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EDITORIAL

IN offering you the first issue of our hostel magazine for this year, the new editors sincerely hope that it will not fall below the standard set up by our able predecessors.

We are very fortunate to publish an article specially written for our magazine by Mr. Chester Bowles, U.S. Ambassador to India. He says that the students of India are among the most fortunate people in the world. If that be so, we of New Hostel are indeed twice blessed, for we live with an eminent educationalist like Rev. Fr. Siqueira who is more than a warden to us all. It will not be out of place here to mention that Rev. Fr. Warden during his recent lecture tour of West European universities could not find any hostel that can match ours in family spirit. In fact it is this spirit much more than its material conveniences which makes New Hostel unique even in India.

The world to-day is at the cross-roads. Man's progress in Science has not in any way helped him to bring about universal peace. On the contrary, Science has almost become a Frankenstein. The incessant talk of a third world war, hydrogen bombs, and germ warfare make us conclude that mankind is nearing its doom. Is Science really to blame for all the chaos that exists in the world at present? On the one hand, we have the numerous scientific inventions which make life in this world pleasant and easy. On the other hand, are deadly weapons, also products of Science, like the Nepal bomb.

A feature of this issue is the symposium on "The Progress of Science is a hindrance to World Peace."

Most of our contributors are of opinion that the trouble in the present world is rather due to the lack of spiritual progress than to progress in Science. Man should bestow more attention towards the spiritual aspect of life than he has been doing hitherto. To quote Wordsworth: 'The world is too much with us.' If there should be permanent peace in this world, the youth of all nations must unite in a spiritual campaign which will of its own nature produce international good will and universal prosperity. We, the members of New Hostel, should make full use of the training of character which we receive here, so that when the need arises we may become good and efficient leaders of the world of to-morrow.

The quantitative results of our family in the University examinations will be found tabulated on the last page of this issue. Our qualitative successes are not yet officially out and will be ready for our next number: these are more important, for New Hostel stands for quality.

Our sincere thanks are due to the many contributors of articles. Owing to shortage of newsprint we were forced to leave some good articles unpublished. But we are happy to see so much talent among us.

N. SRINIVASAN, V Hons.

L. RANGARAJAN, IV Hons.

C. F. SWAMPILLAI, II U.C.

Editors.



A Message to New Hostel

3 1 MAY 1955

IT seems to me that the students of India are among the most fortunate people in the world today. Your new nation is just five years old and its whole future as a country lies before it. The challenges are immense and the opportunities are enormous.

This reminds me somewhat of our own country in 1789 when we had just won our own independence from the British and were ready to take our place in the world, and to develop our country on the foundation of freedom, opportunity, and social justice for all.

We have always felt that the future of our nation lies with the students and the young people who have the final responsibility for making our country a better place to live in for every one. Most young Americans are filled with the zeal to serve their country.

There are many ways in which they try to do this. They may become doctors who try to improve the health of the people, or lawyers who try to see that they get justice, or businessmen who try to produce more goods to improve the living standards of our people, or farmers who try to improve the crops and grow as much as possible on their acreage, or writers, or scholars, or musicians. They all have in common the ambition to live a free and happy life and in so doing to help their fellowmen towards the same objectives.

Here in India the same opportunity lies before all of you. Your young nation has before it a limitless future. India has all the natural resources and all the manpower and skills to make democracy live in Asia.

Today, for example, there is the community development programme in which the youth of the country will have a tremendous opportunity to improve the living conditions of the villagers who make up 75% of India's population.

Here is a chance to help the villagers become better and more healthy farmers, to raise their families with enough food and enough medical care, so that they will have a full and free life. You have an opportunity to show that in Asia in a democratic way human life can be made more dignified and more full.

I know that all of you will recognize how important it is that the students of India have an opportunity to learn things which will make them a useful and constructive force in their communities. It is important to learn something of history and art and literature. It is at least equally important to acquire the skills which will make it possible for each of you to play his rôle in the development of India.

Again let me say how strongly I feel that the students of India are fortunate indeed. There is so much to do and so much that each of you can contribute. I know that you are all anxious to find ways in which you can help your country become a better place in which to live. I wish you every success.

CHESTER BOWLES,
U. S. Ambassador to India.

TIRUCHIRAPALLI IN 'PUNCH'

The momentous post-independence change of 'Trichinopoly' into 'Tiruchirapalli' seems to have tickled the humorous fancy of PUNCH. In its issue of June 25, 1952, speaking of Bradshaw, 'at once the most dignified and the most poetic work in the whole Arabic notation,' it asks:

How can "Abbot's Langley, see King's Langley" be reconciled with "Turku, see Abo", or "Trichinopoly, see Tiruchirapalli"?

Symposium on

Do You Agree that Science is a Hindrance to World Peace?

Yes—to a certain extent

M. S. Subbaraman, Post-Grad.

It may appear strange that a student of Science, instead of taking up the cudgels on behalf of Science, should in a way turn against it.

By Science I hope the editors mean Applied Science. For Pure Science is a search after truth, and knowledge is its only end. It does not care whether its results help humanity or not. By Applied Science I mean the use to which the results of Science are put.

Applied Science is linked with world peace because it aids the production and manufacture of warlike weapons. If this is to be prevented, there is only one course open to scientists. It is suggested by Prof. A. V. Hill:

“If Applied Science is to serve society, it must be founded upon a strict ethical basis.....There was a time when Science and learning were accepted as a natural bond between nations not otherwise on speaking terms; they might still be, if scientists in all countries would or could insist on maintaining a common ethical standard for their calling. Failing that, one can foresee the time when scientific discovery and invention may provide instead one of the chief stumbling blocks to international cooperation and the chief means of mutual destruction.” (quoted in *Mirror*, 1950).

Science helps us to win a war. But does it ever start a war? In the whole history of the world, can a single instance be cited to show that Science was the cause of any war? It is only a tool, though a powerful one. Can it be blamed just because the hand that holds the tool wields it improperly? Wars are caused by the desire of one country to dominate over another, so that it can enjoy the fruits of the labour of the dominated country. By country, I mean the politicians who control its administration, and not the common people who are content with their lot. It is these politicians who use Science, the

tool of welfare, as the weapon of warfare. It is true that Science helps them, and it is this that ought to be prevented by the means suggested by Prof. Hill.



No—

T. C. Aruldurai, V Honrs.

"But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!"—POPE

Suppose, as often happens, that of the two bulls that are yoked to a cart, one is moving forward at a decent pace while the other suddenly lies down on the way and refuses to proceed. (To bring home my idea, it would be better to imagine the second one as trying to go backwards than as remaining stationary.) Then if the driver begins to whip the forward-moving one, no doubt you and I will brand him as a first-rate fool. The driver can achieve stability either by making this bull also go backwards or by making both the bulls move in the right direction. In the former, the entire purpose of the journey is lost; while the latter is the wiser and the only possible way to obtain both stability and progress. So it is the lazy bull that should be whipped and made to move forward

Man's chariot of life is drawn by two bulls, the Material and the Spiritual. If he cannot keep his spiritual advancement in tune with his material advancement, i.e. progress in science, it is not science which is to be blamed for the disastrous consequences of the discrepancy.

The greatest propounders of Classical Physics and Modern Physics, Newton and Einstein, for example, had no interest whatsoever in the practical services of science, but it was the genuine thirst for the perfecting of human knowledge about the great mysteries of Nature that sustained and encouraged them even when they failed in their gallant efforts to unravel Nature fully. Though the tramcar, the aeroplane and the atom bomb could not have been invented without the progress of science, science can very well make its progress without these. Hence if the atom bomb has a remote chance of hindering world-peace, the progress of science has a still remoter chance of being the stumbling block for our peace-makers.

The real problem lies deeper than science. It is in the human being. As communism and faithlessness spread

in different sectors of this world and people begin to think that they can do away with God and that it is old-fashioned to follow a religion or Faith, the one great thing that united man to man is lost. It is this spiritual deterioration—the sluggish bull—that greatly hinders world-peace.

The modern selfish generation does not love peace for peace' sake but because war will leave behind its irreparable death scars on life. It does not want peace at all. It wants to be spared war, as though the absence of war were the same as peace. It never sees "that the only real unity is spiritual and that, however great the advantage of being able to cross the Atlantic in eight hours, co-operation depends not on rapid transport (or scientific appliances) but on common ideals." Hence real peace and science have no common ground; they are in entirely different realms.

It is the progress of science (here I mean the increased rate of production of weapons) in a certain part of the globe that's swinging the balance towards peace in the restricted sense of non-war and delaying a third World War!!!



Yes—

K. Krishnan Unni, III B.Sc.

If only scientific progress were limited to the advancement of the nation without developing the destructive side of it, and if there was a little understanding and tolerance between one nation and another, the peace of the world could be ensured. But human nature *as it is* will never have that catholicity of outlook as long as different ideologies and ways of life exist in this cosmos, and the so-called cold-war technique is bound to permeate the atmosphere till the whole world is finally engulfed in war and annihilation, bidding farewell to sanity and peace.

In fact scientific progress and world peace are so inter-related that they work in a vicious circle. The development of the latest hydrogen bomb, and other destructive weapons—products of scientific progress—brought temporary peace to the world by annihilating the aggressors in the last world wars. But mankind as it is will never learn a lesson from these destructive wars. Scientific progress is still directed to the invention of destructive weapons of war which will kill all the people in a place within a fraction of a second. Thus as time goes on war will follow

peace and peace will follow war till the whole world is totally annihilated without the least sign of life and the eternal tranquillity of death reigns supreme in the universe!



No—

S. Ganesh, III Hons.

James Watt invented the steam engine and many accidents and deaths happen every day to steam engines. Are you to blame James Watt for this? Or are you to blame the train? No; it is the man who directs the train carelessly who is to be blamed.

The aeroplane was invented in the latter half of the 19th century. But it is a pity that aeroplanes are used in wars also. How many majestic sky-kissing buildings and gigantic institutions were destroyed by the bombs rained by aeroplanes! How many women were widowed and children deprived of their parents? Are we to blame the man who invented the aeroplane? No. Whether a thing is useful or not depends upon the way in which it is used. World peace depends, not on the progress of science, but on the behaviour of man as man, i.e. as a rational being.



Yes—

P. Thuraiappah, I U.C.

Napoleon, a far greater general than Hitler or Mussolini, was not able to hinder the peace of the entire world or even the peace of the neighbouring continent. In this age of Science Hitler was able to shake the foundations of every nation. This was not because of the military genius of Hitler but because of the marked progress made by Science.

In the early days people had no weapon to slaughter millions of people in a day. To-day the position has greatly changed; one man with a machine-gun is able to kill more than 1500 people in a single minute; a man with an atom bomb is able to massacre as many as two or three million people in an hour.

In ancient times it was impossible for a man to go to another country and see what was happening there. War in one country did not affect other countries. But to-day Science has knit the whole world into one unit. Just as

a sore in one's hand affects the whole body, so also chaos in one country affects the whole world. Fear is in the mind* of every thinking man the world over that the Korean conflict, which is purely internal, might turn into an international conflagration.

When we examine the causes that help the rise of Communism, which heads the list of all the important factors that hinder world peace, we find that the progress of Science is the first cause. Science helped the capitalists to substitute big plants for the work of thousands of labourers. They found that by the installation of plants they could produce much with little money and in a short time. This replacement meant unemployment to thousands of labourers. The increase in production naturally led to a reduction in the prices of articles. But even though the articles are found in abundance at cheap prices, the labourers are not able to buy them, as they have been thrown out of work by the machine. This situation naturally leads to chaos and people in their poverty are taken up with revolutionary slogans. Thus we find that the progress of Science is the ultimate cause of the rise of Communism, which is the chief enemy of world peace.

The progress of Science helped to produce articles of every kind in great quantities. So if a company or a government wants to profit, they have to sell all that is produced by the factory. To sell the entire produce they need foreign markets, as they produce much more than they themselves require. The race for foreign markets by all the industrialized countries naturally causes disturbance to world peace. The two great world wars were due to the race for foreign markets by the leading industrialized nations.

Science both directly and indirectly causes war: the progress of Science is a hindrance to world peace.

No—

J. Victor Jesudass, II U.C.

Has science anything to do with world peace? Certainly not. In the stone age men were fighting with one another. They had not heard of science.

Science has many branches. Biology, medicine, are some of these. Do these do any harm to world peace?

Let the word 'Science' be scratched away from the dictionary and all scientific inventions be destroyed. Let the theories of Newton, Dalton and other men of genius be torn to pieces. Let the man who utters the word 'Science' be burnt to death. Do you think after all these steps have been taken there will be absolute peace? Even then men will begin wars and use stones and tree-trunks as their weapons, as they did in ancient times.

The root of wars is not science but greediness. The prosperity of one country does not please its neighbours.

Water is a most useful liquid. But it sometimes in the form of floods destroys cities. In spite of this we do not despise it as a hindrance to human existence. So also science is used in wars. But it should not be considered as a hindrance to world peace, for its use depends upon the men who use it.

Yes—

S. Subramanian, II U.C.

If there is individual peace, certainly there will be world peace. But how can a man be peaceful in the surroundings of this world of Science?

The mere mention of the word 'Science' makes me melancholic. It diverts our attention to the historic events in which science has done injustice to mankind. Ask the people of Hiroshima who were suppressed by the atom bomb—the manoeuvre of science. Even the fallow lands of Nagasaki will reveal to you the cruelties of Science.

What is the chief necessity of man? A peaceful life, and for this, science is not essential. Even now people are surprised to read of the simple and peaceful life led by the Mohenjo Daro Dravidians. Certainly they had no cars or aeroplanes or bombs. Then how did they lead such a life? They must have realized that there is a Supreme Power above them and feared to do harm to any one. Only in this way can we also have peace.

No—

V. Nagarajan, II U.C.

"Science is for the emancipation of mankind
and not for its destruction"

said Nehru before the Indian Council of Science, Delhi.

What is peace? It is not the mere absence of war but it is a happy contented life. What then is a better source of peace than Science?

When the human mind has grown wise enough to say that the Atom Bomb and the Hydrogen Bomb are the evils of Science, why not use that same wisdom in utilizing the knowledge of the immense atomic powers for the betterment of the world? In short, we may say that the advancement of Science is absolutely necessary for the smooth running of the world and for the preservation of world peace and bliss.

No—

P. R. Sreenivasa Rao, III B.Sc.

It is natural to long for more peaceful and less exacting conditions of life than those which are prevalent now; but there is no historical evidence to show that, before the advancement of Science, people were any happier than they are to-day. Even in ancient times there were wars and people used to die in battle.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the greater part of the changes advantageous to mankind which have accrued in the course of the last hundred years, arose directly or indirectly out of the discoveries of Science. Science now extends so widely not only in its application to the industrial and useful arts but also in providing methods for the investigation of all truth.

Those who say that Science is a hindrance to world peace restrict the scope of Science too narrowly, including in it only the physical aspects of the universe, and perhaps adding the study of the animal and vegetable world. Viewed so narrowly, it seems to them that Science is dangerously open to misapplication in the cause of commercial interests or military ambitions. Its scope should be so extended as to include the 'life of man in society' (sociology) and the duties of man to man (ethics, politics, economics). As Cecil H. Desch says: "The conception of science as a whole, ranging from mathematics to sociology and ethics, is the true safeguard against its misuse in anti-social ways."

REOPENING

by S. K. Muthuswami, IV, U.C.

New Hostel! grand sight after a
long vacation

Every one with joy to meet our
friends and se

With happiness our Father just back
from Europe; no

He with his habitual smiling face
welcomes us along with

Other new students who crowd
his room to

Secure a place in our family before
our Father say

That our home is full and they
must find a seat

Elsewhere. We then assemble to hear
our Father's welcome messag

Love and mix with all:

This is **NEW HOSTEL** "

Forgetting

by B. N. Arjunan, III B.Sc.

SOMEONE recently observed that "of all the blessings conferred on mankind, headache stands first and foremost." I think that 'Forgetting' should be honoured with an equal if not a higher title, for if headache gives a licence to go anywhere else than where one ought to be at the appointed hour, then 'Forgetting' serves as a brief and beautiful answer when one has failed to do what one ought to have done. The world would be deprived of half its amusement if 'Forgetting' or 'Bad Memory' had no honoured place in it.

The students' world especially seems to have a large share of it. Let me give an example which almost all of us are familiar with. The school-boy having failed to bring his daily exercise book, stands before his teacher with the fore-arms clasped together against his breast. With great difficulty he manages to squeeze from his mouth the words: 'I.....forgot.....Sir' his eyes gazing at the teacher all the time to note the change of expression on his face. Having forced out of his lips these words, there is a relief on his face, no matter even if he gets the usual cuts or blows, because it has saved him the bitter experience of answering all the other questions which the teacher would have put him if he had resorted to any other answer. And the teacher in spite of his desire to confront the pupil with a volley of questions desists because he knows that to do so would be foolish. And rarely does a teacher ask: "Do you forget your evening coffee or your night meal?" But is he going to believe you if you say that in fact you do at times?

There are also occasions when 'Forgetting' engages our attention. Our Hostel notice-board sometimes contains new news—a P...inquiring for a badminton bat he has placed somewhere and forgotten; and a Q...asking for a missing pair of 'chappals.' And on the other hand, a few forgotten tooth-brushes claim their owners. Thinking how our notice-board would be 'without spirit or soul' (to use our Union Premier's words) but for the frequent appearance of forgetters' notices, I myself often forget my soap-box in the bath-room or my key-bunch in the dining hall.

Whenever I feel bored, a walk through the bazaar relieves me of ennui. But walking as I do it is no physical exercise but a silent psychological study of every face that comes before me. The other day I saw a group of students going through the bazaar, obviously without any definite aim but nevertheless climbing and getting down the steps of many shops, to see whether any new foreign fancy goods had arrived. All the while the group carried on its review of the current movies, when one among them held up abruptly both conversation and movement. He pressed his lips hard and murmured something in a faintly audible voice. The next moment his raised eyebrows indicated that his mind was punctuating something with a question mark. He looked up at the skies with wide open eyes as if the place where he had forgotten his slippers would reveal itself there. With the band of his followers urging him to resume the walk, he was trying to remember the exact place where he had forgotten his slippers and only then a worse doubt seized him whether he had had slippers on at all when stepping out of the Hostel!

There are many similar incidents on a railway journey. An old woman was travelling in the same compartment as myself, with all sorts of odd packages and old utensils, numbering a dozen in all. She was very keen on carrying them safe to her destination. She counted her packages now and then and checked them at every stop as if each station harboured a thief of her luggage. Finally, the train reached her destination and the old woman got down, commanding the porter with full authority to handle her bundles with care, lest any delicate articles should be broken. Fortunately for the woman it was a watering station allowing her much time to check up her articles. She counted, re-counted and re-re-counted. Every time she lost count in the middle and started from the beginning, until a minute after the train had left she discovered one article to be missing. The old woman screamed (as if that article were all her treasure and life as well) not knowing what she missed, perhaps a bundle of betel and nuts! Did she know that it was only the filthy handkerchief which she had been using all through the journey and which had come into her original counting?

Recently an American psychologist addressing a gathering of patients in a T. B. sanatorium told them that the

best way to be cured is to cease thinking about their ailment and forget it completely. When one of the patients asked him how to forget, the psycho-analyst answered easily: 'To forget is to simply forget about forgetting.' Even the eminent psychologist in dealing with 'forgetting' did very easily forget the fundamental proposition of forgetting; because, when the patient is unable to solve the problem of the 1st degree, he goes on to prescribe the problem of the 2nd degree as a solution for the first!

So, forgetting is easy indeed when it comes of its own accord in the natural course of events; but it proves to be a very difficult task when we voluntarily impose it on ourselves.

Let me conclude that if only you have not forgotten all that I have said about forgetting, you will agree that life would be deprived of half its amusement if forgetting were eradicated from it.

Where New Hostel Stands

by E. H. Valsan, IV U.C.

I was alone on the terrace of the fourth block. The next day was our Hostel Day. The volunteers had finished the decorations and gone to bed by one o'clock.

The night was moonlit. I walked slowly up and down. I couldn't get sleep. The next dawn was of double importance: one national, for it was Republic Day; the other, related to our family. Yet it was something more to a thinker.

I stood at the eastern end of the terrace looking straight eastward. A huge rock—a symbol of God's greatness—stands like an elephant of enormous size. A mercury lamp on its tower spreads the light of calmness.

A pointed spire piercing the clouds stood on my right. The placid and charming face of the greatest teacher the world has ever seen—Jesus Christ—was photographed in my heart. The very message of peace came through the

ruby lips of that Martyr.....Again, the internal structure of the College church attracted me. The newly constructed grey Science Block, the yellow blocks of Sacred Heart Hostel and the College itself, all became of less importance when I espied a little farther another monument of Christian civilization: the church near Gandhi Market!

