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The Presidential

1947 February

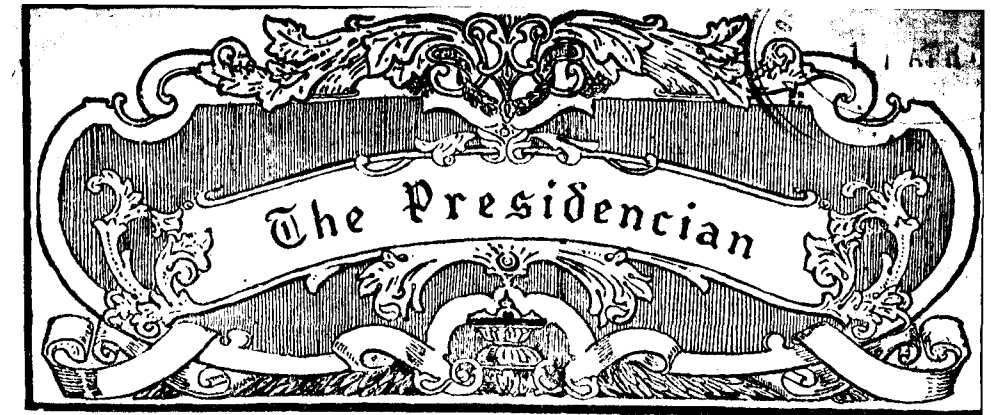
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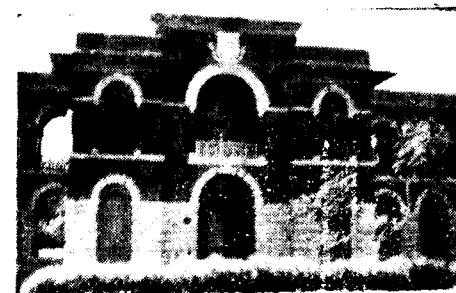
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PLATE 1

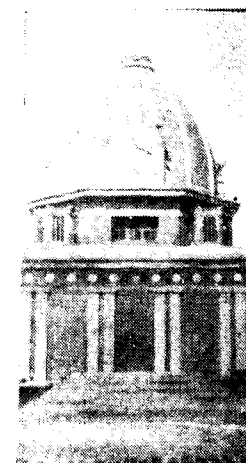
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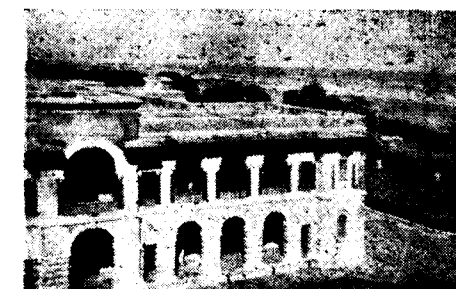
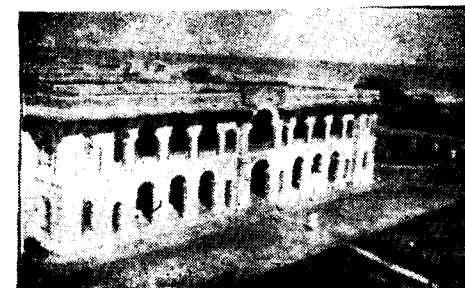
Fyson Park



The College Dome



Dr. Manavala Ramenujer,
Acting Principal, Nov. & Dec. 1946.



Natural Science Views

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The Late Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer

Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar

Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, the great statesman, patriot, jurist and scholar, who passed away on the 12th November 1946, was one of the most distinguished of our old students. His academic record at Presidency College, where he took the B.A. Course in Logic and Ethics in 1880-82, was one of exceptional brilliance. He secured a First Class and won most of the prizes open to him at the College and the University. He took the B.L. Degree, again with distinction, and joined the bar. Sir Sivaswami rose rapidly to eminence and finally to acknowledged leadership of the profession as Advocate-General. Of his learning in the law, of his skill in advocacy and of his conscientious correctitude, ample evidence is borne not only by his own lectures on professional conduct but by their profound influence on his disciples, Sri T. R. Venkatarama Sastri and Sir S. Varadachariar.

Sir Sivaswami Aiyar's work as a member of the Executive Council of the Government of Madras was characterized by vision as well as a high sense of public duty and by unremitting industry and thoroughness. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, who held the same office some time later, has testified that Sir Sivaswami's cabinet minutes and statements of policy are marked by a masterly grasp of principle and a resolute practical sense. In one sphere in particular, that of local self-government, Sir Sivaswami ensured, albeit unknown to the public, that the representatives of the people were given a real opportunity of handling the problems of civic welfare.

As Vice-Chancellor of the University of Madras, he initiated and carried through to fruition a comprehensive re-organisation of the higher courses of study both in Arts and Science. The Honours courses, our modern courses in Sanskrit and other oriental languages, and the development of the University Training Corps are among the results of his far-sighted initiative. From Madras he went to Benares as the Vice-Chancellor of the Hindu University and filled that office with equal distinction. In both these

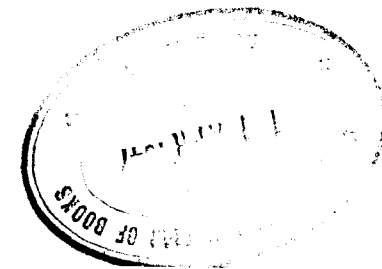
universities, he resolutely maintained the very highest standards in administration, advancement of knowledge and assessment of academic attainment.

In politics, Sir Sivaswami was a member of the Liberal or Moderate school of thought which believed in the inevitability of gradualness in constitutional progress in a country beset, as India to-day is, by a bewildering multitude of complex problems. Like other liberals of our time, he made a profound study of the problems of politics and maintained throughout the highest standards of personal and political integrity in public life. He was here, as elsewhere, a student, deliberate, balanced and scholarly in his approach and resolved to stick to the simple truth amid all the bustle and distractions of direct-action politics. On the first appearance of Gandhiji on the political scene, Sir Sivaswami was quite sceptical of the merits of his technique and philosophy. He believed that Gandhian economics, attractive as in many respects it seemed, was essentially reactionary and likely to keep India economically stagnant and politically weak. But those who had occasion to discuss these matters more recently with him felt that he was coming to look upon Gandhiji aright as one of the great prophets of all time. Speaking once of Gandhiji's style, he said that it recalled nothing so much as the style of the Old Testament seers, and on another occasion—he had now become more attracted to the Ahimsa standpoint—he compared him to the Buddha. It is not suggested that admiration of Mahatma Gandhi is the test of a man's greatness. On the contrary, that one of Sivaswami Aiyar's deep learning and sound judgment and intellectual integrity came to hold the same attitude to this unique figure of our times that many younger admirers held is a source of reassurance. Incidentally, it helps to show that along with an unwavering stability of intellectual outlook, informed and sustained by the most varied, the most profound study and thought, there was in Sir Sivaswami a rare receptiveness to new ideas. He was an orthodox Hindu—orthodox in the best sense of the term—but his lectures on Hindu moral ideals and his pronouncements on questions like early marriage, universal temple-entry, untouchability, caste, etc., showed his earnest desire that Hindu society should adapt its institutions to meet the needs of changing times. Born to affluence, he was yet a keen student and discerning advocate of

economic change in the Socialist direction. He once expressed eager admiration for that masterly portrait of a new civilization, "Soviet Communism" by the Webbs. He looked upon his own ample fortune as a trust, and very quietly and unobtrusively he handed over all of it to education and health, the causes he held dear.

To deep respect, based on a close and reverent study of Indian literature and philosophy, he united an ever-awake and eager curiosity about the cultural achievement and practical ordering of affairs of the West. In himself, he seemed to be a visible embodiment of the deep meditateness of the East. But alongside of this was an incisive realism, almost Western, in the handling of administrative questions, whether military or academic. We of Presidency College have special reason to cherish his memory with affection and reverence and to look for guidance and inspiration to his great example.

S. R.



Unbiased History *

History is an enquiry into man's past, a consideration of his deeds and the possible thoughts underlying his deeds. But what man did in the past or how he thought can be ascertained only partially, for the story of his existence cannot be observed directly. The historian at best tries to picture this past by means of all the available evidence—relics, documents and memories. His facts, however, being inadequate, the historian has to use a great deal of inference and conjecture.

History again is not a mere collection of facts relating to man's past. It involves a judgment, an interpretation, an attempt to guess as well as possible and to arrive at a probable teleological connection between facts. That means history cannot be free from bias. The historian's approach to any set of facts must necessarily be coloured by his prepossessions, though his desire is to ascertain the truth. Where data are complete, inference can be free from bias. But in history which deals with individual reactions to individual situations in life and where evidence is always incomplete, freedom from bias, a one-sided inclination of the mind, is impossible. Bias can be avoided, if perfect truth can be reached or if no judgment is called for. But perfect truth is unattainable because of the incomplete character of historical evidence; and without judgment history ceases to be history and becomes mere antiquarianism. Some degree of bias is inevitable, nay, even healthy. Polybius among historians was a model of judicial impartiality. Livy was the opposite of Polybius, for he tried to settle questions of truth by means of his own predilections. Voltaire and Gibbon are examples of historians whose work was perverted by prejudice. No historian approaches Ranke in impartiality and impersonality of judgment. He endeavoured to ascertain what precisely had happened and how it happened. He spoke of wishing "to extinguish his self" so that things might be shown in their naked reality. But little did he realise that by seeking to do so he was depriving himself of the success that would otherwise have attended his efforts. He would not judge; he would not reveal to us his private convictions. But as a historian

he would undoubtedly have been greater, if, instead of stating that much could be said on both sides occasionally, he had also pronounced his verdict. It has been truly said that with self effaced there will be nothing left to observe the not-self; the historian then can have no feeling of sympathy for human beings and their deeds, which is the necessary impulse to any historical description.

The historian, it is true, must be moved by a dispassionate love of truth, and Professor Bury, than whom there has not been any historian with a greater regard for truth, believed that freedom from bias was not possible and that it was also not desirable. The historian can be scrupulously true to facts and yet keep his prejudices. As individuals historians also have their prejudices, the prejudice of the class, religion or political party to which they belong. To divest ourselves of the various attitudes which we have formed in respect of various aspects of social life and adopt a strictly neutral point of view is to render ourselves just not human. What the historian has to remember is that while he can have his bias, his prejudice, his opinion regarding the political, religious and economic past about which he is writing, he should not blur the truth, the relentless pursuit of which is his chief function.

Acton attempted consciously to be free from bias in all that he wrote. His ideal was to judge men, events and ideas from a detached, impersonal point of view, utterly uninfluenced by his natural prepossessions. He wanted historical studies to be all but purposeless and to be pursued with chastity like mathematics. But even Acton could not attain this ideal that he had set before himself. He could not entirely get over his religious bias.

In Thirlwall we have the example of a historian who tried to be absolutely impartial. He is correct and calm, neither cold nor hot, and presents all sides to a case. But what is the effect? His history is a colourless production and his readers are at a loss to know which side is right.

Bishop Stubbs' standard in the matter of writing history was not different from that of Acton and Thirlwall. He believed that the historian should discipline his natural affections. But he admitted that the histories of Tacitus, Macaulay and Mommsen, avowedly partial in their outlook, have

* Talk broadcast from All India Radio, Madras on the 1st August 1946.

been the most effective, and like Bury he saw how it was impossible for any historian to be free from any definite bias, if the subject on which he was writing really engaged his interest. He thought that suppression of his personality must result in the work of the historian becoming dull and uninteresting. Partisanship is not a crime in the historian, provided it is loudly proclaimed and does not induce in him a desire to distort truth. A little prejudice adds an agreeable spice to history.

History is a science, if by science we mean an endeavour to ascertain facts and their inter-relations. But the historian, who devotes himself to reconstructing the past of the human race and seeks to organize his facts according to the principle of causality, cannot efface himself, as for example a physicist can, when applying himself to his subject. A historian's approach to any problem will be conditioned by his prepossessions. No single event will be treated alike by any two historians. Each will look at it from the point of view of the experience of his personality. The same set of facts in the hands of different historians will tend to give different explanations. Each historian measures the historical material he handles against the meaning of his own life. Even an Acton looking at the story of mankind as an Olympian spectator cannot help doing it. In the case of the facts of the physical sciences, the scientist has necessarily to look at them from without. But the quality of human facts is such that the historian can not only look at them from without but also from within. He is in a position to bring into his service a comparison between his own personal experience and the experience of those responsible for the facts he is investigating. In doing so he is led unconsciously as it were to declare his bias, his opinion, his attitude. In understanding any historical work, what we have to see is not whether the historian's judgment is correct, but whether his statements are true.

Historians there are who do not want to be accused of being biased. Some conceal their opinions, as though they are in the nature of some unmentionable disease. All that they do is to pile up facts without determining the connection between them as of cause and effect. They simply refuse to bring to bear upon them their reason, with the result that they produce dull and colourless chronicles. Others state the opposite sides to a case with absolute fairness and leave the reader to give the verdict. But the reader

stands bewildered, because he finds the two sides presented by the same man with an equal degree of conviction. The reader wants a verdict of some sort, either 'guilty' or 'not guilty'. He does not mind an occasional 'not proven'. But a historian who is always sitting on the fence, would neither jump to one side or to the other, is a historian who will have no reading public. As historians we should not be ashamed to proclaim that we possess minds which are a mosaic of biases, political, economic, religious, social or national, for biases are not inimical to scientific research.

The fact that there cannot be any history without some bias does not nullify the claims of history to be considered a science. The scientist, like the historian, starts with a hypothesis. He finds it useful for finding facts and explaining their correlations. Sometimes his hypotheses have no rational basis, but are erected on the slender foundations of his bias. Many of the greatest discoveries in science can be traced to wrong assumptions. Often the historian also has recourse to hypothesis. He groups his facts which appear in the first instance to be unmanageable, according to some hypothetical basis suggested by his bias. The bias merely serves the purpose of a convenient framework for the facts to be arranged. As new facts are discerned they take their place on either side of the bias and it might happen that in the face of the overwhelming cumulative force of facts he has to abandon his earlier and adopt a fresh bias that would better fit the facts. Though it may turn out in the end to be erroneous, facts that are not harnessed to some initial assumption can have no meaning. In history, as in any science, dispassionate hypotheses as well as preconceived ideas serve a useful purpose. The study of the origins of Christianity would not have been quickened but for the biased controversies between the Catholics and Protestants which began in the fifteenth century. Prejudice for or against the value of the Bible as a historical source was the cause of many archaeological inquiries in the Near East and much research in Semitic languages. Marx's theory that changes in the technique of production are followed by changes in the social, economic, political, legal, intellectual, moral and religious spheres was the outcome of the social biases with which he studied the economic history of England during the period of the Industrial Revolution. But the formulation of that theory led to a spate of research in the field of economic history, which in its turn led to the discovery of a true law that

all activities, economic, political, social and intellectual are interdependent and that the shape of the social structure does not alter in any of its parts without correlative modifications in its other parts.

Thus bias has been the source of many a remarkable discovery in the field of history. But bias becomes dangerous when it is buttressed by a wilful distortion of truth or deliberate suppression of facts. The search for truth for truth's sake being the true function of the historian, he must be prepared to give up his bias the moment his facts fail to support the edifice built upon it; he must take his readers into his confidence by letting them know all the facts, not merely those that support his pet preconception. If he does not do so, he ceases to be a historian and becomes part of the despicable crowd of propagandists. It is the stock-in-trade of the latter to keep back such facts as militate against their thesis. While both are biassed, the historian remains honest, because though he inclines to one side, he does not fail to state the other side; the propagandist, however, when he is proclaiming at the top of his voice that he is telling the whole truth, conceals it except in so far as it suits his purpose which is that of deceiving his public.

