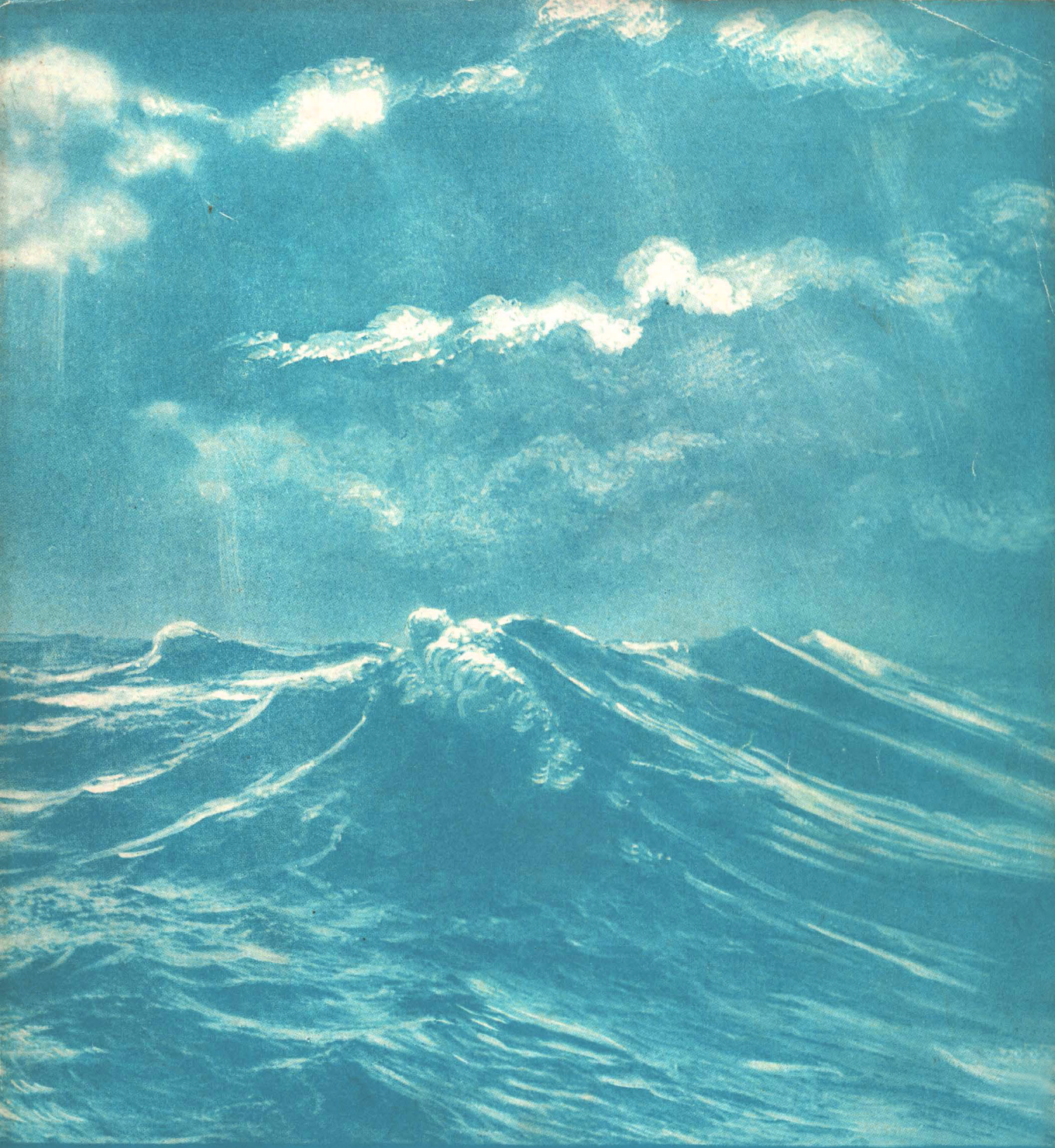

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE

1962

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Editorial . . . .

In order to co-operate with all those who have the welfare of our dear country in mind, our first Student Editorial Board has chosen as the central theme of this Stella Maris College Year Book: " Students United in the Service of the Nation ".

In our Activities we have many opportunities of coming into contact with students from all parts of the country, with their various cultures and customs. Thus we learn to appreciate the otherness of others, and to enrich ourselves from the wealth of their experience.

In our Academic Achievements we try to keep in mind the needs of our country ; and by our studies we prepare for our future task of helping towards the happiness and progress of the entire Nation.

Our Alumnae too contribute towards this unity and service by keeping in touch with their Alma Mater, by putting into use what they have already learned, and by working for still higher qualifications.

Unity and Service — this is only another version of our College Motto : " Truth and Charity ". Only when there is a unity of minds in truth and a unity of hearts in charity can there be real joy and lasting harmony among the Youth of India, who are to form the Nation of tomorrow.

Kausalya K.	II M.A.
Teresa Abraham	I M.A.
Sucharita D.	III B.Sc.
Lalitha Belliappa	III B.A.
Vasanthi Gopinath	II B.Sc.
Colleen North	II B.A.
Mary Ponnadurai	I B.Sc.
Margaret Brown	I B.A.
Thevarany Carroll	P.U.
Colleen Young	P.U.

On the fifteenth anniversary of India's Independence and of the opening of Stella Maris College, the 1962 Year Book is dedicated to India's Youth, for whose benefit the College was founded, to guide them in the service of God and of their beloved country.

ACTIVITIES

We learn by doing . . .

A VISIT TO REMEMBER

About 4–30 p. m. on August 7th, a black car turned slowly into the college gate to be greeted by the enthusiastic cheers of the students who lined either side of the long road leading past the college and hostel to the convent. At last our long-awaited guest, Reverend Mother N. D. de Gaverland, had arrived, having travelled all the way from Rome to bring to us a message of encouragement and maternal good wishes from Very Reverend Mother General. As the car entered the gate, the college president and vice-president presented Reverend Mother with a lovely bouquet of fragrant roses, symbolic of our loyalty and affection. Then, as the car slowly advanced between the happy, smiling students, showers of rose petals were scattered on it, so that by the time it reached the convent, Mother was surrounded by a soft, pink carpet. The car moved very slowly, enabling us to catch a glimpse of what was to be one of our happiest souvenirs of Mother's visit: her kind, inviting smile, which made us feel that we had known her all our lives.

On her vast tour of all the houses of the Institute in India, Reverend Mother could naturally spare only a few days at Stella Maris, but in spite of this she kindly arranged to devote one entire day to visiting the college and hostel. With great joy and excitement we assembled that morning to welcome Reverend Mother, who listened attentively and with evident pleasure to our gay welcome song followed by an address. Then she rose to speak, transmitting to us, first and foremost, the blessing, prayers and loving wishes of Very Reverend Mother General, who, she assured us, greatly loved the college and followed with care and keen interest its steady development and all its activities. She then delighted us by telling us how

pleased she was to return to India where she had spent many happy years. This was a revelation to us — little did we think that the Mother we had been so long awaiting to welcome had lived in India even longer than ourselves.

Mother was then greeted by the staff, after which she spent the morning visiting the college. All the classes, from M.A. down to P.U., in both science and humanities, interested her. But it was perhaps the Indian music department which attracted the greatest attention. She was charmed by our gracious musicians as they skilfully fingered their veenas, or with strong clear voices chanted their ragas. A big surprise awaited her in the P.U. French class, where Mother was entertained by a gay song in best Parisian French. The afternoon Mother spent in the hostels, and in the evening she was once more in our midst to enjoy the short entertainment we had prepared in her honour on the open-air stage. The programme opened with a song by Tagore in Bengali. In our dance drama which followed, we described for her how Stella Maris has grown slowly and steadily since its foundation in 1947, developing like the lotus from a small bud into a fully open flower, under the inspiration of its motto, " Truth and Charity ". Mother was very happy to see once more the graceful Indian dances she knows so well. The last item was to be a chorus in Hindi, which we knew Mother would appreciate since she knows the language fluently, having spent many years in the North. However, by that time, the clouds, which we had long been eyeing with apprehension, were growing darker and darker, and just as our lovely pink lotus opened, big drops of rain began to fall. The choir was indeed disappointed at the thought that their chorus would have to be omitted. But what was their surprise and joy to see Reverend Mother Visitor and Reverend Mother Provincial join them on the stage! Although this was contrary to all laws of acoustics, Mother enjoyed the song thoroughly, understanding every word. All unknown to us, the tape-recorder had been active during our chorus, and great was our surprise when Reverend Mother asked us if we would like to listen to ourselves singing! It was a novel experience to hear immediately repeated the song we had just concluded, but all enjoyed it immensely. Then singers and dancers spent a few happy moments chatting informally with Reverend Mother on the stage. As she left to return to the convent, the rain was falling heavily, but she had not permitted it to deprive us of the joy of completing our entertainment.

Everything at Stella Maris interested Mother, and so the next day she managed to find time to visit our little Social Service Centre, where a Co-operative Sewing Society is conducted daily, and where members of the College Social Service League run a small dispensary. All our poor friends of the cheri had assembled to greet Mother, and great was their joy on being able to meet her personally as she distributed clothes and sweets to them.

Mother spoke often to us of Very Reverend Mother General, and promised to carry back to her our loving and grateful good wishes. More than this, she took many photos and slides of college and hostel life, as well as recording all the songs we had sung for her, so that Reverend Mother General would be able to see and hear for herself how happy we all are at Stella Maris, and how much we had appreciated the visit of dear Reverend Mother N. D. de Gaverland.

All too soon her happy stay came to an end, and the hostel students assembled once more to wave goodbye to Mother as she drove smilingly away, leaving behind a memory we will cherish for ever, of seven wonderful days which had brought Rome to Stella Maris and Stella Maris to Rome.

MARGARET BROWN
I B.A.

STELLA MARIS MEETS THE "AMERICANS"

It would not be true to say that there is never a dull moment at Stella Maris. Sometimes on a hot and drowsy afternoon, during the last class of the day, life is unbearably dull. Yet, there are many compensations, and often they are most exciting. Such, for example, was the invitation which Reverend Mother smilingly presented to Usha and me to meet a group of American students from the University of California. They were on a tour of India, sponsored by the Project India Scheme, and were at that time in Madras.

Americans! One thinks instinctively of sophistication, modernization, and atomization—if that word can be said to exist! It was intriguing, yet a bit terrifying. What would they be like? What does one say to them? Goodness, will we have anything at all in common? Such questions as these filled our minds as Usha and I made our way to the Y.W.C.A. to meet the Californian students. We were determined to put up a brave front. After all, were we not the representatives of Stella Maris?

We entered the building and were shown to the room where many students of the various Madras colleges had already assembled, and then we saw them! All our misgivings vanished into thin air in the face of the genuine warmth and good humour of the American students. Their smiling faces put us at our ease at once, and before long we were chatting with them as if we were friends of long standing. Over our tea cups we discussed some of our problems and found that we had many mutual interests. On learning that they would be in Madras for some time, we invited them to visit Stella Maris. They accepted with genuine delight, and a day was fixed. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent in their company, and we left the Y.W.C.A. eagerly looking forward to meeting our American friends again, this time, on "home grounds".

At last the day came and we greeted Sandra, Bernard and Joel, this time without any trepidation. They were old friends, and were as cheerful and casual as ever. After introducing them to Reverend Mother, we had the pleasure of conducting them around the college. Classes were going on and, needless to say, our American friends were a welcome source of distraction for many a curious student. Our visitors were especially attracted by the Indian music class. They had never

seen a veena, and were intrigued by its low musical notes. Our students, encouraged by their interest, showed them how to play it and then obliged them with both vocal and instrumental music. In the Western music class it was their turn to entertain us, for on learning that Sandra was an excellent pianist, we asked her to play. She did not need much persuasion, and affably treated us to the delicately beautiful "Clair de lune". In the reception room we sat down with our guests to a delicious tea, while some of our girls took the opportunity to display to them the beauty and grace of the Indian saree.

After tea our American friends and numerous Stella Marians, including representatives of each class, met for an informal discussion. Our guests were so simple and gracious that there was nothing stiff or stuffy about our meeting, and we felt quite free to exchange our ideas with them. We learned much from each other. They, as students, face problems similar to ours. However, the American system of education is somewhat different. The degree classes are more varied; and while they have the usual subjects such as literature, education, economics, they may also take such courses as dramatics, dance music, and even speech. Extra-curricular activities play a prominent part in their college careers. Many, if not most American students work part time and support themselves while pursuing their studies.

They told us much about the University of California, which has about 50,000 students spread over seven institutions. The students who register themselves in any one of these institutions are at liberty to attend as many classes as they wish. They do not have quarterly or annual examinations, but are judged on the year's work.

We also learned something of their personal history. Sandra Jennings is from Riverside, California. She is majoring in political science, and hopes to enter the foreign service. An excellent pianist, as we ourselves can testify, she is also a dress designer and, moreover, a champion swimmer, having won 75 awards in competitive swimming. As if that were not enough, her natural beauty has won her the title of "National Maid of Cotton" and also "Queen of the National Date Festival". In spite of all this, Sandy has a charming, child-like simplicity, and gives one the impression of genuine humility and sincerity.

Bernard, the leader of the group, has been an air-force officer. He is now a law student, and very interested in music and art. Joel, from Beverly Hills, is a sophomore, majoring in economics. He spends his spare time fishing.

We parted from our friends at about noon, as they had other scheduled visits. It was a profitable morning for us, and perhaps also for them. It does one good to meet students from other countries, and this is so for many reasons. It broadens one's outlook, breaks down unfounded prejudices, and makes one aware of the problems of students all over the world.

MANOHARI RASANAYAGAM
III B.Sc.

GENERAL CARIAPPA PAYS A SURPRISE CALL

On July thirty-first, Stella Maris enjoyed a surprise visit from General Cariappa, retired Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, who came to speak to a large group of senior students. The General's dynamic character quite electrified his audience, who were especially impressed by his military precision and charm of manner.

Having been representative of India in Australia for some time, and having travelled to so many parts of the world, the General was able to compare the different systems of education in the East and West, singling out what was essential from the unimportant differences arising from national customs and traditions.

The General insisted that no matter what the country of her origin, a woman's proper sphere is the home, where she should be the guiding star of a happy, healthy family. This depended upon the creation of a congenial atmosphere conducive to the physical, mental, and moral development of the children. He did not stop at vague idealising, but had very practical suggestions for a good home: for instance that decoration and entertainment should come only second to absolute cleanliness and hygiene. The modern housewife should be able to direct her servants by her own example of industry. In the task of rearing good, worthy children, both men and women have their part to play, but the woman's duty is by far the more important. If women seek a profession outside their own homes, they should always show a preference for those callings particulary suited to women: nursing, educational, or social work, etc., instead of vying with men for duties obviously more suited to men. Women should confine their activities to such fields where they can maintain their feminine charm and dignity, and preserve their health as well.

After Independence, the Indian woman's role has become even more significant, and today's college girls are the mothers and teachers of tomorrow. They have a great contribution to make to the building of a strong and virile nation, and must be prepared to give their children the ideals of service, and good, faithful citizenship. The General quoted his own little daughter here, whose aim was to be of service "not to mankind but to womankind".

Every girl should build up her own character before attempting the moulding of others, and college girls should cultivate in themselves respect and obedience towards authority, and true, deep faith in God. Without these essentials, all talk of culture and other well-worn clichés are meaningless.

General Cariappa's obvious sincerity, frankness, and practical common sense made his talk all the more enjoyable, and we were particularly impressed to hear such an authoritative confirmation of the very ideals which we are learning daily at Stella Maris.

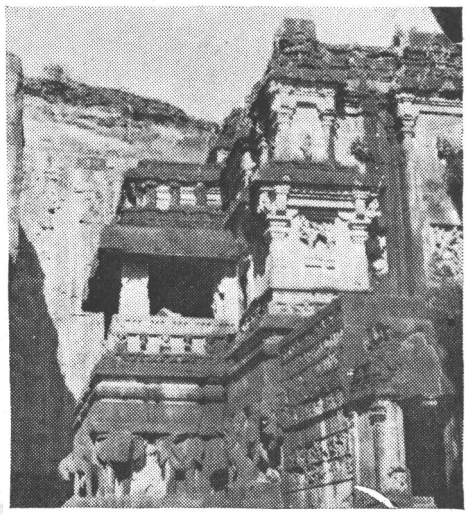
V. NALINI
II M.A.

DADDY
KNOWS MORE ABOUT ART THAN I

Yes, my Daddy's knowledge of art at present is better and more precise than what I could gather in the first year of my studies in B. A. This, of course, had not always been the case. No doubt he had heard of the pyramids, and had seen their shapes in the pictures that abound in many articles in newspapers and magazines. He too had heard of Roman, Greek, Indian, and Chinese art. He had perchance also visited the Parthenon in Greece and the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Chartres. He used to talk about the hammer blow struck by Michelangelo on the knee of the statue of Moses when it was complete. The guide had told him that the statue was so life-like that when it was complete, the sculptor could not help striking the knee, as if to ask the statue why it did not stand up and walk. The small chip at the knee stands testimony to this legend.

Like many in the country, he had also paid a visit to Ajanta and Ellora, admired the immense work of excavating these caves, enjoyed their seclusion, and delighted in the view of the hills and cascading rivulet.

In other words, his knowledge of architecture and art could be compared to that of a person who knows the general framework of the story of the Ramayana, without knowing the countless stories that embellish this epic, nor the manner and detail by which Tulsidas immortalized it. Similarly, it had not occurred to him that there are such art objects as the Seated Scribe, the Charioteer of Delphi, the statue of Gudea, and the manly statue of Apollo. Neither did he know about the structures of the hypo-style hall, the platformed ziggurat, or the evolution of stupas and chaitya halls. Nor



Ellora

Ajanta

did his knowledge encompass the historic names of the ideal king Akhnaton, or the king who loved hunting — Ashurbanipal, nor of Ranofer.

But in the middle of last year, when I joined Stella Maris, there came a change, and it was the frequent tests that started it all. I had joined a little late, and had also missed the first year of art in the P. U. class. The pace of studies set up in the class left me behind, dazed and dispirited; and when the test day came with its question, "Show the difference between the chaitya halls of the Mahayana and Hinayana periods", I found myself wholly at sea. In the evenings I would sit before the three-kilogram volumes of Gardner and P. Brown, not quite knowing how and where to begin, nor how to take notes, so that some of the names, pictures, and phrases would stick in my memory.

In one of the tests I was perhaps the solitary student who left the paper blank, except for my name and the question, written in clear, good handwriting. I was thoroughly confused. I got so muddled between Bhaja and Karli, Hinayana and Mahayana, B.C. and A.D., that the whole history appeared at the moment like a flock of birds — of different hues, shapes and sizes — flying past so swiftly that it was impossible to judge the contours and details of any particular bird.

With these difficulties mounting, I had to seek my Daddy's assistance in finding ways and means to keep abreast of my studies and tests in art. That is how his own education in the field of architecture and art began. It was possible for him, of course, after studying the Browns and Gardners, and the volumes of typed notes of the college, to be able to explain to me the general background of a particular expression, of things that were important, and what is more — how to make notes which should be both short and effective. This also led him to plan further visits to places of architectural interest in Southern and Central India. His approach this time was naturally different. Instead of the hillside scenery and the running brook at Ajanta, he looked for the difference between the chaitya halls Nos. 10 and 19, and how the famous chaitya arch was also used as a decorative motif in the Kailash temple.

Besides, he can now spot articles on art and archaeological subjects that appear in some of the local or foreign magazines. He has now a fuller and better knowledge of what leads artists to adopt modern art, and can even quote the prices that have been offered for the masterpieces in some of the recent auctions in London. He has also formed his own views as to how the Indian guide at the places of interest should be trained, and in what manner the foreign and Indian tourists should be given information so that they do not get bored or confused. The average Indian guide, according to him, uses such a large number of names and with such queer pronunciation, that it is difficult even for an Indian to keep pace, much less to understand them.

Hindu mythology is full of stories; in fact, there is no action in the universe and no incident in Indian history which has not the background of a legend, an epic, or a

mythological story. The Indian guide tries to rush most of these into the easy-going minds of the tourists within the space of a few minutes, without making much of an impression. In desperation, Daddy himself now takes on the work of a guide, both in the company of friends from home, and for the inquiring tourist whom he happens to meet during our visits to places of architectural interest.

I would nct be surprised if, for the benefit of the tourist, he may decide to settle down near the sandy shores of Mahabalipuram, or in the village of Ajanta in the Deccan Plateau, or at Hauzpet on the road leading to the Hampi ruins.

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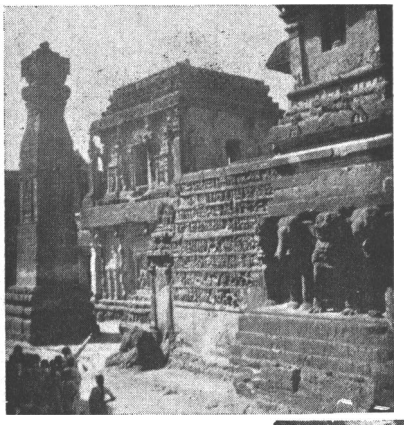
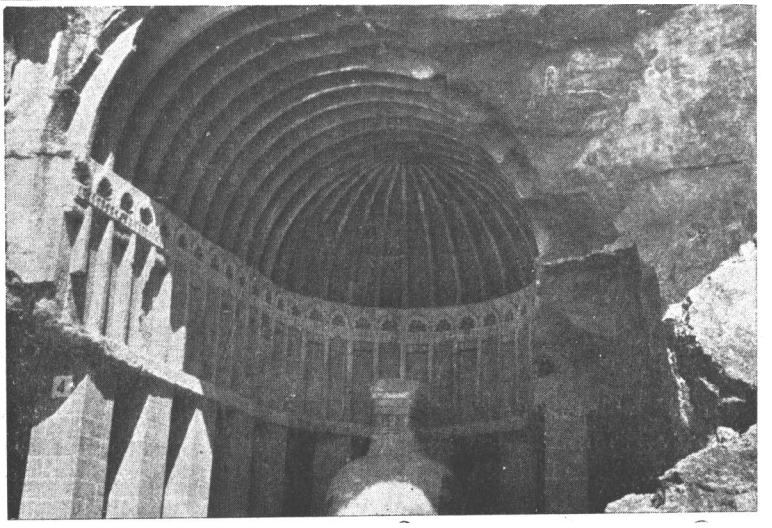
While he, on his part, now understands a great deal more about the historical and the architectural development and background in India, I too, through these efforts, have been able to face somewhat more boldly and confidently the coming of regular tests.

RAVINDER KAUR
I B.A.

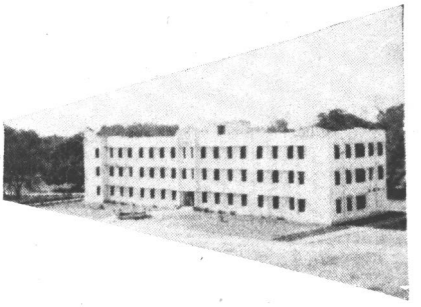


Kailash temple



Chaitya arch

A STUDENT'S VIEW OF THE NURSES' CONFERENCE



The end of term is always a busy and exciting time, with its desperate cramming for examinations, its even more desperate attempts to answer papers full of "unexpected questions", and, gleaming ahead like a bright but tantalizingly far-away star, the much-longed-for holidays. The end of the first term this year was made more exciting than usual for those who were to remain in the hostel for the holidays, by the announcement that the All-India Catholic Nurses' Conference was to be held at Stella Maris in September, and that the delegates would be staying in one of our hostels. After the agony of examinations, and the bustle of helping other hostelites to pack, and seeing them off on their journey home, the thirty who were remaining relaxed and began to speculate on the coming conference. The relaxation was of short duration, however, for soon the order came to evacuate St. Joseph's Hostel, which would be completely occupied by the nurses. More bustle, more packing, and then the St. Joseph's hostelites trekked across to our Lady's Hostel with bag and baggage, to be warmly welcomed by the few who were already installed there, while St. Joseph's underwent a grand spring cleaning.

On the day the nurses were due to arrive, our usually rather business-like dining-room underwent a veritable transformation. The tables were rearranged, silver and glassware sparkled on them, potted plants and vases of flowers gave one the impression of being in a garden, and our maids had blossomed forth in attractive new blue aprons. No woman is proof against flattery, and being the sole occupants of the dining-room that day, we flattered ourselves that all the splendour was in our honour. How we enjoyed it! But alas for human frailty! Hardly had we finished our meal, when we heard the whirr of cars and the slamming of doors. Some of the nurses had arrived, and our illusions of greatness were shattered as we realized that all this glory was for them. We soon rallied however, for if not esteemed, we could at least be chivalrous. So off we went, ready and willing to play at being porters and escorts.

Next morning we were up earlier than usual. We could not miss seeing the new arrivals, even if it cost us our "beauty sleep". Everyone has a streak of Pandora in her. Before our eager eyes appeared a host of nurses who had nobly dedicated their lives to suffering humanity in God's name. Many of them were nuns of different congregations, and we were intrigued by the variety of habits and veils, most of which we were seeing for the first time.

The three days of their stay proved to be quite strenuous. His Excellency the Bishop offered Holy Mass on the first day, and then conferences and meetings followed one after another all day long, while even after supper the nurses gathered once again in the college hall, this time, so we heard, for a film show. We thought of creeping in behind for this, when all the lights were off, but when we heard that all the films were to be highly technical ones, on such subjects as heart operations and applying plaster casts to broken legs, we changed our minds. In spite of all their meetings and work, the nurses found time to talk to us, asking us questions about college life, and answering our queries about their hospitals and dispensaries all over India. They were so charming and friendly that we soon felt as though we had known them all our lives.

The nurses were busy during their conference, but so were we. On the closing day we were to stage a short concert in honour of our distinguished guests, to show them how much we appreciate their noble work and their presence amongst us. It was all to be a secret, but practices had to be arranged, dancers and singers still in Madras had to be contacted. The hostel president rushed frantically all over the city to reassemble talented Stella Marians. The three days flew rapidly by, and soon dawned the day of the farewell party. Our excitement knew no bounds, for we were to be the hostesses. In our Sunday best, and on our best behaviour, we greeted the guests, chief of whom was our beloved Bishop. We served tea most professionally, then launched our surprise. The choir burst into song that gladdened the hearts of all present, and our dancers performed with their usual grace and agility.

The concert over, Rev. Sister Ancilla, the President of the Nurses' Association, thanked us most graciously, praising the high quality of our performance. Soon afterwards taxis began to arrive; once again we helped to carry bags and cases, but this time with heavy hearts, for we were truly sorry to see our new friends depart. By evening all had disappeared from sight, but the nurses and their conference remain stored up in our treasure-house of happy memories of Stella Maris in 1961.

DOLORES NORONHA
III B.Sc.

MADRAS STATE
STUDENTS' CONFERENCE

When we were asked to represent Stella Maris at the Students' Conference held in Madras Christian College, Tambaram, at the end of September 1961, we must confess we did not know what to expect; but at the very beginning of the conference, which was sponsored by the Y.M.C.A., all doubts were dispelled, and we were made to understand that all the hundred and thirty delegates were to share three days of hard work and great fun.

The conference was fittingly opened by the very inspiring, eloquent, and rousing speech of Dr. Paul Brand, F.R.C.S., of Vellore Medical College. His obvious sincerity and conviction were more forcefully brought home to us later, when we heard the Vellore delegates speak of his generous and selfless love for the poor and the lepers. He insisted especially upon the need to forget what divides us, and to concentrate especially on what unites — the fact that we are all individuals with a human soul, and are all citizens of the world. Our education should help us to realise our social responsibilities as students, and not make us fit only for academic "ivory towers". And in our service to others we must remember how essential it is to identify ourselves with those whom we wish to help.

During the following days we worked in groups of fifteen, each one selecting its own chairman and secretary. All three delegates from Stella Maris were secretaries for their respective groups. Serious discussions were held on various ways by which students can serve the nation. The aims of education, and the reasons why Indian students attend college, were first dealt with — these reasons seem to be, as a rule : the hope of getting better jobs, or in order to be able to command the respect and social status a university degree seems to confer. Then a student's duty to his neighbours raised interesting discussions about compulsory one-year service in villages after graduation, and the attitude of students to their fellow-students, and to attenders and servants in college. With regard to the question of students and politics, almost all agreed that whilst studying they should take an intelligent interest in politics, but no active part in party politics. It was also felt that members of the staff should keep away from controversial politics, and should strongly condemn any attempt on the part of students to go on strike. The need for an unprejudiced study of politics in college, and the harm done by party-sponsored youth movements were stressed.

The final topic for discussion was the great need in India today for dedicated men and women, a need which is much more pressing than that of dams and bridges. The universities should make their students aware of this by means of study days.

It was very interesting to note that, although the delegates came from so many different districts of Madras State, they were almost unanimous in their agreement on most of the topics raised. This feeling of unity in diversity was equally present at the plenary sessions on the final day, when the reports of the different groups were read. Conclusions were arrived at and resolutions drawn up — one of the most popular being that of holding such conferences every year for the benefit of university students.

But the conference had also its lighter side, when in the evenings we gathered in St. Thomas Hall for an entertainment. The most exciting evening for us lady delegates was "Ladies' Night", when we had to provide the items for the concert. Another very interesting event was the mock Big-Four Meeting, staged by the Tambaram students, to the great delight of all.

What most impressed me about the conference was the spirit of unity, and the friendly atmosphere that prevailed throughout, at the group or general assemblies, as well as at meals and during the entertainments. It was a very pleasant experience to meet so many other students, and to exchange with them views on topics of common interest. We made many new friends, though the time was so short. The Y.M.C.A. had indeed made a success of this first attempt at drawing together young people, in order to increase their spirit of understanding and to broaden their outlook. Students may look forward to similar conferences in the future with eagerness and interest.

USHA BHARATAN
III B.Sc.

COVELONG CAMP

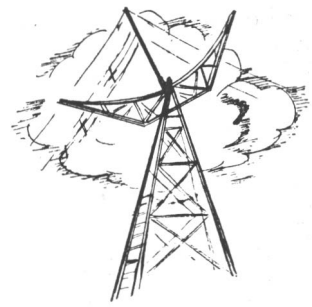
The Leadership Camp in Covelong ! Remember
The wonderful time that we had last September,
When four of us left Stella Maris to be,
With twenty gay campers, three days by the sea ?

Each morning began with Mass and with prayer;
Then we pondered what we could do to repair
The shattered societies, families, souls—
To lead them with us to the highest of goals.

We argued till time on swift wings simply flew;
But after debates, we enjoyed ourselves too.
Hard work ? Not a doubt, but it was simply grand,
And firm resolutions were made;—understand
That a C.S.U. camp you never must miss,
For nothing can match with vacations like this !

DOLORES NORONHA
III B.Sc.

OFF
AT A TANGENT



Mathematicians have come and gone, but the only excursions they went on were hikes through the syllabus. This could not go on forever; something had to be done, and done quickly. The II and III B.Sc.'s simply must find a way to satisfy their craving for knowledge. An expedition to an observatory was suggested, but the question was, which observatory : Greenwich or Meenambakam ? On purely patriotic grounds, we decided on Meenambakam.

It seemed years—for mathematicians are impatient when knowledge is withheld—before the appointed day arrived; and when the bus destined to take us on our "space-trip" made its appearance, we could not hide our excitement. The whispers and envious glances of our earthly-minded companions of the B.A. classes, still engaged on a practical experiment in consumption and diminishing returns, merely served as boosters to orbit us into our hazardous flight of discovery : for were we not the pioneers among Stella Marians to measure the obliquity of the ecliptic and to witness the launching of a weather balloon ? Eagerly we mounted the bus, assuming our most intelligent looks, which we had been practising assiduously for some time.

The warmest welcome awaited us; even the weather-cocks were dancing in our honour. We were divided into two groups so that we could absorb every word of the explanation. The first discoveries we made were the Ravind transmitter and Radiosonde. The Radiosonde apparatus is sent up with the balloon, and transmits back to the observatory a record of the air-pressure at different levels; the Ravind records the direction and force of the wind as the balloon rises and drifts. These reports are sent by radio to Poona, where the messages from the various stations in India are collected and recorded on a chart. In turn, all this information is transmitted by radio back to the airports. We were fascinated to see the roller of the facsimile radio transmitter slowly tracing out the map of India with pressure and temperature markings, as drawn by some unseen hand in Poona.

After this we were given an explanation of dry and wet bulb thermometers, rain gauges, instruments for measuring radiation, the heliograph, ground receiver,

and open-air evaporator. All this at three in the afternoon with nothing but the sunny sky above us; but we were hardly conscious of the scorching heat in our thirst for first-hand information.

From the observatory we went to the air-port. Believe it or not, the plane had actually refused to take off until it had seen the important delegation from Stella Maris. Here we saw the radar equipment which shows the presence of clouds within quite a large radius, detecting them by radio echoes, and showing them as points of light on the screen. This is very useful to pilots. There was also the telescriptor, a telegraphic writing machine. Words typed on this machine are reproduced almost instantaneously by a machine at another station far away. We sent our greetings to Bangalore, and in return immediately received an invitation to visit the Brindavan Gardens. It was most intriguing. Lastly we saw the balloon itself, a gigantic one, eight feet in diameter, of purest white. One is launched every morning and evening, carrying the Radiosonde and Ravind equipment so that accurate weather forecasts can be made daily.

It was all most fascinating; we could hardly tear ourselves away, but the call of punctuality was even stronger, and so we landed back in our earth-bound bus. Mathematicians, being very practical people who take account of everything, we were true to our profession by counting all present, so that none be left behind floating in the atmosphere. We were forty-seven, weren't we ? We counted, but arrived only at forty-six. We counted again; no additions. We re-counted, but at forty-six it stayed. Worried looks; haggard faces : what could have happened ? Had some one really gone off with the balloon, bewitched by its charms ? Impossible ! The balloon was to be launched only an hour later. "I've got it!" exclaimed the logical treasurer, true to her pure mathematical principles, "I have only forty-six rupees; that means there were only forty-six of us to begin with;" and from forty-five throats there burst a gasp of relief and admiration at this brilliant soluuion of the problem. "Goodbye, dear Observatory; parting is such sweet sorrow!"—but what had we to look forward to again ? Ah, there was something : someone remembered that a big mechanics test was forecast to uplift our morrow.

DOLORES NORONHA
III B.Sc.

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY

One of the most delightful innovations of the year 1961-62 was the introduction of socials organised by and for the students of various classes and groups. The Catholic Students' Union started the ball rolling with its inaugural social given by the senior members to welcome the new-comers. It was again under the auspices of the C. S. U. that the first post-graduate social was held in August. Here for the first time all the senior and junior students of the three M.A. courses — economics, literature and Indian music, plus those preparing for the Diploma in Social Service — gathered informally to get to know each other, and quickly break down any barriers of shyness that might have existed between girls coming to Stella Maris from so many different colleges. The senior undergraduates did not want to be left behind, and soon the zoologists and mathematicians of III B.Sc. were requesting the pleasure of the company of the economists, historians, artists and musicians of III B. A. at a social.

So far, except for the C. S. U. inaugural, all the socials had been run on a class basis. A new development came with the creation of the zoology club. This club, which unites students of zoology from all the degree classes, organised a social for all its members to follow its inaugural meeting.