Now the dancing foliage of the rain trees in the Mahé Ground could not hide the top of the Muslim mosque from my sight. A white cup placed topsy-turvy; yes, it looked like that. A golden colour shimmers over it; a bluish light shines over it. It is a symbol of Muslim culture.

I turned northwards.....Another monument of ancient Indian art and that of the pious life of South Indians stood before me. In the midst of the green foliage of the coconut trees, the dark brown top of the Srirangam temple caught my eye. The various statues, including the one of Rama sculptured and fixed in the centre, the Sri Ranga 'Vigraha' that is shown to the public only once a year, —all these flashed one after another through my mind. The art museum containing the rare memorials of our ancestors kept my heart for some minutes from being attracted by the Somasekharam temple, another proof of our cultural heritage.

Now, from the east, a red light began to rise. It reflected the golden top of the Rock Fort. Soon the light began to pour all over the world. Its ruby colour seemed to have dilated and changed into white, while the rock that up to now seemed to be black, seemed to have become red in the sun. Under this light, all that I saw shimmered and glittered more diffusely. I felt as if I was alone in the world and that God Himself held a torch-light for me to see all these divine monuments and understand where New Hostel stood.

Environed by churches, temples and mosques, enriched with the highly aristocratic sons of the land, guarded and guided by the true God Himself, New Hostel stands yellow-clad on a crimson ground amid green fields.



Quarantine at Pulau Jerejak

by K. Balasingam, II, U.C.

IN the early hours of the 8th April, 1952, S. S. "Rajula" cast anchor on the roads of Penang harbour. At day-break the passengers got their baggage ready and were eager to disembark. The Customs Officer came by a beautiful, small motor-launch and got on board to do his inspection. Then came the Port Health Officer. He was followed by the officials of the Immigration Department.

In the meantime the saloon passengers were impatiently waiting to land. The deck passengers were anxious, for there was a rumour that they would be quarantined. During the previous two years or so, deck passengers who disembarked at Penang were not kept in quarantine because the island, Pulau Jerejak, where they used to be kept was used to accommodate captured bandits. But all of these had been taken to a different place just a few days before. Whether the deck passengers were to be quarantined or not was for the Port Health Officer to say. Thus they were left in suspense. Among them were a few who would have normally disembarked at Singapore but took their tickets to Penang, thinking that they would not be quarantined at Penang.

After the checking of tickets, passports, and health certificates, the deck passengers were asked to get down on a big launch with their things. We were then taken to Pulau Jerejak in two batches of about 500 persons each. To be exact, there were 1065 of us quarantined. On reaching the island we were divided into groups of 8, 12, 13, or even 20. I belonged to a group of nine which was put in Camp No. 12. Each group was given a ration card. We had to produce the card to get our daily rations. Earthen pots were included in our first day's rations; but our usual daily rations consisted of rice, sugar, salt, tamarind, bread, tinned milk, vegetables, dried fish, meat or eggs, and other provisions such as chillies and coriander.

The rations which we got were enough or more than enough. But we had to do our own cooking. In my group of nine members, three were students (all of them from New Hostel)—and you know how well college students can cook! There were three clerical workers who could have been classified with the students so far as cooking was

concerned. The rest of the nine knew something of cooking. Those who did not know helped those who knew by washing utensils or getting the rations. Very often there would be a slight disagreement as to who should do a particular job.

By the way, I have not told you about the period during which we were put in quarantine. On arriving at the island, a few anxious passengers went to the Superintendent's Office and asked him how long they had to stay there.

"To be decided by the M. O. to-morrow," he said.

On the following day we were told that we were to spend 9 days there. Some of the impatient passengers asked: "How is it that formerly it was only three days?"

"My dear men," said the Superintendent, "according to the new regulations you should be under observation for 14 days. Since you have spent five days on board....."

"Cursed fellow," murmured an old man, "he does not even know that we spent six days on board."

Every day there would be representatives at the Superintendent's Office who voiced the grievances of the passengers to the Superintendent or to the Medical Officer. He would do whatever he could, and for what he could not, he would answer: "Sorry. We can't do such a thing at once. You are the first people to be quarantined after two or three years. We will see that your followers will have those facilities." The main grievance was the length of the period, which was unaltered even though the Indian Representative came on the scene.

We were accommodated in a shed of about 100 ft. in length and 30 ft. in breadth. There were about 80 of us in a shed (or camp). We spread our beddings and lay in two rows while our things were placed beside our heads. Fortunately there was good ventilation and it was not stuffy. The equatorial type of Malayan climate did not hesitate to give us a sudden shower now and then—although we least welcomed it. Two or three sheds were fenced together with barbed wire, and we could not go from one side of the fence to the other after 8 p.m. because the doors were kept locked. Thus we too were in a way captured bandits!

Pulau Jerejak is a small but beautiful island of about six square miles. It is situated at about 8 miles from Penang harbour, between Penang and the mainland of Malaya. The central part is hilly with many tall trees. There are coconut trees all around the coast. A little further in the interior, before reaching the central hilly area, is a patch of tall green grass known as the lallong, covering the entire ground. Besides the quarantine camp, there is also a leper settlement and a T. B. hospital, all situated far from one another.

During the mornings the passengers were usually busy getting their rations or cooking. In the afternoons the elderly ones and even some of the youngsters played cards. Some had a nap. But most of the youngsters went about in groups exploring the island. Very often during these explorations they plucked tender coconuts and enjoyed themselves. It might be interesting to know that the students proved to be not bad coconut-climbers although they were not in form as they used to be during the Japanese occupation of Malaya. Sometimes we hiked across the central hilly area which was densely wooded, with evergreen trees, shrubs and climbers that one could find in any tropical forest, while the insects and birds were chattering in their loudest voices.

On the 17th morning at 7 p.m. we boarded the launch which had taken us there and disembarked at Penang Harbour. Thus we had spent nine days at Pulau Jerejak. At times we were happy but more often we were really disgusted. I do not regret having spent such a long period there, because I gained valuable practical experience which I should not have gained otherwise. If it was only three days and if one had such facilities as are being provided at present, thanks to the complaints of the first batch, it would be a pleasant stay and a good change, provided one had the right company.





A Trip to the Moon

by C. G. Vaitheeswaran, III. B.Sc.

WE shall never be able to visit the moon except in imagination; so let us now imagine ourselves on such a tour. The most reasonable mode of travel is by means of a rocket. It certainly is not possible to travel by airplane or balloon, for they require air in which to move, and air reaches only a few hundred miles out beyond the earth, while the moon is 240,000 miles away. We have great difficulties to meet if we attempt a trip to the moon—the lack of air, the intense cold, and the troublesome ultra-violet rays of the sun. But there is one law of nature that would make our progress easier the farther we moved from the earth: the higher we go, the less weight would our rocket have to lift.

We see both the sun and the stars at the same time. And still as we look up from the day side of the moon's surface, we see not only the earth, but also a great many more stars than we ever could see while on the earth. The sky instead of being blue in the daytime is dark. Against this dark background the stars shine more brightly. They shine steadily without twinkling, for twinkling is due to an unsteady atmosphere. To be able to look directly at the sun, we should have to wear exceedingly dark glasses. However, looking in other directions, we should get almost no light (except that of the stars), and no light (or absence of light) makes blackness. So the sky between the stars is black.

In the airless moon we cannot hear our own voices, for sound is produced by vibration. It must travel through waves in air before it reaches the ear. We should, even from the time our rocket took us beyond the air of earth, be deaf to all sounds—such as the explosion that drove our rocket ahead. And without air there is no wind or storm,

for wind is only air in motion. Just as the lawyer told the judge that there were three reasons why his client did not appear in court, the first one being that he was dead, so there are several reasons for the barrenness of the moon, the first being lack of moisture.

While we are on the surface of the moon, we cannot help noticing a few novelties that keep reminding us that we are not at home. The small size and mass (weight) of the moon makes a difference in its force of attraction and therefore also in the weight of everything that is on its surface. The moon has only one-sixth as much attractive force for anything on its surface as our earth has. Our size and strength would, of course, be no different from what they are now, but our weight would be less. A climb on a mountain would not tire us, for the lightness of our bodies would make hill-climbing almost as easy as a walk on level ground. A fall from the peak would be like the slow motion of a moving picture. We could beat the present records both in high jump and broad jump; scoring a sixer in cricket would be easy. In lifting a heavy object one man on the moon would be equal to six men on the earth. So some kinds of work could be done without any difficulty on the moon where gravitation is very weak.

Following the intense cold of the moon's long night—more intense than can be found at our North Pole—the rising sun quickly brings unbearable heat. Undimmed by clouds or even by an atmosphere, the moving sun would soon heat the rocks so much that eggs would be cooked without a fire, just as desert sand on the earth will sometimes cook eggs. Our only hope of escape from such a fatal temperature would be to remain in the shade.

Earth-light (corresponding to what we call moon-light) would not be equally bright all the time as seen from the moon. It is so many times as luminous as the moon appears when it is seen from the earth. The earth will go through phases just as the moon does for us on earth.

Our return journey from the moon will be as dangerous as our voyage to it. But we can rise from the moon's surface more easily than from the earth's. And once we have returned here we shall not feel tempted to do more than occasionally 'be in the moon' without leaving the earth.

At The Olympics

by N. K. Prabhakara Rao, V.Hons.

ALL eyes of the athletic world were on Helsinki. The long cherished wish of Finland to stage the meet was realised only this year, when the Finnish President declared open the XV Olympiad with the usual pomp and pageantry at the Olympic Stadium.

To India it was a personal triumph in the hockey field. The imposing record of our successes with the willow remained unbroken. Our players literally swept off all opposition and as if to confirm their overwhelming superiority they have also made a successful tour of the Continent. The outstanding feature of the Indian team's achievements was the brilliant display of Balbir Singh who in a way has stepped into the shoes of the famous Dhyan Chand.

It is significant that the records set up by that greatest sprinter of modern times—Jesse Owens—have not yet been broken. Even specialisation in those events in recent years has failed to conquer the phenomenal all-round performance of Owens. The hundred metres sprint provided a thrill and the finish was so keen that a photofinish had to be consulted after which Remigino was declared winner with a timing of 10.4 secs., a second outside Owen's performance in 1936. The two hundred metres sprint was won by A. Standfield who just equalled Owens's timing of 20.7 seconds. Rhoden from Jamaica created a record in the four hundred metres sprint which, being an unrelenting dash from the starting block to the tape, demands heroic effort. Malvin Whitefield repeated his performance in London in 1948 by winning the eight hundred metres race in 1 min. 49.2 secs.

But the most brilliant performance in the Olympics this year was by Zatopek of the Czech Army, who won all the three long-distance races including the Marathon and created world records in all of them. Several flattering epithets have been attached to his name, such as "the Czech wonder", "the human locomotive", and so on. The climax of his triumph was the Marathon event, a gruelling run of 26 miles, where all the other runners failed to come even within hailing distance of Zatopek at the finish. 2 hours and 23 min. after the start.

To run a hundred and ten metres and also negotiate ten hurdles each three and a half feet high calls for exceptional sprinting ability allied to a smooth jumping action which really means the acquisition of the rhythm, balance and poise of a ballet dancer. Hurdling to perfection Harrison Dillard created an Olympic record with a timing of 13.7 seconds. His compatriot from the United States, C. Moore, also established a record by running the four hundred metres hurdles race in 50.8 seconds. Regarding the relays, the short-distance relay of 400 metres was covered by the American quartette in 1 m., 40 secs., but the long-distance relay of 1600 metres was a Jamaican victory with their star runners Wont, Laing, Herbing McKenley, and A. Wint in action.

Walter Davis jumped highest to clear 6 ft. 8½ inches, which is also an Olympic record. Rev. R. Richards pole-vaulted so as to establish a record vault of just under 15 feet. Da'Silva from Brazil jumped 53 feet to shatter the previous record established by the Japanese jumper Tajima. The discus was thrown farther than before by S. Innes of the United States with a throw of 180 feet 6 inches. Parry O'Brien won the shot-put event with a record throw of 57 feet. J. Isermak of Hungary created a world and Olympic record in throwing the hammer to a distance of 198 feet. But the long-jump record set up by Owens in 1936 proved too good for the competitors of 1952.

The most searching test of athletic skill and endurance ever devised is the Decathlon, consisting of four track and six field events. By winning this most gruelling of all Olympic events for the second successive time, twenty-one-year-old American Robert Mathais has proved himself to be the most versatile athlete of all time.

Among the women competitors, "The Blue Streak of Australia", Marjorie Jackson, created Olympic records in the hundred and two-hundred metres sprints. N. Romaschkova hurled the discus farther than ever, 168 feet 8 inches away. E. Zybina excelled in the shot-put with a throw of 50 feet, which is a world and Olympic record. D. Zatopekova emulated her husband by throwing the javelin farther than other competitors. Mrs. De La Hunty won the eighty metres hurdles with a record timing of 10.9 seconds.

Many swimmers and divers of repute attended the Olympics but the performances of Desjardins in 1928 are yet unrivalled not only for their excellence but also for

their variety. The U.S.A. won the basketball tourney. Hungary won the waterpolo event. The Soviet weight-lifters excelled all others; but when it came to boxing, the United States boxers dominated.

The performances of our own athletes surpassed those during all previous occasions. Though Lavy Pinto failed to qualify for the final of the short-distance sprint, he secured the eighth place in the world on his timing. Sohan Singh fared similarly in the eight hundred metres race. But K. D. Jadhav distinguished himself by winning a bronze medal, the only one for India, with his excellent wrestling bouts.

The games ended on a pleasant note. On the notice-board flashed the inscription:

Great is triumph.

Greater far is noble combat.

Athletes from all nations and of all races met at Helsinki in peaceful competition to strive to fulfil the directives conceived by Pierre de Coubertin, creator of the modern games. The Olympic flame burnt brightly at the top of the 236-feet tower that dominated the stadium. The flame will be lit up again in 1956 when the youth of every nation will be called upon to meet at Melbourne.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

Happiness dwells on the borderland where work passes into play. Somebody said that a man is never completely himself but when he is playing; it is no less true that he is never happy unless he is completely himself. That is why happiness is so big a word; it involves the whole nature.

For us all there is the business of living. One can hardly overstress the importance of work to happiness, which assuredly will not come of doing nothing: if you lie inert, you are a lump, and probably a complaining lump. But if you are happy, there is no need to prove that you are not a cumberer of the ground. Happiness is its own justification, and the test whether it be truly happiness is easy: does it reflect itself? You can shut yourself up with a pleasure like a schoolboy with a pot of jam, but no one can monopolize or isolate happiness; people come to it as to a fire in winter. There are rich and, as the phrase goes, idle men who make happiness about them by their mere being.

Happiness, unlike pleasure, is giving, not taking. Work is service; and to live so that you render service by *merely living* is perhaps the most difficult work of all.

On Smiles

by R. Christie Perumal, II U.C.

SMILES' is said to be the longest English word because there is a mile between its two ends; yet a smile is not as long as a mile or as broad as a hearty laugh. What then is a smile? Shall I define it? No, by defining a smile I shall only make the reader smile at my failure. At any rate we all know what a smile is; it is not a laugh anyhow.

We, being human, smile. In fact a point of difference between animals and men is that animals do not smile. So, is it logically correct to say that those who do not smile are . . . ? Not quite that; yet how often do we see teachers and students going about their work without ever smiling at their colleagues or friends. Alas! They little know the value of a good sincere smile. Nehru, when his wife died, wrote: 'That fair body and that lovely face which used to smile so often and so well . . .' Indeed, he knew what a smile is and means.

Smiles can play an important part in a man's life. One can brighten one's future by bright smiles and get many favours done through sincere smiles. In our New Hostel we always meet new people. Often we face the language problem; do we ever face the problem of a good smile? A smile costs nothing; yet many are not willing to smile. If we do not know how and when to smile, we need only watch our Father Warden. Has he not won the heart of many a student with his sincere and kind smiles? How often do we hear of boys getting disturbed because some one has not smiled at them or forgotten to return a smile? How elated we are when some one receives us into his room with a smile! Do not our parents come out of the house with smiles when we arrive home for the holidays? When a stranger comes to our Hostel captivated by our majestic buildings, why should we not enchant him with our special New Hostel smile? 'Service with a smile' should be our motto.

We smile for various reasons, even when a boy has put his left shoe on his right foot. We usually smile when something funny happens or when we are in high spirits. But how many of us really smile when we are depressed?

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worthwhile is the
 one who will smile.
When everything goes dead wrong

Goldsmith speaks of the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. Great men smile much and laugh little. Even from the standpoint of decency it is better to smile more and laugh little.

We should not smile when we should weep, nor should we smile at every Jack and John lest we be considered fools. We should smile at the proper time, at the proper place, and in the proper way. And we should not be taken up by any one who may smile at us. Remember, 'One may smile and smile and be a villain.'

It is two years now . . .

by R. P. Purushothaman, V Hons.

TWO long years have elapsed now since he related that story to me. It was not a story, but an account of a dream he had once had. Poor fellow, his fears and anxieties turned out to be true! He quitted this world of suffering and misery, leaving behind his sorrowing parents and that little sister, Rubi.

I now recount that sad incident sitting here; and as that sad story comes once more to my mind, a certain gloom, a fit of pessimism envelops me. A shiver passes over my body and my lips quiver.

Two years ago—it seems to me it was yesterday—a few days before he passed away—my nearest and dearest friend Ramesh had told me of that dreadful dream he had seen.

Ramesh was a Literature Hons. student in a Madras college. His expenses were meagre as was his father's income—he had the benefit of a few scholarships on account of his extraordinary brilliance.

In that September he had come home, bringing with him a headache and a fever. Special care was taken at once, as all round his home typhoid was taking its heavy toll. But as circumstances would have it, he was laid up.

I was paying my usual visit to him and one day I saw him extremely depressed, tears trickling down his pale cheeks. Poor friend, his heart must have been in agony.....

With tears in his eyes he welcomed me that day. He had a long story to tell.....

"Eh! I had a very dreadful dream yesterday—I dreamt that I had passed my examination with distinction. I soon developed my own great expectations.....I had got my I.F.S. That was excellent—Oh my parents, oh my poor little sister—She is sacrificing her own small necessities for me—I will buy her the best saris—I will take her to town—Oh! I must build my own little cottage for my poor parents—for my little sister—how much they would like it! They will not live any more on that dusty ground floor in the corner of the street. They will have better food and better everything.

And then I could not see anything.....All was gloomy, all was clouded, and all ended in darkness.....But then there is a fire.....I see a huge fire.....Oh! my cottage is on fire—Where is my little sister—Rubi! Rubi!

I woke up, I could see nothing, that dim light in the street too went out just then.

"Oh tell me—tell me", he pulled my shirt sleeve—"tell me, what it means!".

What was I to tell him?.....Now it is two years..... Yet it seems to me there is Ramesh beside me with his care-worn face—

It is two years now.....





A PICNIC

by T. N. Subramanian, I U.C.

"NO, we can't go there. There are many cheetahs in that forest."

"We can reach the summit by going along the path used by hunters. Not even an animal dares to come there in fear of the hunters. Don't you know about the famous hunters of that hill?"

"I feel we must not expose ourselves to danger without sufficient reason."

"You young philosopher! Why are you studying here? Go home and spend your time in indolence. You are not fit for our company—you coward!"

"I am sure that our Warden would not allow us to have a picnic on that hill. He knows that there is peril in it."

"No, you are wrong. One day our Warden himself suggested a picnic on that hill."

"Don't quarrel on this trifling matter, friends. Now fix a date for the picnic."

"I am not coming to that dangerous hill. I have heard many stories about the terrible cheetahs. I don't want to entangle myself in danger."

"You are the only son of your father and he showers undue affection on you, doesn't he?"

At last the party decided to have a picnic on Kollimalai, 1000 feet high and ten miles from our town, on the following Sunday.



On Sunday morning after coffee, we started at 7 o'clock from our Hostel. We reached the foot of the hill at about 9 o'clock. We rested under a huge banyan tree. After 30 minutes rest the climbing began. The summit was three miles from the bottom. There was a cloudy sky and we had a pleasant walk. At 11 o'clock we reached the summit. All were very hungry. The captain called the roll.

"Balu!"

"Here!"

"Sri Ram!"

A Picnic

Nobody answered.

"Sri Ram!" (loudly)

No answer.

The captain was at a loss. We had dinner in half an hour. Then the captain sent us in all directions in groups of five. We feared that Sri Ram had been killed by a cheetah or had lost his way. We shouted but there was no response.

Our group went in search of him towards the east where it was said that there were many cheetahs. Therefore we crept along without making any noise. We searched till 4 o'clock but there was not a single footprint to guide us. So we returned disappointed.

