



**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE**

**MADRAS**

# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



MYLAPORE

MADRAS

1953

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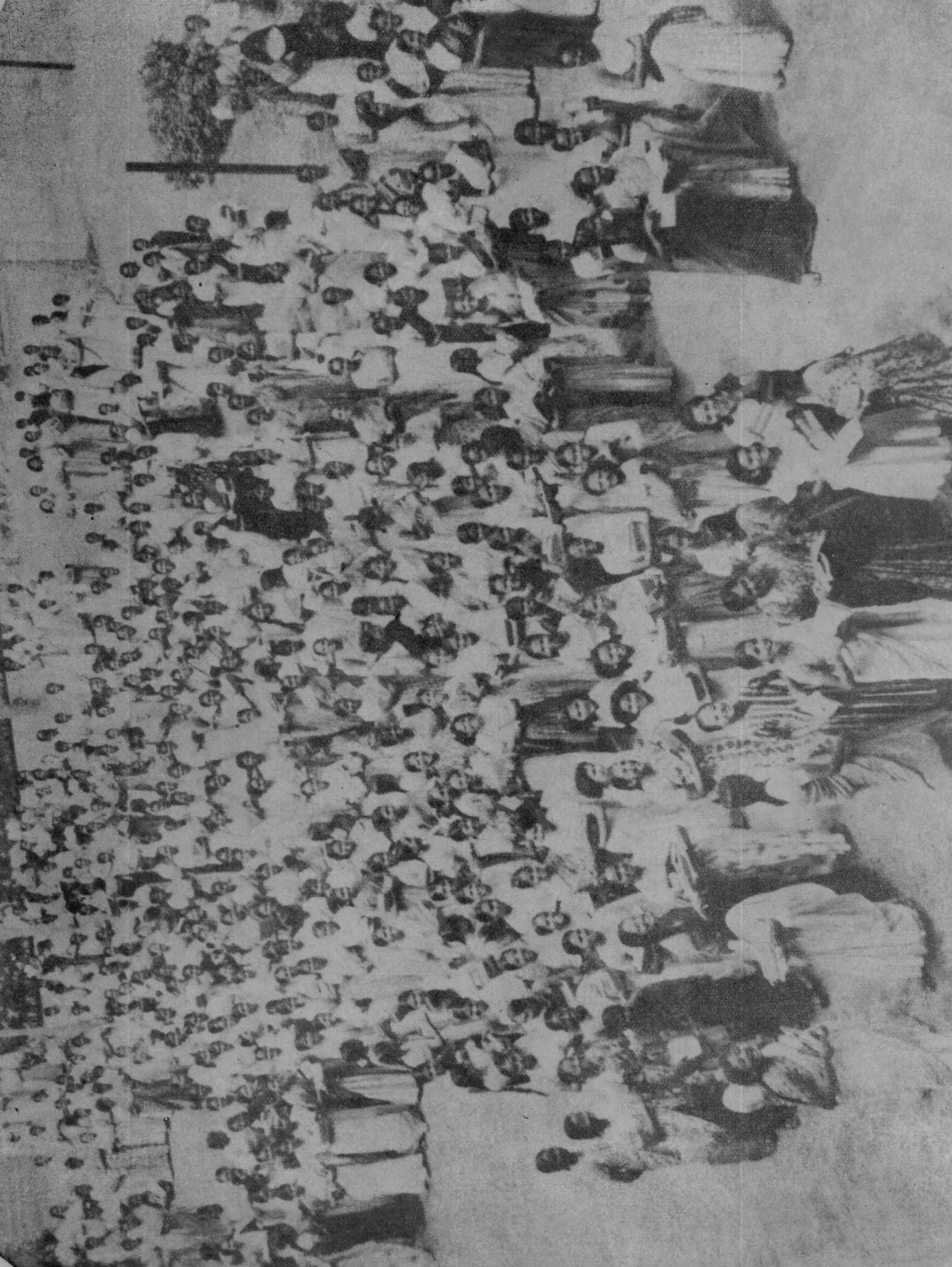
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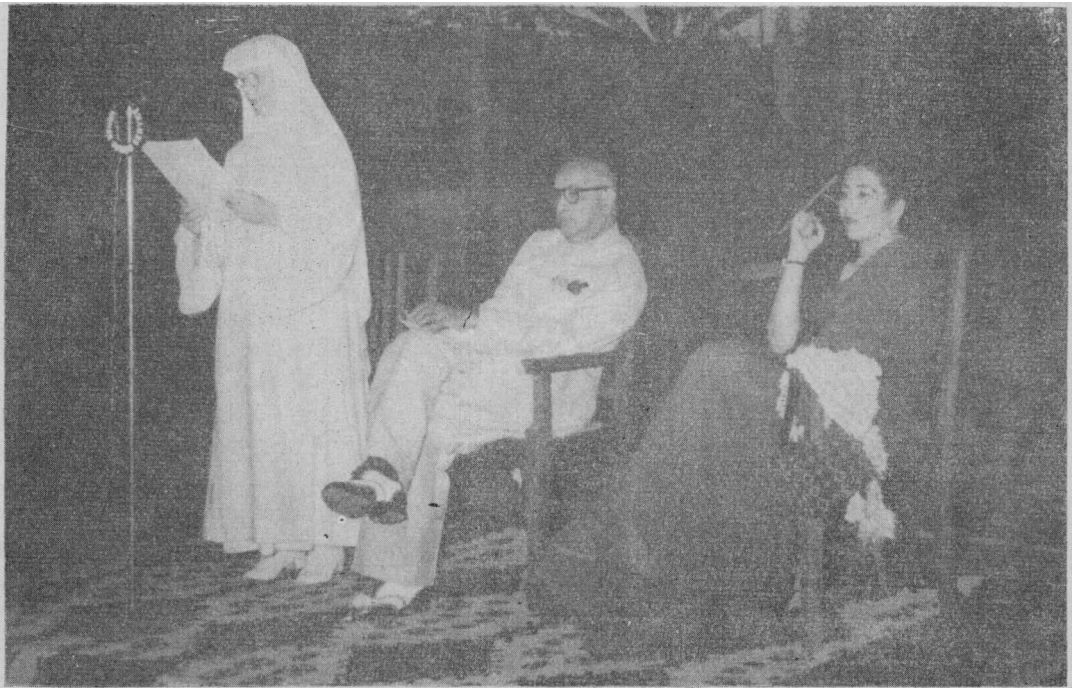
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# FOR THE 19TH CENTENARY OF ST. THOMAS

OUT of the East came Wise Men  
Guided by a star  
To pay a King their homage  
They travelled long and far :  
But when they found His dwelling,  
A stable bare and cold,  
They stinted not their homage,  
They offered Him their gold.  
A poor and helpless Infant,  
Whose herald was a sphere,—  
They offered fragrant incense,  
In Him their God revere.  
This Lord so poor and humble  
Must be their Saviour then,—  
Myrrh's bitter perfume offered,  
A balm for suffering men.  
The symbols of their presents  
Were realized in time,—  
The streaming wounds of Jesus  
Had blotted out man's crime.  
His Body, dead and tortured,  
They wrapped in bitter myrrh ;  
But in the night of Easter  
He left the sepulchre.  
St. Thomas would not credit  
What others saw, as real,—  
He must with hand and finger  
The nail-and spear-wounds feel.  
The doors were tightly shut  
When Jesus came and said,

“ Handle, and see, I live.  
Who suffered and was dead.”  
Within that riven Heart  
The Saint a treasure found—  
Great Faith, ‘ My Lord, My God,’  
Through time his words resound.  
Filled with God's Holy Spirit,  
They follow His command  
To sow the love of Jesus  
In souls of every land.  
God's Mother turned to Thomas,  
“ My Son desires you  
Repay them gifts and homage  
Who God in weakness knew.”  
To lands of dawn he travelled  
His treasure to impart,  
The faith that he had garnered  
From Jesus' broken Heart.  
On India's soil he laboured  
His priceless seed to sow,  
With his own blood he watered  
That it might thrive and grow.  
O mystic tree strike deeper  
Those golden roots of thine,  
Thy purple stem grow stronger,  
Thy fragrant blossoms shine,  
Thy foliage shield the weary,  
Thy fruit be drink and food,  
Thou tree so rich with toilers'  
And martyr blood bedewed.



## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT FOR 1952—1953

MR. PRESIDENT, MRS. CHERIAN, REV. CLERGY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I take pleasure in presenting to you a cursory account of the "incidentals" and the "essentials" that have contributed to the life of Stella Maris in 1952-53. We begin with the incidentals.

### **Incidentals**

Among the means of furthering a liberal education, John Henry Cardinal Newman, an authority on the subject, would recommend travelling as of primary importance since it brings the student into contact with various classes of people, their modes of thought, their interests and their forms of worship. To achieve this purpose, the student should go abroad. In our case the

process has been reversed and without travelling farther afield than their own city of Madras our students have benefited fully from visits of many important personages. from that of the Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, in September. the delegates for the International Social Service Conference and the Catholic Students' Congress in December (more than 600 of whom called Stella Maris their temporary home), to the visit of the President of the Republic himself in February.

### **Essentials**

However beneficial these events may have been in "enlarging the mind," according to Cardinal Newman's favourite expression, we are at present more interested in

matters nearer home. The curriculum of Stella Maris College has been enriched by the addition of the long-desired Natural Science Group. Long-desired, and long-delayed also, on account of finances. Seventy-two lucky students found place in this group—others were painfully turned away.

### **Examinations**

March examination results were better, and worse, than in previous years, better for the B.A.'s who scored 95 per cent; worse for the Intermediate who scored 78 per cent. Let us wish them better luck next time. Congratulations are due to Miss Margaret Paul for a triple first class. To her the University awarded the Sir Henry Stone Medal for English Prose and Composition.

### **College Associations**

Our College Associations which have now reached the stage of productive maturity lost nothing of their fervour this year. Externally the bustle and excitement was perhaps a little less, but only because officers had now acquired skill to manage their affairs quietly and efficiently, and members expected the continuous round of interesting and instructive programmes.

Inaugurated by Sri S. K. Chettur, I.C.S., Secretary to Government, his address on "Art and Literature" not only inspired the Art and Literary Associations, but proved an equally effective stimulus to Scientists and Historians too. Monthly meetings took place regularly and the difficulty was not 'What shall we have?', but "When

can we have it?"—for every association was ready with its scheduled meeting, and often an extra one to be fitted in somehow. Careful manipulation of the calendar usually managed to satisfy even the most avaricious secretaries. There was a great variety of lectures delivered by eminent scholars and Honourable Ministers and other distinguished personages of India and other lands. There were debates which aroused burning student enthusiasm on such topics as: Happiness in the Modern World, The Practical Value of History and the Moral Value of the Film.

Associations also sent their Protégés outside the College walls to try their skill in the numerous Inter-Collegiate contests arranged throughout the year. Usually those stars returned to render a good account of themselves, bringing home a very creditable collection of cups, medals, prizes and certificates for musical and dramatic performances, essay competitions, recitation contests and the like.

But the spirit of the Associations was not merely competitive. There was the spirit of service too. Students gladly rallied to the call to contribute items for the many charitable causes which presented themselves: The Rayalaseema Famine Relief Fund, the St. Thomas' Mount Social Service Club and the First National Catholic Students' Congress.

In such a whirl of activity, February stole upon us unperceived to find the Associations assembled for the valedictory address delivered by

Sri J. L. Prabhu. His topic "Women can change India" met, as we may expect, with universal agreement and applause, but it was thought-provoking too, and students' minds began to ponder and plan upon possible ways and means. Let us hope their plans prove fruitful.

### **The Hostel**

Life in the Hostel, like the building itself, has been exceptionally full this year; so great was the demand for accommodation that space had to be sacrificed for "place," but perhaps the first shyness of the many first-year students was lost all the quicker as they learnt to help and entertain each other. As usual hostelites generously offered themselves for the various college activities, forming the backbone of the nursing detachment, the ticket-sellers' squads, Social Service groups and even fulfilling the less brilliant roles in the Circus—inside the elephant for instance. There have been many happy hours of recreation with sports, dancing, films, and entertainments; hostelites contributed an amusing item for the concert held at Loyola College in aid of the C. S. U. Congress. Even during the holidays those who remained behind, gallantly served as guides and hostesses. This exchange of ideas and experiences with the outside world has been a useful factor in the education of our hostelites for, as Rev. Fr. Leigh, S. J., pointed out in his address to them, college students should seek not only to cram down, like stuffed geese, the maximum amount of prescribed text-books, but rather to acquire education of the "whole man", physically, mentally

and morally. Perhaps some of the happiest memories for students of every creed will be those of the processions, by sun or candle-light and the quieter moments which have united them in prayer to the Father of all. May He continue to watch over all those who have shared the work and joys of the happy little family in the College Hostel.

### **St. John Ambulance Brigade**

In response to an appeal from the Minister of Health, Sri Amrit Kaur, for the formation of voluntary nursing divisions in Madras, a course of Home Nursing was started under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance (India) Brigade. Twenty students who qualified in the Theory and Practical examination were awarded certificates. Even more valuable than the certificate, however, is the experience gained in a subject which is essential for any kind of social work and useful for every girl in her own home. Six of the successful students helped to form the Guard of Honour to welcome the Chief Commissioner, Countess Mountbatten, on her visit to the social works of Madras and were privileged to be the only University students present at the reception.

### **Social Service League**

Thanks to the workers of the first hour whose surveys, census-taking, health supervision and teaching made the work of today relatively easy; we continue along the same lines, ever expanding toward better sanitation, employment and schooling. Fifty-four children of school-age are receiving primary education; some older girls are given



employment in their own homes or outside the cheri. A sanitation brigade of the men folk is carrying on a veritable reform, inside and outside.

In conclusion, just as surely as the college is going from strength to strength, just so surely is it progressing along academic lines and extra-curricular achievements. What

is even more heartening is the ever-increasing spirit of solidarity between students and staff. This unity of purpose forms the peculiar atmosphere that permeates Stella Maris. If we add to this, the benevolent attitude of the parents, we have an ideal set-up of which any college may well be proud. To each and all I here acknowledge my debt of gratitude.

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## COLLEGE DAY—28<sup>TH</sup> FEBRUARY, 1953

STELLA Maris College, founded over five years ago, welcomed, on 28th February, 1953, more than 500 students and many distinguished guests to the Annual College Day Celebrations. The President of the Madras Legislative Council, Dr. P. V. Cherian, M.L.C., graciously presided over the function and stood with Mrs. Cherian to receive the salute as the white-clad girls marched past in formation to present the College colours.

After various sporting events in which the energy and enthusiasm of the young athletes were a matter for admiration on so warm an afternoon, the Principal of the College, Rev. Mother M. Lillian, F.M.M., gave an account of the year's activities.

Dr. P. V. Cherian, in a stimulating and thoughtful address, then congratulated the College on its splendid results achieved in so short a time and expressed particular interest in the establishment of the Natural Science course which he hoped would be a stepping-stone to a medical career. "Our ideal," he said, "should be one of service without selfishness, and I cannot think of anything nobler than the medical profession." Himself a student of a missionary institution, Dr. Cherian gave warm appreciation of the work being done.

"I have seen and admired the great work of the missionaries in the service of the country," he said. "Large numbers of them come from outside leaving their home and relations to work for our common good. Their reward is the great satisfaction that they too have a very active and important share in building up the great edifice of self-governing India. Institutions like Stella Maris College instil a sense of discipline, truth and charity, and our fundamental rights of liberty, equality, fraternity and justice are consolidated there." He approved the broad outlook which was encouraged by the College in its many activities—even in the sports which he had just witnessed—and amid much applause, suggested that "something should be done to enlarge the present playing-ground available for the growing College." He ended, urging the students to "oppose wrong and injustice, assist the distressed and above all have nothing to do with pride and selfishness. If you do this you will raise the standard and prestige of your Alma Mater."

Mrs. Tara Cherian graciously presented the prizes to successful students in classes and in sports, the day ended with music and a film (appropriate after the President's glowing eulogy!) showing the social work done in the Arcot District.

# SONG TO OUR LADY

(Mediæval: Author Unknown)

**O**F one that is so fair and bright  
**Velut maris stella,**  
Brighter than the day is light,  
**Parens et puella.**  
I cry to thee to turn to me:  
Lady, pray thy Son for me,  
**Tam pia.**  
That I may come to thee,  
**Maria.**

In sorrow, counsel, thou art best,  
**Felix fecundata:**  
For all the weary thou art rest,  
**Mater honorata:**  
Beseech Him in thy mildest mood,  
Who for us did shed His Blood  
**In Cruce**  
That we may come to Him  
**In luce.**

Lady, flower of everything,  
**Rosa sine spina,**  
Thou borest Jesus, Heaven's King,  
**Gratia Divina.**  
Of all I say thou borest the prize,  
Lady, Queen of Paradise  
**Electa:**  
Maiden mild, Mother  
**Es effecta.**

Well He knows He is thy Son,  
**Ventre quem portasti:**  
He will not refuse thy bone,  
**Parvum quem lactasti:**  
So courteous and so good He is,  
He hath brought us to our bliss  
**Superni,**  
Who hast shut up the dark fowl pit  
**Inferni.**

All this world was forlorn,  
**Eva peccatrice,**  
Till our Saviour was born  
**De te genetrice;**  
With thy Ave sin went away,  
Dark night went and in came day  
**Salutis.**  
The well of healing sprang from thee,  
**Virtutis.**

*The alternate Latin lines mean:*

As the Star of the Sea.  
Mother and Maid.  
So loving.  
Mary.  
Happy and with offspring.  
Honourable Mother.  
On the Cross.  
In light.  
From Eve a sinner.  
Of thee, Mother.

