STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

MADRAS

1961

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1961

IN FILIAL GRATITUDE

TO OUR

VERY REVEREND MOTHER MARIE DE SAINTE AGNES

SUPERIOR GENERAL

OF THE

FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF MARY

THIS YEAR'S ISSUE

OF THE

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE MAGAZINE

IS

LOVINGLY DEDICATED

CONTENTS

TODAY'S EVENTS

Saturday 23rd July 1960

10–30 a.m. *Dr. S. Radhakrishnan arrives Meenambakkam Airport.*

5–00 p.m. *Dr. S. Radhakrishnan opens new College, Hostel of Stella Maris College.*

Notwithstanding the prosaicness of the newspaper announcement, the 23rd of July 1960 was a great day in every way for Stella Maris : a great occasion, the opening of the fine and spacious main block and science block of the College, a second hostel and an open-air stage ; a great occasion indeed, graced by a very great personage, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, who flew to Madras especially for the opening ceremony.

Gaiety was the keynote of the day. The Police State Band played lively tunes to the large numbers of guests and friends, seated before the platform erected at the entrance of the new building. Fluttering blue and gold flags marked out a triumphant route across the wide compound as the Vice-President's car drove up between lines of smiling students forming a charming guard-of-honour.

Prof. Ruthnaswami, former Vice-Chancellor of Annamalai University, welcomed the Vice-President on behalf of the Management, explaining that the name of the new property " The Cloisters " was most suitable for the college, firstly because there was ample space and secluded grounds where the resident students could study and meditate in tranquillity, and secondly because it symbolised the life of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the Sisters in charge of the college who having consecrated their lives to God, were able to pass on to all their students their own principles of dedicated service.

Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, thanked Dr. Radhakrishnan for consenting to honour the day and referred to the excellent work contributed by private institutions to educational development in South India. Dr. Mudaliar spoke of Stella Maris College, started on 15th August 1947 in a very humble way and now holding such an honoured position in the State of Madras, having undertaken with initiative and courage courses particularly suitable for Indian women : Social Service, Indian Art and Indian Music.

The Vice-President looked round with evident approval at the new buildings and the big assembly before him, the happy faces of students and of many old friends

whom he recognised, and began to speak with force and sincerity, first emphasising the significance of the name " The Cloisters ".

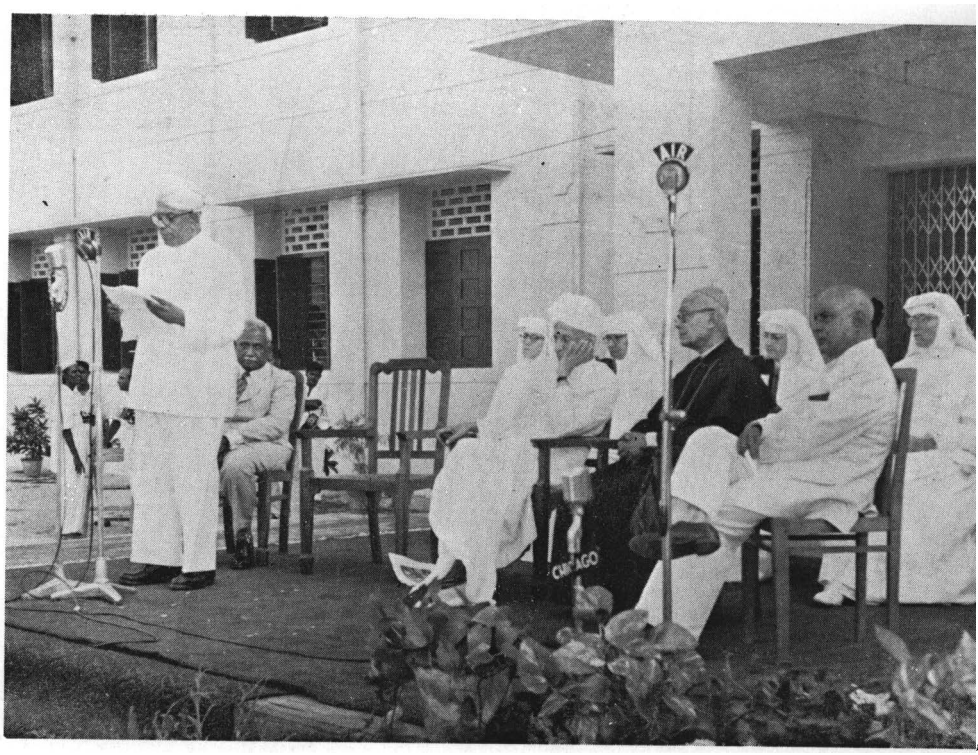
" This spirit of meditation and reflection represented by a " cloistered " life is most necessary today, and I am happy to find that this institution serves not merely the intellectual needs but also the spiritual needs of the community. By overemphasising one side and neglecting others modern educational institutions turn out ill-proportioned individuals. If many of our students in this country find themselves bored after class hours, face emptiness, wish to be lost in the collective warmth of crowds and do not know what to do with their spare time, it is due to the fact that education has not given them a purpose in life, something for which tney have to live, something they have to do which will outlast their life. But here in this college the students are given a taste for solitude. Great things happen in this world not through the action of corporations but through the thought of individuals. Early this week the President of the Royal Society (of England), celebrating the 300th anniversary of the Society, said that the achievements of the last three centuries were due to rare individuals. If this is true of science it is also true of art and literature and of advances in technology, due to individuals who were able to sit apart, concentrate their minds on certain aspects of a problem, meditate upon the possibilities, and by their own foreseeing invention do considerable service to humanity." Dr. Radhakrishnan thought that Stella Maris, with its serious moral objectives, could do much to develop among young folk this so necessary passion for solitude. " We cannot say, " he continued, " that the students at present get a very good example from their elders about the way in which they are to behave. Here is a country which is trying to make itself modern, and which is trying to introduce a democratic pattern of life. The young people look to their elders, but if the elders do not set a good example, that is no justification for the young people to indulge in activities which are unworthy of us. Youth is an adventure. It is the spirit of renewal, which does not rest content with mere stagnation. One of the famous thinkers of the world said, " Life is a perpetual offensive against mechanical repetitions of the past." If you do not make progress from the past, if you merely imitate what your elders have done and do not advance you will not make any kind of progress at all. The spirit of youth is the spirit of hope."

Dr. Radhakrishnan then referred to the welcome song sung by the students in which they proclaimed their desire to serve their Motherland India, by following the College motto of "truth and charity." " Satya and dharma—yes, these ideals of truth and charity must always be before you. You must deepen your awareness in the pursuit of truth, and widen the field of your compassion. If every one of us were attached to this ideal of seeking the truth and practising the good, something substantial could be achieved for the community."

" Things are happening in this country which make us feel ashamed of ourselves. We cannot call ourselves civilised if we indulge in anger, passion and violence on account of our adherence to certain ideas. This country in the past has suffered a great deal from sectarian controversies, provincial jealousies, caste spirit and local

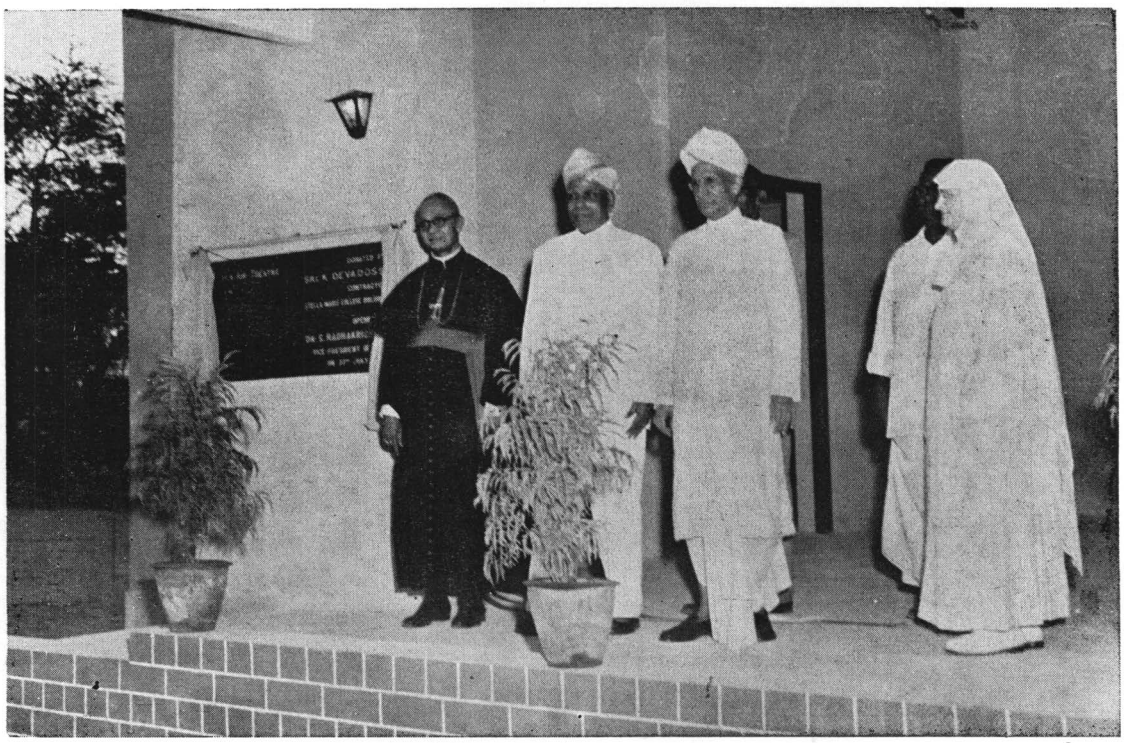
OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE NEW COLLEGE AT "THE CLOISTERS"

The Vice-President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan is garlanded by Heera Nayak



Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor, Madras University, welcomes the Vice-President

The Official Opening of the Main Building



Dr. Radhakrishnan and Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar
with His Excellency Bishop F. Carvalho on the open-air stage

patriotism which have been the ruin of this country for ages. It is necessary for us to put national unity higher than all those other loyalties in which we sometimes indulge. In a college such as this where you find members from different communities, different provinces and different religions working together as members of one home, you are making a substantial contribution to the progress of our country."

Dr. Radhakrishnan noted that the College had been founded on the very day that power was transferred to the Indians from the British. " Political independence is only one step. Economic independence and social equality are also necessary, and to promote freedom in all spheres of existence political independence is merely a suitable framework for developing these other forms of independence. A great deal of emphasis is being laid today on industrial development in India. That is necessary, of course, but industrial requirements cannot supersede the more urgent need of shaping the minds and hearts of the millions of people of our country. Nations which have been industrially great and scientifically well-equipped, yet without moral values, have come to nought and perished. If therefore we want to assure the future of our country we must put first things first, and try to integrate the different elements of this vast country into a single homogeneous community professing its loyalty despite differences of caste, community or religion.

" We should realise that educational institutions have a great part to play. National discipline is the only way to cultivate national coherence, and that national discipline is best cultivated in small institutions such as this College of Stella Maris. I am very well acquainted with Stella Maris through the members of my own family. I know its ideals and its service in the cause of education and I can say from personal experience that it is a good college, a really good college."

Accompanied by a small party of distinguished visitors the Vice-President then proceeded with the official opening ceremony, cutting the blue and gold ribbons at the entry of the new College, the second hostel, and also at the open-air stage, a gift to the college by the contractor Mr. Devadoss.

The happy atmosphere of the whole ceremony was maintained by an informal tea in the new library, while many groups of visitors, parents, educationists and friends of the college were conducted round the new premises, admiring the spacious laboratories and lecture-halls.

Messages of good will had been received from His Grace Archbishop Mathias and the Hon. Sri C. Subramaniam, Minister of Education and Finance, but perhaps one of the most treasured souvenirs of that great day was the message autographed by the gracious speaker of the occasion Dr. Radhakrishnan :

" Stella Maris College has acquired for itself a great reputation in these parts, a reputation based on quiet, solid, unostentatious work. I wish it well in the future."

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL AGAGIANIAN VISITS MADRAS

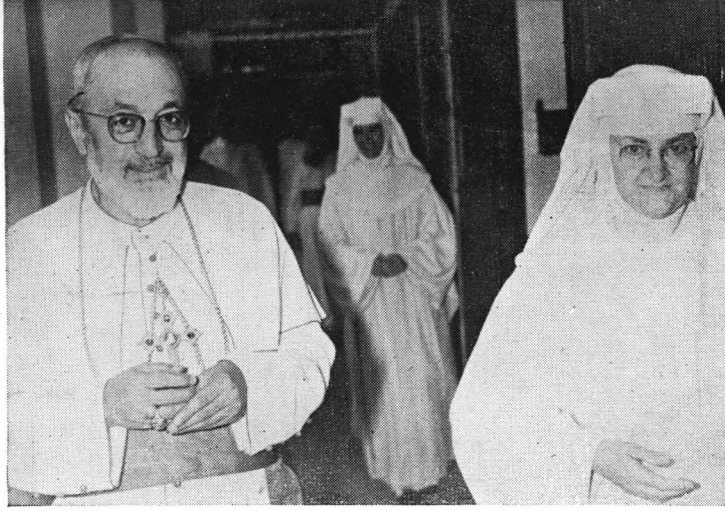
The exciting first term in the new College with its inaugural public ceremonies and important visits had just ended, and the few hostelites remaining for the holidays were beginning to appreciate the soothing calm of The Cloisters' lawns and shady trees, when the news arrived that Stella Maris was to be honoured by a visit from His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian, Prefect of the Propaganda Fide in Rome, during the two days he was to spend at Madras in the course of his Asiatic tour. Nor was this all, Stella Maris had furthermore been requested to contribute an item at the official reception to be given to the Cardinal by the Archdiocese of Madras - Mylapore.

Farewell then to cloistered calm for the next few days ! Dancers, singers, artists hastily returned for intensive practising. Besides doing honour to this great prince of the Church, the entertainment was designed to give some idea of the many activities and good works of Catholics in Madras, and Stella Maris felt privileged to have been chosen from among so many excellent educational institutions. The dancers' nervousness in face of this great honour was somewhat allayed by the fact that the performance was to be presented on the " old Stella Maris stage ", now the premises of the Rosary Matriculation School.

The dance, especially composed for the occasion, had as its central theme the ideal so dear to the heart of our Holy Father, Pope John XXIII, and his representative Cardinal Agagianian, " World peace through the union of all peoples in the bond of charity ". It demonstrated how three of the principal evils of the modern world — Enmity, Pleasure and Poverty — can be overcome by the intervention of our Lady.

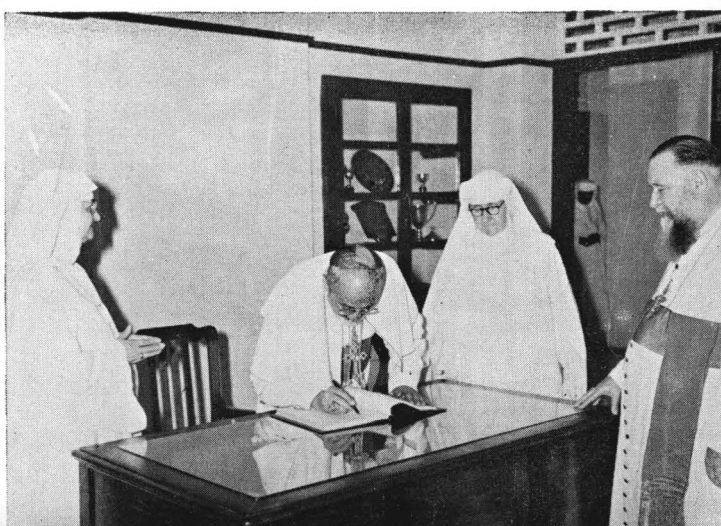
" Enmity " was symbolised by a swift, whirling dagger dance executed by three girls dressed in vivid red ; then " Pleasure ", attired in shining silks and sparkling jewels, manifested by her grace and charm the attraction of the luxurious modern world, while " Poverty ", dressed in sombre black, indicated by her sad movements the misery of the many millions still living in want and wretchedness. Two angels entered to admonish these conflicting elements and vainly strove to reconcile them, but these bitter passions would not be stilled. Then the surging rhythm of the Indian music unexpectedly changed into the sweet wistful strains of Schubert's " Ave Maria ", and in answer to the prayer of the white-clad figure of the Pope, Our Lady in pure white with a soft blue veil glided on to the scene in an attitude of prayer, opening her arms beseechingly to the combatants who finally ceded to her pleading. Beholding them at last reconciled the angels returned bearing in large gold letters the words " Ut omnes unum sint ", (That all may be one). Then came another unexpected incident, as Our Lady gently left the stage and approached His Eminence to present him with a

CARDINAL AGAGIANIAN AT STELLA MARIS



His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian arrives

The Cardinal listens attentively to the Welcome Song



Signing the Visitors' Book

DANCE PERFORMANCE

IN HONOUR OF

THE CARDINAL

Dagger Dance

"Ut Omnes Unum Sint"– That all may be one

small box containing an ivory statuette of " Our Lady Queen of the World ". Meanwhile the dancers imperceptibly retired.

The Cardinal seemed deeply moved by the performance and in his address delivered in perfect English (although the Cardinal's mother tongue is Armenian) made special reference to the " beautiful and expressive dance performance " which had symbolised with such art and grace the message of peace which Our Lady brings to the modern world. His Eminence further pointed out that world peace is closely connected with Our Lady's call to penance repeated so often in her various apparitions, for true peace can be realised only if men are willing to renounce their pride and selfishness. Our Lady appeals to each one of us, he said, to co-operate by our personal prayer and self-sacrifice in the great cause of peace.

Happy as we were to have participated in the general reception, a still greater joy awaited Stella Maris, that of welcoming His Eminence to the College for a short visit at 9-30 a.m. two days later, Tuesday, September 20th. Owing to heavy rain throughout the preceding night, the reception was arranged in the Library instead of the open air theatre. The dais was artistically decorated in Cardinal's red, relieved with soft, green fern, whilst at the far end of the large hall were the papal arms surrounded by delicate white and yellow drapery.

Although it was vacation time, it had been possible to assemble a number of the staff and about 300 students, all resident in Madras, to welcome the Cardinal. Fortunately all preparations had been concluded and the majority of the audience was already seated by 8-45 a. m. whilst the College Choir had just begun its final practice of the Welcome Song, when suddenly the accompaniment changed into a spirited march as the Cardinal entered accompanied by His Excellency Monsignor Knox, the Apostolic Nuncio, the Most Reverend Dr. Louis Mathias, Archbishop of Madras–Mylapore and other members of the hierarchy – forty minutes before the appointed time ! (We learned later that this was due to the fact that an earlier engagement had been cancelled because of the rain.) However, the startled choir were quickly reassured by the kindly smile and simple dignity of His Eminence, and even without their last practice they sang the welcome song clearly and distinctly with all their hearts, whilst the Cardinal attentively followed the words on his programme. The closing line, wishing him a safe return to Rome, seemed to touch him particularly, for the first word of his address was " Roma ! " – where, he assured us, the Holy Father John XXIII was affectionately watching over his children throughout the world. " Roma " spelt backwards, he explained is "Amor ", the Latin word for love and very appropriately, since the Pope, as the Vicar of Christ, has an all-embracing love for the whole of mankind.

Upon his return to Rome, the Cardinal promised to inform our Reverend Mother General how happy he had found the " wonderful girls " of Stella Maris in

their beautiful new buildings, where they are acquiring all the virtues necessary to render them worthy daughters of Mother India. After bestowing upon all the Papal blessing the Cardinal left us, being due to leave Madras in a few hours.

However, his short visit made a deep impression upon all – that of having met an outstanding dignitary whose vast learning and deep holiness were modestly concealed beneath a gentle and gracious manner.

LIFE AND LITERATURE

Literature is not a mere magic carpet always at hand to transport would-be escapists into a fanciful dream-world, far from the problems and challenges of life. On the contrary there is a vital connection between literature and life, for the greatest works of literature must grow directly out of life. Literature is a record of what men have experienced of life, its joys and sorrows, the successes and failures it brings, its cruelty and the rewards it often unexpectedly gives to men. Within the realms of literature the petty prejudices, national differences and the boundaries of time and space are swept away. We are conscious only that the men and women who pass through the pages of a book are human beings like ourselves, facing the problems of life and striving to attain happiness. Give yourself entirely to the magic of literature and you can thrust away your daily environment. No longer are you an ordinary member of twentieth century society but you can jog along with Chaucer to Canterbury and meet the pilgrims along the road ; or sail down the River Nile with Cleopatra in a barge with perfumed sails in the era before Christ, and return with an awful jolt to find that perhaps World War III has begun and the entire world is about to be wiped out by a few atom bombs.

There is no time to be bored. Nor is there any real necessity to look to the cinema or to other devices of artificial entertainment. The men and women whose books stand on your library shelf hold out invitations to you to come and see life with them. Jane Austen will surely ask you to a party at the house of Emma Woodhouse. After dinner there will be dancing, not to the radiogram and rattling jazz, but Emma will sit down at the piano and her flying fingers will play one country reel after another.

You may want a little more excitement ; then there could be no better place for it than sixteenth century London with its dirty, narrow streets, the jostling crowds at

the bear-pits and finally you could end the afternoon by strolling down to the Globe Theatre (with a few oranges and nuts in your pocket) to find that "Hamlet" will soon start at three o'clock.

But there are "richer entertainments" than these casual enjoyments, to be gained from literature. Through their books men and women have revealed their private lives and their personal experiences of the world. Coleridge in his "Ode to Dejection" reveals the depression of spirits induced by the combined weight of ill-health, domestic unhappiness and the knowledge that his "shaping power of imagination" was fleeing from him. Yet in spite of these obstacles and his inherent weakness of will, he was a genius and has left many brilliant, though incomplete, critical and philosophical writings. Jonathan Swift in his "Gulliver's Travels" and most of his books, adopted a contemptuous, sarcastic tone in speaking of men and women and the society of his time. Yet Swift appears a very different person in his letters to Stella, whom he addresses in a playful, tender, gentle manner. Milton, the most sublime of English poets, could attempt to "justify the ways of God to men" but nevertheless looked on the fair sex with disfavour and declared that they should "study household good."

And so our acquaintance with these great men deepens to a steady friendship. We wish to establish closer personal relationships with them, in order to participate more intimately in their experience of life. To every thinking person, the fundamental questions of life and death, the purpose of life on earth, the existence of God and our relations with God, occur at some time or another. We wish to know how some of the greatest men in every age have answered these questions. Literature presents us with a record of the quest of great souls for an answer to them. Sometimes the search for these answers is rewarded during their life on earth; others grope their way through life, at best with a stoical resignation, knowing no existence beyond an earthly one.

Naturally the peculiarly individual manner in which a particular writer looks at life will colour his writing and determine the form it takes. In order to appreciate his writings we should have sympathy with his views on life. Spenser's great poem "The Faerie Queene", seems a dull sermon on the twelve virtues, or a childish fairytale, unless we realise the peculiar temper of Spenser's mind. He was a deeply religious man with an ardent love of purity and of the beauty of nature. Therefore he represented the drama of life in the form of an allegory in which spiritual values were embodied in clearly outlined images.

The tragedy of "Dr. Faustus" becomes a personal exposition of his own experiences, if we see Marlowe the man reflected in this drama. It is said that while still a very young man Marlowe made a public denial of God, so outrageously blasphemous that it chills the blood. Nevertheless, although Dr. Faustus abjures God and sells his immortal soul to the devil he is never quite able to still his haunt-

ing conscience. When Mephistopheles comes to take him to hell he cries out in agony,

" See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.
One drop would save my soul, half a drop,
Ah my Christ ! "

and makes a futile attempt to repent.

The great masters of literature possessing a finer sensibility and keener vision, succeed in piercing through the outward crust of life to the inner truth and reality. " The function of all art ", said Pope Pius XII, " lies in fact in breaking through the narrow and tortuous enclosure of the finite in which man is immersed while living here on earth and in providing a window on the infinite for man's hungry soul." The literary artist, seeking to satisfy the deep craving in the human soul for truth and beauty, provides the "window on the infinite for man's hungry soul." He reveals to men the beauty which lies in the world around us, sometimes in the most unexpected places, if we will only look for it.

Through literature we are confronted with the problem of evil and suffering, not in theory but as it actually exists in the world. The writer records his own solutions to these problems and it is fascinating to compare the views of different writers. The tragedies of Shakespeare show the soul of man as a battlefield where is waged the eternal struggle between good and evil. We are lifted out of the narrow bounds of our own personalities to witness the conflict between virtue and vice. And we take a personal interest in this conflict, for are we not ourselves familiar with this struggle ? The issues are vital and we await their solntion breathlessly. Shakespeare's tragedies always leave us with the belief that man is a most marvellous creature ; but that he may also fall to the lowest depths. Evil is a destructive principle and if we admire any character it is because of the good in him. The final effect of the tragedies is satisfying because we see that life does not end for the tragic hero and heroine with death ; but through the gates of death they pass to a new life where all their trouble and agony changes to happiness.

Literature therefore lifts us into a world where the fundamental values of life are presented imaginatively with startling and dramatic clarity.

Moreover through the writings of great authors we obtain a clear picture of their own society. A writer is a representative of society as much as any other human being and he will have his own ideas on society, its problems and the relations between men in society. The spirit of liberty and the fraternal love which breathe through all the poems of Shelley were the result of revolutionary views like those of Rousseau and Voltaire which provoked the French Revolution. George Bernard Shaw composed his plays to advocate social reforms of various kinds in order to show the men of his century the pressing need for such reforms.

Thus literature grows out of life and depends for its value completely upon its connection with the different phases of life. If the connection between literature and life is cut, then there can be no great literature. All great literature discusses the great and permanent values of life which are of interest to all human beings, and which have changed so little in the midst of the rapid upheavals of the ages. Men and women have always loved and hated, felt the sorrows of separation and death, pain and disease, fought against them and met the problems of daily life with success or failure. And as long as human nature remains essentially the same this will be the experience of all men and women. Literature helps us to face the inevitable problems of life and gives us the choice of meeting life either with the cheerful optimism that there are better things to come, or with a gloomy pessimism that life could not be worse than it already is. But whichever view you choose literature is only the threshold to life in the world. It teaches you to look at life with new eyes and then gently urges you to go and see life in your own particular way, made richer by the experience of countless other noble human beings.

RITA LOVETT,
II M.A.

LEND
ME A CUP OF SUGAR

When I set myself to share with you all, my fellow Students, a few thoughts, I was forcefully reminded of the story of a man who was always trying to improve his job and environment and consequently was forced to move frequently. His wife suffered more than the rest of the family on account of these frequent changes. Dependent upon neighbours for social contacts, she was often lonely in a new neighbourhood.

One night there was a knock at the door. It was the lady from next door, wiping her hands on her apron. " I am sorry to intrude," she said, " but I am in the midst of making a cake. Could you lend me a cup of sugar ?"

This lonesome lady to whom the request was made, brightened up and gave her the whole canister.

Years later, the neighbour confided to this lady that she hadn't needed this sugar at all ; it was simply her way of making a call, a technique of getting acquainted. Borrowing a cup of sugar has always been a passport into any woman's kitchen.

