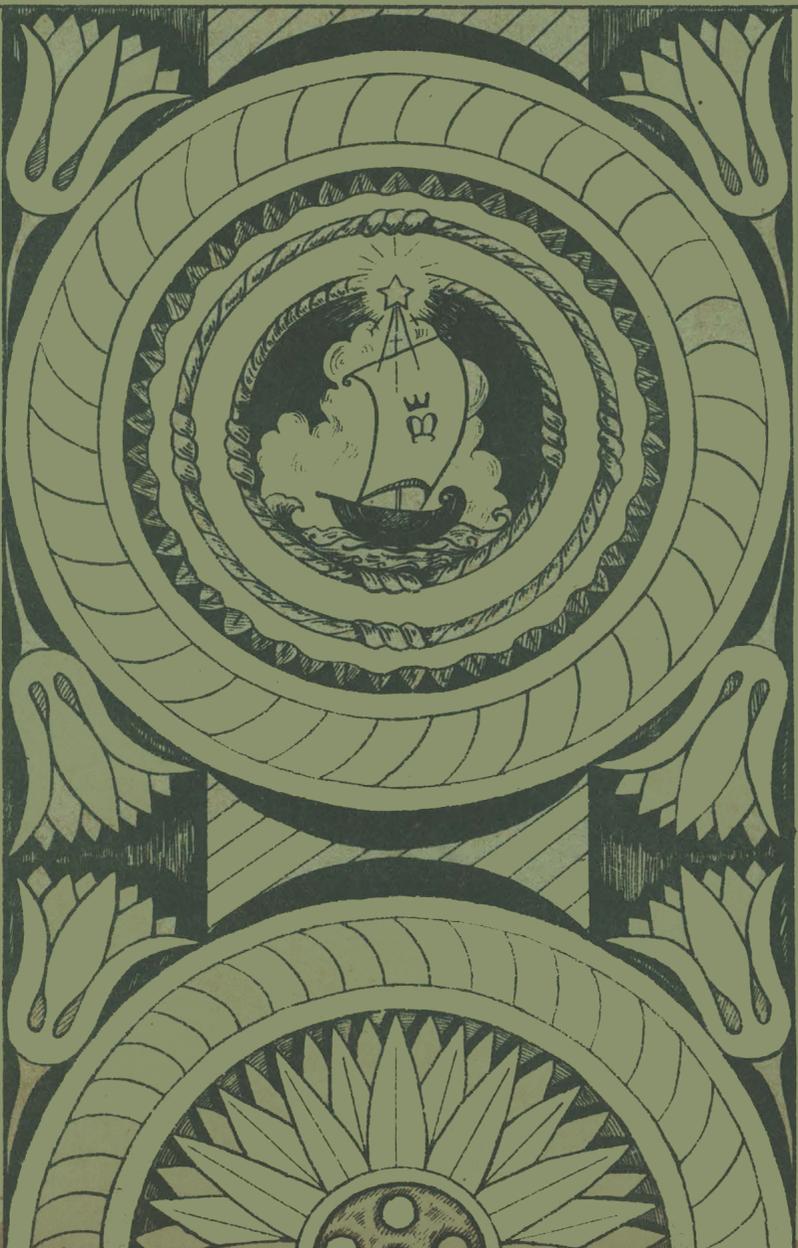




# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



MADRAS 1951

ASSUMPTA



MCMIL

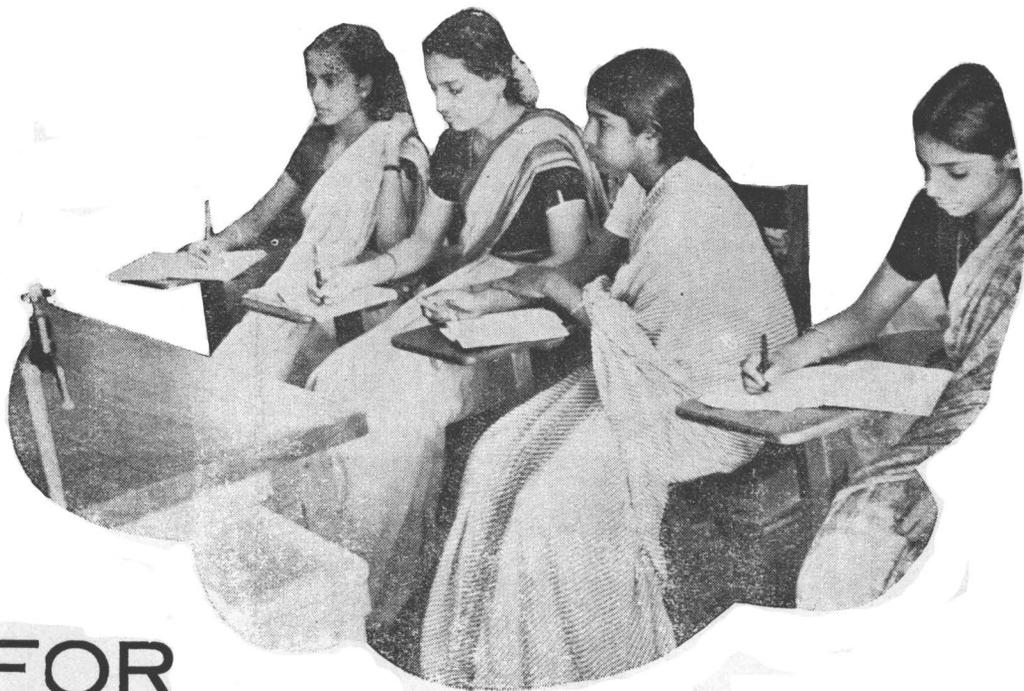
Sketches in the magazine, and theatre decorations on pages 30 and 31 by the College Art Department

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The design of the cover is taken from a bas-relief on a pillar in the "Gautamiputra" Cave at Nasik  
(1st Century B.C. approx.)

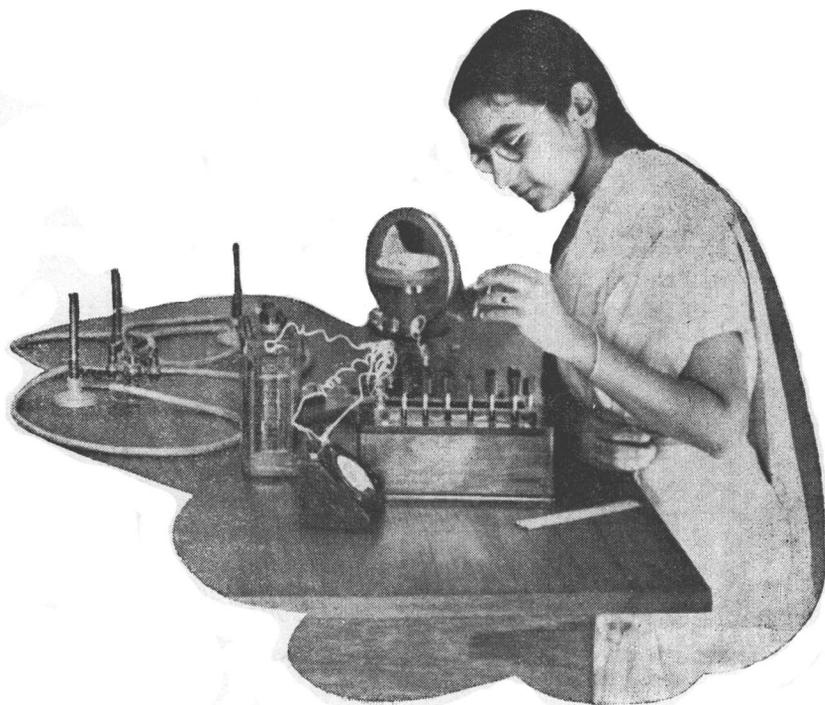
THE YEAR BOOK  
OF  
STELLA MARIS  
COLLEGE





FOR

1950-51





Courtesy, "THE MAIL."

*Student Scientists demonstrate  
to the Orphans how to handle  
JUNGLE FIRES*

*A Memorable incident in the  
College Social Service Activities.  
See "Charity Begins at Home."*

# PROLOGUE

\*

*Viewing Stella Maris College against its background of three and a half years, we feel somewhat comforted ; yet that comfort of to-day was not born of ease or lassitude. To reach the required standing demanded work and planning with the accompanying trouble and worry.*

*To-day we can listen at any moment and almost hear the College growing. The air is rich with promise ; the spirit is progressive. A few, very few indeed, may lag behind but most of our students are alert.*

*What we need in the days to come is a broader and a deeper achievement of intellectual development coupled with the simple virtues of honesty, truthfulness, self-control, fair-play. These are the determining factors in the pattern of life for future generations of Stella Marians, whose happiness it may be to enjoy the refining influence of the College.*

# AUGUST FIFTEENTH

(Address by Miss S. Rhenius, Lecturer in Economics, at the Independence Day celebration of Stella Maris College, August, 1950)

TODAY we meet once again to celebrate the happy anniversary of our Independence. Our thoughts take us back to the 15th August, 1947, when the whole of India and all Indians were filled with joy and pride, because India had become a free nation and the Indians a free people.

Well, three years have passed by since then and today we have time to pause and consider what our liberty has meant to us, whether we have used or abused our freedom, whether independence has been a boon or a burden.

Personally, I think our achievements as a free nation have been little short of miraculous, when we take into consideration the enormity of the problems we have had to solve and the shortness of the time we have had to do it in. Economically, various business and commercial facilities are offered to us, many reforms have been made in industries and agriculture so that very shortly we shall be a country able to compete on equal terms with the wealthiest countries of the world. Socially, there is much greater communal harmony and much less inequality between classes and castes than ever before. But I think it is in the political sphere that our progress has been most remarkable, for today India is called upon to play the proud role of defender of the East, and the political guide of the West.

However, unfortunately, all this is but one side of the picture. There is another unattractive, gloomy and dismal aspect. For, even now, all over India there is poverty, misery, ignorance and want in all its forms. The newspapers tell us of families living on cotton seeds and tamarind seeds, of mothers willing to sell their babies for Rs. 2 and Rs. 5 each, because they have nothing with which to feed either themselves or their babies. We still continue to hear the ominous rumblings of communal discord.

Well then, if you wish to obliterate this ugly side of the picture, to wipe it out altogether and make the beautiful side a reality, to make it a fact and not just a myth, to give it shape and substance, then it is up to you to do so. What is more, it is your duty as an Indian to make it so.

You may ask, what are we to do, we are so young, just girls, merely students busy with our studies? But let me tell you, in spite of your being, or rather, because you are young, because you are girls and because you are students you can do much. For instance, if you choose your friends for their own good qualities and not because they do or do not belong to a certain caste or class, if you do not discriminate among your friends, subordinates and servants on grounds of caste, creed or colour, then you will be doing your duty as an Indian. Or again, if sometimes you sacrifice your own pleasures, say a

picture or a book perhaps, and give that money to a needy beggar or to a hungry mother with starving children, then you are doing your duty as an Indian. Lastly, if you share the benefits of college life with someone less fortunately situated than yourself, then too you do your duty as an Indian. All this may sound trivial and insignificant, but they are the very social qualities essential for the building-up of a nation.

Now I wish to tell you something of which all of you may not be aware, especially the new students. I wonder if all of you know that this day is doubly important to us because it is both our Independence Day and the Foundation Day of Stella Maris College. The same day that free India came into being, Stella Maris also came



into being. And, like the newly freed India, the newly created College was not then able to foresee its future. But today we know that Stella Maris has come to stay. She has become one of the foremost colleges in the Presidency, a college which stands for certain ideals. I think the true spirit of Stella Maris can be summed up in a few words. Shall we call them self-discipline, humility, earnestness, sincerity, generosity, truth or honesty!

Let us think of these things on this auspicious day.

Let us remember that we form part of a college fast rising to fame, and of a nation fast rising to greatness.

Let us be proud of both!

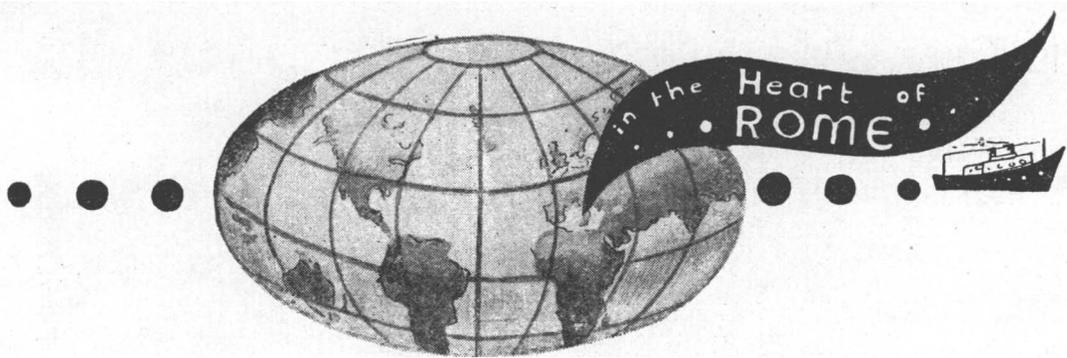
Let us be worthy of both!

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## A PRAYER

My God, Thou hast created me,  
And all that in the world I see :  
The birds and beasts, the flowers and  
trees,  
The tiny insects and the bees.  
I know 'tis Thou hast made them all,  
Each living creature, great and small,  
I know that Thou canst do all things ;  
My faith within me gladly sings—  
My God, I do believe in Thee !  
Creator Thou of earth and skies ;  
All-holy, mighty, good and wise ;  
Thou knowest I am small and weak,  
That e'er Thy guidance I must seek ;  
That of myself I can do naught.  
Of Thee then who all things hast  
wrought,  
I hope for all that I may need,  
The grace Thy law through life to heed.  
My God, I place my trust in Thee.

P. SAROJINI  
II U.C.



“ALL roads lead to Rome.” This was particularly true during the Holy Year 1950. Once within the Eternal City itself, all paths lead to St. Peter’s, especially when it is known that the Holy Father is to preside at some function. From earliest dawn, groups may be seen wending their way towards the Church whose massive dome seems to dominate and protect the Eternal City.

On the morning of April 29th, I too was fortunate enough to join the happy ranks of pilgrims bound for St. Peter’s to attend one of the public audiences held there twice weekly by His Holiness. Near the Basilica of St. Mary Major we waited for the autobus. Although the journey took nearly half an hour, it seemed far less on account of the many interesting sights that passed before our eyes with the speed of a movie camera: the Colosseum, the Tiber, the temple of the Vestal Virgins, the hospital of St. John of God; each evoking countless memories.

The dome of St. Peter’s came into view as we rounded a bend in the road and the bus deposited its occupants. We crossed over the

glorious Ponte degli Angeli resplendent with its statues of Angels, who seem to act as guardians of the hallowed ground. Then, turning a corner we saw at last the object of our quest,—at the end of the new wide avenue lies the Basilica of St. Peter. The great colonnade of Bernini encircles the immense piazza where stands an obelisk of Egypt, now surmounted by the Cross of Christ. Beyond, the majestic dome of Michelangelo, the statues of Christ and the Saints, the impressive façade with its massive doors present an unforgettable sight. Yet this grandeur does not overawe the beholder because of the harmony of size and proportion.

