

MADRAS
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
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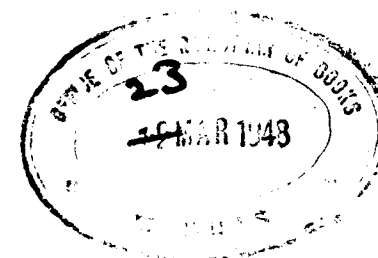


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**MADRAS
CHRISTIAN
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**

Vol. XVII, No. 2

March, 1948

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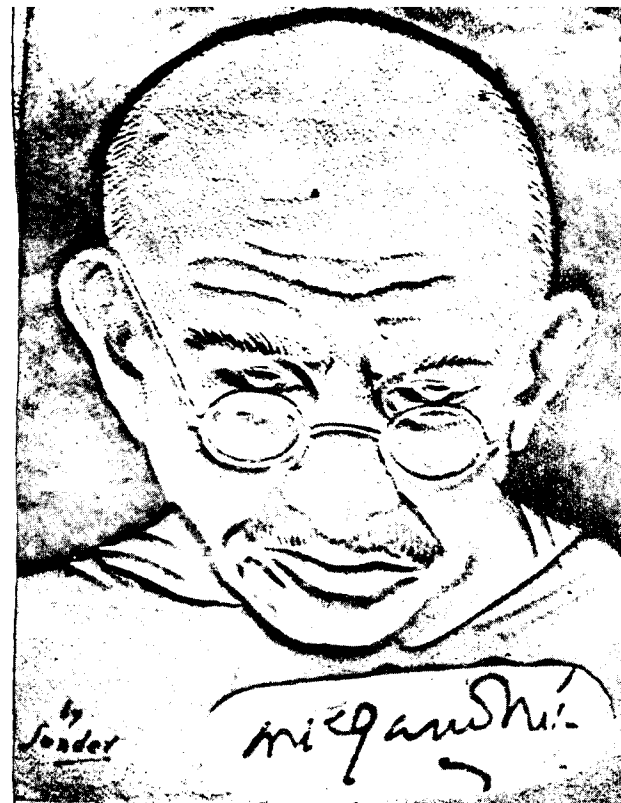
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THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
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THE NATIONAL TRAGEDY

PROLOGUE IN THE NETHER WORLD

473

SATAN ; Evil Spirits in attendance on Satan.

SATAN : What saw you there ?
FIRST SPIRIT : From the cold mountains of the North
Down to the foaming southern sea,
I roamed the Land. Green verdure
All around, milk-like air,
Fields of ripening rice, all earth
Heavy with autumnal wealth
Ready for the bending sickle . . .
SATAN : Talk not to me of hills and lakes !
You tire me. What saw *you* there ?
SECOND SPIRIT : War and crime, heinous crime !
Steeped in blood and sin
Lay the famished Land,
As brother raised deathly hand
Against brother. I saw a whole
People on the move, this way,
That way, like, oh, hordes of mice.
Issuing from a House on fire.
I saw Fire too, earth burned
And the fetid air stank of sin.
SATAN : They are ripe, the People.
And ready to fall. Come, let us go !
SECOND SPIRIT : There was a sickness in the Land,
A taint that showed like the malign blood
Blue, round a livid sore ;
There was Famine, gaunt of visage.
The winds have failed, the skies
Dropt no manna of Rain.
The Plough lies idle, and
Farmers die in anguished stupor.
And in the fuming factories
Restive workmen in smouldering rage
Are ready to loose the Hound of Terror,
Naked Terror that may stalk the Land.

SATAN : Better than best. Are we all ready?
 Ready for the day I shall begin
 To reign? One square inch gained,
 One little corner on the Globe and
 I shall be its master, snap my fingers
 At Him, His Angels and his loved Mankind.
 The Hour has come, my hour has come.
 Satan shall rule the world and the
 Horsemen of the Apocalypse shall have their way.

FIRST SPIRIT : But . . .

SATAN : But what? Spare me your
 Prologue if there is a but in it!

FIRST SPIRIT : But there was a something in the Land,
 In the people, in the very air, I thought.
 I don't know what to call it . . .
 A vigour perhaps, a strain of soundness
 And of Health, a hint of fragrance
 In the enveloping stench.
 They, the people, walk with raised heads,
 With proud tread, as though they
 Breathed some heavenly air,
 Not earth's drossy vapour. A gleam
 There was in their eyes, wells of inner
 Joy ; a core of Good beneath all that
 Mountainous façade of Evil
 A strain of Strength behind
 All that weakness . . .

SATAN : Oh, we shall meet their strength with guile
 And break it; dim their joy;
 In black sulphurous vapours
 Cloud the gleam you speak of . . .

SECOND SPIRIT : And more : there is a man there.
 People say that out of dust, he
 Made them into men ; that he
 Is the apostle of Peace. I had
 Proof of it. Along the crime-haunted
 Swampy lanes of a village
 Called Noakhali, he trudged on foot,
 An iridescent Messenger of Love.
 He lives like a saint, some say he is one
 I dared not approach him
 Ringed round as he was
 With the flaming Fire of virtue,
 Goodness. They call him Father,
 Gandhi is his name, the Great-Souled.

SATAN : I shall not hear a word more of your
 Twaddle. Eve was a woman. This
 Great-Soul of yours is only a man!
 Shall a mere man stand in mighty Satan's way?

FIRST SPIRIT : He walks in the Path of God!

THE NATIONAL TRAGEDY

SATAN : Don't dare mention that Name!
 [Sulphurous thunder and murky lightning.
 Among men I have my creatures.
 For Countless ages they have lived in me
 And have prepared the Ground.
 There is something of me in every
 Son of Adam. I shall stir the
 Sleeping Me in one, just any one
 And there is an end of your Great-Soul.
 [Commotion of the elements.

SPIRITS : As you will it.

ACTION ON THE EARTH

[IN THE CITY OF DELHI. 5 p.m. ON FRIDAY JANUARY 30, 1948]

THE ASSASSIN : *Pranām, pranām.*
 MAHATMA GANDHI : *Pranām, my son.*
 THE ASSASSIN : You are later than usual, Bapaji,
 The crowd of devotees awaits you.

SATAN-BENEATH-THE-SKIN : Do it now, do it now.
 MAHATMA GANDHI : Yes, I am late, some urgent
 Work
 [Three shots ring out.

SATAN-BENEATH-THE-SKIN : Well done ! well done !
 MAN-BENEATH-THE-SKIN : Oh God ! oh God ! What have I done !
 MAHATMA GANDHI : Ha Ram ! ha Ram !
 [Falls.

THE CROWD : Oh, oh, he is slain !
 Kill the killer, kill the killer !
 Death to the parricide !
 Mahatma Gandhi ki Jai !
 Mahatma mar hogaya !
 Mahatma amar hai !
 The Nation Mourns !
 It's dangerous to be too good.
 The Light has gone out of our lives . . . a madman . . .
 The Father of our Nation . . .
 The Prince among Men . . .
 Death to the Mussulmans !
 DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER : It is Hindu who has done it . . .
 ANGRY CROWDS : Down with the R.S.S. . . .
 MAHASABHA LEADER : Distribution of sweets quite untrue . . .
 PAKISTAN : One of the great leaders of the Hindu community. . .
 FOREIGN RADIO : The Greatest Indian since the Buddha . . .
 COMMUNIST LEADER : Failed to protect the life of Gandhi
 THE GITA : *Urdhvam gacchanti satvasthāh,
 Madhyē tishṭhanti rajasāh,
 Jaghanyagunavrittisthāh,
 Adho gacchanti tāmasāh.
 Guṇānetānatītya*

Tēndehī dhasamuddbhavān
Janmamrityujarādukhair
Vimuktosmrtamamute.

EPILOGUE IN HEAVEN

ANGELS IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE LORD

FIRST ANGEL : The dark Rebel of the Depths
Has done it again. Oh Lord,
How can you allow it?
The peoples down there are sunk
In Sorrow. . .

SECOND ANGEL : Sorrow has made them mad ;
They burn, they loot, they kill.

THIRD ANGEL : Far better if the skies were made
To rain fire and every murderous
Weapon, than see this mounting
Agony of a people orphaned in the
Flood of their joy of newfound Freedom.

FOURTH ANGEL : Can there be such wickedness,
Such hideous evil! Lord! I tremble
To think what the Dark Angel
Will make of your brave handiwork—
Mankind.

THIRD ANGEL : Will it not be kinder to uncreate
That whizzing globe, whom you peopled
With such men, now fallen in the dust?

THE LORD : Children, away with your sadness.
I know how you feel.
But a Life so ended is never ended.
It has just begun, has left a
Fragrance for endless ages to come.
He, whom you mourn, is dear to my heart
He walked in goodness, he was good
Died in glory there. He is now of us
And therefore can never be dead.
See how the charm works, down there.
Among those muddle headed children
Of mine; they rise as one man
With chastened hearts to learn
To understand the great Departed.
His name, his spirit, the quintessential he,
Shall guide them like a lamp
In the dangerous darknesses of their mind.
There is no beginning nor end, nor Life
Nor death, for all is Me.

FIRST ANGEL : But what about the Rebel Angel,
Proud Satan, the Tower of Evil?

THE LORD :

Shall he stalk the earth while we
Watch in silence here?
No mortal's death shall lead him
To his erring Desires. He is
Enmeshed in his own wiles,
His serpent stratagems. He lives
But never learns, the Foolish One.
With every seeming success he fails.
See him there in torment, in the
Lightless heat of the abysmal Pit!
Deeper and deeper shall he sink
With every further crime . . . Go your
Ways in peace, for my loved son
Who died that others may live, awaits me.

[Heavenly music.]

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

BEQUEATHED TO US

THOUGHTS ON GANDHIJI'S TEACHING

India may find unity in accepting in their widest and most universal application, the things for which Gandhiji lived and died.

Gandhiji had discovered *the Voice of God* within himself and he strove at all times to obey it. This voice has something particular to say to everyone, yet to obey it is to find a unity of heart and of action with others which is the very opposite to the false unity of mob hysteria. Those who are most obedient to the Inner Voice are best able to love and to co-operate with others. It is our guard against both the enslaving pressure of popular opinion and emotion and against selfish isolation.

Gandhiji said, 'There is no God higher than *Truth*'. Jesus said, 'You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free'. Those who honestly desire to find truth remain open minded and teachable, respecting the opinions of others, facing continually the challenge to decide for and act on the truth they can see, praying always for courage and still more courage to explore, to follow and if necessary to die for truth.

Only a few weeks before his death, Gandhiji discovered a new idea of ahimsa—*ahimsa of the brave*. While India was struggling for freedom her people practised what he called ahimsa of the weak, the only kind of ahimsa open to those who have no power; but when Indians came into power they needed to learn a new ahimsa. All who have power whether of body, intelligence, artistic gifts, money, position can use these powers, and will be tempted to use these powers, to exploit and oppress those who do not have them. Ahimsa of the brave means a determination to use every power with reverence and consideration for those who have not that power.

Gandhiji worked for a *classless society*, in which the humblest is of importance and the highest is willing to do the lowliest work, in which neither birth, religion, colour nor political group should entitle people to special privileges nor lay them under special liabilities. He aimed at a society in which each gives the best he has for the good of all, in which duty faithfully done alone entitles anyone to receive what he needs from the community. The

prejudice, pride, greed and selfishness which divide people into hostile groups were to Gandhi enemies to be fought with all our strength. Humble service to the poor, the despised, the sick, the ignorant alone could give anyone any claim to greatness.

Gandhiji's love for the poor and under-privileged led him to emphasise simplicity of life and inner discipline. Luxurious living in a world full of hungry people was unthinkable. To him wealth, possessions and privileges were of no value in themselves but only as they created better and happier conditions. His joy was to give, not to get, to share not to hoard.

His deep concern over poverty and degradation led Gandhiji to try to help people to help themselves and to become self-supporting. He dreamed of villages and nations where all worked together to produce from local resources the things the community needs, food, clothes, houses, social services, knowledge, goodwill, inspiration, so that no community should be forced to beg from another, but each might have something to give away. He would have everyone love and serve and be identified with their local community, and everyone work to make it loved and trusted by its neighbours.

Gandhiji saw India's need for a common

language. He did a great deal to give her the thought forms out of which that language can grow. When we listen to the voice of God and think with love of every community we shall know what languages to learn and how to express our thoughts in the universal language of love.

Gandhiji saw India as a spiritual leader among the nations. She can be so when we are willing to see and to fight the divisive things in our own lives and in our communities, pride, fear, prejudice, religious intolerance, putting the blame on others, lack of understanding and of vision for each other.

'Great good can always come out of great evil if we face the evil as what it is—a tragedy and an opportunity—and meet it in a spirit commensurate with its own greatness.'

May all who sorrow for Gandhiji's death rededicate themselves to work for understanding and peace, using only the weapons of honesty, purity and love, relying not on their own strength and goodness but on God whose pleasure it is to use the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised to accomplish His purpose.

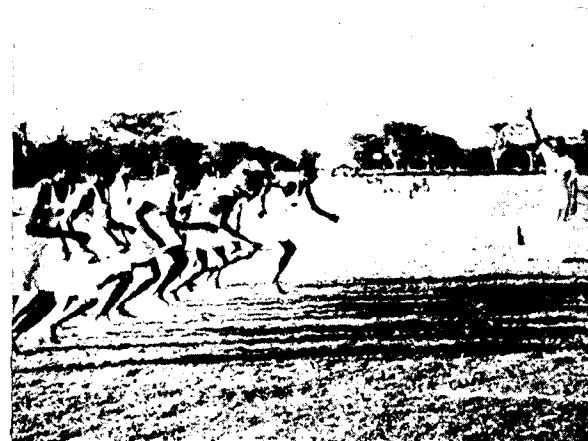
ASHES?