The joy of a home can never be complete without the comforting proximity of good neighbours. Yet, good neighbours never exist unless one helps to create them by lending a cup of sugar.

Here in India — this country of age-old superstition and tradition, and yet of grandeur and quiet majesty — there are indeed many homes that need cups of sugar.

Here then *is* the challenge — a challenge that has to be met not by lip service, but by the answer of our *total lives*, dedicated lives, lives dedicated to wipe every tear from every eye.

" But, just how ?" you may ask.

The answer is simple. Man in his totality is the *image* of God. In other words, he is a " project " of God himself. God is love. And love has no content unless there is something to love and someone to receive the love. Logically, therefore, this means that Man is not made for himself, he is made for another. So, Man cannot find meaning or purpose in himself unless he lavishes his God-given instinct of Love on those who need it.

Today when the threat and challenge to free society seem more total and powerful than ever before, it is not a luxury for us to re-examine our values. The world is now too dangerous for anything but the truth, too small for anything but brotherhood. This is the most dangerous period in history, for hitherto nature has controlled man, but now man has learned to control elemental forces before he has learned to control himself.

As we stand on the threshold of life with a whole future before us, let us remember that God has given us two hands — one for receiving and the other for giving. We are not cisterns made for hoarding, we are channels made for sharing. If we fail to fulfil this duty and privilege, we have missed the meaning of life. As we look forward to the life ahead of us all when we leave the portals of this University, let us look at all problems through the four-dimensional view points of length, breadth and depth of experience and a sense of history in the making.

One Sunday, I dropped in to see an elderly neighbour. He proudly showed me his garden, flourishing in the midst of drought. He explained that he had watered his half acre of vegetables mostly by hand.

" You and your wife don't need all these vegetables," I said.

" No," he said, "we do it for the neighbours ; *we grow good friends in the garden,*" he laughed, while he loaded my arms with tomatoes and brinjals.

In the garden of our lives, *let us grow good friends.* One of the many ways in which we can grow good friends in the garden of our lives is to *lend a cup of sugar* to those who need it.

That makes all the difference — the difference between *abundant living* and just living.

INDRA SHARMA,
Pre-Univ. 2

COLLEGE EVENTS

Pass, Pass, Pass,
Days o'er the Star of the Sea,
And another year is over
That will never come back to me.

O well, for the under-graduates
That here in "The Cloisters" will stay,
Whilst my friends and I must launch out
On life's sea, from this peaceful bay.

As fine stately ships we'll sail on,
Our cargo, Degrees well won,
Cheered by the happy memories
Of nineteen sixty-one.

First, all the buildings were blessed
My Monsignor Carvalho in June;
Then the work began in earnest,
Class Officers' Elections came soon.

The inaugural and official opening
By the Vice-President of India, in July,
Was an unforgettable function
We'll remember till we die.

In July, the inaugural and Social
Ushered in the C. S. U.
There followed weekly meetings
With debates and quizzes too.

Our College Associations
In August made a start
In History, Tamil and Hindi,
Economics, French and Art.

September brought Past Students
For their annual high tea,
To admire their Alma Mater
And its fine new buildings see.

Another unforgettable visitor
We always will remember—
His Eminence, Cardinal Agagianian
Who came in the month of September.

For Games, we won, lost, won
In Throwball and Tenniquoit;
For the teams of Stella Maris
Are becoming more adroit.

Science Quizzes—Sanskrit Slokas
Made the second term as bright.
On the changing of English
Mr. Smith gave us fresh light.

This was also the term for debating,
So our orators showed off their skill:
Usha, Indubala, Vasantha,
Kausalya—and lots more still.

We offered Reverend Mother, in December,
Our thanks for all, on her feast;
Then three days of Retreat made the New Year
A fervent beginning—at least!

The Third Term had also its landmarks,
With films on the Queen; U. S. A.
Was brought to our mind by Mrs. Cherian
At the Valedictory, one February day.

January saw our Art Students
Set out for Mysore State,
The beauties of Indian architecture
For a week to contemplate.

In February there was a concert
During Reverend Mother Provincial's short stay
The Zoologists to the Bird Sanctuary
Made wonderful visit, one day.

Prizes for various triumphs
Were brought back by our Brightest and Best
For Recitations, Mono-acting and Music,
Sanskrit, Hindi—(no time for the rest !)

The College Day brought together,
The students, their parents and friends,
In a great blaze of music and colour
The year rushed on to its end.

Then the Sports Day and Party for Students,
Sister Principal's feast once again,
And we'd come to the end of the voyage
Of this year, full of sunshine and rain!

Now 'tis time for the awful last testing,
Exams like great icebergs ahead—
But our frail barks are trusting in Mary,
Ever onwards by her Star we're led.

CHRONICLER

A happy group in the garden

OUR
SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

Social Service, so much discussed in theory can, like Music, only be truly appreciated by those who practise it at least a little. We students come to College from different regions and environments, all animated with vague desires to help the poor and needy ; but apart from throwing naye paise indiscriminately at any beggar we happen to see, we really do not know how to be of true service. It is the purpose of the College Social Service League to direct our youthful goodwill in the right channels, so that with proper training and guidance we can give real and enduring assistance to our less fortunate fellow men.

As personal contact and interest are the secrets of any successful social work, the members are divided into small groups for Milk Distribution, Medical Aid, Recreation, Family Welfare, Needlework etc., so that each girl has a particular duty on a particular day for which she is held responsible.

You might think Milk Distribution unworthy of the name of Social Service, being merely the mechanical giving out of the Milk Powder received from America. Not at all ! Such a mechanical method would be a betrayal of those generous benefactors from overseas, for the small and weak would suffer while the bullies would snatch all and even sell it again at a profit. A huge crowd of people come every day from the neighbouring slum areas, jostling and clamouring for their share, but the social workers have a list of all the approved and deserving cases, and knowing them personally are able to prevent the profiteers from taking the share of the little children or the sick.

More than 100 patients come every day for Medical Aid. We students are able to win the confidence of these poor people, generally both ignorant and prejudiced, and dispense remedies for their minor ailments, sores, dysentry, coughs, fevers etc. Where there is some serious malady we, of course, direct them to the hospitals, but often the poor people have a stubborn, unwarranted fear of hospitals and simply refuse to go, but persist in coming to us even though we have no qualifications or equipment for special treatment. This is just one example of the many cases in which ignorance hampers social service work in India, and it is one of our important tasks to try to break down prejudice by our sympathetic guidance.

Another interesting branch is the Recreation Department. Childhood is supposed to be the age for playing, but generally the poor children who come to us have to be *taught* how to play, in group games or races etc. They soon look much healthier with the exercise, as well as happy and gay. The social worker has to repress the pugnacious little boys, encourage the sulky little girls, organise games and see that

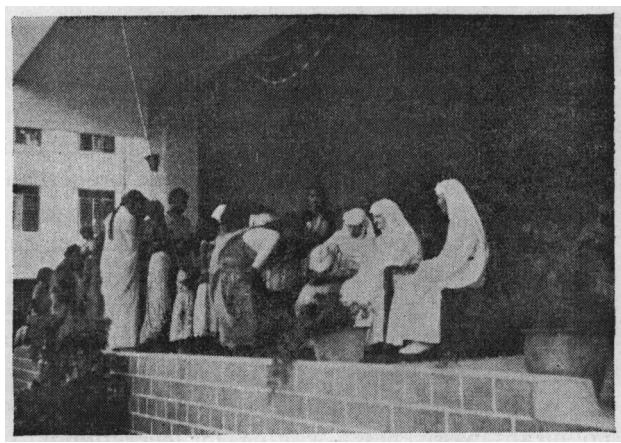
there is fair play all round. I may add that the " Recreation " applies to the children and not to the exhausted organiser!

In order to become acquainted with the actual living conditions and real necessities of the people, the students of the Family Welfare Section visit the hut settlements and make a detailed report of the various complaints and observations so that the authorities can take prompt action.

Hundreds of poor receive gifts at Christmas

There is also a Needlework Section whose members make clothes for the children.

While attending to the material needs of the people social workers do not neglect their mental and spiritual necessities. League members teach the children — many of whom have no real schooling or proper upbringing — the elements of good behaviour, honesty, diligence, helpfulness etc. Older girls and women learn hygiene, sewing, household care etc.



Distributing the gifts

No doubt our College Social Service League reaches only a small number of people when we think of the vastness of India's social problem, but we are encouraged by the thought that it is better to do a little real good to a few than merely waste time talking about larger-scale projects. Besides the service which is given to our poor neighbours, the Social Service League offers invaluable training to its own members, who will leave College, willing and experienced social workers, ready to do really helpful social service after they finish their studies.

V. SUSHILA,
Pre-Univ. 5

THAT WHICH IS HURRIED YIELDS NO FRUIT

There are many indeed who are known for their poise and imperturbability, while many there are too, who suffer periods of frustration and irritability. The reason for this is that while man is in a hurry God is not.

This is one of the chief troubles of our time ; we are in a hurry while God is not. The cogs of life are connected with the cogs of God's workings, but the gear teeth of God's plans are stronger than our own, thus when we speed up and God keeps His own pace we strip our gears, we wear out, we fall apart.

Parents and elders are greatly mistaken when they reprimand youngsters for their childish behaviour. "Why can't you behave like a big boy ? "—these are the words that often escape their lips. But a sensible person knows that he isn't a "big boy." I wonder whether they who thus try to hasten the maturity of their children ever reap the fruit of their expostulation. I am sure they don't — for there would undoubtedly be no fruit to reap. Little do these people realise that they are robbing their children of what is duly theirs. Further they cheat themselves too, for they miss the chance to allow some of their freshness, their curiosity, their wonder and their unrestrained joy to electrify themselves.

Impatience prevents the cultivation of great minds and great souls. Perfection is attained only by slow degrees. This fact can be applied to our college life too. Probably we read too much and think too little — cramming our minds with information, and as a result we become like rubbish - littered attics. It is best that we save what is best so as to contemplate it at length and properly appreciate it.

Nature furnishes abundant hints that our mad pace is unnatural. No matter how great is the power of assimilation in man, he can assimilate best when walking amidst the slow-growing trees, far away from crowded and scheduled places. The sun will take its good time in rising and setting. You cannot hurry it.

Nevertheless there should be no misapplication of this principle. Waiting is by no means passiveness – waiting for everything to be done for us. It is rather the principle of beginning early and taking one's time, or God's time, in getting things done. We should bear in mind that " When God wants to make an oak tree He takes a hundred years, when He wants to make a marrow He takes only two months." So if you wish to become a lady, a lady lovely and sweet, then begin right now. No lady becomes a lady in a hurry.

MERCY JACOBS,
III B. Sc.

THE SILENT LISTENER

Lonely did she wander there
To some lone place, I know not where ;
Her tear-filled eyes above did look,
As on strange pictures in a book,
Anguish her soft sad face did show,
Sorrows that we could never know ;
But all the woe she had to bear
She poured out to the Lord in prayer.

Tears were welling from each eye,
Though she did neither moan nor cry ;
The sky was dark, the sun had gone
And she a maid, oh so forlorn !
On bended knee her voice she raised
As heavenward she gazed :
With tears suppress'd and hands pressed tight
She was a lone, pathetic sight.

Now freed from all her worldly care,
Slowly she rises from her prayer,
No trace remains of grief or fear,
For now she knows her Lord is near
And as the night-shades softly fall
A prayer she breathes for one and all ;
Consoled, she winds her homeward way,
The Lord is with her, come what may.

G. SHANTA DEVI,
1 B.Sc.

WOMEN
IN MODERN INDIA

A discussion on the role of women in modern India presupposes a knowledge of the condition of women in ancient India, a rather paradoxical situation. The philosophers of ancient India spoke of women in high terms. Indian philosophy gave woman a place equal to that of man, but in practice women had no freedom; they were treated like slaves. The ancient law-givers stated that a woman could enjoy no freedom at all. She should be under the complete control of her father before marriage, under the control of her husband after marriage and under the control of her sons in her old age. She was told that she should adore her husband, however cruel and unkind he might be. It was considered that the worship of her husband alone led her to salvation. Widows were forbidden to remarry. In some cases women were tied to the corpse of their husbands and burnt alive. This system of sathi was considered a glorious institution.

On the contrary men were given not only freedom but license. They could ill-treat their wives and marry any number of times. Supporters of ancient Indian culture might try to justify the ancient treatment of women, but I declare emphatically that this treatment was cruel. It is true that women in the west had disabilities in the olden days, but their disabilities were more political than social.

After the establishment of British rule in India many of the cruelties inflicted on women disappeared. Sathi was abolished and widow marriage was allowed. After attaining independence women were given full freedom. The Indian Constitution has recognised women's equality with men and given them the right to vote.

While women in western countries had to fight for their franchise the framers of the Indian Constitution gave the right of vote to women without any struggle. Men in India now have made amends for the cruelty they inflicted on women in ancient days.

What part should women play in modern India? We do find women competing with men and that too with great success, in almost all fields. We have women governors such as Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit has occupied the president's chair in the United Nations Organisation. In giving these examples I do not mean to suggest that every woman should take part in politics. What exactly is the role that ordinary women should play in their country? Now that we have freedom and equality, I do not think it is correct to compete with men in all walks of life. Equality does not mean competition. I believe that the first God-given duty of a woman is motherhood. The nation expects her to bring up her children as honest,

healthy, patriotic citizens. If she performs this duty, she is playing her part in society and may well be proud of her contribution to the progress of India. If women wish or need to take up a career, they should choose those professions that will enable them to improve the condition of children in general. Education, nursing, medicine are the professions best suited to them. I even believe that elementary education should be left entirely in the hands of women, and men be shut out from this field. In such a case I am sure that the next generation of men and women would be a finer set than the present one.

Women can also excel men in social service, in the amelioration of the condition of the poor and destitute and in the spread of education among illiterate adults.

We women have now a serious duty to defend the home against those who would destroy it by introducing ideas and practices contrary to the Will and Purpose of our Creator. To meet this duty we must know the principles of life intended by God and then teach others the value and beauty of true home life as one of the best means to achieve happiness, remembering that man was made for love, but that real love entails sacrifice and unselfishness. We can never find happiness by looking for it, only by giving it to others.

MIRNALINI RENUKA DEVI,
Pre-Univ. 3

SOME EXPERIENCES ABROAD

As I sat reading G. K. Chesterton's essay "On Running After One's Hat," I could not help but ponder how true his saying was that an adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered, especially where some of our experiences abroad were concerned. Because of language barriers, difference in customs and habits and various other things, our whole stay in Europe could be regarded as a series of inconveniences or, if rightly considered, as adventures.

I remember one very trying experience in Genoa railway station, where we had to make a frantic search for a porter, and when we finally did locate a solitary lounging one, we found that he did not know even one word of English. Then began an

elaborate system of gesticulations by which we managed to make him understand our purpose, or thought we had, when suddenly there poured from him a non-stop torrent of words in a very high-pitched tone. We could not understand this outburst and wondered if we had offended him in some way or whether I had stamped on his foot with my customary carelessness or some such thing, and were about to apologise when suddenly there was a break in the stream of words and a wide grin crossed his face.

It was only later that we found that *that* was the Italian way of speaking, that in his own excited way he was wishing us " Bon Voyage !"

A similar incident took place in the latter part of our journey when a large Austrian woman with larger parcels balanced precariously all over her, entered into our compartment and collapsed on a seat. From behind her luggage, we could hear her making some very throaty noises, obviously directed at us. Not to be caught as with the Italian, Mummy took her words to be greetings of some kind and wished her " Bon Voyage ". Somehow it did not seem to produce the desired effect, for she suddenly stood up and walked out with a trail of parcels behind her. We understood her action only when the guard told us that she had been complaining about the lack of space in the compartment for her luggage, when Mummy made her ill-timed or should I say well-timed remark. We had learnt a new lesson that all streams of sounds are not necessarily friendly.

We had another enlightening experience when we ordered our first meal on the train, and found that no water accompanied it. When we asked the waiter for drinking water, even his usual complacency deserted him, as he heard what seemed to him a most odd and foolish request. All he could say in the way of a reply was,

" Did I hear you say water, Sir ? But water is not meant to be drunk ! Do try our beer. I am sure the children will relish it."

Beer it was, and beer it had to be for the rest of the journey, but being a fellow-Indian, dear reader, you will understand the agonies we experienced without one drop of our life-giving beverage. (It was only later we found that water is used for every purpose other than drinking. As long as the same water has a couple of drowned tea-leaves in it, it is perfectly safe. But plain water ! Why, it is dangerous !) One lesson we learnt through this compulsory initiation into the Alcoholics Anonymous Society, as father jokingly referred to the incident, was to carefully carry with us enough water to see us through the subsequent journeys we made on the continent.

Then there was the great moment when we arrived in Prague, our destination, and were escorted by the local authorities, with a number of " Yes, Madams," and " If you please, Sirs," to an international hotel which became our temporary home for more than eight months owing to the acute housing problem.

Once in Prague we were in a way worse off than before, since the local people knew no language other than Czech, and even if they knew German, as quite a few did, they were not anxious to reveal their knowledge of it. My father knew a little German which he picked up on board the ship, and he had to use all of it as well as both his hands before we could order dinner that night. The rest of us contributed our share of gestures to the waiter, and as he departed to prepare our order, we were left to speculate on the success of our actions. The fact that the waiter took a long time added to our suspense, and when finally something did arrive on a tray, it was not exactly palatable to us. But not wanting to appear fastidious, we gulped down our lot quietly and smiled, or tried to, in appreciation of it. Mummy alone, who had staunchly refused to even taste it, being a strict vegetarian, saw through our hoax. The next day, she used what my father called charm, but which mother referred to as friendly persuasion, with the management to allow her the use of the kitchenette. With what she could get and what she could substitute, she opened an Indian kitchen. This was perhaps the first time that guests were served with home-cooked food in an hotel. In the beginning we were like the modern version of the Swiss Family Robinson marooned in the middle of strange architecture, strange languages and strange people with stranger customs. But, with all this, we enjoyed our stay in Europe as much as the Robinsons did, on their island, and probably more, for we soon made friends with the people and learnt to accept their customs and manners. Because of the language barriers, we became adept in the art of gesticulation, and would have formed a winning team in a game of dumb - charades. But soon even the language ceased to be a problem ; and the memories of the wonderful stay in Europe will be cherished a long time by all of us.

S. Siva Rao,

Pre-Univ. 5

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

On behalf of the Management, Staff and Students of Stella Maris, I have great pleasure in extending a most cordial welcome to Mrs. Lourdammal Simon, our honourable Minister for Local Administration and Fisheries, who despite her ever-pressing duties, has so kindly consented to preside over our first College Day at "The Cloisters." As a women's college we feel especially privileged to have her as a president this evening, being as she is, the only lady minister in Madras State, a post which she occupies so worthily, gracing it with her universal charity which she extends to all irrespective of caste or creed. We thank you, Madam, for having accepted our invitation and trust that it will prove the first of many future visits to the College. We are also happy to welcome His Grace Dr. Louis Mathias upon whose kindly help we know we can always rely, as also upon that of His Excellency Bishop Carvalho who with paternal interest has watched our institution grow from year to year. A final welcome to our distinguished guests, the parents of our students and all friends of the college, whose generous support is an incentive to us ever to increase our efforts in the interests of our students.

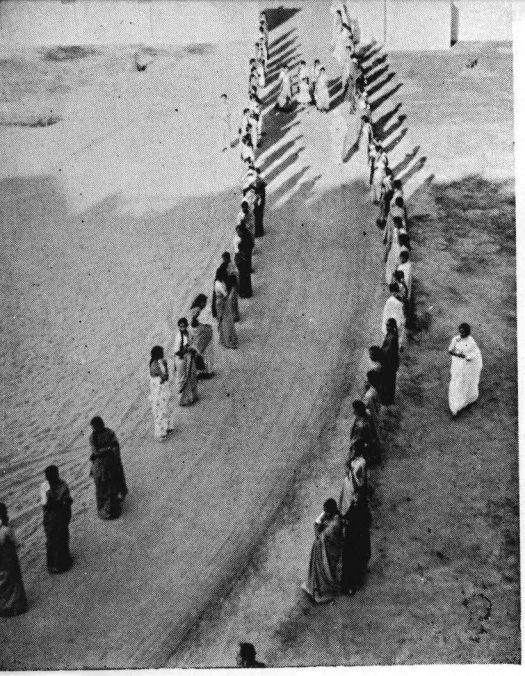
An old fairy tale tells of a certain Jack who one day planted a small bean which grew so rapidly that next morning there was a huge beanstalk stretching up high into the sky. Here at " The Cloisters " something very similar has taken place. In 1958 a little bean of hope was planted when the foundations of the first Hostel were laid, and today after only two short years 900 students are chirping like happy birds in the branches of four tall new buildings. Magic indeed, and its secret ? God's never-failing blessing upon our humble efforts on behalf of His children. And after God, it is to all those kind friends that we must tender our sincere gratitude, who by their charity have contributed to the miraculous growth of our three-storied beanstalks in this beautiful setting of "The Cloisters." Thanks to so much generosity, Stella Maris can at last, after thirteen long years of waiting, offer to all aspects of education— moral, intellectual and physical — the calm, peaceful environment so necessary to the development of education.

This memorable year opened with the blessing of the new buildings by His Excellency Bishop Carvalho, followed on July 23rd by their official opening by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who graciously consented to honour with his presence this momentous event in the history of our College.

New Courses

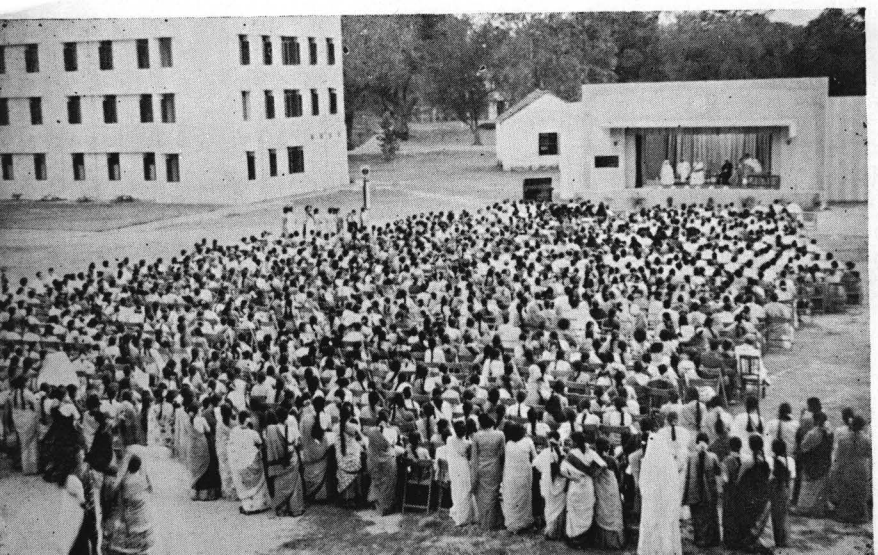
This year it was the Economics students who made history. The opening of this subject in the Pre-University class led to a rush for seats which far exceeded all expectations. Evidently the students do not see eye to eye with Carlyle who described Economics as " a dismal science." Six full years of Economics from the Pre-University to the M. A. will surely furnish candidates for half a dozen Plan-

COLLEGE DAY



The Guard of Honour awaits the arrival of the Honourable Minister

Presidential address of the
Honourable Minister Mrs. Lourdammal Simon



A view of the audience

THE ENTERTAINMENT

Opening Chorus

Dramas in

Tamil

English

Gujerati Folk Dancers

ning Commissions or perhaps even render the fourth five-year plan unnecessary. But quantity has not displaced quality and though the students are well over 900 in number, they present no disciplinary problem, loyally co-operating as they do in the pursuit of a common ideal – the search of truth through the bonds of charity.

Examinations

It is with a deep sense of gratitude to God for His great blessings that we recall the success of our students in the University Examinations. The first batch of M. A. Music students distinguished themselves by securing four first classes and one second class. This year it is the turn of our M. A. Economics and English students to make their debut and we trust they will follow the good example of their elder sisters.

B. A. students in no way lagged behind their " Masters " with their percentages of 96%, 100% and 93% in English, languages and subjects respectively. B.Sc's percentages were 98 and 94 for English and language, 100% for Zoology, but Maths this year was a shooting star with its only 66%. The Pre-University students also fell down from the 80's to 69%. But we hope the thermometer will rise this year.

Our hearty congratulations to the University Prize Winners of the year: Mrs. S. Jayalakshmi who was awarded the Rama Panicker gold medal and the G. A. Natesan prize for Indian Music, A. K. Janaki who obtained the Todhunter Prize for History, R. Suguna and V. Saraswathi who happily carried away the Codati Ethirajamma Memorial Medal for Economics and the Bysani Madhava Chetty Medal for Sanskrit respectively.

Associations

Extra-curricular activities have a definite role to play in college life and a value in educational formation, provided always a just balance is maintained in their relation to more strictly academic studies, and this is our aim at Stella Maris when planning the programme of association meetings.

After the inaugural address by Mr. Sheppard of the British Council on the " Importance of Literature " the various associations settled down to quiet but steady constructive work. Whilst scientists explored the possibilities of " Space Travel " the more realistic Economists organized a symposium on the Third Five-Year Plan, which resulted in earnest discussion of India's actual and potential achievements.

In Language associations, activities took the form of lively debates, play readings, recitations and mono-acting, all of which revealed hidden talent. Music and Art pursued similar themes illustrating the common and distinctive features of Eastern and Western art by means of music recitals, film shows and lectures. But paradoxical as it may seem, the highlight of our associations was their twilight— when Mrs. Tara Cherian kindly consented to deliver a never-to-be-forgotten vale-

dictory address in which she shared with us her interesting experiences of life in other countries, making us long to follow in her footsteps at the first possible opportunity.

Social Service

The College Social Service League can look back with satisfaction upon the time and service they have generously devoted to the relief of the neighbouring poor. Despite the utter inadequacy of our little one-room temporary Welfare Centre they have managed to accomplish much, caring for the sick at the dispensary, distributing milk, food and clothes and organizing happy recreations for the children. In the same small building a sewing class is also held, which prepares poor girls to earn a livelihood. Christmas saw the usual large Christmas Tree when hundreds received useful gifts, this year the emphasis being laid upon the family as a unit. On behalf of the poor, we plant another bean of hope. Trusting in God's help and the continued assistance of our good friends, we are planning the construction of a permanent Welfare Centre which will enable us to extend our help to many more deserving poor. We confidently trust that this year will see the realisation of yet another beanstalk.

A. I. C. U. F.

Members of the Catholic Students' Union have spent a busy profitable year. Self-organized discussions upon student problems have formed an important feature in the weekly meetings, resulting always in practical resolutions and appropriate action. The M. A. students terminated a series of discussions upon Reading by organizing an Inter-class Debate upon " Whether immorality lessens the literary value of books "— which was characterised by a high standard of debating, and some very sound arguments were propounded with genuine conviction. But activities were by no means confined to the portals of Stella Maris; students availed themselves of the vacations to attend the various all-India camps and study weeks organized by the Federation, the leadership camp at Belgaum, the Bangalore study week and the Pondicherry camp.

