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The
Madrās Christian College
Magazine.



Vol - 15

no - 1

November - 1945

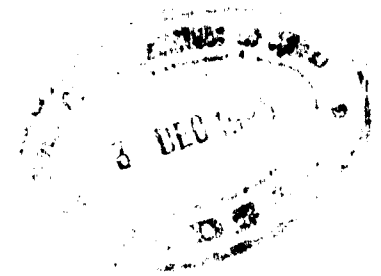
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**MADRAS
CHRISTIAN
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**

Vol. XV, No. 1

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VICTORY*

By the REV. BASIL CLUTTERBUCK, Meston College

I Corinthians, xv. 57. *'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the
victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'*

I wonder if you feel that to take these Christian words out of their context, and apply them to victory achieved in war, is a mockery. And when that victory has been gained largely by the use of a frightful weapon of indiscriminate destruction like the atomic bomb, blotting out a whole city and slaughtering hundreds of thousands of men, women and children at one blow, does it seem to you that such a use of this text is worse than a mockery, and no less than blasphemous?

Perhaps that is, and ought to be, the instinctive feeling which most of us have. And yet if this is our only reaction, and if we fail to look into the question more deeply, I think we shall be wrong. The Bible has something to say to us at all times, and we must look and listen patiently if we are to hear its messages aright. In this verse, has God something to say to us now? Is there any sense in which we can and ought to say that victory in this world-war has been given us by God?

I want to begin by making two suggestions, and the first is this. We cannot

claim, I think, that this victory has come to us because we deserved it. But we can be sure that we and the peoples of the world have been saved from a combination of powers whose whole attitude to life—to the individual and the community—is anti-Christian, and represents a throw-back to barbarism. I do not mean that all the evil has been on the side of Germany and Japan, and all the good on that of the United Nations: things are never so simple as that. But it is certain that the spirit of Nazi Germany and Imperialist Japan did not deserve to conquer in this struggle. For, naked unprovoked aggression, racial arrogance, the deliberate policy of exterminating step by step defenceless people whose presence is inconvenient, the methods of the Gestapo and the concentration camp—these are evil things, contrary to God's will and a defiance of His laws. And if in the struggle of nations these things had triumphed, for many people it would have been almost impossible to believe in a God of justice, whose will is in any sense fulfilled in history. They have not triumphed,

* An Address given at a College Service on August 19th, the first Sunday after the end of hostilities.

and it is hard to see how we can avoid ascribing this deliverance to an over-ruling Power that is more than human. *'Truly the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'*

And here is the second suggestion. To us who are assembled here for this College service, victory has certainly been given. We did not win it: it was won for us by the courage, the endurance, the self-sacrifice, the death or mutilation of thousands of men better than ourselves—Indian, British, Chinese, Russian, West African, American, and the rest. Our homes have not been devastated, and our lives have been very little disturbed. We have been able to go on with our studies in peace and safety; but that safety has been won for us, at a fearful price, and we may well ask ourselves 'Who are we, that we should have escaped?' In proud and humble gratitude to those who have fought and endured and died in all these long years to defend us, and recognising in them God's instruments, whether in their heroism they knew it or not, we may thankfully say in the Psalmist's words, *'The snare is broken and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.'*

Now look at the text again. *'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory . . .'* That is not all; it goes on, *'through our Lord Jesus Christ'*. Now it is no use pretending that under the circumstances of today we can mean exactly the same thing by these words as Paul meant when he wrote to the Christians at Corinth. But have they, all the same, a message for us today, when we are celebrating the end of the war? *'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ'*. Where does Jesus Christ come in, when you are celebrating victory?

First, let us be quite clear that war in itself is evil, and in a really Christian state of society it could not exist. For war inevitably involves the doing of things which cannot be reconciled with Christian standards, and with God's will revealed in Christ. And therefore to glory in victory achieved in war is not and cannot be a Christian thing. Nevertheless, I am sure

that there can be a Christian acceptance of victory, in which we humble ourselves before God, confessing our sin and unworthiness as individuals and as a people, and saying, *'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory'*. I want us to ask what this Christian acceptance of victory involves now, when the last remaining enemy in the war has been defeated. What does it involve for us as individuals and citizens?

It involves of course very many things; but for us I think it chiefly involves setting our faces against that cheap cynicism which so easily falls upon us in war-time and in the days of disillusionment after a war. If we are Christians, we must refuse to take the easy and hopeless way of saying, 'Oh well, wars arise out of human nature, and human nature can't be changed. It's no use worrying; let us sit back and leave things to the politicians. They got the world into its present mess: let them get it out. That's their problem'. No, if we are prepared to face facts we know that it isn't the politicians' problem only: it is the problem of all of us. For we are all involved, whether we like it or not; and a new world can only be built on better foundations than the old if we are all ready to join in the re-building, and ready to protest against graft, bullying, and injustice in every form, as God may bid us.

The tasks of the war have been great and terrible ones. But the bigger tasks, in the real sense, still lie ahead; and they will call for a greater and more intelligent devotion than any fanatical Nazi ever gave to his Fuehrer, or any ardent Jap nationalist to the aggrandisement of his country. The actual tasks are something that we cannot exactly describe or predict at this moment; each of us must find them for himself. But this we can say—the devotion they require is the kind of devotion that ultimately can only be paid to and sustained by Jesus Christ, Who all down through the ages calls men to His service, and Who alone can give meaning to our tasks, and grant us strength and perseverance to do them.

Let us then make this time of thanksgiving also a time of dedication. For the

words of our text are not only words of thanksgiving for deliverance in the past. They look into the future, and speak of the everlasting promise of God in Christ, who shall never fail nor forsake those that trust in Him and dedicate themselves to the doing of His will.

And also, as we look around today and see the ruin that war has made among mankind, I think that these words have something more to say to us. We cannot escape the knowledge that underneath the economic and other causes of war lies something more stubborn and deep-rooted, namely, human sin—sin which shows itself in pride and greed and racial arrogance and many another evil thing. And if we are

honest we recognise that these things are not just evils which we can denounce in the world at large; they are the projection, on the great screen of history, of that sin which is found in the heart of us all—the sin which in us as in all men rebels against God, the sin which crucified the Son of God and still crucifies Him today.

But the words of our text are about the Resurrection of Christ as Lord, and they bring to all Christians the assurance of victory in our struggle against sin, if only we will accept it as His victory, not our own. And so let us lift up our hearts and say, each for himself and all for one another—*'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'*

THE COMMON ANT-LION

Ant-lions are neuropterous insects of the family *Myrmeleonidae*. Strictly speaking, the term 'ant-lion' applies to their larval form on account of their peculiar carnivorous habits. The adults are about an inch and a half long with a melancholy, sombre-coloured dragon-fly-like appearance. They rarely fly about during daytime, but they may sometimes be seen sitting at the secluded corners of the walls of houses. After sunset they fly about and are usually attracted to light. A good number of them come to light at night and most of them fall an easy prey to the house-lizards. An ant-lion on its wings is a curious thing to see. It flies very slowly, and as it flies, the wings glisten and the whole animal looks as if it has just emerged from a silver dish!

The larvæ, 'ant-lions' as they are called, are sandy-grey, maggot-like creatures living in sandy earth. They are deadly-looking little people whose ingenuity and arduous labours are indeed wonderful and interesting to witness. The ant-lion has got a head and a trunk. The head is more or less a square and it is so very strongly connected with the rest of the body that constant rise and fall of the body does but little damage to the larva. The head bears a pair of stout, conspicuous, incurved, toothed and suctorial

jaws. Each jaw is armed with three large spines, directed inwards, in addition to numerous hairs of varied sizes. Although the larva is provided with six legs, it is incapable of rapid locomotion. The locomotion is usually effected by jerking the body backwards. During locomotion the first pair of legs are always seen placed straight beneath the head, more or less parallel to each other. The second pair of legs are conspicuously seen as they are extended on either side of the body at right angles to the main axis of the body. The last pair of legs are folded under the abdomen. The abdomen is oval and shield-like with lateral tufts of black hair and a pair of 'anal blades' at the extreme posterior end. Each blade is produced into four finger-like processes at the free end. The whole body of the ant-lion is covered over by minute hairs, which lodge innumerable sand grains. A full-grown larva is about half an inch long from the tip of the jaw to the tip of the abdomen.

The larva is adapted for life in sand. It is provided with a trap to capture passing ants. It is also provided with a pair of sharply-pointed jaws for sucking down the juice of the prey caught by the aid of the trap. Again, the colour of the larva blends

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with that of the surrounding sand. It is usually buried at the bottom of its conical pit, where it waits patiently for the prey, with the jaws spread out. A larva taken out of the pit and placed on a table runs away to bury itself in sand. It is helpless, and if we now bring a small ant near it, it refuses to touch it. Nature has supplied the creature with all it needs for a secluded, yet predacious life. The ant-lion is very slow, but it is very sagacious; it cannot chase its prey, and Nature has given it the pit-trap.

How is the pit built? A comparatively large ant-lion was placed in a box of pure sand and the box was left on my table. On my return after an hour, I was astonished to find particles of sand scattered almost all over the table. When I looked into the box, a very large and fine conical pit was seen with the dark mandibles of the ant-lion projecting at the bottom. Several furrows were also observed all over the sand in the box. Now I put another small ant-lion in another small box of fine sand mixed with a quantity of larger particles and began to observe the process of pit-making. Before beginning to build its pit, the ant-lion surveys the whole sand at its disposal. During this surveying, the animal progresses backwards down into the sand by stretching and shovelling the sand with rapid vibrations of its thick muscular abdomen. When it does so, sand covers the head of the larva. In every jerk backwards, a quantity of sand covers its head. This sand is thrown away from its field of work by a sudden jerk of the head. This process is repeated until the required distance is covered. The ant-lion was placed in the sand box at 7 a.m. It was observed to progress backwards, sometimes throwing away some sand by jerks of the head and sometimes without any jerks of the head. A swelling was seen in the sand as the insect had become submerged in it. This vanished after a few minutes, when the ant-lion was perhaps deep in the sand. This exploration was over in some more minutes and the ant-lion was once again seen to emerge from a corner and describe a circle of about an inch in diameter, far away from the middle of the box. When describing a circle, a large quantity of sand is thrown

away by the jerks of the head. Along with the sand even small pebbles are taken on its head, one after another, and after proper adjustment, jerked off the box. Such small pebbles often fall more than half a foot away from the box. One circle completed, another circle was made in the very same manner inside the former. The ant-lion was also sometimes observed to move sideways in describing circles and sometimes I was able to observe the creature changing its direction of progression so as to balance itself! A large quantity of sand had been thrown out, a more or less conical pit had been made, and the larva sitting at the apex of the cone, threw up finer particles of sand and this perfected the pit. The ant-lion stayed motionless underneath the pit with only its large mandibles stretched out into the pit. This small pit was completed at 7-30 a.m.

What are the essential requirements for building the pit? On 1st October 1938, I took a box and filled exactly half of it with very large particles of sand and pebbles, and the other half completely with fine sand, and placed a comparatively large ant-lion about a quarter of an inch beneath the level of the pebbles far away from the fine sand. I took another box and filled it with the two materials in the same manner and placed an ant-lion about two inches deep down in the pebbly region at the maximum distance possible from the fine sand. The two boxes were kept aside at 8-45 a.m. No sign of life within the box was noticed throughout the day. Next morning I saw in the first box a small perfect pit built in the fine sand region far away from pebbles and rough sand particles. At about noon on the same day I discovered another pit about an inch and a half in diameter, constructed in the fine sand region of the second box also. The ant-lions had travelled some distance in search of suitable soil, like the roots of plants going after fertile regions. Now we understand that one of the requirements is that the soil must be fine, free from pebbles and large, rough, sand particles. Large, rough sand particles are a nuisance to the slow-moving underground engineer. If during pit-making, a very large pebble happens to be in the way, the insect takes it slowly on

its strong head and after lifting it properly, places it on a side of the pit and buries it there below the surface level of the pit by throwing sand on it.

The ant-lion always keeps its pit smooth and clean. Once I dropped a small stone into the pit. The stone fell upon the jaws of the ant-lion, which at once withdrew and was quiet for a few seconds. It looked as if it was thinking over its destiny. Soon it was observed to crawl within. It brought its head beneath the stone, adjusted it properly over the head so that it might not tumble over, and lifted it up by a jerk. No, poor creature! The stone again rested upon its weary head. The process was repeated thrice with no effect, but the fourth time, the jerk was so strong that the stone was thrown out of the pit. At once I put another stone in the pit. The animal was not at all vexed. It was again quiet for a few seconds, and this time the animal succeeded in throwing up the stone on its first attempt!

Once, an ant-lion caught a red ant¹, sucked its juice mercilessly and threw the carcass out of the pit. As soon as it was thrown out, I dropped it back into the pit upon the very face of the sucking monster within. After some seconds it was thrown vehemently against my keenly-observant face. I dropped it in again. The ant-lion remained still for three minutes and then threw it out far away from the pit. Again I dropped the carcass. This time the animal greedily took it, but disappointed, it threw it out at once. Again I put it in for the fourth time. It was thrown to a side. I put it in for the seventh time. After staying quiet for more than an hour the ant-lion left the place safely and retired to a distance of an inch from the old pit and was seen to remain there for hours together without even building another pit to dwell in!!

