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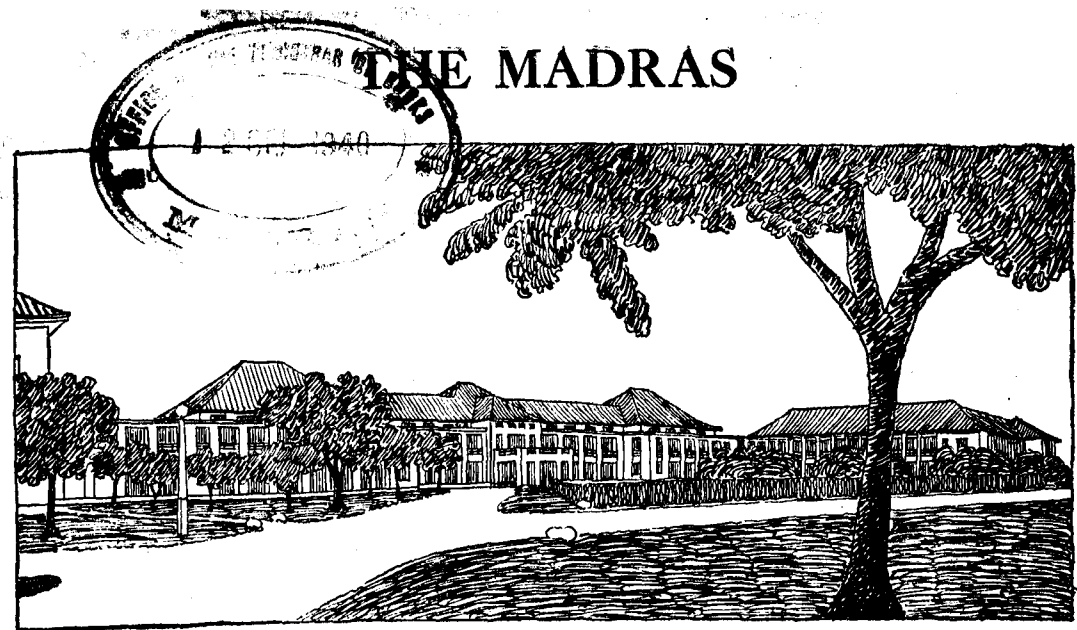
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CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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

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(Lecturer, Govt. College,
Kumbakonam)

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THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1940

COLLEGE NOTES

The New Academic Year

At the time when we were beginning to come together for the new academic year, the storm over Europe seemed to have reached its height, and every day brought news of fresh landslides. Naturally, our reactions were as various as we ourselves are various. To many of us here in Tambaram, the bitter struggle in Europe and elsewhere is still little more than a fruitful topic for conversation and debate, to others who have more imagination its horror is all too vivid and insistent, to a few it presents itself darkly as a grim threat to home and loved ones and native land. Other differences also must be admitted. There are those who can see in the struggle nothing save the clash of rival imperialisms, while to many others it appears that the continued existence of free institutions hangs in the balance. The differences of view are greater than might have been expected, for, after all, the two opposing systems are sharply contrasted—on the one hand, a system which, with all its faults, has respected the concept of liberty, has recognised it as at any rate an ideal, has translated it, however imperfectly, into practice, and on the other hand a system in which the ideal of political and personal freedom is dismissed with contempt.

Whatever our reactions to the

War, however, it seems clear that our business here is to do our work with all our accustomed care and concentration, solemnised, perhaps—if we realise that, in other lands to east and west, men and women and children are being killed and wounded and driven from their homes—but not overweighted with care or selfish fear. Whatever be the outcome of the War, the need will remain for men and women who have learned to do their duty faithfully even in times of stress, to love goodness and truth, and to trust God, and these are the lessons which we are together seeking to learn.

Changes in Staff

Mr. Martin was to have gone to Britain on furlough this year, but owing to the exigencies of war, Mr. and Mrs. Martin are spending the year in India. Mr. Macphail who was away last year returned in May in good time to take over his duties of Vice-Principal and attend to the admission of students into the Junior Intermediate class. He has taken charge also as Warden of Selaiyur Hall.

Mr. Barnes is on a short holiday of three months, and will be back in our midst when the second term begins. His various duties as Curator have been carried on temporarily by other members of staff, and for the

period of his absence the Chemistry Department is assisted by Mr. Ramanathan.

Dr. Malcolm Adiseshiah joined the staff at the beginning of August, Mr. Mathew Tharakan having carried on the work until his arrival. We are glad to welcome him to the newly created post of professor of Economics and also as sub-warden of Bishop Heber Hall. Dr. Adiseshiah, a first class Honours graduate of our University, served for seven years on the staff of St. Paul's College, Calcutta, and later spent three years in England taking his course for the Ph.D. degree in London and subsequently taking a course in theology after he had accepted the call to join our staff. While in England, he was on the staff of the Student Christian Movement, and he brings to the service of this College and Bishop Heber Hall varied talents and a rich experience of student life and student problems.

In place of Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, we welcome Mr. K. M. George as lecturer in Malayalam. He was in this College as an Intermediate student, and is therefore not entirely a stranger among us. Since he left us he has taken his degree with distinction, has had experience of school teaching, and has continued his studies in Malayalam in the Travancore University.

The College is fortunate in securing the services of Mr. C. T. Krishnamachari, an Honours graduate of our College, who for several years did excellent work in the American College, Madura, as temporary lecturer in Philosophy. Mr. Krishnamachari is serving the College at a transitional period when the time-table of the Philosophy Department is being readjusted in consequence of the decision to give up the pass course in

Philosophy at least for the present. Mr. T. C. A. Ramanujachari, M.A., B.L., has been appointed Tutor in Logic.

When Mr. A. Abraham, Demonstrator in Botany, left the College to take up work in the Agricultural Research Institute, Poona, the College was glad to secure for the Botany Department, the services of Miss Elizaba P. Mammen, M.A., B.L., who was at the same time appointed as Resident Assistant Warden of the newly opened Women's Hostel.

We also welcome the following Demonstrators and Junior Tutors:

Mr. P. K. Anantanarayanan (English); Messrs. S. R. Messiahdoss and J. F. Arumainayagam (Mathematics); Messrs. K. V. Mani and T. S. Subramanian (Chemistry); Messrs. K. Parthasarathy and C. D. Parthasarathy (Physics) and Mr. V. Ramakrishnan (Zoology).

The Women's Hostel

When it was decided to admit women students to certain post-Intermediate courses, the problem of residences for women students soon arose. Last year, private arrangements were made, but for this year, it was decided to rent a house in the Staff Colony and conduct a hostel under the supervision of the College. Fourteen students now reside in the Hostel, as well as the Resident Assistant Warden, Miss Elizaba P. Mammen. Mrs. Kibble is the Warden of the Hostel.

University Examinations

The performances of our candidates in the University Examinations of March 1940 were almost without exception satisfactory. In the Intermediate Examination, we had a higher percentage of passes than we have ever had before, (70%), and a

greater number of first classes, (35). As usual, the Mathematics group found the path to glory rather easier than the others, more than half of them being placed in the first class. In the B.A. Examination, all groups did well in Second Language and in Optional Subjects, but perhaps the Economics group should be specially singled out on the ground that one of its members took second place in the University. The B.A. candidates did not fare so well in English as they have done in previous years, and this must be put right. Among the forty-four candidates for the B.Sc. degree, there were only two failures, and here Zoology claims special mention, having secured the only first class in the University. We were not able this year to achieve the first place in Botany, but only the first place among the men candidates! In the B.A. Honours Examination, our candidates did remarkably well, especially in Philosophy (first place) and in History (second, third and fourth places), and in the B.Sc. Honours Examination in Zoology—the only subject in which we sent up candidates for that degree this year—four out of the first five places were secured, including the first and the second. The M.A. candidates also put up a creditable performance, and in the B.A. Honours Preliminary Examination, thirty out of thirty-one candidates were successful.

Our Alumni as Vice-Chancellors

Our warmest congratulations to our former students Sir Mahomed Usman and Sir K. V. Reddi on their appointment as Vice-Chancellors of the Madras and the Annamalai Universities respectively. If things go on at this rate, the Madras Christian College will be forced to charge a special fee

for providing Universities with Vice-Chancellors. At the present moment our *alumni* are at the helm in the Madras, Andhra, Annamalai, Mysore and Travancore Universities—in the last-mentioned case the office is that of Pro-Vice-Chancellor—and, further afield we have Sir S. Radhakrishnan in the Benares Hindu University.

Reception to Graduates

On Saturday, August 10, the Professors of the College and the members of the College Day Committee were 'At Home' to the graduates of the year. After tea, a reception was held at Selaiyur Hall Theatre at which Sri. S. Satyamurti, President of the College Day Association, presided. Sir R. K. Shanmugam was also present. After the reception, the Golden Jubilee Committee of the College Day Association met to discuss arrangements for the Golden Jubilee celebrations. Some of the recent graduates of the College were co-opted as members of this committee, and it is hoped that former students in various places will try to enrol as many of the former students as members of the College Day Association. Mr. Satyamurti as President of the Association is very keen on securing the largest possible enrolment during this year.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the College Day Association

It has been decided to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the College Day Association on December 28. The celebrations will begin on Friday the 27th with a re-union dinner which will be followed by a meeting of former students. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Spalding Professor at Oxford and Vice-Chancellor of Benares University, has accepted the invitation of the Committee to preside

at the celebrations, and it is hoped that a large number of former students will be present at the celebrations. The College Day Committee requests former students of the College in various centres to encourage others who are not yet members of the College Day Association to send their life membership fee of Rs. 5 only

either to the Secretary Sri. K. Sanjiva Kamath, B.A., B.L., 5 Thambu Chetty Street, George Town, Madras E., or to the Principal of the College. We look forward to this occasion, and we feel it will strengthen the bonds of affection and loyalty that bind all former students to our College.

OBITUARY

We record with profound sorrow the passing away of Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon who retired from the service of the College only at the end of the last academic year. The members of the College never realised that his end was so near. He was ill for about a month, and passed away quietly in his home adjacent to the College on the Agaram Road at 1-30 p.m. on Tuesday, 3rd September. When the news was confirmed, the College session for the day came to a close as a mark of respect to his memory. We offer, on behalf of the staff and students of the College, our deepest sympathy to his widow, to his only son and to all his relatives.

INDO-ANGLIANS

By D. S. GEORGE MULLER, *Hons. 4, Br. vii*

After the dissolution of the Moghul Empire, when the English began consolidating their foothold in India, the literature of the country passed into an entirely new phase. The golden streaks of a new miniature Renaissance came to be seen in the firmament of letters. A new literature, a new mode of expression, came to take root in the Indian mind. Indians began to find an outlet for their native sentiments and ideas, not in the melodious dialects of their country, but in the English tongue. This marked the beginning of that large body of Indian literature which we know as 'Indo-Anglian', and which we almost take for granted to-day. But, whoever then thought that it would be possible for Indians to learn a foreign language, so different from their own, well enough to use it as a medium for their literary thought!

The clear and patent evidence that a new spirit was working among the people was the appearance of the first great reformer and apostle of Modern India—Raja Ram Mohan Roy. He was the first to try his hand at the English language with any amount of success, achieving a grace, ease and precision that led Jeremy Bentham to remark that he wished that the style of James Mill had been equal to it. Though his speeches and writings strictly belong to the mass of polemical writings of the day, because of the encouragement he gave to the study of English by Indians, and his unswerving efforts for the establishment of the Hindu College with a view to the diffusion of Western

learning in India, he may rightly be called the 'Father of Indo-Anglian Literature'.

The writings of the early years of the nineteenth century are mostly polemical in character. They touch such varied realms as History, Politics, Religion and Education; but we do not find any creative writing in prose till very late in the century. An anonymous article by one Govin Chunder Dutt in the *Calcutta Review*, we are told, was so good that with many of its readers it passed off for an article from the pen of the able Editor of the Journal, Sir John Kaye.

A cursory view of world literature will reveal that Poetry in any literature has the greater attraction for the early writers. And so it was with the 'Indo-Anglians'. Henry Derozio was the first Anglo-Indian to write verse in English. He died at the premature age of 22, but he managed to make his mark as a teacher, upset Calcutta by his modern ideas, and leave behind him a modest volume of verse,—clever, facile writing, but obviously derivative, owing much to Keats and Shelley. Though Greece in the abstract was to him more inspiring than India, yet his attempt in the 'Fakcer of Jungheera', is sufficient evidence that India might have found in this lad of mixed parentage, one who could ultimately have given the world the spirit of the traditional Indian culture fashioned into English verse. For the remainder of the century some occasional Bengali young man or woman would develop

the authentic lyric note as a result of the contact with the literature of the West, particularly English. Of these, special mention must be made of Kasiprasad Ghosh and Madu Sudan Datta. Still, the early efforts of the rising school to express their thoughts in English proved unsuccessful and unprofitable. Madu Sudan Datta was the first to recognise this difficulty; and his 'Captive Ladie', telling in English verse the story of Prithvi Raj, the famous king of Delhi, and his wife Samukta, clearly revealed the impossibility even of a poetic genius, such as he undoubtedly was, ever finding an outlet for his imagination in the uncongenial trammels of an English garb. This was evidently felt by the poet himself, who wisely turned away from English, and in 1858 produced an original play, the 'Sarmishta', a second 'Padmavati' and then set to work on two great works in blank verse.

