

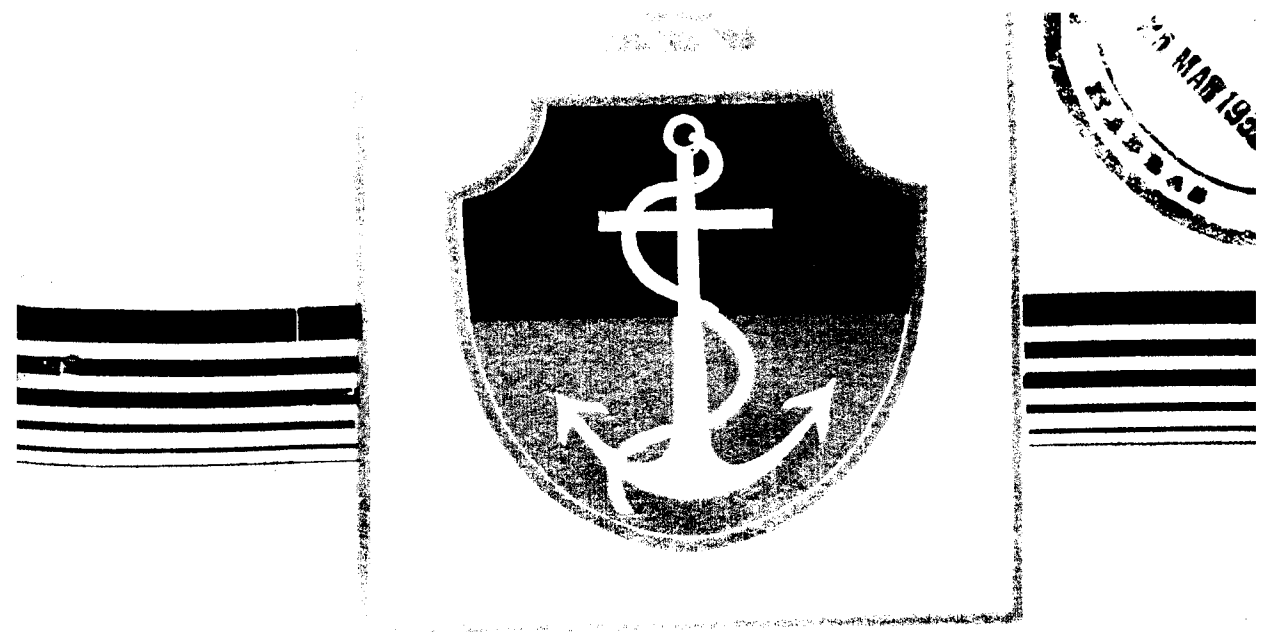
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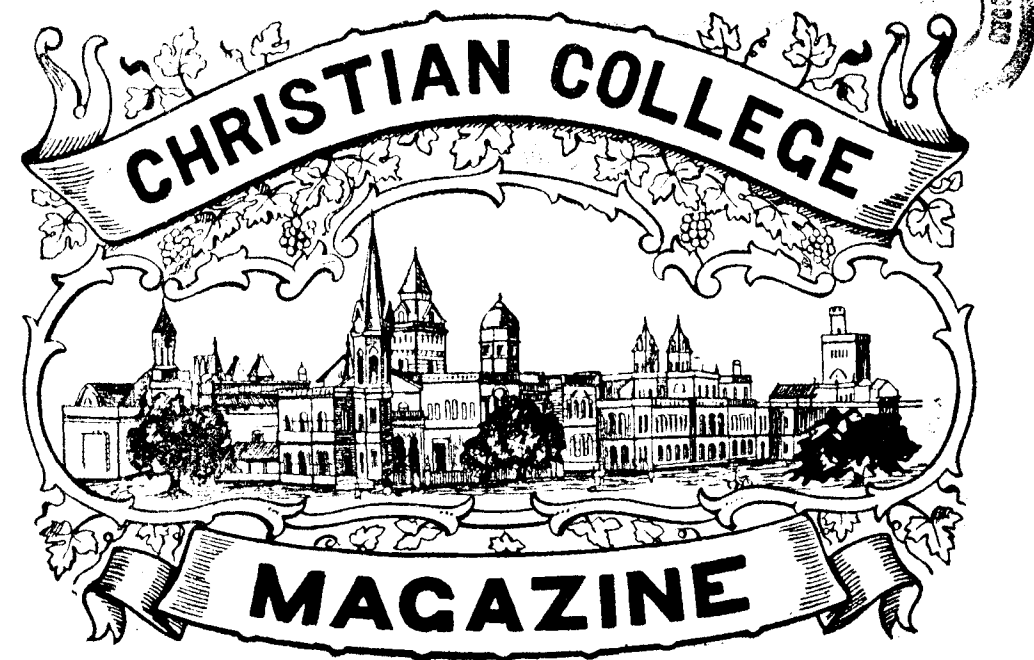


**THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**

Vol. VII No. 3

MARCH 1933

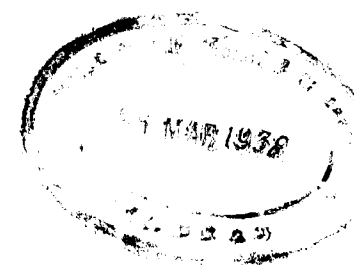
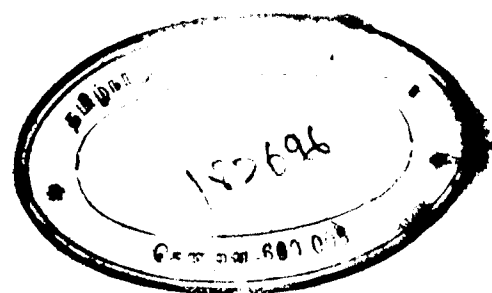
THE MADRAS



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

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THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1938

COLLEGE NOTES

And so ends the first year at Tambaram. We look back upon days of experiment and adaptation, when many adjustments had to be made and situations developed which could not have been foreseen. But everyone will agree that the past year has been memorable: for its major events, such as the dedication of the Bishop Heber Hall Chapel, the visits of distinguished men, the splendid achievements in athletics and in boxing; and for the way in which students have co-operated with staff in effecting the smooth running of Hall life. We hope that the day-students have really been able to feel that they are members of their respective Halls. They have, we know, played a considerable part in the social life of the College, joining in debates, playing in entertainments, and sometimes staying for a night. It is to be hoped that they will more and more avail themselves of the opportunities offered by Hall life.

Valete.

We have been occupying the last few weeks of the term in saying farewell to no less than four members of the staff. Dr. K. G. Rama Rau, who has been with us for two years, has endeared himself to everyone, and has given to the students of philosophy most able and stimulating lectures on psychology. We part with him with many regrets, but with good wishes for the days to come.

Mr. Manikkam, who says that he has a record connection with the Madras Christian College as school-boy, student and teacher, has managed to convince us that he is not really going away; and we are grateful for that. It is impossible to believe that the Wimshurst machines, post-office boxes, galvanometers and batteries that he has handled for so many years, could respond to any touch but his own. We are delighted to hear that his lectures, which for so many years have brought light and magnetism to the Intermediate classes, will still be heard for some time longer. No doubt many of us will find time to pay visits to his new house at Guindy.

In Mr. T. Rajagopala Rao we have had one whose lectures have been a constant delight. In his long and honourable career he has made a name which has brought distinction to our College. We shall miss his genial presence greatly; and yet we know that in his retirement he will yet be busy in his research, in the editing of his magazine, and in a variety of ways. We hope that he will not be too busy to come and visit us when he can.

Dr. and Mrs. Hogg

It is not easy to put into words what our parting with the Hoggs means to us all. To former students of Dr. Hogg's own generation it means the snapping of a personal link

which connected with the great days of Dr. Miller. To hundreds of students past and present, it means a personal loss, for they have found in Dr. and Mrs. Hogg two people who gave them a home, and made each one feel that he was indeed a member of their family. We would simply echo the words spoken at the Farewell Gathering by Mr. Boyd: 'Write to them often; and add to your letter the words "please do not trouble to answer this letter."' We hope that when they switch on their radio, they will be aware, that many thoughts of them are also flashing through space, and that the College and former students are bound to them with a love which time and space cannot destroy.

One who has known Dr. and Mrs. Hogg throughout their time of service in India, writes:

'Dr. Hogg was the Superintendent of all the College hostels in George Town, in accordance with the principle that the Superintendent should reside near the hostels under his charge. During the year when he held this responsible post, the rules for all the hostels were made uniform and codified. But far more important was the tradition which Dr. and Mrs. Hogg firmly established, of absolutely cordial and affectionate relationship between the Superintendent and the students. He and his wife were in actual fact *in loco parentis*. They were ready with their sympathy and help not only for the boy who had fractured his collar bone, but for the little, homesick lad who had lost his safety pin. And throughout his term of office as Principal, Dr. Hogg maintained this loving personal contact with the student. . . . Of Mrs. Hogg, who all her life did so much for the boys in the College, is there need to say anything

to those who have come under the spell of her love? No higher tribute can be paid to her work than the simple fact that boys always thought of her and spoke of her as "mother".'

Bishop Heber Hall Magazine

It is pleasant to be able to celebrate the birth of a *thangachi* in our midst. She calls us her 'august elder brother'; and we feel that 'she' is feminine because she begins to talk about herself and does it so attractively. The *Bishop Heber Hall Magazine* is an attempt to record matters of definitely local interest in the Hall; yet there is much that is of interest to all of us. Two specially interesting features are Mr. Platten's line-cuts, and the vernacular section; also the intention, expressed on the back cover, to publish in future years, any interesting news about old members of the Hall. We wish our new relative health and happiness. We sincerely hope that this new magazine may be a means of stimulating more students to write and take interesting photographs and draw, not only for their Hall, but for the College as a whole.

To those who leave us

The examinations are upon us, and for many they are a gateway through which the way leads, until the gate clangs and College life is a thing of the past. We wish you true success in the coming days, and we want you to remember that you will be 'former students' whose connection with the College cannot be lightly broken. We hope you will come back often to see us, and even if you cannot come here, you can write to us and give us news of yourselves which the Editor can publish in his at present vacant column 'The Wider Arena,' and even

as we bid you farewell, students of the junior classes, we know that there are others looking forward to seeing you, as you are to seeing them,

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand
And with his arms outstretch'd as he would
fly
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

Our new Principal

Shall we leave it to the Editor of the next number to introduce our new Principal? What is the use of introducing one whom we know so well,

and whose election to the Principalship has given us all such gladness? We do not want, however, to miss this opportunity of giving him our sincerest good wishes and heartiest congratulations. Those who know the fine record of his work for the College, as Secretary of the Building-Committee, as Vice-Principal and as Bursar, and, more perhaps than all this, the hundreds of students whom he has known and influenced personally in the last thirteen years, will understand that the work handed on by Dr. Hogg is in sure hands.

COMMEMORATION DAY ADDRESS

Delivered by DR. HOGG

For what purpose have we assembled here today? Possibly some of those for whom this is their first year at this College have been puzzled by the term 'Commemoration Day' and have looked up the word 'Commemoration' in a dictionary. If so, the Concise Oxford Dictionary may have told them that at Oxford University, Commemoration denotes the annual celebration in memory of founders; to which Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary adds the information that it is 'the great festival of the Oxford academic year'. In India 'College Day' would be a more familiar term, but that has been appropriated by the former students' association for the annual celebrations which they ordinarily arrange during the Christmas Vacation. Besides, Commemoration Day has advantages of its own. It suggests that the day is not to be given up exclusively to sports and jollity but has also a place for the expression of our deeper feelings. It provides us with an occasion for pausing to take thought as a College. We withdraw from pre-occupation with the ordinary daily round in order to look back thankfully, to look forward hopefully and purposefully, and to take stock of what, as a College, we stand for.

This being our first Commemoration Day after the great change to the new site, it is natural that our looking back should be specially full of thankfulness to God. We have

made a fine beginning. Some minor adjustments have been needed, but there has been no serious hitch. We have already had our sorrows, but they have been sanctified by the immortal hope. And with us all the prevailing mood has been of gladness and eager enthusiasm.

As we thus realise our blessings, let us not forget that what has made possible the great present of the College has been its great past. . . . Only to a College to which the public had owed gratitude for great traditions, could any Government have been so generous. So on this Commemoration Day let us resolve, each one, to try to be worthy of that past, and to maintain and develop the precious heritage that has been handed on to us. Let each of us determine that, so far as in him lies, the name of the Madras Christian College shall be a synonym for unsullied honour, scrupulous honesty of thought and word, and high unselfish endeavour.

If I were to recall, one by one, the men who did much to make the College a great institution, what a galaxy of fine personalities I could enumerate. We recalled many of them to memory at our Centenary a year ago. Today I propose to make particular allusion to one who died prematurely a third of a century ago in his 42nd year, and who is still remembered today by very many with a singular reverence and affection.

I mean F. W. Kellett. The reason why I single him out for mention today is this book which I hold in my hand and which I received only the other day. It has been printed by members of his family for private circulation as a tribute to his memory. Mr. Kellett was a brilliant historical scholar and a particularly able and inspiring teacher. But above all he was one whom every student, and everyone who came within his influence, instinctively felt to be a friend—a man of a self-sacrificing, unostentatious kindness that was rooted in a profound devotion to Christ. May I quote from the book in my hand two illustrations of this? 'After his death, when a Memorial Hall was in contemplation, one of his students gave all he possessed to the fund and walked the hundred miles to his home. "This", he said, "is the least I can do in return for all Mr. Kellett did for me." When some land, belonging to a Hindu gentleman, was badly needed by the College, one of the Professors called on the gentleman to see if he could obtain it. He was met with repeated refusals, and rose to depart, saying, "I am very sorry—the project was very dear to Mr. Kellett." The man called him back: "What name did you say?" "Mr. Kellett, who had his heart in the work." "For his sake you shall have it. I am not a Christian myself, and never shall be; but if anything could make me one it is Mr. Kellett's life and character. He lived what he preached, and practised what he taught—what he wished you shall have." Can you imagine any finer testimony to a man's sterling worth than these two incidents offer? And Mr. Kellett deserved it.

There is another name which you will be expecting me to speak of—that

of the great man, the 100th anniversary of whose birth we celebrated so recently on College Day—Dr. William Miller. I remember well my first meeting with him in 1903. He was then just recovering from a severe surgical operation and was much shattered in strength. And to meet him was rather a pathetic experience; for he knew that his active life now lay behind him, and I think he was feeling the contrast between his own future of enforced care of his health and the young man beside him, before whom stretched the possibility of long years of vigorous service of the College on which Dr. Miller had loved to spend his distinguished powers. He slowly regained a modicum of strength and became able to undertake occasional teaching. And during his last years in Madras, and at intervals during the 16 years of retirement in Scotland before death released him from his blindness, I was privileged to see much of him. But if Dr. Miller could select for me the main topic of my address today, I am sure that he would wish it to be not reminiscences of himself, but reflection on the opportunity which our new conditions of life out here give us of becoming, in a degree never reached before, what Dr. Miller meant us to be—i.e., of becoming really a College.

Perhaps that seems a strange thing to say. Aren't we a College already? To help you to understand what I mean, I will quote from a criticism of schools and colleges in India written some ten years ago by Mr. Arthur Mayhew. 'Indian school-boys and students', he said, 'leave on European observers the impression that personality is to them everything, and the institution or idea that it embodies practically nothing. To a teacher who has appreciated their

sentiment and responded to them emotionally they will surrender themselves wholeheartedly. That a school as a whole with its rules and organization, its ideas and traditions, could claim similar adoration and surrender of individual desires is to them almost incomprehensible. . . . Even the Christian College in Madras, which perhaps, in the first decade of this century, came nearer to being an "institution" than any other college in India, was associated in name and sentiment with the name and personality of the great Dr. Miller rather than with any corporate tradition or life.

I myself think that criticism not untrue but a little overstated. But never mind that for the moment. The question is, Do you understand what Mr. Mayhew is driving at? Consider this. A moment ago I read to you how after Mr. Kellett's death when a Memorial Hall was in contemplation, one of his students, in order to be able to give all that he possessed to the fund, actually walked by road all the 100 miles distance to his home instead of keeping some of his money for a railway ticket. And what the student said was: 'This is the least I can do, in return for all Mr. Kellett did for me.' Now, can you imagine any student making as big a sacrifice as that, not for a favourite teacher but for the College, and saying: 'This is the least I can do in return for all the College did for me'? Possibly one or two might, but not many. And until there are many for whom the College is something bigger and more important than any of its individual teachers, and something for which they are glad to make real practical sacrifices, we are not fully a college.

What I am talking about is very important, and yet is something so subtle and impalpable as to be difficult

to put into words. The presence or absence of a real consciousness of the College as a college comes out in all sorts of little ways, and perhaps a few trivial illustrations are the best way of explaining what I mean.

In games like hockey, football or cricket, you learn to play for the team and not for yourself. You seek not your own glory but the glory of the team. One of you has to be captain, and even if you secretly think yourself better fitted to lead than he, you obey him loyally because the team has made him captain, and in obeying him you are obeying the team. And, however indifferently you may think he is doing his job, you will not criticise him outside because you are jealous for the honour of the team.

Now is that the way you feel about the College, or about the Hall you belong to? Some of the teachers may be less fitted for their position than others. Do you render them a real respect because, although you think they do not personally deserve much reverence, yet the College has selected them to be teachers, and in rendering them respect, you are respecting the College?

Again, if you win distinguished rank in some University examination, or if you achieve some fine record in College or University sports, is your chief pleasure not in the thought that *you* have done this but that a student of the Madras Christian College has done this?

