

# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



MADRAS

1952

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MYLAPORE

MADRAS

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**1947 - 1952**

# **THE FIRST FIVE YEARS**

People sometimes look admiringly on the development of Stella Maris and ask, "Who planned the development of this College?" "From eternity the plan existed in the Mind of God."

Minutely, wisely, providentially, He laid the foundation and upon the Blue Print of this eternal wisdom, He built the superstructure of Stella Maris as it exists today.

**1952 - 1957**

# **THE NEXT FIVE YEARS**

He who supervised the past will take care of the future. To Him unreservedly, we trust the material, intellectual and moral expansion of the Institution in its various phases.

# PRINCIPAL'S REPORT—1951-52

**H**OW fugitive have been these first five years of Stella Maris College. Formative years they certainly have been, years of movement, years of progress.

**Development :** Because of its youth, the college may be in the experimental stage, nevertheless it has made enviable progress towards the ideals of its foundation, namely, to become a sanctuary of morality, an abode of science and the home of truth. With these ideals in mind we embarked upon the fifth scholastic year on July 2nd, with a strength of 430 students, equally divided between the humanities and sciences.

Fourth Year Music students entered on the last year of the Western Music syllabus : they have high hopes of a B.A. Music Degree in March. Third Year students in Indian Music, in Drawing and Painting, pursue these as main branches ; judging from their application they seem to relish the cultural value of these studies.

Third Year Maths students have been given the choice between Maths, Statistics and Economics or Maths main with Physics as subsidiary.

**Examination Results :** The usefulness of a college is not to be based on either its numerical strength or on examination results, yet it is heartening to note the general upward trend from year to year, culminating in a 92 per cent average

of the Inter-candidates of March 1951, one of the highest if not the highest in the Presidency, with 43 per cent obtaining First Class and 48 per cent Second Class.

**College Associations :** Passing on from the realm of formal class-room routine we come to the extra-curricular activities sponsored by the students themselves, with as little interference as possible from the staff.

The adage, "Failure is the rule of human enterprise", is far from true in respect to these organisations. They began in earnest and closed with something of the glow of an evening sunset. The interval was profitably and pleasantly spent in debates, readings, lectures and discussions with a generous sprinkling of frolic and fun.

The inaugural address was delivered by Rev. Father L. D. Murphy, S. J., M.A., of Loyola College ; he turned back the pages of time in the Epics of Homer. So deeply interested were we all that we found some difficulty in returning to 20th Century Madras.

The year's work came to a close on February 13 when Sri A. G. Venkatachary delivered the valedictory address of the combined associations. His subject was "Manners and Morals of the West." His scholarly exposition embraced the peoples from the Thames to the Tiber. He held his young audience

in the hushed and hallowed presence of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII. The speaker was thrilled with what he saw in Rome:—churches, art galleries, museums, etc. He joined the surging masses in front of St. Peter's where he caught a first view of Pope Pius XII. It was to him a novel experience to witness the profound veneration and homage tendered to the Holy Father. More fortunate still was he, in having had a special audience by previous arrangement. The Holy Father was very genial, very cordial, speaking with a perfect English accent. His Holiness was all praise for the part Prime Minister Nehru was playing in the establishment of world peace.

**Inter-Collegiate Debates:** The benefit derived from the spirit of the associations was evident in the readiness with which several students gained enough self-confidence to take part in inter-collegiate debates and musical contests in which they carried off a number of prizes, some deserved, others accorded, perhaps, by a kind of knightly courtesy on the part of the judges.

**Fine Arts and Dramatic Associations:** Joined hands on various occasions in public and by their combined actions produced really artistic effects, even uniting with the Social Service and Science groups in realising substantial sums from public entertainments.

**The Drawing and Painting Group** displayed some good amateur oil paintings, saree borders, etc., at the Fourth Educational Exhibition at Saidapet. They paid visits to other

exhibits in the city thus keeping in touch with outside activities. They attempted an excursion to Conjeeveram, armed with brush and palette; they set off in hopes of capturing on paper some details of the archaeological monuments of that famous Dravidian Temple so representative of the great Pallavas. Alas! the weather intervened and the expedition, like many another, ended in failure.

**Social Service:** The association adopted the resolution to continue the work started last year in the Lalithanagar cheri. Preliminaries such as mapping out the area, taking the census, checking health conditions, etc., had all been done efficiently last year by college students who did a very creditable job but for lack of a hall or shed, it was well nigh impossible to effect any profitable result. Something had to be done to relieve the situation. It was decided to raise funds by staging a variety entertainment which realised Rs. 1,330. Where to erect the shed was the next question. Land owners nearby refused to sell or rent or lease the smallest parcel of their land; the shed is still a dream but the spirit of Social Service remains undaunted.

Every week day, five groups assume the service of the slum, each with a definite task—teaching, home visiting, health supervision, sanitation, etc., with a view of awakening the women to the realisation of their role in the affairs of the family.

A gift of rice from the Guild of Service makes possible the daily

distribution of rice to 90 or 100 children. Our gratitude goes out to the Guild for this donation as well as our admiration for Miss Coelho and Miss Jacob who guide the distribution, and who seem to have worked wonders in taming the boisterous clamour of their famished guests.

**Sporting Spirit:** We note with pleasure that the sporting spirit was as much alive as ever; success may have lagged behind expectations; however, whether in failure or in success our students showed themselves genuinely self-disciplined; when they lost as they did in net-ball, they lost graciously; when they won as in badminton they were not boastful.

**The Hostel:** This year the numbers have been steadily rising in Hostel as well as in College, and the strength of our resident students has been the highest ever. I am pleased to say that the friendly, family atmosphere of the Hostel, together with the characteristic spirit of service of its members has in no way diminished with the increase in numbers. On the contrary—a bigger family means more fun, more freshers, not only to tease but also to help. And the Seniors have not failed in the performance of their duty.

Social life has been gay and full. The Seniors kept up the traditions and carried out faithfully their bounden duty of initiating the Juniors. This year someone suggested a Hostel picnic, an idea the others were not slow to take up. The result

was a very enjoyable trip to Pondicherry in November—at the cost of two nights' sleep. However, 100 students courageously braved it (much to the distress of the harassed Customs Officers who spent two hours checking their purchases). The Christmas season brought with it a Carol Singing evening, which the singers certainly enjoyed.

But there was serious activity too. The Hostelites have always played a leading part in Social Service. The public variety entertainment in September found them busy preparing dance and drama, whilst the Annual Pongal Dinner for the cheri children was as sumptuous as ever.

Exams are approaching, so the wise Hostelites have already had their farewell party. But though many good-byes will be final, the friendships and memories and traditions of happy Hostel days will remain forever.

**Our Indebtedness:** If any measure of success has been achieved in the fifth year of Stella Maris, let us look for the contributing factors. First and foremost, I think it is the harmonious working of staff and students. The staff deserves unqualified praise for the interest they take in their sacred duty of formal lecturing and also in the moulding of the characters of our young people. When staff and students have confidence in each other all goes on smoothly.

The second factor is the implicit faith of the parents in confiding to us the higher education of their

daughters. The unity of outlook between parents and staff is a fundamental condition of peace and prosperity. To the parents our sincere appreciation. May we ever be found worthy of their trust.

It is appropriate that I make public mention of our indebtedness to those distinguished speakers who have

honoured us by their presence; lecturers from neighbouring colleges who gave of their time and talents to promote the prosperity of the college; in this connection, I cannot refrain from making special mention of Mr. G. Sundara Rajan, B.A. (Honours), of Loyola College, whose constancy in our regard knows no waning.

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## MY FIRST PRACTICAL

There I was on the threshold of the College lab, buoyant, excited, feeling somewhat like Gulliver on reaching Lilliput or Columbus in sight of America, with a sense of discovery, exploration and invention all rolled into one. These bubbling emotions resulted in one big ebullition.

But, to business now! Four of us, all freshers, were told to work out a particular experiment. The first step was to prepare the apparatus. We compounded our wits and began to stir. After half an hour we had assembled something that resembled an octopus, with long slender tubes, some bulging at one end, others tapering. We grinned with satisfaction. But the result? We had omitted the most important part!

Following more closely the demonstrator's instructions, we began again, and nearly jumped for joy at our answer which ran into some four decimal figures! We heaved a sign of relief, believing we could already hear the demonstrator's words of praise.

But, thoughtless mortals: craving  
for renown,

Too soon elated and too soon cast  
down,

For airy castles quick were blown  
away,—

We've been more scientific since  
that day.

SABITHA SINHA,

I U.C.



**ST. FRANCIS AND THE WOLF**

# SAINT FRANCIS & THE WOLF

**M**ANY are the books which have been written on Saint Francis of Assisi. For more than seven centuries he has held the interest of multitudes of men and women and the beauty and simplicity of his character still retain their own peculiar attraction for countless souls. The spirit of the Umbrian Saint is one of the precious things he left to a world which will never be over-supplied with the sweetness and the tenderness, the joy and the gladness so characteristic of this Apostle of Peace. Perhaps one of the most unforgettable incidents related of him is :

## TAMING OF THE WOLF OF GUBBIO

A very familiar figure in the streets of Gubbio, a little old Italian city, was Francis. Many of the townspeople considered him foolish because he mortified himself by penance to atone for sins.

Now it happened that while Francis was there, a terrible wolf appeared, the fiercest of the country. It attacked not only animals but men and children so that the people were afraid to walk the streets until the gentlest man of the city undertook to conquer the animal. His friends begged him not to go out saying, "Stay, it is a dangerous affair."

Word spread like wildfire that the gentle monk, Francis, was about to meet the fiercest of wolves. A great crowd gathered to witness a miracle.

Bravely, Francis approached the wolf which sprang at him with open jaws. Everyone gasped. Calmly, serenely, Francis raised his right hand, "Come along, Brother Wolf," he said, "I command you to do no harm to me or anyone else."

A deathlike silence fell upon the crowd. The very men who had despised Francis until this day, now looked upon him with awe and admiration. He was performing a miracle before their eyes, for as he spoke in commanding words, the terrible beast closed his mouth and like a gentle lamb lay down at the feet of Francis. By the power of God, he had transformed the most terrible animal into the tamest of pets.

"Brother Wolf," said Francis, "you have done much damage in this country ; you have destroyed animals—that is bad enough—but what is worse, you have killed creatures made to the image and likeness of God : a murderer and a thief, you deserve to be hanged but I will make peace between you and the villagers and there will be no more persecution." At the sound of these words, the wolf penitently moved his body, his tail and his eyes, as if meaning to obey.

"I think," said Francis, "that it was hunger that caused you to do so much evil, so if I arrange to have food given to you daily, will you promise never again to harm man or beast ?"

As a sign of agreement, Brother Wolf gently bowed his head. "It is not enough for you to bow your head; I want a pledge." Then in a flash, the animal lifted his right paw, gently placing it in Francis' hand, pledging, "Peace for evermore!"

The amazed spectators realised that Francis had this great power because he was good—because he loved God and lived for Him alone. He then spoke to the multitude, impressing upon them the need of penance to combat evil and sin. "Remember, Brothers, much more terrible are the flames of hell than the fangs of the wolf."

For two years, the wolf lived peacefully in Gubbio going from door to door, doing harm to no one. He followed the Saint through the streets like a little dog. One day, the animal wandered into the market place, lay down very quietly and died. The villagers who had come to love the "good wolf" carried him to the spot where he had been transformed as into a lamb and buried him. A small rude head-stone was erected over the grave bearing the inscription:—

"Here lies the Good Wolf of Gubbio,—

Little brother of Saint Francis."



# VACATION TOUR

THE Fourteenth Session of the All India History Congress, held in Jaipur during the Christmas vacation, provided me with a unique opportunity of touring North India, the treasure house of India's historic past. Heartened by the encouragement of my college authorities, I set out.

My first stop was at Hyderabad, capital of the Nizam's dominions. I visited the Museum, and admired the beauty of the public buildings. From there, I travelled to Aurangabad to visit the Fort of Daulatabad, resort of the Moghul emperors, Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb, in their wars of conquest in the Deccan. I also was out for conquest, and after a weary ascent reached the summit of the hill on which the Fort stands. On the ramparts are two huge cannons, which the Moghuls had succeeded in hoisting up the hill with the aid of Italian engineers. On the summit itself is the large Council Chamber of Ram Deb, Hindu king of Devagiri, in the 11th. century. There is also, in one sector, the Cheni Mahal where Abdul Hussain Shah of Golconda was kept prisoner for twelve years by Aurangzeb. Long, dark passages provided hiding places for defenders of the Fort.

Khuldabad is another interesting spot, for it contains the tomb of Aurangzeb, last of the Imperial Moghuls. In accordance with his wishes, his grave lies open to the skies. Near him lie his second son,

Azam Shah, his wife and Sayyandin, his preceptor in religion. The simplicity of these tombs is in keeping with the ascetic character of Aurangzeb ; they contrast sharply with the magnificent monuments at Agra, built by his father, Shah Jahan.

About two miles from Khuldabad are the famous Ellora caves and the Kailasa temple, 107 feet high, hewn from the solid rock. Its form suggests a chariot in motion, supported by innumerable elephants in a perfectly natural pose. The walls and pillars are carved with life-like animals : a spirited horse, a majestic bull, an infuriated elephant, a fighting lion. The skill of the Indian sculptor is seen at its best in the portrayal of power and energy, and the emotions of fear and anger. The realism and perfection of the work make the temple one of the marvels of human labour ; it is one of the finest specimens of Indian antiquity.

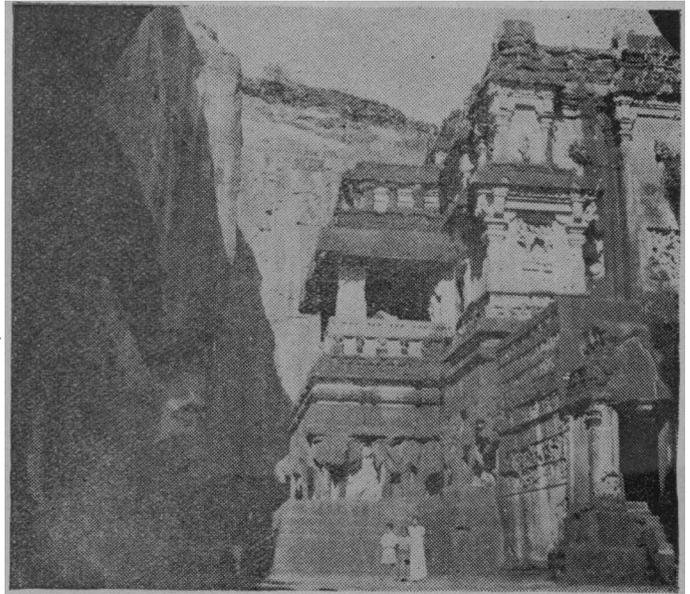
South of the temple are twelve Buddhist caves, enclosing a stupa built over the relics of Buddha. These caves were cells for Buddhist monks, each furnished with a stone bed raised at one end to provide a pillow, and an oil lamp, placed in a niche in the wall. Life-size images of Buddha and Buddhisatvas are found everywhere in these viharas.

A mile to the north of the Ellora caves are seventeen Brahmin caves dedicated to Siva, and five Jain caves

sacred to Mahavira, the founder of Jainism.

No less thrilling was my visit to the Ajanta caves, sixty-nine miles from Aurangabad. I was richly rewarded for the difficult climb by the view from the summit. There before me stretched a semi-circular chain of twenty-nine caves, overlooking a deep ravine through which foamed a stream,—an ideal spot for meditation.

