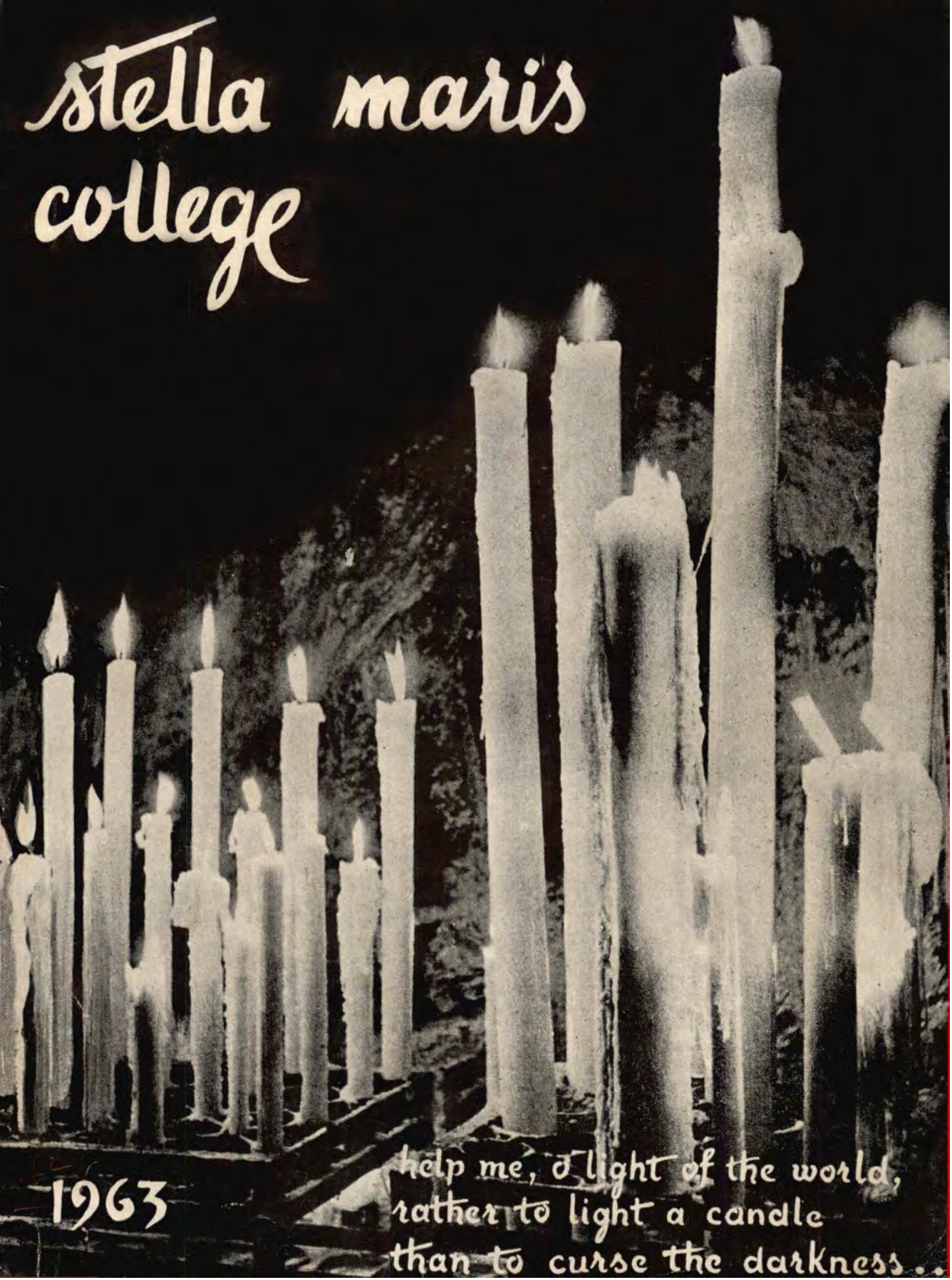


Stella Maris College



1963

help me, O light of the world,
rather to light a candle
than to curse the darkness...

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE - 1963



*. . . help me, O Light of the world
rather to light a candle
than to curse the darkness*

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OUR VICE-CHANCELLOR

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Editorial

Help me, O Light of the world,
rather to light a candle
than to curse the darkness.

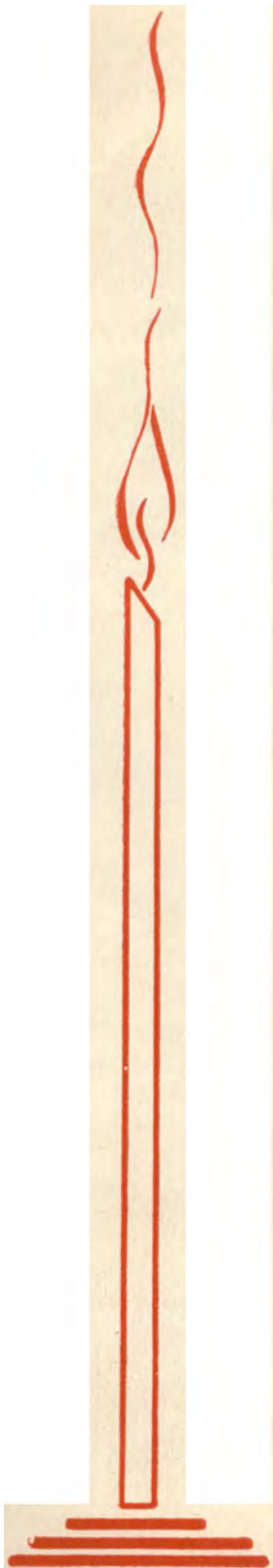
There are people who are like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day, always cheerful no matter what happens, lighting up the gloom, and making bright things brighter. They go about doing good, and their presence is like Portia's candle :

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

On the other hand, there are others who make the darkness darker, like storm-clouds hiding the stars on the night sky, who grouch, complain, blame, fly off the handle, instead of rolling up their sleeves and getting to work to right what they can. These types are often shown by Dickens in his stories, the Agnes Wickfields whose face is "like a heavenly light by which I see all other objects," and the tearful, complaining Mrs. Gummidges "lone lorn creeturs" to whom everything goes contrary. What is the reason for this difference? Someone has said that the best way to become miserable is to think about oneself. The famous prayer of St. Francis, who loved light and cheerfulness, and associated their opposites with sin, shows us in more detail how we can bring light into darkness :

“ Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love ;
where there is injury, pardon ;
where there is doubt, faith ;
where there is despair hope ;
where there is darkness, light ;
and where there is sadness, joy.
O, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console ;
to be understood as to understand ;
to be loved as to love ;
for it is in giving that we receive ;
it is pardoning that we are pardoned ;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. ”

●	Teresa Abraham	II M.A.
●	Mary Ponnadurai	II B.Sc.
●	Vedha Srinivasan	II B.A.
●	Pushpa Nayak	I B.A.
●	Colleen Young	I B.Sc.
●	Rajayee Chitra	P. U.



Lord

*in my associations with others
help me to radiate
the smile of Your pure joy*



As the moon reflects the light of the sun, so our physical universe is a faint reflection of spiritual realities. Our earthly life is, as it were, a picture book of the divine life, though this book has been tattered and smudged by us wayward human children. But everything in it that is still good and beautiful and true has been composed by our Heavenly Father, to tell us something about Himself and our relationships to Him.

Life, which is most essential to us, could not long exist without light, necessary to nourish us, to show us where to go and how to avoid danger, and to reveal the beauty of the world. So light has become the symbol of truth, the essential nourishment of our minds; of purity and love, the guide to our goal; and of joy, to keep us going to Him who is their Perfection.

How the sunlight transfigures everything, even common weeds, when our horizon is slanted towards the morning or evening sun. And if the dew or rain have descended on them like a heavenly blessing, the unearthly beauty of the scene is breathtaking, and would take one's heart away to where this wonder has no end. So, at the dawn and close of our academic year, we gathered to come nearer to Him, the Light of our life, before whom all the faint lights of night fade, and everything becomes clear and bright, and all things that love the darkness slink away.

**IN HIS LIGHT
WE BEGIN
AND END**

In a touching ceremony in our college chapel, we offered Him symbols of our studies and activities, that He might bless them to make them fruitful and fit for His service. A child, given a new present by its good parents, likes to have them show him how to use it, so that he will not spoil it. So we brought our Heavenly Father some of the many gifts He has given us, to show us how to use them as He knows best. At the Offertory, eight students in pure white carried to the altar rail a book for the humanities, a microscope for the sciences, palette and paint brushes for art, a violin for music, a racquet for sports, first-aid supplies for social service, bread and a prayer book for

nourishment of body and soul; these they offered the priest on silver trays, and while he raised them heavenwards, each read an appropriate prayer :

O Lord, help us to give back to You
the beauty, the nobility and wonder
that is in the mind of man in the Humanities.

O God, from whom all knowledge flows,
help us to reflect in our lives
the fact that all Sciences have come from You
and must be used for Your glory.

O Lord, as we refresh our minds and hearts
in the pursuit of the various Arts,
help us to realize
that all the joy we have in our studies
is meant for Your praise.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father,
bless our singing and our playing,
that all our Music may be to Your praise.

Lord, bless the games we play,
so that even in our sports
we may testify to the greatness of Your glory.

Heavenly Father, bless our service to the poor and needy,
and while we try to help them in their bodily illness,
enable us also to bring them nearer to You,
the God of love and mercy.

O God, bless this food
and give to eat to those who are hungry ;
when we partake of this food
remind us of the Food of the soul.

Eternal God, help us to realize
the part prayer must play in our lives,
and to pray in such a manner
as to lift up our hearts and minds to You,
thus helping to bring to all men
Your knowledge and love.

Let us always give You glory.

Though every available space in the chapel was filled, the students listened in complete silence to “ the silent voice of God...for to be alone with silence is to be alone with God ”. It was broken only by the beautiful song, “ Lead, Kindly Light ” composed by Newman, which Gandhiji loved so well ; and at the end, by the lovely Hindi hymn, Tera Noor.

TO HAVE "COMPASSION ON THIS MULTITUDE"

"Let us all be happy, let us all be free from ill-health, let us all see a bright future, let nobody suffer from any sorrow." These words, translated from the Sanskrit of an ancient Vedic hymn, might well be the manifesto of modern India, which since Independence in 1947, has been striving to become a welfare state. In spite of the highly modernized aspect of the big cities, such as Delhi and Bombay, eighty-five per cent of India's population still lives in small, scattered villages, in the direst poverty. The Government, with its successive Five-Year Plans, has made heroic efforts to raise the economic and educational level of these millions of illiterate, almost starving villagers; but it is now generally realized that the gigantic task of developing a whole nation is not the responsibility only of paid Government officials, but of every patriotic Indian.

From colleges all over India, groups of student-volunteers have gone out to work in rural areas, building roads and houses, teaching agriculture and handicrafts, and giving medical aid. Thus they have supplemented with good will and friendliness the skilled projects of the Government. During this summer vacation, a student-group was organized from Stella Maris College, to form a social work camp at Kovalam, a small fishing-village, twenty-seven miles from Madras. The forty-two young women students in the group came from different colleges in South India, and represented all communities. All the girls had been used to the comforts of modern town houses, so that our excursion into country-life at its lowest was almost as novel to us as it would be to a European visitor. Kovalam is included in the Community Project Scheme; and during the course of the camp, we learned from the block development officer, appointed by the Government, something of the complex problems which arise in the development of rural areas. Our own observations later proved that these problems are very real. The site of work was about one mile away from our living quarters. It was a small harijan colony. Early each morning, we trooped there, across the sandy expanse of waste ground, taking some milk-powder and sugar with us, to give each child in the village a cup of milk. The first morning, a friendly-looking woman was standing near her house, with her baby balanced on her hip. We approached and requested her to lend us a pot and some firewood to boil water to make the milk. She seemed quite willing to do so, when a thought suddenly struck her: she had only one child; why should she give away *her* firewood to make milk for all the other children in the village? After all, she would get only one cup of milk! The poor woman was satisfied only when we promised to bring her back the same quantity of firewood the next day.

We soon had a small circle of women and children eyeing us suspiciously. They put several pointed questions: what were we doing in this village? was the Government paying us to do this work? And then, with an incredulous note in their voices, they asked: had we come from so far away just to clean their village? were we not married? We were often asked this question, for the village girls marry at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and so we were already "old ladies" of twenty or more. They were also amazed at the way in which we were allowed to leave our parents' homes to come to a strange place; and they were even more puzzled to hear that we were university students. We could see that these poor women were sensitive enough to realize that we were completely out of their world; but we were eager to diminish these differences by showing no trace of any condescension in our attitude towards them.

The men of this village were employed at the salt-pans which are close by. In fact, we could see the workers dotting the landscape, raking up the salt into small pyramids. At Kovalam, the sea washes far into the land, and can be controlled systematically. Once the water has evaporated, the salt remains behind in heaps of dazzling white crystals. This production of salt is the main source of the people's income; but unfortunately it is only a seasonal occupation, and during the months of the monsoon rains, all work ceases. Although the workers are fairly well paid during the season, they make no provision for the future, and have no other subsidiary trade. However, the social welfare officer of the area will soon be starting a scheme for teaching suitable handicrafts. As some of the men are fishers, it is



proposed to teach them to make their own fishing-nets. In fact the Government Fisheries Department has already made arrangements for the daily transport of fish to Madras, where it has a ready market. The department is also making great efforts to increase the supply of fish in the waters around Kovalam, hoping thus to make these poor people capable of supporting themselves and their families. But there are many technical difficulties to be met with.

We, of course, in our short stay of two weeks, could do nothing to assist in these large-scale schemes, but we did work hard on our little plan of cleaning the village. This village, like thousands of others, consists of huts, varying in size from eight by four feet to about eighteen by eight feet. The walls are perhaps a little over five feet high; the roofs are thatched with palm leaves; and the walls and floor are of mud plastered with cow-dung, which gives them a hard smooth surface. There is not even a single window in these huts; and as the whole family lives, eats, and sleeps inside, they are dirty and infested with insects. We could not hope to rebuild the whole village — though that is what we should very much like to do — but we intended to give the villagers some idea of how to introduce cleanliness and hygiene into their huts by showing them the advantages of whitewashing the walls inside and outside. An elderly man showed us how to mix the limewash, made with broken shells which are plentiful here. He brought us also a few pots of water. We worked so hard, that we soon exhausted our supply of whitewash. More water was needed, and we had to fetch it ourselves. There was no such thing as a water-tap in the village; so two or three of us borrowed earthenware pots from the women, and — much to their amusement — we walked off to the well balancing the pots on our heads. When we arrived at the well, we noticed with surprise that nobody seemed to be using it. Close by was a pool of stagnant rain water, and the village women were filling their pots from it. There was a buffalo standing in the water, and several people were washing their clothes in the same pool. As a sort of



apology, the women strained the water into their pots through filthy rags. Apparently they did not use the well-water because it was brackish ; and we learnt afterwards that although water-tests had been made before the construction of the well, it was only after it had been completed that the water was found to be brackish. We tried to persuade the women at least to boil the water which they were using for drinking ; but they thought that this would be an unnecessary waste of time.

In the evenings, some of the students went around the village with the medical-relief kit. Many of the children had sores on their bodies, arms, and legs, caused by dirt and neglect. We tactfully tried to impress upon the women the need to bathe the children daily and to comb their hair ; and we also told the older children to help wash their younger brothers and sisters. We ourselves then gave a demonstration lesson by washing the tiny ones. Some of them seemed surprised that a bath could be so pleasant. Clean and fresh, they would gaily run off to the huge banyan tree where another group of students was organizing games for them. We even displayed a blackboard at one stage, and suggested teaching the children the alphabet in Tamil ; but we got a vigorous refusal on the part of the would-be pupils : it was holiday time ; why should they do homework during holidays ? We smiled sympathetically, being but students ourselves, and returned to the games and nursery rhymes for the smaller children. However, we did discover that several of the villagers refused to send their little ones to school even during the school year, although there was no charge for school-fees in the elementary schools. Their pretext was that they could not afford to buy the necessary books. We ourselves experienced some of the difficulties of the village schoolteacher, as for example when we found we had to go around from house to house in the village to gather the children for games. The poor schoolteacher has to do the same thing daily in order to have any children at all in her class. They come reluctantly, and stay in the schoolroom until midday ; but as soon as the free meal, provided by the Government, is over, they promptly vanish for the rest of the day.

As the camp came to a close, we began to ask ourselves if we had achieved anything in working at Kovalam. No doubt we had whitewashed a few huts, bathed many children, taught them games and nursery rhymes, and distributed some medicine. But we could not shut our eyes to the fact that the problems we had become aware of, life in dirty and unhygienic houses, bad water supply, and the unsatisfactory state of education, remained unsolved. Had we failed ? Had we achieved anything ? I do not think our efforts were completely worthless. We could not expect to do more than we had done during our short stay there. These problems are bound up with wider economic issues, which cannot be remedied overnight. Moreover, social work demands patience, and above all, time. We had at least succeeded in convincing the people of the village that we were working voluntarily with the motive of serving them, and not because we were being paid by the Government to do so. This seemed to dispel all their suspicion, and they treated us with the greatest kindness.

We were greatly touched when they showed concern because we had to walk to the work site before six o'clock in the morning without our breakfast. They generally offered to make us coffee from their own meagre store; and we realized then the strange power of true charity which expands the human heart. Poor as they were, these villagers found joy in giving something to us.

The camp was, however, an unqualified success from another point of view, that of the transformation of the campers themselves. I have already explained that the majority of the girls were unused to manual work such as sweeping, dusting, or washing clothes. At Kovalam camp, however, despite their conservative upbringing and the wide difference in their general background, the campers showed throughout a wonderful spirit of unity and devotedness. Not one of them complained of the discomforts of our rustic dwellings, though the lack of proper washing facilities must have been a real hardship. Handling and washing the sometimes dirty and rough little children must have been a great repugnance also, but the girls never showed their personal feelings, for they did not wish to offend the poor village women. How well they succeeded in hiding their natural sentiments may be seen from the fact that, as we walked to our work, the children would run up and greet us, smile, and sometimes even take our hands as a sign of their affectionate trust in us.

Each girl had been given a specific task, which, if neglected, would have caused general confusion. But not one failed in her duty, however uncongenial it may have been, or however indolent or unpunctual she was by natural inclination. When we remember that this was an entirely voluntary enterprise, undertaken during the hottest season after long months of tiring studies, and when we consider that the majority were quite unaccustomed to taking initiative in any active work at all, the success of the camp says a lot for the strength of character and goodwill of the girls. A particularly striking example of the unity prevailing among the campers occurred in our unanimous choice of diet. Whereas many of the campers were vegetarians, others were accustomed to a general diet; but in order to avoid any embarrassment, all decided to follow the strict vegetarian diet. After the first novelty of this fare had worn off — our strenuous manual work making us more hungry than ever — it was suggested that some fish might be added to the menu. But all energetically refused this little concession, for it was felt that it would spoil the unity of the camp, which was very precious to us. It is a small detail, of course, but it shows a generous willingness to sacrifice personal tastes for the common good.

Above all, it was an invigorating experience to live in a little fishing-village, as we had been accustomed to living in a town all our lives. Ordinary comforts which we take so much for granted, such as electric light, roads, shops, radio, even drainage, now seemed to be luxuries. Moreover, we came into close contact with

people whose standard of life was pitifully low, and saw for ourselves the difficulties and problems which arise in trying to battle against centuries-old apathy, ignorance, and dirt. From simply reading statistics and official reports, we had formed no true idea of the terrible poverty of our fellow-countrymen. But now that we had lived with them, and recognized them as real personalities, we knew the heart-breaking problems they had to face. We had seen their laziness and uncouth ways, but also their loyalty and love towards one another in their family circles, their patience in such degrading living conditions, and their cheerfulness in spite of all.

Trained to look for the essential nobility in every human soul no matter how poor or ignorant the person may be, we knew that we were acting not as mere philanthropists, but serving God in our fellow men. We had all seen the necessity for dedicated persons, trained as doctors, nurses, social workers, and teachers, who would be willing to work in the villages of India. The great Rabindranath Tagore had seen too the essential part the villages would play in the development of India, and had said that the aim of social reformers must be "to bring back life in its completeness into the villages, making them self-reliant and self-respectful, acquainted with the cultural tradition of their country, and competent to make an efficient use of modern resources for the improvement of their physical, intellectual, and economic conditions." Several of the campers expressed the desire to work in the villages of India once they were fully qualified in medicine or sociology.

A new realization of this need for dedicated service to our fellow men is growing rapidly amongst India's youth. And, in spite of the multiple divisions amongst us, this spirit of brotherhood and unselfishness has been proposed over and over again by the great leaders of our nation. We have before us the reply of Mahatma Gandhi to an enquiry regarding his mission in life, when he said it was "to wipe every tear from every eye"; and again we remember the cry of Vinoba Bhave: "I want to create an atmosphere of giving in this age of taking". When our Prime Minister was speaking to Abbé Pierre, the Ragpickers' Priest, in January 1959, he said: "We in India are in tune with the spirit of humble service, which is after all something bigger than even the atom bomb in this world; and which will, I believe, ultimately conquer even the atom bomb".

It is this spirit of humble service which will save our country during this present period of rapid industrialization, from becoming materialistic. It alone can bring about unity among the teeming millions of this sub-continent.

A CAMPER



STELLA MARIS' WANDERING STARS

Wishing to discover new sources of light in fields afar, a few of our students took part in nationally-organized student gatherings of one kind or another. Their "telstar" accounts are flashed back for those who stayed at home.

The first group set off even before the academic year began, going to the A. I. C. U. F. National Study Week for Women in Bombay last June. The theme was "Woman in the Church—her two great vocations, marriage and religious life". One memorable remark on marriage was to the effect that marriage is an orchestra, in which the husband and wife are the principal instruments — the corollary of what happens if they do not try to keep in tune hardly needs stressing. His Lordship, Bishop Gomes, Auxiliary of Bombay, urged Catholic students to arm themselves with ideals, to enable them to play the part that God has mapped out for them, whatever it may be.

The A. I. C. U. F. also summoned a National Seminar to Calcutta in October. The highlights of this event were the talks of Brother Philip Harris, in which he told Catholic university students to cultivate five senses: a sense of patriotism, a sense of vocation, a sense of confidence in Christ, a sense of apostolate, and a sense of community; and, perhaps even more luminous, was the visit to Reverend Mother Teresa's Home for Dying Destitutes. For the first time in their lives some of the students present were brought face to face with the great love and dedication that is needed by those who wish to serve the poor. In general, the students came away with the profound conviction that "we have a unique opportunity to be an example of responsible, imaginative leadership".

Three students represented Stella Maris at the Madras Students' Conference held in Tambaram in September, for earnest discussion of the problems of national integration of the students. The integration seems to have been cent per cent perfect, for they not only worked together in a very friendly spirit in the discussions, but even the "Ladies' Night" ended by having the gentlemen take over, but this more frivolous aspect did not prevent the students from coming to serious decisions regarding their contribution to national integration, or from forming solid friendships.

COLLEEN NORTH *III B.A.*

DORIS D'CRUZ *II B.Sc.*

NIRMALA KRISHNAMURTHY *III B.A.*

VANAMAHOTSAVA AT STELLA MARIS

God's first home for man was a garden, and it would have been so still had not Eve, as Milton laments in "Paradise Lost", been ambitious to know evil as well as good. Time has shown that the lesson she was so eager to learn is most readily acquired in sordid surroundings, but the good, which is so much more worth knowing, is best learnt where God meant it to be learnt: in surroundings of beauty and calm.

So the ideal of universities from earliest times has been concerned not only with the teaching of truth, but also with the surroundings in which truth was to be imparted and imbibed, for the soul of man hungers for the good and the beautiful as well as for the true, and truth itself is more readily embraced and loved amid beautiful surroundings. Hence in ancient India, the sages withdrew to the forests with their disciples, sometimes having so many of these that "forest universities" would hardly be an exaggerated description of their abodes. It was for the scholars of the forest that the Aranyakas were written, those storehouses of Vedic knowledge.

Similarly, the most ancient seat of European learning, Athens, was a fit home for scholars as much by the beauty of the site as by the taste and wisdom of her citizens. Plato's Academy, as the name implies, was a grove of trees planted by Cimon to beautify his native city, while Aristotle taught his pupils in the shady walks of the Lycæum.

The great medieval universities, too, were set in quiet, shady places, and at Paris, when in later days the University was obliged to give up the pratum by the river-side, the protests of the professors were indignant: "A wretched sight," cried the Proctor of the German Nation, "to witness the sale of that ancient manor, whither the Muses were wont to wander for retirement and pleasure. Whither now shall the youthful student betake himself, what relief will he find for his eyes, wearied with intense reading?"

Oxford, more fortunate than Paris in this respect, has succeeded in preserving its quiet charm, as Huber, a German scholar describes it, "in a broad green vale, where the Cherwell and the Isis mingle their full, clear waters. Here and there primeval oaks and elms overshadow them; while . . . they encircle gardens, meadows and fields . . . In the midst rises a mass of mighty buildings . . . a certain softness, a peculiar repose, reigns in those broad, terrace-like rising masses." Cambridge too, Oxford's younger sister, has retained her ancient charm, the quiet grey college buildings surrounded by meadows and woods in the fertile fen country.

Stella Maris, too, in her own humble way, seeks to follow this ancient tradition, treasuring the centuries-old trees already adorning her lovely green campus, while also sharing the belief of Newman that “planting is one of the most graceful, as . . . one of the most beneficent, of employments”, and rejoicing in the delight that future generations of students and professors will take in the trees now being planted. Hence we were delighted when our college campus was chosen as the venue of the annual Vanamahotsava ceremony.

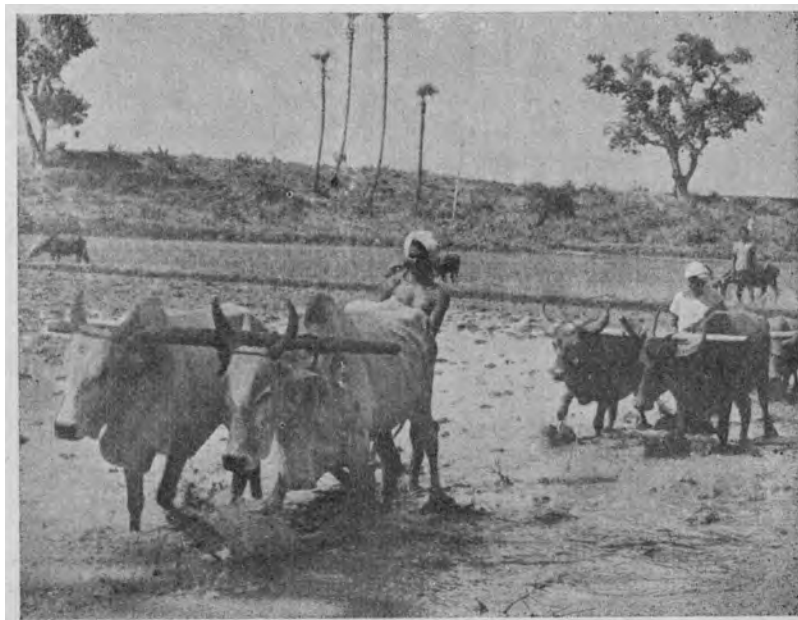
The function took place on the evening of July the 7th at the open-air theatre: and what setting could be more fitting for such a ceremony, amid the green lawns of the campus, with the background of trees planted by some loving hand long before any of us were born. Just as the function was about to begin, a light drizzle fell, blessing the young saplings. Reverend Mother brought the Minister for Agriculture, the Sheriff and the Mayor of Madras to the stage to open the ceremony.