"There, beware," whispered Kittu. We saw a cheetah with her cubs in a cave. She roared on seeing us. We had not even a stick to throw at her. I asked the boys to go to the side-path without making noise. But they made a blunder which almost cost me my life. Muthu the youngest began to run in fear, and the other boys took to their heels. I was left alone. During this time the cheetah rose from its cave and moved towards me. I stood tongue-tied and began to utter my prayers. The cheetah was 20 yards from me. At once the vision of my parents stood before me. My eyes were filled with tears. I closed them in fear, expecting the cheetah to pounce upon me.

E..z..z..z..z..z. An arrow whizzed from an unknown archer. The cheetah got a fatal wound. It roared in anger but could not move. All these things happened in one second. I turned round and began to run.

Suddenly a voice from behind called me—"Stop, Mani! Stop. I am here." I looked round and saw Sri Ram with a hunter. In one leap I embraced him.

It was 6 o'clock. We joined our party and reached the bottom of the hill at about 8. We had five hunters to guide us and we made hardly any noise on the way. At last we reached our Hostel at about 10 o'clock and soon went to bed.

Next morning I met Sri Ram and asked him about the hunter who had shot the cheetah. Sri Ram related the story:—

“When we were half way to the summit I waited behind to have a bird’s-eye view of our town. Ten minutes later I looked round and saw nobody. Then I hurried and after 20 yards I found two paths. I didn’t know which of them led to the summit. I could not even trace your footprints in the grassy soil. So I determined to take a path which led me to a hut. I peeped into the hut and saw a hunter. I called him and told him that I had lost my way. I asked him to lead me to the summit where my friends would be waiting for me. He consented and I followed him. On the way I saw you and the cheetah. I was about to shout, but the hunter told me to be silent and shot an arrow. That is what you heard.”

For many days Sri Ram’s adventure was the main subject of talk in our Hostel.

USES FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS

Probably you all know that printing ink acts as a deterrent where moths are concerned, but do you act on this knowledge and wrap up your blankets, winter clothes and furs in newspapers before putting them away for the summer? Did you know that newspapers made good fillings for cracks and knot holes in floor boards? The pages should be torn up and soaked in water for several hours. Then you strain, then beat to a pulp and bind together with a little flour paste. The mixture should be pressed into the cracks or knot holes, smoothed over and left for a day or two to harden. Any rough edges can be rubbed down with emery paper, and the boards may be stained or polished, as desired. Newspapers should be laid underneath coconut matting. You will find that instead of the dust remaining in the fabric it will go right through on to the papers, which can be gathered up and destroyed, thus lessening the labour of scrubbing or polishing floors, or washing stones or tiles. Before laying your carpets it is a good plan to spread several thicknesses of newspapers underneath the felts. Not only will this help to deaden sounds, but again the printing ink will protect your carpets from moths.

There are occasions when the wind-screen wiper of a car fails to act just when it is most needed. Here is where a wad of newspaper comes in handy. Rub the screen with it. The rain will run straight off, instead of clinging to the glass. You can do the same to the windows of your house, and, of course, a final rub with a crumpled page will ensure a brilliant polish to mirrors.

Now here’s a hint for the sick-room. If you wrap newspaper round a jug of ice-water, twisting the ends of the paper together to exclude the air, you will find that the water remains cool all night, with scarcely any melting away of the ice. This brings us to ice-cream. In these days of portable freezers many of us make our own ices. Sometimes our stock of ice is alarmingly low, and here again newspapers may come to the rescue. Pack the freezer three-quarters full of ice and salt, then fill the remaining space with newspapers. The resulting ice-cream will be quite as good as if the usual quantities of ice had been used.—*The Listener*.

Optimism

by P. C. Matthew, IV B.Sc.

OPTIMISM is the belief that everything in life is ordered for the best; that everything will come right, will end happily. In short, optimism is an absolute faith in the holy Providence of God.

Nowadays the tendency is to ridicule the very word itself. People make no difference between optimism and pessimism. John Buchan is right in saying of modern novels: "There are no clean colours, but everything is a muddly yellow." Voltaire defines an optimist as "a fool who claims that all is well when the opposite is true." Mr Dooly says that "an optimist is one who gets married at 85 and looks for somewhere to live near a school." Another pessimist says: "An optimist is a person who does not mind what happens so long as it happens to others." Needless to say that these are pessimistic views about optimism. These are men who would turn out the light to see how dark it is.

An optimist is one who talks health, happiness, and prosperity to every person he meets. He is so strong that nothing can disturb his peace of mind. He makes all his friends feel that there is something in them, looks at the sunny side of everything, and makes his optimism come true. An optimist faces the sunshine, for he knows that the shadows always fall behind him. He thinks only of the best, works only for the best, and expects only the best. He holds the maxim:

The past is death's, the future is thine own

and so he forgets the mistakes of the past and presses on to the greater achievements of the future. An optimist knows no disappointments, for he believes that disappointments are God's appointments. The sensible nature in him always seems to tell him:—"If you cannot get what you like, why not try to like what you get?" For instance, if you cannot get "Boori" everyday, why not try to make "Chappathi" your choice when it is chappathi's turn? An optimist wears a cheerful countenance at all times and gives every living creature he meets a smile. Furthermore, his mind is too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

The classical fable of the two frogs who fell into a tub full of cream is too familiar to need repetition. Both were in the same miserable predicament, and yet one of them who was a pessimist said: "Poor me! I'm done for," and he was. The second frog was just as frightened and just as ignorant of swimming. But he was an optimist. "What," he cried, "to die here? Nothing doing! Let me out of here!" The rest we know.

An optimist and a pessimist looked at some roses. "What a pity" sighed the pessimist, "that next to the roses are the thorns—and such large and sharp thorns too!" The optimist smiled quietly. "Thank God for this wonder," said he, "that He has so marvellously arranged everything in nature that next to the thorns he has placed the rose, the queen of all the flowers."

Evidently it is our vision which makes the picture; the picture itself, like all the good things of God's making, is compact only of lovely things. Remember R. L. Stevenson's immortal lines:

Two men looked out from prison bars:
The one saw mud; the other, stars.

Conversation

by V. M. Thiagarajah, II U.C.

IMMEDIATELY after dinner or supper in New Hostel one can see students getting together in groups and having a conversation. The subject of the conversation does not seem to vary much. To the country folk weather is a favourite subject; to others, studies, games, and composition classes seem to be the most interesting topics. Rarely indeed does one hear any one discussing the current affairs of the world such as the U.S.A. presidential election or the Helsinki Olympics. This is true not only here but everywhere and shows that the standard of our general knowledge is poor. Some one has said: "Talk more about things than about people"; but I might safely say that we speak more about people and are even inclined to criticise them.

A good conversationalist should be able to converse freely with any one. He should have knowledge and wit

or humour and should always make the conversation interesting; he should be absolutely sincere in whatever he says and should have, in Dr. Johnson's words, "a presence of mind and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures". A conversationalist should be kind and tolerant and try to understand the other person's point of view. "We who are apt to indulge in talk ought to consider if what we speak be worth being heard", says Steele—a fact which shows that we must think before we talk. Conversation is an intellectual feast to be enjoyed by the entire company, and so only common topics should be introduced. Above all, purity of thought should be maintained in all conversation.

By conversation we come to know and understand others; we gain more knowledge; and we become sociable. Man is said to be a social animal, and so unless he learns to mix in society, he cannot get along well in life. Remember what the great conversationalist Dr. Johnson said to Sir Joshua Reynolds:

"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

The aim of university life is also the same—that mind should come in contact with mind. It is in this respect that the Oxford and Cambridge Universities are famous. In our Hostel there are students from Ceylon, Malaya, and practically all parts of South India, and there is an opportunity for every one to come in close contact with different people. Let no one miss this opportunity, for once he leaves our Hostel he will never get a chance like this again. In no other hostel, I think, does there exist a family spirit like ours; and this is due to our revered Father Warden whose aim is, apart from character development, to unite all the members of his 'family' with a spiritual bond.

To-day there is a constant danger of a third world war. If lasting peace is to be secured, much of the turmoil, hatred and suspicion among the nations should be rooted out. This can only be done by man correctly understanding man; in this, conversation can play a big part. And the power of communicating our thoughts and feelings by conversation is one of the greatest blessings bestowed on man.

Limbless Reptile

by K. Gunaratnam, II U.C.

BY limbless reptiles we generally mean snakes; for the outstanding feature of snakes is their want of limbs.

As a rule snakes favour the tropics for their habitat. Being cold-blooded they cannot thrive in temperate zones and are totally absent in very cold countries. The few snakes which live in temperate climates hibernate during winter. Some snakes live exclusively in water. Some are amphibious such as those that live in ponds and rivers. The terrestrial or land kinds live in shrubs or trees or sandy regions, a few living in burrows.

Since the snake has no limbs, it moves about by crawling, which is aided by the ribs and certain scales called shields on its ventral side, attached to the tips of its ribs. By the movement of the ribs and the shields the snake moves. A rough surface helps the animal to move comfortably; on a highly polished surface it is unable to move. Constant friction along the ground in crawling makes the outer skin very thick and this is periodically cast off when the snake sloughs. Snakes can also suddenly shoot forward by fixing themselves on the ground with the tail and straightening the coil simultaneously; but they can't fly, as some think.

Snakes usually feed on frogs, toads, and small rodents like rats and squirrels. Some, like the python, feed on larger animals. The peculiarity we notice in all snakes is that they swallow prey much larger than themselves. Their mouth and body appear to be far too small to perform this feat.

The python kills its prey by coiling round it and crushing it to death. Before coiling round the prey, it usually seizes and holds it in its mouth alone. Other non-poisonous snakes have a pair of sharp curved teeth in the mouth, the teeth being directed backwards. Thus a prey which is caught is well hooked and has little chance of escape. It is pushed into the alimentary canal, as a result of the contractions and relaxations of certain ligaments attached to the teeth, just as a pillow case is slipped over a pillow.

Poisonous snakes do not swallow their prey. They paralyse it by their poison. Their poison glands are situated in their hoods. A common duct starts from the gland and communicates with the hollow of the curved and pointed

structures called poison fangs. When the snake bites, the muscle near the poison gland goes into action, pressing the poison gland and thus forcing the poison through the duct and central canals of the fangs into the prey. In some snakes the poison gland gets emptied at the first bite, and successive bites will not prove fatal to another animal. But a viper can bite six times in succession with fatal results. Once the poison gland is emptied, it has to be refilled. When the poison fangs wear out or break, they are replaced by new ones.

Snake poison has two kinds of effect on the prey. The viper's poison kills the prey mainly by dissolving the red blood corpuscles. Cobra poison acts mainly on the central nervous system, i.e. the brain and the spinal cord, benumbing the nervous system and thus causing death more rapidly.

In nature we find animals like the frog, the pig, the mongoose, immune to snake poison, since they have in their blood an anti-toxin to counteract its effect. Some men, like snake-charmers, obtain a similar immunity by injecting small doses of snake venom into themselves.

The sexes are distinct in snakes. In most kinds the female lays fertilised eggs when the embryo is in an advanced stage of development, so that the eggs hatch in a few days. But sea-snakes, grass-snakes, king-cobras and a few others give birth to their offspring. These young snakes have a hard time, since they are preyed upon by birds like eagles and peacocks and by the mongoose and, above all, by man, the highest species of the animal kingdom.

QUIZ

The people listed below work in one office. The positions they occupy in the office (not necessarily in the same order) are listed on the right hand-side. With the help of the clues provided, fit the right person to the right job.

Mr. Brown	...	<i>Manager</i>
Mr. Jones	...	<i>Asst. Manager</i>
Miss Gordon	...	<i>Cashier</i>
Mrs. Johnson	...	<i>Stenographer</i>
Mr. Barton	...	<i>Teller</i>
Miss Gibson	...	<i>Clerk</i>

The asst. manager is the manager's grandson. The cashier is the stenographer's son-in-law. Mr. Brown is a bachelor. Mr. Barton is 25 years old. Miss Gordon is the teller's step-sister. Mr. Jones is a neighbour of the manager.

Much Ado about . . .

by M. N. Bhojan, III U.C.

It was about 4 a.m. Our bus was turning the 20th hair-pin bend between Coonoor and Mettupalayam when that sound was heard. It was like a lock being dropped on a table. The bus stopped. Those who were asleep, being suddenly awakened by the stopping of the bus, asked one another what had happened.

"Certainly our bus should give room to the car coming up," said a stout man.

"A sudden sound was heard, Sir; not a mere brake", retorted a well-dressed young man.

Meanwhile the driver and the bus-conductor got down and made an inspection of the tyres; they were in perfect condition. Both of them then searched along the road as though they had lost some diamonds. At the sight of this performance every one in the bus began looking around him. I was anxious to see whether my pocket-watch had escaped from my inner pocket. Fortunately it was there, safe. So everything was all right, but the cause of that sudden sound was unknown.

We came to know it only after the bus started again.

That man wore spectacles. From his appearance it was clear that he was above forty. He had seated himself in the front bench. According to him, what had happened is this. He had cocked up his right leg and was shivering in the morning cold. Hence the slipper that he wore on his right foot had gradually slipped down till it fell with a sharp thud on the floor of the bus.

We smiled at our own stupidity. But the conductor was a little angry. Turning to the hero he said: "Then why did you keep quiet till now? We are already ten minutes late!"

The old man calmly replied: "It took me so much time.....to guess it myself, excuse me."

Amidst the laughter of the passengers the conductor alone was serious.



Ebb and Flow

June 24th: Our Hostel wakes up from its long sleep and the joyous shouts of the members are heard once again on the corridors. Rev. Fr. Warden after three months' absence greets us all with a smile and a kind inquiry about health or relatives.

June 29th: The first gathering of our family. Our Father speaks about his European tour and welcomes the old and the new children into this spiritual family. The names of the captains, representatives, and editors are announced.

June 30th: The youngest members of the family, who are just entering into College life, arrive and are warmly received by Rev. Fr. Warden and the members. The grandeur of the Hostel and the warmth of the welcome make a pleasant impression on their minds.

July 3rd: A practice match in volley-ball. Captains are very busy finding hidden talent and choosing the Hostel team.

July 6th: A special meeting in the Assembly Hall when Rev. Fr. Warden welcomes the junior members of our family and explains to them this unique way of living—the family life.

July 9th: Our Hostel basket-ball team wins the first match against Olive's. Well begun is half done.

July 11th: Our Father in Heaven smiled on us and lo! our earth was blessed with rain. Such a heavy down-pour as to make even our Principal proclaim a holiday.

July 16th: Our Hostel badminton team played a match against Olive's. Our players played magnificently but..... but.... No, we won't think of failures, but of the success we had in tennikoit against Sacred Heart Hostel this morning.

July 17th: A thoroughly enjoyable volley-ball match was played between our Hostel and Jolly Friends. The result? Well, our players gained experience.

July 20th: The first feast for this year was on Corpus Christi procession day and a magnificent one it was. A number of matches were played. The most interesting event of the morning was a mighty tug-o'-war where I and IV blocks combined against II and III blocks: and the latter team won twice.

July 25th: A volley-ball match against Mettuppatti team was played to-day.

July 27th: We gather in the Assembly Hall for the second family meeting of this year. Rev. Father explained to us the ideal of an aristocratic family and gave us numerous hints on politeness and good behaviour.

July 28th: Our second success in the Pruvôt trophy matches. Our Hostel team defeated the Dayscholars' team in volley-ball.

July 29th: Our third success in volley-ball against S. H. Hostel. Our Hostel team has proved to be the best in the College and our thanks are due to them for procuring us all the 18 points.

August 1st: Our supremacy in basket-ball was again proved to-day when our team defeated the Dayscholars by 18 points to 5.

August 2nd: We won the basket-ball match against S. H. Hostel.

August 4th: Annual retreat begins for our Catholic brothers. Numerous matches in all the games were played by the others during the next few days.

August 11th: There was an exciting basket-ball match in the S.H. Hostel court between our Hostel team and Clive's. Needless to say, we won, but not without a hard struggle. Our thanks are due to the players for providing us with 18 more points.

August 12th: The Pruvôt trophy hockey match against Clive's. We won; 1-0.

August 14th: Our first reverse in the Pruvôt trophy matches. Though our hockey players did their best, we lost to S.H. Hostel by one goal.

August 15th: The fifth anniversary of our Independence and the second feast for this year. Mr. F. J. Stephen, M.A., B.T., of our College hoisted the flag. The newly born New Hostel Orchestra gave its first concert to-day in the Assembly Hall before a large audience.

August 16th: A grand victory for our Hostel hockey team. We won the match against the Dayscholars by 3 goals to nil.

August 17th: Our Malabar brothers celebrated Onam with tea and a short meeting in our Assembly Hall.

August 22nd to 24th: The College Centenary basket-ball tournament is held on our court. The players and the spectators against the background of our majestic yellow blocks and casuarina trees were a picturesque sight.

August 24th: Our third family meeting where Rev. Father Warden gave us much useful advice about examinations and vacations.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Dr. James T. Fisher, a psychiatrist, says:

"If you were to take the sum-total of all the authoritative articles ever written by the most qualified of psychologists and psychiatrists on the subject of mental hygiene—if you were to combine them and refine them and leave out the excess verbiage—if you were to take the whole of the meat and none of the parsley and if you were to have these unadulterated bits of pure scientific knowledge concisely expressed by the most capable of living poets, you would have an awkward, incomplete summation of the Sermon on the Mount."—quoted in *The Rotarian*, July 1952.

New Hostel Results

March 1952

Exam.	Sat	I cl.	II cl.	III cl.	Total	%	
Inter.	Gr. I ...	23	15	6	21	95.3	
	II ...	11	6	3	9	80.7	
	III ...	23	2	15	17	74.3	
B.A.	Math. ...	7			3	42.8	
	Bot. ...	9	1	2	4	77.7	
	Econ. ...	25		2	16	18	72
B.Sc.	Phys. ...	14	5	5	1	11	78.5
	Chem. ...	8	5	2	1	8	100
Prelim.	Hons. ...	19				19	100
Final Hons.	Phys.	4	2	1		3	75
	Math. ...	6	5	1		6	100
	Econ. ...	10	2	8		10	100
M.A.	Phys. ...	2	1	1		2	100
	Math. ...	2	1		1	2	100
	Econ. ...	2		2		2	100
B.Com.	Part I ...	10				6	60
	II & III ...	10			4	4	40



EDITORIAL

WE have great pleasure in placing before you the second issue of our magazine for this year.

This term has witnessed a series of triumphs for our Hostel. We have retained the Pruvôt Trophy, and that by a record margin of 16 points over Sacred Heart Hostel, our nearest rival. In addition to this, our football players have secured for us another cup—the Ramaswami Cup—by brilliantly triumphing over all other teams. We won the tug-o'-war also this year. We have fulfilled the hope expressed by last year's editors when they wrote in the corresponding issue of our magazine: "We have given rope to them—only to pull it back next year."

Also, two of our Hostellers have been selected to represent the Madras University in the Inter-University Basket-ball tournament and our popular G. C. Doraiswami, has become the University captain.

But we have tasted the bitter cup of failure also, for this year again we lost the Rapinat trophy

to Sacred Heart Hostel. But failure will not daunt us. To secure the Rapinat cup will be the goal for next year. We want the three cups to come to our Hostel next year and to stay here.

In the academic field too we have had notable success. A former member of our Hostel secured the first place in the University in B.A. Hons. Mathematics. Of the three second-classes in B.A. English, two were from our Hostel. The only two distinctions secured by the College in the Preliminary Examination were from our Hostel. In the annual prize distribution of our College, a good number of prizes came to our Hostel, including all the three prizes for the IV Hons. class. We hope that this will act as an incentive to those now in the III Hons. to keep up the tradition. We also believe that the winners will carry away the prizes in the next two years to come.

We have been leading a busy life inside the Hostel also, for our Hostel tournaments are being conducted now. Eager interest, keen competition, and friendly rivalry characterise these matches. The overwhelming number of participants and their abundant enthusiasm stand as evidence of that family spirit which unites them in work and play. The medley of sounds that is heard in the evenings is as characteristic of our Hostel as its perfect silence at night.

In the midst of this busy life which we lead, we must not forget that an important question and one which concerns us is being discussed outside. We refer to the proposal of the Government to establish a board for standardising the syllabus in the various Universities. Those who oppose this proposal maintain that any move on the part of the Government to influence the Universities can only have a disastrous effect. They argue that outsiders should have nothing to do with education. It is understandable that the Government who spend so much money on education like to have a voice in the administration of the Universities. Even the British Government, which had till now never interfered in the affairs of the Universities, is trying to influence the policies of these bodies through the University Grants Committee.

