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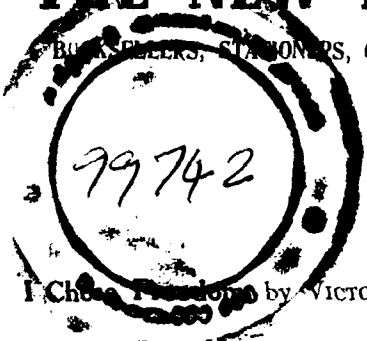
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THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
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WORK*

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People talk a lot nowadays about the dignity and sanctity and joy of work—especially perhaps the people who talk about work rather than do it. These words do apply to work in a sense; work honestly done, especially in good company, can bring joy as well as many other fine things, but we mustn't assume that work is easy or natural, or that you can do good work without any kind of effort. There are people who can work when they please, and as they please; but they are fortunate. For most of us, we can't begin work, and still more we can't keep it up, by humouring our inclinations and following the line of least resistance. You sometimes hear a difficult task described as uphill work; but all sound work is uphill work; when you let yourself go downhill, and take it easy, and free wheel, you're not working. The Bible is quite clear that work is a burden; it actually calls it a punishment, the result of something gone wrong, the extra effort that's required, when a car has gone into the ditch, to get it back on the road again. Real work demands resolution, and hard and steady effort, blood and sweat and tears.

In case there are people here who have a social conscience, I'd better add that no one can pretend that the burden or curse of work is fairly distributed. It is obvious to all that a few people don't do enough work, while many others have to do far too much, and have to do it under conditions which

make it hard for them to accept their ill-luck sacrificially, or even philosophically. We must recognize this honestly, without evasion or excuse: we who are university people are clearly privileged beyond our desert. Also, we must look constantly for opportunities to even out the distribution. In our dealings with servants, postal peons, railway booking clerks, shop assistants, bus conductors, with Ministers to the Government, with College Principals, and so on, we must try to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, not only in order to improve our characters, but as a personal contribution to social justice. And more important still, I think, we must try to do our own work and carry our own burdens conscientiously. It's only if you've got your own load square on your own shoulders that you can lend a hand with your neighbour's load. So long as a student remains a student, he must study; if he doesn't, he can't help others much, and he has the less right to criticize other people.

II

Well, then, work is what you have to do whether you like it or not; and it is something you should do all the more because the burden is not justly distributed. But all this is mere assertion. Why should we work? Some people don't, of course, or work only so long as it is unpleasant to not work than even it is to work; and they answer the difficult question that way.

* An address given at a College Retreat, 18 July 1948.

We'll leave them out, on the assumption they're not here.

Then there are people who work because they want to feel busy and important. They're always telling people how much they have to do, so that they seem to have no time to do anything; they are always going to some place, they are never *in* any place; they join committees, and accumulate files like geological strata—and they give everybody the impression that they rush around like this for one reason only, the reason that makes you whistle or kick your heels when you are waiting for a train: they are trying to disguise from themselves how empty and meaningless their lives are; they are darting about so that they may not have to think. You know how some students take voluminous notes all day long, and underline every word in their text-books in three colours, not because they have thought and decided that these methods will help them, but because they want to do something and can't think what.

Or else a man works in order to improve his character or his position in society, and to win the approval of his family and neighbours. That's a respectable motive, so long as you are determined to be fair towards others. But if it's your only motive, is it really enough? So long as you are working in order to get something you want, you are contented more or less: but a time comes when either you don't get it, so that all your labour seems to go for nothing; or else you do get it, and that may be more disappointing still, for you find that you are still yourself, as tiresome and as dissatisfied as ever, disconsolately looking round for something else to work for. And there's always the lurking consciousness that we are not the masters of the situation; we are subject to all sorts of forces which we can't control, or even understand, so that 'the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley'.

III

Well, then, if it isn't enough to aim at making yourself important or powerful or popular, is it any better to aim at the service of your neighbour and of humanity?

No. Apart from religion it isn't. Of course everyone wants to do what he can to help his neighbour and to improve society, and everyone ought to. But apart from religion you don't know what's good, and you don't know whether you can do anything at all. You don't have to look very far around you, or very far back into history, to find someone who with the best intentions and the rarest gifts ended up, so far as men can see, in failure and frustration. Isn't it true that you instinctively want to avoid anyone who is said to spend a lot of time doing good? Does it not seem sometimes that people who try to do good do far more harm than those who try to do harm? If no man, apart from religion, can be quite sure where he is going himself, how can he know where he is leading other people? We can't achieve helpfulness, any more than happiness, by aiming at it direct. Of course we all think we can, for we are all incurably vain. The cure is to look at other people, and to recognize with fortitude that most probably we aren't much better than they are. And besides all this, when we are thinking of humanity as a whole and of its whole future, the precariousness of the human lot is borne in upon us much more sharply. However carefully, however wisely, we make our plans, we have to admit that in the end it does not depend on us whether they succeed or fail. With an eternity behind us, and another ahead, how can we imagine that we are to deal with the passing moments as if we were masters of them? as if what *we* want, and what *we* think, is what matters in the end?

IV

Now, from these ways and motives in the world of man, let us turn to the world of the Bible; a world created by God, out of love. When God had finished creating everything, including us, he 'saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good'. It was not his original intention that we should work; he planned that we should spend all the time playing. To that extent the Bible agrees with the Hindu image of Krishna with his flute: play has its place in the purposes of God; Leela is

real. But the Bible says we didn't play fair; we broke the rules, we became a choir in which everyone sings the tune that pleases him, paying no attention to the conductor or to the music that is put into our hands. And God wants us to get back into harmony with one another and with him. He might have given up men in despair, and gone on to create some other kind of creatures instead. But when a maths master finds a boy in trouble with a sum, he doesn't just work out the sum for himself; it's not the sum he is interested in, but the boy; and he tries to become as stupid as the boy is, for the moment, in order to help the boy to understand what he himself understands so clearly.

God's plan for a fallen world is total. It is not his plan to choose out a man here and a man there, and to take them to live with him apart from the rest. There is no redemption from the world in the Bible; there are no solitary saints. God's plan is not confined to the spiritual conversion of individuals. Religious people sometimes talk of saved souls as brands plucked from the fire. They're misquoting. The prophet (Zechariah 3:2) says that it is Jerusalem that is the brand plucked from the fire—that is, the whole community of the redeemed. He speaks to men, so that they may speak to others; he calls, in order that he may send. And it's not only the souls of men that he's concerned with; his plan is to redeem their minds and bodies too, and their work, and their common life. All nature, so far as it is affected by man's disobedience to God, is the sphere of God's redemptive activity; he wills to mend all that he has made, wherever it needs mending. And the price that he is ready to pay is a total price. He gave kings and judges and priests; he sent messengers with advice, with promises, with warnings, the prophets; as Jeremiah puts it with characteristic quaintness, he got up early in the morning to do it, sparing no trouble. He sent, he spoke, he called: and

when that wasn't enough, he came. He himself took the form of a man; he did as the maths teacher does, who for the sake of a child tries hard to make himself as stupid as the child is.

V

Here we are, a fallen race; and it is God's will that we should work out our salvation, God Himself working in us. Have you had a call to serve God? Oh, yes, you have. It's a fatal mistake to think that a religious vocation comes only to a few peculiar people. God may at any moment call any of us to put on a saffron robe or to go to the ends of the earth, and we must try to make ourselves ready for such a call if it comes, and to obey it decisively. But He doesn't seem to want very many sannyasis at any given moment; as a rule he's content to have ordinary men and women. But He does want them: it was for their sakes that He gave his Only-begotten Son. Until the call comes to go elsewhere, He calls you to stay where you are, and to make sacred to Him, to sacrifice, not only your soul, but your whole life and all your work. Begin here; use the opportunities you have now. Be honest: admit that you could even now begin to be a better servant of God than you are: a little more energetic in your public and your private worship; a little more considerate and helpful in your life among your neighbours; a little more conscientious in your studies. Working not as if you could do anything by yourself, but because He can do all things through you; not for any selfish reward, but because you recognise that His will is supreme, that to follow your own will instead is like standing in a vacuum when one step would take you into the fresh air; not alone, but in dependence on Him and in fellowship with those that love Him.

J. R. MACPHAIL.

REVERIE

The ospreys were pruning their wings silently on the huge rocks by the shore. The evening breeze from yonder sea carried the melodious note of the oriole at the osmund fence far into the desolate glen. A lofty building amidst luxurious peepul trees stood overlooking the beautiful landscape and an old man with a sad, pensive face was pacing restlessly at the open terrace above. The acacia and the balsam beside the little brook running from the village water-pump were just specks to the aged observer from the higher altitude, while the opalescent rays of light emerging from the sun well-hidden behind the western clouds heralded the approach of night.

A journal which he had evidently been reading lay uncared for on the floor, the leaves of which rustled every time the wind swept by. At the right-hand corner of a certain page there was a phrase in block-letters that seemed to cast a spell over him.

'My kingdom for a . . . a bride', he faltered in broken accents looking at the printed words and leant against the parapet-wall unconcernedly. But he was not thinking of the *Ex-king of Rumania* or *Princess Anna of Bourbon-Parma* at all. Memories of brighter days surged over him and his visage brightened at the recollection. The picture of Lulu with chrysoberyls round her

neck, blushing to see him at the orchard could never be effaced from his mind. Wasn't she the little damsel who had won his heart and was the cause of his open-defiance of all the world and for whom he had ruthlessly forfeited the strength of family ties and all that should have been his by right? Wasn't it just the other day when the wedding-bells were pealing? Wasn't it just the other day when their first babe was born? but then, O, God, it was forty years ago! A big lump came over his throat and he felt himself completely estranged from the grim world before him.

'Lulu, my poor, dead wife', he said in a faint murmur, 'tis cruel to leave me thus. . . .'

His grand-children slipped down the balustrade with feet astride one after another in merry sport and their laughter in unison echoed through the broad corridor. The siren was howling in the distance as it had done days before. The bullock-carts lolled along the lonely path afar-off, the axles creaking as the wheels went round. But the old man stood there distracted, in sullen agitation, stared at the pale dizziness of the rising crescent moon and forgot 'that' which had racked his pent-up emotion.

S. C. RAJENDRAN.

A STORM OVER COFFEE

MOHAN: Dear Kamala, is my coffee ready yet?

KAMALA: Oh bother! Coffee me no coffee! I Have had enough of this! E'er since we wed, You think of naught but coffee all the hours Of day and night. At morn, at noon, at eve, At night! Good God! You shouldn't have wed a girl Of cultured ways, but a cask of coffee hot.

MOHAN: Event's turn doth surprise me! No am'rous youth Was I, red-hot with love, but staid and fond Of sober books, and when your father chose Me as a proper lord for his giddy girl, I made it plain to you and him how sips

A STORM OVER COFFEE

Of coffee wash tough texts down; and he praised Your skill in brewing the blessed bev'rage; you Profuse in promise ne'er to stint my need, Did win my heart and hand. But now! But now!

KAMALA: I own I said so then; believing that Two services, the first at dawn, the next At even-tide, would content you, because All decent men would ask no more. But you! Ah! Woe is me! No time to read; no time To sew and none to meet one's friends!

MOHAN: No nonsense now! A husband's special need Should sacred be to virtuous wife. Be quick.

KAMALA: Oh Mohan, mind! A graduate in Arts am I More nobly born to boot. Your words offend.

MOHAN: Enough of all such silly talk! My wife You are, and on my cup I do insist.

KAMALA: Professor great! Of freedom breathing English too So ably moulding plastic minds! But sillier far Than greenest of them all. I've wed a peevish child.

MOHAN: Impertinent, provoking words do prey On patience monumental. Straight reply; Will you, or not, my needful coffee give?

KAMALA: Your want is, more than coffee, commonsense.

MOHAN: I've put the question thrice; and for answer wait.

KAMALA: Yes, my lord, the answer's 'NO'.

MOHAN: How dare You say 'NO'?

KAMALA: 'NO', not once; a hundred times. NO, NO, NO, NO, if it will please.

MOHAN: Have you Imprudent girl, e'er given thought to dire results of obstin'cy?

KAMALA: Why think'at all? What worse can hap than what I suffer here. One single day with a coffee-pot like you Is enough to turn a cultured girl a rustic, And soon after a brute.

MOHAN: Abused, my patience flies. Is coffee ready?

KAMALA: Don't drive me mad. My 'No' is 'No' and so Will ever remain.

MOHAN: Be off, you cheeky girl! You may be cultured, but away you go! My house No longer shelters you.

KAMALA: The hell is ended; Thank God! A free bird I walk out, again To cultured happiness, my right by birth.

MOHAN: You may; but jewels are mine; You'll leave them here Before you go: I know you, modern girls.

KAMALA: Thanks for this favour; marks of slavery Cannot adorn. Here they are; with them Buy as much coffee as you please.

MOHAN: It's not for you to bid what I should do. But then, where will you go?

- KAMALA : I leave your house ;
That's all; and that should be enough for you.
- MOHAN : Leaving mine, you should to your father's go.
- KAMALA : Sir ? Pardon me, for I go as you want
Me to. There ends our married life. Beyond
That state, commands are null and void. I go.
- MOHAN : But consider my reputation ;
My wife should not be found to loiter along
The streets. M.A. and Professor, I detest
The public talk about or me or mine.
- KAMALA : Thanks for over-flowing sympathy
For one turned out ! No doubt, you'll take good care
Of your name and fame, as I of freedom's joy.
A man who cares for fame must pay its price.
- MOHAN : I married you and lavished love on you,
And for your vagrancy never wished. You brought
It on your head. Let us bygones forget.
Now promise me six cups a day and let
Our old relations stand as e'er before.
- KAMALA : Oh ! They are too many by four ! But wisdom yet
May dawn, and darkness break a dreary home,
To make a cultured girl in brightness move.
Good-bye till then.
- MOHAN : Stay yet a while. I don't
Bargain, but yield to the weaker sex. To three cups a day
I cut it down. No heartless lord am I.
- KAMALA : You're growing steadily in sanity.
- MOHAN : My gen'rous offer stands ; the bargain strike.
- KAMALA : Love and trade are poles apart. Say which
You choose and answer straight.
- MOHAN : My offer fair
Accept ; assure our mutual happiness.
- KAMALA : Why waste our words ; 'tis time I went. Goodbye.
- MOHAN : My demand reducing from six to three
I may as well forego the whole and upon
Commonsense depend to accommodate
My preference to a craving grown. I yield.
- KAMALA : You have in wisdom now matured. And love
Begins where'er demand and bargain end.
- MOHAN : You put it well. I hope your love will give
What my demand and bluster failed to get.
- KAMALA : Yes dear, now that we are again man and wife,
You shall your coffee have.
- MOHAN : Ready so soon ?
- KAMALA : Here it is.
- MOHAN : Why then was all this nagging long ?
- KAMALA : We women hate imperious airs from men.
And hence if respect due is never paid,
We know how to compel by hook or crook.
- MOHAN : Men must confess that, ten to one, it's they
Have been to blame. The lines of Scott support
The fair.