While the Mayor, in his welcome address, pointed out the benefit which the future would derive from trees planted now by us, the Sheriff spoke of them as living monuments enduring for centuries, and urged us to guard and cherish them with love. The Minister, in his turn, spoke of trees as an example of unselfish generosity, giving welcome shade, blossoms and fruit to weary travellers, without any return. He also reminded us of the nobility of agriculture, quoting the words of Thiruvalluvar, as translated by Pope:

Who ploughing eat
their food, they
truly live :

The rest to others
bend subservient,
eating what they
give.

After the storm of applause which greeted this observation had died down, the honoured guests, each in turn, planted saplings to commemorate the event. How beautiful to think that when we, who witnessed it have gone our several ways,



others seeing the graceful ashoka trees casting their shade over the assembly ground, will be led to think of the Vanamahotsava of this year.

Small as these saplings now are, smaller still as was the seed from which they came, the trees will one day be tall and lovely. So should our virtues grow as the years go by. The tree, too, if its branches are cut will close the wound with a protecting covering, and conceal it with a more luxuriant growth of leaves; we too must respond to the wounds which life inflicts, not by bitterness but by greater strength and richer charity. Trees have been seen as a symbol of unselfishness, and an emblem of prayer. Joyce Kilmer was inspired with a poem about them which has touched the popular imagination, and has been set to music :

I think that I shall never see
a poem lovely as a tree.
A tree that looks at God all day,
and lifts her leafy arms to pray ;
a tree that may in summer wear
a nest of robins in her hair ;
upon whose bosom snow has lain ;
who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
but only God can make a tree.

So, when at the beginning of our academic year our college, a sylvan solitude near the heart of Madras, was chosen as the centre of the annual Vanamahotsava, we were very grateful to the Honourable Minister of Agriculture, and to the Mayor and Sheriff of Madras who came personally to add to our grove of ashoka trees, complete with music, and a shower to make them grow better. Two lines of saplings were posted like sentinels between the college and stage, or shall we say rather like natural pillars to make the boundaries of our out-door theatre (not an amphitheatre, alas - no hills here). Well, with all these trees coming up, what with our class trees and those that grow by themselves, we shall soon be a forest university.

RAJAYEE CHITRA
Pre-University.

MARIS STELLA

*(Maris Stella, an offshoot of Stella Maris,
started radiating in the region of
Vijayavada on July 16th, 1962)*

Maris Stella College
Vijayavada-6.

I am sure you will welcome a letter telling you about life at Maris Stella College, Vijayavada, the little sister of Stella Maris.

Naturally, like all the other P.U.'s, I was delighted to hear of the good results of Stella Maris. But I was faced with a problem when I got my results — that is where to continue my studies? This year my parents wanted me to be nearer home, so that meant I should not be able to return to Stella Maris and rejoin my friends. I was bent on taking my favourite subject, B.Sc. Maths; and as this was not included in the prospectus of the new Maris Stella College, I thought of going to Vizag. Then one day, Reverend Mother Principal informed me that B.Sc. was going to be introduced at Maris Stella the very first year. This good news came like a bolt from the blue; and yet I think too, it was an answer to my prayer. I prayed so often that a college would be opened here in my home-town, and now God had answered my prayer.

Curiosity urged me to make many visits to the college as July 16th, the opening date, drew near. Even at the beginning of July, as far as I remember, there was no sign of a roof, and the verandah was filled with scaffolding and workmen. Quite a lot of people seemed to share the same doubts: we wondered if the college could possibly be ready for this year after all. But in those days a miracle seemed to happen, and by the 10th, as I saw newly-polished tables and chairs being carried into the college, my dreams of an extra long holiday were shattered, and I knew college was going to begin after all.

When at last July 16th arrived, I felt a special thrill at setting off for college, for now, I would be a “senior” and at the same time one of the pioneers of the new college. When I saw so many strange faces around me, I quite forgot I was a dignified senior and felt the same newness as when I joined the P.U. last year in Stella Maris College. I found crowds of girls swarming like bees round Sister in the office, and wondered what the excitement was — can you guess? It was the P.U.'s purchasing their text books! This made me feel definitely a senior as I strolled off with some of my friends to inspect the building. Although the finishing touches were missing, the ground floor of the main block was ready for use, providing us with ten airy rooms — in many ways like those at Stella Maris. Work on the building

has continued steadily, if slowly, ever since the opening, and by now (February 1963) the first floor of the main block is completed, and the ground floors of the side and science blocks are well on the way.

There are crowds of girls in the P.U. classes — about two hundred, I think — most of them taking the B. P. L. Course (Biological and Physical Sciences and Logic), which is very popular here — because all Vijayavada, like Madras, seems to be heading for the medical college. In B.A. there were about twenty-five girls; but in my beloved B.Sc. Maths I found only one companion. However, it was not long before a few more M.P's. (Maths and Physics) joined me, and now we are five — a nice little family thoroughly enjoying the friendly atmosphere of our department.

Perhaps the first day of college was the best — because we had no classes; but being under the same management as Stella Maris, you can easily guess this blissful state did not last long. We were soon down to regular work, not forgetting the tests.

In August we had the official inauguration of the college by the Education Minister, and the inauguration of the associations by Rev. Father Gordon, Principal of Loyola College — which is not far away. In fact, this is quite a college area, for the Government Polytechnic is also close by.

We have quite an enthusiastic Social Service League, and we all enjoyed arranging the Christmas Tree for the children of Christorajapuram, a little village about twenty minutes away. In the second term we had a variety entertainment to raise money for the National Defence Fund.

The next function will be College Day — in one or two weeks' time, and already practices are beginning.

As we are just beginning, everything here is on a much smaller scale than at Stella Maris — but it's all very similar, and so I feel quite at home. When Reverend Mother Principal explains to us at assembly about the college motto and ideals, I feel proud to belong to the first group of students, and I am determined to do my bit to help to make Maris Stella as great and famous as Stella Maris.

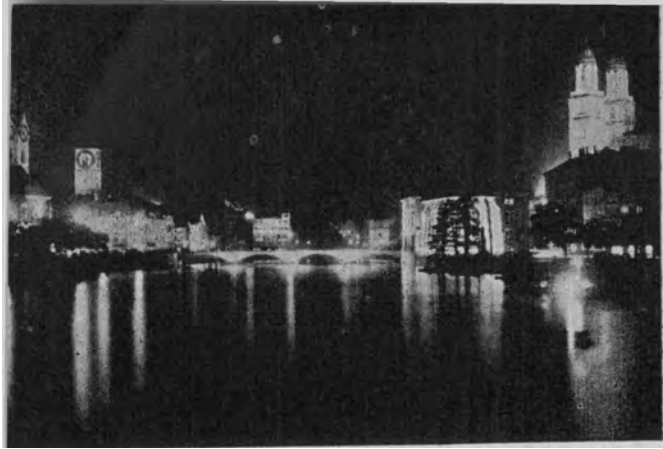
You must all be very busy now, getting ready for public examinations. This year I am a carefree I B.Sc., praying for Maris Stella, also for Stella Maris — that the results may be even better than last year — if that is possible.

Thank you for all you did for me last year. You may be sure that whenever I come to Madras, I shall make a bee-line for Cathedral Road to bring you love and news from Maris Stella, and to see and hear about all the wonderful new developments of Stella Maris.

P. MADHU MATI

I B.Sc.

MARIS STELLA COLLEGE, VIJAYAVADA



LIGHT IN DARKNESS

An interesting programme for the whole year was outlined, the theme suggested—"For a better world" being sufficiently elastic for all our problems to find place within it. Next a motto was adopted: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." (It was only several weeks later, and quite independently, that this motto was selected as the theme of this year's college magazine.) To provide us with ideas which would serve as basis for our class discussions, Gene Watrin's highly enlightening book "You too can serve India", was recommended to us. During the first few classes we discussed the causes of spiritual darkness in these modern times when science is taking the world by storm, and unanimously decided that the chief cause of this gloom was materialism. We studied its various manifestations, especially among students, and tried to find means of restoring light to a darkened world. Realizing that only with God's help could we do this, we began each class with a prayer in which, together, we begged God to illumine our own minds so that we might see how to enlighten and help others.

Gradually we came to realize the implications of our motto. A candle, it is true, sheds but a feeble light compared to a powerful electric bulb, but if the electricity fails, how grateful we are to the first one who brings in a candle while the rest of us are just sitting grumbling in the dark. What a cheerful light that little candle radiates. So, too, each one of us can and must be, not a light hidden under a bushel, but a light-giver, shining out to the whole world. To spread far and wide the warm glow of love of God and neighbour, four great fields are open to us, each of which presents wonderful opportunities of influencing the world for good or for evil—education, writing (not only books and magazines, but also film-scenarios, and scripts for T. V., and radio shows), government, and labour-management. The workers for darkness are already active in each of these spheres; light-bearers are urgently needed to dispel their darkness. While discussing education we first saw what we can do now, as students, to bring light to the world, before going on to examine the tremendous influence a teacher or lecturer can have. A fifth topic which combined present with future was: "Influencing the world from the home".

We then divided into five groups, according to our chief interest, so that each group could prepare one of these topics for discussion by the whole class. Two leaders were appointed for each group to give a short talk on their particular topic and then lead the subsequent discussion. Although those who were new to Stella Maris were at first hesitant to voice their opinions, the leaders drew them out by well-framed, thought-provoking questions, so that a real exchange of views ensued. The discussions were often so interesting that we carried them on in our free hours after the class. The lecturer acted as an impartial judge, seeing that our debates proceeded smoothly and amicably.

The bulletin board acted as a stimulant to our interest, for each group in turn was made responsible for its arrangement during the discussion it was leading. Each member of the group was asked to contribute pertinent cuttings, quotations, pictures and sketches, to make a display at once attractive and instructive; there was friendly competition between the groups on this score, and our artists found their talents greatly in demand.

I feel that our Ethics classes serve several useful purposes. First they make us think more deeply about life — about God our Creator, about our fellow-creatures, and about our relations with Him and with them. Then, being classes not only for the students but also largely run by the students, they provide training in leadership and the spirit of democracy. They give us practice in speaking in public; gradually the shy ones lose their nervousness and become eager to express their opinions to the class. We learn to listen sympathetically to ideas very different from our own, and see questions from the other girl's point of view. And as the Ethics class is the only hour in the week when all the M. A. students meet in one room, it becomes, as one student called it, a "fellowship class" where new friendships are made and a new appreciation gained of subjects other than that in which one is specializing.

Finally, through these classes we have made a very important discovery — that each of us has her own special place in God's plan for the world, her own particular role which no one else can fill, and that by playing well that God-given role, however insignificant it may seem, every one of us can help to illumine the world with the light of faith and love.

MEENA NAYAK
I M.A.

ARE YOU IN THE DARK



Launching into college life is exciting, but it can also be terrifying. Freed from the moorings of home life, steering our course through the sea of responsible maturity into a future beyond our horizon, exposed to the storms and dangers natural to any journey, it is encouraging to feel the presence of an experienced pilot near by, one who understands our difficulties, while respecting our freedom and personal initiative.

In a college of 1,100 students, where classes sometimes number more than eighty, it might appear that there would be little opportunity for personal contact between individual students and busy lecturers; and if class contacts alone were to be the rule, this would certainly be true. In Stella Maris, however, each lecturer has always taken a personal interest in each of her students, and has striven to supplement her lectures by giving, out of class hours, the individual advice and encouragement so necessary to progress and happiness in student life. But whereas this individual help was formerly given somewhat haphazardly, as lecturers saw a need for it, this year it has been organized by the inauguration of an official "Student Guidance System".

The students of the whole college were divided into groups, and each group assigned to one particular lecturer, who made known to them the hour and the place where she would be at their disposal several days a week. At the stated times any student could approach the counsellor allotted to her group with any problem she might have, academic or personal. Several of the counsellors called a meeting of their whole group to introduce themselves and to explain the purpose of the Guidance System more fully; nearly all announced that they would like to meet the members of their group individually to get acquainted with them. Such announcements were received with mixed feelings by the students. Some were delighted at the idea of a personal interview with a member of the staff, the shy ones were terrified, those who had problems, real or imaginary, were relieved at the thought of being helped to solve them, others muttered: "But I don't have any problems!" Whatever their immediate reaction, however, all were curious to know exactly what would happen, and each went along in her turn to introduce herself to her counsellor.

That was the beginning. In the course of the year we got to know our counsellors well and came to appreciate the Guidance System more and more.

No life, even that of a student, is completely free from troubles, great and small, and since we have all learned long ago the truth of the old adage, "A sorrow shared is a sorrow halved," we naturally look for one into whose sympathetic ear we can pour all our woes. Sometimes we want only that — a friendly listener who will hear us to the end of our story, and though she may utter no word of advice, we leave her feeling tremendously relieved and "helped". At other times, when we are low-spirited, we want encouragement, friendly assurance that we can do better, that we have as yet untapped resources within ourselves, that if we will it we can, with God's help, make something great and wonderful of our life. There are times, too, when we simply do not know what to do, when we need definite advice from someone older and more experienced than ourselves. All these forms of assistance, we have learned to realize, we can confidently expect from the Student Guidance System.

Many students come to college without any clear idea of what they want to do after completing their course. A counsellor can be helpful here, for in making the student talk about her aptitudes, her likes and dislikes, she first aids the emergence of clearly defined goals, and then, showing how they can be attained and developing the student's confidence that she can attain them, she encourages her to work steadily towards those goals. A number of students have personality problems, are shy and awkward in company, or find it hard to adjust themselves to college or hostel life. Many are worried about low marks in one or other of their college subjects, and beg the counsellor to tell them how they can improve. For all these and others, sometimes far more serious problems, the counsellor is asked to find a solution — but what she often does is make the student find the solution for herself. There is nothing like talking over a knotty point for clearing one's own ideas on the topic, because in explaining the difficulty to another, and then digging down to the cause of the difficulty, one is irresistibly led on to go further and find the way out. And what a tremendous lift it gives us to feel that we are capable of solving our own problems, that we have "done it ourselves", even while gratefully acknowledging the unobtrusive but very real help given us by our counsellor.

The Student Guidance System, then, can help each of us students first to know herself, the defects she has to overcome, the good qualities she possesses and should develop, her potentialities and how to realize them. It can teach us to understand and get along with other people, to be tolerant and broad-minded. It can point out to us goals which are high, seemingly unattainable, and give us the confidence that we can attain them. In many ways it can help us through the period of adolescence to a maturity that is full, satisfying, and useful.

SAROJINI DEVI PILLAI
Pre-University

SWITCH ON YOUR READING LAMP



“Don’t read good books!” What’s this . . . on the first door . . . of the reading room . . . at Stella Maris College! Has the star tumbled into the sea? Surely the authorities don’t know about this”

“Rocketeering? You’d think it was four, the rate you’re going? What’s burning?”

“The college! Didn’t you see that poster, ‘Don’t read good books!’ . . . must see the”

“Whoah there! If that’s how you read, this is just what you need. Now come back, and read to the end:

Don’t read good books!
Life is too short . . .
Read only the best!

Off with the blinkers, friend, and look around.”

A rash of posters had broken out on the college walls. Someone was certainly putting on the heat to prick us into the reading itch. Who? The C. S. U. Long, frank discussions had led them to see that youth tends to have a superstitious belief in the printed word, that it does not read critically enough to judge whether the writer’s outlook accords with human dignity, or whether he honestly presents evil as evil and good as good. So they decided to act — to campaign for “Better Books for a Better World”.

Not only were our eyes assailed. The C. S. U. leaders tested out attitudes with a questionnaire they had prepared. There were films to show us good shows from good literature. Each class had representative speakers to enlighten us at Assembly on why, how, and what we should read. Our wits were sharpened by class discussions, a box to drop in our suggestions, and a quiz; and an interesting exhibit invited us into the reception room.

Light comes from the meeting of positive and negative charges. Not only did we see that mental food is often more adulterated and dangerous, but we also learned how to prepare for ourselves a wholesome and delicious mental diet, which will nourish our minds without poisoning or killing them. Here a word of the Father of our Nation, who dedicated his life for a better world, is a pointer: “If the reading you do turns you away from God, I do not know how it is going to help you, and how you are going to help the world.”

And now I have made up my mind not to read good books, for life is too short for that; I shall read only the best.

MARGARET BROWN
II B.A.

SEARCHLIGHT ON READING

“ Good books are friends who help, inspire, inform, encourage, and guide us along the narrow path to eternal life.” Educationists will only too willingly agree with these words of Piux X; for today more than ever, the impact of books and magazines on young minds is of frightening dimensions — frightening because of the unceasing tide of cheap unworthy literature that floods the student world. Good books there are in abundance; but are all our Indian university students capable of preferring these to easier and more spicy fare? The great need today seems to be to develop a taste for thoughts and things that are fine and noble in all spheres of life, so that young people will instinctively and voluntarily reject immoral literature. They will realize that healthy minds, like healthy bodies, can come only from wholesome mental food, such as described by St. Paul :



All that rings true,
all that commands respect, and
all that makes for right ;
all that is pure, all that is lovely,
all that is gracious in the telling ;
virtues and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found —
let this be the subject of your thoughts.

In an attempt to do at least something about this all-important problem of modern education, and as a part of the Book Week organized by the C. S. U., a questionnaire covering most aspects of reading was answered by more than a thousand students ranging from 16 to 20 years, and studying in classes from P.U. to M.A. The students were naturally of different creeds and customs and from different family backgrounds. It was felt that the very fact of answering a questionnaire might at least open the eyes of the students to various questions about books which were blissfully ignored by many. At the same time, some useful data could be gathered as a diagnostic to future guidance in this matter.

After having studied 1018 questionnaires, finding at first the results for each class and then for the whole college, we feel that a few remarks should first be made about the conducting of the enquiry in general. From this experience, there

are a few points which could be improved on in any future attempt made on another topic. The students were not warned beforehand about the questionnaire, and only the minimum of instructions was given to them before they began to write. This was to eliminate any danger of influencing them in their answers. However, the anonymity of their replies and the need for frank and truthful statements were stressed. This very care to achieve objective results led perhaps to a certain wastage. For almost every question there was a certain number of "no answers", the two extremes stretching from 2 to 99. In some cases, these omissions were undoubtedly the result of simply not being able to decide. In other cases these omissions were obviously the result of mere carelessness. The students could perhaps have been urged to be more faithful and conscientious in answering every question without fail. Again, certain questions were not understood by some students, especially amongst the Pre-University classes, where perhaps by the month of August many girls coming from Tamil medium schools had not yet a sufficient grasp of English. This could be avoided by conducting the enquiry later in the academic year. But the lack of a full grasp of a few of the questions on the morality of reading was probably the result of a lack of understanding, by others of the underlying principles involved. These various inaccuracies might have been avoided if the questionnaire had been explained in detail by the supervising lecturer. Yet this would probably have led the students into giving the answers they thought they ought to give rather than those based on actual fact. These difficulties would surely disappear if the students were to become acquainted with more enquiries of this type. This, as a pioneering effort, could not but meet with some obstacles. Yet, on the whole, we do feel that the statistics thus gathered have a very definite objective value, and that the students enjoyed the experiment and did try to be sincere in their statements and decisions. The results, therefore, should be helpful and interesting to all who consider the importance of the topic under enquiry.

The questions were worded in as simple a manner as possible, the aim being clarity and concreteness. They were arranged under five headings so as to give some idea of the interest taken in reading by the students, the type of reading material which was most popular, their methods of reading, and their attitude to the problem of morality and reading. A last section was added in order to try to gauge the interest of the students in a possible personal contribution to creative literature.



Interest in Reading

Of the 1018 students — almost the whole strength of the college, with the exception of the inevitable absentees — who were answering the questionnaire, the majority of them certainly do a satisfactory amount of reading. One or two "howlers", such as the student who reads for 40 hours a week — obviously confusing "studying" with "reading" in spite of clear instructions to the contrary — were rejected. But the number of those who often discuss books with friends is hardly encouraging; whilst the fact that 408 discuss books with their parents came as a

surprise. One cannot help but wonder if some bright students have not once again confused text books with books. However, it was interesting to note that friends are the chief source of reading material; which perhaps has only too sadly proved to be the fact in the case of unhealthy literature.



Type of Reading

Although Tamil is the mother tongue of 698 students, only 368 do most of their reading in that language. English is well ahead with 598. Only 21 read regularly in Hindi. What was rather surprising in the choice of reading material amongst girl-students was the popularity of the detective story, which got many more votes than the romantic novel. That 244 students regularly read "comics" is hardly a sign of growing maturity. And the number who often read spiritual books is far too low. In fact, the general impression gleaned is that very little serious reading of any kind is done by the majority of the students, apart from their studies. However, there is a gleam of hope revealed in the popularity of religious magazines, although one suspects that the favourite feature in these is the short story. Yet, from the lists of influential books, and those suggested for addition to the college library, it is clear that there are a number of students who like and appreciate more thoughtful fare. The Bible, Bhagavadgita, the Imitation of Christ, the life of Thomas Dooley, Bhavan's Journal, Keller's "You Can Change the World", the books of Fulton Oursler, Nehru's "Discovery of India", and various books of Fulton Sheen — to mention only a few — occur again and again on the answer papers. Perhaps this is a pointer. A plentiful supply of attractively got-up volumes of such authors, and the tactful but constant reminder of their existence and of their value, might help young students to develop a taste for worthwhile reading so as to leave no time nor desire for anything else.

The popularity of news magazines, and the fidelity to the daily newspaper, show that the student population is by no means out of contact with the world around them. That fashion magazines are not in greater demand is probably a result of the traditional Indian saree, which does not allow much scope for change, rather than of any intellectual disdain of such feminine trivialities. Of the favourite authors, books, and magazines mentioned, the greatest number of votes go respectively to Dickens, Lloyd C. Douglas, K. Kalki, Jane Austen, A. J. Cronin, and Agatha Christie. The favourite books are Jane Eyre, Pride and Prejudice, Ben Hur, Rebecca, East Lynne, Ponnujini Selvan. But the number of votes given to authors like Earl Stanley Gardner, Edgar Wallace, Perry Mason, Ruby Ayres, Nevil Shute, Frank G. Slaughter, and Denise Robins speaks for itself. Such books are most likely the result of recommendation by fellow-students, rather than that of lecturers or parents, which is nevertheless given as the second factor in influencing students in their choice of a book. That 146 students read books without first finding out something of their worth is perhaps only too indicative of the modern trends so apparent also in the section morality and reading.



Methods of Reading

That a few students suggested the best place for reading was by the radio, only highlights the overwhelming and sensible majority who seek silence and solitude for the enjoyment of a good book. The number who enjoy reading in bed shows that the young people of today are after all not so very different from the young people of yesterday. Reading the end of a book first, turning down the pages to mark them, and writing in books — at least those which do not belong to oneself — are also eloquent of the fact that student-vandalism is still rampant in spite of modern progress. As it is a girls' college, no question was asked as to whether pages were often, sometimes, or never torn out of library books.

The number of those who remember the story and characters of a book seems reasonable enough ; but that 368 should remember some quotations after six months may possibly be mere wishful thinking. Or perhaps adults have not fully appreciated the intelligent interest of some modern student-readers at least. It would be only too pleasant to believe that 671 criticize style, and 566 the author's attitude to life ; but somehow the "doubting Thomas" once more appears. Yet, why should we not accept these numbers as we do others? The students were certainly not being deliberately insincere ; but then again the adult pessimist will dampen our growing enthusiasm by scornfully dismissing the possibility of the student population understanding what is meant by an attitude to life. Yet surely here lies the whole crux of the problem. If only young people would honestly ask themselves about their favourite author's fundamental attitude to life and human beings, as revealed directly or indirectly in his novels, they would have gone a long way to becoming healthily critical. The idea that any novelist is completely objective in his "realistic" picture of life as seen by him may be easily dismissed ; for his very choice of subject, characters, and setting is only all too revealing in itself.



Morality and Reading

The most revealing and perhaps most disturbing section of the questionnaire is naturally this one. That 280 students are not clear on what is moral or immoral in a book, that 295 go ahead and read a book the morality of which is doubtful, and that 187 will continue to read a book which they realize is not for them, are indications that this whole question finds its roots in the general moral education of the students. Strong moral convictions, which must first be inculcated in the family and later fortified in the school and college, can alone make young people strong enough to resist the hypnotizing effects of immoral literature. Again, parents must surely realize that novels are by no means the healthiest or safest guide for young people who want, and who have the right, to know the "facts of life". If young girls are not instructed by their mothers or other responsible adults about life at the right time, their natural curiosity will be only too soon, and in a distorted fashion, satisfied by cheap literature.

The rather arrogant self-assurance of answers like "When you have a strong will nothing can influence you", is typical of adolescents, and savours somewhat of the bravado often exteriorly displayed by young hearts that in reality suffer from a sense of inadequacy and insecurity within. Prudence and humility are virtues often learnt by the mature who have grown wiser as they grow sadder from experience; but surely the frank sincerity of youth, when appealed to, will soon capitulate before the very obvious fact that if you play with mud you are sure to soil your hands — and your mind.

There is also much to be optimistic about in this section. That 758 never have to hide their reading material, that 774 can see the need for distinction between books for adults and books for adolescents, and that 822 will put away a book when they discover its unworthiness, are all signs of a promising awareness of true values amongst the majority of students.



Personal Application

Of these 1018 students, it might not be too much to hope for that some few at least will one day contribute to the literature created by Indians either in the vernacular or in English. At any rate, even if they never take pen in hand, all of them will have a very important say in the type of literature which will be produced and sold in the future, for today's writers, many of whom live by their writing, will supply what the great public wants. If the educated classes of India would insist upon books of decent and worthy calibre, it would soon cease to be profitable to produce anything less. But the taste of the future depends so much on that acquired today in youth, that perhaps in this field more than in any other, it is true to say that India's future depends on the university students of today. It is only by winning their co-operation and their interest that this question of such great importance can be solved. When young people are determined to seek in literature that vision of truth, goodness, and beauty which is its essential quality, they will have won a victory of the spirit which their elders have not always achieved.