But the game was not to be given up; and it was left to the Dutt family of Rambagan to give the necessary impetus to the new-born literature, lest it should perish in its cradle. No fewer than nine of its members practised the poetic art; but of all, the two sisters Toru and Aru Dutt wrote extraordinarily fluent and graceful verse, while they were still in their teens, and then died with their great promise unfulfilled.

Toru Dutt, in her short span of life had crowded her imaginative mind with imagery gleaned from French, German, English and Sanskrit literature, and with her retentive memory had stored up a unique knowledge which she later showed in 'A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields' (1876). The work, however, by which she will be remembered by English readers is her 'Ancient Ballads and

Legends of Hindustan' published in 1885 with an Introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse. These poems are faultless in technical execution, and as Mr. Gosse says, exquisite even to a hypercritical ear. But the longest of her poems, 'Savitri' suggests that, like Derozio, she too might have found inspiration in her own country if she had reached a more mature age. She and her sister were lost between two worlds.

After a productive period of about fifty years, confined almost entirely to Bengal, the next phase of this new literature shifts to South India. Madras can justly take credit in Madhaviiah, Venkata Rao and Vasudeva Rao, a trio of remarkable literary tastes to whom posterity has done very scant justice. When all is said, it remains that the 'Indo-Anglians' upto now had not yet given up the tutelage of the great English poets—Shakespeare, Shelley and Wordsworth. It can never be wholly bad to imitate such great poets, but it can never be wholly good to cling to their skirts all the time. This has been ever the besetting sin of 'Indo-Anglian' literature, though men, nay even women, were not wanting to shake themselves from it.

Two such remarkable exceptions were Rabindranath Tagore and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Tagore need not detain us long as his name and works have become a commonplace in every home in the East and West. No doubt, he is an enigma to critics—mainly because in him they have to deal with something more than a poet—a vital spiritual power. On what principle then are they to regard Tagore's poetry as part of the modern English literature? On no principle, but simply because they cannot keep it out. And the most competent of

men like Yeats, or Dr. Cousins are so sure of their ground when they hold that it would be impossible to look back on the history of English Literature without Tagore, as without Tennyson, or Pope or Chaucer.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu on the other hand, reveals a genius so different from Tagore's, that one is piqued by an apparent problem. How is it, that two children of what we are all pleased to pride in as the 'Changeless East', under conditions nearly identical, should have produced results which are so different? While the poetry of Tagore is mystical, philosophic, and contemplative, that of Mrs. Naidu, though truly native to her motherland, is more sensuous than mystical, human and passionate rather than spiritual, and reveals a mentality more active than contemplative. With her we enter a world flashing with pictures, thrilling with melodies. She lets us look into the amazing groupings of colour and form, human and natural, that make the surface of life in India a fascinating kaleidoscope. This has made her poetry to be looked upon as one of catch-words, a poetry of diaphanous alliteration and music, shining gossamers that melt in the strong light of the sun of criticism. True, she is more a poet of sound than of feeling; but times there are—as in her 'To a Budha seated on a Lotus', 'Leili', or 'Orient Ode', where she touches the great impersonations of life; and then she rises to a fine power of phrase, a clear energy of thought, a luminosity and reserve that reach the level of mastery.

Three other poets in this lineage who deserve mention are the two Ghose brothers and Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, the brother of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Aurobindo Ghose is

one of the never-broken brotherhood of 'preachers in verse', who has made his mastery of the English language an instrument for the propagation throughout the world of the Philosophy of the Vedas. In his poetry we feel an atmosphere like the Greece that is dimly incarnate in English poetry, a double-sightedness, and a glimpsing simultaneously at norm and form, akin to that of the little spiritual songs of A. E. (George Russel). Manmohan Ghose, unlike his brother turned to the West for his inspiration. In his poetry there is a fragrant lyricism, an almost Elizabethan freshness and spontaneity, and a wistful sorrow which seems to well up from the bottom of his heart. With him 'Indo-Anglian' poetry ceases to be objective and becomes a faithful revelation of the poet's heart.

With Harindranath Chattopadhyaya we come into the tropics of 'Indo-Anglian' poetry. Apart from being a poet, he is also a true bearer of the 'Fire of Immortal Youth' which sustains the worlds visible and invisible; and he takes full opportunity of the prerogative of Youth to busy itself with itself. The result is that the young poet is less objective and definitely more personal than his sister. To the uninitiated Western readers his poems are not unlikely to appear as a string of figures of speech, and with no relation to life, on account of their being perpetually off the ground. But when they come to know India, they will realise that the young poet especially in his Plays 'Pundalik', 'Tukaram', 'Saku Bai' etc. is doing nothing but enunciating the philosophy of his race. He is constantly attempting to free the soul from the trammels of the body, to free the Future from the Past, and to seek

God through communion with Nature. This was the method of Wordsworth in his verse, and our young Indian poet begins where Wordsworth left off.

So far, no great prose-writer had arisen. It is only natural, for the history of any literature proves that poetry invariably develops before prose. One thing cannot be denied — Indians have in the past overcome linguistic differences with an ease and rapidity really remarkable. Bengalis, Chitpavan and Kashmir Brahmins, Madrassis and Parsis have produced a succession of capable journalists and publicists, who have served the national cause by writing clear and trenchant prose — Tilak, Gokhale, Arabindo Ghose, Ranade, Surendra Nath Banerjee, Romesh Chunder Dutt, N. C. Kelkar, Pherozshah Mehta and a host of others have shown that Indian English can develop into a powerful weapon of attack. But polemical writing can only with great difficulty reach the level of literature.

It is surprising that none were so far inspired to try their hands at fiction. Little did they seem to have realised, how written even from the nationalistic standpoint, it might have been an effective alternative line of attack. S. M. Mitra, a Parsi writer of considerable versatility, wrote *Hindupore* during the stormy days of the anti-Partition agitation, but it did not prove a success. Rabindranath Tagore's novels were originally written in Bengali, and so hardly come within our scope; but English translations of *The Home and the World*, *The Wreck*, *Gora* etc. have provided the Westerners with an insight into Indian life as no history can. It is to be regretted that many other Indians who took to writing fiction should have

usually adopted conventional themes, and produced merely derivative work. Dhan Gopal Mukerjee's *My Brother's Face* is an admirable account, possibly autobiographical, of a Bengali returning to his country after some years' absence. Sir Hari Singh Gour in his moving story *His only Love* and Sir Jogindra Sing in his interesting historical romance *Nur-Jahan* advanced the art further; until in P. A. Madhavia's *Thillai Govindan* we reach the high-water mark of the self-revelatory novel. Finally, we have two new writers whose work suggests that Indian writers are beginning to see what an enormous field lies open to them in their villages, in the complications of their caste systems, and in the lives of the labouring men and women. K. S. Venkataramani's *Murugan the Tiller* and *Kandan the Patriot* are excellent; while Mulk Raj Anand's *The Coolie* and *The Untouchable* are probably the most important and promising books ever written in English prose by an Indian. R. K. Narayan is another welcome addition to the list, and his *The Bachelor of Arts* and *The Dark Room* show evident signs of promise. Men like S. V. V. have captured a lively vein of humour, and have much enriched light literature of recent times.

Leaders of thought like Rabindranath Tagore, Vivekananda, and Radhakrishnan have made a good contribution in the realm of criticism, translations, and in philosophy. However, it is in autobiography that 'Indo-Anglian' literature has produced its best sellers. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's 'Autobiography' has given the lie to all who doubted the possibility of Indians catching the subtleties of a foreign tongue; and remains a landmark in the history of

the 'Indo-Anglian' literature. Mahatma Gandhi too in his 'Experiments with Truth' has achieved a success by his crisp and telling English.

With all deference to political prophets and their prophecy, we have little doubt that English has come to stay; it must continue to be the language of contact with the West. But the question may be raised what contribution have the 'Indo-Anglians' made to English literature. It is not so easy to be answered. But one thing is certain:

in India shall be born before long a host of Emersons, a host of Irvings, a host of Longfellows. The glamour, the gorgeous beauties of the Eastern mind will find their expression in the exactness and clearness of a Western tongue. Then the sons of both the lands, infused with all the best of the East and West, will rise to proclaim that East and West have met, and evolve together that long-awaited world-order:—

'The Parliament of Men, the Federation of the World.'

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HABAÑERA

To the slow, soft throb of the guitars she swayed
And to the click of castanets jerked and turned;
Her half-closed eyes with ice and fire played—
Curved carmine lips against her pallor burned.

J. F. S.

THE VALLEY OF SHAPES

SAMUEL VARGHESE, IV. B. Sc., Gr. iii

'And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess—
 Likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' Train'. *Il Penseroso*—
 MILTON.

It is with calm resignation, and nevertheless tight-lipped despair, that we look at the many dreams that man has dreamed, and the hopes that he has cherished throughout these centuries fall to the dust at the advent of our times, like the devastated monuments at Memphis or Ptolemais, or like the crumbled carvings at Prambanam and Borobodor. Things once held sacred no longer stir the least excitement among us of this day, and words that once swayed man to the heights of ecstasy are taken as stage-exclamations now; and in this general reign of 'unbelief' Gods, and hence priests have suffered most. For, whatever early religion we turn to, we are almost sure to come across a host of divinities springing up like mushrooms from putrid soil. And they are named with such a suggestive shrewdness, and described with such a wealth of detail, that we are astounded at the changes they undergo with their votaries. But though there is such a difference in appearance and function among the deities, we find a remarkable similarity in the traceable origins and probable tendencies of the appreciation of the 'super-physical' among the peoples of the world.

The forces that contributed towards such a universal trait in mankind are interpreted variously. Thus Empedocles regarded religion as 'a pernicious malady of Humanity', and Euhemerus emphasized the deification of

heroes, as in Greek mythology, and the Padmasambhava worship in Tibetan Buddhism. Peschel and Ratzel cling to the causality explanation, that unexplainable phenomena are classed as the work of Gods. But this is definitely evaded by the mystics Eckhardt and Tauler, who dive spasmodically into 'the self-evasive radiance and light of lights'. The explanation as given by the Latin poet Petroneus that 'fear first made the Gods' may be applicable to the Moloch prototypes of torment deities; but it could not explain the harmless, volatile conceptions of the Gathas and early Vedic religion, and the pleading divinities of some of the modern ones. Hence a universal postulate of the origin of religions is something over all these. It is the outcome of the belief, as we will see, that behind the phenomenal giving its existence and activity lies a Mind; and that man is in communication with it. In short 'it is the assumption that conscious volition is the source of all Force!'

So the primitive man must have looked at the stars, lightning and thunder, and explained them as Gods. One American tribe ascribes the creation of the world itself, to the thundercloud, whom they call Yetl, the raven. The milky-way is the path of souls in some Greenland myths, and the Aurora Borealis is the dance of the gods across the starlit vault in all Eskimo myths. The reign of night is the reign of spirits, and hence the

Egyptian Sate, the Mother of Darkness, is the 'effluence of an invisible glory!' Also Fire, under the name of Atar, is a main item in Persian worship, the Gothic Ahura Mazda himself being represented as swathed in flames! Indeed nature worship went to such summits that the Vitian Islanders held that cocoanuts had spirits and usually cracked their sides together in mirth! All nature-worship, we find, has led to polytheism, because of the opposed principles in nature—the fire-gods could only hate the water-gods and the gods of growth and darkness. Another pronounced trait is the play of environment, which an examination of the Japanese and Egyptian pantheons will show. Thus many gods in Egypt had wives, sons, daughters and attendant spirits, but all with the long-eyed placidity of the Egyptian.

Dazed by these anthropomorphic deities, we should not fall into the error of supposing that only such shapes abounded in primitive religions. Though mostly we get martial and disgustingly nationalistic Gods in all these, there are poetic and moral conceptions of Divinity among certain others, as is the case with Aton worship, as expounded by Akhenaton of the XVIII Dynasty in Egypt. Here we get such fine poetry, vying with the most delicate Hebrew or Taoist Scriptures. And forgiving gods and atonement were not unknown before the advent of Christianity. Thus the Assyrian Asur tells King Esarhaddon, 'Put not thy trust in men; lean on me the refuge of ages,' and an antiphonal Babylonian Psalm goes thus:—'Hear my sighing like a dove's moan—Oh! wash me in Thy fountain.' These look almost like Biblical quotations.

