

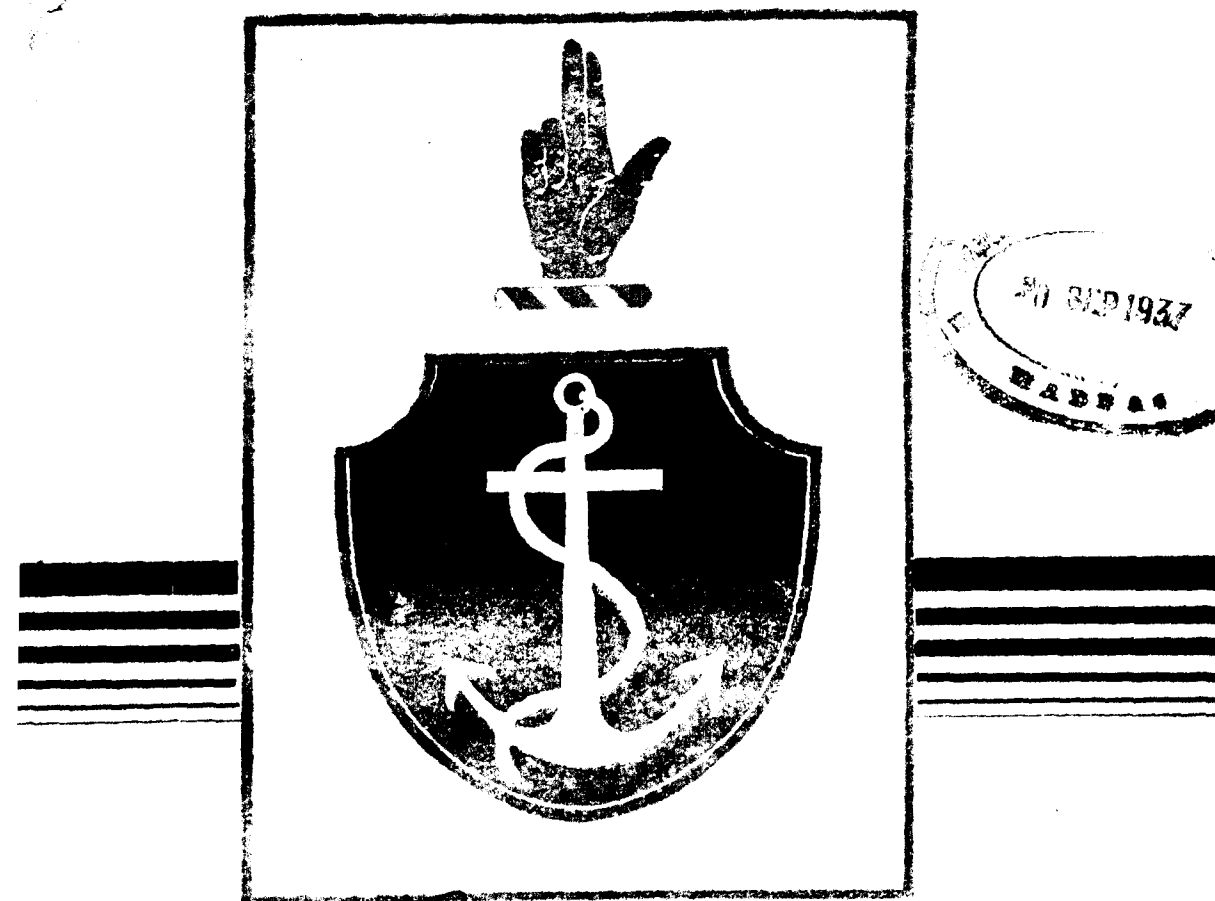
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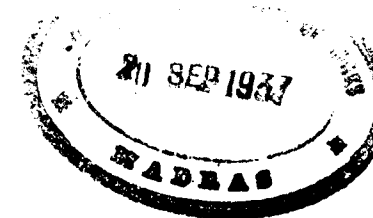
THE MADRAS



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

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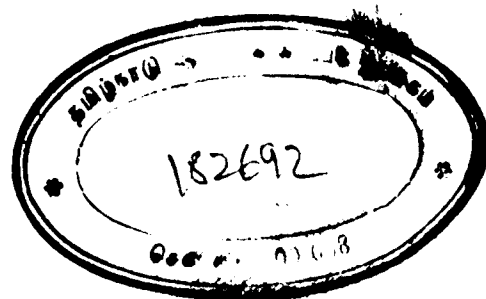
THE
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FERRAND EDWARD CORLEY

It is 31 years since Mr. Corley reached Madras to assume the duties of Professor of History in the College, and there are few of us who remember him as he was then. Those who knew him in later years must often have been struck by the contrast between the suggestion of age in that bent figure for which we cherished so affectionate a regard, and the youthfulness of the face. That youthful look was a triumph of spirit over matter. It was the token of a serene poise of soul, maintained through long years of his earlier service here. When he joined the staff, he was thirty years of age, and had behind him a record of distinguished scholarly achievement. For a lover of Oxford who has acquired its passion for exact scholarship—still more for one who has risen to the dignity of Fellow and Tutor as Mr. Corley had done—to break away from so privileged an intellectual fellowship means a very great sacrifice indeed. Yet, greater than Mr. Corley's devotion to his own loved University was his devotion to Jesus Christ, and in an invitation by the Methodist Missionary Society to fill the place on our College staff as their representative which had been vacant since the lamented death, two years before, of the Rev. F. W. Kellett he recognised the finger of God. In obedience to

the Divine summons he gave himself to the service of India, and what was Oxford's loss has been great gain to the Madras Christian College and to the University of which it is a part.

How great a gain, I am not going to try to measure. In a few words I could not do it justice. To begin the tale would be easy, but not to end it. Perhaps every one would place first, as his most distinctive contribution to the ends which a University serves, the revelation which he was to generations of students of what is meant by exact thinking and conscientious scholarship. To any College a teacher who can mediate that revelation is an asset of incalculable value. His unassuming modesty, his quiet generosity, the cheerful courage of which I have already spoken, his ready friendliness, his unfailing loyalty to his colleagues, his quickness and acuteness of judgment, his willingness to expend in the inconspicuous labours of a College lecturer gifts that might have made him a name in the intellectual world—all this and more would have to be stressed in any effort to estimate the loss which his death means to us. But I feel that Mr. Corley himself would wish that we should use this occasion when, as a College, we are assembled in the presence of God, not for measuring



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the greatness of our debt to him nor the gravity of our loss in his passing, but for thanksgiving and praise. The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. If the loss is great, it is because the boon was great. Let us therefore give thanks.

Let us also rejoice in the release that has come to our brother, set free from that 'thorn in the flesh' with which he bore so patiently, and welcomed into the larger freedom of the life unseen. And let us employ this occasion when once again we have been brought face to face with the forbidding figure of that great enemy, Death, to give thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ who, for them who trust in

Him, has 'abolished death'—deprived it of all reality—and has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

In the flower of the field, over which the wind passeth and it is gone, the Psalmist saw a symbol of the littleness and evanescence of man. Our Lord saw in the same an example of the lavishness of the Creator's bounty. If God clothes in such beauteous apparel the short-lived grass of the field, how much more will He clothe you, O men of little faith. Yes, and when we put off the garment of the flesh, will He not re-clothe our spirits again more beautifully? So we are able to link our faith with that of the Apostle Paul when he wrote:—

Ah yes, we know that if this mere tent,
Our habitation on earth, be taken down,
A solid building, reared by God, we have still,
A habitation no hands fashioned ever,

A home eternal, in the heavens.
And while yet we are in this tent, we are sighing sore,

Ever longing, longing, to over-drape us
With the mantle of that mansion which is of Heaven.

It is not that we would fain be disarrayed of the mortal body,
Nay, but rather over-draped with the immortal,
That mortality may be drowned in the sea of Life.
Yea, and He who for this very consummation hath fashioned us is God,

God, who has given us His Spirit
As the earnest of the fulfilment of His promise.

Therefore are we ever of good heart:
We know that, while for us this body is our home-land,

We are exiles from our Lord:—
For by faith we guide our steps, by no clear vision yet:—

Ay, of good heart are we, and are right glad

To be exiled from the body,
And to come to the Home-land, to the presence of our Lord.

It is thither that our brother, Mr. Corley, has gone:—that is our Christian faith. Is it not right that we should rejoice and give thanks?

(From an address by the Principal spoken at the College Service
July 18, 1937.)

SOME EXCURSIONS ROUND TAMBARAM

By E. BARNES

Compared with the very flat country immediately round Madras, the environs of Tambaram are hilly and picturesque. Looking in any direction from the College, rocky hills surrounded by scrub jungle are seen. Each of these hills may be made the objective of an interesting and pleasant excursion, especially for those interested in any aspect of natural history. These short notes are intended as an introduction to those who have not yet visited these places. Most of these hills are much more extensive than the distant view suggests, and various modifications and extensions of route will suggest themselves to the visitor.

Tambaram Hills and Mullumalai

From Tambaram station go north along the Chingleput road for about a furlong, and then turn west on to the maidan; strike across the maidan for the north end of the hills. There is a good deal of scrub jungle at the foot of the hills, and through this there runs a line of white stone posts marking the forest reserve. Follow these posts to the right. There are a number of possible ways to go up one of the hills. One of the easiest is to take the track that leads off at the post numbered 27. This track leads to some quarries, by climbing through which the summit of the most easterly of the hills is easily gained. From this hill a good bird's-eye view of the College and its surroundings is obtained. It is of interest to see from here that St. Thomas's Mount, Pallavaram, Pachaimalai and the

Tambaram hills are more or less in a straight line, suggesting that they may be the remnants of a ridge of mountains that has been almost completely weathered away.

Continuing along the path that follows the white posts one reaches a tank bund that runs between the Tambaram hills and Mullumalai. Some pretty views of well-wooded recesses in the Tambaram hills are got from this path. By crossing the tank bund and keeping to the left, the Tambaram hills are easily encircled and a return may be made by the Mudichur road. It is not difficult to get on to the Mullumalai hills from this tank bund.

There are three Canarese villages near the Tambaram hills. The people of these villages make their living largely by preparing curds and taking it by foot to Madras for sale.

Pachaimalai

This is the double hill seen directly to the north from the College site. It may be reached either from Tambaram or from the Chromepet. In the one case go to Chromepet station and walk south along the Chingleput road to the Tuberculosis Sanatorium, and, by permission, climb up by the made path that leads from the Sanatorium to the northern summit of the hill. If the walk is begun at Tambaram, it is about a mile along the Chingleput road to the south entrance of the Sanatorium. The road to the Sanatorium from this entrance goes first more or less west and then north. Some distance after the bend

to the north, on the right-hand side of the road, there is a palmyra palm clasped by a fig tree; from a few yards before these trees there is a track to the left which runs straight to the saddle between the two parts of the hill. From this saddle the two summits are easily reached. The views from near this saddle looking west and south are surprisingly picturesque. There is a valley almost surrounded by jungle-covered hills, and after the rains several large stretches of water are visible. Tirunelmalai with the temple on its summit, and the Nagari, Nagalapuram, Tirupathi and Keelambakkam hills are seen in the distant west. The path to the saddle continues down the other side, and Mullumalai or the Tambaram hills can be included in the ramble if time allows.