A STELLA MARIAN



ASSOCIATION REVIEW

- 1 p.m. Editorial Board Stella Marian
- 1·10 Rehearsal for Dramatic Association
- 1·20 Committee meeting for Current Affairs Club
- 1·30 Singing practice, debate rehearsal, meeting to arrange excursion, make a notice for club meeting, collect funds.

This was a typical lunch-hour programme during 1962-63; about the only thing one did not do between 1 and 2 o'clock was to take one's lunch, which could quite easily be forgotten in the pressure of engagements. In fact, the proximity of the "committee rooms" enabled the more zealous officers to attend two meetings simultaneously, while at the same time copying any notes which happened to be on the class-boards. The two hours of class in the afternoon were quite a welcome relaxation before resuming the absorbing extra-curricular time-table again at 4 o'clock.

Largely responsible for this committee-fever was the introduction of the new system of associations. Only six in number, the associations — Kala (Art and Music), Science, Current Affairs, Social Service, Basha Sangha (all languages), Dramatic, — were open only to voluntary members, all the activities being conducted by and for the students. The inaugural activities of all six associations were the collection of subscriptions, and the almost immediate utilization of the same for get-to-know-each-other socials. This series was repeated in the last term as say-goodbye-to-each-other socials, but by this time conditions for membership had relaxed sufficiently for several enterprising society-girls to make a point of gracing the social held by each and every association — after all one should not show partiality.

Apart from the socials and occasional film-shows, each club enjoyed original and characteristic programmes throughout the year. The Mathematicians, Zoologists, Physicists, and Chemists of the Science Association co-operated without any combustion, spontaneous or otherwise, in the preparation of the Science Fair. Mathematical puzzles, optical illusions, rare Botany specimens, fortune-telling (by invisible writing) were only a few of the interesting exhibits displayed and competently explained by the students themselves (after furtive and sometimes frantic reference to text-books and lecturers). The stoic maiden, heroically hacking her hand with a knife while scarlet blood gushed from the wound was naturally the centre of horror-struck admiration. At different times light entertainments were arranged by the sections of the association, with short dramas about famous scientists — Newton, Marie Curie. In the last term all had gathered respectfully to hear an address

by Miss D. DeCee, a nutrition expert, only to find that the venerable speaker was none other than "our Doris". Following her talk, four actresses dressed as vitamins extolled themselves (i. e. their vitamin-selves) in song; and finally a practical experiment was conducted by the whole association in the consumption of ice-cream, which was generally voted to be rich in the particular vitamins necessary for the healthy development of a Stella Marian.

In view of the fact that everything can be regarded as an "affair" in the past, present, or future, the Current Affairs Association embraced activities varying from the Mock Trial and acquittal of one Saroj Gupta on a charge of murder, to a visit to a film studio. The principal project of the Club, however, was the organization of the U. N. O. Week. The members had undertaken to enlighten the rest of the college by a series of talks at assembly; it was decided to restrict the talks to three minutes — possibly out of consideration for the audience, but more probably because three minutes would exhaust all that the speakers knew about the U. N. O. anyway. As the success of a film or play is measured by the length of time it "runs", the U. N. week was certainly an outstanding success, as it ran intermittently for a whole month, being interrupted by the various flood-relief movements customary during the monsoon.

During the same period, the Basha Sangha had organized a debate attacking and defending the study of the languages, Tamil, Hindi, Sanskrit, and French. The papers were all excellently prepared, even though out of the eight speakers one was absent, and out of the audience all were absent except five, all the non-amphibians having scuttled off home during a lull in the rain.

The greatest achievement of the Basha Sangha, however, showing their open-mindedness (not to mention their "open-mouthedness") was the learning of the Basha Sangha song in Tamil and French, sung in canon. Staunch Carnaticists shook their heads forebodingly, while the "demoiselles françaises", and the daughters of Gujarat and Punjab wondered how they would pronounce the Tamil; but as soon as the famous radio-artiste Sita launched forth gallantly on the uncharted sea of French, even the shyest took courage, and the Basha Sangha song became a reality.

Throughout the year the sounds of thumping feet, muffled thuds, and piercing shrieks behind closed doors denoted the presence of the Dramatic Association practising energetically for one of their periodic class concerts or talent hours. And what a variety of Variety Entertainments were produced: square, round, folk, bharathan, and ballet dances; piano, veena, violin, accordeon, (and gramophone) music; solo songs, duets, choruses, serenades, dramas, charades, mono-acting. During the performances one could see in the greenroom (which consisted of all the floor - and table-space in the neighbourhood of Room 0-8) pairs of hands frantically searching for a mouth-organ, upsetting in the process a pile of costumes; others looking for a piano-accordeon

urgently needed for the next item ; someone else discovering with horror that she had forgotten to bring some essential stage costume. However, item followed item with perfect composure, and no one in the audience was aware of there being the slightest confusion behind the scenes.

The activities of the Social Service Association consisted very properly of socials and service — the latter accompanied by unselfish, painstaking work among the poor and the sick, the former on the principle that “ Charity begins at home ”.

The Kala Club, besides its elevated pursuits on the upper floor of the Students' Centre, was extremely helpful in inspiring the most attractive notices for the meetings of all the associations and clubs of the college. Almost every day, some new poster with ever more original designs appeared for the Science Fair or the Book Exhibition or the Stella Marian or the Cinema Club, which shows that the Kala-ists, despite their devotion to the serious aspects of archaeology and water-colours (also water-drinking, as they are so providentially placed near the taps in the Students' Centre), follow all the trends of Modern Art. The Music-half of the association produced a very enjoyable programme for St. Cecilia's concert.

Excursions, for strictly educational purposes of course, led associates in happy bus-loads to many corners of South India, and even further, as for instance to a North Indian palace, a smuggler's den, and magic caves set up in a film studio. The latter was one of the frequent outings of the Current Affairs Association, investigating life behind the silver screen. They were particularly struck by the spectacle of ladies' and gentlemen's hair hanging up ready for use — to think that a woman's crowning glory should be left dangling so unceremoniously on a common peg! Another outing was made by the same Affairees to a pencil factory, where they were nearly engulfed by a whirlpool of molten graphite, but just escaped with their lives and one free pencil each, full of admiration and astonishment at all the complicated processes necessary for the production of the pencil we use every day so unthinkingly. As a last outing of the academic year, the members of the Current Affairs Club, and sympathizers who shared their inclination for picnics, went to inspect the Currents in the Red Hills Lake, and returned in the evening fully satisfied with the findings of the day.

The excursions of the Science Association all had ostensibly scientific objects. The visit to the zoo was of a particular interest to bird-lovers ; the Maths. Students too felt quite at home among the “ queer birds ”, and pricked up their ears — or should we say plumes? — at the ornithological explanations. Those who went to the King's Institute spent a fascinating afternoon with germs and bacteria, which are injected into rabbits and guinea-pigs, to test their reaction. Not, we hasten to add, that any of us resemble rabbits or guinea-pigs, but their reaction to drugs is supposed to be the same as ours. Some girls thought of starting a research department with

our little Timmy in the Science store-room, but the Superintendent and Curator of our Natural Science Museum has not yet given his authorization.

The annual excursion of the III B.Sc. was the usual success, even more so this year due to the kindness of two old Stella Marians, Shantha and Supriya, who acted as hostesses to show our tourists the places of interest at Trivandrum. The more soulful members of the party had been yearning to see the sun sink into the sea at Cape Comorin, and sat breathlessly on the shore, sighing with ecstatic anticipation of the thrilling sight. But that night the



clouds made the sunset completely invisible, so everyone felt suddenly quite unpoetic, and gladly strolled back to the very hospitable Sisters there to enjoy a good supper and sound sleep.

The Kala Club had a successful and informative excursion one Saturday afternoon to the museum; whereas Maths. students, bitterly disappointed by the impossibility of an excursion to the harbour, were more than compensated by the "incursion" of the Madras Harbour Master himself, bringing telescopes, chronometres, sextants, charts, and nautical tables, with a splendid explanatory talk on the principles of navigation. One prospective navigatress completely wrecked the reputation of the Maths. and Physics Departments by putting the wrong end of the telescope to her eye and wailing that she couldn't see anything, but the seniors indignantly suppressed her, mentally thankful that they hadn't done it.

Other excursions were also made by private enterprise, for instance to I. N. S. Vikrant, anchored outside Madras, to a pond (in Adyar), and to Pondy, but some of the most enjoyable were undoubtedly the excursions organized (or rather, disorganized) by the associations. The members were already planning for next year, although fully aware that, provided we are all together in a bus and singing, it doesn't matter much where we are going.

And so, sadder but wiser, inasmuch that those members who are leaving Stella Maris and its life are sadder, whereas all are wiser in methods of organization, friendly co-operation, and initiative, the associations move on to their second year of rejuvenation.

S. VEDA
II B.A.

THAT THEY MAY HAVE LIGHT

Near the woods, a little boy once espied another one, with whom he had quarrelled. Balling his fist, he shouted, "I'll beat you". Promptly out of the woods he heard a voice, "... eat you". Fast as his legs could carry him he ran to his mother, and asked who was the bad man in the woods who wanted to eat him. His mother took him by the hand, led him back, and asked him to shout, "Be my friend". This time the echo answered "friend". "Son", said the mother, "that is a law of life, you get what you give".

The ideal of our Social Service League is: "The secret of peace and happiness is service, for it is more blessed to give than to receive; the solution of many problems is service; forgetfulness of self for the welfare of others is service". The League, like all the other Associations, has fortnightly meetings, to see, judge, and act; that is to get data of prevailing conditions among the neighbouring poor; to judge what must and can be done about them in the light that each human being is a child of God, and has rights to living conditions that are in harmony with this dignity — "as long as you did it to one of these, you did it to Me"; and then to

make the necessary sacrifices of time, money, and personal service to make our ideals concrete. Like other associations we too had our little entertainments, for charity begins at home — but as you will see, it did not end there, and the possession of a joy generally prompts generous hearts to want others to enjoy the same. We do not forget that the condition of the poor indicates the prosperity of a country, and that today's children are to-morrow's citizens. If we want them to be useful and loyal citizens, we must see that their human rights are respected, and their spiritual and material needs met, as far as we can help them. For this reason we pay friendly visits to the homes in Antonynagar, a nearby slum, give a sympathetic and understanding ear to their troubles, counsel them in their personal problems, bring gifts and medical relief with tactful instructions on health. And the people show their gratitude and appreciation for our help, amateur though it be. Then there were the little extras: a big packet of biriyani; with enough to share for all who



answered our invitation — none declines, to be sure — for a little feast on November 24th. Then the annual Christmas Tree for big and small — clothes, food and toys — the fruit of little sacrifices during the year.

Another project — near completion now — which received a share of our interest was the Social Welfare Centre, which we expect to be ready in June to give sewing classes to young girls who cannot or will not go to school, and to receive some forty poor tots in the Day Nursery. Beside this there is a dispensary where a doctor will help the local poor thrice a week. We added our little mites for furniture and other needs. We hope that, like the little candle of Shakespeare's Portia, the little good we tried to do may also throw its beams afar. As for ourselves, Echo was very strong, for we received in spiritual blessings much more than we gave, and we have experienced the truth of Asoka's words, which he is said often to have repeated, "In their happiness lies our happiness", and we shall keep in mind another phrase of his, "Life is meant for giving". Indeed happiness is an echo: it never comes directly, but only as a reflection of the happiness we have given to others by helping to satisfy some of the varied needs of our fellow men on earth. That is how God has arranged it, for He is Love, and true love means giving. Moreover, His treatment of us will also be an echo of our treatment of others, for has He not said :

Be merciful, then, as your Father is merciful
Give, and gifts will be yours :
Good measure, pressed down and shaken up and running over,
will be poured into your lap ;
the measure you award to others
is the measure that will be awarded to you.

The beautiful echoes we love to hear soon die, as everything else on earth, but the spiritual echoes will live on with our souls, as Tennyson's lovely "Bugle Song" expresses it :

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going ;
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river ;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

And with a slight variation of this poem, we conclude ;

Go, Goodness, go, set the wild echoes ringing ;
And answer, echoes, answer, singing, singing, singing.

T. RAJALAKSHMI
Pre-University

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE

History students may say that the storming of the Bastille took place in 1789, but the new Modern History syllabus does not yet include the second storming, on the 4th of September, 1962.

Such a noise, I think, was never heard in this dignified college. The very moment the bell tinkled at four o'clock, nearly 480 P.U.'s leapt simultaneously out of their seats, bounded through the corridors, — we the unfortunate ones higher up having to jump three steps at a time down the stairs. With bags and books and umbrellas as bayonets we swept through the crowd, while more fortunate Mathematics students had long rulers and sharp pencils as spears. The sound we made was some-

thing intolerable — a mixture of barking, braying, chattering, hooting, screaming, howling, and all the other words that exist in Noisology.



Forward we pressed, undaunted and unafraid, marching heads high, while awestricken seniors, pale with terror, stopped to stare and gaze, as we stampeded along the verandahs.

At last we reached the battle-ground. Screams rent the air, but not even the sharpest of ears could distinguish a single syllable. The formation of this army of ours

was quite extraordinary. We had out-manoeuvred modern military tactics! There were ranks of every design — some straight at the ends but concave in the middle, some curved, and even one straight line from which radiated many sinuous "sub-lines". Though it was hot and stuffy, we stood our ground firmly while the ranks thickened rapidly, with eager reinforcements rushing in from every side.

When the keepers of the fortress appeared at the rampart and iron portcullis, we stood at attention awaiting the word of command ; but at the sight of . . . THEM . . . , the long-desired magazines imprisoned in brown paper jackets, we were fired with the aim to set them free, and hundreds of heads went into action like cannon-balls. No damage was done — the walls were strong; no heads were broken — very tough. Order was given to retreat in formation ; only a few of the stronger and hardier warriors were asked to stay in the vanguard to carry on the struggle to release the captives.



Out of the fray of the assault came the bark of loud protests ; bruises were patted proudly like battle scars ; the rear guard formed a mobile force, driving and propelling us to the front line of attack.

Zero hour had come. Above the din of battle we shouted our numbers as a battle-cry, and forthwith our prisoners were released to us. As the line surged forward, we took a flying leap out, clutching our treasures tightly, and galloping far from the war-site to ensure that no one was spying. Then we shouted with all our might :

“ We’ve won ! We’ve got it ! We’ve got the College Magazine . . . the battle is won ! ”

M. S. RAJAYEE CHITRA
Pre-University

*This article has been reprinted
by the courtesy of the Stella Marian
[B.A. issue, October 1962]*

STELLA MARINE

Boisterous drumming of rain, deafening explosions of thunder, blinding flashes of lightning — nature is celebrating in a big way tonight. Nature here certainly has no half measures: when it rains, it pours, and pours, and pours; and when it's hot it's torrid. The monsoon seems to want to boost our tourist trade — making Madras a rival of Venice — no gondolas alas. The streets will be grand canals tomorrow, with this extra soaking on top of days and days of rain. Can't sleep with this noise — let's try a little doggerel, since it's raining cats and dogs.

Earth, is there any place less proof to rains?
Thou mate of Sunshine, what of the monsoon? —
It makes you islets in a vast lagoon.
Where are they now, Mohenjodaro's drains?
Such things are out of date with trains and planes!
Why, with these rockets we shall very soon
Be settled far away on rainless moon.
Such earthy things insult our modern brains!
Besides, it's all such sheer futility
Re inconveniences to get so frantic —
For Beauty's more than mere Utility —
And with canals Madras is so romantic!

*(Lines written on the cloudburst,
October 1962, when Madras was blessed with an extra
twelve inches of rain in one night.)*

Thanks and apologies, W. W. and G. K. C. Too bad you cannot be here for the occasion, for you would surely find our city a most poetic archipelago, with great sheets of waterscape and rippling silver lanes. Rrrring . . . time to get up . . . brrr . . . it's cold.

A chill wind is blowing outside as I look out of the window. The whole suburb is covered with a sheet of water — water, water, everywhere . . . I divert my attention to my threatening physics book, but in the early hours of the October morning, with the frogs singing (or so they seem to think), and the rain playing orchestra, one can hardly read. I am sure that our Stella Maris will work even on the rainiest day ('cause we like to work!) and so, shiv . . . er . . . ing with unpleasant

thoughts of my Physics test, I arm myself with an umbrella, and step out “alone, alone, all all alone” on a rainy day.

When I reach college, much to my dismay the rain has stopped; but as I get down from the bus with other Stella Marians, we have a wonderful wading exercise, which includes balancing books, holding sarees, and some artistic dance-steps — jumping from stone to stone, and finally we reach the island of Stella Maris.

The isle of Stella Maris, once on green soil, is now standing serenely on the bluish-reddish waters of the “Stella Marine”, and to our great delight, gallant Fords and Ambassadors come sailing through the harbour walls, generously spraying many a Stella Marian with the coloured waters which remind us of “Holi”.

With a great deal of slipping and dripping we climb the never-ending stairs, with moans and groans which resound all through the building. No sooner have we reached the topmost floor, than the rain comes down again, and we observe for the first time how many of our companions are circus artistes, as they emerge into the rain, swaying with their umbrellas on snaky strips of “brick bridges”. The hostelites form a good team, and we fully appreciate their troupe dance: a sway to the right, now to the left, with their multicoloured umbrellas, all rhythmic and perfect.



The bell reminds us of our duty, and so we troop into the classroom, shut all the doors and windows, and switch on the soft, warm lights. Though the rain drums on the windows — what a pity, in Madras city — we have our lessons and the Physics test. We hope that the rain might leak through the ceiling and wash off our test papers — but no such luck.

We bear our sufferings patiently and draw morals from misfortune :

Slippers slip — wear shoes in rainy weather !
Wet raincoats make most sound !
An umbrella in hand is worth five at home . . .

and we would write even more, but we are awakened by the lunch bell.

We lunch in the shade of “umbrella trees” — real umbrellas — and wash our hands in the rain — that is the only advantage. While swimming back to the island proper, we behold many umbrella clumps, and hearing peals of merry laughter ringing out from the groups, we decide to investigate and so cast anchor beside them, i.e. we plant our feet in firm mud. We see some Stella Marians fishing in the deepest part of the Sea, between the Hostel Islands and the College Isle. We believe that they are enthusiastic Zoo inhabitants — pardon, Zoology students — but we find that they are casting nets, not for salmon or sharks, but for keys and slippers.

While crossing the Libro-Science channel between the science block and the library, we come upon a wonderful sight. Despite the rain, huge crowds have gathered to see a magnificent “slipper race”, where an embarrassed student is chasing her slipper, which is floating off over the waves, bearing a triumphant frog.

Once back in our classrooms, we find that our sarees have become brown, having changed hue like “the bleeding Madras”. It is still raining at 4 p.m. when we slide down the stairs. We bring out our equipment — umbrellas, raincoats, and water-proof covers, and with fine strokes we cut our way through the waves, deciding that gondolas, canoes, and sampans should be moored along the island’s coasts for the morrow. We are out of deep water, and at last we reach wet ground, happy to feel the soil.

Rainy days are generally dull, but this one is particularly happy and memorable, for behold the majestic buildings of Stella Maris amid the surging waves of the “Stella Marine”!

M. S. RAJAYEE CHITRA

Pre-University

*This article has been reprinted by
the courtesy of the Stella Marian
[B. Sc. issue, January 1963]*

EMERGENCY!

“The hour findeth the man”, but our hour found several hundred girls instead. At the National Emergency, tremendous martial spirit flared up in the breasts of eleven hundred Stella Marians, and set ablaze multiple forms of action.

“What can we do?” was the thought in every mind, and the first and best answer was — “Pray”. The crisis, coming as it did just before the feast of Reverend Mother, and the Holy Mass customarily offered for her intentions by the Catholic students, Reverend Mother identified her intentions with India’s, and those who gathered in the chapel were there to pray the Divine blessing on India and her defenders.

With prayer goes sacrifice, so like their brothers and sisters all over India, the Stella Marians contributed what they could to the National Defence Fund, and a handsome sum was duly presented to the Chief Minister by the student President and Vice-President.

But the flame of our zeal was only just beginning to blaze, when fuel was added to it by the big Protest March of the women of Madras. Senior students only were allowed to take part (to the bitter chagrin of the P.U.’s) and over four hundred of them swelled the ranks of the “valiant women” who showed both their menfolk and the world at large what they thought of the aggression on the northern frontier.

Proud were the seniors to have represented the college in this great march! But alas! What was their humiliation to find that the P.U.’s were to take precedence when action was in question: two companies of the N. C. C. were launched in college, but Third Year’s were rejected as “too old”, while the happy P.U.’s enrolled in large numbers and flaunted their red cockades before their abashed seniors. Still: “What though the field be lost, all is not lost”, said they, and rushed to sign for the First Aid and Home Nursing Courses. If they could not be Amazons, at least they would be Florence Nightingales. But what was this? Again, the majority of those privileged to take these courses were juniors, and they were to be seen industriously bandaging each other on the slightest provocation, or discoursing learnedly of compound fractures, burns, cuts, bruises, shock, hysteria, and what-have-you.

Was there no field, asked the seniors, in which their talents and their patriotic ardour might together find an outlet? Yes, there was — a Knitting Campaign was launched, to provide comforts for the troops. Anyone and everyone was welcome here. All sorts of arrangements were made for the rapid supply of wool and needles to would-be knitters, anxious to provide comforts for the jawans fighting for their liberty in the cold mountain snows, while they enjoyed warmth and safety.

However, the knitters could keep half an eye on the progress of our brave defenders, the N. C. C., in the intervals of picking up dropped stitches, and really one couldn’t help seeing the good that was being done by a bit of army discipline to those perky little P.U.’s. But the parades had not been going on very long when a great event

was announced : the Director-General of the N. C. C. for all India, was coming to Madras, and would inspect the new units, including ours. With redoubled zeal, our students marched and countermarched in the intervening period, to receive, on the arrival of the great man, the reward of his praise for their smart appearance and parade-ground efficiency.



As time went on though, the campus air, hitherto accustomed only to the lady-like voices of the staff, and the feminine shrieks of the students, ceased to tremble at the stentorian tones of military commands, but Stella Marians did not cease to interest themselves in the doings of the N. C. C., and were proud so many of them were chosen to take part in the annual Republic Day parade, which took place along the Marina. All the Defence Services were represented in the March-Past, followed by different Police Units, the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and last, but to the student mind not least, the different units of the N. C. C.

Was this to be the final appearance for our soldiers-in-germ for the year? Not so, they were to form a Guard of Honour for the Chief Guest, the Honourable Minister for Health, on College Day. For the selected few, the smartest cadets in college,



parades became almost an hourly event, as College Day drew near. On the evening of the great day, no contrast could have been sharper than that between the feminine confusion of the changing-rooms

and the military precision of the actual parade. Escorted by Reverend Mother and the N.C.C. Commander, the Honourable Mrs. Venkatachellum went up to the saluting-base and took the salute ; then with two "A. D. C.'s" leading in a slow march, inspected the Guard.

This was the final public parade of Stella Maris' valiant defenders for 1962 - 63, but even better things are foreshadowed for next year : rifle drill has already begun, and Stella Maris' Cadets, filled with consciousness of their responsibility to Mother India, look forward to the day when they can play an adult role in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual defence and development of their beloved motherland.

MARY FERNANDEZ
II B. Sc.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

On behalf of the staff and students of Stella Maris, we have great pleasure in extending this evening a most cordial welcome to Mrs. Jothi Venkatachellum, our Minister for Health, who, despite her ever-prssing duties, has so kindly consented to preside over our College Day.

Stella Maris, a girls' college, feels especially privileged to have you, Madam, the only lady Minister of Madras State, as President of this function. We thank you, for having accepted our invitation. The presence of His Grace Archbishop Mathias, and His Excellency Bishop Carvalho always brings to us added joy as it assures us of God's blessings on the college.

Even a rapid review of the daily routine of college work would far exceed the limits of this report, and would be superfluous also, since every year we work on the same general plan. There are, however, new features in our approach to college work, and new activities added from year to year, on which we prefer to dwell.

The year under review saw a further increase in the strength of the college: eleven hundred seems really to be the maximum number a girls' college may accept, if the ideals of education that Stella Maris stands for are to be achieved. Yet the increasing number of students presents no problem of discipline, since they all co-operate, loyally working towards a common ideal: the search for truth through charity.

The curriculum of Stella Maris was enriched this year by the addition of two long-desired post-graduate courses, and in July the first students were admitted to M.A. Social Work and M.A. Fine Arts. Stella Maris was the the first college to be granted affiliation by the University of Madras for these two courses; so that, once again, it has been privileged to make history.

As the old Diploma in Social Service gave way to the M.A. in Social Work, the separation of the Social Service League of the college from the specialists, the students of M.A. Social Work, was a new experiment that proved fruitful, since it gave both groups greater opportunity of displaying their initiative and of satisfying their desire to give and to serve.



The construction of a permanent and up-to-date welfare centre is nearly completed. This will enable us to extend our help to many more deserving poor people, through the opening of a nursery, the establishment of a medical centre to care for the sick of the nearby cheris, and a counselling agency for women and girls, together with the usual crafts and needle-work classes.

The experiment made last year of entrusting the organization of the college associations entirely to the students having proved successful, the change-over to this new type of association activity was completed this year, and we are happy to say that the standard of achievement was more than satisfactory. This self-government is a powerful factor in the development of the full personality of the students, who have acquired skill in managing their own affairs quietly and efficiently by organizing a round of interesting, instructive, and entertaining programmes.

The National Emergency gave practical expression to the patriotic spirit of all Stella Marians.



Two companies of N. C. C. Rifles were formed among the students; others joined knitting clubs and courses for first aid and home nursing. Students who qualify in both theory and practical work are awarded certi-

ificates; but certainly more valuable than the certificates is the experience gained in subjects which are essential for every kind of social work, and useful to every girl in her home.



We noted with pleasure that the sportive spirit was more alive than usual in Stella Maris this year. Our teams participating in the inter-collegiate sports won the runners-up trophies for throw-ball, tenniquoit, and badminton; and the StellaMarians also formed part of the University table-tennis team against Delhi. But more important than these victories were the valuable fruits of initiative, team spirit, fair play, courage, and discipline learnt on the games-fields. Games seem no longer a burden, but a source of pleasure and physical well-being.

Evening games, a "cinema club", and orientation socials helped to create a

happy family spirit in the hostels, where social life has been gay and full. The seniors have kept up their traditions, and carried out their duty of initiating the juniors, being proud and worthy of the trust we are able to place in them, relaxing some of the old hostel rules.

Those who remained behind during the holidays served as hostesses and guides to distinguished visitors, when the college played host to an all-India meeting of Catholic College Principals, and, early in January, to the Major Superiors' Meeting of the C. R. I. inaugurated by His Excellency, Bishop Carvalho, Auxiliary of Madras - Mylapore.



As we look back on the history of Stella Maris, we cannot but return thanks to God for His guidance in the past. On Him we rely with unabated confidence for the future.