MAYALATHA KRISHNASWAMY (English Honours)

Memories, haunting memories of precious hours gone by;
Thrills of past pain and joy re-lived in tender musing—
It is from the dream of yesterday; the half-heard sigh;
That I gather courage for the morrow.

The rosy glow enveloping the past,
Crystallizes into a priceless secret, that
Hangs as an amulet over my heart,
Guarding it against all invasion from without.

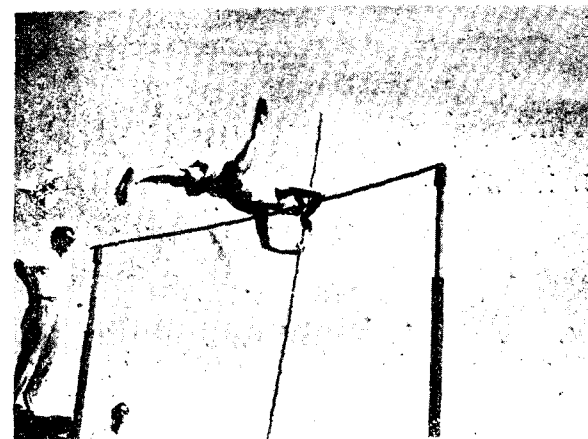
A scent, a moonlit night, music, friends and laughter,
A smile that made one tremble and afraid;
A wild, living storm, and all that came after—
These will always remain;—but with a sharp, sharp edge.



1500 METRES—START



100 METRES—SECOND, THIRD, ETC.



POLE VAULT—A. BARTH



HIGH JUMP—L. JOSEPH



200 METRES—R.M.S. DE SILVA AND B. S. WILSON



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RECRUITS TAKING THE OATH

THE VOICE OF SINCERITY

33

Physical contacts,—hot sands beneath one's feet,
The rich coolness of Persian carpets, and gusts of icy wind smiting the cheek:
These translated into an exquisite awareness of them in memory,
Quiver through recollection like a joyful pain.
All these, poised in the ether of the mind's sky,
Charged with poignant emotion, remain
As stars, lighting and enriching my present being!

THE VOICE OF SINCERITY

DURGA PRASAD, *Research Student.*

The rash and reckless, blind to good;
The high and mighty in haughty mood;
The rich and lazy, swol'n with ease;
Enters not the ears of these,
As seed the stony ground
The Voice of Sincerity.

Intent on holding what they get;
Preoccupied with musings pet;
By custom, fancy, fashion led;
Is lost on minds to ideals dead,
As seed on wayside dropped,
The Voice of Sincerity.

With much to do and little heed;
With little heed and many to feed;
In cheerless drudge is choked with cares
As sprouting seed by smothering tares
What fain he would it waxed
The Voice of Sincerity.

The heart in sorrow's fire refined;
The calm and wisdom-sobered mind;
And faith unwavering in final good;
Receive to yield immortal food,
As fertile field prepared
The Voice of Sincerity.

Born of courage;
Child of truth;
Fearless of hurting or being hurt;
Hypocrisy's eternal foe,
True heroes follow, where'er leads
The Voice of Sincerity.

THE JEWEL

(Prize-winning play in the One-Act Play Competition, English Honours Association; the best play was 'The Renunciation' by R. Venkateswaran, who was not competing for the prize. It has been published in *Swatantra*.)

DURGA PRASAD, *Research Student*.

Enter a woman with a telegraphic message in hand. Her feelings are beyond words. Evidently the message is the cause of her distress. Her eyes full of tears, she takes the child from the cradle, showers kisses upon it and presses it to her bosom. Enter a man.

Sankar.—What is it you are doing, my darling? Hope you are not smothering my jewel.

Pankaja.—I am not sure.

Sankar.—What did I hear you say? Not quite sure! Are you mad? What has come upon you?

Pankaja.—Madness cannot be worse than my predicament. *(She bursts into tears.)*

Sankar.—*(Rushes forward, strokes her head and wipes her tears.)* What is the matter, Pankaja? I have never seen you so miserable. Won't you tell me? My heart sinks when you continue this way. Do tell me, my love.

Pankaja.—*(Hands him the message.)* The cup of my misery is full to the brim. I am stunned and I do not know what to do. *(She places the child back in the cradle.)*

Sankar.—*(Reads the message.)* 'Arriving thirteenth evening mail, Kumar.' What! Kumar returning? How can he return? Is he not dead? Did not the military authorities inform you that he was no more? What is the meaning of this message?

Pankaja.—The truth now dawns on us. Kumar must have been a prisoner in the enemies' hands, now set free after the Armistice. This gross mistake of the military authorities has ruined me for life. I have nothing more to tell you, Sankar.

Sankar.—When is he expected here?

Pankaja.—The message has reached me late. He is coming here by the mail.

It is time. He might step in any moment. Pray, don't add to my confusion.

Sankar.—Don't be perplexed. Be calm. Come along. Let us run away.

Pankaja.—Don't be a cad, Sankar. I shall not be a party to it. We must part. Kumar shall not face a desolate home. He has never deserved it. My duty bids me welcome him. That is the least a wife has to do.

Sankar.—Your duty to Kumar! What about me? I shan't be elbowed out. Don't be silly. Come along. Waste no time. We must hurry up.

Pankaja.—Sankar, the situation is far too embarrassing. But I am determined. I must stand by Kumar. I am sorry, Sankar. But you and I must separate. You will excuse me. I am conscious of the shock you must have had. But you must realise my helplessness. Time is short. Pray, leave for ever. Good-bye.

Sankar.—You treacherous women! How dare you talk to me that way? Do you think you can dispose of me so easily? When you are after a man, you compel him to do everything that you want for your pleasure. With that damnable woman's instinct of heaping obligations on a man, you make a fool of him. When suddenly you find an obstacle in him you fling him away. Your affection for your former husband dawns on you and I am to clear out of the picture. I see the position and I shall not trouble you though I can. For the love I bore you once, I leave you alone. But listen, I must have my child and you can have your husband.

Pankaja.—You shall not deprive me of my jewel. I cannot live without it.

Sankar.—I am sorry. It is impossible. I must take it away. *(He tries to push her aside. But keeping him away from the cradle, she shouts for the Ayah.)*

Pankaja.—Ayah! Ayah! *(Ayah enters)* Take away the baby. *(Ayah walks out with the child.)* No, Sankar, go away.

Sankar.—I am determined to have my jewel and I will. You cannot have it.

Pankaja.—You shall not have it. It is mine.

Sankar.—I shall not be fooled any further. I must carry it. It is my jewel.

Pankaja.—It is my jewel.

Sankar.—No, It is my jewel.

[Enter Kumar in military uniform.]

Pankaja.—Oh! Kumar! *(Rushes forward with open arms to Kumar, but withdraws suddenly struck with a guilty conscience. Unaware of Pankaja's troubled state of mind, he takes her into his arms. She shows an agitated feeling because of the conflict of emotions. She dare not look Kumar in his face. Nor could she take her attention away from him. Sankar darts a look of disgust at a woman who could play a double game. Kumar, unaware of the tragedy shows supreme joy at the reunion with his wife. She somehow releases herself and says)*

So you have returned home quite safe. Kumar.—I am all right, my darling. God has been kind to us. May I know who this gentleman is?

Pankaja.—Oh! I forgot. This is Mr. Sankar, a commercial magnate of repute—This is my husband.

Kumar.—Happy to meet you, Sir, *[Extends his hands; but Sankar bows from a distance rather coldly. Kumar suspects something.]* What is the jewel you were talking about, when I came in, Pankaja?

Pankaja.—Oh! It is nothing. It is just a jewel.

Kumar.—What about that? You were exchanging hot words over it.

Pankaja.—*(Speaks in staccato)* One stormy night I gave shelter to

Mr. Sankar as he was a stranger to this place. The next morning he left the house. Thereafter I found here a jewel, which I have constantly kept with me. I find it difficult to part with it.

Kumar.—Is it his?

Pankaja.—That is more than I can say.

Kumar.—But certainly it is not ours.

Pankaja.—I am thinking about it.

Kumar.—*(Shows signs of suspicion.)* That is strange. Still, be not lost in your thoughts. Give it away to him.

Pankaja.—It has so long been mine. Why should I give it?

Kumar.—Darling, don't be possessive. Let him have it.

Pankaja.—Mr. Sankar, will you kindly leave us for the present and call in after the sun sets?

Kumar.—Why don't you give it away? You need not trouble him again.

Sankar.—It is all right, Sir. I will call in shortly.

Pankaja.—Please do, thanks. *(Sankar leaves.)*

Kumar.—Why don't you quietly give it to him and be done with it.

Pankaja.—Don't worry. I shall do it. Now, come on. You must be very tired. Take a bath. By that time I shall get something ready for you to eat.

Kumar.—Pankaja, for my sake, call the man back and part with the jewel for good. We shall have peace of mind for the rest of our lives.

Pankaja.—Why, this awful worry for you? I said I shall do it and I shall do it for your sake only. Let him come again and he will have it. My first concern is for your comfort after all the hard time you must have had these years.

Kumar.—You must let me and you have peace of mind by parting with the jewel. For goodness' sake, let there be no delay.

Pankaja.—If you promise to excuse me, I will tell you what the matter is.

Kumar.—You to need my pardon, my darling? It is all right, come along.

Pankaja.—So, I have the promise of your pardon.

Kumar.—It is impossible for me not to pardon you.

Pankaja.—So, if I am human enough to err you will be divine enough to forgive.

Kumar.—Most certainly. Come along. What is the matter?

Pankaja.—Four years back, I heard from the military that you were dead.

Kumar.—What! myself dead!! Ha! Ha! Ha! I was only a prisoner in the hands of the enemies.

Pankaja.—Naturally I was upset, for the news staggered me. It took me quite a year to return to normal. The man whom you saw here today, had shelter in my house one night as I told you. Thereafter he was coming here on a number of occasions and was staying in our house. In course of time our acquaintance developed into intimacy and in a weak moment I yielded to him.

Kumar.—(In a shout) Yielded! (An awkward silence).

Pankaja.—Well, Kumar, let me make a clean breast of the whole thing. I am ashamed to tell you that I have had a child by him and that is the jewel that we are fighting over. When I received your message today, there was a suggestion that I should elope with him. But I was firm and would not entertain the idea of your arriving at a

desolate home. I decided Sankar must leave me. At last he consented. But he wanted the child. You have known the rest. (*The Ayah enters with the child Pankaja takes the baby and shows it to Kumar with tears trickling from her eyes.*) Here is the devil of a woman who has caused the worst shock to a divine and loving husband like yourself. You are gracious enough. But I deserve no pardon or quarter from you. Circumstances have conspired and I have yielded. I place myself at your feet. Have no mercy. Treat me justly.

(*Kumar stands dumbfounded looking into the faces of mother and child. At long last*)

Kumar.—Peace has not brought me peace. . . . O God! My head is on flames. . . . My mind refuses to think . . . No, I cannot stay here any longer. (*Rushes out*)

Pankaja.—(Shrieking from behind in utter anguish at the thought of again losing her husband and that for ever) Kumar! Kumar!! Kumar!!! (*Kumar is determined not to hear. But he is stopped at the door by Sankar who just enters.*)

Sankar.—Sir, May I have my jewel? (*The two men stare into each other's face and immediately after both turn round and dart daggers of sublime contempt at the woman.*)

(*Curtain*)

ENGLISH NATURE POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY S. JAGADISAN, 5th Year Honours, English.

A paper read before the English Honours Association on 27th August 1947.

The history of the treatment of Nature in English poetry affords an interesting study. Until the last few decades of the eighteenth century, poetry dealing with nature is important for its descriptive quality. These descriptions of Nature are objective purple patches which are realistic

and suggestive. When we come to the end of the eighteenth century we notice a distinct change in the treatment of Nature in Poetry. This change is foreshadowed in the poetry of James Thompson, who was one of the forerunners of the Romantic Movement. After Milton, Nature Poetry

was put in cold storage and Thompson was the first to treat Nature in Poetry. Thompson's descriptions are important for their realism and vividness. He also has a philosophy of Nature, which is conventional and not an experienced one.

One main aspect of the Romantic Revival is the emphasis laid on Nature. The Romantics reveal a new attitude to Nature and it is in Wordsworth that the new attitude manifests itself. Wordsworth's attitude to Nature is subjective. He invests Nature with a personality and regards her as being a rich source of inspiration and joy. Wordsworth passed through various stages before his Nature worship crystallised into a single definite attitude. In the first stage, it was Nature who thrust herself upon him. He was not conscious of her presence and enjoyed the open air activities in an unrestricted manner and took sheer animal delight in these activities. What he wanted was the gratification of the senses. Even in this stage he felt himself to be in the presence of an unfamiliar being. Gradually he took delight to be with her and wished for those pastimes which had Nature for their background.

When he was seventeen, he sought Nature for her own sake. He no longer required the games to draw him to Nature. Nature was his primary interest. At this stage, he entered into solitary communion with Nature which purified his thoughts and kept him away from 'low and inordinate desires'. It was his habit of communion with Nature that gave him solace in Cambridge, which was then in a state of listlessness and torpor. His attitude, even at this stage, was one of thoughtless joy. He was thrilled in the presence of Nature and admired her in a dazed sort of way. He abandoned himself to the sense which brought him all the joy he desired.

