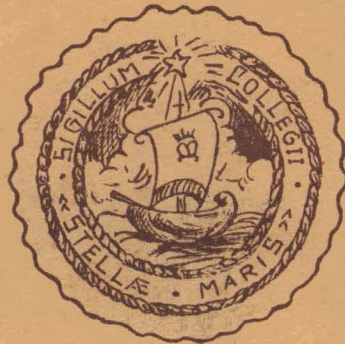




# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



MADRAS  
1959



**COVER—Designs from Ajanta frescoes—Art Dept. S.M.C.**





**TO OUR HOLY FATHER POPE JOHN XXIII**

**THIS YEAR'S STELLA MARIS COLLEGE MAGAZINE  
IS LOVINGLY AND REVERENTLY DEDICATED**

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# POPE

## JOHN XXIII

The world seemed emptied when Pope Pius died ;  
Yet Christian thoughts sought out that other Realm  
Knowing Christ's Church is deathless, and this Bark  
Would have anew a Captain at its helm.  
He came—from Venice of the blue lagoons  
To guide this Gondola of world-wide fame ;  
He came—Our Pope, and won the hearts of all  
For of Christ's dearest friends he chose the name.

No one could doubt his love for one and all,  
The sheep that followed, or the sheep that strayed :  
He came—a Shepherd, guardian of this Fold  
To seek for peace and union night and day.  
' Another Christ ' compassionate for the crowds,  
A tender Father in his kindly ways ;  
Shall we not then raise souls in gratitude  
To God, for pitying thus our darkened days ?

Nor shall our hearts forget the cross he bears ;  
His lips have burned to utter that dread word  
Which hovers like a sword above a branch  
Of Vine, the Mystic Body of Our Lord.  
Ageless, Our Pope looks on a troubled world  
Suffering with it, he still remains serene  
Knowing though nations rise and empires fall  
Christ's Kingdom still shall be as it has been.

A.G.



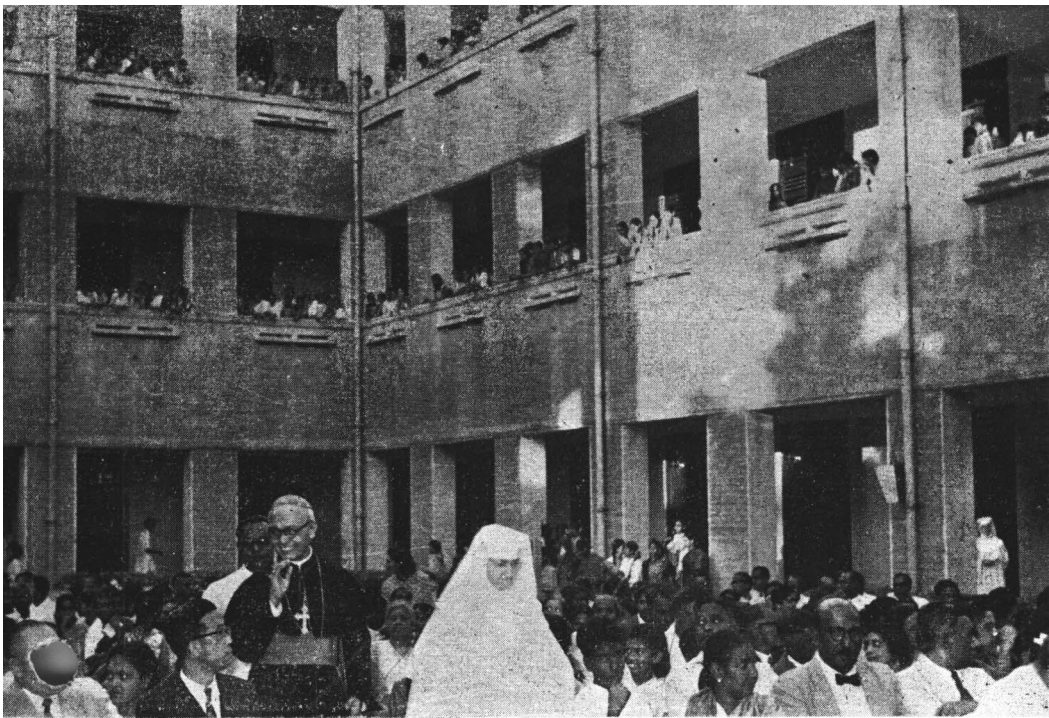
## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

ON behalf of Reverend Mother Superior, the Staff and Students of the College, I am very happy to extend to one and all, parents of our students and friends of the College, a warm welcome to this evening's function. To Sri Emberumanar Chetty, our distinguished President, our special thanks are due, as in spite of the very numerous and pressing duties of his new office of Sheriff, he has nevertheless found time, at what inconvenience we know personally, to honour us with his presence here this evening. We are extremely happy to have you with us, Sir, since your genuine interest in the progress of education is well-known, and numerous are the educational institutions which have benefitted by your generous philanthropy.

According to educationalists, a child reaches a critical stage in her intellectual development between the ages of eleven and twelve years. At eleven plus, according to educational terminology, the child has completed her preparatory school training, and is mentally equipped for either a technical or higher academic education. In India the child at this stage is ready for the High School. By a happy coincidence, Stella Maris College has also just reached the critical age of eleven plus. Her progress has been steady, having grown from a strength of 30 students in 1947 to that of 730 to-day. Her youthful mind, well sharpened by the initial courses in Mathematics and Economics, has now matured and absorbed a wide range of Main subjects—Zoology, History, Indian Music, Drawing and Painting, and the History of Fine Arts, whilst last year she precociously embarked upon an M.A. Course in Indian Music. So Stella Maris, like most young pupils of eleven plus, is ready to become a Senior; but to provide a suitable institution for the young lady necessitates the building of a new Hostel and College at Teynampet. We have long planned and arranged for her admission and with the help of good friends and the blessing of God, we hope and pray that her entry will be possible before 'Stella Maris' becomes 'over-age'.

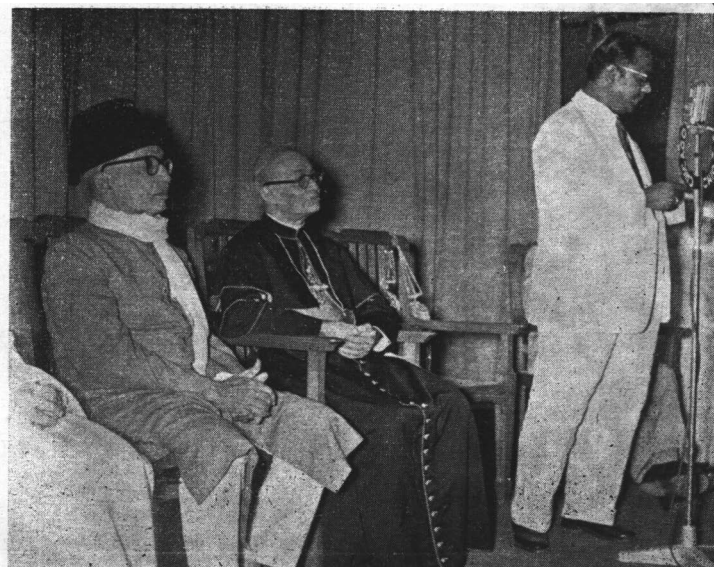
The Foundation Stone of the Hostel building was laid last October and we expect the new building to be ready for June. It will do much to relieve the present congestion in the Hostel here and to afford accommodation to more students coming from outside the city. We trust with the help of our generous benefactors that the new College building will soon follow and that in the near future Stella Maris will be finally established in the beautiful surroundings of 'The Cloisters', where the spacious campus of 23 acres will bestow new life and vigour on this growing child and make for her continued physical, temporal and moral development.

A general survey of College life and its activities is expected as part and parcel of the College Day Report. It is always old and always new, as variations occur from year to year according to the new trends of education.



## COLLEGE DAY

His Excellency Rt. Rev. Dr. F. Carvalho escorts the Sheriff Sri Emberumannar Chetty  
to the stage



The President Sri Emberumannar Chetty  
addresses the gathering



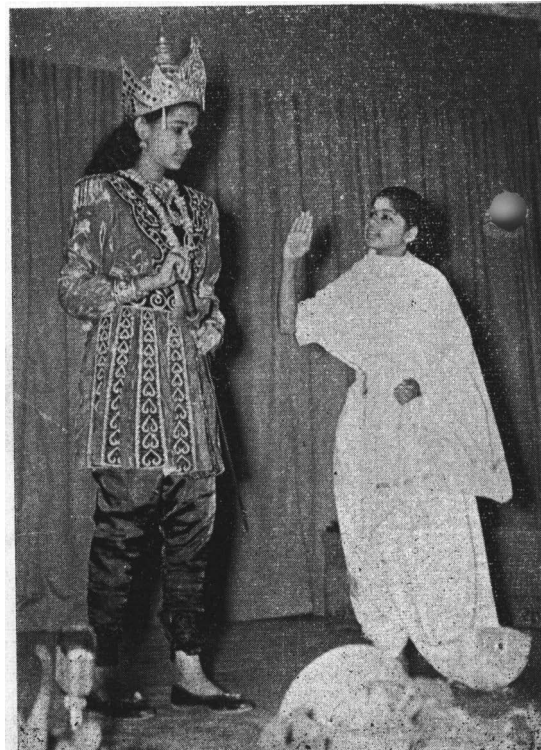


Professor Ruthnaswamy addresses the Assembly after the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Hostel at Teynampet by His Grace Dr. Louis Mathias, S.D.B.

The Poet and the King in "Tamil Tanda Tambian"



A dramatic moment in "The Merchant of Venice"



## **New Courses.**

Having already been the first College in South India to adopt the B. Mus. Course four years ago, Stella Maris had the distinction, at the beginning of the present academic year, of being the first to introduce the newly-constituted M.A. Course in Indian Music. Once again it has been privileged to make history.

## **Examination Results.**

Last year's examination results in the B.A. and B.Sc. Degrees were gratifying. A high percentage of passes was secured: in the B.A. 74% in Part I, 98% in Parts II and III. In the B.Sc. 80% of the students passed. For the first time the College secured the first prize in Indian Music in the B.A. Examination, when the G. A. Natesan Prize and the Rama Panicker Medal were awarded to Uma Hariharan. Our heartiest congratulations, Uma !

The Pre-University students secured 76% passes, including 33 First Classes.

The Social Service Diploma Students scored cent per cent passes and 6 were awarded distinction mainly on the merit of their exceptionally good research theses.

## **Sports.**

In the field of games and sports we achieved more than usual success this year, securing for the first time the Winner's Trophy in Badminton as well as the Runners-up Shield in Tenniquoit. This merited for our Badminton team the honour of representing the Madras division in the Inter-divisional matches in which they once more carried off the victory. This year's achievements in the various sports, Inter-divisional and Inter-Collegiate, have also been of a high order, and Rita Devasagayam was selected to represent the Madras University at Jubbulpore.

## **Associations.**

The ordered sequence of lectures and study which comprise the College working day needs to be relieved by a variety of personal activities. If we view the student's life as a composite whole, it is evident that the extra-curricular activities play an essential part in the development of a spirit of initiative and of a more complete personality.

Elections for the College Associations were over towards the end of July when Dr. Krishna Rao kindly delivered the inaugural address, speaking on famous women whose unceasing labour and austere mode of life have set an example for all to follow.

Abstract philosophical thought held little attraction for the Mathematics and Science students, who preferred to examine the 'Concept of Zero' and explore the 'Mysteries of Wild Life'.

The problems facing India to-day, whether industrial or agricultural, were dealt with but certainly not solved, by the Economics Association, both in lectures and debates.

In response to the invitations of the Language Associations, visits from distinguished Tamil, Sanskrit and Hindi scholars were numerous. They came to address the students on the poetic beauty of ancient literature, or on the technical problems of language formation.



Often the French Association joined hands with the Western Music to provide excellent vocal and instrumental recitals, while the Indian Music had frequently the joy of listening to the classical songs of India, punctuated by the sweet melody of a veena or tambura. Under the auspices of the Indian Music Association, the first Inter-Collegiate Competition was held in the College this year, and a beautiful Rolling Shield was presented by the Association to be awarded to the best team in Vocal Carnatic Music. Ethiraj College had the honour of being the first to receive it, whilst Kumari Durga of II B.A. was declared the best individual singer.

The Senior B.Sc. students laboured for a full day on the beach of Ennore to catch specimens of fish and crabs, but returned home joyful and amply rewarded. The Art students spend their September holidays touring central India in order to rediscover the beauties of ancient Indian architecture. Hyderabad, Ellora, Ajanta, Aurangabad and Bombay were all included in their itinerary. The days sped by all too quickly to permit them to examine and appreciate to the full the famous paintings of Ajanta and the architectural and sculptural beauty of the rock-cut Chaitya halls.

Inter-class debates were as lively as ever, though initial success rather overawed some of the usual carefree P.U. speakers, and their confidence evaporated as they faced their dignified seniors. But at least they have wisdom and prefer to climb slowly.

Audrey Pinto, R. Vasantha and Santosh Kumari distinguished themselves in the Inter-Collegiate University debates in English, Tamil and Hindi respectively. We are happy to announce that for the third time in succession one of our students was chosen to represent the Madras University at the Inter-University Debate at Waltair. To Audrey Pinto goes the honour this year.

### **Social Service.**

Social Service is perhaps the most discussed topic of conversation in India to-day. From its earliest days Stella Maris has given this dedicated service an important place in her life. The Stella Maris Social Welfare Organisation has now two branches, one working at 'The Cloisters' and the other here in Mylapore. At 'The Cloisters' a 'welfare centre' has been established at which specialised case and group work are attempted on modern lines. The Stella Maris Ladies Cottage Industries Co-operative Society in Quil Tope, as well as the St. Helen's Day Nursery continue to function.

The Social Service League of College students has also been working assiduously in the four cheris near the College. Their activities have included medical, recreational and educational work as also needlework classes. Members of the League go faithfully each day to their appointed cheri, where they find their reward in the boisterous, happy welcome which the cheri children give them as they arrive laden with medical kit, games equipment and even with slates and books. The leaguers also played a large part in organising the Christmas Tree in December when 300 women and children were provided with clothes and other gifts. All this naturally entails the sacrifice of free time, but the students do not grudge it, happy in the knowledge that they are thus living up to the ideals with which their Alma Mater has always tried to inspire them.

## **A.I.C.F.**

The Stella Maris unit of the All India Catholic University Federation has been active at the local level throughout the year in its study of current social and religious questions. Several C.S.U. members have also participated in regional activities, the Stella Maris team securing First Prize in the Madras regional Debate in January.

Delegates attended the A.I.C.U.F. Seminar held in Delhi in September and also the Bombay Congress in December. From their various discussions on the academic, social and moral requirements of University life and the student's role in the modern world, they came back full of enthusiasm and courage, eager to contribute their utmost to the betterment of the national life in India to-day.

Earlier in the year, Rita Lovett flew to Hong-Kong to represent India at the International Asian Seminar, where she caught a glimpse of the communist world and made very useful contacts with other nationalities, particularly of the East.

## **Hostel.**

Coping with admissions to the Hostel was, as always, quite a problem at the beginning of the academic year. However, no problem is without its solution and after a little adjustment all were happily installed. Gaiety and sociability certainly abound in the hostel, but without detriment to the regular hours of solitude and peace and quiet—so desirable and necessary for serious individual study, which is, after all, the first requisite of University life.

## **Tours.**

This past year has been unique in more than one way. Travel to all parts of the world seems to have been its keynote. Delhi, Bombay, Jubbulpore, Ajanta and far-away Hong-Kong have already been mentioned. But the party of students who flew to Europe for the Lourdes centenary last February broke all records. In many ways they ushered in 1958, constituting the first Indian pilgrimage of the year, the first group of University students to make a European tour, and the first student delegation to be received in audience by the Holy Father, who was pleased to mention them by name. 'Stella Maris in the air' was so well reported and photographed in India and in the European press that it only remains for us to affirm that the exceptional success of this wonderful spiritual and educational venture was due in great measure to our Very Reverend Mother General in Rome, whose maternal goodness was responsible for the very warm welcome received by our students in the great cities of Europe—Rome, Munich, Paris, London—and finally Lourdes itself. These privileged pilgrims of 1958 will certainly never forget the host of happy memories associated with their European tour.

## **Conclusion.**

This report would not be complete without placing on record the gratitude of the management to our devoted and selfless College Staff, who have not spared themselves in giving of their very best both in curricular and extra-curricular activities. Knowing full well that the excellence of the students depends largely upon the excellence of the teacher it is our hope that with such a loyal and competent staff the College will not fall short in its

great task of producing students of character, ever faithful in the performance of their duty, practical examples of truth, honour and charity. Management and Staff are one in their outlook regarding Education, not merely as a matter of academic learning preparatory to the acquisition of diplomas but rather as a formation of character and training of will. In the words of the late Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, we seek to ' fashion and educate the students to exercise a salutary influence upon their age and generation, yes, and on future generations. Thus they will leave the world a better place, sweeter and nobler than they found it '.

Such is the ideal which we hope with God's help to realize. To Him also are we indebted for the countless blessings bestowed on the College during the past year. The individual is only the instrument, and a very feeble one at that, in God's hands. It is He alone Who gives the increase.

Before concluding we renew our thanks to you Sir, for having honoured us with your presence this evening. Our most sincere gratitude are also due to His Grace the Archbishop, and to His Excellency Bishop Carvalho, whose paternal solicitude is ever a source of encouragement to us. We also avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank the parents of our students and all well-wishers of the College for having accepted our invitation to this evening's function, as also for their generous material support towards the erection of the new Stella Maris which will, we trust, redound to the greater glory of God and the cultural and moral advancement of India's youth.

# OUR LADY OF LOURDES

## DANCE RECITAL

MODERN educationists insist on the importance of 'Visual Aids' in teaching—but this is not peculiar to modern pedagogy. Drama and dance have been utilised since time immemorial as a means of instruction in the truths of religion or in the history of a people. In India we are accustomed to see the life-stories of our heroes and heroines of old enacted in the significant movements of dance, and so this charming art was chosen as the medium for portraying a modern theme—the story of Lourdes.

In the first scene Charubala, in the simple costume of a peasant-girl, a kerchief on her head, portrays the timid delicacy of little Bernadette, as she is left behind by her bolder friends because she dare not cross the ice-cold stream. She is just making up her mind to be brave and follow them when the grey cave at the back of the stage is suddenly bathed in golden light and we see, as if gliding on air—the white-robed figure of the Blessed Virgin appear. Bernadette is enraptured at the beauty of the vision—which softly retires before her friends return. She points wistfully to the now empty cave but her pathetic little gestures do not convince them.

In the next scene we see Bernadette's mother (A. Sugunavathi) combing the little girl's hair, expressing by her forceful gestures her disbelief of the whole story. When the inner curtain opens to reveal the cave, not all Bernadette's entreaties can bring the Vision to the sight of the deriding onlookers, and the little dancer seems broken with grief when police-guards come to place barriers across the entrance to the cave.

In all, Bernadette saw the Blessed Virgin 18 times at the Grotto, and the next scene illustrates very beautifully Our Lady's message of 'Prayer and Penance'. Jaya Mouttou, draped in mauve, symbolic of penance casts away her rich jewels and ornaments; while R. Shantha, offering incense and garlands, represents by her supplicating gestures the spirit of prayer. The two dancers by the grace and earnestness of their movements create a lovely synthesis of this spiritual theme.

The final tableau illustrates the realisation of the Blessed Virgin's request that the Grotto become a place of pilgrimage. Young and old, rich and poor are seen kneeling before the Grotto with lighted candles; (three charming tiny tots in white enter with naive simplicity and solemnity and so complete the realistic picture). As Charubala raises imploring arms the singing of the Ave Maria surges louder and louder till Our Lady once more appears in the aperture smiling down on her children.

With regret we watch the curtain close on this moving tableau conveying so effectively the impression of peace and consolation which is the very atmosphere of Lourdes.

So without text or tedium was told what an author calls 'The Song of Bernadette', through the age-old medium of Indian dance. One's only regret is that the charm, grace and creative imagination of the dancers who composed this living work of art can be perpetuated only in our memory—but that memory will certainly not easily be effaced from the minds of those who saw this unusual dance recital.

## SEEING

### STARS

Sure they're going to the moon and stars in space-ships now-a-days  
But there's a place where goings-on would leave you in amaze !  
Have you ever seen the College where the Sea-Stars gaily shine ?  
Then come, we'll go a-rocketing through fifty-eight and nine.  
July was blessed by parties,—one the Staff's Bienvenue,  
And one for D.S.S.'s 'ere we bade them adieu.  
Then Dr. Krishna Rao unleashed the year's Associations  
While Rita spread to far Hong Kong the S.M. radiations.



Rita Lovett with 'Pax Romana' Delegates at Hong Kong

The Hostel Day was full of fun and thespian inspirations :  
They gave as motto for the year : 'Patience, Donkeys, patience.'  
In August came a fever for brains and busy tongues ;  
Invasions by Alumnae ; and sports were hard on lungs ;





Bernadette and her companions gather sticks



" Penance and prayer "

Our Lady smiles on her children



## FACNY FÊTE



"Cinderella"—Puppet Show



His Grace Dr. Louis Mathias S.D.B. at one of the stalls

With Mr. Subramanyan we had a Zero Hour,  
 While scientists with quizzes worked hard their wits to scour ;  
 And Mr. Chandrakanth—he spoke on Hindi for our gain ;  
 Les Françaises saw a bit of France with Monsieur Queyrane,  
 The future Tamil pundits Sri Velevan regaled ;  
 George Eliot, Mr. Spenser to English ones detailed.  
 The constellation ' graduates ' dropped in for ' auld lang syne '  
 To feast their newest Sisters, and tell us where they shine.  
 Then Games became the fashion—give Badminton three cheers—  
 Its champions saved our colours—they won and won, the dears.  
 September brought a dreadful change to peaceful College grounds—  
 All routed academic calm before a horde of sounds :  
 With blaring mikes and carroussels and stalls and such like bait—  
 It isn't hard to guess it was the College Fancy Fête.  
 The 'how' was shown by Dr. Singh more quickly to progress  
 To dreamy-eyed Economists, who grasped it—more or less.  
 With strains of classic music—of India and the West  
 The budding young musicians our grateful ears caressed.  
 To some of India's treasures the Artists made a tour  
 They spent vacation wisely and brightly to be sure.  
 Next month we had more peace and calm and things became real sober :  
 The Annual retreat was held near outset of October.  
 We tried our best to honour a great and holy Pope  
 Whose death we mourned, and met to show our great respect and hope.  
 The Cloisters' new Foundation Stone was laid most solemnly—  
 It must be true—a hundred girls had gone there just to see.  
 Then Mrs. Alfred Gankaner spoke about the U.N.O.  
 And St. Cecilia's friends did feast with zest the Do-mi-so.  
 Debates became the sudden rage and speeches shook the air  
 Mahema, Rita, Janet and Meena laurels share  
 With Ganga. And for Carnatic Music S. Durga won a prize  
 And Nirmala was judged the best on Tamil exercise.  
 December came and coolness and we learned from Mrs. Rao  
 What the rôle of learned women in social life is now.  
 Thus Reverend Mother's Feast arrived and everyone was gay  
 Running races all the morning, then a merry holiday.  
 With dizzy speed the Last Term came a-rushing in from space  
 When Sri P. R. Srinivasan did the course of sculpture trace.  
 Comparison of Music by Mr. Brown was made  
 And blind Sri Sarma quickly solved Maths by music's aid.  
 Republic Day—Sri Swamidoss helped us with zeal pursue  
 Our duties to our Maker, our country dear, and you.  
 And Audrey Pinto's eloquence kept the College flag a-flying  
 At Waltair for her own Madras with other speakers vying.  
 She won some other prizes too ; Vasantha did the same  
 In Tamil Competitions for their Alma Mater's fame.

Zoologists made outing to 'study' at Ennore—  
It wasn't brains, the baskets said, they went out there to store.  
The Duke of Edinburgh our gate passed very near—  
We gathered round to garland and give a hearty cheer.  
Another happy meeting was the unexpected call  
Of His Eminence, the Cardinal, welcomed joyfully by all.  
To Delhi and to Bombay too, our delegates this year,  
To meetings of the C.S.U. went happily from here ;  
They also spent a Sunday to study Holy Mass  
With Father Muthumalai. But we have still to pass  
The College Day, Exams—tush, tush—the subject is taboo.  
Yet to renew our courage e'er the dreaded Waterloo  
We feasted Mother Principal and said our fond adieu.  
So when you read of travel to Venus, Moon or Mars  
Remember life in College and you'll be 'seeing stars'.

CHRONICLER.

## SECRET

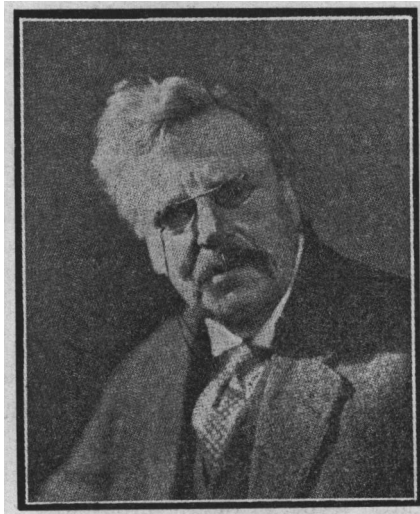
I like the way that life's arranged,  
I shouldn't wish to have it changed,  
Yet, if there were some magic ship,  
Where I could take my lucky dip  
From wishes coming home to me,  
There is a little luxury  
That I should like to call my own :  
A secret place—of sky and sea  
Where I could really be just me ;  
A self-contained retreat for one,  
A place of silence and of sun  
Where I could sometimes sit and be  
With me alone for company.

JANET MARLEY,  
*Pre-University.*

## THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I HAVE NEVER MET

NO! for once it is not a printer's error, nor is it meant to be merely facetious; it is absolutely and fundamentally true.

He was the man who named an essay or book, "Thing a Thong of Thixpence"; and yet he was neither in his second childhood nor in any danger whatever of being locked up. His wife thought there was nobody in the world like him; his secretaries could never get him to write the next article in time; and as for his barber, he exclaimed whilst discussing his powers of conversation, 'It was like rich cream pouring out.' . . . Which reminds me of the time when he was asked if he liked jelly and he retorted, 'I don't like a food that's



afraid of me.' I often suspect there are members of the human race just as afraid of him as any spineless, coloured water. And the reason is that he was certainly a rather startling and unconventional acquaintance, but one in whose presence life could never be just a mere existence. If ever there was a gentleman in the true sense of Newman's words, it was he, who having kept his taxi-driver waiting through absent-mindedness for hours on end, was still described by that much-abused member of civilized society as 'such a dear old chap'. Just try and see if you can get your taxi-driver to say the same thing about you!