That Stella Maris may ever labour to form students of lofty ideals, students of initiative, ready to face whatever duties life imposes on them, is our prayer : students who will be an asset and a credit to their country, following your example, Madam, in your devoted service to India.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION APRIL 1963 — RESULTS

	First Class	Second Class	Third Class	Percentage of Passes
M. A. English	2	7		100%
Economics — Ist Year				93%
IIInd Year		15		100%
Indian Music	1	1		100%
Social Work — Ist Year				100%
Fine Arts — Ist Year				100%
III B. A.				
English	—	11	62	96%
Language	14	40	33	99%
History	—	4	6	91%
Economics	—	6	46	98%
Indian Music	1	4	4	100%
Western Music	1	1	—	100%
Drawing & Painting	4	2	—	100%
III B. Sc.				
English	—	2	39	95%
Language	9	25	18	100%
Mathematics	12	5	1	100%
Zoology	7	17	3	100%
II B. A.				
English				98%
Language				99%
Ancillary				94%
Minors				94%
II B. Sc.				
English				100%
Language				100%
Ancillary				100%
Minors				98%
Pre-University	95	208	50	89%

PRIZES AWARDED AT THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION—1962

The Kuppuswami Naidu Memorial Medal :	K. N. Jayalakshmi Ammal
The Bysani Madhava Chetty Medal :	Sucharita Desiraju
The Todhunter Prize :	V. Vijayalakshmi, Bulbul Goel
The Stuart Prize :	A. Sugunavathi
The Marsh Prize :	A. Sugunavathi
The Krupabhai Satyanathan Memorial Medal:	Sister Mary Grace
The Lord Pentland Mussalman Medal :	Shahnawaz Banu

INTER-COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION IN RELIGION—1963

Graduate section	Angela Reddy	Silver Medal
Pre-University section	Jaya Paul	Silver Medal

THE PICNIC THAT WAS



The annual debate on where to go for the farewell picnic was won by the Covelong party, and from the day it was decided, the senior classes were a hive of activity and excitement: Food Committee planning menus, Tax Collectors gathering in the shekels, and everyone discussing with her friends what to wear.

Then, death stepped in. The morning of March 1st brought us sad news: the passing away of one of India's noblest sons, our honoured and beloved former and first President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad. All public entertainments were cancelled for a week. Though our picnic was only a private affair, we postponed it out of respect for this great, good leader.

So that we started counting the days again, till the 9th: until we woke up to the fact that that was the day of some Tamil examinations, so most of the girls would be anywhere else but in Covelong that day. As someone remarked, this was going to be the best picnic we never had. Still, Reverend Mother, who shared our disappointment as if it were her own, asked us to find out if the girls would be willing to go on the day after college closed, the 16th: they would, so a further attempt was made to arrange the famous picnic, but try as they might, the college authorities could not find a single bus in Madras that was free to take us on the appointed day. So there was only one thing left to do: to cancel the picnic altogether.

But a surprise was in store for us. Reverend Mother was determined to make up for our disappointment, and suggested a social in the grounds of Stella Maris itself. This plan, unique in the annals of Stella Maris, was embraced with delight.

In due time, the great day arrived, and the social was a splendid success from the start. Everyone was having such a good time that we begged for an extension, which was graciously granted, but as some of the girls could not stay, we sang the traditional "Auld Lang Syne" there and then.

This sobered us up rather, at the thought that this was "Farewell", and for some of us it might be for good; but someone started up some gay community singing and our spirits revived. We kept up the singing until the call of "Time", and even then it was with great reluctance that, unlike Shakespeare's schoolboy, we went "unwillingly to our homes".

NIRMALA KRISHNAMURTHY

III B. A.



A MODERN COLOSSUS OF ROADS

Visitors to Madras cannot fail to be impressed by the lay-out of a college in Cathedral Road, with its ornamental gardens and aqueducts slightly resembling, but not in any way to be confused with, the equally famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Although the unusual road-project forming the basis of the spectacular design has not in fact figured officially in any 5-Year Plan (or any other plan, for that matter, being of more or less spasmodic development), it will certainly be of great interest to all professional bridge-builders (and breakers), dam busters, road constructors, and boa constrictors.

For the benefit of all these technicians, we give here a brief summary of the various processes perpetrated and perfected, from the rudimentary stepping-stones of 1960 to the extremely high way of today.

In November 1960, primitive constructions of broken bricks, planks, and barrels having proved impermanent — not to say volatile, when the plank receded coyly over the raging waters, leaving the embarker poised as for a high dive — it was decided to establish in the college a Faculty of Roadmaking, so that research work could begin immediately, with special branches in Pure and Applied Myths. The Pure Myths Section studied famous roads in history — the Roman roads (which all led to Rome, it seems), Rhodes of South Africa, the Long Way to Tipperary, etc., — but none of these was of much practical help for the particular difficulties of the terrain,

and it was only after many painful experiments on land and sea that the Applied Myths Section found the perfect Road-Formula.

The first ancient and robust log-bridge between the two hostels is now only of historical interest, as the logs composing it were suddenly withdrawn on an urgent call from the kitchen for firewood. The successor to this pontoon was a raised pathway composed of finely chiselled bricks, whose delicately carved points have left on us (on our feet anyway) a lasting impression. The austere charm of this surface was later obscured by a layer of soil and richly-coloured sand, liberally admingled with pea-nut shells; when moistened into a paste with a little water, this was found to provide a colourful decoration for toe-nails, saree borders, and newly-washed cement or marble-chip floors.

By the year 1961, trenches had been dug, fortifications strengthened, and preparations made for a strategic evacuation of all ground-floors: optimists had learnt to swim, pessimists were practising artificial respiration, but the mildness of the monsoon lulled all into a sense of false security, and the roads, given over to peaceful pursuits, fell into decadence and dissolution.

Renewed efforts to stiffen resistance by razing to the ground any standing buildings, and utilizing their corpus to raise to the sky the ailing thoroughfares, were overtaken by the 1962 monsoon. An Emergency Committee, formed by experts responsible for the Mettur Dam, the Suez Canal, and Sydney Harbour, held that the Very Peculiar Features of the flooded area in question could not completely identify it with either a dam, canal, or harbour, and drafted the following referendum.

1. After intensive investigations conducted on a large scale, this Committee is of opinion that nowhere in India (or even abroad) does water flow uphill.
2. The condemned area being on a lower level than the surrounding land, it is recommended that immediate action be taken :

(a) to raise the submerged region to the level of the surroundings ;

or

(b) to lower the city of Madras to the level of the submerged region.

SIGNED : Damitt, Sinck (or Schwimm)
O. D. C. (Officers' Draining Corps)

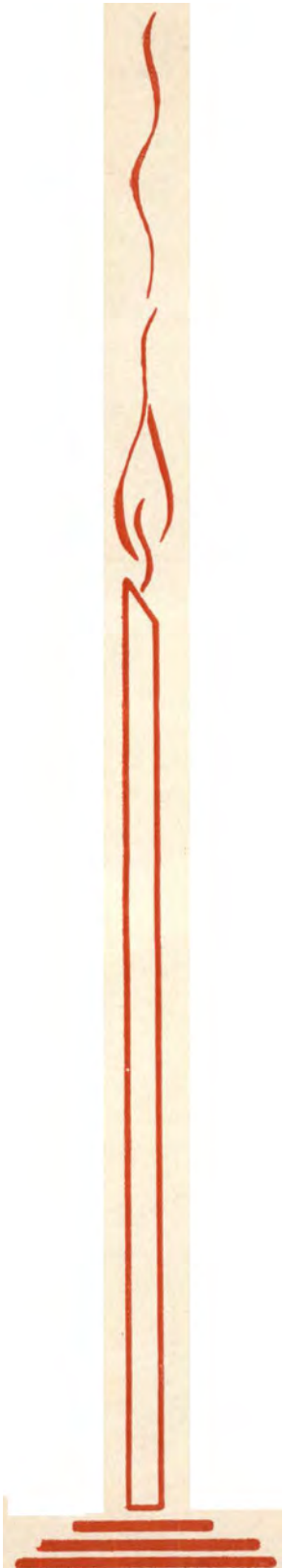
Serious administrative difficulties having arisen for the execution of the last-named alternative, Superintendent Schwimm was tossing feverishly on the horns of his dilemma, when he heard a mysterious voice repeating the message, "Higher, friend", and since that moment he has never looked back (or down). No effort has been spared to raise the standard of living in the region at least 14 inches. The advent of dozens of large lorries, loaded with segments of St. Thomas' Mount, has ushered in a new Stone Age; and geological (and fairly illogical) experts have been analyzing the deposits of gravel, sand, granite, earth, chips, and tar, which provided a welcome diversion for the revision holidays.

Only the stoutest-hearted of parlour visitors had the strength to scramble over the volcanic eruption of boulders, and flounder, panting and exhausted, up to the front door, there to be told that little So-and-So was out. On the other hand, dhobies and postmen, conscious of their indispensibility to civil life, did not deign to bruise their tender feet, but remained proudly aloof in the shade of a palm-tree, tinkling the bicycle bell until the door-keeper, like Lucy Gray, chanced "to cross the wild".

In view of the gigantic works under way (and we hope soon to be under-foot), it must now be evident to even the Most Mountainous Monsoon that there will be no rain-holidays next-year, even if we have to put another storey on the college to reach the level of the roads.

And those visitors to Madras for whom this article was originally intended, (it is as you know "a long road which has no turning"), are cordially invited to come and get a bird's-eye view of the city from the High-Roads of Stella Maris.

BRIGID FLUDD
Rhodes Scholar.



Lord

*in my studies
help me to see
the clear light of Your wonderful truth*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Universities today are numerous, and students legion ; so commonplace have both become that only those who are deeply concerned with questions of education ever stop to ask themselves what a university is really for. Over a hundred years ago, however, this question exercised one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century, resulting in Cardinal Newman's famous work, "The Idea of a University".

Newman defined a university as an assemblage of those interested in the pursuit of knowledge, its business being to diffuse and expand knowledge in all its branches, and its aim the promotion of culture. How many of our universities today answer to this description? Are they not considered by the majority of the students who now flock to them simply as a means to get a degree, and that degree simply as a means to obtain a lucrative position in a profession or career? The passing of examinations and the winning of degrees are certainly important aspects of university life, as are the study of books and the listening to lectures which precede examinations, but these are not ends in themselves. A university aims at educating, bringing out the best in its students, preparing them in every possible way for life, and this preparation is made especially by the living intercourse between students, and between students and professors, which, according to Cardinal Newman, is the very essence of university life.

Much may be learnt from books, but the art of living well can only be learnt by associating with those who embody the cultured manners, the courtesy, the tact, and all the other fine qualities which constitute a lady or a gentleman. Where can these qualities be better learnt than at a university which, as a School of Universal Learning, is a gathering of men and women from all parts, from very different backgrounds, varying greatly in customs, temperament, and outlook on life? The professors and lecturers are there as examples of truly educated people, and on them and on their relations with their students depends largely the kind of education imparted. It is by no means their learning alone that influences students, but their method of communicating their knowledge,



their power of stirring up enthusiasm, of obtaining personal efforts from their students — in fact, their whole attitude to life and their way of living makes a deep impression on those who look up to them as guides and models, addressing to them the plea that Newman poured forth to God in his lovely prayer, “Lead, kindly light”.

But young people living together in a hostel or hall of residence very soon realize that professors and books are not the only teachers, and that each of them has much to learn from his fellow-students and from the community life they lead. Each one must adjust himself to this life and to the multitude of different characters surrounding him. There are narrow views to be broadened, angularities to be rounded off, defects of character to be overcome, virtues, social and other, to be acquired if all are to live harmoniously together. Hostel life thus supplements and completes the education received a few hours each day in the lecture halls of a university. Discipline, self-control, the ability to converse intelligently and pleasantly, the power to put oneself in another’s place, and unselfishness are essential qualities of an educated man, and these qualities are learnt especially in a university’s hall of residence.

The university, then, may be considered as a school of life, its aim being to bring out the best in young men and women, neglecting none of their powers and faculties. Physical development and the enjoyment of healthy leisure are encouraged by games, sports, and other extra-curricular activities. The cultivation of the powers of observation, reflection, and imagination, and training in the appreciation of the good and the beautiful lead not only to general culture but also to the formation of sound principles which are the best preparation for family life and for leadership in all fields. Each student is made aware of his own potentialities and duties, and shown how to fulfill them, in developing those qualities of head and heart and soul which will make him a loyal and useful citizen, a man of character.



Cardinal Newman would surely have agreed with the late Pope Pius XII when he said that a university brings together men and pupils in a peaceful intellectual collaboration and in progressive co-ordination of the knowledge they possess. Its highest aim is to give to young minds a respect for truth, and to guide them to independent lines of thought, indispensable to their intellectual maturity. If it fulfills this aim, the university is indeed a kindly light, leading to the Source of all light.

MARINA SALDANHA
Pre-University

TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY

Little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

We need not sneer at the naive little rhyme we learnt as children, for, with all the advances in radio-astronomy and space-travel, the modern scientist contemplating a faint galaxy of stars millions of light-years away is still “wondering what they are”. Moreover, wonder about the physical nature of light has led thinking men of all time to enlightenment of the mind: it was to observe the planets, which reflect the light of the sun, that Galileo made the first telescope in 1609 — the foundation of the science of optics; seeking to estimate the distance of the stars and the cause of planetary motion, Newton devised the differential calculus, which has revolutionized mathematical methods, and enunciated the laws of universal attraction, and the principles of dynamics, which are fundamental to the study of physics and mechanics.

With this grandiose introduction, let it not be thought that we humble college astronomers class ourselves among the “enlightened”. If even the above-mentioned Sir Isaac referred to his gigantic discoveries as the casual picking of shells on the shore beside the limitless ocean of creation, who are we to vaunt our rudimentary equipment of Maths. Main and Physics Ancillary? But a “little learning” is not always a “dangerous thing”, as the poet seems to think, and if our “little learning” has helped us to appreciate the wonder and beauty of the universe, it surely is worth while.

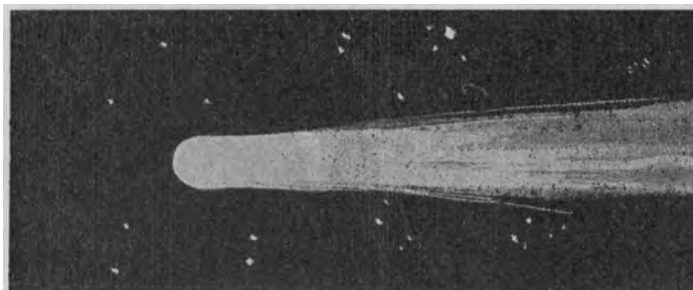
The study of the galaxies or nebulae, though fascinating, opens up vistas too vast and imposing for beginners in astronomy, so I have chosen for my study the “enfants terribles” of the solar system — the comets.

The comet derives its name from the Latin word “coma” meaning “hair”, for the bright flare of light indicating the presence of a comet seems to be trailing golden tresses behind it in the sky. A comet, to put it simply, looks like a firework rocket: but when we learn that the tail of the comet may be 93 million miles in length, the comparison begins to look rather feeble.

The appearance of a comet in the skies was often regarded in olden times as presaging some disaster or the death of a famous person, but as it is obvious that so many disasters occur and so many famous people die without the appearance of a comet

the idea is seen to be more poetical than scientific; yet, because of this exciting element, the comet is regarded with interest not only by astronomers but also by the ordinary layman.

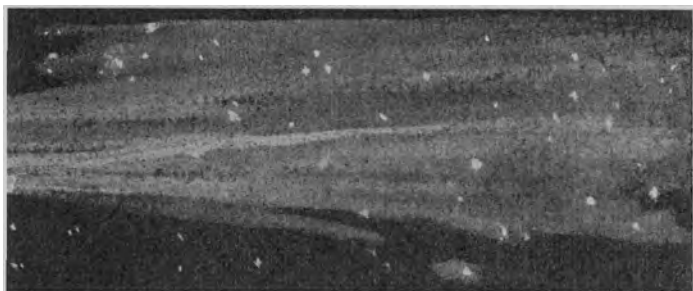
First, let us introduce the comet's more respectable features, derived from its good family connexions with the rest of the solar system. Like the planets, comets are continually circling round the sun from which they reflect light but, unlike the planets, they apparently have also an intrinsic brightness of their own. Conspicuous comets are sometimes bright enough to be visible even in daylight. It is said that the great comet in 1882 could be seen, if one screened the sun with one's hand, shining brilliantly just beside the sun itself. But the greater number of comets are small faint objects visible only through the telescope. When the head or tail of a comet comes between a star and the observer, the star's brightness is in no way diminished. The reason for this is that, although comets are the largest bodies in the solar system — in extent — their mass is negligible compared with their measurements. The head of a comet is supposed to consist of many meteors, and the tail of gaseous material dispelled from the head when it is in proximity to the sun. The tail is always most pronounced when the comet is near the sun, and almost vanishes as the comet moves away. Meteors are commonly known as "shooting stars" — they look like flashes of light falling through the sky, but are in fact composed of metallic material which is vaporized by friction on contact with the earth's atmosphere, and so burnt out before they reach the earth's surface. Very occasionally such a meteor is not burnt out, and falls to the earth as a meteorite — a lump of stone or metal. The earth runs into thousands of meteors every day, varying in size from grains of sand to huge boulders, but fortunately no "bumps" are felt by us as they are most often burnt out by our atmosphere.



Sometimes a comet decomposes into parts separated from each other by millions of miles. For instance, Biela's Comet was observed to be split into two parts in 1846, and by 1852 the two components were a million miles apart. A few years later the parts of the comet could not be distinguished at all, but a shower of meteors was observed at the corresponding position and time, showing once more the close connection between comets and meteors.

Now for the more irregular habits of comets, which have earned them the reputation of runaways or outlaws of the solar system. Whereas the planets complete their circuit of the sun in well-defined periods, varying from 88 days (Mercury) to 248 years (Pluto), and all move around the sun in the same direction and in more or less

the same plane, the comets can take anything between 3 and 40,000 years to complete the trip; moreover, their orbits are inclined to that of the earth at such extravagant angles that some of the comets seem to be going in the opposite direction to everything else. All this irregular and upsetting behaviour can be described mathematically — and psychologically! — by two words, namely perturbations and high eccentricity. Being such fragile objects — the density of a comet is less than one hundred-thousandth that of the earth — the comets are very easily “perturbed” by their bulky cousins, the planets. One comet, for instance, in 1889 got so perturbed in the neighbourhood of the giant planet Jupiter, that it started whizzing nervously in a direction almost perpendicular to its original path. Once perturbed, the poor comets get more and more eccentric (just as we do).



This means mathematically that their orbit becomes less and less like a circle (ex-centric = away from the centre) and more oval-shaped, with the sun at one tip on the oval. Thus for only a short part of their orbit are they near the sun and hence visible to us, whereas for the greater part they are well beyond the range of the most powerful telescope. Since, according to a law of dynamics, their speed slows down

with their increasing distance from the sun, the invisible (to us) part of their journey lasts so long that it used to be thought that they had really come from “nowhere” and were disappearing into “nowhere”, or whatever more scientific name you like to give to outer space.

You are wondering whether you are ever likely to see a comet. In 1985 we ought to see the famous Halley’s Comet, which visits us every 75 years, and is clearly visible for a whole year at a time. Although there are estimated to be at least 100,000 comets eventually visible by us, and on the average about six new comets are discovered annually, they are usually so faint that only one is actually visible to the naked eye every year. And you would have to be very persevering — and very lucky — to be looking at just the right little patch of sky at just the right time to glimpse the appearance of a “new” comet. But do not let us give up hope. One of those brilliant 40,000 year candidates may be just coming up the home -stretch towards the grandstand at this very moment, and we might be able to have our own Comet Stella Maris, or 1963 I. Until that time, I shall remain happy with my theoretical study of the comets, consoled with the thought that if even in the physical world of metal or gas the light of the sun is strong enough to draw to it the most remote little particles from outer space, surely the Light of Truth will be radiant enough to draw us towards it, and keep us in our orbit despite our own “perturbations” and “eccentricities”.

V. K. SAKUNTALA

III B.Sc.

TREES AND LIGHT

Once you were just a tiny seed,
Its husk was hard and dry,
And buried in the deep, dark soil
It had to break and die
So that the tiny spark of life
Imprisoned in its night
Might rend its bonds and upward leap
To greet the blessed light.

Outstretched your leaves and sturdy arms
In longing, constant prayer,
Upheld in storms your stem and crown —
The friend of sun and air :
For this as deep and wide must reach
Your roots beneath the earth ;
And thus you bring, to suit our needs,
The sun's own power to birth.

So high you're raised, with so much good
It filled your humble thirst
That from your overflowing joy
Like merry sparkles burst
Your fragrant blossoms, nectar-filled,
Whose cordial sweets invite
The birds and beasts to share your feast
And voice your deep delight.

For joy must share the good it has —
And gen'rous like the sun
Who gives to good and bad alike,
And smiles on everyone, —

You welcome all who come to you,
Give shelter, joy and fruit,
And let us use you as we please —
You suffer, strong and mute.

In death, you give us light and warmth,
And ships that bridge the sea : —
So through life's voyage we must be
As noble as a tree.
We'll look to God, our soul's true Sun
To win His gifts of light —
To share them in our journey Home
And chart our course aright.

S. TARA
Pre-University



CLAIR DE LUNE



The moonlight is vivid in your imagination, the scattered beams playing on the soft-rippling waves ; you seem to be in the familiar world of nature — but nature more in spirit than in substance, as you hear Debussy's exquisite "Clair de Lune". It makes you wonder with Izaak Walton who said : "Lord, what music hast thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

Impressionism is a kind of programme music. Its chief element is colour : colour rising from harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic factors. Claude-Achille Debussy, one of the greatest exponents of impressionistic music, achieved his impressionistic colour effects by harmony. Debussy's piano-music — along with that of Ravel — constituted the most important addition made to the literature of that instrument in the early twentieth century. As the critic D. J. Grout says : "No mere listing of technical features can suggest the coruscating play of colour, the ravishing pianistic effects, the subtle poetic fancy these pieces reveal." One of the principal impressionistic piano works of Debussy is the "Suite Bergamasque" — an extract from which is the piece of enchanting music, later appropriately named "Clair de Lune".

As the critic Lillian Baldwin has said : "Debussy was no vague romancer. His senses were keenly alive to the physical world. His impressions were taken from real clouds, real bells, real gardens in the rain". Debussy himself wrote, "Music is a mysterious form of mathematics whose elements are derived from the infinite. Music is the expression of the movement of the waters, the play of curves described by changing breezes. There is nothing more musical than a sunset. He who 'feels' what he sees will find no more beautiful example of development in all that book which, alas, musicians read but too little, the Book of Nature". That Debussy read this book so often is shown by the picturesque titles of his works : Moonlight, Clouds, Gardens in the Rain, the Sea, the Immersed Cathedral, the Afternoon of a Faun, and many others.

Music can make you thrill with pleasure ; it can move you to tears or laughter ; or again it can hold you just spellbound and wordless by some sublime meaning conveyed. Debussy's composition "Clair de Lune" moves us, without exaggeration, in all these ways.

Through every pulse the music stole,
and held sublime communion with the soul ;
wrung from the coyest breast the imprisoned sigh,
and kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

The English poet Robert Montgomery wrote these beautiful lines, which can be applied to the enchanting "Clair de Lune".

NILUFER MOHAMMED
Pre-University

THE CHALLENGE OF LIGHT

“God said: ‘Let there be light’, and light was made.” This creative act has always fascinated those who, in a limited human way, partake of the creative impulse. Light is as indispensable to an artist as the tools of his trade. Lacking light and shadow, his painting will be flat, but by the proper use of lighting effects he is able to model his figures, to create the third-dimensional effect which his canvas cannot provide; above all, the whole picture is brought to life chiefly by placing the high-lights and shadows in due proportion and in the right places.

The beauty of architecture, too, largely depends on light and shade, which give the impression of the depth and stability of a building. Thus the Parthenon, that masterpiece of Greek architecture, stands on the summit of a hill, harmonizing with its contours. Its broken light and shade blend with the changing tones of the rugged landscape, so that the general impression is one of repose, of a fine adjustment, of balance between the supporting vertical members and the supported horizontals.

Similarly, the interior beauty of a building is heightened by clever use of light and shade. The secret was well-known to the designers of the great Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages. The first impression received on entering is one of soaring verticals: the lines of the slender, clustered columns, rising to an incredible height and losing themselves in the dimness of the ribbed vault, are almost a concrete expression of the prayer that rises from the heart and wings its way irresistibly upwards. From the vaults, the eye is drawn along the nave to a gleam of coloured light above the altar: a row of tall, arched windows, radiant with the beauty of stained glass, like a cluster of jewels diffusing their vivid glow over the quiet walls.

The art of any period, whatever its form, is the reflection of the ideals and spirit of the time, and the treatment of light and shade is one of the surest illustrations of this. Leonardo da Vinci is believed to have been the first to give conscious expression to the importance of chiaroscuro, to use the technical term. To him, this was the very heart of painting. He wrote: “Towards evening, or in bad weather, I have noticed the features of men and women in the streets, and remarked what grace and softness can be seen thereon.” His characteristic use of light and shadow is

thus described by himself: it was for him a means of creating atmosphere, and he generally bathed his figures in a diffused light, softening the outlines: a technique which is in marked contrast to that of Michelangelo, whose use of light and shade gave his figures a clear, sculptured effect.

A different approach from either of these is seen among the Spanish artists of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and especially in El Greco, who, though not a Spaniard, was perhaps the most Spanish of them all. He "was a fervent Christian, a fully-believing Catholic, as men were in the society in which he lived," — so much so, indeed, that in his art he comes close to the mystical summits of "The Living Flame" and "The Interior Castle", the literary and mystical masterpieces of his contemporaries, St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. The technique by which he conveyed the mystical message has a three-fold aspect: bold distortions in form, giving expressiveness and plastic value to the figures; the use of light colours; and the wondrous play of light and shade. He gave up the surface of reality, in order to depict a sphere bathed in divine light, and human forms like celestial flames, with an upward surge, free from the conventions of the world. His *chiaroscuro* enhances the expressiveness of the subtle colouring, and the overwhelming sense of movement conveyed by the bold distortions of form; and, as the age in which he lived was unique in the spiritual heights to which the human soul then aspired, so El Greco has remained inimitable in every succeeding age.

In the next century, Velasquez, in search of depth and distance, again found the solution to his spatial problems in a clever use of light and shade. A favourite device of his, used in varying ways in different paintings, is to paint the foreground in relative darkness, while an open door, or a mirror, in the background reveals a distant scene bathed in light. Pictures in which this device is used with an effect of breath-taking realism are his "Christ in the House of Martha and Mary", "The Spinners", and above all, "Las Meninas": real atmosphere moves through this painting; rays of light touch silks, fur, hair, hands, etc. Velasquez has been well described as the "Painters' Painter", for an intelligent study of his technique has contributed to the development of many artists of later times.

