

Madison CHRISTIAN College Magazine

V. 9. No. 1. September 1939



JL

14, 14, 100 211 222

1854.9.1.

182698



**MADRAS
CHRISTIAN
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**

158
THE MADRAS



CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
COLLEGE NOTES ...	1	THE HUNTING—LEOPARD ...	30
OUR FORMER STUDENTS ...	3	FIRST NIGHTS AT TAMBARAM ...	34
THE PONTIFF OF THE PURPLE		THE LAST WORD ...	37
PASSAGE ...	4	SOCIETIES ...	40
THE DAY IS DONE ...	10	STUDENT OFFICE-BEARERS ...	47
SOMU'S SAGA ...	11	ATHLETICS ...	49
EUTHANASIA; PHILAE ...	14	ADULT LITERACY CAMPAIGN ...	55
RELATIVITY ...	15	HALL NEWS ...	57
MORE LAUGHTER ...	18	HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ...	60
THE SECOND VISION OF MIRZA ...	20	PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE	
THE ELECTRIC TRAINS, ETC. ...	24	SERVICE ...	61
THE TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOY- MENT ...	27		

THIS MONTH'S SPECIAL OFFER
OF **GUARANTEED**
Alarms

These alarms are splendid value for money. Just the type of timepiece that the student, office-worker and housewife must have. Don't be rushed and hurried again! Invest in one today— but be sure to see the name 'Favre-Leuba' on the dial. It is your guarantee of complete satisfaction.



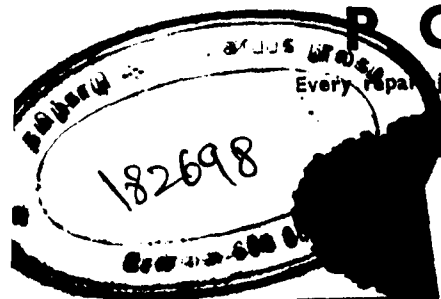
No. 8324 (as illustrated)
3½" clear white dial with
Arabic figures. Rs. 4/12.
No. 8301 A Sandow
model. 4½" diameter Rs. 6/8.
Both models available with
radium dials Rs. 1/4 extra.
Postage and Packing
Rs. 1/3 extra.

ORDERS
by
POST

Upcountry clients unable to make a personal visit may order watches on approval per V.P.P. If returned in good condition within three days of receipt, money will be refunded less postage and M.O. commission.

Every repair job entrusted to Favre-Leuba is supervised by Swiss Experts.

Favre-Leuba & Co
LIMITED
BOMBAY CALCUTTA RANGOON



74/64/81211/832
182698

THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1939

COLLEGE NOTES



THE HON'BLE SIR A. RAMASWAMY MUDALIAR,
Member for Commerce, Government of India.

Admission of Women Students

A notable step was taken last year by the Senatus in consultation with the staff of the Women's Christian College when it decided to admit women students to certain Post-Intermediate courses. The College prospectus for the academic year 1939-40 announced that women students could apply for admission to any of the Honours courses, to the B.Sc. courses in Physics or Chemistry Main, and to the B.A. courses in Mathematics or Economics, and fourteen women students have been admitted.

Changes in Staff

The Rev. Gordon Matthews and Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias, both of the English Department, retired last year. As an additional appointment had already been made last year, the only appointment made this year to the English Department was that of Deacon K. C. Joseph who joined this College as a Post-Graduate student some years ago and who distinguished himself in the M.A. examination of his year. He brings into this College the traditions and the inspiration under which he grew up in an institution which has been built up almost entirely by former students of this College. We cordially welcome Deacon Joseph from the Alwaye

Christian College back into the fellowship of this College. The Rev. J. R. Macphail went on furlough in April and his place as Warden of St. Thomas's Hall has been taken by the Rev. R. S. Macnicol who returned from furlough last June.

The Physics Department offered till last year only a Post-Graduate course and a pass course in Physics, apart from its share of the work in the Intermediate classes. But this year the work of the Department has become heavier on account of the opening of the three year Honours course in Physics in addition to the Post-Graduate course and in view of the extra work of the Department, Mr. M. A. Thangaraj has been appointed as an additional Lecturer in Physics. Mr. Thangaraj, who had a brilliant academic career in the Annamalai University, has rapidly made himself at home in our midst.

Mr. M. D. Paul who worked as a Lecturer in Zoology during the second and third terms last year resigned during the holidays, and his place has been taken by Mr. Ganapathy. Dr. J. E. Rasalam, Assistant Medical Officer resigned when he obtained an appointment in the Travancore State Service, and his place has been taken by Dr. T. M. George.

In the staff of junior tutors and demonstrators, there have been many

changes. Messrs. K. I. Thomas, and K. R. Chandrasekara Iyer of the English Department, Mr. G. Subramaniam of the Physics Department, and Mr. Kamiah of the Chemistry Department left us last year; and in their place have been appointed Messrs. V. Balasundaram, K. V. Srinivasa Rao and M. K. Venkataraman for English, K. B. Hariharan for Physics, and K. V. Vijayaraghavan for Chemistry.

Owing to a larger number having been admitted to the science groups of the Junior Intermediate Class than in previous years, certain additional appointments have been made for this year, viz. Mr. T. R. Ramamoorthy in the Mathematics Dept., Mr. Yesuratnam John in the Physics Dept., and Mr. V. T. Caldwell in the Chemistry Dept.

Sketch of our College Buildings

The Magazine Committee has been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining from Mr. Schaetti a very fine sketch of the new buildings to be used on the inside cover page of the *Magazine*. We are thankful to Mr. Schaetti for the very cordial way in which he undertook to do this for the *Magazine*, and we thank him very sincerely for the promptness with which he did it after he had settled down in his present residence at Bern, Switzerland.

The New College Session

The year has begun very well as may be seen from the activities of the various associations and athletic clubs of the College. The well established programme of work in College and Hall goes on as a matter of course and the Principal in his annual letter to the former students of the College was able to draw attention to certain very

pleasing features of the life at Tambaram as well as to the fine results that were secured by our students at the University Examinations held last March.

The College Magazine Committee

Last year the main burden was borne by a group of four persons, of whom two were students. The enthusiastic co-operation of the student members indicated that far larger responsibilities should be laid on them, and accordingly the following Committee was appointed to share with the Editor responsibilities for the *College Magazine*:

Literary Editor:—G. H. Jansen, (Hons. 5, Br. vii).

Advertisements Manager:—K. M. Talgeri (Hons. 4, Br. ii).

News Editor, Associations:—P. S. Raman (Hons. 4, Br. iii).

News Editor, Athletic Clubs:—A. Damodaran (Hons. 4, Br. iii).

Representative of Hons. and B.Sc. Classes:—Jacob Matthan.

Representative of B. A. Classes:—K. P. Philip.

Representative of Intermediate Classes:—J. F. Stirling.

The contributions received for publication in this issue exceeded forty, and we could find space only for twelve of them. We should have been glad to publish a very well written short story, the 'Brother' and one or two others, if the size of the *Magazine* was larger. This response from students is most gratifying, and we trust that the *Magazine* will continue to call forth the best efforts of the members of the College, and to enable the Editor to accept a larger number of contributions, it is hoped that writers will aim at brevity, and succeed in combining it with real excellence.

OUR FORMER STUDENTS

The Honourable Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar.

We offer our warmest congratulations to the Hon'ble Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, a distinguished alumnus of our College on his recent appointment as Member for Commerce with the Government of India. His has been a remarkable career of great usefulness ever since he left the portals of our College and of Caithness Hall, of which he was Secretary during his last year at College. He has been a diligent student of politics, and visited England in 1919 to give evidence before the Joint Committee set up in connection with the Government of India Act of 1919, and again political work took him there in 1924 and 1925. Later he attended all the three Round Table Conferences that preceded the framing of the present Constitution for India. He was Council Secretary during the first term of the Reformed Council, and served in many responsible positions before he became a member of the India Council. To his new office as a member of the Government of India, he brings a rich administrative experience, and the reputation of an unselfish, hard-working, and able public worker. In the task to which he is called, we wish him well.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan

As this issue of the *Magazine* is about to be printed, the papers have announced that Sir S. Radhakrishnan has acceded to the request of Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya to serve as the Vice-Chancellor of the Benares University. It is very fortunate that this great seat of learning, the first residential and teaching University in

India which has won for itself an assured place in this land has secured the leadership of a distinguished scholar. He is George V Professor of Philosophy at the University of Calcutta, and Spalding Professor for life of Eastern Religions and Ethics at Oxford. He is also a member of the International Committee on Intellectual Co-operation at Geneva, and recently he was elected a member of the British Academy, which high honour he was the first Indian to receive. We congratulate him on his election as a member of the British Academy and his appointment as the executive head of a great national institution. Sir S. Radhakrishnan as an exponent of Hindu thought and culture has done a piece of service which few have done, and as he brings to bear upon his new Office the rich experiences he has gathered both in the East and in the West, we feel sure Benares will march on even to larger achievements than in the first 23 years of its history.

Dr. C. Narayana Menon

Dr. C. Narayana Menon, Professor of English, Benares University has recently gained from our University a doctorate in Literature. On Dr. Narayana Menon who was the first of our College students to secure a first-class in the English Honours Examination of our University has now been conferred the degree of D. Litt. We offer our hearty congratulations to Dr. Narayana Menon, whose book on Shakespeare was reviewed last year in the pages of our *Magazine*.

THE PONTIFF OF THE PURPLE PASSAGE

BY G. H. JANSEN, *Hons. V, Br. vii.*

The colossal statue of the seated Buddha at Kamakura is one of the well-known sights of Japan. It is of course, extremely large, impassive, dignified, impressive. But if one gazes at it long enough one sees that dignified impassivity is only another name for solemn pomposity, and that its rigid grandeur is slightly ridiculous. It is the same with da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa': if you look at *that* long enough, the lady with the enigmatic smile appears to be nothing else but a fat and fatuous female. It is the unfortunate lot of some literary men that in themselves and in their work they bear all too close a resemblance to the two works of art mentioned above: at first sight they leave us in gasping astonishment; but on closer scrutiny they are seen to be just solemn owls. One such writer is Rabindranath Tagore, 'the Poet Laureate of Asia'.

Tagore's main tragedy is that he, a *homo unius libri*—a one book man, wrote more than fifty books. With splendid prodigality he spreads his looseness of thought, his expansive vagueness in a thin, highly-diluted film over an entire literature. 'I slowly return on my own steps,' he says, 'I do not know why.' Not for him was the phrase given by Gautier as the great commandment of the creative artist: '*sculpte, lime, cisele*'. Like a child making an indefinite number of houses out of the same bricks, Tagore exuberantly jerry-builds with the same eternally-repeated materials; how flimsy these materials are we shall see.

Tagore in more than one way is remarkably like Walt Whitman, the American poet. In physical appearance the resemblance is striking; one has only to compare John Alexander's portrait of Whitman called 'The Good Grey Poet' with that of Tagore executed by Rothenstien to see this: the same wise, noble serenity, the lofty forehead, the expressive eyes, the same flowing grey hair and flowing robes. Then in both their teachings we see the same insistence on the Oversoul, the World-Spirit, the Spirit of Man, the same pawing and fawning over humanity, the same mongrel itch to take the whole world to one's bosom. Now this is a most unfortunate resemblance, for an American critic has recently proved, beyond doubt, that Whitman was one of the most successful, deliberately-concocted frauds that was ever launched on the literary world. Taking a character from one of George Sand's novels Whitman assiduously modelled both his appearance and his opinions on it. Bitter though the truth is, it must be said that his grizzled mane and expansive gestures were carefully cultivated (he failed however to cure himself of a vulgar and inordinate gluttony where apple-pies were concerned) and that his great hearted, expansive, 'mystical', generous spirit was nothing else but a pose. Thus his whole life was a plagiarised version of a literary character.

Far be it from us to suggest that Tagore is also a poseur. He is worse. He plagiarises his own characters,

In his voluminous outgoings Tagore fails to maintain his individuality, independence and integrity as a writer, apart from his creations. This restraint is not absolutely necessary in a writer but still, we recognise that authors who do not maintain it—Jane Austen, the Russian Novelists, Flaubert—are greater artists, and more truly imaginative ones than those who do not. And where the identity proceeds to the lengths that it does with Tagore it becomes definitely dangerous. It would be instructive at this point to refer to Luigi Pirandello's great and perplexing play '*Six Characters in Search of an Author*' in which the embodied characters, now living and complex people, come on the stage and act the play instead of the actors who are supposed to impersonate them, but whom, they feel, will not be able to adequately interpret their fully-rounded personalities. In exactly the same manner Tagore's characters sought their author—and they did not have far to seek—caught, captured and dominated him. He is a gross, vastly magnified edition of all his characters' redeeming vices. He has all their vague inanity seen in such stories as *The Schoolmaster*, *The Supreme Night* or *The Skeleton*; the same retiring snail-like attitude to life such as is revealed in the characters of Kusum in *The River Stairs*, Amal in *The Post Office*, the sanyasi in *Saved*, almost all the characters in the longer novels such as *Gora*, *A Tale of Four Pictures*, *The Last Poem*,—they all seek death or disappear into a self-imposed martyrdom. That they reflect Tagore's own considered opinion is to be gathered from *The Letter*, where he rejoices that he has found 'a safe harbour from the tumult of the world in the calm

beauty of nature'; he is even a 'sorrowful patriot' and Lesný, his latest and authorised biographer, says 'Tagore's sensitive spirit which suffered under the chaotic condition of Indian politics sought peace abroad'—hence his many foreign tours. Like a wise son—and an author true to his withdrawing characters—Tagore went abroad when his mother country was in troubled waters. That his friends recognised this other-worldly attitude that we see reflected in his creations is revealed by the nickname that he long bore 'The Bengal Shelley' and about him and his literary creation there is more than a touch of the ineffectual angel.

His literary work is thus a curious flowing outwards and inwards on himself, a sort of narcissism, he is a literary schizophreniac in which both parts of the personality are the same. He is so much bound up with his own personality that whatever he produces is an imitation of himself, his work is a type of self-abuse. It can only be compared to a highly decorated Gothic cathedral façade. We are all façades in greater or lesser measure, a lesson that Pirandello himself teaches in *Henri Quatre* and Wells in his recent novel *Brynild*, but Tagore's façade is his whole literary structure, and one moreover that conceals nothing; to pursue the metaphor, it reaches back to the transept and even to the holy altar-like recesses of the inmost soul and 'the stillness where our spirits walk'.

Because of this there is bound to be a certain amount of maladjustment and insincerity in his work. This falsity of sentiment is seen in his pseudo-tragic short stories, which are so because the 'tragedy' does not, as it should, spring from character but is imposed by an inescapable Fate

from outside; in them the whole cosmos is evil, a proposition that Tagore himself would not admit. And we are thus led to wonder whether, with all his other resemblances to Whitman, the fine sharp melancholy of some of these stories is not a delicate pose.

No true poet, except one like Whitman, would dare to be so conventionally, so aesthetically poetic as Tagore. Even Yeats and AE did useful political work, besides being supremely imaginative poets. This can be partly attributed to what one of his biographers has called 'his consciously nurtured spirituality', and partly to the fact that he with his brothers and a few others had to recreate Bengali literature. They were the pioneers, and so, tragically enough, had no one to criticise and contradict them. In this sheltered atmosphere all Tagore's romantic idealism was allowed to grow absolutely unchecked and it has so divorced him from the realities that now he is little more than a highly-coloured travel-poster to the Glamorous East.

It must be admitted that he has a very pleasing quiet wit but, unfortunately it only appears in rare flashes and infrequent glimmers. This bubbling yeast is not enough to leaven and lighten the heavy flaccid mass of the rest of his work.

It has been said that, under one aspect, Tagore's work resembles a Gothic façade: his style, in that it is highly decorative, is also certainly Gothic. A reader of his poems might well say with the author himself: 'he half-swooned in langour. He was lost in the endless mist of vague sweetness'. His style, especially the imagery and diction is, again to quote from him 'wrapped in many and many a new veil, in countless dis-

guises in many shapes'. It is with surprise, and relief, that we learn that in his English translations, to which alone this section refers, he 'had to strip them of all their gaudy ornaments and clothe them in the simplest dress'; As it stands, his language is like a highly-embroidered semi-transparent curtain blowing and waving before his thoughts,—'a thing of shreds and purple patches'. The exotic and far-fetched similes (his favourite figure of speech) he doubtless found ready to hand in Bengali poetry, because it seems native to all Indian poetry, even those of the Tamil Alvars being heavily perfumed. The mystic symbolism of God as the Loved One and the devotee as the Lover, or vice versa, he derives from the Sufis, but by devious paths. The Sufi tradition, through Islam, was handed on to the Sikhs in whose *Granth Sahib* it is very extensively used. As a boy Tagore with his father worshipped at the Golden Temple, but he borrowed his symbolism not even directly from the Sikhs but from one who was influenced by Nanak's eclectic ideas—Kabir, whom Tagore so admires that he collaborated in a translation of a hundred of his hymns. But transplanted from its native soil this erotic symbolism in Tagore's poems is at best a sickly growth. In the loosely-vague pantheism of Tagore this growth became positively lush and cloying without the hard resistant core of Islamic monotheism to control it, against which it appears in such daring incongruity in the brilliant pages of Hafiz or Rumi or even in the softer parts of Iqbal's *Asrur-i-Kudi*.