He has always been the delight of cartoonists, with his longish grey hair, big full-moon face, pince-nez, laughing cavalier moustache. His high-pitched thin voice was like that of a big child. Not a very romantic picture—I can hear you say. And yet, would you believe



it, he has been for many the very symbol of Romance in this cynical and blasé twentieth century—for many more than for me. What could be more romantic or thrilling than a man who still wore a great flapping cloak, an enormous soft hat and, carried a sword-stick at all times? This is, of course, when he did not have his umbrella raised aloft as he walked round Piccadilly in broad sunshine trying to remember why he was there, only to be reminded by an acquaintance that the rain had ceased some two hours before! To the man in the street, especially in Fleet Street, he was the fat man who was always roaring with laughter and ever ready to praise the virtues of beer. Now don't jump to any rash conclusions... it was of the same man that an archbishop was speaking when he said that some day he might be considered 'a doctor of the Church'. In the first biographical sketch written after his death, a friend was not ashamed to say, 'I have strong hopes that it will one day be acknowledged that he died a saint!' This does not seem so very fantastic and far-fetched when we remember a few other things. It was this 'great wise child' who wrote,

' the streets I trod  
The lit straight streets shot out and met  
The starry streets that point to God.'

For him, laughter and love were everywhere. He loved ordinary people and was filled with great compassion for their daily troubles. One poor child of thirteen, from the slums of London, was asked to write her impressions of this visitor. Prompt came her answer, in what deserves to become a classic saying, 'In body he is large and no one sees the joke of him such as he do'. He would have roared his approval of that, I am perfectly sure. One of his secretaries—one of the many who came and went and never forgot—wrote of him, 'One marvels that he could have spent so much time and talent merely for the sake of giving pleasure and amusement to entirely unimportant people, and yet how much richer the lives of many of us are because of this generosity!' An enviable epitaph for any man! He and his wife loved children to an extraordinary degree, yet they were never to know the happiness of a family of their own. That was why they gathered so many other people's children into their 'family'—boys and girls of their neighbours and friends, who were honoured with comic letters, verses and humorous sketches from this man, who was nevertheless one of the busiest and most famous men in Europe at the time. If that is not greatness, what is? He had many titles bestowed on him by this multitude of young friends but surely one of the most delightful is that of the small boy who loved to call him 'my Uncle Chestnut'.

Of course I take it for granted that you know by this time whom I am talking about. The courtesy with which he treated every man, woman and child was extended to all God's creatures. That, I suppose, is the reason why his life of St. Francis of Assisi is one of the most refreshing and comforting books to have on one's bookshelf. When the whole world is in a terrible muddle, as far as you are concerned, read his description of how St. Francis 'stood on his head' in order to see the world the right way—upside down.

As a conversationalist—the greatest perhaps since Dr. Johnson—he had the happy knack of making you feel you had suddenly become quite brilliant; and you were so taken up by this happy transformation that it was only much later that the humiliating truth dawned

on you that all the brilliance had been on the side of Chesterton. There, if you haven't guessed before this . . .

In his writings, he ranged from those very wise detective tales centering about the indomitable Father Brown with his rolled umbrella who, incidentally, derived much of his saintly simplicity and well-hidden acuteness from his creator—to 'Orthodoxy', which contains 'not my philosophy. God and humanity made this philosophy; and it made me'. In between these extremes we have fantastic romances which are rich mines of humour and hidden allegory. You may find it hard to believe that there is a great deal of wisdom in that praise of local patriotism called 'The Napoleon of Notting Hill', where the king-elect is described as 'at that moment putting his head between his legs and making a noise like a cow!' 'The Man Who Was Thursday' is one of the most suspense-filled detective novels you have ever read; and yet in the end you find that the whole thing is a farce but at the same time one of the most appealing pleas for a return to true values of living. Read 'George Bernard Shaw' and realise that even that giant had his superior. Although all Shaw's 'doctrines' were repellant to Chesterton, he was still able to appreciate the possibilities for good in this would-be immoralist. I cannot help mentioning here Chesterton's delight during one of those famous and remarkably noisy conversations between Belloc, Shaw, H. G. Wells and himself. Wells had argued for quite a long time, without ever letting anyone else get in a word, trying to prove, and imagining he actually had proved, that there is no life after this one. Only G. K. could fully appreciate Belloc's plaintive remark, 'Poor H. G. ! He will never know if he right, he will only know if he is wrong.'

Contained in Chesterton, one can find what is best in Falstaff and Sir Toby. The enormous size is there and the startling turn of thought, forever expressing itself in paradoxes which tumble out one on top of the other. He was forever producing in his listeners 'a gale of side-shaking and disarming laughter', whilst he himself was also having an uproariously good time. Yet, though a great humorist, he was always 'serious and never more so than when I am joking'. In his enormous capacity for enjoyment and enthusiasm he was a child; but in the steady unfaltering glance with which he looked upon life, he was a saint. Which strikes a familiar note . . . 'Unless you become as little children'. Thus he was forever putting truth 'standing on its head' in his paradoxical remarks which were ever fundamentally sane, thoughtful and invigorating. Old truths, as old as the world itself, assumed for the first time their real meaning because his readers had to make the personal effort to untangle what seemed to be blatant contradiction and no more. His whole attitude towards life was sincere. As the vindicator of the romantic imagination he was the perfect foil to Shaw, Galsworthy and many others who were only too truly in the class of Eliot's 'Hollow Men'. Chesterton once declared, 'Some may go out with a whine, but I shall go out with a shout'. Here indeed is the antithesis to the twentieth century hollow land and men who will end 'not with a bang but a whimper'. Is there any need to stress further the importance of such a writer in the world today, which looks upon all hope and enthusiasm as somehow out-of-date? Incidentally, having associated Chesterton with Falstaff, I would like to point out the essential difference in their philosophies of life. G. K. Chesterton would have adapted the Epicurian cry to, 'Eat, drink and be serious for tomorrow we die, and then comes Eternity.'

A.M.

இத்தலைப்பைக் கண்டவுடனே இதைப்பற்றி என்ன எழுதியிருக்கக் கூடும் என்று நினைக்கிறீர்களா? 'ஆனால்' நீங்கள் நினைப்பது என்னளவில் ஓரளவு தவறே யாகும். 'ஆனால்' உங்களைப்பற்றிக் குறைகூற நான் யார்? 'ஆனால்' நான் இந்த ஆனால்ப்பற்றி ஏதோ எழுதித்தான் ஆகவேண்டியதிருக்கின்றது. ஏனெனில் இந்த 'ஆனால்' இருவாக்கியங்களுக்கு இடையில் நாம் பேசும்பொழுதும் எழுதும்பொழு தும் பெரும்பாலும் வந்துகொண்டேயிருக்கின்றது. 'ஆனால்' அதனைக் கூர்ந்து கவனித்து அதன் மதிப்பை அளவிடத்தான் ஒருவரும் இல்லை.

'ஆனால்' நான் மட்டும் இந்த ஆனால்ப்பற்றிப் பெரிதாகக் கருதி எழுதத் தொடங்கிவிட்டேன் என்று நினைத்துவிடாதீர்கள். நான் இந்த ஆனால்ப்பற்றி எழுத வந்ததே ஆனால் உதவியால் தான். ஆனால் இந்த ஆனால்ப்பற்றி என்ன எழுதுவது என்றுதான் தெரியவில்லை. ஆனால் ஏதோ எழுத மட்டும் துவக்கியாகி விட்டது.

'ஆனால்' என்னும் சொல்லுக்கு மூன்றே எழுத்துக்கள் தான். ஏன், ஆங்கிலத் திலும் ஹிந்தியிலும் கூட இதற்கு மூன்றே எழுத்துக்கள் தான், ஆனால் இம்மூன்று எழுத்துக்களுக்குத் தான் என்ன சக்தியிருக்கிறதோ தெரியவில்லை. 'ஆனால்' இந்த 'ஆனால்' நமது பேச்சில் தோன்றும் பொழுதெல்லாம் ஆளை ஓர் ஆட்டு ஆட்டி வைத்து விட்டுத்தான் போகின்றது. ஆனால் அதற்கு இத்தகைய பொறுப்பைக் கொடுத்தவர் யாரோ யானறியேன்.

ஆசிரியர் மாணவர்கள் இவர்கள் பேச்சில் இந்த ஆனால் அடிக்கடி வந்து கொண்டேயிருக்கும். பரீட்சை ஹாலிலிருந்து வெளிப்படும் ஒரு மாணவியைப் 'பரீட்சை எப்படி எழுதினாய்?' என்று கேட்டால் அவள் முகத்தை சுளித்துக் கொண்டு கூறும் பதிலிலும் இந்த 'ஆனால்' மிளிர்ந்து கொண்டிருக்கும். 'கேள்விகள் எளிதானவைதான். ஆனால் நேரம்தான் போதவில்லை' என்றுதான் பெரும் பாலான மாணவிகள் விடையிறுப்பார்கள். ஆசிரியர்களுக்கும் இந்த ஆனால்த் தம் பேச்சில் புகுத்துவதில் மிக்க விருப்பம் போலும். விடுமுறைக்குப்பின் நடக்கும் முதல் வகுப்புகளில் ஒவ்வொரு ஆசிரியரும் மாணவிகள் எவ்வாறு பரீட்சை எழுதியிருந்தார்கள் என்பதுபற்றிக் கூறுவார். அக்கூற்றிலும் 'ஆனால்' வந்துதான் தீரும். 'ஏறக்குறைய எல்லோரும் நன்றாகச் செய்திருந்தீர்கள். ஆனால் தேறாத மாணவிகள் சிலரும் உண்டு' என்று தான் பெரும்பாலாக ஆசிரியர்களின் வாயினின்று வரும்.

அப்பப்பா! இந்த 'ஆனால்' மனிதர்களின் எண்ணத்தில் எவ்வளவு சிக்கிரம் ஒரு திருப்பத்தை உண்டுபண்ணி விடுகின்றது! ஒரு சாதாரண மாதப்பரீட்சை நோட்டுப் புத்தகத்தை எடுத்துப் பார்த்தாலே போதும் கடைசி கேள்வியின் பதிலுக்குப்பின் குறிப்பிடப்பட்டிருக்கும் ஆசிரியரின் குறிப்பிலும் ஓர் 'ஆனால்' வராமலிராது. 'படித்ததாகத் தெரிகிறது. ஆனால் விஷயங்கள் போதாது' என்றுதான் அநேகமாக எழுதப்பட்டிருக்கும். போதும் போதும் இந்த ஆனாலின் தொல்லைகள்!

சிறு எண்ணமாற்றத்திற்கு மட்டுமல்ல பெரிய கவலைக்கும் காரணமாக இருக்கிறது இந்த ஆனால். 'ஆனால்' அதிகப் பழக்கம் ஆகிவிட்டதாலோ என்னவோ இந்த ஆனால் ஒருவரும் பொருட்படுத்துவதில்லை. ஒரு சமயம் ஒரு மருத்துவ நிலையத்தில் ஒரே மகனின் தந்தையார் ஒருவர் அங்குள்ள ஒரு மருத்துவ அதிகாரியை மிக்கக் கிலேசத்துடன் 'ஆப்பரேஷன் முடிந்துவிட்டதா?' என்று கேட்டார். 'ஆம், ஆனால் பையன் பிழைப்பது அரிது' என்ற பதில்தான் அவருக்குக் கிடைத்தது. அதனால் அச்சமயம் அம்மனிதருடைய முகத்தில் தோன்றிய துக்க ரேகைகளைக் காணவேண்டுமே! ஐயோ பரிதாபம். இந்த ஆனால் தனக்குப் பின்னால் எத்தகைய யமனைத் தூக்கிக்கொண்டு வருகின்றதோ தெரியவில்லை.

தான் வேலைக்கு மனுப்போட்டிருந்த ஓர் அலுவலகத்திலிருந்து ஓர் இளைஞனுக்குப் பதில் வந்திருந்தது. கடிதத்தின் முதல் பாகத்தில் அவ்விளைஞரின் புகழ்ச்சிக்குரிய நற்குணங்களை யெல்லாம் பாராட்டி எழுதியிருந்தார் அவ்வலுவலக அதிகாரி. 'ஆனால்' கடிதத்தின் பின் பாகத்தைப் பார்க்கவேண்டுமே. 'ஆனால் இத்தகைய நன்னடத்தையுள்ள உமக்கு எமது அலுவலகத்தில் தற்பொழுது இடமில்லை என்பதை வருத்தத்துடன் தெரிவித்துக்கொள்ளுகிறேன்' என்று எழுதியிருந்தது. என்ன வேடிக்கை! அப்பப்பா! இந்த ஆனால்த் தலையாக உடைய அந்த வாக்கியம் அவ்விளைஞரின் மனத்தை என்ன பாடு படுத்தியதோ? த்லொ.....த்லொ.....

'ஆனால்' சிற்சில சமயங்களில் நன்மதிப்பை அதிகரிக்கவும் இந்த 'ஆனால்' வந்து விடுகின்றது. அதுபற்றி நாம் இந்த ஆனாலுக்கு மிக்கக் கடமைப்பட்டுள்ளோம். தான் மணக்கப் போகும் பெண்ணைப் பார்த்துவிட்டு வந்த ஒருவரிடம் அவரது நண்பர் 'பெண் எப்படியப்பா?' என்று கேட்டார். அதற்கு அவர் 'பெண் மிக ஏழைதான். ஆனால் குணத்திலோ இமயமலை தான்' என்று கூறினார். இங்கு ஆனாலின் செயலைப் பார்த்தீர்களா? பெண்ணின் மதிப்பை மடுவிவிருந்து மலைக்குக் கொண்டுபோய் விட்டதல்லவா? ஒருவேளை 'பெண்ணென்றால் பேயும் இரங்கும்' என்பதுபோல் இங்கு 'ஆனால்' பெண்ணிற்காக இரங்கியதோ என்னமோ? ஆனால் அதே சமயத்தில் மதிப்பைக் குறைக்கும் சக்தியும் இந்த ஆனாலுக்கு உண்டு என்பதையார் அறிவார்கள்!

ஒரு சமயம் நான் கடைக்குச் சென்றிருந்தபொழுது ஒரு பெண்மணி அக் கடைக்காரர் ஒருவரிடம் ஒருவகைத் துணியைப்பற்றி வாதாடிக்கொண்டிருந்தாள். 'வில்லை மிகக் குறைவுதான். ஆனால் துணி மூன்று மாதங்களுக்குக் கூட உழைக்காது

போலிருக்கிறதே' என்று அவள் கூறிக்கொண்டிருந்தாள். இங்கு ஆனாலின் பார பட்சத்தைப் பார்த்தீர்களா?

ஆனால் வராத கட்டுரையே யில்லை பேச்சே யில்லை. எத்தனை எத்தனையோ ஆனால்கள் எத்தனை எத்தனையோ கருத்துக்களை வெளியிட முந்திரிக்கொட்டை மாதிரி வந்து கொண்டேயிருக்கின்றன. 'எல்லாம் நுழைந்ததா?' என்று கேட்ட ஆசிரியருக்கு 'ஆம் சார்!' எல்லாம் நுழைந்தது ஆனால் வால்மட்டும் நுழையவில்லை' என்று விடையிறுத்த மாணவனைப்பற்றிப் கதையைக் கேட்டிருக்கின்றோம். 'இன்று சாம்பார் எப்படி இருக்கிறது' என்று 'கேட்ட மனைவியிடம் 'என்றாகத்தானிருக்கிறது, ஆனால் உப்பு சற்று அதிகம்போல் தோன்றுகிறது' என்று பதில் கூறினர் அவள் கணவர்.

ஆகவே இந்த 'ஆனால்' என்னும் வார்த்தை எல்லோராலும் எங்கும் வழங்கப் பட்டே வருகின்றது. ஆனால் இத்தனிச் சொல்லுக்கே தனி மதிப்பு கிடையாது. 'ஆனால்' அது மதிப்பு பெறக் காரணம் குறிப்பிட்டக் கருத்துக்குப்பின் மாறுபட்ட கருத்தைக் கூறும் சொற்களுக்குமுன் வருவதினால்தான். இந்த ஆனலைப்பற்றி ஏதாவது எழுதலாம் என்று என் மனத்தில் தோன்றிய எண்ணமும் தனக்கு முன் சில ஆனல்களைப் பெற்றே தோன்றியது. அன்று காலை நான் வகுப்பிற்குள் நுழைந்ததும் தான் அன்று ஆண்டு மலருக்கென்று ஒரு கட்டுரை எழுதிக்கொண்டு வரவேண்டுமென்கிற ஆசிரியரின் கட்டளை நினைவிற்கு வந்தது. 'ஆனால்' 'மாலையில் தானே கட்டுரை கொடுக்கப்படவேண்டும். மத்தியான இடைவேளையில் ஏதாவது எழுதிக்கொடுத்துவிடலாம்' என்ற எண்ணம்கொண்டு மனத்தைத் தேற்றிக்கொண்டேன். 'ஆனால்' எழுத உட்கார்ந்தபொழுது இந்தப் பாரும் மனத்தில் ஒன்றுமே தோன்றவில்லை. ஆனால் கட்டாயம் ஏதாவது எழுதிக் கொடுக்கவேண்டுமே. எழுதாமல் போய்விடலாம் என்றால் ஆசிரியர் கோபிப்பாரே. 'ஆனால்' என்ன எழுதுவது எனதைப்பற்றி எழுதுவது எழுதாவிட்டால்.....ஐயோ!.....'ஆனால்' என்ன எழுதுவது.....எழுதாமல்.....ஆனால்.....ஆனால்.....ஆனால்.....

என் மனத்தில் 'ஆனால்' ஆனால் என்று ஏதோ கத்துவது போலிருந்தது. திடீரென்று எனக்கு ஒரு யுக்தி பிறந்தது. இந்த ஆனலைப்பற்றியே ஏதாவது எழுதினால்.....? வெகுவினாவில் இருந்த நேரத்தில் இந்த ஆனலைப்பற்றி சில பக்கங்கள் அளவில் எழுதித் தீர்த்தேன். மணியும் அடித்தது. வகுப்பிற்குச் சென்றேன். என் கட்டுரை அடங்கிய காசுதச் சுருள் ஆசிரியரின் கைக்கு மாறியது. 'ஆனால்' அதனை அவர் ஏற்றுக்கொள்ளுவாரோ என்னவோ? 'ஆனால்' நான் எனது கடமையைச் செய்துவிட்டேன் ஆனாலுக்கு எனது மனமார்ந்த நன்றி!

எ. கிரேஸ் மெடிட்டா,  
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# खिलौना

“ दिवाली, अरी! ओ दिवाली!”

इन शब्दों से दिवाली की विचारमाला खण्डित हुई। उसने जडावस्था से चेतनावस्था में प्रवेश करने का प्रयत्न किया। साथ ही वह यंत्र की भाँति घर के भीतरी भाग में अंतर्धान ही गई।

दिवाली की काया अब तो बहुत शिथिल थी, बेचारी ने प्रौढावस्था में पैर तक न रखे थे कि उसका उपवन उजड़ गया। वह थी डाल से तोड़ी हुई, पैरों से रौंदी हुई कलिका, वह थी मूर्च्छित हाहाकार! वह थी ऊपर से बन्द किन्तु, भीतर चिर प्रज्वलित ज्वालामुखी। उस का जीवन था सूखी सरिता, ऊसर खेत, पतझड़ का पेड़! उस के जीवन में भी एक दिन वसन्त आया था, किन्तु विधाता की क्रूर हँसी ने उस वसन्त को भगा दिया और दिवाली का चैन छुट गया। उसी वसन्त की शीतल भाग और सुख स्वप्न का स्मृति-चिह्न था कमु का अस्तित्व।

आज कमु तीव्र ज्वर का शिकार बन गई। दिवाली का निवास स्थान था एक जर्जरित कुटिया। कुटी में खिड़कियों का तो नाम न था, पर समीर के भारी झोंकों के कारण कुटी में छोटी छोटी खिड़कियों से छिद्र दीख पड़ते थे। वर्षा के समय तो कुटी जल-राशि में अपना बहुत-सा अस्तित्व छिपा देती। ऐसे समय दिवाली कमु को अपने फटे वेष्टनों में वेष्टित कर कुटी से दूर बैठी रहती और वर्षा का पानी कम होने की प्रतीक्षा में रहती। ईश्वर की कृपा से यह वर्षा-ऋतु न थी। लेकिन हवा की तीव्रता के कारण दाँतों का किटकिटाना भी सुनाई देता था। कुटी के शांत वातावरण के कारण वह हवा जब तीव्र गति से घुसना चाहती तब भयंकर-सी आवाज होती। कुटी के अन्दर मातृत्व चिह्न रहा था, मालूम होता था कि वह ताण्डव नृत्य करने के लिए मचल रहा हो। कमु एक कोने में टूटी-फूटी चारपाई पर शयन कर रही थी। ज्वर की उग्रता के कारण कमु कभी कभी बकवास करती। वह कहती—“माँ, भूख लगती है। ...रोटी दे माँ।” बेचारी कमु ने रोटी के सिवा और कुछ देखा ही क्या था? और हाँ, उसने कभी दूध का शब्द सुना था। इसी वजह से उसने भी माँ के पास हठ किया—“माँ, मैं भी दूध पिऊँगी।” दिवाली में वह सामर्थ्य कहाँ? उसकी परिस्थिति द्रोणाचार्य-सी हो गई, जिसे दूध के लिए मचलते हुए अश्वयामा को चावल के घोल में सफ़ेद पानी देकर बहलाना पड़ा था।

उत्तने में ‘टावर’ की घडी ने बारह बजे की सूचना दी। दिवाली को अपने कर्तव्य का खयाल हुआ। उसे सेठानी की बेटी रीटा के लिए खाना ले जाना था। लेकिन...कमु का क्या होगा? दिवाली दुविधा में झूलती रही। अचानक रीटा की भूखी मुद्रा उसके स्मृति-पट पर अंकित हो गई। दिवाली का कर्तव्य-पथ उसे पुकार रहा था। वह उठी। कमु से मीठे शब्दों में बोली “बेटा—तेरे लिए दूध-फल लाने जाती हूँ...हूँ...।” फिर उसने कमु के तन को फटे कपड़ों से ढक दिया। वह दरवाजे तक गई, फिर गहरी साँस भर उसने दरवाजा बन्द किया। धीरे धीरे वह सेठानी के घर पहुँची। वहाँ पर भी वह कमु की दुनियाँ में विचर रही थी कि यकायक, “दिवाली, अरी ओ दिवाली” की पुकार ने उस की विचारधारा को खण्डित किया।

सेठानी की सूचना की झड़ी शुरू हुई—कहने लगी—“पहले चावल और सूप खिलाना, फिर ये सेब। देखना, छिलका ठीक तरह से उतारना! फिर ये संतरे खिलाना . . . . . और खयाल रखना कि कोई बीज मुँह में न चला जाय।” न जाने इन में से दिवाली ने क्या सुना—?!!!

वह 'टिफन' लेकर चली। सामनेवाले वृक्ष पर उसने देखा—एक चिड़िया अपने नये शिशु को चाँच में खिला रही थी . . . . . बस इसी दृश्य ने दिवाली को रीटा के कॉन्वेन्ट जाने से रोक दिया। दिवाली गई कमु के पास। उस के पैरों में अश्वगति आ गई। उस ने कमु को फल खिलाये...सेब, संतरे, द्राक्ष और...कई फल। कमु खुश हो गई। माँ की छाती पर चिपक गई और माँ ने अपनी कमु पर चुंबन की झड़ी बरसाई। फिर तो कमु और माँ दोनों अवर्णनीय शांति से सो गई।

जब दिवाली की आँखें खुलीं तब शाम होने चली थी। दिवाली 'टिफन' की खाली पेटी लेकर गई सेठानी के पास। उस की मुख-मुद्रा में डर और शांति दोनों विचित्र ढंग से मिले हुए थे। सेठानी ने दिवाली पर आग बरसाई—दिवाली की बाणी, मानो, उस से रूठ गई और फिर सेठानी ...बोली “बोल री..... कहाँ गई थी..... कहाँ गये वे फल? मेरी रीटा सारा दिन भूखी रही.....! कहाँ है वे फल ..... कि उन्हें बेच दिये? तुम्हारी नीच बुद्धि और क्या कर सकती है —।”

कुछ देर तक कोई कुछ न बोला.....फिर सेठानी ने दिवाली को नौकरी से जुदा करने का सुनाया और दूसरे दिन तनख्वाह ले जाने के लिए कहा।

दिवाली गई.....दूसरे दिन क्षोभयुक्त कमु को लिए हुए आई। सेठानी के बंगले में धूम-धाम थी। एक ओर से जन्म दिन पर गाये जानेवाले अँग्रेजी के गान सुनाई दिये। दिवाली ने उदवन में देखा—रीटा और उस की सहेलियाँ निर्दोष आनन्द लुट रही थीं। हाँ, आज रीटा का जन्म-दिन था।

दिवाली की तनखाह की गिनती हो रही थी। इतने में रीटा “मम्मी, मम्मी” की आवाज करती हुई आयी। रीटा ने अपनी 'मम्मी' से जन्म-दिन की भेंटों की पेटियाँ खोलने को कहा .....। वे बक्स रीटा के पिता ने उसे जन्म-दिन के भेंट-स्वरूप दिए थे। एक बक्स से खिलौना निकला—वह था सुन्दर कंगारू जो अपने नवजात शिशु को वात्सल्य-रस-पान करा रहा था। दूसरा खिलौना था एक बंदरी का जिसके पेट पर छोटा-सा बच्चा चिपक कर अमृत पान कर रहा था।

रीटा ने निर्दोषता से पूछा—“मम्मी, कितने अच्छे खिलौने हैं न?” पर रीटा ने देखा—“मम्मी की आँखों में आँसू। रीटा ने पूछा, “मम्मी, मेरे लिए तू क्या भेंट लायी है? मम्मी ने दिवाली के प्रति इशारा किया। रीटा कुछ नहीं समझ पाई। वह तो उस गमगीनी से भाग गई अपनी सहेलियों के पास।

सेठानी ने एक दृष्टि खिलौने पर डाली फिर उसने दिवाली पर अपनी दृष्टि स्थित की। दिवाली भी माँ थी, उस के भी मातृत्व था। और फिर सेठानी ने अपनी परिस्थिति सोची। वह भी थी एक माँ! उन सबों में क्या अन्तर था! सिर्फ यही कि वे खिलौनेवाले बच्चे मरू थे, दिवाली की कमु उसे 'माँ' कहती और रीटा अपनी माँ को “मम्मी” कहती.....हाँ सिर्फ यही अन्तर था। यकायक कमु चिल्लायी—“माँ”—इस चीत्कार के साथ सेठानी का मातृत्व भी जाग उठा.....उस ने दिवाली से कहा—“दिवाली, मुझे तेरी आवश्यकता है, तू माँ है, मैं माँ हूँ।”

दिवाली अन्यमनस्क सी बंगले से बाहर निकली—उसने देखा..... उसी वृक्ष पर वही पक्षी अपने बच्चे को उड़ना सिखा रहा था.....।

L. PUSHPA BEN SHAH,  
I-B.A.

# किं अन्तर्हितम्

किस्तोरनन्तरं अष्टमं वर्षशतकं भारतीयचरितेषु प्रधानं । तस्मिन् समये बहवो देवालयाः शिलाशासनानि च निर्मितानि । पत्रतान् छित्वा बुद्धभिक्षूणां यात्रिकाणां च वसतयः कृताः । एताः विहारशब्देन व्यवहियन्ते । भिक्षवः भिक्तीः श्लक्ष्णीकृत्य जातकानां कथाः चित्ररूपेण अलिखन् । बहुकालातिक्रमेऽपि तानि चित्राणि अपरित्यक्तनवीनभावानि विराजन्ति । किं तत् कलाकौशलमात्रनिबन्धनं ?

