

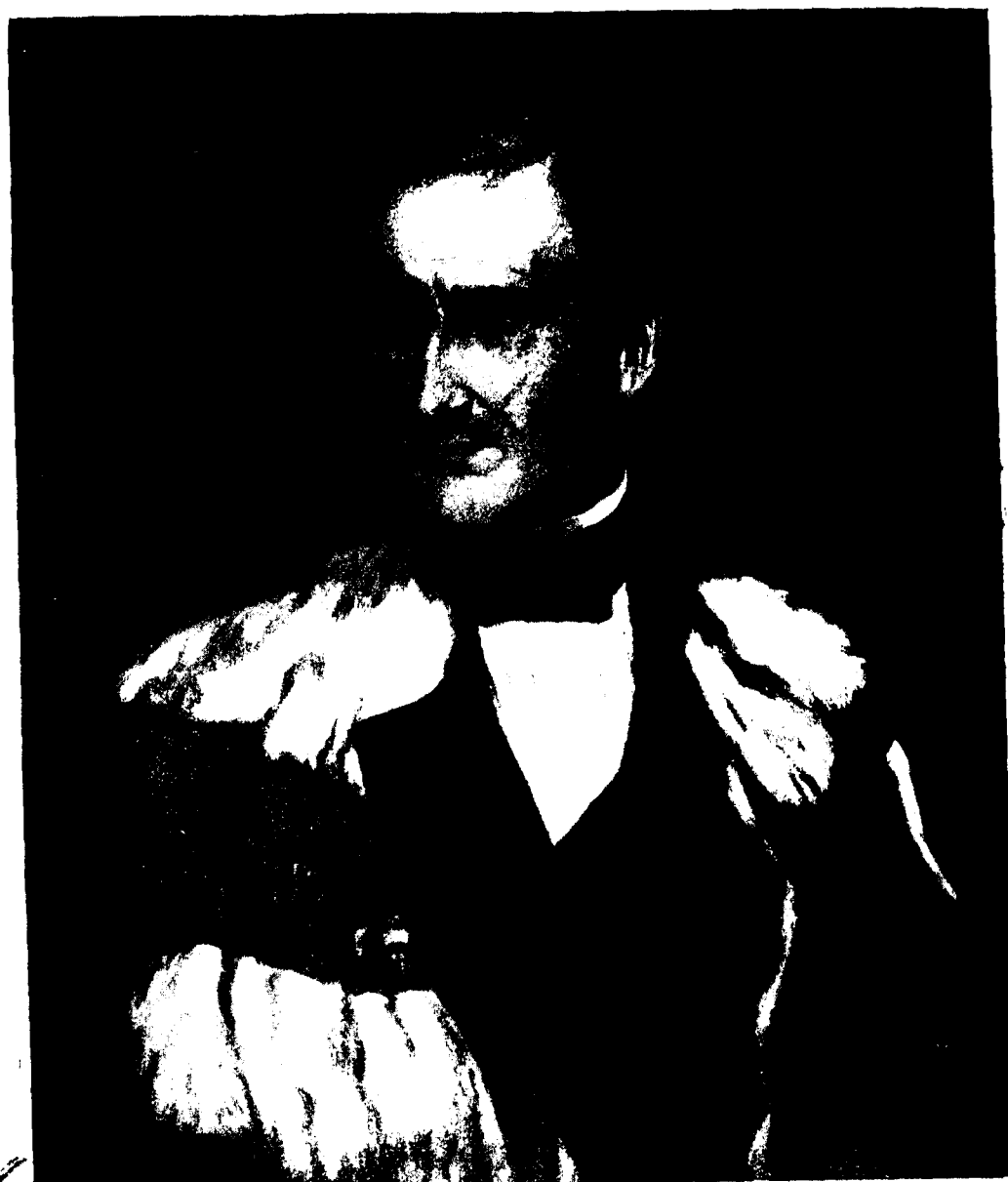
The Presidential

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LORD ELPHINSTONE.
Founder 1840

The Unveiling of the Portrait of the Founder by

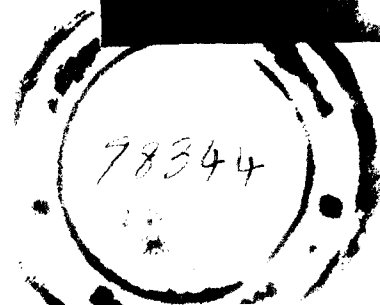
Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer, K.C.S.I.

On the 28th of February Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer unveiled before a large and distinguished gathering of old and present students and guests the portrait of Lord Elphinstone, the founder of the College. In requesting the President of the Old Students' Association to unveil the portrait, Mr. H. C. Papworth made the following speech:—

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

TWO years ago we celebrated on a grand scale the Centenary of the foundation of Presidency College, and during those celebrations we naturally made frequent and grateful references to our Founder, Lord Elphinstone.

In 1826 Sir Thomas Munro, then Governor of Madras under the regime of the East India Company, appointed an advisory body known as "The Committee of Public Instruction", which was apparently charged with the duty of advising the Governor and Directors of the East India Company on educational matters. This Committee appears to have produced but little result, and was superseded in 1836 by another body, called "The Committee for Native Education", who drew up a plan for the advancement of education in the Madras Presidency. The proposals of this Committee, however, did not commend themselves to the Governor, Lord Elphinstone, who had no hesitation in over-ruling them and in writing his own minute. It was this minute, written by Lord Elphinstone on 12th December 1839, which brought into being two months later, on 8th February 1840, the "High School of Madras University", the name by which Presidency College was first known. We therefore owe our foundation to the accurate foresight and bold initiative of Lord Elphinstone.



When I was writing a short history of the College and preparing the Centenary Commemoration Book, I naturally hunted for a photograph of our illustrious founder. I had often been surprised that no photograph of Lord Elphinstone was to be found in the College, and I was still more surprised, and so was Lord Erskine, when we found that there was no photograph of him in Government House, except a very small photograph of the Governor of the period attending a Durbar, at which several hundreds of people were present. This tiny likeness of Lord Elphinstone was too small for my purpose. So I asked the present Lord Elphinstone, who is the 16th Lord Elphinstone, whether he had at Carberry a portrait of our founder, the 13th Lord Elphinstone, which he could photograph and send me. He replied that he had an excellent portrait of our founder in his possession. This he very kindly photographed and sent me an exceedingly good copy. It was this photograph which appeared as the frontispiece in the Centenary Commemoration Book, and it is an enlargement of this which will be unveiled to-day, very appropriately, by the President of Presidency College Old Students' Association.

This portrait will be a happy addition to our portrait gallery. Its presence will fill a gap which ought to have been filled a hundred years ago, and will, I am sure, be the focus of many expressions of gratitude, and an inspiration to those whose duty it is, and will be, to carry on the inheritance and traditions of Presidency College.

We are deeply grateful to Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer for so kindly coming to Madras to perform this duty. As I have said, it is singularly appropriate that he should undertake this ceremony, for it is one which will be of the greatest interest to all former students of the College as well as to those who are here now. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer must have a multitude of engagements all over India during these anxious times, and we are really deeply grateful to him for making a special journey to Madras to undertake this service for the College.

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer unveiled the portrait and said that the Principal had thanked him over generously, for he always regarded it as an elementary duty for an old student of the College to assist in any function at which his presence was considered proper or desirable.

The portrait just unveiled was a memento and a memorial of days long past, which might, perhaps, never return—"spacious, leisurely days, when life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames, long before this strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry, its divided aims, its head overtaxed, its heart palsied". Lord Elphinstone, living in such times, nevertheless had the faculty of doing things quickly and expeditiously and not in line with the leisureliness of the times.

"Presidency College", continued Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer, "represents the first step taken in India to bring into existence a collegiate institution, which could blossom into a University. Students of Presidency College can say to themselves that their college was the father and mother, even the grand-father and grand-mother, of Madras University. I have a particular attachment to the College, not only as an old student, but also because the first 'Proficient' to emerge from the College was C. V. Ranganatha Sastriar with whom I am closely connected by ties of kinship.

"Rivals often said that the College was apt to pride itself on non-existent qualities. But it is my conviction that the College is something more than the Professors and the students. It means and connotes a spirit of efflorescence of the mind, leisure, looking around oneself and not fixing one's eyes to the ground and to the Senate House! The College has inherited a tradition of gentleness, of tolerance and a lackadaisicalness, not always consistent with those strenuous labours for which some of our contemporaries are more celebrated. The College has produced fine flowers of courtesy, and men who have made the history of South India. I hope and pray that it may long flourish and that the memory of the wise founder, who saw

the future with an unerring eye and built it on right and secure foundations, will long be cherished. I hope and pray, too, that the institution will long serve as an inspirer and stimulus to new generations, charged with the responsibilities for the making of the nation.

"I would urge the alumni of the College to remember that they are inheritors of great traditions. But the inheritance will not be much unless the inheritors make it a point of duty and obligation to add to it in the shape of new traditions, of vision, endeavour, goodwill, and of getting the best out of each in the building up of the India to be".

THE PRESIDENCIAN

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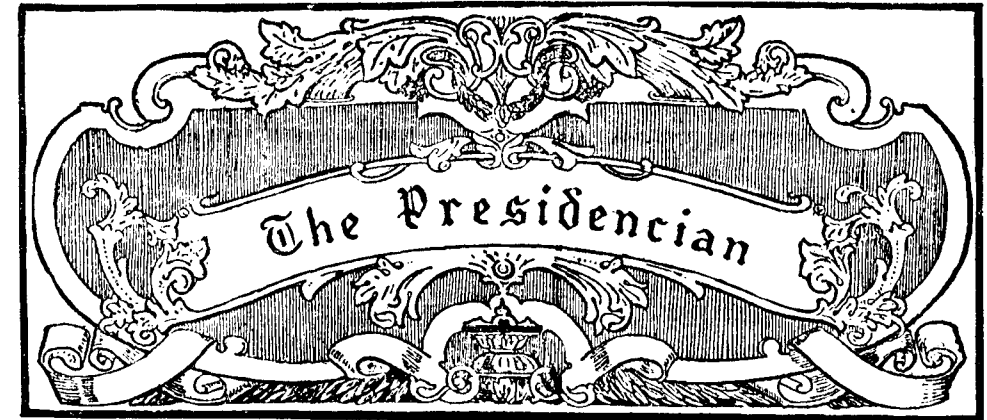
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Literature and the Machine^{*}

IT has often been argued that literature is solely an emanation of the spirit of the age. The great poet or dramatist is but 'the creature of the Time', as Carlyle would say, 'the Time called him forth, the Time did everything he nothing'. Dante is the poet of the Middle Ages and of Mediæval Christianity; Shakespeare is a product of the age of the Renaissance with its spirit of inquiry, action and adventure; Milton of the Classicism of the Renaissance, of the politics and religion of the 17th century; Gray, the poet, fell on an age of prose and his poetic springs were dried up; he never spoke out. The extreme presentation of this view is perhaps that of the great 19th century French historian and student of letters, M. Taine. Taine's *Histoire de la Litterature Anglaise* is no doubt a great piece of work, but is marred, in the judgement of most readers, by his dominant conception that "the literature of a country is the mathematical product of the circumstances of the age, and that each man's own literature is as rigidly dependent on his race, his time, his milieu". The suggestion for this method though not for his attitude of philosophic determinism, it has been observed, came from Sainte Beuve, in whom, however, it does not become a vice. This would be clear to you if you read this great critic's most fascinating study of the sensitive and unhappy

^{*} A talk broadcast from A. I. R. Madras.

English poet and letter-writer, William Cowper. It is easy to see that Taine's view is exaggerated and therefore untrue; it is equally clear, however, that an investigation of the circumstances and conditions of the production of literature does throw light on the literature itself, and helps us to understand it better, and view it with greater sympathy. For the literary artist, like his fellow human beings, enjoys the air he breathes and cannot help being influenced by it. No literature is produced *in vacuo*. Matthew Arnold's words in his "The Function of Criticism" are well known; "the grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and beautiful combinations—making beautiful works of them, in short. For the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment."

But not the ideas only, for in some subtle and elusive way the very ideas themselves are influenced by the physical environment in which literature is produced. No adequate understanding of contemporary literature is possible without some "consideration of the nature of the physical order in which it is produced" and the "environment in which modern literature is produced is one revolutionized by the application of science and invention to every physical feature of urban, and to a less extent, of rural life." The modern age is ruled by the machine, by the marvellous growth of mechanical inventions which followed fast upon the advancement of science and the spread of the scientific spirit in the 19th century. The age of machinery opened, it has been said, in 1776, with the invention, by a man called Wilkinson, of the cylinder which really made Watt's engine work. Living in the modern age has been completely revolutionized by the machine. Thanks to the inhuman efficiency of the machine which is harnessed for his baleful purposes by Hitler and his myrmidons, civilization itself is now on the brink of disaster.

