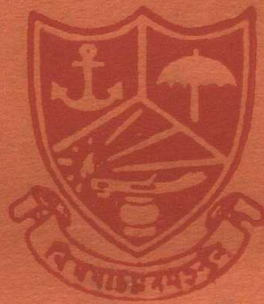
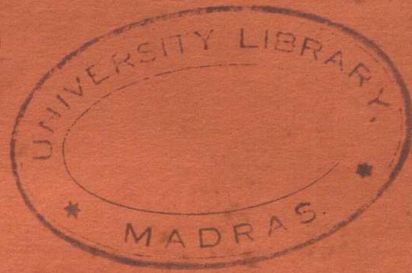


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# THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE ERNAKULAM

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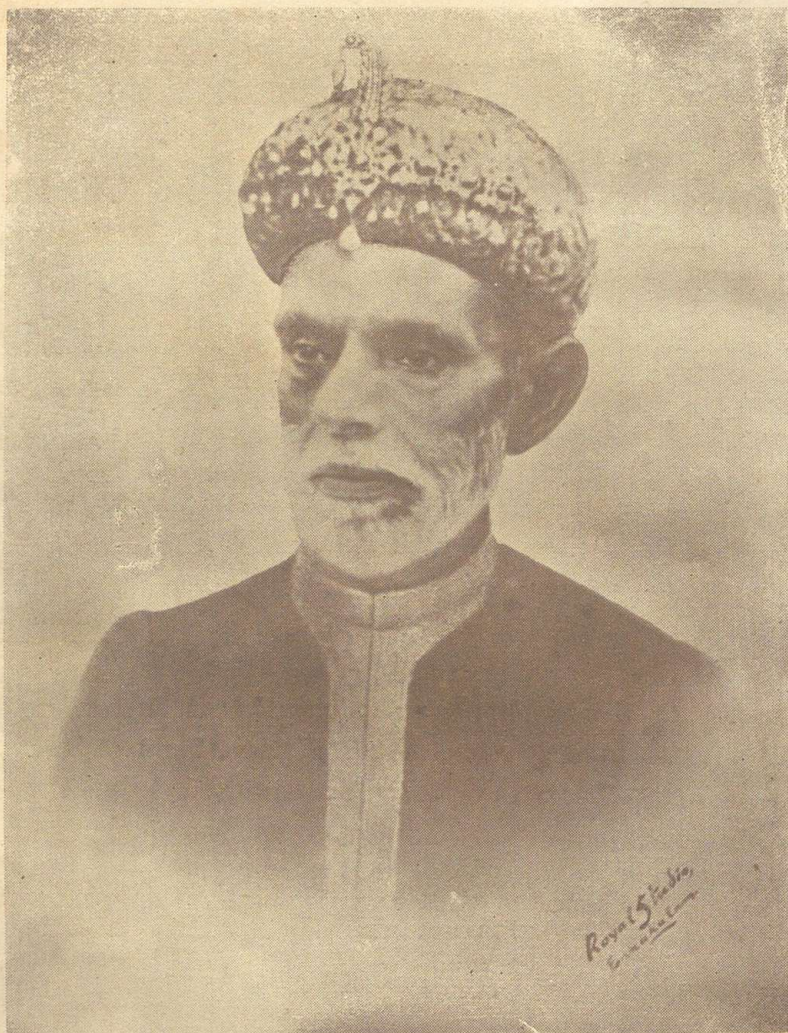
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HIS HIGHNESS SRI KERALA VARMA  
MAHARAJA OF COCHIN

1941 - Sep - No-1

## LOYAL GREETINGS

### OUR MAHARAJA

During the summer holidays occurred two memorable events, the sad demise of H. H. Sir Sree Rama Varmah, G. C. I. E., our Royal Patron and the accession to the Gadi of H. H. Sree Kerala Varma as the Maharaja of Cochin.

We beg to offer His Highness, our present Maharaja and new Patron, our most loyal and humble felicitations.

“His Highness Kerala Varma was born on 29th Vrischigom, 1039 M. E. He is the son of the late lamented Kavu Kunjamma Thampuram, and is the second of the four brothers of whom the eldest was His Highness the Maharaja who demised at Madras. His early studies were under the guidance of Paramekkavu Raman Nambiar, and he studied Tharka Sastra under Pandit Rangappa-chariar. Considerable proficiency in English and Mathematics he acquired under the tuition of Messrs Robert White, Sankaranarayana Chettiar, Narayana Iyer, C. P. Achyutha Menon and Nallanat Narayana Menon. He takes keen interest in law and politics, and history and biography have always had a special appeal for him. He has thus gained the benefits of a sound general education.

“Besides being an ardent votary of learning and culture, His Highness is also one of the most renowned Ayurvedic physicians and an expert especially in the field of poison cure. The treatment of poison he has been successfully practising for over a generation. It was on his advice while he was the Elaya Raja, that Government conceived and carried out the idea of developing Ayurvedic hospitals and dispensaries in the State. The selfless devotion to his patients and the rare success of his treatment, no less than the large measure of self-sacrifice he has willingly submitted himself to, have combined to gain for him universal appreciation.

"His Highness has always taken a keen interest in agriculture and dairy farming. He has read extensively on these subjects. He was the proud owner of a dairy farm of over 100 cows at the time he became the Maharaja.

"He has been responsible for organising the Sree Poornathrayeesa Vilasom Bank, which from a private has developed into a public bank, with a net-work of branches in the State.

"His Highness's consort is Sreemathi V. K. Lekshmikutty Valia Naithyaramma. She belongs to the Karimpatta Tarwad at Trichur. They have four sons and a daughter: Mr. V. K. K. Menon, *Bar-at-law*, District Judge; Mr. V. K. G. Menon, Director of Ayurveda in the State; Mr. V. K. R. Menon, M. Sc. (Lond.), Private Secretary to His Highness; Mr. V. K. S. Menon, Hony. A. D. C. to His Highness; and Sry. V. K. Radha, Consort of H. H. Ravi Varma Thampuran, B. Com., Prince of Cochin."

We pray for His Highness a long and prosperous reign.

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#### THE NEW DEWAN

We understand that His Highness the Maharaja has accepted as successor to Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chettiar, K. C. I. E., in the Dewanship of Cochin, Mr. A. F. W. Dixon, I. C. S., who is expected to be amidst us very shortly.

We have pleasure in offering the new Dewan a hearty welcome, and in wishing for him a successful tenure of office.

## CARLYLE'S HERO-MONK

### Abbot Samson

Who is the ideal governor, who is he  
That every ruling man should wish to be?

— “Samson!” is the answer that we hear resounding through the pages of the Second Book of Carlyle's *Past and Present*. Indeed Carlyle's object in writing this Book seems to have been to present before us vividly the heroic personality of the head of a typical mediæval institution. Abbot Samson is Carlyle's ideal of “the Hero as Monk,” whose Government of the abbey of St. Edmundsbury has been described in detail, so as to be a model for other similar administrators to copy as far as circumstances would permit.

### On Heroes in General

An ardent advocate of the doctrine of Hero-Worship, Carlyle proclaims that “there is in every Nation and Community a *fittest*, a wisest, bravest, best; whom could we find and make King over us, all were in very truth well.” The first duty of a people is to find—which means to accept—the chief; their second and last to obey him. According to Carlyle, the world is so constructed that the strongest, whether they are more or fewer, are the constituted rulers of the world. But the world is also so constructed owing to the nature of the Maker of it, that superior strength is found in the long run to lie with those who have the right on their side. Thus even though Carlyle once preached the rather misleading creed, “might is right,” he subsequently added a corollary to it to the effect that the right to rule lay with those who were right in mind and heart, whenever they chose to assert themselves. “*The best are the strongest.*” Genuine liberty consists in finding one's true superior and loyally obeying him.

Given the men a people choose, the people itself, in its exact worth and worthlessness, is given. A heroic people chooses heroes, and is happy; a valet or flunky people chooses sham-heroes, what are called quacks, thinking them heroes, and is not happy. The grand summary of a man's spiritual condition, what brings out all his heroism and insight, or all his flunkiness and horn-eyed dimness, is this question

put to him, What man dost thou honour? Which is thy ideal of a man; or nearest that? So too of a people; for a people too, every people, *speaks* its choice,—were it only by silently obeying, and not revolting,—in the course of a century or so.

But how to find out the true hero? By what art to discover him? Will the Heavens in their pity teach us no art; for our need of him is great! The monks of St. Edmundsbury Abbey, no doubt, did succeed in finding him out. But how? Carlyle does not offer us any constructive suggestion. The electorate should have *spiritual sincerity*. That is all that he suggests. The monks had it, and so, all was well with them.

### **The Hero is Born**

The hero is *born*, not made. It is a mistake to think that he can be “accounted for,” or that he is the creature of the time.

The Time call forth! Alas, we have known Times call loudly enough for their great man, but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time calling its loudest, had to go to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called.

What actually happens is that God in His own good time sends down the hero to the community that has need of him. Far from the age shaping its hero, the hero shapes his age. History itself is the essence of the biographies of such heroes!

### **Distinctive Personality**

The hero is made of “distinct clay,” and he stands out conspicuous from the ordinary run of mankind. Samson, for instance, even while he was an obscure monk, distinguished himself among the babbling monks by his great personality, his taciturn ways and by his superior learning.

A personable man of seven-and-forty; stout-made, stands erect as a pillar; with bushy eye-brows, the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way; the face massive, grave, with a very eminent nose; his head almost bald, its auburn remnants of hair, and the copious ruddy beard, getting slightly streaked with gray. This is Brother Samson, a man worth looking at.

### **Popularity and Fame Not Always His**

Samson is generally called the Norfolk *Barrator* or litigious person; for indeed being of grave taciturn ways, he is not universally a favourite; he has been in trouble more than once. He “has had losses” in his time. A learned man, of devout grave nature. Thoughtful, firm-standing, his clear eyes flashing into you, in an

## *Carlyle's Hero-Monk*

almost inconvenient way. *Much loved by some, not loved by all.* Yes, popularity, as it is generally understood, is not for him. Nor can a true hero always successfully propitiate that goose-goddess called Fame.

### **Capacity for Suffering & Sacrifice**

The fact that Samson, as a true hero, was possessed of infinite capacity for adventure and for suffering, is illustrated by the journey he undertook to Rome during the critical and extremely dangerous period of the Schism of the Popes. In addition to his readiness to take upon himself any responsible task even on the peril of his own life, the journey also brings out his admirable resourcefulness and practical common sense. And on his return, what was the reward that awaited him? Shackles and bread-and-water! It is not enough if he sits apart, like the flunky Abbot Hugo, "wrapped in warm flannels and delusions." He must come out into the active world and boldly face the realities. "How much would many a Serene Highness have learnt, had he travelled through the world (like Samson) with water-jug and empty wallet, *sine omni expensa*; and at his victorious return, sat down, not to newspaper-paragraphs and city-illuminations, but at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine to shackles and bread-and-water!" Besides, as a monk, Samson had to serve a right good apprenticeship to governing, namely, the harshest slave-apprenticeship to obeying. *To learn obeying is, after all, the fundamental art of governing.* "He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide and deliverer of many — That is the meaning of true mastership."

### **Hatred of Chaos**

All true heroes are enemies of disorder and chaos. Samson had a heart-abhorrence of whatever was incoherent, pusillanimous, unveracious, that is to say, chaotic, ungoverned, of the Devil, not of God. Among the negligent and delinquent monks, he really "raged like a wolf." Even as a monk, as he could not bear to see anything in ruin, he set about the arduous task of repairing the dilapidated roof of St. Edmundsbury in the teeth of much jealous opposition. He had always before his mind the living ideal of a

governor—the Governor of this Universe—and this transcends all apprenticeships. “In the man himself there exists a model of governing, something to govern by.” A man of this kind cannot help governing!

### **Often Over-whelming Worries**

The trials and tribulations which Abbot Samson had to face on all sides were many—“more than tongue can tell.” Not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle, can be theirs who really govern. The Abbot was worried by difficulties both from within the abbey and from without—from remiss and refractory monks whose morals and discipline had gone down deplorably during his predecessor's time, and from unsympathetic and treacherous forces outside. He felt so worn-down with incessant toil and worry that he was often heard to remark in his anxious moments that he would have far preferred a quiet, literary life with a very small income to his life as Abbot. But the hero must needs regard his life as a labour and a journey, a bustling and a justling, till the still night come! Samson's grizzled hair and beard grew daily greyer. “In twelve years,” says his biographer Jocelin, “our Lord Abbot had grown wholly white as snow.”

### **Head Not Turned by Promotions**

Samson's demeanour in the new situation is itself an index of his natural “heroism.” His elevation to the seat of the Abbot was an undreamt-of change. “It is a change greater than Napoleon's; so sudden withal. As if one of the Chandos day-drudges had, on awakening some morning, found that he overnight was become Duke!” Here indeed was a trial for a man. But Samson stood it wonderfully well, and emerged triumphantly out of it. It never upset his balance of mind, as it would easily have done in the case of a worthless *parvenu*. On the other hand it brought into greater relief his innate goodness and greatness. Not overmuch elated with his promotion, he took it as his due, and looked upon it not as a privilege to enjoy, but as a burden to bear.

### **Practical Wisdom, Patience and Forbearance**

No one will accuse our Lord Abbot of want of worldly wisdom, or of due interest in worldly things. He is a shrewd judge of men.

## *Carlyle's Hero-Monk*

Skilfully discerning the road to his object, he travels on it to the goal of Victory. He has tact enough to meet cunning with cunning, if need be. Witness for instance, his dealings with delinquent monks like Wilhelmus Sacrista ("he of the red nose and frequent bibations"), with the Earl of Clare, and with the Bishop of Ely. There is in him a noble reticence. "Much vain unreason he hears; lays up without response. He is not there to expect reason and nobleness of others; he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness." But he could and would show furious indignation when required. A terrible flash of anger is in him. His address to old Herbert the Dean is an example of his capacity for timely anger. Generally, however, he showed considerable forbearance and toleration to others. "How much," he used to say, "do I hold in and wink at, raging and shuddering in my own secret mind and not outwardly at all." To the monks, as Jocelin says, the Lord Abbot's eloquence is less admirable than his ineloquence—his great invaluable "talent for silence." He hated windy or wordy persons. He also disliked persons given to murmuring at their meat or drink, especially monks of that disposition. For he himself was indifferent to meat and drink, and was something of a Stoic.

### **Firmness**

His firmness of purpose was very marked in all his dealings. When once he had taken a wise course after due deliberation, he would never yield until he won his point. The rebellious monks and the twenty-four scamps—young men, sons of Nobles—and many others were taught how to behave properly, for which he would use various weapons—excommunication, persuasion, impetuosity of driving, or adroitness in leading. It soon became plain everywhere that the Abbot was "a man that generally remains master at last." He tempered his medicine to the malady, now hot, now cool; prudent, though fiery—an eminently practical man.

### **Earnestness and Strict Impartiality**

It is clear that the Abbot has a talent. Though he had never appeared in any Court of Law before, he easily learnt to handle cases better than lawyers when he became an ex-officio Judge—and to manage better than bred bailiffs, soon earning a reputation

as one of the justest of Judges. The secret of his success was that he insisted on understanding the case to the bottom, and then swiftly decided without feud or favour. He was impartial and honest to a fault, intent on mere "fairplay," for which he was contemptuously described as "a kinless loon." A suitor was heard cursing the Abbot's court because he was not to be bought off either by gold or silver. The official who had, by Abbot Hugo's order, put the fetters on him on his return from Italy, was, however, now supported with food and clothing, to the end of his days, at Abbot Samson's expense. This shows how selfless he was, and with what an admirable sense of detachment he viewed men and things.

### **Grateful Too**

At the same time he was duly grateful for benefits rendered to him or his. He gave a vicarage to the chaplain who had maintained him at the Schools of Paris by the sale of holy water. To one, Elias, in remembrance of the kindness which his father had shown Samson during his imprisonment, the Abbot granted the succession to a piece of land which Abbot Hugo had given his father, even though the gift was to the damage of the Abbey.

### **Hospitality & Charity**

His hospitality and charity knew no bounds. "We remark from the very first his strict anxious order to his servants to provide handsomely for hospitality, to guard, above all things, that there be no shabbiness in the matter of meat and drink; no look of parsimony." He had laid out beautiful and extensive parks for the entertainment of "guests of great quality." He also built many useful, many pious edifices; human dwellings, churches, church-steeple, barns. He built and endowed hospitals, and also built many "fit houses for the St. Edmundsbury Schools." Many are the roofs once thatched with reeds, which he caused to be covered with tiles. For all ruinous incomplete things, buildings or other, were an eye-sorrow to the man.

### **Loyalty**

To his King (Richard, the Lion-hearted) his loyalty was exemplary. In the confused days of Lackland's usurpation, while Richard Coeur de Leon was away, our brave Abbot took helmet

himself. There did he fight the battle of Reform—"with other ammunition than tremendous cheering and such like." For these things, he came to be known as "the magnanimous abbot." He was fearless so long as reason and righteousness were on his side. Who is the man that dare abide King Richard's anger—cross the lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers? Abbot Samson!

### Religious Faith

The basis of our hero's life was *religion*. His faith in God and St. Edmund was ardent and child-like in its simplicity. "The great antique heart, like a child in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the Earth; making all the Earth a mystic temple to him, the Earth's business all a kind of worship." His comparative silence as to his religion is precisely the *healthiest* sign of him and it. "Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great Law of duty, high as these two Infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else,—making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be!"—Such was the brave Governor Samson, a man fearing God, and fearing nothing else! Our hero is all along a busy working man, his religion, his worship being like his daily bread to him—"which he did not take the trouble to talk much about, which he merely ate at stated intervals, and lived and did his work upon!"

