

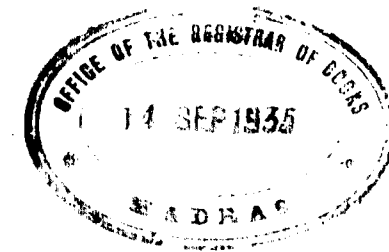
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SEPTEMBER, 1935

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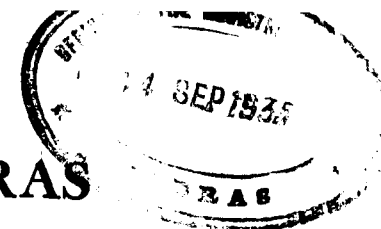
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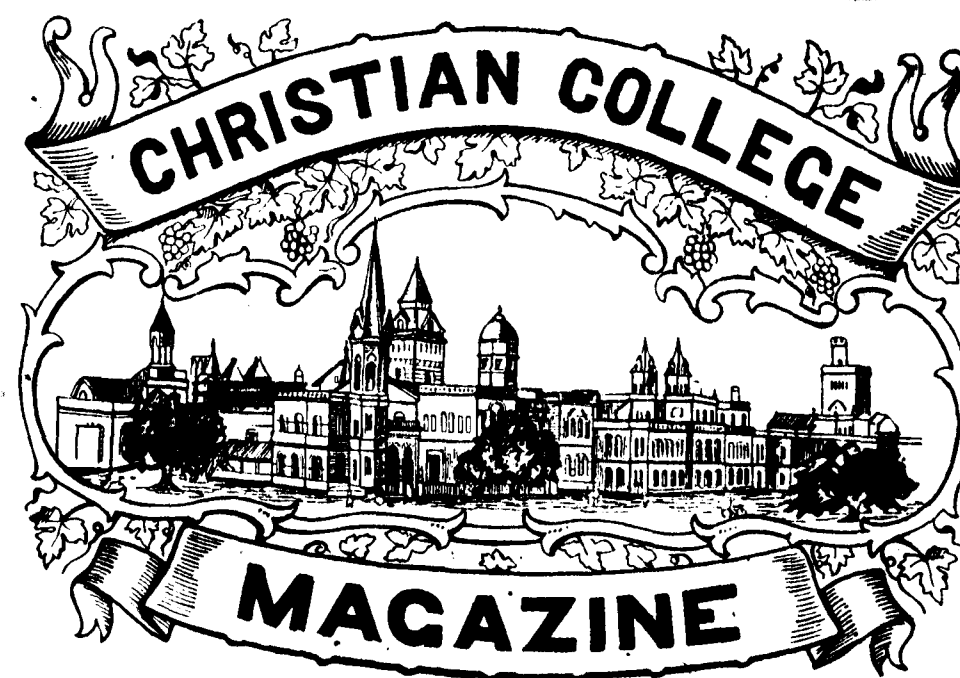
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"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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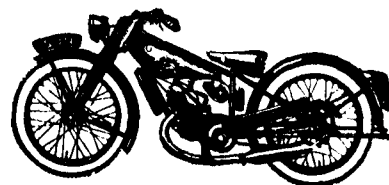
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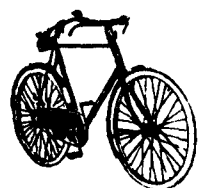
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VICTORIOUS LIVING¹

² Timothy, ii. 8. 'Remember Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, of the seed of David, according to my gospel.'

'Never forget Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, descended from David. That is my gospel.' Scholars tell us that these two letters to Timothy which profess to be Paul's, cannot really be his; at any rate, not in their entirety, not as they stand. These verses however may well be Paul's; they have his characteristic ring in them. But the point for us is that, Paul or not, it is an older man talking to a younger man, a man who has fought hard for many years to a man whose fight is only beginning. It is a man of very fine religious life and experience talking out of the wealth of his experience to a man who is on the right road but has still a long way to go. Seniority is sometimes a euphemism for senility. But sometimes seniority signifies a mind and character enriched and disciplined by long experience of life. Such a man is well worth listening to. I don't think there is anything more interesting to listen to, more valuable to hear, than an old man's summary of the wisdom that life has taught him, an old man's confession of the faith in which he has fought, an old man's revelation of the secret of a victorious life.

Here we have got someone's, probably Paul's, secret. 'Remember Jesus Christ.' Don't forget Jesus. You can't always be thinking of Jesus. But never let the thought of Him drop right away. Let it be there on the margin of your consciousness, ready to be made central at any moment.

Don't forget Jesus, of the seed of David, now risen from the dead. There are two things concerning Jesus that we must never forget. Jesus was really a man. He was genuinely human, whatever more he was. That something more did not affect his genuine humanity. He shared our human experience as a man. 'It behoved him at all points to be made like unto his brethren.' 'Tempted like as we are—yet without ever being defeated by it.' That is the first

¹ Address at College Devotional Service, Monday 5th Aug., 1935.

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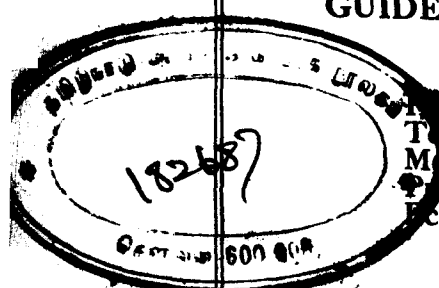
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thing that we have to remember about Jesus—His nearness to us in our human experience, our brother-man.

Jesus, whose lot with us was cast,
Who saw it out from first to last;
Patient and fearless, tender, true,
Carpenter, vagabond, felon, Jew;
Whose humorous eye took in each phase
Of full rich life this world displays,
Yet evermore kept fast in view
The far off goal it leads us to:
Who as your hour neared, did not fail—
The world's fate trembling in the scale—
With your half-hearted band to dine,
And chat across the bread and wine,
Then went out firm to face the end,
Alone without a single friend;
Who felt, as your last words confessed,
Wrung from a proud unflinching breast
By hours of dull ignoble pain,
Your whole life's fight was fought in vain;
Would I could win, and keep and feel
That heart of love, that spirit of steel.¹

And the second thing that we have to remember is that Jesus who was so near us is still near us.

'Remember Jesus risen from the dead.' We are many of us familiar with the 'Apostles' Creed'. 'The third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.' Unfortunately it goes on then to speak of Jesus, only coming again to judge the quick and the dead. So it makes us feel as if He had left us, never to be near us again until some dread day in the future when we shall all stand before Him as our Judge. What a pity the Creed did not add after the words, 'sitteth on the right hand of God', the words 'and is therefore now near to every-man'. For that is the real meaning of the sentence about sitting on the right hand of God. It means that Jesus has now become transcendent over time and space. He has passed from the temporal to the eternal, from the finite to the infinite. He therefore can now do what He could not do in the days of His flesh, in the days when He was bound by the limitations of our humanity. He can now be in spiritual communion with every seeking soul of man.

¹ From a poem found on the dead body of a soldier in Gallipoli, and printed in the *Spectator*, 22nd April 1916. Now attributed to Dr. Wilfred Brinton.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet.

Jesus so near us *once* in his sharing of our humanity: Jesus so near us *now* in the fellowship of His spirit.

Behind the Doctrine of the Trinity, of the nature of God as Three in One and One in Three—behind that Doctrine which we can none of us understand lies human experience which we can all understand and which we can all share. It is man's experience that though there is a great deal of the animal in him, there is something more and higher than this—something that will not let him rest satisfied with the animalish—something that bids him restrain and sublimate animal instinct and passion—something which lifts life to higher levels, makes man human, plants ideals in him and urges him onward in pursuit of them. It is the gravitational pull of God on the soul of man; it is the drive of God within him. So we are naturally led to think of God not only as the Eternal, the Infinite, the ultimate reality behind all appearance, but of God as Spirit, inspiring, enlightening, strengthening human hearts. Men have found that the strength and light which they needed—and which no earthly source could supply—have come to them from above, radiated in upon them from the Infinite and Eternal. As man has lifted heart's desire and hands of prayer—

... the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in the darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened.

This was the experience of men before Christ came; and it has been the experience of men, apart from Christ, since Christ came. But for some people, Christ's coming has created a new experience, or rather a new phase of the old experience. What happened was simply this. Men and women who had known Jesus in the days of His earthly life—who had been His friends and followers—found that death had not taken Him away from them. Though they saw Him no longer, He was still with them, still providing the strength, the guidance, the leadership, the power to live on life's higher levels—all that His presence, the influence of His friendship, had meant to them in the days when they spoke with Him face to face. Spiritual communion had taken the place of bodily presence. But the Lord Jesus was there beside them in the one, as really as He had been in the other.

These men and women then remembered—and passed them on to us—words which the Master had spoken to them.

'Lo, I am with you, always, even unto the end of the world.'

'I will not leave you desolate; I will come unto you.' And out of his own personal experience of the truth of the promise, one of them wrote, of his Lord, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me.'

If in reading my own heart I can read your hearts too, then I know that you would give a great deal to attain a more vital religious faith. God means something to you, but He should mean so much more. Your life is not utterly prayerless, but your prayer-life is not the source of strength to you that it ought to be. Religion is a burden to be carried, rather than a power that carries you and makes you able to meet the challenge of life cheerfully and victoriously. You are tried with temptation; you are harassed with worry and fear. Temptation and worry and fear—the three great enemies of our personal life.

'Worry means that there is something too uncomfortable to forget, too disturbing to sink into the unconscious mind, and yet to which we will not face up—or cannot face up, because we cannot deal with situations until they arise.'¹

Fear—fear is not in itself an evil thing. Without it the human race would not have survived. But we are afraid of things that we ought not to be afraid of.

Temptation—You are fighting a battle with the animal in you, and the worse than animal in you—with the hot passions of the body, and the cold mean sordid passions of the soul. 'The good that I would, that I do not; the evil that I would not, that I practise.'

Will you try one thing? Remember the Lord Jesus, so near us once in his sharing of our humanity, so near us now in the fellowship of the spirit. If you can, get alone with Him for a time every day; alone with Him in your own room. If you have no room of your own, and cannot even find a quiet spot, meet Him in the secret sanctuary of your own heart. Realize,—I do not say 'imagine' because that might sound as if it was unreal—realize by a deliberate concentration of thought, His presence. Tell Him everything, everything that you are doing and being, that you do not want to do or be; tell Him everything that you want to be and do, if He will give you power. Yes, pray to Him for His forgiveness and His strength. Pray to Him. Why not? We do so in our hymns, why not in our prayers? Remember Jesus Christ. Realize the presence of your living Lord. Open the door of your life and let Him in. Do not wait to clean up, to try to make things fit for Him to see. We cannot make things fit for Him; that is just why we need Him so badly—because we cannot clean up without Him.

¹ Weatherhead, *The Transforming Friendship*.

He is the power that cometh from above, the power that is not in ourselves—the strength for victorious living.

He will help you to overcome your worry. With Him, you will find out what, in the problem that is worrying you, is the first thing that God wants you to do—the first step. And having taken that first step, you will just leave all further steps until, in accordance with your Heavenly Father's will, the time comes to take them. 'In His will is our peace.'

He will help you to conquer your fears—your fears of things that you should not fear, fear of what people may say, fear of what people may think, fear of what people may do. We cease to fear men because we learn to fear God. And the fear of God is not like the fear of men. The fear of men debases and degrades a man. The fear of God elevates and ennoble him.

He will help you to conquer your temptations. I do not say that He will free you from temptation. We never are freed from temptation. If it is not one thing, it is another. As men progress in the spiritual life, temptation changes its forms. I do not say Christ will free you from temptation, but He will help you to get passed temptations, to beat them and to grow in grace and truth. He leads us out on to the higher levels of life. In temptation, it is our minds that we have got to guard. Christ guards, garrisons, our minds. He fills our minds with thoughts of God, thoughts of our fellows, thoughts of life and duty, which create for us new interests, new devotions which simply overwhelm the unworthy interests and desires that have held us in their grip.

Paul quotes a verse of poetry.¹ It expresses the faith of some one who had evidently been living very closely in the presence of the Risen Christ:—

If we die with Him, we shall live with Him.

If we endure with Him, we shall reign with Him.

If we disown Him, He will disown us.

If we are faithless, He remains faithful.

If we disown Him, He will disown us. There is no compromise about Jesus. When we fail Him, He tells us so quite plainly. He does not say, 'Oh it doesn't matter.' He says, 'In that, in that, you were not my disciple.' But He does not drop us. He does not cast us off. Though we are faithless, He remains faithful; for in Him is the love of God from which nothing can separate us, and the power of God unto our salvation.

G. M.

¹ 2 Tim. ii. 11, 12, 13.

AN ADDRESS

*delivered to the graduates admitted to degrees at the
Convocation of the Senate of the UNIVERSITY
of MADRAS on the 7th August 1935*

BY THE REV. A. G. HOGG, M.A., D. LITT., D.D.
Principal, Madras Christian College.

MR. CHANCELLOR, GRADUATES OF THE YEAR, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN,

It is only becoming to begin by expressing my sense of the honour of having been selected by H. E. the Chancellor to deliver the Convocation Address. Fortunately for my peace of mind the diffident sense of an honour too little deserved is quickly forgotten in a consciousness of the privilege of being permitted to address the graduates of the year on an occasion which is a landmark in the life of every college student. More than thirty-two years have now slipped by since first I faced a class of Madras University students. I did so in fear and trembling, for it was my maiden effort as a class-lecturer. But so kindly responsive did I find the Madras student that my alarm quickly subsided; and from that day to this I have never ceased to be glad that my lot has been cast amongst the young men of India, in what is for me the most enthralling of all occupations—that of teaching. Together we have shared the exhilaration of the treasure-hunt for truth in regions of philosophical thought where the teacher is often so little ahead of the taught. We have dug down together, seeking the foundations of faith and duty. And at those times when the exhilaration faded, we have together put in dogged hard work. I do not speak of all. There are students—so-called—who expect to have all the reflection and search done for them. But I have always found that there is the other kind—keen, enquiring youths who are, in their measure, real comrades in the quest for truth and understanding. The presence of even one or two of such makes teaching a delight; and when, going down from the University, they maintain in later life the same habits of alert and conscientious thought, the teacher feels he has not lived in vain. If in any measure I have given of my meagre best to the young men of India, the gift has been much more than repaid in the genuine fellowship we have had together both in and out of College precincts. Is it any wonder, then, Graduates of the year, that when I look on your faces I forget the august spectators, and forget even His Excellency himself, and am conscious of you alone, the

latest generation of that eager youthful company among whom my life has been spent?

To-day your pilgrim feet are standing on an eminence from which your eyes gaze, now backward, now forward. Some of you are athrill with accomplishment. You have won your Degree with a rank as high as you had dared to hope for. Others of you may be less completely happy, keeping a cheerful mien but smarting inwardly under a sense of not having been able, on those grim examination-days, to do justice to the hard work you had put in and the powers you feel conscious of possessing. I can well sympathize with you, the disappointed ones, for it was to your company that I belonged on my own Graduation Day. Fortunately life has other kinds of examination-test, and there the verdicts are often very different. But all of you, the disappointed as well as the elated, have completed an achievement in which you do well to take a modest pride. By right of your attainments you are now graduate members of the great University of Madras. We do not think her faultless, nor would she wish us to do so. But we know her worth, and to be robed in her insignia is no mean honour.