Inside the Basilica, the air was charged with joyful expectancy as thousands waited for the entrance of the Holy Father. Excited murmurs arose when the Palatine Guards, resplendent in blue and gold, marched up to the nave to line the route of the procession; happy shouts of “The Swiss,” “Les Suisses” greeted the arrival of the famous Swiss Guards, who are the privileged guardians of the Holy Father. A vivid splash of colour attracted all eyes, when His Lordship,

the Bishop of Cochin led a contingent of pilgrims to other places of honour around the Confession. While waiting, hymns were sung in various languages, each nation singing lustily their favourite air; then all united in one mighty voice to chant the "Credo," the Catholic hymn of belief. A hush fell at the conclusion of this prayer, then suddenly a cry far away at the entrance was instantly taken up by the vast throng: "**Viva il Papa.**" Grown men, sophisticated ladies, all joined in this burst of welcome.

Straining over the balustrade we saw, borne high above the crowd on his chair of state (**sedia gestatoria**) a white-clad figure, His Holiness Pope Pius XII. With out-stretched arms, he welcomed his sons and daughters, turning from side to side, smiling radiantly all the while. The "vivas" increased, handkerchiefs were waved enthusiastically, and slowly, majestically, the procession moved up to the Confession. The "sedia" was lowered and the Pope took his place on the simple throne and welcomed all those assembled, blessing them, their families, and possessions. He called on each group in turn, who, on hearing their names, responded by cheering and waving; the Holy Father then turned to them and waved back. All was so simple and homely—truly a father with his children. It sometimes happened that a group failed to hear its name; then the Pope repeated it two or three times; cries of '**Viva il Papa,**' "Long live the Pope," and even "Three Cheers for His Holiness,"

responded to his calling. His wonderful gift for languages enabled the Pope to address the pilgrims in five or six different tongues and every nation was loud in its appreciation of this added token of recognition. The last group had been named; the bearers of the "sedia" stood at attention; but no, His Holiness did not sit down, instead he walked among the crowd, speaking and smiling and blessing the hundred and one objects which were handed to him. He had a special word for his Indian children who had come so far, and when eventually he was being carried in procession, he leaned over the side of the chair to bless their rosaries.

The joyous acclamations which greeted the Holy Father on his arrival redoubled now as the procession made for the door. They rose to a thunderous pitch when, on reaching the exit, His Holiness stood erect, his arms raised to heaven. A breathless hush followed as with superb reverence, the Pope called down the final blessing of God upon the assembly. Once again seated, the cries rose anew and then ceased abruptly as the white figure disappeared behind the curtained exit.

The crowds dispersed and wended their way towards the piazza, hot perhaps and tired too, but filled with an inexplicable peace of soul that is more of heaven than of earth. For Christians and non-Christians alike, this meeting will be a treasured memory of His Holiness Pius XII, in the throbbing heart of Rome.

# COLLEGE LIFE AND WHAT IT MEANS TO ME

WHILE we are still students we are apt to think of College only as a place of hard, continuous work where we "burn the midnight oil" in the hope of assimilating all knowledge. It is only when we have left and are out in the world, either working or setting up a home of our own, that we fully realize how glorious our College days were.

Although hard study does, indeed, form one of the essentials of College life, it is certainly not the whole of it. College provides many other activities and interests, apart from our studies, which prove themselves a veritable training ground for after-life, helping to mould our characters from those of care-free school girls into responsible individuals.

On our arrival at College we feel as strange as a bat in the sunshine, dazzled by the many unknown faces and places. However, all our classmates are in the same position but before long the first friendships arise, while the bond of union existing between staff and students teaches us to live and work less for ourselves and more for the common good.

College life gives much independence and we realize more than ever, that we pilot the plane of our own soul. We should, therefore, endeavour to associate with noble-minded friends, whose influence and example will help us to correct the weakness

of our character and build it up along the best lines, strong and upright. We shall be in adult-life what we make ourselves during our student years.

Some students come to College purely for the sake of studying and obtaining a degree. Forever deep in their books, they take no part in College life. Others, the complete reverse, come with no intention of working but simply with the desire to have a good time. Anxiously avoiding anything which entails study they abuse the large measure of independence one has as a student. Neither of these two groups gets the best out of College life which is only obtained by a combination of honest, conscientious work with healthy enjoyment. Certainly, we have come to College to study but there are so many varied interests to occupy our leisure hours, which play a considerable part in the formation of a firm and fully developed character. The Science and History Associations and the Social Service League have each their own special appeal, but it is up to us to take an interest in them and profit by all that they offer if we wish to broaden our minds and to strengthen our souls. The Social Service League is especially important, not only for our own formation, but also for our country.

Looking towards the future I feel sure that the years in College are an extremely important stage in life. By mixing freely with all types of

people, we come to know and understand others better, accepting the rough with the smooth. More especially, it is a time when we are drawn closer to God and through this greater union with Him, learn to accept defeat and failure without discouragement. In the College great trust is placed in us which we value and of which we try to show ourselves worthy, so as to become self-reliant and capable of shouldering responsibilities.

Thus, if during our College life we combine serious work with plenty of

other interests, both amusing and instructive, we shall graduate as well-formed, broad-minded, reliable individuals. Then it will be with a host of happy memories that we shall look back to those years which we have regretfully left behind.

Already I am sure that I too will re-echo the oft-expressed desire, "Oh! if only I could have my College days over again!"

KAMALA NAIR

II U.C.

## SONG OF THE STAIR-CLIMBERS

"Up the stairs, down the stairs,"  
Hear our old refrain:  
"Up the stairs, down the stairs,  
Up the stairs again."  
When we climb each flight of stairs,  
Climb by might and main;  
Each hard lesson leaves our minds  
Only this refrain—  
"Up the stairs, down the stairs,  
Up the stairs again."  
Jacob's Ladder, in his dream,

Reached from earth to heaven—  
Even so our stairs do seem,  
For our passage given.  
We, the angels, climbing up,  
Tripping down again—  
Always hearing in our minds  
This, our glad refrain!  
"Up the stairs, down the stairs,  
Try with might and main—  
Up the stairs, down the stairs,  
Up the stairs again!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Kind Lady, won't you give us a lift?

MYRTLE DORAI RAJ

III U.C.



**T**HE Himalayas are aptly called "The Home of Snows," yet even there nature clothes her children from the riches of her wardrobe.

In the summer, the mountain slopes cover themselves with bright green patchwork quilts of terraced paddy fields, tufted with chenille-like bramble hedges. The lower slopes seem soft carpets of apple and mango orchards. There parrots make their homes and entertain a willing audience of rabbits and squirrels by their noisy jazz. Impish brooks and streams murmur a protest from their beds and playfully pull and tug at snowy sheets of sand and pebbles, embroidered with colourful flower-lets. Thick felt boots of dense, dark jungles cover the lower inclines of the Eastern Himalayas, the haunt of serpents, where the ominous hooting of owls intensifies the eeriness.

In the winter, the peaks muffle themselves in soft white hoods and coats; the lower ranges now bare, appear like brown doeskin breeches; here and there are belts of dark pine

forests; below, the long river valleys seem to stride about in green boots. The whole, so gigantic and yet so simple, impressed me with my own insignificance.

Kashmir valley, the land of orchards, lakes and house-boats, will be familiar to most readers; so I invite you to visit Kulu Valley with me.

It is December. From Pathankot we drive through the green silence of rice fields; and as the sun begins to set, we start ascending the hills, and reach Bejnath Poprala before midnight. The sun has to set again before we shall arrive at Kulu. In the gathering dusk we will probably find the place barren, desolate and a bit depressing.

With dawn, good spirits return, as the first rays of a bright sun signal to the bird orchestra and make the little town a bee-hive.

We walk up the slope, a pin cushion of evergreens, and as we gaze into the seeming abyss below us, we note

the Beas, still a sprightly adolescent mountain stream. The river valley is carpeted with fields; while the lower mountain slopes are rich in apple orchards. These too are "pastoral mountains"; sheep-raising is the most remunerative work, though mixed farming is the order here. The women sit outside their cottages busily spinning or knitting.

We continue on to Manali, higher up the Beas. A downy blanket of snow covers the ground; and in the evening we watch the snow-flakes dancing down like countless white flowers showered from heaven. Here we enjoy a warm invigorating sulphur bath before we return home.

Perhaps you would also like to go with me to Srinagar, a valley of the Ganges above Haridwar. Here we can watch the glory of a sunset over the high snow peaks, way beyond the terraced gardens that border the Bagirathi or the Ganges. Here and there, a boisterous stream leaps down the rocky ledges "to be a nurse and mother of flowers."

Lower down at Devaprayag, the Bagirathi joins her comrade, the Alakananda, to form the "River of Golden Sand." Over hills and down valleys, through fields and groves, we journey till we reach Munikireti, the abode of Munis. In the peace and silence of its sombre glens and dense copses, sages find the most suitable places for prayer and meditation. Here in their simple thatched cottages or holy ashrams, surrounded by fields, hills and forests, by nature in all her simple, yet exquisite beauty, worldliness flees from them, and virtue makes her abode in their hearts.

From Anand Kuter we watch the sun sinking beneath the horizon. As the last crimson rays tinge the waters of the river, they illumine the ashrams with a bright light. Thoughts stir in the mind. We recall the various aspects in which we have seen the Himalayas. Their majestic beauty not only delighted but raised the heart to think of God, His majesty and beauty.

S. RAJESWARI  
I U.C.

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## ADVANTAGES OF DAY-DREAMING

WHY do students take to day-dreaming? I used to wonder about this but it has not taken me long to discover that they do gain something from it.

In class, for instance, lectures never bother them as they feel sure they have understood every word. How puerile seem the questionings of their more materialistic classmates who stand up and ask,

"Mother, I don't understand why the hero didn't escape when the robbers let him go to the mountain alone?" or, "I just don't see the point. However can that problem be resolved, when at the very start of your proof you said, 'Let us suppose the proposition to be true'?" or, "But parallels don't meet at infinity. That's really perspective. I learnt it in the Art classes. A mere defect of

the eye. Don't let your old Masters deceive you," or again, "Please, Miss, if the newest theory is that light does travel in curves, why can't we see around corners?" How dull they are of soul, these poor creatures, who think themselves right and become so bothered when they cannot follow some infinitesimal part of the lecture.

The day-dreamers, on the contrary, are a much merrier band. They are not at all where their lecturers are, but blissfully living in the day-dreamers' paradise. So, while the minds of their class-mates work out tortuous constructions, the most complicated sciences appear to them L's and B's that their four-year-old sisters could lisp; and the Binominal Theorem just a dear and pleasant relative of the easy simplification they triumphed over in the long years past when they were just as long as their pigtails are now.

The next advantage is evident when examinations loom on the horizon. The pre-examination period, more familiar to us as the Cramming Season, never excites the day-dreamers. They are still cool and calm as the Lower Ganges. They go for a placid stroll in the evening and return late, still with a care-free mind. While their neighbours bring books to table and pore over them, sticking empty forks deep into their palates, the day-dreamers remember what grandmother told them, "Do one thing at a time and do that well," and so they eat, with appetites unimpaired.

They always look as fresh as the lilies of the field and are as daintily clad, whereas the less fortunate have

hectic eyes and ruffled raiments. Their haggard faces seem to show they are the doleful victims of pernicious melancholia as they crazily mutter that the hole is too big in the hour-glass. Their portions for revision are too vast, but it is not so for the day-dreamers. When there has been no vision, how can there be revision? How unsullied are their books to the eye, as new as the day they left the book store, compared to those of the others which seem to be qualifying for the dust-bin.

When the examination arrives, these gay day-dreamers never complain of lack of time. After a quarter of an hour having written everything they know, they sigh audibly, rendering thanks for a task well-done and serenely sure of distinction, they hand in their papers, and float out of the hall.

But dreams cannot last forever the awakening has to come. For the care-free day-dreamers it is a rude one. The day will come when results appear and the horrified ex-dreamer is brought back to earth with a jolt, the awful word 'Failed!' echoing in her ears, while the once despised hard working student now indulges in legitimate dreams, soon to be realised on the day when in cap and gown she will proudly pose with the coveted parchment her labours have gained for her. However sweet day-dreams may be, it is the earthly plodders who have the best of things in the end, for them the awakening is a dream come true.

L. V. SATHI PANIKKAR

II U. C.

# KODAIKANAL

UP! Up! Up! Higher and higher climbs the bus along the twisting mountain road, while a refreshing coolness seeps through even to the bones ever since the parched plains are left far behind. A calm silence pervades the freshness; the silence is but emphasised by the bubbling of a streamlet, tumbling over itself in its eagerness to reach the gasping, scorched plains beneath. On one side the hills erect themselves majestically; on the other sleep green valleys in all their summer splendour, their luxuriant verdure cool and refreshing after the barren plains. Along the way great trees invitingly stretch leafy arms over moss-upholstered rocks. As the bus noses round the last bend in the road, there blazes the lake, mirror-smooth under the sun. Now we are in Kodaikanal. Small, cosy houses shout a colourful welcome from the hillside and under tall peaceful eucalyptus trees. The lake reflects the clear blue of the summer sky. Its quiet surface wrinkles in ripply smiles under the caress of some boat gliding slowly across, and hums softly to the rhythmic dipping of the oars. Oh, the deep quiet joy of lazy mornings, alone with a book, rocking in a punt moored to the curving root of a huge, friendly tree; or the exquisite beauty of sunsets bursting behind blue distant hills; or rainbows mirrored, floating their hues on glassy waters; or the magic of the moon clambering up among the branches of patient sighing pines, to throw strange, mysterious shadows on the sleeping silvery lake!

Waterfalls skip and leap all around Kodaikanal. The first, about 2,000 feet above the plains, is unpoetically known as the Rat Tail Falls, very

broad at the top, it tapers down to a thin strip, hence the name. Further up the winding road to Kodai comes the Silver Cascade, a magnificent sheet of water which dives down 180 feet into a quiet pool beneath, before it continues its long downward journey. The Golden Cascade, Bear Shola, Glen and Fairy Falls are all lovely picnic spots, whose shady nooks, walled in by a wealth of greenery, invite to a repose, lulled by the rippling music of the tirelessly tumbling waters.

Far beneath and beyond stretch the wide plains, a patchwork of sienas, resedas and soft browns. At night, the lights of Periakulam twinkle up from the plains, as if we stood on our heads, and the stars were beneath us. From the peak of Prospect Point one sees the hat-shaped hill of Perumal, its crown usually hidden in a veiling of clouds; with the little village of Villipat pinned to its wide brim like a tiny flower. The terraced fields on the hillsides seem giant stairways leading to the sky.