भारतभूमेः कीर्तिदायकानि एतानि चित्राणि यथा न नश्येयुः तथा तीव्रोद्यमाः अधुनातनैः स्वीक्रियन्ते । बहुत्र यतः सुभालेयाः नक्षत्रैः वस्तुभिः निर्मिताः ततः ते विशीर्णाः अभवन् । तथापि बहुषु स्थलेषु साक्षिभूतानि अधुनापि अपरित्यक्तारामणीयकानि प्राचीनकलाज्ञान चित्राणि विलसन्ति । चित्रेषु केषांचित् भागानां अविनाशस्य को हेतुः ? आं, पुरातनचित्रलेखकानां चित्रकौशलमिव नाशाभावस्य कारणमपि न अस्माभिः ज्ञायते ।

नवीनभौतिकतत्त्वविमर्शः सर्वत्र व्याप्तः अस्ति । तेन साध्वसाधु च उत्पद्येयातां इति ज्ञातव्यं । विज्ञानस्य सर्वत्र प्रसरणविषये अजन्ता प्रदेशे एञ्चोराप्रदेशे च विज्ञानसाहाय्येन सुपरिरक्षितानि दृश्यमानानि चित्राणि उदाहरणतां आपद्यन्ते ।

निमज्जोद्धारणव्यवसायाधिकारिभिः एतेषां चित्राणां परिरक्षणार्थं तीव्राः यत्नाः क्रियन्ते । तथापि अजन्ताचित्राणां रामणीयकरपरिरक्षणविषये के व्यापृताः सन्ति ? भौतिकतत्त्वविमर्शकाः समेत् नवीनै रसायनप्रकारैः तेषां परिरक्षणाय यतन्ते । सुभालेयानां शैथिल्याभावाय पर्याप्ताः उपायाः अनुष्ठीयन्ते । जलस्रावनिमित्तकनाशाभावाय नवीनाः उपायाः उपलब्धाः सन्ति । प्राधान्येन कन्हेराख्ये प्रदेशे यत्र कृत्स्नं चित्रं जलेन आर्द्राकृतं तत्र जलप्राहकपत्र-संघटनेन (blotting paper) आर्द्रता परिहियते ।

एते भौतिकतत्त्वपरिशीलनस्य अलग्गोपयोगमात्रं प्रकटयन्ति । कलाभिज्ञः कलायाः आकृतिं उत्पादयति किन्तु तस्याः चिरानुभोगविषये कलाज्ञः श्रद्धां नावहति । भौतिकतत्त्वविमर्शकास्तु दीर्घालोचनेन कलानां चिरावस्थानोपायं उपलभन्ते । एतत् कलाभिज्ञैः ज्ञातव्यं । कलाभिज्ञः कलालोकात् बहिरागत्य भौतिकतत्त्वविमर्शकैः सह संमन्य सूक्ष्मविषयान् जानीयात् । कलाभिज्ञः भौतिकतत्त्वविमर्शकान् न शङ्केत । भौतिकतत्त्वविमर्शकाः कलाभिज्ञान् उपकर्तुं सदा संनद्धाः सन्ति ।

भारतीयानां देशान्तरीयाणां च परिष्कारसरणिः ज्ञापकचिह्नानि चित्राणि च निदानीकरोति । पश्चात्तनैः यदि प्राचीनपरिष्कारसरणिः सम्यक् अवबोद्धव्या तर्हि प्राचीनचित्राणि संमुखे अवतिष्ठेरन् । द्विसहस्रवत्सरेभ्यः पूर्वं भूतायाः कलायाः स्थितिरपि ज्ञातव्या । तथापि प्राचीनकलां उत्पादयितुं नकोऽपि शक्नोति । कला तावत् प्रातिस्विकपुरषस्य ज्ञानं आश्रयते । विज्ञानं तु बहूनां संमतिं अपेक्षते । अन्यच्च । कस्यचित् ज्ञानं बहुभिः विभक्तुं शक्यते । कलाभिज्ञः विज्ञानमहिम्नः अवधार्य तान् उपयोक्तुमर्हति ।

“ एकमत्यं सुखहेतुः । ” इति शम् ॥

K. JAYAMMAL,  
Pre-University Class.

## UN BON TOUR

**I**L y avait une fois un homme de bel esprit qui aimait voyager. Il voyageait en général à pied. Pendant un de ses voyages, il arriva dans une ville allemande et descendit à la meilleure auberge qu'il pût trouver. Bientôt pourtant, il ne lui reste plus d'argent et pour s'en procurer, il fit le tour de la ville pour annoncer qu'une exhibition sensationnelle serait ouverte au public toute la journée suivante.

Venez voir, dit-il, le cheval le plus étrange qui ait jamais existé. Sa queue se trouve où sa tête devrait être. Les curieux arrivèrent en foule pour voir cet étrange spectacle ; mais en entrant dans l'étable où l'animal extraordinaire devait se trouver, ils découvrirent seulement un cheval comme les autres dont la queue était solidement attachée à la mangeoire. Les gens ne purent s'empêcher de rire de la manière dont ils avaient été trompés, mais ils eurent soin de ne pas révéler le secret à ceux qui n'étaient pas encore entrés.

TERESA ABRAHAM,  
*I B.Sc.*

## LE DUC D' EDINBURGH A MADRAS

**P**OURQUOI Madras est-elle en liesse aujourd'hui ? Pourquoi tant d'uniformes kakis sont-ils alignés ça et là le long des rues ? Pourquoi cette agitation de la police qui patrouille de si bonne heure ? C'est que Madras va recevoir à midi le Prince Consort, le duc d'Edinburgh. Les élèves des écoles primaires formant la haie le long des rues, semblent être heureux de cette journée de congé en plein air ; les parents les ont parés de leurs plus beaux atours, comme si chacun allait être l'objet de l'attention particulière du duc. Mais à mesure que le soleil darde ses rayons brûlants, les enfants endimanchés commencent à donner des signes visibles d'impatience.

Vers midi le vrombissement d'un avion leur fait pousser un soupir de satisfaction. L'avion a atterri. Dans quinze ou vingt minutes au plus, l'hôte de marque passera certainement.

Le sifflet strident de l'éclaireur et bientôt, le duc apparaît accompagné du gouverneur. Le soleil s'est mis de la partie pour réserver un accueil chaleureux à notre auguste hôte. Le duc semble être gêné des ovations qui l'accueillent, les uniformes bleus des élèves d'un

couvent, les couleurs hétéroclites des collégiennes, la foule des curieux qui sacrifiant leurs préoccupations quotidiennes se pressent en foule sur les trottoirs, offrent un tableau pittoresque et charmant ; écoles, collèges, institutions charitables, commerçants se sont ingéniés à décorer les devantures de leurs maisons pour donner à la ville un air de fête.

Dès que les étudiantes de Stella Maris, massées depuis plus d'une heure devant l'entrée du collège dans une attente joyeuse, le voient approcher, debout et souriant dans l'automobile découverte qui ralentit ça et là, mais sans jamais s'arrêter, elles se précipitent dans la rue, pour lui témoigner de plus près leur accueil enthousiaste. L'une d'elles s'avance avec une guirlande ; le duc, habitué aux usages Indiens et comprenant son geste, incline la tête avec beaucoup de gentillesse tandis que l'étudiante se hausse de son mieux pour lui passer autour du cou le joli collier qu'il reçoit avec un bon sourire en la remerciant d'un grand : ' merci beaucoup ' !

Et le prince a dû être certainement touché de l'ingénieuse idée de notre collège qui fit placer une inscription en lettres d'or souhaitant la bienvenue au prince Charles et la princesse Anne absents. Sa pensée a-t-elle volé un moment vers Londres, son foyer, la Reine et ses enfants ? Les guirlandes de fleurs—une spécialité indienne—les ovations trépidantes de la foule délirante mais bien disciplinée, le ramènent à la réalité. Avec un sourire radieux il remercie ceux qui sont fiers d'avoir eu l'honneur de le parer de guirlandes, il continue sa visite, mais on sent qu'il aurait préféré visité l'Inde incognito et jouir en connaisseur de toutes ses beautés, qu'il sait apprécier, sans être ainsi le point de mire de millions et de millions d'yeux.

BIBI FATIMA,  
*II B.A.*

## **YES, YOU'RE A POLYGLOT**

**I**F you think that the only word you can say in another tongue is ' merci ' you are in for a surprise.

Even if you've never opened an Italian grammar in your life and French defeats you utterly (those horrible irregular verbs !) you speak those languages more often than you think. What's more, you make a good showing in Dutch, Danish, Arabian and many other tongues. You're actually a polyglot without knowing it. A polyglot, you will discover in Webster's dictionary, is a person who speaks or writes several languages.

Take French. You burst into this language quite nonchalantly at the soda fountain when you order an ice-cream parfait. You're really asking, in French, for a ' perfect ' and usually



it's just that. But when you request the menu, things get a bit baffling because menu means 'tiny' or 'minute' and you certainly don't want to be served microscopic portions.

If you like to shop for clothes, you're sure to build up an impressive French vocabulary. Any time you buy lingerie or a *faille* suit or a beret, you're speaking French. And so is the sales-clerk when he compliments you on your *ensemble*; in plain English he approves of the way you've put yourself 'together'. About 90% of the fashion words you use are French, which is not surprising when you think of Paris, home of fine modes.

Boys and girls who like ships and the sea probably talk a lot of Dutch. In case you haven't noticed—skipper, sloop, schooner, yacht, boom, and dozens of nautical words come from Holland. This is only to be expected when you remember that the Dutch have always been a sea-faring people.

From the sunny coasts of Italy come most of our 'fine arts' expressions. If you're fond of the arts, you'll often express yourself in Italian—opera, concerto, trombone, staccato and dozens of other words.

Don't think you speak only French, Dutch and Italian. That's merely a beginning. You speak Spanish too, and often. When you ask for a vanilla soda, you're speaking Spanish.

Maybe you're sure you don't talk Danish. Better check! How about law, sky, window, sister, knife and skirts? All Danish! Even if you say 'you must be wrong'—there you've said another Danish word 'wrong'!

Arabic and Persian? They sound out of this world. But every hour you spend doing your maths or looking up at the stars, you're sure to prattle in mathematical and astronomical terms that are definitely Arabian—algebra, zero, zenith. As for Persian, there's a long list of words you use at least once in a while,—words like emerald, turban, jasmine.

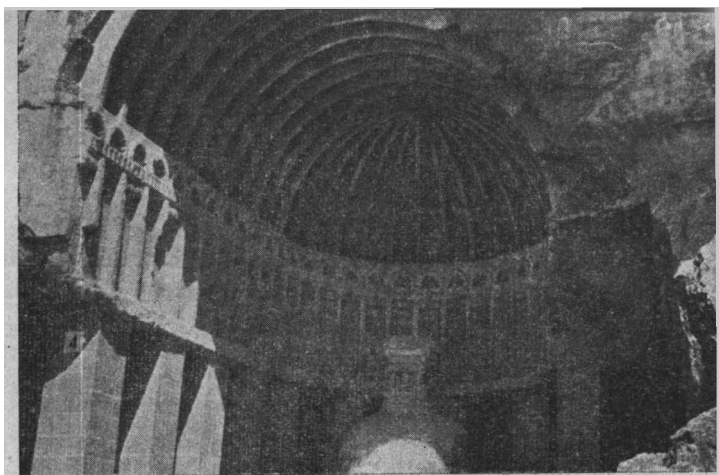
Perhaps you'll take it on faith that you speak Chinese, Hungarian, Russian, Polynesian and Australian plus a surprising assortment of African dialects. You do, you know. We haven't space to go into it all here, but you can prove it in a library with a minimum of research. Etymology, the study of word origins, is a fascinating study, and one which you'll do well to look into later—even briefly.

Now don't say etymology is all Greek to you, as if Greek were a deep, dark mystery! You speak more Greek than you know. Every time you turn on the 'television' or pick up an 'encyclopedia' or argue about 'psychology' or make a 'telephone' call you are speaking Greek. The Greeks have a beautifully precise vocabulary of technical words so when we need to name some new invention we borrow most of the words from Greek.

Better stop now, because if we pursue the subject any further you may begin to wonder whether you ever speak English at all.

MARY MOLE,  
*II B.Sc.*

## A MOSAIC OF THE ART STUDY TOUR



Inside of Chaitya Hall—Aurangabad

*Jaya*—Well, that really was the best Michaelmas Vacation I've ever enjoyed.

*Miss Emma*—Enjoyed! You were intended to profit by it.

*Jaya*—Oh! I did that too.

*Mahema*—It all seems like a dream to me. I can't believe we have seen so many wonderful places since we left Stella Maris on 26th September.

*Yamuna*—Ellora, Ajanta, Aurangabad, Elephanta Island, Karli, Kanheri.

*Shanti*—Yes, all those famous art centres we always felt so proud of but which we thought we would never have the chance to see!

*Miss Emma*—From start to finish it was a wonderful trip. Everything went well.

*Jaya*—Yes, even the train journey was fun. With over thirty of us in our two compartments, we made a real joint family group.

*Yamuna*—HYDERABAD seemed to arrive in no time and what a warm welcome we received from the two nuns who had come from the Holy Rosary Convent to meet us.

*Mahema*—At the Convent we felt at home at once. Everybody was so kind, especially Reverend Mother Superior who saw personally to all the little details.

*Jaya*—And then, Miss Emma, you can't accuse us of wasting time. We began our 'profitable' sight-seeing tour immediately, that very morning, with the Osmania University.

*Shanti*—It was kind of them to show us round, wasn't it, even though examinations were going on? You would never think it was a modern building. From the style you would have thought some ancient Sultan had erected it.

*Preeti*—Next it was the CHAR MINAR or four minarets, through which flows the pedestrian traffic of the city's two main thoroughfares. Its four gateways face the points of the compass and the minarets—one at each corner—support a small mosque. It was worth while climbing the dark slippery steps of one of the minarets for we were rewarded by a good view of the city. What was next, the Salar Jung?

*Gisele*—No, it was the Mecca Masjid. Don't you remember all the pigeons flying around it?

*Preeti*—True, I forgot that, as the SALAR JUNG was the Main attraction. How many rooms had the palace? 80? He must have been very wealthy, the Nizam's minister to whom it originally belonged.

*Gisele*—Now it is a real museum, isn't it? It was like a fairyland of wonder with all those art treasures from so many countries—paintings, sculptures, china, furniture, weapons, carpets—it never ended.

*Devaki*—No, even in five hours we were able to see so little. You would need at least three days to see everything.

*Preeti*—Don't be shocked when I tell you it wasn't all the exquisite objects, but the novelty of the children's gallery which was my special attraction. I loved the stuffed birds which sang when you wound them up, and the miniature library where you needed a magnifying glass to read. But best of all was the huge clock, with the woodcutter pointing to the minutes. We certainly didn't expect another 'man' to come suddenly out of the hut and strike the gong five times at 5 o'clock. That brought us down to earth and sent us scurrying out of the museum.

*Gisele*—And that was the end of the first day.

*Jaya*—But we were up early next morning, do you remember, Miss Emma? and soon on our way to visit the famous fort of GOLCONDA.

*Seeta*—What was its history? I forget.

*Jaya*—How could you? It was built during the Kutb Shahi Kingdom, which became independent in the early 16th century and some hundred years later was absorbed by Aurangzeb, the last Moghul Emperor.

*Seeta*—Thank you, I remember now. Excuse my ignorance, but what struck me was the peculiar shape of the domes in this region. They were like onions planted upside down.

*Jaya*—What you say is quite correct. But your manner of expression, Seeta, is really most unartistic.

*Seeta*—Sorry. Aruna, you tell the girls about the royal tombs we saw. I'd better not try.

*Aruna*—They are now partly in ruin, but all the same they illustrate well the development of the Muslim style of architecture. They are nearly all of the same design, consisting of a bulbous dome erected over a square base, and their size and dignity make them very impressive.

*Seeta*—Then we went into the Fort, didn't we?

*Aruna*—Yes. But before we had time to climb up the guide took us off on a mysterious errand, do you remember?

*Seeta*—Oh yes, to see the giant tree. Gisele, you were one of those who climbed up and left to us the problem of getting you down again, weren't you? What was it like?

*Gisele*—Grand. It was really not one but four trees growing very closely together. Inside was a large hole into which we climbed. It was pitch dark and very exciting. They say it was a robbers' hiding place in the past.

*Seeta*—So after rescuing the 'robbers' we finally made our way up the 254 steps (which I counted very carefully) to the Fort.

*Saroja*—Was it worth the trouble?

*Gisele*—Oh yes, the view from the top was most picturesque. In the distance we saw the royal tombs where we had spent the morning, now dwindled to bee-hives; and far, far away, the city, mountains, valleys and fields.

*Aruna*—The art students were able to study the battlements at close quarters. The Fort is now almost completely in ruins, but from the remains you can judge how strong it must have been. We stood on the spot from which ancient kings addressed their subjects assembled in what is now a green sward and we too delivered a royal speech, the plants nodding their approval.

*Lalitha*—The guide told us the popular story of King Natesa who was so accustomed to the ancient way of air-conditioning by strong perfumes, that his enemy was able to get rid of him by the simple expedient of presenting him with a bad onion whereupon he immediately succumbed.

*Seeta*—That was all for Hyderabad, wasn't it?

*Lalitha*—Except for the Egyptian mummy we saw in the Archaeological Museum and the Ajanta Pavilion in the Public Gardens.

*Seeta*—Oh yes! That was really exciting, after learning all the details about them in class.

*Mahema*—And our next halt was at AURANGABAD.

*Saroja*—There's quite a lot to see there, isn't there?

*Mahema*—Plenty. But first we visited Ellora and Ajanta, as we wanted to make sure of seeing these wonderful places.

*Radha*—I don't blame you! Lucky ones. We would have done the same. Now you must give us full details please. We're longing to hear—Silence! Why don't you begin?

*Seeta*—That's the trouble. We don't know where to begin. There's so much to tell.

*Mahema*—I have an idea. We all took very full notes at both places so let us put them together and give you our account at the next art class.

*Saroja*—That's a good idea. So now tell us about Aurangabad, Aurangzeb's famous city.

*Shanti*—There are many fine Moghul buildings—although we only visited one—the Bibi ka-Magbarah, a faint imitation of the Taj Mahal, built in honour of Aurangzeb's wife by her son,

*Miss Emma*—Have you forgotten the Aurangabad caves ?

*Lalitha*—We haven't forgotten them, Miss. They are in a mountainous region. Round and round, and up and up the hills we climbed—we the Sherpas and Mother, climbing our Everest like Tensing and Hillary.

*Mahema*—After Aurangabad, we set off for BOMBAY.

*Lalitha*—Will we ever forget it ? Here was our first mishap. At Manmad we missed the connection and so spent the night in the station not according to schedule, but it was an adventure all the same and we sang to keep ourselves cheerful. Early next morning we had forgotten our long wait as the huge grey flats of Bombay came in sight. Once more we were at home—this time at Villa Theresa Convent in the Cumbala Hills.

*Devaki*—We saw as much of Bombay as we could, including the Hanging Gardens and the Gateway of India. The sight of 'The Queen's Necklace' at night was like a real fairy-land.

*Miss Emma*—Didn't you enjoy the boat trip to the ELEPHANTA ISLAND ? I did. It is six miles from shore, inside the harbour. Since the monsoon had just ended, the entire hill was a lovely cool refreshing green. The caves themselves are hidden in a forest. The main one is very large and decorated with fine sculpture, including the colossal image of Mahesamurthi. After visiting two or three more caves, we had a delightful picnic on the island and returned by launch to the city.

*Seeta*—That wasn't the end of the day. On our way back to the convent we stopped at the Prince of Wales Museum and the J.J. School of Arts.

*Miss Emma*—Now, Mary, we haven't heard a sound from you. Suppose you tell the girls about KARLI.

*Mary*—That's a tall order, but I'll try. It took us a 3½ hours' bus journey through the beautiful scenery of the Western Ghats to reach the Karli caves. They are magnificently situated, almost at the top of the hill. After an arduous climb, we finally stood before the famous chaitya hall—the largest and most complete in India. It represents the culmination of the Hinayana type and much of its beauty lies in its simplicity and the soundness of its proportions. Inside the cave there is the usual nave, separated by pillars from the side aisles and terminating in the apse, beneath which is the stupa. But to give you the complete details, I think I'd better use my notes, may I ?

*Miss Emma*—Certainly, then we can follow more easily.

*Mary*—At the entrance there stands a simha-stambha or pillar surmounted by four lions. Formerly there were two pillars. Like the lion pillar of Sarnath it has a bell-shaped capital on top of which is a group of lions back to back. It is completely detached from the chaitya hall.

Behind this pillar is the outer screen of the façade consisting of two massive octagonal columns, and two pillars at the sides. Above them is a plain wall with mortice holes

for the attachment of a wooden gallery which has now disappeared but which originally extended across the vestibule. Above the wall space are small pillars between which the light passes to the large sun-window of the inner part of the vestibule.

On entering the vestibule we saw the real façade, in the upper part of which is the great horseshoe-like sun window. There are three entrances to the hall; the central one is raised and was intended for the bikshus. On either side there is a depression in the floor which was filled with water during the time of prayer so that the lay persons our upasaka might purify their feet, soiled by contact with the world. They could enter and leave only through these side doors.

The only means of lighting was the sun window at the entrance. The light which has first to pass between the dwarf pillars of the outer screen and then through the wooden grilles of the sun window filters with a mellow radiance on the stupa and diffuses itself among the pillars until it is lost in the dimness of the aisles. This lighting system is very beautiful, giving the interior an atmosphere of solemnity.

Most of the 37 pillars of the colonnade are richly carved, with bell-shaped capitals and abacus carrying finely sculptured groups of horses and elephants with gracefully carved trunks—all with gay riders, generally in pairs. The pillars behind the stupa are plain. Above the pillars rises the high, arched barrel vault, with wooden ribs fixed into the rock, forming a semi-dome above the apse.

Only an eye-witness can understand how the wooden ribs are attached to the rock. It is a revelation, particularly to an Art student, to see these ribs still intact after two millennia of exposure to the atmosphere.

Before leaving this cave we stood near the entrance and sang our College Song to make the echoes ring amidst those ancient pillars.

Besides the big chaitya hall there are a few viharas at Karli, some unfinished. They are the early type, with a central hall and cells on three sides but the cells have no beds.

*Miss Emma*—Well done. Thank you, Mary.

*Saroja*—That compensates a little for the fact that we were not all able to see Karli. Did you see the KANHERI caves too?

*Miss Emma*—Certainly. Being in Bombay, we wouldn't miss them. That's another long story.

*Aruna*—But very interesting.

*Miss Emma*—Then what about describing them for us?

*Aruna*—Kanheri seems to be a corruption of Prakrit 'Kanchyagiri' or Krishna's Hill. The caves are situated in the wild, picturesque heart of the island of Salsette. This spot, like the other caves, is attractive to both art and nature lovers.

It takes an hour and a half from Bombay to reach the caves. There we found a guide awaiting us, thanks to the Department of Archaeology. There are in all over a hundred caves. We were taken to the most important ones, excavated on different parts and levels



of the hill. Cave 3 is important. Surprisingly it resembles in most of its details the famous chaitya hall of Karli, but unlike the Karli ceiling, the wooden ribs of this cave have perished. In front of some of the caves are trenches, originally excavated to store wine or 'soma ras', but now they were filled with rain-water. In one of these is a rare species of frogs.

Atmospheric effects have effaced some of the relief figures on the surfaces of the caves. Judging from the simple style of the caves and an inscription at Nasik, they date from somewhere between 100 B.C. to A.D. 50. There are some 54 inscriptions which have been partly deciphered and relate the names of the builders.

Kanheri, being very near Bombay, has become a favourite picnic spot since it is surrounded by beautiful scenery.

This was our last day in Bombay and the last day also of our unforgettable excursion.

*Mahema*—We left with a complexity of feelings—regret, joy, and gratitude. As the lights of Bombay faded away in the distance we were a little sad that this wonderful trip had come to an end. Yet the thought of home cheered us. Above all we were grateful to God Who had watched over us and to all who made this trip possible . . .

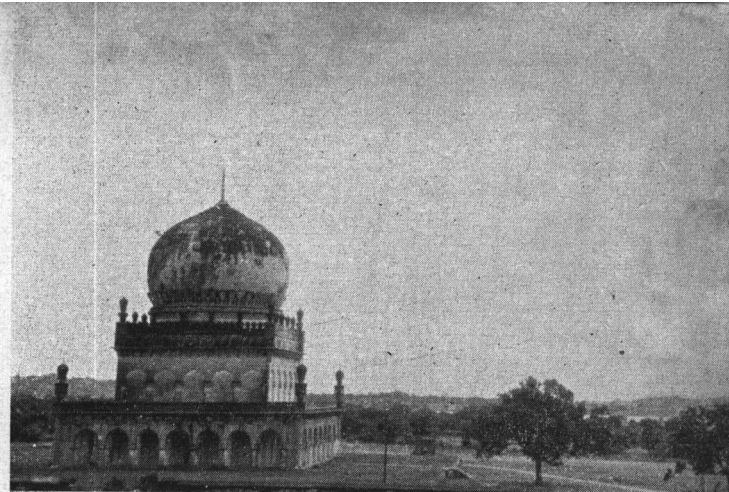
*Saroja*—You didn't go to Hampti, then ?

*Miss Emma*—No, it fell out of our plan like poor little Dumpty—fortunately for us, for we should have been stranded on the way. Ours was the last train not held up by the rain.

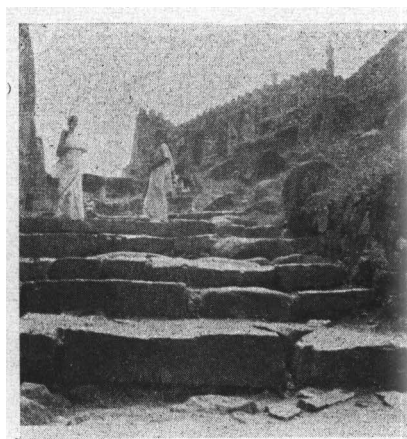
*Lalitha*—Nevertheless the 'Latemaster' did manage to arrive two hours late due to 'cautious running' en route.

*Mahema*—It had to live up to its reputation. How we rejoiced to see the familiar landmarks of Madras come slowly into view, and even more to see the nuns who had come to take us back to dear Stella Maris and all our college friends.