In 1793, when the French Revolution broke out, Nature became subordinate in his interests. It was Man who interested him at this moment. For a time he was engrossed in politics and hoped that the French Revolution would usher in an era of universal happiness and peace. He believed, for a time, in the doctrines of

Rousseau. He, then, enlisted himself as a disciple of Godwin whose theory of individualism was opposed to Rousseau's conception of general will. Till 1795, Wordsworth did not know what he was about. By the end of 1795, the clouds had cleared away, the sun shone brightly and we see Wordsworth in the country with his sister Dorothy.

Again, he pinned his faith to Nature, but there was no reason to lament the loss of 'aching joys and dizzy raptures', for there was enough to compensate for the loss. In the final stage, Wordsworth looked on Nature not with the eye alone; but the eye was supplemented by an inner vision, which saw not merely the external forms of Nature, but 'penetrated into the life of things'. Nature and humanity did not appear different. He juxtaposed his love of Nature with his love of humanity. He was able to perceive the essential harmony that knit up all things. He became conscious of the mystery, grandeur and glory of Nature and realised that it was a living expression of the Ultimate Reality which animates and sustains the Universe. He loved the meadows and the woods, not for their own sake, but for what they signified to him of their Maker. In this final stage, Wordsworth was a pronounced Pantheist, who had a glimpse of the Mighty Being in every object and appearance of Nature, which was

The anchor of [his] purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of [his] heart and soul of all [his moral being].

The objects which Keats describes are the familiar ones. In describing Natural objects, he does not improve on them, nor does he read his thoughts into them. Even when he flies on the wings of Poesy, the objects that he sees are the familiar grass and the thicket,

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;

Two aspects are noticeable in Keats's attitude to Nature. In the first place, he

catches the moods of Nature with great sympathy. Of this aspect, the 'ode to a Nightingale' is an excellent example. The poet and the Nightingale he is describing are two separate entities. The one is overcome by melancholy, the other is happy and free. The poet aspires for the height of the Nightingale's ecstasy and for a moment seems to enjoy it. He enters into a deep sympathy with the bird and for a time the poet and the bird become one.

The second aspect, which is best illustrated in the 'ode to Autumn,' is his sense of vivid personification of the natural object before him. It is this gift which enables him to render the spirit of Autumn concrete. The season is made human by personification. Keats kept his senses awake, not only to receive impressions, but also to mix his soul with the spirit of things that he saw, and used his art to present them in as concrete and imaginative a manner as possible.

Shelley has the gift of describing natural objects accurately. Like Keats, he can personify the changing aspects of Nature. The 'ode to the west wind' illustrates his sense of vivid personification of Nature. Shelley's Nature Poetry ravishes us with joy, but we cannot remain in those dream-lands for ever. Bailey says 'His landscape is not our well-loved trees and flowers, not so much even our worshipped sea and mountains; it is night and day, dark and dawn, winds and clouds, the movements of the elemental air, the stars in their courses, the sun and the moon, not as givers of earthly light, but as circling worlds immeasurably distant, solitary and aloof'.

Arnold's Nature Poetry is genuine and sincere. The influence of Wordsworth upon him was immense, but in his Nature Poetry, Augustine Birrel says 'he does not proclaim that he sees God in the avalanche or hears Him in the thunder'. To Arnold, Nature's secret is not joy, but peace. Nature teaches man to endure. He describes natural scenery vividly, but at the same time, in the words of G. C. Macaulay 'he

is influenced by the peace, the quiet working and the comparative permanence of Nature in contrast with the turmoil and ceaseless change of human things'. Arnold loved Nature in her more subdued moods.

Tennyson marks a change of attitude. He was not burdened with any philosophy or interpretation of Nature. He is a good describer of Nature which is just a background to his poetry. The value of Tennyson's Nature poetry does not consist in any attempt to formulate a philosophy of Nature, but in the colour and gorgeousness of its descriptions.

The Uniqueness of the Nature Poetry of the nineteenth century, especially of the early nineteenth century, lies in the fact that Nature is made human. Nature is endowed with a personality. The value of this Nature Poetry consist, in its emotional contents and the greater sense of intimacy with Nature it gives. Nature is capable of moulding human character. She can comfort the mind, tranquilise the feelings and elevate the soul. Wordsworth, in his apostrophe to Nature in Book I of the Prelude, describes the influence she exercises on the development of human personality.

Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!

Thou soul that art the eternity of thought,

That givest to forms and images a breath

And everlasting motion, not in vain

By day or star-light thus from my first dawn of childhood didst thou intertwine for me

The passions that build up our human soul;

Not with mean and vulgar works of man,

But with high objects, with enduring things—

With life and nature—purifying thus

The elements of feeling and of thought,

And sanctifying, by such discipline,

Both pain and fear, until we recognise

A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

THE GOLDEN SHAPE

BY MISS MAYALATHA KRISHNASWAMI (4th Year Honours, English).

To the family she was Dipo, and to the rest of the world she was just another sweeper girl. She was a wee thing when first I knew her; slight and small. Her face had a rather eager, birdlike appearance, and inset were two intensely bright eyes. For the rest, with her torn 'silvar,' and rather nondescript 'dupatta,' she was just like any other low caste girl in north India.

At first she used to come with her brothers and sisters (there were four or five of them) to the big house where her mother worked, and help her mother to sweep up the leaves in the garden, and gather them into neat heaps. The 'work' of course at this stage was just make-believe; she was too small, and her back ached, and her little arms grew weary. But her bright eyes and winning smile soon endeared her to all in the big house, and she was quickly admitted as a playmate of the 'Babas' in the house.

She played with them, she wore their cast-off clothes, she learnt the things they told her about, and so she grew. But she was a sweeper girl, and her parents were sweepers. It was not good for her to rise above her lowly station in life. Her mother told her in her stumbling, ignorant way, not realizing or understanding all she said, that if sweepers did not remain sweepers all their lives, they would soon be all dead, or continue to exist as absent beings.

When Dipo came home after playing with the 'Babas', her mother told her to sweep the house, cook the meagre meal, and wash the clothes. But at the end of it all she was not given anything to eat, when the others sat down to their meal. Her mother said the 'Bibiji' up at the 'Kothi' had given her enough, and she must not want to eat two meals, when the others had only one.

Poor little waif,—she did not understand. Were the biscuit and the little fruit that 'Bibiji' had given her, meant to suffice for the day? She was hungry, but her mother said she had eaten enough. Surely her

mother knew best; but then oh, she couldn't understand! After all she was only eight.

She loved the 'Bibiji' at the 'Kothi' and the little 'Babas'. They were all so kind to her, so good. But sometimes she could not help getting angry with the little 'Boy-Baba'. He'd said that she'd cheated at 'Kira-Kara'. Didn't they use funny names up at the house though? For instance simple 'Kira-Kara,' they called 'hap-katch'. It was all very bewildering. She wished she could run as fast as the little boy though, and not feel so tired after playing. She did have an awful pain in her tummy sometimes she wished her mother would give her more to eat, perhaps it wouldn't be so bad then.

She was very pleased with herself that day. She had won a prize (a lollipop) for winning the funny game they had taught her. It was such a funny game—she wished she remembered properly what they had called it. 'Ludoo' or something it was, but surely 'Ludoo' wasn't correct, because on the big 'Babas' birthday, 'Bibiji' had given her a sweet called a Ludoo; did two things have the same name she wondered. Of course she'd cheated a little, but they hadn't caught her cheating, so it was alright and rather clever of her. She really did get away with a lot of cheating playing with the 'Babas,'—they never watched her. Now, with her brothers and sisters, they all watched each other intently all the time—it was much harder to cheat with them. Yesterday however, the little boy-Baba had caught her cheating at 'Kira-Kara' and had hit her, and said she couldn't play with them anymore if she did that kind of thing again. She'd hit back, and then a queer thing happened; she was in disgrace. The two sisters of the little boy, who usually took her side in any argument, and even the 'Bibiji' who happened to be passing, gave her cold looks and asked her to go home. She couldn't for the life of her, understand why they'd all suddenly become so distant.

Was it because she'd hit the little boy? But then his sisters often hit him, and nothing happened. They all played together, he'd hit her, and she'd hit back—she couldn't see anything in it to bother about so; but then 'Kothi' people usually did have funny notions, that came to the surface at all kinds of unexpected moments.

Poor mite; she couldn't understand,—how could she? To the people in the 'Kothi' she was 'that rather attractive sweeper child.' They were kind to her, and they expected her to be grateful for all she received from them. But she was a sweeper, and it would never do to pamper her too much, or else with her inherited 'low' nature, she'd begin to take advantage. Now the other day when she hit their little boy;—it was too bad she didn't understand her position clearly. She was very young and small. Perhaps they were being unkind by letting her mix too freely with them, giving her tastes—very little tastes, but still,—of a life far above her station. After all, even if they were willing to adopt her, and make her more than she was by birth, her parents steeped in the ignorance of ages, would never let her be anything more than she was. Already her mother treated her with contempt and used her ill. She belonged to her people and she would always go back to them. So torn between two social worlds, not understanding the attitude of either, little Dipo lived on.

She stole a great deal. Her mother taught her. It was such fun taking home all that heap of 'Kothi' firewood every evening. Those little baskets of mangoes too. Her mother called her 'Beti' and looked at her fondly at these times, glad that the daughter stole for her home. After all, she was *their* daughter.

One day, the "Bibiji" called her. She'd grown up now; she was about fourteen and really helped her mother these days.

'Dipo, you are a sweeper girl aren't you?'

'Why yes, Bibiji.'

'Now Dipo listen to me. You are growing up now, and can understand things. Will you trust me and do as I tell you? Will you try and believe that I have your real happiness in mind? You may not understand all I tell

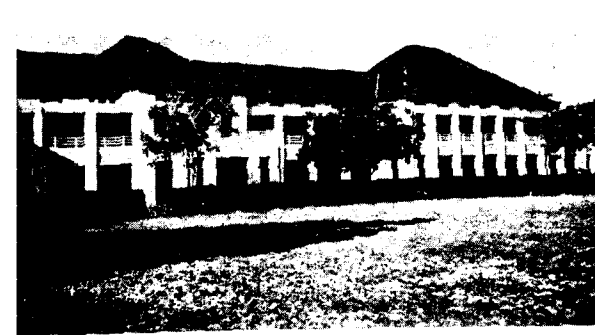
you right now, I wouldn't expect you to; but try to think over all I say, and gradually you'll know, you'll understand.'

'Yes, yes 'Bibiji'.'

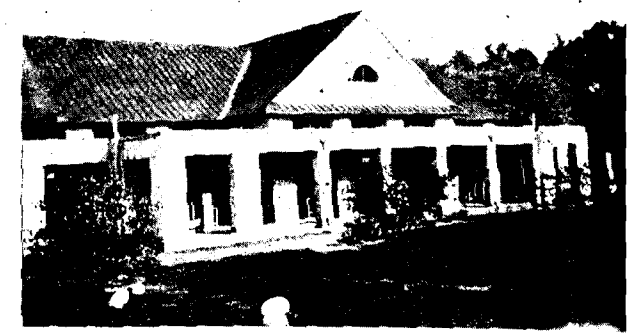
'See Dipo you're a sweeper, and we're Brahmins, but we've treated you almost as if you were one of us. We knew it might spoil you, but we took the risk. It has spoilt you to a certain extent, but that cannot be helped. Now will you by trying to do as I say, will you see if you cannot rise in time to be the best sweeper-girl you can be. You can never be a Brahmin as far as the world goes, but by effort you can be a Brahmin among sweepers. I do not mean just 'caste' when I say Brahmin and sweeper, nor do I mean things like cleanliness, though they do count for a great deal; but I mean your way of doing things, and seeing things, and saying things. I want you to be a Brahmin in mind. Soon, you know, there will officially be no caste in India, but there will always be Brahmins and sweepers and other castes where mind is concerned. I do not mean that there are not Brahmins as bad, and as small and as mean as sweepers,—there are—they are Brahmin-sweepers; we want to make you a sweeper-Brahmin. Be the best girl you can be, Dipo, and I'll help you all I can. Try and not do things, you think I'll disapprove of, and then we'll see.'

She went home more puzzled than ever that day. A sweeper-Brahmin! How very funny. Perhaps if she didn't steal, and stopped cheating (she still cheated a little now and then at games) and didn't try and take more than what she paid for when she went to the bazar for her mother, 'Bibiji' would be pleased. But her mother—At the thought of her mother, all her joy of pleasing the 'Bibiji' vanished. Her mother wouldn't like her any more; her father would tease. After all she had to live with them. Perhaps if the 'Bibiji' took her away from home, it would be easier to be better, but she loved her parents!

'Poor thing! Poor, poor, little thing. Struggling; struggling, against two opposing forces. Loyalty and love, battling within her against loyalty and love. Could she, dare she, be a sweeper-Brahmin? She could never be a sweeper like her mother she knew, even now,



T. J. S. George



T. J. S. George



Balu



Balu



Balu



K. Mammen Cherian

with a dreadful, guilty certainty. She had begun to think differently, she knew better. But could she be better than those at home? Rise in mind, be a Brahmin in mind, and the best sweeper-girl she could be? Or would she merely be just a little 'different'?