When night clothes Kodaikanal with her dark mantle one almost hears silence swirling around like snowflakes, enveloping all in a sweet, deep peace. The dark sky scintillates with stars; soon the moon will trace a silver pathway through the night; eyelids droop drowsily, a delightful slumber creeps in with dreams, dreams of shady forest paths through whispering pines, sun glints on the lean, russet sides of a boat, and the soft music of purling waters—silver tassels appended to the rich, deep-coloured drapings of the mountain slopes.

P. SHASHI I U.C.

# “IT IS IN GIVING THAT WE RECEIVE”

[The curtain rises on one of the rooms of St. Philomena's Hostel ; a disconsolate student of Stella Maris College is sitting on a bed, head in hands, murmuring. “If only we hadn't promised them. Eighty mouths means pounds of rice—oh, goodness, what'll we do? Rice, chilis, oil.” Enter Kamala with other students.]

## ACT I

### Scene (i)

**Kamala :** Vino, are you ill? I could hear you groaning all the way down the corridor. What have you eaten? Did you get back your test papers? (more groans) Pep out of it, Vino! Think just one, two, three, four, five more days and well have the Pongal holiday!

**Vino :** Think! think! that's just what I'm doing; it's always a bit of a strain, and now with only five days left! I'm going mad. I've got rice on the brain! I dream of it all night and all day. Oh, what'll we do? Can't you suggest something?

**Mythri :** Well, it might help if we knew what you were talking about!

All I can gather is that either you've eaten so much rice that you can't bear the sight of it, or else you've the whale of an appetite and are dying for food. In which case.....

**Vino :** Do be serious and I'll explain. You see we promised to give them a party and now there are only five days left and we haven't got one grain of rice or even the smell of an onion. The more I try to think, the less chance there seems of our being able to get any, either.

**Nirmala :** But who are the “we” and the “they”?

**Vino :** We? the Social Service Group, of course; You know how we visit





the cheri every week. Now, half those poor kiddies never had a rice dinner in their lives, and we thought it a super idea to give them a party on the 14th so that they could celebrate the Harvest Festival.

**Molly:** Oh, but that's a marvellous idea! They'd love it, I'm sure.

**Vino:** Yes, that's what we thought and so of course we told them about it two months ago. Though everything else we tell them goes in one ear and out the other, there isn't one of them who's forgotten that date. Now here we are practically on the eve of the feast with just a couple of rupees and a box of matches—they'll get beautifully fat on that!

**Nirmala:** Cheer up Vino, it does seem pretty grim, but surely we can get some money somehow. Ask all the girls to club together.

**Vino:** But don't you see, money is no good—rice is rationed.

**Molly:** Perhaps somebody knows.....

**Vino:** Oh, no, we won't! No black-market here! The means never justify the end, my child,—in fact it should be the other way round. We're going to do the thing honestly, if we do it at all! But how? how? (all sit in deep thought for a few seconds)

**Mythri:** Vino, I've got it!! Listen, get all the girls together, tell them how the matter stands, and ask each to bring just a little rice, a handful or so. They wouldn't miss it, and there would be enough for the party.

**Vino:** Mythri, you're a genius! To look at you, no one would ever guess the master-mind which ticks behind thy fair brow!

**Mythri:** Never mind the eloquence. Keep that for this afternoon. I'll see about a notice for a general meeting right away, while you..... Now what's wrong? (Vino looks worried again.)

**Vino:** I know they're awfully generous, Mythri, but do you think



they'll bring enough? You see we told eighty children, and they eat like young wolves! Then, it's not just rice we need. There's the currie, chilis, tamarind, veget...

**Mythri:** Do stop worrying and trust the good God. I'll see about the notice, while you sit here and make a list of all the things we really need.

(Vino, with a large sheet of paper, starts writing, talking aloud as she does so "rice, chilis, potatoes, mustard, dhal, wood, pots, pans, ladles, bricks.") **Curtain.**



### Scene (ii)

#### On the open forum

(Vino before the assembly of over 300 students)

**Vino:** (Nervously): Friends, students, classmates. **Voices from**

**the crowd:** Good old Antony! What have we got to lend, Vino?

**Vino** (Laughing): Well, I was going to make a real speech, but it's better perhaps if I go straight to the point. Someone asked just now what I wanted to borrow. I'm not borrowing, I'm begging; I don't want you to lend, but to give. No, don't start thinking I'm after all your pocket money. We do need a little cash, it's true; but the

Social Service Group earnestly begs you all to help them to give a party on the 14th to eighty children from the cheri. Most of you will be going home for a lovely Pongal feast with plenty of rice, while many of these little mites have never even tasted rice. I'll admit that we should have thought of provisions before we invited them, but it's too late now. So I appeal to you all to bring any quantity, however small, of rice, vegetables, anything that will help to give the children a real hearty meal. Perhaps some of you could bring some old clothes, because you know these are a minus quantity among our little friends, and a small shirt or skirt would certainly give them enormous pleasure. (Looks down at her paper.) Oh dear! I haven't said any of the beautiful sentences I'd prepared. Still, I hope you'll forgive my effort at speech-making and respond with hands filled. **(Curtain.)**

### ACT II

The 13th of January. Again a room in the hostel. 15 students all working at record speed, sewing by hand, sewing by machine, cutting out slips, jackets, etc.

**Vino** (Singing): To-day I feel so happy, so happy, so happy.

**Myrtle:** For goodness' sake don't start singing, Vino, or we'll all be miserable! You'll wake the whole hostel! Remember its way past ten.

**Vino:** But it's wonderful! I never dreamed we'd get so much. You should see Rev. Mother Principal's room. At the end of the afternoon it was like a market, pounds and pounds of rice and heaps of vegetables—all we need. Then that dear fellow in the ice-cream



parlour! How good of him to offer to keep everything in his "frige"!

**Vimala:** Offer? Poor man, he was completely taken by storm, and after your heartrending descriptions of the starving families, he couldn't possibly refuse without appearing an absolute murderer.

**Namagiri:** Here's my third dress finished. I hope the neck's big enough though. (Holds up and scrutinizes a minute dress.) H'm, its not exactly China Bazaar. Pass me that red sari, please, Savithri. I should be able to get two others out of that. Its a blessing our guests are so small or we wouldn't have enough to go round.

(Two students stagger in, tears streaming from their eyes.)

**Myrtle:** Oh, what can ail ye, gentle friends of ours. That ye with tears do stagger in?

**Molly & Salome Mary:** Ugh, Onions! and we've left four others still at it.

**Janaki:** How did you get on at the market? You didn't forget the oil?

**Molly:** I should say not, that was the most important item. Yes, we've got it in bottles, which we'll have to return afterwards. We really left our self-imposed martyrdom just to find out what time to get up in the morning.

**Kamala:** At the rate we're sewing, we won't need to get up.

**Vino:** Now who's the pessimist? We'll be finished in half an hour. All the same, we'll have to get up at crack of dawn, or rather, before its cracked. There's the fire to light and everything.....

**Salome Mary:** It's all ready though; we fetched the water and set up four brick ovens.

**Esther:** It's lighting the fire I'm thinking of, we can't take any chances. The earlier we're up the better.





I think 4 o'clock would give us time to get everything ready.

**All:** (In mingled tones of horror, surprise and resignation.)

Four o'clock! That's the middle of the night! Did you say four?

**Esther:** Well, if you find it too early, sleep on, but rice takes some cooking and camp-fires are always temperamental.

**All:** Yes, yes, we're only joking! Of course we'll get up at four.

**Kamala:** There's only one little point. Who's going to wake us up?

**Vino:** Elementary, my dear Watson! Janaki's got an alarm, and I'll bang my head four times on the wall before I go to sleep tonight. It always works.

**Kamala:** Ah, that accounts for the crack in the wall behind your head!

(Vino reaches for a pillow to aim at her.)

**Esther:** Peace, peace, mes enfants! We've finished! so I vote we all get a wink of sleep. We'll need all our energy tomorrow.

**All:** We all second the commotion!  
Au revoir till 4 o'clock.

(Curtain.)

### ACT III

#### Scene (i)

Time, approximately 7 a.m.; Esther, Vino, Molly and Mythri crouched over the camp-fire, at best where the fire should be. Mythri blowing through a metal tube, endeavouring to start a flame.

**Molly:** Blow, Mythri, blow—set the wild sparks a-flying!

**Mythri:** (Breathlessly) All I get is flames dying, dying, dying!

**Esther:** If only we'd wakened at four. I nearly had a fit when I came to at 6 this morning.

**Vino:** Yes, you certainly looked like it when you rushed in to drag me from my slumbers. I can't imagine why I didn't wake at 4, though I got a headache banging my head so hard last night.

**Esther:** Most likely you gave yourself concussion. If only Janaki had wound the alarm! Its no use, though, wasting any more time on regrets. Pass me the pipe, Mythri. I'll have a go.

(Blows vigorously. At last a little glow appears. Cries of "Good, its catching," "Puff on, Esther," "Cheers, its alright.")

**Vino:** A watched pot never boils. Let's sort out the vegetables for the curry now. I'll squeeze the tamarind; its nice and messy!

**Esther:** Keep an eye on the rice. I'll go and send some of the others to the cheri to introduce the kiddies to soap and water.

#### Scene (ii)

Time, approximately 10 a.m. In the little village or cheri, a group of students holding the tots beneath a tap. Much lather and squeaking.

**Vimala** (Addressing one charge):  
Now, close your eyes tightly while  
I wash your face.

**Molly**: No, no, don't lick the soap.  
You'll be sick.

**Child**: Teacher, teacher, when are  
we going to eat?

**Kamala**: When you're all nice and  
clean. Goodness me how many  
more have we still to do? Talk  
about "continuous as the stars that  
shine" this line is really never  
ending. I'm sure we've done more  
than 80 already!

**Molly**: That's all we've been wait-  
ing for! The water's finished.  
Now what shall we do? We can't  
possibly take them to College  
unwashed.

**Child**: There's a well round the  
corner.

**Vimala**: Most likely it belongs to  
someone though.

**Molly**: I shouldn't think it's private.  
There's usually a communal well  
in every cheri.

**Kamala**: Let's try it anyhow. I'm  
sure no one would object to our  
using it to wash the kiddies.

(They proceed to the well, followed by  
a crowd of eager children. Ablutions  
recommence. Suddenly the irate  
owner of the well appears on the  
scene.)

**Owner**: Get off from my well, you  
ragamuffins. (to students) I'll  
have the law on you, wasting my  
water washing these little beggars.  
Away with you!

**Vimala**: (Sweetly) We're terribly  
sorry, we didn't know it was  
private property.

**Owner**: You know it now, so clear  
off!

**Molly**: But they're so dirty, and when  
we've washed them they look just  
lovely! Some have the sweetest  
little faces.

**Owner**: Sweetest little faces!!! Will  
you get away from my well or  
must I drag you off?

**Kamala** (In wheedling tones): Oh,  
you wouldn't be so cruel. I'm  
sure you don't understand. We're  
going to give the children a party.  
Wouldn't it be grand to have a  
photo of yourself letting us wash  
the children at your well?

**Owner**: What's that? Did you say  
photograph? You go on washing  
the kids while I fetch my family,—  
a real photo? In black and white?

**Kamala**: Why, definitely! (Exit  
blissful owner; scrubbing conti-  
nues)

### Scene (iii)

Time 11 a.m. By the College Tiffin  
Block are rows of small boys and girls,  
some carrying babies. All eyes are  
riveted on a large pile of brightly coloured  
clothes in a corner.

**Lakshmi**: Maths. never was my  
forte but something tells me we've  
got more than 80 here.

**Indra**: 80? There are 200. Vino's  
just counted them and there are  
half as many again crowding  
outside. We had to put some bigger  
boys on guard to stop them from  
climbing over the wall!

**Rajam**: We've enough food, but  
certainly not enough clothes for  
everyone.

**Vino**: We'll just have to give to the  
ones with nothing on, and then to  
those with next to nothing. That'll  
be more than half the company.

**Myrtle:** Come along and we'll pick them out, and send them in to you others here to dress them.

(There follows a lively interlude as swarms of brown bodies scramble up uninvited to the clothes pile.)

**Vino** (Looking puzzled): It's queer, you know. I'm positive there weren't so many without clothes when they arrived.

**Molly** (Rushing up with a pile of grubby clothes): Look what I discovered in the gutter round the corner! Would you believe it, they're taking off their own clothes and hiding them, so that, we'll give them more!!!

**Vino:** I see! Look at that youngster sitting on his—How artful!

(After much manoeuvring, the children are at last arranged in the two courtyards of the block; the boys in one and the girls in the other.)

**Kamala:** I bet we haven't enough leaves for everyone, after all we expected only 80.

**Vino:** Don't worry, Molly has gone to buy more. We had to get more wood too for all the extra cooking.

(The children, with round eyes, watch the food arrive.

The currie is put first in a little mound on each leaf.)

**Nirmala:** Quick Esther, stop them! They're eating the currie straight away!.

**Esther:** That's because they never have rice, poor kids; they have just ragi.

**Molly:** Let's feed the tiny mites ourselves, then their brothers and sisters can really enjoy themselves.

(Rice and vegetables are distributed; one, two, even three helpings. The children beam with contentment.)

**Vino:** Now for the sweets and vada.

At the sight of an enormous basket of sweets, pandemonium reigns. Cries of "Quiet, quiet," "Wait a minute," "Sit down," issue weakly from the helpers. Peace is restored only when all have had their share.)

**Esther:** I really think they've had enough. Let's give each a drink and send them home.

(A procession of 200 happy youngsters files back to their 'cheri' home. Even happier are the tired, hungry collegians who declare that they have never tasted such real unselfish happiness in their whole lives.)

### EPILOGUE!

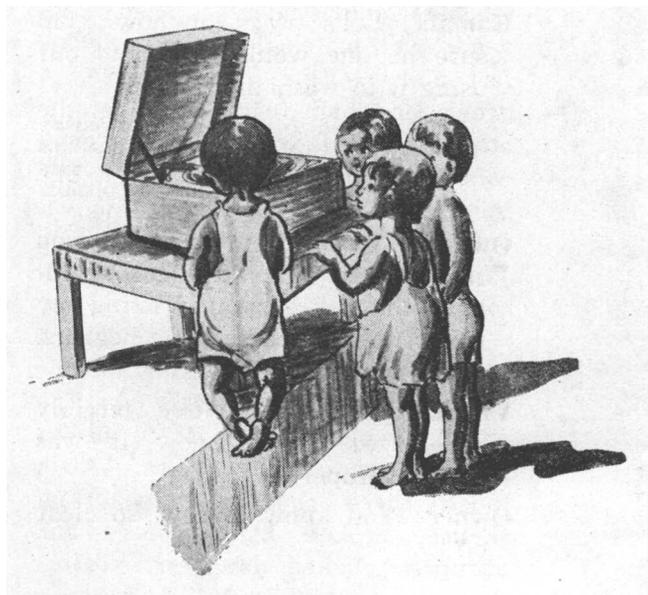
The last black pots are clean at parting day;

The students bedwards plod their weary way,—

But happy beat their hearts, for they have found

That joy's a boomerang which will redound.

