

# STELLA MARIS COLLEGE



UNIVERSITY CENTENARY  
NUMBER

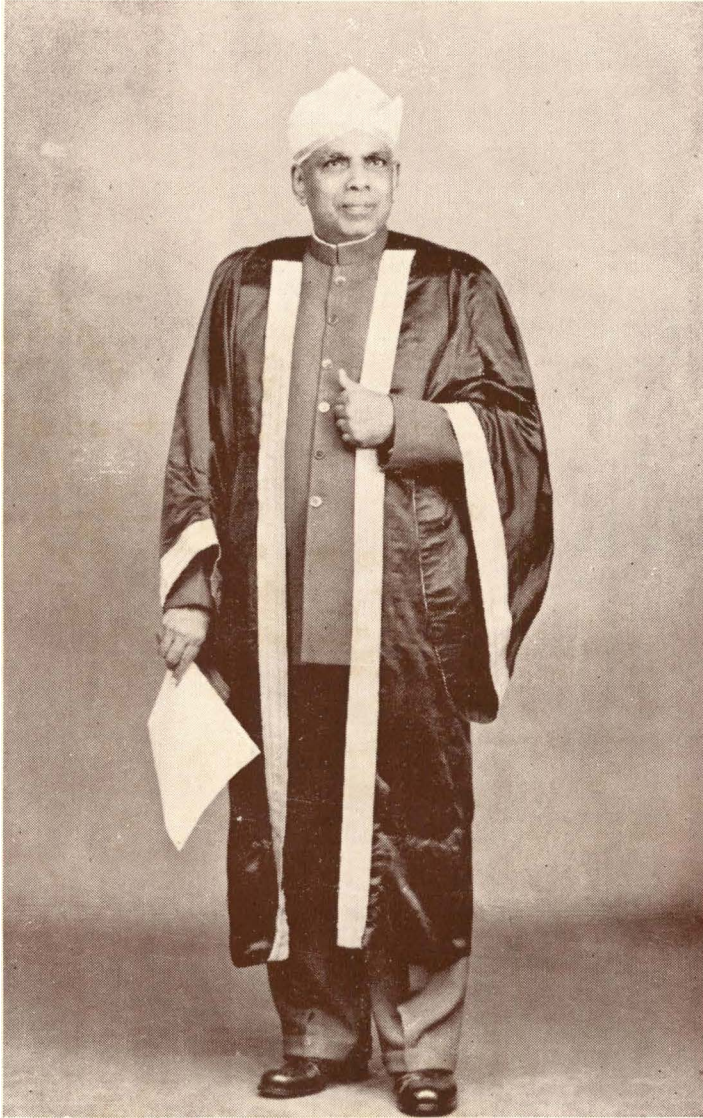
1957

**COVER**—The Senate House, the earliest structure erected for the use of the Madras University, portrays the influence of the Deccani style of Moslem architecture.

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Dr. Sir A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar,  
B. A., M. D., LL. D., D. SC., D. C. L., F. R. C. O. G., F. A. C. S.,

OUR VICE-CHANCELLOR

## THE UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS

**S**OUTH INDIA has always encouraged learning : from the first centuries of the Christian era, literary academies flourished at Madurai and Kanchipuram, where, in peace and silence, hundreds of scholars led an austere life of study, searching for the light of truth. When, before the end of the seventeenth century, the East India Company, operating a far-flung system of agencies and distant estates, became one of the most powerful economic forces in the East, a new language and new branches of learning tended to impose themselves.

As early as 1678 school-masters were teaching English grammar and literature in Madras, while under the pressure of so many new material interests, a new knowledge of a more practical type became inevitable.

It was more than a hundred years later that the desire for an organised scheme of education, in which the deep speculative knowledge of the past centuries would blend together with the practical needs of a technical education, led to the establishment of the University of Madras in 1857.

At first a mere examining and affiliating body organising courses of study and setting examinations, the University developed after 1923 into an educational institution, teaching and residential, promoting academic life and corporate unity, both within the individual colleges and among the colleges themselves.

New Departments of research and teaching were established in the University, while new courses of studies were opened for affiliation to the Colleges, such as home science, nursing, music and fine arts, especially suited to the needs and talents of women.

As the years went by Madras University developed second to none in its achievements and contributions.

Enjoying by now a great reputation, both in India and abroad, for academic efficiency, literary and scientific research, it has contributed to leadership in many spheres of activity, such as teaching, law, science, public service and administration.

Many distinguished alumni have gone out from the portals of this University : scientists like Mr. S. Ramanujam, Dr. C. V. Raman, Dr. S. Chandrasekharan, Dr. K. S. Krishnan ;

fellows of the Royal Society ; or statesmen like C. R. Rajagopalachari with this outstanding record of service.

All this work, throughout a century, has not been achieved without cost : it was not merely a matter of arranging lectures and setting examination papers ; nor was it the strength of growing Colleges or the increasing number of affiliating institutions that counted ; more important was the essential and fundamental task of providing guidance in the formation of the mind and in the moulding of the character of the students, for herein lies the real worth and the strength of a University.

If Madras University has during the long years maintained its glorious traditions of the past, while advancing steadily on modern lines, it is in a great measure due to the organising capacity, administrative acumen and far-sighted vision of the present Vice-Chancellor, Sir A. L. Mudaliar, whose re-election for the fifth period is without precedent in the annals of our University.

He, who for over fourteen years, has been directing the destinies of the University of Madras, ushering in numerous far-reaching reforms, had also the honour and privilege to organize in a manner befitting its learned traditions, the Centenary Celebrations of the University.

No pains were spared to make this historic event a great success : while the " Campus " wore a festive and colourful appearance, the " Pandal ", tastefully decorated, was thronged with people of all classes and nationalities, eager to catch a glimpse of the distinguished visitors and to witness the solemn functions.

What a majestic sight to behold on the dais of the imposing pandal, intellectual celebrities clad in their colourful robes, representing the Universities of our motherland and of different countries of the world.

The joint efforts of all the Colleges of the University in the display of their musical, artistic and dramatic talents, together with the organisation of a centenary exhibition of arts and sciences, provided a splendid opportunity for co-operation between the Colleges and the University and amongst the various Colleges themselves.

Many new and interesting ventures are being undertaken to commemorate the centenary of the University, with the help of munificent donations of the philanthropic public and the generous aid of the Union Government of India, so that the University looks forward to another hundred years of expansion and progress in which past traditions will be maintained and new and equally glorious ones established. " Ad multos annos ! "

MRS. A. ISWARIAH  
*Lecturer in History, S.M.C.*

**THE CENTENARY  
OF THE MADRAS UNIVERSITY  
FROM  
A STUDENT'S POINT OF VIEW**

**M**Y first waking thought as I sprang out of bed on the morning of Monday, the 28th of January, 1957, was of the centenary of the Madras University. Today the University was to begin to celebrate its hundredth birthday, so it was no ordinary day. In every sphere of life the completion of a century is considered a matter for rejoicing, and for a university which has educated a multitude of men and women through a hundred years, a centenary is certainly an occasion for pride and joy.

An imposing programme of events had been drawn up, and a vast pandal specially erected to seat the thousands of alumnae, students, lecturers and visitors who would attend the various functions. The celebrations were inaugurated on January 28th by His Highness, the Maharaja of Mysore. Hours beforehand our College bus set off on the first of its many crowded trips to and fro between the College and the pandal, carrying load after load of excited Stella Marians to the scene of the celebrations. The volunteers were the first to go, and on our arrival we could see them, looking very smart and important in their spotless white saris, with a big Volunteer badge pinned on the shoulder, politely showing visitors to their places. The students were ranged in galleries around the sides of the pandal, while lecturers and visitors occupied the central space. The large platform was empty until the Maharaja arrived with the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, followed by a long colourful procession of delegates of foreign and Indian universities, and the Senators of the University of Madras. As they seated themselves on the dais, the scene took on the same gay dignity that we associate with medieval universities.



We students listened with interest to the story of the birth and development of our University, and glowed with pride when we were complimented on our achievements and discipline. It was all extremely impressive, and made us feel proud to belong to a University which had accomplished such great things during its century of existence, and which had attracted such a distinguished gathering to take part in its centenary celebrations.

The next day a special Centenary Convocation was held, at which honorary degrees were conferred, and an inspiring address was delivered by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India. In the afternoon our athletes displayed their talents at the Centenary Sports. The march past of representatives of every College affiliated to the University of Madras, each squad bearing aloft its College flag, was an imposing sight. But could those white-clad girls, swinging smartly along in time to the music of the band, be the Stella Marians who had minced, tripped and stumbled around the College compound during the last week to the accompaniment of the stentorian "Left, right, left, right" of our despairing P.T. instructress? If they were really the same people, the age of miracles has not passed!

The big events of the week came to a close on Thursday evening, when the Prime Minister, the Honourable Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, laid the foundation stone of the Centenary Buildings, which will be a permanent souvenir of this week of rejoicing.

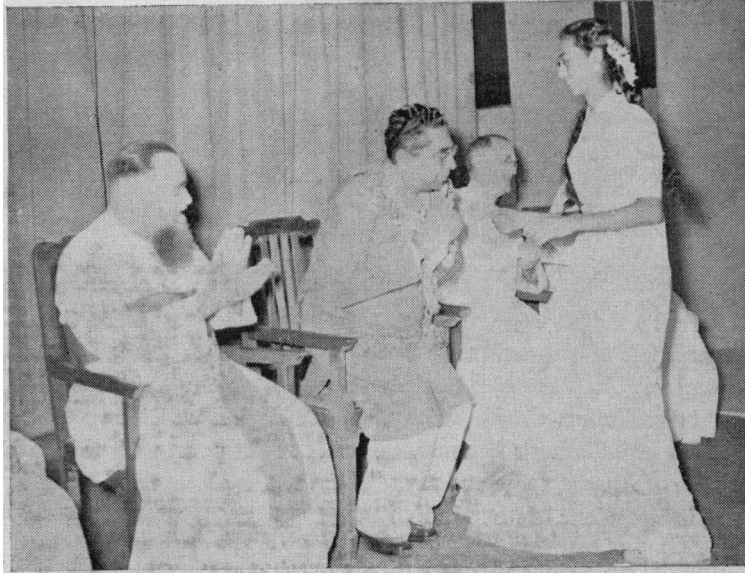
One of the highlights of the celebrations was the grand Centenary Exhibition, opened by Shri C. D. Deshmukh at Alagappa Chettiar College of Technology on January 28th. Occupying the A.C. College and the Engineering College and its grounds, the exhibition was a real wonderland which attracted thousands of visitors and held them all entranced with its enormous range of beautifully displayed exhibits. From Stella Maris College's display of Fine Arts to the exhibit of Veterinary Surgery, there was not a single branch of learning offered by the University of Madras which had been omitted. The exhibition remained open till February 17th, to satisfy the eager curiosity of the innumerable visitors who thronged daily through its gates to gaze and wonder. When at length it closed, we regretfully resigned ourselves to the fact that the Centenary Celebrations were really over and that such a wonderful event would not come again for another hundred years.

AGNES PILLAI  
*III B.Sc.*

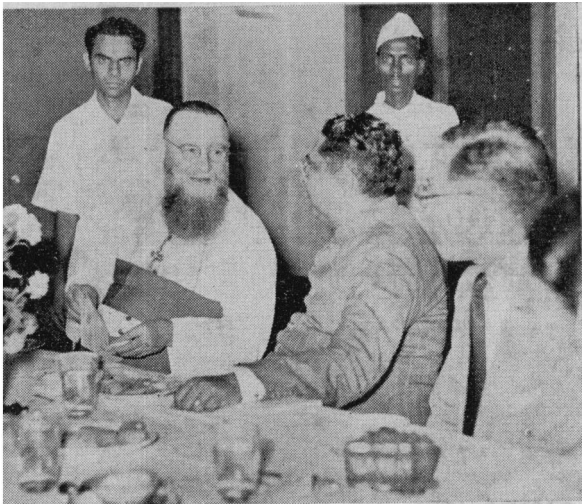


THE HON'BLE SHRI JAWAHARLAL NEHRU ACCEPTS THE PROGRAMME OF THE CENTENARY ORCHESTRA WHICH WAS PAINTED IN THE FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT, STELLA MARIS COLLEGE, WHILE THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, HIS EXCELLENCY SHRI A. J. JOHN, LOOKS ON

## COLLEGE DAY



The Hon'ble Chief Justice P. V. Rajamannar, President of the College Day Celebrations, is garlanded



The Hon'ble Chief Justice and His Grace the Archbishop of Madras-Mylapore, the Most Rev'd. Dr. Louis Mathias, S.D.B., D.D. at Tea



Miss Rajalakshmi and Miss Swamidoss receive the Staff prize

## PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

THE year 1957 is a memorable one, being a year of anniversaries for the Indian Republic, the University of Madras and on a more modest scale for Stella Maris College. Like a small grand-daughter, ten year old Stella Maris can look with veneration and family pride on her 100-year old grandfather, the University, and although it would be presumptuous to claim ten per cent of her grandfather's honours, she can at least point with pardonable pride to her birthday, the 15th of August 1947, and say: "I am not as old as the University but I am just the same age as independent Mother India!"

It is also circumstantial and indeed a great honour that the Chief Justice, Sri. P. V. Rajamannar, who presided so ably over the University Centenary Celebrations, should have so kindly consented to be present here this evening in spite of his numerous engagements and heavy work. We deem it, Sir, a signal privilege that you, who have distinguished yourself in the fields of both law and letters, should honour us with your presence this evening.

The expansion of Stella Maris during these past ten years is typical of that of the University as a whole—an ever-expanding curriculum, an ever-increasing number of students. However, to quote from Dr. Radhakrishnan's eloquent Centenary address: "You cannot get eternal life by textual learning. You have to deepen your learning and transform your life. . . Religion must show itself in the work and deeds you perform." Thus, in spite of the heavily-charged time-table which leaves little opportunity for idleness and makes thinking a luxury, we have endeavoured to attach primary importance not to mere book-learning but to the formation of character and the instillation of a sense of discipline. As an eminent educationalist has so aptly said, "The important thing in life is not the triumph, but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered, but to have fought well." To inculcate in our students such convictions has been our aim, that they may find in them light and guidance in the difficulties they have to face along the path of life.

### *B.Sc.*

OUR long-cherished dream of the B.Sc. course became a reality this year, when with the kind approval of the University, the first thirty-two students were admitted, taking as their Main Zoology, and Chemistry and Botany as subsidiaries. The rush for seats for this new course was far beyond our expectations; in this, as also in the Pre-University course, we have to apologise to numerous parents for being unable to accept so many deserving applications. In spite of this, our strength showed another annual increase, reaching a total of 800.

## EXAMINATIONS

The worth of a College is not judged by its achievements in examinations, but since it is customary to list them on such an occasion, I am glad to render thanks to God for last year's excellent results. The Social Service Diploma Students, the B.A's and the Inters., all vied with one another in securing high percentages.

Social Service	95%
B.A's Part 1	95%
Part 2	90%
Part 3	94%
Intermediate	85%

Avril Bamford, the former President of the College Union, distinguished herself by securing the "Kuppuswami Naidu Memorial Medal", standing first in the Presidency in the B.A. Examination results, whilst R. Saroja was awarded the "Bysani Madhava Chetty Medal" for securing the highest marks in Sanskrit. Our congratulations also go to Moira Coelho and Philomena Paul who both obtained a double First Class.

## GAMES AND SPORTS

But it is not only in the academic sphere that Stella Maris has achieved success this year. On the games field, the students have also striven hard. In the Inter-Collegiate Tournament, we secured the throw-ball runners-up trophy. In sports, Pamela Broughton of the P.U. class, proved our best athlete for the year, faring creditably in the Madras University Inter-Divisional Sports and in the Madras Inter-Collegiate Sports. She represented the Madras University in the Inter-University Sports held in Calcutta, and along with Rita Devasagayam represented the Madras Division in the Centenary Sports. Unfortunately Pamela missed the Individual Championship by just one point. We heartily congratulate her on her achievements and hope that she will do even better next year.

## ASSOCIATIONS

The whole harmonious structure of regular college life, the simple round of lectures, study, reading and essay-writing, was integrated by the free, spontaneous activities of the students in their College Associations.

Early in August, Sri Shri Prakasa, then Governor of Madras, delivered the Inaugural Address on "Women's Education in India" and although it was abbreviated by a torrent of rain from a bleak, stormy sky, yet to the minds of the students, the Governor's words brought the luminous example of a hard life dedicated to the service of others. The Associations then settled down quietly and efficiently to constructive work.

The bright colours of Kalidasa's art, the ancient glory and grandeur of India, the art treasures of the Vatican, and the mysteries of science were revealed to the students by learned professors. While the two Music Associations found their fullest expression in two concerts, one a Flute Recital by eminent professionals, and the other a Piano Recital by the students, held on St. Cecilia's Feast Day, the students of the Economics Association listened with interest to explanations of the achievements of the Five Year Plans and the Community Development Projects, hoping one day to be able themselves to share in the mighty work of building a new prosperous India.

Inter-Class Debates were never monotonous but rich in genuine spontaneity. Pre-University students ascended the platform with serene and unbounded confidence; their persuasive tone and their humorous arguments were a challenge even to the most experienced speakers of the B.A. classes, while the "looking out for points" became a common feature of college life during the lunch break, and resulted in a series of pleasant, interesting and carefully prepared debates.

The Cultural Week on Christian Art in December and the University Celebrations in January brought to the College foreign visitors from Canada and the Philippines, from U.S.A. and France. The students appreciated the opportunity to exchange views on common problems in discussions where petty distinctions and differences of nation, opinion and temperament were forgotten in a deep feeling of unity, and a common understanding.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding accomplishments of the associations was the persistence and enthusiasm with which the students participated in the numerous Inter-Collegiate Debates and musical and oratorical competitions, facing a few defeats with energetic optimism but gaining a creditable number of prizes and setting up one of the best records of success. Later in February, Rev. Father Murphy, S.J., M.A., delivered an interesting Valedictory Address, clarifying for us the real meaning of education. Thus a year of extra-curricular activity, that has been full of joy and rich in achievements, came to an end. All students who entered whole-heartedly into these activities profited by their real educational value.

#### ART

The Art students have been very much in earnest this year. November saw them off to Tanjore and Trichy to spend a few days amid the archeological treasures of ancient India. There they forgot Madras with its modern problems as they studied and sketched those centuries-old monuments and carvings.

Then came something really practical, the thrill of preparing two exhibitions of Indian Art. Their efforts were amply rewarded by the appreciation of the delegates to the Cultural Week in Christian Art in December and still more by the award of one of the few gold shields "Class A" at the recent Centenary Exhibition of the University of Madras.

#### SOCIAL SERVICE

Members of the Stella Maris College Social Welfare Organisation have continued their weekly visits to the local cheris throughout the year, rendering material aid and social guidance. St. Helen's Day Nursery, opened last year, has more than doubled its strength and now provides forty-five little children with excellent care. A new venture has been the opening of a Sewing Society where fifteen young girls are trained in useful domestic sewing by which it is hoped they will soon be able to earn their own livelihood. When funds were sinking low, the College Welfare Association soon rectified the situation and by means of a Benefit Film Show raised in a few days a sufficient amount for the whole year.

#### HOSTEL

Accommodation in the Hostel was an envied possession this year when the demand for admission reached an unprecedented figure. Happiness and industry, combined with serious

preparation for life and a sense of responsibility, are the chief characteristics of the Stella Maris Hostel, which strives to correspond with the aim of the University making hostel life an integral part of University education. Friendly contact with fellow students from Malaya, Ceylon and all parts of India, the intermingling of different cultures, the give-and-take of life lived in common and the wise use of freedom, form an excellent preparation for young women soon to take their place in the world.

#### STAFF

Special mention must be made of our conscientious and painstaking staff. A few only are with us of those who saw the opening of the College in 1947 but one and all are animated with the same devotion to duty and deep personal interest in every individual student. To them is offered this evening the grateful appreciation of the Management for their splendid co-operation and the gratitude of the students who owe so much to them.

#### STUDENTS

The students, ever the "Cinderella" of a College Day Report, are not forgotten here. Their excellent spirit, their sense of discipline displayed on so many occasions, their readiness to sacrifice themselves for others, and to undertake the responsibility and preparation of the multiple functions of the year, deserve a word of praise on this occasion. May their splendid spirit of loyalty and good-will pass on down the ages from generation to generation.

College Day always brings with it a twinge of sadness as the end of the academic year approaches and we realise that our final degree students will soon leave us. June will bring many new faces but the alumnae are never forgotten and will always receive a warm welcome at their Alma Mater.

#### NEW YEAR

The coming year will usher in many changes with the introduction of the three-year degree course, certainly a new venture but, under the able guidance of the University and the distinguished and experienced leadership of Sir A. L. Mudaliar, we can rest assured that its ideal will be realised and that students will obtain thereby a more complete and comprehensive education.

#### CONCLUSION

Learning, success and happiness are but gifts of our good God, due to no merit on our part. If He has so manifestly blessed the humble beginnings of Stella Maris we must, without any personal vain-glory, thank Him alone from the depths of our hearts for whatever success Stella Maris has achieved in the past, whilst confiding to Him the next ten years with all that they may bring.

"He can do all things; with Him all things are possible."

Before concluding, I should like to express once more our gratitude to Sri P. V. Rajammannar for having so kindly consented to be with us this evening. I also thank His Grace, the Archbishop, for having responded so cordially to our invitation. We also thank the Reverend Clergy and all the ladies and gentlemen who have honoured us with their presence here this evening.

## SPORTS



Pamela Broughton

**T**HERE is something about an open-air scene that gives one a thrill unobtainable anywhere else. Its freshness, its greenery, with the sky for its canopy, makes one's blood course a little faster and makes it sheer joy to breathe deeply, taking in all nature's loveliness. Such enjoyment goes hand in hand with radiant health, and keeps the fire of youth burning brightly. It is in such surroundings that athletics or sports usually take place.

In athletics, both skill and strength are called upon. However, even more than these, the latent talent to use them is a primary requisite in the making of a successful athlete. Given the talent to use all the skill and strength at one's command to the best advantage, it remains for practice and the development of the correct technique to bring success in the field of athletics.

Applying this on a personal plane, it may be asked, "Why do you like athletics?" I could give several reasons. As a form of recreation, it is most helpful after so much sedentary work. The physical tiredness it brings is a healthy tiredness, which, when overcome, leaves one exceedingly refreshed both in mind and body, and more vigorous and alert.

Then there is the incentive offered by competitive sports; the opportunity of doing more and doing better, which is a driving force in life. There is a satisfaction in striving to succeed, which in itself is reward for all the effort. But when such effort brings victory in the race, the knowledge of attainment only serves to crown the satisfaction of the effort.

"Mens sana in corpore sano", is one of the finest mottoes one can carry through life. There are many ways in which this can be achieved. Athletic games is one sure way. Even



though only one may win the prize, the race is a means to a sound mind in a sound body. The running of the race is all-important, not the winning of the prize.

Sports in institutions such as schools and colleges are an important factor in education, if only for the "esprit de corps" encouraged in the individuals themselves.

As all good things have their counterparts, so sports may constitute a pitfall to some. It is a deplorable fact that, both collectively and individually, there is a definite tendency for victorious teams and individuals to look down upon their less talented rivals, which is a negation of all that sports should engender. Such manifestation of a superiority complex is a definite antithesis of all that is implied in "Mens sana in corpore sano".

Thus while using sports to develop and uplift our minds, let us beware of pride which can be a double-edged sword.

"When the great scorer comes,  
To write against your name,  
He writes not that you lost or won,  
But how you played the game!"

PAMELA BROUGHTON  
*Pre-University Class*

## WATER

Water.

Why this fascination?  
Ever since thy first creation  
Mesmerized and drawn.

Water.

Simply flowing water,  
Nature's favourite earth-bound daughter  
Coloured by the dawn.

Stretches of the changing sea—  
Green or purple, black or grey ;  
Stretches of the inland lake—  
Silver, golden, sad or gay.  
Water roaring o'er the bleak rocks  
Of torrential waterfall ;  
Water chattering o'er the pebbles  
Of the stream in woodlands tall.

Water flowing, water dreaming,  
Rippling, rushing, glowering, beaming ;  
Water of the lake, the river,  
Fountain, pool where breezes shiver ;  
Water where we gaze in horror  
At thy power unleashed in terror  
Of destroying flood.  
Water chaste and fresh and healing,  
Life for desert travellers kneeling  
In the damp wet drenchèd mud.

Water in the rain-drops falling  
Joyful days of youth recalling,  
Water fresh and fair.  
Water from the tree-tops dripping  
Cool and eager, cold and nipping,  
Water ever rare.

Waters that in whispers murmur  
Through the long warm days of summer,  
Waters chaste and bright.  
Waters howling in the winter  
Sweeping past with screaming splinter,  
Waters dark as night.

Water.

Why this fascination ?  
Ever since thy first creation  
Ever-haunting sea !

Water.

Simple, flowing water,  
Nature's loveliest fair daughter.  
God be praised for thee !

R. M.

## STELLA MARIS

### SOCIAL WELFARE ORGANIZATION

THIS organization to which belong College and D.S.S. students, together with a few outsiders interested in Social Service, based its entire work of the year, a patient, humble task, on the conviction that the greatest source of happiness is to do good to people of even the lowest rank of society by improving their physical, economic, social and spiritual status.

Recreations for children, medical help to the sick, visits to the poor homes, weekly instructions to girls in cooking, sewing and hygiene, free distributions of rice and milk, of ghee and dhal, are but a few aspects of the activities of the zealous members of the organization.

After a heavy day of College lectures and test writing, out they go in groups at 4 p.m., forgetful of themselves to bring a word of sympathy, encouragement and understanding, together with material help to many of the under-privileged.

And every day brings to them, with new joys, new problems : there are exciting moments in cheri life, either when a young social worker feels the thrill of making a responsible decision, or when, together with a present to be shared, there is a future to be dreamed about, in the social background of the little slum.

With the freshness and directness of youth's vision, the students learn to spend their energy for the children of others in St. Helen's Day Nursery, which re-opened early in June to receive forty-five little boys and girls. There, with their bright little faces turned hopefully to the future, they enjoy a delightful, homelike atmosphere of love and happiness.

A new venture was tried, later in July at Quil Tope, when a group of young girls from the local and nearby cheris constituted under the guidance of the College students, a "Cooperative Sewing Society". Lace-making and crocheting, cooking and sewing will soon enable the girls to earn a living wage, while a thorough training in house-keeping will prepare them for their future task of wives and mothers.

The work is certainly not tedious in the community centre of Quil Tope—it sparkles, with a dash of pathos for flavour, as when a needle breaks or inexperienced fingers spoil a beautiful lace, but not far off is the sound of songs and the laughter of happy young girls.

On December 18th, His Excellency, Bishop F. Carvalho presiding, a Christmas Tree was held in Quil Tope for a crowd of four hundred happy girls and boys of the cheris taken

care of by the College. On the Pre-University students fell the burden of its preparation and organization this year : a challenge they accepted cheerfully and quite unperturbed. Parcels of sweets and clothes were prepared, Christmas carols in Tamil rehearsed, a beautiful Christmas tree, together with a living Nativity tableau arranged, while all the little houses of the cheri were cleaned and decorated. Tired the students must have been by the end of the day ; yet how different that day had been from any other day : a day of perfect joy ! And later in the evening when all the celebrations had come to an end, in the silent cheri, the students' songs, re-echoing the Christmas carols of the day, expressed in music that perfect joy.

Another year of constructive social work has thus come to a close in Stella Maris, while the student, as an active social worker, has learnt the greatest lesson of life : she thinks no longer of herself, but she is steeped in that mysterious zeal of doing good and only good to others, thus spending her life in silent giving.