It is natural for me to look back to-day to my own graduation, and to compare the ceremonial on that occasion with what we use here. In those days the University of Edinburgh possessed no hall of her own adequate for the requirements of such an occasion. The hall which was annually hired for the purpose was impressive in nothing but its lofty and spacious dimensions, and—possibly owing to an instinctive sympathy with the plainness of the architectural setting—plain black robes were the order of the day. The only academic Doctor upon whose person, in my undergraduate days, I ever saw a red gown was the Professor of Astronomy, whose communion with the lonely stars had perhaps so emancipated him from the herd-instinct that he could placidly defy local custom. But if in the Edinburgh Graduation Ceremony of those days there was little to impress the eye in the mass-effect, in the ritual followed there was at one point a greater individual impressiveness. In Madras the magic words which transform the graduand into the graduate are addressed to the whole company of the recipients of each particular Degree collectively. At Edinburgh in 1897 each graduand who crossed the platform had his Degree conferred on him individually. In succession each had to pause and kneel bare-headed before the Principal of the University, while the latter, holding out a velvet cap an inch or two above the bowed head, murmured the Latin formula by which the Degree was conferred. I do not suggest for a moment that Madras should follow suit by requiring our Chancellor to memorise, say, a Sanskrit formula and pronounce it over each graduand in turn. Even were there no other reason, the much greater numbers to be dealt with

would rule out any such procedure. Nor is there need for Madras to be an imitator of Edinburgh; for in one respect the old Edinburgh ritual was more impressive, in another respect the superiority lies with our procedure here.

No graduate of the University of Madras has any excuse for not being aware that at admission to his Degree he bound himself by a solemn vow. At Edinburgh, on the other hand, at least in my day, the vow was subscribed by most graduates with a complete unconsciousness of what they were doing. Each man knew that he had to sign his name in a register of graduates kept in the University Office, but very few indeed were aware that on the first pages of that register there was inscribed a long and solemn undertaking in the Latin tongue, and that by inscribing their names in the body of the leather-bound volume they were pledging themselves to observe that vow. We do things better in Madras. For this vital part of the act of graduating we reserve a place of honour in the programme, and we clothe it in an impressive ritual of question and answer. Thereby we do rightful homage to the principle which no true University can forget—the principle that the foremost concern of education is with character rather than intellect.

Graduates of the year, it is laid down for me by statute that I am to exhort you to conduct yourselves suitably unto the position to which, by the Degrees conferred on you, you have attained. Any other topic I may touch upon is optional; this subject is obligatory. Now upon a strict interpretation I cannot help feeling this to be rather an invidious requirement, which places me in something of a dilemma. For if I do not comply, I am flouting a statute, while if I obey the letter of the law, I am committing an impertinence. There would not have been this dilemma if the Address had come at an earlier stage in the proceedings—if there had been placed first the exhortation and then the solemn promise. But for me now to exhort you to conduct yourselves as you have already promised to do looks—to say the least—like a breach of good form. For it must seem to imply a gratuitous assumption on my part that you gave those undertakings heedlessly, without any settled and confident purpose of keeping them. From exhortation, then, I will abstain; but without offence I may invite you to reflect with me on the implications of the covenant into which you have this day entered with your *alma mater* when on the strength of pledges given she publicly acknowledged you as her full-grown sons and daughters.

It may be thought that I am making far too much of a mere bit of ceremonial. In one sense I hope that is true. Unless the colleges of this University fall far below what they ought to be, the promises which to-day you have made do nothing more than

put into words a standard of conduct which, as undergraduates, you learned to regard as of self-evident obligation. This is obvious in the case of the first promise—the promise to conduct yourselves, in daily life and conversation, as becomes members of this University. But is it any less obvious in the case of the second promise, regarding devotion to the cause of morality and sound learning? Is it not devotion to sound learning that is the essential difference between a college that has a place in the University system and what in Madras we call ‘Tutorial Colleges’? The latter are quite useful institutions, and I for one have no quarrel with them. But, however useful may be the purpose which they serve, that purpose is not liberal education. In them success in examinations is the absorbing preoccupation of both teachers and taught. On the other hand, in any college that deserves to be recognised by the University, success in examinations is never the main objective, but is regarded, alike by the teachers and by the more responsive students, simply as the natural result of an eagerness of study which has much deeper roots. It has long been a stock accusation against the Indian university system that academic degrees are valued not as a hall mark of culture but as a passport to lucrative employment—a passport which is becoming time-expired! And I believe it to be still true that in most cases the economic motive plays a major part in the decision to face the expense involved in a university course. But what may, quite intelligibly, have been the main consideration at the date of joining college need not continue to be the predominant motive in the student’s mind throughout his undergraduate years. If it does persist in holding the foremost place, the fault does not lie with the student. For my experience is far from teaching me that the Indian undergraduate is less responsive than other undergraduates to the emancipating, transforming magic of a many-sided college life, and to the contagious example of teachers with whom pursuit of truth, beauty and goodness is an abiding passion. If you graduates have had the good fortune to belong to a college that knows its business, to-day is not the first time that you have inwardly pledged yourselves to ‘support and promote the cause of morality and sound learning’. Disinterested pursuit of the good and the true has long ago become a demand which you make upon yourselves; and that as many as possible should share the enlightenment with which you are privileged has become, I trust, a cause dear to your hearts.

In corroboration of my hope that this is so will you allow me to describe a treasured memory? It is of a conversation which I had with a student many years ago. In the most unself-conscious way he was telling me the story of his school-days and of his passionate struggle to secure an education. One result of the many obstacles which he

had had to surmount was that he was much older than the average undergraduate. In fact, when he completed his Fourth Form course he was already in his seventeenth year. It is of his manner of employing the subsequent hot-weather vacation that I propose to tell. He electrified me by saying, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, that he had spent that vacation in giving lectures in his village on sanitation, education, and the evils of party spirit! Very naturally I enquired exactly what this meant. Apparently what he did was to take his stand on the pial of the village choultry, where the elder men would gather of an evening, and under the driving spur of a social enthusiasm to hold forth on these subjects both to those who normally assembled there and to others from neighbouring villages whom he had persuaded to attend. But why, I incredulously asked, should people come to listen to a mere schoolboy? Well, he had foreseen that difficulty, and had prevailed on a senior friend to bring, as a popular attraction, that locally rare and entrancing thing, a hand-harmonium. And, fired by his infectious social enthusiasm, other men of senior standing had joined in the flood of oratory and added their exhortations to his. He also interested himself in the harijans, went to their despised huts and urged them to send their children to school, and sometimes even contributed a few annas out of his slender store to feed the youngsters. For to this ardent young enthusiast education seemed everything, and in his imagination the man who had the right to wear a B.A. gown and hood was a god-like being. Not content with all this, he set to work to organize the following scheme. He persuaded a friend who, after passing the Primary examination, had settled down contentedly to the humdrum occupation of managing his own land, to start a pial school. The education of the village children being thus provided for, he proceeded to organize a levy of two annas from each household to pay the subscription for one copy of a local vernacular periodical which this voluntary school-teacher would read aloud to the village seniors of an evening. He himself then proceeded to give half a dozen lectures in neighbouring villages, and made a beginning with a night-school in his own village. And I may add that upon every subsequent return to his home he resumed this night-school teaching, with the ultimate result that this night-school developed into a permanent institution and obtained official recognition.

Graduates, I have shown you a raw schoolboy giving a conspicuous example of that devotion to the cause of morality and sound learning to which you are pledged. What are you going to do, in your maturer and wiser way, to emulate it? I invited an Indian friend for whose wise patriotism I have a high regard to offer me some suggestion as to what I should talk of in this Convocation Address.

At once he begged me to urge upon such graduates as are economically independent to go back to their villages and spend their lives there in the uplift of the rural community. I pass on this message for your serious consideration. It is not possible for one so ignorant of village life as I am to develop that theme, or even to estimate how much self-sacrifice such a life-programme would entail. But, remembering that India consists mainly of villages, I can conceive of nothing more noble, and for a true son or daughter of a University nothing more appropriate, than a life spent in combating the ignorance and other social ills that hold the villages of India in thrall.

From the second of the promises that were given this day I pass on now to the third—the comprehensive promise (which receives a more specific elaboration in the vow which follows it, attached to the professional degrees) to ‘uphold and advance social order and the well being of your fellowmen’. That is far too many-sided a pledge to be more than touched on, even if I confine myself to the simpler part of it—the upholding of social order. Even there I must select, and if you will permit, I will lead up to the single aspect which I wish to speak of by once again drawing upon old recollections of what students have told me. The incident I am going to relate is almost too trivial to tell of—as it were, a mere straw showing how, in a certain quarter, the wind was blowing. But if only the breath of wind that was blowing there could become a steady breeze everywhere, it would be a happy day for the social order. That is why the trivial incident seems worth the telling.

The central figure of my little story is once again a student in vacation. I think he was at the time a failed Intermediate, although happily only temporarily so. Desire for a wider knowledge of his native land had started him off upon a tour, mostly on foot, through districts unknown to him. One evening he found himself in an area that had been declared plague-infected and where plague-passport regulations were in force. He had no passport. Authority stepped in, and ordered him to a plague-hut. There he was to pass the night, along with five other wayfarers who were strangers to him. That is Act I of the trivial little drama. Act II is an offer to the little party, in return for a small *douceur*, of a chance of slipping away and going where they would. Act III is our failed Intermediate expounding to his comrades in discomfort the social wisdom of the plague-regulations and successfully persuading them to decline the proffered opportunity of escape.

That is my insignificant little tale, but now please let your sympathetic imagination play, along with mine, upon its pettiness. What is it we now see? We see social order struggling to cope with and minimise the curse of plague. We see some one who ought to have known

better offering to help frustrate its wise endeavour out of desire for selfish gain. We see the treachery foiled because one of the humble wayfarers was a friend of social order. And that friend of the social order was a University man; and he was so effectively its friend because at College he had learned a broader, more intelligent vision than his fellow wayfarers.

Now enlarge that snapshot. Magnify that miniature till it becomes as big as the world. Everywhere we see social order, of one type or of another, holding down as best it can the evils to which, but for its presence, mankind would be a prey. And everywhere, alas! we see its endeavour hampered by the selfishness of those who think first of personal gain. Nowhere in the wide world, I fear, is corruption wholly absent, though its degree and form may vary. It is the very antithesis and negation of social order, and yet in some measure and manner it is a universal menace. May we hope that everywhere in the world University men and women are its sworn enemies? To whom, if not to us graduates, shall universal society look for help in the excision of this cancerous growth? We are not solitary champions but members of a great brotherhood. In our novitiate as College students we unself-consciously learned to count scrupulous honesty and honour as quite indispensable virtues, to trust one another to be straight and true, and to be shocked if ever the expectation was found to be mistaken. Then to each of us there comes the time, as it has come to you to-day, when we pass out of our novitiate and, by vows consciously taken to maintain ever the same high standard, we become members of a great order of pledged servants of the ideal. May not society everywhere look to us to heal it of the canker of corrupt practices? The cure will not be easy. It is a cause that calls for martyrs. But if the Universities of the world can send out, year by year, a band of graduates who have reached the sober decision that whenever the choice may be presented between scrupulous honour and worldly success, they will always prefer honour, the battle will be won.

Graduates of the year, it is in a momentous hour that you have completed your novitiate, a time fraught with issues momentous for India and momentous for the world. This India that we love is about to enter upon a constitutional experiment, the precise issues of which no man can foresee. The one thing that is certain is that more than ever before she will need to find in her citizens qualities of the kind which it is the function of the Universities to foster and develop. She will need as citizens men and women who have learned to think for themselves and to act as they think, and whose judgments have the well-informed and sympathetic wisdom that comes of wide and wisely chosen reading.

She will need those who can put country before community or party, and who, even when feelings are running high, can seek a charitable and sympathetic understanding of views with which they disagree. She will need those who will speak the truth only in love, and who in love will speak nothing but the truth. Where, if not to her Universities, shall she look for such citizens?

For the world at large also the hour is fraught with issues of the first moment. Developments are afoot in the West which call rudely into question ideals that we had fondly regarded as among the finest achievements of the human spirit. Indeed, there are those who believe that to-day we stand 'at one of the great turning-points in human history, comparable in significance to that in which the Middle Ages gave birth to the modern world'. Democracy is under challenge, not only in its sadly imperfect realisations but in its very aims and principles. Apprehensively we watch the development of the totalitarian state in its various forms—in Soviet Russia, in National-Socialist Germany, and in Italian Fascism which, for the sake of economic efficiency, throws democracy overboard, and does so with the willing consent of the masses. 'That the people,' says Professor Macmurray, 'should abdicate all their political rights, and with them all that gives meaning to human life, in the interests of a successful functioning of the existing social machinery simply could not have occurred to any European of the nineteenth century.' That we of the twentieth century should have seen it happen before our eyes is a fact of the utmost significance, summoning us to a revision of all our social ideas. Mere conservatism will not do. And surely, in the effort to work out a better organization and embodiment for those ideals of freedom of which democracy has been the custodian, none can be better fitted to take a part than those who, like you graduates, have breathed the free air of the Universities, and have learned that there are regions of the spirit where dictation by the totalitarian state would be an impious usurpation of sacred rights.

THE SILVER LINING

BY M. K. ALEXANDER, B.A.

As rays of sun through prism spread
A pomp of gorgeous hues display,
The world's record, through God's eyes read,
Great glory doth reveal this day.

He shaped in love this world, and all
With grace and mercy did surround,
And a loving plan for each withal
That we in life abide quite sound.

But blindly man went on his way,
God's gracious plan for progress left;
Like prodigal strayed far away
Of father's love he was bereft.

'Is there no hope for me for ever?'
The oft repeated quest again,
'Am I doomed? And can I never
God's favour lost, somehow regain?'

The eyes behold a bleeding breast,
Two outstretched arms out of the blue.
'Come unto me'—from heaven's crest
Is seen a smile of gracious hue.

Upraised, a rugged finger bold
Aloft against the sky is seen,
Pointing to the spectator cold
'The silver lining' on the scene.

A MODERN ARABIAN KNIGHT:

T. E. LAWRENCE

BY S. P. APPASAMY, *Class II.*

Ever since the decline of the Arabian Empire, more than a thousand years ago, generals, sultans and caliphs have attempted to unify the people of Arabia. None were successful. Yet, quietly, without any fanfare of trumpets, Thomas Edward Lawrence, an unknown unbeliever, united the tribes, first of Hedjaz, which contains the two sacred Mohammedan cities, then of the whole of Arabia. This young Oxford archæologist identified himself with the Bedouin to such an extent that, though a Christian, he entered the forbidden land and led the Arabs through a spectacular and triumphant campaign, helping General Allenby to break the back of the Turkish Empire, and to destroy the German dream of world-dominion. Allenby liberated Palestine, the holy land of the Jews and Christians. Lawrence freed Arabia, the holy land of the millions of Mohammedans. This young liberator was born of Thomas Lawrence in 1888, in Wales. It is of interest to note that his recent predecessors were famous as pioneers in the Indian Mutiny. His early years were spent in the Isle of Jersey, in the North of Scotland, and in France, where he attended a Jesuit College. But the place which left an indelible mark on the youth was Oxford, where he finished his schooling and entered the University.

Lawrence was the most unscholarly of scholars. Instead of 'plying his book', as tradition lays down, he spent most of his time tramping about England on foot. He does not seem to have attended a single lecture at Oxford; yet he got his Bachelor's Degree in three years instead of the usual four. He then chose 'The Military Architecture of the Crusades' as the subject of his Thesis, and with the help of Dr. D. G. Hogarth, who exercised a considerable influence on him throughout his chequered career, persuaded his parents to allow him to visit the Near East. At Beyrouth he deserted the Cook's Tourists, with whom he was travelling, and wandered off barefoot, into the Great Arabian Desert, robed in the Kaffieh and Abba, amusing himself with studying the manners and customs of those hardy dwellers in the corridor between the Nile and Mesopotamia. Two years afterwards, when he returned to Oxford to submit his Thesis and receive his Degree, he still had £100 left!

Soon after this he accompanied Dr. D. G. Hogarth on an excavating expedition from Oxford, hoping to uncover traces of the Hittites.