The interior of the caves is decorated with frescoes which convey vivid impressions, such as speed in motion—elephants escaping with saddles, belts and trappings falling behind. The composition of the pictures as a whole as well as the minutest details excite admiration. In them are portrayed the dress, customs and fashions of

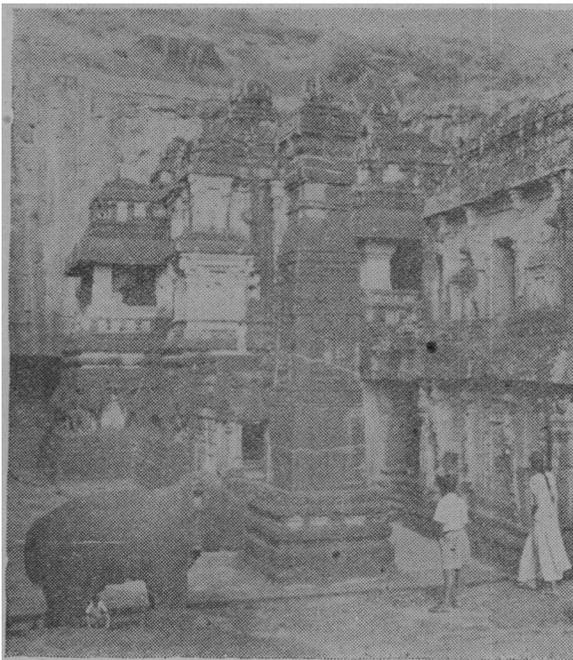


**Ellora : Kailasanatha Temple**

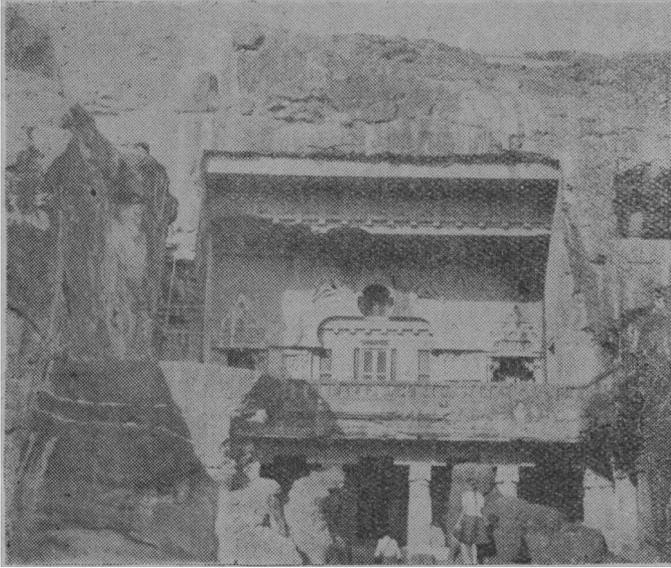
Indians and of foreigners, providing valuable historical information. The human figure and its dignity of attitude are subtly rendered.

India's cultural record is preserved in the many paintings on the walls and pillars of these ancient shrines; the drama of centuries passes before the eyes, in which princes, sages heroes, men and women of every condition play their part in courts, cities and forest, in deep jungles as on sun-scorched plains. The enduring interest of the Ajanta paintings lies in their vivid and truthful portrayal of daily life in ancient days.

At Bhopal we visited another Buddhist monument, the famous Sanchi stupa built by Asoka in the third century B.C. It is situated on a hill and is shaped like an inverted bowl. On top is a colonnaded kiosk,



**Ellora : Kailasanatha Temple**



**Ellora :** Visvakarma Buddhist Cave

surmounted by the triple umbrella, symbol of royalty. Inside the stupa is a casket containing relics of Buddha. Surrounding the construction is a massive stone railing 11 ft. high with four gateways facing the cardinal points. They are richly carved with scenes from Buddha's life, the subjects being essentially the same as those of the Ajanta paintings. The animals are realistically sculptured and the lotus in particular is exquisitely rendered, both in its natural beauty and in a highly conventionalized form. The richness and exuberance of the sculptor's art are the most striking features of the Sanchi gates.

Close to the stupa lie the shattered remains of Asoka's pillar, a solid monolith 42 feet high, which the villagers had vainly attempted to carry off for domestic purposes. The Capital, which is still intact, is

preserved in the local museum. It consists of a bell-shaped inverted lotus surmounted by a carved abacus on which stand four magnificent lions, back to back. It has been chosen as the national emblem of India.

Wending our way northwards we came to the Taj Mahal, a fairy vision of gleaming white, its pure gracefulness set off by a red sandstone building on either side. In the foreground is a beautiful garden with rows of fountains fed by the waters of the Jumna. Nature and man seem to have united to produce in the Taj a spectacle of supremely moving beauty. If the exterior is imposing, the interior is lyric with indefinable grace and delicacy. Twenty thousand workmen toiled daily for seventeen years in the construction of the Taj, using brilliant white marble from Jaipur,



Ajanta Caves

jade and crystal from China, turquoise from Tibet, sapphires from Ceylon, coral from Arabia. This masterpiece of Muslim architecture indeed deserves to be considered one of the seven wonders of the world.

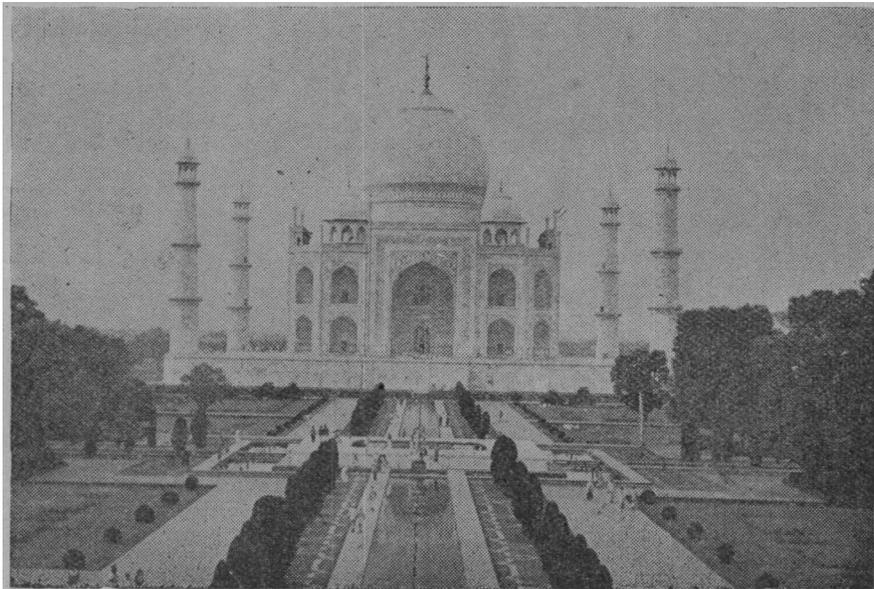
The family tombs of Nur Jahan, on the opposite bank of the Jumna, are of a more virile character.

The Moti Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, another "dream in marble," charmed us with the beauty, grace and purity of its white marble domes and glittering, gilded spires.

The Red Fort of Agra has the characteristic neatness and beauty of all the Moghul buildings. Its splendid marble halls combine luxuriousness with elegant aesthetic taste. In the Shish Mahal or Bathing Room in the palace, the ceiling and walls are covered with

delicate designs executed on a background of mirrors. Another lavishly magnificent apartment is the Jasmine Tower. We entered the stately private Audience Hall, where long ago the Moghul Emperor, robed in cloth of gold and garlanded with strings of pearls, received foreign ambassadors and princes. A flight of stairs led down to the public Audience Hall, where he used to hear complaints and administer justice.

New Delhi is the attractive modern Capital of India. Its most imposing building is the Parliament House, a circular structure supported by a double colonnade and surrounded by a wall built on the model of the Sanchi railing. The national flag floats from a high mast above it; in front of the building is a sparkling fountain; two majestic stone elephants face the Council Hall.



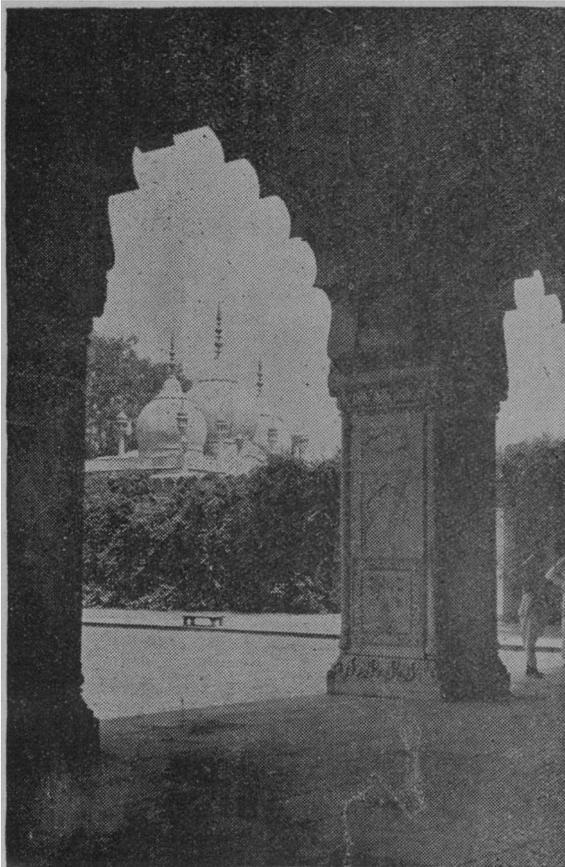
Taj Mahal

Adjoining the Parliament House is the National Museum, containing the cultural treasures of ancient and modern India.

The historic city of Old Delhi, three miles distant, was the Capital from which the Sultans wielded the sceptre of empire from the 13th century to the 16th century. Prior to their occupation, it was the stronghold of Prithviraj, a gallant Hindu prince. The Muslim buildings were raised on the ruins of demolished



Mrs. Iswariah and Miss Rajeswari before Main Stupa of Asoka's Pillar (Sanchi)



The Pearl Mosque : Moti Masjid

Hindu structures, the materials of which may still be seen in the halls and vaults. The most notable monument is the Kutb Minar, the tallest minaret in the world, built by the first Sultans of Delhi. It is a high, tapering pillar, ringed with balconies and bands of carved designs, a marvellous relic of the past.

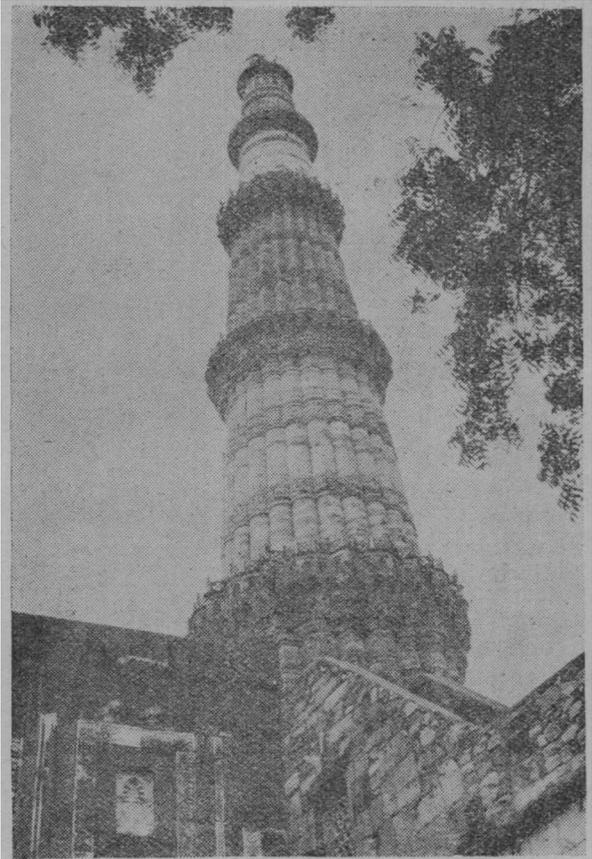
Shahjahanabad City, a mile distant from Old Delhi, was erected by Shah Jahan, the most magnificent of the Moghuls. All that remains today is the Fort, the Mahals and the Juma Masjid. The massive Red Fort rises 60 feet above the Jumna Canal. Within it is Shah Jahan's palace, one of the most splendid palaces in the world, with its vast series of halls and apartments, gardens, fountains and bathing pools. The halls are of richly inlaid marble; the ceilings are covered

with gold and silver, worked like a brocade. The public audience hall contains a raised marble dais for the throne, with a decorated background screen. On the platform of the public audience hall there once stood the famous peacock throne stolen by the Afghan invader, Naidu Shah. The private apartments rival each other in luxury. One of the princess' rooms is a chamber of mirrors, glowing with reflected colours. The marble baths have tiers of niches in their walls, set with tiny lamps which shone on the perfumed rose-water in which the Moghul ladies washed themselves.

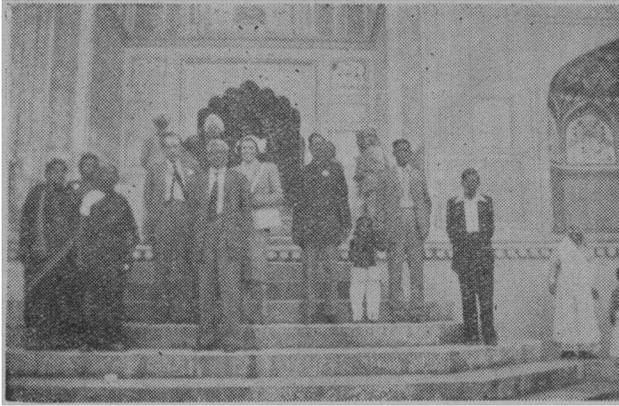
Having travelled 1,500 miles from Madras to Delhi, I was impelled by an irresistible desire to cover another 100 miles to catch a glimpse of the lofty Himalayas, which form the northern boundary of India. I left for Dehra Dun at the foot of the mountains. There, as the cloudy mists of a December morning were lifting, I saw the Himalayas in all their naked majesty and serene sublimity, while all around me was the sound of running waters, and the air was perfumed with the fragrance of flowers and of the tall cypress and pine trees.

I left the Himalaya region and travelled south to Jaipur to attend the Indian History Congress Conference. The gathering numbered

nearly 500 delegates from England, America, Ceylon and Indonesia. It was fortunate that at the same time there were meetings in the city of the Historical Records Commission, the Museum Conference and the Numismatic Association. An open invitation was extended to all the delegates. We had the opportunity of meeting learned men: Directors of archaeological research, eminent critics, historians and politicians, linguists and doctors. Individual



Kutb Minar



Some of the delegates at the Palace  
at Jaipur.

Epic, the Mahabharata, by Abul  
Fazl, the poet and friend of Akbar  
the Great.

And now I come to the end of my  
travels and my story. Duty called  
me; I had to leave the land of  
dreams and come back to the reality  
of my work in Madras, where my  
desk and my books were awaiting  
me.

Mrs. ISWARIAH  
Senior Lecturer

papers on the result of research work  
were read and discussed, and lantern  
slide lectures concerning recent  
archaeological discoveries at Indra-  
prastha and Bikaner were given.

On the last day of the Conference  
the delegates were taken round the  
city, which is enchantingly quaint  
and old with its fort entered by  
seven gateways and its romantic  
castles and rose-coloured buildings.

We also visited Amber, the old  
capital of Jaipur, six miles away.  
Its buildings show Moghul influence.  
The Amber Palace particularly is  
one of the finest Rajput structures  
of the Mediaeval Period. Among the  
books in the private library is a  
Persian translation of the Hindu



The Author outside the Amber  
Palace, Jaipur.

# MONSIEUR VINCENT

“YOU are the servant of the poor,” were the last words of St. Vincent de Paul, in the French film shown here one evening for our benefit by courtesy of the French Consulate. These words kept ringing in my ears, social service being one of my chief interests; to the library, I went to supplement my meagre knowledge of French and to learn more about St. Vincent and his life.

The story opened with St. Vincent returning to his native land after his escape from Barbary slavery, only to find his country ravaged by civil war and plague. The humble shepherd boy, who knew poverty and suffering intimately, had resolved on becoming a priest so as to devote his life to the welfare of the poor, in whose person he could best serve God. For their sakes he went about begging food, but found a pleasure-loving upper-class much more ready to fling stones than to give bread. He got the first reluctant assistance from an old crippled soldier, who helped him bury the victims of the plague. At the risk of his own life he went into the hovels of the dying to give what relief he could, and to take care of the orphans.

Next we found him serving, much against his own will, as chaplain to an aristocratic family. He used this opportunity to educate the children of tenants on the estate; (Don't we teach the children in the Lalitha-

nagar slum?) Through the head of the household, who was at the time Master of the Galleys, he became acquainted with the deplorable conditions in the galleys, and did much to improve them. The film showed him rushing in to take the place of one poor prisoner who had collapsed from exhaustion. (I seem to hear a well-known voice remarking, “Would that the students worked half as hard at their books as the galley slaves at their oars; then there would not be much weeping and gnashing of teeth when exams come around.” But as that is neither on the subject of St. Vincent nor on social service, we'll leave it aside.) So, back to the galleys with St. Vincent to visit the poor slaves and to win them over by words and service and to interest others in their behalf. (That sounds familiar. Don't we too visit the families in the cheri with the aim of winning them over by kind words and service and trying to improve their lot? So there is hope that God will give each of us a crown as He did to St. Vincent.)