She tried hard to please 'Bibiji' and the 'Bibiji' saw and was pleased. She stole no more at the Kothi; though this annoyed her mother, who now had to find the money to buy the vegetables and the firewood, which previously Dipo had brought from the 'Kothi'. She did not cheat at games, for she still played with the 'Babas', grown up now, but always 'Babas' to her. And she loved the 'Bibiji' more and more. But oh, how her mother scolded. She didn't notice that the chapattis were nicer now, that the house was much cleaner. All she noticed was that Dipo had stopped stealing and cheating. Poor thing, she had to lie to her mother to explain the absence of firewood, and, the little baskets of fruit and vegetable, that used often to supplement 'Bibiji's' gifts. But she didn't see how she could avoid lying. Her mother didn't know, couldn't understand, this sweeper-Brahmin business. She'd soon put a stop to it all if she knew. How difficult it all was, how very difficult. She didn't understand. She didn't understand. She didn't know what 'Bibiji', meant, but she felt it was something good, something pure. When 'Bibiji' told her things now and then, Dipo thought she saw a great, shining golden shape, flit across her horizon. But it was all too quick; too sudden. If only she could see it clearly, perhaps she could understand. She didn't understand anything, and after all, she was only a little girl growing up—fifteen, sixteen—and already she was torn between conflicting loyalties. She was trying to be true to something felt, and only very vaguely realized, perhaps not realized at all. Poor Dipo!

Then one day, she fell ill. Her mother frantic with worry and sorrow rushed here and there wildly. She realized that little Dipo (though she was little no longer) had been the mainstay of their household. Her little ways, her gentleness which somehow she'd acquired from the 'Kothi', the way

she did everything to the very best of her ability, all forced themselves into her mother's consciousness—And she didn't understand either.

It was the old tummy ache that Dipo thought came because she was hungry. It turned out to be tubercular glands in the stomach. The 'Bibiji' had her operated on at the big hospital. She recovered slowly, but her life was still a torturing puzzle to her. She continued however in her winsome way to endear herself to all.

She still tried to make the golden shape have distinct outlines. Though in a great many parts it continued to be hazy and misty, in other parts however, it slowly began to have sharp outlines. Perhaps some day it would all be clear. Perhaps!

After her illness it was all much easier. Her mother had realized at last that Dipo meant a great deal to her. She tried to understand her rather strange and wayward daughter—not consciously of course, but she did try in her puzzled and confused way. She was not so harsh nowadays. Sorrow and the way she had just escaped losing her little one, had smoothed out her angles. And Dipo, encouraged by her mother's softened attitude, tried to tell her something of the sweeper-Brahmin business. Her mother of course did not understand. How could she, when even Dipo understood very vaguely; but somehow their home became happier, quieter.

Dipo never truly recovered. She could never play again. She couldn't run about any more. She just lay in their little mud courtyard at home, and watched the sky and the birds. Sometimes the fragrance of the mango blossoms, and the cry of the cuckoo, or the sight of the parrots screeching their way across the sky, would make her feel she must get better, and learn more. But the effort to get well was too much.

Most days her father carried her across the fields to the 'Kothi', and Dipo, lying in the sunny, cheerful passage in the house, listened to stories and tried to eat of the food with which the 'Bibiji' tempted her.

But the time came when even being carried across the fields became too much for Dipo. Then she just stayed in their hut on the

edge of the mango grove. Lying in the courtyard day after day, she stroked the yellow cat which had somehow found its way into that home. And sometimes she played with her baby sister. The cat grew sleek and fat and purred contentedly, but our little Dipo wasted away.

Then one evening she went beyond the glorious sunset that coloured the western sky, and made everything in harmony with

its own light. Her father standing beside heard her murmuring 'Bibiji, Bibiji' just before her light blended with the light in the west.

Perhaps beyond the sunset, Dipo's golden shape was not hazy any more, was not misty any more. Perhaps beyond the sunset she understood about the sweeper-Brahmin she had tried to be.

HYPNOSIS AND SUGGESTIBILITY

V. K. ALEXANDER, *Post-graduate.*

The power of suggestion on the human mind has been known from very early days. It has been exploited by magicians among primitive peoples.

It was Mesmer in the latter part of the eighteenth century who made use of this principle in a scientific way. He claimed to have cured many patients. This evoked a great deal of public interest, and the French Government appointed a commission to study the phenomena. The report was not favourable to Mesmer, and he left Paris and went back to Germany.

The subjective or psychological nature of hypnotic phenomena seems to have been discovered and made use of independently by James Braid in England (1843) and by a group of French investigators. Braid developed a special technique for inducing the trance which is still extensively used. He coined the word hypnotism, now in general use, and utilised the trance mainly for painless surgical operations, which he performed in large numbers.

The rapid development of experimental psychology in recent years has given to the hypnotic investigator a large number of experimental methods and devices which were not available for earlier workers.

There are various stages in hypnosis—a light trance, a medium trance, or thirdly a somnambulistic trance.

Light trance

The subject on the table who is fully relaxed will feel a heaviness on his eyelids.

As he closes his eyes the suggestion must be given that he cannot open his eyes.

In this hypnotic trance there is only a slight amnesia (loss of memory). Sometimes a subject will remember all that happened in the light trance stage; but if the suggestion is made that he will forget, then he will recall it only after some time. One subject reported complete amnesia just after a light trance. I left him in my room for a time. When I returned he had written down almost all the things that we had done.

Characteristics of deep hypnosis

One of the signs of deep hypnosis is the anaesthesia test: suggest that he has no sensation, and tickle his sole: if it is only a slight trance he will pull back his leg.

In this deep trance, you can suggest anything to the subject and he will believe it. Give him a piece of rolled paper, and tell him that one end of it is burning, and he will throw it away. One of my subjects dropped it on my cot. 'That will burn my sheet,' I told him. Very cautiously he snatched up the paper again, and threw it out as if he was handling a burning paper.

With another subject, I suggested that the vowel 'a' has been removed from English literature; and then gave him a pen and paper to write a letter to his father. He wrote a full-page letter, avoiding the letter 'a'. Even in signing his name he omitted that letter.

Transcendence of bodily capacity

It is usual to attribute super-normal powers to persons during hypnosis. It has been reported that hypnotic subjects can read without looking at the book, or read by looking at the reflection in the eye of the hypnotiser. Such stories have had currency even among some psychologists.

Experiments in hypnotism show that we cannot deny some sort of hyper-sensitivity—the senses can be made more powerful to some extent—but it is not beyond human limit.

A change of bodily temperature was suggested to one subject. Before hypnosis, his temperature was 98.4°—the normal temperature. Then high fever was suggested to him—something like 103°. Then again his temperature was taken: it had risen to 99.1°. Medical men do not consider a rise of 0.7° to be a sign of fever.

Hull says that the evidence at present available seems to indicate with some definiteness that while in hypnosis there is a condition of heightened suggestibility—performances beyond the voluntary range can be induced—yet super-normal capacity cannot be produced by suggestion.

Impersonation

If we suggest to a subject in a deep trance that he is somebody else, he will behave and talk as the other man might do, provided that the other person is not repugnant to him. To one subject it was suggested that he was another student of the college, and he began to answer all questions in the manner of the other student, using correctly the facts he had learnt. But when we asked 'What is your father?' there was a pause. We pressed for an answer, and out came the reply 'My father is a lawyer.' Actually his own father is a lawyer, and not the other student's. We asked him to write a letter to 'your father'. He wrote:

My dear Father,

Thank you very much for the money-order of Rs. 150 you sent me yesterday. I

am keeping good health and my sister too is getting on well.

Nothing more to add.

Yours affly.

The reference to 'my sister' seems to be the only reflection of information he had about the person impersonated. The sending of a money order he probably regards as the function of all fathers. Whether he had himself received one of the stated amount we did not enquire.

Post-hypnotic suggestion

This is another interesting phenomenon in hypnosis: suggest something to the subject in the trance, to do after he wakes up: he will do it without the least knowledge that it was suggested by the hypnotiser. If you ask him why he did it, he will find some reason for it, and thus profess that he did it out of his own will. This throws light on many of our unconscious activities which we believe are spontaneous.

A suggestion was given to a subject, that he would open the windows after waking up. When he woke up he went directly to the windows, and opened them.

'Why did you open it?' someone asked him.

'Why, the room is very dark', he replied. He did not know that he was carrying out our suggestion.

To another subject we suggested that after waking up he would take the chair, put it at the table, and write his name on a piece of paper. Then he woke up; he told us that we had suggested something to him, but that he had forgotten the whole matter. He took the chair and put it at the table and sat on it thinking hard what it was. He said there was a restlessness in his mind. We asked him to do whatever came to his mind. He said he had an urge to write his name on a piece of paper. He took the paper and wrote his name, and exclaimed 'I see! This was your suggestion. Now I have a sort of release in my mind.'

A suggestion made to one of our subjects was the following: 'You will go and meet X (one of the professors) in his house today at 4 o'clock, and tell him that he is a bad

teacher.' (Actually X is one of the best teachers in the college, whom everybody likes.) At 4 o'clock the subject was with some friends. When the time came, he said to them 'Why not we go to Mr. X; we can discuss some of the university questions.' Although he had been in college a few years he had never before proposed to visit that lecturer. X was not surprised to see him, as we had told him of the experiment. They had a fine conversation; but the subject never told him that he was bad at teaching. Later, under hypnosis again, the subject said that we had wanted him to go to Mr. X at 4, and tell him that he was a bad teacher. 'Did you carry out that suggestion?' we enquired. 'No' he replied, 'He was such a nice lecturer; I thought it was not fair to offend him in that way.' There are other instances in which our subjects have failed to carry out suggestions on the ground that they were not fair.

Hypnotic suggestion will not work against deep-rooted habits, which may be due to a complex deeply rooted in the unconscious mind. Unless that is removed, no amount of suggestion will root out the habit. C. L. Hull summarises the results of his experiments as follows: 'A post-hypnotic suggestion, at least for a commonplace action, appears to be decidedly less effective as a motivating device than ordinary waking instruction.'

There is a tendency also for the post-hypnotic suggestion to decline with the lapse of time. The curve of diminution is most rapid at first, and becomes progressively slower as time goes on, resembling the curve of ordinary forgetting.

Post-hypnotic amnesia

Many hypnotic subjects show a remarkable inability to recall in the normal state events which took place during hypnosis. If the trance is not very deep the subject may remember a good number of events after some time.

To one subject who goes only into a light trance—he usually remembers many of the events of the trance—I suggested that he would forget everything. For one complete hour he had no memory of anything that

had happened. After that he was able to recall many things.

Another interesting thing is that though there may be amnesia in the waking stage, the subject under hypnosis can remember all the things that were done in the previous trance. There is a continuity of memory throughout the trance stages.

Scientific experiments on this problem show that hypnotic amnesia is superficial. Patten allowed his hypnotised subjects to practice an unfamiliar arithmetical operation, and showed that the benefit of this practice was not at all lost when they repeated the operation in a subsequent waking stage.

There is also striking, but not absolutely convincing, evidence that hypnosis facilitates the recovery of childhood and other remote memories.

Hypnosis and sleep

Many writers from early times up to the present day regard the hypnotic trance as differing in no way from natural sleep except in degree or in the artificial means by which it is brought about.

Two differentia are however clear. One is that upon waking a sleeper is unable to recall the events which took place in his presence during sleep; this is the test we usually apply in deciding whether we ourselves have been asleep. The other is that a sleeper does not give his normal responses to stimuli of moderate intensity, such as spoken or whispered commands.

But Jacobi states: 'It is possible to transform sleep into hypnosis or hypnosis into sleep.' In the hypnotic trance, we suggested to one of our subjects that he would go to ordinary sleep without waking, and would wake up after fifteen minutes. After a few minutes, the blanched expression of his face changed to a meaningful one, he turned his head to one side, and then turned his whole body, which showed that he was no more in hypnotic sleep. He woke up naturally after fifteen minutes.

If it is clear, in Hull's words that 'hypnosis is not sleep, and has no special relationship to sleep', we are still far from any complete and ultimate theory of what

hypnosis is. By the collecting of evidence we may be opening the way to a possible understanding in the future.

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WHAT I HAD FORGOTTEN

A SHORT STORY

By K. KURIAN

I Had Forgotten Something!!

This realisation came to me all on a sudden as I lay in my bed looking out through the half-open window. It was something very important, something which I could not afford to forget. Before going to bed the previous night, I had made a mental note of it, since so much depended on it. But I had clean forgotten what it was.

It was a fine morning. The glorious sunshine was peeping in. But I felt dejected. There was no joy in the singing of birds outside. It was a shame to be sullen on such a beautiful morning, but I could not help it. I had forgotten something very important, which was going to affect the whole of my life, and what it was I had no means to find out.

Presently there was a knock on the door. My man George entered with the shaving water. A thought flashed across my mind. Could George enlighten me? I looked at him. His face was expressionless.

'George'

'Yes, sir?'

'I have forgotten something.'

'Yes, sir?'

'Something very important. Something which I must remember. Can't you suggest anything?'

'If I were you, I'd drop the matter and attend to my business. It is sure to come up sometime later.'

George's advice seemed to me quite sensible. But could I wait till the thing

came up by itself? Would it not be too late then? Confound it all, I was getting nervous. Time I pulled up myself. My memory had been getting steadily worse. Hints from my boss could not be ignored for ever. I tried very hard. It was no use. I reviewed every recent happening in my life. The picture of Robert Bruce and the spider came into my mind. I persevered heroically, but to no use. Finally I gave it up. I had better stick to George's advice. I got up, shaved, took my bath and dressed. I scanned the morning paper, breakfasted, and started for the office.

Everything seemed to be going amiss that day. My train was late; the bus was awfully crowded. By the time I reached my office I was wishing to myself that I had not been born. My boss gave me one of those looks which make one feel so ridiculously small. I reached my desk and tried to settle down to work with an assumed nonchalance. Somehow or other I couldn't concentrate on my job. My attention wandered. What was it that I had forgotten?

The mail was brought in. It contained a reply to my application for a job in the city. It was in every way better than the one I was holding at the moment. Besides the attraction of a fat salary there was the possibility of a gay life in the centre of the city. The firm was pleased with my qualifications and would like to have a reply by wire. For the moment I forgot my troubles.

