browning’s *Saul*. Read Kipling’s *Mother o’ Mine*.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o’ mine

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o’ mine.

Are they not true? The failure, the sin, of the loved one hurts, hurts with a pain far deeper than any physical anguish. And must not God suffer—because He loves, and His loved ones sin? Nowhere, I say, do we more clearly see that He is God indeed than just in this: He suffers because we sin. That is Love’s way: that is God’s way. ‘And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself’—showing them, what the saints had seen so clearly but they had failed to see, that the Christ was bound to suffer.

Another week, and Advent will be here: we shall be calling each other to celebrate afresh the Wondrous Birth. You will get an

imperfect view of that Birth if you think Christ was born only in order to die. Theology has rightly insisted that you can only understand the Cross in the light of the Incarnation. But equally you will miss the full significance of the Birth if you forget the Cross. His story is like the robe He wore—seamless, all of one piece. You cannot see in its truth either the Birth or the Death of Christ, except in the light of God, Whom He manifests in human form. Think what that means: how slow we are to believe it—to believe it fully, up to the hilt. Men have asserted the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary; they have sought to establish the Virgin Birth by *a priori* arguments. The chief objection to all such doctrines, to all such arguments, is their latent paganism. They imply that there is a limit to God’s condescension: He will go a very long way; but He will only go so far, and no farther. Do not believe it: God’s love knows no such limit. He will go all the way—down to the deepest hell ever framed by human sin. But to go all the way is to suffer all the time. And God is seen God in that: no pain, no suffering, can put a limit to His love. From time to time, saintly, prophetic souls saw it and tried to say it: simple souls, though they could not put it into words, grasped the reality and threw themselves on the love of God. But in Jesus, the Man of Nazareth, the Man of Calvary, it was once for all made manifest. The Eternal God—the sin of man: Love—Suffering—Redemption. ‘The Christ was bound to suffer,’ because He is God’s Christ.

FERRAND E. CORLEY.

The Poetry of W. H. Davies

Since Morley's criticism that Wordsworth had really no claims to the title of a philosopher, it has been the fashion, in certain quarters, to deride much of the best in Wordsworth's poetry. Wordsworth's philosophy may have gone by the board, but, nevertheless the simple joy that he found in Nature, the joy that merely delights without any spiritual disturbance has been the chief heritage of W. H. Davies among Nature poets in the England of our own day.

Joy in the poetry of Mr. Davies is unpremeditated. It is the child of leisure. It is a momentary ecstatic clutch of the heart at the song of the robin. It is not an exultation at the spiritual kinship which Wordsworth found between man and the most trifling objects in Nature. If this is what constitutes depth, then

This Davies has no depth.
He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep
And throws no light on deep eternal things.

But it would be a grave error to accuse Davies of shallowness. The momentary joy he imparts in his lyrics springs from his ripe experience. The moment of appreciation is, as Charles Williams says, in and through the whole lyric, 'the instantaneous response to the instantaneous appeal of the instant'. This appeal can eventually be traced to that intimate touch in his poem, that observation which, though without poetic alchemy, gives a throb to our hearts, as in the poem to the Moon.

Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats.

* * *

There is no modern poet who is so literally wonder-struck as Mr. Davies. He looks at clouds, cowslips, ladies, dolls, sheep and glow-worms as though they had never existed before his observation. And he describes them in verse as if he were the first to do so, with the *naïveté* of a child. Rainbows are lovely things, cloudlets are like fleecy sheep and butterflies like flowers. With Davies the effect on the eye is the highest good of contentment. To stare 'as long as sheep or cows' is almost a passion with him, but there is a wise passiveness in this stare which has become a conscious watchfulness.

Unless his gaze was watchful and received the whole object clearly, we could not have such graceful metaphor as we find frequently in the poetry of Mr. Davies. 'Metaphor implies a real eye for resemblance.'

I turned my head and saw the wind,
Not far from where I stood,
Dragging the corn by her golden hair,
In a dark and lonely wood.

Or there are the stooks after harvest that
Like golden lovers, lean
Their heads together in a quiet way.

Nor is the sprightly gift of fancy absent in Davies; in fact this is his most distinctive note. It is *naïveté*, fantastical, graceful, even quaint. It is most often seen in simile. Clouds are compared to mountains, flocks of sheep, sailing ships, shoals of fishes, etc.

Sometimes I see small cloudlets tow
Big heavy clouds across those skies
Like little ants that carry off
Dead moths ten times their size.

Again, he says of the kingfisher,
It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues.

It is graceful to say 'butterflies are but winged flowers', but it is quaint, if not intolerable, to call the skylark 'day's black star'.

The simplicity of Davies' verse has often been parodied. While, on the one hand, critics like F. L. Lucas declare that his artlessness is too much like the real thing, on the other, some maintain that it is, as in the case of Herrick, the result of extreme sophistication. However that may be, let us be thankful that in this age of futurist or other uncouth verse we can still be refreshed by showers of traditional poetry, like that of Wordsworth, which is a source of perennial joy.

In the poem called 'The Posts,' Davies speaks of the pathos of growing old, 'The distance growing less to Death'. Yet, he says, some posts he missed, beguiled by song and beauty. And 'In Seeking Beauty',

As long as I love Beauty I am young.
To see the dewdrops thrill the blades of grass,
Makes my whole body shake.

To Davies, 'Beauty was not in elaboration but in being', and chance contributed in a large measure to the perfect expression of beauty. Sweet chance was responsible for 'A Great Time.'

A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord,
How rich and great the times are now !

But in all this we see only a pagan delight in the beauty of the material world. There is not the faith of Wordsworth that 'every flower enjoys the air it breathes'. Nor is Davies well-versed in Nature-lore. In fact he confesses he cannot distinguish 'the barley from the oats'. There is something primitive in all this. He calls himself 'Nature's friend' and extends his sympathy to all forms of life.

Yes, I will spend the livelong day
With Nature in this month of May ;
And sit beneath the trees and share
My bread with birds whose homes are there ;
While cows lie down to eat, and sheep
Stand to their necks in grass so deep.

In Davies the treatment of Nature is detached, unlike Edmund Blunden who completely identifies himself with Nature in its rural and other aspects. However, in his later poems Nature predominates, almost ousting the earlier autobiographical element.

The love of birds seems to be the prominent characteristic of Davies' later poetry. Their singing resembles his unpremeditated art. Indeed, he loves them even more than he loves human beings. 'He watches over them, suffers with them, rescues them when they are trapped, doctors them when they are wounded.' His interest and delight are those of a naturalist like Hudson. 'With but one mate, a bird unseen', he can be content. The robin is his favourite bird. On preventing a robin from catching a butterfly he writes in 'My Birds', 'By doing this I have not only saved a butterfly's life, but have also saved myself from bearing an unforgiving grudge against my favourite bird.' The wren, the hawk and the skylark are also among his favourite birds. The simplicity of his treatment of birds is worth noting. He calls the cuckoo 'The simple bird that thinks two notes a song.' To Wordsworth 'the two-fold note' of the cuckoo is not so much a wonder as 'a voice, a mystery'.

In 'The Autobiography of a Tramp' Davies reflects how in his youth he led a wandering life spending nights in lodgings amid squalid surroundings. He saw the sufferings of wretches whom he could not relieve. But he did not evolve a determinist philosophy of life. He deliberately closed this dark page, never daring to open it even in his later days. He fled to Nature for solace and forgetfulness and was content merely to sing of its joys. This does not mean that Davies was unfeeling or callous. His personal poems, which reflect on the

grim period of his vagabondage, show his deep human interest. Even in those poems where there is an attitude of seemingly cold detachment, there is the softening touch of sly humour or sympathetic satire. It was not feeling or courage that he lacked. He was impelled, rather, by a fastidious delicacy to spare our feelings. That is why in his later poetry the lyric is so predominant.

Nor would Davies reduce Nature to a philosophical system. For to do so would be 'to succumb to that barren earnestness and purposiveness against which he protests in "Leisure".'

It is clear then that there is no ordered philosophy in Davies. Joy in Nature was almost his creed and the contentment which is the result of this deep joy is what Davies advocates at all times.

Train up thy mind to feel content
What matters then how low thy store !
What we enjoy, and not possess
Makes rich or poor.

In Davies there is a touch of the mystic. It is difficult to imagine that it could be otherwise in one who has written so much about Nature. There is frequent play of such images as that of the lamb, the bat and the gamecock. The first of these, as is well known, was a great favourite with Blake. But Davies lacks the passionate vision of Blake, his concentration and colour.

* * * *

The prosody of Davies was never ambitious. His constant unit was the iamb. This is curious, considering the metrical experiments of Dr. Bridges and other great contemporaries. He did not like to strike a departure from traditional models; nor was such a thing required. The simplicity of life and the beauty in common things which are the recurrent theme in Davies' poems could not have been more adequately embodied than in cadence and measure which are sweet and familiar. Futurist forms of verse suit those whose experiences of life are more complex than Davies'.

To some the admirable gaiety and accomplishment of Davies' verse is reminiscent of a seventeenth-century poet, Herrick. Especially so is it when Davies attempts instruction with delight. In such a poem as 'The Boy' the true lyric note of Herrick cannot be mistaken.

Go, little boy,
Fill thee with joy ;
For Time gives thee
Unlicensed hours
To run in fields
And roll in flowers.

The grim humanity in Davies' work, noted in the personal poems, has reminded others of the realism of Crabbe. Comparing him, however, with his contemporaries he comes off remarkably well. Blunden is too 'rusticated' in his themes. He identifies himself with the purposes and pleasures of country life. Edward Thomas wrote poetry of an excellent kind but unfortunately there is too little of it, and he is gone. Mr. Davies, on the contrary, has produced eighteen volumes during 1906-30; five of autobiography and thirteen of verse. Moreover, most of his verse of this period was written during the life of a vagabond which he led till Bernard Shaw 'discovered' him. He has been through the fire of experience and there is sincerity in the man and his works. Therefore we do not share Herbert Palmer's dubiousness when he says of Mr. Davies that he is one of the *almost certain immortals*.

RICHARD CHINNATHAMBY.

*Bishop Heber's College,
Trichinopoly.*

EARLY MORNING: MADRAS BEACH.



K. Ramaswamy
Class I, Group II.

Saint Tayumanavar

A Study of His Life

(Concluded)

IV. Temptation and Pilgrimage

Vijayaranga died in 1732. He was succeeded by his young and childless widow Menakshi (1732-1736). She sent for the Swami with a view to insisting on his continuing the ministry. She had already heard of the accomplishments of the minister, both physical and mental, but not the spiritual. She saw the minister before her, beaming with youth and vigour, princely beauty and lovely form, and offered him her kingdom and herself. She little knew of the spirit within the form of the Swami. Fearing to succumb to her fascinations, he fled the court the same night and retired into a life of brief quietness in the neighbourhood of Ramnad, beyond the limits of her kingdom.

This incident in the life of the saint reminds us of a similar one in the life of the Hebrew saint, Joseph. Young Joseph was the overseer (steward) in the house of Potiphar, an officer under the Egyptian Pharaoh. When Potiphar's wife enticed him, 'he left his garment in her hand and fled and got him out' (*Genesis*, ch. 39). Since Joseph had not fled away from Egypt, he was put into the prison by Potiphar through the instigation of his wife. Tāyumānavar did wisely in fleeing beyond the confines of Menakshi's kingdom; otherwise he might have suffered a similar or perhaps a worse fate than that of Joseph.

Though Joseph was imprisoned, he was able after some time to effect his release through his power of divination and in course of time he became prime minister to the Pharaoh. He saved the country in the time of a severe famine, which lasted for seven lean years, through his foresight and distinguished efficiency. (*Genesis*, ch. 41). In this respect, Tāyumānavar offers a striking contrast to Joseph in that he left the kingdom once for all without trying to save it at a time when famine, unscrupulousness and foreign invasions were ringing the death-knell of the Nāyak dynasty. With his exceptional qualities of integrity, uprightness and freedom from avarice and ambition, he might have tried his best to stem the tide of coming ruin by exerting his influence as a steward, a position of high dignity and responsibility. He might have at least checked Vijayaranga

in his making use of the public revenues unscrupulously by way of large donations to temples. Failing this, he should have seen, as the head of the Audit department, that these donations once made were well used by the temple authorities. When Vijayaranga was told that the present of jewellery and other gifts he had made on a previous occasion were all missing he would not do so much as institute an enquiry into the malversation, but would repeat his donations'.

The Kanakkan might have tried at least to show the king his clear path of duty. But, in the absence of records it is neither fair nor just to accuse the Kanakkan.

Leaving Trichinopoly, the saint went southwards. When he came to the village called Nallur, he realised that he had left his ritual box at the headquarters. So he sent Arulayya Pillai, his cousin, who had accompanied him thither, to fetch the box. It was at this time that the poet was singing the verses entitled 'Karunakara Kadavul'.

Having left Trichinopoly, Tāyumānavar had not left the heart of Menakshi, for 'he had left his garment in her hand'; he had imprinted his image in her heart, though unconsciously and unintentionally. The queen, finding that the young Kanakkan had eluded her grasp, sent a magician to find him out and to charm him so that he might return to her. The magician went to Nallur; seeing the saint seated in his yogic posture, he sat behind him and began to apply his magical charms. When the Yogi realised this and turned round, the magician was embarrassed; confessing his guilt he received forgiveness from the saint.

Leaving Nallur, Tāyumānavar and his cousin reached Viralimalai, a small town in the Pudukottah state. While there, a Saivaite Vellala was asked by a Sannyasi in a dream to feed the two pilgrims. He did so and after some time a son was born to him who was named Tāyumānavar. It is stated that that Vellala family is called by the surname 'Tāyumāna' even to this day. In the same village a Siddhan met him and took him to the abode of several Siddhars with whom the saint stayed for some days. It seems probable that Tāyumānavar learnt more about their yoga practice from these Siddhars. It was perhaps here that he sang his verses named 'Siddhar Ganam', 'Anandamanaparam'. From there he went to Kapilai, a village near Pudukkottah, where he sang in praise of Peria Nayaki.

Finally, he and his cousin reached Rameswaram, their goal of pilgrimage. Although the saint had so far been successful in his escape from the wiles of the royal temptress, he was not completely free from the deep impression she had, in turn, made upon him. 'It was at this time that he sang in praise of the Goddess of Grace at Ramnad the verses entitled 'Malay Valar Kathali' in the second of which it is

possible to detect a haunting consciousness of the fair peril from which he had been delivered'.

To overcome this haunting consciousness, he followed the method both of suppression and sublimation. We have already noticed that he had, through the influence of the Siddhars, resorted to austerities in order to suppress his passion. But seeing their failure, he attempted the method of sublimation, which according to Dr. Hadfield's definition, 'is the process by which instinctive emotions are diverted from their original ends, and redirected to purposes satisfying to the individual and of value to the community'. This process is seen in his verses called 'Malai Valar Kathali'. He sings in effect: Let me not allow my mind to indulge in the beauties of voluptuous women; let its attention be diverted from them and redirected in the pursuit of knowledge, patience, the fellowship of saints and towards Thy feet, O Thou, the daughter of the God of the Himalayas, the Beloved of Siva!

V. The Grihastha

Having stayed for some time at Rameswaram, Tāyumānavar and Arulayyar his cousin turned north. On the way they met the messengers of their family who had come in search of them. All of them went to Trichinopoly, took their household property, and returned to Vedaranniyam, their native village. The saint's mother and brother requested him to get married. After much remonstrance, he finally yielded to their wishes. When he thought of the divine words of the Mauna Guru he abhorred the idea of marriage; but when he thought that it was the will of his mother and the way of the world he was attracted to the ideal of marriage. About his state of mind at this period the poet sings later: 'Having once reached the state of the madman, the possessed and the child, i.e. having reached a stage beyond space and time, I have been led on to be intoxicated by the worldly maya. Such a strange guidance is not to be found even in the Bharatam. Is it Thy pure nature? This is not to be found in the story of Kadi even. Is it possible for my will to be thwarted thus? Is it the reward of those who have put their faith in Thy grace?'

This shows the state of mind with which he entered the state of Grihastham. He married Mattuvar Kulal Ammanai, a handsome maid, and settled down in Vedaranniyam. The duration of his household life was but short, for much to the relief of the unworldly saint, his wife died having given birth to a son. The son was named Kanakasabapathy and was looked after by the father, until he was able to take care of himself, when there appeared on the scene, the Mauna Guru (Sage of Silence) who ordered him to take to the ascetic life, renouncing all. He impressed upon the Swami that to resign one's agency

and to be indistinguishably absorbed in the vast expanse of the Blissful Sivasvarupa, was the goal of the initiated and the true import of the Siddhanta Mahavakya.

VI. **The Sannyasi and his Samadhi**

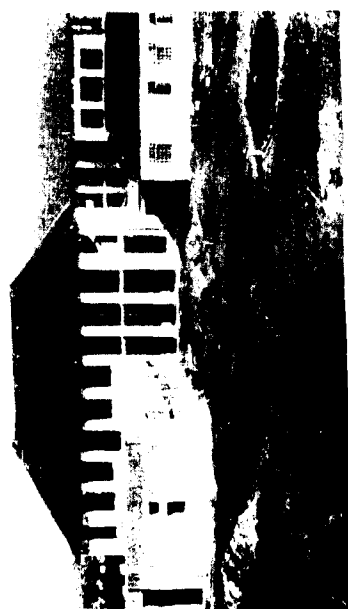
Tāyumānava Swamigal, now the homeless ascetic, clothed in Nature's attire but for his loin-cloth, proceeded on his pilgrimage, accompanied by Arulayyar, visiting the famous shrines and holy waters, pouring forth his mellifluous hymns to the glory of God. He went to the Mauna Guru Matam in Trichinopoly and stayed there for some time. After the death of his Guru he acted as the head of the Matam. Before long, he started on a pilgrimage. Visiting Benares, Conjeevaram, Arunai, Chidambaram, Tiruvarur, Madura, and Tirupparankuntaram, he came finally to Rameswaram. While there, the Swami, out of sympathy with the famine-stricken people of the place, is said to have caused it to rain in abundance, by singing a verse, to this effect :

If the true religion is the Saiva religion,
And the Lord of that religion is the moon-decked god,
And if the goal is to overcome the five senses,
And to be absorbed in the Blissful Peace,
Oh, ye clouds, pour forth in torrents.