The study of the character and ways of such a hero should certainly be edifying to the people of "these unworshipping ages of ours!"

P. S. N.



## ENGLISH IN THE WOOD!

Hollywood, I mean, and poor old English has little chance of getting extricated from the tangle. Since movies have turned talkative Americanese must ring in everyone's ears. And Americanese is quite typical of the modern mood, full of pep and go and kick. So we are sort of forgetting English and taken to talking like we were Americans. If a friend is particularly good to us he is just awful swell, and any fellow who can drive a nail straight is simply tops. When you want to go faster you step on gas or merely "step on it." By the way Autumn is out of season, it is Fall. So look for Summer-into-Fall Styles in the dress market. But it is not all a simplification tho, for lifts have changed into elevators whether they take you up or down.

Figures of speech have turned into geometric figuries,—a counterpart of cubism in art and jazz in music,—but they certainly have something very direct and driving about them. When, for instance, a sharp cry drills through the darkness of the night and shatters the silence in your room, you almost hear the splinters of silence knocking about your ears. It is not poetic, but very practical. It is the work-a-day language of the common mechanic. When you are thrown out of gear, just try to put a jack lift under you; or when you get the creeps or the blues, end it all with that "hot chah" feeling. Darn good! only dignity is dying out of language. But, all the same, it seems 'Okay' in *Hollywood*.



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

### AND ITS INFLUENCE ON EDUCATION

One predominant feature that distinguishes man from the rest of the animal kingdom is his capacity to reason. Reasoning is a conscious process. The animals are moved only by their instincts and appetites. Primitive man comes very near the level of the animals. He did not know the same sharp separation between the conscious and the unconscious. So also a child. It is the knowledge of conscious self that makes the growing point of our higher activities, the edge by which they 'cut into reality'. This is very important for the development of individuality.

When we examine our habits of mind, our social behaviour, beliefs, customs and tradition, we shall begin to realize what a large area they cover in the whole of our mental make-up and how small is the part played by the influence of reason. Let us take the example of peddling a cycle, or working a type-writer, or playing a piano. At the initial stages we have to learn every physical and mental skill painstakingly. We have to put reason into it, we have to think. When we go wrong, we must be alert, we have to pause and consider and have to learn by "trial and error". But as we master the skill, the tension of the mind will be relaxed. In the final stage, these accomplishments become almost automatic and a man can carry on a conversation or an independent train of thought while he is cycling or typing.

Consider again our ordinary daily life. Probably we shave or eat while our mind is still only half fixed on it. We get out of the bus or train and walk to our work-spot without giving a second thought to it. Much of our work will be done in a routine fashion which, because it has been done as many times before, requires very little effort from us. Thus habits economise our mental energy and consciousness.

The majority of people would be surprised to find that man's conscious life is only a fragment of that wider unconscious life over

which we have very little control. Conviction becomes forced upon us, that we are not master in our own house, that we do not live, but that we are lived by unknown forces for unknown purposes. We now know that our conscious life is surrounded by the wider unconscious life in which are the roots of being and the springs of vitality.

An impulse rises in our mind, is rejected as undesirable and is repressed. It is forgotten for the present. It is not dead ; like all impulses it still seeks for satisfaction. It is denied satisfaction in the world of reality—in the world of consciousness. So it is pushed to the background for the time being. But a stage will reach when it will find an outlet. For example, a person who is prevented from answering back to an economic or social superior vents his reaction in some other form. "He may kick the cat or fire his stenographer". Another practice is to attribute our own traits, faults, weaknesses or responsibilities to others. It is a fairly safe generalisation that the party most loud in accusation is the party most at fault. Few people shoulder their responsibilities in the social world and face the realities of their situation. Unable to react to actuality they create and live in an imaginary world of irresponsible pleasure. Escape in its most complete form results in the delusions of insanity where the individual lives entirely in a world of imagination.

Breakages in the kitchen may be due to the maid-servant's antipathy to a scolding mistress. The maid may be unaware of the depth of her resentment and may attribute them to the coldness of her hands or hotness of the water or some other plausible excuse. Hitler's vehement and ruthless campaign against Jews may be explained in the light of this new branch of psychology. Hitler is said to have had deep love for Renate Muller, a German actress.\* She was a kindly girl, and would have done everything she could to swing Hitler round from his insane cruelty. But a Jew made it impossible. Renate had a great fascination for a Jewish boy, fell in love with him desperately, despite Hitler's orders and finally committed suicide. It is this which has intensified his hatred of

---

\* See "*I was Hitler's Maid*" by Pauline Kohler.

## *The Psychology of the Unconscious*

the Jews. Disappointed Hitler now reeks his vengeance on the innocent Jews on account of his abhorrence to this particular boy.

The conscious self "remembers" and "forgets" everyday thoughts and past experiences. Association or a reminder of others will revive memory, but some things, no reminder can recall. Investigations conclude to say that man only forgets what he wants to forget and the forgetting in all cases is proved to be founded on a motive of displeasure. We forget an important appointment and resent any suggestion of intention all owing to the conflict between the conscious and the unconscious. "Mr. Y falls in love with a lady who soon thereafter marries Mr. X. In spite of the fact that Mr. Y was an old acquaintance of Mr. X, he repeatedly forgot the name, and on a number of occasions when wishing to correspond with X, he was obliged to ask other people for his name". There is a direct reason why Mr. Y should wish to forget Mr. X's name, since it brought up the painful emotion connected with his unsuccessful love. Very often the process is more complicated. The name is forgotten not because the person who bears it himself rouses feeling, but because the name is similar in sound or meaning to some word which brings back unwanted memories.

Like accident, illness may also really be due to the unconscious which may design the accident which will prevent you from doing some undesired piece of work. A child genuinely feels 'growing pains' when he says so, and may be, does not want to go to school, and the unconscious can bring about physical symptoms.

In Charcot's experiment, he placed a piece of paper on a person's hand suggesting that it was a mustard-plaster. And soon a blister appeared. In another case when the subject was asked to touch a cold stove and burn himself, the burn actually showed itself.

Seeming errors in speech or in writing are often slipped in unknown to the conscious, by the unconscious self. Some time ago the President of the Austrian House of Deputies opened the session: "Honoured Sirs, I announce the presence of so and so many gentlemen, and therefore declare the session as closed". The general merriment attracted his attention and he corrected his

mistake. In the present case the probable explanation is that the President wished himself in a position to close this session from which he had little good to expect and the thought broke through, resulting in his use of "closed" instead of "opened". Thus all day long in the great or the small things, men are the victims of conflicts between the conscious and the unconscious which only analysis can solve.

It is no wonder then that education is difficult if we recognise the child only as a conscious being and deal only with the surface of the ocean without recognising the unconscious life. Dr. Burt's brilliant study of young delinquency shows that bad up-bringing and evil surroundings may leave dynamic traces not only in the conscious thoughts and memories of children but also in deeper regions of their mental life, whence they exercise influences which are all the more baneful because they are beyond the victim's vision and comprehension.

The process of repression in the unconscious starts in the early life of the school child. He may be lying, stealing, not doing his work, behaving in a strange manner, keeping to himself and not mixing with his comrades. Here argument will be useless. A child may yearn for the love and affection of his mother, yet unconsciously hate her by reason of her imagined preference for a younger brother. The mother unaware of his conflict offers him her affection which though craving for it he spurns in his resentment. And so in schools and elsewhere, one comes into daily contact with the child's unconscious life on which moral results appear. We have to deal with both the selves, and most of the conscious can only be explained by the unconscious.

Dr. Perls describes a young man who came to him on account of inability to concentrate. He indulged in dreams and fantasies the whole day through. He was convinced that he was a great producer of operas and would sometimes play the piano for half an hour and would sometimes give his mother a beating. Analysis showed that until his tenth year he was a very good pupil. Then he came to grief over Botany. He tried desperately to overcome his incapacity to learn this subject. This incapacity to learn gradually extended itself to other subjects. He became

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a bundle of nerves and withdrew himself more and more from reality into his world of fantasy. Now what was responsible for his failure in Botany? Dr. Perls says that in the German school one hears nothing in the Zoology classes about the sexual organs of animals. Yet plants are not only permitted to have sexual organs, but the pupil is even given a lens and is allowed to examine the sexual organs minutely. He is given forceps and scissors and is told to dissect these organs. You will now understand that this young man whose sexual curiosity in his early years had been most violently suppressed, was unable to cope with the new situation and was unable suddenly to give up the former inhibition in thinking, because the whole process took place in the unconscious. It is even mentioned by psychologists that one of the causes for backwardness in a particular subject may be due to the child-attitude to the first teacher or to the first class.

Every school has the problem to deal with pupils who turn against their teachers or their fellows and are obstinately unresponsive to instruction or, in other ways, out of touch with the influences of the school society. There will be no use of "licking them into shape" as it may produce only temporary superficial success. The causes are more often deep-seated impulses than we suppose, which have not found healthy modes of expression. Their cruder manifestations being necessarily suppressed sometimes prompt the child to rebellious outbursts incomprehensible even to himself and sometimes make him unteachable. Sublimation is the only remedy for such cases. When we sublimate the lower impulse, we retain its energy but divert its purpose, a purpose which recomposes the character. Such cases should be given an environment where free expansion is permitted within reasonable limits along a particular direction. One aspect of the education is the trouble taken to sublimate the primitive instincts of which the child is but a bundle. It is through the transformation of the crude, low and primitive instincts into 'higher' levels, that the culture and creative work can ensue. The resentments of a small child on the occasion of a new arrival in the family indicate very primitive and murderous instincts, which do not make the child bad or sinful but will gradually be sublimated and qualify him to enter social life.

We describe to the child what he shall become, we hold up heroes and great minds as examples, in the hope, that the child will live up to the model. But we are always forgetting one thing. We are giving more or less untrue pictures which are either unattainable to the child and cannot be copied or which he does not wish to copy, because they do not accord with his personality. We overlook the fact that he is continually engaged in the copying of reality and that unattainable ideals lead to play-acting, to the putting on of a mask and that it is in this way that many false and divided personalities are produced. Therefore the ideal for the child must correspond to reality.

Idealism is one of the most dangerous of the illusions. In the first place these illusions render one more or less ineffectual in dealing with the problems of life, and secondly, every illusion is followed by disillusionment and the disappointment leaves us in a bad way. Hate bitterness, depression, discouragement are its consequences. In education therefore care must be exercised because repression may involve a great deal of harm for later life.

All of us have resented the repression of natural impulses which have been, and unconsciously still are, important in our lives, but have been banished away into darkness. The man who has materially overcome some weakness in himself will never judge this harshly in the case of another. A man who judges harshly is the one who feels guilty of himself and knows he deserves punishment. Pursuit of a criminal is really pursuit of a guilty self. In the process of sublimating the natural urges and instincts of the child, recall your own youthful difficulties.

When you try to find the causes which affect the child's behaviour, recognise that in every child there are many rooms in the whole building, and that you can only understand what is happening in the one room of the conscious life. When the child's behaviour seems strange remember there may be something troubling him, there is always some conflict between the conscious and the unconscious and in regard to the conscious even without analysis you can always find out the truth. You may enquire into home conditions, into the relationship between the

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member of the family, whether an elder brother is bullying, whether the child has been punished or has suffered some shock without attempting a process of analysis. Let the child talk freely to you and you will very soon let light on his behaviour, and will be able to help him infinitely more than by the usual moralising. First understand the child's actions and then attempt to remove the causes. And the main condition of all is this, that the child must not only love you, but must trust you perfectly so that it can say anything to you without as it were feeling an outcast.

We have to study this unconscious self and that in our approach to children we will try and recognise that what we see before us in each case is not the whole being but only the surface of this ocean of individual and universal life. Instead of having the repressions and conflicts strengthened by unwise educational methods, what a good educator must do is to train his powers of observation to detect the exact cause of trouble with the child.

— PAUL VERGHESE,

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*(Old Student.)*



## **TAGORE**

### **His Religion and Message**

Tagore's claim to everlasting glory is to be sought in the artistic grace and beauty of his writings. However, as Art is an expression of life, it cannot be divorced altogether from the fundamental truths felt in the heart by the artist. Since all art is an expression of the personality of the artist, Rabindranath's personality is vividly revealed in every line of his poetry which is but the spontaneous outpouring of the emotion overflowing his heart and bursting out into song and play. It is not true to say that he has philosophised poetry; however it is possible for us to understand from his works the completely satisfying view of life that the poet entertained.

### **The Poet's Religion**

Tagore has come to be recognised as the embodiment of the Soul of India longing to interpret the best that India has to offer to the world. His religion has nothing of narrow sectarianism about it. It is, as he says, the Poet's Religion, an intuitive and imaginative perception of the fundamental unity of the Universe. There is a sense of mystery and wonder and awe at the manifestations of beauty and the power of the Creative Soul behind; and Joy is the essence of this discovery of truth. He never allowed himself to be bothered by questions of dogma; nor did he allow himself to be tied down by mere custom and tradition. Being the son of a pioneer in the field of religious reform, he had been brought up in an atmosphere of freedom from soul-hindering restraint. He was free to pursue Truth from vision rather than from mere knowledge, to look at the Universe and Creation with imaginative eyes and see the fundamental unity of all creation.

The fundamental unity of creation was not simply a philosophical speculation for him; it was his constant aim to realise this great harmony in feeling and in action. There was, therefore, more of that distraction of feeling, that sense of despair, that

morbidity of thought that makes the greater part of the literature of modern Europe so gloomy and depressing. A great writer and thinker, Thomas Hardy for instance, incessantly harps upon the notion that all suffering is undeserved and purposeless, that life is a tragedy, that in the scheme of things there was a fundamental flaw, and that the world is like an ill-expressed idea. Such a notion is the product of the morbid imagination of one who was frantically and furiously knocking his head against the forces of nature without realising their true nature and attempting to be in time with the same. Tagore was more fortunately situated in that he could lay claim to a proud heritage based on the solid foundation of the experience of Rishis. He found abiding joy and peace in the philosophy of the upanishads, and he made it his life-work to interpret anew, through song and story, through spoken and written word, the main features of this Upanishadic view of life.

### **His Philosophy**

What are the main features of this ancient Wisdom of India as re-stated by Tagore to meet the needs of the Modern Age?

God is the perfection towards which all objects in the Universe are continually moving. The realisation of God, the Infinite, is the goal of all human endeavour. This realisation is not through the finite senses, nor the intellect, but only through intuition. "The vision of the supreme in our soul is a direct and immediate intuition, not based on any ratiocination or demonstration at all." We have to search for God within and find Him there. Self-surrender is the path to self-realisation. With the annihilation of the little self in us comes the fulfilment of love. When the individual completely surrenders himself to the Universal life and the self becomes one with the supreme, then man gains the bliss of heaven and shares the life Eternal. "Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything but in giving himself up to what is greater than himself, to ideas which are larger than his individual self, the idea of his country, of humanity, of God." The world gives us opportunities for surrendering our all. A noble ideal releases the petty self in us. So religious experience is nothing more than utter indifference to the little self and the surrender of the same

to God. Such a God-possessed soul does not desire to escape from this world but utilises its energies and time to improve the world by selfless service. Sin is the failure of man to be true to this real self; and suffering is God's punishment for desiring to satisfy the needs of the superficial self, which is a disobedience of the Eternal Law of God. Gandhi also says likewise. "Religion, as I conceive it, is obedience to God's Law, and God is synonymous with His Law." The tragedy of human life consists in our not realising that our soul cannot be satisfied by the satisfaction of endless desires; "it consists in our vain attempts to stretch the limits of things which can never become unlimited,—to reach the infinite by absurdly adding to the rungs of the ladder of the finite." Our souls have rest and repose only in the Infinite; Man can and must become Brahma as the river becomes the sea.

### **Tagore's Message**

Closely allied to his philosophical and religious teachings, is the great Message that Tagore conveys to his people and the world at large, through his deep and stirring utterances. He finds many things in the modern world to denounce with the fierce indignation of a prophet. The world, he felt, is on the brink of a cataclysm and it can be saved from ruin only by timely realisation of the truth of things. He knew that India has priceless treasures to offer to the world, but that she should first stand on her own legs bolt upright. She should never discard her true nature, to be found in the spiritual character of her undying civilisation of the past. She should not allow herself to be overpowered by the dazzling glitter and glamour of the materialistic progress of the West, but should continue to unfold to the world the true significance of civilisation as expressed in the life of her people for ages. Then it would be possible for India once again to be the lamp of the world, the shaper of the destiny of the future.

### **Social Iniquities**

But India is not in a fit condition to discharge her mission properly. She has first to set her own house in order and surmount various obstacles in her path. In Tagore's view the present helpless condition of India is only a just divine retribution for insulting

humanity by creating barriers between man and man in her attempt to solve the race-problem of the country. Witness what he says in his *Nationalism*: "When we in our blindness insult humanity for its ragged appearance, it sheds its disguise to disclose to us that we have insulted our God. The degradation which we cast upon others in our pride or self-interest degrades our own humanity and this is the punishment which is most terrible, because we do not detect it till it is too late." So it was his life-long endeavour to urge upon his countrymen to realise the divinity of man as man and give up the rigid immoveable caste system in the form in which it has been handed down to us.