Since his heart was with the poor, St. Vincent resigned from the service with the wealthy family, and sought out a poor garret in Paris. There we saw him weeping as he realised more and more the physical sufferings and moral dangers of his beloved poor. He began a soup-kitchen where they came in droves about him, and

where some tried to get undeserving help. (Like some of the little urchins at the Pongal feast who hid their old clothes to make sure of getting something new.) Like everyone engaged in charity he was faced with the problem of money to carry on his good work, and we saw him threatened with expulsion. Did they not close that precious tap which supplied water for the scrubbing the little tots? Help was slow in coming, and he had to do most of the scrubbing and washing, too.

A group of wealthy ladies had invited him to tea to discuss how they would help him. Amid their great plans of huge donations some time in the future, and amid promises to send their servants to assist him, St. Vincent slipped quietly away. That was not the kind of help he wanted. True charity needs that personal touch, a ready help, and the motive of doing it not for one's own praise, but for the love of God. As he walked sadly away, he found one soul, his first real Social Service Worker, whom we saw later walking the streets of Paris, loaded down with the provisions she begged for the poor. His next helper, a lady of nobility, noticing this, and the brutality of the poor in the large hospital, was terrified, and would have given up, had not Vincent urged on her the only true and lasting motive of charity, the service of God through the service of the poor.

While the Thirty Years War was raging in the Northern Provinces,

he installed many soup-kitchens. (That reminded me so much of a scene outside the college every evening at five when nearly a hundred ragged little ones clamour hungrily at the door to get their bowls filled with rice and sambar.) I read that St. Vincent himself carefully compiled the recipes for the poor. (We did something similar. Remember how some of us struggled to cook that Pongal dinner from four in the morning, while others sewed and sewed till the wee hours of the morning to make new clothes out of old?) St. Vincent distributed seeds to the peasants. (An idea! We too might do the same and start a miniature "Grow more food" campaign in the cheri next year. Perhaps So-and-so could be the scarecrow!)

Space does not permit mention of the many charitable activities in which he was engaged. He had done more than is humanly possible for one man. We saw his last years crowned with success and recognition, yet till he drew his dying breath, he lived for others only. The secret of this success? A profound faith, a prayer ever on the lips, for "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," an unswerving fidelity to his duties, a practical and prudent mind which left nothing to chance. Above all, he had an all-out trust in God's Providence, and a very humble opinion of himself, coupled with a great respect for the worth of each human being.

MURIEL COLACO,  
II U.C.

# SELLING TICKETS FOR THE SOCIAL SERVICE CONCERT

**S**ELLING tickets is no sinecure. It requires nerve to approach strangers and to bear with dignity the frequent snubs levelled against you. But I was working for a cause dear to every Stella Marian: raising funds for our Social Service Work.

I began with the beach. "Would you please buy a ticket for our Concert?" "No, don't want." Another replied more courteously, "No, thank you." Many would want to know all about the Concert, —what? where? why? when? whom? After my patiently relating the whole history, they would reply, "Sorry, no money," or "We are Paupers," or "We are bankrupt." A few informed me, "We came here to enjoy the cooling breeze, so our pockets are empty." Others, however, did buy. After this first hard lesson of salesmanship, I made up my mind not to go to the sea-shore where people have no money but enough leisure to waste one's time and enjoy a good laugh at my expense.

So off I went to the business section where people have money; to my dismay I found that the managers and proprietors had all gone to Bangalore, Coimbatore or somewhere else, and clerks do not buy. So I took my stand at the entrance to a theatre. Those people

would surely buy! Alas, they would buy after the show. Did they expect to earn money watching the show?

On the whole, the boys were more generous than the girls; most of them would patiently listen to my long, pathetic eloquence. "Sir, it is for the poor. After all, only one rupee, or two, if you like a better seat. Surely you can afford that. You spend such a lot unnecessarily, can't you give just one rupee for the poor? If you buy tickets from us we will surely help you when you need money for your concerts." Some promised to meet us at particular places, or at the College sometime between five and five-thirty on Tuesday or Thursday, and we believed!

I sold a good number of tickets at the Second Conference of the Madras Students Social Service League, at the Veterinary College. I was getting wiser in choosing my market places, for there I found social service secretaries or college representatives who could not refuse. A few made excuses, but I replied, "Sir, you have come to the Social Service Conference, how could you refuse, you who are secretaries and representatives of this good work? It is a disgrace if you don't buy!" That did the trick at once.



We came here to enjoy the breeze.



The Manager is at Bangalore



Boys were more generous than girls . . .



Promised to meet us at 5-30

Then I tried my luck with some of the saits (money-lenders), with big paunches and bigger purses, believing they would surely buy, but no sooner had they sensed my purpose than they sputtered, "No, no, I don't want," and scudded off; or "I will be out of Madras on the entertainment day so I can't buy." A representative of a legal profession argued, "I won't be in the city on that day so it is no use buying." "But can't you contribute something for the poor?" I ventured. "Why should I? If I am not going to see it why should I buy a ticket?" he contended.

A friend of mine tried her skill in a large cloth shop, but the old refrain was ringing through her mind

so loud that she herself asked, "The manager has gone to Bangalore, has he not?" "Yes" was the unhesitating answer. She wondered what all the managers were doing in Bangalore. She entered another cloth shop. Wonder of wonders! The manager was really in. She induced him to buy a ticket. Then he asked if the students often came to his shop for purchases. "Yes, yes, our hostelites have been coming here for a long time." The manager smiled, "But my shop was opened only ten days ago!"

Such are the adventures we experienced when selling tickets for the social uplift of the poor.

SARASWATHI NARAIN,  
II U.C.

## MY OWN KNEW ME NOT

Hostel Day! How happily the hours sped by; but after 2.00 p.m. my heart started drumming. Now what could make me so afraid on such a fine day? The Fancy Dress parade that evening.

How was I to dress? That was the great problem. No inspiration came my way. But wait a minute! Why not dress as a blind beggar. Splendid idea! I could just close my eyes and have a beggar girl lead me around!

I went at once to get the required clothes, determined to do my best if I did it at all. Imagine my astonishment to hear my name read out as a prize-winner.

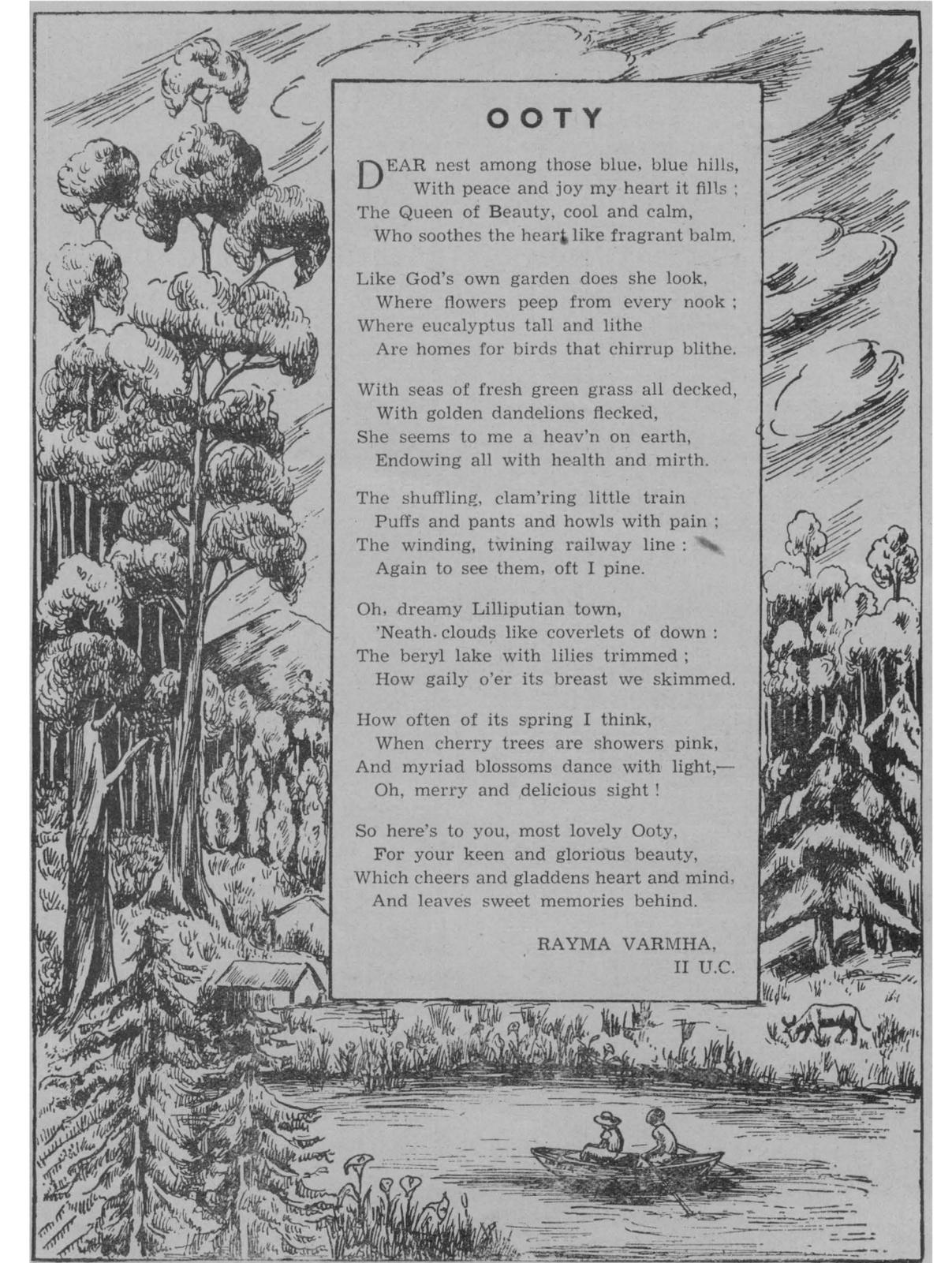
But I had to return the borrowed clothes, so went home with them.

En route there came a bright idea. Unnoticed I crept into an empty room and once again I was in beggar's dress.

Then to the back door to beg. Granny came out angry; slammed the door and scolded the children for leaving the silver plates outside. I could no longer restrain my laughter, and that betrayed me. All laughed, except my uncle, who happened to arrive just at this moment. "Is this the result of higher education?", he asked dryly.

Such is life! The same clothes that had won me a prize also won me a rebuke.

M. BAGYAVATHI,  
III U.C.



## OOTY

DEAR nest among those blue, blue hills,  
With peace and joy my heart it fills ;  
The Queen of Beauty, cool and calm,  
Who soothes the heart like fragrant balm.

Like God's own garden does she look,  
Where flowers peep from every nook ;  
Where eucalyptus tall and lithe  
Are homes for birds that chirrup blithe.

With seas of fresh green grass all decked,  
With golden dandelions flecked,  
She seems to me a heav'n on earth,  
Endowing all with health and mirth.

The shuffling, clam'ring little train  
Puffs and pants and howls with pain ;  
The winding, twining railway line :  
Again to see them, oft I pine.

Oh, dreamy Lilliputian town,  
'Neath clouds like coverlets of down :  
The beryl lake with lilies trimmed ;  
How gaily o'er its breast we skimmed.

How often of its spring I think,  
When cherry trees are showers pink,  
And myriad blossoms dance with light,—  
Oh, merry and delicious sight !

So here's to you, most lovely Ooty,  
For your keen and glorious beauty,  
Which cheers and gladdens heart and mind,  
And leaves sweet memories behind.

RAYMA VARMHA,  
II U.C.

# GREATEST INDIAN IN HISTORY

WHO, in your opinion, is the greatest Indian in history and why? It is a question that is asked time and again. The answer is not easy, depending as it does, on the individual's choice of greatness. Military, royal, legislative, literary . . . any of these may be a source of greatness. There have been great men in India's history—warriors, statesmen, kings, but in my opinion, the greatest of all is one who was a warrior, a statesman, a king—and a peacemaker—Asoka.

When we read about Asoka we are tempted to dismiss him as a great figure of a past age, one who was great in relation to his environment and the age he lived in. It is precisely in that quality that Asoka triumphs, as the greatest figure in India's long history. What in brief summary, is his life-history? At an early age he ascended the throne, and got together a vast empire extending across India. He ruled it as only a great statesman could. Then came Kalinga, and the bloodshed that led to Asoka's change to total pacifism, which lasted till he died. Nothing marvellous, we may say. He lived in an age where civilisation was nil, war and statecraft much simpler affairs than in modern days. Therefore it needed

no extraordinary greatness to direct a whole country in peace through well over half a century. But in those very factors lie the greatness of the man. A wild country subdued by force, and in consequence rebellious, an age of brute strength, where "might was right", and peace sneered at as weakness, people of diverse races and tongues, gathered under one sceptre—who but a great man would have dared to envisage the prospect of bringing all these together by pacific methods?

Asoka had been a great warrior, a clever general, whose tactics had always resulted in complete victory. Now he turned all these talents towards the cause of peace. In the eyes of the world a warrior may be greater than a peacemaker, but the latter is the greater man. Peace is no negative quality, as some would have us believe. White is no colour, but is it negative for all that? The brilliant purity of snow, is that negative? Or the fierce intensity of a white-hot flame. Can these things be by any stupidity called negative? Peace is like that—positive, flaming virtue, which only the arrogant and the glaring trappings of war hide for infinitesimal periods. How much greater then, is the man who brings peace than

he who brings war! "Blessed are the peacemakers" is not just a comfortable saying, but a truth, for peace is the most precious quality that human relations can contain. Therein lies Asoka's greatness. Living hundreds of years before "modern thought" even evolved, he was able to form ideals of his own and enforce them, which is more than modern dreamers find themselves able to do.

He went about with a vigorous certitude that brought about obedience. There is something very human about Asoka, in his impetuous desire of doing good everywhere. He could not bear to keep happiness to himself. He gave it lavishly, with both hands. Buddhism did a lot towards converting him to pacifism, and his propagation of that religion was as vigorous as his other actions. Actually, Asoka had more difficulty in his crusade of peace than moderners ever will. The people had no education, no peaceful precedents, and he could not preach to them on civic-mindedness as we in modern days can. He had to face countless rivals and enemies, and worse, scoffers. He had to try and unite millions of people of every race and class into one kingdom. And he had no arms to do it with. The very conception of this conquest by peace is a magnificent one. Far more the actual conquest.

He proved himself astonishingly "modern" in his methods. He did

in a bygone age B.C. what modern parliamentary candidates do today—he went round the country, and talked. Personal contact is good, and he followed it up with our most modern advertising methods. People are attracted to written words. What are all his edicts, carved imperishably in stone, but so many advertisements—hoardings? Advertisements of Buddhism, hoardings to peace—it sounds ridiculous, but is it not after all, the truth? Year after year Asoka's officers went on their rounds, administering justice—and preaching peace! The travelling salesmen! That's what we would call them today!

Finally, we came to Asoka's measures. He had nothing to learn from our public welfare committees. Only, they do it as a part of their duty towards the people, he did it out of pure love of humanity. Roads made, trees planted as shade, fuel, for fruit; wells dug, rest-houses and hospitals built, equipped with rare drugs, looked after by Buddhist monks; even animals had their hospitals, prohibitions on cruelty—Asoka's S.P.C.A. His P.W.D. went further, built tanks, erected hitherto unknown agricultural facilities—all through the driving enthusiasm of one man.

He was one of the most tolerant men who ever lived. In an age of religious differences he observed complete toleration towards all. He

is not unique in this respect, but certainly he was one of the first to practise it.

In all these things, therefore, lies Asoka's greatness. He did what no other ruler has ever done or dared to do—ruled a great country without an army. His statesmanship, his relations with other countries, his rule over his own people, all show a more than ordinary greatness. But it is in his greatness, his desire

to spread happiness that Asoka is so attractive a character to study. He gave up all possible glory of military renown for the sake of spreading peace and happiness among his people. To him, the ruler was the servant, and in his wholehearted acceptance of that rule, his sincere and passionate love of his people, a quality so far ahead of his time lies Asoka's claim to be the greatest man in the history of India.



## LET'S SET UP A TRADITION

"Tahiti"! Who can hear this word without a surge of emotion? Certain names have a mysterious power to evoke as much romance as any of nature's beauties. Some create a feeling of grandeur, others a vague consciousness of goodness. But what a complex emotion stirs our hearts when this word "Stella Maris" is uttered! Stella Maris! A new star in the educational firmament, growing bigger and brighter day by day. Three years of happy life have made the College, from its

portals to the terrace, beloved and intimate.

But let us not forget, Stella Marians, why we are here, or what we are going to do afterwards. We must remember to repay, at least in part, the debt we owe to our Alma Mater. In return, let us give her a tradition in sport, studies and co-operation while we are here; and in the future, our loyalty, support and fidelity to the ideals for which she stands.