Lawrence's knowledge of the languages and his previous experience in the country, were an important asset to the expedition, which eventually brought Carchemish to light. This, Lawrence said, was a preface to taking up a career, but the preface lasted seven long years, during which he made frequent hikes all alone into the neighbouring villages, being absent for months at a time. Simple, silent and unassuming, he sat by the open hearth, cross-legged and in Arabian garb, joining in the conversation of the village elders, learning and observing, yet always finding infinite pleasure in having discovered the open Arab heart. His extraordinary achievements were wonderful, but they must chiefly be attributed to his sympathy, understanding and character. The kindly manner and the sympathetic treatment he adopted towards them was characteristic of a great-hearted man. For instance, when the excavators were at work not far from a party of German bridge-builders, Lawrence's servant went to the camp to claim a debt from one of the German employees. The officer in charge had him flogged for disturbing the workers. On hearing about this Lawrence went to the German Camp to seek redress for his follower. The officer scoffed at the idea. 'We have men thrashed every day, it is the only method,' he said haughtily. Lawrence had never yet had any of his men beaten and was not going to start now, and said so. The outcome of the affair was that the German officer apologised, much to the amusement of the bystanders. This friendly championing shows how Lawrence regarded the Bedouin.

His interests were varied. Primarily a student of archaeology, he was deeply interested in History. He was as keenly interested in the records of military leaders from Sennacherib, Thotmes, and Rameses to Napoleon, Wellington, Von Moltke, ending with Maréchal Foch's 'Principe de Guerre'. He was a master of Latin, Greek, and Persian; and spoke, besides his mother-tongue, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Norwegian, and some Dutch, together with Hindustani and most of the Arabian dialects of the Near East. He loved Poetry, both classical and modern; Lawrence carried with him throughout the campaign a little volume of *Aristophanes*, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and Mallory's *Morte D'Arthur*. Often, before an attack, when the officers and chieftains were agog with excitement and anxiety, they would be disgusted to see Lawrence deep in an Archaeological Journal or reading poetry. Besides this he knew the Koran, Mohammedan Law, and the customs, manners, and family history of the Bedouin tribes as few Mohammedans knew them. For, during the seven years he spent wandering in the desert, he drank deep of the cup of Arabian wisdom and absorbed the spirit of the nomad peoples. Whatever he did was done superlatively well, outvying the Arabs in everything from state-craft, camel-riding and

gorgeous clothes to using ably the most delicate shades of their language. This identification of himself with the Arab, enhanced by his unselfishness, frankness and forethought, went far to pave the way for his future success.

Early in the Great War, duty drove him to enlist in 'Kitchener's Mob.' But the Army Medical Board looked at this shy, outwardly frail scholar, who stood only five foot three inches in his socks, and told him to go home and wait for the next war. He went back to his Hittite ruins. But Sir G. F. Clayton, foreseeing that Lawrence would be a valuable asset to General Headquarters, summoned him to Cairo. His detailed knowledge of the topography of the Land of the Five Seas, his familiarity with their chief cities, and his linguistic ability, gained him an excellent reputation in the Map Department. So much so that, after generals had spent hours poring over inaccurate maps and had come to a decision, they would not infrequently ask the insignificant subaltern if he had any suggestions to offer. Often his reply would be: 'Though there are many excellent points in your plan, it is not feasible, except at great expense and loss in making roads for the transport of food and artillery.' He would then outline a safer and a shorter route, every inch of which he had traversed by foot. He was however to prove even more useful in the Intelligence Service. As one of the heads of the Secret Corps, the accurate and detailed information he sent to Sir A. Murray, concerning the movements of units of the Turkish Army, was invaluable.

Early in 1916 the Grand Shereef Hussein of Hedjaz and his sons raised the standard of Arab Revolt against the Turks. They applied to the Allies for help, but before receiving any reply they followed up their declaration by capturing Jeddah and Mecca and besieging Medina, the three chief cities in Hedjaz. The Turks retaliated by despatching an Army to extinguish the fires of revolt. The Arabs had exhausted their food and ammunition, and Sidi Feisal, the third and most beloved of Hussein's sons, sat gloomily watching his ragged Bedouin lolling in the shade of the date palms, when Lawrence rode up. This meeting was the starting point of what turned out to be of the greatest importance to the Allies.

Lawrence, who recognised the value of such an alliance, inspired confidence in Feisal, supplied ammunitions, and planned a campaign against the advancing Turks. He decided on capturing the outposts of the Turks, such as the Red Sea ports of Yenbo and El Wejh, and threatening their lines of communication. Meanwhile Hussein's other sons, Abdulla and Zeid, raided the North-west and harassed the enemy. This concerted guerilla warfare sent the Turks hurrying to their base at Medina. Thanks to Lawrence's eloquence and Feisal's influence, the Shereefian army of irregulars was supplemented by the

addition of most of the tribes about Hedjaz, much like the Scottish clans in bygone days. This force now stormed and captured most of the remaining Turkish garrisons in Arabia, and harassed the Turks in the North, but Medina was spared. A railway ran between Damascus and Medina, and the supplies sent to the Turks were looted systematically by the Bedouin, who wrecked the trains, thus replenishing their food and ammunition. It was Lawrence who set the mines, for he could not trust his men to be as careful as was necessary. On one occasion he concealed his followers in a broom-brush, and sat down about two hundred yards away with the fuse ready. Just as the engine passed over the mine he sent down the current. The locomotive was shattered. Then the Bedouin swooped down on the superior forces of the Turkish guard, and putting them to flight captured eight carriages containing seventy tons of food, without incurring a single loss.

Every town captured by stratagem, every mine laid, every reward given, and every consignment received, was arranged and often executed by Lawrence himself. Yet far from dominating this proud nation, of which every individual considered himself a chief, Lawrence contrived to suggest his schemes so tactfully that the credit went either to the Arab chieftains or to the Bedouin as a whole. His personal interest and the sharing of all their hardships endeared him to his, or rather Hussein's, followers. In raid after raid these men swooped upon Turkish regulars and captured or annihilated large numbers. But to Lawrence this meant trekking thousands of miles by camel, armoured car, and aeroplane, suffering many hardships and not a few dangers. On one expedition they were four days getting from one water-hole and another, suffering severely from thirst. When they reached water they drank copiously, only to find that the water was swarming with leeches, which attached themselves to the throat and nasal membranes, proving very painful. Such experiences were not uncommon in his desert warfare.

The capture of the seaport, Akaba, transformed the Shereefian Revolt into an invasion of Syria, forming the right flank of the Allied Army which was near by. Both forces had now to act in concert. General Allenby's forces in Palestine occupied a position just south of Mount Carmel. The Turks still held all Syria, Galilee, and Samaria. It was in 1918 that Allenby determined to crush the power of the Turks in the East at one stroke. But just at that time, he was forced to send division after division to the Western Front, and had to create a new army. By a superhuman effort the army was drilled and drafted by September. The final coup was ordered on the 19th of September. The Bedouins were here, there, and everywhere, working havoc on the unprepared Turks, who had been concentrating at the

wrong points. A hurried retreat to Damascus followed, hindered by Lawrence's destruction of the railway. The endurance and bravery of the Bedouins—who donned their most vivid robes, rouged their lips, darkened the hollows under their eyes with Kohl, saturated themselves with scent, then bristling with weapons swaggered down to the attack—amounted to consuming passion which rendered them irresistible. On the 31st of October Sidi Feisal and 'Shereef' Lawrence led the triumphant Allies into Damascus. But the isolated Turkish garrison at Medina finally surrendered only on 10th January 1919. The whole of Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, was then in the hands of the Allies.

But Colonel Lawrence had not yet finished with Arabia. His exploits are not only martial. Sidi Feisal attended the Assembly at Paris to fight for Arab rights, for France wanted Syria in spite of the Arab claims. Lawrence stayed with Feisal and coached him ably to meet the French delegates on their own grounds. His tact, diplomacy and knowledge were tried to the full; but the Arabs retained Syria with the capital at Damascus, all except the coast which France occupied. Unfortunately Feisal's government was overthrown owing to economic instability. Then France took Syria, and Britain, Palestine; and Grand Shereef Hussein reigned in Hedjas. A few years later, however, the Mesopotamian problem was solved as Lawrence had originally suggested. Sidi Feisal became King Feisal the First of Mesopotamia, a worthy reward for his services. He died in 1933.

After the War, the fame of the exploits of 'Lawrence of Arabia' spread throughout Europe. He was cited for nearly every honour that France and Britain had to offer, but he refused them, and literally ran away from them. This was about the time when Feisal was overthrown in Syria. He thought that the young king had not been treated fairly by the Allies. The French were forced to use strategy, when they presented him with the Croix De Guerre with palms. They caught him unprepared at lunch. Even this decoration he did not wear. The only honour he accepted was a Fellowship of All Souls' College, Oxford. His brilliant and patriotic service, so free from all thought of mercenary reward, achieved not only after extreme hardship, but with the true spirit of loyalty, to his own land and to Arabia, which he considered his foster-country, went unrewarded. He proved himself a hero, a modern Arabian knight, born of the Western civilisation, whose deeds transcended national bounds and entered the international so far that, contrary to Kipling's dictum, East and West met to give him the honour, praise and esteem he deserved.

So unassuming was his nature that he buried himself in the obscurity of a bystreet in London for months, writing a book, as well as several articles to the papers on the Arabian question. His articles

prove his deep political insight and fine understanding. The manuscript of the first precious book was lost, but he rewrote it and placed it safely in the British Museum in 1919. Years later he wanted a few copies for his friends. To raise the necessary money for the expensive illustrated edition he allowed Jonathan Cape to publish a cheaper abridged volume, 'Revolt in the Desert'. In 1927 this thrilling book on Arabia, ranking with Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, won for him admiration in literary circles. Lawrence then joined the Air Force as Private Ross, but was identified. He changed to the Tank Corps, but after two years objections were swept aside, and he was transferred to the R.A.F. as Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw, and as such served for many years in India. Two months before his death he once more entered daylight as a private citizen, only to retire to his home in Dorsetshire, which is a secluded place in a wood.

He was a keen motorcyclist: speeding through the country on his powerful machine reminded him of dare-devil exploits in the armoured car 'Blue Mist', of which he was extremely fond. On the 13th of May he was tearing along at 50 or 60 miles an hour, when he passed a car coming opposite. He then swerved to avoid two cyclists but lost control of his machine. The cyclist, who also crashed, turned in time to see Lawrence go over the handle bars of his motorcycle. He was taken to Bovington Camp, where specialists did their best, but they could not save him. On Sunday the 19th, the soul of the Arabian Campaign and the most versatile of mortals, passed beyond our ken.

TWENTY-FIVE

BY K. A. LUKE, B.A.

If I were the King of B. . . . r, I would celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday, falling on the sixth of September, with full regal magnificence. On that day I would ride in state on a beautifully decorated elephant, dressed in the costliest robes and jewels, through the principal thoroughfares of my capital city, golden sovereigns raining from my hands in happy showers on the singing multitudes on both sides singing hymns of praise and good wishes to their beloved sovereign. I would be thrilled at the shower of flowers on me coming as they do from the hands of beautiful maidens, and listen with rapt attention to the melodious music of the little children. In the Durbar, birthday honours would be conferred, proclamations made—hush, Imagination! You take me too far.

What am I but a poor student plodding at his lessons, racking his head over Verner's and Grimm's laws, and memorising Old English and Middle English grammar. Life like a vast wilderness is stretching before me, and till now I have done nothing remarkable or promising. Am I to despair?

Charles Dickens as a young boy was first working at a boot-blackening factory, and then at a solicitor's desk, urged by miserable poverty. Yet in 1836, his 'Sketches by Boz', and the immortal 'Pickwick Papers' shortly after, appeared in the *Evening Chronicle*. To crown all this he married George Hogarth's daughter soon afterwards—all these at the ages twenty-four and twenty-five.

Shakespeare left Stratford as an insignificant young man to seek his fortunes in London when he was twenty-three, and five years afterwards he became a great actor and dramatist.

Coleridge, brought up and educated in poverty, ran away and joined the army in a fit of impulsiveness. Later he lived with his friend Wordsworth in Somerset, and as a result of their friendship and combined labours the 'Lyrical Ballads' came into being; the rest is literary history. It was a great year for him when he was twenty-five.

These men have trodden the path of greatness, and begun to wear the laurels of glory, round about this age, and the present writer feels a faint smile of hope on his cheeks. Education,

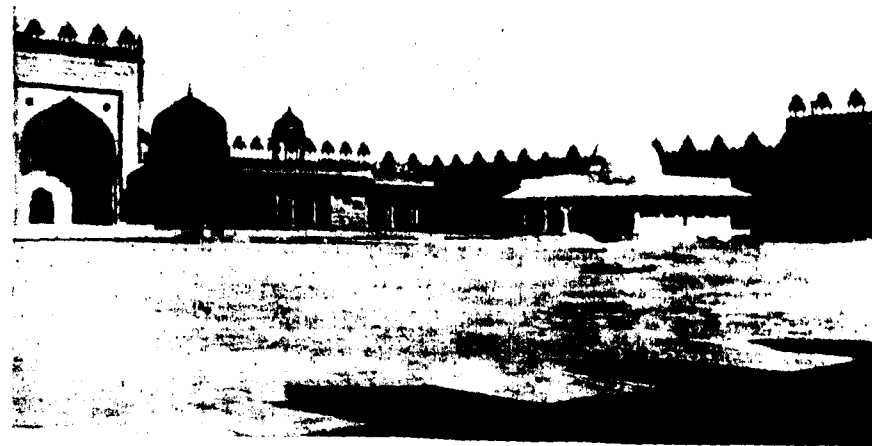
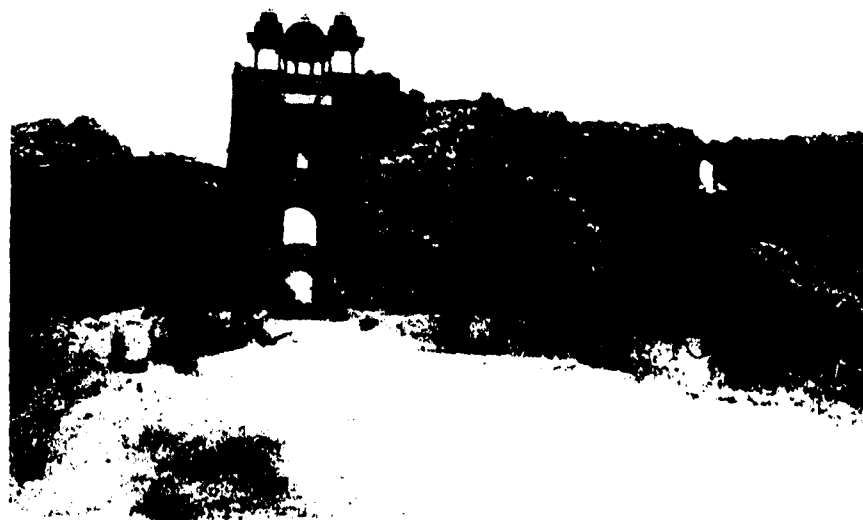
the present conventional preparation for life, comes to an end at about twenty-five, and man thinks of choosing a career for life. It is a hard, hard time, those years when the blooming hopes and ideals of a young man strike against the rock of hard reality, and life, that nightmare after which things come to the normal again.

'If only you and I could know
Which road 't were best to take,
We need not stop and ponder so
But quicker progress make ;
And yet if life were straight and plain
And had no anxious hours,
It may be we would never gain
The land of sun and flowers.'