# HYDERABAD



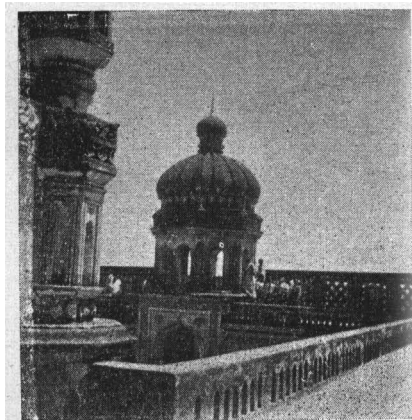
One of the Kutb Shahi Tombs



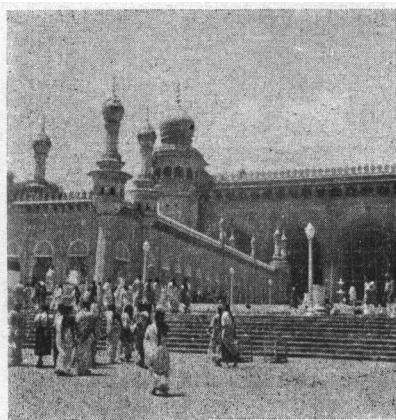
Golconda Fort



Salar Jung Museum



Char Minar



Mecca Masjid

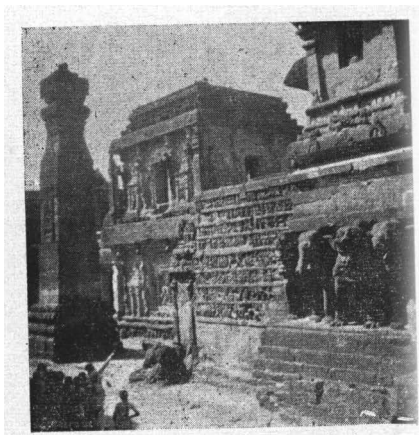


## ELLORA

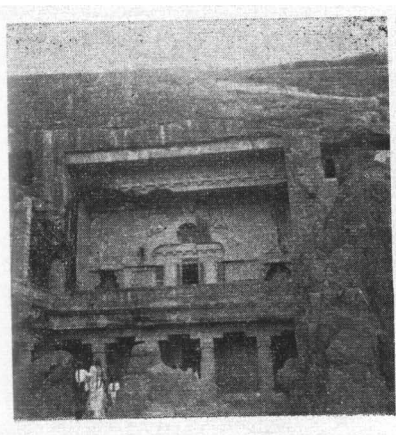
Ellora Caves



Outside the Kailasa Natha Temple



Another view of the Kailasa  
Natha Temple



Visva Karma Cave

## ELLORA—

### A PAGE FROM OUR JOURNAL

LEAVING Aurangabad by bus, we travelled about twenty miles before reaching a beautiful mountain region, watered by the river Elapura, from which the name Ellora is derived. The bus dropped us at the foot of a rocky hill and on descending we caught our first glimpse of the famous caves containing Buddhist hermitages and Hindu and Jain temples hewn out of living rock.

In all there are twelve Buddhist caves, but, desiring to study them well, we concentrated upon the three main ones—Maharwada, Vishvakarman and Tin Thal. The first, known as Cave No. 5 is a chaitya-vihara, combining in a single structure both the chaitya or congregational hall and the vihara or residence of the Buddhist mendicants (bikshus). The Vishvakarman cave, on the contrary, is purely a chaitya hall—the chief at Ellora, whilst the Tin Thal served quite a different purpose, being probably a Buddhist ‘college’.

On approaching the Vishvakarman cave we were puzzled to see an attendant seated at the entrance, holding a large box. And looking into it we were still more mystified to see it contained an immense mirror. As we entered another attendant followed us carrying what appeared to be a large white flag stretched on a frame. Then our darkness, mental and visual, disappeared simultaneously. Ellora is not equipped with electricity, hence this unusual lighting device. By catching the sunlight in the mirror and reflecting it on the white cloth, a lovely mellow light now filled the cave, whereas an artificial light would have spoiled the effect. It was probably by a similar means—polished metal or another white cloth replacing the mirror—that these caves were lighted long, long ago.

In the Vishvakarman cave the traditional sun-window is very much smaller than in Karli or Kanheri. We tested the wonderful acoustics by putting our whole hearts into our College Song until it re-echoed through the cave. On entering the Vishvakarman hall we could dimly see, at the far end the stupa with a niche containing a seated figure of the Buddha. In this hall the chaitya window has been converted into a trefoil motif, decorative in purpose. In the Tin Thal cave we stood in the open courtyard and saw the so-called ‘class-rooms’ rising in three tiers before us. The iconostasis in the second storey with rows of Buddhas in various attitudes added to the school-like appearance.

Leaving the Buddhist caves, we passed on to the Brahmanical group. Here again there are several, but the most outstanding is the Kailas belonging to the eighth century A.D. It is a wonderful example of Indian skill in rock cutting. The architects first hewed out of a mountain one gigantic rock which they then fashioned into this huge temple. This was a totally new venture, entirely different from the traditional method of excavating into the rocks. Again, whilst, the structural temples are built up, this rock-cut temple was on the contrary cut down.

Only when we entered the courtyard did we realise its gigantic proportions and we marvelled at the patience of the builders. We saw in our imagination thousands of men at work. They probably began by cutting down vertically, from a height of over one hundred feet, three huge trenches at right angles, which formed a rectangular courtyard, 300 feet by 175 feet. This left in the centre an enormous piece of rock 200 feet long, 100 feet wide and 100 feet high, from which the temple proper and its precincts were shaped.

The substantial foundation, about 25 feet high, gives an impression of stability, which is increased by the boldly carved elephants and lions which seem to carry the weight of the whole structure. The frieze in its turn is flanked above and below by heavy mouldings. Rising majestically over the base is the temple proper, crowned by the stately tower or *sikhara* rising in 3 tiers, surmounted by an artistically shaped *copula*.

Apart from the main shrine, there are others, such as the Nandi shrine, flanked on either side by two richly carved monolithic pillars. There is also a two-storeyed gate-house.

Although the Kailas is famous chiefly for its architectural perfection, it is also profuse in sculpture, the most noteworthy examples being the Gajalakshmi in the lotus pool at the entrance, the Triveni and various scenes from the domestic life of Siva carved in the corridor surrounding the courtyard. The scene of Ravana lifting Kailas, a popular theme among sculptors of the early period, reaches perfection here. Another famous piece of sculpture is the Siva Nataraja on the ceiling, which faces the spectator from any angle. Friezes along the walls represent scenes from the two great Indian epics. The massive pillars in the interior supporting the roof are all delicately carved, each pair being entirely different from the others.

Such were the architectural and sculptural beauties of Ellora, but as we moved away from the caves and looked around us it was nature's beauties which now evoked our admiration. Situated amid rich vegetation, surrounded by mountains, rivers and waterfalls, little wonder is it that this spot became the resort of ancient hermits, seeking solitude and peace far from the bustle of the cities. God's beauties attracted them, and with the talents He gave they carved new beauty out of stone.

USHA RANI,  
*II B.A.*

## AJANTA—

### THE HIGHLIGHT OF OUR EXCURSION

**A**LTHOUGH we found the whole of our Art excursion interesting there was nothing to equal our visit to Ajanta. In fact it was on Ajanta that our thoughts had been centred right from the time we left Madras.

An 80-mile bus ride from Aurangabad finally brought us to the foot of the hill. The 30 famous caves are carved into the natural horse-shoe formation of the mountains. The caves are situated high up on the hillside and so this meant quite a difficult climb for us. But the scenery was so beautiful that it helped to lessen fatigue. The refreshing green vegetation was soothing to the eye, while pretty wild flowers beckoned us to ascend ever higher. With deep satisfaction we finally reached the caves, but before entering we paused to admire the wonderful beauty of the surroundings. Far below gurgled the Vaghora stream encircling the green carpeted mountain with a silvery crescent. A gentle breeze cooled us after the arduous climb. As at Ellora, we admired the wisdom of those ancient bikshus who selected for their solitudes such lovely spots where nature is certainly at her best.

Turning to the caves we thought of that group of British soldiers who early in the 19th century sighted them from a neighbouring mountain and attracted by a flash of colour from within, entered and so rediscovered the paintings that have made Ajanta famous.

The majority of the caves—twenty six—are viharas or residences of the bikshus and are square in plan, with cells opening on to the inner pillared hall. The remaining four are chaitya halls, rectangular in shape and much larger than the viharas. They terminate in an apse in which stands a stupa whilst rows of pillars divide the central nave from the side aisles.

Ajanta is for the student a veritable art gallery abounding in marvellous examples of painting, sculpture and architectural design. There are finely-sculptured façades and pillars and hundreds of beautiful frescoes. The pillars are highly ornamental and greatly add to the beauty of the caves. It was interesting to trace their development. The earliest attempts are to be seen in caves 11 and 4, whilst final perfection is reached in the pillars of the upper storey of cave 6. As to the themes of these sculptures and paintings they are as varied and rich as the art itself. Passing before hundreds of façades, frescoes and pillars we beheld a veritable pageant—consisting of traditional religious subjects interwoven with typical scenes of Indian life. Kings and queens, sages and heroes, men and women of all classes were there, against a background of wonderfully varied scenes of courts and cities, forests, gardens and deep jungles.

Although Ajanta is rich in sculpture and architecture it is in painting that it excels. The famous frescoes illustrate stories of Buddha. They are outstanding for their simplicity and the realism of the figures in which character and emotions are skilfully portrayed, whilst the artists have succeeded in focussing the attention immediately upon the central figure in each composition.

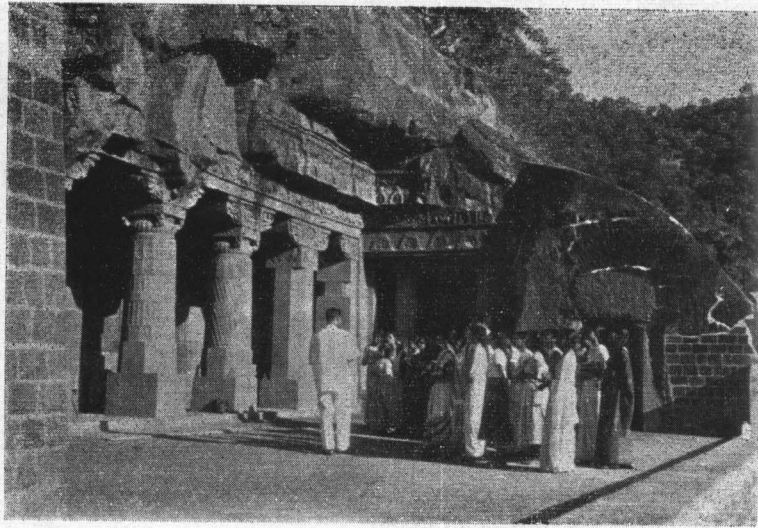
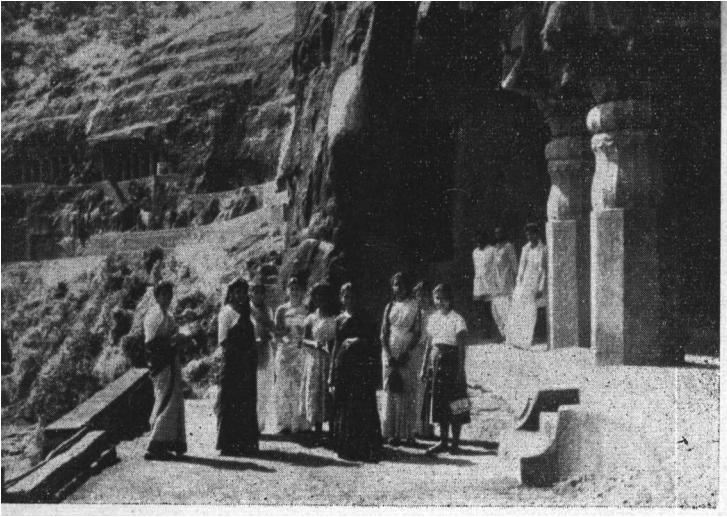


Of all the caves it is in Cave 1 that the paintings are best preserved, and so the visitor naturally gets the best effect here. On the left near the entrance, the first scene is that of the Sibi Jataka, where we see King Sibi offering his own flesh to the hawk in order to save the dove. Next, on the same wall, is the bikshu at the palace door. Although the significance is disputed by archaeologists it does not detract from the wonderful talent displayed in the figure of the bikshu. After a study of the Shankhapala and Mahajansha Jatakas on the left wall and the bull fight on the pillar, we reached the Bodhisattva Padmapani, the most famous of all the Ajanta paintings. The colossal main figure immediately attracted our attention, being intentionally much larger than the other figures of the composition. In this figure the artist has skilfully combined the qualities of youth, high birth, nobility of character and religious temperament. His pearl-grey complexion stands out in marked contrast to that of the swarthy princess whom the artist has cleverly placed beside him. This 'Dark Princess' is another of Ajanta's outstanding paintings. Its beauty lies in the fineness of the features, realism of the eyes and delicacy of the princess's jewelry.

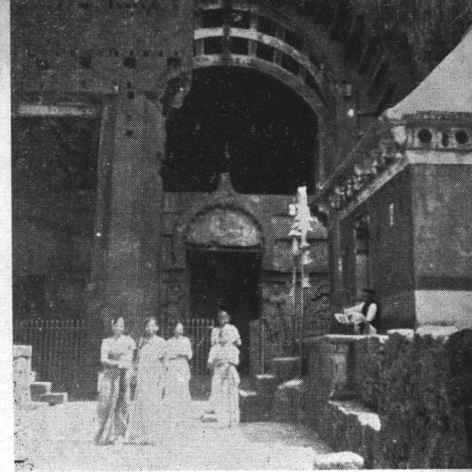
The colours which attracted those 19th century British soldiers, and which filled us likewise with admiration are various shades of vermillion, 'terra verde', and blue—derived from lapis lazuli, found either in the river bed or on the rocky surface. To these colours animal glue was added. Before painting, cow dung and husks were applied to the surface of the wall and then it was covered with a thin coating of plaster. The outlines were traced in red and finally the colours filled in with gradual strokes. Thanks to all this care and skill the original colours have, in several cases, retained much of their freshness despite the passage of many centuries. However, many frescoes have already been spoilt and others are slowly fading. But wherever possible, attempts are being made to preserve them, and reproductions are being made. We saw some of this repair work. In some caves men were busy plastering the walls and in others erecting supports in order to prevent a collapse similar to that of the front portico of Cave 1. We hope their efforts will be successful for the glories of ancient Ajanta should not die and its wonders can certainly never be repeated.

MAHEMA MICHAEL,  
*II B.A.*

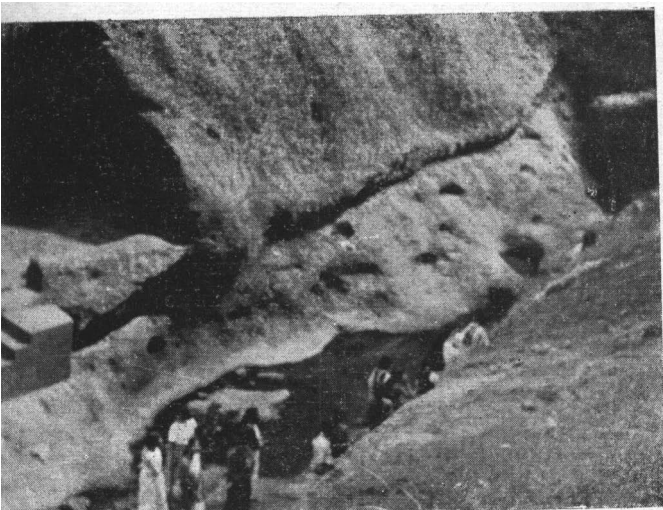
**AT  
AJANTA**



# BOMBAY



Karla—Chaitya Hall



Kanheri Caves



Some of the  
Excursionists

## ABUSE OF P.U.'S

The countless toils and troubles of the poor P.U.  
Will soon and surely turn us 'teeners grey—  
What with this load of texts and note-books—whew !  
And cramming up for tests each, every day.

With maths and figures starts the cheery morn  
And chants of  $x$  times  $y$  and  $b$  plus  $a$   
By noon upon our faded brows and worn  
Like wilted leaves, hang Euclid, formulae.

But more and more of Geometry and Trig,  
Then laws of logic, and old Shylock's traits,  
And English idioms—who should care a fig ?  
Just for percentages we crack our pates !

What Willy Shakespeare offers isn't hard,  
Nor brewing in the lab—but then we step  
To French with tears—or Tamil's on the card,  
Then games and cheri, and tomorrow's prep.

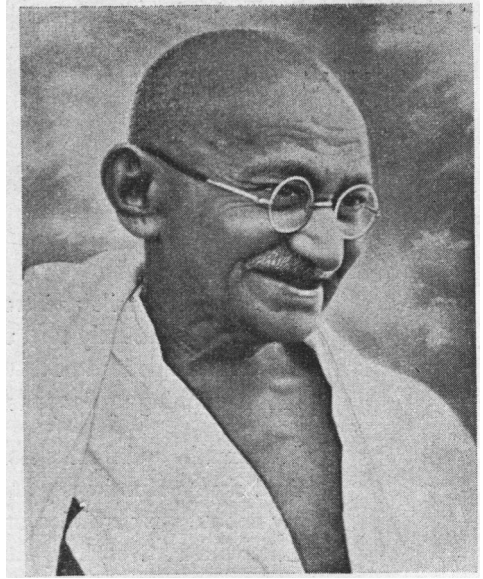
The happy sparrows chirp no history  
And squirrels do not give a squeak for science  
But P.U.'s ponder hard the mystery :  
In one short year to grow to mental giants.

If we were merely crystals we should raise no question  
But life must grow by slow assimilation :—  
No time to sit and think brings mental indigestion—  
We'll get puffed up with factual inflation !

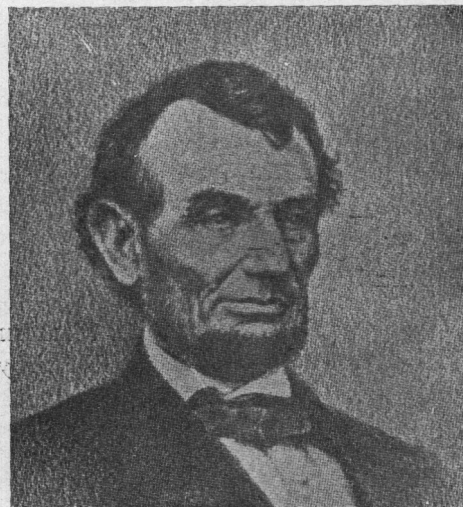
G. MALATHI,  
*Pre-University.*

## MEN OF FREEDOM— GANDHI AND LINCOLN

THE recent history of mankind is the history of the struggle for freedom, which has been defined as exemption from control. Man has had to wage a continual war against ignorance, disease, his own passions and last but not least against a foreign power. Most nations, in striving for freedom, have only sunk deeper into bondage, for they were guided by men who were not fully equipped to free them. Fortunately India and America had the guidance of men like Gandhi and Lincoln.



Gandhi realised that man, before being the slave of a foreign power, was a slave of his own passions. Therefore all true freedom fighters should first liberate themselves from the claims of attachment and self-interest before they can break the chains of foreign rule. Thus he clearly stated that even a few good men can, by means of the spiritual force they possess, reform the world. Before starting his freedom-struggle Gandhi began by his own transformation, from a despotic husband to the peace-loving father of a great nation.



Abraham Lincoln

Gandhi launched his freedom movement on a new basis. He firmly opposed his fellow countrymen, stating that he was fighting not for mere freedom from a foreign power through hatred of that power, but for true freedom, a national freedom which was the expression of the inner freedom in the soul of the individual, the freedom born from the realisation of the dignity of the individual.

He maintained that he was not interested in *who* ruled but *how* he ruled. Indian rulers could be as bad as British rulers. India might be relieved of foreign control, yet it would not necessarily be free. To free India from the control of foreigners as well as from evil practices was his aim. Thus he aimed not so much at national freedom as at social liberation.

If Gandhi's concept of freedom was new in the world of politicians so also was his means of attaining freedom. He introduced 'Satyagraha', a soul force, for if national freedom was born from inner freedom, it should also be gained by spiritual strength. He taught the policy of non-violence. His fundamental doctrine of detachment, fearlessness and self-control was put to the test and proved correct: he secured national liberty by peaceful means.

The world watched Gandhi as he guided India safely through her struggle. But a new and unforeseen problem presented itself, the Hindu-Muslim riots. Though most people abandoned his teaching, Gandhi still kept faith in his policy of non-violence. Enraged by the terrible accounts of crimes, stung by the repeated appeals of Gandhi to keep calm, some revolted and resolved to get rid of him. Godse killed him at a prayer-meeting and thus the man, of whom it has been said that religion made him political and politics made him religious, died saying, 'Oh God'.

But Abraham Lincoln's fight for freedom was in one way more remarkable, for while Gandhi worked for the liberation of his own race and nation from foreign rule, Lincoln fought to emancipate the slaves who belonged to a much despised race. While Gandhi worked on the national level, Lincoln fought on the universal level for the noble concept that all men are children of God and therefore equal, irrespective of caste, colour or creed.

Lincoln like Gandhi succeeded because of his great spiritual and moral qualities. Honesty was his obvious and remarkable characteristic, which drew the confidence of the people. Numerous are the examples cited to prove his honesty. With honesty, a love of justice, liberty, equality and a high sense of morality shone like gems in the humble and generous statesman, the more remarkable when we remember that power often corrupts even an honest man.

To Lincoln the very idea of slavery was revolting. He boldly declared that if slavery was not wrong then nothing was. But yet in his political career he tempered his love for universal freedom and equality with a due degree of prudence. His wise statement that he would either abolish or retain slavery if either measure safeguarded the unity of the States—for disunity would breed a greater evil—has led some to believe that Lincoln was primarily the preserver of the unity of the States rather than the emancipator of slaves and the cherished father of American negroes. Yet Lincoln, the preserver of unity, was also the emancipator of the slaves and their acknowledged liberator.

Whereas Gandhi used non-violence as his powerful weapon against the British, Lincoln had no other choice than violence since war had been declared and fighting had started. To Lincoln the only prudent solution was to raise an army to strengthen the front. His love for the soldiers was no less than his love for the slaves. He made use of laws in order to defend them from the hands of their captors of the South. When his advisers were depressed by the length of the war Lincoln assured them that their struggle for liberty would not end until every drop of blood drawn from the slaves of the States by the lash had been paid for in blood.

Advisers who advocated an immediate declaration of the emancipation of all slaves within the United States of America were not lacking. But Lincoln, ever prudent, reminded them that the hour had not yet arrived. When victory dawned the President declared all men free and equal, as God had made them, and gave slave-owners time to carry out the law. Lincoln

had achieved a great task, he had guided the great boat safely into the harbour. But to emancipate and 'to please no more than to love and be wise is not given to men'. The Southerners, though defeated, were still opposed to the emancipation of slaves. Lincoln was shot by a supporter of the South, who cried out, 'The South is avenged'. But he had only destroyed Lincoln. Freedom for all was firmly established, having been established on the great teaching of universal brotherhood.

The world today is still struggling for freedom—freedom from tyrants. The struggle is more fearful since modern tyrants have at their command greater means of destruction, put in their hands by science. Gandhi and Lincoln have shown us the way and the means to achieve a true and lasting liberty. Of course non-violence will not work in some countries. But if we wish to establish lasting freedom we must first free ourselves internally before we set out to free the world. By internal force is meant moral force acquired by detachment and self-control. This is today the great message of men of freedom like Gandhi and Lincoln.

MARIE MELANIE NORONHA,  
*IV B.A.*

[Prize-winning Essay in the U.S.I.S. competition on the occasion of the Lincoln Centenary]



## A VISIT

### TO THE WHIPSNADE ZOO

WHEN you read the account of my visit to the zoo, you may think that I am childish.

But by nature, even grown-ups are children at times, college girls perhaps more so. I hope you will find the account of my visit to one of the world-famous menageries interesting.

The Whipnade Park, about three miles out of London, is reached by train or by bus. On a Sunday morning, sunny and clear, about fifteen of us, including my parents and friends, set out on our trip, laden with lunch baskets.

We reached the park about noon. After paying for our admission, we all went into the Park and chose a nice green patch of grass under a spreading chestnut tree. With the laughing and the singing crowds swelling on all sides we began to explore our baskets, on the excellent principle that we would be in a more receptive mood after a little refreshment to make new friends. Of course, I mean the animals in the Park.

We were hungry! The morning trip, the bright sun and the excellent company gave us a good appetite and we did full justice to all our Indian preparations—puri, uppumah and other dishes, which tasted all the better for being transplanted six thousand miles onto the English country-side. It was strictly a community effort at cooking, not even a poor bachelor friend being excused from making his contribution.

My friends thought that such an occasion was too precious not to be captured on celluloid and the lunch scene went on record—puri, uppumah and all—into three or four cameras.

The repast having put us in a suitable mood, we bestirred ourselves to explore the zooland. A quick look-see round on a rattling trolley was suggested. It cost us a shilling each. If we did not have comfort we had plenty of company and a group of bonny old lassies kept us amused with hearty community singing.

Then we started our real exploration, a more personal visit to the various residents of the Park. But before I introduce to you the gallant company, let me tell you, it was touching the way the authorities take care of the visitors. At the entrance you are given a nicely illustrated leaflet with road maps and the addresses of the various residents together with suitable warnings against particularly unsociable citizens. The harried mother with a child-in-arms can hire a push-cart or pram for just a matter of pennies—but not a nanny to push it. Brightly-decked cafés cater to your hunger and thirst and courteous rosy-cheeked girls are ready to oblige you with an equally tempting ice. A touching sight is the privilege given to the limbless or disabled. In their own special auto-bicycles they can go all over the park, even where the plutocrat's car cannot.

It is not necessary or even possible to tell you about all the denizens of the Park—which stretches over several acres of beautiful country—each animal in its natural setting. I shall mention only a few specially striking ones.

There was the llama—with a long and slender neck, 'petite' head—covered with clusters of fur—walking with the disdainful dignity of a duchess. Cameras clicked in feverish competition to capture that graceful gait.

Not far from this aristocratic specimen was one not so pretty to look at—the tapir from Brazil. He looked like a big overgrown pig that had first thought of growing a trunk like jumbo but just quarter of the way through changed his mind and let the snout stay there.

The restless white polar bears against the background of white rocks and the brown kodiak bears of Alaska looked homesick in their enclosures. The camels and the doubled-humped dromedaries gazed wistfully at us through another enclosure.

Beyond the parrot house—full of beautiful parakeets and cockatoos (we were loath to take leave of so much feathery loveliness)—we called on Dixie, the jumbo. She was in a class by herself. She could get a C major on a mouth-organ, collect pennies in her nostrils and produce them again from her jaws like a conjurer, salaam and bleat a thoroughly convincing thanks. She fully deserved all the pennies and she wangled six-penny coins out of us.

I have always heard my elders say of an obstinate child that he would 'stand on one leg' to get his own way. But that was exactly what the white one-legged cranes were doing—with their long thin necks curled on their backs, they stood motionless like an ascetic on one lean and slender leg, indifferent to the admiring or curious crowd around them.

