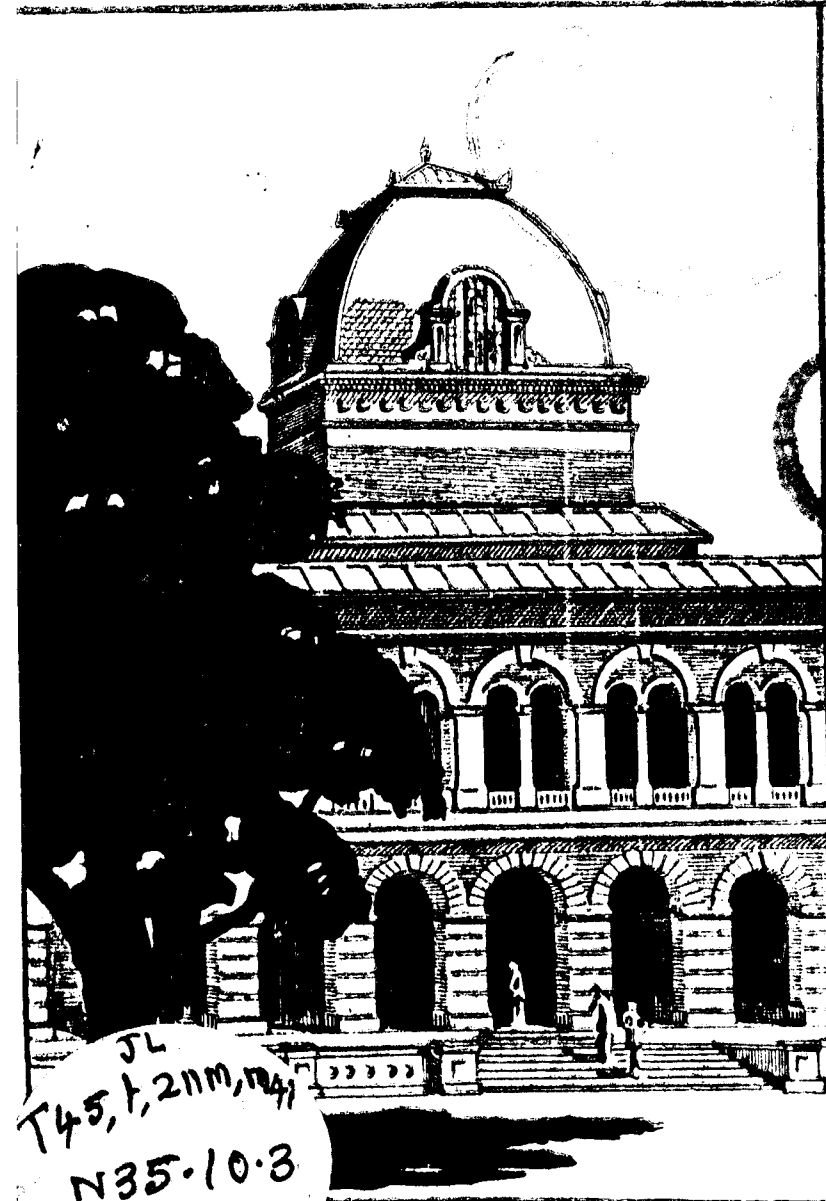


The PRESIDENCY COLLEGE₃₅₅



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The Presidency College Magazine

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PUBLISHED TERMINALLY

Annual subscription for all except present students of the College Rs. 2-8-0.
Price of single copy One Rupee.



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Contributions to the Magazine from the Members of the Staff and the past and the present students of the College will always be gladly received.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, "Presidency College Magazine," Madras.



Vol. X

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No. 3

Of Illusions.

“THE human heart has no more precious possession than illusion.” So wrote a satirist of social life who had a deep insight into the human heart. Man does not live by bread alone; his fancies, the dreams of his imagination, the whims of his sentiment, these are of far greater import in his life than facts and realities. The real life around many of us is so drab and dull that we are obliged to find solace in the realm of fancy and make-believe. Appearances, though deceptive, are often more delightful than the real things of which they are a distorted picture. The moon and the stars fascinate us with their beauty because they appear to be fixed to the blue vault of heaven in order to light us in the darkness of the night. All their beauty of which poets sing in raptures exists only in the mind. The reality is quite different. If we could see in them an infinite number of fiery orbs whirling in space with incredible velocities, indifferent to all human concerns and obeying only their inviolable laws of attraction and repulsion, the picture would stagger the mind and be anything but pleasing. It would be too frightful and



awe-inspiring to be considered enchanting. So long as appearances are interesting, it would therefore be foolish to make ourselves miserable with constant reminders of the unpleasant real. The path of wisdom would seem to lie in the enjoyment of a beautiful sunset as it appears to the ordinary eye without dispelling the illusion by the lurid revelations of science.

Illusions sustain our sense of self-respect and self-importance. But for them, we should be struck with our utter insignificance in the general scheme of things and be lost in the abyss of despair and humiliation. Which of us has not smiled at the exhibition of parental pride? The mother thinks that her child is the perfection of beauty. The father looks upon his boy as a genius and attributes his failure at school to the folly or indifference of the school-master. The lover's illusions are even more amusing. He sees Cleopatra in a brow of Egypt and is infatuated with the charms of his beloved, though to eyes not lit up with love, the woman might appear plain. There is no definition of beauty which can leave out the personal factor. Beauty is what to me appears beautiful. The lover may be pitied for his illusions about his lady, but what are we to say of the pride of birth which we see in many? I know a descendant of the great Brahmin Philosopher A—displaying a sense of superiority to others and giving himself airs because he was conscious of some innate greatness in his own person due to his distant association with his illustrious ancestor. After twenty generations of marriage and intermingling of strange blood, what fraction of the original strain of greatness could survive in the descendant is a problem for a Mendelian to solve. However infinitesimal it might be, the illusion was enough to cast a halo round the person in his own eyes.

With many men, however, the illusion is not so much in themselves as in some object which they possess and cherish as the secret of all their success. We often hear

of even men of superior genius like Nelson attributing their luck to some mascot or talisman. With one man it is a favourite cat, with another it is an iron ring, or a necklace of beads. Whatever it might be, no action or adventure could be thought of without it. Among artists mascots seem to be very common, and this is just what we should expect of people with bright fancies. With what an air of invincibility, albeit illusory, do such mascots invest their owner and how could they help looking upon them as priceless treasures?

Illusions are the mainstay of all noble literature. The great poet whose sensibilities are keener than those of his fellowmen is so disgusted with the sordid squalor of the world around him that he seeks an escape into an ideal domain of day-dreams conjured up by his imagination. There he lives with his beautiful creation forgetting the real. What is Romantic Poetry but an illusion, an ideal which exists nowhere but in the mind of the poet? The more ardent the poet's soul, the more brilliant is his vision. Shelley lived his all too short life in the dream of a perfect world freed from the tyranny of princes and priests. The last act of his *Prometheus Unbound* is a solemn pæan chanted in praise of this glorious vision. But for this capacity to find delight in the land of dreams, how miserable would Shelley have been with his quivering sensitiveness to cruelty and oppression, to poverty and disease? Suicide would have been the only alternative for such high-minded natures. Life would not be worth living but for illusions.

The established religions of the world have stood so long in spite of their puerile superstitions because of the attractive illusions with which they surround the believer. Those faiths which hold the doctrine of a Personal God who is omnipotent, all-seeing, and all-merciful have had a stronger fascination than those which, like Deism and Pantheism, have more abstract conceptions of the

Divinity. When the world treats you badly, when you are reviled unjustly, when you are persecuted for your principles and when all hopes of finding the reward of your unselfishness in this world are gone, there is no surer solace than the illusion of an all-seeing God who watches over you like a father and will pay you according to your deserts, if not here, in an elsewhere. It is this illusion that inspired martyrs to face death singing hymns and shouting in triumph, "O Death, where is thy sting?"

Many illusions are not only delightful in themselves but presage the pleasures that will follow in their future realisation. The dreams of yesterday are, as has been remarked, the commonplaces of to-day. Aerial flights were even in the fifties and sixties of the last century, the illusions of a few dreamers; but at present no one cares to put down his morning paper to look at an aeroplane flying above his head. The schemes of social reform which were formerly considered as the illusions of visionaries and of writers of Utopias have now become accomplished facts in all civilised countries of the world. In a sense the man who is gifted with the power of dreaming dreams is the law-giver of the future. When Shelley said that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world, he was of course thinking of their capacity for illusions. In fact disillusionment is death, not perhaps of the body, but, what is worse, of the soul. It was therefore sheer poetic justice that Cervantes should make Don Quixote, that prince of dreamers, die immediately after the great disillusionment that came to him at the close of his adventures.

M. R. RAJAGOPALA AYYANGAR

The Cult of the Spendthrift.

I HAVE the reputation of being a prince. I spend so much.

One of the few pleasures which I can still call my own in this wicked little world is to spend my money like any free man. I said my money. But I am not particular. I have been as free with others' money as I have been with my own—freer in fact. But the game has been getting a little hard of late, and I have been gradually forced to look upon my coins alone as coming legally to answer my needs.

There is something about those who do not spend that I do not like. They will tell you they are your friends, but they will not spend. Did one ever suffer such half-faced fellowship? Why, man, I could not have loved you less did I not love your money more! The way to my heart lies through your money. Spend it like a man and you have indefeasible claims on my affection. Keep it and you keep alone.

They toss up a coin to decide the luck of parties or to arbitrate disputes. I like that idea. In my own case, however, the coin must be tossed up, and *away* before I make any pronouncement on a man and his qualities. "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried," said worthy old Polonius, "grapple them to your soul with hoops of steel;" I agree. But I prefer to grapple my friends to my soul with hoops of *gold*.

There is something about the spending of money which makes it a choice and sufficient pleasure. I feel I could go on from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve spinning out coins and seeing them vanish. Pass me a fat bag of the stuff, and give me a full day in which to see it empty and I am your man.

I have been often thinking that the world has been a

bit blind about its heroes. Crusoe for instance. The foolish world has let him climb up the high ladder of fame for just holding himself together in a dark nook of the planet for a trifle of a few years alone. I think I could beat him at that game. Find me such another spot and leave me a supply of the currency. I shall show where the world can find a better than its Crusoe. But don't come back for your money!

Yes, I like to spend money. Were I to analyse my sensations for you, I should say that the precise part of the transaction which I like is the actual spending. The money should vanish for my pleasure to be complete. So far, I have been successful in getting this necessary completion to my pleasure.

And it does not pall on me either. Come to think of it, the variety that you can introduce into the game is something extraordinary. It is now well over twenty years that I have been at it. But the process has always varied. I need not sit every day devising new sport to whet the appetite which becomes jaded with indulgence. My appetite does not become jaded with indulgence. In fact it grows with what it feeds on. It is for other pleasures to degrade—it is for other fancies to tire and enslave the mind. My pleasure is eternal, my fancy supreme!

And it is ever so easy! Easier than almost anything you can imagine. Easier than politics, easier than love-making,—easier than earning money, definitely easier, I warrant you! You may find it a trifle hard when you make your first rupee go. The first rupee has something sly about it. It seems to whisper to you and draw on your affection so that it seems a pity you have to put away so dear a companion. But harder things have been done in our time. And it simply *can* be done. And then it gets easier. You learn the style of it. You improve with each rupee you polish off. And now I am such a master of the art that I spend it before I have got it!

They speak of the impossibility of serving two masters, God and Mammon. As if anyone wanted to serve two masters! I don't want two masters. I serve Mammon. I am His lackeyed servant. At His command I post over land and sea. Not for me your shrines and temples. Not for me your age-worn Gods. Give me your cash-bag. My God is there. Leave me alone with Him. I prefer to worship my God alone!

Sweeter than the music of the love-lorn nightingale, sweeter than the chime of the silver-tongued church-bells is the jingle of true coins to me. It is a sound that goes straight to my heart—it is a sound on which my rapt soul flies straight to heaven and converses with the blessed spirits. There is no consummation which I desire more devoutly than that, when these gentle eye-lids close in the sleep everlasting, some kindred spirit should provide that sweetest of all music—the music when soft coins die!

B. K. SARVOTHAMA RAO
(Old Student)

The Secret.

AT twelve years old Mack lived under two dominant emotions. The first was a burning desire to be a painter; the very thought was an agony of excitement. The second was a choking dread of his grand-father. He was a dreamy timid boy and shivered before old Daniel's hard black eyes; he would listen rebellious but subdued to the old man's curt orders, say over to himself the words of rebellion—and obey as everyone else. Some day he would face him boldly, tell him to his face that he would not enter the business but go to Paris, and learn how to be a painter—some day—not now.

That day never came. His little cousin Minna, knew very well how it would be when he left the day school, he would enter the business—never go to Paris and learn to paint so that kings and queens would admire and beg him to paint them. But she was a sympathetic soul, and even worked for (and won) a drawing-prize at the school that he might see she was not utterly below a proper understanding of him. He would show her his sketches, point out gravely their beauties and defects, weave wild plans for the future, his glowing eyes fixed on her.

"You'll see, Minna, some day—"

When he was sixteen, the dream was shattered. He came home one day to find old Daniel standing amidst the wreckage of his treasures. He was in an ugly rage.

"Stop this damn'd nonsense, do you hear, you young scoundrel? If I find you wasting your time and my money again, I'll I'll skin you alive."

Mack faced him, his knees unsteady. "But I want to be a painter grand-pa."

"Painter! You're going into the business—I built it up, d'you hear. I was earning at your age—not fooling with this—"

He swept the palette and canvasses from the table with a wave of his arm.

"You'll go into the business I say."

"I won't," he quavered bravely.

"You young snake. You're answering me back? I'll show you who's master."

He showed him. For years after, Mack felt a red mist of fury when he remembered that thrashing. In the years that followed he writhed in hopeless rebellion, but the old man's will was stronger, in the end he found himself in the business, sullen, apathetic, but incapable of resistance.

Long before Minna became his wife, he had ceased his confidences. As old Daniel grew older and feebler, the work engrossed him so completely that she felt him a stranger. She could not have said whether he was glad or sorry when Roy was born, and later the chubby little Jill. What had happened was that Mack's thwarted dreams had turned into a sort of obsession—when he was not working, he was brooding—he developed a mania for collecting brushes, canvasses, paints, little manuals of instruction to the would-be artist. He hoarded them, loved them, never forgot them, but scarcely looked at them except when he brought some fresh addition. He never used any.

Mack hardly knew when his hoard began to lessen. He could not imagine anybody sharing his secret. It suddenly flashed on him when he missed a big roll of canvass that he had brought last. He could not bring himself to ask Minna, he had kept his odd treasure to himself too long. He forgot the loss by and by till one day something brought him up short. It was a little packet of drawings and sketches in a neglected corner of the garden.

They were pretty, highly coloured, and rather childish. He smiled at a little sketch of Minna, several of Jill, one or two of himself—his mind went back to the days when Minna won a drawing-prize. So it was she—he wouldn't tease her about them, since she was so quiet about it—Poor Minna, she was shy about them, and no wonder, such childish little things! The discovery touched him somehow, he dropped a little of the silent apathy which had grown on him.

When a box of water colours disappeared, he decided to ask her.

"Where are they, Minna—your sketches?" She looked at him without speaking—He went on.

"You're so quiet now—let me see them—do Minna, surely you could have told me."

She gave a queer little smile; at that moment the grave ten-year-old Roy appeared and she escaped. He could not mention it again—clearly she had not wanted him to know—he felt rather resentful. She should not have access to his collection again—he would lock it up.

One day he returned from a business trip to a house that seemed unaccountably empty. He wandered through the uncomfortable rooms, bare as his grand-father had always kept them. He passed by the door of the little corner-room where Roy and Jill lived—It was open. He looked in. There was young Roy kneeling by an overturned chair, a sheet of drawing paper was fixed to its back, and on the table stood little Jill, holding up her dress with one chubby hand, one small foot pointing out, her face pink with excitement. Mack entered gingerly. Everything in the room was running queerly around him. In an open drawer was an indescribable collection of rubbish, paints, bits of string, sketches, little clay figures, water colours of trees, boats, animals; he rummaged through them wordlessly, young Roy looking on. The child on the table jumped

down and ran to her brother's side. They stood holding hands, united to do battle. Mack turned to his son, his mind was still not quite clear.

"What's all this, Roy?"

The boy looked shyly at him.

"I'm going to be a painter, Dad" he gulped out with a brave smile.

Mack stooped and looked into his son's face, he felt he had never seen him before. He touched his hair. An answering smile came to his face.

"Yes son, so you shall" he murmured, adoring him.

R. MIRZA

“Is this the best age to be alive in”?

IS this the best age to be alive in? Wise men or cynics tell us that all valuation is a matter of comparison. Perhaps that is the principle on which dilettantes conduct their “affaires de cœur,” and the man with the most standards of comparison can give the most correct valuation. However that may be, let us apply the principle here. To find the value of this age, let us seek for the wisdom or comfort of past ages.

We know now that the first human being was evolved at some time in the Miocene age, *not* in the celebrated Garden of Eden. At that time enormous dinosaurs, eighty feet long, with three eyes, existed; and fairy tale dragons explored the atmosphere on leathery wings; and the seas were crowded with strange long-necked ichyosaurus, akin to their modern descendant in Loch Ness. No dainty little birds as we have now, but enormous monstrosities, twenty-five feet across, with large teeth. A crude world, filled with what looks to us like the first blundering attempts at creation. Man must then have been very simian, and “nature was red in tooth and claw.” Would I like to be covered with a shaggy coat of hair, go about unwashed, with my finger-nails uncut, and be the proud possessor of a receding chin, and very business-like teeth? Live in a damp cave, when ice cream and caviare were yet to be discovered? Have no love for anybody, conscious only of the more primitive emotions of hunger and revenge? Man must have his feet out of place in that ancient world, literally a fish out of water, a puny defenceless creature, reaching up to the knees of the night-mare animals that ruled the earth. No, it is not an attractive picture.

Then, leaving millions of years between, coming to the time of the historic “civilised” man: would I like to have

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been a Viking? Blonde giants, strong, fierce, ruthless, terrible, living as pirates on the northern seas, the dread of more peaceful people, with the skull and cross-bones flying at my mast—at home on the stormiest waves—Odin and Valhalla the goal of my life? No, I have no bullying tendencies.