But usually the early man saw

Gods in everything, and every event in nature was a direct act of God. It is a touching story that the first dynamo in South Africa was worshipped, and a Lord of the Dynamo, 'whose light penetrates light and whose anger splits the mountains' (fuses bulbs!) evolved! The special stimuli to religious emotion then as now must have been dreaming and allied conditions, an apprehension of life and death and an impression of vastness and exhibition of forces. But in animals we are not aware of such a marked religious consciousness, though Darwin in his *Descent of Man* says that his dog showed religious instincts, and Prof. Pinsero in *L'Anthropologie* asserts that certain apes cherish a form of serpent-worship, burying the snakes when dead 'with considerable ceremony and placing in their tombs a provision of insects for their future life!' But Prof. Pinsero himself denies religion to the pre-historic man while conceding it to monkeys. Anyhow animals may have basic religious feeling, and dogs baying mysteriously at the moon on some windy night may be serenading Selene, the passion-flower of the South Seas.

Most, if not all, of the main Deities are self-created, a fact quite in keeping with their powers. Even the Andamanese Puluga came from 'an egg laid by himself!!' and the name of the Egyptian Virgin Goddess 'Neith' itself means 'I came from myself'. But there is a moving picture at Elephantine, of Nuf, the earliest Egyptian God, fashioning the God Osiris at a potter's wheel, while the God of the Nile poured water on the clay. Perhaps this is too candid an admission of the manufacture of Gods: and it was St. Paul, the theologian who said 'Hath not

the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour.'

But all these whirling fantasies are comparatively sane, when we look at the erotic upheaval of many forms of religion. The very strength of the sexual passion renders it liable to attract and unite with the religious emotion. This phallic trait is shown not only by orgies like those at the Dionysiac worship in Greece, but also by the sensual and ascetic excesses into which religious fanaticism almost everywhere falls. We see, as we might expect, that the Gods associated with these orgies are those among whom fertility is the chief characteristic. So the Egyptian Queens were married to the God Ammon, who approached them in the form of their consorts, as Pendragon approached Igrayne, or the hero of Astrabakas the wife of Ariston. But, anyhow, the fact remains that the crazy votaries of the Mother of Gods, who deprived themselves of manhood were the subjects of this obsession no less than the worshippers of Anaitis or Elegba.

Just when we begin to cover our faces at the lust of our ancestors that gave us such shapes of naive attractiveness, we come across another series of religions whose vision of God is vague, graspless and incomprehensible.

These ethereal conceptions were possible only after monotheism had established itself, for, two equal incomprehensibilities could easily amalgamate their capacities to form a vaster vagueness. And by the 1st Century A.D., this had gone far enough as Plutarch's treatise on Isis and Osiris brings out. And this mobile conception abounds in the Gathas and the

first metaphysical section of the Taoist scriptures, *Tao-teh-King*. In the Gathas, Ahura-Mazda is the graspless essence, the 'all in all and life in all' and in the Vedic writings, Prajapathy is the volatile divinity, and his epithets are enough to induce a trance in a believer, for the chiefest characteristic of these fluid conceptions is the extreme hypnotic contagiousness of monotonous description. They are very amazing and perfectly staggering compositions of sense impressions—a riot of colour, sound and form, reminding one of De Quincey's *Dream Fugue* or *Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow*. Here we get 'a whirlwind, a cloud, fire unfolding itself, lightning issuing from fire—and colours of amber, burnished brass and terrible crystal—the noise of great waters and the noise of a host'. This is the accompaniment to the divine vision, which itself is of 'the likeness of a throne, and the likeness of the firmament, with a whirlwind, a cloud, fire unfolding itself' and so on *ad libitum*. This parades under the name of mysticism and is seen in Tibetan and Chinese mysticisms as well. These are dreams too vague to be criticised; to question them would be like fighting with the air and so they exist.

But unfortunately it is the too-vivid Gods that are handed down to us and these compel disbelief, and only serve to lead many to Swinburne's reading of Genesis—'Man created God in his own image.'

But it is for us to enquire into the particular capacity of man satisfied by these shapes; and then we have to turn to the latest research into comparative religion as well as clairvoyance, telepathy, levitation and other psychic phenomena. It is seen that 'holy reveries' and intense abstraction

lead to the development of extraordinary capacities, as evidenced by the Yoga system, the Tibetan and Persian Black-Magic, and modern Mind-reading and levitation. But these are seldom the outcome of ordinary World Religions.

Anyhow the solution to the religious consciousness lies with psychology, for religion must be treated as a branch of sociology, a product of human thought. But in the meanwhile, the things which our ancestors set their hearts on

have crumbled to dust in our sight. And while we may yet, with caution take an occasional stroll in this valley of shapes, to be fascinated by an upshot of stars from the girdle of Venus, or to gaze into the languorous eyes of some Flower Goddess, we can only say with Walter de la Mare that these are of

'Regions which midnight fantasy has made

And clear cold consciousness can seldom share.'

LINES

Ah grant that I may die, thou blandly-smiling gods,
As rain slants softly to the dusty lips of earth;
That I may feel, no longer alien to clods,
The slow, still ecstasy which slakes their summer dearth.

J. F. S.

ON CATCHING TRAINS

L. M. TURNER, *Hous. 4, Br. vii*

'How many times I nearly miss the train
By running up the stairway once again
For some dear trifle almost left behind,
At that last moment the unwary mind
Forgets the solemn tick of station time.'

—Harold Monro

There is a certain art in catching trains, an art developed by long years of disaster and discomfort, by much hardship in flea-ridden waiting-rooms and furious arguments with guards, ticket-collectors and railway porters. Happy is the man who has mastered the art, calm and unruffled he enters the train, while we poor mortals who believe in 'muddling through' gaze on in awe and reverence from amongst a confused mass of luggage and gesticulating coolies. But the past-master in the art of catching trains is that airy gentleman who drifts around the world with an engaging smile and (possibly) a tooth-brush. For him there is no 'dear trifle left behind' in the form of a massive trunk or elusive bedding. We poor travellers oppressed by a mighty load of largely unnecessary luggage envy him with an undying envy and wish that we, like Bunyan's pilgrim who also found his luggage somewhat cumbersome, could cast off our burden and 'give three leaps and go on singing'.

The vast accumulation of luggage which so hinders us, when followed by coolies, exasperatingly slow, we race time over the railway bridge, is largely due to the weak way in which we let friends impose upon us. 'I say old man,' they say with a smile of low cunning, 'be a sport and take this along to old so and so. You will, won't you?' It is at this moment

that we must be firm—a Napoleonic scowl must overspread our features, 'My friend,' we must say firmly, 'am I a transport officer?' Whatever happens next we must remain unmoved, for thus it is that we break friendships but make journeys. If we do not do so, then in what an endless stream will objects, ranging from cricket bats to perambulators pour in upon us!

How will we then endure that mystic ceremony at the luggage office where the 'Lord of the luggage' sits sphinx-like in his gilded cage? Around him all is confusion as the busy minutes hurry on the hour of doom, but the Lord of the luggage is calm. 'Would you please book our boxes?' we cry desperately . . . For what seems an age there is no answer. At last, waking from his priestly meditation, the Lord of the luggage deigns to speak, 'How many boxes have you?' 'Good heavens! hundreds,' we mutter distractedly and turn to count them; but they are on the other side of the kiosk where our coolie has placed them on the weighing platform, and now stands grinning complacently while a fat man endeavours to weigh himself, sending the weight indicator needle round to twice our normal complement of luggage. We push off the playful fat man and return to the Lord of the luggage. He casts his lordly eye upon the indicator

needle and charges us an immense sum—the fat man has jumped on again. It is too late to argue. The guard stands ready with his flag and the impatient engine whistles. We pay without a murmur and begin that last and terrible dash for the train.

'Onward' we gasp, sweeping past the ticket-collector at a tremendous speed but alas! our coolie is usually far too slow or perhaps the last lap of our journey is blocked by an immense pyramid of luggage, a vendor's van or any one of the numerous obstacles that clutter up the station platform. The watching crowd is amused at our futile efforts, ironic cheers greet us when we give up in despair as the 'long-linked train' steams away. A chill gloom descends upon us—'When is the next train?' we ask despondently. The answer given usually varies between four and eight hours.

Yet, 'sweet are the uses of adversity', many an interesting friendship has been made in the dreary waiting-room with fellow sufferers. There is a strange sort of sympathy between they who miss trains. Alone in a scornful world where even the railway porters look down upon them in a superior fashion they are inevitably attracted to each other and the hours of waiting slide away pleasantly as they talk 'of shoes and ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings'.

If, however, we catch the train—if after the long and terrible dash we

hurl ourselves perspiring but triumphant into whatever carriage we can find—I have heard of one unfortunate who had to keep odoriferous fish company all the way—then with what a sense of peace and victory do we sink back into our seats! Until, of course, some disturbing thought breaks in upon us. Is it the right train that we have entered? Where is the small suit-case? Vexing questions like these pour in upon us to make 'confusion worse confounded'. What, for example, could be more exasperating than the experience of a friend of mine, who, after breaking all records across the over-bridge and just managing to catch an electric train, discovered to his chagrin that it rattled off to the repairing shed and there remained, while the train that he ought to have caught roared by him triumphantly?

Yet, when all is said and done there is something exhilarating in catching trains at the last moment that those august mortals who are always in time miss completely. Where for them is that sense of triumph against heavy odds, the tense excitement of the last few minutes and the final relief which descends upon us in a sweet and languorous cloud when everything is over and we rest like warriors after the battle? There is much to be said for inefficiency in this modern world of ours, it certainly adds variety and excitement to the monotony of life.

A SONNET ON LIFE AND DEATH

L. M. TURNER, *Hons. 4, Br. vii*

What though I die? Will not there still go on
The mighty movement of Life's harmonies
With never-ceasing sweep? When I am gone
Will not the wind still sigh amid these trees
With soft unceasing motion? No star shone
With dimmer light, nor did the splendid seas
Their voices lift in grief when Christ had gone
Like some slow chord that leaves sweet memories.

Yet still I hope, as after music's played
And the stirr'd mind sinks back to reverie,
God musing on the symphony he's made
Of the vast worlds and all their majesty,
Will pause awhile as if some note had strayed,
Then smile as I re-live in memory.



RAMOO: MY PSYCHOLOGICAL SUBJECT

K. M. TALGERI, *Hons. 5, Br. ii*

Even his best friends fail dismally to get poor Ramoo's standpoint. For he looks at everything from a curious angle. Perhaps it is not his fault. He is still young, twelve at the most; but his mental age, I may tell you, does not come anywhere near ten, what Prof. Jung, the psycho-analyst, would call an 'introvert'. And here is the tragedy of Ramoo's life: he indulges freely in an orgy of day-dreaming. This takes him far, far away from the world we inhabit, to live, move and have his being in a realm of his own creation.

Sometimes Ramoo is modest in his phantasies and confines himself to a sort of quasi-reality. At one time, in his day-dream, he would find himself in China Bazaar and all unawares, surprise the entire populace by flying in the air! At another, he would nearly send his dream-police-man into hysterics by changing himself into an elephant on a broad thoroughfare. And so on and on.

It was just in the midst of such a day-dream that a curious thing happened to him yesterday. The dream itself was made possible by a forceful 'association of ideas'. For it was only last Sunday that he had seen one of those clever hypnotists performing all manner of mental tricks on the Moore Market grounds. The things he saw had made such a deep impression upon his suggestible mind that he secretly resolved to become a hypnotist himself one day. He had even, in a charitable impulse, thrown the only copper he had saved to buy

his chocolates with; so great was his admiration for this man of powerful, piercing eyes.

This incident provided for Ramoo all the raw material he required to weave a day-dream with; and to crown it all, the cloudy sky yesterday had a charm all its own, and lent a perfect setting for one of his daring phantasies.

Being alone in his room, Ramoo chose to be demonstrative. In an instant, the environment to him had undergone an amazing transformation. There shot up before him an impatient audience and he was himself walking the stage of one of the biggest theatres in Madras.

Ramoo, of course, was the cynosure of all eyes. There he stood, the self-styled Mr. Somebody-Or-Other the greatest hypnotist, the most amazing wonder-worker of this age, the one and only! He waved his thin little hands and struck an imaginary something in the air,—and lo! a luminous electric ring began to float in the atmosphere! The audience drew back and sat dazed.

Shouted the wonder-worker: 'There's my Electric Ring! I can command it to go anywhere I please! Listen! I can order it to enter your pockets—or reach Mambalam Railway Station! I can'

'Stop!' cried a voice within his dream. Ramoo nearly stopped his loud thinking. It was the inescapable interrupter within any dream.

'You can *never* do that,' said the voice, 'as long as *I* am here, See? Say, can you produce a ten-rupee note?'

Here was a tough guy indeed. It seemed certain that Ramoo could never have created this dream-character. But how slipped he into Ramoo's scheme? It was difficult to say just then.