Sports

The spacious grounds of " The Cloisters " will enable us to realise a long-cherished dream — that of providing adequate playing fields for the full development of Sports. This year with the building scheme still incomplete our activities were necessarily limited and our would-be athletes, though fired with Olympic enthusiasm, had to content themselves with a modest share in the Inter-Collegiate Table Tennis Cup. But this year's problems have not been without their advantages, having elicited a spirit of cheerfulness and adaptation under difficulties, together with an initiative which made it possible for the regular games and sports to be conducted as usual.

Excursions have been very popular this year. A hundred Hostelites led the way with their enjoyable visit to the Red Hills, which thanks to last year's generous Monsoon, more than came up to their expectations. Senior Zoologists followed, their choice falling upon the famous Vedanthangal Bird Sanctuary which the rains had thickly populated with aquatic birds of many types and species. But the Art students out-

shone all with their five-day Archaeological Tour of Bangalore, Halebid, Belur and Mysore, covering a distance of 514 miles by bus, excluding the journey to Bangalore. But their efforts were amply rewarded by an interesting and detailed study of Hoysala architecture.

Hostels

Our two Hostels have solved our accommodation problem and this year we were happy to be able to welcome almost all applicants. One Hostel is occupied mainly by Juniors and the other by Seniors and Staff members. But this is no hard and fast division—all are on very good visiting terms and form in reality one big family—living, working and playing together, proud and worthy of the trust that we are able to place in them. From early morning to late in the evening colourful sarees brighten up the lawns as singly, in pairs, or in groups, they find a favourite corner for study or for a stroll.

Before the Hostel

Staff

Our achievements of the year could not have been accomplished without the co-operation of our loyal, efficient staff who devote themselves unstintingly to their task, taking a personal interest in the welfare and progress of each student, thus facilitating the smooth working of the college.

Conclusion

By the opening of the next academic year we hope to be able to offer to our non-resident students increased comfort and facilities, in the new Centre which you now see under construction, one of whose most welcome features will be the College Canteen.

In the academic field we hope to introduce next year the B. A. Course in Social Sciences, subject to the approval of the University.

The horizon is not, however, entirely cloudless. A large debt on the College buildings still remains outstanding. But we have an unshaken confidence in God's paternal Providence, as also in the continued assistance of our kind benefactors and truly loyal students whose efforts in this direction have never flagged throughout the year. Their cheerful and enthusiastic generosity is indeed a consolation to us.

Thus Stella Maris looks forward to the future, her eyes fixed on the Star of Truth and Charity whose gentle, yet powerful light she ever seeks to follow, realising well that the highest value an education can offer is " a mind that knows the truth about itself and the world and knowing the truth has been made free." That Stella Maris may ever labour to form students imbued with such lofty ideals, students of initiative, with courage and determination to face whatever duties life imposes on them, is our oft-repeated prayer: students who will be an asset and a credit to their country, following the example of our distinguished President in her devoted service to India and to the state of Madras in particular.

THOUGHTS

Thoughts come crowding through my mind :
Thoughts of the past, sweet and smiling memories,
Thoughts of the present, bitter, clouded by grief,
Thoughts of the future, uncertain and frightening.
I know not why these thoughts should visit me ;
Try as I may, I cannot keep them out :
So swift they come, so strong my feelings surge.
They swell, they rise as waves of the swollen sea
And make my heart well up in tears ;
Then just one prayer,
And the storm within is stilled
And peace comes back again.

S. PARVATHI,
I B.A.

IMAGINATION

Imagination! It plays an important part in our daily life. It is especially important in Mathematics, for everyone is compelled to conjure up in her imagination the shapes of cones, spheres, paraboloids, and those fantastic "skew lines," floating about in space, neither intersecting nor parallel.

Astronomy is a real headache for the Maths. students. When we are told, "Imagine the great circle passing through the Zenith and the West and East points on the celestial sphere," our heads begin to whirl round and round like the celestial sphere itself. And when the lecturer tries to paint before our eyes the imaginary circles like the ecliptic and the parallel of declination we poor students do nothing but blink and stare with stony incomprehension.

Surely Trigonometry and Algebra will be more sober and matter-of-fact. "Complex numbers are made up of the real part . . . Good, good, this is quite straightforward. There's safety in numbers they say! . . . and the imaginary part . . ." Horrors, do we hear aright? Even numbers are eluding us now. "Some complex numbers are of course purely imaginary." Alas for us, if only the problems were purely imaginary too, we might have more success with our purely imaginary answers! But let us reassure ourselves with Geometry. "The square on the hypotenuse etc.," that is all plain common sense.

"Now, consider the case when the radius of the circle is zero . . ." the beady eye of the lecturer silences our feeble protest; . . . we then have a point or imaginary circle."

There it is again! We are still duly pondering what the imaginary circumference of this imaginary circle with its imaginary radius may be, when another Astronomy class sweeps over our sinking heads, with a lyrical description of the "first point of Aries, an imaginary point being the intersection of two imaginary circles . . ." Enough! Overcome with a "drowsy numbness" like Keats — but for a different reason! — I begin to think about the wonders that the poets have created by the power of their imagination.

Imagination was a powerful element which enabled the poets to paint magical pictures harmoniously blended with poetic melody. Keats expresses his reaction to the imaginary song of an imaginary bird in a dim imaginary forest, and pictures the cool sensation of wine, so that he almost seems to taste it. It was by his glorious imagination that he was able to create :—

> "The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
> The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

Coleridge's " Kubla Khan " is a supreme example of romantic poetry with the imaginative splendour of its sunless sea, sinuous rills, incense-bearing trees, sunny domes and caves of ice.

Imagination is the most magical quality by virtue of which poets can forget their miseries. Keats hopes to escape from reality and forget the real troubles of his life by sharing the unalloyed happiness of the nightingale. He imagines himself flying away to the bird, not on the chariot of Bacchus, but on the "Viewless wings of Poesy."

Where am I ? I am in the Astronomy class, dreaming about Keats, and, with Coleridge, " five times meandering with a mazy motion. " Meanwhile the thoroughly unromantic voice of the lecturer—surely not fed on honey-dew, and far from the milk of paradise !—pursues its relentless theme : " The first point of Libra is an imaginary point opposite the first point of Aries. " Naturally, there had to be another imaginary point to match the first one ! I rise from my poetic dreams and try to concentrate. How I wish I were a poet and could realise that even Mathematics is " such stuff that dreams are made of ! "

J. SHANTHA,
III B.Sc.

CONSERVATION OF WILD LIFE IN INDIA

From time immemorial, man's stamina, patience and perseverance have been put to the test by hunting. This sport, however, upset the ba'ance of nature and compelled certain predatory animals to attack human habitations in search of food. During the nineteenth century there was ruthless destruction of wild life in India—a country renowned for its large variety of wild animals. When gun and rifle replaced the bow and arrow, destruction of wild animals on a large scale followed. Several species were almost completely wiped out, for example the Asiatic Lion, which thrived at the close of the eighteenth century, became extinct everywhere except in Saurashtra. The cheetah likewise disappeared except in the low rugged hills of the Central Highlands. The famous one-horned Indian Rhinoceros is now also becoming scarce, whilst the musk deer is another rapidly dwindling species. Even birds, like the Indian Bustard, are sharing the same fate.

It is only recently that the preservation of wild life has attracted public attention. The first important step in this direction was the organisation of the Indian

Board for Wild Life in 1952, whose functions are to establish national parks, sanctuaries and zoological gardens, and to promote public interest in wild life, especially by the annual Wild Life Week every October. Similar Boards have subsequently been constituted in almost all the States of India.

What exactly, one may ask, is a wild life sanctuary? The Indian Board has defined it as "an area in which the killing or capturing of any animal or bird is prohibited," whereas a national park is an area dedicated by statute to the conservation of natural scenery and wild life. There are at present in India as many as 12 sanctuaries but only 4 national parks. The chief sanctuaries are: the dry scrub Gir Forest in Gujerat, now the only home of the Asiatic Lion; the Kantha Sanctuary in Madhya Pradesh where the spotted deer afford a pleasing sight; the thick grass swamps of of Kaziranga in Assam which are the haunt of the Great Indian Rhinoceros. The magnificent Indian wild buffalo can be seen in the forests of the Manas Sanctuary in Assam. The teak forests of Bandipur in Mysore are noted for bison and wild elephants. The high-level Periyar Lake in Kerala provides a most attractive setting for a game sanctuary. Here, seated in a boat, one may observe the animals as they come to bathe or drink in the lake. These include majestic elephants which roam about in herds of 20 to 30 strong. The Kashmir Stag in winter descends into the valley of the Dachigam Sanctuary, near Srinagar.

The Government of India is making systematic efforts to prevent the extinction of certain varieties of animals, particularly the Asiatic Lion which is a sub-species distinct from its African cousin. At one time this animal was found in regions as far south as the Narbada Valley. Some people think that the tiger is responsible for ousting the lion from its natural habitat. However, this is not true, since tigers prefer a different kind of terrain from lions. Lions, which prowl about by day and night, love open country; tigers, on the other hand, prefer forests where they can remain concealed during the day, since their prowls are nocturnal only. An important factor which has contributed to the extermination of the lion is its lack of cunning and its intense courage, which is generally carried to the point of fool-hardiness. It is well known that a lion will not kill unless it is hungry or frightened. A tiger, on the contrary, will kill if provoked. In order to preserve the Asiatic Lion, the Government of India undertook a bold experiment in 1959. One lion and two lionesses from Kathiawar were released by the Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh in the Chanderprabha Wild Life Sanctuary, about 40 miles from Varanasi. According to reports, these caged lions were released by the pressing of a button! It was planned that the animals would first attack a few goats tied in front of their cage and then proceed to their forest abode. This did not happen, however. The animals ignored the goats and rushed forward to freedom directly the cage door opened, thus denying the spectators the opportunity of witnessing a lions' feast.

The main purpose of the Jaldapura Sanctuary in West Bengal and the Kaziranga Sanctuary in Assam, is to conserve the Indian Rhino. The latter sanctuary extends

over 165 square miles on the south bank of the Brahmaputra. In 1906 it contained only 12 rhinos, today they have multiplied to about 250. The Taroba Sanctuary, south of Nagpur, is a teak forest, famous for tigers.

South India abounds in game sanctuaries. Adjoining the Mudumalai Sanctuary in the Nilgiris is the Bandipur Sanctuary both of which abound in all varieties of wild animals — the elephant, the bison, sambhur, chital, langur, monkey and peafowl. Mudumalai is the natural habitat of the Indian Elephant, since the luxuriant growth of bamboo and long grass provides it with plentiful food. Bison (gaur) are also common here. These animals resemble buffaloes, having rich glossy black fur except on the lower half of the leg, where the white covering gives the impression of white stockings.

There are also a number of bird sanctuaries, such as the Keoladee Ghana Sanctuary near Bharatpur in North India, the Vedanthangal Sanctuary, south of Madras, established 1798, and the Seringapatam Sanctuary near Mysore. The bird population of India consists of two broad categories—the true inhabitants, and the passage migrants. The true inhabitants, such as the kite or the vulture, live and die in this country. The passage migrants, on the other hand, pass through the country during their annual exodus from North to South prior to the advent of Winter ; and from South to North prior to the advent of Summer. One of the purposes of the bird sanctuaries is to provide passage migrants with a resting place during their arduous journeys to congenial climates. The lake at Vedanthangal, for example, provides a happy home for cormorants, darters, egrets, storks, herons, pelicans, coots, teals and several other varieties for breeding and nesting. Many of these birds come from far-distant countries such as Germany and Russia.

National parks also play an important part in the conservation of wild life in this country. The Hailey Park, situated about 15 miles from the rail-head at Ramnagar near Naini Tal, covers an area of 125 square miles. Here the tiger is predominant but the Park also abounds in elephants, sambhur, chital, barking deer and a large variety of birds. The Banjar Game Reserve in Madhya Pradesh, now known as Kanha National Park, was instituted in 1935. It abounds in chital, black buck, sambhur and blue bull. Predatory animals include the tiger, panther and wild dog. The Shirpuri Park, formerly a game reserve of the Maharaja of Gwalior, was opened in 1955. The Jim Corbett National Park near Naini Tal is also of recent institution and attracts many visitors.

It will thus be seen that the preservation of natural life forms one of the basic policies of the Indian Government, in accordance with the spirit of Indian democracy which may be summed up in the well-known saying " Live and let live."

Miss Rajeshwari Adiseshiah,
Lecturer in Zoology.

WOOL - GATHERING

Wool-gathering is very interesting indeed ! It does not demand special talent, but simply that we sink into blissful forgetfulness and keep building " castles in the air."

It is rather strange to see that students who are always so fully occupied with learning seem to find time for " wool-gathering " only when present in class. Once they fall into their happy reveries they lose themselves completely, and get so much absorbed that they forget their very presence in the class-room. They are brought back into this world only by the unseemly questioning of a disrespectful lecturer, doggedly imposing her own lustreless topic on an unresponsive audience.

Wool-gathering, like all things, has its own bright and dark sides. For although it robs the student of the very little concentration he has in any case, it helps him as well to picture things in his mind, and this in turn has led to some of the great discoveries that have been made in the scientific world.

The scientist Kekule was often subject to those " wild wool-gatherings," but unlike those of an ordinary man, Kekule's wool-gatherings turned out to be useful.

In his speech on the theory of Molecular Structure delivered before the German Chemical Society in 1858, he relates his experience : " One fine summer evening I was returning by the last omnibus, as usual, through the deserted streets of the Metropolis (London) which are at other times so full of life. I fell into a reverie and lo ! the atoms were gambolling before my eyes. Whenever, hitherto, these diminutive beings had appeared to me they had always been in motion ; but up to that time, I had never been able to discern the nature of their motion. Now, however, I saw how frequently two smaller atoms united to form a pair ; how a larger one even embraced two smaller ones ; still larger ones kept hold of three or four of the smaller ; whilst they kept whirling in a giddy dance I saw how the larger ones formed a chain, dragging the smaller ones after them . . . the cry of the conductor " Clapham Road " awakened me from my dreams."

Later Kekule summed up all his dreams and brought out the theory of Molecular Structure to the then ignorant world.

But it is not possible for every student to turn out something so wonderful from his happy day-dreams. Taking Kekule's example, if every student, including the lecturer, were to step into this " wild day-dreaming " business, with a hope of discovering something new, I am afraid the class would turn out to be a set of Sleeping Beauties.

Kekule observes, " Let us learn to dream and then perhaps we shall learn the truth," but he is careful to add, " Let us beware of publishing our dreams before they have been put to the proof by the waking understanding."

M. S. NIRMALA,
Pre-Univ. I

POETRY

A boy once wrote : " Poetry is a roundabout way of saying something that could be said much better in prose." Evidently he had been deterred by poetical form or perhaps he had been reading something too difficult for him, hence the immature conclusion. A workman, well informed in history and economics, said that " Poetry is a narcotic, an escape from the busy world of actualities. The lover of poetry is a deserter, who runs away from social difficulties and seeks solace in a world of fancy." There is something to be said for this enthusiast, but evidently he has not understood the spirit of poetry, its inner meaning and essence which marks it off as a distinct branch of art.

Many literary men, poets and prose writers, have given various definitions of poetry. These definitions give some idea of what poetry is, but in the last analysis they are not much help to a real understanding of poetry. The reason is that each writer stresses what appears to him to be the essence of poetry. For example Carlyle says poetry is " musical thought," while Shelley writes : " Poetry we take to be an expression of the imagination." The former definition seems to deal with the thought expressed, while Shelley lays emphasis on the imaginative element in poetry. For Wordsworth poetry is " the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," while Coleridge is of the opinion that poetry is the antithesis of science since its primary concern is to give pleasure.

Thus we see that definitions are not very helpful to our understanding of poetry. But we can distinguish certain characteristics which constitute the essence of poetry. The first of these qualities is that whatever poetry touches it relates to our feelings and emotions, while at the same time by an exercise of the imagination it " gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." This appeal to our emotions is the spirit and soul of poetry, but it is not sufficient to form what we call " poetry."

The imaginative treatment of life must be embodied in regular rhythmical language or metre. This metrical form is a recognised essential of poetry, though many writers have stated their belief that metre is not necessary. Sidney was the first to express this belief in his " Apologie for Poetrie." Later Bacon and Coleridge held the same opinion. These men were opposed by others who felt what Leigh Hunt wrote : "The above opinion is a prosaic mistake."

Metre found its strongest defenders in Mathew Arnold and Thomas Carlyle. Both of these upheld the " old vulgar distinction " between prose and verse. Further, they supported their claim by drawing attention to a fact which every student of literature has observed and felt, namely that words arranged in a particular manner acquire as if by magic a power to affect the emotions which they do not have in themselves individually. Rhythm or metre is thus recognised as essential to poetry.

Poetic thought may be written prosaically as we find in Carlyle's " Essay on Burns " and in De Quincey's essays, and conversely prosaic thought may be expressed in metre such as we find in " Peter Bell," " Simon Lee " and much of Wordsworth's later poetry. But strictly speaking poetry is a combination of imaginative thought and rhythmical language, and it is this which makes poetry a distinct branch of literature.

Being an imaginative expression of life it is often thought that poetry is not true and is therefore the antithesis of science. This view shows that poetry and its function is misunderstood. Science gives us an intellectual explanation of the phenomena of the universe. Even though scientific facts are presented coldly to the intellect they fill us with wonder at the unimaginable power and mystery of the world. The wonder increases till we are filled with a sense of gratitude and reverence. It is of these heightened moods that poetry is born and to these moods it appeals. Where the scientist sees power and mystery, the keener vision of the poet sees beauty, power and mystery. It was the overwhelming sense of these which inspired Wordsworth and Keats. Poetry is therefore at once the antithesis and complement of science. Science appeals to the intellect but poetry appeals to the whole man, intellect, senses and emotions. The poet is not simply imagining the beauty he sees in the world; his keener vision and more sensitive nature makes him aware of what ordinary people glimpse only fitfully.

There is a latent poetic power in all people but it does not find expression in all. The poet alone not only feels the wonder of life's experiences but has also the power of communicating that wonder to us. Thus poetry shows us what we have faintly felt about life. It therefore widens our sympathies, clears our vision and makes us more responsive to the world around us.

If poetry is to have this effect the poet must be absolutely faithful in describing what he sees. Keats and Wordsworth and the nineteenth century poets had this fidelity. " The poetry of earth is never dead " wrote Keats, so he was careful not to go to books for his knowledge of nature. Milton, Dryden and Pope learned nature from books and hence their mistakes and inaccuracies. In the twentieth century Edmund Blunden and John Masefield have kept up the Romantic tradition of Keats and Wordsworth. They observe nature and have given us moving poems on such apparently insignificant creatures as a hedgehog and snail. They remind us of Burns' sympathy with the " wee, cowering, timourous beastie " and his " bonny gem " the daisy.

Sometimes poets forget their sphere of describing what they see and then they become like Wordsworth " teachers or nothing." They may succeed in transfiguring their philosophy into " a thing of beauty " in which case no one should object to didacticism in poetry. What deserves censure is the employment of fancy to do the work of fact in supporting philosophy. Wordsworth is much criticised for this and rightly so since, for example, he bases his belief that the universe is a sign of invisible things on a comparison with the age-old shell which, when pressed to the ear, gives the illusion that one is listening to the mighty ocean's roar. The philosophy itself is real but it becomes unreal when connected with the delusive phenomenon of the shell.

Besides dealing with ancient truths poetry also deals with contemporary thought and life. This is especially true of twentieth century poetry, to which many refuse the name " poetry." This, I think, is too narrow a view and shows a new misunderstanding of the function and method of the poet. With advance in methods of warfare, in science, psychology and psycho-analysis, the scope of modern life has been enlarged. Democracy has come to almost all the countries of the world. This democratic sense has likewise invaded the world of poetry, and the scope of poetry has been widened.

War and its aftermath, bombs, politics, socialism, disillusionment and even despair have now replaced such themes as love, music, nature, patriotism and heroism which formed the substance of " ancient " poetry. This is a sad state of affairs but it does show that the modern poets are aware of their function to see life as it is and to communicate to others the emotions it arouses in them. Bitterness and sarcasm is felt in the poetry of C. D. Lewis, W. H. Auden and the other " poets of the thirties." T. S. Eliot's " The Wasteland " conveys all the hopelessness and futile monotony of life as it appeared after World War I. Yet it is strange and mysterious to find oneself admiring the beauty of such things as a bombing practice as it is described in Norman Nicholson's " Bombing Practice." The poet reflects our feeling in the closing lines which bring us sharply back to reality :

" And the curlew sadly cries
That things so beautiful as these
Shall fall through nights of wintry gales
And plant their germs of pain in the limbs of men."

Modern poetry is peculiarly democratic also in the freedom and variety of its verse form. The free verse of Walt Whitman has given place to verse so free that it is difficult to hear its music at all. However there is now a general tendency to return to the traditional verse forms which shows that regular verse form is as much a part of poetry as lofty thought. Therefore Fdgar Allen Poe was quite justified in defining poetry as the " rhythmic creation of beauty."

Many people fail to appreciate poetry not because they are unable to understand it but because they have never mastered the art of reading it rhythmically. All who wish to appreciate poetry must learn to read with an ear to the music. Poetry is thought, but it is also something more. This something more will be felt only through the music.

S. A. ALAMELU,
I M.A.

OUR TRIP TO THE VEDANTHANGAL BIRD SANCTUARY

The excursion party, III B.Sc.

The "big surprise" turned out to be Vedanthangal! After due consideration and deliberation, it was finally decided that the long-awaited Zoology excursion should be a trip to the bird sanctuary at Vedanthangal. Needless to say, thanks to the efforts of the energetic, active minority, preparations were satisfactorily concluded! Mother Nature too, who was gracious enough not to efface the happy, expectant looks of more than thirty people, assigned to us a bright sunny day, with a slight drizzle at the start — a reassuring, customary sign of good things to come!

We arrived at Vedanthangal at about 3.00 p. m., having halted at a rest-house to replenish our "healthy appetites," especially since we had an out-door lesson, a sort of briefing, on the birds we were to see at the sanctuary. A quiz-questionnaire which followed the lesson proved to be a disastrous show-down to those who had been enjoying the bitter-sweetness of tamarind (we were sitting under the cool shade of a tamarind tree), instead of listening to the profitable lesson in progress!

The Vedanthangal Bird Sanctuary is in the Chingleput District, about 55 miles south-west of Madras. The sanctuary itself is a small lake, about 74 acres in area, bordered by a high bund on one side and in the middle of the artificial lake is a group of some five hundred Indian oak trees — Barringtonia trees. The trees are very old, thick-boled and heavy-limbed, whose domed crowns are leafy most of the year. It is said that during the rains the trunks are submerged, leaving the crowns above the water in close and confluent islands which provide ideal nesting sites for the birds that like to nest in trees standing in water.

The surrounding country is flat scrub, dotted with many paddy fields, which proved to be a picturesque setting for many amateur photographers amongst us! During the monsoons there are other temporary ponds and lakes teeming with aquatic flora and fauna, which directly or indirectly sustain the bird life of the sanctuary.

The birds at Vedanthangal have been protected over a hundred years by the villagers. Though in 1796 it was first recognized as a sanctuary, it was not until 1939 that it officially received the status of a protected bird sanctuary.

Vedanthangal is undoubtedly one of the most spectacular breeding colonies in South India. Vedanthangal differs from others in that it is first of all a tree sanctuary and secondly it is a breeding colony of a cosmopolitan gathering of birds!

Breeding goes on in the sanctuary from November to February. Soon after the monsoon, the birds come in small parties. The first ones which arrive occupy the trees near the land and the birds that arrive later on spread to the distant ones. Many of the birds arrive in breeding condition. Among the common and earliest arrivals are the Open-billed Storks, followed by Cormorants, Darters, Grey Herons, White Ibises, Egrets, Night-Herons, Pond-Herons, Coots and Dabchicks. All are local migrants.

The Cormorant dominates in the sanctuary. It is popularly known as the Sea-Crow, and it is a glistening black duck-like bird with a longish, stiff tail. It is a strict " fishetarian," and is an expert diver and submarine swimmer. In the evenings they come in from their feeding grounds in large flocks. We saw several such flocks returning " home." The Cormorant, with its distinct reptilian appearance, is considered to be the only bird, now surviving, which has the closest resemblance to the Archaeopteryx—the so-called missing link between Reptiles and Birds. Night-Herons are also to be found in large numbers, but their population does not admit of ocular estimate as they lead a cloistered life during the day, hiding in the thick foliage of the trees. They are ash-grey above the wings, with glistening black backs, and white below. The crown, nape and occipital crest are black.

The Spoonbills are conspicuously perched on their tree homes or winging from tree to tree. They are long-necked, long-legged, snow-white marsh birds with characteristic black legs and large, flat black and yellow spoon-shaped bills. A long nuchal crest is present during the breeding season. Spoonbills are said to be affectionate mothers, seldom abandoning their nest after the young ones are hatched. They are also, it seems, good baby-sitters for the nestlings of other birds. The Openbill Stork can also be seen quite often. It is usually large, white or greyish. It has a peculiar reddish-black bill, with arching mandibles leaving a narrow open gap in between. It may be either single or gregarious by nature.

The White Ibis is a large marsh bird with black, down-curved bill. It is found in flocks, and walks confidently on the marshy land, probing into the soft mud in search of food.

The Darter or the Snake-bird is a black water bird of peculiar interest. Its body remains submerged when swimming and only the long, swaying, shaky neck and head are seen above the surface. With wings outspread, it is reminiscent of an early reptilian bird, and is often confused with the Cormorant. That is a pardonable error to the layman, I suppose, since knowledgeable people also seem to have made the same mistake ! Egrets are a common sight. There are four types, namely the little, the medium, the large and the cattle egrets. Gregarious by nature, the Little Egret is the size of a village hen with longer legs and neck. It is a snow-white, lanky marsh bird, with a black bill, and has a drooping crest of two plumes during the breeding season.

The Pond Heron is another egret-like marsh bird found in the sanctuary. The Indian Moorhens take up their residence annually during the breeding season. They are often seen skulking through the tangled vegetation bobbing their heads at every step in an inquisitive manner and ready to retire as soon as some one intrudes on their privacy. It is an extremely shy bird, and is a reluctant flier, earth-bound most often. The Little Grebe or Dabchick is also common. It is a drab-coloured, plump little water bird, the size of a pigeon. The movement of its head and neck is characteristic. It is often found in pairs or in parties. The Painted Storks are occasional visitors. They were last seen in 1957.

Vedanthangal is thus the home of many local migrants ; and some migrants like the Common Teal, the Tufted Duck, the Wagtail and Stints come from far-off countries. These distant migrants have an exotic appeal, and the wonder of their conquest of space and sense of direction is unceasing. They are not, however, the feature of the sanctuary, for during winter they are commoner elsewhere than at Vedanthangal. Moreover, they do not breed while at the sanctuary, and it is the breeding colony at Vedanthangal that is the attraction.