"The thing we in India have to think of is this—to remove those social customs and ideals which have generated a want of self-respect and a complete dependence on those above us—a state of affairs which have been brought about entirely by the domination in India of the caste system and the blind and lazy habit of relying upon the authority of traditions that are incongruous anachronisms of the present age." Until that is done it is not possible for us to become politically strong. "We must remember," he says elsewhere in the same book, "whatever weaknesses we cherish in our society will become the source of danger in politics. The same inertia which leads us to our idolatry of dead forms in our social institutions will create in our politics prison-houses with immoveable walls. The narrowness of sympathy which makes it possible for us to impose upon a considerable portion of humanity the galling yoke of inferiority will assert itself in our politics, in creating the tyranny of injustice." It is in consequence of a full realisation of this fact that the far-sighted political saint Mahatma Gandhi laid the Removal of Untouchability as one of the four pillars of Swaraj.

### The Spirit of Freedom

So Rabindranath's message to India at this critical period in her history is to become worthy of the great mission which she has to fulfill by recognising the worth and dignity of man as man and by extending the spirit of freedom in her social life. Because thus alone can she hope to acquire true freedom. "Real

freedom is of the mind and spirit; *it can never come to us from outside.* He only has freedom who ideally loves freedom himself and is glad to extend it to others." So he urged upon his countrymen to ask themselves "if they are ready to make space in their society for the minds of their children to grow up in the ideal of human dignity unhindered by restrictions that are unjust and irrational." The freedom of India that the great seer yearned to realise is to be built upon the solid basis of individual and social freedom, the freedom that will liberate the mind and spirit of man. To quote the most fervent of his patriotic prayers,

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high,

Where knowledge is free ;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls ;

Where words come out from the depth of truth ;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection :

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ,

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into everwidening thought and action ;

In that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

It was the firm conviction of Tagore that ere long India would succeed in shaking off the trammels of custom, wherein lies the hope of India and the salvation of the world.

### **Modern Civilisation.**

Tagore was the very symbol of all that is loftiest and highest in Indian Culture. All through his career, he exemplified in his life and writings, the spiritual basis of India's ancient civilisation. Civilisation, as the poet has explained it, is a philosophy of life, an expression of Man's Dharma in his corporate life. It has its basis in spirituality. It is an ideal that gives us power and joy to fulfill our obligation ; it is not merely an external attraction seeking to satisfy endless claims. It is the purpose of civilisation to set for us right standards of valuation. The Western world had no doubt a spiritual ideal for ages ; but in modern times it has irresistibly been lured in the direction of material progress. The inner ideal of civilisation has been pushed aside by the greed for power and pelf. In the modern world, money has come to acquire a value out of all proportion to its real worth. In olden times the mere

hoarding of millions was never considered as wealth unless it had some crown of glory with which to proclaim its ideal of greatness. Monarchs were not ashamed to pay respect to men endowed with spiritual gifts. For the qualities of the highest life were the motive force of the civilisation of those times. But now, homage is offered to men of corpulent cash. This undue importance attached in recent centuries to commerce and the acquisition of money has come to usurp the functions of the spirit. This has produced moral callousness; it has deadened our sensitiveness to ideals. It has played havoc with our love of beauty, of truth, of justice, and with our love for our fellow-beings.

True civilisation, according to Tagore, is man's greatest creative work. The truth of the world is not the mass of materials, but their universal relatedness. Any break of harmony results in suffering and pain. In the present age, the vital harmony is lacking in the unity of man. Mankind has physically come together nearer than ever before without a corresponding adjustment of moral relations. For the formalness of law and regulation has displaced the living ideal of personality for human affairs, and science has taken the office of religion in man's greatest creative work, his civilisation.

### **Science versus Religion**

In several of his lectures, Tagore expresses his highest admiration for the West, because it has become the sacred shrine where Divinity reveals itself today in the thoughts and dreams and deeds of Man. The spirit of the East is still going through a deep slumber, but the West is wide awake and alert. The dominating position that the West is now occupying in the world is the result of her intense activity and sacrifice. The wonderful development in science which has taken place in recent years would stand as an eternal monument of the achievement of the West in her pursuit of truth. He acknowledges with perfect frankness that in the present age western humanity has received its mission to be the teacher of the world.

"The active love of humanity and the spirit of martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth which I have met with in the western countries have been a great lesson and inspiration to me. I have no doubt in my mind that the West owes its true greatness

not so much to its marvellous training of intellect as to its spirit of service devoted to the welfare of man. Therefore I speak with a personal feeling of pain and sadness about the collective power which is guiding the helm of western civilisation."

### **The Supreme Moral Law**

Tagore was pained to see that with all her sacrifice and achievements, there was absolutely no peace or true happiness in the West. Modern Science by annihilating distance has outwardly brought all mankind closer together. The old spirit of patriotism or nationalism does not offer a correct solution for the new problem of dealing with diverse races and peoples thus closely linked together. The titanic power gained by Science is in the hands of persons who have, owing to the new conception of nationalism, lost even the touch of humanity in their hearts; and Science in their hands has become a terrible scourge to humanity. This is the bane of modern civilisation, that it has come to possess vast power without a corresponding growth of the moral stature. The situation, according to Tagore, requires the spiritual realisation of some great truth of relationship to save human society from utter annihilation. Europe, says our prophet, has yet to learn that knowing is to be subordinated to Moral Being, that without a true foundation of the Moral Law, Science becomes only a destroyer. It is possible to acquire Peace only by the power of the Spirit, by sympathy and sacrifice, not by organisation. The wonders of scientific development are indeed marvellous but they lure us to destruction unless wedded to moral and spiritual truth. That truth which would save Europe and the world from destruction is the recognition of the unity of man and the religion of humanity, the recognition that men are so closely knit that when you strike others the blow recoils on yourself. This is the Supreme Moral Law, the greatest discovery of man. So man becomes all the truer the more he realises himself in others. For men to come nearer to one another and yet to continue to ignore the claims of humanity is a sure process of suicide.

### **The Demon of Nationalism**

Though his voice was a voice in the wilderness, the sage of Bolpur was never tired of urging upon the West to give up its narrow spirit of nationalism, which is exclusive in character; which is "a cruel epidemic of evil that is sweeping over the whole human

world of the present age and eating into its moral vitality"; "which is an organised gregariousness of gluttony"; which is a creature of science and selfishness with the growth of which man has become the greatest menace to man. There is absolutely no hope of the world ever becoming free from wars so long as people do not give up the worship of Nation. Because nations are in perpetual dread of one another, and so are ever prepared to run at one another's throats. Each nation breeding upon the feebleness of the rest of the world, is always anxious to prevent the growth of other nations. What is more, each nation, for sheer self-preservation, considers it a sacred duty to play on the vanity and selfishness of the people and to cause distrust of other nations. He remarks truly that "Where the spirit of Western Nationalism prevails, the whole people is being taught from boyhood to foster hatred and ambition by all kinds of means—by the manufacture of half-truths and untruths in history, by persistent misrepresentation of other races...This is poisoning the very fountain-head of humanity. It is discrediting the ideals, which were born of the lives of men who were the greatest and best. It is holding up gigantic selfishness as the one universal religion for all nations of the world." In another place he remarks, "They hold it to be their duty to foster in the popular mind universal panic, unreasoning pride in their own race, and hatred of others. Newspapers, school-books and even religious services are made use of for this object". Rabindranath felt deeply that "this aberration of a people decked with the showy title of patriotism proudly walks abroad, passing itself off as a highly moral influence". He was always certain that they would be called upon to answer for organising the instinct of self-aggrandizement of whole peoples into perfection and calling it good. "Do we not see signs of this even now? Does not the voice come to us, through the din of war, the shrieks of hatred, the wailings of despair, through the churning up of the unspeakable filth which has been accumulating for ages in the bottom of this nationalism—the voice which cries to our soul that the towers of national selfishness, which goes by the name of patriotism, which has raised its banner of treason against heaven, must totter and fall with a crash weighed down by its own bulk, its flag kissing the dust, its light extinguished?"

### **Hope for the Future**

The main hope of the future, according to this Visionary, lies in the meeting of the East and the West, which is the most significant fact of modern times. But in order to be fruitful, this meeting must be a real marriage in fullness of truth, not in the fullness of physical strength. Such a meeting has not yet taken place, because hitherto the West has not extended her heart or her hand to the East, but it is only the machine that has reached us from the West. The reason for the West not sending its humanity but only its machine to meet the man in the East is partly due to ignorance and partly due to contempt. "The blindness of contempt", he remarks, "is more hopeless than the blindness of ignorance; for truly contempt kills the light which ignorance merely leaves unignited. The East is waiting to be understood by the Western races, in order not only to be able to give what is true in her, but also to be confident of her own mission". He made it his chief mission in life towards the closing phase of his career to make the West understand the East truly, which would result in a harmonious blending of the ideal of the East with the ideal of the West. From such a union alone can the future progress of the world be assured. His poetical idealism saw the establishment of the *Viswabharathi* University to serve as a meeting place for the best thinkers of the East and the West.

### **Faith in Humanity**

Though the last two years saw the shattering to pieces of his fondest hopes and ideals of salvation for the world, in the terrific eruption of a second world war, more frightful and annihilating in its nature than anything that has gone before, Tagore did not altogether lose his faith in humanity, and his conviction that the spirit of the age would be incarnated in a complete human truth and that the meeting of the human races would eventually be translated into the unity of Man. Let us make due obeisance to this poet-prophet of the new age, this harbinger of sweetness and light, who brought tidings from the Supreme Person of the break of day, who sang in glad faith of the morning, who cried "Awake, arise, and sleep not—the sun is on his way, the night is no more"!

—K. V. KRISHNA AYYAR, M. A., L. T.

## POEMS

### IN TUNE WITH HEAVEN

Methought I stood on yonder mystic ridge  
Divides Time's darkness from th' Eternal Light.  
I stood alone, 'twas silent, it was dusk,  
When clear from out the darkness to my left  
A music rose, as of a thousand silver bells,  
Rung soft and wafted high on swifter wing  
Than lightning; past the bounding ridge it flew  
And lost itself in Light.

\* \* \* But no,  
Its whisper scarce had failed when the vast vaults  
Of Light resounded,—full ten thousand choirs  
Replying to the bells in strains that swelled  
And flowed and filled the valleys to my left.  
It was a war of harmonies, a stream  
Of silver strings that drew back golden chains.  
\* \* \* And then I thought  
'Twas Prayer time on earth!

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### BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Fear not if phantom forms behind the screen  
In dark disorder shoot their shadow limbs,  
If every added lamp the forms confuse  
And with each whispered word the myst'ry grow;  
Fear not, but wait, the curtain soon shall lift,  
Th' Eternal Stage is only being set!

—CYRIL BERNARD, *T. O. C. D. (Old Student)*

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## BLITZKRIEG

Has Hitler another Blitzkrieg up his sleeve? We cannot tell. But as likely as not, his move against the Kremlin is the last and the least calculated of them all. If swiftness and surprise are the prime virtues of a Blitzkrieg, this last display has cut no ice so far with the rude Russian, but may have to cut plenty of it if the campaign drags on into winter. However that be, it would be interesting to study this novel military stunt which so suddenly disarmed and defeated France that had always been quite thorough-going and classic about war.

The first point of the Blitzkrieg is surprise. Peace-loving nations have a funny way of getting disillusioned over and over again. It was Mr. Churchill who described in one of his recent articles a few military lessons Britain learned by blundering. From the day the Iron Duke built a steel wall of Tommies against which wave after wave of Napoleon's Invincibles dashed in vain, the British military genius had concentrated on the Infantry. So that when the Boer War broke out and the Dominions offered large contingents of Cavalry, the War Office persistently refused to have any of them but asked for Infantry instead. So Infantry was paraded forth and ranged in quite orthodox fashion to engage the enemy. Only the Boers played shy of daylight and open fight, but kept flitting about on horseback and continually harassing the British forces. It was not till Cavalry was finally called in that they could be rounded up and defeated. It was a precious lesson not to be forgotten. Then came the Great War of 1914. Large units of Cavalry were promptly shipped across the Channel. But the Germans came in a rush and quietly dug in. The most immobile form of trench warfare set in, and there was nothing left to do but to unstirrup the horses and use them for pack mules.

In 1939, however, England was equally prepared, or rather unprepared, for any form of warfare. She was just arming on a large scale after having given the world an almost suicidal example of disarmament. But her late arming had at least given her the advantage of adaptability and up-to-dateness particularly in the air. It was France that was doomed to be disillusioned this time. She had worked on the idea of trench warfare, and produced that marvel of military engineering called the Maginot Line. Sergeant Maginot was wounded in the

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trenches in November, 1914, and as he lay in hospital he conceived the idea of an impregnable trench that will keep out Germany for good. He devoted the rest of his life, first to convincing his countrymen of its value, and then to constructing it. A chain of subterranean forts extending over hundreds of miles, connected by tunnels and railways, electrically lit and ventilated, air conditioned and gas-proofed, supplied with extensive ammunition stores, work shops, power plants, living quarters, offices, hospitals, operation theatres and everything that is needed to make it a self-contained underground world capable of housing a garrison of tens of thousands for months on end—that is the Maginot Line. And all this labyrinth of deadly efficiency lies quietly hidden away under innocent looking hills and dales with nothing protruding over the surface except carefully concealed periscopes and ten-foot thick concrete casemates with hundreds of guns peeping out in every direction. There is no denying that it is so far the last word in defence works, and no Blitzkrieg stands the least chance of getting anywhere near it, let alone breaking through. France did not make a mistake in building it, but she blundered enormously in believing that neutral countries could at all be immune from attack by a man like Hitler. She had counted on Belgium and Holland as impregnable walls even more than on the Maginot Line. But she had reckoned without Hitler's supreme contempt of treaties and disregard of right and wrong. So while France rested behind the Maginot Line, Hitler took a detour through the Low Countries, after having first sent a rocket into the Scandinavian north and rivetted all eyes there. And the great Generals who were prepared for prolonged trench warfare had to tackle an enemy who would not even stop to think!

It was in the Netherlands and France that the technique of the Lightning War was unfolded fully and systematically. As said above it was all a series of surprises. But there is nothing original in that. Ever since man began to fight man, or tiger to pounce on his prey, it has all been a matter of surprise combined with strength. In fact there has hardly been another military surprise so thoroughly demoralising and devastating as the tanks when Britain first launched them in September 1916. They broke through so fast and so far into enemy territory that even the army found it hard to keep pace with them and consolidate the gains. But surprise is short-lived and the most blood-curdling thing grows into a tame commonplace in no time. That is coming true even of the Blitzkrieg.

But it would be very wrong to suppose that surprise is the only principle or even the main principle underlying the Blitzkrieg. There is something else that is really responsible for the ruthless

efficiency of Hitler's lightning dashes. It consists in a reversal of the fundamental attitude towards the fighting man. All the world feels that an army, however thoroughly mechanised, remains still a human thing, and demands a human treatment. But the Prussian army had been, even from the days of the Kaiser, a war machine in the literal sense, where the human automations have no particular appeal as persons. This accounts to a great extent for the inimitable 'achievements' of Hitler. We often talk about the spear-head of an attack. That figure is very illustrative. Any good General will use his army as a sword or a spear or even as a boomerang, but always as a precious weapon not to be broken in beating the enemy or discarded after the work is done. The last thing to compare an army to, from the traditional and human point of view, is an arrow, which is essentially a thing to be thrown away if it is to be useful. And that is *the thing* Hitler has demonstrated his army to be. For him his millions of soldiers are just so many rounds of ammunition, and very cheap ammunition at that. Therefore Hitler can rush in where a Napoleon might fear to tread. Therefore also the Prussian war machine has neither back gear nor breaks, but must either speed on or break down completely as was proved in 1918.

But apart from the principles, or lack of them, underlying the Blitzkrieg, the technique of it is a new lesson to the world. Those who read with a smile the writings of Hitler and his colleagues a decade ago, are now convinced that those things were no mad dreams but very real schemes. Most of them have come true to schedule, except, of course, the most important one; but in one of those books at least three routes marked out for an invasion of England. Every detail of the present war had been worked out long ago, and at every new turn in the war the German High Command has merely to reach out for one more roll from the pigeon-holes in Berlin.

Hitler's offensive begins always with the ubiquitous Fifth Column. It is not a mere Spy system in the ordinary sense. Indeed espionage had been made almost a science by the Kaiser. And the British Intelligence Service is quite a marvel of cool, refined efficiency. But the Fifth Column is something very different. It cannot content itself with such innocent methods as private codes, invisible inks and carrier-pigeons. It is not merely an Information Bureau or Propaganda machine. It is a vast belligerent under-world holding nations in its invisible grips, entering into politics and private life, dabbling in gold

## *Blitzkrieg*

and gunpowder and capable of concocting a political party or hatching a civil war overnight. Events in South America have proved how far this mighty octopus has reached out its arms. It is the task of the Fifth Column to prepare the ground for the Blitzkrieg by dislocating the civil and military machinery of the enemy and causing as much confusion behind the lines as possible.

The actual attack commences with perhaps a shower of parachutists in different disguises under cover of night. These parachutists have little chance of escaping with their lives. Indeed by their very disguise they forfeit the right to be regarded as prisoners of war. They are just so many missiles shot out for the purpose of causing as much damage as possible before they meet their inevitable doom. And dreadful missiles they are if they manage, as they did in some cases, to take hold of the many key positions behind the lines and keep them for ever so short a time. Bridge heads, rail road junctions and above all Telephone Exchanges, Power Houses and Water-supplies proved really dangerous things in their hands. There was even report of some solitary parachutists throwing strong forts temporarily out of action by the simple trick of alighting on top of them and quietly slipping in handgrenades through the ventilators in the roof.