Nedungundram

This is the isolated rounded hill seen to the S. W. from the College. To get to this hill, go out of the gate by the milking-shed and take the track running south. This track winds through scrub jungle to the village of Alapakkam. At Alapakkam get on to the tank bund and go south. This bund joins a higher bund that runs between Nedungundram hill and Vandalur. There are some large clumps of bamboo and screw pine on this bund and when the tanks are full there is some very pretty scenery in this region. By going along the higher bund to the left the foot of Nedungundram is reached. This side of the hill is steep and thorny, and it is much easier to go up the south or east sides. On the summit there is a ruined Pallava temple of about the same date as those at Seven Pagodas. The return may be made by continuing along the high bund

towards Vandalur. This bund turns right through some of the jungle at the foot of Vandalur, and from it the Alapakkam track to Tambaram is easily regained.

Vandalur

This is most easily reached by train, but it is not too far for an excursion of foot. Get on to the bund of the Irumbuliyur tank by going south from the milking-shed and striking off to the right from the Alapakkam track. Follow the bund to the south as far as the anicut, and then strike across the fields in the direction of the hills. There is a good deal of thick jungle round the foot of the hills, through which, in places, it is not easy to find a way, but near the hills there is a cart-track and a line of forest boundary posts which are not difficult to find. There are many delightful forest glades at the foot of these hills. Straight down the northern spur there is a path which can be seen from some distance, and near to the beginning of which the cart-track passes. From the summit of the hill up which the path runs, an extensive view is obtained including the College site and many miles beyond. A path runs from this summit to the summits of two other hills of this group, but it is often choked by thorny growth. A broad path with white forest boundary stones runs all along the west side of these hills. This is one of the best of the easily accessible places for bird-observing and botanical collecting. From this path, at the back of the casuarina tope a little to the north of the station, there is a track to the path along the saddle from one hill-top to another. This is the easiest way to get to the summits, but the beginning of the track is not very

easy to find. There is a path round the south of the hills from the Vandalur Tank to the Keelambakkam road. The highest of these hills has an elevation of 563 feet.

One frequently finds on these hills holes dug by wild pig searching for tubers, and apparently panthers frequent them, as occasionally dogs and cattle are attacked in the surrounding villages.

Vengambakkam and Unamalai

These are the hills to be seen on the skyline due south of the College. An excursion to them is best made by cycle or bus (there is a Madras-Keelambakkam bus). After going about a mile south of Vandalur on the Chingleput road turn down the Keelambakkam road and continue for about three miles to where a forest road leads south to these hills. Less than a mile along this road there is a branch to the left which leads by rough stone steps to the summit of one of the hills. At the summit there is a small stone mantapam, from which the sea and the lighthouse at Seven Pagodas are visible, and a striking view of hill and jungle looking west and south is obtained. By continuing along the forest road some distance further and then taking a track to the right, some quarries in the hill-side are reached. By way of these quarries the ridge of Unamalai is easily climbed. The cart-track leads on to a wide cultivated valley surrounded on all sides by hills. The hills to the south are rather bare, being outside the forest reservation. There is a path which leads from the cart-track round the south and east sides of the hill with the mantapam, back to the Keelambakkam Road. The writer has seen both a wild deer and the Indian ratel on these hills.

Nanmangalam

The College site was formerly part of one section of the Selaiyur Reserve. The other section is four miles to the east along the Velacheri road. It is best reached by cycle. There is a group of stony hills surrounded by a considerable area of scrub jungle. One of these hills (Nanmangalam) has been used for the trigonometrical survey, and has a bench mark on its summit (230 feet). The jungle round these hills differs somewhat from that found in other places in this district in that it consists largely of clumps of trees and bushes with open grassy areas between. This park-like type of country is particularly pleasant for walking and picnicking.

Pallavaram Hills

These hills are probably more familiar than any of the others in this neighbourhood. To get to the top of the hill with the mosque, go north from Pallavaram station along the disused railway line that runs up between the two largest hills. On the northern side of the hill there is a definite zig-zag road to the mosque. It is not difficult to climb up the south end of the hill from near the station. The mosque, apparently once a bungalow, is at a height of 429 feet, and gives an extensive view. The hill with the Madras Corporation quarry in its side has the ruin of a bungalow called Benson's bungalow on its summit. The third and smaller hill, reached by going between the two larger ones, is of interest as there is a Pallava temple cut in the rock at its foot. This cave-temple is now a mosque and all carving has been obliterated.

Pleasant evening or early morning walks may be taken along the bund of the Selaiyur Tank and along the

Aharam road south of the College compound. There is pleasant open country on both sides of this road, with some beautiful views of the Vengambakkam and Vandalur hills seen through clumps of palms. It is also interesting to go to Madras by

the Velacheri road, which after passing through the Selaiyur Reserve and pleasant cultivated country joins the Chingleput road at the Marmalong Bridge, Guindy.

THE VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION OF THE CHOLASAS DEPICTED IN THE UTTARAMALLUR INSCRIPTIONS OF PARANTAKA I

By P. ALALASUNDARAM, M.A.

The Chola rule is famous for its autonomous village government. The fabric of the Empire was in fact raised on the foundation of the self-governing village assembly. The village assembly was known by many names namely the Saba, the Mahasaba, the Nagarathar, etc. There were many committees attached to the village assembly. The method of election and the qualifications of the candidates can be clearly seen from the two famous Uttaramallur Inscriptions of Parantaka I. These two Inscriptions belong to the 12th and 14th years of Parantaka (A. D. 919-920, and A. D. 921-22). Uttaramallur is a small village about ten miles north-west of Mathuranthakam. Mathuranthakam is a station about twenty miles beyond Chingleput. These two Inscriptions are engraved close to one another in the west wall of the Vaikondaperumal Temple at Uttaramallur.

From these two inscriptions we can have a clear idea about the method of election of the village assembly. The country was divided into thirty wards. Those who lived in each ward used to assemble in a particular place, write down the name of the candidate on the pot-tickets (Kudavolai) and put it into the pot. The candidate ought to possess the following qualifications. He must have more than a quarter veli of land and must own a house. His age must be above thirty-five and below seventy. Apart from this he was expected to know the Mantras

(Mantrabrahmana). Even if a person were to possess one-eighth veli of land instead of one-fourth veli of land as said above, his name too would be written on the pot-tickets if he had learnt one Veda and one of the four bhasyas. Even among those possessing the said qualifications only those who were virtuous and conversant with business were selected. If a person serving in a committee has not submitted his accounts he was disqualified to stand for the re-election. Not only the said person but even his distant relatives were disqualified. One who is incautious, one who has committed sins, one who has stolen the property of others, all these men were disqualified. Their names would not be written on the pot-ticket to be put into the pot. From these rigid rules we understand that in those days it was only the character that was looked upon more than the so-called property qualifications.

Excluding all these disqualified men the names of those that were qualified were written on the pot-tickets and put into the pot. This was done in all these thirty wards. Then these pot-tickets were bundled separately with a covering ticket showing the particular ward. All these bundles were put into a pot. A full meeting of the great assembly would be convened to draw the pot-tickets. The eldest among the temple priests would ask a young boy to take one of the bundles from the pot.

The single packet thus taken out would be transferred to an empty pot and shaken. From this pot one ticket should be taken by the young boy and handed over to the arbitrator (Madhyastha). The arbitrator would read out the name written on ticket. The name thus read out was accepted. In this way one man was chosen for each of the thirty wards. This method is similar to the election by lot.

From these thirty men thus chosen twelve men who were advanced in age and in learning would be appointed for the Annual Committee. Of the rest, twelve would be appointed for the Garden Committee and the remaining six would form the Tank Committee.

These men would hold office for a year and then retire.

The village assembly enjoyed great powers. It was practically free in the management of the local affairs. A representative of the central government was asked to supervise the village assembly. The management of the temples was in the hands of the village assembly. It collected the revenue payable to the government. It looked after the maintenance of roads and helped construction of irrigation works and other public utilities. Thus we find that the village assembly enjoyed greater independence during the rule of the Cholas.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

BY S. P. APPASAMY, *Class IV, Group IV-B.*

The helmsman of thy lonely barque
Tumultuous billows of Fate
Have swept o'erboard. He spent his
life
To reach Prosperity's shore
With cargo and crew; but it was not
To be, and he is gone.
Thou art not cast in Sorrow's cave;
Be not fettered by Grief
Amid ghostly shadows dark and dim,
A prey to gloomy Thought.
Thou art but upon a mountain-top
Alone, a cloud has curled
Himself around. What solitude!
What awful loneliness!
Cut off from Nature, Man, and Life,
Cased in an egg-shell of white
Billowy masses. But wait with
patience,

For the winds of Time
Shall tear a passage through yon
cloud;
A tunnel of gleaming light
Shall burst upon thee, and the
world,
Bedewed, smiling, bright
Shall re-emerge. New interests take
Your thoughts, and fly to heights
Undreamed of. Up, and tread thee
boldly
Upon the thorny way
Of life: And as the Man of Sorrows
Rose refreshed with might
From a passion of weeping and
prayer
To face the world again,
Rise and play thy changing part
Strengthened by trial and pain.

RANDOM THOUGHTS OR 'VANDE MATARAM'

By V. R. SUBRAMANIAN, *Hons. v, Br. vi.*

'Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads? Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!'

We all have our pet theories and notions of regulating our life and leading it to ideal heights. I for one would follow any system of life that would give me mental equipoise and serenity of temper. That calmness which arises out of sure knowledge of what we are about, the calmness brought about by fixity of aim and persistence of purpose—that alone can lighten our life and make it endurable. Torn to tatters by contending passions and conflicting ideals, ourselves a bundle of contradictions and prejudices, we are a compound of the devil and the divine.

To the average Indian who is not totally blind to mundane considerations, the present is a bed of thorny problems. It is all right to speak grandiloquently about India's past glories, her sages and her seers, her law-givers and kings. But however magnificent the past might have been, it is but the past and we have to reckon with the present as we live in it. None says that we should not be proud of our glorious past and draw inspiration to heroic sacrifice and sky-sweeping idealism from it. But we have also to take into account the factors, that in spite of all her cloud-riding glory have brought India to the present state; her disunion, her racial and religious animosity and her other-worldliness and narrow selfishness. Even to those who consider this existence a brief passage

in an eternal journey, the present does not afford a rosy prospect. India, the Home of Prophets and Seers, India whose first lisps in religion and philosophy were the wonder and admiration of Greece and Rome,—is now sunk in darkness and chaos. Her sons and daughters, the torch-bearers of knowledge and wisdom to the ancient world, have now degenerated into self-seekers and hypocrites, groaning under the dead-weight of customs and usages of a bygone age and society.