"The Youngest Disciples" of S. S.



# HOSTEL DAY

AUGUST 13th, 1950, will long be remembered by the hostelites. It was one of those lovely days when such insignificant things as study were gladly forgotten in the whirl of festivity. It was my good luck to be invited for the whole day, so I could watch the entire programme. Inviting guests is something new and very popular.

Soon after breakfast we went a-hunting. The game was pursued from Hostel to Convent, from College to Hostel and finally the treasure was run to earth at the statue of the Sacred Heart. Mythri was the victorious Diana. Most of the hostelites took part, except those poetic spirits who preferred to view the "sun begin his state" over "the deep and dark blue ocean," to rushing wildly about the compound!

Somewhere around 9 o'clock all assembled on the netball court for the Grand Match between the teachers and students. The teams were well-matched, and the game fast and exciting. The result? A draw, for which team would let the other win? All the sports items were contested with the same energy. The bun race drew most entries; this was only one of several events in which Vино distinguished herself. Hearty congratulations, Vино!

Lunch was a grand affair. Eating proved no obstacle to talking and the gay decorations and lively chatting added double superlatives to all the good things on the tables. After lunch there came a mysterious silence, broken by whispers and abruptly choked laughter stealing through closed doors. A subdued excitement filled the air. The

outcome of all this mystery was certainly a marvel. The College Hall was crammed with hostelites and guests, when Mother Vicar's arrival signalled the start of the Fancy Dress Parade. It was inimitable! A dainty vision of spring breathed fresh life into a sophisticated Ponds trio in green and gold; a friendly black beggar-minstrel caught the fancy of a pretty china doll; a Spanish gipsy girl whirled in flaming circles for a picturesque Bengali bridal couple; a dear old grand-mamma, Mrs. Gamp, wrapped in a cosy shawl and bonnet, waddled behind with good spirits; a frivolous Singhalese couple looked to their future with Macbeth's fearful witches, while three men in a tub frightened the daylights out of a timid little gray-haired lady. Two giants, whose arms were in the wrong places, stole the first prize, but no one called the police.

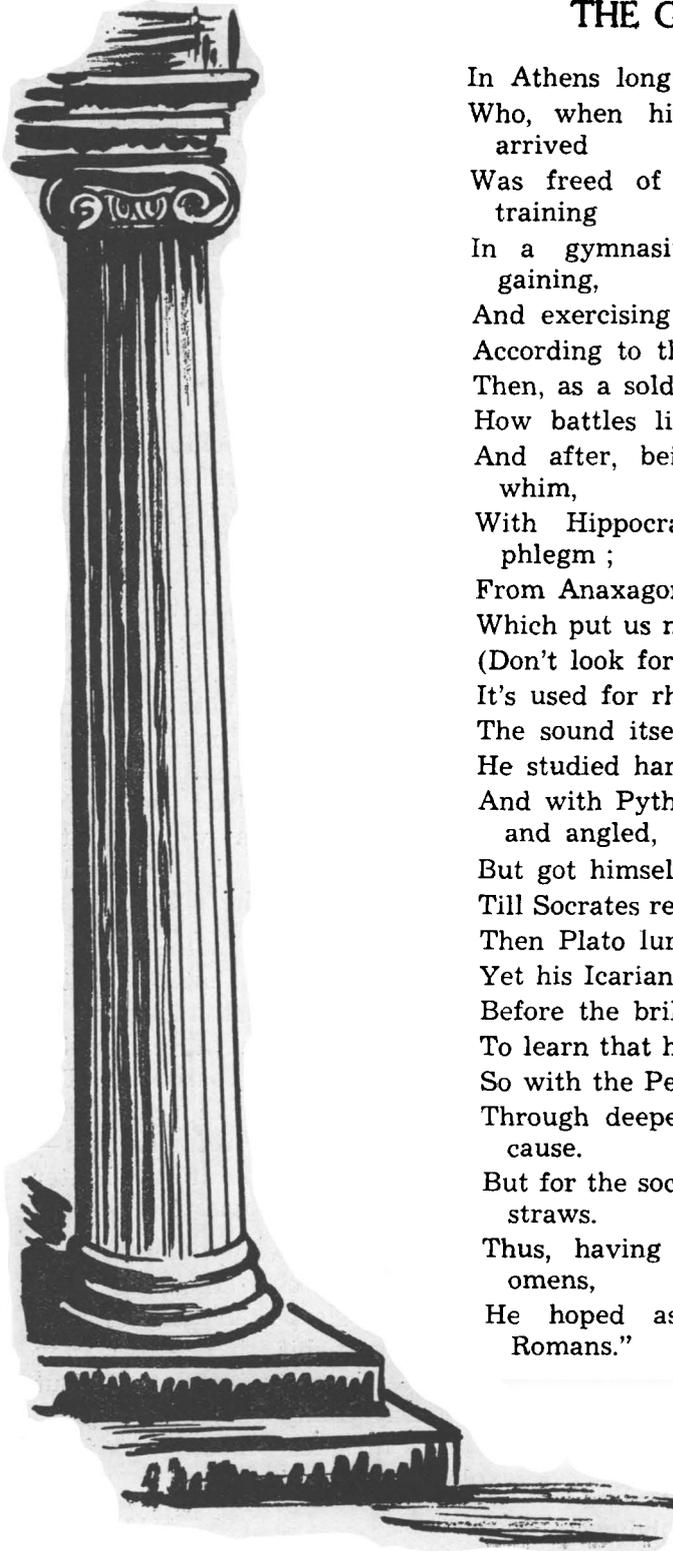
The three witches, nothing daunted, continued to entertain the guests with the gruesome game of turning Shakespeare in the boiling cauldron of their parodies. The evening came to an end with dancing and light refreshments,—from the Witches' cauldron? Better open your Macbeth again!

Our beds awaited us until 11-30 p.m., but even then we were not ready to sleep—our tongues were not the least bit tired—wish they would tell us their secret! But Hostel Day comes only once a year, so its liberties must be fully exploited. And they were!

M. PAUL  
III U.C.

## THE GREEK SCHOLAR

In Athens long ago a student thrived  
Who, when his fourteenth birthday had  
arrived  
Was freed of pedagogue; and took his  
training  
In a gymnasium—health and knowledge  
gaining,  
And exercising well to shape his form  
According to the great Hellenic norm.  
Then, as a soldier for two years he learned  
How battles like Thermopylæ are earned.  
And after, being free to follow his own  
whim,  
With Hippocrat' he studied bones and  
phlegm;  
From Anaxagoras he learned of atoms,  
Which put us moderns into horrid dratums:  
(Don't look for this in any dictionary,  
It's used for rhyme, so purely fictionary,  
The sound itself must signify the sense.)  
He studied hard in Euclid's "Elements."  
And with Pythagoras he pulled at strings  
and angled,  
But got himself with Sophists all entangled  
Till Socrates released him with his questions.  
Then Plato lured him to ethereal bastions:  
Yet his Icarian pinions turned him down  
Before the brilliant Aristotle's frown,  
To learn that human feet are safer grounded;  
So with the Peripatetic school he hounded  
Through deepest thoughts to find the final  
cause.  
But for the social good he wouldn't give two  
straws.  
Thus, having quite misread the Delphic  
omens,  
He hoped as lord to teach "barbaric  
Romans."



## THE ROMAN SCHOLAR

"Humanus" lived among the  
Seven Hills

And proudly pruned his Capitoline  
quills.

When some new knowledge he  
would greatly crave

He'd swoop upon some learned  
Grecian slave,

Who taught him skillfully to strike up  
Homer,

Or play a lyre with a great diploma.

He rivalled Cicero as rhetorician ;

And trained for Senator,—becoming a  
patrician ;

So, for this end, perused the classic lore

Of Plato, Thucydides, and many more.

Thus, all in one he gained the useful and  
the best

Of lit'rature and law, and history's bequest :

Quintilian's "Institutes" were made his  
guide ;

And what was Ennius he could recite ;

Or ride off with a Horace by a simple rote ;

Just like a Juvenal he'd Martial quote ;

Nor was he "Tacitus" about his Caesar ;

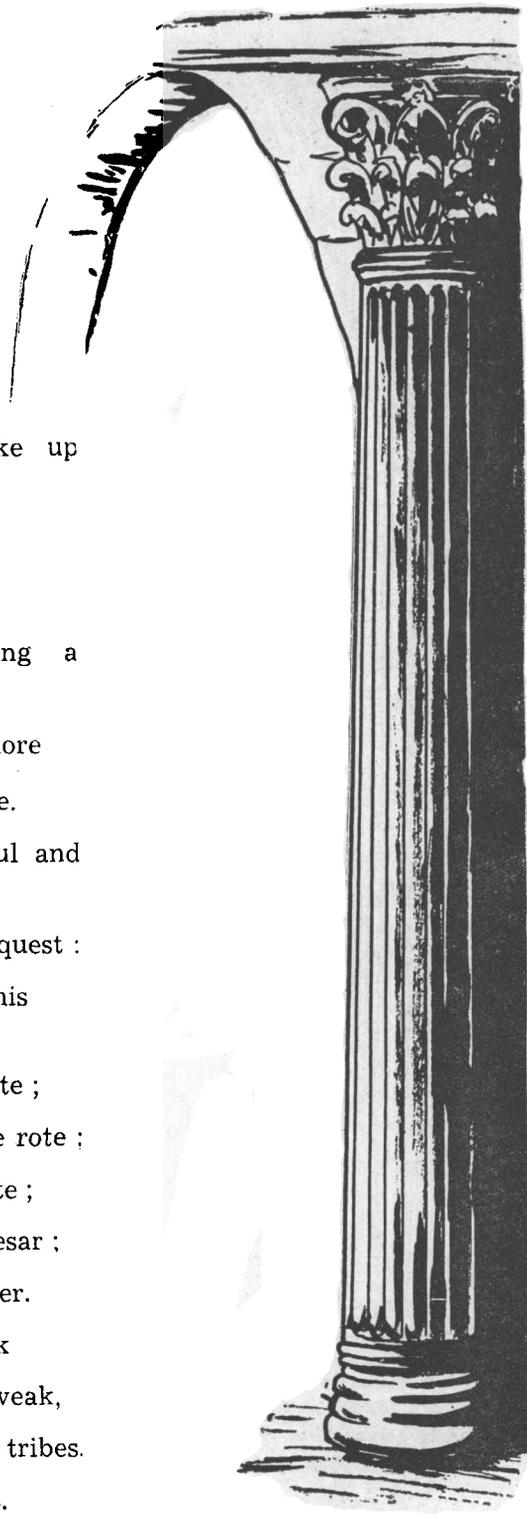
Of Livy he was quite an expert greaser.

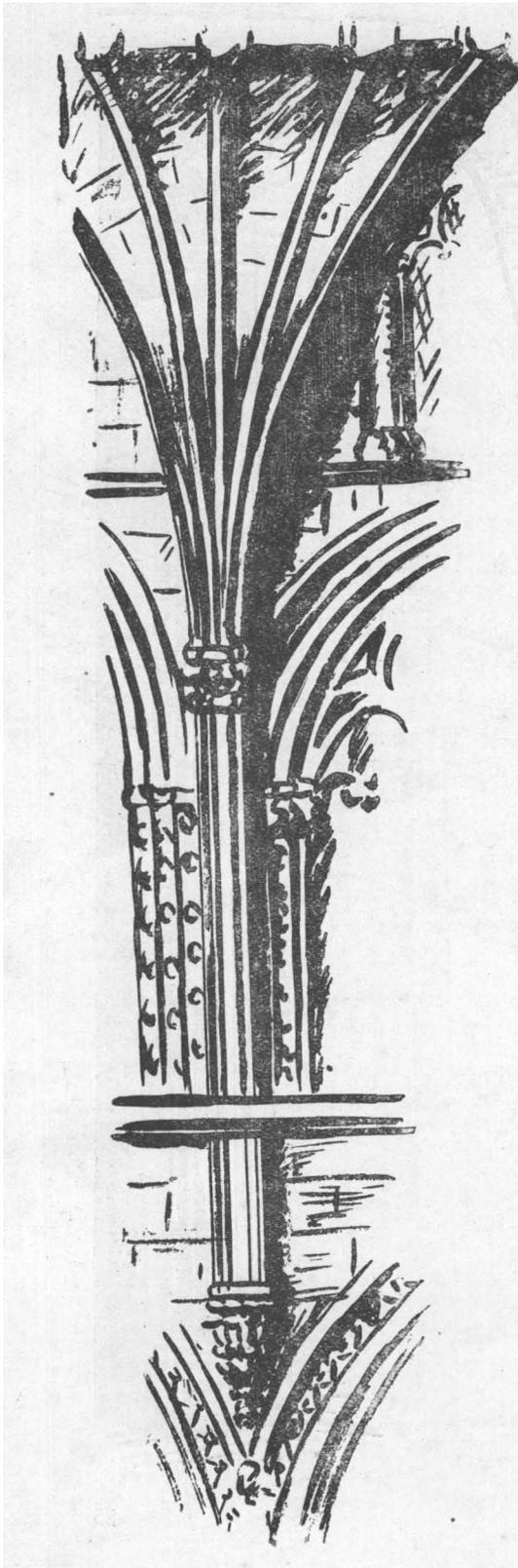
He was so busy learning how to speak

That for a soldier's life he grew too weak,

And hired fighters from the northern tribes.

Who cared no fig for all his diatribes.





## A MEDIAEVAL SCHOLAR.

A Bachelor there was who followed Liberal  
Arts  
And sauntered on his nag before Descartes.  
In Paris town where life was hectic  
He turned with vim to dialectic,  
(Because there were no phones for making  
dates)  
And set his buddies intellectual baits.  
In Heidelberg next year he learned to heed  
The lift that comes to life from what is  
mead.  
Bologna's sunny smiles then 'gan to call  
To let him join full many a noisy brawl  
When merchantmen and landlords raised  
the prices  
To clinch the lawyers in pecuniary vises,  
Thus forcing them to take the law in hand  
Though, to their own tongues it had been  
banned  
By order of Justinian long before.  
Full oft with sandy legal lore  
His fertile brain was turned quite arid,  
While from within some angry clients  
harried  
Against injustice borne too long. So  
In some corner, for too cool, he'd throw  
His melting waxen texts, and hurry off to  
"Toney,"  
Where for both law and clientel he ordered  
a boloney.  
For to digest such meaty mental diet  
He trotted south for medicine and quiet.  
Salerno showed him leeching, bile and humours.—  
But if one may believe the rumours,  
He studied harder yet to be most jolly,  
And often pumped his dad to pay his folly.  
Thus did he garner all the ancient lore  
From Arabs, Romans, Greeks,—and something  
more,  
Read for him daily in a rented hall,  
Which, for a text, on waxen plate he'd scrawl.  
Nor had he books for dusty, long researches—  
Which are a modern student's painful scourges.  
So well 'twas learned, he'd say it in his sleep,  
And any job he was well trained to keep.