Of salvation.  
Of virtue.  
Rose without thorn.  
Grace divine.  
Elect.  
Thou art become.  
**Whom thou didst bear in thy womb**  
**Whom thou didst suckle as a baby.**  
Of heaven.  
Of hell.



Miss V. Leela with a group of her talented musicians.

## EASTERN MUSIC SECTION

**M**ISS LEELEA strongly objects to the popular notion that the music hour is one of relaxation and recreation, an hour when the students just "take it easy" and sing. In reality, much must be accomplished in mastering classical pieces. Besides, there is the practical class during which time must be allotted to **alapana** (extemporization); this is a delight to a few, but for many this time is passed in perfect silence. Apart from these few anxious minutes, the atmosphere of the Indian Music classes and Association meetings is one of joy and harmony, as dexterous fingers draw forth melody from veenas, thamburs, fiddles and flutes.

The results of hours of happy practice have been seen at various competitions throughout the year, at which members of the Association won several prizes. Miss G. Alemelu (III U.C.) and Miss C. Jayamani won the Rolling Cup for the College in the Inter-Collegiate Music Competition on Bharathi Day Celebrations; Miss J. Rajeswari (I U.C.) won the first prize in the Mixed Music Competition held for the Silver Jubilee of the Telugu Association. Miss Sulakshana Sharma and Miss M. Savithri (II U.C.) won the second prize for a Dance at the Cultural Festival of the Madras College Students' Council.

## WESTERN MUSIC SECTION



Miss Margaret Paul, a former Associate, was one of the first to obtain her B.A. Music Degree from the Madras University in 1952. What is more, Miss Paul came out as a Triple First Class, carrying off the Sir Henry Stone Prize for English Prose. We wish her equal success in her achievements in the Presidency College.

### PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

**T**HE sweet strains of a Chopin Prelude rise softly through the sultry air of a hot summer afternoon; and drowsy students, nodding over a common-place text-book, wake up sufficiently to envy the Western Music students who have nothing to do but sit and play the piano to their heart's content. The uninitiated forget the long hours of theory and harmony that complete the curriculum of the music student, a less delightful but essential complement to the joyous practical classes.

The Association has often been invited to supply items at various inter-collegiate functions throughout the year.

*Twelve*



Pushpaletha Mulyil playing Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major (B.A. Music)

# DRAWING AND PAINTING

Miss Bhagyavathi.

Miss Rama Devi.

Miss P. Sita.

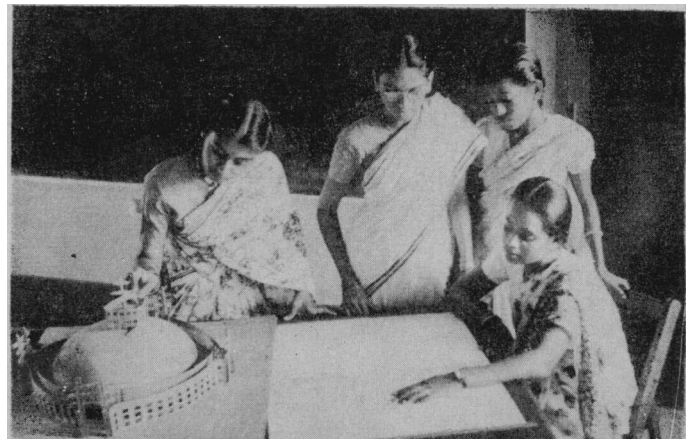
Miss Alamelu.

Fourth year students  
occupied in Portrait  
Painting in Oils.



HISTORY OF INDIAN ART  
Explanation of the South  
Indian Dravidian Order

First Year Students  
studying the Buddhist  
Stupa.  
Comparing the plan and  
elevation with the  
miniature model of  
the Sanchi Stupa.



# SKETCHING

THE College Year 1952-53 saw a large increase in the number of students on the register and among the groups whose ranks swelled in consequence "Drawing and Painting" was well to the fore. The study of World Art in general and Indian Art in particular is an absorbing subject of real cultural benefit, yet it is amazing how few even know of its existence! However, whether lured by the smile of Mona Lisa or the thought of venturing themselves into the realms of colour, these new-comers lacked nothing in eagerness and interest, and the log book of the Art Association is filled with the year's events.

## Retrospect of First Term

IV U.C. now quite dexterous in the use of oils and most other media, stolidly worked to gain speed, with an ever open eye for interesting light effects. In Art Theory they at last know how to study and are often engaged in personal research.

III U.C. have leaped to the tubes and palette producing quite creditable results. Their folios of architectural drawings are also well commenced.

II U.C. obviously aware of their new-found seniority and still more conscious of the approaching Intermediate settled down to work with much determination making rapid strides in the correct use of water-colour. Long may this fervour continue!

I U.C. having finally grasped the way to hold a pencil and brush, have rapidly filled a whole book with works which, though somewhat lurid in colour and shape, have at least given them a 'feel' for form.

The series of lectures on Indian Painting and Architecture given by Sri G. Venkatachalam, President of the All-India Association of Fine Arts, acted as an incentive for further study of our country's treasures.

## Second Term—A look cast back!

An easel in a shady spot, a whiff of 'turps' on the breeze and sure enough you would find a B.A. student showing forth her feelings in glowing colours. Sometimes the spirit moved her to less spontaneous demonstrations and it was then that glowing manuscripts were wrought.

II U.C. has blazed the sketching trail, perpetuating their impressions in pastel and paint. This thirst for beauty still unabated finally led them on excursions beyond the hallowed precincts of Alma Mater.

## Third Term—and then we close

Though Public and Promotion Examinations loom ahead the artists still splash forward with joy. Wherever you peep, there is a class in progress and this term the bias seems on 'Life.' The models are as varied as the media, ranging from the hoary gardener to the local 'belle' and oils and water-colour to pastels and pen. The results? . . . ah

that time and the examiners alone will tell!

Much practical work in the Art Theory sphere has been accomplished this term with local visits, exhibitions and lectures almost every week.

On January 9th a group of students and lecturers visited the Centenary Exhibition at St. Bede's School. Archaeological remains from temples of various periods were of much interest. The section devoted to ivory statues was perhaps the most beautiful. Exquisitely wrought, they 'breathed' the ardent faith and love of their makers.

The College bus filled with Art Students and a lecturer arrived on January 14th at the Congress Grounds to visit the All-India Khadi, Swadeshi and Industrial Exhibition. There the various craft and technical processes, such as metal engraving, printing and weaving, were eagerly viewed.

Ten days later the same party set out, their destination this time being "The Hindu" printing works on Mount Road. It was good to see those printing processes learnt in Art Theory, being 'actually' put into practice. The setting of type and colour printing were quite fascinating to watch, to say nothing of the sight of literally 'miles' of paper being printed, cut, folded and despatched all within the space of a few minutes.

While touring India, lecturing at various Universities, Mlle Suzanne

Leclerq, Professor at the University of Liege, Belgium, visited the College to address the Art Students on "The Flemish Painter—Paul Rubens". After a brief survey of the life of the artist, Mlle Leclerq gave a running commentary on two excellent films of his works. It was a very genuine vote of thanks which was expressed by P. Rama Devi, the Vice-President of the Art Association, which was seconded in French by one of the French students, much to the delight of our guest.

On February 10th excursions were the order of the day. They were planned in order to gain a practical knowledge of the various processes connected with commercial art and pictorial reproductions. The works of Klein & Peyerl, the block-makers, were first visited and through the kindness of Mr. John we had a most interesting and instructive tour. Filter glasses, relief processes, line cuts and four-colour blocks were but a few of the things seen.

From Klein & Peyerl we proceeded to 'Associated Printers' and here Mr. Mathews proved a most obliging and competent guide showing us monotype, linotype and colour printing and also the huge machines rolling off the seven-colour posters.

Our final lecture this year was given by Mr. Desai, Consulting Architect to the Government.

Thus the College years draws to its close but, for the students, art does not end with College days. There the foundations are merely laid and a lifetime of appreciation and achievement lies ahead.

# DOME CONSTRUCTION IN ARCHITECTURE

Extracts from a lecture given by  
Mr. M. G. Desai, B.A., Dip. Arch. (Lond.), F.R.I.B.A., F.I.I.A.,  
Consulting Architect to the Govt. of Madras.

**D**OME construction is one of the most imposing, ingenious and complicated features of architecture, and the study of its development is equally fascinating.

From very early times, the ingenuity of man had developed two distinct systems of construction. One is known as the trabeated, that is, the Post and Lintel system, wherein two or more vertical members support horizontal members which span points of support. A series of such lintels would form a flat roof for shelter.

The second is known as the arcuated system, wherein several wedge-shaped blocks, fitted in a curve over an opening, formed an arch to support itself, as well as the load put over it. This was an advanced form of construction, and required a knowledge of the forces brought into play, so as to provide adequate supports to counteract those forces.

A corbelled form of construction, wherein each successive course of blocks was slightly projected over the one under it and thus bridging an opening, came into use before a true arch was introduced. We find examples in early architecture.

Dome construction is a further development of the arcuated system. It became a monumental

way of roofing a circular or square space. The earliest forms of domes were over circular plans, and did not present much difficulty. But the problem becomes more complicated when a circular dome is to be built over a square compartment. For when we draw the plan of a circular dome above a square of the same diameter, there are four triangular spaces at the angles of the square which fall outside the dome. How are these spaces to be bridged over to form a firm circular base to support the dome? The problem was solved in several ingenious ways by the builders of domes in different countries, in different periods of history. This makes the study of dome construction all the more interesting.

The earliest attempts at vault and dome construction were made by the Assyrians (B.C. 1275—538). The palaces at Ferizabad, Sarvistan and Ctesiphon give us examples of early dome construction of a massive type, in brick masonry.

Mycenean architecture during the early Greek period provides a few examples of another type of pointed dome, formed by successive rings of stone blocks laid horizontally, each layer projecting inward. The Treasury of Atreus at Mycenae is the best example of this type. The plan is circular, about 48 ft. in diameter, and the height is about



50 ft. The whole construction is underground.

There are not many examples of domes during the later Greek period, as the Greeks perfected the trabeated system of column and entablature construction.

During the Roman period, the arch, vault and dome were the key-notes to the system of construction. The arch made it possible to span wider openings; vaults and domes could be thrown over larger and more complicated plans, in which square and semi-circular recesses gave boldness and variety. This combination of trabeated and arcuated style permits of novel types of plans.

The true arch with wedge-shaped blocks was continued from Etruscan times.

The Romans constructed domes over circular plans in their monumental structures—temples and baths or *thermae*. The Pantheon, erected by the Emperor Hadrian (A. D. 120—124), is the most perfectly preserved of all buildings in Rome. The Rotunda is circular with an internal diameter of 146½ ft. The walls are of concrete, 20 ft. thick, with circular and square recesses. The dome is a hemisphere. The inner surface is coffered in five rings. The dome is of brickwork and thick mortar laid in almost horizontal courses. The lighting is effected solely by means of one circular unglazed opening 27 ft. in diameter in the crown of the dome. This method of lighting produces

the most solemn and impressive effect.

The dome, which had always been a traditional feature in the East, became the prevailing motif of Byzantine architecture, which was a fusion of the domical construction with the classical columnar style. Domes of various types were now placed over square compartments by means of 'Pendentives'; whereas in Roman architecture, domes were used only on circular or polygonal structures. These domes were frequently constructed of bricks, or of some light porous stones, or even of pottery, as at St. Vatah at Ravenna.

Byzantine domes and vaults were constructed without temporary support or 'centering', by the simple use of large, flat bricks. This is quite a distinct system, probably derived from eastern methods. Windows were formed in the lower part of the dome, which, in a later period, was hoisted upon a high 'drum', a feature which was still further embellished in the Renaissance period by the addition of an external peristyle or colonnade. The grouping of smaller domes round the large central dome was effective. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of Byzantine churches was that the forms of domes were visible externally, undisguised by timber roofs. Thus, in the Byzantine style, the exterior corresponds closely with the interior.

In St. Sophia is seen the fully developed Byzantine style. The plan consists of a central space 107 ft. square, with four massive stone piers

25 ft. by 60 ft. pierced by arches, supporting four semicircular arches upon which rests the dome, 107 ft. in diameter, and 180 ft. above the ground. East and west of the central area are great hemicycles, crowned with semi-domes. The space thus enclosed forms a great oval nave 225 ft. by 107 ft. The lighting is partly effected by forty small windows in the lower part of the dome, and by twelve windows grouped in the spandrils north and south under the great arches which support the dome. The exterior is less impressive than the interior; however, the actual shape of the domes and semi-domes is visible from the outside.

St. Sophia stands unique as the masterpiece of Byzantine architecture.

In Gothic architecture, semi-circular domes were seldom constructed. Vaulting was developed by means of pointed arches, and depended for effect on the beauty of the curve of the numerous ribs which supported the panels. The notable example is the Cathedral at Florence. The dome was added by Brunelleschi in 1420 as the result of a competition. The plan of the Cathedral is a peculiar type of Latin cross, remarkable for the large central nave 270 ft. long. This vast nave forms an impressive approach to the majestic octagon 138 ft. 6 in. in diameter. The dome is a miracle of design, and triumphantly blends a Renaissance dome on a Gothic building. The dome covers an octagonal apartment; it is pointed in form, and consists of inner and

outer shells constructed on the Gothic principle, with eight main and sixteen intermediate ribs supporting panels.

The Renaissance architects adopted the Byzantine treatment of domes over square compartments, and increased the height of the 'drum', and decorated it not only with windows, but also with columns. They made the domes external dominating features. The pointed arch, which was the characteristic feature of Gothic architecture, was ousted by the semi-circular Roman arch. The Gothic ribbed vaults too, which were such striking features of the mediæval type of building, now gave place to ancient Roman semi-circular vaults and cross vaults.

St. Peter's, Rome (A.D. 1506-1626), the most important building of the Renaissance period, was the outcome of the work of many architects under the direction of many Popes during a period of 120 years. The present Cathedral had its origin in the intention of Pope Julius II. A competition produced a number of designs, and that of Bramante was selected. Bramante's Church was planned as a Greek cross, and his proposed dome was founded on that of the Pantheon, with the addition of a peristyle and lantern. Later, Bramante was superseded by Sangallo, Raphael and Peruzzi. Ultimately, through Michaelangelo's genius, the most outstanding features of the present building were incorporated. He planned and commenced the construction of the great dome, the drum of which was completed before his death in 1560.

He left models for the dome and lantern, and from them the dome was completed in 1585.

The great dome, formed of two shells of masonry, nearly equals that of the Pantheon in diameter. But Michaelangelo set himself a very difficult problem, in that the base of the dome is nearly 250 ft. high from

the pavement and depends for support on only four massive piers, instead of on a continuous circular wall as in the Pantheon. About ten iron chains have been inserted at the base, at different times, to prevent the dome from spreading. The dome of St. Peter's is the greatest creation of the Renaissance, and a dominating feature in Rome.

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

. . . . . to those famous speakers and well-known personalities who have visited us during the year. Our gratitude goes especially to :—

**Mr. Ranga Reddy**, Minister of Public Works, Madras State, for his interesting talk to the History Association on "The Importance of History"

**Sri S. Arumuga Mudaliar, M.A., B.O.L., L.T.**, who addressed the Tamil Association on August 20th ;

**Sree Kutty Krishnan Nair**, Minister for Law and Order, Madras, for his inaugural address to the Malayalam Association ;

**Sri Raghavarayal, Sec. D.B.H.**, who lectured to the Hindi Association on "Tulsidas" on October 22nd ;

**Mr. K. V. Jagannatham** of the "Kalaimagal" for his enlightening address to the Tamil Association ;

**Professor P. Sambamoorthy Garu, B.A.B.**, Head of the Department of Indian Music, University of Madras, for his study on "Some of the Technical Beauties in Musical Composition" ;

**Dr. R. N. Poduval**, Professor of Economics in the Presidency College, for his talk on "Problems of Economic Development in India" ;

"**A Sympathiser**" in Social Service Relief, who wishes to remain unknown ;

**Mr. G. Sundara Rajan** who has shown such constant solicitude in the needs of the growing College ;

**Mr. G. Naidu**, without whose assistance it would have been impossible to acquire the silver bus ;

**Mr. E. K. Krishnan**, of Bangalore, for valuable educational literature regularly supplied to the College.

. . . . . and to the many other distinguished visitors and patrons who have kindly encouraged our Art, Music and Language Associations and the development of Stella Maris College.

## MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN NATURAL SCIENCE LAB

**N**OTHING horrified me more than a frog, so that the first time I saw a number of them together I was beside myself with fear. To be truthful, I had never seen a frog at close range before, for I could not bring myself to rest my eyes upon one. And now there was a dead frog stretched out before me . . . . . to examine it closely, to lift its cold slimy body in my very hands, to nail it to a board . . . . . it was too much all at once. With a heavy heart I sat down on the bench and prepared for the worst. I felt that the frog was taunting me with its piercing look as if to say, "Here we old foes meet again to fight a final battle; and though I am sure to lose, I will not spare your feelings . . . . . your victory over me will be no easy one!"

A villainous contempt took possession of me and I parried in return, half aloud: "You richly deserve the butchering you will undergo." A firm voice awakened me from this conflicting intercourse. "External characteristics . . . . . cloacal aperture. . . . . dorsal view . . . . . ventral view . . . . . open the buccal cavity . . . . . maxillary teeth . . . . . and countless other Latin words which were all Greek to me. The other girls were already handling their frogs as if they were mere toys. The queerest sensation that I have ever known overwhelmed me. With no small effort did I touch my cold, sticky, ugly foe. Little did I think we

were to be such good friends in the near future. I know not how, but after some self-persuasion I yielded to the claims of self-respect and forced myself to work. I did not want to be the laughing-stock of the others who had by this time made their first acquaintances and were already far advanced on their preliminary investigations.

Slowly and deliberately I opened the wretch's mouth. When I pulled out its tongue and saw how long and sticky it was, I immediately concluded that it must be the length that made it croak loudly and the stickiness that made it croak so awfully! (I've learned better since.) The opening of the body cavity and the pinning of the skin were two of the biggest jobs of self-conquest I have ever performed. Having done, I relaxed a bit realizing that there was to be no more 'butchery' for that day. I was told to observe the various organs . . . . . my observations were frightfully feminine. I saw that everything was indeed colourful and clean. Brown, green, cream and red were mingled together in a pleasant whole. My friend whispered in my ear: "Don't you think those eggs are like brinjal seeds?"

Though I was getting a bit used to it all, nevertheless I was waiting for the bell. As soon as it rang I got up and washed my hands . . . . . At least half a dozen times I washed

them, saying like Lady Macbeth: My hands are covered with blood. not all the scent in Arabia will remove the smell of it! Without so much as a glance at the little soldier which had sacrificed its life to

help me sacrifice my ignorance, I walked out as fast as I could, hoping that another practical would be far off in the future.

C. VIDYA—I. U. C.

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## EXPERIENCE OF A FROG

I AM proud of my ancestry, for my forbears in ages past were the proud dwellers of the deep. Slowly, through a most complicated process my great-great grand-parents lost their fins. Though still retaining the power to swim, they came to live on land, yet never losing a sentimental longing for water. So much for my ancestry.

In spite of my ancient and honourable descent, I really cannot see any reason why many humans dislike me. They judge by outward appearances and are rude enough to consider me ugly and loathsome, often making painfully personal remarks about my eyes and my mouth, but I am harmless.

They even make use of me and several other creatures like rabbits and mice for purposes of research by which they say they acquire an advancement of knowledge. Shall I describe the means they adopted in my case to achieve their goal? It will prove how heartless they are, for in truth there is very little sympathy in them.

Three days back I had dodged a vile enemy—a rattle-snake. Hardly had I got over my delight at this lucky escape when suddenly a human hand descended upon me. Alas! I had only jumped from the frying pan into the fire. It was my undoing.

Now three students (monsters I call them) carried me far, far away from my sweet home beside a beautiful lake. I was put into a box where there were many more of my species. Their presence was somewhat of a comfort to me and served to put some courage into my terror-stricken heart.

Finally we were taken into a spacious room, so large and grand that I thought at first that a great honour was to be bestowed upon us. We were put into a glass case. I looked about. There were endless rows of chairs and tables, bottles and cases and charts. Over the whole, however, hung, as it were, a heavy cloud of suffocating fumes. We had been brought to a veritable House of Death! There were birds perched on branches but, on closer scrutiny, they

*Twenty-one*



Interested 'Frog-lovers'

proved to be stuffed and lifeless. There were butterflies with their multicoloured wings spread out—pinned on to wooden boards! Scorpions and snakes abounded; but they were all as dead as doornails. All this was nothing compared to what was to happen to us a little later. You must prepare yourself to listen to the blood curdling horrors I am about to narrate.

My companions and I were thrown without pity into an earthenware jar. This upset us not a little. I soon had a ringing sound in my ears, I gasped for air but there was none—we were being doped with chloroform! It was the end for my companions. A slight crack in the side of the jar enabled me to get a little air so that a flicker

of life remained in me and I was able to know the happenings around me. That is how I am able to reveal to you with my dying breath, man's atrocities towards poor harmless creatures like me—a procedure which could be pardoned where harmful reptiles are concerned.

Their first move was to skin me alive! Throughout the entire process their only thought was to admire their own skill of neat execution. As I lay bleeding to death—though mercifully I was rendered unconscious of the pain because of the chloroform, I could hear the wretches exclaiming and shouting to one another with curious surprise that my heart was continuing to function even though my body had been torn open!

Now the brutes stretched out my limbs to their fullest extent. My head was in a whirl. The chloroform had choked and benumbed me so that I could not even croak—but this semi-conscious condition was indeed a great blessing. Next came out their most cruel implements with which they poked and pricked at my inside until I wished they would put an end to their tortures with a swift stroke of some sort,—but no! Out came another wicked instrument with which they drew and stretched out my vitals. Each and every organ was named by them; though of course you will hardly expect me to remember. At last they finished. I had not only been torn to pieces but to threads. I would certainly have pre-

ferred to have been swallowed up by the rattle-snake for then I would have gone peacefully into his dark dungeon-like stomach without all this torture and piecemeal work. Further I would have known my fate from the very beginning. Here I had seen the snakes and scorpions in jars with fitting memorials to proclaim their renown and I had wondered whether I should also attain such honour. But it has been denied me.

After using me to serve their purposes, these heartless humans left me, bleeding on this wooden plank. That really was the unkindest cut of all!

MEERA PETER,  
I.U.C.

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## CONGRATULATIONS

**Sincere congratulations are extended to :**

Miss C. C. Sosamma and Miss M. A. Teresa, Intermediate students of 1948 to 1950, now novices in the Novitiate of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Mattacoolia, Colombo, Ceylon, where they are preparing to undertake a life of charity and devotedness in the service of others, upon their return to India.

Miss Teresa Sebastian, 1949-50, who as a member of the Little Sisters of the Poor, has consecrated herself to a life of heroic self-sacrifice in the service of the aged poor.

Two members of the Stella Maris College Staff whose marriages took place during the year :

Miss K. J. Margaret, Lecturer in Malayalam, who is now Mrs. Joseph.

Miss Cecilia Paul, Lecturer in English, now Mrs. Thomas of Bombay.

## LEARN FROM AN "ANT-LION"

MUCH has been written of birds and bees and butterflies and most of us know something about insects that masquerade like sticks and leaves, but few indeed are familiar with the wiles of a delightful little insect grub, the 'ant-lion' grub, which is neither ant nor lion. It is the larval form of a beautiful winged insect something like a dragon-fly. Alas, for this poor grub, it is neither beautiful nor graceful. Its movements are slow and cumbersome, its legs weak and poorly developed, and what is more woeful to tell, this ungainly creature can only shuffle along in one direction and that direction, again alas, is backwards! Added to this state of affairs this little grub of ours has the imperative necessity of actively seeking its 'daily bread.' It is so constructed by nature that it can thrive only on the juice of living prey, that is, on other insects which it must contrive to capture. At this point you might well ask how it manages to survive. How can it possibly catch swiftly moving insects when the grub itself can move only backwards and that at a snail's pace? Listen, students, and learn!

Sister Grub has one advantage and one only, a large pair of forceps, like jaws which are tubular and spiny and thereby adapted both to hold the prey and at the same time, to suck its juice. Obviously these jaws are of no use unless the prey is near at hand since its weak little legs cannot carry it very quickly in pursuit of its swifter fellow-insects. So what does it do? Does it sit and

moan because it cannot run fast like other insects? Ah, no, wiser than some students perhaps, this little grub makes the most of the situation and uses its one asset to the greatest advantage. First, it finds a dry, sandy spot and then draws a circle in the sand by depressing its abdomen and walking backwards until it reaches its starting point. This circle is about one to three inches in diameter and within this circle the grub begins to excavate its new home. By using one foreleg as a shovel it pushes sand on to its broad flat head and then with a jerk of the head it throws the sand outside the circle. It continues to walk backwards forming smaller and smaller circles within the first large circle and continually throwing out the sand. Finally, it succeeds in forming a cone-shaped pit at the centre of which it takes its stand. Seeming somehow to know that nature has endowed it with one asset only, it proceeds to bury itself in the sand at the centre of the pit and allows only its large jaws to protrude above the surface. Here it lies, in wait for its victim.

Before long, as the little ant-lion probably guessed, some inquisitive ant will chance upon its abode and wonder what this unusual arrangement is all about. Overcome by curiosity this unwary ant will probably poke its 'nose' over the mound of sand left by the excavations and peer with awe into the large cavernous pit. Then it will spot the strange looking jaws at the base of the pit



and unable to resist the temptation, will cautiously put one little leg into the pit to get a closer view. Woe to this unfortunate one, for, as soon as it does so, the sand at the sides of the ant-lion's den will begin to give way, and the little ant will be swept along with the sliding sand down to the awaiting jaws at the base of the pit. Once the victim has been caught, it is held by the jaws and its juice sucked out. Then the empty carcass is thrown outside the pit and a happy grub retires to digest its meal and await the next inquisitor.

Not all insects are so easily trapped and sometimes Sister Grub has to work for her fare. Often the unsuspecting prey suddenly becomes aware of its plight and desperately tries to escape. It can scarcely gain a footing on the sliding sands and to add to its discomfort Friend Grub

hurls up more and more sand upon the struggling victim. Sometimes the insect does make good its escape, but more often, wearied with the fight it gives up and allows itself to be carried down to its doom.

In this way the little ant-lion grub carries on for about two years. Then one day, tiring perhaps of its wicked wiles, it withdraws deeper into the sand and spins for itself a silken cocoon within which it takes a well-earned rest. After a few weeks Sister Grub emerges beautifully transformed into a lovely winged adult. So ends our tale of the Ant-lion grub and now you must know why it is called the ant-lion. Condemn Sister Grub if you will, for its villainous ways but, tell me, if you could only walk backwards and very slowly, would you fare so well?



# THE CIRCUS

**S**TOP PRESS ! A Circus is coming to town ! Was there ever such a bombshell of news ? Yes ! a real circus springing up like a mushroom overnight.

The lonely pedestrian, tired of the monotonous humdrum of life and scorched by the burning heat of Madras, must have stopped short on hearing the startling announcement. "A ... C ... c ... circus ?" he would stammer incredulously, his eyes widening with increasing wonder at the news that this circus was to be set up at none other than at that quiet, rather shy institution called Stella Maris ! Quite a justifiable surprise no doubt, for it's not every college that can find time to train a circus troop just for a mere hobby.

From all corners of the world the performers assembled, dancers from the mysterious lands of the Arabian Nights, gypsies from Vladivostok, clowns and animals brought from the remotest outposts to be trained at Stella Maris. Practice—Practice—Practice. Oh, how hard we practised ! And each day saw more and more students set out, armed with tickets, vying with each other to see who could sell the most. Each new dawn brought us nearer and nearer to that auspicious day.

It is not difficult to imagine the mixed emotions with which we were filled that day. Decorations lent a gala air to the somewhat sombre college buildings, side-shows heightened the effect, whilst electricians

were displaying their acrobatic powers in fixing floodlights round the circus arena. As the final arrangements were made, excitement mounted sky-high and many furtive glances were raised in the same direction as forbidding clouds massed above. Would it rain ? This question was in the minds of all and though none would dare voice her fears, each knew instinctively what her neighbour was thinking. The clowns, optimistic as ever, rose to the occasion, declaring quite definitely that the sun was shining !

Our apprehensions of success reached their climax when our 'Star' dancer sprained her ankle. Imagine our distress ! How could we hope to replace this gifted artist who was second to none ? Could we find a promising substitute in that eleventh hour ? Find her we did and then breathed again.

The appointed hour came with startling suddenness. There was 'something in the air' quite infectious even to outsiders, a spirit of suspense mingled with excitement and apprehension. Too full for words we waited. The clouds, a dark threatening mass, hung low, as if peering eagerly for signs of the show. Even the animals, tigers, lions, giraffes, elephants quivered in an undercurrent of excitement.

Groups of people began to arrive and the thin sprinkling rapidly developed into a well-packed audience. Things began to move

suddenly. We took our respective places, clasping our icy hands together. Then to the joyful blare of bugle and song we paraded round the ring. The circus had begun, so, 'On with the Show'!

The hilarious atmosphere was infectious and soon all groundless fears were forgotten and we lived for the moment when it would be our turn to perform. The brilliant colours, glittering sabres, shining trappings of the animals, the crowd clapping with the noise of thunder—oh, how we enjoyed it all! The audience? We feel sure that we are not far wrong in assuming that they did also for at the second performance the audience was even larger than the first.

Those circus days in Madras are over, alas gone but never forgotten. Looking back we marvel at the amount of work and self-sacrifice that went into the production. The untiring zeal and co-operation of the authorities were our inspiration and we happily responded to their 'coaching,' and use this opportunity of thanking them. Now we will take the liberty of speaking in

the name of Stella Maris and thank all our patrons. You gave us a 'grand hand' folks. Thanks to your generosity we now have our own college bus.

Reluctantly we must leave you to pass on to more icy climes. What's that you say? You want to know where the animals were housed and bred? Ah, that is a guarded secret. It will never do to let the cat out of the bag!

Once again 'a grand hand' but this time folks **we** give it to **you**, and to bring back the joy of those hours, if just for a fleeting moment, we invite you to join us in our joyous refrain:

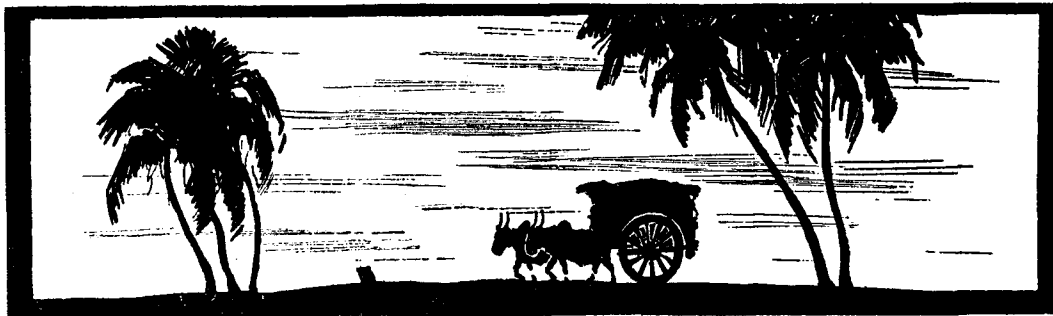
"There is a circus in the town, in the town,

With bands parading up and down, up and down,

And the young folks, old folks, everywhere you go,

Are looking forward to the show!"

AMY CHALY, I. U.C.



# CLARION CALL TO INDIA'S YOUTH

“IN youth lies the hope of the future.” “In unity lies strength.” Little wonder then at the importance attached to Youth Movements by the various countries of the world during the past thirty years. Free India has seen little of such movements, but ever ready, in this as in all other spheres, to make experiment, Madras in December 1952 was the scene of the First All-India Confederation of Catholic University Students, an experiment at its opening on the morning of December 20th, an inconceivable success and a glorious tradition at its conclusion on the evening of December 22nd.

The Federation, founded in 1935 by Rev. Fr. Carty, S.J., originally for South Indian students only, was affiliated four years later to the International Students' Movement of the 'Pax Romana' at the time of the Washington World Congress. The final stage of development was reached in 1949 when it became a national body under its present title of the All-India Catholic University Federation (A.I.C.U.F.) and received the paternal blessing of His Grace Dr. L. Mathias, now Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore, in the hope that it might soon furnish “the leaders we need among our Catholics in the new, independent India!”

Months of careful, prayerful planning, hundreds of letters despatched to all parts of India and many countries of Europe, weeks of travelling among India's numerous

Catholic Colleges on the part of Rev. Fr. Ceyrac, S. J., and his co-helps made this first national Congress possible. The transport organisation was in itself a marvel of efficiency and co-operation. From Malabar alone a special Congress train brought 1,200 students to Madras. Electric trains conveyed students from outlying districts into the city. Stella Maris College became a veritable bus-stand, as 14 large buses lined up to transport the 600 women students to and from Loyola College, the centre of the Congress, covering as much as 22 miles per day. Fervent and persevering prayer by the students themselves, and their fellow-students and well-wishers all the world over, secured for the Congress wonderful and solid success.