From there he went to Ramnad with the intention of spending his last days there. To the east of Ramnad is a place called Katturani. Near that place, the Swami sat under the shade of a tamarind tree in yoga-nishta. A woman, out of reverence for him, dug a tank near the tree and planted a garden of flowers for the use of the Swami. It was there that Tāyumānavar attained Samadhi.

Many and various are the dates that are assigned as the year of his death. According to Kodikkarai Gnaniar, one of his disciples, the poet died in the year 1581 of the Salivahana era. That date is accepted by many Saivaites who celebrate his anniversary. This date corresponds to the year 1659 of the Christian era. It will be seen that this date clashes with affairs contemporary with the poet's lifetime. The other suggested years of his death are 1730, 1734 and 1736. These dates seem to the present writer to be nearer the exact date.

S. S. WILLIAM.



Some Tambaram Birds

Tambaram is so closely linked to Madras by the Electric Railway and the Chingleput Road that we tend to think of it as a suburb of the city: it is therefore interesting to find how different are both the wild flowers and the birds. Many birds, familiar friends of our shady Madras compounds, are missing in the open scrub-jungle of the new College site: perhaps they will come when the newly-planted trees are grown. During the year we have lived in Tambaram not once have we heard the koel's aggravating 'Who are you?', nor the copper-smith's 'tonk, tonk', nor the magpie-robin's cheery whistle, nor the crow-pheasant's hollow boom, though all these birds we have met occasionally about two miles south of the College compound, where the scrub-jungle becomes a forest, at the foot of Vandalur and Nedunkundram hills. The golden-backed woodpecker and the golden oriole are also missing, and only once have we heard and seen a hoopoe; nor does that loveliest of all Madras songsters, the yellow-browed bulbul seem to be here, though occasionally a song suspiciously like his is heard in the bushes. Crows, sparrows, kites, mynas, seven sisters—when the College migrates to Tambaram will these familiar birds be absent? Crows, both jungle and house-crows, are in the neighbourhood of course, but not in the vast numbers which we know in Madras; they do not seem to care for the jungle. The sparrows also stay close to the cattle sheds, and the huts of the watchmen and carters; only on three occasions during the past year have they visited our house, and then only for a few hours. The handsome chestnut and white brahminy kites are more numerous than the drab pariah kites, probably because the latter, like the crows, prefer scavenging round village rubbish heaps. Down near the station and in the railway colony the myna seems as common as in Madras, and occasionally appears in our compound, but its place is largely taken by its very handsome cousin, the black-headed or brahminy myna. Large flocks of these are everywhere to be seen at this time of year, and are not only far more beautiful, but considerably quieter than the common myna. The bird books state that the brahminy mynas are resident on the plains, but it would seem from our limited experience as though there were at least some local migration. From October 1932 to February 1933 they were among the commonest birds on this compound; by the end of March they had completely disappeared, and no flock was noticed again until the end of August; after that date they gradually increased in numbers until by the beginning of November the jungle was again full of them. It will be interesting to see whether a similar migration occurs next March.

The white-headed babblers, or seven sisters, bob about here, like animated tennis balls, as they do in Madras, though they are perhaps not quite so plentiful; and there are many flocks of a smaller, browner species, the common Indian babbler, which has a curious and very pleasing little tinkling song; these are shyer birds than the white-headed ones.

If the koel is missing, we have another cuckoo here, the pied-crested cuckoo, a very handsome black bird, with a white breast and face, and long black and white tail. This is parasitic on the babblers, but we have not yet found its eggs. It is said by Dewar to be 'uncommon round Madras', but it is a familiar resident of the Tambaram jungle throughout the year.

Another cuckoo which we have seen several times during the last few months, but have not yet been able fully to identify, is all black save for large white markings in its tail, a very conspicuous bright blue-green skin round the eyes, and a green beak. It is not a very shy bird, and we have had opportunities of observing it at fairly close quarters.

In place of the magpie-robins we get the black-backed Indian robin, which is not, I believe, found in the Madras gardens. This is a cheery little black bird with a white patch on the shoulders and a red one under the tail; he flirts his tail up perpendicularly in the true robin manner.

The Southern Indian stonechat is also common,—the little black and white bird familiar to those who visit the hills in the hot weather, often called 'the Nilgiri robin'. I do not remember having seen it in Madras city. Both stonechats and black-backed robins are permanent residents here, and both are pugnacious and amusing little birds, the robin especially loving a scrap. One of his chief antagonists is the bay-backed shrike, which is very common in this jungle, but seldom or never seen in the city. It is one of the handsomest of our smaller birds, and is also one of the least shy, often allowing the observer to get within two or three yards of its perch.

Two species of bulbul inhabit the compound in great numbers—the Ceylon red-vented bulbul (the little fellow with brown body and black head which frequents the Madras compounds) and the Southern red-whiskered bulbul. The latter is particularly interesting, as it is the common bulbul of the hills of South India. In *Birds of Southern India*, Baker and Inglis write 'a very common permanent resident on the hills . . . we do not remember having seen it on the east coast'. Dewar in *Indian Birds* says 'Found chiefly in the south-western portion of India, more especially in the hills'; and Whistler in his *Popular Handbook of Indian Birds* writes that this species 'prefers the hills'. Perhaps Tambaram, being 240 feet above

sea-level, counts as 'the hills' in the estimation of the red-whiskered bulbul, for he is certainly here in great numbers; at all times of the day, but especially in the early morning, the jungle is full of his most musical song. Both bulbuls reside here all the year round, and in December and January last cold weather we found three nests of the red-vented species with eggs; in one case there were two eggs, and in the others three; the bird books give two as the usual number of a clutch.

Bird-nesting is on the whole a difficult business on this compound, as the clumps of bushes are thick and thorny, and make almost impregnable fastnesses for the birds; we have seen very few nests. In addition to the three bulbuls' nests mentioned above we have found three tailor birds' nests with nestlings, two in seedling ashoka trees and one in a baubinia bush. This last is interesting, as the books give March to September as the breeding season, and this one was found in November. We have also found two wren-warblers' nests, extraordinarily neat little structures, cleverly woven into the fork of a bush, a foot or two above the ground, with a domed roof and a little round door at the side. The tiny white-throated munias we have seen busily collecting grass, but were unable to locate their nest in the thick bushes.

A visit to the big well on almost any evening is made especially enjoyable by the presence there of large numbers of elegant little pied-wagtails. The song of a pied-wagtail has a wonderful quality and charm, and here is not one bird only, but fifty or more, singing as they perch on the engine-house roof or the well-wall, or circle over the water.

Pied-kingfishers also haunt the well, and the white-breasted and little Ceylon kingfishers are common near both wells, and even by the builders' tanks.

One of the most beautiful sights we have seen in Tambaram was a company of about fifty little green bee-eaters taking a dust-bath in the sandy road just outside our compound fence; the slanting rays of the evening sun shone on their lovely green and bronze plumage so that the road seemed studded with brilliant jewels. These lovely little birds, and the larger blue-tailed bee-eater, are fairly common here.

The gravelly roads of this compound have been chosen by the ashy-crowned finch-larks as their roosting place. The finch-larks are rotund little birds of unusual colouring—light gray or fawn above, and very dark brown or black beneath. They seem to spend the day on the dry tank beds and other open spaces beyond our fence, but as evening approaches they gather in large numbers on our roads, each making for itself a neat little cup in the gravel, where, apparently, it spends the night.

Another bird very common on our compound roads in the evening is the common Indian nightjar; it lies hidden and silent during the day, but comes forth to hunt as soon as it is dusk, and its curious call, like a stone bounding over ice, is one of the most conspicuous sounds in the silence of the night. Only once have we heard the noisy laugh of the spotted owlet, and until there are big trees on the compound, it is unlikely that this or any other owl will be anything but an infrequent visitor.

One of the noisiest and least musical of all the bird notes familiar here is the call of the partridges; small flocks run about among the bushes and occasionally break out into a strident chatter which can be likened to the rapid opening and shutting of very rusty scissors. On the other hand, the ioras and purple sun-birds are also here, and could anything be more musical than the cheerful conversation of the former, or the joyous song of the latter?

The only full-grown trees on the compound at present are scattered palmyras; various species of birds make use of these; one clump is a favourite haunt of some Pondicherry vultures, great black birds with white shirt fronts, and the naked skin of head and neck a bright red. The little palm swifts are always to be found circling about other palmyras, and once in some, on a bund a little to the south of the compound fence, we observed a company of swallow-shrikes.

The black vultures are magnificent creatures on the wing, but far more beautiful are the pale-harriers, winter visitors to India. They appear on the compound in October, and in March set off on their return journey to Europe, where they breed. The male bird is delicate gray above, with darker edges to its wings and pure white beneath; the hen is less striking, being mainly dark brown with a conspicuous white patch on the base of the tail. Both birds fly low, circling slowly just above the bushes, as they hunt for 'insects, reptiles, small mammals and sometimes birds,' and are particularly graceful both in shape and flight. Other birds of prey we have observed are bustards and kestrels, but it is difficult to determine the species of these unless they can be shot and examined in the hand. The same is true also of the larks and pippits and warblers, of which we have many, and which are very puzzling to the amateur observer.

These are a few of the birds to be seen at Tambaram; it will be interesting to watch how the bird population of the compound changes as the human population increases, and jungle gives place to playing-fields and gardens.

ALICE M. BARNES.

Books Old and New

I

The Word of the Cross to Hindus, being the Fernley Lecture, by Edgar W. Thompson, M.A., published by the Epworth Press: Price 7s. 6d. net.

Among recent theological publications, one which may specially interest readers in this country is the Fernley Lecture by the Rev. Edgar W. Thompson, M.A. Mr. Thompson is a member of the Governing Board of our College. For fourteen years he has been a Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, and previously he rendered twenty-five years of missionary service in India. The book he has now given us is described as an attempt, by one of the West, to see the Cross of Christ against and beneath an Indian sky. In that setting what are the features and implications of the Crucifixion that gain emphasis and arrest notice?—such is the question Mr. Thompson would help his readers to answer. To succeed in answering it would be to show that the story of the Cross has a distinctive spiritual message for the Hindus, just as in 1 Corinthians i. 22-24, St. Paul implies that it had for the Jews and for the Greeks respectively.

This reflection has led Mr. Thompson to entitle his book 'The Word of the Cross to Hindus'. It falls into two Parts, 'An Historical Inquiry' and 'An Interpretation', and there are five informative appendices. Part I propounds the question, Why did the Jews procure the death of Jesus? Leaving aside the theological or philosophical search for a reason why God's plan for the world should include such an event as the Crucifixion, it contents itself with discovering the historical cause of that event. Historically the Crucifixion resulted from 'an enmity against Jesus which grew in venom and determination until it became deadly'. And Mr. Thompson shows that this enmity was a result mainly of three elements in the ministry of Jesus—'the divergence of His ideas from the accepted doctrines of the time, the claims He made on His own behalf, and the danger to vested interests implicit in His personality and teaching'.

In Part II we are asked to turn from the cause of the Crucifixion to its interpretation. An attempt is made to set forth the meaning of that event for men of whatever race or creed, but—the book being intended, in part, for Indian readers—the author essays also the delicate task of instituting a comparison between the Religion of Jesus and Hinduism. The chapters into which Part II accordingly falls are—'The Avatāra and the Cross'; 'Karma and the Cross'; 'Yajña,

Jewish and Hindu': 'Yajña and the Cross', 'Tyāga and the Cross'. Those who know Mr. Thompson's reputation for well-informed writing and clear, pertinent reasoning will turn to these chapters with pleasant anticipation of instruction and profit, and they will not be disappointed. What he has to say may not be markedly original, but it has been through the crucible of his own mind and is set forth with frankness, vigour, clarity and judiciousness.

Between Chapter iv of Part I, on the offence which Jesus gave by His personal claims, and Chapter i of Part II, 'The Avatāra and the Cross', there is a close relation, and to describe these two chapters a little more fully may help readers of this Magazine to a clearer idea of the quality of Mr. Thompson's book.

He introduces the subject of Jesus' personal claims by referring to the calm note of authority which was almost the first thing to strike his Jewish hearers. 'Jesus spoke', says the author, 'as if he had been admitted to the counsels of the Most High God, and knew the mind of God in intimate communion with Him and by direct communication from Him.' But the authority He claims is not only to declare truth but to demand the sacrifice of everything for His sake. 'We cannot but conclude that—rightly or wrongly—Jesus believed that he had a doctrine to impart which men could learn only in His company, and not merely by hearing it twice or thrice.' As is shown by the words, 'But he that is a lesser one in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than John', which follow immediately on Jesus' impressive encomium on the Baptist, it was His conviction that 'men through Him were about to attain to a new measure of spiritual freedom and dignity', and that He Himself was thus to be 'the gateway into a new world of existence'. Certainly this was 'a tremendous claim for Jesus to make—both for His message and for Himself', and so it is altogether appropriate that this passage in the records should be followed only a few verses later by Matt. xi. 17 (Luke x. 22)—a saying, as startling as anything in the Johannine record—in which Jesus claims 'to possess a unique knowledge of God and to be in a relation of unique intimacy with Him', and declares that 'only through Himself may we come into our own heritage of fellowship as sons of God'. A similar attitude is exemplified in Jesus' sense of liberty to dispense the Divine forgiveness to those whom He judges ready for it.

There is no room for surprise that claims such as these should have provoked active hostility. Indeed, the one thing that, for a religious man, must surely have been impossible in face of them was neutrality. For if the claims were false, they amounted to horrible impiety, while if they were true, the only right attitude must be a degree of reverence verging on worship. The Jewish authorities regarded them as false, and while preferring against Him a charge of

sedition as eyewash for the Roman Governor, really put Him to death for blasphemy. On the other hand, if the claims made by Jesus for Himself are true, then they presuppose a unique relation between Him and God which at once challenges and transcends interpretation, and they 'lead to the central truths of the Christian religion which gather round His personality'.

In the first chapter of Part II Mr. Thompson takes up one of these 'central truths'—the doctrine of the Incarnation in its relation to the death on the Cross. He begins by devoting ten pages to the Hindu conception of avatāras. The meaning of the word, he tells us, is precisely 'descent'. It is the 'coming down' of a God in the likeness of some living thing. 'All such cases, however temporary the manifestation or illusory the form, are regarded as avatāras, but the word appears to gather meaning, and it is used in the fullest and strictest sense of embodiments in a human form for the duration of a human life.' To the difficult question of the relation of God discarnate to God incarnate Mr. Thompson complains that Hindu metaphysicians and commentators seem not to have given sufficient thought. For the Advaiti, indeed, it is not of much interest, and admits of a summary answer, namely, that the personal Īśvara, being Himself the first product of Māyā, any incarnation of Him 'must be Illusion doubly-dyed.' For those who take seriously the personality of God, on the other hand, the question is important and more difficult. The conception brought forward by some Hindu commentators, that the Divine nature is constituted of parts (amśas), and so is divisible and capable of being shared out in varied proportions (as in the story of the birth of Rama and his half-brothers), 'borders upon the rather gross idea of a physical generation in which there may be a varying proportion of the mixture of elements human and divine'. In one case only, the Krishna of the Bhagavadgītā, is incarnation generally (although not universally, as witness the Bhāgavata Purāṇa) regarded as *pūrṇa*, or full and complete. Another point in which Hindu ideas about incarnation are apt to seem to the Christian to be defective is the nature of the purpose served by the theophanies. 'Many are trivial and some are unethical'; and while the definition of the purpose of incarnation supplied by the Gītā certainly reaches a high level of seriousness and ethical elevation, yet it is 'impossible to perceive any true connection between the intention announced' in its oft-quoted words ['To protect the saints, to destroy evil-doers, to establish dharma, I come (to birth) age after age'] 'and the character and deeds of the Krishna of the Purāṇas and popular worship.' Mr. Thompson concludes this discussion of the conception of avatāras by referring to the common saying that whereas Christianity speaks of but one incarnation, Hinduism tells of many. In the light of

his survey of Hindu teaching about avatāras, there is much reason for the contrary assertion that, in the Christian sense of the term 'Incarnation,' namely, a manifestation in time and space of the Godhead in a real humanity for an ethical purpose of universal scope, Hinduism does not know of even one incarnation.