A moment's reflection will show how much our own lives are under the sway of the machine: Prof. Joad thus describes an ordinary day in the life of a civilized man like himself, "I get up in the morning because an alarm clock rings on the table by my bed; I get into a hot bath, the water for which has been heated by gas in a geyser. The gas, like the water, is supplied to me by the local authority. After bathing I shave; the water for my shave comes from a kettle which has been heated by electricity. I put a plug in the wall and press a switch, and the electricity does the rest. I use a safety razor the blade of which, made of very finely tempered steel, has been turned together with millions of other blades, by a machine in America. During breakfast I read in my paper of things that have happened all over the world. The report of these things has been brought to the newspaper office by telegraph, telephone and wireless, and the paper has been printed by immensely powerful and complicated printing machines. The bus I travel by to my office is driven by an engine which works by exploding a gas made of petrol and air. At my office I dictate letters to a shorthand writer who types them out by means of another machine a typewriter.....You will see how in countless ways in his work, in his travelling and in his amusements a man relies on machinery."

The poet Wordsworth, who long outlived his period of great poetic inspiration, and died only in 1850, the date of the publication of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, noted with evident astonishment the transformation of English life which machinery was effecting. In his *Excursion* he says how

An inventive Age
.....Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
To most strange issues.....
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane
Have vanished—swallowed up by stately roads.
From the germ

Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
 Here a huge town, continuous and compact
 Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there
 Where not a habitation stood before
 Abodes of men irregularly massed
 Like trees in forests.

Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the naturalist whose *Origin of the Species* has revolutionized all modern thought, prophesied in 1792,

Soon shall thy arm, Unconquer'd steam afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the fields of air.

Macaulay, like Kipling in a later generation, wrote in 1830 with cheerful optimism: "If we were to prophesy that in the year 1930 a population of 50 millions, better fed, clad and lodged than the English of your time, will cover these islands, that machines constructed on principles yet undiscovered, will be in every house, that there will be no highways but rail roads, no travelling but by steam.....many people would think us insane."

Machinery has alternately been exalted and decried and the question whether it has been a blessing or curse much canvassed. 1769, the year of Watt's first fire-machine, has been hailed as the greatest milestone of mankind because in that year 'man ceased to be a beast of burden and was given his first decent chance to become a human being' (Van Loon in *Whither Mankind*). To those who worship the machine, and they are many, when man has learnt to control the machine he has invented, "We shall have reached the millenium." To them man's greatest achievement is the internal combustion engine. On the other hand for a terrible indictment of machine and all that has followed it, you have only to read Dr. Austin Freeman's book on the topic.

Whatever be the opinion of the common run of mankind, the artist, it is clear, has never taken kindly to the machine. The vast and complicated problems which the advance of machinery, which has become the sole means of existence for hundreds of millions of men in all advanced countries, has produced, the squalor and the congestion which attend it, have only deepened his distrust. Samuel Butler, the English satirical novelist, who died in the early years of the present century, was one of the first to give expression to this pessimistic view. In his imaginary commonwealth known as *Erewhon*, Butler describes the Erewhonians as a people who have a strange abhorrence of machinery. Indeed the hero of the work, a sheep-farmer and explorer has his watch promptly removed from him, the possession of which was considered the most damaging feature in the case against the stranger. The Erewhonians, among whom machinery had considerably advanced, found that the only safety lay in the destruction of the more advanced of the machines, they were developing so fast. "Wherever precision is required man flies to the machine at once, as far preferable to himself. Our sum engines never drop a figure nor our looms a stitch; the machine is brisk and active, when the man is weary; it is clear-headed and collected, when the man is stupid and dull; it needs no slumber, when man must sleep or drop. May not man himself become a sort of parasite upon the machines?"

The marvellous efficiency of the machine left the artist cold. Mrs. Browning's poem—the Cry of the Children, pictures the misery of the child-worker in the factories.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing towards the west
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly.

There is no poem which anyone cares to remember which has been inspired by the machine or the glory of this mechanised age. The internal combustion engine is a wonderful product of science and human ingenuity but it has not inspired a singer with the vision and faculty divine. The voice of the nightingale or of the cuckoo, the glory of the firmament or of the setting sun, the vision of a host of golden daffodils, the way of a man with a maid have served to enrich human speech and thought. W. H. Davies, the modern poet, in his beautiful lyric, *Leisure*, expresses the attitude of the artist.

What is this life if, full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare.
 No time to stand beneath the boughs
 And stare as long as sheep or cows.
 No time to see when woods we pass,
 Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
 No time to see in broad daylight
 Streams full of stars, like skies at night;
 No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
 And watch her feet, how they can dance;
 No time to wait till her mouth can
 Enrich that smile her eyes began?
 A poor life this if full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare.

Rudyard Kipling, however, has a poem on modern machinery which strikes a different note. Machines say—

Some water, coal and oil is all we ask,
 And a thousandth of an inch to give us play
 And now if you will set us to our task,
 We will serve you four and twenty hours a day.
 But remember, please, the law by which we live,
 We are not built to comprehend a lie,
 We can neither love nor pity nor forgive,

If you make a slip in handling us you die.
 Though our smoke may hide the heavens from your
 It will vanish and the stars will shine again, [eyes,
 Because for all our might and weight and size,
 We are nothing more than children of your brain.

But it is not the machine, but the human being living a mechanised life, as the slave of his own creation, that rather interests the artist, and this is clear if you look into the poems of Gibson, among others, who in the words of the late Prof. Abercrombie, created the poetry of everyday life and made the discovery that good poetry could be made out of the lives of colliers, shepherds, clerks, convicts and others. His poem, *the Machine*, as does Charlie Chaplin's film, tells, of not the glory of the machine, but of what modern machine tends to make of man, and how he is saved by human companionship and the society of nature.

Since Thursday he had been working overtime,
 With only three short hours for food and sleep,
 When no sleep came, because of the dull beat
 Of his fagged brain; and he could scarcely eat.
 He was so dazed that he could hardly keep
 His hands from going through the pantomime
 Of keeping even sheets in his machine—
 The sleek machine that, day and night,
 Fed with paper, virgin white
 Through those glaring flaring hours
 In the incandescent light.
 For hands must not be idle when the year
 Is getting through, and Xmas drawing near
 With piles on piles of picture-books to print
 For people who spend money without stint.
 As the young woman, whom he met, talked and
 laughed, the sleek machine
 Lost hold on him at last, and ceased to print;

I shall quote only another poem and that is Gordon Bottomley's verses addressed to *Iron Founders and Others*.

When you destroy a blade of grass
 You poison England at her roots
 You force the birds to wing too high
 Where your unnatural vapours creep.
 Your worship is your furnaces
 Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,
 Have molten bowels; your vision is
 Machines for making more machines
 The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,
 But plants that spring in ruins and shards
 Attend until your dream is done;
 I have seen hemlock in your yards.

One characteristic of much of modern poetry and prose which may perhaps be conceived as an expression of this modern age ruled by the machine is the rigid economy of words and the reduction of poetic ornament to a minimum which characterise their style. One group of modern writers, known as the Imagists, desired to produce poems "with the sharpness of outline and precision of form which belong to a perfectly proportioned statue" Here is a passage from a poem describing a young Greek warrior.

I marvelled at your height
 You stood almost level
 With the lance bearers
 And so slight.
 And wondered as you clasped
 Your shoulder strap
 At the strength of your wrist
 And the turn of your young fingers
 And the lift of your shorn lock,
 And the bronze of your sun-burnt neck.

In prose too the favoured modern style is the simple and the terse. It is significant that after the last world-war, Swift, who defined his ideal of style as proper words in proper places, and who rarely allowed himself, as Johnson noticed, the luxury of a metaphor, has been "elevated to a kind of God-head."

Perhaps the elevation of biography into an art in the hands of Strachey and his imitators and the disappearance of the familiar letter are also not surprising, considering the physical and spiritual environment in which modern literature has grown. The latter form delightful in itself, and made into a consummate art in the leisured 18th century, has no chance in the hurry, the fret and the fever of present day.

V. K. AYAPPAN PILLAI.



The Lost Patrol

WHILE glancing over certain papers in the Officer's Mess of the 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Shillong, I was attracted by one which contained an account of certain adventures which befell a party of six members; all of the "A" Company of the aforesaid regiment, who had, each evening, to march for several miles through the surrounding forest to the brink of a precipice, there to sound the "Retreat" and thus toll the death of each day.

As the account seemed to me extremely interesting, and somewhat exciting too, I have been constantly engaged in revolving it in my mind ever since I first read it in 1932, and now I have ventured to narrate this history in as close accordance with the original as my memory will permit.

The clock struck five, the shrill note of the bugle announced the "fall in," and immediately the band-sergeant, six buglers, four pipers, and six drummers lined up in front of the barracks. The sergeant roared "move to the right in fours, form fours!—Right!—By the left, quick march!" and the little company of Highlanders marched out of the square into the road which led to the precipice. They formed an exceedingly picturesque sight—those stocky Highland men; the metals on their uniforms flashed in the evening sun, their kilts and sporrans swung from side to side with perfect rhythm, their arms moved to and fro with wonderful grace and precision, and their feet beat the regular tramp, tramp to the stirring tune of "The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar."

In a little less than an hour the party stood on the edge of the precipice. Each man moved into his accustomed position, and they all turned towards the west and faced the flag which marked the limit of British soil. The sun sank lower and

lower, growing redder with each downward leap, the sky changed hue, and finally the fiery orb touched the horizon. There it dwelt for a while, as if unwilling to confide those precious souls to Darkness, and then, with one brilliant glare, the Great Sun dived under. At the same instant the flag descended and the buglers sounded the "Retreat". The pipes and drums followed and the little party formed into a circle and began to slow march round the post. The scene was remarkable. The sky was one mass of gold; light and shadow were engaged in a game of hide and seek in the valley; and the colourful aspect of the soldiers completed the picture. With firm step they marched—their bare knees betraying that strength which is the inheritance of a warlike race—little knowing the terrible ordeal which they had to face in a moment.

There was rustle among the neighbouring bushes, and suddenly some two score wild hillmen, armed to the teeth with kukris, bows and arrows, and antiquated guns, pounced upon the Highlanders and thereupon a furious struggle ensued. The soldiers, who were taken unawares and were completely surrounded on all sides, made a bold stand but in the end their adversaries wore down their resistance by sheer force of numbers. They bound seven Highlanders to the trees around the spot and then made off with the six remaining soldiers. The four other bandsmen had managed to escape during the fight and hastened back to the garrison.

The victorious hillmen dragged their prisoners in the darkness and after hours of walking halted for a brief rest. A cold blast blew from the north-east and pierced the very bones, and the unfortunate Scotsmen McDougal, McEvan, Walker, Rowlands, McBain and Graves wondered if they would ever see bonnie Lochleven again. It is idleness that sets the mind a-thinking and gives rise to such melancholy reflections as occupied the minds of the six men, and whether or not the wild fellows knew this, they sprang to their feet again and resumed their trail.

As the first grey streaks of dawn appeared they reached the edge of the dense forest, through which they had wound their way throughout the night, and entered a small village in a narrow glade. The beating of large wooden drums by the watch-man announced the party's arrival to the villagers, and at once the whole place was filled with a thousand voices. Short, wild, scantily dressed men poured out of every house, and they all gathered round the six white men and started a terrible war dance. The noise was deafening, the crowd was highly excited, and every man drew nearer and nearer to the prisoners with menacing gestures. It was just at this time that a huge giant, with a profusion of leaves, feathers and horn stuck all over his body, cleared a way for himself amid the throng with his massive club and planted himself before the white men. He surveyed them from head to foot, poked his fingers into their bodies to see whether they were hard or soft, turned them round, and finally chuckled hoarsely to himself, and uttered a few words by way of command. It was the voice of their chief Laomugi, and the villagers gave vent to another ebullition of joy. They pushed their victims towards the centre of the village and tied them firmly to six poles planted in a circle. The population then busied itself digging a pit in the centre and erecting an enormous pole. The Scotsmen were in the hands of the dreaded head-hunters of the Naga Hills.

But, though thousands of men make their exit from this world every day, though volcanoes, earth-quakes, tidal waves and cyclones devastate the land, and though empires rise and fall, still night and day follow each other with the same precision. And so the dawn broke on the little Naga village, and the herald of the day made his debut above the crest of a hill in all his splendour. It was the Serpent-Feast that day.