Are you jealous for the honour of the College in the world outside? Is one of your reasons for wanting that everything shall be conducted as perfectly as possible this, that the College shall go on deserving an ever better and better reputation? Some colleges seem to have so little of this feeling that the students are willing to proclaim to

all the world, by going on strike, that things in the College are not what they should be. Would that be a possible event in our College?

Are you jealous to maintain purity and honour within College life? Does any case of impurity or dishonesty on the part of a single student make you feel instinctively that not he alone but the whole College, has been disgraced? When you go out into the world afterwards, is one of your motives for never valuing personal advantage more than honourableness going to be a feeling that the College expects this of every one of its graduates?

By asking and honestly answering such questions as these, we may begin to measure the degree in which our College is really a college.

I myself believe that we do not wholly fail to pass this test, and that in an appreciable measure we are genuinely a college. And I think that the criticism of Mr. Mayhew's, which I read, is defective not only by a slight over-statement, but in suggesting that it is in the Indian character and temperament that we must seek the source of the defect, so far as it exists.

The cause was rather lack of opportunity. Attending a college used to consist in little more than going to a building in order to be either bored or inspired by the teachers under whom a youth happened to be studying. So enthusiasm for a college could only be enthusiastic hero-worship of those of the teachers who were inspiring.

Here at Tambaram we have an unexampled opportunity of making attendance at a college mean immeasurably more than this. And if we want a proof that Dr. Miller, who first had the vision of creating the Madras Christian College out of a school which had, through adverse circumstances, fallen to a very second-rate level, meant it to be more than this, it is proved by his founding of hostels. In the Georgetown hostels there was real corporate feeling, far more than in the rest of the College. So by developing what is made possible out here by our reorganization into Halls, we shall be doing Dr. Miller the kind of honour which he would most value. Let Hall vie with Hall to be the best that Hall can be, and to be this not for its own glory, but for the glory of the College.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DR. HOGG

BY C. T. RAJAGOPAL

A disquieting thought is preying on our minds while we are preparing to bid Dr. Hogg farewell. It is a thought which has been vaguely shaping itself for some time and now, taking the definite form of an accusation, touches us on the raw. The accusation, which is not the less painful for being a self-indictment, amounts to this: we have treated Dr. Hogg very much as the disciples of a sage were wont to treat their master in the days of old. Professing to understand his teaching, we have seen in it subtleties and dark depths which are not really there. Taking upon ourselves the task of interpreting his message, we have made out of it something designedly beyond the popular comprehension. Had we approached Dr. Hogg without prepossessions, we should not have committed this error. His work is doubtless 'finer than the popular judgment' but it is plainly meant to 'strike the popular judgment'. The elements in it which commend themselves to the scholar and the critic—the patient skill with which Dr. Hogg elaborates an argument, the searching insight he brings to bear on incidents in Gospel history, the new turn he gives to theological arguments which have run in well-established grooves—are precisely the elements calculated to appeal to the simple-minded reader who has not turned a page of serious literature in his life.

This sketch makes no pretence to enquire into the bases of Dr. Hogg's philosophy, or to make them acceptable to anyone whose *Weltanschauung*

does not in essentials correspond with Dr. Hogg's. A philosophy such as his, a philosophy concerned with vital issues, cannot be discussed except in the light of the answers it gives to 'the famous old riddles of this life': Is there a reality greater than that known to outward sense? If there is such a reality, can man hold communion with it? But these riddles are so thickly enveloped in the mists of controversy and the fogs of prejudice that it is not easy to bring into sharp focus any of the answers that have been given to them. Even Dr. Hogg's answers, clear-cut as they may appear to a simple Christian faith, cannot be set before the sceptic without calling his attention to the modern attitude towards 'the supernatural' and 'the future life'—two subjects which never fail to incense him since they came to be treated openly (often favourably) by eminent men of science. For this reason, there is, in what follows, no endeavour to map the world as it appears to Dr. Hogg. In fact, it is assumed that the reader has before him such a map; and an attempt is made to show that this map, even if it be regarded as a product of fancy, is more interesting than many a modern impressionistic sketch of the universe.

I

Perhaps the best way of summing up the essential characteristics of Dr. Hogg's philosophy would be to say that it is an introduction to his theology. To those who look upon

philosophy and theology as antithetical in their tendencies—associating the former with the passive attitude of 'world-spectatorship' and the latter with the active search for that Reality in which the world is grounded—this may appear a paradoxical statement. If, however, we agree with Macmurray that philosophy is concerned not merely with the frozen categories of thought, but with the world as it is revealed to us in 'any experience of ours that is immediate, alive and concrete,' it is easy to conceive of philosophical thinking giving support to an argument drawn from the sphere of morality and religion. There are passages in Dr. Hogg which employ philosophical thinking to this end, passages which, though seemingly metaphysical in scope and content, cannot be grasped in their true inwardness except by a sympathetic understanding of the religious conceptions that they seek to justify. Of many such passages scattered through the books of Dr. Hogg, especially through his *Redemption from this World*, the following is a sample selected almost at random.

Complete futility thus seems to attend upon every application of the expedient . . . of trying to construe the eternal quality of the Divine consciousness by denying or minimizing in it the time-feature of change while retaining the time-feature of lastingness . . . It is not even theoretically legitimate to regard the volitional life of God, in the manner required by this expedient, as consisting in the constant presence to His mind, and the constant acceptance by His will, of an unchanging representation of the whole time-process, simultaneously complete in every detail. Such a representation would necessarily distort time into a kind of space; it would inevitably be static, while the actual time-process is fluent and dynamic . . . How quickly or how slowly the total course of things slips by makes all the difference in the world to our happiness or misery; but this all-important factor would have to be thought of as something purely contingent, and not within God's power to determine, if His hold upon the current of

change were exerted by continuously reaffirming a decision that was changelessly complete from the beginning. (pp. 185-6.)

. . . (Thus) God's way of ordering events is utterly misrepresented if it is conceived as a decreeing of them long before they happen. God's eternal willing of current fact is not a timeless willing, and though it is not certainly in our kind of time, it is best figured as the present activity of a Will which is even more on the spot than our will. God's will accompanies ours in the immediate 'now' of present fact, though this immediate 'now' has for Him none of the fretting limitations by which we are beset. (p. 189.)

A passage like the above is significant not because it advances (or seems to advance) a metaphysical theory, but because it gives us a true insight into the deeper moral and religious experience of the Christian. There are many strands of feeling entering into the fabric of this experience as we see it unfolded in the pages of Dr. Hogg. Two of them determine the pattern of the whole fabric and can be readily distinguished from the rest. One is the feeling that, beyond the field of time across which we are moving, there is not the blank wall of absolute timelessness, but further stretches of time which are continuous with it though not continuations of it. The other (which is inextricably bound with the first) is the feeling that the time in which we live and move is a genuine reality—not just a 'quasi-reality of a merely practical kind'—because we have in it the companionship of one who comes to us from beyond its bourne with the promise: 'I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' These feelings cannot be dismissed as chimerical even if we do not subscribe to Dr. Hogg's metaphysics of the relation between time and eternity.

II

Dr. Hogg's interpretation, whether of the Christian life, or of the history

in which that life is rooted—the history which revolves round the central Figure of the Gospels—has a quality which appeals to the imagination as strongly as it does to the intellect. It leaves on the mind an impression analogous to poetry—an impression of ‘that strangeness of things, which is the light of all poetry, and indeed in all art.’ As we pursue, under Dr. Hogg’s guidance, the course of events in the New Testament, the dingy windows of the soul from which we look on a hum-drum world are transformed into magic casements opening on a wonderful realm of light and beauty—a realm ‘into which none enter but children, in which the children play with infinite forces, where the child’s little finger becomes stronger than the giant world . . . where the world exists only by sufferance . . . like a foolish, wilful dream in the solid truth of day’. Such a description of the prospect revealed by the New Testament may seem to belong to the region of fancy. But it is fancy which Jesus realized in His own life. There is (as Dr. Hogg points out) at least one incident in the life of Jesus which may appear unintelligible if we refuse to face this fact. The incident is best related in His own words:—

Jesus climbed the hills that He might be alone, and might wrestle in the solitude of prayer with the situation that confronted Him (i.e., the situation that resulted from the feeding of the multitude and had the disappointing consequence of stimulating the political side

of their Messianic hope and leading them to canvass the idea of constraining Him to head an insurrectionary movement). But in the loneliness of that night there was no stillness. As if to give material substance to the spiritual tempest that threatened to engulf His Messianic mission, the winds arose and howled about His place of retreat. With the whirlwind of men’s vain excitement, resting on no solid basis of insight, from which He had but now escaped and to which He must presently return, there lured themselves in His mind the eddying gusts of the storm, as they sprang up seemingly from nowhere and whirled so madly around. . . . Out yonder on the lake Jesus could picture His disciples’ frail craft, tossed and threatened by the hungry waves. Was not the fair vessel of His own life-work also at sea in this very tempest, where the material and spiritual, joined in one unholy alliance, made simultaneous war against all that to Him was dear? Far up the mountain-slopes, amid the chaos of the elements, the soul of Jesus wrestled on in solitude. And then, upon His straining faith, there fell an inward peace. He saw the tempest, both spiritual and physical, held in the hollow of His Father’s hand, its noisiest fury impotent to work more than His Father’s will. And Jesus arose and walked—walked down the hillside—walked right out into the waves!

. . . . So it came to pass that the act of gazing calmly into the heart of the *human* tempest, with the sinister dangers of which His thought had been mainly concerned, worked itself out naturally, spontaneously, without pause for deliberation or conscious decision, into the act of breasting the *physical* storm (*Redemption from this World*, pp. 92-3.)

There are many versions of the story of Jesus walking on the waves; but only Dr. Hogg’s version gives us a flashing glimpse of what the astonished disciples were aware of when the visible world around them ‘swung open as if it were a gate and disclosed a further view.’

DIVINATION

By T. G. PLATTEN

All over the world mankind is, not unnaturally, anxious to peer into the future, or to obtain other kinds of information which are hidden from ordinary knowledge; and among all primitive peoples, and indeed among many who are by no means primitive, the belief exists that it is possible to do this by means which the anthropologist classes as ‘divination’. In its original meaning the word implies that the information sought for is obtained through divine beings or gods, but in practice the term is taken to include any means by which the information is obtained through other than ordinary human channels. It may be through dreams, through the occurrence of omens—such as the appearance or unusual behaviour of certain animals or birds—through mechanical means such as casting lots, through consultation with spirits of the dead, or, last but far from least, by observation of the heavenly bodies in the pseudo-science of astrology.

In the ancient world, and among uneducated people to-day, it was widely believed that dreams were a means of foretelling the future, provided a skilled interpreter was available. The most famous examples in literature are the dreams associated with the story of Joseph in the Old Testament, which illustrate very well the symbolical method of interpretation employed. The seven fat kine which symbolised the coming of seven years of plenty and the seven lean kine which ate up the fat kine and symbolised seven years of famine are simple examples of the principle. Incidentally we may notice that in the theory of dreams favoured by modern psychology the objects dreamed of are regarded as symbols, but of course of events in the past

history of the dreamer and not in the future. Divination by dreams, however, can only be properly spoken of when some method is adopted to induce the dream. In ancient Greece the enquirer would sleep in a temple dedicated to some god, and if he dreamed the dream was thought to contain the answer of the god to his question. Or to take a modern example, in the Torres Straits Islands, where people have the charming habit of keeping the skulls of deceased relatives about the house as mementoes, one who desires information will place the skull of his uncle or grandfather beside his pillow before he goes to sleep. The spirit of the dead man is expected to whisper the answer in a dream. This is not far removed from the modern young lady in western countries who puts a piece of wedding cake under her pillow in the belief that she will dream about her future husband.

Not only do spirits visit sleepers, but they are often supposed to possess a diviner or priest, rousing him to prophetic frenzy. The ‘false prophets’ met with in the Old Testament were men of this type. Modern examples are the ‘shamans’ of the tribes of Siberia. These men fall into a kind of hysteria, indulging in wild screams and paroxysms, and in this state they are believed—and no doubt believe themselves—to be ‘possessed’ by a spirit with whose aid they can foretell the future, as well as exercise certain priestly functions. Or in Africa, the Zulu ‘witch-doctor’ professes to be visited by his ancestral spirits and their voices are heard giving answers ‘like the voice of a very little child . . . it speaks above in the roof of the hut’—a case, no doubt, of ventriloquism.

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Divination through the behaviour of certain birds and animals forms a universal branch of the art. In country places in England they still say of the magpie:

'One for sorrow, two for mirth,

Three for a wedding, and four
for a birth.'

Varieties of this sort of omen are too numerous to mention. In some places, such as Borneo, it is raised to an elaborate art. The diviner watches the flight of hawks and has an elaborate system of interpretation of the movements in flight of the birds. The same was true in ancient Rome, where the state officials were bound by law to consult the auspices before embarking on any important enterprise. Another branch of divination connected with animals, also much practised in ancient Rome, was haruspicy. The entrails and especially the liver of an animal offered as a sacrifice to the gods were inspected, and from their appearance the priest professed to read a cryptic message. A qualified 'haruspex' was regularly attached to the staff of Roman army commanders.

Of mechanical means of divination there is no end. They may be divided into two classes, those which depend on some involuntary muscular movement of the operator, and those which depend on pure chance. The former class includes all kinds of 'automatic writing', as with a planchette—a device by means of which a pencil can be moved over a sheet of paper by apparently involuntary movements of the medium's hand. Legible writing is sometimes produced, without the conscious co-operation of the writer, and is attributed to the action of spirits. The psychologist, of course, attributes it to the action of the operator's

subconscious mind. A primitive device of this sort is used in Malay, where a fish-spine is thrust through a lemon, which is suspended on a cord of seven different coloured strands. The diviner holds it by the cord, and questions are then put to it. It says 'yes' by swinging, 'no' by remaining still. Of the same character is the rod—usually a forked twig—used by water-diviners. When the diviner is passing over a spot where water is present below ground, the twig twists over violently in his hands. Other diviners profess to discover buried treasure in the same manner.

Methods which depend on pure chance may vary from extremely simple to complex. In East Africa the diviner shakes a number of pebbles out of a buffalo-horn. If an odd number fall out, the answer is unfavourable, if an even number, favourable. Another widespread method is to throw up two flat stones, black on one side and white on the other. If both fall white side uppermost, the answer is 'yes', if both black, 'no'; if one is black and one white, the oracle gives no answer. A more elaborate system employed by some tribes in South Africa consists of throwing up a number of objects, such as small bones of different animals, shells, etc. Each object designates a particular person or class of persons in the tribe, e. g. chiefs, warriors, married women, young girls, and so on. From the way in which the objects lie in relation to each other the diviner supplies an answer to the question. The shamans in Lapland operate with a 'magic drum' on the skin of which a number of pictures are painted. A ring is placed on the drum, which is then gently beaten, causing the ring to dance about. The answer is

obtained from the way it moves over the pictures. Obviously allied to these methods is the practice of 'fortune telling' by means of playing cards. In fact it is thought that playing cards originated as magic pictures for this purpose, and that their use for games is only a later adaptation.

But by far the most widespread and systematic method of divination is by observations of the position of the heavenly bodies. In every quarter of the globe the stars and planets have attracted the attention and challenged the speculation of mankind, and wherever civilization has advanced beyond the most primitive savagery we find some kind of belief in astrology. In the ancient world it reached its greatest elaboration in the plains of Babylonia, where the pellucid atmosphere makes the stars specially conspicuous, and most systems of astrology seem to be derived in some measure from the speculations of the ancient Babylonians. In the course of their scrutiny of the heavens they acquired a great deal of genuine astronomical information, and laid the foundations of our methods of measuring time and our calendar. We have 60 seconds in a minute and 60 minutes in an hour because 60 was a basic number in the Babylonian system of counting. But their interests were not primarily astronomical. Not only does man look up at the stars, but the stars look down on man and on events on the earth. So it seemed to man that the stars and planets must impress their own characteristics on earthly affairs, intervening therein as their natures prompted. No doubt he early noticed such real connections as that between the phases of the moon and the tides, and to his unscientific mind there would seem to be no limit to

such causality. If the moon can affect the sea, why should not the particular planet under which he was born determine the destiny of a man? So in the course of time there grew up the whole complex system of astrology.

To attempt even the briefest outline of the methods of astrology, of the different 'houses' of the zodiac, the supposed characters and dispositions of the various planets, the casting of nativities and horoscopes, would take us far beyond the limits of a brief paper like this. To us who know that the stars and planets are worlds like our own, but incredible millions of miles away in a universe in which this world is a mere speck of dust, the whole business is just elaborate nonsense. It is irreligious as well, for the suggestion that human destiny is determined by the position of the stars entirely destroys the reality of our free will to choose between right and wrong, and our belief in a wise and beneficent God. It is based, like the other forms of divination mentioned above, on a mistaken idea of cause and effect, and on the egocentric notion that everything which happens must bear some relation to human lives. 'Oh, but there must be something in it', I hear somebody say, 'My Uncle John's horoscope predicted that he would get lumbago at forty-five, or die or get married or go on a long journey, and it came true!' The answer to that was given by Bacon when he remarked of prophets that men remember the occasions when their predictions come true, but easily forget all those which do not. So great is the longing of the human mind to peer into the untracked future that men insist on believing that it can be done in spite of the overwhelming weight of evidence to the contrary.

WAS PLATO A FASCIST ?

Many of us are likely to think that the conflicting ideologies of to-day — Fascism and Communism — which keep all the nations in two artificially separated camps are quite modern, probably the creation of the Great War. But it is interesting to know that at least they lived as an ideal in the misty past in the mind of the great teacher, Plato. It is true that he did not think of a big Fascist state like Italy or of a Fascist Empire such as we find in Ethiopia or even of an extensive Communist state like the Soviet Union. Certainly he could not have foreseen the political axis, triangles and quadrangles of which we hear or we may hear hereafter. It is equally true that he was not fully saturated with all the ideals of Fascism which thoroughly excluded those of Communism or vice versa. However, he combined in him both to a certain extent. Which of the two was predominant in him? It is difficult to say either way.