Gliders proved even a better substitute for parachutes in some cases. They may be summarily described as skeleton planes made up of the wings and fuselage without engines and propellers. They need to be towed up by some powerful aeroplane as they can only glide down, but if cleverly steered they may easily cover distances of two to five miles in a descent of a thousand feet. This is a definite advantage, for while the aeroplane will have to come directly overhead in dropping parachutists and thus attract notice by the drone of its engines, in setting gliders on their course it may keep well out of hearing of the enemy provided it tows them sufficiently high. Gliders are cheap enough to be discarded, and unlike the parachute carrying considerable load they have the supreme advantage of perfect dirigibility. It is said that while the German army was breaking into France swarms of such gliders swept down silently like moths in the night and took hold of important bridge heads by surprise before the guard had even time to destroy them.

The untiring internal combustion engine has taken the place of the horse in modern warfare. Motor bicycles play the part of the Light Cavalry. One man behind a machine gun is a veritable little army, and when he is on a fast moving thing like the motor bicycle, he becomes

really formidable. In the technique of the Blitzkrieg companies of motor cyclists are shot out like arrows before the main army begins to advance. These arrows are to break through the enemy lines wherever possible, and spread destruction and confusion till they themselves are spent. It is not the material destruction that counts in such attacks, but the moral. The best army in the world can be totally demoralised and thrown out of gear by the merest mention of enemy at the back, particularly if it is in the night. But Hitler has a way not only of exploding *morale* of his enemy but also of exploiting his *morality*. This was repeatedly proved in France when French civilian population was used like a human smoke screen to shield the advancing German forces. It was a vast stream of frightened peasants driven along, with the German tanks and guns and troops moving in their midst. And French Artillery kept silent and allied bombers returned with their load !

The rest of the technique of modern warfare is well known as it is no peculiar trick of Hitler. To set it down briefly, a full force mechanised attack would consist of a vanguard of light tanks in wedge formation, followed by heavier tanks, infantry and artillery; the whole supported by low flying aircraft mowing with machine gun the immediate foreground, and dive-bombers pounding more distant enemy positions and gun emplacements. That is the picture of mechanised warfare. All the time of the attack fighter aircraft will be engaged in chasing away enemy planes. The box barrage that used to be maintained by the artillery in former days is now kept up by bomber planes except at points where anti-aircraft defences are known to be exceptionally efficient.

Of all the mechanical contrivances now in use, the tank has proved to be the most dreadful thing on land. It is an all-British invention. But since the Great War, Germany seems to have devoted all her time and genius to it and evolved quite a few splendid types. There are the amphibian tanks for instance, though it was the Russians who first experimented with them. Lately an illustration was seen of a six tonner that can race at forty miles, leap a twenty-foot gap, and landing with a thud continue the journey quite unconcerned.

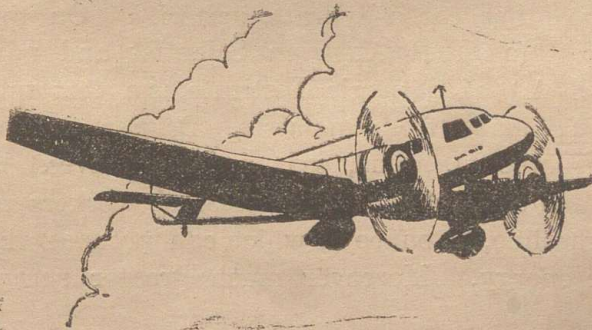
But the aeroplane is the one contrivance that has really revolutionised war and led it from the frontline into the backyards. It has literally extended the arms and eyes of the Army and the Navy. The fifteen mile range of normal visibility has been easily increased to five hundred; and while the heavier type of artillery may hit an objective twenty or

## *Blitzkrieg*

thirty miles distant, the 'plane drops a more deadly missile at points a thousand miles away. But the 'plane has vast possibilities yet to be exploited. Germany has specially developed dive-bombers as Britain has done with fighters. Landing whole armies by Parachute is an experiment the Russians were the first to try on a large scale. They even let down safely a few light tanks. But as a method of aggression it has not been found very workable, not even by the Germans though they finally captured Crete. This was effected at such enormous loss that the experiment is not likely to be repeated.

The surprise value and efficiency of the Blitzkrieg have been steadily decreasing this last year, and Hitler does not appear to be Santa Claus enough to provide endless surprises. At any rate the Russians do not seem to appreciate them. And one has more than a mere presentiment that his star is setting in the East !

— CYRIL BERNARD, *T. O. C. D.*, (*Old Student.*)



## A NEW WORLD ORDER

World War No. II! It has raised many questions among the thinkers of the day. Politicians, Scientists, Philosophers and Religious men—all are questioning. From among this confused mass stands out Goering-like a few questioners.

Is the human race being destroyed by technology, which puts terrible new weapons into the hands of the contemporary barbarians? Are we on the verge of discoveries that will vastly increase the satisfaction of man's existence?

The Scientist is optimistic, he is reasonably optimistic,—more markedly so than any other group in the world. He does not believe that civilization is perishing, that the dark ages are about to return. On the contrary, he thinks that mankind is on the threshold of a new and better existence. He feels, for example, that wars now-a-days are caused by the struggle for material resources, many of which we are able to manufacture in the laboratories. It is always stupid for man to kill one another; it becomes doubly stupid when they do so for things which can be procured peacefully.

The present war is one for raw materials. The research experts show little fear that mankind is exhausting our irreplaceable supply of raw materials. Take oil for example. At the present rate of consumption of oil world's present sources of supply may be exhausted within a hundred or two hundred years. But this can in no way cause anxiety to the scientist. He can find out other sources of supply. To-morrow gasoline may be made out of anything containing carbo-hydrate material. On the table of Dr. Ernest Berl (a great Austrian Scientist and now a Hitler refugee in U S A.) of Carnegie Institute, is a test tube of high-grade motor fuel made from molasses. Dr. Berl can produce the same thing from corn, wood, sea weeds or leaves. Within the glass-retorts and test tubes of U. S. research workers are drops of super power gasoline, an ounce of which can produce thousands of kilowatt-hour energy. Moreover much greater energy may be

## *A New World Order*

obtained from gasoline by new methods. The new method of refining have trebled the amount of gasoline obtained from crude oil.

To the scientist "Territorial Demands" and "More Breathing Space" are meaningless slogans. Only twelve per cent of world's land area is under cultivation. If this land were all tilled by the most advanced methods and cultivated, twice the population could be fed sumptuously without adding an acre. The erosion of the soil is fatal if it were to continue. It should be checked. Some natural metals are still indispensable. But broadly speaking, science is now prepared to make amazing list of things from something else, and guarantee that they will be just as good or better. The modern soil-less agriculture in which plants are chemically grown in water or sand, is capable of broad scale application by any government that feel that their neighbours are not giving them sufficient "breathing space."

The problem of food has, apart from agriculture, engaged the attention of the scientist. He has begun the manufacture of artificial food, particularly in Germany; sugars have been produced from wood and edible fats from coal. With the march of civilization has been reduced the vitamin content of many foods; we have now, thanks to science, many methods to restore them. Some of them are manufactured entirely as synthetic chemical compounds. The question whether the modern methods have taken away from our foods precious minerals as well, is engaging the attention of the scientist. He hopes to find soon whether fertilizers employed on heavily used soils should contain 16 mineral compounds instead of the customary three or four; so that we may get the maximum nourishment out of the fruits and vegetables. One leader in food Chemistry research says, "Think of the most tireless, inexhaustible person you know—someone who goes day and night, and is never fatigued or ill. It is quite possible that he has such energy because he instinctively takes the vitalising food and rejects others. Now-a-days such a person is one in hundred. We are working to raise the proportion of such people to 20 in 100, then 50 in 100, then perhaps every one except those who are deficient by heredity".

What are the most exciting new prospects on the scientific horizon? One that has been realised as astounding within the past year or two is the Sulfa-miracles — the magical drugs sulfanilamide, sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole with their power in curing a whole series of diseases. Available to every physician today is this group of drugs whose wonder-working during the past few years, has miraculously slashed the death rate of many fatal infectious diseases. Last year in U. S. A. alone those chalk-white tablets saved from certain death 50,000 sufferers, from pneumonia, puerperal infection, meningitis, gas gangrene and a score of other dangerous maladies. Sulfanilamide, the official name of the "mother drug", surpasses the most ambitious dream of medical pioneers. It is no wonder that scientists believe that what is to come is more remarkable than what has already been witnessed.

Also of tremendous immediate interest is the use of cochicine in artificially creating new varieties of plants. Cochicine, a poisonous drug extracted from the roots of autumn crocus, can be used on many sorts of vegetations to speed up enormously—perhaps 1000 times—the process of producing "sports," accidental variations which can be perpetuated. With good reason we can hope that within a year or two we can have oranges of the size of cocoanuts with superior taste and flavour, we can have papaya or pine apple or banana as a "complete food." The vases on our tables will be decorated with giant flowers of many new colours. Plants will be large and more resistant to diseases.

Then there is the electron microscope, which magnifies objects almost unbelievably—10,000 to 30,000 times—with photographic enlargements of 100,000 to 300,000 times. Within a few months or years it may open out undreamt of treasures and arm us with new weapons to fight diseases.

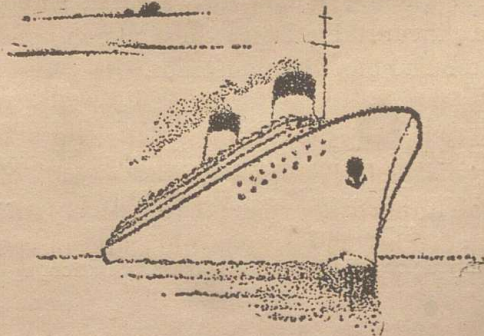
Vast possibilities in the treatment of diseases and many other fields are envisioned from experiments in the structure of matter made possible by Earnest Lawrence's Cyclotron, or atom-smasher. Of great potential importance is the release of the titanic energy locked within the atom which is aimed at constructing the giant

## *A New World Order*

cyclotron at the Berkely Hills. Exciting experiments are being done with the atom of the heavy metal Uranium. Though the amount of energy-producing materials extracted till now is small, the process has been greatly speeded up. Professor Lawrence says, "We shall have new riches, perhaps more important than those we have already found. Discovery of ways to release the vast store of energy in the nucleus of the commoner substances is more than a hope, it is already a possibility." The release of atomic energy might make limitless quantities of power available at so low a cost as to be virtually free. Every need of humanity might be supplied with a tiny fraction of labour as is required to satisfy those needs inadequately. Human labour might be limited to a few years of adult life and a few hours per day or even week.

These are some of the endless and breath-taking vistas that the scientists open to us. It is his "New World Order." No one is prepared to say when this new order will be established—in a generation, in two generations, or ever. On the other hand, it may be within six months or six years. However it does not need dive-bombers, submarines or tanks. Neither must the life of innocent women and children be ruthlessly sacrificed, nor the monuments of human civilization and progress demolished.

—N. J. G., B. A., (*Old Student.*)



## ENGLISH, A VITALISER

### OF INDIAN CULTURE AND CHARACTER\*

The English language is the vehicle of expression of western science. Hence to reject it out of a sense of false patriotism, would be to curtail our own opportunities. "This science is not only important in the field of world politics and economics, as a means of self-preservation, but its influence is of immense value for freeing the mind from the inertia of stupidity. The mind which refuses to admit its message, which is unable to accept its implications, must needs be content with a narrow, dark and feeble life." In every country knowledge has been free, and each receives according to its own power to receive.

It would be an interesting speculation as to what would have been the condition of India if Lord Moire (Marquis of Hastings) had not thought of educating the Indians along western lines and if Macaulay had never introduced such a scheme of education as exists in India. Let us look back to the days when we began studying English, and try to compare the conditions which then prevailed with those of our own day. The political atmosphere was cloudy—there was no paramount power worth the name. The native rulers were "like ignorant armies clashing by night." Religion and superstition permeated society, which itself had a number of strata. The lower castes were denied the privilege of all knowledge. The Brahmins who claimed knowledge of the *Vedas*, knew little of it themselves in the right spirit. In short, we had a priest-ridden people, bound hand and foot, by out-worn social customs and religious conventions, which they thought were divine in origin. Our peasantry, unprogressive and believing in fatalism, was rather compelled to take to a life of lethargic ease and idleness. Life was but a matter of course for them. Whenever war was imposed upon them, they wondered what inscrutable Deity they worshipped had projected them into this sinister and bloody maelstrom.

Religion formed the very centre of our national life. Swami Vivekananda has written: "In India religious life forms the centre, the key-note of the whole music of national life...Religion and

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\*Prize Essay in competition held by the English Association, 1940.

### *English, a Vitaliser*

religion alone is the life of India, and when that goes India will die in spite of social reforms, in spite of Kubera's wealth being poured down upon the head of every one of her sons...Touch him on spirituality, on religion, on God, on the soul, on the Infinite, on spiritual freedom, and I assure you, the lowest peasant in India is better informed in these subjects than many a so called Philosopher in other lands...' Thus we find that "communal separatism and dissension were taking dangerous shapes, destroying the very source of our well-being; and the seeds of our downfall were thus deeply embedded in our character, our society, our habits, our unreasonable prejudices"

It was at this time that the English came into the field with their racial characteristics of energy and efficiency, and mastered the soil by what is called diplomacy. Consider the spirit with which the then masters of the land introduced occidental systems of education into this soil. "To have found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and superstition, to have so ruled them, as to have made them desirous and capable of all privileges of citizens, would indeed be a title to glory all our own" (Macaulay).

Again, it was the great Indian reformer, Raja Ram Mohan Roy, who rallied his tremendous influences on the side of the westerners and strongly advocated the western methods of education, "for the liberation of the nation's soul and intellect, from the dead weight of tradition, superstition and ignorance." And this man, Raja Ram Mohan Roy, rightly regarded the father of nationalism in India, stands symbolic of the intellectual ferment that western contact caused on the Indian genius.

As Mr. Mansinha writes. "The very first effect of the western education on the Indian mind was to make it conscious of itself. The unhistorical Hindu suddenly linked himself to the glorious past of his land. If the Christian missionaries attacked the Hindu idolatry, the Hindu reformers went back to the good old Upanishads to find out a purely monotheistic Hinduism and to resurrect and popularise it. Further, the Indian has been roused from his age-long sleep and inertia. His selfish and narrow outlook has been widened. Now he has learnt to plan out his life in relation to his people and his country. He has come to believe that his personal salvation lies in the salvation of his race. He has become proud of his temples; in fact, proud of everything Indian. Herein lies the germs of the new awakening in India, which no bayonets can dispel, no troops can crush.

## *The Maharaja's College MAGAZINE*

The late Mr. C. F. Andrews relates a small incident which well reflects the spirit of Indian youth to-day. He was teaching some Indian boys the famous lines of Wordsworth,

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held—in everything, we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

Sometime later, while he was taking an essay-work, one of the students got up and said, "Sir, that line of Wordsworth—We must be free or die". This is typical indeed of the intellectual reaction in the Indian of the acquaintance with western literature.

"What the fugitive Greek scholars from Constantinople did to Europe, the trading sailors have done to the Eastern lands. And if in Turkey, Iran, Japan and China, the effect is tending to be a blind westernisation, in India, it has been a strong feeling of national consciousness, a process of liberation of the Indian mind from the useless accretions of the past, and a splendid outburst of new national energy in new literatures—in poetry, drama, novels, stories, magazines and daily papers."

In religion, art, literature, customs and manners the tide of denationalisation has been stemmed. Awakened into the possibilities of life and letters, to outdo other nations in all branches of knowledge, there has been, of late, a tendency on the part of our men to excel the classics and wander into new regions of arts and sciences. "The very essence of western literature, after the Renaissance, has been and is, the freedom of man", and it is this spirit to free man from every kind of external and internal bondage, that now forms the impelling force for the modern Indian reformers.

The Indian mind has been drawn out of a dark abyss of gloom and despair and narrowness. The slavish mentality characteristic of a downtrodden and oppressed nation has gradually waned from among us. The Indian to-day stands for equal rights with men of any other nationality. He can see the vision of the future which the English man dreamt in the last century. "The Parliament of man and the Federation of the world" can come only when it is truly recognised everywhere, that the greatness of man is not in his outward possessions alone; that a genuine respect for man as man, should be the binding force that unites men and nations.

Mr. Alfred Noyes has written of a small occurrence in the great battle of Jutland. "In the very hottest moment of this most stupendous

## *English, a Vitaliser*

battle in all history, two grimy stokers' heads arose for a breath of fresh air. What domestic drama they were discussing, the world may never know; but the words, which were actually heard passing between them, while the shells whined overhead, were these "what I say is, 'e ought to have married 'er." If you do not enjoy this story, you cannot understand the British character." There are two kinds of stillness—the helpless stillness of inertia which heralds dissolution, and the stillness of assured sovereignty, which commands the harmony of life. It is this sovereign stillness that governs English character, and which has been imparted to India through her associations.

Where is the English poet who sings,

"How can man die better  
Than by facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods"

when compared to the Eastern poetess who challenges Fate to take away all her physical powers, and yet may claim to live on in happiness;

Where is the bard who asks.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land..."

when compared to that Bengalee poet-philosopher who prays

"Where the mind is without fear  
And the head is held high...  
Into that Heaven of freedom,  
O! Father, let my country awake."

Ever since the close of the Great War, this has been the question that has been rising from the heart of India:

"But is Earth more free?  
Did nations combat to make *One* submit?  
Or league, to teach all kings true sovereignty?  
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be  
The patched-up idol of enlightend days?"