The most distinctive, and unfortunate, part of Tagore's style is his sentence and paragraph structure. This, of course, refers only to his

style in prose. Not a small part of his 'mysticism' is due to the difficulty of following the train of thought in his prolix, interminable, many-jointed sentences. Tagore, especially in his addresses in English, aims at the rolling period, and sometimes he secures it, even with the attractive 'dying fall'. But more often, partly because he never knows when to end a sentence, partly because his syntax is not built on the dynamic strength of the verb but on a pretentious inflated polysyllabic Latinate vocabulary, he fails, and then instead of a roll of thunder we get a series of disconnected bellows, and where he tries to be rhythmical he merely lollops. The weakness of this side of his style also lies somewhat in its history. It derives from the type of stilted prose popular in the Anglo-India of the Nabobs when Indians, in toppers and tails, still thought it worthwhile to cultivate a good English style and were duly nourished on the most respectable prosy and verbose of Early and Mid-Victorian writers: Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin and Thackeray (the letters in *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* read exactly like Tagore at his best, as do the early resolutions of the Congress). Now these Victorians, as stylists, were merely emasculated Elizabethans; it is, then, a strange and chastening reflection that but for the noble obscurities of Browne and the rolling, ponderous sententiousness of Jeremy Taylor, the flabby spineless quivering mass into which Tagore pulps the English language might never have come into existence. We can only say that, as a whole, his style is often as obscure as the drawings he sometimes perpetrates.

Like Spenser, we might forgive Tagore his language if, like the

former, he was 'a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas'. We follow him down all the mazy labyrinthine pathways of his speech, approach the Holy of Holies, pull aside the curtains and, like the Roman soldiers in the Temple at Jerusalem, are surprised to find it empty. His 'philosophy' is perhaps the most disappointing fact about Tagore. If his style is emasculated Elizabethan, his thought is emasculated Upanishadic. It drips beauty and high sentiments and clean over-looks the more unpleasant facts of existence. Tagore's inspiring voice is not that of a prophet but of an oracle, awe-compelling, but other-worldly and difficult to comprehend. His chapter in *Sadhana* on the Problem of Evil adopts the least helpful attitude towards it, that of ignoring its existence. His religion, a Plangossian heresy, is wholly positive, he never doubts of God, and since nothing in the ordinary world does not have its negative side there is no connexion between the two; consequently he has nothing to say to those who do doubt the existence of the Deity. In this side of his thought especially he should:

'Pour in pain lest bliss should
[cloy

Shake in sin to give it zest.'
It might be said of him, as of Shelley, 'that he was born too good ever to become a saint.'

In the whole of his mystical experience Tagore never experienced The Dark Night of the Soul, the trial of doubt which the mystics themselves claim to be indispensable to the deepest understanding of the Mystic Reality and to the final confirmation of the mystic aspiration. Even when he tries to force himself to look on pain, like Keats, he does it shrinkingly. It is probably due to the fact that he

is not a true mystic initiate that the boring cheerful unanimity of his thoughts is due; it has faced no great trial, it has conquered no great hostile fact. For all Tagore's maturity it is still immature because, in Freudian language, it has not yet got Beyond the Pleasure Principle. Is it due to this fact that his 'mystic' poems are not included in the *Oxford Book of Mystical Verse* though Sarojini Nayudu finds a place therein?

His philosophy has a very slender basis since his own works clearly reveal that he is not capable of long and sustained thought. The religious thoughts of *Gitanjali*, for instance, are accepted because they are eeked out with a heavy purple embroidery. It is when his ideas stand alone, unadorned, by themselves, that we see how flimsy they are. What can one say to the concentrated idiocy, the impregnable inanity of *Stray Birds*?

'The eyes are not proud of their sight but of their eyeglasses.' (256)

'The little flower lies in the dust

It sought the path of the butterfly.' (264)

'Toes are the fingers that have forsaken their past.' (187)

'The bird thinks it is an act of kindness to give the fish a lift in the air.' (123)

And so on *ad nauseam*.

Tagore's thoughts do not have what the Stoics called the *Kataleptike phantasia*—the grip on reality. He finds his religion mainly by turning on himself; his religious lyrics are almost wholly autobiographical. But just because of this what validity can his intensely personal experiences have for others, except those who are exactly like him in character, and do not need his help?

The fatally narrow optimism of his ideas is seen in the inadequacy of the

comfort he can give when faced with a real evil, such as the Great War. In *Fruit Gathering*, written in 1916, he addresses the slaughtered youth of the West:

'With the calm of silent prayer on your foreheads sail to that further shore.

'And we die with the faith that Peace is true and Good is true and true is the eternal One!

'Shall the value of the martyr's blood and mothers' tears be utterly lost in the dust of the earth, not buying Heaven with their price?'

The chief merit of such comfort is its delightful inconsequence and irrelevance from fact.

To the people, and especially the youth, of this country Tagore has no message; as he says in *My Fair Neighbour*: 'In time of famine if a well-fed man speaks scornfully of food and advises a starving man at point of death to glut his hunger on the fragrance of flowers and the songs of birds what are we to think of him?' That he is exactly like Tagore.

By the use of very free verse in his translations Tagore has done incalculable harm to the prosody of such of the younger poets that are writing in English. Evidently mistaking these but roughly rhythmical transpositions for accomplished poetry they base even their original English verse on the model of Tagore's halting, pedestrian numbers. And they are not to be blamed, since he uses these sprung lines even in poems originally written in English such as *The Foreign Flower*.

Tagore's true, and very real, greatness lies in his intense appreciation of natural beauty. Scattered passages in his poems have a breath-taking sensitiveness and accuracy and splendour.

If, like the cobbler, he had only stuck to his last, and to the writing of that type of poetry for which he is most fitted, he would have occupied in the literature of his country a secured position analogous to that of Thompson, the author of *The Seasons*, in English Literature. Unfortunately he will try to improve upon a scene in nature, he will try to be a 'philosophic' poet; with the result that actually his literary position is very much like those of the early Elizabethans such as Chapman, Daniel, Drayton. They all wrote a good deal, it was extremely beautiful in parts

and very clever poetry as a whole, and very sententious—as in the case of Tagore; but nothing of what they wrote is now read for pleasure. That fate is already overtaking Tagore's poems; they have become classics and are so revered that people are afraid to read them lest they should not see in them what, by popular consent, should be seen in them: beauty and profundity and inspiration. If he had stuck to his last he would not, of course, have won the Nobel Prize, he would not be the Poet Laureate of Asia; but he still might have been widely read.

THE DAY IS DONE

By J. CLEMENT RATNAIYA, *Hons. V, Br. vii. November 1938.*

The dreary day is done, and peace pervades
The souls of men through glimmering shades of night,
Rewarding toil with rest, while memory fades
And leaves the sleepy mind bereft of light.
But lo! my lonely heart, unwooded by sleep,
In melancholy meditation lies,
Now lit by hope, now sadly forced to weep:
A cruel soul my heart with thoughts supplies.
How callous, ah! how callous is the world!
And oh! the agony with love immured!
Before my mournful wailing mind unfurled
The hideous hurts of fate do rot uncured:
Each step in life to me its horrors brings,
But yet to life in vain my spirit clings.

SOMU'S SAGA

By S. T. APPACHANA, *Class III, Group iv-b.*

The dark clouds piled faster in the sky. There was a menace in the deepening darkness and the vicious flashes of lightning. There was yet a long stretch for me to reach home. I walked faster, but it was no use. A gust of wind swished through the trees, an ominous patter, and the rain came on in right earnest.

I broke into an undignified run, and dived under the awning of a little shop—the sort of ramshackle thing that prominently exposes to view a bunch of yellow plantains and a couple of ancient soda-water bottles. But the shutters were on and the place deserted. Most people had been wiser than me that evening and kept to the snug comfort of their homes. I looked sulkily at the yellow foam in the gutters and braced myself for a long wait. A mangy dog scuttled into my refuge and shook itself all over my trousers. I glared at the animal and tried to shoo it off. But it just ignored me and diligently applied itself to exterminating the fleas on its body. Occasionally it ventured a look in my direction and I had a vague feeling that there was derision in its countenance.

I looked up upon hearing the patter of feet. It was a rickshawallah. His vehicle was empty. Leaving it on the edge of the road, he crept into our refuge—of me and the dog. The man was soaked to the skin and a pool began to collect around his feet. The dog edged away from him and came to my side of the shop. He removed his battered hat and squatted down on his heels, his chin cupped in

his hands. After a moment he cast a look in my direction. The sickly lamp-light from the other side of the road fell on his worn face. Only one eye moved. It was Somu. He had taken me to school in his rickshaw for several years while I was doing my primary. 'Hullo, Somu! don't you remember me?' I asked. A little startled, he rose and peered at me. A gleam of recognition entered his solitary eye and he broke into a wan smile. 'How are you Baba? When did you come from College?' he asked. There was a terrible change for the worse in Somu. Beneath the grizzly growth of beard, the face was furrowed with a hundred seams; the eyes were bloodshot. His once powerful frame had shrunk and sagged. 'Are you not well Somu?' I asked.

He laughed a low mirthless laugh. 'The poor can never be well,' he said. The rain poured in torrents. Somu squatted down again in that same posture of abject misery. There was tragedy writ large on every line of his face. 'Tell me what your life has been like, Somu?' I asked possessed by a sudden impulse. He looked up, a little surprised. He shook his head. 'No, Baba, you will get bad dreams' he said. But, I was firm, and he launched upon the following narrative.

'I don't remember to have had a father, but, I can recollect my mother, a poor overworked soul. I was her only child and she lavished all her affection on me. She earned a pittance washing clothes and drawing water for the great people in the

neighbourhood. Many were the days when she would push aside the bowl of rice saying she was not hungry and make me eat what little there was. Many were the nights when she lay moaning with the fever and wracked by cough, and I cried for I was a child and could do nothing else. She was always ailing, but had to work to earn the few annas that were to keep me and her alive—alive and nothing else. But, it could not be for long. The cough grew worse, she could no more go to work. The neighbours brought one of those men that deal with the spirits and charm away fevers with the sacrifice of fowls and goats. In vain the man muttered incantations, in vain was shed the blood of three young cocks, the spirits were not satisfied and they stole my mother's soul from her body. The last lingering look of those agonised eyes haunt me still. I was alone in the vast world at the age of eight.

Two big tears coursed down Somu's cheeks. 'Baba, we were happy, my mother and I; we were poor, terribly so, but there was love.' He paused watching the yellow flood on the road. The dog scratched itself noisily and whined. The wind howled through the neighbouring banyan tree, the thunder pealed in an unending crescendo. Somu woke from his reverie and continued. 'An uncle of mine took me away to live with him. But he would not dole out rice for nothing, young though I was. He worked in a 'beedi' shop and took me there to work. From morn till night I sat in a corner packing the filthy weed into shape till my fingers became numb. Sometimes I fell asleep over my work and then they pulled my ears and caned me. There was not an eye to grow moist over my misery.

My heart ached more than my body. Men of all ages worked in that foul-smelling den, men with ripe hair, youths and children like me. But they were all creatures that had seen only the darker side of life, creatures with cankered minds. They talked things that would bring the blush to a harlot's cheek. I earned a few annas but my harpy of an uncle took the greater part of it from me.

Nothing joyous entered my life, it was ever the rustle of the pungent leaf and the dust and din from the road. I saw young ones of my own age playing in the streets, the tinkle of their merry laughter floated to where I sat; I saw them trot behind their mothers. They were glimpses of another world.

For six dreary years I worked in that den and then one day I felt I could bear it no more and ran away. I found work in a tea-shop. I was happier here. I was not beaten so much nor were my earnings stolen away from me. Work was hard, but, there was plenty to eat. Four years sped in this occupation. I left it when fortune left the owner and we became beggars together. For more than a couple of years I drifted about, doing odd jobs, sometimes mending roads, sometimes lending myself as a gardener, but never getting a job that would keep me employed for long. I lived precariously often starving, but sometimes gorging, sleeping on the pavements like thousands of my cast-away brethren, unheeded by opulence and forgotten by God.

The next thing that I became was a railway porter. It made me rough and hardbitten. I became strong in muscle and learnt to shout and swear louder than the rest. I would not cringe to the stationmaster as most of my comrades did. I ran wild with

the surging spirit of manhood. One day, the stationmaster, who treated us like vermin, hurled filthy abuse at me. In a mad moment I struck him. It cost me my work; it landed me in jail and that was a brand on my face. In vain I hunted for work after release. 'Criminal' was the word they flung at me. The worm, trampled upon, turned and bit—it was criminal. At last a fuel-merchant employed me to chop wood. He took me because I was starving and would work for anything he gave. He worked his men to the bone. I toiled till I felt I would drop and yet the miser grumbled about employing criminals.

It was at this time I married. The girl was from the village. Her father had fallen into the hands of a money-lender, forfeited his patch of land and had come to town for work. The poor girl never throve. She was devoted to me. But, I could see from her eyes that she pined for the green corn fields and the tinkle of the cowbells. She caught consumption, and I had not the money to bestow the care that she needed. I went to the doctors, and they said she must be given plenty of milk, cod-liver oil and fruits. It was mockery. She joined my mother in the great beyond. The child she bore me lived for a little time more and then followed its mother. My hut was empty. I am glad of it.' Again Somu laughed that low mirthless laugh.

'From that time I went about my work like an automaton,' he continu-

ed. 'I existed, but I did not live. But fate had not finished its catsplay with me. One day while several of us were chopping wood, a great jagged splinter flew into my eye and I was disabled. I lay helpless in hospital enduring the humiliation that is there meted out to the poor and came out with this glass eye. Again I wandered seeking a means of sustenance and got the work that I am now doing. It is hard in the hot summer months. The road scorches my feet and my one eye burns, but that's better than being hungry and naked. I drink after the weary day's work. It helps me at least for a moment to forget all—those dark years that have slipped into time and the sordid ones that are yet to come before I go to the void from whence I came.'

The rain had subsided into a thin drizzle. Somu rose. 'Baba, it is all kismet' he said tapping his forehead. Somebody hailed from a neighbouring house. Somu slouched out and harnessed himself to his vehicle. I listened to the quick patter of his feet as he sped into the night.

A year later, I was strolling to the quayside to watch the cranes working and to see the red glory of the sunset. I heard the clatter of wheels behind me and stepping aside saw two men drawing a cart—the one used by the municipality to carry away unclaimed corpses to the sea. The cloth covering the face had slipped away from the prone figure inside. It was Somu.

EUTHANASIA

The Cup of Life is drained, the bowl flung down,
The flickering lamps sink low, the music dies ;
The Night of Age creeps on, old memories frown ;
Then come, depart, ere Life's last rapture flies.

Oh linger not where Joy no longer lives
Clutch not with palsied hand Life's hollowed husk
But quaff instead that draught Death's sere hand gives
Laugh once again ! then slumber in the Dusk !

PHILAE

(The ancient Egyptian temples on the island of Philae in the Nile are periodically submerged by the rise of the level of the river caused by the building of the Assuan Dam.)

Philae, isle of antique glory,
Stand thy sacred pylons still
Time's huge victors aged and hoary,
Tributes to old Egypt's skill.

Now the waves of Nile lap o'er thee
Nile whom thou hast known so long
Past bland Ammon fish glide freely
Where bowed kings in days long gone.

Now, O Philae, call to Isis !
Call, O altars, portals wide
Goddess aid ! or it suffices
Sinks thy fane beneath the tide.

By J. F. STIRLING, *Class II, Gr. iii.*



SOLITUDE



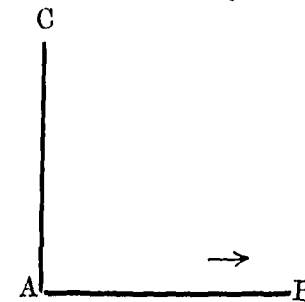
HOMEWARD BOUND

[Sushil Chander—Hous. 3, Br. vii]

RELATIVITY

By S. H. MONY IYER, *Hons. III, Br.*

The theory of Relativity originated out of an elaborate and, apparently, final attempt to find the absolute velocity of the earth. We all know, or at least, we are taught to think, that the earth moves round the sun in an almost circular orbit with a constant speed of about 30 kilometres per second. The velocity of the earth is constantly changing as the direction of its motion changes continually. This velocity is measured with reference to the sun. Scientists wanted to find out the 'real' or 'absolute' velocity of the earth, that is the velocity of the earth with respect to a hypothetical medium ether, which was supposed to be fixed. The first attempt to find out experimentally the absolute velocity of the earth, was carried out by the two American Scientists Michaelson and Morley.



The principle of the experiment is simple. Suppose from a point A on the earth, two rays of light (travelling in the medium ether) are sent out at the same instant along the directions AB , AC at right angles to each other (B and C are points on the earth equidistant from A and BAC is in the

horizontal plane) and are reflected back to A by means of mirrors kept at B and C . Then, if the earth's velocity at the time of the experiment is along the direction AB (as the observatory moves together with the earth) there will be a current of ether of equal velocity (as that of the earth) in the opposite direction namely BA . This ether current will affect the velocity of the ray of light sent from A along AB but it does not equally affect the ray sent along AC . In fact, the ether current retards the motion of the ray along AB during its forward journey (from A to B) and accelerates the motion of the ray during its return journey (from B to A). The result of this is that the ray travelling from A to B and back will take a longer time than the ray traversing the distance AC and back.

The above principle was utilized in Michaelson-Morley experiment. They set up two rigid rods AB , AC of equal length at right angles to each other. Two rays of light were despatched from A at the same instant along AB and AC and they were reflected back to A by mirrors kept at B and C . The rays after reflection were made to impinge on a sensitive surface placed at A . The times of arrival were noted. From the difference in times of arrival of the two rays was to be calculated the velocity of the earth. The instruments were constructed so accurately that it was supposed they would be able to measure the exact speed and direction of the earth's motion at the particular moment.

The result of M.-M. experiment was a dead-heat. The rays after reflection impinged at A at exactly the same moment. The scientists thought that probably the velocity of the earth at that moment was along the bisector of $\angle BAC$ in which case, the experiment would have failed. So they repeated the experiment after some months where the direction of the earth's motion should have been different from the original direction. But again a dead-heat. Then they thought that the rods AB , AC might be of unequal length. So they interchanged the rigid rods so as to magnify the error in the experiment if there was any. But again the experimenters met with failure. Scientists were called upon to explain this singular phenomenon.