Well, Ramoo had almost burst out, 'My father who——', but no, no, that would certainly smash a whole evening's entertainment. It was dangerous to contact reality just then in an attempt to answer the interrupter. The dream-world was enough for Ramoo.

'Can you produce a ten-rupee note?' came the menacing question again. Ramoo became panic-stricken. It suddenly dawned upon him that some strange power within his own mind was controlling his mental imageries and the destinies of his dream-characters.

'Will you produce the note or will you not?' shouted the interrupter for the third time. 'Yes!' said Ramoo, at last, a trifle shaken, and ran up to his table, the real solid table of his waking consciousness, and produced a small bit of real, solid paper! For poor Ramoo, fact and fancy had got

confusedly mixed up in this strange nebulous drama.

'You are a fraud, a cheat, a charlatan!' bellowed the enraged interrupter, 'you think you can hypnotise me? Dare you hypnotise a *Malabar Mantravadi*?'

The last word sent Ramoo literally dashing out of his room, as if he were chased by some ferocious animal. In an instant, he had switched on to the objectivity of his waking world.

Evidently, Ramoo's sub-conscious mind had played some dirty trick upon him. A repressed infantile fear of the Malabar Magician had found a dramatic outlet in one of his highly auto-suggestible moods.

* * *

In the evening I found Ramoo on the S.I.A.A. grounds, apparently watching a game of foot-ball, but in truth, ogling an imaginary vacuity, miles and miles beyond the goal-keeper. I shook him violently and he woke up to his environment. I immediately asked him what scene he was enacting when I spied him through the peep-hole of the window of his room. He was very shy at first to tell me, but a little cajoling and a promise to take him to the nearest coffee-house had brought forth this amazing story I have told you.

A CLINIC FOR CYNICS

A. DAMODARAN, *Hons. 4, Br. i.*

One of the numerous little things that go to make life tolerable for us on this planet is the everlasting readiness of the members of the human species to admire and appreciate each other. Purists may boggle at the easy and indiscriminating applause that we so gracefully ladle out to everybody, but it cannot be denied that this tacit system of mutual back-pats acts as a very necessary lubricant, when the wheels of society are clogged. It is, of course, very difficult not to be supercilious, when human exhibitions of emotion reach an unwontedly fatuous degree; as for example, when a batch of highly excited females manhandle an overwrought film-star, or an undersized superpolitician. But ordinarily most of us can stomach enormous quantities of praise, especially when the bouquets are intended for ourselves!

That is why a cynic is so obviously an anti-human pest. While we love the masses for this invaluable gift of unreserved enjoyment, the cynic mirthlessly sneers at the mob from behind the walls of his own ivory tower. In his eyes, our pleasant recreations are but the manifestations of hysterical escapism, foredoomed to failure. He looks down upon the harmless and usually blameless lives of his fellow-men, and derives some perverted pleasure from their cares and anxieties.

There is enough sorrow among us without an incisive critic from a superior plane butting in with

essentially superfluous advice. The gratuitous advice of these little clay-model gods jars on us. We have to investigate and invent some effective remedy which will render these rabid beasts innocuous; for these cynics are the intellectual mad-dogs of society. They fight, they bite, they kill and they die. They are unwanted and their absence is unnoticed. 'He was as the vapour and is not'.

The really great man is always a passionate lover of humanity. He sees our sorrows, our vices, our amours and our wild attempts at rationalising the chaos which we have inherited. With sympathy and understanding he tries to help us.

But the little man dislikes the great panorama of human progress. The marvels of history fall flat on him. The heroic tale of man against fearful odds, oft repeated, but never stale, his fecundity, intrepidity and superb self-confidence are lost on him. Deep down in the depths of his morbid mind, he fears us; so in a cheap attempt at paying back, he tries to despise us. He parades before us in the borrowed habiliments of a clown, but before long the vestures break away, the texture decays and the grinning skeleton underneath is displayed in all the horrid nakedness of unavailing anger.

It is a very common error to mistake cynicism for humour. No humourist was ever a cynic, and the absence of a sense of humour is a necessary precondition to cynicism. Real humour

is but a burlesque drama played against a background of suppressed tragedy. While the Wellers, father and son were meditating upon that highly edifying attempt to make the Rev. Silas Brigg drunk, the inmates of the debtors' prison nearby were brooding over their frustrated ambitions. Jos Sedley getting fatter and fatter on meat and hot Indian curries is but the precursor to the tragically corpulent wreck who is scientifically goaded into the grave by Becky Sharp. Dickens and Thackeray laughed with tears in their eyes and lumps in their throats. So it is with all the great entertainers of mankind. They ridicule us with merciless ingenuity. But beneath their bubbling laughter is the unsatisfied yearning of aeons. They loved us so fully that they could afford to laugh at us.

It is when we examine the literary by-products of such a terrific human catastrophe as the First Great War that we realize the tremendous capacity for resilience that some minds possess. After living amidst an appalling extravaganza of primitive pain and savagery for years together these people have not lost their confidence in mankind. Of course, they are bitter about the futility and the utter unreasonableness of war. They are amazed at the incongruity between man's passionate desire for peace and his illogical readiness to wage battles. But these things have not shaken their faith in the ultimate destiny of the race. Out of living Hell they have emerged, their love of humanity unimpaired and their hopes of the future unsullied. The most cursory glance over post-war literature will astonish the reader not with the undoubted horror of it all, but with the incredible love of their fellow-beings which preserved the sanity and

intelligence of these heroes. Siegfried Sassoon came out of the war with his soul scarred and his ideals shattered. But the final impression that his great war trilogy leaves on us is not one of disillusion, but of hope. He is scathingly hostile towards the organized insanity of military life; he is disenchanted and embittered. But this golden thread of optimism runs through the pages of his three books, an optimism born out of a sincere friendship for the common men and women who are so loveable and so helpless. The same is the case with all the great writers of the present time. Somerset Maugham takes vivisectional pleasure in analysing human emotions; he is saddened by the futility of existence; but he plods on, for he is certain that a sympathetic study of humanity is itself a spiritual adventure. Aldous Huxley looks down from his eyrie and wonders at the pregnant somnolence of everyday life. His coldly dispassionate mind cuts like a sword through the superficialities of existence; the great undercurrent of human emotions is laid bare unto him. Still he is not disgusted but perseveres with his task because he is an honest lover of the human race. H. G. Wells, that phenomenon of the century, is still displaying a boy's interest and a seer's wisdom in his unending quest for a panacea for the evils of the world. These men do not despair; they have not given up hope. It would have been so easy for them to take refuge in the harbour of the cynic. On the contrary, they are breaking their hearts over the mysteries of life.

Hence I come back to my original contention that the cynics of the world form a superfluous minority. We are not so much perturbed by the

misanthrope as by the cynic. The greatest crime of the cynic is his contempt of humanity. To be hated is not altogether uncomfortable; it at least gives one a sense of self-sufficiency which is flattering. But to despise us is an outrage against our code of decency. The cynic who spurns us and ours is an anti-social animal. Some enterprising philan-

thropist with an excess of money and a belief in experiments should establish an uptodate nursing-home for cynics where the love of nature, beauty and children is taught. If they are not amenable to this treatment, they should be regarded as subhuman survivals from a pre-anthropological era and be forced to live in Reservations.

ON FREEDOM

G. K. SUBRAMANIAN, *Hons. 5, Br. iii*

'All things were made that man might be free'

Song—Celestial.

What is freedom? Freedom, like health, is stronger in a negative than in a positive fashion. When we are free, we are not conscious all the time that we are free; we think most of freedom either when we have lost it or when we have first recovered it. Freedom consists in doing what we want to do ourselves and not doing what somebody else wants us to do. The ability to be ourselves, to develop in our own way, to say and do, within reason, what we want to say and do is chiefly what we mean by freedom. We don't want to stand by applauding, while some tyrannical government tells us that we are merely the expression of its will.

Freedom is not an end in itself like truth or beauty. Men will die for freedom, but they will also cheerfully lose it. For, marriage undoubtedly represents a loss of freedom. On the other hand, this loss is amply compensated for by a fuller and a richer life. Freedom is a dynamic thing, and not a state of mind. Freedom is something, or a collocation of circumstances to be more accurate, for which the noblest and the most dauntless of men have striven because of their belief in its virtue and their faith that man may reach his full stature only in a state of freedom.

Rousseau was uttering a partial truth when he cried out with fire and indignation that man is born free and everywhere is in chains. For no one is born free. He is born in abject dependence on the parents who

feed and protect him. There is not, and never has been in the whole history of the world, absolute freedom. Absolute freedom is an abstraction of the philosophers, or a dream of anarchists born thousands of years before their time; it is a state of affairs which would require complete mastery over Nature and over human nature. Of course, absolute freedom is impossible and undesirable. Nobody can or ought to be absolutely free to do as he likes. We are members of a society which gives us rights only in so far as we respect the rights of others. If we claim freedom of speech, for example, we are not free to give the other fellow a month in prison because his opinions give us a pain in the stomach. You cannot be free in the world; you can only be free from the world.

No one capable of rational thinking has ever supposed it possible to achieve perfect freedom. Man cannot divorce himself from responsibility and the burden of responsibility is not consistent with absolute freedom. Freedom, then, is relative, progressive, perpetually incomplete and continually more productive; because the greater the degree of freedom in which he lives, the greater is man's capacity for growth.

Most of us mean by freedom 'getting away from responsibilities, getting out of the rut, a sort of escape'. Freedom must still be achieved and recognized, as space is, by the limits which from time to

time man and nature impose upon it. The contours of freedom must constantly be changing, to fit the changing needs and aspirations of mankind. For, freedom carried beyond a certain point may turn into its exact opposite, into the most lunatic tyranny. What is essential is that both the limitation and the enlargements of freedom should take place organically—should grow out of the needs of the people as a whole and not be enforced upon them. But only a genuine Socialism can create a state of things where the human instinct for freedom will develop most naturally, where we can all realize the best that is in each of us.

The war goes on and will last as long as there are men who care so much for humanity and freedom that they will do battle to free the world from injustice and fear. Freedom cannot be won without a struggle nor maintained without effort.

In the Totalitarian States, the normal desire for freedom—freedom of speech, of political power—has been so mutilated that individual liberty is a lost cause. They are being asked to give up more and more of their freedom in order to preserve their freedom! Freedom of speech is at the basis of all freedom and self-respect; for, the more inept the Government, the sooner the popular movement will turn it out.

The freedom of a group or a nation has nothing to do with the freedom of its members. The Nazi Reich can claim to be free. It has thrown off all bonds. Though the nation may be free,

the nationals have lost their freedom altogether. Russians, in like manner, either lost or surrendered or did not claim individual freedom presumably because they wanted Soviet Russia to be so strong and solid that the capitalist nations could not menace or destroy its corporate or national freedom. A question may be asked, 'what is the use of National Freedom if nobody is free inside the nation?'

But Democracies hand out certain equality of powers; one person, one vote. These voters are supposed to choose their own government, and swayed by various motives and forces, they do so. Even with the free and secret ballot, to be one of the several million voters does not confer a great sense of freedom or of democratic power. But it is better to be one among several million voters than one of several million owning no votes or rights, but merely duties of obedience.

In India, we cannot see the dawn of freedom until there is genuine equality of education. That, far more than a compulsory levelling of wealth, which too is obviously important in a country where so much of national wealth is in the hands of so few people, would bring relative equality of financial and social opportunity. For, freedom involves the acceptance of more and more restrictions. And the necessary restrictions on selfishness will be willingly accepted only in a democracy so enlightened that its citizens sacrifice traditional and personal privileges for its common good because they have come to realize that the common good is their own good.

INDIAN MAGIC

(The Causes of Decline and Methods for Revival)

By L. BHAGYANATHAN, P.G.I., Br. vii

India is often described as the land of Magic and mystery. This is not quite true. India was a land of Magic and mystery. The mysterious East exists no more. In olden days, Indian magicians used to baffle even foreign magicians by presenting before them wonderful mysteries like the famous 'Indian Rope Trick', the 'Levitation experiment' wherein a human being was made to float in thin air, the 'Buried Alive' illusion, the marvellous 'Indian Basket trick' and a thousand other magical effects that perplexed the keenest intellects. History tells us that foreign magicians used to come to India to learn Indian Magic. But now alas! the tables are turned. The masters are now the pupils. Foreign magicians like Chefalo, Nicola, Chang, Levante, Murray, Carter, have come and mystified everyone in India (and the world too) with their sensational modern illusions like sawing a lady into halves, walking through glass, the disappearing elephant, the phantom lady, the glass box escape, cheating the gallows and other mysteries too numerous to mention. It must be admitted that foreign magic has now a higher standard and a better technique than Indian Magic. What has caused the slow deterioration of Indian Magic and how best are we to revive it and give it its proper place in the world of entertainment?