## THE MODERN SCHOLAR

A college girl there is, polite and charming,  
Who knows most anything, from art to  
farming.

In any circumstance her life is jolly,  
E'en swinging on a strap in crowded  
trolley ;

"Excelsior," she cries before the stairly  
heights,  
And twinkles plastic sandals up three  
flights.

Her jingling ornaments proclaim her  
presence,  
As through the halls she flits to greet her  
lessons.

Most eager is she never to be late,  
Or miss exams on their appointed date.  
Upon her chair she sits just like a queen ;  
Always and everywhere alive and keen.  
With punctuation marks her eyebrows  
are divided,—

They're nicer there than elsewhere, she's  
decided ;

Enfolded gracefully in modest sari ;  
Her jewels shimmer like an evening  
starry ;

A waking bud her matching blouse  
resembles ;  
On glossy braid a fragrant bouquet  
trembles,

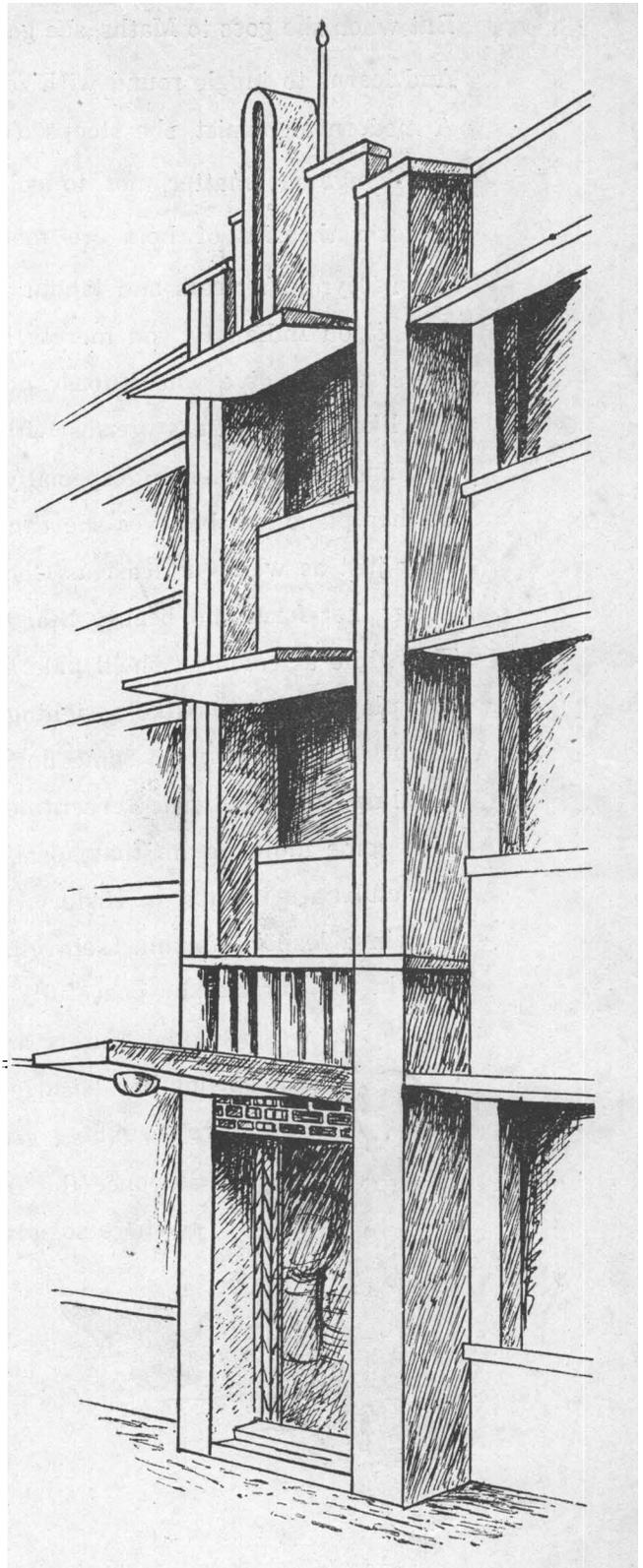
Of jasmine, rose or other blossoms bright.  
At games to watch her grandma gets a  
fright :

For, be it throwball, tennicoit or tennis,  
Sport foes consider her a dreadful menace.  
(She wouldn't dream of shooting through  
some gate,

Or make believe she's ill, at any rate ;)  
Enough of P. T. now ; for she gets T. T.  
too,

In Tamil, Malayalam, Telugu,  
As well as Hindi, Sanskrit, English,  
French,

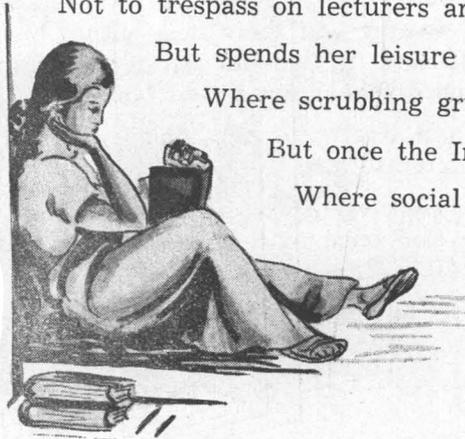
Which make her poor tongue writhe and  
wrench.



Entrance to Stella Maris College

But when she goes to Maths, she gets M. T.,  
 And learns to juggle round with zero or degree.  
 A modern alchemist, she stoops o'er nature's pyre,  
 To change all matter, not to gold, but fire.  
 Historic theories of hers are more decided  
 Than Toynbee's years and labour have provided ;  
 And, if on Indian H. you merely knock 'er,  
 She's sure to give you Stupas and Ashoka.  
 She likes to be on easy terms with Logic,  
 But finds some English, 'especially Shakespeare tragic.  
 On her piano she believes she can  
 Play just as well,—at least as Chopin !  
 In art, her form and beauty beat the Grecian ;  
 The while as colourist she'll pale a Titian.  
 She plays the veena like a sighing breeze,  
 About to drowse within some flow'ry trees.  
 Tinkling with bells, she serpentines in dance  
 Like some mute dream that speaks with flashing glance.  
 Her clubs are trumps, in History or Science,  
 To win a leader's fortune, self-reliance.  
 And in the library, she peacefully affirms

Not to trespass on lecturers and worms,  
 But spends her leisure at the nearby cheri  
 Where scrubbing grubby urchins makes her merry ;  
 But once the Inter gone, come on B.A.  
 Where social ills are work and no more play.  
 In precis, such a student fine  
 and clever,  
 At any time or place  
 existed never.  
**A HISTORY STUDENT**



## THREE CHEERS FOR THE EFFORT AND ONE FOR THE RESULT!

"The play's the thing." Shakespeare meant it in another sense but surely we can take it in the sense of games—all games and especially Stella Maris games.

The man in the street may say we play for the victory but the man in the street remains there while we play here on our game-fields. "The play's the thing" for us but not the victory.

If you don't believe me, just step into Stella Maris grounds at 4 p.m. sharp; and you will see what I mean. We play just for the sake of er... well, just for the sake of playing.

On entering, you hear a buzz all around the court. The players stand shivering with shaky legs and cold, damp hands but no sooner has the whistle blown, than all traces of nervousness vanish and the game begins in earnest. A tall Senior bounds across the field with the swiftness of a kangaroo; a teeny-weeny Junior frisks and dodges about like a little rabbit, and as quick as lightning she jumps between the taller one's legs and gets the ball. Another player glides smoothly along the field like a snake and the whole game field resembles a regular zoo. The ball flies about from one end of the field to the other; it goes into the circle but alas! it quickly flits back owing to a solid rock of a defence. Various sentences, phrases and clauses burst forth from the crowd of on-lookers. There's "sit on the little fellow," "keep it up," "push her down," etc. Hearing the shouts of encouragement in all languages one would imagine the Tower of Babel was no thing of the past, for the French yell "Bien," the Hindians "Ahchha," the Tamilians "Nalla" and many other words which do not sound like words at all.

After many strenuous efforts the ball at last reaches the hands of the shooter. The players are tense with excitement, the spectators hold their breath. Everyone is waiting and there it is with a burst of thunder—the goal is shot. Cheers fly in from all sides and the noise is so great that one can hardly hear one's own voice.

The game continues keen and lively to the end, when the spectators invade the court to congratulate.

Well, wouldn't you like to witness such a thrilling game? Believe me, it's simply grand. And once more I remind you that "the play's the thing" for us so it's,

"Three cheers for the effort, but mind you, only one for the result!"

COLLEEN MARTIN

II U.C.



Sangamitra



Punna

# THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

**F**EMININE charm, what a wealth has been written on it; hymned by scop and bard on harp and lyre; pursued for portrayal by artists from earliest days,—this elusive, intangible heritage of woman can make or mar man's destiny. The Judiths soar triumphant over Delilahs as throughout the centuries their history is being repeated. Like every great nation India too can boast of her valiant women, those who sought justice above all, despising worldly gains and sacrificing their greatest treasures to spread its reign. Women who used their persuasive charm and initiative not to further selfish ambitions, but to help bring peace and joy to our land. "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones," cannot be written of them, for from childhood days we listen entranced to their deeds of heroic fidelity and self-sacrifice.

No idle choice then, was responsible for the reproduction of scenes from the lives of Sangamitra, Punna and Jahanara for College Day, 1951. Familiar to all, both

audience and actresses, the moral which they teach still rang out with renewed clarity and appeal. In each episode a different light was thrown on their use of personal charm, freed from all base motives and activated solely by the highest ideals. What fine models are here to be revered and emulated that we too may diffuse happiness and mutual understanding. The charm of the Stella Marians to which the Hon. Sri K. Madhava Menon referred during his speech must not be abused. The principles of upright living, of social justice and fraternal charity which we are encouraged to practise during our college days must bear fruit in later life, so that we may follow in the paths of our glorious heroines, and :

"Departing leave behind us  
Foot-prints in the sands of time,  
Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again."



Jahanara

# COLLEGE DAY 1951

GOOD things do not often come in pairs, but on College Day the enjoyment of the preceding Sports' Day rivalled that of the great day itself. The "field of battle" was pitched on the playing ground between the Convent and Hostel, and by 1-30 p.m. on the 24th February all the competitors were on their toes ready to commence. From the steps of the Convent, Rev. Mother Principal with the religious and lay Staff had vantage positions, while many students, not to be outdone, crowded on the Hostel verandahs for a good aerial view.

First on the programme, was the match for the Net-Ball Shield contested by I and II U.C. Lithe yellow and blue clad figures sprang into action. What seemed an absolute "walkover" for II U.C. who scored 4 goals in rapid succession, became a victory for I U.C., who caught up, equalled and finally defeated their opponents, 11 to 9. Novelty races followed and many presented a highly amusing, though somewhat inelegant exhibition during the Sack Race.

The grand finale was the Net-Ball match between the Staff and III and IV U.C. All the laurels went to the Staff who heedless of obvious fatigue lost no ground to the more frisky students. Still for the students it must be admitted that we had a pretty stiff handicap, for whenever we did get the ball down to the shooting circle there were the outstretched arms of Miss Helen Fernandez, P. T. Instructress, waiting to give us an all too practical example of how to defend a goal. The close

of play saw the Staff triumphant after a well-fought contest. 5-3 was the score.

Elegant saris superseded the less picturesque P. T. uniform when on College Day itself, the students assembled at 2-30 p.m. The tiffin-block resounded with happy talk and laughter while all partook of tea. The arrival of parents and friends brought us back to earth once more, and it was most enjoyable to meet the families of our fellow-students. Tea for the visitors was prepared on the badminton lawn and by 4-30 the majority had arrived.

We were all delighted and honoured to have in our midst the Hon. Sri K. Madhava Menon who, together with Mrs. Menon, presided at the distribution of prizes and concert which followed. Three episodes from Indian History were performed, while music was well represented by the Indian Orchestra, songs and piano solos. Indian grace added charm to the classical Greek dance of "The Fates."

Rev. Mother Principal, presenting her report, welcomed old and new friends to Stella Maris. The year's work had, she said, been "in depth rather than in extent"—the development, that is, of a true college spirit, and there had been whole-hearted co-operation from the students. Academic results were mentioned:—86 per cent passes in last year's University examinations, with 10 first classes and 20 distinctions among the 29 intermediate candidates. The chief expansions in the curriculum were: Sanskrit in

Part II Inter and B.A., and Music, Drawing and Painting in Part III which had been extended to the B.A. Subject to University approval, June 1951 would see the opening of Maths with either Statistics or Physics in the B.A. Course. Another fruit of 1950-51 had been the "strong and healthy inter-relation between Students and Staff," intensified by the opening of Stella Maris Convent not far from the Hostel. Hostel life had been, said the Principal, the usual buzz of lively activity, a spirit of friendship and service characterising its members.

After the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Madhava Menon, the Minister of Education addressed us. "Christian missionaries have done, are doing, and will continue to do, very great service in the cause of education in this country for which we must be grateful. Gratefulness

is what they do not expect in any other shape than our attempt to lead the life which they want us to lead by being useful to our neighbours." He congratulated those who won prizes and wished better luck next year to those who did not. Then came a word of advice for the students:—To cultivate the spirit of dedication, trying to make their neighbours as happy as themselves. "Then," he said, "you will have justified your stay at Stella Maris College. I want you to put into practice what you have learnt in this College."

The dark velvet of the night emphasized the galaxy of colour in the dramatizations, songs and dances which concluded the programme. Finally with proud, eager voices all united to sing the "Jana Gana Mana" and so ended College Day, 1951.

## UNE LEÇON DE FRANÇAIS

LA classe de français est pour nous la plus attrayante de notre collège. Bien éclairée, ouverte aux brises marines, elle nous permet d'apercevoir de ses fenêtres les hauts cocotiers avec leurs larges feuilles qui se balancent doucement au vent; et au delà, c'est l'immense océan bleu et étincelant sous le soleil. En plus de ces avantages, nous aimons encore notre classe de français comme la salle où se passent beaucoup d'heures très agréables. et même, parfois, assez mouvementées, ce qui ajoute encore à leur charme. Aussi, malheur à celles qui, pendant les heures lourdes de midi, voudraient s'y livrer à un sommeil paisible. Elles savent par expérience qu'elles seraient bientôt réveillées!