The first scientific explanation of the fallacy was put forward by Fitzgerald. He assumed that the rods AB and AC were of unequal length. But it was not owing to any fault in measurement but because of a law that when a body is transported from a transverse position to a longitudinal position with respect to another current it contracted in the longitudinal direction. Strange, as it may seem, Fitzgerald's hypothesis was able to explain satisfactorily the apparent fallacy in M.-M. experiment. Fitzgerald's principle is quite revolutionary to our common ideas. It implies that turning a footrule from one direction to another alters the length of the rule. But this change in length cannot be ascertained by any experiment as all measuring apparatus contract in the same manner as the footrule.

In 1905, Professor Einstein gave an alternative solution of the curious phenomenon in M.-M. experiment. His theory was based on two hypotheses,

namely (1) The velocity of propagation of a wave is independent of the velocity of the source from which the wave is generated. (2) The velocity of no body with respect to ether can be determined by any experiment. These hypotheses, though they cannot be proved have been verified. They are consistent with the laws of electromagnetism which had been discovered earlier.

If we take for granted Einstein's hypotheses, the fallacy of M.-M. experiment disappears. For it is implied in the second hypothesis itself that it is not possible to find experimentally the absolute velocity of any body, that is its velocity with respect to the medium ether. As the velocity of no body can be expressed in relation to ether, the ether disappears from the field of the experimental physicist as a reference system. Thus 'absolute motion' and 'absolute velocity' lose their meaning as the body with reference to which the velocity is expressed is not known. 'Relative motion' and 'Relative velocity' thus replace the terms 'absolute motion' and 'absolute velocity'.

Assuming the hypotheses laid down by Einstein, it can be established mathematically that the units of space and time for different observers differ. For example, if an observer A be moving with a uniform velocity ' v ' with respect to B , the footrule of A will differ from that of B and the difference varies with the relative velocity between them. When their relative velocity is zero the difference in the lengths of their footrules will also be zero or their footrules will be identical. Thus the difference in their measurements is caused by their relative motion. Also the time units of A will be different from those of B . If A and B be moving with a velocity of

about 140,000 miles per second, 'one foot' in A 's measurement will reduce to 'half a foot' in B 's measurement according to B 's observation. Also 'one second' in A 's measurement will become 'two seconds' in B 's measurements according to B .

Also it follows the space and time measurements which A and B attribute to an event, say at C will differ. Both the space and the time measurements will differ. Thus the same event at C will have a duration of two hours (say) according to A and only a duration of one hour according to B . But these time measurements are made after deducting all possible experimental errors. Yet the net results of A and B are different.

We are thus led to believe that space and time attributes of any event are arbitrary and vary with different observers. So measurements like length and time are not constant or reliable. It follows that the same figure may appear to be a square to an observer A , while it may appear a rectangle to another, B provided the observers A and B are in motion relative to each other.

Absolute simultaneity also disappears if we accept Einstein's theory. For suppose one observer says that two events at A and B happened at the same time. A second observer who is moving with respect to the first might equally well say that the events

at A and B are separated by a definite interval of time (say two hours). This is because the space and time units of the two observers differ and therefore the space and time attributes made by them to the events at A and B also differ.

Though different observers differ as regards their measurement of space and time intervals of any event, they all agree with respect to one unit namely, the velocity of light. The velocity of light *in vacuo* calculated experimentally by all observers agree. There is also another unit called 'separation' which is the same for all observers however they be moving relative to one another. It is calculated by a formula in which the separation is neither a space unit nor a time unit. It is composed of both. It is called a 'space-time' unit. Any event has a 'space-time' attribute called its separation which is constant for all observers irrespective of their position or motion. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that space and time are fictitious. To quote Minkowsky's phrase 'From now onwards, space and time sink to the position of mere shadows. Only a sort of union of both (space-time) can claim to have a separate existence.'

Thus Einstein's task has been to combine two separate units space, time, into a single unit, 'space-time'.

MORE LAUGHTER

A. DAMODARAN, *Hons. IV, Br. i.*

The ability to see the world through a 'glass darkly' is indeed the rarest of gifts. To fancifully carve Pickwicks and Bindles out of insipid material, to have a distorted view of the sublime,—this indeed is a boon of which the gods above are very chary. One of the innumerable small things that go to make the world unbearable for us, is that we are unable to see things but as they are; if we are a little squint-eyed or 'lens-eyed', the world and ourselves might be better.

A sense of humour should be a *sine qua non* in the politicians of every country; actually, however, to be stupidly serious about a stupidly insignificant matter is deemed to be statesmanship. This unnatural seriousness is the cause of the international tangle. If we were to regard Mussolini and Hitler, as essentially, two comical clowns with an exuberance of energy and a surfeit of animal spirits, and not as two dark and menacing shadows in the path of light and happiness, there might be still some hope for us. But we make martyrs out of the unfit and satans out of the merely naughty. We take their antics and our fears, far too seriously. Upon my heart, I think that Mr. W. W. Jacobs will make a more successful premier than Mr. Chamberlain. He *will* laugh away Hitler's threats and he will grin the jitter bugs down!

India is suffering from a surplus of saints and an overdose of philosophy. The matter with us is that we are

rapidly becoming a nation of weepers. But we want, more than anything else at this moment, some hearty laughter. Jacques is all-in-all in political India; but where is the all-too essential Touchstone? An Indian Falstaff to show us our sins and to teach us how to commit more, —or an Indian Micawber to instruct us how to become a successful failure, is the greatest need of the country to-day. Gandhiji, in spite of his austerity and sainthood, remains so lovable because he has not forgotten how to laugh at himself.

But almost all our leaders prefer to walk in sombre and gloomy paths, rather than in wide, airy lawns. A sense of proportion, a capacity to judge things in the cold light of reason, untrammelled by any sentimental rubbish and a constant readiness to laugh at one's own foibles,—all these are the requisites of a public figure. But our great men are seriously, pathetically, incapable of humour. They gloat over imagined wrongs and magnified persecutions; they positively revel in all the gaudy paraphernalia of cheap patriotism,—grandiloquent tirades, dark prophecies and hysterical mass-demonstrations. They convince themselves that they are the apostles of liberty, equality and what not. They spend all their energy in furiously shouting at each other across the street and engineering crises on an amazingly huge scale. The average Indian politician thrives on a crisis; perhaps this explains why every small, trivial episode of personal import is magnified into

a national crisis. The history of India during the last decade is a catalogue of these crises! A crisis gives the cheap politician, an opportunity to recall 'the splendour that was Ind' and the 'infamous' record of every other nation on the face of the earth.

We want some young vigorous writers like Mr. Beverley Nichols or Miss Ethel Mannin, to laugh away our 'blues' and cry down our insincerity. The so-called great suffer from not being laughed at; pointed, astringent jibes should be levelled against the antics of the exalted. Our patriots and martyrs should learn that most difficult art of all, the one of seeing ourselves as others see us. They should realize that our ambitions and our vanities may seem a trifle ludicrous and a trifle futile to an unseen watcher from the skies above.

It is his relieving sense of humour that makes Gandhiji one of the greatest and most successful politicians in the world to-day. Gandhiji minus his humour, is an incredible monstrosity. He is the one example in Indian history of a successful combination of the humourist and the idealist. When tired of always existing in the electric atmosphere of political India, we find a measure of relief in the placid and serene progress of Gandhian politics. But our younger heroes are far too serious about themselves, to be humorous. They are too conceited and self-complacent, to understand what the other fellow thinks about their weaknesses. If we have the intelligence to understand

that, to a sensible foreigner, our ceremonies, our superstitions and our 'spirituality' may seem superfluous and irrational, we may carp a little less at the good-humoured criticism levelled against us by the West.

The English personified their nation, in a swaggering, mock-heroic, clown,—an exquisite combination of stoicism, good humour and thick-headedness. The Americans created good old Uncle Sam to represent America. But we, in our, gregarious self-conceit, have Rama and Sita to typify the Indian man and the Indian woman. Most of us are living on capital, as it were. We are still in that, illusory, mythical, era of Rama and Krishna. We dream through life, never realizing what an amount of solid, substantial, savoury fun we have missed in our drab lives.

'Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away'; but our poets and literary men are too serious to undertake any such mission. True, we have our Gandhiji who finds a ray of hope in the darkest horizon and who smiles, in pitying, tolerant, concern, at the heroics of the young. We have our Nehru, who practices *Shirshasana* in prison, to ingrain in himself, a sense of the ridiculous. But our younger leaders suffer sorely from over-seriousness. They should realize that there may be something funny, *even* in a students' strike, or a fight for freedom. These young martyrs might well take a leaf out of their leader's book and learn to face adversity with a welcoming smile and criticism with a cheery laugh.

THE SECOND VISION OF MIRZA

BY ABDUL LATIF AFGHANI, *Class III, Gr. iv-b.*

Mirza often revisited the mountain where he had beheld his wonderful vision. Each time he went, his heart throbbed with the expectation of once more enjoying the wonders of his last experience; and each time he returned his heart was full of bitter complaints against the occurrence of too many disappointments in human life. However he believed in the truth of the saying 'Reward awaits those who persevere.'

One fine Friday afternoon, a strong desire to exchange the busy bustle of town-life for the quiet solitude of the mountains, urged Mirza away from the noisy streets of Baghdad to his lonely haunt among the rocks above. There, as usual, he sat in his quiet corner and allowed his mind to wander in the wide world of thoughts. That day more than ever, his heart was surging with deep religious feeling and his mind was full of gloomy thoughts about the sad lot of man upon the face of this earth.

Suddenly he found himself listening to a soft strain of captivating music, which he could not fail to identify with that he had heard during his first vision. His whole frame shook with a thrill of excitement when, looking in the direction from which the music came, he saw the same mysterious musician beckoning to him to come over to where he stood. Mirza rose and hesitatingly began to approach the genius, and no sooner was he within a few paces of him than his knees involuntarily bent under him and his head bowed with humility before the imposing personality of

that mysterious being. However the kind smile and the encouraging words with which the genius accosted him, dispersed much of his awe and nervousness.

As on the former occasion, the genius led Mirza to the highest pinnacle of the mountain, and from there with a sweep of his hand, bade him look below. Mirza obeyed and in a moment was gazing with fixed eyes at the wonderful spectacle that presented itself before him. Motionless though he stood, his mind was working hard to find a meaning for the strange scene below him—but the harder he tried the more puzzling it grew. It was with great relief that he heard the genius asking him 'What dost thou see Mirza?' 'I see' replied he, 'a vast crowd that seems to surge and boil with incessant motion, before a huge circular wall that encloses what appears to be a garden.' 'What more?' enquired the genius when Mirza stopped, obviously puzzled at the strange sight. 'Well—I see also several staircases leading to narrow gateways in the wall and round these the crowd seems to be densest.' 'Watch one of these carefully' interrupted the genius.

Mirza turned his gaze to the nearest entrance and watched the ceaseless struggle there. Everyone was endeavouring desperately to reach the gateway and enter into the garden. Mirza was horrified to observe the selfishness with which each one pushed and heaved, kicked and boxed, snatched and grabbed to approach the entrance—with the result that few

ever climbed the steps and fewer still managed to enter, because passage was rendered difficult not only by the confused struggle of the people outside, but also by the stout resistance offered by those already inside, who did all in their power to prevent any of the outsiders from entering into the garden. Looking more intently at the crowd, Mirza observed many unfortunate beings trampled underfoot by the maddened mob of struggling men. Some of these were kicked about like lifeless corpses, but there were others—miserable creatures, all torn and tattered, maimed and suffering—who still had a spark of life in them and were with uplifted hands begging for help. Some looked at them with pity; a few tried to help them; while others carelessly trod over them quite deaf to their cries and blind to their misery. Mirza, no longer able to look at a struggle so mean and selfish and a sight so pitiful and horrifying, turned his face towards the genius and with great earnestness asked 'But what is in the garden that could justify such a desperate struggle?' 'You shall see' said the genius. He waved his hand and the scene at his command changed. Mirza, his eyes wide open with wonder, was soon gazing into a flowery and fruitful garden which seemed to abound with comforts of all kinds. The genius allowed Mirza to gaze for sometime and then he asked 'What dost thou see, Mirza?' 'I see,' replied he, 'many things which are exactly the contraries to my expectations. I expected to find the lot of the people here a delightful contrast to that of the mob outside, but on the contrary I see, here also, nothing but confusion and discontent. Moreover I discover that here too there are several small enclosures, round which, I see a strug-

gle which can rival, at least in selfishness that carried on outside. But what is all this struggle about? Pray tell me what does all this mean?

'Well,' began the genius 'that vast crowd of struggling men you saw outside are called the "Masses" and this is the "Garden of Wealth". As you have seen every member of the "Masses" endeavours to enter into the garden of wealth, quite regardless of the harmful consequences of his selfish struggle. The victims of such a struggle, as one might expect, are many; these are the feeble and the foolish trampled under foot by the strong and the sly. Here in the gardens, as you see, a similar struggle is carried on round those enclosures which are called "Gardens of Luxury" and which are the goal of all those who are in the Garden of Wealth. Even these are not abodes of peace and happiness, but in each one of them also a struggle is carried on round a smaller but grander garden. Would you not like to have a peep inside one of the innermost of these gardens?'

'I would love to' replied Mirza.

Once more the genius waved his hand and Mirza felt as if he was looking through binoculars at the centre of one of those gardens of Luxury. 'Ah what a gorgeous spectacle!' he exclaimed, his eyes gleaming with wonder and admiration. But suddenly the expression on his face changed from one of joyous wonder into one of puzzled surprise. 'Why is that man lying like an intoxicated glutton, amidst scenes so delightful and enlivening; and what are those horrible looking birds that come down and peck him one by one?' 'Ah that is Millionaire Sensual, who is reduced to that pitiful state by those cursed birds that inhabit this otherwise heavenly

spot. That big black bird that comes down first is called "Excess" and some of the others that follow are called "Disease" "Pain" and "Boredom".

Mirza after a long gaze, turned away his eyes with disgust to another part of the garden, where he observed another man, who would make a good contrast to the former. He was an active, emaciated and wrinkled old fellow—a mere skeleton of a man—who was also tortured by a host of birds. 'And who may that be' inquired Mirza. 'That is Millionaire Careworn and that big bird that sweeps down upon him every now and then is known as "Business" and the others that follow its lead are "Worry", "Anxiety", and many others of that type.' Mirza did not find any pleasure in watching such a wretched being, tortured by those ugly birds.

Throwing his glance in another direction, he saw a third person busily occupied about some sort of a machine. After having made his own observations, he turned to the genius for further information. The genius began by telling him that there was another type of birds, gentle and beautiful, in whose presence those other fierce and ugly ones could never remain. These were known as "Amusement", "Pleasure", and "Excitement". And the man you see before you,' he continued, 'is Millionaire Carefree occupied as usual in his search for these birds. He does most fantastic things, in the attempt to catch them. He constructs elaborate and beautiful parks, with lakes of pure milk, fountains of grape juice and huge towers of sweet cakes—all this to tempt down those elusive birds' 'But why such stupid waste?' interrupted Mirza, 'lakes of pure milk, fountains of grape juice and

towers of sweet cakes!' 'I have told you that he does most fantastic and meaningless things. Moreover, he can easily afford to do so. The garden is brimful with all things, and since he cannot consume all, he uses, or rather misuses, them to satisfy his human tendencies for extravagance and luxurious waste. At other times he occupies himself in chasing (often in vain) these birds in his flying machines, one of which you see there before him. One thing remarkable about these machines is that they are fed by a peculiar fuel curiously called "Life blood of the Poor" of which large quantities are consumed in these flights after those birds "Amusements", "Pleasure", and "Excitement".

A long interval followed which was at last broken by Mirza with the remark 'It seems to me incredibly foolish that the crowd outside you call the "Masses" should thus not only waste its energy but also make itself miserable by a struggle so selfish and so disorderly. It would be by far wiser, if they had all united in a single organized body to batter down these walls that stand in their way to happiness. It is quite clear that with the disappearance of all these separating barriers—within which a few people waste in a day what would serve for years to bring ease and comforts to thousands of people outside—there would come into existence a new order of things, a single abode of peace and happiness devoid of all the stings of Want and all the evils of Excess; an abode where the people would struggle not *against* each other, but *for* and *with* each other, and where *everyone's* energy would be used to make him and all his fellow beings happier and more comfortable.'

'I quite agree with you, Mirza,' remarked the genius 'and so will any other who looks at it all, like us from a detached point of view. There are a few, both among the masses and within the gardens, who have realized the evils of these walls, but their voices are drowned in the horrible din of this selfish struggle, which makes beasts out of men and reduces intellectual beings into irrational creatures. All that such people can do is to keep on shouting out their disapproval of these barriers, and at the same time continue their struggle, because in this case the best way to teach is not by example. The solution does not lie in one or two conscientious persons throwing themselves from the garden of Wealth into the mob outside, nor does it lie in the efforts of three or four soft-hearted persons trying to send ease and comforts over the walls in those "Divinely beautiful" flying chariots called "Charity" which fall among the crowd outside like drops of water into

a huge devouring fire . . . No! It lies in the *complete destruction* of these separating barriers, that are not only the cause of this pitiful waste of energy, but is indeed responsible for almost all the suffering to which everyone is subject both in the gardens and also outside.' Mirza assented silently and turned his face to gaze long and fixedly at struggling masses of men below. When he next turned round to speak to the genius, he was astonished to find that he was not there—he had disappeared. Instinctively, he looked down once more, only to discover that all those wonderful things which had puzzled his mind for the last few hours, had also melted away like their creator, and in their place his eyes beheld the customary sight of the flat plain that spread like a coloured carpet below him. Having learnt through his last experience, that waiting would serve no purpose, he began to descend homewards slowly and thoughtfully.