YOUNG MAN WITH PIPE



T. J. S. George

FRONTIERS

KAMALA : Do they ? Recite to glad your love.
 MOHAN : ' Women ! In times of need thou art
 A minist'ring angel bright.'
 KAMALA : How good of Scott ! I wish you were a poet too.
 MOHAN : Of course I am. What makes you think I'm not ?
 All professors are poets made. I have
 A stanza ready made to suit us both.
 KAMALA : A wonder worked by coffee sweet ! Recite.
 MOHAN : ' With a cup of coffee and a cultured wife
 I defy the world to defeat me.
 Headache from texts or conjugal strife,
 Foul weather to fair shall converted be.'
 KAMALA : A rising star in poesy's firmament.
 Proceed, and let us hear the stanza next.
 MOHAN : The first was such a masterpiece, that the Muse
 Unwilling to degrade her votary
 To lesser feat, departed to Parnassus home.
 KAMALA : You are mistaken. She, en route, alighted
 On me, and here is mine to match the first.
 ' Hast thou headache ? Art thou so rude
 To people whom you love ?
 Then sip a cup of coffee, brewed
 In joy, and friendship's vow.'
 MOHAN : Hail, Poetess of India free, born not made !
 How delicious ! I ne'er enjoyed it as now.
 KAMALA : Poetry is contagious. May our future be
 As sweetly flavoured as this drink, I pray.
 MOHAN : Let both of us exert that it be so.
 KAMALA : Ah ! I forget at eight to-night, we are
 Invited to dinner given by Liberal Club
 To honour mother India's liberty.
 MOHAN : We may be late. Let's hurry up at once.
 KAMALA : They may not serve you coffee after meals.
 I'll fill a flask with it.
 MOHAN : Oh splendid thought !
 Love looks before and after as of now.
 (Exeunt)

P. V. D. PRASAD.

FRONTIERS

It is needless to say that August 15 is a red letter day in the history of India. But the celebrations of the first anniversary of our national festival fill my heart not with glee but grief. Perhaps you may take me to be a sentimental fool for not taking participation in the joy of political emancipation. The reason is very simple and obvious. Instead of one India we have divided India, Pakistan and Hindustan. It

is a quite strange and sad event in the History of India. Never was India divided on the basis of religion.

Hindus and Muslims who were living together side by side without much difference and difficulty for all these centuries from the time of Arab conquest to August 15th 1947 are now separated and submerged in all feelings, distrust and disharmony. The national solidarity that was built day

to day was broken to fragments, leading to disintegration. Jai Chand and Prithvi Raj, two Hindu Kings quarrelled with each other and invited Mohammad Ghor. Hence came the Mohammadan rule to our country. Then two Mohammadan Kings, Chanda Saheb and Mohammad Ali quarrelled and invited two different nations, the French and the English; and hence the English rule. The Muslims and Hindus have lived amicably for all these 150 years of British Rule, and with joint effort made the British quit India. How happy it would have been if the same attitude continued to the last! All the exponents of our freedom from Gokhale to Gandhi sacrificed their whole lives for the independence of India as a whole and not independence of a divided India. Geographically, from the mists of antiquity India continued and continues to be one country. It is a tragic degradation to have disparity and division in India today especially when we are looking forward to a World State. It is political degeneration and not regeneration. At least Md. Toghlok and Aurangzeb had the pleasure of ruling India as a whole with the exception of some bits in the south and east. I am afraid that the present political crisis will pave the way for constant civil wars and conflicts and collisions. When actually the swords are drawn the Hindus and Muslims will be forced to send an appeal for western arbitration and the History will repeat itself. It is exactly like two cats quarrelling for a piece of cake going to a monkey for settlement and returning empty handed.

At this juncture it is but just and right to know the origin and development of Pakistan and take some lessons and think of new devices to a happy and united India. The roses on the same stem are separated by the force of the wind, only to be united again.

The term *Pakistan* literally means the land of the Holy. In December 1930 for the first time Sir Mohammad Iqbal, when he was delivering the presidential address at the Muslim League Session at Allahabad, put forward the idea of Pakistan inspired by his study of Islam. He said,

'I would like to see the Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, Sind and Baluchistan amalgamated into a single state.' A decade later, in 1940 All-India Muslim League resolved that Pakistan would consist of an amalgamated state of North West of India and Eastern Zone of India namely Eastern Bengal and Assam where a clear Muslim majority exists.

Muslim majority provinces.

	Muslims	Hindus
Baluchistan	4,05,309	41,432
Bengal	2,75,30,321	2,15,37,921
N.W.F.P.	22,27,303	1,42,977
Punjab	1,33,32,460	63,28,538.

'Mr. Jinnah maintains that the democratic system based on the concept of a homogeneous nation is not applicable to a heterogeneous country like India where there are two nations, Hindus and Muslims, representing two distinct and separate civilizations. They are distinct from one another from religion, culture, tradition and manner of life. Secondly, Mr. Jinnah believes that the various attempts made in the past to achieve unity have failed and that the new formula will end the political deadlock.'

Mr. Gandhi with his political vision criticised that Pakistan would lead to vivisection of mother India and that India is indivisible. He also foretold that India would be divided into small 'stans' which would strengthen the policy of 'divide and rule'. It has exactly come true now. Everywhere we hear slogans of Dravidistan, Sikhistan etc. The British also observed that Pakistan would end the political unity of India and would divide India into religions, shatter the whole conception of Indian Unity gradually and laboriously built up by the British system over a long period of years.

In spite of the above observations it is preposterous to perceive the plan of partition—Pakistan and Hindustan. It is a political tragedy for the British to leave our country at logger-heads and fret and fume at our pleasures and pains. It would be far better if they had left our country without disturbing the still water and

leaving the rest for our self-determination and mutual adjustment. Instead of sharing one another's weal and woe, the new political tragedy induced us to weep and wail over the crisis. The most puzzling riddle for a historian is 'Why did the Muslim League which from its foundations right upto 1937 had been placing before the Muslims of India the goal of free united India with Hindus and Muslims as common citizens of the State, turn over an absolutely new leaf in its history and adopt the very scheme of partition which was condemned by the Muslims in 1930 as sounding the death knell of all that was noble and lasting in modern political activity in India?' I leave this riddle to your reason and imagination.

Dr. Ambedkar in his book *Thoughts on Pakistan* says there is nothing sudden in the idea of Pakistan. The only thing that has happened is that what was indistinct appears now in full glow and what nameless has taken a name. As the Muslims were politically educated they began to plead for separate electorates. Lord Minto in 1909 acceded the demand for separate electorates stating that the difference is in life, in traditions, in history as well as articles of faith that constitute a state. We have to admit that Hindus had also communal bias from the beginning. It is crystal clear from the statement of late Lala Lajput Rai in his address to the first Hindu Mahasabha Conference in 1909; he remarked that 'the Hindus formed a nation because they represent a type of civilization of their own'. The two parallel ideas, a separate Muslim state by Iqbal, a separate Hindu state by Rai were working in the minds of the Muslims and Hindus each trying to dominate the other. Muslims want to rule India as they were ruling for nearly 600 years. They do not want to be ruled by Hindus as they were the ruling race from about 1175-1761. The Hindus do not want to be ruled by Muslims pleading that Bharata Desa is theirs and that

they are in majority. They want to establish the rule of the majority, a blind democratic India. If there could be perfect honesty, mutual trust and psychological harmony it would matter very little what the political pattern of ruling body is. Perhaps the vital mistake committed was strong opposition against separate electorates that were advocated in the reforms of 1919 and 1935. Perhaps politicians could have substituted for it some other alternative that would synthesize all people of India, instead of total refusal. If separate electorates failed, separate states have risen. When the Congress was first in power the Muslims thought that Islam was at stake and observed Deliverance Day when they resigned in 1939. Then they began to return to the thesis of Sir Iqbal that the coalescence of the two was an impossibility. From that year onwards the feelings of Pakistan were intensified. Lord Wavell's talks with Mr. Jinnah, Sir Stafford Cripps, the Mission to India, and the tour of M. P. delegation could not influence and change the idea of Pakistan. The war and the other circumstances favoured the formation of Pakistan. The whole process is a mystery resulting in the division on August 15, 1947.

We are already experiencing the effects of the division. Pakistan is commanding the western and eastern gates of India with Hyderabad as a buffer state. It would not take a long time for us to witness the atrocities of the civil war and welcome to the western arbitration. Russia, America, England and every other country is keenly observing the situations and developments in Divided India. A great misfortune lies ahead of our glorious India. Let it be the part of the prayer of every individual to save our country from the future dangers. Let there be political awakening in every patriotic India to discover new ways and means of bringing peace and union amidst the bitter feelings of hatred and distrust.

N. SWAMIDAS.

DAWN IN TAMBARAM

The morning breeze is a playful dog
rushing through the garden
with a lolling tongue
of pink cloud.
He springs upon the flame of the forest
filling her with wakening mirth.
She waves her bare, silvery arms
and raises her hands to the skies
laden with offerings of red flowers.
A brown rabbit hops out
of the tall grasses,
his long ears quivering,
his eyes full of meditation.
A mongoose lopes along
stopping every now and then
to throw a backward look
at the way he came,
a symbol of eternal vigilance.
When the first rays of the sun
streak across the horizon
the birds cease their chatter
and form a sweet-throated choir
trilling matutinal songs
that mount upwards,
a swift-winged paean of praise.
And I, gazing at the sea
of green shrubbery
also give Thee thanks, O Christ,
for the life that springs
in tree and beast and bird,
that awakens at Thy touch
and grows in the light
of Thy love.

CHANDRAN DEVANESEN.

RADAR AND WHAT IT IS

One of the most striking features of modern wars is their indirect but very useful contributions towards the betterment of humanity during peace through increased knowledge in almost all fields of science and arts. Thus it is to World War II that we owe the invention of one of the most useful, popular and yet so little-understood instrument christened 'The Radar'. This wonderful radio-like device is so very powerful in its 'eye-sight' that it can very easily detect ships, aircrafts, land-masses, cities, etc. at a distance of hundreds of miles.

Military considerations during World War II necessitated the construction of an enemy-detecting device of considerable accuracy combined with detailed information and many scientists concentrated their attention on this important problem, when, as a result of their remarkable ingenuity 'The Radar' came into existence. The principle of this complicated device is best explained by an exposition of how the name itself was coined. The name RADAR signifies RAdio Detection And Ranging. Consequently, it is clear that this device uses some method for detecting objects by radio devices and for finding their distances.

The fundamental principle involved is that radio waves are reflected or scattered by almost all objects. Further, as the reflection or scattering is determined by the nature of the object, its size and the distance the radar can provide us with a picture of the distant objects. A radar consists of several complicated radio circuits, valves and other associated components, including a glass screen of a special type in which we can see a picture of the object that the radar is viewing. A novel

type of radar is one having a 'Plan Position Indicator' (PPI as it is called) in which we can see the plan of a district itself with all its cities, towns and mountains appearing as in a photograph.

Incidentally, it should be mentioned that the radar uses principles which are mostly different from those of television. In the radar, radio waves of very short wave length (3 C-metres usually) are sent out which after getting reflected or scattered by objects like ships, hills, etc., are received by the radar itself so that the incoming waves give us a picture of the object that sent them back to the radar. It is very interesting to note that bats use this principle for directing the course of their flight.

Even during the aftermath of the recent World War II the radar has displayed its tremendous potency by its immediate applications in the fields of 'Surveying', navigation, detection of ice-bergs, rocks, etc. even in cloudy nights and numerous others. Recently, the distance between the moon and the earth was found out by means of a powerful radar used by the U.S. Army Research Experts and this distance comes out exactly the same as that calculated from astronomical considerations.

In future, the radar may be extensively used in air, road, rail and sea transports resulting in the reduction of the number of accidents, for the study of migration of birds and insects, for crop surveys and so on. Like an amethyst set amidst pearls, the radar surpasses all other war-born scientific devices in serving the peace-time world.

P. T. NARASIMHAN.

THE POONDI WATERWORKS

'This term opened—for us—with a grand flourish—a picnic to Poondi—a delightful spot, which while offering enjoyment and relaxation to the senses, appealed to the mind as well, through its famous waterworks.'

Secretary,
Women Students' Union

In the ancient plays of those dark old days
Nary a problem now lacks;
For these are times to improve our minds
At the local waterworks.

Young ladies gaze in abstract ways
At the Poondi waterworks,
Where pistons throb in the water pump
With thought-provoking jerks.

With picnic flasks they face the tasks
Of intellectual treats;
With thoughtful frowns they make the rounds
Of managerial beats.

The swaying trees, the sparrows' chirps,
And all God's benefaction,
They love these; but the waterworks
For mental satisfaction!

The women students are such dears
And so frightfully intellectual;
With cheerful looks they spurn their books
As entirely ineffectual.

But round the works with happy smirks
And intelligent expressions,
The women students wander round
With eager interjections.

With sparkling eyes and heavenly smiles
And well-trained, active brains
They watch the pumps, they view the dumps,
They cogitate the drains.

Gone are the plays of those dark old days,
And the esoteric rhymes;
For the waterwheel does now appeal
To meditative minds.

H. R.

THE SOUL OF BEAUTY

She was a wild little creature of the mountains and woods—a merry, lovable little thing of smiles and tears, of moods like quick-silver, fascinating, captivating. Fifteen years had passed since that chilly morning, when a woman, weary and footsore, staggered out of the surrounding trees, laid her precious bundle on the temple-steps, and turned away, resigned but broken-hearted.