To round off this delightful trip we became heroes and heroines in an extempore scene we acted for a cine-camera enthusiast among us. In a hundred feet of celluloid he captured our carefree laughter and stroll on the green sward of Whipsnade Park.

MALATHI GOPALAN,  
*Pre-University.*

## SHAKESPEARE'S

### CLOWNS

SHAKESPEARE'S clowns are among his best-known and best-loved characters. In introducing them into his plays he was following an old tradition of English court-life and English drama — following a tradition, and yet as he did with so many traditions, transforming it, raising it to heights that had never before been suspected to exist.

From very early times royal courts and palaces of wealthy aristocrats had their professional jesters—witty, even wise men, often well-educated. They occupied a privileged position in the court, and though their profession was to amuse and entertain their masters and their guests, they sometimes 'used their folly as a stalking-horse', delivering frank home-truths under cover of their jokes. To this group belong those well-known and well-loved clowns, Touchstone of 'As You Like It', Feste of 'Twelfth Night', and the Fool of 'King Lear'. Even amongst these three professional court-jesters there are striking differences, but Shakespeare's creative genius admits a far wider variety still—country bumpkins like William of 'As You Like It', officious and stupid mishandlers of words like Bottom, Dogberry and Verges, earthy humourists like the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

There were comic characters in the old Morality plays from which modern English drama took its rise—the Vice, stamping around the stage with his 'dagger of lath', and Noah's shrill-voiced termagant of a wife were among the most popular. When Shakespeare began to write, the English drama was scarcely out of its swaddling clothes and his Elizabethan audiences demanded of him the same rather crude type of entertainment to which the older plays had accustomed them. The task of the stage clown before Shakespeare was to create laughter, supply song and dance, and fill in intervals between acts and scenes. Shakespeare satisfied the demands of his audience, not by prostituting his art to their low tastes, but by sublimating the rôle of the clown, and thus raising the tastes of the audience to a higher level. His clowns are not mere 'interludes' but essential characters in his plays. This is nowhere more clearly seen than in the role of the Fool in 'King Lear'.

Yes, a fool in the deepest and darkest and most tremendous of Shakespeare's tragedies. Moreover, a fool without whom the play would be completely unrecognizable. Shakespeare was not afraid to mingle the comic with the tragic, knowing well that such a mingling is of the very stuff of life, and is necessary to relieve, though it also intensifies, the otherwise unbearable tension of deep tragedy.

Lear's Fool is surely what Bradley called him, one of the triumphs of Shakespeare. A professional court-jester, like Touchstone and Feste, he is yet sharply differentiated from these two, both by nature and by circumstance: by nature, since he is 'touched in the brain', half wit, half natural, while the other two are sane, wise and apparently men; by circumstance,

since he lives in a tragic universe where, instead of spreading laughter and gaiety he can only offer bitter raillery and reminders of Lear's folly that make him 'a pestilent gall' to his master. But his master loves him, and we love him too, for later, when his barbed jests have struck home and Lear has realised his folly, the devoted Fool 'labours to out-jest Lear's heart-struck injuries' with total forgetfulness of self, tendering his sympathy by means of pathetic jokes and snatches of song that rise from a broken heart. The tragedy overwhelms this frail creature, weak of body and feeble of mind for all his flashes of wit and his strange insight far beyond the years of the 'pretty knave', and he slips silently out of the play well before its end.

In striking contrast to this pathetic figure from the tragic world of 'King Lear', Feste, the gay, effervescent jester of 'Twelfth Night' is ideally placed in carefree, romantic Illyria. Full of life, charm and wit, he dances on and off the stage, in and out of the palatial homes of Olivia and Orsino, bringing laughter, good humour and song with him at each appearance. Here is no half-wit, but a professional jester 'wise enough to play the fool'. Shrewdly, he 'observes their mood on whom he jests', and adapts his jokes and songs accordingly, seeming equally at home with the romantic aristocrats of Illyria and the riotous carousing revellers in the kitchen. His nonsensical juggling with words calls forth peals of delighted laughter from the most sophisticated audience, as from the foolish Sir Andrew. A wise and a merry fool, Feste 'wears not motley in his brain'; he takes pleasure in his own wit, and no less in his power of shedding sunshine and laughter all around him.

That genial cynic, Touchstone, has neither the pathetic appeal of Lear's Fool, nor the irrepressible, contagious merriment of Feste, but he has a dry charm of his own. His witty conversation has lost much of its appeal because we no longer share the Elizabethans' delight in language, and it is rather in what he is and does than in what he says, that the humour of this character lies. His cynicism is merely affected to mock at the self-consciousness of others, especially the gloomy Jaques; and the peak of his mockery is reached when he parodies the romantic love-affairs of the courtly characters by his comic courtship of Audrey.

These three great fools of Shakespeare play a part similar to the Chorus of the old Greek dramas, commenting drily but wisely on the action of the play. They take advantage of their privileged position to point out the faults and follies of their noble masters. But apart from their choric function and their role of mentor, each is a major character in his own right, playing an important role in his respective drama and finding his way inevitably into the hearts of audience and readers alike.

E. P.

## TO A BIRD

Feathered beauty, swift of wing,  
Liveliest of all living things,  
Darting, diving, soaring, flying,  
All aglow with life's warm fire :  
Will you hear my heart's desire ?

I would I were like you, dear bird,  
Now, do not smile, that's not absurd.  
Climbing, gliding, o'er the clouds  
Far, far out beyond the sea—  
Yes, surely that's the life for me.

' Ah foolish human ; don't you know,'  
Spoke the bird in accents low,  
' In your spirit, you can fly  
Higher than the heights of sky,  
To the very Heart of God—Oh,  
Why cannot I ?'

A ZOOLOGIST.

## LEAVES FROM THE SOCIAL SERVICE DIARY

- August**      2 Our Educational Group went to Nochikuppam this evening at 4 p.m. We gathered the children about us and talked to them very kindly, asking each one his name and achievements in school. They were very pleased and promised to come for the regular classes on Saturdays. We also visited the women and older girls, asking them if they needed any help, especially in education. Since this was our first visit to this cheri on the beach, we did not start any activities today ; but we prepared plans for dividing the children into three groups. One group will be helped with any difficulties they have in their lessons, another group will be taught dancing, singing and drill ; whilst the third group will learn some needlework. These three groups will be sub-divided according to their ages. It was after 5 p.m. before we could leave the cheri.

BETSY GEORGE.

**August**        8    Three of us went to Nochikuppam at 5 p.m. today to begin a survey of all the houses in the village. We completed the survey of thirteen houses in which there live thirty-three children. All who are big enough are attending school, the majority of them having quite a good knowledge of how to read and write.

A. GNANAPRAGASAM.

**August**        11   Today was our first visit this year to Lalithanagar. We brought with us a well-filled Medical Kit. At first we found it hard to get any patients; but after about ten minutes one sick child was brought by its mother. Very soon the people became most co-operative; and many children came suffering from sores, colds, fever and other minor ailments which we were well able to cope with. At 5-25 p.m. we left the cheri, happy that we had been able to render some useful service to the people.

KUMUDAM PANIKKER.

**August**        18   Seven of our Medical Committee went to Quil Tope today. The people seem to trust us. We attended several patients; but we were unable to help one old beggar who was paralysed. He said that he was hungry and one of the Leaguers shared the food with him which she had brought from home. We fear that if he is not removed to hospital immediately he will become much worse. We advised his son to at least see that he was better taken care of.

SHARMILA.

**August**        28   At 5.10 p.m. we reached Lalithanagar. The children have learnt to know us by this time, and they ran to us eagerly as soon as we reached the cheri. They themselves went to call all the others. As there were so many, we divided them into groups. Footballs were given to the older boys to play by themselves whilst the others were organised by the Leaguers into teams and played Rounders, Tenniquoit, Dodging the Ball and Skipping. They love skipping most of all. We had great fun organising these games.

TERESA FERNANDEZ.

**August**        30   In the evening, as on all Saturdays, many poor people came to the Convent Compound for distribution of rations. We administered Medical Aid to the sick and consoled them.

MAY FRANCIS.

**September**    2    The children of Nochikuppam were very happy to see us again today. Eight boys and three girls to whom we taught the alphabet last time were able to repeat them correctly this time. We taught them some songs and were surprised to hear how well they can sing. They are improving and seem to get more lively each time we come.

PREMAVATHY PAUL,

**September** 4 At 4.15 p.m. we left to do Social Service at Lalithanagar, a village in which we are glad to say the number of sick people is decreasing. Once again two of our former patients came to tell us that they had been cured through our treatment. One baby a year old was too ill for us to treat and so we advised the mother to consult a doctor immediately. A few of us sacrificed our tea-cakes and distributed them to the children in the village. We also treated several elderly patients today.

SHANTA MATHEWS,  
*Secretary.*

**September** 11 Soon after college we went to Quil Tope, where we taught the tiny children of St. Helen's Day Nursery some Nursery Rhymes, Games and little songs and dances. Three of the Leaguers helped some older girls who are studying for the S.S.L.C., but who find great difficulty with English.

SAVINDRA R.

**September** 14 Our Needlework group completed three blouses and two skirts today in preparation for the Christmas tree. We have also made some skirts and blouses at home, as last Wednesday was a holiday.

MALA CHANDA.

**October** 20 Today we conducted an excursion to the Madras Zoo for fifty little children from the cheris. All enjoyed their trip in the College bus, but they were tremendously eager to get out of the bus as soon as we arrived at the Zoo. Each Leaguer was in charge of a group of five children. The behaviour of the children, nearly all under five, was excellent. They gave us no trouble at all.

The lions and the monkeys seemed to be the most popular with them. They had a tasty tea in a shady spot under the trees. On the way home, in spite of their sleepiness, they entertained us with songs and nursery rhymes. Everybody had a lovely time, including the Leaguers.

SHANTA MATHEWS.

**November** 1 Today our Group went to Quil Tope to take the measurements of all the children there, for we hope to give each one clothes for Christmas. We measured the boys for pants and shirts and the girls for blouses and skirts. Our girls also helped to make woollen balls.

CHANDRALEKHA.

**November** 11 This morning Supriya Sodar and I represented our College League at the breakfast given by His Excellency, Sri Medhi the Governor of Madras at his residence, Raj Bhavan, Guindy. We felt very honoured indeed to be in the company of so many distinguished people, including Mrs. Tara Cherian, the ex-Mayor of Madras. The splendid breakfast was run on a buffet system in the garden. We were very much

impressed by the Governor who so kindly came around to each of our tables to talk and joke with his guests. Then, after breakfast, we attended the Annual Conference of the Guild of Service. It was indeed a profitable and enjoyable experience.

SHANTA MATHEWS.

**December 22** Today at 3.30 p.m. we held the Christmas Tree in the College Compound. Almost three hundred women and children, who had been given tickets beforehand received gifts of clothes, toys and sweets. Reverend Mother Superior distributed these, and also presided at the short entertainment of song and dance provided by the children from the cheris. The Leaguers had prepared them for this during the last few weeks, and the children did very well indeed. It was obvious that they enjoyed entertaining others !

KUMUDAM PANIKKER.

**February 2** Six of us went to Nochikuppam today at 4.20 p.m. We distributed milk powder, donated by the Guild of Service, to the mothers of the families there. They were very eager to have it, and so it soon vanished. We had to exert all our energy to control the excited women, but we soon had them lined up in order and so each one got her share. We explained to them how to use the powder. They were very happy.

G. INDIRA.

## THE SOCIAL WORKER AND RURAL RECONSTRUCTION

ANY social work which claims to be scientific deals with the causes and not merely with the symptoms of a social problem. This applies also to rural reconstruction in India.

Villages supply the life blood to urban areas and receive little in return. Thus we have the ugly spectacle of urban prosperity growing out of the exploitation of villages. Agriculture is degenerating. There is an overwhelming amount of ignorance, poverty, superstition, squalor and disease. No nation can hope to go ahead on the road to freedom, peace and progress, if it leaves the bulk of its population in such a plight. The problem no doubt is very great, but it is our duty to see what we as students can do to rectify this disparity.

There are serious problems involved in this work. There is the unwillingness of students to leave the city, and the shortage of time at their disposal. Constructive work demands



continuity of effort. If the work is to be of lasting value, the spirit of self-help should be firmly implanted in the minds of the villagers. Great ingenuity and caution are needed here because the ultimate success or failure of the work depends greatly on the mode of approach. The approach should be direct, natural and practical to win the confidence of the villagers who are extremely wary of strangers. The villagers should feel that social workers have something in common with them. The economic approach should be carefully broached to avoid the open hostility or antagonism of vested interests.

The most practical method is to win over the younger generation by playing with them, by encouraging and inspiring them. Their minds are growing and they are willing to have more knowledge and are ready to change. If tactfully handled by a social worker, they will respond favourably and their co-operation will go a long way in solving the problem of rural reconstruction.

The co-operation of the school teacher should be sought if there is a school in the village. This may be done by supplying the school with pictures, explaining the spread of diseases, and by securing that the teacher inculcates an interest in hygienic habits among the children.

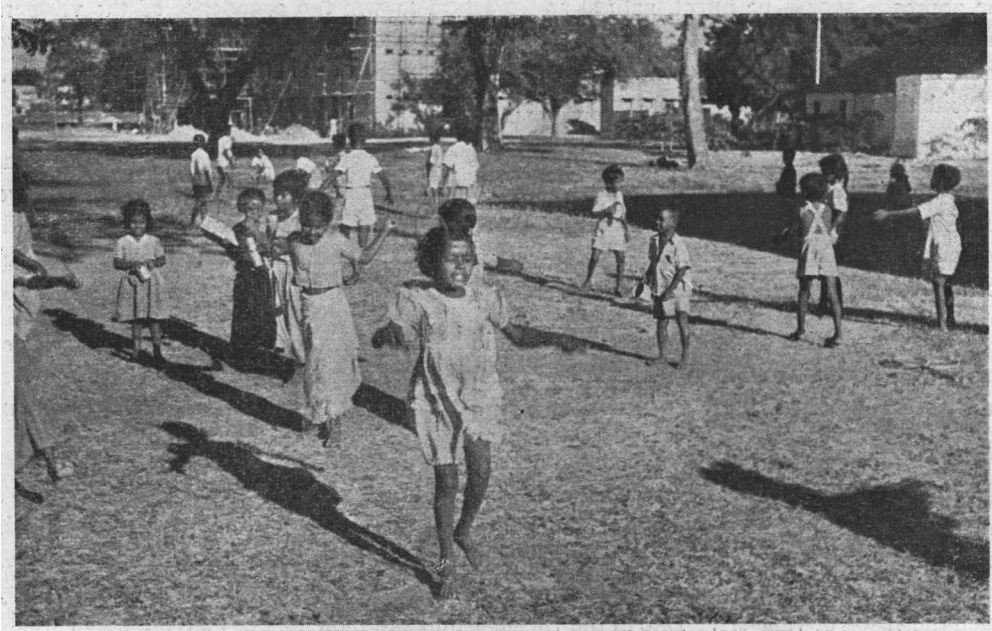
The social workers should demonstrate the sanitary as well as the aesthetic side of cleanliness, till the villagers themselves, through shame or persuasion, take it up. Village folk are simple and ignorant. Medical treatment is an unknown luxury to them. Persuasive methods are needed to rid the minds of these villagers of superstitious beliefs. Literacy classes for adults should be started. Adult education is a means through which Social workers may widen the vision of villagers. Life in the village is dull and monotonous ; anything new would be of interest to the villager provided it is not beyond his comprehension. Visual instruction by means of films, charts, pictures and posters would be of great help in promoting adult education.

The social worker should try to instil a new spirit in rural life. She should try to convey a message of hope and cheer through recreational activities such as music, games, group dances, dramatics, exhibitions and the like. There is no rigidity about the programme. Finance is not a very serious consideration for rural work. Physical and mental exertion are needed more than money. Each village is an isolated world with little outside contact. Social workers should help to shake off this conservatism, prepare them to accept the good things of cities, such as knowledge, enlightenment and scientific achievements. They should introduce a new atmosphere, new and progressive ideas and a message of hope and cheer.

M. C. SAROJA,  
*Diploma in Social Service.*

## SOCIAL CASE WORK

### IN THE STELLA MARIS WELFARE CENTRE



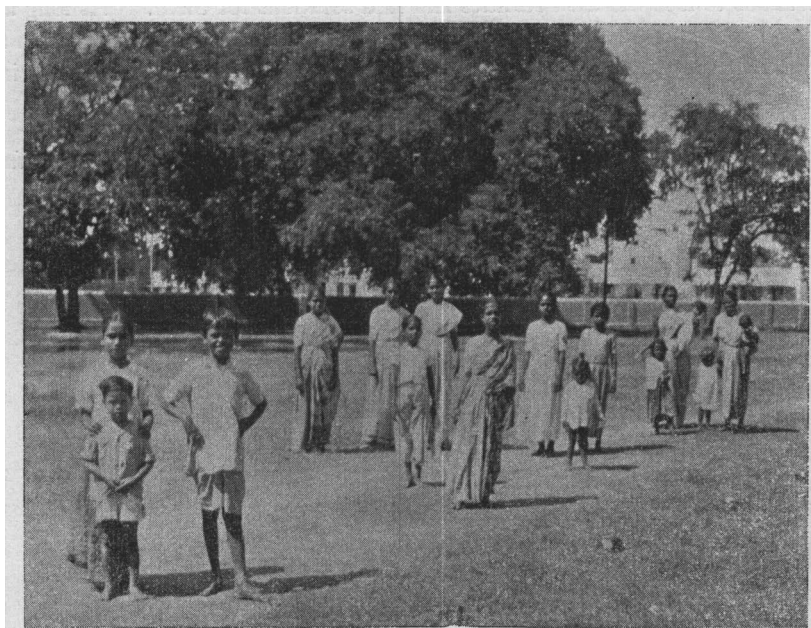
Cheri children enjoy themselves in the spacious grounds at Teynampet

ORGANISED Social Service is not mere relief work, and social workers are not simply philanthropists. This is evident from the way in which modern techniques of Social Service are put into practice more effectively by the young social workers at the Stella Maris Welfare Centre, Teynampet. The interesting part of the welfare activities of this centre is the practice of social case work. In fact the trained social workers are as busy as the doctors and advocates in diagnosing and treating the difficulties of their respective clients !

Social case work is a method based on respect for the individual human being. The case workers know very well that unless the needs of individuals are met, any amount of service to the community will be futile. Numerous clients with economic, social and moral problems are interviewed and counselled and many have been helped to solve their oppressing difficulties. Pure science and mere material aid cannot remedy the pains and sorrows of the heart whereas sympathetic understanding and personal contact can help the individual to face their hardships in life.

The case workers come across many sad realities of life in their interviews with clients. There was a time when a destitute woman with her two children came to the social worker asking for help. Indeed the welfare centre is not a home for the destitute and does not encourage giving help at odd times indiscriminately, yet the worker was willing to help her in

some way. The initial 'intake' interview revealed the sad history of the client who had come all the way from Erode in search of her husband whom she believed to be living somewhere in Madras ! She had no relatives to shelter and direct her. The few coins that she had would hardly suffice for a day. Case work proved that even such cases could be helped. The worker explained to the client her helpless situation and made her realise that the only way to solve her difficulty lay in her own hands. She had to work and support her children in a more decent way. The social worker also made her understand that it is more respectable to work hard and earn her living rather than to beg on the streets. With the support of the social worker the woman obtained a job with a salary of rupees one twelve per day. Now she has her own little hut and her two little daughters are attending school. She has brought her thirteen year old son from Erode. To supplement her income the boy has agreed to work. Her home life is peaceful and more secure. She is grateful to the social case worker who has helped her to find work and a home for her children.



On their way to the Welfare Centre

Material aid like milk, clothes, wheat and corn alone will not suffice to help the illiterate and ignorant women but case work should go hand in hand with it to prepare them to accept and utilize such services to their greater benefit. Therefore it is the duty of the case worker not only to determine the eligibility of the clients but also to find out how they profit by such aids. The case history of one of the clients testifies to the above statement. A woman, a picture of ignorance, came to the social worker with her twins, only a few days old. She had lost her four previous children in their infancy. Her sickly husband is unemployed for nearly three weeks every month. Poverty coupled with ignorance has brought untold pain to the poor woman. Many of her neighbours have wounded her feelings unknowingly by

openly expressing their doubt about the survival of the puny babies. Therefore the case worker comforted and encouraged her and registered her for the milk. In all simplicity the woman started learning the fundamentals and to her the very surprising lessons in child-care and hygiene : feeding the baby at the proper time with well-prepared milk and keeping their bodies covered and protected had to be explained to her. Home visits revealed the utter poverty and helplessness of the client. Now it is nearly eleven months since she was registered and the babies are alive and slowly improving and gaining weight. She knows how to anoint their tender skin with cod liver oil and expose them to sun light. She knows how to prepare clean milk with the powder. She is ever so happy and proud of her babies however weak they may be. She belongs to one of those many families for whom the centre is the only source of help and comfort in this locality.

Many more such incidents could be narrated. The hundred clients present a hundred different problems. Charity and individual approach alone can help the suffering, poor and needy individuals to face the hard realities and find solutions for them. 'As long as you did this to one of these my least brethren you did it to me.' These words give strength and courage to the social case worker to approach and heal these oppressed and needy individuals and fellow human beings in their difficulties and handicaps.

*A Social Worker.*



Sewing Class at Teynampet

# THE DOMESTIC

## CAT

‘Some . . . are mad, if they behold a cat.’

SHAKESPEARE

WE all like to cherish something and so as children most of us enjoyed keeping pets on which we lavished much care and affection. Among pets the dog holds first place, then comes the very popular domestic cat, these being the only two quadrupeds admitted into the home of man. Although not a firm friend of man as is its canine relative, the cat makes a comfortable companion, its contented purr and expression of calm repose adding a note of cosiness to a room.

So ancient is the origin of the domestic cat that it cannot with certainty be ascertained from which particular wild species it is derived. It is curious to note that it is not even once mentioned in the Bible, in spite of the fact that it was well known in such countries as Egypt from very early times. Here it was venerated under the name of Aelurus, a deity represented with a human body, and the head of a cat. So highly esteemed was it that a number of embalmed cats have been discovered in ancient Egyptian tombs. The death of a cat was the occasion of great mourning when the inhabitants of the house shaved off their eyebrows, whilst the killing of a cat was an offence punishable by death. Its movements and cries were regarded as omens influencing the lives of the people. Among the Romans too, the cat held a place of honour, the goddess of Liberty being represented with a cup in one hand, a broken sceptre in the other and a cat at her feet.

With regard to colour, it has been observed that white cats with blue eyes are almost deaf. The explanation of this, as suggested by Mr. Wallace, is that black pigment is essential for the proper action of the sense organs and that the absence of colour in the skin is usually accompanied by a similar absence of pigment elsewhere.

The sense in which the cat is most deficient is that of smell, thus forming a marked contrast with the dog. Life, however, is full of compensations, and so to balance this deficiency the cat possesses an extremely delicate sense of touch in its vibriss or whiskers. These are in reality only greatly developed hairs with enormously swollen roots, to which delicate nerve fibres are connected. By means of these fibres the slightest touch on the extremity of the whiskers is transmitted to the brain. The cat's whiskers are one of its great assets, particularly useful during its nocturnal explorations when they serve the purpose of a blind man's cane. Cats have another advantage in the night. The pupils of their eyes are extremely sensitive, contracting into a mere line when the light is strong and dilating greatly in the darkness thus enabling them to absorb almost all the available light rays. Hence the expression : cats can see in the dark.

Under ordinary circumstances, when neither attacking a foe nor caressing a friend, the cat is the embodiment of contented indolence. How she revels in her idleness as she curls up into a ball, purring softly, occasionally bestirring herself to lick her paws and rub them gently against her face. Not that she is incapable of spirited action, as we see in the case of kittens, which are perhaps the most delightful and vivacious of all young animals. Watch a kitten at play. Once it discovers something movable, be it a ball, a shoe, a piece of string or even merely a dry leaf, what a wonderful time it has, and what a charming picture it makes! It is elegance itself : every movement of its little head, every pat of its velvet paw, every whisk of its furry tail is accomplished with such attractive daintiness that even those who are not cat lovers can rarely resist a kitten.

Like most carnivora, the cat is a tender and affectionate mother. The care with which she transfers her young ones and the industry with which she continually washes them are too well known for comment. Should they be separated from her, she will spare no pains to recover them. There are instances of cats making a two mile journey to regain their lost kittens. So strong in fact is the maternal instinct of the cat that when deprived of its own offspring it will bestow its affection upon the young of other animals, even including those of its natural enemy—the dog.

The strong antipathy existing between the cat and the dog is one of the most curious instances of inherited instinct. Even a young kitten which has never before seen a dog, will, on being approached by one, immediately arch its back, and begin to hiss and spit with hatred. Hence has arisen the common adage ‘ to lead a cat and a dog life ’ ! After living for some time in the same house with a dog, the cat gradually becomes reconciled to him, the two even becoming very good friends. Birds are by nature the prey of the cat, but there exist rare instances of the cat making them its friends and even protecting them from other less friendly cats.

The cat’s greatest use to men is as a catcher of rats and mice. In this respect they are as valuable as any Pied Piper in reducing the numbers of those little rodents which multiply with such alarming rapidity. In some countries, for example Paraguay cats are also employed to kill snakes, which however, they do not eat.

The domestic cat is truly ubiquitous. Go to each of the five continents and you will find him there, wherever civilized man dwells.

His final honour is that of having contributed a number of proverbs to the English language. We have, for example, such expressions as : ‘ To bell the cat ’, ‘ To grin like a Cheshire cat ’ and ‘ In the dark all cats are grey ’.

MISS MEERA PETER,  
*Lecturer in Zoology,*  
*Stella Maris College.*

## CAPTAIN

### COOK

NO, no! I'm not the Captain Cook who explored . . . , who explored . . . , well, of course you know without my having to tell you what he explored ; but what I invite you to explore with me is the good ship ' Kitchen ' which I took over as captain.

It was all the result of the inaugural meeting of our College associations. The speaker of the evening was a distinguished personality who gave an eloquent speech pertaining to the aim of education for women. He insisted that a woman's duty is to learn thoroughly the art of cooking. This got stuck in my mind and started working vigorously.

Next day, I was no longer a college student, but a cook. Poor aunt was all too happy to learn that I was going to emancipate her from the iron clutches of the kitchen that day. I got hold of my cousins to help me. When my aunt said, ' Too many cooks spoil the broth,' we parried with, ' Many hands make light work.' And as you can guess from the title, I was the leader of our gang. All the members of the house, right from the master to the last servant eyed us suspiciously wondering what we were going to turn out in the end.

The first problem we had to face was how to make the fire. Well, as you may suppose by now, none of us knew the A B C of cooking, for never had we tried our hand at it before. Naturally therefore, it was hard to solve any problem and this, the first, was not solved easily. This initial difficulty seemed inauspicious. After an hour's struggle, and a waste of a dozen matches the entire house was choking with smoke.