Further P.G. socials were held in the second and third terms, the latter, a farewell social, being held in the open air under the shade of the tall leafy trees of the "Cloisters", which also sheltered the break-up social of the C S.U. The students of III B A. entertained those of III B.Sc. in the third term, eager to show that humanists are just as good as scientists when it comes to giving a party.

Games of all kinds, from boisterous duster-hockey to intellectual pencil and paper games, impromptu entertainments, music, community singing, and, of course, refreshments, — such was the varied fare at all the socials, each one, however, having its own particular flavour. At the second term P.G. social, for instance, all were asked to come in fancy dress, so the senior M.A. literature students combined work with pleasure by arriving in a body, dressed to represent the titles of different Shakespearean plays. *A Winter's Tale* was depicted by a red-nosed, shivering student smothered in blankets and woollies, and sporting an eight-foot tail. *Measure for Measure* looked like a tailor's dummy, draped in measuring tapes, with scissors and chalk dangling from her waist. *A Comedy of Errors*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and many other titles followed, each one raising more laughter than the preceding. *All's Well That Ends Well*, starting at the top with a battered hat, a much plastered face, and ragged scarf, and ending with a glamorous frilly skirt and elegant sandals, won the the prize awarded for the best fancy dress.

To say that the socials were thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended them would be already an understatement, and would leave unmentioned altogether their much deeper value. In bringing together students from different classes, who never meet in the lecture hall, and who, in the case of the non-resident post-graduates especially, have little other chance of meeting, these gatherings effectually broke the ice, and provided a golden opportunity to make new friends outside their own class. The shy ones were encouraged to take part in the games, and were soon playing enthusiastically, competing eagerly for prizes, and completely forgetting their bashfulness. Those who did not need any bringing out forgot themselves in looking after their more timid companions, and the result was a general atmosphere of happiness and good will.

All kinds of hidden talents were discovered and utilised : even from among the scientists, artists emerged ready and willing to draw attractive invitations and posters; musicians as well as economists learnt how to make the best use of their money in buying refreshments; girls who are used to being waited on by a retinue of servants at home experienced the joy of serving others, and did it very gracefully; useful lessons were learnt in such matters as how to plan a social, how to organize games, and how to be a perfect hostess. Those who could sing, dance, or play a musical instrument, — and even those who had no such talents, but could imitate amusingly the real artistes — were in great demand for the short but first-class entertainments, while those who did not perform provided a highly appreciative audience.

The college socials held this year have proved a really formative influence, encouraging initiative and cooperation; and, in forming fresh links of friendship and understanding between the students of different classes, they have contributed much to the strengthening of the happy family spirit of Stella Maris.

K. KAUSALYA
II M.A.

THE SECRET OF THE "STELLA MARIAN"

Why are all the III B. A. economists sitting so solemnly in the principal's room ? Are they going to draw up five-year plans for our college ? Have they done badly in their examinations ? Has every one of the senior economists been caught red-handed breaking college rules ? Are they pleading for the abolition of tests ? These and other questions we could read on the faces of fellow-students passing by on the corridor, curiously peering in, and turning to whisper to their companions. Nor were we ourselves any wiser, as we sat there, perplexed by this sudden summons. We searched Reverend Mother's face, as soon as we caught sight of her, for any clue to this mystery, — for some sign of the fate awaiting us. She whisked in, sat down, and in a flash shot us out of our anguish by the most surprising and exciting bit of news we had heard in a long time : our section had been chosen to launch an informal college paper of our own. Were we hearing aright ? And no one else was to know anything about this until it was published in January ! But how to avoid awkward questions from our colleagues who were simply bursting with curiosity, as we with our precious secret ? Let's go to class with long faces and let them interpret our silence as they please !

During our next library hour we held a secret meeting in one of the deserted class-rooms. Eight were chosen to form a committee, whose duty it was to discover hidden artists and cartoonists, journalists and poets, financiers and such,—all from our own group of fifty. As the publication would necessarily be small (about six foolscap sheets in all) we had to select only the very best contributions. So we asked each member of our group to do at least something, be it sketch, essay, joke, or what you like. That meant much ploughing up and harrowing of our brains to make something sprout. The first crop was an odd assortment of weeds, which we inexpertly mislabeled as humour ; but in time seeds of a more cultivated sort came up and started to flower. Special reporters went about interviewing various college personalities, and then we got such a good harvest of articles, that we had on our hands the problem of surplus production. Around the first week of December, we passed from the stage of increasing returns to diminishing returns. Conclaves had to be held now and again. Committee members, who suddenly vanished from the circle of their friends, became objects of suspicion and wonder. What a time I had keeping this top secret from my two sisters, anxious to know why I was sometimes late for lunch. But nothing on earth could, I am sure, have made us spill the secret,— though I must admit it was often tempting to drop a clue now and then. And we did our best to tantalize our inquisitive friends.

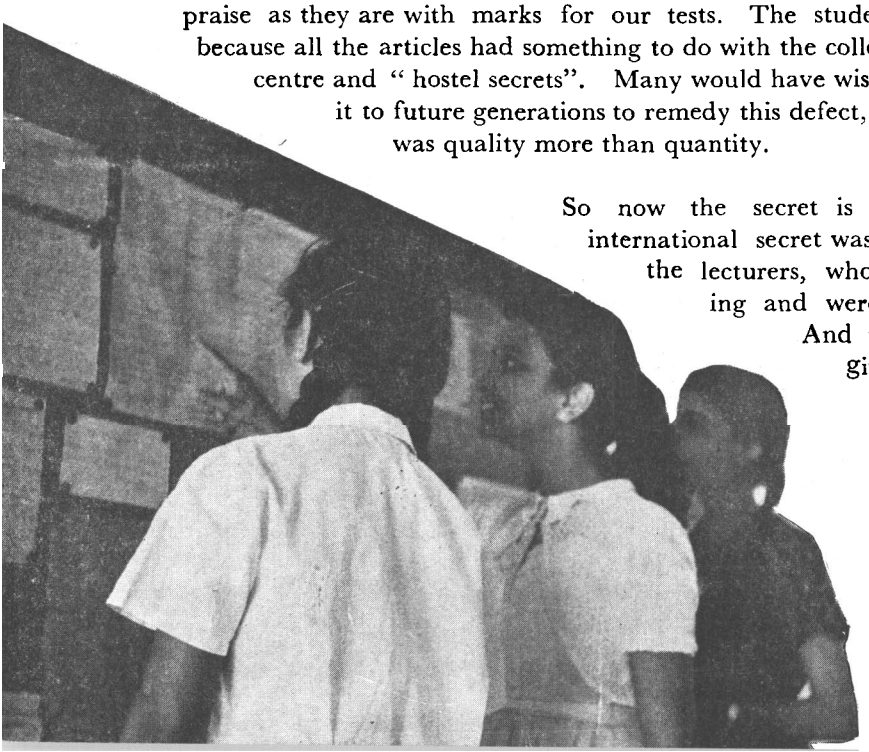
In January we were permitted to start our advertising. One of our artists hung up posters at strategic points of the college, and on the common notice boards

of the college and hostels. The slogans on the blackboard corners in each class room were our best propaganda scheme. Then began serious speculation all over the college as to what could be found in the "Treasure book for 10 n.p. only", "The wonder-book, the 'Stella Marian', is out"—as we had described our first attempt at journalism.

The most efficient part of this publishing business was the way we collected the money from the students. We issued tickets and collected money beforehand through each class officer, charging just enough to cover the cost of production, paper, and printing ink, — our own literary genius, of course, was beyond any price and did not figure in the accounts.

Our college president, Usha Bharatan, told the girls after assembly when and where the great distribution of the "Stella Marian" would take place. Unfortunately, she forgot to mention that the class officers would be responsible for the distribution. The result was a scene reminiscent of the storming of the Bastille. At one-thirty precisely, the whole college converged on the narrow corridor outside the room: jostling each other, stepping on delicate toes, doing a little ballet in a space too small for a whole foot, gesticulating excitedly, and eager for their copies. Milton should have been there for his description of pandemonium. When order was restored and every customer satisfied, little groups could be seen sitting on the steps, or wandering abstractedly along with their heads buried in the paper, some laughing, some studying it earnestly like a text-book. Meanwhile the committee members presented a copy to Reverend Mother. Then they walked proudly upstairs to waylay some of the lecturers and offer them complimentary copies.

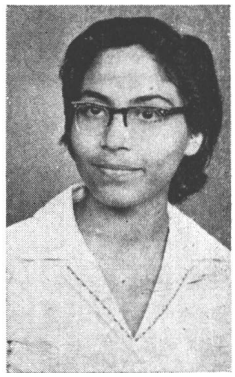
Every one was pleased, but of course the lecturers were as sparing with praise as they are with marks for our tests. The students were delighted with it-because all the articles had something to do with the college : campus, library, student centre and "hostel secrets". Many would have wished it longer. We'll leave it to future generations to remedy this defect, if any, for our first concern was quality more than quantity.



So now the secret is out. I hardly believe any international secret was ever so well guarded. Even the lecturers, who saw us daily, suspected nothing and were surprised at our attempt. And we appreciate the honour given us to produce the first "Stella Marian".

MEENA NAYAK
III B.A.

FOURTH NATIONAL CONGRESS, ERNAKULAM



It was my privilege and pleasure, as it was that of 2,500 other university students from all parts of India, to be present at the Fourth National Congress of the "All India Catholic University Federation" at Ernakulam, from December 29th, 1961 to January 2nd, 1962. This was a most important milestone in the progress of the Pax Romana movement in India. And as we mingled with the delegates from all over this vast sub-continent, the home of many races and diverse cultures, we understood more fully the impressive words of Etienne Gilson: "The end proper to Pax Romana is to organise throughout the world the fraternity of those who place their intellect at the service of God".

In his inaugural address, His Eminence Valerian Cardinal Gracias reminded us that "if university students are to fulfil their mission by the Church in society, whether it be in the face of a false intellectualism or doctrinaire pragmatism or in the sphere of social justice, they are to be not wedges between the 'haves' and the 'have-not's, between the educated and the untaught, but links or bridge-builders to arrest the increasing cleavage between the classes". And certainly during the three days that followed, we learned in practice the joy of rising above all the petty differences that so often divide even the youth of India today. In spite of many divergences of temperament, language, and habits of life, we prayed, lived, and worked together in peace and harmony, as we discovered the true meaning of social justice, the theme of the congress.

That first evening, Mass was offered by His Eminence; and then the following morning we got down to work. The students were divided into workshops of about thirty each, with a student chairman in charge of each one. The working paper of the first day dealt with the need of a new social order. The delegates, after long and oftentimes heated discussions, came to the conclusion that although the students may be generally aware of India's social problems, they do not as a rule respond very generously in a practical way, such as by doing real social work. For Catholic students especially, it was decided, social service should be a matter of obligation, not merely of choice. But as a preliminary to this, a resolution was taken that all the delegates present should make themselves familiar with the Church's teaching on social justice, as outlined in Leo XIII's encyclical "Rerum Novarum", Pius XI's "Quadragesimo Anno" and Pope John XXIII's "Mater et Magistra" published recently.

The evening's general session was conducted by Mr. Douglas Hyde, the famous ex-communist and former editor of the London newspaper "The Daily Worker". Much has been written already about this great man, a convert to Catholicism and one of the most ardent of the Church's lay apostles today. It was a wonderful experience to hear him speak. Simply and unassumingly, he related to us the story of his life, and especially of his discovery of the Faith. It was because he was not only forceful and impressive, but also humorous and friendly in his speech, that he received such an enthusiastic reception from the students who felt that they were in the presence of "a man of God".

During the day we had visited hospitals, prisons, and slums in the city in order to understand in a practical manner the words of Christ: "I was hungry and you gave me to eat. I was thirsty and you gave me to drink . . . ." Each group brought little gifts to those they visited, and for the first time I realised how isolated from the life of millions of our countrymen the academic ivory tower of university students can be, especially when we visited the children's ward in a hospital.

That night at 9 p.m. there was a liturgical vigil conducted by Most Rev. Dr. A. Fernandez, Coadjutor Archbishop of Delhi; and the next morning we had the unique experience of assisting at Mass in the Syro-Malabar rite, offered by most Rev. Mgr. Gregorios, Archbishop of Trivandrum. That afternoon we took part in the pilgrimage to Santa Cruz Cathedral, Fort Cochin. It was perhaps the most unforgettable event of the congress, for the 2,500 students walked for miles in procession, singing hymns, and praying aloud in their own languages: Hindi, Tamil, English, and Malayalam. On our arrival at the cathedral we were addressed by His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. E. D'Souza, Archbishop of Nagpur. This first day of the new year closed with a talk by Shri P. T. Chacko, the Home Minister for Kerala, on "Students and the shape of the future".

However, all good things come to an end in "this valley of tears" and after the last message of His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Dr. L. Raymond, Bishop of Allahabad, at the concluding session, we were soon gathered once again at Cochin station, ready to set out for home. The congress had been a fine success, thanks especially to our General Chaplain, Rev. Fr. Ceyrac, S. J., whose untiring work and devotion have always inspired the students of the A. I. C. U. F. with a like enthusiasm. Those three short days had been crammed with events that will never be forgotten by us; and it was in a glowing state of mind that we finally left Ernakulam, having wholeheartedly renewed our Federation Pledge, when we prayed :

O Lord, come to the help of the Indian Youth;
help us to be faithful witnesses
of Your Truth and Your Charity.

Such a prayer had a special meaning for the twenty-four delegates to the congress from Stella Maris, for it is a perfect reflection of our college motto : "To Truth through Charity".

ANGELA REDDY
II B.A.

A ZOOLOGICAL INTERLUDE

Having spent a delightful and enlightening week on our zoological tour of Thangachimadam, Rameswaram, Mandapam and Cape Comorin last January, we feel compelled to leave a written record of all our happy experiences, which have now become for us treasured memories. We left Madras on Monday evening, having spent the day in a turmoil of expectation and excitement. Yet upon our arrival at the station, we managed to look calm and self-possessed, as if one-week excursions were an everyday affair for us!

Our first train journey was uneventful and we reached Thangachimadam at 3 p.m., where we were to spend the night at the Holy Cross Convent. After what seemed a long walk, since we were laden down with all our bags and beddings, we arrived there and received a very warm welcome from the Sisters, whose heroic charity to the poor and hospitality to us in their hardships filled us with admiration. Next morning the train was to leave at 7-10 a.m. for Rameswaram. We were desperately afraid of missing it, because from a zoological point of view, Thangachimadam had nothing to offer us and there was no other train that morning. So to the amazed bewilderment of those who watched, we raced out of the convent gate at 6-45 a.m. However, our headlong rush soon came to a stop before the closed gates of the station. Yes, we were assured, the train was to leave at 7-10 a.m. It did not seem to matter in the least that all watches consulted declared it to be already 7-15 a.m. Ten minutes later the station master arrived; and ten minutes later still a train puffed lazily in to the station, and slowly but surely puffed out again — yes, ten minutes later! Now of course, we understood the amazement of our friends at our needless hurry. After all, thirty minutes or so is nothing. The 7-10 train that morning was more than usually early!

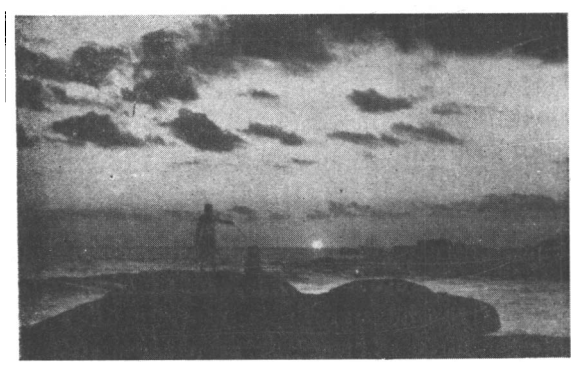
After a second breakfast — necessary after so much excitement — in the rest house at Rameswaram, we started on our shore collection. With the help of an experienced guide we soon set to work with forceps and specimen tubes. Wading in the shallow water between the rocks or chasing a crab along the beach were much more exhilarating experiences than bending over a dead crab in the laboratory. A great catch, which caused much excitement, was an onchidium — a kind of sea slug. The polychaete worms were numerous and beautiful, moving gracefully through the water. One could almost understand the zoologist who named his seven daughters after seven of his favourite polychaetes! There was the polychaete called polynoe, spirally twisting in fury when caught; there were forms of nereis, perinereis and heteronereis; and zerebeelid worms were not absent. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves as we scooped and plunged and grasped at every moving form we could see. Lovely, lively "brittle stars" — first cousins to the star fish — moving all their serpentine arms at once, were a never-to-be-forgotten sight. We even acquired two

genera of sea cucumber: the holothuria like a large black sausage; and the synapta with its ring of oral tentacles and slender gracefulness. In the afternoon we explored the other side of the beach and found a wide-awake "sea hare", coffer fish, sponges, and jelly-fish. We had certainly had good "fishing", and felt quite zoologically satisfied with ourselves.

The next morning at the unearthly hour of 4 a.m. we were up and packing. For the Mandapam train was to leave at 6-20 a.m., or at least, so it was said! At the research station we were kindly received by the assistant director. We spent a long time watching the fascinating movements of the anemones, sea urchins, and star fish in the aquarium. But all the time we were wondering when we were to be allowed to see the two famous mermaids. At last the moment came, and with suspended breath we approached a large tank. Mermaids, indeed! All our dreams and fantasies were rudely shattered. Instead of beautiful mermaids combing their long sleek hair, we saw a sight that filled us with wonder. They were eight feet in length, with a back like a hippo, and a face like a pig, with a pathetic, vacant stare. This dugong is a mammal, adapted for aquatic life by loss of hair, and forelimbs modified as flippers. In the research department, we later listened to an interesting explanation of the practical applications of research on fish. And so our second day soon ended, one full of interest and fun.

We reached Madurai the same night by 10 p.m., and were met by friends from Fatima College. The kindness we received at Madurai we shall never forget, and it was with real regret that we left very early next morning to catch the train for Tinnevelly. We certainly seem to have spent most of our excursion in catching, or almost missing, or just waiting for trains. But the episode at Madurai was the most heroic of all. Five minutes to go before the train pulled out; no reserved compartment to be found the whole length of the train; not a sign of any porter anywhere; bags still lying on the wrong platform — desperation was about to conquer all our self-possession when suddenly a half-filled compartment was espied. Pandemonium, confusion, everyone getting in everybody else's way, but finally all found themselves seated somehow in the moving train. Then we suddenly began to laugh and laugh — and what was healthiest of all, we were laughing at ourselves.

Our bus trip to Cape Comorin from Tinnevelly was most enjoyable; and soon we were at Mary Immaculate Convent which overlooks a great expanse of lovely blue sea. We went quickly to the shore to see the sunset from the Cape. Around us all was still. While we watched, the sun like a golden disc descended in the west and suddenly seemed to slip into the sea. It was a scene worthy of a painter's brush; yet no human hand could ever recapture the natural beauty thus exhibited



before our eyes by the Divine Artist. Next morning we walked along the beach to Covallom, and were very pleasantly surprised to see a tall statue of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, facing the Indian Ocean. With delight we gathered around it to read the inscription : " Stella Maris, ora pro nobis ". Then spontaneously we began to sing our college song — the first Stella Marians to stand on the tip of India, and to acclaim the patron of our Alma Mater there. It was indeed a very precious moment.

Then once more we became zoologists; and hopping and scrambling over the rocks with the spray of the dashing waves in our faces, we searchd for some more treasures. These soon included rock oysters, which had been clinging tenaciously to the rocks, and snake-like forms such as trochus, turbo, and patella. In the afternoon we visited the Gandhi Mandir and the shore on that side, from where we could clearly see the meeting of the three waters : from the Bay of Bengal in the east, from the Indian Ocean in the south, and from the Arabian Sea in the west. The three different kinds of sand were also distinguishable along the beach : white, black, and red. The next day, Sunday, the 28th of January, we had to leave the Cape. Everything about our stay there made us want to return : the quiet peace, golden sunsets, the sound of the waves on the shore at night, and especially the warm hospitality and gracious interest shown us by the Sisters of Mary Immaculate Convent.

In our train journey home, we were greeted by our friends of Fatima College as we passed in the darkness of night, for they waved "bon voyage" with their flashlights, and of course we signalled back. We arrived in Madras — just two hours late, no more ! What a lot of happy memories we had managed to store up during that memorable week : memories of all the places we visited, and memories of a thousand little incidents lived through together in such a happy spirit of joy and friendship. Our zoological excursion of 1962 is one of our happiest remembrances of college days in Stella Maris.

V. JAYALAKSHMI
III B.Sc.

FOR SENIORS ONLY

The bright Saturday sun on February 10th found a colourful gathering of girls at Stella Maris College, and the ripples of laughter radiating from that riot of colours forecast a happy event. True enough, it was just that for us, the senior B.A. and B.Sc. students, for we were to have our farewell picnic at Ennore. It is only about fifteen miles from Madras, and so before long we reached our destination. After settling our paraphernalia in the rest house, we proceeded to carry out the day's programme. The first item scheduled was a visit to Ennore Fisheries Station. Here we found an interesting collection of specimens, interesting at least for the zoologists among us who kindly displayed their " profound " knowledge of things zoological for the benefit of the B.A. and mathematics students. But the blue waters were beckoning to us. We could see the sea from the verandah of the fisheries station, and we could not resist its call. The lovely, cool waters were an invitation, and before long all the sedate seniors had cast aside their dignity and were wading to their hearts' content. The zoologists endeavoured to make good use of their time by carefully scrutinizing the water for any available treasures. Their efforts were rewarded and they captured a number of fishes, shells, and creepy-crawly crabs, much to the horror and terror of the others. However, the mathematicians outdid the zoologists by discovering a five foot long sea snake washed up on the shore. This they triumphantly displayed before the zoologists who, although regretting that mathematicians and not zoologists had found it, nevertheless carefully packed it away into their large jar for future reference.

The afternoon was spent in playing games which our games committee skillfully organized. In the cool shade of a casuarina grove we played " Do this, do that ", " Poison parcel " and " Crows and cranes ". Who would have recognized the Stella Maris seniors as " crows " and " cranes ", flashing from one side of the field to the other as carefree as could be. All contributed to make it a lovely ending to a perfect day.

Time always seems to fly on a picnic and somehow, today, we did not want it to fly. We wanted it to stop for a short time, just because this was a farewell picnic, and we knew, as it came to a close, it would bring with it a touch of sadness. But as the sun, descending in the west, began to cast lengthening shadows, we knew it was time to clamber back into the bus and be off. Before doing so, however, we joined hands and sang together our old favourite, " Auld Lang Syne ". Off we went, singing our way home. As we turned into the college gate we sang our " Alma Mater " with all our hearts. Yes, Stella Maris, " sweet be our days in this our home beloved, and sweet be the memories we cherish o thee " ; memories of this day and many others — we will take them with us as we go through life, singing our way along.

T. PUSHPARANEE
III B.Sc.

ADIEU!

Most of us have spent at least two years here in Stella Maris, years busy with books and innumerable interests. The college has become almost part and parcel of our daily routine, and now we have to do without it. Having reached the end of these our " nurtured " years, we are now face to face with life. Realizing that we have to leave, we must yet " cast one longing, lingering look behind ". Though our last day, March 16th, seemed to begin like any other college day, there was a surprise in store for the 190 seniors of the M.A., D.S.S., B.A., and B.Sc. students, to impress on us the spirit and ideals of our Alma Mater and to give a message of encouragement and guidance as we launched out on the sea of life.

As the long lines of students, almost a thousand of us, filed away as usual from the assembly grounds, some gravitational pull seemed to attract one after another to form a colourful trail, like a comet moving in the direction of the chapel. They had remembered the thanksgiving Mass to be offered for the seniors and had decided to pray together. The lovely white chapel, ordinarily ample for the Catholics, soon overflowed when 350 or 400 of the staff and students pressed their way into every available space.

At ten, Rev. Fr. Ceyrac, S. J., entered the sanctuary to offer the Holy Sacrifice, as the choir began piously and clearly " The Mass in Song " by the late Rev. Fr. Varin, S. J., but many others joined in spontaneously. For many this was obviously their first visit to a church, but the silence was most impressive, not a whisper or movement to disturb the ceremony from beginning to end, so that Father's words were distinctly audible all over the chapel. After the Gospel he turned to us to speak, reminding all that in sorrow or difficulty there is always Someone to whom we can turn with confidence. Then he went down to the altar rail with the ciborium, and the Catholic students came forward to place therein the hosts to be consecrated for Holy Communion. This was followed by a consecration to Our Lady, to place in her motherly care the life opening before us. The prayerful silence continued till the end of Holy Mass. When the final hymn, sung by clear young voices, had come to an end, no one moved, and it was some time before anyone ventured to leave.

The seniors then assembled in the college hall, suitably decorated for the occasion, with the college flag in the centre of the dais, against a background symbolic of Stella Maris: on the left, a lighthouse gleaming far across the sea, on the right the ship of 1962 setting out on its maiden voyage, with an " au revoir " crowning all. Taking as his theme " The Last Day in College ", Rev. Fr. Ceyrac, with his usual simple sincerity,

gave us one of the most valuable talks we have ever heard, impressing on us the importance and nobility of the duty God has entrusted to women, a duty of charity, particularly needed in India, " the rich country of the poor ". He reminded us that we are a privileged few in this, our vastly illiterate country. Were we then to keep all this knowledge that has been given us selfishly to ourselves? No! He pointed out that it was our duty in conscience to give as we had received. We, the parents of future generations, had the great task of moulding the coming generations. Could any one turn a deaf ear to such valuable counsel, especially when we were told that women are the backbone of the nation? Each one of us was stirred by his urgent appeal. He pointed out to us the many luxuries and comforts we have in life, while so many millions of God's children are living in hardships, hunger, and misery. He appealed to us to be mindful of our fellow human beings. We are all " harijans ", children of the same all-good and almighty Father, so we should never show contempt or disrespect to any one. He repeated to us our motto, " truth and charity ", and disclosed the depth and intrinsic value of these seemingly simple words. As students of Stella Maris, he exhorted us to be little stars ourselves, for in the darkness even the smallest light beams out, and will encourage many others to make their light shine as well, to banish the oppressive gloom. His final message was an exhortation to find happiness in giving ourselves to others; but, he added, such a noble ideal is impossible without prayer. Only after first giving ourselves to God, can we then give ourselves to others. These thoughts will be a guiding light to us in after years, and wherever God's hand may lead us, we shall try to be mindful of this sincere appeal and apply it to our lives.

The tree-planting ceremony followed. The seniors formed a square around the asoka sapling, which will remain their permanent memento on the college campus. As the college president and vice-president, assisted by the representatives of the various senior classes, planted it firmly near the reception room, the verses of the tree-planting song were sung :

Stay here for us, for we must leave our Alma Mater dear;
Send deep your roots, grow strong and straight as we were nurtured here.
For you must be our souvenir, the deputy most true,
Of M.A.'s, B.A.'s, B.Sc.'s of 1962.

The Cloisters' noble, silent trees were our professors too,
Who whispered to our listening hearts what we should be and do.
So you'll remind us, little tree — for oft we'll think of you —
To be as open to the light, to grow as good and true.

We thank you, Stella Maris dear, for your maternal care,
For all the goodness and the truth you tried with us to share.
And by the steady light you gave our Homeward Way to chart,
We'll reach the Port of Endless Spring, à *Dieu*, but ne'er to part.

With full hearts we now returned to the hall for the last part of the valedictory ceremony. Reverend Mother's words of farewell brought home to all the strength and depth of the union which binds all past, present, and even future Stella Marians into one large family. She left us a two-fold message : always to remain true Stella Marians mindful of our motto, judging always according to truth, acting always according to charity ; and secondly never to sever the ties which bound us to our Alma Mater, but on the contrary to return often, in sorrows, joys and difficulties, confident of ever finding ready sympathy, help, and guidance from the college staff. The college president's address was brief, but every word spoke deep sincerity as, in the name of the seniors, she expressed her gratitude for all we have received during our years at Stella Maris. " We," she continued, " will never forget our Alma Mater, and it is our great consolation to know that Stella Maris will never forget us. "

Each student, obviously deeply moved, then came up to the dais to receive from Reverend Mother a copy of the constitutions of the alumnae association, and a printed souvenir leaflet. After the distribution, the president and vice-president raised the college flag, and before it, all solemnly took the pledge :

I promise to strive, to the best of my ability,
to live up to the ideals of my Alma Mater :

to be firm in my faith and trust in God,
to serve my country by fulfilling faithfully my daily duties,
to be noble and generous in my dealings with others,
and in my life to be pure of heart, sincere of soul,
and in all things worthy of my model :
The Star of the Sea !

The ceremony ended with the college song : " Stella Maris, shine on our lives for ever . . . ." Never before, it seemed, had those words been sung with such purpose and sincerity.

We could not have had a better " send-off ". The function was typical of Stella Maris : short, devoid of outward show, and full of a deep meaning. Wherever we may be, and at all times, it will help us to recall pleasant memories of our college.

K. KAUSALYA
II M.A.

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

On behalf of the staff and students of Stella Maris, we extend to the friends of the college and to the parents of our students a warm welcome to our college day celebrations.

We are particularly pleased to have with us this evening Mr. N. D. Sundaravadivelu, Director of Public Instruction, well-known for his love and sympathy towards youth, as also for the keen interest he takes in their welfare and problems. His presence here today is a source of courage and inspiration to all of us working in the educational field. We especially appreciate the sacrifice he has made of his valuable time, after a day of heavy duties, in order to preside over this function.

In presenting this report for the academic year 1961-62, we must first mention how the year opened for us at Stella Maris under a heavy cloud, as we had to make the double sacrifice of parting with both Rev. Mother Oliveria, our Superior and the Correspondent of the college, and Sister M. Proinsias, our Principal. Their six years of hard work and devotion to duty have left a deep impression on the staff and the students alike, while their two greatest achievements, the transfer of the college from Mylapore to the "Cloisters" and the opening of post-graduate courses in Stella Maris, will remain as permanent testimonials of their selfless service.

Later in June earnest work began : the newly admitted students mingling with the old to form one big family, nearly one thousand strong, all of an enterprising character bent on making college life well worth living.

Prize distribution on College Day by the Director of Public Instruction

One new course only was opened this year, B.A. social sciences, our aim being rather the consolidation of the existing courses at the post-graduate level. In April 1961, our first batches of post-graduate students in economics and English literature, the pioneers of this new venture of ours in the field of education, appeared for the university examinations where both fared honourably, each securing 100% passes. To the M.A. English students goes the additional credit of obtaining two first classes, whilst M.A. Indian music students were awarded one.

Though the work of a college is certainly not to be estimated in terms of either numerical strength or examination results, yet it is nevertheless heartening to note the general upward trend of the results from year to year in both the B.A. and B.Sc. degree classes. Since it is customary to include them on such an occasion as college day, we may be permitted to mention the 100% passes secured by the B.Sc. mathematics group, with 10 first classes; the 97% passes of the B.Sc. zoology students, with 2 first and 18 second classes; while the B.A. students of the various branches secured 92% passes, with 8 first and 16 second classes. We take this opportunity of offering this evening our sincere congratulations to S. A. Alamelu and Rita Lovett of the M. A. English class, to K. N. Sulochana, S. Santha Sundari and A. Savithri of the degree classes, all of whom were awarded university medals and prizes.

The only disappointing results (68%) were the Pre-University, where the change-over from high school to college still presents a complex problem.

Passing from the realm of formal study to extra-curricular activities, an experiment was made this year in some of the associations, like the zoology club, of entrusting the organisation almost entirely to the students themselves, with as little intervention as possible by members of the staff, in order to awaken in the students a realisation of the part they ought to play in both the cultural and social aspects of college life. The students understood their responsibilities and set to work in earnest, devoting many pleasant hours to discussions, lectures, debates and readings. The benefit derived from this new venture was evident in the ease with which they increased in self-confidence, rapidly developing a veritable talent for organisation. and showing themselves genuinely unselfish and self-disciplined on every occasion.

In inter-collegiate debates and musical competitions, the usual number of prizes was carried off; while at the university debates last November, in both Tamil and Hindi our students secured a rank in the first round only.

The Catholic Students' Union has continued throughout the year its useful, silent work of training leaders. September and December vacations saw Stella Maris students at the students' conference held in Tambaram, the camp at Covelong, and the national students' congress at Ernakulam, in all of which they played an active part, happy to help and serve in the spirit of dedication which Stella Maris ever strives to inculcate, while on each occasion they returned home mentally

enriched, with their sympathies and outlook broadened and their spirit of responsibility deepened.

A new feature of this years' college life has been the senior students' socials, those informal tea-parties after class hours, periodically organised by the various departments and classes, which have helped to make life gay and full throughout the year, forging friendships which will remain for ever, in spite of those final "goodbyes" which April must bring for many of our seniors.

In January the students found a new outlet for their spirit of enterprise in the introduction of a bi-annual college paper entitled the "Stella Marian", a new addition which in no way replaces the traditional college annual. Composed, edited, and circulated by a student committee, it is intended to serve a double purpose, that of teaching the students how to appreciate and share the mirth of college life, whilst at the same time fostering in them a true family spirit and genuine "esprit de corps".

III B. Sc. students succeeded perfectly in harmonizing work and play in their very profitable zoological tour to Cape Comorin in January, visiting Rameswaram and Mandapam Research Station on the way, and so earning their very enjoyable stay at the Cape.

Boundless charity and cheerful self-sacrifice are the ideals of the Stella Maris social service league. Every evening, when college classes are over, batches of students set out to serve their less fortunate brothers and sisters, carrying with them medicine chests for visits to families, or toys for recreational activities. In the sewing societies organised for women and girls, the co-operative principles are given a trial.

The social service league has ambitious programmes for the future: a new cheri, renamed Anthonynagar, has recently been adopted; the construction of an up-to-date social welfare centre is under consideration, which will replace the small outhouse where activities are at present carried on. A fresh impluse will be given to social work on modern, scientific and specialized lines, when in June of this year the present one-year diploma course in social service will, we hope, be abandoned for the new M. A. degree in social work. Subject to the approval of the authorities, Stella Maris will be the first college to introduce it.

Hostel life plays an essential part in the students' education at Stella Maris: the friendly contacts with fellow-students drawn from all parts of India, the intermingling of different cultures, the give-and-take of life lived in common, and above all the wise employment of freedom, all form an excellent preparation for young women soon to take their place in the adult world.

In the two hostels, numbers have been steadily increasing, and this year the strength of our resident students has been the highest ever. Yet the friendly family atmosphere of the hostel has in no way diminished with the increase of numbers. On the contrary, a bigger family has only meant more fun, more "freshers" that is, not only to tease, but also to serve. And the seniors have in no way fallen short of all that was expected of them.

In order to give new life to the alumnae association, it was decided this year to increase the number of reunions to three per year. About one hundred and fifty former students returned for the annual graduates' reception in August, making the gathering a very happy one. In November there was an equally successful informal social attended by fifty alumnae from Madras, when the constitutions of the association were discussed and passed. The third term carried the alumnae further afield when a few of them were able to join the final B.A. and B.Sc. students in a very enjoyable farewell picnic to Ennore.

Thus another happy year of constructive work has come to a close at Stella Maris for those students who have loyally and enthusiastically co-operated with its ideals.