I reached for a telegraph form and almost finished writing down the message when that ominous thought again came into my mind. What was it that I had forgotten? Had it not something to do with this job? Yes—there was something about a job in what I had forgotten—And it was going to affect my whole life. It was a confusing thought; I had to send the reply by wire. What could I do? Accept it? No. I became convinced that what I had forgotten *had* something to do with this job. Reject it? It was the chance of a life-time. If only these people had given me some time. I felt annoyed with myself. What could a chap do if his memory were playing hide and seek with him? I couldn't possibly accept this or any job in that mood. I decided to risk it. 'Begg time to consider.' I sent the reply.

I was taking the afternoon off. I wanted to go and see the races. My bank-account was slowly dwindling into nothing; perhaps it would be as well I tried my luck on horses. A friend of mine had given me a tip and he had assured me that Pearlbanks would win the cup that day. He was quite an experienced hand in the business and his assurance was as good as a guarantee. I withdrew what remained of my bank-account and set out for the race-course. The long journey was quite tiresome and the suspense before a colossal win was fatiguing. All I had to do was to back up Pearlbanks and I would be returning home with pots of money. But.

Bang came the thought again into my mind. What was it that I had forgotten? Had it not something to do with races? I struggled against the thought. No; it had something to do with the job, *not* with

races. But could I be so sure about it? For all I knew it might have something to do with both the job and the races. Confound it—the thought was gradually gaining strength in my mind. I wavered. Shall I back the horse? Was it not some information about Pearlbanks that I had forgotten? All my savings were at stake. . . . I decided not to back the horse.

Imagine my agony when Pearlbanks won the race, leading by a head!

Fate was against me. I returned utterly exhausted. Tired in every limb I practically fell into an easy-chair.

There was a knock and George entered with a drink and an envelope.

'I found this while beating the carpets sir.'

I recognised the envelope immediately. It had come with the previous day's mail. I opened it without enthusiasm and lazily scanned the contents. It read as follows:—

'Lebanon Memory Training Institute offers to help you out of your difficulties. Do you want success in your job? Do you want to win races? Do you want to be a successful married man? Try our correspondence course. Amazing results! The first lesson is being sent free.'

It all came back to me then. I groaned inwardly and cursed the Lebanon Memory Training Institute. Quite unnecessarily I read through the first Lesson once again.

'Remember, this is very important. Try to realise that this is going to affect the whole of your career. Hide this letter in a difficult place and find out the next day whether you can remember where you had placed it.'

The curse that escaped my lips was not heard by the retreating George.

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT FOR 1947*

This report will be shorter than usual, for our time is severely limited, and I should not take up a large part of it with a story which cannot, in the nature of things, differ very much from what I have told you on eight previous College Days.

The year 1947 was, so far as the College is concerned, a very normal year. It began on the 5th of January, and as soon as we had started work, we stopped again, at brief intervals, for various holidays. (On this question of holidays, my own mind is deeply and incurably divided. In my personal capacity, I warmly approve of them; in my official capacity I deplore them, and wish it could be arranged that they should all fall on Saturdays and Sundays. When there are only seven working-days in the first two weeks of a term, it is by no means easy to make a business-like beginning with College work.) After we *had* settled down a little, the Halls began to make themselves seen and heard, very interestingly and pleasantly, in their annual celebrations. In the language of Tambaram, a Hall Day is a day when everybody in a particular Hall sets out to add in some small measure to the gaiety of life, by singing, or dancing, or acting in a play, or at least putting on his best clothes and having a few hungry friends along from another Hall to consume an unusually satisfactory meal. Well, we did all that, as we have done it now three times a year for ten years—if you include 1948—and then we began to take an interest in athletics. Different people do that in different ways. Some take strenuous exercise in the mornings when they probably ought to be at their studies, some take tonics, some take a complete rest from private study for a week or so, in order to be in good condition for the really important things of life—and then, when it is all over, Commemoration Day, Sports, post-mortem examination

of the results—we all suddenly take fright, and can talk of nothing but promotion and University examinations.

But of course the vast majority of students keep their work going steadily all the time (or almost all the time!) along with the other interesting things that claim their attention, and I am glad to say that our high standard of performance in the University Examinations is being well maintained. It would be very easy to run a college in which everybody would have an interesting and (possibly) instructive time, but the majority would fail to pass in their examinations. It would also be very easy to run a college in which ninety-five per cent would pass in their examinations, but would do almost nothing else. It is not quite so easy to achieve a system in which students do justice to their academic work, but at the same time experience a rich and varied corporate life which stimulates and enlarges them, and on which they will look back with thankfulness and pleasure all their days. I think we are in a measure approximating to that difficult ideal. There can be no doubt that life in the Halls at Tambaram does draw out the latent capacities of those who are privileged to share in it; it does widen their outlook; it does help them to make progress in the art of living. Neither can there be any doubt that the vast majority of our students look back on Tambaram days with gratitude and delight; the letters that come to me, and to many of my colleagues, make that very clear. But it is good to be able to say that our students also do well in their examinations. In 1947, we had our usual 65 per cent of complete passes in the Intermediate Examination and if all the candidates were in the Mathematics group, the figure would probably be about 95 per cent—for, if the truth must be told, it is difficult for Mathematics candidates nowadays to

* Read by the Principal at the College Day, January 29, 1948.

avoid getting a first class, and it is almost impossible for them to fail! In the B.Sc. Examinations, almost everybody passed; in the B. A. Examinations almost everybody passed in something; and, in the Honours Examinations, things were very much the same as they always are. Perhaps the most notable performance was that of E. L. Philip, who in addition to—or in spite of—his all-India athletic triumphs, secured a first class in Economics in the B. A. Honours Examination, and, subsequently, a Rhodes Scholarship.

The first notable event in the term which began in June 1947 was the celebration of Independence Day on August 15th. The Halls got started to it early in the morning; and in the forenoon there was a procession, a flag-hoisting ceremony, and a meeting here in the Anderson Hall, at which, after prayer had been offered, there were speeches by students and members of the staff. It was a happy day for everybody, and not least for the British members of the college, who felt relieved that they could no longer be regarded as members of the 'ruling race'. Looking back on the twenty-seven years during which the demand for national freedom developed and reached its climax, I think we can say with pride that the consequent tensions never seriously impaired the quality of our college life. There were some very difficult times; in 1942, it did at one point seem, in Tambaram as in many other places, as if college life must come to a standstill; but even in these tense weeks it was on all hands quietly taken for granted that British teachers in this college could remain, and would remain, on terms of warmest friendship with their students and their colleagues; and for that we give thanks to God.

These exciting years have, of course, as everybody knows, left their mark upon the student world. Some students are now fully convinced that it is their privilege and duty to lead the thinking of the nation, and to make the weight of their organised opinion felt on every major issue; all-India student-bodies have emerged, which offer themselves as instruments of student thought and action, and organise their

branches in every college; the student world is proud of its real or imagined power. Now, if one may say so without being too insufferably patronising, this liveliness among the student population is on the whole to be commended. It would be a great disgrace if the country could not look to the Universities and colleges for light and leadership; it would be a great disgrace if students did not exercise their minds on questions of public moment; nor need we even say that great harm must necessarily arise from undergraduates enjoying themselves in secret societies and secret committees, primary, secondary, or tertiary, to their hearts' content. Nevertheless, it is desirable that the younger generation should beware of taking their own opinions more seriously than they ought to take them; for the undergraduate is still a pupil in the arts of life and citizenship, and things are becoming dangerously topsy-turvy if he begins to fancy himself called to be a teacher and a leader. It is still more dangerous if the idea becomes widespread that loyalty to this or that undergraduate organisation is more binding than loyalty to one's college, and to its discipline. I am convinced that one of the most urgent necessities for the healthy development of student-life in India is the rediscovery of the proper conception and the reacceptance of the proper conditions of college life, which for many have been obscured by the dust of political and economic controversy. A college must be a real community, held together, not primarily by imposed authority, but by community of purpose, and by corporate pride, and by a discipline accepted freely and without reserve, as necessary to ordered college life. A so-called strike in a college ought to be universally recognised to be just as much an absurdity as a strike in one's home. It is by the discovery, or the rediscovery, of such ideals, that University and college life in India will be rescued from the disorder into which in some parts of the country it has fallen, and I think that we in Tambaram, although we have our own strains and stresses, and have yet much to learn, are well on the way to the rediscovery of this

ideal—which, in fact, we have never really lost.

Now I must say something about finance—and I shall deal first with its more intimate and domestic aspects. Parents sometimes complain rather anxiously that the cost of living in Halls is very much more than it was when they were in college, or when their elder son was in College, or when their neighbour's brother-in-law's nephew passed in the first part of the Intermediate examination. Now some students do spend too much; some eat too many 'extras'; some smoke far more than is good for them. But do those who complain about the cost of living in Halls and hostels remember that, for hostels as well as for homes, the cost of every commodity has multiplied? Our room-rents were extremely cheap when the Halls were first opened, and they are now only double what they were at the beginning, while establishment charges have remained the same; but every servant attached to, or connected with a Hall, is now being paid nearly three times what he earned in 1939. Our mess-charges were extremely low when the Halls were first opened, and they have gradually risen to about twice the figure with which we started. But everybody knows that the cost of foodstuffs is at least three times (and, at the moment, possibly four times) what it was in 1939; and it is therefore obvious that students will get less in their ordinary messes, and will tend to make more additions in other ways. As regards college fees also, we have had in mind the difficulties of parents, and have endeavoured to be most cautious in our increases; but additions to expenditure have been enormous, and further additions are inevitable. For Dearness Allowance alone, the budget figure for 1948—leaving out of account the Halls and the Estate—is Rs. 40,000, equal to nearly a quarter of our total expenditure on staff in 1938. There are bound to be further increases as a result of the report of the University Commission, which will set higher standards at every

point; some departments will have to get more staff; members of staff will have to be better paid; the laboratories and the library will require more ample provision; and all this will have to be paid for. I find that, since the beginning of the war, our fees have on an average been raised only by 20 per cent; another 25 per cent will have to be added next year to meet immediate new demands.

Whenever I talk about the finances of the College in general, I find that I succeed in giving many people the impression that we are getting into debt. There is of course no ground for any such idea, and my own conviction is that no educational institution ought to be carried on if it is perpetually on the very verge of bankruptcy. What I have pointed out on several occasions is that our income from fees and Government grants is annually falling short of our expenditure by about Rs. 65,000 and that the management is being forced to meet this deficit, not only from funds intended for the purpose, but also from funds intended solely for building and development. When it is pointed out to Government that a grant of less than Rs. 30,000 to help to meet a total deficit of nearly one lakh, is hardly in keeping with the spirit of the grant-in-aid code, the reply is made that, since Government cannot afford to increase their contributions, we should raise our fees and increase our numbers, and make a profit!

These are some of our problems, and they are brought home to us at the moment, and intensified, by discontents among our servants, who find it difficult to live on salaries and allowances fixed in accordance with Government scales. But the bright, attractive activities of college life, which I described at the beginning of this report, go on with undiminished vigour, and, for many of us, they are all held together, and set in their true perspective, by the worship which we regularly take part in, in the Halls and in the College.

COLLEGE NOTES

COLLEGE DAY

The 57th annual College Day was this year on a college working day. — Thursday, 29th January. For that reason the proceedings were confined to the evening. A number of distinguished old students were present for the tea and public meeting, presided over by Sardar K. M. Panikkar, Prime Minister of Bikaner. Mr. O. Pulla Reddi, President of the College Day Association, introduced Mr. Panikkar as a scholar, a prolific writer and a brilliant historian.

Mr. Panikkar, referring to friends he had made among his fellow-students in college—Mr. R. K. Shanmugam Chetty was one—said that such contacts with superior minds made life not only pleasant and profitable but shaped, moulded and enriched one's mind. Only education could provide spiritual sustenance, moral strength and intellectual discipline in the people.

Other speakers included Mr. Abdul Hameed Khan and Mr. M. Bhaktavatsalam, Minister for Public Works and Information.

The Principal's Report, presented to the meeting, is printed elsewhere in this number of the Magazine.

ART EXHIBITION

St. Thomas's Hall is to be congratulated on arranging on their Hall Day a fine exhibition of pictures, open to members of all Halls. The three judges were unanimous in thinking it of a much higher level than any exhibition we have had in college for a long time. There are several skilled artists among the students, the most outstanding being S. Shyamsundar, whose landscapes give vigorous impressions of sunlight on tree and river. Many would have liked a longer time to study these pictures. His sketches of people show beginnings of great promise. The judges declared his pictures the best both in the water-colour and in the oil-colour section.

K. A. Ayyappa's landscapes too have a charm and finish that makes them memorable. One of his pictures was selected by the judges for commendation, and also a lively conversation piece called 'Gossip', by an artist who did not give his name.

In the photography section the standard was very high. There were a number of lovely pictures of a variety of subjects. The one judged best by the judges was the photograph 'Dawn' or 'Tranquillity' by D. Amrit Rao, which was reproduced in the last number of the magazine, and the second was one by Balan, who exhibited a number of fine photographs. We are glad to reproduce four of them in this number of the magazine.

A number of portraits of well-known people were shown by H. P. Sundar, all embossed either on card or in leather. The great interest of his work is that it is all done with finger nails. His best piece of work is the portrait of Gandhiji, of which, in commemoration of his great life, we reproduce a photograph as frontispiece to this number of the magazine.