The six Highlanders were emaciated and ghastly pale. The long march the biting wind, the ropes which cut deep into their flesh, and hunger had reduced them to a sorry state, and they could scarcely open their mouths. The entire village was agog with excitement and the head-hunters worked

themselves up to a frenzy. It was past noon, all the tribesmen armed themselves with kukris and bows and arrows and assembled in the centre of the village. The drums were beaten fast and Laomugi walked towards the pole in all his splendour. Two wooden boards with huge snakes carved over them were placed on either side of the pole. Then Rowlands was unbound, brought to the centre, and was tied by four men to the pole with his head downwards. The pit below the post was filled with pine logs, and everything was ready for the great sacrifice to Thelur, the terrible serpent god.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Laomugi swung his big club from side to side with great dexterity, danced to the tune of the drums, and commenced to go round the post which held his unlucky victim. The process was to go round twelve times, and on the completion of the last round to beat the victim to death and at the same time light the pine-logs so that the sacrifice might be complete. Laomugi circled round and round—seven—eight—nine—ten—a distant skirl of pipes was heard; the Argylls were coming "Wi a Hundred Pipers an' a"—eleven—and the village war-drum beat the call to arms.

Ten minutes later the Nagas bent their bows and rained a shower of arrows on the advancing Highlanders. The latter replied by a volley of rifle-fire which quieted the enemy a little. But a fresh shower of arrows broke forth and was *answered* by another volley of rifle-fire. So the exchanges were even for a time. But a little later it was evident that the well aimed shots of the soldiers were proving too destructive to the hill-tribe. To counteract this, the Nagas hit upon a clever ruse. They brought McDougal, McEvan, Walker, Graves and McBain and placed them in front as barricades. The Argylls, who were only about fifty yards away, were effectively checked and for a time all seemed lost.

Suddenly the Commander shouted "Up boys, at them!" and the entire company of Highlanders yelled their terrible war cry and rushed forward with their dirks. The hillmen drew

their kukris and Scotch and Naga engaged one another in a bloody struggle. The losses were great on both sides, but neither would yield. The fight was in progress for half an hour or more when suddenly a huge flame shot up from the centre of the village, and at the same time three R. A. F. planes zoomed over-head. For a while the Nagas stood spell-bound by this new arrival, and then with a cry of terror they fled helter-skelter into the forest.

The Scots yelled "Hurrah!", released their comrades, and ran into the deserted village to save Rowlands. At the edge of the square they suddenly came to a halt and stood dumb-founded. There in front, Rowland's body hung with the head downwards, mutilated and burnt—a ghastly sight for human eyes.

That one unit of life was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence. The Argylls were a trifle too late, for:

A minute here, a minute there,
A few minutes everywhere;
A minute gained, or a minute lost,
Doth make a world of change.

B. SRINIVASA RAO, B.Sc.,
(*P. G. I.—History*).

My Life in Shanthiniketan

TO many of us in South India Shanthiniketan is a name to conjure with. I may assure you that it is so to people elsewhere also. My remarks about life in Shanthiniketan are not gathered from books or from stray visitors. They are the result of my own proud experience. I consider myself one of the few fortunate people who had the rare privilege of residing in this sacred institution for a short period.

It was in August 1935, while I was barely ten, that I alighted on the Howrah platform, an absolute stranger in the midst of a large number of strangers, to what seemed to me at the time the strangest of places. Resting for a day in the capital of Bengal I took train to Bholpur. Six hours later the East Indian Railway landed me at Bholpur, 99 miles from Calcutta. The sun was set, the streets were not very crowded, a quarter of an hour's drive took us to Shanthiniketan.

We spent the night in the spacious guest-house. Next morning I woke up with strange thoughts and expectations as to how thrilling it would be to live in palatial mansions and learn occasionally a few things of this life or of beyond. But I must confess that I experienced many disappointments when I found that my language was unwanted there, and that I would have to manage without the usual South Indian *Iddly* and *Kathirikai sambar*. My first breakfast in Shanthiniketan was not very much relished by me. My ignorance of the language added to my discomfort. In an ordinary but well-furnished room was seated the principal Sri Dhirendranath Sen who received us kindly. He took the first step in introducing me to the life at Shanthiniketan. I was admitted to the fifth group which corresponds to our second form.

We were about half a dozen South Indian pupils including a girl in the school. I was the youngest among the set. It was not an easy task for me to get into the spirit of the life in Shanthiniketan,

the language, the diet etc., being the principal obstacles. A fresher that I was, naturally the older inmates of the hostel took the life out of me, not by subjecting me to ducking etc., as they say is common in English public schools and even much nearer home, but by asking me for Tamil equivalents of words and sentences the articulation of which provoked roars of laughter. I still remember the occasion when the captain of the hostel and his henchmen asked me for Tamil equivalent for "You are a donkey." Maliciously I said "நீ ஒரு தாழ்வு." My hearers learnt it by heart and recited this mantram often. It was only a week later that they knew from another South Indian that they were condemning themselves. Boyish pranks like these are much more common in Shanthiniketan than in our schools. But boys and girls take to these exhibitions of over-enthusiasm in the spirit of sport. However, in course of time I was able to put my knowledge of Tamil and my partiality for South Indian food into the cold storage and I became almost indistinguishable from the North Indian members of the hostel.

It is in a vast expanse of plain land bordered on three sides by the ripples of *Kopai* that Shanthiniketan is situated. As the name itself indicates it is an abode of peace and of calm, of quiet, and of sublimity away from the hustle and bustle of the work-a-day world. It is a place quite in keeping with Indian traditions of *Gurukul* education. There are many buildings but contrary to my earlier expectations they are all small, most of them cottages but very graceful in their natural setting. A net work of beautiful roads adorned on either side with avenues of well-planted trees links up the several units. The cottages lie scattered by the sides of the roads and pathways. The poet's quarters are in one corner. Not far away from it is the girls' hostel behind which are the playing fields. The staff quarters and the boys' hostel are about a hundred yards farther. The hospital, the post office, the guest house and the hall of worship complete the architectural units. Wild growths of plants and trees and carefully tended gardens are pleasing to the eye.

The school is completely residential. The bachelor members of the staff are usually the house masters.

The daily routine may be summed up as follows. Getting up before dawn everyone enjoys an oil bath in cold water. Breakfast at about 6-30 is followed by common prayer when "*Jana Gana*" and similar soul-inspiring songs are sung. The classes begin after seven.

They are all held under the canopy of heaven, usually under the shades of mango or banyan trees. No bench, no table, no galleries for the pupils to stamp upon! Every one carries a small shawl with him or her for protection from the rigours of the cold weather. A rough blanket is carried from class to class by each pupil for him or her to sit upon. The morning session takes about three hours. The midday meal is taken after eleven, cabbages, potatoes, fish, and *Chappathis* being the common items. Fat is supplied in ghee and mustard oil. Compulsory rest for an hour is followed by the afternoon session which lasts for about two hours. The tiffin in the evening used to be more welcome to us than the breakfast. "*Rasagulla*" which in these parts generally goes under the term "*Gulabjan*" is a very popular item for the evening tea. I must however, remind you that neither tea nor coffee is allowed but only lime juice. The usual games western and indigenous are played with eager enthusiasm for about an hour. Another cold water bath towards dark is followed by dinner and an hour of study will see us to bed. This is the normal routine.

The aim of the school is not necessarily to fit boys and girls for particular occupations in life, certainly not to drive goose quills on foolscap, but to train them for life itself. The development of the personality of the individual in its manifold aspects is the aim, ostensible, and practised at Shanthiniketan. Full scope is given to the spontaneous expression of the different tastes and aptitudes of each individual. The curriculum is very broad-based. In addition to the subjects we are familiar with in our schools there is provision for the teaching of painting, sculpture, etching, wood-carving, music, and dancing. Experts are in charge of these departments. There is a great emphasis placed on self-activity. There are few lectures and

fewer notes. You will be delighted to know that no examinations disturb the rhythm of the daily study. The promotions from one class to another are based entirely on class work.

The members of the teaching staff who belonged to different parts of India and Ceylon were united together by a common ideal and loyalty to the traditions of Shanthiniketan. The university has on its staff savants from different parts of the world—French, German, Chinese, Japanese, English etc. The weekly day of rest is Wednesday when all the inmates of the ashram assemble in the hall of worship. Prayer used to be conducted by the poet himself whenever he was free; needless to say, the prayer is non-sectarian. We used to look forward to Wednesdays with great eagerness as those were the days when we could have the exhilarating joy-ride on donkeys that our very obliging washerman used to place at our disposal. The holidays are grouped around festive occasions such as *puja holidays*, Christmas and summer. These three vacations divide the year into three terms. Those of the scholars remaining in Shanthiniketan during the *puja holidays* celebrate *Durgapuja* with great enthusiasm.

Once every year there is a staff holiday when the teachers enjoy a well earned rest and the pupils of the senior classes run the school. This training in self-management is judged a great success.

Equally interesting is the *Ananda Bazar* which is held once a year when the inmates of the hostel run shops and learn the rudiments of commerce. The poet, the staff and many prominent citizens of Bholpur used to visit the bazar.

The students are trained in the art of self-government through the institution of the school cabinet. This is a small body composed of representatives of various classes, the Principal, and a few other members of the staff. The day-to-day management of the school, the maintenance of discipline etc., are entrusted to this body.

Viswa Bharathi lays emphasis on the social side of life as much as it does on the intellectual. The care of the weak, the maimed, the indigent and the backward is one of the most constructive pieces of work done in the *ashram*. It keeps the school and

the university in close touch with the poverty and ignorance-ridden masses of the neighbourhood. An honest endeavour is being made to alleviate their sufferings and to provide a ray of hope to the down-trodden. This aspect gives a life and a meaning to Shanthiniketan hardly attained by any other school or college in the country. High idealism and noble realism are harmonized in Shanthiniketan. The children of peasants and the heir-apparent to immense fortunes moved together as equals, as members of a common fraternity actuated by the one motive of learning to lead a life of usefulness to oneself and the community. The surroundings and the atmosphere, the serenity of the great scholars living a plain simple life while soaring in the realms of high thought are all conducive to the imbibing of the spirit of love, of charity and humanity.

My stay at Shanthiniketan was only for two years. The heavy rains of Bengal were ill-suited to the health of the little boy from Chettinad. An inconvenient and very frequent visitation of bronchitis finally drove me out of Shanthiniketan. My heart was full when I left the place. I still remember with a flood of delight the happy, joyful days that I spent in the company of equally joyous boys and girls. We led a common life in which all parochial and sectarian differences were forgotten. The reputation of the poet, the magic of his inspiring personality which cast a radiance all round Shanthiniketan, the rustic simplicity and the high idealism that characterized the entire atmosphere, the ripples of Kopai, the tender leaves and flowers of the garden each singing a different note but all with perfect rhythm and in elegant harmony—these invest Shanthiniketan with a charm and attractiveness that few places in India can rival. A year or more of life at Shanthiniketan is an experience well worth having. The founder and his lieutenant are no more. But their spirit is eternal and Shanthiniketan will remain the greatest monument of Tagore and Andrews. An honest and strenuous endeavour to perpetuate Shanthiniketan with all its high ideals is the most fitting tribute that we can pay to the memory of these great departed souls.

A. ALAGAPPA CHETTIAR,
Class II.

Toadyism Considered as one of the Fine Arts

THE Concise Oxford Dictionary gives the meaning of Toadyism as 'servilely fawning upon persons.' This definition is quite unsatisfactory. Toadyism is simply and solely the art of pleasing those whose patronage you want with a view to scoring a point over your fellows or rivals. Surely there is nothing wrong in that. I cannot understand why people should scoff at toadies and consider toadyism derogatory. No man came to prominence or succeeded in his career until he had practised toadyism in a mild or modified or glorified form for some time. He might have done it unconsciously. Still it was toadyism, pure and simple, though it might be called by some other name. From Cabinet Minister down to Cabinet-maker all are sycophants in varying degrees. You say toadyism is not a virtue. I don't care a hoot. Forgive the slang. Call it a vice, if it pleases you. After all, a man who cannot boast of a single decent vice in him is a nincompoop—a milksop—a door-mat. The aspersion that is cast upon toadyism is due to its being practised by novices. Their clumsiness bungles matters and in their fall they drag down with them artists in the trade. To please your victim without letting him know what you are ultimately aiming at and to be inconspicuously conspicuous are not an easy joke. They require a combination of qualities such as delicacy of handling, patience, courage, endurance under reverses besides having a layer or two of thick skin. The art must be practised assiduously right from the beginning of your life—especially when you are a student. It is easier to become a Bachelor (or Spinster!) of Arts than to become a Diplomat in Toadyism (D. T.) In fact if you gain this diploma, your graduation in Arts or Sciences will follow automatically as the night, the day.

But any amount of theoretical knowledge of this much-maligned fine art is no good if some practical guidance is not given. It is obviously impossible to work out elaborate details, but I shall give you some useful hints which you may apply with

advantage in your relationship with the Teaching Staff of the College (Note: Professor includes Tutor, Demonstrator, Assistant Professor, Professor and Principal.)

Rule 1.