Whatever good has been achieved during the academic year 1961 — 1962 must be attributed first and foremost to the unfailing goodness of God, Who has ever been our light and sustenance in the unavoidable difficulties and problems which present themselves. Among other contributing factors is the harmonious working of staff and students. To the members of the staff then, we extend our sincere gratitude for the keen interest they take, not only in their formal lecturing and in the maintenance of social and cultural contacts with the students, but also for the valuable part they play in moulding the characters of our young people, thus rendering their academic life fuller and richer. Whilst the final factor is the implicit faith manifested by the parents in confiding to us the higher education of their daughters, as well as the constant help and co-operation we

The student president delivers the vote of thanks

receive from them as we exercise that wonderful privilege of educating our students for God and India.

As we look upon Stella Maris today, against the background of the history of her first fifteen years, we are filled with a sense of gratitude, joy, and consolation. This consolation does not, however, imply a future of ease and complacency. To achieve and maintain the required academic standard, to arouse and foster in the students a happy, devoted family spirit, demands constant vigilance and planning, as also does the effort to expand and intensify their intellectual development and to implant in them the practice of the simple, fundamental virtues of honesty, truthfulness, self-control, and fair play.

May the students, whose happiness it is to enjoy the formative, refining influence of college life, understand well those essential features of education. Under their influence may they grow richer in heart and mind, prepared to meet with resourcefulness and courage whatever responsibilities life may in the future present to them.

INTER-COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION IN RELIGION — 1962

MARY MAMPILLI (Graduate section)
Silver Medal

MARIE THERESE BATTIGELLI (Pre-University section)
Gold Medal

UNIVERSITY PRIZES FOR EXAMINATIONS — APRIL 1961

S. A. Alamelu (M. A. English)
The Grigg Memorial Medal
The Rao Bahadur M. A. Singarachariyar Prize
The Lord Pentland Prize
The T. Rama Rao Medal
The Late Rao Bahadur K. Srinivasachariar Medal

Rita Lovett (M. A. English)
Christian College Medal

K. N. Sulochana (History)
Sir C. V. Kumaraswami Sastri Medal
Todhunter Prize

S. Santhasundari (Indian Music)
G. A. Natesan Prize
Rama Panicker Gold Medal

A. Savithri (Sanskrit)
The Bysani Madhava Chetti Medal

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION APRIL 1962 — RESULTS

	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percentage of Passes
M. A. English		12		85%
M.A. Economics — Ist Year		15		100%
IInd Year		12		100%
M.A. Indian Music		4		100%
III B. A.				
English	—	9	50	81%
Language	6	27	42	96%
History	—	3	4	100%
Economics	—	4	38	93%
Drawing & Painting	2	7	—	100%
Western Music	1	—	—	100%
Indian Music	1	2	3	75%
III B. Sc.				
English	1	13	37	90%
Language	21	13	25	100%
Zoology	15	13	—	100%
Mathematics	14	6	5	96%
II B. A.				
English				92%
Language				97%
Ancillary				93%
Minor				77%
II B.Sc.				
English				93%
Language				98%
Ancillary				96%
Minor				82%
Pre-University	74	122	82	81%

MOVING ART!

One of the most significant events of 1962 must certainly have been the great Almirah Art-quake which occurred in early March.

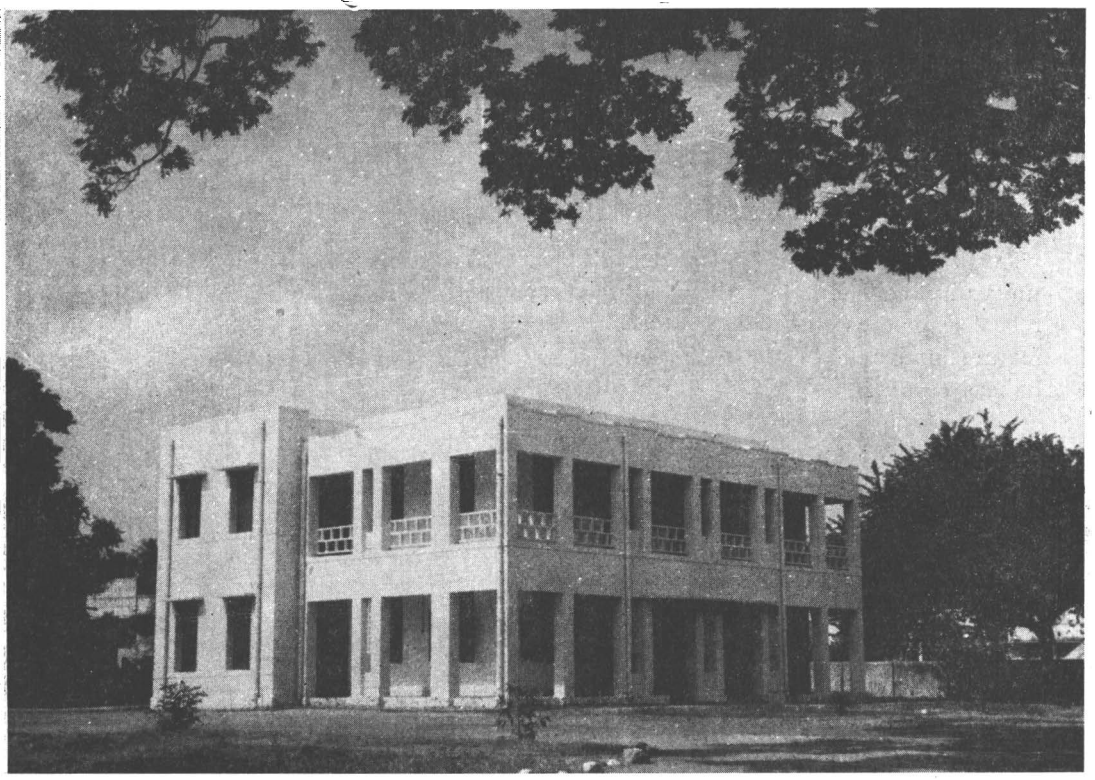
The first intimations of the oncoming tremor were clouds emerging from the art-room area, accompanied by dull thuds and muffled cries of, "Mind the glue-pot ! Look out for the saw ! Steer clear of the stupa ! "

The front-line observers of P. U. 5 class, watching every development with keen interest from their near-by position of safety, were able to glimpse gaping cupboards, and see rescue-workers desperately salvaging books and art-treasures, piling them in boxes, and shipping them off westwards.

The clouds having abated by the second day, the scene of devastation was terrible to behold : desolate almirahs standing stark on the horizon, defying all human efforts to dislodge them; and isolated in the middle, the big square table, the ancient support for the elbows of so many generations of art students. Two of the latter, in fact, could be seen stranded on a raft, still copying notes of ancient Egyptian architecture, faithful to their post to the end, when with a rumbling sound the great table heeled over, and was borne off with its legs waving feebly in the air.

There seemed to be a lull until the afternoon of the following day. Tables, chairs, and easels had found new quarters above the Students' Centre, while the art-treasures saved from the quake, — paint-boxes, bottles, wire, string, cardboard, etc., lay heaped somewhat forlornly on the floor. These "objets-d'art" had always previously been hidden from the prying eyes of inartistic onlookers in the majestic almirahs, whose grandiose dimensions were unable to accord with the slender grace of the new staircase.

But this was only the calm which precedes the storm. At approximately 22 h. 16 m. G.M.T., the final phase of the quake was announced by a roar of thunder as the transport lorry crashed on to the scene. Five burly porters seized hold of Almirah the First, swept her off her feet, roped her, and hoisted her up the steel ladder propped against the new building. With a "Heave-ho, heave-ho, whoops!" over the balcony she went, projected into the new art-room. The whole royal



Almirah family followed in quick succession by the same route, wafted into the air with unbecoming lack of ceremony, and deposited, reeling with indignation, in their new residence. Within one hour the most cataclysmic episode of the upheaval was completed.

One of the survivors of this — one of the greatest art-quakes the college has ever known — aptly described the feelings of all, saying "It was indeed a deeply moving experience".

I. Sawit
P. U. O.

HOSTEL WHISPERS

We often hear important people extolling the advantages of residence in university colleges, but these lesser-known aspects of hostel life are now being revealed for the first time. For the convenience of readers, we summarize the main features under the heads: fruit, gong, films, the human aerial, hark the herald angels, habeas corpus.

Fruit

"According to Aristotle," writes a hostel correspondent, "the art of making money out of fruits and animals is natural. We don't make money out of anything, but we obtain great happiness from the art of getting hold of fruit. (I don't want to call it stealing, because taking from our 'second home' can't be stealing !) There are guava trees, wood-apple trees, mango trees, and tamarind trees. So far we have not approached the mango-trees, but from all the others, either with a long stick, or with the help of a stone, or by climbing up the tree, we manage to get hold of every fruit that is rash enough to make its appearance. Even the little cherry-tree seems to have a miraculously inexhaustible crop, and has not the least chance to escape from our hands. The cherries are all very sour, of course, but that only whets our appetite, as we keep thinking the next one will be sweeter."

Gong

After the early days of Stella Maris, when those pioneer amazons of St. Philomena's Hostel were summoned by the clanging of an old iron rail bar, somewhat daintier expedients have been resorted to : little tinkling, jingling bells quite unworthy of our present two big hostels. Obviously the only percussion instrument befitting our lofty halls was a gong. This should be purchased without delay, and presented to Reverend Mother for her feast (just as a formality, of course, like giving your father a birthday present of chocolates on the strict understanding that he offer them to you in surprise and gratitude). The qualifications for a hostel gong were briefly outlined : it must be loud enough to be heard in both hostels for mealtimes (but, hastily

added a haggard senior, not too loud in the early morning); it must be solid yet decorative, rousing yet sedative, resounding not shrill. After a rigorous examination of all candidates, which were banged and clanged experimentally on the college campus, final choice was made of a pleasant-faced, sweet-voiced little brass gong, which was duly hung on the wall of Our Lady's Hostel (as the seniors pointed out, they always arose very early anyhow, you know, let the dear little juniors have the full benefit of the rising gong at 5-45 a. m.)

Various technical questions arose when it actually came to ringing the gong : should a wooden or metal hammer be used, plain or covered with rubber or leather; should the gong be at rest or set in violent oscillatory motion, etc., etc. Each school of thought had its partisans, but eventually the great mallet used in the preliminary experiments, which sounded like the signal for the arrival of the Trivandrum Express, and quite shocked the seniors by its ear-splitting barbarity, was abandoned in favour of a graceful little hammer, wielded dexterously by a duly authorized "gongster". If ever she cannot find it, of course, (quite a frequent occurrence!), a block of wood picked up from the ground does just as well.

Films

No doubt you can see more modern films at the big palatial cinemas of Bombay or Singapore, maybe the seats are more sumptuously upholstered in some chic private theatre in Madras, but nowhere else will you find the unique atmosphere of our college film shows. Here there is no desperate scraping up of pocket-money, no frantic search for a taxi, no patient endurance of advertisements for Dazzlo Toothpaste and Fascinating Face Kreem. No, we just stroll along after supper, select a chair under the fan, if we can, and sit back comfortably. Ours is a new projector, and displays many most refreshing features promising a good show. I say "show", for the film itself is only part of the generally exhilarating programme.

Once the lights are off and an expectant hush falls over the audience, there is suddenly a most piercing whistle and a crashing "zoom", like a forced landing of the latest jet plane. The uninitiated turn panic-stricken eyes towards the operators, who give a reassuring wave of the hand as if the whole thing were perfectly natural. Then an absolutely deafening boom begins to roar out of the loudspeaker, and numbers 6-5-4-3-2-1 flash bewilderingly across the screen. About half way through the film, things are becoming calmer, and we are peacefully contemplating "Springtime in the Rockies", when everything starts dithering violently up and down. Being satisfied that it is the film and not ourselves betaken by this uncontrollable shivering, we glance surreptitiously back at the operators and are delighted to find them completely unnerved, wildly pressing buttons, pulling out knobs, pushing switches. Our disappointment when things start running smoothly again is only short-lived, as we know something else is bound to happen soon. The only time we really felt a little vexed by a breakdown was when the picture of a certain royal bride got stuck at the evry; moment she was stepping into her honeymoon schooner. The poor operators pathetic suggestions, "You don't really want to see the end, do you; it's all the same

thing..." were unanimously overruled, and after two or three more suspensions, we did eventually manage a happy landing.

It is hardly worth starting to study by the time we have shown ourselves willing to help on every side, closing windows, guiding young students across the college campus by the longest route, so we find our Sunday film night a most enjoyable innovation in hostel life.

The human aerial

We had demonstrated most persuasively the absolute necessity for a hostel radio, and in November 1961 Reverend Mother, our spiritual mother in this second home of ours, fully realised the validity of our request, and after various preparatory warnings had appeared, the fruit of our "great expectations" arrived .... We were all very anxious to turn on the radio according to our varying tastes. But this apparent dispute was set aside by the appointment of a committee in charge. We decided to make the best of the bargain: we left the pleasure of handling the set to the committee and confined ourselves to the pleasure of listening.

On the first evening of the radio's arrival, a top-level committee member obliged us by turning on Radio Ceylon. We all gathered eagerly around to drink in the glorious surges of melody, but...not a squeak could be heard. We glued our ears to it, patted it, shook it, fanned it, when suddenly it dawned on us that there was no aerial. We scanned all the available physics books to find a suitable substitute for an aerial, and I am proud to say that a student-mind went further than Marconi, and we invented the human aerial. It is a very simple matter. I am hopeless in technical terms, but in the layman's language it is this : there is a hole in the back of the radio, the purpose of which, I guess, is to fit a plug. By fitting your own finger in this hole you act as a connecting link between the radio and the sound waves, a sort of radio-mermaid. But if you get into trouble by trying this method in your homes, I must remind you that we are by no means responsible for it !

Hark, the herald angels

"A little less", no doubt, but those who heard us declared it was like "a little bit of heaven"; for you know we do not believe in being just passive receivers but transmitters also, especially when the Christmas spirit is upon you. Let the Scrooges screw up a few more marks for the Selections if they want, we're going to do our bit for the "Tiny Tims" of the cheri by helping out with the Christmas Tree Celebrations. And a real, live evergreen tree we had this year too, believe it or not. And though we couldn't do anything about making it white, we did our level best to make it bright. That's why we put on a "nightingale and glowworm" act

that evening, making a candlelight procession around the college campus and singing all the nicest carols we knew. When we passed the convent, the sisters came out to listen, and so we sang with full hearts by way of wishing them a very happy Christmas and to thank them for "shepherding" us so carefully through the year. But the secret had somewhat leaked out, for there was a very sweet treat waiting for us when we got back to the hostel — and how the Scrooges screwed up their faces when they saw the feast was not for them. And what do you know — guess what we got for Christmas ? A "stocking" full of surprises. That's how it is, you start giving and at once you get much more in return, especially by way of the overflow that comes when joys are shared.

Habeas corpus—the mystery of Jim

In order to understand the unique place held by Jim in the affections of all hostelites, you should first know something of his history.

A modest and unassuming member of one of the foremost turtle families of Madras, James was first introduced to us by the Curator of our natural science museum (no mean authority on queer birds and fish), and immediately won all hearts by the alert brightness of his eyes and the eager tilt of his nose, while the tasteful markings on his shell and the delicate pink of his undercarriage betokened the highest breeding. With becoming reserve Jim retired early into his shell for the night, and was lowered gently into St. Joseph's pool.

Naturally we were up betimes next day to see if Jim had spent a good night, but not meeting him, we assumed he must be engaged on some urgent turtle-work. Not until the evening was the alarm raised that Jim was missing. How we reproached ourselves for our day's carefree thoughtlessness, while Jim perhaps had been engaged in a heroic death-struggle and was even now forming the elements of somebody's turtle-soup; or maybe the zoologists had made a fatal error in their diagnosis, and the noble beast was a son of the soil and not of the water .... Far into the night we were calling out, "Jim, Jimmy, dearest James," in the fishiest and turtliest way we could, but alas, with the grey dawn only the blue water-lily lay mournfully on the lifeless pond. Seized with frenzy, thinking that we might at least preserve the empty shell of our dear departed friend, some began madly tearing out armfulls of water-weed; others tried to drag the pond with rulers, fishing-nets, or saucepans; and finally our intrepid college vice-president herself plunged dauntlessly into the sticky depths. All in vain; not the tiniest tittle of a turtle, not a jot of Jim !

The gravity of the situation called for drastic measures, and with both hostels in a state of emergency, and all normal civilian work completely suspended, a secret meeting of the Cabinet decided to put into immediate effect the evacuation of the pond. When the slimy depths of mud at the bottom were reached, three vulgarly-striped, rather portly fish jumped out, and the thought that Jim's last hours had

been spent in such ill-bred company only made our grief more poignant. And still the mystery grew deeper. In the first chapter of every good detective story they always "find the body"; and s-surely Jim's l-lovely sh-shimmering (sniff!) sh-shell could hardly have disintegrated in so short a time. Worn out with worry, we tried to snatch a little rest for our overwrought nerves, and someone even imagined in her troubled slumber that she heard a ghostly "glug" from the devastated pond, but next day, in face of the overwhelming evidence that Jim simply was no more, we dully acquiesced in the refilling of the pond. Wet or dry, what could it mean to us now anyway ?

Few could bear even to pass that way, so bitter were the souvenirs evoked; some sought distraction in the new piano, finding a new meaning in Beethoven's Pathetic Sonata; and others tried to drown their sorrows in a little belated and half-hearted study for the public examinations. It seemed as if the only one really true to our missing friend was a senior M.A. student, who selflessly dedicated her entire revision holidays to a ceaseless vigil at the watery grave. Devotion such as this could not go unrewarded, and one morning the keenly-attuned ears of this second Lady of Shalott detected just the faintest "plop" from the pond two storeys below. A team of trained full-time observers was immediately recruited from the senior students, stationed at every window of the hostel. with a text book in hand so as to conceal the nature of their principal duty, and by painstaking comparison of the frequency and intensity of the "plops", it has now been officially established that Jim in all truth still gurgles melodiously below the surface, blissfully unaware of the anguished days spent by his devoted admirers

Parts of this article have been reprinted by the courtesy of the "STELLA MARIAN".

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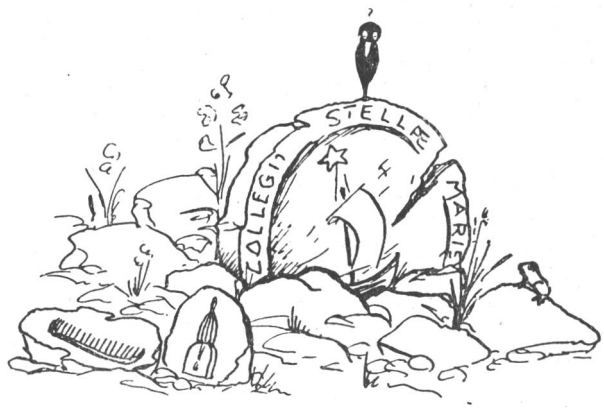
SOUTH MOON
A. D. 4962

Doctor Whattabohr, of the North Lunar University of Mugganswott, so moon-famous for his entirely unoriginal opinions on the most uninteresting topics, has just completed (we hope!) his apparently unending series of weighty articles in the "Moonshine Magazine", summarizing in as many words as possible his recent voyage of exploration to the ruins of the earth. In collaboration with Professor I. Explosiff, B.A.N.G., descendent of the first settlers on the moon, the Doctor has attempted to reconstruct the scene of life on the earth, 3,000 years ago.

It seems that, owing to the small range of the primitive atom-bombs then in use, a small part of the earth's original surface has been discovered, and Dr. Whattabohr, in one of his boring operations (even more boring than usual), bored right down to a site evidently dating from the famous Ping (sometimes known as Pong) dynasty. A stone bearing the inscription "Sigillum Collegii Stellae Maris" indicates that there must have been a settlement or collection (colligere – collectum) of people inhabiting the area: the high proportion of combs, autograph-albums, and fossilized nail varnish bottles found among the remains suggests the rather strange phenomenon of an entirely feminine population. Most of the details of the Doctor's report are taken from an ancient chronicle, dated A. D. 1961/62, unmooned on the site.



It seems that this all-feminine tribe must have been multilingual, as we find on July 26th of that year '61 a certain Mr. Jenkins addressed them in English on "Associations and Fun", whereas on August 9th discussions were held simultaneously in Sanskrit, French,

Tamil, and Hindi, (the latter under the guidance of Sri Kamakshi Rao). The address on " Glimpses of Germany " given by Miss Mira Ziauddin was probably not, however, delivered in German. On the same day Mrs. Krishnan spoke to the mathematics association, and Dr. Raghavan to the Indian music association.

A vein of rose-petals winding through the sub-stratum must originate from the enthusiastic welcome given in early August to Rev. M. N. D. de Gaverland, representative of the Very Reverend Mother General of the Institute. The flower-and-garland crop of 1961 seems in fact to have been abundant due to the heavy rains of the previous year possibly), as another rich harvest is reported for 31st August when Reverend Mother Superior was greeted by the whole population of the collegium.

At the level in the excavations corresponding to the months of October and November, an intricate system of fine elevated mosaic pavements has come to light. Dear old Doctor Whattabohr idealistically attributes these to a desire to raise the level of education, but Prof. Explosiff asserts prosaically that it was merely a precaution against floods. The latter theory is supported by traces of a speech given on October 23rd by Mr. Krishnamoorthy on " Communications in World Economy ". On the other hand, addresses by Mrs. Lakshmi (Head of the Mathematics Dept., Q. M. C.), by Srimathi Soundaram Kailasam to the Tamil association, and by Miss Rita Lovett on " Reading " make no reference to the problem of the mosaic pavements (why on moon should they'?)

Frequent mention is made in the ancient documents of a certain "C. S. U.". Among its activities was a retreat from October 14 - 18, preached by Rev. Fr. Amescua S. J. There were also some mysterious gatherings called " Socials " — apparently a kind of ritual dance accompanied with libations of lime-juice.

Fragments of veenas, violins, and well-worn vocal cords testify to the high musical talent of the tribe, displayed in Carnatic music, Hindi and French songs, and at St. Cecilia's concert on November 22nd.

At this stage the good Doctor was greatly perplexed by the large number of flexible tongues preserved at the site, but it now seems clear that the younger members of the tribe were in the habit of wielding them aggressively in bloodless combats known as " debates ". Tongues of exceptional resonance, resilience and strength greater than of damascened steel have been identified as those of Jacqueline, Seetha Chidambaram, and Usha Bharatan, but tongue No. 1, surpassing all the others in agility and power, was that of Melanie Noronha.

Towards the end of December the whole region was ravaged by an epidemic of some kind; the exact medical terminology is uncertain, but the general symptoms of extreme chill in the feet suggest it must have been some form of the examination fever to which the whole tribe were most susceptible.

In the appendix, comprising short notes in 12 volumes, Dr. Whattabohr attempts an analysis of the ethnology of these vertebrate collegiates. He divides the tribe into groups: nomadic, pastoral, athletic. He classifies as nomadic, part of the B. Sc., the senior undergraduates, and even several staff-members; all show the characteristics of hunters — hardy, nimble-footed, sharp-witted, and always hungry. Tribal raids made upon Madurai, Ennore, Adyar jungle, and the Sathanur Dam, produced bones, worms, crabs, and jellyfish which were proudly displayed as trophies at a science exhibition on February 13—14.

The pastoral group were devoted to peaceful occupations and various cultures: the Hindi cultivators discussing "Trends in modern Hindi poetry" with Prof. Dr. Ganesan on January 10th, and the economics association ploughing through "Taxation and the Third Five-Year Plan" on the 15th January with Professor Anantharamaseshan, while food for thought was marketed by Prof. T. K. Thomas who gave the valedictory address on February 9th.

The athletic group were notable for their sturdy physique and resilient temperament, which kept them robust and cheerful in spite of having lost practically everything. Their tireless perseverance was finally rewarded by a victory over the staff on sports day February 22nd, and a leading position in the picnic-tea race.

Concluding (much to everyone's relief) his exhaustive (and exhausting) report, Dr. Whattabohr points out that the main obstacle to his boring excavations was the immense quantity of large tree-trunks covering the site. It appears that the collegium definitely turned to an agrarian policy and adopted a 3,000-year plan for forestry,

the foundation-tree being laid by the seniors on March 15th, 1962. It is believed that after the first 2,000 generations of seniors, the forest became so dense that there was question of knocking down the college to make room for the trees.

The solution to this problem will be eagerly sought by readers of the "Moonshine Magazine" in Doctor Whattabohr's next fascinating series . . . .

A REVIEW BY LUNA E. CLIPPS

ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENTS

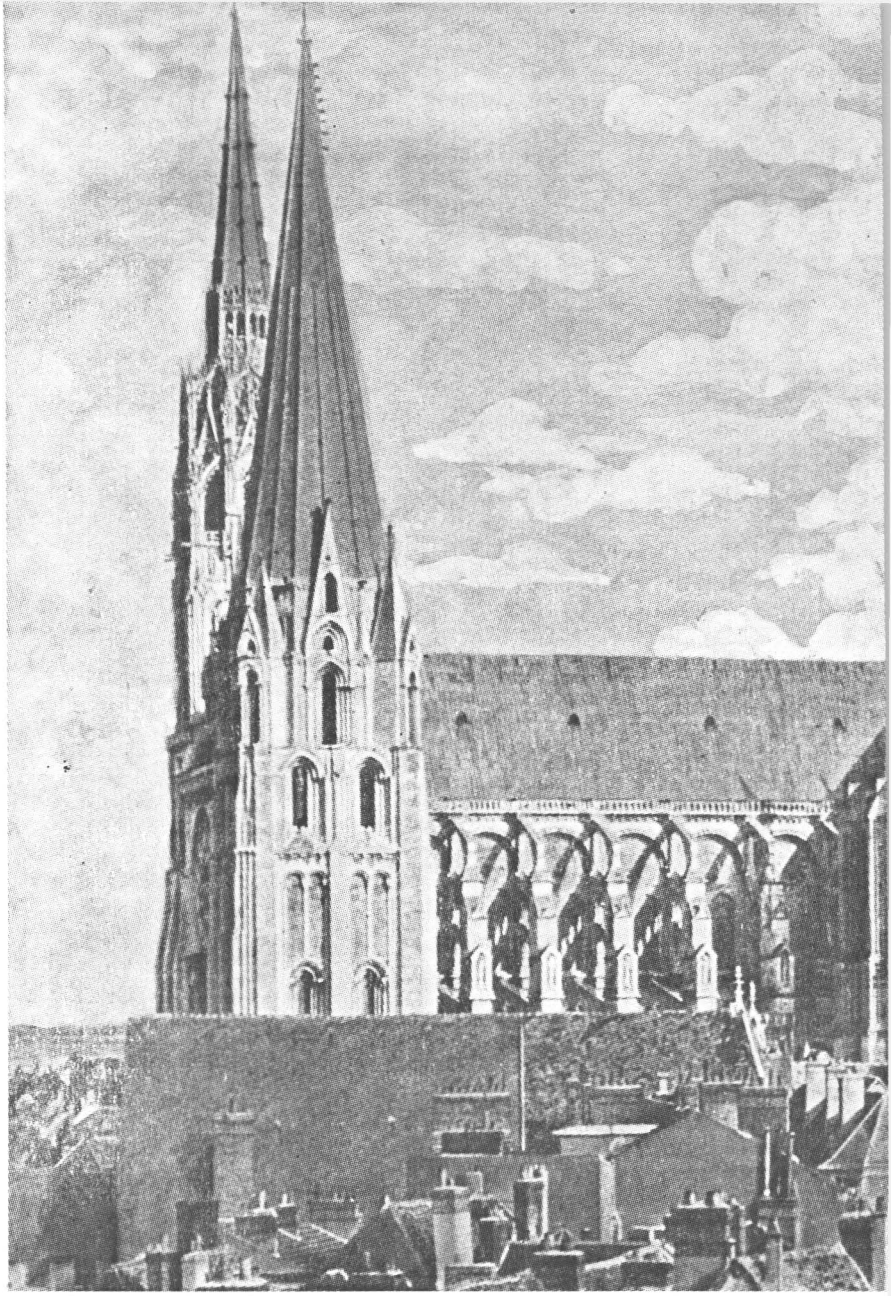
We learn

by thinking . . .

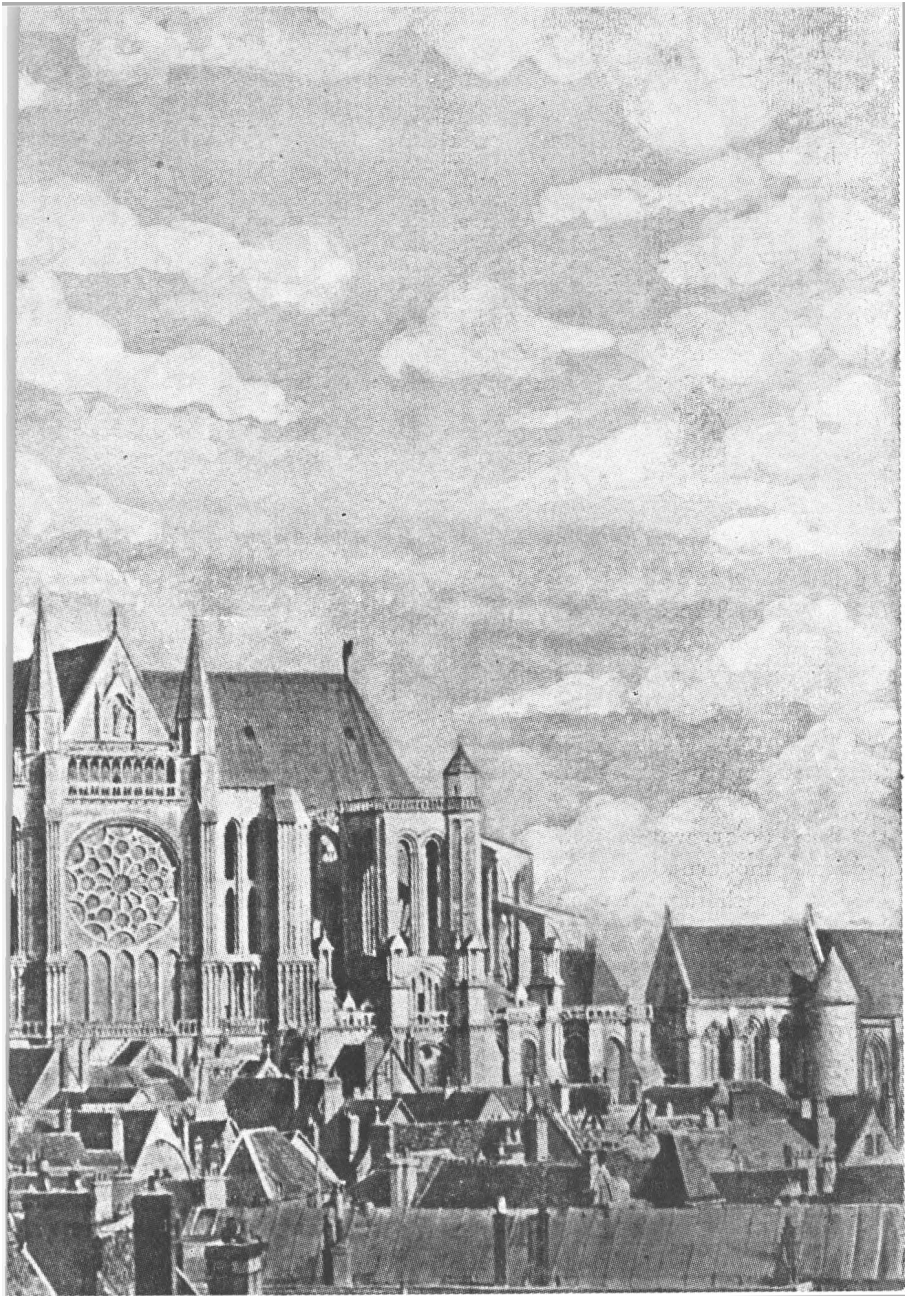
GOTHIC — A GREAT ART OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE

Who has not gazed with awed admiration at a picture of a Gothic Cathedral soaring heavenward high above the ant-like men and women bustling by in the street below? Or who has not marvelled at the delicate tracery of its sculptural façades, its windows, and especially its high vaulting? If a picture can be so impressive, what must be the reality? Art critics give it an easy rank among the greatest achievements of world art, unsurpassed, and with few equals. All art is the expression of the ideals of an individual or a culture, an attitude to life and its meaning, but architecture, which must be not only imitative like painting and sculpture, but truly creative in the sense that there is little in nature to be imitated here if it is to deserve the name of art, is most expressive of man's real genius and aspiration. For this reason, perhaps, art periods are named after the architectural achievements; and the more a building frees itself from the limitations of its material, the greater is it considered to be. One noteworthy feature of all great architecture is its upward tendency, its desire to rise above the earth as far as possible. Even the earth-loving Greeks, with their predominantly horizontal lines, still preferred to raise their most beautiful buildings on some high natural elevation, like the Acropolis in Athens. Unlike the crystalline growth of most of the ancient arts, or the dry bones of the modern utilitarian skeletons that have not been clothed with the rhythmic lines of living beauty, Gothic has more affinity with life; it is man's closest approach so far to the combination of utility and beauty, charm and simplicity, and unity in diversity, which are characteristic of animate nature. Prior to our steel and concrete structures, great buildings were made of stone or marble, for which two main systems were used. The post and lintel system, resembling a crystalline structure with its straight lines at different angles, was preferred by the Greeks who found it suitable for their purposes, and who worked on its perfection instead of experimenting with the curved lines of the articulated arch system, which had more affinity with living things, and was preferred by the Romans for its greater strength and roominess for their grand public works. But Gothic is the perfection of this system, which evolved first into the Romanesque, with its groined vaults and clustered pillars, until in Gothic it broke through the circle of the "perfect round" of the arch, and developed a skeletal system of "broken arcs", so poised and balanced against each other, that unlike the heavy, cumbersome exoskeleton of the rounded arch, the Gothic pointed arch with its supporting limb-like flying butteresses and its ribbed vaults, was more akin to the sinewed endoskeleton which allows much greater flexibility and proportions. This dynamic, co-ordinated art, with its balanced harmony and unity in diversity sprang from the genius of an equally lively people whose various talents were united to express their desire for unity, and their joy at finding a realization of it in their Faith. For, with the collapse of the Roman Empire and the feudal anarchy that

Chartres
Cathedral



followed for many centuries, men longed for unity and peace, and it was only in religion that they found it. With the beginning of the second millenium A. D., when the tide of barbaric invasions finally subsided, men could settle down to more peaceful pursuits, establishing wide-spread commerce by means of the merchant unions, building towns, establishing various crafts and trades that formed unions of their own known as guilds; and with this growth in prosperity, they were able to turn to the pursuit of the sciences, building universities in many towns, and expressing their highest ideals in the arts by raising in every town and parish the most glorious



monuments to the glory of God. This period that saw the growth of democracy in the formation of the commercial, craft and liberal arts guilds — for the university system was modelled on the guilds—, and the development of the parliamentary system, was no less democratic in the expression of art. For these artists who combined utility and beauty, simplicity and refinement of taste, were none other than the ordinary craftsmen of towns and villages, who planned and worked to contribute the best that was in them, freely and humbly, to the praise of God. There was a healthy rivalry too, between them, to do better than their neighbours, for those

workmen, though usually unable to read or write, travelled widely as journeymen, which was the intermediate stage of their training, in order to learn all they could about their respective trades and thus to be able to create a real masterpiece which, if accepted, would raise them to the highest rank. Much of their work was experimental, the first attempt. Art critics say that it would take more than a life-time to study all the thought that went into a single cathedral, which often took many generations to finish, and of which even the most obscure corners, unseen by the human eye, were perfectly finished, "for God sees it". Everyone contributed something, as we see in the history of one of the most famous churches, the Cathedral of Chartres. The rich gave money and labour, the poor and even children gave their strength to transport stones and materials, the guilds besides the individual work of the craftsmen, often contributed stained glass windows where they liked to show themselves at work, for they usually represented their patron saint, who reminded them that even in the lowliest tasks they can find happiness and an eternal reward by doing their duty. The bishops co-ordinated the efforts of all these artist-workers, and directed their inspirations and tastes by the light of truth to the expression of goodness and beauty, leaving their imagination free scope only in less important decorations like the fantastic gargoyles on the water-spouts high up above the street, and in the decorative sculptures where they showed delightful motifs based on an exact and loving study of the plants and animals of the countryside.