Verily, verily, we can say that our poets have been inspired to a great extent by Western literature. Michael Dutt and Benkim

## *The Maharaja's College MAGAZINE*

Chandra, the fathers of Bengalee poetry and prose respectively, had wandered far into the realm of Greek and Latin classics and tasted of their nectar, before they took to develop their own native tongue. It was in the genius of these heralds of the new age, that the fruits of European culture were first manifest in the country. Poets and writers of other Indian languages have also derived inspiration from English literature.

Of all the Eastern peoples that have come into contact with the English, the Indians are the least westernised. The Chinese and Japanese ladies have already adopted western costumes; but the learned and cultured Indian ladies bear a petty aversion for the skirt, coat and high heel. So too the proud Indian Sikh could not change his turban for anything in the world. The people of India are essentially Indian at heart.

England's claim to greatness lies in her wonderful civilisation which dominates the world. Her science and literature, history economics, political organisation, the technique of research—have all permeated the world, stood good test, and have won universal recognition. And we have imbibed that culture through a vehicle that is strange to us; and we are compelled to adopt the same studies, the same methods, the same attitude of thought.

Hence our choice lies not in driving out the English tongue from the Schools and Colleges, but in developing our *Lingua Franca*. We shall adopt what is good, and reject what is bad. Let us banish the pestilential maladies that are born of poverty, physical and mental starvation, from our sacred land. "Let culture, fellow-feeling and prosperity reign in our villages once more. Let us raise our down-trodden proletariat from within the dumb darkness of lack of self-expression, and lead them in the forefront of go-ahead nations by the exercise of our newly liberated powers."

— V. M. ISAAC, B. A., (Old Student)



## THE EXIT

By the latter half of the third term, the senior student scents the hurly burly of packing off from the College, and the idea then dawns on him that he has also to bid farewell to the College once for all. The idea of leaving the College may perhaps offer attractions to an ambitious youth of nineteen or twenty, whose mind is apt to wander in dreamlands beyond its portals. To him the dull routine of College life may have already become a boredom, and the mannerisms of the 'staff' unbearable. It may have become difficult for him to put up with the saturday life in the laboratories, the endless turning of blue litmus red and red litmus blue, with the smell of  $H_2S$  and occasional interruptions and explosions providing the only relief therein. In spite of all this, when you have actually to leave the College, you realise that it is not a pleasant job or an easy joke to wrench yourself from an *Alma Mater*—it is also painful as partings always are.

The ceremony of leave-taking is rather a pompous one, trumpeted by 'sobbing' farewell parties, return parties, melancholy speeches and replies soaked in tears.

A more modernised form of 'sobbing' is autograph hunting. 'Seniors' flitter here and there, in search of autographs during the third term. A student who has not seen an Autograph Book in his life-time is prompted by circumstances to buy a copy for himself for the mere sake of 'existence'. For how can a College student turn his back at something which is fashionable? Moreover, it is habitual with students, to record a friend's University number, simply for courtesy's sake. So also courtesy requires that one should take the autograph of a friend who has collected one's own autograph. Pretty fine business! If some one is suspected to be an Examiner, naturally enough, our love for him swells up, and how can we afford to lose *his* autograph?

Generally, it is as a Senior student that one leaves the College, that is, at a time when one has learnt to walk through the College corridors with an air of superiority as if over the whole College he exerts some sort of a proprietary right.

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But alas ! He leaves the College to be stranded in an unknown island, all alone. A five rupee note is converted into postal covers and every advertisement in the "Wanted" column in the Dailies is answered. Nothing useful comes out of it than the enrichment of the Postal Department. He becomes sceptical about advertisements and turns War news hoping for some news of bombs falling over University buildings, Government Officials and Employers in firms under the illusion that it may better his chances of getting employed, at least after the cessation of hostilities.

At some terribly weak moment, he one day visits his old College. There he smells an entirely different air, a most suffocating one indeed. But for a few scattered remnants here and there of the Old Stock, the whole student world is changed, and unfamiliar faces are everywhere. Professors may return a greeting smile, but even in those willing to recognise, there may arise difficulties of identification. This may prove a thunderbolt. He now understands that the College is somebody else's property, and he is only a stranger there. "The old order changeth yielding place to new."

Why should this fellow thus linger on there, and feel guilty of trespassing on another's domain ? There are long tracts of beautiful gardens along the western shore, where bespectacled gentlemen have their evening stroll. Yes ! They are "out" in the parks. He can also be "out" there very easily as no tickets are required to get admittance there. Let him have a dip into the celestial atmosphere and wash off his mental and bodily worries in it. The cool breeze is powerful enough to neutralize even the boredom of a hackneyed Tamil song relayed from the RADIO KIOSK. If he is not satisfied, he can very well move to the North where a theatre, famous for its time-honoured varieties, is awaiting him. Bask in the hospitality of all these places for a while. A big employer is then sure to extend his arms to an adventurous youth, in whose dictionary the word "dejection" cannot find a place. Yes, one day he will also emerge as a petty coated gentleman of the employed category.

M. V. MATHAI, B. A. (*Old Student.*)

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My name is Mr. Mouse. I live with my spouse in a small house. I love her, and look you, she also loves me sometimes! Our house is situated in the bowels of Mother Earth; for you men build your houses on the earth, and we mice within the earth.

Now, you shall become more acquainted with me. I have six children. One third of the number is of the feminine species and the rest of the masculine variety. By the by, I should tell you my age. It is...oh! I have completely forgotten it! Suffice it to say that my age is greater than my children's.

As to my pedigree, it is sufficiently noble. You all know "Vinayakar," familiarly known by the name of Pillayar,—not "who is son?" mind you! You also know that Pillayar has a mouse for his "Vahanam" or vehicle. The story runs that my great-grandfather's grand-great-grandmother begat that mouse that Pillayar chose as his bearer. So you see, I am descended from a quite noble family. Next I shall say something about my education. I have just crossed over the S. S. L. C. bridge, and I think of joining the University, my optional subjects being French and Botany. (Is there such a group in your University?)

Now, just a word about one of my High School teachers. He was a bulky mouse—of course leaner than an elephant. He was very fond of big words and at the same time, he would ask us not to use such words. Once he told us:—"Students, the most preposterous presumption among you is that words of disproportionate magnitude are considered better than those of unostentatious simplicity." We, especially I, could not understand him in the least.

The next thing I shall do, is to explain or rather narrate to you a funny incident. One dark night, when the world lay entranced in a dreamless swoon, Mrs. Mouse and I went to a lecturer's house. There we saw a bottle of ghee. But oh! that cork which fitted the neck! Still, keeping the maxim, "Try till you succeed," we

tried our teeth on the cork until it came out. Good Heavens! The members of the house had consumed half the bottle, I mean, half the ghee in the bottle, and not the actual bottle. Mrs. Mouse and I brought the consumption business to perfection. And do you know how we carried out the process? One by one, that is, alternately, we plunged our tails deep into the bottle and then drew them out and licked them. We repeated the operations until the bottle was quite empty. Don't you realise the utility of our tails and the fertility of our intellect?

I have met with many adventures, all of which I do not wish to describe. It will take up a great deal of time also. I wish to conclude, for I already see that you are yawning. So I will gladly stop. By the by, if any of you want further details about my adventurous life, the depth of my knowledge and the width of my wisdom, please communicate to the following address carefully:—

Mr. Mouse,  
Husband of Mrs. Mouse,  
(to avoid ambiguity)  
near Singapore,  
Via "Y" Block.

—MISS S. PARVATHI DEVI, *cl. ii, gr. ii.*



## TO SHELLEY

Shelley, thine impassioned Spirit  
Indeed, hath soared on, endlessly,  
In times of woe and weal. — It  
Shall thrive on, — everlastingly !

Oppression could not make thee quail,  
Nor custom bind thee to her wheels ;  
Rank tradition sure, did fail  
To keep thee chained to her heels.

Tyranny could not subdue thee ,  
For thee exile held no terrors ;  
Thy Spirit soared, smilingly  
Amending thy country's errors.

Champion of Love and Liberty,  
Eternal torch-bearer of Hope !  
How shall I sing the name of thee  
Bold preserver of those that grope ?

Shelley ! the magic of thy name  
Thy people failed to understand !  
Universal Love's immortal flame  
Could not warm thy barren land !

Thine indomitable Spirit  
Shrank and shrivelled in the snow—  
While Italy with warmth alit  
Beckoned to thee, and thou didst go !

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The Mediterranean blue,  
And the gorgeous azure skies  
Hath imparted a brilliance new  
To thy soul, free from mundane ties !

Immortal bard ! thou didst inspire  
From thy seat in the Southern main,  
Righteous passion and the holy fire  
Of knowledge and its sacred train.

Asleep did Man lie in chasms  
Of dark, unwholesome ignorance,  
Thou quietedst Ignorance spasms,  
And rousedst Man from his woeful trance.

Oreads paid thee humble homage,  
And the Naiads of the pearly streams  
Haunted they sleep, and did assuage  
Thy woe with Hope's consoling gleams.

Sorrows are but the harbingers  
Of the joyous Angels of Bliss,  
Despair is but the kindly nurse  
Of Hope which thou never didst miss !

Shelley ! thy sorrows are ended,  
Thine immortal spirit at rest,  
But in thy deathless notes are blended  
Love, Faith and Hope, all at their best !

— R. V. ISWAR, (*Old Student*).

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## ATMOSPHERIC NITROGEN

### Nitrogenous fertilizers

It is necessary here to briefly consider the Nitrogen Cycle in Nature to clarify the process of its conservation for a perennial supply to living plants and animals even without the application of external agencies, though in meagre bulks.

The most prominent agents that rear plants are phosphorus, potassium and nitrogen, the last one being the most expensive. Another ingenious complexity in nature is that free nitrogen cannot be assimilated by plants and animals, nor can animals take in the nitrogen necessary for their growth as plants can, from a combined state. Consequently, they depend on vegetation for the nutritious nitrogen.

All living matter and waste products of animals contain considerable quantities of combined nitrogen. The decay of organic matter through the agency of bacteria liberates this nitrogen, part of which escapes into the atmosphere and part returns to the soil to be absorbed by plants. The nitrogen which is returned to the soil does not ease the situation as plants are unable to partake of it unless it is converted into nitrates of ammonia and complex compounds of an allied nature. However, a transformation does occur in the soil as this organic matter is attacked by certain bacteria and a certain amount of nitrogen is then converted into nitrates and another fraction to free nitrogen. A portion of this free nitrogen is brought back to the soil during rains, being oxidised to ammonium nitrate by electric discharge. Curiously enough, this nitrogen is insufficient to maintain the fertility of cultivated soils, and therefore, artificial methods have to be adopted to make up this constant draining. This is done by allowing nitrogenous organic matter—manure—to decay in the soil, or by adding a mixture—fertilizers containing available nitrogen.

Some plants principally peas, beans, clover, lupins etc., appear to live in a kind of partnership (symbiosis as it is termed in natural

science) with certain bacteria. The bacteria lives as guests in the nodules of the rootlets of their host, and pretty likely in the neighbouring soil as well. The symbiotic bacteria convert atmospheric nitrogen into a form assimilable as food for plants on which they stay.

The rather complex processes involved in the circulation of nitrogen in nature can be summarised as follows:—

Ammoniacal ferment, nitrate etc.

Death and decay. Free atmospheric nitrogen

Living plants, animals

Fixed by electric discharge or symbiotic bacteria.

The fertility of cultivated fields and gardens, depends, therefore, upon the combined nitrogen added as manures or fertilizers and the development of agriculture on the cheap production of available nitrogen. Nitre deposits have been discovered, the largest one in Chili, and are being worked now. The Commission appointed by the Chilian Government in 1909 disclosed that their nitre beds would be exhausted within a century at the then prevailing rate of consumption. Even before this alarm was sounded, efforts have been made to devise methods to artificially work out compounds of nitrogen for plants to feed on.

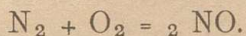
In 1896 Nobbe and Hiltner sold cultures of "Nitrogen fixing" bacteria under the name of "Nitrogen" for inoculating the soil, which proved satisfactory for certain crops, when peptone and glucose were added to the water in which the nitrifying bacteria were distributed for spreading on the soil.

Further advances were made through various channels, and today we have three distinct methods for the manufacture of nitrogen in a form available as food for plants.

The first is by heating calcium carbide in dry nitrogen whereby it is converted to calcium cyanamide; the second, by the direct synthesis of ammonia from its elements, and the third, by the direct oxidation of atmospheric nitrogen and the absorption of the resulting oxides in water or alkaline solution.

## *Atmospheric Nitrogen*

In 1779, Priestly noticed the formation of an acid when electric sparks were sent through the air, but he mistook it to be carbonic acid. Six years later, Cavendish demonstrated it to be nitric acid. Towards the end of the 19th century, Crookes showed that air could be burnt to nitric and nitrous acids in a powerful electric arc. Siemens and Halske worked upon his discovery and burnt nitrogen in a chamber containing an electric arc spread over a large surface by an electro-magnet. In 1907, Nerst and Haber studied the conditions of this reaction and found that nitrogen and oxygen directly unite to form nitric oxide,  $\text{NO}$  at very high temperatures:



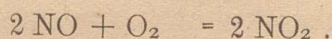
However, they found that after attaining chemical equilibrium, if the system is not suddenly cooled, dissociation took place. Experiments showed that a temperature of  $700^\circ \text{C}$ . was sufficient to make the reversible reaction inappreciable.

These facts have been applied in several successful schemes on a commercial scale and different countries have adopted different methods for the fixation of nitrogen. Birkeland and Eyde's is typical, and is very widely employed in Norway.

It consists in setting up a high voltage arc between two copper tube electrodes through which cold water is continuously circulating. The flame is spread over a large surface by an electro-magnet placed at right angles to the electrodes so as to situate the terminals between the two poles of the magnet. The magnet spreads the flame over one electrode until the current is reversed; a fresh flame then lits up at the opposite electrode. The current alternates every  $\frac{1}{50}$ th of a second and the cumulative effect is a hot disc of flame called the "electric sun" six or more feet in diameter. The flame is enclosed in a fireclay chamber armoured with copper, and air is forced through both sides of the disc. The resulting gases are pumped off. The two marked facilities rendered by the disc are (1) it provides a large area, so much so, the maximum amount of nitrogen is oxidised with the minimum consumption of current, and (2) it offers an efficient method to cool the nitric oxide, thereby practically nullifying its dissociation.

The hot gases containing 1 to 2 % of Nitric oxide are used to heat steam boilers or evaporating pans. They are then passed

through aluminium coolers where, after attaining the ordinary temperature, they pass through empty absorption towers built of acid proof masonry. Here Nitrogen Peroxide,  $\text{NO}_2$ , is formed by direct union with atmospheric oxygen which, of course, is present in excess :



By means of stoneware fans,  $\text{NO}_2$  gases are passed through a series of absorption towers built of granite, stoneware etc., where they meet water and milk of lime. The absorbed nitrogen oxides form Calcium Nitrate. The solution is evaporated and sold as fertiliser containing a fairly good percentage of available nitrogen.

These methods are adopted for exclusive manufacture of fertilisers. The development of chemical and metallurgical industries offers means to produce them on a commercial scale as by-products. The conversion of coal into metallurgical coke, of iron ore to pig iron using coke instead of coal as a reducing agent, in fact all operations where coal is heated to high temperatures are instances in point.

When coal is subjected to destructive distillation, at a temperature around  $800^\circ\text{C}$ ., ammonia is one of the gaseous products evolved which, when bubbled through dilute sulphuric acid, deposits crystals of ammonium sulphate on the solution attaining super-saturation.

Similarly, when coal is used in place of coke in the extraction of pig iron from ore, the gases escaping from the blast furnace contain ammonia which, when neutralised with sulphuric acid and evaporated, gives ammonium sulphate.

Ammonium sulphate containing free acid greatly impairs facilities for storing and, therefore, it is essential that a strictly neutral salt is made. It is generally dried in a current of hot air.

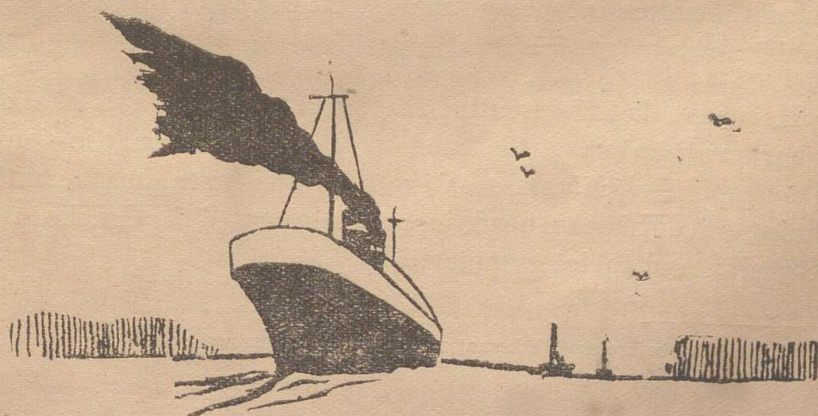
The way plants take in nitrogen from fertilizers is again through the agency of bacteria present in the soil. The ammonia is converted to nitrous acid by the action of nitrous ferment and the latter to nitric acid by nitric ferment. The acid is not present in the soil in its free state as the compounds of the alkali

## *Atmospheric Nitrogen*

and alkali earth metals present in the soil take up the acid and form nitrates. It is then that plants assimilate nitrogen as only nitrate nitrogen can go directly to the roots. If, however, manure is used in place of fertilizer, there is yet another initial reaction with the bacteria present in the soil when nitrogen present in the manure is converted into ammonia before the nitrous ferment comes in.

