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Madras Christian
College Magazine

Vol. 10

No. 2



Dec. 1940

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MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. X No. 2

December, 1940

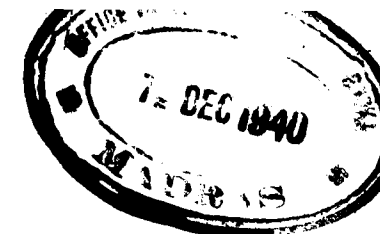


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THE MADRAS



CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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

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is none who can fail to deplore a situation which, even for a time, denies to India the guidance, and to Britain the co-operation, of some of India's strongest and noblest leaders. At such a time of strain and stress, perhaps we here in Tambaram have a special part to play. We inherit a fine tradition of happy friendship between East and West, and it may be that if we are true to ourselves, and honest with one another, we may in our measure be interpreters and reconcilers.

Our world is burdened and weary, and it would not be surprising if some were to lose hope for the future; if the world's fate were wholly in men's hands, we might well despair. But Christmas is a reminder to us that we are God's people and that He will never finally abandon us to evil, for He has already bound Himself to us by pledges that cannot be broken.

Christmas tells us how, when we were lost in the darkness of sin, God came to earth to seek and save us. He came in weakness as a little child, submitting himself to all the frailty of our mortal nature. And men worked their evil will on Him, and He died, but He rose again, conquering death, and opened a way out of death and sin for all who trust in Him. The miracle by which God became man, and, by accepting weakness, conquered death and hell—that is what Christmas celebrates. It is a mystery, but it is the kind of mystery by faith in which men live. Let us, then, not scorn the joy and hope it offers us, as it tells us how God in His greatness took thought for our world, and, by coming to us in weakness, became our Strength and our Salvation.

A. J. BOYD

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR •

From Sri S. SATYAMURTI, M.L.A. (Central), *President, College Day Association.*

I consider it a great privilege to contribute a short article to the Special Number of the Christian College Magazine. Time flies, and one's College days seem to be in the background. But distance of time lends enchantment to the view. I am not one of those who believe that all was well in the past, all is wrong in the present, and all is bound to be worse in the future. I believe in the present, hope and work for the future. I believe in the future of the Madras Christian College. Throughout its long and distinguished history, it has stood for ideals and methods which must make a profound appeal to every patriotic Indian heart.

In its present beautiful surroundings, far from the madding crowd, Madras Christian College is training and turning out every year a number of young men, and I hope a number of young women soon, who will take part in the pulsating life of free India. Christian College alumni are spread throughout the length and breadth of India, and of the Madras Presidency, and the neighbouring Indian States in particular. I speak from experience when I say that there is a spiritual bond which unites all the old alumni of the College. I have been round this country and round this Presidency. Very often when I meet old alumni, we seem to recognise almost instinctively the bond of affection between us.

It is that tie which the College Day Association seeks to strengthen and multiply. The College Day Association has undergone on the

whole a chequered history. When we go out into the world, our lives are so busy, our work is so exciting, and our interests are so varied that we seem to forget many old and dear ties. But gratitude is a great virtue, and if I may say so, a great Indian virtue. Gratitude is the seed of other virtues. I think membership of the College Day Association is a humble token of our affection for all that the College has been and is to us and to those who succeed us.

I have been in the College more than once in recent years. I have met the present students. I am on the whole proud of them. They are carrying on our traditions. In this country of ours, what is wanted more than anything else is a real national unity based not merely on utilitarian grounds, but on high grounds of culture, a unity of selfless sacrifice to our race, to our country and to humanity. From that point of view, the College Day Association is right in appealing to the present students of the College and the students who have just left the College. They are young men. They have got a great future to look forward to. I appeal to them earnestly to join the College Day Association in large numbers. They will find the older generation taking an affectionate and kindly interest in them, and if a nucleus can thus be built between the past and the present, between the past and the present generation of students, the Association has got a great future.

After all, the Association does not make any serious calls on one's purse

are likely to do harm, and are to be feared. By depending on past experience and intelligence they know how best to fight and where best to strike. They develop the best methods which are to be used in fighting. Animals learn by experience how to stalk the quarry and strike their enemies with deadly accuracy and the way to escape the danger of being attacked, gored or torn. Men have learned to locate the Achilles' heel of the enemy, the vulnerable spots to strike; and have learned also the best military implements to use in the defence and in the offence. In animals and in men, pugnacity, although a blind impulse, has become modified and improved by virtue of intelligence and experience.

Besides these resemblances, there are radical differences. The fight of man differs in range, intensity and importance. The instinct of possession in man is inordinately great. The animals' interest in property and possession is only of circumscribed range, but man's interest in the same is very wide and without limits. His interest in living space extends to thousands of miles and even multiples thereof. Animals do not need battle-ships, aeroplanes and bombs, astronomical instruments and sound detectors, maps and compasses which modern army carries with them. The hard covering of some animals is their protective barrage; their body and the gifts that nature has provided them are their protective weapons. They do not know how to protect themselves by naval bases, Q-boats and U-boats and indemnities; and they are ignorant of reparations and reprisals.

By his special intelligence man fights his battles with great perspicacity. His ambition which is bound-

less takes him into dreamy fancies of conquest. His most vulnerable spot is his self-respect, and if this would get wounded or injured, he tends to fight. Many wars which have been fought are either for preserving one's reputation or for safeguarding others' reputation. Man fights for himself and fights for others. He will fight most zealously for attenuated and distant interests, interests which may not be clear even to those who share his fight. Subtle economic advantages, the honour of a political creed or ideal, an affront to a fondly-kept ideal are factors which push him to battle. He has learnt by his intelligence to quarrel most bitterly even for the sake of the vaguest idea. To fight for an idea is a peculiarity of man and is not found in the animal. It is a quality that exhibits itself because of man's high estate. To these may be added the religious motive. Whether a nation is civilised or uncivilised it preserves and fights for its religion. This obviously is not found in the animal. Wars that men wage are products of human society. The technique of it has no semblance of the primitive pugnacious urge.

The animals quarrel for the sake of a mate or for protecting the young ones from injury. Some higher animals fight for their associates, the dog fights for the thing given to his care or for his master; and a few others will fight for the sake of a captured member of their group. Human sympathy and attachment, which are of a far greater character, extend to fighting for an unknown woman or child, a distant country or nation, injured or maltreated. Man will stand up to maintain the welfare and integrity of a nation, if a ruffian threatens it, even if it be that that nation's interest is not directly

bound up with his. His is not like the interests of animals which are local and parochial, and purely for their kith and kin. His treasures and interests are laid in regions which no geography can reveal.

The animals' pugnacity is fortified by passion, love, hatred, anger, suspicion and some intelligence. Man has assisted his pugnacity by all these; and more even than all these is his intelligence to assist. He has brought it to so fine a use that an animal, however strong it may be, cannot stand against him. By the help of intelligence man knows how to discover causes for his fighting purpose. During peace-time, intelligence is useful, in strengthening the offensive and defensive tools, in inventing new machinery and engines of war and modifying old ones. It affords clues, for hurling large masses of troops against the enemy, for making the men, who fight and those who do not, develop an uncommon attitude of keeping their *morale* in the stress of privation and suffering. Intelligence has perfected the fighting force in flexibility, mobility and shrewdness. Several ingenious media of propaganda are invented to change the attitudes and leanings of populations. Over and above all these the use of language, that peculiar gift of man, which happily is absent in animals, makes his plan of co-operation with others easy and he puts it through the media he had created. Language serves a useful tool for man, to threaten and to subdue, to break down opposition, to encourage and to boast

of his victories; and all these to attain his ends.

The role of memory in man is surprising. His desire for revenge exists in his mind even through long gaps of time. Rarely do the animals, except a few in the scale of mammals, harbour and take revenge for a wrong or injury done to them long before. Even the animals who are prone to avenge the wrongs they sustained have no ability to bridge the long gaps of time. They easily forget their wrongs. Man on the contrary avenges his father's or grand-father's death after a period of many years. He lives in a social system which, by its tradition and many other accessories of preservation, keeps alive the injured thought. Man cultivates his hatred and keeps it alive in his breast fortifying it with pent-up anger; and when the day of reckoning comes he strikes so hard and with such a blow that there is not an iota of human touch in his action.

By virtue of man's social evolution his primitive endowment of pugnacity has swelled to unthinkable dimensions. Far from crushing the tendency he has perfected it into an art and an institution, and has given a steer to it which makes it develop by its own momentum. Man has come to live more dangerously than the animals, and his stake in life becomes therefore stupendous. It is no truer to say that man has learnt his fighting from the animals than it is to say that language which he uses is an inheritance from the inchoate sounds of animals.

ST. THOMAS IN MADRAS

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

Christianity spread along the Roman trade-routes, the veins and arteries of the greatest and most enduring of ancient empires. From town to town, from sea-port to sea-port, wherever the Roman roads led or the Roman merchants sailed, thither went the bearers of the new faith, strong in their purpose and fanatical in their zeal. One of these routes led to India, it was the same as that by which Solomon got his cargoes of 'Ivory, apes and pea-cocks' from the coast of Malabar. Ships sailed from Italy to the great grain-port of Alexandria or even further up the river to Cairo and thence their merchandise was carried across the desert on camel-back to the Port of Suez where it was loaded into dhows that would make their perilous journey to India, hugging the coast all the way. Great numbers of Roman coins of the Augustan period have been discovered in Malabar and Ceylon, thus testifying to the intimate commercial relations that then existed between the Roman Empire and the South Indian kingdoms.

It was this route therefore that St. Thomas must have taken if he made the journey to India, for the other way, across the wilds of Persia and through the Hindu Kush, besides being extremely arduous was barred by the hostile Parthian tribes who would not hesitate to slay any preacher who went amongst them. In this view we are supported by the Apocryphal Acts of St. Thomas which relates how the Apostle sailed south-

wards as the slave of Abbanes to 'Andrapolis the Royal City' or Alexandria, but gives no further details of his journey. Abbanes was a captain of the King Gundaphorus or Gondophores, an Indo-Parthian monarch of the 1st century A.D. whose coins have been found scattered through N.-W. India and Afghanistan, the 'India' of the ancients. It was to his dominions that St. Thomas went, probably sailing up the Indus as far as possible and then proceeding afoot to Taxila, the King's capital.

This portion of St. Thomas's journey is fairly well authenticated, but now we come to another and even more fascinating question—Did St. Thomas come to South India? The Apocryphal Acts relates that St. Thomas left the Kingdom of Gundaphorus for that of another king called Misdaeus or Mazdai, according to the Syriac version and that it was here that he met with his martyrdom. But who this king Misdaeus was, or where his dominions were to be found, the Acts give no indication. We must therefore turn to the traditions of the Christian Church for a clue. One early tradition gives the name of the place of his martyrdom as Calamina, but unfortunately no one has yet discovered where this town is and the numerous suggestions put forward for its location have their foundation more in fancy than in fact. Another tradition is however more helpful, about 300 A.D. or even earlier the bones of St. Thomas were brought to

Edessa in Syria by 'a certain merchant', and St. Ephraim wishing to rid the church there of the evil influence of a heretical hymn-writer wrote some hymns in which the following references to St. Thomas are found:—

'The Apostle I slew in India has overtaken me here in Edessa The merchant brought the bones 'nay rather they brought him. Lo the mutual gain'

'Blessed art thou whom the great King hath sent that India to his one begotten thou shouldst espouse. Above snow and linen white thou the dark bride hast made fair.'

The last reference to the dark bride may perhaps indicate a land where the people are very dark such as South India.

It is St. Gregory of Tours however, who gives us the most striking piece of evidence. Bishop Medlicott who was a firm believer in Thomas's visit to Madras draws an ingenious conclusion from the following extract from his works, written about the year 590 A.D. 'St. Thomas the Apostle, according to the narrative of his martyrdom is stated to have suffered in India. His holy remains after a long interval of time were removed to the city of Edessa and there interred. In that part of India where they first rested stand a monastery and church of striking dimensions, . . . this, Theodore who had been to the place, narrated to us.' [Theodore was evidently a person of some reliability for Gregory was an extremely careful writer, not one to be led astray by travellers' tales.] Theodore also went on to say to Gregory, 'In the above-named town in which, as we said the sacred bones are buried there is on the feast days a great gathering lasting for thirty days of all classes of people, coming from different coun-

tries with votive offerings and for trade, *buying and selling without paying any tax*. During these days which occur in the fifth month (July, Roman calendar) great and unusual blessings are conferred upon the people After that there is such a supernatural down-pour of rain that the entrance of the church and the grounds around are swept so clean of all defilement of dust that you would think the ground had never been trodden.'

It was possible reasoned Bishop Medlicott that Gregory may have confusedly mixed up two different accounts given by Theodore. The climatic conditions of Edessa a dry and desolate town in Syria do not conduce towards a heavy rainfall in July as the rain there falls in winter. The place, therefore, must be some spot in North or South India where such conditions are fulfilled. Certainly, in Madras 'a supernatural down pour of rain' in the month of July is not uncommon. The remission of taxes mentioned by Theodore gives a further clue to the location of the place, for it was only in South India that such customs were practised.

A journey by sea to South India was an easier thing than a journey by land. The much-used trade route that I mentioned in my first paragraph was at times the only contact between the southern kingdoms and those of the north-west, for the Deccan rose up between them, wild and forbidding with its arid tablelands and its northern ranges of thick impenetrable forest. The traditions of the Syrian Church state that St. Thomas landed at Cranganore on the West Coast and having founded seven churches there, went across the peninsula to Mailapore on the Coromandel Coast, Bitter

hostility existed between the two Christian communities thus founded, but the Malabar Christians never attempted to claim that St. Thomas's tomb was to be found on the West Coast. If, therefore, as Professor Milne-Rae (a former professor of Madras Christian College) suggests in his book *The Syrian Church in India* the traditional visit of St. Thomas was merely an instance of the migration of a legend, how is it that the tradition is so consistent? With two hostile Christian communities we should expect to find two rival tombs, as there was no reason why one should give way to the other. Where also was the origin of this legend? In Persia? Though strong bodies of Christians lived there, no tradition of St. Thomas appears to have existed amongst them. That the St. Thomas who visited South India was not an Apostle is conceivable, but there seems to be even less evidence for this than that of the Apostle's coming, which admittedly is slight and rests mainly upon tradition.

St. Thomas, after preaching for a long time in the Kingdom of Misdæus and performing many wonders at last aroused the bitter hostility of that monarch by converting his wife and son. Misdæus determined to kill him and pretending that he wished to learn something more of him, took him with his guards a mile from the city. He then gave his soldiers orders that they should take him to the mount and slay him. 'And being come up to the mountain unto the place where he was to be slain he said unto them that held him and to the rest, "Brethren hearken unto me now at the last; for I am come to the departure out of my body. Let not then the eyes of your heart be blinded, nor your ears be made deaf. Believe on the God whom

I preach, and be not guides unto yourselves in the hardness of your heart, but walk in all your liberty and in the glory that is toward men and the life that is toward God"'. Then St. Thomas prayed. And after he had prayed he said to the soldiers, 'Come hither and accomplish the commandments of him that sent you.' And the four came and pierced him with their spears and he fell down and died.

Marco Polo however, who paid a visit to Madras in 1293, gives us another version of the saint's death, which was evidently the local tradition of the Syrian Christians at Mylapore. He tells us that he was informed that St. Thomas had been accidentally slain by a hunter of pea-cocks. This discrepancy of tradition has led many to distrust all the testimony of the Syrian Church, but it is possible that King Misdæus circulated the latter story in order to allay unrest caused by the apostle's death. Professor Milne-Rae, however, is of the opinion that the legend was borrowed from the *purana* of a neighbouring Hindu temple.

In 1517, Portuguese adventurers discovered the Syrian Chapel in Mylapore which they said contained the bones of St. Thomas, distinguished, so they thought, by a superior whiteness from the rest. But, as we already know, the Relics had already been removed to Edessa by 'the merchant', so this 'discovery' seems to have been a fraud. Another place which they are supposed to have found is a cave at 'Little Mount' near Saidapet where St. Thomas lay hid. Here are shown giant foot-prints in the rock which make it appear as though St. Thomas had caught some of the Elephantiasis prevalent in that neighbourhood! At St. Thomas

Mount, however was found a Persian cross of great antiquity which shows that Christianity was established there at least as far back as the sixth century.

There is a strange fascination about the legend of St. Thomas and the deeper one delves into its mysteries the more startling are the discoveries one makes. For instance, under the year A.D. 883 in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we find this entry 'This year the army went up the Scheldt to Condé and sat down one year and Marinus the Pope sent a relic of the cross to King Alfred. And in the same year Sighelm and Othelstan

conveyed to Rome the alms which the King had vowed to send thither and also to India to St. Thomas and Bartholomew'. Were these two the first Englishmen to come to India? What fascinating thoughts these few words conjure up! The so-called gospel of Thomas, to give another example, portrays the childhood of Christ in the same manner as that of Krishna, thus proving an intimate link between the religions of East and West. But the most fascinating of all is the coming of St. Thomas to Madras and the return of his relics therefrom to Italy where they now rest.

RAIN ON THE ROOF

By L. M. TURNER

Play on musician, on the roof-tops play
As I lie here upon sleep's blessed verge
And hear your first sweet plaintive music merge
Into soft liquid thunder, like a lay,
Sea-drown'd of singing voices far away
That slowly fades to a long sad monotone
Of dripping whispers, sounding cold and lone
Till silence once more holds her cerie sway.

Strange fancies come unbidden in the dark
When I do hear your music, I do keep
Strange vigils lone in land-scapes drear and stark
And fleet across the poles despite the sweep
Of blizzards wild, or sail in some strange bark
Storm-wing'd yet tempest proof, to realms of sleep.

SACRIFICE FOR KALI

By S. T. APPACHANA, *Class IV, Gr. iv b*

Sasi's pan-cake shop was very popular with the school boys round about my place which by the way is known as Kantipur. It's a dreamy sort of place nestling amidst a lot of mango and cocoanut topes. Sasi was symbolic of this dreaminess and not the less so was her cat as it lay outside licking itself in the sun.

Sasi made excellent pan-cakes and when they were eaten hot from the pan in the cool of the morning one looked with a kindly eye on all one's fellow-creatures for the rest of the day and felt that the world was not a bad place to live in after all. What endeared her to the children of the village was her gift for telling stories. But that was in the evenings. She sat in the pial of her hut and we gathered round her while she told us little tales from the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharatha*, about the stirring deeds of Bhima and Arjuna. She put such spirit into her narration that we almost saw Bhima whirling his mighty mace and heard the twang of Arjuna's bow.

And the most regular among the listeners was Lakhia, a slightly built girl of seventeen. Around her hung a soft fragrance of jasmine. She loved to wear them on her hair and threaded long garlands of them as she listened to Sasi's stories. A large number of the young folk of the village gathered around Sasi's hut in the evenings. Sasi began her stories when the mellow rays of the evening sun still glowed over the golden maize-fields and did not stop till the lamps began glimmering near the sacred

Tulsi. The village women paused in their task of carrying water from the village tank and stood awhile listening to Sasi's stories. Lumbering peasants and cartmen hastened to her hut and heard her in wide-mouthed wonderment.

Sasi was a widow. She had a son, a strapping lad who drove a bullock-cart. Rakhal—that was his name—would have pleased any mother's eye. Lithe and strong, honesty and good nature beamed from his handsome face. It was a wonderful sight to see the mother's face light up when her son's cart rumbled in with a glad song of bells. 'I live only for him', she said and anybody could read that from her dotting eyes.