It is not surprising that Velasquez should be so much admired by the Impressionists of the nineteenth century, that Degas could exclaim: "Nothing, absolutely nothing, can give an idea of Velasquez"; for they too were primarily occupied with the effect of light and shade on an object. They forsook the studio for the open air, and sought to reproduce on canvas the "impression" conveyed by the play of natural light on a landscape. "Impressionism has a doctrine, and if this doctrine has a legitimate application, it is when it is applied to a landscape," remarks a critic. The impressionists observed that the colour of an object is not fixed, but varies according to the light, atmosphere, and the surrounding objects. Their aim was in fact a greater realism — they wanted to capture the very characteristics of nature,

“the immediacy of visual impression”. They painted “in terms of tone rather than in terms of the object itself”. In other words, they concentrated their interest on the fleeting effects of out-door lighting. Leonardo da Vinci, Constable, Turner, and Delacroix had made discoveries in the theory of colour; the Impressionists applied this theory to its logical limit. In order to indicate the actual variations of colour in nature due to lighting, reflection of other objects, etc., they applied colours in individual strokes, instead of mixing them on the palette. A close examination of a painting reveals these separate strokes, but when seen from a distance, the colours are “mixed” by the eye, conveying the vibration, sparkle, and shimmer of sunlight far better than could be done by a smooth application of even colours.

With Monet, the founder of the Impressionist School, pure light became an obsession, and he tried to see and reproduce its effects at different times of the day, and even at different seasons, by a “serial painting” technique. His procedure was to set out to the scene of action armed with a number of canvases. He would choose the view-point, and start work on the first canvas, until the change in the play of light on the scene was perceptible to his sensitive eyes. Then he would pass on to the second canvas and so on till the end of the day. Next day he would begin the same procedure over again, until all the pictures were complete. Thus he has given us a record of the passing of time, as seen in the movement of light over identical forms, which is unique in the history of art.

So the light of this world has challenged the skill of the greatest artists of all times. Each in his answer to that challenge has been drawn to put forth the best that was in him, but, individual though he might be, has also reflected the spirit, the mood, of his generation. Light challenges every man: light given to the eyes of the mind, to see and honour truth; light given to the eyes of the body, to enable men to work in selfless service. The artists’ response to the challenge of light, is it not in itself a challenge to the rest of men?

LALITHA BELLIAPPA

I M. A.



OPEN THE SHUTTERS

Maturity is usually considered to be an inevitable product of the lapse of time, and physical maturity may be so considered: every living being is born, grows, reaches a peak of physical development, that of ripeness or maturity — then passes into decay or senility, and so dies. But while we take it that mental growth parallels physical growth, and give the right to vote to all citizens over the age of twenty-one, mental growth is not in fact so constant as its physical counterpart, and so such descriptions as “mentally pram-sized”, or “old before his time” have passed into common currency: the judgement of a person’s acquaintances does not always grant him the maturity which the law, with its passion for standardization, bestows at a fixed age.

While the judgement of neighbours may be over-harsh, in this case it is shrewder than the law; mental maturity is not merely a matter of time, but is the resultant of many influences, and perfect mental maturity is so rare as to be almost unknown. Most of us display our mental immaturity in a hundred ways daily, ways which are revealing to others, but which we ourselves rarely see for what they are.

Oh would some Power the giftie gi’e us,
To see ourselves as others see us!

was the heartfelt cry of Robert Burns; while Fulton Sheen finds that there are three mirrors in which our mental image is to be seen: one showing us as we think we are, the second as our neighbours see us, and the third showing us as we are in the eyes of God. Hence he declares, “Self-reflection (through which we are enabled to recognize the image in each of these three mirrors) is the key to betterment and the development of character” — or to put it another way, self-knowledge is the means of attaining mental maturity.

This is necessary, not only for mental maturity, but even for mental health, for a famous psychotherapist, Dr. Albert Ellis, assures us that “Failures in self-honesty are at the root of almost every emotional and mental disturbance”, while Maude B. Muse observes, “Daydreams of the conquering-hero and suffering-martyr type are indulged in from time to

time by most normal people, and yet they differ only in degree from the 'delusions of grandeur' and 'delusions of persecution' which are symptoms of insanity".

Such daydreams — and we must confess that most of us indulge in them — are only one of many possible manifestations of our lack of self-honesty, arising out of the great or small conflicts of daily life. "Life is one grand, glorious struggle," exults J. J. B. Morgan, "which each individual enjoys so long as the struggle does not result in the capitulation of his ego". When faced with a problem, every creature seeks, by trial and error, to adjust himself to it; when an adjustment is found to satisfy him, it tends to become a habit. "It is the type of adjustment selected by the individual which determines whether the result will be individual happiness and social efficiency, or misery and offences against society." Unfortunately, while our adjustments do not usually go the length of "offences against society", they often fail to lead to real happiness, because, as in daydreams, they are escapes from reality. Instead of facing our conflicts and deciding the best possible solution, we either fail to recognize mental conflicts for what they are, or, since the conflict arouses strong emotions, we let them be our guide instead of reason. So for instance, the child thwarted by over-stern parental control, or by over-possessive parental affection, will set up a "defence-reaction", which may be, at one extreme, an act of violence, at the other, a babyish attitude which appeals for petting.

Another escape from the realities of our situation is that of identification: putting oneself in the place of the hero or heroine of a film or a book — it is not uncommon to find certain types of people who identify themselves so closely with the fictitious personality they admire, that they weep over his or her misfortunes, and sometimes deliberately foster this tendency in themselves by searching for a novel out of which they can "have a good cry".

A still more common escape, or defence reaction, is the tendency to rationalization, or self-justification. Rationalizing differs from reasoning in that we select only those facts for consideration which place our acts in a good light. Thus the student who does badly in an examination can say: "The questions were too abstract, or off the course"; "The professor did not complete some important topics"; "I had a dreadful headache — or a leaky pen"; "I simply couldn't think, as there was someone fidgeting beside me the whole time". Another common form of rationalization is to criticize others — the consciousness of our own defects leading us to "project" our self-criticism on to other people. Hence a person who has a dislike for another, the fundamental cause for which is jealousy, does not recognize this consciousness, but declares that she cannot bear so-and-so "because she is such a jealous cat".

One way of satisfying an unfulfilled ambition is to adopt the "sour-grapes" attitude — to take the line that the desired object is not worth having — we can deceive ourselves with this one, but we seldom deceive anyone else, for a person who is "adjusting" in this way can never stop talking about the undesirability of the thing which he in fact desires. The opposite attitude is only slightly easier for our neighbour to endure: the "all is for the best" attitude: it does have some

advantages, but it is not the first condition of development, and, where necessary, of reform. A device related to this "Pollyanna" attitude is that whereby a person capitalizes on his situation: the sick man who exaggerates his illness to draw attention and sympathy to himself.

Rationalization often goes so far as to create "logic-tight compartments" in the victim's mind, so that he simply cannot see any argument against his chosen view-point, or even lives two quite distinct lives. It is not uncommon, for instance, to meet people with two quite distinct sets of morals, like the mother who punishes her child for telling lies, but whom the same child quite often hears instructing the servant: "If so-and-so calls, tell her I'm out." Similarly, knowledge is often kept in a logic-tight compartment: used for passing examinations, it is never in any circumstances applied to daily life. Thus perhaps, a History student may learn repeatedly of the folly of intolerance by reading of its evil consequences, yet, when occasion offers, display a furious intolerance of those whose views on any major topic differ from his or her own; similarly an Economics student may learn of the harm done by what the business-man calls "enlightened self-interest", yet when he is managing his own affairs, employs workmen at starvation wages, and commits all the other crimes desirable to industrial greed.

How is a person, then, to resolve his daily conflicts in a manner to attain mental health and maturity? Firstly, if a strong natural desire or even an acquired trend must not be satisfied, the kinetic energy pent up should be released through "sublimation": that is, it should be used to further "socially-approved purposes". Most of the ardent reformers who really get things done may well be actually sublimating less desirable tendencies in themselves. Kipling's recipe serves some people, but there are nobler ways yet, of serving the same purpose:

The cure of an ill is not to sit still,
Or frowst with a book by the fire;
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And to dig till you gently perspire.

In general, a well-integrated personality is the really mature and healthy one. Each of us has a personal responsibility in the matter, for each "is the architect of his own mind". The really mature show a well-balanced, well-organized structure, built on a foundation of wisely chosen habits, in which all parts of the structure: knowledge, behaviour, etcetera, are in harmony with each other and with the moral and social codes universally accepted and in themselves acceptable. Such maturity means a real opening of the shutters, to let the light of morality and reason illumine all our thoughts, words, and acts: this involves self-knowledge, which is not always a comfortable sort of knowledge to possess, but its product is a radiant personality, capable of making an adult contribution to society and of enjoying life to the full.

UMA BHADAMI
I B. A.

भारत की एक महान ज्योति

भारत की सुनहली भूमि पर जन्म लेकर कई लालों ने अपनी माता का सिर ऊँचा रखा, उनकी आँखों के आँसू पोछे और उनकी गुलाबी की जंजीरें तोड़ीं। ये ऐसे नररत्न थे जिनके नाम हमेशा के लिये जग के इतिहास के पृष्ठों में सोने के अक्षरों में लिखे गये। ऐसे महान सपूतों में सर्वश्रेष्ठ हैं गाँधीजी। इस महात्मा की जीवनी पर प्रकाश डालने की कोशिश मैं अपनी तुच्छ कलम से करती हूँ, पर कितना भी इनकी प्रशंसा का पुल बाँधूँ, फिर भी वह अधूरा ही रह जायेगा।

गाँधीजी का जन्म एक श्रेष्ठ कुल में हुआ। पतिव्रता माता ने बालक गाँधी की हृदय-भूमि में करुणा और दया का जो बीज बोया था, वह आगे चल कर पनप उठा। बचपत की उस अस्थिर अवस्था में दुर्भयवश कुसंगति में पड़े, झूठ बोले और चोरी की। लेकिन पिना के प्रेम भरे आँसुओं ने उनको पछतावे की ज्वाला में जलाया और फिर जीवन में उनका मन विचलित न हुआ। वे करुणा का सिंधु और दया का सागर थे। दुखियों के कष्ट देख आठ आठ आँसू बहाये। दक्षिण आफ्रिका में प्रवासी भारतियों की दुर्दशा देख कर उनका हृदय करुणा से मोम हो गया।



गाँधीजी की नस नस में देशभक्ती की लहरें लहराती थीं। वे स्वतन्त्रता रानी से सदा के लिये आलिंगन कर चुके थे। स्वतन्त्रता के लिये अपनी सब प्यारी चीजें त्यागने तैयार थे। माता के सिर को आज़ादी के सुकोमल किरिटी से सजाना उनका लक्ष्य था। अन्त तक इसी उद्देश्य के लिये लडे, भयानक हथियारों से नहीं, पर आहिंसा और सत्य, इन दो पुनीत मंत्रों से। वे सचमुच ही सत्य और अहिंसा के पुजारी थे और सबको इनकी अनमोल शिक्षा देते थे। शक्तिशाली अंग्रेज़ों को भी इन श्रेष्ठ अस्त्रों के सामने सिर झुकाना पडा। “डाँडी में नमक बनाया, नमक लुटाया, माता का नमक चुकाया।”

आखिर उनकी महान अभिलाषा पूरी हुई, भारत आज़ाद हुआ। पर इस समय, जब सब ओर आनन्द की बंशी बजती थी, तब वे अपना आशीर्वाद देने न ठहरे।

उनके दिल में एक और बात खटकती थी, वह थी हिन्दू-मुस्लिम झगडा। इन दोनों को जो एक ही माता के बच्चे थे, एकता एवं प्रेम के धामे में बांधने केलिये जमीन आसमान को एक किया। पर दोनों मानों कानों में तेल डाले बैठे थे। गोडसे नामक नर पिशाच की गोली खाकर इसी उद्देश केलिये वे शहीद बन गये और ‘राम-राम’ कहते हुए स्वर्ग सिधारे।

इस प्रकार गाँधीजी सचमुच ही इतिहास के एक उज्वल दीपक हैं और जीवन में पथभूले कई लोगों के लिये अपने पवित्र चारित्र से मार्ग दिखानेवाले प्रकाश पुंज हैं। वे एक आदर्श नेता और गुरु हैं। कबीर के इन शब्दों में हम गाँधीजी की महानता का वयान करने की कोशिश करें।

“सात समुंदर मासि करौं, लेखनि सब बनराय,
घरती सब कागद करौं, गुरु गुन लिखा न जाय।”

धन्य है भारत माता जिसने ऐसे जगमगानेवाले सितारे को पाया था।

J. SITA
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A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT



The story is told that a saint was once talking to a nobleman, and the latter was complaining of the evils of the time. Having let him say his say, the saint replied mildly that these evils were indeed great, but yet there was a simple remedy, easy to apply, which would infallibly cure them all. "What is that?" asked the surprised nobleman. "Let you and I each be as we ought to be," said the saint, "then we shall have done our part; and if everyone else will do the same, the problems of the world will all be solved." Though this story goes back about five hundred years, it remains as true now as it was then: we all complain of the evils of our times, of corruption, inefficiency, and all sorts of other defects in government, in big business and the rest, but few of us begin the work of reform where it ought to begin: with ourselves.

History does, however, hold at least one shining example of "social reform through self-reform", which has not ceased, even today, to have its effect. The life and work of St. Francis of Assisi has been viewed from many angles, but for our own day, this is perhaps the most profitable angle of vision on this extraordinary little man. In youth a "playboy", the leader of the "fast set" in the little provincial town where he was born, eldest son of a doting and wealthy father, who, though a careful merchant himself, condoned all his boy's extravagances as long as they made him the most sought-after young man about town. Who would have suspected that he would before long carry his gifts of leadership, his gaiety, and, dare we say it, his extravagance, over into a spiritual game that would lead him personally to almost unheard-of heights of holiness, and would teach his world, and many generations to follow, the fundamental principles which must lie at the roots of all sound reform of society?

The society of his time, like our own, stood in great need of such reform. Italy, his homeland, was torn by factions which divided town from town, and party from party within every town. The merchant class from which he himself sprang was at once envious of the privileges claimed by the "majores" and, generally speaking, too greedy for the wealth just recently become available, to consider the ele-

mentary human rights of their inferiors, workmen or peasants. It was an age of violence, when a man's rights were apt to be those which he could take for himself by the "strong hand".

Though, to a large extent, violence in social relations has been done away with through the agency of a more effective law-enforcement system than was then possible, the human weaknesses which then expressed themselves in violence still find expression, though more subtly, in our own day, and so the message of St. Francis still has meaning for our times.

What then was his message? It must be studied in his actions, rather than in any of his recorded words, for as we have said, his programme was one of social reform through self-reform, and so he taught more by example than by word. It would be rather dangerous, indeed, to formulate any social doctrine and call it his, for he was the least doctrinaire of men, and his concern was much more with men's souls than with their bodies, but the rules he laid down for the guidance of his followers, his "Little Brothers", and also for those who, living in ordinary society, yet wished to submit to his guidance, are an indication of the principles which were his guide.

Firstly, then, we may say that out of the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God he derived the principle of absolute trust in Divine Providence which led him to require his Brothers to give up all property, and live as free as his "Sisters the Birds", working each day for that day's bread, and accepting as wages no more than was necessary for the one day. Then, too, since it is from God's Fatherhood that human brotherhood takes its source, this led him to teach great charity in social relations, both by precept and example. While we find him overcoming a natural horror of their disease in order to nurse lepers with the utmost tenderness, his love of the most outcast of human beings did not lead him to despise or condemn those who were blessed with an abundant share of this world's goods. A great courtesy marked his dealings with all, both rich and poor, honourable and outcast. While he called on his own Brothers to take the Gospel literally, and give all they had to the poor, he did not despise those who heard no inner call to do the same: he expected them to show charity, and to practise moderation in their use of their goods, but he was no advocate of compulsory communism. Seeing the strife caused by greed, he was resolved that his Brothers should own nothing, for if they were owners, they would want to defend their property, and so there would be lawsuits, quarrels, and disputes. But he taught them to enjoy all God's gifts without desiring to own them, and so showed the involuntary poor that happiness does not depend on wealth: "I enjoy France," he said, "more than the King of France, since I enjoy the same things as he does, but I have not the worries and weariness that he has to endure." The attractiveness of the lesson he taught is shown by the fact that, while

Plato could not find so many as fifty families for his ideal republic, Francis had five thousand Brothers sharing his life of joyful poverty within eleven years from his "conversion".

Filled with such great charity, not only for all men, but for all God's creatures, it is not surprising that Francis laid such great stress on peace. He taught his Brothers to make of peace their habitual greeting, and as we have seen, one object of refusing to own anything, even as a community, was the avoidance of disputes. The members of his Third Order, those who while living an ordinary life accepted his leadership, were similarly required to live in peace with all men: they were not to go to the law-courts in disputes with each other, but to settle them peaceably among themselves; they were not to carry weapons, for then, as now, if a man carries a weapon he is all too apt to draw it in anger, even over some trifling matter, not worth a second thought. This often got these heroic twelfth century "pacifists" into trouble, for they refused also to bear arms in the innumerable petty wars between cities, which afflicted their country at the time; and his Brothers by their preaching often succeeded in establishing peace between families which had been at feud for generations.

It is not surprising to find that this essentially practical, because daily-practised, approach to social problems, should have led one of Francis' later followers to establish the first agricultural credit unions — the "Mounts of Piety" — now centuries old, to enable poor farmers to save and to borrow in order to improve their farms.

By sharing their poverty, Francis consoled the poor in their afflictions. Indeed, with him voluntary poverty was the great liberator, setting him and his Brothers free from the cares of this world so that they could cast their cares on God their Father in perfect trust and love. Work, for us the great source of civilization, was for him the principal means of penance, and idleness was the one thing which seemed able to anger him. Peace, the gift of the children of God, was his wish to all men, a peace born of mutual charity and goodwill. Are not these the gifts the twentieth century world needs most, and might it not find them by drinking deep of the spirit that inspired the Little Poor Man, St. Francis of Assisi?

MARY PONNUDURAI
II B.Sc.



HE WHOSE LIFE IS TRUE COMES TO THE LIGHT

In a classical trial, a judge asked his prisoner, "What is truth?" He did not wait for an answer, but he went out instead to try to reason with those who were clamouring for the prisoner's death. The judge declared the prisoner innocent; he knew the accusers were prompted by envy, but he began by torturing the prisoner and finally allowing his enemies to have their way. Why? Expediency, and fear of losing his job. He did not care for truth, and because justice is its expression, he knowingly acted against justice, though he was supposed to be its guardian.

Here we see the importance of being sure about truth, the various expressions of which are closely connected; and if we miss or break the connecting link, all the fabric of truth falls apart. We are social beings, and even if we ourselves do not care for truth, others too will suffer from our neglect.

What then is truth? For most people it is related chiefly with speaking, but this is only the top storey of the building. The base on which everything rests is objective truth, or the harmony between things and the mind and will of their Creator. For all truth, to be truth, is a discovery, not an invention. Invention is always the product of an intelligent maker, and with human makers it is the discovery that the shaping or combination, in one way or another, of existing things, can result in a new shape or combination — a new thing, made of pre-existing things. We distinguish in literature, between fact (history and science) and fiction or myth, for the first has objective reality, while the others do not, in whole or in part. This brings us to the first storey of our building of truth — the harmony between objective reality and our ideas gives us subjective truth. In science we distinguish between laws, which are fully proved, and theories which are working hypotheses but have not sufficient facts to be made a proved law. Unfortunately many people fail to make this distinction, and accept theories as if they were proved facts. This for actual truth, or what really exists. There are also possible truths, which do not exist, but which could — there would be nothing unreasonable about them, for instance, to be human, the essential qualities are a spiritual soul combined with a material body, but the shape, size, colour etc. of the body make no difference whatever, for they do not have anything to do with our essential human nature. But there are things which

would be impossible, even to God, for He is intelligent, and these things are irrational, and can exist only in our minds, but can never have any possible or actual existence : ideas like square triangles, $2+2=5$, which are contrary to reason.

This brings us back to the entrance. How do we arrive at truth? Under normal conditions, by our senses supplemented by reason. Our consciousness makes us aware of the undeniable fact of our own existence. Our exterior senses, especially the eyes and ears, give us the objective facts outside ourselves. They are the windows of the mind.

Now the mind starts measuring and weighing. What are its tools? Three simple principles, which cannot be denied without disproving them, as we could not deny our own existence without stating it implicitly — this gives us the first principle — that real contradictions (not apparent ones or paradoxes) cannot both be true of the same thing at the same time. This is obvious; but there is a principle closely related to it, which is often ignored, — that things have both similarities and differences, and once a difference begins, similarity ends. All classification in science is based on this. But, you say — if you have followed me this far — this is sheer common sense. True, and in our practical affairs we do not fail to apply these principle. No one would say that since all digits are numbers, they are all equally good — try it in a bank. Yet there are people who fail to make these distinctions when it is a question of the most important truths in man's life : his nature, origin, purpose, and moral guidance. We shall see later the chief reasons for this, and also the chief purpose of this essay — that errors in these questions can easily be detected if we reduce them to the least common denominator of practical experience. For instance, similarity in bodily structure between man and animal does not argue identity, for the similarity is not essential, as we saw before in discussing man's nature ; but the difference is immeasurably greater. In the Yerkes Laboratories studies were made of ape psychology, and the result, despite human attempts to teach them, was that even the cleverest apes "lack method in learning, take no interest in what they have learnt, and are incapable of applying it". This last is the reason for human progress, of which there is no trace in animals. This brings us to the next principle — namely that the effect cannot independently be greater than the cause — a greater cannot of itself come from a lesser. I cannot give you ten rupees if I have only one, unless in the meantime you let me work for it; a clock does not of itself evolve from iron.

Since we are on the subject of causes, let us ask ourselves what is philosophy. Aristotle defined it as the knowledge of causes, which he divided into four : what a thing is made of, what it is made into, who made it, and what did he make it for, — or as he called them, the material, formal, efficient, and final causes. Junk dealers are interested only in the first, and perhaps the second, but mechanics and scientists, who see the value of a thing and do not want to spoil it, are primarily interested in

the last two. The first thing an intelligent person usually asks about something new, is "What is it for?", and the only sure way of knowing is to find out from the maker. We cannot go by appearances here. Radium looks like table salt, but could not be used for the same purpose.

Why then are people so anxious to escape from true knowledge about themselves by false reasoning, when in other things less important they act so reasonably? When you come down to it, though these people might never admit it, the reason is cowardice, or laziness — which is only another form of fear — fear of exertion, especially mental effort. We prefer to let others do the thinking for us, and we choose to follow those whose ideas follow the line of least resistance. Men are afraid of their freedom, for this implies responsibility, — therefore they deny God, to whom they are responsible; they deny immortality which implies taking the consequences of our free choice; they deny free will, their greatest dignity, for that is the instrument of their choice; they seek relationship with animals, for these have no responsibility; they claim that cause and effect are identical: (A professor, whose name I prefer not to mention, wrote a long dissertation on it — but surely he would never claim his identity with his essay) — why, because this would identify them with God, and there would be no higher being to be responsible to. There are those who claim that faith and reason contradict each other, disregarding the fact that true faith is based on facts, obvious to the senses and reason — and even if it is based on tradition, we can apply the same tests historians apply to the facts of history — did the witnesses know what they are talking about, did they have reasons for trying to deceive or not, are the records authentic, without tampering or real contradictions? Why again try to deny faith? Because it gives us God's own testimony — guaranteed by Him by signs according to His Infinite Knowledge, Power, and Holiness — of our true purpose, and the right use of the means He has given to achieve it. No one would be flattered by being called an ignoramus, yet again there are those who claim that sure knowledge about spiritual reality is impossible — though in practical affairs they are sure of many things. Ask a Russel whether he is sure that we cannot be sure of anything — if he says yes, he is contradicting himself, for he is sure of something; if he says no, then his whole theory is useless. We are certain of many things, but what we must be absolutely certain of, unless we wish to take terrible risks, which may not be remedied — there are many things in life where the choice we make has a final effect which cannot be reversed — is to be absolutely sure of our nature, origin, destiny, and the means of achieving it, and as we have seen, they can be ascertained by strictly rational means. Scientific methods are not interchangeable — e.g. microscopes and telescopes — and the philosophic method, based on facts and reason, as all sciences are, can give us certain knowledge — if only we honestly want it.

MARY LILY
III B. A.

BRILLIANT DULLNESS



The essential spirit of modern life is summed up in the words : “Variety is the spice of life”. The human mind recoils from the very thought of repetition, as much as it delights in the shock of the new. Now the dictionary defines monotony as “repetition, lack of variety”; so it is not surprising to witness the flight of modern man from its charms, though it is regrettable, since it leads to many errors of thought and of action.

The gravest error thus produced is the modern effort to devise a “new” morality, to replace the moral law which has been man’s guide, and often his reproach, since he first appeared on earth; this our age finds too long a time for one law to endure, and so, they say, there must be an adaptation of the moral law to fit the exigencies of modern life, a changing code for the swift tempo of our days.

Thus many hate the monotony of a life dedicated to a single purpose, of striving after a single goal; they drift from one task to another, from one job to another, and never notice that it is the men who do retain a sense of purpose who lead the world, though out of touch with their “modernity”. The jaded man of the world, ever in search of new ways, new ideas, new gods, is left at the post by the old-fashioned enthusiast, who has an ideal and lives for it, all the days of his life.

The excuse offered for this thirst for change is that desire for change is evidence of fullness of life; only the half-dead, we are told, are content with routine, sameness, repetition. But is this really so? Who is more full of life than a healthy child? Yet who is more fond of sameness? See a little one, bounced up and down in his father’s lap four or five times, and hear what he says at the end: “Again, Daddy, again! Do it again!” Daddy may have wearied of the game already, but the lively child says; “Do it again!” If you ask a child, does he want to hear a new story or an old one, nine times out of ten, he will ask for an old one: and woebetide the story-teller who changes so much as a word of an old and well-loved tale! And when it is finished, what will he say? “Tell me another?” Not he! It will be “Tell it again!”

And after all, who can claim to be as full of life as God, the very Source and Giver of life? Does He ever weary of repetition? On the day of creation, He expressed His delight in the beauty of the universe He had made: "God saw that it was very good." Looking on the universe still today, does He not say the same? To each of the living beings He created He gave the same command: that it should reproduce its kind. In doing so, He did not think that it would be a dull world if roses kept on reproducing roses till the end of time. When the first lily glowed on the surface of a stagnant pool, to show that purity may bloom even in evil surroundings, it did not enter the mind of God that it would be drab to see lilies continuing to produce lilies till the crack of doom. It would not have been impossible to Him to command each species to reproduce entirely new species in every generation, but He did not do it, for He finds thrill in repetition.