On the morning of December 20th, some 2,600 students had assembled at Loyola College, and at 10 a.m. bugles rang out to herald the Inaugural Session. A thrill surged through the hearts of all present as they rose to their feet to receive the special message sent from far-distant Rome by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, reminding them of their responsibilities towards others, urging them to devote themselves to the Science of God, and to march courageously ahead with wisdom as their guide and virtue their companion. Unanimous was the agreement that the Federation cable back to the Holy Father an assurance of its loyalty and attachment. From Cardinal Pizzardo of Rome, Cardinal

Protector of 'Pax Romana,' from several Bishops of India, Mr. A. J. John, Chief Minister, Travancore-Cochin, and various organisations in Australia, Japan, Malaya, France, Germany, Great Britain and Canada came messages of congratulations and good wishes. Then the agenda of the first day, 'Our Intellectual Responsibilities' was taken up.

The famous lay-leader, Mr. M. Ruthnaswamy, Bar-at-law, K.C.S.G., arose to address the students on 'Modern Thought and Christianity in India.' Designating Hinduism, Secularism and Materialism as the three main strands in modern Indian thought, he bade the students acquire a knowledge of them, in order the better to recognize the good where it exists and the danger where it threatens. Lunch interval saw the buses speeding back to Mylapore, the five-mile journey shortened by animated discussions upon the morning's events.

The speakers of the evening session, Mr. Thomas Srinivasan, Professor of Politics, and Mrs. K. J. Cletus chose for their subjects 'Our Fidelity to our Cultural Heritage' and 'The Challenge of the Future.' in which latter address the students were called upon, in this age of propaganda, not to allow themselves to be deluded, but to think clearly and for themselves. By 8-00 p.m. the last bus came swinging and singing into the compound. However, still one more item remained to complete the day's full programme: the beautiful film 'Pastor Angelicus' illustrating the daily life of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

cemented all hearts anew to the common Father of East and West, who this very night was praying, as he had promised, for his spiritual children of the Congress.

December 21st opened with the privilege of Pontifical High Mass celebrated by His Grace Dr. V. Gracias, then Archbishop of Bombay, today India's pride and first Cardinal. Opening the theme of the day, 'Our Religious Responsibilities,' His Grace won all hearts by his easy and lively eloquence and his simple yet profound words, frequently interspersed with wit and good humour. Laying before the students the duty of the Lay Apostolate, he called upon them for total self-donation. In the words of the Popes 'We want heroes' (Pope Pius XII) ; 'We must be prepared to live dangerously: we have no right to be mediocre.' (Pope Pius XI). At the evening session the students were honoured by an address from Mgr. J. Cardijn, founder and Chaplain-General of the Y.C.W., a great international movement now numbering 200,000 members and begun barely 40 years ago when as a young priest he had vowed to devote his life to the salvation of the working-class. Sharing his enthusiasm with his youthful hearers, Monsignor impressed upon them the true concept of the dignity of labour and of man, be he the youngest and dirtiest of workers, and invited them to consecrate their time, knowledge and opportunities to the amelioration of the worker, an individual so important to the world and the Church of today. Mr. K. C. Chacko, University Professor, and Mr. Patrick Keegan,

Secretary of the International Y. C. W., seconded his words, insisting upon a deep, personal interest in the life of the worker.

All too soon came the closing day of the Congress. Students' eyes and hearts were opening to their great responsibilities and afternoon discussions were growing daily longer and more interesting. 'Our Social Responsibilities,' the topic for the day, drew Mr. B. S. Gilani, the Privy Chamberlain, from Delhi, to speak upon 'The Christian Social Order in building Free India' and to call forth allegiance to India's Constitution, respect, devotion and loyalty to the State. Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S. J., so well-versed in social matters, then took up 'The Role of the Catholic University Student in Indian Social Reconstruction.' Pointing out the profound significance of the phrase 'for God and country,' he declared the value of the student's service to his country would be measured by the value of his service to God. Let them flee from the plague that inflicts modern India, namely corruption, bribery and favours, and on the contrary devote themselves generously and without ostentation to their country in the all-important field of Social Service. Mr. J. C. Ryan, Registrar of Co-operative Societies, continued this thought, proffering practical suggestions of methods of social work, based on a spirit, not of condescension, but of brotherly love. Finally, His Lordship, Bishop Roche, S.J., of Tuticorin, relaxed the tension, humorously instructing his student friends to keep their eyes fixed on eternity, using 'the past as a teles-

cope, the present as a microscope, to work out for the future a horoscope.'

But it was the students, and not the reverend clergy or distinguished speakers, who brought the Congress to a fitting close. The graces of these three days bore fruit in the Resolution now taken:

The Formation of Study Clubs.

Training for Leadership.

A more active participation in Social Work,

The organisation of a Congress every three years.

The vote of thanks paid fitting tribute to the Convention's 'dynamic leader,' the Rev. Fr. Ceyrac, S. J. It also bought a message of sincere gratitude to the many who were seldom seen at the Conferences—'the good Sisters of Stella Maris and other Convents,' who had laboured day and night to provide comfortable accommodation in a friendly atmosphere for the 600 girls and their lecturers.

Prayer had opened the Congress, and prayer should close it. At 5-30 p.m., a pious colourful procession wended its way along the beautiful Marina Beach to the tomb of St. Thomas in the majestic Gothic Cathedral of San Thome, and the Benediction which followed once more united the hearts of students and their leaders in the common, indissoluble bond of divine charity.

Some of our guests left us that night. Many, however, remained

until the following day to catch a glimpse of Madras and its numerous interesting sights. Finally, the evening of December 23rd, found the compound silent and deserted. Gone were the hundreds of happy, ringing voices. Gone indeed, but not forgotten. God grant them the light

and courage to carry out their noble ideals ; to pass on, as they resolved, the torch of truth, love and service to the rest of India's youth ; to share with their colleagues and all in need the wonderful blessings of the First All-India Catholic Students' Congress.

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## SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

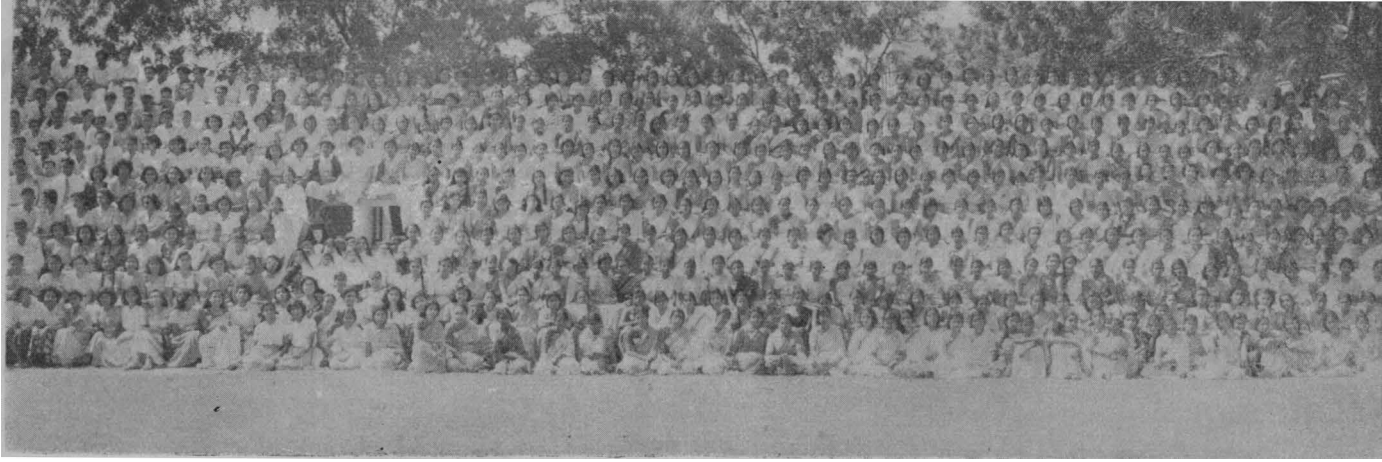
THE Sanskrit Association activities for the year 1952-1953 began on 16th July, 1952, when Dr. Daniel H. H. Ingalls, Head of the Sanskrit Department, Harvard University (U. S. A.) addressed a meeting of Sanskrit students. He said that the West and the East should exchange ideas with a view to finding the best in each, rather than merely imitate each other.

The inaugural address was delivered by Sri N. Raghunatha Iyer, Assistant Editor of 'The Hindu.' He spoke of the intense pleasure to be derived

from the reading of Sanskrit as the years go by.

On 22nd October, 1952, Mr. K. Chandrasekara Iyer gave an address on 'The Message of Sanskrit Poets,' and on 23rd February, 1953, Mr. R. Srinivasachari spoke on 'Women in Sanskrit Literature.'

On 7th February, 1953, the Stella Maris College team consisting of N. Y. Visalakshi (I.U.C.) and S. Lakshmi (I.U.C.) won the Pennathur Visalakshi Rolling Cup in the Inter-Collegiate Sanskrit competition held in Madras Christian College, Tambaram.



## SNAPSHOT OF CATHOLIC STUDENTS' CONGRESS

**I**T all began on Friday morning at 4-30 a.m. We shot out of our beds to the trill of the bell, and hastily got ready to go to the station. The College bus was waiting for the fifteen of us, and we bundled in and set off at top speed for Central Station. There half of us got out and the rest went on to Egmore Station.

We walked on to the platform and impatiently watched the clock, awaiting our guests' arrival. Presently in puffed the Bangalore Mail with a crowd of girlish heads, necks craning out of the windows; we hurried forward displaying our little 'Stella Maris College' improvised badges, and directed everyone to the trams. Then, one by one, in came the Bombay Mail, the Mangalore Mail, Trivandrum and Cochin Express, and last of all the Grand Trunk Express. The station filled with a picturesque throng of girls and boys, pulling at their luggage, chatting and gesticulating excitedly.

Old friends greeted each other with surprise, relations fired questions at each other, and those who did not know anyone quickly made friends with the whole lot.

Soon the Bombay girls set off to the Church Park Convent and all the rest were packed into the waiting buses and trams bound for Stella Maris. After a hot breakfast they were shown to their rooms in College and Hostel—how nice to be able to **sleep** in a lecture-room without being rudely interrupted by the lecturer!—and all settled down immediately. It was real fun having 600 'Freshers' all at once, queuing up for baths, sitting down in batches for every meal, and we needed a few sleuths to track down 'Molly from Mangalore' or 'Theresa from Trichy' when some hopeful visitor was announced for them!

Our guests soon began to clamour to be shown round Madras and we gladly acted as guides, taking them



to all the interesting places in town, the centre of attraction being Moore Market; we could hardly tear them away, charged with bundles and bouquets and bon-bons for Christmas presents. They were impressed with St. Thomas' Mount and Little Mount (which some of us were visiting for the first time too!). In the evening we had an impromptu concert with songs and recitations in Tamil, Malayalam, Kannada and even French—most surprising that girls (from Pondicherry) could speak and sing in French without bothering their heads about subjunctives! We said our night prayers all together before the brightly-lit crib erected on the Convent verandah.

The Congress began in real earnest on Saturday, December 20th. That morning, we were awakened by an orchestra of bells at 5-30 a.m., piled rather dizzily into the eleven buses lined up in the compound and arrived at Bertram Hall in good time for the 7 o'clock Mass. A great cross and altar had been erected on the stage so that we could see perfectly every movement of His Grace Dr. L. Mathias, Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore, who celebrated the Mass of the Vigil of St. Thomas. The huge hall was simply packed, boys were even leaning perilously over the balconies which threatened to collapse: everyone joined in singing 'The Mass in song' and it was most inspiring to hear 2,600 girls and boys giving forth their voices in prayer and song—the Lord must surely have been pleased with such devotion.

After Mass, we girls piled into our buses (now become old friends

despite the titles 'Engineering College', etc., on the outside!) for the Good Shepherd Convent where our magic little ration tickets speedily produced a gracious breakfast. At 9-30 a piercing trumpet-call summoned all who were exploring the grounds of Loyola College (with permission, and even invitation, of the authorities) to the Inaugural Session in the Hall.

Mr. S. Arokiaswamy, President of the C. S. U., Loyola College, welcomed the delegates. Mr. M. Ruthnaswamy then gave us a very interesting and instructive talk. We were pleased to hear that Cardinal Newman did not approve of examinations and considered that one learns as much outside the lecture-hall as in, though, of course, we do admit with the speaker that our first duty as students is to study!

In the afternoon Group discussions were held for groups of about 30 girls, on special topics and lively debates ensued between members of different Colleges. Committees were also at work during the Congress with the object of giving practical application to the ideas expressed in the General Sessions. After tea we bundled back into our buses for the plenary Session at Loyola College. Professor T. Srinivasan spoke very enthusiastically on 'Fidelity to our Cultural Heritage' and Mrs. Cletus made us so ambitious that we felt almost like Deputy Ministers or Heads of Departments already.

The second day Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace

Dr. Gracias (now India's Cardinal) who later spoke to us with such zeal and holy conviction that we were fired with the resolve to do great things for God in the future. In the evening we were very fortunate to hear Mgr. J. Cardijn. His eloquence and the forceful manner in which he put forth his ideas greatly impressed his audience. After each session, a student from one of the Colleges proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers and even the thought of a few words in front of that enormous audience was enough to keep the elected one nervously clasping her clammy hands for hours beforehand.

During our free time we located the Exhibition Room where all manner of data concerning the work of other Colleges was exhibited. There were also musical records and sketches of all kinds.

That evening our bus had a new load. All the 'big pots' (literally, not figuratively!) had been filled with our dinner and piled in along with the staff and cutlery and banana-leaves, and the whole paraphernalia of our Stella Maris tiffin-room reappeared in Loyola College so that we were able to stay on there for the big Students' Concert.

Next day—the last—undaunted by our midnight revels and our usual start before the crack of dawn, we all answered the dialogue Mass and were thrilled by the speakers of the day: Mr. B. S. Gilani on 'Christian Social Order in building Free India.'

Rev. Fr. D'Souza, who kept us jumping out of our seats with the desire to do real Social Service of charity, Mr. J. C. Ryan full of helpful experience, and finally His Lordship, Bishop Roche who simply volleyed slogans at us and made us tingle to be up and doing for Christ.

At 2-30 there was the closing session followed by the pilgrimage to San Thome, Mylapore. The boys started from the Seminary and the girls from Queen Mary's College. We all then walked together in procession along the Marina, singing hymns and saying the Rosary. The huge assembly at the Cathedral, each group with its special banner, made a very colourful display before the altar. All knelt as one student, in the name of all, consecrated this vast gathering of India's youth to the renewed service of God, the poor and their country. Then with Solemn Benediction the Congress closed on the note of a triumphal hymn.

The three days had passed very quickly and prayerfully and although most of us would only get back home just in time for Midnight Mass we were very sorry it was over so soon. The resolutions that we took however are still fresh in our memory, and it only remains for us to put them into practice so as to make the fruit of the Congress as real as the Congress itself was successful.

CHARLOTTE LASRADO,  
IV. U.C.

# ANNUAL SPORTS DAY, 1953

FOR the first time in the history of the College, we held an Annual Sports Day on February 28th, 1953.

From the very first mention of it, the students thrilled with enthusiasm and delight. Rapidly the lists of competitors were completed. No enticement was needed for the evening practices. Higher and higher rose the jumping pole, as students dreamed of bright, shining cups. Some students dropped out, to be sure, in face of the more difficult items, but they left behind a good hundred adventurous, young athletes for the final competitions. Perhaps professional skill was lacking, but this was more than compensated by the superabundance of excited enthusiasm emanating from both audience and competitors alike.

College lecturers volunteered their services as officers, but never for a moment sacrificing friendly encouragement to efficiency. Thus was increased that happy intercourse between staff and students which is one of the outstanding characteristics of Stella Maris.

True, some of the visitors regretted that the Sports had, this year, ousted the usual Variety Entertainment, but students viewed it from another angle. For them, the Sports provided competitors with a good opportunity of happy relaxation and

friendly rivalry, spectators with a laugh and thrill. Class spirit was also fostered among them. Who would have believed that our somewhat retiring I.U.C. students would have so risen to the occasion as to snatch first place in almost every competition, including the Obstacle Race! . . . . where Senior students, confronted with cultural queries, felt calmly confident of success. Though defeated, the Seniors were by no means inferior in sporting spirit, and failure was taken in good part.

Light-hearted amateurs though our students were, a number of creditable records were established, particularly in the High Jump, a feature of special interest to our President, Dr. P. V. Cherian, President of the Madras Legislative Council, who humorously remarked in his address: 'I never believed that girls could jump so high.' Mrs. Cherian, who had graciously consented to be present, had a busy time congratulating the victors, and distributing the numerous trophies, cups, prizes and certificates, amid enthusiastic applause from the student spectators.

Long after the guests had departed, the students remained behind, trophies in hand, lustily singing their College songs, discovering in Sports new loyalties to bind them ever closer to their beloved Alma Mater.

## A MUSICAL AFTERNOON

ONE November afternoon the French students were to be seen huddled around a bright notice that read 'Reunion du Cercle Francais, 0-4.'

'But 0-4 is the Music Room? Why should the French Club meet in the Music Room?' Why? because that day we were to take flight to France on the wings of song!