THE ELECTRIC TRAINS

By L. M. TURNER, *Hons. III, Br. vii.*

By storied house and aced farm,
 By telegraph pole and leaning palm,
 The trains rush on through storm and calm,
 Bearing professors in caps and gowns,
 Studious students with shaven crowns,
 Bearing men to od'rous towns,
 Rattling in to Tambaram,
 Madras Beach to Tambaram,
 Rattling out from Tambaram,
 To the Beach from Tambaram.

Clickety clack the wheels go on,
 And back and forth the trains go on,
 While red and green the lights glow on,
 From Madras Beach to Tambaram,
 Rattling in to Tambaram,
 Rattling out from Tambaram,
 To the Beach from Tambaram.

On Judgement day—On Judgement day,
 The trains will run on the Milky Way,
 Driv'n by angels in glad array,
 Bearing professors in wings and gowns,
 Studious students with harps and crowns,
 Bearing men to golden towns,
 Rattling out from Tambaram,
 Ne'er to return to Tambaram,
 In non-stop run from Tambaram,
 From Madras Beach and Tambaram.

THE STORM

By L. M. TURNER, *Hons. III, Br. vii.*

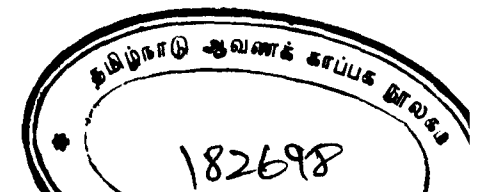
Black fingers in the evening skies
 Dark the barren hills frowning,
 In fire and blood the bright sun dies,
 Ag'd night comes down
 On soft black wings
 And with her brings
 Stars in her gown
 And the moon for her crowning.

Soft winds whisper, passing by,
 The channel'd brook is sighing,
 The spectral trees with anxious eye
 Watch clouds piling
 In murky bars,
 Eating the pale stars
 And defiling
 The gay night with their dyeing.

Sudden there comes a lightning flash
 Stabbing at the dull earth's face,
 Loud the clumsy thunders crash ;
 Come winds moaning
 Through trembling trees
 That they all seize,
 Peace dethroning,
 And savage in wild embrace.

Then loud laugh the wild winds of air
 And harry the heavy clouds
 Till they weep in rage and despair ;
 Down comes the rain
 Pattering down
 On field and town,
 Filling again
 Pools and streams the ground-mist shrouds.

Lo ! sudden as a night-mare dream
 The loud winds die awailing,
 The vapours flee and laughs the stream
 On its soft sand ;
 But the torn trees
 In moon-lit frieze
 Like daz'd men stand
 After a combat quailing.



TO THE FLAME OF THE FOREST

By L. M. TURNER, *Hons. III, Br. vii.*

Herald of summer, of the burning days
 When distant hill-sides shimmer in the heat
 And gold in waves of fire the sun's rays beat
 On the aisled forest where the warm wind plays.

Lo ! all trees are dying, alone you greet,
 In flame-like blooms with petals at your feet,
 Your destroyer as he strides the dead ways
 Till he sinks at last where sky and earth meet.

Symbolic flowers ! May I meet death like thee
 Light of heart—undaunted by his fears
 Knowing his fell durance but short to be ;
 For there will come a time when new life appears
 Better than that the Monsoon brings to thee
 When from the south-west his black hulls he steers.

THE TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By R. PRABHAKAR, *Hons. V, Br. iii.*

This is not an analysis of the economics of unemployment. Neatly classified causes and remedies for this problem can be found in any good text-book of economics. Rather this is an attempt to understand the hearts and minds of India's unemployed thousands.

Hobbes cynically described sympathy as the distress we feel at the thought that the same sufferings that we see other people enduring might befall us some day. Perhaps our sympathy for the unemployed is of this nature. For we know perfectly well that most of us must join their ranks after leaving the sheltered walls of the College.

Every year, our schools and universities release into the country thousands of educated young men, thenceforth to roam about in search of jobs. During their futile quest for employment they are overcome with the crushing feeling that society does not want them. And if there is sufficient spirit left in them, there grows up in their hearts a burning resentment against a social order which has no place for them. Revolutionary doctrines come to have a new appeal. They are not greatly bothered about the intellectual validity of these theories. It is sufficient if they hold out hopes of brave new worlds where job-hunting, poverty, and misery, will be things of the past. And if they accept these doctrines, their beliefs will be shot through with a resentment complex. Hatred for those whom they consider responsible for the present evils will dominate them.

Does this not explain why hatred of exploiters—foreign or Indian—rather than real love and sympathy for the masses animates the growing body of Socialists in India ? Does this not explain why unemployed youth formed the spear-head of the Nazi movement in Germany—supplying it with the fanaticism and ruthlessness which characterizes it ? If the misery and resentment which unemployment creates explains all this, then surely it is an urgent and vital problem. If it is not solved quickly and satisfactorily, we must prepare for all the horrors of a violent revolution. And what will emerge after such a revolution, none can foresee.

And what of those who do finally find employment ? Most often they get the job for which by training and temperament they are least suited. So we find young men trained in mathematics, or literature, or philosophy, doing clerical work which could be done as well or perhaps better by anyone with a minimum of education and perhaps with a head for figures and a faculty for 'bull-work'. It is needless to describe the stultification of personality that results. After a few years of such work, all their youthful buoyancy is crushed. Years of job-hunting followed by such a drab existence and continual submission to 'bosses' quite often develops in them a servility which is in tragic contrast with their original independence and self-respect.

Considering how hard they have to struggle for jobs, is it surprising that they come to regard employment as a

means of livelihood merely, rather than as a means of serving the community? How many of our 'public servants' realize that they are in truth servants of the public, and that they are there not to be ministered unto but to minister?

Certainly the unemployed have an abundance of self-appointed guides, philosophers and friends, ready to offer them advice entirely free of cost. Some of these raise the absurd cry 'Back to the land'. Others, among them Gandhiji himself, say 'Boycott higher education'. Others offer loftier advice—'Don't hanker for jobs. Serve the villagers'. Let us deal with each of these 'solutions' in turn.

It is absurd to talk of the educated unemployed settling down to agriculture. Not that agriculture is beneath their dignity (as some foolishly think) or even unsuited to their training. Educated young men can settle down as well-to-do farmers in their villages and be happier than they would be in clerical jobs. But the trouble is that the vast majority of them cannot settle down so comfortably as all that. Economists are dinning into our ears that the main cause for poverty in India is the enormous pressure on the land. And as if there are not more than enough on the land already, the cry has gone forth that the whole problem of educated unemployment would be solved if young men quietly went back to the villages.

Then there is the superficial view that there has been too much of education. Seeing the flood of educated young men released into the country every year, some have come to think that this 'mania' for education should go, and then the problem of educated unemployment would disappear. What foolish short-sightedness! Can there be too much education? To

cut down education to solve unemployment savours of a return to barbarism. Would we go without food to cut down our personal expenses? The Chinese Generalissimo, Chiang-Kai-Shek, realizing the vital importance of education for national progress, dissuades students from going to the front in the present conflict with Japan. When the war is over, he asks, who are to be the builders of the nation if not educated youth? If they are sacrificed in the war, what of China tomorrow? Perhaps Gandhiji needs to learn this truth from the great Chinese leader.

And then we are asked to undertake rural reconstruction. Medically qualified men, for example, are asked to go to the villages and render free medical service. Anyone who knows India realizes the need for a large-scale drive for rural reconstruction—to liquidate illiteracy, to revive village industries, to give instruction in better agricultural methods, to teach peasants to organize and co-operate and to serve them in many other ways. But those who urge young men to undertake rural reconstruction forget one all-important factor. These young men are but human and they have the right to live. And how are they to obtain their livelihood while they are engaged in this altogether praiseworthy task of village uplift? Such material considerations are presumably beneath the notice of the great ones who offer us advice. Perhaps they would ask us to depend on voluntary contributions. The Bombay Students' Federation launched on a programme of village uplift and realized that its most vocal advocates were least willing to help them when it came to a matter of hard cash.

Others say that industrialisation is the only solution to this burning

problem of unemployment. Such is the consensus of opinion among economists. This is true enough. Despite Gandhian economics, industrialisation is bound to come. World economic forces will bring it about whether we want it or not. Any attempt to set the clock back—to make village industries the permanent economy of India—would be futile. What we rather need to remember and emphasize is that to allow industries to grow up haphazard, without any kind of planning or regulation, would not improve matters. For we would then be inviting all the accompaniments of *laissez-faire* capitalism—over-production and under-consumption, periodical crises and chronic unemployment. Unplanned industrialisation in India would lead to greater evils than now exist. From the frying-pan we would leap into the fire. At the time of Hitler's advent, there were thousands of unemployed educated young men—many of them with technical qualifications—in a country which was industrialised to the *n*th degree. If there is no adequate planning in the industrialisation of our country, we would have to face such a situation some day.

Not industries only, but education also has to be planned. The standard of school education should be raised

and technical courses included, so as to make a school course a sufficient qualification for any of the usual clerical or technical vocations. University education—whether of the liberal or the highly technical type—should be reserved for a very limited number—for those with a special aptitude and inclination for such higher studies. Then only would universities serve their purpose as centres of culture and research. When education is thus planned and employment assured for all suitably qualified, then we could value education as an end in itself, and as equipping us, not for a grim struggle, but for the whole-hearted service of society.

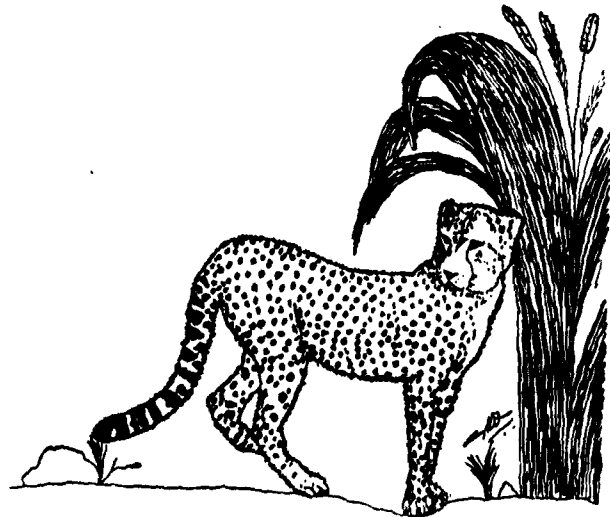
Such plans as these, be it admitted, cannot be realized overnight. What of those thousands who now stand and wait—living a drab and care-worn existence? What comfort would it be to them if they were told to wait till India is industrialised by and by? It would be cold comfort perhaps. But men have internal resources, and knowledge is strength. If they understood the true causes of their plight, they would perhaps not allow their spirits to be embittered or crushed. But nothing could be more cruel than to torture them by offering quack remedies.

THE HUNTING-LEOPARD

By S. KRUPANANDA REDDI, *Hons. V, Br-vii.*

The hunting-leopard or the cheetah, as it is more commonly known, belongs to the great family of cats which counts among other members such noble and fierce beasts as the lion, the

species, each marked with its own peculiar characteristics, while it is the cheetah which is trained to hunt and in due time comes to be known as a hunting-leopard.



tiger, the leopard, the puma, the jaguar and the black panther. Before we say anything of the cheetah it is essential that we should distinguish it from its near cousin, the leopard. Many people are in the habit of confusing one with the other chiefly because of the very misleading term 'hunting-leopard', which naturally speaking ought to have been 'hunting-cheetah'. The result is that people get the impression that 'leopard' and 'cheetah' are only different names for one and the same species and that the hunting-leopard is a leopard which has been caught and trained for the chase. Far from it, the leopard and the cheetah are two distinct

The word 'cheetah' is derived from Hindustani 'chitā' itself derived from original Sanskrit 'chitraka' which means 'having a speckled body'. It is about the same size as the leopard but stands higher at the shoulders on account of its longer legs. The colouration is similar to the leopard's, that is, it is of a yellowish-fawn ground-tint, but the *ocelli* or spots are different, being smaller, distinct by themselves, and closely set together. The *ocelli* are distributed more evenly on the body of the cheetah than on the leopard, except on the tail which is marked at regular intervals by thick black stripes. On the leopard the markings are not so even while they

tend to form rings and rosettes and are never separate and distinct by themselves. The markings are important when one remembers that one can most safely distinguish between a leopard and a cheetah by taking the spots into consideration. On the whole the cheetah is more canine than feline in its look, build and temper, and especially with regard to its large and muscular paws filled with dog-like claws which, though sharp, are only partially retractile. In fact the cheetah greatly resembles a big spotted greyhound. It can also be easily tamed to acquire the mild and docile disposition of a pet dog. One point, very much in favour of the cheetah, is that it is never a man-eater nor has it ever been known to be one, while the leopard, driven by hunger and circumstance, can easily force itself to acquire this deadly reputation. In its native haunts the cheetah contents itself with antelope or deer and at times an occasional sheep or goat, but never a man. However, when it does encroach upon human habitations, especially a village, but only to carry away an unwary sheep or goat, it is given short-shrift and treated by the villagers as any other fierce and deadly animal.

The cheetah is to be found in the hot open plains of Africa, in the reed-covered swamps and jungles of the Euphrates Basin in Iraq, in the forests of Persia, and in the dense primeval jungles of Kathiawar, Gwalior, and Oudh in India. But it is only in Persia and India that its natural swiftness of foot has been turned to account by man. History records that as far back as 865 B.C. Hushing, King of Persia, maintained extensive cheetah-kennels for purposes of the royal chase, and ever since his time such kennels have formed a part

of the permanent establishment of numerous Persian and especially of Indian princes. Even at the present day there are many Indian princes who maintain cheetah kennels for the chase very much as their ancestors did. In India hunting with leopards has become so extensive a sport that many princes have been forced to import cheetahs from Africa in order to fill their kennels.

Among the several Indian princes who have taken to this sport special mention must be made of His Highness the Maharajah of Kolhapur whose cheetah-kennels I had the unique privilege of seeing a few years ago. I went to Kolhapur and reached it late in the evening. The next day while I went about sight-seeing in the city I was amazed at the sight of full grown cheetahs led by chains on their morning rounds along the public thoroughfares, by attendants who were armed with nothing more than small short sticks safely tucked away by their sides. More met me as I proceeded further and some I found were led blindfolded and muzzled. I accounted for these with my own explanation that they were still in the process of training. In their cases, the attendants leading them were armed with long heavy sticks held ready in their hands. But in one case I saw a pair of cheetahs, unmuzzled and without any blindfolding, led by a single keeper armed with only a small thin whip which was used more to urge the animal forward than anything else. The sight reminded me of a couple of police dogs led on their morning rounds near my home at Egmore. Naturally I gathered that this particular pair must have been fully tamed and trained and ready for the chase and that the different sights which

met me were different phases in training, a process which usually lasts between six and seven months.

In the evening I made careful enquiries and secured information as to the exact whereabouts of the cheetah-kennels and was told to go to a 'Zoo', maintained at His Highness' own expense, near his palace. This Zoo consisted of a few birds and monkeys, sheep and goats, and the cheetahs. The cheetahs were housed in two rooms measuring roughly thirty feet by sixteen. Eight ordinary camp-cots were arranged in dormitory fashion with intervals of a foot along the length of each room on either side, very much like the beds in a hospital ward. This made a total of sixteen camp-cots in each of the rooms. Each cot was occupied by a full grown cheetah tied up by a chain attached to an iron ring plugged firmly in the cement wall. In all there were thirty-two cheetahs provided with these camp-cots in both the rooms. The cheetahs were very tame and quite harmless and at the invitation of the smiling keepers who saw with amusement the look of fear in my eyes, I gathered myself together, walked towards the cheetahs and was surprised to find that they would not even so much as take notice of me. I was immediately assured and my fears being allayed I merely had to touch them lightly to make them sit up and take some notice of me after all. Just then an attendant sauntered across the room towards me and after patting the cheetah near me, on the head, raised it up from its reclining posture and pulled harshly at its tail two or three times. I was frightened at the action of the apparently reckless keeper and was convinced that he was only courting serious trouble. But, instead, the cheetah answered

by purring like a huge cat and gently rubbing its face to and fro against the man's breast. This was taming indeed, I thought to myself. After this incident I was completely at my ease and walked up boldly to everyone of the cheetahs observing them carefully at close quarters. Some of them even bore names, one being named Lakshmikumari and another Krishnakumari.

The animals are looked after with great care. They are groomed regularly, their coats are brushed and kept free from fleas, lice, and other parasites, and their claws are manicured. The last operation is absolutely necessary, for the cheetah's claws, being only partially retractile are apt to become blunt by constant rubbing on the floor and in a hunt sharp claws are an indispensable adjunct to the cheetah's paws. They are fed twice a day. Their food usually consists of raw chumps of meat and at times milk, bread, and warm blood; while water is supplied to them at specified intervals in huge wooden ladles. The cheetahs are also regularly exercised everyday by being taken for a walk, through the main thoroughfares of the city, every morning and evening, and this serves to keep their health in perfect condition.

As regards the process adopted in the training of cheetahs for the hunt, it is quite simple but very protracted, sometimes stretching over a period of nine to ten months. But usually the process is completed within six months at the end of which time the cheetah is transformed into a full-fledged hunting leopard, ready for the chase. According to a keeper, the cheetahs are captured fully grown and kept in a room the occupants of which keep up a continual chatter so that in due time the cheetahs might

come to lose that fear of the human voice which is so common to most wild animals. It is only after they have been sufficiently trained to fear and respect man and to respond to his call or whistle that the cheetahs are taken to the field and trained to hunt game. As soon as they have been sufficiently tamed they are taken to the field on specified days in a week, and trained to hunt. They are carried to the field chained and hoodwinked. At the field they are unleashed and taught to creep up stealthily towards their prey (in this instance a dead animal suspended from an overhanging branch), and to hold it firmly till the keepers can arrive. This is repeated again and again until the cheetahs have become fully trained.