To be free from bias is not a virtue and the few historians who have attempted to be that have not had a wide, eager or admiring reading public. It is just human to have some bias. Just like every other individual, the historian also is not a passionless creature and to a certain extent his work must remain subjective.

T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A. (London)

OUR HOCKEY TEAM

(Runners-up in the Stokes Shield)



Sitting :—R. Dayakissen (Secretary); R. M. Hussain (Capt.); Principal; Physical Director; D. Pasupathy.
 Standing—first row :—M. V. Padmanabhan; K. S. Ramachandran; C. Madanagopal;
 P. R. Viswanathan; P. Subramaniam; S. P. Ambrose; M. D. S. Morthy; T. Kanakaraj.
 Standing—second row :—Annamalai (Marker); Moosa Sait; Md. Essa; P. Lakshmiopathy;
 V. Duraiswamy.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

(Winners of the Wilson Cup)



Sitting—S. Palanivelu; Theodore Samuel (Capt.); Principal; Physical Director;
T. A. Chandran.
Standing—first row—S. Kadirvelu; C. Balakrishnan; N. Sudhanandan; T. G. Venkatarathin;
Vijayaraghavan; C. Ramachandran.
Standing—second row—M. V. Padmanabhan; P. R. Viswanathan; R. M. Hussain;
Gopalakrishnan.

P. G. Wodehouse

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has been extremely fortunate in his critics, they having, for the most part, left him alone. Those few who have ventured to say anything have been content with a few resounding superlatives, or what is equally futile, with confessions that Mr. Wodehouse, dash him, has exhausted their stock of superlatives.

This phenomenal silence in the land of his birth is hardly more surprising than the absence of critical appreciation abroad, for Mr. Wodehouse's public is not confined to the land of his birth, or even to the English-speaking countries. Some of his more famous works have been translated, how I am sure I don't know, into almost every European language. In India, everyone with any pretensions to Indo-Anglian culture has read him, with rather unfortunate results. His being awarded an **honorary** doctorate by the University of Oxford for his lifetime's research into the habit of young men in spats, terrible aunts, and gentlemen's personal gentlemen, should have inspired at least one doctoral thesis—say, on "Feminism in P. G. Wodehouse's Middle Period". There has not even been a budding democrat to deplore "The Aristocratic Tradition in P. G. Wodehouse" and to trace it to the fact of his descent from the sister of Anne Boleyn.

And no wonder. For Mr. Wodehouse is so absolutely unique that no one who attempts a serious study of his works can help feeling that in the case of the creator of the inimitable Jeeves, ordinary critical methods (whatever that means!) would fail. It is true to an alarming extent that "one cannot criticize Mr. Wodehouse, one can only laugh".

Mr. Wodehouse began life as a clerk in a City Bank in 1901, and took to writing in his spare time for a boys' monthly called "The Captain". "It was," Frank Swinnerton tells us, "a good magazine with nothing pious in it about prayers and such disagreeables, but stories and articles fit to be read by the self-respecting of tender years". The youthful Pelham

Grenville wrote in this delectable rag, much as one would expect the youthful Pelham Grenville to write, about the boys who were later to blossom into the members of the Drones Club, the frisky clergymen and the impecunious boulevardiers of his later novels.

The following year, the year his first novel (of Public School life) called "The Pothunters", was published, he landed a job on the staff of the old "Globe" as the editor of the daily feature column, to which he was also to be the chief contributor. In this latter capacity he turned out a column a day of versified fun on any subject under the sun that admitted of ludicrous presentation. How he managed, in spite of this, to write the five excellent school novels besides an early version of "Love among the Chickens", which comprise the work of what may be called the "Early Period", is a mystery. The discipline of this gruelling experience was, however, a formative influence of considerable importance, and provides a clue to the most characteristic feature of his works of the post-school-yarn days*. It explains why his style and method seem so fully matured in the very first of his non-school novels, "Psmith in the City" and "A Gentleman of Leisure", written in 1910, the year after his last and best public school novel, "Mike". There is nothing in them that smacks of an "Early Manner". In fact there is little evidence in his works of the progressive development that is implied in the comments with which the reviewers have more than once pushed this author's books on the public—that Mr. Wodehouse "grows from strength to strength" or that he gets "better and better"—as if that were possible!

As for characterization, Mr. Wodehouse works almost invariably to a fixed formula. The best of his characters—with the exception of Jeeves—are recognisable standard types. That is to say, for a given Wodehousian character,—a boulevardier, a "Drone" or a terrible aunt—the emotional and intellectual reactions are fixed. The best confirmation of this is to be found in the novels which have the familiar country-house party setting,

* Examples of the authentic Wodehouse manner can be found in the very earliest of his books. This is an extract from a story in "Tales of St. Austins", his third book ".....The qualities which in later years rendered Frederick Wackerbath Bradshaw so conspicuous a figure in connection with the now celebrated affair of the European, African, and Asiatic Pork Pie and Ham Sandwich Company frauds, were sufficiently in evidence during his school career to make his masters prophesy gloomily concerning his future....."

beginning with "A Gentleman of Leisure" and including the later ones of the Blandings Saga, and his first book after his repatriation from France—"Money in the Bank". In the first of these we find an almost complete set of prototypes for the familiar house-party characters. In it we meet, Hildebrande Spencer Poynes de Burgh John Hanneyside Coombe-Crombie, 12th Earl of Dreever, the first of a long line of "Drones". We are introduced to Sir Thomas Blunt, the spiritual father of all self-made millionaires who ever cadged a title in Wodehouse, a terrible aunt—the first of a formidable breed—and even a full-blown Wodehousian butler.

This limiting of the range of perceptions and reactions of his characters is as essential to his unique style as his vocabulary. I think the reasons for the failure of "Money in the Bank" lies in this, that his characters felt and expressed emotions that were a shade too complex, a shade too poignant to be truly Wodehousian.

The characteristics of his style deserve a whole article to themselves, but I confess myself incapable of doing anything more than merely state them. They are, most noticeably:—(1) Broad generalisations followed by the absurd exceptions, (2) Deliberate under-statements and ludicrous hyperboles, (3) Ingenious malapropisms, (4) The clever use of slang in the most unexpected places (of which the dedication of "The Clicking of Cuthbert" is a supreme example), (5) Subtle quotations from the English classics, especially from Shakespeare, which is a most characteristic device of his, used in his very first book, "The Pothunters". (1902).

All that need be said about his vocabulary is that, unnatural as it is, it is the only language Bertie Wooster or Psmith or Ukridge or any of the merry gang that peoples Mr. Wodehouse's fantastic but drunkenly consistent and grave world could express themselves in, and is as essential for Mr. Wodehouse's effects as blank verse is for Shakespeare's effects. Frank Swinnerton has put it better than I can hope to, in his all-too-short article on P. G. Wodehouse in "The Georgian Literary Scene." I must go on to Jeeves.

Jeeves! Who, asks the familiar notice, has not heard of him? But few remember his first appearance in public. It was way back in 1917 in a story called "Extricating Young ", when he made a characteristically

unobtrusive entrance, to give his young master a nasty jolt by announcing his terrible Aunt Agatha. All he said on this historic occasion, before disappearing for another two years, was, "Mrs. Gregson to see you, Sir". In his Introduction to the "Jeeves Omnibus" Mr. Wodehouse tells us: "It was only some time later when I was going to the strange affair which is related under the title of "The Artistic Career of Young Corky" that the man's qualities dawned on me." "I still blush," Mr. Wodehouse adds, "to think of the off-hand way I treated him at our first encounter."

Mr. Wodehouse tells us elsewhere (in a forgotten little symposium edited by H. Greenhough Smith, the late editor of "Strand") that he was in the middle of the story when "it suddenly struck him that a young man of my hero's mental calibre could not possibly have thought out the solution of the problem—it seemed to me that a super-intelligent valet would just meet the case". And hence Jeeves. Jeeves and Bertie between them have provided Mr. Wodehouse with a formula as successful as the Blandings Castle one, for a second great continuing series of short stories and novels. Jeeves, Mr. Wodehouse tells us in the same little book, was an invention of his own, while many of his other characters were caricatures—or rather, impressionistic presentations of persons he has either met or heard about in his long and eventful life.* There is no trace anywhere in his works of a possible prototype. There is however a play he wrote in collaboration with a colleague on the "Globe", called "After the Show", in which there appears one Barlow, valet to the Hon. Aubrey Forde-Rasche, who bears a slight but unmistakable resemblance to Jeeves, especially in a scene he has with his master over "Our Cravats."

It breaks my heart to have to say so little about Jeeves who deserves a book to himself. His marked intelligence, his æsthetic sensibility (the cause of innumerable tiffs with Bertie on matters sartorial) and his rather pedantic nature—all go to make him a more complex character than any other Mr. Wodehouse has attempted.

* Psmith's original was a—"long, thin, solemn, immaculately dressed boy who used to wear an eye glass and talk kindly but not patronisingly to the head master", a person he had heard about from a cousin but never met. And the original of Stanley Featherstonhaugh Ukridge was a person Mr. Wodehouse had heard about from W. Townsend, the famous sea-story writer.

No survey of Mr. Wodehouse's work would be complete without a mention of his short stories. "When I want to write a short story", says Mr. Wodehouse, "I sit down on one chair, place my feet comfortably on another, put note books, pencil, matches, pipe and tobacco handily on my lap, select a character, and then keep on sitting till I have discovered what happened to him the time he forgot his wife's birthday or on the afternoon he went to Wembley." A most successful method it has proved, for he has in this manner produced from the time he was a regular contributor to "Strand" an enormous number of short stories which are preferred by many discerning readers to his novels.

The most famous of these short stories are those belonging to two series as famous as the Blandings and Jeeves-Bertie-Wooster sagas, all of them superb examples of Mr. Wodehouse's gift for telling stories in the first person. The first of these, the Mulliner series, made its appearance in 1927 in "Meet Mr. Mulliner", followed by two more instalments. Mr. Mulliner, as his American fans have exclaimed, is great, and that about expresses the feelings of everyone else. Mr. Mulliner had relations for every occasion, and a few more, and insisted gently but firmly on telling the members of club about them whenever he got a chance.

Of Mr. Mulliner himself, we know nothing more than this—that he was the prototype of all the story-tellers who reminiscenced in the parlours or the greens of Mr. Wodehouse's clubs.

The second series, viz., the golf stories are, of course, about the loves, friendships and rivalries of the devotees of that strange and powerful god, Golf, and are told, almost all of them by the Oldest Member, who had, like Mr. Mulliner and the Ancient Mariner, the enviable gift of making people listen when he wanted to talk and wait till he finished. I wish I could, like them, fix the Editorial Committee of *The Presidencian* with a glittering eye, and insist, gently but firmly, on a few more pages for those great British institutions, Mr. Mulliner and the Oldest Member

Here I am at the end of my article and I have made hardly any mention of Mr. Wodehouse's women. As with Shakespearian comedy, "of all the angles of approach, the master angle is and must be the angle of

Feminity". Aspiring D. Litt's, to whose tender mercies I now commit Mr. Wodehouse and his works, will find it extremely profitable to attempt to answer why Mr. Wodehouse's female characters are such strong-minded persons as Lady Constance Keeble, or that impossible person Roberta (Bobby) Wickham, or Bertie's Aunt Agatha or even his Aunt Dahlia, (who as aunts go was not a bad 'un'). Could we infer, as Prof. Gordon does in the case of Shakespeare, that Mr. Wodehouse believes that to succeed in life and in love in the world, a woman must have wits and brain and spirit, as well as heart? Or is it just Mr. Wodehouse's use of the stock joke under cover of which the male animal of this century accepts the fact of the increasing dominance of his sisters?

There are two more aspects which should have received more attention, two formative influences which are most important and cannot be ignored by the would-be Doctors of Letters. The first is the influence of his early journalistic career as revealed by his depiction of characters like Lord Tilbury, the magazine magnate and organisations like his Mammoth Publishing Co., or Psmith's "Cosy Moments" (in "Psmith Journalist" in 1915). The second is the influence of his American contacts, especially on his dialogue. It may be mentioned in this connection that Mr. Wodehouse spent most of his time outside England either in America or summer resorts in France, especially during the two Great Wars.

His chances of immortality? I dare not prophesy one way or other. But an author who depends so much on what amounts to a parody of the manner of speech of a certain class of his contemporaries for his best effects runs the risk of seeming affected and highly manneristic to readers of another century. And in a world fast losing its sense of humour, can the works of any one who has spent his life amusing, and not instructing, survive? Or perhaps it doesn't matter so much. He has seen us through the most critical times in history, and we are grateful—grateful for Jeeves, for Bertie Wooster and all the rest of the merry gang, and historians of the 30th century will record that among the major pleasures in the lives of the savages of the 20th century was accounted the reading of the books of a certain Pelham Grenville Wodehouse.

P. G. Anantakrishnan, III Hons. (English).

Madras and the Monster

(In Affectionate Remembrance of the Great Shark Score)

Oh, what shall I sing of the men of Madras?
'Tis as fine a city as ever there was;
Its women are gay, and its men are bold,
And the tale of their deeds can never be told;
Brave as the lion and blithe as the lark,
They face every danger—excepting the Shark.

Listen again—one lamentable day
There appeared in the sparkling waves of the Bay
The Shark that terrified the town of Madras
With his ever-hungry stomach and his ever-ready jaws.
He prowled by the waters of Marina Beach,
And woe to the bather who came within reach.

Then the people grew pale, and their voices died down,
And the breath of one fear hovered over the town;
And twenty-three painted 'SHARK!'s darkened the way,
Warning the crowd of one Shark in the Bay;
Restrictions galore they were bidden to mark,
But nobody thought of restricting the Shark!

Now the town that was joyous is joyous no more,
For fear of the danger that lurks by the shore;
And the town that was bold is a pitiful sight,
In its dread of the jaws that are eager to bite.
And on the lone beach the waves tumble and toss,
Untouched by the feet of the men of Madras.

But what thinks the Shark of the things he has done?
Did he come here for vengeance—or only for fun?
(Were the shores where they bred him jealous of our name?
And do they rejoice in the tale of our shame?)
Does he sniff at the fishermen's boats as they pass?
Does he smile as he thinks of the men of Madras?

S. Venkatesan. B.Sc. (Hons) (Old Boy)

A Screwtape Letter

(With apologies to Mr. C. S. Lewis).

My dear Wormwood,

I have just received your report. Well done! You have made considerable progress. As for your request for advice on the plans for further campaign, there really isn't much I can tell you. Your present line of action is masterly; persist in it. Anyway, here are a few points you might bear in mind. Always encourage the poor fools to be highly idealistic. Persuade them to talk all the time only of "justice", "liberty" and "eternal peace". They will get into the habit of using these phrases without meaning anything. They won't try to live up to the things they preach; they'll think it rather smart to say one set of things in public while they actually believe in an entirely different set of ideas. You've got to encourage them to be "realists". Make them feel that though they've got to spout a lot of sentimental stuff for consumption by the common people, the only thing that really counts is force. You must make them as suspicious as possible of one another. By the way, you've done a lot of good work with the atom bomb. I can promise you it won't be forgotten. If you can only create sufficient distrust among them, they will play right into our hands. They've got to talk of "One World", but persuade them to think in terms of blocs. It was very clever of you to put into the head of that man Churchill to use that picturesque phrase—iron curtain, was it? Just the right thing to scare mortals into hatred. Another important point—keep them from acknowledging differences openly and trying to solve them in an honest way. Disputes must be just "differences of opinion". So long as they try to be polite they won't progress or—shall we say, regress? Truth, you know, is our greatest enemy. Well, I think that's all for the present. I'm in a hurry. Anyway, I think I've given you enough advice for you to make a success of the job. If you pull it off, you will be rewarded handsomely by His Infernal Majesty. If you don't...well,

OUR CRICKET ELEVEN



Sitting :—N. Natarajan ; S. M. Ibrahim (Capt.) ; Principal ; Physical Director ; V. Krishna Mohan (Secretary).