The little temple lay nestling in the heart of the Himalayas. Whispering trees kissed its rude stone walls, and filled the air with melancholy music. An old Sanyasi had dwelt alone in these depths of solitude, absorbed in a life of prayer and penance. He had dwelt alone in this temple-abode. And now, this old recluse found himself in a strange predicament. A baby-girl had arrived from nowhere, and was sleeping contentedly on his very door-step. The old man smiled grimly: 'Well, well,' he thought, 'I will do what I can for the poor creature!'

And thus it happened, that Mrinalini—in accordance with her mother's vow—came to be reared as a temple maiden.

Time passed, and Mrinalini danced her way into the old hermit's heart, breaking through all the stern barriers with which it had been fortified through the long years. She grew up, wild and sweet as a mountain-flower. The mountains, the woods and the cascades were her home. The creatures of the wilds were her playmates. The wind singing in the trees lulled her to sleep; the rush and fall of the cascades soothed her dreams. She grew up with a spirit as free and untameable as the mountain winds; but with a heart as warm and gentle as a woodland glen.

Mrinalini loved her mountain home and her old 'father' with all the strength of her ardent little soul. She was now leaving the carefree days of childhood, and growing into a beautiful woman. Mrinalini had learnt from her 'father' that in the plains below, men and women lived busy lives in the

midst of beautiful cities. She longed to go down into these lands. Often when her spirits were spent after a race through the woods, she would throw herself beneath a tree, and leaning her head listlessly against its gnarled trunk, would fall to dreaming of the plains.

So overpowered was she, one day, by this sense of loneliness, that the tears began to course slowly down her cheeks. Soon she found herself weeping her heart out to the stodgy old tree. Her sobs gradually calmed. She heard a rustle behind her, and turning her head slightly, she saw a shaggy dog amble leisurely towards her. Her tear-stained face lighted up with spontaneous glamorous welcome as she put out her hand to stroke him. He nosed her sympathetically, and then submitted good-naturedly to her fondling. So absorbed was she in stroking his coat, and murmuring to him tender little nothings, that she did not know that only a few yards away, a tall young man was watching the scene with amused and tender eyes; and indeed it was the prettiest and most touching picture he had ever seen.

Then, when she glanced up with frightened eyes, he was about to turn away, and leave the child and his dog to their pretty task. He was about to turn away—but he could not. Their eyes met, and neither could look away for one long instant. He realised that it was no child he was gazing at—but a lovely woman. He thought her beautiful—ineffably so. But it was not mere external beauty that held him so rooted to the spot. He beheld in that one glance, her whole soul shining forth, in all its depth and naked beauty, in all its wild witchery and charm—a soul that had attained to its most perfect expression, fostered by Nature's elemental beauty.

Ramesh was a young forest-officer, whose duties had taken him to the Himalayas. He came of a good Brahmin family of Central India, and for the past two years, had been

employed in service in Delhi. His charming personality won him popularity wherever he went. His high official status made his favour much courted in society. The sterling qualities that lay beneath these glittering acquirements endeared him to one and all. But Ramesh was lonely—utterly, unspeakably lonely. His occasional little excesses and exuberance of spirits had not blinded him to the emptiness of his life. He had his books—he had his music—but he was restless and dissatisfied.

Perhaps Ramesh was seeking beauty and goodness in their primeval forms. Perhaps this was what made him welcome the opportunity that carried him away from his painted, artificial life into the simple grandeur of the Himalayas. As he gazed, now, on Mrinalini he realised that he had never completely understood what he had so longed for, until he saw it expressed so wonderfully and truly in Mrinalini's eyes. He felt that now, at last, he had found, what he had so long, and so earnestly desired.

Mrinalini thought Ramesh a veritable God. Had he not wandered out of those strange lands her 'father' had told her about! She looked at him with wonder and felt irresistibly drawn to him. And so it was that love began between Mrinalini, the tender flower of mountain solitudes, and Ramesh—the man from the busy crowded plains.

With a heavy heart the old Sanyasi watched Mrinalini's admiration of the strange young man, blossom into a love as deep as only her soul could know or fathom. Ramesh was deeply in love with Mrinalini, and his prolonged stay in the Himalayas was a dream of delirious happiness. With the sorrowful consent of the old hermit, they were to be wedded, and Ramesh was to carry away his bride to his home in the plains.

* * * *

The old priest turned away from the temple-steps, crushed with grief at this cruel separation. The trees heard the sad tale from the woodland creatures, and whispered it to the rivers and winds and mountain-mists—And all Nature sighed and wept

because Mrinalini had been taken from them.

* * * *

Ramesh and Mrinalini arrived in Delhi after a long and tiresome journey. They were now established in Ramesh's smart new bungalow, which was built on the most modern lines and fitted up with the most up-to-date equipments. Mrinalini surrounded with every luxury seemed happy. Indeed at first, she was ecstatically happy. Everything was so strange and new and thrilling. Her chief joy lay in Ramesh who grew clearer to her as time passed. Ramesh blessed the day that took him to the temple-woods, for it was there that he had found his very soul. Indeed, so truly was Mrinalini an expression of all that Ramesh felt to be most beautiful and good, that he grew to love her with a strange new love. It seemed now that their very souls were wedded.

Some time had passed since Ramesh and Mrinalini arrived in Delhi. Nobody had yet seen Ramesh's Himalayan bride. The more staid section of Delhi Society was horrified at Ramesh's unorthodox and precipitant deed. The younger folk were thrilled by its unreality and romance. The ladies were all a-flutter with eager curiosity. Ramesh was an Apollo in their eyes. Who was this young thing who had won his heart? A wild tribes-girl, apparently whom he had picked up in his mountain rambles. They sniffed scornfully—'King Cophetua and the beggar-maid' all over again! Was she beautiful? Perhaps not! they reflected sarcastically. Ramesh had always appeared so perfectly impregnable to all overtures from Beauty. These good women had cause to be piqued by Ramesh's behaviour. Had they not lovely young daughters, whom they would willingly have given in marriage to the rich and handsome Ramesh!!

Mrinalini was to make her first public appearance at a dinner at the club. Ramesh exclaimed with admiration when, arrayed in blue and silver, she appeared before him, looking as if she had stepped out of a dream. They arrived at the club. Mrinalini, with her small hands pressed together in a 'namaskar', whispering her greetings with

a shy sweet smile, won most hearts at the outset. Almost painfully shy at first, she could do little more than answer questions put to her, in monosyllables. Gradually when her companions led her to talk of her old home, her whole face became animated. She spoke simply and freely. Her smiles began to break into bewitching ripples of laughter as she recalled her mountain life.

At first Mrinalini did not observe the scornful curling lip, and the forced polite smile. These shallow women failed to see the beauty in her narration. All that they chose to see of Mrinalini's former life, was its poverty, which their sordid imagination reduced to ugly squalor. Mrinalini suddenly realised that these ladies did not understand. They didn't understand anything—she said to herself bitterly. Angry and hurt, she retired into herself once more. In her old home, soul had spoken to soul, with absolute understanding. Now, she realised, she was alone in a strange new world, with not a kindred spirit beside her.

Weeks and months went by. The novelty of Mrinalini's life began to wear away. She was temperamentally unsuited to a life of uninterrupted gaiety. For all her vivacity, there was a deep stain of contemplativeness in her nature.

The hot summer months came on. Ramesh saw his mountain-flower beginning to droop and pine. So he decided to take her away to Simla.

* * *

Ramesh and Mrinalini had been in Simla for three weeks, and Mrinalini realised that her sickness lay too deep for cure. Nobody—not even Ramesh—suspected that an apparent return of high-spirits in her was only a game of make-believe—tragic make-believe. Soon Mrinalini felt that this could not go on. Simla was beautiful. She thought the mountain-scenery, the birds and the waters delightfully refreshing. But all this beauty seemed to lack something—an elusive something. Perhaps it was the very spirit of Beauty and Solitude that she was pining for. The shy spirit of the wilds which had fled from the Simla hills at man's approach. The spirit to which her own was so inseparably united.

Society life began to pall upon Mrinalini's spirits. She began to hate with savage vehemence all her lovely saries and exquisite jewellery. She began to hate the snobbery that seemed to be an essential part of the make-up of the glamorous women about her.

Two months passed and Ramesh wondered at Mrinalini's apathy and listlessness. Oh! how could he be so blind!—He, who had loved her so completely that he had known her every mood. In vain did he question her as to the cause of her grief. Mrinalini would summon a twinkle to her eye and answer lightly that she had never felt so happy and well in her life. Then, as she turned away, Ramesh would see her smile fade, and her eyes fill with tears. Now could Mrinalini tell him her secret longing? She loved him too well to let her desires hinder him in any way. So she continued in silence and misery, and Ramesh, in perplexity and sorrow.

The artificiality—the pseudo-life around her, oppressed and stifled her. One evening she became so obsessed with the desire to tear herself away from all this unreality, that she rushed up to her bed-room in a frenzy of despair. She tore off her fine georgette sari. She donned the coarse saffron one she had loved so well in her old home. With feverish fingers she undid her hair and let it flow free as of old. She threw off her ornaments, flung her sandals aside, and fled down the stairs, and out by the front door. In the twinkling of an eye she was out of the garden, and running up the steep path that led to the hill top. She got there, her body trembling under the stress of violent emotion. She felt the wind in her hair; the chill mountain-air on her cheeks and hands. She gazed long and earnestly into the mists, concentrating all her mental and emotional faculties in an effort to recapture one of those sublime moments she had experienced in her old home. She tried to abandon herself to Nature's mood; to feel that inexpressible thrill of wonder and glory surge through her being. BUT MRINALINI FAILED. She sank to the ground in hopeless agony.

Ramesh had been called away on business that afternoon. She had promised to

take Mrinalini for a long evening drive. Accordingly he returned expecting to find Mrinalini ready and waiting for him. But no Mrinalini awaited him. He was disappointed and annoyed. 'Perhaps she's asleep upstairs,' he thought. He covered the steps, two at a time, and entered the bed-room. He saw the floor strewn with her sari and jewellery. He grew perplexed and alarmed. A sudden thought struck him. Hastily snatching up a torch he rushed downstairs and plunged into the darkness outside. He arrived at the hill-top and flashed the torch about him. With a cry, he suddenly dropped it, and rushed towards the figure he saw huddled on the ground. It was Mrinalini—the old Mrinalini of the Himalayan woods, clad in her saffron sari, and with her dark tresses loosely flowing.

Realisation hit him cruelly in the eye. This was what his wife had pined for! Her mountain life and home. A return to Nature and all things natural. Oh! Why had he been so blind! This strong man now found the tears course silently down his face, as he bent over Mrinalini and lifted her unconscious form in his arms.

And so it came about that Ramesh took Mrinalini back to her home in the mountains. She found herself locked once more in her old 'father's' embrace. After his first joy and surprise were over, the old hermit's astonished eyes travelled slowly from Mrinalini to Ramesh. Their eyes met in one long sorrowful gaze. His seemed to tell Ramesh: 'You tried to tame my little wild bird—and you have killed her!'

Rapturously Mrinalini fled into the woods. The earth looked dewy and lovely, like a smile through tears. The birds twittered the glad tidings to the trees; and they in turn whispered it to the mountain-brooks. The winds caught the echoes from the woods and told it to the mists. And all nature throbbed with joy because Mrinalini had returned to them.

Days went by, and Ramesh and the old Sanyasi saw with grief, that Mrinalini was slowly wilting away. A new suggestion of sadness had now crept into her brightest smiles. No more could she run at will to the woods or mountain-tops.

Ramesh would carry her to her favourite haunts, and placing her gently on the grass, would watch beside her.

One day Mrinalini felt an irresistible urge to visit her favourite mountain top. With her head reclining on Ramesh's shoulder she watched the mist creep steadily up to wrap them in its blind embrace. Suddenly turning towards Ramesh she said: 'Ramesh, what will you do after I am gone?' 'Hush Mrinalini!' he replied, 'Do not talk so! You are now stronger than you were, and will soon be running away to the woods all by yourself!' But he spoke with forced cheerfulness, and Mrinalini turned her head away impatiently and sighed restlessly. Then, looking straight ahead of her she spoke slowly and sadly:—'You know, Ramesh, as well as I do, that I am going to leave you very soon.' The tears gathered in her eyes, and rolled unheeded, down her wasted cheeks. She continued staring ahead of her, and now she seemed abstracted in thought, as she spoke:

'When I hear the mountain-winds moan about me, when I see the mists climb slowly up to enfold me, I feel my soul tugging at its leash within my breast, as if striving to break free, and dissolve itself in these terrible solitudes—Soon—very soon—I'm going to be free—free!!'

Her eyes grew large and wild, and she went on, in a voice that had a strange new ring in it: 'I will haunt the sighing trees that cradle my little old temple. I will no more be Mrinalini—but I will be the mountain mists—I will be the mountain winds—Oh! I will be a spirit! a wild, wild, ecstatic spirit!

Her strange excitement suddenly died down. The unearthly radiance in her face gave way to utter despair. 'Oh Ramesh! how can I bear it! How can I leave you!' She stopped and buried her face in his breast, while Ramesh, broken-hearted, held her close, in silence. After a while she looked up and said 'Will you return—to Delhi—soon after—I'm gone?'

For a long while Ramesh could not speak for the tears that choked his voice. Then he said: 'O Mrinalini, how can I return to

my old life without you! How can I bear to cut myself off from you—forever!'

Then, holding her face tenderly in his two hands, and gazing deep into her eyes, his heart cried out to her:—

'Do you not know, Mrinalini, that our souls are now irrevocably one? You will—no—you must hunt me night and day! asleep or awake! Oh stay with me Mrinalini! Be my guiding spirit!—my life!—my soul!—until I too am free—free to join you in that wilderness of everlasting beauty!'

Mrinalini's face now shone with a deep and radiant joy. Suddenly, breaking away from Ramesh she sat up, rigid—her whole frame taut with intense emotion, her whole countenance shining with a strange radiance.

'Ramesh!' she gasped—'I am going—now—at last—to Infinite Beauty—Come to me—soon. Ramesh—soon!'

CECILIA PAUL.

SENTENCED AND...

He did not want to steal.

He was honest. He was conscientious. So he was left with the full charge of the house, that contained many valuable articles. His master had known full well that nothing would induce him to break into the house.

It was not the first time that Narayan had been left in charge of the house: Times without number his master used to be away from the house for days. Every time Narayan had proved himself to be worthy of his master's confidence. Narayan was under the impression that he had a moral obligation to be true to his master.

And he was never disloyal too.