Every University has certain established traditions and it will not be an easy matter to change its syllabuses and modes of study. Also, the standardising of the syllabus would mean a flat uniformity with no scope for competition and improvement. So it would be better for the Government to establish a Commission for preserving the minimum for every course of study, and leave the rest to each University to decide and do.

We are happy to read that something like this has been decided on.

But whatever in future be the syllabus for any course, ours is fixed now. We will do our duty, as we have been taught here to, and make use of the excellent opportunities we have of learning how to live with others as in a united and happy family.

N. SRINIVASAN
L. RANGARAJAN
C. F. SWAMPILLAI

Editors.



Hostel Life

"I protest to you...that if I had to choose between a so-called University which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away. . . I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun."

NEWMAN

(Idea of a University)



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Community Projects

by R. P. Purushotham, V Hons.

THE aim of the modern State is to strive for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. With the coming of independence we have become masters of our own destiny. The consolidation of our newly won freedom lies in the consolidation of the life of the people at large. Community projects are intended to make the life of the people better and to revitalise the nation. "The purpose of the community project is to serve as a pilot in the establishment, for the men, women and children covered by the project area, of the right to live." To any nation the rural side is as important as the urban; and much more for a country like India where more than 75% of the population inhabit the villages.

The community projects programme accordingly tries to remedy the ills of our rural life. Any such programme has of necessity to deal with agriculture, communications, education, health, employment, housing and social welfare, and the project tries to answer every problem raised in these sectors.

Agriculture is the biggest occupation of the Indian people. More than 70% of the 360 million Indians are dependent on land either directly or indirectly. But the low yield from land due to the excessive pressure of population on it, lack of modern agricultural implements, lack of capital to exploit land economically, lack of irrigation facilities, lack of fertilisers, and lack of good seedlings, has made agriculture a very unprofitable proposition.

The community project has an answer to all these problems and when the scheme will be completed it will have revolutionised agriculture.

Medical facilities in India are hopelessly bad. Diseases of several varieties ranging from cancer to malaria take a heavy toll in India. But for this, the Indian population would have increased enormously by now and the means at our disposal would not have been sufficient to feed our

teeming millions. Hospitals are to be opened to give increasing medical facilities to the people.

Besides this the project is meant to give education to those who are in the area of its operation. Free and compulsory elementary education is contemplated for all those who are of school-going age, while provision is also made to prepare the common people for leadership. More and more schools are to be opened for the realisation of this purpose.

Another pressing problem is employment. The project area will be from now on developed through a planned system of new cottage industries and other small industries. Co-operative marketing will also be encouraged.

On October 2, community projects were launched in 55 centres. When these schemes are completed, it is expected that the whole face of the area will be changed. There will be prosperity and happiness in these areas. This is only a beginning and similar schemes are intended to be taken up in due course.

The financing of these developments (the whole expenditure is expected to be to the tune of 40 crores of rupees) will be done by the joint endeavour of the Government of India and the United States. This help from U.S. is under an agreement known as the Indo-American Technical Co-operation Agreement of January 1952.

The benefits from these projects are obvious. But the question is: will these projects be a suitable remedy for the serious evils of the country? There is little reason to think that they will be. The projects are not meant to improve the economic condition of the landless proletariat. They do not solve the problem of unemployment satisfactorily, though some patches are to be put on the surface. They will not ease the growing class hatred between those who have and those who have not.

The success of the community project programme will depend on the co-operation of the people. If the people help to improve the present social and economic structure, good will be done. On the other hand, if the people think that no good will be done to them, no improvement will be effected. The kind of mass co-operation that the

Planning Commission and the Government expect, should be preceded by land reforms, by the quenching of land-hunger, and by the redistribution of land. In the absence of these land reforms this good cause may not be a great success.

But at any rate the community project will serve as a good experiment. Success or failure does not count for much. The failure of today will serve as a lesson for tomorrow in our great task of the economic development of our country. Still, the community projects, as Pandit Nehru said, will usher in a revolution, not through chaos and breaking of heads, but through sustained effort, for the eradication of the poverty of our people.

The Nobel Prize :



To whom would you give it?

by S. Krishnamoorthi, IV B. Com.

I would award it to JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, the most significant man in all Asia in the post-Gandhian age, a man of stature and of peace, the discoverer not only of India but of the world, 'the challenger of the presumptuous vulgarity of foreign modernisms', his fertile brain and undaunted courage directing the motion of Governmental nerves. Under his leadership India is striving incessantly to gain peace for the world.

Nehru is the master planter who sows seeds of peace that are bound to grow and blossom in the near future. He works for great ends and stands for the preservation of peace and the defence of the free way of life. With him preservation of world freedom depends on friendship, co-operation, and solidarity among nations.

Whom else shall we name for the Nobel Prize—an insignificant memento of his services and sacrifices—than Jawaharlal Nehru who with all his mind and heart loves humanity and gives it all his love most abundantly and extravagantly?



by J. Abdul Kalam, III B. Sc.

I suggest DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN as Nobel Prize winner for the year 1953, not because he is my countryman, not because he is the great statesman and Vice-President of the Indian Republic, but because he is a practical scholar and philosopher of international fame. Moreover, he is the "Representative Man" of the twentieth century. Sincerity of purpose and earnestness of conviction make Dr. Radhakrishnan great.

When Antony speaking at the funeral of Brutus says "This was a man," we take for granted the magnanimity of Brutus's character. In the same manner we are impressed by the greatness of Radhakrishnan. When Stalin "a mountain eagle" summed up Dr. Radhakrishnan's outlook on life, he said: "He suffers for humanity and speaks from a bleeding heart".

His ideals are high. He is a prismatic lens through which we can see a stream of good will to avoid war and establish world unity. Excess of materialism or spiritualism, according to Radhakrishnan, creates harm to the stability of society. He says: "If philosophy teaches you anything, it is open-mindedness, tolerance and charity in purpose." It asks you to judge individuals in proper perspective. Radhakrishnan is the only philosopher in our age who can say firmly that the world is neither to be enjoyed nor endured but understood and re-created. His daring imagination gives him the solid facts which claim intellectual superiority for him.



The Pruvôt Cup

by K. G. Mahalingam, IV Hons.

NO other matches arouse as much interest among New Hostellers as the Fr. Pruvôt trophy tournament for games. It is conducted on the league system. There are four teams competing, namely New Hostel, Clive's, Sacred Heart, and Dayscholars; and each has to play three matches in each of the five games. The total number of points for the whole tournament is 90 and the winners are awarded six points for each match while the losers get two. This year, out of the fifteen matches played we won thirteen and thus snatched away the maximum number of points.

In **Basket-ball**, the most favourite game of our Hostel, we defeated Dayscholars by 18 points to 5. We also scored an easy victory over Sacred Heart Hostel. But in our match with Clive's, we had to fight hard to retain the honour of undefeated champions. On that day all our 410 brothers turned out on the field. Our Warden as well as Clive's were present. It was a close fight but our Hostel won the match by 18-16 to the great merriment of our family. Our players gave an attractive exhibition of fine team-work and excellent shooting. The highlight of the match was the brilliant display of our Doraiswamy who scored most of the points.

Our **Volley-ball** team, too, this year was invincible and all the matches we played proved to be a tame affair, our players being too good for our opponents. We have in our team outstanding players of the College team like Johnson, Doraiswamy and Chockalingam, and no wonder we won all the matches with a considerable margin.

Like our Volley-ball team, our **Football** team, captained by P. V. Philip who is the Vice-Captain of the College eleven, displayed tremendous skill and tact and so fine and so admirable were their finish and defence that our opponents were left wondering. We defeated Clive's by two goals to nil and the Dayscholars by the same margin. We also won our match with Sacred Heart Hostel by 1-0. This is the first time in our history, and I hope not the last, we have beaten Sacred Heart Hostel in football. The match

with them was full of tense moments and but for the great encouragement of our family members might have gone against us. The desperate attempts of Sacred Heart Hostel to find an equaliser proved in vain, our rock-like defence foiling their efforts. In recognition of our victories we were awarded the Ramaswamy Sivan Rolling Cup. Our contribution to the College team this year is also considerable.

In **Hockey**, we won the matches against the Dayscholars and Clive's by three goals to nil and one goal to nil respectively, but were rather unfortunate to lose to Sacred Heart Hostel by a solitary penalty goal. Though our team, captained by Rajarathnam who is a member of the College Hockey team, was in no way inferior to theirs, we did not win. Perhaps lack of finish in our forwards was the reason. Anyhow we do not think in terms of defeat.

Lastly, **Badminton**. This year also we have a very good team with Bagat Singh and Palaniappan as leaders. We won our matches against Sacred Heart Hostel and the Dayscholars with ease and grace. But fortune changed sides in our match with Clive's. The first game was well fought but our players failed to clinch the issue and so we suffered the second defeat in the Pruvôt cup matches. Perhaps our players were off-colour on that day.

In this tournament we secured 82 points on the whole out of 90. Sacred Heart Hostel came next with 66, Clive's had 58, and the Dayscholars, 34. But the great thing we learned from these matches was to be sporting. Our Warden came to witness all the matches and taught us the way to play and appreciate games. The Pruvôt Cup (now side by side with the Ramaswamy Sivan Cup) has sat gloriously on Fr. Warden's shelf for the last three years to remind us of what hard work and team spirit have gone into its winning.



Distinguished Visitors

by P. Thuraiyappah, I U.C.

WE cannot but feel happy at the thought that New Hostel receives many distinguished visitors daily or occasionally.

The first who visits us daily is our sweeper, who comes to do our rooms in the early hours of the morning. It will not be an exaggeration if I say that a good morning begins with our sweeper. He comes reminding us of the famous lines of Hooper :

I woke, and found that life was duty.

Another distinguished visitor whose arrival we all wait for is the postman, who brings sweet words in black and white from relations and friends. When he enters our Hostel he is given a warm reception. But when he finishes his honourable task of distributing letters, only a small percentage thank while the rest grumble at him in their hearts for no fault of his!

The visitor next in esteem is the washerman, who comes counting the number of clothes that he has lost. He usually comes along with his hairy companion—the donkey—looking for some reasons to give to those whose clothes he has lost. He is such an expert in this art that if asked why a certain handkerchief was torn he will say: "The donkey took it away without my knowledge and I pulled it out from his mouth when he was trying to chew it." But his arrival at New Hostel is a great pleasure to all.

The visitor who reminds us of Bacon's famous sentence, "Reading maketh a full man", and who has made some of our Junior Intermediate students a laughing-stock to our Rev. Father Warden, is the paper-boy. He comes quietly, distributes the newspaper, and goes out as quietly as he came. Some who are anxious to read newspapers are glad of his arrival, while others subscribe to papers so as to enable their friends to read them!

Known as Mr. Aeroplane (a name given to him for his swiftness in climbing the stairs) our cobbler visits us very frequently. His work in leather is beyond praise.

He has the power of making a small person look like Ali Baig. He does not use any magic. He works all these wonders with the help of some old tyres!

This list will not be complete if I do not give an account of that visitor who soothes us in moments of trouble and helps us when we need help. I mean our Arokiam. All the members of New Hostel who have been ill at one time or another are ever grateful to him because of his sweet words of comfort and immense services in time of illness.

The only visitor who visits us with a pair of spectacles on is the carpenter, who comes to repair those doors or shutters which are broken. He visits us once in a blue-moon because the members of New Hostel are very careful about their things and the places which they occupy.

Now I ask you, reader, to reflect upon the account which I have given and see for yourself whether the members of New Hostel have any alternative but to feel happy that they receive so many distinguished visitors daily or occasionally.

The Dawn

by Francis James Pancras, I U.C.

THE man climbed. His strong bare feet dug into the bracken on the hilly slope. His long hair flowed down to his shoulders and fluttered in the breeze. The top of the hill, flecked with trees, loomed overhead. He toiled on.... The priest of Zoroaster went to meet his God.

The hazy, shimmering light that ushers in the dawn silhouetted his figure on the zenith of the hill. Behind him, the valley lay mantled in darkness, specked here and there with the glimmer of ghostly lamps. Before him lay the ocean, grey, boundless. There was a single point of light in the heavens—the morning star. On the hill-tops, clouds spread their tenuous webs, like

"Misfortunes and catastrophes hovering over a fallen Empire."

There was a faint mist in the air. The priest did not feel the cold. In the far distance, a nebulous ribbon of water catapulted into Stygian depths below. The roar of the eternal waters reached him only as a faint murmur. The warbling of robins, waking to do homage to the sun, made rapturous music. The breeze stirred the leafy boughs. The leaves caressed the priest's cheeks with silky fingers. He brushed them away. A pale light glowed in the east. The morning star was now a dim point. Presently, it faded. The priest of the flaming deity stood in a striking attitude—arms akimbo, glowing eyes fixed expectant on the distant horizon, straddled legs apart. Golden yellow flowers swayed in harmonious rhythm. The whole world stood expectant to receive the sun.

Suddenly, a flaming sword of light clove through the sky. The rosy glow played on the languorous waters of the ocean, sending up scintillating masses of golden fire. Undulating, fiery waves splashed on to the shore. The beam of light flung off the last diaphanous veil of darkness that mantled the earth. Sol's harbingers dispersed the sinister mists and clouds, leaving the air pure and clear. The mist had settled on the grass. The dew glistened like a million spear-points on the tips of the green grass. Myriads of birds on the tree-tops sent forth their pæans of joy. The heart of the priest overflowed with gladness at the sight. He thought of the might of his God and bowed his head. As Zoroaster of yore might have stood, so did his priest centuries after.

The birds and flowers, and nature herself, through the throats of thrushes and larks, heralded the coming of the sun. Aurora rose from the saffron couch of Tithonus and touched the world with his glory. The silvery cascade of water still tumbled on. The street lights went out, one by one. The peasants began to rise. Smoke rose from the thatched roofs of homely houses in the valley. The smoke spiralled upwards and brought to the nostrils of the man a scent of savoury food. He did not need it. Men, women, and children proceeded to the spring to clean the dregs of sleep from their slumberous eyes. Cattle bellowed in the fields and the cocks kept them company. The world was awake.

The sun rose higher. The priest stared with squintless eyes at the incandescent disc. He looked down and saw spread before him the wondrous works of nature. O man! how insignificant are thy works compared to the handiwork of stupendous nature! Thus he mused and worshipped his God. His soul burst all physical bonds and soared far and wide. He thought of many things. He was in an ecstasy. The balmy zephyr fluttered his mantle. He stood on the top of the hill among all mankind. Yet he was alone. His ecstasy spent itself. He sat down.

The sun was now high in the heavens. A great vista of country stood open before him. Fields, green and watery, the sagging ears of grain ready to be harvested, stood terrace upon terrace. The mucronated spires of distant churches and the broad of the river, green woods, this land of plenty presented a magnificent spectacle. He prayed: "O Adored One! Were it not for Thee, there would not be anything on this earth. Neither men nor beasts nor green trees nor rivers would there be. Because of Thy goodness, we are here. I thank Thee humbly for Thy gifts and pay Thee homage."

A diapason of singing birds, lowing kine, the murmuring of the river, and the serenade of the waves, fell on his ears. The sun was warm on his back. The increasing heat made him get up. Once again, he faced his fiery God, and prayed. Then, making a last low obeisance, he trudged downhill.....

The Limitations of Science

Professor A. V. Hill, in his Presidential address to the British Association on September 3rd 1952, said:

... Scientists as such have no title to superior wisdom or virtue, and outside their special knowledge they are just as likely as others to be misled. The fundamental principle of scientific work is unbending integrity of thought, following the evidence of fact wherever it may lead, within the limits of experimental error and honest mistake....

The improvement of man's estate by the application of scientific knowledge is one of the loftiest of adventures: but a belief that it can be achieved by scientific methods alone, without a moral basis to society, is a perilous illusion.'



The Snake-Charmer

by L. Narayanan, I U.C.

BEFORE speaking about the Snake-Charmer it is essential to know something about snakes, the tools of the charmer's trade. Snakes can be divided into two classes, poisonous and non-poisonous. Among the former come the deadliest cobra and the fatal viper. The harmless water-snake, the frightsome boa constrictor, and the gigantic python find their place among the latter. The former class sting and kill their prey, while the latter crush and devour their victims.

It is said that a young cobra just out of its egg has enough venom to kill a man immediately if its poison is introduced into a blood-vessel. In India snake-bites account for the death of nearly twenty thousand people—men, women and children—per annum. Yet it is very strange that there are still people, and not a few, who earn their living through the snakes at the risk of their lives.

These people—snake-charmers as they are called—lead a life of wandering and privation. Their fortune being small they have to live up to the very extent of it from hand to mouth. They extract the venomous teeth of the snakes as soon as they catch them, lest the limbless reptiles should test the effect of their poison by stinging the charmers themselves.

When a snake-charmer goes to a village he beats his tom-tom as loud as feasible and attracts many people. At some place which he thinks will suit his purpose best, he stops and puts an end to the walk of the enormous crowd that have followed him like the children who followed the Pied Piper. There is little difference between that troop and this crowd. Those children were lured by the music of the Pied Piper, whereas these people are attracted by the sonorous sound of the tom-tom. For a little time the charmer stares at the crowd and then begins to exhibit his feats.

He takes the snakes, big and small, venomous and non-venomous, one by one out of the small round baskets

(which he carries on his shoulder) and makes them dance to the tune produced by blowing through a wooden pipe called hautboy or oboe (*magudi* in Tamil). The fascinating music played by him on his oboe is known as 'puññāgaravāli rāgam.' At times he makes a mongoose fight with a cobra—the most exciting of all his feats—and the people stand still as if glued to the eyes of the Ancient Mariner and watch with straining eyes and listening ears:

Half-way in his tricks—I hope they may be called so—he claims to hold the ONLY remedy for all snake-bites and produces *pro bono publico* a black root about an inch or so in length, saying that it is the 'nāgathāli vēr' which is reputed to be the genuine cure for all snake-bites. Some say that the root has no effect whatsoever. However, the charmer manages to sell a number of them to the gazing public around him. The pity is that the ONLY remedy for all snake-bites is sold at the cost of only an anna each. Even the modern world of Science, which is trying to make lunar expeditions and which has invented such devastating weapons as the Atom Bomb and the Hydrogen Bomb, has found no specific cure for snake-bite so far.

At the end of his tricks the charmer goes about the place with a can in his hand entreating the people to give him something to keep him and his family hunger-free at least that day.

Some people who suspect snakes to be in their houses take the charmer home. There the charmer, after fixing a rate for his services—not without an hour's bargaining—goes about the place with a blanket in one hand and the hautboy in the other. For a time he plays on the magudi. Then suddenly he comes running with a snake in his hand—it seems, at least to me (who can be found taking to my heels if a snake emerges from a bush) if not to others, that it needs extraordinary courage—saying, "Ayyah! I've never seen such a rascal in all my life." If the house-owner is a simpleton, he believes the charmer and gives him his fee. This too, they say, is a hoax.

Whatever the truth be, the snake-charmer with all his cheating—if it could be plainly called thus—is an interesting person, most loved by both young and old.

A Philosopher on Games

by T. N. Ardbhanari, IV.U.C.

IT is questionable whether Mr. Anand is truly a philosopher, for he does not know the causes of the moral, social, economic and political condition of men. He cannot write any article on "What I won't live to see", for he is so young that he may see many wonders in the social and political field for a considerable number of decades to come. Moreover, he is not strong enough to give such a title, for it is certain that the world does not know that there lives a person by the name of Anand. It is doubtful whether Mr. Anand has read any philosophical books. Yet he is called a philosopher! He himself thinks he has a right to this title because he is an Indian.

One thing is definite: he has often heard that Socrates, Dr. Radhakrishnan, and Bertrand Russell are termed philosophers. He often quotes one of these gentlemen, for he is sure that these philosophers leave no topic untouched, whether they have studied it or not.

Our honourable friend Mr. Anand is the most harmless philosopher that this world has ever seen. Sometimes he is silent and moody and these are the times he is not a nuisance to his friends!

Though not pressed by any reporter, for a few weeks he pondered over our games and gave out his views on them to me: "A game is any diversion from serious thoughts and mental agony".

Table-Tennis :—This is the 'kingly game' among all indoor games. The airy ball adds a charm to its beauty. A man's mind is absorbed in the game itself when he plays it. No weather can stop it and so it is the choicest game. According to Richard Bergman of England, it is also a 'manly game'. In an air-conditioned room it is all right.

Basket-ball :—Basket-ball is after all an indoor game. Only in tropical countries is it played outside. It is an aggressive game in the sense that each player has to attack other players to get the ball into his own hands. Sometimes it seems that the circumference of the ball is bigger than that of the ring!

Badminton :—God only knows what will happen to this game when there is a wind! If you don't wear spectacles, you cannot be injured seriously in this 'gentle' game. It does not matter much if sometimes the racket is insufficient to safeguard your face from the forthcoming 'flowery' ball. "Attempt" is an unjustifiable drawback of this game, for who is not tempted to take a good floating ball?