Indian magic deteriorated because Indian magicians fell into the fatal habit of being contented with their

'pet effects'. From father to son from generation to generation, the same box of tricks was handed down and religiously performed. The star item of Indian magicians a hundred years ago was the Indian Basket trick, during the performance of which a boy was put inside a basket, and stabbed through by a number of swords and finally made completely to disappear. Even now, in the twentieth century the star item of Indian magicians is the same old Basket trick performed in the same old way without even the slightest modification. I agree the Basket trick was a wonderful trick. But now it has been worked to death. The same is the case with Indian Magic as a whole. It is well known that stagnation causes putrefaction. The primary cause of the decline of Indian Magic was and is stagnation. Every form of entertainment must move with the times, if it is to maintain its place in the entertainment world. First came Shadowgraphy, then the 'Magic Lantern', over-lighted shadowgraphy, afterwards the movies thrust out of the screen the Magic Lantern, and finally the talkies took the place of the movies. And there is no doubt that the talkies will be replaced by three dimensional pictures with smell and natural colours. In Music also new tunes are hummed instead of old ones. Foreign magic has held its place in the entertainment world because the magicians always changed their repertoire of

tricks to suit the times. The 'basket trick' which I cited before was first seen in India by a foreign magician by name Colonel Stodare. As soon as he saw it he knew that it would draw crowds if shown in England. And he *did* show it in England. But he so *modified* it that the original and the copy had no resemblance. *He had modified the trick to suit the taste of his audience.* Indian Magic will once again be on the ascent, when Indian magicians discard their 'static' ideas of magic and become 'dynamic'. The first step for the revival of Indian magic lies then with Indian magicians themselves. They must, if they are to be popular, throw away their old out-fashioned mantle of Magic and put on a new one.

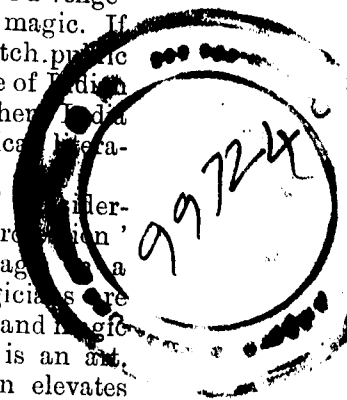
The over-secretive nature of Indian magicians was a vital factor that helped the decay of Indian Magic. Many of the best Indian magical illusions died because the inventor magicians cared not to teach others. They always took their secrets to their graves. The Indian Rope trick is an example in point. In spite of the fact that foreign magicians hold the view that the Indian Rope trick is only a myth, I am of the view that the *effect* of the Indian Rope trick was produced by Indian magicians. I only wish to point out that the death of the *Indian Rope trick* was the direct result of the neglect or rather refusal of the Indian magician to put down on paper his secret. The 'one pupil idea' among Indian magicians must vanish. Magicians must never hesitate to hand down to posterity their 'pet secrets'. I once searched vainly a hundred shops for a *real* book on Indian Magic written by an Indian magician. What a contrast there exists between foreign and Indian literature on magic! While

in foreign countries the market is flooded with magical literature, in India there is scarcely a single *original* book on Indian magic. There is not even a single magical magazine in India. Well-organised Magical companies selling magical apparatus are unknown in India. Indeed Indian magicians have guarded with a vengeance the secretive nature of magic. If Indian magic is again to catch public fancy, if the gradual decease of Indian magic is to be checked, then *India must produce* original magical literature.

And the cursed system of *teaching* magic as a 'low profession' affected the growth of Magic to a very marked degree. Magicians are as honourable as musicians and magic is as much an art as music is an art. It gives pleasure, and even elevates the mind by making people realize the existence of the 'mysterious'. Magic is *not* a profession that must be practised by *contemptible uneducated* people. In foreign countries great geniuses like Goldston, Houdini and Horace Goldin have given impetus to magic by the sheer weight of their genius. Therefore Indian magic can be revived again only if this *branding* of magic by Indians as a mean art stops.

One great factor for the revival of any art is the encouragement of the public. The Indian public must for ever give up that mentality which makes them say, even after seeing a very good Indian Magic show, 'Oh! he is only an Indian Magician!'. Let us be proud we are Indians. The public must once again cultivate the habit of praising and encouraging talented persons *even though they are Indians*.

If the public encourages it, surely Indian Magic will once again gain



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her pedestal, because India *does not lack geniuses*. If India could produce a C. V. Raman, a Rabindranath Tagore, a Gandhi, a P.C. Ray and other extraordinary persons, then surely she could also produce a Houdini, a Goldston, a Horace Goldin, a Devante, a Ching Ling Soo, a Levante and men of such calibre. I live in the hope of seeing that not so distant 'Dawn of Indian Magic'. I am not foolishly optimistic in my view because we know that the spirit of revival has caught the fancy of the public for the

past few years. Everywhere, everybody is crying out 'Revive Indian Art'. Music, dancing, painting and sculpture have all their loud voiced champions. But Magic? Oh she, the sister of music, and painting and dancing is neglected. Is she, who in past centuries made India the cynosure of all eyes now dead? Oh no! she is not dead. Hers is only a swoon from which she will soon recover and proclaim to the world 'Here come I with a better and a brighter light.'

THE GROVE

The slim grey columns soar from umber mould
To prop the limpid pediment of heaven.
The light-shafts move mosaics of jade and gold
Among the trembling leaflets, zephyr-driven.

J. F. S.

THE 'MASTER'

By V. K. SUNDARAM, B.Sc. 4, Gr. v

The Sun had set and the moon had risen. The 'night queens' blushed in different hues when the gentle lover kissed them, now here, now there, with a gentleness beyond description. The sweet fragrance of the flowers suffused the thick bushes on the banks of Sabarmathi, and to a casual observer it seemed as though the God of beauty had herself appeared on those remote and yet conspicuous banks.

Sabarmathi ran a torrential course, and the echo of the monotonous flow of her waters would have reminded one, of those ancient days when rivers spoke their joy and grief to humanity.

It was indeed a sad day for Sabarmathi. She was herself young, so she appeared to every generation, but she was the same old river of Hindustan. It was with the greatest reluctance that she took the mad cow-boy into her arms and dashed him on the vile and treacherous rocks. He bled, and Sabarmathi wept.

The villagers never noticed the disappearance of the obscure boy. Yes, he was obscure and his life seemed to be a strange one to those rustics who regarded 'schooling' as immoral, and a school master a 'wizard' who took away their children. In the midst of these fanatics there grew up the strange cow-boy, Māri, who would worship any who offered to teach him. It was not long since he had come to know of that 'Master' who taught men to read and write 'the bugs on the paper'. The Master lived four miles away from the village in a remote cottage, where every night the

light could be seen burning till the early hours of dawn. Very few noticed it; perhaps a passing cloud would have stopped and looked wondering on the dim light which twinkled from thousands of feet below.

But the light was more familiar to Māri than to any one else.

'Master, when do you propose to open the village school? I would love to be your first pupil.'

The Master sighed and was silent. A few minutes flew by, and the sensitive boy queried, 'what are you thinking of Master, don't you hear me?'

Again the Master was silent. Suddenly he broke out, 'Māri, how I wish I could pick up a dozen boys like you; that would realise my life's dream.'

The boy found it hard to say anything. He very well knew the fanatically-minded villagers, and the impossibility of opening a school and what would be even more difficult—to find the boys. There were tears in the boy's eyes, and he covered his face and ran away. The Master watched him and took a long breath when the outline of the eager boy had faded into the distance.

The Master was thrown into a strange dream. He saw a million boys, half naked, and half fed. They were all facing him, and he could gaze into their eyes, and even beyond; and understand what undeveloped ideas and intelligence lay behind them. They appeared to ask him a thousand questions; but the master heard none. He saw only their lips moving, and no feeble sound reached his ears.

The next morning he saw before him the cow-boy again.

'Māri,' he said, 'I had a strange dream wherein I saw a million boys eagerly expecting me to teach them, and they seemed to speak, but I heard not a word'.

The boy's face gleamed with hope; then suddenly it looked puzzled and crossed by worry.

He said, 'Master, my grannie would tell me the meaning of your dream. I shall come again and tell you what she said.'

Before the master could speak, the boy had run away. He was a strange boy indeed—the Master thought; and then he went inside his cottage and took his books and read them.

Days flew by in quick succession, and there was no trace of the queer boy. The Master was worried, and he waited for a few days more; then he ventured to go into the village and search for Māri.

The dream had been interpreted an auspicious one for the Master but portending some evil to the village. The news spread like wild fire, and every one talked of nothing but the dream, the Master and Māri.

The Master reached the village, and every man, woman and child looked at him with a hatred beyond description. No one gave any information about the boy, and the Master returned disappointed and disgusted.

The strange attitude of a cynic was apparent in him. He laughed, and

said to himself, 'What a fool I am, I attempted to reform a gang of fanatics and decoits'. He laughed again, and went into his hut. He saw the 'Readers' before him and he took them up one by one and made a bonfire of them. It was almost over—the dawn had broken, and the Master went away—perhaps for ever.

The next day a cow-boy was seen closely examining the burnt out paper. There was a dreadful silence, except for the occasional sound of the drops of water on the brittle paper ash.

Māri wept aloud and cried, 'Master, I know what uncle, father, and the villagers did to you yesterday, but Master, I am coming to you'.

The usual dim light of the lonely hut was not found there.

The 'night queens' blossomed again, and were happy not to find the man-made light there, when their lover rose majestically above the clouds. It was over, and there was the usual monotonous silence except for the twittering of a few nocturnal birds, and the hum of a few 'blind beetles'.

Sabarmathi ran in all her majesty and with a roar which was quite unusual of her. She heard some one speaking to her, 'Master, I am coming to you where you have gone; before long I shall be one of those great scholars who are my heroes'.

There was a splash, and all was silent.

SOCIETIES

College Union Society

The inaugural address of the College Union was delivered by Sri C. Rajagopalachariar, the ex-premier of Madras, on the 18th July 1940. Referring to the difference between himself and Mahatma Gandhi, the speaker said that Gandhiji was a prophet and a teacher, preaching a new way of living, while he and his colleagues were mere politicians with certain duties to perform and heavy responsibilities to shoulder. These responsibilities compelled them for the moment to differ from their beloved master.

On the 26th July Swami Madhavananda addressed the Union on the subject: 'Religion in the Modern World'. The speaker pointed out: Truth is one—wise men call it by various names; various religions, like various rivers which mingle their waters in the sea, lead to God. To attain unity, to pave the way for a better state of society to live in, to lead the life of wise men we ought to recognize the unity rather than the minor divergencies of the 'Faiths'.

On the 8th of August, a contest was held to choose two representatives from our College to participate in the Trial Debate to be held by the Madras University. The representatives, if they succeed in that ordeal, will be sent to represent the Madras University at other University centres. The proposition debated on that day was: 'In the opinion of this house, the Doctrine of Non-violence cannot be made the basis of Indian National policy'. Mr. A. F. Thiagaraju, Mr. L. N. Subramanian and Dr. M. Adi-

seshiah acted as Judges. Mr. Abdul Latif and Mr. C. Sivasankaran were chosen to represent the College. Our fervent wish is that our representatives may achieve success at other centres of debate as well.

An inter-hall debate was held on the 16th of August in the Anderson Hall. The proposition was: 'In the opinion of this House, a World State is a practicable Idea'. The student-Chairman presided on the occasion and Dr. Mahadevan, Professor of Philosophy, Pachaiappa College, had kindly consented to be the observer. Mr. A. Damodaran, Mr. Daniel Jose, and Mr. T. N. Raj spoke for the proposition, while Mr. T. J. Solomon, Mr. S. Sundararaman, and Mr. C. Sivasankaran spoke against it. The proposition was lost.

R. A. SWAMIAPPAN,
Secretary.

Christian Union

The first meeting of the above Union was held on Tuesday, the 9th July, when the various Secretaries—Secretaries for Social Service, Devotional Service and Study Circles—were elected. This year the women students also take a keen interest in the work of the Union. For the first time in the history of our College Union, women students are members of the Working Committee and share in the activities of the Union.

The inaugural address of the Union was delivered by the Rev. C. W. Ranson on Friday, the 2nd August. The S. C. M. Secretary of the Madras-Vellore Area, Mr. D. D. Anugraham, was also present then and

explained the aims and ideals of the Student Christian Movement. The first Devotional Service for the term was held on Sunday, the 11th August, when Mr. A. F. Thiagaraju spoke on 'The Stronger Man'. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Provincial camp of the Madras-Vellore Area which was usually held in the middle of the first term, has been postponed to the middle of the second term. This year we are also having the Quadrennial Conference at Kandy in Ceylon during the Christmas Holidays to which representatives from India, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan etc. are invited to discuss mainly the international situation and our attitude towards it.