After he had rubbed down and fed his cattle Rakhal joined the crowd gathered round his mother. He had his favourite spot beneath a neem tree. He made kites for the children or fashioned wooden toys while he listened. One day Rakhal did not leap down from his cart with his accustomed lightness. There was a great red gash on his right arm. Some cow-herd flinging stones at straying cattle had hit him by accident. The old mother trembled so much that she could not wash the wound. Lakhia gently drew her away and with expert hands dressed the wound with a mixture of honey and herbs. Then it was that Rakhal looked at Lakhia with adoration in his eyes. She blushed and swinging her pot on her hips tripped away to the tank, her anklets clinking in gay abandon. The next day

Lakhia found fresh fragrant jasmine heaped on a plantain leaf in her place. 'My son finds plenty of them in the woods. He is grateful' said Sasi smiling at her. Lakhia blushed again, and there was a light in her eyes. And leaning against the neem tree Rakhal watched her weave them with deft fingers into garlands. There was jasmine always, from then, in Lakhia's corner.

Lakhia was the daughter of Naren, the weaver. She helped her father and mother at the weaving. She loved to hear the clack of the loom and watch the strange designs her father wove into the saris he made. Lakhia was uncommonly fair and combined with it a grace of manner that shone distinct in that rustic place. The young men of the village glanced furtively at her as she bore water from the tank. She carried the brass pot brimming with water poised on her head with an effortless grace. 'Shekar is a lucky man,' they said. Shekar was the son of Pradip, the bangle-maker. Naren and Pradip were friends from youth and Naren had early decided that his daughter should wed Shekhar.

Dusk was settling in Kantipur. A hundred delicate tints glowed over the western hills. The mynas quarrelled within the thick foliage of the banyan trees. The tank was busy with the merry chatter of female tongues. Now and again there was the gurgle of a filling pot and a woman with the vessel balanced on her head clinked up the steps turning to exchange a last sally before she went. Two little girls were splashing water over each other till an irate mother chased them from there scolding shrilly. A little apart stood a Pujari softly muttering 'Sandhyawandan.' Some distance away from the tank amidst a patch

of wood arose the *gopuram* of Kali's temple standing dark against the western sky. The tinkle of cow-bells and the raucous voice of the cow-herd boys driving the cattle home floated over the evening air. Only three women remained at the tank. Lakhia was among them. They ascended the steps together. But, at the top Lakhia put her pot on the ground. 'What makes you go to Mother Kali's temple always at this time, Lakhia?' enquired one of the women. 'My cow is tethered in the wood there,' she replied and tripped away in that direction. There was a strange glint in her eye. As she entered the wood a tall figure stepped out of a clump of bamboo. It was Rakhal. In the sheltering shades of the wood they talked the soft nonsense that all lovers talk. They had met here for several days and thought their secret their own. 'May Mother Kali will that our dreams come true', murmured Rakhal looking at Lakhia who pensively looked down on the grass. 'They will not' rang out a voice. The lovers turned in a flash in the direction of the sound. Shekhar stepped out of the copse grinning broadly. There was an ugly glitter in his eye. With a fierce imprecation Rakhal hurled himself at the intruder. The youths were both strong and fought with the frenzy of madness. In a little time Rakhal threw his opponent heavily on the ground. Shekhar picked himself up and casting a glance of unspeakable hatred at Rakhal said, 'I shall be revenged even if I have to sell my soul to Shaitan.' 'Away you dog' hissed Rakhal grinding his teeth. Shekhar slouched out of the place and Rakhal assisted the trembling Lakhia back to the tank where her solitary brass pot still gleamed in the dusk.

But for this trio, Kantipur dreamed in blissful ignorance of their loves and feuds. Sasi's pan-cakes sizzled hospitably in the mornings and her stories lent magic to the evenings. Like a boulder crashing into the stillness of a mountain lake there came tragedy. The Pujari one morning rushed out of Kali's temple shouting that mother Kali had been insulted and her temple desecrated. The temple jewels worth several thousands of rupees had been stolen. The inhabitants were horrified. Policemen in red caps and gleaming buttons tramped on the once peaceful street. They entered houses and searched every little corner. As Sasi made pan-cakes, they entered her hut their great hob-nailed boots digging holes in the floor. 'O, you wretches would you accuse Sasi of stealing or my son. The village knows us,' she raved. 'It is our duty, mother,' said the policemen gruffly and continued their search. Rakhal watched, his eyes blazing in fury. Now they were rummaging in the maize pots. Fearing his own temper Rakhal walked towards the bullocks tethered in the shed and shook down a bundle of straw before them. The limbs of the law continued their work in the hut. One of them scooping up maize from a hamper suddenly uttered an exclamation. He held up in his hand a little cloth bundle hard and heavy. Silently they opened it and within in a little heap were the missing jewels. 'That man was right,' muttered one of the policemen. The mother peering over their shoulders saw the jewels. 'It is a trick,' she screamed and swooned. One of the men, a big, burly fellow went in the direction of Rakhal who was grooming the bullocks. There was a scuffle and the next moment the handcuffs were on

him. The youth stood petrified. The mother who had recovered hobbled out and sobbed aloud at the sight of her pinioned son. 'My son, they have found the jewels in our hut; Shaitan alone could have done it,' she said amidst her sobs. Rakhal was led away and the village watched the little procession. He did not utter a word. His face was as if set in granite. Tongues started wagging in the village. Had he not been seen slinking in the wood around Kali's temple. The trial came; the sentence was pronounced. It was to be rigorous imprisonment for seven years.

No more the cheery sizzle of pan-cakes in Sasi's hut. The big white bullocks no more jingled their bells in the shed. They along with the cart were sold to the Sowcar. There was no more story-telling in Sasi's pial. Sasi lay on her mattress tossing with fever. Now and again she moaned for her son. Lakhia was there tenderly nursing her. 'That is the fate of those who offend Mother Kali,' they said in the village. One night the flames burned lurid in the 'Smashan' and they said that Sasi was gathered unto her fathers. Life dreamed for some more time in Kantipur till one morning the sound of pipe and drum floated from the houses of Naren and Pradip. The wedding procession of Shekhar and Lakhia meandered through the streets of the village and there was much festivity and rejoicing. The same sun blazed hotly on a group of convicts breaking stones in a quarry in a distant town. Working a little apart and with face as expressionless as the stone before him was Rakhal.

Ten summers had drifted over Kantipur. The morning sun blazed cheerily over the village. The shouts

of the boys scaring away the birds from the golden maize-fields floated over the balmy air. Sasi's hut had collapsed and creepers rambled over the broken walls. The chameleons chased each other over the fallen timbers. A cuckoo sent its plaintive notes from the neem tree in the front. A Sadhu came trudging over the road. His gaunt frame had only a loin cloth for covering and matted hair fell about his face. In one hand he held a Kamandal and in the other a Trishul. He paused beneath the cool shade of the neem tree. 'Jai Shankar,' he exclaimed and spreading his deer-skin on the ground he squatted on it. The people saw him and were indifferent in the beginning. But he was there day after day and knots of village-folk gathered around him. They showed him their hands and he told them their fortunes. The women were shy at first. But soon they too came with their children to have their fortunes told. One day Lakhia came to the Sadhu. She was now grown into a woman. Shyly she stretched her hand out to him. Silently he perused the lines on her hand. 'Mother, it is sad, but you will soon have to don the robes of widowhood,' he said. Lakhia turned pale. 'Sa-

dhuji; it is dreadful; how may I prevent it?' she asked in terror. 'Mother Kali is offended. Maybe she will be appeased if your lord will offer the blood of a young goat at her temple, two hours past midnight on the coming new-moon night. Unrest stirring in her dark eyes, Lakhia walked away.

On new-moon night when it was long past midnight a torch flared in the wood around Kali's temple. It was Shekhar and by a string he led a young goat. The torch cast eerie shadows among the bushes. He quivered in every fibre of his body. There was a rustle and a figure loomed before him. It was the Sadhu and he held the 'Trishul' high above his head. Shekhar stood rooted to the spot in terror. 'Shaitan wants his slave and Mother Kali loves the blood of men,' hissed the Sadhu and sprang on Shekhar.

A cowherd passing by the wood at the first streak of morning discovered the body with a Trishul sunk into the heart. The goat peacefully nibbled the dew-laden grass. With the faint flush of dawn Lakhia opened the door to worship the sacred Tulsi. On the step was a plantain leaf heaped over with a little mound of fresh fragrant jasmine.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

By G. H. JANSEN

The moon is very bright
And I am full of vague and hopeless longings
That will not let me be.
Not from any thing I know or do
Can comfort come.
A night of flying clouds and glancing light
Which would hale my spirit out of me
Into a dim green world
Where every common thing is full of witchery,
Am I to be lured and drawn like any stock or stone
Like any sappy tree or leaping wave
To ease this subtle ache within
That will not let me be.
The very trees are lost despairing spirits
Twisted, tortured by some faint unearthly agony
Flinging their arms in impotent beseechment to the shifting
heavens,
Murmuring their eternal plaint in a frightened whisper;
And men like stately, glimmering ghosts, awed by their own
ghostliness,
Tread an unfamiliar earth.
But not for me this mocking of all calm and sanity.
For me the narrow bright-lit realm of mind
Where everything is used, safe and too familiar
Talk and books, the spinning of cosmic cobwebs,
But now and then soft clinging to mouth and brow
The maddening touch of music's ghostly fingers.
Madness enough for me!
And yet outside there is that magic milky light
Poured from strange heavens on a strange new world
Cloud,—dark and bright, and bright and dark.
And still within this subtle ache
That will not let me be.

A VISIT TO CHANDRADRONA, THE BABABUDAN HILLS

We had learnt from friends that the Bababudan Hills are in the form of a horseshoe enclosing a great 'crater', now filled with dense forest, from which in the beginning the moon was born, and that the fine grasslands of the higher parts are almost entirely uninhabited. We arranged by correspondence with the Mysore P. W. D. to begin our visit to these hills at the Pecta bungalow, about half way round the inner side of the horseshoe, at an elevation of 5,600 feet, and on the evening of September 3rd we arrived at Chikmagalur, the pleasant town on the Mysore Plateau, at the foot of the hills. Most of the next day went in obtaining all the necessary provisions for our expedition, so it was late afternoon when we set out in our small car for the twenty mile climb; but as we had been assured by the friendly clerks in the Engineer's Office that the bungalow was a first class one, and had been prepared for us, we had no misgivings.

We had hardly reached the foot of the hills before it began to rain. The road climbed gently up along the outer slopes of the horseshoe, at first through coffee estates and then through forest and grasslands. We discovered later that there are magnificent views from the higher parts of this road, over the coffee estates and forests, rice fields and tanks of the Plateau, and of the hills themselves, whose outer sides are great fortress-like cliffs, but today all was obscured

by mist and rain. Near the crest of the ridge we passed through a narrow gap to the inner side of the horseshoe, but here again the full beauty of the great forest-filled bowl with its encircling hills was hidden from us. Across the grasslands the road wound down to Attigundi. Here it was raining more heavily than ever, and already beginning to get dark, and here we had to take an unmetalled sideroad which zigzagged steeply up for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the Pecta. The S. W. monsoon was barely over and the road was covered with a green slimy growth of algae, on which our tyres could get no grip; the car slipped and skidded, and our progress was reduced to a walking pace. At last through the mist a building loomed into sight and we passed between high gate posts into a wide courtyard. A long low building, with several doors, most of them tight shut, their steps moss-grown, looked more like a disused chattram than the First Class Bungalow we had been led to expect. Had we lost our way in the mist? As we hesitated, a strange yell came from the one open door, and two equally strange men emerged and beckoned us to stop. They wore long robes of rough dark wool, round one ankle a heavy chain was twisted, hair and beard were unkempt; they looked very fierce. Were we inadvertently trespassing on forbidden ground? At first the flood of Urdu which they poured upon us told us nothing; by degrees they made us

understand that though the bungalow was not far ahead, no chowkidar was there. In spite of obvious protests from these friends, we pressed on and up the final quarter of a mile, turned a sharp and very slippery corner, and found first an important-looking notice board announcing The Peeta First Class Travellers' Bungalow, and then the bungalow itself. The fakir-like gentlemen below had certainly been right; the bungalow was deserted and proved impregnable. The only window which we could force open had stout iron bars; the room into which we peered was empty of all furniture, and its floor was a lake. The rain lashed onto the verandah; it was nearly dark; our opinion of the Bababudan Hills was not of the most complimentary. However, just as we gave up hope, the chowkidar arrived, we paddled across the centre room and found two side rooms which were inhabitable, though damp and dirty. Having let us in, the watchman went off home again, by short cuts down the mountain side to Attigundi, and we were left to make the best of things. We caught rain as it poured off the roof, for washing, we lit our lantern and our little camp stove, and cooked a little supper, we put our bedding on the two somewhat rusty iron cots and went to bed, resolving to leave this most inhospitable of First Class Bungalows next morning.

But next morning, what a contrast! We woke to find a cloudless sky, the sun shining, the air as clear as crystal; a magnificent view of green hills, and of the valley filled with shining white clouds like some vast snowfield, was spread before us; everything was as gay and inviting as it had been dreary and uninviting the night before. Even the house im-

proved on acquaintance, for we were able to push open most of the doors and windows and let in the sunshine and fresh air. We set chairs and tables out of doors to dry, and decided it was too good a place to leave after all.

This part of the Bababudans is as interesting as it is beautiful. The Peeta is sacred to Muslims and Hindus alike. A cave in the hillside contains Dattatreya-peetha, the throne of Dattatreya, and from this cave it is believed that Dattatreya will some day reappear on earth. This same peetha, however, to the Muslims is the tomb of Baba Budan, and a doorway at the back of the cave is said to lead to Mecca. The custodian of this doubly sacred place is a Mussalman Kalandar, a Syed, whose full title, according to the *Mysore Gazetteer*, is Sri-Dattatreya-swami-Baba-Budan-swami-Jagadguru!

From the travellers' bungalow we looked down upon the picturesque little group of buildings at the Peeta. The one which contained the entrance to the sacred cave was curiously reminiscent of a small Chinese temple, with its slightly curved roof-line. The building from which our fakir-like friends had greeted us the night before was the math or monastery; to it all pilgrims to the shrine, of either faith, are welcomed, indeed we discovered that some of the vehement Urdu which had been poured upon us had been a cordial invitation to spend the night in one of the warm dry halls of the math, instead of in the cold, damp bungalow above. If only we had known more Urdu!

For three days we stayed at the Peeta. Every morning was exquisite, and we spent them exploring the hills, which we found even more beautiful and interesting than we had

expected. Every afternoon down came the mists and rain, and in spite of closed doors and shutters the house became again so damp and cold as to be barely habitable. On the fourth day, therefore, we took the main road from Attigundi to Kemmangandi, the little settlement at the iron mines of the Mysore Iron and Steel Works, on the northern and outer slopes of the range. Our way led through magnificent valleys filled with dense forest, emerging after about twelve miles onto the rock-strewn grasslands typical of these hills. Knowing that we were now within two or three miles of Kemmangandi, we began watching with some apprehension for disfigurement of the hillsides, but only unspoilt beauty greeted us at every turn of the road. Finally, however, we saw the mines, a great red quarry on one green hill, the straight lines of the cuttings suggestive of some mediaeval fortress. In these lovely hills, even an iron mine is not unlovely!

At Kemmangandi we had the choice of two dwelling places, a vacant cottage in the officers' quarters and a tiny wooden chalet in the quiet and semi-wild garden of the Maharajah's forest ashram. We chose the latter, and here we had a happy week. Being now on the northern side of the horseshoe, and

about 1,000 feet lower, we had better weather, and the country here was as beautiful as that around the Peeta. The Peeta had been interesting as the home of legend; here was the interest of an extremely well-run industrial colony. Maximum care for the well-being of the workers and minimum destruction of the natural beauty have both been achieved by the Mysore Government.

During this week also, the late Maharajah seemed to become our personal friend. Day after day we followed footpaths through the forests and along the hillsides which he had planned as he roamed the countryside, exploring its beauties. It was as though he himself led us to all his favourite spots, a morning expedition to the foot of a 300 feet waterfall in a distant gorge, an evening stroll round nearer hillsides, from which we looked far across the Mysore Plateau; along his forest paths we laughed as we removed unnumbered leeches from our plebeian feet and wondered whether any of them had previously tasted royal blood! A week was by no means long enough to explore all this lovely country, even with the Maharajah's help. Some day we must go up there again.

A. M. BARNES

THE THEOLOGY OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

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

Those modern theologians who insist that Christianity is not in doctrine, but in spirit, commonly fail to notice that they are exposing themselves to a test more abrupt and severe than that of doctrine itself. Some legal preliminaries at least are necessary before a man can be burned for his opinions; but without any preliminaries at all a man can be shot for his tone of voice. The old-fashioned Christian may be even more rapid in his decision that certain new views are unsympathetic than in his decision that they are unorthodox. It is much easier to detect and dislike the smell of a heresy than to trace it to its chemical ingredients. And when the new theologian throws over history and exact metaphysics, and simply says: 'Stripped of its formalities, this is Christianity,' he lies more open than the old theologian to the purely personal answer of the man in the street, 'If that is Christianity, take it away.'

One may consider gunpowder as a thing composed of charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre; or one may consider gunpowder (as does the more direct intellect of the maiden aunt) as a thing that ends in a bang. But if the philosopher of innovation boasts of bringing no salt, sulphur or charcoal, we do expect at least a bang, and a good one. If he can blow up Parliament with milk, fruit salad and fine saw-dust, let him. But Parliament must be blown up; that we shall all agree, is the essential. Now, Christianity, whatever else it is, is an explosion. Whether or no it consists of the Fall, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, it does certainly consist of thunder, of prodigy, and of fire.

Unless it is sensational there is simply no sense in it. Unless the Gospel sounds like a gun going off it has not been uttered at all. And if the new theologies sound like steam slowly escaping from a leaky kettle, then even the untrained ear of the ordinary layman (who knows neither Chemistry nor Theology) can detect the difference between that sound and an explosion. It is vain for such reformers to say that they go, not by the letter, but by the spirit. For they are even more plainly opposed to the spirit than they are to the letter.

Let us take one instance out of many of this principle in operation, the case of Christmas presents. Some time ago I chanced to hear a sermon on this subject, in which the Priest said that he did not give presents in a gross, sensuous, terrestrial sense, but sat still and thought about Truth and Purity till all his children and friends were much better for it. Now, I do not say that this plan is either superstitious or impossible, and no doubt it has an economic charm. I say it is un-Christian in the same solid and prosaic sense that playing a tune backwards is unmusical, or saying 'ain't' is ungrammatical. I do not know that there is any Scriptural text or Church Council that condemns my Priest's theory of Christmas presents; but Christianity condemns it, as soldiering condemns running away. The two attitudes are antagonistic not only in their theology, not only in their thought, but in their state of soul before they ever begin to think. The idea of embodying goodwill—that is, of putting it into a body—is the huge and primal idea of the Incarnation. A gift of God that can be seen

and touched is the whole point of the epigram of the Creed. Christ Himself was a Christmas present. The note of material Christmas presents is struck even before He is born in the first movements of the sages and the star. The Three Kings came to Bethlehem bringing gold and frankincense and myrrh. If they had only brought Truth and Purity and Love there would have been no Christian civilisation.