D. VEDAVALLI, III U.C.

# HOMMAGE A MARIE

LORSQUE dans mes mains tremblantes  
Vacillera la coupe presque vide de ma vie ;  
Lorsque le froid aura saisi profondément  
Mes membres engourdis ;

Lorsque dans mon esprit s'éteindront  
Jusque les vestiges d'une pensée vacillante ;  
Lorsque je ne serai plus qu'un foyer éteint  
Aux cendres encore chaudes,

Un nom, fraîcheur et grâce entre toutes,  
Baignera mon âme de douceur,  
D'amour et de suavité,  
Le vôtre, Marie,

Celui qui fait sourire les lèvres  
Et pleurer les yeux,  
Celui qui fond le coeur  
En son dernier battement.

Parce que vous êtes ma mère  
Et que vous m'aimiez avant que je fusse né ;

Parce que vous êtes bonne,  
O Mère du Christ,  
Et si pure, O Vierge ;

Parce que vous êtes belle  
Et que le dernier rayon de beauté  
Qui charmera mon âme  
Viendra de vous,

Je vous aime maintenant et toujours,  
Divine Mère de Dieu.

ROGER, E.E.D.

Aspirations d'un jeune étudiant en Droit Civile, vers la Divine  
Mère de Dieu écrites peu de temps avant sa mort prématurée.

# MEMORABLE DAYS 1951-52

**July 2nd—Opening Day :** Invasion by over 400 gay, vivacious students.

**July 31st :** Formation of college associations. Literature, Debates, Language, Music, Art, Science, History, Economics—Take your choice! Embarras de choix!

**August 1st :** Decisions came swiftly. The Literary and Debating Society held its first meeting.

**August 12th—Hostel Day :** Usual round of merriment, and the Fancy Dress Party. The excellent Wedding Group, with its beggars and dancing bear won first prize.

**August 22nd :** Language associations discussed "Careers for Women," deciding that woman's place is in the home. "The Importance of Telugu Literature" was demonstrated by Sri N. Venkara Rao, M.A., Head of the Telugu Department, University of Madras. The Sanskrit Association was favoured by the presence of Dr. V. Raghavan, Reader in Sanskrit, Madras University.

**August 27th :** A most interesting address by Reverend Father L. D. Murphy, S.J., M.A., Loyola College, upon "The Epics of Homer".

**September 12th :** After an animated debate, the Literary and Debating Association agreed to the motion that there should be "Higher Education for Women".



**September 20th :** Full enjoyment of two Musical Films shown by the United States Information Service, and a delightful visit to the Tanglewood Musical Festival.

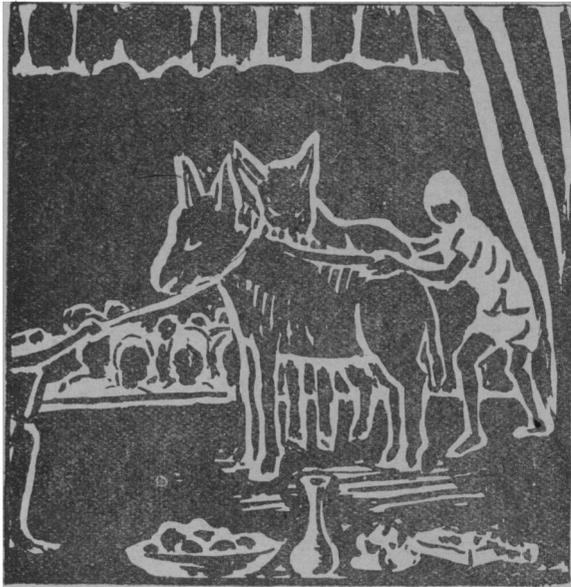
**September 29th :** Rain upset the plans of the Archæological Excursion to Conjeeveram, organised by the Art Association.

**October 20th :** Celebration of the Feast of Reverend Mother Principal, and the orphans' annual treat. Tea for over 200 healthy appetites and a visit to the Fair. Great was the little ones' delight on receiving a whole rupee each to be spent "just as they liked."

**October 21st :** The Hostel celebrated Reverend Mother Principal's Feast. An enjoyable Variety Entertainment in the evening. All went well until we came to the Persian market scene. To make this realistic, we decided to procure two donkeys and carefully instructed their owner when they were to appear but in donkey fashion, they refused to move until they thought fit; they advanced, balked and finally retired.

**October 23rd :** Miss M. Padmavathy, III U. C., carried off first prize in an Elocution Competition in Telugu.





**United Nations Day Celebrations :** A very instructive speech delivered by Mrs. A. Iswariah, Lecturer in History.

**October 25th :** Miss S. Kousalya received a special prize in Sanskrit at the Elocution Competition of Cultural Week.

At the Elocution Competition in Malayalam, Miss Gladys Ninan, I.U.C. was awarded.

**October 26th :** was the turn of Telugu Music. Miss K. Lakshmi secured second prize.

**October 28th—30th :** The Annual Retreat preached by Rev. Father Corbett, C.S.S. R. of Bangalore. The numbers were the highest ever, reaching 100 including Catholic students from other colleges.

**October 31st :** An active day in the Language Associations. Hindi students enjoyed profitable discussion upon "The Influence of Western Civilisation on the Indian Student." The French Association listened to an interesting talk by Miss Padma, II U.C., on "Teaching in France." Tamilians were favoured with an address by Miss P. C. Padmavathy. Telugus discussed "The Place of Women in Democratic India."

**November 7th :** Gala opening of the Stella Maris Students Co-operative Stores by III and IV U.C. Economic students. Full of enthusiasm, they prepared a tempting display of their wares.

Indian Music Association celebrated Dikshithar Day with a competition programme of his songs.

Western Music Association spent an enjoyable hour with Chopin, every member offering a contribution.

**November 12th :** At the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest in English, held under the auspices of the Vevekananda College, Miss Rayma Varmha was the best Lady Speaker.

**November 16th :** Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya held all entranced for one hour by the recitation of his own poems and plays.

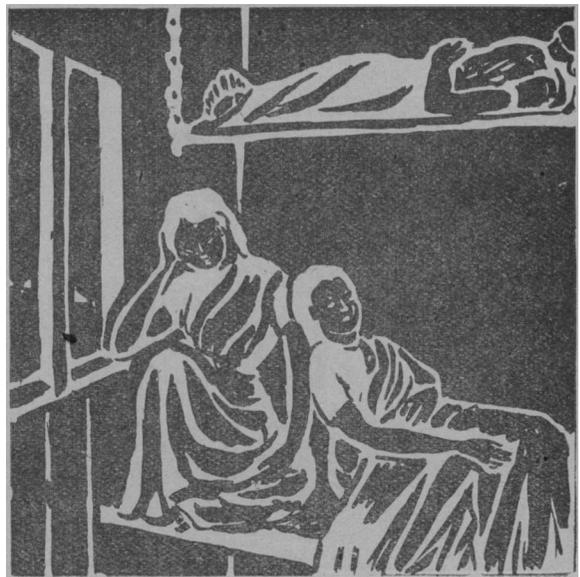
A group of 100 left on the night train for Pondicherry. Spent a very happy day shopping and visiting the little town.

As the guests of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny they enjoyed their warm hospitality.

**November 18th :** At the Regional Conference of All-India Catholic University Federation, Miss Hazel Gomes, III U.C. spoke on "The Role of the Educated Woman in the World Today."

Miss C. Jayamani, I.U.C. distinguished herself by winning two prizes within a few days. The first at the Tamil Music Competition at the Pachaiyappa's College, the second at the Tamil Song Competition at the Stanley Medical.

**November 21st :** Reverend Father Lourdu Ydenapalli, S. J., Head of the Chemistry Department, Loyola College, delivered a lecture to the Science Association on the subject of "Plastics."



**November 22nd :** In honour of St. Cecilia the Western Music Association gave its traditional Musical Recital, Rev. Mother Provincial presiding.

**November 28th :** Srimati Krishnakumari Garu. Lecturer in Telugu at Ethiraj College spoke on "Telugu Modern Literature." Mr. Balasubramanya Iyer addressed the Sanskrit Association on "Similes of Kalidasa."

**December 1st :** II U.C. History students, with their Lecturer as guide, visited Fort St. George, full of historic memories.

**December 5th :** Indian and Western Music students shared the enjoyment of a Piano Recital by Mrs Caldwell of England.

**December 7th :** "A Living Christmas Card," a tableau with spoken chorus was presented by the Stella Maris College Catholic Action Group.

**December 11th :** At a debate held at the British Council, Miss R. Thamarayaskshi spoke on "This House Considers that Married Women should not pursue a Full-Time Career."

**January 9th :** The French Consulate showed the film "Monsieur Vincent," portraying the life and work of St. Vincent de Paul, great social worker in 17th century France.

At the Fourth Madras State Educational Exhibition at Teachers' College, Saidapet, many contributions of art and oil painting were displayed.

**January 11th :** Music Department presented a public Recital in aid of the new Natural Science Department. His Grace the Archbishop of Madras and the Right Rev. Monsignor Carvalho, Administrator of the Mylapore Diocese, presiding.

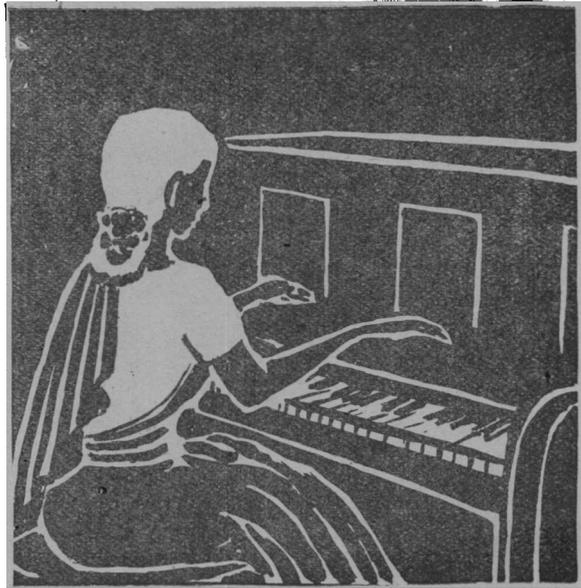
**January 20th :** The Annual Pongal Dinner to the children of Lalithanagar cheri.

**January 21st :** Miss Lester of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation delighted her audience with personal accounts of Gandhi's visit to England and Switzerland.

**January 30th :** Activities in the Language associations. "Gandhiji and His Message to the World" was the subject of the address of Sri Byragiji, Editor of the "Chanda Mana," to the Hindi Club.

Sanskrit students had the good fortune to hear a lecture by Mr. P. A. Subramanya Ayyar, Principal of the Egmore Sanskrit School, on "Love in Kalidasa's Work."

The Telugu Association held a prize distribution for students who secured the



first rank in the December examinations. Miss K. Chandravathy, M.A., L.T, Lecturer in Telugu, Women's Christian College, spoke to the students of her experiences in America.

The Senior members of the Science Association were privileged to attend a talk on Nutrition, with practical demonstrations, delivered by Mrs. Philip, Nutrition Dept., Women's Christian College.

**February 13th :** The college associations today held their valedictory meeting. Sri A. G. Venkatachary, Assistant Editor of the Dinamani, spoke on "Manners and Morals of the West."

**February 29th., College Day :** We had the honour of welcoming to Stella Maris **Mr. C. H. Sibgathullah, Mayor of Madras, as President of our College Day Celebrations.** He warmly commended the work of the College Social League in aid of the poor of Madras.

**March 4th :** Miss M. Padmavathy, III U.C. achieved success in the Inter-Collegiate Competitions. At the Telugu Oratorical Contest of Chennai Andhra Vidyarthi Samithri, she was presented with an individual cup as best Lady Speaker. The college team comprising Miss Padmavathy and Miss T. Bangaramma I U. C. won the Rolling Cup.

**March 8th :** Picnic with the Principal and staff brought the year to a close by an enjoyable day at Red Hills.

# COLLEGE DAY



# DANCE AND DRAMA



# LE MONDE DONT NOUS REVONS

A translation of "The World We Want."

“**S**i nous pouvions avoir le monde dont nous rêvons !” Telle a été la plainte constante de l’humanité, le cri de ralliement des réformateurs, l’ardent désir de tous les hommes à travers les âges !

La manière de concevoir ce monde idéal a pu varier, mais l’idée est restée toujours la même : une ascension vers la perfection.

Quel est-il donc, ce monde dont nous rêvons ?

De nos jours l’homme s’est rendu maître des énergies indomptées de la nature ; il les a dirigées à son gré et (se les est, en quelque sorte, assimilées) les a, en quelque sorte, faites siennes. Par là, il a augmenté sa puissance. Or, plus notre puissance grandit, plus s’accroît notre capacité de faire de grandes choses,—de façonner le monde selon notre idéal. Archimède ne disait-il pas : “Donnez moi un point d’appui et je souleverai le monde.” Il voulait le guider vers des destinées plus hautes et plus glorieuses. Ce pouvoir, nous le possédons, sinon pleinement, du moins suffisamment pour influencer le développement du monde et en faire un monde meilleur.

Il y a un mot qui est passé dans le langage comme synonyme de ce qui ne peut être atteint : c’est le mot “utopie.” Ainsi, le monde dont nous rêvons, cette “Utopia.” comme

l’appela le premier le Chancelier Thomas More, serait alors aussi un monde purement imaginaire, le monde de demain vu par un visionnaire, donc quelque chose d’absurde, parce qu’impossible à atteindre. Mais pourquoi “impossible” ? Comme le dit Browning : “A man’s reach should exceed his grasp, or what’s a heaven for ?” C’est en visant à atteindre les étoiles qu’on arrive finalement à escalader la cime de la montagne ! “Utopie” n’est donc pas un vain mot. Si nos idées ne contenaient pas quelque “utopie,” jamais nous ne pourrions réaliser aucun progrès. La perfection n’est pas de ce monde ; mais c’est l’effort qui compte et non le résultat. Dans le monde dont nous rêvons—l’homme verra le fruit de ses efforts d’aujourd’hui.

Que sera donc notre monde de demain ? D’abord et avant tout, le monde dont nous rêvons sera un monde qui connaîtra la paix, car la paix est le facteur indispensable de toute œuvre grande et durable—mais cette paix ne sera stable que si elle est fondée sur la justice. Tout préjugé doit donc être banni du monde dont nous rêvons,—et le préjugé racial avant tout. Si vous reconnaissez dans un homme votre égal, pourquoi vous laissez-vous influencer par la forme de son crâne ou la couleur de sa peau ? La couleur de sa peau est elle une

indication de la couleur de son âme ? Aujourd'hui on n'a à la bouche que les mots de "liberté, égalité, fraternité !" Quoi de plus contraire pourtant à cette égalité des hommes entre eux que ces préjugés de race ? —Seule une véritable éducation peut faire disparaître cet odieux préjugé de couleur et de race.

Le monde dont nous rêvons,—ce monde vers lequel nous tendons,— ne doit pas être une confédération d'une multitude de petits états, mais constituer un grand tout harmonieux, dans lequel les droits de chaque nation, petite ou grande, seront respectés. Ce grand tout harmonieux, qu'est-ce sinon la pleine réalisation du terme : "Nations Unies" !

Dans notre monde de demain, le monde dont nous rêvons, il n'y aura pas non plus de luttes intestines, car la paix mondiale ne peut être assurée que si la paix règne déjà entre les individus à l'intérieur de chaque état. Les guerres entre nations sont déjà un assez grand mal. Mais que dire de l'horreur des divisions et des luttes qui opposent les uns aux autres les hommes d'une même patrie ? Pour assurer une paix mondiale, il faut donc que chaque individu travaille d'abord à établir la paix en soi, c'est à dire avec sa propre conscience, ce qui le conduira à vivre en paix avec les autres.

Hélas, un tel idéal n'ira pas sans rencontrer des obstacles, et il nous faut considérer maintenant les facteurs qui menacent de barrer la route à ce merveilleux développement du monde de demain. Nous n'en mentionnerons qu'un ici, parce qu'il nous semble être d'une parti-

culière importance : c'est le manque d'éducation dans le peuple ; on ne se soucie pas assez de lui apprendre à bien connaître ses droits et ses responsabilités de citoyen, à penser juste et à voir clair, à s'occuper non pas seulement des questions qui regardent son propre pays, mais des grands problèmes qui intéressent le monde pris comme un tout, et les nations dans les rapports qui les lient entre elles. Une telle éducation aidera l'individu à sortir de lui-même, à ne pas rester centré uniquement sur son petit monde à lui ; mais à élargir son cœur, et à mettre au service, non seulement de son foyer et de sa patrie, mais de l'humanité tout entière, son intelligence et ses énergies.