Standing—first row :—G. S. Venkatraman ; C. S. Kalyanasundaram ; V. Venkatachalam ; S. Viswanathan ; M. Suryanarayana ; M. D. S. Moorthy.

Standing—second row :—V. Janardana Rao ; G. Srinivasan ; B. A. Zinnah ; Subramanyam (Marker).

I will be sorry for you. But we don't need to think of failure. Your performance to date is all that can be desired. I have the highest hopes for the future. What a glorious prospect! War once more...war! war! war!

Yours sincerely,
Screwtape.

[The above letter was sent by Screwtape to his *agent provocateur* at the Paris Peace Conference. In it, Screwtape, an eminent official in the Devil's kingdom, gives Wormwood, his young nephew, instructions for torpedoing attempts to establish a just and lasting peace. The letter fell into my hands by a stray chance, and I publish it so that men may take heed in time.

V. K. Ramaswami, V Hons. (Econs).]



The College Union Committee

This Our Life

A gentleman was vehemently protesting in the College Canteen, with a twinkle in his eyes and rolling his tongue, as though he had a plum in his mouth.

"It is an outrage on our freedom," he exclaimed, as a sort of a summing up, "that our Common Room should have been converted into a Canteen." "What of that?" asked a calmer and gentler voice, "it has been so for two years; it doesn't matter much".

"What! can you put up with this curtailment of our freedom?" the other cried out, in such a tone that I almost thought that the eloquence of his tongue had got transformed into the eloquence of his hands (as one of our dear Professors used to say), which reminds me of a story I read somewhere about an American who was preparing his Income Tax Return. He came to the column which read: "Do not write in this space". Incensed at this serious limitation on his freedom, he wrote in the space, "I will write in whichever damn space I like." Well, if you don't understand the connexion between the American and the gentleman in the Canteen who spoke as if he was rolling a plum in his mouth, don't mind. Just pass on.

* * * *

The order prohibiting students from writing Union electioneering slogans, etc., on the College walls will surely prevent further writing. But we should like to preserve the existing mural literature. By just walking along the corridors one learns easily the names of the ex-Secretaries and Presidents. In short, the walls are the Archives of the College Union. That perhaps is the reason for whitewashing not being so well-known in our college as the noisy repairs and driving of nails into doors while classes are going on and the poor students' ears are caught between the Scylla of the carpenter's hammer and the Charybdis of the Professors' vocal chords. The upshot of which is that we come to be in perpetual doubt as to our powers of hearing, and every now and then we go up to the clock at home and ask ourselves "Do I hear its ticking? Or am I deaf?" And our agony is keenest if the clock has stopped.

* * * *

Use of the central staircase (the one in the belly of the College, just in front of the Powell Statue which was, if you remember, buried under sandbags a few years back—How well we honoured our first Principal then!) is restricted to the staff and the fair sex. Though this might have been deemed necessary to relieve congestion of traffic at a strategic place in our college, there is no gainsaying the fact that the staff of this order hurts us badly and the preferential treatment accorded to the fair sex is not fair.

I once ventured to climb that central staircase as that Cerberus of a peon was not hovering round and there was no danger of being ushered into the presence of the Principal for violating the rules. (Who in the College can affirm that he has not felt the impulse to go up this staircase? We feel like doing it precisely because it is prohibited. That is commonsense. Is it not? *Vide* what Prof. Laski says: "The greatest advertisement for a book is to proscribe it, because the very fact will make men read it". That is plain psychology which any duffer can understand. But can you? I doubt much. But try.) Hardly had I gone half way up the stairs when I heard two voices behind me. One was definitely feminine but I can't bet on the sex of the person because most men nowadays have effeminate voices. I was too afraid to look back, for what would befall me if one of them was a Professor or someone else competent to question my right to climb the stairs? Only later I learnt that I had no reason to be afraid.

The masculine voice said: "Last hour one of the students of our class was yawning and stretching his hands and pulling the lapels of his neighbour's coat—in short, doing all the things one does when bored and sleepy—when the Professor suddenly turned to him and remarked saucily 'What man, what you are doing just now is a slow, steady, sure, systematic, processional march to Minerva College.' And then both the masculine and feminine voices mingled in a loud laugh which faded away as the two went their way.

You know who the Professor was? It will do you good to find out.

* * * *

Were I to stop here, you would complain, Gentle Reader, that it is too abrupt. But I really can't go further. How far really can one go—in this our life?

S. V. Krishnan, IV Hons. (Hist.)

Erosion *

It is a matter of every-day observation that the rocks of the top layers of the earth's crust are affected by air, water and organisms, with the result that they break up into smaller and smaller fragments, crumble to pieces and get weathered. This breaking up of the material and its separation from the main mass constitute the process of erosion. The material so eroded is transported to other places and deposited there. Erosion, transportation and deposition are continually going on and tend to alter the complexion of any region of the earth. The sculpturing of the earth into hills, plateaus and valleys, and the development of coast-lines and river systems, are all due to erosion. In fact, the scenery of any region is an erosional effect.

Land forms pass through a cycle of erosion. Let us begin the cycle with the formation of a new tract of land emerging out of the sea. As this tract is uplifted, it develops a drainage system and in its wake follow the dissection of the land and the formation of topographic forms. First gullies, then ravines and gorges, and then V-shaped valleys are cut out by the rivers. In course of time these V-shaped valleys are eroded to U-shaped ones. The river profiles become smoother and smoother and also flatter. These mature valleys carry sluggish streams that meander about. Still later, the region becomes a fairly level tract and reaches the zero level, the level of the sea. The sea has now an opportunity to encroach on the land and denude it still further, and ultimately it may cover the land. Thus the starting point is reached. The next cycle of erosion begins with another uplift. This is the history of many regions. Birth, growth and decay and the rhythm of life are as true of the inorganic world as of the organic world.

The process of erosion must have had its beginning from the time the earth was enveloped with air and water. And therefore it should be expected that the volume of erosion varies from region to region, and from time to time. The total geological record of Britain from the time erosion set in to recent times is 75,000 ft. or 14 miles, while for India it is 21 miles.

* Talk broadcast from All India Radio, Madras.

I have said that air and water are chiefly responsible for erosion. The chief agents of erosion are wind, river, glacier and sea.

The wind carries with it grains of sand and fine material. It is a good disintegrating agent. The abrading effects of wind are seen particularly on sandy coasts. Glass sheets caught up in sands are reduced to the thinness of paper. Stones are beautifully rounded by natural sand blasts. Columns of rock masses, with layers alternately of hard and soft rocks, look fantastic after erosion caused by winds. Pebbles in deserts become highly polished. Sand dunes are the results of erosion and transportation by wind. On the sea coasts, the dunes advance inland and may cover agricultural tracts. This is annually arrested by casuarina plantations, cashew plantations and coconut topes. The tree-less landscape, as the bare and bold cliffs to the south and west of the Aravallis in India which one sees as one passes from Guzarat to Sind, is the result of wind erosion.

Taking the river as an agent of erosion, we have to notice the following points. The rate of erosion depends upon the slope of the river bed, the volume of water, the character of the rock forming the bed and the velocity of the stream. If the velocity is doubled, a river will erode four times more rapidly. During flood, a rising river erodes deeper and deeper and builds up bars. When the river subsides, it scours the shoals and deposits the material in the deeps. The rate of erosion can be calculated from the area of the river basin and the amount of material transported. The Ganges basin is eroded at the rate of one foot in 1751 years. This rate, which is high when compared to that of one foot in 4640 years for the Mississippi system in the United States of America, is due to the heavy rainfall during six months of the year and to the steep slope of the basin.

The quantity of material transported by the rivers of the world by these mechanical means amounts to nearly 16 billion tons. The mechanical sediments accumulate very rapidly close to the coasts at the mouth of a river and build up what is called the delta of the river. The rate of deposition at the mouth of the Mississippi has reached the record figure of one foot in four days.

The enormous deposition of silt at the mouths of rivers often results in changing the river courses. Since 1781, the Brahmaputra has abandoned its course to the east of Dacca and has shifted westward by about 70 miles.

It has taken the course of the Jenai to join the Ganges at Jaffergunge near Goalando. The Ganges too has shown signs of shifting. The Bhagirathi formed the main Ganges stream till about the 16th century. Even to-day, the delta of the Ganges is not stable. At Sara, since 1868, the Ganges has moved slowly eastward by about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

India affords a magnificent example of the formation of river deposits, extending practically throughout the length of the Himalayan base from the north-east corner of Assam to Kashmir. The thickness of this deposit is, in certain places, over 16,000 feet. Moreover the deposits have got involved in the mountain building movements of the Himalayas and have given rise to the Siwalic hill ranges. The colossal amount of material contained in these hills practically represents the eroded materials of rivers and streams that drained the land both from the north and from the south, into a basin which gathered the detritus.

In the higher courses of rivers, erosion leads to the formation of magnificent gorges of picturesque beauty. The Canyons of Colorado in America are well-known. The Grand Canyon is about eight to ten miles wide and one mile deep. The Sutlej in India has incised a canyon 3,000 feet deep in the arid region of Narikhosram.

It is ordinarily believed that erosion proceeds only downstream. But under certain conditions, erosion can take place head-ward also. This phenomenon is particularly noticeable in the case of some of the Himalayan rivers. By head-erosion rivers are able to invade other river basins and capture their waters. The Ganges, the Tista and the Sind river in Kashmir have quietly invaded Tibet and have robbed Tibet to a certain extent of its drainage. There are grounds for believing that the Brahmaputra had formerly its origin in the eastern Himalayas north of Sadya and that gradually it worked up its way by head erosion, captured the Tsang Po of China and brought it to Bengal. The Arun river of Bengal and Nepal is now attempting to capture the Tsang Po of Tibet and rob Tibet of its drainage.

Glaciers are also erosion agents like rivers. A glacier is a stream of ice which flows as if it were a viscous and tough liquid. It is formed by the accumulation of snow on higher peaks above the snow line. Some glaciers are fifty miles long and thousands of feet deep. There are many such glaciers in the Himalayas. They glide down the valleys and erode them.

When they get into the river valleys, the river profiles are changed from the V-shape to the U-shape. The tributary valleys join the main valley high above the floor level of the latter, as though they are hanging in mid air. This is a striking feature of glacial erosion.

The ocean is an equally great erosion agent. Its waves, tides and currents are responsible for this activity. The waves continually act on the coasts, break the rocks into pieces, roll them over and over again on the coast and grind them into pebbles. The finer materials are carried far into the open sea, where there is no tossing of the waters. Here they settle down. Such a slow and continual wear and tear of the steep coasts extends over wide regions. In the course of geological ages, the coasts may be scraped off to fairly level tracts with hills jutting out here and there, resulting in what is called a plain of marine denudation. The east coast and the west coast of India are fronted by a platform of marine denudation about 600 feet deep. The western one is broader.

There are many striking examples of the advance of the sea on land all the world over. On the west coast of Denmark, erosion is in rapid progress; a strip of land 130 feet wide got submerged between 1840 and 1857. Coming nearer home, there has been a distinct encroachment of the sea on the Tranquebar coast. San Thome in Madras, though now on the sea coast, was once a few miles inland. In the 17th century the gate of Fort St. George and the Harbour area were washed by the sea. After the construction of the Harbour, there has been development of a sandy stretch south of the Harbour and a general shift of the coast line eastward up to the mouth of the Adyar. There has been erosion also on the Royapuram side. It was once feared that the sand drift would envelope the harbour mouth and render the harbour useless. That is why dredging operations are carried out at frequent intervals. However, the sandy drift has given Madras one of the finest beaches of the world. But the erosion on the Royapuram side is going on in spite of the protective measures adopted.

The erosive action of the waves, combined with the deposition of material on the shore to form a ridge, results in the formation of lagoons. The back waters of Trivandrum and Cochin have been formed in this manner. Sometimes, the deposits thrown into the sea give rise to lakes. The Chilka Lake is a part of the sea rendered shallow by deposits collected at the mouth of the Mahanadi from silts carried up by currents round the hills near Ganjam.

Erosive action is prevalent not only on the coast but also at depths of even 100 feet beneath the sea. For salvage work shows that materials like bars of gold have been bent into the U-shape with pebbles driven hard into them.

Coastal erosion is aided by submarine springs, frosts, heavy rains and also by the action of burrowing animals and by the removal of sand and shingle from the beach for constructional purposes. A brief reference may be made in this connection to the manner in which animal life contributes to erosion. The activity of earthworms is well known. They move the soil from one place to another. It is recorded that worms move 40,000 lbs. of soil annually in England. Brazil is considered as one great ants' nest. Portions of Paraguay are ant colonies. In each colony there are 175,000 to 600,000 individuals. Their mass attacks have compelled the evacuation of one town by its human inhabitants. Ants remove nearly 60,000 lbs. of soil annually in Brazil. The soil thus loosened is eroded very rapidly.

Erosion, like all natural processes, is not always a discriminating process tending to do only good to the human race. An engineer, for the construction of his dam, may get a first class site naturally carved by erosion; if however he fails to take into account the kind of currents and vortices likely to be introduced after the dam construction, the dam may be overturned by erosion. On all sloping grounds which are not covered by forests or where the cultivated grounds are not properly terraced, erosion removes the soil and the land loses its fertility. A gully or valley may be in the process of formation on Siwalik hills by erosion; but that means also loss of valuable soil. Soil erosion is thus a great problem facing all countries. Preventive measures are adopted, such as afforestation, terracing and contour-binding, according to the needs of the area.

To conclude, erosion is a great geological process accomplished with the aid of natural agents like wind, river, glacier and ocean. Plants and animals also contribute their share. The effects of erosion are far-reaching and wide. The phenomenon discloses the grand truth that change is as much the order of the inorganic world as of the organic world and that 'to be' is only a momentary pause in a restless cycle of birth, growth and decay.

T. N. Muthuswami, M.A., L.T.

COLLEGE DAY SNAPS



The Principal and the Union President



Musical Chorus

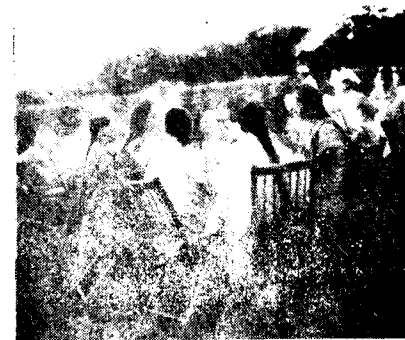


Dr. Sir Rm. Alagappa Chettiar speaking



The Cycle Race

Photos by T. K. Anentaparamanathan, III B.Sc.



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“Time Must Have a Stop”

In recent years we have been witnessing a remarkable phenomenon—the transformation of certain writers well-known for their frank and realistic treatment of ‘raw life’ into champions of an uncompromising spiritualism. Thus we find Somerset Maugham expounding Sankara’s philosophy in his novel “Razor’s Edge”, and Christopher Isherwood translating the Bhagavad Gita in collaboration with a member of the Ramakrishna Mission. It is this new trend in contemporary English thought that has inspired Aldous Huxley’s recent novel “Time Must Have a Stop.”