The Christian story is the story of an incarnation undertaken for the purpose, above all, of a redeeming death, and it is that death, more than anything else, that renders the Christian concept unique. 'In the first place, the Cross of Jesus is a proof of His real and complete humanity.' It constrains the Church, if it uses the idea of incarnation at all, to take it in earnest, by teaching that God did not put on a mere semblance of manhood but really became completely human. In the second place, the death of Christ exercised a profound influence upon the idea of God. 'It brought in another conception of what constitutes divinity and deity; and it revealed Jesus as God in the sense of that new way of thinking.' When the first Christians began to accord religious worship to Jesus, it was the result not of cold reasoning but of a natural, immediate and irresistible impulse of gratitude and reverence. 'It would be,' says Mr. Thompson, 'a legitimate, though not a sufficient, definition of God to say that God is He who may be worshipped. . . . And from this point of view we may ask, What have we known more worshipful than the mind which was in Jesus crucified? In the moments when He was dying, He was showing forth the divinest thing in our human universe. . . . Jesus began a new era in our imagination of God. His death gave men to see that the Ultimate and Eternal force is love, and that in the history of mankind this has manifested itself as redeeming love.' And our deepest ground for predicating Divinity of Jesus is the presence in His life of that love, lowliness and redeeming power which He has made us recognise as the essential nature of Godhead.

A. G. H.

II

'*Reading, Writing and Remembering*,' by E. V. Lucas, published by Methuen, 1932.

It's an ill wind that blows no one any good, and it is to an attack of lumbago that we owe this record of fifty years of reading, writing and remembering. Being 'too ill to invent', Mr. Lucas found it 'amusing to remember', and it is certain that many will find it amusing to read. This book is a veritable storehouse of things much too good to be forgotten. As a record of the life of a writer who has made his way from being, at the age of sixteen, the

apprentice of a Brighton bookseller to a member of the regular staff of *Punch*—surely the goal of all humorous writers—it would be worthy of note and an encouragement to all who aspire to earn their bread by pushing the pen. But because it is told with that modesty and humour, grace and gentleness—in short, with that charm which characterises all the work of Mr. Lucas, it is much more than that.

He tells us of the first piece of literature with which he became acquainted—a little song which his mother used to sing, beginning

'Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the cornfields poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean,'

and at the age of sixty-three is not sure that

'Impatient her little blue apron to fill'

is not still his favourite line of poetry: of his first acquaintance with living authors at Brighton, the ones who looked most like authors generally falling short in the written word: of his first days of journalism as a reporter for the *Sussex Daily News*.

Early he decided that he would write only of pleasant things because there seemed to be enough inequality, injustice and cruelty in the world already. (One wonders if it is just here that there lies the difference between him and Charles Lamb with whom he is so often compared—the difference between avoidance and acceptance—or is that unfair to both?)

After two years of journalism a windfall in the shape of two hundred pounds came to him from an uncle, and he decided to use this by going to London and attending lectures at University College. With careful management this sum lasted for eighteen months and enabled him to fill in some of the gaps left by a sketchy school education (in which nine schools had a hand before he was sixteen—such itineracy speaks volumes) and came at an age when he could take full advantage of it. How he appreciated the lectures of W. P. Ker! And London meant more to him than just attending lectures. There were roses at Richmond and daffies at Kew, trips to Hampton Court by boat, cricket matches at the Oval, theatres and, above all, museums and picture galleries.

The offer of a temporary post on the staff of the *Globe* newspaper which came to him on his last night in London, when his two hundred pounds was exhausted, was the beginning of the path that led to *Punch*. The temporary post lengthened into several years. His work on the *Globe* involved writing in collaboration with C. L. Graves 'a dozen or so paragraphs, each with a joke or a sting in it,

our own humble hum-drum life are there not uncles more individualistic than Pumblechook or Podger whom no Dickens or J. K. J. has condescended to champion?

The classification of uncles according to their make-up is a problem which has baffled many a doughty mind. Not one uncle resembles another in his mental outlook. There are uncles who smile and smile and smile and yet are eternal villains. There are uncles who talk and talk and are never tired of talking.

Uncles are busybodies. When free from work—which most uncles invariably are—they call round their nephews and nieces and catechise them on questions of every sort. 'What is five plus three?' If you happen to answer correctly, 'What is three plus five?' and they confuse you till you get into the way of going wrong and then follows a volley of abuse. 'You young idiot. You fellows have no brain. Civilization has worked havoc on you. In our days we used to do marvellous things with numbers.' What marvellous facts they could have done with numbers passes our comprehension! Could they have made five and three ten or ten minus five a thousand? Then they were wonderful fellows indeed!

This amusement bores the uncle and turning from this, he hears the blended notes of 'Thair, thair'—'Papier vangrae' and 'Jotripaer'. This last note reminds him of an old dilapidated shoe in the corner. 'Aih, jotripaer, come in,' he shouts. The cobbler comes in, exchanges a few words, is dissatisfied with the terms—for uncles never enter into a bad bargain—and goes off with the words, 'Poyah, poyah.' One after another of the street vendors is dismissed this way. The uncle pockets their abuse with characteristic coolness for he is proof against the adage 'once bitten twice shy'. Straight another idea strikes him. The house is all dirty. The furniture is pell-mell. Uncle proposes to set things in order. He summons wife, nephew, niece, boy and all—gives them directions—place it here—put it there—that chair there—this bench here—knocks against the table, howls out 'Amma'—and having stirred all the household to action enjoys the fun from a distance.

There is no sight more pathetic than an uncle in the 'blues'. He sees things from a wrong angle. The table, chair, cat and dog seem to laugh at his expense. He pounces on you: 'Get away you young rogue.' He walks to and fro, passes his hands over his bald head and then settles down humming his favourite tune. But this is a passing phenomenon. A square 'chota' or a cup of hot coffee makes him all right.

You cannot get along smoothly with uncles. You require a sort of greasy sugary way of doing things. Dance to their tunes, damn them with faint praise; in short, be silly with them; they are jolly nice

There is space for only two stories. One refers to William Archer the dramatic critic who was generally thought to be without much humour. One day he remarked that he was going to see Goldsmith's grave and lunch with Blank (a living poet), but he wished he were going to see Blank's grave and lunch with Goldsmith! The other relates to Mr. Hyde, the black and white artist, who on the first night at his new lodgings found a prostrate figure on the top step. He summoned the landlady who said, 'It's only Dr. Jekyll'.

The book has at the head of each chapter a list of the incidents that occur in it—invaluable in a work of the reminiscent genre—and has many interesting photographs and amusing illustrations (e.g. G. K. C. as a boy scout). The photo of E. V. L. is a surprise to those who have never seen him, but one feels that nothing less than a moving picture could adequately represent his features.

Would that all pains in the lumbar region had such delightful results!

L. R. MARGARET BINGLE.

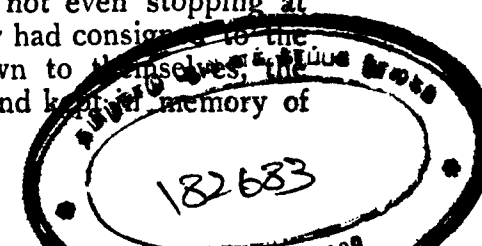
III

Famous Plays of 1933. Published by Gollancy: Price 7/6.

The increasing publication of plays in book form immediately after their presentation on the stage tends to show that the play has become as popular with the reader as the novel or the short story. The playwrights have recognised this and consequently extraordinary attention is paid by them to the places, persons, properties and stage directions in the plays, thus allowing the reader as much facility as possible to overcome the handicap of the lack of visual impression. But however much these means may help to picture the plays in one's imagination, a just criticism of the plays as drama can be made only after seeing them performed on the stage. The only thing that is left to us is to treat them as literature and comment on them as such.

This collection of contemporary plays by various authors contains (as usual) six. The first, in order, is 'The Late Christopher Bean', an adaptation by Emlyn Williams of René Fauchois' 'Prenez Garde à la Peinture'. It is the story of a country practitioner and his family whose placid and colourless life is suddenly disturbed by the prospect of wealth. The doctor's family had harboured a poor and sickly painter, Chris Bean, unaware of his greatness. His posthumous fame and the great demand for his canvasses come as a shock to the family. They suddenly turn greedy and try every method, not even stopping at honourable, to possess the canvasses which they had consigned to the fire but which Gwenny, their maid (and unknown to themselves, the wife of Chris Bean) has retrieved from the fire and kept in memory of

32
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122-1-2



her husband. The family are defeated in their machinations, but only after providing the reader (or spectator) with an amusing picture of greed. The love affair between one of the daughters and another poor painter, adds spice to the play. Mrs. Hagget, the doctor's wife, is a relative of Mrs. Bennet, in *Pride and Prejudice*. The resemblance can be, with justice, extended to the two works themselves.

'Richard of Bordeaux' by Gordon Daviot is a historical play. The treatment of the mediaeval subject, the life of Richard the Second, is sensible and unaccompanied by any suggestion of melodrama. The author does not employ 'Prithee's,' 'Odds bodikins' poison, duels and such like adventitious aids to give the whole thing a spurious mediaeval atmosphere. In the twelve scenes, the character of Richard is seen growing, the hysterical and peevish boy growing into the dignified and self-possessed monarch who bears his dethronement and the prospect of death with equanimity. He is not the impractical king of Shakespeare. He is shrewd and clever. The banishment of Mowbray and Bolingbroke who are about to fight, which in Shakespeare seems casual, is depicted as Richard's revenge on them for the murder of his favourite, the Earl of Oxford. In fact, this is a new interpretation of the character of Richard, whether historically true or not, and an important contribution to the list of chronicle plays of To-day.

'Ten Minute Alibi' by Antony Armstrong is a 'thriller.' It is about the murder of an unprincipled man who fascinates inexperienced girls and leaves them to an awful fate. The lover of one girl, who is thus drawn towards this man, tries to rescue her from his clutches but, failing, kills him, providing for himself a water-tight alibi. The alibi is tested by the police and stands the test. There is nothing original in either the motive or the alibi. Conan Doyle in one of the Sherlock Holmes series has told the story of a man of this sort, and in another of the same series has given the idea of the time alibi, tampering with clocks and providing a man of unimpeachable integrity or character as a witness. But the author here has taken care to employ suspense rather than surprise in the construction of the plot, so that, unlike ordinary detective stories which lose their attraction once we know the criminal, this will stand repeated readings.

In 'Sometimes Even Now' we have another of the war-plays dealing with the eternal triangle of two men and a woman (though the triangle later becomes a quadrilateral). The years 1914-18 do not show any signs of failing as a subject for plays and novels. The incidents which happened in those years have been treated farcically, tragically, problematically and in every other method known. Unless public opinion shows a decided revulsion, the subject may be served up in new ways by enterprising authors.

'Alien Corn' by Sidney Howard, one of the two outstanding American successes (as the book says) is all about singers and professors. A pianist is in love with her art and with a man. She has to choose one of the two. The suicide of a man who loves her makes her decide her future. She chooses the art. There is too much of German and of morbidness in it. The fact that the protagonists are Germans and artistes to boot, explains the unpleasantness in the play. Russians and Germans are always soulful people with tragedy in their lives—to others.

'Of Thee I Sing', the other American success, is a musical-comedy-revue-lampoon play. The subject is an American political election. Nothing provides a better object for lampoon than an American political election and it has been ably handled by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. The predominance of song and dance items makes the appeal to the reader rather limited.

These are the six 'famous plays of 1933'. From a study of them, two things are evident. One is that tragedy has come to have less of a place in the modern drama, its place being taken by problem-plays and war-plays which have no heroes, heroines and villains. Secondly, like 'best-sellers', 'best-showers' are also not always the best. The editor in this case has been careful in the choice of the title. He does not say 'best or great' plays of 1933. He just says 'famous.'

KESAVAN UNNI NAIR.

Soaring High

Since the dawn of human intelligence man has been fascinated by the power of the birds to break off the shackles which bind them to the surface of the earth and soar in the skies. With the growth of human reasoning power man saw clearly that even in the animal life there are birds heavier than air, bulk for bulk, and so he did not see any reason why a mechanism heavier than air should not be made to fly. This resulted in the invention of aeroplanes.

Aircraft has now so immensely developed that it is used in almost every branch of life and it is indispensable both in war and peace. In war it is helpful for the quick supplying of ammunition and foodstuffs, for spying the movements of the enemy and even for bombing from the air. Among the innumerable uses of the aeroplane in times of peace mention may be made of photographic surveying of countries, forest-fire protection, crop-dusting, destruction of infectious pests, advertisements in the sky, trade purposes, exploring and prospecting, relief, ambulance and medical services. Regions hardly accessible by land or sea are readily explored by the aeroplane. The explorations of the Polar regions and Mount Everest are the most outstanding of the numerous examples of exploration. There are cases in Australia and Canada where aeroplanes are used for farming sheep and cattle.

The principles on which the airship and the aeroplane work are different. Even in remote antiquity it was well known that a body would float on a fluid if it was lighter than the latter, bulk for bulk. The airship is made lighter than its equal volume of air by carrying with it huge bags of a light gas such as hydrogen or helium. This causes it to float in the air. The gas is contained in bags of light and strong fabric, called gold-beater's skin, which is made from the intestines of cattle. These bags are secured on a stiff framework of a light and rigid metal such as duralumin. As hydrogen can catch fire easily it is rather dangerous to use it in gas-bags. So most airships are now using helium which is quite non-explosive and non-inflammable. Within these gas-bags there are vacuum chambers fitted with automatic valves and pumping arrangements. Air can be pumped at high pressure into them, or by releasing the valves and pumping out air a partial vacuum can be created in these chambers. The airship can be made to ascend by slowly letting out the air in these chambers and can be held at any height by controlling the pressure. The airship can be made to descend by pumping air into the vacuum chambers. It can be manoeuvred at any height by working rudders which function in the same way as the rudders of a watership. The

nose of the ship can be inclined up or down by what are known as elevators. The ship is run by means of propellers driven by petrol engines which are not widely different from those used in motor cars. The fuel required to drive the motors is usually not petrol but a gas known as 'Fuel Gas', which has the advantage of lightness. The engines are fixed on the keel supporting the gas-bags.

The airships are equipped with kitchens, dining and drawing-rooms, bath-rooms, all lighted with electricity, spacious sleeping berths and all the comforts of the type given on board ship. It is curious to note that there is usually a room separated for smoking, the walls, floor and ceiling of which are covered with thin aluminium sheet to render it fire-proof. They are also equipped with wireless transmitting and receiving sets.

Now coming to the aeroplane, we may note that it does not use any gas to lift it. It is heavier than air, bulk for bulk, and so it will not float on the air unless it is in rapid motion. It may be compared to a stone that is skimmed over the water. The stone which is really heavier than water skims on the surface by virtue of the speed given to it at the start and if the speed lessens it will sink in the water. Even so the aeroplane glides in the air so long as it is run at a speed greater than a minimum speed of about sixty miles per hour, but if the speed ever happens to fall below this lower limit, it crashes to the earth. Even when the plane is landing it can do so only at this minimum speed which is for this reason called the 'landing speed'. The requisite speed for the plane is given by the propeller which is rotated in a vertical plane with terrific speed by a motor. The propeller consists of two or three long and rigid blades of the shape of an electric fan. As it is rotated at a high speed, the blades grab hold of the air and push it behind the plane thus causing it to move forward in the same way as a metallic screw makes its way down into the wood or any other solid into which it is screwed. The air thus pushed behind acts upon large horizontal wings attached to the plane and thereby lifts it up from the ground. So that the plane may be lifted up sufficiently, the action of the air on the wings should be sufficiently strong, which in turn is achieved if the propeller moves at high speed. It is for this reason that the speed of the aeroplane cannot be less than about sixty miles. The plane may be turned to left or right by means of a rudder in a vertical plane which is worked by a bar on which the pilot can place his feet. The plane turns to the right or left according as the right or left foot is pressed. The aeroplane may be inclined up or down by means of rudders, called elevators, in the horizontal plane, which are controlled by a stick coming up between the knees of the pilot just like the gear handle of the motor-bus. The aeroplane is sloped down or up according as it is pushed forward or pulled back.

The aeroplane, unlike any other vehicle, is capable of manoeuvring in many amusing ways and it is very commonly an interesting entertainment for the spectators to see the plane looping the loop or making a somersault like a bird in the sky. It can be made to spin or roll or may be made to describe an amusing manoeuvre called the 'falling leaf', in which the aeroplane is made to stall to the ground in the manner of a falling leaf, falling once on the right wing, then on the left wing, and again on the right wing, and so on. In all these cases the plane can be made to slope sideways by working what are called ailerons which incline the wing up or down.

In sea going ships what are called life-buoys are used by the travellers in times of danger. Such safety devices are not wanting in an aeroplane. The parachute is such a device, and it consists of a fabric which can be folded up and harnessed to the air-man's body. In times of danger the pilot jumps out, simultaneously working a release cord, when the parachute opens up like an umbrella and it is filled with air. He then slowly drifts with it to the ground.

The aeroplane with its great speed has many considerations for the business man. To the man in the street it gives much entertainment. To the man of science it has other appeals.