According to Plato the state consisted of three groups of people — the Guardians, the Auxiliary and the Husbandmen. The duty of the Guardians was to legislate and to administer for the good of the people; that of the Auxiliary to defend and that of the Husbandmen or workers to maintain the state. The first two classes were to live exclusively from the 'maintainers.' The children of the Guardians were subject to a special form of education, controlled by the state, and it was from among them the future Guardians and Magistrates of the state were to be recruited.

He was a Fascist in a bigger issue. The Auxiliary was, according to him, very important and it needed a separate treatment. The method of training the children of the men-at-arms is very interesting. They were to be taken to the field of battle when their fathers fought against their enemies and be kept at a little distance under the instruction of able tutors in military tactics. To use his own analogy, like a potter's son who watched and helped his father in his task they watched and helped their fathers in fighting. That served a double purpose in giving an impetus to their fathers to fight valiantly and in training their children for the future. In cases of reverses in battle the children were to be protected by swift-footed horses. The man who distinguished himself most in battle was given privilege to shake hands with everyone of the children and with his fellow soldiers. Thus war was to them 'a glorious art' and the spirit of militarism was carefully fostered. I doubt whether it is very far from Sgr. Mussolini's saying in 1937 that 'For fourteen years (since the Fascists came to power) the eruptive energies of Italian youth were kept trained and disciplined for the conquest of Ethiopia'.

Women were to be trained and educated like men. Those women who gave evidence of a turn for philosophy or for war were to be associated with the Guardians and Auxiliaries to share their duties and become their wives. The connections thus formed were to be placed entirely

under the control of the Magistrates and sanctified by religious solemnities and the children born to them were to be separated from their parents and brought up in a state establishment. Does this not reflect the militarist in Plato? Does this not unveil his aristocracy? He was afraid that any relation of the Guardians and Auxiliaries with non-philosophical and non-military women would undermine the wisdom and military strength of the succeeding generations.

To add the construction of a city and its streets were to have reference to a possible siege and be provisioned with the latest machinery for defence as well as offence. He fixed the number of soldiers at 5,000—a number according to Aristotle, preposterously large for a city state. In so far as he was a militarist and in so far as he placed the army at a more laudable position and on a par with the Guardians, he was a Fascist.

This was not all. In cases of victory their Greek brethren were not to be enslaved, or their houses and crops be burnt, or their implements of war left in the fields be taken into the temples as trophies. Only the annual crop was due to them. Because Greece was their nursery home and they ought to draw a demarcation line between *Greeks and barbarians*. (Bk. 5, *The Republic*.) This obviously upsets the mind of a reader in spite of his great veneration for the great Plato. This reversal of a reader's opinion is due not so much to his (Plato's) generous attitude towards his Greek neighbours but to his suggestion for positive exploitation and enslavement of non-Greeks whom he called 'barbarians.' To me, at any rate, it is a barbarous idea dawned in the metaphysical mind of the great Plato. Perhaps he believed

as much as Sgr. Mussolini that he was ordained by God to carry on the torch of civilisation among the 'barbarians'. If I were to be allowed to coin a word I will say that while Sgr. Mussolini is a 'civilised barbarian' Plato was a 'metaphysical barbarian'. It was very good of him to have had belief in a philosopher-king. But he was imperialistic and unphilosophic in advising his philosopher-king to show a marked discrimination between the races of mankind.

Plato, as I understand him, aimed at the perfection of the city-state. To him the city was a citizen writ large and in the perfection of the city lay the perfection of the individual. The citizen himself was a 'micropolis' as compared to the metropolis of which he was a citizen. Anything bigger than a city was far on the road to disintegration. I do not understand whether the perfection of the city meant also self-sufficiency. If it were so, it is a dangerous presumption and comes very near to Fascist self-sufficiency. Probably he meant it. Even admitting that he did not mean it his complete disregard of 'the barbarians' shows that he did not stand for the perfection of humanity as a whole. Was he not a Fascist in that respect? Communism as such stands on a completely different platform. Though M. Stalin might have recently gone to set his own home in order, the aim of the Third International remains the same as ever. The elevation of the proletariat throughout the world is the supreme object of a Communist.

The Fascist argument with which we are familiar to-day is that the population of the state has gone far beyond the optimum limit—all the

same it is to be remembered that Fascists do all that lies in their power to increase population—and that sufficient land and raw materials should be found outside the state to provide the excess population with the necessities of life. Plato did not put forward any such plea or claim for colonies by the city-state. In fact he did not want a city-state to develop into a large nation. But his plea for the equal distribution of land strands us in a mystery. In his anxiety to be impartial to all classes of people he failed to take account of the natural increase in population every year. How was the increasing population to be provided with equal shares of land? Nothing had been said definitely on the need for colonies. But a real attempt to understand his mind from his writings shows that he tolerated conquests, brigandage—brigandage, according to Plato, was natural to man—and aggressive wars to a certain extent. We have an historical instance in Sparta which had to harass the neighbouring minor states for no other reason than to find enough lands for her increasing population. Though Plato's ideas in these matters are not very clear we may safely conclude that he favoured necessary conquests and the creation of daughter city-states. Does this not reveal the Fascist in Plato?

Was he not then a Communist? To characterise him merely as a Fascist would be a perversity of truth and an insult to his great personality. The Fascist in Plato could not completely exclude the Communist in him. He claims originality in that he was the first person to advocate a community of wives and children, not to speak of the ownership of property in common. This is what appears in his *Republic*. However, we find

a gradual change in his thought as he began to write his *Laws*. He abandoned in that book his original idea of a community of wives and children and conceded to the necessity of marriage and family life. Moreover, he modified his views on further thought, as becoming a great philosopher, in that he admitted the impracticable nature of the communism proposed in *The Republic*. But he was on his guard to suggest a suitable alternative. He conceived in his mind four classes of people based on their wealth and fixed a minimum beyond which no citizen could become poorer. Thereby he fixed 'the limit of poverty'. The other three classes were determined by the possession of wealth to the amount of two, three and four times the value of the share of land possessed by citizens of the fourth class. All excesses of the fourfold measure were subject to summary confiscation by the state. We may well doubt that he became thereby 'a limited capitalist'.

However, his contribution, barring a little of his Fascist ideology, to a perfect communistic life is great. Even admitting that he waived a little from it in his *Laws* he was careful to save the needy and the oppressed from the rigour of capitalism. It is true that he has erred, sometimes miserably, and deserves for that reason the scathing criticism of Aristotle. But is there not a way left open by which we can pick the plums of his thought in the light of the experience and scientific inventions which mankind has had so long, though we may still doubt his true identity—a Fascist or a Communist?

P. PAULPANDIAN,
Hons. IV, Br. III.

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF CONFUCIANISM

By G. JANSEN

'He who is to be a good and noble guardian of our city will be by nature philosophical,' Plato: *Republic*, 2. 376.

When, at the beginning of the year, the Japanese established 'autonomous' states round Peking and Nanking they declared that one of the items in their political programme for China would be the revival of Confucianism. It may, at first sight, seem strange to see what is commonly known as a religion figuring in a political manifesto; yet it is hardly to be wondered at because Confucianism is purely a politico-ethical system.

Confucius lived in the 6th century B.C. at a time which is known in the history of China as the age of the Warring States. His political theory was not an abstraction but designed to meet a pressing need. The state for him was nothing apart from the individuals who composed it, hence society was made up of five personal relationships—those between ruler and subject, husband and wife, father and son, elder brothers and younger, and between friends. The first of these is for him the most important. Confucius was frankly a monarchist; and for two reasons; because he was instinctively conservative, and because he believed profoundly in the power of example. Hence he sought to return to feudal conditions but at the same time to find in the ancient system an example worthy of the devotion of the people. Decentralisation at that time meant anarchy among too powerful vassals.

The king must be what he calls 'the higher type of man' fully conscious of his high responsibilities. He says, in the 'Lun Yu' or *Analects*:

'He who realises the difficulty of being a good king has almost succeeded in making his country prosper. Supreme authority entailed supreme responsibility.' Above all he must be morally fitted to the task; this idea, that no man is fit to govern others who cannot govern himself, is perhaps the most important in his political system. If the ruler is so fitted, then 'he will follow simply the course which naturally brings benefit to the people.' In the profound little work, the 'Chung Yung,' he briefly sketches in the possible course of action of this ideal ruler: 'by banishing of flatterers, by raising worthymen, by dealing loyally and punctually, by ordering daily inspection, by restoring lines of broken succession and supporting the weak against the strong he will show his interest in the empire.'

Confucius attached such great importance to the moral nature of the ruler because everything depended on one supremely important man taking a step in the right direction: 'all institutions wait for the man before they can be put into practice.' If the monarch was virtuous, his behaviour would be in accordance with his beliefs and, Confucius said, the whole state would follow him and likewise become virtuous. Using a most effective figure of speech, he said 'the virtue of the prince is like unto wind; that of the people like unto grass. For it is the nature of grass to bend when the wind blows upon it.' This is the power of example referred to above. He never tires of reiterating

its practical significance; on one ruler asking him what he should do to suppress robbery he bluntly replied: 'If you, sir, can check your own cupidity, there will be no stealing, not even if you offer rewards.' To another prince he said: 'If you show a sincere desire to be good, your people would likewise be good.'

This reliance on good examples is far from being a pious wish; it would be really effective in a feudal state where the merits of the prince would easily percolate the successive layers in the feudal hierarchy. The members of the hierarchy would help the movement because 'the right men for government would be obtained by the repute of the ruler's personal character.' Confucius in fact expected quick results from his system: 'if the ruler loves sincerity and good faith, the people will not be slow to respond' or 'if a kingly sovereign were to appear, by the end of one generation natural goodness in government would prevail'. On another occasion he said that three years would be sufficient for the reform. Yet he believed in the efficacy of *lente festina*, 'do not try to do great things in a hurry.' From his own experience he had shown that an entire state could be reformed in a short space of time. He approached the ruler of his native state of Lu to try his method of government and he was appointed Minister for Crime, and in a few months there was an end of crime. But the ruler was seduced from his wise minister by jealous rivals and for the rest of his life, like Plato, he wandered from court to court seeking a prince who would follow his guidance. In his old age he gave up the quest in sheer disgust.

Government for him was good 'when it makes happy those who live

under it and attracts those who live far away'; it was to be government for the people and based on their support, 'for without the confidence of the people no government can stand at all.' Yet, because his ideal state was to be more in the nature of a benevolent autocracy, the demos could not expect all its wishes to be fulfilled. 'The people can be made to follow a certain path but they cannot be made to know the reason why.'

A passing reference has already been made to the conservatism of Confucius and his most frequently quoted saying is 'my function is to indicate rather than originate.' Yet, when we compare his teachings with those of his great contemporary Lao-Tszu, the founder of Taoism, who wished men to return to a state of semi-savagery, we can see that Confucius merely desired to restore to the system then existing the equilibrium it had formerly possessed; he did not wish to go back to an earlier stage in the growth of society, hence he said, in the 'Chung Yung', he, who while living in the present age reverts to the ways of antiquity, is one who will bring calamity upon himself.'

To more than one ruler he declared that solidarity and contentment at home was of more importance than external aggression; foreigners should be attracted and not coerced.

The cultivation of the arts in the state was as important for Confucius as for Plato. He prescribed the teaching of dancing and music, the latter especially. Confucius himself was a musician and found in music nothing short of a moral force; as it said in one of his beloved 'Classics', the 'Li Ki'—'where there is music bad influences are removed' and it is reported that on one occasion he estimated the morality of a ruler merely

by hearing a song sung by one of his subjects!

Confucius insisted primarily on morality in ruler and subjects because it was one of his deep convictions that a moral order obtained throughout the whole universe. For him 'the moral law is not something away from the actuality of human life' rather 'the life of the moral man is an exemplification of the universal moral order.' The highest type of moral life he summed up in one word 'jen' best translated as 'social good' because personal goodness must have a political or social value. If this prevailed, the state would be one large family with the parental relation maintained between Emperor and subject by means of the 'li' or 'rites and ceremonies which expressed loyalty and devotion.' For this purpose he gave fresh significance to the ceremonies detailed in the 'Classic of Rites' or Li Ki, usually regarded as meaningless.

By introducing an ethical responsibility into politics Confucius made a great and real innovation. He was a prophet without honour in his own country but others recognised his significance. 'The Empire', said one, 'has long been lying in evil ways but now God is going to make Confucius his herald to rouse the land,' and never in the history of the human race has one man exerted such an enormous influence for good on after generations.

Confucius's political teachings were to some extent modified by his greatest follower Mang Tsze or Mencius, the Teacher of Princes as he was called and the St. Paul of Confucianism. China was as disturbed as in the days of his master but Mencius, bolder in

spirit, lectured the rulers of his day with severity and vigour and really did much to stay anarchy. He has all the moral earnestness of his Western contemporary, Zeus.

He was much more of a democrat than his master, possibly because time had shown that successive generations of rulers were only so much harder of heart; he said 'the people are the most important element in the nation, the sovereign is the lightest.' If he ruled unworthily, he was to be deposed, and then Mencius said, the hour would bring the man, whom he called 'the minister of Heaven' and he would restore order to the state. He was as much an anarchist as many members of the first International. Though he made this great change in his master's teaching, he believed as firmly in the power of persuasion and in the reality of a universal moral order; 'when a man understands his own nature he understands the reality of God.'

We can see remarkable confirmation of the Confucian theories in certain aspects of modern politics: crises in various countries have thrown up the men to meet them and dictators at least claim to be 'ministers of Heaven'; and the people of their countries bow like grass before their windy eloquence.

The exaltation of the monarch which Confucius taught would doubtless sort well with Japanese Emperor-worship but it was more to acquire something of the indefinable aura of honesty that has always surrounded Confucian politics that they invited the direct descendant of Confucius to become the Emperor of China, an offer which he wisely refused.

PLAY-ACTING AT TAMBARAM

In the College Hall which is now rising amid a forest of casuarina-poles near the Bursar's office, you can see, if you look down on it from the roof of the Honours Physics Laboratory, the outline of a wide deep stage. It is enough to make your mouth water, if you are keen on play-acting. When the building is completed, as it will be, if all goes well, sometime in the second term of 1938-39, what use will be made of it?

Some of the Halls began the present year with great theatrical ambitions. One Hall, we know, was going to present two plays every month, one in English and the other in Tamil, Telugu, or Malayalam. Achievement has fallen short of aspiration of course; and play-acting has been somewhat sporadic. But the performances we have had served to show that there is talent enough, and enthusiasm enough, to make it worth while to aim at something more next year. Each of the Hall Days has been graced by a comedy in English and the three plays produced were very different from one another: a modern comedy in Bishop Heber Hall, a play by Molière, considerably adapted to local conditions and somewhat broadened in effect, in St. Thomas's Hall, and a very pretty and amusing play in verse by Clifford Bax 'The Poetasters of Ispahan,' in Selaiyur. St. Thomas's Hall also produced another Molièresque farce before Christmas, instead of one of the ordinary Saturday night concerts, and this was reproduced, with great success, at the S. C. M. concert in the Museum Theatre. Bishop Heber and Selaiyur provided Tamil comedies as

well. There have been other productions also on a smaller scale: some short scenes at Saturday night concerts, for instance; and in the second term the English Honours Association produced four scenes from Shakespeare for the amusement of their own members, some at least of which might well have been repeated for the benefit of a larger audience. And no doubt there have been other performances which have escaped the notice of the Magazine.

There is certainly enough here to make one wish for more—and not only for more in quantity, but for something different in kind too. An entertainment at a Hall Day must be light and quick, for the audience have met in a social mood and are not prepared for serious drama. Would it not be possible to do one of the plays of Shakespeare, with as few 'cuts' as possible? Why should we not try 'Hamlet' itself? It is to be greatly hoped that the various Halls, and the Language Societies and the English Honours Association, may next year start on play-acting in the first term, so that the net may be cast wide and so that every student who would like a chance to show what he can do on the stage may have it. It would then be possible to re-found the College Dramatic Society, which has been in abeyance for many years, and to try to have something really worth watching for the formal opening of the College Hall. There are some Colleges in India, smaller than ours, which have a full-length production of a classical English play once a year. Can we not do it too?