Coming to the time of William of Normandy, was not any woman, in that age of chivalry, over sixty, if she were ugly enough, very likely to be drowned as a witch after undergoing a little torture first, to enable her to welcome the next world in a more tranquil frame of mind? As for rebels, eye-sight was apparently not of much consideration, as it was the commonest thing in the world to deprive a man of his eyes, and then leave him to wander in the forest. Rebellious wives, of high standing even, were not surprised to find themselves in the dog kennel for the night, after a painful acquaintance with their lords’ cave-man methods: Life would not have been so bad for the Normans, secure in their castles, enriched with Saxon gold, but to be a Saxon, with loss of lands, mutilation and death waiting round the corner was a different thing. So much for “Merry England.”

Take the Elizabethan era. Queen Elizabeth had the monopoly of all the good-looking men, married or single; so it was not much fun if you were not Queen Elizabeth. Women had a thin time in her reign. Then, if you were unlucky enough to belong to the lower orders nosilks or satins in *your* wardrobe, however rich you were. They were only for high-born dames. For you the good old homely coarse dull stuffs that come back from the wash smiling. Would I like to have met the immortal Bard, and those who made England “a nest of singing birds”? It would have been interesting doubtless to hear Will Shakespeare (or Bacon?) declaim:

“Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.”

If you were at court, you would have to feed the jealous Queen's vanity, always taking care to be a shade less brilliant than Gloriana: if buried in rustic seclusion, well, you were very effectively buried.

What of the Georgian days—when ladies wore crinolines and beauty spots, and candle-light was the only light to appear in, so that everyone always looked young and beautiful; when romance was written with a capital R, and Sir Percy Blakeney a national hero. When stately minuets were the order of the day, and coaches rolled along the king's highway. No, the atmosphere was too soft, too cloying.

Take the French Revolution. Suppose I were one of those human beings turned animal, with the tricolour as my badge, knitting eternally, counting the heads as they dropped. Dreadful thought! Should I like to have been one of those courageous souls who died boldly, atoning at the last for their misused lives? Egotism hesitates here. Do we not all like to play a difficult part well, heroically? Especially after life has given us of its best. But why end painfully. Let us look for something more peaceful and not so messy as the guillotine.

How about the Victorian Age: the Golden Age: the Good old Days: when furniture was solid, and so were bodies, and bank accounts, and a man was accused of losing his appetite if he could only manage a paltry twelve course dinner, while the more valiant trencherman on his left rises with a feeling of "something accomplished, something done" after the twenty-fourth dish? Those were the days of security. Nobody questioned anything much. People had fixed ideas about God and morality, their duty to their neighbour and the life in the world to come was beautifully complete with its lake of brimstone awaiting those who wander from the truth, and demons and angels according to one's deserts. Darwin had just begun to blaze

the trail of evolution, but he was not fashionable as yet. People were happier, because, knowing less, they desired less. Old folk dozed in country villages, the well-to-do drove abroad in their carriages, and peace brooded over the land; would I have liked that? It was certainly the easiest time to live, not gallantly, but still like the birds, peacefully, in sleepy content, which is, after all, a consideration.

Coming to modern days, speed, discontent, upheaval; the age of unrest, of brilliant discoveries, of agnosticism or indifference, of infant prodigies, and Bernard Shaw and Michael Arlen, of film stars, talkies, radio, dictaphones, endurance contests, hikers, jazz, gangsters, cocktails, nudists, stunts, and a Good Time the be-all of existence. A crazy world, yet with all the old immortal courage of the human race more than ever manifest. In this age it became possible to experience the thrill of driving a racing car round the Brooklands track, or mounting into the blue in an ump-teen horse power Moth, or talking to a friend a million miles away; or descending to the ocean floor to view the Sea-king's palaces, or going from London to lunch in Paris. A healthy age, when physical powers count for something—no stagnant blood here.

The Great War was not a good time to live through, even if at the time you were unaffected by it. What of the legacy of desolate homes, and mutilated bodies and minds of the few who returned? Later, soaring prices, and world unrest, revolutions, reparations. Nobody would voluntarily choose to be alive then, even though millions played the part of heroes unobtrusively. Undoubtedly one of the most difficult times to live in. It has the biggest prizes to offer to the few who succeed, and much misery for those less than mediocre. It tends to develop the highest faculties in man, and also the lowest. It is no age for cowards or weaklings. It is a case of survival of the fittest. A cruel age,

What of the future? Say a million or more years hence when it will be a "brave new world." Babies will be born in test-tubes, parental love will therefore be extinct; there will be no mortality as we understand it to-day. We will have no love for anybody, because science will prove it to be such a waste of emotion, and life is so much easier without emotional complications. Nobody will ever look aged, and there will be no diseases, as the cure for everything including old age, will have been discovered. There will be no discontent with one's lot, and the maximum of efficiency, because of the alpha, beta and gamma men, ideal men for ideal jobs. A thoroughly scientific world, cold and inhuman, with no difficulties anywhere. We, who live in this scientific age, which will lead us most surely to Huxley's "brave new world" feel thankful that it is not an actuality.

On the whole, I like the Victorian age best; the age when life was so simple and comfortable, when most people could live without putting forth any extraordinary effort; the age when psycho-analysis was not universal, and ignorance was bliss.

MISS VAUGHAN

The Indian Science Congress, 1935*.

HAVING been connected with the Indian Science Congress ever since its inception about twenty-two years ago, I have developed a peculiar attachment to it and its call for me now is quite irresistible. The recent Calcutta session of the Congress was its twenty-second meeting and it was a particularly important one in more ways than one.

For one thing, it was the occasion when it attained its majority having completed its 21 years of existence. For another it was the fourth return of the Congress to the city of its origin, Calcutta. And further, at this session, the recent controversy about the organisation of an all-India scientific body, corresponding to the Royal Society of London, had to be settled once and for all. The Congress, at its last session, had already appointed a committee to go into this question and report at its next meeting. The labours of this committee had resulted in the proposal of a National Institute of Sciences for India. Their report had to be considered and adopted at this meeting and steps taken to inaugurate this great scientific institute which is, in some measure, to control and direct the working of the many other scientific bodies in India.

To the young men who have not known much about the Indian Science Congress, I would suggest a reading of the article I wrote a couple of years ago in an issue of our college magazine. There I have briefly traced the history, growth and development of this great national scientific organisation, which sets out to do for Indians what the British Association for the Cultivation of Science is doing for the British. In a short period of twenty years, its effect

* Abstract of a lecture delivered before the Presidency College Physics Association by Dr. H. Parameswaran,

on the development of scientific research in India has been marvellous.

The adverse effect of the great distances in our country preventing young research workers meeting one another for mutual consultation or exchange of ideas was seen in the poor attendance in the first few Congresses which were pretty local affairs with but a sprinkling of scientists from outside. Gradually, a very welcome change set in. Realising the enormous advantages secured by such an annual meeting of scientists to the institutions established in the various provinces and the programme of work pursued in them, the Governments, the Universities and other public bodies came to the aid of their scientists by deputing their heads of departments and others to attend these meetings on duty. Such a concession has not been in force in recent years owing to retrenchment, and it is unmistakably acting as a set-back in some measure to the progress of scientific work. The number of papers which grew from about seven in 1914 for the physics section to well over 125 in 1929 has gone down to about eighty this year. The actual attendance of delegates is now less than 50% of what it was in the past.

These disconcerting facts notwithstanding, the importance of this Congress and the multifarious functions it discharges for the benefit of the country cannot be over-estimated. For the young aspirant in scientific research, it is the surest way of coming into personal contact with veteran scientists and the details of their work in this wide continent of ours. It is the surest way whereby people and workers of the locality in which the Congress is held, can be brought into personal contact for discussion of matters of common scientific interest having such large bearings on the progress and advancement of the country. It is to secure this advantage that the meeting place of the Congress is changed from year to year on the invitation of Governments, Universities and public bodies who are prepared to

extend to it a special invitation combined with financial support and local hospitality for the delegates and members of the Congress.

It was fitting that this important session should be opened by His Excellency the Viceroy. His Excellency the Governor of Bengal was also present representing the head of the provincial administration. The General President was Dr. Hutton, I.C.S., Commissioner in Assam. This might cause you some surprise and might require an explanation. Dr. Hutton, though a civilian, has found time to conduct extensive investigations in the science of Anthropology, a science which, dealing with human origin, development and relationships, claims to be the father of all sciences. He is a recognised authority on this subject and naturally his presidential address dealt at great length with the development of this new science and its scope in India. The initial portions of his address referred to the recent controversy about the location of the scientific academy for India and how its happy solution was in sight. This address and the respective presidential addresses of the various sections are difficult to summarise. It may, however, interest you to know that the President of the Mathematics and Physics sections, Dr. Sen, Professor of Mathematics in the University College of Science at Calcutta, dealt with the development of modern theoretical physics and its limitations. In the section of physics many were the papers read and they covered a very wide range. There were papers on the Behar earthquake; on seismographs intended for dealing with such violent shocks at close range; discussion on a theory of optical grinding developed by me, discussions on the acoustics of auditoria, especially the correction of the newly constructed and projected legislative council halls. Also there were many abstruse mathematical papers. The engineering problems associated with irrigation in the flat tracts of Bengal with rivers having a tendency to shift their courses periodically, and

the stability of dams and weirs in the irrigation schemes of the Punjab were also discussed. There were discussions on the proposal for a River physics laboratory to study such problems experimentally and it indicates how problems of such vital economic interest to our agricultural country are not forgotten in the midst of so much of other discussions, abstract and scientific.

The several symposia covering topics of common interest between several sciences, such as the one on the Behar Earthquake, college courses in Zoology and Biology, vitamins, photo chemistry and cellulose chemistry, represent a very useful aspect of the activities of the Congress. Advantage was also taken of the presence of so many scientists from all over India to make them give popular expositions of their special studies to occupy the evenings. Thus Prof. Venkatesachar of Bangalore lectured on the structure of the nucleus, Mr. Evans of the Burma Oil Company, Assam, gave a lecture on the quest for oil and Dr. Dunmcliffe of the Punjab lectured on chemistry and customs, a field where science controls so much of the revenues of the state.

While the mornings and evenings were thus devoted to discussions of scientific topics the afternoons were devoted to excursions and visits to institutions of great scientific value. Thus we visited the Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, the Alipore Observatory and the offices of the *Statesman* with its most up-to-date organisation and machinery. They are great eye-openers in that they show how the very practical requirements of the world are so much based on science and how the so-called educated unemployed of this country have quite a good future before every one of them if only they would unite and organise and try to use their education to run a trade or business based on their education instead of looking to earn salaries as petty clerks.

Sundays were occupied by excursions arranged to places of interest like Tata Nagar. The Bhadravati Iron

Works in Mysore and the Tata Iron Works in the north (the latter of more than ten times the magnitude of the Bhadravati Works) are institutes of which India may well be proud.

The end of this session witnessed the inauguration by His Excellency the Governor of the National Institute of Sciences as the Royal Society for India.

The prominent scientists of Calcutta entertained the visiting scientists of India at a farewell dinner at the Grand Hotel. A dinner is an excellent thing in itself, you know; it is surely more so when it brings together a large body of experts and keen workers as met at the Congress. And at the conclusion of the dinner, in the words of the President, Dr. Hutton, this Calcutta Science Congress was unanimously voted as "one damned good thing after another and all crowded into one short week."

Prose-Poems and Myself

I GAVE out one of those 'hooghs' of mine, long-drawn aspirated groans, and wished that coming friends, like coming events, had cast their shadows before.

It was a very annoyed and pained Tirumadam Runganayagam Goblee that wished so. Being an astute adherent to the maxim,

A full ten hours' sleep a day
Keeps the expensive doctor away,

I had retired to bed the previous night fully determined to sleep away thirteen hours. So you can imagine what fierce disconcertment it should have been for me when early in the next morning I was virtually dragged out of sleep by the sun popping in, and the hawkers literally bellowing away their wares (that's, I suppose, what they do when they cannot sell them away); not to speak, of course, of my own faithful dog who thought it just the moment to collect all the gratitude its species was capable of and treat its master to one or two of its best Orphean strains. The very elements appeared to be in an unholy conspiracy against me. Frightfully benign thing,—I concluded—this Destiny which shapes your ends, (taking, of course, good care you never attain those which you shape for yourself) and deposes these agencies to wake people up. And I was in the act of reconciling myself to it, when, all of a sudden, I felt a twinge in my ears that sent me doubting whether the youngest of the Goblees was on the verge of eternity. I turned round on my bed only to see Ramanujam standing behind, just on the verge of trying a second pinch on my ears—that was his way of greeting me. Then it was that I wished that coming friends had cast their shadows before and thrown us thus on our guard against these intensely

physical methods of salutation. But wishes apart, the Goblee blood in me was pushing me on to return Ramanujam's greeting in the very fashion in which it had been offered me; and I would have yielded to the impulse had not Ramanujam grinned one of those captivatingly impressive grins of his, which repeatedly remind me that Grin in old English means a noose.

So I had to content myself with a mild 'Stop it, I say; what's about, Ramanujam?'

This Ramanujam and his history tempt description. I had been speaking of friends casting their shadows before; well, if Ramanujam had cast his shadow before, it would not have been a very considerable one. For, as I have always held, when Ramanujam was created, either the Creator was in one of his most parsimonious moods or He wanted to supply an exact antithesis to the 168 pounds of adiposity which the world called Runganayagam Goblee. Just the last man to be a station-master, you would conclude when you meet him. Yet Nature delights in paradoxes as passionately as G. K. Chesterton does; so there was Ramanujam absolute master, for a fairly long time, of a railway station—just one of those minor stations where their masters appear to be dowered with a degree of omnipotence high enough to set the Almighty a trifle uneasy; where they issue and collect tickets, keep accounts, blow whistles, wave flags and perhaps—and I'm not sure here—if there's time, see your luggage home. Ramanujam was sufficiently omnipotent but he was absent-minded and an absent-minded station-master as we all know is a standing menace to humanity; two or three incidents served to bring home to the authorities that this generalisation could apply to Ramanujam very well. And result—Ramanujam has returned to his home close by mine and, having got nothing else to do, is present in my study as perpetually as his mind is absent from himself—till I have begun to seriously doubt whether Christ was joking after

all when he asked us to love our neighbours. My neighbour was at any rate what people would call a *lusus naturae*, a *rara avis*, one of those things on heaven and earth (not to mention a third region which suggests itself here) which are more than dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy; the reason is, Ramanujam has something perennially up his sleeve. Early in the morning at six, you would find him descending on you, like an avalanche fresh from the Kinchinjunga heights, stuffed to the full with J. P. C. Report, Provincial Autonomy, the Communal Award, the Reserve Bank, the Upper Chamber—till you are led to think of the lower chamber (of the universe I mean) and why Ramanujam has so long been kept out of it. If you care to meet him two hours later (I'm only suggesting a possibility, not at all advising anybody to do it), you would find him literally smothering you with talk of D. R. Jardine, bodyline bowling and the Ashes. So when I asked Ramanujam whether anything was about, the question was absolutely needless. I was sure something was about, as it always was, and waited with trembling expectations of anything between Semiramis and Herr Hitler being flung at me.

This time he had pitched upon Tagore.

"Ever read Tagore, Runga?"

"No, not yet."

"No? Your lot amuses me, Runga" and he amused me, when he suddenly drifted into one of those emotionalisms of his. "He is a marvellous poet, Runga, this Tagore. Do you know how many hearts are beating to-day in answer to his whispering notes?"

"Absolutely no idea. Frightfully nice of you, you know, to refer these things to me. But so very sorry. I can't help you to any information as to how many....."

But the caravan passed on.

"... And how many of his works precipitating revolutions and revolutions in the world's thought?"

The Goblees never did stomach any cross-examination, when it was not by lawyers: neither was the youngest of the Goblees going to do so.

"Look here, Ramanujam, I'm no statistician, none of the Goblees is, and so don't go on flinging questions at me as to how many....."

"... His prose-poems have ..."

Prose-poems! All the 168 pounds of Tirumadam Ranganayagam Goblees gave a start, so spasmodic and violent, that even the cot, as phlegmatic as old Ramasastriar next door, couldn't help catching its contagion. Here was something more mundane, more handy, more amenable to the grasps of the Goblees understanding, than bodyline bowling and the Reserve Bank. Prose-poetry! Why, I was connected with it in more ways than one. On one occasion when in the High Schools I had actually collared a prize by standing first in an English prose-and-poetry test; (for further particulars apply to the chap who sat next to me in the examination hall).

"Did you say prose-poetry, Ramanujam?"

"Yes." The emphasis in the reply was heavily loaded, for the eagerness obvious in my question had warmed him up considerably. "Yes, prose-poetry in the highest sense and application of the term."

And then they came, the long expected showers; discourses on Tagore, Nobel-prize, prose-music, etc., etc., one coming close at another's heels, nay, one trampling on another. And when he wound them up, it was not without a parting bomb-shell. Ramanujam had written a prose-poem himself and would I mind going through it and giving him an opinion? I remained silent, as the Goblees always do when they are undecided; and that was more than enough for Ramanujam. *Qui tacet consentit*. He went away leaving behind with me the paper containing the prose-poem.

I fell back on my cot, the paper still in my hands. The poem obviously was meant for the usual addressee of such pieces and abounded in sentiments like 'For ever I seek thee and for ever thou eludest me,' 'Thou art like the immortal stars that smile on us from the cloudy screens above,' 'The passing sounds and the passing lights of the skies play round thee.' If anything was seriously intended to be understood by this, well, I didn't understand it—The Goblees are never reputed for any literary predilections. I placed the paper beside the letter I had just the previous night written at my uncle's instance to my cousin, inviting her to our midst for Christmas.

I did not forget the letter, when I called at the Post Office that afternoon—in fact, I was destined never to forget it for the rest of my life.

Three days passed and Ramanujam, having veered round to other topics, prose-poetry became a thing of the past—and then all of a sudden it rose from its ashes in a way which sent me wishing that the ashes had lain thicker over it.

Early in the morning, on the third day, I was summoned to my uncle's presence. The most remarkable thing about my uncle is his wordy wisdom which supplies the surest disproof of the maxim, *verbum sapienti sat est*. He had Burke and Macaulay in his School Final Class. They influenced his life in two ways: (1) They repeatedly stranded him in his examinations; (2) they set the fashion for his way of speaking. So, when I entered his room, I was perfectly prepared for a dose or two of Burke.