J. LAKSHMINARAYANA.

Heavy Water

One of the early results of the study of radioactivity was the discovery of isotopes—species of atoms differing in atomic weight but having the same chemical properties. At first only radioactive isotopes were known. The first common element to be shown to be isotopic was lead. The lead resulting from the radioactive disintegration of uranium was found to have a different atomic weight from that resulting from the disintegration of thorium. Aston's work with his mass spectrograph has shown that most elements are mixtures of isotopes, and he has determined the isotopic composition of most of the elements. Many attempts have been made to separate the different isotopes occurring in some of the common elements, and this has been partially accomplished in several cases. In all elements the isotopes differ from each other in atomic weight by only a few units, and so in the case of the heavier elements the isotopes will differ only slightly in physical properties, and they are apparently identical chemically. Until recently most of the lighter elements were believed to be isotopically pure. Recent work however has shown that some of these 'pure' elements do contain a second isotopic constituent although in very small proportion. The cases of hydrogen and oxygen are particularly interesting as these are the two most plentiful elements on the earth's surface and they both play fundamental rôles in chemistry. Hydrogen is the lightest of all the elements and almost all of its atoms have an atomic weight of one. It is found, however, that a very small proportion (less than one in five thousand) have an atomic weight of two. In this very exceptional case the isotopes must differ from one another very considerably in consequence of their great difference in mass. This difference also makes their separation relatively easier. Most of the work on the separation of this heavy hydrogen from the more plentiful lighter kind has naturally been done with water, the most plentiful compound of hydrogen. The problem is, however, complicated by the recently discovered fact that oxygen, formerly believed to be 'pure' and to contain atoms of mass 16 only, is now found also to contain a second kind of atom of atomic weight 18 in very small proportions. There may therefore be six kinds of unassociated water molecules with molecular weights ranging from 18 to 22. It has been found that by fractional distillation specimens of water having both higher and lower densities than common water can be obtained. The method, however, that has been found to be most effective in bringing

about a concentration of molecules containing the heavier isotope of hydrogen depends upon electrolysis. It is found that the hydrogen produced by electrolysing solutions of alkali is relatively poorer in the heavy hydrogen isotope than common hydrogen, and that consequently the remaining water becomes richer in heavy hydrogen. It is found that this treatment does not cause a concentration of heavy oxygen atoms, and so the kind of water molecule that accumulates contains two heavy atoms of hydrogen and a light atom of oxygen. Starting with 20 litres of water from an industrial electrolytic alkali cell that had been working for some years Lewis and Macdonald of the Berkeley University electrolysed it under suitable conditions until there was only 1 cc. undecomposed. This was then fractionally distilled and again electrolysed till eventually 0.12 ccs. of practically pure H_2^{18}O was obtained. This substance had a density of 1.1056 at 25°C ., a freezing point of $+3.8^\circ\text{C}$., a boiling point of 101.42°C ., and a temperature of maximum density of $+11.6^\circ\text{C}$., and in other physical properties differed widely from ordinary water. One of the most remarkable results obtained by Lewis is that this heavy water appears to be toxic. One seed of *Nicotina tabacum* (selected because of its very small size) was placed in each of a series of similar tubes. To half of the tubes was added a measured quantity of heavy water and to half the same quantity of ordinary distilled water. While all the latter germinated, none of the former did.

In the course of his work Lewis was able to show that heavy water obtained by distillation only owed its increased density partly to heavy hydrogen atoms and partly to heavy oxygen atoms. He found that when ammonia is dissolved in water there is a random distribution of H atoms between the two compounds. This is because of the formation of ammonium hydroxide in which the four atoms of hydrogen in the ammonium radicle are similarly placed. When this compound is decomposed by boiling, owing to the fact that there are three atoms of hydrogen in ammonia and only two in water, there is a greater probability that heavy hydrogen atoms will go with the ammonia than that they will remain with the water. Experiment showed that by saturating heavy distilled water with ammonia and expelling it by boiling six times almost all of the heavy hydrogen was removed. By similar treatment with sulphur dioxide and for a similar reason almost all the O^{18} could be removed.

The following quotation is the last paragraph of an article in *Nature* of October 7th on this subject:—'Until 1894, chemists had no suspicion that the atmosphere contained any constituents other than those recognised by Lavoisier a century previously, and it has required the lapse of a century and a half to establish the existence in water, which like air is one of the commonest materials available to chemists,

of anything more than two supposed "elements", hydrogen and oxygen, each of which is known to consist of a mixture of at least two different kinds of atoms. The chemical properties of the heavy hydrogen isotope are very probably different from those of ordinary hydrogen. A new organic chemistry, in which each of the compounds containing carbon (of which there are also at least two isotopes, C^{12} and C^{13}) and hydrogen is duplicated by the synthesis of a "heavy" partner—at present a mere nightmare—will in lapse of time no doubt become an accomplished fact. The use of heavy waters in medical treatment still awaits investigation.'

EDWARD BARNES.

An Explanation of the Absence of Tragedy in Sanskrit Drama

Tragedies are forbidden in Sanskrit. Not that our ancients could not appreciate the powerful appeal of tragedy to the human mind. Our sweetest song, the *Rāmāyaṇa*, was conceived as a complete tragedy at the outset. A deeply sad thought, provoked by a hunter killing a bird making love to its mate, created a profound impression in his heart and poured forth into spontaneous strains of poetry. It ended with Sītā's disappearance into the bosom of her mother earth, but the later revulsion of feeling against tragedies seems to have been responsible for naming the last chapter the *uttara kāṇḍa* or the later *kāṇḍa*. The reason for this veering round of public feeling is to be sought for in our philosophy which has deeply permeated and coloured our social beliefs from time immemorial. Even literature is to be a mouthpiece of our religious and ethical beliefs. That is the reason why the end and aim of literature is postulated as *upadesha* or moral instruction. It was recognised on all hands that tragedies go against the very grain of our philosophical and social beliefs and cannot provide instruction.

A passing reference to our philosophy of life and our relationship to God makes this point clear. Our life does not end with death as is apparently the case. Death is only a necessary adjunct, and opens the door to a greater life beyond. It is only a necessary link connecting one life with another. So man's achievement does not end with one life alone, but is to be adjudged conjointly with his achievements in other lives. Thus man is to work out his own destiny or become the architect of his own fate. Our own karma in our previous life therefore must determine the degree of our happiness or sorrow in our present birth. There is no gainsaying the fact that as we sow, so we reap. It is only in exceptional cases that God allows His grace to intervene. The average Indian instinctively abhors a life of wickedness and tries as far as possible to be religious. This religious life asserts itself in every phase of activity, notably in our literature. Tagore expresses this beautifully in his *Personality*: 'God with us is not a distant God; He belongs to our homes, as well as to our temples. We feel His nearness to us in all the human relationship of love and affection and in our festivities, He is the chief guest whom we honour.' By the way, it may here be remarked that the intervention of the supernatural in human affairs is thus quite plausible to the Indian frame of mind; the supernatural comes in easily as the supplement or rather the crowning glory of human endeavours.

Viewed from this standpoint, the two types of tragedy, either the good or the wicked man suffering, are obviously not permissible on the Indian stage. The good man cannot suffer, and even if he suffered death, as in the *Nāgānanda*, equity demands that some supernatural element should intervene and revive him. On the other hand, killing a villain on the stage might be more impressive and drive home moral principles. But it was felt that after all there was nothing dramatic in the villain's punishment, as it was his inevitable karma shaping itself some way or other. Moreover, death could not be regarded as a sufficient punishment at all. Such a thing is liable to be put down as a result of human intervention, arrogating to itself the supremacy of destiny. Nor was Indian society so depraved as to stand in need of such home-thrusts. The reaction against violence preached by Buddhism had made society abhor stormy and violent scenes. The needed moral instruction was provided for in the shape of tragicomedies. The skill of a dramatist has conjured up, here and there, feelings of intense emotion, horror and grief, alternation between life and death, fear and hope, quite essential to tragedies. The figure of a forlorn Shakuntalā, cast adrift in the wide world, or of a Rama, (sincerely believing that his Sītā has been dead for twelve years,) wandering in the Daṇḍaka forest, where every step conjures up visions of his happy life with her, may not attain the level of an overwhelming catastrophe from the standpoint of the spectator or the reader, who may be aware of the future reunion, but for the actual heroine or the hero in question, no more heart-rending catastrophe could be imagined. There is all the impressiveness and sympathy of a strong and masterful grip upon its spectators. So much alone may be permitted by our religious and social beliefs, though the genius of Kalidāsa had an instinctive craving for tragedies of the type of *Romeo and Juliet*. (vide *Mālavikāgnimitra*, Act III, verse 15.)

U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

S. S. 'NIAGARA',
AUCKLAND TO VANCOUVER,
July, 1933.

Dear Mr. Editor,

In my last letter I wrote of my visit to Australia (*past* Australia, to be exact). Our voyage from Australia to New Zealand took three days, almost to the hour, though our boat was a fast one (the *Monowai*, formerly a P. and O. 'ferry-boat' between Bombay and Aden). Mark Twain recorded in his day that people used to annoy New Zealanders by supposing that New Zealand was beside Australia, and that you crossed by a bridge or something. We know our geography better nowadays perhaps: but one still feels, in talking with New Zealanders, that one is expected to show cognizance of the vast differences, geographical and other, between the two countries. New Zealand is far smaller—a narrow strip of land, divided into two more or less equal islands, and about a thousand miles in length altogether; its population is only a million and a half, to Australia's six millions; it is more recently settled, and I should think is fuller of people who, when they say 'home', are thinking of the British Isles. It is probably the closest in feeling to the Mother Country of all the Dominions, though it is as far away—to a few hundred miles—as it could be without getting off the earth altogether: Wellington is almost exactly opposite to Madrid. The New Zealander has not as a rule the vigorous national self-consciousness of the Australian—though he can 'skite' about his country just as well. And he is conscious of the difference, and I fancy prides himself on it.

* * *

We arrived in Wellington, the capital, on May 1, and I left from Auckland on June 27. Unfortunately I was not able to see anything of the South Island, which apparently takes the prize for scenery. Most of the time we spent on my brother's sheep-farm in Hawke's Bay, on the east of the North Island; in my last twelve days we went touring in my brother's farm-truck, seeing some of the sights.

Life on the farm was about as different as it could be from life in College House. Two years ago, at a public ballot, my brother got a 66 years' lease of the land from the Government; it is part of one of the old 'stations', of many thousand acres apiece, which are being broken up into 'blocks' all over the country, and is a little less than

500 acres. My brother grazes about two sheep to the acre; he also has a few 'store-cattle', which he buys lean, and fattens, and then sells—though he repudiates the title of cattle-farmer. Sheep-farmers belong to a higher level socially, it seems,—it was sheep-farmers who told me so, I admit,—and look down with some scorn on the humble 'cow-cockie'. His small six-roomed house is of wood (a 'frame-house'), with a roof of corrugated iron and a brick chimney for the kitchen and sitting-room fires. He bought it at a place ten miles away: it was sawn into three portions, trundled along on trolleys, reset on piles, and nailed together again. And it is very comfortable, though perhaps a little draughty in windy weather.

He does all the farm-work himself, except for the big jobs, like shearing and dipping, in which several farmers join forces; and till my sister came he did all the house-work too. And did it very competently, we gathered: my sister hadn't very much to teach him, she found, in housewifery or cooking. Even when he was out all day in cold winds and sleet, during the lambing-season, and got back only after dark, he would cook himself a three-course dinner,—and would wash the dishes and pots afterwards, too. Men are expected to be able to attend to their own wants in these newer countries; when they do it, they are said to be 'baching'—a verb derived, I take it, from the substantive 'bachelor.'

Domestic servants are very rare all over New Zealand; many families who could easily afford them prefer to be independent. Quite often at a tea-party, if you say that you don't take sugar in your tea, the hostess quietly takes back the spoon on your saucer. At one house where we dined, it was the rule for the host to deal out poker-hands to every one at the table, after dinner, and the two who drew the highest and the lowest hands had to 'wash up'.

On the farm I generally read all morning; but I always washed the dishes after lunch, and then did various odd jobs about the house and farm. I was put in charge of the windows, for instance, and cleaned them at the rate of one a day; and I found that window-cleaning calls for intelligence as well as devotion. Sometimes my brother would take me away with a spade or shovel in my hand, and would leave me digging for an hour or two in some place where I wasn't likely to do much harm. I never became a first-class digger, but I think I rose to a fair position in the second class. I was able to be of some use too when my brother was 'mustering' or 'drafting' his sheep, and when he was loading a draft on to his lorry. And there was one great day which my brother and sister spent in town, and I was left to look after the entire farm alone: I was as proud of my charge—three horses, three sheep-dogs and a puppy, forty odd head of cattle, and nine hundred sheep—as ever I was of my first class in the

Madras Christian College: though actually I didn't have to do anything except feed the dogs. It was only so much play-acting, no doubt: but I came to love the part.

One result that is likely to remain is a sort of contempt for ordinary pet dogs; those that I have seen, since I was on the farm, have looked unnatural and useless, and their desire for attention and their fawning ways have seemed sentimental. I have little patience with them when I remember the three great beasts who came gambolling up, with the ludicrous little puppy in their wake, when any of us left the garden, all alive, from the tips of their tongues to the tips of their tails, in the hope of some work to do. Sheep-dogs are fine animals, and sheep-farmers talk about them as anglers talk of fish.

* * * *

There were two main topics of conversation in Hawke's Bay, besides the usual ones,—the financial depression, and the earthquake.

New Zealand was hard hit, more perhaps than most countries, by the world-wide freezing of credit. Till 1929 they imported manufactured goods of every kind in enormous quantities,—the country is highly mechanised. And meanwhile the majority of the farmers, I should think, relied for most of their income on what they could export, chiefly to the United Kingdom; many of them lived most of the time on overdrafts, and many were heavily mortgaged. Now, with the fall in prices and the drying-up of credit, farm after farm has been taken over by agents or brokers, and the farmer is left as a steward, on a pittance. No one knows what will happen when the thaw comes, and farms are once more saleable; or likes to think of it.

About a year ago the Government 'pegged' the exchange, so that a pound of New Zealand money became equivalent to about sixteen instead of twenty shillings sterling. I cannot grasp the general effects of this action; but apparently it was taken either too soon or too late, so that it did not help exports much at the time, the returns still falling steadily: while its injuries to imports are now beginning to be felt to the full. But one incidental effect is very odd. New Zealand has its own paper money, but no silver or copper coinage; it uses sterling coin. And so for an English pound-note you can buy in New Zealand about twenty-four English shillings. Of course there is much secret exporting of silver, though the police try to stop it: on one boat they found a steward carrying more than £250 in silver to Sydney, where he had hoped to make £50 with it. The Government in Wellington is exploring the possibility of minting its own silver, but does it very leisurely.

* * * *

The other special topic of conversation, as I have said, is the earthquake. There was a good deal about it in the Madras newspapers,

at the time: but perhaps Madras, and the rest of the world, has forgotten. Not so Hawke's Bay. The earthquake happened in February 1931, and was the greatest that has been recorded anywhere in the world. For miles along the coast, the ground was raised from four to seven feet, and in places much more. Most fortunately it happened about 11 o'clock in the morning, on a fine summer's day: most people were out of doors, and in Napier, the capital of the province, which got the full force of the upheaval, the children had just been let out of the schools for a five minutes' interval, and few fires were burning, except closed-in kitchen-fires. It was only in Napier that there was much loss of life, where a terrible fire broke out, almost instantly.

The towns and houses have for the most part been rebuilt now, though a few heaps of masonry and cracked walls remain, and though many banks and stores are still accommodated in corrugated iron. The earth gapes in places, and many boulders are in strange positions; and where there was a great inland lagoon at Napier, the row of jetties is now high and dry, far out of sight of any navigable water. But the deepest traces are in the memories of those who lived through the first tremendous shock, and the countless lesser shocks that followed for weeks after. I seldom spoke to anyone for long before the earthquake cropped up. We had several tremors and two small earthquakes, while I was there. I have known worse in the Himalayas, I think, and I did not notice them much; and I would have thought that Hawke's Bay people would mind them still less. Actually, however, as I might have imagined, the effect was the other way; the slightest movement of the ground awakened memories in them that the rest of us can only guess at; and for days after a shock, they would speak of it rather than of the weather, at every casual meeting.

Of the many stories that I heard, I find that two remain with me. The first came to me at second hand, but on good authority. A farmer was with his sheep on a hillside at some distance from Napier, which was just hidden from sight by an intervening ridge. At the moment of the earthquake he saw the city heave up into full view over the hills that lay between, and slowly disappear again. The other story was told me by a neighbour. He and his wife were newly married, and had just moved in. They had a great many wedding presents, most of them pieces of china or glass which had all been bought at the same shop, in the town where they were married. The owner of the shop had been moved to add a present of his own—a china vase, very costly, but, in our friend's judgment, very hideous; by his account it was 'covered with leering cupids'. When the quake came, he rushed from the field where he was working into

the house, and saw all the presents they valued in fragments, and this vase standing alone, the cupids 'leering' at him intact. On the spot he let fly with a brick from the ruined fireplace, and smashed the thing.

* * *

After Hawke's Bay, as I have said, came a tour.

The first day's motoring took us to Waikare-moana, 'The Sea of Rippling Waters,' a large and lovely lake high up in the mountains due north of Napier. Next day we went through the Urewera country, a wild road crossing ridge after ridge (the highest just over 3,000 feet), all covered thickly with virgin 'bush' or forest. The bush is something like the sholas of the Nilgiris, but grows both taller and wilder; and most of the island was overgrown with it till the *Pakeha* (the white man) came. Little life is to be seen in the bush. There were hardly any animals in New Zealand, till they were imported from Europe; and one result was that some of the birds, for example the *kivi*, the national emblem, lost their wings and tails. The Maori lived mostly on fish, birds, a few vegetables that grow half wild, and on his human enemies.

We had bad weather in the Urewera country, rain and sleet and a high wind; but it cleared later in the day, and we had little but sunshine for the rest of our tour, till we got to Auckland. In the evening we reached Rotorua, and we stayed there two days. Rotorua is near the north of the thermal belt, a long narrow strip of land, 150 miles long, in which the inward parts of the earth come out on top. There is little volcanic activity now, though there has been much of it in the past. But there are thermal prodigies everywhere. We could smell the sulphur in the air a long way off. There are several full-sized swimming baths of thermal water in Rotorua, kept at various temperatures up to 120° F. or so, and they are mighty exhilarating to bathe in—for a time—and the warmth lasts for hours afterwards. People go along in their pyjamas, from their hotels, late at night or early in the morning.