The term 'ant-lion' is perhaps due to the fact that ants form a large percentage of its prey, the suffix 'lion' merely suggesting the idea of consumer or destroyer. Whenever any ant, red or black or brown, happens to

place its legs at the top of a pit, it slips down to the bottom. As soon as an ant has thus fallen into the pit, the ant-lion throws showers of sand by jerking its head in quick succession and buries the ant in the sand and holding its body between the jaws, pulls it down and sucks its juice. If the ant has slipped only a little way down the slope, and tries to recover its foot-hold, the ant-lion bombards the ant with sand and the struggling ant is in most cases brought down to the bottom of the pit. I was once observing one such struggle between an ant-lion and a tiny ant, which lasted for about thirty seconds. The shower of sand used to bring down the prey to its jaws is thrown up involuntarily by the ant-lion without any control over its direction. Whenever an ant has just slipped into the pit, the message reaches the inhabitant through the movements of the sand particles and at once it instinctively throws up showers of sand in all directions which paralyse the ant. The ant-lion is always alert and it does not seem to sleep, because whenever we drop an ant into a perfect pit, the ant-lion inside jumps for it. Once I put a red ant into a large pit. The red ant did not fall into the very bottom of the pit, and the ant-lion, determined to capture it, even jumped out from the pit. But the red ant had escaped and the poor larva went back quite disappointed to repair its pit.

A worker red ant was one day returning from a meat-market, with a full load of a small beetle's abdomen stuck to one of its mandibles. On its way it slipped down to the very bottom of an ant-lion's pit. There were regular upward showers of sand and the red ant was within a few seconds buried in the sand with only its head protruding above, still carrying the beetle's abdomen! Often ants succeed in escaping the deadly-looking jaws of the ant-lion, but such hair-breadth escapes are common only in small pits.

Ant-lions are good underground workers, excavating the sand for their own shelter. The large jaws are used to suck ants dry

¹ *Oecophylla smaragdina*; the most common tree-ant in South India. It is found to make houses in jack, mango and other trees.

In a book so bold and outspoken, no one can expect to agree with everything that he finds; and I have no doubt that Dorothy Sayers herself wants to stimulate and challenge, not to comfort or soothe. It is almost as if she asked the reader, 'What do you think?', and then said, 'Lay not that flattering unction to thy soul!' She is not likely to leave us with any thoughts about Jesus that encourage us to be idle or pleased with ourselves. Whoever the reader or hearer may be, I can promise him that whatever these plays may do to him, they will at least disturb him. If you want to go on thinking as you do now, about God and man, you'd better leave them alone.

The plays disturb us to the depths, to such depths as there are; they also stimulate all kinds of questions, being clear and outspoken everywhere. I think that she doesn't make enough of the Kingdom of God and of the popular expectations about it, so as to show how Jesus both fulfilled and disappointed them. And I feel that she doesn't give room enough to Old Testament notions about sacrifice. On the other hand, I think she makes a mistake in weaving a complex plot round about Judas Iscariot who betrayed Jesus, to explain why a disciple should turn into a traitor. The plot turns on Judas misinterpreting a secret message sent to Jesus from a wholly imaginary character, a revolutionary called Baruch; and there is something incongruous about mere accident proving so important at this point in the story. I mention these points only to show that one doesn't read these plays tamely or perfunctorily.

There is no compromise, nothing indefinite or doubtful, where doctrine is concerned; but in the management of dramatic details Dorothy Sayers invents, alters, and transposes very freely. Many minor personages are identified, so as to hold the scenes together. The centurion of Capernaum is made to reappear on duty at the Crucifixion; and he is also introduced, quite fancifully, at the time of Jesus' birth as a Roman officer seconded to the service of Herod the Great. Spectators chat freely at all the intervals, bringing the story very near us. People like Herod the Great,

Herod Antipas, Pilate, and Pilate's wife, are given definite and colourful characters; so are the disciples and followers of Jesus, though this is more in accordance with tradition. And the skill with which the story is handled, the crises spaced out and prepared for, anticipated and recalled, is so great that you don't notice it at all until you begin to look for it specially. The bare story is of course, whatever else you may think about it, extraordinarily dramatic; but the technical skill of the story-telling, in this form, should be praised none the less.

Above all, the words of the Gospels, when they are introduced without alteration (as they very often are) are translated afresh for us in plain simple English which conveys its meaning without seeming modern or archaic, and in fact without attracting any notice at all. Dorothy Sayers has in this matter a much easier task than those scholars who have given us modern translations of the New Testament, for she is free to select and omit and blend as her play demands or permits; and she takes what she wants from Dr. Temple and R. A. Edwards and others: but there are countless phrases which show original scholarship as well as a mastership of English.

I am only making a few remarks about the play-sequence; I can't hope, single-handed and in fifteen minutes, to give you much idea of plays which demand all the resources of the BBC studios and staff, crowds of actors and actresses (one play alone, the eighth, calls for forty-two named parts), and a total of nine hours' acting time. But I want to quote a few sentences to illustrate the points I have been making.

Here is an example of the style of translation; Dorothy Sayers' version of one of the best-known passages in the Gospels, the Magnificat. The Mother of Jesus says to the three Wise Men: 'When the Angel's message came to me, the Lord put a song into my heart. I suddenly saw that wealth and cleverness were nothing to God—no one is too unimportant to be His friend. That was the thought that came to me, because of the thing that happened to me. I am quite humbly born, yet the Power of

God came upon me; very foolish and unlearned, yet the Word of God was spoken to me; and I was in deep distress, when my Baby was born and filled my life with love. So I know very well that Wisdom and Power and Sorrow *can* live together with Love; and for me, the Child in my arms is the answer to all the riddles.'

Here is a fresh rendering of a familiar saying of Jesus. Peter has just said to him, 'Master—we have given up everything we had—such as it was—to follow you. What will happen to us?' Jesus answers, 'Well, Peter, I can assure you that anybody who, for my sake, has given up father or mother or wife, or children or worldly goods, will get it all back a hundred-fold, even in this world. The whole of mankind will be his family, and their affairs will be his affairs—and a nice, big, troublesome family he will find them. He will have a life crammed with incident—plenty of worry and persecution—and in the world to come, life everlasting.'

And thirdly, here is the Parable of the Unjust Steward re-told. 'There was once a rich man, who had a steward, and one day he got to know that this man had been playing ducks and drakes with the estate. So he sent for him and said: "I'm very sorry to hear this about you. I'm afraid I shall have to dismiss you. Bring me all the books, because I want to go through them." The steward was very much upset, and said to himself, "What am I to do now? I've lost my job. I'm no good at working on the land, and I'd be ashamed to live on charity. But I've got an idea, that will make plenty of people glad to take me in and give me a new situation." So he sent for all the people who owed money to his employer and he said to the first: "How much do you owe my lord?" And the man said, "A hundred measures of oil." "Look here," says the steward, "I'm a friend of yours and I don't want to be hard on you—let's call it fifty." And to the next debtor he said, "What ought we to get from you?" And the man said, "A hundred bushels of wheat". So the steward said, "That's rather stiff—make out your return for eighty bushels and I'll give you a receipt in full." A disciple

asks the natural question, 'But didn't the employer find out?' Matthew, who was a greedy and conscienceless man of business before his conversion, and can't help enjoying the steward's roguery with 'an unregenerate chuckle', says 'You bet—after the chap had got his new job'. But Jesus' answer is: 'Oh, yes, he found out eventually, and next time he met the steward he said (*menacingly*): "Fellow, you're a thorough scoundrel—(with a change of tone) but I do admire your thoroughness!"' And he adds the moral: 'Worldly people, you see, use far more wisdom about their trifling affairs than unworldly people do about the affairs of God. They give their minds to what they are doing. And I say to you, Learn from them.'

I have said that many figures who in the Gospels are mere names become very life-like indeed. Here is Herod the Great, appearing in person to quell a riot that breaks out in Jerusalem, at the time of Jesus' birth; the rioters have torn down the Roman eagle from above the Temple gate, and spread the rumour that Herod (who is actually old and very ill) is already dead. He shows himself at the window, and waits silent and grim till the sight of him has hushed them. Then he says: 'How now, rebels! Do you know me? Do you know Herod? I see you do. I am obliged to you for the funeral oration. To be sure, it is a little premature, but Herod will not forget. Stop where you are, fellow! If anybody tries to leave while I am speaking, I will have him broken on the wheel. I observe that somebody has been carried away by his enthusiasm for the Imperial emblem. That eagle is not intended for private use as a garden ornament. However, Cæsar shall be informed of your devotion. No doubt he will be delighted. Next time you wish to hold these public demonstrations of loyalty, will you kindly do so at a more convenient hour; you have disturbed my rest, and roused all these worthy citizens from their beds.' With this heavy irony he keeps a large excited crowd as if paralysed till the soldiers come up; he shows them whom to arrest, and then says, 'Let the other imbeciles go'.

And at the end of the story we have a grandson of Herod the Great, Herod Antipas. Pilate, during his cross-questioning of Jesus, has discovered that the prisoner comes from Galilee; and he hopes to get out of a business he doesn't like by handing it over to Antipas, who is ruler of Galilee. We don't see the interview, but we see Antipas dictating a highly-polished report of it to a secretary, Techelles. 'Alas!' he dictates: 'Jesus bar-Joseph was a disappointment. I asked him all the questions I could think of—my poor brain never functions very well before breakfast—but he was sullen and refused to speak—not nearly such good entertainment as his cousin John Baptist, whom I regretfully beheaded last year, and who could always be relied on for a rousing hell-fire sermon. Understanding that Jesus was a miracle-worker, I invited him to perform a few prodigies for our amusement. But no! He would only shake his head, and stare at me with those large eyes of his, till I was quite out of countenance. As for the kingship of Israel—Techelles, why are you making all those faces?' The secretary replies, 'I beg your pardon, Illustrious—Ow!—Your Highness' pet monkey is tearing out my hair by the roots.' Herod: 'Clever pet! Let the poor beast have his fun, Techelles. Where was I?' In a voice of suppressed agony Techelles reads out the last words, 'As for the kingship of Israel,' and Herod resumes dictating: 'Oh, yes . . . So far as I am concerned, he is welcome to it.' So on. The episode ends with Antipas yawning monstrously, and saying to himself, 'Why does nothing ever happen of the slightest importance in this tedious and intolerable life?'

Now here is another example of Dorothy Sayers's methods—her way of giving life and individuality to one of Jesus' followers, the Apostle Matthew. All that we are told about Matthew is that he was a custom-house officer, and that custom-house officers were hated and boycotted; that Jesus said to him 'Follow me' and he obeyed; and that afterwards he entertained Jesus to dinner in his house, and that the orthodox were disgusted that Jesus should join such low company. Dorothy Sayers makes him

a sharp, shallow, little Cockney, with nothing good about him except his humble and adoring admiration for Jesus. Another disciple, Philip, finds he has been cheated in the bazaar, and this is what Matthew says: 'Fact is, Philip my boy, you've been had for a sucker. Let him ring the changes on you proper. You ought to keep your eyes skinned, you did really. If I was to tell you the dodges these fellows have up their sleeves, you'd be surprised. . . . I'm not denying I've pulled off some pretty shady deals in my time. Took my rake-off on everything that went through me 'ands. That's how I made my pile. I'm not sticking up for myself. But it's not right to let a twister get away with it like that. It isn't fair to your friends.' John replies that we ought not to quarrel about money; and Matthew goes on: 'All right, all right. Let him have it. But let him see that you know all about him. Tell him, "Friend, you've cheated me, but I make you a present of the poor trash for the love of God"—then he might feel ashamed of himself. But if you behave plain silly, that only hardens his heart. It's innocents like you put temptations in a man's way. God forgive me, I ought to know.'

A little later, this common little Jew tells how he began to follow Jesus. 'You don't know me, mister—well, I'll tell you, I was a tax-gatherer. You know what to think about that: I can see it in your face. One of the dirty dogs that works for the government and makes his profit out of selling his countrymen. That's so, and you're dead right. . . . Well, see here. When he came down our street the other day, I don't mind telling that I'd had a pretty good morning. Patting myself on the back, I was, thinking how I'd managed to put the screw on some of those poor devils of farmers and salt away a tidy bit for a rainy day. "Matthew," I said to myself, "you're getting a warm man." And I looked up—and there he was. "Hullo!" I thought, "here's the Prophet. I suppose he'll start calling me names like the rest of 'em. Let him. Hard words break no bones." So I stared at him, and he stared at me—seemed as though his eyes were

going straight through me and through me ledgers, and reading all the bits as wasn't for publication. And somehow or other he made me feel dirty. That's all. Just dirty. I started shuffling my feet. And he smiled—you know the way he smiles sometimes all of a sudden—and he says, "Follow me". I couldn't believe my ears. I tumbled out of my desk, and away he went up the street, and I went after him.' Judas then asks, 'What happened to all your belongings?' 'I never gave 'em a thought,' he answers, 'not for a week. Then my brother hunted me up and asked what I thought I was doing. "Sell the whole lot up," I said, "or do what you like. I'm done with it." And I'm having a wonderful time—hearing him talk and seeing the good he does.' It seems to me that that is very good dramatic dialogue: as you read or hear it, you seem to see the man himself, and to see right into him.

Lastly I will give an example of what we may call background-conversation, from the beginning of the eleventh play, the Crucifixion. First some excited boys: 'Benjie! Sam! Come on! there's some chaps going to be crucified!'—'Oo-er! Comin' up this way?'—'Yus. I got some rotten eggs to chuck at 'em!'—'Whee! Hurry up, everybody!'

Then a Jewish elder says to them, 'Get away, you disgusting urchins!' An older friend greets him. 'Morning, worthy Shadrach! Coming to see these men turned off? They've got a fine day for it.'—'Too hot. Turn to thunder presently.'—'No, there's a lovely breeze. Glorious weather. It's good to be alive.'—'Ah, yes! When

you're old and ailing it's satisfactory to see strong young men being killed before their time. One likes to feel superior to somebody.'—'Especially if "somebody" has been boasting that he is superior to death.'—'Of course. We all fear death. It's very bump-tious to pretend that death doesn't exist or doesn't matter.'—'If Jesus thinks that, now's his chance to prove it.'—'And wouldn't you be annoyed if he did! Suppose he were to step down quietly from the cross and say, "You can't kill me. I've broken the curse of Adam and banished death from the world." You would be simply furious.'—'You don't think there's any danger of that?'—'Danger? No, I was only joking. Jesus will die, and so will you—what a comfort that is, to be sure! Dear me! look at the crowd! Romans as well as Jews—quite a popular event. We'd better be getting along.'