"I should really confess, Runga, that I am immensely pleased," he began this time with more of Swift than Burke, "to perceive you are not at all slow in developing these accompaniments of youth—so immensely pleased indeed that I am at a loss to find how I can express my gratification. For

instance the most amorous epistle you wrote the other day to your cousin,....."

The words absolutely baffled me. "I don't under....."

".....instead of inviting her as I wanted you to do..."

"But, Sir,....."

".....has afforded her so much matter for enjoyment that she has generously offered me a share in the experience by sending it back to myself. I appreciate that it makes very entertaining reading and hope very much that you would continue to write letters of the type so that some Sunday we can have a hearty laugh over them. I am enamoured of this exquisite though rather humiliating comparison to cinema-actresses: "Thou art like the immortal stars that smile on us from the cloudy....."

And then it dawned on me, the disaster that had happened. What I enclosed in the cover must have been the prose-poem instead of the letter! And for the first time in the long history of the Goglees, one of them was absolutely non-plussed and could only mutter.

"But you see, Sir, I didn't write it."

"You forget your own doings, my dear boy. You will see, this is your writing." And I remembered—Ramanujam's hand didn't differ much from mine. Great hands, like great minds, had agreed, and agreed with a vengeance!

"Very well, my Runga, apart from a discussion as to the authorship of the letter, I am sure you have come across what Burke has said,—that love thrives best when poverty keeps it company.* And so I propose to reduce by two-thirds the monthly allowance I was making you.

* I suppose Burke must have said it privately to my uncle. You never would find any such sentiment mentioned in his writings or speeches.

"But, I"

"None of your buts, please. You may leave me," and I was motioned out. There was absolutely no convincing him. For once I retired vanquished, *magna nominis umbra*.

I dashed straight to Ramanujam but my best efforts could not bring him round to recollect the prose-poetry affair; he remembered doing nothing of the sort. Loss of memory and absent-mindedness with a message for the world, I concluded.

And next time anybody talks in my presence of Tagore and prose-poems, sure as anything, there are going to be plenty of black eyes on the spot.

P. N. KRISHNA RAYAN
(III English Honours)

Depression.

BACK number. The phrase pleased him immensely. It expressed exactly his present estimate of himself as well as where his face value stood at as he trudged wearily down the concrete pavement. Back number—he repeated the expression a second time, struck with its melancholy import. The world had no use for him any longer. Since Mr. Feroz Mehta had knitted his brows twelve hours ago and given him notice, he had been knocked out from the world of active existence and cast into a nameless huddle among the maimed, the unwanted, the superannuated—the back numbers.

He lit his last cigarette, with little warmth inside him. For once he felt he hated cigarettes. Stupid, unsavoury stuff—that was what they were. Ugh! He threw the half-smoked stump on the asphalt and watched it die out. Then he dug his hands inside his trousers pocket and thought of killing himself.

It was no good killing oneself, he concluded next. The game wasn't worth the candle. One merely went off like a damp cartridge, kicking up a lot of nasty dust behind one—that was all. Then the policemen and press-paragraphs, the *post mortem*—it was just stupid and silly, sentimental into the bargain. He wouldn't commit suicide.

He raised his eyes from the pavement and allowed them to loiter around him. He put them down disgusted. The prospect was not an unpleasant one—it was late in December, a moonlit night, when the pallid light came filtering through silk-cotton clouds and settled as a thin fog on the crests of the unsymmetrical commercial buildings that flanked either side of the Mount Road. Here and there where the shop-fronts receded and gave place to patches of unravished soil, knots of palm or fern danced weird ghost-dances to the tune of the evening breeze. The view was by no means bad; it was good for Madras and

passable for any other place; in a different mood Shyam Sunder Rao had tried to sketch it. But to-night, the whole thing seemed to him stupid and silly, silly and stupid, just one lump of absurdity.

He slackened his pace and walked on along the pavement. To his right all was bustle and glitter and electric lights; knick-knack shops, furniture marts, hair-dressers' saloons, camera and gramophone stores, all put on glamorous, seductive smiles and seemed to invite him inside. On the pavement itself the scene was quite different. Swarms of dust-smeared, reeking beggars—gipsies, lepers, the lame, the blind, the palsied—all the thousand and one tenants of gutterdom—crouched like a region of bacilli, a myriad plagues. The stench from their rotten linen, their cooking pots and bundles of rags, and their decomposing flesh stole into the air and sat heavy upon it like a nightmare, mocking at the painted glamour ahead of them and challenging civilization. Shyam Sunder shrank from them filled with abhorrence. "Rotten," he murmured to himself, "Damned rotten."

He stopped at a crossing where the pavement broke and somebody's statue lifted its unshapely head into the air. Mount Road's traffic crashed past him in a whirlwind of light and laughter. Automobiles just went mad—they were drunk with the speed craze and they whizzed and whirred, creaked and hooted, swished and screamed, finally hurtling into the blue distance. The glare of their headlights shot into the sky like comet-trails. Happy heads peered out from inside the crashing cars and jeered at Shyam Sunder. A little ahead of him where the road branched into a side-street, the trams rumbled and groaned, veered their ponderous lengths about with grating squeals, then crawled away like monster millipedes. Shyam Sunder tore his glance away from them with a feeling of disgust growing into nausea, physical as well as mental.

Things happened around him. A couple of steno-

grapher girls in tight, monstrosly-frilled fripperies and one-eyed hats flitted past him on push-bikes. They ogled the spruce young philosopher and tittered when they found he wasn't "game for it." A baby bounced in from nowhere, a gusty peal of feminine laughter dashed rudely against his face, then the baby vanished into space. But Shyam Sunder Rao noticed neither the ogling nor the baby. His brain had begun to seethe and kindle. And his thoughts shut him up within himself.

Mehta was a cad, he half murmured to himself under his breath. To have sent him away like that, to have hurled him down to rotterdam from a fat branch-manager-ship when all the while he had thought his foothold firm and secure, to have cut his raw hopes to the bone in the twinkling of an eye—it was done like none but a cad. Mehta was a cad. So was everybody. The world was a cad—

But then.

He thought again and decided Mehta was not a cad. He couldn't help it. It was the Depression. It was the terrible thing they called the Depression. Business was dull; rivalry was rife; standing firms were going to the dogs. Mehta couldn't help it; Mehta was a brick. It was the Depression. Damn the Depression. Damn everything.

The automobiles whizzed and whirred, their partial silencers damning the stillness. The tram-cars dragged their unwieldy lengths volleying and thundering, booming and squealing. Humanity hurried by with the tired look of anticipation and unfulfilment in its every gesture. The city lights blinked in the December darkness. Shyam Sunder trotted on, without spirit and without aim, just drifting like a scrap of feather-weight paper, damning everything and everybody.

He tried to peer into the future, but he could as well have peered into the nebulous night-sky. The future was

blank, infernally blank. Rather, there was no future. And there was no past. The past was dead, the future was unborn, shadowy, nebulous. Only the present lived. And the present said, dinned unmusically in his ear, from a thousand corners, he was a back number. The automobiles blared it, the trams volleyed it, the shop-fronts flashed it with a thousand electric lights, even the intermittent gusts of wind moaned it.

To try for a new place was next to impossible, he saw that clearly. Nobody would entertain his services; if they did at all, their compensations would be thin, paltry tinsel of a kind he would not deign to accept. To contemplate a common clerk's job with its attendant horrors of surveillance and late hours, immediately after the City branch-managership of Messrs. Frankland & Shutterworth's Commercial Insurance and the second floor of Rohil Mansion with fans and liveried office-boys galore, was something in the nature of an anti-climax—and Shyam Sunder banished all thoughts of it from his mind. Even in the darkest of glooms, his head stood as straight on his neck then as ever; and he determined he would not sell himself cheap. But what was he to do with himself? The question was nonplussing, it transcended his capacities of answering, and confronted him like the Infinity in mathematics. Self-destruction was out of the question; it was not at all in his line. On the other hand, the outlook ahead of him was like the December gloom—undefined and indefinable. The puzzle came and fixed itself on him more bitterly than ever: what was he to do with himself?

He looked at the sky, the damp stars, the street-lights, the shop windows, the crazy automobiles. He looked everywhere and tried to distract himself. But his thoughts swam in a vicious circle, coming to a dead halt every now and then: what was he to do with himself?

* * * * *

He stepped into a picture house to avoid the question.

A dance revue was the night's boosted attraction. The screen was packed from beginning to end with waltz and mazurka, mazurka and waltz, hugging and kissing, brazen men and brazen women, chorus girls who trilled and danced like butterflies, showing as much of themselves as the censorship would permit, and exulting in what they call the joy of life. Shyam Sunder left the theatre during the interval. The whole show got on his nerves. He felt ashamed. The joy of life seemed to him just a decent label for indecency. The chorus girls drove him mad; they were not human, he felt, but nimble bits of waltz. The music grated on his tympanum; there was no soul in the music but a transient dazzle as bare as the chorus girls..... Then out of the dancing and the lilting, the herds of breathless men and women, paraffin men and plaster-of-paris women, the question faced him once again: what was he to do with himself?

He ran away from it. The night air hovered about him, cold and clammy. He entered a café adjoining the picture house and spent his last bit of silver on a drink

He entered the road once again, tottering on his feet. Already things began to reel before his vision. The street light nearest him became two, then a blurred dazzle of multitudinous images. The traffic swam by him as self-important as ever, shrieking in twenty different sharps and flats. Only now the automobiles seemed to reel and arrange themselves for a dance. And they danced gay, fast-moving, brilliant dances—waltz and mazurka, mazurka and waltz and quadrille and something else.

Shyam Sunder watched them dance, then drop out one by one. A strange hush was creeping over the road. He glanced at his watch—it wanted three minutes to ten. The rumbling of the trams had ceased and the blare of hooters sounded more individual. With the calm that came back to the world, Shyam Sunder's senses returned to him; and with them the query that had turned into a conundrum, the

query that was beyond cinemas and drink: what was he to do with himself?

He dragged himself, depressed and desolate, feeling crushed all over. A dead weight lay on his soul. A remoteness from life and the world around him, a far-away feeling he could not strictly define took possession of him. And somewhere from the depths of his being, he heard a voice clamour: what was he to do with himself?

He tramped till the tramping became a habit. Somehow he felt his weariness would never end. For a second time he contemplated suicide, but his inmost heart seemed proof against all lure of it. His depression grew into wretchedness, his wretchedness sublimed into frenzy. He wished something would *happen*

Then the big Something, the strange irony that seals men's fates and strikes ere they can stop to parry or parley, cut the Gordian knot and solved the problem that had baffled him so long.

It happened in a flash—a romantic Tommy, none the better for a bad boozing, came tottering down the road arm-in-arm with a powdery sweetheart. Shyam Sunder watched the couple without interest. Then he heard a piercing shriek: and simultaneously was aware of a monster sedan come tearing at them from behind. Quick as thought, he realized the peril in which the two of them stood. He dashed ahead, caught them both by the shoulders and shoved them aside out of reach of the juggernaut. But he had manipulated a trifle wrongly. He shot back but was too late.....There was a crash—a jar of brakes—a groan—a jargon of shrieks. And Shyam Sunder Rao lay in a huddle, caught under the wheels—dead.

* * * * *

The newspapers called it tragedy. But newspapers never *understand*.

P. S. NATARAJ SARMA
(III Hons. Chemistry)

The Rosary

IN the city of Washington there lived three of America's foremost men. Each was a king in his own line. There was Alfred Gordon, America's Iron king; Thomas Wakefield, the Railroad magnate; and James Masefield, the famous electrician, who is gratefully remembered by every housewife, for his inventions which reduced the drudgeries of the kitchen. These three men had been college-mates and close friends. They had married their own class-mates, a thing that is not uncommon in America. They lived close to one another and paid visits as often as time permitted.

At the time this story begins, Alfred Gordon had an only son named after him, Thomas Wakefield an only son James, and James Masefield an only surviving daughter christened Juanita. These children were heirs to vast fortunes and were regarded as exceedingly fortunate among their numerous friends. They would spend their holidays together each summer in California and play on the beach there making sand castles and 'keeping house.' Sometimes Alfred would be the host while James would be the guest, and they would take it by turns and on every occasion Juanita would be the mistress. Very often there would be little rubs, as is often the case with children, and James being the stronger would claim Juanita as his wife at which poor Alfred could only stand by with watery eyes. These quarrels Juanita could never stand, and she would pacify them only by just throwing her arms around their necks, kiss them and say she would be little wife to both. These happy and childish delights sank deep into their minds and were among their most cherished memories when they grew up.

They went to the same school, and being about the same age, were in the same class. They would return home

together and have their games together. As they grew older, they owned their cars and it was a real delight for the boys to wait for Juanita every day, put her in one of their cars, start the engine, and take her out for drives. Their school career over, they entered college and the boys vied with each other in various games. They represented the Stars and Stripes at the Olympic games and brought credit to their college. They did this as much for their college as for the girl friend who watched them now with more critical eyes.

A year passed with unalloyed joy and there was nothing to desire in their round of life when one day they re-read Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*. They were surprised to see how very similar their own situation was. The calf-love they experienced so long for Juanita now burst into a deeper passion for her. It was the usual habit for the three to meet and leave together after college but this day the boys did not meet, as if by design. Each went home as quickly as possible and shut himself up. Poor Juanita had to go home unaccompanied. Thinking over it she was soon conscious of a heavy feeling of oppression, for the story of *Enoch Arden* had moved her too, and she recollected she saw her friends visibly moved. She went home preparing her heart for an ordeal which somehow she felt she would soon have to face.

She was now a beautiful girl with rosy cheeks, wonderful lips and a pair of eyes which were veritable enchanting pools of light. She had a face which showed a smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts and calm desires, but more than all, she was so natural and free from self-consciousness. No wonder then she was loved so much. It was impossible to say whom she loved more, but if you had to say it, she probably leaned more to James Wakefield not because his name ended in 'field' like hers, but because he reminded her of her favourite hero, Abraham Lincoln.

Alfred and James spent a sleepless night. Each was

revolving in his mind the best way to win her. They were certain on one point, that their large fortunes would not influence her at all. Juanita was not of the type to marry for money. She had dollars enough and to spare. To her happiness was not money but love. If Alfred could beat James it was by his millions. James, on the other hand, who was stronger than Alfred, was certain that if it was a question of using his fists he would be the winner. But she was too refined a girl to love brute strength. He had an idea that Juanita had a softer feeling for him than for Alfred and all he had to do was to speak out his love and she would be his. He started out early next morning to be the first to meet her. It chanced that he and Alfred both met at the same time and both stood under the portico of her house, in awkward silence, till Juanita came down and relieved the situation by welcoming them to her own room with her usual vivacious smile.

Now came the question of expressing their love for her. They felt it was no use falling on their knees and saying: "I give you this packet of pins for that's the way my love begins"—it was too bookish and un-American. Alfred put forward his claims first. He pleaded with her for some time and offered his wealth and everything he possessed if only Juanita would consent to join her life with his. Her answer was: "There were two things which money cannot buy—LOVE and GENIUS." Turning towards James she asked: "Now, what have you to say, Jim?" "Nita dear," he said, "Ever since we read *Enoch Arden* I have been thinking how very similar our own love has been. I would walk through fire and water for you." Alfred broke in and asked her to remember how she had promised when they were young, she would be little wife to both. There was nothing now to prevent her from being big wife to both. In America there can be no bar to novel experiments in marriage and in the art of happiness. Juanita blushed at this quixotic idea and simply said: "We might have played

with such ideas in our minds, but can we play with them in our lives? No, I am still young and you must wait for some time till I can know my mind" to which James added: "Yes, time flies, youth flies, but LOVE can and will wait."

On a table close to her was the morning edition of *The American Times*, on the front page of which was splashed head-lines—"KINGSTONE'S BABY STILL MISSING—GOVERNMENT'S BIG REWARD FOR CLUE." She looked at the words almost lost in thought and said in her own frank way: "True, time flies, youth flies and love too can fly to help love. I offer myself to him who can bring some news of the babe and help the parents to find their child. Forget me for the time being, think only of the anguish to the grief-stricken parents. Let me see who flies fastest on this mission of love." Off they went and chartered special aeroplanes, equipped with the latest long-distance cameras and wireless sets and piloted by America's best airmen, for money was no consideration to these millionaire sons. They held the quest as noble as the prize lovely.

Alfred was fortunate in being able to take photographs of the stronghold where the bandits had hidden the child, and he wirelessly the news and his heart throbbed at the thought of winning Juanita as well. Obtaining all possible clues he set out on his return flight but met with disaster. There was engine trouble and the pilot to save his machine decided to find a landing place but anxious to get down sooner, Alfred gathered his photos and came down by parachute. He thought nothing of a broken limb for Juanita's sake and he leapt into space as lightly as he would have leapt into Juanita's lap. His parachute opened and he was descending splendidly when a high wind against which he was contending knocked him off his bearings and he fell unconscious. How long he remained thus he had no idea. When next he opened his eyes he was aware of Juanita's presence and her own room.

It took a considerable time for him to recover and he

stayed with her until he was able to get out of bed. The photos he took won for him the Government's reward and appreciation and one thing was needed to fill his cup of joy and that was Juanita. She was however on tenter-hooks. In the absence of these two young men she had come to realise whose face and figure haunted her more, for whose safety and victory her heart began to beat quicker. She knew she loved James more but it was Alfred who had won the prize and Alfred was a nervous wreck.

Alfred who had to remain quiet and not excite himself could not learn until he was strong enough to ask questions how he came to be in her house. His recovery was slow, and when he was allowed by the doctors to ask questions, he was told by Juanita herself how James returning unsuccessful had seen a half-wrecked 'plane caught amid thick bush. At imminent danger to his machine and the risk of his own life he searched the neighbourhood and found Alfred lying almost dead and badly injured. "To his horror he found it was you," she said, "you, his rival, with your photos. He brought you down here and for the past fourteen days you have hovered between life and death. Dear old Alf, there is something more I have to say, but—but—you must hear it from only Jimmy. No-no-not from Jimmy but from the doctor."

"What is it? what is it?" asked Alfred. She kept silent. Just then James came in and Alfred cried out his gratitude for saving him and asked what it was that troubled Juanita. "Come, what is it? I'll do anything for you for our friendship is not worth a cent if we cannot give and take."