Then there are the sights. The biggest collection of these is at the Maori village of Whakarewarewa (usually shortened to Whaka). For many acres there the ground is covered with pools, of a lovely clearness and colour, in which the water is boiling; with periodic geysers (always pronounced *gyysers* in New Zealand); and with holes full of seething, bubbling, leaping mud, the famous Porridge Pot and others. In places you can hardly see anything for the clouds of acrid steam rising from the crevices all over the surface. The Maoris in Whaka need never light a fire: they leave their pots and kettles on the edge of a boiling pool, or dig a little way down into the gravel and cover their pots in it—and the food is cooked as if in a stove. It is an odd thing

that the food never tastes of sulphur. And if they are cold they can have a bath of any temperature they like. They don't seem to think of the danger, which is of course considerable. When I was speaking with one of the guides at the party (I'll tell you all about the party in a moment), she began to talk of the fatal accidents there had been, both to Maori children and to rash visitors: and all the stories ended with the words 'boiled to pulp'. The recitation would have made a fine 'feature' for the magazine, if it had been a Sunday newspaper.

Another place that we saw was Titikere, and it was most eerie and gruesome. The whole hillside steams and fumes and trembles constantly, some of the boiling mud is many hundred degrees in temperature; and every now and then a piece of the surface gives way without warning, and uncovers some new monstrosity. The place is a chemical museum. There was some sand which turned silver coins black, and a pool which turned copper coins white,—and then some pasty mud which restored them both to their own colours. Further on, the guide picked up one of the stones lying on the ground, and we put a match to it—and it burst into flame, for it was almost pure sulphur. A handful of earth in one place, smeared on the back of the hand, made the skin silky-soft; another handful elsewhere, rubbed lightly on a silver watch, cleaned it in a moment to a dazzling brightness. The last thing we were shown was a mud-bath which positively and permanently cured any kind of rheumatism: it was an anti-climax. The place was well worth seeing, undoubtedly: but we were glad to get away from it.

* * *

One evening at Rotorua we were asked to a Maori party. A good many of the Government-appointed guides were there, all women. They are professional Maoris, so to speak, and dress in their native costume (modified to conform with *Pakeha* convention), and dance their dances and sing their songs to order. And their performances are very picturesque, and the ladies are very charming, and wonderfully unspoilt, though they live so much on a platform. Some Maori men were present also—the members of the Whaka Football Club (Rugby football, of course): and by special request they did a *haka* or war-dance for us. I had already seen some Maori dancing in Hawke's Bay; and when it is well done I could never see too much of it. The Maoris, till a century ago, were bloodthirsty cannibals, and a real *haka* then must have been most fearsome to watch, hundreds of warriors working themselves into a frenzied lust for blood together. Now they dance for sport, and put the utmost good-will into it. They twist all their features into a ferocious grin, and stick out their tongues till you expect to see them fall off, and chant loudly, with an occasional savage yell at which they all spring high into the air: and they go through

these antics, any number together, like one man, keeping the most perfect time. And they enjoy it prodigiously, and the audience shout with laughter. Sometimes one of them ranges in front of the rest, not singing, but simply working his jaws and licking his chops till you fancy you can see the slaver dripping down, and making horrible symbolic lunges with a *mere* (pronounced 'merry'). A *mere* is about the length, and rather more than the breadth, of a very big hand, very thin, and with a short handle: it is made of greenstone, or of hardwood; and it is waisted like a violin, and all the edges are very sharp. The way of using it was to lay one edge horizontally against the enemy's forehead, and with a combined thrust and twist to prize off his skull.

The Maoris also perform action-songs: the music is modern, I believe, though composed by Maoris and based in some way on the old monotonous chants; it is very melodious, and has always a fine swing. The actions are conventionalized: there is much swaying and turning of the body, and stamping of the feet, and fluttering of the hands,—all very rhythmical, and very pretty to watch. They can sing American jazz with actions of this sort, effectively enough.

The women's speciality is the *poi*-dance, the *pois* being balls of flax on short strings; they swing these like Indian clubs as they sing, with a regular clashing of the strips of dried flax that their kilts are made of.

All the New Zealanders that I met spoke well of the Maoris; and from the little I saw of them—and that mostly at play—I can well understand it. There seems to be real mutual respect between the two races, and they live very happily together. Maoris are only four per cent. of the population, but they are increasing.

From Rotorua we went on to Wairakei, another centre for sight-seers in the 'thermal wonderland'; but we wanted to get on quickly to the Tongariro National Park, where we had heard that there was good skiing already: so we left out the geysers, etc., which are apparently very fine, and saw only the blow-hole. This, I think, defies description, even more than the curiosities of Rotorua. It is an opening in the surface of the earth, nine inches in diameter; and out of this comes a column of steam, rushing up with such a roar that near it you can scarcely hear a man shouting in your ear, and with such force that the ground is all a-tremble for yards around. The column has a spiral form; and rapidly as the steam moves it looks solid, till it begins to spread out and at a height of twenty feet or so is deflected by the wind and blown into a great trailing cloud. We tried, one

after the other, to press a narrow board down on the aperture, but none of us could hold it there for a second. The guide threw empty kerosene-tins into the steam and they were tossed high up and far away. We were told that the pressure at the mouth was 400 pounds to the square inch, and that the temperature of the steam was 200°F; or it may have been 200 lbs. and 400°—figures like that don't mean much to the ordinary man, and it is like talk of war-debts. I don't know whether I have been able to hint how impressive the thing was: it was in fact terrifying. The blow-hole has been as it is now since 1840 at least, and in Maori legends it goes back fifteen generations. While the guide was talking away, the driver told me that the earth has been reinforced all round the hole by concrete (which is concealed from visitors): but I wonder why the whole place didn't blow up long ago.

* * * *

We spent three days, after this, in the National Park, among three grand volcanic mountains,—two extinct, Tongariro and Ruapehu, and one more or less quiescent, Ngauruhoe (*ng* pronounced very like *gn* in *Gnanam* and so on). The snow on Ruapehu, which is over 8,000 feet high, was still, at the beginning of winter, thin and slippery, but we ski'd all day long, greatly to our own and one another's amusement. But I suppose it was much like skiing everywhere, and I needn't detain you over that.

On the way from Tongariro to Auckland we stopped a night at Waitomo, and saw two of the caves there, vast holes and fissures in the limestone rock, filled with stalactites and stalagmites and things, some very odd-looking and some very beautiful. Last of all we were shown the famous Glow-worm Cave. We first had a lecture on the glow-worms which give the place its name. Apparently the species is carnivorous and is found nowhere else. I am sorry I have forgotten the Latin name, and many other interesting details too: but no doubt Mr. Lakshminarayanan knows them. At the worm-stage they look very like the valve-tube of a bicycle-tyre, and are sometimes as much as two inches long. They live on the roof of a cave, through which an underground river runs; and spin out queer little jointed webs to catch the insects they prey on. At the fly-stage, when they look like dragon-flies, they feed on insects on the surface of the water.

The cave is two hundred yards long, and is fifteen feet above the usual level of the water in places, and about as wide; except just at the mouth, the daylight does not penetrate into it. After our lecture the party got into a boat, the electric light was put out, and the guide proceeded to haul us through the length of the tunnel, by a wire, in the dark. At first we could see nothing but the net-work of shining worms' tails—myriads of them, thickly clustered.

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way."

They were just overhead; sometimes we were warned to duck, for fear of bumps. The warning came in a whisper, for we were all forbidden to speak: the glow-worms are very sensitive to the vibrations of the human voice, and a word may put out a thousand lights. Gradually our eyes adapted themselves, and we could just see the boat, the wire, the soft reflections on the water—and one another, with necks craned, and faces turned upwards, and mouth agape. The only sounds were splashes made now and then by an eel or a water rat. It was unspeakably strange—and in a weird way unspeakably lovely.

And so we got to Auckland, a great handsome city, much larger than Wellington, the capital, of which it is somewhat jealous; it is like Calcutta and Delhi, apparently. And I think I will only tell you one thing about Auckland. We were taken by kind friends there to the newest and biggest cinema, the Civic, a large building in the Hollywood-Indian order of architecture (and I'm thankful that there's nothing like it, that I know of, in India). The ceiling is domed, and painted dark blue, and is covered with little electric lights placed like the stars. They have clouds too, produced we were told by turning a bit of old film, scratched and painted, over an arc lamp. The first time you enter, the illusion holds perfectly for a moment, and you think that there is no roof, and that it is a lovely clear night. (I don't know what you think if you choose an afternoon performance for your first entry.) The trick is common in the States, I believe—it is only a trick, of course, and one soon tires of it; and after all it doesn't help the audience to enjoy the film any more. Well, in this gaudy place, made to hold 3,000, an odd five hundred of us sat through a talkie called "Let me Explain, Dear," which I name in order to advise you not to waste time going to it in Madras. But after the show we went down for a cup of coffee to the ground-floor, which is turned into a "Winter Garden," the ordinary seats being cleared away and replaced by tables and chairs, with a space for dancing in the middle. And the thing that I want to tell (though I have been a long time coming to the point, perhaps) is this: that all the chairs in this place were fastened down by chains. Our Auckland friend told us there was a local by-law that the seats must be so fastened to the floor, in all places where they dance. This surely is an authentic relic of the brave pioneering days: for the only reason for the rule must be that people in dance-halls are (or were) apt to throw chairs at one another. I don't suppose there is much chair-throwing at Auckland dances

now-a-days; but the old rule stands, like some quaint point of procedure in the House of Commons.

And so I took my ticket and sailed away, on June 27th. That was a fortnight ago, and we are only a few days from Vancouver now. I have been writing this chronicle, bit by bit, on the ship. My American experiences I will narrate in the same way, if the mood holds and if all goes well, on the Atlantic.

This voyage has been much like others, and I haven't much to say about it. We landed at Suva for a few hours, and I looked with wonder at the big smiling fuzzy-wuzzy Fijians, and had some excellent curry-and-rice at a hotel, served by a Tamilian who knows even less Tamil than I do, having been born in Fiji. And we paid an even shorter visit to Honolulu, where I rejoiced to see flame-of-the-forest again, and tried surf-riding at Waikilie Beach, without much success. And between those two places we crossed Longitude 180° and Latitude 0° (very nearly at the same time). And we had one day, Friday the 30th of June, twice over. The day passed in the usual way: and next morning notices were up signed by the Captain, 'This day is Friday, 30th June 1933'. We had caught the day just as it set off westward round the world; then we crossed Longitude 180°, and next morning met it again as it was finishing the twenty-four-hour trip. So a Catholic, I suppose, would have had to fast two days running. And now the Southern Cross is almost out of sight on the horizon behind, and the Pole Star is high up ahead.

With every good wish to all who remember me, and with a special blessing to the Magazine,

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours
J. R. MACPHAIL.

P. S.—In my last letter I was describing Anzac Day in Melbourne. It is a great institution in New Zealand too; and after posting that letter I saw in a newspaper that a Wellington Magistrate passed sentence on two men proved to have done some work which was not strictly necessary on Anzac Day: there were some mitigating circumstances, so he only fined them £1 apiece.

Book Reviews

International Economics. By R. F. Harrod. Cambridge University Press and Nisbet. 5s.

It is related of Sidney Webb that when he received a copy of Marshall's *Principles of Economics* he read it through at a sitting, entranced. Such an experience must be rare indeed; for most people the study of economic theory is apt to be repellent on account of a certain formal style which is the vehicle of an abstract analysis of economic ideas. Attempts have been made to brighten up economic text-books, sometimes with success as in Professor Henry Clay's *Economics for the General Reader*. Mr. Harrod's *International Economics*, the latest addition to the Cambridge Economic Handbooks, belongs to the former class. Its close analysis and abstraction make no concession to the laziness of the general reader; Mr. Harrod believes that the fundamental truths of economics are essentially simple but that they require 'a short but rather determined effort' to grasp them.

If it be true that economic truth is fundamentally simple, it is more obvious that the economic situation of our time is unbearably complex and perplexing in the extreme. The layman looks to the professional economist for guidance and light, and he is offered in return a variety of contradictory remedies which almost seem to cancel each other out. Mr. Harrod has his remedies to propose; he is in favour of national currencies which are to be managed by international co-operation, and he is severely critical of tariffs as effective remedies. He tries to show how his proposed remedies follow logically from economic first principles and his arguments are forceful. Doubtless he will be attacked on one flank by his fellow professional economists, on the other by the unacademic and unorthodox economists. But there is a growing body of agreed economic opinion about what needs to be done.

But what needs to be done is far from being achieved or even likely to be achieved. Mr. Harrod demands a measure of international co-operation at a time when international co-operation seems to be a remote and vague shadow. That is only to say that economics, the more scientific it becomes, leaves us with its main problem unsolved. For the problem of international co-operation is not in essence an economic problem; it can only be solved in those spheres of human life where economic principles and motives have ceased to operate.

Mr. Harrod's text-book is one that should certainly be read by all Honours students in the subject, and it would do the pass course man no intellectual harm if he wandered into a rather wider field than his ordinary text-book affords. To the general reader it is commended with caution; there are gentler paths than those through the arid ground of economic theory, but if he possesses a severely logical mind, here is something worth his attention.

E. J. B.

Conduct.—By T. W. Pym. S.C.M. Press, London. 2s. 6d.

The main purpose of the book is to outline a method whereby the individual may decide questions of right and wrong in his personal life. Matters dealing with social morality are omitted. The author finds in the present generation a certain moral unsettlement as a consequence partly of the world war and the spread of communism, which has led an increasing number of decent and intelligent people to question the value of Christian morality. Organised Christian agencies have tended to change moral interpretation to meet new situations, and their morality has appeared too restrictive and prohibitive, they have failed to furnish the needed leadership in matters of conduct.

The author considers Christian conduct in terms of principles rather than rules and enunciates two principles for the guidance of conduct, viz. the glory of God and the love of man. The importance of motive as the deciding factor in ethical choices is stressed. Arguing against a negative morality, he states the chief question of moral life to be not 'What is permissible?', but 'What should I be doing?' The standard of conscience suggested is that set by the life and teaching of Jesus which would require that one should keep acute his moral sensitiveness by continual reference to Him. While commending the mood of admiration of Jesus as a great moral example, the author calls for an attitude of dynamic faith in Him.

The prevailing gospel of self-expression which is often stated in terms of self-realisation or self-fulfilment is examined and the author rightly remarks that the value of self-expression lies in the value of the kind of self expressed. 'The best expression of the best, in terms of life lived or to be lived, is to be achieved only through discipline and control; these will involve self-denial and self-sacrifice.'

This is a valuable guide for all who are confronted with the problem of conduct in daily life.

S. J. T.

Miscellany

Love

Like a lonely home-sick bird
She wings her eager way,
She cleaves the dusky sky
Of my woe.

Like a soft, enchanted word
She swings in silence gay,
She hides beneath the sigh
Of my throe.

Like a distant shivering star
She sings a lonely song,
She winks aloud the tune
Of my bliss.

Like a vision from afar
She smiles and flits along,
She sails upon the moon
Of my bliss.

A. S. NARAYANA PILLAI,
Post-graduate, Gr. ii.

Cast off thy Gloom

I wandered lonely, in my dream,
Along a woodland green;
And saw before, a sparkling stream
That winded o'er the scene.

The stream was babbling on her way,
While on the bank I stood;
And heard the waters softly say,
'Cast off thy mournful mood.'

'Cast off thy mournful mood', they said
'Cast off thy gloom and woe;
For joys divine shall crown thy head
And warm thee with their glow.'

Alone I stood beneath the sky,
Alone beneath the trees;
All else was still save for the sigh--
The rustling of the breeze.



S. K. Veeraraghavan,
Class IV, Group II E.

The woods beyond were all alight
 And smiling at the stars;
 They turned their heads with deep delight,
 And watched the glowing Mars.
 I gazed and gazed into the night,
 Mine eyes bedimmed with tears;
 But in my heart there dawned a light,
 That chased away my fears.
 My heart was full and beat in glee,
 I saw the Light Divine;
 A vacant space was filled in me
 Eternal joy was mine.
 My soul was thrilled with life anew,
 It felt the wondrous call
 From stars and woodland bathed in dew,
 And blessed the Lord of all.

M. S. SAMUEL,
Hons. IV, Br. v.

Thoughts on Shelley

I hear the rivulets as they weep,
 The doleful note the sky-lark sings;
 I hear the sea-nymphs from the deep
 Mourn for thy music's broken strings.
 Where the aspiring eagle springs
 Towards the sun's regions bright and fair,
 High soaring on thy luminous wings,
 Thou sang'st away a life of care.
 A Spirit, by mischance come on earth,
 The phantom of a starry night,
 E'er mindful of its foreign birth,
 At last it rose and took its flight.
 They shall remembered be with thee,
 The beings who still their loss lament;
 And lovely Nature e'er shall be
 Thy self-erected monument.
 Eternal spirit of stainless light,
 Brightest in misery's gloom thou art,
 Where thou dost give that inward sight,
 Triumphant feelings of the heart.

C. M. KURIEN,
Class IV, Group 3.

The value of laughter

In times of depression the wise fortify themselves by looking forward to the inevitable good days ahead. Nothing lasts for ever, not even disaster. We can all look back lightly upon tragedies that seemed utterly overwhelming at the time. Often enough, most things are mitigated within a week. A cigarette, a pill, or a talk with the right sort of person may dispel the clouds that seem otherwise to have no silver lining. All we need is staying power and nothing is so strengthening as a sense of the ridiculous. There is no tonic like a hearty laugh. Platitude or no, the fact remains that a great many people succumb too readily to pessimism. The remedy for a great many troubles is not external but internal. Most disasters are from without: the cure lies within.