Many sermons must have been preached upon those three gifts; but there is one aspect of them that has hardly received due attention. It is odd that our European sceptics, while borrowing from Oriental philosophers so much of their determinism and their despair, are perpetually sneering at the one Oriental element which Christianity eagerly incorporated, the one Oriental element which is really simple and delightful. I mean the Oriental love of gay colours and an infantile excitement about luxury. Sceptic after sceptic has denounced the rites of the Church as parades of sensual purple and tawdry gold. But in this selection, indeed, the Church was wiser than either Europe or Asia. She saw that the Eastern appetite for scarlet and silver and gold and green was in itself innocent and ardent, though wasted by the lower civilisations upon the pampering of idleness and tyranny. She saw that the stoic plainness of the Roman had in it a peril of stiffness and pride, though this was allied with the equality and public spirit of the highest civilisation then extant. The Church took all the labyrinthine gold and crawling colours which had adorned so many erotic poems and cruel romances in the East, and she lit those motley flames to illuminate gigantic humility and the greater intensities of inno-

cence. She took the colours from the serpent's back; but she left the serpent. The European peoples have, on the whole, followed in this the lead of Christian art. Nothing is healthier in their popular tradition than the fact that they regard the East as a mass of quaint shapes and colours rather than a rival philosophical system. Though it is in fact a temple of hoary cosmologies, they treat it as a big bazaar—that is, an enormous toy-shop! They remember the Near East, not by the Arabian prophet, but by the 'Arabian Nights'. Constantinople was captured by a Saracen culture scarce inferior, at the time, to the modern European civilisation. But now, people do not trouble about Turkish culture, but rather about Turkey carpets. The Celestial Empire has been filled for ages with an ironical agnosticism. But Europeans do not ask for Chinese enigmas, but rather for Chinese umbrellas! They still regard the East as a great Gamage's; and they do well. This is the heartiest and most human thing in the East, what is called the violence of its colouring and the vulgarity of its gems. How evil are other Eastern things, the wheels of mental destiny and the wastes of mental doubt, we can only know from the modern sceptics themselves, who give us the dreary Eastern attitude combined with the dreary Western costume. Schopenhauer shows us the poison of the snake without its glitter, as the early Church showed us the glitter without the poison. It was the glitter that Christendom took out of the tangle of Eastern things. Gold ran like fire in a forest round every king and saint. But it all came from the one lump of gold that Melchior bore in his hand when he went across deserts to Bethlehem.

The other two gifts are marked even more by the great Christian note—the note of the sensuous and the material. There is even something brazenly carnal about the appeal to the sense of smell in frankincense and myrrh. The nose is not left out of the divine human body. An organ which to the modern mind seems as comic as an elephant's trunk is familiarly recognised in such Oriental imagery. But, to insist on the other side in turn, this Asiatic luxury is in the Christian mystery only admitted in order to be subordinate to a higher simplicity and sanity. The gold is brought to a stable; the kings go seeking a carpenter. The wise men are on the march, not to find wisdom, but rather a strong and sacred ignorance. The wise men came from the East; but they went Westward to find God.

Besides this bodily and incarnate quality which makes Christmas presents so Christian, there is another element with a similar spiritual effect. I mean what may be called their particularism. On this, again, the new theories (of which Christian science is the largest and most lucid) strike a note startlingly dissimilar and opposite. Modern theology will tell us that the Child of Bethlehem is only an abstraction of all children; that the mother from Nazareth is a metaphysical symbol of motherhood. The truth is that it is only because the Nativity is a narrative of one lonely and literal mother and child that it is universal at all. If Bethlehem were not particular it would not be popular. In the same way a love-song to a scornful woman might be so piercing and mortal that all men sang it morn and eve, the hind at the plough and the prince in the saddle. But they would all stop

singing suddenly if you told them that the song was not made about one woman, but only about women in the abstract. Christmas, down to its most homely and even comic observances of stockings and boxes, is penetrated with this personal idea of a secret between man and God—a divine cap that fits the particular human head. The Cosmos is conceived as a central and celestial post-office. The Postal system is, indeed, vast and rapid, but the parcels are all addressed, sealed and inviolate. A pillar-box is only public in order that a letter may be private. Christmas presents are a standing protest on behalf of giving as distinct from that mere sharing that modern moralities offer as equivalent or superior. Christmas stands for this superb and sacred paradox; that it is a higher spiritual transaction for Christopher and Felicity each to give each other six pence than for both equally to share a shilling. Christmas is something better than a thing for all; it is a thing for everybody. And if anyone finds such phrases aimless or fantastic, or thinks that the distinction has no existence except in a refinement of words, the only test is that I have indicated already—the permanent test of populace. Take any hundred girls from a boarding school, and see whether they do not make a distinction between a flower for each and a garden for all. If therefore, new spiritual schools are concerned to prove that they have the spirit and secret of the Christian festival, they must prove it, not by abstract affirmations, but by things that have a special and unmistakable smack, by hitting one pungent tinge of taste, by being able to write a Christmas Carol, or even to make a Christmas pie!

THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK

By K. BHAGYANATHAN, *Post-Graduate, I Year*

A few years ago, Professor P. C. Sircar, a handsome Hindu magician issued a remarkable statement to the press, which made foreign magicians rub their eyes and gape in wonder. 'I claim to be the only man in the world,' he said, 'to perform the Indian rope trick, the secrets of which world-famous magicians like Houdini, David Devant, Maskelyne, (Chung Ling Soo, Carl Hertz, Bertram, Murray and many others were not able to obtain, though they spent a lot of their time and money. I can do the Indian rope trick. I challenge the Occult Committee of the London Magicians Club to arrange a public demonstration of my show and I will do it. I make an ordinary thick rope ascend straight up in the air, unsupported by means of any visible means of support. Then my assistant will climb up the rope, and afterwards both the assistant and the rope will disappear.'

This bold and sudden declaration by an Indian magician, created a stir in the magical world, because many famous magicians, after years of laborious and careful enquiries had come to the definite conclusion that 'the story of the Indian rope trick is a fantastic and picturesque version of a few simple facts unrelated to the miraculous.' Houdini, after a thorough investigation, used to say that 'there is no such thing' as the Indian rope trick. Neville Maskelyne, the founder of the Maskelyne Mystery Theatre, firmly maintained that the Indian rope trick was a myth and was prepared to pay £1,000 a week for one year to any magician who could

do the Indian rope trick (as described in the records) in the Lords cricket ground. The offer of his father is still held by his son Jasper Maskelyne who maintains the high magical reputation of his famous family. Since nobody has till now accepted the offer (Sircar evidently was prepared to present the illusion only on a stage), foreign magicians unanimously proclaim that the Indian rope trick is only a legend fabricated by the highly imaginative brains of Indians.

Before going further into the depths of this magical controversy, it would be well to explain clearly what exactly is the effect of this much-discussed Indian mystery. Even though there are many different versions of the Indian rope trick, yet there is a certain similarity in the versions, which undoubtedly point to a common origin. During the course of the presentation of the trick, the magician throws up a coil of thick rope into the air when it becomes taut. Then his boy assistant climbs up the stiff rope, followed by a man with a knife. Both of them vanish as soon as they reach the end of the rope. Immediately afterwards the limbs of the boy, all covered with blood, begin to fall on the ground. Those are collected by the magician into a sack with much ceremonial weeping. Finally, to the surprise of every one present, the boy comes out whole and smiling from the sack.

Various fantastic explanations have been given by inexperienced magicians, as to the method of performing this amazing illusion. It has been

suggested that the Indian wonder worker might induce the crowd, by hypnotic influence, to believe that they had seen something which in fact had not happened. This explanation cannot hold water, because after careful investigation, mesmerists have unanimously declared that there is no such thing as 'mass mesmerism' by which a vast miscellaneous crowd of people could be brought under hypnotic influence, simultaneously. Even to hypnotise a single individual under favourable conditions takes a fairly long time—the time varying with the susceptibility of the patient. This being the case, it is sheer foolishness to believe that anybody could mesmerise a big motley crowd in a minute by just looking round once. Such absurd explanations put forth quite seriously by Indian magicians, make foreign professors of magic smile in amusement and declare that 'the magic of the east is crude compared with that of the west' and that the Indian rope trick is only a grand-mamma's tale utterly devoid of any truth.

I think that there is no need to doubt the genuineness of the Indian rope trick. Nor is there any need to put forth fantastic explanations of the working of the trick. Foreigners, in their investigation into the history of the trick have always committed the fundamental error of forgetting that what is described in the records is only the *effect* of the Indian rope trick and *not what was actually performed by the magician*. Nobody, unversed in magical mysteries, has ever described, after witnessing a magic performance, what exactly the magician did. Only the effect remains in the mind of the spectator; and naturally when he describes a trick, he automatically paints the broad

'effects' and not the minute details, which play a very great part in the working of magical effects. Foreign magicians, forgetting this fundamental truth about 'spectators' descriptions of tricks' have challenged Indian miracle workers to perform the Indian rope trick in *exactly* the same way as is described in the records and books. That this challenge is unfair will be evident to anybody who knows anything about magical effects. I shall make my point clear by an example. One of the most baffling of modern magical mysteries is 'Sawing a Lady in Halves'. I have talked with many people who have seen the illusion performed on the stage. When asked to describe what they saw on the stage, they invariably said that the magician hypnotised a lady, laid her on a table, sawed her into two pieces, separated her severed torso and finally made her whole again. Such then is the 'sawing a lady in halves' illusion as described by the people who saw it. In reality, the magician encloses the lady in a long coffin-like box, only her head and feet being seen by the audience, and saws the box into two, the inference being that the lady is cut into two. Even though the actual cutting is not seen by the audience, yet they go away with the feeling that they have seen the magician actually cutting the lady into halves. Such then is the difference between what the magician actually does, and what the audience imagine that the magician did. If after a few years, a magicians' club, believing implicitly in the reports of ordinary spectators, issues an offer to give £1,000 to any magician who *actually* could cut a lady into two and again magically join her two halves together, then certainly there would be no one to accept the offer. Then

would it be wise for magicians to conclude, since nobody has come forward to do the illusion as described in the reports, that the illusion of 'sawing a lady in halves' is only a myth? Yet such is exactly what has happened to the Indian rope trick. Neville Maskelyne and others believing implicitly in the versions of the rope trick given by common spectators, have challenged Indian magicians to *perform* the effect and not to *create* the effect, blissfully forgetting that what the spectators speak about a trick, differs widely from what the magician really does. Following this wrong line of argument and investigation they have come to the hasty and wrong conclusion that the whole trick is only a legend, divorced from reality. The Indian rope trick is performed on the stage by foreign magicians. The Great Chang presented the illusion in India, a few months ago. I myself can perform the trick on a stage. Therefore there is no controversy about the possibility of performing the trick on a stage. The only contention of foreign magicians is that it is impossible to do the trick in 'an open courtyard'. The quarrel is about the 'locale' where the trick was done. I maintain that the Indian rope trick was not actually done in 'open courtyards' even though the spectators imagined so. A study of ancient palaces reveals the remarkable fact that even though the magicians were *supposed* to perform their tricks in the courtyards, yet he always did them before the king or noble *inside* the court. [When I went to Madura a few weeks ago, I studied the courtyard of the palace of Thirumal Naik, with the Indian rope trick story in my mind. I am fully convinced that it is quite possible for any modern magician to do any of his stage illusions,

including the rope trick, in the courtyard, provided certain arrangements are made.] I hold the view that this controversy about the 'locale' of the Indian rope trick is sheer foolishness. The persistent saying that the Indian rope trick was performed in open courtyards is only an unconscious error committed by the spectators who saw the trick *sitting* in the open courtyard. Hence this vexed question about the 'locale' of the famous Indian Rope trick, when viewed from the correct angle, vanishes like mist into the air.

I firmly maintain that the descriptions of the Indian rope trick we find in books are not exaggerated versions of a simple trick, but just the description of a 'magical effect'. But how did the Indian magicians of old produce such a marvellous effect? The answer is 'Showmanship'. Anybody who has seen an Indian street magician performing his bag of tricks—tricks which are technically very crude—must have marvelled at the amazing showmanship of these poor magicians. A basket, a dirty cloth, and a branch of a mango tree are all the things necessary for them to produce the marvellous effect of the 'growing mango tree'. Foreign magicians with all their stage paraphernalia and ambitious illusions sometimes fail to get the magical effects which these street magicians obtain by means of pure showmanship and clever misdirection. And I contend that Indian magicians of old were much better showmen than the poor magicians we find in India today, because Indian magic is now a lost or a dying art. I think that the real secret of the Indian rope trick lies in the showmanship of the Indian magician. Only intensive and systematic research will reveal

what the magicians of old actually did during the performance of the Indian rope trick, since what we find reported in our ancient books are only the 'effects' produced mainly by the master showmanship of Indian magicians.

I admit that the secret of the original Indian rope trick has been lost. But since the trick is not performed now, nobody must declare that the trick was not performed at all. Does it mean that because a

thing is dead, it did not live at all? I believe that intensive and systematic research into the magical literature of India, is the only method of fathoming the secret of the famous Indian rope trick. And I am really glad that Minoo the veteran magician of India, is now engaged on a book, dealing exhaustively with this famous Indian trick a book which I am sure will prove to be the last word on this magical controversy.

THE BORE

B. ALBERT, *Hons. 5, Branch vii*

A month ago I happened to read in *The Tom-Tom* an article dealing with the adventures of a gentleman in the enforced company of one whom Tambaram would designate a 'boron'. Ah! says the cute reader, that reminds me of the moron—that individual who cannot lean on a wall without leaving behind him a faithful impression of a foot, as clear in its stark reality as that which frightened the reign of Crusoe in his island-kingdom. The boron and the moron are, in fact, closely related; but which the genus and which the species—I leave the anthropologist to decide. On reading the article, I awoke to the fact that in our Halls members fall into two groups—those who bore and those who are bored. The mastery of the former over the latter is undeniable. What greatness even we of the 'degraded race' cannot help seeing in the bore! Here he comes 'full sail' into our room with his handkerchief streaming and with a 'shoal of fools'—borons in embryo—as tenders. With a smile on his lips and without a by-your-leave or with-your-leave he settles down on your cot, while you fall back into a posture of inelegant inertia, putting on a ghastly smile of pleasure as welcome. And then the monologue begins.

With super-eminent powers of eloquence he dilates on his experiences and the sentiments which the same experiences suggested to his mind while he was permitting himself the liberty of a pedestrian excursion in the lanes and alleys of Madras. He describes to you solemnly how he rose

to the occasion during the darkest time in the history of this little world of ours, when there was an eerie silence, an unholy hush reigning all around, when Death the leveller himself seemed to be stalking round—that is, at the time when the Hall lights were fused. He it is who reads merely the review and the synopsis of 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' and with a knowing look and wise tilt of his head proceeds to tell you all about it and how the picture, after all, was a bore. Our visitor has a definite philosophy of life. The world to him is only a passing show, a passing show which is a bore. You offer to protest, but he silences you with an imperious gesture and a rapid change-over into a dissertation on the thrills of the football match he never witnessed. Talk is the element in which he lives. One is reminded of the lady in *Punch* who contentedly said that she lost the rubber in bridge, but won the argument. These are life's little ironies.

You cannot choose but hear. Doleful thoughts, however, will intrude—thoughts of the unfinished essay, of the unlearned paradigm, of the unhappy likelihood of the Cooper Fund receiving a replenishment from an unenthusiastic contributor. 'O the suspense, the fearful acute suspense, of standing idly by while the life of an eight-anna bit we dearly love hangs trembling in the balance!' He is the 'strenuous sinner' while you have to console yourself with being the 'passive saint'.

But his powers are really enviable. What a gift and glory of words he possesses! How soul-stirring it is to hear his learned opinion on any branch of nothing. Above all, what a noble and unselfish disregard does he show of his and your time! He is the maker of domestic history, and can be supplanted only by a railing wife. But what will be the issue of the battle of the titanic bores—when the garrulity of Miss Bates meets the pompous absurdity of Mr. Collins? Will not Miss Bates through sheer rapidity of diction win the day and even win from her opponent a part of the admiration he paid spaniel-like to his patroness? But our bore rules in undisputed sway still.

When he departs—which he does, at last, with a handsome apology, leaving you to rush to bed to drown the sorrows of a wasted day—he proceeds to his room and commences his studies unperturbed, and soon the ‘repositories of learning’, the shelves, and the walls re-echo to the ‘stanes-stanes-stane’ chants of the inspired ‘bority’ boy.

But perhaps, reader, you are growing fidgety under this tirade, and are wondering whether I am not like James Elia who stated a number of reasons to prove the non-existence of reason, that is, whether I am not condemning myself ‘Wherefore I holde me stille.’

POEM

By L. M. TURNER

The hate of long-dead yesterday
Once crush'd now lives again
And the love of long-dead yesterday
Has lived and died in vain.

But the moon of long-dead yesterday
With the tides that own her will
And the stars of long-dead yesterday
Shine cold, aloof, and still.

THE IDOLBREAKERS

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

From tears and blood I spring in sorrow and anger
The long anonymous inhabitant of dearth
I am Wat Tyler's wife and Robert Owen's lover
From whom you also came starving at birth.

Lament and Triumph.
(George Barker).

The conflict between generations has been one of the most interesting phenomena that have engaged the attention of the social historian and the creative thinker. A great part of modern fiction is devoted to the revolt of youth against the painfully dogmatic complacency of middle age. Writers like Rose Macaulay and E. M. Delafield have investigated the psychological possibilities of the problem with such fatiguing minuteness that there is every danger of a reaction settling in and our forgetting the importance of this never-ending struggle between man and his son. All the great events of history can be ultimately traced to a mere tug of war between the upsurging, unthinking exuberance of youth and the dolefully stagnant conservatism of maturity. The martyrs have always committed the unpardonable crime of being born some decades before their time; if they had been born but some decades after their time they would certainly have made martyrs of others. They refused to abide by the *status quo* and annihilated themselves in a futile attempt to hasten the golden age.

The martyr succeeds in becoming the hero of the succeeding generations. Pain, real physical pain, is one of the most tangible experiences in our day-to-day life; a courageous challenge to this ‘true commander of man's soul

and body’ always stimulates our admiration. Most of us feel an innate craving for something to worship and satisfy it by idolizing those, who, we feel, are superior to ourselves. Love is the most common and the most delicious cure for this insatiable hunger. But for the middle-aged paterfamilias and the prosaic matron, the roseate hues of young romance seem gaudy and ephemeral; they want more sober and staid colours.

Iconoclasm is but the result of these two ever-present currents of feeling in the human mind. The hero-worship of the elderly clashes with the subversive tendencies of the growing generation. The very real excitement that surrounded the actions of these great men seems un-called-for to our advanced minds. We are out of tune with their music. Our bawdy sea-shanties break in upon their sweetly cloying melodies. Hence the friction between the makers and the breakers of idols.

But the youthful themselves are not free from the stigma of idolatry. That peculiarly adolescent malady, vulgarly called ‘calf love’, to which unsophisticated debutantes and unintelligent under-graduates fall an easy prey, is but the naive manifestation of juvenile tendencies of hero-worship. Undeveloped idealists who dream of paradise and perfection and write

extremely bad poetry in execrably bad English are but giving vent to their urgent desire for heroes. The admiration of the long-legged, gawky school-girl for the strong, silent hero of the yellow-jacket fiction and of the callow schoolboy for the magnificently junoesque beauty of the celluloid queen is generally an amusing feature of the educational world. Most of us survive this necessary attack of growing pains without grave mishaps. Most young socialists and aspiring revolutionaries grow up into harmless burghers and rotund pillars of society. Southey and Coleridge of 'Pantisocracy' fame, and the great *Lost Leader* are not isolated instances of adult apostasy. Even those of us who succeed in breaking away from the religion of our fathers find too late that the gossamer gyves of a new creed have imprisoned us. We pull down the idols of our fathers, only to set up newer and duller dolls. These in their turn pass away with our youth. They are but the phantasmagoric projections of our own immature enthusiasms.

Thus the never-ending quest for new heroes goes on; it is but the expression of our genial and pleasant satisfaction in praising those who are more gifted than ourselves. After all, is not this detached and unselfish admiration, the best recompense we can get for our clamant mediocrity? Hero-worship is the only consolation we have got for not being heroes.

But it should not be forgotten that this tendency to apotheosis is a sign of intellectual babyhood. Primitive ancestor worship and pagan anthropomorphism are the most banal outlets for this deifying impulse. The amazing powers of Zeus and Krishna, the incredible beauty of Aphrodite and Rathi, and the mar-

vellous intellectual strength of Athene and Saraswathi, all are but the fictitious crystallizations of our lofty aspirations. Their invincibility is a protest against our blatant feebleness. When man invented these bizarre specimens of riotous polytheism, he was enjoying a vicarious delight in doing heroic things by proxy. These myths are but the exalted elaborations of the slightly foolish fairy tales which used to delight our childhood.