The doctor called at this juncture and Alfred learnt he had cheated death but was permanently injured. He understood it all. He knew it would be a crime to saddle Juanita with a life-long invalid. That evening, as James and Juanita were seated on her spacious terrace, and he reclined on his bed which was brought out into the fresher air,

Alfred said: "I say, Jim, you have been mighty kind to me for which I have nothing to give you in return except my mere thanks. You know according to Juanita's promise I could claim her, but I know she loves you. I can see it. You know also the Doc.'s verdict—I can never be my old self again. Take her and may God bless you both; but grant me one wish however. Let me live here with you both." To this simple desire they agreed notwithstanding a pang of grief at Alfred's condition.

Alfred who had a musical turn of mind would pass the dreary hours playing on his guitar and many an evening he would sing to Juanita that wonderful song—THE ROSARY—the song that has wrung the hearts of those who have been in love:—

The hours I spent with thee dear heart
Are like a string of pearls to me,
I count them everyone apart
My Rosary, my Rosary.

J. MANOHAR RAO
(III Hons. English)

On Writing a Novel

THE task of writing a novel is one that should be received with enthusiasm by the idle, but literarily ambitious, rich. Properly exploited, it should prove commercially successful as well as (very occasionally) artistically satisfying. The qualifications are remarkably few—a fair financial backing, a tolerable command of words and an appreciation of the fundamentals of novel writing which I here propose to outline. The one principle to be borne in mind is that the completed novel should be financially successful. Artistic reputation automatically follows.

The foremost essential for a novel of this variety is a good jacket. By that I do not mean one with any pretensions to pictorial merit. The term 'good jacket' merely indicates a vivid aggregation of colour, a trifle risqué in places, but on the whole striking enough to grip the attention even if it does not command appreciation.

Conversely, the other side of the wrapper should be sententious, uplifting and grandiloquent in tone. The connection between it and the novel is invariably abstruse. Sometimes it is non-existent. But that is a matter of comparatively little consequence. Its chief purpose is to neutralise any perfectly natural suspicions created by the risqué suggestions of the cover and at the same time to consolidate the attention that the said risqué cover has so successfully won.

Prefaces should cover the entire panorama of the author's life with a passing reference to the author's (real or fictitious) writing ability. It is advisable that they be written by a person of some literary eminence, as it creates a successful atmosphere of authenticity. Further, there is always the danger that the author's own talents might not prove equal to the occasion.

We then arrive at the major part of the novel—the theme. Its selection should afford no difficulties as there are only three varieties in existence which are sufficiently practicable for commercial purposes. The first and most important concerns the hero (recognizable by his handsome profile) who meets the heroine (also recognizable by profile), about the middle of the third chapter and finds himself in the grip of an irresistible mutual attraction. Nearing the eighth chapter the “other man” ambiguously known as the wrong side of the eternal triangle makes his appearance and halts the attraction (or propulsion). In some cases he is so daring as to divert it to himself. As the twentieth chapter approaches, the wrong side of the eternal triangle is conveniently disposed of, the initial propulsion continues, and all is ready for the final clinch.

A variation is obtained by transforming the “other man” into the villain. He then falls into one of two distinct classes. Either he belongs to the suave, sinister brand complete with vicious gleam about the eyelids. Or he is of the taunting, raving, wax-moustached variety, (now out of date). His purpose invariably is to make the heroine scream. When crude in temperament he achieves this with a diverting imitation of his simian ancestors. If he sports a waxed moustache as hirsute adornment, he decides on the more practical method of confining her to a blazing cabin or the path of an approaching locomotive. Unfortunately the heroine is sometimes of the blasé type and accepts his locomotive with American innuendo. The only method then is to adopt vulgar, dramatic and perfidious insinuations against the hero. It has a surprising effect on blasé tear ducts. The screaming act continues for a dozen chapters after which the hero makes a fortuitous appearance and the villain either leaps through the window or conveniently intercepts a revolver bullet.

Some authors attempt to achieve originality by the elimination of the final clinch. This, however, has dis-

astrous results on the popularity of the work and the reader would be well advised to avoid it. Local colour may be achieved by setting the story in Alaska or the Belgian Congo and for a daringly “different” finale the heroine may be tied down in the path of an approaching glacier.

The next and hardly less important theme is the “Horror” or the “Who did it?” thriller. The setting is invariably a lonely building around which the wind whistles and whines in approved horror fashion. Corpses are discovered in odd corners of the lounge, a maniac makes his residence on the balcony, detectives are baffled, and it remains for the hero to bring the villain to justice and the story to a conclusion. The “Who did it?” type is almost identical in essentials, but the criminal, here, is the meekest-looking of the lot. In one respect perhaps it is allied to theme 1 as the attraction between hero and heroine still exists though with a lesser intensity. Comic relief is supplied by cockney servants and an asinine detective.

The third type of plot deals with the man who by his own efforts raised himself to power only to suffer defeat and disillusion in the final instalment. The attraction here is existent only in a very minor aspect and the clinch is conspicuous by its absence. In fact, the whole construction seems designed for the exclusively morbid temperament. But it has a surprising sale—one of the unexplainable fallacies of human nature.

In modern literature the villain is gaining an increasing reputation but the inexperienced author should not meddle with him. The problem of his making the heroine scream—literally or metaphorically—is one that requires perception, imagination and dramatic restraint.

After thus attaining a substantial commercial stability, the author should attempt a play “stimulating to the intellect.” For this it is necessary to obtain a quartette of problem plays, thoroughly dissect them, select the finer

passages, alter the locale, rename the characters, modify or emphasize the situations, and piece the result together with discreet additions. It should then be acclaimed a masterpiece of intelligence by the highbrowistic. Critical adulation on such a superlative basis does not indicate a commercial market for the novel in question, but has a far-reaching effect in other, and at this stage desirable, departments. It is instrumental in causing simpers and giggles among the élite of society, and the unstinted praise of every unfortunate with whom you come in contact. You then join the elect of humanity, elevate your chin, move your limbs through a series of unnatural attitudes, liberate a considerable quantity of emptiness on the universal subject of politics, and terminate the process by securing a free tramcar pass.

Lastly, whatever the novel or the playlet, it should never omit a scathing reference to Hitler or the J. P. C. Report. Display it in a prominent position and submit a copy to the higher Government authorities. The passage can be eradicated after the resulting censorship and newspaper headlines, which should help to increase the said novel's sales by a minimum margin of one hundred per cent.

B. RAJAN
(I Class)

“They played the game.”

The whistle blows—we talk no more.
We've come to see our forwards score.
Look at them now in blue and white!
They do present a pleasing sight.

The game begins, and all is still
Save those who have come to show their skill
With sticks—and feet, of course, at times—
But who are we to mark their crimes?

Ah! Here comes Kassim, quick and neat.
He flicks the ball from half-back's feet,
And Bhasker ever on th' alert
Just stops it past and does a spurt.

He worries half-backs one by one
Then passes deftly on the run
And C. K. takes it in his stride,
Then crack! alas! the ball goes wide.

Back goes the ball into our zone
Their “centre” gets it—not alone!
For Uthap's always in his way;
His “strokes” are beautiful to-day.

But hush! the ball is in our ring,
Their “centre” taps it to his wing.
He does not stop, hits from the marge,
But Damo's pads—and legs—are large.

The forwards rush our goal-mouth wide,
Still, Charlie's there at Damo's side.
He clears the field with hefty swipe
Of backs he is the proper type!

See now how Sampeth shifts the game.
 He is no Carr, but just the same
 He shows the crowd that he can fly,
 And pays no heed to Charlie's cry,

"Pass! Sampeth, Pass!" "He's on you, man."
 "Well, let him catch me, if he can,
 He does not know—it's not a dream—
 That I'll be in the Olympic Team."

The whistle blows—the game is o'er—
 And though our players failed to score,
 The honour's theirs, and not the blame,
 For, after all, they played the game!

Yes, though our men have lost the fight,
 They still present a pleasing sight.
 For in our eyes they're just the same
 And more—"They're men who played the game."

R. O. MCKENZIE
 (III B.Sc. Maths.)

A Visit to Krusadi Island.

THE advent of Nineteen Thirty-Five saw us busily engaged in preparing for an instructional tour to the South Krusadi Island, the paradise of the Naturalists. We all gathered at the S. I. R. station on the 2nd January '35 punctually at 10 A.M., fully equipped with bottles, spirits, narcotics and provisions to last for a week. Precisely at 11-45 A.M. just as the guard whistled, the Dhanushkodi Fast Passenger proudly steamed out of the station conscious of carrying the Presidites, who were luckily twelve in number, under the able guidance and command of our learned Professor Ramanathan.

The early hours of the 3rd January found us getting down from the train at Pamban whence we had to go by boat to the island. But before the boat was loaded with our luggage, we went along the shore making some collections and returned to get into the boat in time to set sail.

The blue waters of the sea dashing on the shores at our back, the distant Krusadi Island covered by palms in the front and the rolling waves striking against the pillars of the arches of the beautiful "Scherzer lift-bridge"—commonly known as the Pamban Bridge—to our right, filled us with a sense of the sublimity of the scene. Our journey by boat was very short; yet it was very pleasant and we enjoyed it to the full.

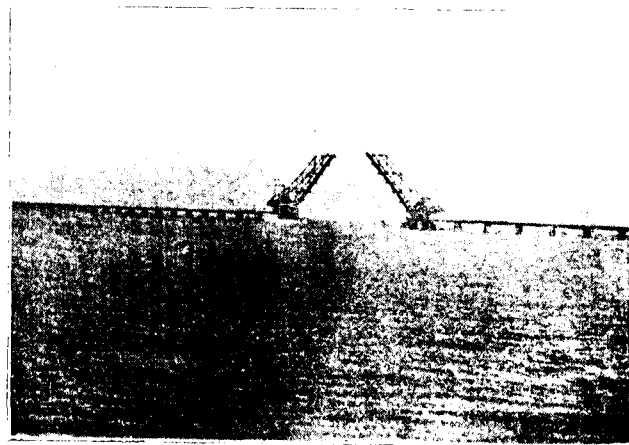
At the island we were received by the Research Assistant Mr. Peter Devadoss, who gave us a helpful hand throughout the tour, and it would not be out of place here to express our sense of gratitude to him. All the men of our party were comfortably lodged in the rooms of the Biological Research Laboratory and the ladies were accommodated in a separate pretty cottage not far from us,

Our routine of work at the island started with getting up from our beds, much against our inclination, early in the morning at about 5 A.M. The crimson herald of Nature spouting out of the eastern waters found us all ready—after our chota,—with bottles, buckets, chisel and hammer to go on our collection rounds. We used to return by 12 or 12-30, and after a refreshing sea-bath followed by lunch, we had a few hours of much-required rest to make us fit again to go on our strenuous collections after tea. Finishing our dinner by eight or half-past eight, we entertained ourselves a few hours with music and games.

During our stay of three days at the Krusadi we visited the Shingle Island, Watchman's Bay, Kuttikal Point and Pullivasal and made a good collection of Balanoglossus, Holothurians, Mollusc, Sea-urchins, Sea-anemones, Coloured fishes, Jelly fishes, Star fishes, Aplysia and a solitary eel.

Bidding good-bye to the island of the Naturalists on the 6th morning we went to Dhanushkodi. We were not lucky enough to have a bath at the sacred Sethu and wash off our sins, as that spot was about three miles from the Railway station, and we had no time to spare. The beach of the Indian Ocean at Dhanushkodi is plentifully strewn with multicoloured shells and coral tubes of a wondrous variety of form, and the imagination can easily comprehend the reason for its being called the "Ratnakara" (store of precious stones). After spending a few hours in visiting the magnificent pier, we left the place by the evening train for Rameswar, the island of the religious.

The great temple of Rameswar stands on a rising ground in the northern part of the island, the eastern tower of which is visible at a great distance, being a stone's throw from the shore of the shallow bay called the Agnitheertham. An exceedingly interesting and grand feature of this temple is the vast perambulatory corridor about 18 feet broad



THE PAMBAN BRIDGE.



WAITING FOR THE BOAT.



OUT COLLECTING.

running all round. This is called the third prakaram and may be said to enclose all the important shrines, holy waters and ponds within the temple creating an impression of grandeur and giving a definite unity of design to the whole. After paying our homage and due respects to God Ramanatha and Goddess Parvatavardhini, we purchased some of the coloured shell, conches, costly bracelets made of conch shells, baskets of palm leaf, and photographs of various parts and aspects of the temple which were exhibited in the picturesque shops in the side corridors of the temple.

The sculpture of this temple is not so remarkable as that of the Madura temple, either in subtlety of design or in neatness of execution; yet if it were proposed to select one temple which would exhibit all the beauties of the Dravidian style in their greatest perfection and at the same time exemplify all its characteristic defects of design, the choice would inevitably fall upon that of Rameswar. In no other temple has the same amount of patient industry been exhibited as here, and in none unfortunately, has that labour been so thrown away for want of a design appropriate to its display.

Leaving Rameswar we went to Ramnad, the capital of the Sethupathies, on the 7th evening. We were received at the station by the representatives of the Rajah and we stayed at his palatial guest-house. On the 8th morning we went to Thirupullanai and Keezhakerai and collected Pettella, Ascidians, Mytilus, Oysters, Aplysia, Mollusc and Sea-anemones. On our way back we visited the temple at Dharbasayanam. In the afternoon we went to Devipatnam and here on the seashore Rama, the hero of the *Ramayana*, is said to have installed nine stones for the nine planets who cast their influence on the destiny of man. Hence the place is also called Navapashanam. Here our collection was mainly concentrated on Physalia (Portuguese Manoeuvre) for we could get no other species and we

collected plenty of them and went back to Ramnad. After the day's tedious and strenuous work, we had complete rest for the night and left the place the next morning for Madura.

At Madura we stopped at the Travellers' Bungalow and among the places we visited were the grand Thirumal Naik's Palace, the beautiful Teppakulam, the American College, the Madura Mills where everything was explained to us by the various departmental heads, and last but not least, the famous Meenakshi Temple. Thanks to the pains taken by our host, Dr. Subramanian, in arranging for our stay at Madura, we experienced no difficulty at all in visiting the various places in the short interval of time we had at our disposal, and we left the place the same evening by the Trivandram Express, reaching Madras at 7-45 A.M. on the 10th.

What we learn within the four walls of our class-room lacks the reality of the experience of the outside world, and especially to the students of Natural Science, the knowledge they derive in their class-rooms is very insignificant when compared to what they gain from Nature during excursions because Nature is a better teacher of Biology. During the tour we visited not only places of educational importance but also places of religious and historical importance. So our trip was beneficial both to our body and soul.

P. C. R.

On the Pleasures of Letter-Writing.

I THINK of it as it might be (with apologies to Mr. Fowler), with a 'My dear—' at the beginning and a 'Yours sincerely' at the end, and a world of quips and cranks and pleasant ease connecting these two conventionalities. Letter writing is as natural to me as breathing; but to write for a magazine fills me with a sense of suffocation.

Perhaps it has something to do with the note paper; perhaps it is the publicity I fight shy of. My Parker Duofold which glides so gracefully over the pale blue 5748 Bond paper gets stuck on a sheet of foolscap. And then, when I think of those hundreds and hundreds of knit brows and cold, hard eyes—not that my readers have ever numbered anything near a hundred.....oh dear! *will* there be even a single one to read my stuff?

One of my earliest recollections is of writing a letter. That was when I was six years old. I had had a lovely time with my cousin in the village, and I wrote to him how grieved I was that it was all over. I am sure my note paper was wet with tears, and that my poor cousin cried a lot too, trying to decipher my crude and curious hand.

All my life I have had a mania for letter-writing. I remember I used to write long interminable letters in my Fourth Form to the class-mate who used to share my desk. I used to come nearly every morning with an envelope for him, and he, poor benighted soul, wondered what it was that I could not *tell* him in so many words. I remember once there was a marriage in his house to which he had not invited me. And I wrote to him, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' that his conduct was not all that it could have been, though I had to say it who perhaps should not. I warned him not to mistake my resentment for a mere unmanly craving for sweets and sugar-candy. And I concluded, *apropos* of heaven knows what, with a

lengthy quotation from Orison Swelt Marden (then my favourite), on Napoleon (then my hero), and the Battle of Waterloo (then my pet aversion).

That tendency has perhaps persisted. I still write letters to my friends, telling them occasionally with sad dignity what they should do. And I still manage to drag into my letters quotations from all my favourite authors, and if not Napoleon's three-cornered hat, then Mr. M. K. Acharya's turban. After all, what does it matter what peg you have? The hat (or the turban) is the thing.

A letter is the most personal thing in the world, but I doubt whether an entirely self-centred person ever wrote a good letter. These sentiments you are putting down have a reference to the person at the other end. And in writing a letter you are not actuated so much by the vulgar desire for applause as by the simple zeal to share the good things of life. If you are witty, you will naturally desire to share your wit—and who shall accuse you of self-glorification? Surely not the friend of your bosom to whom you write. There are those who affect an Olympian aloofness and live haughtily to themselves; or, having set before themselves a clear-purposed goal, draw up a time-table and follow it out rigidly, come wind come weather, as ever in their great Taskmaster's eye. Of such is the brood of diarists. Plague on them! The most inhuman of all inhumanities is the inhumanity of self-sufficiency. And there are others who are for all men and all companies, whose wit sparkles and scintillates for ever, who can 'impress' you equally in a beggar's hovel and in Buckingham Palace, of such men I have an instinctive distrust. They are like illuminated shop-windows, with the best of their things laid out for any chance-comer. But the ideal letter-writer picks and chooses. He is for company, but only one person at a time. He has more sense than to discuss companionate marriage with his mother-in-law. He knows—none better than he—that it takes two to write a good letter.

Many a thing in cold print over which you wrinkle your brow, or at which in your superior wisdom you cannot help sneering, would appear quite other to you on a sheet of note paper. An essay, we are told, is a very personal thing; but even an essay is not safe. Take Hazlitt himself at his best: 'So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy; but wanting that have wanted everything.' Admirably said, is it not? But that last sentence? When I think of the Philistines of to-day, I always, for the sake of Hazlitt, hastily skip it.

But the mere letter-writer can write what he will, and even how he will. I have written a hundred things in my letters, which you, reader, will never get a chance to sneer at. I have rejoiced at the thought of wandering through the suburbs of Paris at mid-night, like young Lochinvar, unarmed and alone; at the thought of conquering the city of Avignon with my small English and less French; at the thought of setting half Margate agape with wonder by crossing a brilliantly-lit street in a girl's costume for a Francy Dress competition. (And I won the First Prize too!) You will never know of the lovely long beard I grew while in quarantine for chicken-pox, and how I nearly broke my heart and several razor-blades when the time came for me to bid adieu to it. You cannot even guess that the side-long glance of a passing Gipsy threw me into a fever of rapture and sorrow, and for months I tried to find words for a poem whose refrain should be

And so
Like a fool I let her go.'