The night was getting darker and darker. There was nobody in the house except himself. It was a big, three-storeyed mansion. He was struck by the awfulness of the solitary night.

He began to brood over within himself. A flash came: It was the picture of his home. He was married to Sheela only two months back. Sheela was an exceptionally good-looking girl, though his taste for beauty was almost negligible. She would grumble whenever he stayed out at night. But she could also believe him and his words. He was really honest.

After the marriage, Narayan felt the responsibility of maintaining a house. Sheela's wants had no limits. She would demand

all that was going to make her beautiful—silk sarees, jewels and diamonds. She would even taunt him at times.

Married life was happy but Narayan could not enjoy it owing to the headaches caused by Sheela's persistent expression of dissatisfaction. Everyday she would grumble about poverty and so it was not possible for Narayan to bring about a smile into her face for days together. His mind was wounded, his pride was injured.

As a result, he began to imagine things: he began to picture a world where plenty and prosperity reigned—and where no boss existed. But his imagination could never reconcile with the grim realities he was facing in the everyday-world.

Yes, it was night, dark and grim. But Narayan could not believe it. He could neither sleep. His eyes suddenly rushed at the soft cushions of the sofa belonging to his master. It was beautiful and soft to touch. Anybody sitting on it would not fail to realise that he was in very little short of heaven. So much comfortable it was.

He had seen the thickly cushioned and curtained beds of his master too. Indeed, he felt, it ought to be marvellous to be there with one's sweetheart, alone and in darkness.

He questioned himself as to what stood between the happiness of his master and the sorrow of himself. Without wasting

much time to guess an answer he concluded that it was money. Money, huge amount of money was his immediate need.

He knew where the iron safe was. He had seen several times his master carefully thrusting in bundles of currency notes. But he had never thought about them before.

It was erected in a room in the second floor. Perhaps the key of the room was lying somewhere inside the table. He got up, searched for it and found it. With a mad rush he dashed into the room in the second storey and opened its door.

He was sure that nobody would interrupt him nor detect him. He was also aware of the consequences if caught. But the cheerful face of his wife was floating before his eyes with all its mirth and glory. There was fond hope in it. He was determined.

He unlocked the safe. His heart began to beat terrifically. He could not even breathe. So serious was the tension. He picked up two bundles of currency notes with the help of the torch-light.

And he went—went home.

Narayan was standing in the dock of the court to face the charges of theft and burglary. Of course he pleaded guilty. He further continued that he had given all the stolen money to his wife and she abandoned him on the eve of his arrest. It was a

pathetic and moving confession. Narayan was now facing the issues squarely.

The just judges whom no weak pity moves, passed the judgement: Narayan was to undergo rigorous imprisonment for a term of ten years.

Hearing this sentence, Narayan began to laugh hysterically. He burst out 'Sheela! Sheela... So at last we are happy! I can provide you anything you want!... come on Sheela, do come!... Oh!... embrace me... How... beauti....' The court rose up for the day.

Nobody recorded the sentimental agonies of poor Narayan. The judgement of the court remained only in records. It did not go further.

Nature had released Narayan from the clutches of the ambitious world.

His master, the complainant went out of the court grinning. But when he saw the beautiful blossoms dancing in the plants that Narayan had planted in his master's garden, the master could not resist the tears.

Even the flowers were shouting that Narayan was innocent. They perpetuated the sorrowful memory of the loyal Narayan in the heart of his master.

Perhaps they knew Narayan better than anybody had known him. They did not betray.

SHIVA NAMIRAJA MALLA.

MY MORNING VISITOR

I have a friend
who comes to see me
every morning.
His voice is very raucous
but I like the humorous glint
in his eye.
And even to a South Indian like me
he does seem uncommonly dark.
He always comes when I'm on my verandah
with a book on my knees,
He looks at me with his head screwed sideways
as if to say, 'I wonder how long
you are going to keep it up?
You aren't noted for regular habits.'
I never reply. 'Shoo! Go away!'
partly because what he says is true
and partly because his cynical look
helps me to keep going
from day to day.
Perhaps he reminds me of a clergyman
in a black cassock.
I look towards the margosa tree
expecting him, hoping he'll come.
And all of a sudden he is there
with a strident cry of greeting.
I'm sure he's a wise old bird.
He must be--because he's a crow.
We've become so friendly I'd recognize him
among a treeful of crows
all hatched out of the same egg.
It's easy, very easy,
for someone's hung a big green bead
round his neck, bless him!
I wonder if he's descended
from one of the ravens
that fed Elijah?

CHANDRAN DEVANESEN.

SUBHAS CHANDRA THE ARTIST

The idea that life can be an art has been very rarely conceived and more rarely held yet there is no greater living art than living itself. The brush and the canvas, the pen and the ink, the infinite modulations of subtlest music fade into insignificance before the power and the flexibility of life itself as a medium of expression. In every age there have been men who dared to attempt the moulding of this subtlest of plasters—this life—into forms of variegated beauty. There have been the supreme artists—artists of life. Such a one was Subhas Chandra. Gandhi is a saint, Nehru a philosopher, Patel a politician, but Bose is an artist. Gandhi blows the breath of life into the dead, he is one more of the great instruments of the Eternal Truth. Nehru is the Marcus Aurelius of our age, yet in him we sense the same 'lacking' as we do in Marcus Aurelius. To Patel the world is a chess board, and he is a master of the game. But to Bose life was something to be moulded, the mute medium of eloquent expression.

Every great artist has always sensed a world beyond the world of vision. It is this intuition that stirs an artist to creation, and it is in this sense that all mystics are artists. Both have an intimate contact with a deeper reality. Bose felt this very early in life. He wandered in the overwhelming company of the Himalayas. Only an artist's soul could have heard the music of the spheres in so real a sense as to wander seeking the cold comfort of the Himalayas. Again only an artist could have so spontaneously described this intriguing experience as his 'first love'. We are all victims of circumstances—we are made and unmade by circumstances. Those of us that fall on the right side of the wave rise, those on the wrong side fall. Either way the wave carries us. The greatest of us has been such. It is not belittling him. He was great because he had the courage, the integrity, the wisdom to rise to the occasion and bear the burden of circumstances.

Lesser men might have broken. Perhaps they had more than greatness they had genius. But yet they were not artists. They did not create a piece of art out of life. They did not conceive daringly a pattern of life and then go forth to build that pattern. That is the precise function of an artist—an imagination of beauty and an ability to create it. Subhas Chandra showed both in his life. Bose showed the artist in him when, unshaven, sick, bed-ridden he insisted on going up to the dais and addressing the vast multitude. One has only to imagine it all to see that it contains all the elements of great art. Beauty, pathos and a delicate sense of suspense—a truly great painting—but real life. Again, Subhas on his own sick-bed in his Calcutta home rose to the heights of great art when he conceived of the almost insolent plan of a flight to Kabul and thence to Berlin. In the fantasy of that imagination one cannot fail to find the master strokes of an artist like Nicholas Roerich. It reminds us of the Himalayan paintings of Roerich, for it has the same grandeur, the same suggestion of facility which only conceals an immense danger, the same thrill of being on the edge of a precipice and above all there is the same mist hanging over it all concealing what is yet to be. Such artistic conceptions Bose moulded in the material of life. He did reach Berlin where he met that other great artist Adolf Hitler. Hitler has been called a maniac but which artist is not a maniac? Thereafter Bose's life was one dazzling succession of fantasies. In every action of his life we find the magic touch of imagination. The Azad Hind Fauz which transformed mercenaries into patriots, their insignia, their songs, their entire background sounds like one great symphony in praise of the Mother. The awards of merits, the stamps, the daring of retaining our own tricolour untouched, all these suggest the artist.

Finally the grand inspiration of erecting a monument makes us wonder whether



Bose has shamed all the rest of our leaders by sheer daring of imagination.

We must remember that he achieved all this in the most adverse circumstances. He was on foreign soil, he was amidst men whom he did not trust, and who did not trust him. He was in countries which had changed hands, and which were veritable volcanoes. The spectre of war had flung the destinies of nations into a magnificent uncertainty. Under such circumstances he lived his dreams. Even in adversity he was treated by nature as a true artist. He was like Charles Strickland. Strickland felt leprosy eating into his vitals, yet he painted for he had to create to live. In a far off island he built a heaven of imagination round himself and in the hour of a completion he perished in the fumes of his creations. Subhas too without his knowing had reached the hour of his triumph—the hour of India's Freedom. Yet he had to perish—all true artists must—before the completion of his art. An artist cannot live if his art is over. Strangely enough Subhas Babu also died in flames. Literally as he was always metaphorically, soaring high in the skies Bose journeyed to his end.

It must be matter of regret that we shall

never know more of him. But even if we do know, let us not expect to find there the conformity we mediocres seek in life. All art is inconsistent. Perhaps Bose too was such. There are no laws in art, more so in an artist. We shall not find in him the rigid rules that alone make life explicable to us. Art and artists are not to be judged, they are to be enjoyed. In that spirit alone can we ever understand him. Nay, it is in this spirit of lawlessness alone that we can understand even life. Life bewilders us because we seek laws where no laws exist. All laws are imposed. They come from without, art comes from within.

In such ways does the conception of life as an art promote an understanding of life. The lives of men like Subhas Chandra remove the veils of laws, conformity and rigid morality from the face of nature, and reveal her to us in here baffling reality. For all reality is baffling. They show us nature and life in their elemental forms for they themselves are "elemental men". There is praise or blame for such men. They shall not be judged, for they have been blest by God themselves.

B. P. R. VITTAL.

THE ROLE OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN THE U.N.O.

About the final end of all human activities there has been very general agreement for the last three thousand years. The Prophets from Isaiah down to Karl Marx have spoken of it with one voice. In the ideal world they look forward to, there will be peace and prosperity for the individual and the nation would no longer rise up against nation. The progress of one would lead to the uplift of all. And knowledge and wisdom would cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

The success of the U.N.O.'s role of achieving peace on earth in accordance with the prophecies will depend on the realisation by every individual that the long chain of disasters that links the modern world to its tragic past, is not so much the result of the diversity of individual and national aims,

but of the confusion as regards means that has existed and still exists.

The ever-increasing complexity of modern life has served but to aggravate this confusion. The world to-day affords a limitless spectacle of inefficiency and unco-ordinated action, a picture of chaotic indiscipline, ill-adjusted effort and spasmodic aims of a people not organised as they should be, ignorant and circumscribed, not simply prevented, but incapable.

Into this all-pervading confusion, where it is inevitable that the clash of hostile forces should lead to open conflict has come the U.N.O. as a world organisation seeking for the wherewithal to rebuild. Science in its phenomenal progress, however, has introduced into this muddle explosive forces which causes these conflicts to erupt

with a violence that threatens to destroy the whole world. Two world wars have amply demonstrated the explosiveness of the situation, and brought the conviction that mankind will not survive another such conflagration.

The broad conflict is now ideological, between Capitalism and Communism. In the vast political vacuums left in Europe, China and the Far East these two forces manoeuvre for position threatening to involve mankind in another maelstrom.

The tragedy in the situation lies in that the aims of both these ideologies are so very similar. Capitalism has shown itself as constructive and collectivistic as any other ideology. The great land-owners have been as well disposed towards the endowment of higher education and willing to co-operate with the Church in protective and mildly educational legislation for children and the working classes, as any other political section. Communism as Capitalism is adventure spirited and eager for mechanical progress and technical efficiency. Both ideologies are intimately concerned with the progress of research, the construction of ports, harbours and public communications, with sanitation and hygienic organisations. Both ideologies are aggressively international-minded and favourably inclined to the idea of an upstanding, well-fed, educated and intelligent population. The intention of both Capitalism and Communism is, thus, to save the world, but their methods to blow it up!

In a world steadily proximating to democracy the culprit for this criminal confusion is not far to seek. It is the individual, the common man. His slouching mental and moral futility, his ignorance and narrow-mindedness constitutes the root cause of the tragedy of human existence. In the final analysis it is the individual that determines the government. No Hitler could ever seize power without the backing of the individual. No bureaucracy could exist without his consent.

However the individual has proved himself inadequate both in ideals and intelligence to meet the demands of his destiny. With tragic apathy he has abandoned himself to

the rule of dictators or to subservience to bureaucracy and in the course of his imbecile muddling brought himself to the verge of destruction.

It is obvious now that all further progress and even continued existence is impossible unless carried out along broad plans that have international co-operation and acceptance as a basis. This involves far-reaching changes in the structure of society and more basically in the common man.

The U.N.O. was created as an instrument to effect this transformation. The task involved is precisely what in a limited sphere the ancient Greek City States had achieved almost to perfection—the inculcation of a sense of man's duty to man. Whereas the Greeks could not propagate the doctrine of the ideal individual beyond the City State the U.N.O. faces the problem of embracing the entire world, transcending national, racial, cultural and linguistic boundaries.

It is inherent in the present situation that the role of the individual will be passive. In a world two thousand million inhabitants the individual, the common man presents a most ineffectual spectacle. Ignorant and circumscribed, he is completely incapable of any degree of self-improvement. The work of uplift and education must for long remain the monopoly of the intelligent educated minority who alone are capable at the moment of operating an all-nations organisation for the amelioration of mankind and planning the progress of the individual along constructive lines. Moreover the present international position is so highly explosive and complex that only men of the highest intelligence and moral integrity are capable of handling the situation.

The U.N.O. tries to put before the individual mind the idea of a world-state, a comity of nations. Every man is to be definitely related to that, to have his predominant duty to that but only men of intellectual freedom and vigour are constructive-minded and capable of functioning in a world-state, and the work of the U.N.O. must long remain primarily one of education, of preparing the individual for his destiny.

The work of the U.N.O. in its fight for international understanding and individual uplift embraces politics, economics, education, culture—the entire field of human endeavour. The Security Council and the General Assembly are effective instruments for international planning, for co-ordinating all individual and national activities towards the progress of all humanity. But the heritage of innumerable years of muddling—prejudices, abysmal misunderstanding and ignorance still remains to hamper their activities and to make the U.N.O.'s immediate business the prevention of a new war.