Our musicians presented the first selection which was appropriately La Marseillaise. Miss K. Mathias created the proper atmosphere for us, by recalling how Rouget de Lisle had written the words and music in the very heat of the Revolution and how the stalwart Marseille armies had chosen it as their marching song. Our pianist and singers gave an excellent rendering of this truly soul-stirring anthem, which one cannot hear without feeling the glow of that ardent patriotism that is the soul of France.

Our Intermediate students had been studying, Les Oberlé and had

long since learned to love and think with Alsace, so all readily made their own the traditional.

'Que notre Alsace est belle  
Avec ses frais vallons.'

The words did echo real sentiments and a long standing acquaintance gave significance to lines such as—

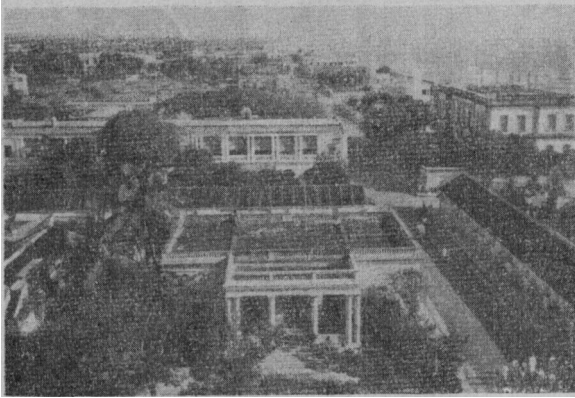
Nous la tenons serrée  
Par un lien d'amour ;  
Par un lien d'amour.

A gay folk-song is quickly learned and, 'La laine des moutons' proved no exception. Our first attempt was humble unison, but in no time we were able to execute a formidable four-part round, and even notions as to how a dance could be set to lilting rhythm were soon in the air.

Already our time had sped by, so there was time only to sing once more our 'Que notre Alsace est belle,' and then we had to say our Au revoir to France.



# HISTORY OF PONDICHERRY



General view of Pondicherry

**P**ONDICHERRY, the capital of the French possessions in India, is situated on the Coromandel Coast about 100 miles from Madras in the district of South Arcot, Madras Province. It is divided by a canal into two parts, the Ville Blanche (White City) and the Ville Noire (Dark City). The Ville Blanche has a European aspect, with wide streets laid out at right angles to each other, numerous public buildings and gardens, all in the Louis XIV style, give the city an original and pleasing architectural aspect.

The French originally came to Surat for the purposes of trade. Finding it unsuitable, they exchanged it with the Dutch in 1672 for the little hamlet of San Thome near Madras. In 1674, however, the Dutch wanted San Thome back, and the French were compelled to move southwards in quest of another trading-centre. Finally, they chose to settle near Pondicherry, not far

from the banks of the River Gadilam.

'Pondy,' founded by Francois Martin, consisted at first of only a few fishermen's huts and the temple of Ganesha. Even today this temple, situated in the European quarter, attracts a large number of devotees throughout the whole year and is held in great veneration. With much zeal and energy the new settlers started to build a real town, criss-crossing it with new roads. This was known in Tamil as 'Pudhucherry,' meaning 'New Town.'

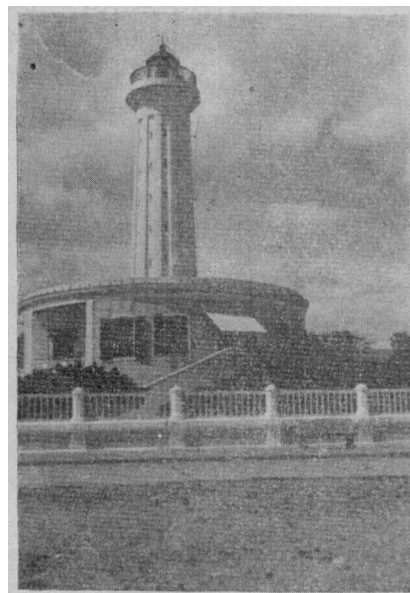
A very brisk trade in textiles soon brought prosperity to the French. Francois Martin went on to consolidate his position by obtaining the permission of Sherkhan-Lodi, Governor of the Sultan of Bijapur, to fortify Pondicherry. This was necessary as the Dutch were trying to eject the French, but all their attempts were successfully resisted until in 1699 Pondy became the capital of all the French possessions. In 1701 a pentagonal fort was built to ensure safety from intending invaders.

In 1735 Dumas, who succeeded Martin as Governor-General, considerably strengthened the French position and obtained permission from the Emperor at Delhi for the French to mint their own coinage. From 1736 onwards, large profits were made by this means. Later, in 1739, he managed to obtain the

town of Karaikal and its surroundings and added them to the existing French possessions. Karaikal is in the rich and fertile delta of the Cauvery river in Tanjore District and still supplies a large measure of the rice for Pondicherry. It is said that when the Maharattas demanded Chauth, Dumas replied that there were no gold or silver mines in Pondicherry only iron, and this would be used freely in the form of cannon-balls.

As one approaches the outskirts of Pondicherry either by road or by railway, one notices the change in the surroundings from the dry, arid plains to the green pastures and shady gardens. The air is cooler and pleasanter. Pondicherry is situated on an elevated plain which was originally the delta of the Pennayar River. This is perhaps the reason for its fertility and also for the existence of the artesian wells in the region.

There is no harbour, only a roadstead which is the best on the entire coast. Ships lie at a distance from the shore and contact with land is maintained by means of the usual Masula boats peculiar to this part of South India. There is a pier to facilitate the loading of ships but in



The Lighthouse

the recent cyclone the middle portion of the pier was so severely damaged that it has been submerged and is at present useless. Pondicherry is well placed as a centre for tourists, being but a few miles distance from the main beauty-spots of South India, such as the famous fortress Gingi, the Seven Pagodas of Mahabalipuram, the temple of Chidambaram, Tiruvannamalai, Vellore and the city of Madras.

PREMA SADASIVAN,

I. U.C.

# PSYCHOLOGY OF A MARTYR

*The dramatisation of the death of St. Thomas More provided inspiration for this article, written by the player of the title role.*

TIME was when at a signal from the King men's heads were struck off—and, as we all know, people, like pins, amount to nothing without their heads. During such an age as this, when Henry VIII turned fanatic about polygamy and found delight in keeping the executioner's hands full, there arose in England a figure who was to make history and hand down to future generations a dual lesson of humanism and sanctity. It has been said that if a half-penny were brought near enough to the eye, it would obscure even the moon. In like manner did the personality of Thomas More dominate the age in which he lived.

Uneventful was his childhood, though not a few of his contemporaries seemed to have had a premonition of the great heights to which he would rise. Born on February 6th, 1478, he was educated like many another boy, at St. Anthony's Threadneedle Street, London. With his quick, observant nature, More took all London in—finding in its streets a fairyland, teeming with wonder, life and interest. Two memorable years of his life he passed as a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, Lord Chancellor, who remarked of him: 'This boy, as those who live shall see, will become a notable man.' It was during this period that More acquired that 'aplomb' which throughout his life never deserted

him, not even on the scaffold that awaited him. His natural talents caused many to consider him a genius; his refinement, modesty and good humour placed in his hands the key to fame and success.

At fourteen Thomas went to Oxford. The inspiration of 'Utopia,' the work on which rests his literary fame, was provided by the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus. When the time arrived for entering a profession, he chose law, and joined the Inn of Chancery or the New Inn, to emerge therefrom learned, witty and wise, with all the versatility of a Renaissance scholar whose knowledge extended to astronomy, medicine, poetry and politics.

Four years More now passed with the Carthusian monks, contemplating his vocation to the religious life, a fact which evoked little wonder in view of the sterling qualities already exhibited by him, save from those superficial contemporaries, who saw only his exceeding good humour and never-failing 'joie de vivre.' However, Thomas finally decided upon marriage, not the cloister, and settled down as a popular, prosperous lawyer and resolute defender of the right.

The accession of Henry VIII brought him into immediate prominence. The summer of 1515 saw him

leave England on his first embassy abroad, to be rewarded for this and later services by being raised in 1529 to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. One of the King's most faithful servants, a genuine friendship arose between the two, a fact which was largely responsible for Henry's uncontrollable fury when More differed from him in the question of the royal divorce. So devoid of all worldly ambition was More that he was ready to stand by his convictions and pay the price.

Had More never become a martyr, he deserves canonization for the perfection of his family life. At home, as with his clients and in the Court, candour and innocence shone forth from his eyes. His optimism and habit of taking things as they came have become legendary. A born friend, he was easy of access to all, ignoring 'all the ceremonious forms in which most men make politeness to consist.' Like all great men, his greatness lay in his mastery of self, whence flowed his characteristic serenity and indomitable courage and will. As human as he was great, he ever preserved a secret corner in his heart for his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, his little Meg. Perhaps he was striving to realise in his own home at least that perfection he had once dreamed of in his 'Utopia'?

1527 saw the formal introduction of Henry's demand for the annulment of his marriage with Queen Catherine of Aragon. For some time past, the King had grown disheartened because no son had been born to him, his discontent being augmented

by the arrival at the Court of a gay, young lady-in-waiting, Anne Boleyn. His affection for Anne was at first kept secret, but in 1527 the impatient monarch revealed his purpose, thus shocking the whole kingdom, including Wolsey and More. The Pope awaited, hoping that the King would soon tire of Anne, or death remove one of the three parties. Henry grew irate and tried to hasten matters at first through Wolsey, then through Sir Thomas, but the latter was not to be trifled with. Despite his deep affection for the King, he would never act against his conscience and cause the separation of England from Rome. Three years later More was no longer Chancellor, for as he said, 'I saw that I must either lay down my office or fail in the performance of its duties.'

Poor, but contented, More devoted his retirement to writing, when in 1533 a proclamation was issued by the Council legalising the King's marriage with Anne. An anonymous pamphlet appeared in criticism. Henry, exasperated by his friend's resistance, had More falsely accused of its authorship, whereupon he was charged with treason. Summoned before a Commission, he was called upon for the last time to declare in public his acceptance of the royal marriage. Humbly, yet fearlessly, he refused. He was rowed down the river to the Tower, which he entered with a customary jest.

His prayers, letters and conversations during these last days have been preserved; so too have his jests. Turning to Lord Walsingham



before mounting the scaffold, he remarked: 'Master Lieutenant, see me safely up, I pray you; for myself in coming down I can make shift.' His last words proved him indomitable to very end. They were a kindly humorous petition to spare his beard, which was innocent of all treason.

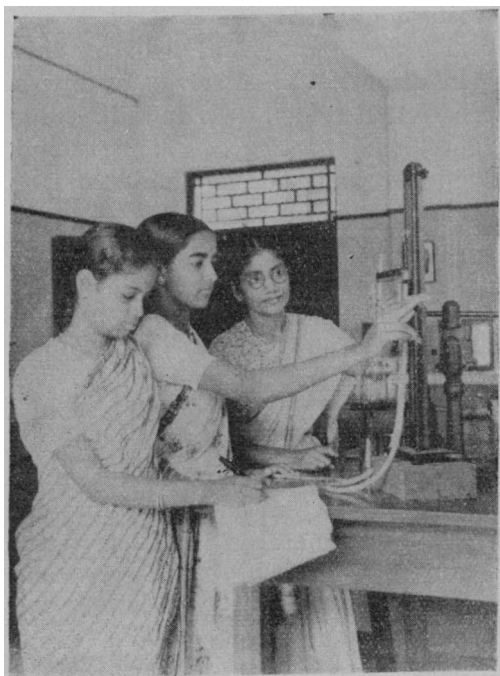
So Sir Thomas joins the ranks of the saints, after making his life a

model of all that is worth doing and living for. His character can be described in superlative terms only, because it is a testimony that duty to God (the essence of all that is good in man) takes precedence of everything else in the world.

PADMA NARAYANASWAMI,  
(Presidency College),  
**Stella Maris College Hostel.**

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## WHAT ARE THEY BUSY ABOUT ?



**I**N the Physics Laboratory Miss E. Sita and Miss M. G. Shambagam, two Senior Intermediate students of 1953, are trying by means of the Charles Apparatus to determine the Pressure Co-efficient of Air at constant volume. Their lecturer, Mrs. Shantha, explains that the volume should be constant while taking the reading at different temperatures.

This is just one of the many experiments which keep Physics students engrossed for hours on end, to the mystification of their History friends for whom experimentation invariably meets with sad results.

# “CAN WOMEN CHANGE INDIA?”

Address by J. M. Lobo Prabhu to the Stella Maris College Union,  
February 4th, 1953 (abridged)

I HAVE a feeling that I have undertaken a dangerous task in trying to establish that women can change India. If I succeed, men will think I am casting aspersions on their abilities, while women will feel I am placing new burdens upon them. I have chosen to speak on the part women can play in the making of India, since someone remarked that the Five-Year Plan can never be productive because there is no room for women in it. The plan is by men, of men and for men, so that not only the number, but the importance of women has been ignored, in the scheme of things.

I have never underestimated the importance of women. Whether they admit it or not, with few exceptions, men are more influenced by women than by themselves. Their mothers, wives and daughters mould their feelings and thoughts so deeply that they are driven to disguise it from themselves and others. In a defensive way, men pretend to belittle women. Cervantes wrote :

“Between a woman’s ‘yes’ and ‘no’  
There is no room for a pin to go.”

Sir Thomas More warned that :

“If a man’s only books  
Were a woman’s looks,  
Then folly’s all that they teach  
him.” . . . . .

War, the growing use of force in society, the hard, bitter struggle for existence have tended to drive women further into the fortresses of their homes. Here, with children and petty chores and cares, women spend energy and spirit, which at the beginning of society was available to the community. Even where some traces of women’s power survives, as in matriarchate societies found in Malabar, the general tide of male ascendancy is confining women to the seclusion of the house. What is regarded as emancipation by western standards is not very real . . . . . Even where this ‘emancipation’ exists, women’s creative instincts, their infinite endurance and patience, their sound judgment, are not available to the great task of progress.

In India, the position is worse than in most countries. In the north, a large majority of women are kept in purdah ; everywhere else they are kept in their homes. Only the women of the lowest castes work in fields and factories. A few women work in offices or professions, but generally only until they are able to marry . . . . . At least one half of the working capacity of women is unused and wasted, while a good part of the other half is devoted to laborious mechanical work, which does not arise in other countries.

Given all that women should do for home and family some have much unemployed leisure which the existing order of things does not help them to utilise. This is both an economic and social loss. . . . . Economically, it is so much wealth wasted ; socially, the loss arises from the fact that unemployment of any kind is demoralising, conducive of boredom, discontent and even trouble. Carlyle laid down the testament that :

“ Blessed is he who has found work ;

Let him ask for no other blessedness.”

. . . . . What are we going to do about the problem of equalising the opportunities of women with those of men? Under the Constitution, men and women have identical rights . . . . . and in some areas women have been found to exercise them in larger numbers. Yet all this has not made a change in the work and life of the country. What is the strategy for utilising women to transform the country ?

Inequality begins with the education, or rather lack of education, of women. . . . . It is argued that a literate woman is a literate family, the home being actually a form of school. . . . . It is not enough to educate girls, it is also necessary to help them to use their education. At present, the most common use of education in India is to serve as a means of obtaining a good husband, and there the matter seems to end. In the future, something must be done to prevent marriage from completely immobilising the

working capacity of all educated women.

But what about the educated woman who cannot find work ? It is often argued that absence of suitable employment is the real reason for the lack of enthusiasm concerning female education. An ardent social worker suggested that a rule should be made, that, until parity is reached, women should, all other things being equal, be preferred to men in some of the public services. An alternative solution would be to reserve a proportion of posts and appointments for women, in both public and private services, not excluding the legislature. It is argued that such reservations would doubtless attract the most capable women, who would, in due course, prove equal to their responsibilities.

Work must also be found for the large body of women, mostly uneducated, living in the villages. Two important elements in the psychology of the village woman are, first, that she detests waste, and second that she possesses great influence in the house, which she can be taught to extend over wider fields. She can, therefore, become a powerful agent in the improvement of agriculture, once she is trained to recognise its wasteful aspects . . . . For, either women will originate the necessary changes themselves, or compel their husbands to do so. This is the unwritten chapter of the Five Year Plan, which is full of the most productive possibilities.

*(Continued on page Forty-six)*

# VISITE DE PARIS

(Compte rendu d'une réunion du Cercle Français)

**A**LLONS à Paris ! Trois mots magiques qui malgré la chaleur d'un après-midi au mois d'août, ont amené les étudiantes de français, tout intriguées, à la porte de la grande salle, si mystérieusement drapée en noir,—où l'appareil de cinéma promettait de faire l'impossible : nous transporter jusqu'à l'une des plus renommées des villes du monde, Paris !