The number twenty-five has many high associations. Their Majesties celebrated their Silver Jubilee after twenty-five years of reign, and the whole empire responded to it with illuminations, fireworks, dances and all. At Madras the riot of coloured lights, the brilliant flood lighting, the fireworks at night with rockets rising sky high, exploding at the top into the most superb variety of colours and vanishing along the trail of brightness, oil lights on the ground with their modest amiable appeal, all made a magnificent show. One would then have had a flashing remembrance of the Coronation Durbar with the boom of Imperial salutes which took place at Delhi in December 1910. Again the Wars of the Roses lasted for a quarter of a century and Shakespeare wrote five immortal histories based upon them.

Who knows what this age has in store for me? 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'





1. Pandava Fort, Delhi.
2. Temple and Mosque, Fatehpur Sikri.

Muhammad Aliullah, Class IV.

THE IDEALS OF YOUTH

BY A. N. KRISHNAMURTHY, *Class I*

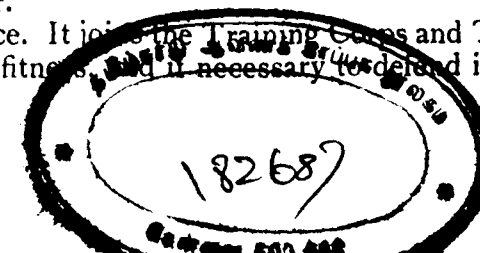
Before one can fully appreciate the ideals of youth to-day, one must clearly realise the extraordinary times in which the modern young man and woman have been nurtured. The thirty-five years of the present century have been years during which the whole world has moved farther than during the entire past of its history. The advent of the aeroplane, the motor car, wireless, radio, submarines, the countless other discoveries of recent times, the coming of the world's greatest war together with its hard-learned lessons, have built up a period of storm and stress such as has no peer. Ideals and faiths that before 1914 were regarded as sacred and permanent have since then been dashed to the ground, and as yet nothing has risen that is stable enough to take their place. The result is intellectual and moral confusion, and it is not surprising that youth is unsettled. Youth has realised that there has come upon this earth no system of life completely and entirely sufficient to minister to all man's needs, and it is because of this that it regards life as an experiment in which each must play his part in striving towards a solution.

Youth is earnest, deadly earnest, seeking for something to cling to, something to hold to its heart, something it knows at least to be true.

Early in 1919, a most highly esteemed and great patriot of India whose name I don't remember gave an account of the situation in the European countries when he visited them. He said:

'Early in 1919 I visited France and then was born in me the determination to do all in my humble sphere to prevent war and preserve peace. The sight of poor peasants digging over mounds of broken bricks that had once been their homes, looking for some treasured object left behind when they had fled, finding perhaps nothing but a few battered and ruined household utensils here and there, demonstrated with pathetic clearness that war has ceased to be a combat between soldiers alone and involved thousands of helpless non-combatants whose all was lost and gone. One had but to see the forests of little crosses to realise the legions of those who had gone for ever; and to view the German prisoners removing from under the Flanders mud, in shell holes, those shapeless putrefied masses that had once been living and sentient men, was a spectacle that showed with brutal eloquence, the savage waste and disregard of human life inseparable from war.'

Youth longs for peace. It joins the Training Corps and Territorials to increase its physical fitness and if necessary to defend its country.



But never again will it take part in a great war if it can possibly be avoided. War is useless. Uncontrolled nationalism is useless. There is only one hope of renovation for this poor civilization and that is to cease warring against itself, and to utilise all the forces now used for war and its preparations and to fight against the true enemies of man—ignorance, disease, death, suffering and pain.

Instead of building Dreadnoughts, let us build laboratories; instead of manufacturing artillery let us manufacture scientific instruments; instead of maintaining armies of soldiers let us maintain armies of research workers.

Organized religion seems to have failed us. It failed in the Great War, whereas science triumphed; and it is in science properly directed, that our future hope lies.

Let us honour the killer of disease rather than the killer of men, the discoverer of nature's secrets rather than the discoverer of another nation's plans.

Let all nations join the fight against nature, and let our slogan be 'to make growth more perfect, decay less rapid, life more vigorous, death more remote.'

Youth is full of optimism, and in the very characteristics of rising generations that are deprecated by its elders as decadent, it sees the possibility of the world's salvation. In the moving patriotism of the times it sees the rising of a great world-patriotism. In the lack of parental and ancestral respect it sees that it is at last learning to think and to reason for itself and is not content to have ideas ready made by members of another age and another education. In the half-empty churches it sees the rising of a greater faith and a true Christianity, the religion of progress, the religion that discards 'vain repetitions' for the prayer that is expressed in the useful living and working of its utterer. In the dress of womenkind, in increased sobriety, in the craze for games and outdoor pursuits, issues the striving after physical fitness. In the freedom and the mixing of the sexes it sees the control of sexual instinct rather than its exaltation, and above all in the questioning and transparent candour of youth today it sees the real earnestness to help in the rebuilding of the world.

Youth is in the melting pot and upon its shoulders lies the whole burden of the world's future. Only in unity and unselfishness, in work and study, in perfect frankness and brotherly love, in scientific research, and not in war lies the way to the conquest of nations. Most important of all is the realisation that although we may be Frenchmen or Italians, Germans or Englishmen, Americans or Japanese, speaking different tongues, yet we are men and citizens of the world; and it is with this hope that the youth of today goes marching on towards its goal however distant it may seem.

MY HOBBY

BY M. NARAYANA SHENOY, *Class IV (B. Sc.)*

Glancing over the pages of *The Daily Herald*, I was suddenly seized with a strong desire of contributing something to our College Magazine. Here am I then, Dear Reader, seated cosily on an arm-chair with half a dozen sheets of paper lying pell-mell on the table and a few reference books by my side. Mine is a Parker Duofold fountain-pen with a broad flourish, able to gallop over a page the moment I give it a good start. My pen is to me what his sword was to Artagnan. Lo! . . . Yonder is the moon, sending her silvery beams through the glass panes of my windows so that the whole scene is not only beautiful, but even inspiring But to come to the subject. Mountains in the moon? It is too 'scientific' as the word goes. My article must possess that cadence and 'after-dinner whimsicality' of Baldwin's 'Eternal Boy'. On cricket? Nothing can be more interesting. Personally I like every man with cricket in his soul. If you have once loved it and played it, you will find talk in it, enough for the 'wearing out of six fashions' as Falstaff might put it. But would not an essay on Boswell be better? Dear me! Old Bozzy has won the immortality of printer's ink, in spite of Macaulay's disparaging judgment on him. What on earth is the use of lavishing praise on one who has already covered himself with glory by his immortal 'Life of Johnson'. We feel very much like Mr. Birrell, who when asked what he would do when the Government went out of office replied 'I shall retire to the country and really read Boswell'. The Bible and Boswell's biography are the deathless glory of the English nation.

. But to return to the subject—a regular battle of topics raged within my mind, and for a few moments I looked like Buridan's ass—'that wretched creature which starved between two bundles of hay because he could not make up his mind which bundle to turn to first'. Still I was an optimist like Mr. Micawber who always expected 'something to turn up'. And that something did really turn up. 'My hobby'? Well that is a good subject. Here then in the cricketer's phrase I am 'set', and I will begin 'bagging my runs'.

What is that in the crimson leather case neatly laid between two rows of books on the table and lording it over other trifles scattered above? Surely that's my Kodak, my beautiful little Kodak. Blessed be the name of him who invented the camera. A German? I care not. Even if he had been a Prussian—which I rejoice to think he was not—I would still say 'Blessed be the name of him who invented the camera', though Sir Richard Cooper, M.P., sent me to the Tower for it. Such is my ardent love for photography, which is my greatest

hobby. For the expenditure of a few annas I can photograph anything I like, beautiful landscapes, thrilling adventures, and hair-breadth escapes (of other people to be sure). What bright visions do these photos conjure up before my mind! How are they enveloped in a rushing tide of recollection—memories of bathing and boating, of picnics under calm and shady groves, occasionally disturbed by the 'unpremeditated strains' of sky-larks, of barefoot races on the sands, of jolly fishermen who always seemed to be looking out for something that never came, of beautiful sunsets 'the dying embers of day', all awakened by a few photos before me.

Yes I know how the pessimist secretly chuckles at the hobby I indulged in. He is one of those creatures whose craziest philosophy is 'that you are engaged in a serious business, that the bow is never to be unstrung, and the top-note never to be relaxed'. Who is that critic who said 'Literature is a luxury and fiction is a necessity'? I don't know whether literature is a luxury; perhaps that requires a wider reading and a good knowledge of every nook and corner of the 'realms of gold'. But this I do know; pessimists are a luxury we cannot afford. Louis XV once expressed the owlish philosophy when he said 'Let us amuse ourselves by making ourselves miserable'. The pessimists belong to this class of people 'who amuse themselves by making themselves miserable'. Unlike me, they have no hobby at all; life is too serious for that. It seems to them one long monotonous journey, not a colourful vicissitude of happy memories and losing battles, a beautiful picture of light and shade. For my part, take away my hobby and you take away with it the best portion of my life, its warmth and colour, and all the delightful things it stands for.

My friend Mr. Kelkar is quite an enthusiastic stamp-collector. Indeed such is our implicit devotion to hobbies that we have come to consider examinations not only 'galling and vexatious' but evils that came out of Pandora's Box. Good honest Kelkar enough of this college drudgery. Fill the flask with lemonade and let us be away 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife' to yonder moss-covered hills where the air is heavy with those rich odours of summer eves that Keats has fixed for ever in the imagination.

'I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
Nor what sweet incense hangs upon the boughs.'

Forgot my camera? Oh, no, you are a good chap to be sure. Click, click goes the camera shutter—a few more photos for my bulky album. Here then—spread the lunch on this knoll and let us in a chorus cry out

'A man without a hobby is a ship without a rudder.'

SPICE FROM A PESSIMIST

The red hot disc slipped slowly
Into the mother-of-pearly dome
Of that oyster-shell, the heaven.
I gazed like a wide-eyed gnome.

I was standing on the verandah,
No playful Zephyr robbed
The leaves of their night-born
diamonds.
The air was heavy and dead.

A blundering bee inebriated
By the heady atmosphere
Crashed, with a boom and a crackle,
On my forehead. She couldn't
steer.

I stepped back in time to notice
My assailant on the floor.
Unfortunately she had fallen
On her back. Legs galore!

Thoughtfully I flicked her
On to the ground below,
I felt that that might help her
Back to her feet. But no—

Again on her back she struggled
With might and main to get clear.
She was firing on all cylinders
But she could not get into gear.

Then another early riser
Swam into my ken:
With silvery sheen an adder
All peacock blue and green.

He was basking in the sunlight
Sleek and slimy and snug.
I saw his dull eyes gleaming
When he sighted the struggling
bug.

He moved like greased lightning;
In a flash he was on the bee.
Those teeth, like ivory needles,
Slipped in with greatest glee.

He started work like a burglar,
Picking off feelers and legs.
He uncased the luscious body,
Leaving but bees'-wing dregs.

Flicked off the floor of eternity
By the Almighty One
We land on this mundane vanity
Fostered by the sun.

To gain our feet we struggle,
Intent to soar again
To sublime heights; but trouble
And life we cannot disdain.

The adder Life leaps on us
Ere we can do a thing.
Of our feet he first deprives us,
Next the immortal wing.

In the end we are nought but fodder
For his insatiate maw.
He leaves but dregs of Memory.
Perhaps, the only flaw!

NOTES ON OUR EXCHANGES

The American College Magazine, Madura—February 1935, contains a wide range of interesting articles, and the get-up is quite satisfactory. Dividing the matter into two broad groups, serious and light (excluding, of course, the college notes and reports of hostels and societies) 'Hitlerism—Its Challenge', 'Allusions to India in Milton's Poetical Works', 'A Second Chamber for the Provinces', and 'Madura—a Historical Sketch', fall into the former group, while all the other articles more or less creep into the latter. 'Poisoned on the Stage' is a short detective story. In 'Measure for Measure' the writer reveals some of the devices employed by candidates in the examination-hall. 'It was nearly twenty minutes since the paper had been given. Vasithan had already filled in five or six pages, but he did not in the least seem to remember his promise to me. I got annoyed. My long legs got busy under the table and sent him an S.O.S. in the form of a mild kick'.

In 'The Holidays are Come Again' there is a genuine touch of feeling when the scene of the departure from the beloved college is described. 'An Idle Hour' illustrates the way in which most people spend their time in the vernacular classes, while 'All Fools' Day' exposes to ridicule the poor high school teacher whose highest aim in life is to become a headmaster.

The Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras—March 1935.

With the exception of 'The World-Crisis—Essay' the *Queen Mary's College Magazine* is entirely devoted to light and humorous articles. Regarding 'A Dream Come True' by K. Ratnavali, it must be said that though there are some very vivid descriptions, the article has no right to be called a short story. It is more properly a description of the *perahara* festival. 'The Noble Woman' is a pathetic and touching short story and 'The Jasmine Wreath' is also a good narrative. The romantic experience in a strange dream is beautifully portrayed in 'Solo Flight'. Summing up, the magazine makes very pleasing reading for an hour or two.

St. John's College Magazine, Agra—April 1935.

A learned essay 'On Multiple Personality' opens the magazine. In 'Our Place in the Universe' our attention is drawn to the comparative insignificance of the earth—nay our solar system—in relation to the whole universe. The writer says—'It is this conception of vastness that makes our solar system sink into a negligible speck in the universe and when we think of ourselves in relation to the earth even, we feel that in the scheme of the universe we fare worse in comparison to it than a microscopic microbe in relation to ourselves. . . Let us therefore try our best to be worthy of the privilege

accorded us and dedicate our puny lives to the realisation of the harmony and the filial friendship among all mankind on the earth as a token of our humble gratitude.' For literary criticism we have 'Shakespeare and Ben Jonson—a Comparative Study'. 'The Application of Economics to Hostel Messes' appears to be quite out of place in the magazine. Here are a few slices from the learned essay: 'When the food is going to be prepared for ten members on a particular day, double the quantity of fuel will not be consumed which would have been used if the food was going to be prepared for five members only on that day'. Again 'The habits of the mess-servants may have been changed which may in turn affect the expenses, e.g. (a) changes in their system of working, and (b) in their own rate of eating.' Tut! Tut!

But the magazine is fairly interesting.

St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly—July 1935.

The July number though it suffers in comparison with the previous issue which we reviewed in our March number, makes good and healthy reading. Mr. R. Narayanaswamy again plays his favourite tune and lets us into a few secrets concerning the visit of the mysterious A. G. of whom it seems he is never tired. The essays on St. Thomas More and William Cobbet will be found interesting even if the reader knows more facts about the personages concerned than the articles present. 'Some Impressions of Malaya' and 'A Night Journey up the Palamalai Hills', both by student contributors, also make enjoyable reading. The photographs and the other sketches give the magazine an atmosphere of beauty. It cannot be concealed that this time, the matter in the 'Flower and the Leaf', the Chaucerian title which the *St. Joseph's College Magazine* gives to a collection of extracts from, and criticism of the rejected articles (and which less generous editors usually christen 'Glimpses into the Waste-Paper Basket'), does not justify the loftiness of the title, as there is nothing of the freshness and beauty of the flower or the leaf in it.

Government Victoria College Magazine, Palghat—April 1935.

'Literature and the Fourth Estate', the leading article in this number, gives us a bird's-eye view of periodical literature from its very beginnings and can be usefully read by anyone interested in English literature. 'A Lecture on "If I Were a Girl"' would have been good if it were better. Mr. T. Chandrasekharan discusses the various ways in which the term *Samkhya* in the *Bhagavad-Gita* is interpreted.

In almost all college magazines it is usual to find at least one article wherein the writer reveals to the world the various difficulties which he has experienced in choosing a subject. 'An I-don't-know-what' represents this traditional type of stuff. It is high time that

editors should begin to write articles describing the nervous strain they are bound to feel on reading such matter.