When you first meet the Professor inside or outside the College:—

- (a) *Boy*:—Do not fail to salute. It does not matter whether he takes your class or not, or whether you belong to his department or not. Salute, but do not smile. If you smile it will be interpreted as taking liberties. Also casually but firmly advise other fellows not to be so servile as to salute every Tom, Dick and Harry of a teacher.
- (b) *Girl*:—Bow and smile. It is your prerogative to smile. Ugly or handsome, your most effective battery is your smile. There is no man on earth who has not succumbed to woman's smiles (unless he is a congenital misanthrope.) The object is that the Professors must be made to subconsciously make a note of you. There are some Professors who discard their professorial dignity for the nonce and greet you in the first instance. Return the greeting with a charming smile. Do not be dumb. But be sure you discourage other girls in a round-about but effective way from bowing or smiling.

Rule 2. *Class-room*:—

When entering or leaving it do not herd together. See that you catch the Professor's eye. In answering the roll-call do not forget to add 'Sir' to your 'Here' or 'Present.' Here again vehemently protest it is silly to have to add 'Sir'.

Rule 3. *Clearing doubts*:—

This requires delicate handling. You and I know that there is nothing which is not doubtful. So clearing your doubts is a job for life! But your main aim is only to worm yourself

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The Call of Dawn

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And cheerily saying
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And darkness has gone.
2. The pigeons are cooing
And tenderly wooing,
While bulbuls are singing
Their full notes a—ringing,
“Awake, every one
Come, look at the sun
His gold beams are bringing
Us laughter and fun.”
3. The grey east is flushing
And daintily blushing
The green palms are waving
The white waves are laving
The gold of the strand
And glittering sand
The dew-drops are paving
The face of the land.
4. The jasmine is blooming
And thickly perfuming
The breath of the morning,
A bee honey scorning,
Transported to bliss
By a floweret's kiss,
The sun who is dawning
He's telling of this.

into the Professor's good books and this is only a ruse. The question is how to go about the business.

There are one or two ways: You may get at the Professor alone and on the sly in his room at College. You must take some trouble for this. Consult the College Calendar. There is sure to be some hour in the week when both you and the Professor are disengaged while his colleagues have classes. That is your time. Don't barge into his room unceremoniously showing lack of manners. Send in a card by the peon. I shall not be satisfied with mere tapping on the door. These are all little tricks of the trade but will produce magnificent results. You then go in when called, and have your so-called doubts cleared. You must make an impression on him that you are 'industrious', 'well-behaved', 'painstaking', and all that! Remember of course that your Professor is not such a simpleton as he looks. He has his wits about him and plenty of them. But your job is to outwit him by your 'honesty' of purpose.

The other way to see him privately is to go to his house, say, on your way to the pictures. This is easier for boys than for girls. But to a resourceful girl the difficulty is not insurmountable. She simply approaches the master of the house through the mistress, 'Swami' through 'Amman', 'God' through 'Goddess.' But if the particular God should be a bachelor, well—there is the rub! A chaperon will probably be necessary. (Or will it?). If you happen to come across a fellow toady bent on the same purpose it is your duty to greet him with, 'Hullo, Toady, going to the Professor's?' This will effectively take the wind out of his sails. He will stammer, "Er-No, I am going to my aunt's house." You reply, "Anyway, I can tell you that I met the Professor just now near the petrol bunk." He will naturally go away cursing the ill-omen when he left his house. The coast is now clear to you and you can approach your quarry without fear of being discovered. While you are there about your business talk about his hobby (if

he has one) which you must have found out already. Wax eloquent over his choice and throw in discreetly a few highly flattering compliments.

Rule 4. Examination:—

First and foremost, ruthlessly apply rule 3.

Besides, after you finish answering the paper do not be in a hurry to hand it in. Keep the answer-book in your hand and wait until all other students have left the hall. Then put it on top of the bundle so that the Professor sees your name on it. At the same time casually make a remark. "I don't know, sir, why a number of people wanted so many additional books. I can't write more than one. Of course, it is enough, Sir, if answers are to the point with no unnecessary details?" He will murmur, "Of course, of course." Or try this: "Had I known the questions would be so easy I need not have sat day and night over my books." He will probably reply, "So you have cleared the paper and expect to stand first." Say, "If you please, Sir", and flash a smile on him if you are a girl and run away!

Rule 5.

Whatever you do, do not for goodness' sake ignore the tutors and demonstrators. Do not think they are small fry and you can afford to neglect them. If you do, woe be unto you! In fact begin with them and work up to Assistant Professors, Professors and Principal.

Rule 6.

This is general. Invite the lecturers to some function or other in your house. If there happens to be none, create one about the time of the examination.

If you are travelling in a car and you find any Professor walking along the road to the College, stop the car near him, open the door and request him to honour you by stepping

into it. You see all the Professors meet and you may be sure your name will crop up and there will be a chorus of praise from all quarters.

Result: You steal a march of several miles over your humdrum fellow students.

The whole idea of all the practical hints given above is that you must toady so dexterously that every Professor would be able to recognise you by name and sight among a thousand students of the College and would be so impressed with your 'intelligence', 'industry' etc. that he would be tempted to give you top marks without looking into your answer paper.

If this article is published I hope there will be an epidemic of 'crow-catchers.' But if the Professors happen to read it they will, I doubly hope, thereafter assume a virtuous indignation and bite your head off when you next practise your art on them on the lines indicated. But, boys and girls, do not despair. Ignore their anger altogether and carry on, changing the tactics if necessary to suit the altered circumstances. You may stake your last shirt or trinket that ultimate victory will be yours.

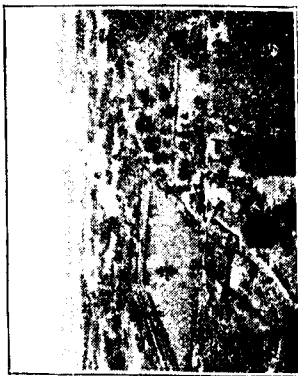
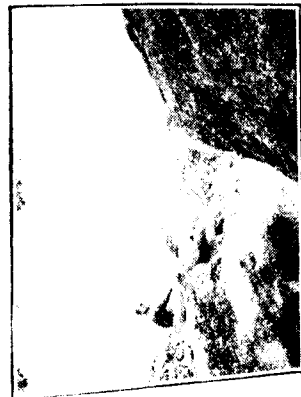
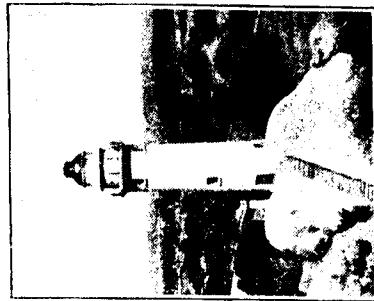
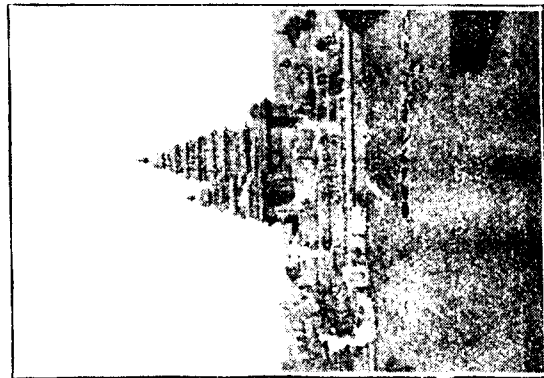
When all is said and done, you ask me whether I am a toady. The answer is, you bet, I am, and so are you!

LOTUS.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

—A. S. Seshan,
I Class, Group II.



MAHABALIPURAM & THIRUKALIKUNDAM IN SNAPS

—P. R. SUBRAMANIAM.

The Call of Dawn

1. A new dawn is breaking
The birds are awaking,
The cool winds are playing
And cheerily saying
Awake for 'tis dawn
Come honour the morn
The night sky is greying
And darkness has gone.
2. The pigeons are cooing
And tenderly wooing,
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The gold of the strand
And glittering sand
The dew-drops are paving
The face of the land.
4. The jasmine is blooming
And thickly perfuming
The breath of the morning,
A bee honey scorning,
Transported to bliss
By a floweret's kiss,
The sun who is dawning
He's telling of this.

The Presidencian

5. A blue bird is flying,
O'er trees that are sighing,
The gay winds do whisper,
Good luck little sister,
Already he's gone,
The mists of the morn,
Have swallowed his glitter
And figure forlorn.
6. In hamlet and village
And meadow and tillage,
The seed they are sowing,
While oxen are lowing;
For gone to their toil,
Are the sons of the soil,
And the red sun a-glowing
Does gaze on their moil.
7. The magic of morning,
And rose tints of dawning,
On fleet wings are flying,
While sad winds are sighing,
For the fairy of dawn
Like that blue bird forlorn,
When no one was spying,
In the gray mists has gone.

B. G. R. KRISHNAMMA,
III Hons. English.

On Donkeys

(The following is a true and exact report of a debate that was held on the 29th of November 1946, at 4 p.m. in the Big Jinglish Lecture Hall, P..... College.)

Scene :—Big Jinglish Lecture Hall.

Disputationis Personae :—

Mr. Jambuk Iyengar, P.C.

Mr. Gardabh Rau.

Miss Aja Bai, President.

(The President is seated on the platform. The two men are seated on either side. In the gallery are seated members of the audience.)

(President rises)

President :—Members of the House, we have before us to-day a very important and amusing question to settle. Jambuk Iyengar, seated here, chanced to remark that Mr. Gardabh Rau was a donkey. Mr. Rau of course denies the charge. So Mr. Rau is moving the proposition that in the opinion of the house he is not a donkey. I now call upon Mr. Rau to do his best to carry the motion.

(sits down)

(Mr. Rau rises)

Rau :—Ladies, gentlemen and president, (loud laughs) I rise to-day to disprove Mr. Jambuk Iyengar's statement, not because of any sneaking sense of self-pity but because of a chivalrous desire to save you, ladies and gentlemen, from a disgrace. Calling me a donkey amounts to calling you so, as I form part of you and you form part of me. I have of course no need to say that I am a man (strikes his chest), that

I belong to a higher stage of evolution. I have no need to say more. Only I challenge Mr. Iyengar to justify his word.

(sits down)

(President rises)

President:—I now call upon Mr. Jumbuk Iyengar to oppose the motion.

(sits down)

(Mr. Iyengar rises)

(Howls, bayings, brayings and claps are heard.)

Jambuk:—President, Jennies and Jacks, to such an assemblage of philosophical donkeys I have no difficulty in proving that Mr. Rau is one of its brotherhood. When I honoured him on a past occasion by referring to him by that exalted, distinguished term, donkey, I did so after great thinking. I have only enhanced the estimation of his inherent virtues by so doing. To begin with, he has great potential statesmanship in him, a quality innate in a donkey. This you must admit seeing that only asses rise to be prime ministers, dictators and presidents. This one thing is enough to justify my statement.

Secondly, Mr. Rau is a very literary man. Such literacy is only comparable to that of the donkey. A donkey is the truest and most ardent student of literature. Not being satisfied with a mere superficial study of a book, it begins to digest it. This is only too true of Mr. Rau. Often I have caught him in the class, as many here would have, in the act of eating paper. It is no uncommon sight for us to find him, quietly but with great relish and smacking of lips, consuming a quarto or two of Hazlitt and, on especially fine days, a complete Shakespeare. This act, as you know, has been much commended by professors, for they saw in it the act of a true son of literature, the donkey. Who thinks now, who says now, I ask, that Mr. Rau is anything lower than a donkey? Look at his white nose. Such a nose indicates

purity of life and sweetness of manners; so outstanding in a donkey. I have no need to tell you that the donkey has a white nose. This merely indicates its gentler virtues. Look at his long ears. This again only means metaphorically that he is attentive to everybody. His very looks will prove to you that he is a donkey, one of thy kin. That insipid, dull, idiotic look merely denotes the greatest asinine virtue, piety; and piety is the monopoly of asses.

I ask now of the audience one question. Who has not heard Mr. Rau sing? None. It must be so, for his music is so famous. He has many a time sung at the meet of great asses. Greater discordance hath no man. Many great musical artists have excelled in expressing vividly through their music human passions and emotions. Mr. Rau's music excels them all. Hearing him sing, and closing your eyes, you can hear your garden gate at home creaking in the wind. Historians can picture to themselves battles of Blenheim and Waterloo. The men with their souls in their test-tubes, I mean the chemists, can hear atoms splitting up. But Mr. Rau has even greater artistry. He has the art of painting vividly to the ear human miseries such as stomach-ache, toothache and constipation. Where do we find such great artistry except in that noble creature, the donkey?

Mr. Rau has all the essentials of a donkey. I believe he is in love too, has fallen into that sacred pit into which holy donkeys fall. I have put before you the reasons which I had for calling him a donkey. It is my sense of hero-worship that prompted me to praise my Johnson thus. I have a feeling of deep regret that I cannot ever be a donkey, that I cannot lift myself above this human kind.