Ainsi, le monde dont nous rêvons ne serait autre qu'un monde vraiment "humain," d'où tout égoïsme sera exclu et où la charité fera loi,—un monde où les vieillards et les infirmes auront droit à notre pitié et à notre amour, à cause de leur faiblesse, où les animaux sans défense ne seront pas maltraités, où la joie de vivre épanouira le visage des petits enfants, où comme le chantait jadis déjà Beranger, "Chacun aura sa place au soleil—

Oui, libre enfin, que le monde respire;  
Sur le passé jeter un voile épais.  
Semez vos champs aux accords de la  
lyre,  
L'encens des arts doit brûler pour la  
paix.  
L'espoir riant, au sein de l'abondance,  
Accueillera les doux fruits de l'hymen.  
Peuples, formez une sainte—alliance.  
Et donnez-vous la main.

Tel est le monde vers lequel nous tendons de toutes nos forces, le monde dont nous rêvons.

## எங்கும் நிறைநாதன்

நம்மைச் சுற்றியுள்ள பொருள்களையும், மிருகங்கள், தாவரங்கள், இவற்றை நோக்குங்கால் அவைகளின் அழகும் செழுமையும் இயற்கை யாகவே நம் மனத்தைக் கவர்கின்றன. நாம் அவைகளை விரும்புகிறோம். கவிசர் சிலர் அவை களை உயிரூட்டிவைக்காக்கக் கருதி நேசித்திருக்கின்றனர். அவைகளும் தங்களுடைய செய்கைகளாலும் தோற்றங்களாலும் நம்மை நேசிப்பதுபோல் நமக்குப்புலப்படும். இது உண்மையே. இவை ஒவ்வொன்றும் தத்தம் தொழில்களை நிறை வேற்றித் தன்னை சிருஷ்டித்த பகவானை வழிபடு கின்றன. இவ்வழகான பொருள்களைக் காணும் பொழுது நம் மனத்தில் ஒரு கேள்வி தோன்று கிறது. இவ்வழகான பொருள்களைப்படைத்தவன் யார்? நம்மால் இவைகளை உண்டாக்க முடியுமா? ஒருபோதும் இல்லை. இவற்றைப் படைத்தவன் எவ்வாறு அழகு பொருந்தியவனாக இருக்க வேண்டும்! ஆகிய பல எண்ணங்கள் தோன்றி மறைகின்றன.

ஆம்! இவைகளைப் படைத்த கடவுள் அழகே உருவாகக் கொண்டவன். அவனுடைய அழகிற்கு ஈடு யார்? ஒருவருமில்லை. அவ னுடைய அழகைக்கண்டு களிக்கும் பாக்கியம் படைத்தவர் யார்? ஒரு சிலரே. எனினும் நம்மைச் சுற்றியுள்ள பொருள்கள் ஒரு குறைந்த அளவில் தன்னைப் படைத்தோனின் பின்பத்தைப் பிரதி பலிக்கச் செய்கின்றன. இயற்கையில் நாம் எத்தனையோ ஒற்றுமை வேற்றுமைகளைக் காண் கிறோம். வேற்றுமைகள் சிலவே. ஆனால் ஒற் றுமைகள் அதிகமாகக் காணப்படுகின்றன. எப்படி ஒரு பாண் ஆனது சப்தஸ்வரங்களா லானதோ அதுபோல நம்மைச் சுற்றியுள்ள பொருள்களினிடையே ஒரு வித இன்னிசை தோன்றுகிறது. அது வெளிப்படையாக நம் செவிக் கெட்டுவதில்லை. ஆயினும் நம் மனைதைச் செலுத்தி ஊன்றிக்கேட்க முயன்றோ மானால் நமக்கு மிக மெல்லிய இராகம் ஒன்று புலப்படும். மற்ற இராகங்களைப் போலன்றி இந்த இராகமானது நாம் எவ்வாறுக்கெவ்வாறு கவனத்துடன் செவிகொடுத்துக் கேட்கிறோமோ அவ்வாறுக் கவனவு அது நம் மனத்தை உயர்த்தும்.

ஒவ்வொரு இரவிலும், பகலிலும், சூரிய உதய அஸ்தமனங்களிலும், மற்றும் சந்திரனின் பல பிறைகளிலும், கால மாற்றங்களிலும், ஆழி களிலும், நீர்நிலைகளில் வீசும் அலைகளிலும் வான வில் தோன்றலிலும் ஒருவித ஒற்றுமை மறைவாகத் தென்படுகிறது. அவைகள் எப் பொழுதும் ஒரே இராகத்தைப் பாடுவதுபோல் தோன்றினும், அந்த இராகத்திலமைந்த அதே ஸ்வரங்களைக்கொண்டு தொடுக்கப்படுவது, கல்வி யில் வல்லவராகிய மகாகவிள்களின் செய்யுட்களில் காணப்படும் வேற்றுமையும், அழகையும் போன்று உள்ளது. மோதும் அலைகளால் ஓய்வின்றி சப்திக் கின்ற ஆழியானது, பலநிறங்களாலான, உயர்ந்த மலைகளைக் கொண்ட நில பாகங்களுக்கூடு இடங் கொடுத்தலிலும் ஓர் இன்னிசைத் தோன்றுகிறது.

உயிரானது இவை எல்லாவற்றிற்கும் மேன் மையானதும், புதுமையானதமான வேறொரு இராகத்தை யளிக்கிறது. மறைந்த காடுகளி லிருந்து அழகும் நறுமணமும் நிறைந்த மலர்களி னிடையே விதையினின்று பூ தோன்றிப் பின் பூவிலிருந்து விதை தோன்றலும், இன்னும் அவைகளின் நறுமணமும். கண்களைக் கவரும் நிறங்களும் எண்ணற்றந்தப் பட்டுப் பூச்சிகளையும், தேனீக்களையும், தன்னிடம் அணுகி பூக்களில் தோன்றும் தேனைப் பருகச்செய்தலிலும் ஓர் இன் னிசைத் ததுட்டும் பண் தோன்றுகின்றன. மிகச் சிறிய வித்தானது நாண்டாவில், மண், நீர், சூரிய வெளிச்சம் இவைகளினுதவி கொண்டு மிகப் பெரிய மரமாக வளர்ந்து, யாத்திரை செய்தலினால் வழி நடந்து களைப்படைந்த வழிப்போக்கர்களுக் குத் தன் கிளைகளால் நிழிலைதந்து களிக்கச் செய் வதிலோ, அல்லது மிக மெதுவானதும், நறுமணம் நிறைந்ததுமாகிய இனிய மலர்களைத் தருதலிலோ அல்லது மணற் பாங்கான இடத்திற் தோன்றிய ஒரு பெரியமரமானது அழகிய மெல்லியமலர்களை யும், இன்சுவைபொருந்திய ரச மிகுந்தபழங்களைத் தருதலிலோ தோன்றும் இன்சையானது இன்புறற் பாலது. அதே மரத்தின் கிளையானது தன் இன் னொலியால் வானத்தை நிறையச் செய்து, இறை வனை வணங்கும் பறவைகள் தங்கு மிடமாயும், மெல்லிய தென்றல் வீசுதலால் இலைகளினி டையே எழும் இன்னிசையும் இன்புறத் தக்கதே.

வாழ்வாகிய கீதத்தில் மிருகங்களுக்குப் பிரிவுகள் வகுக்கப் பட்டிருக்கின்றது. மிருகங்களில் பல இயற்கையாகவே இனிய குரலையுடையன. சில பூச்சிகள் சூரிய வெளிச்சம் தோன்றினவுடன் 'பஸ்' என்ற இனிய சப்தத்தை எழுப்புகின்றன சில பூச்சிகள் மழை பெய்தவுடன் ஆனந்தமாகப் பாடுகின்றன. தவளைகளோ, தனிமையான குளம் குட்டைகளில் ஒன்று கூடி பாடுகின்றன. கம்பீரமான காட்டு மிருகங்கள் காடுகட்கிடையே கர்ஜிக்கின்றன. அவைகளின் தோலின் நிறம் அதன் சுற்றுப்புறங்களுக்கு ஒத்திருக்கிறது. பறவைகள் வாழ்வின் இன்பத்தைத் தம் பாட்டுகளால் வெளிப்படுத்துகின்றன. ஒரு பூவிலிருந்து மற்றொன்றிற்குத் தாவிச் சென்று தேனைப் பருகும் இனிய வண்ணத்திப் பூச்சிகளின், இடருகளின் வர்ணம், அசைவு, கால்கள் இவையாவும் ஒத்திருக்கின்றன.

நாம் மேலாராய்ந்த எல்லா வற்றிலும் ஒழுங்கிருந்தபோதிலும் அவைகளில் பல வேற்றுமைகளும் மறைந்து இருக்கின்றன. இந்த இரகசியத்தை அறிந்துணர்ந்தவர் சித்திரகவிதனோ யாவர். உதாரணமாக, நேற்றைய சூரியஸ்தமனமும், இன்றைய சூரியஸ்தமனமும் ஒரே விதமாக இல்லை. தினமும் வித்தியாசப்படுகிறது. ஒரே வித இரண்டு நகரத்திரங்கள் தோன்றுவது அரிது.

இவ்வித ஒற்றுமை வேற்றுமைகளில் தோன்றும் இரகசத்தில் மனிதனின் ஸ்வரமே மிக உயர்ந்ததும், முழுமை யானதாகும். மனிதனில் அசைவு, சீரம், உயிர் இவை ஒன்று கூடி இசைக்கின்றன. குழந்தைப் பருவம், இளமைப் பருவம், இவை தலைமுறை தலைமுறையாக ஒரு சில வேறுபாடுகள் தோன்ற, ஒன்றன்பின் ஒன்றாக முறையே தோன்றி வருகின்றன. அதுமட்டுமன்றி சீரத்திற்கும், ஆத்தமத்திற்கும், சோதனைகளுக்கும் மனத்திற்கும், இன்னும் சந்தோஷம் துக்கம் இவைகளுக்கிடையே ஓயாமல் போராட்டம் நடைபெறுகிறது. இவ்வுலகையே பல ஸ்வரங்களாலான ஒரு இராகம் என்று கருதலையில் மனிதனால் பாடப்படும் ஸ்வரமானது மிக பலவீனமானதாயிருந்த போதிலும், இதன் சிறப்பானது மற்றெல்லா ஸ்வரங்களையும் ஊடுருவிச் சென்று என்றும் நிலைத்து நிற்கும் விண்ணுலகமைதியை அடையும்.

இன்னிசையை எழுப்பக்கூடிய இசைக்கருவிகள் பல உள். அவற்றுள் பிடிவானது

எப்படி உச்சிஸ்ருதியை இசைக்கின்றதோ அது போல புலவர்களின் குரல் அழகையும், உச்சிஸ்ருதியையும் இசைக்கிறது. இன்னும் ஆர்மோனியப் பெட்டியை ஆராய்ந்தோமானால் அதன் கண் அடங்கிய பலவித ஸ்ருதிகள் பல பிரிவுகளையுடைய மேல் காட்டு சங்கீதத்திற்கு உரியதாகும். இக்கருவியானது ஒளியையும், நிழலையும், உபயோகித்து, தம் மனக்கண் உள்ள கற்பனைகளை பிறர் கண்டுணரும்படிச் செய்யும் சித்திரக் கவிதளுக்குச் சமமாகும். பியானோ என்ற இசைக்கருவி நம் வீடுகளுக்கு ஓர் அலங்காரமாக அமைவது மன்றி நாம் எவ்விதம் வேண்டுமோ அவ்விதம் அழுத்த மாகவோ, மெதுவாகவோ தொடும் விதத்தில் அதற்கேற்ற இசையை எழுப்புகின்றது. இக்கருத்தின்படி பியானோ நல்ல தாய்மார்சளை ஒத்திருக்கிறது. சிறுமுடிவுரை, பின் பாட்டு இவைகளால் எப்படி பாட்டு ஆரம்பமுதல் முடிவுரை ஸ்ருதி மீறாமல் பாட உதவுகிறது. நல்ல தாயானவளின் சில வார்த்தைகள் குழந்தைகளின் ஆன்மாவை தீய வழிகளினின்றும் காக்கிறது.

'யாழ்' அல்லது வீணை தன் கம்பிகளை முறுக்கி செவிக்கினியதும், மணம் இன்புறச்செய்யும் இன்னிசைகளை எழுப்பி இறைவனைத் துதிக்கின்றது.

"கதிரவன் கிரணக்கையால் கடவுளைத் துதிப்பான் புடகர்"

சுதியொடும் ஆடிப்பாடித் துதித்திடும் புடகர் எல்லாம்" என்றுபாடுகிறார் வேதநாயகம் பிள்ளையவர்கள்.

படைக்கப் பட்டவைகள் தத்தம் கடமைகளைச் செய்து தம்மைப் படைத்தவனைத் துதிக்கிறது. நாம் மேலாராய்ந்து பார்த்த இசைக்கருவி கானது தாமே இன்னிசை எழுப்பா அதை உபயோகிக்கத் தெரிந்தவன் புத்தியுடைய மனிதனே. அதுபோல எல்லாப்படைத்த இறைவனை, அவன் சாயலாக படைக்கப்பட்ட மனிதன் ஒருவனே ஒரு சிறிது நன்கறிய முடியும். இறைவன் நம் ஒவ்வொருவரையும் ஒரு முக்கியக் கருத்துடன் படைத்தார். ஆகையால் நம் கடமைகளைச் சரிவர செய்து இறைவனைத் தொழுது வாழ்வோமானால் உலகில் ஒற்றுமையும் சமாதானமும் என்றும் நிலவும்.



# ప రి వ ర్త న ము

మన హరిశర్మ ఆంధ్రుడై పుట్టాడేకాని పొరుగింటి పుల్లకూర రుచి అన్నట్లు అరవల గుణగణములను పొగడడములోను తెలుగుల లోపములను కనిపెట్టడములో నతి సమర్థుడగు. ఇట్టి మన హరిశర్మ అపయోజకుడనుకొనకండి. చిన్నవయస్సుననే పట్టపరీక్షయందు తీర్ణుడైనవాడు. కష్టమన్న దెట్టిదో యెఱుగని గొప్పయింటి బిడ్డడు. తలిదండ్రులకేకేక పుత్రుండగు. వివాహ విషయమై తల్లిదండ్రులు ప్రశ్నింప “నాకీ గోంగూర తొక్కులక్కరలేదు.” నేనే వెదకి రూపలక్షణ సమన్వితయగు యువతిని వివాహ మాడెదనను జవాబునకు వారు బదులు చెప్పించాలరైరి.

“ఆంధ్రరాష్ట్రమెందుకోయ్ ఆంధ్రరాష్ట్రం ఇవన్నీ వట్టి తాలూకు చప్పుళ్లే అసలు మనమేమైన నిర్వహించే పరిస్థితిలో నున్నామా? మనవారికేమి తెలుసునని యిన్ని ఆర్భాటాలు. కుండల్లో గుట్టాలు తోలే మనవారి కెండుకోయ్ ప్రత్యేకరాష్ట్రం. ఎంతైన అరవ, అరవేనోయ్ వారికున్న తెలివితేటలలో నూగోపాలు మనవారికున్న ధైర్యతే ఎన్నడో మనము పైకి వచ్చియుండెడివారమే చూడండి. యస్. యస్. యల్. సి. సరిగా ప్యాసు కాని అరవవాడికున్న శక్తి సామర్థ్యాలు యం. ఏ. ప్యాసైన మనవాడికున్నవా? ఎంతైనా భగవంతుడు వారిని ప్రత్యేకమైన తెలివితేటలతో సృజించాడు. వారి దేశములలోనున్న దేవాలయములలో సరితూగగల దొకచైన మన ప్రాంతాలలో నున్నదా? మొట్టమొదటినుండి వారు నేర్పరులు కాబట్టి వారితో పోటికి పోవడమనకన్న వారితో కలిసి మెలసియుండి వారి యున్నతగుణములను మనము గ్రహించుటే మేలు. చూడండి నానీనిర

మును నేను తమిళ దేశములోనే గడప నిశ్చయించు కున్నాను.” అది మన హరిశర్మ ధోరణి.

పాపము, అతనిస్నేహితులు, తలిదండ్రులీ అరవ మోహమునుండి తప్పింప సర్వ ప్రయత్నములు చేసిరి కాని మన హరిశర్మపట్ల అన్నియు వ్యర్థములే యైనవి. తల్లి తన పుత్రునియొక్క బుద్ధిని మార్చుమని ప్రతి దేవాలయమునకు మ్రొక్కేది. ఎంతచెప్పినను వినక ఉన్న ఊర్లో యిస్తానన్న ఉద్యోగమును మానుకొని తమిళ స్నేహితుడైవడో చెప్పిన సలహా ప్రకారము తిరుచినాపల్లినిగూర్చి పయనమైనాడు మనహరిశర్మ. అడ్డుపెట్టుటనల్ల లాభములేదని తలిదండ్రు లూరకుండిరి.