En effet, nous n'étions pas déçues ! Avant de nous mettre en route, nous nous sommes munies d'un peu d'histoire pour nous aider à mieux apprécier le Paris d'aujourd'hui : un mot de cette époque ou notre ville portait fièrement un nom romain : Lutetia Parisiorum ; de ces jours épiques où les prières de sa sainte patronne, Geneviève l'ont sauvée, des barbares, un coup d'oeil sur la longue et glorieuse période quand Paris était la résidence des rois de France, sur les sombres heures de la Révolution, et alors nous nous sommes trouvées tout à coup sur un de ces splendides ponts qui traversent la Seine, en route pour l'Île de la Cité. Là nous avons visité Notre Dame, dont les deux tours constituent un point de repère bien familier, la Sainte Chapelle, où le saint roi, Louis, enchassa les reliques rapportées de Terre Sainte ; la Conciergerie, autrefois sinistre prison révolutionnaire, aujourd'hui les Palais de Justice.

Nos étudiantes étaient enchantées de traverser à l'autre rive de la Seine pour se joindre aux étudiants de l'Université de Paris sur le Boul 'Mich' ! et visiter quelques unes de ces grandes écoles dont elles ont entendu parler bien des fois dans leurs textes.

Nous nous sommes arrêtées volontiers à la Cité Universitaire où nous revons de rencontrer un jour nos compatriotes !

Ensuite nous avons fait bien vite le tour du quartier, admirant le grand Institut de France, l'Odéon, le Panthéon, où nous étions si fières de pouvoir traduire l'inscription : Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante ! Bientôt

nous avons parcouru Montparnasse, visitant un de ces fameux cafés, pour écouter aussi des histoires de ses étudiants et de ses artistes. L'appareil tournait toujours, et l'un après l'autre, c'était le Luxembourg avec ses grands parcs et ses belles fontaines, les Invalides, et, ce que personne n'a manqué de reconnaître, la Tour d'Eiffel tout près.

Nous avons fait le programme d'un après-midi, (bien qu'imaginaire) au charmant Bois de Boulogne, et alors nous nous sommes envolées au nord de la ville : à Montmartre, où nos artistes étaient heureuses de voir de leurs confrères à l'oeuvre. Quelle surprise aussi de trouver un peu de la splendeur orientale dans la basilique où le Sacré Coeur contemple avec amour la ville entière.

Un appareil de cinéma vaut certainement le tapis d'Aladdin. Nous pouvions voler ici et là, un peu partout—et nous l'avons fait. Nos économistes ont insisté sur la Bourse et les Halles Centrales—les célèbres femmes des Halles nous ont intriguées toutes !

Mais notre dernier coup d'oeil était peut-être le plus mémorable, car enfin nous étions arrivées à cette rue, la plus belle du monde, dit-on : l'Avenue des Champs Elysées. Ce n'était que trop tôt que nous avons laissé derrière nous le Louvre avec ses trésors artistiques, les Jardins des Tuileries, les magnifiques fontaines de la Place de la Concorde, l'Opéra tout brillant de la lumière et de la couleur d'une soirée de gala—et que dire de la Place de l'Etoile avec ses douze rayons ? Nous avons contemplé avec un grand respect le tombeau du "soldat inconnu," où brûle perpétuellement la flamme sacrée, symbole de la gratitude des coeurs français.

C'était le son de la cloche de cinq heures qui nous a ramenées à la réalité et à Madras. Mais, si nous avons dû partir, à Paris nous n'avons dit que "Au Revoir !"

## HOSTEL LIFE

THE taxi arrived at the College ; it was stopping ! I eyed the College and hostel with an almost possessive interest. With a queer pit-pattery feeling, and a vague sort of misery and desolation, I stepped into the parlour. I felt very tired and lonely. Almost unconsciously I was murmuring to myself ; 'Let me like it ; let it be like home.'

The formalities having been gone through, I was led to the hostel, where I was given a very warm reception.

'Junior ?' asked some girls standing in a group by the stairs.

'Yes.' I miserably replied. Some girls gave me sympathetic glances, while others looked sly, as if they were sharing a secret I did not know.

'Don't worry,' said a sympathetic senior to me, 'they'll give you a proper share in the ragging.'

Hostel life we all find very different from home life. As night drew near, I missed the old familiar things more than ever. I felt lost in the big building, and the prospect of an impartial share in the ragging did not in the least cheer me up.

The next day came and went, and at night my head was in a muddle with the physical features of Greece, the utility of Logic and Oliver Goldsmith, all having prominent parts in the muddle.

Some days passed on ; in College, I learnt things I had not known before. I knew what 'cutting class' meant . . . . and I also knew what the 'late chit' meant. These terms are quite familiar to souls who have not the tendency to unravel the mysteries which Science or History or Mathematics teach.

Still the ragging had not taken place. There was a sort of armed neutrality between the mighty seniors and the ignorant juniors. The ragging was postponed because the seniors had tests. I secretly prayed that they would always have tests. But my prayer was not to be fulfilled. The ragging took place on Saturday.

In case anyone should misunderstand the ragging for a terrifying affair, I will take care to explain it.

On this fateful day, while I was seated in my room after supper, a senior came and informed me that I was wanted in the common hall. I followed her with humble submission, and I saw a sight which made me pause for a moment. The seniors were armed with boot polish, mangoes, and jugs of cold water . . . . the last two items being splattered only on the 'unsporting' and stubborn juniors ; the first item being impartially smeared over one and all.

The ragging proceeded like this. A junior was called out from the crowd and made to sit in a central

position. Seniors would be sitting all round her.

'What is your name?' would inevitably be the first question. This almost every one of the juniors would be able to answer.

'Your ambition?' Here it was that the juniors got stumped. If they did not answer promptly, the seniors helpfully suggested ideals. 'Be Indrani Rehman' . . . . . 'Bathe in hot water' . . . . . and other ridiculous suggestions which made both seniors and juniors roar with laughter.

Then they were asked to sing a song. Excuses like 'sore throat,' 'can't sing,' met with derision, and everyone had to sing a few lines.

Then the seniors lovingly patted the juniors, as if to make up for their ill behaviour, their affectionate hands, of course, being liberally smeared with bootpolish! After this came a solemn vow, which one of the seniors made us take. I refuse to disclose the vow itself, but can solemnly assert that while it was being taken suppressed giggles burst forth from all.

After this, the seniors were most kind and considerate, and it would take volumes to tell how much all of us enjoyed ourselves later, on Hostel Day and during the moonlight picnic.

S. VASANTHA.

I. U.C.

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### Can Women Change India ?

*(Continued from page Forty-three)*

I am very earnest when I say that the revolution of the future depends on the contribution women can make. In olden days, before the country was overrun by successions of invaders, women played a dominant role in life. In the atmosphere of our new freedom, women must again stand for learning and strength, so that the content of life may be enriched. No doubt they will have to cross the wide gulf of centuries, but bridges can be thrown

for them in the form of reservations, special privileges, and inducements. To woman perhaps more than man belong the qualities of endurance and singleness of purpose. Was it not a woman, the Rani of Jhansi, who led the first army of revolt? In the recent struggle for independence, what notable parts were played by women!

In storming, therefore, the Bastille of Ignorance and Poverty, India needs a gallant army of women. That is your destiny; to change India alongside with, perhaps even leading, her men.

# CHRONICLE OF ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE

**April 1952**—We had received a letter from the St. John Ambulance (India) Brigade asking us to arrange for classes for our students and when we received a further letter in June reporting that the Minister of Health, Sri Amrit Kaur, was “disappointed” at the lack of nursing divisions in Madras, we asked Mrs. Barlow to come to see us, and accordingly arranged a course of Home Nursing and First Aid for our students. We restricted our invitation for volunteers to the I.U.C. as they were fresh and supposedly free from care.

**July 14**—By July 14th (appropriately the feast of the “seraphic doctor” St. Bonaventure) there were 19 volunteers for the Home Nursing and 6 for the First Aid. Mrs. Barlow took the “Nurses” in Room 0-10 beginning at 4-15 p.m. and Mr. Kumaru started describing bones, broken or otherwise, in Room 0-6. By 5-15 the “Nurses” were busy bandaging, which looks so easy and neat when the demonstrator does it. . . . The following days more “Volunteers” asked to join the course which was fast becoming fashionable.

**July 18**—The 2nd class coincided with a “Social Service” meeting addressed by Mrs. Clubwalla, but in spite of the counter-attraction our “Nurses” reported for duty, this time in the Chemistry Room. As there were still lingering traces of an experiment with “bad-egg” gas, the atmosphere seemed to emphasize the need for “First Aid.” Gallantly fighting their nausea, the nurses listened absorbed to the lecture—sailing in spirit down the alimentary canal, beating eagerly in union with their pulse . . . . .

It was decided to combine the First Aiders with the nurses as their class was

so small, and then all the students could follow up their H. N. Certificate with F.A.

**July 28**—There are now 32 on the rolls, some having left since the beginning and new ones having joined. There is a shortage of “practice” bandages as the appeal to “tear up your sarees” was not responded to . . . . . nevertheless everyone is busy during the practical period. The lecture deals with hygiene, fresh air in the sick room, boiling of water three times and of milk once, recognition of certain fevers.

**August 4**—A large audience was attracted today to the demonstration of bed-making and groups of round-eyed, small boys had to be gently ejected while the demonstrators rolled in and out of “operation beds,” “rheumatism beds,” etc. One student was so wrought up with excitement at the usually humdrum process of “making the bed” that she carefully tucked sheets and blanket in all the way round. The patient would presumably be inserted from underneath. The Maths. students of course excelled themselves in making “right-angled” corners. The nursing of fevers, enteric, typhus, etc., was the subject of a very interesting lecture.

**August 14**—As the examination is approaching, lecture time was given to “Questions”. What is diphtheria? . . . Dead silence . . . What is ventilation? . . . Bewilderment of student who apparently thought it was a disease. Useful hints were given for lines of study.

**August 22**—The examination being announced for 4 p.m. an imposing display of bed, draw-sheet, hot-water bottles (seemingly superfluous in Madras!) bandages, kidney-tray, etc. was arranged in Room 0-7, and the 24 candidates herded nervously together outside muttering

about "complications" and "symptoms" and practising bandages on their trembling companions. The examination lasted only about 5 minutes for each one and comprised the bandaging of finger, thumb or arm, and various questions on widely differing subjects; how to make a linseed poultice, the characteristic features of plague, the meaning of "rigors," the prevention of bed-sores, etc. Nearly all were most disappointed at not being asked to make a bed, as they had been practising so assiduously, but may be doctors (male ones at any rate) just take bed-making for granted!

The general opinion was that in spite of nervousness the examination was "easy—just a few little questions" although one needed to have studied Home Nursing to know the answers to such a wide selection. Let us hope that our Nurses' competence will be recognized officially and

those who were suffering from the seasonal indisposition of "cold feet" (very contagious) will regret that they did not persevere unto the end.

**Postscript.**—The crown of glory has been awarded to twenty successful students who are now certificated members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and can be called on to tend the sick in home or college.

In February, six of the members least sick with examination-fever were proud to form the Guard of Honour (in gleaming white sarees) at the air port for the arrival of the World Chief Commissioner of the Brigade, Countess Mountbatten. Each one was presented to her and later attended the Reception at Government House where they were somewhat overawed to find they were the only College students among representatives of the Social Works of the City of Madras.

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## CONDOLENCE

**The College offers sincere condolence to the bereaved parents of Miss M. Saroja of I.U.C., who departed this life on April 1st, 1953.**

The following reflection was found in her last poetry examination :

"The Ancient Mariner could not pray because there was hatred in his heart. When he expelled the hatred, peace returned to his soul, and prayer came easily to him."

Her clear, religious understanding is not surprising when we recall the words of her father, speaking to the nuns at the time of his daughter's death. He described himself as "grieved to death, but submissive to Divine Providence."



## THE MALAYS AS I SEE THEM

**M**ALAYA, a narrow strip of land in South-East Asia, was, as late as a century ago, a comparatively forgotten corner of the world. Slowly but surely it has been gaining in importance until today, it occupies quite an influential position among the free nations of the world. Famed for its tin and rubber and more recently admired for its valiant struggle against Communism, it would be interesting to know something about the Malays themselves.

What are they like? What is their attitude towards life? They are a unique set of people, profoundly affected by the geography of their land. It is a tropical country of perpetual rain and sunshine and essentially a land of plenty. There is no struggle for existence. Perhaps that is why they are a delightfully friendly people with little ambition. Perhaps that is why, when the Chinese, Indians and other foreigners flocked to this land, the Malays with infinite grace made room so that they too could enjoy the benefits of this land of milk and honey.

I really admire the Malays. I have never met a people more happy and more cheerful. They would vehemently insist that the sun was shining even if the rest of the world declared that it was raining cats and dogs. This optimism is a quality which is becoming rarer and more beautiful in this turbulent world. Just think of such a cosmopolitan community with contradictory tastes and customs growing up, linked in

each others arms as it were in a paradise on earth! That but shows more than anything else the happy-go-lucky attitude of the Malays. Yes! the cheerfulness of the Malays—and unkind people say—‘the laziness of the Malays,’—cannot be exaggerated.

How do the Malays look? The average Malay girl has a dark olive complexion and is about 5 feet tall. In olden days they had their hair done up in a big bun on the top of the head, but now, with new styles and fashions penetrating even the humblest village, it is either plaited or cut short. They wear their national dress—the Baju and the sarong—which consists of a very loose high-necked dress with long sleeves and a long piece of cloth (reaching to the ankles), brightly coloured with lovely designs. The man wears a Baju and baggy pants—preferably made of bright satin! He has a 22-inch waistline which could be the envy of many a Parisian mannequin! But what strikes me more than their gaudy dress, is their constant smile revealing a row of dazzling white teeth.

They are on the whole religious. They go to the Mosque regularly; the children are taught prayers while still very young. On reaching the Mosque, they have to wash their feet in a pool of water, and enter barefoot. The women, however, are not allowed to go to the Mosque! The Malays do not touch dogs since

they are supposed to be unclean and they do not eat pork for the same reason. Every year they have to undergo a rigorous fast of one month, during which time they are not allowed to eat during the day, but they make compensation for that at night! It makes one sad that the menfolk are allowed to marry as many women as they can 'maintain.' In olden days, and even today perhaps, the wealth of a man is estimated by the number of wives he possesses!

A passionate love of pomp and ceremony is very marked in them. It is said that no other people can bear themselves in public as well as the Malays. One listens with rapt attention to the newly-formed Malay band. How proudly they bear themselves! How smartly they march! How trim they look in their immaculate uniforms, the green of their Sarongs matching the green of the 'Padang' or fields. Of course, the greatest moment in a soldier's life comes when he walks up to the High Commissioner and receives a medal for bravery. It tickles one to see how confidently he shakes hands with the High Commissioner while his dear ones look on with unconcealed pride. On 'Hariya

Haji'—the Malay New Year—it is a treat to watch the Malays—all of them, young and old, rich and poor, go out in all the splendour of their colourful Bajus and Sarongs. Their beaming faces and merry laughter reflect their joy of life.

It is indeed sad to think that the Malay is now shadowed by terrorists who kill and plunder unmercifully. An air of uncertainty and expectancy hovers around. The Communists have also sowed the seeds of communalism. But there is good reason to believe that all these troubles will be checked in time. When once more Malaya regains her normal peace and quiet, I think more people should go there and study the Malays. It is indeed interesting to know something of that smiling peninsula, whose blue waters match the blue of the sky, whose rolling hills and luscious grass and waving palms are a refreshing and contrasting sight in this industrial world—to know something of those charming people whose dazzling teeth and sparkling eyes, whose ready smile and winning grace seem to invite the foreigner to step into that land of milk and honey.

AMY CHALY.

# KALIDASA

**K**ALIDASA,—yes, this is a subject which is studied, discussed and written about by scholars, with more spirit, perhaps, than any other topic. Even then the study of his works—the outcome of his deep poetic imagination, which is given to a blessed few—remains new and gives scope for more thought and discussion. In India and elsewhere, Kalidasa is a familiar name and we all know that some get acquainted with Sanskrit that they may pick up the original flowers of his wisdom without the aid of a guide. His unique popularity is confirmed by the existence of translations of his works into almost all the languages. Three, and in some cases, more translations also of the same works in one language appear, written by different authors.

## STYLE

A well-known critic sings Kalidasa's praise in—

वाल्मीकैरजनि प्रकाशितगुणा व्यासेन लीलावती  
वैदर्भी कविता स्वयं वृत्तवती श्रीकालिदासं वरम् ।  
याऽसूतामरसिंहमाघधनिकान् सोऽयं जरानीरसा  
शून्यालङ्कारणास्खलन्मृदुपदा कं वा जनं नाश्रिता ॥

The gentle, delicate and charming Vaidarbhi maiden (Vaidarbhi, acknowledged to be the best, is one of the three dictions, others being Pancali and Gandi) has the old Valmiki as her father. Vyasa was the learned tuition master to develop in her her inner talents. Now comes Kalidasa. Who is he? Vaidarbhi Svayam “ वृत्तवती श्रीकालिदासं वरं ” She chose the noble ( वर ) Kalidasa

endowed with beauty ( श्री ) as her partner in life. That is Kalidasa—the ideal prince of the kingdom of her heart, who answers to all the needs her heart yearns for, who makes her life one complete whole. Thus, Vaidarbhi style comes to him spontaneously and without effort.