Apart from the waterfowl, there is a varied distribution of interesting and brilliantly plumaged ground and perching birds around the sanctuary. As we spent only a few hours there, we were not able to make any detailed observations of the birds and their activities. From the road running along the bund, we had a good view of the vast congregation of waterfowl which has really to be seen to be believed. Some of the more aspiring zoologists amidst us resorted to the aid of binoculars for a closer view, but eventually abandoned them with a renewed respect for their own normal vision ! Perhaps the few binoculars we had were not up to the mark !

A second view of the birds after our tea proved to be much better, probably because we had by then revived from the fatigue of our journey and perhaps because we knew that that was going to be our final view. Besides, it was already evening — the best time to visit the sanctuary, other than in the morning just before the crack of dawn.

Like all good things that must come to an end, we had quite reluctantly to bid farewell to our feathered friends and return home, a subdued, though definitely a more " bird-wise " lot !

A trip to the sanctuary is a most enjoyable outing to a casual visitor ; to the ornithologist it is of special interest, whilst, to humble zoologists like us, it is a happy combination of both !

SUPRIYA SODAR,
III B.Sc.

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

" Crash, Bang, Plonk " ! and a pair of startled eyes looked at me pleadingly from the midst of the ruined cups and saucers—for the noise initiated my sprinting capacities and brought me at the double to the scene.

Alas, as I had imagined, it was another of the " *Operation Mischief* " come to nought. The guilty victim stood reduced in height, voice and gestures. A wan, uncertain smile which seemed to be spreading was prematurely cut short, as the expression on my face changed. " Poor fellow," I thought. " No, I mustn't let him off this time," and I heard myself addressing the victim in clipped, angry tones.

" Well, now, tell me how this happened. You need a good thrashing for it !"

" I . . . I . . . I . . . was only trying to help you clear the table. . . . "

" What," I bellowed, " havn't I told you a hundred million times not to . . . ." Tears welled up in the pleading eyes, and the copious overflow which resulted cut short my verbal wrath.

" Never mind, my dear. It is all right. Only do be careful next time. Come, come, stop crying now, won't you ? Run along, and bring me the dustpan and sweep . . . . "

This episode, characteristic of all similar episodes of the past, ended with the victim " living happily ever afterwards. "

Perhaps you like to know who this fortunate person is who gets off scot free from all his crimes, and long to be in his shoes ?

He is only a little over four years old, and is not more than three feet in his normal, confident posture. His eyes, one of his chief assets, have an oriental slant, and are bright and twinkling, with mischief lurking noticeably in their depths.

Though not precocious nor a genius in the making, he is intelligent for his age, and too active for the liking of any adult especially prone to a sedentary life. A healthy curiosity is of course quite characteristic, and his ceaseless questions have quite unwittingly puzzled me more times than I would like to admit.

Once, on a visit to the Zoo, he was quite captivated by what he would call, the "Hippomotapus." The zoo-keeper's efforts to induce the sleepy animal to come ashore and feed on a heap of dried leaves proved to be useless. An innocent and simple question which the interested little spectator asked me put me off, for it tolled heavily on my limited knowledge.

"Will the 'Hippomotapus' eat human beings?" While pretending not to have heard the question, which I knew would be repeated all too soon, I thought desperately, — "Now is that old Hippo a vegetarian or non-vegetarian? It is a non-veg . . . . . but I remember vaguely reading in one of the Zoology texts that it is a strict vegetarian . . . now what is it?" And then I had a sudden inspiration. What does it matter, why am I so bothered, the little questioner will be none the wiser for what I say!

When the question was repeated a third time, a little impatiently, I pretended to have come out of a reverie, and said . . . "Oh, what did you say? . . . Yes . . . yes, the Hippo is very, very fond of eating human beings, especially little boys who are always up to mischief." The skeptical look on his face did not deter me from going into the details of the Hippo's particular taste.

This charming, affable little character who has the distinction of being a first grandchild, is undoubtedly the apple of his doting grandparents' eyes. As to whether he is spoilt—a doting aunt is not qualified to say, is she?

When I go home for the holidays, there he will be at the station to greet me with his winning, coy smile. The same little face, slightly tear-stained, bids me God-speed when I leave after the holidays.

To me, though years and oceans may separate us eventually, he will always remain the same little mischievous gentleman of today, who when asked his name, will proudly pronounce it as *Rajiv*.

SUPRIYA SODAR,
III B.Sc.

MUSIC IN NATURE

Good music has a sublime effect on the human heart since it awakens in us the consciousness of higher realities. It arouses the human heart to the realisation of the magnificent power that keeps everything in existence. Many poets have found a deep consolation in the quiet beauty of nature. They have a keener sense of perception than ordinary human beings and so they are enraptured by the tiniest beauties of nature. Many of them, wandering in lonely woods by little winding streams that glide like silver linings in a dark cloud, or walking by the sea-shore when the sky is bathed in the shimmering rosy glow of the setting sun, have lost themselves in the sweet music of nature and its overpowering influence on the human mind. Such sweet music is not apparent to the ordinary person whose mind is preoccupied with the accumulation of wealth or to one who lives in luxury. It is hidden likewise from the poor man absorbed in earning his daily bread. Nature's music can impress only a carefree heart. This is the obvious reason why R. L. Stevenson longs to be a vagabond with no roof over his head so that he may drink in every drop of the sweet wine with which nature intoxicates him.

To a poet all his present worries, all the repinings of the past and the dreams of the future vanish like snow in the presence of the sun when his mind is open only to the pleasant songs of the birds hovering above his head — their cooing, chirping and whisperings, to the roar of the wild waves furiously lashing against the shore, or to the pleasant murmur of the stream flowing over stones and through the sedges. Things like these have stirred their imagination and set fire to their thoughts which rise like a conflagration, enlightening their minds and hearts and bursting forth in great enjoyment for posterity. It is this stirring of the flames within the minds of poets that has given us immortal possessions to be cherished in the casket of the human heart. It is this sweet music in nature which inspired Shelley to write his immortal lyric " To a Skylark " and Keats to compose his wonderful " Ode to a Nightingale." In the former the poet longs to understand the reason for the bird's joy, and in the latter it is the bird's song itself that carries him away into a wonderful dreamland and makes him forget the reality, the sufferings of the human heart.

The music in nature is like a fitful distant echo in time and space of the infinite eternal harmonies flowing from Him Who is the Source of all joy and beauty.

S. BAGGIALAKSHMI,
III B.Sc.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND ME

Shakespeare : Hail, poor maid, whence comes this lean and hungry look ?

Self : Having to study " Julius Caesar " in detail is really killing. How did you manage to bring together all the details of the play so well ?

Shakespeare : Indeed, you think too much — such girls are dangerous ! Truly, Madam, I sought only to please the citizens of London who came to see my plays. It never was my intent that you should muse and sigh to discover hidden meanings in my words.

Self : But no one nowadays is considered to be well-educated unless she has studied a few of your works at least.

Shakespeare : Yet do I not see what ground for study.....?

Self : In College we've been debating the reasons for Caesar's murder. In Act II Scene I Brutus in his soliloquy in the garden bases his justification of the murder on the danger of Caesar's developing into a tyrant. But in Act IV Scene III Brutus reminds Cassius that they have killed Caesar for reasons of justice. No doubt we admire Brutus for his high ideals and noble standard of conduct, but it seems rather as if Brutus is the victim of a great illusion. What did *you* mean Brutus' character to be ?

Shakespeare : O heavens — let me be meek and gentle with these butchers ! You hack and strip my poor play for intentions I never did possess ! But, since you press me, I confess I made good Brutus hero of the play and so discovered other faults in Caesar's life to justify the deep contempt of honourable men. Thus all might think of Brutus :

" This was the noblest Roman of them all,
For all the conspirators save only he,
Did what they did in envy of great Caesar."

Self : How lovely if I could have lived in your time ! Do you know for our public exam — on the Ides of April — we have questions like " Compare and contrast the characters of Brutus and Cassius." " Outline the character of Portia." What do you think of that ?

Shakespeare : 'Tis time quite lost to tease the meaning of my words. The play's the thing, I tell you. See it, hear it, enjoy it, or if you have tears, prepare to shed them now . . . . . but I beseech you, do not seek the " why and wherefore."

Self: I don't think anything can be done now, since your plays have so long been considered suitable for detailed study.

Shakespeare: Had I known my poor imaginings would give such grief and wonderment, I would have cried "out damned spot," and left no written word behind me . . . . .

Self: Good gracious! Then what would we have to study today? Can you imagine the state of English Literature without your plays? No, Mr. Shakespeare, although we spend a year or so of our lives bemoaning the imposition of studying your works in detail we must admit "the fault, dear Shakespeare, is not in your plays, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

JOSABEL GOMEZ,
Pre-Univ. 5.

FLORA OF INDIA

Among the flowers of India the Lotus is the most characteristic. There is no plant in the world which possesses so much interest from a historical point of view as the Lotus. It was the emblem of sanctity among the priests of Egypt. It is still held sacred in China, Ceylon and India. Poets have always used it as a standard of comparison, and it is used as a motif in many an artistic production.

Gul-Mohur, a good eye-catcher, is prevalent all over India Parks and private gardens are never complete without it. At one season it is quite bare and one can hardly believe the tree to be the same when one sees it in April or May. An invisible hand seems to have touched the tree which then bursts forth in a splendid harmonious blend of orange and crimson.

Nyctanthes, or the Tree of Sorrow, is a common garden plant. It is known as Pavazhamalli in Tamil. The flowers have orange tubes with white borders. They shed a delicious fragrance in the gardens where they grow. It is at sunset that they open and before dawn the ground is covered with the fallen corollas. Since it appears to be drooping it is called the Tree of Sorrow.

Plumieria acuminata or the Frangipani with its cream flowers is, of course, well known but Plumieria rubra with red flowers is also cultivated. The fragrant white

flowers have a pale yellow centre and are used for garlands. It is so often planted near places of worship that it has earned the name of Temple or Pagoda Flower. These species are natives of America but are widely cultivated in India as ornamental flowers.

Although Passiflora is mainly American, it is represented in our forests by a number of climbers which are collectively known under the name of Passion Flower because the various parts of the flower can be correlated with the implements of of Christ's Passion and Crucifixion. The principal value of these plants, apart from the strange flowers, is that some of the species have an edible fruit of very delicate flavour.

Champa (Michelia champaca) is largely grown for ornamental purposes. The scent of the flowers is like amyl acetate. The production of the scent is linked with weather conditions. Bright sunlight induces the production of scent while dull weather reduces or stops it.

The Henna tree (Lawsonia) is thorny, small and is often used as a hedge plant. The tiny flowers are quite fragrant. The henna dye made from the leaves is used by women to dye their nails and skin reddish-orange. In Bombay the natives use it for colouring the tail and mane of their horses.

Kaida (Pandanas odoratissimus) is a singular-looking bush which is very common along the banks of canals and the back-waters of Travancore. The flowers, though seldom visible, have a strong, heady scent which attracts snakes. From them the Keora Oil is made. The fruits, which look like pineapples, are not very edible.

The valleys of the Garhwal district have an exuberant display of alpine flora which makes the grandeur of their beauty paradisiacal indeed. On the lower slopes of the hills, the poisonous Cobra Lilies which raise their hoods fantastically like hooded cobras, the profusely-growing Rhododendron campanulatum with purplish flowers, the pink Polygonum, the Eagle's Claws, the Monk's Hood and Lady's Slippers, the stretches of Iris kumaonensis dotted with pink Rock Jasmine, dainty green drooping bell-like Fritillaria and the Saxifrages peeping through rock crevices, rise up like so many richly-coloured tapestries. Near the melting snows in the more shady places, the queen of the Himalayan flowers, the Blue Poppy, grows shyly and is discovered only after a search.

Many flowers imported from abroad have found a home in the temperate regions of the hill stations. Though they vary in size and colour they are acclimatised to local conditions and have contributed in their own small way to the flora of India.

VASANTHI GOPINATH,
I B.Sc.

THE NOVEL

A concise account of the growth and development of the Novel in English Literature

Everyone who indulges in light reading must have some idea what is meant by the novel, for popular reading today generally takes this form. Yet to a person called upon to define a novel, the term may prove to be misleading rather than helpful. The ordinary meaning of the word used in its adjectival form is applied to something new or unusual, and the novel is certainly not a new form of literature.

It is interesting to note, however, that though the general characteristic of the novel, namely the presentation of a picture of real life in varying degrees of accuracy, remains very much the same, certain minor features have undergone changes during the ages that have witnessed and assisted its development.

The home of the novel is Italy. It is here that Boccaccio in 1350 first attempted his prose work of amorous nature entitled "Decameron," which became so popular as to call into vogue in Italy, stories of a similar nature called "Novella Storia." The term "Novel" was originally applied to a story in prose, as distinct from one in verse.

But how did this form of writing find its entry into England? The period was that of the Renaissance, when the rage of the day was foreign travel; and this encouraged Italian modes in literature and even stimulated translations of Italian literature into the English tongue so that those who could not afford to travel or to study foreign languages, were nevertheless enabled to read the translations.

The chief of these translators in England was Painter, whose collection of stories became so popular as to stimulate other writers to follow his example; in this respect he can be looked upon as responsible for the development of prose fiction in Elizabethan England, and had it not been for Italy we might have had no such thing as the English novel!

Lyly was the chief Elizabethan prose writer; his "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit" helped to place novel writing on a firm footing in England, though its triumph was short-lived. Greene in his pamphlets attempted to paint a picture of the "underworld" of his time. Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynde" is a prose romance full of idyllic charm. Thomas Nashe found the novel had become too sentimental and he promptly refreshed it by his light-hearted humour.

Despite the promising start made by prose writers in the sixteenth century, owing to the new stress of social interest in the seventeenth century, novel writing was temporarily set aside. However, Bunyan's allegories, the diarists, and the English journalists who attempted to portray current life, indirectly paved the way for the development of the novel.

To Defoe must be accorded the honour of pioneering in contemporary actualities. His work, however, suffered from two defects : lack of humour and lack of sentiment. These deficiencies were remedied by the new school of novelists that followed him. Richardson's scenes were suffused with sentimental pathos, and thus appealed strongly to the public. He is the first writer who attempted to portray the life of ordinary people in a familiar setting, as seen in his " Pamela." Fielding introduced the note of humour in his " Tom Jones ;" he attempted to paint a faithful picture of life as he saw it, and in this he is unsurpassed ; Sterne's works are full of sentiment. Goldsmith's one excursion into prose fiction, " The Vicar of Wakefield," is remarkable for its pervasive idyllic charm.

It is interesting to note that from the first, women writers took to the novel. Frances Burney in her " Evelina " attempted to paint eighteenth century life from a woman's point of view. Jane Austen's works are characterised by a faithful observation of life, personal detachment from her characters and a sense of ironic comedy. Her works reveal how limited was her field, but her greatness lies in the fact that she recognised her limitations and never ventured outside them. " She made tattle a fine art."

While the prose fiction of the eighteenth century dealt with men and manners, the popularity it enjoyed made it expand into other fields and thus it was influenced by various prevailing movements. Writers at the time were beginning to be interested in the Middle Ages, and there was a hankering after the romance and mystery of medievalism. The note of the supernatural was introduced in Horace Walpole's " Castle of Otranto." Scott, however, was the chief prose writer of the Romantic Movement. Other writers of the time were perhaps more accurate in the externals of medievalism, but none so true to the spirit of the age they were depicting. Previous writers dealt with the fires that consume, Scott dealt with the fires that cleanse, and with Scott a new and purified era began. This note was carried on and sustained by a century of writers starting with Dickens and closing with Hardy.

The middle of the nineteenth century is adorned with the names of four great prose writers : George Meredith who introduced plots sparkling with brilliant intellectuality ; Thomas Hardy who introduced a poetical phase into fiction ; R. L. Stevenson who caught the buoyant and breezy mood of youth; and Kipling who trod a robust path entirely his own. In the second half of the nineteenth century there was a tremendous struggle for human existence. The power of the motor superseded that of the horse, and a corresponding adjustment took place in the human mind. There was a

tremendous output in prose to meet the demands of the increased number of readers, and quality was sacrificed to quantity.

In the modern novels one notices three main characteristics; the reiteration of the French Revolutionary principles of liberty, equality and fraternity; a love of power rather than of beauty and a challenging of the older values of art and life.

The novel is such a facile and attractive mode of expression that its popularity can be easily understood. However, there is a tendency among the ablest men of our time to choose other modes of expression. Journalism and drama are proving serious rivals to the novel today.

SR. MARY CLARE,
I M.A. English.

ALL THINGS INDIAN

When one comes to think of it, isn't it fascinating to be an Indian, to share in the great wealth of ancient culture and philosophy to which every Indian is heir, to familiarise oneself with the spicy aroma of the Oriental " cuisine," to thrill to the sound of the juggler's pipe, to inherit a love of the jungle, — all this and more is the privilege of an Indian. To belong to a nation which enjoys international prestige and respect is an acquired honour of the Indian national.

India is a land of beauty from its gorgeous landscapes to its smilingly shy village " belles." The fierce tropical sun sinking in the west at sunset presents a vivid picture of sunlit waters and dim red light. The fierce regality of an Indian lion tramping the undergrowth of the forest is wonderful to behold and is significant of the dignity of bearing and serenity of outlook that characterise the average Indian. The prostrate form silhouetted against the twilight sky suggests something of the beauty of mind that urges the Indian to bow down before the Creator.

It has been said that no length of time is sufficient to fully understand, learn and admire India. In it, we find an unparalleled diversity of language, culture and creed. From the glistening heights of the Himalayas to the sea-washed strand of Kanyakumari one encounters an interesting variety of colourful costumes, folk songs and dances. The swirling skirts of the Manipuris, the be-jewelled Kathakali dancer, the elaborate garb of the professional exponent of Bharata Natyam show that throughout India there exists a

sparkling difference in the mode of expression of the people. Indians find expression in dance during every phase of their modest lives. This illustrates the truth that basically the Indian is a lover of music.

Foreigners are lavish in their praise of the Indian sari. This graceful apparel is traditionally used all over India, but in each region the method of draping it varies. Different parts of India still continue their ancient modes of production of this elegant dress. In the South, it is the heavy Kanchipuram silks that are popularly acclaimed, and in the North, Benares and Chikan materials are commonly in use. The apparel oft proclaims the man — for the colour-conscious women of India the sari is not only a costume but a symbol of their culture and way of life.

The handloom industry has risen from humble beginnings in rural areas to the giant enterprise it is today. The vibrant hues of hand-woven materials find a market all over the globe. One of the main tourist attractions is the trade of handicrafts plied by the village folk who demonstrate their ideas in works of art.

I would be omitting a vital part of Indian life were I not to speak of the numerous festivals that find a place in the Indian scene. Divali, Bakrid, Christmas are celebrated nationally on a grand scale. The purchase of new clothes and the preparation of appetising dishes heralds these annual periods of merry-making. Feverish excitement prevails as the festivals approach and the happy people give vent to their joy in colourful dance sequences that are symbolic of beliefs attached to the festivals.

Words cannot adequately express the greatness of India — the variety of her religion, her cultural and intellectual wealth. Today she sends forth a cry for help — to achieve the economic independence she yearns for. Her teeming millions are still plagued by hunger, poverty and miserable social conditions. With one five-year plan succeeding the other, it is hoped that with foreign aid, India will successfully rise to the envied position of a well-equipped nation desiring to live harmoniously with all nations and continuing to contribute additional splendour to the already marvellous culture and civilization she can boast of.

MARY FERNANDEZ,
Pre-Univ. I

DISTANCE

"I walked nearly a mile today," I told my mother when I returned home from my first day in college, "from the Gemini bus stop to the college and from the college to the Gemini bus stop." My father, overhearing our talk, remarked, "I am looking at the moon, that is miles away."

Distance can be a great nuisance and a great blessing. Even a quarter of a mile may be a nuisance when a swimmer is seized with cramp and yet what a blessing it is that the sun is so far from the earth and the arctic from our India!

One aspect of distance is extremely interesting. There is no geographical distance so great as the distance between an illiterate person and one capable of enjoying the full development of the human mind. A child who learns to read is building a plane which will annihilate the distance between himself and El Dorado. What the steamship and the plane do to physical distance, education does to intellectual distance.

Our planet is like a diatom swimming in the ocean of ether; star-distances overwhelm us, they help us to realise how small we and our little earthly home really are.

Yet, in spite of all this, we ought to know that by prayer and love we can destroy the distance which separates the creature from the Creator. Small though our earth may be, it is still part of the universe. A thing of three score years and ten may be the creature man, but he has a soul and what else is of any lasting value except the immortal soul? Nothing, not even distance.

Thus men need not think of God as a great potentate living at so crushing a distance from this planet that He neither sees nor hears us. We know He not only created the universe but continually keeps all things in existence, from the mighty sun to the tiniest particle of an atom and since He made us and all we need and cherish, He is truly our Father who cares for us even when we wander far from the narrow way that we must climb in order to come Home to Him.

The only distance which exists between the Creator and the creature is the moral distance made by sin. But even this distance vanishes as soon as the hardened heart breaks with repentance. To destroy distance, we must destroy error and sin.

All distance is conquerable by love and knowledge. The thought of vast distances can never overwhelm a mind which has reflected deeply enough to see that all distances are its own creation. The philosopher learns from the astronomer that

the earth moves to points 200 million miles apart; and the physicist tells him that it would take millions of atoms to cover an inch in a straight line, each of these atoms containing electrons which have as much space to move about in, relative to their size, as the earth in the sky; and he hears these things with neither dismay nor despair, for he has learned to think of the whole universe as the creation of Infinite Truth and Goodness. Therefore, with a quiet heart and steady gaze he looks at the greatest and the smallest, seeing them not separated by incalculable distances, but as a unity in which he too has his place.

K. PARVATHI,
III B.Sc.

RUNNING COMMENTARY

It has been said that Art is selection. That this principle finds universal application is well known. In the field of radio the artist seeks to cater to the needs of countless numbers of listeners by lively presentation of news and views. But of all the techniques employed in this regard that of the running commentary has become the most popular.

In the running commentary the commentator tries to present the news stage by stage. With his ears and eyes wide open to receive all the impressions of the event, the skilled commentator conveys his experiences to the listeners. Without wasting time, in a few words, he gives a graphic account of the event in such a way that everybody feels as though he is physically present at the place where the event is taking place. Needless to say the task of the commentator is by no means easy. It requires a good deal of presence of mind to seize the best part of the event and present it to the listeners in an impressive manner. The rapid movements of the event have also to be followed and reported quickly. As it is a continuous process, the vigilance that the commentator has to use cannot be underestimated.

The popularity of the Test Matches, be they in India or in any foreign country, is largely due to the vivid portrayal of the events by the commentator. Glowing accounts of these matches are given not only by persons in the big towns but also by those in remote villages. Even in towns persons least expected to show any interest in

these programmes surprise us by quoting the results of every test. But of all these the cheers of the school boys who gather around every radio set bear ample testimony to the popularity of the running commentary. The convalescing invalid beams with joy as soon as he hears the results of every match. Young and old vie with each other in comparing the progress of the match every day.

It is not that the running commentary is popular only because of the Test Matches. There are other fields to which it has been extended. The arrival of great personages from the various countries as well as the important functions of the country are described in a graphic manner to the listeners. The arrival of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, was one such event. The commentator vividly described the arrival of the Queen and the grand reception given her by the President and the Prime Minister of India at Palam Airport at Delhi. The programme was listened to with rapt attention as such events are rare and occur only at long intervals. In a similar manner the " Voice of America " gave a broadcast of the swearing-in ceremony of President John F. Kennedy in the United States of America. This programme was keenly followed by many listeners. To the South Indian music lovers, the relay relating the Aradhana Celebrations at Tiruvayaru for the singer Sri Thygaraja was a great joy, for they were able to sit at home and enjoy every feature of the programme. Thus the popularity of the running commentary is rapidly increasing. The quick increase in the number of portable pocket sets shows that these programmes are liked by many who do not want to miss them even in their travels or in times of leisure. We hope that the technique will be extended to other fields so that large numbers of people of every country can educate themselves and be happy.

N. LALITHA,
II B.Sc.

ACHIEVEMENTS

On the Nivedita Shield for Academic Achievements the following names were inscribed for 1961 and a silver medal was given to each student :

First in Science in the College	V. Kalyani	III B.Sc.
First in Humanities in the College	R. Seethalakshmi	III B.A.

Individual Prizes :

First in II M.A. (English)	Rita Lovett
First in II M.A. (Economics)	Renu Ganguly
First in II M.A. (Indian Music)	P. Deviprasad
First in I M.A. (English)	K. V. Sowmu
First in I M.A. (Economics)	Iris Manickam
First in I M.A. (Indian Music)	G. S. Shantha
First in Diploma in Social Service	Sister John Eudes
First in English Senior B.A., B.Sc.	Teresa Abraham
First in III B.A.	R. Seethalakshmi
First in III B.Sc. Mathematics	V. Kalyani
First in III B.Sc. Zoology	Shantha Veeraraghavan
First in II B.A.	Jayalakshmi Ammal
First in II B.Sc. Mathematics	A. Sugunavathi
First in II B.Sc. Zoology	Jeayalakshmi Visvalingam
First in I B.A.	Angela Reddy
First in I B.Sc. Mathematics	Sudha Sharma
First in I B.Sc. Zoology	Premja Bharathan
First in P. U. 1	Mary Fernandez
First in P. U. 2	J. Mary Kannubai
First in P. U. 3	B. Sakuntala
First in P. U. 4	Chrystal Beaver
First in P. U. 5	Susheela Devi
Proficiency in Indian Music	S. Santha Sundari
Prize for Debating	Sucharita Desiraju

Inter-Group Cup for Debating awarded to I B. Sc.

INTER-COLLEGIATE UNIVERSITY DEBATES

Inter-Collegiate Debate in English :	Usha Bharatan was First in the First Round and Third in the Second Round and was also selected for Last Round.
Inter-Collegiate Debate in Hindi :	V. Indubala was First in the University.
Inter-Collegiate Debate in Sanskrit :	R. Kousalya was First in the First Round and declared the best woman speaker in the University.

INTER-COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION IN RELIGION 1961

GRADUATE SECTION		
	Silver Medal	Mary John
PRE-UNIVERSITY SECTION		
	Gold Medal	Mary Fernandez

INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITIONS

Abraham Pandither Memorial Music Shield, Madras Medical College		
	R. Sita	I B.A.
	D. K. Meera	P.U. 1
Second Prize for Light Music	R. Sita	I B.A.
First Prize for Carnatic Music	D. K. Meera	P.U. 1
Tamil Music Competition, Pachaiyappa's College		
Second Prize	R. Sita	I B.A.
Tamil Music Competition, Law College		
Second Prize	R. Sita	I B.A.
Principal R. Krishnamurthy Rolling Cup for Music, Pachaiyappa's College		
First Prize	L. Indira	I B.A.
Indian Music Stella Maris College Rolling Cup		
	S. Usha	II B.A.
	M. S. Rama Devi	II B.A.
Tamil Oriental Contest, Indian Officers' Association		
First Prize	P. V. Vasantha	III B.A.
Tamil Oratorical Contest, Planning Commission		
Second Prize	K. Sukku Bai	III B.Sc.
Tamil Oratorical Contest, Madras Medical College (Pongal Day)		
Second Prize	P. V. Vasantha	III B.A.
Tamil Manavar Manram Competition		
Second Prize	G. Cecilia	III B.Sc.
Third Prize	C. P. Kalavathi	III B.Sc.
Fifth Prize	S. Rajeswari	P.U.
Manavar Manram Competition in Story-writing and Poetry		
Certificate of Merit	Bapai	I B.Sc.
Certificate of Merit	T. K. Savitri	I B.Sc.
" Pudumai " Essay Competition		
First Prize	R. Rajalakshmi	I B.A.
Tamil written Examination in Sivabogasaram, Presidency College		
Second Prize	G. Cecilia	III B.Sc.
Madras College Students' Hindi Association Debate		
Second Prize	V. Indubala	II B.A.
Padmavati Bai Rolling Cup, Recitation & Mono-Acting, Stella Maris College		
	S. Jayanthi	I. B.Sc.
	R. Sudha	II B A.
" Panini Sutra " Competition, Sanskrit College		
Second Prize	K. V. Meena	II B.Sc.