A return to the comfortable security of medieval faith seems at present equally unpleasant and improbable. We know too much to be comfortable within a rigid code of morals and manners. Full-blooded hero-worship of the Carlylean stamp is dead. As a whole our generation is much more self-conscious and self-critical than any previous one. This liberation from hero-worshipping is a natural concomitant of civilization. The old conception of history as the bare record of the actions of a few outstanding men who towered above their contemporaries with humdrum gaps in between is obsolescent. Leaders of thought like Wells see in history the dogged and continuous effort of the human species to subsist and to survive. The great heroes of the past dwindle into midgets by the stupendous dimensions of the average man. It is only a matter of time before the unknown man and his mate are recognized to be the tremendous anonymous powers directing and influencing the actions of the so-called great.

This revaluation of the mythical great man has had its own effects. A readumbration of our ideas about the future of the race has been necessitated. Absolute supremacy of the leader or the hero, that is, intellectual or emotional monarchy, is a dead letter.

The day of the genius is gone. Unemotional efficiency is what is required. In an eugenically perfect world, no *Hamlet* will be written; as a compensation there will not be any asylums for the mentally unfit. Genius is merely an aberration and poetry is only an attempt at the exposition of the abnormal. We will have to carry on as well as we can without poetry and art as we know them, in this 'brave new world'. Some of us may be inclined to think that the price is too great for the commodity, that a world of lights and shadows is preferable to eternal twilight insipidity. But that is a problem of purely academic interest, since the prospects of the realization of such a world seem to be as remote as ever.

Thus it is almost a demonstrable fact that the deification of the individual is an antiquated barbarism. Hence it is that totalitarianism presents one of the biggest obstacles in the path of human progress. It is a return with a vengeance to the Dark Ages, this insensate glorification of the *Führer* or *Führer Gott*. This

tremendous self-hypnotising experiment of a great people is seen in its full horror when we examine it in the merciless light of reason. Nazism and Fascism represent the last phase in the struggle between the scientific and the unscientific. Authoritarianism is the last bulwark of irrationality. It is a gigantic atavistic upheaval, this adulation of mythology by whole peoples.

The future of mankind depends on the struggle between decent individualism and sterile totalitarianism. The coming ages hold great possibilities for 'the vast anonymity of courage and cheerfulness', whose life is, as Sassoon bitterly remarks, 'an unlovely struggle against unfair odds, culminating in a cheap funeral'. The heroic age is moribund. It was a beautiful, if unreal, conception. The huge mass of common men and women is coming into its own. While regretting the stable and comfortable days when we had man-made props to lean on, we can yet look with a thrill, even if with misgivings, into a future denuded of heroes and legends.

THE BABABUDAN HILLS

The Bababudan Hills, the highest hills between the Nilgiris and the Himalayas, are in the Kadur District of North Mysore. Their geological formation is entirely different from anything found further south. South India is one of the oldest land areas in the world, its mountains and hills being composed for the most part of the crystalline rocks formed when the earth's crust first solidified, and of the products of the weathering of these rocks. Parts of the Deccan, however, were covered by a vast flow of lava at a later date, and this, owing to subsequent earth movements, has been converted in places into a remarkably foliated rock called schist. It is of this rock that the Bababudans are largely composed. This schist is in the form of parallel layers which are often folded and tilted in the most fantastic way. This formation is reflected in the scenery by steep scarps, jagged crags and numerous caves. The ancients noticed this strange character of the scenery and called these hills the Mountains of the Moon. The highest point, Mulainagiri, has an elevation of 6,317 feet.

The Bababudans are not part of the Western Ghats, but like them, they receive the S.-W. monsoon rains, some parts having a rainfall of over 200 inches. This severe wet season probably explains why the higher parts of these hills are almost uninhabited. There are no hill tribes and there is only one village of any size, Attigundi, apart from the small, recently established settlement at the iron mines. These hills are the most

important coffee planting district in Mysore, but the estates are almost all at their foot or on their lower slopes. It is said that the coffee industry of India owes its origin to some plants grown on these hills from seed brought from Arabia by Baba Budan when he returned from the Haj.

These hills are in the general form of a horse-shoe, with the open end facing west. The scenery is of the finest description. There is much grassland on the higher parts, and after the monsoon this is brilliantly green and profusely studded with wild flowers. There are rushing streams that form cascades down the steep slopes, and a number of crystal-clear tarns rest in the hollows. All the lower slopes are forest-covered, and large and dense sholas fill many of the valleys at higher altitudes. Owing to the steepness of the slopes there are many fine view points; to the west Kudure Mukha and other hills of the Western Ghats are seen beyond great stretches of wooded and hilly country. A motorable road runs along the greater part of the hills. The country is so precipitous and the sholas are so dense that it is almost impossible to go far across country. Fortunately the late Maharaja was a frequent visitor to these hills and had many good paths cut through the sholas; a number of these lead to waterfalls and particularly striking view points.

There is a considerable amount of wild life on these hills. Bison are numerous on the higher grasslands and there are sambhur and other deer, but no elephants. Tigers are

common, and a large grey monkey is frequently seen and heard. During the rains the rocks are covered with a pink balsam (*I. scapiflora*) and others grow in great profusion amongst the grass and on the margins of sholas. A white-flowered epiphytic species (*I. Stocksii*) is common on branches of trees. The larger of the two South Indian gentians (*G. quadrifaria*) is found throughout the higher grasslands; pink *Satyrium* and several species of *Habenaria* and *Peristylus* are frequent in the grass, but on the whole ground orchids are not numerous. Among the less common plants are *Linaria ramosissima*, the only South Indian toadflax, and *Oldenlandia Prainiana*, a moss-like plant with white and brown flowers that covers rocks; it is found only on these hills. A herb mentioned in classical writings is collected by the Muhamedans from the grasslands and sent as far as Bombay and Madras on account of the remarkable medicinal properties attributed to it; it is the spear-leaved violet.

Many of the rocks of which these hills are made contain a large amount of iron, and in places there are depos-

its of more or less pure Haematite. This ore is mined at Kemmangandi at the north end of the hills and sent down to Bhadravathi where it is smelted at the Mysore Iron and Steel Works. The ore is extracted at open workings or quarries which are confined to one hill, and it is sent down the steep slope to the foot by a ropeway. It might be thought that an iron mine would be a blot on the landscape, but owing to the configuration of the land, the workings are hidden from view at a short distance away and are very small in extent compared with the hills as a whole. The late Maharaja had a 'summer palace' built near these workings. It consists of a number of chalets built in a shola in a ravine. From it paths lead in all directions, so that some of the most beautiful parts of the country may be easily reached. There are two travellers' bungalows on the higher parts of these hills, but they are uninhabitable during the monsoon. At Kemmangandi there is also a pleasant little guest house in the Maharaja's palace gardens.

E. BARNES.

A NEW WAY OF LOOKING AT OLD THINGS

By N. SRIRAM, *Hons. 3, Br. vii*

It is not very easy to believe that red is green or blue or yellow or any other colour for that matter. So the old man I met in the train had to explain it all over and over again. He placed a green book and a red book side by side and asked me what their colours were.

'Why, this is green and that is red' I told him.

'Very well,' said he, 'this book produces in you a certain sensation which makes you say it is green. It is quite possible that this same colour produces in me a sensation which is the same as the sensation which the colour of the other book produces in you.'

'So you mean to say that the green book appears red to you?' I asked him.

'I have not yet finished speaking,' he said and added, 'I have been told ever since I could understand, ever since I was a child, that this colour which produced in me a particular kind of sensation, is "green". And so I always associate that sensation with the colour "green". Now, this same "green" colour might have always produced in you a sensation which is the same as the sensation produced in me by a colour which we call "red". Nevertheless, since you have always associated that sensation to be produced by a colour which we call "green", you always say that the colour is "green" whenever you get that sensation produced in you by a certain colour. So you understand me now?'

'Yes, but does it make any difference or practical difficulty?'

'Of course not. In the same way no difficulty arises although in the case of size, I may see a thing one-fiftieth or one-hundredth the size it appears to you to be.'

I thought he was stretching his imagination too far and hoping to corner him remarked 'and so you would fearlessly meet a tiger since it would appear to you as large as a cat?'

'Well well, sir,' he said 'do you not see that I will also see myself reduced to the same scale and as such bear the same proportion to the tiger as you bear to it?'

'Good God!' I exclaimed 'what horrible possibilities there are!'

'Similarly what is "saltish" to you may have the same taste to some other person as that which is produced in you by something that is "sweet" or "sour" or has some other taste.'

That was a language which I could now understand. Before I could express surprise at it all, my destination had been reached and I had to get down. The old man still continued to speak through the window of the carriage.

'You may extend your imagination to the sphere of music,' he added. 'A certain note may produce in you the same sensation which may be produced in another person by a higher or lower note.'

'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'what jarring nonsense music will be if it

can be reduced to some universal standard! How our dinners will be spoiled if taste could be reduced to a standard! Goodness me! what about size! Really it will be a topsy-turvy world indeed.'

'It is topsy-turvy enough already'

he said. 'A pin-hole camera will tell you that we see things upside down.'

The guard gave the whistle. The old fellow had so confused my head that I was not sure whether the train was moving away or the platform and I were receding from the train!



NON NUNI, SED HUNNI

From the clouds a curate's falling
Like a leaflet—how appalling!
Rare it is to see the vicar
Thus, unless through fumes of liquor.
Shucks! All clerics thus appearing
Were ordained by Hermann Goering;
In their apostolic gaiters
Time-bombs lurk with detonators.
Whether garbed as nun or parson,
It's a Hun, and bent on arson.
So, as he glides gently down,
Treat him to a martyr's crown.

J. STIRLING,
Class III, Group IV b.

COSMIC RAYS

S. S. KRISHNA RAO, *B.Sc. Hons. 3, Br. ii*

'Unique in the annals of modern physics for the minuteness of the phenomena, the delicacy of the instruments, the adventurous excursions of the observers, the intricacy of the arguments and the grandeur of the inferences, is the subject of cosmic rays.' This is the happy tribute paid by an American Scientist, Dr. K. K. Darrow, to the subject of cosmic rays. Fifty years ago, our knowledge about radiant energy was confined to the visible part of the spectrum only. In the beginning of the 19th century, Herschel and Rilter explored the regions of invisible ultra violet and infra-red rays. The matchless genius of Maxwell predicted the possibility of the existence of 'wireless waves' which was accordingly confirmed by Hertz in 1888. Then Röntgen in 1895 brought to light the X-rays which are of very small wavelength and correspondingly very penetrative to objects of small thickness. This was followed by the discovery of rays emitted by radio-active substances, like radium, uranium and thorium, owing to spontaneous disintegration of atoms, of which gamma rays were of the shortest wavelength, shorter than that of X-rays and consequently possessing a high frequency and penetrating power through solid matter. The next big jump was the cosmic rays. Prior to the discovery of cosmic rays, nobody could have been persuaded that any ray possessing higher frequency than that of gamma rays of radium could exist. Now cosmic rays are of the

highest frequency known to the world.

The first question that would present itself to the average layman as soon as he hears about these rays, would be 'What are cosmic rays? What do they look like?' This question cannot be answered directly because they are not things that could be apprehended by our sense of sight, but whose effects could be made visible on some suitable, delicate instruments like electroscopes, Wilson's cloud chamber and the Geiger-Müller counter.

One remarkable effect by which the existence of these rays was detected, was the slow discharging effect on the electroscope. It is a well-known fact that the presence of radio-active substances near a charged electroscope, discharges it slowly owing to the ionisation of matter produced by the rays emitted by radio-active substances. But the experimental physicist was puzzled to see the discharging effect even in the absence of radio-active substances nearby. Several scientists interpreted this effect as having its origin in the wide distribution of uranium and thorium throughout the earth's crust. But the sceptical experimentalist would not blindly take this interpretation for granted unless it was quite consistent with observational facts. So people of bolder imagination like Göckel, of Switzerland, in 1909 carried an electroscope in a balloon three or four times and found the discharging effect happening faster at

a height of four kilometers than at the earth's surface. Many others, like Professors Millikan and Cameron, made remarkable investigations 70 feet beneath the surface of water at places of high altitudes, cannily selecting only snow-fed mountain lakes where the water, never having been underground, was free from any radio-active substances; but they invariably found the discharging effects though there was a slight diminution in the rate of discharge. One truth that was obvious from these investigations, was that some kind of mysterious substance causes the discharging effect by ionisation of surrounding matter; since the discharging effect was seen even several feet below the surface of water, the new substance necessarily ought to possess high powers of penetrating through matter. This new type of substance, characterised by its penetrating power, in a far higher degree than possessed by X-rays or gamma rays of radium, was called cosmic rays and the whole process cosmic radiation. Subsequently it was found that several yards of lead were easily permeable to these cosmic rays.

The larger part of this radiation is believed to have its origin in outer space. The amount of this radiation which falls on this earth is enormous. Millikan and Cameron have estimated it about the tenth of the total radiation received from all stars in the sky, the sun being excepted. This immense quantity of radiation has tremendous destructive powers. It is found that every second, it breaks up about twenty atoms in every cubic centimeter of our atmosphere. It has been suggested that this radiation falling on germ-plasm is likely to produce some spasmodic biological

changes. One scientist actually goes to the extent of saying that these radiations may have been the cause that turned monkeys into man!

It is not altogether certain whether this is true radiation or merely super power particles, but the latter alternative seems by far the more probable, because to pierce through several yards of lead before being brought to rest, demands that the particle should possess an inconceivably high velocity and consequently unthinkable energy. A direct measurement by means of Wilson's cloud chamber in a very powerful magnetic field (24,000 gauss) revealed the unquestionable fact that the energies of particles rise to values of twenty billion electron volts, at least a thousand times the values of any particle energies existing on earth. Because of this great energy of cosmic rays, scientists are enabled to reveal the existence of positive electron or positron.

It has been suggested, particularly by Millikan, that cosmic rays are produced by the annihilation of protons and electrons i.e. conversion of matter into radiation. The tremendous energies of cosmic rays are supposed to have been developed by the fall of electrons through some sort of celestial electrostatic fields which thus give the observed energies of many billion electron volts.

The discovery of cosmic radiation magnificently reveals the supremacy of the human intellect when fortified by training and endowed with patience. What further mysteries will be revealed in the near future by the human mind as it goes on probing through hidden matters, no man can tell.

THE FEW AND THE MANY

By G. H. JANSEN

'It is impossible to believe that words can be the immediate cause of the movements of millions.'—*Tolstoy*.

All wars are good and justifiable; since in every war both sides have always claimed to be fighting to vindicate or defend some great and sacred principle. An addition to the store of moral goodness in the world should certainly be the outcome of the present European disturbance in which the protagonists claim to be fighting for every good cause that ever existed: 'liberty', 'democracy', 'humanity'; 'the value of the spirit—of the free mind—of the individual'. And yet the very facility with which these resounding words are bandied about leads one to suspect that, superficially they might be just as much causes as ends of the present struggle; and that, actually, they have no connection with the struggle since neither side knows to what it is referring when it uses them.

This becomes clearer when we see one country's definition of 'liberty' meaning 'hypocrisy' to a second and 'mob rule' to a third. From this it is clear that international disputes have produced a state of social vacuum where the same simple words do not mean the same thing to any two nations; where all the old norms of behaviour and usual categories of thought have crumbled. Because of this it is prejudice alone which can guide one to choose whichever meaning of the word 'liberty' most suits one. As a further result the common citizens of the world can no longer talk directly to one another; they cannot but argue across one another this leading to annoyance and, finally, to conflict. The metaphorical drums

and fifes, the screaming trumpets of modern war are words and meanings.

Abstract and ideal terms such as 'liberty' or 'democracy' assume a great importance in the War Aims of the various conflicting nations because these nations are supposed to be dominated by national ideologies which shape society and language as a part of society. Yet, though these words and phrases are sanctioned by the nation the common citizen uses them confusedly and with hesitation, stridently or with blind resentment, just because they mean nothing to him; they have no referent in his daily life because they and the national ideologies to which they appertain mean nothing to him; because these ideologies, these elaborate structures of political and philosophical dogma, this clangour of sounds 'signifying nothing' are in no way 'national'.

The advancing edge, the moving surface of civilisation, its fermenting or eloquent and articulate parts have always been shaped by minorities, though actually produced by the ideas and emotions of the unheeding millions. The ideologies of the present day, the challenging, vital part of present-day European civilisation are also the product of minorities, of Intelligentsia, or Party propagandists. That these ideas are not comprehended by the commonalty shows that the minorities of the present day are not in accord with the people who repeat their ideas. These minorities do, in fact, live in a separate world largely of their own creation. And they have

felt themselves driven to this because that very herd instinct, or more politely, communal psychology, which they stimulate and dominate revolts them by its very natural vulgarity. Horrified by the hideous countenance of this Frankenstein-like creation of theirs the Intelligentsia of Europe have wrapped their romantic mantles round themselves and retreated into the fastnesses of the mind, there amid the cold gleam of the icy peaks of thought to spin out their fantasies. We see this movement into the Ivory Tower by the intellectuals in England particularly in the last quarter of the 18th century—the age of refined sensibility, accelerated as it was by the vulgar violence of the French Revolution, itself produced by the thought of the French intellectuals who had taught their lessons all too well. Pursued ever further by these uncomfortable fawning calibans the Prosperos of Europe have become more harsh, more imperious, more lofty and withdrawn. Hence the scholastic nature of their thought—at once dogmatic and lifeless. This explains the fantastic absurdity of their explanation of the present conflict, representing it as a fight for spiritual issues or political abstractions for which men *can* fight while they actually *do* fight only because of the displacement or projection of the repressed personal aggressiveness of the individual super-ego. When intellectuals give such undue political importance to abstract ideas, which are the common property of their own thought, they are indulging in a subtle form of self-praise and exaggerate the importance of their professional thinking class. Between the intellectual's idea of society and the reality stretches an ever-widening gap. Likewise, the minority and the majority are split

by a rigid dichotomy, an inescapable dualism between which floats helpless a growing mass of educated unemployed shaped in the image of the minority. No minority has ever attempted to hand over to the masses the weapon of meaning by an education 'popular' in content as well as in numbers. The penny Classics of the last century the Penguin and Pelican books, and Popular Educators of the present, are feeble attempts in this direction. We have yet to answer the question why the Intelligentsia should feel driven to produce ideologies; and why these ideologies become socially false and hence causes of war.

When an attempt is made to force a soul and a brain into the brute body of a society it is either wrenched apart or violently pulled together. Because of this struggle in the very heart of society its historical purpose becomes clouded and confused. Even for one aware of the ideological bias of his society it becomes impossible to correct more than the superficial and obvious warpings due to that ideology; there is so much conflict concerning the ideology itself that it becomes impossible to decide what part this ideology, and this struggle together, are playing in world history; we cannot gauge its real importance, its significance, its direction, the task which it is fulfilling in the progress of world civilisation; the particular difficulty in man's advancement which this age must overcome; we cannot grasp or appreciate its informing soul—a soul discovered in the acceptance of this task—which knowledge alone would enable us to allow for the sociological distortion of thought and language caused by contemporary conflict; we cannot know that true historical meaning which future ages will assign to the present and which

we can anticipate, to which the meaning of these provocative war-cries have to be referred.