When an Indian prince decides to have a coursing meet the kennels become a centre of activity. The cheetahs are groomed and got ready, chains are polished, draperies are taken out and dusted and bullock-carts are harnessed ready to convey the cheetahs to the field. The cheetahs are always carried to the field in carts, hoodwinked and chained at the neck and loins and held down in a sitting posture. Each cheetah has its own set of attendants ready to attend to its needs. On special occasions both cheetah and attendants are clothed in gorgeous draperies, the carts are gaily

decorated and the bulls drawing them are arrayed in magnificent trappings.

When the party comes to a likely spot they halt their carts and wait in deadly silence for antelopes, deer or any other game. As soon as a herd of antelopes or deer is sighted, the hood is removed from the cheetah's head and it is allowed to take stock of its surroundings. Then it is unleashed and allowed to go after its prey. The cheetah, however, does not immediately rush upon the animal, but after espying the creature lurks up to the quarry stealthily but swiftly taking advantage of every possible cover during its advance. Then with a few swift and sudden bounds it springs upon the neck of the animal and mauls it. It holds its prey biting and strangling it until one of the party rushes up on a swift horse and despatches the game. Then a vein is cut in the throat of the dead animal and the cheetah rewarded with a bowl full of warm rich blood. Sometimes, however, if the victim proves too swift for the cheetah it gives up the chase after following its prey for a few hundred yards and returns disappointed and breathless at the call of his master, for its powers of endurance are not very great. The hunt over, the cheetah is returned to the kennels, there to be groomed, massaged and prepared for the next meet.

FIRST-NIGHTS AT TAMBARAM

By THE PALE-MOUTHED PROPHET

The *creme-de-la-creme* of the Intelligentsia of South India gathered here at Tambaram have in a world unconscious of this stupendous miracle performed in its midst, evolved, with sweat and toil and pain (whose sweat and toil and pain will be shown later), a new Art-Form. An Art-Form, dear reader, which rivals, nay surpasses, the Ballet-Russe for rhythmical strength, the Ballet-Joos for supple adaptability, the bally Jews for heroic perseverance, the sculptures of Jacob Epstein for dynamic brutal strength, the Surrealists for bizarre grossness and the Zoo for noises-off.

It is young, yet it contains phylogenetically, the accumulated wisdom and bitter experience of countless generations of students who have sat through concerts and found them pretty grim.

It is not in the performers but in the seething, bubbling, burgeoning life of the audience that the real enjoyment, the actual entertainment, resides. With all the clear ardour and ruthlessness of youth, with Bolshevik thoroughness, the performer as a class is swept away into the Limbo of Unmentionable Things. The expropriator is expropriated and the proletariat at last comes into its own.

The performers provide the merest *raison d'être*, the frailest of excuses, for these vital, creative communal gatherings. They can be dispensed with ; all that is really necessary is that ' O my Darling, O my Darling, O my Darling, O my Darling, O my Darling Clementine ! ' should be played continuously, which is enough to

promote deep, belly-shaking guffaws, 'broad as a thousand beeves at pasture', warm waves of jollity, washing and lapping at the stifled heart of the demos.

The primeval, instinctive gregariousness displayed by Tambaram audiences is the same spirit that drove the early man into communal gatherings and thus produced the wondrous gift of speech; the same spirit that drove the hardy Northmen into their mead-halls where, to the songs of their scopas the rich legacy of European Ballads was developed and where their limbs, swinging to the rhythm of the song, produced the multitudinous forms of folk-dances; the same spirit, if Durkheim be true, that produced from such communal gatherings the primary *a priori* conceptions of Time and Space (what a smack in the eye for Kant!). And these gatherings at our concerts, the only outlet for starved souls, might well result in as momentous creations. For who has not noticed timid students, at all other times dumb, giving tongue when put into a concert audience, producing musical *vers-libre*,—melodic howls and chants, welling up from the deepest springs of their being and some flinging their twitching limbs about like dervishes, or electrocuted frogs? This new Art-Form, palpitating with life, is the product of a people's soul. It renders articulate all the dumb yearnings of suppressed students, it represents their one crowded hour when soul and body can stretch and expand in a congenial atmosphere and they feel themselves

to be men. It is this stretching-out to a fuller life by the audience that gives it a pathos which brings tears to the eyes of the spectators, among whom may be numbered the performers. Great and beneficial are the sociological effects of the 'audience-concert'. It provides a magnificent safety-valve for all suppressed superiority-complexes. It should be welcomed and encouraged by the Staff of the College, for the energy that might be pounded out on the lecture-room galleries is now dissipated harmlessly on the lawns. It makes for fuller personalities. How many budding Gandhis and Nehrus might not find themselves by lusty yells of 'Get off'; how many Vallathols by particularly daring capers; how many Kalidasas by extempore singing and declaiming? *Gnothi Seauton* advised the Delphic oracle and here, flowers, otherwise doomed to blush unseen, flourish and know themselves at last.

The audience-concert is not yet fully developed and self-dependent ; some performers on the stage are still necessary. It is because of this immature youthfulness that scenes of conflict between audience and performer, worthy of the Roman amphitheatre, are witnessed ; these are just growing-pains. Knocking at the door of the future, impatient of any curb to their spontaneous creativeness, the audience treats the performer with an astringent, concentrated brutality ; it sweeps up and sadistically tortures these miserable relics of the old order, just as an exercise of its new-found powers. Soon it will tire of this feeble sport, and, coming into its own, will render the individual entertainer finally unnecessary. This Art-Form will then enter into its final stage when the audience, truly democratic, will provide entertainment *of* the

people, *for* the people, *by* the people, without any individuals to stand between. Looking into the future we expect to see the audience splitting into two parts like the two parts of a binary star, each balancing the other in beautiful harmony, and being in turn entertainer and entertained. The dynamic force, now in unstable equilibrium, will then find its point of rest in a voluntarily divided audience. What a huge development on the present paltry system where the people are pitted against one man! From that Dialectic of Opposites will proceed a higher Synthesis that would have delighted the heart of Hegel and even of Karl Marx.

Let us, in imagination, witness a performance to see, in actuality, those forces at work that are going to remould The Concert. Putting a final tap to our toppers and 'tails'—or, rather, hitching up our dhoties and angavastrams,—we enter the portals of St. Hebiayurs and see facing us, seated on the grass in serried ranks, their faces stretching back into the darkness, the Audience, and across its surface moves strange rippings and the faces are illuminated by an inner, creative glow. They are tremendously alive. As a fitting background a magnificent pyrotechnic display is being given at the back, and the coloured streamers of booming rockets slash the purple curtain of the night. We watch enthralled. The whiteclad figures are gathered together like groups of statuary :

' Their airy limbs in sports they
And on the green contend the
Some in heroic verse divinely sing
Others in artful measures lead the

Some cheerful souls were feasting
 [on the plain,
 Some did the song, and some the
 [choir maintain'.
 —Virgil: *Aeneid*, Canto VI

The two halves of the crowd negligently face one another, with a few exceptions. Here and there a connoisseur may be seen facing the audience, smacking his lips in delicate appreciation of this new Art-Form; such are the elite, the seers, the prophets, the forerunners, who alone at present see which way the wind is blowing. The other exceptions are of a sadly different sort. Their very faces proclaim them to be callow youths, misguided enthusiasts, schizophreniacs, idealistic neurotics; and they are looking, in a strained agony, across the two parts of the 'audience'. It is partly the direction of their gaze and partly the suspicion that the light on the faces is not from an inner creative glow that makes us turn. We turn. We see a brightly-lit stage! a person trying to sing! another person, O heartbreaking fatuity! trying to accompany him on the piano!! Nothing, nothing would have led us remotely to suspect their vile presence—certainly not the behaviour of the 'audience'. They are unwanted. The only blot on the landscape. Stupefied at their daring we collapse on the grass and 'as through a glass darkly' our glazed and astonished eyes see the figures on the platform agonised, sweating, tortured, change with an apparent coherence. Surely, surely,

they are not daring to ENTERTAIN; they are worthy of a cartoon from Bate-man's pen entitled 'The men who refused to join in'. But hearing behind us the surging swell and roar of the crowd proceeding on its own way, entirely unaffected by the miming wraiths on the stage we steel our hearts. These anti-social wretches,—performers who actually perform and those who attempt to listen to them,—counter revolutionary blackguards, they *must* be liquidated. The conduct of the enthusiastic, virile mob leads us to suspect that this will soon be achieved, for even the most hardened of these social sinners, braving the storm like the captain of the schooner 'Hesperus', wilt at the concentrated hostility directed at them from the three hundred persons present. The piano and the *veena* cease to tinkle, the singers desist from their ragas and arias. Exhausted they cease, they fall, they repose. The last members of the dissolving crowd, with unexpected magnanimity, seize them by the collars and trail the flaccid bodies behind them. Their hoels drumming and bouncing on the gravel these last misguided wretches are borne off to their waiting rooms. The footlights are extinguished and darkling we sprawl contentedly on the greensward, look up at the stars and ponder on the future of this Art-Form. Yes, there, in the future lies its development, its fruition, its glorious goal. Its civilising effect? Of that also a little. But not much.

THE LAST WORD

By I. PAUL JESUDASAN, *Hons. V, Br. vii.*

Vasanta's father was a rich landlord but he could neither read nor write. He used to tell me when I went to his house or when he came with me in the evening to bathe in the village tank that as a small boy he dreaded the village schoolmaster and it was not so much because he had an intense dislike for any sort of mental exertion but because the teacher was such a fierce and hot-tempered man that he had the misfortune to remain illiterate. He had, however, made amends for his youthful indolence and neglect of studies by being very industrious on the fields which he had inherited as his patrimony. He knew exactly when the rains would come and how long before the falling of the first rains he should have the seeds sown in the small plot and watered so that the seedlings might be ready to be transplanted in the other fields when the rains came. In short, he knew almost everything relating to the raising of good crops and naturally he was proud of it. In spite of his knowledge he remained calm as deep water and was never ostentatious or overbearing in his manners.

Vasanta was his only daughter. Was she going to remain illiterate like him? That question didn't arise for she had already been going to the local school. Mr. Sankar—for that was the father's name—wasn't quite content to see that she had been sent to the village school. She could learn there very little beyond being able to read and write in Tamil. Vasanta had already learnt to read lessons

from her primer but he, alas, only felt ashamed in the thought that he couldn't read even so much. It was not long ago that he learnt with great difficulty to write his name in documents; yet whenever he happened to sign a document he had a slight fear that others better acquainted with letters might watch him and observe his ignorance from the way he wrote his name. He wasn't satisfied with the idea of his daughter learning only Tamil, for he felt that many others in the village might rival her in the mother-tongue and that would never do. He wished that his daughter should talk and read some respectable language which other people in the village couldn't understand. That was his ambition.

Mr. Sankar wished to send Vasanta to a school where she could learn English, for wasn't that the language in which the Collector spoke when he visited the village a few months before? To hear his daughter speak like a Collector would certainly give him unbounded joy. He should then have realised his ambition. He could hardly wish anything else for Vasanta.

But he was not the man who was immediately concerned with Vasanta's education. Vasanta was directly under the protection and superintendence of Rukmini, her mother. Ruk should know what was best for Vasanta. The idea of sending Vasanta to a Boarding School might win Ruk's approval; perhaps it might not; he wasn't quite sure. Mr. Sankar had never had occasion to differ from

Ruk's opinion since he married her some fifteen years before; much less had he ever offended her feelings. Somehow he could always find some meaning in each of her actions. She had always been in the right and he couldn't think of her ever going wrong.

But in this matter of giving Vasanta a decent education, he feared that Ruk might go wrong. Perhaps she might agree with him in his plan, in his ambitious scheme, but he wasn't quite sure. She might perhaps object to this idea on the ground that the Boarding School was a bit too far away and that Vasanta could hardly be persuaded to leave her and to stay in a new place. But could he not go to see Vasanta in her school every Saturday? It wasn't after all too far away. He could take Ruk also with him sometimes and show her round the fine buildings amongst which Vasanta had the privilege to live and study. Should he go and broach the subject to Ruk himself? Or should he send Vasanta as a spy to know her mind? And if he could only know her attitude he could go to Ruk with more confidence.

Besides he wasn't quite sure whether Vasanta herself would like the idea and be willing to leave her mother and stick to a new kind of existence in a Boarding School. He, of course, knew that Ruk loved Vasanta dearly but he also knew that she could be, and actually had been, severe at times. He wasn't quite sure whether he should send Vasanta first or to go to her himself. He didn't want the poor child to fall a victim to her wrath in case it was enkindled by the novel idea of his.

Mr. Sankar was obviously a hen-pecked husband but he never imagined that he had been living in

subjection to his wife. Ruk was very clever at managing things and it was therefore right and proper that she should rule the house. He wasn't quite as clear-sighted and tactful as Ruk, and he should therefore try to understand her and move along with her. It was only her interest in him that moved her to reproach him whenever he did anything foolish, and it was only right that she should do so. Even if he couldn't understand at times why Ruk should get so angry with him he never wished to ask for an explanation at the moment, for he knew she wouldn't have scolded him without adequate reason. Perhaps he had given promise to someone to lend a few rupees without a promissory note, perhaps he had paid a servant a little too much but anyway his dealings with people appeared to Ruk as something foolish, and she was always right. He had on many occasions smarted under her sarcastic tongue and shrunk before her withering looks but he invariably felt that he deserved it all and the wounds therefore were no sooner inflicted than healed. Mr. Sankar always submitted to Ruk's policy without having ever been conscious of it, and he never had occasion to regret that Ruk had the predominant voice in everything he did or tried to do.

Mr. Sankar was mustering up courage to face Ruk not with any idea of remonstrating with her in case she differed from his opinions but only to present her his views regarding Vasanta's education. He was always aware of the danger of doing things in a hurry. He should perhaps wait a little longer and ponder over the advisability of making this suggestion to Ruk, who would have left no course untried if it had even the remotest chance of contributing to the

happiness of Vasanta. She had ever been on the look-out for opportunities of making Vasanta rich. Would this prospect of educating Vasanta to raise her status have escaped her all-searching eyes? Probably Ruk was at the time thinking about it herself. She always did things alone. She would require no one else's advice or assistance. Only then could she have all the credit for herself.

Mr. Sankar had been in the meantime plying Vasanta with many questions. Didn't she love studying? Wouldn't she be glad to receive presents in money and clothes if she went to the Boarding School? Hadn't she ever asked her mother to send her to the school? Vasanta was naturally interested in the idea of getting presents from her parents but she would certainly not leave her mother.

'Why can't you and mother get me presents when I am here?' she asked. Mr. Sankar was disappointed by Vasanta's reply, for he expected that he would get from her an answer which would fall in line with his cherished ambition.

Fifteen months had gone by. Vasanta was then twelve years old. Mr. Sankar had been waiting to see that Ruk herself would sometime or other hit upon the idea of sending Vasanta to school. Then he needn't

broach the topic himself. Then there would have been no danger of incurring her displeasure by suggesting something she didn't like. He wished to believe that she had been actually contemplating it herself all alone. She might some day reveal to him her plan, perhaps quite circumstantially, not knowing that he had thought about the same long before. Then he would strengthen her hand and hasten the fulfilment of her plans.

No hints of this idea maturing in her mind fell from her lips. Days were flying fast. At last one evening he summoned up courage and told Ruk bluntly what he had been thinking about Vasanta.

Ruk was not going to argue with Mr. Sankar. She showed no signs of anger. She said quite simply 'That's none of your business; I know what I should do and also what Vasanta should do.'

Mr. Sankar remained unruffled. No angry passion swelled in his breast and no feeling of resentment overwhelmed his thoughts. Even before he entered her presence he had more than half guessed how his mission would succeed. He scratched his head and thought. . . .

'Perhaps it is not my business. Ruk must be right because she has never been in the wrong.'

SOCIETIES

The Madras Christian College Union Society

The College Union started its work for this academic year with some diffidence, as the office-bearers who preceded us had managed everything very admirably; but, fortunately, this served as a sort of inspiration to the present office-bearers and with the co-operation of students and staff, there is no reason why the Union should not do better this year.

The College Union Council resolved at its first business-meeting that the Union should have a lecture under its auspices every fortnight and we have been strictly adhering to this rule. The Inaugural Address was delivered by Dr. G. S. Arundale, President, Theosophical Society, on the subject 'Education and Politics'. Mr. S. Srinivasa Ayyangar delivered the second lecture under the auspices of the College Union, the subject being 'Religion, Morals and Politics'. Both the speeches were brilliant, highly candid, critical and illuminating. The third function was an Inter-Hall debate on the following motion: 'In the opinion of this House the present leadership of the Congress has outlived its importance and should be replaced by a more radical one at once'. The resolution was moved by Mr. S. Padmanabhan and opposed by Mr. P. S. Raman and was carried by a vast majority which indubitably shows that the Christian College folk are very 'radical' and are willing to bid good-bye to the 'old guard'!!! The fourth was a music performance by Miss D. K.

Pattammal, the famous South Indian artist. Though this was the first of its kind to be held under the auspices of the College Union there was a very good response from the staff and students with the result that there is a considerable surplus of money. We have suggested to the Principal and Vice-President that a portion of the money should be contributed to the King-Emperor's Anti-T. B. Fund and they have gladly accepted the suggestion.