* * * *

Oh! mother! Awake from Thy age-long sleep. Dispel the dark clouds around Thee with a flash of Thy glittering sword. Stamp out from under Thy feet all that makes us, Thy children, unworthy of Thee, the pure, the chaste, the noble and the valiant. Show us a glimpse of Thy raven locks and put new courage into our hearts. May we be ever as pure as Thy lotus feet, pristine in its purity, eloquent in its beauty and emblematic in its shape.

Mother! have pity on me, Thy son, Thy slave, Thy bondman. I surrender myself to Thee, body and soul—cleanse me in the fire of sacrifice and mould me in the wheel of time. Let me ever have Thy Imprint on me. Make me forget myself when I forget Thee, let me not live when I do not live for Thee, live Thou through me and I in Thee.

I know not what is good and what is bad, what is wisdom and what is folly. Take me by the hand as a mother a groping child and lead me in the path of love and humility and service to mankind.

SLEEP

By S. P. APPASAMY, *Class IV, Group IV-B.*

Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.

(S. T. COLERIDGE).

A Greek sculptor made an exceedingly beautiful head of sleep, whose brooding eyes and gentle wings were in themselves a lullaby. And all through the ages we find writers extolling sleep. Æneas called it most sweet, a gift from the Gods. Sancho Panza blessed it after sleeping off the effect of his potions. All the Elizabethans praised it; and even Wordsworth, the austere, sang about it. One recalls Falstaff sleeping on the benches at noon; and Tennyson finding 'music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.' But is sleep such an unmixed blessing? Hamlet had his doubts. What happened when man first went to sleep? Something that many an early Christian anchorite would have held to be the greatest of calamities that ever befell the earth—the creation of woman. Napoleon, it is said, lost the battle of Waterloo through sleepiness—and not wholly because of the valour of the Iron Duke. And when Morpheus assails one in the lecture room, well. . . .

One enterprising gentleman is, I believe, perfecting, an invention which he calls 'the mechanical bore', to stand beside the bed, and aid humanity to fight Insomnia. Another suggests that though the Madras

Corporation or the B. B. C. could not very well broadcast quiet, they might find something they could do toward developing the invaluable talent for going to sleep. Mattress-makers advertise increasingly and unceasingly the advantages of their spring contraptions. And, by the by, the demand for alarm clocks has I am credibly informed, fallen a great deal! But worst of all the consumption of sleep-inducing drugs has gone up by more than 80 per cent in the last few years, and is increasing rapidly. Humanity is evidently desirous of going to sleep.

Until recently it was only the psychologists who toyed with the idea of sleep. But one over-inquisitive mattress-maker wanted to know the what, how and why of sleep, and set Dr. H. M. Johnson of Ohio State University on his investigations. He rigged out a bed with an automatic recording machine, capable of charting every move the sleeper made during a night's rest. Not content with that, he concealed a cine-camera nearby, and made connections to the bed in such a way that it photographed the sleeper in each of his changing positions. From the wealth of data he thus obtained, the doctor found himself in a position to refute certain common fallacies about sleep.

There is no such thing as 'sleeping like a log', without moving. A normal sleeper, he found, changes his position on an average of 35 times during an eight-hour night. This nocturnal wanderlust which almost

invariably accompanies healthy sleep, he termed '*Motility*'. The reason for *Motility* is that the muscular arrangement of the human body is so complex that a sleeper rarely succeeds in resting all his muscles at once. So when the muscles in one position grow tired the sleeper moves, allowing these to relax. Each individual has his own *motility curve*; and if he turns more than his allotted number of times, or less, he gets insufficient rest.

Another doctor, continuing the good work from where Dr. Johnson left off declares that hot weather, heavy meals at night, emotional disturbances, too much exercise, and pain, increase *motility*; while hard exercise, warm or cold baths before retiring, intensive study, and hot or cold beverages, have no effect on it. Here, then, is a new and fruitful field for research and experiential verification for the residents at Tambaram.

The deeper the scientists go into the problem of sleep, the more worried they get, and the more they tear their hair. When a sleeper moves so often, why doesn't he move off the bed and land with a resounding thump on the cool cement floor? Why does he automatically throw off the covers if he is hot, and draw them tighter, leaving cunning passages for ventilation, when he grows cold? There are intelligent responses. And if in sleep neither the physical nor the mental activities are suspended, how far is sleeping different from waking? At last they were forced to call it a day, and solemnly declared that the terms '*asleep*' and '*awake*' are scientifically unsatisfactory.

Sleeping at night is a habit ingrained in man. Punctually after sixteen hours of wakefulness, techni-

cally speaking, a person's blood content (whatever that may mean) changes, his energy falters, and the tear-glands cease to lubricate the eyes—hence the old myth of the sandman,—etc. After a few preliminary yawns he 'hits the hay' as the Americans have it, and closes his eyes to indulge in his spell of the dreamless—or to enumerate the scientific details, he falls into a state of comparative unconsciousness; his eyeballs roll upward and outward; his pupils contract; his reflex responses (such as the good old knee-jerk) diminish or disappear, he breathes more in his chest, thoracically and less in his belly; his blood pressure falls; his heart beats slower; his blood becomes less alkaline; and some of his secretions diminish and Hush, the human battery is charging—building up the tissues; only to be discharged the next day.

'Can one do without sleep?' demands the examination-fiend eagerly. The longest period of wakefulness achieved under authentic laboratory conditions is 231 hours—not quite ten days. But generally speaking sleep is essential to life, and more so to efficiency. Dogs die of exhaustion without sleep. And even prodigies of vigilance like Wesley, Edison and Buonaparte, though they did not sleep long at night must have caught short naps off and on at odd times—Wesley is recorded to have slept in the saddle, Edison's 'forty winks' in the lab: was not disturbed, and Napoleon nodded between battles,—so that they must have had only a very little short of the usual eight hours of sleep.

You cannot make up for lost sleep by sleeping longer when you finally get to bed, avers the scientist, though that sounds revolutionary to lay people

like us. Even after three or four days without rest, a single night's sleep will restore you as far as you can be restored. Your efficiency will be affected for a week or two, but more sleep than usual will not reduce that impairment. It struck me that some part of the apparatus with which they deduced this formula was faulty; but they give reasons. The famous economic theory of Diminishing Returns intrudes here. The deepest sleep, it appears, comes within the first two or three hours. From that time on, you get steadily smaller returns for the hours you lie abed. These extra hours, I confess, are mighty refreshing, but, technically, the man who said: 'I wish I could sleep as soundly at night as I do when it is

time to get up', is scientifically incorrect.

Every one has his own pet theory as to how to woo Morpheus. Counting sheep jump through a hedge, and finding a biblical name of each letter in the alphabet are antediluvian. One clergyman says that he repeats to himself the sermon he would deliver the next Sunday, and that invariably sends him off. The learned Professor Saintsbury writes with pleasing accuracy, in *Notes on a Cellar-book* 'a large claret glass or small tumbler of red hock did the trick admirably'. Thinking of some pleasant experience seems to be the patent remedy. But the easiest way for many of us will probably be to 'think of nothing, without effort', as somebody puts it.



Of the two influences on English literature—Russian and French—the Russian influence seems to be less formal and more spiritual. Some of the Russian writers are thought of as aristocrats of spirit, and the English reader, who reads them, reads them for their spiritual perceptions, for their idealism. This spiritual influence may appear strange to some students of English literature, because the one great contribution of Russian literature to the literature of the world is realism. We know that the idealist is opposed in spirit to the realist. But though Russian writers have followed the method of the realist in their works, yet, they remain idealists at heart, and their idealism is present as an overtone in their works.

Tchehov's realism is shot through with idealism. He is a realist, in that he describes nothing that is not true in fact. And he is an idealist, in that he loves 'the principle of beauty in everything', even in some ugly detail of life. And Tchehov is sustained in his idealism, although there is everything in life to shatter it, by his vision. We are, unfortunately, inclined to think that an author's short-stories are his by-product. We do not realise at what expense of the spirit some great short-story writers, like Anton Tchehov and Katherine Mansfield, write their stories. There is a vision behind every story that they write. And to us who read their stories the *real delight* is to penetrate the framework of their stories and see the vision behind and make that vision our own.

But a visionary cannot be a great

short-story writer, unless he is also an artist. And an artist, before anything else, has to, in the words of Katherine Mansfield, 'accept life'. For one thing, he has not the ordering of life in his hands. He sees a certain aspect of life and he sees in vision a pattern in that aspect of life, and that pattern he tries to translate in his story. He is content to be ravished by beauty. Take Tchehov's *Easter Eve*, for example. Here is an unknown monk who in cloistral quiet lives and dies. The beauty of his life has inflamed one pilgrim soul in this world—a lay-brother—with love and tenderness. The artist allows us only to know the quiet grief of the lay-brother at the loss of the monk, and his appreciation of the monk's one gift in life—'a gift for writing hymns of praise.' And yet, this is enough to bring to us forcibly the fact that that monk had not lived in vain, and we with the artist see both the monk and the lay-brother wrapped in beauty.

Tchehov was an artist both in life and in his work. And an artist must work hard before he can master the intricacies of his medium. 'I must', he says in one place, 'write with all conscience, with feeling, with gusto, write not 80 pages a month, but 16 pages in 5 months.' He aimed at compactness in his work, more especially in his style. And yet how transparently clear his language is, and how fitting an instrument his style is for conveying even the subtlest of emotions. His work knows discipline; and yet his is not the cold perfection of classicism. Freedom his work knows; and yet his is not the seedy extravagance of Romanticism. His stories have the repose of

high art, which is born of a mind that is not divided against itself.

The outlook on life of Tchehov's characters cannot be called wholly pessimistic. It is true that they think that happiness is a short-lived thing, that life is impermanent and that heartless Nature is indifferent to the fortunes of men. Yet this life is given only once for them to live. And there is an urge, a passionate desire, to create beauty,

Altho' to-morrow it seem

Like the empty words of a dream

Remembered on waking

and this secret urge, somehow, triumphs over their aching sense of futility. Many of his characters are troubled beings, dissatisfied with their manner of living. In moments of clear vision they see their spiritual emptiness. Every half-shade of feeling and thought of his characters, Tchehov describes to evoke in us the mood of their disturbed state of mind. It may be the peace of death which evokes a mood of violent reaction against their own fretfulness, or it may be the wild freedom manifest in nature which disturbs their cramped lives. But whatever it is which causes this strange disturbance in them, their genuine feeling for *more* life is unmistakable. Tchehov's people in his stories as his characters in his plays are perhaps only talkers. Yet in these moments of clear vision they become more real than our neighbours, and all else, which appeared in them superficial, commonplace, is forgiven and even forgotten.