The private thoughts and complex behaviour of adolescents have been described by Huxley in many of his earlier novels and short stories. And always with a subtle psychological perception and ironical humour. But while the earlier characters tend to remain tossed about for ever in the troubled sea of physical-emotional cravings and conflicts, making no progress towards a firm grip over life, the present novel traces the development of just such a personality into maturity. Seventeen years old and precociously intelligent, Sebastian Barnack is moved by various impulses. He responds to the objects around him with a poetic apprehension of their beauty, yearns for intense sensual enjoyment, and looks at the world, now with a vast impersonal sadness at its miseries and now with the cynicism of an adult. John Barnack however has no sympathetic understanding of these qualities in his son. Having dedicated his life to the Socialist movement, and permitting himself no other interests outside the ‘cause’, he compels Sebastian to lead a plain life. Even a dinner jacket is taboo, for was it not a class-symbol?

Sebastian is therefore extremely happy when he leaves London for Florence to spend the vacation with his uncle Eustace. Especially so, since he found in his uncle a somewhat kindred spirit, quick to recognize and praise his talents. Eustace had always been a frank Hedonist, and was rich enough to afford Hedonism. His cynicism was a solvent with which he

disintegrated all 'values' like religious or political enthusiasm, pouring ridicule on God "the Gaseous Vertebrate" and on the false prophets who swayed the vulgar crowd. There were, of course, those sudden pains in the chest, and the doctor's restrictions on cigars and brandy; but these did not trouble Eustace greatly. Could he not still enjoy the luxuries of his household, his car, his mistress Mimi, and those exquisite nude drawings by Degas? Even less was he troubled by the remonstrances made now and then by Bruno Rontini—the religious mystic and anti-Fascist—whose friendship he maintained only because "the funny old fellow is a thoroughly kind, gentle creature, and considering he's one of the Good, not too much of a bore." But Eustace's days of pleasure were numbered, and hardly has he stationed his protégé when he dies suddenly of heart failure in the w.c. (poetic, or rather novelist's, justice!) At this point Huxley employs an audaciously daring technique in his description of the state of Eustace Barnack's consciousness *after* physical death. In a number of chapters distributed over the latter half of the novel, we are offered a glimpse of that "undiscovered country." There the soul (or whatever it is) of Eustace struggles between good and evil, between the life of the senses which he desires to reattain and the life of the spirit represented by Bruno. Whether this excursion into the other world is legitimate or not, the experiment is highly interesting and gives us some fine examples of the technical virtuosity of Huxley in the use of symbolic words and images.

Meanwhile, in the actual world, Sebastian has lost his uncle only to find Eustace's female counterpart in Veronica Thwale. This young widow, most sedate and demure in outward expression, knew the truth about life—its essential shamelessness. Sebastian had been imagining and hoping for himself the ecstasy of physical love. The reality appears to Sebastian more like madness: "Yes, sheer madness."

The climax of the story originates in an apparently trivial incident. Sebastian steals one of the Degas drawings in order to make for himself the evening suit which his uncle had promised. When the article is found missing, it is Bruno who helps him out of the mess. But in the process he is betrayed to the Fascist police who take him away to prison. It is after ten years of unregenerate living that Sebastian meets Bruno who is now an ex-prisoner in exile, bent and horribly emaciated. This was his doing. With

poignant self-reproach Sebastian recalls Bruno's words on the "genealogy of an offence—its descendants in one's own life and other people's." It is during these weeks when he tends the old man in his last illness that he learns the secret of Bruno's unfailing and joyful serenity. All this later history of Sebastian is compressed into the last chapter which is an exposition of the philosophy of Bruno, that is Huxley's own. It merits more than one reading as a succinct statement of his views on personal ethics, political morals, art and religion. They can only be sampled here:

"The habit of sensuality and pure aestheticism is a process of God-proofing. To indulge in it is to become a spiritual mackintosh, shielding the little corner of time, of which one is the centre, from the least drop of eternal reality."

"An idolatrous religion is one in which time is substituted for eternity—either past time in the form of a rigid tradition, or future time in the form of progress towards Utopia. And both are Molochs, both demand human sacrifice on an enormous scale. Spanish Catholicism was a typical idolatry of past time. Nationalism, Communism, Fascism, all the social pseudo-religions of the twentieth century, are idolatries of future time."

It is clear that in this novel the author has travelled very far from the atmosphere of his "Twice Seven" short stories. He stands, in fact, on the threshold of "The Perennial Philosophy." Substance is added to brilliance. With regard to this substance, there are bound to be serious differences of opinion. To mention only a few cases, John Barnack is presumably meant by Huxley to be not merely an individual character in a story, but an approximate representative of all the followers of the Socialist "pseudo-religion"—even as Eustace and Veronica Thwale exemplify the sensual life. John Barnack's artistic sensibility is made out to have been deadened by his attachment to the Socialist doctrine, and he is shown to end up as a monster of rationality, condemned to exclusion from the warmth and joy of life. This view of the matter can hardly impress us to-day when we find that the Socialist ideal has attracted such artists as Picasso, Paul Robeson, Spender, Bharathi etc. And we cannot help smiling at the air of finality with which

Huxley lumps Fascism and Communism together for condemnation. As for the transcendental experience of eternity and unity with the 'Divine Ground', these things make sense only to a very few.

But it is not often that we come across a novel which, besides providing enjoyable reading, raises certain vital problems of contemporary life and attempts to indicate their solution. This novel by Huxley is one such. Even when the author's views fail to convince us, they provoke us to further thought on the issues raised. And that is a great virtue.

G. N. Srinivasaraghavan, V Hons. (English.)

The Queen in Blue !

Yes!...She was divinely beautiful, clad in a deep blue saree; and as she came up to meet me, the white pearl-fringed border of her extraordinary saree tossed and danced to the rhythm of her anklets. She bent down gracefully and touched my feet. Ah! How I thrilled to that touch! And as I looked at the declining sun and looked again at her face, she coloured!—her face reflected the crimson of the sky. Unable to restrain myself any longer, I ran into her outstretched arms, and opened my enraptured eyes wide. But my mortal eyes failed to measure the depth of her heart or the wild beauty of her face. Yes—The SEA was too vast, too good, too beautiful, too..... What can I say?

D. Ardhanareeswaran, I Class.

On Curtains

(After Ogden Nash)

Now this is not an attempt to expound Encyclopaedia-Britannically all that to the subject pertains

Of curtains,

Nor a detailed history of all the great deeds that have been achieved partly or wholly by curtains, from Hastings down to Waterloo,

Ending: "You never know when a cold breeze may fatally strike the little tonsils of your daughter Lou,

So if you don't want to be practically guilty of murder,

You'd better order

Hutton's

Curtains

At once!"

No, I shall simply speak of the vital importance of curtains to almost all society,

Except that part of it which is young or flighty,

Which means (mind, I don't boast of it)

Most of it!

It is generally recognized that when you are dressing yourself, it is seemlier

If you don't desire situations like that which faces you on the cover page of *A Curate In Bohemia*

To fasten securely and tightly any curtaining arrangements there may be—

In other words, Baby,

Unless you belong to that great nation which calls its young Pierre and Louis and Hortense,

Draw the curtains!

Curtains are also things which go up (and sometimes refuse to go up) over stages,

Revealing spectacles which are certainly not meant for sages.

And when one citizen rubs out another, or puts him on the stop, takes him for a ride, or otherwise tries to procure an angelic crown for him,

One may say, "It's Curtains Down for him".

Also in other situations, as when gentlemen with dignity offer up to the electric chair their pants, or to the guillotine their necks,

When it would be coarse and undignified to say they have kicked the bucket or handed in their checks.

Which reminds me that the Scots, a careful people, are accustomed to thinking out before-hand how they can most advantageously hand in their tartans—

But that is enough on the subject of Curtains.

S. Venkatesan, B. Sc. (Hons), (Old Boy)

The Quill; And The Tuft.

The clerk is one of life's little martyrs. He embodies in himself the very essence of high tragedy and creates in us an irresistible impression of waste. He finds himself inveigled into a position his boyish self had always hated, into an existence the idea of which had always staggered him, into a world which he never thought of in the days when he could roam at will with the amazing fancies of a Keats or a Shelley. But alas, those beautiful dreams, those brilliant vistas of probable triumphs which once inflamed his youthful imagination are no more; they are too costly a luxury now, and here he is, come at last to the kingdom of clerks which saith unto the disappointed: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be readily opened to you". The world is too wide for his "shrunk shank" and is no more than a cribbed little hole with a dusty chair, a broken table sloughing off its outer shape in its vain struggle against time and weather, and a lumber-heap of files and registers. His life is one long painful drama unrelieved by any interludes of gaiety, and like Oliver's, his is only a brick-and-mortar Elysium where the inmates are offered a slow and carefully protracted process of death.

The clerk has nothing to sweeten his inward sourness. War or no war, he is doled out the same salary. Even the repercussions of a global catastrophe leave unaltered his grade of pay. Rules and regulations which are meant for all workers are not for him. And yet what an amazing instance of patience does the clerk furnish! He rebels not, in high Promethean fashion, against the gods for having flung him into that corner, but accepts all with a resigned calm which eclipses that of the greatest martyrs. Quietly and unnoticed, he pursues the noiseless tenor of his way. And yet as he sits at his desk, quill in hand, so evenly poised between dream and wakefulness, does he not suggest to you a rare pathological specimen of humanity, a doomed hero who gives his all, his very life, and dies at his desk "unwept, unhonoured and unsung?"

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A stranger the other day was moved to condemn the "foolish and obsolete" habit of growing tufts, and as he proceeded, he warmed up to the attack. "Sir", said he, "these (meaning the tufted men) are a set of conservatives, diehard conservatives, every one of them! It's time we cease to have anything to do with these dirty old fossils". He was evidently one of our progressives, a hair-brained enthusiast to whom the past was an unmitigated curse and the future the world of his wildest dreams. I am not quite sure if it was the tuft that worked him up to such a scathing denunciation and disturbed so rudely his happy visions of a future. However, such men form a distinct majority among us, for the instinct to attack, or extract fun from, the tuft is so strong in most of us that not even a scrupulous regard for etiquette can repress it completely. Tolerance is a much-advertised virtue to-day, but a virtue more honoured in the breach than the observance. We are taught to be kind to all, even to our opponents; but alas, at the sight of a harmless tufted creature our conscious kindness fails us and the occasion only reveals the sort of fellows we really are. I am afraid that such an irrational attitude to a sacred relic of our past (O! what does it avail us to talk of sacredness in an unholy age!) proceeds from a failure to appreciate the real romance of the tuft—romance in every sense of that much-abused term.

For the tuft has a history of its own, and like empires and religions it had its day. The fact that it has survived all the regular vicissitudes of weather and the fitful ones of fashion and that even years of reaction could do little to break its defiant front invests this simple relic with a repose, if not a grandeur, which we seek in vain in the remoter and far grander institutions of the past. It symbolizes in fact a clash of civilizations and bears on it the impress of long and ceaseless struggles and glorious martyrdoms braved for upholding the old against the new. True it could not resist the onset of the new and has suffered, having thinned to its present size (which is held more fashionable now by its votaries) of a circular disc with a radius of little more than half an inch. True, it is to-day

"Fallen on evil days and evil tongues,

With darkness and with danger compassed round".

But modern persecution has taught it nothing but defiant endurance. Battered and bloody, it is yet not broken.

Whatever be its record in the past and at present, its future seems dismal indeed and fills me, and in fact every right-thinking man, with apprehension. It is possible that future generations will be saner and a bit more imaginative and may unearth this wreckage of the past and raise it to its pristine glory. It is more likely that it will go the fated inevitable way of other things of the past. However it be, scorn not, my dear reader, the tufted man. For if you prick him, does he not bleed? If you wrong him, shall he not too revenge?

K. R. Narayanaswamy, IV Hons. (English).

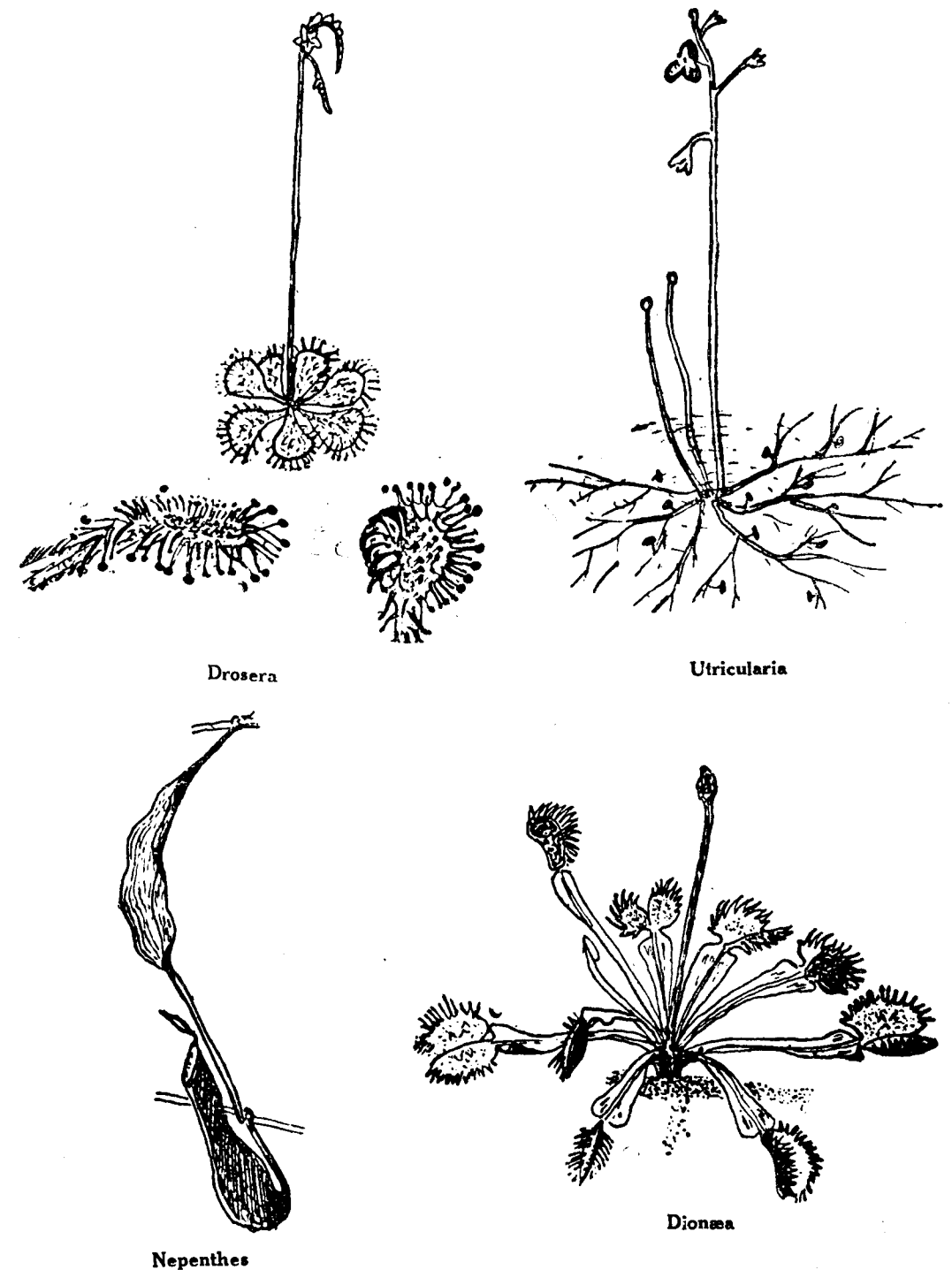
Carnivorous Plants.

Not many know that there are plants which can actually capture and digest lower animals of various kinds, particularly insects. Most of these carnivorous or insectivorous plants, as they are called, grow in poor swampy soil which is usually deficient in nitrates and other nitrogenous compounds. By capturing and digesting insects, they obtain supplies of nitrogenous compounds independently of the soil and can therefore grow in localities which are otherwise unsuitable. About four hundred species of insectivorous plants have been discovered.