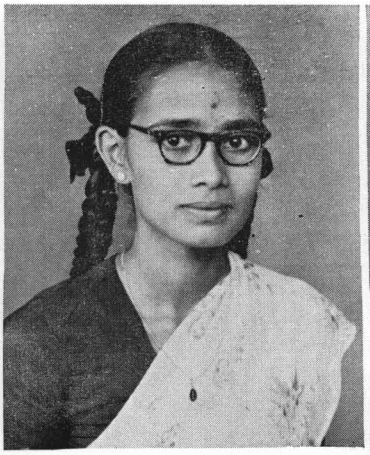
FIRST RANK IN CLASS

Sr. John Eudes,
Social Service
Diploma Course

Rita Lovett,
II M.A. English Literature

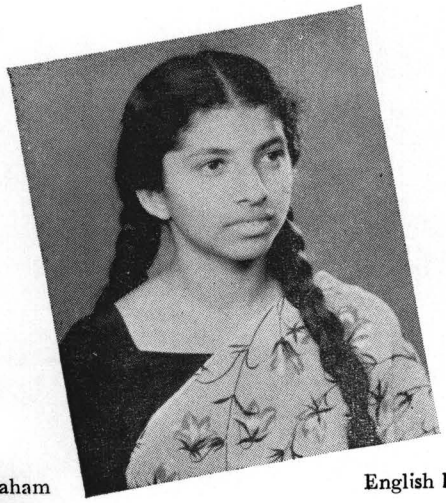
Renu Ganguly,
II M.A.
Economics

P. Deviprasad
II M.A.
Indian Music



K. V. Sowmu,
I M.A. English Literature

Iris Manickam,
I M.A.
Economics



Teresa Abraham
III B.Sc.

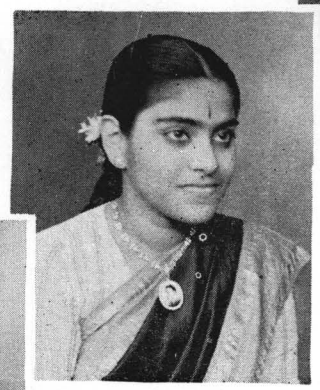
English Prize

Indian Music

G. S. Shantha,
I M.A.

MORE COLLEGE

Sudha Sharma,
I B.Sc. Maths.

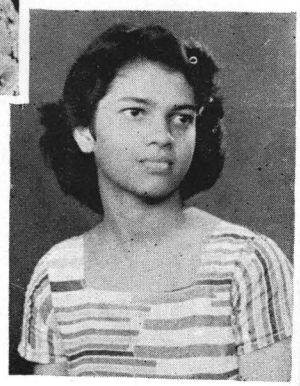


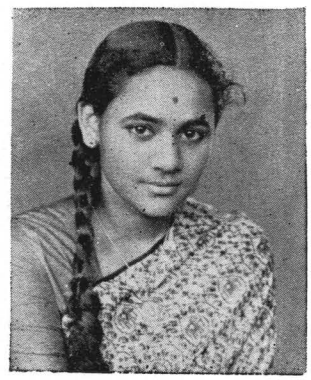
A. Sugunavathi,
II B.Sc. Maths.

Susheela Devi,
P.U. 5

V. Kalyani,
III B.Sc. Maths.

Chrystal Beaver,
P.U. 4



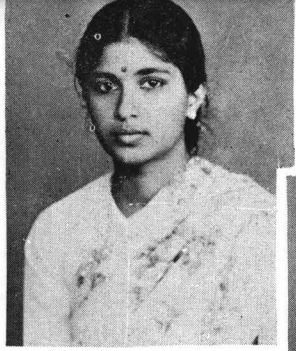


Sucharita Desiraju,
Prize for Debating

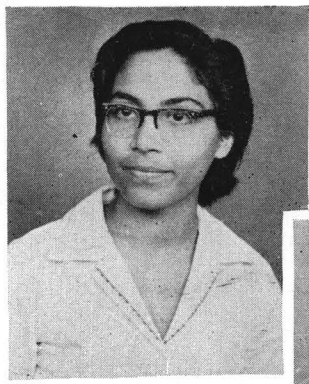
B. Sakuntala,
P.U. 3

R. Seethalakshmi,
III B.A.

PRIZE-WINNERS



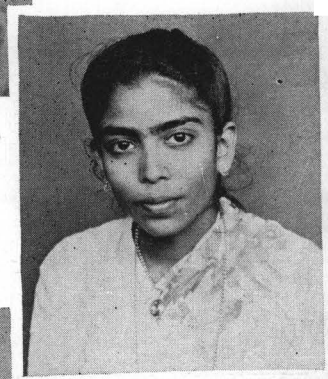
Shantha Veeraraghavan,
III B.Sc. Zoology



Angela Reddy,
I B.A.

Jeayalakshmi Visvalingam,
II B.Sc. Zoology

S. Santha Sundari,
Indian Music Prize



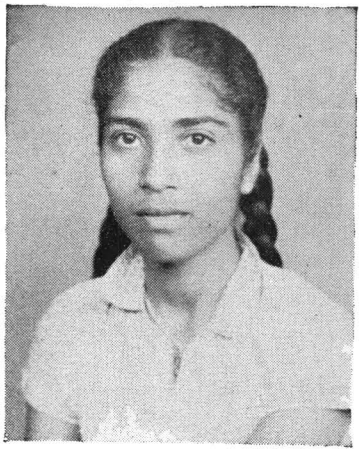
J. Mary Kannubai,
P.U. 2

Premja Bharathan,
I B.Sc. Zoology

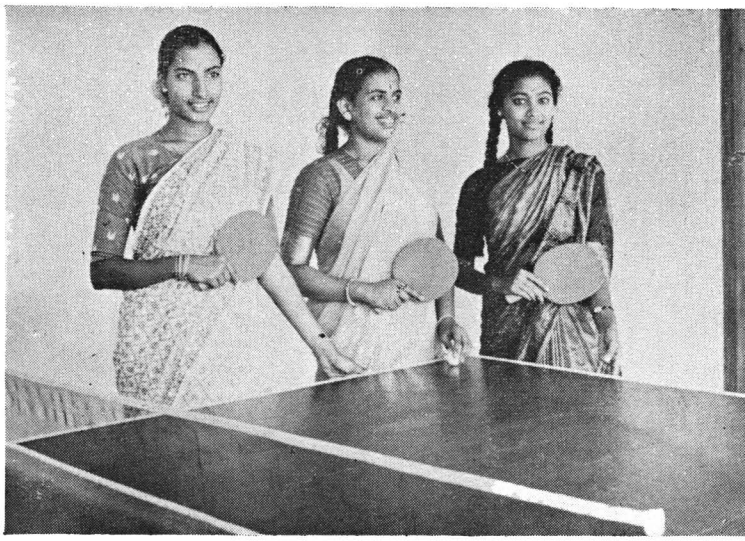
Mary Fernandez,
P.U. 1

K. N. Jayalakshmi,
II B.A.

SPORTS



M. Leela, Individual Championship



Winners of the Table-Tennis Trophy

Five-Legged Race

Inter - Collegiate Sanskrit Competition, Pachaiyappa's College

Second Prize for Recitation	S. Sivakamasundari	P.U. I

English Oratorical Contest, Vivekananda College

Second Prize	Sucharita Desiraju	II B.Sc.

Debate on Five-Year Plan, Presidency College

Second Prize	Vasanthi Gopinath	I B.Sc.

Handloom Weavers' Association — Essay Competition

Second Prize	R. Seethalakshmi	III B.A.

Handloom Weavers' Association — Symposium

Second Prize	Usha Bharatan	II B.Sc.

The Pennathur Seshiah Cup — Debate in English

	Sucharita Desiraju	II B.Sc.
	Marie Fernandez	I B.Sc.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS APRIL 1961 — RESULTS

	No. of candidates appeared	No. of candidates passed in			Total passes	Percentage of passes
		First Class	Second Class	Third Class		
M.A. Economics	11	—	11	—	11	100%
M.A. English*	6					
M.A. Music	5	1	4	—	5	100%
III B.A.						
Part I—English	58	—	3	51	54	92%
Part II—Language	57	11	18	28	57	100%
Part III—Main	56	8	16	28	52	92%
III B.Sc.						
Part I—English	55	—	13	37	50	90%
Part II—Language	59	8	26	25	59	100%
Part III—Main: Mathematics	22	10	6	6	22	100%
Zoology	28	2	18	7	27	97%
II B.A.						
Part I—English	66				64	97%
Part II—Language	66				66	100%
Part III—Ancillary	69				62	90%
Part IV—Minors	69				62	90%
II B.Sc.						
Part I—English	55				55	100%
Part II—Language	56				53	96%
Part III—Ancillary	57				55	97%
Part IV—Minors	58				45	79%
Pre-University	362	39	109	99	247	68%

*Results not yet Published

SPORTS PRIZE LIST

Inter-Group Tournaments :			
Netball Shield			III B.A., B.Sc.
Throwball Shield			P.U. 1
Tenniquoit Shield			P.U. 4
Shuttle-cock Badminton			P.U. 5
Staff Netball Match against III B.A., B.Sc.			III B.A., B.Sc.
Individual Events :			
Running Race	1st	M. Leela	P.U. 2
	2nd	Agnes Manuel	P.U. 5
Skipping Race	1st	M. Leela	P.U. 2
	2nd	Stephanie Outschoorn	III B.Sc.
Sack Race	1st	Shantha Nair	P.U. 5
	2nd	Stephanie Outschoorn	III B.Sc.
Obstacle Race	1st	Sulochana Muttukumaru	III B.A.
	2nd	Melanie Noronha	I M.A.
Paper Walk	1st	Nirmala Menon	I B.A.
	2nd	Nazli Munas	P.U. 5
High Jump	1st	Jean Broughton	P.U. 5
	2nd	Angela Reddy	I B.A.
Long Jump	1st	Jean Broughton	P.U. 5
	2nd	Bega Pereira	I B.Sc.
		Esther Cornelius	P.U. 4
Shot-Put	1st	Geeta Chanda	P.U. 5
	2nd	Walza Pillai	II B.Sc.
Discus Throw	1st	K. V. Sowmu	I M.A.
	2nd	M. Leela	P.U. 2
Five-Legged Race	1st	Shirlu Kewalram	P.U. 4
		Esther Cornelius	P.U. 4
		Revathi Ganesh	P.U. 4
		Indrani	P.U. 4
	2nd	Valerie Vas	P.U. 4
		Shyamala Parthasarathy	P.U. 4
		Sudha S.	P.U. 4
		Angela Vas	P.U. 4
In and Out Relay	1st	P.U. 2	
Tunnel-Ball Relay	1st	P.U. 4	
Staff Race	1st	Mrs. Dolly Chacko	
	2nd	Miss Meera Peter	
	3rd	Mrs. M. Mangaladurai	
Individual Championship		M. Leela	
Group Championship		P. U. 2	

CLIMAX
TO A TIRED DAY

One who runs for a bus must be the best runner in the world. You puff and puff at top speed, with your load of books — a zoology book three inches thick, a huge file, and a couple of fat notebooks. You walk, or rather you run, heeding not the inquisitive glances of passers-by. At last, after an exhausting ten minutes' trek you arrive at the bus stop. But alas — your heart feels heavy — your spirits sink — you feel the weight of your books. You stand there, patiently perspiring or fuming with rage. Slowly you feel the weight of your body, your eyelids droop and you are now ready to drop down fast asleep — sweet sleep. But the sight of a big red bus rouses you. You say to yourself — "Surely there will be at least a square inch of space for me to stand in." You strain your neck — you see others rush — but then you have a halo round your head — you practise service before self. You watch the mad rush with a faint smile playing on your pale lips. A few manage to squeeze in, hanging on for dear life. You stand back with a sigh of resignation, you feel a martyr, — you are not selfish!

The minutes drag on — you feel restless — and then another huge bus creeps along. But it is too full. You look at it with appealing eyes as it slowly draws away from the curb unheedful of the sufferings of a poor student. But then your patience is finally rewarded. You squeeze into the next one, you get a square inch of space to stand in — nothing more, nothing less. You cling on to a strap, balancing most gracefully. Surely, balancing on a tight rope is easier!

The bus seems to move at snail's pace, your hand begins to ache, your head swims, you find breathing difficult. Then, an innocent, all-smiling soul gives you the pleasure of her weight on your toes. You start boiling inside — but you lift up your head to give her a sweet smile in return. But your sorrow is not over, you receive a push here and a nudge there. You are annoyed by the happy faces of the lucky ones who have a seat. You hear nothing but lengthy accounts of uncles and aunts and grandparents. Occasionally the squeal of a toothless babe rings out punctuating the buzz of voices.

Finally you reach your destination. You get off the hateful bus with a sigh of relief. You are happy to have escaped further agonies. You now plod your weary way home. You soon forget all your sorrows at the sight of "home, sweet home." You feel refreshed and ready for a spell of hard work.

MAYA SHENOI,
III B.Sc.

REALISM IN LITERATURE

Literature is fundamentally an expression of life. There is no aspect of life that does not come under the portals of literature. It is as varied, as wide and as beautiful as life itself.

Meditating on humanity, a bard sang " Life is real, life is earnest." Life to him was not existence in a world of make-believe or in " faery lands forlorn." It was something real and tangible and hence to be grappled with firmly by humanity at large.

So is the case with literature. Literature does not exist in the fantastic emotions and feelings of Poe or Eliot; nor can the grandiose expressions of amateur artists be called literature.

Being a picture of life, literature is real and faithfully portrays the emotions and thoughts of human beings.

Realism in literature is something inevitable and indispensable. Only those works which stand firmly on the ground and are at various points fastened to the common world survive the test of time. Posterity is always found to honour only those works of art which are realistic.

All the great artists of English literature have given pride of place to realism in their works. Chaucer, often considered the father of modern English literature, gives a vivid picture of life as he saw and felt it in his " Canterbury Tales."

Nature, which was later to act as the source of inspiration to many artists, had already her hold on Chaucer. A striking description of spring with " The droughte of March perced to the root," and " Smale foweles maken melodye " opens the " Prologue," often called a " gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions."

Inimitable Shakespeare is realistic enough to picture Elizabethan England in his plays. Even the forest of Arden and the magic land of Illyria are not lands where one can float in " seas of amber."

Spenser's " Faerie Queene," treating as it does of the adventures of imaginary knights, still has the undercurrent of Elizabethan life running through its entire length. Many critics deem it to be an epic of the English wars against the Irish.

The metaphysical poets, despite all their fantastic conceits and quaint images, were indeed very earthy. All their thoughts were commonplace ones, pertaining to the daily dull routine of human beings. Actually some of the writers were so materialistic that even the similes and metaphors they employed were taken, not

from the beauties of nature, but from objects used by the people every day. Donne compares two lovers to a pair of compasses.

"Paradise Lost," says a critic, lacks human interest, but nobody can be blind to the indelible mark left on the work by the intense personality of the blind author. The epic is suffused with the poet's magical personality and glows luminously.

The romantic poets, in spite of their escapism and their love of nature and its beauty, were in a sense realists. Nature is something that we all perceive and love, though we may be unable to discern the mysteries hidden behind her. A probe into the labyrinths of nature and into her unknown regions is often mistakenly regarded as escapism by some critics.

Even Shelley, a poet who dwelt largely in his world of metaphysical speculations, gives magnificent and vivid pictures of the forms of nature that he noticed around him. The passage of the wind through the trees, the weariness of the moon as a result of its wanderings and "the last glare of day's red agony" are things which we "see, but not feel how beautiful they are." The monster, custom, has cast a veil over our power of sight.

All the Victorians had the peculiar power of giving accurate descriptions of their environment. In the novels, as also in the poetry of this period, this faithful adherence to life as it is, is clearly seen.

Modern writers indeed seem to have a mania for realism. Whatever they write smells too much of the earth and its material aspects. The sombre gloom of the evening reminds a poet of a "patient etherised on a table." Yet another writer measures out life in coffee-spoons. Even the smell of cooking and the click of a typewriter do not pass unnoticed. This preoccupation with the common aspects of life reminds one of Wordsworth's sonnet beginning, "The world is too much with us."

Many people entertain a wrong notion regarding realism. They imagine that realism implies a picture of the sordid aspects of life. Realism does not mean this. It just means that life which we see around us is not a plaything; life is serious and it is not to be trifled with.

Realism is not incompatible with Romanticism. Romanticism is nothing but Realism slightly coloured by imagination. Romanticism is healthy realism and it is a thing that we must try to promote in literature.

Hence we perceive that realism plays an important part in literature. If literature portrays a coloured and imaginative picture of the life that we see around us, then it will be "A thing of beauty," and "a joy for ever."

S. A. ALAMELU,
II M.A.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER

By praying, one adds something incomparable to one's life. Prayer is an indirect way of coming in contact with God and therefore one cannot be happy without it. Peace is the essence of happiness. Peace comes from prayer and Gandhiji himself has said that he never lost peace because he was a man who believed in prayer.

Without belief in God one cannot lead a healthy, moral life. Those who do not believe in God can be classified as lunatics. " The mind is no better than a wild elephant. It runs with the wind. Therefore one should always discriminate and strive hard for the realisation of God, " said Sri Sarada Devi. To one who believes in God, it is impossible to live without prayer. Everyone of us is free to pray at any time, any day and even throughout the day, if so desired.

There are some who think of God and say prayers asking Him to help them only when they are in great difficulties. In other words, prayer comes from sheer necessity. Sri Sarada Devi said " Many take the name of God after receiving great blows in life. But he who can offer his mind like a flower at the feet of the Lord right up from childhood is indeed blessed."

There is a purpose in all God's creations. God has given human beings special powers which other creatures do not have. It is our duty to find out the purpose of God in giving us these special powers. Our purpose in life is to reach God. Gandhiji said that he had no desire for the perishable kingdom of the earth, he was striving for the kingdom of heaven.

Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi says "A dancer balancing a pot on her head, while going through the various movements of the hands and feet to the accompaniment of music never for once forgets the pot on her head. Similarly we should not lose sight of the purpose of life while engaged in our day-to-day activities."

God is Love. Where there is devotion to God, there will be Truth and Love.

" The wind blows on account of truth ; the sun shines on account of truth ; the world is established on truth ; everything is established on truth."

Now, let me end by saying " Praised be the achievements of men, but above all praised be God, the Creator of all things."

LATHIKA MENON,
Pre-Univ. 5

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE PRAY FOR OTHERS

If God knows what people need before we ask Him, why should we tell Him ? If, being all-loving and all-wise, He is ready to do what is best for each and every human being, why pray at all? These questions should not arise. Prayer is the best arbitrator of all differences, the best promoter of true friendships, the best cure for envy, hatred and the like.

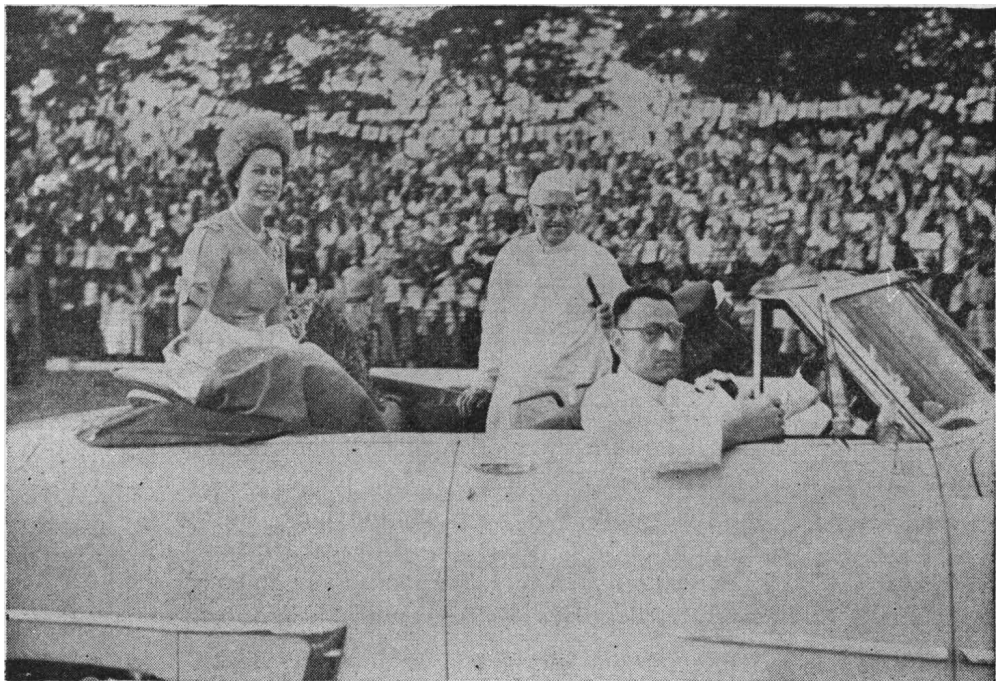
Let us see what happens when we pray for others. It is impossible to harbour ill-will and animosity against anyone if you keep praying for him. Whether your prayers have any immediate effect on him or not, this much is certain, you will be the better for them. Are there people who dislike you or those whom you hate and shun ? Pray for them especially and you will be more patient and charitable. You will be transformed into a very happy person, living in a world that is friendlier than you were accustomed to find it.

Prayer for others not only makes life worth while, it also energizes the will. It helps our imagination to picture the situation of other human beings; it kindles affection in the heart; finally it moves the will to action. True prayer is dynamic. Use it, and you will discover that you cannot stop short at praying. If your prayer has any sincerity in it, it will constrain you to action. If a man prays for his most intimate friends as well as foes, he is sure to be concerned about them and active in his concern. If, habitually and fervently, he prays for his country, he will be a conscientious and loyal citizen.

When we pray for others, we are not inducing God to interest Himself in those for whom we pray. We are giving proof to God of our interest in them, are submitting that interest to Him for purification and are thus making ourselves sensitive to His guidance and receptive of His power. More than that, besides opening the sluice gates for the divine grace to pour into our minds, we are charging the environment of our fellows with a spirituality that makes it easier for them as well as for us to know and perform the will of God.

While we are thinking about ways to unleash the power of prayer, there is this to bear in mind : it may be that often we do not pray for people and causes simply because we do not care enough for them, because we are so preoccupied with our own pursuits and pleasures. If we have imagination, if we care, if we love people sufficiently, our parents, our country—we instinctively turn to God on their behalf, and seek the reinforcing of our love by His. Prayer is indeed love raised to its greatest power ; and the prayer of intercession is the noblest of all. Thus, we see that prayer is the most valuable and essential thing in human life and should be regarded as such if man desires to triumph in this probationary life of his.

HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH THE SECOND



Her Majesty driving through Madras

A moral philosophy class was studying "formation of character" and it was observed that all truly great personages have four marked characteristics: an upright conscience, a firm will, a kind heart and a dignified demeanour. The following analysis shows that Queen Elizabeth II possesses these qualities in an eminent degree.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II of England is one of the most remarkable young women of our time. In nine or so very short years, her effort and personality have made her one of the best-loved, best-known, most energetic and devoted sovereigns in the long history of the realm. Her remarkable character can be analysed under four main points. The first is her wonderful sense of dedication to her people. In the broadcast to the Commonwealth on her twenty-first birthday she declared that whether her life be long or short, she would dedicate it to increase the welfare of her people, and she has certainly kept her word. The role of the Head of the Commonwealth is not an easy one. She has endless duties to perform and there can be only one decision in cases of conflict between love and duty, pleasure and duty and even exhaustion and duty. It is a lot to ask of a vivacious girl with her own family to bring up and it would not be possible for her to do this, if she did not have faith in God and an ingrained sense of dedication inherited from her father.

But to help her in this difficult task, she has a remarkable amount of will-power and she certainly does need it! She has a very great responsibility on her shoulders for she is apprised of secrets she may not confide even to her own husband. Besides this, she needs her strength of will to carry her through her endless work. She is always on the go and has to keep smiling and waving all the way along. We all saw evidence of this during her visit to Madras. She was smiling and waving to crowds on either side of the road for miles, continuously. The strain of smiling for hours on end cannot be fully appreciated, unless one has tried to do it oneself.

Her kindness of heart has been proved time and time again. When she was visiting Ceylon, in order to please the people of the island, she wore her heavy coronation dress, a diamond coronet and long white gloves and thus clad, she moved for hours among thousands of people in the blinding tropical heat. Her aides were absolutely drenched and perspiring, and their white shirts were sticking to their backs, but the Queen finished her day smiling, with even her make-up unsmudged. The Governor-General complimented her on her extraordinary performance and she said smilingly, " Oh, my only fear was that this gold thread would melt." Her coronation dress was embroidered with scores and scores of yards of gold thread! Once at Johannesburg railway station an old man rushed up to her asking her to go outside so that his crippled son might see her. And she did! Blind lepers with disease-ravaged limbs crowded round her in a leper colony, but she showed them nothing but compassion and sympathy.

Her dignity of bearing hardly needs to be pointed out. Every inch of her trim figure is full of royal dignity. As has been said, " Her inches may be few, " (she is only 5'4") " but her stature as a Queen is unassailable." Sometimes the strain of being ever on the go is almost too much, and on such occasions it is her husband with a cheerful word of encouragement who rallies her.

Besides all this she has a remarkable amount of courage, added to which is a great sense of humour. Again, along with performing her duties as the Head of the Commonwealth, she has to devote time to the bringing-up of her children, and give them the usual love and affection that every child expects from its mother.

Thus it is no exaggeration to say that she is a most remarkable young woman and, as someone has said, with her great courage and sense of dedication, the people of England are very fortunate in having her as their Queen.

NIRMALA KRISHNAMURTHY,
I B.A.

THERE
ARE BIRDS
AND THEN THERE IS A "BIRD"

There is something about a Zoology lab that only a zoologist can know. There is the feel of it and the smell of it that is appreciated only by a zoologist's nose. Where more genteel economists and such feel nothing but disgust, a zoologist revels in fish smells and bird brains and even dry old bones.

And if there is something about any old Zoology lab what can be said of the "something" about our new Zoology lab at the "Cloisters," all shining, and airy and light, just waiting to be used! We were the first to enter it as seniors. Need we be told? No, but others might not know.