J. R. M.

THE PERFECT CRIME

By J. S. D. DAVID, *Class I, Group ii.*

Mr. Arnold had been bitterly mortified. He had made an utter fool of himself. He had gone to the Casino-de-Paris that day against his better judgment. He had been dastardly treated by Mr. Jones whom he believed to be his friend. He recalled to his mind the warnings given by his friend, Detective Inspector Mulliner. Mr. Mulliner knew the so-called Mr. Jones to be a very bad, shady character with a police record and half a dozen aliases. Turning a deaf ear to the well-meant warnings, Arnold had allowed himself to be drawn into a game of cards with Mr. Jones, who was a past master in the art of cheating. There had been no betting at first but Arnold had won many a game and his confidence had been steeled. Reluctantly he allowed himself to be drawn into a game which involved bets and won a lot of money. Through overconfidence which is often a disease among amateurs, he began to lose all his money bit by bit, all the while increasing the bets in anticipation of winning the next game. At last he owed Mr. Jones £1000 and to his dismay realised that his bank account already showed an over-draft. He was at his wit's end and he vowed to be revenged on this card-sharper Mr. Jones who had imposed upon his confidence and who made things worse by threatening to go to court if Arnold did not pay up quickly, this being the last thing that Mr. Arnold wanted, as he had reputation to maintain as star reporter to the *Daily Echo*. When he went home he pondered over his wrongs and a little devil began to work inside him. He thought of suicide but put that aside as only a coward's way-out. Then he thought

of murder, well why not murder, thought Arnold. He spent months in careful planning and gathered more and more information about Mr. Jones's daily haunts. At last after months of careful planning and re-planning he engineered the perfect Crime. The police could afterwards do their worst and he could laugh within his sleeves. Mr. Jones was wont to visit in the West-End, a certain music hall of very unsavoury reputation. Here it was that Arnold followed him on a particular day. The day prior to his following Mr. Jones he went to a friend and obtained from him potassium cyanide, telling him that he wanted it for getting rid of a troublesome brood of rats. The friend believed Mr. Arnold and gave him the poison, he being a very obliging fellow. On that particular day it chanced that the music hall was practically empty save for the few people who were sitting dotted here and there. The audience of the lower seats being so few that in the back seats and in the box can be more easily imagined than described, this suited Arnold's purpose to a T as you might have already imagined. Arnold went in and bade the already seated Mr. Jones a civil good-evening. They first talked of this and that and very abruptly indeed Mr. Jones swerved to the subject of Arnold's debt. That brought things to a climax. All the pent-up fury in Mr. Arnold was let loose and he hit Mr. Jones on the head with the curtain-pole which he quickly detached from the doorway of the box and afterwards satisfying himself that Mr. Jones was unconscious he wiped it clean of finger-prints. He then forced the potassium cyanide down

Mr. Jones's throat and gently pressed the bottle into his hand. Satisfying himself that Mr. Jones was dead he took Mr. Jones's pencil, taking great care to disguise his hand-writing, and wrote only one word on a blank card 'Revenge' and instantly left the box. Next morning he feverishly searched the papers for any news of the murder, but was unable to find anything. In the evening also there was nothing. Arnold became frightened though he himself saw no appreciable reason to be afraid. Next morning he went out to ease his already highly strung nerves. While loitering about aimlessly he had the fortune to witness a street accident. Wishing to report this to the Editor he took from the pocket of his capacious overcoat a small pad but could not find his pencil. Making his report with a pen he returned home, and searched for the pencil, which he thought he had mislaid. He was unable to find his pencil and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead when the thought of having dropped it at the theatre in his hurry, occurred to him. Immediately he dressed, went out, bought a pair of gloves and made his way to the theatre where he had executed the perfect Crime, for if the pencil were found near the body it would be a damning piece of evidence, and in recovering it he did not wish to leave any incriminating finger prints. At precisely 8 p.m. he entered the theatre and taking a ticket entered the very same box. He saw that the body had already been removed but could divine no reason why it had not appeared in the paper. Unknown to Arnold, Detective Inspector Mulliner had his own reasons for keeping the matter a secret and this visit to the box was to be another nail in Arnold's coffin. To his great relief he saw the pencil,

obviously unobserved, lying under a seat. As Arnold bent to retrieve it he heard a small click and turning quickly, saw Mr. Mulliner, grim and unsmiling, holding a torch focussed on his face. He tried to bolt for safety by jumping from the box but was held back by two of the Inspector's subordinates who fastened a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. Just before merciful oblivion came to relieve him he heard the Inspector charging him with the murder of Mr. Jones on the night of Friday the 10th March 18—and that anything he might say would be taken down and used as evidence against him in court. Next day the Inspector made a report to his smiling chief, adding that he had acted on the maxim well-known to the police namely that Criminals possess an unfailing tendency to revisit the scene of their Crime—more so people who commit a crime for the first time in their lives. Arnold regained consciousness at the police station and on a certain day in April, after all the evidence necessary for the case had been collected, the judge pronounced the jury's verdict and after asking Arnold whether he had anything to say for himself condemned him to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. The next day the *Daily Echo* lost in Arnold a very valuable asset and the very same evening there appeared an advertisement in the Wanted column, for a journalist to take the place of the unfortunate Mr. Arnold who through the duplicity of Jones had ended his brilliant career so abruptly. As for Inspector Mulliner, there came congratulations from his chief and friend Sir Mortimer Slade, Chief Commissioner, Scotland Yard, with a hint that the next vacancy—Ah, no it could not be promotion—But it was,

KAYAMKULAM KOCHUNNI

OR

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF A BLACK PICTURE

By V. K. GOPINATHAN,

Class III, Group A-B.

Not long ago, there lived in Central Travancore, a robber-chief, by name 'Kochunni'. His name was associated with the name of his birth-place. 'Kayamkulam' (very near Quilon) being the place, where he was born, he was naturally called 'Kayamkulam Kochunni'. He was a Muslim by caste. The mere mention of his name struck awe and terror in the minds of people. So much so, it was often used by some mothers as a means to frighten their children into obedience.

There are innumerable stories; some of them slightly exaggerated, but others quite genuine, which clearly give us an idea of the ravenous methods of the robber-chief. A number of wealthy families which were clearly rich were degraded to the lowest step by the plundering activities of Kochunni. His far-reaching hand of robbery and plunder spread so widely that no well-to-do family in the whole of Central Travancore was spared from that. He definitely hated the 'rich aristocracy' and worked for its downfall and destruction.

The bright spot in Kochunni's character was his whole-hearted sympathy for the poor and miserable. He helped them, whenever there was an occasion for it. They adored him as their 'Champion' and 'Saviour'. They helped him also, whenever he was on the point of being detected by the 'men of law'. His motto was to plunder the richest in order to help the poorest.

Kochunni was ably supported by a number of stalwart and well-trained men, who obeyed him in the eye. They had no scruples in murdering anyone in cold-blood, provided the act brought any satisfaction to their leader. Such was their devotion to him. He, in turn, regarded them as his 'Sons' and divided his booty and love equally among them.

The whole narrative of this 'Robin Hood' of Travancore cannot be told in a small essay like this. The main idea underlying this, however, is an earnest desire to show to all that, though a bloody Robber and Plunderer as he was, even in his hearts of hearts, there was the deep impression left by one nobleness of man, which distinguishes the civilised from the barbarian—viz. 'Good Nature and Kindness'. In the many achievements of Kochunni, this alone stands out as the best, which shows the true self of Kochunni. This entitles him as a 'Good Thief' rather than as a 'Bad Robber'.

II

One night, Kochunni was much perturbed by an urgent demand for two hundred rupees. The sum may sound a paltry one for a robber like himself, but that was not what troubled him. It was the urgency of the demand. If he was given barely two hours time, he would have secured it as easily as anything. But

there was no time to waste over brooding of matters.

It was nine o'clock. Kochunni went out of his house and strolled on the bank of the public canal. In those places such canals served (and still serve) as a public highway. It was so to say, a big highroad for the numberless boats that sailed up and down. These boats took the surrounding country's products to the seaport of Alleppey in the north. These canals served as connecting links between the coastal lakes of Travancore, which make it easy for communication by water from the extreme north to the far south (as far as Trivandrum.)

The particular canal, on the bank of which Kochunni strolled along, was in those days a deserted one during the night time. As all boatmen were aware of the apparent danger of confronting Kochunni or any of his followers none of them dared to sail through it after night-fall.

Kochunni was not long in waiting when he saw the light of a boat in the far north. His heart leapt for joy. He knew that it was one of those boats returning from Alleppey, after disposing of the cargo. He also concluded that the person in the boat had enough money to satisfy Kochunni's demand.

The boat came near Kochunni. Suddenly, in a shrill voice he shouted 'Halt.' The boatman, perhaps expecting the same at every moment, dropped the pole (with which he directed the boat) and uttered a cry of terror. The boat was so near to the bank, that without a moment's hesitation Kochunni jumped on to the middle plank of the boat and peered in. He recognised a middle-aged Muslim, shaking all over with fear,

and clasping a small bag tightly in his hands.

Brandishing a knife, which glittered in the lamplight, Kochunni demanded of the Muslim to yield up the bag and thus save at least his life. Horror-stricken with the sight of the shining weapon, he threw the bag to Kochunni and uttering a curse, he collapsed and fell flat in the bottom of the boat. Balancing the bag in his right hand, and judging by its weight that it was sufficient for his purpose, Kochunni jumped to the bank and disappeared among the dark shadow of the tall cocoanut palms.

III

'Kadar' was a poor Muslim who led an honest life in the same village, where Kochunni lived. He lived on the right side of the village mosque, in a small house, thatched with cocoanut leaves. The small compound that surrounded it (and the house) were Kadar's sole property.

He used to purchase cocoanuts from his neighbours on credit and convert it into 'copra' (dried cocoanut kernel). This he took to Alleppey and sold it. After paying his creditors, what was left was both his profit and income, with which he maintained his family. The family consisted of his wife, three children and himself.

Let us peep into the hut (though unlawfully) and see what is happening there. Kadar is sitting with his wife and thinking over his night's experience. Both are weeping and at the same time trying to soothe each other. They are at a loss to find out a way through which they can escape the impending ruin. Early morning, they know that each creditor will in turn come and ask his

share of money. They are all at sea, when they think of what reply they are to give. At last the face of Kadar lighted up. Perhaps he has found a way out of the difficulty. He said, 'My dear, I have the only idea, which though rather hard, will save us from this trouble. That is to sell our small compound and house next morning, and to distribute the money among our creditors. Though it is very hard for us to find a shelter after this, I have made up my mind to do the only thing which will save me. I have lived hitherto as an honest man. I will be an honest man, even at the risk of my family's welfare'. Saying this, he looked at his wife. She sat there in silence, but Kadar knew that she had consented to the only alternative which will save them both.

Then the couple, pronouncing terrible curse on the villain, who was the cause of their ruin, retired to bed. Kadar did not feel sleepy, but lay quite silently brooding over the unhappy events that passed. His wife, exhausted by the sad tidings, that came like a blow, slept soon.

IV

It was still dark. The time might have been 4-30 a.m. Kadar was still awake, when a repeated knock was heard on the door. With that, a voice was heard to say, 'Please, open the door'. The voice—the terrible voice—pierced Kadar's ears. The ruffian has come to plunder him at home, he thought. He prepared to do his best against the man—the man who ruined him. Then suddenly the voice spoke once again.

'Kindly open the door. I come as a friend, as well as a debtor—who owes you some money which I took

from you, to-night. I have come to return it. So please open the door.' The voice was sincere, but Kadar could not believe his own ears. The one man whom he hated more than all—the one who was the cause of his ruin, was he so generous as to return the money which he actually robbed from him? He thought it was all a dream and a mere vision of his fancy. To assure his doubt, he peered through the key-hole. To his excitement and wonder, he descried the man who robbed his money standing on the door step—with a bag—his own bag—in his hand. He did not believe his own eyes.

However, emboldened by the sight of his bag, he opened the door. Kochunni gave the bag to him, and said, 'My dear man, I would never have touched your money, but for my urgent need for it. I deeply feel sorry for all the troubles I gave you, and most metely ask your pardon. Now, go and feel glad. Remember, Kochunni never touches a poor man nor his purse'. In a moment he disappeared.

Like one who saw a ghost, stood Kadar, his eyes wide open and mouth fully ajar. He thought it all a dream. But the touch of the bag made him feel it was genuine. He ran into the room to inform his wife, of his wonderful experience, that night.

That is the wonderful story of Kochunni, the robber-chief. To the most authentic and astute critic, who despises a robber and a thief as one despised by the whole world, let this be a moral. Let him know that even in the heart of the most despised of human beings, there is every space for sentiment and feeling. This fact is clearly shown in this one episode of Kochunni, the 'Robin Hood' of Travancore.

THE STRANGE MAN

BY K. S. SRINIVASAN, *Class III, Group (ii) B(a)*

On a cloudy chill evening in December, I set out for a walk along the Vandalur Road. My mind was not quite at rest; so I thought of cheering myself up and I was walking alone.

As I was walking along, soon after passing the level-crossing, I found the spot calm and pleasing. The rustic road with a double-bullock cart moving slowly with a creaking noise delighted me very much. As I walked on, I reached a place where I found a lake and thick growth of banyan and tamarind trees on either side of the road. The sun was about to set in the west.

Under one of the banyan trees sat a middle-aged man with untidy hair and curly and uncouth beard and moustache. He wore a torn and dirty dhoti and a shirt of the same description. As I stood staring at him he beckoned to me with a smile. Half perplexed and half afraid, I approached him. He was a thick-set man; his looks were kind and intelligent. His forehead was furrowed as though with anxieties; he seemed to be worried over something. He asked me to sit down by his side. 'Are you not a student of Christian College?' asked he in good English.

I nodded my head in surprise. 'Well, I was also a student of the same College. Would you like to hear my history?' I prepared myself and looked at him with eagerness.

'I took my degree in 1924' began the strange man. 'You may wonder how a graduate could behave in this manner. There lies the secret. Listen.

When I was an undergraduate one day my friends and I had been to the railway station at Egmore to give a send-off to a friend. There while we were enjoying ourselves in the train before departure, an old orthodox brahmin with a pot-belly was standing on the platform near our carriage. I began—as is the natural tendency of students—to make fun of him and my friends joined me in the scoffing. The old man did not pay heed to our words for some time. When he thought it was intolerable, he pointed his finger towards me and said—oh, his words are still fresh in my memory—he said, "You, you too will be laughed at by some one, one of these days." Here the man choked a little and I could see, in the twilight through the leaves, two clear drops of tear rolling down his cheeks. 'Nine years had passed since that incident', continued the man, 'and I had almost forgotten about it except on few occasions. One day I saw a chubby, sparkling and attractive child in a perambulator in a park. There was no one beside the child. I approached the perambulator, took the child in my arms and began to play with it. I was enjoying heavenly bliss though the child was not my own and I kissed it over and over again to my heart's content. I think God has created everything in this world to be appreciated and enjoyed by humanity. As I was playing with the child, a young man came to me and scolded me for having taken the child out of the perambulator. I told him that I wanted to have the child

in my arms for some more time and refused to give back the child at once. Immediately the gentleman called for the police and told them that he suspected me to be a mad-man trying to murder his child. The next moment I was travelling very fast. Where to? To Kilpauk! My friend, I was there for about two months. All the visitors who came there laughed at me. It was only then that I realised what the old man had foretold at Egmore Station. I was dining in my cell. *Not one* but thousands have laughed at me. My friend, at last one night I managed to escape from the Asylum. For the past four years I have been roaming throughout the Presidency in search of the great man. What I have done

is pricking me like an arrow in my heart. My soul will not rest in peace until I meet the old man and get his pardon. I must weep at his feet to my heart's content. I am sure I will meet him one day and ask for his pardon.' So saying, the strange man stood up and began to walk swiftly towards Vandalur. I too stood up and was staring at him. After taking a few steps he turned back and said with a kind look, 'Good-bye, my friend. My blessings on you. Forget me not.' He turned and began to walk fast. I heard the 'Tup, Tup' of his sandals dying out slowly in the night. I heaved a sigh and began to walk towards the Hall in the moonlight.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

By P. S. RAMAN, *Class II, Group 3*

There are certain phrases in the English language which we hear every minute; yet nobody ever thinks seriously of them. You can do any harm to another man; but if you say 'I'm sorry' all his anger vanishes. Also when you say 'I'm sorry' you expect him to say 'It doesn't matter.' If he fails to say that you call him a mannerless brute. Once a fellow threw a stone and it struck a passer-by, very hard indeed. Blood began to ooze from his forehead and he got very angry when the man who threw the stone said, 'I'm sorry'. Poor man, the other fellow was deprived of his action by that one simple English phrase. So he heeded it not and went away with smouldering anger. He had not gone hundred yards when another stone from the same person struck him. He naturally got very angry and asked the first man, 'What do you mean?' The other fellow answered, 'I did that purposely. I wanted to teach you manners.' You did not say "it doesn't matter". The end of it all was that they came to blows.

Another of these phrases is 'How do you do?' I'm always quite healthy looking and happy; nobody has got any business to think otherwise of me. But yesterday morning, one fellow said 'How do you do?' to me. I said, 'Quite okay! don't you see that all's well with me? Only yesterday you asked the same question'. The next instant that fellow with an affected superiority began to preach to me that I was not expected to say 'I'm quite well' when anybody says 'How do

do you do?' to me, but that the answer for that damned not mentioned by him—phrase was another 'How do you do?' from me. Foolish society based upon all this nonsense!

Today I played a match in tennis with T—. What the result was I need not say. At the end of the match one fellow said to me, 'My sincere condolences please.' The next minute he jumped up to the winner and said 'My hearty congratulations to you.' What vile hypocrisy! One minute he says he is sorry that I have been defeated and the next minute, in my very face, says to the other man that he is glad that he has won it, or in other words, that I have lost it.

Some have got a very great partiality for the phrase 'As a matter of fact.' Our physiology teacher in the High School used to begin all his sentences with that 'As a matter of fact.' We all got bored and one day I rose up and told him, that we all believed all that he said to be facts and that he need not bore us with that phrase.

There is a very fine flower plant in our hall. Yesterday evening when I was returning from College I heard one fellow saying to his companion, 'How damned nice it is'. Foolish man, how can it be damned if it be nice! Many people use this phrase or phrases such as 'Damned good,' etc., without the slightest thinking. There is another kind of swearing too which some people think it is fashionable to use, such as 'What the devil—' (some use 'Hell' instead)—do you

mean?' Some, when there is such a nice word as 'food' in the English language, will prefer the word 'grub' and will hold that is King's English.

When I think sometimes of God I pity Him very much, for there are many people who bring in His name for even paltry affairs. 'For God's sake' is a very common phrase and on ninety occasions out of hundred, it will be followed by words like, 'Give me a cigarette.'