S. S.

## CHERI CHILDREN AT THE ZOO

**A**T about two o'clock one afternoon the Stella Maris College Hostelites stared in wonderment at a group of about forty excited children who crowded around our silver bus before the Convent.

Who on earth could they be? Ah yes! the Cheri Children were being taken to the zoo to-day !

But as the girls looked at them a gasp of astonishment arose. Could these neatly dressed children with bright ribbons in their hair, some of them even with socks and shoes, be the little ragged, half-starved babies who had a few years ago been wandering through the streets of Madras, begging? These children had then been exposed to the sun and rain with nothing but branches of trees for their shelter at night.

It seemed incredible. Yet here they were, impatiently waiting to scramble into the bus.

The little ones were divided into four groups. Each group was in the care of two of the Social Service League members. The children were counted and carefully lifted up into the silver bus. The little ones were far too excited to keep still.

It was half-past-two when we left and the bus made its noisy way towards the zoo. Two-forty saw the bus at the gates of the zoo. The children held hands and stayed together like

little angels, but as they passed through the gates, the sight of so many animals made them forget themselves and they rushed towards the cages with squeals of joy. Never had they seen so many animals and birds together :

Lions to the right of them  
Monkeys to the left of them  
Birdies before them

All twittering and chattering and roaring.

Here were the peacocks and there were the rabbits.

The children were too excited to hold hands any longer and indeed we had a time trying to bring order into our confused and excited groups. The monkeys stared in astonishment at the noisy children who pointed them out to their little friends. The brightly-coloured parrots, big and small, made the children crowd around the cages as they tried to coax the birds to come near.

What was that? Suddenly the children drew back and clung together staring with open mouths, their little eyes bulging with astonishment and terror. For there, before them, flapping their fanlike ears and curling and uncurling their long snaky trunks, stood the elephants. Never in their lives had they seen an animal so huge or so terrifying. The funny looking camels too caused consternation. But their fright disappeared at the sight of the giraffes, which though huge, seemed mild enough. How tall they looked! The children had to strain their tiny necks to see them. They tried to bring the heads of the animals down to their level; some of them even posed beside one for a snap.

The lions and the tigers thrilled rather than frightened them. One little girl strayed back to say, "Good-bye, Uma" to the huge tiger. Oh! if only she could have had "Uma" for a pet in her home! What wonderful rides she might have had! Luckily we noticed her lingering behind, before she had a chance to stretch out her hand and give the tiger a friendly pat!

Bears were greeted with shouts of "Karadi, Karadi". A cry of "Kutharai, Kutharai", made us turn round to see a few of the children hanging over the railings calling to the zebras, who looked up at them in scorn. "Kutharai, indeed! How could anybody mistake us for horses?" they seemed to say to themselves.

The afternoon flew past. At four o'clock the children sat in a huge circle in a cool, shady spot under the spreading trees. It was tea-time! As the sweets, mixture and bondas were passed around they realised how very hungry and tired they really were. How cool and refreshing the ice-sticks were! Some of the children, who had never tasted ice-cream before, carefully wrapt it up to share it with their parents at home. But soon, seeing the ice-sticks disappearing in their hand, they thought it wiser to make them disappear somewhere else.

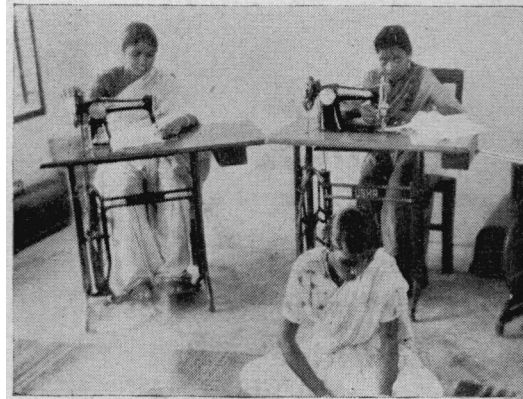
Now the lively, bushy-tailed squirrels came scampering down the trees to sit on the grass, nibbling at the bits of food dropped by the children, whom they eyed suspiciously.

It was about five o'clock when we left. The children, waving goodbye to their animal friends, scrambled into the bus and settled down for the trip home, tired but very happy. A few of them solemnly promised to return soon to visit their animal friends again. Some fell

## SOCIAL SERVICE



St. Helen's Day Nursery

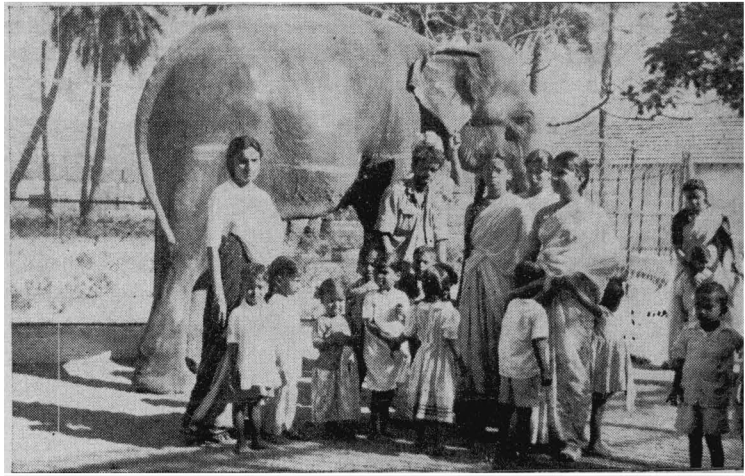


The Sewing Class learn to  
use their new Machines



'Please take our photo too'  
—St. Joseph's Cheri

**CHERI CHILDREN  
AT THE ZOO**



asleep in the bus. But they sat up again wide awake, when sweets and biscuits were passed round.

As the children came nearer home, their excitement knew no bounds, and they impatiently waited, bursting with all the news they had stored up to pour out to their parents who awaited them. For those little innocent children their happy day had not yet come to an end. And that it was such a gloriously happy one, was thanks to the work of the Social Service League. Yet the members of the League enjoyed the day as much if not more than their forty little guests.

SHEILA SUKUMARAN  
*III U.C.*

### “THEY ALSO SERVE”

“God doth not need  
Either man’s work or His own gifts ; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.”

**A**LMOST in despair, Milton questioned the purpose of God’s decree that he should become blind before half his days in this world were over. Did God expect him to use this “one talent”, having denied him the light ?

Here is a case of a well-known personality, who had enjoyed to an extraordinary degree the many beauties seen in Nature. He had a task to fulfil, a great poem to write. Surely his eye-sight was essential for this. Remember, Milton believed that it was a God-given task ! But Milton solved his problem ; and to-day he is an outstanding example to all who have lost the gift of sight. For it was through his great trial that Milton won his way to immortal fame. And it is beyond doubt that physical handicaps can, when properly accepted, play an important part in the formation of character, and in the directing of a man’s life. But the more fortunate amongst us must help these handicapped ones to adapt themselves to our rough-and-tumble world.

The majority of us still need to learn or at least to realise, that the handicapped child has a mind which has to be educated, a hand to be trained, and ambitions to be encouraged. We can help the child become a social asset rather than a liability ; we can aid him to find happiness in spite of his handicap. In fact our task is to be : “eyes to the blind, arms to the weak and feet to the lame”. Yet our help should be given so unobtrusively that the child in question is hardly aware of how much he depends upon us for those first initial efforts. The sooner we can guide him to entire dependence upon himself, the better for his character, and his sense of independence.



The blind are particularly pathetic, it seems to me. They live in a world of their own, a world of darkness and uncertainty. They have been described as "prisoners in the dark". What a joy to share in the task of releasing them, at least to some extent, from their "prison". The President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, once said when speaking of the visually handicapped: "Catering for the needs of such people, and helping them to stand on their own feet is, in my opinion, symbolic of a society's progress and culture." In the past the blind were often regarded as merely liabilities in the struggle for existence, and burdens to society. To-day they are usually in a more fortunate position. The majority of us are sympathetic and eager to help them adjust themselves.

Beggary was, in former days, the traditional means of livelihood for the blind. Even to-day in India many of them can still be seen rattling their tins in the streets. There are about 2,000,000 blind people in India, nearly one-fifth of the total population of blind people in the world. We can, therefore, not afford to ignore or neglect this problem.

Because the eyes of the blind appear blank and expressionless, people often falsely conclude that there must be only a dull and unintelligent mind behind them. Yet very often the blind, deprived of the gift of sight, are compensated by a more acute awareness through the other senses. They are often highly intelligent. In order to convince ourselves of this it is enough to remember Homer of Ancient Greece, Milton, and Suradas here in India, whilst Helen Keller is to-day a world personality. Their secret of success was surely that they refused to become victims of their handicap through self-pity; but in spite of all obstacles, and probably because of them, they never ceased to struggle to attain their life-long ambitions.

Some of us also have the strange idea that all blind people are alike and we tend to treat them so. But they differ from one another as do those who can see. It is important to respect their various personalities. Their degree of vision also varies. Moreover, while some have been born blind, others have become blind later in life. This, of course, makes a vital difference when it comes to a question of education or employment.

The attitude of the family to a blind member often causes difficulty. It seems to me that poorer parents may be inclined to regard the child as a misfortune and an economic burden; whilst in a better-off family there is danger that the child may be spoiled, being given extra attention and therefore made over-aware of his particular position. In either case the child may develop an abnormal personality, become utterly selfish and consequently a misery to himself and others. Dr. Allen has said that the education of the blind child requires first the education of his parents. Some parents imagine that a blind child cannot benefit by education at all, and often neglect this all-important matter, keeping the handicapped child away from school.

Helen Keller has remarked: "Not blindness but the attitude of society to the blind is the hardest burden to bear." Most of us who have the privilege of contacting blind people need to re-examine our attitude to them. It was Miss Keller who also uttered what is perhaps the last word to be said, with regard to blindness: "However brave and self-reliant our blind men and women might become, could the utmost dreams of education for the sightless be realized, the dark is still the dark and blindness an irremediable calamity." Many of the joys of life are denied them—colour, movement and light and perhaps above all the sight of the faces of those they love.

We may hope that with time the two million blind amongst our countrymen will be given greater facilities in their heroic struggle to make something of their lives. In the meanwhile, let us at least as individuals do the little we can when we have the opportunity. God will not forget our thoughtfulness for these, the least of His little ones.

ELIZABETH MATTHEW  
*Social Service Diploma Course*

## “ON VIEWLESS WINGS”

WHO has not felt at some time or other the yearning of the young poet Keats to leave for a while this world of tears and suffering, “where men sit and hear each other moan”, and fly far, far away into a world of perfect joy and beauty unalloyed? Or maybe the wander-lust, the urge to explore strange lands, the longing for adventure, the eagerness to set out on a quest of high romance, or simply dissatisfaction with the sameness of everyday life, or the desire to meet new people and do new things: one, if not all of these vague restless wishes has surely been experienced by every human being. And often this longing for change or escape is followed by a feeling of frustration: “I can’t afford to travel”, sighs one, and, “Nobody exciting ever comes to our dull little town”, grumbles another,—not realising that their dreams *can* come true,—and with very little effort. One swift strong beat of “the viewless wings of poesy” was enough to bear Keats away to the enchanted forest where the nightingale poured out its blissful music; a good book and a slight effort of concentration and imagination will be the wings which can carry us wherever we would like to go.

Swiftly and easily our invisible wings may bear us to the frozen North, where we can share the strange, ice-bound life of the fur-clad Esquimaux; or land us on the top of the Empire State Building from which we can descend to inspect at close quarters the whirling, sophisticated life of New York with its fantastic array of ultra-modern, labour-saving devices; again, like the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights’ Tales, they will waft us off to the mysterious East to share in the romantic adventures of a Thousand and One Nights.

One great advantage which reading enjoys over the fastest jet-planes and most luxurious liners of our speed-loving twentieth century is the fact that on its wings we can journey not only through space, but also through time. Haven’t you sometimes wished you lived in a past age, or longed to meet some of the great figures of history—and some of the humbler ones too, ordinary people, like ourselves—to talk to them, question them, find out exactly what they were really like? Since we cannot meet them in the flesh, an excellent substitute is the memoirs of these people of bygone ages, biographies and autobiographies, books about the times in which they lived, written in a strange-sounding, old-fashioned language by contemporaries, or reconstructed with loving care by a modern student of the age. Through books we can meet Will Shakespeare and Ben Jonson with their crowd of gay companions revelling in the Mermaid’s Tavern, haunting the green-room of the Globe Theatre, travelling

over the composition of their immortal works. We can visit the luxurious court of Shah Jehan and see the great monarch sitting on his Peacock Throne ; we can sail with Christopher Columbus or the Pilgrim Fathers to America ; we can share the hopes and disappointments and final triumphs of the Wright brothers in their conquest of the skies, visit the vanquished Napoleon at St. Helena, or sit at the feet of the Mahatma listening to him unfold his dream of a united free India.

Perhaps you are neither particularly interested in travel, nor very interested in " raising the dead ", so that biographies, histories and travel books hold no charm for you, but surely you like to meet new people, and perhaps sometimes regret the fact that so few new friends come your way. In that case you have only to turn to the fiction shelves of your nearest library or book-stall, and take your choice among hundreds of fascinating characters—young and old, intellectual and artistic, pathetic or delightfully ridiculous, bold and dashing or shy and retiring—friends to suit all moods and all temperaments. And it is amazing what good and lasting friends these creatures of the brain can become—there are some novels to which one can return time after time, while their characters take more and more concrete shape in our mind. We become so familiar with their ways of thinking and acting that we can imagine what they would say or do in almost any circumstance, and take delight in inventing fresh adventures for them. Plays, like novels, introduce us to a whole range of new acquaintances, many of whom will become firm friends. Although reading a play is certainly not the same as seeing it acted, yet it is an enjoyable experience with advantages of its own, not least of which is the calling into play of the imagination, the reader having to supply for himself the background, setting and props which would be provided in the theatre.

The enjoyment of poetry is today looked upon as an art which few possess, yet one cannot write of reading in general without referring to the " viewless wings of poesy " which Keats and Milton invoked, and which have borne many a poetry-lover to realms more magical than any imagined in prose. It has become a specialised form of reading, and certainly requires more concentration and effort than the lighter types of prose mentioned above. But that little extra effort is abundantly rewarded when one has come to appreciate poetry, to hear the melody of its rhythms, to feel the magic of the poet's use of words, to see the visions that he conjures up. One may come across beautiful, striking and memorable passages of prose, but it is to the poet, above all others, that the gift has been vouchsafed of giving the most perfect utterance to the most sublime ideas, as well as to " what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed ".

Let us make good use of our invisible wings, and if some have never realised that they possessed such a treasure, why not take a trial flight right away ? Maybe they will not get far at first, perhaps they will tire easily, or they will not like the country they visit or the people they meet. But surely no one will give up after the first attempt ! The beginner has only to change her book and she is off on a new voyage, and soon she will find herself gliding with ease through space and time, passing all barriers without any trouble about passports or customs, and she will become a true Citizen of the World at home everywhere, able to converse pleasantly and intelligently with all kinds of people, on all kinds of topics—richer, wiser and happier from her travels in the realms of books, and eager to take ever longer and more adventurous flights.

LOTUS

## WHY HISTORY?

“THE record of past events . . . developments, political, social and economic . . . the study of the growth and organisation of states”: such is the type of definition we would probably find in the dictionary if we chanced to look up the word “History”.

But this is far from the truth. History is a wonderful story-book teeming with exciting, brightly-coloured illustrations, in the hands of an eager, inquisitive child. It is a colossal anthology of fascinating biographies and autobiographies, which sometimes resemble but never repeat each other. It is a diary, every bit as interesting as Pepy's, of the ambitions, failures and achievements of millions of the ordinary, the famous and infamous. It is the comedy and the tragedy of nations and individuals down through the ages of time. The view from the uppermost storey of the Empire State Building must indeed be wonderful. Much more fascinating is the vast panorama of life throughout the centuries which History presents to its readers who are, in Plato's words, “spectators of all time and all being”.

“History for pleasure” is its first merit. How easy to lose oneself in the pages of well-written history: to ride the Atlantic with Columbus and his companions, our hopes rising and falling with the waves; to watch the resolute Napoleon forging onwards to Moscow, his valiant forces following behind. Truth is certainly stranger than fiction. Few are the novels with themes as enthralling as history's. Little wonder the French Revolution produced Dickens' “Tale of Two Cities”, and that many of Shakespeare's masterpieces are historical. History did not disappoint Homer seeking inspiration for his “Iliad” nor Virgil for the “Aeneid”. Mediaeval Chivalry inspired Tennyson to immortalise it in the “Mort d'Arthur”; its decline provoked Cervantes' “Don Quixote”.

But the student of history gains more than mere fleeting pleasure. He who reads with an open mind profits greatly, for, history abounds with lessons, as well as adventures, and develops our character and mind whilst it entertains. Noble figures strongly impress us—Lincoln's love for his defeated fellow-countrymen, Florence Nightingale's uphill task in the wards of Scutari, Nelson's exceptional devotion to duty,—though sea-sick on every voyage. But history in general has a no less important part to play, slowly and imperceptibly it teaches its lessons. It gives a sense of reality. New “isms” neither deceive nor enthrall us. We have seen similar experiments before. “Slow but sure”, still seems a good motto; haste destroys the good along with the bad. Every nation, as every person has its good and bad qualities. Let us condemn neither “en bloc”. There are two sides to every question and quite often both contain truth. Past history and environment mould character, so allowances have to be made. That “history repeats itself” is no fable and saves us from self-complacent pride. The world possessed its seven, and many more, wonders long before the atomic age. In art, literature and philosophy our present age seems empty when weighed in the balance with the old.

The mind is also enriched by History. It keeps it alert, looking for the realization of promised ends, comparing and contrasting figures and movements. It learns to think for itself—one historian says black, another white, I say neither. Judgment too is formed. Upon every notable character, every important event, we come instinctively to pass a judgment: this was good, that bad; this was a mistake; he should have done this or that. History is

often accused of being a heavy subject. For examination purposes this is unfortunately true and its study often constitutes an endurance test, being a case of the "survival of the fittest". Nevertheless a good student of History, despite his labours, certainly acquires a capacity for individual, methodical work.

Nationalism and internationalism, so applauded today, are both developed by History. History is our national memory. It keeps alive within us the glories of our heritage. Who can remain complacent in view of our modern difficulties and shortcomings when he recalls the legacy of the Guptas and Cholas. "Noblesse oblige"! shall our present century be found unworthy of the great traditions we have inherited? History makes us also internationalists. Having studied the life story of other peoples, and learned to understand them better, the great task of international "give and take", "bear and forbear" becomes easier. We know there exists another view than our own, that every country has its skeleton in the cupboard, that others like ourselves, are marching onwards and so it is that nineteen centuries of History have led to the international parliaments of the League of Nations and the U.N.O.

If History is so rich in lessons for the students, how much more for the statesman. It is his temperature chart; advising him how far he may prudently go. Some of the world's greatest statesmen have also been students of History. Long before Bonaparte ever fought a battle, he had studied in his poor, icy garret the campaigns of Frederick the Great and the Constitutions of England, Switzerland, Sparta, Egypt and Turkey. And it is rightly so, for if the individual learns most in the school of experience, how fruitful are the lessons supplied by the experience of millions.

History's final lesson is undoubtedly its greatest. It teaches us the inability of man to carve his own destiny, that God is over all and remains ever Master, that morality, as well as honesty, is in the long run the best policy. How many mighty nations have, like Imperial Rome, perished by reason of their vice and luxury, causing more than one wise head to ask our present indifferent, pleasure-loving, irresponsible age, "Quo Vadis?" What has been the final end of the tyrant, the dictator and vainglorious monarch? Napoleon believed he could conquer the world. Waterloo wiped out his forty victories and he died humbled, though resigned, on the wind-swept, rocky island of St. Helena. "So far shalt thou go and no farther". The disillusioned death of the despots, popular though they prided themselves to be, strikes a note of warning, while at the same time it arouses our pity—Elizabeth I of England, seated silent and morose on the floor, propped up by cushions, found little comfort in her cupboards stacked high with jewelry and her 2,000 outmoded dresses. Tortured with fears, her words betoken little of her wonted courage: "I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck . . . I am tied and the case is altered with me". Lenin's last words also provide much food for thought: "I have made a great mistake. Our main purpose was to give freedom to a multitude of oppressed people. But our method of action has created worse evils and horrible massacres. You know that my daily nightmare is to feel that I am lost in this ocean of blood coming from innumerable victims. It is too late to turn back now; but in order to save our country, we should have had ten men like St. Francis of Assisi. With ten such men we would have saved it."

The wheels of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine.

G. S. ALAMELU  
*III U.C.*

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

- June**     21 The Academic year began with a new addition to the family—Quads ! the Pre-University Class, 1, 2, 3, 4. Welcome little sisters ! Various ceremonies, pious or painful, initiated them into College life quite quickly.
- July**     13 A film “The Conquest of Everest” was kindly shown by the British Information Service to help the II U.C. to “conquer” their text.
- 16 Farewell party for the Social Service Diploma students. Goodbye, so soon !—your year with us seemed so short.
- 18 Staff tea-party in honour of St. Bonaventure, Patron of teachers. Students were packed three-deep on the verandahs to gloat over their Professors doing Intelligence Tests.
- August**    6 Inauguration of the College Associations by the former Governor of Madras, His Excellency Sri V. Prakasa. A most interesting address on the importance of Women’s Education in India was interrupted by rain. Individual saturation but universal satisfaction . . . at the good discipline of the stoic students, unmoved by storm, tempest or . . . shower.
- 8 General activity on the Associations Front. Mrs. Kaliani Kutty from Queen Mary’s College kindly delivered the Inaugural address to the History Association, and Mr. A. G. Narasimhan, Head of the Department of Physics, Presidency College, spoke to the Scientists.
- 12 Hostel Day. There was a specially big attendance at Holy Mass, offering the day and all the Hostelites’ intentions to God. “The Mass in Song” sums up your feeling so well . . . “On the paten with the Host I offer up my lowly heart . . .” What a day ! One or two inert forms were already extended horizontally by the afternoon, Sports and lunch having proved too great a strain, but all were refreshed again at night by (i) (well, naturally) refreshments, (ii) a refreshing programme of entertainment, including the First Night of “Queen Elizabeth and Master Shakespeare”, which was to play to packed houses all the year round ;

(iii) a most refreshing downpour which drove the audience from the inland-sea of the compound to the safe shores of the College verandah. As they sang nostalgically "We have come to the end of a Perfect Day . . ."

- August**
- 15 Independence Day and Stella Maris' Ninth Birthday. Happy Birthday !
- 22 "And they spoke in many tongues"
- Sri Pandiri Mallikarjune Rao, Editor of "Kinnera", to the Telugu Association.
- Sri N. Raghunatha Iyer, Assistant Editor of "The Hindu", to the Tamil Association.
- Sri Mahendrakumar Jain, of the Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha, to the Hindi Association.
- Mr. Maria Gabriel, of the University of Madras and of Loyola, to the French Association.
- 23 Film "Nigeria meets the Queen"—Elizabeth II this time.
- 25 The punctual affluence of the crows and the strains of "Go, go, go" heralded another tea-party—the Graduates' Reception. How nice to see them back again,—with other Old Students already become staid housewives. They were fêted, "photoed" and fascinated by the entertainment (yes, quite right, the Queen and Master Shakespeare).
- 28 Sri G. Venkatachalam spoke on "The Art Treasures of the Vatican". On the same day non-artists of the Malayalam Association were addressed by Dr. Kunjurmyraja of Madras University.
- 31 "The Medical profession is the best profession for girls". First Debate of the season between 1st and 2nd groups, II U.C. Apparently a woman's idea of mathematics consists in dividing her own age by two, multiplying her husband's income by three, and adding five years to the age of her best friend; on the other hand a woman is a "born healer", so . . . This somewhat crooked line of argument was answered by the even more twisted reasoning that by the time a woman has finished her medical training she is past the marriageable age, therefore embittered and likely to vent her fury on her patients . . . ! By fair or foul means Group I was victorious.
- September**
- 4 Music in the air—and *with* the air, demonstrated by Mr. J. K. Radhakrishnan's party on their flutes.
- 5 While the Western Music Association disported with trills and arpeggios, the Economists, made of sterner material, followed with keen absorption Mr. T. P. Subramanian's excellent talk on "The socialist pattern of society in the Second Five Year Plan".

- 7 P.U. 2 successfully carried the proposition that "The residential system must be made compulsory in the collegiate course", since the absence of material cares is a great assistance to spiritual meditation. Presumably the *most* elevated meditations are made on the *top* floor of the hostel !
- 10 Sri T. Chandrasekhara Dikshitan, M.A., Curator of Oriental Manuscripts, Madras University, spoke on "Kalidasa and his Art" to Sanskrit-lovers.
- October**
- 7 The new term having begun, zeal for scientific research prompted the Science students to offer their very life-blood (one drop, anyhow) in the cause, when Miss Joshua, Head of the Department of Natural Science, Queen Mary's College, demonstrated the classification of blood-groups.
- 10 III and IV U.C. decided regretfully that "Examinations are a necessary test of academic progress", consoling themselves with the thought that failure is a sign not of the candidate's inferiority but of the examiner's dyspepsia. III U.C. won.
- 15 There was something special this year about the College Retreat preached by Rev. Fr. R. Burck, S.J. (Was it the notice board, with its frequently renewed calls for a change . . . for the better? . . . If others can do it, why not I?) Thanks, Father, we won't forget this Retreat in a hurry !
- 17 Tongues wagging again.  
Mr. Divien addressed the French students (not in French fortunately !)  
Sri K. Chandrasekaran, M.A., L.T., addressed the Sanskrit Association.  
Mr. Challa Satyanarayana, Head of the Telugu Department, Loyola College, spoke on "Abhighnyana shakunt-alamu".  
Hindi and Tamil students addressed themselves.
- 19 II U.C. Debate, "Ambition has done more harm than good to mankind".  
The Historians routed this proposition made by the Mathematicians.  
Pasteur was ambitious, wasn't he? Well, then?
- 24 The Economic Association—they really are serious!—picked up valuable information from Mr. Rajaram, Additional Deputy Commissioner, Planning Department, who spoke on "Community Projects". While the Western Music Association (not too serious, alas!) disported again—this time with musical films.
- 25 "Town life is more advantageous than country life". Stella Maris is really in the country compared with the centre of Madras, and see how brainy and blooming we all are! Or if on the other hand you consider Stella Maris is in the town, observe the brain and bloom, once more.  
So? Anyway, P.U. 3 won.
- Rajamani was the contribution of Stella Maris to the Madras College Students' Council Variety Entertainment, with her ferocious "Dagger-Dance". A nice friendly attitude?



- October 31** Miss Sita Chari of Presidency College delighted the English Association with poems from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Christopher Robin" with his waterproof boots . . . "And that", said John, "is that".
- November 8** Debate, "Practical experience is more conducive to proper grasp than theoretical knowledge". Most persuasive arguments were put forward in favour of "practicals", not doubt sponsored by the Physics and Chemistry demonstrators. How *thrilled* you must be doing practicals every Saturday, dear P.U.'s ! P.U. 2 won.
- 14** The Language Associations were debating, quizzing, reciting and mono-acting.
- 15** The Malayalam Association was addressed by Miss Bhanumathi of Queen Mary's College.
- 19** P.U. 2 was defeated honourably by the redoubtable II U.C. Historians on the subject "The bullock-cart era compares favorably with the modern age". It was generally decided that you cannot compare the two ages at all. Can you say a bullock is better than a bus? Better for what? Exactly. The study of Logic is evidently undermining the fine unreasoning of our modern students.
- 21** St. Cecilia's Feast was celebrated by the Indian and Western Music Association: veenas, violins, vocal chords; Gita's guest-artist piano-solos, as entrancing as ever. We did not actually see him, but surely
- "An angel heard  
And straight appeared,  
Mistaking earth for Heaven".
- 22** Film, "The Suez Canal", shown to an exceptionally big audience owing to the burning topicality of that particular region of the world.
- 23** Departure of the Art Excursionists for Tanjore.
- 26** "Industrialisation v. agriculture", argued very solidly by the Social Service Diploma students, quoting 5-year plans and statistics with great assurance. Nevertheless, the III U.C., with modest undergraduate arguments, was victorious.
- 28** Rev. Mother Superior's Feast, meaning of course, *everybody's* Feast, since children always rejoice with their mother: Greeting Song, sweets for the babies of the Social Service League, for the students, for the attenders, for the staff; presentations of "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy"—the story of Ruth and Booz told in dance. The grace of the dancers and the harmony of the colours provided half an hour of enchantment. And the rest of the day was holiday. Thank you, Rev. Mother, for your Feast !