That was the only time in my life when I could really understand Dante's strange adoration of Beatrice.

All my life I have been writing letters; for the past five years I have done nothing else. 'Are they any good?' Of course—I wrote them. I have written them in bed and

out of it, written them between examinations and between two papers on the same day, written them the first thing in the morning, the last thing at night. Of all the days that are in the year I dearly love but one day (to adapt the words of that excellent poem)—but you are wrong, it is not the 14th of February but the first of April. That is the day of days for me. I don my cap and bells that day, put ink in my pen, and just let myself go. To write a really good nonsense letter requires genius, and I measure my capacity each year by the degree of excellence I can reach in this particular direction. I once suggested, in a moment of divine madness, that the Bodleian should be fitted with rocking chairs. Can you not see what an inspired utterance that is? But the great vulgar and the small shall never know of my brilliant suggestions, and the loss will be theirs. For my part I indulge myself in a riot of 'absurdities' on the First Day of April, and if my correspondent cannot always read between the lines, I sympathise too much with human stupidity in all its forms—especially on All Fools' Day—to find fault with him. On such a day, I remember, in a moment of gay nonchalance, under the combined influence of spring and cider, I did actually in my letter (low be it spoken) split an infinitive! Nevertheless I signed that letter with a flourish.

De Quincey, we are told, has taken his place in English Literature as the author of a hundred and fifty magazine articles. It is my ambition to pass unnoticed through life, and to be remembered only by a few of my friends (doesn't that sound pathetic?) as one who, on a half-sheet of note paper, could on occasion be quiveringly alert and alive. The half-sheets I have written so far have been scattered far and wide, and many of them perhaps have already gone to dust. They will never be collected; and should the world be invited to read them, they would mean little to the world. But who cares? They were written only for a few choice friends, and the pleasure was in the writing.

P. S. SUNDARAM.

A Debate on Sex Equality.

(A ONE-ACT PLAY.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The President of a College Union Society and its members.

(A hall with about a hundred people, all agog. Enter the President).

The President: Ladies and gentlemen,.....

Leader of the Tufted Party: I am sorry to interrupt the hon'ble President. But I wish to bring to his notice that as the subject of to-night's debate itself deals with women and men and as the house has not yet come to a decision about it, he would do well not to give preference to ladies. Better if he begins 'Friends.'

Leader of Eve's Party: It is a very, very regrettable circumstance that my friend, the hon'ble member, should be so unchivalrous. From time immemorial it has been accepted as a convention and custom that the ladies should be given preference while a speaker addresses an audience never mind if there are no ladies. It is very unmanly, utterly foolish of my esteemed friend (cries of 'shame, shame') to talk in such an abominable vein. (Voices of 'Hear, hear, Dearie Darling' from the male quarters).

The President: Well, then. Dear ladies and gentlemen (a voice: why no dear gentlemen?) The following resolution will be taken into consideration this day, the mover being Mr. Nobody. That in the house's opinion sex.....

Leader of the Opposition: I grieve much to say that the hon'ble President should take grammar also into consideration. The house, being an inanimate object, it is absolutely necessary to say 'the opinion of the house.....' (cries of 'shut up, please' rend the air).

The President: Order, order. That in the opinion of the house sex equality is a mere illusion.

Leader of Eve's Party: Though this may be out of order, I ask the President whether he is for or against the motion.

The President: On a point of order, I decline to answer my fair hon'ble member.

L. of E. P.: Well, I then mean to table, my dear friends.....

The President: Would it please your ladyship to address the chair and not the table? (Laughter).

L. of E. P.: H-m, I mean to table a censure motion against the President.

The President: Even before your ladyship brings it, I rule it out of order. ('Shame, shame,' from the opposition party.)

The President: Order, order. Before we begin the debate, I should call upon our Secretary to read out the minutes of the last debate.

An interval of ten minutes. Cries of 'Where's the Secretary?'

A Voice: The Secretary has gone with Miss Kamala to Roxy.

The President: Well, then. If I remember right (the same voice: "which you don't do") I think the last debate was "The days of tuft are over." I recollect the motion was lost.

('Yes, Your Majesty. They are not and will never be over,' says a tuft-enthusiast.)

The Leader of the Opposition: It has been a grievance

for many years that the President lacks a good memory and.....

The President: The Chair reminds the hon'ble member that he needn't discuss the personal qualities of the chair: and...

A Literature Honours Student: Speaking as a student of language it will be better if the President avoids using abbreviated forms.

The L. of O.: What I meant to say was that the motion was carried last time by a thumping majority. And...

The President: On a point of order I ask the Leader of the Opposition not to interrupt the proceedings with his nonsensical observations.

The L. of O.: On a point of order, I call upon the President to withdraw his insulting words.

The President: H-m, h-m, well. H-m, er-I do. And now I call upon the mover to initiate a debate.

Mr. Nobody: President—I beg your er-pardon, President, er-gentlemen, er-and er-er-ladies, the subject we have before us is er-er-well, I forget the subject. May I ask the President what my resolution is? (A voice: nonsense.)

Leader of Eve's Party: Will the hon'ble President let me know what the time now is?

The President: It is just past six, my dear madam.

L. of E. P.: I suggest the President withdraws his words 'my dear madam.' Not only are they insulting but...

The President: As the time now is past, the motion is talked out.

(The motion is talked out amidst cheers from the women's quarters.)

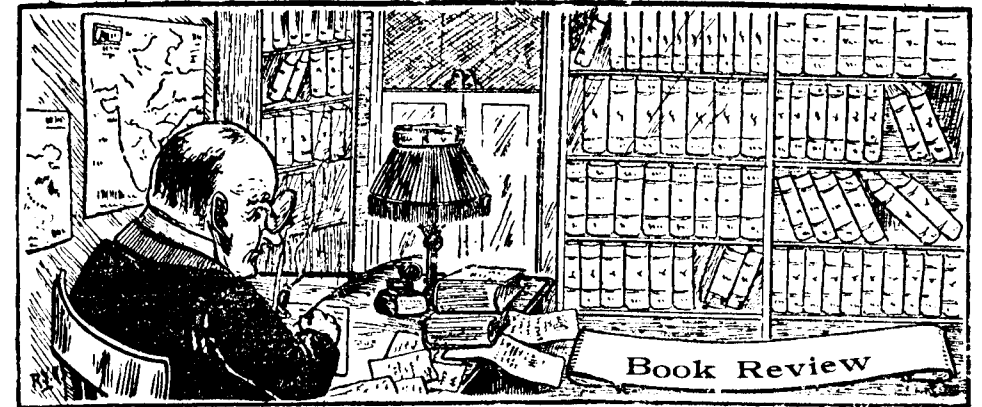
The President: Before we wind up the debate, I will announce this. The chair considers the appeal of the Tuft-heads, asking for more adequate representation on the ground that they form only a minority with great disfavour. And, dear friends, to-morrow will be a holiday, as the President thinks of making a proposal to the leader of the ladies' party.

(Four of the girls present are by this time in hysterics.)

The debate winds up with 'God Save the King.'

Curtain.

S. M. GOURISANKARAN.
(I Class).



HINDU PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS OF THE
GITA—By S. Subrahmanya Sastri, M.A., Retired
Professor of Philosophy, H. H. The Maharajah's
College, Trivandrum—Printed at the Bhaskara Press,
Trivandrum—Dec. 1931. First edition.

THIS brochure consists of three lectures which the author delivered in Trivandrum. The first lecture elucidates, in a simple and telling manner, the nature and function of philosophy and closes with a suggestive note on Christ, Mohammed and Śrī Krishna, in which they are made to speak for themselves through a few typical extracts from the scriptures embodying their teachings. The second lecture gives a sketch of the philosophical systems. According to the author, the *Vaiśeṣika Sāṅkhya* and *Vedānta* have alone been regarded as essentially philosophic, though, at a later stage, the author modifies the view and says:—“Of the several philosophical systems, the *Sāṅkhya* and *Vedānta* alone are truly philosophical.” It should be noted here that these restrictive averments are wholly inconsistent with the philosophical attitude of the author and are based on certain misapprehensions about the other philosophical systems in India. The third lecture is the best of the three lectures and deals with the Ethics of the *Gītā*. Here, the author indicates how *svadharma* (one's

own duty) is the key-stone of the *Gītā* ethics. This brochure is *more interesting and stimulative than informative* and may, with advantage, be read by the under-graduate students of our Colleges.

S. KUPPUSWAMY SASTRI.

DECISIVE BRITISH BATTLES from THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

—By Sir Edward Creasy with an Introduction, Notes, Diagrams, etc., by N. B. McKellar, M. A. (English Literature Series, Macmillan).

CREASY'S *Fifteen Decisive Battles* has been a great favourite with book-lovers ever since its first publication in 1852. Creasy has chosen only such battles for treatment as, in his opinion, changed the destinies of nations. While satisfying scholars by his sense of fairness and the accuracy of his descriptions of military strategy, he succeeds in delighting the wider circle of lay readers by the vigour and vividness of his narration.

Decisive British Battles is a selection of six among the fifteen accounts in Creasy's master-piece abridged for use in English Schools. This would explain the omission of battles like Marathon and Arbela which might be considered as having a greater appeal. To an English school-boy, the battles fought by his fore-fathers which have made England what she is today would certainly be more exciting than distant battles of ancient times among other nations. In spite of this limitation in the choice, there is plenty of matter in the six extracts in this little book likely to grip the attention of even Indian students. Queen Elizabeth's stirring speech to the English army before the fateful encounter with the Spanish Armada, Joan of Arc's simple and lofty patriotism and the Duke of Wellington's dogged courage at Waterloo cannot fail to inspire any reader, whatever his age or nationality.

The maps and diagrams which accompany each extract illustrate the movements of armies and render the accounts graphic. The copious notes at the end give the necessary introduction to each battle, besides supplying biographical details and explaining the military and nautical terms used in the text.

The book will serve as an excellent introduction to the larger work of Creasy and is well adapted for detailed study in our Intermediate Classes.

M. R. RAJAGOPALA AYYANGAR.

LONGER POEMS, OLD AND NEW—Selected and edited by A. S. Cairncross. (The Scholar's Library, Macmillan. 2sh. 6d.)

DR. Cairncross, who has already edited for the Scholar's Library a very successful anthology of "Poems: Old and New," gives here an excellent selection of poems of greater range and complexity, representing that middle region of poetry which lies between the lyrics, on the one hand, and the drama and epic, on the other. It is difficult to believe that such a body of poetry and such an apparatus of criticism, explanatory comment and searching and pointed questions, could be compressed into a single volume. The thirty poems include *The Pardoner's Tale*, *Lycidas*, *Tintern Abbey*, *Adonais*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Omar Khayyam*, *The Hound of Heaven*, *Lepanto* and Abercrombie's *Indignation: An Ode*. The poems are thus, varied in time, subject, treatment and appeal; and the editing renders the volume self-complete. Apart from official prescription—for which, of course, it is designed and for which it is eminently fit,—the volume is well worth possessing and studying by all who need, and can only afford, a *multum-in-parvo* book of serious English poetry.

K. SWAMINATHAN.

HYDROSTATICS AND MECHANICS—By A. E. E. McKenzie. Cambridge University Press.

TO say that the teaching of the modern sciences in India has done no good will certainly be an untruth. To say that it has done as much good as in other countries would be equally untrue. If one is to try and explain this state of affairs, one has to look into the peculiar ways in which the teaching of the sciences in India is carried out. The students are still living in a rural atmosphere and they never look upon their study of the sciences as something on which they have to base their life and its activities. If they are so, the older generation of teachers who guide and control them in their studies have perhaps a worse outlook. They regard the study of the sciences as an academic routine to be rigorously gone through in a spirit of detachment, to secure the necessary success in certain examinations that will turn out to be passports to employments, having no connection whatever with their studies. In such an atmosphere there are certain popular text-books to guide them in the study of their subjects—naturally only books suited to one's outlook. Thus we find the general class of text-books prevalent in Indian educational circles to be emphasising the academic aspects of a science much more than the applied or useful aspects. With this the vicious circle is complete and the average Indian student will generally be found hopelessly at a loss to explain the most elementary applications of the science he has studied, even if he be a first class and 'Presidency First' in his subject.

In such a state of affairs it is so refreshing to find books written in an entirely different spirit put on the Indian market. The book under review is the first of a series by the author covering the subject of physics up to the school standard as he calls it. Yes, it is the school standard in England, though from the stand-point of India

Book Review

it gives ideas and illustrations not known to even professors of physics in India, let alone teachers in charge of physics in schools. As such, in India, it is likely to be regarded as quite unsuitable for any of the courses of studies, though personally I should consider it as the very type of book required to correct the erroneous tendencies that have been at work in India for the last so many years. The book is not merely or mainly an examination guide. The very latest ideas like deep sea diving suit, Beebe's deep sea diving sphere, diving bell, etc., find not only illustrations and expositions but simple hydrostatic calculations as well. Similarly hydraulic turbines and water storage dams find interesting exposition. Vacuum brakes for trains, aneroid barometers and elements of meteorology are other equally interesting items dealt with under the chapter on the pressure of air.

It is not as if the book contains only popular expositions of these applications of physical principles. The book is full of interesting numerical examples worked out and questions covering the matter contained in the individual chapters. Curiously enough they are of a standard rarely reached by our average Intermediate pupil in practice and as such, a book like this prescribed as a text-book for the Intermediate will go a long way to remedy the defects noticed and pointed out above. The book makes profitable reading to teachers of physics of all classes as the wealth of illustrations and examples cover a range not usually in their compass. Students of physics in professional courses like Medicine and Engineering will find it particularly suited to them.

The get-up is good, the illustrations are clear and, in every way, the book is about the best I have seen in recent years.

H. PARAMESWARAN,



COLLEGE NOTES

The following were the changes in the staff of the College during the third term :

(1) Mr. N. Raghunatha Ayyangar, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, was transferred on promotion to the M. E. S., as Lecturer in Mathematics, at the Government Arts College, Rajahmundry, and Mr. S. A. Rama Ayyar has succeeded him.

(2) Mr. Umakantham, Telugu Pundit, left the College on leave, on medical certificate for two months, from 17-1-35 and Mr. V. Prabhakara Sastri has been appointed to officiate.

* * * * *

The late Dr. T. Krishna Menon, who died suddenly of heart-failure, was a good physician and a distinguished old student of the College and a popular figure in Madras. He took great interest in his *alma mater* and never missed a single College day celebration. His great popularity with the students was evidenced by the crowds who attended his funeral. We offer our condolences to the bereaved family.

* * * * *

The Annual Athletic Sports of the College were conducted on the 6th February 1935 with the Hon. Dewan Bahadur S. Kumaraswami Reddiar, the Vice-President of the newly-formed Old Students' Association in the chair. The grounds were artistically laid out and the function, which was attended by a large number of distinguished guests among whom were many old students of the College, was a great success indeed. Thanks to the co-operation of the students, both past and present, of the members of the staff and the popular Principal, Mr. H. C. Papworth, perfect order and discipline prevailed. As may be seen from the photographs in this number, a large batch of women students took part in the sports. For the first time in the athletic history of the College a relay race



RAMANI AS CHINESE PEDLAR.

M. V. Sastry, IV B.Sc.



THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY
AND THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE
who took part in the Inter-Collegiate Debate.
In the photo are the speakers with the members of the
Union Society Managing Committee.

was run by women students. Of course, there was the usual thread and needle race.

The sports over, the Principal spoke as follows :—

“ Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ I have received a telegram from Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar, telling me that he has been unavoidably detained at Delhi. As the President of the Presidency College Old Students' Association, he was to have presided over today's function. We are very sorry he cannot be here ; but we are very glad that the Vice-President of the Association, the Hon'ble Dewan Bahadur S. Kumaraswami Reddiar, has very readily stepped into his place. After all, that is what Vice-Presidents are for ! (Laughter). So he has done his duty and we give him a very hearty welcome. I want to say a few words about the Old Students' Association which has been recently organized. As you know, several attempts have been made in the past to form a Presidency College Old Students' Association, and on several occasions many old students of the College have met, and have helped the College by their subscriptions and in various other ways. But there has never been any permanence about the Association, and as soon as the purpose for which some of the old students met and worked had been achieved, the Association fell into abeyance.

“ Unfortunately we have no record of their previous kindnesses and activities. It is for this reason that during this year we have tried to form a new Old Students' Association with a definite membership and constitution, and already many old students have joined either as Life Members or as Annual Members, and I take this opportunity of asking all those students who are interested in this Association to join it as soon as they can. As soon as Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar arrives here on the 12th, a meeting of the Executive Committee will be held when the Articles of Association which have already been drafted will be passed, and then the Association will be registered under the Act of 1860. It will then be a legally constituted entity. We hope that in time, as soon as its membership grows, it will form itself very definitely into a Club and will be recognized as one of the outstanding clubs of Madras. The Presidency College is now 94 years old and by the time its Centenary takes place in 1940, we want the Old Students' Association to be a flourishing organization which can take its part, not only in the Centenary celebrations of the College but in many other College and Town activities. I am very grateful to the Old Students who have joined and we shall always be glad to enrol new members. This is the first topic about which I wish to speak.

“ The second topic is one which is also of public interest, and I refer to it because, I think, my predecessor mentioned it last year ; and that is, the public

interest in the College clock, which has been installed in the tower. I believe he asked for money in order to erect the three remaining dials. That money has been forthcoming and the three dials have now been made and we hope to erect them in working order before the end of this term. I am glad that these presents to the College have been given by people who are immediately interested in the College. One of the three dials has been given by the students of the College Union Society. I wish to thank the students very much for that gesture, the outcome of which will be a lasting memorial to the present students of the College. The second dial was subscribed for by the Old Students of the late Professor Jones, Professor of Physics in the College for thirty years. He joined the Indian Educational Service as Professor of Physics in 1890 and retired from it as Professor of Physics in 1920. I think it is almost a record for a man to be thirty years in one place, and I am sure that, if he were alive, nothing would please him better than to know that a Memorial to him had not taken the hackneyed form of books or scholarships, but of something original, and something which has been made in the Laboratory in which he worked for thirty years. It is a fitting Memorial to Professor Jones, and those of us who have worked with him can easily imagine how great his pleasure and appreciation would have been. The third dial was subscribed for by the students of the Victoria Hostel. There will be, therefore, no excuse for the residents of the Hostel to say when they are late that their Hostel time was different from the College time, (Laughter) because the clock will be visible from every room of the Hostel.