Apart from these activities our college has been taking an active part in Inter-collegiate debates. There were two Inter-collegiate debates in the Presidency College; one restricted to the Intermediate classes, the other open to all classes: Messrs. U. N. Ramachandra Rao and K. J. Natarajan represented our college in the former debate and Messrs. Govindarajulu and S. Padmanabhan in the latter. In this connection we would like to announce that an Inter-collegiate debate under the auspices of our College Union will take place some time next term and we invite all the colleges in Madras to participate in it. Many students have asked us to hold an Inter-collegiate debate exclusively for women. The women students of our college will have to take the initiative in this matter. In this connection we would like to draw their attention to the important resolution, read out by the Secretary of the Union at the very first meeting, which runs thus: 'The Union welcomes the initiative of the college authorities in the introduction

of co-education in this institution and requests the authorities to consider the desirability of constructing a residential Hall exclusively for women by next year'. We are convinced that the success of co-education depends wholly on the active participation of the women students of the college in all the activities of the Union.

We would like to announce to the students of all the colleges in Madras that last year it was decided to have a rolling cup in the name of the Rev. Gordon Matthews. The cup shall be known as 'The Matthews Cup' and shall be given to the best debating team, consisting of two students from each college. To put this plan into execution we need the support of all colleges and we request their co-operation in this matter. Details concerning this competition will be announced through the Press later.

The constitution of the College Union Society was drafted by the office-bearers of last year and some others. But as it is, in our opinion, not quite comprehensive, we propose to get it printed in the next issue of our magazine with the necessary amendments and additions and with the formal ratification of the college authorities.

Once more we reiterate our belief that the success of the Union depends upon the co-operation given to us by students and staff and we would like to remind the staff that they too are members of the Union and that it is their 'privilege' to become bona-fide members by paying a small sum of one rupee per head.

S. PADMANABHAN,
Secretary.

The Madras Christian College Christian Union

The inaugural address of the Christian Union was delivered on 21-7-'39 by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras. His theme was, 'What does the Christian Union stand for?' At the same meeting the President welcomed all the New Christian students. Mr. S. J. Duraisamy, the Travelling Secretary of the S. C. M. of the Madras-Vellore area also addressed the students, his theme being 'Christian Fellowship'.

The various Committees have started work very enthusiastically. The sub-committees have framed a scheme of work for this term.

A devotional service was held on 23rd July in Bishop Heber Hall. Rev. R. S. Macnicol delivered an address on 'Removing mountains'. On 9th August a discussion was led by Rev. S. W. Savarimuthu on the subject 'Does God answer our Prayers?'. The several questions raised by the students were answered by him. The second devotional service was conducted on 13th August in St. Thomas's Hall. Rev. C. W. Ranson delivered the address. His theme was 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly' (St. John x. 10).

The villages around our College are really fortunate in gaining the sympathy and service of the social workers of our Union. A batch of volunteers, men and women, are conducting Sunday Classes in the Methodist Mission Elementary School and Tambaram Cheri. I take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Barnes for conducting a preparatory class for the Sunday School teachers. The social service section this year hopes to extend its activities in several directions.

Study circles are run regularly in the three Halls.

Membership this year is very encouraging.

In conclusion the General Secretary requests all the members of the Union to take greater interest in the work of the Union and the co-operation of all the Christian students is cordially solicited to enable the Union to achieve its aim and purpose.

G. GNANASIGAMONY,
General Secretary.

Madras Christian College Tamil Sangam

Among the office-bearers of the above Sangam elected for the year 1939-40 are the following:

Patrons: { Rev. R.S. Macnicol, M.A.
Mr. S.D. Sargunar, B.A.

President: Mr. T.K. Gopala Iyer, B.A.

Vice-President: Mr. P. Alala-sundaram Chettiar, M.A.

The inaugural address of the Sangam was delivered by Mr. S. Somasundara Bharathy, M.A., B.L. under the presidentship of the student-chairman on the 18th July 1939. The subject of the lecture was 'Thirukkural'. The speech, full of humour and illustrations was inspiring and instructive.

On 3rd August a debate on the proposition 'That in the opinion of this house machinery is not in the interests of India' was held with the student-president in the chair. P. Kumarappan (*Class IV*) moved the proposition and V. Narasimhan (*P. G. 1st. Year*) opposed it. S. Sundararajan, T. G. Ranganathan and Vellaiyan spoke for the resolution. R. Nithianandham, M. Apparswamy and A. Michael supported the opposition. V. R. Chandran also spoke as a

supplementary speaker. The resolution was put to vote and lost.

An ordinary meeting was held on the 9th August when Jambulingam (*Class I*) spoke on 'Temple Entry'. The student-chairman presided. The following students also took part:—A. Balraj, K. Subramanian, Sundararajan, Sundararaman and M. Apparswamy. At another meeting held on the 16th August T. S. Nataraja Pillai, B.A., B.L. delivered a lecture on 'The art of Kambar', pointing out the dramatic art and dramatic irony of Kambar.

T. G. RANGANATHAN,
Secretary.

Malayalee Association

The general assembly of the Malayalee Association met on Wednesday 5th July 1939 and elected its office-bearers.

It is for the first time in the history of the Association that we are having women students as members and I am glad that they are co-operating in every activity of the Association.

At the inaugural meeting on the 22nd July Dr. C. Achutha Menon, Ph.D. delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on 'Drama and Kathakali'. A debate was held on 7th August about co-education and the opinion of the house was that co-education was detrimental to the progress of students.

Onam was celebrated on Saturday 26th August 1939, at which function Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias presided.

K. A. VERGHESE,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjani Sanghamu

The Sangam has made a very fine and commendable start this year.

The inaugural address of our Association was delivered by the Hon'ble Mr. B. Gopala Reddi, Minister for Local Self-Government, on 2nd August with Mr. S. Govinda Rajulu Naidu, Vice-Principal, Law College, in the chair. Light refreshments, sweet and melodious songs, the fine and appealing speech of the learned speaker, and the concluding remarks of the president marked by sallies of wit and humour were among the pleasing features of the function. We look forward to good work in the course of the year.

M. VENKATASWAMI,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham

The Sangham held a general body meeting on the 14th July with Mr. K. Narasinga Rao in the chair, and elected its President and Secretary.

We are really proud to have had Vidwan U. Sitharamacharya of the Presidency College to deliver the inaugural address on 22nd August when Vidwan U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A., presided. The Sangham is very thankful to those who helped to make the function a success.

N. NAGESAPPA CHETTY,
Secretary.

Report of the English Honours Association

We had the first meeting of our Association on Wednesday the 5th of July at 3-15 p.m. with Mr. G. C. Martin in the chair when the office-bearers for the current year were elected.

Mr. K. V. Srinivasa Rao read a paper on 'The Necessity for a Moral Justification of Poetry'. In Mr. Rao's

opinion the tests of good poetry are not moral but aesthetic. In support of his theory he dwelt upon the import of poetry, what it stands for, its relationship with the life and feelings of man and its limitations. To sum up the theme was stated thus: In a point of conflict between Ethics and Aesthetics as the standard of good poetry, the former is to be sacrificed to the latter.

The next meeting was held a fortnight later when Mr. A. Madhava Menon took up the subject of 'The Letters of John Keats'. It was on the whole a very strenuous attempt at presenting a study of Keats's letters touching both their commonplace as well as their philosophical aspect. But remarkably enough he digressed from the main point towards a description of the poet's life and an explanation of the subtler qualities of his imagination. As might have been observed in a report of our meeting in the papers Mr. Menon's ideas and reflections concerning the poet were note-worthy and his expression elegant.

For our convenience we hold our meetings on Wednesdays at 3-15 p.m. when most other classes have their lectures or laboratory work. Nevertheless we extend a cordial welcome to any that may wish to attend our meetings.

The members of the English Honours Association feel proud of the exceptional success of their senior friends in the March 1939 Final Examination. We wish to assure them that we shall endeavour to maintain a high level in our activities and to keep up the tradition handed down to us by our predecessors.

PHILIP JAGANNATHAN,
Secretary.

Madras Christian College Literary Society

The committee of class representatives with Mr. J. D. Asirvadam as President have planned to hold three meetings in this term, out of which two have already been held. Last year, this Society held its meetings between the morning and afternoon sessions. The society decided to hold its meetings this year on Wednesdays at 4-10 p.m. as Wednesday is the only day of the week when the Intermediate classes have no Physical Training in the evenings.

On Wednesday 9th August 1939 S. Bhat and N. Nagesappa Chetty spoke on 'War and how it can be averted', Mr. J. D. Asirvadam presiding. Again on the 18th of August 1939, we had another meeting, the subject discussed being 'Non-Violence'. S. Appaswamy and N. Swaminathan were the main speakers, and Mr. Mathew Tharakan presided. A debate on 'The country is preferable to a town as a setting for a College' will be held on September 6th. This meeting will terminate our programme of activities for this term. An assistant secretary from the Junior Class will be elected early in the next term.

R. R. BENJAMIN,
Secretary.

The Mathematics Association

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday, the 2nd of August, when Dr. Vaidyanathaswami, Reader in Mathematics, University of Madras was kind enough to deliver a thought-provoking and learned address on 'What does Mathematics treat of?'

It may be possible to hold one other meeting of the Association this

term; but we are eagerly looking forward to an interesting lantern lecture which Mr. R. Madhava Rau of Guindy has consented to give us next term.

S. R. MESSIAHDOSS,
Secretary.

The Physical Science Society

The first meeting of the Society was held on Monday 14th August, when Mr. P. S. Srinivasan, M.A. gave an instructive lecture on 'The passage of electricity through gases'. The lecturer traced the course of the development in the subject during recent years and pointed out how the phenomenon of X-Rays baffled the scientists for a very long time until it was proved that X-Rays consisted of particles and waves. He demonstrated some interesting experiments bearing on the subject.

The Secretaries feel that only demonstration lectures can be of interest to students and hope to arrange for some more such lectures during the year.

P. N. MATTHEW,
V. NARASIMHAN,
Secretaries.

The Radio Club

Dr. A. V. Moses presiding, an ordinary meeting of the club was held on Wednesday 9th August, when the office-bearers were duly elected. As it was felt that a small committee of class representatives in addition to the Assistant Secretary Mir Ahmed Ali Khan would be most beneficial, the following were selected as the representatives of their respective Classes. They are K. T. Thomas, D. Srinivasan and H. Coyne.

Because wireless is a very complicated technical subject it is impossible to follow any lecture on wireless, with ease without some previous understanding of the principles involved. It was decided therefore to give the members of the Radio Club a sound theoretical and practical knowledge of Wireless.

Dr. Moses was kind enough to start the series of preliminary lectures on 15th August and it is expected that his treatment of the subject will be of value to Wireless enthusiasts.

There will be some more weekly lectures this term.

V. NARASIMHAN,
Secretary.

The Natural History Society

On July 26, Dr. J. P. Joshua and Prof. M. S. Sabhesan were elected Presidents, and student office-bearers and class representatives were also appointed. A business meeting was held on 1st August 1939 when it was decided (1) that every Natural Science student who wished to be a member of this society should pay an annual subscription of annas eight only; (2) that the secretaries should arrange for at least five meetings in a term, and (3) that a meeting be held to congratulate the Natural Science graduates of last year on their success in their examinations.

Mr. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar, Director, Department of Botany has consented to give us a lantern lecture.

V. VENKATESAPERUMALL,
K. S. SESHACHARI,
Joint Secretaries.

The Philosophical Association

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. S. Maleiperuman, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.

on 'Religion and Science' on 26th July. Dr. S. S. Gandhekar presided. The second meeting was held on 4th August when Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao, M.A., Research Fellow, University of Madras addressed us on 'Philosophy and Politics'. The lecture was very illuminating and interesting and the speaker kindly answered several questions put by the members. In the same meeting the following resolution was passed unanimously: 'The President and members of this association do take this opportunity to congratulate Sir S. Radhakrishnan an old and distinguished member of this association on the high privilege of having been the first Indian to be elected a Fellow of the British Academy'. A copy of the resolution was sent to Sir S. Radhakrishnan at Calcutta and he has kindly acknowledged it with thanks.

C. R. PAULUS,
Secretary.

History and Economics Association

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Sri S. Satyamurti, M.L.A. on the 1st of August. The subject of his address was 'Federation'. Mr. E. J. Bingle, M.A. presided on the occasion. The meeting was attended by a large gathering.

We hope to arrange study circle classes for the discussion of topics, which will be highly useful to the members of the association.

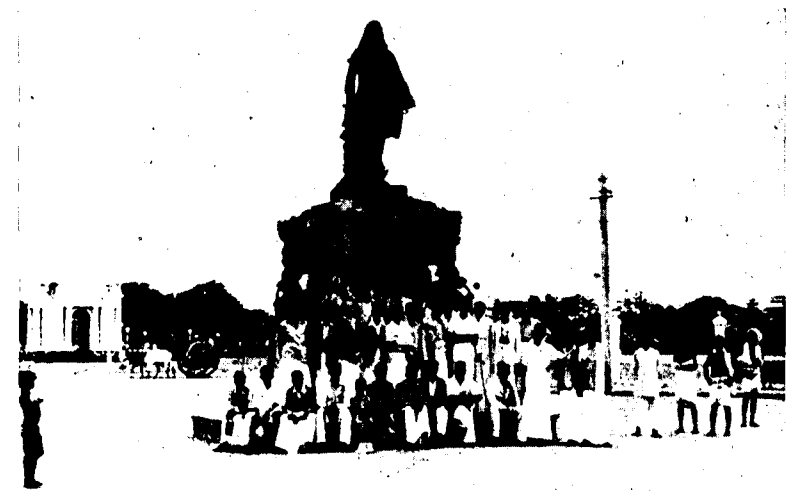
We request the members of the Association to take greater interest in the work of the Association and to co-operate with us in making it more successful this year.

S. SUNDARA RAJAN,
Secretary.

The Brotherhood

The Brotherhood which found several new lines of activities last year suited to conditions at Tambaram is continuing and developing its good work under the leadership of its new President, Dr. J. P. Joshua. A large number of students have enlisted themselves as active workers, and it is a pleasant sight to see a group of young men every evening at the Welfare Centre ready to render first aid and attend to little ailments. Under the enthusiastic leadership of U. N. Ramachandra Rao of St. Thomas's Hall, a very large number of students visited the Irumbaluyur village in July and August about the time of the full moon, and these visits have been greatly appreciated. At the entertainment given in July, Mr. L. N. Subramaniam presided, and gave an interesting talk on the *Ramayana*. On the second occasion the Village Munsiff presided. At both these meetings organised under the

auspices of St. Thomas's Hall Rural Service Association, several of the students spoke on various topics and entertained the villagers with music. The children of the village sang songs, the most well-known being the song in praise of Tamilnad composed by Bharati. Further a meeting of the villagers was held early in August to discuss the question of fodder scarcity. At that meeting Mr. J. D. Asirvadam presided, and the Agricultural Demonstrator at Saidapet and Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer urged the villagers to set apart a few cents of land here and there to grow certain kinds of grass for which the Agricultural Department was willing to supply the seeds at a very small cost. The village munsiff and a few others were formed into a group to consider the possibilities of solving this fodder problem. The two speakers promised to render any assistance needed.



BROTHERHOOD EXCURSION PARTY AT THE DUPLEX MEMORIAL



CAST OF ONAM DAY DRAMA



ONAM DAY DANCE TROUPE

STUDENT OFFICE-BEARERS

Selaiyur Hall

General Secretary :—George Abraham.
Secretary for Debates :—P. P. Nambiar.
Secretary for Entertainments :—Soundara Rajan.
Secretary for Indoor and Outdoor Games :—H. Ramayya.
Secretary for the Library and Reading-room :—P. Kumarappan.

St. Thomas's Hall

General Secretary :—Jacob Cherian.
Secretary for Debates :—A. Madhava Menon.
Secretary for Entertainments :—Philip J. Chandran.
Secretary for Indoor Games :—C. M. Poullose.
Secretary for Outdoor Games :—A. Kurien.
Secretary for the Library and Reading-room :—P. N. Mohandoss.

Bishop Heber Hall

President :—Clement Ratnayya.
General Secretary :—K. Venkatesvaran.
Secretary for Debates :—C. Damodaran.
Secretary for Entertainments :—H. S. Kadambavanam.
Secretary for the Library and Reading-room :—M. Ramakrishna Menon.
Secretary for Indoor Games :—B. H. H. Simon.

The College Union

Chairman :—Victor Pavamani.
Secretary :—S. Padmanabhan.

Assistant Secretary :—K. S. Srinivasan.

The Christian Union

President :—A. N. Gopal.
Secretary :—G. Gnanasigamani.
Treasurer :—Jacob Matthan.
Secretary for Social Service :—George Muller.
Secretary for Study-Circles :—U. M. Thomas.
Secretary for Devotional Services :—A. S. Paul.
Auditors :—
 S. R. Messiah Doss.
 Dorairaj.

The History Students' Union

Chairman :—J. Cyril Raj.
Secretary :—S. Sundara Rajan.

The Philosophical Association

Secretary :—C. R. Paulus.

The Mathematics Association

Secretary :—S. R. Messiah Doss.
Assistant Secretary :—George Abraham.

The Physical Science Society

Secretaries :—
 P. V. Mathew.
 V. Narasimhan.

The Radio Club

Secretary :—V. Narasimhan.
Assistant Secretary :—Mir Ahmed Ali Khan.

The English Honours Association

Vice-President :—G. H. Jansen.
Secretary :—Philip Jagannathan.

Literary Society

Secretary :—R. R. Benjamin.

Tamil Sangam

Chairman :—G. Gnanasigamani.
 Secretary :—T. G. Ranganathan.

Andhra Bhashabi Ranjani Sanghamu

Secretary :—M. Venkataswamy.
 Treasurer :—S. Subba Reddy.