Par ailleurs, à notre petite classe

vient se joindre chaque jour, avec une grande ponctualité, une catégorie d'étudiants à l'allure assez singulière, graves messieurs vêtus de noir qui, trouvant les tables occupées, s'installent sans plus de façons sur les volets des fenêtres; là, bien alignés, et sans bouger de place, ils suivent la leçon avec une attention des plus soutenues. Leur régularité, aussi bien que leur bonne tenue, en ferait des étudiants exemplaires si, hélas, une malheureuse manie ne rendait leur compagnie vraiment insupportable! C'est qu'en effet, tandis qu'ils semblent ne prendre qu'un intérêt médiocre aux leçons de grammaire et de littérature, par contre l'étude de la prononciation des mots français les passionnent et, du commencement à la fin de la

leçon, ils s'y exercent par des concerts ininterrompus de "Croa! Croa!" exécutés sur tous les tons et à un diapason à vous casser les oreilles! L'acharnement qu'ils y mettent aurait bien de quoi, parfois, nous faire perdre la tête et à notre professeur le fil de ses idées!

Midi! Nous voici toutes réunies dans notre petite classe avec nos amis les corbeaux qui attendent dans un silence respectueux l'arrivée du professeur du haut de leur perchoir. Le voici la leçon commence par la correction des derniers devoirs. "Ah" gémit notre pauvre professeur, combien de fois déjà ne vous ai-je pas dit de vous méfier du dictionnaire! Voici comment une étudiante décrit sa compagne de classe:

"Elle a les cheveux brefs et passe chaque jour un temps considérable à peindre tous les clous de ses pieds en rouge." Ne savez-vous pas encore qu'on dit des cheveux qu'ils sont courts et non pas brefs? Mais quels sont ces clous peints en rouge que votre compagne a aux pieds?

"Oh, je sais," crie une voix, "elle a tout simplement écrit ses clous pour "ses oncles" parce qu'en anglais c'est le même mot qui désigne à la fois un clou et un oncle." "Comment!" s'exclame Shanta indignée, "avez-vous jamais vu des oncles qui se laisseraient peindre en rouge par leurs nièces? Ce n'est pas "oncles" avec un 'c', mais "ongles" avec un 'g' qu'elle a voulu dire. Cela vous montre assez, ajoute-t-elle, fière d'en savoir tant, toute l'importance d'une simple lettre en français, et combien on a raison de dire que cette langue est remarquable pour sa grande concision!"

Hélas! "s'il n'y avait que cela," interrompt le professeur; mais ce n'est pas tout; écoutez plutôt:

"Sa tête" (il s'agit d'un autre portrait) est couverte de chevaux légers qui volent au vent et retombent avec grâce sur son cou et ses épaules."—Cette description ne manque pas d'une certaine poésie! Malheureusement, une fois de plus, l'étourdie qui en est l'auteur a pris, là encore, une lettre pour une autre. Quant aux devoirs de grammaire, on y trouve des phrases comme celle-ci:

"Le papier qui j'avais vu . . . . ." Voyons, qui trouvera les fautes à corriger?—Silence de mort, car, il faut l'avouer, dans nos devoirs, nous nous soucions de la grammaire française à peu près autant que nos amis les corbeaux. Avec toutes ses complications et ses subtilités, n'est-elle pas, en effet, la plus barbare des inventions?

"Qui peut dire au moins," reprend le professeur sur un ton de voix qu'il essaye de rendre le plus encourageant possible, devant l'indifférence manifeste de son auditoire, "ce qu'il fallait écrire à la place de "qui"? Etait-ce "que" ou bien encore "quoi?"—"KO! KO! répondent les corbeaux, ouvrant en chœur leurs larges becs d'un air de triomphe "KO! KO!" reprend à son tour toute la classe d'une seule voix. "Oui, oui, c'est bien cela qu'il fallait mettre. Et maintenant que nous avons les corbeaux pour nous donner les réponses, nous n'avons plus besoin de leçons de grammaire!"

UNE JEUNE ETUDIANTE  
EN FRANCAIS DE

I U.C.

## கல்லெல்லாம் மாணிக்கக் கல்லாமோ?

சென்னையில் உள்ள திருவல்லிக்கேணியில் எங்கள் குடும்பம் வசித்து வந்தது. எழில்மிக்க நாட்டிற்கு அழகுள்ள பூம்பொழில் இருப்பது போல் கௌரவமான எங்கள் குடும்பத்தின் உயர்வுக்கு எங்கள் அண்ணா M. A., பட்டதாரியாக இருந்தான். அவன் ஓர் எழுத்தாளன். ஸ்டூடென்ட் கையிலேயே கிண்டலாகப் பேசுவான். எப்பொழுதும் நகை முகத்துடனேயே காட்சியளிப்பான். அவன் உரையாடலில் அறிவு மணங்கமழும். என் தங்கைக்குப் பனிரண்டு வயது. அவளுக்கு விளையாட்டுன்றால் பெருவிருப்பம். ஒரு நாள் பக்கத்து வீட்டுத் தோழிகளுடன் விளையாட்டுடனான. ஐயோ! ஒருவன் சைக்களில் வேகமாக வந்தான். என் தங்கை அதன் சக்கரத்தில் அகப்பட்டுக்கொண்டாள். மண்டையில் சிறு காயம்; அவ்வளவுதான். பலத்த அடி ஒன்றும் இல்லை. என் தாயார் ஆரம்பித்து விட்டாள் வசை புராணத்தை. “இன்றைக்கு யார் முகத்தில் விழித்ததோ? அதனால் தான் சைக்களில் அகப்பட்டுக்கொண்டது” என்றான் கடைசியாக. எங்கள் அண்ணா சிரித்துக்கொண்டே சொன்னான், “எம்மா! நம் வீட்டில் நம்மைத்தவிர வேறு யார் இருக்கிறார்கள் அவர்கள் முகத்தில் விழிக்க? நாள் தவறாமல் நானும் தான் வெளியில் செல்லுகிறேன். நீ தான் என்னை அனுதினமும் தூக்கத்திலிருந்து எழுப்புகின்றாய். எனக்கொன்றும் இம்மாதிரியான விபத்துக்கள் ஏற்படுவதில்லை. இன்றைக்கு நீதானே இவளை எழுப்பினாய். உன் முகத்தில் தான் விழித்தான். ஆனால் அவளுக்கு விபத்து ஏற்பட்டது. அதற்காக யார் முகத்தில் விழித்தானோ அவர்களால் தான் ஏற்பட்டதென்று சொல்லிவிடலாமா? அவளின் அசிரத்தையினால் ஏற்பட்டது விபத்து. ஓடாமல் சாக்கிரதையாக முன்பின் பார்த்து நடந்து சென்றிருந்தால் இந்த விபத்து ஏற்பட்டிருக்காது” என்றான். என் தாய் வாய்மொழி மெனனியானாள். எனக்கு என் சிந்தனையில், அவன் சொல்லியது தான் நியாயம் என்று அறிவுறுத்தியது.

இது மட்டுமல்ல ஒருநாள் நான் என் தமிழ் புத்தகத்தைப் படித்துக் கொண்டிருக்கும்போது “கல்லெல்லாம் மாணிக்கக் கல்லாமோ?” என்ற தொடர் வந்தது. எங்கள் அண்ணா என்னைப் பார்த்து முறுவலித்தான் நான் ஒன்றும் தெரியாமல் விழித்தேன். “அறிவை கல் என்று சொன்னவர்கள் மாணிக்கத்தையும் கல் என்று தானே சொல்கிறார்கள்” என்றான் “ஆமாம்?” அண்ணா! “ஆனால் மாணிக்கம் விலையுயர்ந்த கல்லாயிற்றே! என்றேன். நான் அதை விலையுயர்ந்ததாக்கியவர்கள் யார்? மனிதர்கள் தானே?” ஆனால் காட்டில் திரியும் வேடனுக்கு, குருவிகளைத் தன் உணவுக்காகக் கொல்லும்பொழுது உபயோகப்படுவது சாதாரண பருக்கைக்கற்கள். வீடுகட்டுவதற்கு உபயோகப்படுவது செங்கற்கள். வணங்கும் சுருபங்களைச் செய்வதற்குக்கூட உபயோகப்படுவது பாறைக்கற்கள் ஆகும். தீப்பெட்டி இல்லாத பழங் காலத்தில், நெருப்பிற்காக சக்கிமுக்கிக் கற்கள் உதவின இதற்கெல்லாம் மாணிக்கம் பயன்படுமா? அழகிகள்; அதிலும் ஆஸ்திரி உள்ளவர்களின் கழுத்தில் அணைவதால், மற்ற கற்களைவிட உயர்ந்ததாகுமா? ஆராய்ந்து பார்த்தால் மனிதர்கள் பயன்படக் கூடியவைகளைப் பாராட்டாமல், அவைகளுக்கு முக்கியத்துவம் அளிக்காமல், பகுத்தறியும் திறமையுமின்றி மாணிக்கத்திற்கு உயர்வு கற்பிக்கக்கிறார்கள். இது எதைப்போல் இருக்கிற தென்றால், காட்டைத் திருத்தியவன், கரம்பு நிலத்தை கழனியாக்கியவன், நாட்டை புதுப்பித்தவன், நாகரீக மாக்கியவன். தொழிலாளி, ஆனால் அவனுக்கு புல்லளவேனும் மதிப்பு தருகிறதா உலகம்? இல்லை. அவன் நாட்டின் நிலையை உயர்த்தினானே தவிர அவன் நிலையை யாரும் உயர்த்தாது போல் இல்லையா?” என்றான். எங்கள் அண்ணாவின் வாதம் என் மூலையைக் குழப்பியது பிறகு தெளிவாயிற்று. அவன் சொன்னது. நியாயமென்று பட்டது. ‘நன்றி கெட்ட உலகம்’ என்று என்னையறியாமலே என் வாய் முணுமுணுத்தது.

“**ప్రేణ** **క్రమ** క్కిడ్డాల తూర్శశ్రుణం  
 ఎంఱు సోలకిఱేఱుం అల్లవా? శబ్క కాలత్తుశ్  
 సెయ్యుఱిల్ **క్రమ** క్కిడ్డ యాణెయె అంఱు ఁయ్తు  
 ఱులమిడశ్ సెయ్తాన్ మున్ణెయె తమిఱున్. ఆఱుల్  
 ఱున్ఱేఱు అవన్ ప్రేణక్రంఱుఱుం పతుక్కుఱున్  
 ఱుఱుయిల్” ఁంఱు ఁబ్కన్ అఱున్ఱు సోల్లం  
 ఱుంఱు, ఁఱుఱుయిలెయె ఁనక్కు ఱున్ఱెయె  
 తమిఱుక్కుఱున్ నిలె క్రుత్తు వెఱ్కఱుం, వఱుత్త  
 ఱుం ఁఱుం. కాకం కఱున్ఱాల్ నం వీడ్ఱుం  
 విఱున్ఱున్ వఱువతాశ్ సోల్లఱుక్కుఱున్. “కాకం  
 మఱుక్కుఱుయిల్ అమర్ఱున్ఱుంఱుం కఱున్ఱు.  
 అతఱుల్ ఁత్త విఱున్ఱున్? యాఱుఱుయె విఱున్

తిఱున్? అత్త మఱుత్తఱున్ఱుయిల్ వఱువాన్?”  
 ఁంఱు ఁబ్కన్ అఱున్ఱు సోల్లం.

ఁతావతు కారీయమార్ఱు ఱుఱుకాలం కఱుత్  
 తుత్తాన్ ఱుఱువఱుక్కుఱు ఁఱుం. నల్ల వెఱుఱు!  
 అవఱుక్కు, అతావతు అంఱు తిఱు సెయ్కఱువఱుక్కు.  
 శఱున్ఱు కఱుత్తఱుం, శాఱుఱువఱుత్తఱుం, ఱుఱుక  
 కాలం కఱుత్తు సెయ్తాఱు ఱుంఱు అవఱుక్కుఱున్  
 ఁయిఱుంకు అఱుత్తఱుల్లంఱు ఱుంఱుం ఁంఱు  
 ఁబ్కన్ అఱున్ఱు ఱుక్కుత్తుక్కుఱున్ఱుం. ఱున్ఱు  
 ఱున్ఱుం ఁబ్కన్ఱు ఱుంఱు అవన్  
 సోన్ఱు. అవెవకఱుల్ ఁబ్కన్ఱుక్కుఱున్ఱు  
 కంఱుక్కుఱు ఱుంఱు.

## సత్యమే శ్రేయస్కరము.

కంచీపురమున ధనధాన్యసంపన్నుడును, ధర్మ  
 కారనిరతుడునగు ప్రసాదరావుయను నగరనాను  
 డుండెను. అతడనాధుల కన్నవస్త్రీములిచ్చి నాద  
 రించుచుండును. గావున బిక్షకు లనేకు లనుదినము  
 నాతని యింటికి వచ్చుచుండెడివారు.

ఒకనా డతని యింటికి జాత్యంఱుడయిన  
 గూనివాడిక డేఱెంచెను. ఆ వికలాంఱుడు శ్రావ్య  
 ముగా పాటలు పాడి వినువారి వీనులకు విండు  
 గొలుపుచుండెను. ప్రసాదరావు యా బిచ్చగానిచే  
 గొన్ని కీర్తనలు పాడించి వానికి గడుపునిండ  
 భోజనము పెట్టించెను. ఆ కుఱుంఱుడు నంజుకొను  
 టకై వడ్డించిన మాగాయ టెంకను నోటనుంచుకొని  
 చప్పురించుచుండ నాకస్మికముగ టెంక గొంతున  
 కడ్డపడి యూపిరి యాడనందున వాడిటునటు  
 కొట్టుకొనుచు గొంతసేపటికి నిశ్చేష్టు డయ్యెను.

ప్రసాదరావు, పుణ్యమునకై పోవ బాప  
 మెచురయ్యె ననుకొనుచు నేమిచేయుటకుం ఱోచక  
 చింతాక్రాంతుడయి వగచుచుండెను. కట్టకడపట  
 కొక యుపాయ మాలోచించెను. తోడనే బొక్క  
 సమునుండి పదివఱుం తీసికొని కొయ్యబారిన  
 యా బిచ్చగాని శరీరమును మూపున నిడుకొని

వైద్యునింటికి బోయెను. అతడా కశీబరమును  
 ద్వారము ప్రక్కను జేరబెట్టి లోనికేగి చికిత్సకు  
 నితో “అయ్యో ఈ వృద్ధుడు వ్యాధిసీడితుడై  
 మిగుల బాధపడుచున్నాడు. ఈతని కాశోగ్య  
 మును గలిగించితికేని మీరు గోరిన ధనము నొసంగ  
 గలవాడను. డోషధమూల్యమును ముందే కైకొ  
 నుడు” అని పలుకుచు, దాను డెచ్చిన సొమ్మును  
 వైద్యునిచేత నిడి, నేను బోయినవచ్చెదను. లోగి  
 వాకిట నున్నాడు, చూచుకొనుడని చెప్పియొక్క  
 పరుగున నిల్లు చేరెను.