Now it is for you to decide. You must agree with me. Otherwise the shock will be too great for me. I cannot see my hero derided. I leave it to your discretion.

The Presidential

(sits down)

(Loud cries, brayings, claps etc.)

(President rises)

President:—Members of the House, I will now call upon Mr. Rau to contradict any statement of Mr. Iyengar's.

(sits down)

(Mr. Rau rises slowly, shakes his head and sits down.)

(President rises)

President:—Members of the House, according to the programme I am expected to say a few words by way of concluding remarks; but you may rest assured I won't bore you long. After hearing Mr. Jambuk Iyengar's definition of a donkey, I wish I were a donkey too. (Loud cries from the audience, 'You are, you are.') Alas I cannot ever be. But that does not concern you now. I will now put the matter to vote. All who agree with Mr. Iyengar will lift their hands.

(Everyone without exception lifts his or her hand.)

President:—The motion is not carried. Mr. Rau is an ass.

(Loud cheers from the audience.)

(The members of the audience rush to the platform, lift Mr. Rau up and place him on their shoulders. They march out singing loudly,

We be of one blood, thou and I

Asses all, asses high.)

T. R. RAMAN,
II Class, Group 2.

'The Settlement'

THE two friends were sincerely devoted to her. There was never an evening that they could keep away from the Lal-bagh, where, with her, they generally spent some hours. But they were not always quite quiet-going and there were occasions when they did some bit of fighting over her. She, of course, was a quiet creature and whatever her feelings in the matter, never expressed herself as unduly in favour of either. That was the mistake. Ramu would have liked the thing settled one way or other and Gopal was very near the end of his patience that the matter was not settled up quickly—quite as natural a wish as any other including our own fond one that the war that rages at present may end soon, though we would only think of a particular conclusion. Impatience, whether you call it a virtue or not, is ingrained in every human soul.

Days could not roll on endlessly as they do in stories, and the crucial day had to come. And it did. That evening, they sauntered to their favourite park, followed by her as meekly as ever. There was nothing particularly noticeable about their dispositions—least of all, hers, a creature who could be described as dumb, were it not for the positive evidence to the contrary. Ramu was in no sulky mood; and Gopal was as gay as ever.

When they sat down on the lawn which they had sanctified by their regular presence for long, it was Ramu who broke the silence. Not that the place was in any way still. The Café opposite the place where they sat attracted the usual crowd, and scattered across the expanse of the beautiful garden were groups of people, whose dispositions drew them together, whether it be in the matter of chewing away or talking politics. Ramu wanted the thing to be settled up. She looked absent-minded and did not seem to give the least attention to the hot debate that they carried on.

"Well, Gopal," Ramu began, "I can't any longer bear this damned position. Either you shall have her, or I, but both can't."

Gopal was on the same trail; he had only wanted some one to begin. And now he fired off.

"Yes, I too have been very anxious to have the matter settled. But how can I ever allow you to have possession of her. I have as much right to her as you. In fact....."

"Well, I don't want you to fire off the old story of having met her first. That is simply foolish. There is not much to choose in the matter of our right over her."

"Well, what's your idea? Your beginning shows you have something up your sleeve."

"Hit right. Please listen. As you said, there is no such thing as either of us having her by virtue of any right. Now there is one direct test of our claim over her. It is the acid test. You cannot but accept it. Will you promise to try it?"

"Of course, pal. But I cannot promise to abide by the result of it, though."

"Right. Now here it is. We shall both draw up at some distance and try which of us can attract her to us more quickly. If she responds quicker to either, then he shall surely have her."

She could not have heard the last part of their conversation; for by now perhaps to escape from their absurd quarrel, she drifted afar and seemed to admire the multi-coloured leaves of a young tree at some distance.

Gopal was sure he had won her heart. There was no difficulty about it. And one should remember Ramu was equally confident.

"Rightly proposed, let us try it" agreed Gopal. They got ready for the trial. Ramu offered, as the proposer,

to do the first trying himself. There was none else within hearing. Gently he called to her "Darling, will you please come here!" followed by a host of adjectives most sacred to people in his disposition.

The voice of anxious entreaty brought her running to his side. He took her up, looked with condescension on Gopal. He was sure that success was his.

It was Gopal's turn. He was already by now a bit unnerved. Ramu's success had upset him, but he was sure he could show up something.

It was a matter of delight to him when she ran into his outstretched arms when he called to her with endearing words. Her action was consistent with the fairly general feminine principle of equally encouraging all, which comes to encouraging none—and leaving men to cut each other's throat. From the time of Helen, the story has been the same, alas for man!

They were now in a fix. Things as they stood could not decide the matter. Each could see that the other had not much more success than himself. The game as it stood was a "draw." They were both sportsmen and did not discredit each other's success.

A gloomy silence reigned for a good part of ten minutes. It seemed like ages to both. The passers-by stopped as if in sympathy, to look at these two, staring—vacantly. Fighting, and each as strong as the other, they probably thought.

Ramu was the first to cut the ice between them.

"I have a suggestion, boy:" he was nearly dancing. "What on earth is it?" queried the other. She too seemed a bit interested. But a moment later she had gone back to the buds and did not evince any more attention.

Now Gopal's job was a part-time one, that is, he had to be journeying about during one half of the year—the summer

half—and the other half of course he could spend in Bangalore. Whereas Ramu was the canvassing agent of a firm dealing in books and as such he had also to gad about. But that portion of the year when Ramu was on tour Gopal remained in the city. (Summer was barren, educational institutions being closed). This fact made it possible to have an amicable arrangement. Of course they were both on a month's holiday now.

Ramu unfurled the brilliant suggestion:

"You keep her for one half of the year, and I shall keep her for the other half. We cannot encroach on each other's time -you see?"

"Bright idea," agreed Gopal.

"Let us think the matter settled that way, eh?"

"Right-O"

And both wended homewards. Dusk had nearly set in. Their docile companion followed, the innocent piece who had brought on the struggle, seeming utterly oblivious of everything. And as for her assent, both Ramu and Gopal never doubted but that she would be perfectly agreeable to the splendid arrangement. She had never been known to be anything but obliging.

* * * * *

Let not the reader feel shocked about the moral aspect of the above; I hope his scruples will vanish when I tell him that the feminine piece in the bargain was a fine "terrier".

R. NATARAJAN,
IV (Hons.) Physics,
Presidency College.

The Clever Padma

"HULLLO, Ramu! What has your father written to you? When are you starting for your native place?" Padma asked Ramu when he entered her house one evening.

Ramu was a little taken aback. How the devil could she have known about his intended start for his native place? He controlled himself and said, "What do you mean? A letter from my father! I, starting for my native place! Nothing doing. I am not going anywhere."

"You are going to Erode (it was his native place). Why do you want to deceive me? You don't love me, it is clear. Yes, leave me to myself." She suddenly burst into tears.

"Don't, Padma dear, don't weep! I don't deceive you. But my father has written some nonsense" said Ramu grasping her hand. Padma who reached heaven itself at that gentle touch, no longer pretending to be angry, asked him calmly and scrutinisingly, "Is it anything about your marriage? Please do tell me. Am I not yours and yours alone?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he would not have been so shocked, as by her question. Anyhow her look, full of entreaty, moved him. Gently taking her hands and pressing them to his lips, he said, "Yes, he has written about my marriage. She is, he writes, an only daughter of a rich vakil of Coimbatore, by name Sethu. Even though my father is stern, I am not going to yield to his wishes. I will marry you, and not her."

"Had you but known who she is, you would not have come to that decision. Do you know who she is? She is my uncle's daughter, that is, the daughter of my father's brother."

"Do you think, Padma, that I will marry her? Never. Even if she were more beautiful and charming than you, I will marry you and not her. I would rather die than marry her."

"In spite of your stout refusal, you are going to marry her! You shall marry her. This is as true as we love each other" she said, smiling mischievously.

He was beside himself. "I clearly see you do not love me. Even you whom I loved most have abandoned me. Since I love you from my heart of hearts, I shall ever pray to God to bestow all happiness upon you. This is our last meeting. Good-bye" Without even waiting for her answer, he rushed out of the house and disappeared.

Ramamurthy—Ramu—was twenty-one. He was a tall, handsome young man of comely appearance, an adept in music, an industrious student and a good sportsman and loved by all his friends and lecturers alike. He put up in the College Hostel and was studying in the Honours final year class. He knew very well Padma's uncle (mother's brother) in whose house she was living. This uncle and Ramu's father were very dear friends. So he considered Ramu as his own son. Ramu also had a filial feeling and respect towards him. During one of Ramu's visits to the house, he saw Padma there. It goes without saying that, at first sight, he fell in love with her.

Padma was a very handsome, fresh-coloured, black-haired, young girl of seventeen. She had an attractive, lovable face and beautiful (and some said) unfathomable eyes. Perhaps she was one of the heavenly (apsara) damsels who, by mistake, came to this earth. It is, we are told, the pretty face which creates sympathy and love in the hearts of men. From Viswamitra downwards, have not wiser men than he (Ramu) been cajoled and befooled by women? At her sight, his

blood tingled with delight. A few adroit words, one or two tender knowing glances of her eyes, and his delight knew no bounds. Was it a wonder that Ramu should fall head over ears in love with her?

It seemed that Padma's uncle also knew of their love and, more than that, he seemed to encourage them. Ramu was the secretary of one of the College societies and Padma, who was in the first class was the representative for her class. This tended to bring them closer still. All the keener was his vexation at Padma's words.

They say that the heart of a man cannot remain long in a state of tension. Soon Ramu began to blame himself for his rude behaviour towards her. "What a fool I made myself to-day! Oh Padma dear, my own Padma, will you forgive me?" But he did not expect, did not even dream that he would see in Coimbatore a scene altogether different from the one he expected to see.

"Ramu, don't be obstinate. She is beautiful, yes, beautiful. She is also educated. Above all, she knows to cook" thus pleaded Ramu's father, who was a staunch opponent of women's education. He wanted women to be adept in cooking in which, nowadays, most educated women are unskilled. But Ramu was not a chip of the old block. He was the exact reverse of his father. "I will have nothing to do with the girl of your choice" angrily shouted Ramu, defying his father for the first time in his life. The parent was shocked to hear his "obedient" son's reply. Fearing that more words of his might make matters worse, the old man kept silent.

It is said that mothers are respected more than fathers. It was exactly the case here. We must do Ramu full justice in this respect. He would meekly obey his mother like a child.

To put the whole matter into a nutshell, Ramu's mother was able to make him agree to go to Coimbatore with her to see the girl. If he liked the girl, he could marry her. Thus it was decided that both of them should start for Coimbatore on the morrow.

The next day, Ramu and his mother reached Coimbatore by the Cochin Express. The jutka from the station went and stopped before a fine bungalow in the Seventy Feet Road in R. S. Puram. Ramu, who told Padma that he would rather die than marry the Coimbatore-girl, who defied his father and who, at last, obeyed meekly his mother's bidding—Ramu, we say, did not succeed in his wish. The fact was he had to marry that girl herself whom he thought he so much disliked.

His would-be-father-in-law was not at home. But his prospective wife and mother-in-law were. Ramu was asked to be seated on a sofa, dexterously and skilfully decorated for the occasion. The mothers of the bride and the bride-groom both went in leaving the bride-groom in the hall. He was wondering what it all meant when he heard his mother-in-law say "Padma! Take the tiffin and coffee to *mappillai*." He was wonder-struck. What was the meaning of calling him *mappillai* even before he had consented to marry. Who was this Padma? His brooding was put an end to when a girl came nimbly and quietly and placed the tiffin before him. He could not believe his own eyes when he saw that she was no other than his own Padma. When she was about to run away, he rose up and caught her in his arms. He brought her, as he would a child, to the sofa. When she, trembling and happy, told him, "Let me alone. What will papa or mamma say if they were to come here?," he calmly replied, "What is there to fear? Now, tell me. Why did you tell me a falsehood?"

"I said nothing but truth. My father has no brother at all. Therefore he is his own brother. Consequently, my uncle's daughter is your own Padma. Had you but thought a while, you need not have suffered so much mental torture. Now what I said has come true. You are destined to marry the Coimbatore-girl and her alone!". At that time, a telegraphic communication of eyes passed between them. Ramu who had told her that that would be their last meeting was not unwilling to meet her again as his own life-partner. As if to pronounce their sanction and blessing, both the mothers came in now singing "*Gauri Kalyaname*".

(SHORT STORY)

Renunciation

(By "Premila" P.G.I. Economics.)

"Champak Bhavan",
13—3—'41.