Then a group of fashionable Romans. 'Oh, look, dear: there's Glaucus!'—'Why, Phoebe! and the fair Calpurnia too! May Venus and all her doves attend you! Hullo, Flavius! where are you all going?'—'To see the execution. Will you join us?'—'I'm sick of executions. When you've seen one you've seen the lot. If it was wild beasts and gladiators, yes!'

And then the disciples, those who do not run away: his mother, two other women, and John. As he comes, one of the women says, 'Our master'. John: 'Our friend.' The other woman: 'The Holy One of Israel.' The Mother of Jesus: 'My child.'

J. R. MACPHAIL.

THE HOME-COMING

In the little village of Nandanur, life was more leisurely, more placid, than in most other places. Nestling among green hills, it looked like a tiny stronghold of medievalism which had withstood for centuries the ravages of Change. There the tiller still tilled the land feeling it his sacred duty. The green fields were his home and the

complacent oxen his boon companions. His heart fluttered with delight as the green seedlings peeped out of the earth, or when the golden ears of corn stood waving in the breeze. The weaver, the potter, the barber and the blacksmith, each had his place in the scheme of things, and was content to keep it. The schoolmaster taught the little

children, sitting on a smooth block of stone under the banyan tree. A cart-track led to the trunk-road about four miles away, and was the only visible link between Nandanur and the outside world.

One day, late in 1939, the children had gathered as usual under the banyan tree waiting for the schoolmaster. The day had advanced fairly well, but he had not come yet. Becoming more and more impatient as the sun rose higher and higher in the sky, some of them proceeded to relieve the tedium by climbing trees and gathering berries; some amused themselves idly throwing stones into the pond, and one or two, more prudent than the rest, lay down quietly in the shade and slept. After a long, long while, one of the boys perched on a tree spotted the teacher coming slowly along the cart-track, looking very thoughtful and important. In his hand he had a folded sheet of paper. Before he came near the banyan tree, the stragglers had reassembled, the sleepers had been pinched awake, and all were ready to receive the day's quota of learning. The teacher came up to his stone-seat without speaking a word, and sat on it with more than customary dignity. He then took out from a fold in his dhoti, an ancient, silver-rimmed pair of eye-glasses and fixed them on with the help of a loop of thread on either side. Then he unfolded the sheet of paper and began to pore over it in solemn silence. After more than a quarter of an hour, the pedagogue looked up and announced to the expectant children that he had great news. He had got that sheet of paper from the driver of the bus which regularly plied along the trunk-road, and it proclaimed the news that a great war had broken out among the nations.

The news gradually spread through the village, and inquisitive men gathered round the wise man to hear the story more fully. He explained to them as much as he knew and as much as they could understand, what it was all about. Some seemed a little interested, but to most, it was a far-off tale.

A month after this incident, two men came from the town in a bullock cart. They were touring the villages of the district

recruiting men for service in the army. The headman of the village summoned the villagers by beat of tom-tom, and one of the recruiting officers addressed the rustic gathering. He spoke to them about the mortal peril which faced their own country and appealed to them to come forward in defence of virtue and ordered living. He painted to them in glowing colours the attractive life which awaited them in the army, all the glorious things they could see and learn and do, and wound up his peroration with the stunning revelation that besides free food and clothes and travel, one would receive *seventeen rupees* every month—nearly the price of an old bull! The speaker was obviously much impressed with his performance. But gray-headed old men smiled as if to say that they were not such fools as to send their children to distant lands to kill or to be killed. The greatest delight for them was to live their own quiet lives in the dear village.

One person, however, volunteered for enlistment, and that was the son of the blacksmith, a youth of twenty who was not very fond of the drudgery at his father's smithy. The tears and protests of his father and the elders were of no avail, for he had made up his mind. The officers asked him to sign some papers, and to report himself at the Collector's office in a week. And so, at the end of the week, the blacksmith's son left the village. As he walked along the cart-track, the villagers looked on him with pitying eyes and wondered whether they would see him any more.

Two years had passed. One afternoon, the children were gathered round the schoolmaster under the banyan tree. Some were chanting a nursery rhyme in chorus, some laboriously carving the letters of the alphabet on their slates, and some gazing vacantly at the sunlight and the wavering shadows. At that time, an unfamiliar figure was seen coming towards the village. It was a person dressed in khaki, with a khaki turban on his head, and wearing boots which made a thundering noise even at a distance. As he came nearer, all eyes were turned on him, and the question went round, 'Who is he?'

The stranger advanced towards the schoolmaster with a broad grin on his face, and much to his surprise and embarrassment, made a colourful salute. The schoolmaster smiled a smile of confusion and stood speechless. The stranger was equally surprised and asked eagerly, 'Don't you know me—the blacksmith's son?'

He had come home on three weeks' leave. Evidently he was a changed person. He was no longer the shy, self-conscious lad he had been, but he strutted about proudly and noisily in his khaki trousers and boots. He smoked beedies even before the elders, and once outraged the schoolmaster by offering him one! He always walked about with a small, silver-headed cane. When admiring little boys looked inquisitively at his boots, he assured them that they were not at all uncomfortable to wear now, but in the beginning they had to be fastened to his feet with nails like the iron shoes fixed to the hooves of oxen, and then they gave slight trouble. He told the wondering villagers about the countries he had seen and the deeds of valour he had done. Once he was in an aeroplane over Germany and dropped a bomb—something like a big cracker—which nearly fell on the head of the German king. He wasn't sure whether he was killed, for, he had not seen the papers since then. Another time, he fought against twenty men in Japan and put them all to flight—even some whom he had already slain in the fray. The shrewder among the villagers took his stories with a pinch of salt, but even they could not guess the truth, that all the time the blacksmith's son had been a sweeper in a military camp near Hyderabad.

Rama, a peasant of thirty, was among the very few in the village impressed by the new-found glory of the blacksmith's lad. He made several enquiries of him about life in the army, the treatment given to the men, and the prospects which lay before one. On all these points, Rama received most reassuring replies. He was told how kind the officers were, how solicitous about the welfare of the men, and how glorious and

exciting the work itself was. As for the future, the blacksmith's son painted a most rosy picture, and added in a solemn whisper that they would be made at least kings of bigger villages than their own. There was a painful conflict in the mind of Rama. He thought of his oxen and his plough, his little plot of land on which he had lived and laboured all these years. The thought of leaving all this and marching forth into the unknown was indeed cruel, but in the end, the desire to lead a new kind of life and to rise to prominence, got the better of him. He entrusted the land to the care of his neighbour and left the village in a few days.

When Rama reached a military camp near Bangalore, he found some hundreds of villagers like him herded together and ordered about by three or four men in uniform. These half-clad, bearded men were all marched to the camp and made to stand in a row. Roll-call was then taken. After that they were sent to the barber's tent to have their tufts and beards removed. Rama was touched by the warm personal attention paid to him so promptly. He came out of the tent without his tuft and with a smooth-shaven face. He wondered how he looked at that moment. When he was conducted to an office-room and given his khaki clothes and boots his bosom swelled and he felt really important.

The novelty and the charm, however, did not last even for a week. Rama found himself ordered about sternly. The exercises nearly broke his bones. They dictated to him when to use his left foot and when his right. It was absurd; he would not have thought of doing it to his oxen. He had to stand in a queue to get his food. When he felt ill, he was sent to the medical officer's room, where an irate compounder scolded him for feigning illness, called him a country-boor and hustled him out unceremoniously. He had come dreaming of becoming a mighty warrior like Arjuna, destroying evil men, but the work given to him was breaking stones and laying roads. As he stood in the sun with hammer and shovel in hand, sweating and stinking in the heat, he thought of his village, of his green

plot of land, and his faithful oxen which were perhaps at that moment lying in the shade and chewing the cud. Rama was miserable.

Mental suffering told upon Rama's health. His face became thin and his eyes shrank into their sockets. He fell ill very frequently and the compounder thought him a nuisance. At the end of six months, he was discharged from service. He was too ill to feel anything—even the exhilaration of release.

Rama's heart throbbed as he approached Nandanur. The familiar cart-track, the banyan tree and the pond—one by one they seemed to welcome him although with a faint hint of reproach. The elders of the village smiled benignly on him and said they had been sure he would come back soon.

For more than two months, Rama was too ill to work in the field. At last, one morning, he felt it was time to resume work. His plot of land had to be ploughed and

manured for the next crop. As he got up and untied the oxen, a sweet sensation crept into him. He hummed a tune as he walked along behind the animals towards the field. The sun was just rising in crimson splendour above the crest of a hill, and the long shadows of the oxen moved trembling over the undulations of the ground. Soon he reached the piece of land which his forefathers had tilled before him. He tied the oxen to the plough and stood ready behind. For a moment, the pictures of the blacksmith's son and the horrors of the life in the camp passed before his mind. He lifted up his eyes to the sky. The blue dome with patterns of feathery white clouds lay above him. In the distance were the emerald hills with their sun-lit tops. He heard the song of a peasant in a neighbouring field as he baled out water from the well. The oxen stood ready before him shaking their heads and swishing their tails. For the first time, Rama felt the holiness of his vocation, and a deep peace settled on his soul.

IN DEFENCE OF 'BIG WORDS'

Some days ago, I heard an old pedagogue, inveighing with all solemnity and sententiousness, against what he characterised as one of the literary maladies endemic to India—a passion for 'Big Words'. One does feel indignant at such a disparagement of these 'Big Words', especially when one has a partiality, not to say infatuation for the target of the attack. I have the latter—I mean infatuation—and I felt challenged to vindicate these formidable entities of expression, especially since I maintain a considerable regiment of them myself for exigencies.

Why should you—assuming that you align yourself with the afore-mentioned pedagogue—have such an inveterate hatred for polysyllables? Why should any one have a predilection for the diminutive and microscopic, to the exclusion of the stout, sub-

stantial, and really concrete words? Their gigantic proportions needn't appal you, because words, unlike states, are quite non-aggressive and exemplarily harmless. You call a style teeming with these verbal cyclops, *bloated*. But one must acknowledge that the world is not uniformly flat, and that there are bloated objects under the sun, and if you call a bloated gentleman weighing 15 stones, with rolls of fat about him sufficient to buoy him up in water even if he had a whole battleship on him, and of dimensions proportionately ponderous, just a 'fat' man, or with more emphasis in your own poor, sorry way 'a *f a a a a t* man' with a phalanx of 'very's' in the van and a strongly aspirated 'indeed' bringing up the rear, I should call it in turn, the acme of disproportionateness. You could as well imagine a hippopotamus being called in

English a 'darling' or a 'doll' or a 'puss'! It is a spectacularly miserable failure on the part of expression to approximate to the magnitude of the reality. My sense of proportion is outraged when I hear a person in the wildest panic, every fibre and fibrilla of his body quivering and vibrating with terror, every cell in a fever of scare, being described with an exasperating economy of expression and insipidity as 'damn funk'. How monstrously incommensurate! I don't mind your calling a mouse a mouse (although I would be obliged to any zoologist who would furnish me with a polysyllabic), but for a hippopotamus, twelve letters are the barest minimum and the most legitimate due; and if you had a conscience, you would give it more. I have a very sensitive conscience, and I very often turn for comfort to botany, zoology and chemistry and their ideal nomenclatures.

If you have 'an ear'—I mean the ear which Lamb candidly did not pretend to possess—the ear for music, then you can't help being a votary of 'big words'. There is a sonorous, reverberating quality like the beating of a drum or sustained cannonade about them. They have a stately tread in their motion—none of the silly, frisking, or the demure marching of your Lilliputian words. Besides, for the fullness of expressiveness, for the faithful recording of the observation of phenomena, you cannot dispense with big words, or you'll be answerable for injustice to those phenomena. Why should a book cease to grow, once it has attained to the phase of being 'big'? Why should it never develop further into 'voluminousness'? Why should a spruce and smart gentleman suffer himself to be characterized merely as being 'tip-top', and not be majestic and distinguished with 'meticulous'? Please do not describe those quadrupeds of the canine species, who serenade us every night somewhere from the vicinity of our Halls, as 'howling'. I religiously refer to their serenading as 'ululation'. Why need you ever condescend to wander or stroll in the evenings when you can launch forth into 'peregrinations'? When a friend of mine set about eating a plantain in a very unconventional way,

cutting it lengthwise preparatory to consumption, I remarked it was 'longitudinal vivisection'. I plume myself on having once observed of a friend who has very indecorous manners, 'that he had a vicious propensity to titillate the epidermis of his posterior regions.' Of course, the whimsical Dickens of 'Pickwick Papers' or Dickens the progenitor of the glorious Mr. Micawber, with arrays of gigantic words as in '—and he administered a kick, which imparted such an impetus to his progress, as to cause him to be ensconced, with considerable physical discomfort, in a near-by ditch' or, 'his gait was so desultory and saltatory, perhaps attributable to his recent potations, that the constable's humanity impelled him to offer him his escort', is paramount in the realm of the verbal cyclops. And of course it would be the height of ingratitude to forget dear old Dr. Johnson, who when once he asked a lady for a pinch of pulverised nicotine—don't be startled, it is just snuff—made it sound like an appeal by Russia to America for ammunition, or China's call for U.N.R.R.A. relief. How multitudinous, formidable and clanging like cymbals it was! It was glorious.

The tradition has had no worthy adherents, but a forlorn, loyal, devoted few—like me—keep their allegiance, with the spasmodic collaboration of the newspapers in the face of a universal barrage of weighty, solemn and sententious criticism. Even in the territory of the journalist-allies the general flippancy and tendency to diminutiveness has infiltrated, leaving the 'Obituaries' alone inviolate. It is a satisfaction indeed to think that if I deserved it, I might be featured with all pomp and ceremony and exuberance of expression, as the personage 'whose much lamented and premature (the age being immaterial) demise occurred. . . . occasioning an irreparable loss to. . . ' etc., and not as having ignominiously 'croaked' or degrading, still, 'kicked the bucket' or with vacuous inexpressiveness and perfunctoriness 'died'. I would prefer not to die at all, if the current form of the 'Obituary Notices' had to be abandoned and I should be denied my full posthumous quota of words.