మన హరిశర్మ ఉన్న ఊర్లో యిస్తానన్న ఉద్యోగి గాన్ని కాలదన్ని తిరుచినాపల్లికై మూటాముల్లె సర్దాడు. రాజమండ్రి అతని జన్మస్థలము మద్రాసు నకు వచ్చి తిరుచినాపల్లికి వెళ్లటకు ఎగూరుస్టేషన్ ప్రవేశించాడు. తాను “నట్టి గోంగూరు తొక్కును” కానని తమిళులకు నిరూపించు ప్రయత్నంలో ముస్తాలైన దుస్తులు, నూట్ కేసులు, ఫ్లానుకు యిత్యాది నవనాగరిక సామగ్రులనుకొనినాడు. తూత్తుకుడి ఎక్స్ ప్రెస్ రాత్రి 9-30 గంటలకు బయలుదేరునని తెలిసియుండియు మనహరిశర్మ 6-30 గంటకే స్టేషన్ లో ప్రవేశించి తన సామగ్రుల నొకకై పురయుంచి స్టాటుఫారముమీద పచారు చేయ మొదలుపెట్టాడు. అతని భావనాశక్తి ఒక్కనూఱు గగనము నంటినది. తన్నుతాను మరచి ఊహా ప్రపంచములో విహరింపకొండగినాడు. ఆ ప్రపంచములో కావేరినది పవిత్రగంగవలెను, ఆ పరిసర ప్రదేశములు నందనోద్యానవనమువలెను, తిరుచినాపల్లి అమరావతివలెను కన్నట్టివిన. నూతన సఖ్యములు, నవీన జ్ఞానోపాన్లన, తనకు తగిన, చక్కని

యువతిలోటి పొందు, వివాహప్రాప్తి, యిట్టి కష్టని తలంపులెన్నియో మనసుకు తట్టి మన హరిశర్మను మైమఱపించినది. ఇట్లంతనేవుండినది యతనికే తెలియలేదు. ఇంతలో రైలు కూతనువిని, మేల్కొని, యది తాను పయనమొనర్చుచోవు తూత్తుకుడి ఎక్స్ ప్రెస్ గా గ్రహించి పరుగున బుకింగాఫీసునకు వెళ్లి టిక్కెట్టుతో ఫ్లాటుఫారమునకువచ్చి తన సామగ్రి చూచుకొని, ఆనాడే క్రొత్త గా కొనిన “ధర్మా స్థాస్కు” మాయగుటను గ్రహించి, చేయునది లేక రైలులో ప్రవేశించినాడు.

మన హరిశర్మ యాశయము తమిళులతో కలిసి మెలసియుండి వారి గొప్ప గుణములను గ్రహించుట యే కాఁబట్టి, కంపాప్తమెంటులో ప్రవేశించినదాది పరిసరము నాసీనుడై యుండిన తమిళునితో లేని పోని పరిచయమును కలిగించుకొని సంభాషింప సాగినాడు. మనస్సున ప్లాస్కు పోయిన విషయము బాధ కలిగించుచున్నను దానిని బయటికి కనఁబఱచక యెంతో సంతోషముతో మాట్లాడుతున్నాఁడు హరిశర్మ. ఇంతలో విల్లుపురము స్టేషన్ రావడం తమిళస్నేహితుఁడు దిగడం జరిగినది. ఇప్పుడు హరిశర్మ మనలోకంలో పడ్డాడు. కొన్ని బట్టలు, పండ్లు మున్నగు యవసర సామగ్రినుంచిన సంచి తనస్నేహితుఁడు మాటల సందడిలో తీసికొని పోయినట్లు గ్రహించినాఁడు. ఇప్పటికి మన హరిశర్మ యంతయు తనలోపమేననుకొని, తమిళుల వాక్యాతుర్యమును లోలోన మెచ్చుకొనుచుండెను. శ్రీరంగము స్టేషన్ వచ్చునరికి బలబల తల్లెవాలు చుండెను. తిరుచనాపల్లి ప్రక్కనేయున్న విషయము మన హరిశర్మకు తెలియదు. ఇతరుల నడిగి తన యజ్ఞానమును బయలుపఱచు కొనుటకంత కన్న యిష్టములేదు. ఇంతకు “కుడువులో దేవుడు గంతులు వెట్టుచున్నందున” రైలుదిగి ఫ్లాటు ఫారము హోటలలో ప్రవేశించి కాఫీ, ఫలహారము వుచ్చుకొని రైలుకూతనువిని, తొందరపాటున

పర్సు నచ్చటనే వదలి రైలెక్కాడు. కొద్ది నిమిషములకే తిరుచినాపల్లి వచ్చినది. రైలుదిగి పర్సు విషయమే యోచించక ఒక రిక్షావాలాను పిలిచి దానిలో నాసీనుడై మద్రాసునందలి స్నేహితుఁడిచ్చిన అడ్రసు చూపించి యా సంకేత స్థలమునను తీసికొని పొమ్మన్నాఁడు. “ఒరు రూపాదాం సార్ వాడిగ” అన్నాఁడు రిక్షావాలా. ఎంతదూరమో ఆనుకొని మన హరిశర్మ “సరి” అన్నాఁడు. కాని నాల్గు నిమిషములలోపలనే ఒకయింటి గుమ్మము వద్ద దింపి “యిదే” అన్నాడు రిక్షావాలా. ఏమిటయ్యాయిత దగ్గరకే రూపాయి అని వింతపడ్డాడు హరిశర్మ. జేబులో చేయి పెట్టు సరికి పర్సులేదు. ఎచ్చట పెట్టి నది జ్ఞప్తిలేదు. సరి యింకేమి చేయలేక ఆ యింటి గృహస్థుని అడిగి బాడుగ యిచ్చి బండి వానిని పంపేశాడు.

గృహస్థుఁడు లోనికి తీసుకొని వెళ్లి ఒకగది చూపి “యిరునదు రూపాదా వాడిగె,” “నీగ దానెసార్ నడరాజుజ్ ఎళుదిన పేర్వలి. అదినాలే దాం కొరచ్చి సాన్నె” అన్నాఁడు. బాబోయ్ పట్నానికన్న తగలవది పోతుందే యివూరు ఆను కున్నాఁడు హరిశర్మ. బ్యాంకు ఉద్యోగము వంద రూపాయలు జీతము, సాంబారు మెతుకులు హరిశర్మకు నాల్గు రోజులకే తలబట్ట కట్టినది. ఏ గోంగూరిన్ని దినములు దూషించాడో ఆ గోంగూరనే ఆమృతము నెన్నడు చవి చూదామా ? అనిపించినది. తానిన్ని దినములు నడవకొనిన విధము, తాను ప్రమాణముగు నప్పుడు కన్నీరితో నిండిన మాత్రముఖ మొక్కూరు కనులకు తట్టి హరిశర్మ నేత్రముల నక్షలతో నింపివైచినది. ఇంట తనకు జరుగుచుండిన సరోచారములు, సంజ లుడు గోదావరీ తీరమునందలి దృశ్యములు మనమున నొకమారు తళుకొత్తి “జన్మభూమి యందలి నుఖము” మరువరాని దనిపించినది.

ఇట్టి హృందయాందోళనలో మన హరిశర్మ మునిగియుండ తపాలా జవాను పిలుపు వినబడినది. పై విలాసమునందలి దన్నూరినిబట్టి చూడ ఆడ ఉత్తరము తనవారివద్దనుండి వచ్చినట్లు కన్నట్టలేదు. పట్టరాని ఆతురతో దానిని తెఱచి యీ క్రింది విధమైన జాబును చదివినాడు.

ప్రియమైన హరిశర్మగారికి.

మీగారి అపరిచిత వ్యక్తిత్వముండి వచ్చిన యీ యుత్తరమును చూచి ఆశ్చర్యపడవచ్చును. మీరు శ్రీరంగము స్టాటుపారము హోటలులో వదిలిన పర్చును నేను తీసి యుంచితిని. దానిలో 40 రూప్యములును మీయొక్క విలాసమును నేడే చూచితిని. మిమ్ములకు సరిగా చూడలేదు. మీలో స్నేహము చేసికొనవలయునని నామనసు స్పీళ్లూరు చున్నది. వెంటనే మీరీ క్రింది విలాసమునకు వచ్చినచో మీ పర్చును పొందగలరు.

ఇట్లు :

కాంతిమంది, బి.యె. ఎల్.టి.,

టీ చ ర్,

బాలికల మునిసిపల్ పాఠశాల,

శ్రీరంగము.

ఈ ఉత్తరము వాడిన వ్యక్తమునకు దోహద మిచ్చినట్లు సంతోషమొనగూర్చినది మన హరిశర్మకు. “ఆహా నేనెంత అదృష్టవంతుడను అన్నియు మన మేలునకేయను” నదెంత యదాళము. మానవుఁడు గ్రహించలేక భగవంతుని దూరుచున్నాఁడు. నేను పర్చు వదిలినదెంత సహాయకారియైనది. నాకా మూడుముళ్లు పడేవేళవచ్చియే యీ తిరుచినాపల్లికి వచ్చినది. నా ఆదర్శమునకు తగిన యువతిని నేడుగదా కనుగొంటిని “కాంతిమంది” ఎంత “సుధా ధారా రసస్వంది” యగు నామము. ఎంత పవిత్ర హృదయము? చేజిక్కిన ద్రవ్యము నపహరించక నా అడనుకు యుత్తరము వ్రాసిన సద్గుణ భిని,

మత్యంత సౌందర్యవతియై యుండుననుటలో సందేహమేమి? “యత్రయాసా తత్రగుణాభవన్తి” అను పెద్దల వాక్యము రిత్తపోవునా? పైగా విద్యావతి. పట్టపరీక్షయందు షీర్షారాలె యుద్యోగము చేయుటనుబట్టి సామాన్య కుటుంబమునకే చెందియుండును. డబ్బుచుగురించిన తగాదా నాకు లేదు. నా ఆదర్శమునకు తగిన విద్యావతియగు యువతి, పాపము నాతో స్నేహము చేయవలయు నని అభిలాష కలిగియున్నట్లు, కానుకాదు, నన్ను దర్శించ యువ్విష్టూరుచున్నట్లు వ్రాసిన, దానికిపైన నాకేమి కావలయును. ఇంతకు నా తెలుగు బుర్ర ఆమెను గమనించనేలేదేమి? ఇదియే తెలుగువారికి తమిళులకున్న భేదము. నన్ను గమనించడము, పైగా నేను మరచిన పర్చును తీసి నాకుత్తరము వ్రాయ గల ధీవ్రభావము మన తెలుగుల కెక్కడిది? ఇంతకు ఆమె తమిళయువతియేయై యుండును. ఇంతకు నా అభీష్టమీడేరు కాలము సమీపించినది. మా వివాహము ఆంధ్ర-తమిళుల సుహృద్భావమునకు నాంది కాంగలరు. మాదాంపత్యము సీతారాముల వంటిదై, ...కాదు, కాదు, ఫీ! రామునివలెనే అంతకాలమామెను వదిలియుండగలనా? నలదమ యంతులవంటిదై.....కాదు, కాదు, అన్ని కష్టాలు మాకురావద్దు బాబూ, సావిత్రి-పత్యవంతులవంటిదై .....కాదు, కాదు, కేవలమొక బి.యె. ఎల్. టి. యమునితో పోరాడగలదా? పోనీలైలా మజ్జులవంటిదై వద్దు, వద్దు, వీళెవ్వరితో మాకు పోలికవద్దు, మా దాంపత్య మాదర్శప్రాయమై, మేమిర్వరము, చిలుకా గోరువంకలవలె అనురాగ జీవితమును గడపుదమనుటలో సందేహమేమి? మాకు కలుగు సంతానము, భావి నెహూలగాను, విజయలక్ష్మీపండిట్లిగాను యుండి తీరుదురు. శ్రీరంగ నాథుని కృప. యీ వివాహమే జరిగినచో శ్రీరంగ నాయికి యావజ్జీవితము భక్తుడను. అన్ని పను లున్నను రేపటి “రేపటంతటనే” బయలుదేరదను.

అని ఆరాత్రియంతయు హరిశర్మ నిద్రాదేవికి స్వప్నీ చెప్పి యోచించుచు నేయుం డెను.

మరునాటి యుదయమున 8-30 గంటబండి బయలుదేరి బాలికల పాఠశాల “ అచ్చటెచ్చట ” ని ప్రశ్నించుచు, మెల్లగా కనుగొని లోన ప్రవేశించి యున్న తోపాధ్యాయినికి “ కాంతిమతి ” కానల యుననిక బురంపనామె అతడు క్లాసు తీయుచున్నాడని ఇంకొక అరఘంటసేపటిలో చూడనగునని చెప్పెను. హరిశర్మ “ కాంతిమతి ” యాపలేఖా విలాసములనుగూర్చి తలపోయుచుండగా ఘంటా నాదము వినబడెను. కొంచెము సేపటిలో ఒక ఘోలకాయుండు, నలుబదియేండ్ల వయసుగలవాడు గంధపుబొట్టు పెట్టుకొనివచ్చి హరిశర్మ ప్రక్కన ఆసీనుడై “ మీ రేకదండి పర్సన్ స్వంతదారులు ; ఖారబాటందరికి సహజమే ” అనుచుండ ఉన్న తోపాధ్యాయిని వీరనండి మిస్టరు కాంతిమతి నాదక ” మాకు (స్త్రీలు దొరుకనందున వీరిని నియ మించితిమని చెప్పెను. ఆమాటలను వినుటతోడనే హరిశర్మ గుండెలో టాయిపడెను. కొల్లబోయిన కోమటివలె సాపర్సును తీసికొని స్టేషనునుగూర్చి నడువసాగెను. తిరుచినాపల్లికి వెళ్లడముతోనే తన సామానులను తీసికొని బ్యాంకునకొక “ రాజీనామా గోకి ” చాలు చాలు తమిళ దేశ వాసము. కల్లకపట

మెటుగని మనవారెక్కడ ? మోసపుచ్చుటకు సమయము వేచియుండు వీరలెక్కడ ? కడకు పేర్లలోకూడ మోసమే. పురుషులు కాంతిమతి, కామాక్షి, మినాక్షి మని సంతకమిడుట మనమున కనివిని యున్నామా ? అని తలచుకొనుచు రాజమండ్రినిగూర్చి ప్రయాణమైనాడు.

అనుకొని వినకొనకుండగనే కుమారుడు తమ ముందు ప్రత్యేక్షమై యుండుటను చూచి తల దండ్రులు తమ కన్నులను తాము నమ్మజాలక పోయిరి. పైఁగా ఎన్నడూలేని మాతృపితృభక్తి వారికే గాదు అచ్చటివారికందఱకుకూడ నాశ్చర్యము కలిగించెను. వివాహవిషయమున “ మీ యిష్టమే నాయభీష్టమను ” పుత్రుని మాటలను విని మాతా పితరులు యిది యదార్థమా ? యని యొక నిముసము సందేహించిరి. భగవంతుని సత్కృపయే తన అనుంగు బిడ్డనికి మంచి బుద్ధిని కలుగఁజేసినదని మ్రొక్కిన వేల్పులకు మ్రొక్కులు చెల్లింపఁదొడగిన దాతని అనూయకపు తల్లి. ఈమార్పునకు కారణము చదివిన మీకు, వ్రాసిన నాకు, అనుభవించిన హరిశర్మకు తప్ప యింకెవ్వరికి తెలియును ?