One of the most useful but mostly wrongly used word is 'Stupid.' The teacher calls a student 'as stupid as an ass' thus bringing disgrace to the most patient animal in the world. The man who uses this word, never thinks for a moment whether his opponent is really stupid or not. Suppose I think India should not have independence; you think otherwise. Instantaneously I blurt out, 'The most

idiotic thing I ever heard.' One of the members of our staff, who probably thinks this word not to be as civilised as himself, prefers 'Moron' for this. Woe unto 'Moron'!

Lastly, the oft-used phrase 'Thank you'; this is a phrase which is used almost mechanically. One of our teachers is so fond of this, that he says, we should say 'Thank you' even to a tram-conductor, when he issues the tickets. But a danger may arise from this; that fellow may not understand what we say and may think we are calling him bad names; for all tram-conductors have got a very bad opinion of us students. Not only they, even the cinema producers have got the very same opinion. For them, a student means a rake and a drunkard. If you do not agree with me go and see Prabhat's 'Unexpected.'

LIFE'S MIRROR

The World is like a looking-glass
Well-polished and reflective.
It tells you when you frown or smile,
For Truth is its objective.

You smile at it, it smiles at you,
It's always optimistic;
But if you frown when trials brew,
It shows you realistic.

When trials come, don't get so cross,
But keep on calm and smiling.
The clouds across the sun must pass,
To show their silver lining.

Now all the world is watching you
To see you readily smile
When everything goes wrong; for then
You're really worth your while!

THE ART OF DECEPTION

By A.V.S.

It was a fine morning. The sun shone brightly and all things that loved the sun were out of doors. That morning was warmly welcomed by the citizens of a big city. For that day was a festival day. The festival was held in the open and hundreds of thousands thronged to attend the festival. The festival constituted chiefly a 'play' in which two sets of eleven 'actors' took part. Much like the ancient Greek stadiums, the 'play' took place in the open air and the audience were seated on wooden-galleries instead of the rock-cut ones.

At eleven *ante meridiem* two central actors stepped in and began the 'play'. They were surrounded by eleven more actors who indulged in many actions, like standing on tip-toe in the stand-at-ease position, looking up at a 'bird' flying over their heads, and in trying to catch that bird by performing antics lost their balance and rolled on the ground.

Hardly ten minutes had passed since the beginning of the play when suddenly the sky cast a shadow. The audience looked above. 'Ah, will it rain?', they asked one another, 'how deceitful Nature is! Such a fine morning and what a radical change before midday!' Without waiting for further compliments, Nature boldly resolved to deceive the audience and at once the rain broke. Though it did not pour down outright but came in the form of gentle showers, the 'actors' took to their heels and stopped not till they reached the 'stage-room'. The spectators did not move about but sat still in the

showers. Though the rain stopped after fifteen minutes, yet that day Nature triumphed over man. Man thought he could enjoy the play uninterrupted. But Nature said, 'No, I shall interrupt'. So first of all, Nature herself is misleading.

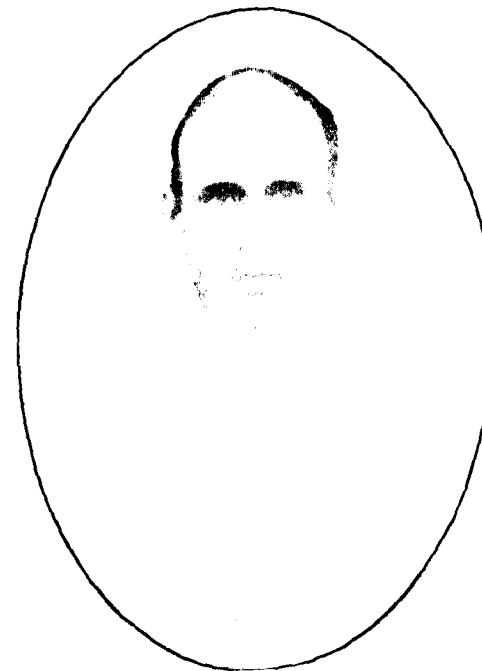
Dear reader, bear with me for a moment. Do you recognize what is prattled in the preceding paragraphs? If you have grasped my meaning there, then I am deceived; if not you are deceived by me. Is not the 'play' the game of Cricket with two sides of eleven players? The 'bird' I mentioned is simply the cricket ball and the 'stage-room' the pavilion. The account, in short, describes the beginning of the play on the opening-day of the Fourth Unofficial Test Match played at Madras recently. Now, reader, who is the dupe, me or you?

We find Nature herself a graduate of the art of deception. She is not ashamed of practising this art. She has a host of followers who are so wise that they are gulled by themselves and no others.

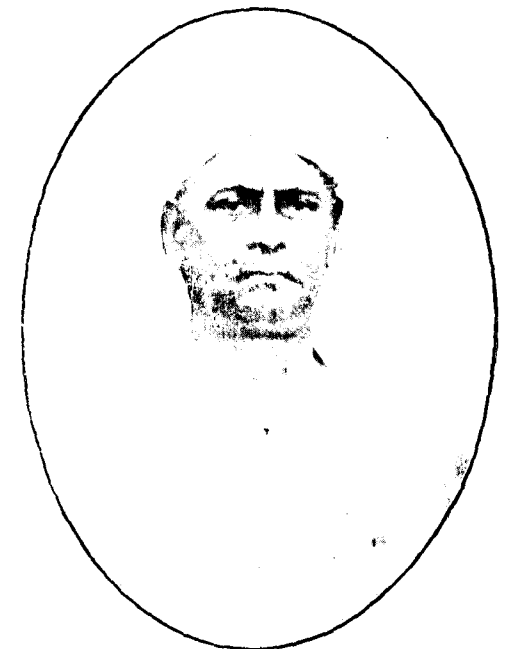
The practice of self-deception is increasing in everlasting proportion. In the daily newspapers we get ample provisions for getting a degree in this art. 'To deceive and be deceived' is the motto. Vigorous propaganda is going on to qualify every one as a past master of this art. How now, do you not read in the daily papers, 'Get the advertisement-reading habit'? That is the worst of all. Read the advertisements for pleasure's sake, if you have no other pleasurable work to do. But getting that as a habit is,



MR. J. P. MANIKKAM



DR. K. G. RAMA RAO



MR. T. RAJAGOPALA RAO

I fear, to be something short of insanity. And that too when the habit is not merely in reading the advertisements, but in studying them and in putting them into practice. When unemployment is increasing, this employs the attention of the unemployed and once they get themselves employed in this way, they lose all opportunities of passing for a wise human being in this world.

You may remember how E. V. Lucas got a 'jewelled and accurate time-piece for half a crown, postage free.' Poor fellow, he 'scraped together the necessary half-crown, and received in return -- a pocket sun-dial.' Such happenings have not seen their eclipse yet. They happen in broad daylight and as advertisements increase in a daily paper, the sales of its copies increase in multiple proportion. I would tell stories of a great many young men and women who unscrupulously obey the advertiser's instruction, 'Post this coupon to-day.' They send these coupons enclosing postage stamps of values varying from two to six annas, to 'prominent commercial firms' whose registered offices are only the post box numbers. In return they expect every day, postage free (they coolly forget the stamps they enclosed within the envelope) a sample tooth-paste, a sample face cream or a sample hair oil or a sample soap. They wait and wait to receive these and when it is too late, they discover that the business man has bundled off and they have been left in the sad predicament of gaping at themselves in the open daylight. This is the worst kind of tragedy. Some are lucky to get a 'sun-dial' like Lucas. They post the coupons with the certainty of getting one thing and they are deceived when they get quite a different thing. There are many

such instances of crazy men so falling.

The worst kind of voluntary deception is suffered by those who knock their brains with the dictionary and the 'clues across' and the 'clues down'. The devil catches their fancy and once they get into the 'Crossword puzzle habit' they become desperate. 'Failures are but stepping-stones to success,' that may be their philosophy. But they are vitally wrong in holding this principle in this case. 'Of course, not all get prizes,' said a crossword puzzle enthusiast to me, 'after some twenty attempts, I am glad, I got a consolation prize.' 'But friend,' I answered him, 'I am not consoled in the least by your satisfaction. I may admire your patience; but here patience is a vice.' Many are the dupes that fall a prey to the crossword puzzle magician. We are grieved to note that modern Journalism, associated with business ideas, helps a great deal in this dupery.

Our day-scholars who travel by electric trains will remember, for life, the faces, marked hopelessly with disappointment and dissatisfaction, of those miserable gentlemen who get into the evening trains from the Guindy platform on most Wednesdays and all Saturdays of this season. Every act of deception is not an act of virtue. There are vices like horse-racing, gambling and other things.

The deceivers are not in these alone. They belong to a wider circle. And the whole world is trying to deceive or be deceived every moment. Some authors are greatly advertised. When we read them, we are deceived; we find nothing in them. In some cases, we find the author making a self-propaganda and no sooner do we discover it, than we become disgusted

with him or her. There are some authors who are experts in dressing the doll and as their books are much advertised we read and read and find the same idea clothed in different words and phrases in every one of their books. Finding we are dupable, the commercialised authors and their advertisers take undue advantage of our state. What, then, writing has also become a vice inasmuch as it is allowed to mislead by external appearance or advertisement!

I may go on writing in this strain, for in everything I picture before me I see an act of deception. I may suggest to any University authorities that they must start immediately a research course in the art of deception

followers of which increase in leaps and bounds in this bizarre modern world. The first research the University will make, I suppose, is whether 'deception is an art of science'. But the idea of deception, where does it generate? Where is it nourished? How is the man prone to deceive others or be himself deceived? Though admitting an act of deception as a sin, how is he still practising it? Yet a hundred questions crowded my thought when I began to write this article. I wanted to deal with them and so I promptly gave the title, 'The Art of Deception'. Now I find I have deceived myself and others by writing about some 'Acts of Deception'.

BROTHERHOOD EXCURSION TO CHROMECCO

Under the auspices of the Physical Science Society of this College, a small excursion was arranged and about fifty students under the leadership of Mr. Barnes and Dr. Gandhekar went to Chromecco to study the process of tanning leather.

We started from Tambaram at 9 a.m. on Saturday 12th February and arrived at Chromeppo at 9-4 a.m. and were at the doors of the workshop by 9-15. We very easily obtained permission from the officer in charge to make a study of the establishment. He sent with us two clerks to whom we are infinitely obliged for having explained to us, laymen, the complicated process in an easy and cursory way.

The company imports raw hide from all parts of India. These raw hides are first taken to a very large hall where they are tested by experienced officers whether they would stand the process of tanning. This testing is very important because in tanning there are many kinds and if a skin does not give a good result in one method another may be tried. After testing them they are assorted and sent into another room where the process of tanning really begins.

The second room contains many large tubs full of water which may be drained out at will. The skins are thoroughly soaked in water to enable the workmen to remove any flesh particles or hair before they are ready for regular tanning. They are immersed in this water containing Calcium Hydroxide for at least a day. They are now ready for the next

stage of operations which they call de-liming.

De-liming is the process by which unnecessary and putrefying hair and flesh are removed by scraping them off with specially made knives. This is an irksome business for we are unable to bear the smell of putrefied flesh.

The next stage in tanning is called pickling. The delimed skins are worked in boiling water and then they are placed in huge hollow wooden cylinders, together with boiling water and special chemicals. These cylinders are rotated by electrically driven machines so that human labour is considerably minimised. The process of pickling goes on for hours together and at the end of some ten hours the skins are taken out and now by various tanning methods we get from the same hide chrome leather and many other varieties of leathers.

Chrome tanning consists in making the skins lie submerged in solutions of chrome alum and many other alums. Another method of tanning called bark-tanning, because of the fact tree barks are used in it, is also in vogue at this factory. They import about ten thousand tons of bark for this process. Chrome tanning or bark tanning takes about a month to be thoroughly completed.

We have now got chrome leather raw. The leather is taken to staking machines where they are softened. After staking they go to another machine where all superfluous fragments are removed and the skins are almost smooth and soft.

When all these things are done the skins are dyed. By a special method of dyeing the company is able to impart any colour to any leather. After dyeing they are 'glossed'. Glossing is done by an electric automaton where the skins acquire a good nice polish. After polishing the skins go to another section where prints like those we find on a cobra hide or crocodile hide are impressed on the leather. Again these skins are polished and we get the finished product.

A department in the company converts scraps of useless leather into

machine washers. Another department collects all apparently useless leather powder and sends them to Parry & Co., to be turned into nutmeat.

This is the process by which the evil-smelling uncouth skin of the buffalo or goat is converted into a glossy leather which go to make our sandals and shoes, our bags and money purses.

We spent some happy hours in the leather manufacturing colony and we are grateful to the two clerks who explained to us the working of the company.

'THE DARK ROOM'

At the far end of the Physics Laboratory there is rather an uncanny place known among physicists as 'The Dark Room'.

Secluded, far from stranger's sight,
Lies this mystical room of night
So far from voices glad and bright
Away from every ray of light.

Not only dark, but hot as well,
As hot as any closed-up cell,
Where hidden things of danger lurk,
To scare a freshman from his work.

Fiery objects, glowing red,
'Neon Bulbs' or 'Lamps' it is said
Add to the heat already there
Making the best of fellows swear.

A student here, first fresh and cool,
Stumbles against an awkward stool,
Struggles to get those coloured lines,
Spectrum seeking, but never finds.

And so he bravely struggles on,
Till nearly all his time has gone.
He waits with aching heart to hear
That ringing sound, familiar!

But ere that welcome sound is heard,
A heavy hand on him is laid.
It is the Prof.!-- with stamp and shout,
Who forthwith turns the student out!

W. WARD, B.Sc. IV.

THE HALLS

Selaiyur Hall

As usual, we started very unostentatiously this term, not knowing what marvellous experiences were in store for us; they would have turned the heads of anybody in the world, but no, not us Selaiyurians—our modesty is almost proverbial; it is not unusual in these parts to observe a m-in-law exhort her d-in-law to be as modest as Selaiyur! Tho' on our Hall Day we declared our non-intention to distinguish ourselves over and above the heads of our fellow-Halls, we simply cannot but at least mention here some of our 'recent achievements'.

Firstly, as everyone knows, there was our Hall Day. But for some successful attempt to make up a hurried programme of entertainment on the spot, everything went on 'smoothly and without hitch,' as our guests were pleased to say. We do not wish to tell anything more about it because in doing so we might need to delete a good proverb from our literature.

Then there was a most engaging Sports Day. We do not profess to have any Big Guns on the field but what we did, was, to say the least, *dashed* meritorious; in short, we won the shield by a large and unassailable margin. You might therefore allow us the freedom of a night: I mean to say, we let ourselves go on that evening and very justified we were in doing so. We were so enthusiastic over our victory, that, to lift about two hundred pounds of Warden six feet into the air was as nothing to us; his cycle too had a 'free lift'; and you must know that in spite of

desperate attempts to lock themselves up in their rooms, our Sub-wardens and Sub-Sub-wardens were caught and given a lift heavenward, some six feet, some four feet and others only two feet. But on the whole that evening is memorable for us.

We congratulate H. Spitteler on having represented us in the Calcutta Olympics and also our Basket Ball Team for having won the Inter-Hall Championship.

We had a very enjoyable debate on Vegetarianism vs. Non-vegetarianism; it was enjoyable from more than one point of view; the subject was marvellously fitting for an after-dinner controversy and the arguments were most industriously gathered, to be most amusingly displayed. In fact we were about to forecast a Grand New World on the basis of kindness to these *edible* quadrupeds (and digestible, too!).

There is really nothing more to tell, but it would be an insult to omit the mention of the many well-meaning, though disgusting nocturnal visitors to our rooms; their capacity for keeping us awake inspite of their tiny size is what beats us; and we wonder where they are bred and brought up in such huge numbers; I mean the millions and millions of mosquitoes which seem to have taken hold of us in such a fit of fascination that it is not likely they will leave us before we part. In a way they are useful in helping us to study by curtailing our sleep; but too much of such treatment, our doctor says, is apt to develop unpleasant symptoms; as these vermin seem to be attached only to our Hall, we hope

the authorities will soon try and 'redress our grievances'.

We wish our Seniors Grand Luck in their Exams. and Grand Luck in Life, though Luck is not for sale. It can be made up with will!

K. RAMACHANDRA RAO,
President, Debating Society.

Bishop Heber Hall

The Hall opened for this term on the 4th of January. The members arrived on the first day all looking grave and silent, for they were fresh from a gay Christmas vacation. Very soon they regained their usual noisy mood. The University exams. are now fast approaching and the Hall has lapsed into silence and looks very studious.

The ministry of our Hall was formed during the end of last term. Mr. G. Israel was elected the President, and the committee consists of Mr. K. N. Venkatachalam, Mr. B. Venkataraman, Mr. K. A. George (*Common Room Secretary*), Mr. Purushothaman (*Entertainment Secretary*), Mr. John Mathai (*Librarian*), Mr. Peter Paul Pandian (*Literary and Debating Society Secretary*) and Mr. George Muthaiya (*General Secretary*).

The warden and the committee of our Hall decided to run an annual Hall magazine, which will be the first of its kind in the annals of Bishop Heber Hall. Articles were called for and our members responded spontaneously - so spontaneously I'm afraid that the editor's waste paper basket was filled up.

Our Literary and Debating Society is working very well under the secretaryship of Mr. Peter Paul Pandian. We have our debates on

Friday nights, and also a few inter-Hall debates. Most of our members take an active part.

The College Sports came off with all its splendour at the beginning of March. Only a few of our members took part and distinguished themselves. Mr. T. B. Cleur broke the University record for hop, step, and jump, and also the College record for long jump. Mr. A. J. S. Henry set up a new record for our College in discus throw. Mr. G. D. Mani did his best and brought a lot of points for our Hall.

A few of our Hall members left us this term and their places were taken up by students from the annexe. Mr. Job, B.Sc. Hons., of the Zoological Department of our College is new to our Hall this term. We welcome him heartily in the place of Mr. Jones, M.Sc., who left us towards the end of last term.