**December 9** We were somewhat surprised to find that Stella Maris had suddenly become an Important Exhibition Centre, Room 0-10 being transformed into an Art Gallery for the All-India Study Week organised by the Madras Cultural Academy. The "chefs-d'oeuvre" of our Art Students in water-colour and oil, sectional drawings of monuments and temples, models in exquisite embroidery of designs taken from ancient sculptures and frescoes, made us feel quite proud of our Indian Art and artists; and the success of the Dance Recital, which looked even more beautiful with stage-lighting, may we say modestly, was quite sensational. Good for you, dancers! and for us, who have listened to your not-so-glamorous practices every afternoon . . . !

**10** Examinations for all the College except the P.U. classes who had to practise invisibility and inaudibility so as not to disturb their Seniors.

**January 8** College reopened, with many distractions—more or less welcome according to the imminence of one's public examination. Great preparations for the Madras University Centenary Celebrations: volunteer-helpers training to volunteer-help, singers warbling away on the lower branches of Room 0-4, Marchers "marching past" in every direction except the right one under the noses of outraged professors, Art students excavating the Ajanta caves from the depths of the Art Room . . .

**16** Mahamahopadhyaya K. L. V. Sastri addressed the Sanskrit Association.

**26** Republic Day. Traditional Flag-hoisting, and an appropriate Address by Miss Rajeswari.

**28** The Centenary Celebrations officially began. So, with repeated comings and goings of the College bus there was holiday until February 4th.

**February 9** Performance of "Queen Elizabeth and Master Shakespeare" at the Exhibition Open Air Theatre. Our actresses go out on tour now . . .

**13** Dr. Joshua of Men's Christian College spoke to the Science Association of the sea and its inhabitants. Sri S. Rajendran, M.A., L.T., addressed the History Association on "Lessons from History".

The Economics Association actually had a Film Show—so they're human after all! (a *serious* film, let us hasten to add).

**14** Valedictory Address delivered by Rev. Fr. L. Murphy, S.J., on "The Meaning of Education". The suggestion that examinations be abolished naturally won sustained applause!

**15** Everyone to the polls! After a clean fight, Vilma Beaver and T. M. Mythili Devi were elected as President and Vice-President respectively (quite respectably too).

**February 18** Final debate between III U.C. and II U.C., Group 3. " Education is for life, not for livelihood ". With a heavy bombardment of classical and historical examples, the II U.C. emerged victorious over the III U.C. who fought gallantly to the last point.

**28** Heats for the Sports.

**March 1** Sports Finals and College Day Tea. The overwhelming popularity of the latter item necessitated additional tables in both Sports grounds, and the crowds had to bring up reinforcements to cover the situation.

**2** College Day, of which more elsewhere.

**20** As Public Examinations begin, a pall of silence falls over the College. The P.U.'s, whose time is not yet ripe, have acquired through long practice the technique of noiseless circulation and voiceless speech, and glide like Phantoms past the Examination Halls. Thank you, little Sisters, we'll pray for you on April 15th.

A. S. C.



**Shri Sri Prakasa,  
former Governor of Madras, arrives  
to inaugurate the College associations**



**The Choir sing a Welcome Song**



**His Excellency addressing the Assembly**



Ruth tells Noemi  
'Thy people shall be my  
people'

Booz and Ruth celebrate their wedding



## **“THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY”**

**T**HE Dance Recital, portraying the Biblical story of Ruth, combined so harmoniously the beauty of colour, sound and movement that the delighted spectator must have been almost unaware of the study and labour necessary for such a synthesis.

Indian classical dancing is generally the expression in standard music and movements of certain well-known legends or classical themes taken from Sanskrit and Tamil literature. After hearing a few notes of the music and seeing a few movements the spectator recognises immediately the particular poem or legend, and follows the story in the gestures of the dancers, while the dancers themselves learn a standard sequence of movements for each particular theme. Now in preparing “Ruth” in dance-form, there was no tradition to follow. The music had to be chosen and each small movement devised to express a story which was not familiar to the dancers, although of a universal interest, since it describes the courtship and marriage of Ruth and Booz. It will be appreciated then how much ingenuity and perseverance were necessary to produce such an impressive whole from such scant material.

The first Scene showed Ruth and Orpha, daughters-in-law of Noemi, grieving with her over the death of her husband and sons. Noemi returned to her own land but Ruth royally promised to accompany her, exclaiming, “Henceforth thy country shall be my country, thy God, my God”. There was not much action to be shown here, but rather the force of emotion. In their softly shaded mauve and purple drapery, Indumathi, Devi Prasad and Kausalya expressed most beautifully their tender affection by sad graceful movements.

As a great contrast the second Scene showed the brightly-lit cornfield of Booz, a wealthy kinsman of Noemi’s late husband. Harvesters in the bold gay colours of South Indian costumes were moving about briskly, their gestures simulating the reaping and stacking of sheaves. They were joking and chatting when Ruth modestly took her place among them and began to glean the grains carelessly left by the others. Booz, the Master, visited the field and was struck immediately by Ruth’s beauty and diligence.

In the third Scene, Noemi decided to sell a portion of her land on condition that the purchaser marry Ruth. A kinsman (played by Bhanumathi), who had a prior right to the land, surrendered his right to Booz by the customary symbol of handing over his shoe. Thus Booz was overjoyed to win the hand of Ruth. The dancing of this scene was very lively and free, and Sujatha and Bhanumathi brought out clearly the independence and decisiveness of the male characters which contrasted with the gentleness of Noemi and Ruth.

The last Scene, the Wedding Feast of Ruth and Booz, showed all the brilliance and gaiety of an Indian festival. Ruth, dressed in a beautiful white organdie saree shimmering with

gold thread, with pearls and white flowers in her hair, took her place shyly beside Booz, who was surrounded by turbaned courtiers clad in rich red, blue and silver costumes. Varija glided in, daintily scattering her sweet-smelling jasmine flowers and by the appealing gracefulness of her dance she seemed to be invoking Heaven's blessing upon the happy pair. A dancer then came to entertain the wedding guests,—with a swirl of flashing blue and silver muslin, Rajamani was in their midst, pirouetting and leaping, light as a bird and as swift, combining the technique of a modern acrobatic dancer with the grace of the classical form. The bride and bridegroom then expressed their own joy by a combined dance which concluded the recital.

The words "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy" had been taken as a unifying theme for the story, as it developed from the sad note of Noemi's bereavement to the joy of the marriage; it might also have been taken as a theme for the lecturers and dancers, who through so many hours of really hard toil, produced this work of art, for "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever".

B. C.

## STAR OF THE SEA

In Palestine, one bless'd September morn,  
A child to Anne and Joachim was born.  
A maiden lily-pure and fair was she;  
For Christ's own mother, was she not to be?

At Fatima all sinful men she prayed  
That by prayer and penance God's just wrath be stayed;  
Our comfort and our strength, she calms all fears;  
The Star by which the soul securely steers.

A woman's way may oft be rough and wild,  
The world would wean her from her home and child.  
But as we struggle midst life's waves, we see  
Our guide, the Faithful One, Star of the Sea.

MARIE MELANIE NORONHA  
*II U.C.*

# தமிழ் கற்பது ஏன்?

வாழ்க தமிழ் மொழி! வாழ்க தமிழ் மொழி!  
வாழ்க தமிழ் மொழியே!  
எங்கள் தமிழ்மொழி எங்கள் தமிழ்மொழி  
என்றென்றும் வாழியவே!

நிலவுலகில் வழங்கிவரும் பலவேறு மொழிகளுள் லத்தீன், கிரேக்கம், ஆங்கிலம், பிரெஞ்சு, ஆரியம், தெலுங்கு, இந்தி, தமிழ் முதலிய மொழிகள் சிறப்புற்று விளங்குகின்றன. ஆரியமும், லத்தீனும், கிரேக்கமும் வழக்காற்றுப் போயினும், அவை அறவே அழிந்தொழியாமல் நூன்மொழியாக இருந்து, வேண்டுங்காலத்தில் உதவிபுரிந்து வருகின்றன. ஆங்கிலமோ, அறிவுக்களாகி உலகில் பெரும்பாகத்தை ஆட்சிபுரிகின்றது. பிரெஞ்சுமொழி, மொழிப்பான்மை மிக்குடையதாய்ச் சீரிய தன்மைகளைக் கொண்டு தனக்கு ஒப்புயர்விலா மொழியாய்ப் பிரெஞ்சு ஆதிக்கம் நிலவும் 'நாடுகளில் உலவுகிறது'. தெலுங்கோ வடமொழியின் துணை மிக்க கொண்டு வன்மை மொழியாய் ஆந்திர நாட்டில் வழங்கிவருகிறது. இந்தியேர், இப்போது இந்தியரைப் பந்தப்படுத்தும் பான்மைபெற்று, இந்திய நாட்டின் பெரும்பாகத்தில் வளர்ந்தோங்கி வருகிறது. அமிழ்தினும் இனிய தமிழ்மொழியோ, மேற்குறித்த மொழிகளின் தன்மைகளில் சிற்சில பெற்றுக்கன்னித் தமிழாய்; "வடவேங்கடம் தென்குமரி ஆயிடைத் தமிழ் கூறு நல்லுலகத்து" இனிதாய் உலாவிவருகிறது. அதுவே நமக்குப் பெறலருந் தாய்மொழியாகவும் விளங்குகிறது.

"தமிழை நாம் கற்பதனால் என்ன பயன்? அறிவு பெட்டியின் திறவுகோலாகிய ஆங்கிலத்தைப் படித்தால் நிரம்பிய அறிவு பெறலாம். வயிறும் வளரும்" என்பர் சிலர். அறிஞர் பலர், "தமிழ் நூலில் எங்குப் பார்த்தாலும் இளமை நிலையாமை, யாக்கை நிலையாமை, செல்வ நிலையாமை என்பவை போன்ற விஷயங்களே காணப்படுகின்றன. அவைகளைப் படிப்பதினால் நம் மாணுக்கர்கள் உடல் வளர்ச்சியில் ஊக்கங்குன்றி உடல்நலங் கருதாமல் இருப்பர். அவர்களுக்குச் செல்வம் வளர்க்கும் முயற்சியும் குறையும். இதனால் நம்நாட்டு பொருளாதார நிலை பாழ்படும். இவை மாத்திரமோ! நம்பத்தகாத விஷயங்கள் எத்தனை! பெண்ணின் கழுத்தில் முத்து பிறக்குமாம். அவத்தாமன் குதிரை வயிற்றில் பிறந்தாலும்! இராவணனுக்குப் பத்து தலையாம்! சூரிய



சந்திரர்களை இராகு கேதுகள் என்னும் பாம்புகள் ஆண்டுதோறும் பிடிக்கின்றனவாம்! ஆ! என்ன விபரீத நம்பிக்கைகள்! என்ன மூடக் கொள்கைகள்! இவைகளையா படிக்கவேண்டும் என்று நம் மொழியைக் குறை கூறுவர். சீர்திருத்தக்காரரிற் சிலர், “இயற்றிய நாயனார் ஈகையையும், வல்லாளன் வள்ளான்மையும் அறிதற்கா தமிழைக் கற்கவேண்டும்?” என்பர். அவர்களுக்கு என்ன பதில் கூறுவது? ? ? ஆமாம். எல்லாப் பாஷைகளிலும் கட்டுக்கதைகளும், மூடக் கொள்கைகளும் இருப்பதைப்போல் நம் மொழிகளிலும் இருக்கின்றன. அவைகளும் கட்டுக்கதைகளே, மூடக் கொள்கைகளே. அவைகளுக்காகவோ தமிழ்மொழியைப் புறக்கணிப்பது? கையில் புண் இருந்தால் கையை வெட்டி விடுவதோ? படிப்போர், அல்லவை நீக்கி நல்லவைகளைக் கொள்ளவேண்டும்” என்று விடை பகர்வோம்.

அவர்கள் நம் மொழியின் சிறப்பையும் அதைக் கற்பதனால் வரும் பயன்களையும் நன்கு உணர்வார்களானால், ஆ! தமிழ்மொழியைக் குறை சொல்வார்களோ? தமிழ்மொழியின் பெருமைகளைச் சொன்னாலும் வாய் மணக்கும் கேட்டாலும் செவி மணக்குமே! “செய்யுள் தன்மையில் கிரேக்க மொழியினையும், இலக்கிய பெருமையில் லத்தின் மொழியையும் வெல்வது தமிழ் மொழியே” என்று வின்ஸ்லோ புலவர் பெருமானும், “தமிழ் எம்மொழிக்கும் இழிந்தது அன்று” என்று ஜி. யு. போப் என்னும் ஆங்கில பேரறிஞரும், “தூரணிய மொழிகள் பலவற்றுள்ளும் மிகச் சீரிய மொழியாயும் அழகிய இலக்கியங்கள் அமையப் பெற்றதாயும் விளங்குவது தமிழே” என்று மர்டாக் புலவரும் வியந்து கூறியுள்ளார்கள் என்றால், அதன் பெருமைகளை நாம் எடுத்துச் சொல்லவும் வேண்டுமோ?

இவ்வளவு சிறப்புடைய மொழியை மாணவர் கற்றால் அவர்களுக்குப் பல நன்மைகள் உண்டு என்பது வெள்ளிடை மலை. “யாம் அறிந்த மொழிகளிலே தமிழ்மொழிபோல் இனிதாவது எங்குங் காணோம்” என்று பாரதியால் புகழப்பட்ட செந்தமிழை நன்கு கற்றால், மாணாக்கர் பேசுந் திறமையையும், பிறர் பேசுவதைத் தாங்கள் நன்கு அறியும் வன்மையையும் பெறுவார்கள். இடையின ரகரத்திற்கு வல்லினமும், வல்லின நகரத்திற்கு இடையினமும், தந்நகரத்திற்கு மன்னகரமும் நன்னகரத்து, டண்ணகரமும் எழுதி பிழைப்பட்டுப் பிறர் நகைப்பிற்கு ஆட்படாமல், எழுத்தறியுந் திறமையும் பெறுவர். அவர்கள் சிறிது முயன்றால், நெஞ்சை அள்ளுந் தெள்ளிய நடையில் விஷயங்களை அழகுபட எழுதும் வன்மையையும் அடைவர். சுருங்கக் கூறின் அவர்கள் மொழித் தேர்ச்சி பெறுவர்.

இன்னும், மாணவர் நன்முறையில் போதிக்கப்படும் தமிழ் இலக்கணத்தைக் கற்பார்களாயின், அவர்களுடைய அறிவு கூர்மை அடையும். இது உண்மை. வெறும் புகழ்ச்சி அன்று. தமிழிலக்கண அமைப்பு முறை மாணவர் அறிவைக் கூர்மைபடுத்துமாறு அமைந்திருக்கிறது.

தமிழ் நூல்களில் உள்ள கற்பனைகளைக் கற்பதால் மாணாக்கர்களுக்கு கற்பனாசக்தியும் வளரும். தமிழ் நூலாகிய பூஞ்சோலையில் கற்பனையாகிய பந்தற்கீழ் இருந்துகொண்டு, தன்னை மறந்து ஆனந்த வெள்ளத்தில் ஆழ்ந்து கிடக்குந் தமிழ் மாணாக்கன் இன்பத்தை யாரே அறிய வல்லார்? தமிழ் நூற் சாலையில் புகுந்தாலன்றோ அவ்வின்பம் தெரியும்.

தாய்மொழியாகிய தமிழ்மொழியைக் கற்பதனால், மாணவர் தேசபக்தி வளரும். தாய்மொழியில் அன்பில்லாத மாணவனுக்குப் பெரிதும் தாய் நாட்டினம்தும் அன்பு இராது. “எவனுக்கு தாய்மொழியினிடம் அன்பு இல்லையோ அவனுக்குத் தாய்நாட்டினிடம் அன்பு இல்லை” என்ற பைரன் என்னும் ஆங்கிலக் கவிஞன் கூறியதை ஆழ்ந்து நோக்குக. ஆகையினால் ஒவ்வொரு தமிழ் மாணவனும் தமிழைக் கற்கவேண்டியது இன்றியமையாதது என்று சொல்லவேண்டுவதில்லை.

தமிழிலக்கியம் பண்டைத் தமிழ்நாட்டின் நிலையைத் தெரிவித்துப் படிப்போரை தேசாபிமானிகளாகச் செய்யும் என்பதில் ஒரு சிறிதும் ஐயம் இல்லை. பண்டைத் தமிழ்நாடு கிரேக்கர்களோடும், ரோமர்களோடும் பெரு வாணிகஞ் செய்து நன்னிலை உற்றிருந்தது என்பதையும், அக்காலத்தில் தமிழ் பெண்மணிகளிற் சிலர் கற்று வல்லவர்களாய் விளங்கினர் என்பதையும், பண்டைத் தமிழ் அரசர் நீதி தவறாது ஆட்சி செய்தனர் என்பதையும், தமிழ் வீரர் அஞ்சாது போர்புரியும் ஆற்றல் பெற்றிருந்தனர் என்பதையும் அறியும் காலத்தில், மாணவனுக்குத் தன் நாட்டைப்பற்றி உண்டாகும் மகிழ்ச்சி மலையினும் மாணப் பெரிதன்றோ! இம்மகிழ்ச்சி பைய வளர்ந்து தேசாபிமானமாய் மாறாதோ! மாறும்.

தமிழ் மாணவனுக்குத் தமிழ்தான் தேசபக்தியைப் பெரும்பாலும் ஊட்டக்கூடும். தாய்மொழியைவிட வேறு மொழிக்கு நாட்டின் அன்பை ஊட்டும் வன்மை கிடையாது என்றே கூறலாம்.

“செந்தமிழ் நாடெனும் போதினிலே—இன்பத்  
தேன்வந்து பாபுது காதினிலே—எங்கள்  
தந்தையர் நாடென்ற பேச்சினிலே—ஒரு  
சக்தி பிறக்குது முச்சினிலே,”

என்னும் இவ்வுடிகள் படிப்போருக்குத் தேசாபிமானத்தை ஊட்டாமல் இருக்குமா?

தமிழ் மாணவர்க்கு நல்லொழுக்கத்தை வளர்க்கவேண்டும் என்றால் தாய் மொழியான தமிழ்மொழியில்தான் அது பெரிதும் வரவேண்டும். இவ்வொழுக்கம், ஆங்கிலம் முதலான பாஷைகளில் தேர்ச்சி பெற்றவர்களுக்கும் தாய்மொழியின் உதவியால்தான் கிடைக்கவேண்டும். மைக்கேல் வெஸ்ட் என்னும் ஆங்கிலப் பெரியார் இவ்வுண்மையை எடுத்துக் கூறியுள்ளார். தாய்

மொழியில் உள்ள வாக்கியங்கள் உணர்ச்சியை எழுப்பி மனத்தைக் கவர்வது போலப் பிறமொழி வாக்கியங்கள் பெரிதுங் கவர்வது இல்லை. இந்நன்மையைக் கருதியாவது நம் மாணவர் தமிழ்மொழியைக் கற்கவேண்டாமா? “எழுத் தறிவித்தவன் இறைவனாகும்”, “அறிவோர்க் கழகு கற்றுணந்தடங்கல்” என்றவைபோன்ற பல பொன்மொழிகளும்,

“கற்க கசடற கற்பவை; கற்றபின்  
நிற்க அதற்குத் தக.”

“ஒழுக்கம் விழுப்பம் தரலான் ஒழுக்கம்  
உயிரினும் ஒம்பப்படும்.”

என்னும் தமிழ் வேதப்பாக்களும், நம்மாணக்கருடைய ஒழுக்கத்தையே வளர்க்கும் விழுமிய சதானங்கள் ஆவன எனவே, தமிழ்மொழிக் கல்வி நல்லொழுக்கத்தைப் போதிக்கத் துணையாக விளங்குகிறது.

கடவுட் பக்தியை ஊட்ட வல்லது தமிழ்மொழி என்றால் மிகையாகாது. தேவார திருவாசகப் பாடல்களும், ஆழ்வாராதியரின் அருட் செய்யுட்களும், இராமலிங்கரின் திருப் பாக்களும் கடவுட் பக்தியை வளர்க்குமே அன்றி, பெரும்பாலும் இந்தியோ, வடமொழியோ, ஆங்கிலமோ அத்தகைய உணர்ச்சியை நம் மாணவரிடை எழுப்பமாட்டா. தமிழனுக்குத் தமிழ்ப் பாட்டுத் தானே மனத்தைக் கவரும்? ஆரியம் கவருமா? ஆங்கிலம் கவருமா?

“அன்னே உன்னையல்லால் இனி யாரை நினைக்கேனே!” என்னுந் சுந்தரனாற் செந்தமிழும்,

“இம்மையே உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்  
எங் கெழுந் தருணாவதினியே”

என்னும் மணிவாசகருடைய கனிமொழியும், படிக்கும் மர்ணவரது உள்ளத் தைக் கொள்ளைக்கொள்ளாமற் போகுமா? இவைகளைப் படிப்போர் எம்மதத் தினராயினும் என் அவர்களுக்கும் இவை பக்திசுவை ஊட்டும் அல்லவா?

மற்றொரு நன்மையும் உண்டு. ஒரு மொழியறிவு மற்றொரு மொழிக்கு உதவிசெய்கிறது. ஒரு மொழி கற்றவனுக்கு மற்றொரு மொழித் திறமை செவ்வென வரும். மாணவர் லேசாகக் கற்கக்கூடிய தமிழ்மொழியில் சிறந்த புலமைபெறின், பிறமொழிகளிலும் அவர்கள் வெகு விரைவில் புலமை எய்தலாம். ஆகையால் தமிழ்மொழிப் பயிற்சி பிறமொழிப் பயிற்சிக்குப் பெருந் துணையாகிறது.

இன்னொரு பெரும் பயனும் உண்டு. அது தமிழ் இலக்கியத்திலிருந்து நம் முன்னோருடைய மனப்பான்மையை அறிவதே. இலக்கியம் என்பது யாது? சிறந்த எண்ணங்களின் பதிவே இலக்கியம் என்னலாம். கற்போருக்கு இன்பம் பயக்குமாறு ஒழுங்குபடுத்தி எழுதவல்ல அறிவுடைய ஆண்

பெண் இருபாலரின் எழுத்து வடிவமான எண்ணங்களும், உணர்ச்சிகளும் இலக்கியமாய் விளங்குகின்றன. ஆகவே நம்மாணவர் தமிழ் இலக்கியத்தைப் படித்தால், நம் முன்னோரின் சிறந்த கருத்துக்களையும் உணர்ச்சிகளையும் அறியும் வன்மை பெறுவர். அச்சீரிய கருத்துக்கள் அவர்கள் வாழ்க்கையைச் செம்மைப் படுத்தும் கலங்கரை விளக்குகளாக இருக்கக்கூடும்.

கணியன் பூங்குன்றனார், “யாதும் ஊரே யாவரும் கேளிர்” என்றும், தலைவி ஒருத்தி தன்னைவிட்டுப் பிரிய நினைத்த தலைவனைப் பார்த்து, “உண்ணலும் உண்ணேன், வாழலும் வாழேன்” என்று அன்பு கணிய மொழிந்ததிலும் இருந்து நம் பண்டை முன்னோரின் மனப்பான்மையை அறிய இயலுகிறது.

சுருங்கச் சொன்னால், தமிழ்ப் பயிற்சி அறம், பெர்ருள், இன்பம், வீடு, பயக்கும். இத்தனை பயனை அளிக்கக்கூடிய தமிழ்மொழியை நம்மாணவர் ஆர்வமுடன் பயிலாதிருப்பது எவ்வளவு மதியீனம்! மேலும், தனது சுய பாடையை அலட்சியஞ் செய்யும் எந்தச் சாதியும் சீக்கிரத்தில் நிர்மூலமாய்ப் போய்விடும் என்றும், எத்தனை அந்நிய மொழிகளில் எவ்வளவு பாண்டித்தியம் பெற்றிருந்தும் தன் தாய்ப்பாடையை நன்றாகப் படிக்காதவன் கல்வியாளன் அல்லது பெரியவன் என்று சொல்லிக்கொள்ள அருகதையற்றவன். தாயைக் காப்பாற்றாத பிள்ளைக்கு யார் மதிப்பு கொடுப்பர்? அதுபோல் தாய்மொழியைப் போற்றாத சாதியாரை யார் பெருமைப்படுத்துவர்? முன்கூறிய ஜான் மார்டாக் என்னும் பெரியார், “தமிழர் தங்களுடைய சுய பாடையை எவ்வளவு காலம் அலட்சியஞ் செய்கிறார்களோ அவ்வளவு காலமும் அவர்களை உள்ளபடி நாகரீகம் அடைந்தவர்களாகச் சொல்வதற்கு இல்லை” என்று கூறியுள்ளதைச் சற்றே நாம் நினைவுகூர்ந்து அருளவேண்டும். ஆகையால் இப்பொழுதே அமிழ்தினும் இனிய தமிழ்மொழியை—எண்டிசையும் புகழ் மணக்கும் பெரு தமிழ் மொழியை—நமது கன்னித் தண்டமிழை—தயங்காது பயில முந்தவேண்டும்! சேமமுறவேண்டும் எனில் தெருவெல்லாம் தமிழ் முழக்கம் செழிக்கச் செய்யவேண்டும்!!!

N. SELVASIROMANI  
II U.C.

## திருவள்ளுவரின் உவமைகள்

தமிழ் நூல்களிலே, நீதியும் இலக்கிய நயமும் ஒருங்கே அமையப் பெற்ற திருக்குறளே சிறந்ததாகப் பேர்படுவதாகும். இஃது நவில் தொறும் நயம் பெருகும். சிந்தைக்கும், செவிக்கும் இன்பம் பயக்கும். இறுக்கமும் மயக்கமுமின்றி எளிய சொற்களாலேயே அரிய பெரிய கருத்துக்களை அளிக்கும் நூல். இவற்றினை விளக்க வள்ளுவர் பல உவமைகளைக் காட்டுன்றார். அவரது உவமை ஆளும் திறன் சாலச் சிறந்ததொன்று. அவரது உவமைகள் யாவும் ஆழமும், அழகும் உடையன. ஈங்கு, சில உவமைகளை ஆராய்வோம்.