Indeed, this parsimony—for your enlightenment, 'niggardliness', is inexplicable to me. There's God's plenty and why don't you have your fill? The English language has 28,000 words, and there is not any imminent prospect of your exhausting, with the most lavish use, the English vocabulary, and being left with hieroglyphics and the dumb-and-deaf code. Besides you know, you can count on the Americans for reinforcements in such contingencies.

You do not know the mass of humour you can secrete within what you may disdainfully call an unwieldy, cumbersome and clumsy 'huge word'. You do not know what a lot of innuendos, double-ententes, and all such mischievous shots you can discharge camouflaged cosily by this massive verbiage. The little, snappish and exact words are not spacious enough to accommodate humour. These sprawling, big words have nooks and crannies, fissures and crevices, winding corridors and dark staircases, where the little, mischievous imps of humour can hide their poky little heads. You must admit that a sprawling banyan tree can accommodate more birds than a straight, smooth flag-pole (as you might have learnt to your cost, when you happened to be underneath one of these populous banyan trees).

So, you can describe your morning coffee, without a shadow of disparagement, as 'a decoction of dubious ingredients, of fluctuating colour and odour, and a remote, perhaps illusory suggestion of milk'; or your 'pongal' (which an ingenious, but verbally bankrupt friend of mine described as 'ex-morning rice doing extra-duty at midday in collaboration with sundry nondescripts'), as 'a heterogeneous admixture of derelict rice and other indeterminate and suspicious-looking ingredients, copiously lubricated'.

You must know, it is sheer lack of good breeding to call a neighbour at the dining-table, who evinces a preternaturally ravenous appetite and tries to improve upon it by over-eating himself, as a 'glutton'; whereas

you can extol him without the least occasion for offence, as a 'gastronomic prodigy'! The Hall waiting-list to residentship can be similarly denominated as a 'mythical or semi-legendary document, of no more concreteness than the Atlantic charter'.

I suppose, I've made a convert of you by now, and if my efforts haven't fructified so soon, I will not be depressed as I believe in gradual and not hurricane conversions; still if you feel a bit initiated into the cult of 'Big Words', then proceed with Dickens—I mean the whimsical, extravagant Dickens—then Johnson, and if you can nerve yourself to it, with the 'Euphuies' of Lyly. In the last you shall encounter verbal prodigies like 'the crimson advent of Phoebus'—the diurnal event which is of interest to you, as it synchronizes with your bed-tea, or morning coffee-hour—and then fully initiated, you will be able to hatch those verbal cyclops yourself—like 'feline infant' (for a puss), 'a canine patriarch' (an 'old dog' as the 'vulgar hath it'), 'matutinal ablutions', (morning-bath, how solemn! It sounds like a ritual), 'hydraulic immersion' (the regular, ceremonial ducking), 'aqueous baptism', (the illicit, sporadic one), 'peripatetic lucubrations' (the frenzied sun-goggles-aided walk-reading all the way to the examination-hall). Imagine how totally the character of hooliganistic outbursts at meetings can be metamorphosed, by the reporter replacing rotten eggs with the more dignified 'putrid ova'. But do not be ambitious in the initial stages—the 'novitiate'. Leave masterpieces of verbosity to masters in the field, to the sundried, battered and buffeted veterans. Let them repulse imprecations from fanatical adherents of tiny words, like 'hang big words!' with formidable and annihilating counter-cries like, 'strangulate verbal economy!' or 'decapitate simplicity!' or 'electrocute brevity!'

B. DEVA RAO,
Hons. 4, Br. 7.

THE ATOMIC BOMB

In a mechanized civilization, sensationalism is probably a commonplace. The commoner sort of murder thrills and strange passions of strong silent men and neurotic spinsters produce but a feeble reaction in the people. But Professor Picard's ascent into the stratosphere created quite a stir, for there was H. G. Wells in all his glory come almost true. But of all the gigantic Wellsian wonders, the atomic bomb which gets a few cosy lines to itself in every newspaper almost every day, is certainly not the least impressive.

The atomic bomb, it is clear, put a decisive lid on the war-cauldron. The children of the Chosen Race of the Sun enjoy the dubious privilege of the first-taste of this radical war-cure. Reporters give us lurid accounts of the vast destruction that a single bomb has caused. Teeming Hiroshima is desolate; its structures crumbled to incandescent dust; its sons mixed with the dust of dust.

What is an atomic bomb? How does it work? Can the atomic bomb be put to constructive use? From time immemorial, man has speculated on the structure of matter and the ultimate use to which he can put the same. Of the atomistic schools, the Siddha school of Indian Medicine deserves a certain pre-eminence, as the members of that school were the first to realise the extreme importance of the granular structure of matter and the possibility of transmuting atoms of one element into those of another.

In Europe, the chemists were the protagonists of the atomic theory; but it was of limited use in the actual investigation of the structure of matter until at last Physics took up the matter in hand and gave a final synthesis of the atomic theory. By about 1920, owing to the fundamental researches of Planck, Thomson, Niels Bohr and Einstein, it was made clear that electricity, matter and energy were inextricably mixed up with one another; it was also established that far from being a hard spherelet, an atom was a hollow structure

and a microscopic dynamic system. An atom has a central heavy positive charge called the nucleus, and surrounding it, as many light negative electrical charges as would make the atom electrically neutral, whizzing round the positive centre-charge in ellipses of varying semi-diameters. The difference between one element and another is simply due to the number of unit positive charges in the nucleus. If, somehow or other, it were possible to introduce or extract some of these, one element could be changed into another. The alchemists were not such hare-brained charlatans after all!

The fundamental negative charge was called the electron and the positive charge the proton, the proton being 1840 times as heavy as the electron. In order, therefore, to break up or change this miniature solar system of an atomic configuration, what we want are projectiles as small as the electrons and protons. This is natural enough, as we would require a sling and stones to disturb the configuration of mangoes in a mango tree.

Fortunately these stones were discovered to be at hand and supplied by Nature herself too in what are called the radioactive elements. Madame Marie Curie had isolated radium, and radium was known to give forth three powerful radiations called the α particles, the β rays and the γ rays.

The α particles are simply the nuclei of Helium atoms, i.e. Helium atoms deprived of their outer electrons. And these nuclei consist of two protons each. They are ejected out of the radium with terrific velocities. The β rays consist of a steady fast stream of electrons and the γ rays are invisible light rays of very high frequency. Their velocity is enormous, about 186,000 miles per second.

The stage was therefore set for the disruption of the atomic nucleus, and Lord Rutherford of Nelson actually succeeded in his attempt. One fine morning in 1917, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge wit-

nessed the disintegration of Nitrogen atoms and the era of Nuclear Physics began.

In an evacuated container, nitrogen was introduced at low pressure. A small speck of radium present in the container shot off the atomic bullets, the α particles. Some of the nitrogen nuclei received direct hits and were changed into oxygen.

The years immediately after 1920 saw an enormous development of the theory of the nucleus and the technique of atomic disintegration. A brilliant synthesis of the known facts about atoms and the light they emit was put forward in terms of the calculus of observables by Dr. Werner Heisenberg of Leipzig. P. A. M. Dirac of Cambridge made great advances in atomic mechanics by incorporating relativistic ideas into the conception of atomic movements.

Meanwhile progress in the Laboratory was in no way slow. Chadwick found that when the element Beryllium (a soft metal) was bombarded by α particles a new powerful stream of particles began to issue out of the disintegration chamber. Various explanations of the powerful stream were given which led to absurd results. Further experiments showed that the new particle was uncharged and that its mass was almost equal to that of a proton. And it was christened 'the neutron'.

The discovery of the neutron was extremely significant especially as it was followed up by the discovery of induced radioactivity by Irene Curie in 1934. She found that after a neutron-transformation, the element exhibited properties characteristic of radium, namely ejection of particle streams. Among the streams she found light electric charges of almost the same mass as the electron, but positive in sign. At this time, Dr. Anderson also found these particles in cosmic ray reactions. This new particle was called the positron. The discovery of the neutron introduced a wonderful symmetry in the fundamental particles of matter. A proton was shown to consist of a neutron and a positron. The massive nature of the atomic nucleus was entirely decided by neutrons while the number of protons decided the chemical nature of the atom. For example, oxygen is characterized by

eight protons in the nucleus. Its atomic weight or mass number is known to be 16. Hence the oxygen nucleus must consist of 8 protons and 8 neutrons. If we add a neutron to the nucleus, the atom does not cease to be oxygen; only the atomic weight will now be 17. Hence it is perfectly possible to obtain oxygen of different atomic weights. Normal oxygen has an atomic weight of 16; oxygen of atomic weights 17 and 18 are called *isotopes* of oxygen. If we were to add a *proton* instead of a *neutron* to the nucleus, the nucleus would be not that of oxygen but that of fluorine, as it is characterized by 9 positive charges in the nucleus.

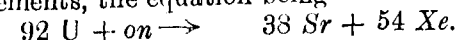
This picture of the atomic nucleus was put forward by Gamow in 1935, and in 1936 Niels Bohr of Copenhagen likened the nucleus to a drop of liquid. When an extra droplet in the form of a neutron or proton falls into the liquid drop, the equilibrium is disturbed; the liquid drop is violently agitated into an almost apoplectic fit and returns to normal after a powerful emission of energy in the form of hard γ rays, or a different particle stream.

Neutrons are the best projectiles for use in atomic disintegration, for the atomic periphery is a field of electric force due to the existence of orbital electrons. A charged projectile will therefore experience considerable difficulty in overcoming the repulsive electric force exerted by the moving electrons. This potential barrier is not unlike the gate watchman of a high-class hotel warding off tramps and other undesirables. On the other hand, neutrons being uncharged, are easily able to penetrate into the very heart of the nucleus; they gain as ready an admission as any ermine-robed Duchess!

It was also found that the entry of a neutron into an atomic nucleus makes the atom highly unstable and therefore radioactive. The protons and neutrons in the compact nucleus are held together by a powerful binding force; and the instant the nucleus is made unstable, all this force will be released. The only difficulty is that the process of atomic explosion cannot be made continuous, like, say, burning up a huge store of coal by setting fire to a small lump

of it. If, on the other hand, there existed energy-producing processes which were set up by neutrons, fresh neutrons also being set free at the same time with the power to carry on the process further, then we might catch a glimpse of the possibility of the total annihilation of matter.

A few years back (1938-39), such nuclear processes were found which were accompanied by a terrific development of energy. The honour of this great discovery goes to the brilliant German chemist, Hahn who, we hear, has been awarded the Nobel Prize of 1944 for Chemistry. Hahn's experiments are fundamental to the working of the atomic bomb. He was working at the problem of what elementary changes come about when we bombard Uranium, the heaviest element, with neutrons. A regular jumble of radioactive substances was formed and for a long time these were taken to be hitherto unknown elements heavier than Uranium. But Hahn found traces of strontium in the experimental chamber, strontium being a very light metal. It was then found that Uranium had split into two new elements, the equation being



Theoretical considerations on the cohesive energy of nuclei lead us to expect that Uranium 'fission' is accompanied by an enormous development of energy, the isotope U235 giving better results than the heavier U238. Frisch in Austria was the first to succeed in showing this energy and measuring it experimentally, the energy making itself known by the two newly formed nuclei being hurled apart with an energy of 200 million electron volts. This is the highest production of energy that has ever been seen in one single nuclear process. Furthermore it was soon shown that in Uranium fission, neutrons are also set free, so that the conditions for a continuous breaking up are assured.

Hence the first requisite for the atomic bomb is pure Uranium which is very difficult to extract, and what is worse, the rarer isotope U²³⁵ must be separated from its heavy neighbour U²³⁸, for U²³⁵ has shown itself to be by far the most active in Uranium fission.

The physicist surmounted all these difficulties in 1945, and the atomic bomb was born. Roughly, it consists of a heavy sphere or cylinder of Uranium with a hollow in the centre, in which is placed a speck of radium and the metal beryllium which is protected from the radium by means of a lead shutter. The remaining portions of the bomb including the detonating fuse are similar to those of any other bomb. When the bomb is released, it falls nose down and is detonated by the automatic fuse; the lead shutter flies open, the powerful stream of α particles falls into the beryllium nuclei and a steady stream of neutrons is produced, accompanied by the release of a terrific amount of nuclear energy. A blinding flash, a detonation that blasts the tympanum of a man situated 10 miles from the place, and a sharp localized earth-tremor take place as the neutron stream begins to eat into the Uranium and break it up. The energy of fission of the Uranium manifests itself as a heat-wave which is so powerful that it converts all the sand furlongs round it into glass. The explosion itself is so terrific that the column of smoke and dust rises up to a height of 20,000 feet. At the instant of explosion, a hemispherical luminiscence is seen, ten times as bright and blinding as the sun. The column of dust and smoke then swiftly rises, the top of the column white, and the centre dark. The heat-wave produces enormous pressure differences, which result in air movements more ferocious and destructive than the deadliest typhoon. The fission is also accompanied by the release of neutrons which render almost all atoms in the neighbourhood radioactive. Human casualties are found to possess strange wounds on their bodies due to the radioactive emanations.

It should not be supposed that the atomic bomb involves complete annihilation of matter. Einstein has shown that matter and energy are mutually convertible and we have evidence to show that this is actually the case; for the physicists hold that the origin of cosmic radiation is due to the annihilation of attenuated matter in interstellar space. Science in the laboratory is not anywhere near that stage of development. If we were

actually able to convert one pound of coal into energy every second, the actual power developed would be, according to Einstein's equation, $E=mc^2$ (c is the velocity of light), something like 1750 million horsepower!