"Now to the athletic activities, which culminate in today's proceedings. The College has taken part in all the Tournaments that the other Colleges and the Madras Collegiate Athletic Association have organized. Our forte has always been cricket, which we have been winning all along the line, though we have lost equally successfully in other games. The College won for the tenth year in succession the Duncan Memorial Cup. Ever since that cup was instituted we have never lost it. I will certainly write to Mr. Duncan and tell him, because he is always interested in the activities of the College, and it will be a delight to him to hear that the Memorial to him has had such a safe place for the last ten years. I am glad that in the Inter-Provincial Tournament Uthappa and Ramanathan of the College were selected for the Madras team. Though we have lost in the other games, I do not regret it, for it is *playing* the game and not *winning* the game that matters.

"One feature of the year's athletics which has pleased me most is the fact that the competitors and members of the various teams in the inter-department and inter-class games constituted a large proportion of the students of the College. One so often comes across this phenomenon, namely, that those who take part in games are limited to a select few. This was not the case last year.

Four hundred out of the 700 students—(I am not counting the women students in this; not that I have any prejudice against them! On the contrary, I am very pleased to see the very good performance that they made this afternoon; that performance compares wonderfully with the girls' performance when I first came to the Presidency College nineteen years ago)—have taken part in games. What I am saying now is to express with pleasure the fact that these games throughout the year have not been confined to a select few, but have included a large number of students of the College.

"Of course, our gratitude is due to many people. As you all know, the responsibility for the Sports and other arrangements usually falls upon the shoulders of a few. Some one has to bear the brunt of the job, and see it through, and first and foremost throughout the year, culminating in his efforts to make this function a success, comes Mr. P. R. Subramanyan. Throughout the year he has been indefatigable in his work. Day after day he spends arranging games for your amusement and your pleasure, and I know that you would like me to express on behalf of you and me our most grateful thanks for all that he has done and not only for all that he has done, but also for the smile on his face with which he has done it! I would also like to mention Mr. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, who is indispensable in all that pertains to the College Sports and athletics—and not only to College sports and athletics, but also to all the sports and athletics of Madras. Also I would like to thank Mr. T. Suryanarayana for the quiet and orderly way in which he has managed the various Tennis events during the year. I must also mention the teams, other Colleges, Clubs and Institutions which have joined us throughout the year and which have co-operated with us and added to our enjoyment in these respects. And as far as today is concerned, Mr. Subramanyan has enlisted the help of many people like Mr. H. C. Buck, Mr. Pattabhiraman, Mr. S. Kannan, and many others whom I noticed on the ground. I include them all in expressing the gratitude of the whole College for their help and their co-operation. I will now ask Mr. Kumaraswami Reddiar very kindly to give away the prizes."

After the distribution of prizes, the President said:—

"Mr. Papworth, Ladies and Gentlemen,

"This is not the first occasion on which I have had the honour of presiding over the Annual Celebrations of the Presidency College. I presided once before and the honour is now thrust upon me to-day in the unavoidable absence of Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar whose mantle has fallen upon my shoulders. But I do not agree with Mr. Papworth when he said that it was in discharge of my duty as a Vice-President that I accepted his belated invitation to preside on this occasion. I do not regard it in that light. When Mr. Papworth first asked me to come in and close the breach, I hesitated very much. And he noticed my

hesitation and just for a second he thought within himself to find out what it would be that would make me overcome my hesitation. He knows that I am very interested in the Old Students' Association that he has started, and he told me that he was going to speak about the Association, and that I, therefore, should preside. That was why I yielded. We are all grateful to Mr. Papworth for the great enthusiasm and interest that he has been taking ever since he became the Principal in organising and placing on a permanent basis the Old Students' Association. As he has mentioned, attempts were made in the past to start an Association, but they were all *ad hoc* organisations as it were, and ended with the purpose for which they were started; but his hope now is to see that the institution becomes a permanent one, and I am glad that his attempts have met with very great success, and we shall soon see a realization of his object when on the 13th the Executive Committee meets and passes the Memorandum and Articles of Association under which the Old Students' Association will be registered and become a permanent institution.

"The year through which the College has just passed has been one of phenomenal success in several directions, and Mr. Papworth has mentioned quite briefly what those achievements were. Usually to an audience like this, gathered on a festive occasion, appeals are made for some noble purpose connected with the College. Last year his predecessor appealed for funds for the three dials for the clock tower. It is very seldom that it is given to a Principal of a College to mention that funds had been actually collected during the year that has passed. The funds which his predecessor asked for have been collected and the purposes for which the funds were collected have already become accomplished facts. It is indeed a notable achievement, and we must thank Mr. Papworth for not making any appeal this year. I shall not detain you much longer about all the achievements the year has seen. The Principal has expressed his great gratitude to so many persons, the members of the Hostel, the present students of the College, the Union Society, the students of the late Professor Jones, and others for the contributions they have made towards the success of the College. But there has been a notable omission on his part. Did he ever think of the management of the College, the Government, which is running it? Has he had no cause to express his thanks to the Government? I do not accuse him for that! It is evidently because the Government has done nothing for him to be thankful for! I will simply say this: they kept the College open! In these days the Department that really works is the Finance Department, and you know too well how it works and how merciless its axe falls even on the most useful and beneficial institutions. He might at least thank the Government for having kept the College open! I hope next year he will have a reason to say something in appreciation of the good services rendered by the Government. There is a great deal to do for the improvement of the College. Something is being done. The fine new Natural Science building that is rising

THE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

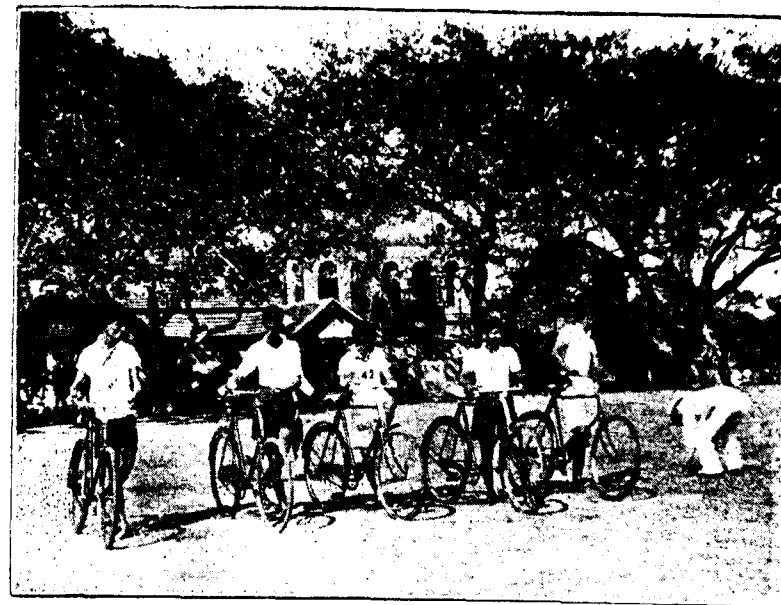


THE THREAD AND NEEDLE RACE.



THE RELAY RACE.

THE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.



GETTING READY FOR THE BICYCLE RACE.



START IN THE 100 YARDS' DASH.

C. Duraiswamy.

on the other side has been waiting for many years, and year after year a fight was put up by the Minister in charge of Education to get funds not only for that improvement but also for other urgent improvements. Very often it looked as if we had succeeded, but there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. After all, we got something for that work at any rate.

"Let me on your and on my own behalf congratulate the prize winners. It is indeed most gratifying to me to see that my old College is maintaining its reputation in cricket. Even in those days when I was a student it had some of the most distinguished cricketers in the Presidency and the Inter-Collegiate tournaments were in many successive years won by the College. The same high standard is still being maintained in cricket. I do not mind very much the College not having similar success in other games. Though not winning, they are playing the other games. I might say this; the one thing that we learn in the Presidency College is to play the game. I hope you are still being trained to play the game. If you learn to play the game, you will benefit indeed by being members of the Presidency College."

Mr. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. With three cheers to the President and the Principal, the gathering dispersed.

The following is the list of the prize winners :—

1. OPEN TOURNAMENTS

1. Cricket (Duncan Memorial Cup)
Won by the Presidency College
Medals for the winners
2. Football (Professors' Cup) :
Won by the Stanley Medical School
Medals for the winners
3. Hockey (Rajah of Panagal's Cup):
Won by the Loyola College
Medals for the winners
4. Tennis Singles—(Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar's Cup)
Won by the Law College
Cup Presented by
M. R. Ry. Diwan Bahadur K. P. Lakshman Rao
Runners-up—The Loyola College

Doubles—

Won by the Law College
Runners-up—The Engineering College

II. COLLEGE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

1. Singles : Winner Sambandam.
 Runner-up Sitaramaswamy, R. V. B.
2. Doubles : Winners { Ramakrishnan, A. R.
 Sethuraman.
 Runners-up { Harid Myan.
 Kuriyan, K.
- Handicap Singles : Winner Ramakrishnan, A. R.
 Runner-up Naidu, I. G.
- Handicap Doubles : Winners Sambandan, M.
 Natarajan, D.
 Runners-up Ramakrishnan, A. R.
 Ganesan.

III. GROUP COMPETITIONS

*Medals for Group Events and
 Shields for Group Competitions*

Seniors

Football—Nat. Science : P. C. Mathews.
 Hockey—History : Md. Kassim Sheriff.
 Volley Ball—Chemistry : Venkataraman, T. P.
 Cricket—Physics : M. A. Uthappa.
 Athletics—History

(Team Events)

Medals for the winning teams

Bourne Trophy for Champion Group—History.

Juniors

Football— Group II Santanam, K.
 Hockey— Group I A Mahadevan, S. S.
 Volley Ball—Group I A Narayanan, S.
 Cricket— Group I A Ramalingam, C. R.
 Athletics—

Jagannathan Trophy for the Champion Group—Group II.

IV. GROUP ATHLETICS

Seniors

Long Jump—History.
 Hurdles—History.
 100 yds. Relay—History.
 200 yds. Relay—History.

Juniors

100 yds. Relay—Group I A.
 Hurdles „ —Group II
 220 yds. „ —Group I A.

V. INDIVIDUAL EVENTS

I

Sitaramaswami, R. V. B. 100 yards
 Bhaskar Naidu 220 „
 Bhaskar Naidu 440 „
 Lakshmanan 880 „
 Lakshmanan One Mile (College)
 Bhaskar Naidu Long Jump
 Ananthanarayanan High Jump
 Sitaramaswami 120 yds. Hurdles
 Fazalludin Shot Put
 Kurien, C. C. Throwing the cricket ball
 Rajadorai Sack Race
 Suryanarayanan Liliputians' Race
 Thirumalachari, M. O. Bicycle Race
 Fazalludin Sack Fight
 Johnson (Medical) One Mile Open
 Miss Rathnavathi & partner Women Students' Race

II

Bhaskar Naidu
 Sitaramaswami
 Janaki Raman
 Kuruvilla
 Kuruvilla
 Kurien, C. C.
 Bhavanarayanan
 Bhaskar Naidu
 Bhavanarayanan
 Sridharan
 Srinivasan, A. C.
 Ramachandran
 Somasundaram
 Sundaram, T. P.
 David (Christian)
 Miss Nalini and Partner
 P R. Subramanian
 G. P. Krishnamurthi
 Parthasarathi, M. N.
 Bhaskar Naidu.

THE COLLEGE UNION

The election for the Secretaryship of the Union Society was held on the 9th January. Mr. C. K. Seetharaman, IV Hons. (History) and Mr. M. A. Sheriff, B.A. (Post-graduate) contested. Mr. C. K. Seetharaman was elected as the Secretary having got 104 votes more than Mr. M. A. Sheriff. Mr. Murkot Ramunny, IV B. Sc., became the President.

The Committee met for the first time on Friday, the 18th January, 1935, and drew up a programme of work for the term.

On the 23rd January, Mr. Ram Kumar addressed the Union on "Cinema Art." The lecturer deplored the conditions existing in the film world of India

to-day and advocated the participation of educated men and women in the film industry. At the end he gave a few demonstrations which were well appreciated.

The Union Committee met on the 28th January when it was decided to send Mr. Purushotham and Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao, as representatives of the College, for the oratorical contest to be held under the auspices of the Young Men's Indian Association.

The Committee decided to invite the Annamalai University Union for an Inter-Collegiate debate. It was also decided to request the Union President, Mr. Murkot Ramunny, to unveil the Union Dial.

On the 8th February the Committee met and selected Mr. K. Ramagopal Rao and Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao to represent our Union at the Inter-Collegiate debate held under the auspices of the Government Mohammedan College Union Society. In the evening, Dr. Arundale, President of the Theosophical Society, addressed the Union on the "Psychology of Greatness." It was an inspiring address. The lecturer left the students to choose different paths of greatness for themselves. He asked them to be heroes, or geniuses, or saints.

On the 28th January there was an ordinary debate when Mr. T. R. Purushotham moved that "In the opinion of the House sex equality is an illusion." Mr. P. S. Nataraja Sarma, III Hons. (Chemistry), opposed the motion. Messrs. S. Y. Padmanabhan, III Hons. (Botany), and P. R. Subramanyam, B.A., Director of Physical Education, spoke for the resolution and Messrs. S. V. Ramani, IV Hons. (Botany), and M. R. V. Krishna Rao against the resolution. The motion was put to vote and was carried by a large majority.

A unique feature of the activities of this term was the Inter-Collegiate debate between the Annamalai University Union and our College Union. A tea party given in honour of the visiting team preceded the meeting. The Annamalai University team was represented by Mr. S. Ganapathi Subramaniam, V Hons., and Mr. V. Muthuswami, V Hons. Our College was represented by Mr. T. R. Purushotham (Botany Research), Mr. K. Ramagopal Rao, V Hons. (Economics), Mr. P. S. Nataraja Sarma, III Hons. (Chemistry), Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao, V Hons. (Literature), and Mr. S. Y. Padmanabhan, III Hons. (Botany). Mr. S. Ganapathi Subramaniam of the Annamalai University moved that in the opinion of the House Conservatism and not Radicalism has contributed to world progress. Mr. T. R. Purushotham of the Presidency College opposed it. After Mr. S. Ganapathi Subramaniam had replied to the debate, the motion was put to vote, and was carried by a large majority. While congratulating the visitors on their victory, we wish that this debate should become an annual function.

On Friday, the 13th February, Mr. G. K. Chettur addressed the College Union on "Humour in Life." The lecturer classified the various types of

humour. He pointed out the difference between wit and humour. In conclusion he observed that a man with humour was better off in life than the man who lacked it.

On Monday, the 28th February, Prof. C. S. Srinivasachari, M.A., F. R. H. S., of the Annamalai University, addressed the Union on "Provincial Government." The lecturer traced the history of the provincial government and ended the lecture by giving his views on the recent Joint Parliamentary Committee Report.

An oratorical contest for the Union Medal was held on Monday, the 4th March, and the medal was awarded to Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao who spoke best. The Valedictory Address was delivered on the 8th March by Prof. S. K. Yegnanarayana Ayyar of the Pachaiyappa's College. The opening of the 'Union Dial' by the President is expected to take place on the 20th of March. The activities of the Union for the year close with this function.

In conclusion, the Secretary wishes to thank the Managing Committee members for their kind co-operation. The Union wishes all success to the outgoing members not only in their examinations but also in their future career.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Presidency College Dramatic Club produced Flecker's "Hassan" at the Museum Theatre on the 18th January. The play was freely adapted, the part of Yasmin, the courtesan, being reduced in importance, while the episode of Rafi and Pervaneh was kept in the foreground.

The acting was throughout of a high order and the team-work was excellent. But special mention may be made of Mr. Abdul Rubb, who rendered the part of Hassan with convincing abandon, and of Mr. Kumarakrishnan who, as Haroun-al-Rashid, gave a blood-curdling exposition of oriental tyranny. The sensitive sympathy and ineffectual outbursts of the poet-confectioner were well balanced by the whimsical generosity and studied cruelty of the Caliph. The elements of bitter cynicism and desperate revolt and heroic endurance were fully brought out by Ishak, Rafi and Pervaneh. Mr. V. Venkataraman as Selim and the Indian Rajah, evoked rounds of applause.

The setting of the songs to Indian tunes was a special feature, for which the credit goes to Mr. R. Chattopadhyaya.

Mr. Papworth, in a speech which was a model of clear enunciation, thanked the energetic Vice-President, Prof. K. Swaminathan, who produced the play. He thanked also the actors for their splendid performance, but he deplored that the College Dramatic Club, which had done, and was doing, much to improve the current standards of acting and production, did not receive the support that it deserved from the public.

The thanks of the Association are due to Prof. J. Franco, the President, and the lady students of the College for their services on the day.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

Since the publication of the report of the activities of the Society in the last issue of the magazine, four meetings have been held. In the first of these meetings Mr. K. V. Kasturirangan, V Hons., lectured on "Vitamins" with Dr. B. B. Dey, D. Sc., F. I. C., in the chair. The lecturer gave in a brief, but nevertheless comprehensive manner, the chemical and physiological effects of the vitamins. The next paper was read by Mr. T. K. Meenakshisundaram, IV B. Sc., on "Allotropy." Mr. M. Lakshmanaiyar, M. Sc., presided on the occasion. This was followed by an interesting lecture on "Internal Secretions" by Mr. Syamasundar Rath, V Hons. Mr. M. V. Sitaramayya, M. A., L. T., occupied the chair. The last of these meetings was presided over by Dr. B. B. Dey when Mr. V. Mahadevan, B. A., lectured on "Carbohydrates." During all these meetings, a keen and lively discussion took place in which many members took part.

We take this opportunity to thank all the ladies and gentlemen who have in every way co-operated with us to make the working of the Society, during the year, the thorough success that it has been.

SENIOR HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

As announced in the last issue of the magazine, the Historical Association sent a debating team to the Annamalai University on Friday, the 1st February 1935. The team consisted of Mr. K. Ramagopal Rao (Post Graduate, Economics), Mr. C. K. Sitaram (IV Hons. History), Mr. H. Manohar Rao (IV Hons. Economics), and the Secretary, Mr. V. Saktharam Rao (IV Hons. Economics).