B. AUDILAKSHMI,  
IV U.C.



# हमारी उत्तर भारत यात्रा

१६ दिसंबर १९५२ को हमारे कालेज के इतिहास विभाग की प्राध्यापिका श्रीमती ईश्वरय्या के साथ मैं उत्तर भारत के लिए रवाना हुई। रेवरण्ड मदर प्रिन्सिपल ने हमें जयपुर में ता. २७ दिसंबर '५१ से ३१ दिसंबर '५१ तक होनेवाले इतिहास परिषद में शामिल होने के लिए अपने स्नेहपूर्ण आशीर्वाद के साथ बिदा कर दिया।

१८वीं तारीख को सबेरे हम औरंगाबाद पहुँचीं। वहाँ से टाक्सी करके एल्लोरा गयीं। वहाँ की गुफाओं को देखने में कोई ढाई घण्टे लगाये। वहाँ का कैलाशनाथ का मन्दिर भारत के पुरातन गौरव की अनेक यादगारों में से एक है। एल्लोरा से औरंगाबाद लौटते वक्त हम खुल्दाबाद गईं। वहाँ सम्राट आलमगीर, उनके गुरु, गुरु-बहन, बादशाह के बेटे अज़मशाह और उनकी जोरू की कब्रें देखीं। बादशाह की कब्र के ऊपर छत न थी। सिर्फ चारों ओर संगमरमर की बारीक चहारदीवारी थी। उनकी खुली कब्र देखते ही याद आयी कि इतिहासकारों ने इनके प्रति कितना अन्याय किया है और इन्होंने आखिरी दिनों में अपनी भूलों को सोचकर कितना पश्चात्ताप किया था। क्योंकि पढ़ा है कि सम्राट आलमगीर ने अपने वसीयतनामे में लिखा है 'नेक राह को छोड़कर गुमराह हो जानेवाले लोगों को आगाह करने के लिए मुझे खुली जगह पर दफनाना और मेरा सर खुला रहने देना। क्योंकि उस महान

शाहँशाह परवरदिगार परमात्मा के दरबार में जब कोई पापी नंगे सिर जाता है तो उसे ज़रूर दया आ जाती होगी।'

१९ वीं तारीख को औरंगाबाद से हम अंजता देखने गयीं। अंजता की गुफाएँ दो पहाडियों के बीच में स्थित हैं। सामने एक छोटी-सी नदी बहती है—अत्यन्त मनोहर दृश्य है। वहाँ के क्यूरेटर ने बड़ी दिलचस्पी के साथ हर एक चित्र व मूर्ति का विस्तृत विवरण आकर्षक व आनन्दजनक ढंग से दिया। लगभग दो घण्टे गुफाएँ देखने में लगाकर बस में जलगाँव पहुँचीं।

२१ दिसंबर को आग्रा गयीं। हमने पहले ताजमहल देखा जो एक महान सम्राट के अपनी पत्नी के प्रति निर्मल प्रेम के प्रतीक के रूप में सफेद ताज पहने, सिर ऊँचा करके ऐसा खड़ा है मानों वह दुनियाँ की नश्वरता व प्रेम की स्थिरता की घोषणा कर रहा है। ताज का सुन्दर अनुपात और बारीक व रंगीन बेल-बूटियाँ और जड़ाव देखकर हम दंग रह गयीं। बाद हमने शाहजहाँ का लाल किला और इत्तमादुद्दौला का मक़बरा देखे। कहा जाता है कि इत्तमादुद्दौला की कब्र ही जड़ाऊ संगमरमर की कारीगरी का पहला नमूना है। यह आयाताकार का सुन्दर भवन है। इन इमारतों को देखकर हमारे मन में आया कि ये केवल उस शाही परिवार के आपसी प्रेम का ही

चिन्ह नहीं हैं ; बल्कि उन बादशाहों व बेगमों को अपने को किसी प्रकार इस दुनियाँ में अमर बनाये रखने तथा भविष्य के लिए कुछ छोड़ रखने की जो प्रबल इच्छा हुई होगी, उसके भी परिचायक हैं।

२२ वीं तारीख को दिल्ली जाकर वहाँ की देखने लायक जगहें देखीं और २४ वीं तारीख को देहरादून पहुँचीं। वहाँ की प्रकृति अत्यन्त मनोहारिणी है। दूर से मसूरी की पहाडियाँ दीख पड़ती हैं और रात में दीपमाला से शोभित वे एक सुन्दर स्वप्न की तरह मन को लुभाती हैं। ऐसी जगह में रहने से मन की सात्विक वृत्तियाँ अवश्य बढ़ जाना चाहिए.....।

दिसंबर २७ को दिल्ली से होकर हम जयपुर पहुँचीं। २७ से ३० तक भारतीय मुद्रा परिषद, भारतीय इतिहास परिषद व भारतीय संग्रहालय परिषद की बैठकें हुईं। ३० वीं ता० दोपहर को स्थानीय संग्रहालय, जंतरमंतर, शिलाखाना, पोथीखाना, और आमेर का क़िला व महल देखने

गयीं। पोथीखाने में बिहारी सतसई की एक हस्तलिखित प्रति देखी।

आमेर महल एक छोटे पहाड़ पर बना है। वहाँ के शीश महल, दीवाने आम और दीवाने खास आग्रा के लाल क़िले ही की नक़ल-सी दीख पड़ते हैं। उस महल से सटा हुआ शिलादेवी का मन्दिर है जो संगमरमर व चाँदी का बना हुआ है।

ता. २ जनवरी '५२ को हम साँची के स्तूपों को देखने गयीं। साँची के चारों ओर हरियाली ही हरियाली दीख पड़ती है—एक ओर वेन्नवती नामक नदी बहती है। साँची का सब से बड़ा स्तूप औंधे हुए भिक्षा-पात्र के रूप में बना है। उसके चारों ओर द्वार के खम्भों पर बुद्ध चरित्र की कई दंत कथाओं तथा सच्ची घटनाओं के चित्र खोदे हुए हैं।

साँची से भूपाल जाकर जनवरी ३ को ग्राण्ट ट्रंक एक्सप्रेस पकड़ीं और जनवरी ४ की शाम को सात बजे मद्रास पहुँचीं और भगवान को धन्यवाद दिया कि हमारी लंबी यात्रा सफलतापूर्वक संपन्न हुई।

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Lecturer in Hindi.

# THE JARAWAS

THE motor boat was speeding back home with excited people in it. That morning, Daddy had gone to Spike Island from Long Island to inspect the work. The motor boat was anchored quite a distance from the shore to avoid the rocks. The dthinghi was lowered and a few men went ashore in it.

After inspection and lunch, they returned to the motor boat. All round them was jungle, huge trees and thick bushes and creepers everywhere, except for a narrow path. Daddy was in the lead while the others followed in lively conversation. Suddenly he spied something among the trees. For a moment he was stunned! A dark figure stole past. Daddy warned: "Jarawas". This word alone made everyone shudder. Instantly, at the word, the Jarawas, four of them, faced the little group of men. These Jarawas are the wild men of the Andaman Islands. They live in the dense forest,—fish, wild animals and fruits are their only sustenance. They are dark, with short woolly hair, not cannibals but killers. Their aim is very accurate; their arrow heads have barbs which cannot be extracted without ripping away the flesh. The Jarawas always pull the arrows from their victims alive or dead to re-use them because the only source of iron comes from the knives and guns of their victims.

One of the four raised his bow and arrow and took aim. Daddy fired a blank shot over their heads. Terri-

fied by the sound the savages darted straight into the sea, the men in pursuit. On the shore they raised their guns menacingly. All four dived into the water and did not come up for some minutes. Only three reappeared. There was certainly no way of escape. The fourth must have been carried away by an under-current or by a shark, for that area was infested by them. Now Daddy's bodyguard rowed towards the Jarawas. The jungle-men surrendered by joining their hands and looking helpless. The guard motioned to them to climb on to the dthinghi. Soon they were heading towards Long Island in the motor boat with their captives. Daddy gave them a few bananas and papayas to gain their friendship. At first they were surprised and afraid: never before had they been on something that sped over the water without being pushed. The islands receding, they shouted and stretched their hands in terror.

Imagine the surprise of everybody standing on the jetty to see the Jarawas! The children ran to their homes, while some clung tightly to any person standing near. They had never before seen fierce looking men with tree bark tied round their waists and breasts as shields. Mother despite her fear had to face them boldly since father had brought them home. He tried to please them, even taking them into the drawing room, seating them on the sofas and chairs. Each one received a loin cloth and plenty of

sweet things of which they were very fond. Of course, they spoke a very different language, so comical gestures replaced words. Daddy played the gramophone; all agog they examined the bottom, top and sides to discover where the sound came from. To be jolly with them, Daddy tried to dance by clapping his hands, and they too imitated him, but they beat their backs instead. Next, my mother showed them a mirror. Seeing their faces they burst into loud laughter. Soon they took a great liking to my parents. Pointing to my brother and making signs they gave my parents to understand that they too had children.

They spent the night under guard in an empty godown and the next

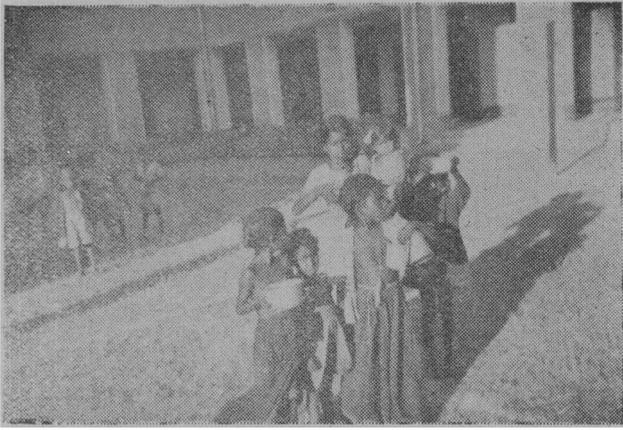
day, they were again at our bungalow to enjoy similar entertainment. Soon, however, they had to depart to Port Blair. They were sad when my parents did not get aboard with them. In vain they beckoned them to come down. Slowly the launch moved from the jetty and was cutting the waters at great speed. It grew smaller and smaller until it disappeared behind an island.

It was our distinction to have caught Jarawas alive. We would have civilized them, but after four days at Port Blair, in spite of guards, they managed to escape. A search party of 1,500 scoured Port Blair but they had vanished without a trace.

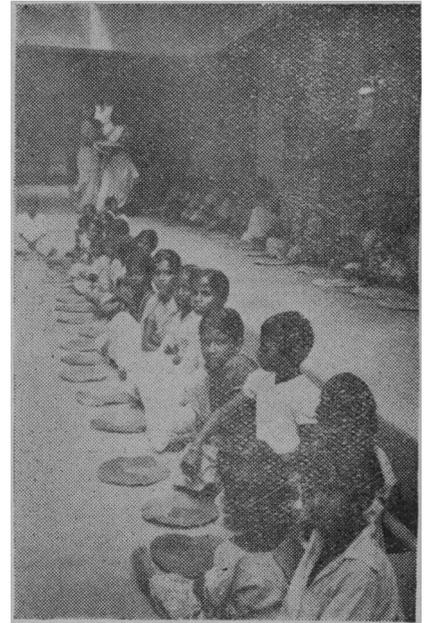
RANI POOVAIAH,  
I U.C.



# OUR DAILY RICE



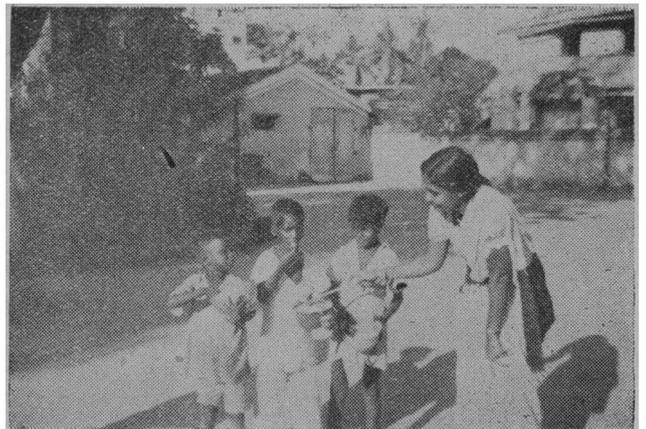
Throngs of hungry waifs of varying degrees of misery present their dishes for an evening meal of rice



Orderly little guests



She receives a pleasant word and a gracious meal



"I want some more!" He gets it

# PONDIA D

Of vanquished victors and of peaceful war,  
Of swift incursion on a foreign shore,  
I sing. Pegasus, rocking horse, be Muse  
And in my top harmonious springs produce.  
What strange events take place in our own day?  
What deeds heroic for an epic-neigh?  
Though worn by one whole week of storming brains  
For test excuses or for Greek remains,  
Yet Luna spied through bushy clouds that night  
A century of Amazons squeeze tight  
In howdahs snug on school-bus-elephants  
To raid the riches of a realm of France.  
For this through many days they'd strongly armed  
By aid of fathers, brothers, whom they'd charmed  
For pice and annas, rupees, lakhs and crores  
To loot the wealth of Pondicherry's stores.  
In Egmore's mighty halls they called a halt,  
Resolved to change the mode of their assault.  
More wily than the Greeks with their decoy  
The time they forced the mighty gates of Troy,  
These thronged an iron horse that gorged on coal  
And spuming cinders, galloped t'ward their goal.  
Thus gaily on they rushed 'mid song and sweets,  
And schemes, to realise heroic feats.  
Alas, at Tanjore, horsey lost his head;

He shied from Pondi with a fearful dread.  
Thus with a headless monster were they left  
In Sleepy Hollow, of their bloom bereft,  
But unafraid, they ventured out to seek  
A washstand, gath'ring quickly in a clique  
For fresher stratagems; polishing their mail;  
All gleaming bright their weapons, tooth and nail;  
Restored the passage whereon armies march  
(They knew Napoleon's maxim, being arch.)  
Thus passed, three weary hours,—then what luck!  
Across them, homeward-bound, chanced Bottom's Puck  
Who clapped upon their hapless beast a head  
From which things great and small in panic fled.  
Thus on again they rumbled through the night  
Till out of darkness grew most awful sight;  
The dragon Chinnababusamudram  
Ope'd one cyclopien eye and gnarled um-yum.  
Despite the sulphurous snortings of their steed  
Right quick 'twas emptied by the Hydra's greed.  
All, all it gorged, the warrior, tiffin, case,  
The while another head with fierce grimace  
Those to be gulped did freeze by rant and glare  
For daring thus in force disturb its lair.  
Yet with their tiny weapons, diamond-stones,

They brought the creature into writhing  
groans ;  
And in the throes of calculus, at last  
They were like Jona from the whale  
outcast.  
But dire warning did it after bawl  
That Pondi is a solvent, melting all.  
They, like Ulysses, in his travels, found  
That each new land is by fresh perils  
bound.  
Full soon they found the warning coming  
true :  
For, at a begging leper's piteous view  
Some melting hearts dropped coins in  
pleading stumps  
While many throats were working hard  
with lumps.  
While sun and rain manoeuvred with their  
force,  
They reached at last the object of their  
course.  
The first to greet them, welcome arms  
outstretched,—  
To peace and friendship every comer  
pledged,—  
The Sacred Heart looked down upon their  
halt,  
While His own servants broke the first  
assault :  
Two Sisters of St. Joseph, Cluny's pride,  
Had Leo-like, alone, their host defied ;  
Who, waiting at the station, armed with  
smiles,  
By kindness captured, off they led their  
files,—  
Regretting all the while to make them  
walk,  
(For cars, like mules will sometimes balk  
and balk.)  
Then safely garrisoned in convent fort,  
Within the homey confines of a court  
They dropped supplies and polished up  
anew,  
But melted tongues with coffee's fragrant  
brew

By gen'rous hosts supplied so good and  
warm,—  
With hearty breakfast did it all transform.  
Then duly armed and newly panoplied  
And with a Pondi Nestor in the lead  
They started out to conquer all the town.  
And Dupleix-like, win hist'ry book renown.  
(They were let free, for they could do no  
harm  
The while their city kept its wonted  
charm)  
The House of tile and mirrors was the  
first  
To be the victim of their war-like thirst,  
But oh ! Within its witching ceiling,  
walls,—  
They melted into sticks and freaks and  
balls ;  
Then quick to sack the stores,—their first  
intent,  
But all their arms, to their astonishment,  
Were changed to chocolates, biscuits,  
sweets and toys  
As Christmas gifts for little girls and  
boys ;  
And slippers, pens and saris, powders,  
pearls  
To cheer the hearts of other, bigger girls.  
Oh, oh ! They now remembered warning  
words  
That made their nerves and muscles  
change to curds.  
A strife ensued within each soldier heart :  
To leave remaining weapons in the mart  
Or lose them at the customs later on—  
" Now to traverse or not the Rubicon ? "  
How long it takes a woman to decide ;  
Again, again within some shop they glide  
For one last look at all these treasure  
dear,—  
It took much skill to make their ranks  
cohere.  
Keen spying beggars worked upon their  
hearts

To steal away some weapons by their arts  
As on again they marched to take the town,  
But found their arms with bundles quite tied down.  
And how emotions melted at the sight  
Of that fair place, so peaceful and so bright :  
Trim boulevards, straight streets, in Latin air,  
Triumphal monument on open square,  
Quaint iron grill-work, and high garden walls  
Up which some curious friendly creeper crawls.  
But now alas, their bones and muscles melt  
While on their backs the rain begins to pelt.  
But nothing daunted onward still they went  
Till Dupleix' bronzy stare was on them bent :  
In awe, some turned to stone or dropped their ware  
But one with camera to shoot did dare ;  
Yet low'ring clouds had bent their ally,  
Sun,  
And Darkness spoiled the "snaps" they thought they'd won.  
Quite desperate now they rushed toward the pier,—  
There : just a dhow a-swagger with a sneer ;  
While roofless pillars allied with the rain  
To oust invaders from their fair domain.  
Some brave hearts still pressed on to "shoot" the shore  
But gained no more than they had done before.  
One friend at last they found, an empty house,—  
At once for its verandah did they souse ;  
Where they solidified their ranks and force,  
And gathered pebble-bombs, as new resource.