వైద్యుడు వడిగా నడిచివచ్చుచు ద్వారము  
 వస్త్ర జేరబెట్టుబడియున్న లోగిని జూడక తాకినందున  
 వాడు నేలగూలెను. అతని శరీరమున నాడీచలనము  
 గానరానందున భయపడుచు, యా శరీరము నచ్చట  
 నుంచినచో ప్రమాదము వాటిల్లునని దావునున్న  
 తో. లో నొకబూరుగ చెట్టున కాశరీరము నానించి  
 వెడలిపోయెను.

ఆ తోటకాపరి, ఫలముల నపహరించు  
 చోరులను బట్టినెంచి తోటకరుఱుంచి బూరుగచెట్టు  
 వస్త్రున్న మనుజుని జూచి దొంగయని నెంచి  
 కట్టతో గొట్టెను. ఆ శరీరము పట్టువదలి క్రింద

బడెను. భీతిల్లి యా దేహమును మోసికొనిపోయి,  
దేవాలయ సమీపమున నొక నిత్రాతి కానించెను.

వణిజు డొకడు తానా దినమున విక్రయించిన వస్తువుల మూల్యమునంతను మూట గట్టుకొని కోవెలప్రక్క నుండి వేగముగా బోవుచుండ వాని కాలు తగిలి బిచ్చకాడు వైనబడెను. ఆ వణిజుడు భయభ్రాంతుడయి “వొంగ, దొంగ” యని కేకలు వేసెను. సమీపపర్వతలయిన రక్షకభటులు పరుగెత్తివచ్చి భూపతితుడై యున్నవానిం గాంచి ‘ఈ మనుజు నేల మడియిందిలి’ వని వణిజుని తెక్కలు వితీచికట్టి రాజసన్నిధికి దోడ్కొని పోయి యా సమాచారమునంతయు విన్నవించిరి. రాజు మరణదండన యా కోమటికి క్షేపించెను. భటులు వానిని వధ్యభూమి క్షేపకొనిపోవుచుండిరి. ఈ సమాచారము పురమంతయు వ్యాపించెను.

ఇంతలో వనపాలుడు పరుగిడివచ్చి భూపాలునితో “మహాప్రభూ, యీ వర్తకుని జంపవలదు.

యీ మహాపాతకమును గావించినవాడను నేనుగాని యితడు కాడని” తన దప్పదము నొప్పుకొనెను. తేడు వర్తకుని విడిపించి యారామరక్షకుని శిరశ్చేదమున కుత్తరవిచ్చెను. తలారులు తోటమాలిని వధ్యభూమికి దోడ్కొనిపోవుచుండిరి. ఆ సమాచారము వినగానే వైద్యుడైతెంచి రాజునకు నడచిన వృత్తాంతమునంతను విజ్ఞాపనము చేసి, యుపతేశిక్షను నాకే విధింపుడని బ్రాధించెను. అది విని రాజు ఆశ్చర్యపడి, వైద్యునకు శిక్ష విధించెను. ఇంతలో, జరిగినదంతయు కని, ప్రసాదరావు నృపాలునికడ కేసుదెంచి కంఠమునంచు మామిడితెంక చిక్కుకొని బిచ్చగాడు మృతినొందిన విధమంతయు వివరించెను.

తక్షణమే రాజు భిక్షక కంఠము నున్న మామిడితెంక నుపాయముతో బైకిదీయి చియుచి తోపచారములు గావింప గొంతతడవునకు బిచ్చగాడు తెలివినొంది క్రమముగ మాటలాడ దొడంగెను. ఇది కని పురజనులెల్ల అనందరసమగ్నులైరి

### ODE TO AN ELEPHANT

What steaming jungle saw your rule sublime,  
What spicy forest of the torrid clime,  
India or Lanka's isle? What cool lagoon  
Has laved your mighty flanks beneath the moon?  
Say, where has fled the tameless power;  
All that belonged to you for your brief hour?  
What torment when they caught you with their stakes,  
What proud despair, what shame and rage and pain!  
Poor Captive! you have found that time which brings  
Oblivion, robs even memories of your reign!  
Now you are old, tattered and desolate,  
With none to pity, none to ease your state!

MYRTLE DORAI RAJ,  
III U.C.



—Courtesy, "The Mail."

## "CHARITY," THEY SAY, "BEGINS AT HOME."

**F**OLLOWING this golden rule to the letter we decided to take the orphans to the zoo on the 13th of October. There, we agreed, was our opportunity to share our enjoyments with them, give pleasure to our dear Mother Principal, and incidentally do a spot of social service ourselves.

It is difficult to describe the joyous excitement which animated the orphans at the dawning of the 13th.

Their clamour far outrivalled the daily 5-30 a.m. Angelus Bell, and forced us also to arise and greet the morn.

There was a long queue at the well, while much washing, splashing, rubbing and scrubbing was going on at a big wash-tub near by. It was amazing that there was any skin left on their faces after all these vigorous operations. Many catastrophes were

narrowly escaped, as more than one little girl nearly toppled headlong into the tub in her eagerness to be washed. Such spare time as remained was spent in admiring their new green clothes.

When finally we set off, our big procession of nearly four hundred, complete with four huge trams, absolutely blocked the Santhome Road. Entering a tram was a new experience for most of the orphans, and the long drive to Moore Market was very thrilling for them. Our destination reached, the traffic was once more held up until we had crossed the road. Our seemingly never-ending crocodile drew looks of amazement from all the passers-by. We still had a quarter of an hour's walk to the zoo, but dusty roads and blazing sunshine were soon forgotten at the sight of the cool, shady entrance.

The tickets bought, we started on our rounds. Almost immediately we recognised our friends in the cages and the meeting was a very joyous one on both sides. We grinned and they grinned! Only one old fellow rather impolitely showed us his tongue, to this we did not reply. A zebra brayed a welcome to us from over the hedge. Altogether we had a grand reception.

Most of the cat family were at siesta when we arrived. The tiger was a great attraction, but it was by utter force that we could induce the tiny tots to approach within even four yards' distance of the cage. He certainly was a ferocious-looking animal; even we were somewhat intimidated. There was one lion, looking perfectly meek and mild, not

at all as the King of Beasts should look. Still, there was no doubt that the tiger was majestic enough for two lions. The python too was not very impressive and was quickly forgotten when the fish were sighted. These really appealed to the little girls' fancy while they delightedly pointed out the different sizes and hues. Mousedeer, guinea-pigs, wild cats, porcupines and emus were visited in turn, each evoking appropriate "oh's" and "ah's" of delight. Then Victor, the giraffe, loomed into view, and was an object of awe and admiration. The children could hardly believe their eyes when they saw this wonderful, long-necked animal.

We had not far to walk before the elephants came plodding heavily along to greet us. The baby orphans fled in terror and we had to carry many of them at the risk of being choked, as they tearfully clung to our necks for protection. Nothing daunted, Sarat, the cleverest elephant, proceeded to entertain us with some thrilling feats. The camels, such pictures of haughty condescension, deigned to blink at us while we puzzled over the question as to "which twin had the Toni." By far the sweetest and wildest of all our friends were "Lulu, Dotty and Cherry," the dear little leopard cubs with whom we played for quite some time.

Weariness made our spirits sink and our appetites rise, so we sat down to lunch in picnic style. Then, physically re-inforced, we continued our travels, making our way towards the island. We passed graceful "Bambys" of all kinds; and bears, big black woolly ones, with white

collars, and panting with heat. The star-attraction of the afternoon was the birds. The peacocks were proudly strutting around displaying their magnificent plumage. The macaw parrots with their gorgeous colouring, reminiscent of Turner's "Sunset," made an immediate appeal to the children who lingered around the cages until almost removed by force. On we went passing storks, pelicans and swans.

As we started with the monkeys, so we ended with them and they waved us their last fond farewell as we filed out of the zoo gate. The return journey was less eventful, as the novelty of a tram ride was wear-

ing off, although when an electric train passed by the children nearly jumped out of their seats in excitement. Where they found such energy we couldn't imagine, as our spirits were slightly damped by fatigue. At last we handed over our charges, who blissfully happy, were still dreaming of the animals and birds in the zoo.

A photographer had been dogging our footsteps most of the time. We thought it was for this magazine, so it was a great surprise, when at breakfast next morning, we saw our faces staring up at us from the last page of the "Madras Mail."

V. SUNDARI KANDASWAMY

II U.C.



# JOTTINGS FROM MY DIARY

**June 27th :**

Reopening Day!!! Ugh!!! For better or for worse?

Swarms of brand new, awkward-looking freshers everywhere—must be 200 for I U.C. and about 30 for III U.C. Don't seem a bad lot though . . . . . easy to get on with . . . . . good sports. Making them at home wasn't an awful ordeal after all.

**July :**

**Summer Fashions at S.M.C.—**

Models straight from Paris—Yellow and Blue Pyjamas . . . .

It's come at last, . . . . . what all Net-Ball enthusiasts have been waiting for . . . . . A GAMES COSTUME.

If you want some fun you should see the College Bashfuls slipping off home as fast as they can go, with a yellow and blue bundle under their arm.

A few days later . . . . . The first match in Costumes . . . . . enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most stony hearted . . . . . The Shoot's pyjamas 6" too long, the defence swimming in the depths of the Yellow Sea, the centre completely off her balance—obviously struck colour blind, the attack pre-occupied and not a sign of pugnacity—She's lost her belt! Patience! The Directress is going to need some.

**12th :**

**A new Venture—**Shy Stella Marians enrol in a PUBLICITY CLUB. Would-be editors, come

forth, here's the chance you have been waiting for. Original contributions only will be accepted. Meetings in Room I-9, Wednesdays.

**19th :**

**The Throes of Electioneering.—**

Even the 1832 Reform Bill couldn't have caused greater stir than did our voting for Class Presidents and Representatives. Mass meetings were held. No rules were broken because none existed. Blackboards and noticeboards assumed a new interest as canvassers poured out their latest slogans. And was it worth it? I'll say it was, for at the end of the week we had a set of 1st Class "Elect":—

IV U.C. President—Oliva Wilmott  
Representative Grace Mani.

III U.C. President—Clare Albuquerque  
Representative—Margaret Paul.

II U.C. President—Sarojini Peravalli.  
Representative—V. H. Nirmala.

I U.C. President—A. Padma.  
Representatives—Manjula, Sanyal,  
K. A. Selvamani.

**26th :**

The Publicity Club makes its Debut. True to title, it publishes things we all want to know. 'What's happening in Korea, South of the Iron Curtain.' The account was accompanied by fine coloured plates. Very newsy and very interesting. Keep it up, Publicity!

**August 8th :**

**Tennicoit takes first place.—**

K. Chandramani and C. Gajalakshmi become a public danger. Chandra's twists are deadly and Gajalakshmi's a Mercury. Out

of 9 inter-Collegiate matches they lose only one and that to another S. M. C.—Stanley Medical. Congratulations from us all.

**15th :**

**Twin Birthdays.**—For Independent India and Stella Maris College, both three years old today. Our College Celebration in prose and poem and song reminded us of all we owe to our Country and our College. We felt justly proud of both that day, and even the laziest of us was inspired with new zest.

**18th :**

**Three Caps and Gowns.**—The good old "Venerables" of last year earn their title on Convocation Day. Would that we too had Hats to take off to you in salute . . . . . But our turn will come (WE HOPE).

Venerable No. 1 Sister Inviolata.

" " 2 S. Vimala

" " 3 T. S. Savithri.

**22nd :**

**An Acquisition.**—No bribery and corruption in our unanimous voting for Olive Willmott as Senior Student. We'll treat her with respect and try to leave something for the examiners in March.

**23rd :**

**Clubs are Trumps.**—So the Scientists have been dinning in our ears . . . . . They inaugurated their Club today. Historians beware of atom bombs.

**30th :**

**History follows Suit** and gets down to work in earnest, electing its officers.

**September :**

**"Wedding Bells do ring so merrily"**

for

S. Lakshmi (former student)

D. Vedavalli (II U.C.)

S. V. Sarojini (II U.C.)

Ponammal (former student)

R. Vimala (former student)

And the Practical Scientists, true to type, present electric irons to the happy brides. Historians are ordering Boxes of Dates in readiness.

**14th—21st :**

Oblivion, (unfortunately) 1st Terminal Examinations . . . . .

Wish we hadn't had such a good time,—mischief moonlight picnics at the beach, Fancy Dress Dinners. Ah well! no good crying, the lecturers will be doing plenty of that!

**22nd :**

**Revivification—Mahabalipuram.**—

90 odd dusty historians, under the vigilant eye of 4 nuns and 3 lecturers squeeze themselves into a spic and span new red bus and a rickety old truck at the incredible hour of 7-0 a.m. in the morning, complete with tiffin baskets and goglets. Funny how the end justifies the means sometimes!

9-30 a.m. Voices gone . . . . . ears numbed . . . . . throats parched . . . . . appetites ravenous . . . . . The 5 Rhathas loom in sight.

The Travellers' Bungalow opens its arms . . . . . Did we do justice to the tiffin? No need to ask . . . . . Sorry, crows, better luck next time.

10 a.m.—2-00 p.m.—Shush! Don't disturb us, we're on tour . . . . .

learning our history, or at least trying to look intelligent. Don't blame the Profs for your ignorance, they left not a stone unturned. Alas we know it, we wish they had, sometimes.

2 p.m.—Visit to the finest specimens of archaeology for hungry young students . . . . the T.B.

What bliss . . . . LUNCH at last.

3-30 p.m.—“Break, break, break” . . . . Another lovely memory . . . . visit to the Shore Temple, and tea by the sea.

5 p.m.—Roll call and homeward bound. The truck gets its own back and arrives there first, to make up for the way the bus stole a march on us this morning.

**Mischaelmas Holidays**—Well earned rest. Except for the energetic Art Students who sacrificed a comfortable chair and a book for a visit to the Art School and Connemara Library. What one will do in the quest for knowledge! We avoid the royal plural and snuggle down to our book.

## TERM II

### October 3rd :

College reopens. Too bad September has only 30 days!

### 12th :

**We're “en fête”** (ask the French students if you don't know what it means . . . . not that they're likely to be able to help you, but you never know.)

Feast of our dear Rev. Mother Principal. To drive away her cares, we gave her an outdoor concert on the badminton lawn.

Dances, songs and music—Indian and Western—occupied a good part of the programme, because we wanted all to be gay. But the dramatists insisted on having their part. I U.C. dabbled in Shakespeare and produced a farce, in which Hamlet, Macbeth, Ophelia, etc., came to taunt the slumbering student with warnings and threats of failure. Somehow their versions of the soliloquies are easier to remember than the original . . . .

“To learn or not to learn that is the question . . . .

Whether 'tis better to while away the study hours,

Enjoying life oblivious of our Professors' power,

Or learn by heart, facts, dates, and lives of men,

Who lived and died, only historians know when !

To idle, to sleep, to sleep, perchance to Fail . . . .

Mother likes us to be active, so we had to get on to our toes and look smart for a Figure March, so bringing the programme to a brisk finish.