Malayalee Association

Secretary :—K. A. Verghese.
 Assistant Secretary :—P. R. K. Menon.

Karnataka Bhashabi Vardhini Sangam

Secretary :—N. Nagesappa Chetty.

ATHLETICS

Playing Fields

The continued drought has done havoc to the playing fields and if it continues still further there will be no trace of any grass left. As it is, the only green patch in the whole area is the Cricket Pitch. All else is barren and the strong winds blow away the surface rapidly creating clouds of dust. With the stringent measures that had to be taken to safeguard the water supply, watering the playing fields was out of the question. With great difficulty the Cricket Pitch alone was kept alive with minimum watering. Even the tennis courts are in a bad way as watering had to be limited to the absolute minimum. Though we had to adopt all these measures we may console ourselves with the thought that we are not so badly off as the City of Madras where even drinking water is scarce. Let us hope we shall have a good monsoon with plentiful rains and that we shall be able to recover the grass on the fields.

Cricket

Cricket is becoming increasingly popular and there were regular crowds of aspirants turning up for practice at the beginning of the season. Some of our good cricketers of last year left us—B. S. Krishna Rao, P. N. Ramachandran, H. A. Spitteler and P. D. Calappa ; but some of them returned to us for a further period of two years—E. K. Harikrishnan and G. Abraham. G. Shanmugam, R. T. Parthasarathy and K. S. Thimmayya are among the new recruits. Of the five Inter-Collegiate matches we have

played so far, we have won two and lost three. Individually we continue to be good while as a team we still do not seem to make much headway. In batting G. Abraham, A. W. Keir and T. A. Janakiraman have scored 50 or more individually while V. Ramakrishnan, B. Bhasker Rao (Captain) and G. Shanmugam scored very near the half-century on one or more occasions. Fielding is the one department where we do not do anything outstanding, as a team. It is said that it is the one phase of the game that can definitely be improved by practice, but our men seem to think that fielding practice is something mean and degrading. Unless this attitude is changed forthwith there is little hope of doing anything remarkable as a team. The tale of 21 missed catches in our match with the Presidency College is a woeful one, but we should not be surprised if even this record is broken this year ! The bowlers to suffer at the hands of these slack fieldsmen are R. Ganesan and M. A. Belliappa, our slow bowlers, who, however, have been doing very well in spite of such treatment.

A word must be said about our Second XI. As usual we are running a regular Second team which plays regular matches. Once, when the first XI was playing on the Cricket field, the Second XI had another match going on at the same time on the adjoining ground—our Sports field. So far they played three matches winning twice and drawing the other time. Mir Ahmed Ali Khan, who is the Captain, has been very active and the future programme seems to be, quite good. H. S. Kadambavanam,

P. Piedpet, K. Kunhiraman and Balakrishnan are some of those who have been doing very well in this team.

Football

In many ways the team we had last year was one of the best we have ever had. Many of those who played for the College had to leave—Thankaraj Joseph, Srinivas Rao, Ganapathy, Inbaraj and Sreedhar, but we got back some of our old players—G. Ramamurthy and George Manickam. The team, on the whole, is quite a good one and if it maintains its present form we ought to win the League Championship. Some of the scores are really remarkable—7:1 against Veterinary, 8:0 against C. N. T. Institute, 10:0 against the Teachers' College. It must be admitted, however, that we have yet to meet some of the good teams in the League and the future depends on the form of our players next term. So far we have won every match.

The football talent in the College is so plentiful that it was an easy matter to get up a Second XI. In fact the Second XI is almost as good as the First XI and in some of the practice matches the scores have been very even. The Second XI played a few matches with outside teams and did very well indeed. The match with the Presidency College, which we won, is specially noteworthy.

Hockey

The Hockey team was considerably weakened by several of our best men leaving College,—F. Arul, P. D. Calappa, H. A. Spitteler and others, while there are not many new men who can take their place. Still the team has been doing quite well so far having won all the matches except the one against the Y. M. C. A., which

we lost. Though the chances of our winning the Championship are not so rosy as last year it is quite certain that we shall finish high up in the table at the end of the season. The chief difficulty has been to get a really reliable defence while the wing forwards also cannot be said to be quite sound. We depend chiefly on H. Coyne (Captain) and A. W. Keir to score the goals while V. Ramakrishnan, who plays in the pivotal position, is the chief mainstay of our defence.

A Second XI in Hockey took a long time to materialise. Only one match was played by them so far—against the Doveton Corrie School, and was lost. However, Benjamin (Jr.), who is the Captain, thinks he will be able to arrange a better programme next term.

Boxing

Mr. T. Antony, who was our Boxing coach for the last two years and who was responsible to a large extent for our success in the past, had to leave us and we were hard put to it to find another man who would be equally capable. Fortunately we were able to secure Mr. A. S. J. Henry as our regular coach for the year. Mr. Henry is no stranger to us; he was the Captain of our Boxing team two years ago and is quite well-known in South India as a boxer of the first rank. With his help we have every chance of retaining the Championship which we have held for the last two years in succession. Most of our last year's boxers are still with us and we have been able to get a few very promising new ones. So the outlook is very bright. At present coaching is given twice a week and the attendance has been large and regular. It is proposed to hold a few contests in our ring next term as part of the training for the

Inter-Collegiate tournament which will be held on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of November.

Basketball

After the other games—Cricket, Football and Hockey, were put on their feet as it were, regular practice in basketball was attempted. There is a tendency for the basketball players to confine themselves to their Hall courts and not come to the common courts on the playing fields for their regular games. This makes College team practices difficult. The better players should not crowd out the beginners from the Hall courts but should make a point of getting their games on the College courts where they can get a much better and far more enjoyable game. However, after a few practices we decided to enter for the tournament conducted by the Loyola College. We played two matches—one with the Loyola College 'A' and the other with the Law College, and won both. We are now to play the finals of the tournament with the Engineering College early next term. The members of the team are quite confident of winning the finals.

Physical Training

The physical training classes for the Intermediate Classes were organized in the same way as before. This year's First Class, however, is unusually large, and the problem of making their classes really effective very difficult. Instead of the usual six batches there are eight this year, but they seem to have settled down properly and before long, everything should go smoothly. The Second Class has started its League tournaments early this year and seems to be having a good time.

The Cricket and Hockey Teams' Visit to Salem

It is customary for one of our teams to go on a tour during the Michaelmas holidays and play a series of matches. Last year instead of one team, two went out—to Bangalore and Mysore, and this year also two teams decided to go on tour. When the final arrangements were being made it was discovered that most of the men could not go during the September holidays. So, suddenly it was decided to make the best of a long week-end when Monday and Tuesday were holidays and return after playing a few matches somewhere not too far away from Madras. Salem was chosen as the best place for our purpose and the Cricket and Hockey teams decided to make the trip. The Salem Gymkhana offered to be our hosts and to make all arrangements for our matches there. We left here on Saturday 26th August, after playing our Cricket match with the Muhammadan College, and reached Salem early the next morning. It being Sunday no matches were played on that day. On Monday we played the Combined Schools and College in Cricket and defeated them. The same evening the Hockey team played the Salem Gymkhana. The match ended in a draw though there was no doubt as to our superiority. The ground on which the match was played was not in a fit condition for any game and our men, not accustomed to such surfaces, could not produce their usual form.

The next morning we played a hockey match with the Reserve Police. This match also ended in a draw though this time we could not complain about the ground as on the previous evening. The Police

played a fast and robust game and the score—2 all, was a true index of the game. After the hockey match we played Cricket with the Salem Gymkhana. They had brought together the best team they could muster and we were glad to see two of our old players—the Spitteler brothers, R.A. and H.A. Though we won the toss and batted first we could score only 55 runs all told. Our opponents passed this score with the loss of only four wickets but the play continued till we enabled one of their men to score the coveted century.

Thus we played four matches altogether, won one, drew two and lost one. We tried to play yet another game—a hockey match with the Montford School, Yercaud, but when we got on top of the hills heavy rain ruled out all possibility of a game. We had to come back very much disappointed. We started for home the same night and reported at College the next day. These tours are very valuable apart from the experience it gives to our players. Many people get interested in our College when they see the fine sporting spirit that is so characteristic of us and our reputation as a College is considerably enhanced. Long and protracted tours are often tiresome and always expensive and so, short tours of this kind should be far more valuable and enjoyable.

C. A. A.

Football

Six places fell vacant in the team as Messrs. Thangaraj, Chudapparaj, Inbaraj, Sreenivasa Rao, Sreedhar and Ganapati left college at the end of the last academic year. We are happy that Ramamurthy has come

back to join us, occupying his old position of right-in. There was a large number of players to choose from. P. J. Thomas and Manikkam were taken in as left-out and left-in respectively. Though there was some initial difficulty in the selection of the full-backs, Amirtharaj and Ramaiya have been finally fixed upon. Our forward line is very good with P. C. Thomas to lead the attack. Charles figures prominently in the half-back line, ably assisted by P. I. George and Punnoose George. But the full-backs are not quite so reliable. T. V. John makes a good goal-keeper.

We commenced our League fixtures in fine style beating *Y.M.C.A. College*, by 2 goals to 1. Though our attack was a bit weak, P. C. Thomas and Ramamurthy were able to score 2 goals. Charles defended admirably.

In our second fixture with *Veterinary* we had a comparatively easy time, winning by a big margin of 7 goals to 2. We carried everything before us and our opponents were indeed extremely lucky to get off with 7 goals. P. C. Thomas was responsible for 3 goals, and Ramamoorthy and Manikkam scored 2 each.

Against *Presidency* we had a difficult time as our opponents resorted to rough play. We, however, managed to beat them by 3 goals to 2.

We defeated the *C. N. T. Institute* by a wide margin of 8 goals to nil, P. C. Thomas netting 5 and Ramamoorthy the remaining 3.

Till now we have won all the matches and we have high hopes of finishing at the top of the League table.

P. I. GEORGE,
Captain.

Cricket

We began our Inter-Collegiate season with a match against *Presidency College*. Our opponents batted first and compiled the huge total of 237 for 5 (declared). Our fielding was deplorable and we missed a record number of catches. Going in to bat, we did not have much hope of passing their score and so we indulged in stolid cricket, trying to force a draw. This however proved unsuccessful, when our last wicket fell three minutes before the close of play. Bhasker Rao and Shanmugham batted well scoring 28 and 31 respectively.

This was the first match we played on our turf wicket. It proved to be a very good wicket, though of course, not as true as our matting wicket.

Our second match was against the *Medicals*. This was more or less a repetition of the first match. Though our bowling was decidedly better (especially the slow bowlers) many catches were missed and our opponents, batting first, hit up 206 runs for 6 (declared). Our reply was a poor 95. Most of our batsmen failed, Shanmugham being the only one to make a fairly high score (28).

We won our third match against *Pachaiappa's*. Although we lost the toss, we were sent in to bat. Some of our good batsmen failed, but we managed to make 191 runs. A. W. Keir scored 59 runs in about twenty minutes, hitting 2 sixes and 6 fours. The other scores were Shanmugham (28), Ramakrishnan (28), and Abraham (50). *Pachaiappa's* were all out for 130. Our slow bowlers, Ganesan and Belliappa were in great form and between them, captured all the wickets.

Nanjappa has proved to be a smart wicket-keeper. Ganesan has now greater control over the ball and will, in future matches, be our main weapon

of attack. Shanmugam has so far been the most consistent batsman. Harikrishnan and Belliappa have been rather unlucky in their batting, but they are sure to make high scores in the coming matches.

GEORGE ABRAHAM.

The Second Cricket Eleven

The Second Cricket Eleven started the season with a match against the *Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education*, on their grounds at Saidapet. The match ended in a victory for us by the comfortable margin of 55 runs. Among those who batted well on our side were M. Srinivasan (17), A. Ali Khan (16), Cariappa (13), and Shankunni (13); while the excellent bowling of Kadamavanam, who took 5 wickets for 12 runs, was mainly responsible for the meagre total of our opponents.

We hope to have a good season this year, and this first victory has done a great deal to encourage the side as a whole. The Eleven is a well-balanced one, the batting and bowling being fairly good, and the fielding really keen. The success of the team during the season will depend very largely on the keenness and enthusiasm of its members. I hope the real keenness that the players have so far shown will not in any way diminish as the season advances.

A. ALI KHAN,
Captain.

Hockey

We started our hockey season this year without the assistance of some of last year's outstanding players, Arul, Spitteler, Fowler, Calappa and Isaacs. Their places were filled by

hard-working substitutes who endeavour to put forth their best.

We were fortunate, however, to have Ramakrishnan, our pivot, with us who is the mainstay of the defence. Nipps and Janakiraman, the full backs are hard-working, although not very steady and inclined to mix. Brew in the goal is fairly reliable and saves in times of difficulties. He should try to be more regular in the practice matches. P. V. Rao and Hunt, the wing halves are quite dependable but the former should not dribble so much and the latter should be quicker in clearing.

The forward line, except for the wing men, is fairly strong with Keir the first time goal scorer. Hensman and Absalom should endeavour to pass the ball sooner instead of taking it too near the touch line only to mishit it or not hit at all.

We lost our first fixture to the Y. M. C. A. Saidapet by 2 goals to 1. They were a strong side and have lately defeated the holders. We beat the Veterinary, Presidency and Mes-ton Training Colleges and hope to win the next two matches this term.

With a little more team work and steady play we ought to come fairly high in the table.

H. COYNE,
Captain.

University Training Corps

The contingent took all its members to camp at Pallavaram in December 1938. The monsoon was particularly inactive during that period and this helped us in doing uninterrupted

work. In competitions, the contingent was fairly successful. It won the football, Guard-Mounting and Route March cups. The Principal was a frequent visitor to our camp and his visits were a source of encouragement.

A few changes took place at the beginning of the present academic year in the personnel of H. Q. Captain K. S. Thimayya, who was our adjutant for the past three years, had to leave the corps and join his regiment; and we hear that he is away at Singapore. We thank him for all the hard and good work he did for the corps and we wish him good luck. In his place we welcome Major L. G. W. Hamber. He has adapted himself quickly to the work of the U. T. C., and he does not spare any pains in speeding to Tambaram over rutty roads to take a class for a few N.C.O.'s. It is greatly pleasing to know that our Commandant Major K. C. Chacko has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and we take this opportunity to congratulate him.

Recruiting took place this year in July as soon as the College re-opened. The contingent took the required number of students to fill up available vacancies. It is a matter of regret, however, that among those who applied some were not afforded the opportunity of membership. The contingent at present is doing its routine work of mid-week and Saturday parades.

S. PARTHASARATHY, Lieutenant,
O/c Christian College Contingent
'B' Coy.

ADULT LITERACY CAMPAIGN

There is no problem that the country is facing which is so stupendous as that of a speedy conquest of illiteracy. Its solution will surely improve the condition of the masses in a phenomenal way. The City of Bombay is making a magnificent effort to hasten the spread of literacy within its limits. Under the auspices of the Missionary Educational Council of South India, a Literacy Campaign is inaugurated for the Tamil area, and though the scope of the Campaign undertaken by the Committee of the Missionary Educational Council is restricted to the Christian Church, especially the rural sections of the Church in Tamil Nad, the programme of work envisaged by the Committee has a significance for all the readers of the *Magazine*.

One-third of the world's illiterates live in India. Until a few years ago those who gave any thought to this question felt that the problem could be solved only gradually, but a new hope has dawned for us, chiefly because Dr. Laubach who carried out his first experiments in the Philippines, and obtained signal success there has during his recent visits to India convinced our national leaders as well as the missionary agencies working in India that the aim of a universally literate community in India is within the range of practical politics. Dr. Laubach has met keen workers in several language areas, and has worked out new and simplified methods for teaching adults. In Andhra Desa the campaign initiated under the inspiration of Dr. Laubach has already within a few years produced surprisingly good results, and

thousands of former illiterates are now able to read Telugu.

The Christian Literature Society has produced necessary charts and lessons in Tamil. Wherever the campaign is started, it is recommended that at least one large chart attractively printed in three colours be provided for each group or village (Price: unmounted 6 as., and mounted 14 as.), and that each pupil be provided with a set of lessons worked out in two small books (Price: 6 pies per copy or 1 anna per set. 50 copies if bought at the same time can be had at Rs. 2 per 50 sets. Publishers: C.L.S., Park Town, Madras).

More than these accessories, what is essential for the success of the campaign is enthusiasm for the cause and perseverance on the part of the workers. Any literate adult of normal intelligence should be able to use the charts and lessons and prove an effective worker. Dr. Laubach further insists on the learner being eager to share his new knowledge with at least one other. From the very beginning the learner should be encouraged to teach what he learns each day to another. To ensure maximum results, adequate leadership and supervision should be provided. Though in the early stages voluntary helpers may provide the needed supervision, the work to be fully developed in any area will need the full time services of an intelligent and responsible leader who will throw himself into the work of organisation and supervision with enthusiasm, and inspire the workers and the pupils with zeal for their work.

The Christian Literature Society is also producing suitable literature

to be put into the hands of those who have learned to read. Laubach's *Towards A Literate World*, and his *The Handbook of Adult Literacy* are also obtainable at the C.L.S.

Here is a piece of national service wherein every member of our College can help. During the September, and more especially in the Christmas and Summer, vacations, those who can get into touch with groups and villages near their own homes can

do something to help forward the cause of literacy all over South India. Through their initial efforts, local leaders may be enlisted as leaders in this movement. This article has been written in response to an appeal issued by the Committee of the Missionary Educational Council. The problem has an interest for every one eager to promote the well-being of our people.

J. D. A.

HALL NEWS

Selaiyur Hall

We began the year with keenly contested elections. There was a great deal of canvassing for, and boosting of, the various candidates, but everything was conducted in a friendly manner, rivals often being seen walking about arm-in-arm.