தெய்வப் புலவர் தம் நூலினை,

“அகர முதல் எழுத்தெல்லாம் ஆதி  
பகவன் முதற்றே உலகு”

எனத் தொடங்குகிறார். உலகிலுள்ள எல்லாப் பொருள்களுக்கும் மேலான கடவுள் ஒருவர் இருக்கிறார் என்பது எக்காலத்தும் எந்நாட்டவராலும், எல்லா மதத்தனராலும், எல்லாப் புலவர்களாலும் ஒப்புக்கொள்ளப்படுவதாகும். இதனையே வள்ளுவர் முதலில் கூறியிருப்பதால் அவரது பாக்கள் எவ்வளவு வன்மை உடையது என்பது நன்கு விளங்கும். ஒரு சிறு மட்டுடமேயாகினும் அஃது தானாகவே உண்டாக முடியாது. மண் குடமாவதற்கு ஒரு ஆக்குவிப்போன் தேவை. அதுபோலவே இம்மாநிலத்தினை உண்டாக்க ஓர் உறுதிப் பொருள் ஒன்றிருத்தல்வேண்டும். அவனன்றி ஓரணுவும் அசையாது. கடவுளைக் காணாதவியலாது. அவன் அகத்திலும் புறத்திலும் எங்கும் நிறைந்துள்ளான். அக்கடவுளைக் காணும் ஒரு பொருள்கொண்டு விளக்கத் துணிந்தார் பொய்யில் புலவர் ‘அ’ என்பது தமிழ் மொழியின் முதல் எழுத்து. வாயைத் திறந்தக் கால் வரும் ஒரு ‘அ’ என்பதே. வாயைத் திறவாமல் எச்சொல்லேனும் சொல்ல முடியுமா? ஆகவே எச்சொல்லும் ‘அ’ என்பதுடன் பிறந்தனவேயாம். தமிழ்ச் சொற்கள் யாவற்றிற்கும் முதல் சொல்லும் மூலச் சொல்லும் ‘அ’ வேயாம். அதேபோன்று, இஞ்ஞாலத்திலிருக்கும் எல்லாப் பொருள்களுக்கும் முதற்பொருள் ‘கடவுள்’ என விளக்குகிறார் என்னே அவர் நயம்! என்னே அவர் திறன்!!

உலகிற் பிறந்த மக்களுக்கு அறம் பொருள் இன்பம் வீடு என்னும் நான்கும், உறுதிப் பொருள்களென உயர்ந்தோரால் கூறப்படுகின்றன. இவற்றுள் முதல் மூன்றினை விரிவாகக் கூறி விழுமிய பொருளாம் வீட்டினை அனுமானத்தால் அறியவிடுகிறார் வள்ளுவர். முதலில் அறம்பற்றிக் கூறுங்கால் இல்லறம் துறவறம் என வகுத்துக் கூறுகிறார். திருவள்ளுவர் கூறும் துறவு, மரவுரி

தரித்து சடை முடியொடு கானகத்தே கடுந்தவம் புரிவதன்று: துன்பத்தின் பிறப்பிடமான அகப்பற்றினையும், புறப்பற்றினையும் ஒழித்தலேயாம். அதாவது புறமாகிய செல்வத்தின் கண்ணும், அகமாகிய உடம்பின் கண்ணும் உள்ள பற்றை அறவே ஒழித்தல் என்பதாம். இத்தன்மை பெற்ற பெரியோரின் சிறப்பு அளவிடற்கரியது. இதனைக் கூறுங்கால் நாயனார்,

“துறந்தார் பெருமை துணைக் கூறின் வையத்து  
இறந்தாரை எண்ணிக் கொண்டற்று.”

என்கிறார். பிறப்பும் இறப்பும் மாறி மாறி நடந்துவருகிறது. பிறந்தோர் யாவரும் இறக்கின்றனர். உலகில் இதுகாறும் தோன்றி மறைந்தோரை கணக்கிடவும் முடியுமோ அதைவிடப் பெரியதாம் உலகப் பற்றற்ற உயர்ந்தோர் பெருமை. பலபடப் பாராட்டிக் கூறியுள்ளார்.

அடுத்து மக்களுக்கு வேண்டுவன இவை, வேண்டாதன இவை எனப் பகுத்துக் கூறலானார் புலவர். மனிதனது உயர்விற்குக் காரணம் அவனது அறிவு. அவ்வறிவினை அளிப்பதும், வளர்ப்பதும் கல்வி. இக்கல்வியை எவ்வாறு கற்றல்வேண்டும்? வள்ளுவரை கேட்கலாம், வாருங்கள்:

“தொட்டனைத் தூறு மணற்கேணி மாந்தர்க்குக்  
கற்றனைத் தூறு மறிவு.”

கேணி ஒன்று உளது. தினந்தோறும் மக்கள் அதனின்றி நீர் எடுத்துச் செல்கின்றனர். நீர் அளவு குறைகிறதா? அதன் அடியிலிருக்கும் மணலினை எடுக்க எடுக்க நீர் அதிகமாக ஊற்றெடுக்கிறது. ஆனால் இக்காட்சி நம் மனத்தே ஓரெண்ணத்தையும் எழுப்பவில்லை. தேவரோ இக்காட்சியினைக் காட்டி உயர்ந்ததொரு கருத்தினை விளக்குகின்றார். ஒருவன் கல்லிய ஊற்று நீர் யாவர்க்கும் பயன்படுதல் போன்று, நல்லானது கல்வியறிவு உலகிற்கெல்லாம் உவகையளிக்கும்; ஆற்று மணலில் நீர் நிறைந்திருப்பினும் தோண்டிய அளவிற்குச் சுரக்கும்; தோண்டல் இன்றேல், தோன்றல் இன்று; அதே போன்று மாந்தர் அகத்து அறிவு மருவி இருந்தாலும் கற்றளவு தெளிவாய் வரும், கல்லாத வழி அது காணாது மறைகிறது. இவ்வாறு தன்மையிலும், நன்மையிலும் ஒத்த ஓர் அரிய உவமையைக் கல்விக்கு அளிக்கும் வள்ளுவரது பெருமையைப் பேசவும் முடியுமோ!

ஊர் நடவேயுள்ள கேணியைக் கண்டார் இச்செந்நாப்புலவர். ஊரிலுள்ள மக்கள் எல்லோரும் அதனிடத்தினின்றி நீர் பெற்றுச் சென்றனர். கண்ட புலவர், தான்கொண்ட கருத்தினை,

“ஊருணி நீர் நிறைந்தற்றே; உலகவாம்  
பேரறி வாளன் திரு”

என அருளினார். அறத்தினை விளக்க வந்த புலவர் அதன்புடி என விளங்கும் ஈதலைக் குறிக்கிறார். செல்வத்தை அறவே வெறுக்கவில்லை நம் புலவர். அதனை

யாவரும் பயனுறச் செய்தலே அவசியம் என்கிறார். அறிவுடையோன் ஒருவன் கண் செல்வம் இருக்குமாயின் ஊருணி போன்று பயன் பெறுமாம். தாகத் தால் வருந்துவோர் அதன் நீரால் தாகம் நீங்கப் பெறுதல் போன்று வறுமையான் வாடுவோர் அவன்பால் சென்று தன் குறை நீங்கப் பெறுவர். இது மட்டுமன்று ஊருணியின் நீர் தன்மைபாக இருக்குமன்றே! அதுபோன்று வள்ளலின் மனமும் கணிந்துருகும் தன்மை வாய்ந்தது. கிணறு எவ்வாறு வரையாது வழங்குகிறதோ அவ்வாறே இல்லை என்னுது வழங்குவர். மேலும் மக்களுக்காகவே நீர் ஊருணியிலிருக்கிறது. துன்புற்றோரைத் துடைப்பதற்காகவே, செல்வம், அறிவுடையோர் பால் அமைந்துள்ளது.

இவ்வறிவுடையோர் வழங்குதலை, மேலும் இரு உவமைகளால் நன்கு விளக்குகிறார், அடுத்த இரு பாக்களால் வெறும் உணவு (உயிர்ப் பொருள்) அளித்தலோடு நில்லாது அவர்கள் இன்பம் பயக்கும் பொருள்களையும் அளிப்பாராம், முதிர்ந்த மரமொன்று செஞ்சுவைக் கணிகளை ஈவதே போன்று, விருந்திற்கடுத்தது மருந்தன்றே! இவ்வறிஞர்கள் நோய் நீக்கும் மருந்தினைப் போன்றும் விளக்குவாராம்.

“பயன் மரம் உன்ருர்ப் பழுத்தற்றால் செல்வம்  
நயனுடையான் கட்படின்”  
“மருந்தாகித் தப்பா மரத்தற்றால் செல்வம்  
பெருந்தகையான் கட்படின்”

இன்னும் நாயனார் எடுத்தாரும் உவமைகளைக் காணுங்கால் அவர் உலகில் உயிர்களின் சிறப்புத் தன்மைகள் யாவற்றையும் நன்கறிந்தவர் என்பது விளங்கும். ஆமை, முதலை, யானை, நரி, கவரிமான் யாவும் அவரது உவமைகளாய் விளங்கும் பேறு பெற்றவை.

காட்டிலே வாழும் கவரிமான் தன்னிடத்தேகொண்ட நீண்ட முடியில் ஒரு முடி அற்று விழுந்து விடுமேயானால் அதற்கு மனம் பொருமல் தன்னுயிரை மாய்த்துக்கொள்ளும் இத்தகைய மாணப்போன்று மாணமே பெரிது என்னும் மாண்புகொண்ட மக்கள் மாணம் அழிய நேரிடுமாயினும் உயிர் துறப்பாராம்.

“மயிர் நீப்பின் வாழா கவரிமான் அன்ருர்  
உயிர் நீப்பர் மாணம் வரின்”

தன்னிலையிலே ஒரு சிறு இழிவு நேரினும் அதனைப் பொருது உயிர்விடும் சான்றோரின் பெருமைதான் என்னே!

இதோ! மற்றுமொரு உவமை. உவமைகள் கூறுவதில் சிறப்பில்லை. அவை பொருளொடு ஒத்தல்வேண்டும், உலகத்தாரை உளமகிழ்ச்சி செய்யவேண்டும். இத்தகைய சிறப்புப்பெற்ற உவமை காண்போம். சான்றோர் அவையிலே பேதை ஒருவன் புகுகிறான். இதனைக் “கழாக்கால் பள்ளியுள் வைத்தற்

போன்றது" என்கிறார். அழகிய மஞ்சம்மீது, ஒருவன் தூய தல்லாத மிதித்து கழுவாத காலை வைப்பானாகின் அம்மஞ்சம் என்னாகும்!—நினைக்கவும் அரு வருப்பாக இருக்கிறதன்றோ! இதைப் போன்றதேயாம் பேதை சான்றோர் அவைபுகுதல். நாயனார் தம் சபையில் கல்லாதவன் எட்டிக் கால் வைத் தலையே வெறுக்கிறார். பொருத்தமான உவமையால் கல்லாதான் இழிவைக் கூறி கல்வியின் அவசியத்தைக் காட்டுகிறார்.

உயிர்ப் பொருள்களையும், நாட்டுப் பொருள்களையும் தவிர்த்து சர்தாரண பொருள்களையும் அவர் உவமைகளாகக் கொள்வதை நாம் காண்கிறோம். தலை மயிரானது தனக்குரிய உயர்ந்த இடத்தில் இருக்குமளவும் நறுநெய் பூசி, நன்மலர் சூடி, பூவும் புகையும். மேவிய விரையும் பொருந்தித் திகழும். ஆனால் அம்மயிரானது தன்னிலை தவறி கீழே விழுமாயின் வளப்பும், வளப்புமிழந்து, காலால் மிதியுண்டு, புழக்கடையில் தள்ளுதற்குரிய தன்மை எய்தும். இத் தன்மை பெற்றவரே மனிதரும் மக்கள் தம் சீரிய பண்பினின்றும், உயர் நிலையிலிருந்தும் தவறி தகாதன செய்யின் மதிப்பை இழப்பர். அவமதிக்கப் படுவர். சீரியநிலை சிறப்பைத் தரும்; இழிந்தநிலை இழிவைத் தரும். குன்று போல் புகழ் படைத்திருப்பினும் குன்றுமணி யளவு தவறு செய்யின் தலையி னிழிந்த மயிரினையே ஒப்பர்.

“தலையினிழிந்த மயிரனையர் மாந்தர்  
நிலையினிழிந்தக் கடை”

திருக்குறளை ஆராய்ந்தால் ஒவ்வொரு குறளும் ஒரு கடலாகத்தோன்றும். ஒவ்வொன்றும் ஒரு பூஞ்சோலையாக விளங்கும். குறளில் வீரனைக் காணலாம்; சிறந்த அன்பனைப் பெறலாம்; மதிமிக்க மன்னனைக் காணலாம்; கற்றோரைக் காணலாம். மற்றோரை பார்க்கலாம். சான்றோரைச் சந்திக்கலாம். நகைச் சுவை, சோகம் அற்புதம், ஆத்திரம், ஆறுதல் யாவற்றையும் கொண்டது குறள்.

இவற்றை எல்லாம் அறியாமலா, ஆன்றோர்,

“பாலெல்லாம் நல்லாவின் பாலாமோ பாரிலுள்ள  
தூலெல்லாம் வள்ளுவர் செய்தூலாமோ?”

என்று வியந்தனர். குறளின் சிறப்பியல்புகளை ஆராய்வதென்பது மிகப் பெரிய செயலே. வள்ளுவர் கொண்ட உவமைகள் கணக்கில். அவை யாவற் றினையும் ஈங்கு கூறுதல் இயலாதது. கல்வியில் பெரியன் கம்பன் தந்தூலை ஆரம்பிக்குமுன் தான் தொடங்கும் காரியம் ஒரு சிறு பூனை பெரிய பாற் கடலைக் குடிக்கக் கருதியதை ஒப்பாகும் எனக் கூறுகிறார். கவிச் சக்ரவர்த்தியே தன்னைச் சிறு பூனை என்றால் நாம் எம்மாத்திரம் இம் மாபெரும் கடலாம் திருக்குறளை நீந்திக் கரை சேர்தற்கு?

C. P. KALAVATHY  
Pre-University Class



# कवि

“कवित्व वर्णमय चित्र है, जो स्वर्गाय भावपूर्ण संगीत गाया करता है। अन्धकार का आलोक से अस्त का सत् से, जड का चेतन से और बाह्य जगत् का अन्तर्जगत से संबंध कौन कराती है? कविता ही न।” ऐसे कविता की श्रष्टि करनेवाला, कवि को छोड़कर और कोई हो सकता है क्या! भावनाओं से भरे अपने हृदय-कोष से अमूल्य रत्नों को निकालकर उनमें कल्पना का रंग चढाकर संसार के सामने रखनेवाला कौन है। वह है कवि, जिसकी पहुँच अतीत से भविष्य तक हो सकती है। कोई भी उसे चार दीवारों के अन्दर डालकर उसकी स्वतंत्रता को हडप नहीं सकता।

जग से उसका कुछ लिये चले,  
जग को अपना कुछ दिये चले  
दो बात कही, दो बात सुनी,  
कुछ हँसे और फिर कुछ रोये ॥”—

इस तरह गर्व के साथ कवि लोग ही कह सकते हैं। उन्हें तो अपना या पराया नहीं है। नही उन्हें निरादर से भय है और न आदर से उत्साह। कर्मभूमि पर जन्म लेकर उनका एक मात्र लक्ष्य यही रहता है कि अपने उदात्त विचारों को व्यक्त करके लोगों को आदर्श पुरुष बनावें। वे अन्य लोगों के निर्मित रास्ते पर चलना नहीं चाहते। अपने लिये एक अलग रास्ता बनाना ही उनका उद्देश्य है। इसका उदाहरण बच्चन की वाणी में :

“विश्व तो चलता रहा है  
थाम राह बनी-बनायी;  
किन्तु इनपर किस तरह मैं  
कवि-चरण अपने चढाऊँ ?”

कोई भी कवि का परिचय दे सकता है क्या? वह साधारण मनुष्य से ऊँचा है। उसका जीवन ही अलग है। शक्ति की खान है कवि। इस निस्सार जीवन में सार भरनेवाला है कवि। निश्चेष्ट मनुष्य में जान फूँकनेवाला है कवि। इस नश्वर दुनियाँ में अमरता की झोंकी दिखानेवाला है कवि। ‘पवित्रता की माप है मलिनता, सुख का आलोचक है दुख, पुण्य की कसौटी पाप’—इसके अंग प्रत्यंग का वर्णन करके मनुष्यों के सामने अपनी सुन्दर कल्पना द्वारा आदर्श की नींव डालकर स्वर्ग का निर्माण करनेवाला है कवि।

दुख रूपी सागर में डूबकर सुख रूपी अमृत लाकर जनता को पिलानेवाला कवि अपनी अमर कृतियों द्वारा रंक की कटी से नृप के प्रासादों तक अपना अधिकार जमाता है। सभी जगह-जल या स्थल, आसमान या पाताल-सभी काल तथा वस्तु उससे प्रभावित हुए बिना नहीं रह सकते। भय में या विस्मय में, दुख में या सुख में हमेशा वह गाया करता है। सबों के साथ वह बराबर अपनी संगीत रखता है। लेकिन रूदन ही उसका अनमोल धन है। इसकी वजह से वह अपने आँसुओं का हार फिरोता, दूसरों को भी उसी दुख सागर में डुबोता है।

कौन उसकी शक्ति को उससे चुरा सकता है ? अपने गर्जन से पृथ्वी के हृदय को कंपानेवाला सिंधु हो या घन-नील-मेघों के बीच से दौड़ पड़नेवाला वज्र ही क्यों न हो—उससे होड़ लगाकर आगे न चल सकते। इसे 'दिनकर' के मुँह से सुनिये :

सुनूँ क्या सिन्धु ! मैं गर्जन तुम्हारा ?  
स्वयं युगधर्म की हुँकार हूँ मैं ।  
कठिन निर्घोष हूँ भीषण अशानि का ;  
प्रलय-गाँधीव की टँकार हूँ मैं ।

कवि समाज का एक अंग होने के कारण उस पर भी सामयिक कृत्योंका प्रभाव जरूर पड़ता है। समाज को रोते देखकर वह भी रोता है। लोगों का हँसना ही उसका हँसता है। इसलिए नैतिक तथा आर्थिक दोनों ओर से समाज की दशा शिथिल होते देखकर उसके मन में प्रज्वलित अभि भमक उठती है कि वह क्रांति—युगधर्म की हुँकार-से देश की काया को एक दम पलटना चाहता है।

समाज के पूर्ण स्वरूप को हम उसमें देख सकते हैं। जो भूखे-नंगे लोक, जो दूसरों की दया दृष्टि पर जान रखते हैं उनके मन की धधकती हुई भाग का शोला है कवि। कवि अपने आप उनके रुदन से प्रभावित होता है। इसे ही 'दिनकर' निम्न लिखित शब्दों में लिखते हैं।

“ दबी सी आग हूँ भीषण क्षुधा की ;  
दलित का मौन हाहाकार हूँ मैं ।”

समाज को अपने कर्तव्यबोध दिलाकर उनमें स्मूर्ति पैदा करनेवाला कवि का अस्तित्व संसार में कैसा है। इसे देखें तो लोग आश्चर्य चकित रहेंगे। एक ही समय में छाया और उसका आधार बनकर कोई रह सकता है क्या ! एक ही समय में बिन्दु और महासागर का रूप कोई धारण कर सकता है क्या ! यह 'दिनकर' के 'परिचय' से स्पष्ट होता है।

“ सलिल-कण हूँ कि पारावार हूँ मैं ?  
स्वयं छाया, स्वयं आधार हूँ मैं ;  
बँधा हूँ, स्वप्न हूँ, छोटा बना हूँ ;  
नहीं तो व्योम का विस्तार हूँ मैं ।”

कवि को हम किन २ रूपों में देखते हैं—भक्त के रूप में, समाज सुधारक के रूप में और हिन्दु-मुस्लिम ऐक्य विधायक के रूप में आदि २। कबीर को हम इन तीनों रूपों में देख सकते हैं। रुढिगत संस्कारों की गुलामी वे पसन्द न करते थे। रुढिगत समाज की ओर उनके चुभते व्यंग-बाण लोगों के मन में इस तरह चोट करते हैं कि वे कभी उसकी ओर नजर उठाते ही नहीं। उनके हर एक दोहे में कोई न कोई उपदेश हमें मिलता है। उनके विचार में मनुष्य जीवन का उद्देश्य परोपकार करना है।

वृच्छ कबहुँ नहीं फल भखै, नदी न संचै नीर ।  
मरमास्थं के करने, साधुन धरा शरीर ॥

मनुष्य ने परोपकार करने के लिये ही शरीर धरा है।

जब संसार में मानवता का हास हो जाता है, जब मानव-समाज में शिथिलता छा जाती है तब कवि की वाणी में ओज आ जाती है कि अमृत बरसाने की जगह वह आग बरसाने लगती है। संसार की काया एक दम पलट कर मानवता का नया आदर्श उपस्थितकर एक अद्भुद् संसार का निर्माण करने में लगता है कवि। वाणी का ओज कविता में भी भर जाता है। इसका प्रमाण है “कोकिला”।

जीवन है सुख-दुख का खेल। इसे भली-भाँति जानता है कवि। भौतिक आधार पर ही नहीं, आध्यात्मिक विशेषताओं पर भी निर्मित मानव-जीवन का मूल्य वह जानता है। देखिए अस्थिर छोटे जीवन की गति :

“विकसते मुरझाने को फूल,  
उदय होता छिपने को चान्द,  
शून्य होने को भरते मेघ,

इसलिए मनुष्य को अपनी कर्तव्य निष्ठा पर सतर्क एवं दृढ रहना चाहिए।

प्रलय की ज्वाला की तरह अपनी युग-धर्म की हुंकार से पृथ्वी को हिलानेवाला कवि जब गिरता है तब मध्याह्न सूर्य के समान—आगे, पीछे, सर्वत्र आलोक और उज्ज्वलता फैलाते विलुप्त होता है। पर उसकी वाणी हमेशा के लिये गूँजती रहती है आकाश में।

T. K. RAJAM (III U.C.)

## आंग्लेयभाषा एव सर्वकलाशालासु शिक्षणभाषा भवितव्या ।

सर्वकलाशालासु प्रशिक्षणभाषां प्रति अनुभवबलेन चिन्तितव्यं। यदेव अस्माकं मनोरथं तदेव अस्मिन् विषये साध्यितव्यं इति चिन्तनं तु अनुचितमेव। साध्यसाधनानि एव अवलोकितव्यानि। “मनोरथानां अगतिः न विद्यते।” देशे सर्वत्र सांप्रतं आंग्लेयभाषा एव उपदेशभाषा भवति। यस्याः परिवर्तनेन आंग्लेयभाषाद्वारा लब्धानुकूलानि न निष्पद्यन्ते, तादृशी भाषा एव अत्र अभिलषणीया। इमां आधारवृत्तिं मनसि आरोप्य, तदनु अयं विषयः नानाकोणेभ्यः आलोचितव्यः। आंग्लेयभाषां विना अन्या का भाषा उपदेशभाषा भवितुं उचिता? स्वभाषा वा राष्ट्रभाषा इव कल्पिता हिन्दीभाषा? देशस्य ऐक्यभावं किं न अनेन परिवर्तनेन शिथिलीक्रियते? किमर्थं इदं परिवर्तनं कर्तव्यं? इत्येतेषु प्रश्नेषु अहं परिवर्तनस्य मूलकारणानि प्रथमं आचक्षे।

अत्र च आंग्लेयभाषा विदेशीयभाषा इति एक एव आक्षेपः। किंतु अयं तु अस्मिन् विषये अयुक्तः एव, इदं विषयं सुष्ठु ज्ञात्वा कतिपयकोटयः जना उपकुर्वन्ति। शतवर्षाणां प्रागेव, न खलु राज्यनिर्वहणे, अपि च पाठशाला कलाशालादि प्रदेशेषु आंग्लेयभाषा एव प्रयुक्ता आसीत्, अस्ति च। अतः तां शत्रुभाषा इति मननं अनुचितमेव।

आंग्लेयभाषां विना का भाषा उपदेशभाषा भवितुं उचिता इति पृष्टे, प्रादेशिकभाषाः वा हिन्दीभाषा आंग्लेय-सदृशं माध्यमिकभाषा भवितुं अर्था न भवतीति अयं आधारदोषः। प्रतिवादिनां वचने एक एव विषयः माननीयः

भवति । तद्धि स्वमातृभाषा एव पूर्वं पाठशालासु शिक्षणभाषा भवति, अतः पश्चात् इतरभाषायां पठनं तु विद्यार्थिनां कठिनमेव दृश्यते । तर्करीत्या अयं विषयः युक्तः एव । परंतु या भाषा प्रशिक्षणभाषा भवितुं युक्ता न भवति, तथा भाषाया सांकेतिकशास्त्रज्ञानं दुर्बोधं भवति । अस्याः भाषायाः परिवर्तनस्य फलं तु शिक्षायाः उन्नतस्थितिहानिः । पाठशालाशिक्षायाः लक्ष्यं तु जनेभ्यः किंचिदुपदिश्य, तान् जीवनोपायेभ्यः उद्यमनं एव । कलाशालाशिक्षायाः लक्ष्यं तु जनान् मनसा अपि च बुद्ध्या, तत्र तत्र देशान्तरेषु अपि उन्नतपदवी प्राप्तिः ।

अन्यासु भाषासु कलाशालाप्रवचनायै पाठ्यपुस्तकानि न सन्ति । शास्त्रग्रन्थानां परिभाषा एव कठिना । अपि च अध्यापकाः च तद्भाषायां प्रथमतः शिक्षणीयाः भविष्यन्ति । परिणतयौवनैः तैः कथमिदं साध्यं खलु ? कलाशालाशिक्षायां, पाठ्यपुस्तकानि परिमितप्रयोजनानि, परं तु उपपुस्तकानि एव मुख्यानि । आंग्लेयभाषां विना अन्यभाषासु पाठ्यपुस्तकानि एव न सन्ति । अस्यां विषमस्थितौ कथं उपपुस्तकानि लभ्यानि ?

यदि आंग्लेयभाषां विमुञ्चेत्, तर्हि हिन्दीभाषा वा मातृभाषा शिक्षणभाषा भवितव्या इति निर्णयः अपि विषमः एव । यद्यपि विद्यार्थिनः यद्भाषायां विशेषेण परिचिताः भवन्ति, तद्भाषायां शिक्षा दीयते, तर्हि, ते स्वशिक्षणं सुलभतरं ज्ञातुं शक्ताः भवन्ति । विविधभाषाश्रयिणां संस्थानानां स्थितिः शत्रूणां उन्मेषदायिनी । पूर्वं विविधसंस्थानस्थितौ एव विदेशीयाः आगच्छन्तः अस्मान् स्ववशान् अकुर्वन् । एवं विधः भाषालेहः मातृभूमेः ऐक्यनाशकः, स्वातन्त्र्यहानिकरः । तनुविभवा हिन्दी अशक्ता भवति । अपि च देशे तत्र तस्याः अपि जनः प्रतिरोद्धारः दृश्यन्ते । आंग्लेयभाषायां एव इमौ दोषौ न दृश्येते । अतः यस्मिन्नवसरे इतरभाषाः माध्यमभाषा भवितुं योग्याः भवन्ति; तस्मिन्नवसरे एव आंग्लेय-भाषां प्रशिक्षणार्थं निराकर्तुं शक्ताः वयं । यदि हि इदं कर्म कर्तव्यं चेत् तत् बहुवर्षानन्तरं हि ।

विषयान्तरं च न विस्मर्तव्यं । पञ्चवर्षपद्धति, यात्रासौकर्यादिभिः देशे सर्वत्र नानाविधाः भाषाः भाषमाणाः जनाः तत्र तत्र सम्मिलन्ति । भाषान्तरभाषिणां संसर्गात् सर्वत्र जनाः बहुभाषाभाषिणः भवन्ति । अस्मिन्नवसरे का भाषा बोधनभाषात्वेन स्वीकरणीया ? अस्य निर्णयः तु सावधानं हि कर्तव्यः । यदि मूढाः वयं सहसा आंग्लेयभाषा ल्यजेम चेत् उच्चशिक्षायाः लक्ष्यं, नेतृत्वं अपि च सांकेतिकशास्त्रं इत्यादि विषयेषु कृताः उद्यमाः विफलाः एव । रष्या, जापान्, चीना इत्यादि देशेषु स्वमातृभाषाद्वारा हि शिक्षा दीयते इति प्रतिवादिनः ब्रुवन्ति । अतः तु उपमानं न युक्तं । तत्र मातृभाषा एव सर्वदा केन्द्रभरणकूटभाषा अपि च प्रशिक्षणभाषा अभवत्, भवति, भविष्यति च ।

अस्मिन् परिवर्तिनि संसारे वयं अतीते शताब्दे, बहूनि परिवर्तनानि ऐक्षामहे । तेषु प्रधानपरिवर्तनं आंग्लेय-भाषायाः प्रयोगेण राज्यनिर्वहणे च पाठशालासु राज्यस्याभ्युदयः । अतः आंग्लेयभाषां त्यक्त्वा, देशभक्तिव्याजेन भाषान्तरसन्निवेशकरणं अयुक्तं । नहि, आत्महत्या परं इति मन्ये । अतः इतराः भाषाः एव बोधनभाषात्वेन स्वीकरणीयाः इति कथनं न बुद्धिपूर्वं । ते स्वयं न जानन्ति, इतराणां उपदेशमपि कर्णे न कुर्वन्ति । करतलं गंगाजलं त्यक्त्वा मृगतृष्णिकां अनुगमनमेव आंग्लेयभाषां विहाय भाषान्तरानुसरणं । उक्तं च भारविना—

“सहसा विदधीत न क्रियां

अविवेकः परमापदां पदं ।

वृणते हि विमृश्यकारिणं

गुणलुब्धाः स्वयमेव संपदः ॥”

ए. वि. सुशीला (II U.C.)