The primary purpose of Gothic art was not self-expression nor even the expression of beauty, which is the general modern aim, but the teaching of truth in a way much more moving than mere words whether spoken or written. After all, real beauty comes only from the union of truth and goodness; and only truth is reality, and only the real can be really good; so these three transcendentals can never be divided for they are really only different aspects of the same source. The cathedrals abounded in symbolism, both direct or implied, It was usually placed in the heart of the town, watching over all its activities, and visible from afar, soaring high even above the loftiest buildings, with its graceful steeple pointing ever heavenward. It was also a reminder to "watch and pray", with its appearance of joined hands raised high in prayer, and the weather cock, just beneath the cross, recalling the warning to St. Peter. The pointed arches seemed to say, " 'On the earth the broken arcs,' but in 'the perfect round' of God's plan, the sufferings and imperfections of this life can raise the heart aloft," as the upward flow of the arches seemed a perpetual "sursum corda" drawing the attention upward to the delicate tracery of the ribbed roof, dimly visible in the distant height. This effect was enhanced by the window arches and the upward curling sculpture, and on the outside by the flying buttresses. The cross-shaped ground plan, and the cross on the topmost height of the steeple reminded them of the means of salvation. The chapels lining the side aisles and dedicated to various saints taught the communion of saints, while the hideous forms rushing out from the eaves represented the evil souls who rejected the graces offered by God and thus hurled themselves into despair and unhappiness. Inside the church all was cheerful; the only misery shown was that of the damned. Since the thrust of the heavy stone roof rested on a framework of counterpoised arches and pillars, heavy walls were no longer needed

and thus the skeletal system became a frame, so to say, for huge stained-glass picture-windows, made of pieces of jewel-like glass—unfading, since coloured in the molten state. Held together by strips of lead and mortar tracery, they resembled a bright sunset seen through the bare twigs and branches of trees in winter. And their light played throughout the day in iridescent tints on the stone interior. The round rose-windows above the main doorways had the most beautiful patterns. This abundance of light and colour was especially suitable for northern countries; and in fact, it was in North-Central France, around Paris, that Gothic developed and found its perfection, and whence it spread to other northern countries like England and Germany. It was not so popular in sunny Spain, and in Italy, where it was dubbed Gothic or "barbarian". Despite its diffusion, however, there was strict originality, for no two churches are alike, each showing the special characteristics of its builders. It reached its greatest perfection between the middle of the twelfth to the fourteenth century, after which it degenerated into ornateness. Gothic at its best is simple; all decoration is subordinated to the general purpose and effect. Thus the statues are an organic part of the architectural whole, their lines harmonizing with the vertical lines of the sculptures. In themselves they are realistic in the facial expressions, having a dignity equal to the Greek, and a gracious spiritual expression never attained by the Greeks, as for instance the majestic and beautiful " Beau Dieu " at Amiens. But they would lose much of their charm out of their natural setting, for they were not made to grace museums. The ornament was merely part of the structures as it is in nature, and emphasized the union of man and nature in God. Statues were placed chiefly before the columns, in the niches of piers, along the façade and in the enjambment of the door, where the Last Judgement was often represented, with Christ, the Good Shepherd, seeming to invite the passers-by to join His fold. In Chartres there are about ten thousand figures represented in numerous statues, three rose windows, and a hundred and twenty-six other windows, all teaching according to a logical plan, the chief truths of revelation, together with other earthly knowledge. For the cathedrals were veritable picture-encyclopedias, symphonies in stone and glass, which appealed to the minds and hearts of the people and taught them by visual aids what they did not learn in the schools. And are our modern workers, despite their literacy, more happy than these, who made lasting monuments of the inspiration given them by the Faith in one of the greatest arts, that modern art students can only admire but not excel nor even imitate, for the animating spirit is not there? There were, no doubt, many other great Gothic monuments, but in the cathedrals alone do we find all the chief characteristics of the style: balance and harmony, realism and simplicity, delicacy and strength. This ethereal art, produced by the common people, is on a par with and the counterpart of the contemporary "Summa" by the great philosopher St. Thomas Aquinas, and that great epic the "Divina Comedia" by Dante, the poet. These workmen really made "the stones cry out" and sing the praises of their Creator and Saviour.

A. Angel Mary
I B.A.

THE WAYANG PUPPET SHOWS

Though puppet shows of various kinds are ancient and widespread, yet among the Javanese they have become a part of the very life of the whole people. They call them "wayang-kulit", a combination of "shadow" and "leather", because the figures are generally made of flat pieces of leather. Their origin is not yet clear. The earliest shows represented the exploits of heroic mythical ancestors; but after 1000 A.D., when Indian colonists settled there, carrying their culture with them, the influence of the ancient Indian " chchaya-nataka " or " shadow-play ", and the Malabar " pavai-koothu " or " doll-acting " became evident too. The influence was, of course, only partial, since the Indian culture and religion which these performances mirrored, were foreign to the Javanese. They changed the names and stories to fit into their own environment, and to suit their ideas; nor did they give up their own ancient myths. Out of this there grew a new hybrid, the original elements of which are now hardly distinguishable.

Every wayang show is enlivened by the blunt humour of Semar and his " panakavans ", meaning " scholars or pupils ". Semar always plays the part of the hero's valet and advisor, often showing a greater perceptiveness than his master in a crisis. Though the names of these figures are old Javanese, they differ from the others, for their dress, hair-tufts, humour, and the role of Semar are reminiscent of Sanskrit plays.

Literature having influenced the puppet figures, these in turn had an influence on sculpture. This is seen in Eastern Java, where the bas-reliefs bear a resemblance to the wayang figures of that period, and represent stories from the " Ramayana ".

With the introduction of Islam to Java, the figures became stylised and conventional, since realistic representations of living things were not allowed.

But the shows remained popular, for they were for the Javanese a means of meditation, since the figures were personifications of abstract ideals, usually representing the battle between good and evil, and the final victory of good.

The technique itself is quite simple. Over an upright frame of wood, there is stretched a white, transparent cloth. The performer, or "dalang", activates the figures. The light hanging above him shows the shadows of the puppets against the screen. A musical background is provided by the orchestra, called "gamlan", from their place behind the performer, who gives them their cues by hammering softly on the chest beside him in which the stage properties and puppets are stored. At appropiate times he himself imitates various sounds by tapping the small metal discs attached to the chest. He is a very busy man, indeed, for everything literally depends on him. He makes the puppets act, and speaks their various parts "in character" by

voice modulations, adding descriptions, and indicating directions. All through the long show he must remain beside the screen. He must also adhere strictly to the prescribed text, for improvisations are not allowed. Since up to thirty-seven characters may appear in one play, his task is a very trying one. For this reason the training may require several years.

The puppets have a unique appearance. They are cut out of leather, coated with a white paint over which the other colours are added, with a touch of gold to heighten the effect. Everything about the figures, especially the faces, is very stylised. The colours too are unnatural : the skin being generally black or gold. The ornamentation is elaborate and detailed. A typical feature of these puppets are the wide shoulders and long arms, which are moved at the elbow and shoulder-joints by thin rods. The result is an angular movement, which was later introduced into the dances of Java. The face and legs are always shown in profile, but the body position is slightly frontal. The size varies according to the type of character. Individuality is produced by means of head shapes, expressions on the face, posture of the legs and the colour of the ornaments. There is a strange piece of stage property, called the "gunungan", representing a tree or mountain, which is placed before the screen to show the beginning, intervals, and end of the show, when the red back is turned forward. If it is moved about before the screen, it signifies a journey.

The performances take place during important ceremonies, religious or secular. Generally they begin at nine in the evening, till midnight; the second part lasts till three in the morning; and the final resolution of the plot ends at six.

There are other varieties of wayang shows besides the "kulit". Some of these use wooden puppets with arms of leather ; others are in the round and entirely wooden. In another type they use marionettes.

A rich, cultural history is thus revealed by these puppet shows which continue to attract both the Javanese and foreign tourists.

T. N. C. Rama
III B.A.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST

The light of the setting sun streamed through the open window into the large neat room, lighting up the figure of an old man busily engaged in polishing some object. It was a pleasant and peaceful sight, but a few minutes later the peace was broken, as a chubby eight-year old boy bounded into the room, banging the door loudly behind him. The noise startled the old man, but he smiled on seeing the intruder.

"Good evening, Master Hurricane!" he greeted the young boy, "you are late for supper."

"I know, grandpa," replied the culprit, "but we were having such a jolly time, and..." he broke off, his eyes widening in admiration as they fell upon the object in his grandfather's hands. "But grandpa," he exclaimed, "what a fine lion's head! Where did you buy it?"

"I didn't buy it. I made it," replied the old man in a voice at once proud and offended, and he chuckled heartily at the incredulous expression which crossed his grandson's face.

"But when did you make it?" demanded the boy, "Who taught you...?"

"One question at a time, Tommy," interrupted the old man, holding up his hands protestingly. "Wash your hands and sit down to supper and I'll tell you all about it."

Young Tommy was ready in record time, eager to hear what promised to be a very interesting story. All grandpa's stories were worth hearing, but those about himself were best of all.

"Well, when I was about your age I was apprenticed to a master craftsman who used to make articles of bronze, iron, and other metals," began grandpa; and his face grew dreamy as his mind went back to his youthful days. "I lived in the man's house as an apprentice for several years, learning how to make metal articles the way he did. There were nine other apprentices, also living under the same roof. We had to work very hard in order to learn all we could about metal-work during our stay. However, we were all treated as members of the master's family. We learnt a lot by helping the more experienced workers, and I remember how delighted we were when we had finished an article."

"But what kind of articles did you make, grandpa?" queried the little boy.

"Oh, we made knockers, plates, figures of birds and animals, flower vases, and so many other things," answered the old man. "This lion's head is a door-

knocker. I made it as my masterpiece. That is why it is one of my most treasured possessions "

"What is a masterpiece ?" asked the boy with interest.

"I am coming to that, my boy," was all the answer he received. "We boys were treated as members of the family. We were fed and clothed by the master and taken to church with the family on Sunday. Sometimes, when we had behaved very well, we were given a little pocket-money to spend as we wished."

"What did you spend it on, grandpa ?" asked Tommy eagerly; but the old man was lost in thought and paid no heed to the question.

"There was poor old George," he went on, "he never got any money. Such an adept at practical jokes he was, he was always getting into trouble."

By this time supper was over and grandpa moved over to his rocking-chair, while Tommy pulled up a low stool and sat at his feet. "I lived in the master's house until I was almost twenty, and by that time he had taught me all that he knew of his trade. He even told me that he had great hopes for me and that he looked forward to the day when I should become a full member of the guild."

"But what is a guild, grandpa ?" interrupted the boy.

"Upon my word ! I've forgotten to mention the most important thing of all," exclaimed the old man. "In my youth, Tommy, trades were all controlled and managed by organizations called guilds. People of the same occupation and interests joined together into groups to form guilds. Only master craftsmen were admitted as full members, and to become a master, one had to pass through a number of stages. The first was that of apprentice, whose life I've already described to you. Then one became a journeyman."

"Did you become one also" ? asked Tommy.

"Yes, my boy, I did," answered the old man with pride. "About the age of twenty I left my master's house and became a journeyman, travelling from one town to another to learn more and more about my particular trade. First I learnt how to model figures in clay and then to cast them in metal. I also learnt how to make other articles which we had not been taught in my master's house."

"But grandpa, you said you were not paid anything as an apprentice, how then did you have enough money to live while you were travelling ?"

The old man smiled indulgently into his grandchild's eyes. "I made articles like toys and ornaments and sold them," he replied. "Besides, the metal workers'

guild to which I belonged (although not yet as a full member) helped me a good deal. You see Tommy," he went on, "in those days the guild was a real benevolent society and so it protected its members on their journeys. If they were thrown into prison in a strange land, the guild paid the necessary ransom to free them. If a member died, the guild took care of his family. Where necessary the guild provided even the marriage dowry for the members' daughters.

"Were you ever thrown into prison?" asked Tommy excitedly.

"I am sorry to disappoint you; but no, I was not," replied grandpa. "Well, to go on, I travelled from country to couutry for five years or thereabouts, visiting such important centres as Paris, Nuremberg, and Venice, until I finally thought I was ready to set up business for myself. You see, Tommy, after completing his experience, every journeyman had to make use of all the knowledge he had acquired, and put forward his best efforts in producing a masterpiece, which would earn for him admission into the guild as a master craftsman. For example, I specialized in metal articles and so I concentrated on making, as my masterpiece, a really beautiful bronze knocker. It took me a long time to fashion this lion's head, taking care it was not too large and clumsy, trying to make the mane sufficiently wavy and realistic, and the expression fierce and yet majestic at the same time."

"What happened after you had finished your masterpiece, grandpa?" asked Tommy.

"It was submitted to a board of masters of several guilds who, having carefully examined it, finally declared themselves satisfied, after which I was admitted as a full member of the metal workers' guild, and received the title of master craftsman. Now I was allowed to train my own apprentices and journeymen."

"Did you have any rules to follow in the guild?" asked Tommy.

"Oh yes," came the reply, "you see the guilds were formed for the purpose of mutual protection and the maintenance of high standards of workmanship, so strict equality was insisted upon. Competition was completely absent. No work was permitted after sunset because, the light being dim, it was deemed such work would be inferior. For the same reason work by candlelight was also forbidden; whilst the wives and children of the masters could be employed only if they were above a specified age. All advertisement was prohibited. This was carried to such an extreme in some places, that there was a law forbidding a salesman to attract attention to his wares by blowing his nose!"

"How funny!" laughed Tommy, greatly amused at such a quaint law.

Grandpa's enthusiasm was now aroused, and he went on to enlarge upon all that the guilds had stood for in his time, but Tommy's eyes were closing. After a

while the old man happened to glance down to find the little boy fast asleep, with the lion's head clasped tightly in his hands. With a tender smile he lifted up his grandson and carried him gently to bed. He then cleared away the supper dishes and prepared to retire for the night.

Grandpa belonged to the "good old days" when the medieval guilds united workers and employers together in a spirit of brotherhood; when masters were worthy of their titles, conscientiously fulfilling their responsibilities towards the workers; when the dignity of man and labour were appreciated and respected. We have travelled far along the road of progress since the days of the ancient guilds, but not equally far, alas, along the road of happiness. Too often we meet with hostility between workers and employers. In comparison with the guilds, how narrow are the ideals of so many of our trade unions. Strikes and protests seem to comprise their entire programme. Gone is the love of honest labour and pride in the masterpiece, since modern inventions have reduced our apprentices and journeymen into so many disinterested hired workers. But have we not at least the wisdom to learn something from the past, — to reintroduce into our modern milieu something of that spirit of co-operation and brotherhood, of the principles of justice and charity, of service rather than profit, of that virility and enthusiasm which worked so well in the days of the medieval guilds ?

NIRMALA KRISHNAMURTHI
II B.A.

சமூக வாழ்விற்குத் தியாகம் தேவை!

இறைவனால் படைக்கப்பட்ட இம்மாபெரும் உலகத்திலுள்ள பொருள்களில் மிகவும் உயர்ந்ததாகக் கருதப்படுவது மானிட சமுதாயமே. இம்மானிடர் தமக்குள் ஒற்றுமையாக இருந்து தம் நலனுக்காக மட்டும் வாழாது எல்லோருடனும் ஒத்துழைத்துக் கூட்டுறவு வாழ்க்கை நடாத்த வேண்டும். அதுவே சமூகமாம். இச்சமூகமெனும் கூட்டுறவு செம்மையாகச் சிறந்தோங்கி வளரத் தனி மனிதனின் அழியாத ஊக்கமும் உழைப்பும் இன்றியமையாதது. அதிலுள்ள மாசுமறுவெனும் களைகளை நீக்கி இவ்வுலகெனும் நனசெய் மாநிலத்தே சமூகப்பயிர் செழித்துத் தழைத்தோங்கத் தனிமனிதன் தியாகத் திருநீரிறைத்துப் பேணுதல் தேவை. நீரின்றிப் பயிர்வாடல் எத்துணையுறுதியோ, அத்துணையுறுதி தியாகமின்றி சமூகம் வாழாது என்பதும். அஃதாவது சமூகவாழ்விற்குத் தியாகம் இன்றியமையாதது என்பது உள்ளங்கை நெல்லிக்கனியாம்.

இம்மாபெரும் சமூகத்திலே தியாகத்தின் இலக்கணத்தையுணராமல் வீண் தற்பெருமையையும் புகழையும் விரும்பித்தன் செல்வத்தையெல்லாம் வாரியிறைக்கின்றனர் சில புல்லர்கள். தியாகப் போர்வையிலே தன்னலப்பேயை மறைக்க முயலுகின்றனர் அச்செல்வந்தர்கள். ஆனால் தியாகம் என்பது செல்வத்தை வாரியிறைத்து ஆடம்பர ஆரவாரம் செய்வதன் மாட்டு அடங்கியில்லை. பொதுநலத்திற்காக, சமூகத்தின் சீரிய வாழ்விற்காகத் தன்னலத்தைத் தியாகம் செய்து, அந்நலத்தை சமூகத்திற்கு அர்ப்பணிக்கும் திருப்பணியே தியாகமாம். அத்தன்னலத் தளத்தினின்றும் பேரின்பத்திற்குரிய பொதுநலத் தளத்திற்குச் செல்ல குறுக்கு வழிகள் ஏதுமில. மகம்மாறு கருதாது உதவுதலும் தன்னல அவாவினையும் அதனால் துய்க்கும் பயனையும் ஒருங்கே விடுத்தலுமே அப்பாலத்தைக் கடக்க மானிடர்க்கு அருள் செய்யும் ஊர்திகளாம். இத்தன்னலமறுப்பு அன்பிற்கும், "யாதும் ஊரே யாவரும் கேளிர்" எனும் பரந்த மனப்பான்மைக்கும், அதன் பயனை ஒத்துணர்விற்கும் அடிகோலுகிறது. இவ்வன்பின் அடிப்படையின்மேல் பொதுநலச் சார்பான பிறபண்புகளெனும் கற்களையடுக்கிச் சமூகநல வாழ்விற்கான தியாக மாளிகையை உருவாக்கலாம். எவரெவர் எவ்வெவ்வழியில் தியாகம் செயினும் அஃது அன்பின் அடிப்படையைக் கொண்டு நிகழ்தல் வேண்டும். அஃதின்றேல் அத்தியாகம் தியாகமாகாது; புல்லிய ஆரவார நீர்மையேயாம்.

இம்மாபெரும் சமூகத்தில் உள்ள மக்கள் பல திறப்பட்டவர். அவரவர்கள் தங்களால் இயன்ற முறையில் தங்கள் மனவண்ணப்படித் தியாகம் செய்வர். அன்புடன் மனமுவந்து மிகு பொருளீந்து சமூகத்தையும் அதன் நலத்தையும் புரப்பவர் சிலர். [இஃது செல்வந்தர்க் குரியது]. தங்கள் வாழ்நாளனைத்தும் பொது நலத்திற்காக அர்ப்பணிக்கக் கருதி அதனைத் தியாகத் தீயிலிட்டுப் பொசுக்கித்தன் புகழொளியைப் பரப்புவர் சிலர். [இஃது சமூக நல வாணரின் செயலாம்]. சாதி மத இன வேறுபாடின்றி யாவர் மாட்டும் ஒத்துணர்வுடன் இன்முக மலர்ந்து தண்மொழி பேசி அன்பு மருத்துவத்தால் மன நோய் தீர்ப்பார் சிலர். [இஃது ஒரு திறத்தினற்கேயன்றி யாவர்க்கும் பொருந்தவல்லதாம்.] வான் புகழ் கொண்ட வள்ளுவரின் வாய்ச் சொலான 'ஒப்புரவு' எனும் ஓர் ஒப்பற்ற பண்புடைப் பெருஞ்சொல் தன்னலமற்ற சமுதாயத் தொண்டினையே குறிக்கும்.

ஊருணிநீர் நிறைந்தற்றே உலகவாம்
பேரறிவாளன் திரு.
பயன்மரம் உள்ளூர் பழுத்தற்றுல் செல்வம்
நயனுடையான் கண் படின்.

இங்ஙனம் திருவள்ளுவரும் நீர்நிறைந்த ஊருணியாகவும், பழுத்த பயன்மரமாகவும், செல்வத்தை பயன்படுத்துதல் ஒப்புரவு என்றார்.

சமூக நலனிற்காகத் தன்நலனைத் தியாகம் செய்த தியாகச் சீலர்கள் நிறைந்துள்ளது நம் தமிழ்நாடு. தியாகச் சீலர்களை எண்ணுங்காலத்து நம் தாய் நாட்டின் தந்தையான காந்தி மகாத்மாவைப்பற்றி எண்ணுமல் இருக்கவும் இயலுமோ ! மேலை நாடு சென்று வக்கீல் துறையில் தேர்ந்து தாய் நாடு திரும்பிய அவர், அத்தொழிலாற்றிப் பெரும் பொருள் குவித்துச் சீருடன் வாழ்த்திருக்கலாமன்றே ! ஆனால் அதற்கு மாறாக அத்தியாகத் திருமகனார் தன்னைப் போற்றி வளர்த்து ஆளாக்கிய தாய்த்திரு நாட்டிற்கும் இந்திய மக்களுத்கும் நன்றிக் கடன் ஆற்ற தன் நலனைத் தியாகம் செய்தார். நம் இந்தியா சுதந்திரமடைந்தது அப்பெருந்தகையாளரின் அரும்பெரும் தியாகச் செயலாலன்றே ! திருவள்ளுவரும் இதனையே,

பெருமையுடையவர் ஆற்றுவார் ஆற்றின்
அருமை யுடைய செயல்

என்று கூறியுள்ளார். அவர் அந்நிய ஆதிக்கத்திலிருந்து இந்தியாவைச் சுதந்தரம் அடையச் செய்ய முயன்றபோது பன்முறை சிறை சென்றது யாவரும் அறிந்ததே. ஆனால் அவ்வாறு பன்முறை சிறை சென்றும், உளமுடையவில்லை. உறுதி குன்றவில்லை. ஏன் தாய் நாட்டின் மீதும், தாய் நாட்டு மக்களின் மீதும் அவர் கொண்டிருந்த கனிந்த அன்பு, அவர் உழைப்பிற்கு உரமிட்டது ; உறுதி கொடுத்தது ; வழி காட்டியது ; நம்மை வாழ வைத்தது, மேலும் மேலும் தீவிரமாக முயன்று இந்தியாவின் சுதந்திரத்தைப் பெற்றார். தாய் நாட்டிற்கு நன்றிக் கடன் ஆற்றியதுடன் நின்றுவிடவில்லை அவர். அத்தாய் நாட்டில் வாழ்ந்த மக்கள் சமூகத் திற்கும் உதவினர். அவர்களை ஒற்றுமைப்படுத்தினர் ; துயர்துடைத்தார். சமுதாயத்தில் வாடி மெலிந்திருந்த மக்களை வளப்படுத்த அனுதை விடுதிகள் கட்டி சிறுவர் முதல் முதியோர் வரை பேணிப் புரந்தார். குழந்தைகளைச் சீராட்டி பாலூட்டி வளர்க்கும் தாயைப் போலப் பாது காத்தாரெனின் அவர் அன்பின் திறத்தை எங்ஙனம் உரைப்பது ! தன் உடல், பொருள், ஆவியனைத்தும் இந்நாட்டின் நலனுக்காக சமூக வாழ்விற்காகத் தியாகம் செய்த அம்மகாத்து மாவை வார்த்தைகளால் புகழவும் இயலுமோ ! அத்தியாகத் திருவிளக்கின் இன்றும் என்றும் மறையாது நிலவும் புகழொளியே அதற்குகந்த சான்றாகும்.

தியாகத் தொண்டாற்றிய மற்றொருவர் நம் பிரதமர் திரு. ஜவஹர்லால் நேரு அவர்கள். அவரும் தன் குலத்தொழில் பொருள் முதலியனவற்றை விடுத்து, நாட்டு நலனில் அக்கறை கொண்டு அதனைச் சீர்திருத்த முயல்கின்றார். தம் நலனையெலாம் தியாகம் செய்த அப்பெரியாரின் சீரிய முயற்சியினால்தான் சுதந்திரத்திற்குப்பின் நம்நாடு முன்னணியில் திகழும் உலக நாடுகளில் ஒன்றுகப் பெருமையுடன் தலை நிமிர்ந்து நிற்க இயலுகிறது. இன்றும் இத்தியாகத் திருமகனர் தம் நலனைப் பாராது இரவும் பகலுமாக நம் நாட்டின் நலனுக்காகப் பாடுபடுகிறார் எனின் அவர் தியாகத்தையும், நாட்டுப் பற்றையும் எங்ஙனமுரைப்பது!

மேலும் நம் நாட்டில் தோன்றி மறைந்த புலவர் பெருமக்கள் பல்லோர் அவர்கள் தங்கள் காலத்தையெலாம் இச்சமூகம் நல்வாழ்வாற்ற உதவும் நூல் பல இயற்றுவதில் செலவிட்டனர். இவர்களுள் திருவள்ளுவரே முதன்மையானவரும், பாராட்டிற்குரியவருமாவார். அவர் இயற்றிய குறள் இன்றும் என்றும் மக்கள் யாவரும் கைக்கொண்டொழுகும் வண்ணம் அமைந்துள்ளது. புதுமைப் புலவர் பாரதியாரும் அப்புலவர் குழுவில் ஒருவரே. அவரும் தம் கவிதைகளாலும் கட்டுரைகளாலும் மக்கள் சீரிய வாழ்வாற்ற உதவியுள்ளார். ஆண் மக்களேயன்றிப் பெண்டிரும் தியாகமாற்றியுள்ளனர். கீழூரி அம்மையார் தன் வாழ்நாளனைத்தும் விஞ்ஞானப் பணியிலீடுபட்டுத் தன் பொருளெலாம் பயன்படுத்தி மிக விலையுயர்ந்த 'ரேடியம்' எனும் அரு மருந்தைக் கண்டு பிடித்தார். அவ்வம்மையாரின் தன்னலமற்ற தியாகத்தாலன்றோ அவ்விந்தையான உலோகத்தை நாம் அறிய முடிந்தது! இங்ஙனம் எத்துணை எத்துணையோ வல்லுநர்கள் தங்கள் தியாகத்தால் இச்சமூகத்தை வாழவைக்கிறார்கள். இத்துணையிருந்தும் நம் சமூகமோ இன்னும் வளரும் சிறு பாலகனுகவேயுள்ளது. என் செய! நாம் அதனை மென்மேலும் ஊக்கி வளர்க்கத்தான் வேண்டும். எக்காலத்தும் அதனைப் பேணி வளர்க்கும் முயற்சி தளர்தல் கூடாது.

சமூகத்திற்குச் சேவை புரியும் புனிதத் தொண்டை வளர்க்க முயலுகின்றன. பல பொது நிலையங்கள் சமூகத் தொண்டாற்றும் கழகங்கள் சமூகத்தில் நலிவுற்றவர்க்கும், ஆதரவற்றவர்க்கும், வறுமை நோயால் பீடிக்கப்பட்டவர்க்கும் ஆதரவு நல்கிப் பேணி வருகின்றன. இத்துணையளவு உதவியளிக்க அக்கழக உறுப்பினர் எங்ஙனம் ஆற்றலும் திறமையும் பெற்றனர் எனும் வினு வெழலாமல்லவா? அதற்கு மூல காரணம் அவர்கள் உள்ளத்தே ஊற்றெடுக்கும் அன்பு பெரு வெள்ளமும் ஒத்துணர்வுமேயாம். இவ்வன்பு வெள்ளம் அவர்கள் அகத்திலே தியாக மலரை மலரச் செய்கிறது. அம்மலரின் நறுமணமே சமூகச் சேவையாகிப் பூவுலகில் மணம் பரப்புகிறது. அத்தியாகத் திருமலரிலேயேல் நறுமணப் பணியுமிலையாம்.

கல்லூரி மாணவிகளான நாம், நம் கல்லூரியில் உள்ள சமூகத்தொண்டாற்றும் கழகத்தில் அங்கம் வகித்து நம்மால் இயன்றளவு தியாகம் செய்து சமூகத்தை வாழவைத்து நாமும் பீடுடன் வாழலாமல்லவா! அதனை நம் கடமையாகக் கொள்வதிலும் தவறிலையென எண்ணும் என் எண்ணம் விழலுக்கிறைத்த நீராமோ! நாம இச்சமூகமெனும் மாபெரும் தருவின் ஏதோ ஒரு மூலையிலிருக்கும் இலையை யொக்கினும் அதற்கு உதவியலாது என மலைத்தல் ஆகுமோ! நாமும் நம்முடைய சின்னஞ்சிறிய தியாகங்களின் மூலம் தொண்டாற்றியலும் என்பதை நினைவில் கொளல் வேண்டும். தம் ஆற்றலுக்குகந்தளவு நிதிமிகுந்தவர் பொற்குவியல் தரலாம். குறைந்தவர் காசுகள் வழங்கலாம். அதுவுமிலையேல் நமக்குக் கிடைக்கும் சிறுநேரத்தில் வறுமைக்கடலில் வீழ்ந்து ஏமம் சாரா இடும்பையெய்தும் மக்களினத்தின் துயர்துடைக்கும் பணியிலீடுபடலாம். சமூகத்தில் தாழ்ச்சியுற்றோர் இல்லத்திற்குச்சென்று அவர்கள் உயர்ச்சி காணும் முறைகளைப் போதிக்கலாம். எதிர்கால மன்னர்களான, ஆனல் தற்போது நலிவுற்று, மெலிந்து நம் பரிதாபத்திற்குரிய அவ்வேழைக்குழவிகளைத் தாயாய்ப் பரிவு காட்டலாம். ஆசானுய் அறிவு புகட்டலாம். அன்ன சத்திரம் ஆயிரம் கட்டலினும் ஆங்கோர் ஏழைக்கு எழுத்தறிவித்தல்

சாலச்சிறந்ததன்ரே! இவற்றையெலாம் ஆற்ற ஆற்றல் அளிப்பது சமுதாயத்தின்மீது நாம் கொண்டிருக்கும் அன்பேயாகும். இங்ஙனம் நாம் பெறும் சிறு பொருள்களையும், காலத்தையும் தியாகம் செய்வதில் எவ்வித ஊறுபாடும் ஏற்படாது என்பது திண்ணம்.

இவைகளினின்று, மலருக்கு மணம்போல், கண்ணிற்கு ஒளிபோல், உடற்கு உயிர்போல் சமூக சேவைக்குத் தியாகம் இன்றியமையாதது என்பது விளங்குகிறதன்ரே! தியாகம் எனும் தெய்வீகத்தன்மை வாய்ந்த செஞ்சொல்லும் அதன் உயர்கருத்தும் அதனைச் செயலாற்றும் திருவுளம் படைத்த மானிடருமிலையெனின் இச்சமூகமே, ஏன், இவ்வுலகமே நீடித்து நிலைபெற்று இன்பமாக வாழமுடியாது என்பது தெளிவன்ரே!

"ஒப்புரவினால் வரும் கேடெனின் அஃதொருவன்
விற்றுக் கோள்தக்கது உடைத்து"

எனும் பொய்யாமொழியாம் திருவிளக்குக் காட்டும் ஒளிப்பாதையில் சென்று அக இருளையும், சமுதாயத்தின் துன்ப இருளையும் நீக்க முயல்வது மாந்தர்தம் கடமையாம்.

"உண்டால் அம்மஇவ் வுலகம்; இந்திரர்
அமிழ்தம் இயைவதாயினும் இனிதெனத்
தமியர் உண்டலும் இலரே முனிவிலர்
துஞ்சலும் இலர்பிறர் அஞ்சுவது அஞ்சிப்
புகழெனின் உயிரும் கொடுக்குவர் பழியெனின்
உலகுடன் பெறினும்கொள்ளலர் அயர்விலர்
அன்னமாட்சியினையராகித்
தமக்கென முயலா நோன்தாள்
பிறர்க்கென முயலுநர் உண்மையானே"

என்ற பாண்டிய அரசன் வழுதியின் வாக்கு ஒப்புரவை வலியுறுத்துகிறதன்ரே!

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CAREERS THAT COUNT

" In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread. " Down the centuries how faithfully we have seen these prophetic words fulfilled. From the dawn of Creation it has been decreed that man, by his labour, should wrest from the hard earth a livelihood. With the progress of civilisation, man, with his inventive brain, has devised a multitude of careers by which he fulfils this universal law of labour. Viewed superficially, each man, in following his career, pursues his own immediate benefit. But in reality this is not the case. On the contrary, each career can and should contribute to the general weal. Regarded in this light, a career is our personal opportunity of serving our fellow men according to the talents we possess.

So numerous and varied are the careers which lie open before modern youth, that a wise choice between them presents quite a difficult problem. There are careers which increase the wealth of the nation, careers that call for valour while bestowing fame, careers that reflect and enrich the national culture, careers that bring relief to the sufferer, careers which seek to raise man out of the mist of materialism into the bright sunlight of truth. Of all these careers, which is the noblest, which the most useful? Impossible to reply offhand to such a question. Every career possesses its own intrinsic worth, which careful consideration alone will discover.

Our modern age is, as it were, magnetically attracted towards the adventurous, dynamic careers of the engineer and architect, — harnessing mighty rivers to produce life-giving energy to bring food to the starving millions, planning and constructing giant factories, whose techniques and output leave us spell-bound. But the humbler architect and engineer are often forgotten. How many citizens of today, as they flash through our modern cities in their stream-lined cars, pause to think of the years of labour required to transform the primitive huts of the aborigines into our modern spacious buildings, or to convert dense impenetrable forests into broad smooth roads? The true architect also serves mankind in yet another way, for his aim is not only utility but enjoyment too. Thus into each of his creations he endeavours to introduce an element of beauty so that he may satisfy not only man's practical needs, but his aesthetic sense also.