And so Tchehov's preference for the superficial parts of character and conduct should not be lightly dismissed. English writers generally fasten their gaze on these superficial parts of character for satiric purposes. What Tchehov does and what Rus-

sian writers generally do, is to go deeper and relate these superficial qualities to the whole character of the man or woman and to realise the tragedy which lurks in these very superficial qualities. It is no wonder, then, that Tchehov's characters come alive in his hands. His delicacy of perception has enabled him to give depth to his characters. In the kingdom of our mind, surely, some place must be found for some of Tchehov's characters, for they are abiding presences.

The reading of Tchehov's stories disturbs us. This is not due to any flaw in his technique. Tchehov's creation of atmosphere in his stories puts us in the right frame of mind for the reading of his short-stories. Nearly everyone of his stories is bathed in twilight. But once we get accustomed to this uncertain light, how clearly we see his characters and how surely we exclaim at the end of every story, 'The whole thing could not have been otherwise'. But what disturbs us in Tchehov's work is its beauty. The contemplation of beauty in a work of art causes a peculiar kind of disturbance. There may even lurk in this contemplation of beauty a silent criticism of our own lives, dull without poetry, petty without anything to uplift it.

The stories of Tchehov are not to everyone's taste. But the reading of his stories crushes in our nature 'the ungenerous art of the inferior'. We must surrender ourselves to him, not allowing ourselves to be distracted by any preconceived notions of how a short-story should be written, but submitting ourselves to be kindled into living flame by the imagination of the artist, we are then, not out-castes from the world of Tchehov's imagination.

IN DEFENCE OF DONKEYS

By V. ABDULLA, *Class II. ii*

The donkey is the most ill-used animal we find to-day. When a man is stupid, you call him a 'donkey'. I do not know why on earth he should be called a donkey. Why not some other name? Will not a horse, or an elephant or any other name do? Why drag in the poor donkey's name?

Probably you will say that the donkey is stupid. How do you know it is stupid? What are your proofs? Is it that it has a little quantity of brain? For the matter of that, most animals have very little brain. Ninety-nine per cent of people think that the donkey is stupid because other people say so. Their only argument is 'I think so, because I think so'.

After all, what is the stupidity a donkey has committed? If loudness of voice is a criterion of intelligence, all of us *must* admit, that the intelligence of the donkey is beyond description. It is a gentle, docile poor little creature. It obeys the behests of its master meekly and with resignation. Some other animals, like the horse, disobey their master and get a good drubbing. But the donkey knows the golden rule that disobedience brings blows upon its head and so it is ever obedient. Is not this the sign of intelligence and foresight?

Besides, the donkey is a very hard-working animal. Daily (in India) it carries the dhobi's linen and it walks with such a burden of clothing on its back that its illustrious body is scarcely seen below the bundle. Its food is scarce. It gets meagre grass,

even that it has to get by its own efforts. What a reflection on the cruelty of man and the industry of asses! I think very few of the members of our species will do so much work for so little wages. Does not this life do credit to the donkey's mind and constitution?

The donkey is not so ugly as we think. We look upon it with a preconceived notion of uncomeliness and thus we see it so. But if we were to look at it impartially and without prejudice, we would find much in it that is charming—long thin legs, long trunk, long face with long ears and a golden complexion (not quite golden, but that does not matter—none can be perfect). In fact, the donkey expresses longness. (Don't look up the dictionary. Longness means 'the quality of being long'. The dictionary does not say that but I do.) Shakespeare praises the donkey's head in the words of queen Titania in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. She styles the donkey's cheeks as amiable, its head as smooth and sleek and its ears as fan and large. What more do you require? Even the king of dramatists praises the donkey. Then why should we despise it?

The donkey has another peculiarity. It has two appellations,—the 'donkey' or the 'ass'. Very few animals can boast of such a dual nomenclature. Is not that a covetable distinction?

Well, I do not know why I have defended the donkey.

'When at first I took my pen in hand, thus far to write, I did not

understand' that I should write about the donkey.

Some may say that I wrote it impelled by a family sympathy: that is as it may be.

But, dear reader, don't call a man an 'ass' or a 'donkey' if you mean to

insult him; because you are actually paying him a compliment. Use a more appropriate expression. Our attitude towards the donkey should always be that of queen Titania:

'O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!'

LITTLE DEVILS

By N. R. KANNAN, *Class II, Gr. i. a*

Some weeks ago on a cloudy night I had to hurry towards my village. Some unhappy thoughts overwhelmed me with unnecessary fears and anxieties. In order to get rid of those, as I walked, I tried to sing, but could not sing a word; raised my voice, the echo frightened me still more. Lastly I attempted to think, but thoughts of evil things appeared before my mind. I never gave way in this attempt till an interesting incident struck my mind. I could not but laugh and sing songs.

The incident was related to me by my dearest friends Ramu and Kittu when they were boys receiving primary education in a small village. I was then a mere boy like them, and lived and studied in the same village. Kittu was Ramu's cousin. Kittu's father lived in some other village, but he sent his son to his uncle's house so that Ramu and Kittu might read together, live together and have a happy time. Ramu was a mischievous fellow and made his cousin also a fellow of his sort. I should like to write the story as described by Ramu.

'One day we heard that a car festival was going to be celebrated in a town a couple of miles away from our place. I managed to get a silver coin from my kind mother and aunt of Kittu my cousin. At 2 o'clock we escaped from our class and set out for the town. In an hour we reached the town. We witnessed the function as thousands of people did. On either side of the roads there were shops of all kinds. People were buying eatables, dresses, toys, etc.

The noise of hawkers, vehicles, crowds, animals, etc., made us almost deaf. Soon we came to know that it was 6-45 p.m., from a clock tower.

'We bent our steps towards our village. Slowly we were leaving the noisy and busy town. The sun set, twilight came and faded away. Black clouds floated over the clear sky. No star was seen and no moon though it was a full moon day. On either sides of roads stood lines of big tall giant trees. Thus night overtook us, but we continued our walk still more rapidly.

'It began to rain slightly and it was too dark to recognize one another's faces. Suddenly Kittu opened his eyes well, closed it and moaned "A ghost!" "What?" said I, and looked straight with my eyes well opened. I could see a black object coming towards us with a terrible speed. The wind was moaning with a deep sigh. I ordered Kittu to climb up the nearest tree, and I followed him on the same tree a little later. "What is this Ramu?" Whispered Kittu; "at this time also you want to do mischief". "Shut up;" I again whispered and stopped.

'The ghost was coming, straight towards us. Kittu wept silently. I was having a firm grip of a branch. It was as if death was nearing us, but I never lost courage. As it came exactly below my branch, I threw the stone which I picked up before climbing the tree, at the ghost with all my strength. The next moment a wild cry was heard and it echoed again in the darkness. The ghost was seen no

more. I got down the tree and saw my courageous cousin on the ground, where he had fallen, as he heard the wild cry. Soon he stood on the ground and we laughed at our victory over that evil spirit.

'We had hardly gone a few yards when the black clouds passed away leaving the sky clear with its jewels shining. The moon was very beautiful. In a quarter of an hour we knocked at the door of our house. Mother came, blessing all the gods and goddesses and opened the door and kissed us. She asked us why we were late. We were silent and proceeded into the room fearing uncle who would be waiting with a long cane to thrash us. He was not in the front room. We peeped into the other room.

He was lying on his bed with a white bandage on his head. He was crying on account of severe pain, caused by a serious wound in his head. He asked us in a loud tone to take our food and go to bed soon and

he would see us with the cane the next morning.

'We were in our bed room when we heard uncle's voice. He said to aunt, "As I was walking along the road in the wild darkness in search of these fellows, I saw two tiny devils coming towards me. At first, I did not believe and cursed my eyes and thoughts, and proceeded. All at once I was wounded on my head with a big stone. It was those little devils' work. If I can only catch those devils, I shall thrash them within an inch of their lives.'

'Having heard this we stared at each other. We never had the courage to tell this incident even to my kind mother. The next morning he thrashed us a little for having come late the previous night. If he had known that we were the little devils, he might even now thrash us to death.'

Hearing this incident I laughed a great deal and it helped me to continue my way towards our village through the night.

SHAKESPEARE'S PERSONALITY

BY V. R. SUBRAMANIAN, *Hons. 5, Br. vi.*

It is a trite but true observation that every man lives in a world of his own. This is made clear by a proverb like—'there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.' Man is the measure of all things including good and bad in this universe of ours. We conceive values as correlative to our own self—the self being something unique in every human being which he brings with him to experience and which urges him in all activities to seek value. This something in us composed of our mental and spiritual apparatus, with which we begin life we call personality. Character on the other hand is the driving force in our mind which determines our conduct, hence character, is only the active part of our personality that we bring out on a particular occasion.

Having thus made clear the scope of our investigation, we will examine the materials in hand that throw some light on our question. As a matter of fact we know a great deal about the man Shakespeare—more than we know about the life of Spenser for example. Though the broad outlines of his life are clear, we do not have anything of a distinctly autobiographical nature or a biography by a friend or contemporary who understood him as in the case of Wordsworth or Shelley. Except for the sonnets which in the opinion of competent critics like Mr. Beeching and Prof. Bradley are substantially personal, we have only his dramatic writings to go on, in addition to a few contemporary tributes paid to the noble nature of the man.

There are only three contemporary references to Shakespeare, the man. Chettle praises his uprightness of dealing and his honesty, or honourableness; and Jonson calls him gentle and says, 'I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature.' According to his acquaintances, one of them, a poet and dramatist of no mean order, we know that Shakespeare was a man of lovable disposition honourable and of a free and generous nature. He was also gentle and sweet-tempered and if later gossip may be given credence to, 'made very good company and was of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit'. In his daily intercourse with his associates and friends, he was quite unassuming in behaviour, though he could not but have been conscious of his stupendous genius.

All this bespeaks a free and generous nature, naturally healthy and of good impulses, capable of taking the best side of everything and never doubting the goodness of mankind. When we come to his works, impersonal and unobtrusive as Shakespeare generally is, he betrays himself at times and make his figures speak out of his character, thus affording some clue to his mental outfit. We gather the impression when we read his plays, 'that he was the same kind of man as a Scott or Fielding but not a Shelley, a Wordsworth or Milton'. He does not seem to have been a powerful creature like Fielding though not physically feeble or inactive nor does he appear to have

loved violent bodily exercise as Scott did. He was no doctrinaire or moralist, nor was he a fanatical and one-sided Puritan. His imaginative sympathy was too wide and all-embracing to make him see consistently only one particular aspect of things nor was he made of the clay of which heroes and martyrs are moulded.