Across the way they found some lemonade  
Whereby their grumbling home-guard was allayed.  
The rain itself had called a little halt  
To gather strength and plan a new assault.  
To make good profit of this timely truce  
They took their time the shore-line to peruse :  
In one neat park Jeanne d'Arc was standing guard  
Who once from French domain her foes had barred ;  
Across the way, o'erlooking all the scene  
There stood a shrine to Mary, Angels' Queen,  
At whose Son's birth, the Prince of Peace, they raised  
A song of peace to all whom good-will graced.  
Just then the Angelus its praises rang  
And every light at once in chorus sang  
Around the Virgin's Statue, throned on high,—  
Revealing classic beauty to the eye,  
The Friend of Peace, St. Francis, near the door,  
Who'd guarded all their sandals on the floor,  
Now wished them blithe adieu and ev'ry good,  
And bade them scatter peace where'er they could,  
But now rebellion threatened from inside,  
So quickly back to convent-fort they hied.  
To quell the mutiny, and rest the "foot."  
And all their forces in new spirits put.  
Before the convent gate, the beggar-throng,  
Who'd followed, begged and pleaded all along  
Now made a last attempt to storm their keep,  
So one snatched beggar—arms in one wide sweep,—  
But lo ! an urchin from his pocket drew

Two annas ! which he offered,—she was  
 through !  
 The rain now took his chance by sudden  
 raid,  
 And of their glorious plans quick havoc  
 made ;  
 The while on carpets, mats, they slept and  
 stretched,  
 Which gen'rous hosts had for their comfort  
 fetched,  
 Yet some brave hearts in rickshaws tried  
 once more  
 To add unto their pleasures or their store  
 The Darkness now began to threaten  
 too ;  
 In their best French they bade their hosts  
 " adieu,  
 Et mille fois merci, Mere, et au revoir ;"  
 Then made a last attempt to gain the shore.  
 The lighthouse blinked, then calmly closed  
 his eyes :  
 He knew that this must be their latest  
 try ;  
 The tide that rushed and roared beneath  
 the pier  
 Filled many Amazons with awe and fear ;  
 And then a mist stole up along the shore  
 To hide their main objective ever more.  
 Then infantry and rickshaw cavalcade  
 Their way to Cafe for provisions made :  
 Huge snowy rice-hills, lakes of curry hot,  
 Cascades of coffee swift inside were shot.  
 Then with Cimmerician deluge battle brave  
 And safely reached once more the  
 station-cave,  
 To mount their faithful iron horse anew  
 And thank their gracious guides and bid  
 adieu.  
 Now all worn out they yielded quick to  
 sleep

And sought for better rest the bag rack  
 steep  
 Where they could stretch and bask in  
 greater heat  
 While others made a trench 'mid serried  
 feet.  
 The rest sank down on shoulders or on  
 lap.—  
 Oblivious all of Customs or mishaps ;  
 And then, oh dread ! the Custom-monster's  
 halt ;  
 To see that none should pass with a  
 default  
 He swallowed or their purchases or their  
 arms  
 Impervious to their pleadings or their  
 charms ;  
 And while he searched and picked at one  
 by one  
 Vindictive Rain enjoyed his greatest fun  
 And soaked all those who waited 'neath  
 the spell  
 Until on them Doom's clutching fingers  
 fell,—  
 For while one snatched their money,  
 trinkets, toys  
 Another " noble knight " his arts employs  
 To snatch away one-third their " quarter-  
 deck "  
 And thus some more their well-earned  
 slumbers wreck.  
 How strange, how just two nights and  
 just one day  
 Can with a fair brave army havoc play !  
 Now, if you're lost in lusions  
 The so—or al—or il—,  
 And if by annotations  
 You'd rather lose the thrill ;  
 And if you wish to Pondi  
 In verse much smoother ride  
 You'd better ask Minerva  
 To furnish you a guide.

A. POMER

# WORLD YOUTH FORUM OF 1952

THEY numbered twenty-six and represented eighteen Asian nations chosen by their respective governments to spend three months in the U.S., sharing the benefits of living in the intimacy of American families, taking part in recreation, study, household chores, studying the civic organisations and the democratic forms of government, emphasising the social benefits of mutual understanding; this intercourse of the student-delegate with

her High School hosts proved highly beneficial to both parties. The visitors often spoke before large student assemblies, wrote articles for school newspapers and revealed their culture to enthusiastic young people who realise that the world is a bit larger and better enlightened than they ever thought before. America sees the world through the visitors' eyes. The delegates get to know their hosts, their manner of living and the benefits they enjoy under their particular form of government.

## OUR INDIAN DELEGATES

The two Indian students—Miss Myrtle Dorai Raj of Stella Maris College, Mylapore and Mr. Bara of Cotton College, Assam, were chosen at a nation-wide competition held by the Ministry of Education of India. The first essay, "The World We Want," was written in their respective colleges. From among the various essays the judges selected six. After having had a personal interview in Delhi, the students were asked to write another essay—The Most Famous Indian. Myrtle chose Asoka the Great, while Mr. Bara chose Mahatma Gandhi. We leave Myrtle to give us her personal impressions.



Myrtle and her mother

Y. W. C. A., New Delhi  
Nov. 15, 1951

1764, Popham Avenue  
New York

DEAR MURIEL,

Have you calmed down? I have not. Well, you'll want to know what happened? At the Secretariat I walked in as if I had a perfect right—which I did have, after all—and those huge Sikh sentries with their guns, looked down their hooked noses at me as if to say "Who are you, Madrassi?" (that's a term of polite contempt). The others were already there and we were shepherded down long dark corridors to Maulana Abul Kalam Hazad's room—I hope you are duly impressed,—and left to wait there, outside.

Then the board of interviewers deigned to call for us. One of my friends went in cool and came out hot. She said they had heckled her on all sides, asked her questions about present day politics—I saw the red light ahead. I had expected a square table, stern faces and a battery of eye glasses. What I actually saw was quite different.—I was waved to a place which I took with my usual inimitable grace and the inquisition began . . . After all of us had been interviewed, there was a nerve-racking wait and then they told us that we would be taken round Delhi; the trip was wonderful. Back to the Board we were called, for the final choice. I entered as gladly as if I were on my way to the guillotine. Well, if Professor K. seemed my conception of a favourite uncle, he seemed to think me his conception of a favourite niece. He said, "You are selected," and I went off into a nice rosy cloud and I'm still flying about in it.

Love,  
Myrtle

DEAR MOTHER,

I got no sleep on Dec. 31 as the plane was to leave at 5 a.m. I was so excited I could hardly sit still. The plane stopped at Karachi, Basra, Bairut, Istanbul, Frankfurt, Brussels and London. Here we went sight-seeing—Buckingham Palace and the sentries, Tower Hill, Tower Bridge, London Bridge, etc. It is a marvellous city—dirty and grey and romantic and splendid, all in one. From Shannon in Ireland we took off in an Atlantic Clipper, three times the size of the Constellation; it flies 35,000 feet but being highly pressurized, you feel no ill effects. In Newfoundland I saw real snow. In six more hours we were in New York. At the Customs we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum and daughter, Laura, who is sixteen and my hostess,—the loveliest folks, great travellers and collectors.

Everybody is awfully kind. Mrs. Rosenbaum even cooks rice for me but has no conception of what "curry" really is. She has some "curry" powder in a tin, and just sprinkles it over any preparation and calls that "curry". Laura and I went shopping one day and bought ingredients to make rasam, prawns with masalai, as we do. They liked it but thought it too hot.

I visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Rockefeller Ice-Skating Rink, Radio City and the Empire Building, 100 stories high. It is a marvellous city but I'm feeling awfully homesick. My itinerary is from here to Connecticut, then to Massachusetts, then a trip to Canada and to Washington, where we'll meet the President. Television is fun; you just sit back, and turn on the picture and hear the programme both at the same time.

Well, I've got writers' cramp, so I'll stop now.

Your loving Myrtle.

Washington D.C.  
Feb. 26, 1952

DEAR REVEREND MOTHER,

As far as I'm concerned, the traveller's motto should be "See Washington and die". Isn't it a beautiful place? I mean it—I just fell in love with Washington. All of us did and we were so sorry to leave it.

At Toronto Station we were given a civic welcome—aren't we important?—the Mayor himself turning out to welcome us. The temperature was around zero; my ears were nearly frozen off! On the way home from the station, my Hostess said seriously, "Now you'll meet one of the most important members of our



Forum delegates on the steps of the Capitol

family!" I went in expecting to meet a stately grandmother or grandfather, and what I saw was the most repulsive little turtle you ever saw. It is about four inches long, with slit eyes and a horrible little curly tail. Insult or injury, her name was Myrtle!!! Wherever I go that unfortunate rhyme pursues me—my Forum companions had already nicknamed me "Myrtle the Turtle."

From Toronto we went to Niagara Falls and Hamilton, where we had a Forum, and another Forum and innumerable parties in the meantime.—My Hostess took me skating—was that fun! For every minute on my wobbly feet, I spent five on my back. Slide, bump, thump, totter, slide—was my skating routine. We went to a picture about India—the first to be screened in India—and it was good. I had just told my Hostess about some of our customs and they saw the same thing on the screen, and seeing is believing, isn't it?

While in Washington, we went to the Capitol and had lunch with Congressman Rooney and others—the leaders of the majority and minority parties. Then we went to the Congress Library and the F.B.I. You should have seen the escort we had—State Dept. photographers, Voice of America broadcasters and just plain reporters, the common, garden variety. Five of us were lucky enough to be with the State Dept. photographers and we saw all the Sights—it being Washington's birthday. The Memorial was crowded; I think Washington is beautiful; it reminds me a lot of Delhi. The day we went there our Embassies gave us a party. Rajan and I went to the Indian Embassy—We were the only people invited to tea, dinner and a party afterwards. We had a Forum at Woodrow Wilson High School.

Love,  
\_Myrtle

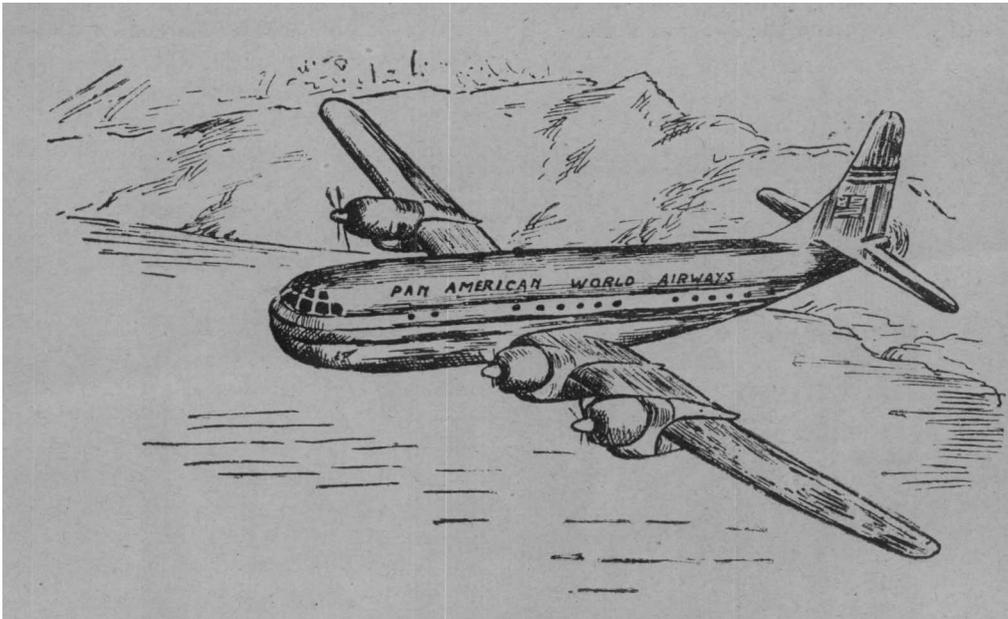
Up in the Clouds  
2:00 p.m.  
March 27, 1952

DEAR REVEREND MOTHER,

Right this minute, I'm flying over la belle France and expect to be in Brussels for lunch. We came out of London yesterday at 6 p.m.; had engine trouble and returned, spent the night, started again 1:30 p.m. Outside only white clouds and terrific

glare, plane pitching like a bucking broncho. I dropped a kiss to France right now for my French Professor. France looks neat from the air. London and New York sprawl. Spring is in London: peach, cherry and pine trees, all in bloom. Daffodils, jonquils, narcissus, snowdrops, bluebells primroses—all out. Rest in person.

Love,  
Myrtle



**March 29th — Back to India —  
Karachi — New Delhi — Madras**

About 5 : 00 p.m. on March 29th a taxi turned into the Hostel gate bringing a happy, excited Myrtle back to Stella Maris. She was up the Convent steps like lightning. But the Hostelites had seen her. In a trice they were with her on the verandah. The front door opened . . . . .

"Myrtle's home, Mother," "She's back at last," "We thought she was never coming," "Now she's got to tell us everything about America," came the choruses from all sides.

"Oh! Mother, I just can't believe I'm back again in India, I keep rubbing my eyes and wondering where all the sky scrapers and lights and automobiles are," burst out Myrtle as soon as she could get a word in. "But it was all so wonderful, Mother. The people are so marvellously kind. They were determined we should see everything. President Truman gave us a royal welcome. Mayors came out to greet us . . . . And the Niagara Falls—

they beat all the man-made wonders . . . . How lovely snow is, so pure and white and crunchy . . . . And they loved my saris, Mother. They said they were so graceful . . . . ."

"But, all the same, aren't you glad to be back again?" Some voice at last managed to make itself heard. "Of course I am. Oh to see the blue sky once more! You only appreciate the colour and charm of the East after you've lost it And they know nothing about life in India . . . . ."

So it went on. The stories poured out one after another for hours without a stop. Then there was a big packet of photos to be seen. Over in the Hostel Senior Intermediates forget all about Modern History looming ahead as they collected for their own version of the Youth Forum which ended only at midnight. For Myrtle left out nothing, determined that all should have the good fortune of sharing in the travels and experiences she had enjoyed. All dreamed one dream that night—"The World We Want," a happy, peaceful and united world.



President Truman with the delegates in New York.

# EPILOGUE

NOW that the time has come, it seems strange to think that we are leaving College forever. This is the end of our university career, the take-off for a life of still wider interests. What the future will bring us none can tell. But what the past four years have meant to us, no one can doubt. They have brought fulfilment of past hopes and inspiration to new ones; expansion of the mind and spirit under watchful guidance; and the healthy outlook which is so essential today. When we entered Stella Maris as Freshers, she was just completing her first year. She has since put forth new branches, and sprung new roots. It is an undeniable fact that our Alma Mater is gradually "making herself felt"—to our boundless pride and satisfaction.

Of all that we have learned here, I think the most enduring will be the sense of civic consciousness that has been instilled into each of us. It is significant that Indian freedom and Stella Maris were established on the same day. While the first has bequeathed a tremendous responsibility to us, the citizens of India, the second is doing her share in fitting us out to meet the obligations

of democracy with the fullest possible preparation. This is an immense debt we owe our College.

Another result of our life here is a spirit of camaraderie which will prove to be a great asset in the years to come. It is in the good-natured matter-of-fact-ness of college life, that angles are rubbed off, and complexes cease to exist. We collegians learn how to "mix" with others an absolute necessity in the society of today. This good fellowship is invaluable, in that it is the mother of selflessness and consideration for others. No private student can begin to understand how vital this intangible something is until she finds herself handicapped by the lack of it; for its importance cannot be over-estimated.

All this is sufficient ground for gratitude. But when we remind ourselves that our College was founded and is guided by a band of valiant workers who have left home and country in order to help us, we realise the immensity of our debt. The only way in which we can repay them is by proving ourselves worthy students of the College.

MARGARET PAUL  
IV U.C.

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