It is not unreasonable to imagine Him, each morning, rejoicing in the new rising of the sun, each evening looking eagerly for the soft bow of the moon and the sparkle of the stars, and, simply, saying to each, each day with the same delight: "Do it again!"

When Christ came to earth, He too taught the same lesson, the "good news of the thrill of monotony". When crowds came to Him to seek the gift of health at His hands, He did not grow weary of the task, but so gladly "did it again". He taught the monotony of mercy too, for when asked, "How often shall my brother offend me and I forgive him? Till seven times?" He replied, "Not till seven times, but till seventy times seven times!" — the monotony of humility: "If a man strike thee on one cheek, offer him also the other," and of prayer: "He told them a parable, showing them that they ought to pray continually, and never be discouraged", while He Himself frequently spent the whole night in prayer; and on the last night of His earthly life, we read that He prayed "saying the self-same words."

Why is there a thrill in monotony? It arises from the enthusiasm awakened by a drive towards a fixed goal. This is the real difference between a man of faith and a modern unbeliever: the latter has no aim in life, has failed to discover the purpose of living, and so, lacking a fixed goal, he changes his views from time to time and calls it "progress". No wonder he finds life dull. How boring the theatre would be if there were no final curtain, how monotonous a sea-voyage if there were never to be a port, how uninteresting a poem if there were no last line, and how dull is life for one who has no fixed point to work for.

It is faith, and the aim which it gives, which makes repetition fascination, for each repetition of an act is a milestone along the road, to whose end we look forward so eagerly, that the distance between each milestone seems shorter, not longer than it was before, as when children are going for a holiday. Each day we repeat so many actions, perhaps all of them small and insignificant, but if each is performed with the goal in view — the goal of eternal joy — we shall remember the good news of the thrill of monotony, and each day, joyfully, "do it again".

INDRANI SHOME
Pre-University



One of the most difficult problems in the world today is the socio-economic problem, or rather problems, in the almost unlimited plural. Though it is not long since the state was looked on as an interloper if it ventured into this branch of human activity, it is now expected to find all the solutions, and to find them quickly, for all economic problems. Statesmen have not found the task very easy, yet they have been given light on the question, a light all the clearer in that its source is completely pure of all self-interest, and being primarily concerned to illumine the soul of man, reveals his material needs in relation to his human and spiritual dignity and destiny.

**LIGHTS
ALONG
THE
WAY**

That light is the social teaching of the Popes, who four times in the last seventy-two years have explained the fundamental principles governing the solution of social problems, and outlined in a general way their application to some of the main questions of the day. The last of these pronouncements, the Encyclical "Mater et Magistra" of Pope John XXIII, illumines a wider field of vision, and penetrates more deeply, even than those which went before, shedding light on the socio-economic problem at the universal, as well as the national level.

After summarizing the key-points in the teaching of his predecessors, the Pope sketches the great changes which have taken place especially since the war, in science, industry, social welfare, and politics, referring here both to the wider diffusion of political liberty, and to the development of international organizations. The

Pope then outlines the basic principles which should govern social and economic action, and the objects which such action should pursue, both at the national and the international level; and it is the striking breadth of understanding of the world-wide scope of the economic problem which makes the Encyclical both memorable and important.

First, on the national scale, he reminds us that, while the state has a duty to intervene in economic questions, it should not do so in such a way as to restrict individual initiative, pointing out that where personal initiative is lacking there is not only political tyranny but also economic stagnation, while on the other hand, if the state fails to intervene when necessary, there is incurable disorder and exploitation of the worker.

As it is an observed fact that states which do not recognize the right of private property invariably also suppress all manifestations of freedom, it is reasonable to conclude, as does the Pope, that in states where personal rights and initiative are valued, the right of private property must be safeguarded. However, the state itself has also the right to possess private property, including productive property, but it should not extend its ownership more than is necessary to promote the good of the citizens, but not for the purpose of reducing or even abolishing private ownership.

Touching on the question of the remuneration of work, the Pope goes to the heart of the matter by pointing out that the economic wealth of a people is not to be measured merely by the amount of goods possessed by them in aggregate, but rather by the just redistribution of these goods. But an even more fundamental principle in relation to work, and one that is not so universally recognized, is that the work itself should give the worker an opportunity of employing his own sense of responsibility, and of finding personal fulfilment. In modern mass-production methods this is not easy, but a suggestion made by Pope Pius XII is apropos: "The small undertakings in agriculture, in the arts and crafts . . . should be safeguarded and fostered by granting them the benefits of the larger firm through co-operative unions; while in the large concerns there should be the possibility of moderating the contract of work by one of partnership." This is being done in some places by the granting of a number of shares in the firm to each worker who has completed a specified number of years of service, and has proved a highly successful method of giving a sense of responsibility and satisfaction where the work itself, being of a dull, routine nature, fails to do so.

Considering more especially those aspects of the socio-economic question which are relatively new, at least in their present form, the Pope examines the



problem of uneven economic development, both of different regions within the same country, and of different countries: a problem that hardly existed before the rapid means of communication made the whole world one. He speaks in particular of the problems of agriculture, where more work produces less profit than in industry, and where, in general, the standard of living is lower than that of workers in industry or the public services. To prevent the desertion of the country-side for the town which these conditions produce, the Pope proposes various measures, such as the supply of equal public services to the country as to the town, a gradual and harmonious development of the whole economic system within a given state, and a distribution of the burden of taxation which takes account of the fact that returns from agriculture develop slowly and are exposed to greater risks than those from industry.

The relationship between the economically advanced and the economically developing countries is rightly called by the Pope "probably the most difficult problem of the modern world". He desires to see the citizens of advanced countries educate their conscience to realize that they have a responsibility for under-nourished peoples. He is happy to see that the advanced nations are helping the less advanced, but declares that more must be done, and warns both the givers and the receivers of aid about certain dangers. He advises the developing countries to avoid the mistakes made by the advanced ones when they were in process of development, and asks the advanced countries not to impose themselves on those they aid, but to respect their individuality, and also, to avoid the temptation to use their aid to influence the political situation in the aided countries with a view to establishing world domination: in other words, all aid must be offered in a spirit of sincere political disinterestedness.

He warns both the developed and the developing to preserve, or return to, a proper respect for the true hierarchy of values: our material civilization too often



breeds a materialistic attitude, to the neglect of spiritual values, so that civilization itself ultimately suffers, for spiritual values are its only solid foundation. One result of this materialistic attitude to life has been the false approach to the population problem, which is greatest in the developing countries, because the improvement in social services, especially in medical services, is lowering the death-rate, while the birth-rate remains steady. Thus it becomes difficult to raise the standard of life, because the fruits of economic development are consumed by an increasing population. But the solution of the problem does not lie in adopting measures which are contrary to the moral law and "which injure the very origin of human life", but in greater scientific and technical effort to extend man's control of nature so as to hasten economic development, and in co-operation between all the nations to exchange useful knowledge, capital, and manpower.

The Pope points out that no one community can solve these problems for itself in isolation, but co-operation is hindered by mutual distrust, and this distrust leads to the waste of human and material resources in the production and use of weapons of war; but while no one nation can solve the problem alone, each individual must feel the personal responsibility to do all he can in his own sphere, however limited it may be, to promote social justice and charity, feeling the needs, sufferings, and joys of others as their own.

COLLEEN NORTH

III B. A.

THE PAST SHEDS LIGHT ON THE PRESENT

“History” says Maitland, “is a seamless robe, and he who would tell but a piece of it, must feel that with his first sentence he tears the fabric.” Each generation sees but a piece of that seamless robe, spread out before it, and is apt to think that nothing of what has gone before is worth the seeing, yet Maitland’s dictum carries a deeper truth: the truth that the whole course of man’s existence on earth is really one, so we owe a debt to and can learn a lesson from our remotest ancestors, and also from those who went before us just yesterday. This is why a study of the past enables us to comprehend the present better, and view it in an altogether different light.

Even in the limited sense of understanding the daily news, knowledge of the past makes many things clearer than they would otherwise be. To take an example from India herself: the foreign policy of neutralism or non-alignment is not, to the thoughtful student of Indian History, a flash of national genius, without any cause except an enlightened attitude to the immediate present; it is, in fact, a consequence, at least in part, of our history. It would not be, I think, a mistake to say that by temperament, if we Indians have any sympathies in regard to other nations, it is with parliamentary democracies rather than with the dictatorships; but our immediate yesterdays — so short compared with the whole range of our history, but so fresh in the minds of the older generation still — were filled with the campaign for independence from one of the democratic nations, so these ties of sympathy were not strong enough to bring India over the democratic camp in the present division of the political world, though her love of freedom would equally prevent her from adhering to those who uphold the doctrine of the monolithic state. Hence, the policy of non-alignment which enables India to play an important role in world affairs today is the product of her recent history.

Policies, however, undergo fairly rapid changes, as the historian measures time. Institutions have deeper roots, and endure longer. So too the administrative institutions of India can be traced, not merely to the legacy left by the British, but to that of the Mauryas of the fourth century B.C., both in the central bureaucracy and the system of local and municipal administration. The knowledge of facts of this kind gives a sense of depth, a solidity which attaches an impressive dignity to the work of government, “the foster-child,” if we may re-apply an old quotation, “of silence and slow time.”

It is not that a study of India’s past is meant to make of us unrealistic worshippers of all that is past; this would be to miss the lesson altogether. As Rabindranath Tagore reminded us: “To know my country one has to travel to that age when she realized her soul . . . when she revealed her being in a radiant magnanimity . . . and not now, when she has withdrawn herself into a narrow barrier of obscurity, into a

miserly pride of exclusiveness, into a poverty of mind that dumbly revolves around itself in an unmeaning repetition of a past that has lost its light and has no message for the pilgrims of the future." While he may be exaggerating, we must not lose sight of Tagore's warning, or else the light of our past will in fact be lost, while we imagine that we are keeping it burning.

A study of past civilizations, as well as that of more recent events, is not without value for the present. It has been said that the archaeologist is inspired by the same urge for exploring the unknown as the climber of Everest, or in the old days, Columbus, Magellan, or Captain Cook, but he is also impelled by the desire to know more of men, their beliefs, hopes, fears, their habits and habitat, their work and play. Human nature has not greatly changed, and knowledge of the vanished cultures of the Indus Valley, or Egypt, or Peru, gives a deeper understanding of our own culture. Toynbee thinks to find a pattern of growth, maturity, decay, and death in every culture, and believes that ours has reached its peak and, unless renewed by the stimulus of a new challenge, must begin soon to decay. We need not go all the way with him in accepting that thesis, but it remains true that the study of ancient civilization enables us to make a truer estimate of our own, and at the same time leads us to view our material achievements in a humbler light: to see not only the size, but also the meticulous accuracy of the workmanship of Egypt's pyramids or Mohenjodaro's Great Bath, and to remember that this work was done without the help of any but the simplest machines — levers and rollers — is to learn that the skyscrapers and other great buildings of today are only humble descendants of those of the past, while the human workmanship put into them is often inferior. We pride ourselves on our town-planning, our drainage systems, our irrigation works, but we can find their prototypes, constructed with great perfection, thousands of years ago, as in the Sudarshana Lake of Mauryan times — a work, it is worth noting, done for the benefit of a very remote corner of Chandragupta Maurya's empire. Similarly, our great trunk roads are no finer than those of the Romans — and for heavy modern traffic road engineers are going back to the Roman method of construction, for time has proved that that method is most resistant to wear and tear, since many Roman roads are still in use.

But perhaps the greatest value of the study of the past, the greatest light it can shed for us, is the understanding it gives of other men. Our own encounters with our fellows teach us something, but that knowledge is immensely deepened by the study of the past, whose figures live again for us in the pages of history. As Belloc sagely remarked: "History adds a third dimension to experience." With the "hindsight" of historical knowledge we can see the interplay of human character and outside environment in the past, and can bring that understanding to bear on contemporary affairs, whether the great events which will themselves form a part of history, or those of our own immediate circle. Armed with such an understanding, we can make a more useful, because more enlightened, contribution to our world.

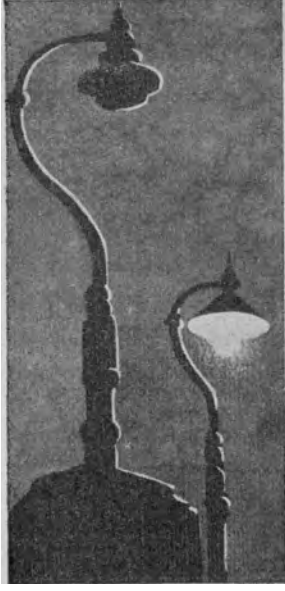
But the greatest value of this "three-dimensional experience" is the lesson of tolerance which it teaches, partly because the past affords us many examples of

the folly of intolerance, but still more because in studying its history we approach even the most dramatic events with a certain detachment, seeing, as far as possible, all sides of a question, weighing, as judges, the value of the acts, the strength of the motives, of men whose lives have ultimately affected our own. This impartiality is ultimately brought into our approach to contemporary events, and so our judgement of them is more balanced, they disturb our equanimity less, because we have learnt a broad tolerance, even indulgence, in viewing the lives and motives of men.

There are those who claim that a thorough and mature knowledge of the past gives to its possessor an almost clair-voyant power of anticipating the future, but we would not go so far as that. It is true that the broad lines of human development can be recognized, and that intelligent forecasts can be made in certain directions, but the excitement of historical study lies precisely in this, that the human element remains a great unknown quantity. The only reason why we are able to impute certain motives to a Napoleon, or to a Joan of Arc, is that we know their reactions — at least in their external manifestation — to the major exterior events of their lives. We do not know, and can never know, if any interior experiences were in fact more influential in shaping their conduct than those exterior ones we know of. Similarly, the men of today and tomorrow, placed in similar exterior circumstances to those of Napoleon or Joan of Arc, may act quite differently from them, precisely because, being human, they have free will and independence; and only after they have acted can we know for sure how they will act. History, and the present, would have been vastly different if certain individuals had not acted as they did, from the man who, fearing fire, yet seized a burning branch from a lightning-struck tree to drive away the wild animals which feared it more, to the discoverer of penicillin, who might so easily have thrown away that spoilt slide which, in being spoilt, had exposed the secret of one of nature's most powerful anti-biotics. In the same way, there remains the fascinating possibility that the future will be made strikingly different from anything we can now foresee, by the accidental, or courageous act of one insignificant individual: perhaps even by ourselves.



SAROJ GUPTA
III B. A.



விளக்கு அமைதியாய் ஒளியுடன் திகழவேண்டும்

அறியாமை இருளை அகற்றும் முதல் ஒளி கவிதை யாகும், கவிதை, கவி எனும் இருசொற்களையும் மிகப் பரந்த நோக்கமொடு, பொதுவாக, இலக்கியப் படைப்பிற்குக் கையாளலாம். எழுத்து, அறிவிற்கோர் விளக்காகும். இருண்ட நெறியில், தடுமாறுதிருப்பதற்காக விளக்கு, எவ்வாறு அமைதியோடும் ஒளியுடனும் இருக்கவேண்டுமோ, அதைப்போன்று, நமது உள்ளத்தில் பொருள் விளக்கம் பெற, கட்டுரை தெளிவாகவும் மிளிர்வேண்டும்.

எல்லா வகைக் கட்டுரையின் குறிக்கோளும் படிப்பவர்க்கு அறிவுறுத்துவதாகவோ அல்லது மகிழ்ச்சி அளிப்பதாகவோ அல்லது இரண்டையுமே நல்குவதாகவோ அமையவேண்டும். முழுமை பெறாத கருத்துக்களாலும், செயற்கை அமைப்பாலும், மறைமுகத் தன்மையாலும், தெளிவின்மையாலும், சொற்களின் மிகுதியாலும், அதனைப்படிக்கும் சுவைகுன்றி, அதனால், அறிவுறுத்தலாகிய குறிக்கோள் தடைப்படுகின்றது. எழுத்தாளருடைய எண்ணங்கள் தெளிவாகவும், நிறைவாகவும், மற்றக் கருத்துக்களோடு பொருந்தியனவாகவும், முறையாகவும் அமையவேண்டும். எழுத்தாளருடைய நடை எளிதாகவும் தெளிவாகவும் இருக்கவேண்டும். வாக்கியங்கள், கடினமாகவும் சிக்கலாகவும் இராமல், ஒவ்வொரு பத்தியின் முதன்மையான எண்ணத்தைத் தெளிவுறத் தெரிவித்தல் வேண்டும். தெளிவாகவும் உறுதியாகவும் கட்டுரை எழுத்து அமைந்தால், பாமரனும் உயர்ந்த விஞ்ஞானத்தைப் புரிந்து கொள்வான் என்று தற்கால விஞ்ஞான எழுத்தாளர்கள் கூறுகின்றனர். உதாரணமாக விண்ணிலுள்ள விண்மீன்களின் எண்ணிக்கையைக் கணக்கிடும் போது, பெரும் எண்களைக்கூறி நம்மைக் குழப்பாமல், உலகத்திலுள்ள அத்தனை கடற்கரைகளிலும் உள்ள மணல் துகளின் மொத்த எண்ணிக்கையாகும்' என்று சர் ஜேம்ஸ் ஜீன்ஸ் (Sir James Jeans) கூறுகிறார். இது போன்ற எளிதான பழக்கப்பட்ட கருத்துக்களை எதிர்பாராத சந்தர்ப்பங்களில் கையாளும் போது, அவை மிகமிகப் பொருத்தமாகவும் விளக்கம் தருவதாகவும் அமைகின்றன.

தக்க இடத்தில் தக்க சொல்லைப் பயன்படுத்துவது பற்றி மிகுதியாகக் கூறப்பட்டுள்ளது பல மொழிகளிலிருந்து சொற்களைக் கையாண்டு, பரந்த சொல் எண்ணிக்கை கொண்டு, ஒரு பொருட்டுப் பன்மொழி உடைய ஆங்கிலத்தில் இதைக் கடைப்பிடிப்பது கடினமாகும். ஆங்கிலத்தில் இரண்டு சொற்களுக்கு அதே பொருள் அப்படியே அமைவதில்லை. பொருளில் இலேசான மாறுதல் இருக்கும். ஆங்கிலத்தின், நுண்ணிய புலமையை உணர்ந்த திறமை மிக்க அநுபவம் மிகுந்த எழுத்தாளர்களே சொற்களுள்

தக்க சொல்லைத் தேர்ந்தெடுப்பான். அதே சில சொற்கள், திறமை குறைந்த எழுத்தாளனுக்கு, மாறுபட்ட நுண்ணிய பொருளைத்தராமல், மேலெழுந்தவாரியான ஒரே பொருளைத் தரும். நாம், சொற்களின் பயன்படும் ஆற்றலை மறக்கக்கூடாது. பழம் பெரு எழுத்தாளர்கள் கையாண்டிருக்கும் சில குறிப்பிட்ட சொற்களை வளரும் எழுத்தாளன் அலட்சியப்படுத்தக் கூடாது. நல்ல இலக்கியங்களிலும், சீருடைய கவிதைகளிலும், ஒளி நயம் சிறப்பிடம் பெறுகிறது. ஆங்கிலமொழி மிகப் பொருத்தமாக ஓர் இசைக் கருவிக்கு ஒப்பிடப்படுகிறது. அக் கருவியில் யாவரும் பேரொலியைக் கிளப்பலாமே தவிரச் சிறந்த திறமை மிக்க கலைஞனானதான் உயர்ந்த சங்கீதத்தை இசைக்க முடியும்.

சரளமான நெகிழ்வுடைய நடை, ஒரு சிறந்த சொற்பொழிவைப் போன்றிருக்கிறது. பேசும் போதும், எழுதும் போதும் உள்ள சொற்கள் ஒன்றாகவே இருப்பினும், வாக்கியங்களையும் பத்திகளையும் சரிவர அமைத்தலும், கருத்துக்களைச் சுருங்கச் சொல்லி விளங்க வைத்தலும், ஆனால், அதே சமயம் அவை எளிமையாகவும் இயற்கையாகவும் இருத்தலும், ஆழ்ந்த அனுபவமும் திறமும் மிக்க எழுத்தாளரால் மட்டுமே முடியும். சொற்பொழிவு ஆற்றுவதைக் காட்டிலும் அதிக கவனமுடன் கட்டுரையை அமைத்தல் வேண்டும். இலக்கிய எழுத்தாளனின் கலை, கவிஞனின் கலையைக் காட்டிலும், கலையைக் கலையால் திரை போடுவதாக இருக்கவேண்டும்.

எளிய நடை, கருத்தைத் தெளிவுற விளக்க உதவும். ஆனால் எளிய நடை என்பது, கருத்தற்ற வெறும் சொற்கோவை அன்று. எடுத்தாளும் சொற்களில், தக்க சொற்களையும், தக்க அணிகளையும் கையாண்டால், எளிய நடையானாலும் அதில் விநுவிநுப்பும், மெருகும் கலந்து அழகாக ஒளிரும். உருவகப்படுத்தல் கவிதைக்கே உரிய சிறப்புரிமை அன்று. விளக்கமும் உணர்ச்சியும் மிக்க இலக்கியம், உருவகத்தையும் கையாண்டால், அது அறியாததை அறிவதற்கு உதவும் பாலம் போன்று கைகொடுத்து, நுண்பொருளையும் பருப் பொருளாக உணர்த்தும். பழகிப்பழகி அலுத்துப்போன சொற்களைப் பயன்படுத்தினால் கட்டுரையில் வெறுப்புத் தட்டும். கட்டுரையில் புதுமையும் உற்சாகமும் நிரம்பி மிளிர், உருவகங்களும் அணிகளும் உதவி புரிகின்றன.

நகைச்சுவையும் கட்டுரைக்கு ஒளி நல்குகிறது சுவைமிகுந்த நடை, களிப்பூட்டும் நகைச்சுவை, மனத்தைப் புண்படுத்தாத இனிய நகைச் சுவைப்பகுதிகள், ஆகிய இப்பண்புகள் கட்டுரைகளை ஒளியூட்டி, எழிலூட்டி, நம் வாழ்க்கையில் மிதந்துவரும் பேரொளி மிக்க அழியாத ஒளிக் குமிழ்களாக்குகின்றன. அவை தெளிவுடன் மிளிரும் கட்டுரைக்குத் தக்க சான்றுகளாகவும், இருள்மிக்க நாட்களில், ஒளிமிகு விளக்குகளாகவும் ஒளிர்கின்றன.

இராஜாயி சித்ரா
Pre-University



LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS

One of the recurring themes of ancient literature in almost any language is that of the alternation of light and darkness in the life of man, in which light is seen as the symbol of joy and gladness, and darkness as that of sorrow and sometimes of fear. Sanskrit literature often expresses this idea through the symbolism of the wheel of fortune, which as it turns, brings sometimes joy, sometimes sorrow; but there is no cause for despair, for the turn of the wheel will again bring joy. It is not without significance that the wheel is also the symbol of the sun, giver of light, and so the implication is that both joy and sorrow may be a source of light in human life, if accepted in the right way.

Thus the Yaksha in "Meghasandesa", separated from his beloved, feels all the pain of the separation, but, sure that the light of joy will return, assures her :

कस्यात्यन्तं सुखमुपनतं दुःखमेकान्ततो वा
नीचैर्गच्छत्युपरि च दशा चक्रनेमिक्रमेण ॥

This theme of alternating light and darkness, joy and sorrow, is the kernel of the plot of "Ramayana". Sita, the faithful wife of Rama, suffers the agony of separation from him, and also the sinister threats of Ravana. She is surrounded on all sides by the राक्षसीs who increase her misery by compelling her to obey Ravana. But at last this darkness is dispelled, and light begins to shine for her when Hanuman appears, bringing her news of Rama, at which she exclaims :

एति जीवन्तमानन्दो नरं वर्षशतादपि ।

"Even after a hundred years (of sorrow) joy certainly comes to a human being". Unclouded joy is surely hers, when Rama defeats Ravana, and takes her back home to Ayodhya.

The theme of Kalidasa's "Sakuntala" is similarly inspired by the alternation of light and darkness in human life. "The real theme of the play", as Baldoon Dhingra observes, "is

the progression from the earthly romance and union of the first act, to the higher union in the seventh and last act when the couple are united in the heavenly hermitage of eternal bliss. The Sakuntala of the early scenes is simply a charming and innocent maiden attracted by the young prince, Dushyanta. Her real greatness is revealed, only when her tragedy begins and this hour of darkness matures and ennobles her, so that the Sakuntala of the closing scenes is the very ideal of Indian womanhood, worthy to be reunited with Dushyanta in the ashram of मारीच, the abode of calm and tranquillity, in a light that is not of this world.

Sanskrit literature is full of wise sayings expressing this fundamental idea that sorrow and suffering lead to greater joy, just as the darkest hour is always followed by the dawn :

सुखं हि दुःखान्यनुभूय शोभते
घनान्धकारेष्विव दीपदर्शनम् ॥

“Joy is heightened after experiencing sorrow, just as light is valued especially in the darkness”. Similarly, the proverb “It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness” is echoed in a famous Sanskrit sloka :

एकेनापि सुवृक्षेण पुष्पितेत सुगन्धिना ।
वासितं तद्वनं सर्वं सुपुत्रेण कुलं यथा ॥

“Even if only a single tree puts forth blossoms, the whole forest is made fragrant. So too, a whole family is ennobled by one good seer.”

But the light most constantly sought by India's deeper thinkers, a search expressed, therefore, in the whole of Sanskrit poetry, is the light of understanding which can only be seen by one detached from earthly desire, and fulfilling his Dharma because that is his duty, no matter what it costs. This is expressed beautifully in the Bhagavad Gita :

दुःखेष्वनुद्विग्नमना : सुखेषु विगतस्पृहः ।
वीतरागभयक्रोधः स्थितधीर्मुनिरुच्यते ॥

“He alone deserves the name of sage who is neither disturbed by sorrow nor elated by joy, and who has abandoned attachment, fear, and anger.” Janaka of Videha is presented to us in the “Mahabharata” as having attained to that detachment, when he says: “Infinite are my riches, for nothing is mine. Even if Mithila (his capital) burned, nothing would burn there that I call my own.”

But the search for light is summed up most exquisitely in the famous prayer in बृहदारण्यकोपनिषत्

असतो मा सद्गमय । तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय ।
मृत्योर्माँऽमृतंगमय ॥

“From darkness lead me to light, from the unreal to the real, and from death to immortality.”

V. SARASWATHI
II M. A.



RONDO

(A Rondo is a form of French poem with thirteen lines and a refrain, having only two rhymes in all. The following Rondeau was an "unseen" examination text.)