A remarkable insect-eating plant very abundant in moist places is the *Drosera* or, as it is popularly called, the "Sundew". It is a very small plant with leaves arranged in the form of a rosette. These are thickly covered with numerous stalked glands or tentacles which secrete a viscid acid secretion. The fluid glitters in the sun like dew drops and hence it is called the 'Sundew'. Any small insect which comes into contact with any of the tentacles is caught in the sticky secretion and in its vain struggle to free itself it comes into contact with other glands and is even more securely held. Excited by the contact stimulus, all the other tentacles curve over and close upon the captured insect, while the leaf lamina itself becomes concave and surrounds the little prisoner closely. The secretion is then discharged more abundantly and the imprisoned insect is killed and digested. When digestion is over, the tentacles resume their normal position and are ready to capture the next insect.

Equal in importance to the Sundew is *Dionaea muscipula* commonly called "Venus' Fly-trap." It grows in the peat bogs of North Carolina. It is also a small plant with a rosette of leaves. Each leaf consists of two lobes which can be folded along the middle, the mid rib acting as a hinge. The margins of the leaf are prolonged into sharp rigid projections, and they are placed in such a position that when the lobes close they interlock like the teeth of a rat-trap. The upper surface of the leaf is covered with a number of minute glands of a reddish or purplish colour. In addition to this

Carnivorous Plants



there are three special hairs called the trigger hairs placed triangularly on each surface of the leaf, which are very sensitive to contact. A small bee comes buzzing by, and attracted by the sweet juice on the leaf, he alights on it. Instantly as the insect's feet touch the trigger hairs, the two sides of the leaf snap together and the poor bee is a prisoner. The glands secrete the digestive juice and the nitrogenous matter is digested and absorbed. The leaf again opens and the trap is set ready again.

Perhaps the best known, although not the commonest, of insect-eating plants is the Pitcher Plant or *Nepenthes*. These are climbing plants with long leaf blades, the tip of each of which is prolonged into a tendril which ends in a pitcher with a lid. The inside of the pitcher is covered with numerous smooth and sharp hairs, all pointing downwards. The bottom of the pitcher always contains water. All over the inner surface of the pitcher there are a number of digestive glands. Insects are attracted by the colour of the pitcher and the honey secreted by it. The side walls of the pitcher are very slippery and hence the insect slips down into the pitcher and get drowned in the death pool below. It is digested and absorbed by the plant.

Although these pitcher plants capture and devour insects, there are certain insects which are partners of the plants and live unharmed within the pitchers. One of these is a fly whose larvæ feed upon the decomposing bodies of other insects which have been preyed upon by the plant. The other insect is a small moth and is a parasite rather than a partner, for the female lays her eggs within the deadly receptacle, and the caterpillars, emerging from the eggs, feed upon the leaf and eventually destroy the pitcher.

Even poor water insects cannot escape the sinister designs of these insectivorous plants. There is a species of *Utricularia* or, as it is popularly called, the 'Bladderwort' which grows in water. The leaves of this plant are much dissected, and some of these leaf segments are modified into small minute bladders. These bladders entrap small animals in very much the same way as an ordinary trap that catches a mouse. These bladders have trap-doors which can open only inwards. Small animals like water-fleas, snails and crustaceans enter the bladder, never to come out. These animals die and their soft parts decay and are absorbed by the glandular hairs on the walls of the bladder.

How fortunate it is for us that these treacherous carnivorous plants do not grow to such size that they can capture large animals and human beings. What a terrible fate it would be to find oneself caught in the relentless grip of a giant tendril or sticky leaf, to be entombed within its folds and to be slowly digested by the fearsome cannibal plant! Many tales of such man-eating plants have been told by travellers and by natives of tropical lands, but, as far as we know, these stories have not been authenticated. Possibly such awful plants exist somewhere, but until their existence is proved, we must continue to regard them as figments of the imagination.

V. Jayaraman, B. Sc.

They Belong to God

(1)

I threw the door open and looked out into the street to find out who it was that sang so superbly. I found a small group of children at my door, a girl in her teens, a younger girl and a boy four or five years old—all emaciated and ill-clad but with a sweet look on their faces.

As soon as the song ended, the elder girl bowed low to me. The other two followed suit promptly. The elder girl, who was directing them so far with her eyes, turned her eyes on me and cast a pathetic look at me.

I asked them in Burmese: "Little ones, what do you want—money or food?"

The elder girl made another bow and said, "We want something to eat, master. These two days we have been starving." The tears choked her voice, and she made a gallant effort to restrain them.

I turned to Mohan and Jaya, my children, and asked them to get the street-singers something to eat. They ran in before I finished, and I went to my little dispensary, trying to repeat that lovely tune the beggar children had sung.

I went straight to the forbidden drawer and took out, after many weeks, the last photo of my wife. The photo was taken a year and a half ago on the day when we decided finally as to who should remain at home to look after the family and who should go out and fight. As both my wife and myself were doctors and both very eager to serve our motherland which we left ten years ago, we had to decide the issue by a toss. Saroja won the toss and joined the Azad Hind Foj.

I looked intently at the face which smiled mockingly at my bad luck with the coin. I then read the inscription underneath which was specially written for me by her Commanding Officer: "Capt. Saroja Ramaseshan of the Rani of Jhansi Regiment, died in action on the 7th April 1945. A gallant soldier and an efficient doctor. May her soul rest in peace!"

"The 7th April! Eight months have passed Exactly eight months . . ." I mused, "What a change this period has brought about in this world! The War has ended. But Burma has only fallen from the frying pan into the fire. It is in the clutches of the aftermath of war, which is more terrible than war itself. And, my little home! How desolate it has become after she left it for ever!"

From far-off from my garden on the banks of the Lu-Chaung came the gay carefree voices of my children playing with the other boys and girls of our street. I put the photo back in the drawer and locked it. As I turned round, my old mother came in and complained that my children had given away my share of the lunch too to the little street-singers. She had noticed it just then, and as the cook was having her evening out, she must herself cook something for me. I smiled and said, "Don't worry, mother. I do not feel hungry." My mother scanned my face, sighed, and then went out quickly to hide her tears.

(2)

The next day at about the same time in the afternoon the three children turned up again and began singing. I asked the eldest of them "Are you sisters and is that your brother?"

"Yes, master," she said.

"What are your names?"

"I am Vimala, she is Hema and he is Amulya."

"Vimala, Hema and Amulya!" I repeated and then asked, "Are you then North Indians?"

"Yes, master," said Vimala, "We are from Bengal and our family came to Burma only some years ago. Mother used to say that Amulya was born after our arrival here."

"Well, where are your father and mother? You came alone yesterday and you are again alone today. Haven't you got parents?"

"Mother is in the Jogipur jail up there," she said sadly, "and Father is also in jail—far away in Kurbano. And Chandra is with Mother."

So that was that. This was just another family which the swaying fortunes of the War in Burma had broken up. The parents were prisoners and the children were destitutes.

"Who is Chandra?" enquired Mohan.

"He is our youngest brother, little master, and he is a very good child. He is now in prison with Mother. He is two years younger than Amulya, but he never cries at night like him....."

"How did you come to know that your mother was brought and that your father was taken to Kurban?" I interrupted.

"When Father and Mother were arrested and taken away, our neighbours told us that Mother was taken to Jogipur and Jogipur was not far from our village. We set out to this place, for we could think of doing nothing else. We sang all the long way and the songs which Mother had taught us helped us to live by begging. After walking a good many days, we arrived here three days ago and ran up to the jail to meet Mother. But the guards at the gate would not let us in and drove us away."

"Where do you stay now?"

"We stay beneath an old thatch under the bridge over the Lu-Chaung river, very close to the Jogipur jail. We spend our nights there, alone or with other homeless people like us, and go to sleep thinking of Mother who is in jail. We sleep all right, but Amulya often cries for Mother."

"Poor child!" The words escaped from my mouth. I looked, overcome with pity, at that unfortunate child who was the victim of a strangely cruel destiny. I looked at the tiny body, muddy from head to foot, the unkempt hair, the withered face, the red swollen eyes, the tear-stained cheeks, the thin dirty hands and the shrunken stomach. My heart became heavy. I determined to ask them the next day to stay with me, but I was to know that the opportunity for a good turn once lost is lost for ever.

(3)

The next morning I was suddenly arrested on a charge of "alleged aid to the I.N.A. rebels a year ago" and taken from my weeping household to the prison of Jogipur.

The prison was crowded with supporters of the Azad Hind Fouj, and I was lodged in a small cell with three more for an indefinite period of detention. I was completely shut out from the outer world, and though hardly half a mile from my house, was not allowed to meet my mother and

children. I was given no work whatever and was forced to sit idle all day long in the company of strangers. Life without work is an ordeal, and I asked an officer of the jail the next day whether he could give me any useful work. He replied that, as the prison-hospital was overcrowded like the prison, any prisoner willing to work as a nurse or menial was usually allowed to work there and since I was a doctor I might be put in charge of a ward. I was delighted at the prospect of serving the sick and the suffering, and at once accepted the proposal.

I was put in the orthopaedic ward where there were twenty in-patients, including six children in a small room. I had very little work there, as every in-patient was usually all right in health, except for the part of the body which was bandaged.

There were two nurses for that ward, and both of them were prisoners arrested on a charge similar to mine. One of them was moody and dull, but the other was intelligence and activity personified. The former was an old Burmese lady, and the latter whose name was Sailaja was a young North Indian woman. Sailaja had a bright three-year old child, called Chota Netaji, who marched about the ward mightily pleased with himself in his improvised uniform and shouting commands and war cries. The child was a delight to all and I began to like him immensely.

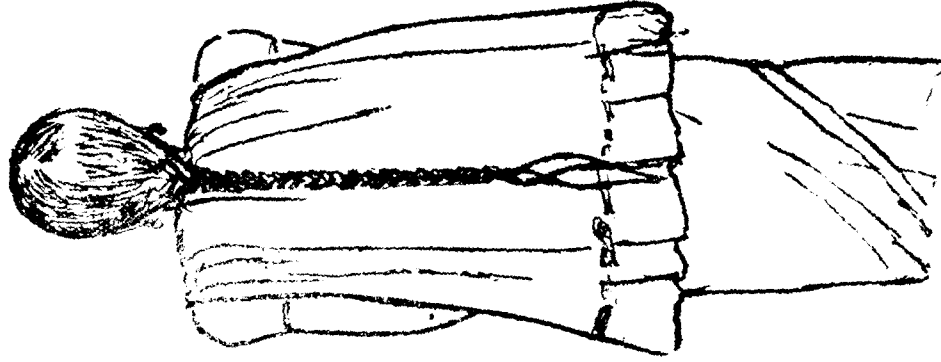
Sailaja talked very little to me at the beginning, but when she noticed my great liking for her son and when she came to know of my own sad story, she began to talk to me more freely. She was astonishingly well-informed for her illiteracy and was greatly interested in the news of the day—which I was now able to read to her from a Burmese daily given by the kind doctor in charge of the hospital. But she never made any reference to her past.

I chanced to ask her one day, "Sailaja, what is the real name of your son? Have you been calling him Chota Netaji from his birth?"

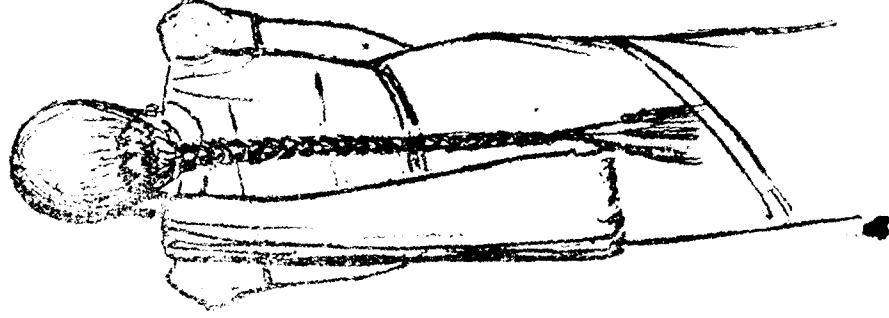
"No, doctor" she said, smiling, "He got this name only after coming here. We call him Chandra in our house and that, you know, is Netaji's name."

"Chandra!" I repeated, and suddenly what Vimala had said to Mohan came back to my memory: "He is my youngest brother, little master, and

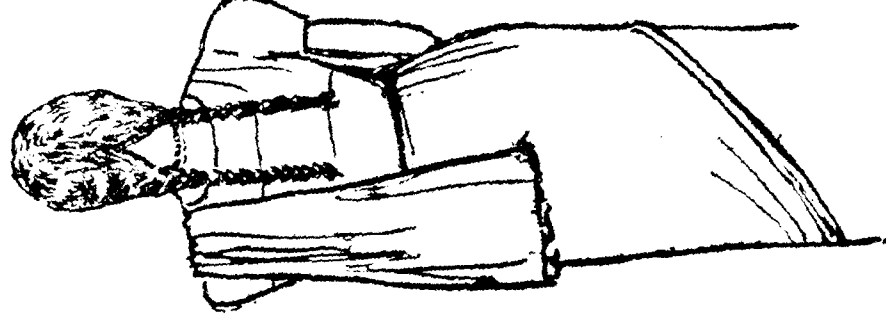
Quaint Coiffures



Carefully Careless

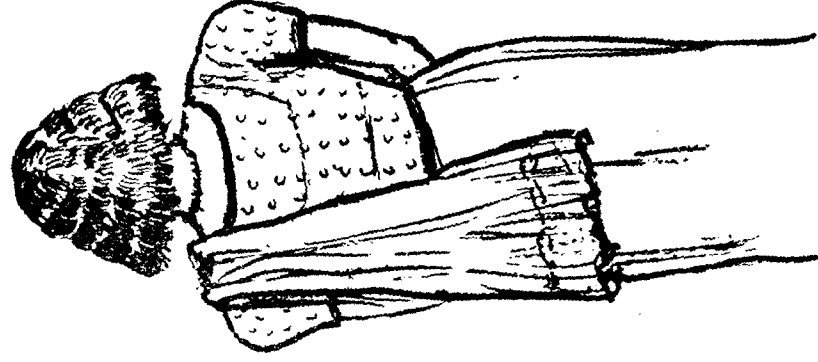


The Extension Scheme

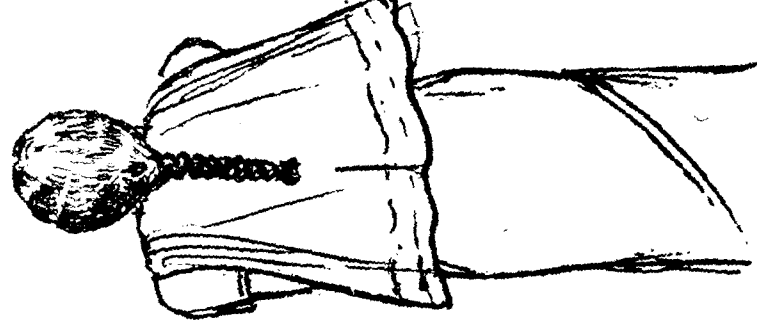


The Twice-Told Tail
[By N. Ganapathy, I Class]

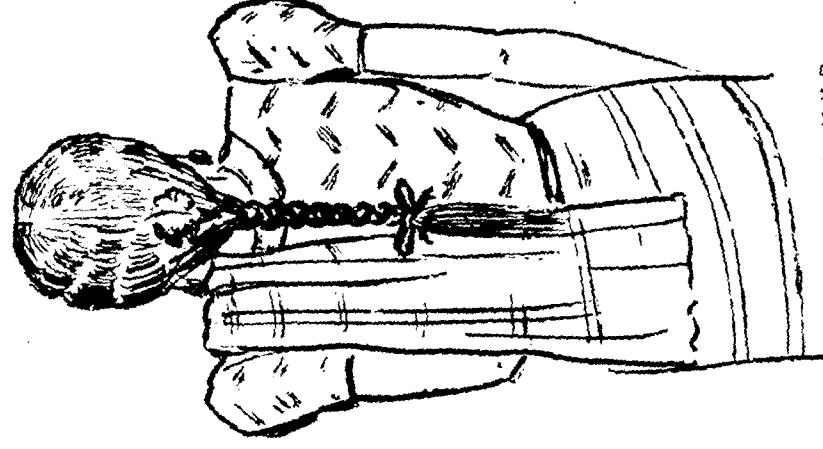
Quaint Coiffures



A Western Head on Eastern Shoulders



Falling Short



Well Begun, But Half Done
[By N. Ganapathy, I Class]

he is a very good child..... He is now in prison with our mother..... He is younger than Amulya, but he never cries at night like him....."