In the very act of separating themselves from the mob, that act which alone gives them the spurious dignity and right to dogmatise for it, the intelligent minority forfeits the ability to rise above itself, to see backwards and forwards over the stream of history and to gauge its place in it. They are forever doomed to remain shut in within the limited intellectual structures of their creating even though aware of its constriction and isolation. There is nothing to lead us to suggest that at the great periods of European history the various intelligentsia knew that they were fulfilling that rôle which history has ascribed to them. We have no reason to believe that the Greeks of Periclean Athens knew they were creating a new civilisation and defending it against the attacks of the old, or gloried in their grace and balance; that the artists of Florence of the medicis were aware that they with their youth and multitudinousness, colour and power were laying bare once more the 'foundations' of European culture and adapting the city-state to the nation; that the London artists of the Elizabethan age appreciated the fact that they were rearing on those 'foundations' a considerable part of the new North European or Gothic civilisation with its key-notes of pathos and aspiration, based on a new middle-class; or that the Prussian Junkers of the last century who consciously trained and disciplined Germany, were conscious of working out this Gothic civilisation to its logical and terrible conclusion. This class of men have always been wise after the event.

The disastrous inability of the intelligent minority, just because it is a

minority, to take a sobering and synoptic view of their own historical position, is revealed in the inability of even their imaginative works of art to give an adequate picture of great contemporary movements. The symbolism of these movements is too grandiose and fit in badly with the creative work of individuals; for this reason all their artistic reproductions of the great mass dramas of humanity are so very poor. We see no historical grasp in the work of Aristophanes or of Thucydides for Greece; none in Salimbene or Machiavelli for 'Renaissant' Italy; but a hint in the engravings of Durer and in the work of Bacon of what the new Gothic culture was meant to be; and Goethe was completely ignorant of the purpose of the Germany forming in his lifetime.

Whence this inability of the intelligentsia to understand and correctly evaluate the true motives of contemporary events?—why are they 'as on a darkling plain. . . where ignorant armies clash by night'? It is because being a minority by their own choice and retreat they lack roots and social vitality. An intelligentsia in the very act of raising itself into the thinking part of society ceases, like Uriah Heep to be truly humble and becomes a product of mixed parentage and doubtful legitimacy. Normally recruited from the middle class their education sets them apart as socially unattached and alien as the hack sculptor Socrates, as Machiavelli the son of a lawyer or the butcher's son, Shakespeare. They exist apart in a withering isolation, through intellectual snobishness on their part and deference on the part of others.

They suffer the penalty of having no large corporate life, of being

socially unclassed. But they are not economically unclassed. Even since the Romans hired Greek *literati* their intelligence has been annexed by the ruling classes, since with few exceptions the *literati* wish to have no truck with the common people. A reason for their further distracted impotence is to be found here: in the fact of this galling and shameful dependence and in the fact that ruling classes at all times and places, just because they have to rule, are sober-minded and unprogressive, regard their intellectual dependents as 'dangerous chaps' and accept their ideas only when they are a generation old. The hesitation with which the ruled of Europe are just accepting the ideas of the Professors Woodrow Wilson and Masaryk is a case in point. Their own masters reject the Intelligentsia, and they have to be content with teaching the children of their masters. This divorce of ability from power produces an enfeebled bitterness which prevents the intelligentsia from grasping its true historical function at any time and still less from fulfilling it. The stirring-up of the masses through exotic and provocative catchwords is all that is left to it.

We have said that the minority merely shapes the volatile and active part of society which is produced by the unheeding millions. An intelligentsia can only give expression to communal traditions, beliefs and ideals, communal aims and desires. And having to use this material finally makes the intelligentsia subject to it for they get the very categories and forms of their thought from communal psychology. Though ostensibly free agents in society this morphological conception of society reveals this minority as being inescapably conditioned by their social

milieu. The essential content of their thought may be original but it is the general socio-political situation, the product of the national mass as a whole, which actually decides why they should think that particular thought, at that particular time, and in a particular way. Every society has its own particular outlook on every problem which everyone in that society, however heterodox, has to obey. 'It is not men in general who think, or even isolated individuals, but man in certain groups who have developed a particular style of thought says Karl Mannheim in his *Ideology and Utopia*.' The small herd is moved by the same thoughts and thinks them in the same patterned way as the greater herd. This therefore makes it impossible for literateurs or scientists or economists to take refuge in a purely 'theoretical' or 'abstract' world, or to be any more impartial than a partisan politician; makes it impossible for them to arrive at 'scientific' judgments which will be true for all societies at any time. The social situations which expected and therefore produced such abstract things as the Idea of Equality or Relativistic physics or theories of the Renaissance are just being investigated. The intelligentsia is therefore really of the mob though not with it and it is this artificial distinction made solely by themselves a deliberate attempt to go against the grain of their thought which deprives them of vitality and vision.

What clouds their vision and confuses their leadership still more is the fact that they are at present aware of their own deadness and of how they have been eaten up by thought to which their isolation condemned them. The cottage-in-the-country intellectual is aware of his escapism;

the writers for the literary and learned reviews know that they are keeping up an elaborate game of mutual back-patting.

The intelligentsia are the brains of society, brains which, as we have seen, are addled. The hesitant attitude towards the outer world which their withdrawn attitude causes is seen in the great importance given to the question whether one's public or one's private self is the true self—the question at which Pirandello worked extensively. This in turn brings to the individuals in the intelligentsia an awareness of their corroding loneliness and wrings from them the very genuine cry of 'we are so much alone'—the only real note of feeling in the work of many of them from Dostoevsky to Duhamel. According to theories produced by the Intelligentsia the intelligent individual is almost denied his own individuality by the neo-Buddhistic psychology of the 'stream of consciousness' school; as a mere knot or whorl in the general force of the libido he is largely denied his rationality; he is an insignificant incident in the collective unconscious. He can no more judge or damn or praise with equanimity, or take up a definite view-point since firstly, he has no longer any rigid frame of reference, and secondly, he sees with a sick despair how conditioned his independent, definite view-point is.

These theories which divide and confuse and weaken the intelligentsia are, as much symptoms as causes of an impotence inherent in their social position.

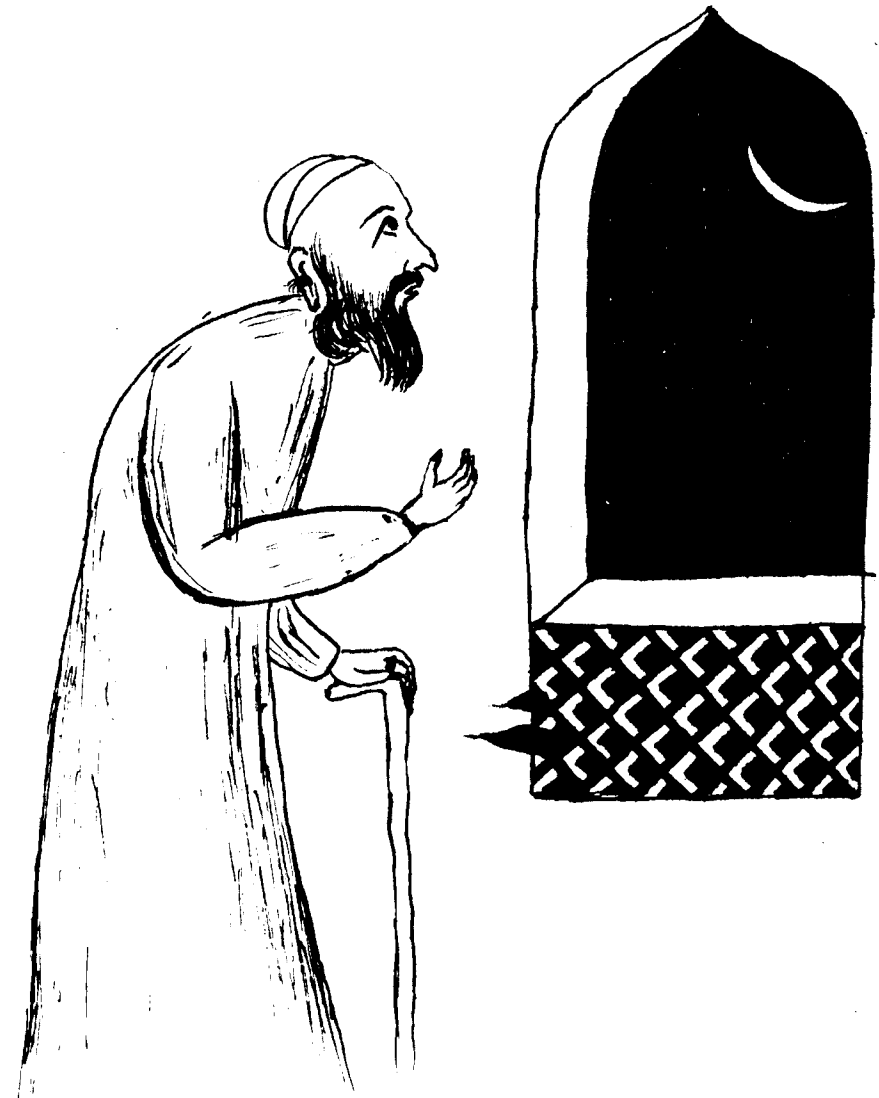
Ever since the middle of the last century they have been aware that they are 'waiting for the end, boys, waiting for the end'. We see a consciousness of this in the work of such desperate writers as Matthew Arnold

and Chekov. In the latter specially is the feeling that the upper classes as a whole were living a faint and muffled type of life particularly clear.

They have known their own plight and, uncomfortable in their position, have, the artists at least, abandoned their own class. Not for a long time has an artist of any worth been able to achieve the Olympian social indifference that we get in the work of Gainsborough, Fragonard or Velasquez; Moliere, Jane Austen or Mozart. Since Hogarth, Balzac, Tolstoy and the various national musicians, artists have found in a surprisingly large number of cases material for their masterpieces in the lives of people far below them in the social scale,—of whom they should know nothing, but amongst whom they have struck roots again.

A questioning of the truth of various war slogans has thus led us to show that they can become *causa belli* just because people do not understand them; because they are the product of an idle but intelligent minority, which produces these warped things out of a sense of despair and frustration; because it is so vexed internally that it hardly knows itself and certainly does not know what it is attempting to do in placing these inflammable words in the mouth of the masses. It cannot know itself or the world, and so turns and reads both itself and the world. These ideals and hollow promises have revealed in Europe a condition where

'The good want power but to weep
barren tears,
The powerful goodness want:
worse need for them,
The wise want love; and those
who love want wisdom,
And all best things are thus con-
fused to all.'



THE ID MOON

Sushree Chander



J. V. Ram Mohan Rao

BACK FROM THE FIELDS

COLLEGE NOTES

The Rains

The moonsoon has brought us more rain this year than in the previous two years, but we still do not know whether there will be timely showers in the remaining weeks of the crop season to give the farmers the much-longed-for normal harvest, which they failed to get during the last two years. At the moment it looks as though this year would prove a good year for the farmers.

Our students and the neighbouring villages

From the time the College moved to Tambaram, the members of the College have been taking an interest in their neighbours in the surrounding villages. We re-publish in this issue the sketch of our neighbourhood prepared by Dr. Kibble in the early days of our work at Tambaram. At Selaiyur cheri, a well was rebuilt early in 1938 as the result of the friendly contacts made by our members with the villagers, who had already organised a Young Men's Association in the cheri, and who carried on a night school during that summer with great enthusiasm. In the first term of 1938-1939, Irumbuliyur villagers formed the Irumbuliyur Village Welfare Association, and the villagers were eager to do something to brighten up life in the village. As the result of a survey carried out in December 1938, by one of our students and an educated young man of the village, a vigorous night school was conducted by the villagers themselves, with an enrolment of about 40 adults, just a little help regarding teaching methods being given by some members of the College. In

September 1939 Hogg Villa started work at Mappedu, and in the first term of this year members of Bishop Heber Hall began to visit Tiruvencheri village and cheri. The villagers of Mappedu and Tiruvencheri feel thankful for the help of the members of the College who secured the rejection of a proposal to transfer a toddy shop from Notchithangal to a site to the south-east of the College Estate very close to these villages. The members of Selaiyur Hall have during this term begun systematic work in Selaiyur village and cheri, and we trust that this deep interest among our students in the well-being of our neighbours all around will lead progressively to very definite results of which our College may feel proud. Some have felt for a long time that to secure the best results we should aim at one of the keen student workers being set apart for full time social service in our neighbourhood when he finishes his studies at College, and we believe that the varied activities that are being initiated may lead to such a development.

This phase of the work, we are glad to note, receives much sympathy and support from the District Collector, and the District Board Chairman, and other officials. Just recently, has been received the intimation that the construction of a much needed well for Tiruvenjeri has been sanctioned.

The College Day Association Golden Jubilee

On December 27 and 28 will be celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the College Day Association. The President of the Association Mr. S. Satyamurthi and its energetic Secretaries

Mr. K. Sanjiva Kamath and Mr. S. Balasingam Satya are making efforts to bring together at Tambaram many of the former students. When the present students of the College are scattered during the holidays throughout South India, they will be doing a piece of valuable service if they seek to meet such of the former students as are within easy reach and urge them to attend the Jubilee celebrations, especially if they are likely to visit Madras during the Christmas holidays. The Golden Jubilee will be a great occasion for old friends to come together and renew their fellowship in a way which may not be possible for this generation again. The function will begin with a re-union dinner on the 27th evening, at which distinguished graduates of the College will speak. The programme for the 28th will end with a public meeting at which Sir S. Radhakrishnan will preside. We trust that the present students of the College who may happen to be in the neighbourhood will also attend this meeting at which they will be cordially welcomed.

The 'Magazine' and Former Students

The staff and students of the College and also those who were students in former years will be glad to find news in the *Magazine* regarding former students. Though the editors of the *Magazine* have for several years been eager to publish any news reaching them it has not been possible to publish such news in any very satisfactory manner. If the College Day Association (and the *alumni* of the College generally) co-operate in this matter, we shall be able to give interesting news in a page or two that may be set apart as the *Former Students'* pages. Probably the forth-

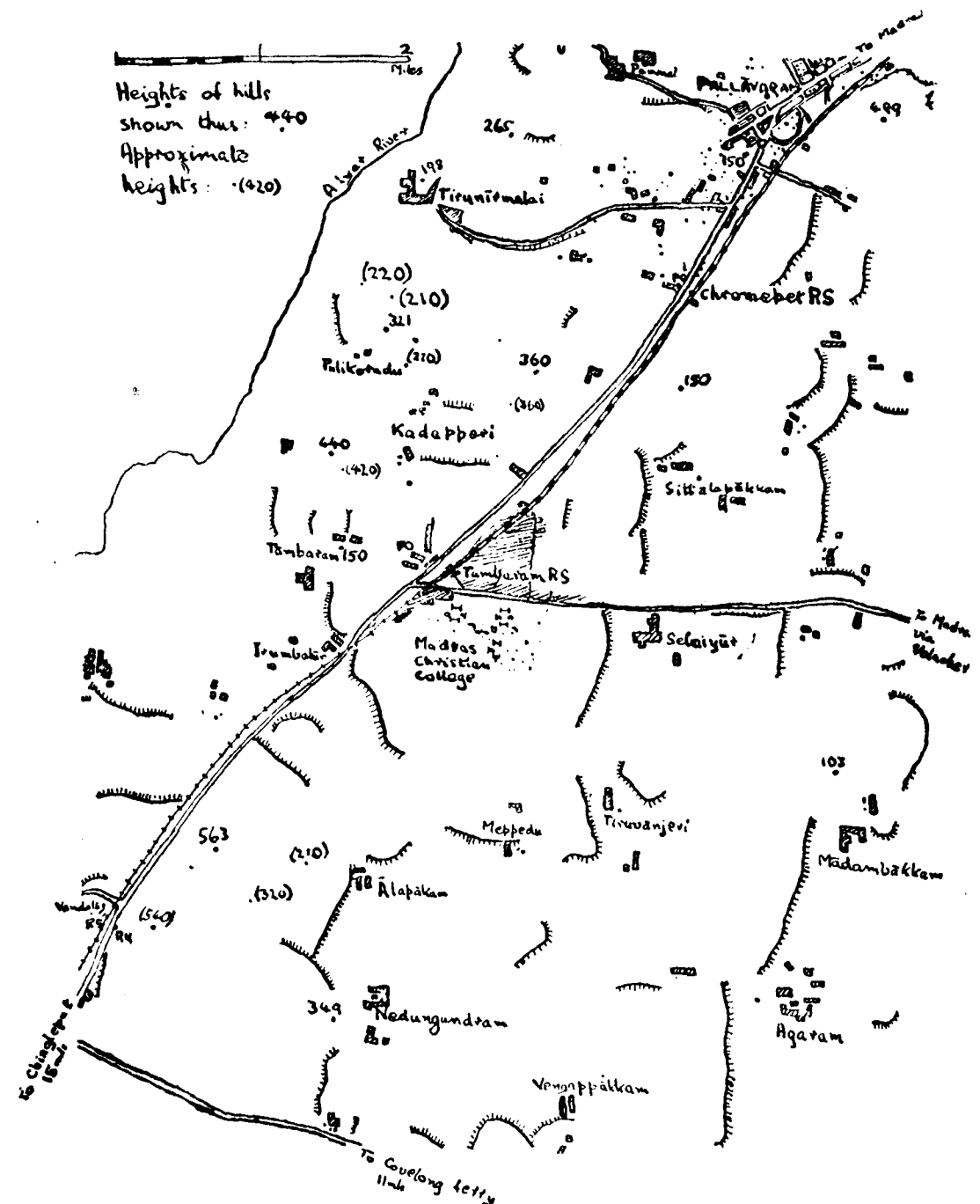
coming celebrations of the Golden Jubilee may help toward this desire being realised in a satisfactory way.

The 'Magazine' and non-students

The Administrative Board of the College has decided that with effect from the next College year the subscription for the *Magazine* for non-students shall be the same as for students. It is hoped that many of our former students will become subscribers and be in touch with happenings in their old College. Those who will be leaving the College at the end of this year and also those who left us in previous years may please write to the Bursar, the manager of the *Magazine*, intimating their desire to become subscribers for the *College Magazine*. The subscription will in future be Re. 1-8 for the year.

Late Mr. J. Muliyl

Just when the September number of the *College Magazine* was in the press came the sad news of the death of Mr. J. Muliyl who had served the College with great distinction during a long period. Former students of the College have looked upon Mr. Muliyl and Mr. O. Kandaswamy Chetty as the two stalwart Indian members of the staff who were most intimately connected with all that pertained to the life and work of this College in the first two decades of this century. Besides his work in the English Department, the services of Mr. Muliyl were valued as a most successful manager of one of the College Hostels. Members of the Penn Memorial Hostel, George Town, will not forget the untiring efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Muliyl to minister to the comforts and happiness of the members, for he took a deep personal interest in the work and the well-being



OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD

of every member of the hostel. In recognition of his valuable services, he was made a professor of the College and a member of the Senatus during the last years of his service. During that period he held the office of Superintendent of the Madras Christian College School. To the members of the bereaved family we offer our sympathy, and they have every reason to be proud of the notable contribution that he made both as a member of the College and as a leading member of the Indian Christian community in the city of Madras.

Late Mr. T. N. Cunnnooswamy

On Saturday, November 16, 1940, passed away Mr. T. N. Cunnnooswamy who also served the College in various capacities for many years. At first he served as a Bible teacher in the School and some former students of the College still speak of his effective work as a teacher. He held various posts on the clerical staff and later he became the Secretary to the Principal,

and in that capacity rendered very valuable service and helped to lighten the burden carried by Dr. Skinner and Dr. Meston. To Mrs. Cunnnooswamy and their daughter we offer our condolences.

Victory through tribulation

Christmas comes to a world plunged in greater agony and peril than ever before. Through the despair of a lost cause in Abyssinia, Poland and France and other lands that have gone under, the agony and travail of the struggle in China and Britain, the wistful longing and effort of a non-violent India for a new day of national honour the world may turn to the Star of Bethlehem that shines bright over a tremendous fact in history—*God with us*.

The Principal has again written for the *Magazine* a message which we are sure the readers will warmly welcome as we enter upon Christmas-tide this year.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to every reader!