The vernacular section contains a few good poems in Malayalam, the first act of a good play, two articles in Tamil, and a Sanskrit poem. On the whole this section is very interesting.

Ewing Christian College Magazine, Allahabad—April, 1935.

This number bears a very strong individual stamp on it. The major portion of the magazine is devoted to the reports of the various hostels and associations, and photographs of the several committees and prominent students. The only feature which distinguishes the magazine from a calendar is the small section assigned to literature at the end, where the outstanding article is on 'The Joys of English Poetry'. It cannot be denied that the treatment of the subject by Mrs. I. Caleb, is original and picturesque. The other article included in the Literary section is 'On Where Pity Dwells', in which Purushotam Das Tandon pleads for the relief of lepers from the several miseries they undergo. 'To fly in the air is no miracle, for the dirtiest flies can do it. But to help suffering humanity is a miracle performed by holy men'. Good so far. 'We are willing to go to universities where dim lamps of learning are burning, but we are not willing to learn how to assuage the sufferings of humanity, and this latter kind of learning is more important than that imparted by the Universities'. The writer does not realize that university-education directed into the proper channel may be supplementary to social welfare work and can give it impetus and spirit. This does not mean that everyone who receives university education becomes a social or religious reformer, but one in whose heart this aim lies latent develops this tendency and goes to his task with a broader and more generous outlook. But nothing less than the divine inspiration which revealed the light to Buddha can influence a man whose very soul is immune to this tendency to social reform.

Zamorin's College Magazine, Calicut—March 1935.

There are many short articles in English and Malayalam, and the majority of them are written by students of the high-school classes. A reading of the magazine gives the same pleasure as a free chat with a group of intelligent young boys. A number of caricatures and sketches of natural scenes and comic situations lends aesthetic value to the magazine. 'The Madras University and the Affiliated Colleges', an article in which Mr. A. V. K. Krishna Menon emphasises the need for a separate University for Kerala, has been printed in English, and alongside of it there is also a Malayalam translation. A Tamil translation added to it would have completed the trio. The

Principal also writes to his boys of 'the first and the last' air-ride that he had recently.

The Hindu College Magazine, Masulipatam—March 1935.

'All India Village Industries Association,' 'A Vindication of History,' 'Economic Reconstruction of Rural India' and 'Women's Education in India', are some of the serious subjects dealt with. They are all fairly readable, though in certain cases with some pain. 'Revenge' is a thrilling short story. 'Excursion Notes' by Mr. G. Ramachandra Rao is really very pleasant to read. 'My Heart was Full' by Mr. P. R. Ramachandra Rao is a poem in which emotions are splendidly portrayed. In 'The Fairy Temple' character is allegorically represented by a temple built by fairies with gold, diamonds, emerald, opal and other precious stones which represent truth, honesty, obedience, kindness and other virtues.

In the Telugu section also there are many good articles.

The Government Brennen College, Tellicherry—March 1935.

A traditional theme for aspiring contributors to college magazines, which we have already mentioned—namely, the narration of the difficulties in the selection of a subject, has been utilised in one of the articles 'A Contribution that was not Intended'. In the short story 'The Ghost' an innocent boy is chased by a mischievous friend who pretends to be a ghost, with the result that the poor lad runs frenzied over an old bridge, falls into the stream and is drowned. The plot and treatment are not at all commendable and there is a lack of feeling throughout.

Some of the other readable articles are 'An April Fool', 'The Advantages of Co-operative Societies' and 'Tit-Bits'. There are many good essays in the Malayalam section.

Murray College Magazine—Sialkot.

The annual number, vacation number, and the issues of April, May and June are included in this general review. On the whole, it may be asserted that the quality of the magazine has greatly improved.

In 'Our Waste Paper Basket' in the annual number, the critic seems to exploit his position too far and speaks not only of the rejected articles but of the unfortunate writers too in an unlively and indecent way. Here are a few specimens:—

'The aim of Life—By R. A. Z. II year.

"Why was I born?" Are we fortune-tellers, Mr. Z? Born for football, if not for writing useless, wrong-spelled articles.'

'What's the fun there, Mr. K., in criticising nonsensically your friends and non-friends? "Mr. Chopra should come with his old cap

on". Because you have lost yours in the bath-room when putting your fancifully heated brain (after the donkey-race perhaps!) under a tap. Well, ask him to give you one in charity.'

We do not perceive the fun of such scathing remarks which have no connection with the articles censured. It is indeed gratifying to note that the other numbers are not tarnished by the presence of such severe reproaches.

St. Stephen's College Magazine, Delhi—June 1935.

Though not rich in quantity, this issue is considerably good in quality. 'Lemon Squash' represents a type of writing which will be always interesting to a student. Two members of a hostel secretly enter the room of the Superintendent when he has retired for the night and help themselves freely from a bottle of lemon squash and to quell suspicion add water to make up for the stolen quantity. The cunning Superintendent finds it out and expecting a repetition of the offence, he fills a bottle with a mixture of quinine and epsom salts solution and keeps it in the same place. The adventurers appear the next night and taste the 'lemon squash' which however, proves bitter. Apart from the story, the treatment is very vivid.

Hamid-ud-din writing on the subject 'Should we give up Religion' says—'What we need is not the renunciation of all religions, but a socialised religion—"an ethical culture-society"—which will make the service of man the highest expression of religion'.

K. R. C.

OTHER COLLEGE MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

The Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi, March 1935.

The Elphinstonian, Elphinstone College, Bombay, March 1935.

The Kumbakonam College Magazine, February 1935.

The Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle, March 1935.

The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam, March 1935.

The Madras Law College Magazine.

Lucknow Collegian, Lucknow Christian College, April 1935.

The Students' Chronicle and Serampore College Magazine.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

THE NEW APPROACH TO THE OLD TESTAMENT

The Roots of Religion and the Old Testament. By C. H. S. Matthews. (Student Christian Movement, and Y.M.C.A. Publishing House. Cloth. Re. 1-14.)

The Prophets of the Bible. By Henry Cook. (S.C.M. and Y.M.C.A. Cloth. Rs. 3-12.)

Mr. Matthews is a school chaplain, and his book is dedicated to 'the boys in the Lower School at Marlborough College who helped me to write' it. It is 'intended primarily for boys and girls of about 14-16 years of age'. But we hope it may reach many others also. It is a fascinating book to read, and we have seen nothing quite like it before. As the title indicates, it has a double purpose. First, it is an introduction to the study of the Old Testament,—the kind of introduction which arouses interest and shows what is the right attitude in which to approach the book, not the kind that gives information. Briefly and clearly, Mr. Matthews describes the principal stages in the religious development of the Hebrews, and the outstanding personalities through whom the advances were brought about. A very few chapters are referred to as illustrations: we could wish there had been a slightly larger list of passages for further reading.

But Mr. Matthews deals also, secondly, with 'the roots of religion'. He describes how religion rises in a group or tribe, and how it develops. He is obviously well-versed in this subject, though he writes easily and simply. The most interesting and original parts of his book are those in which he tries to explain animism, the beginnings of sacrifice, etc., by appealing to the experience of his own schoolboys; he points out, very rightly, that if a schoolboy wants to know how a savage feels, he need only look within. And thus he starts us thinking intelligently about the origins and the nature of all religion, as well as about the religious history of the Hebrews.

The other book on our list is not so outstanding and original. Mr. Cook is a Baptist minister in London, and the book reads as if it were intended for something like a minister's Bible-class. Sometimes the preacher's style interrupts the writer's, in a sentence like this:—"Hell", says a poet, "has no fury like a woman scorned". But what if for "woman" we read Jehovah? And Ezekiel is gently rebuked for not making Jehovah 'an attractive figure'! On the other hand the subject of prophecy in general, and of the inspiration of the prophets in particular, is treated very inadequately.

In spite of all this, Mr. Cook gives a good general account of each of the canonical prophets in turn, and should greatly help those who have not studied them historically before. His book, like Mr. Matthews', might have been improved by the addition of a list of passages for study, with very brief notes on them.

Both these books have been placed in the College General Library.

J. R. M.

RELIGION TODAY

The Way to God.—The Broadcast Talks. S.C.M. Rs. 2-10.

Christian Beliefs and Modern Questions. By Oliver Chase Quick. S.C.M. Religion and Life Books. As. 12.

In *The Way to God* we have the first series of Broadcast Talks delivered under that title. The series, as the Archbishop of York says in a Foreword, 'starts with familiar facts of experience; it proceeds to questions that almost everyone is concerned to ask; it states the answer which the Christian Church exists to proclaim; and it ends by showing the claim which that answer makes on us today and the manner of life that corresponds to that claim.'

In the present volume the first-half of the task indicated is performed. After a general introduction to the series by the Rev. F. A. Iremonger, Religious Director of the B.B.C., two lectures on 'What is Man' are given by the Rev. T. S. Whale, Principal of Chesunt College, Cambridge, followed by a chapter which consists of his answers to the many questions sent to him by those who had listened to his lectures. The Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, then provides three lectures on the question 'Does God Speak?' and as before the answers to listeners' questions are given.

The lectures are not merely popular, the very names of the lecturers are a guarantee of the wideness of knowledge and the depth of thought in them, but the effort has been made, and probably with success, to make them intelligible and interesting to the vast majority of listeners. Not only are the arguments in the main sound, but the pleasant style and the many apt illustrations add cogency to the views expressed.

Behind the series there is the definite purpose to make people think of the central facts and problems of life, because it is believed Thinking leads to Truth, and Truth leads to God. It can be said of the lectures that however much or little they succeed in winning people over to the views expressed, they at least achieve the object of quickening the minds of those who read them—of making people start out on that process of thinking which leads to God. The number and

nature of the questions in letters which the lecturers try to answer is evidence of their success here.

Christian Belief and Modern Questions by Canon Quick is again based on a series of lectures delivered to Church-people in the north of England. Here the lecturer has not, it would appear, found it necessary to simplify matters to the extent that was incumbent on the lecturers in the B.B.C. series; and this and the fact there is one lecturer only results in a treatment of the problems both more thorough-going and comprehensive, and also more self-consistent than was possible in *The Way to God*.

Canon Quick's subject is Christian Beliefs or Doctrines and their place or form in modern thought. He discusses such things as 'Belief in God', 'The Power of God and the Problem of Evil', 'The Godhead of Jesus Christ', and various other themes which are either themselves Christian doctrines or other essential implications of the Christian faith. It has often been asked by Indians 'What is the Christian Philosophy? Is there any? Where can we find it?' To such questions we must answer that Christianity is not in its essence a philosophy, but a Life, a Life as Paul says 'in the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ'. But such a new Life and new Light have implications many of which the Church has unfolded and tried to express in the Christian doctrines and essential truths. These form the starting point of any Christian philosophy and applied to the ever-changing aspects of the world and the world's experience, give that philosophy. Those, then, who seek a Christian philosophy, even though they themselves have not had the Christian experience, we must direct to the Christian doctrines, and in such a book as this of Canon Quick's they will find a masterly exposition of some of these essentials. With a style that is clear and interesting and speaking from what is obviously a knowledge both profound and comprehensive he discusses one by one eight of these central beliefs in the light of modern knowledge and modern Christian experience and in doing so never loses sight of Jesus Christ.

We can most heartily recommend this book as a most illuminating treatment of some, not all, of the essential truths in Christianity by a deep thinker and a man of true religious experience.

E.O.S.

THE ROYAL SILVER JUBILEE

• *Twenty-five Years a King.* The Book of the Pathé Film compiled by the Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain. (A. & C. Black Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The book contains more than eighty illustrations in photogravure representing many incidents and remarkable occasions of the past

twenty-five years. Our King-Emperor is shown taking part in the various activities of the nation, alike in peace and in war, in calamity and in joy. There is no doubt that the book will have a great popular appeal and that it will serve to renew in the hearts of all, the incidents of this momentous period.

It is our honest opinion that the book would have looked more attractive if there had been richness and variety of colour. 'The Delhi Durbar' will effectually serve as an example. While the descriptive note says 'It was a scene of romantic splendour, the wealth of fabulous treasures being displayed in Oriental magnificence', a glimpse at the illustration tells a far different tale. The picture of the Duke of Gloucester in Australia is also a dim and unimpressive one.

The descriptive note which accompanies each illustration is vivid, appropriate and picturesque. It is painful to find the personality of Mahatma Gandhi described as 'fanatically powerful'. Whatever Gandhi the politician be, none can deny that Gandhi the man is a saint, and this description of his personality reveals narrowness of view.

K. R. C.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ARITHMETIC

The Rhind Mathematical Papyrus: College Honours Library.

This book, a copy of which the Bishop of Tinnevely has kindly given to the College library, is a transcription, and translation, with explanatory notes and commentary, of one of the oldest records of ancient Egyptian methods of calculation. The actual papyrus was a roll of paper about fifteen inches wide, which when unrolled was about four yards long. When found it had been torn into two pieces and a number of tiny fragments, all of which are now most carefully preserved, mounted between two sheets of glass, and meticulously studied, the very fibres of paper in the fragments being minutely examined to see whether they will indicate where the fragment should be placed. The document does not merit such intensive study because of the brilliance or intrinsic importance of the work of the ancient Egyptian calculators (there is none), but just because it is one of the very few documents of the sort which have survived more than three thousand years in Egypt or in any other country. Ancient Egyptian methods of calculation were very elementary: they could not even multiply directly by any number greater than three (except by ten, which the system of notation makes easy). So that when, for example, it was desired to multiply by 13, it was necessary to multiply successively by two, thus obtaining the products by 2, 4, 8. Then noticing that 13 can be formed by adding together 1 and 4 and

8, add together the products by 1 and 4 and 8 to find the product by 13. A corresponding method had to be employed for division. But division was made further complicated by the absence of any notation for fractions other than those with numerator 1, with the single exception of $\frac{2}{3}$; so that such a question as divide 3 by 13 means express it as the sum of aliquot parts, as for example, $\frac{1}{5} + \frac{1}{33} + \frac{1}{2145}$. It is usually possible to do this in a number of different ways, and the Egyptian preferred one with a small number of fractions. To facilitate the work the papyrus gives a table showing the division of two by each odd number from 5 to 101, the last result being given as $\frac{1}{101} + \frac{1}{202} + \frac{1}{303} + \frac{1}{606}$, which is so trivial as to show that the computer had reached the limit of his capacity.

A large proportion of the questions the Egyptian dealt with were practical questions of the area of land, the volume of containers of corn, and the like. Indeed it may be said that no question which did not have some such immediate use had any interest for him. He found a fairly accurate value for the volume of a cylinder, taking the area of a circle to be that of a square of side equal to $\frac{8}{9}$ of the diameter, which is equivalent to using $\frac{256}{81}$ as the value of π , correct to one part in 200. He found the sum of the series $1 + 7 + 49 + 343$ in a way which indicates a knowledge of a general method for finding the sum of such a geometrical progression, though it does not follow that he knew how to find the sum of a geometrical progression when its first term is not 1. No such general method is ever formulated. Although there are two or three notable achievements in the work of the Egyptian mathematician, it is surprising that a nation which achieved so much in other directions did so little in mathematics at about the time Babylonian mathematics had made much greater advances.

COLLEGE NOTES

STAFF

Our College re-opened on June 26th. That seems a long time ago, and there would be no point now in saying that the Magazine, on behalf of the College, welcomes the new students, for there are no 'new students' any longer. There is nothing to say about this year's students, in fact, except that they seem much the same as usual. But there is something to be said about the staff—though here again, fortunately, there are comparatively few changes to be recorded.