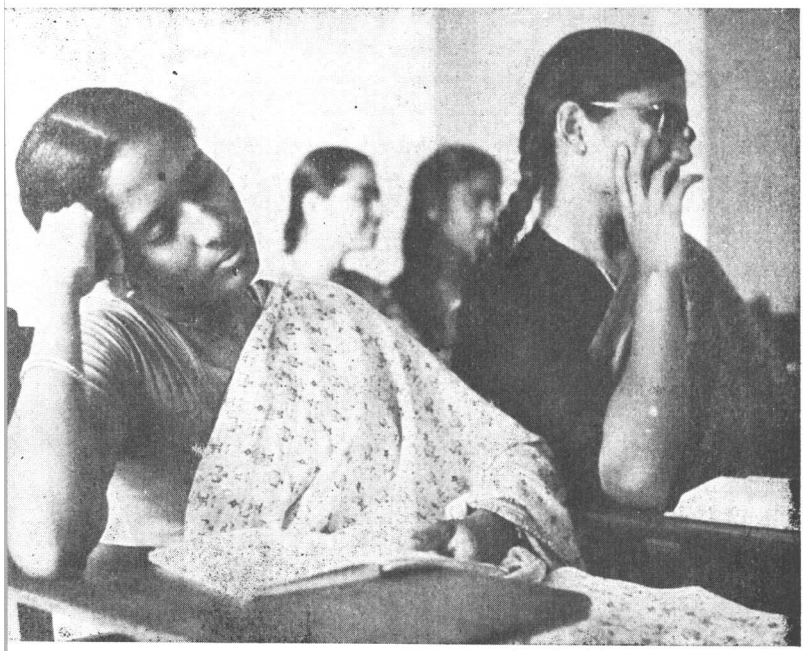
Scientists and research workers are the object of much bitter criticism today because of their invention of terrifying nuclear weapons. Yet, how few of us realize that this condemnation belongs not so much to the scientist, as to the politician in whose hands lies the use or abuse of these inventions. Dynamite is commonly regarded as a destructive force, capable of obliterating centuries of civilization. But do we ever thank the scientist for its constuctive uses? Take our own country. The Bhakra Mangal Project, so often referred to as "the spirit of India", would never have been able to extend its waters and save millions of our people from starvation, had there been no dynamite. How many human ailments, previously believed to be incurable, are being successfully treated thanks to the discoveries of science? Can we then condemn the scientist? Do we not rather owe to him a great debt of gratitude?

As for the medical profession, its nobility is obvious to all. For what greater sacrifice can a man make than to devote his life and energy to the relief of his suffering brethren? This calls for years of patient and arduous preparation on the part of the doctor, to be followed by a career of complete dedication in which even his leisure hours no longer belong to himself. To assist the doctor, the nurse is required—which brings us to another admirable career of self-sacrifice. Unfortunately, in our country, the nurse is held in little esteem by the general public, who have not learnt to appreciate her life of charity and selfless devotion. Yet is not her career one most suited to woman, whom God has endowed with special gifts of gentleness, sympathy, and affection? What then could be more natural than that she should be prompted to share these gifts with the poor sufferer? History itself supports this. Nursing became popular in modern times because that heroic "Lady of the Lamp" could no longer endure the tales of the misery and suffering of the neglected soldiers in their bleak barrack-house at Scutari. Leaving her homeland, with a few equally noble companions, she sailed for the Crimea, there to fight and win, with the weapon of self-sacrifice, the battle for the lives of the sick and wounded. Could we but cast aside the veil of modern cynicism and false superiority, we should behold in this selfless heroine of charity the embodiment of the nursing profession, a noble career which in the twentieth, as in the nineteenth century still needs its Florence Nightingales.

From the sphere of healing, let us now turn to the art of writing. Writing has a strange, compelling influence upon the mind of the reader, and in these days of increased leisure and education, the written word is fast becoming the guide and teacher of the masses. Hence the career of the writer is not only attractive, offering to the creative genius of the author unlimited scope for self-expression, but is at the same time one of great value and importance. Literary talent is not given to all, nor are all to whom it is given prepared to take the necessary pains to cultivate it and direct it to the service of humanity. The writer, in order to exercise the rare prerogative which is his as moulder of the public mind, must possess noble ideals, honesty of purpose, sympathy, and understanding. It is because these essential qualities are lacking in so many of our irresponsible modern writers, that writing today has reached such a low ebb — a very large percentage of it consisting of mere empty, sensational, if not harmful "trash", which is unfortunately readily accepted and greedily devoured by our youth and thoughtless masses, both so easily influenced and so ready to change their

sense of values. If only we had more writers of integrity, imbued with the genuine desire to ennoble and elevate mankind, how greatly would the value and esteem of this all-important career be enhanced.

When discussing careers, one is apt to overlook the role of the manual labourer. In every country, no matter how high its standard of civilization, there is hard, manual work to be done, without which what are commonly regarded as the more elevated careers could not function. How much devotedness is contained in the life of the man who drives an express train all night long? What patience and dogged perseverance is required of the coal miner in an underground mine? Humble work which meets with little praise, and yet how vital to the nation's well-being! India possesses another invaluable silent worker, the poor but indispensable farmer and craftsman, who constitutes one of the foundation stones upon which our national society rests. The lowly shoemaker at work with his crude tools, or the aged carpet weaver, bent over his simple frame represent, each in his own way, the persistent beat of our nation's pulse.



In India, educational opportunities are still confined to the minority, of whom only a small percentage choose to put their education to practical use by adopting a career. This is a waste of training and talent. The student should be encouraged to study with a view to pursuing a career and, when he has finally made his selection, should apply himself to it with energy and singleness of purpose, bent on giving the best of his service to his fellow men.

Pursued with a right spirit and intention, all careers are noble and honourable; for if nobility of manner increases the dignity of an action, still more does nobility of purpose. Hence let us, the youth of India, about to embark upon life, remember that there is no occupation so commonplace that it may not be ennobled by dignity of purpose, nor any profession in itself so exalted that it cannot be further enriched by a wealth of small, insignificant actions performed with a lofty purpose—the highest of all being that of serving God and our fellow men.

SUDHA SHARMA
II B.Sc.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SERVICE OF THE NATION

Arnold Bennett once wrote: "He who has not been presented to the freedom of literature has not yet wakened up out of sleep. He is merely not yet born. He can't see, he can't hear, he can't feel in any full sense. He can only eat his dinner...." and is no "nearer being alive than a bear in winter". Yet many people are of the opinion that an Indian student of English literature is just wasting her time. They are convinced that to a citizen of one country the study of the language and literature of another can be of no practical use whatever, even if she did manage to succeed in the difficult task of assimilating completely the thoughts and expressions of the other nation.

However, we must understand that this study of English literature is not nearly so narrow a pursuit as the name may seem to imply. Most English literary men found their inspiration in the literature of other times and races; and it is that accumulated wisdom which they pass on to us. For "English literature is a coat of many colours; it is shot with the varying tints of racial characteristics. To its working have gone the prismatic fancy of the Celt, the sombre passion of the Teuton, the golden gaiety of France, Scandinavian greys, Italian purples", and — may we not at least hope to add someday? — the blazing hues of tropical India.

The English language itself is spoken throughout almost the entire civilized world, and is often the accepted medium of international communication. English literature, like the language, is not confined to the English nation alone. It reaches out towards and includes every field of man's activities, every hope and aspiration of civilized society. It is not just an analytic, objective examination of the literary efforts of a particular nation; but to study it is to be absorbed into a world of truth and art, of passions and ideals that are universally acknowledged. The peoples, their ways of life and customs, which crowd the stage of English literature, are drawn from many different lands. We find here a sympathetic and intimate study of mankind as a whole, which deepens our knowledge and appreciation of the one-world ideal that dominates the international scene today. Since people are fundamentally the same everywhere, the accurate portrayal of a Falstaff, a Tony Lumpkin, a Dobbin, or an Elizabeth Bennet, is recognized as realistic and true art by a student of any nationality. Their counterparts are certainly not unknown in India.

Again, it is a fact that a great number of the best-known writers in English have been men of other nationalities. Leacock a Canadian, Disraeli a Jew, Conrad a Pole, Burns, Scott and Boswell — all Scotsmen, are names to be reckoned with; whilst all the greatest dramatists, except for Shakespeare and Galsworthy, have been Irishmen. Who has not heard of T. S. Eliot the modern poet, Eugene

O'Neill the dramatist, and Henry James the novelist? All are American by birth. And from our own land has come Tagore, writing so expressively in English of the beauties of India — when he translated his own Bengali poems.

> And there cometh Evening, o'er lonely
> meadows deserted of the herds, by
> trackless ways, carrying in her
> golden pitcher cool draughts of
> peace from the ocean-calms of the West.

Surely we have here a most persuasive incentive to young Indians to write in English themselves. Today, when nations are coming so much closer to each other than ever before, India needs outstanding men and women capable of revealing her as she really is to the rest of the world. English literature seems the ideal medium. Indian poets, novelists, essayists, and dramatists using the English language can alone dispel the many false ideas of our country still prevalent today amongst other peoples. These range from the fantastic notions of India as a land of wealthy maharajahs, of jewel-decorated elephants and of luxurious opulence, to the other extreme conception of a land completely given over to utter poverty, ignorance, and backwardness. We need a realistic yet artistic portrayal of the real India — its philosophically minded people who struggle bravely to keep apace with the new economic and social development of the nation, their innate sentimentality, essential good-heartedness, amazing variety in beliefs, languages, customs, and above all their casual, take-things-as-they-come attitude that carries them through all the harrowing experiences of day-to-day existence, with an unwavering belief that nothing disturbs the pattern of essential order in life, that all things on earth are guided by an Intelligence far superior to that of men. Yet this picture of modern India will also convey a new materialism gripping the souls of many, and the still continuing and glaring inequalities in the standards of living found amongst our people. The study of English literature — one of the richest in the world — is an ideal school of training for these future interpreters of the real India.

Ideas of patriotism and devotion to one's motherland are favourite themes with many of the great writers of English literature. Scott expresses the exultant joy of a patriot when he exclaims:

> "This is my own, my native land!"

Whilst Shakespeare, with fiery patriotism declares:

> "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!"

And the Indian student realizes that she too has a heart to respond with a thrill of enthusiasm to the centuries-old glories of her own great country. Hence we students are not just passive onlookers at the pageant of English literature — our minds and hearts are involved in this acquaintance with the universal truths revealed there.

All literature has, to a certain extent at least, an ennobling effect on the mind of the reader. In English literature certain aspects of life are particularly emphasized in the process of artistic representation. Nearly all of them can be of special significance to an Indian student, who can learn through her study of them to adopt sane and healthy attitudes towards life. From comedy she learns to perceive and to laugh not only at the oddities and foibles of others, but also at her own. With Synge, she discovers through her study of tragedy "the desolation that is mixed everywhere with the supreme beauty of the world"; and her innate tendency towards self-pity is modified when confronted with the immense, the permanent, the fearful — like the mountaineer lost amidst the grandeur of the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas.

Almost unconsciously the students develop a far more sensitive appreciation of natural beauty. The descriptive lyricism and lovely imagery of the English poets urge us towards a keener awareness of the loveliness of nature all around us.

Lines like Milton's :

> the Moon
> Rising in clouded majesty, at length
> Apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw

intensify the beauty of a familiar scene, by clothing it in vividly expressive language. Even when the description is that of a typically English scene, we can by analogy be led to an appreciation of the beauty of our own country with its graceful palm-trees, slow rivers, and deep green paddy fields below a clear blue tropical sky.

A greater realization of the unique worth and significance of each thing in creation is brought home to us by the modern poet Gerard Hopkins. For he shows us how to find in all details of natural and human beauty " the One ablaze in the many", until the student herself suddenly wakes up to the glorious fact that "the world is charged with the grandeur of God".

In our twentieth century, many writers have already contributed to the searching depth of English literature. A note of clear and sincere self-criticism is to be found in modern poets, like Eliot, teaching us to face the realities of our present-day world, and warning us that mankind can be degraded by crass mechanical materialism into a meaningless society made up of "Hollow Men". Dramatists like Shaw, Barrie, Wilde have given us plays on contemporary life that sparkle with wit and vivacious satire on current affairs. This "realism" often combines the artistic values of former English dramas with a new awareness of the social problems of our day.

For Shaw assures us:

> We want a few mad people now.
> See where the sane ones have landed us; —

that is "mad", in the sense in which Joan of Arc and all the great men and women of all times have been foolish in the eyes of the world. A knowledge of such literature can by no means be an insignificant qualification for one seeking to play her part in the building-up of modern India.

Today our country holds an important position in international affairs, and her opinions and policies influence those of many other Asian lands. She is progressing steadily towards political and economic stability, yet her success depends greatly on the calibre of the rising generation. A well-educated youth today will mean responsible and capable citizens tomorrow. Undoubtedly the study of politics, economics, and the sciences has its necessary and immediate use. But lasting progress must rest on a renewal of the spirit of the nation. As our young people proceed towards a more spiritual outlook, we may assure ourselves of future Indian citizens who will balance their enjoyment of increased material facilities with the conviction of the essential superiority of the supernatural. True spiritual progress is aided by a knowledge of the arts in general, and of the vast field of literature in particular. For Carlyle reminds us that literature is "the thought of thinking souls". The student, after her years of study, finds herself a better, maturer, and wiser person with new ideals and sympathies, for she has learnt to see life steadily and to see it whole, having found in literature "a window on the infinite for man's hungry soul".

TERESA ABRAHAM
I M.A.

THE POSITIVE ASPECT OF JOURNALISM

What is more beneficial to mankind than the propagation of the truth? The truth, so often concealed, twisted, misrepresented, is given to the world by the daily and weekly newspapers. Much has been said about the harm the press can do, the evil it can spread in a world already too full of evil. There is truth in this, but journalism has also its positive aspect. The press is not only a source of information on all topics, but, rightly used, is also a great force for good. My greatest ambition is to become a journalist, for as such I feel I could give something of myself to the public, and try to restore its badly shaken faith in human goodness. If a journalist considers his work as a battle against falsehood, a crusade to support and propagate the truth, his is one of the noblest professions in the world.

Journalism began as early as the fifth century B.C. with hand-written newsletters sent out from Rome to Roman officials in the provinces. Modern journalism dates back to the early seventeenth century, when short bulletins of current affairs, called corantos, began to be issued in several European countries. The first English corantos contained only news from abroad, but soon domestic news came to figure largely in the papers, especially government news. The power of newspapers to spread party propaganda soon became obvious, and many papers were founded with the express purpose of propagating the views of a particular political party, and gaining it more supporters.

Freedom of the press ranks in most people's minds today, alongside with freedom of conscience, as one of the basic rights of man. But it was not always so. There has been rigorous censorship of the press in most countries, and in some, notably in dictatorships, it is still enforced. Nothing that can be interpreted as an attack on the ruling party is permitted to appear in print, whereas the most outrageous assaults on opponents of the party are published. The liberty afforded to the press in free countries can, of course, be abused, and it often is. Wild theories, most harmful to society, sensational stories based on mere rumour, but published as facts, are widely circulated, read and believed by the unthinking masses. Often the truth about the government or individuals is so misrepresented that the newspaper readers are led to form wrong opinions and judge unfairly. Panic sometimes grips a whole people because of a terrifying rumour started by a paper wishing to increase its circulation. The unscrupulous journalist plays on his readers' emotions by using for trivial or even for bad ends, words charged with the power to stir men's feelings.

But to set against and outweigh the evil use of journalism, there is its positive aspect, its power for good. In a free state, apart from informing public opinion, newspapers furnish a useful check upon government, which no constitution has ever been able to provide. When the press is perfectly free to say what it thinks

of government policy and measures, politicians will listen carefully to its opinion, an opinion which is read and shared by millions. A free press is the voice of the people, and it is the duty and privilege of a journalist to make himself the spokesman of the oppressed and the underprivileged, to cry out against injustice, and to draw attention to neglected social problems. How can the attention and sympathy of the well-to-do be more easily drawn towards the less fortunate than through the newspapers? How can the poor and down-trodden themselves be better aroused from apathetic acceptance of their miserable lot to a determination to improve it by all lawful means? How can those who cannot afford books be better introduced to hitherto unexplored regions of knowledge? Here, indeed, we have the positive aspect of journalism, its crusading spirit, its uplifting power. The building-up of an intelligent, informed public, able to see all sides of a question and judge impartially, is the mighty and noble task of the journalist, a task requiring the dedication of all his faculties.

Although the news is the heart of all journalism, the term usually denotes a wider meaning today. Many a man of letters has made his way into the literary world through periodicals which combined news with essays and articles on all subjects — literary, topical, and otherwise. From the eighteenth century when the delightful essays of Addison, Steele and Goldsmith first appeared in magazines, till the present day, journalism has been the nursery and school of great writers.

Criticism of the arts also finds a place in most periodicals and even newspapers of today. Book and art reviews, criticism of new films and plays, series of articles on the arts and modern artists, all these help the general public to widen their knowledge, keep abreast of current trends, and at the same time to appreciate the difficulties which artists have to face in the modern world.

By gathering news and views from all over the world and presenting them briefly and attractively so that even the uneducated can grasp them, the newspapers help to draw closer the bonds of friendship between nations, and understanding between individuals of different countries and cultures. This fostering of the ideal of a world brotherhood, based on true understanding the appreciation of ways of life very different from one's own, is another important effect of journalism.

Journalism is then a positive and powerful force for good in the world today. It is not only useful and desirable, but absolutely necessary that there should be in every country a free press, an army of dedicated journalists, who devote their life and energy to the spread of the truth through the newspapers; journalists who know that God is truth, and that every word they write should be a reflection of that Eternal Truth.

USHA VENKATARAMAN
II B.Sc.

WOMAN
IN MODERN LIFE

O woman, in our hour of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

That was Sir Walter Scott's tribute to woman. But this ministering angel has also a tremendous responsibility. Aided by her great reserves of faith and courage, she can mould the world with her sensitive fingers ; for it is she who sets the standard of morality.

Woman did not always occupy the exalted pedestal which is her place now. There was even a time when she was submitted to a slavery, as degrading as it was contrary to nature. Primitive man had little respect for his weaker companion, and used her as he wished. But the growth of civilization has served to highlight woman's dignity.

As children of God, man and woman have an equal dignity, and they are equal too in their ultimate goal. It is their duty to recognize this truth and to devlop their complementary qualities, and their own particular physical, intellectual, and moral capabilities ; for God desires to bring out in each soul that individual, incomparable beauty He has destined for it alone.

Several noble qualities are concentrated in woman. She is the symbol of selfless love and sacrifice, the fount of wisdom, and the pillar of courage. Her nature is the river-bed of the life-stream, and the dove and the lily are traditionally her emblems. She is a haven of refuge amidst the troubled waters of this world, for although she is supposed to be the weaker sex, her subtle strength has often surpassed that of man.

Blessing she is ; God made her so ;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Drop from her noiseless as the snow.

These qualities equip her for the role of motherhood, for she has been entrusted with the responsibility and privilege of preparing the future of the world. Innocent souls are placed under her guidance ; and to them she always remains a source of undying love and kindness. Their welfare and happiness are hers too ; and the assuring of these often involves sacrifice.

This is the ideal woman of all times, races, and places. Modern circumstances, however, have influenced people's outlook on life, and the essential role of men and women. As a result, woman in modern life is not always identical with the portrait we have drawn above. The quiet, home-loving wife and mother is still to be found ; but it appears as though she will soon be outnumbered by her more sophisticated counterparts.

Woman's natural position in the family is exalted ; but modern woman often finds the role of a housewife troublesome, and consequently seeks less irksome occupations elsewhere. Also she vies with man for what she calls "independence". The number of career women we see today is a standing testimony to such innovations.

It is indeed true that certain circumstances require an additional pay-packet. But one finds that women belonging to really needy homes are seldom engaged in full-time jobs. This may be due to a lack of professional training or of high education. Or perhaps they have simply realized the truth of the fact that an efficient housewife, devoting all her time to the management of her home, can do with a small amount of money what an uninterested or too busy career woman can accomplish with only double the amount. The case of the woman who is obliged to shoulder the responsibility of a bread-winner is a sad one indeed. But a more deplorable state is that of the well-to-do career woman who is not in the least called upon to augment her family's income, yet who voluntarily leaves the management of her home to the mercy of servants, or tries to cope with it in her own leisure hours. The usual result is that full justice is done to neither task.

Whether the outside work is undertaken by the mother either voluntarily or under force of circumstances, the chief losers in such a family are the children. Sorry indeed is the plight of the husband and children who return home every evening to find that the heart of the home, the source of love and understanding, is absent. Yet many women claim to be working in order to give their families additional luxuries. But this excuse is made void by the fact that the children, if consulted, would surely express their preference for the happy company of their mother rather than the added luxuries which she can buy for them. Love is a great gift of God which cannot be had in the market. Hence its life-spring should be maintained with great care. This question, as to whether married women should have careers or not, is an oft-repeated one. The answer, of course, is obvious.

Another cause for domestic unhappiness is the mistaken sense of public duty often prevalent amongst modern women. The threadbare maxim "Charity begins at home" escapes their notice, and this short-sightedness leads to disastrous results, for women mould the moral and spiritual lives of their children, and the greatest social service that a woman can accomplish for her country is the guidance of the immortal souls placed under her care, in order that they may fulfil their purpose in life. If every mother did this duty by her family, how much more balanced would our society be. The duties of social life can be very exacting and they may even draw a woman's attentions away from her family. We are, of course, social beings and must live as such. But we have also a great responsibility towards those who are dependent on us, and this obligation we must not fail to fulfil.

All this does not mean to say that no woman ought to step out of the sanctity of her home to seek employment. In fact, if such necessitating circumstances arise, she should be helped to earn her livelihood. Moreover, certain women with unique talents and outstanding gifts seem specially destined to make their mark in life outside the confines of the home, both in the past and in the present. But what every woman ought to realize is that a responsible wife and mother is duty-bound to care for her family first. Yet modern women often scorn this notion. The glamour of a wedding and the colourful side of married life attract them. But as soon as they come to face the daily reality, their illusions fade away and discontent sets in. Divorce and desertion are too often the results of such mistakes.

More and more public rights have been accorded to women in the course of time. They have progressed considerably in the political and educational spheres. Most women in modern life are educated as well as, if not better, than men. This qualification, together with their innate sensitiveness and patience, is responsible for the success modern women often attain in the professions. However, there is a danger that men will be crowded out of work and hence unable to marry. It is the family which then will suffer. This calamity does not seem too far off; but it must be avoided at all costs, and the natural equilibrium restored. God guide both men and women to keep to the paths which their natures have marked out for them!

The family, and consequently the world, can be saved only by upholding and recognizing the dignity and the special destiny of women. Unless this is done, the family will fade away and the world will soon be in a state of chaos and confusion, where each man or woman is a mere part of the great state machinery. Hence our new slogan should be, "Uphold the dignity of woman; save the family".

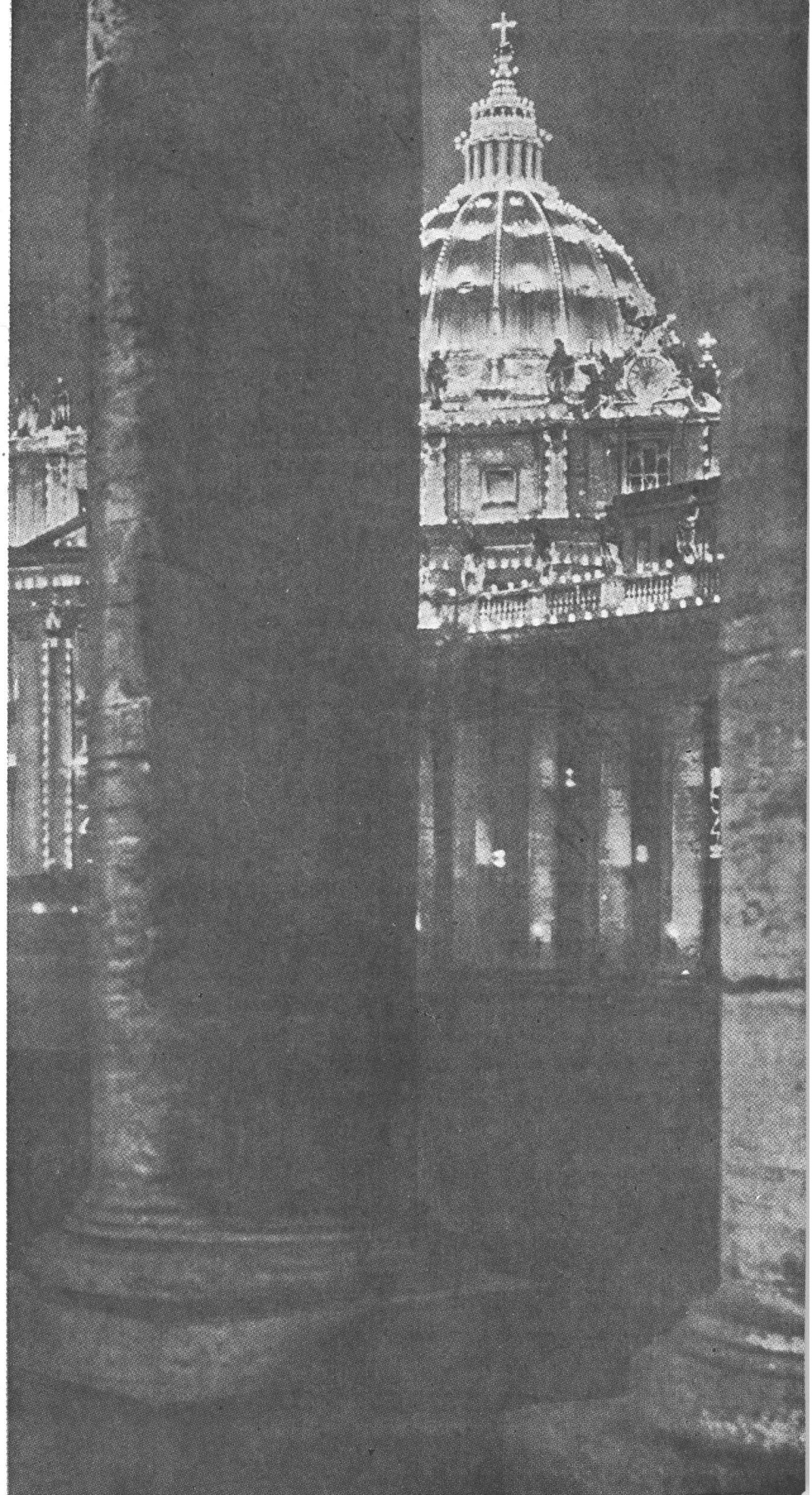
PREMJA BHARATHAN
II B.Sc.

THE IDEAS OF AN INDIAN STUDENT ON THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL

The Church, a society both divine and human, is weighed down by the history of twenty centuries. Like all other enterprises here on earth, she must from time to time take stock of her present resources, and from her experience of the past, map out her plan of action for the future. As his Holiness Pope John XXIII has said, "The principal end of the Council will consist in promoting the development of the Catholic faith, the renewal of the moral life of the Christian faithful, the adaptation of ecclesiastical discipline to the needs and methods of our time." Therefore the Ecumenical Council is the means whereby the Church will survey its past life, and renew its spiritual strength and vigour at the sources of eternal truth which form its foundations. It is an inner purification and rejuvenation of the whole Church.

Since the aim of the Council is a renewal of the interior life of the whole Church, the Ecumenical Council should be a representation for the whole Church. Indeed this Council will be a historic event of unique importance, because for the first time there will be assembled bishops from all over the world. It will be an exact image of the actual Church, a vision of its catholicity. Each bishop will bear with him the particular problems of his own country. The bishops of India, for instance, are particularly anxious for the adaptation of the liturgy; those of Western Europe and America are disturbed by the dechristianization of their societies; those of America are concerned about the recent political developments in their country; while the bishops of Latin America find that they need priests for the work of the apostolate.

What contribution does the Indian Church expect to make to the Ecumenical Council? The bishops of the Indian Church are represented by his Eminence, Valerian Cardinal Gracias, who is a member of the Central Committee. The Ecumenical Council is an expression of the universality of the Church, which standing above all times and nations, can fit into all cultures. Hence the official formulation of the doctrines of the Church should manifest this universality of thought. In this, India has a contribution to make to Catholicism by its characteristic approach, which will help us to make the Christian experience more intimate and interior. The Ecumenical Council is now timely because the world is passing through a crisis brought about by the scientific revolution. An age disillusioned by the evanescence of material success turns to the interior of man for something more permanent and substantial. Hence it is necessary to accommodate the formulations of faith to meet the needs of the time without diminishing their strength or integrity. In this, the interiority of Indian thought, and especially the religious attitude of contemplation which seems the characteristic of the Indian soul, has a contribution



St. Peter's dome through the colonnades

to make towards the rejuvenation and deepening of the spiritual life of the Church.

Hinduism aims at the realization of the one, infinite, eternal, unchanging Being, which it calls Brahman. The idea of the Brahman, perfect not only in being but in knowledge and in bliss, has been developed throughout its history. Moreover Hinduism has preserved a profound sense of the presence of God in nature, and above all in the human soul. The universe is to the Hindu an image or symbol of God. The exact sense in which this conception is to be understood presents one of the gravest problems of Hinduism. But we have not to deal with this problem here. What concerns us is the simple fact that the sense of the presence of the divine in everything, and the desire to make contact with the divine is one of the most constant and deeply-felt elements in Hinduism.

There is then a profound sense of mystery, of sacrament, and of sacrifice in Hinduism; of the one, infinite mystery of Being, of its manifestation in the universe, and of the sacrifice by which alone man can enter into communion with this Being. Thus the Hindu intuition for the divine mystery, of the sacramental nature of the universe, with all the depth of symbolism which springs from this view of life, and the Hindu conception of sacrifice as the essential means by which man enters into union with God, can help us to achieve a greater appreciation of the significance of the Mass, which is the extension throughout space and time of the Sacrifice offered by the God-Man Jesus Christ, who came on earth two thousand years ago in order to share our human nature, and to reunite man by adoption to the divine nature, as expressed in the Offertory prayer : O God, who in a wonderful manner didst create and ennoble human nature, and still more wonderfully hast renewed it; grant that by the mystery of this water and wine, we may be made partakers of His divinity who deigned to become partaker of our humanity, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord; who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Spirit, world without end, Amen.

Through the presence of India's bishops at the Ecumenical Council, the members of the Church might see more clearly in the Christian mystery the real fulfillment of man's deepest and highest needs and aspirations. By concentrating on the necessary basis of dogmatic and moral theology, expressed in clear, rational concepts, there is a danger of losing sight of the Christian faith as a mystery, a divine grace far beyond the reach of human reason. In India the approach to religion is intuitive rather than rational. It concentrates on the idea of transcendent mystery, something inexpressible, unimaginable, inconceivable, which is yet the goal of all human thought and striving. This mystical approach to religion will help us Catholics to a deeper awareness of the mystery of Christianity itself, of this infinitely holy and transcendent Being who stooped to our poor humanity in His infinitely condescending love.

A problem which is of especial importance for the advancement of the Church in India, and which will certainly find a place in the discussions of the Council, is the adaptation of the liturgy. His Grace F. X. Muthappa, Archbishop of Coim-

batore, is one of the Consultors of the Commission for Liturgy. Christianity, as Jean Danielou well puts it, "is a religion that does not exclude the riches of other forms of spirituality and cultures, but recaptures and adapts them in order to assimilate and perfect them. Christianity completes everything in this world". Since this is so, we may consider at this moment the place which Indian culture, Indian forms of expression and gesture, and Indian music and architecture will have on the future development of the liturgy.

We must remember, in thinking of this question of the liturgy in India, to be very careful to distinguish what is permanent and essential in the liturgy, and what is variable and subject to the vicissitudes of human culture, of language, custom, habits of mind and of body. For instance we may say that the Mass is a sacramental sacrifice, that is to say a ritual action in which, by means of certain external signs, the sacrifice of Christ is really made present and its effects communicated to those who believe in Him. These external signs consist of words and actions both of which, in the essential parts of the Mass, are derived from the authority of Christ Himself. This is the central core or the heart of the Mass — that is, the words and actions of Christ at the Last Supper. But around this central core of the words of consecration, there has grown up in the course of history a whole structure of words and actions, representing symbolically the mystery of the Mass.

In India we have two strongly contrasted types of the liturgy of the Mass. We have the Roman Mass, with which most of us are familiar, with its characteristically Roman brevity and dignity. There is also the Syrian rite, deriving from a totally different tradition, from that ancient Semitic culture which is nearest to the original language and style of the Gospels.

Therefore while there can be no change in the essential structure of the Mass, representing the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross and repeating the words and gestures of the Last Supper, the details of the whole, the development of thought which is followed, the character of the gestures which accompany it, may all vary with time and place.

The use of Indian forms of expression and art may come up for discussion by the Commission for Liturgy. The difficulty here is that Hinduism has impressed its genius upon almost all forms of religious expression. They cannot be simply transposed into a Christian form. If our adaptation of Indian culture to the liturgy of the Mass is to have anything but a most superficial character of imitation, it is necessary to undertake a serious study of the fundamental significance of Hindu religion and its symbolic expression, and then try to relate it to the Christian religion and to the liturgy of the Mass.

Some steps have already been taken in the matter of adapting Indian music and art forms. The Plenary Council in India in 1950, while acknowledging the Gregorian chant as the highest model of Church music, strongly recommended the use of Indian melodies (ragas) for the sacred hymns and canticles that are sung during the liturgical

services. It further allowed a discreet use of Indian musical instruments in the Church to accompany the voices.

The Church, being essentially Catholic, wants her children who belong to all nations to worship God in their characteristic way and sing His praises in their own music. History proves that Holy Mother the Church, far from destroying the different national cultures, arts, and traditions, has graciously accepted, sanctified, and assimilated them into her own living structure.

It is natural therefore that in India, after the Gregorian chant, Indian music comes next in preference and importance. Fortunately the music of India is well adapted to the requirements of authentic Church music, for it has developed along the same lines as the Gregorian chant and has many points of similarity.

Indian music is essentially modal, as is the plain chant. All the eight modes of the plain chant have exact equivalents in the Indian raga system. The first mode (modus gravis) for instance, resembles the Karaharapriya of the Carnatic system, and Kaphi of the Hindustani system. Moreover, Indian music is melodic, and as such has reached a very high degree of perfection. Thus it resembles the chant of the Church which was originally conceived and executed in pure melody. Above all, Indian music, like the plain chant, is essentially spiritual in its origin, theme, inspiration and appeal. Just as the plain chant uses different modes to express different sentiments of joy, sorrow and hope for the different liturgical seasons of the year, so also there are appropriate ragas for particular seasons and sentiments.

The expression of the liturgy through Indian culture would show that the Church in India is not something foreign, but as the answer to the highest aspirations and deepest longings of the human heart. Therefore the Indian Church looks hopefully towards the Ecumenical Council as yet another step wherein Indian culture might attain its fulness in Christ.

Besides this, however, we Indian Catholics look towards the Ecumenical Council for the promotion of the unity of Christians, to realise Christ's prayer after the Last Supper, "that they may all be one ; that they too may be one in us, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee ; so that the world may come to believe that it is thou who hast sent me...that while thou art in me, I may be in them, and so they may be perfectly made one...so that the love thou hast bestowed upon me may dwell in them, and I, too, may dwell in them (Jn. 17).