REVIEWS

The Social and Economic Ideas of BENQY SARKAR (Edited by BANESVAR DAS, with a foreword by Dr. NARENDRA NATH LAW. Published by Chatterjee & Co., Ltd., pp. xvi + 470. Price Rs. 8).

It is not an easy task to review the work of a writer whose contributions have appeared from time to time during the last three decades in the journals of three continents. An important part of Professor Sarkar's works, running as we are told to nearly 10,000 pages in Bengali, are excluded from the scope of this publication. But even as it is, these contributions from the pen of men who have carefully studied his works, and most of whom have had the privilege of coming into close contact with him reveal to us in bold outline a personality whose virile intellectualism is only matched by prolific literary productiveness. Sarkar is not a mere economist. He is more correctly described as a sociologist, whose reformist zeal has led him to work out and institutionalise his ideas. Economics, Politics, Educational and Social reform have all claimed his active interest. His views are often startling, sometimes provocative, but never biased either by patriotic prejudices or by easy subservience to the influence of famous Western savants. One whose opinions on important questions almost always run counter to generally accepted views, cannot in our view, be always wrong, and may not always be right. But even where we are unable to agree with him, his incisive analysis and assertive argumentativeness challenge us to re-examine our premises and our conclusions and in the result we may emerge with

a better and clearer perception of the truth. Sarkar's for instance was more or less a solitary voice raised in support of the 18d. ratio when the vocal elements in nationalist India were clamouring for a 16d. ratio. He welcomed the Ottawa agreement. Foreign capital is considered a god-send. Congress is 'virtually an imperium in imperio' and the advent of democratic elements in the Congress is characterised as 'mass-advancements in homeopathic doses'. Democracy is not an antithesis of despotocracy nor is despotocracy an antithesis of freedom. They are in Sarkar's analysis 'conditioned, limited, and relative' and therefore in spite of the traditional British ideology the British cabinet is an organ of despotocracy and in spite of his Nazi philosophy Hitler is a democrat. Sarkar does not agree with the conclusion of Carr-Saunders that 'India, or in any case large areas of it is overpopulated.' He has no faith in the theory of the Eugenists that a nation might decline with the decline of its better classes or races. In fact, he holds that the races or classes now known to be low or inefficient will be the pioneers of new phases or epochs in civilization. He also condemns the tyranny of the literate over the illiterate classes. The illiterate peasants and workers are as much educated and cultured as are the literate doctors, lawyers and others and as such political suffrage should have nothing to do with literacy.

The editor and the individual contributors have rendered a great service to the public in having compressed within the limits of a readable volume

'an objective summary of the ideas of Prof. Benoy Kumar Sarkar and a descriptive statement about his literary output and the institutions founded by him'.

K. J. MATHEW THARAKAN.

Economic Development, Volume II. By BENOY KUMAR SARKAR (320 pages. Nine charts. Published by Chuckervertty Chatterjee & Co., Ltd., Calcutta. Price Rs. 6.)

This volume in the Economic Development Series from the pen of Professor Sarkar provides a useful study of such topics as the working of Insurance Companies, Banks, Railways, etc. The first two chapters deal with foreign countries; but the rest have special reference to Indian conditions. Professor Sarkar brings to bear on the problems discussed a mind mellowed into realism by the experience gained in his extensive foreign travels. His conclusions are based on a close and careful study of actual conditions in India and abroad and deserve respectful consideration. Most of his major conclusions would command general acceptance. For instance, it is an indisputable fact that in spite of the great advance in the last three decades India is still in the early stages of an industrial revolution which has yet to proceed a long way before it reaches its peak. Hence as Professor Sarkar points out a correct appraisal of the measure of our progress is possible only by comparing India, not with America or England, but with countries like those of south-eastern Europe which are more or less in the same stage of economic development.

The publishers deserve to be congratulated for the fine get-up of the volume.

K. J. MATHEW THARAKAN.

The True India: a plea for understanding. By C. F. Andrews. Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d.

Rev. Andrews hoped in this short work to provide in a convenient form, for Indians and friends of India, facts and arguments against the many acrimonious and ignorant attacks which have been made on this country in the past few years by people like Miss Mayo and her ilk.

It therefore consists of two parts: the first consisting of a spirited though restrained refutation of these attacks; and the second in which, out of his own deep and personal knowledge, Andrews tries to give a picture of the true India by explanatory and factual statements on such broad subjects as 'The National Awakening', 'Village India', 'Marriage and Caste', 'Poverty' and the 'Hindu-Muslim Question'.

He is particularly sympathetic in his treatment of the importance of village India, the joint family, and that common spiritual background which he asserts, not once but many times, makes India a united country in spite of many superficial differences which he does not hesitate to expose and condemn.

His work however is not so satisfying when he attempts to make recommendations for the future. His main hopes are a change in each individual character, and, in public life, a broadening down from precedent to precedent; he rejects entirely any idea of industrialisation in India; and he fears that the true India will disappear if India chooses to secularise her life.

Yet the love for and knowledge of India that this book displays is itself an earnest of the practical possibility of that understanding for which it is a plea.

G. H. J.



ENDING DEER HALL DAY



ENDING DEER HALL DAY



Moonlight photo by K. N. Raj



THE COLLEGE, OLD AND NEW

DEEPVAL Photo by D. Christadoss



Photo by K. Bhagyanathan



Photo by K. V. Raj



Photo by P. Christodoss
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College Union Society

On the fine evening of the 7th October, Sir R. K. Shunmukam Chetty addressed the College Union on the subject: 'Dominion Status'.

After tracing at length the history of Dominion Status from the time of the passing of the Australian Constitution Act in 1900 up to the Balfour Declaration and the birth of the Statute of Westminster stage by stage, he pointed out how at every stage, as a result of Imperial Conferences, the Dominions gained more and more power than what they had originally possessed.

In the darkness that prevailed in India today, he said he could not see any light as to what form the polity of India would take in future. Even if at the end of the War Great Britain were to give Dominion Status to India, it would be for Indians themselves to decide what exactly the constitution of their country should be. By getting Dominion Status from England, they were not solving the political problems and difficulties of the Indian nation.

'While I do not prescribe any limitations to the political ambitions of India, yet in the interests of the country, I would rather that India is a member of a powerful group of nations like the British Commonwealth than stand isolated in the world politics of to-day' was the key-note of the Dewan's address.

'In the opinion of this house, the British Government is responsible for the present dead-lock in India' was

the proposition which was carried by an overwhelming majority, when it was debated on Friday 18th October. Amidst much enthusiasm and interest Mr. P. S. Raman moved the proposition. The British Government's refusal to accept the Poona resolution was, Mr. Raman pointed out, a big mistake. Among many things, he made it plain to the house that the compromising attitude of the Congress was ruled out by the British Government, which thus created a dead-lock. The leader of the opposition, Sultan H. Mohamad stated that in his opinion the present dead-lock was rather economic than political. The British Government is not responsible in so far as we ourselves have failed to organise unity and brotherliness among ourselves.

Messrs. S. Sundara Raman, and K. Venkateswaran spoke for the proposition and Messrs. K. Kesava Menon, and S. Sundararajan spoke against.

That there is no dead-lock in the strict sense of the word, but only a 'live-lock' was the Observer Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer's remark. The intense activity of the Congress clearly indicated that there was no dead-lock. The far-off British Government cannot be held responsible for the present difficult situation in India because they were already preoccupied with other vital issues. The responsibility entirely lay with the Government of India. Looking at both sides of the picture one had to admit that a better understanding between the two great political organisations in India was absolutely essential.

A very enjoyable musical entertainment was given by Chudamani and party on Friday 1st November in Anderson Hall. The programme consisted of a choice selection of songs that would appeal to students.

In response to the invitation of the Mysore University Union, the College Union elected Messrs. Abdul Latif and C. Sivasankaran as delegates to the Inter-Collegiate Debate at Mysore. We feel sure that they will acquit themselves well.

Madras Christian College Christian Union

The first term ended with a special service conducted by the members of our Union in the Tambaram Methodist Church; and the Sermon was preached by our Social Service Secretary, Mr. C. J. Samuel. The usefulness and inspiration was felt by many and as such we should continue this Terminal Service.

In our General Body Meeting—previously called Devotional Meetings—we arranged a series of addresses followed by discussion on the different aspects of Christianity in life and action. After making each man a 'Stronger Man'—by an address under that title by Mr. A. F. Thyagaraju the first of the series was given by Mr. E. W. Theobald on 'Christianity and Business' at the end of the First Term. This term Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah talked to us from his recent connection with the British S.C.M. explaining its working and its real Christian Service, and pointed out the lesson we have to learn and adopt in our own area and Union. Next Dr. E. Asirvadam spoke on 'Christianity and its Influence in India'—social, economic and educational—even giving statistical details of the 'quantity' of work done. This was followed by another

very interesting address, 'The Christian and the Political Crisis' by Mr. Chandra Devanesan. The Rt. Rev. Stephen Neill is expected to talk to us next Sunday, the 24th November on 'The Church is it necessary?' and we hope to close this term with a Christmas Carol Service on the last Sunday of this Term.

Some of our members are doing very good social service along with the College Brotherhood by visiting villages, playing games with the children, teaching sanitation, etc. in addition to their taking part in Sunday School and other religious activities.

Our Study Circles are as popular as ever and some non-Christian friends too are associating themselves with them. Now most of the study circles have taken up the different commissions of the Kandy Conference for discussion.

Our Union is sending a select, strong delegation to the Kandy Conference. The delegates are:

1. Mr. Albert S. Paul, 2. Mr. C. J. Samuel, 3. Mr. Albert H. Sargunar, 4. Mr. N. Daniel Jose, 5. Deacon K. P. Paul, 6. Mr. George Muller, 7. Miss Flora Theophilus.

We wish them all success at the Conference and our sincere prayers go with them.

And let me conclude by wishing all the members a very happy Christmas.

R. S. AMIRTHARAJ,
General Secretary.

The English Honours Association

We began our work this term with a grand Visitor's Debate on the 11th October. For, the visitors in our meetings were steadily increasing, and

seriously threatened to out-number us. This required a 'test case' wherein they could prove the genuineness of their taste for literature. They alleged: 'Literature has contributed more to the decay of Morals than Science'. Messrs. A. Damodaran (Hons. 4, Br. i), Samuel Varghese (B.Sc. iv, Gr. iii), and G. K. Subramaniam (Hons. 5, Br. iii) pleaded for Science; while Messrs. Ninan Abraham (Hons. 4, Br. vii), Bagyanathan (P.G. I, Br. vii), L.M. Turner (Hons. 4, Br. vii), K. George (Hons. 3, Br. vii) and J. F. Stirling (Cl. III, Gr. ivb.) defended Literature. It should be added to the credit of our Visitors that they more than justified their interest in the Association, and came perilously near beating us on our own track.

The Association lost one of its members in the sad demise of Mr. K. G. Gopalakrishnan. At a condolence meeting, a resolution was passed, conveying its sympathies to the bereaved family.

On the 6th of November, Mr. M. S. Subramaniam (Hons. 5) read a Paper on 'Basic English'. It was a lucid exposition of one of the vital questions to the student of English language in modern times; and it was followed by a lively discussion.

On the 21st November we had a Paper on 'Birds celebrated in English Poetry' by Mr. Govardhana Rao (P.G. 2, Br. vii). It was a very ingenious and painstaking attempt to string forth references to birds in English poetry from Chaucer to Masfield; bringing out the symbolism associated with each.

The meetings of the Association have served their purpose to be valuable supplements to the lectures in the class-rooms. We are glad, our speakers have had in mind the aim of the Association—to approach conven-

tional subjects in an unconventional way'.

D. S. GEORGE MULLER,
Secretary.

Literary Society

As the President of the Society suggested that a new President be elected this year, a meeting of the class-representatives was held on 2nd October with the former President in the chair, when Rev. J. R. Macphail was elected President. At the same meeting Mohammed Ali Sait of the Junior Class was elected Assistant Secretary.

On 20th November, a debate was held on 'Co-education'. Messrs. T. B. Jambulingam and Swaminathan were the main speakers. On 26th November, 'Suicide is in no case justifiable' was the subject of debate.

K. N. RAJ,
Secretary.

Tamil Sangam

We began this term, rather in a sluggish way, with 'Bharathy Song musical competition' on the 8th of October in which Messrs. G. K. Ramachandran and C. Balachandran shared the first prize between them, while the second prize was won by Mr. U. N. Ramachandran.

'Bharathy Day' was celebrated on October 21, with Mr. T. Chengalvarayan, B.A., LL.B. in the chair. Messrs. Sundararaman, Srinivasa Varadan and Swaminathan spoke in praise of the philosophy, the art and the national feeling of Bharathy. Mr. Chengalvarayan in his remarks, stressed the need of knowing at least ten songs of Bharathy. After the prize distribution, the meeting came to an end with a national song of Bharathy.

The striking feature of the growth of the Sangam was the widening of the membership. Needless to say that there are more enthusiasts and well-wishers of the Sangam among the students who do not take Tamil as one of their subjects for study, than the students who take Tamil as their second language. The bar was raised, and they with great zeal became 'associate members'. The long-felt want of the Honours and B.Sc. students was satisfied. This list includes women students of the College also.

We hope to bring out a *Tamil Supplement* to the *College Magazine* and we aim at a high standard. This year, being the Golden Jubilee celebration of the 'Old Boys' Association, we have requested some 'Old Boys' of the College to contribute to the *Tamil Supplement* also.

The most interesting meeting of the term—the 7th meeting of the year—was held on 8th November, when Vidwan Visvanatha Iyer, M.A., B.O.L., of Presidency College gave us a delightful lecture on 'Ancient Tamil Drama and Chillapathikaram'. Our Vice-President presided over the function. It was really very interesting and although it was a literary one, yet it was treated in so humorous and exciting a way as was appreciated by all. We hope to have one or two meetings more this term.

T. P. RAMASAMY,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sangham

The first meeting this term was held on 8th October in Bishop Heber Hall, when Mr. S. Srihari Rao, a social worker of E. Godavari District delivered a lecture on 'Rural Work'.

In the absence of Sri T. Prakasam, Ex-Minister, who was to have presided, Sri P. R. P. Francis, M.A., occupied the chair. The same lecturer gave another interesting lecture on 'Non-violence' in St. Thomas's Hall on 18th October, with Mr. P. R. P. Francis in the chair. During the course of his interesting lecture he dealt with the history of the Aryan civilization and their experiments in Non-violence. Both his lectures were full of valuable information, and were very much appreciated by the audience.

A General Body Meeting was held on 25th October, in Room No. 11 with the student-chairman in the chair, at which four resolutions including one urging the necessity for a constitution, were passed unanimously. The Working Committee was enlarged by the addition of two members one from among Science and the other from among Arts students, and this Committee was authorized to draft the constitution. At an election held to select the two representatives, Mr. Venkataroyadu of the B.Sc. and Mr. Isaac of the B.A. (Hons.) Classes were duly elected. The drafting of the Constitution is well on hand, and will be completed by the end of this term.

The next meeting was held on Tuesday, the 12th of November in Selaiyur Hall when Srimathi Yamini Purnathilakamma gave a lecture on the 'Progress of our Mother-tongue'. Sri Gidugu Seethapathy Rao, B.A., L.T., a talented actor, presided. The meeting commenced with national songs by Miss Kanaka Durga.

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

Malayalee Association

Since the issue of the last number of the *College Magazine* the Association held three meetings which were all well attended. The first meeting was held in St. Thomas's Hall theatre on 4th September to pass a resolution of condolence on the demise of Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, B.A., who was till last year lecturer in Malayalam and President of the Association. Mr. Titus Varghese, M.A. who presided over the meeting as well as Dr. K. E. Thomas representing the staff and Messrs. A. Damodaran, M. Mathew and P. K. Ramanathan representing the students made brief speeches recounting the various qualities of the departed. The condolence resolution was carried unanimously, everyone standing. The resolution was communicated to Mrs. Menon.

The second meeting was held in Selaiyur Hall theatre on 21st October when Mr. K. M. George presided and Mr. Karimpuzha Ramakrishnan delivered an eloquent and instructive lecture on 'Poet Vallathol and his Works'.

The last meeting was held on 6th November in St. Thomas's Hall theatre when four members spoke on different aspects of 'Modern Malayalam Literature'. Messrs. A. Damodaran, M. E. Mathew, G. K. Subramaniam and Miss Mariam Chacko, B.A., were the speakers. Mr. K. M. George, B.A., who presided commented on each topic dealt with by the speakers.

We celebrated the Annual Social on the 23rd November at which Dr. V. K. John, Bar-at-law presided.

J. THOMAS,
Secretary.

Hindusthani Premi Mandal

On 15th October 1940, a meeting was held when Mr. Chengatvarayan spoke on 'The Place of a Common Language and Nationalism' at 5 p.m. in Room No. 11 of the Arts Building. Mr. T. K. Rajasekaran was in the chair. The speaker, in the course of his lecture, stressed the importance of a common language for a nation. He said that Hindi can be easily made the *lingua franca* of India mainly because of its being spoken and understood by a majority of Indians.

On Friday, November 23, our Hindi teacher, Sri R. Sundarakishnamachary spoke on Harischandra's greatness. Dr. Vittaldas Pai, M.B., B.S., of Pallavaram presided. This is the second occasion in the College when the entire proceedings were conducted in Hindi.

Hindi Classes (Junior and Senior) are being held, as usual, in Room No. 11 of the Arts Building on Tuesdays and Fridays between 5 and 6 p.m. and 6 and 7 p.m. respectively.

A. SRINIVASAN,
Secretary.

Mathematics Association

A meeting of the Association was held on the 17th of October, at 4-30 p.m., when Mr. G. A. Srinivasan of Presidency College spoke on the 'Double Points of Plane Curves'. Mr. C. T. Rajagopal presided.

Mr. Srinivasan gave a brief outline of the procedure to be adopted in finding the nature of the double points of plane curves; he suggested better methods than those given in some of the older text-books.

Due to a number of causes, we could not hold as many meetings as

we wished to do; we hope to have at least one more meeting this term.

• M. VENKATA RAMAYYA,
Secretary.

Physical Science Society

On Monday 11th November, Dr. A. V. Moses delivered a lecture on 'Water waves' and demonstrated the principles involved. Using the ripple tank apparatus he explained the phenomena of reflection interference, diffraction etc.

We hope to have some more lectures this term.

V. SREENIVASAN,
D. SREENIVASAN,
Secretaries.

Radio Club

We started this term by having a lecture on 'A simple one-valve receiver using reaction' by Rev. T. G. Platten.

On November 19, 21 and 28 Dr. Moses delivered the following lectures:—

(1) Old and new types of wireless valves.

(2) Methods of rectification and detection.

(3) Uses of the Oscillograph.

The wireless set has been working every evening and it is gratifying to note that it is becoming popular.

A new feature this term was the Club Library.

B. B. CHANDAR,
Secretary.

H SITARAM BHAT,
Asst. Secretary.

Natural History Society

In spite of the fact that the number of *bona fide* members is more than last year's, the Secretaries regret to mention that attendance at meetings

is poor this year compared with the packed houses we had last year. Interest and enthusiasm in the Society's activities seem to be declining. While sincerely deploring this regrettable state of affairs the Secretaries firmly and faithfully believe that at least next term the Natural Science students will enable the Society to give a better account of itself by participating whole-heartedly in its activities.

On 18th October 1940, Dr. (Miss) E. Hartmann, Professor of Botany, Women's Christian College, gave a lantern-lecture on 'The Anthedidial Dehiscence in Ferns'. Professor M. S. Sabhesan of our College presided on the occasion.

On 21st October, 1940, Professor C. Lakshminarayanan of our College gave a very interesting popular-lecture on 'Birds', exemplifying it with slides. Dr. J. P. Joshua (our ex-President) presided.

On 30th October 1940, the Society organised an excursion to Ennur led by Dr. Joshua. The excursion was a successful one and Dr. Joshua kept us alive through it with that indefinable something that characterises him. The party returned the same evening.