We were sorry to bid farewell in April to Mr. Wyld, who had been part-time Professor of History, and Warden of Bishop Heber Hall, for a year. His personal qualities made him very popular during his short time in College, both with his colleagues and with his students; and we are fortunate that he was able to join us when he did, for he always spoke up nobly for 'Bishop Heber', and helped us all to understand and to respect what 'Bishop Heber' stood and stands for. He saw to it that the older College was not merely absorbed by the younger one, and our new united College is richer in consequence. Mr. Wyld left us only because the Civil Orphan Asylum in Kilpauk was in urgent need of a Principal. We wish him joy in his new work, and hope that his connection with us will remain as strong as possible.

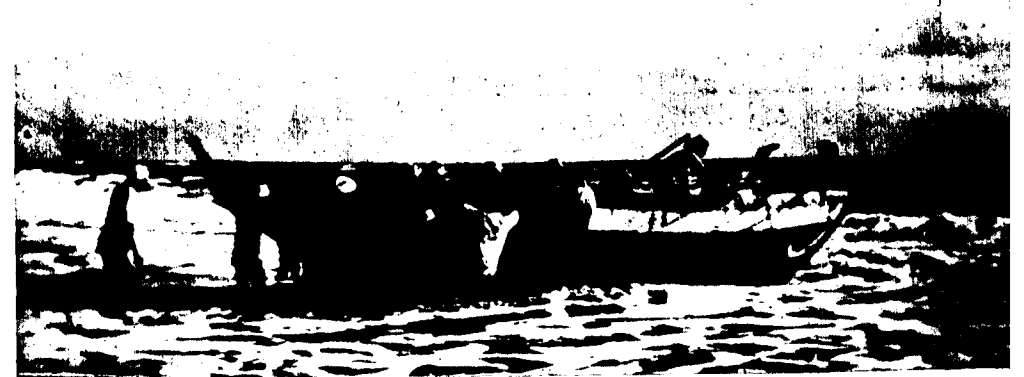
At the very time when Mr. Wyld was leaving us Mr. Mills found himself being most urgently pressed to go to the help of a sister-institution, the Maharajah's College at Ernakulam, which was in need of a Principal. The choice was not easy, but in the end

he yielded to solicitation. Mr. Mills will be badly missed here, not only as Professor of Physics, but also as President of the Cricket Club, as President (and in large part founder) of the Boxing Club, as a keen coach in athletics, as an unofficial master of the revels on many occasions, and as a very genial friend to all. We hope that he and Mrs. Mills will be happy in their new sphere.

Mr. Kibble, with his family, went on furlough at the end of last year, and his place in our time-tables is being taken by Mr. Eapen, a First Class Honours Graduate of our University. Mr. and Mrs. Bingle, and Mr. Martin, returned from furlough at the end of June, Mr. Bingle having taken his Oxford Diploma in Economics with distinction.

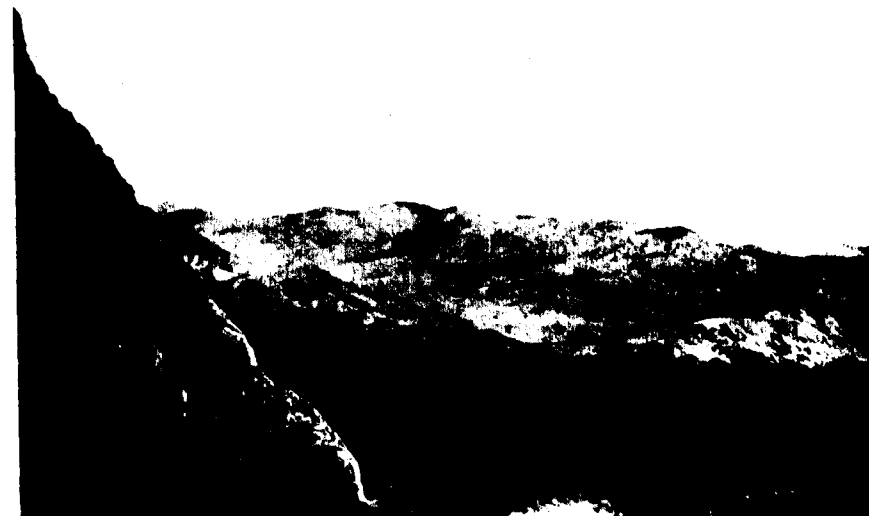
With the return of Mr. Bingle, Dr. Theodore, who had been Acting Bursar, was able to relieve Mr. Boyd of one of his burdens by returning to the office of Vice-Principal, though Mr. Boyd's term had not yet expired; and thus Mr. Boyd was set free for a partial re-organization of the English Department, and for the institution of a College tutorial system.

Mr. Mills' place in the Physics Department has been filled temporarily by Mr. Anantanarayana Iyer, of the former Bishop Heber College. Mr. Joshua, Lecturer in Zoology, went to Liverpool University last April, on two years' study leave. The work of his department, however, has been re-organized, so that a new appointment is not necessary. One Reader and three Demonstrators have left us on completing their term of service; and Mr. T. J. John, Demonstrator in Zoology, resigned early in August in order to take up work in our High



The Beach, San Thome.

S. Krishnamachari



Near Vanderavu, Palnai Hills.

J. R. M.

School, his place being filled by Mr. M. D. Paul. As new full-time Demonstrators we welcome Messrs. Savarinathan, Sivaramakrishnan, Venkatesan, and Thomas.

THE TUTORIAL SYSTEM

Last year something was done in the way of testing a student's work regularly, at least in the Intermediate classes. This year another step forward has been taken, and a great one—the introduction of what may be called an outline tutorial system. For hostel-students, the Superintendent or Warden of the hostel becomes their tutor, and in each hostel a room has been given to a Demonstrator or Reader, who is called the Junior Tutor, and is responsible for supervising and assisting students—especially the Intermediate students—in their work.

Non-hostel students, of course, cannot be so well looked after as this; but what can be done has been done. Every Intermediate and Pass student in the College has been assigned to a particular member of staff, who will regard him as his 'ward' and will be 'Guide, Philosopher, and Friend' to him. Besides keeping an eye on his ward's attendance and performance in tests and examinations, the tutor will try to give all the help, in all the ways, that he can. It is to be hoped that the students, as well as the members of staff, will try to make full use of the great opportunities that the system offers.

This system is a great step forward in itself; but it is especially interesting as a kind of preparation for the removal, so soon to take place, to Tambaram. At Tambaram, for resident students at least,—who will form the greater part of the College—it ought to be possible to do much of

the work tutorially; and it will be a great advantage if both students and staff have some actual experiments and experience behind them when they go.

THE HOSTELS

With the introduction of resident tutors into all our hostels, we are preparing the way for the transformation of these hostels into the Halls which are to replace them at Tambaram. Other changes have been introduced also, with the same end in view. The system of charges has been revised, and on the whole substantially reduced; and experiments are being carried out with the system of messing. An attempt has been made, in a circular letter from the Principal, to open the eyes of a larger number of students and of parents to the educational and other advantages of hostel-life. For some years the tide of fashion had somehow set against hostel life—not only in our own College. But it seems now as if the tide were turning again. At any rate, our hostels are very nearly full this year; the five Georgetown ones, in fact, are full to overflowing.

EXAMINATION-RESULTS

Our examination results were scrutinised with special interest this year, for we wanted to see whether last year's scheme of weekly test papers had made a perceptible difference. The full result cannot be expected to show itself till the examinations of next March, when our students will have had two years of the new system. But it is encouraging to find that the proportion of complete passes among our candidates in the Intermediate examinations of last March was higher by more than 11%

than that of the previous year, and that the number of First Classes has been doubled. In the B.A. Degree Examination the percentage of complete passes remains almost the same as the year before, but in the B.Sc. Degree (Final) Examination 8 candidates passed out of 9, three in the Second Class.

For the B. A. (Honours) Final Examination, 14 candidates were sent up, of whom two failed (one being recommended for a pass degree). In English all six candidates passed, four in the Second Class. For the M.A. Degree Examination fifteen were sent up and fourteen passed.

In the Intermediate Examination one of our candidates passed with Distinction in four subjects, and five with Distinction in three subjects. In the B.A. Degree Examination, R. Bhaktavatsalu was third in the University in English, third in History, and fifth in French (first among the men students!), winning two Firsts and a Second. J. T. Kanagaraj, who has been a close second to Bhaktavatsalu throughout our School and College, won three Seconds. The third places in Physics and in Sanskrit fell to students of ours. Another was fourth in the B. Sc. Others were second and fourth in English; while in Philosophy we took the first place both in the B.A. (Honours) and in the M.A. Examinations.

Among University prizes the Samuel Satyanathan Memorial Gold medal which came to us for seven successive years, 1925-1931, was recaptured for us by V. A. Devasenapathi; the Jubilee Gold medal was won by M. S. Samuel; and the University medal which bears the name of our College was won by T. E. Jayaraman.

In his Report at the prize-giving Dr. Hogg, after mentioning some of

these successes, concluded: 'To these and other candidates who have distinguished themselves we offer our congratulations, not only on the honour that has come to them, but still more on what such successes are the tokens of—the gains to mind and character from knowledge acquired, new interests created and developed, and habits formed of hard work and purposeful self-control; and we hope that their example will stir others to emulation. It is certainly possible to attach too much importance to success in examinations, although that is not a fault of which our College, I think, has ever been guilty. But it is also possible to attach too little importance to such success. It ought to be the incidental result of studies at which the student puts in hard work, not as a preparation for the examination but as a preparation for life. Yet let us remember this: to say that successful performance in the examination test ought to be only an *incident* of a student's college life is not to say that it should be only an *accident*. And any student who is content with a degree of study which only puts him on that border-line where success or failure on the day of examination is very much a matter of chance, is missing the whole purpose and value of a university life.'

THE PRIZE-GIVING

The Convocation of the Senate was held this year on Wednesday, August 7th; and the College Prize-giving was held the following day, at 3-15 p.m. The Commissioner of the Corporation of Madras, Khan Bahadur Javad Hussain Sahib Bahadur, a former student of the College, gave away the prizes, and afterwards suitably addressed the prize-winners and other students. The prize-list is

printed at the end of these notes. Dr. Hogg gave a report of the past year. Most of the events he dealt with have already been reported in last year's Magazine or elsewhere in the present number; but we should like to quote his opening words:—

'Once again the College is assembled for its annual family gathering, to take stock of another year's work and to honour those students who, in that year's work, have most distinguished themselves. On such an anniversary it is not unnatural to ask how old we are as a College, but to that question the answer is not so simple as one might expect. In fact at least four answers are possible. At our youngest we are 58 years of age, for it was in 1877 that the College previously called the Free Church Institution was reconstituted on a broader basis, with the new name of the Madras Christian College. On the other hand, at our oldest we are 172 years of age. For through our union with Bishop Heber College we have inherited a past reaching back, in Trichinopoly, to the school which the famous missionary, Father Schwartz, founded there in 1763. On a third reckoning we are 98 years old, and that is the reckoning which we most commonly follow. It was on April 3rd, 1837, that John Anderson started, in a rented two-storey house in Armenian Street, the educational enterprise which has been prosecuted continuously ever since in this quarter of Madras City and which has grown into the Madras Christian College. But there is still a fourth reckoning possible which gives us today the interesting age of exactly 100 years. And for that way of reckoning there is not a little to be said. When John Anderson was sent out from Scotland in 1837, it was in order that he might take charge of a

school which was already in existence in the vicinity of St. Andrew's Church. He quickly decided that it would be expedient to transplant that school to Georgetown, or 'Black Town' as it was then called. So the opening of a school in Armenian Street, although it was in important ways a new beginning, had also the aspect of being the continuation of a school which had been founded by the Scottish Chaplains in June 1835. According to that way of thinking, then, we have already reached our centenary, and we do right to feel grateful to God for our inheritance of the fruits of a hundred years of noble endeavour in the service of this great land of India.'

OBITUARY

We continue our quotation from Dr. Hogg's Report:—

'Before entering upon a survey of this hundredth year of our Madras life it is fitting that we should take regretful note of the removal by death, only twelve days ago, of one who, before he became, first, Professor of Mathematics and then Principal, of a sister College, had rendered twenty-five years of valued service upon our own teaching staff. I refer to the late Rao Bahadur K. C. Chinnathambi Pillai. After graduating from the Madras Christian College and gaining a few months of teaching experience at Coimbatore, in the London Mission High School, he joined our Mathematics staff in 1890, and from that time till 1915, when he was appointed as Professor of Mathematics in Pachaiyappa's College, he lectured with much acceptance to successive generations of our students. Indeed, as Mr. Manikkam tells me—and from my recollection of Mr. Chinnathambi in those days as well as from more recent experience I can well believe

it—he put such extraordinary energy into his teaching, and so much force into his delivery, that in his class it was impossible to be inattentive. Besides being a successful teacher he was for several years the Secretary of the Special Committee which, in the days before the organization of the College Athletic Association, used to be appointed to conduct the Annual Sports. His departure from our staff in 1915 did not lead to any diminution in his loyal devotion to our College, of which he remained a warm friend to the last; and in respectfully tendering to his widow and family our sincere sympathy we feel that we are sharers in their loss.

THE MAGAZINE

It is obvious that the number of good articles submitted this term is very small. Probably our new students have not yet discovered there is a magazine at all. It must be remembered that the quality of the magazine is very largely dependent upon the degree of interest shown by the students. We sincerely hope that they will wake up at least next term and endeavour to make the magazine attractive by sending in good stuff. Short stories of moderate length, accounts of village life, and sketches or photographs of natural scenery, are especially welcome.

We are sorry to say that above twenty articles submitted had to be rejected. The rejection of an article, however, does not necessarily mean that it is clearly below standard and positively unworthy of publication. A good many of the rejected articles could have been made far better if a little more care had been taken. One difficulty which students seem to experience lies in the selection of a

proper subject. It will be helpful if intending contributors first put themselves in the position of a chance reader and consider whether the article is likely to be of any interest. One of the articles submitted was quite satisfactory from the literary point of view but it was too long and had no original touch. We must remind some of our contributors that the articles must be written legibly on one side of the paper only, if they are to be considered at all. Once again we express our hope that the students will take a genuine interest in the Magazine and profit themselves while at the same time they profit others.

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

S. P. Appasamy of Class II, Group i-A, last year's Editor for Class I, will be Editor for Class II this year. W. D. J. Jesudas, Class IV, Group iii who was Editor for Class III last year, is appointed News Editor, and he is to act meanwhile as Editor for Class IV.

K. V. Vijayaraghavan of Class IV (B. Sc.), will be Class Editor for the Honours and B. Sc. Classes.

As for the First Class there is only one student whose article has been published, A. N. Krishnamoorthy, and therefore he is appointed as Editor for Class I. At present, Class III must remain without a representative in the Committee.

K. R. Chandrasekharan, Honours 4 (English), continues as Literary Editor.

The Advertising Staff has been raised to three strong: P. Subramanian and A. Rajaratnam have both returned to College, and G. J. Williams of 3 Honours (English) has been added to them, in the hope that he will be able to carry on next year also.

COLLEGE CHURCH

Preaching-list for the First Term, 1935-36 :—

June	30	The Principal.
July	7	Rev. A. O. Brown.
"	14	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
"	21	G. C. Martin, Esq.
"	28	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
August	4	E. J. M. Wyld, Esq.
"	11	E. J. Bingle, Esq.
"	18	No service (S. C. M. Camp).
"	25	S. J. Theodore, Esq.
September	1	Rev. A. J. Boyd.
"	8	Miss Eleanor McDougall.

The Devotional Service (August 5th) was conducted by the Rev. Gordon Matthews.

PRIZE LIST FOR 1935

First Class

The Lord Pentland Prize: S. P. Appasami. (Subsequent Order: K. Rangarajan; C. J. Mathew Tharakan; K. N. Ramasundaran.)

The West Coast Prize (for proficiency in Scripture): S. P. Appasami.