Is it possible? Can that be true? I turned immediately to Sailaja to ask her about her past. But when I saw the infinite sadness in her eyes, my courage failed me and I decided to ask her on some other occasion.

Days and weeks passed rapidly but that occasion never came. I soon gave up my decision, for it was clearly impossible for me to pierce Sailaja's armour of sorrow and reticence.

(4)

One night Nature suddenly went mad, and the rain came down in a sheet. The clouds roared in fury like a hundred angry lions, and the lightning flashed with an unnatural brilliance. The wind screamed through the trees and whistled mournfully through the cracks in the hospital window panes.

My heart went back to my little home hardly half a mile away and I thought of my children and mother. Mohan was a sound sleeper, but would certainly wake up on such a terrible night. Little Jaya would be frightened by the thunder and would nestle closer to my aged mother. The roof would leak in many places. And the little street-singers? They would sleep quietly beneath the massive bridge of the Lu-Chaung and dream of their mother behind the bars. But in such a downpour..... I durst not think further. I prayed: "O Almighty, guard all the poor children in the world and protect my little ones too."

(5)

The next evening the newspaper was, as usual, brought to the ward. I glanced through it and on reaching a certain item, I gave a gasp. It was the news from Jogipur:—"..... Last night there was a heavy downpour in Jogipur and the surrounding area. The Lu-Chaung was in floods. The bodies of three children—two girls and a little boy—were washed ashore a few miles down the prison of Jogipur but could not be identified. It is believed in Jogipur that they were beggars who earned their living by singing....."

The newspaper slipped from my hands and the tears that were not shed even when my beloved died flowed down my cheeks.

Sailaja was sitting behind me on the floor and was teaching Chota Netaji a new song. She asked: "What is the news of the day, doctor? Why have you finished the paper so soon? Are you thinking of your children?....."

I could not trust myself to say anything.

She continued:—"Don't be so downcast, doctor. Were't we told yesterday that we would be released shortly? You will meet your darlings quite soon."

I dared not turn to her, nor was I interested in the news of our release. But I thought she sighed and then wiped her eyes with the end of her saree. Her armour of reticence had then slipped for a while!

I mustered all my courage, turned to her, and put her the simple question that I had so long wanted to ask: "Sailaja, have you any other children or is Chota Netaji your only child?"

"Why only one, doctor?" She replied evasively with a sad smile on her lips, "She is also my child and he is also my child....." and she pointed to the sick children in the beds.

She stopped for a while and then continued slowly:—"Outside the jail, doctor," she whispered with tears in her eyes, "there are three..... but they belong to God. How can I call them mine?"

"Yes, they belong to God," I murmured almost inaudibly, "they belong to God....."

T. R. Anantharaman, V.Hons. (Chem.)

Light on the Chepauk Civilization

"Some of you probably remember," began the Professor of Madras History, and he knew it was only some, as he was meeting the class for the first time after the re-opening of the college in the first week of January 3947, "that we were discussing the date of the Chepauk civilization in our last class. Our main source of evidence is what is commonly referred to as the "Powell Statue" which is in the second storey of this building. Unfortunately the excavations cannot be renewed now, as the lower levels are either under sea water or flooded by the Buckingham Canal. The letters on the pedestal of the statue have been razed off by the hand of time, except the word "Powell."

"But what institution it was that was housed in this building, we have no means of ascertaining. Some scholars say that it was a hospital, as they found in the remains materials generally used in a hospital. Others have identified it variously as an hotel, as a public office, as a railway station, as a grains godown and even as a cloth shop.

"Of all the views on the subject, Dr. Muff's view that it was a lunatic asylum is the most important. There is some very convincing evidence available. It was a practice among Indians in those days to cure lunacy with the aid of herbs. Further research shows us, says Dr. Muff in his recent book "The Date of the Civilisation of Chepauk" that there was a separate department which specialised in the preparation of ointments from these herbs, as suggested by the fact that this department was away from the main building. Added to these there were also other departments which manufactured medicines for the patients with chemicals. Further, we find that the practice of stone-throwing must have prevailed in those days, as there is a large collection of stones in some of the rooms of a particular wing. Dr. Muff argues that stone-throwing must have been an important pastime for lunatics in those days.

"And lastly, the investigations made by Dr. Bluff and others seem to prove that this building housed an educational institution. He says that specialised study of plants and stones, which we now-a-days consider to be absolutely foolish and useless, was conducted there quite seriously in those dark ages. Talking about the culture and civilisation of those days, Dr. Bluff says that on the evidence available, the women students were extremely backward. A contemporary literary work which was recently found reveals to us that these women students avoided smoking, which was the main stamp of civilisation even in that primitive society.

"Considering critically all the points of view and all the available evidence Dr. Bluff's theory seems to be the most acceptable one....."

* * * *

The bell rings and I wake up with a start. I rub the sleep off my eyes and sit erect in my seat. And I hear the History Professor saying, "In my next lecture, I shall continue our discussion on the date of Asoka's Rock Edict No. XIII."

K. S. Ramaswami, IV Hons. (Hist.)

Presidency Sportsmanteau, 1946—47

Tennis

With the Tennis ball situation improving steadily, we were able to keep four courts and change balls fairly often. Thanks to C. G. Paul, P. S. Seshadri and M. V. G. Appa Rao, the College standard in the game is higher than ever. These three have won many distinctions both for themselves and the College—M. V. G. Appa Rao and P. S. Seshadri won the Provincial colours when they were selected to represent the Madras Province in the Inter Provincial matches at Trivandrum and for the match against Ceylon.

We won both the singles and doubles tournaments conducted by Loyola College; we also won the Inter Collegiate League which was started this year, without losing a single match.

The invincible Appa Rao was, however, beaten by Nityanandam in the Inter Collegiate singles. The College however won the doubles after a hard fight against Loyola.

Paul, Seshadri and Appa Rao were selected to represent the Madras University, Paul has the distinction of being the Captain of the 'Varsity team for the second year in succession. Their performance in the Inter University Tournament at Trivandrum was very creditable. They have helped in winning the South Zone matches without losing a match. They are now in Lahore to play the Inter Zone final against Punjab.

During the year, many distinguished Tennis players visited the courts and we are very grateful to them for having passed on some of their experiences for the benefit of our students. We are extremely grateful to Dr. S. Rajan and B. Kapinipathi, the Mysore champions, the Bobji Brothers and K. S. Narasimhan for the interest they have taken in raising the standard of Tennis of the College.

Hockey

After a remarkable blaze of victories earlier this season, it is really surprising that we should have finished third in the League table. All our men pulled together with great harmony and enthusiasm. The eager forwards were always smart and dashing, the half-line did untiring and useful work, the full-backs put up excellent defence, while the goalie displayed great skill and anticipation.

After fully deserved victories over the Christian, and Pachaiyappa's Colleges, we fought heroically against the formidable Loyolites in the final

match of the knock-out tournament for the Stokes Shield. The match was extremely exciting and was lost by a solitary goal scored in the very last minute. All praise be to our men who were at their very best and fought valiantly!

R. M. Hussain, our skipper, was made Vice-captain of the 'Varsity team, while M. V. Padmanabhan found a place in the first twenty. It is also worthy of note that Hussain has been selected to represent the Provincial side against the Afghan touring team.

In conclusion, it must be fairly acknowledged that our successes were in a large measure due to the strenuous efforts of our Physical Director and the great enthusiasm of our Principal.

R. M. Hussain (Captain)

Football

This year has seen the Presidency College team in the fore-front of Madras Collegiate Football and some of our star players included not only in the Madras University Football team but also in the Madras Provincial Football team. Indeed a unique record in the annals of Presidency College Football.

I must however, confess that our team gave a poor account of itself in the Inter-Collegiate League, but then it took considerable time to exploit the hidden talent of the several new-comers and to learn to work and play as a team. Moreover, Hussain, Viswanathan and Padmanabhan, who greatly strengthened our defence in the knock-out Tournament, were not available for the League fixtures, since their presence was vital to the hockey team. But we made ample amends by aiming the Blue Riband of Madras Collegiate Football, the Wilson Cup, defeating the formidable Madras Medical in a thrilling final by three goals to two. Indeed our success was remarkable, as this is the first time that our College has annexed the coveted Wilson trophy since 1910.

Our College was well-represented in the Madras University team, since three of our players, S. Palanivelu, T. A. Chandran and Theodore Samuel, were included in it, and the climax came when the Madras Football Association selected Palanivelu and Theodore Samuel for the Madras Provincial team that took part in the All India Inter-Provincial Tournament at Bangalore.

For all our success this year, I must point out that our team needs a lot of improvement, especially the forward line. Inexperience on the part of many of our players has stood in the way of our reaching greater heights.

In conclusion I must thank my colleagues for their support, the Principal, staff and students for their encouragement and our enthusiastic Physical Director to whom all praise is due for our success.

Theodore Samuel (Captain)

Cricket

Having been deprived of the stalwarts who had rendered invaluable service to our Cricket team last year, the prospects of raising a strong combination were indeed not rosy at the commencement of this season. Though now our record may not appear unenviable, our youngsters have done enough, on and off the field, to cultivate the true spirit in which the king of games ought to be played.

The fact that two of our players, S. M. Ebrahim and S. Venkatraman, were selected to play for the University proved the presence of really good talent among us. We are proud to record here the creditable fashion in which both these youngsters helped the Varsity side—S. Venkatraman scoring 42 and 37 not out against Osmania, and S. M. Ebrahim taking 4 for 50 against Bombay. It may not be out of place here to mention that R. C. Samuel was a reserve in the Varsity side. The Madras Cricket Association too recognised first class talent in our College by choosing Samuel and Ebrahim for the Junior team, and M. Suryanarayana for their Sub-junior team.

Our position in the Inter-Collegiate League Cricket is satisfactory. We have also participated in the knock-out tournaments conducted by the Madras Collegiate Athletic Association and the external tournament conducted by the Annamalai University.

The Madras Cricket Association coaching scheme afforded an opportunity for S. M. Ebrahim, Samuel, Venkatraman, Suryanarayana and Viswanathan (selected by the M. C. A.), V. Krishnamohan Rao, V. Janardana Rao, V. Venkatachalam, G. Srinivasan, M. V. Padmanabhan and M. Lakshmanan (sent by the College) to learn the finer points of the game.

S. Venkatraman stands foremost among our batsmen, having scored two fine centuries, not to mention the numerous valuable innings with which he distinguished himself. S. M. Ebrahim, our skipper, bowled, as is his wont, with untiring energy and steadiness; his performance against the Bombay Varsity bears enough evidence for this. Among other names worthy of note are V. Krishnamohan Rao, N. Natarajan, T. S. Raghuraman, G. S. Kalyanasundaram (Bowlers) M. Suryanarayana, S. Viswanathan, V. Venkatachalam, V. Janardana Rao and B. A. Zinnah (Batsmen).

It is with the warmest sincerity the Captain and the Secretary thank all the fellow players for their unfailing co-operation and support on and off the field, and the Physical Director for his constant encouragement.

V. Krishnamohan Rao (Secretary)

Our Associations—1946-47

The College Union

Sri M. V. Arunachalam was elected Secretary for the first term on 17th October 1946. In his inaugural address to the Union (delivered on the 1st August 1946 with Sri C. Veeraraghavan, President, in the chair) the Hon'ble Mr. K. R. Karanth, Minister for Revenue, Government of Madras, made a fervent plea for unity in the country. A reception to the new graduates of the College was held on the 10th August 1946. The usual toasts and distribution of prizes were followed by a thoroughly enjoyable variety entertainment which included the shadow play "Tears of Blood". On the 27th August 1946 an extremely interesting discussion on "Indian Nationalism To-day" was initiated by Dr. K. S. Shetye. On the 12th September 1946 at a meeting of the Union, the resolution, "In the opinion of the House the Cabinet Mission's proposals will lead India to its ultimate goal of Purna Swaraj" (moved by Sri V. K. Ramaswami and opposed by Sri M. B. Srinivasan) was carried after a heated debate.

On the 28th October 1946 Sri Vardhamanan was elected Secretary for the second term. On the 13th November 1946 the Union met to record its grief at the death of Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer. On the 20th November 1946 it met again to mourn the loss of another great statesman—Pandit Malaviya. Earlier (on the 11th November 1946, Sri Ravindra Varma, leader of the A.I.S.C. Contingent of the Indian Delegation to the World Students' Congress held in Prague, addressed the Union on "India and the World Problem—the Task of the Students." The Presidency College Oratorical Competition conducted by the Union was held on the 18th November 1946. Most of the City Colleges were represented. The judges were Dr. Balakrishnan, Mr. Ramachandra Dikshitar and Mr. Kuriyan of the University. The rolling team cup went for the second year in succession to our College which was represented by Sri V. K. Ramaswami and Sri G. N. Srinivasa Raghavan. The first individual prize was awarded to Mr. K. B. Sayeed of Loyola College and the second to Sri G. N. Srinivasa Raghavan. Miss Phyllis Venkataramiah of Queen Mary's won the prize for the best woman competitor. It may be mentioned here that Sri Srinivasa Raghavan, representing our College, won the second prize in the debate conducted by the Bourdillon Y. M. C. A., Bangalore. In the Madras Y. M. I. A. Oratorical Competition Sri Srinivasa Raghavan and Sri V. K. Ramaswami, representing our College, won the first and second individual prizes respectively.

Sri S. Ramakrishnan was elected Secretary unanimously at the beginning of the third term. The Union was addressed by Dr. Nelson, the Negro leader, on the 13th January 1947.



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The English Honours Association

President :—Sri V. K. Ayappan Pillai, B.A. (Oxon.)

Vice-Presidents :—Miss Radha K. Prabhu.

Sri T. R. Srinivasan.

Secretaries :—Sri K. R. Narayanaswamy.

Miss P. Vimala Bai.

Committee :—Sri P. Setumadhava Rao.

Sri P. A. Venkateswaran.

Miss E. Williamson.

Miss Jayam Vittal.

The inaugural address was delivered on the 30th July 1946 by Sri C. S. Trilokikar, M.A., formerly Principal of the Theosophical College, Madanapalle. Sri Trilokikar summed up the aim of literature as pure enjoyment and stressed the need for a comparative study of the great literatures of the world.

On the 7th August 1946, Mr. E. F. C. Ludowyk, M.A., of the Ceylon University, addressed the Association on 'Popular Drama.' Citing examples from Elizabethan and Modern drama, he maintained that only the kind of drama which expressed what Yeats calls 'the emotion of the multitude' would endure.

On the 9th August 1946, Sri B. Rujin, an old boy of Presidency College and now Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, gave an address on 'Paradise Lost'. He pointed out that it is impossible to understand the timelessness of a poem without first understanding its timeliness, and condemned orthodox Miltonic criticism as unhistorical. He described *Paradise Lost* as the final summing up of the raging controversies of the age. Referring to the message of Milton, he said that all government rests on self-government and that man is never really free till he is free from the dominance of passion.