The creation of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund marks a significant change in world consciousness. These are steps taken for the amelioration of the economic slavery of the individual. His role here is merely to realise that he is part of a world organisation that looks after him and to which he, in turn, owes a responsibility. The creation of these organisations is based on the realisation by an intellectual minority that progress for any one nation is impossible at the expense of its neighbours. The World Bank based on principles the very antithesis of narrow nationalism marks the end of chauvinism which has so often devastated the world. The work of the International Labour Office and the creation of the Eastern Economic Commission indicate a new approach to the exploited individual in the East. The Western nations have at last realised that no stable world-state is possible while the East remains in economic bondage and intellectual apathy.

But the U.N.O. has but touched the fringe of the problem. The activities of these bodies are more important due to their significance as gesture of a new world morality, an awakening concern for the individual, than to the concrete results of their activities. Their activities have barely touched the individual and more dynamic action is imperative in the near future.

The U.N.E.S.C.O., another ancillary body is an instrument to synthesise and co-relate the educational schemes of the nations towards the uplift of the individual. It is also an attempt to end cultural misunder-

standings which have for ages prevented mutual appreciation and friendship among nations and individuals. For hundreds of years the Western has regarded the Indian and the Chinese, for instance, as savages. The creation of the U.N.E.S.C.O. is a belated recognition of the dignity of the individual, regardless of race, colour or creed, an attempt to synthesise various national cultures into a world culture.

While the main emphasis has been laid on economic progress due inevitably to the miserable economic slavery of the common men, the U.N. ancillary bodies have invaded directly the field of education which represents the true key to the problem. The salvation of the individual lies in his education, in his moral stature, the realisation of his abilities and responsibilities—in the cultivation of a collectivistic attitude towards life. The individualism which we have had so far must be eliminated. Individualism so far has meant a crowd of separated, disciplined little people, all obstinately and ignorantly doing things jarringly, each one in his own way, with a maximum of friction and a minimum of efficiency. Under a new orientation here is an opportunity for the educated individual to begin to play a new role to a new world organisation.

The immense concern of the individual by the U.N.O. is apt to be very easily overlooked but remains integral in all its activities. The more spectacular part of the U.N.O.'s work, the heated speeches, the close voting, the uproar over the veto is concerned with the immediate business of preventing a conflagration. Its essential business is to change the entire fabric of society. To conform to the new situations and conditions created by life in its present dynamic progress. It must rouse international consciousness, uphold political and economic independence, popularise collectivistic trends in thought and action. The U.N.O. can be an instrument for the transformation of society and in this work the U.N.O.'s main concern remains the improvement of the individual.

The success or failure of the U.N.O. will be determined in the final analysis by the progress it makes in the uplift of the

individual. If, however, the individual continues to evince the same apathy as he did to the League of Nations the U.N.O. will inevitably follow in its footsteps. It is the role of the individual to co-operate as far as possible in the activities of the U.N.O. and

make the best use of the opportunities for the economic, cultural and intellectual improvement that the U.N.O. aims to provide.

GEORGE ISAAC.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT

An unusual stir and enthusiasm marked the early hours of the 24th day of July. Habitual late-risers were all up and active even before the clock had struck five. Busily moving figures cast long shadows all along the corridors. In the mess, plates were clattering merrily to receive the morning tiffin which was being served four hours before the scheduled time! Everywhere was action. The railway station presented another very lively scene. The crowded compartments were filled with loud, prolonged noises popularly known as a kind of music, as train after train shot into motion and rushed forth. The crowds were excited. They were going to the Corporation Stadium to have a darsan of India's Prime Minister. He was to address a combined rally of students and workers.

Those who took no little pains to start well in advance reached the city to see the Stadium packed almost to capacity. Crowds were still pouring in. Horses galloped round. Constables hopped about. Gorgeously coloured figures sauntered in through the main gate. The meeting was to begin at 8 a.m. and the Prime Minister arrived punctually at 8-27. As the magnificent Buick eight bearing the honourable visitor glided gracefully round the Stadium, crowds sprang to their feet, necks craned forwards, binoculars shot up. Reactions varied among students. Some tried to hide their excitement. Some succeeded in putting on a nonchalant expression. Some managed to keep to their seats. And the car slowly moved along.

Proceedings went on as proceedings usually do. The far-away spectators, seeing no more than a little white-clad figure standing at the foot of the flag-staff and then going up the dais, said to themselves that everything was going on well. The speech, which began in Hindustani, raised curious repercussions from various quarters which, in their turn, sent the speaker dashing from the dais to the audience in a fury. For a moment tension prevailed and everyone rejoiced to see a great man in one of his worse moods. The speech was resumed, this time in English; but it reached the ears of only a few, the loudspeaker arrangement obstinately refusing to co-operate. Rather disappointed, some dropped their heads. Newspapers were secretly unfolded. Hushed conversations started in remote corners. But the speech went on; an inspiring speech as was expected, but only to those who could hear it. When it ended the crowds were seen squeezing themselves out through the gates. The trains were once more crowded; but the music had gone. The mess was once more patronised; but the plates did not clatter. Everyone was tired. Hungry, wearied boys with unbuttoned shirts and dishevelled hair squatted themselves on the tables and called for a second course of tiffin. When it was over they slowly repaired to their rooms, some wondering if they had had a good beginning for the day. However, there was no one who did not have a good look at the beloved leader—and that was consolation enough.

ONLOOKER.

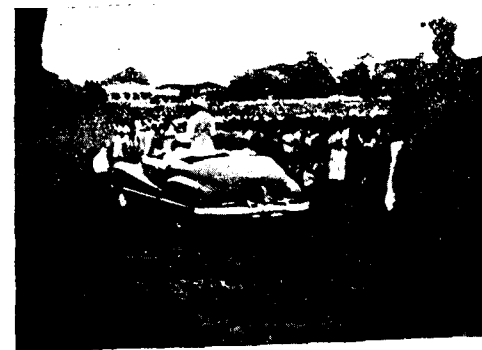
THE VISIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER



G. B. Friedmann



B. P. R. Vittal



C. N. Bopanna



C. N. Bopanna



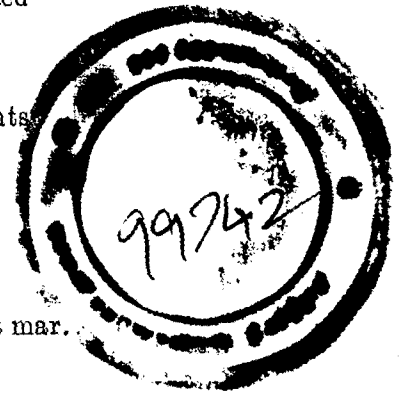
Varkey George



G. B. Friedmann

TO MY FELLOWBEING

You let me live—live with you
Housing me within your heart.
Give me hope, the hope of life
Level my mind, let me wonder
Within you.
Make me the air that you breathe
Day in and day out to cleanse
The Impurities. I shall be your sight.
The sight that makes you enchanted
And spellbound : Hear my song
The song of my heart,
The poetry of my passion.
Guide me through wrongs and rights
With forgiveness and sympathy
Lend me, lend me
Everything I want. Get from me
Anything you like.
We are one, that we know—
Let we be one, whatever we are.
Prejudices and hatred, let they not mar.
I may be little, you may be big
But let us level ourselves—
Within us. Wisdom or learning
May not they stand
Betwixt your and my mind.
Chase out of me all that are
Vanities and foolishness, hatred and anger
Live my dear, my own
Live and let me live too,
With you—and along with you,
Purify my thoughts, polish my character
Make me to be worthy
Of your noble company—.



—SEVA NAMIRAJA MALLA.

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SIXTY YEARS AGO—THE FENN HOSTEL

It is now exactly sixty years since the Fenn Memorial Hostel was founded in Madras for the Christian students of the Madras Christian College. Though the hostel does not exist as such now but has become under altered conditions the head-office of the Andhra Insurance Company, the editor has asked me an old member of the hostel, to write an article on this dear old institution in honour of its Sashtipoorthy. Hence this brief account which however is not confined to the Fenn Hostel but refers to the other hostels too.

The University of Madras was established as early as 1857, but for many years there were no regular hostels for students in Madras. In those days these students who did not live with parents or relations stayed in 'Lodges'. The first regular hostel to be established in South India was the Students' Home of Christian College which was built by Dr. Miller in 1885. It was intended for Brahmin students who formed the majority among University students in those days. The next hostel to come into existence was the Fenn Hostel which was meant for Christian students and opened in 1888. Both these hostels built with the funds supplied by Dr. Miller were situated in Thambu Chetty Street adjacent to the College buildings. These were followed in course of time by the Second Students' Home, Caithness Hall, Rungiah Chetty Hostel and the Park Hostel.

In those days Cosmopolitan hostels were unthinkable because caste feeling was so very strong in the country. Naturally therefore all the hostels except the Park Hostel were set apart for different communities. Compared with the Halls at Tambaram the hostels of those days were very small though some of the buildings were three or even four storeys in height. The membership in those hostels ranged from twenty-five to fifty. There was provision to take in a few associate members but they had no voting rights. In every hostel in George Town there were only a few single rooms, but the majority of the rooms were intended to accommodate two or three

members. The Tower rooms were specially coveted and they were the monopoly of the seniormost members. Students who required admission in a hostel had to register their names before-hand paying a paltry sum of 4 As. Seniority in registration counted for much as a candidate had often to wait for a year or more before getting a chance. This was particularly the case with the Fenn Hostel because from a very early time the College used to attract Christian students in large numbers and the great majority of these hailed from distant places like Travancore and Cochin, Tinnevely and Ceylon.

With regard to the Mess, in every hostel there was generally only one mess which was run by the manager himself, or by the students assisted by the manager. Mess Contractors were unknown and the Mess charge was low, evidently because of the low prices prevailing in those days. In the Fenn Hostel the mess charge was only Rs. 8-8-0 at the time when I joined it and the meals supplied were not inferior to what is provided in the non-vegetarian special at Tambaram. Of course extras like ice-cream and fruit salad were unknown in those days!

The room rent was on an average only Rs. 3 per mensem. Every hostel had a manager who was a lecturer of the college and a Superintendent who should be a Professor. The latter had to preside over and conduct the general body meetings besides paying regular visits to the hostel. Only in the Fenn Hostel and later on in the Park Hostel was there provision for a resident manager, while in the other hostels the manager came in off and on and looked after affairs. Every hostel had a Secretary and a Managing Committee who were elected at the beginning of every year. The Secretaryship was a coveted honour and many were the hostel Secretaries who later on distinguished themselves 'in the wider arena of life outside the college walls'.

The Fenn Hostel was formally opened by Dr. Miller at a public meeting on 18th November 1888. This institution was

called after the Rev. David Fenn who was for many years a devoted Missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Madras and a son of the Rev. Joseph Fenn, one of the pioneer Missionaries of the C.M.S. in Travancore. While serving as Secretary of the C.M.S. in Madras Mr. J. Fenn died in October 1878, aged 52 years. The friends and admirers of Mr. David Fenn had decided at a public meeting to erect a hostel in his memory. The text of the resolution says that their object was 'the erection in Madras of a hostel to receive the Young Native Christians who came up to Madras from all parts of the Presidency to pursue their university studies, the majority of them in the Christian College'. Since Dr. Miller also was working towards the same end and since the C.M.S. was one of the earliest Missions to co-operate with the United Free Church of Scotland in running the Christian College it was decided to give Rev. Fenn's name to the new Christian hostel of the college. The Memorial Committee was greatly relieved thereby.

The Fenn Hostel for the first two decades of its existence admitted not only Christian college students but also a few Christian students of the Medical College. Later on outside students had to be excluded. If one looks into the list of the old members of the Fenn hostel one can see the names of a galaxy of Indian Christians who have won laurels in different walks of life, secular and religious. The hostel was a meeting place of Christians of various denominations and language areas who were able to live together and learn more about the habits and traditions of each group. Many were the young South Indian Christians who obtained not only a University degree but a sound Christian training while living in the hostel.

In the corporate life of the hostel the manager who lived with his family in the premises, played an important part. All the managers of the last century were in charge for only short periods. Unfortunately the old records are not available, but I may mention those whom I have heard of. Rev. K. T. Itty, Mr. P. T. Tharian, Mr. Itty Kurian and Mr. Samuel.

These were followed by the well-known Mr. Joseph Mulyil who was in charge for about two decades and who contributed a good deal to the good name of the hostel. He was a guide, philosopher and friend to the members whom he managed with singular tact and regard. His greatest attention was paid to the management of the mess.

On days when we had special dinners such as the Onam Day he used to come to the dining room himself and serve the dishes along with the servants enjoying the cheerful response of the students to his efforts and occasionally scolding those who did not eat well. Mr. Mulyil was also very regular in conducting the Evening Prayers in the common room and the devotional meetings on Sundays. He led the singing, played the organ if there was no one else to do it and secured suitable speakers to give the address on Sundays. Mr. Drew who was at one time Principal of the Pachaiyappa's College used to take great interest in the hostel and speak there often. The members of my set showed our gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Mulyil by putting up their portraits in the Hostel common room. Principal Dr. Skinner who unveiled Mr. Mulyil's portrait then gave a high tribute to his loyal and efficient services. It may be mentioned in passing that all the five daughters of Mr. Mulyil were married to ex-members of the hostel.

The last manager of the hostel until 1937, was Mr. J. P. Manikkam who is now working as Principal of a Tutorial College in the city. Always social and hearty, he moved with the members quite freely and helped them a lot in their studies. Mr. Manikkam during his regime carried out many improvements in the hostel, but he left the management of the mess to his able wife.

There were certain valuable traditions of the Fenn Hostel which the old members will not easily forget and which it will be interesting for the present generation of students to hear about. The ducking of the new members, the ceremony of initiation, was an inevitable event in the beginning of the first term. A fairly big artificial

fountain in the premises the base of which would be filled with water for the occasion, provided a suitable 'font' for this ceremony which was conducted with great gusto by the senior members. Then there was the annual convocation reception. The new graduates who invariably preferred to come and take their degrees 'in person' stayed as guests in the hostel. They would be given an enthusiastic oration when they left by hostels to the Senate House and a grand reception after their return during the night. Another important event in the life of the hostel was the 'Professors at home' given by the members to the staff in the third term. The terrace of the hostel would be decorated with flags and festoons and refreshments served on a lavish scale on that day. Several toasts had to be proposed on the occasion which gave a chance to some members to exhibit their oratorical talents. The occasional 'muttai mettings' which were held at night in the Pandal on the terrace were very popular and well attended because of the light refreshments and 'tamash' they provided. The hostel debating society meetings afforded an excellent training ground for the budding orators, but very often the speakers had to put up with a lot of shouting and hooting at these vociferous meetings. At the end of the year the outgoing members used to present to the hostel library a number of books as their parting gifts. This practice was very valuable as students always knew what books they needed most and the library was considerably enriched thereby.