## MAMAN!

**M**AMAN ! Y aurait-il au monde un nom, un appel, plus doux à entendre et à prononcer, autre que celui de Maman. Appel, mot, que toute créature humaine prononce avec amour ! C'est l'appel du petit enfant dans son berceau ; c'est l'appel de l'homme dans ses vieux jours. C'est l'appel de l'heureux adolescent ; c'est l'appel du soldat, mourant loin de sa terre natale, dans un champ de bataille, dans un pays inconnu.

Maman ! Que ce mot possède un sens profond ! Il veut tout dire pour l'homme, dans les différents âges de sa vie. Quand l'enfant est encore tout petit et ressemble encore à un ange descendu du ciel, n'est-ce pas la maman qu'il voit, avant de fermer ses yeux, penchée sur lui ? Puis n'est-ce pas sa voix qu'il entend encore, avant de rêver des anges, et ne s'endort-il pas sous la caresse d'une berceuse pleine de tendresse ? Sentant qu'il est aimé et ayant conscience qu'une personne bien chère le protège, l'enfant s'endort paisiblement.

Après le coucher de l'enfant, la mère est le seul être sur la terre qui veille sur son sommeil et qui souvent passe des nuits " blanches ". Puis quand l'enfant se réveille, c'est la maman que l'enfant voit encore, souriante, première vision de la journée.

L'enfant grandit. C'est maintenant un grand garçon. Il sort, il s'amuse, il danse comme un pantin, il étudie, il dort. Mais au milieu de ses amusements, ne l'entend-on pas répéter du matin au soir le mot " Maman " ? " Maman, tu ne sais pas comme je t'aime " — " Maman, laisse moi t'embrasser " — " Maman, comme tu es belle au jourd'hui " . . . et c'est un refrain qui n'en finit plus.

Ce mot aurait-il un pouvoir magique sur l'enfant ? La seule raison pour laquelle l'enfant exprime ainsi en différentes paroles son amour pour sa maman, est que l'amour de sa maman pour lui est un amour total, immense. Elle l'aime plus que toute autre créature sur la terre.

La Maman, c'est l'ange de la maison, l'âme du foyer. Par elle tout l'entourage est heureux. Elle a le don de comprendre les différents caractères et de donner conseil à tout le monde.

Victor Hugo a dit en parlant de l'amour de la maman : " chacun en a sa part et tous l'ont en entier ". Cette pensée n'est-elle pas en effet tout à fait vraie ?

La Maman, ça n'a pas d'âge, c'est toujours jeune et toujours bon. A 80 ans la mère possède le même amour que quand elle était une jeune maman.

Une maman sait donner toute la tendresse qu'elle possède à ses enfants, et elle est aussi toujours prête à pardonner. Aussi notre devoir, en temps qu'enfant est donc de bien l'aimer, ce qui n'est pas difficile, et aussi de lui prouver que nous l'aimons, en lui rendant tendresse pour tendresse, dévouement pour dévouement, en un mot amour pour amour.

GISELE IGNASSE  
*Pre-University Class*

## UNE JOURNEE A PONDICHERY



UN angélus léger, tombé des tours de Notre Dame des Anges, appelle quelques ombres dévotes à la première messe, un chant descend du minaret, une cloche tinte à la pagode. Dans la gare toute proche, un sifflet strident arrête le petit train essoufflé et fait tressaillir les voyageurs engourdis.

Les palmiers ou commencent à croasser d'innombrables corbeaux, s'enlèvent comme un décor sur un ciel vif : Pondichéry s'éveille, il est cinq heures du matin.

Les rues s'animent des cris des colporteurs, de villageois chargés de paniers de volaille, de perdrix, de fleurs.

Les portes cochères des vastes maisons aux toits plats s'ouvrent une à une. Par l'entre-bâillement des larges vantaux apparaissent de ci, de là, quelques vastes plates-bandes qu'un serviteur arrose dans le matin clair.

Il va être huit heures. De chaque porte sort un pousse-pousse léger qu'un pousseur tire en courant. Presque tous passent sur la place Duplex. Chacun court à ses affaires, au bureau, au collège, à l'hôpital.

Mais passé midi, soleil et silence, sommeil ou lecture. Pondichéry devient silencieux jusqu'à cinq heures du soir.

La ville de Pondichéry est différente de l'Inde dont elle fait partie, mais dont elle se distingue par la marque française que trois siècles ou presque, lui ont laissée. Elle est petite : sa superficie se compte en hectares (53,000). La population est dense : 20,400 habitants.

La religion dominante est l'hindouisme ; les Missions catholiques, solidement installées depuis les premiers temps, comptent de nombreux fidèles ; mais quelle que soit la religion,

la masse de la population a gardé les coutumes indiennes. Le system des castes, moins apparent qu'autrefois subsiste. Les pagodes dressent leurs pyramides pointues au-dessus des rizières piquetées de palmiers rigides.

Le port de Pondichéry est une rade foraine avec une jetée brisée par la dernière tempête de l'année 1954.

Pondichéry, ville d'un caractere urbain, possède une industrie textile.

L'enseignement scolaire mène plusieurs étudiants au Baccalauréat. L'Institut français, établi á Pondichéry après son transfert—á l'union indienne, a pour but de propager la culture française dans l'Inde et de faire des recherches dans le domaine de l'Indologie. De l'Ecole de Droit sortent d'assez nombreux avocats et magistrats. Une Ecole de Médecine forme des médecins. Les Missions prêtent au Service de Santé leur dévoué concours, entretenant même entièrement des oeuvres comme orphelinat et léproserie de même qu'elles entretiennent des écoles reconnues par l'Université de Madras.

Un coup d'oeil suffit a percevoir la marque française déjà notée : alignement droit des rues bordées de plaisantes maisons á colonnades et terrasses, églises fraiches ou l'odeur du jasmin se mêle á celle de l'encens avec une atmosphère bien différente de l'Inde voisine.

V. YAMUNA  
*Pre-University Class*

## AN ART EXCURSION

ON November 23rd a group of happy Stella Marians set out on an art excursion to Tanjore and Trichinopoly. The first halt was at Tanjore where we received a warm welcome at the Sacred Heart Convent. Rooms were placed at our disposal, and we soon made ourselves perfectly at home, stowing away our luggage which seemed adequate to take us round the world !

We wasted no time however, and soon we were on our way to the temples and places of special interest to would-be artists and architects. We first went to the Bruhadeeswara temple, built by the skilful and brave Chola Kings who had once ruled over Tamilnad. It was begun in A.D. 1003 and was completed within six years. Entirely built of granite, it has the distinction of being the first granite temple in India. We entered the temple through the archway of the two gopurams and just in front of these we came upon the Nandhi Shrine. This is twelve feet high and is carved out of a rock. Behind this shrine are the two mantapams, right in front of the inner shrine of Shiva. The vimanam, or towery structure over the shrine, has fourteen stairs with small pillars, balconies, windows and beautiful images. All the images in this temple have charm and beauty. On one side of the shrine is the shikara tower and on the other side is Subramaniam's temple. Having inspected everything within range, we finally returned to the convent for some rest.

The same evening we were at Saraswathi Mahal, a fit centre of research in the spheres of Science, Art, Music and Medicine. Wisdom and learning are said to be found in this place called Tanjai, which means a store-house. There were a number of palm leaf manuscripts to inspect. Serfoji II is said to have collected most of them. There are other manuscripts, also collected by the Telugu Nayaks and the Tamil Cholas. The library is a perfect blend of different cultures,—Tamil, Telugu and Mahratta.

After our visit, whilst waiting for the bus in front of the palace, it was suggested by some particularly bright excursionist that we should give an entertainment at the Convent that evening. So right on the spot we commenced our rehearsal ! Our impromptu concert was a grand success, beginning with our College Song, and including oriental dances of various kinds. It ended with the intricate steps and rhythmic clapping of the baila. Appreciation was obvious on the faces of one and all present ; and our efforts were well rewarded by a huge tin of sweets !

On Monday the 25th we left for Pudukottai by bus to see the museum. It was a long drive, but it was shortened by the singing of favourite rounds.

The museum has its various sections ; and on the whole there is a very good collection of specimens of interest to students of many subjects, from Art to Zoology. We then resumed our drive but now it was towards Sittanavasal, ten miles from Pudukottai.



Sittanaval is a long mass of rock lying from North to South and it is divided into three main parts. We went up to the Arivarkovil. It is very beautiful. The rock-cut temple on the western slope of the central rock is supposed to have been excavated by Mahendravarman I, the Pallava King. The doorway is approached by a flight of steps and the statues in the walls include : a Jain accarya, cross-legged, in a meditative pose with an umbrella above his head ; Parsavanandhi in the same pose, with a five-headed serpent above his. The painting on the ceiling above the shrine resembles a piece of tapestry, with scenes of the Jain's heaven, showing among other pictures a pool full of lotuses, bulls, elephants, birds and fishes,—very simple yet perfect in shades of green, black, yellow, orange, blue and white. These scenes have both charm and beauty.

We then climbed down to the foot of the hill, and making ourselves comfortable under the shady trees, we rested for some time.

Our next destination was Northamalai. There are nine hills there, one of which is the Allurutti Malai, where animals were rolled over the edge of the steep cliff.

The next morning we bade a reluctant good-bye to the Convent and Tanjore, as we left for Trichinopoly. After a few hours' journey we arrived safely. We were then packed into the waiting bus which took us straight to Srirangam, about three miles south of the tower. It is the temple of Sriranganatha, the biggest and richest temple in the South. It is situated on an island bound by the river Kollidam on the south and by the river Cauvery on the north. The temple is encircled by massive ramparts with towers and four broad courtyards. In the largest of these courtyards is the 1000-pillared mantapam. The central shrine is surrounded by seven enclosing walls and fifteen gopurams.

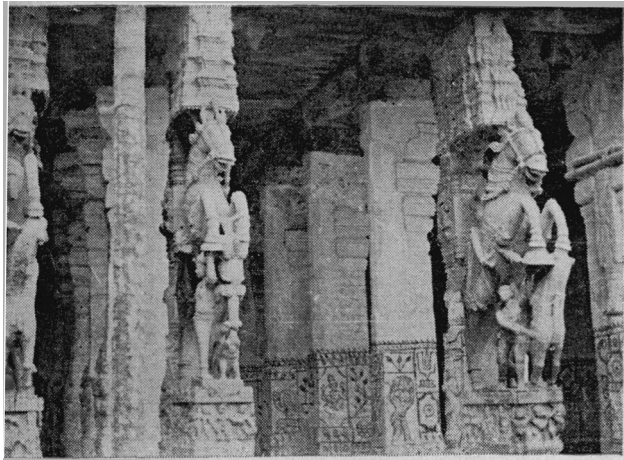
The Rock Fort had greeted us, even whilst we were still in the train miles away from Trichinopoly. This has mythological and historical traditions. The first and foremost thing that struck us was the Ganesha temple at the entrance. We passed a street which runs completely around the rock and crossing it, we went into a vimana mantapam and the palace of the temple elephant. We saw the entrance of a 100-pillared mantapam on the left, a flagstaff and other mantapams. Owing to a sudden drizzle we took shelter under one of these. From the top of the rock we had a panoramic view of the tower, the river Cauvery, the green fields and groves, and the gopurams of Sriranganatha and Jambukeswara temples.

As all pleasant things have to end, so did our brief visit to these interesting places of art and architecture. That night we boarded the train for Madras and, as on the outward journey, the compartment rang with our happy voices. But soon, one by one, heads began to nod and eyelids to close and we dropped gradually off to sleep. Silence fell over the group only to be broken by the " chug-chug " of the train.

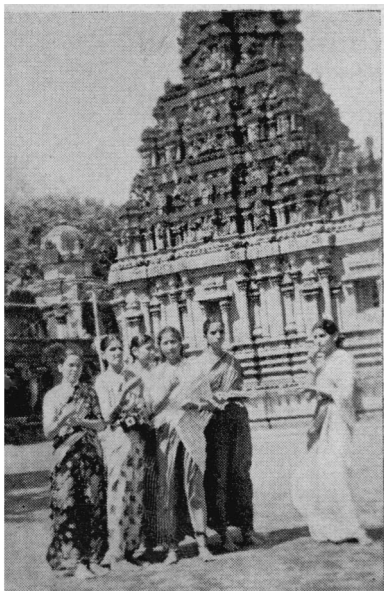
MISS S. SWAMIDOSS  
*Lecturer in Logic, S.M.C.*

## EXCURSIONS

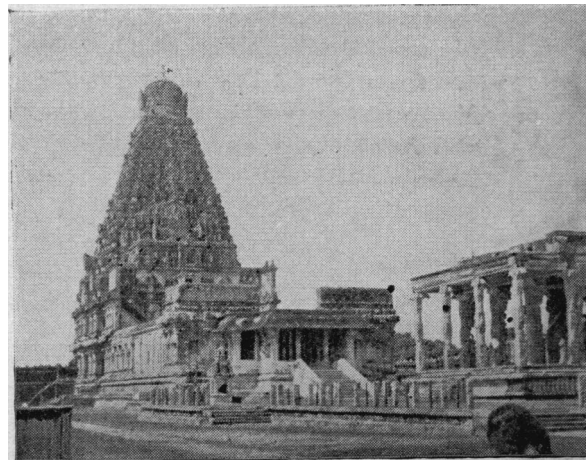
Off to explore the caves  
at Northamalai  
Trichy



Thousand Pillared Mantapam  
at Jambukeswaram  
Trichy

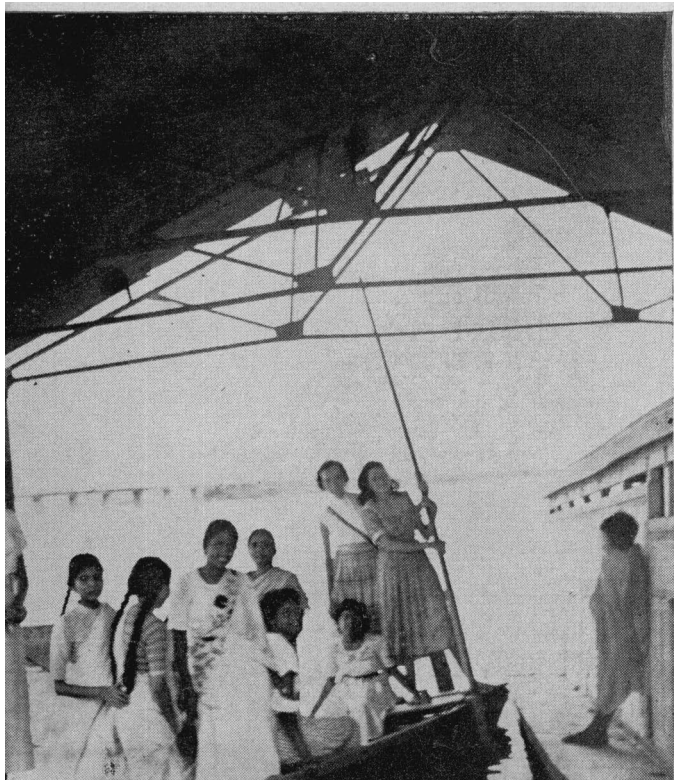


Another view of  
the same Temple



Bruhadeeswar Temple, Tanjore, with the Nandi Shrin

**AT ENNORE**



## TO ENNORE BY THE SEA-SHORE

**H**ONK ! Honk ! The loud remonstrances of an impatient bus sounded in our compound at about 7.30 a.m. on October 28th. Finally, the last of the hostellites put the finishing touches to her "self portrait" and the bus, loaded with enthusiastic Zoologists, drove out the hostel gate. We were a merry crowd, and judging from our appearance, one would scarcely suspect the seriousness of our mission. We were out to explore the fauna of Ennore's fair shores and to seize upon every specimen of zoological aspect to bring it back in triumph to our museum.

There were some evidences of this purpose. Stored safely beneath a bench was a serious-looking box containing square and solemn jars of formalin, a trowel, and a long, rusty forceps. A clumsy bamboo net was carefully treasured by our "lab" attender, who had weathered many and mighty a Zoological expedition.

Yet there were other things less Zoological in appearance in that bus. Casseroles and trays gave evidence of a picnic. There was a large container of drinking water, which a wise old scientist had advised us to take and for which we were very grateful later, even though it merrily splashed its contents all over us as we drove along. An accordion was soon to make its appearance from another square box not quite so serious-looking as the specimen box. All in all, it looked like a happy mixture of work and play for a day and that is what it proved to be.

Passers-by, catching the sound of our joyful voices and the gay notes of the accordion, smiled as we drove along. Soon the streets became less crowded. We had left the city and were to come in sight of Ennore before long.

Having reached our destination we proceeded to install ourselves "bag and baggage" in the bungalow hired for the day. We were quite a distance from the Ennore Fisheries and having learned that they would probably be closed in the afternoon we decided to make our first visit there. After about a half-hour's walk we reached the Fisheries Department. This is a fascinating place for a Zoologist. We explored every corner and were amply rewarded for our long walk by the interesting display of museum specimens. We had only had an introduction to the study of invertebrates but after just one term's work we were able to recognize some of our friends—the Coelenterates, especially the Siphonophores like Physalia and Porpita and the Scyphozoans or "jelly fish". We greatly appreciated the beauty of the exhibits of

dried Crustaceans and of Molluscan shells, of which there is an abundance at Ennore. The fishes were, of course, very well represented also. We spent a profitable hour going through the various displays. Having finished our study of the museum specimens, we decided to try our own luck at "fishing" for shells or whatever could be found along the beach. This was fun, too! Gastropod shells there were in plenty, Telescopium, the telescope shell, Turritella, Oliva, and Cerithidea housing many a disgruntled hermit crab who did not at all share our Zoologist's enthusiasm. There was the pretty little Umbo shell, variously coloured, which also proved to be the home of many small "hermits". We found bivalves, too; and Arca, the Noah's Ark shell, was surely the most popular. There were many scattered bits of coral, especially Gorgonians or the "Sea-Fans". We were so engrossed with our discoveries that time did not seem to matter until someone woefully reminded us that it was time for refreshments—even past time! So we retraced our steps and returned to the cottage where many willing hands prepared a tasty lunch.

In the afternoon it was decided to try some real fishing in the backwaters near the bungalow. This was the big moment for our attender and he solemnly produced his trusty net. A boat was hired and attender and net installed in the rear, while the treasured net was carefully lowered into the water. All along the shores the boat was rowed and we impatiently awaited the marvellous specimens which would be brought forth from that net . . . At last—our desires were to be realised—the boat came to the shore and the net was drawn from the water. With bated breath we peered cautiously into its depth. Alas—faces dropped—"What was in the net?" Nothing! But not to be daunted, the attender eagerly waved a small jar which had been tied to the bottom of the net. "Look here", says he, "this is just what we want—this is microscopic work!"

With spirits somewhat dampened by our "microscopic catch" we proceeded toward the bungalow to drown our sorrows in a cup of tea, for it was by now tea-time. After much boiling, brewing and tasting the tea was proudly brought forth in steaming kettles. It was certainly the best tea we "never" had for it turned out to be coffee! So much the better.

Time was flying and we knew it would soon be farewell to Ennore, but not without one more visit to the "laughing waters". Hurriedly specimens, casseroles and Zoologists were packed into the bus and directed towards the ocean. Fifteen minutes—twenty—and still we wanted to stay but the sun, sinking towards the horizon, told us we had to go at last. We sang as we drove homewards—not the quick, snappy tunes of the morning but, to fit our mood, "Home Sweet Home" and "The End of a Perfect Day". And it had been a perfect day. Then as we drove through the hostel gate, someone began our Stella Maris Song, "Stella Maris . . . sweet be the memories we cherish of thee". Yes, memories of days like this one, and so many others . . . and more to come, for we are only Junior Zoologists!

A ZOOLOGIST

## A ZOOLOGIST'S OFFERING

Every frog I cut is Thine—  
Wondrous workmanship divine,  
Every nerve and bone and brain,  
Each mysterious cell and vein ;  
All this glorious design,  
Lord of all, the work is Thine.

Every fish that swims the sea,  
Droning of the honey bee,  
Every lovely Pila shell  
Each intriguing " swimming bell "—  
All the specimens I see  
Make me think, O Lord, of Thee.

Flight and song of every bird,  
(E'en the crows', though it's absurd)  
Singing fishes of Ceylon,  
Graceful long-necked white-downed swan,  
All earth's insects, countless " herd "—  
Each created by Thy Word.

All the hermit crabs that dwell  
In a hermitage of shell,  
Every gracious glowworm's glow  
All the creatures that I know—  
Each one, Lord, Thy praises tell,  
Is not that both right and well ?

Take then, Lord, this offering  
A Zoologist's proferring  
Of Thy creatures great and small,  
Bless them Lord, and love them all ;  
For they try their best to sing  
Thy great praises, Lord and King.

A.Z.

## GLIMPSES

### OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

**D**ID you know that you were living in the midst of vast kingdoms—kingdoms in which you have a share? Most people are familiar with animals like dogs, cats, horses and so on, and they associate the word “animal” with creatures such as these. But, my friend, that is not half of it, not even one-sixteenth of it! There are animals all around us which we cannot even see—animals so minute that they must be magnified hundreds of times before they appear as a tiny speck. The animal kingdom is immense—tremendous—and the budding zoologist soon learns this, often to his dismay. But in spite of the immensity of the task, a student of zoology soon finds the silver lining to his cloud, because the animal kingdom is as interesting as it is great. Shall I introduce you to a few interesting members of this kingdom just to prove my point?

Let's begin with Amoeba. Amoeba's second name is Proteus, and that you might recognize as the name of a sea-god in Greek mythology who could change his form. Amoeba is a tiny speck of protoplasm, and it constantly changes its form by pushing out here and there small “feet” called pseudopodia. These feet are mere bulges of the body into which the protoplasm of the body flows, but they serve their purpose and Amoeba moves slowly along on its “false feet”. Much research has been done on this unicellular form and an amazing fact about Amoeba has been discovered recently,—that is, that Amoeba can learn by experience. If a strong light is focussed on an Amoeba, the first reaction to this stimulus is to put out several pseudopodia and after a pause of about ten minutes, all the pseudopodia except one are withdrawn. Then the amoeba moves away from the light by means of the single pseudopodium that remains. But if this same Amoeba is again subjected to strong light within a short time after its first experience, then it does not waste time putting out several pseudopodia but puts out only one at once and moves away from the light without further delay. Now that is not bad for a speck of protoplasm!

If we proceed further along this Animal Kingdom we come upon the Coelenterates. Some of these animals you will recognize as “jelly-fish”. But there are many which, though they appear like jelly-fish, are anything but that. One, for example, called Physalia and nicknamed the “Portuguese Man-of-War”, is the terror of many sea animals. Physalia has a beautiful, transparent blue “float” something like a bell which bears long, dangling tentacles. But beware, do not be deceived by its beauty! For within these tentacles are batteries of stinging cells which are capable of inflicting severe pain and killing animals. Strange freak of nature, however, Physalia has a friend—a fish called Nomeus which it never stings. Nomeus acts as a bait to bigger fishes which chase it; and what does Nomeus do? It swims right back to Physalia whose long tentacles and stinging cells soon put the big fish out of action—while Nomeus and Physalia have a love feast.

Now let us move up a few steps and meet the Palolo worm. These are worms which seem to be able to tell time. They are found at the bottom of the sea near Samoa and the Fiji islands. By some strange phenomenon these worms simultaneously snap off the posterior ends of their bodies containing the "seeds" for new worms. And this occurs always at the dawn of the last quarter of the October-November moon. These posterior parts of the worms rising to the surface and the "seeds" which are shed give the sea a milky appearance. But, unfortunately for the Palolo worm, the natives have learned of their punctuality and always eagerly await this day—because they consider the worms a delicacy.

Then there are the Crustaceans—like fiddler crabs, robber crabs, hermit crabs and just plain crabs!

Shall we meet the fiddler first? His name is *Gelasimus* and you might find him a bit clumsy in appearance—or rather only Mr. *Gelasimus* is somewhat ungainly—because he has one greatly enlarged Chelate leg. This leg is of normal size in a female. The male, far from being ashamed of its clumsy leg, brandishes it proudly. It gives the appearance of a fiddler playing a violin and hence the nickname. It is also called the calling crab or the dhobie crab because it has the aspect of a dhobie beating clothes or of someone calling another. Yet, actually, Mr. *Gelasimus* is doing none of these, he is proudly waving his big arm to attract a mate who soon becomes fascinated by his prowess.

Now for the hermits! The hermit crabs are delightful little fellows who very early in life take to a contemplative mode of living and hide themselves away in an empty Gastropod (snail) shell. The abdomen, in adaptation to this mode of life, becomes soft and the appendages of the abdomen become reduced to a few claw-like structures which curve around the central rod of the shell. One of the hermit crab's claws or chelate legs usually becomes much enlarged and serves as a sort of lid to close up the mouth of the shell when the hermit completely withdraws into his hermitage. Now there is only one disadvantage to this dwelling place, and perhaps you have guessed it. As the hermit grows, his dwelling does not grow and alas—brother hermit soon finds himself in "tight quarters". What does he do about it? Nothing daunted, he goes in search of another shell which is bigger. He examines a number of shells, carefully feeling them with his front appendages until he finds one that suits. Then in a flash the grasp of the abdominal claws on to the old shell is released and the new shell is occupied in less time than it takes to tell.

The robber crabs are more adventurous descendants of hermits who have completely abandoned their hermitages and taken to climbing coconut trees. It is said that they ingeniously break the kernel and feed on the coconut, and then, as if in remembrance of their contemplative past, they use the husk of the coconut as a sort of nest in which they rest in peace because they never heard of the seventh commandment.