GANDHIJI

In all three Halls, students all went without a meal on the day after the tragic news. And food was then given to the poor, either the next day, or on the day of the immersion of the ashes. Villagers came from the villages which members of the respective Rural Service Unions are in the habit of visiting.

When first we assembled as a college after those griefstricken days, we all met in Anderson Hall and the Principal led us in prayer, and in meditation on the abiding inspiration of Gandhiji's life.

COLLEGE PLAY

The College Dramatic Society on Feb. 14th, presented 'The Rivals' by

R. B. Sheridan. This is a play of wit, not of passion; and so provided a change from recent college plays. The plot, turning on arranged marriage and love match, is of a sort which never fails to amuse, since it fits in with social customs in India.

The play was admirably cast. The several actors looked so much in part one could scarcely believe they were not what they seemed. *Sir Anthony Absolute*, the peppery old father, was acted with skill and liveliness by Malcolm Wrightman, who must on this performance take his place among our first-class college actors. The son, *Captain Jack Absolute*, played by Harold Vieyra, made a fine contrast: appearance, diction, style—all was crisp and clear. The scenes played by these two together had real 'finish'. *Bob Acres*, the booby squire, was thoroughly amusing; if this actor's diction was unclear, it was almost an advantage in the part. *Sir Lucius O' Trigger* was convincing as a fire-eater. The servants, *David* and *Fay*,

were good. In fact, one of the virtues of this performance was that the smaller parts were as good in their own way as the larger, there was no gap between the two. *Mrs. Malaprop* was played by Miss Karuven so quietly that even that rather impossible lady seemed almost natural; and certainly the audience loved her! Miss Krishna-swamy made a beautiful and romantic *Lydia Languish*. The maid *Lucy*, (Miss Verghese) was very competently played.

The costuming of this play was excellent. The harmony of colours was very pleasing indeed. And there were quite subtle touches. Bob Acres' coat somehow suggested a birdlike quality in him. Nor must we forget Sir Lucius O' Trigger's moustaches when considering the make up. Scene followed scene without tedious delay, and this is to the credit not only of the producer, (Mr. Martin), but also of the many unseen helpers behind stage.

Altogether it was thorough good fun. We would have liked to see it over again!

COLLEGE MAGAZINES RECEIVED IN 1947-48

(SECOND LIST)

- Women's Christian College, Madras* (September 1947).
- Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras* (Independence Number, November 1947).
- The Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta* (September 1947).
- The Chand Bagh Chronicle* (Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow). (Independence Day Number, October 1947).
- The Zamorin's College Magazine, Calicut* (August 1947 and January 1948).
- Jaffna College Magazine* (Pre-Jubilee Number, July 1947).
- St. John's College Magazine, Jaffna* (Christmas 1947).
- The Caldwell High School Annual, Tuticorin* (December 1947).
- The Murray College Magazine, Sialkot* (January 1948).

HALLS

St. THOMAS'S HALL

The beginning of the Third Term found everyone in the Hall busy with preparations for the Hall Day—the 24th of January. A happy day it was to all. A special feature of the celebrations was the Inter-Hall Art Competition—the first one of its kind in Tambaram. The Hall Day went off as Hall Days usually do, Dame Nature blessing us with a sunny day and a moonlit night.

At the Inter-Hall Sports we gave as usual, the most interesting performance of the day. Without any great effort we were able to secure the third place. We easily beat our opponents in the tug-of-war, thereby establishing our physical strength and superiority in team-work. The Principal, characteristically, congratulated us for maintaining our reputation in the sports-field and it is well-known that he never indulges in lavish praises without sincere appreciation.

With the election of office-bearers for the next academic year, everyone seems to have forgotten all about this year. The whole atmosphere in the Hall seems to have undergone a change and the present office-bearers find it extremely hard to make their presence felt. But they can always remember with satisfaction that many great things were achieved during their regime, including the Independence of India.

Our best wishes go with all our senior members who will be facing their University exams, shortly. To them and all others, good-bye and good luck.

T. J. S. GEORGE,
General Secretary.

SELAIYUR HALL

Selaiyur began the last term of the academic year with enthusiasm, looking forward to a distinguished performance in the College Sports as well as in the exami-

nations. Hardly had we settled down to the term when the approaching Hall Day clamoured for attention. But when the actual day arrived, we found that the weather was against us. However, gloomy skies and pelting rain in the earlier part of the day did not prevent us from enjoying ourselves, and our special thanks are due to those responsible for the tea-arrangements and the decorations, who adapted their plans so successfully to the demands of the weather. In spite of the bad day, almost all the guests did attend. The Science and Art exhibitions were very successful. Sir Mohamed Usman, the chief guest, spoke to us about Indian Independence and communal amity.

This year also saw us winning the College Basketball shield. Our Hall Sports have been considerably enlivened by the donation of two handsome trophies by former members of the Hall. The two wings of the Hall have already competed for them. This year luck was with the Northerners.

Then came the incredible news of Mahatma Gandhi's assassination. This colossal crime against humanity shocked us. Selaiyur pays homage from the bottom of its heart to that frail man on the Indian scene, who died that we may live.

Being near the end of my term of office, I thank all the members of the Hall for their co-operation in all things, and request the Juniors, who are next year's prospective Seniors to keep the Selaiyur flag flying in the years to come.

C. V. JOSEPH,
General Secretary.

BISHOP HEBER HALL

Report for the Second and Third Terms:

The dawn of the 8th of November 1947 saw members of the Hall in a state of activity which could be described as no better than 'feverish' for it was the climax

of preparations for the Hall Day. Preliminary activities such as Inter-Block tournaments, Indoor Games and Oratorical competitions had been in progress for a month. The Decoration Committee worked far into the night with kettles of tea to keep its members awake and the fish pond dug in the centre of the Hall quadrangle lent an added charm to the general appearance of the Hall. On the morning of the 8th, all were out on the quadrangle seemingly busy—gaping admirers, impatient Puritans and green-eyed critics—except perhaps those who were to take part in the evening's entertainment, hard at work making last minute efforts to learn their parts. The function began as usual, with the Hall Day Commemoration Service in our Chapel when the address was delivered by the Principal, Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd. By 5 o'clock, the lawn presented a gay and animated scene with ladies arrayed in multicolours moving about like 'moving gardens' and men in their not so gaudy best. Diwan Bahadur Sir S. E. Rungnadhan presided over the function while prizes to the successful competitors in the various tournaments and competitions were distributed by Lady Rungnadhan. The Variety Entertainment of the evening was well appreciated by all those present and our special thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Chandran Devanesan who helped us in more than one way in making the Entertainment the success it was.

Other Hall activities during the period under review were conducted with the usual vigour and enthusiasm. The Hall Excursion Club provided a novel and thrilling experience to many of us when we put out to sea on one of the fishing

vessels owned by the Fisheries Department. We spent more than three hours on the high seas and all of us had first-hand knowledge of what it was to be sea-sick.

In the field of athletics we have been very successful this year. At the College Sports held on 6th February 1948, we succeeded in annexing the Inter-Hall Athletics Shield which had been taken away from us last year. R.M.S. D'Silva is to be heartily congratulated for his splendid performance and it is needless to add that he was in a large measure responsible for our success that evening.

The election of the new committee was held on 23rd Jan. 1948. There was the usual excitement but a very healthy spirit of rivalry prevailed throughout. The Offices of Student Chairman and General Secretary were returned unopposed.

An important improvement in our local self-government has been the revival of our old Hall Constitution whereby we used to have a Student Chairman. Mr. Viji Hensman, B.A., was elected unopposed as Student Chairman for the current academic year.

When we look back and take stock of the past year we hope we are not boasting when we say that 'everything has been well with us.' I take this opportunity of wishing all our 'seniors' the best of luck in their forthcoming University examinations and the 'juniors' a happy summer vacation and safe return to Tambaram for another year or more of unmarred happiness.

V. M. SREEDHARAN,
General Secretary.

SOCIETIES

COLLEGE UNION

A debate was held on 16th Oct. '47 'That in the opinion of this house, English should continue to be the medium of instruction in schools and colleges.' K. Subramaniam moved the resolution and B. P. R. Vittal opposed it. A number of others spoke. The resolution was lost.

On 17th Oct. '47, Rev. R. R. Keithahn addressed the union. He stressed the need for more real attention to the problems of rural reconstruction, and advised the students to fulfil the ideals of Gandhiji, for a healthier and better life.

On 22nd Oct. '47 a debate was held, for selecting speakers to represent our college at the various oratorical contests of the year. The debate was on 'The UNO as a check to the big and a shield to the weak'.

The following were selected to represent the College.

*B. P. R. Vittal. III B. Sc.
George Isaac. III Hons.
K. Kurian. IV Hons.
C. L. Narasimhan. II P. G.
Vasudeva Pillai. II Class.
Madhava Rao. IV Class.*

At a debate held by the Y. M. I. A. Madras before the close of the second term, Vasudeva Pillai of Class II represented our college and won a cup.

In the Third Term our College was represented by George Isaac and B. P. R. Vittal for the Presidency College Rolling Cup. We won the Rolling Cup and George Isaac secured the Best Speaker Prize.

T. G. DAVID,
Secretary.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Our activities for the second term began with a meeting on 30th September, '47 when Rev. C. C. Pande from Bengal spoke to us on the need for young men in the Christian Ministry. Next came our Pro-

vincial Conference held in the Anderson High School, Conjeevaram from 23rd to 26th October. Its theme was "Whose Service is Perfect Freedom". About 80 of our members attended. Then followed the Conference Echo meeting held in the Anderson Hall on 30th October, when four of our delegates spoke of their impressions of the Conference. The meeting was well attended. Another inspiring occasion during the term was when a group of young men from Travancore bound for Delhi and the Punjab to serve among the refugees, addressed a gathering in Selaiyur Hall theatre on 1st November. One of them was an old student of this college. They spoke to us with great enthusiasm and with a feeling of gratitude for being able to go North to serve their stricken countrymen. We had our Terminal Service in the Royapettah Wesleyan Church on 16th October, followed by a Carol Service in the Women's Christian College on 5th December, both conducted by the Area S.C.M. We, then, set ourselves to prepare for the National S.C.M. Triennial Conference which was held during the last week of December in this college. So ended the second term.

The Triennial Conference was a great experience for many of us. Its theme was "The City of God Remaineth". About 40 of our members attended. The special feature of the Conference was the oneness felt in Christ though we belonged to many races, tribes and tongues from all over India, Burma, Ceylon, Europe and America.

And when the third term came we began with an Echo meeting of the Conference, when six of our delegates spoke to us of their personal experiences and impressions. The meeting was well attended and gave us an impetus to go forward in service. Next followed an address by Dr. Roy Ebenezer of the Stanley Medical College on "Life Worth living" on 26th January, '48. He said from his own experience that life

without Christ at the centre was a failure and life with Him was really worth living.

Our study groups in all the Halls have been running smoothly and the Sunday Schools in the village centres are being carried on well. The Student Missionary Union has been having its weekly intercessions regularly.

The Youth Christian Council of Action, commonly known as the Y.C.C.A. cell, is a new feature in our Union brought to us this year by our friends from Kerala. It works under the auspices of the Union. The cell ideal for effective Christian work and fellowship is its contribution.

There are many more activities before us this term, such as the S.M.U. Week End, the Week of Witness, the Universal Day of Prayer and the Closing Service. We are looking forward to carrying them out with success when we shall finally close our work with the nomination of a new committee for the next academic year.

May I, on behalf of the committee, offer our thanks to all our members and senior friends who have shown keen interest in the Union through prayer and work all through the year? We wish them all happiness in years to come.

S. JOHN,
Secretary.

WOMEN STUDENTS' UNION

This term opened—for us—with a grand flourish—a picnic to Poondi—a delightful spot, which while offering enjoyment & relaxation to the senses, appealed to the mind as well, through its famous water-works. Many factors contributed to make it a memorable day, with a spice of real adventure about it.

Our next big doing was a red-letter day for us, and I'm sure, will continue to be a red-letter day in the future history of the W. S. U. A few weeks ago, an ice-cream party was held in our Common Room. To it were invited, Dr. Boyd, Dr. & Mrs. Kibble, and the heads of the various departments in College. The party was a great success—far greater than we had dared to hope. And Dr. Boyd very charmingly expressed the

wish that it would be the forerunner of many more to follow!

Our next and last great day is yet to come. The farewell party to our Seniors will be held on Saturday Feb. 21st. It has been decided, this year, to combine our Valedictory party with the 'Farewell'.

We wish our Seniors, all success in their exams, and, in the future, the best that life can offer them—real happiness.

C. PAUL,
Secretary, W. S. U.

NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION

Our inauguration meeting took place rather late, so to say, in the second term, under the chairmanship of Mr. C. V. Joseph, General Secretary of Selaiyur Hall. For want of a man, who could boast of his age as well as better knowledge, we had to be satisfied with him. Though a novice in this type of work our friend did splendidly. The speaker Mr. Thomas Sathymurthy, gave us a brief description of his foreign tour to England & U. S. A. and dwelt upon the museums of both countries. He made his descriptions more graphic by showing them through the numerous photos he had brought back.

After the inaugural meeting, as the rest of the term was interrupted by tours, we had to be satisfied with only one meeting.

Later in the same term the Zoology group of boys from the N. H. A. went to a trip to Porto-Nova & Chidambaram. After a day of collection in the former place we went to Chidambaram, and saw the Natural Science department of Annamalai University and went round the City.

The two Days' trip cannot be described as we wish, for, the report about activities cannot be made into an excursion story.

We hope to do better this term.