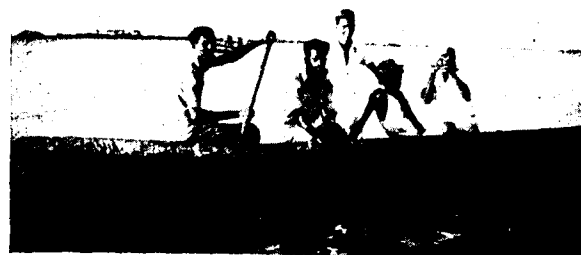
The Fenn hostel had certain advantages because of its close proximity to the college. Those members who were inclined to do so could easily go and work in the college library. The college hall and library were opened for about two hours every night on week days for the benefit of students living around who could go and read there enjoying the light and fan provided. Though

this was not a 'Compulsory Prep. Class' many of us living in Georgetown hostels preferred to go and read there, especially as there were no electric lights in our rooms there. The Anderson Hall, Societies' Hall, and the College Church also were adjacent to the hostel and we could easily go in whenever meetings were going on. But there were also certain disadvantages which were felt by some members. Those students who 'skulked' away from the class and those who took French leave were often surprised in their rooms by Dr. Skinner who would on certain days during class hours come round the hostels in his own quiet manner. Even those who had taken sick leave were at times kindly examined by him and asked to attend class the next day.

Looking back across decades from the ideal surroundings of Tambaram—with all due apologies to the Railway yard and workshop and the aerodrome—one cannot help admitting that the Fenn hostel was situated in rather insanitary and noisy surroundings. Many of the rooms were ill ventilated while the ground floor was uninhabitable. The number of members who were in the sick list—I mean the genuine variety especially in the first term, was generally large. In spite of all these defects, there were and still are, hundreds of educated Christians, many of them occupying high positions, in various parts of India and even abroad, who would gladly admit that they owe a good deal to this dear old hostel for what they got during their life under its roof. The Indian Church in particular will be glad to acknowledge its debt to this time-honoured institution. The members of Tambaram halls should remember that they are the inheritors of all the good traditions of the George Town hostels but free from their many disadvantages.

V. TITUS VARGHESE.

SEVERAL NEW ZOOLOGICAL
SPECIMENS WERE
OBSERVED IN
KRUSADI ISLANDS
THIS YEAR



Photos by :

MATHEWS NINAN

ON KRUSADI ISLANDS

When I first heard of Krusadi Islands, the romantic in me surged forth to get to them. For, to an inlander, the very mention of islands is electrifying, and adventurous youth is always on the lookout for yet more adventures at every corner. And when I reflected on life in an island, the mysterious figure of Robinson Crusoe with his gun and the ever-spicy Arabian Nights tales marched past across my mental horizon. In short, I was thrilled at the prospect.

It took almost a day for us—40 and odd zoologists led by Dr. J. P. Joshua—to reach Pampan, the place where the majestic bridge is built over the sea connecting Mandapam on the mainland with the island. As we crossed the bridge, the rhythm of the moving train was punctuated by the splashing of the waves on the pillars of the bridge; a fitting background for the masterly croaking of some of our amateur songsters.

Three hours' journey from Pampan by boat saw us at Krusadi, a coral island sandy all over, but having a few palm trees and minor vegetation. We made our lodging in the biological research station there.

Early in the morning, according to the tide, we went collecting (for that was the purpose of the trip) zoological specimens in the Sea, after a frugal breakfast. I do not know what Charles Dickens would have thought of the longing looks of more than forty Oliver Twists towards a little more of that fried, teeth-crushing, jaw-breaking toast!

Dr. Joshua used to lead the party, and I felt that the animals seemed to recognise him and keep away from him. For many a time has he been on a pilgrimage to this island, making martyrs to the cause of Zoology out of innocent lives.

We would return about noon and rest after our midday meal. During the siesta, when all was quiet one could hear the heavy thud of the curling waves on the sand. Life there taken in this way has no signifi-

cance except through the urge and quest for knowledge through Zoological Science. The change from the modernly-equipped Halls and classrooms to the hot sandy beds of a coral island is back into another age. One wondered how the former savages existed on their desert south-sea islands.

Our chief pastime was shooting—of the Hollywood type—with a camera. Some even got shot while in the act of shooting.

After four days our work was done; but the packing and loading of our enormous luggage was still necessary and most wearisome; for we had been badly crippled in health, the powerful sun having eaten up all our surplus fat! We began to sympathise with those poor railway coolies whom we had not always paid suitably.

About dusk we boarded 'Ghor Khaleeli,' bound for Thangachimadam on the Pampan island. Resting on the top deck and being powerfully chafed by the roaring and whistling wind and the wide expanse of tumultuous sea all around, our hearts went out to those pioneers of Elizabethan navigation; and we remembered with a shudder the days of the Battle of the Atlantic, and Nazi torpedoes. The ghostly figure of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, agonised and silent, arose in our imagination.

From Thangachimadam we went to the historic temple at Rameswaram, shrine of many a Pious Hindu. The majestic gopuram, with its exquisite carvings, spoke volumes for the civilisation and culture of ancient South India.

Then we proceeded to Dhanushkodi and boarded the train to Tambaram. While returning, one felt that one had lost something, but did not quite know what it was. However, the Krusadi returned scientist is easily recognisable in Tambaram, haggard, with the destructive Krusadi stamp on his face. Looking in the mirror, one felt sympathy for the Moroccan Prince who long ago in the pages of the 'Merchant of Venice,' sought the hand of Portia.

K. SIVADASA MENON.

DEATH AND THE BOY

'Mind, you don't go near the pond' said mother.

'No, mother,' said Sudhir, and gladly went out of the house to play.

Peeping back into the room, he could see mother, talking away to mothers from next-door and farther, her mouth red with the juice of crushed betel-leaves. What *were* they talking about, he had often wondered. On all fours he had listened with upraised face but to no purpose; for he never could understand their words. He got quite tired of their patter and announced 'I am going out to play.'

Don't go near the pond. I mustn't, thought Sudhir. I won't be decided. For hadn't he fallen down into the water the last time while trying to capture the pretty little fish in his plate? Somebody shouted, mother screamed and pulled him out. No, he wouldn't go near the water.

Quickly he went, round the house, into the crouched across whose sloping thatch-roof hung a giant web glinting in the mid-day sun. The lordly spider with baleful eyes and dark sombre body slouched in covert at one end. Sudhir shivered; he was afraid of the long-legged devourer, but fascinated by it he stood there waiting for something to happen.

He didn't have to wait for long, for buzzing with reckless joy shot in a fly with a blue belly. The giddy thing struck across the web and was lost; but motionless as a yogi, waited the spider. The agonized fly, with legs sticking in the web, with wings sticking, made things worse by struggle. The whole web rocked with its afrenzied efforts to get free: still no sign of movement from the baleful watcher. At last in utter weariness the fly lay still, with Sudhir looking on, when the great spider swooped on it and wove round the fly a network of gossamer and clambered with, gaunt legs, up the web to its observation point.

Sudhir suddenly lost all interest in the spider and looked down on a series of conical depressions in the loose sand. Here he was among friends. The ant-lions were such

quaint creatures; he loved to see them shovel up the sand. Running to a nearby line of red ants he picked one of them up taking care not to crush it and dropped it into the pit. The ant struggled upwards and instantly the ant-lion went into action. There was such a to-do in that small conical depression! The ant was overwhelmed every time and was in instant danger of being sucked into the sand, but with Sudhir's help it escaped. Then Sudhir began to tickle the pit with a twig and the ant-lion was deceived into a mighty shovelling. Crooning softly to himself, Sudhir removed the sand in the pit with his finger and unearthed the funny little lord of the underground, but once it was out he lost all interest in the creature and wandered away from the place.

His eyes caught sight of a giant dragon-fly just alighting on a tulsi-plant. With bated breath he approached the creature and slowly his thumb and forefinger began to close in on its neurophorous, reticulated wings. The dragon-fly, as if sensing the captor, lowered its wings. The trap closed, but the dragon-fly was free and it zoomed away. Sudhir's blood was up and he followed it in hot pursuit. The dragon-fly wheeled this way and that dipped and rose, and dipped and rose and flew with the pursuer behind. Sudhir didn't know that he had reached the pond until the fly escaped into the wilderness of weeds and water-lilies that clustered on the muddy banks of the pond. He peered at the bushes to catch sight of the elusive flier and stopped dead.

For, from among the weeds he saw something flapping. A pair of dull sightless eyes stared blindly at him and Sudhir was afraid. He was rooted to the spot, spell-bound. The unmoving eyes held him in a trance. He stood gazing at the creature for a long time not knowing what to do. He was not quite sure that he didn't want to scream. But, the flapping having stopped, he regained his courage, picked up a stone and smartly threw it against the creature.

The stone plopped against it. He thought he saw it move. Sudhir was roused and grew almost mad. He seized stone after stone and pelted them at the bird. He heard it moan at times, but he didn't stop. He was afraid himself and with the relentless, insane cruelty of the afraid, covered the bird with a tomb of stones. And it moved no more.

Someone hallooed out to him, but in his madness he didn't know who it was, until he saw his friend Madhav near him. Madhav was eight years old, a year or two older than Sudhir, and was reputed to be brave to recklessness. Oh, Madhav knew so much; he had such an aim where mangoes were concerned. He could stand upon his head, and climb every tree. At marbles, he was such a champion! Sudhir worshipped him.

Mutely he pointed out to Madhav what he had done. Madhav immediately sprang into the weeds threw out the stones and with both hands raised up the limp, lifeless carcass of a young owl. 'Dead', Madhav, announced. 'Why did you have to kill it?'

'I didn't know what it was. I was afraid' said Sudhir.

'You shouldn't be afraid' said Madhav laughing and threw the bird at Sudhir, which caught him on his belly.

The touch of the dead bird revolted him. He was in a panic. He began to scream, scream and run into his house, scarcely hearing the merry peals of Madhav's laughter.

Mother was alarmed and did really put an end to the conversazione. Mutely, she appealed to her friends for help when Sudhir only sobbed when asked why he was so put out. They were unanimous the boy was affected by the evil eye! Promptly a

coconut shell was filled with dried chillies and salt; the oldest member of the gossiping circle muttered strange things into it and waved it over the boy and to the accompaniment of snapping fingers and smothered curses threw the contents into the kitchen fire. There were crackles and small explosions; they sagely sniffed the air for the irritating reek of the chillies. 'Just as I told you' said the caster-out of the evil eye, 'the chillies don't smell'. 'Poor darling', she said, 'we will be all right, won't we?' to Sudhir, lifting up his chin and pecking him with a bird-like kiss.

When father came from office in the evening, Sudhir was in bed, he was suffering from fever. 'It was an owl, an owl!' he shouted from bed. Father was worried, though mother tried new stunts. She took cotton wick after cotton wick dipped in oil, lighted it at the lamp, waved it round the boy and dropped it in a bowl of water reddened with turmeric and lime. The burning wicks went out hissing, but Sudhir didn't stop raving about an owl.

When the Doctor came, Sudhir was sleeping with beads of sweat on his forehead. Father was calmed down, when the doctor said that the boy had had a fright, and that he would be all right. Madhav then came swishing his new whip and sang out.

'Sudhir, I have buried the owl.'

'What owl?' shouted father, mother and doctor.

'The owl he killed' said Madhav.

Sudhir woke up and asked 'Are you quite sure that it won't come up and frighten me.'

'Quite, quite sure' murmured everybody. And Sudhir slept.

R. VENKATESWARAN.

ON REJECTED ARTICLES

Everyone will admit that the job of an Editor can be tiresome, but it is not altogether without redeeming features. Look at this P. S. of an article for instance:—'A humble contribution from the pen of . . .' How heartrending it often is to crush the hopes of such modest writers! If the editor is a very humane person, he will certainly have to resign his job sooner or later, torn between his sense of duty and the pangs of pity. I am, however, entirely without these softer feelings and so I will proceed straightaway to review some of the rejected articles.

Ramesh

This well-meant article, which runs to six fool-scrap pages, is obviously intended to be regarded as a short-story, although it looks more like a biography. Some passages, the relevance of which is rather doubtful, provide very interesting reading.

'Oh, thou cruel Fate! Who art thou? What form hast thou? Whence do you come?'

It seems to me that almost all our short-story writers experience great difficulty in naming their characters. I have come across the names of Ramesh and Shanta in several stories. 'Ramesh' would have been a very good short story indeed, had it not been for its sentimentalism and undue length.

The Brown Bomber—A Poem

I think this is the first time an attempt has been made to immortalise Joe Louis through poetry. The rhyme-scheme and the metre puzzle the reader very much and although the theme is the fight between Joe Louis and Joe Walcott, a considerable part of the poem is about the preparations of Joe Louis before the actual fight.

Back from his London trip

Came Joe Louis,

Lo! to find that he was too heavy.

It is a pity we had to reject this article, because the subject matter is really very interesting.

Disillusioned

The author of this short-story draws his inspiration from the communal clashes in India. Unfortunately he has sacrificed the

plot to the description of gruesome scenes. I can't say that it is very well-written either. 'Every night there was a murder, a looting, an arson'. *Dreams of war-time Malaya*, which describes the atrocities of war also can be classed with this article. I wish our students would keep off this much-exploited theme for some time.

The Broken Lute and Other Poems

Poetry is something which is meant to please and I cannot understand why some people should want to irritate others by it. 'The Broken Lute' is written in a philosophical strain and in places it soars to great heights of nonsense. 'Ah! Senseless tragedy that doth sever.' 'The days of truth and faith are gone.' When did this golden age of truth and faith exist? 'The Maiden', 'The Bachelor' and 'The Married Woman', poems by the same author, are well-written but cheap.

Be prudent, maiden! Make your hay

In sunny days of college life,

Where fools abound;

One wonders if the phrase 'where fools abound' is meant to strike an autobiographical note which may be termed poetic sincerity.

My Watch and I

This article which one may call a story, and another entitled 'B.P.' have puzzled me very much. They left me guessing what it was all about. I thought that 'My watch and I' was a rather nice title, which reminded me of Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man'. But unfortunately articles are not accepted on the merit of their titles alone.