Have you had enough of this Animal Kingdom? But wait, just let me tell you about the insects. So much has been written about them and there is so much yet to be written that it seems almost an insult to this illustrious group to give them a mere paragraph or two. Social insects like ants, termites and bees are familiar to most of us but to a young zoologist the story of their kings and queens, soldiers and workers unwinds itself like some fascinating fairy tale. Then there are aquatic insects like *Belostoma*, the giant water bug, water striders like *Gerris*,



whose long legs glide gracefully across a pond's surface like some skilled figure-skater ! Notonecta will show you his skill by swimming on his back and Corixa, the " water boatman "; will speed through the water with the rapidity of a motor boat. And once more on land we will pause for a moment to contemplate the beauty of the pensive, praying mantis. *Mantis religiosa*, the zoologists call her, and such she appears to be with her fore appendages raised in unceasing supplication. But, woe to the unsuspecting insect who ventures near to beg her intercession ! With one swift movement of her " praying " limbs, the spectator finds itself within her greedy grasp and the mantis has found the answer to her prayer. Her meal being finished, she once more assumes her attitude of prayer. This wicked tigress of the insect world will even consume her own mate with no qualms of conscience whatsoever. Now, to close this paragraph on insects with a more chivalrous insect, there is the beautiful bit of green life, the Mayfly, which is placed under the Order Ephemeroptera because its adult life is so short-lived. The young ones, called naiads, live in water and may live for as long as a year before becoming adults. Yet, strange as it seems, this long period of youth is but the prelude to a single day of adult life. The winged adults live but a day and towards the end of their day of life they congregate near water, perform their " swan dance ", shed their eggs and die.

Let us leave the insects here and meet a naughty Mollusc called *Natica*. Zoology students never forget this snail because it has a boring appendage. Most appendages are boring when you have to learn their names but this one is a real borer. *Natica* uses it to bore its way into the back of a bivalve shell. And while the unfortunate clam is keeping both valves of its shell closed as tight as possible, the enemy is making a neat little round window at the back through which it scoops out the soft body of the unsuspecting clam and leaves an empty shell !

Now you have met some of the animals with which you may not have been familiar. There are many more and some students of zoology might even say there are too many more. Yet Zoology has its compensations. There are names as long as they are unpronounceable—and even un-learnable, but there are many fiddler crabs and Naughty *Naticas* to cheer you on the way.

K. SHANTHA  
III B.Sc.

**“MY GOD  
AND MY ALL”**



Your science, Francis, share with me—  
Our times are scientific,  
And all would pass for scientists  
Though things are just terrific.  
Your science was a gentle one—  
Of peace to every creature,  
And so I beg you, Francis dear,  
To be my science teacher :  
Of holiness and sanctity,  
Your lab shall be my soul ;  
And what is supernatural  
There teach me to control.

You specialised in vacuum tubes  
Back in the Middle Ages,  
Called dark and unenlightened by  
Some scientific sages.  
And yet, our radios never catch  
The wondrous things you heard  
And what they cannot hear themselves  
They think must be absurd.  
Their X-rays cannot penetrate  
The marvels you perceived ;  
Nor can their television show  
The visions you received.

Because your heart was emptied of  
All trace of things material  
You were enabled to perceive  
Realities ethereal.  
Attached to Him who is the Source  
Of power and radiation,  
His Spirit was your Light and Strength,  
Your Joy and Animation.  
Install in me this vacuum tube  
To share in your delight,  
While they, to boast of useless toys,  
Still live mid wars and fright.

## BEAUTY

### AND THE BOTANIST

**I**T is, Oh ! so unfortunate and, Oh ! so regrettable that one's powers of enjoying nature in all her varied expressions is utterly destroyed by the study of Botany.

Consider the rapture the layman experiences on entering a field of wild flowers growing in careless profusion . . . But to the Botany student what does it signify ? The more flowers a field possesses the worse his botanical headache becomes, for the poor Botanist rushes ahead in a desperate effort to collect the maximum amount of specimens possible ! And do his labours cease at this stage ? Oh no ! For then commences the most tedious labour of all—that of classifying the specimens collected.

The layman, on seeing a tree, is perhaps struck by the majesty and quiet dignity of it. Its massive trunk, wide-spreading boughs and leaves rustling in the capricious winds fill him with awe and wonder. The Naturalist sees not this beauty nor experiences these feelings for he immediately visualizes the interior of the tree ! Visions of its cross-sections, and longitudinal sections cloud his mind and overwhelm him. Is it a dicot or a monocot ? To what natural order does it belong ? Are the flowers tetramerous or pentamerous ? Countless questions arise, which perplex and torment him to such a degree that his only impulse is to get away from it !

The prospect of climbing a hill,—mountaineering on a very small scale, gives many people a tremendous thrill. They ascend the hill full of hopes and aspirations, laugh as they tumble over the rocks, jump carelessly over the briars and reach the summit to enjoy the glorious panoramic view that stretches before them. The canopy of greenery on the hills improves the beauty of the surroundings and their trip is an unforgettable experience.

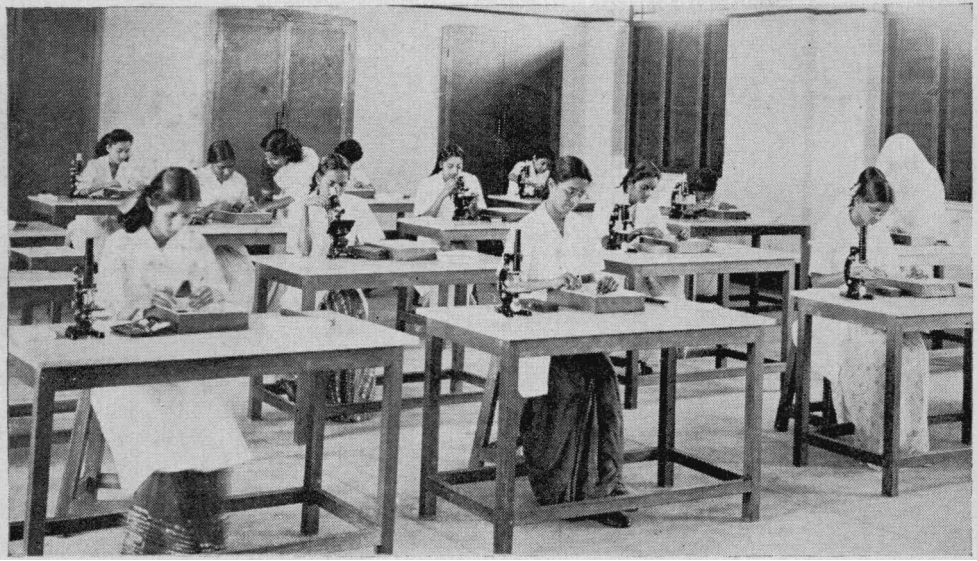
But the prospect of climbing a hill to a Botany student is a great torture. The greater the elevation, the greater his troubles. Unlike the layman he cannot afford to extricate himself from any bramble bush. On the contrary he has to labour patiently and diligently to cut a slip of the offending plant and then proceed to discover what exactly is the morphological nature of the thorn at whose hands he has suffered so much.

Thus plodding slowly and wearily he at last reaches the summit. Can he now afford to admire the scenery that confronts him ? Once again it is his "privilege" to find out the nature of the surrounding vegetation. Having found that out, he is impelled to know what causes or factors govern the predominance of such vegetation in that particular area. He comes down the hill with a knapsack laden with specimens—no souvenirs of a wonderful day—but the objects of extensive and intensive study.

The pleasure derived from a boating trip on a lagoon or backwaters is one that is unfortunately denied the Botanist who is never to share the joys of floating lazily and aimlessly on slow and unperturbed waters. What does the harassed Botanist do when out on the high seas ? He is half out of the boat in his anxiety to get at any unsuspecting alga or water plant that chances to float by, and his soul remains oblivious of the peace and beauty around.

This is for all young hopefuls who wish to make Botany their life career—don't say I didn't warn you !

K. A. GYANAMANI  
*Pre-University Class*



At work in the Laboratory



The first set of B.Sc. Students

## THE FIRST B. MUS. STUDENTS



N. Kalpagam

S. Indira



V. Syamala



## MUSIC

### THE GIFT OF GOD

**M**USIC is one of the most beautiful of God's gifts to His children. From the earliest times it has been used to praise and honour the Creator, and even the most savage tribes, with the most primitive ideas of music, have their devotional songs and hymns. The longing for God is found in every human heart, and it is but natural that this longing should find expression in religious music in every country and amongst every people.

The beginnings of Indian music are lost in the beautiful and fanciful legends of Hindu mythology where different aspects of life and learning are associated with music and religion. Stringed, wind or percussion instruments appear in those interesting legends that surround Indian music giving it a certain charm which shields and protects it.

The religious character of Indian music can be understood from the Vedas, especially the Sama Veda. At first, they were sung on one note, but gradually a full scale of seven notes was developed, thus leading to our present system of music. The raga or mode in which the Vedas were sung, which somewhat resembles the Karaharapriya raga of South Indian music, is still considered to be auspicious and sacred. Because of its religious origin, Indian music is used mainly for the honour and glory of God. This is why there is such a profusion of sacred songs in our music.

This belief in the sanctity of music has been held by Indians throughout the ages. All Indian music has a sacred theme. It is impossible to speak of sacred and secular Indian music, as there is hardly one composition which is strictly secular. This reveals the Indian's sense of closeness to God, Whom we honour with love and affection in all our festivals. For us music is considered a means to salvation. Our religious songs are love songs, expressing the love of man for His Creator. Indian music is always subjective; through it composer and artist alike pour forth emotions which cannot be expressed in words. Just as a beautiful picture portrays feeling and emotion, so also does music, and still more eloquently. The very mood of a composer passes into his compositions.

The sacred character of music is certainly not confined to India alone. The countries of the West also have their hymns, oratorios and religious cantatas which add dignity and beauty to the services of the Church. But of no other country can it be said that all its music bears the stamp of religion, as in India, where even the so-called secular compositions contain a sacred element.

V. PREMALATHA  
*III B.Music*

## IN MEMORIAM



(Mrs. Grace Caldwell, R.I.P.)

You have left to us your memory in music,  
In the many hours of happiness you gave  
Whilst you wove remembrances in melodies,—  
Remembrances stronger than the grave.

When your loving fingers played along those key-boards  
With the touch of mighty Masters from the past,  
Peace and rest returned to souls oft tired and weary,  
And we wished the spell you wove might somehow last.

In your every thought and heart-beat there was music,  
Whispered music like the cooing of the dove  
Or tremendous like the voice of many waters ;  
In your life, a wondrous courage, kindly love.

You are with us in that memory of music,  
Though your soul has sought the dwellings there afar,  
For you heard the Great Musician's urgent calling  
And you hastened from our midst, past yonder star.

S.M.M.A.

## THOUGHTS ON ART

ART . . . the very word leads one to ask, "What is Art? What is that essential quality, that special manifestation in every work of art that makes it unique in its appeal?" This has been the unanswered riddle of every writer on Aesthetics throughout the ages. It has remained unanswered simply because beauty, so common in nature and creative art, is yet so abstract—so indefinable. It is not particular in its appeal. There is beauty in everything in nature, from the tiny irregular grains of sand to the wide expanse of the sea, from the fragrance of the flower to the immensity of the heavens or the face of one's friend. Every moment some form grows perfect. There is beauty in every aspect of creative art whether it be a skilled attempt in painting, music, literature or any other human accomplishment; but that property possessed by each to affect one with a unique impression of pleasure is still as elusive as the topic I have so ambitiously chosen to deal with. Fortunately, in observing beauty one does not have to assume the position of an intermediary aesthetic critic. It seems to me that this is one of the many blessings bestowed on man, for, what pleasure can there be in analysing an impulse so closely linked with the Divine? What reason is there to vivisect the impulses to which art stirs us or to trouble oneself with metaphysical questions about it? It is true that a consciousness of beauty is a characteristic distinctive of the human species but is it not sufficient only to throb, to startle into eager observation, to awaken to the knowledge of some uplifted horizon where is unthought-of beauty? As Pater puts it, "To burn always with this hard gemlike flame, to maintain its ecstasy, is success in life". Not to do this, is "to sleep before the evening" and to be ranked with Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy".

The thought that springs into prominence when I am confronted with the work of a skilled artist, here I refer only to human beings, is: Is it the result of unconscious effort or is it deliberate? For my part, I believe it is the effect of both. There is certainly that involuntary depth of feeling, that unconscious, powerful current of sensibility proportional to the creative capacity of the artist in every form of art, and in painting and literature in particular; yet one sometimes comes across art creations that are deliberate, that have been prompted by some external motive force, the artist himself being only the instrument to make the motive known. Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" and "The Cloud", the verbal magic of Keats in "The Eve of Saint Agnes" or yet again the smile of Mona Lisa are the unconscious works



of artists who have drawn from natural things the mystical significance of life itself. As for deliberate artistry, we have it all around in the artistry of the Master Artist in nature and if the example of a human form is required, one might mention the wonders of architecture or the "Ajantha life" in sculpture.

To speak, in short, of some of the more accessible types of human art, we have music and literature, both of which reach us early in life. There is rhythm and harmony in the percussion band of the kindergarten as there is in the deeper, mature symphonies of Beethoven. There is singular beauty in the engaging personality of Naliniki's Rama as there is imaginative significance in Lewis Carol's "Alice in Wonderland".

So far, throughout the course of my ideas, I have managed to steer clear of any reference to modern art as depicted in painting, my only justification being my complete ignorance of the subject. To me an effort in modern painting appears only as an elaborate geometrical design which has to be turned round and peered at from all directions before the meaning which it is meant to convey strikes the mind of the observer—if it does at all!

In India, more especially, art is well defined. There is that which is peculiarly Indian, such as the Brihadeeswara temple at Tanjore or the great Indian Epics—the "Ramayana" and "Mahabharatha"; or Kalidasa's "Sakuntala"; or again the statues, carvings and paintings from scenes of Buddhist life found all over the country and particularly at Nalanda and Ajantha. Then there is that of a later date, a delicate fusion of Western and Eastern expression which came as a result of foreign domination and influence in Indian culture. But whatever be the type of art, that special quality, that spark of imagination, still lurks and rises to lift one out of one's self to the silent ecstasy of spiritual recognition.

As Radhakrishnan said of literature, "It is not a criticism of life, but a transforming of it."

MARIAN WISE  
*B.Sc.*

## LIGHT RESTORED!

### *A True Story*

THE atmosphere was hot and heavy and I was restless. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and one could not possibly go out for a walk in the burning sun. Finding nothing better to do, I hunted for old magazines but turned the pages without interest. Suddenly a tiny publication caught my eye. My heart thumped and my hands shook as I read, "We give our heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of Fatima for miraculously restoring our daughter's eyesight. Sd. Therese and Simon Singarayar."

My eyes filled with tears as the painful memory returned. Was it so long ago that I had already forgotten? No, the memory was still vivid, in fact, I seemed to feel the pain. The little publication concerned me, and as I read it, I relived the past.

I was thirteen at the time this incident occurred. My eyes had been itching badly for a day or two and in frenzy, I had rubbed them continuously. Naturally at the end of such an operation they became bloodshot. To my dismay I found that they remained so, giving me great trouble. My mother noticed this and thinking I had sore eyes, she washed them with "optrex". It was of no avail, for instead of getting better, the white of my eyes took a crimson tinge. My father, who had just returned from abroad, was startled at my condition and immediately took me to the hospital. The surgeon-in-charge said that I had to remain in the hospital. My case puzzled all the optical authorities and I was under observation till the very end. The doctor could not prescribe any particular remedy because the cause of the trouble was not known. They tried every possible means to diagnose the disease but it was futile.

While the doctors were perplexed about me, my condition became worse. My eyesight was decreasing rapidly until in the end I became totally blind. During those months I knew what pain was. Whether I kept my eyes open or closed, it was all one to me. I felt a pain similar to the pricks of a thousand needles and tears were constantly flowing. The tears were not due to weeping but to the inflammation of the eyes. Of course, being a very special case, I was placed in a room for close observation. A special nurse and attendant were posted in my room to look after me.

Nearly everyone in the hospital seemed to know me and had I not been in such a painful condition, I would have been thrilled by my popularity. I was completely losing hope of recovery. I now lived in a world of sound. I imagined the expression on people's faces by the sound of their voices. The doctors' always bore a note of inquiry and sometimes of worry. The nurse's voice was always cheerful and sometimes gave me strength. My parents, I knew, were the most affected. I read sorrow in their tone though they always pretended to sound hopeful and cheerful. I read despair in the tones of my brothers and sisters and used to weep bitterly after they left. Except for these outbursts I was resigned. I was convinced beyond doubt that I was to remain blind for life. Sometimes the pain was so intense that I would think the end was near.

One day, to my horror, I discovered that the handkerchief which I used to wipe my eyes bore an offensive odour. I tried to find every possible explanation and excuse for the smell, but fear was gnawing at my heart. I could not deny the truth, I knew my eyes had become septic, that the fluid that flowed from my eyes was not tears but pus. I wanted to scream but strangely enough no sound came from my lips. My heart was so filled with despair that it felt like bursting. At that moment I thought God had forsaken me, that all my prayers had gone unheard, that the Blessed Virgin had ignored my pleas. I feared for my parents for I knew exactly what their reaction would be to this revelation. I controlled my emotions and prayed, "O God, if I am to lose my eyes, kindly take my life too. I don't want to live and be a burden to my dear parents." Already I was in such a state that I could not do anything for myself. The nurse and the attendant took turns to feed and dress me and attend to my needs. Supposing I were discharged from the hospital my parents would be the ones to suffer because of me. These thoughts haunted me and I fervently repeated my prayer.

That day the doctors too sounded very worried and despairing. I did not receive the usual injections which were always painful. I understood that my eyes were beyond being cured.

That evening when Dad and Mum came, they called Dad aside. Since I had lost my eyesight my other senses were sharpened and I distinctly heard the doctor, "You have to be very brave, Mr. Singarayar. We are sorry to tell you that there is only one way left open to us and that is to remove her eyes, otherwise. . . ." I didn't want to hear the rest of it for my fate was decided. I heard Mum sobbing and turned to console her. I did it in my childish way and scarcely realized that it hurt her terribly to hear me. "There is still hope, my child. The statue of Our Lady of Fatima is coming to Singapore. I shall pray to her; be sure she will help," said my mother.

The next day a priest came to hear Confession and to give me Holy Communion. Since my father had sadly agreed to the operation, they had already fixed a day for it. I was kept starving the whole day and the next morning they drugged me to sleep. Curiously enough, I was not afraid for I was convinced beyond doubt that I would not survive the surgical operation. I prayed with fervour, asking God to forgive all my sins and with prayers on my lips, I fell into oblivion.

When I regained consciousness I heard my mother's voice and I vaguely remember that it bore a note of triumph. "My child, Our Blessed Mother has heard my cry. Your eyes are not removed." It took me a few minutes to understand her but when I did I could not believe her for my eyes were tightly bandaged and they were hurting me. Mum slowly explained that when the doctor examined my eyes closely just before the operation he found a slight change in the condition. Therefore he had postponed it but had refused to comment. My mother seemed to be definite about my recovery and she was not wrong.

Slowly but surely I felt the pain diminishing until one day the nurse told me that there was no more pus oozing from my eyes. I wanted to weep for joy but instead I thanked our Heavenly Mother with all my heart. The doctors sounded very hopeful but my parents were jubilant. I can never forget the day they removed my bandages. I could see the people in the room as through a screen. The doctor himself was joyful beyond control. My parents were sobbing and kissing me, for it was the first time in eleven months that I could see them.

It took a month for my complete recovery. Now I could see but not far. The doctors said that I had to use glasses for that. I was discharged from the hospital on the 16th of November 1950 and for the first time in twelve months I was going home. Moreover, the statue of our Lady of Fatima was visiting our parish the next day, therefore our Blessed Mother had granted me a special favour. I attended Holy Mass and the other ceremonies. Happy tears expressed the great joy of the family and even friends and relatives joined us in thanksgiving.

The nuns in school, who had also contributed prayers for me, were delighted. I had already missed a whole year but Reverend Mother promoted me, therefore I had lost nothing but gained much from my illness.

With a sigh I put away the magazine and offered a prayer of thanksgiving. How fortunate I am to have my eyes in their sockets still. Nothing is impossible with God, and when His Blessed Mother implores for us He will hear our prayers.

MARGARET SINGARAYAR  
*Pre-University Class.*

## SOME PERSONALITIES OF MY CLASS

I have never been accused of being a connoisseur of human nature other than in a manner bordering very closely on harmless humour. So, relying on this compliment very kindly paid me by others, I make bold to say a few words about some of the personalities of my class.

Let us begin with B.R.J. She is an ardent student of Chemistry—stays up to the most unearthly hours to study the same, and walks about holding her texts reverently and speaking of them in a tone of awe. Her deep chemical thinking even affects her gait, as she wanders around like a somnambulist. She is affectionately known as “Thunder-cloud”, for when her chemical thoughts are interrupted she is as dangerous as a bit of phosphorus out of water: highly explosive, and consequently to be treated with great care.

R.C. is the essence of simplicity. Not too fond of College work, she chose to have her tonsils removed the day College reopened. At sea during the Botany Selection Exam., she was quick-witted enough to observe a coconut-tree over the supervisor's shoulder, and consequently to give a perfect account of the characteristics of the “Family Palmae”.

H.K. is as complicated as R.C. is simple. An earnest follower of Einstein, she thoroughly believes in his theories, though we suspect she does not understand them. At any rate, she seems a promising young scientist, and we look forward to congratulating her on her future inventions.

I.R. is known as the "Blue Mountain", because of her love for blue, because of her height, and because she hails from some remote, hilly tea-station, way up in the Nilgiris. Perhaps because of this she is under the deception (gross deception, we assure her) that she possesses poetic talents. She hopes to reach Miltonic heights, and some fine day to set up her abode on the highest peak of Parnassus. She certainly has an attraction for the heights! Now she also thinks it becoming to wear her hair in a pony tail, perhaps to be more like that poetic horse, Pegasus. Besides, she insists on calling this hair-style "Grecian". Come to think of it, it does look a lot like the fly-whisks on those noble beasts carved by Hellenic sculptors.

A.V. is the best all-rounder in Inter. She is prominent both in class and on the field. She celebrated her promotion from Junior to Senior Inter. by adopting a pony-tail too. The pig-tails of her Junior years are now quite forgotten. Why they call them "pig-tails" is quite beyond me, anyway, for theirs are short and curly!

K.V. is most unpoetical. She watched the sun rise to get inspiration for an article for this magazine during the holidays. The sun did rise in a magnificent technicolour splendour of fairyland hues, but inspiration failed to rise with it, and was still failing when the sun had sunk beyond the western plains. She repeated the attempt perseveringly but finally gave up, flung aside all writing paraphernalia, and decided to have a lovely holiday instead. She did!

Then there is C.R. who excels in writing doggerel. She assumes an air of blissful abstraction in class while she tries to clothe her wonderful ideas in words. Better take up tailoring, C.R.

R.N. is a short, quiet hostelite with a Prussian-shaped cranium. She often deplored the parsimony of nature in the matter of her making, and stopped doing so only when we told her that nature had been so lavish in endowing her with intelligence, that little was left for her size.

As for E.C., we often playfully accuse her of being a descendant of the Craik whose emendations overburden our Shakespeare texts. In class she has brilliantly cut the Gordian knot on many memorable occasions.

These and all the rest, with all their varied charms, talents, and peculiarities, form a great company of lovable girls, each one contributing to the harmony found in our class.

"MICROSCOPE"  
H U.C.

“VERY well, ayah, you may come to work from tomorrow. By the way, what is your name?”

“Muniyama, madam, but they all call me Minnie.”

And so I came to know that Minnie was the new cook.

Christmas was fast approaching. The dreaded terminal examination was over. As usual we had a hilarious time in the train coming home. The first person to greet me was Minnie. There she stood, a thin, wiry old woman with a kindly expression and bright eyes. Her face crumpled into a most engaging smile. She welcomed me with a calm “Ah! Missy has arrived”, as if she had known me all my life. While I was enjoying the parental fuss caused by my arrival, Minnie darted hither and thither and soon had a substantial breakfast ready.

Minnie was a good cook. Even my elder sister, who was dieting, found resistance to her curries, meat-puffs and biscuits hopeless. Minnie gleefully remarked that young people should eat. But it was not her good cooking which made Minnie unique. There were other little things which soon won our affection and respect.

Minnie was strictly faithful to her religious practices, but she was not intolerant of other people. In August she came to Mummy. Would madam please give her ten days' leave? She wished to make her annual pilgrimage to a temple sixty miles away. Mummy demurred as visitors were expected, but Minnie was gently adamant. She insisted that if she did not go the year would be unlucky for her. God would not bless her. Mummy could do nothing but let her go. Full of curiosity we asked Minnie how she intended making the journey. They were forming a party of some fifty people, she said. The younger people would walk. The old folk and children would travel by bullock cart. Minnie went off that evening rather excited with the anticipated joys of the coming excursion in a bullock cart.

Some time after, Minnie came to Mummy with a problem. Her brother and his family had become Catholics. His five elder daughters had obediently married the men he had chosen. The youngest, called Mariama, was not so docile. She was quite determined to enter a convent. Of course the whole clan of relations rose up in protest. Minnie thought this quite unnecessary and even ridiculous. The girl, in spite of opposition, was unwavering in her decision. Minnie, whose age demanded that her opinion be respected, told them to give the girl a little more time to think the matter over. She had only just finished school, after all. Then Minnie brought Mariama to Mummy. Would madam please ask the father to allow Mariama to enter a convent? Mariama was sensible and candid. It was quite plain that she knew her own mind. Well, Mariama entered a convent and is as happy as anyone could be. She teaches in the school. Minnie tells us that nobody was prouder of Mariama than her father and mother. And Mariama's five nieces enjoy considerable prestige among their companions; after all, they have an aunt who is a nun.

Minnie's relations were numerous. They all turned to her in their pecuniary troubles. She never refused them even if it meant depriving herself. At the end of the month at least two or three relations appeared at the kitchen door. It was annoying that Minnie parted so readily with her money. It never occurred to her that a bottle of liniment would soon relieve her of the rheumatic pains she suffered. She considered it almost a sacred duty to oblige her relations.

At Christmas we always presented Minnie with a saree. On the morning of the 26th she would arrive arrayed in her new clothes. Then we would never see the saree again. Minnie was always dressed in faded and patched sarees. So we asked her what happened to every new saree she received. Minnie lived with her sister and daughter-in-law. She explained respectfully that all their sarees were kept in one box. So whoever came first, said Minnie happily, took the saree which pleased her. But, we persisted, it was strange that Minnie's choice always fell on the oldest saree. In an apologetic tone Minnie said, "But missy, they are young and I am an old widow!"

And she was right. Minnie was old. Because she was so energetic and quick in her movements, we did not realise that she must have been at least sixty. Minnie used to find the winter, mild as it was, hard to bear. One day in January she did not come to work. The next morning her niece came to say that Minnie was suffering acutely. The muscles of her shoulders and legs were torn with an excruciating pain. Minnie was taken to the hospital to undergo treatment.

Rather sadly we tried to relish the over-cooked rice and watery curry which her successor produced. Even Pixie, the terrier, was rather depressed at Minnie's absence. Old Theo, our grumpy turkeycock, ruffled up his feathers and kicked violently when we went to feed him. He missed the curious clucking noises Minnie made when she threw him scraps.

A month later old Minnie reappeared. Could she come back to work? My mother was shocked! She told Minnie very gently that the work would be far too heavy. But Minnie was not going to be set aside so easily. "You see, madam," she said, "my nerves were loose and the injections have tightened them up. Madam", with great dignity, "I am quite well enough to work. I shall get sick if I do not work. Please, madam, let me come back". And so that was the end to all Mummy's objections. Minnie is a little slower but the joy of life and of working again shows in her face. Minnie is glad that we need her and does not worry about a time when she might not be able to work. She entrusts her future to the hands of One who has watched over her all her long life.