Hence the discovery of the atomic bomb as a first step is of momentous importance to human life in this world: atomic disintegration hints at the revelation of the secret of life itself; and therefore the scientist is more than ever face to face with his duties to humanity. When science becomes a mere department in national planning, monstrosities like the atomic bomb are

produced. That is why we hear scientists all over the world denouncing state control of research. The future is full of danger, or full of happiness. It is left for man to choose.

And poor Hiroshima and sister Nagasaki, proud in brick and mortar, leafy foliage and doughty sons, are a sorry spectacle of incandescent dust and smoking ruins with the relentless neutrons keeping a death-watch around their battered walls!

R. VENKATESWARAN,
B.Sc. (Hons.)

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE

I have been sitting up into the night; I have seen the old day expire and the new one being born. There is no one else awake in the whole Hall—not one light burning in a hundred and fifty other rooms.

When you sit down to work at night after dinner, at nine or so, there comes a short, crucial period after an hour and a half or two hours of steady work, when suddenly, for no particular reason at all, you begin to feel intensely sleepy, your mind starts wandering, and an urgent desire seizes you either to go to sleep or to seek some diversion—to talk and chatter and laugh with any unfortunate fellow who is still awake and at his study. And the former is by far the more attractive. This is the testing time—the dangerous hour—for me. Whenever I have to sit up late to do some serious work—and I must sadly confess that these occasions are few and far between—all my determination seems of no avail against this short period of trial. Perhaps those who sit up late regularly—those model students, ideal of parents and professors alike—they have no difficulty at all. Perhaps even if they wanted to, they could not sleep early; but the case is different with me. This half-hour or so is most terrible to bear, so difficult to overcome, but imagine the joy when you have battled through and claimed

the long, silent, cold midnight hours as your own, for work or meditation!

Tonight, it is not an examination that has made me stay awake. I am reading a book, a novel that has gripped me so much that I forget the fleeting hours and everything else. I read on without a pause till the last page is reached. Then with a sigh I close the book, descend from the wonderful world of imagination I have been in, and come back to my dull daily surroundings. I glance at my watch. It is long past midnight. I rise from my chair where I have been reclining for so long, and step out into the verandah. All is dark and quiet—no light in any room and no one awake. Well, it is time to go to sleep.

But now, sleep—elusive, fickle, treacherous sleep—will not come. I lie in bed, restlessly tossing to and fro. My mind is still full of the book I have been reading. I am still imagining myself the hero, still picturing to myself the delicious heroine and still in far-away lands and dangerous situations. At last, realising that sleep like a flirtatious maiden comes only when unsought, I rise from my bed. I walk to the porch, sit on the parapet and gaze out.

The whole land is wrapped in slumber. Nature herself seems asleep. I can dimly make out the trees and the outlines of

houses, darker shadows in the grey blackness. The peace of the scene overcomes me, but I am filled with many thoughts, and strange ideas flit through my mind.

The stillness of the night is rudely disturbed by a plane flying past. I can see its red and white lights passing mysteriously across the sky. The plane is high above and its sound is hushed, but it reminds me of the vast aerodrome in the neighbourhood, and I am struck with the futility of human endeavour. Like a mighty ant-hill built so laboriously, only to be destroyed by the whim of some passer-by, the great aerodrome was built slowly, laboriously. How much material, labour, skill and manpower has been put into its making! What a colossal waste it all is; for, before a single plane of all the hundreds it sheltered took off against the enemy, the Japanese war has ended as suddenly as it began, and the aerodrome is not needed any more. But still the war-planes keep flying, disturbing us when we want to study, waking us when we want to sleep and drowning the lecturers' voices in the class-rooms. Now we get annoyed, for we feel they have outlived their usefulness, while at one time they were the gallant defenders of our skies! The skies! All the myriads of stars are shining up there as brightly as they did in the beginning of the world, and they shall continue to twinkle to the end of Time. So beautiful, so aloof and so majestic in their splendour!

O, twinkling stars, O shining points of light, do you know that a mighty world-war has just ended, that millions have died and millions more have suffered grievously—some for the sake of conquest and some for the sake of freedom, some for power and some for humanity, some because they knew not why they fought and some because they did, some because they were forced to fight and some by their own free will, some for their livelihood and some others for adventure, because young, hot blood flowed swiftly in their veins. It is all ended now. What lies before us? Do the stars know—do they care? They seem so aloof and serene that our petty troubles may not affect them at all. Captains and kings perish, the shouting and the tumult die. Peace is upon us—the peace

for which we hoped and prayed and fought. I wonder what it will bring us. Perhaps a new world order—a world state which H. G. Wells prophesied and of which Tennyson sang so gloriously. Will it come now, or must many more wars be fought before it comes into being? The coloured races of the world are yet enslaved and our own country is still engaged in its struggle for freedom. The war has ended, but India's fight for freedom, not only for herself but for all oppressed peoples, has only just begun.

How stirring have been the last few months, how crowded with events! Germany surrenders, and V.-E. Day! Then came the British elections and the joyful news of a Labour victory. And then the atom-bomb, crashing into the news one dreadful day! Hiroshima is destroyed and the whole world shaken and amazed. What dreadful power has man now unleashed! Japan falls! We have seen history being made. O, bliss is it to be alive in such a dawn, but to be young is very heaven! One crowded hour of glorious life now is worth a whole age of uneventful peace.

A soft, cold breeze has sprung up. It gently caresses my cheeks; how delicious it is, and fragrant with the scents of the trees, bushes and flowers it has passed. The night is so pleasant, so different from the stifling day. I wonder if some time in the future, man will not make night his own, working, eating and playing then and sleeping during the day. In the great cities, this is being done even now. Perhaps when the atom has been fully mastered, it will become a reality all over the world. Then the stars and the moon with their magical beauty will come into their own, and the poor Sun shall weep in shame, for his heat shall trouble us no more!

I ponder about my own future. Will I ever make a success of life, ever achieve fame and write my name on the glittering page of history? Will my life be happy and peaceful or will I have my share of sorrow and pain too? I am glad I cannot know.

Suddenly I find I have been dozing; sleep has come to me at last. Once more to

bed, to sleep. A few lights shine in the Hall; some students are already up and at work. What do they care if the war is ended or the atom split or Subhas Chandra Bose dead—they have their class-work to prepare, their examination is at hand, and that is all that matters to them.

What have I been doing all this while when I should have been asleep or studying—wasting my time dreaming. Yes, dreaming—but in so doing I am for a while elevated into the noble company of poets and philosophers, saints and reformers,

of souls that have shaped the destiny of the world. For,—

'We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers
Oh, when the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.'

K. J. KURIYAN,
Hons. 4, Branch 3.

DREAM-NATURE

Through misty vales of dreams my soul oft strays
Amidst the dismal-dinning roar of towns,
Where Mammon moulds poor humans into clowns,
And smoky skies blur Luna's silver rays;
My heart complaining flees the grimy ways
Of urban souls, while it enraptured swells
To sweet resounding peals of anthem bells
Which call the low folk to their vesper lays.
Thine image fair, Lord, dwells among the vast
Refulgent fields where I may live with mine,
A child again, my sky not overcast;
I'll leap and play beneath the heaven's blue.
Birds warble forth their joy in choir divine
While spring comes round with buds of freshest hue.

R. PRABHAKARAN NAMBIAR,
Honours 3, Branch 7.

THIS YEAR'S COLLEGE PLAY

'A DOLL'S HOUSE' BY HENRIK IBSEN

The record of plays produced in the College since January 1939 is both representative and international, including as it does the work of Sophocles, Shakespeare and Tagore, as well as other plays by various English, Scottish, Irish and Russian writers. This year the experiment is being made of acting a play by an author belonging

to a country which has not yet been represented. 'A Doll's House' by Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian playwright, will be produced in the Anderson Hall on Saturday, 24th November.

Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906) was born in a little sea-port town in the south of Norway. At the age of sixteen he became

assistant to a chemist, intending later on to study medicine; but he never became a doctor. He was for a time a student in the University of Christiania (now Oslo), the capital of Norway. He began to experiment as a writer when he was a little over twenty. Three years later he was brought in touch with the theatre, when he received the appointment of director at the Bergen Theatre, a post which he held for six years. He then became manager of the National Theatre at Christiania. During these years of close and practical connection with the theatre Ibsen was learning his business as a dramatist. When he died in 1906 he left a long series of over twenty plays. Two of these plays, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, stand by themselves in Ibsen's work as poetical plays touched with a quality of mysticism. They are the exception to the general rule of Ibsen's work. His fame rests principally upon the series of prose social dramas in which he attacked uncompromisingly the social conventions and prejudices and pettinesses of the Norway of his own day. Ibsen was stung to anger and emphatic condemnation by the narrowness and limitation of the Norwegian provincial society in which he had been brought up, by the shams and hypocrisy of apparently respectable and respected people. In plays such as *Pillars of Society* and *An Enemy of the People* he vigorously attacks and condemns the prevalent faulty standards of contemporary society. He found his own country so uncongenial to him, so cramping and stifling, that he left it and spent many years of his life in other parts of Europe, returning to Norway, however, a few years before his death.

His outspokenness naturally enough called forth a storm of protest and angry criticism in an age which was conservative and conventional. The subjects chosen by Ibsen—notably that of *Ghosts*, a play which was for long forbidden the stage in England—

were considered unsuitable for discussion in public. But Ibsen refused to be silenced by the outraged clamour which his plays provoked and he continued to write for the stage. His plays gradually gained a footing in the theatres of various European countries, but naturally he was not a popular dramatist.

One of the questions which interested Ibsen was the place of women in the home and in society as reasonable human beings with the right to independence of thought and action. He is a feminist in his sympathies and protests against the view that women are merely a part of the domestic set-up and beyond that are not to be taken seriously. It is with this question that the College play of this year, 'A Doll's House', deals in a moving and dramatic manner.

The heroine of the play, Nora, the wife of Torvald Helmer, is a woman who has been treated as a mere plaything, as a doll, in her father's house and then by her husband, who does not think of his wife as a individual person with the right to independent thought and action. Helmer is a successful, self-satisfied, pompous, unimaginative sort of man. In the course of the play, Nora's eyes are opened to her husband's real nature and to the ignominy of their relationship, and she is shocked into a determination to discover her real self, the self which has lain hidden under the doll-Nora.

Some of Ibsen's plays may seem to the modern reader to have lost a good deal of their point with the change in social conditions and standards, but they have certainly not lost all their point, and *A Doll's House* is still a good stage-play, dramatic in its situations and in the relations between the characters, and moving in the picture it gives of the development of Nora's character.

G. C. MARTIN.

COLLEGE NOTES

When the College re-opened in June it was without the stimulating presence of the Principal. Mr. Boyd was fortunate in obtaining a passage to Great Britain early in April, and was home in Scotland in time to celebrate V-E Day. Our good wishes have gone with him for a happy and invigorating furlough, and for his safe and prompt return in time to tackle the admissions to College in 1946. The Rev. T. G. Platten has been appointed Acting Principal during Mr. Boyd's absence, and Mr. S. P. Adinarayan has taken the office of Bursar.

It has been a great pleasure to welcome back again Mr. G. C. Martin after his three years' war service with the Y.M.C.A. at Peshawar. We have to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Martin on the distinction of adding to their family simultaneously both a son and a daughter, on 25th August 1945.

In response to the suggestion of the University authorities that an additional number of students in Arts subjects might be admitted to the Junior Intermediate Class to meet the abnormal demand which occurred this year, the College decided to open a small special section in Group iii. To teach this section Rao Bahadur V. P. Adiseshiah, former Principal of Voorhees College, Vellore, has joined us for the present academic year, as Visiting Professor of English. We are pleased to have such a distinguished and veteran educationist on our staff.

In the Physics Department we have temporarily lost Mr. M. A. Thangaraj, who has proceeded to Toronto for post-graduate studies with the Vincent Massey Scholarship, which was awarded to him in 1942, but which owing to the war he had not hitherto been able to take up. In his place Mr. J. S. Jesudason, M.Sc. (Trav.) has joined the Physics staff.

Early in the term Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan, who had been ill during part of last year, found that his health would not allow him to continue his work. He has therefore gone on leave preparatory to retiring at the end of the present academic year.

As he does not formally part from us till then, there will be an opportunity in the next issue of the Magazine to pay a tribute to his long and able service for the College. We wish him a speedy recovery of health in his retirement. To the vacancy caused in the Zoology Department we welcome back Mr. V. Anantanarayanan, B.Sc. (Hons.) formerly with us as a demonstrator.

The first term of this academic year will for ever stand out in our memories as that which saw the end of the greatest and most terrible war which has ever devastated this earth and marred the history of mankind. The news of the surrender of Japan was officially announced to us in India by All India Radio on the morning of Wednesday, August 15, and in place of the first morning period, the whole College assembled in the Anderson Hall for a short service of thanksgiving. Everyone joined with obvious feeling in singing the familiar hymn, 'O God our help in ages past.' The Acting Principal gave an address in which he said that we had come that morning to voice our praise and thanksgiving. The worst moment for an atheist was when he felt thankful but had no one to thank. We were not in that case, and as so often at the supreme moments of our lives, the words of Scripture best expressed our feelings: 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give the praise.'

Naturally in a gathering such as we had that day, feelings had different depths and emphases. Most had not been touched by the war in as personal a way as had those with relatives and friends in Britain; and for some, feelings had no doubt been mixed at times as they contemplated the peculiar position of their own country in the struggle. Nevertheless there were feelings and thoughts common to all. First there was relief at the removal of the dark shadow which had lain across the world for six years, a sombre background to all our life. Six years was a long time to the young, and many present had hardly known anything

else since they began to take an interest in the wider affairs of the world. They had perhaps come almost to take it for granted that destruction and killing were mankind's natural activity. To such, the coming of peace meant a new outlook on life.