Most probably the Secretaries will be arranging for two more lectures this term but are not as yet sure of the particulars.

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

The Philosophical Association

'Mendel and his Work' was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by Professor C. Lakshminarayanan, M.A., on Thursday the 31st October. Dr. J. F. Butler presided. The lecture, though open to all

students, was primarily intended to be of help to students of *Psychology* in understanding the biological problem of hereditary factors in mental growth. Mr. Lakshminarayanan spared no pains in explaining at great length the various factors involved in Mendelian inheritance, illustrating his points by lantern-slides. After a few remarks from the chair and a vote of thanks by the Secretary, the meeting terminated.

'S. V. V.' the famous humorist of *The Hindu* and author of *Soap Bubbles*, will address the Association shortly on 'The Philosophy of Humour'.

It is sometimes remarked, thoughtlessly of course, that the Philosophy Association often violates its 'territorial rights' and engages itself in the discussion of subjects 'as remote as Biology'. Well, if anyone is to be blamed for this scheme of things, it is certainly Philosophy. For Philosophy is 'the name given to the endeavour to reach some rational unification of the knowledge derived from the various forms of experience, and especially from the various sciences'. As such, Philosophy knows no frontiers. It essentially seeks to satisfy our demand for a *Weltanschauung*, a world-view.

K. M. TALGERI,
Secretary.

The History and Economic Association

'Evidence furnished by recent excavations at Harappa and Mohenjodaro points to the conclusion that Indian history dated from 3000 B.C.', declared Mr. V. R. Ramachandra Dikshitar, Lecturer in Indian History and Archaeology of the University of Madras, at a meeting held on October 11, under the auspices of our association. Prof. E. J. Bingle presided

on the occasion. Speaking on 'Archæology in India', Mr. Dikshitar referred to the work done by the Department of Archæology and commended Government's yeoman service for the cause of preserving and conserving ancient monuments. He appealed to students to study the history of Ancient India in the light of the recent excavations and archæological discoveries made in many places in India which have provided ample materials to show that ancient India possessed a remarkably wonderful culture and a relatively high order of civilization. The discoveries had contributed thus to a better understanding of Indian culture and appreciation of her past civilization. Mr. Bingle thanked the Lecturer for his illuminating address.

The importance of Free Trade policy was stressed by Sri T. K. Swaminathan, General Secretary of the Indian Colonial Society, at a meeting held in the 3rd week of October. The lecturer pointed out in the course of his address on 'War and Some Colonial Problems' that greed for trade in colonies and struggle for markets in dependencies and above all fight for raw materials were some of the many causes that contributed to the present conflagration in Europe. He made a plea that the enemy nations must be given equal economic rights and trading privileges.

Prof. S. Subbarama Iyer presided on the occasion. He fully agreed with the views of the lecturer.

Most of our members were eager to have our new Professor of Economics, Dr. Malcolm Adiseshiah address one of our meetings and we were glad to listen to his interesting address the other day on 'An Economist's Apology'. He made a plea for a fuller and better understanding of the

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economic problems confronting our people, and he said that a scientific knowledge of economic postulates is essential for any solution of the ills of the day.

A meeting was held on 21st November in the Selaiyur Hall presided over by Sri P. N. Mohandoss, our Student Chairman, when Dr. E. Asirvatham, Reader in Politics and Public Administration of the University of Madras gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on 'Propaganda in War Time'. He emphasized the importance of a scientific and attractive propaganda as a chief instrument for success in modern wars. But in Germany, propaganda is today nothing but organized falsehood. Propaganda is not manufacturing lies. By a truthful propaganda the morale of the people could be well sustained. Dr. Asirvatham referred to the present political situation in India and pleaded for the education of the masses in the politics of the day and pointed out how it could be best achieved by an organised propaganda. With a vote of thanks by Mr. S. Sundara Raman the meeting terminated.

S. SUNDARA RAMAN,
Secretary.

College Brotherhood

The activities of the Brotherhood began this term with an excursion to Mettur Dam on the 18th October.

On the 26th October, we visited Gokulam, a model village in Madras. We got some very useful suggestions concerning rural work from the workers there.

Some of us who work in the villages here are learning to spin, so that we may teach the villagers to spin khadi. Night schools will be started very soon. On the whole our work

in the villages has been very satisfactory.

Though the number of students attending the painting classes is very small, the classes are held regularly.

Woodwork classes have been stopped since there were no students attending them.

B. CHATTANYA,
Secretary.

Karnatic Music Society

There was a music performance last term by Sri R. Kothandaraman of our College. He sang well but was much hampered by inefficient accompaniments.

On the 24th of October, there was a performance by Sangeetha Bhushanam S. V. Parthasarathy and Party. It was a brilliant performance and quite slaked our thirst for Tamil songs.

We intend holding a music competition to celebrate Thyagaraja's anniversary. It will be open to all students of the College. We request every admirer of Thyagaraja to co-operate with us in this enterprise.

K. J. NATARAJAN,
Secretary.

Rural Service League

The realisation of our creatureliness, solidarity and the true meaning of patriotism, has forced us out into the villages which are situated all around us, sitting on our doorstep, calling and challenging us. The College Brotherhood and the Student Christian Movement have provided us with a background of thinking and experience and a large proportion of our membership.

Each of the three Halls as well as Hogg Villa, has formed a Rural Service Union concentrating on the

village and cheri nearest to it. Thus the St. Thomas's Hall Union with a membership of about 15 to 20, has been working at Irumbaliyur village and cheri. The Selaiyur Hall Union with 35 members has been working in Selaiyur village and cheri. The Bishop Heber Hall Union with 40 members is working at Thiruveneri village and cheri. Little Hogg Villa with practically all its members is interested in Mappedu.

Our long-term objective is to raise the standard of living of the villagers and their cheris by a small margin. At present our efforts are confined to various activities which would win us the confidence and friendship of the villagers which are essential for further mutual help and co-operation. Every village and cheri is visited at least 4 days in the week by the members concerned. Hogg Villa and Selaiyur visit their areas everyday in groups of 3 and 4. Everyday one member spends his time with the children, organising games, telling them stories, etc. A concerted effort has been made to impress on the parents the importance of sending their children to school. As a result of this and various inducements offered to the children in the form of clothes, books, slates, etc., 15 children are going regularly to school in Mappedu where previously none went; in Selaiyur cheri the numbers have increased from 5 to about 20. A considerable amount of First-Aid has been done particularly in the treatment of sore-eyes, sores, fever, colds etc. A leper in Selaiyur has been removed to a leper clinic in Madras and a man suffering from fever, ulcers and other things has been admitted into the General Hospital by our members. In all the villages and cheris Youth Leagues have been form-

ed as the result of propaganda work by our members. Through the leagues reading rooms have been opened for which a daily paper and weekly magazines are supplied, lectures and concerts are organised, and games—volleyball and football—for the young men have been started. Hogg Villa has embarked on a further successful programme of self-help for the villagers. After completing a very helpful survey, in process of which the houses have been numbered in tar, they have distributed useful vegetable seeds to the villagers, organised a model farm from which they buy part of their vegetable supplies, purchased poultry of the leghorn variety for introduction into the village; they have also been successful in getting the villagers to erect a shed for the Youth League at their own expense. St. Thomas's Hall has purchased 3 charkas, which is now being used by the members in learning how to spin; next term they will be introduced into the village so that some who have no work may be able to earn a few annas a day. Selaiyur is about to experiment with hand-pound rice obtained from the village (thus giving employment to some of the unemployed villagers). More recently with the advent of the monsoon, sanitation in the water-logged village and cheri has become a pressing problem. Heber Hall and Hogg Villa have got the villagers to attend to this by taking the initiative themselves in levelling out the pits and morasses in the villages.

The Brotherhood has arranged lectures and excursions to model villages to inspire and instruct our members. We have been greatly encouraged by the ready financial help that we have received from all members in our Halls in this work. We are hoping

that as the result of our contacts this year, we shall be able next year to collect some necessary information regarding employment, incomes, food, expenses, number of members in each family, land, seed, cattle, etc. for introducing improvements wherever possible.

U. N. RAMACHANDRA RAO, *St. Thomas's*
 AMBROSE JOHN, and
 A. SARGUNAR, *Bishop Heber*
 A. PASHA, *Hogg Villa*
 M. MUKUNDAN UNNI, *Selaiyur*

Secretaries:

[Representatives of the four Unions meet every week, and also the members of each Union meet separately in some cases every week, to plan the work and talk over the problems of each group. The members of all the four Unions meet once a month, and in co-ordinating the work of the various Unions, Dr. Adisheshiah gives valuable help.—Ed.]

Painters' Club

Though we had to start our work rather late this year, owing to unavoidable reasons, we have not lagged behind in our progress. Under the able guidance of Dr. F. W. Kibble we meet on every Monday evening at different places every time. Sketching and Landscape Painting are the two main features of the work done by the members. We have some beginners also among us and we are glad to report speedy progress. We also invite new members, if there are any. We take advantage of this opportunity to announce our Annual Art Exhibition, which we intend to have next term, and for which we

invite all artistic works like Painting, Drawing, Pencil Sketching, Clay-modelling etc.

PADMANAB S. PEIDDET,
Secretary.

The College Dramatic Society

A Critique of this year's entertainment.

A large and expectant audience which had cheerfully paid eight annas and four annas to come in assembled in the Anderson Hall on Friday, November 15th to see three plays presented by the College Dramatic Society. No two anna bait was required as last time! This mercenary detail alone indicates that the productions of the Dramatic Society have won respect by merit. As the plays proceeded it was apparent that the audience was prepared not only to pay but to listen—but at this point virtue should be transferred from the audience to the actors whose performance held the attention of the audience so successfully.

All three plays were presented in a lively manner. 'The Palace of St. Thomas', by one of our own, L. M. Turner, deserved the appreciation it evoked. The legend of St. Thomas was a happy choice of theme and it was expressed in pleasing blank verse, sometimes extremely pithy and often beautiful. '.... I felt a peace like evening in the soul'. The legend says that when St. Thomas came to India he was entrusted by King Gondophorus with vast sums for the building of a palace to be more beautiful than any known palace. It seems an odd commission for a saint (a cathedral would have been more seemly) but that is the story. As the play opens

the King (played by the actor-playwright) discovers that St. Thomas has a vision of a palace in heaven and has given away all the money in alms. The King's disappointment is intense—sometimes at the expense of articulation—but his brother Gad's is almost greater and he says, 'I told you so' in no uncertain terms. K. Bhagyanathan played the part of Gad with great spirit and excellent diction. St. Thomas was played by Latif Khan with considerable insight and feeling, as when he laments the

'human itch
 To test upon the blunt and feeble
 edge of sense
 Things that the senses cannot
 feel',

which had been his own undoing. L. M. Turner was fortunate in being so ably supported in the acting and production of his play. The very effective dresses by Mrs. Barnes should be mentioned here. St. Thomas was most appropriately robed and the guards made a splendid splash of colour.

'The Suicides in Thambu Chetty Street' was an uproarious farce adapted by Mr. Macphail and Mr. M. Kesavan Unni Nair from a story by Leonard Merriek. There are two characters only: one man is about to commit suicide because he is in love with a married woman; the other has gone so far as to strig himself up from a lamp-post because he can't live with his wife any longer. The lover saves the husband by artificial respiration and when, in the course of conversation, it transpires that the woman in both cases is the same, consternation is mutual. The husband agrees to disappear and, for a consideration, leave a clear field to the lover, but his relief at the solution is so obvious that the lover rapidly

revises his ideas and prudently vanishes from the scene. The lover was played admirably by Augustine Devapriam and his articulation was very good. It says much for P. S. Raman's acting that he managed to give a realistic representation of a distraught husband while being largely inaudible. It was said of his diction some months ago that he swallowed half his words. It might be said now with some truth that he has swallowed the other half, but even so his gestures and facial contortions convey the right impression to the audience. The lighting in this scene was cleverly done and the only props—one bench and one light—economically produced the effect of a deserted street at midnight. These two plays were produced by Mr. Macphail who is to be congratulated on his work.

'Squaring the Circle', a translation from the Russian play by Valentin Kataev in three acts, was the longest and most ambitious part of the programme. It was admirably produced by G. H. Jansen and must have entailed exhaustive rehearsal. The scene is laid in Moscow. Two comrades, Peter and Vassya, who shared a room both get married in haste on the same day and each is afraid to tell the other. When the wives find they are all expected to share the same room they are naturally annoyed. A screen is the only solution and we then see what goes on on each side of the screen. Peter has an intellectual wife, Tonya, who is only happy when her nose is inside a book and who has a mind above food and housekeeping. They have 'compatibility of temperament, mutual understanding, identity of class origin, working class solidarity' and feel that their marriage has all the data for success, but the result is

otherwise. Tonya gets more and more acidulated when Peter complains of hunger and wants his trousers mended,—for a husband's demands to have his mending done is a conception of marriage too feudal for words. On the other side of the screen things are no better. Vassya is an intellectual who has married a non-party wife, Ludmilla, to whom the Bolshevik jargon is incomprehensible. Her idea of a home is pictures of Grandma and Grandpa on the walls, a cloth on every table and knick-knacks everywhere and food all the time. Her cossetting at first charms her husband but very soon he gets bored with it and remembers wistfully the time when creature comforts did not loom so large and bracing intellectual conversation seasoned life. It becomes evident that a change of wives would solve the problem but each pair is convinced that if this were admitted one or other would commit suicide. A friend who has seen which way the wind was blowing explains them to each other and says that because the registrar of marriages had been so busy, their names in the register were only written in pencil—so all can be adjusted by means of an indiarubber.

Barbara Maclean played the part of the intellectual, vinegary comrade very convincingly. May Weston as the clinging, sentimental wife shewed real dramatic skill and emotional force. Y. Namazie as Vassya was extremely good and spoke very clearly. J. F. Stirling acted well and spoke well but of him might be made the same

criticism as of George Arliss—whatever the part he is still J. F. Stirling; at least he errs in good company. This is the chief point of difference between his acting and that of P. S. Raman.

Our chief criticism must be levelled at the somewhat similar themes of plays II and III—farical scenes arranged round domestic incompatibility. The only serious play lasted less than 15 minutes. We have come to regard the Dramatic Society in somewhat the same light as the British public holds the B.B.C., as an educator of our taste—stepping stones to higher things and a' that. We maintain that it needed no education at all to enjoy either plays II or III and that, gastronomically speaking, the Dramatic Society rated the digestive power of the audience too low. From the point of view of balance the last productions of the Dramatic Society (*X=O*, *The Proposal*, *The Hour Glass*) were, like a good meal, much more cleverly varied and arranged. But we must not end this comment on a note of carping criticism; we return thanks for an evening in which there was quite truly not a dull moment.

The valuable services of the following deserve to be recorded: *Helpers*: Mr. V. A. Balasundaram (tickets and properties), P. S. Raman (make-up). *Stage hands*: H. Kadamavanam, N. Nipps, S. Krishnamurthy and R. S. Thomas.

L. R. M. BINGLE

ATHLETICS

Football

Our first match this term, against *Loyola*, which ended in a draw (1-1) reduced our chances of winning the League outright. Our forwards struck a bad patch but brightened up in the second half which was fast and interesting. After this we had a continuous run of comfortable wins: against *Meston* 6-2; *C. N. T. Institute*, 4-1; *Engineers* 4-1 (the best game of the season for us in which the whole team worked admirably as one); *Medicals*, 4-2, *Pachaiyappas*, 3-1 and two walk-overs against *Mahommedan* and *Stanley Medical*.

At present, we, having played all our matches, tie with the *Engineers*, who have one more match to play, for the head of the League.

This season as the last was remarkable for fine scoring. We could have beaten our last year's record of 67 goals but for the two walk-overs: as it is we scored 63 goals in 12 matches; the main scorers being Ramamurthy 15 goals, Manickam 14 and P. C. Thomas 13.

In the Wilson Cup tournament we drew a bye and then met *Technology* in the semi-final. In the League match last term we beat them 7-2 but in this match we were defeated ignominiously, 2-0. Disorganisation amongst our forwards was the chief cause of this surprising defeat.

We made a week-end tour to Bangalore and Mysore of which a separate account has been written.

We have to thank our President, Mr. Macphail for his keen interest in us, his regular attendance at our

matches and his helpful advice; and also Mr. C. A. Abraham for his unfailing help to us.

G. RAMAMURTHY,
Captain.

[Our readers will be glad to know that G. Ramamurthy was selected to play for the All-Madras XI against *Mohun Bagan* and scored the only goal of the match.—ED.]

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM TOUR TO BANGALORE AND MYSORE

On the night of 5th November, the Madras Christian College Football Team started for Bangalore, after coming out champions in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament, to 'win laurels abroad'. We reached Bangalore on the 6th; in the evening we met the Engineering College Football Team on the Central College grounds. The extraordinary dimensions of the field were a serious handicap to us, who had hitherto played only in fields of correct size. Both the teams put up a very hard fight but the match ended in a goalless draw. The goalies of both the teams were prominent on the field.

The next morning, we had to play the St. Joseph's College Team. Our difficulties were more numerous this time. It was only after a tedious walk of about four miles, that we could find the field, which was worse than the previous one. The match began at 8-15. Our forwards pressed hard but could not deceive their goalie, who had played for the All-Bangalore Football Team. We lost the match by two goals to nil.

This failure however, had its silver lining, as we were able to correct the flaws which the game had made evident.

On the following day, we played against the Central College Team, Inter-Collegiate champions of the Mysore University. It was the most splendid match that our team had hitherto played, and we record it with pride. We scored four goals Manickam scored the first goal, but in a few minutes, they equalised. Then, a little before the interval, P. J. Thomas carried right through a maze of opponents and with amazing dexterity scored a 'solo' goal. After the interval, another two goals were added by Eapen and Manickam.

The chief factors in this great success were the exquisite combination of P. C. Thomas, Ramamoorthi and Manickam in the forward line and the excellent display of Nanjappa and Chacko in the defence. The left hand strokes of John were particularly admired by the spectators. Our Captain, who had played for the All-Madras Football Team met his match, as one of the opposing team had played for All-Bangalore.

On the 9th evening, we played against the Maharaja's College Team, Mysore. Surfeited with success, we lost the match by two goals to one and the last goal was due to lack of understanding between the full-backs.

Throughout our stay in Bangalore and Mysore, Mr. Vijaya Sarathy, Physical Director of the Central College, was very kind and helpful to us. He arranged the matches in both places. We are especially thankful to our hosts for their excellent sportsmanship and hospitality.

K. O. ISAAC

Hockey

The hockey season is over. The long series of thrilling matches, and exciting practice games, has come to an end. It has been a successful season. After a very long interval we once again stand at the top of the League, sharing the honours with Loyola, the only college which was lucky enough to beat us. Our success if it may be termed such is solely the result of the enthusiasm and fine sporting spirit of every member of the two Elevens. The second eleven has given us really excellent practice, and can boast of some really fine players.

I would like to say a word or two about individual members of the first XI. Some of the members will be leaving the College at the end of the year, and it is only fair to give them a pat on the back before they pass out. Those who remain need a little encouragement if they are to maintain the hockey tradition of the College.

Left Extreme.—R. Absolam. A very good player. In spite of the difficult position, has shown fine form.

Left Inner.—P. Viswanathan. Quiet but effective.

Centre Forward.—H. Coyne. A wizard at the game. Possesses excellent stickwork, coupled with speed and hockey-sense.

Right Inner.—A. Keir. A very powerful fellow capable of frightening any goalie. Combines well with the centre-forward.

Right Extreme.—W. Hensman. A dashing forward. At times leaves the ball behind him. Another year will probably bring out his latent possibilities.

Left Half Back.—T. Spitteler. Hard working and clever—the two elements that make an ideal half.

Pivot.—V. Ramakrishnan. A veteran. Noisy at times, a scientific player. The mainstay of the team.