Volley-ball :—A very 'dangerous' game to those who have weak arms. You must be alert, or at least your hands, to save your face and body from the hits of your opponents. Volley-ball is less aggressive than basket-ball, for without confusion and effort on your part you will get the ball often, and if by chance the opposite players find out that you are weak, you will get the ball more than often!

Football :—This is the manliest game possible. You must be a good runner and tactician. You must also be aggressive. Gentle and delicate men are unfit for this game. Be careful in giving a head kick! Once our Kittu's head was swollen on account of the hard hit of the 'mouth'! If you want to be a frightful person you must aim at the players or kick them instead of the ball. Finally, if you want to have the honour of the 'highest scorer, you must haunt the goal of the opposite side!

Hockey :—How many times you miss the little ball! It is because of your want of dexterity in handling the "walking stick". Keen eyes and good running capacity are the ornaments of a hockey player. I am offended when our player Dhyān Chand is termed "wizard". How can the national game of India be called witchcraft?

Cricket :—This game has a vast popularity. Next to cinema stars, cricketers are the favourites of the masses. You cannot see any newspaper without news of the cricket matches between nations. This game is so popular that even radio news is not complete without it. While only two or three people are engaged, the others have to do nothing except stand erect, hoping to get a catch! We are happy that at least the commentaries broadcast are sometimes vivacious. If sturdy villagers take to this game they will outshine all the present professional and amateur cricketers on earth!

Tennikoit :—A strong opposing side is necessary if the game is to be interesting. Individuality counts for much in this game. There cannot be any confusion, for each player's area is clearly marked out. It is certainly a womanish game if there is no exchange of shots between the two parties. The usefulness of the trick which results in 'place' and 'dropped' is very obvious in this game.

In conclusion Mr. Anand added: The process and result of every game are silly and the only comfort that a man derives from them is diversion to the mind. Our philosopher frankly admitted that he did not see every aspect of all these games. Let nobody question the validity of his views, for he is a philosopher and not a player!

Why do we Laugh?

by S. Tapasi Ram, V Hons.

VERY often you may find yourself laughing at some witty things said by your friends. Sometimes you may be too serious and feel like not enjoying them. Perhaps you even asked your friend whether what he told you was intended to be a joke at all.

Some jokes produce in us uncontrollable laughter. We find ourselves laughing at the thing before we understand what we are doing. Some others do not tickle us so much. Only a smile to show the fellow that we have understood. But some are really so poor that we often laugh at the person rather than at the joke.

A prominent psychologist, analysing the laughter produced by some of the jokes of the famous Charlie Chaplin, wrote that we laughed at Charles only because we felt ourselves superior to him at that time. When Charles is forced to break his engagement because he does not know how to behave to his fiancée, we laugh because we feel sure that we should not be such great fools; we feel we are superior to him and secure in our position in life; and that is why we laugh, the psychologist explains.

That seems to me a good explanation, because we generally do not laugh when we are not satisfied with ourselves. And perhaps not many of you will be able to laugh when somebody remarks something funny about your dress.

This reminds me of the definition of laughter given by another great gentleman. He defines it as 'a voluntary act practised by man'. He says that he is correct because nobody laughs when he is alone.

But have you heard of this joke? It is said that when some one saw some one else at a bar, drinking and laughing to himself with occasional outbursts of 'phooey, phooey!', the former 'some one' patted the latter 'some one else' and asked him why he did so.

"Ah!" replied the latter, "I am telling myself jokes, and I am laughing at them."

"But why do you say 'phooey, phooey'! so often?"

"That I say", explained the fellow, "when I tell myself the jokes I have heard already."

Perhaps a word about our New Hostellers will not be improper here. They are like the British in their way of appreciating a joke. They are capable of laughing at themselves, but they resent and even offer to fight with you when somebody says something funny about them. But they do have a very good sense of humour and I am sure that they will laugh at the good jokes you can tell, provided they have not heard them already.



Tortoises and Turtles

by K. Gunaratnam, II U.C.

TORTOISES are common throughout the land in muddy places and in fresh water, while the large turtles are present in seas round the coasts. They are distinguished from all other animals by the special type of armour which surrounds the whole body. This protection resembles a strong bony box—the shell. The shell is formed of a number of flattened bones joined together which give a peculiar shape to it. The constitution of the shell is more or less uniform among the animals which belong to the family of Tortoises and Turtles.

The shell of these animals is as characteristic of them as the feathers of birds and the hairs of mammals. The shell consists of a dorsal part, the carapace, and a ventral portion, the plastron. In the turtles, both the carapace and the plastron are covered with horny scales or plates—the “tortoise shell” of commerce. The shell of the mud and fresh-water tortoises is soft and not covered with horny scales.

The head, neck, fore and hind limbs, as well as the tail of these animals can be withdrawn into the shell and this is noticeable when the animal is disturbed. But in a few land forms the head and feet cannot be withdrawn within the shell. These animals are devoid of teeth, but have horny beaks like those of birds instead. The limbs of the land forms are not webbed, while the limbs of those that live in water are modified into webbed paddles which assist them in swimming.

Tortoises and turtles are usually found in the tropics. This is probably because of their inadequate respiration due to limited extensibility of the trunk. They lead a very sluggish life. They are long-lived, some of them reaching the ripe old age of three hundred and fifty years or more. This is due to the fact that more than half their lifetime is spent in sleep and they don't move about unnecessarily, thus using up only very little energy. They are usually very tough in surviving severe injuries, but they cannot stand bitter cold and rapidly die.

These animals have lungs to breathe in air and the water-living ones can be seen putting their snouts out of

the water to take in air periodically. For the most part they are vegetarians, cutting up weeds and other water plants by means of their horny beaks. They may also feed on small water animals like prawns and snails.

The sexes are separate in these animals. Mating usually lasts a day. During the breeding season the female comes to the banks of rivers or ashore to lay her eggs in the sand. The land and sea-water tortoises lay a few eggs. The turtles lay about two hundred and fifty eggs per day for several days.

The tortoise-shell is a commercial product. It is used in making a good many fancy goods and so it fetches a high price in the market. The turtle may reach even five feet in length and a person who catches this kind is handsomely rewarded for his task. The animals are captured when they come ashore to lay eggs. They are also caught in nets, but the bigger ones will create a problem to the fisherman, since they are very powerful and are capable of tearing the net. Turtle flesh is relished by people and hence it is sold at high prices; a full-grown animal may weigh nearly eight hundred pounds.

Ignorant fishermen round the coasts have a false notion about the growth of the shell in the animal. They seem to think that when the shell is removed and the animal is let to sea it will grow a new shell and come back to the shore to lay its eggs in the next breeding season. To remove the shell they are said to boil the animal in hot water, for then the shell comes off easily. The animal which is thus mutilated and put to sea perishes and never returns with a full-grown shell to reward its enemy on land.



Mutiny in My Room

by V. Nagarajan, II, U.C.

IT was a very bad night indeed. The biting cold and the thick dew had had their effect upon my poor self and even old Jupiter had fallen in line with the Robin Goodfellows and let fall a pelting rain. You will sympathise with me when you learn the reason.

I, was in a desperate mood. However, I safely closed the door and locked myself in, evidently feeling very safe. After a short while, finding the room too stuffy, I just opened the door to have a breath of fresh air. And lo! what should confront me but a squad of little gnats and greenish blue insects headed by a stray beetle and another black beetle and I do not know what more, all in threatening array. Without asking for my permission or giving me any time to recover, the invaders dashed into the room. I gasped and slammed the door in a rage but, do what I could, the assailants were not to be taken aback and now encouraged by the local mosquitoes got ready to mutiny.

I was not the man to lose heart. Why, do not people stand facing all the perils of life with a smiling face? Does not society confer upon them titles and honours? Why then do you not achieve something, if not to win a name, at least to safeguard your own interests?—were the thoughts that flashed across my mind. Mustering my strength I at length sat at my desk with a full-arm shirt closely buttoned, my legs protected with every possible security, and, feeling very secure, began to study the secrets of Nature as the zoologist presents it.

Scarcely had a few minutes passed when suddenly an intruder poked his head into my serious studies. He was a champion mosquito, since the tiny weaklings are confined to the ground floor, and perched himself well on my wrist, then traversed a few millimetres perhaps to confirm his speculation that I was good enough for him, and began to raise his abdomen so as to balance his weight on his notorious injection needle, the proboscis, which he proposed to thrust into my well kept circulatory system. "A little more of movement there, and you are no more," I cried. The fellow was too cowardly to defy and he flew away.

To my great surprise, he returned in a minute, now accompanied by two try neighbours. I was astounded, but I caught the spirit of the field. 'One bomb will do,' said I to myself and got ready my Library Catalogue—the bulkiest volume that I had—and now waited for the thieves to be seated. Bang! down went the catalogue with a terrific motion upon the felons. One of them actually died on the spot, another was partly hurt and the third made good his escape. I was the victor. 'No more trouble for today,' thought I.

I sat down, light of heart. Did I guess what was in store for me? Hardly a few minutes had passed and the ecstasy of the victory had not been effaced from my mind, when there was another assailant. This time it was a big insect with a likeness to the mosquito. I do not know how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I determined to do it—namely to dissect the insect. "Perhaps I might discover a new property in it and get an M. Sc. for it!" thought I and captured him inside a cup and got ready a razor blade. Having no forceps or pins at hand, I endeavoured to hold the insect against the table between my thumb and the index finger and began the operation. A little incision would reveal to me great mysteries, I thought as I carried on with the operation. I cannot say whether I dissected the insect or not; but what I found was a big incision in my thumb and the blood was streaming down. Can you guess in what frenzy I rushed madly out of my room and trampled on the tip of the tail of Mani, our Brother's favourite kitten, who was enjoying himself in hunting down the little beetles over the veranda, and made him dash at me and run away with an oath to come and take revenge in his own time (which he did the next day by singing in chorus with his neighbours his favourite "weeping-child note" beneath my window)?

Before I had my wound dressed, all my strength was exhausted and I wanted to rest. On a rainy day—no better than a hot day—you cannot but sleep inside a mosquito curtain. In my restlessness and fury I had quite forgotten where I left my mosquito curtain. Imagine how I tumbled into my steel trunk and turned the drawer topsy-turvy, looked into my pockets, searched the inside of the water-bottle and scrutinized the waste-paper basket, until at last I found it rolled carefully inside the bed. It.

was duly set and the bed was stretched. I tried to get inside the net, but the mutineers were not satisfied with their victory and would not let me go scot-free. The winged beetles were ready on the floor awaiting my first movement to get inside and the gnats were riding over my back—two on my head and a dozen of them on my back—and a cockroach, who was perhaps the new ringleader, was half making his way through the curtain. I hushed them, blew at them, and appealed to them, and at length darted inside without giving any loophole to the invaders,

There I was, now free from all trouble—at least so I thought. Did I realise how God has kept man ignorant of the future? I had not even had the first nap nor closed my eyelids when suddenly a roaring band of mosquitoes and gnats and beetles told me that I was not all alone, but surrounded by these desperadoes who had concealed themselves in the recess between the canvas sheets of the cot. I felt like a helpless gladiator in the vast Coliseum in Rome confronted by the wild beasts that were to be let loose upon him. After a serious battle, arming myself with the pillows I managed to drive back some of the assailants out of the arena and still others into the recess of the cot but a platoon of these rogues were always assailing me. Being very tired, I was prudent enough to cover myself head to heel with a good blanket and lay down to rest with a resolution to compose a poem on my adventures.

Short, O short then be thy reign

And give us to the world again—

This, after Dr. Johnson, was what I wished the night to be so that I might be free of all fear of another mutiny.

HUMAN EQUALITY

'The doctrine of human equality reposes on this: that there is no man really clever who has not found that he is stupid. There is no big man who has not felt small. Some men never feel small; but these are the few men who are.'

Chesterton: *A Miscellany of Men.*

Sportfolio

by N. K. Prabhakara Rao, V Hons.

THE twenty-eighth of October, 1952, is a landmark in our Hostel's history. One cannot forget the exultation with which our athletes strode home to the piping of the New Hostel Orchestra, with two championship cups, as the fruit of their painstaking efforts. God willed that this year's award of the three rolling cups should not be an all-New-Hostel affair. Once again the Fr. Rapinat cup has eluded our strong athletic team.

This year, unlike previous years, the Lilliputians of the College were offered a golden opportunity to bag some cups in separate items which comprised the shorter sprints and the jumps.

If any one has failed us this time, it is our non-existent juniors. To the casual visitor our Hostel has always presented the spectacle of adolescence and stalwart youth. Juniors in general have not been entertained here. The few exceptions here and there mustered courage to practise alone. Thus without company to spur their effort they found themselves completely outclassed by their rivals who had even shrunk in figure for the occasion.

This drawback was palpable from the beginning of the year. To overcome it our seniors practised harder than ever, right from the reopening day, in order to bring out the best in them. Unfortunately our star athletes John and Bosco were crippled in strength by persistent fever and other ailments. It was an emaciated John that stood at the starting block of the two hundred metres dash. The fire with which he was wont to stride was sadly missing. But despite his illness he showed that he would not brook defeat by running to second place in the race and just missing the first in the high jump.

By far the grandest spectacle of this year's sports was the tug-o'-war. Some bold critics remarked that last year's tug-o'-war was hardly a tug. But one alone with discerning vision added that we had given rope to them only to pull it back on the next occasion. The team started in right earnest this time. On the twenty-fifth of October the dayscholars almost threw up the rope in sheer despair. With the defiant air of a conqueror our team marched into the field for the final. A tense struggle seemed in the offing. But no one dreamt that victory would be such an

effortless one. Aply led by our athletic captain Roshan Ali Baig, Duraisamy, George, Johnson, Balasingam, Padmanabhan, and Subbiah, heaved with a will. Our anchor Narayanasamy stood by us ably. Two tries sufficed to ensure victory. With hearts bursting with gladness our team left the ground to acknowledge the tumultuous cheers of the spectators.

The first and second prizes in the shot put event were snatched by our Roshan Ali Baig and Subbiah. Ali has certainly the height of a potential world beater. With a stronger frame and greater effort he can certainly rise to eminence in putting the shot. He fared equally well in throwing the discus far ahead of other competitors. Abraham just missed the first place for throwing the javelin.

The relay race was a tribute to our runners not only for their meritorious effort but also for the deft way in which they exchanged the baton. John, who raced to the running post with the baton, tried hard to defy health in the hundred-metres dash as well. Surprisingly he came off third in a keen contest. K. K. Sirangi was the only middle distance sprinter to secure second place in the four-hundred metres.

The sandpit did not welcome our athletes too happily. The long jump found Joseph and Abraham trying for fourth place, having been outclassed by hardier rivals. Young Paul Varghese completed the hop-step-and-jump very commendably. He missed the first place by just four inches. It is hoped that this is only a forerunner of better performances by him. Galled by adverse results in the jumps, P. M. Joseph vaulted harder than ever to stand first in the pole vault event. Among the juniors Audityan was the only athlete to secure third place for his performance at the jumping put.

The College Sports were followed by the Inter-Collegiate meet at Karaikudi. That our College retained the Popli shield and that New Hostel contributed almost half the total points secured is too well known to need mention. Of the four first places secured, our athletic captain Ali led in putting the shot, while P. M. Joseph repeated his performance in vaulting within inches of the ten feet mark. One thrower of the discus, however, got the better of Ali. Abraham threw the javelin ahead of all but two

competitors. John raced into second place in the two-hundred metres sprint and Sirangi stood fourth in the four-hundred metres race. Subbiah stood fourth best in putting the weight.

It is said that sport is the bloom and glow of perfect health. The test of athletic skill is one of the events that enliven the life of every collegian. To participate in it is a pleasure. To win a prize is sheer joy. New Hostel can rightly be proud of its athletes who have honoured it by their commendable performances. Their deeds are in no small measure due to our Fr. Warden. The interest that he has evinced in their welfare is too well known. At his instance our Athletic Captain has been busy from the start, and encouraged by him and by our Brother Sub-Warden the tug-o-war has been an unparalleled victory for our team. It only remains for our sportsmen to bring in the Fr. Rapinat Cup as well to stay on his shelf in harmony with the other two trophies that are already there.

University Education To-day

by *V. S. Visvanathan, IV U.C.*

THE total number of colleges, the courses of studies offered, and the strength of each college are all continually on the increase and students are afforded the opportunity to study any subject from Commerce to Mathematics. But unfortunately even this wide variety of subjects has not made our college-going population in any way better. The majority of the graduates and undergraduates who come out of the portals of the university go in search of *any* job which will earn them a decent livelihood. The son of a big landowner after his B.Sc. (Hons.) degree chooses to go as a U. D. C. in the office of the Accountant-General! The highest thing that our graduate can dream of is the I. A. S. examination, and almost all our graduates during the first two or three years after taking their degree revel in this dream. These and similar facts prove beyond doubt that our university

education does not make practical men—men who would look upon manual work and any kind of labour as equally dignified. These are what India needs.

The young boy who goes to school in his fifth year continues his learning, or whatever it may be called, for a decade and a half, and at the end of that long period, which is nearly half the age of an average Indian, he doesn't know the geography of his district, or even the important crops that are grown on his own lands, because these are not asked in any examination! This system of examinations makes the students blind to everything other than the question papers of the previous years! There should be an examination in General Knowledge at the end of every year of school and college and in awarding first and second classes due importance ought to be given to this subject.

The student of any branch of knowledge is primarily a citizen; and hence the task of the University should be to bring all its students up to a certain standard in their knowledge of the co-ordinated history of the world, the fundamentals of politics, economics, and administration. Thus a student of Chemistry should not be confined to his gravimetric and volumetric analysis alone, or the student of Mathematics to complex variables and imaginary numbers alone. We observe that while on excursions and educational tours our students of Chemistry confine themselves to the chemical factories, our Physics students to observatories, and History students to the relics of antiquity (Mathematics students don't want to see more black-boards, and so they don't go at all). An over-all view should be taken and this spirit should be imbibed by even school children.

University education cannot be deemed to have been completed unless it imparts at least the fundamentals of the important industries of our country. Such a bias should be given to our undergraduates in colleges. The sense of the dignity of labour which is thus created in the young would surely help them in their role as citizens of a free democratic republic. Then the graduates would have their deserved place in society. They would then become more useful and serviceable to their countrymen—the highest ideal of what Aristotle calls the good life.

A Memory

by S. Rajappa, II U.C.

I was walking on and on. I had no aim in walking and was thinking of something. The moon was shining in the sky. It was almost like day, though it was night. The howling of a distant fox made me afraid. I came to a house amidst the forest.

There was light inside the house and through a window I could see an old man sitting and doing something. I was very anxious to know who he was and why he was leading a solitary life in that house. I went near the door but did not open the door. Something in me dissuaded me from that. My conscience said: "Why are you worrying yourself about others' affairs?" Then I consoled myself with the thought that there was no harm in knowing. So I opened the door partially and hesitated once again.

"Come in, my boy," said an old voice. I entered the house with fear and my heart came into my mouth to see an old man with a white beard, thinking that he was a ghost. 'Don't fear,' said he. "Who are you?" I did not know what to say but my lips said: 'A man.'

"A man!" he laughed. "I do not think so. You are very young; still you have better ideas than old people, I think."

Now I gained courage and talked with him with much ease.

"Grandpa, why are you living in this forest? You have not bolted the door. Have you no fear of thieves?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "I have no fear of thieves. If they come here, they will be converted into good men. I have never bolted the door, because everybody is welcome to my house at any time and you will know that there will be no need for bolting. I am living in this house for many years. In my youth, I wanted to live a luxurious life and spend as much as I could; but I am laughing now at my foolishness. I am spending my time in praying to God."

"God!" I observed, "do you believe in the existence of God, Grand-pa?"

"Yes, my darling. We are all human beings and we are created by somebody and he must be a supernatural being. I call this supernatural being God, and I believe in Him. You do not believe and you are very eager to know more and more about God by discussion and finally you will never have peace of mind."

"Can't you lead a peaceful life in the town?"

"No, my son. There are cowards, cutthroats, drunkards, loafers in the town. How can I lead a peaceful life among them, and how can I pray to God? God is love. He loves those who love their neighbours. He loves the poor. You can get sympathy from the poor; for God lives among them and they get it from Him as their birth-right.

"There are many inequalities among men," I said.

"Certainly not. All are sons of God and God is our Father. He gives different gifts to each one. All His children are equal, but different."

"You are like a saint, Grandpa," I said with extreme happiness. Now my doubts were cleared and my mind was at peace.

I looked at that old man, my "Grandpa." He smiled at me and I smiled back to him. Now my sight grew dimmer and dimmer. I closed my eyes with my hands . . .

THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH

This oath, some seventeen hundred years ago, crystallised out of the medical conscience; it included the obligation of integrity and trust, the claim of suffering, the care of mothers and children, solicitude for the old and weak, the sanctity of human life.

Its modern form is the question every candidate for admission to the earliest of American learned associations was asked: 'Do you love truth for truth's sake, and will you endeavour impartially to find . . . it for yourself and communicate it to others?'

An Hour with Poets and Poetry

by Cyril F. Swampillai, II U.C.

BY temperament I am a philosopher and a firm believer in the old adage: "Man lives not by bread alone." My tastes might sound queer to the highly materialistic minds of the present generation. Those scientists and social reformers who speak about economic necessities and luxuries and write on a living wage and standard of living might laugh me to scorn. But I am nevertheless convinced of the saneness of my convictions. To me painting, poetry, and music are as important as food, shelter and clothing.

Last Saturday, after lunch, I threw myself into an easy chair taking in hand a book that chanced to be on my table. The book was Lay's "Poets and Poetry." The right book had come into my hand, I reflected. Then with eagerness I opened the book.

The first poem was on "Rain," Who would ever imagine poetry to be written on rain! Why then did this poet select rain of all subjects? I read through the poem in silence. I was pleased with it: I read it aloud. The music of the poem almost enraptured me. As I read the words aloud, the drops of the "weary, dreary rain" seemed to fall pattering on the roof above. I was greatly taken up by the poetic talent of this poet. I turned the leaves to see if I could find any other poem by the same writer. Eureka! on page 107 I found another of Henley's poems entitled "Out of the Night." Here the poet seemed to write in quite a different fashion. I could not find here that exquisite music of the poem on rain. Here, on the contrary, were expressed those lofty sentiments which many of us feel with our hearts but few express in such delicate poetical language.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

This young poet led a life of misery, spending most of his time in hospitals and infirmaries, and died in the year

1903. If he had been blessed with health and longevity, who knows, he might have reached more ecstatic heights in thought and rhyme.

I have heard certain learned men say that English poetry had died with Tennyson and Rossetti. But here in Lay's book of poetry I found pieces worthy of the great masters of the art. Here were poets who had written lines that could compare favourably with those of Milton and Shelley.

There are, for example, two poems on Larks. One is by Robert Bridges and the other by Tynan Hinkson.

I light on flight, storey on storey,
 Into the daggling glory;
 There was no bird, only a singing
 Up in the glory, climbing and ringing
 Like a small golden cloud at even,
 Trembling twixt earth and heaven.

Who can deny that such delicate music and such beautiful word-pictures as those painted in these lines belong to poetry of the highest and most sublime type?

I next turned to Lionel Johnson's poem on Charles I. As I read through this poem I was reminded of the oft quoted lines of Andrew Marvell on the same subject.

He nothing common did or mean
 Upon that memorable scene . . .
 But bowed his comely head
 Down as upon a bed.

But to me these lines could not stand comparison with the sublime language of Lionel Johnson:

Vanquished in life, his death
 By beauty made amends;
 The passing of his breath
 Won his defeated ends.

Here is a biography of this great king more grand and solemn than any work of prose or poetry can be. From beginning to end it is a long shower of the sweetest word music. The ending of the poem takes us to the world of sublime philosophy:

The stars and heavenly deeps
 Work out a perfect will. . .

The poem that next arrested my attention was the one entitled "Moonlit Apples" written by our contemporary

poet, Drinkwater. The title of the poem itself recalls many beautiful images to our minds. Moonlit Apples! How exquisitely beautiful they must look!

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams,
On the sagging floor, they gather the silver streams,
Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams.

"Silver streams", "Moonlit apples of dreams", can there be a more beautiful and more appropriate description of moonlight than "silver streams"? Or can there be a fitter description of the pleasant lustre that the apples must have shed than the words "Moonlit apples of dreams"? Nor is this all. Every word in the poem can be compared to the best piece of art ever produced by the brushes of Michel Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. "Deep sea apples of green", "the gloomy beams", "moon-washed apples of wonder"—these are only a few instances of the charming word-pictures in the poem.

As I sat in my chair reading this poem over and over again and feeding on its beauty, I become insensible to everything around me. Suddenly I was roused by a tap at the door of my study. It was my friend who had come to take me to college. But I was not in a mood to leave such a thrilling experience just in the middle. I bade him wait and turned to Hardy's poem on "Shelley's Skylark". It was only a few days ago that I had read Shelley's poem itself. Hence all the images that Shelley had painted were fresh in my memory. With this preparation I read this poem of Hardy's:

Go find it, fairies, go find
That tiny pinch of priceless dust
And bring a casket silver-lined
And framed of gold that gems encrust.

I began to wonder whether this poem of Hardy's was not more sublime, more exquisite than even Shelley's. While I was thus musing my friend started pestering me with taps and taps so that I had to bid farewell to these sweet companions of my solitude. I went to class and there, what a strange contrast! Calculus and Pythagoras instead of Hardy and Shelley.

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ROLL OF HONOUR 1951-'52

(New Hostel's share of Academic Prizes on College Day)

1. The Gordon Hadfield Gold Medal for Conduct
V. C. Matthew Roy.



2. III Honours and III B. Sc (Pass and Honours)
and III B. Com.

MORAL SCIENCE

Prize: S. Sundaraganapathy.



3. I. U. C.

MORAL SCIENCE

Prize: S. Rajagopalan



4. V Honours.

MATHEMATICS.

2. The Sr. Pruvot Memorial Gold Medal
S. Sampathnarayan.



5. V Honours.

ECONOMICS.

3. The Ripon Gold Medal
Joshua John

POLITICS

4. The Fr. Steenkiste Silver Medal

Joshua John.



7. III Honours.

MATHEMATICS.

5. The S. D. Ramachandran Memorial Prize

M. L. Lakshmanan.



8. III Honours.

ECONOMICS

Prize: M. V. Kunhan Nair.



9. III B. Sc. (Hons)

PHYSICS

6. The Fr. Gombert Memorial Medal

L. Rangarajan



10. IV U. C.

7. The Fr. Leigh Shakespeare Prize

M. A. Sundaram.



11. IV U. C.

MALAYALAM

Prize: C. Radhakrishnan.



12. IV U. C.

SANSKRIT

- 8. The Parvathy Ammal Prize

R. S. Janakiraman.

13. IV U. C.

BOTANY

Prize: T. U. George.

14. IV U. C.

ECONOMICS AND HISTORY.

9. *The H. Subba Rao Prize.*

M. A. Sundaram.



15. IV U. C.

INDIAN HISTORY

10. *The H. C. Castle Stuart Prize*

M. A. Sundaram.

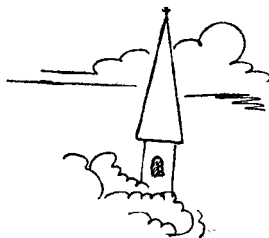


16. III U. C.

MATHEMATICS

11. *The Fr. de Beaurepaire Pri*

S. Ponnuswamy.



Ebb and Flow

September 30th: Back home from home after a refreshing holiday, we settle down to our busy life.

October 5th: First Family Meeting for this term. Rev. Fr. Warden announces the opening of our Home tournaments and gives us hints on how to conduct ourselves during tournaments.

October 7th: The Pruvôt Trophy football match with Sacred Heart Hostel. We won by one goal to nil.

October 8th: The Pruvôt Trophy football match with Dayscholars: we won by one goal to nil. Our players have thus secured for us the Ramaswami cup, and our thanks are due to all of them and to the captain P. V. Philip in particular.

October 10th: Our table-tennis team defeated the Y.M.C.A. team by 6 matches to 1.

October 11th: The Pruvôt Trophy badminton match with Dayscholars. We won in straight games.

October 13th: Our badminton match with Sacred Heart Hostel ends in a grand victory for us.

October 14th: Badminton match with Clive's. We lost the match but secured the Pruvôt Trophy by a record number of points.

October 17th: The Hostel was awakened in the small hours of the night by a huge explosion. It was only one of our friends firing a cracker. Thus our Diwali began and it was a grand feast indeed; and all the more enjoyable because of the spirit of harmony with which it was celebrated.

October 19th: Our Hostel Orchestra wins the first prize in the Fine Arts Society competition. Two of our hostellers also get prizes. It only goes to show that we attach as much importance to the aesthetic as to the athletic and the academic side of life.

October 22nd: College sports begin today and we get 10 points in the Shot-put event.

October 27th: We join the staff and students of the College in greeting Rev. Fr. Rector and thanking him for all that he has done for us.

October 28th: A busy day for all of us—being College Day and Sports Day. The notable event of the morning was the Tug-o'-war in which we avenged our defeat of last year. We lost the Rapinat Cup but it was forgotten in the triumphant entry which we made with the Pruvôt Cup and the Ramaswami Cup to the accompaniment of our Hostel Orchestra. In the evening we crowd into the Lawley Hall to applaud our many prize-winners.

October 29th: The Inter-Collegiate basket-ball match with A. C. College, Karaikudi, was played on our court; our College team won by 51 points to 22.

November 2nd: Second Family Meeting for this term. Fr. Warden speaks to us about general politeness and also explains the psychology of communalism, which he wants us to avoid.

November 16th: A day of rest and enjoyment before the strenuous period of preparation for the examination. Feast—with a record number of Fathers and lay professors as our guests at dinner.

November 23: Third Family Meeting. Fr. Warden gives us practical advice on how to prepare for and face the coming examination.



EDITO RIAL



THE 23rd of June dawned, and for many of us it was the initial step into a more serious world—the first experience of a great College, and, as great, New Hostel. For others, it was the glad return to their Second Home. We are back once again and the Hostel has settled back into the smooth, even tenor of its life. It is an unmitigated pleasure to see the courts in the evening full of young men, teeming with *joie de vivre* and good fellowship.

This year begins with the cheering news that in the final examination last March the first ranks in all the three Groups of I U.C., in all the three branches of IV Honours,—and in one branch of III Honours, were won by New Hostellers. The University results are tabulated elsewhere. It remains for us to keep up this high tradition.

Those who were here last year saw the birth of the New Hostel Orchestra. It was only an embryo orchestra and it did a manly job of it on every occasion it was called upon. This year, it is a musical adult. Listening to its melodies, one would think that Toscanini was in Trichy! They are the pride of New Hostel, these scintillating symphonists.

Excelsior! said Tensing and Hillary. Against the freezing cold, against height-sickness, against fatigue and failure they toiled, toiled for the pinnacle which was ever so far away. These men were working for an ideal, an achievement without parallel, struggling for that elusive bunch of grapes which others couldn't reach. Excelsior it was, and now the world toasts Tensing and Hillary. For perseverance was their watchword, labour their joy, and for their reward . . . ? If these men could be so stubborn to attain such an abstruse ideal, what is our role—as the youth of the world? Merely that of law-abiding citizens, leading a drab, asinine life? No! Truth, goodness, charity, and, through these, beauty. Let us start here and now, so that one day men may, of each of us

. . . . stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man.

The strife of two great powers is being settled in Korea. The war that lasted exactly three years has been brought to a close. One cannot be sure that this will lead to peace though the recent peace advances made by Russia lead one to be optimistic. There is nothing to do but wait and hope.

In another question of the day, watchful waiting is again in order. We mean the new education scheme. While not passing judgement, one cannot but speculate that this new scheme does nothing by way of alleviating the miseries of the caste system. There are other facets to the problem too: unemployment, the reaction of the masses, the desirability of the parents' profession, the age of those affected by the system.

This magazine is the arena of a new discussion—whether art or science should be given more prominence in the 'Varsity curriculum. It raises interesting points. The new education scheme advocates the following of the parents' profession. Instead of this, why shouldn't the young be given an opportunity to exercise their artistic

talents? Having been freed at noon they could spend the afternoon in learning the fine arts. This is only a speculation. We cannot decide on the merits or demerits of the scheme now. Posterity must decide.

Quite as important as the Korean armistice, the Kashmir dispute, and other problems of international import is for us New Hostellers the invasion of the mosquito horde. Like Sennacherib's savages, they descend in a very orgy of stings, and then—lost tempers, broken mirrors and glasses, a wild hoodoo dance on the room floor, flailing arms, and exhaustion, while the tireless mosquitoes renew the siege. It is no use fighting. What cannot be cured must be endured.

The literary efforts of many of our friends were but rough diamonds. Polish them up for the next issue; and to those who have talent but are reticent we say, "Don't hide your light under a bushel!" Wishing all of you a happy year in New Hostel,

M. V. KUNHAN NAIR, V Hons.

M. S. SUBBARAMAN, Post-Grad.

FRANCIS J. PANCRAS, II U.C.

Editors.



Should Art or Science be given

greater prominence

• INTRODUCTION

As Sir Roger wisely remarked, much might be said on both sides; and our contributors have said much on one of the leading problems to be tackled by our Universities today. Our contributors, with a clear perspective and thorough understanding, have analysed the problem. One significant fact you can notice is that some Arts students have argued for Science, while some Science students have spoken up for Art. And two wise men for both!

in the

University

Curriculum?

SYMPOSIUM

Art—

K. Chandrapragasam, II U.C.

WHAT is Science in India? Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Geology etc. are called sciences, and History, Geography and Politics are Arts. Superficially, the classification is admissible. But history, geography, logic and politics are sciences and not arts. If it is a question of whether science or art should be given more prominence, the matter is closed. But if history and allied subjects are taken as arts, it is a moot question. Surely no one will deny that science is the ruling force in the world! Modern amenities prove it and "if you want peace, prepare for war" necessitates it. The College rolls prove that science is more "popular" than art. The students of science today are the doctors, engineers, and research workers of tomorrow. We need doctors and engineers and we produce them. All very good. But does one's outlook ever extend beyond the material?

Even the basest soul betrays the craving to produce. Art is creation, the creation of man and nature, and surely there can be no higher ideal. Art gives the beholder the sublime ecstasy of a soul plunging into unplumbed depths of intense feeling. It gives the

artist the sense of power and oneness with the Creator. The fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, poetry, architecture—are the æsthetic elixir of the common man's drab existence. In Greece, the University was exclusively for the fine arts—no mixture of sciences and arts. The University of today fails just here in accomplishing its purpose, which is to bring out the fine traits of a youth's character. It makes of a youth a mechanical automaton. If education is truly to "bring out", if it is to make of a man a noble being capable of appreciating beauty, the University should establish a section for the fine arts. "Beauty must come to the useful arts, and the distinction between the fine and the useful arts be forgotten. If history were truly told, if life were nobly spent, it would be no longer easy or possible to distinguish the one from the other"—says Emerson. If the useful arts were well learnt in the University, the dignity of manual labour would be recognised.

The difference between Art and Science, it is said, is the distinction between beauty and utility. The world is one vast flow of frenzied activity with no time to turn and look back. This is no world for inepts. It is a hard cold machine where every man is just a little wheel to be replaced at the least sign of wear. This is the world of Science—the world of utility.

The University produces doctors, lawyers, engineers, and other professional men. These men today are automata without any art or poetry in them. If we are to live with that æsthetic tinge to make living worth while, music, drama, sculpture and painting should find a place in our lives—and by what other way than the University? "When sciences are learned in art and its powers are wielded by art, they will appear the supplements and continuations of the material creations." It is the spice of the fine arts that makes life lovely.



Science—

J. G. Krishnamurthy, IV B. Com.

Science has become an indispensable condition of civilized existence and a main factor in determining the direction of progress. The present world is one continuous record of what science has done and is doing for us. Without science, no country can come forward in the modern world. So our country needs a constant flow, not only of trained scientific workers, but also of scientific leaders filled with the spirit of research. It is necessary to train a large number of scientists in the hope that we may get a few men of outstanding calibre. So we must have widely extended facilities for scientific education in our colleges and universities.

Further, though art is necessary for a civilised life, it can be studied at home, whereas science can be studied only in colleges and universities, since it requires costly apparatus.

Some unjustly criticise science as amoral or indifferent to values. It is a pursuit after truth. Its essence is careful observation of facts, rigid conscientiousness in inference, and elimination of personal prejudice and passion. Its ideal is the same as that of philosophy, the vision of reality.

Our universities must emphasize science. As Dr. S. S. Bhatnagar has rightly observed: "While National Laboratories and Research Institutes will play an ever increasing part in furthering the application of science to industry, agriculture, engineering, medicine etc., it is clear that ultimately we have to depend on the universities for an even and constant flow of scientific workers and leaders imbued with zeal and zest for research Universities have been rightly recognised as the fountain-heads of knowledge and it is in their free atmosphere that we should look forward to vigorous pursuit of science and research."

I agree with Aristotle that "no lesson is so important to learn, and no habit is so important to acquire

as a scientific attitude and delight in fine characters and noble actions." The purpose of University education is, in the first place, to provide students with the means of acquiring the habit of observation; and secondly, to apply the subject-matter of knowledge either in the shape of science, or of art, or of both combined.



Art—

M. L. Chacko, IV B. Com.

From experience we see that almost all the wonderful discoveries of science have been diverted to the destruction and degeneration of humanity, and only a very few used for the welfare of mankind. So, before aiming at the betterment of the world, there remains the difficult task of training people in this line. Let every one study the history of mankind; let each one find out the causes underlying the present-day commotions of the world and the ways by which such catastrophes can be avoided. The first and foremost thing needed for this is a proper sense of morality, openheartedness, and love towards our neighbour. Only after having gifted the minds of people with such virtues can we proceed further for the progress of the world. Then only comes the chance of science being used for this end. Therefore art is to be given more prominence than science in the University curriculum.



Science—

S. Ramanathan, IV B. Com.

Scientific knowledge can be easily imparted by one person to another, unlike art, which, according to Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, is the work of solitary genius and so irreplaceable by others.

In these days the development of a nation is chiefly estimated by the development of Science, which in turn depends on the promotion of Science by

the Universities. So, more prominence should be given to Science in our Universities.



Art—

S. S. Thangavelu, II U.C.

Art deserves more prominence in human life. The University curriculum should also be planned on this basis. I don't mean that Science should be neglected, as it undoubtedly holds a high place in the present world. Yet in spite of the tremendous achievements of Science, mankind has not progressed in its moral life. We cannot really boast of having advanced in culture, though we have in civilization. Two thousand years ago, our forefathers lived in peace and contentment. But alas, we are not so happy as they were! 'Man has learnt to fly like birds in the sky, to swim like fish under water, but he has not yet learnt to live like a Man,' regrets Bernard Shaw. I fear Shaw was right.

Life itself is an art. The aim of life is supreme happiness. The University curriculum should help the undergraduate to prepare himself to live a model life. Art makes life enjoyable. Indeed, Science can foster the development of Art. But mere science by itself cannot promote human happiness, for it is indifferent—though not hostile—to human feelings and emotions, which are the source of Art. Art and Science should go together. But when it comes to the question of preference, certainly art comes first and science next.



Science—

P. S. Santhanam, IV Hons.

The solution of the various problems facing the country can only come through scientific methods. In the present age, the scientific progress of a country alone can raise it in the eyes of other nations. It can

be said, therefore, that science alone can teach scientific methods to the students who cross the threshold of the University.

Further, in the present age, there is no sphere in which some application or other of science has not found a place. So, if we do not pay much attention to the scientific progress of our country, she will have to lag behind others in the international race. Our country is therefore in need of scientists who have creative capacity and genius for application of science in industry and other walks of life; and it can be said that the University is the best workshop where these tools of scientific progress can be effectively produced.

I am not trying to detract from the value of art in the University curriculum. Art has its own part to play in the University, but its part should not be emphasised. It is, of course, necessary to give the students the proper training of mind and character. But emphasis should be laid on the pursuit of science. Art should be in the background, playing second fiddle to its superior.



Art—

T. R. Sethuraman, III B. Sc.

Mill says: "Science takes cognizance of a phenomenon and endeavours to *ascertain* its law; art proposes to itself an end and looks out for *means* to effect it." Art teaches us to do, science teaches us to know. Science is only of material value. On the contrary, the arts develop the great human qualities like justice, love, kindness, and, above all, the spiritual nature of the soul.

Amongst the very many branches of art are literature, music, painting, and sculpture. All these fields of art build human character. Who is bold enough to deny the great spiritual value of literature, be it western or oriental? Almost all the branches of literature help men a good deal in developing their

character. So also music and other fine arts like painting and sculpture produce the highest feelings and ideas.

We must also be grateful to science for the limitless good it has done to the human race. But more prominence should be given to art than to science in the University curriculum.



Science—

J. Abdul Kalam, IV B.Sc.

It is universally acknowledged that India is the cradle of the arts. Our countrymen have been saturated with the arts. But we have not yet realised the importance of science.