Most of the members of the Union feel that we are having too many services and hear too many sermons; so we want to conduct discussion groups which are quite popular as well as useful. We are very glad to say that the activities of the Union—especially those of the Social Service Section—are carried on in good cheer and with great enthusiasm, and hope that this will continue throughout the year without any hindrance.

R. S. AMIRTHARAJ,
General Secretary.

English Honours Association

We began this year's work with our Business Meeting on the 3rd July, when the following office-bearers were elected for the year:

President: Rev. R. S. Macnicol, M.A.

Vice-President: Mr. S. P. Appasami, B.A.

Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. D. S. George Muller (Hons. 4).

Representative of women members:
Miss Victoria G. Thaddaeus (Hons. 4).

Class Representatives:

Hons. 5—Mr. Subramaniam.

Hons. 4—Mr. V. K. Kurien.

Hons. 3—Mr. K. George.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on the 31st of July by Miss M. Hunt, M.A. (Professor of English, Women's Christian College, Madras)—the subject being 'Matter and Method of some Modern Poetry'. In a plain but suggestive way, Miss Hunt traced out how Modern Poetry had freed itself from the rigid conventions of the Past, and tried to face—as Poetry had faced never before—'Life' in all its aspects. She proceeded to show how such a 'return to realism' in the matter of Modern Poetry had had its inevitable reaction on its form, and how throwing off its artificial diction, Modern Poetry had come down 'to talk to the multitude'. She emphasized that for sheer beauty and delight one could go to nothing better than Modern Poetry, and exhorted students to take to it as a hobby more or less.

The next meeting (14th August) was an interesting debate on a subject of perennial interest to all students of English language and literature—'The Study of the Language has No Cultural Value'. There was a packed house, and a high standard of discussion characterized the debate. Messrs. Baghyathan, V. K. Kurien, Srinivasan and M. K. Venkataraman, B.A. (Hons.) spoke for the proposition, opposed by Messrs. K. Srinivasan, Deacon K. C. Joseph, M.A. and Mr. A. F. Thiagaraju, M.A. Grumbling as most do under a load of linguistic acrobatics, the audience seemed prepossessed with a prejudice in favour of the proposition. The speakers on the side of the proposition spoke with

great fervour and strengthened their hold on the audience. But the tide was turned when Mr. Thyagaraju arrayed with facts and figures—scientific in their accuracy, and fascinating in the way they were presented—threw his whole weight into the scale on the side of the opposition. By a magic as it were, he made even the most die-hard anti-linguists among the audience change sides, and the proposition was voted down.

The next meeting (30th August) is an Inter-Collegiate debate with the English Honours Association of the Presidency College, to be held at Madras. The subject for the debate is 'In the opinion of the House, Gray's Elegy has been overrated'; and our College is to be represented by Messrs. Subramaniam, K. S. Srinivasan, K. Baghyathan and V. K. Kurien. Ever since the migration to Tambaram, we miss the Inter-Collegiate lectures, and we mean to make up the loss by such Inter-Collegiate debates.

It gives me great pleasure to place on record the brilliant performance of our Senior friends in their recent University examinations—four of them having passed in the Second Class, of whom Mr. G. H. Jansen won the University Prize by coming out first in the Seven Literature papers together. We wish them all success in the wider arena of life. We also miss very much the genial presence of Prof. Martin; but join in wishing him and Mrs. Martin all happiness in the adventurous voyage they have launched upon.

We note that the number of students in our meetings—other than those belonging to the Association—is steadily on the increase, for some inscrutable reasons! But if it be because of their genuine taste for

things literary, they can always rest assured of a warm welcome.

D. S. GEORGE MULLER,
Secretary.

Literary Society

The Society has been holding its meetings on Wednesday evenings as that is the only day in the week when the Intermediate students are not otherwise occupied. From next term onwards, meetings will be held every week alternately on Wednesdays and Thursdays to suit the convenience of the U.T.C. members.

On Wednesday, 17th July, 1940, the inaugural meeting of the Society was held with Rev. J. R. Macphail in the chair. The subject 'The present University course in English Literature is far from satisfactory and is in need of a radical change' was the subject of debate on the occasion. K. N. Raj and Bejoy Eapen were the main speakers. On Wednesday 31st July, the proposition that 'India should help Britain, in this war unconditionally' was debated on, with Mr. T. K. Rajasekharan, M.A., in the chair, R. J. Basu and T. B. Jambulingam being the main speakers. Another meeting on 28th August will terminate our programme of activities for this term. An Assistant Secretary from the Junior Class will be elected early in the next term.

K. N. RAJ,
Secretary.

College Brotherhood

The activities of the College Brotherhood began this year with an excursion to Mahabalipuram in which ninety-seven took part, of whom sixteen were women.

Students are very enthusiastic about rural welfare activities. There are

about forty members working at present in the rural dispensary and many more in the villages around the College Estate.

Wood-work classes have also been started, and the number of students attending them is quite encouraging.

The painters' club has not yet begun its work, but it will shortly.

B. CHAITANYA,
General Secretary.

*Brotherhood Excursion:
The Lure of Mahabalipuram*

A knot of students was gathered in front of St. Thomas's Hall on the morning of the 3rd of August. There was a gleam of adventure in their eyes. The knot grew to a little mob. Pots of water and hampers of food appeared in the vicinity. Five buses honked into the place and the atmosphere became hectic. There were subdued twitterings and giggles from a green bus and the assembled braves cast nonchalant glances in that direction meeting equally supercilious ones from the fair inmates within. They were the women students. It's time the reader was told in simple words that the whole show was the start of the excursion party to Mahabalipuram, arranged by the College Brotherhood under the leadership of Dr. Joshua. How the Brotherhood can retain that name when 'sisters' come within the fold, is a question that offers much food for thought.

Much of what was most primitive in human beings came to the surface during the journey. We shouted and sang; at least we thought we did and even the buffaloes browsing by the roadside stared in dismay.

The temple of Tirukalikundram perched on a granite hill offered the first thrill for the party. Climbing

up the flight of steps to the top means a lot in will and muscle power. Most of the party made a wild scramble to the top. But, a very few gallant and discerning fellows hung behind. We were too late to witness the quaint ceremony of feeding the sacred eagles. But, that did not damp our spirits in the least. The view from the little terrace of the temple was ample reward for the arduous climb. The little town sprawled most charmingly at the foot of the hill amid emerald fields. Cameras clicked at various places. We explored the inmost recesses of the temple, built into the rock, out of solid granite.

We halted a little distance from Tirukalikundrum for lunch. It is possible to become lyrical over the little repast we had under a spreading tree with our esteemed Subramanya Ayyar ladling us chunks of hulva. Exhilaration reached its highest point when some lively members led by George Abraham and the irrepressible Joseph Mani indulged in a dance that was the queerest blend of Kathakali, Hula and a Highland jig that mortals had ever seen. But the songs of Chaitanya and the ladies met with the appreciation of the more sober lot.

The most glorious phase of the trip began when we crossed the ferry and arrived on the scene of the ancient edifices dating back to the seventh century—the heyday of the Pallava Kings. The lighthouse, cut out of the surrounding rock, held us spell-bound with its utter grandeur. The reposing figure of Vishnu, and another of Goddess Kali vanquishing a demon, carved in the interior could not but thrill the most untutored mind. The dreamy scene of woodland and the blue sea as we saw it

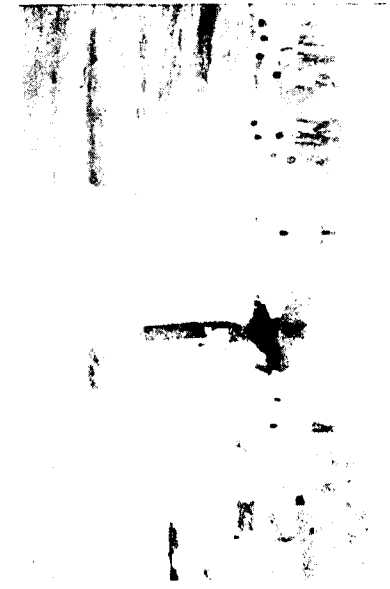
BROTHERHOOD EXCURSION



THE CLIMB TO THE FEEDING PLACE OF THE VULTURES
IS A BIT STIFF



TIRUKALIKUNDURAM FROM THE TOP OF THE SACRED HILL



—M. Babu Peter
BETWEEN THE SHORE TEMPLE AND THE DEEP



ON TOP OF THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE

BROTHERHOOD EXCURSION



STUDYING THE DETAILS OF 'ARJUNA'S PENANCE'



THE PARTY WAS FULL OF BEANS

VISITS TO VILLAGES



HOOG VILLA MEMBERS AT MAPPEDU



on that sunny evening from the top of the lighthouse will linger for ever in our thoughts. We next visited the spot where the scene of Arjuna's penance is carved on the rock. Gods, men, and animals find a place in that story frozen in stone. But no man is certain of the theme that inspired that ancient artist. No less beautiful is the scene of Govardhana built into the rock close by.

A tramp to the sea-side brought us to one of the seven Pagodas looking magnificent in its desolation. Several among the party could not resist the temptation of sea and sand and plunged delightedly into the water.

The culmination of the trip was the visit to the five Rathas which by the way is Pallava art at its greatest. It took quite an effort to think that these dreams in granite grew under the artist's hand a thousand and three hundred years ago. They looked so fresh. It was beyond us to understand the depths of thought that those sculptures symbolised. We could only understand that it was beautiful and too wonderful for words. Who were those people that could cut shrines out of the living rock and impress on it designs as subtle as the most delicate embroidery on silk? It was not piecing stone and stone, but just moulding rock into what shape they required. An immense Nandhi and Elephant grew out of their rocky bases like silent sentinels over treasures in granite. Silently they brooded and time drifted on its endless voyage; the breeze sighed through the enveloping casuarina groves and still whispered the enchantment of Mahabalipuram when we clambered out of the buses back in Tambaram.

S. T. APPACHANA.

Hogg Villa Rural Service Club

On the 14th July some of the members of Hogg Villa revived the work done last year in the second and third terms. Dr. Joshua was present with us on this occasion, and since then we have been visiting the *Mappedu Cheri* once every week normally on Sunday afternoons. On Sunday 18th August a number of students visited the village and Mr. Rangiah and a few others entertained the villagers with songs. As it was a moonlight night, a large number had gathered even though on account of the rain we reached the place at 9 p.m. and some of them had gone to sleep by that time. We then discussed with the villagers the need for promoting literacy among the children of school-going age as well as the adults. We have promised to visit the village again on Saturday the 24th at 8 p.m. and discuss further with them the possibility of starting a night school with the help of some of the literate villagers. In our weekly visits we play games with the children and also visit the houses and encourage the people to grow vegetables and we have promised to give a prize for the best vegetable garden in the village.

K. S. AHMED PASHA,
Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall Rural Service League

The League is the outcome of an urge among some of the students for doing rural uplift work in the neighbouring villages. The students who volunteered to do this work elected a few of their number to be in charge of various activities.

We have selected Tiruvenjeri Village and Cheri as our field for rural service. On Thursday evenings our

members visit the village and occasionally some go also to the more distant *cheri*. We teach games and songs to the children, give them some entertainment and instruct them in cleanliness etc. On Sunday nights we visit the *cheri* and the attendance is very encouraging. Messrs. C. J. Samuel and Sargunar have volunteered to work for the starting of a night school in the *cheri* with the help of some literate young men in the *cheri*.

During moon-light evenings we arrange a special programme for the adults and the children. At our July meeting Mr. S. J. Duraiswamy, B.A., formerly of the S. C. M. spoke on 'How to improve the conditions of villagers'. In our August meeting held on the 16th, Mr. Sundararaman of St. Thomas's Hall spoke to the people on cleanliness, literacy and the evils of drink. At this meeting some of the women students were also present. The Entertainment Secretary, Mr. R. V. Subramaniam, is in charge of arrangements for these occasional meetings in the village, as well as in the *cheri*.

So far there has been a good response both from the students and the villagers. Some of the members of the Staff are helping us in regard to the work in the village and the *cheri*.

In the *cheri* a committee of the villagers has been formed to work for the improvement of the village, and five young men were elected as a literacy committee to encourage children of school-going age to attend the Board School regularly, and to start a night school for the benefit of adults.

S. AMBROSE JOHN,
M. NAGABUSHANAM,
Joint-Secretaries.

Tamil Sangam

The office-bearers of the above Sangam for the year 1940-'41 are the following:—

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

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

Vice-President: Sri P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A.

Student Chairman: Mr. P. B. K. Thiagarajan, Class IV.

Secretary: Mr. P. Ramaswamy, Class IV.

The following were elected as the Class Representative of the various classes:—

Mr. A. Shunmugavel, Class III.
(Asst. Secretary).