Right Half Back.—W. David. Cool and steady.

Left Back.—J. Joyce. A real 'stone wall'. Very useful when any hard hitting is required.

Right Back.—N. Hunt. Comment superfluous.

Goalie.—V. Simon. Inclined to develop pains in the most unwanted places before important matches, but nevertheless one of the finest goalies we have had in recent years.

First Reserve.—K. V. Vithyalingam. A small fellow, capable of great things.

Second Reserve.—Rangarajan. Concentrated enthusiasm, very promising.

N. HUNT,

Captain.

HOCKEY TOUR TO COIMBATORE

Initial success last term had filled the team with a desire to carry its fame to the distant parts of the globe. It was first suggested that we should cross the narrow seas and go to Ceylon, to show the people of that island what first class hockey really was. The trip to Ceylon did not materialise. We decided to be missionaries in our own country, and a less ambitious tour to Coimbatore was arranged. I cannot say why we decided on Coimbatore. Somehow we were all convinced that Coimbatore was the one place we should go to. Accordingly on September 11th, we entrained for Coimbatore. We had been beaten by the Telegraphs that same evening by a narrow margin of eight goals, but were not downhearted. Even the best of teams are sometimes beaten.

We played five matches, and won all, despite the fact that we played without Joyce and Viswanathan, who were unable to accompany us. Manthramurthi, and Vithyalingam filled the vacant places, and very efficiently too. The following is a list of matches played:—

12th Sept: vs. Agricultural College (5-1)

13th Sept: vs. Coimbatore United Sports Club (3-2)

14th Sept: vs. Mr. Viswanathan's XI (2-0)

16th Sept: vs. Papanaikapalyam (3-1)

17th Sept: vs. Stanes High School (6-1)

The third match was an exhibition match in aid of The Red Cross, and drew several hundreds of spectators. Coimbatore was quite thrilled by the high standard of our hockey, and particularly impressed by the clever back-passing between Keir, Coyne and Ramakrishnan.

Of course we did not play hockey the whole day. There were other interesting things to do. Manthramurthi and Simon realised that they had cousins in town. Massey and Spitteler developed an interest in cars, and were to be seen hanging about near Stanes' Motors at odd hours. Mr. Hensman very kindly placed the Police Tennis Courts at our disposal. The more energetic members of the team like Coyne and Ramakrishnan rose at 6 a.m. and played tennis, while the lazier elements like Spitteler lay in bed and waited for breakfast to arrive. We still remember the tea-party at Mr. Hensman's house on September 14th.

One of the miracles of the tour was the wonderful transformation in Keir. A chin which had not seen the razor

for many days was scraped every day, and a comb was passed through his hair several times a day.

Our care-free days in Coimbatore could not go on for ever, and on the 17th September after giving a very good account of ourselves we dispersed to our respective homes. It was a very enjoyable tour and I would like to thank all those who contributed to our happiness. Our special thanks are due to the Principal, Mr. C. A. Abraham, Mr. Clay who kindly put us up at Stanes' High School, Mr. H. Fowler who arranged the fixtures, and Mr. Hensman who took such an interest in the team. We cannot of course forget Mr. V. Srinivasan who arranged a visit to the Kaleswar Mills and served the team in numerous ways, and took unto himself the title of 'Manager'.

N. HUNT,
Captain.

Cricket

Till the Michaelmas Holidays we were at the top of the Inter-Collegiate League, defeating the Engineers, the joint champions, by a big margin. It then looked as though we would win the championship thus establishing the Hat trick in Football, Hockey and Cricket.

Fortune did not favour us long and we started the new term by losing to Loyola and Medicals and drawing with Pachaiyappas. The match against Loyola on their grounds, provided great interest for they were our rivals for the Championship.

The Medicals fielded their full team expecting a great game but unfortunately the rains rendered the pitch heavy and good Cricket was impossible on such a wicket. Nevertheless our boys took a defeat with a smile

hoping to do things better in the future. The Pachaiyappas players turned up late and batted till tea time leaving us very little time to make their total without the help of T. Spitteler, our mainstay and S. Krishnamurti our left hand bowler.

We had very little difficulty in defeating the Teachers, and the Law College gave us a walk over, but as they are keen on playing us we shall give them a chance in a practice game some day.

This account will be incomplete without the mention of Mr. Rama's 91 (not out) against the Engineers and Spitteler's five consecutive 50's which will ever be remembered as a College record. He combines a quick eye with foot-work and punished the Engineering and Loyola bowling in spite of rapid changes now and then. He is very promising indeed and will probably represent the University this year.

B. S. Venugopal, our 'combined Colleges' player gave a masterly performance against Loyola reaching his 50 in 'the twinkle of an eye', and closing his innings with a brilliant Six to leg.

A. W. Keir, who left us after the Medical match was not very consistent this season but at times he displayed a variety of strokes all round the wicket. He has contributed a lot to College Cricket not only as a fine Batsman but also as a good Bowler. We wish him all success!

Towards the end of the season Kingsley Charles, our opening Batsman did his bit contributing 49 (not out) and 38 (not out) against Pachaiyappas and Teachers respectively.

V. Narayanan our slow right hand bowler maintained a perfect length, direction and flight throughout; and Krishnamurthi, the combined colleges

player bowled well. A. W. Keir, Hari Krishna, Venugopal, Shanmugam and Beliappa were adept in breaking up many a promising partnership. A. C. Nanjappa behind the Stumps gave a good account of himself especially against the Engineers when he dismissed one of their star batsmen.

On the whole we had an enjoyable Season which was chiefly due to the perfect Team Spirit maintained throughout to the happy ending.

We shall play a few more practice matches and wind up with the 'Old Boys' match late in January.

M. A. BELIAPPA,
Captain.

Tennis

As usual there was a great rush for the membership of the Tennis Club. But we had to disappoint many enthusiastic beginners because there was no accommodation provided by the College for more than 175 members. We are keeping a waiting list, but no one on the list has secured membership because of the high standard of health of the existing members.

The general standard of the game is fairly good. There was regular play during the whole of last term, though we had to substitute Dunlop for Slazenger balls. For the inter-collegiate tournament D. Christadoss (for singles) and P. C. Thomas and B. G. R. Krishnama (for doubles) represented our College. In the University selection P. C. Thomas lost to Rama Reddy of Law College. Owing to unfavourable climatic conditions there were hardly any games played this term.

Fixtures for the College tournaments have already been drawn up. Tournaments will commence at the

beginning of next term. Although co-education has been introduced into our College, membership of the Tennis club has so far been limited to one sex only.

P. C. THOMAS,
Tennis Secretary.

U.T.C. Christian College Contingent

BY LIEUT. S. PARTHASARATHY

A few significant changes occurred at the commencement of training this year. One was the increase in strength of this contingent by nearly 50 per cent. The contingent was asked, by the Headquarters of the U. T. C., to increase its previous strength of 80 members to 119 members. This was in August 1940. The contingent, having already filled up its vacancies to the level of its original strength by the middle of July 1940, notified the fact of the increase of strength to the students of this College. That brought in a fresh wave of students for enrolment. After medical examination, it was found possible to bring the total strength of this contingent to 118, which is one less than the sanctioned strength. One member has since been discharged on medical grounds, and the total strength at present stands at 117.

The Headquarters asked us whether, in view of a few vacancies still remaining in our contingent without being filled up, we would surrender the vacancies to another contingent for this year only. We gave our approval and we hear that the vacancies have been given to another College. There were, indeed, many enquiries to join the contingent after the medical examination was over in August 1940: but in view of

the time-limit that was given to attain this new level of strength before July 1941, and also having regard to the difficulty that would arise in giving extra training to those who may be enrolled late in the first term, we stopped further enrolments.

The other significant fact is the complete change that has been brought about in drill and musketry. The men now do drill in threes following the new pamphlet which has been issued for drill. It has altered and simplified many of the old drill-movements. The men fired the new course in musketry in October, and they felt it to be interesting.

The training of this contingent has been going on as usual. We have had our mid-week and Saturday parades in addition to an N.C.O.'s class. Owing to the new organisation of the Battalion and the increase of strength in this contingent, we are three platoons strong with an Under Officer commanding each platoon. We are glad to have the assistance of three Under Officers this year, and they are doing their work to satisfaction. The following are the promotions which the Commanding Officer has been pleased to make:—

Under Officers—

Chacko, J.
Narayana Menon, M. •
Gnanadikam, G.

Ag. C. S. M.—

Solomon, T. J.

Ag. C. Q. M. S.—

Theogaraj, T. K.

Sgts.—

Kurien, C. K.
Scudder, F.
Bhargavan Nair, P. (Ag. rank).

Cpls.—

Doraiswamy, L.
Thomas, J.
George Verghese.
Amritraj, R. S.
Beliappa, M. A.
Bashiruddin
Ahmed.
Sridharan, K.

L/Cpls.—

Benjamin, V.
Burder, V. D.
Christodoss, D.
Padmanabhan, T. N.
Harikrishnan, E. K.
John, V. P.
Poulose, C. M.

We are indebted to Rev. R. S. Macnicol for teaching us marching songs. The song which he has introduced entitled 'Swing along, Swing along, "E" Christian Company', has become a great favourite of the members. We hope to find good use for those songs.

We have come to know that many ex-members of this contingent have obtained commissions in the Army, Navy and Air Force, or serving the Government in other capacities. We are particularly gratified to know that the U. T. C. training has been of very great use to them. We wish them the best of luck and a happy future.

The examinations for the award of the efficiency certificates will be held in January 1941. The cadets are known to be taking keen interest in preparing for the examination, and it is hoped that many of our cadets will be able to obtain these certificates.

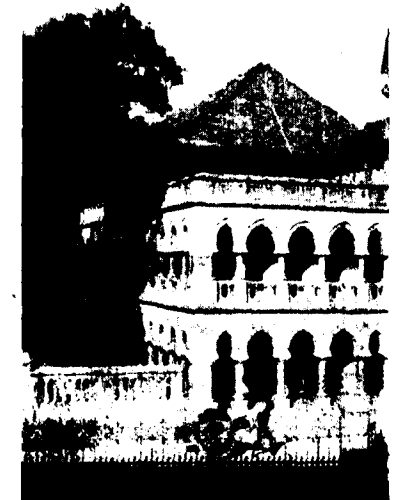
The contingent will move to Camp on the 8th of December 1940, and we are expecting to have a camp as interesting as the one which we had last year.

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FRONT VIEW



INSIDE VIEW

HALL REPORTS

St. Thomas's Hall

Before we could realise that we were having a vacation we had to come back to the Hall after the Michaelmas holidays. With the advent of the Second Term, there has been a great difference in the Hall life: a new note of quietness has crept into the Hall. The uproar in the dining halls and the shoutings in the bath-rooms (otherwise called music) have lost that note of assurance that once they had. The seniors have realised the necessity of devoting more time to their studies because they know what our Charming Principal is when he considers selection; and our 'babies' have had one term's growth in Tambaram.

On Deepavali night we brushed aside all these considerations and had a gala time of orderly disorderliness. There was keen competition between the two wings of the Hall in fire-works, and the wing which ran short of crackers made it up by their yells. We have contributed not a little towards the fulfilment of Narakasura's dying wish.

Our turn for the 'Saturday night' fell on the 2nd of November, and we put up a very fine show—thanks to the efforts of Sri D. Augustine Kanthiah, our Secretary for Entertainments. The main items were a short farce entitled 'Vegetable Pulav', Bharata Natyam, 'The two shortest men of our Hall', and folk-dance by one of our most useful members, M.R.Ry. Murukeshan Ayl., our gardener. Our debaters have, as usual, been showing their mettle. Our out-door games Secretary, Sri

A. C. Nanjappa, is very busy with the Hall tournaments and with giving practice to the budding sportsmen of our Hall. While our Entertainments Secretary is so conservative as to keep up our glorious tradition, our out-door games Secretary is so radical as to wish and work for a slight departure from our tradition. He hopes that our Hall will secure the first place in inter-Hall Sports this year. He has formed a Sports Committee with whose help a 'jumping pit' has been dug in the Hall precincts. There was a revival of the *Hall Bulletin* and Sri M. Shanmugam has been chosen as the Editor for the year.

We are eagerly looking forward to our Hall-day which we have fixed for the beginning of the next term. Members are coming forward with wonderful ideas—flood-light the whole Hall, have a complete black-out, and invite Mr. Wendell Wilkie to preside over the function! We are all agreed on one point and that is to have it as a complete twenty-four hour function and to violate all the Hall rules for a day. We felt great sympathy for the members of the fair sex, residing at the East End on the 2nd November. We hope that they will not miss this opportunity for enjoyment.

K. CHERIAN,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

The one thing about our Hall which immediately strikes any of our former residents is the fact that the General Body,—a polite nomenclature for that

nebulous, undefinable, but very vociferous mass of resident students is awake and kicking. This fact too, strikes the Hall Committee forcibly—in the neck. Our General Body to-day is awake and out for blood, preferably, the blood of the Hall Committee. This term for example, they lined up the poor, terrified members of the Committee on a platform at our last General Body Meeting, and then proceeded to shoot verbal bullets at them. The Committee, I am happy to state, managed to survive—but only just.

These General Body Meetings are our first attempts at constitutional democracy, and the General Body so far has shown great enthusiasm, but little knowledge of the procedure at such meetings.

This term, we had one debate on 'Socialism,' during which each side accused the other of absolute ignorance on the subject. The audience was however quite agreed that both sides were absolutely right in their accusations.

Our 'Hall-Uplifters', the members of the Rural Uplift Section of the Brotherhood, have more or less adopted, and quite rightly too, Selaiyur Village. They are so enthusiastic that they have forced the Hall to eat hand-pounded rice, as they say that this will help the Selaiyur villagers. When one poor member suggested humbly that the rice might not agree with their stomachs, they nearly killed him. It is, we believe, only lack of space, which has so far prevented them from transporting the whole village into Selaiyur Hall.

The Hall Committee, in spite of the jeers and sneers of the 'cold-water fanatics' have made arrangements for regular hot-water baths, and their policy has been immediately justified,

for the President and the Secretary of the A. B. C. followed by nearly all their unwashed majority resigned at once from that unholy society of the 'Great Unwashed'.

T. GOVINDARAJALU,
General Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

'After a storm there comes a calm.' After the tense parliamentary upheavals towards the end of the last term, when the hitherto-bottled-up 'sense of democracy' burst forth in a riotous excess, we began a term of quiet and unostentatious life. The General Body Meetings lost their usual flavour, and threaten to become Devotional Service Meetings! Our President for this term, Mr. T. J. Solomon, a curious Satyagrahi as he is with his blustering 'I command', has yet proved most popular; and under him the prestige of the House has been enormously raised.

The most outstanding event of the term was the Annual Hall-Day, celebrated with the usual eclat on Saturday the 9th November. Sri C. Rajagopalachariar (Former Premier of Madras) who ought to have presided over the function could not be present, as he had not returned in time from Wardha. The blow was not altogether unexpected—especially at a time when the political situation of the country is as uncertain as the weather conditions. He sent a message regretting his inability to be present, and wishing the function all success. We could fall back upon no one better than our Principal, Rev. A. J. Boyd. All against our expectations of his usual 'grandfatherly tips', he entertained us to a brilliant impromptu speech, each remark carrying a punch with it. Some of

our baby-members like Eddie and Subramaniam felt embarrassing to receive the prizes from the hands of the Principal (is it because they are the ones which collect fines from them?); and Mrs. Bingle kindly came to their rescue. The function concluded with a Variety Entertainment.

The various activities of the Hall continued as ever. Out-door and In-door games have been played with great enthusiasm. One new feature which deserves mention is that for the first time the Non-Residents demonstrated their existence by forming themselves into a separate block—'E'; and in every match, 'playing the game, and losing it'. At the suggestion of some members, next time the Tug-of-War will be conducted on Inter-Mess basis!

Oratorical talents show no signs of waning. Recently, Mr. Ambady Damodaran of the 'Hall-Day Tea Resolution' fame has returned with the G. A. Natesan Prize in the Madras Y. M. I. A. Oratorical Contest. Our congratulations to this aggressive orator!

The Hall Bulletin after so much noise before inception, ended in a 'fiasco'. Our sympathies go to that noble band of Editors who wisely committed a mass Hara-kiri. *De mortis nil nisi bonum.*

In the middle of the term, Electricians sprang up like a mushroom. In their morbid curiosity they ran loose monkeying with the fuses; until they were recently directed to the laboratories nearby. Deepavali roused the Hall into action.

..... thunder
rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the
cloud;.....

and some of the 'Do-Something-Good-Society' helped all the members to their bath.

Many members complain that the 9-15 Roll Call has a Diminishing Utility which is evident from the Increasing Returns from Pictures and Speeches; we are only surprised why the Great Economist is slow to feel the same!

But, there is a shade to the picture. Mr. Gopalakrishnan, one of our members contracted Typhoid, and succumbed to the disease. Our heartfelt sympathies go to the bereaved family.

Otherwise, the health of the Hall has been quite sound. Mr. A. S. Paul suffers from Toe-bite, and Mr. Stirling from Insomnia during his Economics lectures; but both won't submit to any cure!

On the whole, we in Bishop Heber have had this term the fascination and interest that all true life holds. No more fitting tribute can be devised than the simple remark passed by one of our new-comers—that he feels the Hall to be 'a happy continuation of the Home'.

There are Halls as big, there are
Halls as good,
With Messes faultless for their
food;
With jolly chaps care-free from
laws,
And Wardens each a Santa
Claus.
But not a Hall both far and
near
With Bishop Heber can com-
peer.

D. S. GEORGE MULLER,
General Secretary.

PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SERVICE

Second Term—1940

Sep. 29	...	The Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
Oct. 6	...	The Rev. T. G. Platten.
„ 13	...	The Rev. G. P. Gibbens.
„ 20	...	The Rev. D. Chellappa.
„ 27	...	The Rev. J. R. Macphail.
Nov. 3	...	The Rev. J. F. Butler.
„ 10	...	Deacon K. Joseph.
„ 17	...	The Rev. E. J. M. Wyld.
„ 24	...	The Rev. M. S. Adiseshiah.
Dec. 1	...	The Principal.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light :
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

* * *

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

FAMILIAR PRAYERS AT COLLEGE SERVICES

Prayer for our College

O Thou, who in days past didst put it into the hearts of good men to found this College, for the imparting of sound learning, the building of character, and the spread of spiritual truth and knowledge of Thyself, bless our College ; may love, unity, and brotherhood be learnt here ; may industry, uprightness, and courage grow here ; and from this place may there be sent forth continually a stream of men who shall serve Thee manfully in Thy world. *Amen.*

Prayers for Use in St. John's College, Agra.

Prayer for Former Students

O God, of whose gift alone it cometh that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and manful service, we pray Thee to follow with Thy blessing those students who have gone out from amongst us to serve in the wider arena of life outside these College walls. Strengthen them to meet victoriously all temptation, enable them for the faithful performance of their life-work, and may they ever without fear of man follow steadfastly where duty, right, and honour lead. *Amen.*

Prayers for Use in St. John's College, Agra.

Prayer for India

INDIVIDUAL PRAYER IN SILENCE

O Great and Merciful God, hear the prayers that in silence we have made for Thee. To Thy wisdom we submit them, to Thy love we entrust them. Grant unto all of us the grace we so sorely need—to Government and to people, to leaders and to followers. Out of the present stress bring that which shall be best for India and best for the whole world, and while contentions last, preserve us from all uncharitableness. *Amen.*

A. G. Hogg, 1930.

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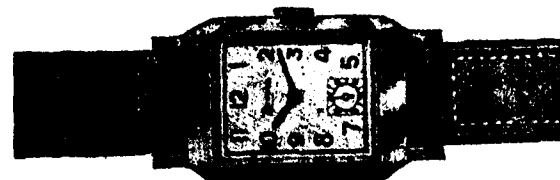
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