

19. Fun :- Of all the games in cards, Bridge is the most intelligent game.
 Frolic :- Then, I am sure, you can't play that.
20. Kumar :- I told Ramu that "Great Expectations" is a very fine picture, but he does not seem to entertain a good opinion.
 Chinu :- What does the ass know about the camphor smell?
21. Sukumar :- Gopal! I am in love with Susil.
 Gopal :- Your dhall won't boil there, she is already married.
22. Student : Sir, what is the name of this caterpillar?
 Lecturer :- Is it a caterpillar or a centipede?
23. Bob :- Mr.....the weather is cold, I can't stir out.
 Oob :- You strike a Kadhir wit, it will become dry.
24. X : What are you munching, man?
 Y : Betels.
 X : Beetles or Bugs?
25. A gentleman in tweeds driving a car having lost his way, enquires a seargent at the cross roads.
 Seargeant :- You go this way Sir - You will cut a road running at right angles to this. Take the road leading to the west. You meet a constable near handpost.....
 Gentleman :- Thanks.
26. Mr. Librarian! Have you got "Life" ?
 It is out, Sir.

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MY MAIDEN FLIGHT

By

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I was sitting up into the night; I saw the old day expire and the new one being born. There was no one else awake in the whole hostel - not one light burning in a hundred and thirty-nine other rooms.

Sleep - elusive, fickle sleep - would not come. I lay in bed, restlessly tossing to and fro. At last, realising that sleep like a fickle maiden comes only when unsought, I rose from my bed and stood on the verandah.

All the myriads of stars were shining in the sky as brightly as they did in the beginning of the world, and they shall continue to twinkle to the end of time. So beautiful and so majestic in their splendour!

A soft, cold breeze sprung up. It gently caressed my cheeks; how delicious it was, and fragrant with the scent of jasmynes in front of the verandah.

A few lights began to shine in the hostel; some students were already up and at work. I glanced at my watch. It was four; just a few hours ahead to fulfil the long-cherished idea of travelling by a plane.

At half-past eight my three friends and myself left the hostel, by a Studebaker Champion. We reached the Air-India Office in just ten minutes, to see that the Air-India Car was waiting for us. When the formal ceremony of taking our weight, as well as that of our suitcases, was over, we stepped into the car.

We reached the Aerodrome at 10 O'clock. The plane landed at 10-20. From the hostel friends had come to see us off. We shook hands with them and amidst shouts of "Cheerio" we entered the plane. The plane hissed, took a round on the concrete road and soon we were up above the world.

We saw cattle grazing near the road, buffaloes that refused to move and walked as slowly as if all the road and time itself was theirs, great tanks full of lilies and lotuses - and every scene with a charm of its own.

The Railway Station, the hundred and one mills which are scattered over the Manchester of South India, were very soon out of sight.

The young charming Air-Hostess offered me a toffee and a cup of coffee. How different the latter was, from our hostel coffee which is a decoction of dubious ingredients, of fluctuating colour and odour, and a remote, perhaps illusory suggestion of milk.

We were flying at a speed of 120 miles per hour. Far below us were blue-black mountains and evergreen forests, streams and rivers trellising the land, placid lagoons, backwaters lined with coconut palms and dotted with verdant islands, paddy fields stretching to the horizon, - and a wonderful variety of scenery.

The plane slowly came down. We flew over squalid villages of small mud huts, with children playing in dirt, over towns where beggars crowded round at every halt. The dirty dwellings, the naked people, the starved cattle, - the land is smiling but her children suffer. We saw the mighty waves rushing to the sandy coast and the ships anchored in the calm harbour.

In another minute the Dakota landed at the Willingdon Island Aerodrome and thus ended our maiden flight.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS

By

SADHU

The news that Raju had fallen in love came as a bolt from the blue even to his intimate friends. No one had expected such a thing would happen. Some how Raju did not appear to be of that sort to go and fall in love. At least he did not look like it. But the inevitable had happened and Raju was really in love.

He himself could not say how all began. One fine evening as soon as the dull and monotonous lecture in Agriculture, was over, he went to the Nirmala College to see his sister who was studying there. He was