I do not think I should go on commenting on the numerous other articles which were received. The articles 'Netaji' and 'Worship' struck me as good, but the first one is too long and any way there is another article appearing on Bose and the latter, I said to myself, lacks general interest. In one article the Travancore Sisters have been praised very much, and I think it would be a good idea to send it to their Manager for advertisement purposes.

K. K.

COLLEGE NOTES

The hot weather of 1948 will be remembered as one of the severest ever experienced in Tambaram, with a maximum temperature of 113°F. recorded, and all the wells drying up. Not until the end of July did a few belated showers freshen the grass and trees, and the College water supply had to be strictly rationed. Lamenting or growling voices could be heard in the Halls from late-rising students who discovered that by 8.30 a.m. the taps were dry; but there were some, of course, who hinted that it saved them some labour.

The re-opening day was postponed for a week, and when classes began on the 30th. June, such was the rush for admission that five out of every six students who applied for the Intermediate class were disappointed: this in spite of the fact all our groups are inflated this year. To those who were in college even ten years ago, the idea of a junior intermediate class of two hundred and eighty five must seem incredible. And to go on increasing numbers without being able to increase staff and accommodation would be to frustrate real education, made possible only by the living contact between the teacher and the student.

CHANGES OF STAFF

We said farewell last term to Mr. Martin who has gone on furlough to Britain. In his place we welcome Mr. Macphail, returning after a year's absence to his flat, and to the Bursarship. Another who has returned to us after two years of absence is Dr. M. A. Thangaraj, now professor of Physics and warden of St. Thomas's Hall. He has already, at a crowded Hall meeting, delighted us with tales both curious and true of his experiences in the West. Others who have left us are Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan and Mr. M. Samuel Raj, both of whom are now on the staff of the Sanatana Dharma College, Alleppey. Mr. Godwin Rose, Mr. Jagatpathi and Mr. R. Venkateswaran left the staff also on being selected for the Indian Administrative Service, and

they are now presumably added to the population of Delhi, before they go farther afield. Dr. P. S. Srinivasan has resigned from the staff, and has suffered a severe illness, from which we wish him a full and speedy recovery.

The arrival of no less than fourteen new members of staff has considerably altered the complexion, not to mention the average age, of the teaching departments. Miss E. Tellis, B.A. (Hons.) is now our lecturer in French. The new Hindi class is well filled, and is under the direction of Mr. A. C. Kamakshi Rao, B.O.L. Other departments have been strengthened by the addition of Messrs. M. S. Samuel, M.A., G. R. Karat, B.A. (Hons.), and T. K. Thomas, B.A. (Hons.), *English*; Mr. K. S. Chandrasekharan, B.A. (Hons.), *Economics*; Rev. Mr. V. M. Thomas, M.A., *Philosophy*; Mr. P. S. J. Manickavasagam, B.A. (Hons.), *Mathematics*; Mr. P. T. Srinivasan, B.Sc. (Hons.), *Physics*; and Messrs. V. S. Job, B.Sc. (Hons.), Chandy Kurien, M.Sc., C. H. Narayanan, B.Sc. (Hons.), and P. J. Sanjeeva Raj, B.Sc. (Hons.) *Zoology*. It is a pleasure to welcome so many, especially since most of them are our own former students, and to see how quickly and effectively they are taking up their work and fitting into the community life of the College.

CONGRATULATIONS!

When the list of successful candidates for the Indian Administrative Service was published some months ago, we rejoiced with some fifteen of our former students who were selected. But our special congratulations must be given to Mr. R. Venkateswaran B.Sc. (Hons.) who took first place in all India. Also to our former lecturers Mr. Jagatpathi and Mr. Godwin Rose, already mentioned above. Another in the selected list was Eric Philip, who recently represented India in the Olympic Sports in London. He has also been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship, and may spend some time at Oxford University.

FORMER STUDENTS IN CEYLON

The Principal made what was literally a *flying* visit to Ceylon during the first week-end of August, when he attended the celebrations at the 125th. Anniversary of St. John's College, Jaffna. This College has many associations with our own; when its centenary celebrations were held, our former Principal, Dr. Meston, presided over the meeting. Dr. Boyd tells us how on this visit he was entirely unable to avoid meeting old students all the way to Ceylon. There was one to take him through the customs, another to examine his ticket, a third to put him into the plane, and several more to greet him on his arrival in the island.

The President of the newly-formed branch of the Former Students' Association is Mr. T. K. Rajasekharan, a former member of our staff, and the Secretary is Mr. V. Ramakrishnan, who while a student here was famous for his wiles with the hockey stick and the cricket ball, no less than for his skill in the Zoology laboratory. The Principal tells of cordial hospitality, of dinners and drives and witty speeches. It is to be hoped that what the Ceylon members have so effectively begun may also be tried out in other parts of India such as Travancore, Madura, Bangalore, Bellary, where there must be large numbers of former students. Such gatherings renew and strengthen old friendships, and forge new links with us at Tambaram.

EXAMINATIONS IN 1846

We have been looking at old records of the College and the School (as it then was) of more than a century ago; and the following description of a public examination held in the old Anderson Hall, Esplanade, may be of interest to our readers. Held in 1846, this was the ninth annual examination of the school. It was open to the public, and a large gathering of Indians, Anglo-Indians and Europeans were spectators of the scene. Sir Edward Gambier, the Chief Justice, was in the Chair; the meeting lasted for five hours, from noon till 5 p.m. There was 562 schoolboys and students present.

The junior boys were first questioned orally, in Tamil, English, Telugu and Hindustani. Not only did the teachers ask questions, but also 'two of the younger boys shortly questioned one another in Hindustani with much spirit'.

At a later point in the proceedings, the Chairman opened the Bible and asked the teacher of the First Class to question the boys on the passage indicated, viz. Romans, chapter two. This examination is recorded, and we here give some part of it:

Mr. A. Venkataramiah: Can man do good works? C. Moorthy: He has no power because Adam, our first parent broke the law of God.

Mr. A. Venkataramiah: They give charity,—will not that save a man?—No. Mr. A. V.: Is it not a good work in itself?—Yes, but no man will be saved by his works; no man will be saved by his keeping the law.

Mr. A. V.—How does Paul show that the Jews are equally guilty with the Gentiles?—He showed them that those crimes of which the Gentiles were guilty, the Jews were equally guilty of the same; and that God who is just will not pass over their sins because they are Abraham's children.

Mr. A. V.—Did Paul convict of sin by any other standard than that of conscience?—By the Word of God.

Mr. A. V.—Did he show them any other way by which they could be saved?—By Faith in the Son of God.

Mr. A. V.—It is a complete righteousness alone that can justify us in the sight of God,—what is that righteousness?—The righteousness of Christ.

Mr. A. V.—When a man has taken hold of Christ, what moves him to keep the law?—By love he is to keep the law, because he is saved.

A HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS AGO

'On October 19, three Pariah boys found their way into the school under false colours, having on their foreheads the usual caste marks. As soon as they were known to be Pariahs, feelings of aversion and detestation arose on all sides. The other youths addressed a petition to Mr. Bowie as secretary, and

their parents used various means to move the missionary to expel the Pariah intruders. The occurrence had taken place in the regular course of events; Mr. Anderson stood inflexibly firm to his principles, and left the consequences in God's hands. When one of the parents proposed a conference on

HALLS

BISHOP HEBER HALL

Our new academic year began amidst a galaxy of new faces. They were formally absorbed into the ranks of the settled members after an initiation ceremony. The ceremony was very solemn and picturesque, with our student-president acting as the Mayor and ex-navy man, 'final honours' philosopher, Cyril Manuel as the C-in-C.

The non-residents' social was held on July 21. It was attended by a large number of non-resident students and staff and the programme of games, tea, addresses and entertainments was jubilantly conducted.

To commemorate the Martyrs' Day on August 9th there was a meeting in the morning and a good number of the members fasted in the afternoon.

The Independence day was observed in a subdued manner, with a flag salutation in the morning followed by poor-feeding at noon. The novelty of this year's poor-feeding was that many of the students too ate their meals sitting side by side with the poor.

The various secretaries of the Hall are carrying on with their duties quite efficiently and successfully. Mr. Rajah Aiyar, Advocate-General of Madras High Court inaugurated the Literary and Debating Society for the academic year. Independence special of the 'AZAD', the Hall magazine was published on the 15th of August with its usual spicy contents.

A new constitution for the Hall has been drafted and is awaiting the approval of and subsequent adoption by the General body.

The co-operation of the members is quite remarkable in all the Hall activities, and it is rightly hoped that the same spirit would continue to manifest throughout the year.

the subject, Mr. Anderson wrote him a polite letter, and assured him 'that a conference with one or a few could alter none of his views, nor any one of the principles on which he conducted his school, especially the vital one of doing good to all.'

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

- B. P. R. Vittal—*Student-President*.
- S. Namiraja Malla—*General Secretary*.
- K. George Chacko—*Literary and Debating Society Secretary*.
- K. Karunakaran—*Entertainment Secretary*.
- I. A. Suchitta, B.A.—*Reading-room Secretary*.
- Hubert Dhanaraj—*Sports Secretary*.
- P. Bhoja Rao—*Radio and Gramophone Secretary*.
- Franklin Stephen—*Indoor Games Secretary*.
- T. J. Tambidorai—*Rural Service League Secretary*.
- S. NAMIRAJA MALLA,
General Secretary.

ST. THOMAS'S HALL

The beginning of the academic year is perhaps the most enjoyable time for the senior members of the Hall. It is always very pleasant to watch the juniors—some of them leaving their homes for the first time in their lives—looking rather timid and self-conscious, and wondering whether they are doing the right things always. Owing to the acute shortage of water the initial 'Hall Baptism' had to be postponed and we had to 'pillow' the juniors into our great Brotherhood. Prominent among the newcomers to the Hall this year are Rev. J. R. Macphail and Sri. Thangaraj, (I am credibly informed that they are not at all new to Tambaram) who have just returned from abroad.

The Hall activities are already in full swing. The Non-Residents' Social was held on the 21st July. What with a nice tea, a few pleasant games and a really fine

entertainment, it was indeed a very successful function. The Debating Society, after hunting about for a prominent man to inaugurate their activities for a long time, have at last fixed up Mr. Kameswara Sarma to deliver the inaugural address. The library and reading-room are as popular as ever, but I am afraid the latter is more often used as a sort of meeting place or club, the newspapers admirably serving as fans. The Romba Thamasha Club is making itself felt by frequent notices on the notice-board, but nothing much has been done yet. We had a lively general body meeting early in the term and Sri. Thillainadarajan and Sri. N. Veeraraghavan were elected as the Joint Editors of the 'Usha', our Hall bulletin.

One of the outstanding features of Hall life this year is an unusual enthusiasm for games. Our members seem to be very much dissatisfied with our time-honoured practice of winning the third place in Inter-Hall sports. What form these disquieting developments will take is yet to be seen. Basket ball is just now the most popular game, and perhaps this is because the captain of the College team, Sri. T. V. Ivachen hails from our hall. The Vandalur Rangers are also very active, practising cricket as usual in the Hall tennis court.

Talks of Independence Day Celebrations are already in the air. Our programme for the day consists only of prayers and flag-hoisting in the morning and fasting and poor-feeding in the noon. Perhaps solemnity befits the occasion much better than any outbursts of wild enjoyment.

K. KURIAN,
General Secretary.

SELAIYUR HALL REPORT

The Hall opened with the usual confusion. Several parents who had admitted their progeny under the impression that Selaiyur was the hostel for the neighbouring convent were cruelly disillusioned and had to be consoled by the ready fact and charm of our warden. Selaiyur was glad to welcome back, after an unpleasantly long interval, our old warden Rev. Macnicol. The change however led to more complica-

tions. Certain exceptionally senior members of the Hall insisted that their seniority gave them an incontestable claim to the Warden's Bungalow. However on the intervention of the General Secretary, they waived their claims, with all the grace and refinement that marks a long and distinguished association with Selaiyur.

The sight of R. Palat 'loitering palely' down the corridors was one missed by many Selaiyurians. In his place K. R. Sekhar was unanimously elected as General Secretary. The Hall Committee for the year 1948-1949 is composed as follows:

K. R. Sekhar—*General Secretary.*

U. Hulugalle Ungalle—*Games Secretary.*

S. N. N. Nambissan—*Librarian.*

P. T. Thomas—*Literary and Debating Society Secretary.*

John K. Isaac—*Entertainment Secretary.*

K. Chellappa Pillai—*Rural Service*

League Secretary.

M. B. Madih—*Non-vegetarian Mess Secretary.*

S. S. Subramanian—*Vegetarian Mess Secretary.*

T. J. Mathew—*European Mess President.*

After a spirited debate the Rural Service League Secretary (Selaiyur Branch) was included in the Committee at the General Body Meeting on 30-7-1948.

The Entertainment Secretary who has been imitating the insouciance of the field lily with exquisite fidelity, bestirred himself to provide the non-residents with an entertainment. The Librarian continues in his office with the quiet efficiency which is his forte. The Games Secretary is unusually active and there seems to be every chance of Selaiyur winning the '52 olympics. Congratulations to George Isaac on his election as Union Secretary; Upatossa Hullugalle and M. I. Kurien are also to be congratulated on their elections as Cricket and Football Captains respectively.

Lastly we wish the Martins, who have endeared themselves to the members of the Hall by their unbounded enthusiasm, a happy time in their homeland.

K. R. SEKCHAR,
General Secretary.

SOCIETIES

UNION SOCIETY

The election of the office bearers for the Union Society was held very late, as a result of which the activities of the society have been delayed very much. The inaugural address was delivered by Sir S. V. Ramamurthy who spoke on 'Multipurpose river projects and in particular the Ramapadasagar project'. The Union Society is looking forward to a successful year under the Able Chairmanship of B. P. R. Vittal.

GEORGE ISAAC,
Secretary.

WOMEN STUDENTS' UNION

As the year began, the seniors trooped off, bowed under their new responsibilities and new office bearers were elected. There was a slight change in the constitution of our Union, in electing the President from one of the members of the staff and Mrs. Devanesan was elected unanimously as the President. The other office bearers are

Secretary :—Rani Baliah.

Treasurer :—Jeyamma.

We began rather unusually this year, by arranging our Inaugural Meeting on a grand scale. Mrs. Devanesan presiding Dr. Wilhelmson gave us a short and interesting account of the student life in Sweden and the tea was quite good.