The Church of South India is a very significant ecumenical movement. The various Christian sects comprising it have not only felt the need for unity and have come together, but in particular, the venture has brought them face to face with the problems involved in the process. They believed at first that it was possible to retain differences of doctrine. They hoped that a united church could evolve with basic doctrinal differences. But they find it is impossible to remove prejudices which are

often the fruit of deep convictions. Actually, however, several changes have already taken place. It has developed a new liturgy of the Last Supper which borrows largely from the Eastern Catholic Liturgies; and if it is true that one believes as one prays, there is no doubt that this new liturgy will bring the Church of South India much closer to us. The sacramental character of the bishop is becoming more and more accentuated. Contacts are slowly being established between the Church of South India and Catholic theologians, and are usually very cordial. Some of the Church of South India theologians are expecting much from the Ecumenical Council without however having too many illusions about the chances of any union between them and Rome, as, for the moment, they cannot conceive such a union as possible without some basic changes in Catholic doctrine.

A reunited Christian Church will have a strong appeal to the Indian mind, which is hungering for harmony between God and man, and between man and man. Though the primary end of the Council is not for Christian unity, yet it will touch a number of points which will pave the way for this.

As Indian Catholics unite their prayers with those of their fellow Catholics all over the world for the success of the Ecumenical Council and for the ultimate reunion of all Christians to the One, True, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ, they will remember the prayer of the great Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore:

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into everlasting thought and action;

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

(*Gitanjali*)

RITA LOVETT
M.A. English

विनोबा भावे

" जितने कष्ट कंटकों में है, जिनका जीवन सुमन खिला ।
गौरव-गन्ध उन्हें उतना ही यत्र, तत्र, सर्वत्र मिला ॥ "

केवल कभी-कभी कोई विरल आत्मा सामान्य स्तर से ऊपर उठती है, जो परमात्मा का साक्षात् दर्शन करके दिव्य उद्देश्य को स्पष्टतर रूप में प्रतिफलित करती है, और दिव्य पथ-प्रदर्शन को और अधिक साहस के साथ व्यवहार में लाती है । इस प्रकार के मनुष्य का प्रकाश इस अन्धकारमय और अव्यवस्था भरे संसार पर संकेत-दीप की भांति चमकता है । आज भारत की स्थिति इसलिये अपेक्षाकृत अच्छी है उसके जीवन में एक ऐसा व्यक्तित्व अवतरित हुआ है, जो परमात्मा की भेजी हुई अग्निशिखा है । उसका कष्ट-सहन भारत के आहत अभिमान का साकार रूप है और उसके ' भूदान यज्ञ ' में भारत की अहिंसात्मक भावना का शाश्वत धैर्य प्रतिफलित होता है और ऐसा निर्भीक, सत्यवादी, न्यायप्रिय और घास के तिनके के समान राज्य का भी त्याग करने वाले त्यागी की प्रतिमा हैं " आचार्य विनोबा भावे । "

विनोबा भावे का जन्म पश्चिम भारत के गगोंडा नामक ग्राम में, एक उच्च श्रेणी के ब्राह्मण परिवार में हुआ था । दस वर्ष की आयु से ही आजन्म ब्रह्मचारी रहने का व्रत लिया और आज तक उसका पालन कर रहे हैं । विनोबा भावे में सच्ची भारतीय आत्मा के दर्शन होते हैं ।

उन्नीस वर्ष की अवस्था में आप का परिचय गान्धीजी से हुआ । लेकिन लगभग अडतीस वर्ष पश्चात् ही आपका नाम सारे भारत में रोशन हुआ । विनोबा गान्धी से पच्चीस साल छोटे थे । जब वे गान्धीजी के पास थे, बापू ने विनोबा के विषय में उनके पिताजी को लिखा था " आपका विनोबा मेरे पास है । वह आध्यात्मिक विकास की उस सीढ़ी पर चढा है, जिसकी प्राप्ति स्वयं मैं अनेक संघर्षों के पश्चात् कर सका हूँ । " इसके द्वारा हमें विनोबा के जीवन संयम की झलक सी मिल जाती है । सवेरे तीन बजे उठना, पूजा-पाठ करना और फिर ' भूदान यज्ञ ' की यात्रा के लिये चल पड़ना, आपका प्रतिदिन का कार्यक्रम है । नंगे पांव, नंगे बदन (शरीर पर सिवाय धोती के और कुछ नहीं पहनते) आज भी विनोबा एक गांव से दूसरे गांव में भूदान के लिये यात्रा कर रहे हैं । हाल ही में अपने

आत्मिक बल के द्वारा पिंड और मुरेनी आदि गावों में विनोबा ने डाकुओं को भी जीतकर उनमें सुधार किया और दान में भूमि प्राप्त की है। विनोबा ने डाकुओं को शांति पाठ सिखाया है।

'भूदान यज्ञ' क' जन्म तेलँगाना जिले में हुआ। भूदान यज्ञ का तात्पर्य है "दानम् सम विभाग" अर्थात् "समान वितरण।" विनोबा गाँव के लोगों से भूमि दान में प्राप्त कर गरीबों में समान रूप से बांट देते हैं। वे जमींदारों से कहते हैं कि यदि तुम्हारे पांच बेटे हैं तो तुम मुझे अपना छठा बेटा समझो और अपनी भूमि का छठवाँ भाग मुझे 'दरिद्रनारायणों' में बाँटने के लिये अर्पित कर दो जिससे कि मैं अपने गरीब भाइयों की सहायता कर सकूँ। वे प्रेम से समृद्धिशाली लोगों को लूटना चाहते हैं और उन्होंने लूटा भी है, लूट रहे हैं, और लूटते रहने का उनका विचार है। आज विनोबा दुनिया के सबसे धनी जमींदार हैं और उन्होंने लगभग ५ करोड़ एकड़ भूमि दान में प्राप्त कर ली है।

आज मानव ने पैसे को ही भगवान बना लिया है। वह शारीरिक परिश्रम से घृणा करने लगा है। लेकिन सच्ची भारतीय आत्माओं ने सदैव परिश्रम की ही पूजा की है। आज भी भारत की आर्थिक, धार्मिक और राजनैतिक प्रगति के लिये इसकी अत्यधिक आवश्यकता है। भारत कृषि प्रधान देश है। अतः भारत की सामाजिक और आर्थिक विषमता को दूर करने के लिये 'भूदान यज्ञ' अतिउत्तम साधन है। यह कहना भी गलत न होगा कि जिस प्रकार से हमने राजनैतिक स्वतंत्रता की प्राप्ति की है उसी प्रकार से हम भूदान यज्ञ के द्वारा आर्थिक विषमता को भी दूर कर सकते हैं। भूदान यज्ञ केवल आर्थिक समस्या को ही सुलझाने वाला यज्ञ नहीं, धार्मिक क्रांति है, जिसका आधार है—प्रेम। विनोबा का कहना है कि 'आराम हराम है।" वे एक ऐसे भारत का निर्माण करना चाहते हैं, जहाँ लोगों का जीवन सादा परन्तु पवित्र और जीवन की सभी सुविधाओं से सम्पूर्ण हो। परन्तु उनका कहना है कि बुराई की जड़ आर्थिक समस्या नहीं, परन्तु आदमी का अपना चरित्र है, इसलिये देश का सुधार करने के पूर्व मानव को स्वयं सुधार करने की आवश्यकता है।

स्थितियों के विरुद्ध होने पर भी विनोबा अपने मार्ग से विचलित होने वाला नहीं। एक बार एक व्यक्ति ने विनोबा जी से पूछा कि यदि विनोबा को अपनी योजना में सफलता न मिली तो वे क्या करेंगे। विनोबा ने विनम्रता के साथ बड़ा ही सुन्दर उत्तर दिया। उन्होंने कहा कि चाहे मेरे कार्य को पूर्ण होने में हज़ारों वर्ष लगें या एक, मैं अपने पथ पर अग्रसर होता जाऊँगा। मैं, जब तक भगवान की इच्छा है, तब तक काम

करता रहूँगा। जब कड़ी धूप और वर्षा के बावजूद भी गङ्गा का प्रवाह नहीं रुकता तो मैं क्यों रुकूँ? आज विनोबा आसाम में हाथ में एक लैम्प लिये मानवता का प्रचार करते हुए दीख पड़ते है क्योंकि उनका अटल विश्वास है कि परोपकार मानव का स्वभाविक गुण है परन्तु अपने-पराये की भावना उसे दुर्गुण में परिवर्तित कर देती है। सुनने में आता है कि हमारे वर्तमान राष्ट्रपति राजेन्द्र प्रसाद का भी विनोबा जी की 'सर्वोदया' सभा में सम्मिलित होने का विचार है।

विनोबा सचमुच ही महान है। आप आकाश के विस्तार को नाप सकते हैं, समुद्र की अथाह तक पहुँच सकते हैं, किंतु विनोबा के अन्दर जो प्रकाश है, जो सत्य और प्रेम की दिव्य ज्योति से आ रहा है, उसे आप नाप नहीं सकते। भले ही आधुनिक वैज्ञानिक और क्राँतिमय युग में ऐसे आदर्श को प्राप्त करना असंभव प्रतीत होता है, परन्तु यह अवश्य प्राप्त हो कर रहेगा। ऐसे व्यक्ति के विषय में ही लिखा गया था :—

"तेरे महान साथी है,
तेरे साथी है जयोल्लास यंत्रणाएँ
और प्रेम और मनुष्य का अपराजेय मन।"

SUDHA RANI MALHOTRA
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L'ABBÉ PIERRE
HÉROS DES CLOCHARDS

Dans un monde où chacun cherche sa propre gloire et ses propres intérêts, l'Abbé Pierre, humble prêtre français, a pris en main la cause des pauvres et des sinistrés, se faisant leur ami et leur champion.

L'Abbé Pierre, alors député du Parlement français, avait acheté une grande maison délabrée aux environs de Paris, et après l'avoir aménagée lui-même, la mettait à la disposition des groupes d'ouvriers et de scouts qui y venaient chercher quelques heures de paix et de recueillement. On avait nommé cette propriété "Emmäus" en souvenir de l'auberge où Notre Seigneur consolait les voyageurs fatigués et perplexes.

Dans la France d'après-guerre — comme partout ailleurs — on voyait à côté d'un luxe immmodéré une misère extrême. Par suite des bombardements et des travaux de guerre, il n'y avait plus assez de maisons, et par un froid glacial, des millions de pauvres gens étaient obligés de camper dans de vieux wagons, des tentes, ou bien sous les étoiles. L'Abbé Pierre s'intéressait beaucoup de l'état de ces malheureux, invoquant en vain le secours de la Chambre des Députés dont il était membre.

Alors quand un certain malheureux nommé Bastien, pris dans l'attente de se suicider, fut envoyé à Emmäus, l'Abbé l'accueillit avec joie, et Bastien devint le premier habitant permanent de la maison. Bientôt Etienne, âgé de 15 ans, traqué par la police, et "Djibouti", soldat démobilisé, aigri par les souffrances, vinrent s'adjoindre au personnel, et avec cette petite équipe l'Abbé Pierre commença lui-même à construire des maisons en bois pour les pauvres gens sans abri, des veuves, des familles dont il connaissait la misère. Afin d'obtenir l'argent nécessaire l'Abbé recourut à tous les moyens, jusqu'à se faire chiffonnier, fouillant les poubelles de Paris.

Après ces humbles débuts, toute une cité de petites maisons a surgie aux environs de Paris, et finalement le Gouvernement français a accordé du secours afin que les constructions fussent entreprises dans toutes les grandes villes de la France.

L'Abbé Pierre a fait le tour du monde entier pour éveiller les consciences sur le sort des malheureux. Partout où il va, des riches et des influents l'entourent en le félicitant du succès extraordinaire de son oeuvre de miséricorde.

"Mais", dit-il, "je n'ai pas besoin de votre admiration, c'est plutôt secours solide que je voudrais avoir pour ces infortunés de la terre."

Et le secret de son succès ? C'est l'amour. "Dieu" dit l'Abbé Pierre "est dans le malheureux que vous voyez devant vous. Le Christ est incarné dans ce clochard, ce voleur, ce menteur". Voyant toujours la dignité de l'homme, tout malveillant qu'il puisse paraître, le bon Abbé a su utiliser la bonne volonté des pauvres pour secourir les plus pauvres. Surtout a-t-il montré au monde moderne ce que doit être la véritable charité chrétienne.

MARY FERNANDEZ
I B.Sc.

NOT
BY BREAD ALONE

What a piece of work is man !
How noble in reason !...
in action how like an angel !
in apprehension how like a god !
the beauty of the world !
the paragon of animals !...
this quintessence of dust. (Hamlet II, 2)

Man is a paradox. A bundle of needs like all living things on earth, and like these too, having something to give in return ; or living like a parasite only for his own satisfaction, producing nothing of value but merely destroying those around that could and would give. So dependent is he on the material things around him, that he could not live for long without the air he breathes so unconsciously, without sleep or drink or food and so many other things, to which needs he adds still more as he grows in age and civilization, so that now people think life could not go on without things that seemed luxuries to their ancestors. Yes, many things are absolutely necessary to lead a truly human life, for experience shows that it is most difficult to live a decent life without the necessary amenities. For the law of animals certainly does not apply to man ; instead of the so-called jungle rule of "the survival of the fittest," (one doubts even this — for how did the delicate little damsel fly and ephemera manage to survive while the mezozoic monsters are no more ?) — man is guided by conscience which tells us that in human life the strong should help the weak, and those who have should share with those who are in need. Yes, man needs many material things, and only those know the delicious joy that comes from the look of gratitude, and the peace of a good conscience, who have helped others in their needs.

But man needs much, very much more. Otherwise, how account for the restlessness and unhappiness of those blessed with material goods in abundance ; for the untiring attempt by research scientists to coax nature into revealing her secrets ;

for the artist courting beauty though it means insecurity rather than a regular income from a post in the civil service ; for a wealthy woman whose heart weeps over a handicapped child ; for the saint who spurns the world's gifts to go about doing good ? Truly, man's hungers are insatiable — his hunger for the truth and beauty of goodness, which is not satisfied until it finds the very source of goodness. Even our language shows that good has the same root as God.

And what is the characteristic of the possession of goodness ? Why, then, do we give feasts, but to share the joy we have in the possession of a new good — is not this at the back of our harvest festivals, our marriage feasts, and parties for a new-born child? Is it not our possession of good news that prompts us to tell the "secret" to all we meet ? The flower of goodness is joy, and its fruit is generosity — the desire to share. God has no hunger but to share, for He is the infinite good and stands in need of nothing. But we, made in His image by our minds and wills, must needs receive before we too can give. And unlike the material things which are limited and diminish in the sharing, spiritual goods are as unlimited as God Himself, and grow rather than decrease with the sharing of them.

Yes, man does not live by bread alone but by the goodness of God. Bread signifies not our food alone but all the needs of life, physical and spiritual ; and if we looked for physical comforts alone we should be no better than animals, searching the earth horizontally, instead of walking upright with a glance that takes in both the earth and sky. Material comforts, therefore, are not all. On the contrary, they fill or ought to fill only a small fraction of our lives, or even less. There is something more eternal than our body, something more glorious, that stamps us with divinity — our soul. Our spiritual life is what counts, what makes us distinct from the animal world. If man were not spiritual, he would go about unshaven, tearing at vegetables and killing his neighbours for food. It is that spiritual thing in us that gives us law courts, cultivated lands, peace between nations, and comforts at home. Life itself would be worthless and aimless without that spiritual part. However much we have of the material luxuries of life, we will find that we are not really happy without God. We are not tranquil ; we do not feel at ease without Him. We will soon grow tired of earthly things, but we can never tire of Divinity.

Today the world is facing a terrible crisis ; there is a struggle between vice and virtue, between charity and selfishness. If vice succeeds, we shall all be wiped off the face of the earth. The result of that struggle depends on each one of us. We can pray, and act in such a way so as to bring a blush to the faces of the wrongdoers. There is still time for renovation. Virtue will eventually triumph over vice. There is only one way to avert the disaster to the world — man must keep in mind that he "does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of God's mouth", and act accordingly. This is the only life-boat that can save sinking humanity, and lead it on to to the harbour of love and peace.

M. USHA
I B.Sc.

SOCIAL INTEGRATION

Society is a community of persons united in the things they love. If we analyse the word " community " we find that it is derived from words meaning a sharing of duties and services; for in reality, society is an organism, a body made up of living units and organs working together for mutual welfare. There are many analogies between a living body and society. The first characteristic of a healthy living organism is integration, unity in diversity, the ordering of various parts under a common principle, working for the good of the whole and of each individual part. And if this order is injured, if for instance one group of cells absorbs all the nourishment to itself, a cancerous growth begins which must either be removed by a painful operation or it will eventually kill the entire body. This is equivalent to the selfishness of a powerful group, who hoard the benefits that should be shared with all and who in the end bring harrowing corruption to the whole of society. Another form of disease is caused by the prevalence of parasites, who merely feed on the work of others, and contribute nothing except a fatal poison. The analogy here is obvious, and the poison is the envy and hatred they arouse in those whom they exploit. Death is the complete disintegration, when the parts can no longer hold together since the life-principle has gone. Now each living being has its own life-principle, and in man it is his spiritual, immortal soul. What then, is the life principle of human society, which alone can integrate, order, and keep it strong and healthy? Experience shows that it can be none other than the Spirit of God. Why, amid the ordered regularity of nature, is it in human society alone that disorder prevails? Because nature is not free to ignore the unchanging laws by which He directs the symphony of the universe, but man is; and that is why human society is full of discord. For by rejecting or ignoring the reality of conscience and responsibility to a higher authority as final arbiter of justice and rights, man is faced with social anarchy, or total subjection to an almighty state, which is slavery. For God, having given human nature a free will, will not interfere, even if in our madness we choose to destroy ourselves; for He wants our loving service, nothing else, and love is always a free giving or it is not love. Nor does He need our service either, but He wills thereby our own growth in goodness and true nobility and greatness. Do we not instinctively honour the great-hearted, the unselfish, the

magnanimous souls who count no cost in sacrifice and suffering too great, who give easily and freely of their goods and pleasures, and even of life itself? Such are the saints, the true children of God, who strive with His help to be as much as possible like their heavenly Father, Whose very nature is love and Who made the universe in order to share with others the joy of His goodness.

This brings us to the only working principle of social life. God is truly our Father, since He is the final origin of our life and ever so much more. It follows then that we are all His children, not by nature of course, for He is the Creator and we only the creatures, but by the invitation of divine bounty and generosity. And this privilege is reserved for man, for he alone among earthly creatures can understand and freely accept this loving call. Thus by nature and destiny all men, no matter how small and insignificant, are equal; and by the immortal nature of their spiritual souls they are of much greater importance than anything else on earth. For death, which is disintegration, a falling apart, cannot reach the spirit, which is not made of parts. Things that have parts must occupy space, but our ideas do not, and our ideas are the products of our spirits. But though we are equal in nature and purpose, yet by our natural gifts we are unequal, as unequal as the cells of the various tissues and organs of the body. We have different functions in society, each important and honourable, just as the various organs of the body each have their own functions, and the whole body would suffer if any were impaired or injured. It follows from this that dreams of complete social equality amongst men are as fantastic as would be attempts of physicians to create a living body in which all the cells are absolutely equal. The illness of modern society does not come from inequality, just as different organs in the body do not cause disease but promote greater efficiency; but the trouble comes from the unequal distribution of the vital needs of all the cells; in other words, society is suffering from the cancer of selfishness.

In a healthy body, development or growth must be proportionate and gradual, otherwise it will become a freak or monstrosity. We often forget this in our social planning, where one sector is fostered while another is neglected. For instance, industry cannot do without agriculture since urban populations require food and raw materials; nor can modern agriculture do without industry in order to produce as much as modern needs demand. This neglect has much to do with the present problem of undernourishment. Again, in the more advanced industrialized countries it is now generally realized that capital cannot do without labour nor labour without capital, but this was often forgotten at the beginning of industrialization and it is often ignored even today. But what is most frequently overlooked in social planning is the plain fact that society is made of men and for men. This implies a proper understanding of man's nature and purpose.

Though we cannot see man's spiritual soul, we know its presence by its peculiar activities. Man has not only a corruptible body but a spiritual, incorruptible soul, and we know this because he has immaterial ideas which he expresses in speech that other beings like him refashion into similar ideas; he alone can see the relationships between ideas, and thus he alone can really laugh when he sees the juxtaposition of unrelated ideas, as for instance a pun; he alone produces systems of science, and works of art, all because of this spiritual principle. But the most frequently ignored fact

about man is his unpredictability. We have become so immersed in the unchanging laws of science, we study the psychology of animals and find that their behaviour follows certain patterns according to external stimuli; but though man will often react in a certain way under certain circumstances, it often happens that he does not. He has a free will, and cannot be treated like a thing, for he is a person. And because he is a person, with a duty to work out his own unending destiny, therefore he has rights. No temporal thing has rights. We do not speak of the rights of rice or wood or even horses; we speak only of human rights; and these rights exist only because of this immense duty man has, a duty intimately connected with his purpose, the duty of choosing good and thus finding God, or neglecting good to be left with nothing in the end except the tantalizing craving for it, and with the agonizing consciousness that we have only ourselves to blame.

Now if we have rights, so obviously do others, and this brings us to the basic rules of order in human affairs, the virtue of justice, which is respect for the rights of others, and this naturally leads to order and peace. There are frequent occasions, of course, in practical affairs when there is a clash of rights, so it is important to know the relative value of these rights, for some are more important than others. First comes the right to be treated according to one's nature and to follow one's final purpose, for this is the actual reason why we have rights. This implies, naturally the right to follow one's conscience, which is the light given us to reach our goal. This right to truth and moral freedom can never be relinquished; but the right to life can, under an emergency, be relinquished for a higher good, as in the case of a doctor who risks contagion in order to save the lives of others. For in all our actions we must be guided by two clear principles : namely that the end never justifies the means and the principle of the double effect : that is, if two effects, one good and another bad, follow from the same action we can act if the good is greater than the evil, and if we do not directly will the evil. The right to a family is less important than the right to life, for the race will not die out even if certain individuals forego the first right; the right to property, whose purpose is the security and independence of individuals and families and personal initiative, is also less important than the life it is meant to sustain, so that a starving man's right to life comes before another man's right to property. Again, the right to truth and honour, being spiritual goods, are much more important than the physical rights.

Every right implies a corresponding duty, as for instance the right to obedience by lawful authority carries with it the duty of providence, or care for the welfare of those under their authority. By neglecting our duties, we are unjust, for we thereby deprive others of their lawful rights. Thus all sin boils down to desiring what we have no right to and neglecting what we have a duty to. It must be remembered, in the modern clamour for our rights, that these are the trust of others, and often beyond our control, so that for the sake of peace and harmony these must be foregone, as long as this does not interfere with the primary rights of God; but our duties are entirely under our control and cannot be foregone without sin. It is this neglect of rights and duties through selfishness, that makes our human world such an untidy affair through our misuse of our free will. And God owes it to His justice to punish the moral criminals as a good state must see that social criminals get their

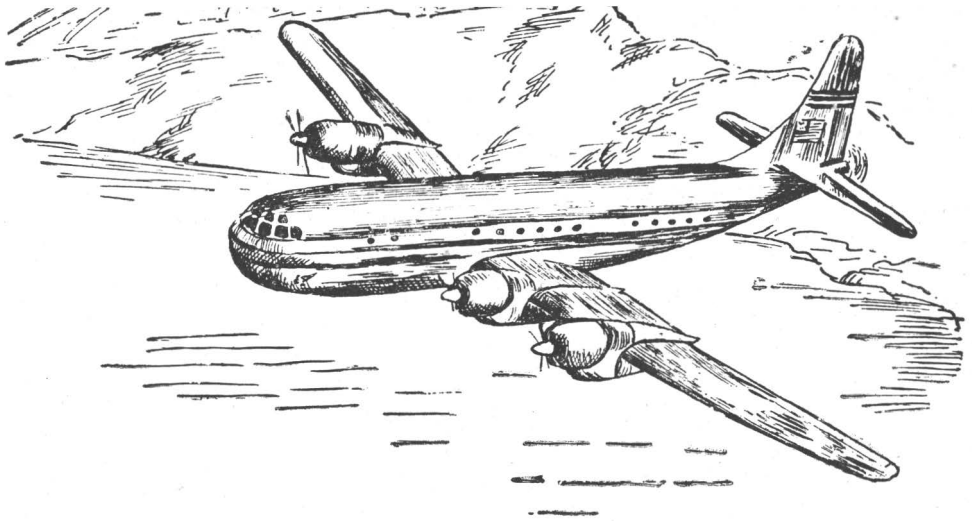
due, as a good doctor must see that cancerous and parasitic organisms are removed to restore health to the body.

Emotional integration is much in the air today, just as there is most talk of health when sickness prevails. But there can be no unity of hearts unless there is first a unity of minds. Men do not quarrel about mathematical theorems, for they are sure of their truth. Men quarrel only about things of which they are not sure, about theories and such. The heart cannot be divorced from the head, for that would be a quick way to death and disintegration. Hearts can only be united when men have the same goals, when they love the same things. But man's goal, man's purpose, does not come from men, but from man's Maker. He has made man with a definite nature for a definite purpose, and as long as men ignore and neglect His purpose, there can be no social health, as there can be no bodily health if doctors ignore the various purposes of the tissues. And these are not invented but only discovered by the physicians. Much less can we invent our own purposes and expect spiritual and social health and life. Until men invite God to be the life-principle of human society there can be no peace. Peace implies order, order implies justice, and both have their source in God. Above all, there can be no true happiness, for why do men crave for more and more riches, power, and pleasure except to find in these a satisfaction of their hunger for security, greatness, and joy? But experience shows that this satisfaction does not satisfy but only increases the hunger, showing that they are not the real food of the soul. They are merely appetizers leading on to the only satisfaction so well expressed by St. Augustine after much experience, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee".

Man was not made for this life alone, for nothing is more certain in life than death. No social, political, or economic system has an answer to the problem of death, nor even for much of our suffering, which is a blind torturing without God; but if seen in the light of the final purpose, it can be a means of health, as a skilful surgeon inflicts pain in order to cure; and suffering is often the only means to help us realize, not merely know, that this life is only a preparation, that our purpose is something higher. And it is the purpose of society to enable the individual achieve his real purpose more easily by giving him the opportunities of growing in goodness — that is our purpose, — by being good and doing good — that is the means. We grow in goodness by being hungry for God's goodness, and the measure of our generosity is the measure of our likeness to God. We need others in so many ways, we are so dependent on them for many things but in turn they also need us; our gifts — spiritual and material — were not given only for our personal benefit, but as a trust to share with others. It is charity which is most vital for harmonious living among men. And God must be the mind and heart of this society, its light and energy, if it is to be united and healthy, sure of its aim, and the means of achieving it.

V. USHA
I B.A.

TOWARDS ONE WORLD



The cold, cold war ! How absolutely tired of it we all are. More than ever before, perhaps, the common men and women of all races and nations long for peace, for friendship — for a world where sympathy, tolerance, and forgiveness are stronger than prejudice, hardness, and hatred. In our dealings with people of other countries, with whom we wish to establish warm human contacts, we might learn to adopt the three rules proposed by Fulton J. Sheen in another context : the first rule is kindness, the second is kindness, the third is kindness. Perhaps the politicians and diplomats may shrug their shoulders at such a suggestion — but these rules are for the ordinary men and women of one land, in their contacts with the ordinary men and women of another. Nor is such an idea impractical. It has, in fact, been put into practice already for many years and in an organized manner.

Some of us may have heard of Dr. Watt, the American, who believed that the surest way of promoting international good will and friendship was for the peoples of the world to visit different countries and to live with families there, so as to really feel the common humanity shared by all, in spite of superficial differences in ways of life and culture.

Dr. Watt, the son of a wealthy businessman, had inherited a large fortune. During the First World War he was engaged in Y.M.C.A. work among the troops from allied countries, but was very much disturbed by the lack of real unity amongst these young men who found it seemingly so difficult to mix easily. At an international function in Geneva in 1931, he again encountered the same constraint amongst the delegates from different lands. Determined to do something about this immature "insularity", he soon brought a group of young Americans to stay with some young Germans. This time they mixed very well with one another; and so the "Experiment in international living" was born. In 1933, he brought young American boys to live in French homes. Since then, groups or individuals have come to India from the U. S. A., Sweden, Britain and Australia; and instead of living in hostels they have stayed in Indian homes in order to learn at first hand our way of life. These are not tourists in the ordinary sense of the term — they are seekers after knowledge, interested to learn how other people live. They adapt themselves entirely to our Indian way of life, not only eating the same food as we do, — but also in the same manner.

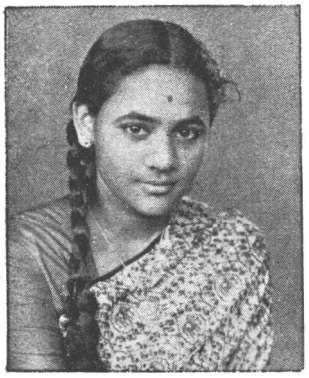
The most vital and exciting role in the experiment is that of the host. For he or she must make the guest feel really at home, by introducing him into the intimate life of the family and by taking an active and genuine interest in him as a fellow human being. Thus only will he be able to understand something of the culture of the host country. Very often these visits end in the forging of lasting friendships — and such sincere and human links are priceless aids towards the creating of international peace and harmony. The host must be sufficiently interested in the culture of his own land to be able to interpret the thousand and one things which will strike the eye of his guest, and which will need to be explained. Naturally, on both sides a courteous respect for each other's attitudes and view-points will be an essential factor in forging a deep and enriching friendship.

We in India are so accustomed to our own ways of life and, on the whole, so closed away from the rest of the world, that we are not always aware of our strong and weak points. We must not be astonished then, if our guests do not approve of all they see and hear. It has to be remembered also that the visitor comes to India to see here what he cannot see in his own country. So we need not be amazed if he is not particularly interested or impressed by our grand new educational institutions or hospitals, but tremendously intrigued by a monkey jumping on a tree, or a bullock-drawn cart. During his stay, we will have to see things with his eyes, and no doubt we will thus learn to really see many things for the first time. Our religious ceremonies, our weddings, and our ancient buildings will no doubt interest our guest — as well as many other things which seem so commonplace to us. In fact, I myself had the opportunity to meet some Californian students, who visited Madras last year. I was astonished at the simple things they took notice of — a woman beating the clothes against a great stone to wash them, a juggler with his cobra, and an image of the elephant-headed god. We never thought of drawing their attention to such familiar scenes, but to them these were exotic sights which they could relate to friends on their return home. They were also interested in our social works for the poor. Foreign students are certainly interested in meeting Indian students in an informal and friendly atmosphere. And we can profit much from such encounters.

India has always been noted for its hospitality. By encouraging people from abroad to come and stay with us in our homes for a time, we can make a positive contribution to the one-world dream of modern man. Likewise, other countries are anxious to offer hospitality to Indians in the same manner. However, owing to the difficulties of exchange and other travel regulations, we have not yet taken full advantage of this situation. Let us hope things will be better in the future, and that these visits abroad will become much more numerous than at present.

People learn to live together by living together. Living with a foreign family for some time is bound to widen our human sympathies and understanding. If these visits were multiplied sufficiently, they would help to create a warmer atmosphere of peace and unity between East and West, between North and South — until eventually we might be truly able to speak of the "United Nations of the World".

K. P. MEENAKSHI
I B.A.



SOCIAL SERVICE IN ANCIENT INDIA AS REVEALED IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

Sanskrit, the oldest Aryan language, has been the primary source from which many modern Indian languages have sprung. This great ancient language possesses a profound literature, which is noted for its gems of thought and wisdom. Many of these works are masterpieces, not only because of the beauty of style in which they are written, but mainly for the high ideals and lofty sentiments they express. Charity, love for our neighbours, and affection towards all beings are the topics on which great importance is laid. In fact, disinterested, selfless and pure service to humanity is the keynote of many of these ancient classics.

A review of some of the famous works in Sanskrit literature will clearly indicate how strong this spirit of social service was even in those olden days. Let us consider Kalidasa's first, as his is one of the most treasured and invaluable parts of India's heritage, pre-eminent in the most glorious chapters of its past.

Kalidasa feels that it is the duty of the great to help their less fortunate brethren. He expresses this idea in his immortal lyric Meghasandesa. In the Purva-megha, wherein he describes the journey of the cloud-messenger, Himavan is described, and there the cloud is asked to help the चमरी, a species of deer, by releasing water so as to prevent their bushy tails from catching fire. Though a simple incident is described, a very noble idea is brought out, namely :

आपन्नार्तिप्रशमनफलाः संपदो ह्युत्तमानाम्

I. 53

I am reminded of the following lines in this connection :

सा लक्ष्मीः उपकुरुते यथा परेषाम्

That alone can be called wealth, which is used in the service of others ;

परोपकाराय सतां विभूतयः

Good people always spend their wealth in the service of others ;

सन्तः स्वयं परहितेषु कृताभियोगाः

The good take upon themselves the work of the welfare of others.

Kalidasa has his own original views on charity and social service. He remarks

याच्ञा मोघा वरमधिगुणे नाधमे लब्धकामा

I. 6

This means that a request made to a man of high qualities is preferable, though not granted, to one made to a low person, though granted. This implies that the donor should be an उत्तम, a virtuous man whose motive is pure and not corrupt, a man who is charitable for charity's sake — in fact, a man who is an अधिगुण and not an अधम.

Let us now turn to Kalidasa's masterpiece — his drama Abhijnana Sakuntalam. In connection with this, it has been said

काव्येषु नाटकं रम्यं तत्र रम्या शकुन्तला ।
तत्राऽपि च चतुर्थोऽङ्कः तत्र श्लोकचतुष्टयम् ॥

i.e; of all literature, drama is the most delightful ; of all dramas, Sakuntalam ; in this drama the fourth act is the best; and in this act, four particular verses are 'par excellence'. This being the case, it is interesting to note that all these four verses revolve round love, affection and consideration for others.

Kanva, the great sage, is the foster-father of Sakuntala. He brings her up as his own daughter. He cannot control his grief at her departure to her husband's palace. It was not his obligatory duty to bring her up. The spirit of service to another was so great in him, that when he found the abandoned child, he was immediately prompted to look after her. Not only Kanva; Valmiki too trains the twins Lava and Kusa in the role of Kshatriya princes, as their own father Rama was not there to guide them. Marica also trains Sakuntala and Bharata in their respective roles of पतिव्रता and Emperor.

The ancient sages perform sacrifices to bring peace and happiness to mankind. In their hermitages, they provide free food, lodging and education. Once a sage accepts a student, that lad is treated as his own son and even the teaching is absolutely impartial. In fact, Dronacarya is said to have taught Arjuna more than he did Asvatthama. The minds of the teachers are not corrupted by any personal relationships.

In those days, much was expected of the ideal king. It is the selfless service that stands foremost. It was said of him —

आर्तत्राणाय वः शस्त्रं न प्रहर्तुमनागसि

Sakuntala I. 10

आपन्नाभयसत्त्वेषु दीक्षितः

Sakuntala II. 16

Moreover, a king toils hard for the sake of his subjects. In this respect, he is like a tree, which suffers the heat, but offers delightful shade for the afflicted beneath it. In the words of the वैतालिक

स्वसुखनिरभिलाषः खिद्यसे लोकहेतोः
प्रतिदिनमथवा ते वृत्तिरेवंविधैव ।
अनुभवति हि मूर्ध्ना पादपस्तीव्रमुष्णं
शमयति परितापं छायया संश्रितानाम् ॥

The king does not spend the wealth derived from the revenue on himself, but uses it for the betterment of his people. In order to serve the people, the king is prepared for any sacrifice. In Bhavabhuti's Uttararamacarita, how willing Rama is to give up स्नेहं, दया, सौख्यं ; nay, even his own dear wife for the आराधन of the लोक.