RITA LOVETT  
*II U.C.*

## MY HOME TOWN

### MANAPAD

“ There is a homeland, dear unto me—  
Kissed by the sunshine, girt by the sea,  
Flow’ry and fragrant, golden and fair,  
Happy the children who wander there ! ”

**M**ANAPAD! How sweet is that name to me although it is just a quiet tiny speck on the east coast. Almost surrounded by the sea, it wears, as it were, a halo of pure white sand which makes it lovelier than all the villages around. On its eastern front a rocky hill bows down to the shore and greets the white-haired surf. The brow of this hill is crowned with an ancient church named after the symbol of the redemption of mankind—the Holy Cross.

The sloping sand-dunes of the hill point to a rocky cave which gathers armfuls of white foam-flowers from the raging waves. This is a spot hallowed by the memory of St. Francis Xavier. Four hundred years ago St. Francis Xavier made Manapad the headquarters of the mission along the pearl-fishery coast. Here in this cave he prayed, here he did penance. It might have been from here that he wrote his soul-stirring letters to his brethren in Europe which made them so mission-minded.

Towering behind the Church of the Holy Cross is a stalwart sentinel—the lighthouse, which flashes its shafts of light far out into the sea to warn the unwary mariners of the shoals, rocks and coral reefs that abound in these parts. Towards the west of the hill are fourteen wooden crosses in memory of the Sacred Passion of Our Lord. It is awe-inspiring to see the entire village turn out to make the Way of the Cross.

The beautiful village of Manapad, nestling at the foot of the hill, can be seen from the top of the cliff. The spotlessly white villas and cottages surrounded by trees with thick green foliage look like white sapphires sparkling on a green velvet setting. Two tall towers and a dome stand out clearly against the blue sky. This is the Church of St. James, majestic in appearance and size. Behind the church lies St. Joseph’s High School for boys and near it is St. Mary’s Middle school for girls. And on the other side of the village, with its two tall spires and beautiful architecture, is the Church of the Holy Spirit. Manapad also boasts of an up-to-date hospital.

To me Manapad is a hymn of praise to the Creator. The myriad crabs scurrying to and fro on the soft gleaming sands, the coconut palms lazily swaying in the gentle breeze and the rippling waves of the sea constantly breaking against the yellow beach have often thrilled me. And what joy to watch the poor, simple-hearted fisher-folk of the place ! All their lives they spend on the great ocean in every kind of weather to earn their daily bread. Yes, Manapad



in all its simplicity has a charm of its own. No wonder that I cannot find another village as dear to me as Manapad.

Dear land of mine I love,  
Homeland, my home !  
Your voice is calling me  
Where'er I roam  
Blessings upon you fall,  
Great and divine :  
God keep you in His care,  
Homeland of mine !

CECILIA RODRIGO  
*Pre-University Class*

## SKYSCAPE

The beauty of the sky, it is not dead :  
For evening clouds of slate-grey softness lined  
By shell-pink, puffs of del'cacy entwined  
With light ethereal, for a moment blind ;  
But then are gone. Greyness alone we find.  
And all the beauty of the sky is fled.

Thus loveliness of life we ever dread :  
For it too passes with the hungry hour  
And lasts no longer than the fresh-born flower,  
The lily of the fragrant fields, and shower  
Of roses full-blown in green leafy bower.  
So life and light and loveliness have fled.

Nay ! the beauty of the sky is never dead :  
Look ! dappled, splashed the vast with palest gold,  
Trellised with rose and peach-blush ivory old,  
With banks of flushed-fire clouds on sky-blue cold :  
Flame filigrees of glory in the sky unfold.  
And every eve renews the beauty fled.

Ah ! the beauty of God's sky is never done :  
Each Eastern setting of the sun delights  
The earth with ecstasy, before the nights  
When hidden Artist with divinest flights  
The startled skies of drooping day enlightens ;  
And life and light and loveliness live on.

These are but echoes of a world beyond :  
Where beauty fails not, fades not, never dies,  
Nor crushed by grey-towards-black in skies  
It lives, reborn from dull days' dreary sighs.  
Ah ! now hearts' wisdom dawns. It cries :  
“ Out of our pain, our death, beauty will rise,  
Love's lightning loveliness of God's respond.  
Immortal soul of mine, dare thou despond ?  
All beauty is the breath of life, the great beyond.

R.M

## HIS WASHINESS

### THE DHOBI

ON Saturday mornings a caravan of rickshaws, piled high with clothes, announces the right royal arrival of the Dhobi. Then amidst a babel of voices and bundles on bundles, we collect our clean clothing which is to serve us for the following week. The pile of clean clothes tied up neatly with twine and sporting a bill with the proud title of “Pratap's Pinmen” looks most impressive. Then there is the smell of fresh starch, which is indispensable.

On examining the bundle, however, one does not feel quite so well-disposed to the dhobi. The clothes one gave last week seem to have changed—for the worse. For example, that favourite sari of mine, with the blue and yellow polka dots, has returned minus some of its former self. The yellow dots have disappeared altogether leaving behind a trail of holes in their stead. On rummaging among the rest of the clothes, I discover that my blue blouse is missing. After another frantic search, I come to the conclusion that the dhobi has lost it and I decide to prepare a speech for him, rating him for his utter carelessness . . . “ I regret to inform you that it is very remiss on your part . . . ” No that would go over his head and he would only stare blankly at me. How about “ Just what is the idea of bringing a blouse-less pile of clothes, Dhobi ? ” No, that is too mild. I have to look severe and—but what is this foreign-looking article in my bundle ? On closer examination I find that it is a blouse of some sort—streaked with patches of green and blue, which stares pitifully at me with a martyred look of bygone blueness. Well—who would ever have thought that my once-pretty blue blouse would undergo such a pitiful metamorphosis ? Why, I can hardly recognise it. Really, the dhobi is going a bit too far ! Probably he is all for variety and believes in giving an extra dash of colour to one's clothes. But I for one simply cannot tolerate “ holy ” saris and blue-green blouses.

I deliver a cutting speech spiced with as much sarcasm as I can muster, but the dhobi seems quite undaunted. He goes so far as to hint that my innocent blue blouse and my green sari, in a mood of mistaken generosity, have exchanged colours. I give him a withering look and go back to the examination of my clothes.

Well, at least that white sari looks none the worse for its week-end at the laundry. It is spotlessly clean and beautifully starched. It is just what I need for to-day. At least I have to give the dhobi the credit for knowing his job where white saris are concerned. But I find I have spoken too soon, for try as I may, I cannot coax it into pleats. It seems to have acquired a new independence after its residence in the laundry and stares brazenly into my face. But at last I accomplish the herculean task of persuading it into a few pleats. But they stick out at defiant angles like something out of a modern painting—in all the majesty of their starchiness. Just then my neighbour drops in and exclaims in surprise, “Hello! Entering a fancy dress or something?”

The dhobi has yet another of his innumerable tricks. For instance last week I found that he had exchanged a blouse of mine for somebody else’s black one. I seethed at first, but then realised that that was just what I wanted to go with that black-bordered sari. I wisely used it and appeased my conscience by arguing that the other person who had the luck to receive my blouse was very fortunate indeed. She too must have made use of it, I thought, and had no objections whatsoever. Now I have acquired a stoic philosophy not to be surprised when I see a very familiar sari on a very unfamiliar person.

During] the monsoon, His Washiness takes life easy. He conveniently puts off his Saturday visits for a few days while we wait impatiently for the arrival of our fresh clothes. On these occasions the absence of His Starchiness sends us into an orgy of washing—by Saturday evening the hostel resembles a regular laundry. Then all of us prepare, rehearse, and re-rehearse our scathing speeches to the offender. But when the following Saturday comes and the familiar train of rickshaws arrives, we are much too relieved to see our clothes to remember all our speeches.

It is Saturday morning—the day for dhobi-ing, but it has been raining so much all this week that I have an uncomfortable feeling that the dhobi is going to do one of his disappearing acts. If he does—but what do I see? Why, a familiar caravan of rickshaws proclaiming His Dhobiness’s arrival. Whew! now my worries are over.

It is heartrending to see a favourite sari weeping shreds or a pretty choli become pale beyond recognition. At times I feel I could do something drastic to the dhobi, but then, he would not be a dhobi if he did not do these things. And anyway, what would we do without him? So here’s wishing long life and prosperity to “His Washiness, the Dhobi”.

INDRANI RAJU  
II U.C.

## A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED

IT was Friday evening, just before the end of the last class. The minutes crept along slowly, but finally the bell rang. Having left the class with due decorum, I bolted to the hall upstairs to reserve places for my friends. There was to be a debate between the third group and ours. I was excitedly running here and there urging girls to support Group 1. Suddenly our Sanskrit lecturer stopped me and asked if I could speak in an inter-collegiate debate. The subject was new to me, but points would be given. I could not refuse a lecturer, so I agreed, then hastily escaped.

However, my mind was no longer intent on our inter-group debate. All through the speeches I was thinking of the forthcoming Sanskrit debate at Pachiappa's College. I was hardly encouraged by the defeat of my group. Suppose the Sanskrit debate also ended like this . . . ? I could not bear to think of it. No, we must win. I would simply have to put all my efforts and good-will and my very best English into it. It would be a great triumph for our College if we won—we would be awarded the rolling cup. If we won ! Oh, the thrills and chills that chased each other up and down my spine as I thought of this glorious possibility and its ghastly alternative !

With great determination I settled down to prepare my speech. Late into the night I sat up writing, revising, correcting, until at last I was satisfied with my effort. Then came a far harder task—I had to memorize the speech and learn to deliver it effectively. I have always had the greatest difficulty in learning things by heart, and the mere idea of having to learn six whole pages made my heart sink. But once again visions of the rolling-cup being borne in triumph back to Stella Maris floated before my mind's eye, and spurred me on to heroic efforts. I spent three long days learning my speech. The day of the debate drew nearer, arrived—and still the Sanskrit lecturer was most dissatisfied with my performance. I tried to console myself with the knowledge that I had done my best to learn and deliver my speech well, but still the day dragged by in trembling suspense. At last class was over, and my fellow-speaker, Ganga, and I were escorted by the two Sanskrit lecturers to Pachiappa's College.

Once in the hall where the debate was to be held, lots were cast to decide the order of the speakers, and to my horror I heard myself called the very first. Swallowing down my nervousness I went up onto the stage and began to speak quite calmly and naturally. Towards the end I forgot one part and hesitated a little, but fortunately I was able to cover up my lapse of memory so that it did not appear too noticeable. Quite soon the ordeal was over and, trembling now, I returned to my place. I scarcely heard Ganga and the speakers from other colleges, so anxious was I about the result. When the judges retired to make their decision I poured out all my fears and worries to our lecturers, who consoled and comforted me, telling me I had spoken very well. Nevertheless, the suspense was awful, and the tension only mounted higher and higher when the judges re-entered and the president took the chair,

for instead of announcing the results, he set off on a long congratulatory speech, which I thought would never end. At last he seemed to come to the crucial point when he uttered the words, "The unanimous opinion of the judge is . . . ." but then he paused tantalisingly, while I was almost jumping out of my seat with excitement and suspense.

An eternity rolled slowly by, and then—at long last the result was announced. Oh joy! Stella Maris had been awarded the rolling cup! My dreams had come true, the vision had become a reality; Stella Maris was victorious, and my efforts had helped to win her the victory. It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment of supreme joy. The very memory of it makes me glow with happiness. Long live Stella Maris, my dear Alma Mater, which gave me the opportunity of tasting this moment of exquisite delight!

V. KARPAGAM  
*II U.C.*

## OUR COLLEGE BUS

OUR college bus is a wonderful silvery thing that vastly resembles a white bug. Its proportions are such that no one side is equal to another, especially its height, which is so short that the visitors who enter it for the first time are sure to be crowned with a bump on their heads. Like all fond things, it has been dubbed "The Tin Pot" and the "Stella Maris Biscuit Tin". It is very punctual about being unpunctual. It always begins well on time but after we have covered half the distance it suddenly takes a fancy to stop, preferably in the middle of a road, standing with its mouth wide open for some time, till it feels all right again. We have a great deal of fun when it baulks like its ancestor, the donkey, and try to coax it along by some song like "Que sera, sera?" "What will be, will be". This does seem to work sometimes, and so we continue to urge it along while it puffs and groans on its way till we reach college.

On many occasions we have the joy of pushing it. It certainly has the temperament of a "prima donna" by delaying us when we want to be early but getting there quite early when we would prefer to avoid test hours. Besides this it has a surprising appetite. It is expected to swallow about twenty-five people but it usually prefers forty or so.

In the evenings, sometimes when it is getting late, we run to ask Mother, "Where is the bus? Has it let us down again?" But Mother smiles and says, "The bus is all right but this time the driver has taken French leave".—So no bus today!

In spite of all the literal and metaphorical ups and down of a trip in the College Bus, we cherish a warm affection for our "Silver Fish", and wish it a long and active life to carry many generations of Stella Marians to their beloved Alma Mater.

BAKULA MODI  
*III U.C.*

## THE WAKENING WORLD

A STREAK of red-gold appeared in the skies and spread itself out. Then, with a slow grandeur came the dawn, driving the dark night before it. The stars scurried to remote regions in the heavens and the old and withered moon turned deadly pale.

Pink shafts shot from the East and gradually swept away all traces of the night. The sky blushed and the young sun timidly peeped over a low battlement of clouds.

A gentle breeze sang its way through the trees, ruffling the soft wings of the sleeping birds and awakened them to welcome the dawn by their cheerful twittering and fluttering.

The sun stepped a little higher and looked right over the clouds. The world was splashed in a riot of dawn hues. The dew-carpeted grass shone brilliantly in the light of the rising sun and it seemed as though Alladin's slaves had carelessly spilt trays and trays of diamonds. Even the many trees, stretching out their flower-laden arms, were cloaked in a brilliant mantle of dew-diamonds.

Little stairs of clouds, leading to nowhere, formed themselves in the pale gold skies. Sunbeams kissed sleepy buds and awakened them. A whispering breeze glided through the trees and plants, gathering sweet, wild perfumes. Then, as it passed along, it playfully ruffled the surfaces of the lakes. Streams lay like satin ribbons across the land.

A group of busy sparrows in brown business-coats flew to a nearby tree and shook from the branches showers of diamonds. Smiling down on the still sleeping world, the sun rose higher and higher. Then, pausing awhile, he peeped in through a bedroom window and awakened the sleepy children. Soon chimneys were lazily puffing smoke into the sun's face, and the whole world seemed to be alive with people. Then, pleased with his own work, the sun continued his journey across the skies.

MARIA RODRIGUES  
*Pre-University Class*

## STREET HAWKERS

STREET Hawkers ! What a flood of pleasant thoughts comes to my mind at the mention of those words ! Early in the morning they come one after another, each with his or her different cries and wares. Usually the first comer in the morning is the vegetable woman walking as gracefully as a queen, crowned with a heavy basket carefully balanced on her head, and crying her wares in a high-pitched voice that can be heard from afar. As the morning wears on come the others, whose various calls have grown so familiar that we can guess who the next person is.

Some come right to the front door and with a pleasant smile and charming talk try to persuade us into buying their wares. Some are hot-tempered and get angry with the housewives if they try to bargain. Others, who go only to certain houses, share their troubles and pleasures and chat with us.

As the early morning passes into midday, comes the ice-cream man with his little cart inviting "Ting-ling, ting ling, little bell, come and see what I sell!" and he is welcomed most by the children. Later you hear all the different cries of the hawkers from all corners of the street. I fancy that if you collected all these hawkers and harmonised their cries, the best singers of the city would envy their volume.

Some hawkers shout and howl! Some come softly and you only know that they are there by the rumbling of cart wheels and the heaving sigh of the man who pushes it while the sweat runs down his face. Others cry out in a gruff voice; some voices are soft and musical, a pleasure to hear, for their steps seem to keep time with their cries and their cries are rhythmic.

Hawkers can be a pleasure as well as a disturbance. The house-wife for whom the market is far away looks out with anxious eyes and the moment she sees the vegetable man or any other hawker her eyes light up with joy. Sometimes, when you have had a sleepless night and try to snatch a few hours of sleep in the afternoon you hear the hawkers howling away. Then you feel like pouring a bucket of water over their heads! Ah, but life is like that and you cannot do it, so you come back and try to control your temper.

On the whole hawkers are extremely interesting. With sympathy and pride I observe how these, my fellow countrymen, in spite of their few hopes, still persist in enduring life's hard experiences. With this compassion for a fellow citizen, it becomes a pleasure to help and a sadness not to be able to offer assistance. Because they have become such a common sight in our eyes, attention is rarely given to these children of God.

Their world is one of hopes mingled with pleas. Their day begins early in the morning and ends late at night. When we are in our comfortable beds, somewhere, somehow, a hawker is sitting. His tired head droops low and in his fatigue, he forgets to call out his wares. A wink of sleep, and perhaps he realizes that he must sell what is left behind. He makes a weary effort to shout his wares, but his tired body resists the effort. I sometimes notice the half-opened eyes of a hawker, staring blankly at the passers-by. What a small world he lives in, while to us the world is large and full of joys. To earn a living, he must advertise what he would sell. Have you ever seen a hawker close his ears while he is shouting out his wares? His own shouting so pains his ears that he has to shut out the noise. We do not have to shut our ears or close our eyes for anything, but a hawker has his troubles, and in his long battle, he fights untiringly. The wares he sells are often kept in very unsanitary conditions: open, full of flies. This does not make them very inviting to the customers. Thus his cries are often in vain. His days are made up of few hopes and some days find him returning home to his wife and children with very few returns. But that little which they earn is something great in their eyes. Better a little supper than none at all.

Though they struggle, and their wives and children too, it is indeed a peaceful sight to see the glow of happiness in the bent heads examining the meagre earnings of the day.

MAHEMA MICHAEL  
*Pre-University Class*

## MOONSTRUCK

### MUSINGS

SHALL I try to write poetry ? Let me see !

“ I saw a bird upon a tree  
It said : Think not to write poetry,  
Here I am on this topmost branch  
And I look up at the sky ;  
There you are on the crawling earth  
And you look down on the fly.  
I can fly. You can walk.  
I can sing. You can talk.  
You think I am very much smaller than you.  
The world was made from nothing, that's quite true.  
Do you remember what a portion of nothing are you ?  
You want to write a poem all about me,  
For that, my dear, you too a bird should be.”

Not very inspired, I fear. Let me see if the Muse works better at night. Did not Coleridge succeed in his “ exquisite dream fragment ” ? And since all men are created equal I have as much right to succeed too. And so I lie down in bed, the alarm set for midnight, the door closed so as not to disturb anyone else . . .

What on earth can that be ? Are the heavens falling ? . . . What can that noise be ? It is only the alarm ringing at midnight to wake me up . . . and . . . and all I can think of is : “ the ugly duckling ”.

“ Ugly duckling ” ? “ Ugly duckling ” ?—a story by Hans Christian Andersen, isn't it ? And one of the author's most significant contributions. Is not the ugly duckling symbolic of life ? Our life here is but a trial, a period of preparation, the ugly duckling should constantly be in our minds so that we do not condemn any strange duckling lest it should prove in the end to be a swan. So we must not complain when we suffer lest the trial should turn out to be a blessing too.

Yesterday was the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, was it not ? There was the little peasant girl who saw the Mother of God and was permeated with a love of the divine. The world pestered her with questions and cross-questions. She was misunderstood wherever she went. What could an ignorant peasant girl, who did not even know how to speak proper French, know about the “ Immaculate Conception ? ” Well she did know, and by her love for Our Lady was able to remain unmoved in spite of the nerve shattering tests she was subjected to.



What has all this got to do with the ugly duckling you may ask? Well, was it not also true that the ugly duckling by its love for the beautiful, graceful swan, was able to turn itself into a swan, into an even more beautiful and more graceful swan at that? And does not this simple story also prove the power of love? Little Bernadette's swan-song is the most magnificent and the most eloquent that the world has ever heard. "J'aime"—and she passed out of this world with the words "I love, I love you, Lady".

Well, well, well! The midnight muse has not been a success after all. Poetry at night or at any other time, is the result, I fear, of drugs. Coleridge certainly was an addict. And I am thankful I have been spared the "veritable pain" of Francis Thompson.

What about a suitable title at least for my effort? You may call it as you like. "Moonstruck Musings", perhaps . . .

" Or how else could one with a sober vein  
Not given to levity's ignoble pranks  
Be lured by alliteration's subtle reign?  
'To Moonstruck Musings, be the thanks."

V. JAYALAKSHMI  
*IV U.C.*

## FLOWERS AND

### FAIR

“WHAT cat is averse to fish, what woman to flowers?” Wherever there are women they show their special liking for flowers in some form or other. Whether one meets them in the West or in the Mid-East or in the Far East, one is struck by the various ways in which their love for flowers is exhibited.

European ladies, not having the advantage of flowing locks as the Indian women have, wear flowers as brooches, or they arrange them in vases on the table. No housewife in the West would consider her house complete, no matter how lovely it might be, without a small vase of flowers. In big Western cities, such as London or Paris, the tourist comes across large shops selling cut flowers of various kinds.

Coming to the desert regions of Arabia or Iran, we find the same desire for flowers among the women. But they have not the advantage of having fresh flowers, as their countries do not contain adequate facilities for their cultivation and growth. Instead, they gather the essence of these flowers and make different kinds of scents. The average Persian or Arabian lady is so fond of these perfumes that one can distinguish their social status by the kind of scent they use.

Lastly, we see this universal love of flowers in our own country. There is no woman in India too poor to afford the purchase of flowers for her dark hair. We have, fortunately, advanced so much in our art of coiffeur arrangements, that our hair can always be adorned with wreaths of sweet-smelling flowers. In fact, flowers seem to be a kind of social equaliser among our women. It is not uncommon to see the lady of the house wearing the same kind of flowers in almost the same fashion as her maid-servant.

This love for flowers amongst us often takes rather peculiar shapes. When ladies meet socially for instance, they sometimes exchange flowers—this being the normal way in which ladies show their regard for one another. Think of our weddings ! What basket-loads of flowers are needed to adorn not only the heads of the bride and her maids, but also to adorn the very chair in which she sits. The strangest thing about this love for flowers is that even our funeral ceremonies need enormous quantities of flowers, since the dead bodies are literally buried in blossoms before they are laid in the graves.

Perhaps it is because “ fair ” and “ flower ” begin with the same letter that in every country in the world we find that the fairer sex always manifests a particular love for flowers. Surely this universal and supra-national love of women for beautiful flowers might be used to-day as an instrument for uniting the women of West and East in an effort to maintain international peace.

R. USHA  
*II U.C.*

## ESCAPED

I HAD visited my aunt, who lived in the lonely countryside, and on my return I had unwittingly cycled over a cobra's tail. A loud hiss sent my heart to my mouth. I wheeled round, and to my utter horror, I realised that the enraged reptile was giving chase.

I cycled on and on, not knowing where I was going. The rough stony path seemed to stretch unending before me. Beads of perspiration stood on my brow and I forced my aching legs to pedal on. Would this agony never end ? Gathering my courage in both my hands, I threw a quick look behind. What I saw made my hair stand on end. The huge, black cobra, half-poised in mid-air, was still giving chase. Its cup-like head was swaying to and fro ; I could distinctly hear the loud hisses which drove me almost mad with fright.

My heart was beating overtime like a drummer, my lips were quivering uncontrollably, and my breath came and went in gasps. My strength was fast failing after having cycled thus for more than two miles, with Death at my very heels. I shuddered at the very idea. My legs were exhausted and I was on the verge of collapse. With a prayer on my lips, I threw a last backward glance, expecting the worst to happen. But to my delight, the cobra had given up the pursuit, and was now a long way behind.

The excitement and tension of the past few minutes proved too strong for me. I fell limply to the ground, and with the sound of screeching brakes in my ears, I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes again, the picture of a cobra pursuing me was so strong and realistic that I suddenly screamed, “ The cobra . . . the cobra ! ”

Then I realised that I was at home. With a worried expression on her face, my sister asked me what was the matter. I merely whispered, “ Just sit here beside me, will you ? ” All the horror of my recent experience vanished into thin air, as merciful sleep enveloped me in sweet oblivion.

JULIET SITHER  
*Pre-University Class*

## MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF INDIA

THE "State of Madras" moved into Madras Harbour, bearing among its passengers an eager student straining her eye to catch glimpses of her native land. Yes ! this was India, my country, far from which I had lived for the greater part of my youth. Now I was returning to it. How glad I was to be coming back to the country to which I rightly belonged, to be able, at least for a time, to move amongst my Indian brothers and sisters, and to know them. The India that I had imagined was only a dream, but then as I slowly descended the gangway to step on to Indian soil, I was facing reality.

Everything seemed so strange, so different from all the conjectures I had formed in idle moments. To one who had lived most of her life in a foreign country everything was bound to be strange, especially since the former country was so totally different from the latter. This was my thought as I drove along the streets of Madras catching my first glimpses of the city life in its full colours. Many features of it held my interest.

The various means of conveyance interested me most. I noticed that every means of transport, ranging from modern streamlined cars to horse-carts, were utilised. I must say that by now I have travelled by all of these. I had the pleasure of sitting in a modern car but I own it was not at all as pleasant as when I first ventured to travel in an auto-rick, which flew along at such a terrific rate and deftly avoided collision with other objects, including cows, or when I travelled at a more reasonable speed perched precariously on a rickshaw. The sight of the auto-rick was a source of great amusement to me for I had never in my life seen such a vehicle. There are trishaws in Malaya, it is true, but they differ from the Indian specimens.

Another thing that amazed me was the various horn-noises emitted from the most peculiar-looking horns. I mean those that look somewhat like trumpets. The sounds that arose from these were, I must say, not the least bit musical. Horns here are used a great deal too much, it seems to me. This probably results from frequent violation of traffic rules or the experiences of accidents that some drivers may have had.

I also admired and wondered at the strength shown by the numerous labourers and porters working at the harbour and at railway stations. The porters or coolies looked so weak that I felt half inclined not to ask them to carry my enormous trunk, yet they could carry articles about the same size and perhaps heavier than themselves !

So this was India, not an imagined one, but the India depicted in the hard and fast lines of reality. I was seeing India in all its true colours. In fact I still am, and I assure you there is a great deal more to see—the culture, development and grandeur that was and is India.

SARASWATHI BHANDARI  
*Pre-University Class*

## THE GROWING GIRL

**L**IKE everything else, school days come to an end and the school girl finds herself sooner or later out on the river of life, down which all must travel whether we will or not.

A girl at school longs for the end of school days on account of the supposed monotony and drudgery which school life with its routine and discipline involves. As she nears the end she begins to regret that it is all over too soon. For she then realizes that the period of school life is a very happy one, free from cares and responsibilities.

On leaving school, the girl enters a very important period of her life. It's the springtime, the time of dreams and visions, of aspirations and ambitions. She is easily subject to the dangerous illusion, that, once the school gates have closed behind her, her education is ended.

She moves in a new atmosphere and her mind opens wider and wider to modern ideas. She moves freely among people of her own age, and naturally in such a circle there is much talk about love, marriage, careers, success and failure. Often the views that are aired are positively wrong or one-sided. Stimulated by such information, she desires to seek fuller knowledge and reads books and pamphlets written by self-constituted moralists who often present solutions to the problems of youth which ignore God and the decencies of Christian life.

She has to face many complex problems that arise during this period of her life ; it is at this time also that she must develop a strong character. She should have high and generous ideals for her future life. Her ambitions should be of the right kind. She cannot just drift along, as a twig might float on a stream, hoping to arrive at something by mere chance or the casual development of events. She cannot and must not say to herself, " Oh ! people must take me as I am ". The growing girl should bear in mind that what she now sows she will one day reap. The nature of her maturer years will depend on what she decides upon now. The problem of love and marriage depends on the greater problem of the formation of her character. If this is well solved the other will not present much difficulty. Now is the time for her to study herself. " Know Thyself " was the advice of the ancient philosophers ; and it is self-education that will reveal to us the truth about ourselves. School education is nothing more than a sowing of the seed of life which must germinate. After school begins the life-long task of learning how to live and of facing our responsibilities. In the eyes of God every creature of His has a unique beauty, and He desires to develop in each soul that individual, incomparable beauty He has destined for it.