We were proud to sit at the marble-topped tables and prouder still to be introduced to the Vertebrates. Of course we had made the acquaintance of Rana hexadactyla (just a plain frog to you) but other than that we had had to be content for two long years with tiny, slimy, spineless creatures, too small to get our hands on. We have had to peer anxiously into the entrails of an earthworm, vainly trying to pluck a microscopic bit of flesh from segment 13 which we would then as vainly try to convince the lecturer was the creature's ovary. Alas, many an anxious moment did we spend trying to mount it under the microscope. Bit after bit did we remove in ever-increasing desperation until at last we would rise up in triumph, the flush of victory on our faces, saying, "I've got it, Miss!" Yet she would dash our hopes to the ground with one look into the microscope, "That?—that's only a bit of tissue, better try again."

But now, all that was past and we had something we could really "get our teeth into" (not to be taken literally, of course). Culotes, the garden lizard, was our first victim and when we had cut up and analyzed that specimen we were introduced to the shark. Who can say what humiliations we have endured for thee, brother shark!—when, having emerged from a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon in the lab, we would bound up to our B.A. friends, only to be met with a disgusted sniff and a query as to "the price of fish, today?" And the story is still told among hoary old senior zoologists of some of our clan who went to an association meeting just after practical class. They arrived late, of course, as all the best zoologists do, and found themselves gradually confined to one corner of the room while all the delicate-nosed B.A's discreetly withdrew to the opposite corner. At such times as these, the only thing to be done is that all zoologists should stick together. We were all a fishy lot for a few weeks and definitely off the B.A's visiting list but deliverance was at hand in the form of a pigeon.

Dear, gentle, unfishy pigeon, how did we draw you? Some drew you square or oblong, and others such that your mother would never call you her own. Your

facial expression varied from a blissful angelic pigeon to a sneering, sinister bird. And speaking of birds, there is another in the lab, more interesting still. That is none other than our attender or, as he describes himself, "the senior member of the department." He has a voluminous vocabulary which he makes use of on all occasions. Never was he known to use a word of two syllables when one of eight could be found. An excellent and long-experienced zoologist, he seizes all opportunities to instruct us in the art of dissection. "Now be careful to cut this way and not like that," says he, peering dogmatically over his horn-rimmed specs at our clumsy attempts at dissection. If a student drawing a museum specimen should tip the jar horizontally, she would be "strongly advised" to hold the jar in "verticular ways." Never known to fail where a matter of getting material for dissection is concerned, he once complained to the lecturer that he was feeling completely "fickle-minded" because the "frog-man" had not turned up with the frogs for practicals. "Fickle-minded?" the lecturer asked blankly. "Puzzled, puzzled," was the laconic explanation. In spite of his heroic efforts it happens that some of the animals for dissection meet with an untimely death. He then announces mournfully that "the mortality rate is high among the cockroaches." Alas, as he so often expostulates, no one understands the "internal matters and difficulties" in trying to get dissection material. Not only the lab but also the museum is his domain and when not busy in the lab, his delight is to potter around the museum mounting specimens. Many are his plans for improving the museum. One fine day he hit upon the magnificent idea of obtaining specimens from the Zoo, and solemnly proposed to write as follows to the caretaker: "Dear Sir, If there are any dead animals, dead and buried, please let us have them in remembrance of you."

Such is life in the Zoology lab. Yet, all things are passing, even this and so we find ourselves at the end of our senior year. We must leave the bird and fish and frog, perhaps never to meet them again. There are those utilitarian individuals who ask us, "What is the use of all that cutting?" I suppose we could give a long-winded discourse on the usefulness of studying the work of the Creator or of the patience etc. that we acquire or lose over infinitesimal attempts at removing the earthworm's ovary, but we don't. We just smile. How to explain to such as those the joy of long hours in a lab? What is the use? I don't know, but it's lots of fun! And now it is over but we still have the memory of it. And some day in the distant future when we are busily cooking fish for our hungry family, may be that fishy smell will stir up a zoologist's memories of another fish, of birds and a "bird"!

INDRANI NANAYAKARA,
III B.Sc.

THE OLD GUM TREE

Once there was a " teddy bear "
A Koala bear was he,
He hailed from Australia's forests
And he lived on an old " gum " tree.

The gum tree was his father's home
And his father's father's too,
It was a tall and graceful one
And its leaves a lovely hue.

All the day the " Teddy Bear "
Was happy as can be,
And he fed upon the juicy leaves
Of his dearest old gum tree.

One day he heard the strangest sound
A-whizzing by his ears,
It was the sawing Lumberman,
And his eyes filled up with tears.

"Alas, alas! they're sawing
Upon my old gum tree,
And it was my father's father's
And it still belongs to me!"

The old gum tree has fallen
But the Koala bear has not.
He found himself transported
To quite another spot.

They call it an animal reserve,
A kind of sanctuary,
And there is lots of company
And many new gum trees.

Yet the Koala bear is homesick,
And he often longs to be
Once more in his old gum forest
On his father's father's tree.

A. Z.

N.B. In Australia many of the Eucalyptus forests have been cut down but the Koala which lives only on Eucalyptus leaves has been kept in special animal reserves.

NEWSPAPERS DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD

Newspapers are harmful—this seemingly absurd statement is not really as fallacious as it may sound. There are two different ways of looking at things, sentimentally or reasonably. Let us examine how newspapers are harmful from the sentimental point of view.

The time is between five-thirty and six in the morning. The members of the family are beginning to stir. The paper-boy's voice rings out, punctuated by the thud of the newspaper falling on the verandah. There is a rush to get it first, leading to a quarrel for its possession. Peace is finally restored by the head of the family, who arrives on the scene and confiscates it. Thus we see that the newspaper is a veritable apple of discord.

Reason and experience tell us that human desires tend in opposite directions. The spiritual soul is hungry for truth, goodness, harmony and beauty. Do newspapers supply these needs? Often they give us only partial truths, which are more misleading than outright error. They twist the truth, or give some superficial facts and not the essential ones. Men are made for eternity, but newspapers stress time and fleeting material truths. They are sometimes in the control of interested factions that spread lies about others and hatred, especially in times of war. They do not present news objectively but colour it to support their opinion. Words can be a power for good or evil. Because their primary aim is to catch the eye newspapermen sometimes do not stop to verify their news. Even vague rumours are credited. During the recent Assam riots the accounts of deaths and damage to property were exaggerated beyond recognition. One who tried to follow the views of different papers was perplexed by the contradictions.

It is common knowledge that we find incorrect reports of speeches in newspapers. Frequently a member of Parliament or a minister has to refute perversions of his statements by newspapers. There is a popular story about a famous statesman who delivered an address for the opening of a building. Next day he found to his dismay six different accounts of what he said in six different papers.

Let us take goodness—newspapers either ignore or mock at it. They cater to the lower appetites and leave the mind and will starving for truth and virtue. They give what is sensational, since people find the slide to evil easier than the climb to good, and thus they are more interested in crime than in holiness, in dictators who tyrannize others than in saints who control themselves. Thus, for the sake of more profits through wider sales, they poison the minds of the young who

are psychologically inclined to believe everything they see in print. Anybody who has read a newspaper knows what pages attract more attention. A column of calumny is more avidly read than a discourse on a hero or a virtue, because newspapers present sensational news in an attractive way. In fact the craze for sensation is such that often yesterday's headlines are refuted today in a few lines sandwiched between some unattractive material on the tenth page or so.

We all know that they give prominence to the ugly side of life, by giving bold-print news about murders, thefts etc. We know of some papers that try to increase their sales by blackening the character of well-known persons. Thus they pervert public taste. Unfortunately these hastily-written and printed papers are the only things that some people read, and they come so thick and fast that few take the time to think of what they read.

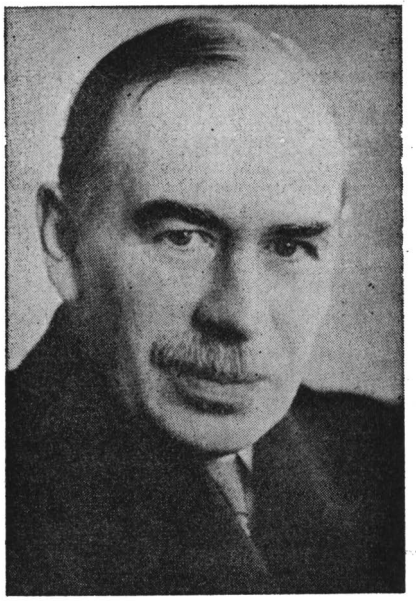
The very name " newspaper " is a misnomer : " advertising-paper " seems much more suitable since more space is taken up by advertisements than by the news. And what advertisements ! They are often objectionable and ugly, to say the least. Sometimes full-page advertisements try to captivate the reader into buying things he or she really does not need or want, because the consideration is not really to satisfy human needs but to make money and profits.

Since they are hastily composed and printed the expression is generally careless. The term " journalese " is applied to writing such as is found in newspapers and indicates something catchy but of little real value.

Thus we see that newspapers do not maintain the purpose they should have—to relate the truth and improve men. Instances could be multiplied indefinitely. Let me conclude with a quotation from a recent statement by Mr. Eisenhower : " We live in a threatening world where news can be distorted and exploited by the enemies of freedom." And he goes on, " In our newspapers we expect to find accurate, responsible and lively sources of public information." Notice the "we expect," which hints at a frustrated hope, for he knows from experience that newspapers are not what we expect them to be.

RAMANI,
Pre-Univ. 3.

A
MAN OF MANY LIVES



John Maynard Keynes

Dr. Fay in his famous speech described Adam Smith as " the Economist of Policies," Ricardo as the " Path Breaker " in Monetary Thought, and Malthus as a " Social Economist." Little did he know of the future genius who would combine in himself the qualities of all three.

It was during the 1918-39 inter-war years when the Great Depression brought wholesale unemployment and a long chain of social ills to Britain as to every other country, when economists were faced with the solution of the apparently impossible paradox of insufficient production existing side by side with men seeking fruitlessly for work, when every other remedy had failed, that this many-sided genius rose to prominence. A " man of many lives " he certainly was, being an economist, philosopher, mathematician, administrator, financier, teacher, writer and editor, art amateur, book collector and even an actor and theatre manager. These many lives he lived between the years 1883–1946.

His name was John Maynard Keynes. Number 6 Harvey Road, London had the privilege of witnessing his birth on the fifth of June 1883. At that time the happy late-Victorian family including his parents, sister and brother was sailing along peacefully on calm, unruffled waters.

His genius manifested itself at an early age. When asked at the age of four and a half what was meant by " interest " his reply was : " If I lend you a half-penny and you keep it for a very long time you will have to give me back that half-penny and another one too. That is interest." At the age of six he was studying the operation of the human brain.

As a school boy Keynes took a great interest in sports, especially cricket. Unlike most school boys he wrote regular letters to his parents and in them we find interesting accounts of his happy, carefree life at Eton. In 1908 he wrote a prize-winning essay on " The Responsibilities of Empire." It is interesting to note that the subject of the maiden speech of Keynes, who married only in his forty-second year,

was, " Women are more fitted to rule than men." As a student at Cambridge he formed a friendship with the great mathematical scholar, W.M. Page, which was partly responsible for his becoming later a competent mathematician himself. Under his wife's influence Keynes developed into the "scholar and creative thinker of the thirties and philosopher and statesman of the forties." So that by his death in 1946 he had come to be regarded as irreplaceable and indispensable to his country.

Keynes was certainly a man of outstanding intelligence. There is no exaggeration in Harris' description of him as a " most powerful mental machine." He was interested in practically every subject and rapidly made himself proficient in very many of them. With his alert mind he took a positive delight in argument for its own sake, and loved to take the opposite point of view merely to provoke a discussion. Although he was superior to his opponents so that they usually failed to understand the depth of his arguments, he was essentially practical and when he saw the door firmly barred against the best solution to a particular problem, he promptly resorted to an alternative solution. Thus it was that he offered different solutions to the same problem at different times, in order that the problem might at all costs be remedied. This adaptability has caused critics to accuse him of inconsistency but his inconsistency lay in his methods only, not in his mind.

Keynes' philosophy was of an optimistic nature, although he lived in pessimistic times, witnessing two World Wars and the Great Depression which plunged all countries into social and economic misery. But he had great faith in man's resistance and in society's power to withstand a series of errors which logically should have led it to perdition.

From his youth he was a keen reader and collector of books. After his college days, as his income increased, he was able to enlarge the scope of his collection. Instead of the early printed collections of the classics he now began to collect " first editions " of great English thinkers such as Newton, Maurice, Hume, Berkeley, Bentham, Wordsworth and Coleridge. Later he extended his interests to other fields also. At his death his collection included some 4000 rare volumes and about 300 manuscripts and autographed letters. Moreover he frequently read and studied his collection, maintaining a note-book in which a separate page was devoted to illustrations and notes upon his chosen authors.

This versatile genius was also a lover of the Fine Arts. He was collecting modern art long before it became fashionable to do so. He became the chairman of the " Committee for the Encouragement of Music and Art." He was the manager of a theatre known as the " London Artists' Association " and even an actor, making his debut on the Cambridge stage in " The Mirror." In " Hamlet " he played the " Melancholy Dane ;" but in " Much Ado about Nothing " he complained in a letter to his father, " very much against my inclination, I am made to do Dogberry." But he did it all the same.

This actor was at the same time a very successful businessman. As a speculator he purposely chose the most risky investments. At first he almost lost all he had and was only saved by a loan from a sympathetic banker who was greatly impressed by his works. But soon he became more successful, his success being due, not to chance, but to his own vast knowledge and experience and to his minute scrutiny of balance sheets, his encyclopaedic knowledge of finance, and to a certain flair he possessed for trading. He considered the propositions in the light of the general economic conditions and made his own judgment as to their future development. Between 1920 and 1937 he made large sums in the Exchange Markets, taking a keen interest in cotton dealing and trading in lead, tin, copper, rubber, wheat and sugar, jute and linseed oil. Whilst Bursar of King's College, Cambridge, he was at the same time directing the finances of a Life Insurance Company and of an Investment Trust. Speaking of speculation in his "General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money" he says, "Speculators may do no harm as bubbles on the steady stream of enterprise. But the position is serious when the enterprise becomes a bubble on the whirlpool of speculation." Although so successful as a speculator, Keynes was too human and many-sided to be a miser. He spent freely on his book and art collections and was generous towards his friends, even in his early career when his means were still slender. In spite of all this he was able to save and to leave at his death a fortune of almost half a million pounds, all of which he had earned by honest methods.

Yet another of Keynes' lives is that of administrator. Here again we see not only his ability but also the enjoyment he derived from each one of his lives. As Annam remarks in the "Listener," "Keynes delighted in administration and could master the details of any practical scheme." Perhaps it was as Bursar of King's College that he best revealed his administrative capacity. His remarkable success was due not only to his personal devotion to his beloved College, but also to his refusal to be discouraged by his own previous mistakes, as well as to his great powers of persuasion. Thus he was able to overcome many difficulties with respect to the University dons, bailiffs, farmers and servants. By the application of the principle of "active investment policy" he was able to increase the College income considerably, raising the small fund of £ 30,000 to £ 380,000.

Keynes' great accuracy, logical mind and lightning speed of thought made him a good mathematician, though never a genius, and only by hard work in his spare moments did he acquire proficiency in the subject.

Harris attributes Keynes' remarkable success as a teacher to his sincere love of youth, "a trait which is common to the best minds of the teaching profession." His lectures were always stimulating. At Cambridge he lectured weekly on "Money," the first half of the lecture being usually devoted to theory and the second to current events, whilst his fine lectures to the Politics Economy Club exercised a great influence on the students. He also proved an ideal editor of the "Economic Journal," being able to command respect and thus obtain the necessary material without

difficulty. His editorial experience made him realise that in order to have his own economic solutions accepted he must first convince the economists.

Even as a school boy, Keynes displayed a talent for writing. His letters to his parents are witty and interesting. Writing to his father of his conversation with Darwin, he says : " I had a short conversation with Professor Darwin. His hands certainly looked as if he might be descended from an ape." As he matured he became an eloquent and persuasive writer in the economic field. Even Harold Laski, a severe critic of Keynes, appreciated the literary charm of his " Essays in Persuasion," in which he praises the " masterly technical exposition, so beautifully written that it was a joy just to watch the movement of his mind even though one disagreed with him."

His economic masterpieces are many. To mention only a few : there are his early works, " Indian Currency and Finance " and " The Economic Consequences of Peace," " The Treatise on Probability " another triumph ; the " Tract on Monetary Reform " which left intellectuals aghast, and the " Treatise on Money " which raised the eyebrows of the world. Finally there appeared his revolutionary work on economic thought, " The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money," which proved his worth as a practical as well as a theoretical economist, earning for him Schumpeter's praise as one " to whom practical advice was the goal and beacon light of economic analysis."

G. M. Trevelyan once wrote to Keynes " You are born to be a politician." In a sense this was true. As an individual he regarded all government officials as subordinates, incapable of living as individualists and therefore the role of the civil servant was personally repugnant to him. Nevertheless as a practical economist he favoured government action and was even ready to assist the government by suggesting valuable solutions to current economic problems. Thus he did his utmost to establish a good paper currency in place of the gold standard, to secure low rates of interest, to control capital movements, and to increase public investments. During the Great Depression he mercilessly attacked British politicians and thus indirectly compelled them to undertake suitable fiscal measures to overcome the evil consequences of the Great Depression. Hence it was in a spirit of service that Keynes, the individualist, became an invaluable member of countless committees, such as " The Royal Commission on Indian Finance and Currency," " The Committee on National Debt and Taxation," and " The Enquiry into Finance and Industry," where his talents and suggestions aroused the attention and elicited the praise of the leading statesmen such as Macmillan and Chamberlain.

Keynes' genius is outstanding not only because of its vastness, but also because it includes within its scope such a variety of subjects, many of them so apparently contradictory. He had an artistic temperament and a supreme mastery over English prose on the one hand, whilst he was a businessman, a scientist and practical economist on the other. A philosopher, teacher, actor and extremely sociable character, he was also a civil servant, and a capable administrator. He was a man

of rare talents but no gloomy scholar. He had always time to devote to his friends and for such trivial pursuits as playing cards and weeding the garden. Though brilliant, he was not proud and never at any stage of his career did he seek his own personal advancement.

Truly then he deserves the title of a " man of many lives," each of which he lived enthusiastically and wholeheartedly, causing Schumpeter to remark, " his combination of activities is not unusual . . . . what made it unusual . . . . is the fact that he put as much energy into each of them as if it had been his only one." And so though an outstanding genius, he remained thoroughly human, an interesting, popular character and a good friend.

M. C. SEETHA,
I M.A.

NOTHING

" Nothing," how misleading and self-contradictory a word it is. When we pronounce the word it comes out in the form of a series of compressions and rarefications of air otherwise known as sound waves which make a physical impact on the ear drums ; this impact in its turn is conveyed by sensitive nerves to the brain cells which work with electric speed and give us a particular idea which we usually associate with the word " nothing." Yet the meaning of this word would have us think that this entire chain of action and reactions never did exist. It gives us an impression of something non-existent, a void or an emptiness ; strangely enough we accept it without demur. The word being so self-contradictory, it is inevitable that " nothing " should be so much abused and so often at that.

This fact was brought home to me the other day on returning from college when I was listening to the conversation between two women in the bus. " Yesterday," one was saying, " there was an accident near my house. A motor-cycle collided with a lorry and was badly smashed. The cyclist was seriously injured and . . . . . ." " Oh, that's nothing, " interrupted the other, " do you know what happened last

month? Four bullocks and two men . . . ." I heard no more. Nothing? A beautiful shiny motor cycle reduced to metallic pulp, a man sitting on the fence between this world and the next, and a lorry with its side dented in like the Ajanta caves, are all these things to be reduced by a single bisyllabic articulation empty non-existence? The other woman might have been narrating a long accident in which a few lives were lost or about the explosion of the atom bomb in Hiroshima, where millions died. Yet that did not make the first accident any the less real or tangible.

Little children, no less than grown-up people, are guilty of maltreating this word "nothing." Very often the teacher of the primary classes pulls up a tiny tot who has been disturbing his neighbours by his pranks or chattering and asks him sternly what he is doing. Quick comes the answer without the least hesitation, "Nothing, Miss," and a look in which innocence and fear play hide and seek with each other confronts the teacher with disarming simplicity. By that little word the urchin falsifies the teacher's sense of perception as well as his own memory of past things. Yet how lightly both the teacher and the pupil pass over this cold-blooded murder of truth, this deliberate multiplication of Lucifer's progeny! (For is it not said in the Bible that Satan is the father of lies?)

But why waste time and space? Long declamations on the undesirability of obscuring the light of truth with "nothing" is not going to weld humanity into a vast congregation of seekers after truth. And nothing is more disappointing than realising that our efforts avail nothing. So let us leave it at that. After all what do we gain by discussing the merits and demerits of "nothing?" Indeed nothing!

MONA WILLIAMS,
III B.Sc.

AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDY-TOUR

As the first step in any new field is always very interesting so also was our first archaeological trip to Mysore. We were forty-two altogether and left Madras on the eleventh of February at 9-30 p.m. for our five days' tour to study Hoysala architecture in the Mysore State. We had reserved an entire compartment and so had a comfortable journey, and reached Bangalore at 5-30 a.m. the following morning and after a few minutes, a new "tourist" bus with glass windows and red curtains arrived. We got in and soon reached Mount Carmel College where we were cordially welcomed by the nuns.

First Day—Bangalore

After breakfast we set out for a tour of the city, a group photo being taken before we got into the bus. Our first visit was to the Vidhana Soudha, the new Secretariat. This is a huge building with beautiful-coloured flower-ceilings and large spacious rooms. We also saw the assembly hall. From there we went to Cubbon Park which lies in the centre of the city. This park has beautiful lawns, flowering trees, and within its precincts are some very imposing buildings—the Public Library, the Museum, the Old and the New Public Offices. We also went to the Museum and saw the collection of ancient bronze statues excavated by the Archaeological Department. At the city market we decorated our hair with sweet-smelling flowers. Our next call was Tippu's palace which was commenced by Nawab Hyder Ali Khan and completed by Tippu in 1779. Here the beams of the shaft are of wood and cusped arches are also found. Then we went to the Fort at the gate of which we were entertained by monkey dances. Lal Bagh or Red Garden delighted us. It is one of the loveliest spots in Bangalore designed during the time of Tippu Sultan. The garden is beautifully laid out and contains a variety of herbs, shrubs and trees of tropical and sub-tropical regions. There is also a glass house there. We stopped at the Redemptorist's Holy Ghost Church. On our way back to the College we also saw the collection of Modern Indian Painting of Sri C. Venkatachalam who gave us a most interesting explanation. Then it was supper and a good night's rest.

Second day

On the second day we began the tour of the Mysore State in our own hired bus. In the clear morning sun we enjoyed the most picturesque landscapes of our trip. It was on just leaving Bangalore that we passed between those huge boulder hills, one more interesting than the other, many of which have a little shrine on the top which is reached by shallow steps cut into the rock. We now understood why we saw so many stone buildings and even stone fences along the roads in Bangalore. But soon, as the landscape became flatter and less interesting our minds turned to our archaeological programme of the day: the Hoysala temples. With the help of Sri

Seshadri, Director of Archaeology, Mysore, we made out the most grandiose plan, so that in case our day should turn out longer than the usual 24 hours we would know how to employ every minute of it. With such thoughts we reached Arsikere where the good people opened their eyes wide in surprise when we asked the whereabouts of the " famous " Iswara temple. Finally we obtained the necessary directions, but how to proceed between the dense crowd of people, vans and especially bullock-carts ? Where there is a will there is a way, although it may entail a great loss of time. So finally we were able to admire our first Hoysala specimen with its peculiar characteristic, the octagonal Mukha Mandapa, with a dome-shaped roof. At Javagal, about 20 miles further on, the temple is in a dilapidated condition but the carvings on the basement of the jagati are well preserved and arranged in six rows. After a short stop for light refreshments in some of Mother Nature's lovely tree " hotels," in the early afternoon we reached Halebid, the " pièce de resistance " of the day. In Kanarese " Hale " means old and " bidu " means capital. The actual village stands on the site of Dwarasamudra, the old capital of Hoysala-Ballala kings.

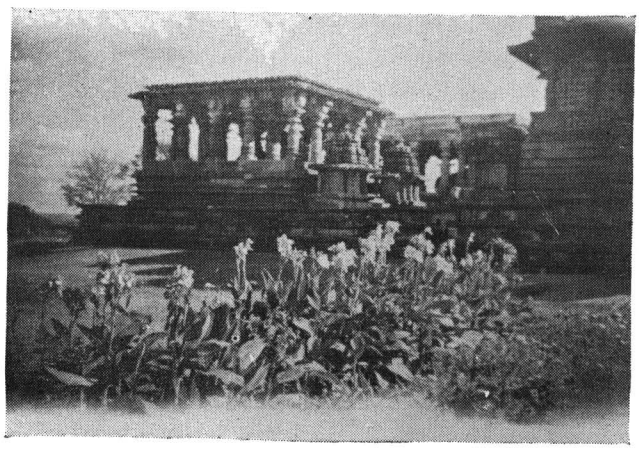
The main shrine is the Hoysaleshwara double temple. The two temples, built on the same platform, communicate inside. Their plan is star-shaped, laid out in a series of points. Each temple is composed of an inner shrine or adytum, a sukhanasi or vestibule and the navaranga or central hall. In front of each temple is a separate nandi hall. The most beautiful feature is the sculptural treatment of the wall. Up to some 10 feet high rows of animated sculptured designs encircle the building. These form an essential part of every Hoysala temple, and are perhaps the richest in the Hoysaleshwara temple. Here, at the base, is a row of elephants (gajapatha) symbolic of stability ; above are the lions, the crest of the Hoysalas ; next come the pattaralatha or scroll-motifs, the horses or asvapatha, and then a second row of scrolls. At the eye level is a frieze of scenes from the puranas, whilst the sculpture terminates with the makaras or hippopotamic monsters and the hamsas, the swans or geese.

From the Hoysaleshwara temple we went to see the Jain bastis (temples) and the Kedareswara temple where unfortunately a tree took root in the Vimana (towered shrine) and reduced the majority of the temple to a heap of ruins.

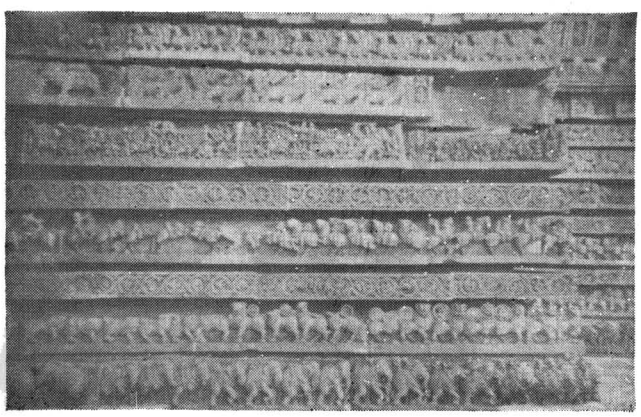
But we hurried on to reach Belur in time to take some snaps before sunset. At the Kesava temple at Belur the temple court is surrounded by a high wall and the main shrine by several minor shrines and mandapams. The temple stands on a three-foot terrace which closely follows the star-shaped contour of the structure. It has three entrances, the eastern or central one being decorated by the most lovely carvings. The friezes on the basement wall are also exquisitely carved and above them are ornate niches containing statues under foliated canopies. In the interior of the temple the ceiling and pillars are lavishly carved. We saw the famous Narasimha pillar which it is said can be rotated. As it was now getting late, we had to hurry to reach Hassan before dark where the good sisters of St. Philomena's School were awaiting us.