Dearest Krishni,

Where am I to begin? How tell of this happiness that has come to me? Do you remember, dear, when we left college, we swore eternal friendship and loyalty to each other, and never, Krishni, never in my heart have I swerved from that loyalty to you. How could I? Has any other girl a friend like you? You, with your lofty idealism, your proved disdain of anything sordid or ignoble, your passionate loyalty?

A thousand memories of your love and understanding throng to my heart but my gratitude cannot, somehow, find expression words are so inadequate at times, so weak, so ineffective But today my heart is full with the wonder of life, the glory, the splendour of it with God's goodness to an insignificant creature like me, and a reverence and awe that know no words sweep over me. But I have not told you what the great event is! Dearest Krishni! I am in love, and am loved in return! I write this in no light spirit of frivolity, but with a profound understanding of the awe and majesty of life and love.

Do you know, Krishni, he reminds me just a little of you the same high enthusiasm, the same lofty ideals and the same flash of the eye as he talks! What does he see in me to love? But he says he does love me, and I am gloriously happy my heart is lit with the glory of love

Yours now and ever,
MALINI.

P. S.—Oh? you would want to know who he is; he is Radhakumar the son of Sri Madhukar, and he is so handsome!

M.

Valligcon Ashram,
14—3—'41.

Malini Dearest,

Your letter gave me such joy! I have long hoped that my Malini would meet some one who would be worthy of her, one who would understand and appreciate her innate nobility, her generosity, her sweet temper, unruffled through all the storms and stress of life. How different from me! I, who am so impatient under the petty tyranny of trifles that make up the great sum-total called Life! I, who am so easily moved to passion, so prone to love or to hate, so suddenly, so unreasonably I think, Malini, I loved you from the beginning because we were so unlike in everything, you, radiant with youth and beauty and the joy of living I, so quiet and sombre you seem to me to be the very embodiment of youth and gaiety, a bundle of rose-petals and charm!

When I return home in the evening, so tired and weary, yet with a proud joy that I am doing my little bit for India, that I am realizing, at least in part, my girlhood's ambitions, I sometimes yearn for your company. Returning from the squalor, the filth, the misery and unhappiness that is part of the village, I long to see you, Malini. You sprite of youth and fragrance, you fairy, earth-born and human-bred!

What return can I hope to make you for all that you have been to me you have understood me as none else, my vague hopes, my restless ambitions, my nameless yearnings I love the work here, though sometimes the extent of the misery and poverty appal me. But it calls for the philosophy of the stiff back and an obstinacy, a hope that plods and perseveres

Malini, my dearest, let me wish you all the best that the world can offer you, love and happiness and long years of service. When can I meet him?

With ever so much love,
KRISHNI.

Valligeon Ashram,
7—6—'41.

My Dear Hyma,

I was so interested to hear all that you tell me about your village. Is life everywhere as miserable, as squalid, as dull and drab, as it is here? I had hoped not—oh, Hyma! if you and I, and other women could do something to alleviate the awful appalling condition of things! The poor ryot, illiterate, ill-fed, ill-clothed, superstition-ridden, is the most pathetic figure in all India.....the women are little better than domestic drudges.....and the babies crawling about hovels of incredible squalor.....so little of grace or beauty or rhythm in their lives—Oh! I could weep when I think of it, and we call ourselves civilized! Civilization has corrupted us from a natural intelligence and simple enjoyment of life to an artificially fostered intellectuality with its blind stupidities and cruelties.....

But those who live close to the land are the natural heirs of humanity, heirs to its sincerity—and innate nobility—There is a calmness in the land that only the village-dweller knows, the steady rhythm of the inevitable!.....

Hyma, you and I are doing our little bit, but is it of any use at all? sometimes a weary sense of the futility-of it all comes over me.....sapping my youthful strength and hope.....at other times a sombre optimism productive of a kind of dark hopefulness comes over me—anyway, I will not own defeat as yet.....

Now about Malini—you have often laughed at my “idol-worship” as you call it. But I love her, Hyma.....we are nearly of the same age, but I feel more like a mother to her.....after all, age is not counted by years, but by experience and at times I feel a hundred years old.....and she.....she is the embodiment of grace and youth and beauty.....the spirit of Eternal Spring.....and now she is in love—her letters are full of it, of the mystery, and strange sweet splendour of it; and; Hyma! Shall I confess that somehow they find a responsive echo in my own heart? Why? there is a young man here—Lalla—come out to our centre, so full of enthusiasm, so strong in his glorious youth, so youthful in his strength—with the soul of *a poet*! I am getting terribly interested in him. Is this a confession? I don't know.

With much love,
KRISHNI.

Valligeon,
21—8—'41.

My Krishni,

How did it all come about? I never meant to blurt it out so soon....But when I watched you beside that dying child, heard the pain that was in your low voice, saw the tears that dimmed your glorious eyes.....my heart was full, full of tenderness not for you alone, not for dying child alone, but for all humanity! My love stood with head uncovered before the sacred flame of goodness.! That flame purged my heart of all dross and made of it a sacred altar!

I had almost despaired of a return.....I never dared to hope for it.....But you were so sweet.....with that magnificent frankness that is yours, and yours alone, you told me so gravely that you loved me too! Krishni, is it possible? I ask myself “Why should the stars above descend from their sphere to the level of crawling Humanity?” Yet my triumphant

heart cries out it is no mere dream.....Krishni, you are the most gorgeous, most glorious thing that ever happened to me.....and I am intoxicated with the mere joy of living.....

But I have a confession to make I am very miserable about it. I would give the whole world if I had not to make it. But I must, in fairness to you, darling! You have so often talked of your friend Malini, yet I shirked telling you that I know her that we are sort of betrothed to each other Lalla is only my mother's name for me—Her people and mine were so keen on it and she was beautiful and charming and the enthusiasm of the family hurried on an engagement.

Krishni, is this going to make a difference to us? I will go to Malini and humbly confess my mistake. She will get over it. She is sweet and lovely, but I don't think she feels anything very deeply She is but a lovely pampered child Not a woman with a heart and mind and soul like yours!

Tell me this is not going to make a difference.....I want you.....I need you.....Must a mistake like that wreck our lives? Can you imagine what you mean to me? Your love has delivered me from my dream of self-conscious egoism into a world where life is real.....where it has a deeper significance.....a nobler purpose. Even before I met you I knew you were coming to me.....somewhere.....sometime.....coming to me through the mountains, through the forests, through the seas.....that you were coming to my arms.....

Lalla,
Valligeon Ashram,
22—8—'41.

Dear Lalla,

It does make a difference. How could you think it would not? Dear as you are, I cannot—Oh, I cannot—build my happiness on the ruins of Malini's broken heart. I know she loves you.....I have been through a struggle fiercer than the

raging fires of hell—I have wept as I have never wept before in all my life.....I have prayed as never before...prayed for strength to resist temptation.....can you realize how strong temptation was? To be your wife.....I was never meant for such happiness as that!

Far better sorrow, far, far better death or desolation, than treachery to Malini! Can you ever imagine what she has been to me for years? She first brought beauty and grace into my drab life, she brought friendship and loyalty and tenderness. She has been so good to me. I have often prayed that I might be able to prove my love. Bitter answer! I asked not for this overwhelming pain!

But the struggle is over.....I have accepted the renunciant's vow.....resignation was born out of my soul's travail.....I found it at His feet.....I have realized as never before that in moments of great and desperate pain, we stand alone before our Maker.....none else can help us.....not even those we love best, not even those who love us best!

You believe that Malini has a butterfly soul! What blindness.....I have known her for years, have had glimpses of the inner shrine of her generous heart. She is lofty in soul, great in heart, strong in love! Take her, Lalla, she is worthy of even you.....

And you? Be a man Lalla! and bear it. Life makes one pay. There is no escape from the inevitableness of that settlement, one paid with sorrow and tears.....Don't think me hard or cruel.....I am very unhappy too.

KRISHNI,

Fatepur Sikri,
25—9—'41.

Dear Hyma,

So you thought my letter cold and formal! But, my dear, I could not write about it even to you, just yet.....But now I have achieved a sort of stoicism.....when life dissolves beneath

you into an emotional mess the only thing is to get a grip on some solid purpose and hold on tight.....my heart is still sore with its hidden wound and an unconquerable sense of loss.....Why is sorrow so inevitable?

Yet I am glad I resisted temptation. Malini, unhappy, and I, erecting my home of love on her broken heart! But I have suffered as much as a woman can suffer the iron has entered my soul the waters of despair were as bitter as death I wanted happiness was ready to snatch it at any cost My heart rebelled against the futile aimless suffering life inflicts but the conviction is increasingly borne on me that pain and agony ought to count for nothing against the vindication of principles on which are built our very lives and thoughts!

Yet I suffered life seemed all wrong and discordant

“So this is the way the world ends,

Not with a bang, but with a whimper” and slowly, painfully was born resignation Not the self-pity that whines and moans I found that there are other things in life that must take precedence over love. My dream is over that short sweet madness I hope my pain may give me more understanding and sympathy for others' pain, power to assuage and to heal.....I suffered intensely, fearing to face loneliness—for life! But I forget.....it is not loneliness as long as friend-ship remains.....as long as Malini's happiness and his too, I hope, remains, as long as your love and understanding remains.

I have written so much of myself and of Malini.....what of him? Of him I cannot write, even to you.....But at times “Remembrance wakes with her busy train, swells at my heart and turns the past pain”.

Yours affectionately,
KRISHNI.

Dearest Krishni,

So you are back at Valligeon after your long holiday. Why did not you come to me! If you were ill, who could nurse you as well as I could? You unselfish darling? You never give others an opportunity to be unselfish too. How sweet of you, how characteristic of you to want to stitch my wedding blouse! I know that with every stitch there will be a prayer for my happiness.....

Krishni! I am so very happy.....life is so much more wonderful and beautiful than I thought it could ever be.....it promised so much, yet the fulfilment is even greater. Have you never felt it so? the only flaw in the perfect scheme of things is that you are not coming for the marriage—it is to be on the 30th—cannot those ogres be persuaded to grant you some more leave?

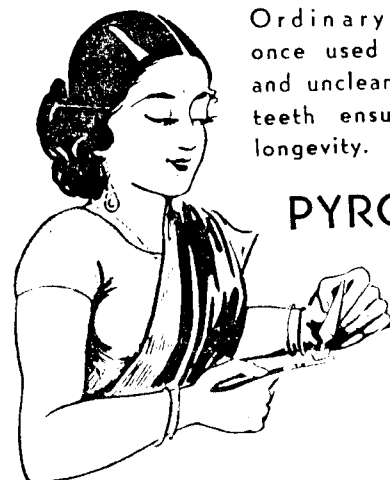
Radha is back here. I believe he was doing village uplift work in some of the interior villages.....But Krishni! he is so changed—in what I cannot exactly say—but the change is there—He is so much gentler, so much more understanding, so much more tolerant.....often there is a look of deep unfathomable pain in his eyes.....of weariness.....but he is so gentle with me, so kind.....Does it mean that he has grown to love even more? Do you know, Krishni, I think he is just a bit jealous of my love for youhe cannot bear the mention of your name.....but once he meets you and knows how noble and generous you are, he will learn to love you too!

Your wondrously happy,
MALINI.

DATE		30—10—'41		
NAME		MALINI		
ADDRESS		CHAMPAK BHAVAN		
TELEGRAPH OFFICE		KUTTOOR		
LOVING	WISHES	AND	PRAYERS	FOR
PERFECT	WEDDED	HAPPINESS	DEAREST	
			FROM	KRISHNI

FIRST DUTY
OF THE DAY

CLEANING THE TEETH!



Ordinary Tooth-brushes once used become septic and unclean. Sound clean teeth ensure health and longevity. Use Dentip.

PYRODROPS

—a Dental Elixir, prepared from celebrated Indian herbs. Per Tube 12 as. Few Pyro-drops with our unique

Dentip prevents and cures all dental diseases. Manufactured by Dr. A. Jothi Pandiyan, Tanjore. Appah & Co.; Luz Pharmacy; Mount Pharmacy, etc.



COLLEGE NOTES

Changes in the Staff:—

At the beginning of the second term Sri A. V. Venkatarama Aiyer, Professor of Indian History, proceeded on leave preparatory to retirement, and his place was taken by Sri V. Venkataraman.

At the end of January 1942, Sri A. Ramanatha Pillai returned to the College as Additional Professor of Zoology and relieved Sri M. Ekambara-natha Ayyar who has proceeded on leave for two months.

Sri T. N. Muthuswami, Assistant Professor of Geology, who was appointed Assistant Geologist in the Gazetted service; was relieved at the end of January 1942, and his place has been taken by Sri C. Gopal.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE ARTS SOCIETY

REPORT OF ACTIVITIES

Arts-Section

President : Miss. N. Santha

Secretary : P. R. Subramaniam, B.A.