Under the auspices of the Annamalai University History and Politics Society a debate was held on Saturday, the 2nd February 1935, when Mr. Ramagopal Rao of the Presidency College moved a resolution "That in the opinion of the House there can be no real Democracy without Social Justice." Prof. C. S. Srinivasachari, M.A., was in the chair. Mr. K. Subramanian (V Hons.) of the Annamalai University opposed the motion. Mr. C. K. Sitaram, Mr. H. Manohar Rao and Mr. Ganapathi Subramaniam of the Annamalai University took part in the debate. The resolution was put to vote and carried by a large majority.

The Annamalai University Union conducted a "Mock Parliament" on Sunday, the 3rd February 1935, at 10-30 A.M. when "The Compulsory Elementary Education Bill" was introduced. All the members of our team took part in the proceedings.

The Secretaries take this opportunity to thank the Secretaries of the Annamalai University History and Politics Society and the Annamalai University Union for the opportunity they gave us and for their kind hospitality. The team returned to Madras on Monday, the 4th February 1935.

The Valedictory Address of the Association was delivered by Dr. P. S. Lokanathan, Lecturer in Economics, University of Madras, on Thursday, the 7th March 1935. The subject of the address was "The Reserve Bank of India." Mr. T. Sivaramasethu Pillai, Deputy Accountant General, presided. The President and the Committee of the Association were 'At Home' to the lecturer, the President and the members of the debating team which visited Chidambaram.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the Executive Committee of the Presidency College Old Students' Association was held on the 13th February 1935 at the Presidency College.

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, the President of the Association, occupied the chair. The following other members of the Executive Committee were present :—

Mr. H. C. Papworth
 „ J. Franco
 „ V. T. Arasu
 „ S. Kannan
 Miss C. K. Kausalya

1. The draft rules circulated to the members were discussed and approved with certain amendments.
2. It was resolved that the Association be registered under Act XXI of 1860.
3. It was resolved that for the time being the funds of the Association be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank.
4. It was resolved that Mr. P. R. Subramanian be requested to take over the athletic activities of the Association for the current year.

J. FRANCO,
 V. T. ARASU,
Joint Honorary Secretaries.

The Association was registered under the Societies' Registration Act, XXI of 1860, on 7th March 1935. The Memorandum of Association and the Rules and Regulations are given below :—

MEMORANDUM OF ASSOCIATION

1. The name of the Association is the Presidency College Old Students' Association.

2. The objects of the Association shall be :

- (a) To provide a Club and other additional organizations by means of which the old students of the College may keep in touch with the College and with one another.
- (b) To provide opportunities for old students to take part in the athletic and social activities of the College.
- (c) To assist the management of the College by the award of prizes or Scholarships or to render such other financial assistance to forward the interests of the College as may be decided by the Association from time to time.
- (d) To further such other objects as the Association may decide.

3. The names, addresses and occupations of the Executive Committee are as follows :—

- (1) *President* : Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, K.C.I.E.
Address : "The Grove," Cathedral P.O., Madras.
Occupation : Advocate.
- (2) *Vice-President* : The Hon'ble Diwan Bahadur S. Kumarawami Reddiar Avergal.
Address : "Ram Vilas," Luz Church Road, Mylapore.
Occupation : Minister for Education, Government of Madras.
- (3) *Treasurer* : H. C. Papworth, Esq., M.A., I.E.S.
Address : The Presidency College, Madras.
Occupation : Principal, Presidency College, Madras.
- Members* :
- (4) M.R.Ry. S. Kannan Avergal.
Address : "Mandara," Edward Elliotts Road, Mylapore, Madras.
Occupation : Proprietor, Messrs. Srinivasa Varadachari and Company, Publishers, Mount Road, Madras.
- (5) Kumararajah Muthiah Chettiar of Chettinad Chettinad House, Adyar, Madras.
Address :
Occupation : Banker and Landlord.
- (6) Miss C. K. Kausalya, B.A., B.Sc.
Address : Queen Mary's College, Mylapore, Madras.
Occupation : Professor of Natural Science, Queen Mary's College, Mylapore, Madras.

- (7) M.R.Ry. K. V. Al. Rm. Alagappa Chetty Avergal, Bar-at-Law.
Address : 61, Lauder's Gate Road, Vepery, Madras.
Occupation : Bar-at-Law.

Joint Secretaries :

- (8) J. Franco, Esq., M.A.
Address : Warden's Lodge, Victoria Hostel, Triplicane, Madras.
Occupation : Professor of History, Presidency College, Madras.
- (9) M.R.Ry. V. T. Arasu Avergal, M.L.C.
Address : 61, Appavu Gramany Street, Mount Road, Madras.
Occupation : Merchant and Landlord.

Rules and Regulations of the Presidency College Old Students' Association :—

1. All past students of the College shall be eligible to become members of the Association.

2. There shall be three classes of members.

(1) Life Members, who pay an entrance subscription of Rs. 50.

(2) Ordinary Members, who pay an annual subscription of Rs. 3.

(3) Honorary Life Members and Honorary Ordinary Members as provided for in Rule 3.

3. Members of the College staff who are not old students of the College shall be eligible to become Honorary Life Members or Honorary Ordinary Members of the Association on payment of the prescribed subscriptions. Honorary Members shall enjoy all the privileges of the Association, except that of voting at the annual general meeting.

4. The Association in any year shall consist of :—

(a) All Life Members and Honorary Life Members.

(b) The Ordinary Members and Honorary Ordinary Members whose subscriptions for the year have been paid.

5. The affairs of the Association shall be managed by an Executive Committee, consisting of a President, a Vice-President, two Secretaries, one of whom shall be a member of the College Staff, a Treasurer and four other members.

6. The Principal of the College shall be *ex-officio* Treasurer of the Association.

7. The President, the Vice-President and at least two other members of the Committee shall be elected from the Life Members of the Association.

8. The members of the Executive Committee shall be elected once a year at the annual general meeting of the Association, which shall be held during the third term of the academic year of the College. Interim vacancies on the Executive Committee may be filled by the Executive Committee.

9. The Executive Committee shall have power to incur from the general funds of the Association all expenditure necessary for carrying out the objects of the Association and the Honorary Treasurer shall have power to sanction expenditure up to Rs. 100 in any month without the previous sanction of the Committee, but not so as to exceed Rs. 500 for the year.

10. In addition to the annual general meeting of the Association prescribed in Rule 8, extraordinary general meetings may be called on the written requisition of not less than ten members of the Association.

11. The quorum for a general meeting of the Association shall be fifteen and for a meeting of the Executive Committee, four.

12. The funds of the Association shall be invested in such Bank or Banks or in such authorised Securities as the Executive Committee thinks fit.

13. There shall be an annual audit of the accounts of the Association by an auditor appointed by the Executive Committee. No member of the Executive Committee shall be appointed an auditor.

14. The Executive Committee shall have power to frame by-laws which are not inconsistent with these rules. All by-laws framed by the Executive Committee shall be placed before the next annual general meeting for approval.

15. The official year of the Association shall end on 31st December.

16. At the annual general meeting prescribed in Rule 8, the Honorary Secretaries shall present a report on the working of the Association during the year and the Honorary Treasurer shall present the financial and auditor's reports.

Certified that the above is a correct copy of the Rules and Regulations of the Presidency College Old Students' Association.

Signatures of three members of the Executive Committee.

1. (Sd.) J. FRANCO.
2. (Sd.) H. C. PAPWORTH.
3. (Sd.) C. K. KAUSALYA.

Dated 6th March 1935.

PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

President: Dr. H. Parameswaran.

Vice-Presidents: Prof. V. Appa Rao.
Dr. S. Kalyana Raman.

Secretaries: Mr. G. Venkataramayya.
Mr. A. Abraham.

Treasurer: Mr. V. V. Anantha Krishnan.

Editor of the Magazine: Mr. C. V. Rajam.

Representatives:—

Final Honours: Mr. K. V. Reddy.

Lady Students: Miss K. R. Kamala Bai.

III Honours: Mr. C. S. Ramachandran.

III B. Sc.: Mr. M. Sundaram.

II Class: Mr. D. Padmanabhan.

I Class: Mr. Abdul Khader.

Research Students: Mr. N. Kasinathan.

Representative on the

Union Society: Mr. A. V. V. Krishna Rao.

The activities of the Association commenced with the Inaugural Address delivered by Professor P. Subba Rao of the Engineering College, on the 22nd July, on the "Progress of electric supply undertakings in India with special reference to the Madras Presidency," with Dr. H. Parameswaran in the chair.

On Saturday, the 4th August, the Association was 'At Home' to the new graduates. After light repast and some entertainments, the Secretary proposed the toast to the new graduates. Mr. M. M. Thomas and others responded to the toast. The President and the Vice-Presidents after congratulating the graduates, gave them valuable advice regarding their future. The function terminated with a vote of thanks to the President and the new graduates.

Members.

The Association has at present a total membership of 154 as compared with 120 last year. This year we were able to enlist a large number of women students owing largely to the efforts of their representative, Miss K. R. Kamala Bai, and our thanks are due to her.

Meetings.

This year we had a large number of meetings—24 lectures and 2 debates.

The first of these was a lecture on "The Fundamentals of Photography" by Mr. N. Kasinathan. Dr. Parameswaran delivered the next, a very interesting one, on the "Generation and Distribution of Hydro-Electric Power," which was largely attended by the junior students. On the 20th of August, Mr. M. Mahalingam, one of our oldest members, delivered a lecture on "World Wireless Organisation."

The first debate for the year was held on the 7th September when Mr. T. R. Kannappan moved the following:—"It is impossible to do physical



research without mathematics." He was ably opposed by Mr. N. Kasinathan. The house took a keen interest in the debate and the motion was lost by a margin.

During the second term we had thirteen lectures and one debate. Mr. A. V. V. Krishna Rao delivered two lectures on "Airplanes" and Mr. C. S. Ananthapadmanabhan one on "Stellar Physics." Mr. Kannappan gave an account of his work on the quadrant electrometer. The next lecture was on "The Positron" by Mr. P. P. Vaidyanathan. This was followed by a paper on "Heavy Hydrogen" by Mr. G. Venkataramayya. Mr. Abdul Rahim then read a paper on "Seismology" in which he gave an account of the Behar earthquake. Mr. H. Joga Rao read two papers on "Electrical Illumination." The next one was a paper by Mr. K. Lakshmana Rao on the "Recording and Reproduction of Sound."

A debate was held on the 28th November when Mr. C. S. Ananthapadmanabhan moved the following:—"In the opinion of the House, great discoveries are made more by accident than by intention." Mr. A. V. V. Krishna Rao led the opposition. The motion was put to vote and lost by a narrow majority.

On the 30th November Mr. G. K. Ramamurti delivered a lecture on "Gyroscopes." The last lecture for the term was delivered on the 3rd December when Dr. S. Kalyana Raman gave a short discourse on "Noise, its measurement, and control." The lecture was followed by an impressive demonstration by an audiometer set up for the purpose.

The first lecture in the third term was delivered by Dr. H. Parameswaran on the "Indian Science Congress-1935." Mr. K. V. Reddy delivered the next lecture on "Relativity."

It was followed by Mr. Rajam's lecture on the "Fundamentals of Broadcasting." On the 30th January Mr. Rajam delivered his first lecture on the "Cathode-ray Oscillograph and its Applications." His next lecture came off on the 13th February. Both of them were accompanied by demonstrations with the Oscillograph set up in the laboratory.

Mr. Abdul Mugaddum of the II Class delivered a lecture on "Radio Telegraphy" on the 21st February. Mr. M. J. Kamath of the Final Honours delivered the last lecture for the year on the 26th February on the "Applications of X-Rays."

It speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of our President that he was present at almost all our meetings to offer advice and additional information whenever necessary.

The Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Association came off on the 4th February and was opened by Mr. H. C. Papworth, our Principal. It ran for one day only, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. As usual there was very good response from the public. A noteworthy feature of this year's exhibition was the

cutting down of many of the small exhibits and the substitution in their place of a few high class exhibits. We had on show the 24" flat in the process of being ground into a mirror. The under-dial mechanism of the 8-foot Andhra University clock under construction in our laboratory was a source of interest to the public. The Thyatron relay exhibited by Miss Jesudasan was a splendid success. In the library room was exhibited a model of an airplane designed and constructed by Master Parameswaran. This was the centre of attraction of both school students and elderly gentlemen who took this opportunity to gather much information concerning aeroplanes. This was easily the best exhibit on show and Master Parameswaran deserves to be congratulated for his brilliant and simple exposition.

As usual the Fyson Clock and the Stanley Telescope were objects of great interest. On the whole the exhibition was a success. More than 1200 persons visited it in spite of its being a working day. Owing to the perfect organisation of the volunteers this large crowd of visitors was able to go round the exhibition in a very orderly manner without a single untoward incident. Mr. Sundaram, the Captain of the volunteers, deserves to be congratulated for his tact. The success of the exhibition is mainly due to the invaluable help and guidance of our enthusiastic President and other members of the staff. We take this opportunity to thank them for the same.

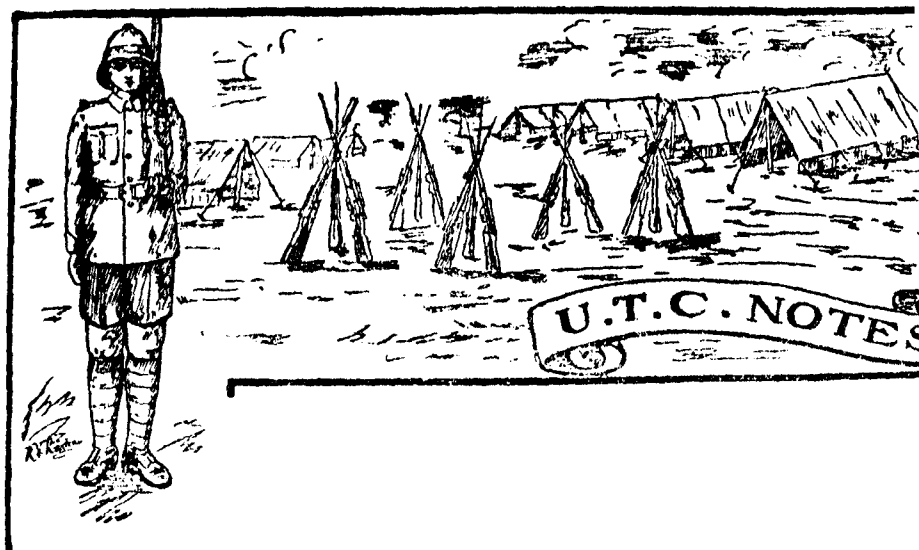
The anniversary of the Association was celebrated on Thursday, the 28th February. After the social gathering and group photo we assembled to listen to the lecture of Master Parameswaran on 'Aerial Navigation' which was highly interesting. A toast to the out-going members was proposed by the Secretary, Mr. Ananthapadmanabhan, and was responded to. The next item for the day was the prize distribution. Mr. Papworth distributed the following prizes:—

1. The Kollengode Medal for the best exhibit, Master P. Hariharan.
2. Staff Senior prize, Mr. C. V. Rajam.
3. Staff Junior prize, Mr. A. V. V. Krishna Rao (Final Hons.)
4. Association prize—best lecture.
Senior—Mr. H. Joga Rao (IV Hons.)
Junior—Mr. K. Lakshmana Rao (IV B.Sc.)
5. Magazine prize for the best essay.
Senior—Mr. H. P. P. Vaidyanathan (Final Hons.)
Junior—None eligible. Hence to Mr. C. S. Ramachandran (III Hons.), for his exhibit 'Feurhand.'

Finally, we desire to express our sincere thanks to all members of the Association who took an enthusiastic part in its activities thus contributing a great deal to the making of this year's programme a great success.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

Mr. S. R. Swaminathan read the first of a series of papers on "Art for Art's sake." He traced the movement from its inherent expression in the age of Wordsworth. In the second and third papers read on 1st March 1935 he discussed the theory as propounded by the late Victorians. He concluded that Art for Art's sake was the fullest expression of individualism in poetry.



REPORT ON THE WORKING OF THE COLLEGE CONTINGENT OF THE U. T. C.

The College contingent of the U. T. C. showed great activity and progress during this year, when the full sanctioned strength of seventy-seven was reached. Probationary Officer Ramanatha Pillai joined us early in the year and he has now received his King's Commission. Lt. Parameswaran continued to be the Officer Commanding the Unit. During the year he passed his retention and has been confirmed Lt. The annual camp was held in December this year at Pallavaram. The weather combined with the extra mess allowance granted by the University to make the camp this year particularly satisfactory.

The College contingent came second in drill competition missing the cup by a very narrow margin. The contingent won both the tug of war and the hockey cups.

The annual day of the contingent was a great success. It saw the inauguration of three contingent trophies from contingent funds. The cup for best attendance was presented to Sgt. Nilambaran, while the cup for the best shot amongst trained men went to L/Cpl Belliappa. The best shot amongst recruits, Abdul Khadder, also was awarded a cup.

Captain Ponnappa, although a strict disciplinarian, it should be added, is loved and esteemed by the whole corps.



Mahamahopadhyaya Vidyavachaspati Darsanakalanidhi Kulapati
Professor S. KUPPUSWAMI SASTRIAR, M.A.
(Presidency College 1914—1935)

Mahamahopadhyaya Vidyavachaspati Kulapati Darsanakalanidhi

Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastri, M.A., I.E.S.

ON the eve of his retirement, the past and present students of the venerable Professor entertained him at a Tea, which was also attended by a large number of the Professor's friends and admirers.

After tea, the gathering assembled at the College Hall.

Principal H. C. Papworth proposed Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar to the chair, in the unavoidable absence of the Director of Public Instruction.