What we need today is the spread of an understanding of science to reach every corner of India. Only science can solve our difficult problems and raise the standard of living of our people. For this purpose, Universities should strive to produce as many men of science as possible who must have a better understanding of science. The University is the main place where science can flourish, for science is the outcome of cooperative work, and hence requires organisation, which Universities alone can provide.

Moreover, it is wrong to say that science is in any way antagonistic to art. Karl Pearson in his *Grammar of Science* proclaims that "Modern Science, as training the mind to an exact and impartial analysis of facts, is an education specially fitted to promote sound citizenship." Science students, even though to some extent wanting in general knowledge, have the spirit of cooperation and team work. In the laboratory, they see practical difficulties when they try to get correct results, and this training helps them to face difficulties in their later life.



Both—

P. Thuraiappa, II U. C.

A science is a systematic and exact body of knowledge relating to a particular branch of the universe; while an art is 'a collection of practical rules or precepts for our guidance in the performance of some work usually external.' A science is concerned with things that already exist, and aims at discovering the laws that govern them. Arts, on the contrary, are busy creating new things.

But art and science are not exclusive of each other. They are interdependent. Art depends on science for its perfection. The arts of photography and cinematography depend largely upon physics and chemistry. The art of medicine is based upon the science of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, etc. If the various arts have made great headway in their respective fields, it is all due to the marvellous development made in the sciences. It is only after practising an art that one can lay down the rules that govern it. The art of singing, for example, has given rise to the science of music. For many centuries people practised the art of writing without any rules of grammar. And only after many centuries of continuous practice did the art of writing give birth to the science of grammar. These examples clearly show that science and art are not two different branches of knowledge that can be taken up for discussion separately, but two things the existence of each of which is indispensable to the growth and perfection of the other.

Knowing this, we cannot argue whether art or science should be given more prominence in our university curriculum. Both of them should be given the same measure of importance.

Today in almost all the universities of India undue importance is attached to science and not enough opportunities are provided for the development of the various arts. By over-emphasizing the importance of science the student thinks that science is an

end in itself. He does not know that the purpose of studying science is to practise the arts. The purpose of studying anatomy and physiology is to practise the art of medicine. Secondly, the student thinks that science is a better and nobler subject than art and he looks down upon the arts like poetry, sculpture, carpentry, agriculture, etc. He also begins to think that the people who practise these arts are a lower caste. Thirdly, the reason why we do not recognize the dignity of labour is our over-emphasis on science. Lastly, the students who study subjects like Chemistry and Physics think that it is *infra dig* for them to take to photography or agriculture and that their fate is to be clerks or teachers. Should art be given as much importance as science in our universities, people will recognize the dignity of labour and solve the problem of educated unemployment in the country.

Neither should we over-emphasize the importance of art. Art cannot develop without the help of science. If wonders are worked in photography, it is because of the great development that has taken place in the Science of Physics and Chemistry. Art gives rise to science and science in its turn ennobles and improves art.



Both—

K. C. Vijayagopal, III Hons.

Art is the consequence of man's sense of beauty. It deals with the ideal. Art can influence man's mind greatly and change it for the better. Fine arts give not merely pleasure but also moral elevation to man. All men loves art. But some can create things of beauty. In our Universities there must be ample facilities for the development of these talents. Art should by all means be encouraged. A state of life without art is something undesirable.

Science also forms an essential part of human culture. Scientific knowledge leads to the enlargement

of the mind. It increases national wealth and improves the standard of life of the community. To-day our country is badly in need of well-trained scientists to harness the forces of nature for the service of the people. There are many among us having a peculiar taste for the various branches of science who if properly trained would help much to promote the welfare of the country. Hence in this scientific age it is the prime duty of our Universities to encourage and develop the scientific talents of the students.

Thus both art and science are to be given their due place in the University curriculum. Neither can be ignored. Students interested in each should be given all possible facilities for study.



CONCLUSION

Both Science and Art are essential for the progress of a nation, Science for material progress and Art for spiritual. As one of our writers remarks, ample facilities should be given for studies and research in both subjects. But the curriculum should be so framed that every science student must know something of art and every arts student should know something of science. It may be noted here that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology realises the necessity of art and every student undergoing a Technology course in MIT must undergo a course in Arts simultaneously. Need we say more?—Eds.

The Secret of Happiness

“Each of us has as much happiness as he has virtue and wisdom God is a witness of this truth, for He is happy, not by reason of any external good but in Himself and by reason of His own nature. Herein lies the difference between good fortune and happiness, for external goods come of themselves and chance is the author of them, but no one is just or temperate by and through chance.”—Aristotle.

A Holiday in New Hostel

by B. N. Arjunan, IV B. Sc.

IF I were asked to name one single word that pleases me most, out of the whole stock of words which abound in a dictionary, I should choose a simple one: *Holiday*. Apart from the halo of sanctity which the word carries with it (because most holidays are holy days as well) it radiates a peculiar splendour of its own.

We know how we are disappointed, dejected, even offended when the postman disposes of us with an indiscriminate wave of the fingers, especially when we expect a letter or, more than that, when we need one. A similar feeling, but of a serious nature, affects us when we open the College Calendar and find only—"Fees due for Degree Classes"; "Question papers due in Office"; and no Holidays. Holidays are so lovely and amusingly good in themselves that you cannot but love them. Imagine how striking would be the blow if there were an announcement on Tuesday evening, last hour, that there would be regular classes next day. On the contrary, just imagine how warmly an announcement is greeted with applause and uproar if it comes to mean that owing to the clouds hanging heavily, predicting cyclonic weather, the next day will be a holiday! We jump in joy and keep whistling and singing: "To tomorrow is a . . . h . . . o . . . li . . . day. To-morrow," no matter whether the visitant is a cyclone, a typhoon, or even an earthquake.

Surely but for the juxtaposition of holidays, classes would appear dull, monotonous and wearisome and thus the very life in a University would become intolerable. For a worker or an earner a holiday means worrying over things other than his regular routine, for often he finds that problems at home are more pressing and irritating than those in the office. But to a student a holiday means anything other than

study: a suit of fresh clothes on; a sip at I.C.H.; a matinee at the Plaza; and an evening stroll in the bazaar.

Special to our New Hostel are more interesting terms. And I am sure that our aristocratic longing for more and more holidays will certainly win the recognition of our dear Fr. Warden. For with his lofty ideals of character-training we should like to hear him extracting the essence of holidays in his own natural, simple words—"We must have, or wish to have, but not try to have (for trying to have a holiday is different from wishing to have one) more and more holidays, because holiday means 'hostel-day'. For unlike class days on which you spend five hours in college, on holidays you remain here all the 24 hours, talk, read, play, witness matches, and mingle with others, and thereby have your character moulded consciously or unconsciously."

In our Hostel the very morning of a holiday begins with happy signs all around. Even the crowing of our cocks, as also the ringing of our bell suggests that the day promises to be more dynamic than usual. The birds on our nearby Neems quiver with pleasant tones praying you to wake up early lest the best morning hours should be lost on the cot. If you happen to be a late riser (as I am), you see that something calls you to roll up your bedding and share the joy of the outdoor field. When you toss in your bed with great reluctance to get up, you hear loud intermittent sounds which you are not able to associate with anything you have seen or heard. The sounds being more frequent, sleep is no longer possible. Hence you get up and, coming out of your room, rub your eyes and yawn loudly. Then looking at the grounds, an uncontrollable wave of dejection passes over your face, for you could never have imagined yourself so foolish as not to recognise the sound of the Volley-Ball in action. There you see our Hostel Samson (Subbiah) standing in the court, inhaling a deep breath of the sweet morning air and testing

his fist on the ball with a volley of shots. Soon, the whole ground is thick with teeming crowds and swaying balls.

Again, our holiday is marked with the absence of Morning Silence which remains hanging in the air like a pall on class days. Now, as you walk to the Mess for Morning Coffee, with tooth-brush in hand and towel on shoulder, you feel distinctly the spirit of the holiday. Your friends, who on class days greet you with just a nod of the head, now salute you with some emotion and kindly inquire after your health this morning.

The day affords many more scenes which you can scarcely see on ordinary days. Our Assembly Hall and Tiffin Room are busy with crowds flowing in and out. And you are so enamoured of the throbbing buzz inside them that you are forced to comment that Lamb was indeed lucky to have a mind that loved to be at home among crowds. Really, the man at the card table scoring his success by the last triumph, with a heavy rocking of the table; the man at the caroms challenging his partner to demonstrate what he had wished him to do; the melancholy loser at chess disapproving in poignant words the spectator's intrusion into the game; the waiting ping-pong enthusiast who wishes an early end of the present set, encouraging the better player with 'Shot! Shot!' and the conscientious daily-reader pressing hard into the study amidst all these distractions, are sights pleasanter than 'The Greatest Show On Earth'.

Another special stamp of a New Hostel holiday is the midday music. We have been so much accustomed to this that when we consciously feel that there is no class in the afternoon, our ears begin to demand their rights as soon as our stomach gets filled. Simultaneous with the emergence of the first man from the Mess, the amplifier keeps functioning until our nerves get soothed. Then comes the special feature of the day. As the music draws to a close, the air gets charged

with a fresh scent of soaps and hair-oils and you find birds of a feather flocking together to the movies.

The evening, of course, is much like an ordinary day except for the fact that a smaller crowd waits on the grounds to take their turn, for the Visual Education at the Lawley Hall attracts many of those who have been strong enough to resist extraneous temptations. Nevertheless the evening has its own advantages. For seeing the grounds a little less crowded, our friend standing on the veranda of the fourth story, who regularly keeps playing on his mouth-organ as an accompaniment to the tune on the loud-speaker, sniffs the air and then, looking at the sky, remarks: "The weather is fine, so I, too shall play to-day."

Those who don't enjoy a holiday miss a characteristic item in the training of New Hostel.

Thank You, Newton

by E. S. Ramamurthy, III B.Sc. Hons.

AN old friend of mine used to lament that, if he had been Newton, he would have swallowed the apple that fell on his head and remained at rest, thus doing good to himself as well as to posterity. I was then studying in the high school. Even though the word 'high' was there, it fitted neither the building nor the staff. The honest English teacher injected into our brains the story of Newton and the apple which explains the origin of his theory of gravitation. The Science teacher toiled hard to explain the theory itself, but this was too high for me. What mysterious circumstances led to Newton's suspicions and what exactly he meant by his theory and all that—to be plain, I cannot understand even now. However, the master was not the man to lose heart. On one of those days we had physical education

class. An incident which took place then induced in me some reverence and respect for that great genius.

That day, the Physical Instructor announced that we should do high jump. I was quite carefree and even boasted that I would clear so many feet which made others stagger and swear that I would one day become world-famous. We all 'fell in' as the Instructor instructed. Names were called in alphabetical order and since my name began with the letter 'R', that allowed me much time to muse. I saw my friends go, one after the other, only to return with what an epigrammatizing bloke calls 'the first step to success.' As far as my raw memory goes, it was three feet, I think. However, I was making my own plans in my mind.

Time wore on and soon I heard my name called from somewhere. I spun round dreamily only to see the drill-master look angrily at my nonchalance. My great moment had come at last. I prepared myself with (what I thought to be) the correct stance and a good control of breath. Up I ran gathering speed, but, alas, I had forgotten the pole. Ultimately my body dashed against it (it is one of the standing poles) and recoiled with pain. All the terrified boys rushed to help me even though I needed no help. I managed to pick myself up in a tick of the clock and went back to my position. I found my whole body intact and so had to inform the Instructor—as a matter of fact, he took it for granted—that I would try again.

All my friends stared at me with anxiety in their hearts—their anxiety being whether I would clear the promised height and thus lay the foundation for their 'prophecy.' I had my own, but it is not fit to be given out here. Again up I darted and ran the length with less speed and heaved my body up. I indeed managed to get my body above the ground. Whether I thought I should be eternally going up higher and higher, I cannot recollect clearly. But something did not allow these musings to continue. Down I

came and safely landed. The landing was perfect indeed except that a narrow pole intercepted me midway through my 'experience in air.' But any possibility of more musing was struck out by a terrified shriek from a sturdy chap. A huge crowd gathered round him and the names of even the school doctor and the headmaster were mentioned frequently. I asked one of those near by about the matter. He replied in a sort of caustic tone that the bar I had dislodged had hit the eager spectator a little above his eye. How I gave the 'cut' to my anxious friends that day, only God knows.

The next day all my friends gathered round me and began to mock at my 'adventure.' I assumed rather an earnest philosophic tone and remarked that it was due to the force of gravitation as brought out by Newton. My friends were not fools to stand there any more. At last I felt at ease. Thank you, Newton. I am really grateful to you for having saved me on that black day.

Only a Stamp.

by S. P. Muthusamy, III U.C.

IN our hostel life Sundays and Wednesdays play a prominent part. No one can deny the fact that we welcome those days. All of us know how to spend them, but after some time we can hardly recollect what we did on a certain day. Yet there are some days that are remarkable and we can never forget them.

It was a Wednesday and in the morning our dear 'Illai Sir' (இலை-சர்)—I mean the postman—brought me a book-post bearing moral lessons. There were also question papers which I had to answer and send. I learned many moral principles. It is very easy for us to learn a lot but it is not so easy to put it

into practice. We also study moral principles in the College, but I never expected that I should use those principles that very day.

After some time I was reading those moral lessons. My neighbour Mr. N. was also interested in them and he always helped me in answering the questions given in those lessons. When I was deeply engaged with them, he came to my room and was looking at the book-post cover. Suddenly he gave a cry which enraged me. I was turning to him to ask about the matter, when he showed me the book-post cover. There, to my astonishment, I found the stamp without the post-office seal. Soon we took the stamp apart from the cover.

The Morning Silence bell went at 10-15 and there was perfect silence in the family. After answering the questions I searched for a stamp to send the answer but there was none in my drawer. Soon I thought about the stamp which I had just then taken. But my conscience disagreed with the thought. I began to think about the matter. It seemed to me a silly thing to waste my precious silence hours in that matter. Yet the whole morning was spent in thinking about it. There was a conflict between my mind and my conscience.

'Now you have no stamp. You have to go to the post-office to buy one. You had better use this stamp'—It was my mind.

'You have no right to use the stamp. Now it has no value, since it has served its purpose. If you use it, then you are doing a wrong act which you are not allowed'—This was my conscience.

'What wrong is there in using a one-anna stamp? After all it is nothing'.

'Perhaps it may seem to be nothing. You should remember that by using this stamp you are depriving the postal department and thereby the Indian Govt. of one anna to which you have absolutely no right.'

‘What! it is only a single anna. It is after all no loss for the Indian Govt. which deals with millions of rupees. There is also one thing more. Even if you use it, no one can find fault with you or punish you’

‘Yes, it is only a single anna and no one can do anything with you. But from the point of view of morality, if you use the stamp you are sinning in the presence of God and you will suffer for it’.

‘If you listen to such scruples you will only lose the stamp. Then you have to go to the post-office today to post the reply. If you use the stamp you need not go to the post-office and even if you use it there is no harm done to anybody’.

‘Oh! this is absolutely wrong. You do harm to somebody, say the people of the Indian Union. God directs us to do good and to avoid evil. That is why you have a conscience. If you do not use it, then what is the use of your study of morals’?

In this manner the struggle lasted long. I was in a miserable state. I need not say that at the end my conscience won the battle. I preserved the stamp with great care. I put it in some note-book which I gave to somebody at the end of the year without thinking about it.

This may seem to you to be silly, but we must not forget that it is only in trifles that we judge wrongly. Before I went to bed I thanked God for having directed me in the right path. Whenever I remember this incident I am glad of having done the right thing.





MOTHER

You can have only one mother,
Patient, kind, and true ;
No other mind in all this world
Will be so kind to you.

For all her loving kindness
She asks for no return ;
If all the world should hate you,
To her you can return.

Be careful how you answer her,
Choose every word you say ;
Remember she is your mother,
Though she is poor and gray.

Let her know you love her,
Cheer and comfort her ;
You cannot get another
When she has passed away.

S. Venkatesan,
II U. C.

First Impressions

by T. Nagasundaram, III U.C.

I feel proud to say that I have secured a place in New Hostel. Even the very name of the Hostel gave me a new and good impression, and when I came here a day before the re-opening of the College, I was charmed by the beautiful tall cream-coloured buildings which stand in a majestic manner. These buildings looked so fresh and colourful in the midst of drab Trichy that I inquired where such a lovely creation could be obtained.

At first I was new to the Hostel rules. But within a few days, I fully experienced the spirit of this Hostel and came to realise its greatness.

That was the re-opening day, 23 June. The usual bustle of new students was heard all day. Suddenly I heard the triple strokes of the Hostel bell. At once all the students rushed to their rooms in silence. No more squatting on the veranda and no more exchange of fun and frolic. It was 8-15 p.m. The whole place seemed a desert. I could not know just why. I too hustled myself to my room.

The clock on my table could distinctly be heard through the stillness of the night. I was wondering. What a strange silence, unknown to me till now! I took a book from my shelf and scanned the pages without reading a word.

I heard a tap on my door. I was curious. On reaching the door I hesitated. I opened only the shutters to find out who was the intruder. It was Rev. Fr. Warden. I was perplexed. I opened the door and let him in. He seemed to read my mind through. He smiled at me and said: "In future, let your door remain open after 8-15." I did not utter a word. I was just trying to recapitulate. He went on:

"You were the first to join this Hostel, this year, Nagasundaram."

"I think so, Father."

After a few minutes he wished me good night and I responded.

I came to my chair. I started reflecting within. He asked me to keep the door open. Which door did he mean? The door of my room or the door of my . . . ? Yes, perhaps he meant that too! And he knew my name so soon!

The day after the next the bell went as usual at 8-15 p.m. I closed the door and left the shutters open. I thought that the Warden could look through the shutters into the room and that would be sufficient. I heard the expected knock on the door. Through the shutters I could see the Warden standing. I opened the door with an uneasy mind. The Warden said:

"Can't you understand what I told you? This is not a roll-call but a visit." Without waiting for my reply he closed the shutters and left the door wide open. I realised, regretted, and cursed myself.

Then on Sunday came the Family Meeting—the unique thing which I much admired. It was really a family gathering. Father Warden explained at length the purpose of his coming to our rooms at night. He said he was eager to establish intimate contact with us and acquaint himself with our problems and not to 'police' our study or other activities. A sense of realisation dawned upon me.

He also explained the Constitution of our Hostel. Quite similar to the constitution of our state, New Hostel has also a Constitution whose object is to train the characters of its students.

The next picture which has been snapped by my heart is most certainly the Games. This is one of the most important features which I like very much in New Hostel. It is a cheerful sight to see almost every student playing various games on the Hostel grounds while the record music is going on. Games in the New Hostel develop our physical strength and foster our family spirit. In other words, we have every facility to develop our talents and mix with one another. No wonder New Hostel has earned an unrivalled reputation outside.

Oysters and Mussels

by S. T. Paldano, F.U.C.

OYSTERS and mussels have been classified by zoologists as belonging to the class Lamelli-branchiata in the phylum Mollusca. By the name of the class we are made to understand that these animals breathe by means of gills which consist of lamellæ. If the shell is removed the soft body of the animal is exposed. The shell is a secretion of these body lobes.

There are various species of oysters and mussels of which both the body and the shell are of great use to man.

Along the English coast lives *Anomea* which is a pinkish brown mussel. Its pearly shell is used for making the petals of artificial flowers. An allied form, *Placuna*, has a very thin and flat and transparent shell which is used in some parts of the east for glazing windows and hence this animal is described as the window-pane oyster.

The cold, temperate, and tropical seas abound in the mussels of the family *Mytilidae*. These are mostly used for human consumption.

The pearl oyster *Marguertifera* is widely distributed in the warm and tropical seas. It is fished commercially for the sake of the brilliant nacreous shells and pearls that are often found inside the latter. The chief centres of the pearl industry are S. India, Ceylon, Japan, and N. W. Australia. The pearls are of several kinds, of which the large spherical "orient" type is the most valuable. The formation of these and other kinds of pearls has been the subject of a great deal of inquiry and controversy.

One theory says that pearl formation is due to a parasitic cestode worm, while another says that the pearls are formed round a foreign body such as sand. Whatever the original nucleus is, yet the fact

remains that the orient pearls are formed by concentric layers of mother-of-pearl (NACRE) deposited round some solid object in the molluscan tissue, which serves as a stimulus for deposition.

Japanese pearl cultivators have taken advantage of this knowledge and have produced cultural pearls by drafting operations.

Most of the fresh-water mussels are edible but in N. America the fresh-water oyster (UNIO) is cultivated for the purpose of obtaining its shell which is of great importance in the button-making industry.

The oysters and mussels which represent the family Lamellibranchiata are only a few examples of the phylum Mollusca. If we were to consider the uses and importance of the other molluscs, it would lead us to quote Faraday who says: "Every little particle is a centre of force and activity. This our philosophy, whilst it shows us these things, should lead us to think of Him who hath wrought them."