Everybody in this imperfect world lacks something; but most unfortunate of all is he who is short of humour. That is the more tragic in that humour is one of the qualities that is innate rather than acquired, though certainly it can be developed with an effort. The fact remains that some people are naturally bubbling over with fun because they cannot help it, while others are gloomy also because they cannot help it, at least they can help it only with a great effort. Such folk are at a disadvantage, and they are to be pitied, since the essence of gaiety is spontaneous. It is easy enough to feign anger or gloom or dignity; but it is the most difficult and exhausting thing in the world to show a smiling front where the heart is heavy. Artificial gaiety is but an extra burden. The luck of moody people is hard because not only is life for them sad, but is short. Centenarians differ in their advice about smoking or not smoking, drinking or not drinking, but they all insist upon the imperative necessity of not worrying if one has any aspirations at all towards longevity.

Now all this about spontaneity is perfectly true, but while a sense of humour is partly constitutional, it is also to some extent mechanical. Anger is in part a narrowing of the eyelids. Sorrow is a drooping of the corners of the mouth. Mirth is a slight parting of the lips, charming in a few people, but utterly ridiculous in others. If you smile, that is if you go through the motions of smiling, even if it is necessary to do it by numbers, so to speak, a sense of mirth is produced. Anatomists would doubtless explain it as a muscular relief, but be that as it may, the result is undeniable and perhaps that is why actresses are care-free, or seem to be. You cannot, as a matter of fact, hold your lips permanently open showing an exaggerated dental array without feeling either savage or pleased. A happy face is quite essential to the driving out of depression, for just as tears are a mechanical relief, so is laughter. You feel immediately the better for either. Even a determined gaiety is quicker than aspirin, and a

contraction of the lips accompanied with a slight downward drag of the corners of the eyes infallibly produces a sense of contentment, provided that the facial contortion is not visible to oneself.

There are troubles, griefs, sorrows, losses that poor humanity has to face as best it can. There are certain comforts and consolations that religion and philosophies have devised. Generally speaking, the heavier the blow, the more genuine the distress, the braver the fortitude displayed: and that divine courage should be an inspiration to the rest of us in the bearing of trivial worries: which are the kind more intimately considered here. It is noticeable that these trivialities are mostly due to the action of ourselves or of our neighbours. That is the pity of it. Those who have caused the most sorrow are those who most conspicuously lack the ability to see a joke.

B. KOIL PILLAI,
Class IV, Group iv (a)

On Uncles

It is a mysterious dispensation of Providence that every human being under the sun must have an uncle. I am uncompromising, when I say 'must'. I don't say everyone 'has' or 'may have' or 'shall have', but 'must have'. You may be friendless or homeless; you may not have brothers or sisters. But you cannot help having an uncle. Perhaps in some neglected spot there is at least one Son of Adam who has claims of kinship on you. This is your uncle, whether he is your grandfather's sister's son, or your father's cousin's husband, or your godfather's sister's nephew, or your somebody's somebody's something.

Uncles have played a great rôle in the history of human relations. What a different world would be ours if there were no uncles! The wheel of human existence would cease to move. Not one of the thousand matrimonial alliances that go to increase the world population would be possible in their absence. Many a mighty genius of meagre means would have passed away 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung' but for the generosity of uncles. The world would have been much the worse for their absence. Darkness, utter darkness, darkness more hideous than the Egyptian fog would have enveloped our planet, and anyone of my intelligent readers can just imagine the chaotic state of things in a world without uncles.

The quips and cranks of uncles have supplied an ample theme for fiction writers. Who can ever forget the glorious galaxy of uncles ranging from immortal Pumblechook to the inimitable Podger who live and move and have their being in our midst? In

our own humble hum-drum life are there not uncles more individualistic than Pumblechook or Podger whom no Dickens or J. K. J. has condescended to champion?

The classification of uncles according to their make-up is a problem which has baffled many a doughty mind. Not one uncle resembles another in his mental outlook. There are uncles who smile and smile and smile and yet are eternal villains. There are uncles who talk and talk and are never tired of talking.

Uncles are busybodies. When free from work—which most uncles invariably are—they call round their nephews and nieces and catechise them on questions of every sort. 'What is five plus three?' If you happen to answer correctly, 'What is three plus five?' and they confuse you till you get into the way of going wrong and then follows a volley of abuse. 'You young idiot. You fellows have no brain. Civilization has worked havoc on you. In our days we used to do marvellous things with numbers.' What marvellous facts they could have done with numbers passes our comprehension! Could they have made five and three ten or ten minus five a thousand? Then they were wonderful fellows indeed!

This amusement bores the uncle and turning from this, he hears the blended notes of 'Thair, thair'—'Papier vangrae' and 'Jotripaer'. This last note reminds him of an old dilapidated shoe in the corner. 'Aih, jotripaer, come in,' he shouts. The cobbler comes in, exchanges a few words, is dissatisfied with the terms—for uncles never enter into a bad bargain—and goes off with the words, 'Poyah, poyah.' One after another of the street vendors is dismissed this way. The uncle pockets their abuse with characteristic coolness for he is proof against the adage 'once bitten twice shy'. Straight another idea strikes him. The house is all dirty. The furniture is pell-mell. Uncle proposes to set things in order. He summons wife, nephew, niece, boy and all—gives them directions—place it here—put it there—that chair there—this bench here—knocks against the table, howls out 'Amma'—and having stirred all the household to action enjoys the fun from a distance.

There is no sight more pathetic than an uncle in the 'blues'. He sees things from a wrong angle. The table, chair, cat and dog seem to laugh at his expense. He pounces on you: 'Get away you young rogue.' He walks to and fro, passes his hands over his bald head and then settles down humming his favourite tune. But this is a passing phenomenon. A square 'chota' or a cup of hot coffee makes him all right.

You cannot get along smoothly with uncles. You require a sort of greasy sugary way of doing things. Dance to their tunes, damn them with faint praise; in short, be silly with them; they are jolly nice

fellows. They take you to the pictures and give you a hearty lunch. They forget that you were smoking at the street corner when they were passing by—or that you are at the very bottom of your class. But argue with them. You are damned. Fire and brimstone! Strict obedience is their watchword. 'Yours is not to reason why, yours is to do and die.'

Devils and demons agree. But uncles and nephews ever disagree. There is a mutual misunderstanding between the two. It is silly on the part of uncles to insist on your studying when you are really in a mood to chat away the time. How is it humanly possible for you to pore over huge volumes of dry calculus when the pictures are inviting outside? Turning to the other side, nephews should give up their callous disrespect for uncles. Let them revere them at least for their years. An ideal state of affairs could be brought about by mutual sympathy. Many a wry face and closed fist could be averted by a heart-to-heart talk in a friendly conference of uncles and nephews.

It is a tragic fact that we have not done adequate justice to our uncles. They may be boorish sometimes. Their stale sermons on duty, discipline, will-power and all that sort of thing may be anything but sensible. Their mediaeval ideas may not be in keeping with the times. Still the world has always been in need of uncles and it would be the height of injustice if we failed to give them their due place in our life.

P. S. RAMACHANDRA SARMA,

Class IV, Group 2 B(a).

Deepavali Eve

It was the evening before Deepavali day. A stuffy, sultry evening it was, with not even the faintest breeze stirring. Huge, black clouds moved ponderously along the vast heavens. Now and then a streak of lightning gleamed for a moment and vanished away. The chirping of the crickets and the whizzing of the locusts filled the air with noise. The cattle were returning home, stampeding and bellowing, afraid of the imminent rain. In the background appeared a man walking along the road which led to the village. The whole scene looked like a picture drawn by a gloomy and sombre artist.

The man was walking very fast. All of a sudden the rain came upon him with no prior heralding of its approach. He was completely wet in a few minutes. Running and breathing hard with exertion he entered the village, when the rain stopped as suddenly as it had come. The man smiled a smile of bitterness and went his way, casting greedy and envious glances at the houses of the rich men of the village, from

which festive noises, happy laughter of children and the sound of crackers came mingled together. With his head bowed down and wringing his wet clothes, he walked the length of two streets and entered a mean house, which lodged his family. The first sight that met his eyes was his wife beating their children, the second the unlit hearth. His ears were greeted by the howling of the children and the raised and scolding voice of his wife. He lost control of himself on this, and entering, began to belabour his wife and embrace his three children feverishly at the same time. Then he asked the children in a broken tone, what they wanted. 'Sweets! Crackers!' they cried aloud.

Meanwhile his wife had recovered and began to let loose a torrent of abuse upon him. 'You shameless beater of women, you ne'er-do-well! You can't even earn money enough to keep us well fed and you come and vent your impotent anger on me! Have you a greater affection for the children than myself? Why don't you get them what they want? You coward, you won't even ask the manager for your pay. And when I try to appease the children and failing in that try to control them by some means, you come and show your strength against me, do you? And you are a school-master trying to train children to be men! Bah!'

He could control himself no further and went out, banging the door after him. He went straight to the manager, whom he knew to be a kind gentleman and asked him for at least a moiety of the many months' salary that was in arrears. 'Sir,' he cried out, 'my children have been going without proper food these few days and now, ironically enough, they are crying out for sweets and crackers. If you would just give me something now, you would be doing me a great kindness. I know your kindness and magnanimity, dear Sir, and I also know that if it were not for the bad times and the negligence of the authorities, you would pay us our few rupees regularly. But, Sir, sympathise with me and oblige me with something.'

'My dear Sir. You cannot, you should not allow your children any luxuries. You are a poor man and you must so limit your expenses as to fall within your income. Children will be children and ask for so many things. But that's no reason why you should always give them what they want,' said the manager.

'But Sir, you also have children, and know that they, looking at other happier children sporting themselves, cannot control their desires . . .'

'Will you leave me now? I've to draft some accounts.' So saying, the manager drew out a bulky purse and began counting the currency notes in it.

The poor man went out without another word. The one whom he had believed to be really kind and good had proved quite the contrary. There was a raging tumult in the mind of the man. He did not know what he was doing or what he was to do. He wandered along in the dark night, under the murky clouds for a long time and then turned with a grim determination, came back to the manager's house, set fire to it and went home.

The dawn broke bright and clear. The clouds had vanished away and the brilliant sun was coming up. The birds were singing when the man woke to a loud clamour. He knew well what it was and just out of a perverse instinct went to the place where the manager's house had stood overnight. There was a great crowd there, in the midst of which the manager was crying out and gesticulating vigorously. The school master came nearer and heard the manager crying out incoherently 'My God! some rogue wanted to destroy me. But we escaped. But my chattels—all, all gone. What am I to do henceforth? I am old and poor. Even the money I got yesterday for the payment of the school-masters—gone. I wanted to spring a glad surprise on them. I am of no use to anybody. One of the teachers wanted some money and I refused, wishing to surprise him to-day. That's gone—everything is gone. Oh God!'

The school-master's head dropped on his chest. His eyes were fixed in a wild stare. With bent body and tottering legs he departed from the place and went out under the radiant morning sun. The birds were singing, a mild breeze was blowing and everything looked fresh and happy. But the man went on his way, blind to everything.

J. E. JAYARAMAN,
Hons. IV, Br. 5.

My Neighbour

Rao Sahib Ramaswamy Naidu Garu, a retired Tahsildar, resides next door. The gentleman earned the prefix to his name only on last New Year's Day at a cost of about Three Thousand Rupees spent in entertaining the Collector and in giving presents to the Collector's wife. The Rao Sahib while in office was to all appearance the most strict officer one could imagine, though his own peon Muniswamy would swear to the contrary. He spurned all bribes which did not come through the *Proper Channel*, i.e., through his trustworthy peon. Before any one could have a *Dharsan* of the Tahsildar, due toll had to be paid to Muniswamy. The character of officers is often reflected in their servants. If there was one deity to whom Muniswamy paid homage, it was his master, the Tahsildar.

If Mr. Naidu, for then he had not become a Sahib, went on Inspection, it was a jolly time both for the master and the servant. At every place they were met by the officials concerned, and due respects were paid to them. Every one took care to keep Muniswamy in good humour, for their success with the Tahsildar depended upon the peon. Nothing was left to be desired by the master and servant, for their wants were anticipated by their hosts. The report goes that at one place about fifty fowls were kept in reserve for the visit of the autocrat. Since only three days could be spared by the Tahsildar, all the fifty fowls could not be consumed. In passing, it must be noted to the credit of Mr. Naidu that outside his house he paid ample justice to his appetite. So when the time came for departure, the master had secretly given instructions to his servant to see that the remaining fowls were transported to his headquarters where his family resided. To Muniswamy there was no pleasure greater than that of executing the commands of his master.

How different was the Tahsildar when the Collector paid his visit. No one could have excelled Mr. Naidu in dancing attendance on the Collector. One Collector, Mr. Jackass, took a particular liking for him, and it is to him that the Tahsildar owes his present title. So much for the past history of my worthy neighbour.

Having retired from the field of service, the gentleman has chosen the house next to mine as his retreat for the rest of his days which according to his Astrology is only four more years, i.e., in his sixty-fourth year, when *Guru* is expected to move to the tenth place and *Sani* to the fourth place. The Tahsildar finds it rather hard to remain at home, but still the Rao Sahib holds his head high.

There is only one person for whom the ex-servant of the British Empire has the greatest fear and that is his wife, a buxom lady of about forty-five years. Her ferocious appearance would frighten any one. When in anger, she resembles the goddess Kali. As for her character, it is like that of Caesar's wife—above suspicion. She is the presiding deity of the house. The Rao Sahib, though he may be respected outside, at home, he is the most obedient creature possible. He has surrendered himself to his wife both physically and financially. If one fine morning, Mrs. Naidu were to tell her husband that he was unwell, Mr. Naidu would readily believe himself to be sick, however much the doctor might protest to the contrary. All his engagements are usually arranged for him by his better half. Occasionally the Rao Sahib's better nature may try to rebel against the tyranny of his wife, but he is soon unarmed by the Amazon lady whose foils are ever invincible.

The blessings of heaven had visited Mr. and Mrs. Naidu in the shape of their only daughter, Miss Rose. Oh Rose! How

can I describe thee! There are various kinds of roses but only the black rose was sadly wanting, and my neighbour has happily supplied that want. Miss Rose is jet black in colour, with thick lips, large eyes and prominent teeth which project to relieve the otherwise black atmosphere of the face. What she has been denied by nature, she tries to cover up by artificial aids such as ornaments and dresses. As she moves about, she resembles a mountain of gold. One ornament of hers has curiously attracted my notice and that is that which hangs like a pendulum from her nose.

Being the daughter of a Tahsildar, Miss Rose is well aware of her position. She well resembles the Rao Sahib in her pride. She has no friends nearby, for none can be found to suit her station. But that does not in any way make her miserable, for she has her harmonium to engage her. When she sang for the first time, it created much excitement in that quarter, for there were as many as twelve asses who came flocking together thinking that some sister of theirs was beckoning them with her melodious voice.

Shall I forget you my friend Mr. Blackberry, for it is you who keep the thieves in awe! Blackberry, the spaniel dog, is the remnant of the Tahsildar's glorious past, for it is the present of some gentleman who had come to seek the favour of the Tahsildar. Every visitor is afraid of the dog and wishes it were dead, but not so his master, the Rao Sahib, who is often seen receiving kisses from it to compensate for those which he misses from his dreaded wife.

C. JAMBULINGAM,
Senior P. G., Br. iii.

The Folly of Her Aunt

Saroja went to the opened window and looked out.

'Marriage!' . . . She murmured to herself something.

The weather was cold. She pulled the green woollen shawl tight around her.

There was the flower-bed—a few heads of cosmos lifted in the still air, rising in a mass beneath the window.

Closing the window, she retired and sat on her couch. She wanted to sleep. She needed sleep—good, sound sleep. But strange thoughts puzzled her brain and kept her awake.

It was four days later. Saroja was seated on the carpet facing her aunt. A golden sunset with scarlet and yellow on the horizon line, offered to her sight through the western window. The waning light fell on her hands as she touched with idle fingers her hair falling in

rings on her temples. The aunt was fidgetting impatiently. She had a way of lifting her brow and shoulders simultaneously. It was not a shrug. Rather a challenge.

'You are as ignorant as a cat. Just like the other educated fools.'

Young Saroja's face was gloomy. She did not want to dance to this unsympathetic tune. But she had to. Fumbling with the fringes of the carpet, she breathed out!

'I don't like the idea of my marriage now. I really don't.'

Lakshmi straightened up—glowered upon the girl a moment. Saro sat silent.

The aged aunt was amazed. The girl was actually suggesting that she wouldn't marry now. She was putting it frankly, plainly, without in the least considering what it meant. The daring of such a move!

Lakshmi appeared to be trying to understand a wholly incomprehensible proposition.

She rose.

'Well upon my word, I've never heard such nonsense. Any one will call this pure lunacy.'

She started for the door, mumbling and grumbling, stumping vigorously along. At the threshold she stopped and looked round.

'Don't be foolish, Saro,' she rasped out. 'Don't be foolish!' It was an admonition.

* * * *

All the village talked of Saroja's marriage. It was rumoured first and slowly began to be said aloud. The simple folk were greatly rejoiced to hear of her wedding. For Saro ought to have been married long before, if orthodoxy had been very stubborn and had its way.

But somehow Lakshmi had borne calmly the shafts—often very stinging and ironical—of the old women of the village. The finger of scorn was pointed—though not very openly,—at the people who kept a grown-up girl unmarried. Did anybody ever hear of such a scandalous thing?—not in their days surely—so said the old gossips.