Mr. Kalathimuniyan } Class II.
„ Swaminathan }

„ Kasturi Rangan } Class I.
„ Singaravelu, T. N. }

The inaugural meeting of the above Sangam was held on 19th July, 1940, when Rao Bahadur, C. M. Ramachandram Chettiar, B.A., B.L., Commissioner, Hindu Religious Endowment Board, delivered an address on 'Humour'. Student Chairman Mr. Thiagarajan presided over the meeting. The speaker, during his humorous speech, traced the development of humour from present time up to the 'Sanga kalam', quoting passages from famous Tamil poets.

The next meeting was held on 7th August, 1940, when Sri T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., addressed the members on the 'Beauty of Tamil'. In his introduction he said that he was an old student of this College, and was the Assistant Secretary of the Tamil Sangam while Mr. Sargunar was the Secretary. He added that only two or three

people would attend a meeting and naturally the meeting would be postponed. He felt glad to see so many interested in the Sangam now, and he gave an outline of the excellences of Tamil, some of which are not to be found in any other language, illustrating them with apt and correct quotations from Kambar and other poets.

P. RAMASWAMY,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjani Sangham

A business meeting of the above Association was held on Thursday, the 4th July in Room No. 3 with Mr. P. R. P. Francis in the chair. The following office-bearers were elected for the year 1940-41:—

President: Sri P. R. P. Francis,
M.A.

Student-Chairman: D. Sreenivasulu Reddy.

Joint-Secretaries: C. Sivasankaran; E. Sreenivasulu Reddy.

Treasurer: K. Nageswara Rao.

Class Representatives:

IV Class—G. Ramamoorthy.

III Class—Subbarayulu Chetty.

II Class—Jagathpathi.

I Class—Siva Rama Reddy.

For the first time in the history of our Sangham a Student-Chairman and Joint Secretaries, instead of a single Secretary have been elected.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Sri V. Ramadas Pantulu, President, Madras Provincial Co-operative Bank on Monday the 29th at 5-45 p.m. in Selaiyur Hall. Sri B. S. Murthy, M.L.A., Ex-Parliamentary Secretary, presided. The function commenced with Tea.

Mr. D. Sreenivasulu Reddy, on behalf of the Sangham extended a

hearty welcome to the guests. Mr. E. Sreenivasulu Reddy then read the minutes of the last meeting. Mr. Ramadas Pantulu, in the course of his lecture stressed the need for a separate Andhra Province and made it clear that liberal-minded provincialism was only a stepping stone to broad nationalism. He pointed out in various ways the legitimacy of the demand of the Andhras. Mr. B. S. Murthy in the course of his eloquent speech exhorted the students to cultivate a true national spirit, irrespective of caste, religion and province.

With a vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

C. SIVASANKARAN,
E. SREENIVASULU REDDY,
Joint Secretaries.

Malayalee Association

The first meeting of the above Association was held on July 19th to elect the office-bearers for the year. The following are the office-bearers:—

President: Mr. Titus Varghese,
M.A.

Secretary: J. Thomas.

Asst. Secretary: Joseph K. Mani.

At the first meeting of the Working Committee it was felt desirable to draw up a constitution for the Association. Hence a sub-committee was appointed for that purpose and the constitution they drew up was approved at a general body meeting later.

The inaugural meeting was held on August 5th presided over by Mr. Titus Varghese, M.A., when Srimathi Ratnamayidevi, M.A., delivered a very highly interesting lecture on 'Malayalam Literature'.

On the 19th August there was a debate on the desirability of abolishing the dowry system. Mr. D. H.

Namboodripad, M.A., B.L., Advocate, was the observer. Six student-members and two members of staff took part in the discussion, which was very lively. By an overwhelming majority the motion for the abolition of the dowry system was carried. It may be mentioned that both the meetings were very well attended. As the Onam Day falls during the holidays it has been decided to celebrate it after the vacation.

J. THOMAS,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham

The first meeting of the Sangham was held on the 10th July when Sri A.C. Nanjappa of Class IV was elected secretary for the year 1940-41. The President, Mr. K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T., explained to the members the activities of the Sangham and wished the Sangham a very successful year.

On the 8th August, the inaugural meeting for the year was held. With the zeal of Mr. Narasinga Rao and the co-operation of the members, the meeting was very well attended. Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao delivered the inaugural address and Rao Bahadur Chengappa, I.F.S., (Retd.), occupied the presidential chair. Our Principal was also present.

Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao gave a vivid description of the doings of the Kannada people in the realm of art and literature and concluded with a rousing appeal to the Association to foster an ambition for a Kannada Province and a home for Kannada culture.

Mr. Chengappa during the course of his presidential address traced briefly the history of the Kannada

people and quoted some verses from poems rich in the lore of the Kannadigas. He struck a pertinent note when he said that in the endeavour to attain intellectual eminence one should not forget that a keen mind should be housed in a virile body. He stressed the need for taking part in healthy outdoor games so that every youth might be strong and fit enough to bear arms for the defence of his country if need arose.

We hope to have another meeting this term.

A. C. NANJAPPA,
Secretary.

Sanskrit Association

In the business meeting held in the first week of August, the office-bearers for the academic year, 1940-41, were elected.

The inaugural address of our Association was delivered on 20th August 1940 by Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma, M.A., Ph.D., of Presidency College, under the presidentship of Mr. P. N. Sreenivasa Chariar, M.A., formerly Principal of Pachaiyappa's College. The subject of the lecture was, 'Is Sanskrit Culture an Anachronism?' The speech, full of humour, was very much appreciated. The function came to an end with the concluding remarks of the Chairman.

K. VENKATAKRISHNAN,
Secretary.

Hindusthani Premi Mandal

We are glad to announce that The Mandal was affiliated with the College Union Society in June last. The Hindi Classes (Junior and Senior) are held in Room No. 11 of the Arts Block on Tuesdays and Fridays between 5 and 6 p.m., and 6 and

7 p.m. We had the inaugural meeting of the Mandal on 19th August, 1940, when Mrs. Rukmani Lakshmi-pathy, M.L.A., delivered the address on the 'Imperative Necessity of Learning the National Language'.

We shall be soon having dialogues, elocution contests and debates in Hindi. Membership is thrown open to all students of the College who pay an annual subscription of As. 4. We invite all of you to join the Mandal and co-operate in its activities.

A. SRINIVASAN,
Secretary.

The Karnatic Music Society

The Society began its activities rather late this year. However it managed, rather surprisingly, to bring within its fold some sixty members. The first performance was held on the 29th of July when Sri G. N. Panchanathan (of radio fame) and party entertained us. It was a real treat and those who came to scoff remained to hum. We intend having performances every fortnight.

K. J. NATARAJAN,
Secretary.

The Mathematics Association

The inaugural meeting of the Mathematics Association was held on Thursday the 15th of August, at 5 p.m., when Rev. C. Racine, M.A., D.Sc., (Head of the Department of Mathematics in the Loyola College) delivered a lecture on 'The present crisis in Mathematical Physics'. There was tea for the members of the Association before the commencement of the lecture. Mr. L. N. Subramanian presided.

The crisis to which Dr. Racine referred was the growing difficulty of translating the facts and observations

of the physical world into the language of mathematics, due on the one hand to the abstractness of modern mathematical theory, and on the other to the great difficulty of observing facts with absolute accuracy (as for instance in observations on the structure of the atom). There would be no difficulty and no crisis if the modern physicist knew enough mathematics to allow him to proceed unhampered into research; but unfortunately, any further development in physics demanded of the research worker a knowledge of the entire field of mathematics, including the very latest theories, and it had long been recognised as impossible for one man to master the whole of both mathematics and physics. The way of salvation, according to the lecturer, lay in the abandonment of the present system of individual un-co-ordinated research. He expressed the hope that the Universities of the future would be centres of research, at which students would be guided into their line of work by their professors, and not allowed to choose it entirely by themselves. Some restriction to the liberty of choice of the student was necessary in the interests of the common good.

The meeting came to a close with the President's concluding remarks, and a vote of thanks to the speaker by the Secretary.

M. VENKATARAMIAH,
Secretary.

The Physical Science Society

Since the election of the secretaries of the Physical Science Society took place rather late this year, we have not so far held any meeting. But on the 26th of August, Dr. A. S. Mannadi Nair of Madras Medical College will

deliver a lecture on 'Nutritional Significance of Vitamins'. On the 30th, Dr. B. B. Dey of Presidency College has consented to deliver a lecture.

D. SREENIVASAN,
V. SRINIVASAN,
Secretaries.

The Radio Club

The inaugural address of the Radio Club was delivered by Mr. P. S. Srinivasan, M.A., Lecturer in Physics in this College, on the 15th of July. Mr. Srinivasan gave the members a historical survey of the evolution of wireless. The lecture was interesting, to say the least, not only because of the subject-matter but also on account of the various anecdotes about Edison and Heaviside.

On the 5th of August, Dr. A. V. Moses, Chairman of the Department of Physics in this College, gave a lecture-demonstration. He explained some properties of the electron and in the following demonstration illustrated the properties he mentioned. On the 15th of August, Mr. P. S. Srinivasan delivered the first of the series of lectures for the year. The lecture was entitled 'Functions of Inductances, Condensers and Resistances in wireless circuits'.

The Club has arranged a programme of theory and practical work for the ensuing academic year. It proposes to have a series of six lectures spread over six weeks interspaced with demonstrations by Dr. A. V. Moses. At the end of the series the Club hopes to start the construction of wireless sets.

B. B. CHANDAR,
Secretary.
H. SITARAM BHAT,
Asst. Secretary.

The Natural History Society

At a general body meeting held on 11th July, 1940 under the presidency of Dr. Joshua the following office-bearers were elected. Mr. Bonavis Bonnell and Mr. T. N. Venkatanathan were elected as Joint-Presidents. V. Venkatesaperumal and K. S. Seshachari were returned to the Joint-Secretaryships. K. Kesavan Nair, IV B.Sc., Gr. v, was elected as Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

The following representatives were also elected:

1. Mr. S. Thomas Satyamurthy (Hons. and P. G.).
2. Mr. P. K. Ramanathan (IV B.Sc., Grs. iv and v.).
3. Mr. Kesava Menon (III B.Sc. Grs. iv and v.).
4. Mr. V. Benjamin (Class II, Gr. ii.)
5. Mr. A. P. John (Class I, Gr. ii.)

There was a short committee meeting on 17th July, 1940 to draw up the programme for the term.

Dr. T. S. Tirumurthy, Principal, Stanley Medical College, delivered the inaugural address on 2nd August, 1940. Mr. B. Bonnell presided. The subject of the lecture was 'The Visible and Invisible Foes of Man'. The lecture was very interesting.

Mr. J. Samuel Raj, 2nd year post-graduate student in Zoology of our College, read a paper on 'Red Pyrrhocorid Bugs' and gave a clear exposition of the subject. Mr. P. N. Ganapathy who presided on the occasion stressed the fact that the Natural History Society was meant to inculcate in all natural science students the spirit of studying the subject for its own sake and make the students feel that after all examinations were only one phase of their real education.

On 30th August, 1940, Dr. P. Ramachandra Rao, Professor of Pathology, Madras Medical College, gave an enlightening lecture on 'The Mechanism of Human Defence'. He illustrated his lecture with micro-projections. Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan presided on the occasion.

The Natural History Society has proposed to publish a Natural Science Bulletin once every term, and it has approached the Principal for his approval. Most probably the first issue of the Bulletin may be expected next term. This is indeed a step in the right direction. The Bulletin will be placed in the Natural Science Library for perusal.

V. VENKATESAPERUMAL,
K. S. SESHACHARI,
Joint-Secretaries.

The Philosophical Association

On the 27th of February, a general body meeting of the Association was convened to elect the office-bearers for the academic year 1940-41. The Rev. S. Samuel presided. The Rev. A. J. Boyd was elected as the Patron, Dr. J. F. Butler as the President and K. M. Talgeri as the Secretary.

The other class-representatives are as follows:

- R. A. Swamiappan (IV Hons.).
M. Kurmanathan (IV Class).
J. E. Soundararaj (III Hons.).

On the 8th of August, another meeting was held under the presidency of Dr. J. F. Butler. Dr. Butler moved a resolution to the effect that a letter of congratulation be sent to Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics at Oxford, and Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Hindu University, on the latter's receiving the high

distinction of Fellowship at All Souls' College. The motion was unanimously carried and a letter of congratulation has since been sent to the distinguished professor.

Z. A. Osmani was elected as the representative for the 'associated' members the Association.

The inaugural function was held on the 15th August, when Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma, M.A., L.T., Ph.D., of the Presidency College, delivered the address, the subject being, 'The State of Philosophy in India To-day'. Dr. J. F. Butler, M.A., Ph.D., presided. The speaker, in the course of his brilliant address, struck a note of warning to all future writers on Indian philosophical subjects, be they Indians or foreigners, that they should not be guided by those authors who make it an art of mis-interpreting the original Sanskrit texts of our ancient seers and philosophers. 'Deploable', is perhaps the one word, he said, that fits the description of the State of Indian philosophy to-day. Maybe, this is the only point on which all philosophers in India agree!