As the term is coming to a close most of us feel sorry, for the Seniors will be leaving us. We lay aside our sorrows for a while and wish them good luck and success in their exams. and long life and prosperity in their life outside our Hall and College walls.

GEORGE MUTHAIYA,
General Secretary,
Bishop Heber Hall.

St. Thomas's Hall

Since the inauguration of the Christian College at Tambaram, the eyes of friends, well-wishers and old students of this College have been turned upon our new activities here and many have watched with suspense as to how this new innovation of the Hall system would work. It is with a high sense of gratification that we assure all of them that everything has

been first-rate and this academic year has been a magnificent success.

The beginning was indeed disappointing as this place is out-of-the-way and everyone missed the city-distractions, with which they used to get themselves satiated at Georgetown. But gradually every one realized that the development of imaginary sensibility was quite indispensable for the romantic atmosphere at Tambaram, and gradually we got adjusted to it and thenceforth we had a splendid time. This term indeed was eventful. We had a good beginning by having our Hall-day early after the reopening. The programme was short and sweet.

It began with high tea in the evening, then Sir Muhammad Usman, the President of the evening, delivered the speech which was very succinct, an amiable dose of College patriotism. Then Dr. Hogg made a speech which was equally laconic and he stressed that the Halls are inseparably intertwined with the College and that the latter's success indubitably depended upon the brilliance of the former. Then came the entertainment which was a consummate success. It was a farce translated from French by our Warden, the Rev. J. R. Macphail, and the spectators seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

In the sphere of sports our Hall has been doing finely. We got the second rank in the inter-Hall sports. Messrs. John Somasundaram, Thangaraj Joseph, Clement, Chellappa and the famous 'Bigmen' were instrumental in winning the above honour. Mr. Chellappa broke the inter-College record by clearing 10' 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in pole-vault, and as the Secretary I have my own fears that he may jump over the wall of the Hall during the nights and thus hoodwink the authorities! Mr. G. Srinivasamoorthy is easily the best Tennis player in the College, and he is distinguishing himself in many tournaments.

Mr. G. Bhasker Daniel, one of our giant babies, distinguished himself and brought honour to the College and Hall by winning the singles tennis tournament of the S.I.A.A.

Since the members of our 'Cabinet' have been acquitting themselves creditably, I waste no ink over them.

Throughout this academic year there has existed among staff and students in the Hall perfect unity, co-operation and goodwill. We wish every success to those who follow us, in carrying on next year the traditions of St. Thomas's Hall.

A. MUHAMMAD NABI,
General Secretary.

There is a professor named Zac,
Who teaches his class with a knack,
When he wants to impress
Or just lay some stress
He quotes like a Smith's Almanac.

* * * * *
Every student is safe in the clench
Of the lecturer teaching us French;
All his old boys do tell
That he teaches so well
That they long to sit now in our bench.

SOCIETIES

*The Madras Christian College
Christian Union*

Earlier in the term we welcomed back to our midst the delegates who had been to the National Jubilee Quadrennial Conference in Rangoon held last December. In an impressive meeting they gave their message of the Conference to the Union. The same week we had the privilege of hearing the Rev. Fr. G. Y. Martin of Christava Seva Sangh of Poona who placed before us in his thought-provoking speech the challenge of the Ashram movement to the Indian youth.

The Study Circles are running as usual in all the Halls and it seems that a certain book 'The Discipline for Life Changing Service' has fascinated most of them. From this year's experience one can boldly say that an open door is set before us and as most of the students are taking keen interest in their Study Circles willing both to contribute and to receive, we hope that in future the Union will have a wider vision for them. The Union is grateful to all the senior members and the student leaders who have helped us a great deal.

The Rural Service Secretary was as active as he was in the last two terms and in spite of the fact that students will be drawn to their study rooms in the Third term, he was able to get some more members to aid him in the work. They are getting new personal contacts with the villagers and parents of the Sunday School children especially in Yerumbuliyur. Sunday classes are regularly taken in four different centres. An annual prize-giving day for the Sunday

School children was arranged in common to the four centres. In the meeting held after the Sports Mrs. Samuel gave away the prizes and Mr. B. Gomel who presided gave an interesting talk to the children. The distribution of sweets to the children brought the meeting to an end.

Some of the members of the Christian Union went to explore the villages along with the Brotherhood. Mr. Clement Paul, who had been on the commission of the depressed classes in the Rangoon Conference, with the aid and materials he got there, is now drawing up a programme for rural work which will be brought to effect next year.

There was a retreat for the members of the Committee one week-end led by the Rev. R. S. Macnicol. The Study Circle leaders—both students and senior friends—were also invited to take part. The retreat proved to be of immense value.

The first of the proposed Devotional Services was led by Mr. C. John Mathai with the Rev. E. O. Shaw as the speaker for the day. Mr. Shaw gave an inspiring address on 'I am the Way'. As there is a purpose in life, the speaker proceeded to say, men need a way. A child may need medicine but it refuses to take it. It doesn't want it. But we who need the way must as individuals take the way. He concluded by pointing out that Christ is the only way. We also hope to hear our revered Principal, the Rev. Dr. Hogg, in a general meeting on the 'Distinctive Features of Christianity'.

Let me conclude with one more word. On behalf of the Christian Union I thank the Rev. R. S. Macnicol

and the Rev. S. Samuel, the President and the Vice-president respectively, for their wise counsel and hearty support throughout the year and also the outgoing members of the Committee as well as the other members of the Union who have rendered valuable service in different directions. In the new Academic year under the new constitution which the sub-committee has drafted for final approval, it is hoped that the Christian members of the College will take new interest in the Union not merely by paying their membership fee but heartily co-operating with the newly elected office-bearers in all the activities of the Christian Union.

G. ISRAEL,
General Secretary.

The College Union Society

The Managing Committee of the Union Society which met on the 1st February 1938 to discuss about Dr. Hogg's farewell function requested Mr. K. Ramachandra Rao of Selaipur Hall, Mr. George Muthiah of Bishop Heber Hall and Mr. R. Prabakaran of St. Thomas's Hall to be in charge of collections from the members and decided the 4th March 1938 as the date of Dr. Hogg's farewell function.

There was a meeting of the Union Society on the 11th February when Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, M.D., F.C.D.G., an old student of the College, spoke on the 'Evolution of the Speaker in the House of Commons'. After a grand dinner arranged by the Union Society in honour of the chief guest the meeting commenced promptly at 8 p. m. with Rev. A. J. Boyd the Principal-designate in the chair. Dr. Mudaliar spoke on the subject splendidly nearly for an hour explaining how for the first time in the

history of the English House of Commons the office of Speakership was created and the valuable part played by the successive Speakers of the House. He also spoke how and why the speakers were conferred Lordships and other such titles so as to make them members of the House of Lords, and said that the Speakers were granted sufficient pensions for the rest of their lifetime as a reward for their glorious service as an impartial judge of the House of Commons. With a vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

Messrs. V. Balasundaram of Hons. 4 and Hasan Koya of Class III were chosen to represent our College in the Intercollegiate debate to be held in the Government Muhammadan College on 21st February 1938.

The valedictory address of the Union Society will be held shortly when Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar will be speaking.

V. S. SIVAPRAKASAM,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjini

Sanghamu

Though the Sanghamu cannot boast that it was active in holding meetings, etc., like the sister associations yet it has discharged a very necessary and important function this year. The Sanghamu has a Telugu library, exclusively for its use, of nearly 300 volumes, many of which are rare editions now out of print, and in loose condition. This library seems to have been started very early in the history of the College and eminent persons like Dr. C. R. Reddi, M.R.Ry. K. Nageswara Rao Panthulu Garu and others seem to have been active members in their time. The Sanghamu was famous throughout

the Āndhra Dēsam in those days and has received complimentary copies of very valuable books from such eminent authors of the Āndhra like M.R.Ry. Vācīṭala Vasudeva Sasthri Garu, M.R.Ry. Mandapala Parvatheswara Sasthri Garu who lived in nineties of the last century and M.R. Ry. K. Veer-salingam Panthulu Garu of revered memory and others. Our own president M.R.Ry. T. Rājagopāla Rao Garu, B.A., G.C., M.A., S., has added a good number both from his publications and from his private library. Of late the library has fallen into disuse and we this year revived it, which work forms one of our important activities of this year.

By a general appeal we were able to collect money enough to get one-third of the library, 100 volumes, bound this year. We have prepared a rough list of the library thus leaving 200 volumes to be bound by our successors and the catalogue to be revised.

M. R. Ry. Bhuvanagiri Vijaya Rāmiah Garu, B.A., a poet of Guntur, falling in with the tradition of other poets of note mentioned above has sent a complimentary copy of his work, Bhāravi (Pravāsādikamu), for which favour we are hereby rendering him our sincere thanks.

We take here an opportunity to record our deep sorrow for the untimely and sudden death of Dr. A. S. Woodburne, a former professor of the College, who was very much interested in the Āndhrās and their language and literature and who could speak and write literary Telugu fluently and we offer our condolences to the bereaved family.

P. SRI RAMACHANDRA MOORTHY,
Secretary.

16-2-1938.

Physical Science Society

The first lecture of this term was delivered by Mr. Stratton, Professor of Astro-physics, Cambridge, a member of the British Delegation to the Indian Science Congress. He gave a lantern lecture on Eclipses. He referred to the various difficulties which the astronomer has to face in studying the corona of the sun and how by slight errors huge experiments have failed. He hoped that the astronomer would be delighted if the Eclipse expedition in 1940 proved successful. Mr. E. Barnes presided.

The Society arranged for an excursion to Chromepet to study the process of Chrome tanning, the details of which appear elsewhere in this magazine. A party of forty students under the leadership of Mr. Barnes enjoyed the excursion to the full. After spending two hours at the factory at Chromepet we returned back. We thank the proprietors of the company for their kind help.

(Sd.) K. BHASKARAN,
V. NARASIMHAN,
Secretaries.

History and Economics Students' Union

As usual the inevitable has happened. The third term saw a little setback in the work of the Union. However, in one of our meetings we managed to get Dr. Eddy Asirvatham, Reader in Politics and Public Administration, Madras University, to speak to us on 'Modern Trends in Politics.' In another meeting arranged for on the 19th February Mr. Ramachandra Dikshitar, Reader in Indian History, will address the Union on 'Religion in Mauriyan Polity.'

Having come to the end of an academic year I have to mention with regret that it will be suicidal to the

interests of any Union or institution if it has no finance of its own. It would be cruel to leave alone the Secretary to find the required money. Sometimes prominent men and representatives from the History and Economics Students' Union of other Colleges have to be deliberately abandoned for want of money. I do hope that the authorities will take due notice of this, an anomaly from which almost every active Union of the College suffers, and do the needful to keep their efficiency.

P. PAUL PANDIAN,
Secretary.

The Natural History Society

The society renewed its activities with great vigour at the beginning of this term.

On the 16th of February we held a meeting under the presidentship of Prof. M. S. Sabhesan when Prof. E. Barnes gave a very interesting lecture about 'Plant-collecting in South India.'

We intend to hold another meeting very shortly and Dr. N. Kesava Panikar has promised to give a speech about the 'Madras Plankton' with introductory remarks about the Jubilee session of the Indian Science Congress which he attended.

Under the auspices of the society Prof. C. Lakshminarayanan and Mr. Bonavis Bonnel have promised to give a series of four lectures on 'Genetics and Embryology' during the course of the last week of February.

Tambaram is a place well suited for those who are interested in Natural History to develop their interests and we hope to do great things next year.

JACOB ABRAHAM,
A. RAMACHARLU,
Secretaries.

Kerala Samaj

The Hon. K. Raman Menon, Minister for Courts and Prisons, delivered the inaugural address on the Onam Day. After refreshments the chief guest and the members of the association gathered in the theatre of St. Thomas's Hall. The meeting began with prayer. Dr. Hogg spoke, welcoming the distinguished Old Boy to his Alma Mater in her new and picturesque site at Tambaram. Mr. Zacharias in a few chosen, very humorous sentences introduced Mr. Raman Menon to the audience. Then Mr. Raman Menon delivered his address. He began in English, changed into Malayalam in the middle and returned to English again in the end. He emphasised that the fate of India lies in the hands of young men like us. And it is our duty to see that her interests are attended to.

With many items of entertainment to boot, we enjoyed the function.

We held many meetings this year. I would specially mention the brilliant lecture delivered to us by Mr. Bhaskaran Nayar. He spoke about Kumaran Asān and took us to the glorious realms of Malayalam poetry in all its richness and magnificence which are a *terra incognita* to not a few. A Master of Arts in Science, he is a very devout devotee of Malayalam literature; and his speech led us to a better realization of Asān's greatness as a poet.

We have sent our representatives to compete in the extempore speech competition held by the Loyola and Law Colleges. The results are not announced. We anticipate good news.

Let me request all Malayalee young men in the College to keep up the glorious traditions that our predecessors have secured for our guidance.

I wish the association a better life in the coming year, and also all kinds of good wishes for the next year's Secretary.

We are all aware of the great services that Mr. Padmanabha Menon has done to us. We give expression to our deep sentiments of gratitude we feel towards him.

C. PRABHAKARAN,
Secretary.

Tamil Sangham

Under the auspices of the above Sangham, M. R. Ry. Pandithanuni M. Katherasan Chettiar Avl., Lecturer in Tamil, Annamalai University, delivered a thought-provoking lecture on 'Periya Puranam', on Tuesday the 11th of January at 4-30 p.m. in Room No. 1, Arts Building. M.R.Ry. Vidwan T. P. Meenakshisundaram Pillai Avl., M.A., B.L., Alderman, Madras Corporation, presided. The lecturer remarked that the 'Periya Puranam' as a religious poem of Hindus was peerless in the field of Tamil literature. It reveals the wonderful knowledge of the poet Chikkilar. We have a fine geographical survey of the Tamil country in that immortal work. The lecturer then dealt with the various other aspects of the Puranam. The President in his concluding remarks said that there remained nothing for him to deal with, as everything had been exhausted by the learned lecturer himself. The meeting terminated after a vote of thanks both to the Chairman and the Lecturer.

On 21st January 1938, M.R.Ry. Vidwan E. K. Natesa Sarma Avl., Lecturer in Tamil, Loyola College, delivered a very humorous and interesting lecture on 'Tamil in the twentieth century' with M. R. Ry.

S. D. Sargunar Avl., B.A., in the chair. During the course of his lecture, Mr. Sarma remarked that Tamil occupies the position of Cinderella in our studies and that we must endeavour to raise this Cinderella to the throne of power and make her the queen of our studies. Further he gave a graphic picture of differences that exist between the modern students of Tamil and the Pundits. He was of opinion that carping Pundits were to a large extent responsible for the existing state of affairs. Proceeding Mr. Sarma said that the Tamil literature can hope to flourish only when the Pundits begin to co-operate with the students by freely moving with them and by enquiring into their difficulties. Mr. Sargunar, in winding up the meeting, appreciated much the spirit of the lecturer and remarked that the disunion among the Pundits was responsible to a great extent for the present state of things. He pleaded for a generous outlook, and appealed to the Pundits to develop their strength and solidarity instead of frittering away their energies and learning in petty wrangles. With a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the lecturer, the meeting terminated.

A Tamil essay competition was held on 3rd February 1938. Though the passage was very simple the standard was not up to our expectations. Our thanks are due to Messrs. S. D. Sargunar, T. A. Kanakasabapathi Mudaliyar and Chengalvaraya Pillai who valued the essays. We are also grateful to Mr. T. C. Nadar for his prizes, and we believe that he is soon going to endow a prize in the name of Mr. S. D. Sargunar, who was for a long time the President of the Sangham. Messrs. R. Muthuswamy of Class IV, Group ii-B (a) and

K. V. Rajagopalan of Class IV, Group ii-B (b) won the first and second prizes respectively.

The Valedictory address of the Sangham was delivered by the Rev. R. S. Macnicol, M.A., on Friday the 28th February. M.R.Ry. T. K. Gopala Iyer Avargal, B.A., the President of the Sangham, presided. It was very interesting and humorous throughout and everybody enjoyed it well. After the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Hogg, the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary.

The Secretary of the Sangham takes this opportunity to thank the President and the Vice-President and the members of the Sangham for their cordial co-operation and generous help. In no small measure is the success of the Sangham due to our two distinguished patrons and our eminent President, Mr. T. K. Gopala Iyer, who helped us in our affairs of the Sangham for which he humbly thanks them all, and to Mr. V. N. Rama Rao who, though not in any official capacity, served the Sangam faithfully and honestly in many ways. Most of our members will be leaving us shortly. We wish them all the best success at the University examinations and also in their future career. We are sure that they will have a wee corner in their hearts for their *Alma Mater*, and for their Tamil Sangham. God bless them!

K. RAMASWAMY,
Secretary.

The Literary Society

This term's activities began with the continuation of the last term's subject, 'In the opinion of this house, Democracy is more suited to India than Dictatorship'. Mr. E. B. S.

Sunder Singh of Cl. II, Gr. iii, moved the proposition while Mr. Matthews Thomas of Cl. II, Gr. ii opposed it in terms of declamation. The subject proved interesting inasmuch as we had five sittings. On the last day of the meeting (on February 22nd) the proposition was put to vote and was carried.

It is a matter of regret that a valedictory address cannot be arranged owing to overcrowded programmes of other Societies and also owing to the approaching examination.

On the whole, the students are taking more interest now in debates than in the past owing to the Residential Hall System and it is hoped that students will take a greater part henceforward and train themselves in the art of speaking.

It is also a matter of great regret that even some resident students do not take care to look at the notice boards with the result that they do not know that there is such a society as the Literary Society for the Intermediate Classes and that meetings are held every week! They are requested to keep an eye on the notice boards (at least the Societies' notice board) and attend and take part in the meetings regularly.