Ilaiyalwar Chetti Silver Medal (for proficiency in Sanskrit): K. Rangarajan.

Amjud Prize: C. J. Mathew Tharakan.

Group Prizes. Group i: K. Ramakrishna Chowdry; Group ii: K. Rangarajan; Group iii: V. S. Asher.

Second Class

The Junior Miller Prize: C. Gopalan. (Subsequent Order: T. Thomas; V. Gopalakrishna Kamath; S. Venkataraghavan.)

The Mathai Prize (for proficiency in Scripture): T. Thomas.

The Craig Prize (for proficiency in English Composition, Intermediate Classes): S. P. Appasami.

The Chinnaswami Pillai Prize (for proficiency in Tamil Composition): P. S. Duraiswamy.

The Rajagopala Rao Prize (for proficiency in Telugu): K. G. Narasimhappa.

Group Prizes. Group i, *The Ramiah Gold Medal and Prize*: P. S. Duraiswamy; Group ii: C. Gopalan; Group iii (the *Amjud Medal*): J. K. Manikkam.

Third Class

The Gunn Gold Medal. H. Narayana Rao. (Subsequent Order: M. Sreeramulu; R. Subramanian; R. W. Theagarajan.)

The Kora Eapen Prize (for proficiency in Scripture): A Section, K. P. Philip, M. Sargurudoss (equal). B Section, A. P. Ramanujam.

The Ethiraja Pillai Prize (for proficiency in Tamil): R. W. Theagarajan.

The Rajagopala Rao Prize (for proficiency in Telugu): M. Sreeramulu.

Hoare Prize: M. Padmanabhan Nair.

Group Prizes. Group i: D. Sambasiva Rao; *Group ii, The Sir Krishnan Nair Prize (for proficiency in Physical Science):* R. Subramanian; *Group ii-E:* K. Subramanian; *Group iii, The Mackenzie Prize (for proficiency in Philosophy):* J. Selvaraj; *Group iv-A, The Russell Prizes (for proficiency in History and Economics):* 1. D. Vedanayagam; 2. C. L. Modi.

Fourth Class

The Miller Gold Medal and Prize: R. Bhaktavatsalu. (Subsequent Order: J. T. Kanagaraj; P. Chandrasekaran.)

The Elizabeth Miller Gold Medal (for proficiency in Scripture): R. Bhaktavatsalu.

The Ripon Gold Medal (for proficiency in English, as tested by the B.A. Degree Examination): R. Bhaktavatsalu.

The Setupati Gold Medal (for proficiency in Tamil): J. T. Kanagaraj.

The Sanskrit Prize: K. V. Suryanarayana Sarma.

The Skinner Gold Medal and Prize: R. Bhaktavatsalu.

The Rajagopala Rao Prize (for proficiency in Telugu): P. Veeraraghavalu.

Group Prizes. Group i, The Ross Prize (for proficiency in Mathematics): J. C. Alexander; *Group ii, The Aberdeen Prize (for proficiency in Physical Science):* J. T. Kanagaraj; *Group ii-E, The Buckie Prize (for proficiency in Natural Science):* M. Anantaraman; *Group iii, The Cooper Prize (for proficiency in Philosophy):* P. W. Ebenezer; *Group iv-A, The Thurso Prize (for proficiency in History and Economics):* R. Bhaktavatsalu.

Third B.Sc. Class

P. Madhava Baliga.

Fourth B.Sc. Class

O. K. Vasudevan.

Honours Classes

The Elizabeth Miller Prize (for proficiency in Scripture, 4th Year Honours): T. C. A. Ramanujachari.

The Morren Gold Medal and Prize (for proficiency in Branch i, Mathematics, 5th Year Honours): K. M. Peter.

The Miller Philosophy Prize (for proficiency in Branch ii, Philosophy, 5th Year Honours): V. A. Devasenapathi.

The Kellett Prizes (for proficiency in Branch iii, History, 5th Year Honours): R. Parthasarathy; (for proficiency in Branch vi, English, 5th Year Honours): A. E. Subramanian.

Prizes for Scripture Knowledge

(Awarded on the results of the Peter Cator Examination)

College Prizes: M. Sargurudoss, J. Cyril Raj.

THE HOSTELS

THE FENN HOSTEL

On the re-opening day of the College, every one was delighted to be back in the hostel, and some said they had been looking forward to the 26th June. Fourteen of the 'old birds' are back again, and twenty-six enthusiastic young men have joined us. That makes us forty strong.

The election of the office-bearers was held on the 6th July. The first of our functions was the 'Muttai' meeting which came off at 9 p.m. on the 12th July. All the members were 'ragged like fun', as one of the members remarked. Early in the morning, the next day, the new members were formally admitted into our fraternity by being ducked by the old members.

We went on an excursion to Tambaram on Saturday the 27th July, leaving the Beach Station at 2 in the afternoon. Our thanks are due to Mr. Barnes who showed us round the place. We left Tambaram at six o'clock, some feeling sorry that they would not have the privilege of studying in the new College, and others, the more fortunate ones, feeling proud at the prospect of spending their final year in those red tiled buildings.

The following are the office-bearers for this year:—

P. John Philip, *Treasurer*.

Victor D. Mantramurti, *Librarian*.

M. Aruliah Samuel, *Health Officer*.

P. I. Chacko, *Sports Secretary*.

P. J. Jacob, *Medical Officer*.

Suviraj Grubb, *Literary Secretary*.

P. Martin, *Guest Superintendent*.

A. Rajaratnam, *Secretary*.

Six of our old members took their B.A. degrees this year and we accorded them a reception on Thursday the

8th August. Mr. S. Samuel presided over the function and gave a very helpful address, helpful to the graduates who were entering 'the wider arena of life outside these college walls' and also to the other members.

Our hostel life has been very jolly and we hope to spend this year happily and usefully.

ARTHUR RAJARATNAM,

Secretary.

CAITHNESS HALL

This year there has been a horrid influx of new members into our hostel, much to the consternation of the seniors. We are over forty in number, a full house.

The following office-bearers were elected unanimously:—

P. Damodaran, A. P. Ramanujam, R. Sankaralingam (*Treasurer*), K. A. Appachoo (*Secretary*), *The Managing Committee*.

G. Babu, K. M. Chacko, M. S. Sankaranarayanan, *The Mess Committee*.

G. Sreenivasamoorthy, *Games Superintendent*.

B. Mariabasviah, *Guest Superintendent*.

M. G. Govindan, *Literary Society Secretary*.

K. Kumara Menon, *Librarian*.

This year our hostel well represents all specimens of South Indian humanity. We mean all nationalities, communities and of course colours. We are even privileged to have a Brahmin gentleman and three Mahomedan gentlemen to lend us tone.

Our hostel has a strange attraction for our Superintendent, especially during the nights. Not satisfied,

perhaps, with the prevalent ideas of the average hostel student who vaguely thinks his superintendent to be a dim abstraction, he is making his person and presence felt, and that with a vengeance. In fact he has intentions of renting Room No. 15 (a room which can successfully vie with the darkest godowns in Georgetown) for the season. We wish him a nice time.

The good will and lighter spirits of our hostel expressed themselves in an orgy of 'Ducking' on Saturday the 2nd August. It would be demanding much time and place to describe the sprays, fountains, waterfalls and cascades among which we moved till we became part of them.

K. A. APPACHOO,
Secretary.

COLLEGE PARK HOSTEL

We are the same happy family this year as we were last, but there is a more studious atmosphere about the place, thanks to the innovation of a tutor and a nurse and the tightening up of rules generally.

After the Park Hostel baptism, when all the new comers were received into the fold, the hostel settled down to work and play. The tennis-court being crowded out many indulge in basket-ball, ping-pong, and marbles, and latterly leap frog.

T. THARYAN,
Secretary.

BISHOP HEBER HALL

At the outset we have to express our sense of sorrow in missing our ex-Warden Mr. E. J. M. Wyld who had to leave us at the end of last year because his services were required elsewhere. But we are glad to have this year Mr. S. Samuel as our acting Warden.

Coming to the various activities of our Hall we are glad to mention that the Literary and Debating Society is progressing well. We are having a big Study Circle conducted by Dr. Gravely. In the field of sports, tennis is predominant. Other outdoor games such as football, volley-ball and badminton are also played. Indoor games are not neglected.

Early this term we went on an excursion to Mahabalipuram, a place of historical importance. In spite of the rain our enjoyment was superb. On the 4th of August we had the Anglican Corporate Communion at the Good Shepherd Church, Royapettah.

We are a gay and happy family of 32 members of whom 13 are new. Usually juniors are very boisterous in any hostel, but this year, either because they have mistaken their tutors for 'intellectual policemen,' or because they have become more studious than their predecessors, the Hall is quiet except during the play hours, and the atmosphere of an 'Ashram' pervades it.

EDWIN SAMUEL,
General Secretary.

THE STUDENTS' HOME

We had a fine and gay morning on the 26th June when our hostel reopened after the summer vacation. There are twenty-eight members now which is the maximum our hostel can accommodate.

The general body meeting was held with our superintendent, Mr. J. R. Macphail, in the chair. The meeting terminated within ten minutes and with unopposed elections. The following are the office-bearers for the year.

K. A. Ramamoorthy, *Secretary.*
C. R. Venkatesan, *Treasurer.*

P. K. Parthasarathy, *Guest Superintendent.*

V. Kameswaram.

V. R. Subramanyam, *Librarian.*

G. V. Krishna Rao, *Secretary to the Debating Society.*

S. Venkataraman, *Garden Superintendent.*

M. Padmanaban Nair, *Auditor.*

D. Krishnan Poti, R. Raghu-nathan, and K. A. Ramamoorthy form the Mess Committee. All the office-bearers are very active in the discharge of their duties. Every member has begun doing his duty in right earnest, not only in his study room but in the dining hall.

This year we are fortunate in having in our midst a deputy Warden, Mr. Sivaramakrishnan, in our hostel who takes proper care for the well-being of the hostel.

We had a feast on the 26th July to which many of our professors came. All our members did full justice to the feast and it resulted in giving much trouble to the doctor who had to visit our sick room often thereafter and is still continuing the same.

We had an excursion on 27th July to Tambaram under the leadership of our superintendent. It was a useful and jolly excursion.

We are glad to mention that two of our members, M. Padmanaban Nair and Martin Nathaniel have received a prize and a scholarship respectively.

K. A. RAMAMOORTHY,
Secretary.

THE RUNGIAH CHETTY HOSTEL

R. C. H. calling. Not the old R. C. H., but a metamorphosed one,—but for three or four cronies and the furniture and the grandfather clock presented by Dr. Miller.

Polished and bright with shell-lime and shellac the hostel presents an appearance altogether different from last year's. But all the more we report with much regret, that Mr. Kibble our superintendent last year and Dr. Gandheker, our manager, have bidden goodbye to us. The former has gone on furlough and the latter manages a sister institution. However, we are glad that Mr. Martin, our permanent superintendent, has come, and that Mr. Asirvadam is managing our hostel.

On the 26th of June, the hostel swung open its gates warmly to its members. The latter poured in. The first few days the hostel witnessed scenes of tumult and mystery. The members, especially the freshers, were employed in discovering the merits of the different rooms. Ghosts were very common! The cleverer members showed the haunted rooms to their more timid brothers! How kind of them!!

On the 5th July the statutory meeting of the members was held to elect the committee members and the secretary. The next morning, the committee (which includes the manager, mind you) met with the lark—witness its enthusiasm!—to assign the portfolios to the different members, to swear them in, and to nominate a Librarian. The gist of the two meetings is as follows:

K. V. Vijayaraghavan, *Secretary.*

V. P. Narayanan Nambiar, B.A.,
Treasurer.

K. P. Kuttikrishnan, *Games Supdt.*

K. M. Karunakara Menon, *Guest Supdt.*

S. Narayanan, *Librarian.*

At subsequent meetings the following were added to the office.

M. Bharathan, *Clerk of the House, The R. C. H. Parliament.*

S. P. Vaidyanathan, *Excursion Secretary.*

The Secretary is acting Minister for Health.

We are a jolly set of twenty. Once in a week we meet for hostel prayers conducted by the superintendent. Under its enthusiastic clerk and debaters the Parliament shows much promise. Two novel features of the hostel this year are that chess and draughts have been introduced.

On the 10th August we went on an excursion to Tambaram. We went full of spirits to see our future home but returned brooding over our foolishness in joining college now but not after taking rest for a year or two. One member cursed the University for having made him pass his Intermediate without 'M.S.M.' and another, we hear from authentic sources, has decided not to appear for his weekly tests this year and that is perhaps why he is very frequent at the ping-pong table! The hidden purpose you know. We are sincerely thankful to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes for having helped us to bring our excursion to a complete success. We also express our thanks to the Literature Honours men for the cheerful music that they played—on the gramophone—in Mr. Barnes's horticultural nursery.

Our hostel philosopher-cum-astrologer predicts a very good future for us this year.

K. V. VIJAYARAGHAVAN,
Secretary.

THE SECOND STUDENTS' HOME

The Second Students' Home too had to share with the other hostels, the heavy in-rush of the students to the hostels this year. It was so cosmopolitan regarding admission that it is now fully packed up. We are now twenty-five strong (the maximum that can be comfortably accommodated).

On the return of Mr. G. C. Martin, our old superintendent, from furlough, we had to bid farewell to the Rev. R. S. Macnicol. Dr. S. S. Gandhekar took the place of Mr. L. N. Subramanian as manager.

To mention one or two activities of our hostel this term—a Bible study circle has been formed under the guidance of our superintendent. We are glad that we were able to contribute our mite to the Mayor's Quetta 'Quake Relief Fund.

At this stage, we cannot comment upon our intellectual side. Still we are proud to say that out of the twenty-five members, nine are Honours and Post-graduate students. With a fair promise that we will try to keep up the prestige of our hostel and prove to be worthy of our revered Alma Mater, we wish God-speed.

V. ABDULLA KUTTI,
Secretary.

THE SOCIETIES

THE ANDHRA BHASHA-BHI RANJANI SAM-GAMU

The general body meeting of the Andhra students was held in the Telugu lecture room on Wednesday the 31st July, 1935, with Mr. T. Rajagopala Rau, B.A., L.T., in the chair. The following were elected as the office-bearers of the Samajam for the current academic year. The election of the representatives for Classes I and II is postponed till the next general body meeting.

Mr. T. Rajagopala Rau, B.A., L.T., M.R.A.S., *President.*

C. S. Mallikarjunan, *Secretary.*

M. Sreeramulu, *Treasurer.*

Class representatives:—

M. Srinivasan, *Class IV*; K. G. Narasimhappa, *Class III.*

C. S. MALLIKARJUNAN,
Secretary.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

A general body meeting of the Association was held on the 31st July, 1935, at 4-15 p.m., with Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A., in the chair, when the following office-bearers were elected:—

Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A., *President.*

Oswald David (Hons. V), *Vice-President.*

P. T. Benjamin (Hons. IV), *Secretary.*

S. Ramanujam (Hons. IV), *Treasurer.*

Class representatives:—

K. I. Thomas (P.G.), A. K. Achuthan (Hons. V), K. R. Chandrasekharan (Hons. IV), V. R. Subramaniam (Hons. III).

With a vote of thanks to the President the meeting came to a close.

We hope to be able to approach a prominent person to deliver the inaugural address. It is also hoped that under the guidance of the learned president and with the co-operation of the members, the Association will continue to prosper.

THE ASSOCIATED SOCIETIES

The first meeting took place on 26th July 1935, with Mr. Sabhesan in the chair to consider the inaugural address of the society. We are trying to have the meeting as early as possible.