K. M. TALGERI,
Secretary.

The History and Economics Association

The inaugural meeting of the above Association was held on Thursday, 1st August 1940, when Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramasamy Sastri, retired District Judge, delivered the address on 'The Man in the East and in the West—a stock taking'. Mr. E. J. Bingle, Professor of History, presided on the occasion. Mr. Mohandoss welcomed the lecturer and the President.

In the course of his thought-provoking address Mr. Ramasamy Sastri advised the students not to observe 'Seclusion' in their Hall and College life but do identify themselves with the outside life and to look at things from a practical point of view. They should not be carried away by popular slogans but must view things in their real perspective. 'It is foolish,' said the lecturer, 'to confuse the "instrument of Democracy" with "democracy" and "learning" with

"culture".' Mr. Sastri made a sagacious plea that the mind of the youth should not be contaminated with prejudicial views and party sentiments.

Mr. Bingle concurred with the views expressed by the lecturer.

With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary the meeting terminated.

S. SUNDARA RAMAN,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

College practices were started soon after the re-opening. In all the teams many places had to be filled up and the first few weeks were utilised mainly to discover the new men.

The Inter-Collegiate Leagues were started by the end of July. In Football and Hockey the number of competing teams have become so large that two matches per week have to be played. All our teams have made a good start. In fact, we have not lost a single match so far although we were held to a draw, rather unexpectedly, by the Y.M.C.A. College, in Football. It is too early to say if we shall win any Championships this year. In a long drawn-out tournament one can never be sure of the ultimate result. But we have as good a chance as anybody else. Anyhow, it may be safely said that all our teams will give a good account of themselves.

In Basketball, we have entered for the Bertram Memorial Tournament, of which we are the present holders. The team needs to learn team-work and it is hoped that the many practice matches that are being arranged would help towards that end.

Boxing has not been started so far. A start will be made early next term so that we shall be ready for the Inter-Collegiate Championships in good time.

C. A. A.

Football

This year there were five vacancies to be filled up. The Right-out position was easily won by K. I.

Eapen; the Intermediate line now consists of A. T. Thomas, P. K. Koshy and A. C. Nanjappa with P. N. Chacko as a steady back. We are glad Amirtha Raj is continuing in College and holds his former position as full-back.

We began the season very well by beating Presidency College by 9 goals to 1. It was soon followed up by a sweeping victory over the Veterinary College by 14 goals to nil. We won a hard-fought game against the School of Technology by 7 goals to 2. In this match P. C. Thomas received an injury and is keeping out of the game. This made all the difference, and we drew with Y.M.C.A., the score being 3-3. Still our chances of winning the championship are not diminished.

G. RAMAMOORTHY,
Captain.

Hockey

A novel feature this year is the existence of a third eleven. So far it has not been possible to give these future champions as many games as they would wish, but it is hoped that in future they will have at least one game a week.

The second eleven, still in a state of evolution, though it cannot boast of any startling victories, is second to none as far as enthusiasm goes. At a practice game between the first and second elevens, the second eleven, due to the generosity of the first eleven goal-keeper, was winning. One of the second eleven players suggested that the losing team should stand drinks. The first eleven immediately

got down to business, and in a few minutes scored the necessary goals, and the second eleven was made to pay for it.

The first eleven is striving to maintain the high standard of Hockey set up during the last few years. So far we have won all our League matches. There are three new members of the team. Simon, the goal-keeper, was probably born with a pair of pads, and with a little more practice will be a first class goalie. Spitteler, the left-half-back, will be remembered for his brilliant save against the School of Technology, when he stopped the ball a few inches from the goal-line. Joyce, the left-back, is fond of hard hitting, and is a very present help in trouble. He excels when playing a rough team. The rest of the team need no introduction. They gave a very good account of themselves last year, and no doubt will do the same this year. I would like to remind them of the captain's promise if they won the League.

NOEL HUNT,
Captain.

Cricket

We welcome with pleasure, Mr. R. S. Macnicol our president and our new cricketers—B. S. Venugopal, S. Krishnamurthi, T. Spitteler, V. Narayanan, Kingsley, Sundaravardan, Sundaram and Alva. We wish them a happy and successful Cricket season. It is good to note that we have in our midst, Mr. V. Ramakrishnan, who has come back as a tutor, and with A. C. Nanjappa, H. W. Keir, G. Shanmugham, E. K. Harikrishnan, our old players, we form a happy, jovial set.

We played our first Inter-Collegiate match against Presidency College on July 27th and won the match by 19

runs. It was a very exciting game. We won the toss and made 126 runs. Thanks to the splendid display of G. Shanmugham and V. Ramakrishnan, each contributing 57 and 20 runs respectively to their credit. Shanmugham played an effortless innings, scoring all round the wicket, while Ramakrishnan's 20 included some polished drives and hooks. The opponents were all out for 107 runs, V. Narayanan securing 5 wickets for 33 runs, S. Krishnamurthi 2 for 17, and M. A. Beliappa 2 for 18.

A week later, we played Muhammadan College on their grounds, and defeated them by a huge margin. They won the toss and elected to bat. They were all out for 43 runs, V. Narayanan getting 5 for 15, Beliappa 3 for 6, and Keir 2 for 4. We made 174 for 4 and declared. (V. Ramakrishnan 53 not out, Nanjappa 32, H. W. Keir 31, B. S. Venugopal 28 not out, and Shanmugham 19 not out).

We played three practice matches against the Y.M.C.A. College of Physical Education, Loyola College, and Mambalam Cricket Club.

Christian vs. Y.M.C.A.

Christian College—61.

Y.M.C.A. 33.

It was a very low-scoring match as the wicket and the out field were very bad due to rains.

Christian vs. Loyola.

Christian College—126 (Ramakrishnan 36, Keir 25 including a six).

Loyola College—140 for 7.

Christian vs. Mambalam Cricket Club.

Christian College—176 (A. W. Keir 57, B. S. Venugopal 41).

Mambalam Cricket Club—M.A. Beliappa 5 for 10, A. W. Keir 2 for 9 and S. Krishnamurthi 2 for 12).

We are having vigorous practice and wish every one will turn up for practice regularly. We are thankful for the efforts of Mr. C. A. Abraham and Rev. R. S. Macnicol, who are really striving hard to make the standard of College Cricket very high. Our fielding has been improving gradually. We have a batch of fine batsmen and bowlers who are very promising indeed. With such material at our disposal, and with the continued keenness of our players, there is no reason why this should not be a most successful Cricket season for the College team.

M. A. BELIAPPA,
Captain.

Second XI.

The second XI is fully convinced that the successes of the first are a

matter in which it is intimately concerned. Under the captaincy of our veteran M. T. Beliappa, we have been straining our muscles in our efforts to stop boundaries, tearing larger holes in the practice mat and swinging our long-suffering practice bats with great effectiveness. We were not able to hold our own against the Doveton College, but we redoubled our efforts against the Tambaram S.I.R. team, and with the assistance of a shower of rain, nearly beat them.

We hope soon to be able to report great deeds, of the drives of 'Straight bat' Somanna, the graceful outs of Piedpet, the maiden overs of Kolandavelu, and the bumpers of Beliappa. Meanwhile, we are practising with real keenness, and hope one day to take on the first eleven and skittle them out.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

HALL REPORTS

St. Thomas's Hall

Few were the familiar faces that greeted us when we once again entered our dear old Hall after the long and happy 'vac'. But the gradualness of inevitability ran its course and in the process, old faces became dearer and new faces became familiar. The aims and wishes with which the 'freshers' and the 'veterans' of the Hall entered upon the new year were widely different; the former came with high hopes of enjoying to the full the facilities provided by the 'Indian Equivalent of Oxford and Cambridge life', while the latter with carefully drawn schemes for a year of hard work.

The Interim Ministry went silently to its grave on 5th July, giving place to a popular Cabinet, the Student Representative Council, whose members were returned unopposed at the elections. This demonstrates the traditional unity that prevails in our Hall.

The Non-resident Social went off well on the 17th of July. The experiment at catering by the resident members, ably organised by Sri M. Shanmugam, proved a great success. The entertainment provided through the efforts of Sri D. Augustine was greatly appreciated by the non-residents who at the end of the function guiltily confessed that they had a grand time.

The new graduates' dinner was held on the 10th of August and we were proud to have with us a number of our men who graduated with distinction. Our former Warden, Rev. J. R. Macphail, who was present on the occasion, was received with great ovation. And as we sang, 'We're all

St. Thomas's Hall', our hearts felt at one.

The 'Vandalur Rangers' are going as strong as ever under the guidance of 'Long-legs Belli'. Their greatest achievement this year has been the digging of holes in the U.T.C. grounds, without the permission of the Principal, to prepare an 'Australian pitch'!

In spite of our misgivings at first as to whether the freshmen would get acclimatised to their new surroundings, we are glad to state that our fears were entirely unfounded. They agree with us that the Hall is a perfectly delightful place to live in, and towards the formation of this opinion, the genial charm of our beloved Warden has contributed not a little.

K. CHERIAN,
General Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

When we came back to the Hall after the long vacation new faces of multitudinous specimens greeted us in the place of our jolly old chums. The noiseless rush of our 'Ayyah' in the early hours of the morning calling students 'Mr. . . . get up, come to the chapel' was not seen. Regular work began from July in various forms. The ring of the morning bell at 7-30 spoils the sweet slumber of the youngsters. Vociferous discussions between our Afghan, Madam, and party takes place in the Reading Room except between 9-15 and 9-30 p.m., when they rush to see the tutors coming with books and battery-lights to record that day's doom. Ducking on a small scale, fight for *Ananda Vikatan* and *Illustrated Weekly* and

some other great conflicts go on as usual.

Dr. and Mrs. Adiseshiah with their daughter arrived here on the 1st of August. We heartily welcome them. Little Soma often plays on a small piano and Ambady, her genial neighbour already shows signs of his musical instinct being developed, though his efforts to return the favour hardly succeed!

The Debating Society Secretary is doing 'bullock'-work to turn the debates into entertainments. He is deluded because our audience gives them a thoroughly different turn—How? You can imagine! Champions of womanhood are increasing owing to the efforts of our propagandists. Certain debaters turn the platform into a gymnasium and their example has to be followed soon by the rest (because of the proposed compulsory military training), except by the effeminate males (who will have to take to nursing).

Contiguity to the forest has resulted in the Hall being haunted often at midnights by devils, lions, tigers, donkeys, dogs, etc. We request the authorities to take active steps for shooting these wild beasts,—for, our tiny kittens are frightened by nightmares.

E. VAIKUNTAM,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

Most of us came back to Selaiyur with fear and trembling, for we knew that the Rev. Mr. Macphail was to be our new Warden. He came to us from St. Thomas's Hall with the reputation of being the strictest of the Hall Wardens; and it was not long before his voice of thunder was causing our new babies to faint, and write home to their mothers; while

the old and experienced 'badmashes' met and solemnly swore to give up their old, wicked ways.

But time has proved that we were wrong in our tremblings. The Hall has relapsed into its old sweet ways. So completely have we recovered, that we have actually organised two Hall duckings this term,—horrible and thorough affairs, when the clothes of students and tutors alike have been permanently stained by the liberal application of the famous red laterite soil of Tambaram.

At the beginning of this term, we had the pleasant experience of being Constitution-makers. Selaiyur, which had managed to survive three years without a constitution, was deemed to be imperfect without one, and so Mr. P. S. Raman, our then General Secretary, drew it up. Some who saw it felt that Selaiyur would be better without that constitution, but the Hall accepted it since there was none other.

The first hitch in the working of our constitution came when Mr. P. S. Raman suddenly threw up his job. The Warden spent three weeks trying to find out what the constitution said about such a situation, and finding it silent, he asked the Hall Council to decide on the next step. The Council nominated a panel of two names, and asked the Hall to choose between them. Then some defenders of 'rights and liberties' raised such an opposition to this and kept on shouting 'unconstitutional' that the Council bowed their heads to the storm, and democratically called for nominations for the post.

In this way, a new Secretary was elected, who now signs himself:

T. GOVINDARAJULU,
General Secretary.

PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SERVICE

First Term—1940

June	30	...	The Principal.
July	7	...	The Rev. J. R. Macphail.
"	14	...	The Rev. Marcus Ward.
"	21	...	The Rev. T. G. Platten.
"	28	...	Dr. R. G. Cochrane.
Aug.	4	...	The Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
"	11	...	The Rev. J. F. Butler.
"	18	...	The Rev. P. Ramaseshan.
"	25	...	Mr. E. J. Bingle.
Sept.	1	...	Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah.
"	8	...	The Rev. P. C. Kerslake.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Dornakal preached at a special Devotional Service on Monday, August 19.



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