We are hoping to have our next meeting this week, with an ice-cream party!

Our students took part in the English play enacted in aid of the Rural Service League.

RANI BALIAH,
Secretary.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

As soon as the College reopened, the new students were welcomed into the Union, by distributing among them, the printed welcome cards, preliminary to the formal enrolment of members. Apart from this, the senior members extended their whole-hearted friendship to the juniors through informal meetings in the halls. The number of members this year enrolled is about two hundred.

The inaugural meeting of the Union was held in the Anderson Hall on 14th July at 5-30 p.m., Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd welcomed the new members into the Union. The National Chairman Prof. Devanesan introduced to the audience two British S.C.M. delegates who happened to be present at the meeting. The impressive inaugural address delivered by Rev. R. S. Macnicol added to the significance and grandeur of the function, which came to a close with a song service.

Our inaugural meeting was closely followed by the area 'Freshers' Social' held in Vepery. Where a large number of our members was present. Later on, our Union was represented at the Guindy prayer conference, by seven of our members. At the S.V.M.U. and R. Sq. camp held in Pammal, about thirty students were present from our College, who found the week-end spent there immensely useful.

On the second Sunday of July Mr. C. Arangaden of the N.M.S. led a few hours' retreat for the members of the committee. Those few hours of retreat helped them to prepare and dedicate themselves a new for the service of the Master. Most of the committee members attended also the Officers' conference for the Madras-Vellore area in July.

A word about our usual activities. The Sunday schools, a regular feature of our Union, were re-opened early in July. This year, we have 7 Sunday schools, where several of our enthusiastic students go, despite the scorching sun and teach. On the 5th of September a terminal service was conducted for the Sunday school children in the Anderson Hall. The prayer groups in the halls had an energetic start this year. These group members have been of invaluable help in the membership Campaign and the distribution of the Bible Reading Manual and intercession cards. Also a new venture has been attempted to bring together nonresident students so as to form an effective prayer group. The study groups have been revived as usual. This year, we have on the whole ten lively

study groups, the topics of discussion being 'Task of the Christian in the University', 'Politics', 'the Church', 'Evangelism', etc., which are the main themes of the forthcoming Asian Conference.

The members and friends of the student volunteer Missionary Union have been quite regular in their Wednesday meetings. On one such occasion, Mr. M. M. Thomas, Secretary of the World Student Christian Federation, spoke on 'the task of the S.V.M.U.' which enlightened many of those present at that morning meeting. It is really encouraging to see that several students are seriously considering the missionary pledge. A good number of the members were delighted to hear the Rt. Rev. Johanna Mar Thoma, when he gave a devotional talk in the Heber Chapel in the last week of July.

Realising the increasing need for mutual contact and fellowship, we have decided to send witness teams to other places. A band of students have already visited the Voorhees College in Vellore. Another team has been arranged to visit some villages near Madura at the beginning of this vacation.

In order to spread Christian Literature among students, a Book-Fair was run in the premises of the College for one day. This new endeavour has helped the students to see more clearly the dire need for reading our literature. Yet another means to arouse more interest in this line among students is the 'Christian Forum', the organ of our Union, which is being circulated in the halls, as a manuscript magazine. A printed annual number will be brought out at the end of this year.

It is quite plain that none of these humble activities could have been done, but with the help and guidance of God Almighty. Let me close this report with an earnest request to all the members for fuller co-operation and earnestness in the coming term.

S. PAUL,
General Secretary.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

In a general-body meeting held in the middle of July, the following were elected

as office-bearers for the current academic year 1948-49.

President—Mr. J. R. Macphail, M.A.

Student President—Mr. T. K. Balakrishnan.

Secretaries—

Miss R. Madhavi.

Mr. P. V. Ramachandran.

Class-Representatives—

Mr. P. V. Jacob.

Mr. T. M. P. Nedungadi.

Mr. Sundara Rama Sarma.

On the 11th of August '48 the Association was inaugurated by Miss Marjorie Sykes, of The Women's Christian College, with Mr. T. K. Balakrishnan in the chair. Miss Sykes pointed out the need for cultivating an unsophisticated style in the writing and speaking of a language. The meeting was attended by a large number of students and members and we are proud to say that the successful meeting is a hopeful augury for the Association. With a beginning so successful and auspicious, we trust and hope that the entire year will be full of varied activities of interest. With great vitalizing co-operation and goodwill from the members and the office bearers, the Association, it is needless to point out, looks forward for a lively and energetic year in its history.

R. MADHAVI,
P. V. RAMACHANDRAN,
Secretaries.

PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION

The Association started its work this year early enough. On 19th July a General Body meeting was convened with Mr. C. T. Krishnamachari M.A. in the chair, at which the office-bearers for the year were elected. They are:—Mr. D. S. Alexander, Student Chairman; Miss Pamela Devaraj, Treasurer; and Rev. V. C. Samuel, Secretary. We deem it a great privilege to have as the President of the Association for the year Mr. C. T. Krishnamachari M.A.

The Inaugural meeting of the Association was held on 18th August. Dr. J. F. Butler, the Editorial Secretary of the C.L.S. for

India, delivered the address on 'Is there a Philosophy of History?' The address was both interesting and instructive. Mr. C. T. Krishnamachari, M.A., the President of the Association, was in the chair.

This year we intend to have as many formal meetings as possible and also informal meetings at which members will read papers on subjects relating to Philosophy or Psychology.

We hope and trust that our Association which has a long history behind it will be worthy of its name.

V. C. SAMUEL,
Secretary.

TAMIL SANGAM

The Office-bearers of the Sangam for the academic year 1948-'49 are:—

Patron—T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A.

President—P. Alalasundaram Chettiyar, M.A.

Student-Chairman—Chokkalingam, S.

Secretary—R. Kaliyappan.

Assistant Secretary—A. Nageswaran.

Class Representatives—

I Section I—Chelladurai Bakiyam.

II " II—N. Chelladurai.

II " I—Ramachandran.

" II—Venkata Ramana Rao.

III " Jayasankar.

Honours—Ramalingam.

B.Sc.—Appasamy.

Women Students—Miss Meenakshi.

The inaugural address was delivered on the 22nd July 1948 by Rao Sahib K. Kothandapani Pillai, B.A. (Controller of Emigration, Madras). The Student Chairman presided.

The learned lecturer traced beautifully the development of 'poetry' by pointing out various illustrations.

On the 5th of August 1948 a debate was conducted on the proposition 'that in the opinion of the House English is better to be the Lingua franca of India than Hindi.' The Student-Chairman presided.

Mr. Krishnan was the Mover and Mr. Siva Ramalingam the Opposer of the proposition. Messrs. Vakeesan, Venkata Ramana Rao, Kaliyappan spoke for the proposition while Messrs. Padbhanaban,

Jayasankar, Subramaniam and Benjamin Sawyer spoke against the proposition. After a lively debate the proposition was put to vote and was defeated.

The 1st term of the year will be closing with the celebration of 'Ilanko Adigal Thimbal' on the 2nd of September 1948 with Dewan Bahadur T. M. Narayanasamy Pillai, M.A., B.L. (Chairman, Madras Public Service Commission) as Chairman and Professor T. P. Meenakshi Sundaram Pillai, M.A., M.L., M.O.L. as the Speaker.

With all this we are looking abroad for a bright successful year.

R. KALIAPPAN,
Secretary.

MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Malayalee Association were resumed this year with an unconventional and unprecedented beginning. We had to hold a condolence meeting even before a working-committee was elected. Because we could not wait long to express our inordinate grief at the demise of our great poet Sri Changampuzha Krishna Pillai, at the early age of 34. Our respectful tributes were paid to his memory at the meeting held on the 6th of July 1948 with Sri K. M. George, M.A., in the chair.

Then the Office-bearers for the current year were elected at a special meeting convened for that purpose. They are:—

President—Mr. Titus Verghese, M.A.

Secretaries—

O. M. Anujan.

T. M. Purushotham Nedungadi.

Ent. Secretary—P. V. Jacob.

Treasurer—Varkey George.

and various representatives.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Mr. Karimpuzha Ramakrishnan, M.A., under the presidentship of Mr. Titus Varghese, M.A. Mr. Ramakrishnan spoke about 'Humour in early Malayalam Literature' an instructive and intrinsically humorous topic.

On Friday 27th of August Mr. K. K. Nayar, M.A., B.T. will be addressing the students.

Besides, we have before us a busy and full programme for this year not to mention the glorious Onam festival which always brings forth the best achievements of the Association.

O. M. ANUJAN,
T. M. PURUSHOTHAM NEDUNGADI,
Joint Secretaries.

ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association began in right earnest in the beginning of this year, when the elections were held due to the untiring efforts of the last year's secretary, Mr. K. S. Haridasa Bhat. The Inaugural Meeting came off on 16th August when Dr. B. R. Natarajan, Economic Adviser to the

Government of Madras, spoke on THE NEW ECONOMICS. The members of the Association were given an opinion of a new kind of Economics which was needed for the changing economic structure of the world. Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer, M.A., Diploma in Economics, presided and his remarks were an added lustre to the occasion.

It is the earnest hope of the student-chairman, Mr. M. G. Wrightman, and the Secretary to arrange more interesting lectures during the rest of the year. Mr. N. V. Radhakrishnan was elected the Treasurer of the Association.

V. K. VYDHIANATHAN,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

The season started with many turning up at the field for a try out during the many practices we had right from the beginning. As usual there was the usual grim battle among the new comers for inclusion in the team. The scrimmage of selections were over soon, and we emerged into a formidable team.

Although we met reverses in our opening collegiate fixtures, it is heartening to see how we faced defeat remembering of course the Olympic ideals. 'The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well.' Our results will always show that we have fought well. It was unfortunate that we could not field our full eleven until our match against the Stanley Medical College—the reigning champions. The match was both keen and tense till the last minute, and they won by an odd goal in five.

A word of praise must go to the extremely good defence we have with us, George in his pivotal position always excelling. Canagalingam, our custodian, stands with a 'They shall not pass' attitude. Apart from these two University stars, we have also our right back George who is always a thorn to the opponents.

We must admit that our attack has not always been full of speed and accurate marksmanship. These people are settling down; Saty James and our out-side right Thomas Verghese promise a great deal. I am sure with better understanding, which can be attained by hard and regular practice we will add more laurels to the College.

My sincere thanks go to all the members of the team, to our President, whom we are fortunate to have in our midst once again, and to our Physical Director under whose guidance we will lay the foundations for a strong team as the season advances.

M. I. KURIEN,
Captain.

VOLLEY BALL

We began our activities very early in the first term with the arrival of new comers. Soon after the election of the Captain regular practices began and for all practices the courts were filled with sufficient number of players. Before the Intercollegiate League began we played a match against Tambaram R.I.A.F. which we lost by a narrow margin, the team at that time being in an unsettled state.

We have played four League matches—two at home and two away—all of which we won. The first two matches played on home grounds need no special mention. We had a hard fight in the other two matches against Law and Medicals. The match with Law College was the most thrilling one and it was the first time that we did not win a straight game.

David, Balram Menon and Hubert Dhanaraj, the three hitters, are the old players of the team. Balram has improved much and this has considerably strengthened our team. Among the new players of promise are Thavaraj, Appaswamy and Ragupathi. Review of the games played very clearly shows that our attack is good but the team has to improve in defence.

The following are the results of the League matches:

Beat Muslims ...	2-0; 15-0 and 15-2.
„ Stanley ...	2-0; 15-2 and 15-9.
„ Law College.	2-1; 15-11, 13-15 and 15-9.
„ Medicals ...	2-0; 15-13 and 15-10.

I am sure that all the players will do well in future, so as to retain the trophy.

V. HUBERT DHANARAJ,
Captain.

BASKET-BALL

With practically all our last year's veterans out of the College, we had a rather hard time forming a new team, and we began the year with a certain amount of

misgivings. But regular practice, strong determination, and expert coaching put us at our ease and our latent merits were brought into full play, in no time. We got an opportunity to prove our worth when the league tournaments began. So far we have played four matches. We defeated the Muslims with a wide margin and the Madras Medicals with a narrower one. The Lawyers gave us a walk-over. Our encounter with the Stanley Medicals was a noble one, and here for a change we got beaten.

One welcome addition to our team this year is Dr. M. A. Thangaraj who has recently returned from Canada. His presence is an incentive and his participation an encouragement to all of us. Fortunately for us, Joyce Isacs, a last year veteran, joined the College to appear for the Sept. examination. He was a great help to our team in the past matches and we will be missing him very much in the coming ones.

With the team in its present form I am confident of our success in the remaining league matches as also in the knockout tournament, which is yet to begin. The team consists of:—

T. O. George	L. Joseph
Jayakumara Menon	C. A. Alexander
Alexander Barth	Chinnamani
Joyce Isacs	Kaliappan
J. V. Ivachan	Joseph John
Dr. Thangaraj.	

T. V. IVACHAN,
Captain.

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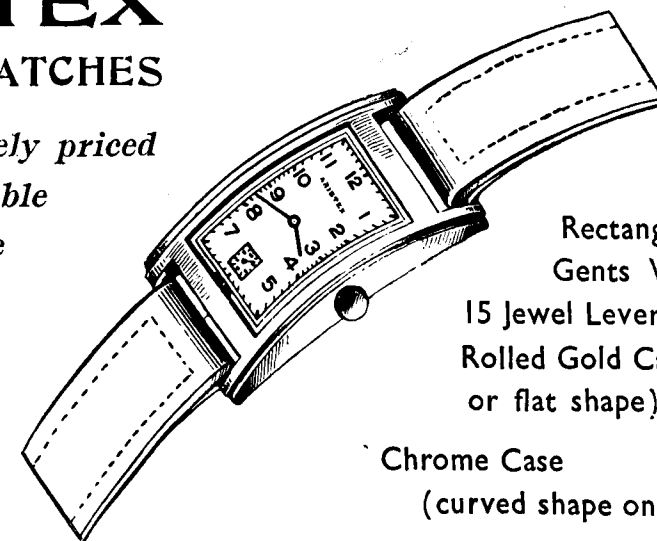
Literary contributions are invited from students, past and present, and members of the staff. Short stories bearing on Indian life, refreshing accounts of travel and adventure, poems, and photographs depicting the variegated life around us are specially welcome. All literary contributions, exchanges,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

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