Arts Society:—

A lively debate on 15th October between Old Boys and Present women students on "Higher Education as it is obtained now should not be imparted to women" marked the advent of the second term. Mr. H. C. Papworth, O.B.E., was the observer and Miss. N. Santha was the speaker. The spicy wit and humour of the debate sent the packed house into hysterical laughter.

On 29th October Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan inaugurated a series of talks on "The Glory of Our Motherland". The lecturer speaking on "Art and the Indian Home" stressed the need of artistry in every home. Miss. N. Santha presided.

Considerable labour and time were spent in staging "Their Master's Voice"—the proceedings of an extra-ordinary session (that did not take place) of the German Reichstag (that does not exist) in aid of the College-Stadium Fund at the Government Muhammadan College Theatre on Sunday, 1st February. The performance was a grand success.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The inaugural address of the above Association was delivered by Miss. Laura Jackson, Principal, St. Ebba's High School. The lecturer gave a very interesting talk on "The Amateur Actor and the English Drama". Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai Presided.

Among the pleasant features of the Association's activities, a social evening held in the first week of November and an Inter-Collegiate debate held on 4th February in Tambaram between the English Honours Association and the Madras X'ian College are worth mentioning. After tea, a lively debate as to whether "An academic study of literature is destructive of its true appreciation", took place. The "break-up social" held during the last week of February was a very enjoyable and successful function. Prof. Ayappan Pillai and the Principal addressed the the Association.

HEMALATHA PRABHU,
Secretary.

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association for the second term commenced on 24th October with a gala debate on a momentous issue viz, "Whether the acceptance of the Poona Resolution of the Congress by the Government would be in the best interests of our country". The following colleges participated in the debate: Xian, Loyola, Pachaiyappa's, Muhammadan and Queen Mary's. Mr. V. Venkatarama Aiyer, Professor of Indian History, was in the chair. The debate was a great success.

A farewell party to Mr. A. V. Venkatarama Aiyer, Professor of Indian History (Retired), and an excursion to Thirukalikundram and to the ruins of Mahabalipuram took place in the same week. Both the farewell function and the excursion did much to foster a spirit of camaraderie and *esprit de corps* among the members.

Under the presidency of Dr. P. S. Lokanathan on 14th November Dr. A. Krishnaswami addressed the society on "the Central Problem of Indian Agriculture". His mode of approach to this vital problem was indeed novel, nevertheless, it was practical and useful.

With the dawn of the third term Dr. Asirvatham gave an address on "Power Politics" with Prof. J. Franco in the chair. In his characteristic clerical style the lecturer gave a clear and comprehensive idea of the subject.

"The achievement of Independence for India by the National Congress will be by a policy of expediency and not ethics" was the subject of a debate that took place with Mr. V. Narayanaswami in the chair on 4th February 1942. Gopal moved the proposition and was opposed by Shenoy and others. The debate was of a high standard and proved highly entertaining too. But the proposition was voted down.

Dr. P. S. Lokanathan addressed the Society on "Prices and Price Control" on 12th February with Dr. P. P. Kallukaran in the chair. The speaker dealt with this topical question in a most interesting way and made the lecture highly informative.

Before concluding the activities for this year the Association intends conducting a debate exclusively for women and another for men. The valedictory function will take place in the last week of February.

P. R. SUBRAMANIAM
K. PONNUDURAY
Secretaries.

SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

To felicitate Professor P. P. S. Sastri on his receiving the title of Bharata Kalanidhi a meeting was held on 12th September. Professor Sastri replied suitably to the addresses presented to him on that occasion by Messrs. T. S. Balasubramanya Aiyer, Ramachandran and others.

"Bhasa and the authorship of the 13 Trivandrum plays" was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by K. Shama Bhat on 24th October.

The various aspects of the Vedas were comprehensively dealt with by K. K. Raja at a meeting held on 31st October. The astronomical point of view was expounded by Mr. N. Ramachandran who spoke next.

Mr. O. P. Rangaswami Aiyengar who presided, stressed the importance of the Vedas—"the spiritual storehouse of wisdom of the ancient sages" and appealed for an intensive study of them.

M. Rajagopalan spoke on "The Indian Stage" on 7th November with Mr. K. Raghavan in the chair. There were some supplementary speakers also.

Under the presidency of M. Rajagopalan a lecture on "Brevity in Grammar" was delivered by W. Visweswariah on 13th November. The supplementary speakers stressed the supreme importance of lucidity.

A condolence resolution on the demise of Sir Dr. Ganganatha Jha was passed at a special meeting held on 14th November. The resolution was communicated to Professor Amarnath Jha, Vice-Chancellor, Allahabad University.

HINDUSTHANI ASSOCIATION

Under the auspices of the above Association there was a "Musical Concert" in aid of the College Stadium Fund in the immediate presence of Mrs. H. C. Papworth on 13th November at the Museum Theatre. There was an interesting programme which included "Silence is golden" (an English side-splitting farce) "Mohini" (a Hindusthani Social hit) Sitara recitals by Balachandar, dances by Ramani Ranjan and popular song hits.

On Thursday 20th November there was a meeting with Mr. Namazi in the chair when Moulvi Mohamed Ismail Khan Sahib delivered a lecture on the "History of Literature". He traced its history from early times.

On Monday the 24th Moulana Mohamed Hussain Maulvi delivered a speech on "Hindustani, the common language of India".

TELUGU ASSOCIATION

A debate was held on 30th October under the presidency of Mr. B. Gopalakrishnayya, M.A., L.T. The subject for discussion was that "in the opinion of the House it is better to live to eat than to eat to live". Shivaaji moved the proposition and D. Ramadoss led the opposition. The proposition was lost when put to vote.

On 6th November Sri B. Ramachandra Reddy C.B.E., delivered a highly thought-provoking address on "Literature and Music". Dr. I. S. Peter presided.

The Association secured a number of prizes in the competitions held during the "Andhra Cultural Week" and played a very important part in the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Chennapuri Andhra Maha Sabha, the 11th annual session of the Andhra Nataka Kala Parishat and the annual session of the Navya Sahitya Parishat.

E. V. Jaganadachary and G. V. Subba Rao stood first and second respectively in the elocution contest while G. V. Subba Rao and D. Ramadoss stood first and second respectively in essay competition.

The Association conducted a very successful excursion to Hampi, the great Andhra capital of the historic Vijayanagar Empire during the first week of December.

M. SATYANARAYANA
G. V. SREENIVASA RAO
Secretaries.

KANADA ASSOCIATION

On 30th October Mr. U. Seetharamacharya gave an interesting lecture on "Modern Education". Mr. Mariappa Bhat presided. The lecture being in homely Canarese was very interesting and was greatly appreciated.

The valedictory address of the Association was delivered on 11th February by Sri B. Raghavendracharya, of the Loyola College. Mr. Bondade Prof. of Physics, presided. The function was thoroughly enjoyable.

B. PRAPHULLA BAI,
Secretary.

TAMIL ASSOCIATION

President: Professor K. Swaminathan,

Vice-President: Vidwan R. Visvanatha Iyer,

Secretaries: M. M. Ismail

E. S. Venkatesan

A Short Report of Activities:—

On 14—10—'41 Dr. K. S. Krishnan, F.R.S., Mahendralal Sircar Professor of Physics, Calcutta, delivered an address on "The structure and age of the starry universe". By using picturesque and graphic Tamil equivalents for scientific terms, he held spell-bound a big gathering of eminent Tamil

scholars and public men, including Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar, the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri and Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyer. Professor J. P. Maudslayi who presided, paid a tribute to the remarkable lucidity with which Dr. Krishnan had explained astronomical facts in Tamil. The substance of the lecture has been printed as an article in "Kalamandalam".

On 21-10-'41, a bronze enlargement of the late Pandit E. V. Anantharama Aiyer was unveiled by Mr. J. Sivashammugam Pillai, M.A., M.L.A., ex-Mayor of Madras, under the presidency of Mr. T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar. Vidwan R. Visvanatha Aiyer, gave an account of the late Pandit's services to Tamil Literature and both he and the later speakers paid a tribute to the wide and accurate scholarship and the remarkable powers of memory which have made Mr. E. V. Anantharama Aiyer's edition of "Kalittogai" a work of permanent importance. Mr. J. Sivashammugam Pillai referred to the Pandit's personal qualities and his robust patriotism. Vidwan V. Venkatarajulu Reddiar, Lecturer, University of Madras, recounted some interesting personal reminiscences. Mr. T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar expounded the merits of the older type of Oriental Scholarship, of which Mr. E. V. A. Aiyer was a true representative, and exhorted the students to learn 'genuine' culture and patriotism from their study of ancient Tamil Literature. Professor K. Swaminathan accepted the portrait on behalf of the principal.

On 26-10-'41, an Inter-collegiate debate was held on the proposition, "There is no conflict between Gandhism and Socialism". Mr. V. Narayanaswami, Asst. Prof. of History presided and Mr. T. S. Chockalingam, Editor "Dhinamani", was the observer. M. M. Ismail, in a well-argued and powerful speech commended the proposition to the house and A. P. Mahadevan opposed it. Speakers from the Madras Christian College, Pachayappa's College, Loyola College and Law College, participated in the debate which was very lively and of a high order throughout. Mr. T. S. Chockalingam's concluding speech, which offered a reasoned exposition of the Gandhian philosophy, was listened to with rapt attention.

On 31-10-'41, Principal V. Saramathan spoke on "Indian Civilization" with Rao Sahib S. Vaiyapuri Pillai, Reader in Tamil, Madras University, in the chair. He traced the contributions of Hindu, Islamic and Christian cultures to the rich and composite, yet organic, civilization of Modern India, and gave a poetic vision of the India of the future.

The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar spoke on "Indians Abroad", on 6-11-'41. He developed his arguments in such vivid and masterly fashion that many in the audience felt that even Mr. Sastriar spoke better

in his own than in a foreign language. Janab Basheer Ahmed Sayeed, M.A., B.L., M.L.A., who presided pleaded for a strong sense of unity and patriotism which alone could raise the status of our country-men abroad.

On 11-12-'41 Mr. P. Sri Acharya, the well-known exponent of Tamil poetry, illustrated the growth of Tamil poetical forms by reference to popular songs and literary works from the earliest times. Mr. M. Balasubramania Mudaliar, the chairman congratulated the speaker on his enthusiasm and taste and pleaded for a wider recognition of the merits of Tamil as a medium for poetry.

On 19-1-'42, Sri Va Ra, Editor, "Navayugam", gave a talk on "The Planned Life", under the presidency of Mr. R. S. Desikan, M.A. The speaker subjected Fascism, Communism, and Gandhism to a ruthless analysis and recommended a just balance of the claims of the body, mind, and spirit.

All the meetings were well attended and the Association may claim to have had a very successful year indeed.

At the South Indian Inter-Collegiate Debate, organised by the University Tamil Sangam, Central College, Bangalore, our College was represented by M. M. Ismail and A. P. Mahadevan. Six institutions, including Annamalai University, took part and our college team won the Thangaiyah's Challenge Shield, while the Lady Raman cup to the best individual speaker was awarded to M. M. Ismail.

M. M. ISMAIL,
Secretary.

MALAYALAM ASSOCIATION

President : Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai

Secretaries : Miss V. Sarala
Mr. P. Sudhakaran

Dr. C. R. Krishna Pillai delivered the inaugural address of the Samajam "Humour in Malayalam literature" was the subject of Mr. Pillai's talk. Sri M. C. Krishnavaramaraja of the B.Sc. (Hons) class read a paper on the present position of Malayalam literature.

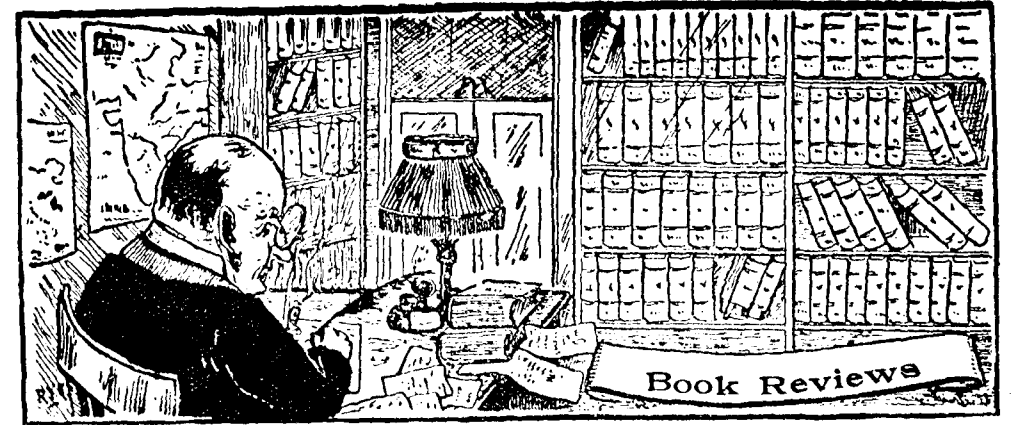
The Onam day was celebrated in September. Sri V. Unnikrishnan Nair, B.A., Incometax officer, was the chief guest of the day.