R. P. TAGGARS,
Secretary.

The Philosophical Association

In the middle of July 1937 Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, M.A. PH.D. of Pachaiappa's College spoke on 'Socialism and the Self.' The meeting was well attended and was presided over by Dr. K. G. Rama Rao, M.A., PH.D. (Lond.)

Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma, M.A., PH.D. of Presidency College addressed the members of the association on the

'Gita Conception of God,' Dr. A. G. Hogg, M.A., D.D., D. Litt. presided and on this occasion also the room was packed to the full.

In the beginning of this year, Dr. J. F. Butler, Professor-designate in Philosophy of this College read a paper called 'Is Philosophy a good thing?', with Rev. S. Samuel, M.A., in the chair. An opportunity was taken on this occasion to extend a hearty welcome to him.

A meeting of the Association was held under the presidency of Rev. S. Samuel during the first week of February to elect a committee consisting of a Secretary and three members to carry on the arrangements in connection with the farewell party to Dr. A. G. Hogg and Dr. K. G. Rama Rao.

The following have been unanimously elected:—

Mr. K. Venkatakrishna Rao (P. G. class) as Secretary, Messrs. A. D. Krishnamoorthy, V. Pattabiraman and John Somasundaram, as members of the committee.

The Secretary of the Farewell Committee has fixed the 26th February as the date for the function. We hope to give a hearty send-off to Dr. A. G. Hogg and Dr. K. G. Rama Rao. Mr. David G. Moses, M.A., Hislop College, Nagpur, a former student of Dr. A. G. Hogg, has kindly consented to preside.

We will also be losing the services of our President Dr. K. G. Rama Rao, M.A., PH.D. at the end of this year.

His lectures on psychology were very interesting and kept us lively. We wish him a happy and prosperous long life.

Our patron, Dr. A. G. Hogg, is retiring from the College after having served it for thirty years nobly and successfully. We wish him and Mrs. Hogg happy days at home.

The members of the Association met on 16th February under the presidency of Mr. S. Parthasarathy and unanimously passed a condolence resolution in view of Dr. A. S. Woodburne's untimely death. It ran thus:—

The Madras Christian College Philosophical Association records with deep regret the sudden and untimely death of Rev. Dr. A. S. Woodburne, M.A., PH.D. who served in this College as a Professor of Psychology and Philosophy during the years 1921-'30. The members of the Association express their sincere sorrow at the serious loss sustained by Mrs. Woodburne and Miss Woodburne and feel much sympathy with the bereaved family.'

The late Rev. Dr. A. S. Woodburne addressed the members of the association only last month on 'Philosophy and Religion'. 'May his soul rest in peace.'

On behalf of the Association, I thank all the gentlemen who have come over to Tambaram and addressed us.

T. A. VARADARAJAN,
Secretary.



H. A. SPITTELER
Competitor in 400 metres hurdles, National Olympics of 1928

ATHLETICS

Cricket

The last match of the season was played against the Loyola College, on our grounds. This was postponed previously on account of rains and consequently it had to be played on a working day. Having won the toss we elected to bat. This match is memorable for the splendid batting of V. Ramakrishnan and B. S. Krishna Rao. Ramakrishnan, one of the opening batsmen, gave a splendid lead to the side, having piled up 48 runs. His innings was marked by his usual thoroughness and runs came in twos and fours in quick succession. B. S. Krishna Rao, who joined him later, got busy almost immediately and the pair gave an exhibition of bright cricket which delighted the crowd. Krishna Rao's innings included no less than six boundaries and one beautiful six. In all he scored 60 runs. The only other batsman who reached double figures was H. A. Spitteler our opening batsman. He was out l. b. w. after having scored 14 runs. The other batsmen did not do anything remarkable and the whole side was out for a comfortable total of 150 runs.

When the Loyola batsmen went in they found our bowling hard to master and wickets began to fall at regular intervals. Mr. R. P. H. Holman, our Staff Cricketer, was the master of the situation; his bowling was full of venom and directed at the stumps all the while. He bagged no less than 7 wickets giving away only 12 runs. B. S. Krishna Rao, our goodly bowler, was not at his best on this day

and although he took two wickets he gave away 15 runs. The other wicket was taken by Calappa who was a little unlucky in not getting more. The whole side was out for 65 runs. Our fielding is still rather scrappy and this department of the game needs considerable improvement.

The other fixture—with the Pachaiappa's College was not played owing to some misunderstanding about the date. The season, this year, on the whole, was quite a good one. We had a splendid team—the best we have had for many years but what we need is a little more luck. We were unlucky to lose against the Engineering College, the Y.M.C.A. College and the Presidency College and we had to concede the points to the Pachaiappa's College without playing. Cricket is notorious as a game where luck plays a great part and maybe we will have better luck later—at least let us hope so.

Our team

R. A. Spitteler, our skipper, is to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which he managed his team and he was at times the mainstay of our bowling. As a batsman he upsets the calculation of most bowlers since he is a left-hander and one who believes in going all out for the bowling.

H. A. Spitteler has every reason to be proud of his contribution to the side. He is a very reliable opening batsman and his scoring has been consistently good. His scores include, 38, 17, 27, 46 not out, 20, and 14. Although an opening batsman he

collects his runs quickly and does not believe in wearing down tactics. Besides his batting, he is a bowler and on occasions he was responsible for starting a landslide in the opposing batsman. He is a medium-paced bowler and bowls mostly with an off-break. As a fielder he is brilliant, whether in the slips or outfield. At times he was called on to keep wickets as well. He is our best all-rounder. He was selected for the Combined Colleges team and also for the University team.

V. Ramakrishnan of diminutive proportions opens the batting with 'Hug', and has been often responsible for putting the side in a safe position at the start. The pair was responsible for the defeat of the Law College, Spitteler 46 not out and Ramakrishnan 37 not out. His best innings was against the Loyola College when he scored 48. Besides being a consistent scorer he is a brilliant fieldsman and often he takes the short-leg place on the field. Moreover he has been called on to keep wicket on more than one occasion. Off the field, he keeps every one merry with his eternal jokes and ringing laughter.

B. S. Krishna Rao is what one may call the 'coming' cricketer of the Presidency. A rare goodly bowler who gets most batsmen into mistakes, he is most useful in breaking up difficult partnerships. At times he is unplayable and his presence on any side is enough to scare most batsmen. Besides, he is a batsman of the forceful, quick-scoring variety and believes in making hay while the sun shines. He played for the Combined Colleges and the University with great credit. He was also chosen for the Madras Presidency team, the highest honour that a cricketer can

ever hope to attain and his future as cricketer is very bright indeed.

M. A. Beliappa is another who deserves mention if only for his 45 against the Medical College. He is a patient batsman and waits for his chance to make runs. He is also a slow medium bowler and has been very effective at times. His one weakness is his poor running between the wickets and often he plays too safe by not attempting singles.

Md. Ismail has been in indifferent form this year chiefly because he would not attend practices regularly. He possesses some delightful wristy strokes which he should try well to develop.

Ramaswamy is another who did not strike form this year. He is a good opening batsman but his eyesight is bad and perhaps that was responsible for his poor showing.

G. Abraham is a newcomer and prefers to go in to bat when the ball has still the shine on it. Unfortunately he has also not struck form yet.

P. D. Calappa is another newcomer. He prefers the ball to the bat and his bowling is of the fast variety. He works for hours at a stretch and if luck is not with him he still smiles. A hitter more than a batsman he sometimes demoralises the opponent's bowlers. A brilliant outfielder.

Harikrishna was a late discovery and has not had much opportunity to show his merit. He is a polished batsman delightful to watch and he is a brilliant fielder. In one match he hurt his finger, trying to take a hot catch.

Mr. Holman, our Staff Cricketer, has been the mainstay of our bowling. He bowls medium fast and on days when he gets a decent length he is almost unplayable. His best performance was against Loyola

when he took 7 wickets for 12 runs. He is also a quick scoring batsman and, once set, he scores freely. His presence and advice have been of immense profit to the side.

T. B. Cleur was not a regular but was included in the team at times mostly for his brilliant fielding and free hitting.

The Hon. Dr. Subbarayan, the Education Minister, and President of the Madras Cricket Association gave a delightful talk on 'Indian Cricket and Cricketers' in St. Thomas's Hall on Friday night, 7th January. He told us about the history of Indian cricket and India's contribution to world cricket. Dr. Subbarayan exhibited an amazing grasp of the game and dates and figures were at his finger-tips. He also told us about the wonderful Brabourne cricket stadium in Bombay. The meeting was largely attended and at the end of his speech he answered a few questions on current topics in cricket.

Lord Tennyson's team visited Madras and this was mainly responsible for some sudden interest in the game among many students. Now each Hall has a private cricket club of its own and even matches have been played between the clubs.

Boxing

The Open Tournament conducted by the Madras Amateur Boxing Association was held in December and a few of our boxers took part in it. B. Fowler met Lieut.-Col. Ockely of the King's Own Royal Regiment and put up a very plucky show. Fowler is one of our best boxers but he had to meet Ockely, an experienced boxer who was declared the best boxer in the whole tournament. H. Coyne is developing into a first-rate

boxer and he won the Championship of his class. Hellein is another who distinguished himself in this tournament.

Now, about our own boxing ring. As mentioned in the last issue, we have been planning to have a boxing ring of our own. After a good deal of initial trouble and with the generous contributions of Messrs. Sharman & Co. and Uberoi Ltd., the sports goods dealers, we were able to construct a beautiful ring during the holidays. It has cost us a lot of money but we are now able to boast of having the best boxing ring anywhere in South India. It is situated to the south of the Arts Building and the room now occupied by the book-sellers is to be converted into a changing room for the boxers and for the doctor's examination room.

On Saturday night, 5th February, we staged a series of exhibition bouts on our ring—all the boxers being our own students. There was some trouble in arranging the bouts as we had to match the boxers, not according to weight or even experience but merely with the hope of giving a few exhibition bouts. The result was almost disastrous as many fights were unequal and some of our men could not take part at all for want of opponents. However, some good boxing was witnessed, the best fight being between Hellein and Charles. In spite of inclement weather and constant drizzling a very large number of students and staff came to witness the boxing and it is to the credit of the spectators that they behaved splendidly. Boxing is often spoiled by the noisy outbursts of spectators, but the spectators on that night were very sporting and waited till the round was over to give vent to their excitement.

This show was purely 'domestic' and a kind of rehearsal for a more formal opening of the ring on Saturday, 5th March, when we expect to bring together some of the best boxers in the Presidency for a series of bouts.

Inter-Collegiate Boxing Tournament

Our great boxing achievement, however, was in the Inter-Collegiate Boxing Tournament which was held on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February. We sent in a record number of entries - no less than 17 in all. One or two dropped out at the last minute but all the others took part. It was a pity that not many boxers from the other Colleges had taken part and many of the bouts in the preliminary rounds were amongst our own men. But it is to our credit that even when our own men had to meet in the ring, they gave of their best and the referee repeatedly congratulated our boxers on the splendid show. For the Finals on the 16th, I. Joseph, Vaughan, Vethanayagam, Hellein, Coyne, Fowler, Gilhooly, Bower and Henry took part. Vaughan met Vethanayagam and this perhaps was the best bout of the whole evening and Vethanayagam won on a small margin of points. Out of the others, Coyne, Fowler and Henry won their bouts, each one of them showing superior boxing to that of their opponents. Gilhooly and Hellein put up a splendid fight and lost narrowly on points. In the end we won the championship with 13 points, while the second place was secured by the Medical College with 6 points.

This is the first time in the history of the tournament that the championship and the Lalitha Sastri Shield were won by our College and our boxers are to be congratulated on their

fine achievement. Now that we have our own ring and all facilities for training we should see that we keep this pre-eminent place in boxing for years and years.

Track and Field Sports

The advantages of having a separate field for Track and Field Sports were clearly seen this year. Not only were the men able to practise the various events regularly but the excellent facilities provided were in themselves a great inspiration to many to keep up their training right through. During the holidays we started on an extension of the field on the western side for accommodating the spectators during the sports. This proved to be of great value later when our bleachers and tents could be comfortably put on this embankment. A small road was also made connecting the main road on the western side so that it is now possible to come to the sports field by the main road and without having to cut across the field itself.

University Sports

The Madras University holds an Inter-Divisional Sports in which the six divisions into which the whole University area is divided take part. The Madras division, which includes all University Colleges in Madras, selected its representatives after holding two trial meetings. The result was that practically all the items were represented by our College men.

The Sports were held on Saturday 22nd January 1938 on the Y.M.C.A. College grounds. There was a very large number of competitors from all over the Presidency. The Madras division finally won the championship - thanks chiefly to the fine performances of our College men.

W. J. Chellappa won the Pole Vault, H. A. Spitteler the 200 metres Hurdles, T. B. Cleur the Hop-step-and-Jump, and G. D. Mani the High Jump, all creating new records for the University. In the 4 x 100 metres relay three of the team were from our College, but through the mistake of the fourth man who belonged to another College team we were disqualified although we finished first. In the other relay, 4 x 400 metres, two were from our College.

Olympic Sports

The Madras Olympic Sports were held during the last week in January and here again, our men came out with great credit. This year the Collegiate Athletic Association decided that the entries to the Olympics from the various Colleges should be regarded as going from the M.C.A.A. This was chiefly aimed at preventing the local Colleges from competing among themselves instead of behaving as members of the same Association to which they all belong. Unfortunately this year only two Colleges were able to produce any athletes - the Medical College and our own. So it was all the more remarkable that these two Colleges together were able to secure the second place in the Championship scoring just a few points below the score of the S. I. Ry. team.

This year's Olympics were memorable for the fine performances of H. A. Spitteler. He not only came first in the 400 metres hurdles but also created a new record for that item. In the 200 metres hurdles he was first, and equalled the existing record. His form was so fine that the Madras Olympic Association selected him to represent Madras in the All-India Olympics which was held in Calcutta

early in February. This was the first time that a student of this College earned this great honour and 'Hug' is to be congratulated on his fine record. It is all the more praiseworthy because he owes almost everything to proper training and regular practice.

Others who did well in the Olympic are G. D. Mani, T.B. Cleur and members of our relay teams.

College Sports

After a good deal of discussion and some hesitation it was decided that this year the Annual Sports should be held as an Inter-Hall competition instead of the usual Inter-Class competition. This change had its advantages and also its drawbacks. To overcome the drawbacks some of the rules were altered, especially those relating to scoring. In the individual races, it was decided to award points even for the fourth place; in the team events the points were doubled (8 for 1st, 6 for 2nd and 4 for 3rd); each Hall was allowed to send two teams for the relays and the 4th place was given 2 points; also the tug-of-war was made a league competition, each Hall having one match with every other Hall once, and every Hall scoring 8, 6 and 4 points according to rank. These changes were well justified later as the results will show. More importance was placed on team events and it was possible for a Hall without many outstanding men to do well with a large number of men of average ability. Also it made it necessary for each Hall to discover at least three men for each event and also to encourage them to come regularly for training. Eventually the Hall that organized their team best and made every man

attend practices regularly won the Championship although most of the first places were secured by other Halls.

It was heartening to see a large number of students attending practices every evening. After all, the value of athletics is in the training that goes on before the competition and not so much in the actual performance or even the winning of the Championship. Also it becomes possible for even the man of average ability to do something for his team and not be baulked off by a handful of star performers.

Each Hall had a separate Sports Meet to select its team and the Captains of the various Halls were busy getting their teams ready. The Heats and some Finals were held on Monday, 31st January and Tuesday, 1st February. 200 metres hurdles, 800 metres flat race and the Shot Put were all finished off during these days. H. A. Spitteler (Selaiyur) who was leaving for Calcutta on Monday, 31st January to represent Madras in the All-India Olympics won the 200 metres hurdles in fine style. He created a new record for the University and equalled the Madras Olympic Record. The 800 metres race was won by R. A. Spitteler (Selaiyur) also in very good time. A. S. J. Henry (Bishop Heber) won the Shot Put.

The Finals of the other items were held on Friday, 4th February. As *The Hindu* remarked, the sports were held in ideal surroundings and all the arrangements were excellent. There was a large gathering of students, staff and guests and the competitors were given a separate tent for themselves. The loud speaker arrangements were to the north of the field and the scorer and the press were all accommodated in a spacious pandal on

the northern side. This year all the students were treated to an excellent tea and the tea arrangements for the students were made in the new clearing to the north-west of the field. Special arrangements for car-parking were also made for the benefit of visitors from outside. In the middle of the field and in front of the central marquee a large flag with the College coat of arms fluttered gaily in the wind.

The performances were of a very high standard and several existing records were lowered. T. B. Cleur of Bishop Heber Hall was responsible for two fine records. 43 ft. 4 in. in Hop-step-and-Jump is not only a new College record but it is also a new record for the Colleges and the University. In Long Jump he cleared 21 ft. 10 in., beating the previous record of 21 ft. 2½ in. held by G. D. Mani since 1933. W. J. Chellappa (St. Thomas's) has been improving steadily with constant practice and he deserves great credit for the fine record he set up in the Pole Vault. He broke his own previous record of 9 ft. 5½ in. made last year by clearing 10 ft. 4½ in. The other new record is in the Discus throw and made by A. S. J. Henry (Bishop Heber) clearing 77 ft. 2½ in. This is not a very good throw but considering that Discus throw is a comparatively new item any improvement deserves praise.

This is the first time that we are using a metre track and therefore the timings in all the flat and hurdle races are to be considered as new records. However, the timings were all good and it will not be easy to beat them easily. In the 110 metres hurdles the time does not count as G. D. Mani who came first unfortunately knocked down one hurdle. That explains why the timing for that event was so poor.