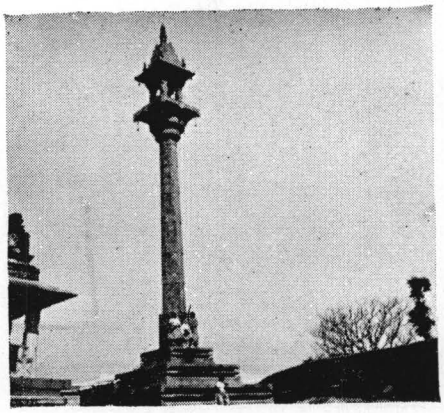
MYSORE

Arsikere

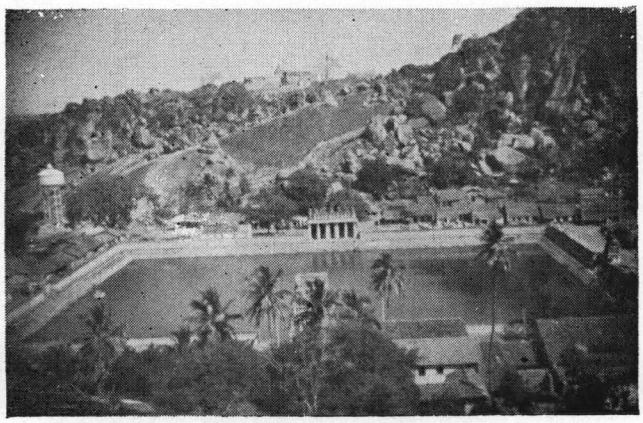


Halebid





Sravanabelgola



Kalyani Tank

Sivasamudram Falls

Third Day

The third day our itinerary included Chennarayapattinam, Sravanabelgola, Seringapatna and Brindavan. At the Chennarayapattinam temple we saw Vijayanagar pillars with cross motifs. From there we went to Vindhya or Indragiri. We stood at the bottom of the steep-sloping hill and gazed at the over 640 steps we had to climb. After a tiring climb we reached the top where we saw the great 58 foot statue of Gomiteswara.

A cup of hot coffee soon revived us and before long we were off to Chandragiri where fortunately we had only a few steps to climb. Here we saw the eighty foot Manastanba erected in honour of the Jain Thirthankaras. Between these two hills lies the Kalyani tank. Then we were on our way to Seringapatna. We welcomed the guide who got into our bus to explain everything to us. We saw Jami Masjid, the places where Tippu imprisoned the British, and where he died in 1799. We saw also the dungeon where Colonel Bailey was imprisoned. Then we went to Tippu's summer palace, " Daria Daulat Bagh." Built in 1784, it is 60 per cent wood and 40 per cent cement. The Gumbaz contains the black marble tombs of Hyder Ali and his wife and also of Tippu, all built in 1782. Here the great dome rests on a square building and is carried by squinches. Another interesting feature is the wall paintings which are about 160 years old, depicting Tippu's wars.

After seeing all these marvels we went on to Brindavan Gardens which is a most beautiful spot, never missed by any tourist to Mysore. We were fortunate to see it not only in the sunset but also illuminated. The electric bulbs of different colours made the garden with its many fountains look very beautiful. We should have liked to have remained longer, but had to leave for our Mysore " home," the convent of Christ the King, where a very welcome sleep brought a tiring day to a close.

Fourth Day—Mysore

The following day we spent in Mysore city. First we went to Chamundi Hill. Good luck ! we did not have any steps to climb here since our bus took us to the top. When returning we also saw the beautiful Chamundi Nandi. Then we went to Saint Philomena's Church where we admired the Neo-Gothic architecture. Then after searching for a short time we found the Archaeological Department and met the Director of Archaeology, Sri Seshadri, who kindly showed us some plans and pictures of Hoysala temples. After this we visited Lalitha Mahal and the Jagan Mohan palace where we saw a collection of paintings. Then, not too tired, we returned happily to the convent.

Fifth Day

The fifth and the last day of our wonderful trip was to Somnathpur and Sivasamudram. Somnathpur, today only a village, was once a flourishing city under the Hoysala rulers. It lies some 20 miles south-east of Mysore and its only celebrity is the Kesava temple, which according to an inscription, was built by Soma, an important officer under the Hoysala King Narasimha III (1254–1291 A.D.)

The Somnathpur temple, whose fame equals those of Halebid and Belur, has an advantage over the other two in that all its three towers are in good condition. The temple is trikutachala or three-celled, star-shaped and stands on the usual terrace. The courtyard is surrounded by an open verandah containing 64 cells. Inside the temple there are 16 ceilings all in the form of a plantain flower. The temple was dark, but thanks to the installation of electricity by the Archaeological Department, we were able to see everything clearly. We spent about half a day in Somnathpur and then proceeded to Sivasamudram where we admired the beautiful waterfalls. The water poured down in two streams with great force, so great in some places that it mounted up again in white spraying foam. It was a thrilling moment when we got into the trolley and descended the steep slope to the hydro-electric powerhouse four hundred feet below, where we saw the giant machinery. We ended our sight-seeing with an enjoyable picnic dinner in a small park nearby, after which we once more boarded the bus for our return to Bangalore. We left Bangalore that night and reached Madras the next morning.

So happily ended our five days' archaeological trip, which was not only enjoyable but instructive too, giving us a much clearer understanding of Hoysala architecture which until now we had known only in theory. We hope to enjoy more art excursions in the future.

ANGEL MARY,
I *B.A.*

ON ORIGINALITY

Originality means something that is one's own. Not a borrowed thing but something that emanates from our own mind. Something which we, as it were, first created and introduced on to the stage. It has a freshness and vigour about it because all originality contains an element of surprise. It arouses interest and arrests attention and may even be a source of entertainment and of kindly amusement to others, adding a splash of colour to an otherwise grey monotony.

Originality is only the revelation of our God-given individuality. Cast a look around us and we will find no two individuals are alike—even between the most similar, the differences outnumber the similarities. Little wonder then that we find originality in every sphere—including that of writing.

Originality should accompany all that we write. Many will protest against this, objecting that it is very difficult to be original—originality being a gift which is confined to a limited few, in the same way that musical and artistic talents are not equally distributed to all. The generality of men, they will argue, tend to borrow other people's ideas and merely to relate facts they have heard or read. But originality is not really at all such a rare gift. Since it is merely the reflection of our mind upon a particular subject—all can be original, since no two minds are identical.

To use our originality, we have only to focus our mind upon the particular subject in question, to collect together, as it were, the scattered ideas lying about in nooks and corners of our mind and to put them together so as to make of them an orderly pattern. These stray ideas are like the tiny pieces of coloured glass inside a kaleidoscope, which at each shake come together to form a new delightful pattern. Similarly, originality is the result of the shaking of our ideas—which are always there, many and varied. All we have to do is to shake them into new patterns. Once we have alerted our mind and allowed the pattern to form we have no difficulty in expressing our ideas in word or writing.

All possess originality, but timidity prevents many from expressing it. They are overcome by an inferiority complex, which causes them to fear the criticism of others and so their originality is stifled, as also their opportunity of self-improvement, for all gain by an exchange of ideas. If we wish to develop our originality and our intellects let us shake off this timidity, and having formulated our ideas, let us not fear to express them. Criticism if taken in the right spirit will only lead to our own advancement.

G. S. RAJESWARI,
III B.Sc.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH GIVING PLACE TO NEW"

In the south-eastern corner of the eastern coastline of the Bay of Bengal, near Point Calmere, is a little village picturesquely situated. It is the last of the villages at the tail-end of the Cauvery deltaic region.

The climate is very pleasant during the summer months especially from January to June, and a cool sea breeze, blowing through a small forest adjoining the coast-line makes the place more or less a sanatorium. The soil is of medium fertility and the people are mainly agriculturists. There are about five hundred houses in all, connected only by mud roads. The nearest railway station is one and a half miles away. There are three elementary schools, with an attendance of about four hundred children, a village post office, a multipurpose co-operative society, and a panchayat office.

Until about two decades ago the village was typically feudal in its organisation and outlook. The people were hard-working and tried their best to raise a good crop from the lands they cultivated. Except for a single toddy shop, in which the people spent their evenings in the traditional way, there was no other means of recreation.

The attainment of independence in 1947 may be said to have ushered in an entirely new era in the village. The inhabitants have gradually lost all their feudal ideas, and the democratic influence is beginning to be more and more felt in every phase of village activities. In short, the people have shed all their simplicity, and have begun to copy the urban ways of life, speech and general behaviour. Coffee, tea and smoking have made their appearance, and there are now more than a dozen places catering to these requirements. The village has so to say changed its face and become a miniature town, the transformation affecting even the women folk.

The change is variously interpreted. Some consider it retrograde, in that it has converted a hard-working and self-sufficient people into a lazy and discontented lot. Others interpret it as a step forward in the right direction, in that it has awakened the people to a new and better standard of life. One thing, however, is certain and that is the land which is their mainstay has come to be neglected, and a tendency to make easy money is apparent. The result of this is that people have lost their faith in work, and the land is beginning to yield less. This is counteracted in some places by a resort to artificial aids to agriculture, which in the absence of the necessary scientific knowledge is not bearing full fruit in all places.

It may be that the village is at present in a stage of transition. But, as matters stand, there is a tendency on the part of the villagers to migrate to industrial areas in search of a livelihood, rather than to toil on the land. The future alone can give a definite verdict whether all the changes that have slowly crept into the village life and activities are for the good or otherwise of the unit which forms the very basis of state organisation.

S. S. SUDHA,
Pre-Univ. 4.

HEROINES OF SHAKESPEARE

" Most women of Shakespeare have no character at all," said Alexander Pope in satire. We can hardly deny however that Shakespeare's heroines do give life to his plays.

Most of his heroines represent ideal womanhood. They are lofty in mind and spirit yet meek and humble. Their tolerance and forbearance, which are the accompaniments of their large-heartedness, save them from prejudice, bitterness and ill-will. Julia, Viola, Miranda, Desdemona, Cordelia, Perdita are almost flawless. They are loving and lovable. Most of Shakespeare's women, however, detect the flaws in others by their quick and unerring perception Helena is the first to see the falsehood and cowardice of the boaster Parolles long before he is publicly exposed. Olivia takes the part of the clown and rebukes Malvolio's ill-humour which displays his pride, vanity and scorn.

Shakespeare's heroines, in most of his plays, are shown as lovers. All of them either love or have loved or are capable of loving. All of them are actuated by pure, disinterested and selfless love. They never give way to despair even in the most entangled and unfavourable situations; they have abiding hope, are unwavering in the strength of their love and are finally rewarded with success. For instance Viola wins the hand of Orsino, the Duke of Illyria. Julia, after displaying great forbearance and tolerance, forgives Proteus and marries him At the end Rosalind of " As You Like It " after many ordeals, wins the hand of Orlando.

The heroines of Shakespeare arouse our admiration—almost veneration—by their nobility, wisdom and purity. Most of them, especially the heroines of his comedies, radiate joy and happiness by their gentle sweetness, cheerfulness and buoyancy. Love and service are as natural to them as breathing. They are the sunlight of the plays, obscured at times by clouds and storms of melancholy and misdoing, but never overwhelmed or defeated. In the comedies they are the spirit of happiness ; in the tragedies they are generally the only warrant and token of ultimate salvation, the last refuge and sanctuary of faith.

Though Shakespeare's women are remarkable for their similarities, individual differences are at the same time indicated by emphasizing their characteristic traits, and even the same trait by giving a peculiar turn suited to the disposition of each of them. The lively wit of Portia and Rosalind has no trace of that touch of insolence, which characterises the brilliant wit of that spirited lady Beatrice.

The young heroines of his earlier plays, like " Much Ado About Nothing," " As You Like It ," and " The Merchant of Venice," speak in sparkling prose. But the heroines of his later plays all have a tendency to lean on others, to sacrifice themselves for others, to lose themselves in others. They seem to have a family likeness, for all show a certain helplessness and seem unable to take care of themselves or to achieve their own happiness. In one of Coleridge's lectures on the heroines of Shakespeare's last plays, he said that they have too many virtues. They all seem to be so happily and harmoniously made. They have no excess of any quality, and no single quality or element stands out and this is responsible for the perfection of their nature. These characters, i.e. Imogen in " Cymbeline," Perdita in " A Winter's Tale," and Miranda in " The Tempest," seem to be embodiments of ideal women. Each represents the ideal woman by possessing those qualities and perfections that are essential to women. They have a sense of what is proper, what is necessary, what is good. Coleridge says that these women make us feel that they have inherited all the wisdom of those who bore them as also of those who taught them, besides having their own wisdom.

V. NALINI,
I M.A.

विश्व–कवि रवीन्द्रनाथ ठाकुर

विदेशों मे यदि महात्मा गांधी से अधिक नहीं तो उतना ही जो नाम सब से अधिक प्रसिद्ध है, वह डा. रवीन्द्रनाथ टागोर का है। महात्मा गांधी और रवीन्द्रनाथ ये दोनों ही इस युग के महामानव हैं। भारतवर्ष का यह परम सौभाग्य है कि उसने एक ही समय में इन दो महापुरुषों को जन्म दिया। जिस युग में भारतवर्ष सारे संसार की दृष्टि में हेय, तुच्छ एवम् दयनीय समझा जाता था, उस समय इन दोनों मुक्त-आत्माओं का यहाँ जन्म हुआ।

'टागोर' वास्तव में 'ठाकुर का अपभ्रंश है। जैसे पहले ही कहा जा चुका है, जब भारतीय गगन मंडल में पतन, अपमान और असहनीय दुखों की तामसी रात छाई हुई थी, उस समय हमारे बडे सौभाग्य से कल्याणकारी रविका उदय रवीन्द्रनाथ ठाकुर के रूप में हुआ। उन्होंने अपनी असाधारण प्रातिभा और भावावेग से देश और जाति के संकीर्ण बन्धनों को छिन्नभिन्न कर दिया। मानव की तड़पती हुई आकांक्षाओं को उन्होंने भाषा प्रदान की, पद-दलित मानव की बुझती हुई आशा को कविता में ढाला और आनन्द को हृदय की काली गुफ़ा से निकालकर संगीत की असंख्य धाराओं में बहाया।

साहित्य, कला, शृंगार, राजनीति के साथ ही मानवता के प्रति असीम दया तथा प्रेम का यदि किसी एक व्यक्ति में सबसे अधिक सामञ्जस्य हो पाया है तो वह डा. टागोर का है।

टागोर की कलम ने न केवल भारतीय ज्ञानविज्ञान की प्रसुप्त चेतनता को ही जागृत कर दिया अपितु उस से समस्त विश्व-साहित्य खिल उठा। संसार आज उन्हें कई रूपोंमें स्मरण करता है—कवि, उपन्यासकार, योगी, सुधारक, लघु-कथाकार, देश-भक्त इत्यादि। फिर भी वे मूलत: कवि ही थे।

'गीतांजली' जो कि टागोर के रहस्यवाद की अनुपम कृति है, उसे संसार ने अपनाया और उसे 'नोबल-पुरस्कार भी मिला। टागोर की कविता की आत्मा यथार्थवाद में निवास करती है। उनकी स्वप्न भूमि थी यही शस्य-शामला धरती तथा चारों ओर बिखरी हुई प्रकृति की विभूतियाँ।

टागोर की बहुत-सी कविताएँ दार्शनिक विचारों से ओतप्रोत है। उन में रहस्यवाद का पुट भी मिलता है। कभी-कभी तो कवि आत्मज्ञान में इतना लीन हो जाता है कि वह अपना भौतिक अस्तित्व ही भूल जाता है और उस की आत्मा परमात्मा में लीन होकर एक हो जाती है। तभी तो वह प्रकृति के प्रत्येक कण में उसी महान शक्ति की झलक देखता। वह इस शारीरिक अपनापन को भूल जाता है तथा वह यही अनुभव करता है कि जो पहाड़ों पर कुहरा छाया हुआ है वह "मैं" ही हूँ और नाचती-गाती तरंगों में उसे अपने स्वर की ही प्रति-ध्वनि सुनाई देतीहै।

कवि होने के नाते टागोर सुन्दरता के उपासक थे। उन्होंने ईश्वर को सुन्दरता के रूप में ही देखा। क्या वीरान वन, सुनसान रेगिस्तान तथा महान पहाड़, उसे तो सब ईश्वर की श्री ही बिखरी हुई लगती है। एक हँसते हुए फूल तथा गुर्राते हुए चीते में भी भगवान ही भगवान दिखता है।

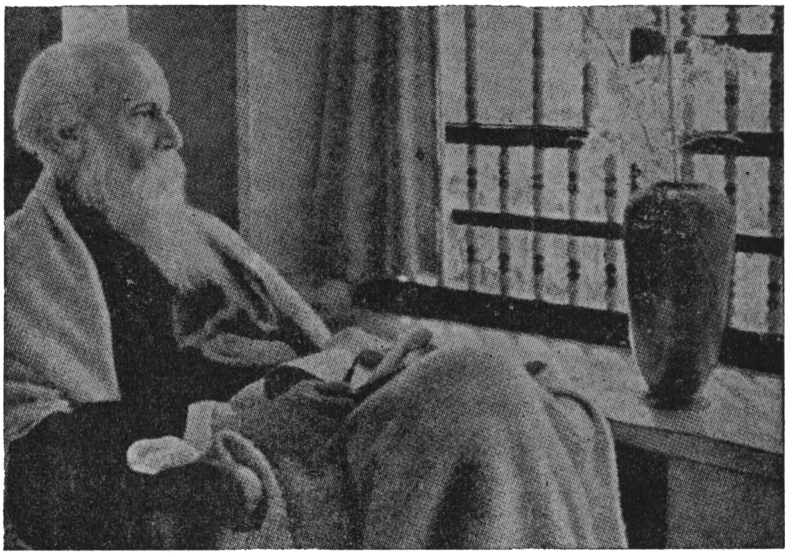
सत्य के पुजारी टागोर ने सदा ही संसार के बनावटी रूप तथा धोखेपन से घृणा की तथा सदैव सामाजिक कुरीतियों को नष्ट-भ्रष्ट करने के प्रयत्न किये। गांधीजी के 'दरिद्र नारायण' तथा हरिजनों के जीवन को सुखी बनाने की भविष्यवाणी पहले पहल रवीन्द्र बाबू ने ही की थी। गिरे हुए लोंगो को उठाना तथा पथ-भ्रष्टों को रास्ता दिखाना ही उन का धर्म था। उन्हों ने भारतीय राष्ट्र निर्माण के संबंध में कहा था—'जब तक हम स्त्रियों और अछूतों को साथ न ले जायँगे, तब तक हमारा विकास अधूरा रहेगा। क्योंकि सशक्त के लिए अशक्त और निर्बल उसी प्रकार खतरनाक है, जिस प्रकार हाथी के लिए बालू। वे प्रगति में सहायक नहीं होते, क्योंकि वे विरोध नहीं करते, वे केवल पतन को नीचे उतार लाते हैं।'

रवीन्द्रबाबू विश्व- बन्धुत्व के हिमायती थे। वे संसार को प्रेम के सूत्र में बांधना चाहते थे। अन्त तक वे इसीलिए प्रयत्न करते रहे, प्रचार करते रहे। जब जापान ने चीन पर आक्रमण किया तो उन्होंने जो कविता लिखी थी, जापानियों के लिए जो पत्र लिखा उस से कोई भी प्रभावित हुए बिना रह नहीं सकते थे। पूर्व की सभ्यता पर उन्हें घमंड था। पर पश्चिम की सभ्यता से भी वे बहुत कुछ सीखना चाहते थे। विश्वप्रेम की आंधीमें वे भारत-प्रेम को भुला नहीं सकते थे। अपनी मातृ भूमि उन के लिए सब से प्रिय थी। फिर भी वे राजनीति को अपना प्रधान कार्य नहीं बनाना चाहते थे। जिस समय गांधीजी ने असहयोग आन्दोलन शुरु किया था और उस के कार्य क्रम के अन्तर्गत उन्होंने विदेशी कपड़े की होली तथा स्वदेशी और

चर्खा-प्रचार की आवश्य कता पर जोर दिया था, उस समय रवीन्द्रबाबू को यह सन्देह हुआ था कि गान्धीजी भारत की स्वाधीनता की समस्या को लेकर विश्व समस्या को भुला देना तो नहीं चाहते हैं। कवि के इस सन्देह का निवारण करते हुए गांधीजी ने अपने 'यङ्ग इंडिया' पत्र में 'बार्ड आफ़ शांतिनिकेतन' शीर्षक एक लेख लिखा था जिस से प्रसन्न होकर रवीन्द्र बाबू ने अपने 'सत्य का आह्वान' शीर्षक लेख में उन के प्रति प्रणाम निवेदन किया था।

ईश्वर ने रवीन्द्रबाबू को लंबी आयु दी और उन्होंने अपने जीवन के एक क्षण को भी वृथा न जाने दिया। अपनी इस धरती यात्रा के अन्तिम क्षण तक अपनी काव्य-रचनाओं से संसार के रचयिता को प्रसन्न करते रहे। और ये वे कविताएँ हैं जो युग- युगान्तरों तक अपना संगीत सुनाती रहेंगी। कवि टागोर की वाणी अमर वाणी है।

GOWRI GANGULY,
III B.Sc.



Rabindranath in the last year of his life

என்னிடத்தில்
என்ன கண்டாய்?

ஓங்கு உயர் கோபுரத்தில் உன் உயர்வு கண்டேன்,

ஒளிரும் சூரியனில் உன் உள்ளொளி கண்டேன்,

மலரும் மலரினில் உந்தன் புன்னகை கண்டேன்,

பெய்யும் மழைதனில் உந்தன் கருணை கண்டேன்,

தாயினன்புக் கரங்களில் நின் தடக்கைக் கண்டேன்,

தந்தை கடி வார்த்தையில் நின் கட்டளைக் கண்டேன்,

இத்தனையும் கண்டு பல நன்மைகள் கொண்டேன்,

ஆயின் எந்தனிடம் எப்பயன் நீ கண்டாய் இறைவா?

பி. நாகபூஷணம்,
புதுமுக வகுப்பு–2

திறமையைவிட
ஒழுக்கமே சிறந்தது

" ஒழுக்கம் விழுப்பந்தரலான்–ஒழுக்கம்
உயிரினும் ஓம்பப்படும் "

என்பது யாவரும் கற்றறிந்த வள்ளுவர் வாய்மொழியன்றே? மானிடர் இம்மண்ணுலகில் திறம்பட சீரிய வாழ்க்கையை நடத்த வேண்டுமாயின், நல்லொழுக்கத்தை அவர்கள் கடைபிடித்து ஒழுகவேண்டும். இவ்வொழுக்கமே அனைவர்க்கும் விருப்பம் தரவல்லது. நமக்குத் துணையாய்த் திகழும் இவ்வொழுக்கத்தை, உயிரைவிட மேலாகக் கைக்கொள்ளல் வேண்டும். உயர் குடியில் பிறந்தவனுயினும், தாழ்ந்த குடியில் பிறந்தவனுயினும், ஒழுக்கம் என்னும் தராசினுலேயே, அவன் உயர்ந்தவன், தாழ்ந்தவன் என்று நிறுத்தப் படுகிறுன். ஒழுக்கம் கெட்டு, இழுக்கு உண்டாகு மாயின். அது அவனுக்கு எய்தாப் பழியினை உண்டாக்கும். நன்மை துளிர்ப்பதற்கு ஒழுக்கமே சிறந்த வித்தாம், என்பதில் ஐயமேயில்லை.

" சரீர அழுக்கை நீரால் சுத்தம் செய்து கொள்ளலாம். மன அழுக்கை பொய் பேசாமை யாகிய குணத்தால் சுத்தம் செய்து கொள்ளலாம்," என்பது பெரியோர் தம் பொன்மொழி. ஒழுக்கத்தினின்றும் தவருமல் நடப்பவர்களே உலகில் நீண்டகாலம் வாழ்வர். இம்மையில் புகழையும், மறுமையில் நற்கதியையும் அவர்கள் கிடைக்கப்பெறுவர் என்பது திண்ணம்.

' திறம்பட வாழ்தல் ' வாழ்க்கை ஓடத்தை இம்மாநிலக் கடலில் ஓட்டவல்லத் துடுப்பாம். கைநிறைய சம்பாதித்தால் போதுமா ? இவை இதற்கு, அவை அதற்கு, எனப்பகிர்ந்துவைக்கும் திறமையாலேயே ஒருவனது வாழ்க்கை வெள்ளத்தினிடையே அகப்படாத் தோணிபோன்று ஒரே சீராகச் செல்லும். ஆண்டவன் நம்மைப் பிறப்பிக்கும்போது, பாரபட்சமின்றி ஒரே சீரான அறிவினைக் கொடுத்தே பிறப்பிக்கிறான். ஆனால் அவ்வறிவு அவனுக்குப் போதிய ஊதியம் அளிக்கப் போதிய அளவானதல்ல. திறமை என்னும் ஆயுதம் கொண்டு அறிவைத் தீட்டிக் கொள்ளுதல் நம் கடமை. அனுபவ மிகுதியாலேயே ஒருவன் திறமையை அளவெடுக்க இயலும்.

ஆம்! ஒருவன் தன் திறமையால் தான் சந்திர மண்டலத்தில் குடிபுக முயற்சி செய்கிறான். பனிப் பாறைகளைத் தகர்த்து, வீர கர்ஜனைப் புரியும் அணுக்கப்பல்களையும் செய்து கடலில் மிதக்க விடுகிறான். உலகமே விஞ்ஞானவிந்தைச் செயல்களால் சுழன்றுக் கொண்டிருக்கிறது. ஆனால் எவன் விந்தைகள் பல புரிந்து உலகத்தின் உள்ளத்தை கொள்ளை கொண்டானோ, அவனே அதற்கு எதிரியாகவும் திகழ்கிறான். அவன் சிந்தனையால் தோன்றிய அணுகுண்டுகள், பாம்பின் வாய் அகப்பட்ட தேரை போன்று உலகத்தை இமைக்கும் தருணத்தில் விழுங்கக்கூடியவை. அவனை உலகம் ஒருபுறம் புகழ்ந்தாலும், பெரும்பாலும் " எங்கள் யமனே " என வெறுக்கத்தான் செய்யும். இதனை நோக்குங்கால், திறமையுடன், நல்ல மனப்பான்மையையும் பெற்றிருத்தல் அத்தி யாவசியம் என்று விளங்குகிறது.