His imagination, was more Eastern than Western in its nature. We agree with Dr. Bradley when he says that he would have liked the Arabian Nights better than Dumas. This view is brought forward clearly by Frank Harris, who contends that Shakespeare was not at all a man of action in the accepted sense of the term, but was a dreamer and quasi-metaphysical lover. He carries conviction when he says in proof of his statement, that even when Shakespeare had not mastered his art, he succeeded in portraying the ineffectual but beautifully poetic Richard II, the saintly but unpractical Henry VI and the almost girlish Arthur, but his men of action of this early period are mere copies and conventional figures.

The attribute 'of a free and generous nature' can be applied to a good number of his heroes. Othello, Hamlet, Brutus, Lear, Timon, Antony, Coriolanus, Prospero, Troilus and Orlando can be said to have shared Shakespeare's personality in varying degrees and of them as we shall see, Hamlet approached nearest to Shakespeare in his intellectual unrest, morbid brooding, cynical self-analysis and dislike of bloodshed.

According to Frank Harris Shakespeare has painted himself in all his works. We get pictures of him in every stage of his life. The young lover Romeo, philosophizing and playing the thinker even in the heyday of his passion, the irresolute and intellectual

Macbeth, the philosophic dreamer Duke Vincentino in *Measure for Measure*—all betray Shakespeare's Hamlet-like qualities. If we combine the characters of Romeo, the poet-lover and Jacques the pensive-sad philosopher, we have almost the complete Hamlet, with passionate, conflicting sympathies and impartial intellect. And why did Shakespeare endow all his heroes with this love of thought and introspection, with wonderful imagination and poetic power, with this inherent capacity to think, to dream, to doubt if he himself did not possess it like Hamlet?

We can understand Hamlet's doubts, Lear's sublime madness, and Timon's misanthropy when we consider the reactions produced by ordinary men and women, on a nature sensitive and intense but not particularly active or volitional (Bradley). The effects of disillusionment about the goodness of mankind, the various problems of friendship, love and life which admit of no absolute and definite solution, make such a nature doubt the reality of everything sublunary, and set it thinking whether after all we are not of such stuff of which dreams are made and the whole world a vast theatre where actors and actresses make regular appearances and exits followed by everlasting silence.

It is interesting to notice the tastes and views that such a personality forms when placed in particular circumstances. Shakespeare, it seems to us conscious of his intellectual and spiritual superiority, felt his inferior social position galling. Nevertheless we have reason to suppose that he believed in degree and thought that inequality of rank was essential to stabilize society. His ability to understand all shades of character and opinion would have saved him from

the danger of becoming an extremist either in religion or politics. Anyway he betrays the intellectual aristocrat's contempt and dislike of mobs, political as well as intellectual and his free and generous nature stood in the way of his ever painting a complete miser. He appreciated music and in special valued its soothing effects when in love or mental anguish. He seems to have had a preference for the violet among all flowers and he disliked and even hated all dogs except hunting ones. His worst name for man is a dog, a fawning spaniel. He loved the chase but understood and sympathised if not actively, ever with the hunted animal. Perhaps his dislike for the dog

and in special the spaniel variety of the canine species was because they stood for everything he disliked in man. Dogs were flatterers, they followed you in prosperity, and left you in the lurch in adversity, they had no dignity, no individuality of their own.

Shakespeare in an age of courtiers stood alone in native independence of mind. His dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to the noble Lord Southampton is at once modest and dignified. Behind all his intellectual questionings and why's and wherefore's he retained, perhaps in spite of himself a shrewd head for business and returned to his native village from which he started penniless, a comparatively rich man.

FOOLISH PRIDE

BY P. S. RAMAN, *Class II, Gr. iii.*

Nowadays people seem to take pride in foolish actions of which saner people of a saner age would be ashamed. It is found amongst all people. Young or old, man or woman, everybody is susceptible to this folly.

The other day I was sitting in a compartment in the electric train. In the same compartment there were some other students from different Colleges. I do not know how the dispute began. After a time they were all discussing something very fiercely. One of the students, whom I from his speech found out to be a Loyola College one, was that no other College students could be so mischievous as they. The Pachayappa fellow would not take this coolly; 'What nonsense are you speaking, my friend? Haven't you heard of us, Pachayappa fellows? Our lecturers are afraid of us; you're speaking as if you are great men; I know you fellows very well; you'll all run away if that fellow in the gown comes.' No sooner had that fellow ended, than another fellow rose up as if going to begin a big oration. 'What, you Pachayappa, you seem to be very boastful. Probably you forgot there's a Presidency fellow here. What can you do in comparison—' he was saying when a fellow who probably belonged to Christian College interposed, 'you speak as if you are great experts in making mischiefs. Please tell me, what can you fellows do in comparison with our gallery-stamping.' He looked as if he would stamp all the other fellows out of the carriage.

There is yet another kind of foolishness. One day I heard a fellow

boasting in the presence of one of his friends, 'how many marks did you get? I simply scribbled something and got 15 per cent.' 'As if it is a great thing' said the friend, 'I just left the blank paper and got a big zero.'

Last Tuesday one fellow was telling Ramu how he used to deceive the physical director and slip away stealthily from the playground. 'You see, we were to play base-ball that day; it's at the other end; when the fellow was taking attendance for the first batch, I just slipped through the bushes, ran off to St. Thomas's and took a glassful of lemon-crush to celebrate the occasion,' he was saying.

During the last week-end I met Kannan in Madras. He seemed to be grown weaker than when I saw him before and naturally I asked him what was the matter with him. The next moment I asked again why I ever met him. He began to give a list of all the operations he had undergone, the injections he had taken and the diseases that had attacked him from the date of his birth to that particular day and ended by saying, 'I think I have got Anthraxzaboia; I've got a sprain in my front tooth and—'. I ran away from that place.

Some days after the great storm of 1930 I was going in a bus to Chingleput. In the bus an interesting discussion took place. The subject under discussion was, which town suffered most during the storm. One fellow was saying how the great banyan tree in his town under which travellers used to rest themselves awhile was uprooted. Another fellow mocked at him saying 'as if one

banyan tree being uprooted is a great thing; you should have seen our place; the whole cheri was damaged; there was not even a single tree in the streets that stood erect.'

Once a fellow bored me to death, saying how he used to take very little food and how he did not like anything made of milk. I just asked him whether he was suffering from stomach-ache. He just stared at me and then walked away, probably thinking I was a fool and an old-fashioned man.

Yesterday when I was playing badminton, three people were talking very near the court. 'Our mess is the worst', was saying the Bishop Heber man. 'Yet not so bad as ours. St. Thomas fellows are lucky people' said the Selaiyur fellow. 'You people seem to think ours is very good. It is as bad as yours if not worse', said the St. Thomas's man. I dropped the racket and ran as fast as my legs could carry me, leaving behind the

captain and the others staring at me.

As I was running I heard some of the lecturers talking in the dining hall. The English lecturer was complaining how his class was filled with dull-headed fellows. 'But mine is the worst class, you can't imagine how dull they are,' said the mathematics man. 'Mine is not only dull-headed but also extremely mischievous', said the History lecturer.

Tired of all this nonsense, I went to my grand-dad and sat beside him and asked him to tell me something of his early days. With a preliminary chuckle 'you modern fellows seem to be very quiet-going fellows', he began, 'in our days it was always "give and take" policy with us, we used to fight constantly,'... I rose up and fled; and still the old man does not know why I ran so fast that day. He thinks his grandson to be a mad fellow and ever since that day he calls me, 'what you mad fellow!'

'THE WIDER ARENA'

[News of any achievements by old students of the College will be gladly received at any time by the Editor, who relies on the co-operation of students and friends of the College in the compilation of this page.]

Amongst the New Year Honours conferred in India were two knight-hoods, conferred upon Sir A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, Member of the India Council, and Sir P. Raghavendra Rau, Accountant-General of Bombay.

At the request of H. E. the Governor, Sir K. V. Reddi Naidu formed an Interim Ministry under the new Constitution. Mr. M. C. Rajah was a member of the Ministry.

Dr. P. Subbaroyan has been appointed Minister for Education, and Mr. S. Ramanathan, Minister for Propaganda and Public Information, in the Madras Government Congress Ministry.

Dr. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar has been appointed Acting Principal of the Madras Medical College.

Mr. M. Kesava Panikker has been awarded the degree of D. Sc. by the University of Madras, for a thesis on

'Studies on Indian Anemones and Brackish-water Fauna.'

Mr. K. Raghavachari, B.A. (Hons.), has been appointed as a lecturer in Mathematics in the Women's Christian College, Madras.

Mr. J. M. Arthur, M. A. is now a lecturer in Physics in the Scott Christian College, Nagercoil.

Deacon K. C. Joseph, M.A. has been appointed as a lecturer in English in the Union Christian College, Alwaye, Travancore.

Dr. John Matthai, Director-General of Information and Statistics at Delhi, has been awarded a C.I.E.

Dr. R. J. Manikkam, of Guntur, has been appointed Secretary of the Missionary Higher Education Committee, Nagpur.

Mr. K. Raman Menon is the Minister for Courts and Prisons in the Madras Government Congress Ministry.

COLLEGE NOTES

Mr. Corley

An old student, who sat in Mr. Corley's class in the days when he was fresh from England as a young man, writes :

'It is twenty-seven years now since I first sat in the Junior B.A. Class in the Madras Christian College and listened with unusual attention to a lecture from Mr. Corley. The clarity of his thought and diction is still quite fresh in my mind. I have never heard an Englishman talking so good English as he talked. One could not escape even a syllable of what he spoke. He was deeply learned in his subjects, which were many. He infused life into the dry bones of philology, and his Chaucer classes were a real treat.

'There were no borrowed ideas or sentences in his lectures. They were always marked by his independent personality. His notes, dictated off-hand in class, would read like classical prose, perfect in rhythm and balance. Even his castigations, which he did not hesitate to administer if necessity arose, were a pleasure to listen to, though perhaps not to endure. For they were marked by great sincerity and couched in such beautiful language. What he felt strongly, he expressed forcibly.

'His sermons in the College Church were extremely popular, and the church would be full on any Sunday evening when he was the speaker

There must be many students who could gratefully echo these words as they recall the memory of Mr. Corley, who parted from us all so recently.

The New Beginning

It was an impressive sight, on the opening day, to watch the army of three hundred students marching from the station at ten o'clock, like the children of Israel towards the promised land. The special train provided by the courtesy of the South Indian Railway, has been running daily from the opening day. Strange tales are told of wild and gallant deeds inside the train during the course of its non-stop run; and the inhabitants of Saidapet and Guindy have perhaps been wondering why recently there has been such an increase in the number of jackals in this district.

The speed and ease with which students can reach college is commented upon by one student who informs us that he now leaves his home a quarter of an hour later than he used to do when the college was in Georgetown.

The Strength

At present, the numbers of students studying in the college are as follows :

Class I	...	201
Class II	...	181
Class III B.A.	...	104
B.Sc.	...	95
Class IV B. A.	...	134
B.Sc.	...	10
B.A. (Honours)	...	91
B.Sc. (Honours)	...	8

Thus the total number of students on the rolls is 824, a slight increase on the numbers enrolled last year.