On the 20th August 1946, Sri P. Setumadhava Rao, V Hons., read a paper on "The Plays of Galsworthy," in which he made an exhaustive survey of Galsworthy's work, stressing its role in the evolution of modern English drama.

The Association met on the 3rd September 1946 to debate the proposition "that the distinction between *Classical* and *Romantic* is fundamental."

Dr. Amarnath Jha, Vice-Chancellor of the Allahabad University, read a paper on the 9th September 1946 on "The Ideals of literature." Dr. Jha condemned the growing tendency to devote literature to the contemplation of the political and social questions of the hour to the exclusion of life's eternal verities.

The annual inter-collegiate debate with the Christian College English Honours Association was held at Tambaram on the 17th January 1947, the proposition discussed being that "literature with a purpose can have no permanent value." Miss Krishna Venkateswaran and Sri G. N. Srinivasa Raghavan participated in the debate. Both did extremely well, and the motion was voted down.

On the 20th January 1947, Dr. V. K. Narayana Menon, Director of the Indian Branch of the B. B. C. and author of a study of Yeats, gave a delightfully discursive talk, describing his impressions of Yeats, Eliot and others.

The activities of the Association concluded for the year with a break-up social held on the 11th February 1947. The programme included a couple of scenes from P. G. Wodehouse dramatized and Sri Sankaranarayanan's mimicry of the Professors.

The Sanskrit Association

President :—Dr. A. Sankaran, M.A., Ph. D.

Vice-Presidents :—Sri T. Chandrasekharan, M.A., L.T.

Sri K. Raghavan, M.A., L.T.

Sri P. Tirugnanasambandam, M.A., L.T.

Sri K. Subrahmaniam, M.A.

Pandit K. L. V. Sastri.

Pandit N. Sudarsanachariar.

Secretaries :—Sri T. K. Venkateswaran.

Sri A. S. Srinivasan.

The work of the Association for the year was inaugurated by the Hon'ble Mr. Justice N. Chandrasekhara Iyer on the 26th August 1946 with an address on "Epic India." On the 25th October 1946 Sri V. Narayanan, M.A., M.L. of *The Indian Express* gave an interesting talk on "Sanskrit and its Place among Indian languages"

Miss R. Suguna, IV Hons. (Sans.), won the first prize in the Inter Collegiate Sanskrit Recitation Competition held by the Indian Institute of Fine Arts, Egmore.

The climax of the year's activities came on the 6th December 1946 when a few scenes from the *Sakuntalam* were enacted in the Rasika Ranjani Sabha Hall, Mylapore. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice C. N. Kuppaswami Iyer was the distinguished visitor on the occasion. It was altogether a remarkable success. The stanzas sung by Miss R. Suguna and Mrs. S. Susila in the manner of the Greek chorus were among the high lights of the performance.

The Tamil Manavar Sangam

President :—Sri K. Swaminathan.

Vice-Presidents :—Dr. A. Sankaran.

Sri S. Ramaswami Naidu.

Sri N. Ramani.

Sri V. Narayanaswami.

Sri R. Viswanatha Iyer.

Sri K. C. Vanmeekinathan.

Secretaries :—Miss A. Esther.

Sri A. Padmanabhan.

Sri K. Rajabather.

Mr. Y. Ashgar Ali.

Committee :—Sri M. V. Arunachalam.
Sri R. N. Vadivel.
Sri A. Gajendran.
Sri N. Krishnamurthi.
Sri B. Rajarathnam.
Miss M. S. Chandra.

Sri T. S. Avinasalingam Chettiar, Minister for Education, Government of Madras, delivered the inaugural address on the 18th July 1946. He emphasized the importance of an earnest and devoted study of the mother-tongue. On the 7th August 1946 Sri V. Muthuswami Iyer, M.A., L.T. spoke on "Recent Scholars." On the 23rd August 1946 the proposition that "women should enjoy equal rights with men" was debated. The Bharathi singing and recitation competitions were held on the 3rd September 1946. The 1st prize for singing was awarded to Sri V. Venkataraman of IV Hons. (Econ.) and the 2nd prize to Sri P. S. Selvaraj of Cl. II. and Sri M. B. Srinivasan of IV B.Sc. The 1st prize for recitation was not awarded and the 2nd prize went to Sri V. R. Sriramulu of Cl. I. and Sri T. R. Halasyasundaram of Cl. II. The Bharathi day was celebrated on the 5th September 1946 with Sri R. P. Sethu Pillai of the University in the chair. Sri M. P. Sivagnana Gramani spoke on "Bharathi's Greatness." On the 6th September 1946 and the 20th November 1946, "The Beggar Problem" and "The Textile Policy of the Madras Government" respectively were discussed. On the 9th February 1947 and 10th February 1947 the Presidency College Dramatic Club staged a variety entertainment in aid of the Sangam.

The Urdu Association

President :—Mr. Moulvi Rasheed Mahmood.
Vice-Presidents :—Mr. Mahmood Bin Muhammed, B.A. (Hons.)
Mr. Syed Basheeruddin, B. Sc.
Student Chairman :—Mr. Md. Moosa Sait.
Secretaries :—Miss Azeemunnisa Begum.
Mr. Anwer Azeez.
Mr. Md. Omer Sait.
Treasurer :—Mr. A. Sheriff.

In the inaugural address delivered on the 29th July 1946, Mr. A. Wahab Sahib Bokhari of the Government Muslim College traced the evolution of Urdu to its present form and currency. The Association's record for the year includes addresses by Messrs. Gulam Mohideen Asar (who spoke on Dr. Iqbal), Haida Ali Khan (who spoke on Tippu), Md. Aslam, Md. Idrees, etc.

The Kannada Sangha

President :—Sri P. Ramananda Rao, M.A., L.T.
Vice-President :—Sri P. Padmanabha Bhat, B.O.L.
Secretaries :—Sri N. Narayana Rao, B.Sc.
Miss Sarada Ramiah

The inaugural address was delivered by Sri M. Mariappa Bhat, Reader in Kannada, University of Madras, on the 16th August 1946. On the 19th

November 1946 the members of the Sangha were 'at home' to Sri V. Sitaracharya on the occasion of his retirement. A farewell address was presented to him. Dr. U. Krishna Rao presided. On 22nd January 1947, Sri H. Venkatakrishna Udapa, B.Sc. (Hons.), Research Assistant in Chemistry, spoke on "The Jain Contribution to Kannada Literature." On the 12th February 1947, Sri P. Ramananda Rao spoke on T. P. Kailasam's play *Karna*.

The History, Economics and Politics Association

President :—Dr. P. P. Kallukaran, B.Sc. (Econ.), Ph.D. (Lond.)
Vice-President :—Sri V. Venkataraman, M.A., L.T.
Secretaries :—Sri K. P. Mukunda Rao, IV Hons. (Hist.)
Sri J. K. Sivaprasad, IV B.A. (Econ.)

Dr. A. Krishnaswami, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond.) inaugurated the work of the Association for the year with an address on "International Economics and New Trends". At a debate on the 26th August 1946 the resolution "that, in the opinion of the House, the introduction of Province-wide Prohibition is practicable" (moved by Sri K. Krishnan and opposed by Sri T. M. Thangavelu) was discussed and voted down. On the 4th September 1946 the proposition "that, in the opinion of the House, the U. N. O. offers the surest means to world peace" (moved by Sri V. K. Ramaswami, V Hons. Econ. and opposed by Mr. Joseph Raj IV Hons. Econ.) was debated and lost. On the 12th November 1946 Dr. William Edwards, Visiting Professor from America, gave an extra-ordinarily interesting talk on "The Pursuit of Happiness"

The Junior Historical Association

President :—Sri V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T.
Vice-Presidents :—Sri P. K. Karunakara Menon, M.A., M. Litt, L.T.
Mr. V. T. Titus, M.A., L.T.
Mr. Md. Usman Sheriff, B.A. (Hons.)
Secretaries :—Sri P. S. Thiagarajan.
Sri T. R. Venkataraman.
Committee :—Sri M. S. Seenithamby.
Sri A. P. Muthuvel.
Miss M. S. Chandra.
Miss R. Saroja.

The inaugural address was delivered by Rev. T. M. Kurien, M.A., L.T., B.D., (Lond.) on the 23rd August 1946. On the 11th October 1946, Mr. V. Nalliah, member of the Ceylon State Council, spoke on "Modern Ceylon." At a debate held early in September the motion—"Inter communal marriages will lead the communal harmony in India" was discussed and lost.

The Mathematics Association

President:—Rao Bahadur K. Ananda Rao, M.A. (Cantab.)
Vice-President:—Sri G. A. Srinivasan, M.A., L.T.
Secretaries:—T. Janakiramayya, IV Hons.
 N. Kannan, IV B.Sc.
Treasurer:—R. Varadarajan, IV Hons.
Committee:—T. S. Balasubramaniam, V Hons.
 R. Venkataraman, III Hons.
 K. S. Ramani, III B. Sc.
 Miss K. Ranganayakamma, III B. Sc.

An address on "Hindu Mathematicians" by Sri C. B. Madhava Rao, P. G. I., on the 19th August 1946 inaugurated the work of the Association for the year. On the 13th November 1946 Sri Bhaskaran, P. G. I., read a paper on "Some Famous Problems in the Theory of Numbers with Special Reference to Fermat's Last Theorem". The Association also had three socials to bid farewell to Sri T. N. Bhima Rao, M.A., L.T., Sri V. R. Srinavasa Raghavan, M.A., L.T., and Sri K. Ramanujachariar, M.A., B. Ed. respectively, who left us on promotion and transfer.

The Chemical Society

President:—Sri M. V. Sitaraman, M.A., L.T.
Vice-President:—Sri P. Ramanand Rao, M.A., L.T.
Secretaries:—Sri K. V. Ramanathan, IV (Hons.)
 Sri S. Venkataraman, IV B.Sc.
Treasurer:—Sri V. B. Eswaran.

The inaugural address was delivered on the 22nd August 1946 by Sri A. P. Madhavan Nair, Senior Lecturer, the Alagappa College of Technology. He spoke on "Synthetic Rubbers". Regular reading of papers by members commenced only in the second term. On the 14th November 1946 Mr. E. Gonsalves, IV Hons., read a paper on "Vitamins". He was followed on the 19th November 1946 by Sri S. P. Krishnamurthi, B. Sc., P. G. II, whose subject was "Nitrogen and Allied Industries in India". We hope to be able to issue our own journal at the end of the year.

The Physics Association

President:—Dr. S. Gopalakrishnamurthi, M.A., D.Sc., B.Ed.
Vice-President:—Sri T. K. Lakshmanan, M.A., M. Sc., L.T.
Magazine Editor:—Sri T. Krishnamurthi, M.A., L.T.
Secretaries:—K. R. Ramamani, IV (Hons.)
 B. R. Jagannada Rao, III. B. Sc.
Treasurer:—T. R. Nagoji Rao, IV (Hons).

The inaugural address was delivered on the 24th July 1946 by Sri T. N. Seshadri, M.A., L.T., who spoke on "Dam Construction." On the 3rd September 1946 Dr. H. P. Waran gave a talk describing wittily his experiences

in foreign laboratories. On the 4th September 1946, the Association was 'at home' to Sri T. N. Seshadri on the occasion of his leaving the Department to work as Soil Mechanics Officer.

An Exhibition lasting for four days from 18th October 1946 was the climax of the Association's activities during the year.

The Association's record also includes papers or lectures by Sri K. Krishnamurthi (on "Ultra Sonics—their Production, Detection, Measurement, Effects and Uses"—the 10th October 1946), Sri P. V. Indiresan, IV (Hons.) (on "Periodic Tables"—the 8th November 1946) and Sri K. Ekambaram, V (Hons.) (on "The Sun and the Stars"—the 21st November 1946.)

The Zoological Society

President:—Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam, M.A., Ph. D. (Lond.), D.I.C.
Vice-President:—Sri M. Varada Iyer, M.A., L.T.
Treasurer:—Sri P. K. Menon, M.A., L.T.
Student President:—Miss A. Kamala Chelliah, V (Hons.)
Secretaries:—Miss Rani E. Pakyanathan, IV B. Sc.
 Sri S. Krishnaswami, IV B. Sc.
Committee:—Miss Ambujakshi, V (Hons.)
 Sri V. G. Prasad, IV B. Sc.
 Sri N. B. Janardanan, III B. Sc.
Magazine Editor:—Sri P. K. Menon, M.A., L.T.
Magazine:—
Associate Editors:—Sri P. Balakrishna Menon, B.A., P.G. II.
 Sri N. Narayana Rao, B. Sc., P.G. II.
 Sri S. Abraham, B.A., P.G. II.

The work of the Association for the year began on the 16th July 1946 with an address on "Parasites in Relation to Man" by Capt. N. Seshadrinathan, M.B. B.S., D.T.M., Asst. Director, King Institute, Guindy. The Association's record of work during the year includes the following talks and papers:—

30th July 1946	...	Sri N. Narayana Rao, P.G. II.	...	"Life in Fresh Water and on Land."
6th August 1946	...	Sri A. Nagarajan, IV (Hons.)		"The Antiquity of Man."
22nd October 1947.		Sri P. Balakrishna Menon, P.G. II.	}	"The Fauna of Krusaidai."
		Sri N. Narayana Rao, P.G. II.		
		Sri A. Nagarajan, IV (Hons.)		
12th November 1947.		Miss A. Kamala Chelliah	...	"Wonders of the Animal world."
3rd September 1947.		Sri A. Nagarajan, Sri N. Narayana Rao and Miss A. Kamala Chelliah.		"The Various Theories of Evolution" (Discussion.)

Parties of Zoology students led by members of the staff, visited Krueaidai in Michaelmas, Ennore on the 9th November 1946 and Mahabalipuram and Covelong on the 11th January 1946 for collection and field work.

The society has resumed publication of its Journal and has brought out Volume V.

The Geology Association

President and

Treasurer :—Sri T. N. Muthuswami Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretary :—Sri N. Krishnaswami.

Committee :—Sri T. S. Nagasundaram.

Sri C. R. Natarajan.

Sri N. Natarajan.

Sri Damodaran.

The activities of the Association for the year commenced with an address on "Field Geology" by Sri N. K. N. Iyengar of the Geological Survey of India, Southern Circle, Madras.

Three papers in all were read before the Association during the year :—"The Interior of the Earth" by Sri Kalyanasundaram, IV (Hons.); "Vulcanism" by Sri C. R. Karunakaran; and "Oil Geology" by Sri Viswanathan, V (Hons.)

The valedictory address was delivered by Dr. Tanton of the Geological Survey of Canada, who was in India in connexion with the Indian Science Congress. He spoke on "Iron Ore Series of Steep Rock Lakes of Canada."

The Honours and IV Pass Students toured the Mysore Plateau in September 1946. They studied the geological features of the Holenarsipur schist belt and the Lulbagh quarries, and besides visited the Kolar gold fields, the Sindhuvali chromite mines, the Dodkunya magnesite mines, the Bigeshpur kaolin mines and the Jog power plant. The IV Main students toured the Ceded Districts in January 1947, visiting the barite and asbestos mines of Cuddapah, the diamond fields of Vajraharur and the ruins of Hampi.

The Botany Association.

President :—Sri T. Venkatanathachari, M.A., M.Sc., B.T.

Vice-President :—Sri R. V. Narayanaswami, M.A., L.T.

Treasurer :—Sri N. Venkatasubrahmanyam, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries :—Miss Padma Grubb.

Sri Y. Satyanarayan.