M. B. MADIAH,
Secretary.

L. HERBERT,
Joint Secretary.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

(2nd & 3rd terms)

On the opening of the second term an interesting debate was held on the burning question of the day, viz., 'In the opinion of this house, abolition of private property is detrimental to the progress of society' on Monday the 20th of October. The seminar work for the term seriously began with a paper on 'The Rationale of Economic Planning' read by C. L. Narasimhan of fifth honours. Subsequent seminars conducted by the Fifth honours members under the leadership of the respective names noted against them are as follows:

Financial Relation between the Centre and the Units.—Periashashtry.

The Future of the Co-operative Movement.—Ramaswamy.

Wage problems in India.—C. R. Balakrishnan.

A record of the papers and a brief summary of the discussion connected with each are being kept.

In the end of October Mr. K. T. Sule the famous lawyer-specialist on Industrial and Labour disputes gave us a well-informed lecture on Industrial Disputes. Mr. K. G. Sivaswami of the Servants of India Society delivered another impressive lecture on the pressing problem of the Province, viz., 'Inams and Zamindari Abolition Bill' and explained the implications and proved the propriety of including Inams also in the proposed Bill.

We feel it necessary to place on record the kind and prompt manner in which the Governments of Eastern Pakistan, Bihar, and Madras replied to our inquiry about official statistics, copies of bills etc., and also the generosity which with the Government of Madras promised to send us a competent person to keep us well-informed about the proposed Bill.

During the third term Mr. Jagathpathi, M.A., read a paper on the 'Balance of Payments Problem'.

Then we had two nice excursions, one to the Madras harbour and the other to the Government Leather Factory at Chromepet.

The members of the fourth honours had the experience of an amusing impromptu political debate when Professor C. Devanesan flung such subjects as the following for five-minutes-speeches. 'Plato was a Fascist whose books should be burnt', 'Aristotle was a snob', etc.

Dr. Poduval, M.A., M.Sc. (London), Reader in Economics, University of Madras, addressed the association on 17th January on 'India as a Creditor Country'. The Doctor also gave a set of Extension Lectures on 'Cheap Money Policy' beginning with 12th February.

The Third and Fourth Honours classes were 'At Home' to the out-going Final Year class at Woodlands on 19th February.

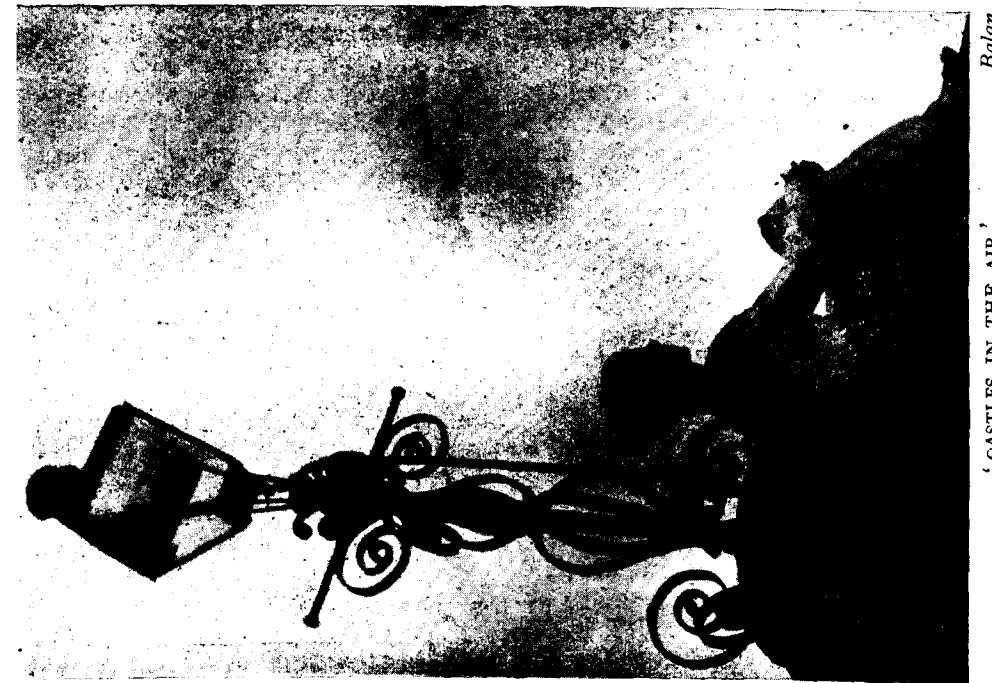
K. S. HARIDASA BHATE,
Secretary.

HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION.

We resumed our activities in the second term with a seminar which was held on 21st Oct. when Krishnamurthi read a paper on 'Marxism'.

A meeting was held on 7th November when Prof. M. V. Rajagopalan spoke on the 'Clash of ideologies in Europe.' Prof. Devanesan presided. The speaker pointed out that the struggle was between the three ideologies of Communism, Capitalism and Democratic Socialism championed by the U.S.S.R., U.S.A. and Great Britain respectively and he expressed the hope that a day would come when the whole world would realise that only Democratic Socialism could give peace and progress to every nation.

Our Association began its work in the New Year on the 23rd January when Prof. Bhaskaran (Reader in Politics in the University of Madras) addressed us on 'Dominion Status.' He spoke pithily on the subject and expressed his opinion that it would be better for India to remain in the Commonwealth for the time being as it has nothing to lose but everything to gain. He also said that it was essential for India to set right her home affairs if she was to take a prominent part in International Affairs.



Balakrishnan
'CASTLES IN THE AIR'



Balakrishnan
'THE CHAW-WALLAH'



'THE TWINS'

Balan



'ALL ALONE'

Balan

Looking back at the past year we realize that there is further scope for improvement but on the whole we can claim that we have had a fairly good programme of activities including an excursion to Conjeevaram.

In making the last report I tender my best wishes and thanks to all our members especially those who will be leaving us this year.

T. V. Z. NARASIMHA RAO,
Secretary.

URDU UNION

With the beginning of the second term we were again afloat. On October 9, 1947, a meeting was held on 'The Role of Religion in the New Order.' Speaking on the occasion Mr. Vasudev Pillai said that no constitution based on the principles of religion of a majority community could be acceptable to the minority communities and that religion should not be brought into the affairs of the State lest there should be unhappiness and disaster.

Mr. B. P. R. Vittal, while endorsing the previous speaker, pointed out that people should not disbelieve the teachings of their religion but have strong faith in them, as it was religion that taught them love of humanity.

'Whether partition of India is temporary?' was the subject of a very lively and interesting discussion held on October 31. Sharp and conflicting views were expressed by participants.

On January 30, 1948, a meeting was held when various speakers addressed the gathering on 'What freedom means to me.' It was pointed out that no man would enjoy to the fullest measure the blessings of freedom unless he shared them to the full with his fellowmen.

Mr. Syed Hasan in his speech exhorted the audience that like culture, like knowledge, like virtue and like spiritual merit, freedom was such that, the more it was given, the more it grew; and the more it taxed the vigilance and energy of a people, the more beauty, grace and richness it added to their life.

Perhaps the most notable achievement of the period under review is the starting of Hindustani classes. Arrangement has been made to impart instruction in both Persian and Devanagiri scripts.

As reported in the last issue an attempt is, however, being made to bring out a magazine.

I take this opportunity to thank all those who have extended their co-operation in turning our dreams into reality. I also offer my grateful thanks to Mr. S.F. Pasha, the student-President who has been a source of inspiration throughout.

SYDD HASAN,
Secretary.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHIRANJANI SANGHAM

In the second term we had a debate on the proposition 'Religion is a hindrance to the progress of the society.' Mr. S. P. Adinarayan, M.A., was the observer.

The author of the famous song 'Mā-Telugu Talliki,' Mr. S. Sundarachari spoke on 'Society and Literature' on 20th November, 1947, when Mr. K. Narasinga Rao, M.A., presided.

Sjt. Vavilala Gopalakrishnaiah, leader of the Andhra kisans, spoke on 'Visulandhra—Hyderabad' on 25th November, and appealed to the students to stand by the people of Telengana. Mr. Francis presided.

The current political problem of the relationship between India and Pakistan was discussed on 21st January, 1948, when Mr. Francis was in chair.

We hope to have an annual entertainment, some more lively addresses, and a valedictory address in this term.

K. RANGA RAO,
Secretary.

TAMIL PERAVAI

The activities of the Tamil Peravai began with the extempore speech by the students on Friday, the 17th October, 1947, when Thiru. P. Ramamurthy of the Peravai presided. There was much enthusiasm

among students and the meeting terminated after 10 students had spoken.

'Aruvar Paychu' followed on Tuesday, the 20th October, 1947 when Thiru. Ramalingam, III B.A., (Hons.) presided.

On Friday the 31st October, 1947 we had an interesting debate in which six members took part when Thiru. Aram, B.A., the Student Chairman presided.

A thought provoking lecture on 'Tamil Literature' was delivered by Thiru. Nedunchelian on Thursday, the 27th November 1947.

'Pongal Thirunal' was celebrated on Thursday, the 15th January, 1948 with an interesting and instructive lecture by Thiru. Anbalagam, M.A., Lecturer in Tamil, Pachyappa's College, Madras, when the Student-Chairman presided. The speaker stressed the importance of the National Festival and said that it is fit that the cultivators should enjoy the fruits of their labour.

The Secretary of Y.M.C.A. Pattimanram Thiru. Palani imitated the speech of various modern speakers and their mannerisms in his discourse on the 'Art of speaking' on Tuesday, the 20th January, 1948 when Thiru. T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A., the President of the Peravai presided.

An elocution competition for the award of Thiru. Ramachandran prize was held on Thursday, the 29th January, 1948 when 16 students competed. Thiru. Vidwan A. K. Athithar, Tamil Pandit of the Madras Christian College High School and Thiru. Vidwan V. K. Thangavelu, the Tamil Pandit of the Corley High School, Tambaram acted as judges and declared the following students as prize winners.

1st Prize: Thiru. Jayasankar, II Class.

2nd Prize: Thiru. Nageswaran, I Class.

Tamil Sangam Prize: Thiru. Kaliappan, III Class.

Certificate of Merit: Thiru. Krishnan, II Class.

Our year will be closing with the Inter-collegiate debate and annual day celebration which we hope will be a great success.

We hope to revive our Tamil Peravai Magazine this year.

May we take this opportunity of thanking all the lecturers, the judges and the student

members who heartily co-operated with us in making our Tamil Peravai a great success?

P. RAMAMURTHY.

THE MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

After the glorious 'Onam' celebrations, the activities of the association waned to some extent.

On the 20th of October 1947, a meeting was held under the Presidentship of Sri P. Kesava Menon, M.A., Sri P. Bhaskaran, a young poet delivered a speech on 'Adhunika Kavitha.' It was quite thought provoking and useful. On the 30th of the same month another meeting was held when Sri E. M. Sankaran Nampoothiri Pad, the leader of the Kerala Communist Party, addressed the association. His subject was 'Aikya Kerala'. It was really informative and interesting.

P. JACOB STEPHEN,
C. I. ITTY,
Secretaries.

SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

Early in August a general body meeting was held in which the following office-bearers were elected for the current academic year.

President—Sreeman U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A.

Secretary—Sree. K. C. V. Raja.

Class Representatives—

Class IV—Sree. K. V. Ramachandran.

„ *III*—Sree. A. Seshan.

„ *II*—Sree. P. S. Sreenivasan.

„ *I*—Sree P. Bhaskaran.

The Inaugural Address was delivered on the 21st of August by Dr. V. Raghavan, M. A., PH. D. of the Madras University. The subject he spoke to us was 'India's Ancient Culture.' He specially pointed out the inexhaustible and rich treasures contained in the Sanskrit language.

On the 24th of November, another meeting of the association was held when Sree. Tiruvankata Achariyar, M.A., L.T., M.Ed., spoke to us on 'Sree Harsha's Naganamdam'. His speech was marked for its

original exposition of the subject in a lucid and clear way. He specially emphasised the need for clear and original thinking.

The representatives of the association took part in two recitation competitions, one held in the Madras Sanskrit College, Mylapore and the other in the Pachaiyappa's College. One of our representatives Sreemathi Madhavi (III Lit. Hons.) won the first prize in the first and the individual cup in the second. We heartily congratulate her. We also thank other competitors for voluntarily partaking in these two competitions.

We also congratulate Sree. T. A. Ramachandran and Sree. Ramamurthy for securing a first class, both as second in the University in Sanskrit in the March and September examinations 1947 respectively.

Our College recitation competition is to come off on the 11th of February.

We wish to conduct many more meetings in this term. On February 6th Dr. Kunhan Raja, M.A., Ph.D., will be delivering a speech on 'Indian Philosophy and Modern Science—where and how they meet.'

On the whole the activities of the association were extremely encouraging. We still feel that we have a great deal to do. Meanwhile I take this opportunity of thanking all those students and lecturers who gave their help and encouragement to me in making the association a brilliant success.

K. C. V. RAJA,
Secretary.

KARNATAKA BHASHABHI VARDHINI SANGHAM

The well-known writer and pioneer in short-story writing in Karnataka, Sjt. Masti Venkatesha Iyengar, M.A., delivered an address on 20th November, 1947 in the St. Thomas's Hall. He spoke on the popular culture and life of Karnataka. Looking back into the glorious past, he saw a prosperous and happy Karnataka which had degenerated into the 'Tit-bits' of Karnataka administered separately by 23 administrations today. He envisaged a still more glorious future for the land if only we took the right path.

Some enterprising Kannada students produced a fine hand-written magazine 'Vasanta' on their own initiative and placed it for exhibition in the Kannada Literary Conference held at Kasargod in December 1947. We take this opportunity to congratulate them on the well-deserved approbation they received from many writers and artists of the first rank.