Changes in Staff

The move to Tambaram has brought with it a number of changes

in our staff, and has made necessary an increase in the number of resident junior tutors so that each Hall may have the same personnel.

We say farewell this year to Messrs. A. E. Subramanian, and T. E. Jayaraman, tutors in English; also to Messrs. M. D. Paul, N. Pitchandy and J. M. Arthur, tutors and demonstrators in the science departments. In their place we welcome Mr. R. H. P. Holman, M.A., who goes as English tutor to Selaiyur Hall; Mr. K. I. Thomas, M.A., English tutor in St. Thomas's Hall, and Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan, B.A. (Hons.), to Bishop Heber Hall.

In Bishop Heber Hall, our new resident tutor in Physics is Mr. J. T. Kanagaraj, M.A., and with him we welcome to the same Hall Mr. K. V. Vijayaraghavan, B.Sc., tutor and demonstrator in Chemistry. In Selaiyur Hall, the new tutors and demonstrators are Mr. A. Abraham, M.A., B.Sc., for Botany, and Mr. C. K. Sreedharan, B.Sc., for Chemistry. Mr. S. Jones, B.A., M.Sc., is our new demonstrator in Zoology.

The Lecturing Staff

We are glad to welcome Mr. T. N. Venkanathachari, M.A., M.Sc., as lecturer in Botany; Dr. M. Kesava Panikker as lecturer in Zoology; Mr. J. Vedasiromoni, B.A., B.L., as lecturer in History and Economics; Mr. K. J. Matthew Tharakan, B.A. (Hons.), lecturer in Economics; and Mr. P. Alalasundaram, B.A., Lecturer in Tamil. Dr. Mathuranayagam continues in George Town as Medical Officer to the High School; and in his place we welcome Dr. K. E. Thomas, B.A., M.B., B.S., who is both medical officer and lecturer in Physiology. We have been giving Dr. Thomas rather a trying time since he joined

the staff, but it is to be hoped that by the time he reads this, his work may have assumed more normal proportions.

Mr. Sargunar

A crowded meeting last term testified to the popularity of Mr. Sargunar with his Tamil students, and it was with sincere regret that we bade him farewell, after his long years of fine service in the College. Yet we are glad that his connection with the college is not entirely severed, and that he was good enough to pay us a visit and occupy the chair at the inaugural meeting of the Tamil Sangham in July. We are glad to think that he can still find time to come and talk to us out of the fulness of his experience, with the same kindly twinkle in his eye that belies any possible severity in his words.

Hall Life at Tambaram

For staff as well as for students, this has been a time of experiment, of trial and error. It is no easy task for a community of five hundred to settle down together in entirely new surroundings, under new conditions; and we have all had to face unforeseen difficulties and unexpected circumstances. Each Hall has begun to work out its own methods and to express its individuality. Bishop Heber Hall comes to a new home with its long and worthy history as a College in Trichinopoly; it is already two years old as a Hall, and has begun to develop its own traditions. The Hall chapel was dedicated as a place of worship on Wednesday, August 25th, at a service which was led by the Bishop of Tinnevely. Bishop Heber Hall has made the experiment of running its mess by the 'dividing system'; whereas in

the other Halls, contractors have provided the arrangements for the mess. In Selaiyur on Friday nights, thunderous noises have arisen, witnessing to the startled neighbours that the members are thoroughly democratic, and hold meetings to discuss all things in heaven and earth. St. Thomas's gave us a start in the running of the Saturday night sing-songs which have been such a success this term. Each Hall in turn has provided a most enjoyable programme of music, acting, fooling and chorus-singing which has proved to be a powerful counter-attraction to the flickering fascinations of Clark Gable or Devika Rani. We congratulate the many students who have contributed to the success of the Friday night debates and the Saturday night sing-songs. It is also pleasant to note that non-resident students have attended these meetings and played a part in them as well.

Non-Residents

The number of students applying for residence in Tambaram has been far in excess of the number of rooms available in the Halls. Until the completion of the building, many of the rooms in Bishop Heber Hall had to be occupied by two students; and Mr. Gordon Matthews' bungalow was used as an annexe for a number of those who had been promised places.

Many of those who formerly imagined that getting from Madras to Tambaram would be like voyaging to the moon, have been pleasantly disillusioned by the bus and train service at their disposal. Recently one of our old students who is at present studying in Bombay pointed out that in that city it was common for students to make far longer journeys daily from their homes or lodgings to

the Colleges and this is certainly true of the majority of students in the great cities of the West.

In any case non-resident students feel, we hope, that they are very much a part of the College life out here. All are attached to one or other of the three Halls; they are under the tutors belonging to that Hall; they take their daily tiffin in their Hall, and play for it in inter-Hall matches. Some, as we have already remarked, have been taking an active part in the Hall societies and sing-songs.

College Services

Previous to the opening of the chapel in Bishop Heber Hall, these have been taking place each Sunday evening at 6-30 p.m., in the Library Hall. A choir has been formed; and services have been attended not only by students and staff, but also by many friends of the College and old students. A special memorial service was held on July 18th after the news was received of the death of Mr. Corley.

List of Preachers during the first term.

July

4. Rev. A. G. Hogg.
11. Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
18. Rev. A. J. Boyd.

(Memorial Service after the death of Mr. Corley).

25. Rev. J. R. Macphail.

August

1. Rev. J. G. Platten.
8. G. C. Martin, Esq.
15. Miss E. McDougall.
22. No Service.
29. E. J. Bingle, Esq.

September

- 5th. G. V. Job, Esq.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

There has been a good response this term to the insatiable editor's requests for articles and poems. But why are there no photographs? Where are our amateur photographers? We hope that between now and next November we may occasionally see them prowling round, photographing the professors from unusual angles, or taking portraits of the fauna and flora here, there and everywhere.

Our artists are also hiding their lights. The editor does not want copies; he is greedy for original sketches, preferably in Indian ink. And there is a big opportunity for the man who can catch the humour of College life and put it down on paper.

And now a word or two to those who have been keen enough to contribute articles which have nearly but not quite succeeded in slipping into the Magazine file.

Whither world?

Not a very good title, is it? But you write well, and with the choice of a better subject, less hackneyed, you should succeed next time.

Our College

This reads like a prospectus, and might be interesting if sent in the form of a letter, to friends who have never visited Tambaram. But it is hardly the kind of article for those who are familiar with our surroundings; and in any case most of our friends must have read it all before in the Centenary number, last March. We appreciate the writer's sentiments, and like his style.

On the Abdication of Edward VIII

This poem is a sonnet: a most difficult form of verse to write without

artificiality. The poet found difficulty in his rhyme, also, and had to end a line 'thou rang.' The metre has slipped, too, in the line 'The glories of mundane rule oft forbore.'

It is better to choose simpler forms of verse to begin with, so that your thought can be expressed more freely. Send us another.

The Journey's End

A very well written short story which nearly won a place; but the ending was not quite artistic enough. Its unexpectedness was not a blemish, but the brutal language was too strong, and we are left with an uncomfortable feeling and the question 'why did you write this?' Tragedy should not be sordid, in spite of what the realists say.

Our College

A poem this time, which bears considerable resemblance in style to the works of a famous, if little-known Scottish bard, Mr. McGonnagle. Metre is no necessary adjunct to poetry, certainly: but a certain regularity in rhythm is essential, and the writer should accustom his ear to the place of the accent in any English poem, ancient or modern. May we also remind the author that the man who writes 'Ye have forsaken thy old home' will not get full marks in grammar?

Office: Why and What for?

Our Magazine is non-political, and therefore there was no room for this long essay.

Enquiry

This contribution very nearly got full marks. It has humour, it has good dialogue, it is well written. But it lacked a point, and so a good piece of description just failed to become a neat story.

SOCIETIES

Madras Christian College Tamil Sangham.

A General Body meeting of the Sangham was held on the 7th of July, 1937 under the presidentship of M.R.Ry. T. K. Gopala Iyer Avl., when the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1937-38.

Mr. S. D. Sargunar, Rev. R. S. Macnicol, *Patrons.*

Mr. T. K. Gopala Iyer Avl., *President.*

Mr. P. Alalasundaram Chettiar Avl., *Vice-President.*

Mr. K. Ramaswamy, Class IV, Gr. iv B., *Secretary.*

Mr. K. V. Rajagopalan, Class IV, Gr. ii B (b), *Treasurer.*

Mr. R. Kothandaraman, Class I, Gr. ii, Mr. A. Markandu, Class II, Gr. ii, Mr. D. Thanaraj, Class III, Gr. iv B., *Class Representatives.*

The inaugural address of the Sangham was delivered by M.R.Ry. T. V. Kalyanasundaram Mudaliar Avl., editor *Nava Sakti*, on the 16th of July with Mr. S. D. Sargunar in the chair. The learned lecturer delivered an inspiring speech on 'Tamil Nadu' before a crowded audience. He appealed to the Tamil students to have great love and respect for their motherland. The president in his concluding remarks appreciated much the spirit of the speaker and emphasised that the students should never give up their mother-tongue. It was very interesting throughout and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the lecturer and the president.

At 4-30 p.m. on Monday, the 26th of July, Prof. C. Lakshminarayanan

of our College delivered a very interesting lecture on Kamba Ramayanam 'Kaiyadaipadalam'. M.R.Ry. T. K. Gopala Iyer Avl. presided.

On 4-8-37, a debate was held with Mr. P. Alalasundaram Chettiar Avl. in the chair. Mr. K. V. Rajagopalan of Class IV moved:—

'That in the opinion of the House industrialisation of India is the only means to remove her appalling poverty.'

Mr. V. S. Sivaprakasam of Class IV opposed the motion. Our patriots pointed out that we in India are not rich enough to buy machines. A number of speakers took part in the debate. The motion was defeated by an overwhelming majority. At the end of the meeting Mr. T. Chinnakannu Nadar, duly proposed and seconded, was unanimously elected as the first student president for the next meeting.

In spite of the poor encouragement given by the students we hope that the Sangham will thrive on the abundant enthusiasm and interest evinced by the members. I close with the hope that the College will develop a more congenial attitude towards the Associations.

K. RAMASWAMI,
Secretary.

The Tamil Sangham

On 12-8-1937 Hon. Mr. S. Ramathan, Minister for Public Information an old student of our college delivered an interesting lecture on 'Tamil and Mass Contact' with Mr. M. S. Sabhesan in the chair.



Photo by

The Press Photo Bureau.

The Prime Minister, Mr. C. RAJAGOPALACHARIAR, addressing the College in Selaiyur Hall, at the inaugural meeting of the Union Society.