### 13th :

#### **Seeing is believing at the Zoo.**—

Rev. Mother Principal's feast is always double-sided, a concert for Mother and a treat for the orphans. This year it took the form of an outing to the Zoo. Sounds quite simple till you get down to practical details. Then we began to wish we were all mathematicians or economists, knowing how to make the most of our money and cope with

numbers which seemed to increase in geometrical progression. Still we managed it somehow.

10-30 a.m.—saw a never ending stream of neat little green clad orphans and dainty student "Mothers" pouring out of the compound gates. The trip was exciting enough. We were quite limp after having been pumped dry by non-stop questioning **en route**. But our day as Zoo hostesses was never to be forgotten. How those little ones enjoyed themselves and how we did too! Heads were nodding on the way back, but we wouldn't have missed it for anything . . . . not even . . . a fever holiday!

#### **November 11th :**

A sad farewell as Rev. M. Provincial left us for Rome! After her more than 20 years in India, there must have been thousands throughout our country who shared our grief today. (How little we dreamed that we would have the joy of re-welcoming her to India in February of 1951.)

#### **12th :**

**A Very Auspicious Day.**—(Ask the mites at Lalitha Cheri). Today our Social Service League was inaugurated. No more random efforts. We're down to Social Service in real good earnest. That goes without saying, for we've got good old Vino as President, energetic Muriel Colaço as Secretary, and Shashi to make both ends meet. A good number of active and auxiliary members enrolled themselves on the notice board in Rev. M. Principal's Office.

#### **16th :**

London in November!—Not quite ideal, if you know anything about London fogs. Still we didn't mind, as we toured the Houses of Parliament and even visited the new Houses of Commons opened a few days ago, together with the History Club. The pictures were good and the commentary quite instructive. We came out hungrier, but wiser students at 4-30 p.m. that day.

**Net-Ball and Badminton.**—Inter-Collegiate Matches begin. Can't share the laurels with the Tennis-coit Team. Net-Ball wins 3 out of 6 games, and badminton 3 out of 5. Must do better next year.

#### **22nd :**

**"Music hath charms."**—So we discovered at 4 p.m. when the Western Music students gave us a very fine concert in honour of St. Cecilia's Feast Day (their patron). Clare, Margaret, Gita and several others whirled us out of College life by their swift, gay solos and duets. Ample reward for their long hours of scale-practice and for our equally long hours of patient endurance.

#### **29th :**

**Rajputana**—the glorious and enchanting, called us today at 4 p.m. Once more the History Club entertained us. This time not only by pictures, but with appropriate songs and music too, rendered by dainty Rajput maidens.

#### **December :**

Darkness before the dawn.

EXAMS on the horizon . . . . .

Selections, Terminals . . . . Vacation.

**15th :**

Today we joined in the National mourning for the loss of our Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Patel. Exams. were interrupted and a condolence meeting was held in which Rev. M. Principal addressed us upon the life and work of our great leader. May God send us others to guide the destiny of our country.

**19th :**

Christmas Vacation begins ; off we go in high spirits to enjoy and make others enjoy. About 40 remain in the Hostel. Are they miserable? Not a bit. The Mothers take good care of that. December 24th evening a jolly, fat Santa Claus arrives with full sack and a Christmas gift for each. Midnight Mass as usual, beautiful, calm and peace bringing. Would that there were indeed Peace on Earth.

### **TERM III.**

**1951**

**January 1st :**

A happy New Year, especially for the less fortunate. That's what Vino and the other Social Service Leaguers wanted, when they made good use of their early return to College by visiting the cheri and distributing milk and sweets to the little ones, (who need no encouragement by this time . . . . . far from it . . . . . they come running out to meet us.)

**4th :**

College re-opens "Tempus Fugit," our Professors have been choral-ing since July . . . . . now we

believe them. Two short months and we come to the end of our year.

**13th :**

6 Pioneers enroll for the Course of Social Service Lectures given by the Madras S. S. League, at Government Arts College, which will make them eligible to receive the S. S. Diploma, after passing the examination.

**13th, 14th and 15th :**

The best Pongal ever . . . . . for the Social Service League (Another page tells you why.)

**25th to 29th :**

Silent, happy days. Our Annual Retreat. Given this year by Rev. Fr. Ambrose, O.F.M. from Bangalore. We made the most of this great grace to pray, not only for our own intentions, but those of our country, college and classmates. What a joy to see a number of former Stella Marians sharing these days with us!

**February 1st :**

Like January, the 1st was an important day, at least for:—  
R. V. Jayam (I U.C.) and G. Nagalakshmi (I U.C.) who distinguished themselves by winning the Pennathur Visalaksi Rolling Cup in the Sanskrit Competition. Jayam got 1st prize in Poetry and Nagalakshmi second prize in Drama.

**3rd :**

**Goodbyes begin,** at the Senior Send Off of II U.C. by I U.C. All our congratulations to I.U.C. for their excellent co-operation and good organisation of a very happy send-off, midst laughter and tears.

**24th and 27th :**

**Two red-letter days. 24th.**—A hectic sports day, for which the laurels undoubtedly go to our gallant Staff for the determined and heroic efforts they displayed when snatching the Net-Ball Cup from our dignified B.A.'s. (And they've threatened to do the same again next year. Watch out, students.)

**27th. College Day.** It has its own page, so I mustn't trespass.

**26th HOLIDAY**.....

**March, and Farewell.**

**2nd :**

Revision Holidays for II and IV U.C.  
What a misnomer!

**3rd :**

Still there was one bright spot  
..... Senior Send-off in Hostel.

**12th :**

"On your mark, steady, get ready  
..... GO" . . . . . PROMOTION  
EXAMS begin.

**19th :**

Bye, bye, little Juniors. "Make  
hay while the sun shines." Happy  
Vacation. You'll be dignified  
Seniors with a bag full of worries  
soon enough.

**20th :**

**AT LAST.** Public exams begin.  
Good Luck, Stella Marians one  
and all. Hope we'll see many of  
you back again at S.M.C. in B.A.  
or as old Students at our various  
functions, or in fact any time at  
all. Once a Marian, always a  
Marian.

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## WHITE MAGIC

Soft in a world asleep,  
White drifts of blossoms sweep  
From swaying neems ;  
Through open windows roses creep ;  
From downy beds star-daisies peep  
Like impish elves.  
Snowy jasmines shimmer bright ;  
Oleanders come to light,  
To greet the moon.

MYRTLE DORAI RAJ

III U.C.

# BLUES AND GOLD

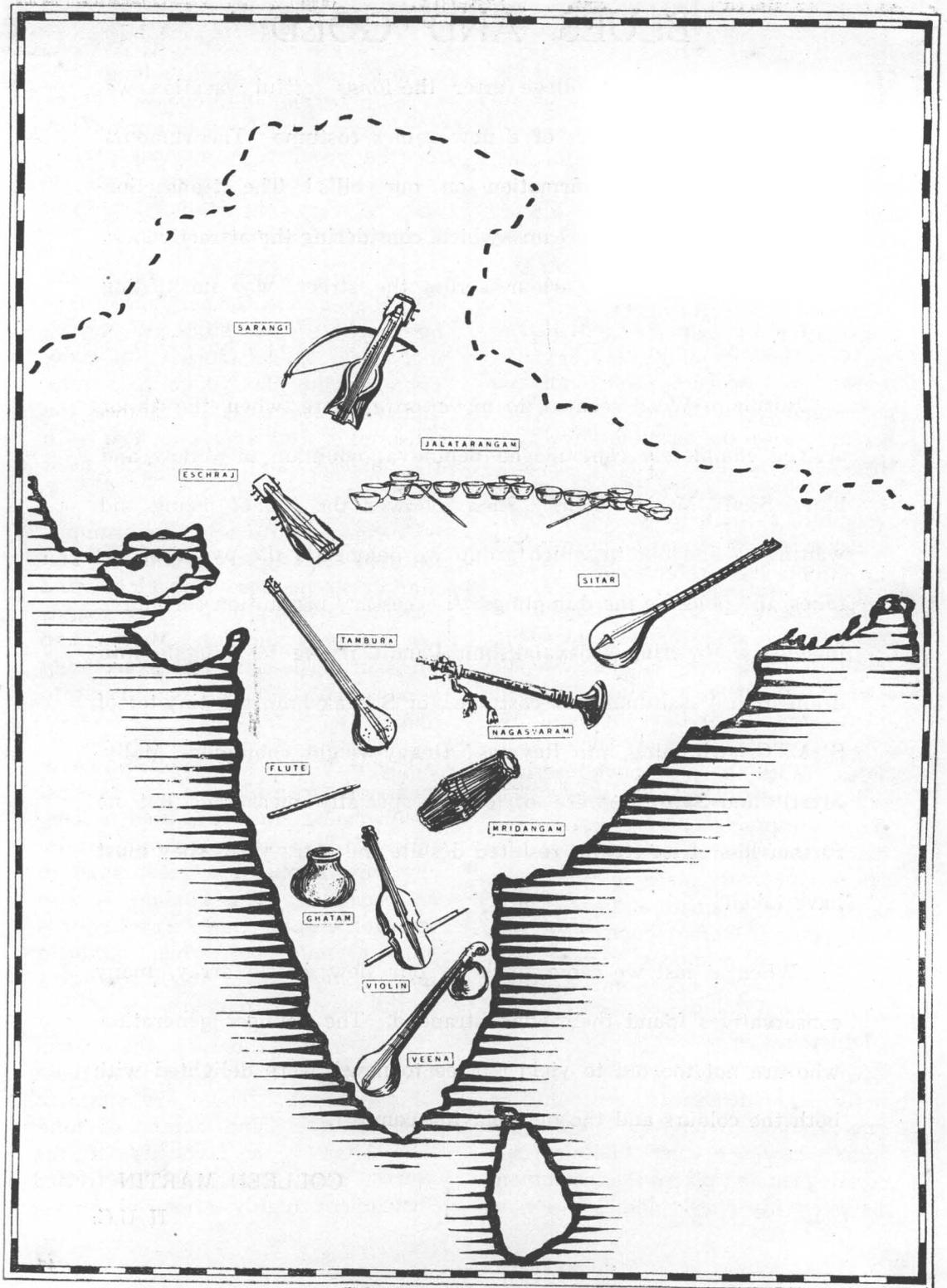
On our return to College after the long, restful vacation we were greeted by rumours of a new games costume. The rumours soon had concrete confirmation on our bills! The transaction caused the loss of 16 ice-creams, which, considering the attractiveness of the new Ice-cream Parlour across the street, was no trifling matter.

Burnham Wood seemed to move once more when the tailor arrived completely camouflaged behind a mountain of yellow and blue,—Stella Maris colours. Then followed the fun of fitting and waiting to find out to which group we belonged; the pygmies, the rakes, the poles or the dumplings. A necessary precaution certainly; imagine a towering Vijayalakshmi Pandit trying to struggle into dram-sized Vasanthamani's costume; or Sitalakshmi, the tiny-tot of S. M. C. swimming into Reymas! Heavy-weight champions Molly Myrtle and Sarojini were of course specially measured, but no further loss of ice-creams resulted despite the extra yards they must have taken!

When at last we came forth in our new battle array, many conservatives found themselves stranded. The younger generation, who are not too old to yield "place to new" were delighted with both the colours and the new playing comfort.

COLLEEN MARTIN

II U.C.



# INDIAN ORCHESTRAS

THERE are a great number of Indian instruments, but many of them are not in use at present. Moreover each section of India has its own special types of instruments. The tambura, the veena, the violin, the flute, the nagaswara, the mridangam and ghatam are some of the instruments of South India.

The tambura is a stringed instrument which supplies the keynote drone for singers and musical performances. Some, especially beginners, use the harmonium to give the keynote, but this is usually frowned upon. The harmonium resembles a small piano. Though it is easier to sing to harmonium pitch, the tambura is preferred.

The veena is a perfection of a series of experiments on the tambura. It is very popular. Needless to say, it is a stringed instrument, very much like the tambura. The frets of a veena mark the musical notes. With the fingers of his right hand, the player plucks the strings and simultaneously presses the strings stretched across the fret. It can produce very pleasing music, but it is fit for a small audience only, preferably in some quiet room, for the sound it produces is very soft. Veena music has an exalting influence; it gives a "lift" towards another, better world.

The violin, now widely used in India, was introduced, according to one opinion, from the West. In India, however, the violinist sits crosslegged and places the instrument between his cheek and left leg in

order to play. It takes a long time to learn to play it properly. There is always a violin accompaniment for the vocalist in musical performances in South India. Thus it plays a very important part in a Karnatik Orchestra.

The flute, which is a small and simple reed, was formerly used only by shepherds. It produces surprisingly clear, dulcet music. Not many know how to play it, for it is quite difficult to learn. At a distance, the music of a flute seems to float with the breeze, and it sounds most melodious.

The nagaswara, or snake trumpet, is used chiefly for religious and nuptial ceremonies. It is a long wind instrument like a flute, whose sounds are not very tuneful. Mellow and pleasant music cannot be expected of a nagaswara. It is also difficult to play.

The mridangam is another instrument, indispensable to a musical performance, since it is used to keep time. It is a kind of drum, whose rhythmical tone is a great asset to an orchestra. The ghatam is also used for keeping time. Frankly, it is only a mud pot, which produces quite a number of tones according to the way it is played.

As mentioned before, the instruments of the North differ from those of the South. There are sitars of various sizes and depths of tone. The sitar is a favourite of the Northerners. The dilruba is a fretted instrument highly esteemed among

the Marathas. Eschraj is very popular among the Bengalis. Sarangi is another instrument well liked in the North. It serves the same purposes as the violin in the South. The jalatarangam is a peculiar instrument of the North. Water is placed in various cups, each in a different measure. The music is produced by blowing the cups with a long rod.

The Indian orchestra is not as yet highly developed. Many old instruments, out of use for a long time, are now being dusted, yet Indians

still consider vocal music more important. An Indian orchestra is based on the tones of the human voice, for the instruments can play within three octaves only, namely within the range of the human voice.

We hope in the future more and more attention will be paid to the Indian orchestra and to its improvement.

C. V. NAMAGIRI

I U.C.

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## OF BULLS, BEARS AND HEDGES

In the morning, when you're owing  
A Dead-Weight Debt to sleep,  
And your head is all Inflation  
As into class you creep,  
It's Capital! and Labour  
For Profit Organised;  
Yet you haven't any Interest  
In Exchanging Reis for Pice.

The Professor only uses  
The one great law, Demand—  
And somehow, Speculation  
Is the sole Resource on hand.  
Despite our Combination  
Of all Factors, we but find  
Their Reward insists on leaving  
Subsistence Level way behind.

Our Prime Costs sure are heavy  
To produce just one B.A.  
And though applied Internally,  
Economy won't pay.  
If this is but the Optimum,  
The Yield Increasing too—  
We can't Discount the Future,  
So till March we'll Labour through.  
Then, we'll try out Subsistence,  
Alternate Uses, too.  
But we'll miss our Economics,  
Fellow Students, what of you?

AN ECONOMIST.

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