The big event of the term was the social for Non-Residents. The outstanding feature was the presence of the lady students for the first time at a Hall function. They seated themselves in the midst of the other students, in whose behaviour a decided change (for the better) was observed. The Entertainment Secretary (quite an entertainment by himself) deserves to be congratulated on the splendid concert he arranged for us.

There are many physical-culture enthusiasts in our Hall. Groups of people are to be seen in the early hours of the morning, in the sleeping porch and on the lawn, waving their hands (and legs) and contorting their bodies in the manner of all true physical-culturists.

There are various 'illegal' organizations such as the Flickers' Union who steal things and return them in a day or two, and the Pillow-Whacking Club, who prowl about at night, hitting people on the head with pillows. In spite of extensive investigation, the ringleaders of these secret societies still remain at large.

Ducking is, as usual, a regular feature of our Hall life. It usually takes place on a Friday just before the fortnightly dinner. Members of the Hall Council and the A.B.C. (Anti-Bathing Club) are the chief victims.

It must be noted that wastage of water is carefully avoided by conducting the ducking in a small cistern in our quadrangle.

It has been decided to begin a 'Hall Bulletin', issued once a fortnight. Mr. P. S. Raman has been appointed the Editor. He hopes to bring out the first issue before the end of the term.

Before concluding, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate our Warden on his engagement to Miss Agnes Paterson of the Y.W.C.A. Having no Mrs. Principal, we shall deem it a great consolation to have at least a Mrs. Warden.

GEORGE ABRAHAM,
General Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hall

'A baggepipe could he well blow
and soun,
And therewithal he brought us out
of town.'

This is to introduce our new Warden Rev. R. S. Macnicol who is back again in the Hall. Our last year's Warden Rev. J. R. Macphail has gone on furlough and we wish him a good holiday.

The interim ministry died a natural death on the 8th of July when it gave place to a popular cabinet. The unanimous election of the office-bearers of our Hall shows perfect harmony amongst us.

We still specialise in babies and 'Bondas'. Some of the babies are so crazy about Table-Tennis that it is whispered that little Somanna sleeps on the Table.

Among the many activities of the Hall the 'Keep fit' class early in the morning has turned out to be very popular, thanks to the efforts of the Physical Director and Mr. A. Kurian, our Outdoor Games Secretary. Mr. Kurian hopes to get a fine set of athletes and with them he is very optimistic about winning the athletic shield this year. We wish him all success.

The Non-Residents' Social went off very well on the 20th of July. The entertainment provided through the efforts of Mr. P. J. Chandran, our Entertainment Secretary, which followed the tea was a great success and really, the 'Non-Residents' were given, as we sang, 'a rollicking good time.'

The New Graduates' Dinner was held on the 5th of August and we were proud to have with us a number of our men who graduated with distinction.

The 'Vandalur Rangers' are going as strong as ever and Uncle Sham the opening batsman of the team is very busy practising the various strokes in front of the mirror. He is very good at 'late cuts' though he does it a bit too late.

In spite of occasional war dances and eerie noises which lead us to the belief that the Hall is haunted, we have settled down to work.

The freshmen of the Hall have already begun to feel that the hall is a friendly place and it is not merely a matter of buildings but something finer and more subtle than all these.

JACOB CHERIAN,
General Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

The long mid-summer holidays saw the departure of many of our friends

who were enlivening the Hall last year, and for the first few days after coming back, we missed their familiar faces very badly. At the same time we were happy to welcome the new ones to our midst, 'prominent' among them being a few 'Pocket editions'.

The reception to non-residents that we had on 20th July paved the way for the other socials that were to succeed. It served its purpose to some extent in bringing the residents and non-residents together. The function was followed by a Variety Entertainment which was very well appreciated.

We were 'At Home' to new graduates of the year on the 5th August, when a joint dinner was held by all the messes, followed by a short meeting at which two of the new 'butterflies' replied to our congratulations.

We have had two general body meetings so far, and they still continue to be occasions of great interest.

It is a remarkable feature of the new year, that the cricket enthusiasts in our Hall who created the 'Free Looters' Club', have now acquired their own ground opposite the front of the Hall, and the future of the club seems very promising.

The Debating Society held a well contested parliamentary debate in the beginning of the term on the 'Formation of different blocks within the Congress', and we were fortunate in getting hold of our old silver-tongued orators for the debate.

It may cause a great stir among many to be informed that the mighty influence and enormous importance of the famous A.B.C. (Anti-Bathing Club) have unfortunately begun to wane—probably because the president and a few life members of the club left us at the end of last year. But it

is gratifying to see that the remaining office-bearers of the club take a wager that there is going to be an over-rush of members for their club in the coming cold season.

Some of the new students show signs of being very industrious by burning their lights till mid-night, as their elders too did for the first few days last year. (Of course, I am not inclined to give credence to the prevailing rumour, that these young friends who have just now taken leave of their mothers are afraid to sleep without the lights on!)

I now hear the curses of the Secretary for Tennis at me for omitting so far to record his achievements. I should think that this important dignitary belongs to the 'Forward Bloc' in Tennis, as he has started the Tennis tournaments even in the first term—rather a departure from the custom of previous years.

The Chronicler's duty will be very

incomplete, if he fails to take note of the unique and interesting feature of the year. *This is the abnormal and indeed a dangerous increase in the number of 'coat-stands'.* (I am sure that the coat-stands in the original sense would feel proud of the incidental popularity their names have attained now-a-days.) The crowning wonder was that after a few days, nearly all of these little harmless things made their mysterious disappearance. It is also whispered that the remaining ones are nervously looking for the day of their fatal execution.

So, on the whole, the life in the Hall has been very happy, and it is a matter of pride that the activities of the Hall are very promising and progressive in all branches.

K. VENKATESWARAN,
General Secretary.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

The popularity of the 'questionnaire' or general knowledge test is today firmly established amongst all sections of the reading public.

With the object of developing this fascinating system of self-instruction, *The Madras Christian College Magazine* has instituted an interesting 'How Much do You Know' Contest offering books to the value of RUPEES FIVE.

There are ten questions and answers to these questions are kept in a sealed envelope with the Bursar of the college.

All entries must reach the Editor on or before October 3.

No entries will be opened until the competition closes.

There is NO entrance fee for this competition.

The prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct set of answers.

If no correct set of answers is received, the prize will be awarded to the competitor who submits the most nearly correct set of answers. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be awarded to the competitor whose answers are in the opinion of the judge most clearly set out.

The name of the winning competitor, together with the correct answers, will be published on or before October 15 in the College and Hall Notice Boards.

THE QUESTIONS

1. Can you give the surnames of the following men famous in sport whose Christian name is JOE?

(a) The negro who holds the world's heavy weight title.

(b) An outside right and a fine cricketer.

(c) A golfer well known for his trick shots.

(d) To him snooker is as easy as billiards.

(e) Record goal-scoring centre-forward in London.

(f) An Irish jockey.

(g) A well known boxing promoter.

2. While Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are amusing millions of people throughout the world, who claims to have invented the idea of the animated cartoons?

3. Who was the first peeress to be called to the Bar in England?

4. While attempting another England-Australia flight he was reported missing in the Burma region and all search for him and his companion proved in vain.

Who is he?

5. Which European country is credited with the highest telephone ratio (phones to population)?

6. Who wrote the novel *People in Cages*?

7. Who wrote the book *Anne of Austria* and whose wife was Anne?

8. Who confers the 'Sacred Golden Rose'?

9. What is the 'Swaythling Cup'?

10. Who is the world's tallest man? He is 9 feet 10 inches, weighs 484 lbs, takes 22 in. shoes.

Compiled and set by

K. P. PHILIP,

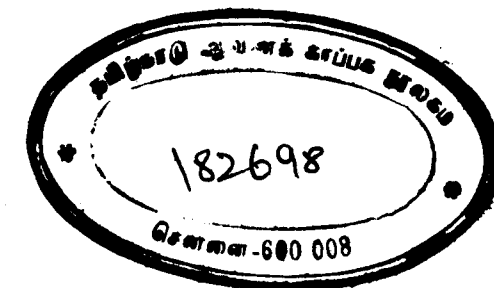
Member of the

College Magazine Committee.

PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SERVICE

First Term 1939

July 2	...	The Rev. A. J. Boyd.
" 9	...	The Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
" 16	...	K. K. Jacob, Esq.
" 23	...	E. J. Bingle, Esq.
" 30	...	The Rev. E. O. Shaw.
Aug. 6	...	The Rev. T. G. Platten.
" 13	...	The Rev. Canon S. S. Clarke
" 20	...	The Rev. J. F. Butler.
" 27	...	The Rev. E. J. M. Wyld.
Sept. 3	...	The Rev. S. Samuel.
" 10	...	The Rev. B. Clutterbuck.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY V. M. PHILIP AT THE DIOCESAN PRESS,
18, CHURCH ROAD, VEPERV, MADRAS, 1939—C9515
EDITOR: J. D. ASIRVADAM, MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, TAMBARAM

Reliable House for Quality

Promptness :: Accuracy



Courtesy :: Satisfaction

Our Quality and Service are well known and we guarantee full satisfaction.

Concession rate for Students

KESHAVJEE DEVCHAND

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL OPTICIANS

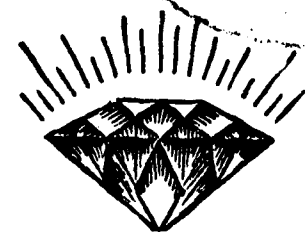
(Opp. Ambi's Café)

183 Broadway, MADRAS

Jeweller that Deserves Confidence

BAPALAL & CO.,

Leading Diamond Importers and Jewellers



'RAMAKOTI BUILDINGS'
(Near Flower Bazaar Police Station)

**RATTAN BAZAAR,
PARK TOWN, MADRAS**

Buying Offices :
Antwerp and Amsterdam

Telephone : 2696
Telegrams : 'NECKLACE'

ROCHOUSE BOOKS FOR MODERN COLLEGE-MEN

B. A. 1940—41

	RS	A
Modern Poetry, edited with Text and Notes. By Mahadevan and Nilakantan ...	3	0
Gibbon: The Age of the Antonines, edited with Text and Notes. By K. Subramanyam ...	2	0
Gibbon: The Age of the Antonines, Notes alone ...	1	8
Problems in 'Culture and Anarchy', Containing Elaborate Summaries, Questions and Answers, and Numerous Annotations. By N. J. Devados, M.A. ...	1	8
The Rochouse Guide to 'Pride and Prejudice', 'Mill's Autobiography' and 'A Pageant of India,' By K. Swaminathan and N. J. Devados ...	1	8
Problems in 'Much Ado About Nothing', With Summaries of Scenes, Questions and Answers, and Annotations. By P. Subramania Aiyar and A. N. Parasuram ...	1	4
Problems in 'Hamlet', Containing Summaries of Scenes, Questions and Answers, and Annotations. By G. Varadachari, M.A., National College, 2nd Edition ...	1	12

INTERMEDIATE 1940—41

The Minor Poems, Containing exhaustive Notes, Summaries, Annotations, Essays and the Text of all the Prescribed Poems for 1941, edited by Prof. Subramania Aiyar and M. G. Nilakantan ...	1	0
Notes on Brander's English Thought and Speech, With Summaries, Notes and Annotations. By N.J. Devados, M.A. ...	1	8
Macaulay's History of England, edited with Text, Notes, Summaries, Essays and Annotations and three Maps. By M. G. Nilakantan ...	2	0
Macaulay's History of England, Notes alone ...	1	8
The Rochouse Guide to 'Quentin Durward', 'Footprints of the Great' and 'She Stoops to Conquer', With Text of <i>She Stoops to Conquer</i> ...	1	0
Rochouse Guide to 'Roll Call of Honour', 'Vicar of Wakefield' and 'Modern Short Stories' ...	1	0
Problems in Midsummer-Night's Dream. By A. Aruvamada Ayyangar ...	1	4
Guide to the Study of Nataka Katha Samgraha, Containing Summaries, Questions and Answers, Elaborate Notes, etc. By V. Ramachandran, B.A. (Hons.) ...	1	0
Guide to Translation in Sanskrit, Containing Numerous Hints on Grammar, Translations of University Papers, etc. By V. Ramachandran, B.A. (Hons.) ...	1	4

ALL THE ABOVE BOOKS ARE PUBLISHED BY
ROCHOUSE & SONS LTD.

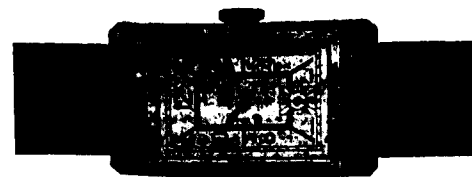
THE ESPLANADE, TRIPPLICANE, STERLING ROAD AND
TAMBARAM

'ROLLO'

These precision watches known the world over are the best product of Switzerland. Available in many shapes to suit everyone's taste.

Even though War is on, still our parcels are coming in regularly. You will be simply surprised to see the new designs and novelties.

Come, see and have them



GANESONS

55 Rattan Bazaar
190-B Mount Road
MADRAS

8 stylish poses of yours with one mirror photo will be given to you for Re. 1 only.

Sittings either in our studio or at your home are undertaken.

A printing and developing is also done to your satisfaction.

SANJEEVI STUDIO

Enlargers and Artists
256 China Bazaar Rd., Madras
(Opp. Flower Bazaar Police Station)

SPECIAL CONCESSION FOR STUDENTS

THE UNIVERSAL STUDIO

Artists, Photographers and Photo Dealers

STUDIO PORTRAITS, BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS
AMATEUR D. & P. SERVICE & FRAMING, ETC.

28 MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

AN OUTLINE OF POLITICS For Indian Readers

BY

R. RAMIYAR, M.A.

(Lecturer, Govt. College,
Kumbakonam)

Rs. 4

THIS elementary book on a big subject is designed to serve as a guide to the students of the Indian Universities. As such, it follows the syllabus on Political Science published by the University of Madras for the B.A. Pass Degree in 1935. In accordance with this scheme which has the merit of emphasizing the unity of the world's political forces, the chapters on the development of European polity are written at some length, and the structure and functions of political bodies are examined, not country by country, but comparatively, grouping the like institutions of important states into distinct chapters. The questions appended to the chapters have been chosen with the permission of the University, from the papers set by them for the B.A. Pass and Honours examinations.

R. RAMANUJACHARI'S **Handbook of Logic** revised by Rev. Fr. Deviah, S.J. This handbook is intended primarily for students preparing for the Entrance and Intermediate examinations of the various Universities. Its design is to give in brief compass a simple outline of the general principles of Logic and scientific method. In this thoroughly revised edition considerable new material has been added and some chapters have been entirely rewritten so as to make the book complete and yet brief and clear. **Price Rs. 2 only.**

Trigonometry for Intermediate Students by N. SUNDARAM IYER, M.A., and K. S. ANANTHANARAYANA IYER, M.A., L.T. This book is intended to be a text-book for the students of the Intermediate Classes. Numerous problems of a graded character have been added to each chapter. Questions from the Madras University Papers have been appended at the end of the book. **Price Rs. 2 only.**

History of Rome by Prof. T. R. SETHA IYENGAR, M.A. This volume gives within a short compass the important events of Roman History from the earliest times down to the fall of the Western Empire. It covers the syllabus prescribed for the Intermediate Classes. **Price Rs. 2 only.**

A Handbook of Botany for India by DEWAN BAHADUR K. RANGACHARIAR, M.A., L.T. Recommended by Madras, Mysore, and Andhra Universities. **Price Rs. 5 only.**

A Primer of Indian Logic by MAHAMAHOPADHYAYA VIDYAVACASPATI S. KUPPUSWAMI SASTRI, M.A., I.E.S. Recommended by Madras, Annamalai, Bombay, Calcutta, and Benares Universities. **Price Rs. 4 only.**

A History of Madras by Prof. C. S. SRINIVASACHARIAR. (Published for the Madras Tercentenary Commemoration Committee). **Cloth Rs. 3.**

P. VARADACHARY & CO.

BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS

8 LINGHI CHETTY STREET, MADRAS

FOR OVER 40 YEARS

M. DOSS BROS.

Professional Leading Photographers,

No. 2 Poonamallee High Road
P. T. (Near Ripon Building), Madras

have given the greatest satisfaction
to millions of people

Always

insist upon Doss Bros. for excellent Studio
Portraits, outdoor Group Photographs, exclusive Colour
Enlargement, Paintings, Amateur works and Photo Blocks, Etc.

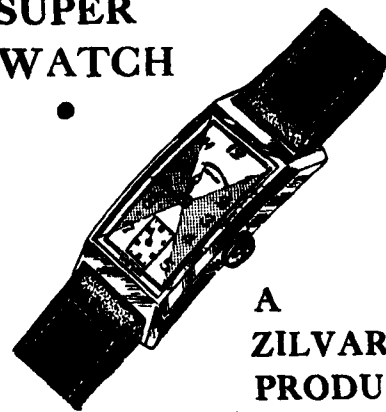
CHARGES MODERATE

Studio Hours
8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

PHONE
3011

ZILREX

SUPER
WATCH



A
ZILVARO
PRODUCT

MODERN RECTANGLE
CURVED BACK

FULLY JEWELLED
LEVER MOVEMENT

GUARANTEED 3 YEARS

Rolled Gold Rs. 42

Steel Back Rs. 34

(POST FREE)

E. A. WATCH COY., MADRAS

தமிழ்நாடு ஆவணக்காப்பக நுழைகம்,
எழும்பு, சென்னை-600 009.

தவணைத்தாள்.

செ. எண் : 182698

ப. எண் : 182698

வழங்கிய நாள். (1)	திருப்பிய நாள். (2)	வழங்கிய நாள். (1)	திருப்பிய நாள். (2)

S.F. 259A-6-1,00,000-30-1-14.