The Hon. Minister in the course of his inspiring address in Tamil stated that the Tamil language was not being cultivated as it should and they were to a large extent responsible for this state of affairs. There was a wide gulf between the educated classes and the illiterate masses in the country and to bridge the gulf they should cultivate contact with the masses. This contact should be established only through their mother-tongue and they must cultivate it in such a way that they would easily express ideas and explain them in a simple manner to the villagers. To this end, they had to carry out certain reforms and make the language as simple as possible. They should also learn to speak and write in a simple style so that it could be easily understood by the ordinary man.

Proceeding, Mr. Ramanathan said that contact could be established with the masses by the students by freely moving with the masses, by exchanging views with them and by enquiring into their conditions. Referring to their dress he said it should be in keeping with the climatic conditions here. They should also use clothes and other articles produced in their country, thus giving a market for the articles produced by their own people in the villages. He hoped they would remember this important task.

The meeting terminated after the chairman's concluding remarks.

K. RAMASWAMI,
Secretary.

The Christian Union

Office-bearers for the year 1937 to 1938.

President: The Rev. R. S. Macnicol.

Vice-President: The Rev. S. Samuel.

General Secretary: G. Israel.
Study Circle Secretary: K. P. Philip. (P. G. II).
Devotional Service Secretary: K. Theodore. (Class IV).
Social Service Secretary: Archibald Nayagam. (Class III).
Treasurer: C. R. Paul. (Hons. IV).

Class Representatives:

A. S. Paul, Class II.
H. Kadambavanam, Class I.
George Muthaiya, B.Sc.

Hall Representatives:

G. Israel, Bishop Heber.
V. M. Chacko, Selaiyur.
P. J. Thomas, St. Thomas's.

The first three and the next seven office-bearers were elected by the General Body which met in the last week of February and the first week of July respectively. The last two were co-opted by the Committee.

The Freshers' Social was held on the 22nd of July to welcome the new Christian students of the College. In a meeting held the same evening after tea Dr. Hogg took the chair. The President and the various Secretaries spoke about the plans for the year.

The President suggested a new scheme for study circles. At present there are seven groups meeting every week for discussion. Students lead the discussion; but they go to some members of the staff for assistance and discuss the topic for the week with them.

Devotional services are held on alternative Sundays in each Hall by turn. The theme for this term is: 'The part of Prayer in a Christian's Life'. The first two of the four series of addresses—namely, 'Christian Life is a life of prayer', 'Petitionary Prayer', 'Intercessory Prayer'

and 'Corporate Prayer'—were delivered by the Rev. T. G. Platten and W. F. Kibble Esq. The Vice-President suggested that discussion meetings also should take place in which students can take part. The Rev. S. Samuel will lead the discussion on 'Are all Religions the same?' on the 25th of August.

The work in the field of social service has been very keen. The Secretary has a group of active young men who co-operate with him in his work. Every Sunday night they meet together to pray and to plan. Sunday classes are taken for children in four different places. A class is also run for servants in Mrs. Hogg's house. Under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Appadurai of the Methodist Mission a team goes out every Saturday evening to preach the Gospel message to the non-Christians in Yerumali cheri. Volunteers visit the surrounding villages in their spare hours. One young man is particularly interested in giving first aid to villagers. The Secretary is also trying to arrange a class for the tennis pickers.

Let me conclude with a request to all Christian students of the College to take part in one or other of the activities of the Union and also to enrol themselves as members of the movement.

G. ISRAEL,
General Secretary.

Malayalee Samaj

The first general meeting of the academic year was held on 28th July with Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon in the chair. The office-bearers for the year were duly elected.

A committee meeting was held later in the week and it was unanimously agreed to celebrate the Onam day in a fitting manner. The students

are busy making preparations for the same.

C. PRABHAKARAN,
15th August 1937 Secretary.

The Mathematics Association

There was a formal meeting to elect office-bearers for the year and Mr. W. F. Kibble was elected the president. K. S. Ramamurti and P. Kesava Menon were elected joint secretaries.

We propose to have the inaugural address on 23rd Monday and Dr. R. Vaidyanadhasami, Reader in Mathematics of the Madras University, has kindly consented to lecture to us. Then we shall have some more by our own students and lecturers as well as some eminent men from outside.

K. S. RAMAMURTI,
P. KESAVA MENON,
Secretaries.

The Madras Christian College Philosophical Association.

A business meeting of the association was held on 2nd August 1937 with Dr. Hogg in the chair. The Chairman explained the object of the association and wished it a successful year.

The following office-bearers were elected:—

Patron: Dr. Hogg.
President: Dr. K. G. Rama Rao.
Vice-Presidents: Mr. S. Samuel and Mr. S. Parthasarathy.
Secretary: T. A. Varadarajan.

Class Representatives:—

John Somasundaram.	Hons. and P.G. Classes.
R. Ramanandam.	Class IV.
N. K. Pattabhiraman.	„ III.

The following resolution was moved and being seconded was carried unanimously:—'The Madras Christian College Philosophical Association places on record the valuable services rendered by Mr. C. D. Nagasundaram as its Secretary during the year 1936-37.'

With a vote of thanks to the chairman proposed by Mr. G. Israel, the meeting terminated.

T. A. VARADARAJAN,
Secretary.

The English Honours Association

After last year's comparative inactivity, we commenced a new year, in new surroundings, with the determination to make it an active and fruitful one. This energy and vigour were first demonstrated in the business meeting held under the presidentship of Mr. G. C. Martin, when a really large number of the members were present and the following office-bearers were unanimously elected.

President: Rev. J. R. Macphail.

Vice-President: Mr. V. R. Subramaniam.

Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. C. J. Mathew Tharakan.

Class Representatives: Messrs. P. Shankar Rao (Hons. V); K. V. Sreenivas Rao (Hons. IV); P. K. Anantanarayan (Hons. III).

The inaugural meeting of the association was held shortly afterwards, Rev. J. R. Macphail presiding. The address was delivered by Rev. Fr. Murphy, S. J. of the Loyola College on 'Ancient Athens and Modern Civilization'. In the next meeting which took place within a fortnight Rev. R. S. Macnicol spoke on 'Minstrelsy'.

On the whole we have had a busy half term and we hope to have busy

and useful year of activity with the whole-hearted co-operation of the members.

C. J. MATHEW THARAKAN,
Secretary.

The College Brotherhood

The first business meeting of the Brotherhood scheduled to take place on Thursday the 29th July had to be postponed due to lack of quorum. The postponed meeting was held on Wednesday the 4th August at 4-20 p.m. with Dr. S. S. Gandheker, in the chair, when the following office-bearers were elected.

President: Dr. S. S. Gandheker.

General Secretary: K. Ramakrishna Choudary, Class IV, 1-b.

Social Service Committee: Mr. W. F. Kibble, Dr. K. G. Rama Rao, A. Srinivasan, Class III, 2-Ba., P. Venkataratnam, Class IV, 2-Bb.

Excursions Committee: Mr. E. Barnes, Mr. Alalasundaram Chettiar, P. J. Thomas, Hons. 5, ii, V. A. Ramachandran, Class III, 4-b.

Book Club Committee: Mr. T. K. Rajasekharan, P. Sripada Rao, Class III, 4-b.

Watch and Ward Committee—

St. Thomas's Hall: K. Ramakrishna Choudary, C. Nityanandam.

Selaiyur Hall: G. R. Sundaram, P. Sripada Rao.

Bishop Heber Hall: K. P. Phillip, K. C. Cherian.

Non-residents: G. Gopalakrishnan, K. Rangarajan, A. Srinivasan.

K. RAMAKRISHNA CHOUDARY,
General Secretary.

Madras Christian College Union

The business meeting of the Associated Societies and the College

Debating Society (founded 1877) re-constituted as the *College Union* was held on the 18th of August under the presidency of Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A., when the following office-bearers were elected.

Mr. P. H. Sankaranarayan, P. G. I (*Student Chairman*).

Mr. V. S. Sivaprakasam, Class IV, 4-B (*General Secretary*).

Mr. K. Ramaswami, Class IV, 4-B (*Assistant Secretary*).

The managing committee of the Union consists of the President, the Chairman, the Secretaries of all the various associations of the College (Hall Societies are not included) and three members of the staff nominated by the President.

The Object of the Union :—

(a) To stimulate interest in intellectual and academic activities by means of debates and occasional lectures by public men.

(b) To invite the opinion of

students on social, political, economic and educational affairs.

Formerly the College Debating Society which was founded in 1877, was the premier society of our College, but to-day, along with the Literary Society which was intended for the Intermediate students, it reappears as the *College Union*. It is further interesting to note that this, our newly constituted union, begins its life at a time when our College, after establishing a glorious record of service at George Town for a century, enters upon a new lease of life in her new surroundings at Tambaram. Therefore we hope students will take an active part and interest in the proceedings of the union by enrolling themselves as members and participating in the debates which will be held at regular intervals.