In this respect ammonium nitrate is a better fertilizer than ammonium sulphate, yielding immediate effect as the nitrate nitrogen is already present in it. But the irretrievable drawback here is that ammonium nitrate is hygroscopic. Further, its action is evanescent when compared to ammonium sulphate, and the application of the latter retains the fertility of the soil over a decidedly longer period than the nitrate.

— JOSEPH P. PANAKAL, *J. B. Sc., Gr. III.*



## MATHEMATICS AND MORALS\*

Henri Poincaré', perhaps the greatest Mathematician of the last half-century, wrote an essay on the "Relations of Morals to Science" which is included in the volume of his last thoughts. For Poincaré' science meant natural philosophy, the ordered body of law found to hold in material phenomena. This body of laws is at once the main field of application of mathematics and the prime source of pure mathematics. The main stimulus to and directing agency in the development of pure mathematics has been the attempt to express accurately and comprehensively, and with a minimum of assumptions, the ordered sequences of natural phenomena. In the course of his attempt to round off the work of the star-gazers from the ancient Greeks and Egyptians to his immediate predecessor Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton invented the differential and integral calculus, and discovered the Binomial Theorem. He little dreamt of the vile uses to which that theorem would be put as a sacrificer of brains, and a play thing of examinationmongers.

Newton said: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me".

Here we find the close point of contact between mathematics and morals. If one of the ends of life be the pursuit of beauty, then mathematics, properly understood, is one of the avenues we should follow.

Harmony is an essential factor in beauty, and the desire for harmony animates the modern searcher after the ordered relations of the universe, as well as the pure mathematician spinning out of his own head, just as it animated the Greeks in their star-gazing and their geometry.

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\* Paper read before the Mathematics Association, June 24, 1941.

## *Mathematics and Morals*

It is difficult to distinguish the passion for truth from the quest of beauty. We search for truth with the heart as well as with the head. We follow it because we must. And we follow beauty with the head as well as with the heart. How else can we explain that traditional association of mathematics with music. I cannot tell, for the life of me, whether it is truth or beauty that reigns in a batch fugue. Is it relentless logic or the beauty of the woven pattern that carries along at once both the head and the whole nervous being?

Truth is the sphere of the mathematicians. So the appreciation of truth is indistinguishable from that of beauty, and nothing can be beautiful that is not true and harmonious. And in asserting this I do not fall back on an indistinct and sentimental use of the word true, meaning merely satisfying to an unanalytic instinct. A piece of statuary cannot be beautiful if its poise does not fit with the mathematical principles of mechanics; a thought cannot be beautiful which is illogical.

While mathematics may be the chief avenue to the preception of material phenomena, when it comes to those personal relations in which intuition, spiritual receptivity and responsiveness are the characteristic qualities, the preception of number relations and of the indubitable laws of the material world are irrelevant or even misleading.

It is certain that our standards of personal goodness are not uniform and unchangeable. They are and must be in some cases relative to our understanding of the inevitable factors in human relationship. We cannot separate the sources of action prompted by goodness from what is likely to follow from them. Here the mathematical faculty cannot fail to come into play. Intuition and reason often go hand in hand.

Perhaps the conception of mathematics as a subject to be learned, with arguments to be memorized, and rules to be applied, is one of the many perversions that are being compelled upon us by the terrific bogey of examinations. These bar the way of the teacher to whom has come the sacred calling of inspiring the youth to the love of truth and beauty, who would lead them to shun

dishonesty as a plague, and to find in the music of the spheres some echo of eternal realities.

At all costs we must be forced into the moulds of these examinations. We must "get through" some how. The chief aim of *our* mathematics is to get at the answer.

As regards the moral effect, it is still disastrous. We were out to get the answer, never mind what it meant, to satisfy the teacher by something regardless of whether we understood or not.

If there had been time and freedom these same studies might have been of the highest moral value. That despised Euclid will stand for ever as a model of honest thinking, although it was thrown overboard for modern hotch-potches. No man who has once appreciated the organic unity of Euclid's work can again be content with a loose argument from undefined premises.

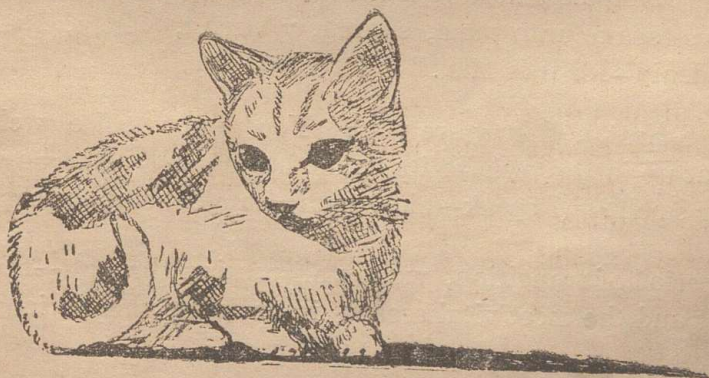
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While the mathematical studies may and should increase reverence for the truth and beauty of the Universe, unskilled handling of the subject may close this avenue finally. In doing so, what happens to the number instinct, which is, in a more or less degree, in all of us? It is likely to come out in the arithmetical operations in ordinary life. Now a boy of energy and some native mathematical ability, to whom school life is a boredom, whose time is being wasted in the University, who looks forward as one of the things he might do in after life, the developing of a quiet sea-side place, he reckons up the present price of land, the cost of erection, the probable entertainments and the profits to be obtained. That calculation is a keen alert mathematical operation. Is the gambling instinct a wrongly-associated impulse? Are the operations of the stock exchange or the money market the same activity merely acting without integration into moral being? Is the divorcing of mathematics from the aesthetic school one of the most powerful of the world-desolating non-moral applications of one of the intellectual faculties? For the man who has a clear sense of mathematical possibilities of a situation, is the master of that situation.

## *Mathematics and Morals*

The checking of mathematical development in a sensitive soul will throw the balance more heavily on the side of sentiment and feeling, with courage loose, unrelated judgments and action which does not rest on a quick perception and prevision of consequences. Thus the world is more than ever landed in the power of the men whose judgements are untempered by morals.

—PANAKAL, J. ABRAHAM, *Class II., Group i.*



## LETTER TO SHARAT

TRICHUR,  
19th July, 1936.

*My Dear Sharat,*

O yes! I'm quite glad to have and to read your short but kind and interesting letter. Well, well, well.

No, you cannot meet or see me now—unless, by a stroke of insanity, I or you jump into the train and be off to Lahore or to Trichur respectively. Well, well, well.

I am glad, too, to hear that for you the sky is painted with liquid gold. I congratulate you for your singular good fortune. But here, you know, the sky is painted (?) with liquid steam—heavy rains and no sunrise for some days. Well, well, well!

If man, with all his transgressions, considers the divine and glorious bond of friendship to be renewed or to be actually formed by a single letter—a foolish means of conveying one's fanciful thoughts—, then you or I can but look at him, and heave a sigh of sincere sympathy. For, I tell you, Sharat, verily, verily, that that man is but foolish—foolish ten times over. Because, how can you say that a mere letter renews the friendship of two persons—like a business letter renewing the subscription for a periodical—eh, how can you say all that? Like-wise, (I allude to my own case), how can a letter sever the true and faithful bonds of FRIENDSHIP?—And James spake unto them, saying, “Verily, verily, trifle not with friendship—for it is His!”

Well, Sharat, and how are you? You're now quite well and comfy. put up in the, what's its name, hostel, eh? And how does Lahore air smell? (I speak—hic—meta—eh ak-metaphorically.)

The period of transition, we are all passing through—the most important and the most vital season in one's life the period when

*Letter to Sharat*

boyhood merges into manhood and full growth and takes a definite form. In other words, we are all getting shaped. Have you watched a potter making pots? The clay is shaped into a pot, before it is sent to be baked. We are all getting matured and shaped, ere our passing into the furnace of life's experiences, where we are baked and seasoned to withstand time. So beware and be careful. Cling to health, as you will cling to a dearest. Watch yourself, as you watch your enemy (here too, I speak not literally). Practise self-control and self-discipline. Control your thoughts—and your words and deeds will control themselves. Be good to you foremost. Above all, be pure and true and sincere. Then, all will come to you—all all, ALL!

O how covetable is that godly state of purity! Free from all worldly bondage, true in yourself! O how cheerful is that willing mind of yours, my dear, when it stoops to render help! O Beauty's Beauty. Truth, gracious God of Love, duty then devotion—a happy, happy grove in Life's tender shade!

The rose is green and the grass is grey,  
All is well with world; and I go my way.  
O tender is the night, as it revels with light!  
The blindman's sight, gives him truth, good and might.  
Travel? yes, travel on the breast of your mother!  
Travel on the knee of your pa and your brother!  
Travel with all bliss on your sweet heart's lip!  
And always travel in the true friendSHIP!

I awoke with a start, and rubbed my eyes. Ah, what a fantastic dream!

Don't please, go mad with me.

So au revoir, and my choicest,

Sincerely yours.

—J. V.



## WITH AUNTIE TO THEATRE

I was in a very happy frame of mind as I gave final touches to my toilet. What has surprised me most when I approached Father for permission to attend a picture which was taking the city by storm, was Auntie's unwonted enthusiasm in my cause. She had generously put in a word and made matters easier for me. What luck, I now addressed myself in the mirror, that the dear old soul should have been just then staying with us! Auntie was middle-aged and doubtlessly old-fashioned in her outlook on life. She did not approve of the movies nor did she countenance boys and girls attending them. I dare say this opinion is still held by many aunts all the world over and sometimes it stands like the Great Rock between a film-crazy nephew and a picture he has set his mind to see. Where it concerned me, Auntie would, of her own accord, relax to a degree the rigid rules of morality and conduct along which her younger days had been moulded. Even as a child I was Auntie's favourite, and although misunderstandings had since appeared between us from time to time, her affection towards me was as genuine and unsullied as when I was an innocuous little toddler who listened avidly to her fairy-stories.

I turned away from the mirror to see the old dear bounce lightly into the room, notwithstanding her generous figure, and beam upon me. Knowing as I did, how herculean a task it was to bring even the shadow of a smile to her naturally grim face, this exuberance of feeling unsettled me. However, I managed to say: "Oh, Auntie dear! I really must tell you how grateful I am for all that you said to Father. I was not at all sure that he would allow me to go." I hung on her arm in the emotion of the moment, discovering at the same time that she was dressed to go out.

"Where are you off to, Auntie?"

In reply she gave me a prodigious wink. After some time she went on: "It is natural that boys and girls should like to go to the Cinema. The world has changed, Shanker, my boy, since

*With Auntie to Theatre*

my young days—there were no cinemas then, no phonographs nor reed...”

“Radio, Auntie. R-A-D-I-O.”

“Yes, my boy, that is the word,” the old relative gushed. “What I want you to note is that elders are being foolish when they say “NO” to their children who desire to attend the pictures.

“Exactly, Auntie,” I remarked, not a little amazed at this sudden *volte face*. Her present views on the movies were a far cry from her out of date and strictly orthodox ideas on the subject.

“It is quite harmless entertainment which every young man and woman should be at liberty to enjoy. Moreover, does it not teach them many new and interesting things?”

“Yes, Auntie dear,” I hurried to collaborate, “you are right.”

“You should know, my dear boy, that we were brought up in a different domestic atmosphere. In it only village fairs, car festivals and the like played an important part...I have seen numerous fairs and festivals myself.” A dreaminess stole into the old lady’s eyes. “My uncle (poor dear! he is no more!) he always made it a point to take me with him to attend the events. Other children were afraid of uncle, but would you believe it—I played with him as often and as long as I liked. He was at heart most loving...And then while I held him by one hand, in the other I had invariably a candy.” Auntie blushed. “You see, I had a sweet tooth even as a girl. Candy is my favourite still. Today boys are crazy of ice-cream! Let them just have a bit of candy, and you may be sure that none would thenceforth even *think* of cream...!”

I carefully suppressed a yawn and hinted to Auntie that the time was six o’clock. The mood of reminiscence vanished and she came to herself. “Six o’clock! Oh, dear! So you are ready? Then shall we start?”

“So long, Auntie. I must be getting along...”

"SHALL WE START?"

"Eh... eh?... Shall we, WHAT?"

"Don't stand there gaping like an idiot, Shanker! Come along and we must be going!"

"But—but, Auntie..."

"What is it?"

"Did you say WE? But surely, Auntie, you don't want to attend the show? It is scheduled to open at 6-15, and the time is already 6-5. It will take you not less than twenty minutes to get to the theatre. Won't tomorrow do? I shall be very glad to accompany you..."

"No, my dear boy, we shall see the film this evening and together!" Her voice had an edge and an unmistakable finality in it. "And don't you tell me that you are not aware that tomorrow is the change. Now then..."

"Wait a minute, Auntie. My friends tell me that the picture is excellent. When they try to convince you that a certain picture is the best in the world, you may be sure that that is the worst you are going to see. My friends have queer notions about films. They also say that Kusum is a very great actress, and I bet she is not! Again Jalal, her leading man, is said to have given a marvellous piece of acting in it. Why he, of all others, should be playing the main role is a mystery to me. I had the ill-luck once to hear him sing like a donkey with a cold in the head..."

"Really?" Auntie's tone was alarmingly subdued, which made me all the more determined to put up a stiff fight before going down. I knew my Auntie so well that I could fairly correctly guess how the world would go with me were I to escort her to the show.

Accordingly, I carried on with all the eloquence at my command. "There is another thing, Auntie, which you do not seem to know. Seeing films puts a strain on one's eyes, and do you think you could stand it?"

"My boy," purred the old lady, "my glasses are all right, thank God! And I am sure that just one film—you should know it is going to be my first and perhaps last will not spoil my eyes."

Something told me that I had not till then understood Auntie fully. I had yet to learn that stubbornness was an inborn trait in her character. Yet, I tried again, "Moreover, Auntie, the sky is overcast, and it looks as if it is going to rain tonight. The chill wind might bring on a cold or — er — a sore throat. At least that has been my personal experience."

"Quite so, my dear boy," interjected my relation with soft solicitude, "how remiss of me to have not thought of it. So kind of you to remind me!"

Auntie's words fairly made me jump in ecstasy. "Then, then, you think that after all it would be better for me...."

"Yes, Shanker, it would be better for you to remain behind. I don't want you to be laid up just now. I won't mind going alone, although I must say that I will be feeling your absence." She made a decisive move towards the door.

"No, Auntie, I will brave it. I did not really mean it that way, you know!" Auntie smiled extravagantly to my utter mortification.

\* \* \* \* \*

In spite of the breathless speed with which we made the distance, we were late for the show by fifteen minutes. We made the journey to a few vacant chairs at the far end of the hall without mishap except that somebody growled when I made a *faux pas* and stood for a fleeting moment atop his toes, and another chuckled heartily when, in an attempt to retrieve my umbrella from the sea of shins, I tickled him unwittingly.

Just as I was blessing my stars at having seen through a particularly hard job without more than ordinary inconvenience, Auntie wanted me to epitomise each scene as it flashed across the screen. But Auntie's deformity, viz., a slight deafness, proved an almost insurmountable hindrance.

"What is that girl singing about, Shanker? Doesn't she look comical?" Suddenly queried Auntie, none too softly.

Mild admonitions reached us from behind.

"The girl is singing about the glory of Love. You see, she is in love with that young man with a moustache."

"And who is that man driving the motor car?" "That is the young man's rival for the girl's hand. There, Auntie, don't raise your voice so high. People don't like to be disturbed when a song is on..."

"Well, why should I lower my tone?" announced the old thing in a deep falsetto. "I don't care what others say. Have we not paid for these seats? Nobody need tell me how I should talk, when to raise my voice, when not to raise it...Thanks to my uncle's training I could speak modestly even from childhood. Have I told you...?"

"Yes, Auntie, dear; but you have!" I hissed a reply.

"How my uncle (Poor dear, he is dead and gone!)..."

A voice from somewhere immediately behind muttered: "May his soul rest in peace!"

"Auntie, they are making fun of you!" I conveyed to her in a fierce whisper. "We have missed a good part of the story already!"

Peace reigned for a half-hour, except for my running commentary. Auntie seemed to be strangely preoccupied. Perhaps she was delving into the pigeon-holes of her memory for incidents which would illustrate little-known aspects of her character, all to my benefit of course. Another of Kusum's songs came along and the crowd sat alert. To my horror, Auntie just then emerged from her cocoon and proclaimed in a bass: "Shanker, is that girl supposed to have a tooth-ache, or what? See how she contorts her face!" Soon she was bursting into fits of laughter at her "joke". I could only swallow my indignation at Auntie's slighting remarks about my favourite film-star. Protesting hisses and cat-calls did not in any way stem Auntie's supreme merriment. The climax was reached when a beam of light from an electric torch somewhere came to life, and after wandering, chose to rest upon Auntie. I could not wholly escape the halo, and how I wished then the floor opened up and sucked me in!

The song came to a close and the lights went up for the Interval. Auntie's ebullition had cooled down, and in the glare she could be observed quaking like a volcano that had spent itself out.

*With Auntie to Theatre*

I was not, however, destined to have peace of mind, for Auntie shocked me by saying: "My boy, you are wriggling painfully in your chair. Anybody would think that you are ill at ease to be with me, your Auntie. Perhaps, you are ashamed to sit by me because I am fat..."

"And ugly!" a familiar voice at the back chimed in.

"What is it that you say, SHANKER? peremptorily inquired Auntie. I said that it was not I who made that remark.

"I ought to be ashamed of you, the way you behave like an ill-bred country lad...Your manners are shocking!" She fixed me with a cold stare instead of paying heed to my self-vindication.