The Valedictory address of the Association was given by P. Ramananda Rao, Professor of Chemistry in the Presidency College, on 27th February, 1948. Short stories were read by the budding short-story writer of our Association, Seva Namiraja Malla. Poems and Criticisms were also read on the occasion.

N. HARIDASA BALLAL,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

At the beginning of this year Mr. Macnicol replaced Mr. Macphail, as President. Mr. Macnicol has extended to us his unstinting support and co-operation in our activities.

With the arrival of the new comers, our Prospects in football began to brighten and we put our entire hearts into the game by beginning regular practice in the first term itself. We played matches against the Vepery Y.M.C.A., R.I.A.F. Tambaram, The United Club, Tilak Moti Team and Chromeco Team. Mr. Benjamin, A. Fenn, P. C. Cherian, N. Mani and C. J. Paulose are old blues and among the new comers T. O. George and M. I. Kurien are notable.

In the various matches held under the auspices of the Inter-Collegiate Football League, we lost to the Stanley Medical College and Presidency College, drew with Pachaiyappa's College and won all the other matches. Another good performance on our part was in our defeating the Anantapur Arts College Team—who were then in Madras on a tour—by five goals to one.

The readmission of Canagalingam, the ex-goal keeper of the University to the College after his September tussle with the University examinations, has considerably strengthened our Team and we look forward to creditable performances.

Review of the Games played clearly shows that our defence was good, with Mr. Benjamin really distinguishing himself. But our forwards though skilful had not enough push to pursue an advantage to its finish, handicapped as they were by their lack of sheer weight in pounds avoirdupois.

I must thank our Physical Director Mr. C. A. Abraham and our President Mr. Macnicol for enthusiastic co-operation and also our Principal Dr. Boyd for his presence at most of the matches.

C. JACOB PAULOSE,
Captain.

BASKET BALL

Our activities of the year started with the election of the Captain and the Vice-Captain. With practically all our last year's veterans out of college we had a hard time forming a new team, but thanks to the untiring efforts of our Physical Director Mr. C. A. Abraham, we managed to form a fairly decent team. Our College players are: R. J. Rajasekhar, Joyce Isaac, Ninan Mani, K. P. Punnen, T. O. George, K. K. Chacko, Y. Martin, C. A. Alexander, M. E. Mathew and T. V. Ivan. Even though we lost the Inter-collegiate trophy, we won the Madras division knockout tournament. In the Inter-Division matches also we won with a wide margin.

The semi-final was played on the 7th of February against the Salem College. We won the game by 76 points to 15 points. The finals was played against the Madura American College on the 10th of February. The game was an exciting one. Our forwards combined very well, we were in good form and we won the match by 32 points to 17 points.

It is indeed creditable that five players from our College represented the University Basket Ball team and the 'varsity Captain was also from our College.

One peculiar and noteworthy feature of the 'Xian team' is its very short and quick passing. The 'Xian forwards though they are comparatively short, can easily pierce any formidable defence line. Our average score for the season is 56 points to 18 points. This clearly shows how superb and how strong is our defence line.

It is not vainglory to say that we have a well-balanced and good team with fine team work and co-operation. My thanks and good wishes go to them. I also thank the College authorities for having given us all the facilities.

K. P. PUNNEN,
Captain.

OLD BOYS' CRICKET MATCH

The annual cricket match between the Past and Present was scheduled to be played on Saturday 17th January. The Old Boys' team consisted of:

Dr. Harry Paul (Captain), Rao Sahib K. S. Ranga Rao, P. Ananda Rau, V. Pattabhiraman, Dr. Herbert Gnanolivu, E. C. Philip, R. Mardi, B. Alaganan, M. R. Dorairaj, G. Keir, G. Zachariah and Jaysingh Thomas.

T. S. Parankusam and K. S. Kannan were the umpires. Dr. U. Krishna Rao, Mayor of Madras, G. Parthasarathy, M. J. Gopalan and A. F. Wensley, the cricket coach, were some of the guests besides a few Press reporters.

The night before the match, there was a very heavy down-pour of rain and it was feared that the match would not be played at all. However, it cleared up somewhat in the morning. The Old Boys' team arrived by 8 a.m. as arranged, for breakfast, in order to begin the game at 9-30. The start was delayed a little as the pitch was very wet. Eventually, the match was played on a mat, over the turf. The Old Boys won the toss and batted. But, after about an hour's play heavy rain came on again and further play was impossible.

It was a great disappointment to everyone, especially the Old Boys who were looking forward to this annual festival game with great eagerness. The Old Boys spent the rest of the day indoors and many of them stayed on to take part in the Selaiyur Hall Day celebrations.

TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS

In order to select their teams early, the three Halls decided to hold their Hall Sports simultaneously, during the Pongal holidays—January 13th and 14th.

The Madras University Inter-Collegiate Sports for the Madras Division were held on our grounds on January 21 and 22. All the University Colleges in the City sent their best men to compete. As usual, the majority of the athletes selected in these Sports to represent the Madras Division in the University Sports (Inter-Divisional)

were from our College. They were, R.M.S. de Silva, R. J. Rajasekhar, K. P. Poonnen, V. Hensman, M. I. Kurien, L. Joseph, D. S. Wilkins, S. N. N. Nambisan, V. H. Dhanarai, J. R. Isaac and Mathews Ninan. B. S. Wilson, last year's Varsity Athletic Captain unfortunately could not compete in the Sports as he had dislocated his shoulder joint a few days previously during practice.

INTER-DIVISIONAL SPORTS

The University Sports were held on our grounds, on Saturday, 24th January. Besides Madras, three other Divisions—Coimbatore, Madura and Trichur, covering the entire University area, competed in the sports. Thus, the best athletes from all the Colleges in the University were present and there were some excellent performances. After the Sports, a team of 12 athletes was selected to represent the Madras University in the Inter-Varsity Sports. R. M. S. de Silva and V. Hensman were selected from our College. In the Inter-Varsity Sports, held at Calcutta towards the end of January, de Silva distinguished himself in the sprint events.

COMMEMORATION DAY SPORTS

The College Sports were held on Friday 6th February. Preparation for the sports were made as usual. But, the tragic death of Mahatma Gandhi and the national mourning that followed altered all our plans. It was even suggested that the Sports might be cancelled altogether. Finally, it was decided to go on with the Sports but without all the gaiety and splendour usually associated with this festive occasion. All invitations were cancelled and events like the Sack Race, Servants' Relay, Old Boys' Race and the Open Inter-Collegiate Relay were all dropped from the programme. The Sports were held purely as a domestic and athletic affair and to select the College team for the Inter-Collegiate Sports.

The heats and the finals of some of the events were held earlier in the week. Competition between the Halls was very keen, especially between Selaiyur and Heber. The usual calculations were made by all

about the chances of winning the Championship but no one was bold enough to forecast the final result. St. Thomas's had a few good athletes but as a team they did not provide much opposition to the other Halls. Selaiyur and Heber organised their teams well in advance but St. Thomas's seemed resigned to their fate from the beginning.

On Friday, the day of the Sports, Selaiyur had a considerable lead in points (from the events already finished), but Heber gradually caught up with them and then took the lead before the last two events, the relay races. The 4×100 metres relay race was to finally decide the Championship. If Selaiyur could make up in this they still had a chance of winning. So, this race was all-important. Heber won the first and third places (Selaiyur got the 2nd and 4th places) and made sure of the Championship. The final scores were:—

Bishop Heber 126 points
Selaiyur 113 points
St. Thomas's 47 points

The sports were good, competition was keen and the spirit exhibited by both competitors and spectators were extremely fine. No new records were made this year, however. The performances of de Silva (Heber) in the sprints were noteworthy. In the 100 metres race, he timed 11 seconds

but he was helped in this by a following wind. His 23·3 seconds in the 200 metres race is only 0·1 second behind the Inter-Collegiate record, though E. L. Philip's 22·3 seconds for the College is even better than the Inter-Collegiate record. R. J. Rajasekhar (Selaiyur) who holds the College record in the 800 metres race was expected to lower his own record as well as in the 1,500 metres race. But his trip to Trivandrum just before the Sports (to represent the Madras University in the Inter-Varsity Basket-ball tournament), probably affected his running. V. Hensman has been a consistent performer for the last several years. B. S. Wilson, handicapped by his injured shoulder, could not compete in his special events—Long Jump and Hop, Step and Jump, and had to change to the sprints. Among the new athletes of promise are L. Joseph (St. Thomas's) in the Javelin Throw and High Jump, J. R. Isaac (Heber) in the Pole Vault, V. D. Hubert (Heber) in Shot Put, Alexander Barth (Selaiyur) in Hammer Throw, M. I. Kurien (Selaiyur) and Mathews Ninan (Heber) in the Long Jump and High Jump. But all of them must learn the correct techniques in their particular events before they can improve their performances.

The following are the results of the College Sports:—

C. A. A.

RESULTS OF THE COLLEGE SPORTS

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1. 400 Metres Hurdles | { 1. V. Hensman—H—Time: 62·2 secs.
2. U. Hullugalle—S— |
| 2. Discus Throw | { 1. C. J. Poullose—S—Distance: 80 ft.
2. C. Philip—H— |
| 3. 800 Metres Race | { 1. R. J. Rajasekhar—S—Time: 2 min. 14·2 secs.
2. M. B. Madiha—S— |
| 4. Hammer Throw | { 1. G. D. Baylis—S—Distance: 60 ft. 9 in.
2. C. J. Poullose—S— |
| 5. 110 Metres Hurdles | { 1. K. P. Poonnen—S—Time: 18·6 secs.
2. R. M. Perumal—S— |
| 6. Pole Vault | { 1. J. R. Isaac—H—Height: 10 ft. 2½ in.
2. A. N. Lamech—S— |
| 7. 100 Metres Race | { 1. R. M. S. de Silva—H—Time: 11 secs.
2. B. S. Wilson—S— |
| 8. Long Jump | { 1. M. I. Kurien—S—Distance: 20 ft. 1¼ in.
2. R. M. S. de Silva—H— |

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 9. 400 Metres Race | { 1. V. Hensman—H—Time: 55·6 secs.
2. M. B. Madiha—S— |
| 10. Shot Put | { 1. V. D. Hubert—H—Distance: 30 ft. 3 in.
2. Alexander Barth—S— |
| 11. Hop, Step and Jump | { 1. G. P. Abraham—T—Distance: 40 ft. 10 in.
2. J. Pothen—H—Distance: 40 ft. 10 in. |
| 12. 200 Metres Hurdles | { 1. J. Pothen—H—Time: 28·0 secs.
2. V. Hensman—H— |
| 13. High Jump | { 1. L. Joseph—T—Height: 5 ft. 4¼ in.
2. { Mathew Ninan—H—
C. Philip—H—
T. J. Thambiraj—H— |
| 14. 200 Metres Race | { 1. R. M. S. de Silva—H—Time: 23·2 secs.
2. B. S. Wilson—S— |
| 15. Javelin Throw | { 1. L. Joseph—T—Distance: 117 ft. 5 in.
2. D. S. Wilkins—H— |
| 16. 1,500 Metres Race | { 1. R. J. Rajasekhar—S—Time: 4 min. 36·6 secs.
2. U. Hullugalle—S— |
| 17. 4×100 Metres Relay Race | { 1. Bishop Heber—Time: 47·2 secs.
2. Selaiyur. |
| 18. 4×400 Metres Relay Race | { 1. Bishop Heber—Time: 3 min. 49·2 secs.
2. Selaiyur Hall. |
| 19. Tug-of-war | 1. St. Thomas's. |

INTER-COLLEGIATE SPORTS

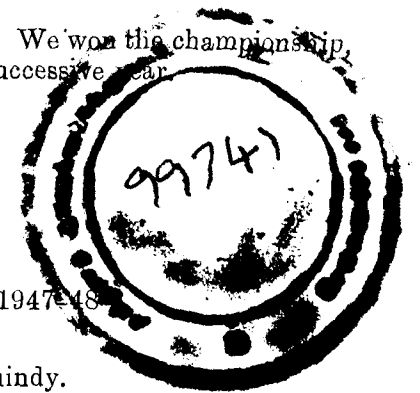
The Inter-collegiate Sports were held on the Engineering College ground on February

20th and 21st. We won the championship for the ninth successive year.

COLLEGE SERVICE

PREACHERS—SECOND HALF OF 1947-48

- | | |
|-------------|---|
| November 16 | ... Mr. G. C. Martin. |
| " 23 | ... Rev. P. Ramaseshan, Guindy. |
| " 30 | ... Mr. C. S. Paul, General Secretary, S.C.M. |
| December 7 | ... Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd. |
| January 11 | ... Mr. S. P. Adinarayan. |
| " 18 | ... Mr. R. D. Paul, Secretary to Government. |
| " 25 | ... Mr. G. C. Martin. |
| February 1 | ... Dr. W. F. Kibble. |
| " 8 | ... Rev. R. S. Macnicol. |
| " 15 | ... Dr. S. Jesudason, Tirupattur. |
| " 22 | ... Rev. S. Samuel. |
| " 29 | ... Rev. D. Thambuswamy, Kellett High School. |
| March 7 | ... Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd. |



The Madras Christian College Magazine

Until further notice, the Magazine will be published twice a year, in November and in March. The annual subscription is Re. 1-8-0, and should be sent to the Bursar, Madras Christian College, Tambaram, Chingleput District.

Literary contributions are invited from students, past and present, and members of the staff. Short stories bearing on Indian life, refreshing accounts of travel and adventure, poems, and photographs depicting the variegated life around us are specially welcome. All literary contributions, exchanges, and books for review should be sent to the Editor.

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