Last year we included a new item in our sports—an event open to all the other Colleges. This—4 × 200 metres relay—was included in this year's Sports also and we hope to make it a permanent feature. Although many Colleges had accepted our invitation to send teams for this event only the Medical and Loyola Colleges were able to send their representatives. However, the race was very exciting and the Medicals won after a keen competition.

The Championship shield was won by Selaiyur Hall with 90½ points, after a keen competition with the two other Halls. It was clearly seen that a Hall should not pin its faith upon

a few outstanding athletes but should try and distribute the effort to as many people as possible. Selaiyur Hall is to be congratulated on its excellent organization and its efficient Captain—R. A. Spitteler. St. Thomas's was second with 76 points and Bishop Heber a close third with 75½ points.

After the sports were over, Mr. M. Ratnaswamy, member of the Madras Public Services Commission presided over the meeting and gave away the prizes. He made a short speech stressing the importance of athletics and congratulating the College on all the fine facilities it has got for the imparting of an all-round education. The results are given on the next page.

HALL CHAMPIONSHIP SCORE SHEET

Points :—1. Individual Races : 4 for 1st place, 3 for 2nd place, 2 for 3rd place, 1 for 4th place.
(The fourth place in the Hurdles races, does not count.)

2. Team events : 8 for 1st place, 6 for 2nd place and 4 for 3rd place. In the relay races fourth place scores 2 points.

Event	Bishop Heber H	Selai- yur S	St. Thomas's T	Winner	Time or Distance
100 metres	4	1	5	T. B. Cleur—H	11.4 secs.
200 metres	4	4½	5	P. H. Batty—S	24.6 in Heats (A. Thangaraj Joseph T G. J. Clement T
400 metres	...	5	5	R. A. Spitteler—S	55.2 secs.
800 metres	...	7	3	R. A. Spitteler—S	2 min. 11.8 secs.
1,600 metres	4	8	6	R. A. Spitteler—S	5 min. 3.4 secs.
Hurdles 110 metres	6	3	...	G. D. Mani—H	Time does not count as one hurdle was knocked down.
Hurdles 200 metres	3	4	2	H. A. Spitteler—S	26.8 secs.
High Jump	8	6	4	G. D. Mani—H	5 ft. 5¼ in.
Long Jump	6	4	8	T. B. Cleur—H	20 ft. 10 in. New College Record.
Hop-Step-and-Jump	8	6	4	T. B. Cleur—H	43 ft. 4 in. New College and Inter-College Record.
Pole Vault	6	8	4	W. J. Chellappa—T	10 ft. 4¾ in. New College and Inter-College Record.
Shot Put	8	6	4	A. S. J. Henry—H	28 ft. 11½ in.
Discus Throw	8	6	4	A. S. J. Henry—H	77 ft. 2¼ in. New College Record.
Medley Relay	2	12	6	Selaiyur	4 min. 8.4 secs.
4 × 200 metres Relay	8	4	8	Bishop Heber	1 min. 39½ secs.
Tug-of-War	4	6	8	St. Thomas'	
Hall Totals	75½	90½	76		
Inter-College Relay :—1st Medical College					Time 1 min. 38.4 secs.

The Triangular Sports

The Second Triangular Sports in which three Colleges—the Medical, the Y. M. C. A., and ourselves, take part were held this year on our grounds. Last year this meet was held on the Y.M.C.A. College grounds and realising what an enjoyable afternoon it was we decided to make this a permanent annual fixture. This Sports meet is in some ways different from the ordinary Sports that we are all familiar with. In this, the College enter a team and the events are the same as for the Inter-Collegiate Sports except that the Tug-of-war is omitted. There is nothing at stake and no prizes or trophies are awarded to anyone. The charm of it all is that it is so informal and the competitors themselves regard it as their own. No attempt is made to make it a grim affair like the Olympic Sports or the Inter-Collegiate Sports, although every attempt is made to see that the track is properly marked and that there are proper implements and officials. The result is that everyone, the spectators, the officials and the competitors themselves, derive great enjoyment on a pleasant afternoon. This year we acted as hosts and the sports were held on Saturday, 12th February.

Nearly sixty men from the three Colleges took part and there was keen competition from beginning to end. Although competition was keen there were no signs of unhealthy rivalry and great friendliness prevailed right through. One even observed the competitors from the various Colleges advising and correcting one another in the best sporting manner. It was a pity however, that the Y. M. C. A. College could not send a first-rate team as usual.

G. D. Mani won the 110 metres hurdles in good time—17 secs. H. A. Spitteler, fresh from his Calcutta trip, was unlucky to be disqualified in the 400 metres hurdles although he finished first. W. J. Chellappa was again pre-eminent in the Pole Vault, V. T. Titus getting the second place. 200 metres hurdles was won by H. A. Spitteler also in good time. In the Hop-step-and-Jump T. B. Cleur was first with a distance of 42 feet 2¾ inches—another record for this Triangular meet. He was also first in the 100 metres flat race. G.D. Mani was in good form and in the High Jump he broke the Inter-Collegiate record by clearing the bar at 5 feet 10¾ inches. He was also first in the Long Jump, doing 20 feet 1¾ inch which was more than T. B. Cleur could do. We won also the 4 × 400 metres relay race in easy style.

It does not follow, however that the other Colleges were faring badly. The Medicals were first in the 400 metres hurdles, 400 metres flat race, Cricket ball throw, Shot Put and Discus throw. They also won the 4 × 100 metres relay in good time. In addition they secured many second, third and fourth places so that the Christian and the Medical Colleges were going neck and neck in points till the very end.

One of the most exciting races was the 1500 metres race. R.A. Spitteler, the holder, was running quite well when suddenly he was challenged by T. Ratnaswamy. Spitteler took the lead again in the last lap but Ratnaswamy gave him no quarter. He sprinted almost half a lap and finished first in magnificent style beating Spitteler by a good margin. Bad exchange of the baton was responsible for our losing the first place in the 4 × 100 metres relay.

When the sports were over and the scores were announced it was found that we had won with 84 points. Medicals were second with 76 points and the Y. M. C. A. third with 22 points. We then went over to St. Thomas's Hall where all the competitors and judges had tea together. Rev. J. R. Macphail proposed the toast to the guests and the guests replied in suitable terms. The Medical College kindly invited the other two Colleges for a similar fixture next

year on their grounds. It was a very pleasant afternoon enjoyably spent and everyone went home in high spirits.

Though not intended as such, it was a kind of trial of strength between the three Colleges who are always the prospective champions of the Inter-Collegiate Sports to be held later. If everything goes well we have every chance of annexing the Travancore Shield for which we have been striving hard for many years.

[*Note.* At the Inter-Collegiate Sports, a very keen competition resulted in the Medical College retaining the Travancore Shield, beating our team by the very narrow margin of $5\frac{1}{2}$ points. We heartily congratulate the Medicals on their fine victory.]

There is a professor called Boyd,
Who cannot be quickly annoyed;
As his patience is great
He is everyone's mate
And his classes are really enjoyed.

or
(greatly)

There is a professor called Rau,
Who has the most beautiful brow;
Though he's gentle and meek
He can fluently speak,
And is perfect from tip to the toe.

or
(stylish)

THE U. T. C.

Breaking Tradition

If it is good to break away from tradition in order that its value may be better appreciated, we have done so in our life at camp in December 1937. Nature appeared to have been rather unusually unkind in her affairs with U. T. C. men. For the first three days of our stay at Pallavaram she did her best, if not her worst, to unnerve us by spreading a dark canopy over us and giving a whole-day shower-bath. Our 'trained men' refused to be shaken by this, because they were 'trained'; and our suspicions regarding the sprightliness of the recruits were allayed when we found that they were no recruits to Nature's behaviour.

We broke the tradition of competing as contingents for the competitions held in camp and we worked on the basis of companies. In spite of this change, with the collaboration of Pachaiappa's College contingent, we finished a close second in all the military events. To compensate for the opportunity we lost of winning trophies we received congratulations for

our performance from the judges as well as from the headquarters. We came away from camp with the comforting feeling that it is better to be dissatisfied and aim to do more by not winning trophies than to be satisfied and aim to do less by winning trophies.

There was another departure from custom, in so far as camp-training is concerned, and that was the introduction of anti-training and respirator drill. Men who went into the gas chamber and came out appeared to cry piteously not owing perhaps to the ill-effects of the gas or the irksomeness of the respirator, but presumably by realising the irony of present-day civilisation which shows itself in so mean and meaningless a manner in the cruelty that man in an inhuman way shows towards his fellow-man.

Lastly, another way by which we cut away from tradition was by proceeding to, and returning from camp by admirable foot-work, whistling and singing away life in perfect contentment.

S. P.

Ashrams, Ancient and Modern: Their aims and ideals by Dr. Savarirayan Jesudason, F.R.C.S.E. (Price 8 As.)

With his experience of 17 years of ashram life and service, the author sketches the ideals of ashrams in India from Vedic times, and gives a brief account of four ashrams of modern times, two Hindu and two Christian, viz. *The Satyagraha Ashram* at Sabarmati which was broken up when Gandhiji started his movement of civil disobedience, *Shantiniketan* at Bolpur, which has developed into *Vishvabharathi*, wherein 'men of faith are gathered in a fellowship of inter-cultural and inter-racial unity and understanding', the *Christukula Ashram* at Tirupatur founded by the author and Dr. E. Forrester-Paton and the *Christa Prema Seva Sangha Ashram* at Poona.

Ashrams are demonstrating the value of community life among persons of common ideals, and the service born of such life. Worship and service are their keynote, and this characteristically Indian institution is being adapted to varied needs throughout India. Much constructive thought is coming out of Wardha, the Gandhi Ashram at Tiruchengodu, from which the Premier of this province hails, and such live spots of India to-day, and to implement national programmes of elementary education, rural reconstruction, etc., just these ashrams are best fitted to train and send out a large army of tested and disciplined workers who will be a great national asset.

The author has told the story of his own ashram with intimate knowledge. Much has been achieved, and many scattered throughout South India have been influenced by the ideals and the life witness of the

Ashram *Secaks*. The experience of the two Christian ashrams dealt with and of others like the College fellowship at Alwaye, or the Ashram at Alleppey shows the way how the Indian Church, quickened by the deep life of the spirit, may bear rich fruits of varied service for India and its Church. 'The monasteries preserved Christian life and culture through the dark ages in Europe. It may be that the ashrams with their close-knit fellowship, both within and with those bound to them by special ties from without, may have a special part to play as rallying points of spiritual life.'

This interesting little book with a foreword by Justice P. Chenchiah, Chief Judge, Pudukottah is interesting reading, and the rules of the Satyagraha Ashram quoted and the way of life of the Christukula Ashram sketched in the book have a value even for those who have found their call to serve God and their fellow-men in the normal avocations of life. Another element of beauty in the book is the share that men from the West who have adopted Indian ways of life have in these experiments of community life in India.

J. D. A.

The K. R. Inter-College Magazine, Muttra.

The magazine opens with an essay by the Editor on 'Physical Education in Schools and Colleges.' Summing up his plea for active physical training for our young, the writer says:—

'Lying in cosy beds and reading fairy stories, we have been drugged sufficiently to feel like rotting vegetables and jelly-fishes. Cattle dumb-driven long have been; but no more.'

Mr. Madhav Saran writes on 'The Evaluation of the Individual'. The theme of the story 'True and False' is, to speak mildly, silly and childish. To lend ten lakhs of rupees to save a wealthy merchant who is about to commit suicide is *not* charity; it is a heinous crime. 'The Sage's Pig-tail' is an interesting poem.

'Then right and left and round about,
And up and down, and in and out
He turned, but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him'

The English section concludes with 'Some Definitions of Poetry'. It must be admitted that there are more beautiful and effective definitions of poetry by the same authors.

Hindi and Urdu are also represented in the magazine.

The Pudukottai College Magazine—November 1937.

In 'The Place of English in the University Curriculum' Mr. Viswanatha Iyer dwells upon the importance and usefulness of English. It is not surprising to find an article on 'World-peace' in this magazine also. It is very interesting to find that certain topics are discussed in many college magazines simultaneously. During the past two years we have come across innumerable articles on 'World-War' or 'The League of Nations' or 'Italy and Abyssinia'. The Sino-Japanese War is now a popular theme.

One of the student-contributors presents a not very complimentary picture of a medical man. The medical man is answering a phone call:—'Yes, Yes. Your boy has fallen into the mud up to the ankles. Well, what if he has? Just tell him to walk out of the mud. Oh, I see.

The mud is up to his ankles, but his head is downwards. Oh, he is sinking slowly. Tell him to grasp the mud so that he might not sink. Tell the mud that I am coming with my medicines.' In his rosy illusion, the young author has forgotten that a father who sees his son sinking in the mud will, unless he is moon-struck, first try to pull him out, and not phone to the doctor!

The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam—December 1937.

'Raman Effect', a paper by Mr. H. R. Mills, which has once appeared in the pages of our magazine, is the leading article. Some of the other serious articles are 'A Scheme of Agrarian Reform', 'Switzerland, Economic and Industrial', 'Time', etc. Mr. L. V. Ramaswami Ayyar who is doing good original work in the linguistic study of Malayalam, has contributed an article on 'Eighteenth Century Printed Malayalam'.

A student-contributor ardently advocates sleeping in the class. According to him, 'sleeping in the class serves the same purpose as the "half-time" in football matches. A student gets practically no interval to give his mind and body a perfect relaxation after the tiresome toil in stuffy rooms and foul-smelling laboratories.' It is our hope that students will view sympathetically teachers who fall asleep during lectures.

In an essay 'Swindler and Thief' we find this statement: 'Economically both are of use to society on the principle of Equitable Distribution of social wealth, and perhaps consequently, of welfare. They supply sometimes an "Inclined Plane" for wealth to flow freely.'

The Malayalam section, as usual, contains some well-written articles.

The Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta—December 1937.

The English section is fairly short. Some of the usual topics discussed in college magazines are here—'Far-East Conflict', 'Conflict in China' and 'The Beggar Problem and its Solution'. Such discussions, though they do sometimes make a magazine dull, are indications that students take a healthy interest in the major problems of the day.

In 'Scientific Truth and Reality' Mr. Krishnapada Ghosh says:—'Perplexity is the beginning of knowledge, scepticism is the road leading to the gate, and man's determination not to be deceived by the mirage of a fantastic absolute or metaphysical idealism, is the guide who conducts the toiling searcher to the top of the tower of success.'

'Murder becomes Clytemnestra' is a small imaginative monologue written by a student. The extra-mural activities of the students are well chronicled in the various reports.

The Pachaiyappa's College Magazine—September 1937.

Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar's address to the graduates at the Convocation of the Madras University in July 1937 is reprinted in full in this issue.

In 'The Fourfold Scheme of Values' the Principal rightly says, 'Pleasure for the sake of pleasure is not the goal of human endeavour, and true moral life consists in self-sacrifice and service to all beings. Ethics is incomplete without religion, and by realizing God as the supreme goal of life, we realise the eternal values of life.'

'Picturesqueness in Poetry' and 'The Need for Idealism' are other noteworthy contributions. There are not many contributions from students.

The St. Andrew's College Magazine, Gorakhpur, Winter number 1937.

This is really a winter number. Mr. E. C. Dewick compares the Indian racial problem to the Negro problem in America. Mr. D. A. White imagines that we shall all be very wise when we are forty? 'Silver in the hair may be much more than silver in the purse—and it will probably begin to dawn on us then, that it is sometimes wiser to listen and to give in, than to talk. We shall be like ripe fruit at its maturity, in all its bloom of form and colour, before it begins to rot and drop'.

'Dark is the future of India' says another contributor. The only comfort for us, according to this pessimist, is that there is a Tagore in our country.

We like to see more sunshine in the pages of a college magazine.

The Arts College Magazine, Trivandrum—November 1937.

We are very glad to see this magazine which is a new venture. The contents are mostly of a serious vein. 'War or Peace', 'The Teaching Profession in Soviet Russia', and 'The State and Community' are some of the subjects dealt with.

The articles in the Malayalam section are also of a good standard. There are short sections for Tamil and Sanskrit also.

The P. R. College Magazine, Cocanada—December 1937.

This is an interesting production. The opening article is a one-act play 'A Merry Christmas' based on a biblical theme. 'Glimpses into Anti-life' is a very interesting essay, and a type which should find a place in a college magazine.

There is the summary of a lecture on 'Land Reclamation and Fertilization' by Prof. Nilratan Dhar of the

Allahabad University. Prof. Dhar suggests some original methods to improve the soil. Molasses is mentioned as a suitable agent for nitrogen-fixation and for reclamation of alkali land.

A good amount of space has been given to Telugu.

The Murray College Magazine, Sialkot

This is a monthly issue and many

contributions appear in serial form. We are glad that the magazine shows all-round improvement. Prof. D. N. Sharma writes on 'The Spiritual Basis of Life'. It is difficult to examine other individual contributions, as they are numerous. Many students have written short articles on various subjects of interest.

K. R. C.

OTHER COLLEGE MAGAZINES RECEIVED

The Andhra Christian College Magazine, Guntur—December 1937.

The Magazine of the Maharajah's College, Vizianagaram—September '37

The Jaffna College Miscellany, Ceylon—December 1937.

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182696

To

*The Bursar,
Madras Christian College.*

Dear Sir,

I wish to become a regular subscriber to the 'Madras Christian College Magazine.' Please send it per V.P.P. to the following address :—

I am, Yours truly,

To

*Mr. K. Sanjeeva Kamath, B.A., B.L.,
Thambu Chetty Street,
George Town, Madras.*

Dear Sir,

Will you kindly enrol me as a member of the Madras Christian College Day Association, and send me all the necessary information regarding membership? I enclose Rs. 5/-

I am, Yours truly,

(Please fill in address above)