When later I unluckily missed the thread of the story and went wrong in my *precis* of it, Auntie had to say: "You are grown up. You will be twenty at the coming of the full moon four days hence and yet you cannot tell a story without getting muddled!"

Man-made things do not last, and neither do cinema-films. As I made a weary journey home with Auntie, she allowed me a glimpse of her mind: "The girl was a horrifying sight...She had painted her lips and the shameless manner in which she was behaving in the company of the young man...the man who first came in the motor-car...Do you know if she is married?"

"Yes, Auntie, she is married. But what has that got to do with the show?"

"Heavens!" was my relative's rejoinder, "and you mean to say that her husband allows her to run about...Ugh, modernity is a bane, I tell you! You are young and you don't understand the world." She broke off at a tangent to add: "These cinemas are no good, Shanker! I must have a word with your father. It is better to do something before things get off our hands...!" We reached home.

—T. S. PADUKONE, B. A.  
(Old Student).

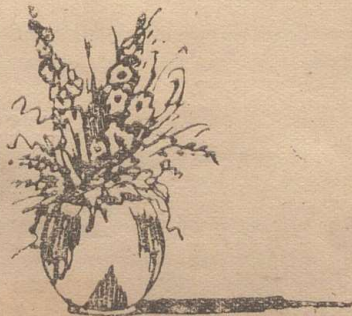


## DEATH \*

Sorrow's dark night, again and again,  
Has come to my door.  
Its only weapon, I saw,  
Was pain's twisted brow, fear's hideous gestures  
Preluding its deception in darkness.  
Whenever I have believed in its mask of dread,  
Fruitless defeat has followed.  
This game of defeat and victory is life's delusion ;  
From childhood, at each step, clings this spectre,  
Filled with sorrow's mockery.  
A moving screen of varied fears—  
Death's skilful handiwork wrought in scattered gloom.

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\* Tagore's last poem.



## COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

### SPORTS AND GAMES

#### Barlow Hall

I take this opportunity to extend a hearty welcome to all the new members. In Messrs M. K. John and C. M. Isaac, the ever-energetic ex-captains of Barlow, we have men responsible for the glory and prestige of the Hall in the two preceding years. This year's activities began with a success for the Hall. In Basket Ball, we came out with flying colours in all the three matches with the other Halls. Our thanks are due among others to Messrs C. Pankajakshan and P. V. Lokanathan who played remarkably well in all the matches.

— K. SAKTHIDHARAN, *Captain*.

#### Davies Hall

Though we have begun this year's activities with failures unexpected as they were, we are quite confident of ending the year in glory, with the hearty co-operation of all the members of the Hall.

We feel very much the absence of our last year's star Athlete, the late Mr. K. A. Korath, who met with a watery grave at Trichur. May his soul rest in peace!

In Basket Ball we lost all the three fixtures. But "Failures are but stepping stones to success."

I have great pleasure in extending a hearty welcome to all the new members.

— P. K. VARGHESE, *Captain*.

### **Cricket Club**

We started cricket pretty early this year, but have had to suspend practice due to bad weather and the general repair of the grounds. The loss to the team of S. Raghavan, our ex-captain and fast bowler, and the fact that no promising newcomers have arrived is a sure signal to the senior members to practice regularly and hard. Fielding in general calls for improvement and the bowlers will use their heads a little more. More attention is desirable from the wicket keepers to their part of the game.

From among last year's players T. Sivasankaran has been elected Secretary for this year, and I am sure that he will do his best for the Club.

With the co-operation of all the players, I am sure that this year, we will put forward a team of a very good standard.

P. V. LOKANATH, *Captain.*

### **Hockey Club**

I have pleasure in welcoming all the new members of the Club.

The opening matches of the season indicate that the standard of our game needs improvement and that without such improvement we cannot expect to do well in the forthcoming Inter-Collegiate matches. Of the four matches played so far, we were able to win only over the Cochin Gymkhana Team, while we lost the matches against the Cochin Sports Club, Peirce Leslie Sports Club and Nilgiri Malabar Battalion Team.

I hope all interested in the game will co-operate with me in giving a better account of ourselves in the matches to come.

—THOMAS KOSHI, *Captain.*

### **Tennis Club**

Mr. K. Rajagopalan IV. B. A. (3rd) and Miss Susi Mani IV B. Sc. (3rd) were elected as Captain for Men and Women students respectively. This year, as usual, we were prevented from starting the games in the first term itself, by rain.

—*Captain.*

## HOSTELS

### **S. R. V. Hostel**

Our hostel has braved the recent cyclone, and it is once again throbbing with interest. While a few of our old comrades have left the Hostel new ones have taken their places.

Mr. P. R. Subbarama Iyer has taken charge from Mr. E. Rama Menon as Superintendent. We record here our thanks to Mr. Raman Menon for all his kindness.

Our Hostel provides for out-door games such as badminton and ring tennis, and indoor games such as carroms and table-tennis.

The 'Results' of our Hostel in the last University Examination were creditable, one of our friends having secured a double second class for the B. A. degree. We are hoping for better achievements this year.

— P. Z. PUNNOOSE, *Secretary*.

### **Shanmukham Hostel**

We all regret that Mr. C. J. Peter, our popular superintendent has relinquished his office. We take this opportunity to record our sincere feelings of gratitude towards him. He has been succeeded by Mr. Paul, D. Alapat. We most cordially welcome him into our midst. He takes a very keen interest in the welfare of the Hostel, and within this short space of time, has earned our admiration for his paternal care and mild discipline. The Warden regularly visits the Hostel, and kindly enquires after our comforts.

The Hostel is once again shifted to its former premises, facing the boat Jetty and overlooking the waters.

At the University examination in March 1941, out of the six that took the examination, five were successful while three got first classes. Our congratulations go to them.

The number of boarders this year has been considerably diminished; but we hope that it would not affect the activities of the Hostel adversely.

## *The Maharaja's College MAGAZINE*

The tragic death of Mr. K. A. Korath, one of last year's boarders, cast a spell of gloom in the opening weeks of the term. We hope to maintain records of achievements both on the fields and in the Halls.

— N. I. VARUNNY, *Secretary*.

### **Muslim Hostel**

The beginning of the term was conspicuous for a great rush of boarders, with the result that single-seated rooms had to be converted into double-seated, and double-seated into treble-seated. The rise in numbers has naturally added to the 'life' in the Hostel.

A distinguishing feature here is the Proctorial system which is responsible for the general discipline and efficiency of the Hostel.

The boarders take keen interest in the debates, held under the auspices of the Hostel Literary Union. On the 15th August, a condolence meeting was held in the Hostel Hall in connection with the sad demise of Poet Tagore.

We are very enthusiastic on sports-grounds and games-fieldstoo.

— K. K. ABDULRAHIMAN, *Secretary*

### **Thiyya Hostel**

We have among us, this year representatives from Cochin, Travancore and British Malabar. The Hostel still keeps up its traditional cosmopolitan composition. A spirit of family bond free from caste, creed or religion pervades the atmosphere. Last year's examination results were very satisfactory. We have had almost cent per cent passes—a few securing distinctions and classes.

A tragic event occurred, on the 20th July, in our Hostel. Mr. Balaraman, of class I, a young man of great promise, a victim of heart-failure, left us for ever. R. I. P.

## College Activities

The activities of our Literary association are in full swing. On 21st July, 1941, Mr. P. K. Narayanan B. A., Superintendent of the Hostel, delivered the inaugural address, and pointed to us the path leading to Sahithyarama. We have amidst us a number of budding poets and literary men. Messrs Lekshmanan and Sreenivasan, Captains in Foot-ball and Volley-ball, conduct us daily to the College Grounds. All the students are busy at their books. Under the paternal guidance of our Warden, Mr. Paul D. Alapat, and the Superintendent, Mr. P. K. Narayanan, we hope to create a new record in all our activities.

—P. K. BALAN, *Secretary*.

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## SOCIETIES

### Literary and Debating Society

Our activities started with the Inaugural meeting of the Amalgamated Societies on 20th August 1941 when Justice Mr. Thomas Manjooran of the Cochin High Court delivered an Address on *Collegiate Education*.

The following Office-bearers are to serve the Society for the academic year, 1941-'42.

The Principal

*President, Ex-Officio.*

Mr. V. Ramanatha Iyer, M. A., L. T.,

*Vice-President.*

„ K. K. Abdul Rahiman.

*Secretary.*

Miss Pearl E. Hallegua,

*Representative Class I*

Mr. George Joseph,

„ „ *II*

Miss M. M. Annamma,

„ „ *III*

Mr. K. Nambisan,

„ „ *IV*

— K. K. ABDUL RAHIMAN, *Secretary*.

### History and Economics Association

More than four hundred students have already joined the Association, and Mr. P. C. Parameswaran Nambudiripad has been

## *The Maharaja's College MAGAZINE*

elected *Secreatry* for the current year. Messrs Joseph Fertil and T. Hariharan have also been elected representatives on the Working Committee of Classes I and III respectively.

— P. C. PARAMESWARAN NAMBUDIRIPAD, *Secretary*.

### **Hindi Association**

The election of the Secretary for the current academic year was conducted at the close of last year itself. Mr. R. Subramanian, who was the only candidate, was duly elected Secretary for this year.

The following have been elected members of the Executive Committee of the Association:

1. V. S. Eliza	Class.	IV
2. K. M. Sukumaran	"	III
3. J. Anandji	"	II
4. B. Sambavi	"	I
5. T. C. Gopinathan.	B. Sc.	

Mr. W. Krishnankutty Menon B. A. (Hons.) was elected as the *Treasurer*.

The Association is growing year by year. The sincere and heartfelt help and co-operation of all the members of the Association and all others interested in the growth and wide diffusion of Hindi is anticipated.

The Association would gladly continue, as heretofore, to hold free Hindi classes, provided there is a good number of students desiring the same. I hope students would utilise the opportunity afforded them and thus gain at least a practical grasp of India's Common Language.

— R. SUBRAMANIAN, *Secretary*.

### **Physics Association**

The following members were elected to represent the various classes to the Working Committee of the Association:

## College Activities

Mr. M. Gopinathan,	<i>Cl. iv gr. ii, Secretary.</i>
Mr. Mamen Koshy,	<i>Cl. iii gr. ii, Joint Secretary.</i>
Mr. P. Madhavan,	<i>Cl. iv.</i>
Mr. A. R. Venkitaraman,	<i>Cl. iii.</i>
Mr. M. R. Chandrasenan,	<i>Senior Intermediate.</i>
Mr. P. Gokulapalan,	<i>Junior Intermediate.</i>
Miss S. Bhagyam,	<i>Cl. iii gr. ii, B. A. &amp; B. Sc.</i>
Miss V. K. Tulasi,	<i>Cl. i gr. ii, Intermediate.</i>

A budget meeting of the Association was held on 14th August.

An ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 21st August when Mr. K. Aravindaksha Menon, *Cl. iv gr. ii*, read a paper on X-rays. Mr. N. R. Ramachandra Iyer presided.

We are getting ready our programme of activities for this term for circulation among the members.

Test examinations for selecting members to the Crafts Club and Wireless Club were held on 9th August and 16th August respectively. The Clubs will be soon in full swing.

We hope to arrange a series of experimental demonstrations on selected topics, and to exhibit educational films during this term.

The Association is subscribing for the following publications:

- (1) *Popular Science*
- (2) *Current Science*
- (3) *Popular Mechanics*

We expect the members to take a little more interest in the activities of the Association. May we solicit the cordial co-operation of all friends?

— M. GOPINATHAN,

— MAMEN KOSHY, *Jt. Secretaries.*

### **Students' Co-operative Society**

A General body meeting was held on 9th July 1941 at 1—20 P. M. in the Main Hall under the Presidentship of Mr. K. Karunakaran Nayar.

The following office-bearers were elected for the academic year.

Mr. P. Sankaran Nambiyar, <i>M. A. (Hons).</i>	<i>Vice-President.</i>
„ C. Raman Menon, <i>B. A.</i>	<i>Treasurer.</i>
„ N. Balakrishnan Nair, <i>M. A.</i> }	<i>Joint Secretaries.</i>
„ M. K. John, <i>Cl. iii. Gr. ii b.</i> }	
Mr. Sankaran Mulloth, <i>Cl. i Gr. i</i>	
„ C. J. Paul, <i>Cl. ii Gr. ii</i>	
„ P. J. Joseph, <i>J. B. Sc. iii</i>	
„ Verghese Panikulam, <i>S. B. Sc. ii</i>	
Miss K. P. Bhavani, <i>Cl. iv Gr. iv b.</i>	

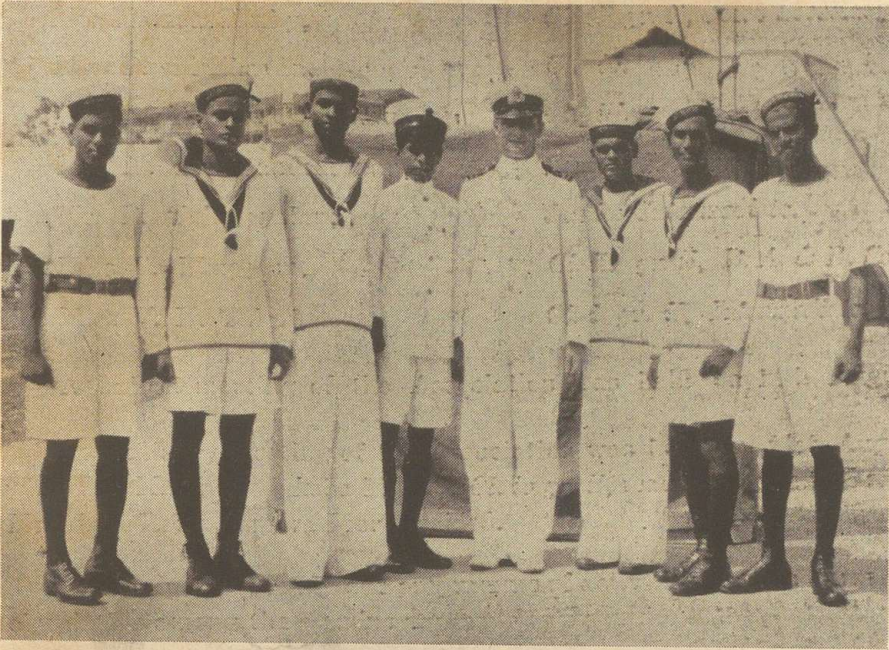
The meeting resolved to place on record the great appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. P. R. Subbarama Iyer, *M. A. (Hons), L. T.*, the out-going *Secretary*.

Bye-laws 33 (2) and 33 (3) were amended with unanimous votes. It was resolved to renumber bye-law 35 as 35 (a), and to add the following as 35 (b):

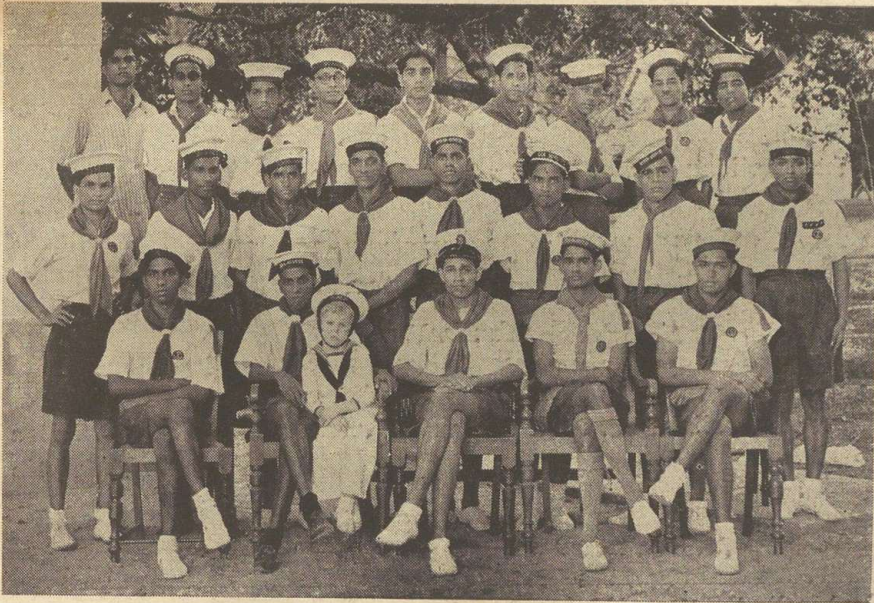
“The interest on the Reserve Fund shall be added to the Common Fund for awarding scholarship to a poor deserving student of the College, who shall also be a member of the Society. The award shall be made by the College Council at the beginning of every academic year. The value of the scholarship shall be fixed on the basis of the amount that may be available each year.”