Second, there was thankfulness at the defeat of naked aggression. To say that was not to overlook many sins and failures on the side of the victors; but nevertheless a clear principle was at stake, the recognition of a power and a law higher than the will of man or nation. The Fascist powers, now defeated, had openly proclaimed the supposed interests of the State as the supreme standard of judgment of men's conduct. The prevalence of such a view would be the greatest moral disaster for mankind.

Third, there was remembrance and sorrow for those who had suffered. One of the most evil effects of war is to blunt consciences so that we remain unmoved by deeds of horror and tales of suffering, as long as they do not concern us personally. We must learn to cultivate our sympathies and our imagination, and try to enter into the sorrow of those whose countries have been ravaged, whose homes have been destroyed and whose loved ones have been killed.

Fourth, there is a sober realisation of the evil inherent in our human nature. The men who have committed the acts of aggression, cruelty and persecution which horrify us, are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. Our reaction therefore must not be a feeling of self-righteousness, but rather the sober and humbling thought, 'There but for the grace of God stand I.'

Finally there is the resolution to build a better country and a better world, in which the causes of war shall not be allowed to operate; but this will only be done in so far as we realise that we cannot do it in our own strength, but only with the help of God.

The end of the war and the release of the leaders of the Indian National Congress have put an end to the feeling of frustration which has lain so heavily on many in India, not least in the student world. There

is real hope now that with constructive thinking (but not with barren recriminations about the past) India will march forward speedily to her goal. In this connection it is an encouraging sign that there is a real desire among many of our students to undertake serious political study, and we welcome the appearance of a number of political study groups in the Halls.

* * * *

We desire to record here our thanks to the Government of the United States which, through the U.S. Consul in Madras, has presented the College with a radio-gramophone and public address system, a very useful acquisition of which we hope it will prove possible to make increasing use both for educational purposes and for entertainment. The gift has been made to encourage cultural relations between the two countries and the friendly gesture is greatly appreciated by us.

Presumably now possible for us to refer openly to our neighbour who in the war brought to the southern end of our boundary, the Royal Naval Air Station, 'H.M.S. Vallur' - We have watched the growth of its great lay-out of buildings, hangars and quarters, some of which are on a strip of our own land amounting to nearly 100 acres requisitioned by the Defence Department, and lately we have been deafened by the roar of the 'planes just over our heads. It is understood that with the end of hostilities the Station will shortly be closed down, and we are naturally very much concerned about the return of the portion of the land taken from the College, and about the future use which may be made of all the buildings which have been erected. We want, however, to express our gratitude to Capt. H. M. S. Mundy, R.N., and his officers for the unfailing courtesy shown to the College, and for many acts of helpfulness. Although it has been a distraction to the College, the Station has brought regular employment to many people in the surrounding villages, and it is to be feared that they will suffer greatly with its closing down.

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HALL NEWS

Bishop Heber Hall

We have not received any report from this Hall. We gather, however, from reliable sources that the Hall is still there, and observers report that there are some signs of life in the place. We hope there will be a full report in good time for our next number.

Selaiyur Hall

The term began with the usual excitement of old students greeting each other while the new students looked on with apprehension. This year we have a cosmopolitan crowd which includes many Ceylonese, a few Burmese, a Negro from Uganda and even a Jew from Germany. One is happy to find that they have taken to Selaiyur Hall life like the proverbial duck to water.

The following are the office-bearers for the year:—

General Secretary—Balu Alaganan.

Entertainment Secretary—A. T. Balraj.

European Mess Secretary—Jeyasingh Thomas.

Vegetarian Mess Secretary—K. S. Rangamoorthy.

Non-Vegetarian Mess—K. K. Kuriakose.

Games Secretary—D. Owen.

Literary Activities Secretary—K. V. Idiculla.

Librarian—P. C. Ravi Varma.

The Non-Residents' Social, which promised to be an excellent one, was spoilt a little by a shower of rain during tea. Nevertheless, the meeting and entertainment which were held in-doors went off satisfactorily. The Graduates' Reception was held as usual in Selaiyur, and in the entertainment that ensued, Selaiyur took a major part.

The General Body Meeting went off with the usual noise-making. I should like to congratulate the various secretaries for carrying on their work with real enthusiasm.

BALU ALAGANAN,
General Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hall

The year was marked by a heavy influx of small boys who arrived to join us. But thanks to the bracing Tambaram air and the influence of seniors, they seem to be growing up bodily and mentally. Many of them have been getting jaundice recently and this seems to have replaced mumps as the latest fashion in vogue in the Hall. But under our able medical orderlies they are all being nursed well.

Our first function in the Hall as usual was the Non-Residents' Social. The charm of the occasion was increased by the rain, though it upset all previous plans. We are proud of the fact that of the three Halls, the Principal favoured us by visiting us and addressing our meeting, and admitting what is of course a well known fact, that we are the best hall in Tambaram [in the north-west corner of the College compound—EDITOR].

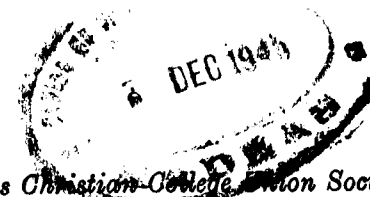
Our Cricket Club, the Vandalur Rangers, which had not been functioning for a year, was revived this year and is flourishing under the able guidance of Messrs. Kumaran Nair and N. Mani.

The Debating Society began well with a successful 'hat-night'. A debate was held on a later occasion and Mr. Venkateswaran moved the proposition that 'The success of the Labour party in England implies an essential change in policy as far as India is concerned'. Easo John opposed it. The Secretary, Ponnappa, has so far done well and seems to be having busy plans for the year.

Srinivasachari, Secretary of the 'Young Co-operators' Club', deserves to be congratulated and thanked for his able service to the Hall, in procuring cloth rations for the members of the Hall at a time when there was real need.

On the whole we began well and we look forward to a very successful year.

GEORGE CHERIAN,
General Secretary.



SOCIETIES

Madras Christian College Union Society

The Union Society resumed its activities on 11th July, when the elections were held. The following were elected with a good majority:—

Student-Chairman—Easo John.

Secretary—K. Narasimhan.

The inaugural address of the Society was delivered by Dr. C. Rajagopalachari on 16th August which was also the first day of peace. Even though the meeting had to be held on a holiday, it was well attended. In the course of an interesting speech he dealt at length on the new conditions obtaining in Asia due to the fall of Japan and stressed the need for India assuming the leadership of Asia for which she has a spiritual right and a moral responsibility. Rajaji also made reference to the end of his differences with his colleagues and this was the first indication of his subsequent re-entry into the Congress.

On 27th August, Sir V. T. Krishnamachari delivered an address on 'The San Francisco Conference.' He gave an analysis of the world organisation set up by the United Nations for the preservation of international peace and security. He said that it is in the recognition of the law of humanity as being above and beyond the narrow rule of nationalistic absolute sovereignty, and in all of us working for it steadfastly for years, that our hopes of real avoidance of future wars lie.

We were not able to have more meetings this time as we had to begin rather late. Before coming to the end of the chronicle I must express my thanks to the Physics Department for promptly providing us with the microphone on the two occasions.

K. NARASIMHAN,
Secretary.

The English Honours Association

The General Body met on 4th July, and elected the following office-bearers for the current year:—

President.—Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A.

Student-Chairman.—J. W. Frederick.

Class Representatives.—M. K. Ramakrishnan (Honours 5), V. Balasubramanian (Honours 4), and G. Raghavan (Honours 3).

Secretary.—V. N. Cyril.

Representative of Women Students.—Miss T. Vijayalakshmi (Honours 5).

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on 25th July, in the St. Thomas's Hall theatre. Mr. G. C. Martin presided and the Rev. Fr. L. D. Murphy of Loyola College spoke on 'Miscellaneous tit-bits on English Literature.' The lecture was most lively and instructive.

An impromptu debate was conducted later on in the term, the Student-Chairman presiding. There was no further meeting during the term, but we look forward to the second and third terms with great expectations.

V. N. CYRIL,
Secretary.

The Mathematics Association

A General Body Meeting of the Association was held on the 27th July 1945, to elect office-bearers, with the President in the chair. K. P. Chandrasekaran (4th Honours) was elected Secretary and S. Ekambaram (4th Honours) was elected Secretary of the Astronomical Society.

'The latest fashion in Mathematics is abstraction, while there is a parallel development in Physics, and there is a fundamental relationship between Mathematics and Physics which is due to Quantum Mechanics'. Thus observed Dr. B. S. Madhava Rao of Mysore University speaking on the occasion of the joint Inaugural address of the Mathematics and Science associations with the Rev. T. G. Platten in the chair. In the course of his speech he referred to Analysis as owing its position to Physics while Algebra is independent in its development.

After a brief and remarkable speech from the chair, K. P. Chandrasekaran proposed a vote of thanks on behalf of the Mathematics and Science Associations.

K. P. CHANDRASEKARAN,
Secretary.

The Physical Science Society

The inaugural address of the Society, arranged in collaboration with the Mathematics Association, was given by Dr. B. S. Madhava Rao, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of Mysore, on 'Algebra and Physics.' In a short but interesting lecture he outlined the essential relationship between, and the interdependence of, the two subjects. The Rev. T. G. Platten presided.

The next meeting was addressed by Dr. S. V. Ananthakrishnan, with Dr. P. S. Srinivasan in the chair. Dr. Ananthakrishnan spoke on 'The Conception of Resonance, and Molecular Structure.' The Speaker brought out the significance of the conception of resonance and its importance in the elucidation of molecular structure.

Owing to paucity of time more meetings could not be arranged.

S. DURAISWAMI,
J. R. LAMECH,
Secretaries.

The Philosophy Association

We began our activities this year with the election of office-bearers for the year, on 25th July. The following were elected unanimously:—

President—Capt. S. Parthasarathy.

Student-President—George Clery.

Secretary—N. Anantaraman.

Class Representatives—Miss A. Ninan (Hons. 5), T.K. Parthasarathy (Hons. 4), K. Sriramulu (Hons. 3).

Treasurer—Miss O. Anbu.

The inaugural meeting of the Association came off on 6th August, when Dr. Nagaraja Sarma of the Presidency College delivered a learned address on 'The Fascist tendencies in the Philosophy of today'.

The Secretary tenders his apologies for the inactivity of the Association, which was mainly due, however, to the late beginning of our activities.

N. ANANTARAMAN,
Secretary.

The Economics Association

The General Body of the Association met on 10th July, and elected the following

office-bearers for the current academic year:—

President—Dr. M. S. Adisesiah, M.A., Ph.D.

Student-Chairman—C. G. Ramasubbu.

Secretary—K. Purushotham Naidu.

Treasurer—J. Bhojan.

Class Representatives—Mrs. S. Sundaram (Hons. 3), E. A. Narayanan (class IV), Miss S. Clarke (class III).

Sri V. Narayanaswamy of the Presidency College delivered the inaugural address of the Association on 19th July 1945, the subject being 'Alfred Marshall'. Dr. M. S. Adisesiah presided.

Sri V. K. Narasimhan, Sub-Editor, *The Hindu*, addressed us on the 13th August on 'India's Sterling Balances'.

Our Seminar work was started for this year on 25th July with H. F. J. Daniel's paper on 'The Theory of Rent'. On 11th August, C. K. Ramachandran read a paper on 'Capitalism'. On 8th August, P.C. Ravi Varma's paper on 'India's Sterling Balances' came up for discussion. On 15th August, a paper on 'The Future of the Rupee' was read by Dr. M. S. Adisesiah. On 22nd August, M. M. Radhakrishnan led the seminar on 'The theory of Bank rate changes'. On 29th August, Mr. Jagathpathi, B.A. (Hons.), read a paper on 'The Fiscal Policy and the Trade Cycle'. On the reopening day of the second term, M. Jagannathan read a paper on 'Public Utilities'.

We are proud to record that Mrs. Daisy Ratnam, n. Royappa, stood first among the post-graduates at the University examinations and Miss Hensman and Mr. Balakrishnan second and third respectively among the Honours graduates. We congratulate them.

With the continued support of our enthusiastic members, we hope to make the next two terms as busy as the last.

K. PURUSHOTHAM NAIDU,
Secretary.

The History and Politics Association

It took some time for the Association to recover from the after-effects of over-activity during the academic year, 1944-45. It was only early in August that the following were elected to office for the year 1945-46:—

Student Chairman—Mr. T. C. Krishnan (Hons. 5 Br. III.)

Secretary—Mr. K. S. Krishnamurthy (Hons. 4 Br. III.)

Without waiting for a formal inauguration of the Association, we began our activities for the year with a seminar on the 9th August, when Mr. T. C. Krishnan read an exhaustive paper on the 'Future of Colonies'. Mr. V. Titus Verghese presided.

The Inaugural address of the Association was arranged to be delivered by Dr. A. Krishnaswamy, Editor, *The Liberator*, on the 14th instant. Unfortunately, owing to unavoidable circumstances, he was unable to keep up the engagement and our President, Mr. V. Titus Verghese, came obligingly to our rescue by delivering the inaugural address.

Another seminar was conducted on the 21st August, when Mr. V. Karthikeyan read an interesting and instructive paper on 'Fundamental Rights: their place and limitations'. Mr. J. Vedasiromani presided.

We had scheduled to hold a few more meetings and seminars, but owing to the difficulty of getting speakers and the nearness of September examinations, they had to be postponed to the second term.

I take this opportunity to thank both the members of staff and students for their hearty co-operation and interest in the affairs of the Association, and earnestly solicit the continuation of the same.

K. S. KRISHNAMURTHY,
Secretary.

The Carnatic Music Association

The following were nominated to be the office-bearers for the current year, by the patrons:—

President—Sri A. P. Brahman

Secretaries—Sri T. K. Parthasarathy and C. P. Venkatadri.

Treasurer and Asst. Secretary—Sri M. Sreenivasachari.