The formation of character involves a progressive effort in the exercise of our will. In such a process religion plays an important part. The instinct for beauty comes from God. Beauty is a revelation of God ; and beauty helps in the formation of a splendid and memorable character.

Writing on the beauty and power of innocence, an American once said, " What is there in the world more beautiful than the innocence of the pure ? " Purity in a girl is like a pearl

beyond all price. The girl knows it as a kind of instinct, as if its possession were the object of her life. The corrupted world of today, blind, soiled and sodden as it is, admires innocence when it finds it. Innocence will walk through fire and will not burn. Purity is its own defence.

It is during this part of her life that she must closely examine her capabilities and thus decide upon her future career. Our present-day society is a very difficult one to live in. She may be deceived by many illusions and thus suffer a life-time. "The pleasure of one day often means the regret of a life-time."

She must have a clear conscience and see the difference between right and wrong.

Mind without heart and cleverness without goodness may be powers only for mischief; but truthfulness, integrity and goodness are the qualities that form the essence of a womanly character. It is especially in time of misfortune that the character of an upright woman shines forth with greatest lustre, and when all fails, she takes her stand upon her integrity and her courage. Character may be strengthened and supported by the cultivation of good habits.

It is character then that matters to the growing girl. These qualities she should try to cultivate when young, so that the seed may grow in her heart into the tree of womanly character.

LYNETTE QUADROS  
*Pre-University Class*

## **MY VISIT TO ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD**

**I**T was a cold January morning when I left dear old London. Summer, with its usual frolic and gaiety, had departed and the chill moans of winter accompanied by its snow and gloominess had begun. The train puffed away heedless of my urgent desire to take a last look at the fast fading city, which was now a mere speck in the distance.

Suddenly I realised that I had taken a decisive step in my career. There was no turning back. I had "burnt my boats" behind me and was on my way to the East. From the West to the East! Was I taking the right step? I did not know. However, in spite of this doubt I kept up my spirit and enjoyed my first voyage by sea.

The most memorable and pleasant incident during my three-week journey was the trip to Cairo. A few passengers on board the ship and I decided to visit the ancient, historical pyramids in Egypt. We disembarked at Port Said on the North East coast of Africa and continued by car, which we had hired for the purpose, to Cairo.

We drove around this grand city, which is the largest in Africa, admiring its splendour. The glimmering street lights, solitary people gliding noiselessly through the deserted streets, and the occasional, startling hoot of a lone bird seemed to throw a magnificent mystery on the city, wrapt in sleep. That night I was shown into a room folded in greater mystery, which was undoubtedly not magnificent! It had an unusual odour and a creepy atmosphere. I was sure of finding someone in the corner of my room! Strangely, all the weird stories that I had read flashed through my mind unceasingly. At last I fell into a troubled sleep.

The following day we travelled further south to see the world-renowned pyramids. We were requested to take a camel ride for a short distance. A camel ride? I was delighted! I had seen a camel for the first time in my life and to crown my good fortune I was to take a ride on this rare creature. It was incredible but yet so true.

The ride seemed all too short for me. True, all good things have a hasty end. Reluctantly I dismounted the animal and gazed in astonishment at the gigantic stone pyramids rising proudly and gracefully into the air. The fact that ancient man with no modern machinery whatsoever was the architect of such a perfect construction was beyond my imagination. The sphinx of which I used to read with great enthusiasm was certainly colossal.

The guide, who jabbered unceasingly, pointed out the perfect symmetry of the walls. I wondered how the people managed to collect all those rocks. The more I wondered the more I was puzzled!

The museum was of even greater interest, if that is possible. The Egyptian mummies seemed peaceful and serene in their glass cases. I wondered whether my ears were deceiving me when the guide announced that most of the things belonged to Pharaoh Tutankhamen. It was difficult to believe that articles, centuries old, could be preserved in such a stately manner, and yet there they were before my very eyes. We saw many things there which were strange-looking and the use of which was unknown to me. We hurried around the museum, eager to see more, but it was time to leave.

During the day Cairo had lost its deep mystery and stillness. It was filled with the cries of ever-busy hawkers and noisy newspaper boys, the monotonous calls of business men to passers-by and the tireless shouts of rowdy children.

We reached the ship which was in Port Suez, tired and hungry, but the memory of my trip lingered fresh and beautiful. It will do so forever. The city has so many attractions that it is quite possible it will draw me there again. Perhaps I will go some day—who knows?

C. JEEVARUTHNUM  
*Pre-University Class*

## ACHIEVEMENTS—1956

### ACADEMIC PRIZE LIST

ON the "Nivedita Shield" presented to the College by Sri A. Ramanjulu Chetty for Academic Achievements, the following two names were inscribed for 1957, and a silver medal was given to each student :

First in the College in Humanities	Rita Lovett	II U.C.
First in the College in Science	Annie Verghese	II U.C.
Prize for English	N. Padma	IV U.C.
Individual Prizes		
First in Science in B.A.	M. V. Vasantha	III U.C.
First in Humanities in B.A.	V. Jayalakshmi	IV U.C.
First in B.Sc.	Estelle Joseph	III B.Sc.
First in II U.C. Gr. 1	S. Lalitha	
First in II U.C. Gr. 2	Annie Verghese	
First in II U.C. Gr. 3	Rita Lovett	
First in P.U. Gr. 1	Audrey Pinto	
First in P.U. Gr. 2	Marian Wise	
First in P.U. Gr. 3	Juliet Sittther	
First in P.U. Gr. 4	Pamela Broughton	
First in Social Service Diploma Course	S. Bhuma	
Inter-Group Debate Competition Shield awarded to		II U.C., Gr. 3
Individual Prize for Debating	Ganga Kumar	II U.C., Gr. 3

### INTER-COLLEGIATE UNIVERSITY DEBATES

Inter-Collegiate Debate in English: Ganga Kumar was successful in the First and Second Rounds.

In the Sanskrit Debate : A. V. Susheela was declared the best woman speaker in the University.

### INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITIONS

Tamil Essay Writing Competition : Second Prize—C. P. Kalavathi P.U.

Telugu Competitions :

Oratorical Competition : Andhra Vignana Samithi Rolling Cup awarded to Stella Maris College

First Prize	Indira Bahadur	IV U.C.
Second Prize	T. Mithili	III U.C.

**Musical Competitions : Andhra Vignana Samithi Rolling Cup and**

First Prize	B. Indira	II U.C.
Second Prize	V. Lalitha	II U.C.
Raj Bhavan, First Prize	B. Indira	II U.C.
Madras Medical College, First Prize	B. Indira	II U.C.
Law College, First Prize	B. Indira	II U.C.
Pachaiyappa's College, First Prize	V. Lalitha	II U.C.
Moqo-acting : Andhra Vignana Samithi Individual Prize	T. Mithili	III U.C.

Ladies' 'Quiz Programme' : Stella Maris College was first in rank both in November and December.

**Sanskrit Competitions :**

Debate in English on a Sanskrit subject for the award of the Sri Prakasa Rolling Cup won by the team of Stella Maris College :	Ganga Kumar	II U.C.
	V. Kalpakam	II U.C.
Recitation in Sanskrit : First Prize	S. Parvathi	II U.C.
The Pennathur Visalakshy Annual Rolling Cup won by Stella Maris College team :	S. Parvathi	II U.C.
	A. V. Susheela	II U.C.

**Rolling Cup for Carnatic Music in Sanskrit :**

Kumari Durga	II U.C.
T. K. Radha	P.U.

**Loyola College Hindi Competition :**

First Prize	K. Sadgun	IV U.C.
Rolling Cup awarded to Stella Maris College team	K. Sadgun	IV U.C.
	C. Hansa	II U.C.
Debate in English : Second Prize	Vilma Beaver	III U.C.

**Professor Sambamoorthi Silver Jubilee Group Singing Competition :**

First Prize, "The Silver Tambura", awarded to Stella Maris College team for the second time.

**UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS—1957**

	First Class	Second Class	Percentage of Passes
<b>B. A.</b>			
Part I	—	—	88%
Part II	7	4	95%
Part III	8	17	95%
<b>B. Mus.</b>	—	2	100%
<b>Intermediate</b>			
Group	First Class	Second Class	Percentage of Passes
Mathematics	22	26	98%
Natural Science	11	30	85%
Histories	1	20	84%
Pre-University	33	46	77%



## SPORTS PRIZE LIST

### Inter-Group Tournaments :

Netball Shield		Pre-University Class
Throwball Shield		Pre-University Class
Badminton Shield		II U.C.
Tenniquoit Shield		Pre-University Class
Table Tennis		Pre-University Class

### Individual Events :

Running Race	1st	Rita Devasagayam	II U.C., Gr. 3
	2nd	S. Mangaleswari	II U.C., Gr. 1
Skipping Race	1st	Pamela Broughton	P.U., Gr. 4
	2nd	G. Nalayani	P.U., Gr. 4
Balloon Race	1st	K. P. Bhagirathi	II U.C., Gr. 1
	2nd	K. Nalayani	III U.C.
Lime and Spoon Race	1st	L. Kamalakumari	II U.C., Gr. 2
	2nd	Indarjeet Kaur	III U.C.
Obstacle Race	1st	Celine Roberts	II U.C., Gr. 2
	2nd	Joy D'Silva	III B.Sc.
Long Jump	1st	Pamela Broughton	P.U., Gr. 4
	2nd	Rita Devasagayam	II U.C., Gr. 3
High Jump	1st	Pamela Broughton	P.U., Gr. 4
	2nd	Lynette Quadros	P.U., Gr. 2
Shot-put	1st	A. Saroja	P.U., Gr. 4
	2nd	G. Sita	II U.C., Gr. 1
Discus Throw	1st	Sheila Sukumaran	III U.C.
	2nd	Melanie Noronha	II U.C., Gr. 1
Three-legged Race	1st	Betty Ross } B. Sarala }	P.U., Gr. 1
	2nd	C. V. Elizabeth } A. G. Premkumari }	II U.C., Gr. 3
Balloon Bursting (Staff)		Miss S. Swamidoss and Miss N. E. Rajalakshmi	
Giving the blind elephant an eye	1st	Miss L. Abraham	
	2nd	Miss Sabeena and Mrs. S. Menon	
Championship in Sports		Pre-University Gr. 4	36 points
Individual Championship		Pamela Broughton	15 points



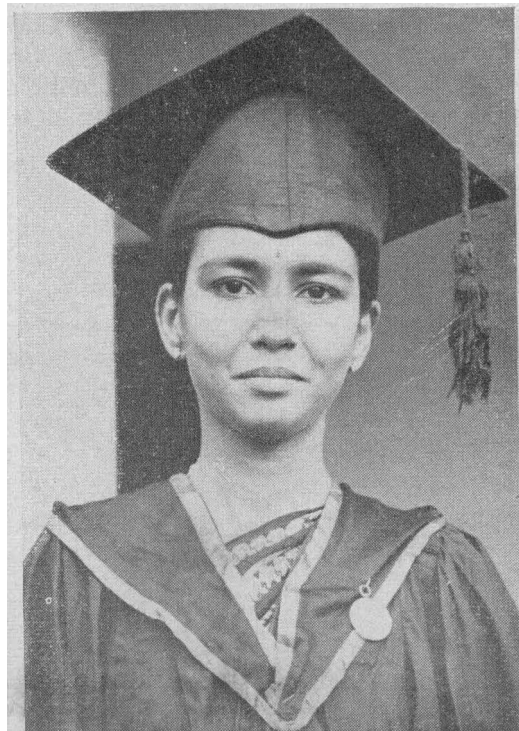
Athletes of the Year



Throwball Team



Avril Bamford, winner of the 'Kuppuswami Naidu Memorial Medal', standing first in the Presidency in the B.A.



R. Saroja, winner of the 'Bysani Madhava Chetty Medal', standing first in Sanskrit

## DREAMS

### DO COME TRUE



AT one stage or another, Indians think longingly of travelling to other lands and learning more of life and ways of life. Maybe this desire accounts for the fact that Indians can be found in almost every part of the world. The largest group of people from any one country in the U.S.—apart from Canadians—is Indians. It was always my secret dream to see America. Teen-age is the most difficult time in a youngster's life and fosters discontent and wild longing. My leaving India and travelling somewhere was not a feasible idea, from where was the money to come? America was a large, luminous star in the horizon towards which I looked with awe and longing.

But why America above others? It had attracted my attention by being one of the foremost countries and by having become so in such an incredibly short time. The American Government was like ours—or rather ours was like theirs! Their hero was another Gandhi. It was a country of high economic standards—a land of milk and honey, a country which was so highly developed technically. Can I be grateful enough and render to America the justice that is its due? How can I ever express my gratitude to my parents who financed my travel and incidental expenses and gave me a word of encouragement, to Stella Maris which put the finishing touch to my education, and to the University of Louisville for a tuition scholarship. I will be a willing debtor to them for life.

The best way I can describe the Americans is by saying that they are human. They are not people you would be awed about. They are affectionate, eager to welcome foreigners, keen to help you to know their country and interested to know about yours. After all, when you come to think of it, who are the Americans? They are people who hail from England, France, Germany, Austria etc. They left their home either to found a country of their own or to get away from oppression. America gave them an asylum. Maybe there remains a streak in them which makes them understand and sympathise with an utter foreigner. Their generosity is boundless and leaves me dumbfounded. They are content to give, knowing that students like me can never make any return. My remonstrations usually meet a silencing answer, "It is a pleasure to have you in our midst". We are always willing to succumb to their kindness.

The American system of study is easier than ours. At the end of each semester there is an exam. In most subjects you are through with the work you did during that semester,

except in the Engineering School. In some cases instead of an exam you are required to write a paper on any subject you select, e.g. the History of Music. I could write on any subject from the earliest music till the time we had covered. We had to get information from as many books as possible, condense it and put it in one composite whole.

While I am on the subject of education, what strikes me as a very good idea is the earn-your-way-through-school plan. Up to a very short time back, education in India was a luxury which only a few could afford. In the U.S., after the age of twelve or thirteen boys and girls work during the summer holidays. The money they earn supplements the fees for their education. These youngsters are ready to take up any form of employment, for in this country there is dignity in labour. When a student enters College he has much more leisure which permits working and studying at the same time. Besides, all the Universities have night-schools which you can attend if you have to work during the day. I am glad to note that our Indians, after coming here, have set aside their fastidiousness about working and have taken up anything they could lay hands on. There is a friend of mine who studies at Chicago. He works twelve hours a day through the week, washing dishes in a restaurant besides going to College and studying. The sooner we learn not to be afraid of work, the quicker we'll improve our country.

Education in the U.S. stresses the development of initiative. A child, in addition to the regular studies in school, also learns art, dancing, singing etc. Whichever field or fields it shows talent in, is developed.

It is very easy to live above your means in this country. This is no exaggeration on my part. There are three ways of doing so: trade-in, the lay-away system, the instalment system. Let me explain them. Suppose you want a new car. You go to a trade-in place, where they will take your old car and supply you with a new one after your own heart on payment of a few dollars. This can be done with almost anything mechanical. It's a good system in that it does away with the trouble of finding a buyer. Now if you want something and don't have the money for it, you pay a small amount of money and have it laid aside. You are given a receipt which you must produce with the rest of the money before your purchase becomes your own. To come to the last system, suppose you want to buy a typewriter costing a hundred dollars. You pay a monthly instalment of maybe five dollars and the typewriter is yours right away. Some Americans and many foreign students resort to this system, so many have all modern equipment in their houses. It is not really their own because they are still paying for it, and maybe will be doing so for the rest of their lives!

Just like people in India, the Americans who do not study music do not realise how hard you have to work and that we can never have a real vacation. For the first time in my life I practise three to four hours a day. The course is difficult and I have no illusions about it. These are my subjects: Piano, Theory, Music History, Chorus, Piano Ensemble, German, Psychology. I am not required to take Psychology but I am taking it because I love the subject. As almost all the subjects are new to me I have had to start from freshman level.

You know what my piano teacher makes us do? He has two pianos in his studio. He makes the student go to one and he plays a note on the other and asks you to play it. If you have perfect pitch, then you are lucky. I do not have perfect pitch. I used to play one note higher or lower. . . . Today I got it right! Every single piece I study I have to know by

heart. At first I could never do it but now I can in a couple of weeks. I have studied nearly twenty pieces by now. In the first week of May I have to be on recital. Every student must appear at least once a semester on recital to be classified.

The only time I took part in a debate at Stella Maris I was terrified. I vowed I would never go through that experience again. When I came here the people told me that sooner or later I would have to give talks. The first one I gave was at the music school. I was nervous for the first few minutes and then relaxed. As for today, I have given nearly sixty talks to schools, girls scouts, and the public. On the Indian Republic Day I talked to 550 children from all over Kentucky. I was nervous because all the Indians were present but it went off all right. . . .

. Then, some general impressions, after a year. . . .

To really know the Americans, it would be a mistake to go to New York, Chicago or any of those big, flashy cities. Life is one big hurry, depriving them of time for relaxation or friendship. Go to a place like Kentucky and you will be made warmly welcome. In fact you will be loaded down with affection and love.

I remember the first thing that took away my breath in America was the sight of so many cars. I had never seen such a number in all my life. Nearly everyone above the age of twenty-four or twenty-five seems to own a car. Many teen-agers own them. Driving-licences are issued to those above sixteen. It's funny to see doorkeepers, workmen and gardeners report to work in cars.

To conclude, America is a fabulous, wonderful country but the people who populate it are willing to share it with others. They give generously in their country and outside. The Government gives large sums of long-term aids to economically backward countries—India is one of them—in order to give them a fair chance to get on their feet. It takes in people from other countries who want to settle down in the U.S. and allows them to share in its wealth. Recently during the revolt in Hungary it gave asylum to thousands and gave them a new life to look forward to.

I am grateful I have been able to visit the U.S. so that when I return home I will be able to impart my meagre knowledge to others, and among other things, bring about a much-needed understanding between two great countries—the U.S.A. and India.

NALINI MASCERENHAS

*B.A.* 1955

## STUDY OF THE STARS



Mr. and Mrs. Srinivasan (M. Savithri)

**D**ON'T worry! It's neither astronomy nor astrology and you will not need any graph-paper to plot the course of the Stella Maris "Stars" now shining in different parts of India.

Let us first look up our "Stars of the Hearth" and wish them all happiness in their married life. Mrs. Clare Tauro, née Albuquerque (1953), is now in Orissa and has a baby. Charlotte Selvanayagam (1953) is in Ceylon and has twins—Loretto and Celine. S. R. Lakshmi (1953) is in Madras. G. Alamelu (1953), married recently, is teaching Drawing in the Presidency High School. R. Lalitha (1954) is in Madras. Mrs. Madhava Rao, née C. Namagiri (1954), our vivacious College Union President, is now the mother of a bonny baby girl—Sandhya. K. Ponnammal (1955) is now Mrs. Thirumalai. Sitha Krishnamurthy (1955) finished her B.T. and is now Mrs. Balaram. M. Savithri (1955)—remember the double medalist?—now Mrs. Srinivasan, is in Madras. K. Usha (1955) is now Mrs. Usha Ramakrishnan and has a baby. Atchamamba (1956), the Vice-President of the College Union, is in Tenali. L. Syamala (1956) was working at the "Vigilance Home" but is now married. V. Saraswathi (1956) is working at the Secretariate. Lily Thomas (1957) is now Mrs. Joseph. Margaret Paul, a lecturer at the S.I.E.T. College, has also become a Mrs. Joseph.

Now we will turn to our career girls and intellectuals and wish them all success in whatever they undertake. Myrtle Dorairaj (1952)—the lucky one who won a trip to U.S.A.—has finished her M.A. in English in Travancore University. S. Saraswathi (1952), is a tutor in Stella Maris and has appeared for her M.A. in History

Louis Clemens Pais son of Mrs. C. I. J. Pais (Flavia D'Silva)  
Vice-President, College Union 1952-'53.





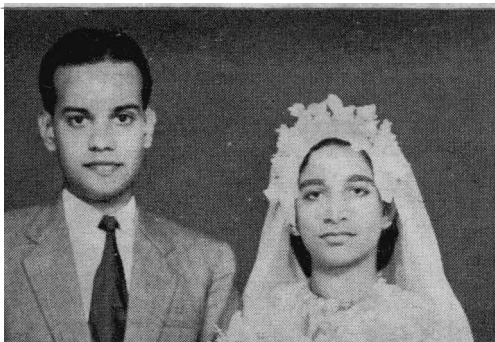
Old Students at the Graduates' Reception





**Celia Mariapragasam, who entered the  
Novitiate of the Franciscan Missionaries  
of Mary at Poona in June**

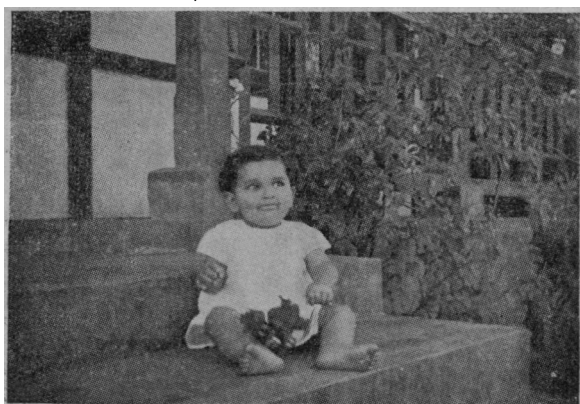
**Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, née Lily Thomas**



**Mr. and Mrs. Balam, née K. Sitha  
Vice-President, College Union '54-55**



in Madras University. B. Audilakshmi (1952), has finished her two years' research in Madras University and has qualified herself for a Ph.D. degree. S. Saroja (1952) is a tutor at



Anita Marie Tauro, daughter of Clare Albuquerque

Pachaiyappa's College. K. Akilandam is teaching in Coimbatore. A. Sarojini (1953), is a fully-fledged lawyer and is appearing for the I.A.S. Exam. Mary Manohara (1953), secured a brilliant first class in her Tamil M.A. and is at present working in Stella Maris. K. Chellam (1954), has finished her M.A. in Economics and has appeared for the I.A.S. Exam. Mary Rayar (1955), has finished her M.A. in Mathematics and is teaching at Nazareth Convent, Ootacamund. D. Sarojini (1955), has finished her B.T. and is working in Mayavaram. Justine

Victor (1955), is working in the Secretariate. C. Annapurna is preparing her M.A. in Hindi—Benares University. M. Usha is finishing her M.A. in Politics in the Presidency College. Malathy Menon (1955) is a tutor in Stella Maris. Betty Xavier (1955) has obtained a second class in her English M.A. Rita Miranda (1955) taught in Ceylon for a certain time and has now returned to India. Nalini Mascarenhas (1955) is having a grand time in the U.S.A. and writes interesting letters. Emma Devapriam (1955) is still teaching in Stella Maris and Sulochana Sharma (1955) is in St. Raphael's. S. Lakshmi (1955) is finishing her B.T. S. Nagabushanam (1956) is teaching at the Children's Garden School, Mylapore. M. Thangamma (1956) is teaching in Ceylon. Anna Mammen (1956) has joined the Madras School of Social Work. Avril Bamford (1956), our charming President of the College Union, is following a commercial course. Philo Paul (1956) is finishing her B.T.

Of course, there are many others we have not mentioned because we have not heard from them. If only we could hear from *each one* of our past students. . . . Dear Stars, whether you are shining brightly as public figures or lighting up the gloom of a P.G. course or quietly radiating happiness in your family circle, please do write and tell us, with all the details about yourself and any cronies you may know about—married name, number of children, boys or girls, occupation etc. (One of our statisticians will have to start a survey!) so that next year the Old Students' Section will be enlarging its premises.

Until then, may God bless you all—we never forget you so *please* don't forget us.

K. SITA  
B.A. 1955



Sandhya Madhava Rao  
daughter of C. Namagiri  
President College  
Union '53-'54

## GRACIOUS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To

- His Excellency Sri Shri Prakasa, then Governor of Madras, for his inaugural address to all the College Associations on "Women's Education".
- Rev. Fr. L. D. Murphy, S.J., M.A., Loyola College, not only for his humorous valedictory address to the College Associations on "The meaning of real education", but especially for his kind help and deep interest in all our College activities.
- Mrs. Kalliani Kutti, Professor of History, Queen Mary's College, for her interesting lecture on the value of history seen not as a mere account of dates and wars, but as a living subject.
- Mr. A. G. Narasimhan, Head of the Dept. of Physics, Presidency College, for his discussion on the importance of scientific studies for girls.
- Mr. Maria Gabriel, M.A., Loyola College, for his talk on "The History of the French Language".
- Mr. G. Venkatachalam for his interesting lecture on "The Art Treasures of the Vatican".
- Mr. T. K. Radhakrishnan and party for his delightful "Flute Recital".
- Mr. T. P. Subramanian, Senior Lecturer in Economics, Madras University, for his lecture on "The Socialistic Pattern of Society".
- Mr. T. Chandrasekhara Dikshitar, M.A., Curator, Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras University, for his deep analysis of Kalidasa's Art.
- Miss Joshua, Head of the Natural Science Dept., Queen Mary's College, who discussed the problem of "Blood Groups and Transfusion".
- Mr. Divien of the "Alliance Française", former Professor of Loyola College, who presented his views on how to promote a closer tie between the cultures of France and India.
- Mr. M. G. Rajaram, Additional Deputy Commissioner and Secretary, Planning and Development Department, for his valuable address on "Community Projects".
- Miss Sita Chari, M.A. Presidency College, for her talk on "The value and function of poetry in our lives".
- Dr. Joshua, Professor, Madras Christian College, for his lovely talk on "The Sea".
- Mr. S. Rajendran, M.A., L.T., Professor, Loyola College, for his very thoughtful lecture on "The lessons we learn from History".
- Dr. Iravathi, Principal, Queen Mary's College, for her kind help and assistance as Convener of the Women's Colleges for the Centenary Celebrations.
- A constant anonymous benefactor.
- All those who so generously contributed towards the Social Service activities, especially Mr. Radhakrishnan.

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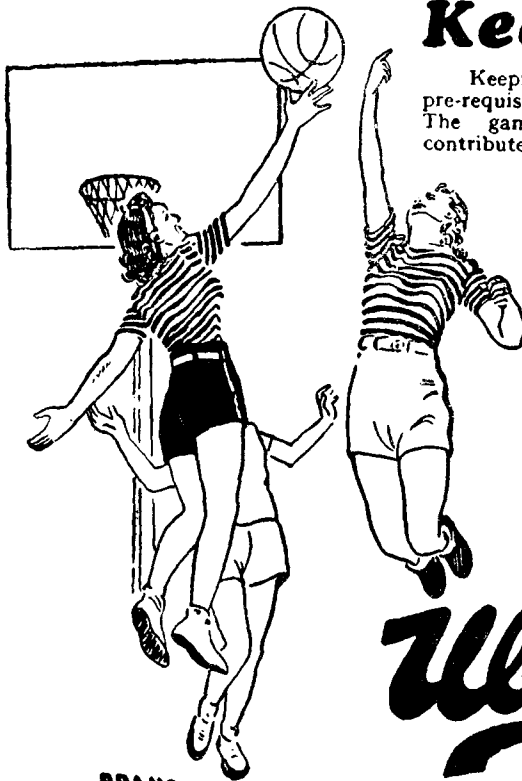
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