Any help rendered to any individual, without any bad motive relating to personal gain and fame only, is considered as good service. I am reminded of the story of the old man who was planting mango saplings on the road side. When asked whether he was foolish enough to have hopes of eating the fruits of those trees, he replied that just as he had eaten the fruits of the trees planted by his forefathers, the coming generation would benefit by his planting the trees. This simple story reveals a great truth, that of charity and service to future generations. And this, in fact, is the dominant theme of most of the works in Sanskrit literature.

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III B. Sc.

BALANCE IN NATURE

Everything that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself.

(William Blake)

There is marked interdependence in nature which serves to make the web of life more complicated. No living thing can exist alone. Within any living-community there is complete interdependence of living forms. The inter-action and interdependence are most noticeable in climax communities where successions of living things have reached a mature stage. In a climax community there is a greater variety of organisms than in the early stages of succession. The controlling organisms are so well adapted to the surroundings that they tend to crowd out less adapted forms. To all outward appearances a climax community is stable, but actually competition and interaction among the forms are taking place. It is only through such interactions that a climax community is maintained over long periods of time.

When living things grow naturally together, they are said to have balanced social relationships. In a forest, the trees control such factors as light, space, water supply, and food materials for other living things. Smaller plants grow close to the forest floor and furnish a covering which protects the trees against rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil. Trees and shrubs near the forest edge help to slow the wind movement through the forest. Most of the woody plants shed their leaves in winter and in this way protect the seeds of smaller plants as well as the underground storage organs of many wild flowers. Millions of microscopic forms, especially bacteria and fungi, bring about the decay of dead plant and animal matter. The decayed materials enrich the soil and help in the new growth of plants. Decay also produces heat, and because of this, centipedes, lizards, and some insects deposit their eggs in the warm decaying logs.

There are still other social relationships. Earthworms and ants aid in fertilizing the soil by digging pores and tubes which allow air to enter. Besides aeration of soil, they also help to mix newly-decayed humus with the older soil materials. Other animals help to pollinate flowers and distribute the seeds. The

activities carried on by each living thing are primarily for preserving its own species. However, their activities are so bound up together, that the total life of the community would be altered by the loss of any individual living thing, or by the addition of new forms of life.

The different types of regions and their corresponding plant-animal communities have developed over long periods of time. Each type of region has been changed to some extent by the coming of civilized man. Forests have been cut down, dry lands have been irrigated, natural grasses of the plains have been replaced by cereals and fruit trees, and many other special crops have been introduced. New forms of animal life have come when new plants were introduced. Weeds and insect pests have accompanied other changes brought about by human methods. These and other effects have changed small communities within the larger ones.

The inter-relationships between plants and animals are in reality food chains in nature. There are many such food chains. The micro-organisms of the ocean are the source of food supply for all the marine forms, including the largest whales. The chain is constructed of organisms of increasing size that feed on smaller ones. Food chains in nature do not always provide enough food for all the individuals of any particular species. The more species there are, the more difficult it is to procure food. If for some reason birds multiply more rapidly than insects, most of the insects will be destroyed, so that in another year few will be left to reproduce more. During the second year the bird population may decrease from lack of food. This reduction of the bird population in turn enables the number of insects to increase rapidly so that the number of birds may eventually return to its original total.

A food chain may have as few as two links, or a considerably greater number. If one link of the chain is affected by special conditions of climate or by the activities of man, the entire chain may be damaged. Usually all the links of a food chain are not equal in strength at any one time, and no environment is likely to remain the same, year after year. For these reasons there is an ebb and flow in plant and animal populations. When this ebb and flow is observed to take place at regular periods, it is described as population rhythm.

Man, in his ignorance, has many times unwittingly upset the balance in nature to his own cost. He is only gradually realizing the importance of not disturbing this balance in nature. This idea is basic in all conservation work. We cannot introduce a new species in a region, or completely eliminate a species, without the danger of disrupting nature. Below are a few examples to illustrate the harm that man does when he interferes with nature.

In the 1890's Laysan Island was overgrown with shrubs and grasses. Land and sea birds, found nowhere else in the world, were there in abundance. In 1902 a man brought several pairs of rabbits to the island. Almost everywhere rabbits reproduce rapidly, but enough natural enemies prevent them from increasing at a

fast rate. On Laysan Island there were no dogs, cats or other enemies of rabbits, and the rich vegetation supplied abundant food, so the rabbits increased. They became so numerous that they were destroying the vegetation faster than the new plants grew up. In 1923, the whole island became a barren waste, and the rabbits were starving by the thousands. The birds either died or left for other lands. So long as conditions were natural, life went on smoothly. The rabbits then appeared on this scene, took more than their share of the plants, and upset the balance in nature.

In order to kill the rats brought by ships to Jamaica, the mongoose (Herpestes griseus) was imported from India. It made short work of both the old world rats and the cane rats. When the rodent supply ran short, the appetite of the mongoose remained unappeased and so poultry and other land birds were soon missing. When the flea-eating lizards began to decrease, a fresh trouble arose in the form of a plague of fleas and ticks.

The Kaibab Plateau, which lies at the north of Grand Canyon, has sufficient altitude to receive rain and bear a forest, but it is surrounded by the Arizona desert over which deer cannot travel. Kaibab deer were kept in control for untold thousands of years by pumas. By about 1920, ranchers nearly exterminated the mountain lions (pumas) in this region because they were killing many calves. In a few years the plateau was swarming with deer. Every blade of grass, weed, and life was gone — as high as a deer could reach standing on its hind legs. Every deer was starving, and only expensive shipments of hay saved any. Now a moderate amount of hunting is allowed to reduce the number of deer; and man has taken the place of the mountain lion.

The English sparrow case is somewhat different, but it also shows how a balance may be upset. About 1850, the city of Brooklyn became ambitious to have many shady trees. But the Brooklynites had trouble with insect pests, and noted that villages had less trouble because in the latter the numerous birds ate them up. Finally someone recalled an English bird called the house sparrow, that frequently haunts metropolitan London, and in 1850 some were imported. All too late it was discovered that these sparrows eat so few insects that they are scarcely any help. As so often happens, an unexpected result occurred. English sparrows break up the nesting routine of other birds. The number of blue-birds, wrens, and others that sing sweetly, are beautiful, and eat insects were greatly reduced. The imports are ugly, cannot sing, and have destructive food habits. They steal food from poultry, peck holes in fruits, and are all-around pests.

One instance where man has restored balance is in the case of the Australian cottony scale insect, which was accidentally introduced into the California citrus groves. Thriving on the orange and lemon trees, the insects grew unchecked even by the American insects of prey, which were apparently displeased with the flavour of the scale insect. When the citrus industry seemed to be doomed, the U. S. Department of

Agriculture sent trained men to Australia to find its natural enemy. Lady bird beetles were soon imported, and the citrus fruits were saved. Since the lady-bird ate itself out of house and home, colonies of these beetles together with the scale insects are protected, in order to control future outbreaks.

The practices of civilized man have dangerously reduced many forms of life. He cuts down entire forests, and drains swamps and marshes, then finds all too late that he has created a "dust bowl" or an eroded treeless countryside. More and more we are being brought to realize that water is one of our critical resources. One of the requirements in maintaining a balance in nature is a water supply adequate to meet the needs of living things. Beavers, which are sometimes called "natural conservationists", contribute to a good supply of water by building many dams across small streams, thus checking the rapid flow of forest water. In many cases entire forests have been cut, when it would have been wiser if at least some smaller trees were left for the use of beavers, which in return would have helped to preserve the water supply. It is in the best interests of the human race to protect forest birds and animals, since they help to keep the forest a balanced community, and thus indirectly control the water supply which is necessary for growing food crops. There are numerous ways in which man can help to build such balanced communities. Sensible wild-life conservation programmes today are based on careful studies of the relationships between all living things, with special attention to the needs of the human race.

A programme of conservation of wild life, and of all natural resources, is an essential part in the economic plans of any nation. Man is the only creature capable of understanding that there is a balance in nature, yet he is the most disturbing factor in that balance. Many of his blunders in this matter may have important and disastrous results for his own generation; many more will have their effects on future generations. Every generation of mankind is responsible for the future of the human race. The gifts of the Creator are entrusted to man for a time; it is for him to preserve this trust and pass on God's gifts, embellished by his touch perhaps, but not destroyed.

VASANTHI GOPINATH
II B.Sc.

THE GIFT OF GREEN

Flowers have always been a source of joy, consolation and peace to man. What, indeed, would the earth be if there were not flowers to comfort our sorrows, intensify our joys and lift up our hearts to God ? The beauty of nature and especially of flowers has long been the theme of both artist and poet. Not only for their beauty, however, but also for their usefulness, are plants of value to man. Plants are used for food, medicine, industrial purposes, for ornamentation, and musical instruments.

Man is able to live only because of the food synthesized by green plants. Rice, wheat, or corn are staple foods for millions of people. Fruits, vegetables, and nuts form an important part of man's diet. Beverages derived from flowering plants are used by man partly because of their mildly stimulating alkaloids, and partly because of their pleasing flavours and aromas. Such beverages as coffee and tea are in use the world over, and are derived from plants. Again much of the sweetness on the human menu comes from sugar, without which many foods and drinks would be tasteless or bitter. Fatty oils are extracted from the seeds of plants such as castor, coconut and ground nut. Spices obtained from many plant are put to world-wide use, and form the commercial products of many countries.

But man needs more than food. He needs also clothing and shelter and lo, the plant kingdom is there to satisfy these needs also. Plants yield wood in enormous quantities. Almost all varieties of plants give us wood that is used in building houses, making furniture and also in industrial construction. Mahogany wood is very strong and hence it is used in making piers and bridges. The fibre products of plants, such as the cotton plant, provide cloth. Linen is also made of fibres from plants.

Throughout the ages it has been known that healing powers abounded in nature, and today we still rely upon the medicinal essences and extracts of plants to heal many human ills. We owe much to the curative qualities and medicinal virtues hidden in plants : in their foliage, roots, and bark. The researches of scientists have extracted medicines from plants for many diseases that formerly struck a death-blow to millions of people. The cinchona

tree bears in its bark the valuable quinine for the treatment of malaria. The fungi yield penicillin, streptomycin, and many such valuable drugs. Snake poison, which is undoubtedly dangerous to human beings, is acted upon by a drug from a plant known as Rauwolfia serpentina.

Long before modern methods of medical treatment developed, primitive man knew the healing secrets of herbs; and still, though civilization has advanced greatly, man looks to the lowly plant to cure many of his ills. The Ayurvedic pills and mixtures are all extracted from plants and are very effective. In many countries, like Japan, medicinal herbs are put to a very wide use. The leaves of fox-glove give digitalis, a valuable drug in treating certain types of heart disease. Morphine and cocaine are obtained from plants. Oils of eucalyptus and olive trees are well known for their curative qualities. The four o' clock plant, and the leaves of solanum are commonly used in India as healing agents.

Plants, as sources of industrial and commercial products, are also indispensable to man. The list of such products could be almost interminable. There are, in addition to wood itself, the innumerable by-products of wood, such as paper. Without paper it is difficult to imagine how any advance could be made. What would modern printing presses do without paper? Modern chemistry has provided us with numerous products made of cellulose, obtained from wood: for example rayon, cellophane, artificial leather, and films. The fibre products of plants not only provide cotton but also are used in the manufacture of rope, nets, baskets, and furniture. The tannins, gums, and resins obtained from plants are all latex products. The best example of a latex product of plants is rubber, which is widely used for many purposes, and is a great source of income to many countries. The tannins of mangroves, chestnut, and oak are of value in tanning leather. Plant dyes are also useful; and the yellow dye saffron is used in colouring food and also as a medicine. The odoriferous oils occur as waste products in plant tissues. Perfumes are obtained from the oils of jasmine, carnation, lavender, and rose.

Plants, again, can be used for making musical instruments. The flute is made from bamboo. The veena and violin are also made from wood. The mridangam is made from the wood of the jack tree. Ornaments such as flower vases, statues, and wood carvings beautify our homes and can be obtained from plants or plant products.

There are some plants which have so many uses that they deserve separate mention. Among these may be included bamboo, plantain, and coconut, every part of which is useful. Bamboo grows in tropical and sub-tropical as well as in temperate zones. The stem is used as timber, and also yields valuable fibres that are used for the

manufacture of mats, baskets, and furniture. In many countries bamboo is used for making fishing rods, butterfly nets, ceiling brushes, and for other domestic purposes. The seeds of bamboo are eaten. Paper is made from the pulp inside the stem. Some species of bamboo contain in the stem a substance called tabashir which is used in the East as a medicine. Bamboo is used in India for making musical pipes. Plantain is another plant with innumerable uses. Plantain is an important food item for most tropical areas. Two hundred varieties of banana are cultivated in various parts of the world. The unripe fruits of plantain are ground into a kind of flour which is used as food in India. Even the flowers are cooked and eaten. The shoot is considered as a starchy vegetable. Dried leaves and the stem yield fibres that are woven into mats and baskets. The latex issuing from any cut or wound in the plant is supposed to be a good medicine for an insect sting. Finally coconut is a most useful plant to man. The roots of the tree are made into screens, and the fibres from the stems are woven into mats and bags. Coconut is valuable as food, and coconut oil is also an important part of the human diet. Moreover, the oil is used in the manufacture of soap, hair oils, and perfumes. The fibres of the shell are used for making coir, and the shell-cup for making spoons. The roots are said to have medicinal qualities, and even the leaves are used for making brooms and for the roofing of huts. Not even a bit of coconut need be wasted. No wonder it is often referred to as the "Kalpa Urksha".

This is only a brief account of plant uses, and much more could be said. No doubt future progress in scientific research will yield yet greater and more important uses for plants and their products. But from what has been said it is quite obvious that man depends on plants for his very life. Well might we sing, "All plants that grow upon the earth, bless the Lord," and man, too, must bless and thank the Creator for His invaluable gifts, especially for the gift of green plants, which nourish him, shelter him, clothe him, and heal him.

S. R. SAKUNTHALA
I B.Sc.

THE ATOM AND RADIO—ACTIVE ISOTOPES

In times of war men are inclined to think of the work of chemists as being directed solely to destructive ends, but the discoveries of chemists are contributions to knowledge. It is in man's power and it is his responsibility — the responsibility of each individual citizen, to use these discoveries aright. Great as have been the suffering and destruction of life brought about by the misuse of the discoveries of chemists, very much greater have been the relief from suffering and the saving of life which their discoveries have made possible. We can regret that atomic bombs are possible, without regretting the discoveries that have led to them.

The atom has assumed a great deal of importance in our lives, and a simple description is not an easy task because the atom has quite a complicated structure. At its centre is what is called the nucleus, and this is the heavy part. Round it revolve the lighter electrons, which are units of negative electricity. They are the ultimate bricks of which all matter is built, but they are rather elusive. An electron is thought of as a cloud, and where the cloud is densest, there is the best chance of locating an electron. These electrons revolve round the nucleus in a limited number of possible orbits, and as they revolve they spin. The nucleus of an atom consists of an assemblage of neutrons and protons that are held together by such great binding forces that any change in the nuclear structure involves enormous amounts of energy change. Fission is the term applied to the sudden violent disruption of the nuclei of certain heavy atoms (of uranium–235 and plutonium–239) when they are struck by a high velocity neutron, and thereupon fly apart into two or more fragments which are themselves the nuclei of atoms of moderate mass. Radioactivity is a somewhat similar process; and though it involves nuclear disintegration, yet it is totally different in cause, mechanism, and effect. The nuclei of all radio–active atoms are inherently unstable and sooner or later disintegrate of their own accord. The process is completely automatic, and no human device is able to speed or retard its rate. In every radio–active element a certain small proportion of the atomic nuclei disintegrate every second. When this fraction is large, the activity is intense, and all the atoms may break up and change to something else within a second. When the fraction is small, the radioactivity is weak, and the radio-active element may endure for years or centuries.

Before the discovery of isotopes it was thought that all the atoms of any chemical element had the same mass. It is now known that all the elements consist of mixtures of atoms of different mass. These modifications are called isotopes. In the intense radiations produced in nuclear reactors, ordinary elements can be changed into artificial isotopes or radio–isotopes, whose radiations can be detected in extremely small concentrations. Perhaps the most fascinating of all uses of radio–isotopes is

that of "tracer" atoms. The different isotopes of an element are indistinguishable chemically; they undergo identical chemical reactions and form identical chemical compounds. They differ only in mass; and in the case of radio-isotopes, in the fact that they emit radiations. These radiations are very easy to detect and can readily be measured with modern electronic apparatus such as the Geiger-Muller Counter and other "Watch Dogs of the Atomic Age". If a very small proportion of the appropriate radio-isotopes is mixed with a large amount of a compound containing the ordinary element, the movement of that element throughout reactions, and its appearance in this or that product can be easily detected and assessed by the tell-tale radioactivity of the "tagged" or "tracer' atom. Radio-active sodium administered as sodium chloride solution can be used to measure the rate of circulation of a patient's blood. This is a tracer technique of very great importance both to the patient and to the surgeon. If the salt solution is injected into the blood and a Geiger Counter placed against the patient's foot, the rate of circulation of his blood can be calculated with great precision. Should the patient need to have a leg removed, the circulation rate would indicate whether there would be sufficient blood circulating to the wound to help to heal it. To the doctor the Geiger Counter would provide guidance as to where the amputation should be made, in order to ensure a good chance of healing.

The thyroid gland absorbs and uses iodine. If a patient suffering from an over-active thyroid gland is allowed to take a small quantity of radio-iodine, it goes to the thyroid, and its beta rays bombard and damage sufficient thyroid cells to reduce the abnormal activity. Similarly an isotope of boron accumulates in one type of brain tumour, and can there be made radio-active by a brief exposure to a neutron beam, and it then destroys the tumour. It is known that bones heal only as fast as they can absorb phosphorus, and radio-phosphorus has been shown to be absorbed by bone. Experiments were made on rats in whose leg bones tiny cuts were made. The rats were then fed with radio-phosphorus, and the rate of absorption of phosphorus was measured by means of a counter. The information obtained of the rate of healing has been used in the treatment of human fractures. Radium has long been useful in the treatment of cancer, because its powerful rays destroy living tissue in brief exposure. Today cobalt-60, which is available in quantity at less cost, offers many advantages over radium, and replaces it in the treatment of cancer.

The general availability of relatively cheap radio-active isotopes of all the common elements has also been of great significance to industry. One simple application is to indicate the position of some object which is not easily accessible, or which is buried under other material. Frequently oil has to be transported by pipe line over long distances from the well to the refinery. These pipes tend to become choked by deposits which settle out from the crude oil. Cleaning operations are crrried out by pushing scrapers along the pipes. When the scraper jams, the ground is broken, and the pipe repaired. In the past many holes had to be dug. Now the uncertainty of locating the scraper has been eliminated because it carries with it a pellet of radio-active cobalt. The progress of the radio-active material can be followed with a Geiger

Counter, and where the scraper becomes stuck, a hole is dug, and pipe repairs are carried out without waste of time. It is now possible to transport along the same pipe line different oils in succession : motor fuel, lubricating oils, or crude petroleum. In order to mark the end of one oil and the beginning of the next, a small amount of oil-soluble radio-isotope is injected when the change is made at the start of the pipe line. The arrival of the junction is signalled at the distant end of the pipe by the arrival of the rays which penetrate the pipe and are detected by instruments. The operator can then separate the new oil and send it to its proper tank.

A similar use protects the hands of a machine operator from contact with danger : the operator wears a bracelet which has been made slightly radio-active, and the machine is provided with a detection device. When the hand comes near enough to be in danger, the rays are detected and a warning flashes or the machine stops.

It is now possible to monitor the thickness of steel sheet in a rolling mill by measuring the amount of radioactivity penetrating the sheet,—this depends on the sheet's thickness. Most typical are the uses of radio-isotopes in research studies. Resistance to wear has been tested on shoe soles, floor waxes, road surfaces, automobile tyres, paints, and many metals. The quality and effectiveness of soaps and detergents, toothpastes and cosmetics has also been tested.

The known half-life of carbon-14 allows animal and vegetable remains, found by archaeologists in caves, to be "dated" by their remaining activity due to carbon-14. In this way, living sites of prehistoric man have been traced back more than 25,000 years with fair confidence in the dates assigned.

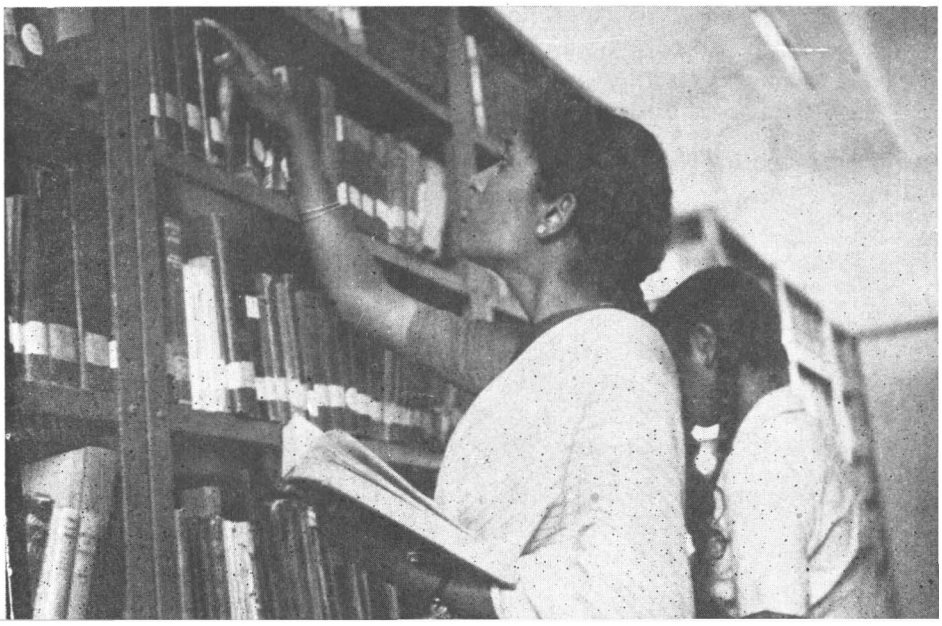
Not only in medicine and industry, but also in agricultural studies and biological research, radio-isotopes have proved most useful. They can increase both the health and length of life, and at the same time multiply food production. Thus we see that nuclear power and its by-products can be used to improve the living conditions of mankind. Could we not consider radioactivity, theoretical or applied, as only a new verse in the hymn of praise which God's creatures sing to Him? Surely, if St. Francis were alive, he would have fitted in "Brother Atom" with the rest of God's creatures. With Brother Sun, and Sisters Stars and Moon, Brother Atom would announce the goodness and greatness of the Almighty.

Praised be the Lord for Big Brother Atom,
Great is his power — which God alone can fathom.

JOSEPHINE DE SILVA
III B. Sc.

FOOD FOR MAN, FOR THOUGHT, AND FOR CHEMISTRY STUDENTS

Recorded history begins with the Valley Civilizations, that is, culture is the child of agriculture, when nomadic peoples, assured of a constant food supply, could settle down and raise permanent monuments of architecture. With the production of more than his own needs he could share it with others, who now had the leisure to pursue the arts and sciences, which have helped to make the earth more truly human, for man could gratify his spiritual craving after the satisfaction of his physical hunger. But with the growth of its youngest progeny, mechanical science, a strange phenomenon is taking place : all sorts of comforts and luxuries beyond the wildest dreams of our forebears, and the spectre of hunger for millions of our fellow human beings. Much of this, of course, is due to an unequal distribution ; but also to the neglect of agriculture, treating it as an outcast, so that the ambitious young fled the country to escape the feeling of inferiority and lack of opportunity that now go with country life in so many places. In India, among others, where three quarters of the population are engaged in agriculture, but where sometimes food imports are required to procure even a meal a day for millions, agriculture should have the first consideration. Without this there can be no great progress, which depends on the maximum energy of all citizens, for the physical and moral vitality are lacking. Adequate food is the first consideration for maintaining life, for growth, and health. The experience of the Netherlands and Japan proves this. In the former, the proportion of inhabitants to natural acreage is much less than in India, but by wresting soil from the sea and thus building up its land, and by scientific methods of agriculture, not only is it able to give its own people an adequate diet — and the Dutch are known for their generous servings — but it also exports food to other countries, competing with its neighbours by cheaper prices. When Japan emerged from its



feudal system, about a century ago, its first reform was agriculture. But Japan, being mostly mountainous, has much less available land than India, where many acres of land still lie uncultivated, chiefly through lack of water, neglect, or inadequate facilities or knowledge for its improvement. But in Japan every available bit of land is carefully cultivated by terracing and other arduous methods. This is also the case in some parts of South East Asia and in Switzerland. Although it has not succeeded as yet in supplying its food needs, yet by this method, Japan has promoted a healthy peasantry who not only have enough to live but can invest their savings to build up its industry, thus making Japan independent of foreign loans, and even able to lend money to others.

In agricultural research, almost every branch of science can play its part to improve the productivity of our farms and the quality of their crops. The first requirement is a knowledge of modern techniques. Improving the quality of seeds is one of the most effective and inexpensive ways to increase the agricultural output. There is also the scientific rotation of crops, the intelligent use of fertilizers, the systematic control of pests and diseases, and economical methods of irrigation. By such means the F.A.O. expects the world's food supplies to increase by at least 60%, which would create a food surplus today without increasing by a single acre the present land area devoted to agriculture, which forms only a small percentage of the land that could still be prepared for cultivation.

Plants have to be fed with the elements necessary for the building up of their structures. No fewer than about thirteen elements are required by plants, and of these the most important, apart from carbon and hydrogen, are nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium, and these must be present in the soil in an easily assimilable form. Most of these are present in virgin soil, but by the frequent repetition of the same crops, the soil becomes barren. To increase the yield of the soil by artificial fertilizers in ample amounts and at lower cost would be among the greatest services chemists could do for man.

The addition of potassium salts to the soil is of great importance for the healthy and vigorous growth of plants, like potatoes, cereals, and fruit crops. Phosphates increase and strengthen the crops, and accelerate the process of growth and ripening. By treating ground bones with the requisite amount of sulphuric acid, the superphosphate fertiliser, which is an excellent source of phosphorus for the plant, is now prepared on a large scale.

Of the different fertilizers used in agriculture, the most important are those which feed the plant with nitrogen. Though the plants are immersed in a "sea of nitrogen" that is present in the atmosphere, it is only the leguminous plants that can make use of it. The majority of plants depend on artificial fertilizers for their supply of nitrogen. Ammonium salts and nitrates are among the important nitrogenous fertilizers.

Besides potassium, phosphorus, and nitrogen, a number of elements are required to act either as plant nutrients or to improve the fertility of the

soil. Small quantities of iron are known to facilitate the formation of chlorophyll. Calcium, magnesium, boron, and manganese, when supplied to the plant in the form of their compounds, are essential elements in plant metabolism and growth.

Radio-active tracers are today an important tool of the research worker, and have proved very valuable in the improvement of crop growth. With radioactive isotopes, observations of many types, which were hitherto impossible, can be made. If a nutrient, appropriately labelled with a radioactive isotope, is provided to a plant, the labelled nutrient can subsequently be distinguished from chemically identical material which was present in the plant when the labelled substance was supplied. Furthermore, the quantities of labelled substances which can be measured with a Geiger Counter or other electronic apparatus, are infinitely smaller than can be detected in other ways. Thus they provide an ideal method, often the only practicable one, for studying the very rapid process whereby small amounts of mineral nutrients and other substances are absorbed and chemically transformed in plants. It can, for example, be shown that a considerable accumulation of nutrients occurs in plant roots within a few seconds of their being placed in the solution of a labelled nutrient. Within a few minutes significant amounts of nutrients may reach the upper leaves of a plant. From nitrogen in the form of nitrate or ammonia, phosphorus as inorganic phosphate, and other elements in equally simple inorganic forms, proteins and nucleic acids and their derivatives are built up. Thus tracer methods have proved invaluable in the study of the absorption of inorganic nutrients by plants.

Radioactive isotopes are being more and more widely used in the investigation of plant diseases. The control of weeds by selective herbicides is today a widespread and important practice. Substances are known which give relatively adequate control of the majority of weeds without injuring cereal crops. The weed killers are chemicals that kill the broad-leaved weeds without harm to the large family of narrow-leaved grasses, which include all the cereals. New chemical sprays have come to the aid of the farmer in destroying both weeds and insects.

With the technical knowledge scientists now have, there is no reason why any human being living today should go hungry. God has graced the planet earth with tremendous opportunities to feed its inhabitants. It is our task, therefore, to use these opportunities to procure an abundance of food stuffs for the millions who go hungry. An intelligent use of chemistry will doubtless be an invaluable aid in improving crop growth.

MARION REARDON
Pre-University

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

The excitement caused all over the world by the prediction that some major disaster would occur on February 5th due to the conjunction of "eight" planets has somewhat abated. This "end of the world" story, however, stirred up an interest in astronomy, and also disclosed a surprising degree of ignorance on the subject — many people even thought that a conjunction" would mean a terrific collision in mid-air. But this is not what is meant by " conjunction " (or I would not have lived to write this) which is, moreover, quite an ordinary occurrence as a result of well-known physical laws.

All the planets of our solar system are moving round the sun in elliptic (i.e. almost circular) orbits. Due to the differences in the time they take to complete their orbits, it so happens that they, at some time in their periodic motion, lie in the same direction as the sun when viewed from the earth. They are then said to be "in conjunction". Now all the planets have their orbits almost in the same plane as that of the earth, and so they are always seen in the sky very near to the region in which the sun is seen in daytime. This region of the sky, like a broad band across the heavens, is called the "zodiac", and is divided into twelve equal parts called "signs". The sign is generally named after the principal group of stars or constellation which it contains : Aries (ram), Taurus (bull), Gemini (twins), Cancer (crab), Leo (lion), Virgo (virgin), Libra (scales), Scorpio (scorpion), Sagittarius (archer), Capricornus (goat), Aquarius (water-carrier), Pisces (fish). The constellations themselves have these names because of a faint resemblance to the various animals and objects. On the 5th of February this year, the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, although not strictly in conjunction, were all in the sign of Capricornus. At "new moon", the sun and moon are in conjunction ; and as February 5th was new moon day, that made seven heavenly bodies...and the eighth ? According to astronomers of the East, the point where the paths of the sun and moon intersect, or the "node", is called a planet and so, including this and the sun and moon themselves, the great eight-planet conjunction was widely publicized, and made the cause of general panic.

This was no doubt a great event, but still a perfectly natural result of the motion of the planets in their customary orbits round the sun ; and there is in that,

it has been proved, nothing that foretells doom. The planets move round the sun in orbits separated by millions of miles, and it is highly improbable that they should collide with one another unless the gravitational force that keeps them in their orbits ceased to exist. So if we got zero in our test, or a bad cold in the head on the 5th of February, we must admit with Cassius that "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings!"

Once we begin to study a little astronomy, we may say of it what Ecclesiastes says of Wisdom, "The first man knew him not perfectly, no more shall the last find him out," for it is a branch of science in which our deepest plumbings can never reach the very depths.

Looking out into space from our earthly abode, we see the moon a little more than a second away, and the sun about eight minutes — reckoning distances not in miles, but in terms of the time their light, moving at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, takes to reach the earth. Pluto, the remotest member of our solar system, is about five hours away. And beyond the solar system are the stars, the very nearest of which, about 75,000 times more distant than our sun, is 5 light years away. Any change in the position of the stars is so slight in proportion to their immense distance from us, that they are called "fixed stars", though in reality some of the nebulae, or clusters of stars visible to us as hazy patches of light in the dark sky, are receding from us at the almost inconceivable rate of 38,000 miles per second. Yet others may be moving faster than light itself, so there is no possibility of their light reaching us at all.

Astronomers, with the aid of the great modern telescopes such as the 200-inch reflector at Mount Palomar, U.S.A., and the radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank, England, are probing farther and farther into space and, in the light of their new discoveries, proposing new theories for the origin and future of the universe: that the sun will ultimately burn up all its resources and a cold, cold earth, supporting no life, would go on circling round its cold remains long after the end of the world to mankind. How is it the astronomers remain quite unperturbed amidst their cataclysmic predictions? Because they put the normal expectation of life for our earth at several hundred million years.

Other sciences in the world today prove their worth by contributing to the betterment of mankind. But what have astronomy and cosmology to offer? Why does an astronomer devote his life to the study of the structure, position, and destination of bodies so remote from us as to have no conceivable influence on human life? He tries to see the universe as it existed before us and as it will be hereafter: proposing, testing, rejecting conflicting theories, in his constant search for truth. Perhaps the ultimate answer to the problems of astronomy will be found in philosophy, for while studying the physical and dynamical laws which rule the universe, we can behold and rejoice in God's creation, full of beauty and wonder. In the excitement of the quest, striving after truth, we "follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bounds of human thought."

P. K. GANGA
III B.Sc.

ALUMNAE

We have learnt

We still learn by living . . .

LINKS
THAT UNITE

From the many letters received this vear from graduates of Stella Maris now scattered not only all over India, but in many European countries, in Celyon, Malaya, and the U.S.A., we wish to share with all of you the following extracts which give some idea of the enterprising spirit of our alumnae.

Let us begin near home with an amusing experience of Joy D'Silva, when working as a research assistant in Mysore.

As you know, insect sounds are hard to distinguish, especially in a city like Madras. Even the occasional chirping of a cricket is quickly drowned by the droning of an aeroplane flying overhead.

I had never been on a coffee estate before, or for that matter, on any estate. During the first week of my career as a research assistant in entomology at the coffee research station in Mysore State, I decided to undertake a survey of insect fauna prevailing in that part of the estate known as "L Valley". Armed with my handlers, hand net and field note-book, I set out for the selected spot.

As I descended into the valley, I was aware of a distinct hum, which gradually increased in volume, reached a deafening pitch, and slowly died down again. I stood stock still; amazement registered on my countenance. The field-assistant, who was accompanying me, also stopped, but looked questioningly at me.

Had the Chinese suddenly decided to invade southern India ? Or was it some aeronautic test being carried out ? These were the thoughts that flitted through my mind, disturbed only by the field assistant's whispered query, "Did you see a snake ?" "No", I whispered back, "what is that noise ?"

"What noise ?" he asked; and as if in answer, the crescendo commenced again, sounding like a dozen jets whizzing past. "Listen," he said. The field assistant was indeed a diplomat. A smile played around the corners of his mouth, and with a one-who-knows-all look, he explained, "Madam, cicadas !"

"Cicadas ?" I cried; and followed him as he walked up to a huge jackfruit tree. There were about a score of cicadas perched on the tree trunk, and I was just in time to hear them emit the last few bars of their chorus. Looking around I perceived at least fifty jackfruit trees; and on inspection, each tree was found to harbour not less than ten cicadas !

Glad you have not lost your sense of humour, Joy! We feel that the same blessed virtue has also been a help to Usha Rani in her first attempt at being a teacher in Rosary Matriculation School, Mylapore. For she writes :

"Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

Of course any new job is delightful when you first undertake it, especially when you have to be amidst young children. And, moreover, I think "to teach the young idea how to shoot" (or draw) is even more delightful than teaching any other subject. In this "task" you get a great deal of amusement in watching the creations of the budding artists (some of their specimens almost resembling those of our modern artists), and in the "child talk" which never fails to arouse your sense of humour.