At last we managed to start cooking. There is no need to tell the whole procedure step by step. It will suffice to tell you the consequences. The job, on the whole was long and enervating. By the time we got out of the kitchen, the kitchen was no longer itself. It was a regular pandemonium. We had to search for each utensil, for we had considered it below our dignity to seek the help of our aunt. The ' Puris ' we had prepared were a little better than India rubber and the rice was soggy. There was excess salt in one dish and lack of salt in the other. When we tried to taste the pepper-water, we started sneezing so much that we could not get near enough to taste it. As I was cracking my brains to search for the cause, one of my cousins remembered that I had emptied the pepper-pot into it. This I could not deny.

There is no need now to add that everybody grumbled at us, especially at me. Our preparation had inevitably to find its proper place in the dust bin, as even our dog refused to taste it. It was my duty to beg my aunt's pardon on behalf of all and to promise that I would never again poke my nose into any matter beyond my capacity. She readily forgave me and said, ' From experience comes faith . . . . '

R. SHANTHI,  
*I B.A.*

## A STORY OF DARKEST AFRICA

IT was a habit of mine each time I entered the drawing room to look up at the painting of my great-grandfather. He was a fine-looking man with grizzled hair and a long curling moustache. On this special occasion as I looked up at him I realized that beyond the fact that he had spent almost all his life in Africa I knew nothing about him. I asked my mother to tell me all she knew about him and it was only then that I heard his wonderful life story and tragic death.

My great-grandfather, Mr. O'Hara, was an engineer in charge of road making in Voi, which is about thirty miles on the Mombasa side of Tsavo. Tsavo was at that time very undeveloped and man-eating lions were common there. Almost every day one would hear that someone had been killed and eaten by a lion.

One day, during the construction of a road from Voi to an important mission station near Mount Kilimanjaro, my great-grandfather camped with his wife and children in the Wa Taita country which is about twelve miles from Voi. That night as they lay in their tents great-grandmother awoke suddenly and thought she could hear a lion prowling around the tent. She woke great-grandfather and he spoke to the shikari who was on sentry duty, but the shikari said it was only a donkey.

The night was very hot, so great-grandfather opened the back door of the tent. They went to sleep again, then suddenly my great-grandmother woke to find that great-grandfather was not in the tent. She called out but got no answer. Then she heard a sound among the boxes outside the door. She went out and found her husband lying between the boxes bleeding profusely from his head. She tried to lift him but could not, so she called to the shikaris to help her, but they refused, saying there was a lion beside her. She looked up and saw the huge beast about two yards away, glowering at her. Then a shikari fixed his rifle and frightened the animal away. The shikaris lifted great-grandfather on to the bed, but he was quite dead. For the rest of the night the lion continued stalking around the tent as if it wanted to regain its prey. At daybreak it disappeared and great-grandmother got the shikaris to carry great-grandfather on an improvised stretcher to Voi. The only comfort the doctor who carried out the post-mortem examination could give her was that great-grandfather had suffered no pain at all, he had died instantly. The lion had seized his head in its mouth and its long fangs had sunk through his temples until they met again in the brain.

He was buried before night-fall in a peaceful spot, and thus passed away a brave pioneer who had devoted his life to the development of Africa.

MAUREEN GIBSON,  
*Pre-University.*



## TRYING TO TEACH

OFTEN I used to think that the teacher's profession was the easiest. I would say to myself, 'How nice it is to be a teacher ! I can just come to class, tell them something and go away. I can give them tests every week. Above all I have to fear none of those horrible examinations.'

Next morning Mummy woke me up saying, 'Please help your sister with her lessons. Teach her something. Her exams are fast approaching.' The very word 'teach' made me feel as if I were flying in the air. I gladly agreed and commanded her to come to me with her books. She showed me a problem and wanted it to be explained. I imitated my teachers and remarked in a mocking tone, 'You are a dunce — not able to understand such a simple problem. Come on. I shall tell you how to do that.' I did the sum and got the correct answer. Now came the terrible problem. It was all right ; I got the correct solution, but I had to explain it to her. Her first simple, unanswerable question was this, 'Why do you multiply and not divide ?' I said that it was multiplied simply because it had to be like that. She was somewhat dissatisfied with this answer.

Next she brought her English book. I asked her some questions. She gave no satisfactory reply. I got angry with her and scowled at her. I even went to the extent of beating her. Thus I made a mess of everything, and made myself and others miserable.

When I retired that night, I thought over all that happened during the day. I realised my mistake and was very sorry. I apologised to my sister.

From that day I never attempted teaching. I admire teachers and have a great regard for them. I still hope that one day I may become a teacher. For that I will incessantly pray to God, even as Lear said :

'Give me that patience : patience I need.'

V. SARASWATHI,  
*II B.Sc.*

## A TALE OF A TAIL



Close Examination of a Specimen

Now a tail might seem a useless thing  
With which to take up time,  
But wait, before you judge it so,  
To hear this little rhyme.

The tails of many animals  
Are put to diverse uses  
Indeed, I'm sure you'd be amazed  
To hear of all their ruses.

Have you heard of *Lygosoma* ?  
He's smaller than his name ;  
A bright red tail he carries—  
His only claim to fame.

Woe to those who try to chase  
This lizard, wise and wily,  
He speeds away in greatest haste ;  
His tail—he leaves behind him.

And soon, the poor pursuer  
Finds, to his consternation  
That he has nothing but a tail—  
For *Lygosoma*'s out of station.

And now perhaps you'd like to hear  
Of that jolly *Madame Shrew*  
Who has ' so many children  
She does not know what to do.'

And yet she keeps each little shrew  
As safe, as safe can be—  
The first one bites on *Mamma's tail*  
The others follow—one, two, three.

And then there is the Pangolin  
Whose tail is quite a beauty—  
For carrying Baby Pangolin,  
It serves a noble duty.

Oh there are tales and tales galore,  
Of tails that can be told.  
Perhaps by now you are convinced  
With those that I unfold.

Ah there is not a wiser rule  
Than this — to use one's head  
But let's salute those creatures too  
Who use their tails instead.

T.T.



Collecting Sea-shells on the Sea Shore

## HER LAST SACRIFICE

SPLASH, splash went the water on the roads as sleek cars whizzed by. Men and women, old and young, rich and poor were walking up and down the busy roads with umbrellas. But not a single eye turned towards the little dark girl, clad in rags, who stood staring at the sweetmeats kept in the show-window of a restaurant. Her large, round, beautiful but melancholy eyes took in everything that was there. Her lips could be seen twitching and her fingers were tightly clutched together. She stared at the jelabees, then opened her tiny hand and looked at the brightly glittering four anna coin, the reward of her day's work, which lay on the dirty, rough palm. Slowly she closed her fingers over the coin again and lifted her dreamy, tear-filled eyes. She pictured herself eating joyfully but immediately her thoughts wandered to her starving mother and little brother. She shook her head and wound her way through the crowd.

She had hardly walked twenty paces when she noticed a gaily-decorated toy shop. There in the window stood the doll of her dreams. Her eyes filled with tears again. She could not hold them back and slowly the stream of tears flowed down her smooth, dark cheeks. She raised a hand—a thin skeletal palm—to her sunken cheeks and wiped away the drops. Again she shook her head and walked away,—she felt ill. Her little heart seemed to burst with sorrow.

The little girl came to the edge of the road to cross over to the other side. She clutched the coin tightly in her little palm. She ran and ran, but suddenly on her right she saw a monster—and then she knew nothing more.

The rain kept falling in a drizzle and soon the city was enveloped in the calm silence of the night, broken only by the soothing sound of the raindrops. The morning dawned bright and cheerful and the clear, melodious voices of the vendors pierced the pleasant silence of the morn. Elderly people basked in the morning sun and read the newspaper. On the last page, in a corner, was written—'Accident. An unidentified, dark girl was fatally run over by a truck. In her palm was a bright four anna coin.'

MAYADEVI SHENAI,  
*I B.Sc.*

## MY FAVOURITE

### HOBBY

ONE of the blessings left to man after his banishment from Paradise was the gift of laughter. Anyone can tell you that the surest cure for many a headache is a good, hearty laugh. Laugh and the world laughs with you, as the popular saying goes. And when you are in a downcast mood, what better to cheer you up than a joke-book? Above all things, I love to collect jokes. The jokes of the world are many. There are the immortal ones lasting from generation to generation, and there are those bright new ones, one hears nearly every day.

A joke is any little anecdote that either relates a person's slips or contains a word with a double meaning. The first category also includes the unconsciously foolish things people say or do. Human nature is not perfect, and its faults are often amusing. The second category comprises puns and witty sayings; that is the type of joke more in vogue today.

It's really astonishing how well men can pun in the English language. For instance, there is the famous triple pun in which the three sons of a widow start a cattle ranch that they name 'Focus'. Why? 'Focus', they say, 'where the sun's rays meet' (sons raise meat).

Once started, the urge to continue collecting takes hold of you. You will find books piling up with marvellous jokes, and yet more coming in every day. It is more worth while to collect jokes than anything else—stamps, photos, coins or anything that you can merely gaze at in doubtful ecstasy. Your joke-books are a never-failing tonic when spirits droop. Laughter is legal, they say. And even if it were to become illegal, it could not become more desirable.

When all is said and done, the joke collector is the more popular type of person than the type always browsing over stamp collections. Your collection of jokes is always a better subject to bring up in a conversation in company than data about stamps. No normal person could find interest in such things. But the joke is of universal interest, and one who can tell a joke well is respected by his companions.

The joke-collecting hobby remains with you throughout your life. You just cannot give it up. Perhaps you decide to do so, but the very next new joke you read or hear, you will find yourself faithfully recording it in your joke book. Your collection is never complete but keeps growing and growing. You'll always have an unheard-of joke to bring up to amuse listeners. Reading them through, their absolute pertinence comes home to you even better when they are read a second time. You can never tire of them. This is one of those few hobbies that are not put aside with childhood toys.

Do you find it difficult sometimes to break the ice, when speaking to a stranger, at a party, anywhere? Try a joke. It cannot fail if you tell it well, and you will have done your good deed for the day. The rest of the conversation will just naturally swing into easy channels. Are you tongue-tied when standing on the platform to give a speech? Start with a good joke, and you will feel the audience grow more receptive and kind-hearted towards you. Do you have to teach a dry subject to an unappreciative class? A sprinkling of jokes in your lectures will insure their better attentiveness. But mind, the jokes must be good and new ones, and not those repeated a hundred times over that everyone knows on the tips of their fingers. Otherwise you are in for an embarrassing silence, with one polite titter.

Meanwhile read every joke you can and enjoy it.

TERESA ABRAHAM,  
*I B.Sc.*

## POLE

### SAGA

OR THE RIME OF THE C.S.U. DELEGATES 1958-59.

She fixed us with an eye distressed  
 'There was a pole' quoth she,  
 'In Bangalore it took its rest,  
 And ne'er came back with me.'

'Let search be made,' we cried, irate,  
 'From Salem to Arkonam,  
 For poles, in gold are worth their weight,  
 And few there are who own 'em.'

Nor pole, nor perch, nor rod forsooth  
 Could ever be detected;  
 By common toll on college youth—  
 Another was selected.

*C.S.U Delegates returneth  
 much distraught with the  
 lore of the loss of the  
 flag pole at Bangalore.*

*They searched with all  
 their might.*

*They failed*

*and had to buy another.*

And so, with flag, and pole brand-new  
On Bombay they descended  
'This pole shall never leave our view,  
Till death 'twill be defended !'

*They guarded it well.*

With nail and tooth, through thin and thick  
They fought to guard their standard ;  
Yet by some strange fantastic trick  
That pole again meandered.

*Again it disappeared*

'Tis with the Padre !'—Would 'twere so !  
Yet not the smallest splinter  
Revealed itself to friend or foe  
Did it become a sprinter ?

*And so forthwith another  
search was made*

From Peddoes Road to Bombay Dock,  
Through many-halled Sophia  
With haggard eye and dangling lock,  
Searched high and low—and higher.

*in Bombay*

'Come back, dear pole, oh sweetest pole,  
Our flag is left unmated.'  
We tempt and wheedle, coax, cajole—  
The pole just won't be baited.

*but alas*

Appeals, entreaties, all to naught,  
The shame of loss was drastic,  
No pole could purchased be, or bought  
In wood, or brass, or plastic.

*Their plight was now much  
worse for none could be  
found to buy*

'Let's borrow one !'—no easy task,  
'Alas, we have no knowledge,  
Where we a flag-pole may unmask,  
In school or club or college.'

So chits were writ and phones were rung  
To hire, beg or borrow  
A stick whereon there might be hung  
Their flag upon the morrow.

*or borrow*

At last, nigh driven out of wits,  
They got a kind donation—  
'What though our flag it hardly fits,  
It saves our reputation.'

*except a makeshift*

So holding borrowed pole aloft,  
They solemnly paraded ;  
Unfeeling critics loudly scoffed  
To see them thus degraded.

*and the nemesis was  
derision from others*

And large before them seemed to loom:  
The wrath of Alma Mater :  
'No use to ponder on our Doom  
We'll think about it later'.

*remorse from conscience*

The verdict on this sorry case  
Was this—'Your penance—no less—  
Shall be that for full forty days  
Your flag must flutter . . . pole-less !'

*a penance from Alma  
Mater*

S. M. POLERIDGE.

## **A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF EASTERN AND WESTERN MUSIC**

A WESTERN musician, journeying through Oriental countries, listening attentively to the songs he hears in every passing town and village, will find a new world of music opening before him. He will at first feel bewildered and overwhelmed, experiencing an unexpected sense of ignorance about the art he thought he knew so well. And this is also the reaction of many Indian musicians towards Western music.

Very often we fail to appreciate the music of other lands and for this there are a variety of reasons. One is ignorance. Basing their judgment of the foreign music upon a distorted rendering by a noisy street troupe, some make no attempt to understand or appreciate it, but condemn it outright as simply 'noise'—at best perhaps 'the least disagreeable of noises'. Others are prejudiced and so the beauty and charm of an unfamiliar music escapes them. The concentration of sounds and percussions to be heard in a Chinese entertainment provokes only laughter among certain Westerners, whilst there are Orientals who find a New-York jazz band or the grandiose performance of a Symphonic Orchestra equally absurd. We are certainly creatures of convention and limitation, each delighting in his own mode of musical expression and finding, on first hearing, the unusual and unknown bizarre and disagreeable.

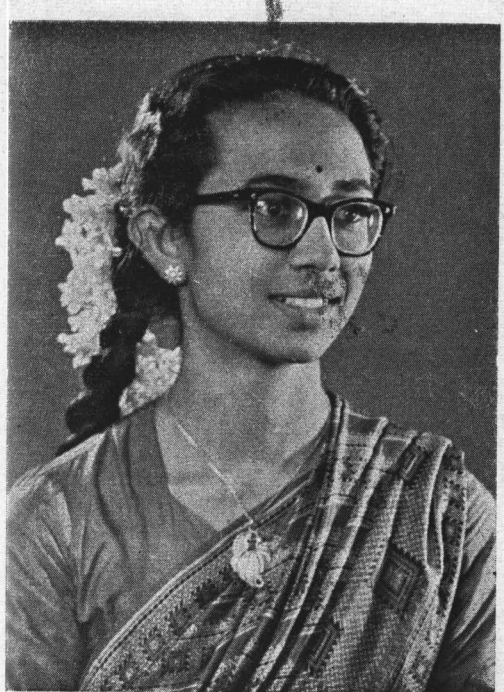
But this incompatibility is actually only apparent. In reality every music has its secret charm, which can be discovered when the hearer learns to attune himself. First he must divest himself of his natural superiority complex in favour of his 'own' music, preserve an open and unprejudiced mind and study something of the theory of the new



## OUR TRAVELLING PRESIDENTS



Rita Lovett, President of the College Union.  
C.S.U. Delegate to Hongkong,  
Delhi and Bombay



Rita Devasagayam, Vice-President of the  
College Union, represented the Madras  
University at the Inter-University  
Sports at Jubbulpore



Melanie Noronha, President of the C.S.U.  
Delegate to Delhi and Bombay



Patricia Emmanuel, President of the Hostel.  
Delegate to Overseas Seminar at Bombay



Some of the Staff in a happy mood on Sports Day



Our Class Representatives

system he now hears for the first time. Then he must have the patience to listen long enough and often enough until the new music traces a track in his memory and he acquires a certain stability of resultant emotion.

Let us then consider the respective charms of Eastern and Western music. Throughout the Orient, music possesses a basic similarity which is in marked contrast with the music of Western countries. Whilst the dominant factor in Oriental music is *melody*, that of Western music is *harmony*. In the first case notes are related to definite notes of a raga and in the second, to varying chords. Indian melody is produced by the regulated succession of concordant notes, while Western harmony arises from the agreeable concord of various related notes. Hence Indian music has developed solely along the lines of melody whereas the greatest development of Western Music has taken place in the region of harmony.

The music of the East is essentially subjective. Not being intended for the entertainment of an audience the art has remained unchanged for thousands of years. Music in the East is song. From century to century it has been handed down orally from teacher to pupil, parent to child and priest to novice. It is not written and so has not been disseminated by publication. It is the language of poetry, the chant of the devotee. It is intended not for the concert hall, but for the shrine, for the social and the religious ceremony. Based as it is on the self-sufficiency of the human voice, Oriental music is essentially vocal even today, and being individualistic in character it is necessarily melodic. On the contrary, music as evolved in Europe and America, is a combination of melody and harmony. Here there existed large, populous cities where choirs were formed and inventive genius created numerous instruments covering a wide range of sound. Their music was produced, not so much for the individual, as for the entertainment of large audiences, which a temperate climate permitted to assemble comfortably in enclosed concert halls. Speaking in general, one may describe Oriental music as individualistic or intuned, and Western music as communicative or out-turned.

As regards the substance of sound there exists a great difference between the East and the West. In Western music minor scales are usually associated with sadness or yearning, and major scales with joy and mere commonplace emotions. But for Oriental musicians this major mode is only one of a total of 72 *melakartas*, and so even scales with flattened thirds, sixths and sevenths will be used to denote joy and gladness. However, to Western hearers almost all the modes of Oriental music sound 'minor' and seem to convey a note of melancholy.

Another difference lies in the technique employed to produce a sense of contrast. For the Westerner the main device is modulation—but not for the Oriental. His contrast is based on the many different ragams or modes and combinations dexterously utilised to express a great variety of emotions. Hence the sound medium which is to form the substance of the entire song must be introduced to the audience at the beginning of the performance in a free extemporisation—a kind of 'tuning in' process. It now remains for the singer or player, following the inspiration of the moment, to create as many embellishments and variations of the original sound material as he is able to devise. For, unlike the Western musician, he is bound by no printed page. The manipulation of tone and volume, so important to the

Western musician, is also relatively unimportant to the Easterner. Due probably to the subjective character of Oriental song, priority is given to the science and emotion with which the song is sung rather than to the 'expression' and variety in sound quality which presuppose the presence of a critical audience.

A final contrast lies in the contradictory spirit of the two types. Western Music resembles the world by day—a concourse of vast harmony, composed of concord and discord and many disconnected fragments. It is a dance of variety leading us through the rise and fall of human grief and joy, an eager quest after wayside beauty. 'Life', it sings, 'is an enigma, having many claims upon man. But far from losing heart, we will hammer out a solution.' Oriental music, especially Indian, is on the contrary, the world by night—one pure, deep and tender raga ! Its spirit is elusive and transcendental, drawing its listeners beyond the confines of human experience into the realm of solitude and mystery. Finally, while Western music sings of the wonders of God's creation, Eastern music whispers to the heart of man, evoking in him a kind of spiritual restlessness and yearning for the far-distant and the infinite.

But all this contrast and contradiction is not to be deplored. Diversity enriches. Does not life itself teem with contrasts—is it not twofold—light and darkness, joy and sorrow, material and spiritual, human and divine.

*Music Department,*  
S. M. C.

S. M. C. Choir



## 9 O'CLOCK

### MESS !

MONDAY morning has dawned in all its glory. There is a great hurry and flurry throughout the household. Anxiety is portrayed on every face, as we want to be in our schools or colleges at the exact time. There is a great commotion as it is nearly 8 o'clock. Both office, college or school-goers have got to be in their respective places at the correct time. It is only at that time that my younger brothers give a lot of trouble to dress. My sister busily scans her Zoology as she will have a test that morning.

Somehow we manage to give the finishing touches to our clothing and sit down to a hasty meal. By that time it is nearly 9.30 or so. Then after a great deal of pushing and pulling, we at last get into the car.

Now comes the climax of everything. The car refuses to start. No matter how much we have hurried and scurried, all our efforts have been in vain. When everything can take pains, why cannot the car also do its share? After a great deal of tugging and pushing, the car shows some sparks of life to everybody's relief. But the next moment all our relief is transformed into looks of dismay: the car after a low grunt refuses to move once again. Then the driver comes to the conclusion that there is shortage of petrol in the car! It is now past 9.45. There is hardly a quarter of an hour left for us to reach college, and for my brother to be on time for school.

The driver runs with the can to the nearest petrol bunk. The man in charge of the bunk has gone out. The driver has to wait for the great man's return. At last the driver comes with the petrol to feed the car. Then only the 'old fellow' agrees to start without further ado for he must have his breakfast too.

We are now on our way to college. When we come to the main road the policeman on duty stops us in order to regulate the traffic. It is nearly 10 o'clock with only a few minutes left for our comfort. What does the policeman know of the great hurry we are in, as he so rudely stops us! At last, to our relief, we reach College just a few seconds before the bell.

By now my sister is at a great loss: she has with all the fuss completely forgotten all her wonderful Zoological terms and names.

This mess is all the worse, especially when one of us has a special class. Now all this fuss can be reduced if everything is done in time. But the trouble is that everyone puts off everything till the eleventh hour.

SHANTHA GANESAN,  
*I B.A.*

IN

## THE CHEMISTRY LAB

IT was on one of those long Saturday afternoons. It may seem to you as nothing but stupidity but at the moment my partner and I actually thought—jumped to the conclusion—that we had discovered something new.

The experiment was to add Sodium Hydroxide to a solution of Manganese Sulphate in drops to excess, which should have resulted in a white precipitate quickly turning brown. We began the experiment—one held the tube, the other searched for the two chemicals and poured a certain amount of Manganese Sulphate into the tube, while I added the other chemical in drops. One . . . two . . . three . . . I added ten drops, at every moment expecting a change—a reaction to take place. But when nothing happened I was taken aback with surprise. My partner coaxed me to add some more of it as most probably what I added was not enough for the amount of Manganese Sulphate we had taken. No . . . still the solution refused to change colour.

Then we thought that we had discovered some new experiment which others did not know and began to build castles in the air about what our lecturer would say when she found out our discovery. This news soon spread like a fire in a forest and the lecturer and the demonstrator came running to us. We proudly handed over our valuable work and waited impatiently for her praise.

The lecturer looked at the tube with the solution, turned to us and asked sternly where were the bottles of chemicals which we used. We did not know why she was looking at us like that. One of us ran to the shelf and brought back the two bottles. She quickly picked them up, and on seeing their labels burst out laughing.

We felt a bit annoyed not knowing why she laughed like that. She then said, 'You will please repeat the experiment which you were expected to do now.' With quivering lips I began to repeat it. When I said . . . 'Manganese Sulphate' . . ., she stopped me, and showing one of the bottles asked, 'What is this?' I looked at her and then at the bottle. I felt horrified and stupefied, for the label on the bottle grinned at me with these words—'Magnesium Sulphate'!

JANAKI KRISHNAMURTHY,  
*Pre-University.*

## **FIRE !**

**I**T was about three o'clock in the morning when I woke with a start, the cries of ' Fire ' still ringing in my ears. At first I thought I was dreaming but when I heard the cries of terror mingled with those of agony, I ran to the window only to stop aghast at the scene I beheld. The whole neighbourhood seemed a prey to the fire which raged on, engulfing everything that came in its way. I stood paralysed with horror and dismay, but when I realized the danger we were in, I ran to wake up my family. We tried to save what we could, but the hissing of the flames and the heat made it impossible for us to remain any longer in the house. We dashed for the nearest door and were just in time, for the roof had already caught fire and a huge beam came crashing down behind us.

We moved a few feet away and watched, with tears in our eyes, our home and all our belongings go up in flames before us. The eerie-looking sheets of fire rose higher and higher, twining and swallowing up every object in its path and the sparks flew about in every direction. The dry timber and strong breeze helped to glut the greedy flames. The hissing and crackling of the fire and the occasional sounds of falling beams were almost unbearable. We could see half-dressed figures hurriedly moving about and helping the distressed victims. Some helped to shift belongings from threatened houses while others bravely fought the flames to rescue those who were trapped within the houses.

The air was filled with frightened cries for help. The men tried to conduct the half-fainting women to the neighbouring houses. Already a huge crowd had gathered and some were watching the pitiful scene as though it were a show. It seemed a full half-hour before we heard the bell of the fire-engine and cries of joy rose from our lips. Saved at last ! Though it was pretty late there was still some hope for the other houses. The firemen fought the fast spreading fire bravely, leaping in and out of the debris and sending up sheets of water. The leaping flames recoiled from the onslaught of water. After an hour of hard, fierce battle the fire was brought under control, only to leave behind a black mass of debris, among which lay the charred bodies of a few villagers. The people ransacked the ruins hoping they would find even a fraction of their belongings. But in vain. They could not cheat the fire, no more than they could abate its fury.

It was really a pitiful sight to see the row of houses reduced to an ash-heap. This incident left such an unforgettable impression on me that I fear I shall be haunted by it for many more years to come.

**PADMINI PALPOO,**  
*Pre-University.*





A view of Darjeeling sent by Rita Miranda

## NATURE

LET a little song appeal to the ear or a noble book to the heart and for a moment at least, we discover a new world, a world so different from our own that it seems a place of dreams and magic. So is it with nature.

Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and Southey were some of the world's greatest interpreters of nature. They were men who had the faculty of making 'the common seem uncommon'. To Wordsworth a daffodil and violet were objects of high esteem. He composed verses of them.

'A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye ;  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.'

These men presented to us the bird and flower, wind, tree and river just as they were and remained content to let them convey their own message.

Nature and its beauty ought to haunt man all the days of his life. Nature inspires a glow within us—a kind of new life.

When grief and sorrow seem to overshadow your life, then  
'There are sweet fields that lie  
under the mountains  
Where life runs pleasantly  
like little fountains.'

The streams and hills should be our constant companions.



All artificial pleasures soon grow tiresome, but the natural pleasures which man so easily neglects are the chief means by which we can hope to derive permanent and increasing joy.

To study nature is like exploring a new and beautiful country. Today man feels he has no time left to admire and contemplate nature. However, he must try to develop that sense of beauty so that as Shakespeare says,

‘ This our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in everything.’

CECILIA KURUP,  
*I B.A.*

## A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

MOONLIGHT nights are beautiful all over the world, but in the tropics they are more frequent, and also more pleasant than in colder climates. They are more frequent because in the tropics for eight or nine months of the year the moon never wastes its beams on banks of clouds that intercept its light to the earth. They are more pleasant because the climate invites the inhabitants of tropical countries to go out after sunset and enjoy the cool night air, whereas, except at midsummer, the dwellers in cold and temperate climates prefer to take the air at midday, and see little of the moon even on the limited number of the days in the year during which the sky is free of clouds.