## TREATMENT OF RASA

I fear, I am going to give you a shock and I am sure nobody will pardon me for doing so, when I compare the poet's works of art to a grand, well kept mansion, where one finds **the** things in **the** place. To be more explicit, one finds in every part of the mansion, just the articles required, all the articles and nothing but the necessary articles which fit in and beautify that particular spot. Besides, each article proclaims skilled workmanship and the still more skilful choice of the master, whose keen eye penetrates into each nook and corner. This is exactly the case with Kalidasa, the master mind, who has arranged every idea, the finest fruits of his keen observation and creative fancy, in the grand **kavyas** in its proper setting with a keen eye to beauty and effect. For instance, if it is the treatment of srngara, everything which contributes to, heightens and develops that rasa is there. The whole environment is so transformed, the whole soil is so turned and worked up with skill, that the delicate seedling of srngara puts forth blossoms in due season. Every care is taken to develop the rasa in hand so that nature comes to life, feels, participates and

is one with the characters. Such is Kalidasa's skill in the art of character delineation and nature-painting that the characters and the surrounding nature are in harmony with each other ; nay, pulsate with the same sentiment. The readers too are carried away on the waves of the emotion. They forget themselves and are in perfect sympathy with the characters. If it is *santarasa*, nothing which is detrimental to its development is allowed to come in.

### A POET OF NATURE

The description of the scenery from Lanka to Ayodhya (*Raghuvamsa, canto XIII*) is a masterpiece in itself. One is struck with the creative fancy of the poet in

“रसातलादादिभवेन पुंसा भुवः प्रयुक्तोद्बहनक्रियायाः ।  
अस्याच्छमम्भः प्रलयप्रवृद्धं मुहूर्तवक्त्राभरणं चभूव ॥”

The face of the bride, Earth, is veiled for a moment with the crystal clear thin sheet of waters, during her Udvahana (marriage ; lifting up) by Varaha. Again, the poet's imagination soars very high in

“मन्दाकिनी भाति नगोपकण्ठे मुक्तावली कण्ठगतेव भूमेः”

The river Mandakini, with the clear rippling waters flowing near the foot of the mountain, is like a pearl necklace on the bosom of the maiden Earth. No other poet can excel him in the wealth of his imagination—drawing comparisons from the world of ornaments, from the flora, from the fauna and from paintings. See the description of the Confluence of Ganga and Yamuna.

*Fifty-two*

कचित्प्रभालेपिभिरिन्द्रनीलैः  
मुक्तामयी यष्टिरिवानुविद्धा ।  
अन्यत्र माला सितपङ्कजानाम्  
इन्दीवरैरुत्खचितान्तरेव  
कचित्खगानां प्रियमानसानाम्  
कादम्बसंसर्गवतीव पङ्क्तिः  
अन्यत्र कालागुरुदत्तपत्रा  
भक्तिर्भुवश्चन्दनकल्पितेव ।  
कचित्प्रभा चान्द्रमसी तमोभिः  
छायाविलीनैः शबलीकृतेव ॥  
अन्यत्र शुभ्रा शरदभ्रलेखा  
रन्ध्रेष्विवाल्क्ष्य नभः प्रदेशा ।  
कच्चिच्च कृष्णोरगभूषणेव  
भस्माङ्गरागा तनुरीश्वरस्य ॥  
पदयानवद्याङ्गि विभाति गङ्गा  
भिन्नप्रवाहा यमुनातरङ्गैः ।

The confluence of Yamuna and Ganga is like—

- (1) a necklace set with Indranila and pearls,
- (2) a wreath woven with blue and white lotuses,
- (3) a row of black swans moving in the company of royal swans,
- (4) an ornamental design painted in black aguru and sandal paste,
- (5) the shade of leaves interlaced with patches of moonlight,
- (6) lines of clouds in the bright autumnal sky,
- (7) the ornaments of black serpents and marks of ashes on the body of Siva.

Then, again, the description of Pancavati has no parallel in other works of art. The reader is struck with the serene charm, the tranquil

beauty of the spot, which is a happy resort of great sages such as Agastya, Satakarni, Sutiksna, Sarabhanga, Atri and others. Such is the sanctifying influence of the place that even trees seem to be absorbed in meditation.

Sanskrit literature abounds in the description of the beauties of spring. Since most of the works deal with the Srngararasa and Vasanta season being a close ally of that particular rasa, it is no wonder that we see it handled frequently, sometimes by a master artist. The beauty and the glories of the season so appeal to the poetic sense—it is such a living creation to the poets, that they conceive the season as a beautiful maiden decked in all her glory.

रक्ताशोकरुचा विशेषितगुणो विभ्राधरालक्तकः  
प्रत्याख्यातविशेषकं कुरवकं द्यामावदातारुणं ।  
आक्रान्ता तिलकक्रिया च तिलकैः लग्नद्विरेफाञ्जनैः  
सावशेव मुखप्रसाधनविधौ श्रीर्माधवी योषिताम्

As no other literature in the world, perhaps, portrays in such vivid colour the arresting beauty of the vernal season, we rather come to the wrong conclusion that this season exists only in Bharatavarsa and nowhere else.

### NATURE CONSORTING WITH HUMAN FEELINGS

In canto III of **Kumarasambhava**, कुसुमसायक makes preparations to divert िनाकषाणि from penance (note the two epithets, Cupid with only flower arrows trying with full confidence to disarm Siva armed with the dreadful Pinaka)

and to turn his attention to Uma, the beautiful daughter of the Himalaya. The forest, before the advent of Kama, is an ideal resort for sages. Serene peace reigns there and no creature, whether man or beast, bird or plant, dares to utter a sound.

निष्कम्पवृक्षं निभृतद्विरेफं मूकाण्डजं शान्तमृगप्रचारम् ।  
तच्छासनात्काननमेव सर्वं चित्रार्पितारम्भमिवावतस्ये ॥

Even Nandi, instead of saying “Look here, keep quiet” in so many words, lest it might jar on the situation, checks the pranks of the **ganas**

“मुखापितैकाङ्गुलिसंज्ञयैव मा चापलायेति गणान्वयनैषीत्”

just by a significant forefinger on the lip! Why all this precaution? You may well ask. Siva is there, practising penance

“ निवातनिष्कम्पमिवप्रदीपम् ”

Suddenly, this ideal site for ध्यान is transformed into a glorious heaven of beauty and pleasure. At the untimely setting in of Vasanta, not only the sages but the whole forest is stirred by love.

“ द्रन्द्वानि भावम् क्रियया विवत्रुः ”

The bees, the deer, the elephants and others came under the influence of Kama.

“ मधु द्विरेफः कुसुमैकपात्रे पौ प्रियां स्वामनुवर्तमानः ।  
शृङ्गेण च स्पर्शनिमीलिताक्षीं मृगीमकण्डूयत कृष्णसारः ॥  
ददौ रसात्पङ्कजरेणुगन्धि गजाय गण्डूषजलं करेणुः ।  
अर्धोपमुक्तेन वित्सेन ज्ञायौ संभावयामास रथाङ्गनामा ॥ ”

Nay, even the inanimate trees and creepers show signs of love and are throbbing with love.

“पर्याप्तपुष्पस्तवकस्तनाभ्यः स्फुरत्प्रवालोल्लोष्ठमनोहराभ्यः ।  
लतावधूभ्यस्तरवोऽप्यत्रापुः विनम्रशाखाभुजवन्धनानि ॥”

Now the whole scene is ready for the achievement of the final goal, to bring Siva under the influence of love.

In **Meghaduta**, the love-lorn Yaksa, in his exile finds nature sympathising with him. The reader forgets, as he reads the description of the route from Ramagiri to Alaka, that it is the poet who is describing the route through the mouth of the Yaksa. The poet's skill consists in feeling himself in the plight of Yaksa, through whom he effects the description. He sees everything on the way through the eyes of an unhappy lover. Kalidasa never for a moment forgets this idea.

“वेणीभूत प्रतनुसल्लिख सावती तस्य सिन्धुः  
पाण्डुछायातटरुहतरुभ्रंशिभिः जीर्णपर्णैः ।  
सौभाग्यं ते सुभग विरहावस्थया व्यञ्जयन्ती  
कार्श्यं येन त्यजति विधिना स त्वयैवोपाद्यः ॥”

One can cite many more instances where Kalidasa excels others in his keen observation, wealth of imagination, creative art, and happy choice of expressions. He is rightly called a Poet of Nature. **Rtusambara** is a living monument, proclaiming his skill, wherein he has painted nature imbued with life and thus capable of expression, in all her moods and hence in sympathy with the living world. There is mutual understanding between human beings and the nature around them. One can never find a note of discord in all his writings.

K. AMMINI AMMA,  
Lecturer in Sanskrit.

# साहित्य और सामाजिक प्रगति

साहित्य समाज की उच्च संस्कृति का द्योतक है—मानवता की स्थायी निधि है। वह केवल परिवर्तनशील वस्तु-व्यापार में केन्द्रित विचार-धारा मात्र नहीं है। वह जीवन के मार्मिक और स्थायी स्वरूपों का जीता-जागता चित्र है।

आज अक्सर यह प्रश्न पूछा जाता है कि साहित्य और सामाजिक जीवन का क्या संबंध है। साहित्य के अपने क्षेत्र पर समय-समय पर अनेक वादों के हमले हुए हैं। कभी धर्म ने उसपर हमला किया तो कभी दर्शन ने। कभी किसी वाद की भरमार रही कभी किसी की। आज प्रगतिवाद भी कुछ इसी प्रकार का उपक्रम कर रहा है।

साहित्य की अपनी सत्ता पर चोट करनेवाले इन सभी वादों से हमें सचेत रहना होगा। लेकिन इसका मतलब यह नहीं है कि हम काव्य में धर्म, दर्शन, विज्ञान अथवा दूसरी मानव विद्या का प्रवेश निषेध चाहते हैं। यदि इनकी उपेक्षा की जाय तो कविता में केवल कोरा अलंकार और शब्दाडंबर ही रह जायगा। साहित्य से समाज का, सामाजिक जीवों का, सामाजिक विचार-धाराओं का तथा वादों का, संबंध तो है, किन्तु गौण रूप में। साहित्य की अपनी सत्ता के अन्तर्गत उसके निर्माण में इनका स्थान है। ये उसके उपदान और हेतु हुआ करते हैं; नियामक और अधिकारी नहीं।

काव्य या साहित्य के अनेक विभाग और उपविभाग हैं—गद्य और पद्य; उपन्यास और आख्यायिका; महाकाव्य और खण्डकाव्य इत्यादि। इन सबके अलग-अलग इतिहास हैं। भिन्न-भिन्न देशों में इनकी भिन्न-भिन्न प्रकृति है। समाज-भेद से इनका नया-नया विकास है। इन विभिन्नताओं के होते हुए भी इनमें एक आन्तरिक एकता है।

कविता स्थायी वस्तु है। लेकिन इसका मतलब यह नहीं है कि उसपर देश, काल आदि

बदलती हुई स्थितियों और विचार-धाराओं का प्रभाव नहीं पड़ता। देश, काल और परिस्थिति का प्रभाव प्रत्येक व्यक्ति और समाज पर पड़ता ही है। कवि तो द्रष्टा हुआ करता है—प्रगतिशील हुआ करता है। इसलिए कवि का कार्य है प्रगतिशील सामाजिक प्रेरणाओं और प्रवृत्तियों को शाश्वत् सौन्दर्य-संवेदन का स्वरूप देना।

आज का प्रगतिशील व्यक्ति कल पिछड़ सकता है, किन्तु हृदय की शाश्वत् सौन्दर्यानुभूति को स्पर्श करनेवाला कवि कभी पिछड़ता नहीं। कालिदास और शेक्सपियर, वाल्मीकि और व्यास, होमर और मिल्टन, कबीर, सूर और तुलसी सैकड़ों वर्ष पुराने हैं, किन्तु उनका काव्य आज उतना ही लोकप्रिय है जितना वह अपने निर्माण काल में रहा होगा।

अब हम यह देखें कि काव्य में वाद की स्थिति क्या है। वाद और काव्य के स्वरूपों और प्रक्रियाओं में भेद है। काव्य कल्पना एक बार कवि की वाणी का आशय लेकर जो रूप निर्माण करती है उसकी अनुभूति प्रत्येक हृदय को सभी देशों और सभी समयों में अनायास ही होगी। किन्तु वाद के द्वारा जिस सत्य का एक बार निरूपण होता है वह नया ज्ञान प्राप्त होने पर नीरस हो जाता है। क्योंकि वाद का रूप एकदेशीय है और उसका लक्ष्य है तथ्य-विशेष की बौद्धिक व्याख्या करना। काव्य का स्वरूप सार्वभौम है और उसका लक्ष्य है मानव-स्वभाव तथा भावनाओं के मार्मिक और स्थायी रूपों का चित्रण करना। काव्य का सौन्दर्य चिरनवीन रहने में है। लेकिन वाद की सार्थकता सामाजिक विकास के साथ आगे बढ़ने में है। इसलिए हम कह सकते हैं कि सहकारी होते हुए भी इन दोनों की कार्य-शैली पृथक-पृथक है।

के. राजेश्वरी, एम. ए.

## தமிழ்ச்சங்கம்

வ்டெல்லா மாரிவ் கல்லூரி.

1952 ஜூலை 18-ம் தேதி, தமிழ்ச்சங்கக் குழு தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்பட்டது. நான்காம் வகுப்பு மாணவி மேரி மனோஹரா செயலாளராகவும், அவளுக்குத் துணைபுரிய முறையே மற்ற வகுப்புக்களிலிருந்து S. வனஜா, மேரி, S. R. ஜானகி தேர்ந்தெடுக்கப்பட்டனர்.

20-8-52 ஸ்ரீ ஆறுமுக முதலியார், M.A., B.O.L., L.T., தமிழ்ப்பேராசிரியர், ஆசிரியர் கல்லூரி, தமிழ்ச்சங்கத்தை ஆரம்பித்து வைத்தார். இந்தியாவில் பெண்களது கடமையைப்பற்றி வெகு அழகாக சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றினார்.

22-10-52 'கலைமகள்' ஆசிரியர், திருவாளர் கி. வா. ஜகந்நாதன் அவர்கள் தமிழ் இலக்கியங்களில் காணப்படும் சுவையை கவினுறக் காட்டினார்.

28-10-52 மாணவர் மன்றத்தார் நடத்திய கட்டுரைப் போட்டியில்

இடைநிலை வகுப்பு மாணவி T. மணிமேகலை, நான்காம் பரிசு பெற்றாள். மற்றும் சில மாணவியர் நற்சாட்சிப் பத்திரங்கள் பெற்றனர்.

15-11-52 பச்சையப்பன் கல்லூரியில் நடந்த இசைப் போட்டியில் C. ஜயமணி இரண்டாம் பரிசு பெற்றாள். G. அலமேலுவும், C. ஜயமணியும்சேர்ந்து உலா வரும் பொற் கிண்ணத்தைக் கல்லூரி சார்பாகப் பெற்றனர்.

7-2-53 மாணவர் மன்றத்தார் நடத்திய தேர்வில், கலந்துக்கொண்ட மாணவியர் அனைவரும் தேர்ச்சி பெற்றனர். நான்காம் வகுப்பு மாணவி, A. மேரி மனோஹரா, முதல் வகுப்பில் தேர்ச்சி பெற்றுள்ளாள். இடைநிலை வகுப்பு மாணவிகளான M. K. அனசூயாவும், N. லக்ஷ்மியும் முதல் வகுப்பில் தேர்ச்சியுற்றனர்.

சந்திரா பார்த்தசாரதி

31-3-53



## மாமல்லபுர மாட்சி

தமிழ் நாட்டில் சிற்பக் கலையினை வளர்த்த மன்னவர்களுள் மேம்பட்டவர் பல்லவர். பல்லவ அரசர்கள் “கல்வியிற் சிறந்த” காஞ்சி நகரைத் தலைநகராகக் கொண்டு, கி. பி. மூன்றாம் நூற்றாண்டிலிருந்து, கி. பி. ஒன்பதாம் நூற்றாண்டு வரை தென்னிந்தியாவின் பெரும்பகுதியை ஆண்டு வந்தனர். பல்லவ மன்னன் மகேந்திர வர்மனும், அவன் தனயன் நரசிங்க வர்மனும் மிக்க புகழ் பெற்று விளங்கிய விறல் வேந்தராவர். சிறப்பாக இவ்விருவரும், இவர்கள் குலத்தவரும் தமிழகத்தில் பல இடங்களில் கோயில்கள் எடுப்பித்தனர். சிற்பங்கள் பல செதுக்குவித்தனர். இத்தகைய சிற்பங்கள் சிறந்த விளங்கும் பதிகளுள் தலைமையானது மகாபலிபுரம்.