Committee :—Sri T. Somasundaram, IV (Hons.)

Sri K. R. Venkiah, IV B.Sc.

Sri C. Jayaraman, III B.Sc.

The inaugural address was delivered by Sri C. Rajagopalachariar on the 15th July 1946 with Sri Suryanarayana, Principal, in the chair. In a characteristically delightful speech, Rajaji explained how the mystery of the universe could be approached through the study of botany. This was only the first of a series of opportunities we had of hearing distinguished outsiders. On the 19th July 1946 and 27th July 1946 Dr. Sadasivan, Director of the University Botany Research Laboratory, spoke on "Plant Viruses" and "Inorganic Nutrition in Plants" and demonstrated culture experiments, the technique of plant breeding and after-research activities. On the 1st August 1946 Sri R. M. Sundaram, I. C. S., Secretary to Government of Madras, Development Department, spoke on "Agriculture". On the 5th September 1946 Prof. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A., formerly of Madras Christian College, gave a lecture on "Biology and Human Progress" with the aid of a number of charts. On the 6th September 1946, Prof. Parija, Vice-Chancellor of the Utkal University and leading plant physiologist, spoke on Biology in general terms. Later on in the same month Sri M. Bapineedu, M.Sc. (Calif.), former Parliamentary Secretary, spoke on "Our Food Problem." On the 3rd February 1947, Mr. P. John Sunder Rao, M.A., M.Sc., F.Z.S., Professor of Biology, Madras Medical College, spoke on "Men in Relation to Plants".

On the 5th February 1947, Miss V. K. Kamalam, M.A., M.Sc., spoke on "The Anatomy of the Important Crop Plants of South India" with the aid of slides. On the 9th August 1946, Sri V. Balu, IV (Hons.), gave a lecture on "The Mysteries of the Plant Kingdom."

The climax of the activities of the Association came on the 8th November 1946 when the Botany Exhibition was declared open by Her Excellency Lady Nye before a distinguished gathering which included Dr. Savur, the D.P.I. Her Excellency was greatly pleased with the exhibits and explanations. The Exhibition was open for three days and attracted large numbers of visitors. The response from the City Colleges was excellent and nearly 56 schools sent their students. Congratulatory messages were received from many well-wishers, including C. R. Among distinguished visitors to the Exhibition were Sir T. S. Venkataraman and Dr. Sadasivan. The Exhibition was a remarkable success, and we proceeded shortly afterwards to run an exhibition stall in the Royapetta Y. M. C. A. Carnival from the 26th to the 28th December 1946.

The usual instructional tours were also organized during the year. During the Michaelmas holidays the IV Pass students, led by Sri Venkatasubrahmanyam, visited Courtalam and Shencottah. The Hons. students, led by Sri Natesa Iyer, went out touring Kodaikanal, Kurisadai and the neighbourhood. In December Sri Venkatanathachari took a party of students to Mahabalipuram and Tirukkalugukundrain. Sri Venkatanathachari took the Junior members of the Association for a single-day instructional trip to Vandalur on the 4th February 1947.

The Association was 'at home' on the 16th November 1947 to Sri Natesa Iyer who left us on transfer. Sri Venkatanathachari succeeded him as President of the Association.

The year was also rendered memorable by the visit paid to our department on the 31st January 1947 by Prof. Blakeslee of America and Prof. Kanna, renowned plant pathologists and special delegates to the Indian Science Congress.

The Dramatic Club

President:—Sri V. K. Ayappan Pillai, B.A. (Oxon.)

Vice-Presidents:—Sri K. Swaminathan, B.A. (Oxon.)
Dr. P. P. Kallukaran, Ph.D. B.Sc. (Lond.)
Sri R. V. Narayanaswami, M.A., L.T.
Sri V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretary:—Sri R. Kuppaswami, M.A.

Student Secretary:—Sri V. R. Rajagopalan, IV B.Sc.

The Dramatic Club organized a variety entertainment on the 9th and 10th February 1917 in aid of the Tamil Manavar Sangam. The bill of fare, alike substantial and varied, included Prof. Swaminathan's social satire *Padaviye Udavi* and Rao Bahadur P. Sambanda Mudaliar's *Mandavan Meendathu*, besides miscellaneous features such as certain passages from *Othello* 'mono-acted', the English farce, *Hot-Spot Hotel*, and dance by pupils of the Nrityodaya School, Mylapore (by courtesy of Director K. Subramaniam, B.A., B.L.). It was on the whole a commendable effort and was received well by the audience which, on the first day, included distinguished outsiders such as Sri T. R. Venkatarama Sastri and Dr. Sir Rm. Alagappa Chettiar.

The U.O.T.C.

'C' Company looks back on a year of strenuous work and signal success. We held in the course of the year altogether 62 Parades at which instruction was imparted in all the subjects for the 'A' and 'B' War Certificate Examinations. Two camps were held during the year, one at Kirai-pakkam in September and the other at Arkonam in December. 'C' Company did exceptionally well in the 'A' and 'B' War Certificate Examinations. In 'A'-I, Recruits Mahalingam and Manoranjan secured Battalion 1st and 3rd places, and we won besides 5 out of the 10 distinctions in the Battalion. In 'A'-II, L/c's Palaninathan, Zinna and Adi Kapadia won Battalion 2nd, 3rd and 4th places, and out of the 24 candidates presented 20 passed. In 'B'-I we put up 8 candidates of whom 7 passed. In 'B'-II U/O. Sudhakaran won the first rank in the Battalion. In the inter-platoon and inter-section competitions conducted by us, the 8th Platoon won the General Proficiency Shield and the 3rd Section, the 8th Platoon won the Shield for the Best Section. The 9th Platoon won the Drill and Route March Shields and the 8th Platoon won the Guard Mounting Shield. In the Battalion competitions we won the first place in Route March and the second place in most other items. The Centenary Prize for the year was awarded to U/O. F. H. Kapadia. U/O. A. Sudhakaran was adjudged the best Platoon Commander and V. G. Manohar-das the best Section Commander. The College U.O.T.C. is grateful to the Principal, the Commandant and the Adjutant for their generous support and sympathy, and looks to them for their assistance in securing the satisfaction of certain immediate needs such as a clerk, a parade ground and conveyance facilities. The U.O.T.C. is conscious of its high destiny and hopes to assist in forming the apex of the system of training contemplated by the National Cadet Corps Organization Committee.

Capt. B. R. Baliga, Officer Commanding, 'C' Company.

Old Students' Association

Life Members who joined since the publication of the last issue:—

- Abdullah I. A. A. S., C/o Sri B. Pocker, Advocate, Royapettah High Road, Madras.
- Arnnachalam N.S., I.C.S., 134 Lloyds Road, Cathedral Post, Madras.
- Azzizuddin S., Advocate, 2 Thambuchetti Street, G.T., Madras.
- Burra Venkatasubramaniam, Advocate, Venkatappaiah House, Suryaraopet, Cocanada.
- Govinda Menon P., Crown Prosecutor, 64 Poonamalle High Road, Vepery Post, Madras.
- Lakshmiratnam S. K., Advocate, 'Mani Mangalam', Honleys Road, Kilpauk, Madras.
- Pandurangaiah V., 5 Dr. Nair Road, Thyagarayanagar, Madras.
- Parthasarathi T. R., Mercantile Asst., Madura Mills & Co., C/o A. & F. Harvey Ltd., Madura.
- Rachel Jacob Mrs. (nee John) C/o Dr. K. J. Jacob, Kottayam, Travancore.
- Rajam C. V., B.A., Msc. Contractor, 'Ramshram', 178 High Road, Royapettah, Madras.
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- Ramanarayan, Textile Chemist, C/o Buckingham and Carnatic Mills, Perambur Barracks.
- Ramakrishnan K. V., Research Student, C/o Sri R. R. Venkataraman, D.P.L., Pudukottah State.
- Ratnam R., 25 Dwaraka Colony, Mylapore.
- Sambamoorthi H., Asst. Commercial Manager, M. & S. M. Ry., Park Town, Madras.
- Sampathkumaran M.R., Publisher, The Educational Review, 14/A Sankuvar St., Triplicane.
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- Sankar V. S., Labour Welfare Officer, Parry & Co., 'Gitalaya', Sri Vidya Colony, 35 Edward Elliot's Road, Mylapore.
- Srinivasan G.S., Supdt. of Post Offices, Rajkot Division, Rajkot, Kathiawar.
- Sivaprasad V., Advocate, Bombay Mutual Buildings, Esplanade, Mylapore.
- Shetty M.E., Dy. Superintendent of Police, Major House, Kamp P.O., South Kanara.
- S. Thambuswami Mrs. 'College Par', Kilpauk, Madras.

Book Review

The Prince of Ayodhya By D. S. Sarma, M.A., Published by Sri Ramakrishna Mutt, Madras. Price—boards, Rs. 4; calico, Rs. 6.

To the pious the Ramayana is more than literature, it is sacred scripture, and Sri Rama, the Prince of Ayodhya, is an avatar of Lord Vishnu himself. The epic, however, has always been extra-ordinarily popular with all classes of readers, even with those who, like Prof. D. S. Sarma and the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, make a purely literary approach to it. The sheer pressure and power of its main narrative, its amazing variety and comprehensiveness, its charming passages of pure poetic description and its illuminating digressions on the various issues of human life have given the Ramayana an altogether unique place in Indian life. It is *Adi Kavya* in more than one sense of the term. It is at once a great poetical masterpiece and a great book of the wisdom of life. It possesses, in addition, the rare merit of appealing to young and old, though, of course, it appeals in different ways at different levels of understanding and experience of life. But fundamentally, it is a story for the young; to them it comes with special force and beauty. Young Kusa and Lava sang it of old with a vigour and verve which astonished their immediate auditors. Their brothers and sisters of to-day still respond with the same eager enthusiasm to this oft-told but ever-fresh tale.

Our young men and women to-day are so much better acquainted with English than with Sanskrit or even the modern Indian languages, and it is for their benefit that Prof. Sarma has re-stated in English the ideals of our great and ancient culture, of which the Ramayana is such an excellent monument. It is a perfect marvel of condensation and leaves out little of the rich content of the great epic. The main story is narrated in language which is admirably attuned to all the varied demands made on it by the progress of the theme. The narrative maintains an even tenor and there is perfect balance between description and narrative. At the hands of the ordinary 'summarizer', the poetry of the epic receives sad neglect or ingenious commentary. But Prof. Sarma, as a profound student of literature, has not merely not neglected the poetry of Valmiki, he has given us in the descriptive and dramatic passages in this version a taste of its poetic quality which will, we doubt not, send many readers to the original. In the management of the high lights of the epic, Prof. Sarma has most admirably brought out the two great achievements of Valmiki, viz. the character of Sri Rama and the even greater character of Sita. Of its teaching, viz. that all true progress must be in the realm of the spirit, Prof. Sarma gives a brief formulation in the Preface. The story, as a whole, for all its rich and enchanting variety and the limits and restraints Prof. Sarma has imposed on himself, powerfully emphasizes this lesson.

The volume has the characteristic merit of Prof. Sarma's writing—lucidity. His style, narrative and descriptive, is always adequate to its task. But in writing this version of the great national epic, he has shown a gift which we should like to see exercised on the other great Hindu epic, the Mahabharata.

On the whole, this straightforward English version of the Ramayana is a great public service to the cause of our culture and will bring thousands of our young men and women to Valmiki himself.

College Notes

The Madras University Commission inspected the College on the 2nd September 1946.

Sri T. Suryanarayana was on leave in November and December 1946 and Sri S. G. Manavala Ramanujam officiated as Principal during the period.

The Annual Sports and College Day were held on the Marina Grounds on the 8th February 1947, Dr. Sir Rm. Alagappa Chettiar presiding. The sports contests excited as great interest as ever before. Sri S. Palanivelu won the Papworth Prize (for the best athlete.)

Welcoming the gathering, the Principal reviewed the record of the College teams in the various tournaments during the year. Mrs. T. N. Ramamurti, Principal of Queen Mary's College, next distributed the prizes.

Sir Alagappa Chettiar, in a witty speech, described the 'Presidite' as an easily recognizable species—the product of a unique training based on the principle of the maximum of academic freedom. He recalled his student days in the College, when no teacher ever finished the 'portions', no examinations were held except under pressure from the students, and even the 'detailed' text-books were hardly read in the class. If the test of civilization was the enjoyment of leisure, the students of Presidency College were a highly civilized race. He appealed to the students to retain the buoyancy of youth. In conclusion, he announced a donation of Rs. 2,000 for the furtherance of sports activities in the college.

The gathering broke up after a pleasant tea in Fyson Park.

The results of the Annual Sports were as follows:—

Men's Events—100 Metres: (1) S. Palanivelu, (2) P. R. Viswanathan; **200 Metres:** (1) P. R. Viswanathan, (2) S. Palanivelu; **400 Metres:** (1) P. R. Viswanathan, (2) M. V. Padmanabhan; **800 Metres:** (1) P. R. Viswanathan, (2) M. Muthia; **1,600 Metres:** (1) P. R. Viswanathan, (2) R. M. Hussain; **110 Metres Hurdles:** (1) Ali Akbar Ahmed, (2) S. Palanivelu; **200 Metres Hurdles:** (1) S. Palanivelu, (2) Ali Akbar Ahmed; **High Jump:** (1) S. Palanivelu, (2) M. Muthia; **Long Jump:** (1) S. Palanivelu, (2) Theobald Samuel; **Hop Step and Jump:** (1) S. Palanivelu, (2) Ali Akbar Ahmed; **Shot Put:** (1) Theobald Samuel, (2) P. Subramaniam; **Discus Throw:** (1) S. Palanivelu, (2) R. M. Hussain; **1,600 Metres Fast Cycle:** (1) Manjunathan, (2) Lakshmiipathi; **Staff Race:** (1) V. T. Titus, (2) Vanamala Naidu; **Old Students (Under 40):** (1) C. G. Devayya, (2) Vanamala Naidu; **Old Students (Over 40):** (1) Mr. Venkatarama Iyer, (2) Mr. Gopalakrishna Iyer; **1,600 Metres (open to all colleges):** (1) Dhan Singh (Engineering), (2) C. G. Ramachandran; **Back Race:** (1) M. R. Janardhan, (2) Dayakissen; **Sack Fight:** (1) M. Viswanathan, (2) Dayakissen; **Obstacles Race:** (1) R. M. Hussain, (2) Dayakissen.

Women's Events—50 Metres: (1) Miss Nageswari, (2) Miss Sumana; **Fast Cycle Race:** (1) Miss Rukmani, (2) Miss Prabhu; **Bun Race:** (1) Miss Mallika, (2) Miss Prabhu; **Net Ball Throw:** (1) Miss C. S. Lalitha, (2) Miss C. S. Azimunnisa; **Three legged Race:** (1) Miss Kokila and Miss Nageswari.

An Appeal

In an appeal for funds for the erection of a statue of Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. V. Swaminatha Ayyar, Sri S. Ramaswami Naidu, Sheriff of Madras, who is Organizer of the Statue Fund, points out that Dr. Swaminatha Ayyar's services to Tamil learning and literature and to the cause of scholarship in general are unequalled. Dr. Ayyar is one of the makers of the Tamil Renaissance which has produced the poetry of Bharathi as well as many powerful social and cultural movements for the revival of the great and ancient Tamil civilization. Dr. Ayyar was for many years Tamil Pandit in our College, and it is only appropriate that the public recognition of the work of this giant among scholars should take the form of a statue erected on our College premises. The Organizer requests all lovers of scholarship to contribute liberally and promptly to the Statue Fund.

We commend this appeal to the present and the past students of the College and the general public. It is proposed to unveil the statue in April next.

Subscriptions may be sent to Prof. N. Ramani, Presidency College.



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