Rather tedious at times, this work demands a great amount of patience, a virtue which is most important for a teacher. The art classes are a real test of a teacher's patience and temper. What is it that makes me want to lose my temper ? It is a chorus of "No things, Miss," from the children. This is a typical art class :

"Sh ! Sh ! keep quiet; Miss is coming." And you see a cluster of wanderers dashing from all corners of the classroom to their places.

"Good morning, Miss." "Good morning, children. Sit down." The class settles down and when work is started, you find a number of them with questioning looks, and a few sitting idle.

"What is the matter ?"

"I did not bring my book, Miss."

"May I get a pencil from the next class, Miss ?"

"My brother is having the colour pencils, Miss."

"Now why do you come to class without the necessary things ?" I try to look very severe.

"I'll buy next week, Miss."

But a week later it is the same story again. It travels all the way down to the year's end, and still you find a few without a book or a pencil, or both. The older ones have ready made excuses for not bringing their things : "I forgot Miss," or "The pages are over, Miss." Oh ! patience, patience. But there is something rewarding in it all, just the same.

Courage, Usha ! Here is another Stella Marian who has also joined the teaching profession and who seems to enjoy it too. It is Miriam D'Souza who writes from Tiruchirapalli :

We had come to Madras for two days on an excursion. I wanted so much to come and see you, Mother, but we had so much to see that I got not a spare moment to go and visit any of my friends. The second day we spent at Mahabalipuram, and the children thoroughly enjoyed their two day stay at Madras.

The school just celebrated its diamond jubilee on the 10th, 11th, and 12th, so for the past one month we were kept busy preparing for it. On the first day was the fête in the morning and an operetta in the evening called " Princess Ju Ju". On the second day were the sports; and on the third day, a variety entertainment in the morning, staff lunch in the afternoon, tea for about 200 guests in the evening, and a film show after the tea. So all the three days were quite hectic, but we really enjoyed it all, and didn't feel any bit tired in spite of all the rush.

We hope you will be able to visit the "Cloisters" next time you come to Madras, Miriam. It is always a joy to see former Stella Marians back again. Further afield, there is N. Indrani, who is also a teacher at a government high school in Moratuwa, Ceylon. She has written :

Our school is situated in a pleasant locality quite close to the sea. It shelters nearly one thousand four hundred students, and conducts classes from the nursery up to the university entrance both in science and arts. At present I teach from Form III up to university entrance general science and chemistry and zoology. I have a very full programme, and there are two days in the week when I do not have a single free period. I have started the good old Stella Maris tradition of frequent tests.

Indrani has done quite a bit of work in contacting other former students of Ceylon in order to organize an Alumnae Association of Stella Marians.

Stella Marians in Europe write of their experiences and impressions there, making it possible for us to do quite a bit of travelling without ever leaving our armchairs. Here is a most interesting account from Milan, Italy, where four Indian students are at present studying medicine :

We are four Indian girls studying at the State University of Milan : Sicily and I in fifth year, Omana and Annamma in second year. We are very happy here, for everyone is so helpful and friendly, and takes a great interest in "our Indiane", as they call us, (they find our personal names very difficult to remember). Wherever

we go, our colourful sarees attract much attention and admiration. Our fellow-students, who are extremely interested in all things Indian, take us as representative of the whole nation. At various gatherings we are often invited to speak on India, its culture, and its great men. People here are particularly interested in Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore; the centenary of the latter was celebrated with great enthusiasm all over Europe.

Student life in Italy is rather different from the kind of life we were accustomed to at home. There are three universities in Milan : the State University which we attend, the Catholic University, and a private university ; and a high proportion of the two million inhabitants of the city are students. These universities are quite independent of each other, unlike our affiliated colleges in India. As the classes are very large (there are usually about four hundred students in first year medical), there is very little contact between professors and students. Moreover, most of the professors are engaged in research, and so have not much time to spend on their students. We have to depend on private study more than on lectures, and this is good, for it stimulates our initiative in the search for knowledge. However, all the professors are very kind, and willing to help any one who approaches them. Some of them even invite us to their homes in order to give us more individual help. I shall never forget the kindness of one professor during our first year at Milan, who saw that we could understand almost nothing since we had only just begunto learn Italian. He used to place us in the front seats and do his best to make us understand, even going to the extent of searching out an English dictionary so that he could translate some of the Italian words for us.

There are numerous associations and other extra-curricular activities, some confined to individual departments, some open to the whole university. We foreign students have several opportunities to travel, to spend our vacations in other European countries, and even to practice in hospitals there.

I have mentioned already that we were four hundred students in our first year class. Obviously, it is not possible to know all the members of such a large class, and this fact gave rise to an amusing incident in my first yeat at Milan. Shortly after boarding a tram one day to go to the university, I became aware that two young girls were watching me very attentively. After a few minutes, they approached my seat, and, encouraged by my smile, asked me if I were Indian. When I answered "Yes", they told me excitedly that they were first year medical students at the State University, and that there were two Indian girls in their class. Laughingly I told them that I was one of those two. You can imagine how embarrassed they felt, but I was not at all surprised, since they had seen me only from a distance previously. Now they are great friends of mine.

Our class has now dwindled to one hundred and fifty, since examinations are held every two years, and at each exam some of our friends fail, and are regretfully left behind. The course lasts for six years, so we have only one year left after this.

One of the chief high lights of our stay in Italy was our audience with the Holy Father just two weeks ago. His Holiness blessed us and then added: "I bless you all, your homes and your dear ones, your country and your people." Our parents, our relatives, our friends, and the whole of India were present in our minds at that wonderful moment, and we were filled with joy at the thought of the Pope's blessing going out through us to our dear homeland.

The Cardinal of Milan frequently invites us to visit him, takes a fatherly interest in all that we do, and even presents us with gifts at each visit.

I am indeed very happy that God has given me this opportunity to live and study abroad for six years. Almost without realizing it, we have slipped into the rhythms of Italian life, without, however, losing our distinctive national habits and characteristics. We are glad to learn at first hand different ways of life, and are proud and happy to be unofficial ambassadors of India to Italy.

Last October, Geeta Rao, a former art student, wrote to us from Britain:

Here I am in the United Kingdom with my husband, who is on a work-study course, and our little son, Madhusudham. On our way to our destination in Portsmouth, we spent a week in London, visiting various famous places including the Planetarium and Madame Tussaud's waxworks, where I was delighted to see lifelike figures of Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru. What interested me most, however, as an art student, was the Victoria and Albert Museum, a real treasure-house of sculpture. It has some very fine pieces of Renaissance sculpture, including those of Donatello. There are huge pillars, altars, and even entire walls covered with exquisitely carved figures and scenes brought from Greece and Rome. I also saw a copy of Michelangelo's Moses, and many other statues. I was very interested in the paintings of Raphael they have there, but on the whole there are very few pictures in the Museum, as most of them are in the great art galleries, which I did not have time to see then.

On our way home at the end of the year, we intend to spend a little more time in London, and also to stop at Paris, Rome and Cairo, so I am working out a list of all the places and things which an art student should see, and hope to fit them all into my itinerary.

And in March this year she sent us an account of all that she saw, not only in England, but also in France, Italy, and Greece, an account to delight the heart of all art lovers. Here it is:

I had a most wonderful time both in the U. K. and on the Continent, although there were a few disappointments like having to cancel Milan, Pisa, Florence, Venice, and Geneva from our itinerary. I hope the Lord will give me another chance to see all

these lovely places, especially Florence, as it had always been my dream to see that city of art. Anyway I cannot complain, for I have been luckier than most people.

We had quite a nice time in England, considering the fact that we were there at the wrong season. We went to Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Winchester. Most people have heard of the first three, but very few know about Winchester, one of the oldest cities in England and the forerunner of Eton. In these places we saw the old college buildings still retaining their old form and style, and in use too. The English are a marvellous race for their love of old and traditional things. If time demands any change, it is always to be seen inside these buildings and not on the outside. They never throw away things because of their age. In Eton we saw some famous names etched on the walls and desks, and it was rather exciting to realize that we were actually in the same place where these famous people had sat and studied. Every college has a chapel, and these chapels, though small, have an atmosphere of solemnity and holiness within. We saw the huge organs also and wished we could hear them being played. There were lovely paintings of Christ and the Virgin Mary, some by known painters and some by unknown ones.

Apart from visiting these centres of learning, we also saw Windsor with its huge castle where the Queen still spends an odd holiday with her family, and Hampton Court with Henry VIII's place as its centre of tourist attraction. The whole place is embellished with fine paintings. The rooms are also furnished as they were in those days of the famous monarch. We also saw the Tudor kitchens, and the huge astronomical clock overlooking one of the courts. The grounds are laid out in a geometrical style and are vast, — with an orchard, a vineyard, and a tennis court.

We went also to the city of Bath, where some of the famous English literary and political figures resided at one time or another. It is a very pretty place, and has a Roman bath as its centre of attraction. The New Forest, with its huge trees and wild ponies, was another place of interest that we visited. Since it was not yet autumn when we went, the trees had not completely changed the colour of their leaves, for though some were brown and yellow, many were still green. Shakespeare's play *As You Like It* came to my mind ; and I stood and imagined the characters living in that forest, like Robin Hood and his men. We really wished we could have seen the full glory of the forest in autumn by visiting it a little later.

Last but not least, we saw the city of London itself, with its huge buildings, all alike and built close to one another ; and we were impressed by the hustle and bustle of the city. Till then we had not realized that England was so over-crowded and noisy. We visited the British Museum, and saw the Elgin marbles, which alone give the student of art an idea as to what the Parthenon pediment sculpture was like. We

also saw some of the parts of the Amaravathi stupa that are there. Of the art galleries, we visited the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collections, and the National Gallery. The Tate Gallery has mostly paintings of English artists, such as Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Turner ; while the National Gallery has paintings of the old masters like Rembrandt, Botticelli, Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Raphael. We just could not believe they were so old, for they look fresh and glossy, and it seems as though the paint is still wet. The Wallace collections are a pretty lot of paintings, furniture, and antiques collected by Wallace himself. It is more a museum than a gallery of paintings. We also went to the Tower and saw the crown jewels, amongst which was a crown worn by George V at the Delhi durbar.

We were lucky enough to see the Houses of Parliament, and the Queen's throne. Here also we saw the paintings and busts of the various kings and queens of England, as well as two huge life-size paintings of the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, two landmarks in the history of England. We later saw Trafalgar Square with Nelson's statue, Westminster Abbey with the tombs of the monarchs, Westminster Cathedral, — so plain and dark when compared to the Abbey and St. Paul's.

I have related to you all my doings in the U. K., and will now tell you something of our journey home and the places we visited on the way.

At our first stop, Paris, we stayed for two days and a night. We rode in a coach and saw the whole city of Paris, very modernly equipped, and very expensive too. Unfortunately we were not allowed to get down, as there was so much to be shown in such a short time. In a way this was very convenient, as my little son slept quickly on my lap and did not disturb anyone in the coach. We saw the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre Museum with its park embellished with fountains and statues, the Great Arch built by Napoleon, the Invalides with the emperor's tomb within, the Place de la Concorde where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were executed, the place where once stood the Bastille, — not to mention the shops, the arches, the lanes, Notre Dame, and Montmartre. We then visited the Louvre Museum and saw the famous Mona Lisa of da Vinci. It was rather exciting and thrilling to be able to see this famous painting of the old master, that you had taught so much about in the class. Here also I saw the statue of the Venus de Milo, which is a masterpiece in stone, for there is so much beauty and movement in it. During another coach trip we went to Versailles, where the famous treaty was signed. The palace of Louis XIV in Versailles was really magnificent with its paintings, furniture, carpets, tapestries and statues. The grounds were lovely with their ponds and trees. On the way back, we came across the poor districts of Paris, and also saw the old book-stalls.

Our next stop was the city of Nice on the French Riviera. I just do not have enough words to describe the scenic beauty of this place, but can only say that it is a paradise on earth, with its clean roads, blue sea, and pretty modern houses rising one on top of another up the hills. Our stay of one night and half a

day was hardly enough to take in all the beauty, but anyhow we managed to see something of the place itself, with its old churches, amongst which was a Russian Orthodox church with colourful domes. We managed to visit Monte Carlo too, where we saw the famous Casino and the palace. We had a most wonderful bus ride returning.

We were indeed very reluctant to leave Nice, but we were equally happy to be in Rome, the home of the Catholic Church and of the Pope himself. We saw the Vatican Museum, with Raphael's rooms and paintings, and the Sistine Chapel with Michelangelo's masterpiece Again I had the same thrilling sensation as I had while standing in front of the Mona Lisa. The whole chapel is covered with paintings not only by Michelangelo, but also by Perugino, Botticelli, and others. My visit to St. Peter's was also a memorable one. The loftiness of the dome, the Pieta of Michelangelo, and the mosaics were splendid. It is really the most beautiful cathedral that I have ever seen, for Westminster Cathedral was very dark and plain, and altogether disappointing. Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are of course beautiful, but St. Pater's is the crowning achievement in religious buildings. We also saw the catacombs, the churches and basilicas, the Holy Stairs, the old Roman forum and other ancient buildings of the time of the Caesars.

Naples was our next stop, and there we saw the ruins of Pompeii, and Mount Vesuvius. We also visited the sulphur springs there. We could not go to the Isle of Capri, but had a glimpse of it from the shore.

In Athens, our next stop, we saw the archaeological museum, the various temples, the Agora hills, the Olympic stadium, and the Acropolis with the Parthenon on top. The Parthenon, with its long white slender columns, excellent proportions, and beautiful sculpture, is really splendid and an example of Greek art at its height.

In Cairo, our last stop, we visited the museum and the pyramids of Giza. It was rather disappointing to know that we could not go inside the pyramids and see the tombs, since it is rather dangerous, and futile also, for everything that was found in the pyramids was taken away and is now in the museum. The pyramids are so enormous that one easily realizes the number of slaves that must have died while building them; but at the same time one also is amazed at the possibility of building those huge tombs in ancient times when no modern machinery was available. We also saw the sphinxes, and just one tomb and one temple.

Thank you, Geetha. That was a real treat.

From New York, Kanakalatha writes about her studies and about one of her unforgettable experiences in the U. S. A.

I am in my final year at Barnard College. We have a very fine economics department at Barnard, and though I miss your lectures very much even now, Barnard

is also very nice. I have to write a final thesis this year (about 40 pages in length), and my topic is "How have British economic reforms in India affected the modern Indian economy?" I am very excited about it, and I hope that you approve of the topic. I have recently been working quite hard on the Common Market, especially its relation to the Commonwealth. I find it a fascinating subject. I was on television a few weeks ago, as a member of a panel of four students who discussed the Common Market with Mr. Figgures, the Secretary General of the EFTA. It was really very unusually interesting.

Perhaps you would like to hear about my trip to the famous Niagara Falls. It was a very warm day in June when we left Manhattan to go there for a short 36-hour trip. The sudden heat after a cold spring, and the 400-mile drive, had almost drained all the enthusiasm I had for seeing the historic falls. Much as water enchants me, I did feel that it was too much trouble to go through before being able to see a river, even though it has become one of the best-known rivers in the world.

Just as luck would have it, it was threatening to rain when we arrived at Niagara Falls at dusk. The fresh, clean air, and the coolness in the atmosphere — an unknown phenomenon in Manhattan in the summer — seemed to revive us, and we decided to explore the surroundings. In about five minutes we came to a bridge and saw a swirling, gushing, demoniac river thundering against the gnarled overhanging trees. Perhaps because one thinks of the Grand Canyon, or the Victoria Falls, or even Niagara, as remote places that can be reached only in imagination, it took a considerable length of time for me to realize that this frothing, seething, mad river was the real Niagara, and that we could not be too far away from the Falls. With this realization, there also came a prudent dread of the torrential waters.

It began to rain more heavily, yet we were persistent. We went to Goat Island and saw the Horseshoe Falls, but the rain prevented us from seeing anything more than a great deal of water going over a horseshoe-shaped precipice with a deafening roar.

The next morning fell far short of the ideal sight-seeing day. It was drizzling, and it was cold and grey and misty. I was more and more convinced that the Niagara Falls would also fall short of my expectations. The rest of the day proved to me, as I caught my breath time and again at the awesome majesty of that little river, that my fears were groundless. We first saw the American Falls. Standing about two feet above the falls, one is conscious only of gallons of water sweeping by with a roar. The rocks, about two hundred feet below, look frighteningly close; and the spray drenches one in nature's own artificial rain. I remember very distinctly how surprised I was that the river, about ten feet above the falls, looked as calm and peaceful as a wayside brook.

It was only when we went to the Canadian side that the magnificence of the falls struck me with its full force. For a minute I did not see all the industrial and hydroelectric plants marring its beauty; nor the tourists, the cars, and the cafés, all symbols of the twentieth century. For a long minute, time was suspended. One feels that here is nature at her most glorious; centuries of civilization have not tamed her. The river is still as ferocious and as dangerous as it was many years ago. For just one beautiful moment one is afforded the luxury of forgetting this over-commercialized, over-materialistic era, and of indulging in the beauty and wonder of something which man can never surpass.

Maybe it is because this visit to the Niagara Falls taught me a new mood that I remember the little things about my visit, rather than the actual places we saw. I remember seeing white gulls strutting about on an island about ten yards above the Horseshoe Falls, looking like a bed of anemones; the ferocious, rushing water overhead; the scenic tunnels; the Bridal Veils from a distance, its spray looking like white, sheer gossamer; the breath-taking speed of the water at its narrowest point in the river, two miles below the falls.

On a cold rainy January afternoon, they add up to many wonderful memories. And from these memories one gets the warm satisfaction of having seen something unforgettable and majestic, something for which even ever-curious, ever interfering man has to stand back in respect.

I hope you enjoyed this account of Niagara. Perhaps I shall be able to tell you more about it in person, as I hope to be in Madras by June first, 1962.

Is there anyone now who does not wish to visit Niagara Falls?

There have been many more interesting letters from Stella Marians, but at least these few are enough to show that the rays of the Star of the Sea have penetrated far and wide. We have reason to be happy at their achievements and their loyalty to the ideals of their Alma Mater. To one and all go our sincerest gratitude for all the letters received during 1962; and we hope that many more inspiring accounts of the life-work of our alumnae will reach us during the year ahead.

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

New life has been infused into the Alumnae Association this year, as its organisation has been revised and its activities increased.

The first meeting took place, as usual, in August, when the graduates' reception provided the opportunity for a very happy family gathering of past and present Stella Marians. About 150 former students were able to be present on this occasion. The programme opened with a business meeting at which Rita Lovett (1961) and K. Chellam (1954) were respectively elected president and secretary for the coming year. Next followed two important innovations: first the proposal that a constitution for the association should be drawn up, stating the aims, programme and rules of membership; second, that in future, meetings should be arranged every term in order to give the past students more opportunities of returning to their Alma Mater and meeting each other. Both suggestions were accepted unanimously. Next came tea in the library, followed by a very enjoyable entertainment organized according to the traditions of Stella Maris by the senior students. All remarked upon the spirit of friendliness and happiness which seemed to make this reception one of the most successful we have ever had.

According to the new plan, a social was organised in November, attended by fifty alumnae resident in Madras. After a warm welcome by Reverend Mother and an invitation to return for all alumnae gatherings, the secretary presented the constitutions which were discussed and passed. Then followed an informal buffet tea and games in which everyone joined with great enthusiasm. It was like being back in college once more. We spent a happy time chatting and exchanging experiences, and it was a great joy to meet again so many of the dear nuns who taught us. It was suggested that the third term meeting should take the form of a picnic in which we should join the III B.A.'s and B.Sc.'s and so get to know our younger sisters.

Alas! when the third term came, duty prevented many of us from carrying out our plans; but the few who were able to be present thoroughly enjoyed their happy day at Ennore in February.

We look forward to more happy alumnae gatherings next year.

K. CHELLAM
M.A. Economics

ALUMNAE INTELLIGENCE

To Stella Marians old and new we bring this page, hoping that it will serve as a bond of friendship uniting us over the years and the distances which may separate us.

Wedding bells

V. Jayalakshmi, who was president of the college 1956–1957, a gold medalist in economics, a French tutor at Stella Maris, and who managed the affairs of the Alumnae Association in her spare time, will certainly manage the home affairs portfolio with the same efficiency and amiability.

T. V. Rajam, who spent two years at Stella Maris doing the M.A. (Econs.), was married in August.

Philomena (Paul) Mathew, after spending busy years teaching English at the Rosary Matriculation School, is now in Shandal, Madhya Pradesh, which she finds very quiet.

We have to offer S. A. Alamelu double congratulations : on her becoming Mrs. Ramakrishnan, and her brilliant success in the M.A. (Lit.) where she secured first place in the University. Alamelu is now in Madurai, and relaxes in between household chores with music and reading plays.

The marriages of Kausalya, Pridarshini, Anandavalli, Kalyani, and Pattu Rajagopalan took place recently in Madras.

Other new brides are Bina Shetty who was married in Mangalore in November 1961; Rosy, Margaret, Suseela Venkatachary, Sundari Paulraj, S. Irvati, Grace Matilda, Mary Grace John, and Molly Mathew.

Lalita Srikantan, Rukmani, Vasantalakshmi, Meenakshi, and Vatsala were recently married in Madras.

Bhargavi, from the B.Sc. dep't., was present at the social for the alumnae in November when she gave us the happy news of her marriage which took place in Madras in early December.

Santha Veeraraghavan, vice-president of the college 1960–1961, and a successful member of many a debating team, was married last June.

Mrs. Sanghavi (Pushpa Parekh to all of us) came to Madras in December and paid us a visit at Stella Maris College. It was good to see Pushpa again! Betty Miranda, who took her B.A. in fine arts, was married in Madras last May.

We offer our congratulations to all the married couples. May they enjoy God's choicest blessings through long years of happily married life, and may their troubles be only little ones.

Happy mothers

Mary Celine Babu, who has a son and daughter, recently had another baby girl. We offer her our congratulations. Mary is also teaching at Pudupet Convent, and though she finds it difficult to catch buses at peak hours, is always calm and smiling. Moira Coelho recently became the proud and happy mother of twins, both girls, whom she has named Celia and Cela. We hope that she will not be confused finding out which is which.

Margaret (Paul) Joseph has two energetic little sons. Avril (Bamford) D'Cruz has a lovely daughter and a sturdy son.

Vimala Vasudeva Rao has a daughter who is just beginning to toddle and keeps her mother on her feet running after her.

Overseas Stella Marians

Stella Maris gathers to herself many students from over the seas, particularly from Ceylon and Malaya. They spend a few years with us, and then return to their home countries proud to be known as Stella Marians.

We have recently heard from N. Indrani, who not only sent us news of herself but of several of the alumnae. Stephanie Outschoorn, Agnes, Lilimalar, T. Sarojini and S. Sundereswari have also entered the teaching profession. P. Ponniah is teaching at a Muslim girls' high school. This February, M. Maheswari took charge of a class at Ferguson High School in Ratnapura. Sulochana Muthukumuru was learning shorthand and typing, but has now joined her parents on a trip to Malaya. We offer our congratulations to Kamala Nalliah and Sakuntala Balasingham

who were married in Ceylon last year. May they enjoy all God's blessings in the future years.

Gone abroad

Some of our more adventurous Stella Marians have taken off to faraway places for further degrees. Those we have heard of are T. Yogaranee, who is busy in the zoology department of Massachusetts University to obtain an M.Sc. degree, and is enjoying her stay in America. V. Janaki is also in the U. S. A. doing a course in education, and Hemalatha continues to prepare her Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins University. Mary Mole writes sometimes from England, where she is teaching.

Stella Marians in the professions

Audrey Pinto is working as a secretary at Caltex, and gives much of her time to the Newman Association and the Legion of Mary.

Bernice Stephens is a secretary at Parry's, and was most active in organizing a fashion show for the Young Christian Workers, of which she is an enthusiastic member.

Cecilia Rodrigo, having finished her B. T. at Pallamkottah, makes the long journey daily to Tambaram where she is teaching at Christ King High School.

Nirmala, one of the 1959 B.Sc. graduates, has completed her M.Sc. and is working at Queen Mary's College.

Constance Fernandez, who is holding a secretarial position in the city, is another enthusiastic Newmanist and is always looking for new graduates to join the association.

We met Vilma Beaver at a Newman Association meeting and were glad to hear that she is working at the French Trade Commission. Vilma often spends her evenings brushing up her French at the Alliance Française, where she meets Rosemarie Stone, who is now with us in Stella Maris passing on to future graduates her knowledge of French.

Joy D'Silva, who is at the moment doing secretarial work in a prominent firm in Madras, says that she nostalgically yearns for her retreat on a faraway estate in the Nilgiri hills where she was doing research on an obscure insect that was damaging valuable crops.

Pushpa Gandhi, who received her M.A. in social work from the Tata Instinute of Social Studies, is working with tribal people in Madhya Pradesh on an uplift scheme.

Several Stella Marians are now proud to be on the staff of their Alma Mater, for they agree with the wise Roman writer Cicero that there is no employment so noble as the instruction of the rising generation. They are Leela Jacobs and Vijayam in the economics department; Aruna Virmani, G. Rajeswari and Rita Lovet in the English department; and E. K. Lakshmi Bai in the music department.

K. Chellam has been teaching a variety of subjects in economics. She tries to apply her knowledge of public finance to balancing the funds and expenditures of the Alumnae Association, of which she is secretary. Emma Devapriam, we are happy to say, is still in the art department of Stella Maris.

Betty Joseph is fully occupied teaching at the Good Shepherd Convent, Madras, where Sr. Peter is also making good use of her M.A. literature, and Sr. Philomena her knowledge of history. Our congratulations are extended to Sr. Gilda who made her final vows recently.

Stella Marians at Stella Matutina

Dawn Rabel, Betty Ross, Betsy George, Kochuteresa and Charumathy have flown off from the "Cloisters" to Stella Matutina in San Thome, and are looking forward to obtaining their B.T. degrees, and to teaching from June.

Stella Marians who are gathering more degrees

Biby Fatima is one of our few students who have taken to the Bar. She will be completing her B.L. soon in Madras Law College.

Gulzar, Rajeswari, and Seethalakshmi have completed the B.T. course. Rosalind Joseph, after working for a year in Women's Christian College as a demonstrator, is now doing M.Sc. at Pachaiappa's College. With her is K. N. Sulochana who is doing M.A.

Supriya has deserted the B.Sc. department, and is doing M.A. literature at Quilon. We are sure she is enjoying this change.

G. Gowri is doing M.Sc. in Bangalore, while Elizabeth John has returned to Madras to do M.Sc. at Madras Christian College.

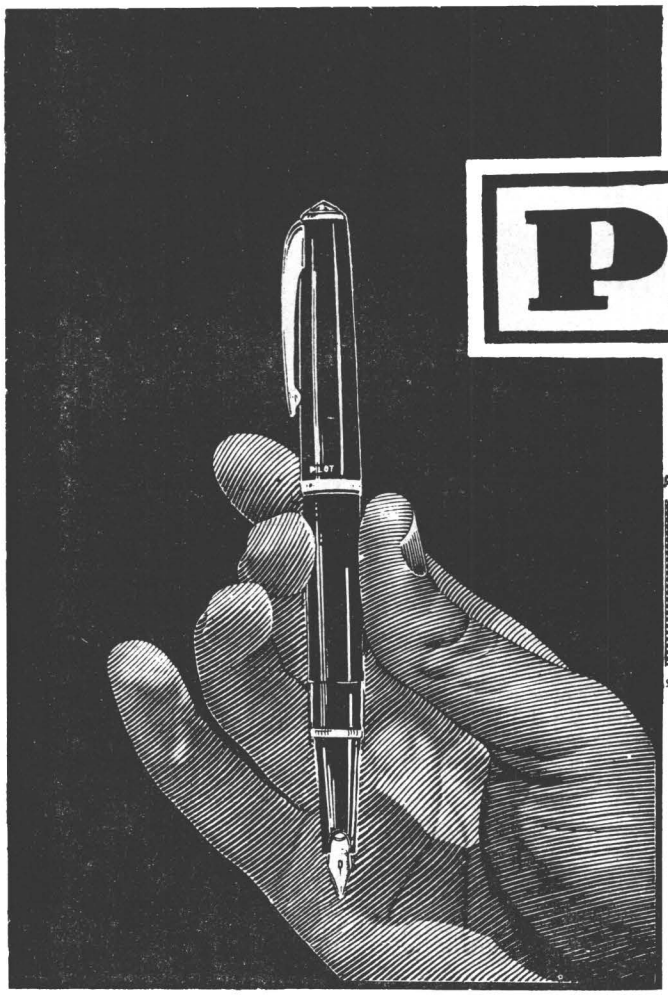
Joan Murphy and Melanie Noronha are soon to complete the M.A. in literature, and have been joined by V. Saraswathi, Deanna De Monte and Teresa Abraham who are in the first M.A.

In the post-graduate economics department we have a number of our own graduates. In II M.A. there are Seetha, Bhuvana, Renuka and Saraswathi. The number is even greater in I M.A. where T. S. Lalitha, B. S. Ganga, S. Vasantha, V. Saroja and S. Ramani are to be found.

We now close our news bulletin, but before doing so we request each alumna who reads this page to come to Stella Maris as often as she can if she is in Madras. If not, do write to us of yourselves, your children, or your professions. We should also be happy to receive photographs, both formal and informal. May God bless you and keep you always.

RITA LOVETT
M.A. English

Before me stretch the wide, mercurial seas;
My sails drive on before the mobile breeze;
The clouds may come and hide all light from view;
But this I know, my star is shining true;
And when the clouds are scattered, then the night
Is silvered o'er with lovely, cheerful light.



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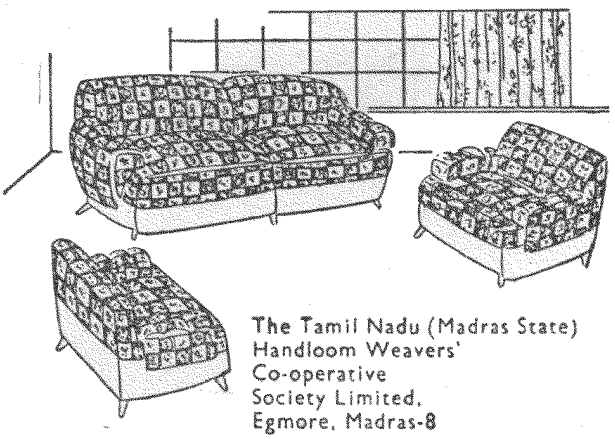

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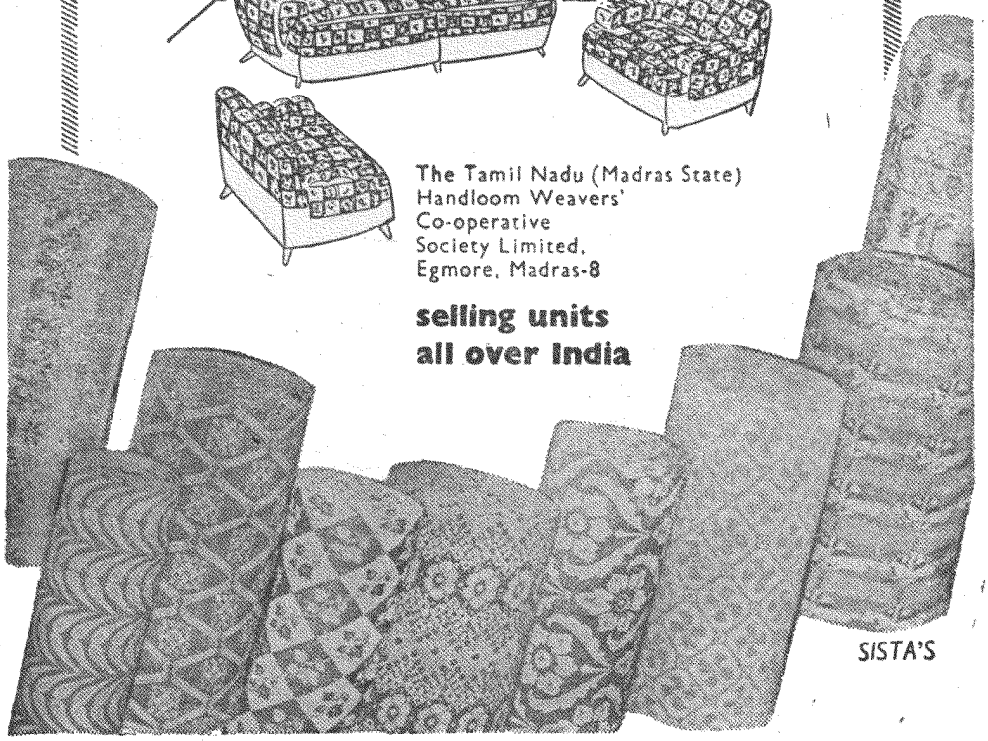

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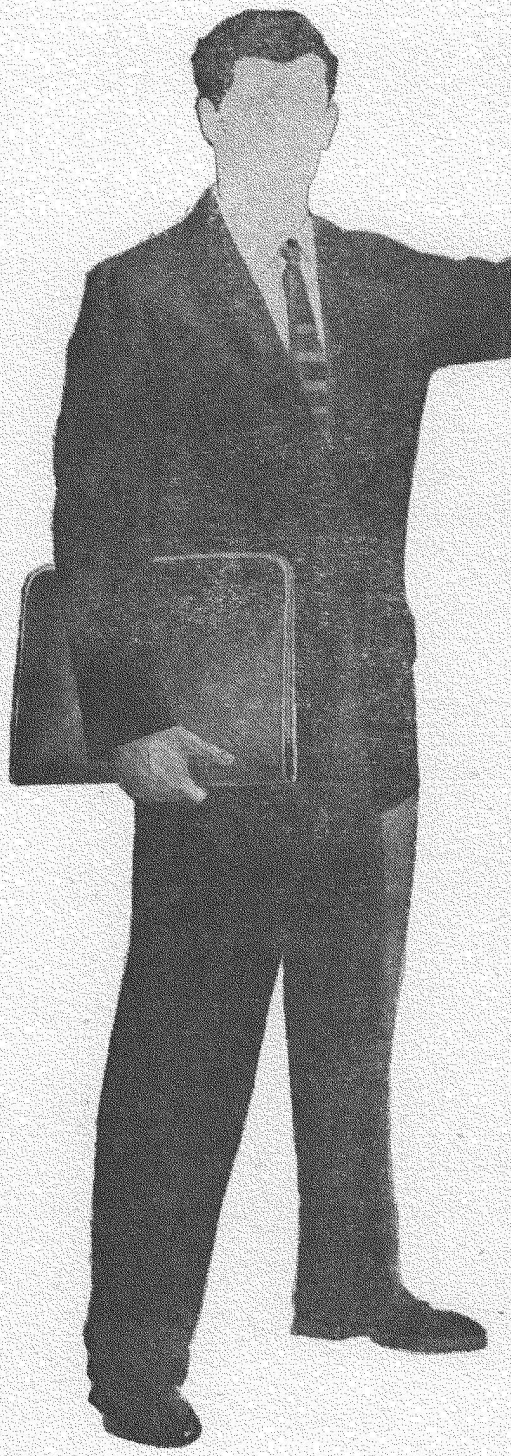

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— *FORTUNE* DECEMBER 1960.

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