கி. பி. எட்டாம் நூற்றாண்டின் தொடக்கத்தில் மகேந்திர வர்மன் முதன் முதலில் என்றும் நிலையான கற்கோயில்கள் அமைத்தான். ஒற்றைக் கற்களைக் கோயில்களாக மாற்றி சமைத்தான். குகைகளைக் குடைந்து முன் மண்டபம், கருப்பக்கிருகம், முதலியவற்றை அமைத்தனர். முன்னது ஒற்றைக்கல் கோயில் எனவும், பின்னது குகைக் கோயில் எனவும் குறிக்கப்பட்டன. மாமல்லபுரத்திலுள்ள “பஞ்சபாண்டவர் இரதங்கள்” ஒற்றைக் கற்கோயில்களாகும்.

நாகரிகக் கலைகளுள் ஒன்றாகிய ஓவியம் சங்க காலத் தொடர்தே தமிழகத்தில் நிலவி வந்தது என்பதை

மணிமேகலை, சிலப்பதிகாரம், நெடுநல்வாடை முதலிய சங்க நூல்களால் அறியக் கிடக்கின்றது. பல்லவர் தாம் எடுப்பித்த கற்றளிகளிலெல்லாம் ஓவியங்களைத் தீட்டியிருந்தனர் என்பது அக்கோயில்களில் இன்றும் காணப்படும் பல நிறங்களைக் கொண்டு அறியலாம். கல்லின் உறுதிக் குறைவாலும், காலப்போக்கினாலும் அவ்வோவியங்கள் மங்கி, ஒளி யிழந்துள்ளன. மாமல்லபுரத்து ஆதிவராஹர் கோயிலில் மகேந்திர வர்மனது ஓவியத்தினைக் காணலாம்.

தமிழர் செல்வமாகிய சிற்பக்கலையை வளர்த்த பெருமை பல்லவரையே சாரும். கலை விற்பனான மகேந்திர வர்மனது உருவச் சிலையும், அவன் தந்தையான சிம்ம விஷ்ணுவின் உருவச் சிலையும் மாமல்லபுரத்து ஆதிவராஹர் கோயிலில் காணப்படுகின்றன. இச்சிலைகளின் வாயிலாக இவ்வரசரது நோற்றமும், அக்காலத்து அணிவகைகளும் தெள்ளிதின் புலப்படுகின்றன. மகேந்திரன் மகனான நரசிம்ம வர்மன் காலத்தில் சிற்பக்கலை மிகுந்த நிலையை அடைந்தது என்னலாம். சிறு குன்றுகளைக் கோயில்களாகச் செதுக்குவித்தனர். அவை மாமல்லபுரத்திலுள்ள ஒற்றைக் கற்கோயில்களாகும். இவற்றின் விமானங்கள் சிறந்த வேலைப்பாடு கொண்டவை. கரி, அரி முதலியன தனித்தனி கல்லில் செதுக்கப்பட்டன. மகேந்திரன் காலத்து விளங்கிய சதுரத் தூண்கள் அவன் மகன் காலத்து அமர்ந்த சிங்கத் தூண்களாக

மாறின. நரசிம்ம வர்மன் காலத்துக் கற்கோயிலின் புறச் சுவர்களில் அவன் உருவமும் அவனது சந்ததியாரின் உருவங்களும் மிகவும் அழகாகப் பொறிக்கப்பட்டன.

மாமல்ல புரத்துப் “பாறைச் சிற்பங்கள்” இதிகாச புராண சம்பவங்களைச் சாற்றுகின்றன. பகீரதன் தவத்தைக் குறிக்கும் சிற்பமே மிக்கசிறப்பு வாய்ந்ததாகும். அச்சிற்பத்தில் ஏறக்குறைய நூற்றைம்பது உருவங்கள் காணப்படுகின்றன. இருமருங்கும் பாறைகளால் அடைக்கப்பட்டு, இடையே தோன்றும் பெரிய பிளவும், அப்பிளவில் நாகர் நாக கன்னியர் உருவங்களும் சிற்பத்தின் ஒரு பகுதியாகக் காணப்படுகின்றன. இயற்கையாகவே, மழை நீர் பாயும் ஓர் அருவியின் வழியாகிய இப்பிளவு ஆகாய நங்கை மேனின்று சீழ்மங்குவதைக் குறிக்கும். சிற்பத்தின் அடிவாரத்தில் ஒரு கோயில் காணப்படுகின்றது. அங்கு ஒற்றைக் காலில் நின்று அருந்தவம் இயற்றும் உருவம் பகீரதன் என்றும், அவனுக்கு மேலாகவுள்ள உருவம் முக்கட் செல்வனைக் குறிப்பது என்றும் மற்றைய உருவங்கள் விண்ணவர் இருடிகளைக் குறிக்கும் என்றும் ஆராய்ச்சியாளர் இயம்புகின்றனர். முனிவன் ஒருவன் நீர்க்குடத்தைத் தோள் மீது சுமந்து போதல், அறுகோட்டிரலை நீரருந்த ஆற்றினருகில் வருதல், ஆற்றங்

கரையில் இரண்டு அன்னங்கள் நீராட சிற்பம், கோயிலைச்சுற்றி பல இருடிகள் தவம் புரிதல், அவர்களுக்கருகில் பூனை ஒன்று தானும் தவம் புரியும் நிலையில் சிற்பம், அதனைக் கண்ட எலிகள் ஒரு சிறிதும் அச்சமின்றி அதனை வணங்குதல் முதலிய காட்சிகள் காண்பவர் கண்களை ஒருங்கே கவரும் தன்மையன.

தமிழகத்தின் தவப்பயனாய் த்தோன்றி, “தோன்றிற் புகழோடு தோன்றுக; அஃதிலார் தோன்றலிற் றேன்றாமென்று” என்னும் குறளுக்கு இலக்காக விளங்கிய பல்லவ மன்னர்கள் தமிழர் செல்வங்களாய், அருங்கலைகளைப் பொன்னே போற் போற்றி வளர்த்தனர். சிற்ப, சித்திர, கட்டடக்கலைகள் இவர்கள் காலத்து மிகச் சிறந்த உயர் நிலையை அடைந்த தென்பது மறுக்க முடியாத உண்மை. சிம்ம விஷ்ணுவின் மரபில் வந்த அருங்கலை வினோதனான மகேந்திர வர்மனின் ஒப்பற்ற மைந்தனான நரசிம்ம வர்மனது விருதுப் பெயர்களில் ஒன்று ‘மாமல்லன்’ என்பது. இவன் பெயராலே வழங்கிய ‘மாமல்லபுரம்,’ ‘மகாபலி புரம்’ என மருவி வந்துள்ளது. மாமல்ல புரம் ஒரு சிறந்த துறைமுகப் பட்டினமாகவும், சிற்ப சித்திரக் களஞ்சியமாகவும் பல்லவர் காலத்து நிலவியது. இன்னும் பல்லவரது மங்காப் புகழுக்குச் சான்றாக விளங்குகிறது. இனிபும் விளங்கும் என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை.

# STELLA MARIS SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

## Junior Social Service Workers

COLLEGIATE interest in social problems began concomitantly with the establishment of the College in 1947. From then on, groups of girls armed with buckets, soap, disinfectants and sweets, as a bait, would saily forth every Saturday to scrub, comb and bathe twenty, thirty, forty of the dirtiest little waifs of the Lalitha Nagar cheri. So thoroughly did they do their job that mothers could scarcely recognize their own children: 'Is that really my boy?' In the course of time, some mothers, more progressive than others, began to admire, then to imitate, but progress was slow, lamentably slow!

Feast days were not permitted to pass unobserved. The children must have a treat—clean clothes and a copious serving of food, donated, cooked and served by willing hands. On one such occasion, there drifted into the Feast, attracted by the festive sounds of our eighty odd guests, a most dejected little waif, soiled, sore-eyed, distressed. No one knew him; no one ever saw him before; all the more reason to lavish kindness on him. A bowl of hot rice, a helping of vegetables and curry and behold his woe-begone little face wrinkled into the faintest of smiles. He must not leave us dirty and ragged. Students prepared to bathe him, others sought an eye-lotion, others searched for a boy's shirt and knickers. 'No, not a boy's

suit! a girl's dress!' whispered the bathers. Five months later, on one of our tours in another cheri, we came across a bright, busy, little servant girl, whom we recognized as our little forlorn guest at the Pongal Feast. She has developed into a conscientious little servant of a Hindu woman who is satisfying the child's longing for love and security.

To provide for more and better work, the students staged 'Hamlet.' He brought us the goodly sum of Rs. 1,330. That and the spontaneous weekly offering of a few annas per student, keeps the 'pot-a-boiling' up to date.

## Progress

Work changed from scrubbing grimy faces to education of children and mothers, and the nursing of minor ills. These junior workers deserve to have their names written in letters of gold by the angels of God.

## Senior Social Service

These juvenile attempts, admirable as they have been, are altogether insufficient if we consider the emotional, social and spiritual side of the human person to whom they are directed. A doctor who treats physical ills needs years of intense study to be efficient in his profession; the educator must be equipped for his; the social worker deals with the



A theory class in the School of Social Service

dignity of the human personality, body and soul, and should have an intellectual and moral training second to none. There may be disagreements as to what should be done, how it should be done and who should perform Social Service in India, but there is agreement that some form of Social Work is absolutely necessary. Social problems are becoming more and more acute and cry for solution. We are all conscious of the poor housing, poor health and of the thousands of people who are waiting for kind, thoughtful individuals or groups to help them solve their problems.

There are many divergent notions about Social Service. Some consider it merely as a clever theory inapplicable to the masses. Others feel that practical Social Service without any theory is what India needs at present.

Social work to be effective, must be based on theory and practice. Social workers must receive a thorough preparation for their profession, a profession that should be considered of the first order.

The time seemed ripe to put into execution our cherished hope of founding a School of Social Service. It became a reality on June 25th, 1952, under the same roof as Stella Maris College, with an enrolment of nine students, all B. A. graduates from recognized colleges. It offers a complete one-year intensive programme of Social Service education in theory and in practice to meet the growing demand of the Republic of India for social workers.

The students receive the following theoretical training : Introduction to Social Work, Case Work, Group

Work, Community Organisation, Family and Child Welfare, Medical Information for Social Workers, the Field of Social Work, Personality and Behaviour, Social Psychology, Social Ethics, Social and Political Institutions, Social Economics and Labour Legislation.

It may be noted here that this course is strictly in line with that of the schools of Delhi, Baroda and Bombay.

Eight students have successfully met the requirements of the School, and Diplomas have been awarded to them.

### **Practice**

Realising that practical work is as important as the theory, the

students are devoting eight hours a week to Field Work in the slums and three hours a week in approved welfare agencies. The following is a nomenclature of the material benefits conferred by them on their chosen field of work :

1. Adult Education—for women.
2. Free Education—for children in the slums and in the Cathedral Free School.
3. Medical Aid—Treatment of minor cases is given in the homes and in the centre. The more severe cases are referred to the Convent Dispensary and to the hospitals.
4. Home Visits—Regular visits are made by the social workers to the families who have formerly made known to us their desire to be helped in their social, emotional and economic problems. Here the students try to help individuals



A student of the Social Service School : Miss Rosabella Jayachandra (right), seats herself as low as her clients.

through case-work method. They have ample ground to put their case-work theory into practice.

5. Emergency Assistance—Assistance is given to urgent cases in the form of money, food and clothing.

6. Co-operative Loans—Loans are given to individuals who desire and are capable of doing beedi-work or of running small shops such as firewood, vegetable or fruit shops.

7. Mat-Weaving—Four mat-loom were installed to give employment to dependent mothers.

8. Helping unemployed to get employment.

9. Handicraft—Girls who have special aptitude and interest in sewing and embroidery have been sent to St. Thomas' Work Room, Mylapore, Madras.

10. Recreation for young boys, girls, and women—This gives experience in group work method to our students.

11. Association of Men—Their programme is as follows :—

- (1) Arranging weekly lectures for adults on practical citizenship. Moral talks are also given to the same group weekly.
- (2) Holding a Clean-up Day in the cheri.
- (3) Adult night classes for boys and men.
- (4) Conducting a weekly drive for the improvement of health and sanitation.
- (5) Distributing milk powder and food.

### **Improvement in Cheris**

We may well ask ourselves what improvement has been effected in

our adopted cheris? The general appearance of the place has completely changed. The atmosphere has become one of peace, if not of prosperity. The children once ragged, hungry and neglected have assumed the appearance of decent law-abiding little people.

Mothers have taken an interest in their children and in their homes. The men-folk have become our best helpers, perhaps because they come in closer contact with the outside world. It is on them that we rely principally to keep up the work while we extend our field of action in other areas. It would seem that the whole thing depends on the interest taken in their welfare, the encouragement given them in their needs. Human nature is the same all over. Material wealth is not at our command but 'what we have we freely give'; a word of hope or of sympathy and life's burden becomes lighter. Would to God that we could do more for the cheris! We failed to obtain for them the required water for drinking and bathing.

### **Looking forward**

The School has come to the end of what might be called a 'perfect year.' Harmony within and harmony without. Students co-operated wonderfully with the staff; staff, students and clients worked together in union of purpose.

The moment has now come when our Graduates leave us to engage in their chosen career of mass uplift.

# GRADUATION DAY



Srimathi M. V. Krishna Rao graciously distributes diplomas to the outgoing students of the School of Social Service.

**I**T was a day of smiles in the Lalitha Nagar cheri today, when the Hon. Minister of Education, Dr. Krishna Rao, came to visit the works accomplished by the Stella Maris School of Social Service in its first year of existence. The huts of the cheri had been carefully cleaned, tidied and whitewashed for the occasion and the whole community of men, women and children had assembled to greet the illustrious visitor.

A first halt was made before the Exhibition of charts and photographs showing the various activities organised during the year—visits to families, treatment of the sick in their homes, cleaning and dressing children, team games and sports, hygiene and sewing lessons, distribu-

tion of food and milk, etc., merry outdoor feasts.

## **'Real-Life' Exhibition**

More impressive was the 'real-life' exhibition where people of the cheri waited, wreathed in smiles, to show the Minister their handiwork. Three proud little girls came up to receive from his hands prizes for punctuality and good behaviour. Scarcely a year ago, they had been running about dirty, wild and uncared for, but now the Social Service workers have arranged for 29 of these little ones to attend the Cathedral Free School and actually provided them with slates, clothes, etc., necessary for their schooling. The look of joy on these little faces showed how proud they are of their 'education.'

Close beside them, nine young girls were bending earnestly over their embroidery frames. The Minister inspected their delicate needlework and heard with admiration that these girls, previously unskilled and unwanted, are now earning money by their work in the St. Thomas' Work Room, Mylapore, where they were sent a few months ago by the Social Service Association to learn this handicraft which will be so useful to them.

### **'Like mother like daughter'**

Four mat-looms had been installed and an expert teacher engaged to teach the women, tied to their homes by their families, the art of mat-weaving so that they can now help the 'family budget.' Other women were holding large charts with 'Hygiene Hints,' 'Food Values' and 'Good Citizenship' advice; they meet weekly for lectures on these subjects and, with the guidance and—the whitewash!—of the Social Service group they have been keenly competing for the 'best house' prize which the Minister himself handed to the proud winner.

### **'Men must work'**

Women were not the only demonstrators on this 'Cheri Day.' The Tagore Adult Education Association for men who have their teacher, equipment, light, etc. for night classes provided by the Social Service workers were standing proudly to greet the Minister, who listened sympathetically to the story of the young cripple-lad, who can only drag himself along on his knees but who is now happily engaged in beedi-work and able to earn at least a little to help himself.

The next exhibition resembled a miniature market. Smiling vendors of firewood, fruit, vegetables offered their wares to the visitors; these stall-holders were up to a few months ago without any employment or hope of it, and were enabled

by the Co-operative Loan Association to start small businesses and now have a regular stall in the town market.

As the Minister was led to a seat of honour, the President of the Men's Association stepped forward to read an address of welcome and appreciation in Tamil, telling of the help given to the cheri, while three of the older men received prizes as 'most generous and devoted co-operators' of the social workers.

At this point a group of children and men on the other side of the square claimed attention as they held up their large banner "Adi-Dravida Welfare Association." These were the officers of the Nochinagar Cheri; they themselves had come to ask the help of the Stella Maris School of Social Service which had already organised clean-up campaigns, adult education classes and had especially engaged a teacher for the children who were prevented by work from attending ordinary school. A very lively little entertainment of singing and dancing was given by the children, proudly showing off their new suits and dresses and clapping sticks with great vigour.

Neat charts and maps, executed by the cheri people themselves, showed statistics of work, the houses of backward children, children of school-age, working children, etc. being indicated by different coloured



chalk. These people are evidently co-operating with great goodwill and enthusiasm in the efforts made for their 'uplift.'

After a visit to the community centre and dispensary, the Minister and his party bade a reluctant farewell to Lalitha Nagar while the inhabitants formed a 'chain of honour' all along the route between the huts to the waiting car,

### 'Living Text-book'

Lalitha Nagar is a living text-book of Social Service. A derelict and desperate cheri of sick, starving people has been given new life and hope in one year by a small group of 9 students of the Stella Maris School of Social Service, working with method and enthusiasm. Can not this experiment be tried with the same success elsewhere?



The Hon. Minister of Education purchases a mat made by the women of the cheri.