The members of the Samajam staged an entertaining social farce "Patathekkulla passu" in the Museum theatre. There was a large and distinguished gathering of Malayalees present on the occasion. Sreemathi Ammu Swaminathan complimented the actors on their fine performance.

The President of the Association and Mrs. Ayappan Pillai were at home to the students, both men and women, and others who helped in producing the drama.

Late in February Sri A. V. K. Krishna Menon, M.A., B.L., Retired Principal of the Zamorin's College, Calicut, delivered the valedictory address of the Samajam. In chaste and simple language Sri Menon exhorted the members to cultivate the mother tongue with zest and to work earnestly for the amelioration of the down trodden, the ignorant and the poverty stricken brethren in Kerala.

P. SUDHAKARAN,
Secretary.



Great Men of India

(By Prof. Khanna, Mackmillan & Co.)

PROF. Khanna has done a modest yet educationally useful service in his lives of six great sons of India. He has meant them primarily for the senior students of High Schools and the junior students of Colleges. It would be wrong, therefore, to look in them for the major graces of the short essay in biography. Prof. Khanna however tells his tale in a simple and charming manner. He has an eye for the significant anecdote, and he has a clear picture of the main outlines of his figures. He has also shown a nice tact in his choice of his heroes. Ranjit Singh, perhaps the last of India's own warrior-kings, Raja Ram Mohan Roy, and Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, pioneers in social and religious reform, Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, the great Muslim who saw in the humbler field of education a powerful instrument of national renaissance, Dayanand Saraswati, essentially a man of religion in the direct line of India's spiritual tradition, and lastly Mahatma Gandhi, whose spirit and teaching and personal example have stirred to activity every sphere of our country's many sided life—these are the heroes chosen by Prof. Khanna. Speaking from the point of view of conditions in the Madras Presidency, we might be permitted to say that the book is more suitable for our high schools than our Colleges.

S. N.

"Latin America"

(By Robin A. Humphreys, *Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs*).

IT is not very easy to elucidate the geography, the recent history and the present political and economic situation of such a vast region as Latin America within the compass of about 30 pages and that is what the author of this pamphlet seeks to do; but he does it with commendable success.

Differing in size, race, and population, the twenty republics of Latin America differ also in wealth and power, in social and political development. From the 16th to the beginning of the 19th century, the Spanish Empire held sway over a large part of the continent. In spite of the vastness and the fabulous wealth, the Spanish Empire collapsed and the Latin Americans fought and won their independence by 1824. This was indeed an 'epic achievement, carried out in the face of incredible difficulties'. Then followed the stupendous work of organisation of the hard won freedom, with which work, the names of several British Statesmen are also associated. In the swift and spectacular rise of various republics, foreign investments in shipping ports and public utilities have played a decisive part, and to-day, though they are in different stages of political, social and economic development, all have shown marked progress.

Latin America is even to-day a laboratory of political, social, racial and economic experiment. But perhaps the most momentous phenomenon is presented by Mexico which affords the example of the first genuine social revolution in the New World. The Mexican Revolution of 1910, with its emphasis on the peasant and the worker, its vigorous nationalism and its trend to socialization, is unique.

The intervention of United States in the early part of the present century in the affairs of Latin America was resented by the latter, but since the time of Wilson, there has been a striking reversal of policy and under President Roosevelt it has become famous as the "Good Neighbour" policy, explicitly disclaiming the right of intervention in the affairs of its neighbours. Now, "between Latin America, United States and the British Empire there are traditional and permanent bonds of mutual sympathy, mutual interest and mutual ideals which are bound to play a great part in the problems of a new Old Order".

J. FRANCO.

"The Origins of the War"

(By E. L. Woodward).

IN this pamphlet Mr. Woodward tries to assess the immediate and the ultimate causes which have led to the present conflict. In utter disregard of previous pledges, Hitler pressed Poland for the return of Danzig to the Reich and the grant of a zone of land across the Polish corridor. Naturally the Poles rejected these dangerous demands and then came the familiar German 'drum-fire of lies and calumnies' against them. The earnest efforts of the British to find a solution by direct negotiation failed and war followed.

In elucidation of the deeper causes of the conflict, the author proceeds to trace the policy of Germany since Hitler's rise to power. German withdrawal from the League of Nations in 1933, the denunciation of the Locarno Treaty and the remilitarization of the Rhineland in March 1936, the increasing tempo of rearmament, the proclamation of the Rome—Berlin Axis in November 1936, the interference in the Spanish Civil War, the annexation of Austria in 1938, and above all, the unscrupulous move against Czechoslovakia—these reveal two recurring features: German bad faith and German aggression.

But to hold that these atrocities have been perpetrated by Hitler against the will of the Germans, is, according to Mr. Woodward, a mistake. "Hitler is the creature and not the creator of German National Socialism", which has sanctioned these crimes. Indeed the underlying forces have to be sought in the German philosophy of life. For more than a hundred years the tendencies of German intellectual life have been hostile to the liberal and humanitarian outlook and way of life of Western civilization. Thoroughly opposed to the latter is the German philosophy which has fostered the worship of power, a contempt for mercy and gentleness, the sacrifice of the individual to the state and a belief in war as the higher and most ennobling form of human activity. It is this divergence that explains the underlying cause of the conflict.

J. FRANCO.

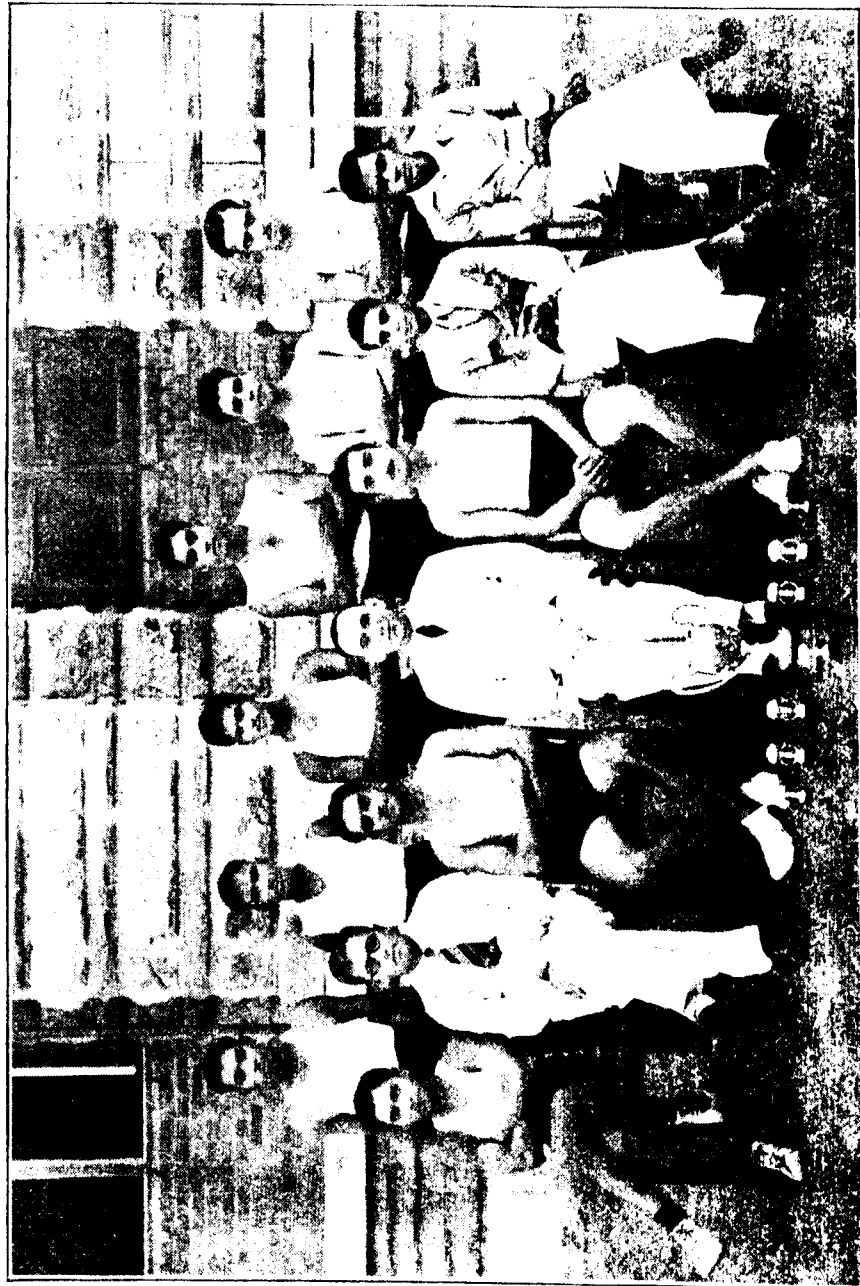
"AMERICA'S ECONOMIC STRENGTH". By C. J. Hitch: [The World To-day Series: Oxford University Press: pp. 114. Price 2s.6d].

The handy book under review is an attempt at the assessment of the economic strength of America, actual and potential, with special reference to its bearings on the European War. Richly endowed by nature with immense resources in food and raw materials, the U.S.A. is the foremost producer in the field of heavy industries. With 7% of the world's population, it produces a third of the world's coal, a third of its iron and steel, three-fifth of its oil, two-third of its motor cars and generates a third of its electric power. With such gigantic proportion of capital-goods industries she is uniquely equipped, in a long term war, for the transformation of peace-time economy into war production so as to make her the greatest arsenal of the world. The impact of the European War on American industry and trade and the extent to which the economic resources of the U.S.A. and of the British Commonwealth are supplementary and complementary to each other form the theme of the later chapters.

The book was written before the extension of the storm-centre to the Far East. By scrupulous omission of any reference to the resources of China and Japan and to the possibility of the bubble bursting in the Pacific the author has presented an incomplete picture of the economic strength of the U.S.A. in relation to other states.

The book is non-technical in treatment. It is intended for the general reader, and is, therefore free from countless references, foot-notes and statistics. It is very readable.

KOCHUNNI PANIKKAR.



PRESIDENCY COLLEGE BOXING TEAM 1941-42.
WINNERS OF THE SASTRI CUP.



COLLEGE SPORTS AND ATHLETIC NOTES

Cricket has always been our forte and we kept up our old tradition and the high standard in this game. Though the Penny quick trophy slipped out of our hands we were able to retain the Duncan Memorial Cup for the 17th time in succession, as well as win the Chettinad Cup tournament of the Annamalai University. A feature of this year's Cricket was the record score of 452 runs put up against the Law College in the Chettinad Cup final. Messrs. M. Swaminathan (captain) and C. K. Haridoss had the honour of being chosen to play not only for the University but also for the Madras Province in the All India Inter Varsity and the All India Inter Provincial Cricket Tournaments respectively.

The reputation of the College Boxing is now growing. The annual dual boxing meet between the Engineering and Presidency Colleges was conducted on the 10th February '42 at the Engineering College, Saidapet, and we retained the Sastri Cup for a third successive year. Mr. S. K. Chettur, I.C.S., presided and Mrs. C. V. N. Sastri very kindly gave away the prizes.

The Football team has been growing from strength to strength. Muhammad Tahrullah and G. Michaelnathan share to a large extent the credit of increasing the standard of the game here. It might be mentioned that these two were chosen to play for the Madras University XI in the All India Inter Varsity tournament held at Annamalainagar. Muhammad Tahrullah was also selected to play in the representative Provincial side.

In Hockey we did not go without laurels. Md. Haneefpasha the College Captain won a place in the Madras 'Varsity hockey team and played with distinction in all their Inter University matches at Trivandrum, Madras and Aligarh.

Our Tennis standard was also very good and we sent our representatives to play in the M. C. A. A., Loyola and our own tournaments. We also entered the tournament conducted in aid of the War fund by the M.P.L.T.A. The Tin and Bottle mixed doubles tournament was an interesting addition to our other usual intra mural activities.

During the Michaelmas vacation the Cricket and the Hockey teams toured the west coast and visited Mangalore, Tellicherry, Palghat and Coimbatore. They played a number of matches against the local Colleges there and gained very useful experience.

The College Annual sports merged itself in the unveiling ceremony of the portrait of the Founder by the President of the Old Student's Association, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer, on the 28th February. A short but interesting programme of athletic events were run in the presence of many distinguished guests, old students and all members of the present staff and students. Pandian Chellaraj won the Championship Cup. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer after unveiling the portrait very kindly gave away the prizes. In the intra mural tournaments conducted for the Students History and Economics won the Senior Championship, while class II, group III, won the Junior Championship trophy.

P. R. S.