But now Saroja's marriage had been arranged, Lakshmi was satisfied. And . . . but what was this upstart girl saying? Well, it's just youth's folly. Just ignorance, you see. She would be all right.

As said before, all the village eagerly awaited the marriage of Saroja. Was she not beautiful?—her soft hair curling on her temples!

* * *

Passengers in the station drew back from the platform's edge as the lofty locomotive shot by them, stunning their ears.

Slower, slower, glided the dusty train, then stopped, jolting. The waiting crowds closed around the cars, through which the descending passengers pushed. Trunks tumbling out of the van descended with a bang!

Saroja stepped onto the platform and at the same time a handsome youth made his way forward and smiled.

'Good morning, Saro'.

Saro only smiled. She knew he was jolly and was joking. It was not his custom to make formal salutations.

He helped her to get out the luggage. Soon they started off together up the street, followed by an urchin carrying the luggage.

* * *

Lakshmi's first reaction was one of shock. It was strange, very strange. People of the village said several things: What a nerve for a girl!—and what a shame!

It incensed the aged aunt to think of the audacity of the girl (the supple audacity of youth!) She thought of it and thought of modern education.

She knew, when the girl was sent to College, a foolish step was being taken, a step which would carry one leagues away from tradition, from convention, the accepted sacredness of which is the law of one's being. Who would educate a girl? But who listened to Lakshmi then?

* * *

'Saro' called a handsome youth: 'are you coming out?'

He was dressing.

'Yes, brother', came merrily from the adjoining room.

They left the little lodging of Kesan, Saro's brother. He was employed in Bivipatnam and Saro had conspired to leave her aunt and come here just three days before the date fixed for the preliminary ceremony before marriage. She had told none. . . .

Slowly they strolled along the footpaths of the beautifully kept public park. The evening shadows saw them talking and laughing—over the folly of their aged aunt!

A. S. NARAYANA PILLAI,

Post-graduate, Gr.

Journalism

One of the most interesting hobbies is contributing articles to journals. Journalism has come to occupy an important place in the literary field. It has become a highly specialised and technical calling. It calls forth the services of experts who are well-trained in the art of writing articles. In its scope, methods, aims and ideals, journalism is gradually changing. About thirty years ago, journals and newspapers of India followed the mid-Victorian models of British journalism. Those were days when the circulation of newspapers was very limited in its character. The study of newspapers was confined to the intellectual and the leisured classes. The interest of these classes was centred round one thing. And that was politics. Many used to read the speeches of the eminent political orators of those days with much avidity and interest. But all such things have completely disappeared. In those days, appeal was made to the intellect. But now, it lies more with the eyes.

The Indian press of to-day is in its infancy. Moreover, various handicaps and difficulties confront it owing to the present political situation and economic depression. Hence it is necessary that the pressmen should form an organisation of their own which may be further strengthened by public goodwill. In this way, the Indian press has to be improved considerably.

Compulsory education and adult franchise have made every citizen in the Western countries realise his proper part in the social and political life of the world. This has resulted in the remarkable development of the press in those countries. Such conditions do not exist in this country. Hence newspapers must not only be within the scope and means of the literates, but also within those of the masses. It has to be made more general and popular. In short, it ought to be nationalistic in character.

One of the important factors that go to promote journalism is the existence of ideal journalists. An ideal journalist is one who procures, prepares and publishes news. His duty lies also in commenting on it in the interest of the public. There exist different kinds of journalists. A man who writes articles on spiritual topics in journals or magazines calls himself a journalist. The banker gives regular news about market quotations. He is also styled a journalist. Another variety of journalist is the writer who contributes a monthly article on chess to the newspapers. Not all of them deserve to be called journalists.

The duties of a journalist are manifold. In the first place, he must create in the public a thirst for knowledge. He has to communicate and learn news and create some sensation in the minds of people. To carry out these ideals, a journalist must adopt a methodical organisation, based on sound principles. Journalists have a code

of morals. The primary duty of a journalist, when not writing editorials, is to place facts before the public. The latter have to form their opinions on those facts. To achieve this purpose, the journalist has to possess two or three essential traits. He must be sincere. In trying to be sincere, he has to exercise a certain amount of patience, skill, enthusiasm and restraint. These qualities will enable a journalist to present a correct picture before the public. In this task of stating facts to the public and thereby being sincere, various difficulties confront him, which he has to overcome.

First of all, certain limitations are set upon the newspapers as well as upon those who produce them. Secondly, the paper has to be printed daily within a stated time. Also, the quantity of space for the publication of news is very limited. Lastly, journalism is and has always to be a business concern. It ought not to depend upon the public for its maintenance, for the simple reason that public maintenance of journals may be accompanied by the grave danger of the art of writing articles falling under the influence of the public, which is far from desirable. Such a system will tend to result in demoralization. To make journalism a self-supporting and progressive institution, the journalist has to produce what is known in journalistic language as 'readable' copy. He has also to publish interesting matter in the newspaper.

K. A. THANIKACHALAM,

Class IV.

A Tropical Forest in Spring

It was the spring season. The forest was full of dark vegetation. From a distance, it seemed to me to be an endless ocean of green, swaying in a smacking wind. All the trees were in full bloom. On one side there were the wild mango trees with their newly-sprung quivering rosy leaves, in full view. I wondered whether it were a party of ladies at dance, eyeing me tenderly with a forced smile playing on their sweet lips. On another side there were groves of 'Pilas' trees with crescent blood red flowers. Some other trees, which towered higher up than the rest of their neighbours, were greatly affected by the wind, their leaves swaying from end to end, which made them seem as though they were ladies of high rank and respect, now and then passing their tender fingers all over their emerald-green silk attire.

A sudden change of scenery was noticed as we entered the interior of the forest. There was no sun burning overhead; the

tangled mass of vegetation protected us from his raging rays. However, some of them entered the ceiling-like tree tops at various places, and seemed like golden pillars carrying the whole mass of green on their tender tops. Bands of monkeys showed their teeth at us as if greeting us with smiles; and taking their little children in their iron grasp, vanished from our sight to prepare, it might be, for the entertainment of their visitors. The green ceiling of the vast stretch of leaves overhead was decorated with beautiful flowers specially prepared, I thought, to greet the guests. A music-party of birds filled the atmosphere with their charming songs. Heavy burdened trees bowed low before us with fruits and flowers taken tenderly in their hand-like branches.

P. KESAVA MENON,
Class I, Group I-A.



THE SHORE TEMPLE,

MAMBAIPURAM.

M. Anantharaman,
Class III, Group II

Hostels

The Students' Home

Hello everybody! The Students' Home calling.

In our last broadcast we made a mistake in terming Mr. P. S. Narayana Rao the Gardener. We regret the mistake. He is the *Garden Superintendent*. Please note.

Last term ended in our meeting our old unfortunate cronies. The new term began jollily, the members returning with jolly faces from their homes after a cheery Dasara.

Deepavali! Oh a jolly fine time it was! Crackers in the dining-hall, crackers on the stairs, crackers in the rooms, thundering and volleying, brought about merry scenes which beggar description.

Selection Exams. are approaching! Bang! A book innocently drops down. 'Hush! I am reading', bellows the neighbour.

Well! Everyone has discharged his duty to his satisfaction. And is prepared to go, as a professor in the college said, 'to the exams. or to the talkies'.

The hostel life is not always reading books. To support the statement we have our Kiddie Subramanyam and 'Baby' Brahmanandam who add pep to the life with their pranks.

There is a private photo studio in the hostel and Messrs. Rajagopalan, Sadanand and Kamalapathi take the lead, closely followed by Mr. Amrita Rao, in spoiling films. This does not mean that no good work is turned out. Mr. Rajagopalan has entrapped numerous silvery clouds, though he failed to achieve good results in portrait study, which part was carefully mastered by the next two.

Christmas is on the approach. Every one is looking forward to getting home. We do not want to bore you further with the doings in our hostel when you yourselves are meditating upon the prospective joy. We therefore think it wise to close our broadcast by wishing you one and all a happy and joyful Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

B. S. AMRITA RAO,
Secretary.

The Fenn Hostel

It is pleasing to note that life in our hostel began during this term with real activities. Early in October an excursion party was organized for a full day at Red Hills. The party reached Red Hills by three different ways—the majority leaving by train, about six enthusiasts by cycles, and a few by buses. A novel picnic party was

organised after the Selection Examination to Adyar. A merry evening was spent at the beach after spending some valuable hours at the Theosophical House. The sea-bathe was a great event. What an appetite it created in us!

Among the speakers at our Sunday meetings special mention may be made of the Rev. R. Froelich, D.D. Reader, by the time this article reaches you our Christmas carol service will have taken place.

Finally we wish you all a merry Christmas and a bright New Year to be followed by many happy years.

R. BALIAH,
Secretary.

Caithness Hall

The reception to the graduates of our Hostel was celebrated on 4th August 1933. There were six graduates present, besides three who were absent. After dinner at 7-30 p.m. the members and the guests met on the terrace under the chairmanship of our Principal, F. E. Corley, Esq. The Secretary welcomed the graduates and garlanded them, which was followed by replies from the graduates. Rev. R. S. Macnicol delivered a learned and interesting address to the graduates. Each speech was followed by a musical item including our Superintendent's display on the bag-pipes. The function came to a close at 9-30 p.m. with the final vote of thanks by Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias, our Manager.

Most of the members take real interest in physical culture. So we raised a subscription of Rs. 28-8 amongst us—our Superintendent and Manager also contributing—to set up a pair of parallel bars. Accordingly the bars were erected towards the end of last term and I am glad to say that we are doing full justice to them.

We are now only *twenty-seven in number*. Early this term one of our members, Mr. Abraham, got admission to the Forest College, Coimbatore, and left us. Another event worthy of notice is the marriage of one of our members Mr. M. Narayanaswamy who bid farewell to us in August to live with his family.

The Hostel Day will be celebrated on 2nd December 1933 under the chairmanship of Sir Allady Krishnaswamy Iyer, Advocate-General, and the portrait of Mr. V. J. Patel will be unveiled on the same morning at 8 a.m. by Mr. V. Ramadas Pantulu, B.A., B.L., Advocate.

Recently at the suggestion of our Superintendent we have started hostel prayers on Saturdays at 9 p.m. and I am glad to see the members taking special interest in this. In conclusion, our home is getting on happily in perfect harmony and increasing friendliness.

K. T. ABDULLA SAHEB,
Secretary.

The Rungiah Chetty Hostel

The hostel was reopened after the Michaelmas holidays on the morning of October 2nd.

Though the new carrom-board occupies many members in one of the rooms, there is no ceasing of the rush that the ping-pong table experiences every day.

Deepavali has come and gone and the Selection Examination, which stood in the way of married members of our hostel—all of them being senior students—going and visiting on the auspicious day to claim from unwilling fathers-in-law the coveted presents, is also come and gone. One result of the Selection Examination has become very apparent—namely that though many do not believe in the 'infallible cup of tea' to keep them awake, yet the light charges for this month are double the usual charges.

We sincerely thank our Superintendent and Manager for their kind supervision and co-operation with us in all matters. The success of our discussion group and sea-bathing, which we have newly started this year, is chiefly due to our Superintendent Mr. Martin and hence we offer our sincere thanks.

For various reasons we have decided not to celebrate our hostel day this term.

In conclusion, our home is getting on happily. The Christmas vacation is approaching and subsequently the New Year; we wish a bright and promising 1934 to all.

B. KOIL PILLAI,
Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

The strength of the Hall remains the same. The General Body had two meetings at which the members took a keen interest to promote the welfare of the Hall. There is more life in the Hall than last term and as days pass on we feel more and more at home.

In the field of sports, volley-ball holds its sway over other games, although badminton struggles hard to retain its independence. Chess and draughts became the chief rivals to carrom; and ping-pong craves for its existence. 'Vimto' seems to be the object of many friendly matches. Photography forms our chief hobby. This term we have more magazines like *Time* (which is kindly sent to us by Dr. S. J. Theodore) and the *C. S. S. Review*, in addition to the daily and weekly newspapers. We keep up the Christian atmosphere and corporate life of the Hall by our regular morning matins and night complines. In conclusion, as our Hall is just springing up here, we earnestly desire the good wishes and prayers of all.

S. E. JEYAPALAN,
General Secretary.

Societies

The Christian Union

The strength of the Union this year is 67. About 25 members were present at the Student Christian Movement Camp held at Poonamallee in August. We are glad that many of them found the experience of the camp happy and useful.

The best work of the Union is done through the study groups and the weekly devotional services. There are three study circles of the Union at the Park, Fenn and Rungiah Chetty Hostels respectively. We regret that we are not able to start study circles at other places at present. But all students of the College—Christian and non-Christian—are welcome to any of these circles. The devotional services are held very regularly on Thursday afternoons, since the Devotional Service Secretary wishes to have a service every week.

So far, the following members of the Union are our delegates to the Quadrennial Conference to be held at Allahabad from 23rd to 30th December :—

Mr. D. A. Thangasamy	... <i>P. G. II</i>
„ T. C. Thomas	... <i>P. G. I</i>
„ K. A. S. Johnson	... <i>Hons. V</i>
„ V. D. Sahayam	... <i>Hons. V</i>
„ J. Duraiswamy	... <i>Class IV</i>
„ A. Verghese	... <i>Class IV</i>
„ Gabriel	... <i>Class III</i>

Two members of staff, Mr. Macnicol and Mr. Martin, also expect to be present at the Conference.

We hope that the members of the Union will remember the Conference and our delegation in their prayers.

D. A. THANGASAMY,
General Secretary.

College Brotherhood

To begin with, let me tell you that the general response on the part of the students is good and enthusiastic.

The usual lantern lectures were delivered in the slums. The effect was simply marvellous. Whenever any member of the branch happened to pass the slums, the youngsters would rally round him and get him to promise to come back with his 'padams' (pictures).

The members of the Lunatic Asylum are being regularly visited by another batch. The visitors as well as the inmates are entertained by the visits.

The hospital visitors have been visiting the hospitals with renewed energy, notwithstanding exams and other impediments.

The recent Leper Relief Day opened another branch of activity, collection of funds. Save for a few, most of the Flying Corps volunteers were members of the Brotherhood and really good work was done by them to help the Leper Relief Committee in their useful endeavour. In this connection let me proudly state that the highest amount collected by any single volunteer was collected by a member of the Brotherhood. The sum was about Rs. 260.

Wishing the members of the social service section a happy Christmas and a useful New Year, I hope that they will come back to continue the work more briskly. By-the-by, Christmas carols are going to be arranged early next month for the entertainment of members of the Lunatic Asylum.

B. S. AMRITA RAO,
Secretary, Social Service.

The Book Club is working all right. It has been of great use to many students. We are going to sell Christmas Postcards. I hope the students will make use of the opportunity.

C. D. NAGASUNDARAM,
Secretary, Book Club.

The term being short and infested with examinations, bad weather, and other unavoidable circumstances, only one excursion could be arranged, that was to the Jamal Glass Works, Tondiarpet. We hope to compensate for this enforced lethargy by the projected excursions next term.

Be prepared !

M. V. RAJAGOPAL,
Secretary, Excursion Section.

College Debating Society

Rev. R. S. Macnicol		... <i>President.</i>
Oswald David, <i>Hons. III, Br. v</i>		... <i>Secretary.</i>
Jambulingam C., <i>Senior P. G, Br. iii</i>		... <i>Treasurer.</i>

The Society began its activities early in August. Four meetings have been held so far and though there were not great numbers attending, yet it is encouraging to note that all those who attended did

take enthusiastic parts in debates. Interesting subjects such as 'Co-education' and 'Religious Education in Colleges' were discussed. Debates were very lively when members opened them with subjects such as 'Selfishness is the only Cause of Man's Progress and it has been and is Mistakenly Condemned'.

The Society sent Messrs. Jaya Raman (*Hons. IV, Br. v.*) and Parthasarathy (*Hons. IV, Br. iii.*), to represent the College in the Inter-Collegiate debate conducted by the Presidency College Union in the middle of November. They acquitted themselves admirably.

An Inter-Association debate is arranged within the College itself which is to come off next week. It is also proposed to hold an Inter-Collegiate debate, under the auspices of this Society early in the beginning of the next term.

The Society has begun well and we expect greater numbers to attend the meetings and to carry on the work with greater enthusiasm and hope.

OSWALD DAVID,
Secretary.

English Honours Association

During this term many meetings were held all of which were well attended and well appreciated. On 24th November an Inter-Association debate, between the Presidency College Eng. Hons. Association and ours, was held, with the Rev. G. Matthews in the chair. Mr. R. Santhanakrishnan, B.A., moved 'That it is not the what but the how, which counts in literature'. Mr. Narayan Unni of the Presidency College led the opposition. Messrs. R. Macnicol, M. R. V. Krishna Rao and T. E. Jayaraman spoke for the motion, while Messrs. P. R. Krishnaswamy, G. N. Seshadri and J. S. Sastri spoke against it. The debate was very lively and interesting. The motion was carried by a large majority of votes.

T. E. JAYARAMAN,
Secretary.

Dravida Bhashabhivirdi Sangam

At the General Body Meeting held on 1st September 1933, under the presidency of Mr. S. D. Sargunar, B.A., the following nominations were made.

The Rev. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Litt.	... Patron.
Mr. S. D. Sargunar, B.A.	... President.
„ K. Subrahmanyam (<i>Class IV</i>)	... Secretary.
„ B. Koil Pillai (<i>Class IV</i>)	... Treasurer.
„ J. E. Thomas (<i>Class IV</i>)	} Class
„ M. Anantharaman (<i>Class III</i>)	} Representatives.