How to win Friends in New Hostel

by A. K. Subramanian, III Hons.

THERE are many occasions to become friends in the outside world. You can easily get a friend while you are travelling by train or by bus. This friendship we may call "railway friendship." To get a friend in New Hostel is not so easy. The following suggestions may be useful.

In our bathroom there is a fine custom known as 'Reservation.' You place your beautiful soap-box in front of one of the doors. There will be a long queue

of soap-boxes of various kinds and of various colours. When you look at the soap-boxes, you will at once think of men standing in a queue. The only difference is that in front of a shop men actually stand in the queue waiting for their turn, whereas here in our bathrooms soap-boxes do the work of men.

When your turn comes, you should say: "If you like, you may go first." Then he will express his thanks to you in a friendly smile. This is the first step.

But you should not leave the new 'bathroom friend' at this premature stage lest you meet with disappointment. When once you have become bathroom friends there will always be the smile of friendship on the lips of both.

The Mess provides you with a fine opportunity to strengthen your "bathroom friendship." You wait for and follow your new friend and sit near him. At this moment you should be particular to note whether he is a good eater like Dr. Johnson. If so, you should become a Wilkes and provide an opportunity for your friend to get something more. Here you have won half the victory over him.

Next you should follow your already half-won friend even to the playground. On getting together, you should say: "What a fine shot! excellently placed!!" whenever an opportunity offers itself to praise him. But take care! Be modest in praising, lest your friend think that you are fooling him. You must behave like the shopkeeper in 'Crimson Silk.'

You have come now almost to the perfect stage of your friendship. But you should not be satisfied with this. The finest chance by which you can complete your friendship is the letter-business. At about 9-30 a.m. your ears should be alert to hear the characteristic words: "Illai, Sir" You should not miss even a single minute in getting down. You will hear peculiar cries from all blocks. You should shut

your ears to them and mind your business of entertaining your friend. He will feel at home with you owing to the profound happiness derived from the letters he has received. Certainly he will cast a look of cordial friendliness at you. This completes the friendship which began in the bathroom.

If even at this stage you are not hearty friends, it is no fault of mine. It is either your fault or your friend's. I am confident that there can be no two opinions among New Hostellers on what I have had to say so far!

Far from the Madding Crowd

by M. N. Bhojan, IV B.A.

"..... or let one, who has ever lived in a quiet village, go for the first time to a great metropolis,— then I suppose he will have a sensation which perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling, not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature," says Cardinal Newman. In the same way, presumably a town-dweller may have a fresh sensation if he for the first time visits a lonely village. As far as I am concerned, though my days are spent alternately in town and village, I feel completely changed whenever I go to my village.

Why? Naturally, because it is my birthplace. But apart from this it provides me with various interesting activities. An investigation into the general atmosphere and the life and outlook of villagers is therefore instructive.

The 'busy hum of men' that we notice in towns is absent in the village. (Here I have in mind a typical village in the Nilgiris). The various sounds of vehicles (at times horrible) find no place here. A peculiar type of serenity prevails over the hamlet.

This calm and peace one can only feel, but hardly express. It enlivens the atmosphere.

The village is very much indebted to Nature. The chains of hills, the green, long-stretched valleys, the glittering little lakes, the whispering streams with noisy waterfalls and terrifying steep rocks which one sees in the suburbs of it, add to the beauty of the hamlet.

Almost all the villagers earn their bread from their own 'good earth.' Land is to the labourer what fragrance is to the flower: it is his heart, life, everything.

Most rustics, bring untutored, hardly care for anything save their own welfare. Talk to one of them of politics, he pays no heed because he is not interested in your problems. His toothache means more to him than Rhee's role in the Korean war; his own speech is more interesting to him than Eisenhower's. Begin a fairy tale. Ah! there you are! You will find at once many gossips around you. They are the Rip van Winkles. Regrettably, they take little interest in external affairs. But there are some who do show enthusiasm in public matters.

The frankness of the rustics and, to some extent, their innocence and ignorance make the townfolk think well of them. Here I am reminded of a short anecdote that I once read in *The Reader's Digest*. A traveller, passing through a village, asked an old rustic: "Any big man born around here?" The old man replied: "No; the best we can do is babies." If they like anything, sure, they appreciate it; 'they are hearty in their approbation and lavish in their praise.'

They work hard, both men and women. They have work almost throughout the year. Their routine of a week's labour ends on Sunday evening. The so-called holiday comes on Monday which is often made the At-Home day and so surely it is not a Black Monday to them as it was to Charles Lamb.

In the town men usually idle away their day of rest. But in the village very early in the morning

you can notice people hurrying with a basket or a bag of vegetables to the weekly fair in the town. Before starting they breakfast on home-made cakes or cold rice. The fair sex rest at home; and the children, with the setting of the sun, wait anxiously for the return of the town-gone parent to get a doll, a ribbon, or a chocolate.

Folk-dances and other peculiar kinds of games which give refreshment both to body and mind, form the chief recreation of my village. Hunting is not uncommon. On days of religious rejoicing they perform the famous folk-dance called the "Harai Kohl" which is noted for its antiquity. The so-called modern games are found, nowadays, gradually occupying the place of the antiquated ones. Chatting in the "kambai"—equivalent to an old inn—is another method of recreating.

The houses resemble those in towns except in the number of stories. They are small cottages roofed with two kinds of tiles. Hardly any thatched roof is found in a Nilgiri village.

Besides, the hospitality and kindness of the rustics gives a new colour to the hamlet. The village, which stands 'far from the madding crowd,' I think, is capable of changing the usual view of an average townsman that village life is far inferior to that of the town.

In Hungary

In Hungary a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production plan was coming.

"Under our glorious leader Malenkov," answered the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous! If we put all our potatoes in a pile, they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God."

"But you know there isn't any God," said the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes either," replied the peasant.

Gone with the Aussies

by C. S. Narasimhan, I U.C.

IT needs no introduction to the fact that Australia, the supreme cricketing country, has been touring England now in quest of the Ashes. The present side, ably led by the workmanlike skipper Hassett, is doing well, earning a host of friends in every place where they play and show their cricketing talent. The team, blended of youth and experience, has won many a game in their matches with counties so far.

The Test matches provided invariably good entertainment although rain played its customary role in those encounters, causing interruption now and then.

The only game that plodded on gloriously undeterred by rain, was the grand historic Lord's, just where the spectators saw both the teams amassing huge totals in the first knock and failing miserably in the second venture. The heroic match-saving stand between Watson and Bailey, who defied the mediocre Australian bowling, pulling England out of fire with caution and perfect understanding, will long be remembered. The masterly captain's knock of 146 by Len Hutton, the stormy petrel of English cricket and the record-holder of the highest Test score, surpassed Don Bradman, the greatest batsman of all time, in style and demonstration. Once Hutton settles down, there is great difficulty to get rid of him. He was an immense threat to the Aussies in that Test and so the opponents never exhausted themselves in trying to get him out. This will remind us of the tactics held by the South Africans last year when they did not try to dismiss Harvey but were only on the look-out for dismissing the other batsmen.

One cannot help mentioning the name of Bedser, the world's most feared bowler, after his magnificent performance returning with a remarkable bag of 35 wickets in the series so far. It is indeed wonderful to see a bowler taking above 200 Test wickets in the space of only seven years.

It is no exaggeration to say that Bedser is the

mainstay and the spearhead of the English Test attack. There was some thunderbolt bowling by Lindwall, the fastest bowler since the retirement of Larwood. He, ably supported by the bumper-merchant Miller, bore the brunt of the attack. The spinners, Benand, Ring and Hill, disappointed Hassett to a greater extent than expected and their bowling was neither fiery nor hostile.

Many budding youngsters had a good season, particularly Graveney, Hole, Harvey, Lock and DeCourcy. Lock, though he figured late in Test cricket owing to injury, confirmed the opinion formed of him as the best spin bowler in England. The worst failure overtook the two Australian batsmen, McDonald and Ian Craig. Both were unaccustomed to English cricket pitches, the latter being inexperienced whereas the former, though he made a few hundreds, did not seem to be of Test class batsmanship. This tour, surely, has given much courage to Craig to do well in the days to come. It may be said that victory eluded England twice. Some worst batting display by the tourists was witnessed in the typical Manchester Test where they totalled 35 runs for 8 wickets on a rain-soaked wicket. It is needless to say that the whole series provided some high class and sensible Test batsmanship, some grand bowling of pacers, some indiscreet batting, and finally rather bad umpiring (so far as the opinion of the fielding side goes). The captaincy of Hutton was very interesting and his batting was an inspiration to his fellows.

The Aussies Board is fearing what may befall Australian cricket when Hassett, Morris, and Lindwall, who are nearing the retiring age, give up cricket. The only suggestion is that young men of great promise should be enlisted.

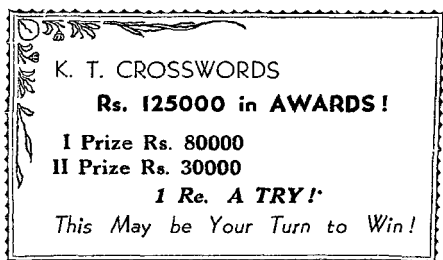
The recent duel for the capture of the "Ashes" provided some real Test matches played with keen rivalry and friendship and in between there was some humour, the chief men responsible for it being Wardle and Miller.

The Prize

by T. N. Subramanian, II U.C.

TO begin with, Mohan was trotting home after a tiresome day at school. He was out of spirits and unable to enjoy the golden rays of the evening sun on the Rock-Fort—the pride of Trichinopoly—while entering the Main Guard Gate. He crossed the Teppakulam rather slowly and entered the Bose Road—the Piccadilly of Trichy.

Suddenly his inquisitive eyes caught a magnificent pageant-like advertisement having more colours than the rainbow and printed in bold letters:



K. T. CROSSWORDS
Rs. 125000 in AWARDS!
I Prize Rs. 80000
II Prize Rs. 30000
1 Re. A TRY!
This May be Your Turn to Win!

Mohan's mind began to imagine like Alnashar: "If I were to get the first prize how helpful it would be for my higher studies and also to my poor parents! Why shouldn't I try for it? Rs. 80000 for one rupee! Really a useful bargain," so his thoughts ran. At length he reached home.



Next morning Mohan asked for a coupon while going to school. Having got it he went to the school and utilised his Maths. and English hours for his purpose—to study the clues and also the possible answers. After lunch he spent the interval in conning the dictionary which he had got from the Reference Library. In the evening he went home straight and

sat at his desk unusually at 6 and filled one column of the answers.

Now he had to face a great problem—a problem which upsets even ministers and statesmen. He had no money—not even a copper! He had an intuition that he was the prize-winner and he was ready to do anything to succeed—even theft. For the love of money is the root of all evil. He was sure that his father would not grant him his wish and so he thought of a plan—to steal from his father's box! Mohan was awaiting an opportunity to fulfil his purpose—which would not be found out by his father, since he was not in the habit of writing daily accounts.

At 8 o'clock supper was announced. Mohan pretended that he had no appetite and stayed behind. He felt that it was a golden opportunity. As soon as all the members of the family entered the dining room, Mohan rose from his desk and moved stealthily towards his father's table and pulled out the drawer. He looked around to satisfy himself that there was no one watching him. But he never thought of the Omnipresent! Just then he saw his little brother run into his room crying aloud, "I have reported it to Father, Mohan. You cannot escape him."

Mohan was stupefied with fear. He could not conceive what his father would do, ruthless and violent when in the high pitch of indignation. He gazed at his little brother. After a while the little brother in a sort of confusion asked him why he was looking like that. Mohan asked him in a quivering voice, "What have you reported to Father?"

"Have you forgotten it? This evening you refused to lend me your ball while you did not play with it. I am sure Father will be angry with you."

Mohan gave a sigh of relief. He then said, "Now go and take the ball from my desk and keep it for two more days, since I do not want it." His brother in one leap took the ball and ran to the dining room to show it to Father. Mohan recovered

from his tremulous state, took one rupee from the box, and quietly closed it. He put the note in one of his books and sat at his desk like a good boy. His face was calmer than usual.

Mohan's father came into the room after his supper. He came direct to his desk. Mohan's heart was beating rapidly. He asked in a harsh voice, "Mohan! What have you done? Is it not foolish on your part?" Mohan had almost lost consciousness. His head ached and he was about to cry had not his father continued: "Hereafter be kind to your brother and don't injure his infant heart."

Mohan nodded automatically and for a second time let off a sigh of relief.



The next day the sun rose as usual but not Mohan. He had no sleep at all in the night as there was a great conflict in his mind about his "deed". But he overpowered his conscience and determined to try his luck. The morning wore on filled with its little tasks and duties. Lunch time came. The afternoon followed. At five in the evening he started for the bazaar to post the coupon and he did it without any hesitation.

That night also was a sleepless one for Mohan. He had many kinds of fancies in his mind. He even began to draw up a budget for the coming prize. Photographers would come and have his photo printed in the dailies. His father and mother would feel proud of him and their hearts would swell at their son's achievement. His prize would be the topic in every house, street, school, in short in the whole town. But if his father came to know how he had sent the coupon, would he praise him, feel proud of him? Certainly not! Now an unknown fear grasped him and he began to pray to God that he might not get the prize, since he feared that it might throw light upon his "deed"!



The next day the results were announced. A telegram came to him. His parents were very happy to know that their son got the first prize. A photographer did come and snap Mohan. A correspondent on behalf of the Crosswords visited the house and asked him how he had filled the coupon and why only one column. Mohan replied that he studied every clue carefully and drew out the final answer and sent only one column as he had no money.

"Mother is always very lenient towards her son," observed the father.

"NO! I never gave him any rupee for this purpose. I had no money to buy a thing from the grocer's; then how can I give money for this gambling?" retorted the mother.

Father stared at Mohan.

"I suppose he borrowed it", said he.

Mohan thought that his father would not lick him if he told the truth. So he bluntly confessed his "deed". Mohan's father became angry at this and threw away the telegram, crying:

"This money is not worth having, for you have done a wrong thing. You young scoundrel!" and blows began. "Have mercy on me, Father!" craved the child. Had not his mother intervened, his condition would have become grave. "Don't lash me, hereafter I shall not take money from your drawer. Pardon me, Father!" cried Mohan.

Ebb and Flow

June 23: The happy day when New Hostel is fully awake after its long and needed rest. Rev. Fr. Siqueira welcomes us all with his genial smile and Rev. Br. Mariasoosai gives us the keys with equal kindness. Unlike last year, the I and III year students begin their hostel life along with the seniors. The bath-

rooms have begun to echo the melodious songs of our musicians—of course during non-silence hours.

June 27: To the Assembly Hall we flock eagerly to hear Fr. Warden inaugurating the series of family meetings for the year. Today he tells us that to avoid any appearance of communalism our Malabar Mess has been re-named V_2 , which differs from V_1 only in time-table. He sums up the programme of our Hostel in the significant words: character training first, and studies, games, and everything else second. A special feature of this meeting is that a parent of a member of our Hostel attends it. Fr. Warden announces the elder brothers to be in charge of the various activities of our home during the current year, and adds that these responsibilities are intended to train them for greater ones later in life.

July 5: At a special family meeting for the Juniors Fr. Warden tells them that New Hostel should be a New Home to them. He also explains to them in detail the various aspects of our family life.

July 7: Good news! S. Sankararaman IV Hons. and K. P. Mathai V Hons. of our Hostel are elected secretaries respectively of the Physics Association and the History and Economics Association in the College.

July 8: The first friendly matches are played to-day between Clive's and our Hostel; we win the Badminton; in Table Tennis, out of 5 games we win three; the Basket-ball match, however, we lose.

July 10: S. Rengarajan, V Hons., and George Thomas, IV B. Sc., of our Hostel are chosen Secretaries of the Literary and Debating Society and the Malayala Samajam respectively.

July 18: More election results! G. P. Ratnasamy, IV B. Sc., is elected secretary of the Botany Association, M. Manikkam, IV B.A., and J. G. Krishnamoorthy, IV B. Com. are elected Secretaries of the Tamil Association and the Hindi Samajam respectively.

July 19: First feast of this academic year. Our Catholic brothers join the solemn Corpus Christi procession in the evening. This year it came very

near our Hostel and touched our Assembly Hall. The gaiety of the day was a little less because our Fr. Warden was unavoidably absent from us. A good number of matches were played to-day.

July 23: The annual retreat for our Catholic brothers begins to-day. Quite a number of matches were played by the others during these days, since only some 30 had gone home out of 410.

July 27: The matches for the Fr. Pruvôt Trophy have begun. In the hockey match to-day between Clive's and our Hostel we win by 5 goals to nil.

July 29: Fr. Pruvôt Trophy hockey match between Sacred Heart Hostel and our Hostel. They win the match by scoring a solitary goal within a minute of the bully-off.

July 30: Fr. Pruvôt Trophy hockey match between Dayscholars and our Hostel. We come out successful, scoring 3 goals to nil.

Aug. 2: Second Family Meeting in the Assembly Hall. Fr. Warden reminds us that the weakness of India is Communalism and exhorts us to get rid of its cause—inferiority complex. He congratulates us on having conducted ourselves worthily of New Hostel on the Corpus Christi Procession day. He also teaches us the art of arranging the furniture in our rooms.

Aug. 3: In the Fr. Pruvôt Trophy football match with Clive's we score three goals to nil.

Aug. 5: Our 69 Kerala brothers celebrate their national festival, "ONAM" under the presidentship of Rev. Fr. J. Koilparambil, S.J., with a tea-party and some songs and speeches in our Assembly Hall.

Aug. 6: Fr. Pruvôt Trophy football match with Sacred Heart Hostel. Our players put up an excellent show, but their opponents managed to score a single goal within two minutes of the end.

Aug. 8: Our Football match with Dayscholars was re-played to-day and ended in a draw.

Aug. 10: Fr. Pruvôt Trophy basket-ball match between Dayscholars and our Hostel. We win the match with 48 points to 11.

Aug. 11: The Fr. Pruvôt Trophy basket-ball match between Sacred Heart Hostel and our Hostel: our players score 11 points against their 6.

Aug. 13: To-day witnessed the tough match between Clive's and our Hostel in Fr. Pruvôt Trophy basket-ball. A remarkable proof of our family spirit is that our Father and our Brother and all the 441 of us turn up on the play-ground. Even our cooks, servers, and sweepers rush to the court. The only human being left back in the Hostel is our faithful porter Ignaci. Though the points secured by us were only 9 as against 8, the victory meant much. No wonder our players were carried to the Hostel.

Aug. 15: Independence Day. At 7-15 a.m. Mr. Joseph Chinnappa hoisted the national flag and pointed out that independence has no meaning unless it is coupled with self-restraint in obedience to law and order. Our New Hostel Orchestra celebrates its first birthday by giving us an excellent concert at 10 a.m. in our Assembly Hall. Fr. Warden in thanking them tells all of us to cultivate our artistic gifts and tastes, for art is an essential element of a complete education for which New Hostel stands. A number of matches were played to celebrate Independence Day.

Aug. 18: Last night we went to bed without the slightest suspicion of a flood. But when we got up this morning we found water within our gate and rising. By 10 o'clock it was knee-deep, and press-photographers snapped us wading to College. In the evening we played a volley-ball match for the Pruvôt Cup with the Dayscholars and won two straight sets.

Aug. 19: The whole night the flood had been rising and the frogs croaking in our quadrangle. In the morning there were 4 ft. of water and our V₁ and N-V dining-halls and kitchens were invaded. We therefore had our meals in V₃. At 8 a.m. Fr. Warden told us to go home and return in a week. But the College authorities decided to anticipate the Michaelmas holidays and close the College and School till September 4. As we hurried away our four blocks looked like ocean-liners majestic amid the waves.

NEW HOSTEL RESULTS

March 1953

EXAM.	SAT	I	II	III	PASSED	PERCENT
M.A.: Econ.	1			1	1	100
Phys.	1	1			1	100
B.A. Hons.: Prel.	8				8	100
Maths.	3		3		3	100
Econ.	7	1	6		7	100
B. Sc. Hons.: I	3				3	100
II	3				3	100
III	3	3			3	100
B. Sc.: Chem.	4	4			4	100
Phys.	7	4	1	1	6	85.7
Prel.	29				27	93.1
B. Com.: Prel.	9				9	100
II & III	12			9	9	75
B.A.: P I	33			22	22	66.6
II	34	1	7	22	30	88.2
III	33	1	4	22	27	81.2
B.A.: (compl.) I B	5	1	1		2	40
II D	2			2	2	100
IV B	26			16	16	61.5
Inter.: Gr. I	51	47	3		50	98.19
II	20	15	4		19	95
III	42	2	25		27	64.28