Pandit S. K. Padmanabha Sastri spoke as follows :—

अभिरूपाः पारिषदाः, प्रजानन्त्येव भवन्तो यथा प्रतिक्षणप्रचायमाननिजराज्यरक्षायोग-
विचक्षणैः निखिलभूपनिवहनिटिलतटतिलकितचरणयुगपरागैः प्रख्यातभूमभिर्भारतसार्वभौमैः
प्रसादित-महामहोपाध्याय विरुदप्रसाधितानां श्रीभारतधर्ममहामण्डलवितीर्णा-विद्यावाचस्पति-
प्रशस्तिनां अनवरतवितन्त्रमानतपःप्रभावविधुतकलिकल्मषैः काञ्चीकामकोटिपीठमध्यासीनैराचार्य-
श्रीचरणैरनुगृहीत - दर्शनकलानिधि - निधानभूभागानां अवधीरितगङ्गाप्रवाहवाग्विभवविधूत-
विविधदुर्वादिदुर्दुरुष्टैः सनातनधर्मद्रुमदृढमूलैर्गोवर्धनपीठमध्यारूढैः स्वामिश्रीशङ्कराचार्यैराकलित-
कुलपतिपदप्रसाधकानां ब्रह्मश्री कुप्पुस्वामि शास्त्रिपादानां मद्रपुरमहामण्डलमहाकलाशालाया
मतिचिरमुदूढामध्यापकधुरामवरोपयितुमभिलषतां धौरेयतामभिनन्दितुमिह संहता समेयम् इति ॥

श्रीमन्तो महामहोपाध्यायाः, प्रधानं हीदं महीपतीनां कृत्यं यत्प्रजानां विनयाधानं नाम ।
न जातु विना तेन राजकार्यं किमपि निरन्तरायं निर्व्यूढं भवेत् । आस्पदं हि प्रजानां विनयाधान-
विहीनं निस्संदेहमापदः पदम् । विनयाधानं च विद्यायामायतते । या कापि वा विद्या विधिवदधीय-
माना आत्मनो जलधिवदपारतां गम्भीरतां च विवृण्वाना विदुषां मनांसि विस्मयस्तिमितानि विरच-
यन्ती नैसर्गिकी रागद्वेषादिदोषमूलाः प्रवृत्तीः प्रतिकन्धे । याः पुनर्देवा वेदमयी वाचमधिगत्य
जगत्यां वितताः मैत्र्यादिचित्तपरिकर्मप्रवणाः विनैव जरां विदुषां वृद्धत्वमातन्वते तासां हि महिमा

पारेवाचां विराजते । विस्मृत्य तमेनं महिमानं तासां परिपोषणे पार्थिवाः कथमिवोदासताम् । महतीमेनां राजधुरां दम्पतामारभ्य धुर्यतापर्यन्तमात्मन्यारोपितां विश्वविद्यालयेषु बहुषु बहुधा विभक्तासु कार्यनिर्णायकनिर्वाहकसमितिषु यथायोगमङ्गितामङ्गतां च समेत्य कामुचित् नूतननियम-निर्माणेन कामुचिच्चिरन्तननियमपरिपोषणेन क्वचिच्चात्ययिके साहसिकप्रकटनेन क्वचिच्च सूक्ष्मे-शिक्षया नियमविरोधनिरसनेन तदनुकूलताविधानेन नर्कादिवमगाणिततनूतार्पं अवधीरितावहेलनं गोत्रव्रतमित्येव निर्व्यूढवतां भवतां का वा संभावना का वा विमानना संमोदाय संतापाय वा प्रभविष्यति ।

विद्यावाचस्पतयः सत्यमेव विदुषां कृत्याकृत्यविवेचने शास्त्राणि चक्षुषि इति । तान्यपि स्वेषां तत्त्वावबोधने तत्त्वज्ञं वाचस्पतिसमं वक्तारं विना नान्येषां चक्षुषि । तत्त्वज्ञं कंचिन् वक्तारमा-साद्य सद्य एव सर्वेषामपि चक्षुषि भवन्तीति वाचस्पतिरेव चक्षुषामपि चक्षुरिति व्यपदिश्यते । तथा हि कविसर्वभौमो व्यपदिशति ।

सद्दिनेत्रं हरेश्चक्षुः सहस्रनयनाधिकम् ।

वाचस्पतिरुवाचेदं प्राञ्जलिर्जलजासनम् ॥ इति ॥

कोऽप्ययं महिमा ब्रह्मणो यच्चक्षुषश्चक्षुरिति । सोऽयं तद्विभूतौ भवादृश्यां कस्यांचिद् विवियते वाचस्पतिपदेन भारते भारतधर्ममहामण्डलाधिकृतैः ।

दर्शनकलानिधयः, धनविहीनानामिव वदान्यता, अपरिचितपरिज्ञानामिव पारावारावगाहो वाग्विभवो विद्यमानोऽपि विद्यास्वशिक्षितानां विफलो विपरीतफलोऽपि भवेत् । विद्यानदीणानां मनीषिणां पुनः नवनवोन्मिषन्मूलां नूतनतररत्नानां निधीनामिव वदान्यताविभवः परिप्लवप्रगल्भाना-मिव रत्नाकरावगाहः अपरिमेयमनन्तं च फलं प्रसूते इति स्थाने दर्शनकलानिधीनां भवतामामोदो हेम इव वाग्विभवो विद्योतते ।

कुलपतयः, द्विविधं हि कुलं गण्यते विद्यया जन्मना च । तत्र सत्यपि जन्मानुबान्धिनि कुले विषाकुलमेव कुलपतिपदं प्रथयति । विंशत्याः शताब्द्याः आरभ्य षष्ठां शरदं ऐषमोवधि त्रिशतं वत्सरान् व्याकरणवेदान्तमीमांसासाहित्यन्यायादिविद्याविभागेषु मयूरपुरसंस्कृतविद्यामन्दिरे पञ्चमदविराजमान तञ्जापुर राजकुलालये मद्रमहामण्डलमहाकुलशालायां च अध्यक्षपदमध्यापकपदं चाधिप्राय कतिकतिविधानि वा विद्याकुलानि प्रतिष्ठापितानि भवद्विरित्यन्तरा भवतः कुलपतिपदेन कं वान्यमाचक्ष्महे । आ दक्षिणार्ण

वात् आ च हिमाचलात् विविधेषु विद्यालयेषु येषामन्तेवासिनामन्तेवसन्तोपि अध्यापकपदमलंकुर्वते तानन्तरेण कन्तु खल्विदं कुलपतिपदं महामहोपाध्यायपदं चान्वर्धतामासादयेताम् ।

संस्कृतसेवाधुरन्धराः, या खलु सर्वासामपि भारतीयभाषाणां माता यामेवावलम्ब्य प्रवृत्ताः प्रवृद्धाश्च चतुर्दशापि विद्याः ययैव महर्षीणां महाकवीनां च हृदयहारिणो भावाः समुल्लसन्ति यस्यै च वैदेशिका अपि स्पृहयन्ति सेयं संस्कृतभाषा भारते विरलप्रचारा विपन्नेत्यहो विशृङ्खलं खेलनं कालस्य । विपदमस्याः प्रति-कर्तुम् परंप्रयतमाना मातृदेवामहनीयकीर्तियो वि. कृष्णस्वाम्यार्याः महान्तं भारं भवदीयमूर्धनि निधाय तेजोमात्रभृता अपि कृतकृत्या इत्यहो तेषामाकृतिविशेषप्रत्ययप्रयुक्तायाः संभावनाया गुणः, प्रतिपन्नकार्य-निर्वाह प्रभावो वा भवताम् ।

भवन्तो हि संस्कृतसेवातत्पराः विश्वविद्यालये प्राच्यविद्याविमर्शकक्ष्यां संस्कृतसेवासमितिं विमृष्टविषय-प्रकाशिकां त्रैमासिकां पत्रिकां च प्रतिष्ठाप्य दुरुहविषयगभीराणां प्राचीनकोशानां शोधने प्रकाशने कोशागार-संरक्षणे च परं प्रयस्यन्तो व्ययन्तश्च वित्तानि विविधांश्च विषयान्सेवासमितेराध्यक्ष्यमवलम्ब्य सौष्ठवौदार्यविशेष-शालिन्या निश्चितार्थया वाचा विशदयन्तः प्रोत्साहयन्तश्च परान्संस्कृतसेवासु ; कां वा संस्कृतसेवायाः विधामवशेषयन्ति । सर्वथेदानीं समुज्जीविता संस्कृताभारती, नीतं च पण्डितकुलमखिलमधर्मणतां, निर्व्यूढं मूर्ध्ना धृतमशेषमात्मकृत्यमिति यत्सत्यं तन्मिमापि शोभत एव भवतां वीराणामिव समरविजयिनाम् ।

आर्याः, भुवो भरमशेषं शेष इवात्मशिरसि संस्कृतसरस्वत्याः सर्वामपि धुरं धरन्तो भवन्तः कुल वा भार-मेनमवरोप्य विश्रान्ता भविष्यन्तीति विमृशन्तोऽपि वयं निश्चयं नाधिगच्छामः । अथवा भविष्येव काचिद्दि-श्रान्तिस्तादृशकार्यनिवहात् भवतामपि यः खलु संस्कृतसेवाया विहन्यादवसरम् । तदेनं प्रियातिथि-मिव स्पृहणीयं विराममुद्रोक्षमाणानामुत्सहिष्णूनां च संस्कृतसमेधने दिवानिशमाशंसामहे भवताम् ।

तन्यादनामयं तन्वामोषधीशशिखामणिः ।

मङ्गलानि वहन् वत्से सदा मङ्गलदेवताम् ॥

Mr. S. T. G. Varadachari, M.A., then recited a Sanskrit poem specially composed by him for the occasion.

Vidyasagara Vidyavachaspati Prof. P. P. S. Sastri spoke as follows :—

“SIR,

For over twenty years you have held with rare distinction the Professorship of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in the Presidency College, Madras. You succeeded a brilliant and versatile genius in a place which had already been established as among the most honoured of the fifty or so Professorships of Sanskrit in the world. Not only have you nobly sustained the tradition, but by the breadth and profundity of your scholarship and by the clarity and impressiveness of your exposition, you have added greatly to the importance and the fame of the chair.

Your reputation as a scholar among the great Orientalists of the world is assured and well-founded; in the whole history of Sanskrit learning, ancient and modern, there have been few scholars who have had such complete mastery of all our philosophical systems, and none indeed who combined this mastery with a command of linguistic science and a vivid historical sense.

With this unique equipment, you have created round yourself a very vigorous school of Sanskrit study and research. In the organization and conduct of the Honours School of Sanskrit in our University, you have done, and you have been, everything. Not only have you been a researcher yourself, but even more important than that you have been a potent cause of research in others.

It is owing to your inspiration and guidance that a large number of young men filled with learning and enthusiasm have been issuing critical editions of our ancient classics and monographs on literary and philosophical problems. Any estimate of your work must take into account this wide, intense and uniformly beneficent influence which you have shed on many generations of your pupils; this influence has been eagerly received not only by the Honours Graduates, but by the Siromanis and Vidvans of the Sanskrit Colleges of our University. We confess to a feeling that our insistent calls on your time and energy have perhaps delayed the fulfilment of your own literary projects; self-effacing generosity and the achievement of personal fame go ill together. But may we express the hope that in the years to come, you will command the leisure to put into permanent form the fruits of your learning and research.

As Curator of the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras, you have done valuable work in issuing scientific Catalogues of Manuscripts and in making a wide survey of the manuscript material in South India. As a member of the various bodies in the Madras University you have displayed keen insight into University affairs, a thorough grasp of detail and an accurate

knowledge of law and procedure. You have been connected also with other Universities and learned Societies and taken a leading part in their activities. Your conduct on all these bodies has been characterized by a rigid and unswerving adherence to the highest academic standards. The cause of learning has ever been dear to your heart, and in that cause, you have not hesitated to give, as well as to receive, hard knocks.

By recognizing, in terms of titles and distinctions, your profound scholarship and your services to the cause of higher education, Government and learned Societies have honoured themselves.

The Journal of Oriental Research which you founded, with the co-operation of your pupils, a decade ago, has already made for itself a great name by the range of its interests and by the value of its methods and conclusions. We have no doubt that your *Vidyavamsa* will maintain in perpetuity the high academic standard of the Journal.

We implore the Lord to bless you with long life and sound health and happiness, so that you may, for many more years, continue, with undiminished vigour, your unparalleled service to the cause of Oriental learning.”

In unveiling a portrait in oils of Professor Sastri, Mr. Littlehailes, C.I.E., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras, spoke as follows :—

“Mahamahopadhyaya Professor S. Kuppuswami Sastri, whose portrait I am about to unveil, has been Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in this College, as well as Curator of the Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, for more than twenty years. Prior to his appointment to the Presidency College, he held the important and responsible posts, first of Principal of the Mylapore Sanskrit College and later of Principal of the Sanskrit College, Tiruvadi. For nearly thirty years, he has been connected with the University of Madras, first as a member, later as Chairman, of its Board of Studies in Sanskrit, as an Examiner and Chairman of its Board of Examiners in Sanskrit and as a member of both the Senate and the Academic Council. He has delivered University lectures bearing on Sanskrit and on Indian Philosophy; he has guided the work of students who were researching in Sanskrit culture; he took an effective part in drawing up the scheme for the formation of the University Oriental Research Institute as well as in organising and establishing higher courses of Studies in the Madras University leading to Degrees, Titles and other distinctions in Oriental Learning; and he has for years been a member of the Committee to assist in the compilation of the University Tamil Lexicon, a work which is now nearing completion.

"His activities have not, however, been circumscribed by the walls of this College or by the boundaries of this University. He has delivered lectures under the auspices of other Universities in India and has examined for practically all the more important of other Indian Universities, as well as for the authorities which conduct examinations for entrance into the higher branches of the public services in this country. It is almost redundant to state that as one of the foremost authorities in Sanskrit in India, a country which is the home of this language, his reputation as a Sanskrit scholar is international.

"The number of his published works has been limited, but their quality probably improved, by the amount of time and energy that he has had to devote to lecturing and teaching. But they form a goodly part of the works and articles of worth in periodicals produced in South India during the last two decades. The Mahamahopadhyaya has been responsible for most of the Descriptive and Triennial Catalogues as well as for the general alphabetical Indexes of the Manuscripts in the Oriental Manuscripts Library which have been published up-to-date, while as Curator of the Library he has acquired for it more than ten thousand manuscripts from various sources, nearly half of which being rare and valuable form the basis of a considerable part of the Oriental Research in many of its branches that has been carried on in India during the last fifteen years.

"He has been prominently associated with the Learned Societies in India, with the All-India Oriental Conference and with the Indian Philosophical Congress and he started the *Madras Journal of Oriental Research* which has become one of the leading research journals of the world in Oriental subjects. Distinctions have been conferred upon him by Government and by Learned Societies.

"The secret of his reputation and of his success among scholars lies not so much in the profundity of his learning and the breadth of his scholarship—though his knowledge of the Sastras and his acquaintance with the Linguistic Sciences and with both modern and ancient Histories, Literatures and Philosophies entitle him to rank among the most eminent of India's scholars—but in his application of modern critical methods of research with its accurate analytical and comparative methods which necessarily precede synthetic generalisations to his vast store of erudition. And in this secret lies the future of India's scholarship and the success of any true development of Oriental Culture. It demands an intelligence which while trained to take a thorough grasp of details keeps before it at the same time a comprehensive command of fundamentals and of general principles. It requires the ability of clear exposition and of linguistic accuracy. It needs above all a disposition to face unpalatable facts and to cast aside theories and prejudices which the result of enquiry has shown to be untenable. The ideal is the search after truth, and in Professor Kuppuswami

Sastri we see a man whose life is devoted to and dominated by that search after truth which is the ideal of all higher scholarship.

"Though on the point of retirement from the Chair of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology at this College, yet we all look to him to continue to exercise his influence over South Indian Scholarship. It is with very great pleasure that I now unveil his portrait."

Principal H. C. Papworth, in accepting the portrait on behalf of the College, made a humorous speech. When he first joined the Presidency College as Additional Professor of English fifteen years ago, Mr. Mark Hunter described Prof. Kuppuswami Sastri as one deep in Oriental learning. To one who was, like himself, fresh from England, Oriental learning meant Occult Sciences like wizardry and witchcraft. He would say that he was not surprised to find in Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar something of the wizard though in a figurative sense in his later speeches in the meetings of the Academic Council and the Senate. Mr. Papworth said that, as Principal, he had always applied to Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar for advice on all matters connected with Sanskrit and other Oriental studies and was grateful for his valuable advice fully and freely given.

Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar thanked the organisers of the function for their kindness and gave touching expression to his love of Sanskrit and the devotion with which he had pursued his Sanskrit studies even from very early years. He expressed his gratitude to the late Mr. V. Krishnaswami Ayyar for having dissuaded him from the profession of law and for advising him to dedicate himself to the cause of Sanskrit learning. Professor Kuppuswami Sastri then spoke of his Principalship of the Sanskrit College at Mylapore where he had opportunities of working with some of the most distinguished scholars of the time and of improving his own knowledge of the Sastras. After a brief reference to his connection with the Trivadi Sanskrit College as Principal, Mr. Sastriar related the circumstances under which he was appointed Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in the Presidency College and spoke of his indebtedness to Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar in that connection. He had some years thereafter been promoted to the I.E.S. and while entering into the agreement had to give his credentials in the prescribed form. He had not hesitated to recite in that column the names of some of his students, as he believed that the best credentials of a teacher were his pupils. Though he was, of course, gratified by the promotion, he could not help feeling that larger emoluments had perhaps brought moral deterioration with them. Passing thence to speak about his work as a Professor, Mr. Sastriar said that his conception of his duty had made him devote all his time to the daily routine of teaching and that he had had little leisure left for anything else. He hoped

that freed from this routine, he would be able in the years that still remained for him to do something by way of research.

In the course of his speech Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar referred also to his Curatorship of the Oriental Manuscripts Library and thanked Mr Littlehales who, as Director of Public Instruction, had placed large sums of money at his disposal for the purchase of Manuscripts. It was this perfect confidence that had enabled him to acquire as many as 10,000 valuable MSS. for the Library.

In conclusion Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar said that successive Principals had shown uniform kindness to him and that he had none but the pleasantest memories of his life in the College.

Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, in bringing the proceedings to a close, said that he had always had the greatest regard for Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar's scholarship and character. As Chairman of the Board of Studies he had himself had occasion to work with the Professor and the late Mr. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar in organising the courses of Sanskrit studies for the B.A. Honours and the Oriental Titles, and could state that Mr. Sastriar was largely responsible for their present scope and intensity. Mr. Sastriar's appointment as Professor of Sanskrit in the Presidency College had been of the greatest importance not only to the College but to the cause of Sanskrit learning. As one who had taken a deep interest in watching the career of the Professor and his keen devotion to his work as teacher of the Sastras, the President expressed the hope that Mr. Kuppuswami Sastriar would now, after his retirement, engage himself in original work and enrich Sanskrit scholarship in South India by the publication of his researches.

After a vote of thanks proposed by Dr. C. K. Rajah, the meeting terminated.



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