Vidvan E. K. Natesa Sarma Avl., of the Royapettah Wesley College School, delivered the inaugural address, with Mr. S. D. Sargunar, B.A., in the chair, on the 16th of October, the subject of the address being 'The best prose style in Tamil'. The lecture was interesting; but it was a pity to note that the meeting was poorly attended. It is hoped to arrange two more meetings before the end of this term with the active cooperation of the members. Members are requested to take more interest in the Association and attend the meetings.

With the guidance of our learned President, we hope that the Sangam will prosper and prove itself to be the best of its kind.

K. SUBRAMANYAM,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sangham

It is a pity that there was no time in this term to hold meetings. Yet an attempt was made to arrange one and it proved futile. The examinations rushing in soon after made it impossible to convene meetings.

There is a proposal to enact a drama for the benefit of the Thambaram Scheme. Preparations are on foot. Probably we will be ready by January.

M. SRINIVASA RAO,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham

A General Body Meeting of this Association was held on 18th August last at 4.15 p.m. with Mr. K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T., Vidwan, in the chair. The President delivered a short speech, showing how our 'Sangham' should progress. It was also suggested by him that a Kanarese Library be opened and he promised to give some books to it.

Then the following office-bearers for the year (1933-34) were elected unanimously.

Patron		Mr. T. Rajagopal Rao, B.A., L.T., M.R.A.S.
President		„ K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T.
Secretary		„ P. S. Narayana Rao.
Treasurer		„ N. Mohan Rao.
Librarian		„ K. Narayana Rao.

Before concluding this, I wish to request the Kanarese members of our 'Sangham' to attend all the meetings and make a success of the Association.

P. S. NARAYANA RAO,
Secretary.

Astronomical Society

Though no official report was submitted to the College Magazine for the term ending September 1933, we have in no way lessened our activities during the first or the second term. The fact that we have had so few clear nights has not made it possible for us to meet as many times as we would fain have done. It is gratifying to note that some students of subjects other than Mathematics attended our meetings. It is hoped that all who are interested in the subject will attend our meetings. Under the able guidance of our President, Prof. Kibble, we are sure to meet many more times in this and in the next term. May I, in conclusion, welcome all those who are interested in the study of the mystery of the starry heavens to our meetings?

V. VENKATASUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

The Physical Science Association

Our Association has been quite active this year, the members have taken a keen interest in its work and there has been a good attendance at all the lectures. The Association held its inaugural meeting on 16th August, at which Dr. H. Parameswaram, Professor of Physics, Presidency College, delivered an address on the Physics of Time. Three ordinary meetings were held at which the following subjects were dealt with.

<i>Internal Combustion Engines</i>		By Dr. Moses.
<i>The Solar Expedition to Siam in 1929</i>		By Prof. Kibble.
<i>The Disintegration of the Atom</i>		By Mr. V. A. Ponnayya.

We look forward to our members reading some papers at the meetings still to be held during the year and we hope to hold some demonstrations of scientific interest.

M. NARASIMHA CHARI,
Secretary.

The Natural History Society

At the first meeting held on 14th August the following were unanimously elected as the office-bearers:—

Mr. B. Bonnell			<i>President.</i>
„ P. G. Sambandam			<i>Secretary.</i>
„ M. Anantharaman			<i>Joint Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
„ Koshy (<i>Hons IV</i>)			} <i>Class Representatives.</i>
„ S. Krishnamachary (<i>Class IV</i>)			
„ R. Venugopal (<i>Class III</i>)			
„ C. Sadasivan (<i>Class II</i>)			
„ Vergise (<i>Class I</i>)			

The inaugural address of the Society was delivered by Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan, M.A. The subject was 'The cell and certain cell phenomena'. The address was illustrated with magic lantern slides and was most interesting.

In the next meeting Mr. B. Bonnell, M.A., spoke on 'Freaks of Nature.'

The meetings were well attended.

P. G. SAMBANDAM,
Secretary.

Malayalee Association

It is with regret that I write that the Malayalee Association could not do as much during the second term as it should have done. We closed the first term with an 'At Home' to the members of the staff of the college and their wives. Most of the dishes were prepared in the Malayalee fashion, and for a moment we thought we were enjoying a sumptuous feast in our homes in beautiful Malabar. Refreshments over, we adjourned to the Third Class room where Mr. L. V. Subbaram entertained us with music. Mr. C. Sankaran Nair (*Class IV*) requested the guests of the evening to consider it as an Onam festival and spoke briefly on the significance of Onam and the universal rejoicing in Malabar on the Onam Day.

After a vote of thanks the function terminated at about seven in the evening.

An ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 23rd November at 4-15 p.m. in the Societies' Hall, Mr. Titus Varghese presiding. Mr. K. V. Simon from Travancore, who was on a short visit to Madras addressed the meeting; his subject was 'Malayalam poets and their poetry'. Mr. Simon is not only a good scholar but he is an able poet also. One of his works is 'Veda Vihara'. This time the hall was filled by members of the Association and some of us could not stand in the verandah.

During the third term we are arranging a series of six lectures by eminent scholars.

D. P. NAMBUDRIPAD,
Secretary.

Athletics

Football

The league tournament began in August and we met with a splendid success to begin with. The last match of the season has been played and we have won no trophy. It is true that at first we put up a formidable show but soon found ourselves nowhere.

We entered for the Presidency knock-out tournament. One member of the staff, Mr. C. A. Abraham, helped us by playing for us. According to the fixture there was little opposition to us and every one thought that we would without much difficulty win the cup. What happened? We were defeated by 'P. R. College', Cocanada, by the narrowest of margins. How? I cannot say.

We have yet to play for the Wilson cup and I hope that all our players will make it a point to attend practices on Wednesdays regularly so that we may strike a better form and win the trophy.

A few lines from Mr. Norman's general criticism on our style of play may not be out of place here. 'It seems to me that the main fault of the College football here is that team play is not sufficiently developed, and that further, as a working combination the defence will have nothing to do with the forwards. In clearing, a defender must always remember that it is his duty to give the ball to some particular member of his own team and that it is not enough to 'balloon' the ball out of his own half of the field in the hope that one of his forwards will get it eventually. The forwards are still under the impression that cleverness at football means ability to keep the ball at their own feet and hold on to it for an indefinite period. It is not always the wing man's duty to cut in from the wing, he can frequently be much more effective if he makes for the corner flag and leaves scoring attempts to the inside forwards. Forwards should as a whole, however, find far more opportunities of shooting at the goal. In England it is quite unusual for any player other than the wing man to take the corner kick.

'The common English method of long swinging passes is rarely played, yet it has been illustrated again and again how effective this type of play is, and how it affects the speed of the game. The method of close play and dribbling is only encouraged by the Indian refusal to allow shoulder charging'.

If the College team would put into practice all this good advice, I feel it would considerably improve its football.

B. KOIL PILLAI,
Captain.

Cricket

The second term was more successful than the first. Since the beginning of the second term, we have been able to have regular net practice, and it is worth noting that almost all players have very much improved.

So far in the second term the 'A' team has played four inter-collegiate matches and the 'B' team has played two matches with Mercury XI and the National United Club. The team has been considerably strengthened, not only by having regular practice but also by the addition of an all-rounder Mr. Soares. We did not enter for the Duncan Tournament this year.

In the first match played against R. M. S., they won the toss and chose to bat; whereupon they made 70. Arthur Spitteler and Krishna Rao captured 3 and 4 for 18 and 14 respectively. Our innings opened after lunch and after 90 minutes' play, we passed their score and declared 85 for 4. Arthur Spitteler was unbeaten with 46 which included 6 fours. Thus we won the match by 6 wickets and 15 runs.

In the second game with Loyola, Arthur Spitteler won the toss and put them in; whereupon they made 75. Krishna Rao and Ralph Spitteler took 4 and 3 wickets respectively. After lunch our innings was opened by Ananda Rao and W. Spitteler. W. Spitteler played a forceful game of 18 runs. Ralph Spitteler and V. N. Rama Rao contributed 15 and 12 respectively.

On October 21st, we played Medicoes with 10. They put us in to bat and our innings was soon over for a total of 51. We played with 10 including 3 reserves. John Chandy played a forceful innings of 18 and Arthur Spitteler scored 10 in 6 minutes. After lunch they batted and soon passed our score for the loss of 1 wicket.

On November 11th, we played Presidency on their ground on a worse wicket. Our skipper won the toss and put them in; whereupon they made 205 for 5 and declared. Uttappa, their skipper, scored 114 not out. After lunch, our innings was opened by Ananda Rao and W. Spitteler. Ananda Rao was bowled by the very first ball. Our innings closed at 82 for 10, of which Ramachandran, Sundaram, A. Spitteler, R. Spitteler scored 18, 11, 10 and 14 respectively. Unfortunately in the course of the match Mahdi Ali sprained his arm.

The first match played by the 'B' team was against Mercury XI. They won the toss and put us in and we scored 54. They made a total of 59.

The second match was played with the National United Club on November 25th with 9 men. Arya won the toss and put them in on a soft wicket; whereupon they made 51. Mr. Soares was in fine form and captured 5 for 16 and Ramachandran took 2 for 8. After lunch

Ananda Rao and Ramachandran opened our innings, but Ananda Rao was soon out. Wickets fell rapidly and Tholasingam entered and hit, and drove hard and scored 40 by the help of the stand given by V. N. Rama Rao. Our innings closed at 67. Thus we won by a margin of 16 runs.

G. C. ARYA,
Secretary.

Tennis Club

With the advent of this term many thrifty people ceased their membership because they expected heavy showers and consequently not much play. But unfortunately for them, their 'weather forecast' proved wrong. On the other hand, we had ideal weather throughout and hence excellent play. Many new members have come in and filled the vacancies.

The Presidency College tournament came off last month. We sent in two entries for singles and one for doubles. Unfortunately for us, our College champion was eliminated even in the first round. Our A2 fared much better and created a sensation by defeating Loyala A1 and Law A1 who were expected even to win in the tournament. He qualified himself for the semi-finals whence alas! by a stroke of misfortune, he could not proceed further. He lost to no one else than the winner of the tournament, which indeed is a consolation for us. Our 'heroes' had not much to show in doubles as they lost in the early stages.

Of all days is that day not to come when we hope to have a match between the staff and ourselves? We are all, of course, anxious to see Mr. T—'s service, Mr. M—'s drive and Mr. B—'s style.

Christmas is fast approaching. 1934 is peeping already. Everybody is looking ahead to the College tournament which we hope to conduct early next term. Well, members! There is plenty of time. Practise well and show your worth.

We wish our members and staff, particularly our President, an enjoyable Christmas and a happy New Year.

G. SUBRAHMANYAM,
Secretary.

Playground Ball

We began playing playground ball in the second week of August. Playground ball for the beginner is a little puzzling, but once he gets into the game he likes it very much. This year we are having a fairly good team under the expert guidance of Mr. C. A. Abraham.

Before we had anything like a practice game, we had to play two matches with the American College of Madura. The visitors were a picked group. In the first match we opposed them with a very weak team and consequently we were beaten. But in the second match we had a better team. There was very keen contest throughout and the scores were more or less level from the beginning. Eventually the Madura College won—just by two runs. We can however claim the unique distinction of being the only team in Madras to give them such a close fight.

Two practice games were played, one between the Intermediate classes and the 'Rest', and the other, between the second Intermediate class and the Rest of the College. The Intermediate classes who play the game regularly in the Physical Training Classes beat the 'Rest' by a good margin. It must be said to the credit of the 'Rest' that they were without their 'Star' players and besides they played two short throughout the game. In the second match the Intermediate class failed to come up to expectations, and had not time come to their rescue they would have sustained a very heavy defeat.

A friendly match was arranged against the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education. On account of 'College examinations' we could not oppose them with our full team and the team was beaten by Mr. Buck's well-trained team, a team consisting of players from all over India.

The practice match between the 'Combined Hostels' and the 'Rest of the College' proved to be the most exciting of all games. The scores were perfectly level, 6 all before the last innings was played. But in the last innings the 'Rest' mercilessly punished the Hostels' pitching and collected 7 runs in that innings alone and thus won the match, the final scores being 13 to 8.

The last match of the term was played against the Royapettah Y.M.C.A. team. We won by a large margin.

In bringing this review to a close we must not forget to convey our thanks to our Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham, for the keen interest he has taken in the game.

D. RAMACHANDRAN,
Captain.

Volley Ball

If success were to be estimated by the number of matches won, we had an unsuccessful season. Yet, we are by no means discouraged. Anyhow we have some promising players. All that is needed is a little experience, a little more practice in playing together.

We have yet to play for the R.M.S. shield which we hold. It is to be hoped that our players will make it a point to attend practices regularly, so that we may strike a better form and retain the shield.

C. I. CHERU.

Hockey

True to the prophecy made by the President in the last number of the Magazine, that, with a little more method among the forwards, our team might be really distinguished, I am glad to say that it *has* distinguished itself, though it has not won anything by way of trophies. In the inter-collegiate tournament we have won all matches so far played, except those against Loyola and Y.M.C.A., in both of which we were narrowly beaten. It was unfortunate that in the former of these two matches we had to play without Mr. Soares, our centre forward.

The Panagal Cup just slipped through our hands. After our victory in the inter-collegiate tournament over the hitherto undefeated Medicals, it was supposed that we could easily deal with any opposition we had to meet in the Presidency College tournament. This confidence grew when we defeated first Pachiappas and then Anantapur and so reached the final. In the final however we were beaten by the School of Technology by 2 goals to nil. On the evening's play, the School of Technology deserved to win, but we made it easy for them by playing our poorest game of the season. This may have been partly due to over-eagerness. It was certainly due in some measure to over-confidence. It was also, however, due in part to the speed and vigour of our opponents!

During the Michaelmas vacation, the team made a tour to Coimbatore, but unfortunately Yakub, Edmonds and Zacharias were unable to go, and as a result the defence was weakened, though the substitutes did good work. Mantramurti also was absent, but Prof. Macnicol very sportingly took his place. Four matches were played, of which we won two and lost two.

As has been already remarked, the team is a strong one. Mr. Soares and our Vice-Captain, A. Spittelers are the scoring forwards. The latter would be even better, but for his habit of making cricket-strokes sometimes in a fit of absent-mindedness. Mr. Soares is a brilliant leader and the line as a whole has skill and dash. All three half-backs are sound as a rule and sometimes brilliant, and the backs are safe and reliable. The spirit, however, is the main thing, and I am proud to say that the team has 'played the game'.

O. T. J. ZACHARIAS,

Captain.

University Training Corps

The annual Camp was held at Pallavaram as usual. We started on Saturday, the 9th of September, at 11:00 and reached the Camp at about 14:00 hours.

We were billeted in barracks this year. Though our officer called the barracks 'stables' we found them more comfortable than the leaky tents that fell to our lot last year. This year we were provided with one blanket each. We were also provided with one plate and one mug each—these at our expense.

During the first two days we were kept busy in improving and decorating our surroundings. The College coat-of-arms was the most prominent part of the 'decoration'.

Real work began on the Monday. The daily programme ran as follows—Reveille at 06:00 hours, then physical training and morning parade for one and a half hours, followed by musketry after grub.

We were free in the evenings but were not allowed to go out of bounds. Every evening the Commandant could be seen on his horse near Madame Ellen's Stores driving back the 'law breakers'. In spite of his vigilance many of our men managed to slip out of bounds and find their way to Madame Ellen's.

We did exceedingly well in the inter-company competitions. We won almost all the cups—Attendance Cup, Football Cup, Drill Competition Cup and Route March Cup, and came out second in Guard-Mounting. We had a very tough fight with the Engineers for the Route March Cup beating them by a very narrow margin. These triumphs encouraged our athletes very much, and they won the Athletic Cup the next day. We also captured the Willingdon Shield for general efficiency. This is the fourth time we have won the shield within six years.

Our Commandant took great pains to make the Camp a success. He required that we should have a higher standard of military training, so we were given some idea of advance guard and rear guard actions. We also had some displays of Verrey Light signalling, and night operations.

The Camp broke up on the 23rd. Most of us left for our homes to spend the last week of the vacation. We had to meet the expenses ourselves as no warrants were issued this year. But we hear that our officer has received a cheque from the headquarters (not yet, A. J. B.) and we are waiting eagerly for the disbursement of the amount.

Some changes have been made this term in our weekly parade sheets. The battalion parades are held only in alternate weeks. Even then some of our men find it very difficult to attend!

Two of our men L./Cpl. Manoharam and Pte. Gopala Menon have come out successful in the recent Sub-Inspectors' selections. Our congratulations and good wishes to them.

Magazines Received

Agrawal Vidyalaya Magazine, Allahabad. September.
American College Magazine, Madura. August.
Annamalainagar Miscellany. November.
Elphinstonian, Bombay. September.
Ewing Christian College Magazine, Allahabad. September.
Excelsior, St. Berchman's College, Changanacherry. August.
Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi. September.
Kishori Raman High School Magazine, Muttra. October.
Lingaraj College Miscellany, Belgaum. October.
Lucknow Collegian, Lucknow Christian College. August.
Magazine of the University Students' Union, Maharajah's College, Vizianagram. September.
Maharajah's College Magazine, Ernakulam. October.
Murray College Magazine, Sialkot. July-September and October.
Nowrosjee Wadia College Magazine, Poona. February and September.
Our Home Magazine, Ramakrishna Mission, Madras. August.
Presidency College Magazine, Madras. September.
Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras. September.
St. Andrew's College, Gorakhpur. Dashera Number.
Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta. August.
Serampore College Magazine. September.
St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly. September and November.
The Sunflower. Women's Christian College, Madras. October.