The inaugural performance of the Association was held in the Anderson Hall on Friday, 24th August, at 5-30 p.m., when Srimathi Syamala Devi and Srimathi Sethuparvathi gave an exquisitely brilliant veena-vocal concert accompanied by Sangeetha Bushanam Ramamoorthy on the violin, Sri Vittal Iyer on the mridangam, and Sri Ramamurthi on the morsingh. We owe thanks to the Patrons and Representatives of the Association for their helpful co-operation.

We hope to have more performances in the course of the year.

T. K. PARTHASARATHY,
C. P. VENKATADRI,
Secretaries.

The Sanskrit Association

A General Body meeting was held on the 9th of July, when the following office-bearers were elected:—

T. A. Ramachandran, III B.A.—*Secretary*.

Class Representatives—K. P. Gangadharan, IV B.A., N. Subramaniam, III B.A., T. M. Ramamurthy, II Class, C. S. Sankaranathan, I Class, V. Panchapakesan, Honours 4.

The inaugural address was delivered on 2nd August, by Sri O. P. Rangaswamy Iyengar, Assistant Professor, Presidency College. The subject he dealt with was the 'Reign of Realism in Kalidasa.' He confined himself to the famous epic poem 'Raghuvamsa' and quoted such famous passages as the descriptions of the *swayamvara* of Indumati, the battle between Rama and Ravana and many verses which describe the beauty of Nature, and interpreted them in a simple and natural way bringing out the poet's insight into life and his realism. The President, Pandit U. Venkatakrishna Rao also in his concluding speech dealt with the subject briefly, and gave added interest to the lecture by his humorous remarks.

T. A. RAMACHANDRAN,
Secretary.

Tamil Sangham

The General Body of the above Sangham met in the month of July under the presidency of Sri T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A., and elected the following office-bearers:—

Student-Chairman—Sri A. T. Balraj.

Secretary—Sri R. S. Aravamudan.

Asst. Secretary—Sri Krishnamurthi.

Treasurer—Sri T. S. T. Rajan.

Class-Representatives—Sri S. R. Manoharan, IV B.A., Sri Somasundaram, III B.A., Sri Natarajan, II Class, Sri Balakrishnan, II Class, Sri T. S. T. Rajan, I Class, Sri Chinniah, I Class.

The Inaugural meeting of the Sangham was held on 10th August 1945, Sri M. Radhakrishna Pillai, B.A., B.L., Mayor of Madras, presiding. We listened to a very informative talk on 'Tamil Language' by our national poet, Namakkal Sri Ramalingam Pillai.

'Bharathi Day' celebrations began with contests in Oratory and Music on Tuesday, 2nd October 1945, and the following were the prize winners:—

Oratory

(1) Sri Balakrishnan.

(2) Sri Balraj.

Music

(1) Sri Seshadri.

(2) { Sri Krishnan C. V.
Sri Venkataraman.

The most important function was the celebration of 'Bharathi Day' on 3rd October 1945. The meeting was held in the Anderson Hall. Sri Va. Ra. presided over the function. Sri R. P. Sethu Pillai, B.A., B.L., who was to have spoken, was unable to do so owing to ill-health and we had to approach Sri Chellamier, B.O.L., L.T., Asst. Editor, *Kalaimagal*, who kindly consented to speak. Sri Balakrishnan and party entertained the audience with Bharathi songs.

I hope, with the co-operation of all the members, we can have an active and useful year.

R. S. ARAVAMUDAN,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sanghamu

The following office-bearers were elected for the current academic year:—

President—Sri P. R. P. Francis, M.A.

Vice-President—Sri G. Jagathpathi, B.A. (Hons.)

Student-Chairman—C. G. Ramasubbu.

Secretary—M. Ramalinga Reddy.

Assistant Secretary—S. V. S. Sastry.

Class Representatives—G. B. Devashayam—I Class, David Purushotham—II Class, M. Krishnamoorthy—III Class, M. Narayanamoorthy—IV Class, A. Chengal Reddy—Honours Classes, S. Obulapathi Chowdary—B.Sc. Classes, G. Sreeramulu—Honorary Representative.

The Inaugural meeting of the Association was held on the 31st July 1945, under the distinguished presidency of Sri T. Prakasam, ex-Minister. The Inaugural address was delivered by Sri M. Bapineedu, M.Sc., ex-Parliamentary Secretary.

Vidvan K. Narasinga Rao, M.A., L.T., addressed us on the 10th August 1945, on 'Some problems of Dravidian Languages'. Sri C. G. Ramasubbu presided.

Owing to the large number of unexpected holidays at the end of the term, we could not hold a larger number of meetings, as we had proposed to do.

M. RAMALINGA REDDY,
Secretary.

The Malayalee Association

The year began with the election of office-bearers followed soon by the Inaugural meeting. Mr. P. Kesava Menon, President of the Association, presided, and Dr. C. Achutha Menon, M.A., Ph.D., delivered the Inaugural address.

The Onam celebrations were indeed a success. After tea, a meeting was held in Anderson Hall with Mr. K. M. Unnithan, I.C.S. in the chair. Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, M.A., Ph.D. (Oxon.), spoke on the occasion. The function concluded with a grand variety entertainment.

The Association is thankful to all those who have helped and encouraged us, and specially to A. V. M. Achuthan, the

Treasurer, C. S. Balakrishnan, the Entertainment Secretary, and the actors who took part in the entertainment.

KURIEN VERGHESE,
THAMPAN JOSEPH,
Secretaries.

Karnataka Bashabivardhini Sangham.

The Association resumed its activities this academic year with a General Body Meeting held on 18th July 1945, which elected the following office-bearers for the current year:—

President—Sri K. Narasinga Rao,
M.A., L.T., B.O.L.

Secretary—Sri A. K. Nachappa.

The Inaugural meeting of the Association came off on 9th August in St. Thomas's Hall, when Sri B. P. Kuttappa, M.A., inaugurated the Association's work this year. We had the usual tea in the Hall lawn, after which we listened to the very captivating address delivered by the guest of the evening. He dealt at length on 'Samyukta Karnataka' mentioning in the course of his speech the desirability of forming at least 21 big linguistic provinces and suggesting the role to be played by 'Samyukta Karnataka' along with the rest of the country in the future. Our President, with his enviable eloquence, gave the concluding remarks on topics which are vital to India in general and Karnataka in particular.

We hope to have a series of meetings in the next term, and nothing more remains to be said except perhaps that our Association is becoming more and more popular as years roll on and our junior friends are evincing keen interest in its activities.

A. K. NACHAPPA,
Secretary.

The Urdu Union

Our Urdu Union was ushered into a glorious life of activity with the dawn of this academic year. The following are the office-bearers elected unanimously for the year 1945-46:—

Patron—Janab Syed Mohammed Sahib.

Student-President—Abdur Rehman.

Secretary—Malik Ghulam Nabi.

Treasurer—Masud Ali Khan.

The Inaugural address was delivered by Janab Syed Mohammed Sahib on the 3rd August, the subject being 'The Wavell Plan'. With great insight into the subject and with the spirit of a true Indian, he placed before us diverse solutions for the various problems confronting India today. The Student-President was in the chair.

On the 25th August, Mr. Shafiq Ahmed of the Christian College High School spoke to us on 'The Thought and Poetry of Sir Mohammed Iqbal'. The speech was very interesting and inspiring.

I am greatly indebted to our patron whose constant help has improved the Union very much. I sincerely thank all the members and the office-bearers in particular for their hearty co-operation.

MALIK GHULAM NABI,
Secretary.

The Rural Service League

The period which this report covers—April to October—witnessed great changes in the international and national spheres. The war, first in Europe, then in the East, came to an end. Its effect on the villagers is slowly beginning to make itself felt. Rural prices have not declined, but employment and earnings for the villagers have begun to fall sharply. Before the end of this year there is likely to be rural distress in our sixteen villages as a consequence of the closing down of all work in the Tambaram aerodrome. Within the country the release of the imprisoned leaders has helped to quicken the political life of the student community. There is increased and earnest turning to the Rural Service League and rural work in its many forms on the part of the serious-minded students.

Once again, as in the past three years, a Summer School for training rural and political workers was held at our Rural Centre from 3rd June to 23rd June 1945. It was attended by students, lecturers, village school-masters and social workers who went through an intensive training. And so once more we have sent out through the School fifteen well trained social workers who will make their contribution to meeting the rural problems of the land.

As soon as the new session began, the League started functioning. Inaugural meetings were held in the first week of July in the three Halls. Bishop Heber Hall Union with a membership of about 80 continued its work in Thiruvancheri Village and Cheri and Kadappari Village and Cheri. Mass meetings were held in the villages at which students spoke on education, savings, and the situation in the country and the world around. Daily visits by members to help in the recreational, educational and medical work are taking place. The drinking water well at Thiruvancheri needed urgent attention as the earth around it was sinking. So the Union helped by having the sides of the well reinforced with concrete. The St. Thomas' Hall Union also is working in Tambaram Village and Cheri and Irumbuliur Village and Cheri. After mass meetings at the beginning of the year in all these villages, daily visits by the members to distribute medicines and to see to the running of the Night School are taking place. Meetings were held in the Village Schools, and text books, slates and pencils were given to the poor children. The Selaiyur Hall Union with a good membership continued its work in Selaiyur Village and Cheri with the usual programme of mass meetings in the villages, daily visits by the members and educational propaganda meetings in the schools.

The Rural Centre continues to be the place where experiments with cottage industries are carried on. The hand-pounded rice industry has purchased Rs. 2,000 worth of paddy and is supplying one of the messes in the College with hand-pounded rice, employing four families. The hand-made paper industry has been supplying paper regularly to Gordon Woodroffe & Co., in addition to meeting the requirements of students. It employs five to six villagers. The Rural Centre garden now covers more than an acre of land and raises all Indian vegetables for the use of the villagers and messes. A labour squad of students and staff is responsible for the work. The weaving department now has been expanded and has six looms employing five villagers. It is supplying cloth of various kinds to staff and

students. The bee-keeping industry is continuing on a small scale. It has not yet been successfully expanded. In poultry-farming we are making a fresh start which we will report on next term. M. Pai came on as one of the General Secretaries in the place of M. G. George.

On the 9th of August, all members of the College, both residents and non-residents, went without their midday meal and the three Rural Service Unions fed 1,000 villagers. A Charka Sangam also has been organised by every Union and is meeting regularly and learning spinning. Orders have been placed for charkas. On 3rd October, Gandhi Jayanti Day, Bishop Heber Hall Union organised village feeding, all members of the Hall giving up their meal. About 300 villagers were fed. Nine night schools have been started and most of them are run by trained village teachers. We are supplying them with books and kerosene oil, and their work is so effective that we are seeking recognition from the Education Department. The Industrial School at the Rural Centre has now taken on a second full time teacher. General and technical education is given to 35 village boys in the school. The school is equipped and run by the League and is recognised by the Industries Department. The first Rural Elementary school to be owned and run by the League was opened in its temporary premises on 13th September 1945 at Meppadu by the Principal, the President and the Deputy Inspector of Schools. A large gathering of students and villagers was present at the inaugural meeting. We have appointed a trained teacher for the school which is attended by 40 boys and 12 girls. A permanent site has been granted by the Collector and we are now building the school and equipping it. In the budget the expenses of the school can be seen.

The St. Thomas' Hall Union helped Medducherri which had been transferred to Tambaram Cheri in the difficulty they faced from a proposed second evacuation. The representation made by the Union to the authorities led to the cancellation of the order. We also await a special grant from the Agricultural Department in order to

conduct an intensive vegetable gardening campaign in our villages. The medical help we give to our villagers has been rapidly increasing. Last year it amounted to Rs. 300. We cannot afford to meet this from our regular income. The Madhava Fund, which is intended for this, brings in only Rs. 30 per annum. We have two urgent needs this year.

1. Our school expenditure which amounts to Rs. 2,000.

2. Medicines which will cost Rs. 500.

Our financial position has not improved. Our subscriptions are slightly higher, but the income from the entertainment has fallen this year. We had a good entertainment on 12th August. By kind permission of Mr. Subramaniam of the M. U. A. C., Gopinath and his party entertained us. Miss Suryakumari also willingly gave us her help, singing for us for half an hour. We are grateful to them and all others who helped us.

The rural problem is becoming more and more difficult and urgent. Something more carefully planned and on a larger scale must be undertaken by the State. But there will be always a place for private initiative. We in the College are fortunately placed, with the toiling masses all around us. We have a duty to them and only in the discharge of that can we help our country in a small way to the responsibility and freedom which will be ours soon.