RONDEAU

Ma foi c'est fait de moi : car Isabeau
M'a conjuré de lui faire un rondeau,
Cela me met en une peine extrême.
Quoi ! treize vers, huit en eau, cinq en ème !
Je lui ferais aussitôt un bateau.
En voilà cinq pourtant en un monceau,
Faisons en huit, en invoquant Brodeau,
Et puis mettons par quelque stratagème
Ma foi, c'est fait !
Si je pouvais encor de mon cerveau
Tirer cinq vers, l'ouvrage serait beau.
Mais cependant je suis dedans l'onzième,
Et si je crois que je fais le douzième,
En voilà treize ajustés au niveau :
Ma foi, c'est fait !

(Vincent Voiture 1598)

RONDO

My word, it's all over with me : my dear Saro
Has defied me to make her a rondo ;
The very thought makes me gasp — ahem !
What ! Thirteen lines, eight in o, five in em —
I would just as soon make her a boat (steam or cargo)
Yet see ! I've just finished five lines at a go.
And now for the eighth, keeping the status quo
By using some stratagem
My word, it's all over !
If from my poor brain — right presto
Five lines I could find, with what gusto
I'd happily finish my poem.
Here comes the twelfth line, and now for the last of 'em
Thirteen lines nicely adjusted and so
My word, it's all over !

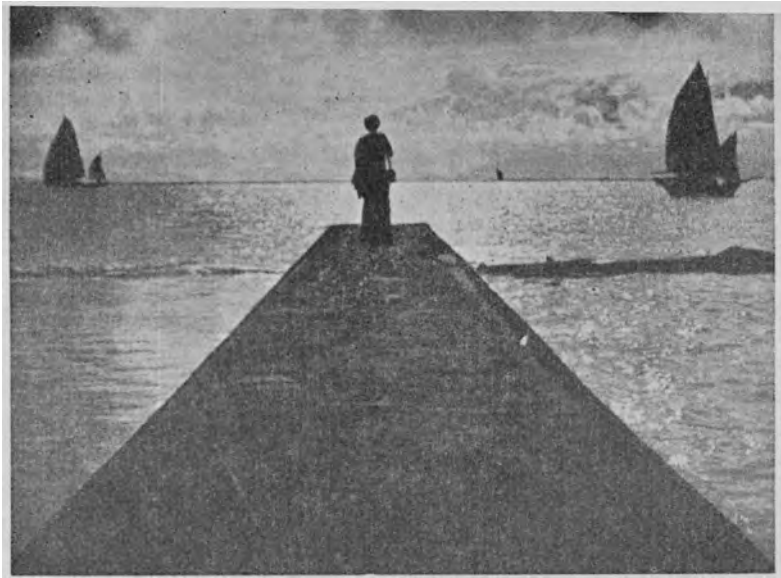
O. EMM



Lord

*in the duties of life
help me to diffuse
the warm glow of Your selfless love*

LOOKING FORWARD



The motto of one of the greatest personalities of all times, the great Cardinal Newman, reads in Latin : “ Ex Umbris et Imaginibus in Veritatem ”. This too is the ideal of the Newman Association of India which is meant to help each individual member to literally pass from shadows and symbols into the truth. Perhaps no greater need can be found today amongst the intellectuals of our country than this need for sincerity in face of reality, this courage to leave the comfortable shade of the shadows for the blazing sunlight of the day, called Truth. Someone once said “I am the Truth”, but for the consolation of the weak-hearted He had already said “I am the Way”. Christ had truly been the Way and the Final Truth for Newman, when he eventually found his way Home to the Church.

“ Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on. ”

There could be no nobler nor more appealing model than this man of great faith and of natural virtue for the Catholic intelligentsia of India. Rt. Rev. Dr. L. Raymond once described him as “ the thinker whose originality blazed a trail that few as yet have studied, the prophet who foresaw the direction modern thought would take and warned against it . . . His was a mind as original as it was keen and penetrating, so that his line of thought was as fresh as it was convincing.” His was an integrated mind which found no opposition between faith and reason; and because he was as much at home with the supernatural as with the natural, he became a great intellectual apostle of modern times.

It is under the guidance and inspiration of this great man that the Newman Association aims at uniting in a common bond the Catholic university graduates and professionals of our country, in order to form their minds and hearts in a manner befitting the part they must play in the intellectual apostolate of presenting the

Christian message in their own milieu. At the beginning of this academic year, a Newman Circle was formed in Stella Maris for the first time, many of the members being graduates of the college itself. In order to base ourselves on the spirit of the Association, our activities were deliberately directed first towards our own personal formation and secondly towards the intellectual apostolate.

Our monthly Newman Mass each First Friday with Offertory procession, sung or dialogue Mass, was one of the most effective activities of the year. Most of us were also able to make the annual retreat in the college. Our intellectual personal formation was not forgotten; and our fortnightly study circles on adolescent psychology, which were introduced by a very interesting and enlightening talk on the subject by Dr. Adishesiah, opened up unthought-of horizons: for the questionnaires prepared by various members of the Circle were very practical, whilst at the same time suggestive of so many related topics, that we touched many other subjects related to our life and work as teachers.

Several of our members have been active on the Editorial Board of the King's Rally, whilst others have helped with the college associations. Our Secretary gave a very enthusiastic talk in March to the Catholic students, especially the outgoing graduates, encouraging them to join the Newman Association after they leave college. With the co-operation of the Catholic Students' Union we were also able to organize a symposium on the Ecumenical Council for the whole college, with non-Catholic Christian staff and students taking an active part. And great was our joy too to join in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, offered for the same intention on the 8th of November, when the words of Newman's hymn rose in glorious unison from the hearts of all the Christians gathered in the college chapel. Three of our Circle attended the National Convention of the Association, held this year in Madras in the Catholic Centre. Then with a Christopher film, "A Link in the Chain", and a social we brought our activities of this year to an end in March.

But this was only our first year, and taking our cue from our National Bulletin "Pratishka" — meaning in Sanskrit "Expectation" or "Looking Forward" — we do hope with God's grace that our little Circle may grow and prosper, in order that its members may in some way follow the wonderful example of Cardinal Newman, whose greatest conviction lay in a profound sense of God's guidance of the world and of each individual human being.

Lead Kindly Light.

A NEWMANITE

ALUMNAE ACTIVITIES

The alumnae year 1962 to 1963 was rocketed into activity in August with the usual reception in honour of our new graduates. The evening began with the election of new office-bearers. Miss Rita Lovett, then President, started the meeting by venturing a new rule for the Constitution of the Alumnae Association. As soon as the unconstitutional innovation was explained in detail, everyone suspected she had something up her sleeve, for the new idea was to exclude one of the former office-holders from re-election. Looking back now, from the vantage-point of the end of the year, we take it that Rita was already visualizing bridal dresses and other misty elegances. Her peers, however, seemingly obtuse, elected her again — as Secretary. The upshot of it was that she had to be replaced when she finally dropped her secret, and went off and got married — with the best wishes, of course, of all her friends.

Miss Rosemarie Stone has proved her ability as organizer, having been elected



President on that first memorable occasion. The fact that she went ahead and conducted that meeting most ably was only a happy fore-taste of things to come. The most important decision then taken, and strangely enough really put into practice, or almost so, was that the Alumnae should meet once every term — a dinner party being the item for the second term. It was not our fault — as you will see — if in this case the second term did finally end up as the third one. After the usual “high tea”

served in the Students' Centre, the graduates were entertained by the graduates-to-be on the open-air stage. Incidentally, it might be of interest to the venerable graduates to “overhear” a few impressions left on the impressionable minds of younger generations by their presence within the precincts of the college. The following is how the graduates' reception appeared to a first year B. A. student, Pushpa Nayak, though she does not need to know that I told you.

“ We stood at the porch that sunny afternoon waiting expectantly. By “ we ”, I mean the class representatives of Stella Maris who were being honoured with the awful — and I do mean ‘ awe-ful ’ duty of welcoming such eminent personages as the graduates of our college at the porch itself, and then conducting them to the hall. We had been carefully briefed on just how to behave by our President, Angela Reddy; and feeling that after all there was nothing much in it, we took up our post, all dressed up in our Sunday-best, and in good time. My friend and I, on seeing a few sedate-looking ladies approaching the gate, went forward with our most gushing manners to tell them just how frightfully glad we were to see them again — and we did tell them too, when horror of horrors, they suddenly burst out laughing and giggling in a most school-girlish manner, as they fled, having stuttered out the dreadful news that they were Pre-University hostelites. Oh! why on earth do we have to live with eleven hundred students? Who could expect us to know each and every face? Never mind! We were not defeated. Next time we advanced more cautiously and, thank goodness, before my polite effusions had begun, my co-conspirator whispered in a loud stage-whisper: ‘ That is a lecturer!’ After that we thought it more diplomatic to leave most of the work to our more enlightened friends.” Little did we poor unsuspecting graduates realize what was going on behind our backs, or more literally right in front of our faces.

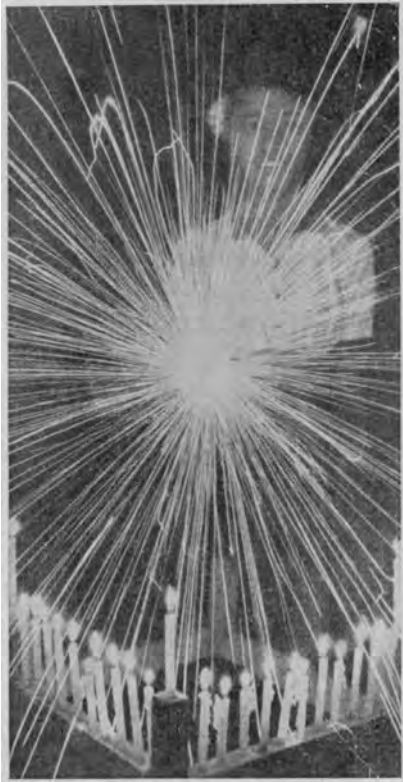
The dinner party was planned for October 31st, but Stella Maris was destined to have more than her share of waters. No gondolas being available for this “ little Venice ”, we were asked to stay at home.

But finally, January 10th was proposed for the big event, and surely enough this time it really took place, in spite of the fact that even on that evening, dark clouds gathered all over the only sky within sight and duly opened up to let down torrents of rain. We almost reached the stage of discouragement at that, but no; for by 7 p.m. the rain was merely a drizzle, and it certainly had not been able to keep former Stella Marians away from their dinner party. They came singly, in groups, and even in little crowds, until they numbered fifty-two by 8 p.m. Over a tastefully prepared dinner, friends once more met friends, and there was no end to the comments and discussions that resulted. Now let no one to imagine it was gossip — a lot of women talking together, so God help the absentees! No, dear Stella Marians who were not with us, there is gossip and gossip, and ours is the nice kind. We have not forgotten all that we learnt in our college class-rooms, nor that truth and charity are the ideals of past, present, and future Stella Marians.

Alumnae also met once again for College Day — at least some of us did. The oftener you come back to college to meet old friends the better it is for you and for our Association. For it is the Alumnae who are the association; and so our ardent wish is that it will increase not only in numbers each year, but also in effectiveness.

V. JEYALAKSHMI
I M. A.

**SPARKS
FROM
OUR
SHOOTING
STARS**



● ● ● Shooting stars in ever-increasing numbers each year fly off from Stella Maris, to circle in other orbits. We are always delighted when a ray of light on their doings flashes back to the parent-star. Some are in orbit quite near home, others very far away; but, each in her own sphere reflects something of the light absorbed from the Stella Maris. Telstar I, Nafia Jamal, reflects rays from new spectra of light discovered as one of the participants in the Cleveland International Programme for Youth Leaders and Social Workers :

We reached New York yesterday. It was wonderful when we got down at the airport; at the same time a challenge to each of us. The pre-departure conference we had at Delhi had prepared us well for our four month's stay here. There are sixteen of us from India. On the 27th of April all the 112 participants (from all over the world) are separated into two groups — one goes to Chicago and the other to Cleveland.

Each one of us at Cleveland stays with three private families — two weeks with each. Up to June 10th we attend classes at the Western Reserve University. After that we shall all be sent to our respective camps — I am going to the Bellefaire Agency, where I shall deal with backward children. I am glad I am being sent there, as I want to learn more about such an agency, having worked for three years in the Child Guidance Clinic.

New York city is beautiful, with skyscrapers all around you. Yesterday I went out for a walk, and got up this morning with a stiff neck. The weather is fine, just "okay" for me.

● ● ● Later, another flash, from Cleveland :

We attend classes on Social Work (of post-graduate level) every morning. In the afternoon we go in groups for Social Agency visits. It is very interesting, and I am sure that it will give us new ideas to adapt some of these methods to India. We are also taken to the settlement houses for the people who came in search of jobs and have settled as American citizens.

I have been assigned here as a counsellor for 16 weeks in a Jewish residential centre for emotionally retarded children. I like to work with such children. At the end of August, we all meet in Washington where we'll be the guests of the State Department; everybody is looking forward to meeting President Kennedy and his wife — having had no opportunity to meet the latter in my own country.

● ● ● And lastly from the centre for disturbed children, where Nafia had the privilege of sharing in the effort to bring light into dark and unhappy young lives :

There are about a hundred children between eight and twenty years old. It is a large, beautiful place, with a well-trained staff. The children are placed in different cottages according to their age and sex. I am working with eleven girls between thirteen and seventeen years of age. After three days' orientation, we were posted in our respective cottages. I am on duty right now. We have a large campus around Bellefaire. No girl is allowed to go out of the cottage without the permission of the counsellor, who must be told where they are going; and they have to be back on time for meals. When I sleep in the cottage, which is once a week. I have to see that they get up on time for breakfast and school. I sleep in the cottage once a week. It's quite a problem waking these children and putting them to bed, but I like the job.

A press photographer came to my host-family's home, where I was resting before I came to Bellefaire. The Americans are "crazy" about our sarees, — they stop us on the road just to ask us from which part of India we come, and how I speak such good English.

I have accepted an invitation to attend the seminar of the ex-participants of this programme at Hessel, Germany, October 30th. If I prolong my stay in England, I may attend for a week. I do not want to miss such opportunities, especially when one is honoured by such invitations. Time is flying pretty fast here, and I can hardly believe that it's two months since I left India.

● ● ● Georgine Collis, too, is abroad absorbing more light on her chosen profession — she is studying Medicine at Padua, Italy, and sends us an occasional ray.

I wanted to write to you before, but then I thought you would be very busy (true, but we still love to hear from you) and that you would have forgotten all about me. (How could we?) I received news about Stella Maris from Shyamakumari who conveyed your best wishes.

I am now preparing for the Anatomy examination, in July. The subject is vast, and difficult too. All our examinations are oral, and the results are known soon after. Please do pray for me. After our examinations we shall be taken for our annual college trip. Last year we toured many places in Italy. We went to Rome to attend the Foreign Medical Students' Conference. We saw many monuments, churches, catacombs, and above all the great St. Peter's, which is really something wonderful. We had an audience with His Holiness the Pope at his summer villa. On our return we halted at Pisa, where we saw the famous leaning tower. I have been to Venice many times, since it is only half an hour by bus from here. I met many tourists who asked me about India. The people are very kind and gentle, especially to us foreigners.

There are many foreigners studying Medicine here in Padua. There are students from India, Indonesia, Japan, Sumatra, Burma, Jordan, Egypt, Africa, U. S. A., and South America. I am staying in a Canossian Sisters' convent, with two other Indians: one is doing Third, the other girl and I are in Second Year.

Last year I met Very Reverend Mother General (of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary) at a Milan convent where I had gone to meet my friend. Mother was happy to know that I had been a student of Stella Maris.

● ● ● Three months later, another flash; meantime, Georgine had passed the dreaded Anatomy examination:

We left for Lourdes by bus on the 12th of August. We travelled along the famous Cote d'Azur which is really very lovely. The illuminations were wonderful. We stopped at San Remo, Monaco, Nice, Cannes, Marseilles, and other places. We arrived at Lourdes on the 14th. In the evening we went for the sick people's procession. Thousands of sick are brought in small vehicles, and some of them are partially or completely cured. Late in the evening there was the candlelight procession. Millions took part, and all were continually singing. The next day, as it was the feast of Our Lady, Lourdes was full, full. We met many Africans, Indians, Japanese, and Americans. We assisted at Mass in the Grotto, which is in the lower part of a hill. A statue is placed on the rock where Our Lady had stood. Near it is the altar, where Masses are daily offered. There is a big church on the hill-top, which was built soon after the apparitions. In 1958 another church was built underground. This church is circular, and the altar is in the centre. There is a museum nearby, where we saw St. Bernadette's shoes, gloves, rosary (which she had with her

when Our Lady appeared to her). We went to the saint's house, which is a furlong from the Grotto

We arrived at Geneva on the 17th. Geneva is really very beautiful, with an exquisite lake, trim gardens, fine buildings, attractive shops, etc. We saw the United Nations building, where delegates meet for "the Geneva talks". Three languages are spoken in Switzerland: German, French and Italian. We visited other places in Switzerland, like Freiburg, Bern, Zurich, and the large monastery at Einsiedeln.

On our return we crossed the Alps. The bus went about 2,300 metres above sea-level. We were all shivering with cold. The Bishops of Belgaum and of Bangalore, came to Padua from Rome, where they are attending the Ecumenical Council.

● ● ● Georgine sends really prismatic rays. Thank you, Georgine.
Here is another far-wandering star, Dolly Noronha :

Here I am in Africa. It's really nice being back again. At Bombay I stayed at the Tajmahal Hotel for a night ; I was rather scared at first.

We left by Boeing, — it was called "Nanda Devi" — flying at 35,000 feet. Just before we reached Aden we had to set our watches back. It reminded me of the Astronomy classes and "mean time". We halted at Aden for 45 minutes ; from the little I saw of it, it was hot and dry. At 1 p.m. we started for Nairobi and arrived there at 3.30 p.m. I have been away so long, that, being ignorant of who the Governor-General was, I didn't know he was a fellow passenger. On our way from Nairobi we passed Mount Kilimanjaro, — it was a wonderful sight. There was another halt at Mombasa before I finally got to Dar-es-Salaam.

Everybody tells me Dar has changed, but I haven't gone out yet, so I really cannot say. Every evening we have visitors coming in, as is the custom here. My parents haven't changed much since I last saw them, but my sister has grown very tall, and though she is only fourteen, seems to know a lot about cooking, while I know nothing at all

● ● ● True, Dolly, that's one thing we don't teach you at Stella Maris yet. Perhaps you'd better take it up now, so as not to let your little sister outshine you. From Singapore come rays from two, both planning to study Education. Emilda Lobo says :

I have applied to the University of London Institute of Education to read for the Postgraduate Certificate in Education, with special reference to the teaching of English as a foreign language. The course is open only to graduates of approved

universities who intend to teach English overseas. After I complete the course I hope to return to India to teach. I have grown accustomed to India, and feel an alien in Singapore.

● ● ● So Emilda, you are to be a shooting star for a while longer, before settling in a constant orbit. Vicky Kasinathu, on the other hand, settled in Singapore itself for further studies :

I joined the Malayan University to do my Diploma in Education. It was a one-year course, and I'm glad to inform you that I have successfully completed it. The university system here is very very different. We are told at the beginning of the year that lectures are not compulsory, and that most of the work should be done on our own. So we have only one or two lectures a day, and the rest of the time we have to work in the library. We have a very grand library, air-conditioned, and with hundreds and hundreds of books. The professors and lecturers are mostly quite renowned people, authors of famous books and so on. I was quite impressed by all this, but I certainly wished they were more friendly like those at S.M.C. They are so aloof and distant, that I never knew what and how to study — out of the hundreds of books in the library I could never decide which was good and which was not, and where to start and where to end. I am heartily glad it is all over. By God's help I got through with it all. At present I am teaching in a school here. Although Zoology was my main, I am not teaching "Zoo" at all, but Chemistry, to the Pre-University and School Certificate classes. I think I have learnt much more Chemistry than I ever knew before.

● ● ● That is a common experience of new teachers, Vicky: we all find how much we have to learn. We wonder if Emilda's experience in London will be anything like yours in Singapore. Other rays from Malaya come from T. Pushparanee, at Petaling Jaya :

I am teaching Science in the convent at Klang. I take Forms one to five. Teaching is interesting, except that it is quite tiring as I have to travel down to Klang which is 26 miles away.

I met some former Stella Marians — Vickneswary, Patricia Emmanuel, and Thillega. They have all taken to teaching, and are doing quite well. Estelle Joseph is in Klang too, but I haven't met her yet, as she is teaching in another school. I hope to meet her soon. Jothy makes a prim and proper teacher in the Bukit Buitang Girls' School.

● ● ● We are glad that so many of our shooting stars are shining for the benefit of the young idea. Thank you, Pushparanee, for your news of so many of them. For the present, Josephine D'Silva is trying to deepen her knowledge :

My parents are proud of me, and pleased with the education that I got. Every day we pray for you all, and hope that you will remember us in your prayers. I have benefited much from your guidance, and I thank heaven for the day that I was sent to Stella Maris. Its ideals will always be in my mind, and I assure you that to the best of my ability I shall live up to all that I have been taught. Please thank, on my behalf, all the Sisters who have been so kind to me and guided me for the past four years.

● ● ● The best way to thank the Sisters, Josephine, is to do just as you say you will: live up to the ideals of Stella Maris: then you will be a "burning and a shining light". Stars who are in orbit a little nearer the centre of our Stellar universe are those of Ceylon. Here is a ray from Manohari:

At present I am teaching at my old school. This, however, is a temporary post. I intend doing research.

● ● ● Yes, aim high, Manohari. And here is a word from Najeema Abdulkader, who is teaching in a college in Colombo:

Muslim Ladies' College is about a quarter of a mile from our place. College begins at 8 a.m. and is over at 1.30 p.m.; but I remain there till 3.15 p.m. for my Sinhalese tuition. All government servants are expected to pass their J. Sc. in Sinhalese if they are to get their increments.

At present I am teaching Biology, General Science, English, Tamil, and Hygiene. Since I give them a great deal of written work, I have about 120 books to correct every week.

I spend my leisure hours sewing and giving recitals at Radio Ceylon. Mum has a knitting machine. Her other hobbies are poultry and gardening (vegetables, of course). I assist Mum and Dad whenever time permits. Dad has recently been engaged in publishing a manual on Filariasis. I'll try to send you a copy.

● ● ● Well Najeema, you don't seem to have an idle moment; and we are sure that you are discovering for yourself how happy a busy life is. And now we come to the stars orbiting around India. Very sparkling flashes come from Bombay. Here's Rita reporting about "the music of the spheres":

It is now three months since our marriage, and I had promised myself to write to you but delayed till we had settled down properly so that I could give you my

impressions of my new state of life. Doesn't that sound grand? I am very happy, greatly happy.

We have settled down quite nicely in our own flat though we have only the barest necessities in furniture as yet. Perhaps we should not be very comfortable at this rate, but somehow neither of us cares very much. I must tell you about one of our possessions with which we are both thrilled, and which was bought in Germany. It is a beautiful Hi-Fi Telefunken radio with a record player. We have an excellent collection of Western classical music, and we often listen to these records in the evening. I love really good music, and have always tried to avail myself of every opportunity to listen to it. I play some of these records over and over again whenever I have a minute free. Some of my favourites are the Max Bruch's Violin Concerto (a beautiful piece), Brahms's Symphonies 1 and 2, and Mozart's religious music.

I have a young girl to help me. She is Natal from Mangalore — very amusing. Having worked formerly with a family where the master of the household was a teacher of ballroom dancing, she has learnt quite a number of the latest songs. The other day, as I was discussing the week's work with her, she began humming, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, but never on a Sunday". If I ask her for sugar, she'll sing "Sugar in the morning, Sugar in the evening, Sugar every time" — all under her breath. I do most of the actual cooking myself, and this keeps my hands full. Fortunately I had the foresight to spend a good deal of time in the kitchen last summer holidays.

We have been meeting a lot of old friends here, which makes us feel less like strangers. I have also met many of the friends made at various camps and seminars of the Catholic Students' Union. We are both working for the Newman Association. At the moment we are helping with the final arrangements for an Oratorio of music taken from the Holy Week Services, which we are having early in April, to get some funds for the Pratisksha, the Newman paper.

Life here in Bombay is hectic. It is my first experience of living in a city where the life is so highly pressurized; and it is not that we are thrown into a whirl of social activities. Still, in contrast with Madras, one feels the rush and hurry. However I have determined to set my face against this terrible rushing around, so that we can preserve our nerves and keep our mental faculties in working condition.

● ● ● Good for you Rita — steady does it. Here's another steady star from Bombay, Sucharita :

As you can imagine, I was very happy about my results — and the fact that it has made all of you happy, has given me greater joy. You never did expect so many first classes — and I agree with you that “those tests” really did pay.

As for my future — Euclid has got the better of Shakespeare. Though I like English, and have done well in the examinations, I never was too good in composition, and I feel that those aspiring for M. A. Literature should have a lovely style. Besides, Mummy tells me that I have always had an aptitude for Maths, which she considers rather rare, especially among girls.

How is the next set? I really do miss Stella Maris and all those Maths classes. I wouldn't even mind doing all those tests over again. How are the board-wipers? I do hope they are keeping up the traditions of the honourable art of board-wiping. And of course our dear duster . . . which is repeatedly finding its way into the French room . . . do ask the girls to be kind to it and not reduce it to premature baldness.

Malathi is in Delhi. She cannot enroll for M. Sc. as she is under age. I shall be joining St. Xavier's College

● ● ● No doubt the Maths. Department still misses you, Sucharita, and your solicitude for the precious duster. May the light of Stella Marian gaiety continue to shine for many years in your astronomical brain. And now a flash from Barbara in Mangalore :

I am very glad to inform you that I am engaged. The wedding will be on December 27th. In my spare time I go to cooking and cutting-out classes.

● ● ● Congratulations, Barbara. We hope you will be very happy, and will pray for you. Betsy George surprised us with a spark from Ooty.

I hope you are not surprised to get a letter from me, and that too from Nazareth. At present I am teaching at Nazareth School.

● ● ● Even if surprised, we are always pleased to hear from you, Betsy. Please give us some more pleasant surprises. And now two learned college lecturers : V. Chandra writes from Coimbatore :

I am working in Visalakshi College as a lecturer in Economics. I hope you are able to remember your old student (of course, Chandra, how could we forget?) I am the only lecturer in the Economics Department. I handle the Major Economics for the Third and Second Year students. There are no admissions in the First Year. Ancillary Economics classes are conducted by the History lecturers. To handle the Major classes is a tough job for a beginner, but as I had my training in Stella Maris, I am able to manage.

I began work only this year, as last year I did B. T. This year my class-mate Kamala is doing her B. T. How are the present M. A. students?

● ● ● Thank you, Chandra. And now a star almost on our doorstep :
Mahema who is lecturing at Stella Matutina :

I have returned to Madras after a month's stay at Bangalore. The school was a lovely one, and I enjoyed teaching. As the school hostel was already full, I was living with my aunt, whose house is far away from the school.

Meanwhile my father wrote that Stella Matutina wanted me. I am helping Miss Ahalya with English, and find my work interesting. I am glad I can be at home to help my parents.