V. S. SIVAPRAKASAM,
General Secretary.

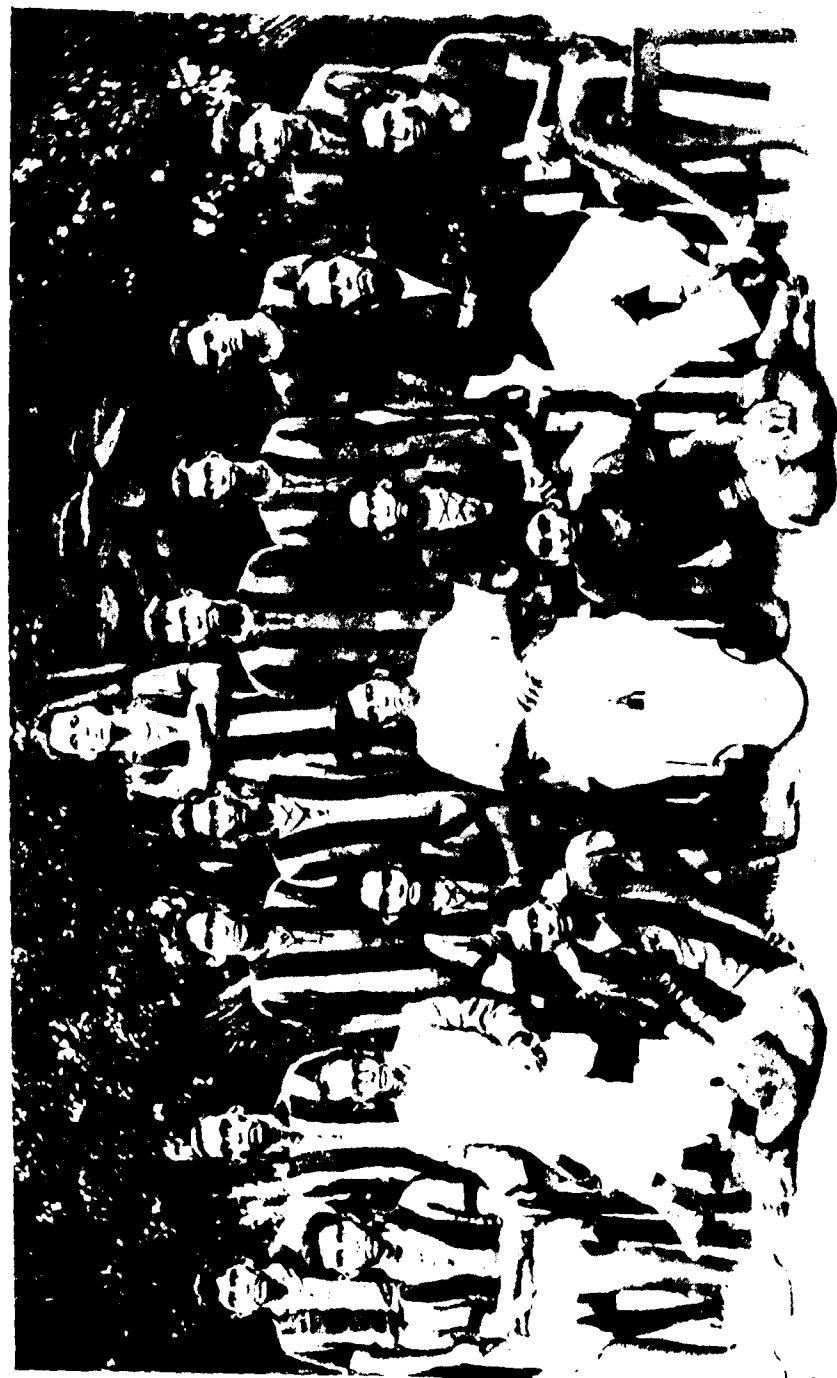


Photo by
The Union Christian College, Alwayar, and Madras Christian College, before the final of the Father Bertram Memorial Tournament at Loyola College.

P. David, New Town.

Result of the match: M.C.C. 20 points; U.C.C. 6 points.

HALL REPORTS

Bishop Heber Hall.

After the few years of sojourn in Madras, Bishop Heber Hall has at last reached the promised land.

Our library is really a sight for sore eyes. It is a familiar sight to see our members taking their friends from the other halls around the building and with an assumed superiority say 'Look here, this is our library which contains 4,000 books. It is the second biggest library in ---- Tambaram!'

The office-bearers for the term were elected early in July. A democratic ministry was formed under Mr. Peter Paul Pandian. (Then sure it will be a Congress Ministry!) The ministers are Mr. C. J. R. Paul (Lit. and Deb. Society Secretary), Mr. A. S. J. Henry (Reading Room Secretary) and Mr. T. Thomas (General Secretary).

We had a 'reception' in honour of the graduates of our hall, when our Principal presided.

Though here we have a better home, some of us—especially our sub-warden—feel that we are not able to have those homely dining hall discussions and courtyard lectures which were special features of our Royapettah home!

T. THOMAS,
Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

The last week of June found most of us in residence here. As in the other Halls, there was a larger number of applicants for seats in the Hall than there were seats. So many had to turn away disappointed. We are sorry for our would-be residents. We found the weather at Tambaram hot and sultry, and not at all pleasant,

although some of our resident members of staff assured us that it was very pleasant. A few days after we came here, we found all the showerbaths missing in the upstairs bathrooms. Owing to scarcity of water it had to be done, we were told, although even now, we do not see how there could be any gain in the water used, by this arrangement. Well, well, we cannot expect to understand everything about the economic theory of water, can we?

Our Warden gave us a lecture on the new Hall rules 'which are simple, few in number and therefore easily remembered'. He requested us not to go to sleep under the shower baths, which he assured us was the reason of the water scarcity. The Warden also made a moving appeal to us, not to walk across the lawns, which as far as we could see were non-existent then.

In the general body meeting held under the presidentship of the Acting Warden, Mr. Ramachandra Rao was elected President and Mr. M. C. Mathew, Secretary of the Hall Literary and Debating Society. An Entertainments Committee, and two Mess Committees, one for each of the two messes, were also formed. Our non-vegetarian Mess Committee is so active and energetic that a new non-vegetarian mess has already been started and our old non-vegetarian mess contractor sent home. We all wish him a happy and successful career as a mess contractor in more congenial surroundings.

On Saturday 24th July, our Entertainments Committee burst forth into

activity and there was a variety entertainment that night. A few days later we invited the non-resident members of the Hall to a tea party and our Entertainments Committee was compelled—owing to lack of sufficient notice we hope—to repeat some of the items of the previous Saturday in honour of our guests. On both these occasions Dr. Moses' radio set played a very important part. On Friday 13th August a debate was held in our Hall on 'Whether World Peace is possible or not.' We flatter ourselves that on all these occasions our behaviour was all that could be desired.

In the evenings outdoor games like basket-ball, volley-ball, and tennis attract a large number of us. We are trying to be proficient in all these. The College Cricket and Hockey captains are from our Hall. When it is raining we indulge in indoor games.

The outbreak of typhoid in Bishop Heber Hall, had a very distressing effect upon us too. Many of us found to our cost, that inoculation was not a very pleasant affair after all. We are full of admiration for our college Medical Officer, who can inoculate all the members of a Hall within half an hour. On the whole we are in good health in spite of the large percentage of lime in the drinking water, and so far we have had no collision with the knife-edged, highly polished, ultra-modern furniture in our rooms.

Many of us are attracted to St. Thomas's Hall, especially when it is hot, by the Frigidaire there. Although all of us know ours to be the best Hall, yet some think that it is easier to get off to Madras from St. Thomas's than from here. Usually on Mondays Mr. Boyd is very pleasant and conversational and asks us whether we

spent a pleasant week-end in the city. Woe to the unwary who thoughtlessly answers in the affirmative and then remembers that he did not get the Warden's permission beforehand!

Some of us have taken a violent dislike to the printed notices 'Leave this place as you would like to find it,' and to the cards on the doors, by which the inmates try to inform their friends of their whereabouts. Many are unsatisfied with the uninspiring colour of the doors and try to decorate them according to their own artistic tastes by chalk drawings and inscriptions.

Our Acting Warden says that we are being trained to be good citizens with the aid of the waste-paper baskets. Our Warden assures us that W.P.B. is a great institution. We trust them and try to use the waste-paper baskets as recommended, in the firm belief that it is the first step towards being good citizens.

C. J. MATHEW THARAKAN.

St. Thomas's Hall

Dear———,

It is some time now since I came here as a resident, and I expect you will be anxious to know how I am getting on in the new surroundings. It is certainly a change from the old quadruple dungeon that you and I used to inhabit! The Superintendent used to be able to gaze at us through the window, you remember, to see if we really were writing up our physics records. Well, nowadays the Warden has to use a periscope, to peep through the opening above the door. All the rooms have broad wooden doors which, we have discovered, make excellent blackboards for mathematics students.

Our recreations have usually been, singing in the bathroom, and skating

in the corridors; but the weather has not usually been wet enough for us to practise the latter. There is a very popular Bonda Society in the Hall. I hoped very much that I might be elected as a member, but the committee informed me that I was ineligible, being underweight,—only 140 lbs. So I am doing my best to rectify this with the help of Mr. Sankara Aiyar and Mr. Jalal, my two trainers; and a hope I shall qualify soon.

There have been regular meetings in the Hall on Friday nights throughout the term. Mr. Barnes came and told us about the things to see round Tambaram, and ever since then members of St. Thomas's have been observed, setting forth on Saturdays with grim expressions in the direction of Mullumalai, or skipping like goats to the top of Vandalur Hill; and returning with incredible tales about cheetahs.

We have had two Parliamentary Debates: the first, with Mr. J. P. Manikkam as Mr. Speaker, and the second Dr. C. R. Reddy—our distinguished *alumnus*—who very kindly visited us on August 31st. The subject of the first debate was 'Hindi as a compulsory subject in the schools', and of the second, 'Prohibition.'

Mr. V. Balasundaram and his 'committee' have made our Saturday nights lively with sing-songs: Some

of these have been run with the co-operation of students from other halls, but we seem to have quite a large number of jesters in our midst, enough to produce a very varied programme each time our turn comes.

Some of our members have discovered a unique and unfailing method of acquiring a pain in the stomach, and they have tried it frequently, with complete success. All that is necessary is to spend an hour or so in violent exercise; after that you must rush at top speed to the mess and order at least six ice waters or cold drinks. These must be gulped down continuously. A sharp pain will assuredly follow if these instructions are carefully carried out.

Well, I must not go on too long. You will see from what I have said that our hundred and forty odd members have plenty to do. The Tutors visit us in the mornings, and the enthusiastic mathematicians of Group i-B have been known to hold mid-night revels in one of the Hall classrooms, when they indulge in fearful language and cover the board with cabalistic signs.

Come and see me, next time you are in Tambaram: you will have to pay four annas a night!

Yours ever

K. V.

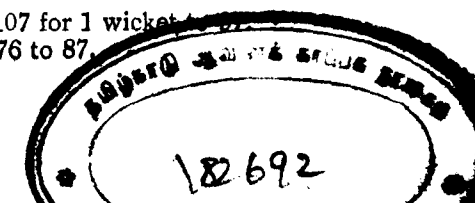
RESULTS OF MATCHES PLAYED IN JULY AND AUGUST

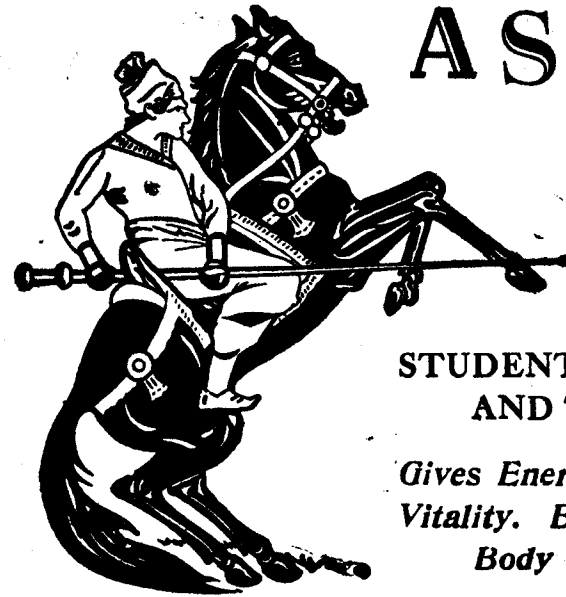
	Football	Hockey
V.		
Loyola ...	(0-2)	(0-1)
Pachayappas ...	(5-0)	(4-0)
Engineering ...	(0-2)	(3-2)
Presidency ...	(1-0)	(2-4)
Technology ...	(1-8)	(2-1)
Veterinary ...	...	(1-1)
Law ...	(1-1)	(8-0)
Y.M.C.A. ...	(1-4)	...

Cricket

Lost: 109 to 123 for 9 wickets.

Won: 107 for 1 wicket.
Lost: 76 to 87.





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