ஆக்கும் தொழிலுக்கு திறமையை செலுத்த வேண்டுமேயன்றி அழிப்பதற்காக அல்ல. எத்துணை திறமைசாலியாக இருந்தாலும், ஒழுக்கமில்லாதவனுயின், அவனை உலகம் இகழும். கொள்ளைக்காரனும் அதிசயத்தக்கவாறு பொருள்களை கணத்தில் களவாடிச் சென்றுவிடுகிறான். அவனை நாம் அறிவாளி எனப் புகழ்கிறோமா ? அல்லது உயர் குடியில் உதித்த சீமான் எனப் புகழ்கிறோமா ? அல்ல அல்ல! அதே ஒருவன் திறமை இல்லாமல் இருந்து, ஒழுக்கம் தவறுப் பண்பினனுயின், அவ்வொழுக்கமே அவனுக்கு வாழ வழிகோலி உதவும்.

மேற்கூறிய உதாரணங்களே திறமையைவிட ஒழுக்கமே சிறந்தது என்பதைத் தெள் ளெனத் தெரிவிக்கின்றன. கல்லூரி வாயிலிலே நுழைந்து விட்ட நாமும், இதனில் சிந்தையைச் செல்லவிட்டு வாழ வழிகோல ஆராய்வோம்.

எஸ். வத்ஸலா,
புதுமுக வகுப்பு-3

KALIDASA

Kalidasa is recognised as the greatest poet and dramatist in Sanskrit literature.

पुरा कवीनां गणनाप्रसङ्गे कनिष्ठिकाधिष्ठितकालिदासा ।
अद्यापि तत्तुल्यकवेरभावात् अनामिका सार्थवती बभूव ॥

On one occasion when the poets were being classified, Kalidasa, whose genius has never been equalled, was assigned the last finger: the ring finger thus remained true to its name (अनामिका—a nameless).

Bana says: निर्गतासु न वा कस्य कालिदासस्य सूक्तिषु ।
प्रीतिर्मधुरसार्द्रासु मञ्जरीष्विव जायते ॥

" Who does not delight in the poetic utterances of Kalidasa, which resemble fragrant blossoms overflowing with honey? "

Kalidasa is the true representative of India's spirit, genius and grace. By making India's culture his own, he has given it universal scope and significance. He is equally at home in royal courts and hermitages, on mountain tops and in simple homes. He is at ease with sages, courtiers, kings and fishermen alike.

By tradition Kalidasa is associated with King Vikramaditya of Ujjayini who founded the Vikrama era of 57 B.C. The change in the name of the hero of " Vikramorvasiya " from Pururavas to Vikrama lends support to this view.

Agnimitra, the hero of " Malavikagnimitra," was not a very well-known king. He belonged to the second century before Christ and his capital was Vidisa. The reference to Vidisa as a famous capital in " Meghasandesa " may suggest that Kalidasa was a contemporary of Agnimitra.

It is also suggested that Kalidasa lived in the reign of Chandragupta II who had the title of Vikramaditya. Prof. A. B. Keith says — " Kalidasa was later than Aswaghosa and the dramatist Bhasa : he knew Greek terms as his use of " jamitra " proves; the Prakrit of his drama is decidedly later than Aswaghosa's and Bhasa's and he cannot be put before the Gupta age. We must remember that Chandragupta II had the style of Vikramaditya . . . . nor is it absurd to see in the title of ' Kumara-sambhava ' a hint at the young Kumaragupta or even in ' Vikramorvasiya ' an allusion to the title ' Vikramaditya.' " Whichever date we take we are only in the sphere of reasonable conjecture.

Since Kalidasa speaks very little of himself in his works there is great uncertainty as to his authorship of the many works attributed to him. There is, however, universal agreement upon the following works of Kalidasa :—

Three dramas entitled "Malavikagnimitra," "Vikramorvasiya" and "Abhijnana Sakuntala."

Two epic poems entitled "Kumarasambhava" and "Raghuvamsa."

Two lyrics : "Rtu-Samhara,"—a descriptive account of the six seasons, and "Meghasandesa." Kalidasa borrows his themes from the traditional lore but transforms and enriches them.

Some of his themes, like that of a cloud messenger, seem to be unrealistic. Kalidasa himself, anticipating such an objection, gives the answer—

धूमज्योतिःसलिलमरुतां सन्निपातः क्व मेघः
संदेशार्थाः क्व पटुकरणैः प्राणिभिः प्रापणीयाः।
इत्यौत्सुक्यादपरिगणयन् गुह्यकस्तं ययाचे
कामार्ता हि प्रकृतिकृपणाः चेतनाचेतनेषु ॥

"Where is the cloud composed of smoke, light, water and air and where are the messages which only living beings endowed with intellect can convey? Disregarding the impossibility of his request, the Yaksha in his eagerness begged the cloud to carry his messages : for, the lover loses all sense of discrimination."

Numerous legends have arisen around the name of Kalidasa but most of them are of no historical value. From his works we know that he lived in an age of wealth and splendour. He was very fond of music, art and dance, as well as being well-versed in law and contemporary science. He seems to have been familiar with the whole of India from the Himalayas down to the extreme south.

Self-confidence appears to be one of his characteristics, for he says .—

तदेष सर्गः करुणार्द्रचित्तैः न मे भवद्भिः प्रतिषेधनीयः

"If you have hearts which can melt with pity, do not spurn this poem of mine."

The opening verses of " Raghuvamsa " clearly indicate that he was not devoid of humility.

क्व सूर्यप्रभवो वंशः क्व चाल्पविषया मतिः।
तितीर्षुर्दुस्तरं मोहादुडुपेनास्मि सागरम्॥

" How can I with my limited talents dare to compare myself with the descendants of the sun ? "

मन्दः कवियशःप्रार्थी गमिष्याम्युपहास्यताम्।
प्रांशुलभ्ये फले लोभादुद्बाहुरिव वामनः॥

" In my foolish longing for a poet's renown, I shall become an object of ridicule, like to a dwarf whom greed induces to stretch out his hands to seize the fruit which is within reach only of the tall."

Kalidasa with a few touches clearly conveys ideas which inferior poets in spite of elaborate and verbose descriptions are unable to portray. His graphic pen-pictures are wonderful, as for example, the royal chariot in full speed, the frightened deer and the distress of Urvasi.

The similies of Kalidasa have earned the name. 'कालिदासस्य उपमा।'

एको हि दोषो गुणसन्निपाते निमज्जतीन्दोः किरणेष्विवाङ्कः

" Dazzled by the bright moonbeams no one would notice the flaw in the moon itself. Even so a slight defect in a master's work passes unnoticed." Kalidasa instructs more by gentle persuasion than by direct teaching.

As we read Kalidasa's works we are able to enter intimately into the life of each character and thus obtain a deeper understanding of mankind in general. So vividly does he describe the desires, impulses, aspirations and disappointments that arise within the soul that we are able without difficulty to piece together the whole complicated design. The reader discovers in his works a treasury of delightful reading. His works will ever remain popular due to his remarkable skill in portraying human character which justly merits for him the title of a great poet.

VASANTHI GOPINATH,
I. B. Sc.

ADIEU

Mes jeunes années
Dans un coin de l'Inde se sont envolées...
Se sont envolées dans les sentiers,
Parmi les fleurs et les arachides.

Les bergers chantent au vent des ghâtes,
Chantent la mélodie qui berça mon coeur..
Paisible, sous les dattiers,
Ma tendre enfance s'est abritée.

Dans leur course, mes vingt années
Pressées, ont tout emporté :
Mes lotus blancs, mes hauts palmiers,
Mes jeux, mes chants, mes oiseaux bleus...

Elles m'ont laissée là,—seule,
Au tournant qui débouche
Dans l'inconnu
Sur la grand'route dure et nue
Qui conduit vers la ville impersonnelle...

Mes perroquets verts, adieu à jamais!
Adieu à jamais, mes jolis sentiers.
Sable doux où j'ai tant joué
Adieu!
Adieu, sable doré
De mes jeunes années!

ANNE MARIE SAINTE ROSE,
Pre-University 4.

MES
PREMIÈRES IMPRESSIONS

C'est le 23 juin 1960...Je n'oublierai jamais ce jour-là. Stella Maris ouvre ses nouveaux édifices dans la rue de la Cathédrale, après les vacances.

Le haut bâtiment, dont le profil se dessine dans les airs, a l'air de nous attendre. Quel va-et-vient et quel tapage joyeux ! Tout le monde est enchanté de commencer la nouvelle année académique dans le bâtiment merveilleux, si grand et si joli !

Comme je suis venue là pour entrer dans la première classe universitaire, c'est une nouveauté double pour moi. Je suis très heureuse..

La Révérende Soeur " Principal " nous accueille à la nouvelle vie. Elle dit comment. par la grâce du bon Dieu, on peut enfin se trouver dans le collège neuf. Comme tout n'est pas encore installé complètement, elle nous prie en attendant de porter les difficultés avec patience. Quand j'entendis ces mots, j'ai eu peur d'abord, je dois dire. qu'il nous faut en voir de grises !

Après la prière, on assemble ma classe dans la bibliothèque et l'on nous explique tout ce que l'on aura à faire. Je suis très contente d'y trouver plusieurs de mes vieilles amies. Mais beaucoup d'étudiantes ne se connaissent pas, car nous sommes venues d'écoles différentes : il ne s'agit donc que de s'entendre, et bientôt chacune est amie avec les unes les autres.

Comme c'est le premier jour de classe, nous avons congé pour l'aprés-midi. La cloche tinte et nous nous dispersons tout en criant et racontant : " C'est un mouvement, une allégresse, un bourdonnement sans pareils ! "

A tout prendre, le premier jour de collège est très gai On se tient à quatre pour ne pas être enchanté en de tels environs. Toutes les choses se présentent dans une teinte nouvelle et un chapitre neuf s'étend devant moi. Je vais autour du collège avec mes amies, réjouissante, bavardante et remarquante de tout ce que nous voyons alentour de nous.

Alors, nous nous mettons on route ensuite pour aller à nos maisons, tout à fait heureuses et pleines d'espérance que notre première année à Stella Maris sera un an actif et florissant.

Maintenant, cet an est passé, et je trouve que notre attente a été accomplie . . . Et je suis fière d'être une étudiante de Stella Maris, l'Etoile gouvernante de ma vie.

R. RAMAA,
Pre-University 1.

(L'étudiante de 16 ans qui a écrit la petite composition reproduite ci-dessus selon l'original a commencé à apprendre le français il y a neuf mois. Elle a essayé d'y faire usage, d'une manière parfois assez inattendue des expressions variées rencontrées au cours de l'année dans son livre de lectures françaises.)

REFLEXIONS
AU SEUIL D'UNE NOUVELLE ÉTAPE

Ma vie d'étudiante touche à sa fin, et je la quitte avec des sentiments mêlés de regret et d'impatience.

Ces quatre annèes dernières forment une partie importante et mémorable de ma vie.

C'est le temps où je quittai l'enfance, où j'appris à former mes opinions à moi sur les divers mystères de l'existence humaine.

Mon esprit faisait des progrès graduellement, Mon raisonnement, qui mûrissait aussi, m'aidait à travers mes premières expériences en m'équipant mentalement contre les afflictions et les désillusions qui attendent chaque adulte.

Ainsi, les évènements, heureux ou non, de ces quatre ans de collège m'ont façonnée lentement, m'ont donné l'attitude nécessaire avec laquelle il faut bien, un jour, quitter une vie abritée.

Je vois—maintenant que j'ai dix-neuf ans—que le temps passe de plus en plus vite quand on vieillit. A peine m'étais-je accoutumée à mon état d'étudiante de l'Université que je me trouve au bout de mes études.

Mais, bien qu'il semble bref, ce temps a laissé son empreinte sur moi. Il a complété la formation de mon caractère.

Je suis triste, parce qu'il me faut quitter si tôt ma vie sans soucis de jeune fille, mais j'ai la confiance, en entrant dans le monde des adultes, que je suis bien préparée pour tout ce qui m'attend.

TERESA ABRAHAM,
III B.Sc.

POURQUOI
LE FRANCAIS ME CHARME

Depuis la classe de Pré-Université, je n'ai jamais cessé de vouloir apprendre le français, le lire, l'écrire, le parler.

Peut-être m'a-t-il attirée du fait que c'est une langue étrangère? Pendant les vacances j'écoute régulièrement les programmes français de "La Voix de L'Indonésie", et j'ai découvert avec tant de plaisir que je pouvais les comprendre, car on y parle si lentement et clairement.

J'aime beaucoup entendre parler le français : c'est si musical et si poli ! J'ai souvent entendu quelques étudiantes dire : Oh ! ces verbes irrèguliers, et les cent et une régles de la grammaire française, c'est horrible ! "..Mais non, à mon avis, ce n'est pas si terrible.

Heureusement, nous avons pour professeur une religieuse française qui nous donne l'occasion d'entendre la prononciation correcte des mots et de savoir aussi un peu d'histoire de France.

Je ne connais pas beaucoup les Français, mais je suis bien sûre qu'ils sont aussi charmants que leur langue !

Dans quelques années, j'espère savoir assez de français pour pouvoir le parler aussi musicalement qu'une vraie Française...

Et je me vois déjà à l'Ambassade de France, où je pourrai alors en faire usage tout à mon aise...Ce sera enfin la réalisation de mon rêve... !

ROSEMARIE STONE,
III B.A.

A
WORD OF GRATITUDE

" The Cloisters,"
14, CATHEDRAL ROAD,
MADRAS-6.

Dear Parents, Friends and Benefactors,

Many of you were with us last July to share our joy at the official opening ceremony of the new buildings so graciously performed by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, and those who were with us only in spirit will be interested to read the account in these pages.

To all of you we extend our most sincere thanks. The project of building a new College worthy of the University, with two hostels, library, Science and Main Blocks, in less than two years seemed almost a presumptuous dream, but by the blessing of Almighty God and with the generous co-operation of each one of you, the dream has been realised. I should mention here particularly the devotedness of our engineer Mr. D'Silva, and of our contractor Mr. Devadoss who also so kindly donated the open-air theatre.

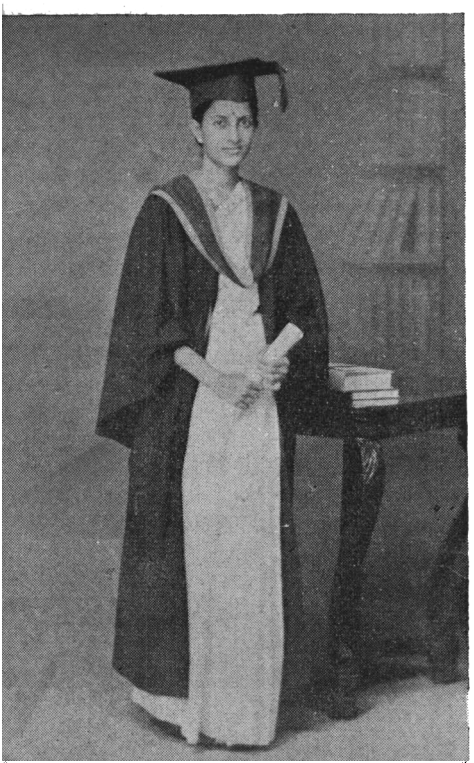
The whole building scheme includes a Non-Resident Centre, a Social Welfare Centre and Home Science Block which will be completed when funds permit. Meanwhile we offer our heartfelt thanks for the wonderful way in which God has blessed your and our efforts in the cause of charity and enlightenment, whilst we place our trust just as confidently in Him for the future.

May God bless and reward you, one and all, for your sympathetic assistance,

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.

R. Suguna, Codati Ethirajamma Memorial Medal for Economics

A. K. Janaki, Todhunter Prize for History



THE OLD STUDENTS' CORNER

Dear Old Stella Marians,

Stella Maris has always been up to date and even in these days of space flights she can proudly point to the launching of satellites fully equipped with B.A. or B.Sc. Degrees since 1952. Naturally the satellites who graduated in the earlier years are well settled in their orbits, looking after a growing family or solidly established in their careers, and messages from these are not so frequent whereas the "sputniks" released in 1960 transmit very high-frequency messages. These are some of the reports sent in to our receiving station at "The Cloisters."

Art Department

P. Sita (Mrs. Sampath) is keeping a steady course teaching at Holy Angels' Convent, Mambalam, and Bhagyavathi, launched in the same year (1953), is on an outer circuit at Delhi — married, with one little daughter. Rama Devi, specially reinforced with a Social Service Diploma, is doing private Social Service in Bombay — running a home with three children!

Reports from 1955 satellites show Rani in her last year at the School of Arts and Crafts, Sulochana (Mrs. Mahendra Sharma) with a second son and Charlotte Fernandez (Mrs. Thomas) with a baby. Emma of course is still at the launching station, teaching Art at Stella Maris.

1956 releases are both teaching in the outer atmosphere, Leela (you remember the sun-dance?) — in Vellore, and Amirtalakshmi at Conjeevaram. P. K. Saraswathi (1957) is now Mrs. Jeyaraj.

On more distant orbits, Miss Parimalam Nagalingam is transmitting art lessons in Ceylon, and Geeta (Mrs. Rao), also equipped with Social Service Diploma, is married, while Bakula Modi is engaged in business management in Madras. Aruna(1958) is finishing her English M.A. at Stella Maris and Preeti Mallick is setting up home in Calcutta.

The most recent releases keep in constant contact with the home station: Mahema, Usha Rani and Mary Maragatham are intensely radio-active in the Mylapore region, teaching Art at the Rosary Matriculation and St. Raphael's Schools. Sakuntala Hannah, on a slightly more distant flight, transmits "safe landing" signals from Madura.

Economics Department

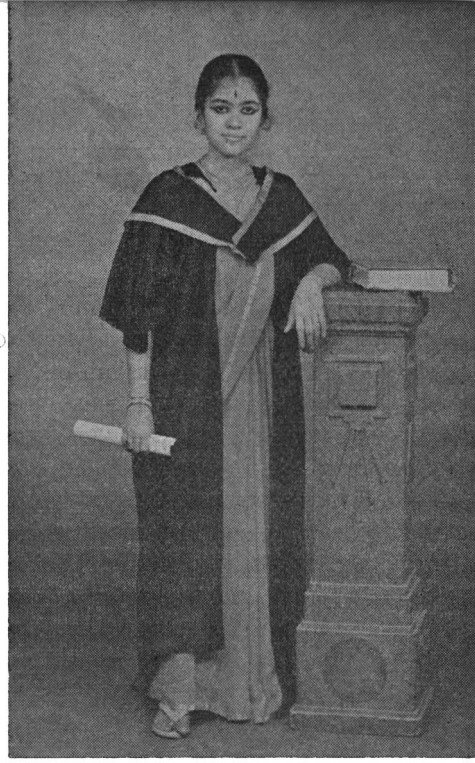
Satellites equipped with the Economics Degree seem to have a particularly varied range of flight. Myrtle Dorai Raj, the Youth Forum prize-winner of 1952, has taken off again on a long-distance flight for the U.S.A., whereas her contemporary K. Chellam is keeping steadily to the base, lecturing at Stella Maris. C. Annapurna has finished her Hindi M.A. — report of her present location in space has not yet come in, Jubilee Xavier has been drawn into the magnetic field of Rosary Matriculation School, where besides the aforementioned artists, musician Philo Paul, zoologist Betsy George, economists Rita Miranda and Ahalya are already radiating brilliantly.

Trishla Goyal in the Madras School of Social Work, Sheila apprenticed in the Library of the British Council, Magdalen Fernando and Patricia Emmanuel teaching in Ceylon, Pushpa Gandhi at the Tata Institute, Bombay, show just how versatile Economics Graduates can be, while Mary Babu is busy calculating the fair distribution of goods among the young consumers of her growing family.

Many, having safely emerged from their B.A. flight, are following G. Renu's (1957) trail and soaring to even more starry heights in M.A. Economics, R. Pattamal (1957) S. Sudha, P. K. Saraswathi, N. Renuka, M. Seetha, K. Bhuvana (1960). Joan Murphy has deviated into the M.A. English.

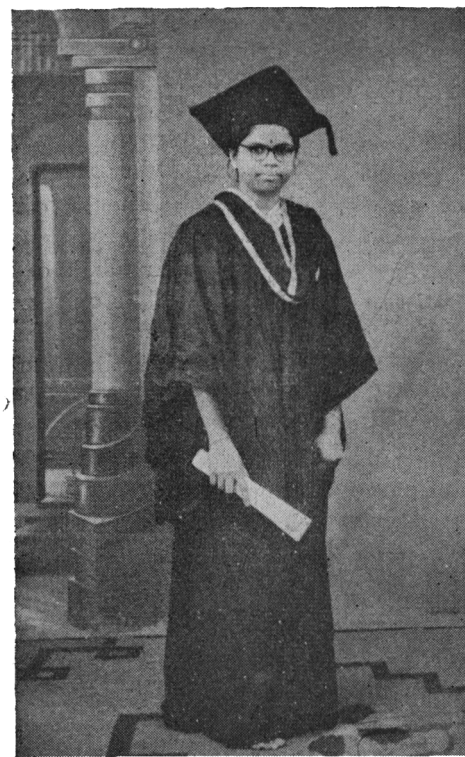
Radio transmissions from A. Pushpa, K. Neela, N. Devaki, N. Girija were interrupted by a metallic ringing on the JOY wavelength which has been analysed by our experts as the sound of wedding bells.

Occasional short-wave oscillations are heard from Jasmine, Shanti Nair (1958), Nagendra Bai, doing her librarian course, Vilma Beaver and Constance



Mrs. S. Jayalakshmi, Rama Panicker Gold Medal, G. A. Natesan Prize for Indian Music

V. Saraswathi, Bysani Madhava Chetty Medal for Sanskrit



Fernandez tapping away on their typewriters. V. Jayalakshmi is still broadcasting in French at Stella Maris College.

History Department

Our first History satellites are making important flights in uncharted space—Bibi Fatima at the Law College, Cecilia Rodrigo doing her B. T. at Palayamcottah and P. K. Seethalakshmi in Madras.

Zoology Department

Equipped with their Science Degrees our Zoological satellites are reporting regular scientific progress. Estelle Joseph, Sukunda, Kamakshi (1958), Nirmala, R. Saroja (1959), Thillaga, T. V. Vasantha (1960) have finished or are finishing their M. Sc. Zoology. Amalie Fernando is teaching at St. Francis' Convent, Coimbatore, Mercy Joseph and Yogaranee (in Aden) are married, and several are picking up B. T.'s before launching further into space: Patricia Emmanuel, Gulzar and Rajeswari.

The space-probes for this Department are Agnes Gnanapragasam teaching in Ceylon and Mary Mole teaching in England, Hemalatha back at Johns Hopkins University, U. S. A. after her short holiday in Madras.

Steady local transmissions come from Sarada, demonstrator at Stella Maris, Iris doing library work at the British Council, and Pamela Bala who now has a baby girl.

Mathematics Department

As might be expected, statistical information (more or less accurate) is regularly supplied by our Mathematical satellites, some of whom report "no change from last year," but R. Alamelu, Maths lecturer at Stella Maris, changed her name to Mrs. Gopalan during the year, Dahlia made contact at "The Cloisters" on her flight to America. Other satellites of the same year are all teaching Maths—Mother Monica at Ranipet, Sister Aemilianus in Malabar, Violet Stephen in Ooty.

Mrs. Indubala outshone all her rival philosophers last year and after doing her final M. A. Philosophy will fly off to Bombay with her little son who is already showing his mathematical mettle at Holy Angels' School. Melanie Noronha has changed her wavelength and returned to Stella Maris College to study for M.A. Literature.

The releases of 1960 took off with maximum velocity: S. Vasantha and Yamouna into the realms of married life in Bangalore and Mambalam respectively; Bhargavi started at the top of the ladder as headmistress of a school in Triplicane; Kalavathi and Betty Joseph are teaching, Audrey Pinto and Bernice Stephens at

Pudupet Convent School of Commerce are learning to become perfect secretaries. Betty Ross and Sushila are adding accomplishments to their scientific knowledge by learning the piano and tailoring. Saraswathi, after securing the University prize for Sanskrit came back to Stella Maris College to give tuition—in Sanskrit? you're wrong—English. Jaya Mouttou made the most dazzling flight of all the 1960 satellites by going with a group of dancers to Europe to represent Indian culture at the International Eucharistic Congress in Munich.

Music Department

Musical satellites, although few in number, are so carefully attuned for their space-flights that messages come clearly and frequently. Margaret Paul (with two little boys now), Muriel Colaco, Avril, Loretta, Rita Devasagayam are all happy mothers; Nalini Mascarenhas and her husband are still in the inter-stellar space of the star-spangled banner and Ruby Joseph has now become Mrs. Nathan.

Mr. & Mrs. Nathan, (nee Ruby Joseph)

Sympathy

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Miss K. Chellam, Bhargavi, Kalavathi and Rita Lovett who have lost their very dear fathers during the year. We pray for the souls of those who have gone, and ask God to strengthen and console those who remain.

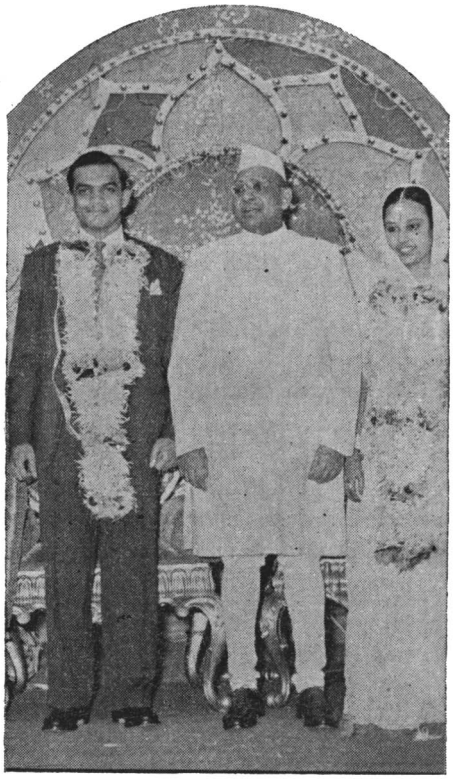
Other old students should know that we are with you in your sorrows as in your joys and join our prayers with yours whenever we hear any sad news about your families.

A last-minute message tells us that Thelma (the mathematical netballer) and Beryl (zoologist) who entered the Novitiate of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary last September and now known as Sr. Mary Edmund of Jesus and Sr. Mary Joan-Melania are shortly sailing off to Europe to join the international novitiate of the Institute at Grottaferrata near Rome. We pray that God will bless them in their wholehearted dedication to His service.

So many transmissions have been successfully received telling us of the full and happy lives our dear Old Stella Marians are leading, but surely, with the perfection of techniques, next year will bring us even more news of past students. Remember that you are always welcome at all our public College functions, even if the postman loses your particular invitation, and we love to hear from you wherever you may be, in or outside India. Your Alma Mater is not nearly old enough yet to forget her daughters ! So please write or come with photographs of yourselves, your children. More powerful than any television and swifter than the swiftest satellite, our prayers fly for you that God will bless and keep you always.

Until next year then . . . . . .

A STELLA MARIAN.



Mr. & Mrs. V. Sanghani

(nee Pushpa Parekh)

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