A. P. RAMANUJAM,
Secretary.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

At the general body meeting on August 16th the following office-bearers were elected:—

Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias, *President.*

P. F. Byramshaw, *Secretary.*

Representatives:—

Class II, K. Ramakrishna Chowdry, P. Peter Paul Pondian; *Class I*, B. Bhaskara Rao, Bonnie David.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

In a general body meeting held in the second week of February last Messrs. R. S. Macnicol, S. Samuel and M. Sargurudas were elected President, Vice-President, and General Secretary, respectively, for this year.

As usual the activities of this Union began with a 'Freshers' Social' on the 17th of July. This was followed

by a meeting in the College Hall with the Principal in the chair. The president of the union explained to the new Christian students the aim and basis of the Union and the general secretary welcomed them.

There was a general body meeting on the 19th of July and the following were elected to the Christian Union Committee:—

Social Service Secretary, P. J. Philip.

Devotional Secretary, Edward Rajaratnam.

Study Circle Secretary, Josiah G. Mathuram.

Treasurer, Arthur Rajaratnam.

Representative of Class II, Rajah Doss.

Representative of Class I, J. M. P. Michael.

The secretaries are organising the various activities of our union. Already Study Circles have been started in Penn Hostel, Second Students' Home, and Bishop Heber Hall. With regard to social service our members are co-operating with the Brotherhood. Imparting of religious teaching to the tennis pickers has been undertaken by this Union. Mention may also be made of the prayer groups.

All the Christian students of the College are requested to take part in one or other of the activities of the union.

M. SARGURUDOSS,
General Secretary.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Mr. J. P. Joshua, last year's president, before leaving us for England in March, 1935, held a general body meeting and had Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan and G. P. Sakthidaran elected

as president and secretary respectively for the year 1935-36.

Soon after the reopening of the College, the following office-bearers were elected.

Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, William Paul.

Class Representatives:

M. Anantaraman (P. G.), C. P. Govindan Nair (Class IV), Varadarajan Nair (Class III), P. K. Nambiar, David (Class II).

Our first meeting was addressed by Mr. R. Gopala Iyer, Director, Madras University Research Laboratory, on 13th August, 1935, when he spoke on 'Indian Zoology: A Retrospect'. Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan presided.

In the course of his speech, the lecturer stated that zoologists in this country were at a disadvantage because their knowledge was mostly derived from alien sources. He recalled the ancient zoology in India, when people believed that there was a worm in the Ganges, 700 cubits long, which swallowed the elephants that came to drink water. He referred to the fifth pillar edict of Asoka in which there were inscriptions about birds and animals that were prohibited from being hunted down. Things, however, took a different turn with the advent of Europeans. He said that in the acquisition of strictly zoological knowledge Ceylon led the way.

Dealing next with India, Mr. Gopala Iyer gave a very good account of the great men such as Patrick Russel, Hamilton Buchanan, Edward Blythe and J. C. Jordan, who were the pioneers of early zoology. He referred to the notable work done by Dr. J. R. Henderson, late Professor of Zoology, Christian College, Dr. F. H. Gravely and Professor Bourne. He paid a tribute to Sir Ramunni

Menon, Ex-Vice-Chancellor, for establishing a Laboratory in this University.

The meeting terminated after a few remarks from the chair.

We have already had an excursion to the harbour. A tow-net collection was made and examined later in the laboratory. The diver procured for us a good many interesting specimens. Mr. Lakshminarayanan and Mr. T. J. John helped us a great deal.

G. P. SAKTHIDARAN,
Secretary.

COLLEGE BROTHERHOOD

The annual At Home to the new students came off on Saturday, 20th July. By 4 p.m. there was assembled on the spacious Park Hostel grounds a large gathering of students and members of the staff. At about 4-20 p.m., light refreshments were served. Then followed some games in which many joined heartily. After this the gathering was entertained with a few musical items.

Then began the serious part of the function. K. P. Rangachari, speaking on behalf of the senior students, extended a warm welcome to the new students, and hoped they would join in the activities of the various societies of the College. Deacon Joseph suitably replied on behalf of the new students. Then Dr. Gandheker gave a short address on the activities of the Brotherhood, and wound up with the statement that the aim of the Brotherhood was to realize 'the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God'. Finally Dr. Hogg closed the function with a short speech.

The Brotherhood's first business meeting was on Wednesday, 25th July in the Botany room at 1-30 p.m.,

with Dr. Gandheker in the chair. About 60 students, and some members of the staff were present. The following office-bearers were elected:

J. H. Raju, *General Secretary.*

Social Service Committee:—

Messrs. J. D. Asirvadam, K. P. Rangachari, and T. V. Ramakrishnan.

Excursion Committee:—

Messrs. E. Barnes, M. Sreeramulu, and M. N. Shenoi.

Book-Club:—

Messrs. T. K. Rajasekharan, J. W. D. Jesudasan, and K. V. Subramaniam.

Our first excursion was to Tambaram, on Saturday 3rd August. We were about 40 strong, and were joined by Dr. Gandheker at Mambalam. At 3-10 p.m. we reached Tambaram, and were conducted by Mr. Barnes round the new college buildings. About 4-30 p.m. we had our tea, kindly prepared by Mrs. Barnes, and some light refreshments. After tea, Mr. Barnes took us to inspect the sanitation system to be employed at Tambaram. Many looked amazed when Mr. Barnes said that the impure water would be purified and utilised again.

We left Tambaram about 7 p.m., after having spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

J. H. RAJU,
General Secretary.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The election for the presidentship was held on 22nd July with Mr. R. S. Macnicol in the chair, and P. Damodaran was duly elected president. It may be interesting to note that Mr. Damodaran has the honour to be the first student president of the Society.

Over two-hundred and fifty students assembled in the Third Class room at 1-30 p.m. the next day to elect the secretary and office-bearers of the Society with Mr. P. Damodaran in the chair. A. P. Ramanujam became the secretary, by a substantial majority.

Mr. R. S. Macnicol was unanimously elected honorary president.

The following office-bearers were also elected:

Treasurer: J. W. D. Jesudasan.

Class Representatives: M. Barathan (Hons. and B.Sc.); Koyakutty (Class III); T. Mathew (Class II); J. Chandy (Class I).

The committee met for the first time on 2nd August to draw up a programme of work, and decided to have debates once a fortnight. It also resolved to have inter-collegiate debates with sister colleges of the city. A list of topics for discussion was approved by the committee. The question of the introduction of membership cards was discussed, and it was agreed that these should be introduced.

An ordinary debate was held in the Third Class room on 9th August, when S. Viswanathan (Class IV) moved that 'Free Education is not desirable'. Sivarama Subramaniam supported the amendment. Nine other speakers gave vent to their thoughts. After the mover's concluding remarks the motion was put to the vote and was won by a very narrow margin.

The attendance at the meeting was very, very poor. Let me conclude my remarks with a request to the students to enrol themselves as members of the premier society of the College.

A. P. RAMANUJAN,

Secretary.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

A business meeting of the Physical Science Association was held on Friday the 2nd August, when M. Bharathan was elected secretary for the year.

The Association is intended to encourage students to spread their scientific studies beyond the confines of their prescribed courses.

M. BHARATHAN,

Secretary.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION

The general body meeting of the above Association was held on the 13th August under the presidency of Dr. A. G. Hogg, to elect office-bearers for the current academic year. The following is the result:

Secretary: C. Inder Mohan.

Representatives: K. P. Philip, P. Abu (Class IV); B. Lawrence, K. Venkoba Rao (Class III); M. C. Mathew (Hons. 3).

C. Inder Mohan,

Secretary.

THE RADIO CLUB

It is gratifying to note that a large number of students have joined the club and are taking a keen interest in its working. Dr. A. V. Moses the veteran 'wirelessman' and Mr. J. M. Arthur have been elected as the president and secretary respectively of the club.

Almost every Wednesday, we have the 'Instruction Class' from four to five in the evening and it has been arranged to have 'Reception Classes' on Friday evenings. We hope that with the hearty co-operation of the members the club will have a useful and active future.

J. M. ARTHUR,

Secretary.

ATHLETICS

THE TENNIS CLUB

The great rush of students seeking membership in our club clearly shows that tennis is the favourite game of our College students, the reason for which is not far to seek. The students are usually addressed as gentlemen by our professors and lecturers who are the luminaries of the literary firmament. Since they have become gentlemen they try to acquit themselves as gentlemen in the sports field by playing tennis which they proudly declare is a gentlemanly game. They are 92 in number and exhibit their enthusiasm by playing regularly. The aspiration to become a first court player stirs them to challenge their superiors which results in the necessity of holding constant challenge matches.

Mr. T. B. Balagopal, the tennis star of South India, visited our court and gave good practice to our first court players. Our members had the opportunity of witnessing his brilliant placings and drops. We are highly indebted to him for his consent to come often and play with our players. Messrs. Sivaswamy and M. Rama Rao of the Law College were invited and our first court players had the terrible experience of battling with their mighty strokes. We intend to invite good players in future so that our players may be well coached to enter into the lists of the inter-collegiate tournament.

The inter-collegiate tournament will be held in our courts and this year we are hopeful of our success for we have got very good players. There are Mr. B. Maribasiah well-known for his cannon drives, and

Mr. P. N. Bal, the left-hand player whose spin-services terrify his opponents.

R. SANKARALINGAM,

Secretary.

FOOTBALL

The following were nominated by election, as the office-bearers for the current year:—

Captain, Victor Mantramurti.

Vice-Captain, Lakshmanan.

Secretary, K. John Somasundaram.

Practice was begun early in the year. We opened our season by playing friendly matches against the Loyola and the M. U. C. Though we were not lucky with the Loyola, however, we proved ourselves worthy when we won over the M. U. C.

The Inter-Collegiate Tournament commenced on the 29th of July; and our first victory was over the School of Technology. We hope this initial success will spur us on to further achievements.

This year, the team is working on a sound principle, more or less democratic. Only those who (having an idea of the game) turn up regularly for practices are selected to play in the team. The object of this condition is to have constant practices throughout the year, and thereby to make the team do its best as a team.

JOHN SOMASUNDRAM,

Secretary.

CRICKET

The office-bearers for the year are:—

P. Ananda Rau, *Captain.*

R. Spitteler, *Vice-Captain and Secretary.*

Regular net-practices were begun on 7th July. A Freshman's match was held and a couple of new men were discovered.

The Inter-Collegiate matches began with a game against Loyola. The match ended in a draw. Loyola made 131 for 7 and we made 152 for 9, Loyola batting after us. Dowlat Ram, Ananda Rau and R. Spittler scored 32, 30 and 26 respectively.

The next match was with the Engineers. We were all out for 79 runs (R. Spittler, 18). They were dismissed for 49 runs (H. Narayana Rao, 7 wickets for 20 runs). Thus we won the match by 30 runs. Narayana Rao's bowling was very impressive.

We are leaving on a tour to Bangalore during the Michaelmas holidays. We get a lot of encouragement from our president and Mr. C.A. Abraham; and we hope to do better.

R. SPITTLER,
Secretary.

BASKET-BALL

All lovers of basket-ball will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the game is lifting up its head on the ground once more. It is encouraging to note the real interest which some of the players have in the game. If their enthusiasm does not slacken during the course of this term and the next, we shall be having a fairly good team by the middle of the second term.

It is unfortunate that this year, most of the players of last year have left the College. Consequently this year we have an entirely fresh set. But the players who have come to us from the High School serve to raise the standard of the game in the College.

Our thanks are due to Mr. R. S. Macnicol for the kind interest which he has evinced in the well-being of basket-ball. Our thanks are also due to D. Ramachandran, and Isaac Mantramurthy for helping us on the basket-ball court.

I request the authorities of the College on behalf of the basket-ball players of the College, to recognize the Basket-ball Club as one of the clubs of the 'Athletic Association Societies'. I also request that basket-ball should be included among the games to be played on an inter-class basis.

J. T. KANAGARAJ.

VOLLEY-BALL

The Volley-ball Association of the Madras Christian College resumed its activities as usual from the beginning of this academic year. We had the occasion to play friendly matches with 'G.T.A.A.' and 'Friends Union' in the College sports grounds in which our team did not fare well. The matches were well attended by the students of our College. We hope to do better in future.

Y. J. DENNISON.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

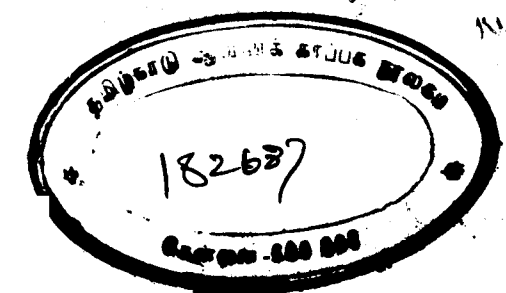
For the U. T. C., the first term is always very busy, but rather unexciting. The would-be recruit, indeed, is sometimes excited enough as he faces the inquisitive eye of the J.C. (and wishes he had a more massive chest etc.), or tries to count spots and produce restrained and dignified heart-beats for the M. O. But these excitements pass, and he has to settle down to the rather dull business of learning to move his limbs (now officially approved) in complete harmony with those of 15 or 20 others who have also passed muster.

The O. C. regrets that this year, as in former years, it was necessary to disappoint many who were keen to join. There are only a limited number of places, and an honest effort is made to select those who are, all things considered, best suited for the kind of training the U.T.C. offers—best suited physically and by temperament. But the task of selection is not easy, and there must always be

some who cannot imagine why they were unsuccessful.

The selected recruits are well up to the standard of the past few years, and possibly above it. They show signs of learning to march properly already, and that is an important thing, since marching is the foundation of disciplined drill. There has been less trouble than usual from those annoying diseases, the Malayalee flat foot, the Andhra rubber-knee, and the Tamilian turkey-trot. Some few cases evaded the vigilance of the authorities, but curative measures are being vigorously applied.

A very large number of trained men returned to College this year, but the number has been reduced by four discharges on medical grounds, and two discharges which were granted for other reasons. Among the former is Sgt. C. T. Madappa who came to us from C. Coy (Loyola) last year as a Corporal, and has since then done good work. Good luck to him!



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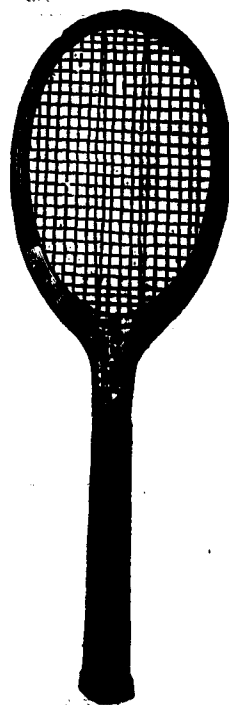


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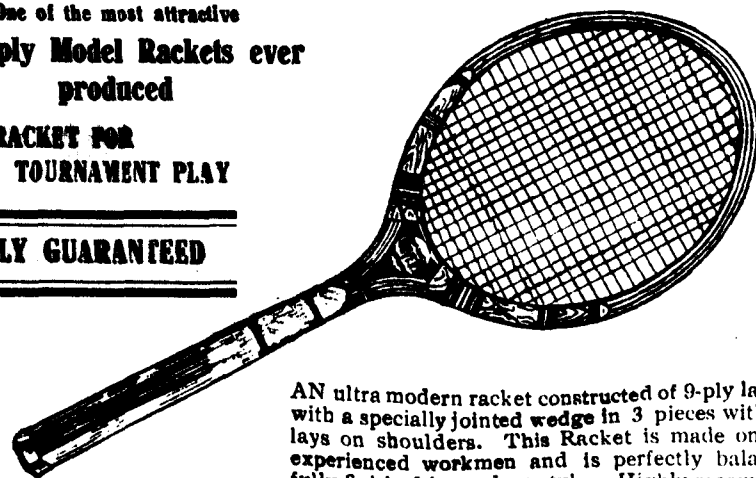
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