Office-bearers of the League:—

J. A. GNANAM	} General Secretaries.
M. M. PAI	
K. P. RAMAKRISHNAN,	
(Heber)	
K. C. THARMAMANI,	} Union Secretaries.
(Selaiyur)	
M. S. THANARAJ,	
(St. Thomas')	
K. GANGADHARA MENON,	
(Agaram Road)	

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE RURAL SERVICE LEAGUE Budget for 1945-46

INCOME					EXPENDITURE				
		Rs	A	P			Rs	A	P
Subscription :—					Hand-loom	...	150	0	0
Bishop Heber Hall	...	500	0	0	Secretary's Pay (30 × 12)	...	360	0	0
St. Thomas' Hall	...	150	0	0	Paper-making Dept.	...	500	0	0
Selaiyur Hall	...	150	0	0	Paper-making Dept. (Materials)	...	100	0	0
Entertainment	...	1,600	0	0	Food for boys	...	500	0	0
Paper-making Dept. (Sales of paper)	...	200	0	0	Village works	...	50	0	0
Hand-loom (Sales of cloth)	...	250	0	0	Night School	...	50	0	0
Grant on School	...	300	0	0	Poultry	...	150	0	0
Grant on Rural Centre Boys	...	400	0	0	Clerical allowance	...	60	0	0
					Garden Materials and seeds	...	100	0	0
					Medical	...	100	0	0
					Gardener	...	150	0	0
						Rs	A	P	
					Village School :				
					Erection	...	500	0	0
					Furniture	...	200	0	0
					Teacher	...	200	0	0
							900	0	0
					Rural Centre School	...	340	0	0
					Sundry Expenses	...	40	0	0
		</							

HAND-POUNDED RICE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE					INCOME				
		Rs	A	P			Rs	A	P
To Opening Stock	...	...	705	0 0	By Last year's balance	...	...	102	3 1
„ Purchase of paddy	...	...	2,283	14 0	„ Sales of rice	...	...	2,294	0 0
„ Wages for pounding	...	...	251	3 0	„ Closing Stock of paddy	...	...	694	14 0
					„ Balance carried over to next year's account	...	...	148	15 11

GENERAL ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE			INCOME		
	Rs	A P		Rs	A P
To Miscellaneous expenses : Oil, Summer school, postage, etc....	541	14 7	By Subscription :		
„ Paper-making wages ...	514	0 0	Heber Hall ...	482	8 0
„ Gardening wages ...	261	1 6	St. Thomas' Hall ...	90	14 0
„ Gardening materials... ..	313	4 0	Selaiyur Hall ...	74	0 0
„ Secretary's Pay ...	325	0 0	Other Subs. ...	52	0 0
„ Food for boys ...	337	13 0	Paper-making Dept. ...	145	2 6
„ Village work ...	41	13 6	By Grant from Govt. ...	600	0 0
„ Poultry account ...	14	1 6	„ Deficit met from Entertainment		
„ Medical account ...	9	1 6	a/c ...	1,131	1 1
„ Clerical allowance ...	55	0 0			
„ Rural Development Dept. (Secretary's allowance) ...	161	8 0			
Total ...	2,575	9 7	Total ...	2,575	9 7

ENTERTAINMENT ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE			INCOME		
	Rs	A P		Rs	A P
To Expenses of Entertainment (1944)...	219	6 0	By Last year's balance ...	112	15 3
„ Deficit in General account ...	1,131	1 1	„ Sale of tickets (Entertainment		
„ Balance carried over to next year's account ...	676	10 2	1945) ...	1,914	2 0
Total ...	2,027	1 3	Total ...	2,027	1 3

BALANCE SHEET (1944-45)

LIABILITIES			ASSETS		
	Rs	A P		Rs	A P
Due to College ...	1,143	8 5	Cash in hand ...	58	2 5
Entertainment a/c ...	676	10 2	Cash at Bank (P. F.) ...	22	0 0
Provident Fund a/c ...	28	11 0	Cash with Entertainment a/c ...	443	10 0
Relief Fund a/c ...	163	7 5	Due from College (Estate) a/c ...	32	4 6
Due to Ponnai ...	20	0 0	Loan to:—		
			Raman ...	20	0 0
			Manickam ...	2	0 0
			Palayan ...	7	0 0
			Gnanam ...	100	0 0
				139	0 0
			St. Thomas' Hall		
			Poultry ...	10	0 0
				149	0 0
			Stock of Paddy ...	694	14 0
			Hand Pound Rice a/c ...	148	15 11
				Rs	A P
			Due from Abraham ...	15	0 0
			Due from Seshiyer ...	94	0 0
				109	0 0
			Loom a/c (Investment) ...	303	15 2
			Chukki and Gunny bags ...	70	7 0
Total ...	2,032	5 0	Total ...	2032	5 0

ATHLETICS

The Christian Union

The inaugural meeting of the Union was held on the 8th of July, when the Rev. Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah delivered an address on 'The S. C. M. and how it helps students to face the dangers in their daily life.'

During the month of August, Mr. F. P. D. Penning, the Assistant Secretary of the C.L.S., gave an interesting talk on 'Some useful books.' In another meeting, Mr. Chandran Devanesan, the Secretary of the National Christian Youth Council, explained to us what the N.C.Y.C. stands for, and their idea to organize a Tamil Nad Christian Youth Council.

The Prayer groups, the Study groups and the Social Service League have been quite active right from the beginning. Special mention should be made of the Social Service League which runs five Sunday schools in Tambaram, Vandalur and Pallavaram. We are glad to record that about 250 children attend these schools.

New additions to the Union's library are, *The plain man looks at the Cross and Eastern Pilgrimage.*

The work of the Student Missionary Union.

the members of which have dedicated themselves to work in and through the Church even after their studies, has been in full swing from the beginning of the year.

The combined staff and students' retreat, led by the Rt. Rev. John Mar Timotheus, B.A., B.D., S.T.M., the Bishop of the Mar Thoma Syrian Church, was conducted at the Theological School, Guindy. The retreat was very inspiring and highly beneficial. The subject of the retreat was, 'He is able' and I am glad to say that many of us returned with a firm conviction that 'He is able'.

The Prayer Conference arranged by the Provincial S.C.M. was also held at Guindy. Our Union delegates to the Conference returned with strengthened spiritual experience.

We are thankful to our Heavenly Father for all that He has done for us and we offer our earnest prayers for His presence amongst us to guard us and guide us for the rest of the year.

M. D. S. CHINNADORAI,
General Secretary.

ATHLETICS

Cricket

We started the season with high hopes of securing the Inter-Collegiate Championship with the advent of several new stalwarts. The first names that come to one's mind are R. Perumal, the University all-rounder, Bywater, a useful bat from Loyola, M. Kagwa the East African fast bowler, the Constantine of our College, and U. Hulugalle from Trinity College, Ceylon. And, of course, there are our old veterans who all have improved their game beyond the expectations of the greatest optimists. Outstanding among the performances so far have been those of B. Alagannan, G. Zachariah and N. Kannayiram. Alagannan with his quick foot-work and commendable judgment is a promising all-rounder of the provincial class. Zachariah using the long

handle delightfully and hitting the ball all round the wicket with the greatest ease has become another Jessop to the spectators. And Kannayiram with his powerful, wristy strokes is a stolid and reliable opening batsman. In short, our team is one of the most formidable batting sides we have had in recent years.

But it must not be imagined that our bowlers are not doing equally well. Kagwa and Kannayiram with their fast pace, Alagannan and Perumal with their spins, and Keir to keep up the pace at one end have always been thorns in the flesh to our opponents. A truly well-balanced side, one dare say!

We have played five matches so far and have won two and drawn three and at present are a close second to the Engineers

in the run for the Inter-Collegiate Championship. Cricket is a game of uncertainty and it is partly the coin that decides the result. On three occasions the coin failed to favour us, and owing to paucity of time, what looked like certain victories ended as unfortunate draws.

In our practice matches we fared much better. Mr. V. Pattabhiraman, an old student of our College, I am sure will never forget the trouncing we gave his team, the 'Varsity Occasionals, which included many University players, in a one-day match. Our next match, with Mr. Dixon's XI which included such seasoned players as C. R. Rangachari, the All-India fast blower, and Major Cohen who kept wicket for The Rest in the Pentangular, was celebrated as a festival match. Despite such opposition our lads played the game with determination and courage and forced the issue in our favour. Mr. Dixon, before he went away, paid a great tribute to the excellent condition of our pitch and the splendid performance of our boys.

I will be failing in my duty if I do not on behalf of the team, express my thanks and gratitude to the President, Mr. Veda-siromoni, and the Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham, who have always been a great help and inspiration to us.

THE SCORE BOARD IN OUR INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE MATCHES

1. *Vs Madras Medical College*—Draw.
Christian—214 for 6 declared. R. Perumal 81; J. Sydney 55; Kannayiram 22; G. Zachariah 21 not out.
Medicals—76 for 6 wickets. M. Kagwa 2 for 38.
2. *Vs The Mohammedan College*—Won.
Christian—93 for 4 wickets and declared. G. Zachariah 31 not out; Bywater 29 not out.
Mohammedans—83 all out, J. Sydney 8 for 11 runs.
3. *Vs The Presidency College*—Draw.
Christian—170 for 9 wickets and declared. B. Alagannan 28; J. Sydney 53; G. Zachariah 27.

Presidency—143 for 4 wickets. T. Vasudevan 70 not out.

4. *Vs Stanley Medical College*—Won.
Christian—81 for 5 wickets and declared. G. Zachariah 35 (including 2 sixes and 2 fours in one over). J. Sydney 19 not out.
Stanley Medical College—72 all out. R. Perumal 4 for 40; G. Keir 3 for 13; B. Alagannan 2 for 13.
5. *Vs The Engineering College*—Draw.
Christian—218 for 6 wickets and declared. N. Kannayiram 49; R. Perumal 31; B. Alagannan 43; W. Bywater 45 not out.
Engineers—147 for 8 wickets. V. Aruldass 31; B. C. Alwa 43; R. Perumal 6 for 36.
6. *Vs Pachaiyappa's College*—Won.
Christian—107; Perumal 32; Sydney 24.
Pachaiyappa's—104; Keir 4 for 20; Perumal, 4 for 23.

PRACTICE MATCHES

- (1) *The Varsity Occasionals*—96
B. K. Mardi 32; R. Perumal 3 for 19.
Christian—102 for 5 wickets; N. Kannayiram 32 retired; B. Alagannan 20; George Zachariah 18 not out.
- (2) *Mr. Dixon's XI*—103.
Major Cohen 28; K. S. Kannan 38 not out. B. Alagannan 6 for 34.
Christian—104 for 4 wickets. G. Keir, 30 not out; R. Perumal 29.

J. SYDNEY,
Captain.

Hockey

The hockey season for the College team opened with the usual practice match against 'Chromeco' Sports Club. The Inter-Collegiate League match followed immediately after, giving the players no chance of having practice as a team. Fortunately, our first match was against a weak team. The results of the League matches are as follows:—

Beat School of Technology.	12—0
Beat Stanley Medical College.	2—1
Drew with Veterinary College.	3—3

Lost to Engineering College.	1—2
'Walk over' Law College.	
Drew with Presidency College.	0—0
Drew with Pachaiyappa's College.	1—1
Beat Government Mohammedan College.	3—0

We have yet to meet Loyola College and perhaps Madras Medical College. Besides the League matches we had some practice matches. The Stokes Shield Tournament is ahead of us, and we hope to do better in that.

The team is good on paper, but unfortunately has rarely risen up to the occasion. The grounds for the most part have been disappointing and slow—a fast gravel field, or a well-trimmed turf field would be much more pleasing and enjoyable for a fast game. We have had the bad luck of having had to do without three 'veterans', N. D'Sena, E. L. Philip and B. K. Muthanna.

The Second XI has played a few matches and won all. It is a pity that this team could not be entered for the Stokes Shield Tournament; but we hope that from next year this team also will be able to compete in the tournament. The promising younger players will then take more interest in and be more enthusiastic about hockey.

V. HENSMAN,
Captain.

Foot-ball

We had only four of our last year's team players staying over this year, and so there was the necessity of forming and training practically a new team. Before this could be done, Inter-Collegiate league fixtures were held and we were unlucky to lose the first two matches against Stanley Medical and the School of Technology.

But after this, our team shaped well and we have been consistently winning all our matches last term.

Vs. Meston College	won 7—0
Vs. Veterinary	won 6—2
Vs. Presidency	won 2—0
Vs. Engineers	won 2—1
Vs. Law	won

These results are quite encouraging and we hope to put up a tough fight for the Cham-

pionship. But I am sorry we lose the services of two of our 'stars', Palanivelu and Madhavan, who are leaving College now.

I am glad to report that four of our players have been selected for the University team—C. S. Balakrishnan, C. T. Benjamin, E. Canagalingam and E. J. John.

I have to thank our President, Mr. Macphail, and the Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham, for all the interest they have taken in us.

E. J. JOHN,
Captain.

Volley-ball

The present volley-ball team is a decidedly good one, and the keen interest of the players in the game is really heartening. Among last year's players we miss especially J. S. Alexander who was disabled from playing for the College, but we have found an able substitute in P. Martin, the Vellore veteran. J. Pothan continues to be in the team, and his playing on the offensive is worth seeing. There is thorough understanding among the players, and the interest which our President, Mr. Bennett Albert, takes in us is a source of great encouragement.

Quite unexpectedly, we had a rather bad start in the Inter-Collegiate League matches as we were called upon to play when we were not quite prepared. But we have perfect confidence in our team and we look forward with confidence to the future.

As we consider it useful to have a 'B team' handy, I take this opportunity to appeal to all who can play volley-ball to turn up for practice regularly and punctually to enable us to select the team in time.

A. J. FRANKLIN,
Captain.

Tennis

Tennis is getting more life with conditions getting better, and this year there are more courts for the students and one for the members of the staff. Efforts to open another court early this term were defeated by insufficiency of applicants. With regard to the Inter-Collegiate Tournaments which begin in November I am sure we can expect a

good measure of success both in singles and doubles. Every effort is being made to conduct a College Tennis Tournament this year and I am sure members of the Club will co-operate and make it a success.

P. S. RAJAN,
Secretary.

Basket-ball

The first term was a very successful one for the Basket-ball team. We played only three matches and won all. Our first match was against the Presidency College and we beat them easily, just managing to score a century before the final whistle. We also won the other two matches—against Stanley Medical and Pachaiyappa's, the scores being 54—15 and 75—14 respectively. Early in the second term we played against Y.M.C.A. and defeated them by 39—14. The same week we played against Loyola and won by 47—20. Then came our first away match which was against the Madras Medicals.

At half-time the score was 10—8 and everybody thought that the final score also would be close. But after half-time, our forwards picked up combination and defeated them easily by a comfortable margin of 36—12. Unfortunately just the reverse happened when we played against the Engineers. We were leading by 10 points till five minutes before the close and then, all of a sudden, the tide changed and they scored 11 points successively getting the winning basket just before the final whistle. Thus this year also, we have come out as the runners-up in the League tournament, as we invariably have been ever since the League started.

Our success has been entirely due to close co-operation and fine team work among the members of the team and I take this opportunity to thank them all for the good work they have done.

V. M. MATHEW,
Captain.



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