In the sunny south, the mild splendour of the moon is particularly delightful in contrast to the glare of the ardent sun that has been shining all through the day. The restful feeling inspired by the quiet of night and by the refreshing coolness of the air puts the mind in a proper mood for the enjoyment of the beauty of a moonlight scene. In daylight some views are beautiful and others are the reverse, but moonlight has the magical power of beautifying whatever it shines upon. In the hot weather of India the grass is burnt brown, and the bushes and trees pine for want of moisture. When this is the case, the sight of a rural landscape fails to give pleasure to the eye in the daylight. But look at the same scene in the soft light of the moon, and all is changed. The burnt grass and bushes then show no trace of wilt, but under the flood of moonlight look as beautiful as a poet's dream of fairy-land.

The same magical transformation affects many of the works of man under the influence of the moon. Scott recommends those who would see Melrose at its best to visit its ruins

by moonlight when the buttresses of grey stone seem to be framed alternately in ebony and ivory, and the sculptured images are edged with silver. The same advice is often given to those who contemplate a visit to the Taj Mahal at Agra. But even ordinary buildings look beautiful by the light of the moon, under whose magic spell stuccoed battlements and white-washed domes and minarets seem to be made of pure white marble. Forests are beautiful by day, but even more beautiful by night. It is difficult to imagine anything that could more fully satisfy our sense of beauty than a walk in the Mahim palm groves,

‘When the deep burnished foliage overhead  
Splinters the silver arrows of the moon.’

Yet equally beautiful is the spectacle of the moonlit ocean, when we see a broad path of silver light stretching before us to the distant horizon, and no sound is heard but the gentle murmur of the advancing and retiring waves.

V. VALLI,  
*Pre-University.*

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE GROTTA

**A**FTER the trip to Europe, my mother asked me which place I liked the best. I replied, ‘the whole of Italy.’ She was very upset and asked me in a serious voice, ‘Don’t you prefer Lourdes?’—I told her calmly, ‘Mummy, I cannot compare Lourdes to any other place. It has a special meaning for me.’

Lourdes ! That word brings before my eyes the basilica and the grotto where thousands and thousands of people are kneeling down, and raising their eyes towards Our Lady. The atmosphere which reigns there is a special one. One cannot express Lourdes in words, one can only feel it. When our group went there it was raining. Even so no one wanted to stay in the hotel, but all rushed towards the miraculous grotto.

We stayed there four days, but these four days were and will be the four unforgettable days in all my life. After lunch I went by Rue de la Grotte to the church. When I first set foot in the compound of the grotto a kind of fear took possession of me. I felt that I was not worthy to see the holy place where Our Lady appeared a hundred years ago. Even then the grotto attracted me and I was recollecting all my requests and thanks to Our Lady. But how sad ! When I stood near the grotto, I forgot all about my neighbours and myself

and knelt down on the wet ground, for it was raining, just looked at our Mother who really looked at me and promised to take care of me. I remained in this position till my friends called me for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Usually in the college and in the hostel I do not join in the singing. But when the song 'Lauda Jerusalem' filled the whole church, I joined without my realizing it and I felt that the angels and saints were present. Then only I recognized how true were the words I heard about Lourdes—a heaven on earth. Well-dressed gentlemen, young and old were carrying the sick on brancards. This scene really touched my heart and made me take a resolution not to be proud. Women helping would not have impressed me so much as seeing the men doing this work of charity.

Men and women of all nations were kneeling on the ground with outstretched arms as they said their rosary together in a spirit of penance.

After the procession we made the Way of the Cross round the hill behind the church. At 8.45 p.m. began the torch-light procession. I call it the procession to Heaven. Thousands, with lighted candles in their hands, thousands of men, women and children were singing the beautiful 'Ave, Ave Maria.'

Another very impressive thing in Lourdes is that the inhabitants of that city are very, very helpful and they have a great trust in the Lady of the Ave Maria. Everything is marked with the picture of Our Lady.

Finally, I must tell you that I never prayed for myself nor for others. I told Our Mother that she knows everything and all the intentions, so I begged her to grant all these needs. Now whenever I am tempted, if I recollect Our Lady of the Ave Maria standing in the grotto, I triumph over my temptation. Lourdes is indeed the gateway to Heaven.

JAYA MOUTTOU,  
*VI B.Sc.*

[Jaya Mouttou joined the Pondicherry Pilgrimage to Lourdes—June 1958.]

## AN EXPERIENCE

### I'LL NEVER FORGET

A few years ago I went to Mayar for the summer vacation. It was just a little modern village surrounded by mountains, hills and forests.

One bright evening as my friends and I could find no other amusement, I suggested exploring the nearest forest. She readily agreed. My mother, however, was worried and warned us not to go too far into the forest and asked us to return soon.

So we went into the forest together, admiring the tall eucalyptus trees and the brightly-coloured wild flowers. The air was cool and crisp. The beautiful surroundings and our interesting conversation made us forget time or distance. Finally we sat down on a flat rock for a rest.

After a little while Shanthi, my friend, noticing the dark clouds said it was better for us to return home. The path we followed ended abruptly. To our bewilderment we found that we were lost. We tried other paths but all seemed to end abruptly. We did not remember by which path we came. By this time it became very dark and began to drizzle.

Suddenly Shanthi pulled my sleeve and pointed at something. What do you think it was?—a heap of bones and the skull of some animal. The place was thickly surrounded by bushes.

'It's probably the hide-out of a tiger,' suggested Shanthi. I shivered at this idea. The forests are supposed to be famous for tigers and elephants. We started running and suddenly I felt something pulling my skirt from behind. Perhaps it was the tiger. I screamed. I did not dare to look back. But Shanthi giggled and freed my skirt from the thorns. The rain started pouring heavily. We were drenched and were shivering with fright and cold. Our legs began to ache. We sat down on a rock. 'The lost children in the forest', remarked Shanthi. 'Whatever can we do if a wild animal comes here now, especially an elephant?' I asked. Shanthi started weeping. I thought of my mother. If only I had listened to her!

Shanthi's sudden scream woke me from my thoughts. 'Look there! Something black is moving. Look over the shrub.'

Of course I too saw something black and big moving.

'It's coming towards us, it's an elephant!'

'It's not one but many!' Sure enough many black 'things' were coming towards us.

Shanthi pulled my hand and started to run in the opposite direction. My legs gave way. My heart leapt to my throat. I just could not run. I was quite sure that it was our last hour. Tears filled our eyes.

Suddenly we heard someone laughing just behind us. Yes, it was a clear laugh, a human being's laughter. Perhaps it was a ghost! No, no ghost could laugh like that. We turned round. Oh, the sight not only relieved us but made us laugh too. What do you think it was? The 'black things' were a herd of buffaloes and the man was the herdsman. He eyed us suspiciously. Naturally no one would have expected to see us in that place at that time and in that position.

We tried to explain our condition to him and begged him to show us the way to the camp. But soon we realised that he was Canarese and knew no Tamil. We were discouraged, but somehow we made him understand us.

Soon we faced my angry and worried parents. My mother had phoned to my Dad and had sent the servants everywhere to find us. We received a good scolding that day.

In spite of the scoldings and sufferings it was a grand adventure. I must admit that many more times we went to the forest to 'explore' nature, but we were careful then to note the path and never once did we lose our path afterwards.

S. LALITHA,  
I B.A.

## THE HISTORY OF OBSERVATION

'Make me observe, oh Lord, that even in the littlest Thou livest.'

WHEN I read this prayer I realized that our lives are governed to a lesser or greater degree by observation. Those who live without facing life live in the clouds; those who do not observe the greatness of morality are immoral. Each one of us has the gift of observation but like all faculties it has to be developed.

Science can be said to be the history of observation mixed with a right proportion of imagination. There have been scientists who have observed something new, but have not had the imagination to recognize it as new. There have been others who observe little but imagine too much and distort truth completely. As a result, there has been much which could have been discovered years sooner.

Liebig, one of the giants of Chemistry, received for examination a vial of a liquid resembling the then well-known iodine chloride ; he put it aside after a superficial scrutiny. Some years later A. J. Balard discovered bromine and demonstrated its elementary nature. Only then did Liebig suspect his error—a more thorough investigation of the liquid in the vial showed that it was bromine. But the truly great learn from their mistakes . . . Liebig placed the vial with a suitable label in a special cupboard, his ' armoire des fautes ', that is a cupboard for mistakes . . . ' to remind me ', he said ' how a discovery of greatest importance can be lost by acting on preconceived notions ! '

In the second case the truth is so distorted that it takes years of work later on to prove the older scientist wrong. Kolliker, who has great discoveries to his credit, found the hectocotylized arm of Phyllonexis. Many scientists had found curious sucker-like structures in the female mantle cavity. Kolliker and others described them as parasites ; one assigned them to the Phylum Platyhelminthes with the name Hectocotylus. Later it was discovered that this Hectocotylus was actually the detached arm of the male Phyllonexis.

Darwin, one of the greatest Zoologists, knew nothing of the mechanism of heredity but he put forth a theory for heredity the origin of which was not the result of any experimental work but mostly of imagination.

The Austrian monk Gregor Mendel, however, had the great gift of observation and perseverance. He had a trained and controlled imagination and thus discovered the laws of heredity correctly.

This may seem pessimistic to people who consider mistakes made by great people a depressing topic. But in reality it is an optimistic subject because it gives courage to those who have failed to observe. It makes them think that even great scientists have fallen and that ' real greatness lies not in never falling but rising up everytime one falls '.

C. N. HEMALATHA,  
IV B.Sc.

## HOW TO BE

### A POET

HOW is one to be a poet? How is it that so many men have laboriously tried to compose poetry and have failed, while young men like Keats and Shelley found it child's play? The answer is that nobody can be a poet by the force of his will. It is a natural gift not learnt nor acquired by practice. That is the reason why poems appear to be so personal; they seem to lay the heart and mind of the composer bare before the eyes of the reader. A poet cannot fix the hour and the time for his work. It is left to some mysterious source to inspire him and only then can he write—at least write what is worth reading. Hilaire Belloc proves this in his essay 'The Onion Eater'. He had been working for a year at a poem on joy, but he could complete it only while he was riding his 'kind and honourable horse' up a Sussex hill. There the beauty of his surroundings inspired him to complete the poem.

An intimate love for nature often distinguishes them from other men. To Wordsworth nature was his guardian and teacher. For him nature was full of life and joy. He describes the daffodils as dancing in glee and he sees the laughter of the sea. Nature charmed the youthful poets Keats and Shelley, and worked its spell even on Puritans like Milton. They help us to see the beauty of our ordinary surroundings, their poems touch our hearts so deeply and arouse in us whatever poetic impulses we may possess.

The marvellous imaginative power of the poets is by no means a thing not to be envied. The common man sees a beautiful flower—he sees only a flower. But to the poet's imagination, even a dry leaf conveys a message. Poets penetrate to the depths and reveal the beauty that is hidden from the eyes of most people.

The poetic mind and eye is sensitive to every subtle change in nature. Not only does the poet respond to the beauty of every new form and mood, but he has also the power to express his thoughts. Both Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy were very sensitive to nature, but only he could express his feelings.

But when all is said and done it is only the poet himself who can recognise another genuine poet. Coleridge, the most poetic of all poets, has left us a description of a truly inspired poet in his picture of Kubla Khan :

' Beware ! beware !  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
Weave a circle round him thrice ;  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.'

K. PUSHPA,  
I B.Sc.

# LINDEN HOUSE

**GHOSTS!** The very thought of them makes one shudder. Eerie things! Such were my feelings when I first heard the news.

It was then a fresh rumour among the townspeople that 'Linden House' was haunted by unseen bodies. Curious legends grew around these beings. 'Linden House' was long left uninhabited, partly due to inconveniences and partly due to superstition. The last tenants were forced to flee because of the menace caused by these invisible agents of havoc. Since that time 'Linden House' was abandoned and neglected and no mortal soul ventured to cast a dim suspicious glance at it.

According to every shade of public opinion 'Linden House' was infested with spirits. One of the popular tales with which I was familiar was that these ghosts caused strange sounds and were often heard to tap and knock at doors. They were confined to one room and it seemed as though they had not the heart to pollute the rest of the house with their impure presence. The room which they inhabited was small and dingy. Its doors and windows were tightly fastened. There were no attempts to open them and they remained permanently shut. There were, however, cracks and crevices big enough to let a cat pass through in the walls and at the corners, through which spherical objects gleamed. This room seemed to house a family of ghosts for they often fought and their shrill screams could be heard from a distance. Often one could hear footsteps if one made bold to keep close to the walls. There were diverse opinions, yet all seemed to be one on the point that the landlord's father had died in that room.

Years passed and everything changed except 'Linden House' still occupied by the ghosts. Improvements and advancements were made in industry and agriculture. The only drawback was the absence of an ideally-suited building for the departments. At last the corporation decided to choose 'Linden House' for it held a commanding view of the fields and country all around. The villagers hesitated to enter 'Linden House' and to break the peace of the 'gods' within. Nevertheless it had to be done and the chiefs of the place decided to offer sacrifices to appease the spirits.

The person in charge of the committee was a foreigner and so refused to accept the deep-rooted beliefs and tales centered around 'Linden House'. Despite the great reluctance of the people he ordered 'Linden House' to be opened and cleaned. Every heart sank each time something was heard or something moved. All the other rooms were swept and cleaned except the abode of the strange beings. Furious speeches and strikes occurred when this place was ordered to be cleaned. Finding his efforts useless, the chief led the workers and tried to open the door. The noise caused disturbed the peace of those within.



There was a fierce uproar and a thousand voices seemed to emerge from inside. The mob outside were terrified and awe-struck. Several knelt down and prayed to be forgiven. Others appealed to the chief to abandon his idea. Many were speechless and others who were more sensible fled from the place. All these elements of anarchy and confusion disheartened the chief and he thought of retreating for a moment. But he mustered all his courage and made the people put their full trust in God. In the name of God he struck the door again and the great obstacle gave way.

Many were horrified at the ghastly sight ! Strange things much different from what they had expected fled past them. Yet some remained in their ancestral quarters. It was difficult to fix the exact identity of these figures because of their deformed features, partly due to starvation. Nevertheless they seemed to bear some resemblance to something very familiar to the people. What exactly—they could not explain at that moment. There were rows and lines of these figures. One by one they flew past their spectators.

It required some moments for the invaders into this private apartment to realise at what they had been looking. They felt very confused and much astonished. The room was of course infested—not by the usual race of haunters, but by a new generation. Out of the supposed haunted room crawled four cats and twenty-three kittens, all mewling, which gave a clue to their position in the animal kingdom.

G. KAMALA,  
*II B.Sc.*

## BE

### OPTIMISTIC

EVERYONE has to put up with inconveniences at one time or another and however much one tries, inconveniences just cannot be avoided. They often lead to a good deal of moaning and groaning. But why not turn these sighs and tears into chuckles and smiles by being optimistic like Chesterton? He saw the funny side of everything: to him 'an adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered and an inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered'.

There is little doubt that trivialities can at times be very upsetting, but moping over them does not in the least help. It is definitely more fun to learn to transform inconveniences into adventures.

In a hostel one has to put up with many inconveniences. A girl settles down to a well-earned sleep after a hard day's work. No sooner has she laid her drowsy head on the pillow,

than bang, bang, crash ! The cat takes a high jump over her study table and sends her precious instrument box flying. This is really most annoying ; but she can find satisfaction in it if she visualises not a clumsy black cat but an attack of burglars or a real live tiger prowling around, whilst she is fortunate enough to be able to sleep on through it all. Meditating on masked burglars hunting for her set squares, she finally succeeds in falling asleep only to be awakened by a scream followed by blood-curdling guttural sounds emanating from her friend who is apparently experiencing a most thrilling nightmare. Her words are not in the least comprehensible but that in a way lessens their pitch and so the poor victim must resign herself and lend her unwilling ears. But once again her imagination comes to the rescue—her friend becomes a poor raving lunatic, pathetically uttering a whole lot of gibberish. She herself is on the alert at the thought of being caged up in the middle of the night and fears for her own safety. The effort of planning ways and means to protect herself so preoccupies her that she becomes unconscious of the neighbouring vociferations and drops off to sleep again.

Another not infrequent occurrence is the sudden ‘ stoppage ’ of water at a critical moment—just when you have lathered your face with soap. You are in a terrible hurry to get to college but cannot possibly present yourself ‘ all soaped ’ so what are you to do ? Hopefully you turn and return the tap—but no, there is not a drop of water. Could anything be more exasperating ? Yes, it could—picture yourself crossing the Sahara desert, the rays of the sun burning your very scalp, your lips parched and dry, whilst you are scarcely able to walk. Deeply engrossed in these thoughts you suddenly feel a refreshing drip of water on your soapy hands. You exult, ignorant of the fact that you have been waiting patiently for a good half hour.

Electricity cuts and repairs are the students’ daytime nightmare. Just on the eve of an examination when you are getting into form off goes the light sending many students into fits of despair. But all the worrying in the world will not make the slightest difference, so why not be reminiscent and picture yourself in the Black Hole of Calcutta or let your imagination carry you back to primitive days and join the world’s first inhabitants who lived their solitary life with no artificial light to brighten their surroundings. Imagine yourself aimlessly picking up two flint stones and rubbing them together and ‘ Hey presto,’ what do you see ? a spark ? Yes sure enough the electric lights are really on again and the waiting didn’t seem too long.

To mention the numerous inconveniences one comes across in daily life would take up too much time and space. However, inconveniences we all admit are not rare but it is up to each one in his or her own way to use a little imagination and so make life pleasant by changing inconveniences into adventures.

DOLORES NORONHA,  
*Pre-University.*

## ON FORGETTING

### WAYS

**BLESSED** are they, at least I consider them blessed, who can remember ways they've come across only once in their lives. I don't quite agree with the psychologists who say that ways and faces can be remembered if only one is observant and takes a genuine interest in remembering them.

Many a time have I tried to observe, and with genuine interest too, all the little shops and sign boards I meet with on my way. Nevertheless in spite of this, I find myself wandering up this lane and down that, without ever reaching my destination although I know perfectly well all the important landmarks I should encounter.

To give you an instance. Shortly after we first came to Madras, I was asked one day to go to the post office situated in the road running parallel to our own—quite a normal request which could be asked of any girl. Greatly perturbed internally, though outwardly most placid for fear of the inevitable teasing, I left the house after making a very careful mental note of its surroundings. Somehow I managed to reach the post office; but how was I to get back home? I really did not know which way to turn. However, hoping for the best I turned at random to the right and started walking briskly along the road. Two more turnings, I was confident, would bring me home; but no, alas, my house was nowhere in sight. Grimly I plodded on desperately searching for those landmarks I had noted carefully. People hurried to and fro; I wondered from where they all came. Feebly I asked a passer-by to direct me. His answer was a long groan interspersed with words which were unintelligible to me. I went on. A few stray cows raised their heads, looked at me with their slow superior air and deciding I wasn't worth knowing, moved on. Small boys were bidding each other a friendly good-bye; everybody seemed so secure and confident, whilst here was I feeling miserable like a fish out of water. To cut a long story short, I was finally picked up by a friend of ours, a mile away from home!

All this may seem incredible to the practical-minded, nevertheless it is perfectly true. However carefully I observe my surroundings and strive to remember my way the result remains the same. I always succeed in getting well and truly lost. Perhaps it is a knack of mine?

P. K. SARASWATHI,  
*II B.A.*

## THE BUDDING ECONOMIST

AT the very outset let me explain what I mean by 'budding economist'—not a learned economist in the making but simply an inexperienced little student who has passed the Pre-University examination and has proudly embarked upon the Three Year Degree Course with economics as her main. Such a person naturally feels very important and dreams of becoming another Marshall or Bentham.

It sends a thrill of pride through the whole family to know that one of its members has successfully completed the much-debated Pre-University course and is about to enter the I B.A. Class. The father of the student visualises a brilliant career for her. He sees his daughter rise to become a prominent national figure, addressing conferences and public meetings, a celebrated personality in the economic world. Younger brothers and sisters regard the new economist with reverential awe. To enroll in the Degree Class is already a great honour, but to enter upon the study of economics holds them spell-bound. Her mother, however, manifests the least enthusiasm, remaining very little affected by the economic spell. She would much prefer to see her daughter suitably and securely settled in life.

As for the student herself, though brimming with excitement to join the course, she has only a very hazy idea as to what economics really means—apart from the fact that the names of famous economists frequently appear in the newspapers, so they must all of course be V.I.P. (very important people), though she sometimes wonders why there are so many economics graduates whose names never find their way into the newspapers. Nevertheless, she is determined for her part to pass her Degree and then become one of these V.I.P.'s—taking an active part in the economic progress of the country.

The new academic year opens and the student arrives at College eager and alert, determined to succeed from the very first day. Impatiently she awaits her first economics period. Attentively she listens to each word that falls from the lecturer's lips and records as much as she can in her brand new notebook. Now she knows the definition of economics as given by famous economists. Excitedly she hurries home, feeling very important to lecture to her poor bewildered mother, sisters and brothers upon her discovery. They listen very patiently and make every attempt to follow the explanation, but somehow it seems to make very little impression.

Three years pass by and the once budding economist has now reached her final year. A good deal of the glitter has worn off and the subject no longer seems to hold the same fascination as before. Now Public Exams loom large upon the horizon and economics is spelt with a small 'e'. Perhaps after graduating the budding economist will develop into a teacher or a social worker and close her economics books for ever? I do not know—time will tell.

K. KALAVATHI,  
*I B.A.*

# CHINESE NEW YEAR

CHINESE New Year falls in late January or early February. For them it is a day of special graces and blessings. It's celebrated with great pomp and splendour.

Preparations for the feast commence days ahead and for weeks the general topic of conversation is 'New Year's Day'. The women and girls are busy baking attractive and delicious cakes, and hunting through old newspapers and magazines for recipes of more fancy dishes. Everyone has to put her shoulder to the wheel and give a helping hand in order to make the day a real success.

As the great day draws near, friends and relatives frequent each others' houses and exchange luscious Chinese oranges and pears. In common with all other festivities, grand new clothes for the occasion are vital and must not be neglected at any cost. Young children are radiant with joy as they receive 'ang pows' or 'red packets' from their dearest friends or relatives. They contain a sum of money given with goodwill in the hope of being blessed by God in turn.

On the eve of the festival the houses are decorated with coloured balloons, flowers and banners so that they look like something new and strange. At night the entire home is floodlit and it is a marvellous sight to see the wonderfully harmonious blending of the various coloured lights.

The dawn of the long-awaited day is ushered in by the thunder of exploding crackers that rouse you from your peaceful slumber. As day brightens the noise of crackers subsides and everyone is busy paying his ceremonial visits to friends and exchanging the customary greetings.

The friends are entertained at table amidst music and revelry. The ladies, in graceful 'cheongsams' and 'sampus', extend a cordial welcome to their numerous friends and hospitably serve the guests.

Entertainments for the evening include films or parties organised by various Chinese associations. The elders spend their time in merry chatter, smoking to their heart's content, and liberally entertaining themselves with strong drink.

As night approaches the activities gradually cease and they begin to revel in sleep.

K. C. KAMALAM,  
*Pre-University.*

## COOKING

### IN THE CHEMISTRY LAB

As a cook dons an apron before starting her work in the kitchen so a Chemistry student puts on a lab. coat before she starts cooking in the lab.

Though we do not expect to serve our concoctions and eat them, the experience in the lab. is compensation enough. The cooking apparatus necessary for the day is taken out of the cupboard, arranged neatly on the shelf, washed first with tap water and then with distilled water, and wiped dry if so needed.

The utensils are comparatively tiny. They are beautiful, transparent: test tubes, beakers, funnels, pipettes, burettes and rods and tubes of every size.

The 'dishes' produced are equally small. In this cooking, moreover, besides solids and liquids, gases are also made use of. Roasting of powders and boiling of mixtures are quite common, and sometimes these take a long, long time.

We are especially fascinated by the play of colours: fading of chromatic substances, the variegated precipitates in the test tubes and the gay flames—all these give us great pleasure.

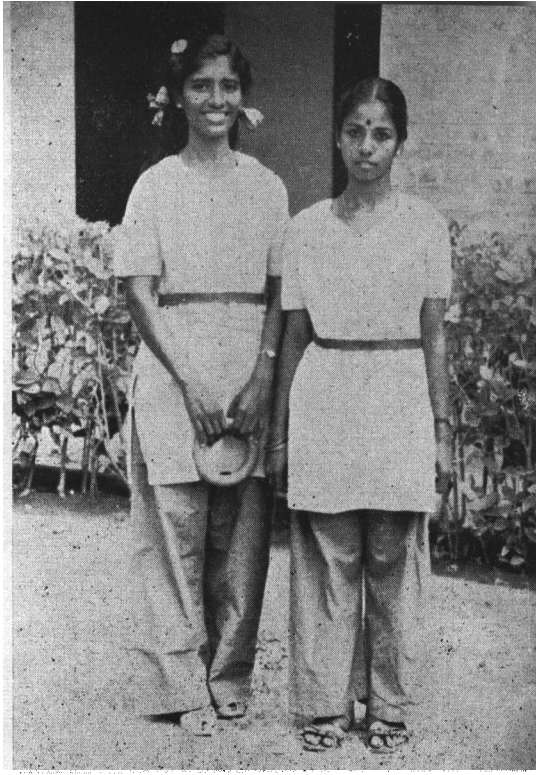
Accuracy both quantitatively and qualitatively is the determining factor. Economy enters in, for the substances have to be used carefully and sparingly. Boiling, filtering and the like are involved in the analysis of salts. In quantitative analysis a slight increase or decrease in volume spoils the whole soup.

There is a family spirit of co-operation in using the chemicals from the side tables when we experiment in a group.

When our experiments turn out correct our joy is perhaps greater than a cook's. But the cook in the lab. serves his dishes to the waste basket or sink—the safest place for them.