We have just heard that the University is awarding me the Sarah Govindarajulu Medal at Convocation. How wonderfully God has blessed my efforts. I am grateful to all those at Stella Maris who sowed the seeds of great ideals which have now borne fruit. Please convey this good news to the dear Sisters and lecturers who know me

● ● ● Congratulations, Mahema. We are delighted with your success, and know that by maintaining those high ideals you will achieve still greater things. That short-wave ray from Madras itself concludes this year's flashes from our shooting stars. We look forward to more of them in the coming year, for the news of the joys and successes of old students is always a bright light in our college days.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW ?



You know what happens when a few of us old Stella Marians get together again after a few months, and even years, away from college life. How the questions tumble one over another, but the most frequent is : “ What are you doing now ? ” Well, it is in the vain hope of telling you “ What they — the old Stella Marians — are doing now ” that I have taken up my pen. A vain hope, because as our Alma Mater flourishes, the number of alumnae becomes so great that it would need a book to tell you what all of them are doing. So, I shall confine myself to the latest news, about the “ noisiest ” of our old students. “ Noisy ” in this context is meant to be a compliment, dear friends, for it means that you have kept in faithful contact with the college ; and as you know, that is exactly as it should be. I hope the more “ silent ” of our past students will take the hint and send us news of what they are doing. Stella Maris is always interested in all that you do, and it helps to keep your heart young, you know, to relive again your college days in happy reminiscences with former fellow-students.

● ● ● They are married :

Yes, they have joined a new college, where, by practical experiments, they will learn the lesson we are all here to learn : that peace and happiness come only from the real, divine kind of family love, which consists in the generous, self-forgetful giving. We hope that all of them will graduate from this school with highest distinctions. Our thanks for wedding invitations, our warmest congratulations, and above all God’s help to each in the creation of more happy Indian homes, the foundation of our dear country. Here’s the enrolment : L. Buchamma, S. Kumuda, V. Susheela, Mariamma Sebastian, Ranganayaki Nambi, S. S. Nirmala, K. Vijayalakshmi Iyer, K. Prabha, K. Vijayalakshmi, T. M. Padmini, P. K. Seethalakshmi, L. Jayendrahala, R. Rajeswari, D. Jaysree, S. Sudha, S. Saroja, Leela Mathews, R. Susheela, Mercy Ukkur, K. Kalpakam, Molly Thomas, N. Rajamoni, G. Gowri, R. Hemalatha, J. V. Padma, R. Saraswathi, K. Bhuvanalakshmi, N. Pramila, C. Valliyammal, Mary Josephine Rajanayagam, M. Gulzarbai, Molly Chacko, K. M. Vijayalakshmi, Miriam D’Souza, V. Srinivaschari, S. Vasantha, Teresa Abraham (still in Stella Maris), P.R. Mangala, Lakschmi Nancharamma, N. Hemalatha, C. Chitra, and K. Sumitra. Who said a degree from Stella Maris is not a help to getting settled down in life ?

● ● ● They are teaching :

As to be expected, many of our former classmates have now been promoted to the dais, and are imparting knowledge — we hope — to younger generations. Amongst them are C. G. Sushila, R. Vasantha, Mrs. Chandrababu, all working in schools in Madras ; Usha Bharatan, our College President of last year, is teaching in Borneo, Angela Solomon, Kalyani, Rosy Thannikal, V. Rajalakshmi and G. S. Rajeswari have been on the staff of S. M. C. this year ; whilst K. S. Sudha and Pramila Daniel are on the staffs of different colleges in the city.

● ● ● They are working :

Our graduates find their way into many walks of life : Audrey Pinto, R. Seethalakshmi, P. S. Indra, T. V. Saraswathy and Bernice Stephens have interesting jobs in various Madras firms.

● ● ● They are studying :

Thirst for knowledge is still found amongst our graduates, even after four years of hard work. So we find V. Nalini doing research work in English literature. Doing M.Sc. Zoology in Madras Christian College are A. Jeya, Krishna Sen and Walza Pillai, one of our former champion "sportsmen". J. Shanta is in her II M.Sc. in Presidency College, Padmini Rajagopalan is preparing for a Diploma in French at the University, and Karuna K. Mehta for one in Hindi at home. Several of our graduates have found their way to Stella Matutina for the B.T., including Gladys Jacob, V. Brinda, Kumudam Panicker, Lily Sarah Thomas, and Sathiyam Nair. M. Mohana is doing B.T. in Lady Willingdon College, and G. N. Renuka, V. Akita at the Government Training College for Women.

A large number of our graduates have continued in Stella Maris, preparing for an M. A. in either English literature, Economics, Social Work, Fine Arts or Indian Music. The list includes : Deanna de Monte, Teresa Abraham Anthony, V. Saraswathi, Meena and Heera Nayak, K. V. Meena, V. Vijayalakshmi, Jeyam Viswalingam, M. Flavia, S. Ganga, S. Vasantha, P. Malathi, M. S. Shanta, V. Saroja, K. N. Jayalakshmi, Lalitha Belliappa, Mary Mampilli, Bakula Modi, Elizabeth Lodsman, M. K. Lakshmi, A. Amruthavalli, M. S. Rama Devi. May the list be even longer next year.

● ● ● They are learning :

All kinds of things : music, tailoring, short-hand, typing, doll-making, and embroidery. It's nice to know that Stella Marians realize we can never know enough. The best of success therefore to Marian Alvares, R. Kamala, R. Padma, S. Indrani, S. Usha, S. R. Nirmala, K. Kalpagam, R. Sudha, and Bulbul Goel, as also to all the others who have not told us of their new enterprises.

● ● ● They are keeping house :

Many of our graduates exemplify in their own lives the fact that a woman's place is in the home, in order to make it a home. But for all that, they do not forget their college days, and we have had visits from many of them recently, including Mrs. Vimala Vasudeva Rao, Mrs. Bhagyalakshmi Ramachandran, Mrs. Vilana Ramachandran, Mrs. Renuka Appadurai, and Mrs. Alamelu Gopalan, all happy housewives in Madras.

● ● ● They are . . . simply" :

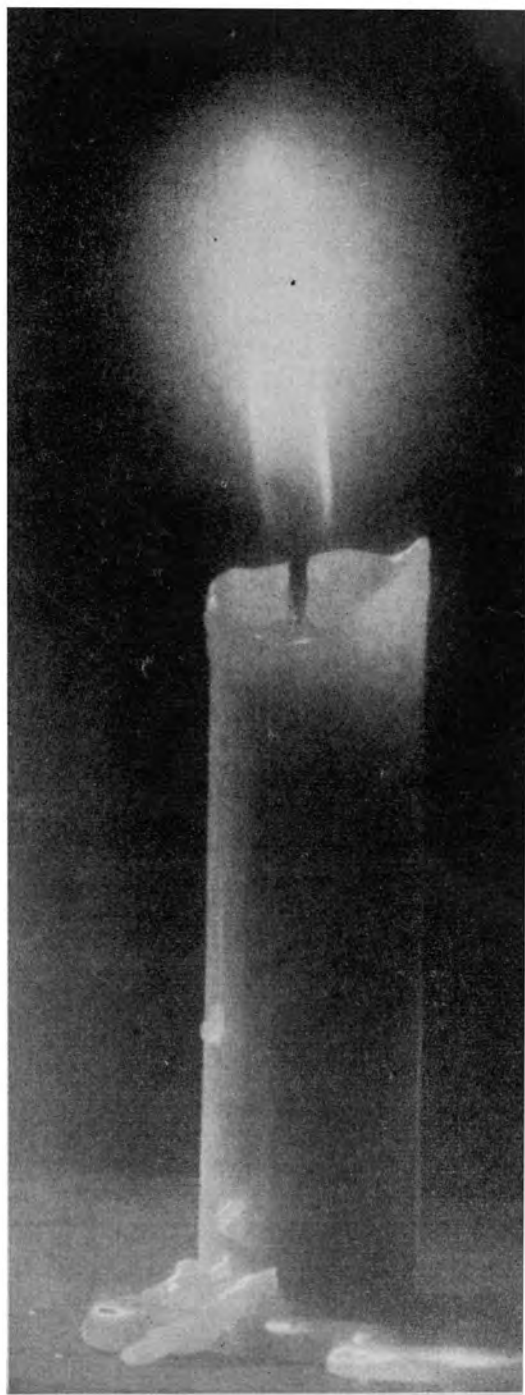
We do not dare add "doing nothing" for we are sure that would be a libel. But a lot of our past students who have returned to college recently are at the moment simply "sitting". Some of them have their plans already formed for the future, such as B. Nirmala Devi who will return to S. M. C. for M.A. next year, Shanti Rajaratnam who is "vigorously preparing for another examination in Music", Ranjan C. Kothari who is going on a tour, G. S. Saraswathy who plans to work in a bank. Others are still vague about future events, and in the meantime they are "at home" to all who wish to call on them. Amongst these you will find Pushpa Shah, M. Seetha, K. V. Nirmala, G. S. Saroja, P. V. Vasantha, K. Kumari Varalakshmi, V. Shyamala, S. Glory Bai in Madras, Annette Pais in Mangalore, Mary Matilda and Angeline Gnaniah in Ceylon.

● ● ● They are abroad :

A number of Stella Marians have sailed away across the seas, and are to be found in America, Britain, France and Germany — not to mention the constellations of stars that have now accumulated in Malaya and Ceylon. It is not possible to mention each one, but the best wishes and constant prayers of their Alma Mater follow them wherever they are, as they do those who stay nearer home. To each and all we wish happiness and success wherever you may be, and one more plea for news of yourself, of your classmates, or of any other Stella Marians you may happen to meet.

ROSEMARY STONE
Secretary, Alumnae Association

*As a candle lighted
In a holy place
Is the peace reflected
By a saintly face.*



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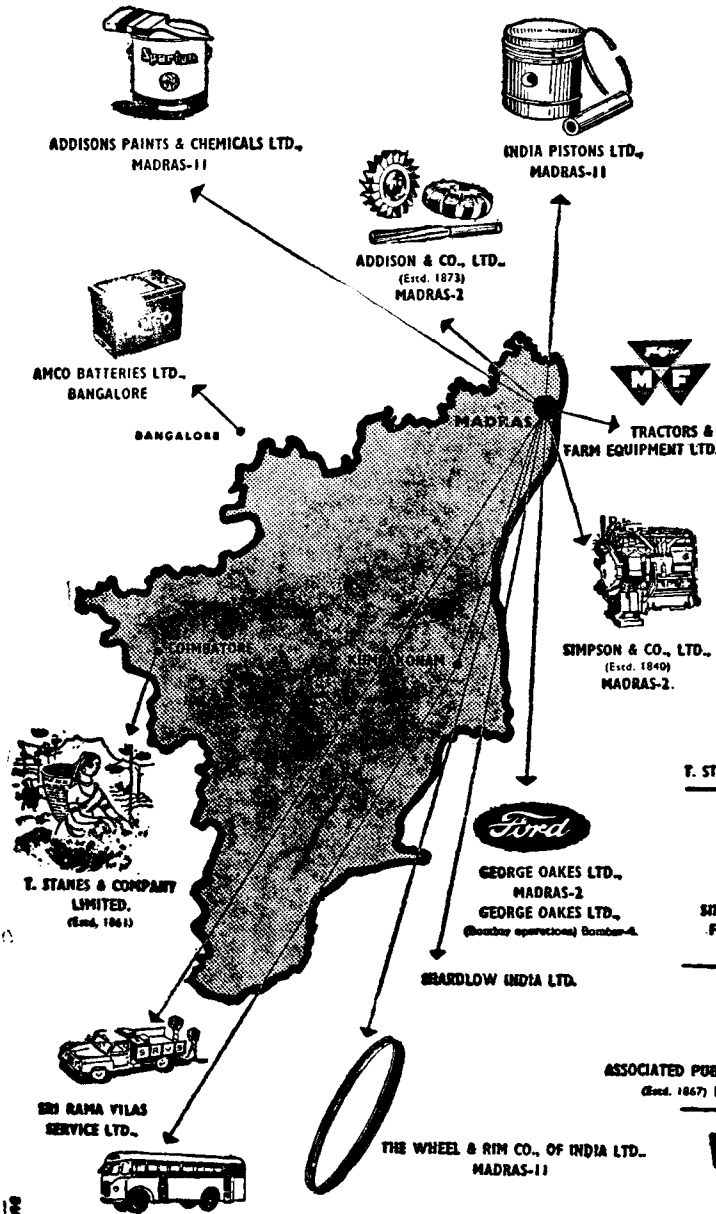
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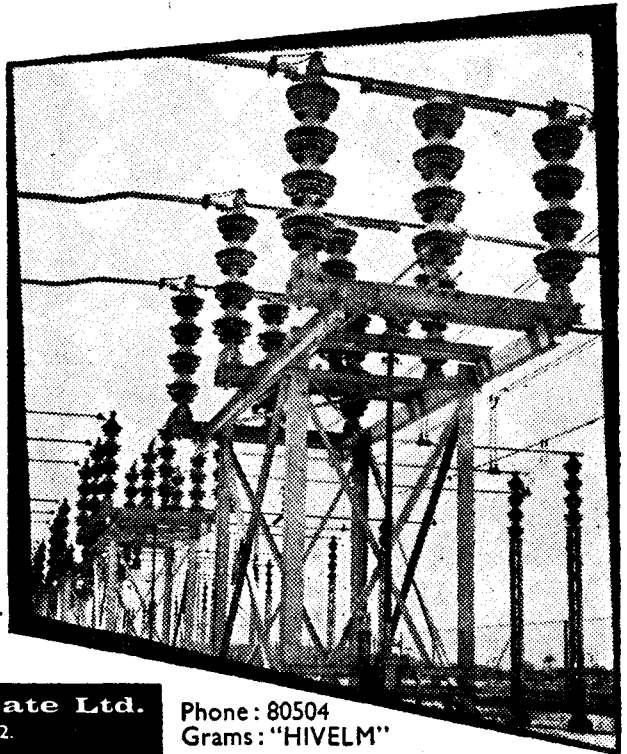
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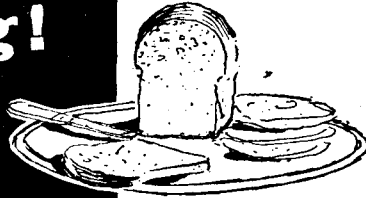
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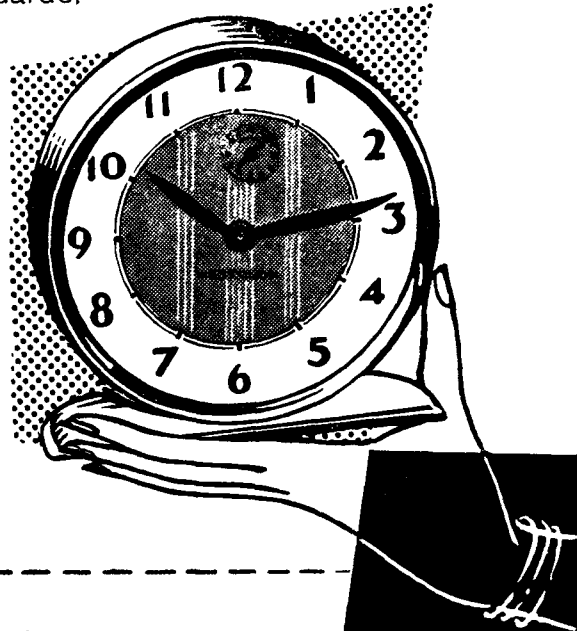
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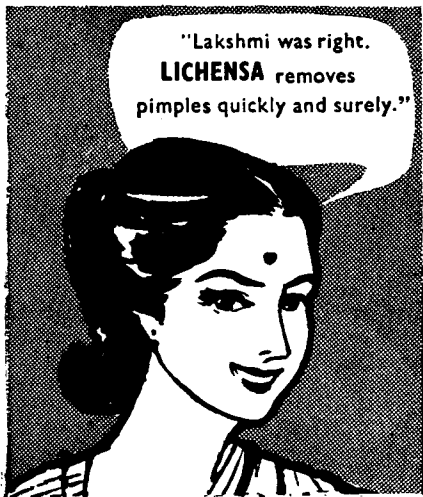
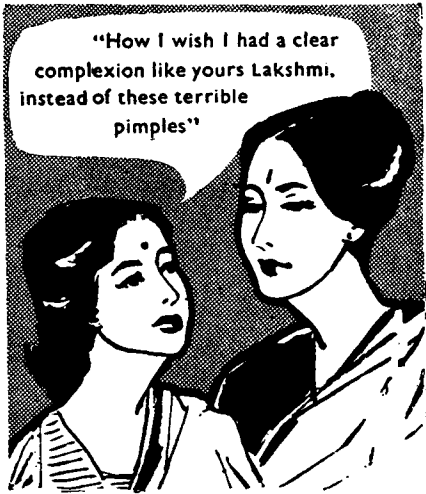
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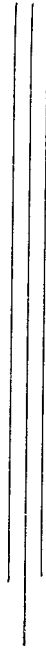
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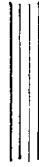
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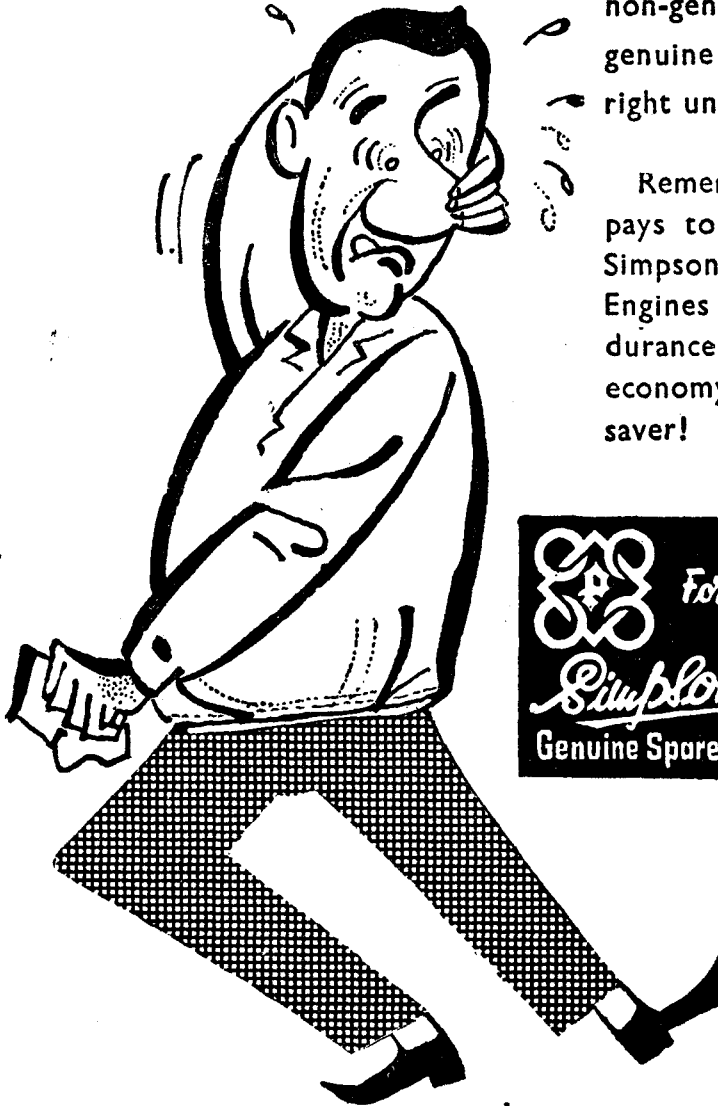


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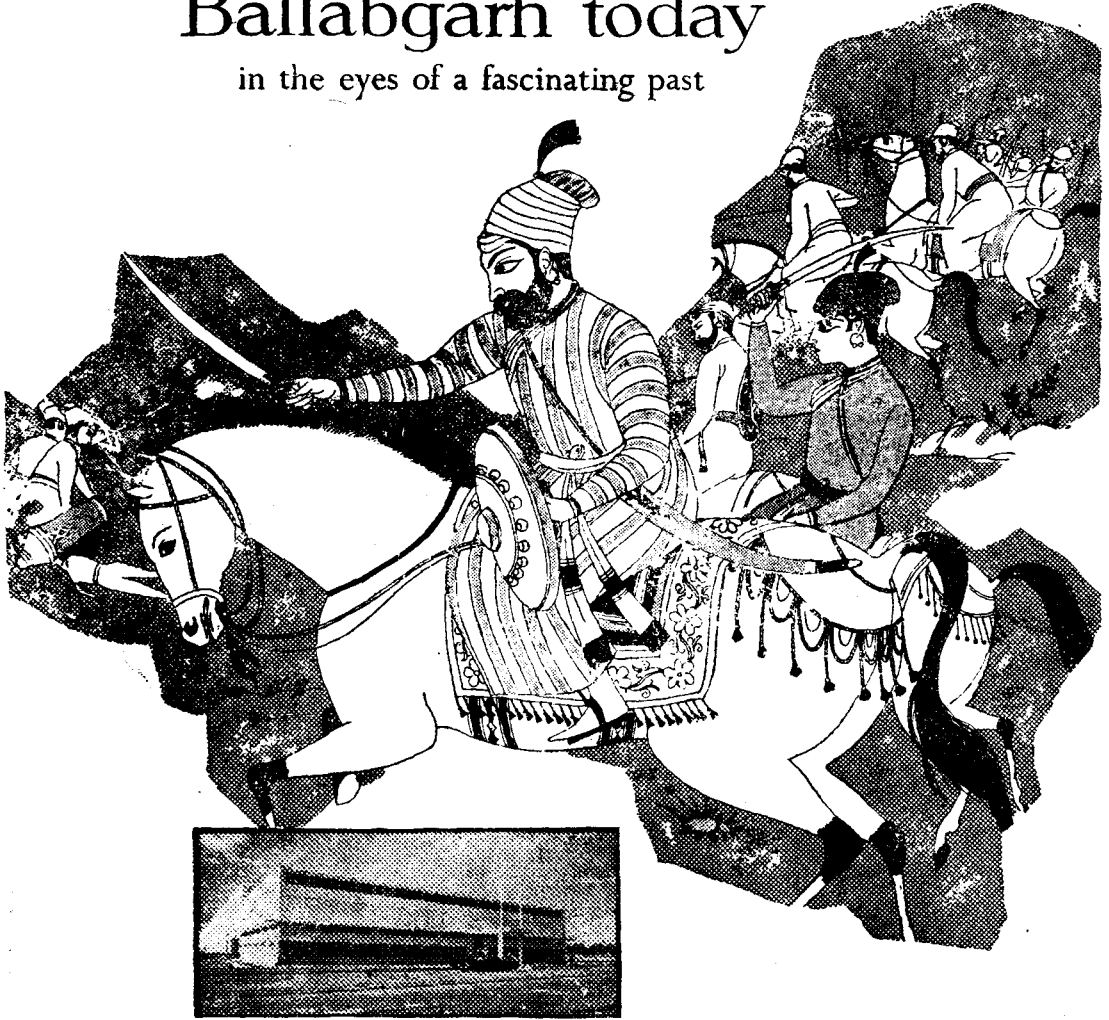
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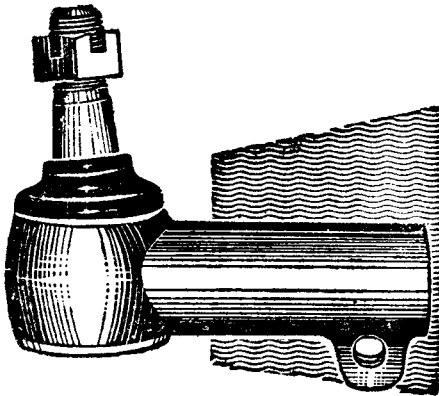
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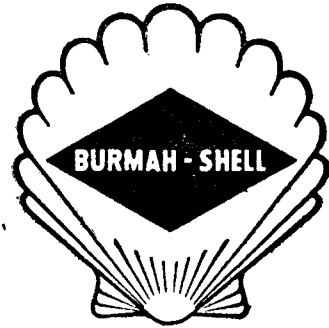
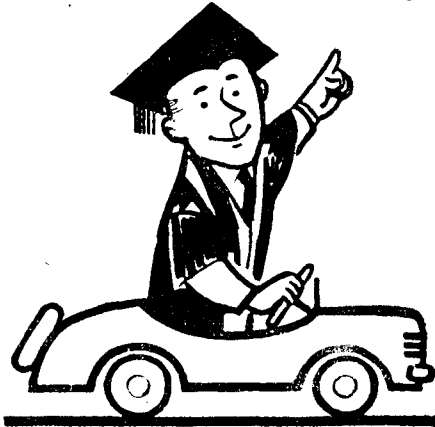
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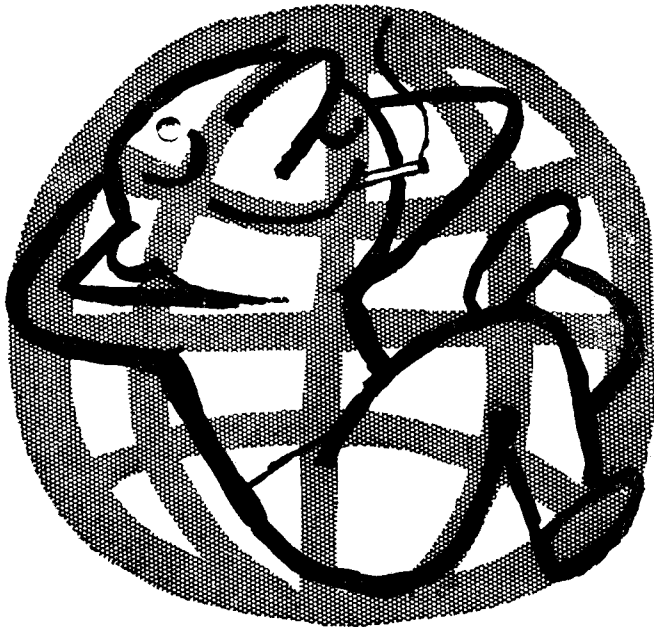
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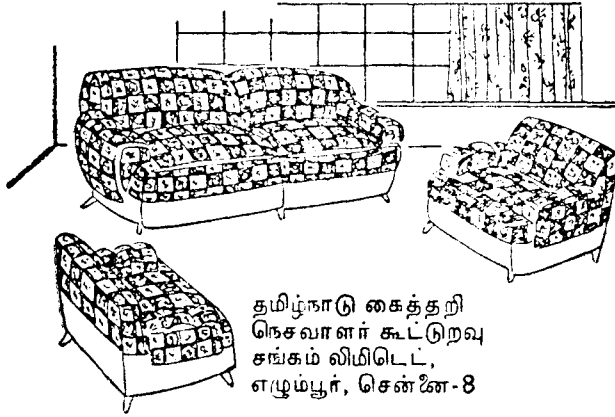
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