— M. K. JOHN, *Secretary.*

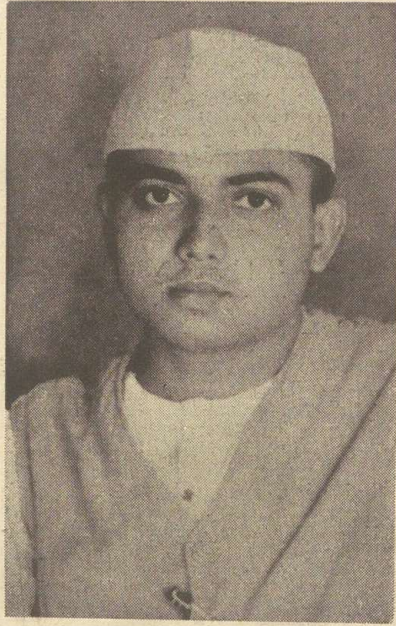
OUR WAR EFFORT:



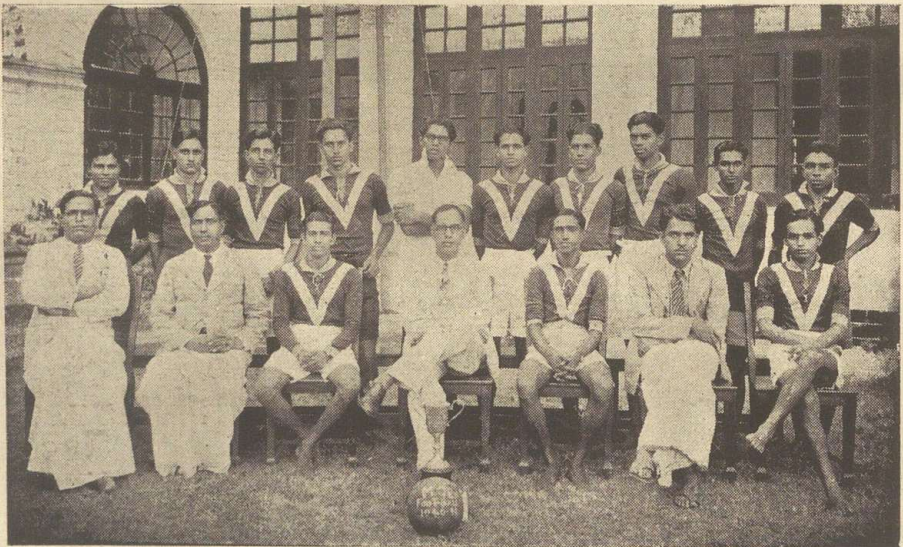
Old Students of the College under training in the Royal Indian Navy,  
with *Lieut. H. R. Mills, M. Sc. (Lond.)*, our *Principal*



THE COCHIN SEA SCOUTS (1940--'41)  
With Master Patrick Mills



G. S. DHARA SINGH, B. A.,  
*First class, Presidency First in Hindi, (1941)*



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1940-'41  
*Winners, The All-Kerala Football Tournament.*

## COCHIN SEA SCOUTS

Mr. K. J. George, one of the Sea Scouts, having finished his studies here, has left the College. However, we expect his complete and continued collaboration with us. We thank him for past services, while wishing him a happy future.

On account of the unfavourable weather conditions and the cyclonic nature of the monsoon, we have been compelled to suspend our aquatic activities for the present. Yet we are busy ashore.

Last month four of us visited one of H. M. I. Ships. The Naval Officer was very kind to us. Accompanied by a signaller from the Naval office we were taken aboard the ship. The ratings and the officers were very good to us. The Engineer showed us the engine room, the steam boilers and other mechanical arrangements. Some of the sailors explained to us the mine sweeping arrangements. In the Wireless Room, we met a young Punjabi Sailor who was the W/T operator. He was very pleased with us, and explained how messages are transmitted and received. We also saw the steering and the compass and also the signalling arrangements. The gunner showed us the working of 15" guns and also the Anti-aircraft guns!. The gunner is provided with a detector chart on which is drawn the various types of enemy aircraft with details of their speed, load etc. With loud cheers and good wishes, from the jolly sailors echoing in the calm waters of the Cochin Harbour, reflecting the pale but sparkling rays of the sinking sun, we left the ship. We here express our extreme gratitude and numerous thanks to the NO I C, the Ex Do, and also to the officers and ratings of the Ship. Hurrah!!!

— A SEA SCOUT.

## STAFF REPRESENTATIVES (1941-1942)

### Grounds Committee

*President (Ex-officio)*

The Principal.

*Secretary*

Mr. N. Balakrishnan Nair.

*Members*

{ Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon  
 „ K. G. Krishna Rao  
 { Dr. G. F. Papali

### 2. Magazine Committee

*President (Ex-officio)*

The Principal

*Editor (Eng. Section)*

Dr. G. F. Papali

„ (Mal. Section)

Mr. P. V. Krishnan Nair

*Secretary*

„ N. P. Subramania Iyer

### 3. Sports Clubs

*Tennis*

Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon

*Volley Ball*

„ V. Ramanathan

*Cricket*

„ K. G. Krishna Rao

*Football*

„ T. Madhava Menon

*Hockey*

„ C. Raman Menon

*Rowing*

„ C. J. Peter

*Badminton*

„ A. Raman

*Women's games*

„ Miss C. Thankam

*Athletics*

„ Mr. C. P. Verghese

### 4. Staff Common Room

*President (Ex-officio)*

The Principal

*Secretary*

Mr. V. Ramanathan

*Treasurer*

„ A. Achyuthan Pillai

## *Staff Representatives*

### *Members*

{ Mr. P. M. Sankaran Nambiar  
,, P. S. Mayuranathan  
,, P. S. Easwara Iyer  
,, E. Raghava Warriar  
,, K. S. Marar

### *Librarian (Ex-officio)*

## **5. Students' Union**

### *Treasurer*

Mr. M. Krishná Menon

## **6. Jubilee Memorial Lecture Committee**

### *Members*

{ Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon  
,, L. V. Ramaswami Iyer

## **7. Lit. Union & Debating Society**

### *President (Ex-officio)*

The Principal

### *Vice President*

Mr. V. Ramanathan

## **8. College Day Committee**

### *Secretary*

Mr. E. Raman Menon

### *Treasurer*

,, K. Kunjan Raja

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# UNIVERSITY RESULTS

## Intermediate Examination, March 1941.

Group	No. appeared	Full Passes			Partial Passes			Percentages of Full Passes	Complete Failures	Remarks
		1st	2nd	Total	Part I	Part II	Part III			
I	64	25	27	52	8	7	2	81.2 per cent	3	
II	45	8	25	33	6	9	4	73.3 per cent	nil	
III	42	..	14	14	12	14	1	33.3 per cent	8	
Total	151	33	66	99	26	30	7	65.5 per cent	11	

## B. A. Degree Examination, March—April 1941.

Group	No. appeared	Part I				Part II				Part III				Full Passes	Complete Failures
		1st	2nd	3rd	Total	1st	2nd	3rd	Total	1st	2nd	3rd	Total		
I B	14	..	..	9	9	..	1	10	11/13	6	1	3	10	8	..
II B	17	..	..	12	12	2	2	9	13	1	4	7	12	10	3
II C	11	..	..	8	8	..	..	10	10	..	2	6	8/8	7	1
II E	7	..	..	4	4	..	1	5	6	2	3	2	7	4	..
IV A	7	..	..	4	4	..	..	5	5/6	..	..	5	5	4	2
IV B	36	..	2	28	30	2	5	26	33	..	5	28	33	26	..
V B	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	1	1	..	..
Total	93	..	2	65	67	4	9	66	79/91	9	15	52	76/90	59	6

Per centage of Full Passes 63.4

Do in Part I 72

Do in " II 86.8

Do in " III 84.4

Per centage of Passes in subjects.

I B Mathematics 71.4

II B Physics 70.5

II C Chemistry 100

II E Zoology 100

IV A History 71.4

IV B Economics 91.6

V B Malayalam 100

# University Results

## B. Sc. Part—I.

Subject	No. appeared	No. passed	Percentage of passes
English	49	24	49
Malayalam	8	7	87.5
Total	57	31	54.4

## B. Sc. Degree, Part—II.

Groups & subjects	No. appeared	No. passed			Total	Percentage of passes
		I	II	III		
I. Mathematics	5	2	1	1	4	80
II. Physics	14	3	3	3	9	64.3
III. Chemistry	15	..	5	4	9	60
V. Zoology	14	..	3	9	12	85.7
Total	48	5	12	17	34	70.8

## COLLEGE NOTES

### Admissions

The First Term is mainly a Term of Admissions and Organisations—the initiation of Freshers and the putting into shape of the various activities of the College. As usual we have had great rush for seats in the Inter. and some groups in the B. A. and B. Sc. classes. The figures of the present strength of the College are as follows :

Class	Men Students	Women Students	Totals
Cl. I	167	55	222
Cl. II	139	48	187
Cl. III B. A.	75	26	101
„ B. Sc.	46	17	63
Cl. IV B. A.	85	15	100
„ B. Sc.	38	9	47
All Classes	550	170	720

### The Hostels

The Shanmukham Hostel which was located on the north-eastern corner of the College compound has been shifted, after the recent cyclone, to the former quarters of the old Christian Hostel

## College Notes

Mr. Paul D. Alapat, M. A., L. T., has taken over charge from Mr. C. J. Peter, M. Sc., as Superintendent.

The new Women's Hostel, with Miss I. Kamalam Amma, M. A., as Superintendent, has occupied the building vacated by the Shanmukham Hostel. The premises have undergone the necessary remodelling to fit in with the requirements of the Women students.

Mr. P. R. Subbarama Ayyar has relieved Mr. E. Raman Menon as Superintendent of the Rama Varma Hostel.

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### Staff

The Offg. Principal, Mr. Karunakaran Nayar, M. A., has been given charge of the duties of the Director of Public Instruction during the latter's leave period, from August 21, 1941.

Mr. V. K. Raghunandana Menon, M. Sc. (Lond.), having been appointed Private Secretary to H. H. the Maharaja, was relieved, from the College on the 16th June, and Mr. A. S. Victor M. Sc., has returned to the College in the vacancy. Congratulations!

Mr. T. C. Narayana Menon, M. A., (from the High School service) has been drafted to the Natural Science Department of the College for a period of two months.

Mr. T. Ramankutty Marar, M. A., has been appointed Tutor in English from the re-opening of the College.

A hearty welcome to the new arrivals!

A meeting of the Staff was held on the 19th July when the Principal was "At Home" to them. The members of the staff were assigned to the different portfolios for the year 1941-'42.

Mr. P. V. Krishnan Nayar, B. O. L., has taken charge as Editor of Malayalam section of the *Magazine*, and Mr. N. P. Subramania Ayyar, M. A., as the Secretary of the *Magazine* Committee. The Committee feel extremely grateful to Messrs G. Sankara Kurup and P. Achutan Pillai, M. A., for their devoted services as Editor and Secretary respectively in the preceding years.

## *The Maharaja's College MAGAZINE*

The Staff were 'At Home' to Mr. K. Karunakaran Nayar, M. A., the Offg. Principal early in August. The arrangements were *pucca*, and the function was thoroughly enjoyable.

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### Obituary

We regret to hear, though belatedly, of the demise at Manchester on February, 13, 1940, of Mr. Glyn Barlow, M. A., Principal of the College during the triennium immediately preceding the Great War. Mr. Barlow was extremely popular with the staff and students alike, and did much to improve the condition of the then second grade College. A deep Shakespearean scholar and a born actor, Mr. Barlow was responsible for the creation of the College stage, much of its equipments being of his design and several of the curtains being of his painting. He used to conduct the boys to the Foot-ball matches, and personally organised games. Leaving the College, he edited for a time, the *Madras Times*, a popular daily paper. On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee Celebration of the College, Mr. Barlow sent us from his retirement in Europe, a message which was reproduced in the *Magazine*. May his soul rest in peace!

Early this term occurred the tragic death of Mr. Balaraman, a student of the Junior Intermediate Class. He attended the College in the forenoon, but feeling unwell hurriedly returned to the Thiyya Hostel where he succumbed suddenly to a weak heart.

We offer the bereaved families our heart-felt condolences.

The staff and students assembled in the College Hall at 1-5 p. m. on the 11th August to observe a Two Minutes' Silence as a mark of respect to the memory of poet Rabindranath Tagore.

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### Lectures

The inaugural address of the Amalgamated Societies was delivered by Mr. Justice Thomas Manjooran, B. A., B. L., of the Cochin High Court on *University Education*, on August 20th at 4-30 p. m.



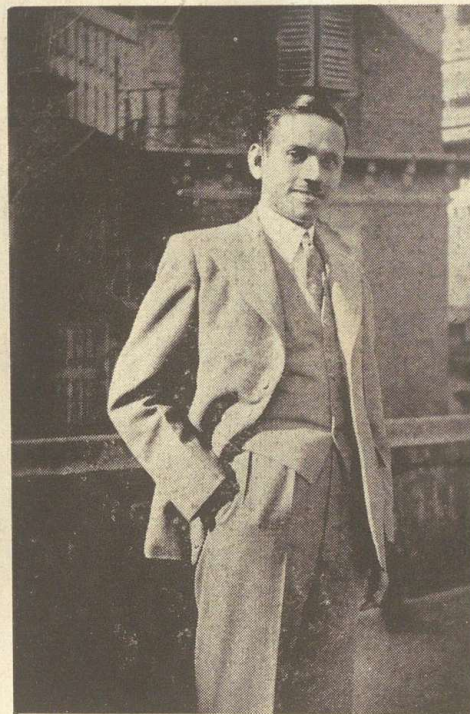
Mr. A. F. W. DIXON, I. C. S.,  
*Dewan of Cochin*

IN MEMORIAM



The late Mr. GLYN BARLOW, M. A.,  
*Principal of the College 1911-'14*

CONGRATULATIONS



Dr. T. J. JOB, D. SC.,  
*(Former student)*

## College Notes

A course of two University Extension Lectures, was delivered by Mr. K. V. Krishna Ayyar, M. A., L. T., on *Rabindranath Tagore—His Art, Philosophy and Message*, on the evenings of the 8th and 9th of September.

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## Old Boys.

We are happy to know that the University of Madras has conferred the Degree of Doctor of Science on Mr. T. J. Job, M. Sc., a brilliant former student of this College, in recognition of his original "Contributions to the Biology of Indian Fishes and Their Bearing on the Biological Control of certain Tropical Diseases." Dr. Job has achieved distinction not only in the field of Science, but also in those of Sports, Scouting, U. T. C., Teaching, A. R. P. and Social Service. He is the first amongst the Cochinites to take a D. Sc., in Zoology and holds promise of greater achievements. We wish this brilliant young man our hearty congratulations and sincere good wishes.

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Our permanent Principal, Mr. H. R. Mills, M. Sc., (Lond.), reports from Bombay of the formation of an Association of Old Boys of this College resident in the city. The majority of them, about ten, are attached to the Royal Indian Navy, and there are about half a dozen in civil jobs outside, including a Prince of Cochin, who take keen interest in the Association. "We have, I am afraid," writes Mr. Mills, "confined our activities to Tea Parties so far, and very jolly they have been too; but we have had an exciting sailing excursion in Bombay Harbour in a Naval Cutter a few weeks back." The Secretary, Mr. P. G. Abraham, reports that the Association celebrated *Onam* when Mr. Mills was *At Home* to the Old Boys. The Association has intention of seeking affiliation with the Central Association at Ernakulam, thus maintaining direct contact with Old Boys' activities nearer home. We wish them all success.

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## *The Maharaja's College MAGAZINE*

### University Results

The results of the College at the March 1941 Examinations, have maintained the high level of our achievements, both quantitatively and qualitatively.

In B. A. English, Mr. T. Unnikrishnan tops the University Pass list, while Mr. G. S. Dhara Singh stands the first in the First Class for Hindi. Mr. N. Balachandran takes a First Class in Sanskrit, while six Mathematicians—Misses K. Parvathy, K. V. Mariamma and Saramma Philipose and Messrs V. Krishnamoorthy, T. R. Krishnan and K. V. Kochaniyan—one candidate in Physics, Mr. S. L. Thomas, and one student of Zoology, Miss K. V. Kamalam, have also secured First Classes in their respective Groups.

The following students have secured Second Classes :

Part I <i>English</i>	T. Unnikrishnan
„ II <i>Malayalam</i>	I. Divakaran
	C. Padmanabha Menon
	K. Raghavan
<i>Sanskrit</i>	C. V. Krishnaswamy
	K. V. Kochaniyan
	K. Parameswaran Nambudiripad
	T. Unnikrishnan
	K. V. Kamalam
„ III <i>Mathematics</i>	T. P. Jacob
	P. V. Kuruvilla
<i>Physics</i>	C. V. Krishnaswamy
	N. Balachandran
	P. Gangadharan
	M. Madhavan
<i>Chemistry</i>	K. Kochuvareed
	John Henry
<i>Zoology</i>	T. K. Ammini
	V. V. Anna
	Sebastian K. Mary
	P. Bhaskaran
<i>Economics</i>	M. M. Soman
&	K. J. George
<i>History</i>	P. O. Achuthan
	K. P. Parameswaran Nambudiripad
	T. Manilal

Congratulations !

— THE EDITOR.

## EXCHANGES

Excelsior, St. Berchmans' College, Changanacherry.

St. Joseph's College Magazine, Trichinopoly.

Madras Christian College Magazine, Madras.

Magazine of the Government College, Pudukottah.

The Scholar, Palghat.

Presidency College Magazine, Madras.

Madras Educational Review.

The Government College Miscellany, Mangalore.

Mysore Economic Journal, Bangalore.

Hindu Theological H. S. Magazine, Madras.

Dungar College Magazine, Bikaner.

The Sathianadam, Ernakulam.

Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalli

National College Magazine, Trichinopoly.

St. Thomas' College Magazine, Trichur.

The Cochin Scout, Ernakulam.

Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras.

The Kairali, Trichur.

The Rajarshi, Trichur.

The Teachers' Magazine, Ernakulam.

The Rama Varma Research Institute Bulletin, the Museum, Trichur.

The Little Flower, Perumpadappu, Palluruthy.

Viswa Bharathi News, Santiniketan.

St. Aloysius' College Annual, Mangalore.

The Kumbhakonam College Magazine.

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*The Maharaja's College MAGAZINE*

St. Teresa's College and High School Annual, Ernakulam.

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