S. MAHESWARI,  
*II B.Sc.*

## GAMES



The Tenniquoit Team won the Runners-up Shield



Badminton Team awarded the Winner's Trophy

## SPORTS DAYS

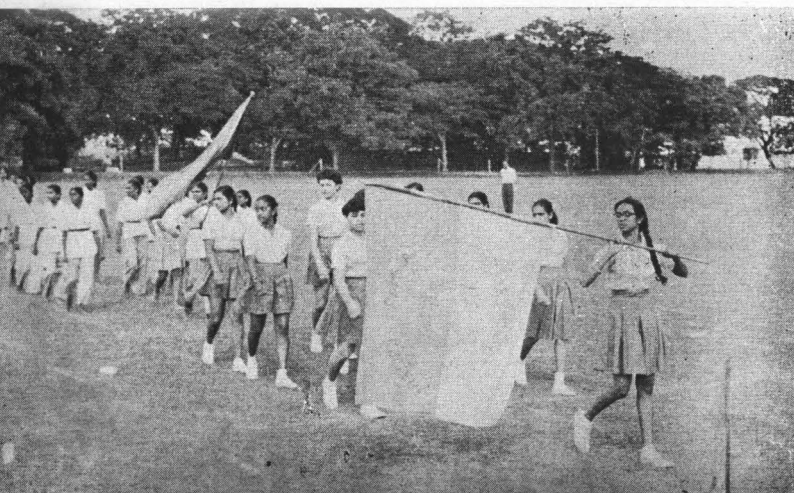
Slow Bicycle Race



Interested  
Onlookers



The March Past  
at the  
Inter-Collegiate  
Sports





Slow Cycling	1st Shanthi Gnanamuthu 2nd V. Valli	I B.A. P.U. 4
Obstacle Race	1st C. N. Kanakalatha 2nd S. V. Seetha	I B.A. P.U. 2
Three-legged Race	1st Gemma Savarinathan Maureen Gibson 2nd Narmada Panicker Padmini Palpoo	P.U. 4 P.U. 4 P.U. 2 P.U. 4
High Jump	1st Kamala Krishnaswamy 2nd Heera Nayak Walza Pillai	P.U. 4 P.U. 1 P.U. 4
Long Jump	1st Rita Devasagayam 2nd Najeema Abdulcader	IV B.A. P.U. 2
Discus Throw	1st Shantha Verghese 2nd Melanie Noronha	D.S.S. IV B.A.
Shot-Put	1st Janet Marley 2nd Shantha Verghese	P.U. 4 D.S.S.
Tunnel-ball Relay	P.U. 2	
Staff Game	Miss A. Mathai Miss Y. Saldanha Mrs. M. Mangaladurai	
Group Championship	P.U. 4	
Individual Championship	Rita Devasagayam	

## TO LAUGH

### OR NOT TO LAUGH

Now who is that tickling my funny bone? Why, who else could it be but Laughter. Who has not felt happy in its company? Even a baby pays its respect to it with a toothless grin, not to speak of the hearty laughter of Nawabs. Wherever Laughter is a guest, it brings along bags of pleasure, but it requires a certain amount of novelty and freshness to keep it in our company as Mr. Hardcastle said, 'I love everything that is old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine and even an old wife', but he does not include old jokes. Even such a staunch lover of antiquities would have found it difficult to enjoy oft-repeated jokes.

Laughter enters every room of life, whether it be the classroom, dining room, office or anywhere at all. For instance, on being asked about the value of nitrate of sodium, a student replied, 'Half the day-rate, I suppose'. Such a remark produces explosions in any class, not only in chemistry.

An ex-printer, who had sought a job as a cook, was one day rebuked by his master when he found a button in the soup. What do you think was the cook's reply? 'Sorry sir, it's a printer's devil—it should be mutton.'

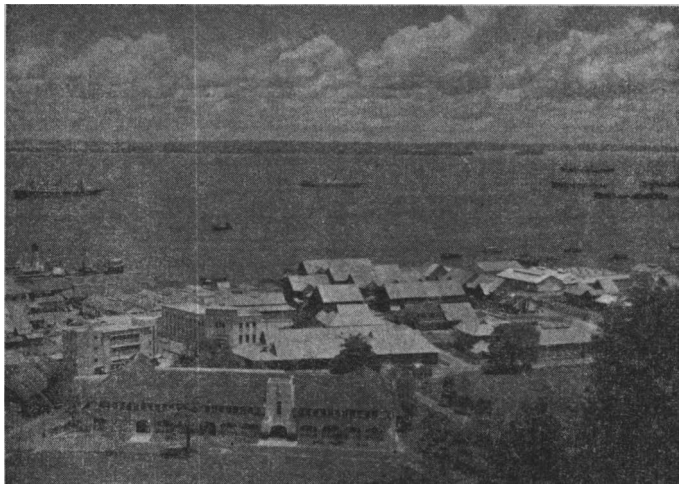
Interviews and viva voce tests result in a high percentage of howlers which the students stammer out in their agitation. There is the story of the young man who was asked what 'isobars' are. He thought for a few minutes, and then the English habit of making a compound word out of the first syllable of one name and the last syllable of another name—exemplified by the contraction of the Montague-Chelmsford Report into the Montford report—suggested to him the answer, 'Large masses of ice from the Polar region drifting to the Nicobar Islands.' It is needless to remind the intelligent reader that isobars are lines on a map of the world denoting equal degrees of atmospheric pressure.

Once an examiner, who could not understand the mumbling of an over-nervous candidate, said, 'I beg your pardon?' The candidate replied, 'I pardon your begging.' Only later, when others began to laugh, did the embarrassed student realise his mistake.

Laughter is sociable. We weep in solitude but laugh in company. Laughter is contagious. It spreads from one to another. So next time take care what you write and what you say lest they put you into quarantine.

R. VASANTHA,  
II B.Sc.

## MY HOME TOWN IN BORNEO



**B**ORNEO is one of the largest islands of the East Indies. In the northernmost part of Borneo are three British colonies, Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo. My little home town is Jesselton, the new capital of North Borneo which, although a young colony, is fast progressing.

It was Jesselton that I saw first when I set foot on Bornean soil in nineteen forty-nine. It was then not very well off since it had suffered much during the Japanese occupation. Most of the former buildings had been bombed and everything was being rebuilt. Now that all trace of damage has been erased it has taken again a quite important part in the British Empire.

One of the attractions that this pretty town has is its calm natural harbour surrounded by islands. The circle of islands shields the harbour from the outer sea and just parts at one place to form an inlet for the many ships that call there. When one stands on the newly-built wharf a beautiful view of a chain of islands covered with a green carpet of vegetation meets the eye.

The town itself, although small, has its own charms. On either side of the roads are shops owned mostly by Chinese 'towkays', as rich merchants are called in Malay. These shops are so built that the shopkeeper's family is able to stay in the same building but on the top floor. Thus, in the morning, there hangs above the shops the day's washing! And little Chinese tots are playing on the grassy islands in the middle of the roads.

Big buildings such as the Jesselton Hotel and Chartered Bank which are the most recent constructions, tower above the town. When you stand on the sea-shore and look towards the town it is this Bank that catches your eye with its box-like windows looking like match-boxes arranged in rows.

People who have seen photos of Borneo have asked me whether I live in a house on poles. It is true that there are many people there whose houses are built in the water and therefore

on stilts. Some of my Indian friends used to tease me saying that we live in such houses because there is no space in Jesselton. Now all such buildings are slowly being removed and the land is reclaimed for new buildings.

My dear town of Jesselton is a cosmopolitan place. Here you meet all sorts of people, of different races, religions, manners and customs : Chinese, Malays, Europeans and Indians besides the native Dusuns. Chinese and Malays predominate and it is they who carry on most of the trade. The former are mostly merchants whereas the latter engage in all trades, from fishing to important posts in the government.

Different races mean different fashions. Chinese women wearing long loose pants and high-collared blouses are a familiar sight. Sarongs similar to the Indian dhoties but colourfully printed and long loose blouses indicate a Malay lady. The Dusuns, who are ordinarily very fair, put on black sarongs and blouses. Round their waists they wear beads, coloured red or black according to whether they are married or not. On great occasions like the Ramadan of the Malays these will be seen going about all dressed in coloured sarongs. The traditional costume of the men is loose pants with a sarong over it. Most of the men however have adopted the Western fashion.

Another thing that Jesselton boasts of, besides its natural harbour, is its sandy, tree-lined beach. This is about four miles away from the town. At this place the land makes a great bend and juts out into the sea. All along the beach are casuarina trees called ' aru ' in Malay. Thus the place all around is called ' Tanjong-Aru ' meaning ' Cape of Arus '. This beach was one of my favourite haunts when I was there and many a time I stood and watched the wonderful golden sunset that is so characteristic of the tropics. Most of the government quarters are situated in Tanjong-Aru, as well as the aerodrome to which Jesselton owes part of its importance.

Thus this little town, discovered by and therefore called after North Borneo's first governor, Sir Jessel, shows every indication of becoming a fine city one day. But I think I would love it better as it is now, a simple and secluded place, its people just as simple and unspoiled, where the grains of vice have not yet filtered through.

USHA BHARATAN,  
*Pre-University.*

## BOTH CHARITY AND REFORM

### BEGIN AT HOME

IT is both natural and useful for man to associate with others, for man is by nature dependent. As human beings increased numerically, association became more and more complex. Tribes gradually became city states, city states grew into principalities, and these tended to become empires. In recent years the idea of a world federation is becoming more and more popular as a remedy for national sovereignty which in the past has been a cause of conflict and war. The Hague Conference, the League of Nations and the present U.N.O. were the practical beginnings of this idea, to complete what was begun in the past by kings and national states to bring order out of the chaos of feudalism. The ideal of course is good, but it has its disadvantages, for whereas people can migrate to another country if their own government is intolerable, this would not be possible if only one supreme government existed, unless some fool-proof system of checks is devised to prevent any form of tyranny. A knowledge of history shows that even the best of human inventions, political, economic or technological, can be and have been subverted to evil ends, therefore something more than a mere re-organization of society is needed. After all, a society is what its individual members are, and individuals are what their ideals and moral standards are. Side by side with social integration goes scientific advancement. Man can fly in the air like a bird. He can live and travel in the deep sea like a fish. But the powerful weapons produced by scientific advance threaten to destroy centuries of patient human labour. Rockets have now been invented to probe outer space. But in spite of these wonderful scientific developments we may ask, 'Are the people in the world really happy? Does peace reign among them?' One cannot but answer in the negative. Why? Because even today the common man is still insufficiently supplied with the three primary economic needs—food, clothing and shelter. There is little security, and as far as education is concerned, though it has become more widespread through public effort, real culture is decreasing, if modern artistic accomplishments are a gauge. Lastly suspicion and distrust, greed and jealousy are poisoning the minds of man. Nations as well as individuals are swayed by self-interest and are ready to prey upon the weaker ones. This spirit of ruthless competition, expansion and exploitation, popularized by nineteenth-century economists who applied to social life the biological theories of 'the survival of the fittest,' has spread over the whole world. A great writer stated that when passion is in, reason is out. Man is envious and greedy, and activated by these evil spirits, he lies and robs his fellow men if he gets the power to do so. Selfishness and injustice must be rooted out and goodness and truthfulness implanted in their place. The two-fold commandment of love of God and neighbour must be put into practice by all. Then only can we get a world where all men's wants are satisfied, where equality and liberty become a reality, where all men can live in peace, sufficiency and happiness. Will there be wholesale destruction of the human race or shall we have a world of peace and prosperity? The answer lies with us: are we ready to accept the moral law which regulates free beings as we

accept the natural law, revealed to us by science, which regulates material beings? This brings to my mind the splendid council of a great thinker :

O brother man ! Fold to thy heart thy brother ;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;  
To worship rightly is to love each other—  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

In conclusion, allow me to complete this essay by a prayer for all humanity :

O God, perfect unity,  
Have mercy upon our divisions ;  
Guard us against the prince of war,  
Save us from pride  
And lust for power  
Which mar the highest endeavour ;  
Open our feeble minds to Thine infinite understanding,  
And our feeble hearts to Thine infinite wisdom.  
O God, infinite Truth and Goodness,  
Unite all minds in the truth  
And all hearts in charity.

A. S. SYAMALA,  
*I B.A.*

## IN THE "BLUES"

**T**HERE are several moments in this life of ours when we see nothing but dark clouds, and feel 'out of sorts', as is popularly said. When these moments come we can no longer see any silver lining to the clouds, for they seem to have the knack of piling up incidents which set us completely against the whole of humanity.

The signs of this despondency are too evident to be mistaken. The face is long and gloomy. A scowl which reminds you of Coleridge's lines :—

' Weave a circle round him thrice  
And close your eyes with holy dread '

sends you miles out of contact. The eyes spell danger. The lips are tightly drawn in a line and not a bristle will enter. The chin is up and the nose higher . . . ' Who dares defy me ? ' sends all scurrying off. If anyone makes the fatal mistake of cracking a joke, it sets

the blood boiling and falls just short of high blood pressure. With girls, however, at this point the tears threaten to flow at the slightest provocation. They announce themselves by the twitching and quivering of the lips in spite of all big talk of equanimity etc . . . . Thoughts take a dreadful turn and the actions of these moments are often regretted all our lives. The bed is often the chief comforter when the pillow gets drenched with the 'Eye-offending brine' and in spite of all scientific progress, though

' Men may come and men may go  
The blues go on forever.'

K. VICKNESVARY,  
*II B.Sc.*

## A CHRISTMAS

### TALE

FATHER, Father, do come and look,' cried Paola to the merchant, Marcello, who was busily writing at his desk. 'What is there, Paola?' he queried but all that the child answered was, 'Oh! Please come and look. It is so beautiful.' So rising from his work he moved towards the window where the little girl stood gazing at the heavens. 'What a beautiful Star! Look,' whispered the child. And indeed its beauty captured Marcello too.

A peal of laughter then burst upon them and looking down into their garden they saw the Holy Francis with their servant, the simpleton Ricardo. 'Again, once again, Brother Francis,' entreated Ricardo, as Francis played with a little lark, throwing it in the air, whereupon the little creature would flutter up, singing for all it was worth, only to settle once more on the holy man's shoulder. 'It praises God, it thanks Him and it loves Him,' said Francis. 'God, love, praise, thanks', repeated Ricardo.

Marcello rushed out and greeted his dearest friend, Francis. 'Come in, Francis, come in,' he begged; and his heart reproached him when he compared his own rich robe to the dusty, tattered garb of the friar. 'No, Marcello, my brother,' answered Francis, 'for now the light will shine in the darkness for a little Child born in a poor stable to make us rich beyond all measure for all eternity,' added Francis. 'The holy friar begged Marcello to provide the manger and straw, the ass and ox from his farm for the Crib to be prepared in the cave by the spring on the hill-side beyond Marcello's lands.

'Eternity!' said Ricardo as he moved away towards the farm to fetch the ass and the ox.

'I shall give you all you want Brother Francis,' agreed Marcello, 'and all that can walk, see and hear shall come to adore the Child,' he continued.

'The blind too must come,' said Francis, 'for they can see Him; the lame can walk to Him; the deaf can hear Him and the dumb,' he added softly, 'can speak to Him.' So saying, Francis went to the cave on the hill-side, calling to all around to come and adore the Light.

A long procession followed after him. Leading the ass with one hand and holding flowers in the other, Paola walked beside her father. Ricardo followed carrying the bundle of straw and leading the ox. 'No, it is for the Holy Child,' he kept whispering as the ox tried to reach the bundle of straw he carried. The shepherds followed with their flocks; the old, the young, the lame, the blind, the deaf and the dumb — all who had received the message of Francis hurried to adore the Light.

As they neared the spring the star seemed to shine ever brighter and Paola began to sing, 'Come, come, come to the manger,' and the shepherds joined her and the hills resounded with this simple melody.

Francisco waited by the cave near the spring for his friends to join him. Ricardo seeing him hurried forward with the bundle of straw and the ox. Paola led the ass into the cave and Francis arranged the straw in the manger and knelt in prayer. Then there appeared like a sunbeam in his thin and worn brown hands — the Child. 'Babe of Bethlehem, Holy Child,' whispered Francis tenderly as the tears ran down his face. Kneeling he laid the Holy Babe in the manger while the ox, the ass and all around bowed their heads in loving adoration.

The Child turned to Francis and smiled and Paola moved closer to place her flowers at the feet of the Holy Babe. 'He is so beautiful, more beautiful than the Star, most beautiful of all,' she whispered and when the little Child stretched His tiny hand towards her she fell to her knees weeping and laughing and all the others did likewise—so full of love and joy were their hearts.

*Translation from a German tale sent by Miss Meera Ziauddin, now studying in Germany.*



## NEWS FLASHES

### FROM THE S.M.C. FLEET

EVERY year more and more of the 'Star' fleet are launched to sail out bravely on the ocean of life, with the knowledge of their destination, their Guiding Star and the Pilot, and the equipment necessary for their journey. Some pick up a first mate sooner or later to make the trip more pleasant, and little by little the crew increases into one happy family. Others, more independent, go in search of more delicate equipment to help them explore distant or dangerous seas. Those of the merchant fleet make themselves useful by carrying cargoes of knowledge and kindness to the little ones at school, or loads of skill to other ports, wherever they go to work. A number of every type have kept in touch with the dock-yards of their Alma Mater, and so we send to all who keep tuned in with us a record of what we heard.



Mr. and Mrs. Srinivasan  
(née C. Veda—1955)

To start with the 1952 group : S. Saraswathi, who finished her M.A. while tutoring in our College, is now a lecturer in Government Training College, Coimbatore. B. Audilakshmi is still in Leningrad, teaching Tamil. Margaret Paul is now a happy mother, looking after her new baby.

Of the 1953 group : Flavie D'Sylva, Vice-President, recently came to College to see us. We hear she has two children now, who we hope, will be future Stella Marians. Mary Manohara is now a lecturer at Osmania University. D. Rukmini is teaching in Mylapore.

From the graduates of 1954 : C. Karakam is teaching in Vidya Mandu, Mylapore. C. V. Namagiri, President, brings her daughter to the College occasionally. K. Ambuja has two children and lives in Adyar. G. Alamelu, also married, is teaching in St. Raphael's. Muriel Colaco and K. Bharathakumari are in Bombay, Mary Rayar is now a lecturer in Nagpur, G. Jayalakshmi is in Bangalore.

Among the students of 1955 we find that K. Usha has two children. M. Usha, President, after finishing her Politics M.A., is doing research at the University. Pramila Daniel is doing the M.Ed. at Meston Training College. G. Annapurna has very kindly offered to give two prizes in Hindi to the best student in the P.U. and B.A. classes of the College.

Betty Xavier is now a lecturer in Raja's College, Pudukottai. Rita Miranda, after teaching two years in Darjeeling, has returned home looking fresh and rosy after her stay in a hill station. Marie Miranda has been a lecturer in Auxilium College, Katpadi for the past year. S. Josephine had the honour of meeting Mrs. Lourdhammal Simon, the Minister. After completing her B.T. Josephine will return to her job in the Secretariat. Nalini Mascarenhas is still in U.S.A. studying music. Emma Devapriam is with us in S.M.C. teaching Art. Rani Pooviah is a student at the School of Art, Madras, and since she is a born artist, likes the course very much. P. J. Leela recently became the mother of a girl. She works in the Secretariat. Also married is M. Saraswathi, who is in Bihar.

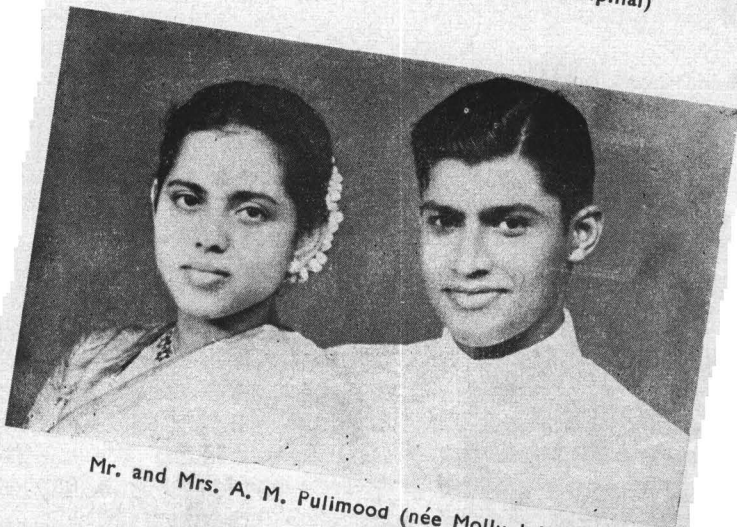
Among the 1956 graduates : we hear that A. C. Prema is in St. Joseph's Training School. Mary Celine Babu finished her B.T. and is the happy mother of a girl. We also congratulate Avril Bamford, President, who has a baby daughter too. Philomena Paul is teaching in Rosary Matriculation School and enjoys it since she has a natural love for teaching. Moira Coelho is married in Mysore. Justine Victor is also married.

To come to the 1957 group : Dahlia Wijesiriratne is teaching in Ceylon. Alamelu, Saraswathi and Mangalam are doing Maths M.A. Pushpa Gandhi is completing her History M.A. V. Soudamini finished her D.S.S. and is now married. K. Sadgun and Jasmine also completed the D.S.S. in S.M.C. Miriam D'Souza is working in Atlas Trading Concerns, Madras. Constance Fernandez is chief secretary in Sarabai Chemicals, Madras. Renu Ganguli is now completing her D.S.S. in S.M.C. Grace Rajaratnam, Vice-President, is finishing the B.T. in Lady Willingdon, where incidentally she was elected the President of the College Union. We extend our good wishes to Loretta Britto who has just been married. V. Jayalakshmi, President, is a tutor in S.M.C. G. Sarala is married as also are R. Vedavalli and N. Padma, now Mrs. Baktapriyar.

Now to come to the most recent 'old students' : B. Lalitha is in Bombay with her husband. Estelle Joseph is teaching in Malaya. Agnes Pillai is doing a commercial course in Madras. Joy D'Sylva is doing the same course in Coimbatore. Sukunda Sukumaran is working for Zoology M.Sc. in Madras Christian College, while Hazel Camoens and Rita Joseph are in Presidency College, also doing Zoology M.Sc. We congratulate Pamela Bala and Parvathi and Harikala who were recently married. Phyllis D'Silva and Vilma Beaver are waiting for appointments in the Reservation Department of the Southern Railway. Shanti Nair, Sudha and Padmini are completing the D.S.S. in S.M.C. Mythili Devi, Vice-President, is at Osmania University, doing Economics M.A. S. Suganthy is a tutor in Auxilium College. Magdalen Fernando is teaching in Ceylon. We condole with her on her recent bereavement. V. Sulochana is married and went to Ceylon for her honeymoon. She is now in North India. Molly John, who did not seem to favour marriage, changed her mind when she met the right person. She is now the mother of a boy and will be returning to Durgapur where her husband is an engineer on the Steel Project. Uma Hariharan, who has kept herself busy studying French at the University, has just been married. V. Sushila passes her time reading poetry and learning the household arts. Ruby Joseph is teaching in Pondicherry, where C. Vimala is working as a Welfare Officer. Nancy Kamala Sebastian is in Ceylon. We extend our deepest sympathy to Jubilee Xavier who has recently lost her father. S. Bakula is teaching Art in St. Raphael's Girls' High School. Kausalya is now at



Mr. and Mrs. Suganthan (née Karuna Koilpillai)



Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Pulimood (née Molly John)



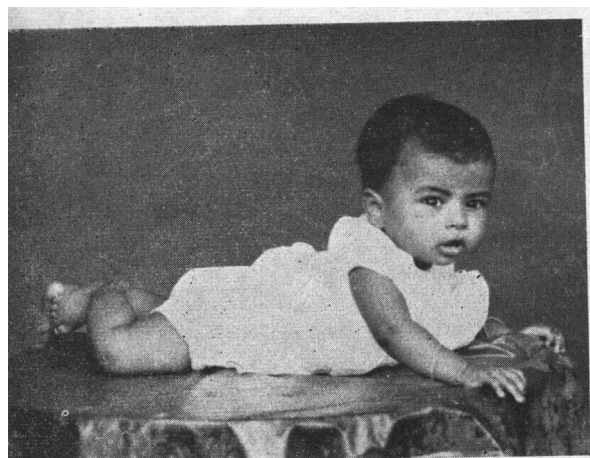
Mr. and Mrs. Gonsalves (Myrtle Pais) with their son "Rusi"



Mr. and Mrs. S. Joseph (née Justine Victor)

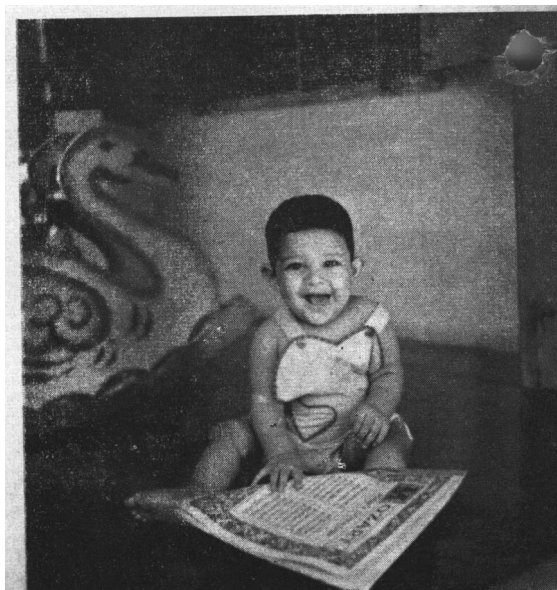


A. Jayalakshmi, awarded the Humanities  
Scholarship of the University  
Grants Commission

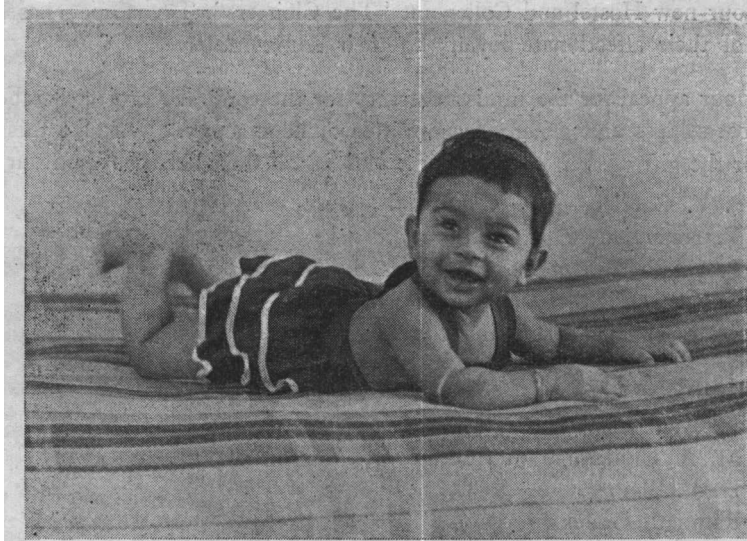


Margaret, daughter of Mrs Chandra Babu  
(Mary Celine Babu)

Joseph, 11 month-old son of Mrs. Joseph  
(Margaret Paul)



her home in Trivandrum. Kalyani, Premalatha and Radha are doing Music M.A. in S.M.C. and have the honour of being the first students for the M.A. Degree from our college. K. S. Shantha and T. N. Saraswathi are doing the B.T. at Lady Willingdon. Congratulations to A. Jayalaksmi who has been awarded the Humanities Scholarship of the University Grants Commission for Post Graduate studies in Indian Music. She continues her higher studies in 'Kalakshetra', Adyar.



Baby Lorraine, daughter of Mrs. Avril D'Cruz

Now if you have enjoyed listening to us, do send us news and photos of yourself and mate and crew, to give others the same pleasure. Though our routes in life may never coincide again, yet we can keep in touch with each other through our Alma Mater, which extends to one and all prayers for God's choicest blessings on you and yours.

VILMA BEAVER,  
*Secretary, O.S.A.*

## OUR

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The whole-hearted devotedness of staff and students in their efforts to raise the funds necessary for our new Hostel and College at 'The Cloisters', Teynampet, has been touching evidence of their affectionate loyalty to their Alma Mater.

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